Nasty Interesting Man/Lord of the Underworld Monologue #1

I like to celebrate things quietly. With a few other interesting people. Don’t you? I’m not interesting, but I’m strong. You could teach me to be interesting. I would listen. Orpheus is too busy listening to his own thoughts. There's music in his head. Try to pluck the music out and it bites you. I’ll bet you had an interesting thought today, for instance. I bet you're always having them, the way you tilt your head to the side and stare... You need to get yourself a real man. A man with broad shoulders like me. Orpheus has long fingers that would tremble to pet a bull or pluck a bee from a hive — A man who can put his big arm around your little shoulders as he leads you through the crowd, a man who answers the door at parties.... A man with big hands, with big stupid hands like potatoes, a man who can carry a cow in labor. My lips were meant to kiss your eyelids, that’s obvious!
Nasty Interesting Man/Lord of the Underworld Monologue #2

(to the stones)

Is there a problem here?

(to Eurydice)

You chose to stay with us, huh? Good.

(He looks her over.)

Perhaps to be my bride

I’ve grown.

I’m ready to be a man now. I’m ready – to be – a man. I’ll have them start preparing the satins and silks. You can’t refuse me. I’ve made my choice Don’t be long. The wedding songs are already being written. They're very quiet. Inaudible, you might say. A dirt-filled orchestra for my bride. Don’t trouble the songs with your music, I say. A song is two dead bodies rubbing under the covers to keep warm.