

PROGRAM: "POINT-COUNTERPOINT"  
DATE: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1956  
TIME: 8.30 - 9.00 pm PDT.

PRODUCER: RAYMOND WHITEHOUSE  
NETWORK: TRANS/CANADA  
STUDIO: "A" Reh: 3.00 pm

---

"QUEST"

by Donald Erickson

# 2

---

1. MUSIC: BRIDGE

2. ANNCR: ....

3. NARRATOR: Gradually, the darkness separates before your eyes. There is pale light and the feeling of damp, hard ground beneath you. Your head throbs and you open your eyes. The light hurts. Above, a criss-cross of wires dives into a telephone pole and high, dark buildings loom on either side. For a moment you feel that they will fall on you - exploding down from those heights where the clouds pass brilliant with sun in the blue void far overhead. Somewhere, cars honk and you hear the steps of hundreds of people and the roar of engines - and a shout or a laugh or a screech of brakes reaches you. But your fingers withdraw from the damp of the alleyway. You roll over on your elbow. There's an iron door behind you and a large refuse can. And you sit up, the world reeling for a moment. You concentrate on your clothes - but immediately your thoughts wander - you can't understand - and a shiver like a memory of the night sweeps your body - and you struggle to your feet climbing miles it seems to reach the windy height where you stand, swaying, and the world is a whirling bit of debris far below you - you fall - catch yourself - hold onto the wall - grasp it with your hands - press your face into it. It is wet and dark and hard. And you think: you must never let go: never: never: never --

1. TRAMP: You alright?
2. NARRATOR: You turn - staring into a mottled face. A short, dark man - a sort of tramp. He's willing to be helpful, and he's curious.
3. ROBERT: (YOU) Yes! - I - alright!
4. TRAMP: Okay - okay!
5. NARRATOR: And the tramp shuffles on - towards the street where cars and people pass - and all in such colour - it seems to you that you have never seen such colour before. But you cannot take it all in. You cannot name it. You stagger down the alley towards all that colour, feeling it, rather than thinking about it, as the moth does not think about the flame, but feels the trembling fingers of light along her body, drowning her -- When you reach it, it hits you - the terrible dazzling brilliance - the sun striking off the hoods of cars and off the street - and off the bright clothes of people - the violets, reds, pinks, browns, blues vibrating and changing. There is a frightful shouting in your head as of giant cymbals being clashed and breaking and falling and rebounding and you fall back just inside the alley, behind a telephone pole and you stay there without moving for a long time. Now, you begin to think - you begin to wonder - you begin to question. Now, for the first time, you study your clothes and your arms and legs but as though they were not yours at all - but separate from you.

.... MORE ....

1. NARRATOR: (CONT 'D) ... The fine grained leather of your tan shoes - expensive. The gray flannel of your trousers, now rumpled, but still showing the crease - an oxford gray - expensive. You put your hands into your pants pockets and pull them out, terrified. There are not your pants - you do not recognize them - and these are not your shoes. In the dazzling light of midday, in this shimmer of colour and sound - are your hands - and you are staring at them - turning them over - staring - at two fine, small, soft hands with pink, perfectly manicured fingernails ...
2. SOUND: BLARE OF THE CITY
3. NARRATOR: And now you're going to run, aren't you? Run!  
Run!
4. SOUND: BLARE OF THE CITY, DROWNING ALL, INTO:
5. MUSIC: A STRANGE, WHIRLING RHYTHM
6. SOUND: SLAM OF DOOR  
SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR HEAVY BREATHING, AND THEN:  
FOOTSTEPS
7. MRS. O'NEILL: Yes? Is there something you want?
8. ROBERT: No - no.
9. MRS. O'N: Well, this happens to be private property - get out of here!
10. ROBERT: What is this place?
11. MRS. O'N: What'd you say - this place? Get out of here!  
I'm goin' to phone the police!
12. ROBERT: Lady - please - I - I'm lost - I - need - please ...
13. MRS. O'N: Somethin' wrong with you? You alright?

1. ROBERT: Where am I? Tell me where I am!
2. MRS. O'N: You're on Perth Street in the Diamond Rooming House. Where do you think?
3. ROBERT: But - what -
4. MRS. O'N: Say - you're sick, ain't you? Maybe I better -
5. ROBERT: Please, don't phone the police. I'll go. I've got to go now. It's late.
6. MRS. O'N: Maybe you better sit down.
7. ROBERT: No - (FAINTLY) - no.
8. MRS. O'N: Sit down, Mister. You're in bad shape, I can tell. I'm going to get a doctor. There. Now just stay there now. Here - put your head back - and in a minute we'll have the doctor. Your head - it's bleeding!
9. MUSIC: SWIRL
10. DOCTOR: You're going to be alright, now - alright.
11. ROBERT: Doctor?
12. DOCTOR: Yes?
13. ROBERT: What is it?
14. DOCTOR: (CHUCKLING) Well, I think you should be able to answer that. You got a rather nasty blow on the head - that's what.
15. ROBERT: Did I?
16. DOCTOR: Don't you remember?
17. ROBERT: I was knocked unconscious, wasn't I? Somebody hit me?

1. DOCTOR: It could have been - that's right. Mr. - uh -  
what did you say your name was?
2. ROBERT: Name? - My name?
3. DOCTOR: Yes -
4. ROBERT: I - Haig! Robert Haig.
5. DOCTOR: Well, Mr. Haig, I think a couple days rest will  
do it. I'll call in tomorrow and see how you  
are getting on. Now, just lay back. Relax.  
You're going to be alright.
6. SOUND: STEPS
7. DOCTOR: (STOPPING) Oh - by the way - do you want me to  
send the bill here? Will you be staying here,  
Mr. Haig?
8. ROBERT: Doctor - I don't know - I -
9. DOCTOR: That's alright. You can tell me tomorrow. You'd  
better sleep now.
10. MUSIC: SWIRLING TC:
11. NARRATOR: Haig - Robert Haig. Why did you pick that name?  
That isn't your name, is it? The fact is: you  
don't know what your name is - you can't  
remember - you just don't know. You could be -  
anybody. Perhaps if you dream you could remember.  
You must be someone, mustn't you? Someone who  
buys expensive clothes and has fine, soft hands ...
12. ROBERT: (MOANS FAINTLY)

1. NARRATOR: But why do you struggle with it, Robert? There's no use struggling because - because no matter how hard you think you will never be able to resolve it. Somehow, somewhere you have lost yourself - irretrievably. What could it be? Amnesia? A blow on the head! Yes, that was it! Of course! Well, then, you must do something about it. There is something you can do about it, you know. For example - you could go to the police and they would take your photograph and it would be printed in papers right across the country. And someone - perhaps someone very close to you - perhaps a wife, Robert - or a relation - or a friend - someone would recognize you. Now, Robert, why don't you do that? - Robert? (WITH A CHUCKLE) Asleep.
2. MUSIC: CALM AND PLEASANT TO MODERN DANCE ORCHESTRA EG
3. PEGGY: You're a wonderful dancer, Bob, know that? I've never danced with a man like you --
4. ROBERT: And I hope you won't either.
5. PEGGY: What a change! I'll never forget you that first time. You'd just been three days at Mrs. O'Neill's. And I was in borrowing some sugar and she brought me in to meet you. Of course, she'd told everybody about you by then. And all us roomers were just burning with curiosity - you know - (LAUGHING) - I mean - you were the mystery man! Don't you want me to talk about it?
6. ROBERT: It's alright.

1. PEGGY: Well, you looked so funny with bandages all over your head - and pale - your face was like a sheet - and you were as nervous as a cat. Remember, when I came into the room? You jumped about a foot.
2. ROBERT: Well, I've changed as you say.
3. PEGGY: You sure have.
4. ROBERT: But all that's behind, Peggy. I'm fine now - I feel in top shape.
5. PEGGY: I know you do, Bob.
6. ROBERT: Will you call me something, Peg?
7. PEGGY: Well now - that depends.
8. ROBERT: Will you? Come on.
9. PEGGY: What is it?
10. ROBERT: Honey. Say - honey.
11. PEGGY: Now Bob --
12. ROBERT: No, say - honey. I just want to hear you say it. Say - Bob, honey.
13. PEGGY: No - I don't think so.
14. ROBERT: Why not?
15. PEGGY: Not until I feel like saying it.  
  
(PAUSE)
16. ROBERT: Well - ?

1. PEGGY: Bob honey Bob honey Bob honey.
2. ROBERT: I'm crazy about you.
3. PEGGY: Just dance, Bob - just like that.
4. ROBERT: Peggy - I'm not going to stay at Mrs. O'Neill's.
5. PEGGY: (DREAMILY) Oh - why?
6. ROBERT: I - I'd like to have another place. I need more room.
7. PEGGY: (COMING TO LIFE) But Bob!
8. ROBERT: Darling, I want you to move in with me. I want you to marry me, Peggy. I've got a job now and we can pool resources for awhile - you know. Oh God I've had such a wonderful time since I met you, Peg. In all my life I've -- Will you Peg?
9. PEG: But Bob, I've hardly known you a month?
10. ROBERT: What does that matter?
11. PEGGY: But I don't know anything about you. Nothing! I like you - I like you a lot - but I'm not going to - Bob, I've got to be sure about you, don't you see?
12. ROBERT: Yes - I see.
13. PEGGY: Oh, please - let's forget it for awhile. (HALF LAUGHING) You've got me so confused -- Listen, Bob! - a rhumba!
14. MUSIC: A RHUMBA
15. PEGGY: They're fun to dance to - know how? Does he know how! -- Oh -- Bob, honey!
16. MUSIC: UP LOUD. HOLD UNDER:



1. NARRATOR: You've had such a wonderful time for a whole month! But now, as you rhumba, you are afraid again. You remember the wet stone pavement of the alleyway - and something farther back - something so cold and remote about that night. Now it's darkness shakes out in you like a black flag. Who are you? Who are you? - Someone with tender hands and fine leather shoes and someone who danced the rhumba beautifully - somewhere ...
2. MUSIC: FADE OUT
3. NARRATOR: And now you can come home from the party and try to sleep. But don't worry - you're not lost - they're looking for you, Robert. The search is on and they will find you sooner or later. Don't you want to help them, Robert? Don't you want to help them find - yourself? Oh yes - you've got a new job - just a clerking job but it keeps your mind busy at least - and you've got yourself a girl friend - and at night usually you can sleep now. With the help of sleeping pills you can lie there with just the faint glimmer of wallpaper on your mind fading into nothingness. But aren't there times when you feel the strangeness? - as of a man suddenly come alive in someone else's body? Robert, why don't you go to the police? Why don't you go to the police - ? Why don't you - ?
4. ROBERT: Stop! Stop!
5. SOUND: HEAVY BREATHING OTHERWISE SILENCE. THEN THERE IS CATCH IN THE BREATHING

1. NARRATOR: Ahh - there's another way, isn't there? Why didn't you think of it before? You don't have to go to the police. You can find out the truth without knowing a thing about it - the newspapers. Better put on a pair of glasses, though - and ruffle your hair - just in case?
2. SOUND: FADE IN - NEWSPAPER OFFICE
3. ROBERT: Hello. Is this where - you file old issues of your newspaper.
4. WOMAN: That's right. If you would give me the dates of the numbers you are looking for.
5. ROBERT: Say a month ago - the week following. Could you give me those, please.
6. WOMAN: Why certainly. Just one moment. (PAUSE) Here we are. August second to August nine inclusive. Is that what you want?
7. ROBERT: Yes - thank you.
8. NARRATOR: So you take them and move over to a table. August second - was that the day? Why didn't you think of this long ago? It's so simple. There should be something about a man missing - there will be his name - something about his life - perhaps - a picture. It will be a little sad - it will be a little sad to have to go back. Just when you're beginning to feel settled - and you think you have fallen in love with Peggy - and she will marry you.

.... MORE ....

1. NARRATOR:  
(CONT 'D)                   ... It will be a little sad because it's what you want - to settle down and raise a family - to be busy - to forget the strange, cold - four hands tremble - your eyes cannot seem to focus. No, there's nothing there - nothing on August third, fourth - or sixth, Robert, nothing - nothing - nothing -
  
2. ROBERT:                   Thank you - Miss - thank you.
  
3. WOMAN:                   And will you be wanting to buy any of these numbers, sir?
  
4. ROBERT:                   No, thank you.
  
5. NARRATOR:                You reach the street and it pulses up at you warm with sunlight, and there's an odd, disturbing sense of triumph in you. You have done what you had to do and you will not look back any longer. The past is finished! You will step forward grandly - unafraid - to be a new man - to enter upon a new life!
  
6. MUSIC:                OF DANCE THEME GAY, OUT.
  
7. SOUND:                OPENING FRONT DOOR.
  
8. ROBERT:                   (WHISTLING A TUNE) Hello - Mrs. O'Neill.  
How are we today?
  
9. MRS. O'N:                Oh hello! - oh fine - Mr. Haig.
  
10. ROBERT:                 Good - good!
  
11. SOUND:                STEPS. INNER DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED

1. NARRATOR: What's wrong with Mrs. O'Neill, Robert? She was looking at you in a funny way, wasn't she? Oh well. Never mind. You mustn't imagine things. Old ladies have funny ways sometimes - after all they have nothing to do but brood about themselves. And now a night out with Peggy! What tie should you wear. The dark brown one - yes - and shoes - ah - the new pair - the light tan shoes you bought yesterday - expensive.
2. MUSIC: BG LIGHT DANCE MUSIC TO:1
3. SOUND: DINNER CONVERSATION
4. ROBERT: Peg?
5. PEGGY: Yes?
6. ROBERT: You seem rather withdrawn tonight.
7. PEGGY: Do I, Bob? I was just thinking.
8. ROBERT: Well, now, what were you thinking?
9. PEGGY: Oh, nothing much, you know ...
10. ROBERT: Thinking too much - it's not worth it. It's a waste of time.
11. PEGGY: Bob, why are --
12. ROBERT: Ssssh. Hear that music?
13. MUSIC: UP A LITTLE
14. ROBERT: ... want to dance?  
  
(PAUSE)
15. PEGGY: Yes.
16. MUSIC: SWELLS UP. A MOMENT OF PURE BEAT OF PRIMITIVE EMOTION. FADE INTO ANOTHER PIECE. THEN ANOTHER. HOLD LOW BG

1. ROBERT: Marry me, Peg.
2. PEGGY: Don't talk.
3. MUSIC: UP
4. ROBERT: There's nothing to compare with it is there?  
Living - just living. Not thinking, not  
wondering, or worrying, but just - just being a  
part of it all. Peg, I've had so many - so much  
to worry about. I don't want to anymore. I want  
to be simple - I want to have a wife like you -  
I want children -- Peg, you've got to marry me.  
We love one another, I know that - I know it -
5. PEGGY: And do you know who you are?
6. ROBERT: What did you say?
7. PEGGY: Who are you?! Is that why you don't want to  
think? Because you're afraid!
8. ROBERT: - Peggy - !
9. PEGGY: I wanted this one night - this one last night to  
dance with you. Well, now I've had it.
10. ROBERT: Peggy - what do you mean?
11. PEG: You know what I mean! You're not Robert Haig  
any more than I am. Why didn't you tell me  
before?! What were you trying to do - leading me  
on like that?
12. ROBERT: How did you find out?
13. PEGGY: In tonight's newspaper - where else? Right on  
the front page - there it was - your picture -  
the missing man - the mystery man - not Robert  
Haig - no - oh no -

1. ROBERT: I don't want to hear about it, Peg!
2. PEGGY: But - Paul Field! Hear me? - Paul Field!
3. ROBERT: Shut up, Peg! Shut up!
4. PEGGY: No wonder you're ashamed of it!
5. ROBERT: What does that name mean to me? Nothing! Paul whoever he is - I don't know that person - I don't know what he did - I don't care. He's not me - he's someone else!
6. PEGGY: He's you! You! They're going to find you, Paul - the police are on their way now. Mrs. O'Neill --
7. ROBERT: The police - !
8. PEGGY: What's the use of running! You can't go on running forever ...
9. MUSIC: WHIRLING - HOLD BG
10. NARRATOR: But you will run - they're not going to catch you - you're not a fool - you want to be free, you want to live. And now you know that there's only one way you can live. You must never stop running. You must never marry and settle down. You are an outcast - a wanted man. And also, this, you know - walking blindly down the night-wet streets - this: you can only move towards obscurity - deeper and deeper obscurity - to be one of the millions - one of the anonymous - a face in a crowd - a nameless blob without identity - you must be lost --

.... MORE ....

1. NARRATOR: -- Because the search is on - they are looking  
(CONT'D) for you in all the corners of the city - in the  
cafes, and the offices and the drinking places -  
but you will recede before them, Robert, you  
will never be found out.

2. MUSIC: UP TO WURLITZER TUNE

3. NARRATOR: But you go into a bar because you're too tired  
of thinking any longer. There's a glass of  
double scotch before you ... and you can't stop  
the thoughts that keep coming like men begging  
with extraordinary gestures: What is man? How  
deep is evil? How far does it go into our flesh  
and into our bones? How deeply is the brain  
sopped with evil - rich and thick with it? And  
what is man ...? Thoughts that will not leave  
you alone because now you know that you are  
guilty - that you have lived a life of crime -  
that you have done such things -

4. SOUND: GLASS BEING PUT DOWN

5. ROBERT: Another one, waiter -

6. BARMAN: Sure --

7. MUSIC: WURLITZER GRINDS TO A STOP

8. SOUND: NICKEL IS DROPPED IN

9. MUSIC: STARTS AGAIN

1. NARRATOR: A woman. She has just taken the seat beside you - shaking out her long yellow hair into the mirror's image - and now she turns - with her hands still near her head and she looks at you. She is evil too. Yes she is evil you can see that. There are no secrets in her look - no fear - no shame. It is open and unafraid and it is evil. And suddenly you think - how very beautiful evil can be. What an irresistable magnet it is. And that really men cannot stand against it - no - they must fall - they must enter that whirlpool and be drawn into it and be destroyed.
2. ROBERT: Hello.
3. DORA: Hello.
4. ROBERT: Could I buy you a drink?
5. DORA: Thanks -
6. ROBERT: Waiter - for the lady - and another one for me, too.
7. BARMAN: Okey-doke.  
  
(PAUSE)
8. DORA: I never seen you in here before.
9. ROBERT: Well - no. You will be seeing me in here though. A lot.
10. DORA: Oh? You moved down this way?
11. ROBERT: Well - I think maybe.
12. DORA: It's alright I guess. A little rundown. But you get used to that.
13. ROBERT: Are you used to it?



1. DORA: To tell you the truth - no. An' I never will be. I can put up with it just so long as it suits my purposes - and they don't include living forever in a dump. I'm on the way up, Mr. Ah --
2. ROBERT: Jim.
3. DORA: Well, I'm on the way out of here, Jim, pretty soon now. I figure if you don't raise your sights you've had it an - you'll get stuck - and I don't intend to get stuck - not in this life -  
(FADE)
4. NARRATOR: Oh, Robert, you had your chance for happiness. You almost might have married Peggy and brought up a family. Almost. But it was taken from you - as it was bound to be - because you were guilty. Whatever it was you did - in that other life - you are guilty and you cannot escape it - you cannot take on a different character. The past has stamped you, Robert. Isn't it the past that lies now, coldly beside your heart, as you watch her mouth move and how she tosses her head while she talks ...
5. DORA: - So she said - you don't know very much about the world, that's the trouble with you Dora - by the way - my name's Dora -
6. ROBERT: Another drink, Dora?
7. DORA: And you know how old she was? Fifteen. Yes - when she said that. I went to school with her - what there was of it - But you see, what chance have you? Nobody has a chance.

1. ROBERT: You're not very old yet, are you, Dora?
2. DORA: I'm twenty. And that's plenty. But I was going to tell you about my brother Jim. His name's Jim, too. A nice guy - real nice - but he's been in trouble ever since I can remember and he's still in trouble: The street - jail - the street - jail - in and out - in and out! Well what chance has he got or ever will have I'd like to know. It's depressing to most people but you just can't let it get you down that's all - you've gotta fight back - fight for your place in society. That's what I'm doing. Maybe you noticed I speak pretty good? I use some pretty big words?
3. ROBERT: Yes.
4. DORA: That's what comes from meeting intelligent people and listening when they talk. You'd be surprised how many educated men comes down here - just like you. Of course, you're more than a visitor now that you're going to be a resident - where we goin'?
5. ROBERT: Just over to this booth.
6. DORA: I much prefer booths. I mean to talk in. I like to meet somebody I can talk to, Jim. And you're very sympathetic, you know that? The sympathetic type. (FADE)

1. NARRATOR: What is the terror that stands in your heart, Robert? Remember, you looked at your hands - and it began to happen - the terror began to grow in you. And now it has set your temples pounding - and there is a burning light behind your eyes. Burning. I have been afraid but I will not be afraid -- I have been afraid but I will not be afraid -- this is what you say over and over again and your small hands shake in the stale air -- and then someone stands beside the table looking down -- someone blotting the light -- someone smelling of garlic and whiskey ...
2. MAN: Come on, Dora.
3. DORA: You! Go away!
4. MAN: I said: come on.
5. DORA: Can't you ever leave me alone? I don't belong to you! Now, beat it --
6. MAN: Don't talk to me, Dora. I don't hear nothin'. Come on - pack up. You're comin' home with me.
7. DORA: Home! Listen to him! He calls it home! And he tells me he's my husband ... (FADE: THE ARGUMENT GOES ON UNDER)
8. NARRATOR: And now it happens to you, Robert. The thrill reaches your wrists and runs like quicksilver down your sides - you reach out - there's a knife on the table and you pick it up. This is what you have really wanted, isn't it, Robert? From the beginning. You have known it ever since that morning awakening when you held your fine hands before your face ... you have killed!
9. ROBERT: Leave the lady alone.

1. MAN: And you keep out of this or you get hurt.
2. ROBERT: Leave the lady alone.
3. MAN: Lissen to the little lady killer?! Alright - let's see now how you make me leave the little lady alone - ?
4. DORA: Don't, Jim, he's got a knife.
5. NARRATOR: Yes, he's got a knife, too, Robert. It flicks out of his hand like the tongue of a snake. Much more effective than a table knife - but you don't care, do you? Nothing matters. You have never been so at peace - so calm - so clearly happy.
6. DORA: Jim, don't!
7. NARRATOR: And now you leap at him, and circle him, looking for an opening. You feel nothing - know nothing - only the divine beauty of it all - this is what all your life has builded towards - this effortless, poignant moment. And now you charge in, swinging your knife high towards his head but he moves inside your blow with a step and darts his pointed hand inwards to your stomach. .
8. DORA: (SCREAMS)  
  
(MOMENTARY SILENCE)
9. MAN: Let's get out of here!
10. DORA: Oh Burt you bloody fool ... !
11. MAN: Come on, I said!

1. NARRATOR: The voices fade in your ears to become a buzz - and you are surprised to find that you are still standing - quite alone - a little bent - with your hands over your stomach - and you stagger out the door and you climb the street. The fresh air helps - clearing your head a little. You can pick out the sounds of the city - and there's a taxi on the corner ahead. If only you can reach it.
2. SOUND: HEAVY BREATHING
3. ROBERT: Cab?
4. CABBIE: Sure.
5. SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING
6. CABBIE: Where to?
7. ROBERT: I - don't know. Just - drive. I'll think -
8. CABBIE: You alright, Mister?
9. ROBERT: Yes ...
10. NARRATOR: ... where to ... where to ... where to ... you've got to think ... you've got to think ... but you don't want to think ... the thinking is over - the fear is over - the search is over ... You have no place to go ...
11. ROBERT: Open the window a little, will you. I --
12. CABBIE: How's that? That better?
13. ROBERT: Yes - that's better. Can you put on some music?
14. CABBIE: Yeah - I guess so.
15. MUSIC: A VERY SOFT ROMANTIC PIECE

1. CABBIE:                    Maybe I should drive you to a Doctor. You don't look so good.
  
2. ROBERT:                   I'll be alright.
  
3. MUSIC:                LOW BG
  
4. NARRATOR:                And so you drive on in the darkness and you cannot control the tears that come out of your eyes. You do not try. Sometimes, like laughter, tears are the only answer to life, and now, listening to songs in the dark cab and watching the blobs of light moving past - that is all there is left to think about - life - your life. Because without asking for it or wanting it - as the blood trickles between your fingers - it has been given back to you. All the past that lay beyond the dark alleyway. And of course, you were not guilty, of course not. There was nothing there especially to fear. You were no better nor any worse than the other thousands of lives in the thousands of streets of the cities. But you sit there crying at the particular - little peculiar life that was yours. You were a flyer in the war and you were shot down once and later you fell deeply in love with a girl and married her, and you went to college while she worked, and you came out to practice law, to set up house, and to father three children ... and they're all waiting for you to come home ...

.... MORE ....

1. NARRATOR:  
(CONT 'D)

... And of course you were very careful how you dressed, and spent too much money on clothing, and that was because you were small - and always you took particular care of your hands because they were little hands and you were ashamed of them, being a man ... And how that night came ... You were on your way to England for an important legal claim, and the plane was grounded in New York and you went to have a night out with an old friend of the war days ... and you both drank too much talking of the past and he disappeared half way through the evening and then - you can't remember - everything was hazy ...

But you were never bad - never really - never more than most people are bad and what a trick, then, what a trick -- because what you recall of that morning when you arose as though out of death between black walls, was only a sense of disaster, a sense of evil and repulsion, that seemed to belong to your tan shoes, and your white, little hands pushing at the wet of the pavement. And it was all a trick. There was nothing wrong with you.

2. ROBERT:

That's a pleasant song.

3. CABBIE:

Sure is.

4. NARRATOR:

What have I done - you think - what have I done? Is this all that is left us - when we are stripped of our identities - this certainty of doom? And yet, by this, nothing is explained. For there is still the beauty of it - even now - in this night of wet streets and the mystery of the moving lights ...

1. CABBIE:                    You sure you don't want to go somewhere?
2. ROBERT:                   Just keep driving, Cabbie ...
3. MUSIC:                   TO END