

HARRY. (*Arm around him, leads him forward R.*) I must have been out of school for only a couple of weeks when . . . it happened. Out of the blue. Disillusionment. Despair. Debilitation. The works. It hit me all at once.

MILT. Oh. Ohhhh. (*Harry sits on curbstone. Milt puts down white handkerchief, sits beside him.*)

HARRY. I remember . . . I was sitting in the park. It was Sunday, a hot lazy Sunday. The sun was burning on the back of my neck. An open book was on my lap and I was kind of day-dreaming, thinking of the future, my plans, my prospects . . . Then . . . Suddenly . . . Suddenly I looked up and I saw, standing there in front of me . . . How can I put it in words? It was a dog, Milt. A fox-terrier. I'd swear it was a fox-terrier. But who knows, I . . .

MILT. (*Interrupting.*) Let's just say it was a dog, Harry.

HARRY. It was a dog. Right.

MILT. A dog. Go ahead.

HARRY. And . . . And he was there, right in front of me, standing on his hind legs and . . . He looked almost like a little old man with a little white beard and a little wrinkled face. The thing is . . . Milt, he was laughing. He was laughing as loudly and as clearly as I'm talking to you now. I sat there. I couldn't move. I couldn't believe what was happening. And then, he came up to me, now he was walking on all fours and . . . When he got up to me . . . When he got up to me, he raised his leg and . . .

MILT. No.

HARRY. (*Nodding, with twisted expression.*) All over my gabardine pants. And they were wet, through and through. I could swear to that! Then he turned right around and walked off. The whole thing was . . . It was all so unreal, all so damn senseless.

My mind . . . I thought . . . (*Emotionally.*) Why me? Out of everyone in that park, out of hundreds, thousands of people, why me? (*Milt looks about bewilderedly.*) What did it mean? How do you explain it? (*In control of himself.*) That started it; right there was the beginning. From that minute on, it changed, everything changed for me. It was as if I was dragged to the edge of the cliff and forced to look down. How can I make you understand. What words do I use. I was nauseous, Milt. Sick to my soul. I became aware . . . aware of the whole rotten senseless stinking deal. Nothing mattered to me after that. Nothing.

MILT. Your plans to go to medical school?

HARRY. I couldn't.

MILT. The book you were writing.

HARRY. (*Throwing up his hands.*) No use.

MILT. Your Greek studies?

HARRY. I couldn't. I couldn't go on. (*Rises, moves to sandbox, paces around it, Milt also rises.*) No roots. No *modus vivendi*. I had to find some answers first. A reason. I travelled, went everywhere, looked everyplace. I studied with a Brahmin in Calcutta, with a Buddhist in Nagoya, with a Rabbi in Los Angeles. Nothing. I could find nothing. I didn't know where to turn, what to do with myself. I began drinking, gambling, living in whorehouses, smoking marijuana, taking guitar lessons . . . Nothing. Still nothing. Tonight . . . Milt, tonight I was going to end it all, make one last stupid gesture of disgust and . . . that would be it!

MILT. (*Glances at railing.*) You don't mean . . .

HARRY. That's right.

MILT. (*Going to him.*) How terrible. How terrible, Harry. I'm ashamed of you at this minute. I'm ashamed to have been your classmate at Polyarts U.

HARRY. Ask me what I believe in, Milt.

MILT. What do you believe in, Harry?

HARRY. I believe in nothing, Milt.

MILT. Nothing? That's terrible. How can someone go on living without believing in anything?

HARRY. That's the problem I'm faced with. And there's no answer to it, none, except down there! (*He points to railing, moving to bench*)