

Call Me a Cab

(MUSIC IN)

ANNOUNCER: Cathy and Elliott Lewis -- On Stage!

(MUSIC: CATHY AND ELLIOTT THEME)

ANNOUNCER: Cathy Lewis, Elliott Lewis -- two of the most distinguished names in radio appearing each week in their own theater starring in a repertory of transcribed stories of their own and your choosing. Radio's foremost players in radio's foremost plays -- drama, comedy, adventure, mystery, melodrama. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Elliott Lewis!

(MUSIC: BUILDS TO AN ACCENT, THEN OUT)

ELLIOTT LEWIS: Good evening. May I present my wife, Cathy?

CATHY LEWIS: Good evening. We all daydream. I remember that, as a child, I wanted to be Florence Nightingale. And I'm afraid I missed some of my earliest arithmetic problems because I daydreamed caring for the sick and infirm.

ELLIOTT LEWIS: I built the biggest bridge in South America instead of mowing the lawn.

CATHY LEWIS: Shirley Gordon, who wrote tonight's play, "Call Me a Cab," also has pursued this pleasant avocation and she wrote some of it down.

ELLIOTT LEWIS: And we're going to do it for you right now. Cathy?

(MUSIC ... MELANCHOLY ... IN AND UNDER)

JULIE: Our story starts with me. I'm in my apartment. It's very neat, my apartment. Tidy. Place for everything and everything in its place.

And it's very empty.

When I'm in it, I spend a lot of time looking out the window, without knowing quite what I'm looking at.

Or looking for.

Like today, when it's my day off.

And I finished doing everything I had to do.

My apartment's clean, my clothes are in order, my hair and my nails are done.

I just finished the last chapter of the book I was reading.

So I look out the window.

And I see the day that I don't know what to do with.

Take a walk?

Go to a show?

Window shop?

Don't waste a day, Julie. Not another one.

It's your life.

(MUSIC OUT)

SOUND: (Julie WALKS to the phone, PICKS UP.)

JULIE: (crisp) This is Miss Benson. Would you call me a cab, please?
I'll be
right down.

SOUND: (Julie HANGS UP.)

(SOMBER MUSIC RESUMES UNDER)

JULIE: Put on a bright lipstick and your best hat.

Don't let the world know you're a girl with no place to go.

SOUND: (Apartment door CLOSES.)

JULIE: Close the door on your tidy, silent apartment.

Take the elevator and continue your train of thought.

Write a book about it.

Call it ... "One Hundred and One Tried and Proven Ways to Waste a Day."

Add them up and it's twenty-eight years.

Going on thirty.

Going on forty.

Going on fifty.

Going, going, gone.

SOUND: (Front door of apartment house OPENS, FOOTSTEPS.)

JULIE: Today, take a cab and window shop on a good day to waste.

Look at people using it.

Study what they find to do with it.

(MUSIC OUT)

SOUND: (Cab door OPENS, city and traffic NOISE.)

JOE: Hello, Miss Benson?

JULIE: Yes?

JOE: You called a cab?

SOUND: (Joe OPENS cab door for Julie who CLIMBS IN; Joe SHUTS the door, WALKS around cab, CLIMBS IN, SHUTS driver's door.)

JOE: Where to, Miss?

JULIE: Just, uh, drive around ... the park, any place.

JOE: Okay, Miss. You say when.

SOUND: (Joe STARTS the meter, REVS the motor, cab DRIVES off.)

(MUSIC ... MORE UPBEAT ... BIG CITY DRIVING MUSIC)

JULIE: How much will the meter read?

I can afford it.

I like the sound of it better than a clock that ticks away time instead of just money.

How much IS the cab fare to a lonely day and back?

Costs a lot more than it shows on a meter.

(MUSIC OUT)

SOUND: (Traffic NOISE and the cab's engine HUMMING.)

JOE: Funny day, isn't it? Looks like it can't make up its mind what it wants to be. Good or bad.

JULIE: No. Can't tell.

JOE: That's right, ya can't tell. Too early yet. Might rain, might not.

JULIE: Mm hm. No, it's too early to tell.

(MUSIC IN)

JOE: MISS Benson, huh? Wonder where the boyfriend is today. Ah, workin', I guess. Girl like that wouldn't be without a guy 'less he was workin'. Unless maybe she hasn't got a boyfriend.

Nice lookin' girl. Nothin' better to do than ride around in a cab -- spoiled. That's what's the matter. Can't find a guy who can handle her. Tell her the facts of finance. Tell her there's more important things than ridin' around in a cab, spending money. Girl like that, all she needs is to have someone tell her.

(SOUND and MUSIC ABRUPTLY OUT)

SOUND: (Doorbell RINGS, FOOTSTEPS across apartment floor, door OPENS.)

JULIE: Come in.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: (Door CLOSES.)

JOE: What were you doing?

JULIE: Reading.

JOE: A book? This one?

SOUND: (Joe FLIPS the pages.)

JOE: You lost your place.

JULIE: I finished it.

JOE: Any good? (no answer) Love story? (no answer) How'd it end? Happy? Boy gets girl?

JULIE: Wasn't that kind of a book.

JOE: Then what'd ya read it for? (no answer) Why don't you read my kind of book, Julie? It's a love story with all the works -- happy ending, boy gets girl, you'd like it.

JULIE: How do you know?

JOE: Because I wrote it for you.

JULIE: (sighs) Joe. If you wrote the book, then why did ya let the girl

get so
unhappy?

JOE: Maybe because the girl is asking to be unhappy. She's too hard to please.
She wants the rich, handsome prince on a white horse. So when somebody else shows up in his place and he isn't rich or handsome and he's driving a cab instead of riding a horse, she smiles at him, tells him not to come any closer--

JULIE: Joe, that isn't the way it is. I told you, the money doesn't matter.

JOE: If it isn't the money, then it's me. And it's still like I said -- you want a storybook hero. And a storybook romance.

JULIE: No. Joe, I'm grown up. I know better.

JOE: Then look at me, Julie. Right at me. Not through me to a dream that doesn't exist. I'm here. And I'm flesh and blood and I'm close to you. This close. And when I reach out my hand and touch you, like this, my hand is real. Flesh and blood. Maybe it's sweaty, sometimes dirty. But it means one thing -- that I'm a human being and not perfect. I say things right and I say 'em wrong. I'm kind. And I'm cruel. I'm all things, some good and some bad. Just the same as you, Julie. Just the same as you. (beat) Look at me now, Julie. Really see me. Know that I'm here with you and know that I'm no more than I am -- but that I love you. Can't you see, Julie? Can't you see?

JULIE: Oh, Joe. Joe, my darling. Whoever do I think I am? Please forgive me.

JOE: Sure you're seeing me for real? No white horses?

JULIE: No white horses, darling. Just kiss me for real. (pause, they kiss) I love you.

JOE: Being no more than I am?

JULIE: Being no less than you are. I love you, Joe.

SOUND: (Suddenly -- car horn BLARES, cab engine HUMS, traffic NOISE.)

ANGRY MOTORIST: Hey, why don't you watch where you're goin', ya--!

JOE: (dismissive) Ahhh. (to Julie) How 'bout that guy? Some people

think the
streets were made just for them -- real road hogs, all over the place.
Heh!
... Uh, sorry if I frightened you.

JULIE: No. No, that's all right.

JOE: Hey! Looks like we're in for some rain, all right. Really startin'
to
come down all of a sudden. Can't say I mind it. Good weather for my
business.
But, then, that's the way it is. What's a good day for me is bad for
other
people. Rain can a spoil a day for a lot o' people. Me, I like it. Good
for m'
business.

JULIE: Yes. It's always hard to get a taxi on a rainy day.

(MUSIC ... MELANCHOLY ... UNDER)

JULIE: Rain or shine, it's a day.

A day to find something to do with.

So you share it with a stranger who speaks without turning his face to
you.

Look at the picture on his identification card and wonder what sort of
man
goes with that polite voice from the front seat.

Talks about the weather. That's all.

Not a bad face. A little coarse.

No handsome prince on a white horse, he.

Wonder what sort of life he lives when he takes off that cap and
becomes
something else besides a cab driver.

Wonder what sort of girl he's something else to.

Wonder if they got married and found it an end to being lonely.

(MUSIC FADES OUT)

Wonder if I'd like to trade places with her.

(SOUND ABRUPTLY OUT)

SOUND: (Apartment door OPENS.)

JULIE: That you, Joe?

JOE: Yeah, honey, it's me.

SOUND: (Door CLOSES, Joe WALKS in.)

JOE: Sorry I'm late. Last fare I picked up took me clear back across town.

JULIE: Hello, darling.

SOUND: (Joe KICKS OFF his shoes.)

JOE: (yawns) Tired. (sighs, kisses Julie)

JULIE: Mmmm.

JOE: Mm?

JULIE: You're not tired.

JOE: Not of you, baby. Never.

JULIE: Canasta tonight.

JOE: Tonight?

JULIE: Mm hm. C'mon, let's eat. They're liable to be here any minute.

SOUND: (Julie WALKS OFF, Joe FOLLOWS.)

JOE: (yawning an "All right") Well, I'm not puttin' my shoes back on.

JULIE: Since when have you ever considered playing canasta with your shoes on?

SOUND: (Both start to EAT dinner, utensils CLINK, their mouths are often full as they speak good naturedly, playfully, lovingly, gently needling one another.)

JOE: You got some ketchup?

JULIE: Ohhh, Joe. It's such a good roast. Why do you spoil the taste?

JOE: Well, I told you before. Pork without ketchup is like - er, like ham without eggs.

JULIE: Or canasta without shoes.

JOE: Mm. Who won the last time?

JULIE: We did.

JOE: How much?

JULIE: I don't know. Not much. Gravy good?

JOE: It's just right.

JULIE: How can you tell when you let the ketchup run into it like that?

JOE: Hm.

JULIE: How was business today?

JOE: Fair. Pretty day. Days like this, people should walk.

JULIE: I did. Through the park. Mm! It was awfully pretty. So green after the rain.

JOE: If it's nice Sunday, let's walk. I feel cheated when you walk without me.

JULIE: So do I. We'll walk Sunday. Rain or shine.

JOE: Stop by the zoo today?

JULIE: Sure. Gave Oswald your love. He spit at me.

JOE: Well, shame on Oswald.

JULIE: There's a new little baby monkey. He's a cute little peanut head with big sad eyes.

JOE: Oh, yeah?

JULIE: We'll go Sunday.

JOE: All right.

JULIE: Want some more potatoes?

JOE: Mm hm.

SOUND: (Julie PASSES the potatoes.)

JOE: What else'd you do today?

JULIE: Mmm. Mm, shop - for groceries. You know, snacks for tonight and stuff.

JOE: Mm hmm.

JULIE: Mm! Mm! I ran into Alice Duff. You remember? That's the girl that took my job when I quit and she told all about how things are going down at the agency.

JOE: Oh. And how are things going down at the agency?

JULIE: Betty in the front office is wearing her hair a new color.

JOE: Well, what color it use to be?

JULIE: I can't remember. Red, I think. No. Mm mm. That's what Alice says it is now so it must have been some other color before.

JOE: Green?

JULIE: (amused) Nice color. Park's very green. You'll see. Sunday.

JOE: Mm. So what else is new?

JULIE: Besides the baby monkey and Betty in the front office's new hair?

JOE: Yeah, sure.

JULIE: Well, let's see. I know! (ironic) I'm mad at you.

JOE: (chuckles) You are, huh? (kisses her)

JULIE: Mm mm. Ah! Taste like a bottle of ketchup.

JOE: How come you're mad at me? No, wait, let me guess. Uh, um, it's our anniversary and I forgot and you think I don't love you any more so you're going home to mother right after canasta tonight.

JULIE: Guess again.

JOE: Mmmm. You've developed a guilt complex. You think you're a wicked sinful girl who ought to be punished because you've been living with a married man so you can leave me and go off and be a monk.

JULIE: A monk?!

JOE: Like Oswald.

JULIE: Mm?

JOE: And spit at people.

JULIE: That was the last guess. And if you miss, you dry the dishes.

JOE: And if I win, what?

JULIE: I dry the dishes. You wash 'em.

JOE: Yeah. Um, you're mad at me because you're wearing your hair a new color and I didn't notice it wasn't red any more.

JULIE: You're very warm.

JOE: Ah?

JULIE: Uh huh.

JOE: Uh, you're wearing your hair a new color and I didn't notice it wasn't green any more?

JULIE: You're getting warmer. I'll give you a hint.

JOE: Naw, I can't accept charity.

JULIE: Congo Claw.

JOE: That's not fair. You have to give the hint in English.

JULIE: I told you you were warm. I'm wearing my NAILS a new color. You didn't notice. "Congo Claw." That sound exotic?

JOE: Sounds threatening.

JULIE: I put it on for canasta.

JOE: You look beautiful when you meld. What time they suppose to be here?

JULIE: Time is it now?

JOE: It's ... twenty of. (beat) Can he eat peanuts yet?

JULIE: Who? Oh! Oh, the new little baby monkey? Sure. He's awful cute. We'll go Sunday...

SOUND: (Cab engine HUMS.)

JULIE: (completes her thought out loud) ... even if it rains.

JOE: What'd you say, Miss?

JULIE: What? What? Oh, the rain. ... I said, the park's so pretty when it rains. Would you turn back? And drive through it again?

JOE: Sure, Miss. You name it. Anything you want.

(MUSIC ... BRIEF UPTEMPO BRIDGE, THEN OUT)

ANNOUNCER: You are listening to "Cathy and Elliott Lewis On Stage." Tonight's play: "Call Me a Cab." ... Every day of the year, the Red Cross is helping humanity somewhere. Servicemen rely on it. Disaster victims owe their lives to its prompt help. Communities everywhere know its day by day services. All

these countless ministries are financed by your contributions. Won't
you
answer the call to make this year's contribution larger than ever?

(MUSIC ... LUSH BRIDGE, THEN OUT)

SOUND: (Cab engine HUMS.)

JOE: Think this rain's gonna make a lot of people unhappy. Plan
picnics,
baseball games, things like that, then it rains.

JULIE: Yes, it's too bad. Spoils their day.

JOE: That's right. Families, kids. Rain can spoil things for 'em.

JULIE: Yes. It - it can.

(MUSIC ... MELANCHOLY ... UNDER)

JULIE: Can it?

Can just a little rain spoil things when your cup runneth over? When
you're
not alone any more? And there's so much to share between you?

(SOUND and MUSIC ABRUPTLY OUT)

SOUND: (Julie DIALS phone, RINGS twice. Someone PICKS UP.)

HELEN: Hello?

JULIE: Helen? This is Julie!

HELEN: Say, where have you been all afternoon? I tried to call you.

JULIE: I wasn't home.

HELEN: Oh.

JULIE: But I'm so glad you're home. I'm just dying to talk to somebody.
Seems
hours before Joe'll be coming.

HELEN: What's up anyway? You sound the cliché cat that swallowed the
canary.

JULIE: (chuckles) Well, it won't be long before I'll look like I
swallowed
something a lot more substantial than a canary.

HELEN: What?

JULIE: Oh--

HELEN: Julie! You--? Then, you've been to the doctor?! Oh, honey!
That's

wonderful! I'm so happy for you.

JULIE: Oh, I just came from the doctor's. Oh, Helen, I'm so glad. And Joe's gonna be just out of his mind when he hears.

HELEN: Well, does he have any idea?

JULIE: No. No, not an inkling. I wanted to wait.

HELEN: Yeah, sure, but break it to him gently. I understand these things can be very hard on husbands.

JULIE: Oh, I've seen it in the movies but I'm not sure I can remember just how it's supposed to go.

HELEN: I can.

JULIE: W-wait, wait a second, will ya? I wanna get a cigarette.

HELEN: Yeah, me, too.

SOUND: (Julie SETS DOWN phone, WALKS off, STRIKES a match, LIGHTS UP, EXHALES, WALKS back, PICKS UP receiver.)

JULIE: I'm back!

HELEN: Yeah, well, here's the way it goes. The husband has a hard day at the office, y'see.

JULIE: (laughs) Yeah.

HELEN: And he comes home to his little wife who has this big secret under her, er, belt. See?

JULIE: (cracks up) Yeah, uh huh.

HELEN: So he comes in the door and he hangs up his hat and coat and, of course, he's expecting the usual big "Hello, darling!" from her and the big welcome kiss -- like he always gets. Only this time, there's nothing. This time, he comes into the room and she just stands there. Looks at him, doesn't say a thing.

JULIE: Poor guy.

HELEN: And so he says, "Hello, honey!" Still, she doesn't say anything. Just keeps looking at him.

JULIE: Then what?

HELEN: Well, the more she stands there and looks at him, the more worried he gets. So finally he asks, "Honey? What's the matter?" And she says, "Guess."

JULIE: (chuckles) Exactly! (both laugh) Oh, isn't that just awful? Deliver me from ever doing anything in the world like that to Joe! Imagine! Greatest thing in the world happens to you, you make your husband play a guessing game to find out what it is.

HELEN: Hey, wait a minute, you haven't heard the worst. What happens is: he guesses wrong and he says, "Honey, whatever's the matter, it isn't true. I didn't do it!"

JULIE: Oh, no!

HELEN: So, of course, she gets suspicious because he's got such a guilty conscience and, on the happiest day of their life, they end up having a big fight.

JULIE: You made it up. But, just the same, that's not the way I'm gonna break the news to Joe. I - I wanna use the one where the husband, as soon as he finds out, um, lowers his wife gently into a chair and never lets her touch a vacuum cleaner or a dirty dish for the rest of her life. Least-- At least, not for the next nine months of it, you know?

HELEN: I tell you what. Why don't you go out and get some pink and blue yarn and be knitting when he comes in?

JULIE: He'd ask me whose baby shower I was going to.

HELEN: How 'bout drinking eight glasses of milk at dinner? He'd notice when you started looking homogenized. Oh, I know! Why don't you wait until midnight and do the old dill pickle and ice cream bit? That's the hard way, I'd say, but surefire.

JULIE: Oh, I couldn't possibly wait until midnight. I want to tell him the second he comes through the door if I can only locate my tongue at the time.

HELEN: Well, let him sit down first, honey. It's only fair.

JULIE: I will.

HELEN: Honestly, Julie, it - it's just wonderful. I'm so happy for you both.

JULIE: Thanks, Helen. Don't - don't hang up yet.

HELEN: Won't Joe be home any minute?

JULIE: Yeah, but, uh--

HELEN: Well, I'll talk to you later.

JULIE: But I still don't know how I'm gonna tell him!

HELEN: (amused) You will. Bye, honey. Congratulations.

JULIE: Thanks.

SOUND: (Julie HANGS UP, FOOTSTEPS into kitchen, UNSCREWS jar, apartment door OPENS.)

JOE: Me, honey!

SOUND: (Joe SHUTS door, WALKS into kitchen.)

JOE: Hi, honey. (no answer) Honey?

JULIE: Oh, Joe. Guess what?!

SOUND: (Cab engine HUMS.)

JOE: I guess it stopped raining.

JULIE: What? I-- Oh. Yes, I guess it has.

JOE: Well, looks like it's gonna clear off.

JULIE: That's good.

JOE: Yeah. Not so good for my business but nice for the people. Now they can have their picnics and ball games.

JULIE: Uh huh.

JOE: You just watch. Fifteen minutes from now, the park'll be packed with people.

JULIE: I suppose so.

JOE: It's always that way. Soon as it stops raining, everybody comes to

the
park.

JULIE: I don't blame them. It's so pretty after the rain.

JOE: You just wait and see. Fifteen more minutes and all you'll hear is
dogs
barking and babies crying.

JULIE: I know.

JOE: Soon as it stops raining, everybody who's got a baby comes to the
park.
Everybody in the world who's got a baby.

SOUND: (Cab engine STOPS ABRUPTLY.)

(MUSIC ... PENSIVE STEADY RHYTHM, LIKE A CLOCK)

PUBLIC ADDRESS NURSE: Doctor Thurry, call surgery.

SOUND: (Someone FLIPS through a magazine, CLOSES it.)

(MUSIC ... FADES OUT)

OLDER MAN: Uh, you wanna look at this one here?

JOE: Yeah, thanks.

SOUND: (Joe TAKES magazine, FLIPS through it.)

OLDER MAN: I don't know what's in it. I been lookin' at it for an hour
now and
I guess I couldn't tell you what's in it.

JOE: Yeah. (chuckles nervously) Uh, this your first, too?

OLDER MAN: That's right, it is. Don't look like it should be, I s'pose.
Been
married for fourteen years, Blanche and me. Yeah, couldn't believe it
when the
doctor told us. Just couldn't believe it.

JOE: I think it's wonderful.

OLDER MAN: Yeah, it is, yeah, it's wonderful. (takes a breath, clears
throat)
You and your wife been married very long?

JOE: Uh, little over a year is all.

OLDER MAN: Oh, gee, that's wonderful, too. Yeah.

JOE: Yeah. (beat) Aren't you wondering what it's gonna be?

OLDER MAN: Oh, no, no. After this long, er, it'll be a baby, all right.

JOE: Oh, sure. (beat) It's - it's wonderful.

OLDER MAN: (chuckles) Ya ought to see Blanche. She's just as radiant as a bride. Well, you can imagine--

JOE: Well, sure. It's wonderful.

OLDER MAN: Yeah.

JOE: Yeah.

OLDER MAN: Uh, listen, uh, it sounds like the nurse is coming. (pause) Ah. No, I guess not.

JOE: No. (beat) I - I - I guess it won't be much longer, though.

OLDER MAN: No, I - I - I wouldn't think so.

JOE: Crazy. Couple o' years ago, I sure wouldn't have thought I'd be sitting here. In this room. Watching that clock. Caring this much. ... My wife's name is Julie.

OLDER MAN: Oh, gee, that's a nice name. My wife's name is Blanche.

JOE: Blanche? Wonderful name.

OLDER MAN: Ah, yes. Ah, ah, listen.

JOE: Yeah, somebody's coming.

SOUND: (Nurse ENTERS through SWINGING doors.)

FRIENDLY NURSE: Mr. Carson?

JOE: Is that you?

OLDER MAN: (starts, stammers) Yeah! Henry Car-- Yes. Nurse?

FRIENDLY NURSE: Would you like to see your son, Mr. Carson?

OLDER MAN: (exhales, overcome)

JOE: Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. Carson. Congratulations.

OLDER MAN: (quietly, to the nurse) My wife?

FRIENDLY NURSE: Oh, she's just fine. You'll see her, too. You just come along with me.

OLDER MAN: Well, yeah. Oh, thank you. Thank you very much. (to Joe) And you, too! Thank you!

JOE: Yeah, sure! Ah, oh, nurse?

FRIENDLY NURSE: (reassuringly, to Joe) Oh, I guess it's not your turn yet. I believe Nurse O'Connor's with your wife. She'll let you know. But you may have to have a little patience. Sometimes there's quite a long wait. Uh, this way, Mr. Carson.

SOUND: (Nurse and Mr. Carson WALK off, through SWINGING doors. Joe SIGHS, FLIPS through magazine, SIGHS again. Nurse ENTERS through SWINGING doors.)

JOE: Uh, you're Miss O'Connor?

COOL NURSE: (less reassuring) Yes, would you come along with me, please?

JOE: Yeah, sure, sure.

SOUND: (Nurse and Joe WALK through SWINGING doors and keep WALKING.)

JOE: Uh, is it a boy or a girl? Aren't you gonna tell me before I see-- ? Oh, and Julie? My wife?

COOL NURSE: Your wife's all right. Baby hasn't been born yet.

JOE: But--? Oh, you mean it's too soon? I know sometimes, especially when it's your first-- Uh ... (chuckles nervously) Do we have to go home again and come back some other time?

COOL NURSE: No, it'll be tonight.

SOUND: (They ENTER an elevator, the door CLOSES, the elevator HUMS.)

JOE: Well, then--? There's something the matter, isn't there?

COOL NURSE: No. No, you mustn't be frightened. It'll be all right. It's only that your wife's having not too easy a time just now and the doctor felt--

JOE: You said she was all right.

COOL NURSE: She is. She will be. It'll just be good if she knows how near you are.

JOE: Oh. Well, sure.

SOUND: (Elevator door OPENS, they EXIT and WALK.)

JOE: She should know that. I'm right here.

COOL NURSE: This room.

SOUND: (Hospital room door OPENS, they ENTER.)

COOL NURSE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh. Yes.

JOE: (apprehensive) Doctor--?

DOCTOR: Now, wait a minute, young man. Don't you go getting excited. Everything's all right. It's only that your wife became a little frightened.

JOE: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: We want her to quiet down. And I think you can do that for us. Just listen to what she's saying and answer her. We don't quite understand but, uh, I think you will.

JULIE: (delirious) Come with me--

JOE: Julie?

JULIE: Joe? Joe? Y-you've got-- You've got to come with me. There's a little baby. You've got to see him. He's so new. And so little. They feed him peanuts, darling. We'll see him together. Joe? Next time, you'll come with me.

JOE: Julie. Honey, I'm with you now. We're gonna see the baby together.

JULIE: It's raining?

JOE: No, Julie, no, no. (beat, reassuring) The sun's coming out.

SOUND: (Cab engine HUMS. A baby CRIES.)

JULIE: Baby's crying.

JOE: What? Where?

JULIE: Over there in that buggy beside the bench, I guess. It's all right. There's the nurse.

JOE: Oh, yeah. Yeah. (beat) Well, we're on the other side of the park. Uh, want me to turn back again?

JULIE: No. No, I - I think I'll walk back. Park's so pretty after the rain. So

green.

SOUND: (Cab MOTORS over to the curb and IDLES, Joe STOPS the meter, CLIMBS out, OPENS door for Julie.)

JOE: That's uh, three twenty-five, Miss.

SOUND: (Julie FUMBLES in her purse.)

JULIE: Yes. Here you are. Keep the change.

SOUND: (Joe SHUTS the door.)

JOE: Yeah, thanks. (with meaning) Enjoy your walk. It may turn out to be a nice day. Might even be a little sun later on.

JULIE: (surprised, grateful) Yes. Thanks.

JOE: Yeah. (beat) Well ...

SOUND: (Joe WALKS back to cab, CLIMBS in, SHUTS door, DRIVES off.)

JULIE: (after the cab is gone) Thanks.

SOUND: (Julie WALKS off. Traffic NOISES.)

(MUSIC ... CLOSING BRIDGE, THEN OUT)

ANNOUNCER: "Call Me a Cab" starring Cathy and Elliott Lewis. In a moment, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will tell you about next week's play. ... The excitement comes your way in four separate packages wrapped and delivered by CBS radio Saturday nights. Don't miss "The Gene Autry Show" with its adventures and melodies. And, this Saturday, "Tarzan" finds thrilling adventure in the heart of Africa. "Gangbusters" continues its four part saga of modern Western outlaws and their battle with the law. And there's still another exciting experience awaiting you with Marshal Matt Dillon on "Gunsmoke." Yes, they're all yours for gripping Saturday night adventure on most of these same CBS radio stations. ... Now, once again, Cathy and Elliott Lewis.

(MUSIC ... BRIEF BRIDGE, THEN OUT)

CATHY LEWIS: Our thanks tonight to Shirley Gordon who helped us dream of what might have been.

ELLIOTT LEWIS: To Howard McNear who became the father of a fine boy.

CATHY LEWIS: To Mary Jane Croft who helped me plan ways of telling a husband he's about to be a father.

ELLIOTT LEWIS: And to Peggy Webber for capable and cool practical nursing.

CATHY LEWIS: Next week, the problem that occurs when a girl tries to get rid of a man she knows casually but who thinks their relationship is more serious than it is.

ELLIOTT LEWIS: E. Jack Neuman wrote the script. It's called "Eddie" and we'll present it next week. Until then, thanks for listening and good night.

CATHY LEWIS: Good night.

(MUSIC ... CATHY AND ELLIOTT THEME)

ANNOUNCER: Music for tonight's story was composed by Fred Steiner and conducted by Lud Gluskin. "The Cathy and Elliott Theme" is by Ray Noble. "Cathy and Elliott Lewis On Stage" is transcribed and directed by Mr. Lewis. George Walsh speaking. ... And, remember, listen while you work: enjoy "Road of Life" every Monday through Friday in the daytime on the CBS radio network.

(MUSIC ... THEME .. FADES)

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Originally broadcast: 12 March 1953