

Side 12  
Jocasta, Oedipus

Scene 26

*( Lights up on JOCASTA and OEDIPUS facing each other. He is seated, facing a mirrored plate that JOCASTA holds up to his face.)*

JOCASTA: So, now, just tell me what you see.

OEDIPUS: *(Looking in mirror. )* I see— I see—

JOCASTA: What is it?

OEDIPUS: My self. I see myself.

JOCASTA: Do you see anything resembling a murderer?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: A skulking dog?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: A brother to his own son?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: To his own daughter?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: A killer of his father?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: Husband to his mother?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: Then what is this old fool who told you all these lies anything other than insane?

OEDIPUS: He was trusted—

JOCASTA: By who?

OEDIPUS: My parents, for one.

JOCASTA: Your parents?

OEDIPUS: Yes. They found him trustworthy.

JOCASTA: And who were these parents of yours?

OEDIPUS: They were in the distant city of—

JOCASTA: Where?

OEDIPUS: Far away. I can't remember.

JOCASTA: Where you grew up?

OEDIPUS: Yes.

JOCASTA: You can't remember?

OEDIPUS: No.

JOCASTA: Then how would this old blind man know if you yourself can't even remember? He was never there!

OEDIPUS: His story—

JOCASTA: What about it?

OEDIPUS: Something—

JOCASTA: All prophecies are hocus-pocus! Poppycock!

OEDIPUS: Something about—

JOCASTA: Tokenism! Cock-and-bull!

OEDIPUS: Something about the story—

JOCASTA: Treacherous! Mythomania!

OEDIPUS: Something about the story rang true!

( *Silence. JOCASTA puts the mirror in front of him again.* )

JOCASTA: What do you see, again?

OEDIPUS: I see—

JOCASTA: Yourself again.

OEDIPUS: I see...murder.

JOCASTA: No!

OEDIPUS: The most horrible—

JOCASTA: No!

OEDIPUS: Running, horses, cars on fire, burning flesh.

JOCASTA: No!

OEDIPUS: I see hordes of people. Screaming. Throwing stones.

JOCASTA: No!

OEDIPUS: I see people killing brothers. Skinning mothers. Rolling their fathers' heads down the street with sticks.

JOCASTA: He's put all this in your mind! That evil, evil man.

OEDIPUS: The street is lit with hatred. Their eyes are torches. Their tongues—

JOCASTA: Stop!

( *Pause.* )

OEDIPUS: I may have been the one.

JOCASTA: What?

OEDIPUS: The one they're looking for.