

Side 3

MAN: She thought I was her equal, the most creative and adventurous man in the world. Someone who would change that world, build great cities, discover great inventions, cross frontiers, harness fire and wind, make the earth offer up its treasures. And she knew I needed her. To conquer the darkness, both of us, our names carved together into human memory. She trusted me. And I trusted her. Just one more mistake in a life full of mistakes.

Side 4

MAN: Maybe—I wanted to please you. Something else, you said. One more thing. One more piece of meat. One more juicy item. We need to convince them. I need more. Shock me. I'm done. I told you I was done. But you wanted me to make myself small like an insect so I could start again and you could get—what, a promotion, a bonus, a congratulation, a what? Attention, attention. My resident is clean. Cleaned out. Stainless, washed, scrubbed. Repented of every last ultimate penultimate final sin, mistake, oversight, error, transgression, every ant he crushed and toe he stepped on. So maybe...I'd sit here for hours, running or doing my exercises, pushing the walls, pushing the door, pushing the floor, jumping, jumping, trying to think of how to give you what you needed. Maybe something broke inside me, broke down, something snapped and maybe I—one day—I may have started to invent things. But it was only that one time, with my grandmother. That's all. Just that one time. Can't we just forget it?