Stones Monologue #1

[choose which stone you would like to be for this monologue: Little, Big, or Loud]

I’m a [Little/Big/Loud] stone. We are all three stones. We live with the dead people in the land of the dead. Eurydice was a great musician. Orpheus was his wife. (correcting) Orpheus was a great musician. Eurydice was his wife. She died. Then he played the saddest music. Even we – the stones – cried when we heard it. Oh look, she is coming into the land of the dead now. Oh! We might say – “Poor Eurydice” – but stones don’t feel bad for dead people. Eurydice wants to speak to you but she can’t speak your language. She talks in the language of dead people now. It’s a very quiet language. Like if the pores in your face opened up and talked. Like potatoes sleeping in the dirt. Pretend that you understand her or she’ll be embarrassed.
Stones Monologue #2

Didn’t you already mourn for your father, young lady? Some things should be left well enough alone. To mourn twice is excessive. To mourn three times a sin. Life is like a good meal. Only gluttons want more food when they finish their helping.

Learn to be more moderate. It’s weird for a dead person to be morbid. We don't like to watch it! We don’t like to see it! It makes me uncomfortable. Don't cry!
Don't cry!

Learn the art of keeping busy!
It is not hard!
We keep busy
and we like it
We're busy busy busy stones
Watch us work
Keeping still
Keeping quiet
It's hard work
to be a stone
No time for crying
No no no!

Go ahead.
Try to hit us.
You’ll hurt your fist.
You’ll break your hand.
Ha ha ha!