

Side 9  
Langos

Scene 15

LANGOS: (*Entering from upstage to extreme downstage center—direct to audience.*) It's not as though I'd forgotten him entirely, put him out of my mind. That's impossible, isn't it? The brain remembers everything—the human brain. These “tellers of tales” never know what goes on inside a man's feelings. They turn things to suit their own needs. Plot twists, story—inventions to make the listener think he's onto something while all the while intestines are roiling, blood is shooting itself into the heart. (*Rest.*) I had him always in my mind, hanging there helpless upside down from the bough of an olive tree. I never heard him scream or whimper—just watched him twisting there in the salty air with no one around but me. I often wondered what became of him. I did. Torn apart by wolves, birds of prey. Found and cut down by some kind soul. Tortured, maybe, by she-goat chimeras. I didn't know. So the idea came to me to visit the very same place on my way back to my ancient home. The very same tree. I reached the base of the mountain where I'd left him, but there was nothing but a man on the road, a common hitchhiker. Alone. He walked right out in front of the car, waving his arms and forcing us to stop. He had no shirt and one of his feet seemed much bigger than the other one. His eyes—I'll never forget—his eyes were wild and it seemed he'd never seen a human being before. He couldn't speak. His eyes were weeping and he couldn't speak.

(*Exits with light shift.*)