

1 NARRATOR: The year: 1922. The setting: Wilderness--near
2 the Stanton Institute of Technology, Massachusetts.

3 ROARK (unselfconscious, natural laughter):

4 NARRATOR: Howard Roark stood naked at the edge of a
5 granite cliff--a lake far below him.

6 As he leaned back and stared at the granite, the wind
7 waved his orange hair.

8 ROARK: (again natural laughter) You, I will cut and
9 turn into walls...

10 NARRATOR: He stared at a tree.

11 ROARK (sure): You, I will split and turn into rafters.

12 NARRATOR: He noticed a streak of rust on the rock.

13 ROARK: You, I will melt down and turn into girders.

14 NARRATOR: These things, he thought...

15 ROARK: ...they're waiting for me--waiting for the drill
16 --the dynamite--and my direction--waiting to be split,
17 ripped, pounded, reborn--waiting for the shape my hands
18 will give them...(again natural laughter)

19 NARRATOR: Stepping to the edge, Roark raised his arms
20 and dove into the cool, blue water below.

21 On her porch near the Institute, Mrs. Keating was
22 feeding her canaries.

23 (Sound of canaries.)

24 MRS KEATING: Mr. Roark!

25 ROARK: Yes?

26 MRS KEATING: Mr. Roark, I'm so sorry about--

27 ROARK: What?

28 MRS KEATING: Why your being expelled from the Institute.
29 I can't tell you how sorry I am. I want you to know that
30 I feel for you.

31 NARRATOR: Roark stares right at her but doesn't respond.

32 MRS KEATING: Of course, you'll have to give up the
33 architect profession now, won't you? But then a
34 young man can always earn a decent living clerking or
35 selling something.

36 NARRATOR: Roark turns to go.

37 MRS KEATING: Oh, Mr Roark?

38 ROARK: Yes?

39 MRS KEATING: The Dean phoned for you--while you
40 were out.

41 ROARK: Yes.

42 MRS KEATING: The Dean himself--he said to tell you
43 he wanted to see you the moment you got back in.

44 ROARK (politely): Thank you.

45 MRS KEATING:(quickly): What do you suppose he can
46 want now?

47 ROARK (sincere): I don't know.

48 MRS KEATING:(hearing it as "I don't give a damn")
49 By the way, Petey is graduating today. It's a great day
50 for me, of course. When I think of how I skimped and
51 saved to put my boy through school. Not that I'm
52 complaining. I'm not one to complain. Petey's a
53 brilliant boy. (rapidly) But of course, I'm not one to
54 boast. Some mothers are lucky--and others, well...
55 We're all in our rightful place. You just watch Petey
56 from now on. I'm not one to want my boy to kill himself
57 with work and I'll thank the Lord for any small success
58 that comes his way--but if that boy isn't the greatest
59 architect in the USA someday, his mother will want to
60 know why! (Brief pause--brightly): But what am I doing,
61 gabbing with you like that! You've got to hurry.
62 The Dean's waiting for you!

63 NARRATOR: Roark went upstairs to his bare room, whose
64 walls contained no pictures or pennants but only
65 drawing after drawing of buildings.

66 Stopping at one which had long dissatisfied him,
67 he suddenly realized the mistake he'd made. Flinging it
68 down on his desk, he began slashing lines violently
69 through it. An hour later...

70 (Door knock.)

71 ROARK (without stopping): Come in!

72 MRS KEATING:(gasps): Mr. Roark! What on earth are you
73 doing?

74 NARRATOR: He turned and stared blankly.

75 MRS KEATING: The Dean--the Dean is waiting for you!

76 ROARK: Oh. Oh yes. I forgot.

77 MRS KEATING: You forgot?

78 ROARK (note of wonder in his voice; astonished by her
79 astonishment): Yes.

80 MRS KEATING:(chokes): Well, all I can say is that it
81 serves you right--it serves you right. And with the
82 commencement beginning soon, how do you expect him to
83 have time to see you?

84 ROARK: I'll go at once, Mrs. Keating.

85 MRS KEATING:(gasps): But you're not going like that!

86 ROARK: Why not?

87 MRS KEATING: But it's your Dean!

88 ROARK (happily): Not anymore, Mrs. Keating. Not anymore.

89 NARRATOR: When Roark entered the Dean's office...

90 DEAN (smiling tightly): Ah, yes, Roark--sit down,
91 do sit down...(clears throat) Well, it won't be
92 necessary for me to express my regret at the
93 unfortunate event of this morning--since I take it for
94 granted you know my sincere interest in your welfare.

95 ROARK: It's not necessary, no.

96 DEAN: Hmph...Needless to say, I didn't vote against you.
97 I abstained entirely. But you may be glad to know that
98 you had quite a determined little group of defenders at
99 the meeting. Small, but determined. Your professor of
100 structural engineering was quite the crusader on your
101 behalf. So was your professor of mathematics.
102 Unfortunately, those who felt it their duty to vote for
103 your expulsion quite outnumbered the others. Professor
104 Sumpkin, your design professor, made an issue of the
105 matter. He went so far as to threaten us with his
106 resignation unless you were expelled. You must realize
107 you've given Professor Sumpkin great provocation.

108 ROARK: I do...

109 DEAN: That, you see, is the trouble. I'm speaking of
110 your attitude towards the subject of architectural

design! (Brief pause.) And yet, you have been excellent in all of the engineering sciences. Of course, no one denies the importance of engineering to a future architect, but why go to extremes? Why neglect the artistic and inspirational side of your profession and concentrate only on dry, technical subjects? You intend to become an architect, not a civil engineer, do you not?

ROARK: Yes. But there's no point in discussing my choice of subjects now--is there?--it's past.

DEAN: I am endeavoring to be helpful, Roark. You must be fair. You cannot say you were not given many warnings before this happened.

ROARK: I was.

DEAN: Every problem you were given--every project you had to design--what did you do with it? Every one of them done in that--well, I won't call it a style--in that incredible manner of yours--that's contrary to every principle we've tried to teach you, contrary to all established precedents and traditions, why...you may think you're what is called a modernist, but it isn't even that--it's...it's sheer insanity if you don't mind me saying.

ROARK: I don't mind.

DEAN: When you were given projects that left the style up to you and you turned in one of your wild stunts--well, frankly, your teachers passed you because they didn't know what to make of it. But when you were given an exercise in the historical styles, a Tudor chapel or a French opera house--and you turned in something that looked like a lot of boxes piled together without rhyme or reason--would you say it was an answer to an assignment or plain insubordination?

ROARK: It was insubordination.

DEAN (blinks): In view of your brilliant record in your other subjects, we wished to give you a chance. But when you turn in a house of glass and concrete as a Renaissance villa for your final project--really, my boy, it was too much. How did you expect us to pass you after this?

ROARK: I didn't.

DEAN: You left us no choice. Naturally, you would feel bitterness toward us right now, but...

ROARK (quietly): I don't feel bitter at all. I owe you an apology. I don't usually let things happen to me. I made a mistake. I shouldn't have waited to be thrown out. I should have left a long time ago.

DEAN: Now, now, don't get discouraged. That's not the right attitude to take. Particularly in view of what I'm going to tell you.

NARRATOR: The Dean smiled and leaned forward--enjoying his generosity.

DEAN: Now that you realize how serious it is, if you take a year off, to rest, to think it over--shall we say grow up?--there might be a chance of our taking you back. Mind you, I can't promise anything--this is strictly unofficial--but in view of the circumstances and of your brilliant record, there might be a very good chance...

ROARK (zero bitterness; sincere): I don't think you understand. What made you think I'd want to come back?

DEAN: Eh?

ROARK (not unkind): I won't be back. I have nothing more to learn here.

DEAN: I don't understand you. You will please explain.

ROARK: All right. I want to be an architect, not an archeologist. I see no purpose in doing Renaissance villas if I'm never gonna build them?

DEAN: My dear boy, the great stye of the Renaissance is far from dead. Houses of that stye are being erected every day.

ROARK: They are. And they will be. Just not by me.

DEAN: Come, come, now, this is childish.

ROARK: I came here to learn to build. When I was given a project, it's only value to me was to learn to solve it as I would solve a real one in the future. I design them the way I'll build them. I've learned all I could here--in the structural sciences of which you don't approve. One more year of drawing Italian post cards would give me nothing.

DEAN: Do you mean to tell me you're thinking seriously of building that way, when--and if--you're an architect?

ROARK: Yes.

DEAN: My dear fellow, who will let you?

ROARK: That's not the point. The point is, who will stop me?

DEAN: Look, I know you've seen a modernistic building or two, and it gave you ideas. But do you realize what a passing fancy the whole so-called modern movement is? You must understand that everything beautiful in architecture has been done already. There's a treasure trove in every style of the past. Who are we to improve upon the great masters? We can only attempt, respectfully, to repeat.

ROARK: Why?

DEAN: Because it's self-evident! For heaven's sake, stop being so naïve.

ROARK: Really, I don't understand. You think that the Parthenon here in that picture is great architecture?

DEAN: It's the Parthenon!

ROARK: Yes, God damn it, the Parthenon! Look, the famous flutings on the famous columns--what are they there for? To hide the joints--when columns were made of wood, only these aren't, they're marble. The triglyphs, what are they? Wood. Wooden beams, the way they had to be laid when people built wooden shacks. Your Greeks took marble and made copies of their wooden structures out of it, because others had done it that way. Then your Renaissance masters came along and made copies in plaster of copies in marble of copies in wood. Now here we are, making copies in steel and concrete of copies in plaster of copies in marble of copies in wood. Why?

DEAN: Those are the rules.

ROARK: Well, here are my rules: what can be done with one substance should never be done with another. No two materials are alike. No two sites are alike. No two buildings have the same purpose. The purpose, the site, the material determines the shape. Nothing can be reasonable or beautiful unless it's made by one central idea, and that idea informs every detail. A building's

alive, like a man. It must follow its own truth, its one
theme, and must serve its own purpose. A man doesn't
borrow pieces of his body. A building doesn't borrow
hunks of its soul. Its maker gives it the soul and every
wall, window and stairway to express it.

DEAN: No one's ever denied the importance of modern
technique to an architect. We must learn to adapt the
beauty of the past to the needs of the present.
But the proper creative process is a slow, gradual,
collective one, in which each man collaborates and
subordinates himself to the standards of the majority.

ROARK: Standards of the majority...

DEAN: Yes, they have endured for thousands of years--
nobody's has been able to improve upon them. Where are
your modernist architects? Can you name one who's
achieved any permanent distinction? Look at
Henry Cameron--a leading architect twenty years ago.
What is he today? A drunkard and a bum who's lucky if he
gets a garage to remodel.

ROARK: I won't discuss Henry Cameron.

DEAN: Oh? Is he a friend of yours?

ROARK: No. But I've seen his buildings.

DEAN: And you found them...

ROARK: I said: I won't discuss Henry Cameron.

DEAN: Very well...Look here, Roark--you've worked hard
for your education. You only had one year to go. There's
something important to consider, particularly for a boy
in your position. There's the practical side of things.
An architect is not an end in himself. He's only a small
part of a great social whole. Co-operation is the
keyword in our modern world. Have you thought about your
potential clients?

ROARK: Yes.

DEAN: You should think of them above all. They who shall
live in the house you build. You must aspire to give
proper artistic expression to their wishes.

ROARK: I would say that I must aspire to build for my
client the most comfortable, the most logical, the most
beautiful house I can. But I don't intend to build

in order to have clients. I intend to have clients
in order to build.

DEAN: And how do you propose to force your ideas
on them?

ROARK: I don't propose to force or be forced. Those who
want me will come to me.

DEAN: Hmph. You'd sound more convincing if you
spoke as if you cared whether I agreed with you or not.

ROARK (simply, without malice): But I don't care whether
you agree with me or not.

DEAN: But that's...monstrous.

ROARK: Is it?

DEAN: I'm glad we had this meeting. It's relieved my
conscience. I believe, as others have stated, that the
profession of architecture is not for you. I have tried
to help you. Now I agree with the Board. You are
not a man to be encouraged. You are dangerous.

ROARK: To whom?

GUY FRANCON (Giving a lecture in a hall): Architecture
my friends, is an Art based on two cosmic principles:
Beauty and Utility. In a broader sense, these are but
part of three eternal entities: Truth, Love and Beauty.
Truth--to the traditions of our Art, Love--for the
fellow men to whom we serve, and Beauty--ah, Beauty is a
compelling goddess to all artists, be it in the shape of
a lovely woman or a building....Hm....Yes....
In conclusion, I should like to say, to you who are
about to embark upon your careers in architecture,
that you are now the custodians of a sacred heritage....
Hm.... Yes....May you all serve faithfully, neither as
slaves to the past nor as upstarts of the future,
who preach originality for its own sake. May you all
have many rich, active years before you leave your
distinct mark on the sands of time!

(ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.)

DEAN: Thank you to our distinguished speaker, Mr.
Guy Francon of the illustrious firm Francon & Heyer.

PETER: Thank you, Mr. Francon, for your wise and
encouraging words.

GUY FRANCON: My pleasure. (Brief pause.) Well, well, now that you've won the Gold medal and the four-year Pris de Paris, I realize my offer of a spot in our office might not appeal as strongly as it once did--but I hope you'll consider it.

MRS KEATING: (sobbing in joy): Oh, Petey, oh, Petey, you've made your mother so proud!

PETER (embarrassed): Yes, Mother. Mr. Francon, this is my mother. Mother, Mr. Francon.

GUY FRANCON: My pleasure.

MRS KEATING: (overdoing it): Honored, sir, honored. Well...architecture is such a respectable profession, is it not? You meet the best people in it.

GUY FRANCON (not entirely sure): Yes.

PETER: Please excuse us. And, yes, I will certainly give your extremely generous offer a great deal of thought. Come on, Mother.

NARRATOR: Later, when Peter spoke at his class banquet, he dared not show he knew nothing about architecture.

PETER: Ours is a great art, my friends...with our eyes to the future and reverence for the past in our hearts...or, as the man who's an inspiration to us all said earlier: Truth, Love and Beauty, my fellow classmates--Truth, Love and Beauty!

(ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.)

SCHLINKER (Boston accent in a whisper): Hey Pete, run on home and get out of that monkey suit--it's Boston for us tonight, just the gang--I'll pick ya up in an hour.

PETER: Oh, I don't--

SHLINKER: Of course you're comin'! No fun without ya. And, by the way, congratulations and all that. No hard feelings. May the best man win.

PETER: Thanks, old man. I feel awful about the Gold Medal--I thought you were the one for it--but you never can tell with these old fogies.

NARRATOR: Roark was sitting on the steps when Peter approached the house.

347 ROARK (sincerely glad for him): Congratulations, Peter.
348 PETER (very gratified): Oh...Oh, thanks. (Brief pause.)
349 I mean...do you know or... (sharply) Has Mother been
350 blabbbing?
351 ROARK: Of course.
352 PETER: She shouldn't have!
353 ROARK: Why not?
354 PETER: Look, Howard, you know how terribly sorry I am
355 about your being...
356 ROARK: Forget it.
357 PETER: I...there's something I want to talk to you
358 about. Ask your advice.
359 ROARK: What is it?
360 PETER (gently, sincerely): You won't think it's awful of
361 me to be asking about my business, when you've just
362 been...?
363 ROARK: I said forget about it. What is it?
364 PETER (unexpectedly honest): You know I've often thought
365 you were crazy but...I know you know many things about
366 architecture that...well, that those fools never will.
367 And I know you love it like they never will.
368 ROARK: Well?
369 PETER: Well, I've never said it before, but you see,
370 I'd rather have your opinion on things than the Dean's--
371 I'd probably follow the Dean's, but it's just that yours
372 means more to me, I don't know why.
373 ROARK (kindly and friendly laughter then):
374 Come on--what do you want to ask about?
375 PETER: It's about my scholarship.
376 ROARK (sincere): Four-year-ride--in Paris.
377 Pretty spiffy.
378 PETER: On the other hand, Guy Francon offered me a job
379 in his office.
380 ROARK: Hmm.
381 PETER: I don't know which to take.

ROARK (after a pause): If you want my advice, Peter, you've made a mistake already. By asking me. By asking anyone. Never ask people. Not about your work. Don't you know what you want? How can you stand it, not to know?

PETER: That's what I admire about you, Howard. You always know.

ROARK: Cut the compliments.

PETER: I mean it. How do you manage to always be... decisive?

ROARK: How can you let others decide for you?

PETER: You see, I'm never sure of myself. I don't know whether I'm as good as they tell me I am. I wouldn't admit that to anyone but you. I think it's because you're always so sure that I...

MRS KEATING: (from a distance): Petey! Petey, sweetheart! What are you doing there? (Brief pause.) And here I've been sitting all alone, waiting for you! What on earth are you doing on those filthy steps in your dress suit? Get up this minute! I've got hot chocolate and cookies ready for you.

PETER: But, Mother--I wanted to speak to Howard about something important. (Brief pause--reluctantly) Okay...

(Pair of Footsteps Inside. Screen door open/close.)

PETER: Look, Howard--should I junk the scholarship and go to work? Or let Francon wait and grab the four years in Paris to impress the yokels? What do you think?

MRS KEATING: Now, let me get this straight...

PETER: Wait a minute, Mother!...I've got to weigh it carefully, Howard. It isn't everyone who can get a scholarship like that. You're pretty good when you rate that. A degree from the Beaux-Arts--you know how important that is.

ROARK: I don't.

PETER: Oh, hell, I know your crazy ideas, but I'm speaking practically, for a man in my position. Ideals aside for a moment--

ROARK: You don't want my advice.

PETER: Of course I do! I'm asking you! (Aware he has an audience--sincerity now gone, snapping) I want to practice architecture not talk about it! Gives one a great prestige--the French. Puts one above the rank and file of the ex-plumbers who think they can build. On the other hand, an opening with Francon--Guy Francon himself offering it!

ROARK (turning away): Okay...

PETER: How many can match that? A year from now they'll be boasting they're working for Smith or Jones if they find work at all. While I'll be with Francon & Heyer!

MRS KEATING: You're quite right, Peter. On a question like that you don't want to consult your mother. It's too important. I'll leave you to settle it with Mr. Roark.

PETER: But, Mother, how can you say that? Of course I want your opinion. What do you think?

MRS KEATING: Petey, I never think anything. It's up to you, dear. It's always been up to you.

PETER: Well, if I go to Paris...

MRS KEATING: Fine, go to Paris. It's a grand place. A whole ocean away. Of course, if you go, Mr. Francon will take somebody else. People will talk. Everybody knows Mr. Francon picks the best boy from Stanton every year for his office. How will it look if some other boy gets the job? But I guess that doesn't matter.

PETER: What will people say?

MRS KEATING: Nothing much, I guess. Only that the other boy was the best man--what's his name?

PETER: Not Schlinker!

MRS KEATING:(sweetly): Yes, Schlinker!

PETER: And you think that Francon...

MRS KEATING: Why should I think of Mr. Francon? It's nothing to me.

PETER: Mother, you want me to take the job with Francon?

MRS KEATING: I don't want anything, Petey. You're the boss.

PETER: Of course....But...Yes, I know, but...Howard?

ROARK: You know how I feel. If it were me, I'd chose the lesser evil. What will you learn in Paris? Only more Renaissance palaces and opera houses. They'll kill everything good you might have in you. You do good work, once in a while, when somebody lets you. If you really want to learn, go to work. Francon's a bastard, but you'll be building. It'll prepare you for going on your own that much sooner.

MRS KEATING: Even Mr. Roark can talk sense sometimes-- even if he does talk like a truck driver.

PETER (eyes lit--to Howard): Do you really think I do good work?

ROARK: Occasionally.

MRS KEATING: Now that it's all settled...

PETER: I'll have to think it over, Mother.

MRS KEATING: Now that it's all settled, how about that hot chocolate, eh? I'll have it for you in a jiffy!

(Footsteps. Kitchen Door Open/Close.)

PETER: What are you going to do, Howard?

ROARK: Me?

PETER: Thoughtless of me, I know, going on like that about myself. Mother means well, but she drives me crazy....Anyway, to hell with that. What are you going to do?

ROARK: I'm going to New York.

PETER: To get a job?

ROARK: To get a job.

PETER: In architecture?

ROARK: In architecture.

PETER: I'm glad. Any definite prospects?

ROARK: I'm gonna work for Henry Cameron.

PETER: Oh, no, Howard!

ROARK: That's right.

PETER: You can't be serious.

ROARK: I am.

PETER: But he's nobody, nothing anymore! Oh, I know he has a name but he's done for! He never gets any important buildings, hasn't for years! They say he's got a dump for an office. What kind of future will you get out of him? What will you learn?

ROARK: Not much. Only how to build.

(Car Horn.)

PETER: I forgot--I've gotta go.

(Footsteps. Collision with Mrs. Keating and tray.)

MRS KEATING: Petey!

PETER: Never mind, Mother. I'm in a hurry. A little party with the boys--now, now, don't say anything--I won't be late and--look! We'll celebrate me taking the job with Francon when I get home. (Brief pause.) And, Howard, if you think no one better than Cameron will have you, why, I'll work on old Francon and...

ROARK: Thanks, but it's settled.

PETER: What did he say?

ROARK: Who?

PETER: Cameron.

ROARK: I've never met him.

NARRATOR: Peter walked through the marble lobby, into a gilded elevator that brought him up thirty floors to a mahogany door, where a brass plate read: Francon & Heyer, Architects.

Swept past the fancy reception area, he was deposited into a large drafting room with long tables, green-shaded lamps, large filing cabinets and scattered pots of glue.

STENGEL (no nonsense): Keating?

PETER: Yes.

STENGEL: This way.

NARRATOR: Handing Peter a grey smock and a set of plans, the man turned his back as if he'd forgotten Peter's very existence.

527 Later, Peter leaned in with chummy respect to the
528 smock at the next table.

529 PETER (with admiration): Pretty good for the old man?

530 TIM: Who?

531 PETER: Francon, of course.

532 TIM (placidly): Francon, hell! He hasn't designed a
533 birdhouse in eight years. (Brief pause) It's him.

534 PETER: Who?

535 TIM: Him. Stengel. He does all these things.

536 NARRATOR: Behind a glass door, Peter saw the shrewd eyes
537 of the man who'd given him the smock.

538 It was late in the afternoon when Peter learned thru
539 whiispers that Gy Francon was in the bilding.

540 (Glass door. Open/Close.)

541 STENGEL: Hey, you! You doing the pans for this?
542 Take this cardboard up to the boss for the okay. Try to
543 listen to what he says and try to look intelligent.

544 PETER (pleasantly): Yes, sir.

545 NARRATOR: He carried the cardboard up the plush stairway
546 to the boss's ooffice.

547 GUY FRANCON: Well, well, well, Kittredge, my boy,
548 here we are, all set and at home! So glad to see you.
549 Sit down, boy, sit down, what have you got there?
550 Well, there's no hurry, no hurry at all. Sit down.
551 How do you like it here?

552 PETER (w boyish helplessness): I'm afraid, sir, I'm a
553 little too happy. I thought I could be businesslike on
554 my first day, but starting in a place like this...
555 I guess it knocked me out a little...I'll get over it,
556 sir.

557 GUY FRANCON: Of course! Don't you worry. I'm sure you'll
558 make good.

559 PETER: I'll do my best, sir.

560 GUY FRANCON: Of course you will. What's this they
561 sent me?

NARRATOR: Francon extended his hand to the drawing, but his fingers came to rest limply on his forehead.

GUY FRANCON: It's so annoying, this headache....No, no, nothing serious--just a little migraine is all.... One works so hard.

PETER: Is there anything I can get for you, sir?

GUY FRANCON: No, no, thank you. It's not anything you can get for me--but rather something you could take away. Ugh. That champagne of theirs wasn't worth a damn last night. I've never cared for champagne. Let me tell you, Kittredge, it's very important to know about wines--for instance when you take a client out to dinner, you'll want to be sure of the proper thing to order. Now I'll tell you a secret. Take quail, for instance. Most would order Burgundy with it. What do you do? You call for Clos Vougeot 1904. See? Adds that certain touch. Correct, but original. One must always be original... Who sent you up, by the way?

PETER: Mr Stengel, sir.

GUY FRANCON (dismissive): Oh, Stengel. (Brief pause.) Too grand to bring his own stuff up, eh? Mind you, he's a great designer, the best in New York City, but he's just getting to be a bit too grand lately. He thinks he's the only one doing any work around here, just because he smudges at a board all day long. You'll learn, my boy, when you've been in the business longer, that the real work of an office is done beyond its walls. Take last night--Banquet of the Clarion Real Estate Association. Two hundred guests--a few words to say informally in a little after dinner speech--you know, nothing blatant, no vulgar sales talk--only a few well-chosen thoughts on the import of selecting architects who are competent, respected, and well established. You know, a few bright little slogans that will stick in the mind.

PETER: Yes, sir, like 'Choose the builder of your home as carefully as you choose the bride to inhabit it.'

GUY FRANCON: Not bad. Not bad at all, Kittredge. Mind if I jot it down?

PETER (firmly): My name is Keating, sir.

GUY FRANCON: Keating, of course! Of course...Dear me, one meets so many people. How did you say it? Choose the builder...it was very well put.

PETER: I'll write it down for you, sir.

GUY FRANCON: Splendid. (put upon) Well, well, I suppose I'll have to look at the thing.

NARRATOR: Peter extended the drawing respectfully. Francon leaned back, held it at arm's length and stared at it. He closed his left eye, then his right, then moved the cardboard an inch farther. Peter suddenly knew that Francon had stopped seeing it--that he was only studying it for Peter's benefit. It was then that Peter saw clearly the road to his future.

GUY FRANCON: Hm...yes. Not bad. Not bad at all. (Brief pause.) Well, perhaps it could be more distinguished, you know, but...it is done rather neatly....What do you think, Keating?

PETER: If I may make a suggestion, sir, it seems to me that the cartouches between the fourth and fifth floors are somewhat too modest for so imposing a building. Perhaps an ornamented stringcourse there, sir?

GUY FRANCON: That's it--I was just going to say it--an ornamented stringcourse....But...but look, it would mean diminishing the windows, would it not?

PETER (deliberately modest): Yes, but windows are less important than the dignity of a building's facade.

GUY FRANCON: That's right--dignity. We must give our clients dignity above all. Yes, an ornamented stringcourse....Only...look, Stengel's had this done up so neatly.

PETER: Mr. Stengel will be delighted to change it if you advise him to.

GUY FRANCON: Of course. But...do you think the stringcourse is really important.

PETER (slowly): I think it's more important to make changes you find necessary than to okay every drawing as Mr. Stengel designed it.

NARRATOR: Because Francon said nothing--with his eyes focused straight at him--Peter knew he had taken a big chance and won.

GUY FRANCON (with calm understanding): We'll have an ornamented stringcourse. Leave this here. Tell Stengel I want to see him.

PETER: Yes, sir.

GUY FRANCON: Oh, Keating, by the way, may I make a suggestion? Just between us, no offense intended, but a burgundy necktie would be so much better than blue with your gray smock, don't you think?

PETER: Yes, sir--thank you. I'll see to it tomorow.

NARRATOR: On his way back through the lobby, Peter saw a distinguished, gray-haired gentleman escorting a lady to the door. Though he was not bowing, not unrolling a carpet, not waving a fan over the lady's head, he seemed to be doing all of these.

TIM: Oh, that's Old Man Heyer.

NARRATOR: In the dark cubbyhole that was Cameron's foyer, a gray-haired skeleton of a man sat at a desk typing with two fingers.

(Door open/close. Footsteps.)

ROARK: I, uh...would like to see Mr. Cameron.

OLD MAN AT DESK: (not warm): Yeah? About what?

ROARK: About a job.

OLD MAN AT DESK: What job?

ROARK: Drafting.

NARRATOR: The old man stared at him blankly. At last he rose, shuffled to a door behind him and went in.

(Door Opens.)

OLD MAN AT DESK: Mr. Cameron, there's a fella outside says he's lookin' for a job--here.

CAMERON: Why, the damn fool! Throw him ot....Wait! Send him in!

NARRATOR: The old man jerked his head and Roark went in.

(Door Closes.)

NARRATOR: Cameron and Roark stared at each other.
Roark's eyes moved first--to a drawing on the wall--
the only one in the room--of a skyscraper that had
never been built.

CAMERON: Well? Did you come to see me, or just come to
look at pictures?

ROARK: Both.

CAMERON: What do you want?

ROARK (quietly) I've come to work for you.

CAMERON (laughs): You have, have you? What's the matter?
None of the bigger fish will have you?

ROARK: I haven't applied anywhere else.

CAMERON: Why not? You think this is the easiest place to
begin? Think anybody can just walk in here? Do you know
who I am?

ROARK: Yes. That's why I'm here.

CAMERON: Who sent you?

ROARK: No one.

CAMERON: Why the hell pick me?

ROARK: I think you know.

CAMERON: What an impertinent son of a bitch you are.
Have you decided I'm so hard up I'd throw the gates open
for any punk who'd do me the honor? 'Old Cameron's a
has-been, a drunk...a failure who can't be particular!
Is that it?

ROARK: No.

CAMERON: Where have you worked before?

ROARK: I'm just starting out.

CAMERON: What have you done?

ROARK: Three years at Stanton.

CAMERON: Oh? Too lazy to finish, were ya?

ROARK: I was kicked out.

CAMERON: Splendid! You're not good enough for the lice at Stanton but you'll work for old Cameron, eh? You think this is the place for garbage? What did they kick you out for? Drink? Women? What?

ROARK: These.

NARRATOR: Roark extended his drawings. Cameron looked at one, then the next, then every one to the bottom.

CAMERON: Sit down.

(Chair sits.)

CAMERON: So you think they're good? Well, they're awful. Look--look at that. What in Christ's name was your idea? What possessed you to indent that plan here? Did you just want to make it "pretty?" Who do you think you are--Guy Francon? Look at this building here. You get an idea like this and you don't know what to do with it! You stumble on something magnificent and you ruin it! Do you know how much you've got to learn?

ROARK: Yes. That's why I'm here.

CAMERON: Look at this one! I wish I'd done that at your age! But why did you have to botch it? Do you know what I'd do with that? Look, to hell with your stairways and to hell with your furnace room!

NARRATOR: Suddenly pushing the drawings aside, Cameron put his first over them.

CAMERON: When did you decide to become an architect?

ROARK: When I was ten years old.

CAMERON: You're lying. Men don't know what they want so early in life.

ROARK: I did.

CAMERON (after a pause): Why'd you decide to be an architect?

ROARK: I think because I never believed in God.

CAMERON: Come on, talk sense.

ROARK: Because I love this earth but I don't always like the shape of things on it. I want to change them.

CAMERON: For who?

744 ROARK: For myself.

745 CAMERON: How old are you?

746 ROARK: Twenty-five.

747 CAMERON: Men don't talk that way at twenty-five.

748 You're abnormal.

749 ROARK: Probably.

750 CAMERON: I didn't mean it as a compliment.

751 ROARK: Me neither.

752 CAMERON: Got any family?

753 ROARK: Nope.

754 CAMERON: Worked through school?

755 ROARK: Yep.

756 CAMERON: At what?

757 ROARK: In the trades.

758 CAMERON: How much money you got left?

759 ROARK: Seventeen dollars and thirty cents.

760 CAMERON: When did you come to New York?

761 ROARK: Yesterday.

762 CAMERON: God damn you! I didn't ask you to come here!

763 Why did you have to come here? You're setting out to

764 ruin yourself, you know that, don't you? And I'll help

765 you do it. (Brief pause.) I don't like your face.

766 You're too sure of yourself. Twenty years ago I'd have

767 punched that face with the greatest of pleasure. You're

768 coming to work here tomorrow at nine o'clock sharp.

769 (Chair rise.)

770 ROARK: Yes.

771 CAMERON: Fifteen dollars a wEEK. That's all I can

772 pay you.

773 ROARK: Yes.

774 CAMERON: You're a damn fool. You should have gone

775 somewhere else. I'll kill you if you go somewhere else.

776 What's your name?

777 ROARK: Howard Roark.

778 CAMERON: If you're late, I'll fire you, Howard Roark.

779 ROARK: Yes.

780 CAMERON: Now, get out!

781 (Door Open/Close. Chair sit.)

782 CAMERON (deep sigh):

783 GUY FRANCON: Toohey, Ellsworth Toohey. Read it aloud.

784 PETER: `...And now we come to another notable
785 achievement of the metropolitan skyline: the new Melton
786 Building by Francon & Heyer. It stands in white serenity
787 as an eloquent witness to the triumph of Classical
788 purity and common sense. Here, tradition has formed a
789 structure whose beauty can reach, simply and lucidly,
790 into the heart of every man on the street. There is no
791 freak exhibitionism here, no perverted striving for
792 novelty, no orgy of unbridled egotism. Its designer,
793 Guy Francon, knows how to subordinate himself but at the
794 same time display his own creative originality, not in
795 spite of, but precisely because of the Classical dogma
796 he's accepted with the humility of a true artist--
797 for dogmatic discipline is the only thing which makes
798 true originality possible....' (Brief pause.) There's
799 more but--gee!

800 GUY FRANCON: Pretty good, eh? And from Toohey, no
801 less... (puffed up) So he doesn't think I'm half bad,
802 does he?

803 PETER (wistfully): I wonder what he'll say about me
804 someday.

805 GUY FRANCON: I have no idea what he means by that
806 stringcourses-of-men's brotherhood-business but...
807 Oh, well, if that what he praises us for,
808 we shouldn't complain.

809 PETER: It's the critic's job to interpret the artist--
810 even to the artist himself. Toohey's merely articulated
811 what was already in your own mind.

812 GUY FRANCON: You think so? Quite possible...quite
813 possible. You're a smart boy, Peter.

814 PETER: Thank you, Mr. Francon.

(Chair rise.)

GUY FRANCON: Wait. Don't go. One more cigarette and then we'll return to the drudgery.

NARRATOR: Peter had pumped from his fellow draftsman that Francon was a gourmet who'd married money and preferred designing buildings of gray granite, which he got from a gray granite quarry he owned in Connecticut. He also discovered that Francon kept a magnificent bachelor pad in Louis the fourteenth--that his wife had died, leaving her fortune to their daughter, who--now nineteen--was away at college.

PETER: Your daughter's at Yale, isn't that right?

GUY FRANCON (the thought annoys him): Yes. I suppose.

NARRATOR: His expression told Peter not to inquire further.

In a short time, Peter had made the men in the drafting room feel as if he'd been there a long time. He'd always known how to become part of any place he entered. His warm smile and voice and the easy shrug of his shoulders seemed to say that nothing weighed too hard on him and he would not be one to demand or to accuse.

GUY FRANCON: When you go, Peter, give this to Miss Jeffers to put in my scrapbook.

NARRATOR: In the drafting room, Peter found Tim despondent over a drawing. He'd befriended Tim because he'd pegged him as the firm's favored draftsman--and soon they were taking their lunch together and getting drinks after work.

TIM: Gotta stay late--God knows how late! Gotta finish this garbage tonight! Look at it! Hours and hours and hours!

PETER: It's because you're the best man--they need you.

TIM: To hell with that! I have a date with Elaine tonight. How am I going to break it? This is the third time! She won't believe me! She told me so the last time! That's it! I'm going to Guy the Mighty and tell him where he can stick his plans! I'm through!

PETER: Wait, wait! There's another way. I'll finish them for you.

TIM: Huh?

PETER: I'll stay. I'll do them. No one will know the difference.

TIM: Pete! Would you?

PETER: Sure. I've got nothing to do tonight. You just stay till they all go home, then skip.

TIM: Gee, Pete! (sighs, tempted) But look, if they find out, they'll can me. You're too new for this.

PETER: They won't find out.

TIM: I can't lose my job, Pete. Elaine and I are going to be married. If anything happens...

PETER: Nothing will happen.

NARRATOR: Shortly after six, Tim furtively left the drafting room, leaving Peter at his table.

It was late when Peter finished the plans, stacked them neatly on Tim's table, and left the office.

As he walked, he glowed with a slightly undignified feeling. Suddenly his loneliness hit him. He thought of Katie from Stanton--he'd sent her a telegram saying he was coming to New York but had never followed up.

(Apartment Door Opens.)

KATIE (as if she'd seen him yesterday): Hello, Peter.

PETER: Hello, Katie.

KATIE: Give me your hat. Be careful of that chair, it's not very steady, we have better ones in the living room. Come in.

NARRATOR: Looking vaguely about the room, he turned and took her in his arms and kissed her. Her lips met his eagerly.

PETER: God, I've missed you!

KATIE: You haven't changed much. A little thinner maybe. It's becoming. You'll be very attractive when you're fifty.

PETER: That's not exactly a compliment.

KATIE: Why? Oh, you mean I think you're not attractive now. But you are.

PETER: You shouldn't say it right out to me like that.

KATIE: Why not? You know you are. And I've been thinking of what you'll look like at fifty. You'll have grey temples and wear a grey suit and you'll be a very great architect.

PETER: You really think so?

KATIE (stating a fact): I do.

NARRATOR: He waited for the inevitable questions, but they never came. It was like they'd never been apart.

PETER: Did you get my telegram?

KATIE: Oh, yes, thanks.

PETER: Don't you want to know how I'm getting along in the city?

KATIE: Sure. How are you getting along in the city?

PETER: You're not interested.

KATIE: But I am! I want to know everything about you.

PETER: Why don't you ask?

KATIE: You'll tell me when you want to.

PETER: It doesn't matter much to you, what I've been doing, does it?

KATIE: Not too much, no.

PETER: That's sweet of you!

KATIE: You see, it's not what you do that matters really. It's only you.

PETER: Me, how?

KATIE: You here. Or in the city. Or somewhere in the world. I don't know. Just you.

PETER (smiling): You're a fool, Katie. Your technique is awful.

KATIE (smiling): My what?

PETER: You can't tell a man so shamelessly that you're crazy about him.

KATIE: But I am.

PETER: But you can't say it. Men won't care about you.

KATIE: I don't want men to care about me.

PETER: Just me.

KATIE: You do, don't you?

PETER (slightly unsure): I do.

NARRATOR: He quickly changed the subject.

PETER: Francon--he's the greatest architect in New York, in the whole country, in the world maybe. He's put up seventeen skyscrapers, eight cathedrals, six railroad terminals and God knows what else....Of course, he's a pompous fraud who oils his way into everything but...

KATIE: Yes? And?

PETER: Well...that's what I really think of him. I have no respect for him. But I'm delighted to be working for him. See?

KATIE (quietly): Sure. You're ambitious.

PETER: You don't despise me for it?

KATIE: No, that's what you want.

PETER: Sure that's what I want. It's a tremendous firm, the best in the city. I'm doing really good work, and Francon's very pleased with me. I'm getting ahead. I think eventually I can have any job in the place. Why, only tonight I took over a man's work and he doesn't know he'll be useless tomorrow...Oh, Katie! What am I saying?

KATIE: It's all right. I understand.

PETER: If you did, you'd call me the names I deserve and make me stop.

KATIE: No, Peter. I don't want to change you. I love you.

PETER: God help you!

KATIE: I know that.

PETER: You say it like you're saying 'It's a beautiful day'.

KATIE: Why not. Why worry about it? I love you.

PETER: Don't ever worry about it! You hear me?
Ever!...Katie...I'll never love anyone else...

KATIE: I know that, too.

NARRATOR: He held her close.

When he asked about her life in New York, she told him
about her uncle.

KATIE: He's wonderful, really wonderful. He's poor but
he took me in and gave up his study to make a
room for me and now he has to work here, in the
living room. You must meet him, Peter. He's away now,
on a lecture tour, but when he comes back...

PETER: What do you do with yourself all day long?

KATIE: I read books. On architecture. Uncle has tons of
them. And when he's here, I type his lectures for him.

PETER: What does he do for a living?

KATIE: He does so many things--I can't keep track.
He teaches art history, for one. And he writes a
newspaper column.

PETER: Hmph.

KATIE: I've never met anyone like him. He's such fun,
always joking, so clever, nothing that you thought was
serious ever seems to be when he's around, and yet he's
a very serious man. He spends hours telling me all about
strikes, and conditions in the slums, and poor people in
sweatshops, always about others, never about himself.
A friend of his told me Uncle could be a very rich man
if he tried, he's so clever--but he just isn't
interested in money.

PETER: That's not human.

KATIE: Wait 'til you meet him. He wants to meet you,
too--I've told him about you. He calls you 'the T-square
Romeo.'

PETER (amused): He does, does he?

KATIE: Oh, you'll love Uncle Ellsworth.

PETER: Ellsworth?

KATIE: Yes, Ellsworth Toohey. Why? (pause) What's the
matter, Peter?

PETER (his voice hard): Listen, Katie, I don't want to meet your uncle.

KATIE: But why?

PETER: I don't want to meet him is all. Not through you, anyway...Katie, you don't know me. I'm the kind that uses people. I don't want to use you. Ever. Don't let me. Not you.

KATIE: Use me how?

PETER: I'd give my eyeteeth to meet Ellsworth Toohey, that's all. (Laughs harshly) He knows something about architecture? He's the most important man in architecture. Maybe not yet...but that's what he'll be in a couple of years--ask Francon, he knows, that old weasel...You should see the big shots in our office lapping up every comma he puts in print. So you think maybe he could help me, eh? Well, he could make me, and he will someday, when I'm ready for him, but not here, not through you. Understand? Not from you!

NARRATOR: She rose and stood in his arms--his face buried in her hip--and stroked his hair.

KATIE: All right, Peter. Just tell me when you want it. You can use me if you want.

CAMERON: When you finish tonight, I want to see you in my office.

ROARK: Yes.

NARRATOR: It was the longest sentence Cameron had uttered to Roark in a month. Roark had come every morning, had done his work, but had heard nothing. Cameron would stand behind Roark in the drafting room for a long time, looking over his shoulder.

CAMERON (grunting suddenly):

ROARK (politely attentive): What is it?

NARRATOR: Cameron would turn away without a word. Then Roark would go back to drawing.

A week ago, Cameron had thrown down on Roark's table a violent sketch of a country residence.

CAMERON (snaps): See if you can make a house out of this!

NARRATOR: When Roark had finished the drawings, he left them on Cameron's desk. For the remainder of the day, Cameron was silent.

When the others had gone, Roark pulled a piece of oil clothe over his table and went to Cameron's office, where his drawings of the country house were spread on the desk.

CAMERON (quietly hard): You're fired.

ROARK (quietly): Am I?

CAMERON (tenderly): Come here. Sit down.

(Chair sit.)

CAMERON: You're too good. You're too good for what you want to do with yourself. It's no use. Better now than later.

ROARK: What do you mean?

CAMERON: No use wasting what you've got on an ideal that you'll never reach--that they'll never let you reach. No use taking that marvelous thing you have and making a torture rack for yourself out of it. Sell it, Roark. Sell it now. It won't be the same, but you've got enough in you. You've got what they'll pay you for, and pay plenty, if you use it their way. Accept them, Roark. Compromise. Compromise now, because you'll have to later, anyway, only then you'll have gone through things you'll wish you hadn't. You don't know--I do. Save yourself from that. Leave me. Go somewhere else.

ROARK: Did you do that?

CAMERON: Did I do that? Did I do that?

NARRATOR: He stopped because he saw that Roark was smiling. Then he smiled, too.

CAMERON: That won't work, huh? No, I guess it won't...Well, you're right. You are as good as you think you are. But I want to speak to you. Only I don't know exactly how to go about it.

ROARK: I understand.

CAMERON: Of all men, I'm the last one you should have come to. Somebody should have warned you against me. I won't help you at all. I won't discourage you--instead

I'll push you on--drive you the way you're going now.
I'll beat you into staying what you are, and I'll make
you worse....Don't you see? In another month I won't be
able to let you go. I'm not sure I can now. So don't
argue and get. Get while you can.

ROARK: Isn't it a little late for both of us?

CAMERON: It was too late for me twelve years ago.
(Brief pause.) Be sensible, Roark--for once. There's
plenty of big fellas who'll take you, if I say so.
They may laugh at me at lunch but they steal from me
when it suits 'em, and they know I know a good draftsman
when I see one. I'll give you a letter to Francon.
He worked for me ages ago. I fired him but that doesn't
matter. Go to him. You won't like it but you'll get
used to it. And you'll thank me for it, believe me.

ROARK: Why are you saying all this? It's not what
you did.

CAMERON: That's why I'm saying it! Look, if you were an
exhibitionist being different as a stunt, to attract
attention--I wouldn't worry. But you love your work.
You love it! That's the curse. That's the brand on your
forehead for all of 'em to see. You love it, and they
know it, and they know they have you. (Brief pause.)
Ever look at people on the street? They wear hats and
carry bundles but that's not who they are. Who they are
is hatred for any man who loves his work. That's the
only kind they fear. I don't know why. You're opening
yourself up, Roark, for each and every one of 'em.

ROARK (innocently): But I never notice people in the
street.

CAMERON: Can't you see what they've done to me?

ROARK: I only know you're not afraid of 'em. Why do you
ask me to be?

CAMERON: You want me to say it? All right, I'll say it:
you want to end up like this?

ROARK: If, in the end, I'll be what you are today, in
this office, I'll consider it an honor.

CAMERON: Oh, sit down!

ROARK (innocently): I didn't know I got up.

1110 CAMERON: Listen, it's very nice of you but you don't
1111 know. I thought a few days here would be enough to
1112 take the hero worship out of you. But I see it wasn't.
1113 You think how grand ol' Cameron is, how you'd love to
1114 die on the barricades with me and to eat in dime lunch
1115 wagons with me the rest of your life. I know, it looks
1116 beautiful to you now, at the grand old age of twenty-
1117 five. But do you know what it means? Thirty years of a
1118 lost cause? Do you know how many days there are in
1119 thirty years? Do you know what happens in those days?
1120 Do you know?

1121 ROARK: You don't want to talk about that.

1122 CAMERON: No, I don't. But I'm going to. I want you to
1123 know what's in store for you. There will be days when
1124 you'll look at your hands and you'll want to smash every
1125 bone in them, because they'll be taunting you with what
1126 they could do, if they had a chance, and you can't find
1127 that chance, no matter what you do. And there will be
1128 days when a bus driver will snap at you when you get on
1129 a bus, but that won't be what you'll hear; you'll hear
1130 that you're nothing, that it's written on your forehead,
1131 that thing they hate you for. There will be days when
1132 you'll sit in the back of a hall and listen to a person
1133 on the platform talking about the work you love, and the
1134 things said will make you want to get up and crack him
1135 with a two by four. And then you'll hear people
1136 applauding him, and you'll wanna scream, but you'll say
1137 nothing, because the sounds you could make--the sounds
1138 you could make...Is that what you want? (Brief Pause.)
1139 Not enough, is it? All right. One day, you'll see on a
1140 piece of paper a beautiful building; you won't believe
1141 you've done it, but you'll have done it; and you'll
1142 think the earth is beautiful and the air smells like
1143 spring and that you love your fellow men, because
1144 there's no evil in the world. And you'll set out to have
1145 this drawing built, because you won't have any doubt
1146 it will be built by the first man to see it. But the
1147 first and the second--and the tenth man--aren't
1148 interested. But you do finally you get into a man's
1149 office who can do something about it, and you hear
1150 yourself begging him, pleading with him--if only
1151 he'd let you put up that building--you'd rip your
1152 insides open to show him--because if he saw what's there
1153 he'd have to let you put it up. But he'll say he's
1154 sorry, that the job's been given to Francon. And you'll

1155 go home, and do you know what you'll do there? You'll
1156 cry. You'll cry like a woman, like a drunkard, like an
1157 animal. That's your future, Howard Roark. Now do you
1158 want it?

1159 ROARK: Yes.

1160 NARRATOR: Cameron's eyes dropped--then his head. Soon,
1161 he was utterly still.

1162 CAMERON (whispers gently): Howard, Howard...I've never
1163 told that to anyone.

1164 ROARK: Thank you.

1165 CAMERON: Go home. You've worked enough. You have a
1166 hard day tomorrow.

1167 NARRATOR: Cameron grabbed Roark's drawings.

1168 CAMERON: This is fine--I wanted to see what you'd do--
1169 but it's not good enough to build. You'll have to do it
1170 over. I'll show you tomorrow what I want.

1171 NARRATOR: A year with Francon had given Peter the
1172 whispered title "crown prince of the office." Old Man
1173 Heyer, who couldn't remember anyone's name, remembered
1174 Peter's and was especially tickled when Peter showed an
1175 interest in old porcelain, a subject about which Heyer
1176 was fond and Peter wholly ignorant--that is, until he'd
1177 researched it at the public library.

1178 OLD MAN HEYER: You're certainly good at picking your
1179 men, Guy. There's one boy I wouldn't want to lose, that
1180 Peter.

1181 GUY FRANCON (smiling): Yes, indeed. Yes, indeed.

1182 NARRATOR: In the drafting room, Peter focused on Tim.

1183 PETER: I'll do it--don't bother Tim with those little
1184 things, I'll take care of it.

1185 NARRATOR: Tim relaxed and began smoking a lot and
1186 lolling about.

1187 TIM: Is the stuff ready, Pete?

1188 NARRATOR: Tim had married his girlfriend and was often
1189 late for work.

1190 TIM (whispers): You're in with the old man, Pete, slip
1191 in a good word for me once in a while, eh?--so they'll

overlook a few things. God, do I hate to be working
right now!

PETER: I'm sorry, Mr. Francon, that the Murray
sub-basement plans were so late, but Tim had a quarrel
with his wife last night.

PETER: It's Tim again, Mr. Francon, do forgive him,
he hasn't got his mind on his work.

NARRATOR: When Tim lost his job, no one in the drafting
room was surprised but Tim.

PETER: It's all right, Timmy Boy--I know a girl in
another office and she says they'd be very interested.

NARRATOR: Tim's table, salary and position were given to
Peter.

PETER: Tim who used to work here? Yes, I got him his
present job.

MRS KEATING: Petey is such an unselfish boy!

NARRATOR: Peter saw Katie occasionally--and was happy
when he saw her--but never mentioned her uncle and
never spoke of his career.

PETER: I couldn't quite work it to ask Mrs. Dunlop to
lunch, but she's coming to the exhibition with me
tomorrow.

GUY FRANCON: Splendid. That'll do just as well.

PETER: But I don't get it.

GUY FRANCON: I explained it to you yesterday. Mrs.
Dunlop's husband's planning to build a home for her.

PETER: Oh, yeah. Now I remember.

GUY FRANCON: It's not a very large house--fifty thousand
or so--but Mrs. Dunlop's brother-in-law is Quimby--
you know, the big real estate fellow. Won't hurt to get
a little wedge into that family--not at all. You're to
see that commission ends up with us. Can I count on you?

PETER: You can always count on me, Guy.

NARRATOR: Peter's mind had already leaped to Stengel.
But Stengel couldn't be befriended like Tim. Stengel
knew that the corrections to his sketches were made by
Peter. Still, Stengel was vulnerable: he'd been planning

to open his own office and had picked a no-talent but rich young architect as a partner.

Peter had an idea.

Two days later, when he escorted Mrs. Dunlop through the gallery, he put his plan in action.

PETER: Yes, magnificent work. Note the colors, Mrs. Dunlop....They say the artist had a terribly hard time. It's an old story--trying to get recognition. The same in all the arts. My own profession included.

MRS DUNLOP: Is that so?

PETER: Now look at this...

NARRATOR: He stopped at a painting of an old hag picking her bare toes on a street corner.

PETER:...this is art as a social document. It takes a person of courage to appreciate this.

MRS DUNLOP: Simply wonderful!

PETER: Yes, courage, it's a rare quality. They say the artist was starving in a garret when he was discovered. Glorious to be able to help young talent on its way.

MRS DUNLOP: It must be wonderful.

PETER: If I were rich, I'd make it my hobby to arrange an exhibition for a new artist, finance the concert of a new pianist, have a house built by a new architect....

MRS DUNLOP: Do you know, Peter?--my husband and I are planning to build a little home on Long Island.

PETER: You are? How charming of you, Mrs Dunlop, to confess such a thing to me. (Flirting) Aren't you afraid of me becoming a nuisance by trying to interest you in my firm? Or are you safe--having chosen an architect already?

MRS DUNLOP (flirting shamelessly w double entendres): No, I'm not safe at all--and would enjoy the danger. I've thought a great deal about your firm these last few days. I've heard you are so terribly good.

PETER: Why, thank you, Mrs Dunlop.

MRS DUNLOP: Mr Francon is a great architect.

PETER (uncertain): Oh, yes.

1266 MRS DUNLOP: What's the matter?

1267 PETER: Nothing really.

1268 MRS DUNLOP: Tell me--what's the matter.

1269 PETER: Well, you see, Guy Francon--it's only a name--

1270 he'd have nothing to do with your house. It's one of

1271 those professional secrets I shouldn't divulge, but I

1272 don't know what it is about you that makes me want to

1273 be honest. All the best buildings in our office are

1274 designed by Mr. Stengel.

1275 MRS DUNLOP: Mr. who?

1276 PETER: Claude Stengel. You've never heard the name, but

1277 you will. You see, he's the real genius behind the

1278 scenes. Francon just puts his signature on it and takes

1279 the credit.

1280 MRS DUNLOP: But why does Mr. Stengel stand for it?

1281 PETER: What can he do? No one will give him a start.

1282 You know how most people are, they stick to the

1283 beaten path, they pay three times the price for a thing,

1284 just to have the trademark. Now, Stengel is a great

1285 artist, but there are so few discerning people to

1286 recognize it. If only he could find some outstanding

1287 person to give him a chance.

1288 MRS DUNLOP: Really? How interesting! Tell me more.

1289 NARRATOR: He did--and by the time they'd viewed all the

1290 artwork, Mrs. Dunlop was shaking Peter's hand.

1291 PETER: I'll arrange a lunch for you to meet Mr. Stengel.

1292 MRS DUNLOP: So unselfish of you, Peter--you are so kind.

1293 NARRATOR: Peter approached Stengel.

1294 STENGEL (snaps): What's in it for you? (Brief pause.)

1295 Oh, I see. (Contemptuously) Okay. I'll go to lunch.

1296 NARRATOR: When Stengel left to open his own office and

1297 build the Dunlop house...

1298 (Ruler smashed against edge of desk.)

1299 GUY FRANCON: The bastard! The absolute bastard!

1300 After all I've done for him.

1301 PETER: You're right.

1302 GUY FRANCON: What beats me is how did he hear about it?
1303 To snatch it right from under our nose!

1304 PETER (sincerely bitter): Me--I never trusted the
1305 man....

1306 NARRATOR: And so Peter became chief designer.

1307 (Champagne uncorked.)

1308 FRANCON (soused): In a couple of years...in a couple of
1309 years....You're a good boy, Pete--I like you--and I'll
1310 do things for you....Haven't I already?...You're
1311 going places...in a couple of years....

1312 NARRATOR: Peter's first assignment was only a small
1313 house--but instead of seeing it rise, he could only
1314 see it sink--into a deep pit--with only Tim and Stengel
1315 rattling around inside of it.

1316 GUY FRANCON: It must have dignity, you know,
1317 dignity...nothing freaky...a structure of elegance...and
1318 stay within the budget.

1319 (Laughing voices overlapping.)

1320 NARRATOR: Peter hated every stone--every piece of
1321 timber. He hated himself for choosing to be an
1322 architect.

1323 When he finally began to draw, he tried to remember that
1324 Francon and Stengel--and even Heyer--had done it and if
1325 they could do it, so could he.

1326 The tension melted when he spent hours in the firm's
1327 library, selecting from photographs the look for his
1328 house. The masters had done it before--so he didn't have
1329 to wonder or take any chances.

1330 But when the drawings were done, he looked at them
1331 uncertainly. He couldn't tell if this was the best
1332 or the ugliest house in the wold.

1333 So he brought the drawings to Roark.

1334 PETER: If you could help me, Howard, if you could just
1335 help me with it a little. It's my first house, and it
1336 means so much to me at the office, and I'm not sure.
1337 What do you think?

1338 ROARK: All right.

NARRATOR: Roark threw some tracing paper over the plans and began to draw. Peter saw his imposing entrance and lightless corridors disappearing. He saw an immense living room growing--a wall of giant windows facing the garden, a spacious kitchen...

(Pencil thrown down.)

PETER: And the front?

ROARK: I can't help you with that. If you must have it Classic, have it good Classic at least. You don't need three pilasters where one will do. And take those cherubs off the floor, it's too much.

NARRATOR: Though he smiled gratefully, Peter left Roark's hurt and angry. But, three days later--working from Roark's sketches--he had a new set of drawings, which he presented to Francon with a flourish.

GUY FRANCON: Well, well, I declare!...What an imagination you have, Peter...I wonder--it is a bit daring, but... (coughing) It's just what I had in mind.

PETER: I studied your buildings, you see, and I tried to think of what you'd do, and, well...

NARRATOR: Francon smiled. Peter knew that Francon didn't believe it--and that he himself didn't believe it--yet both were perfectly contented and bound tighter together than ever before.

(Letter opened with letter opener.)

BANK VP: Mr. Cameron, after earnest consideration, the board of directors of the Security Trust Bank is not able to accept your plans for our new branch and the commission has been awarded to Gould & Pettingill. Payment for your preliminary drawings is attached, as agreed.

CAMERON: It's not even enough to keep the lights on!

NARRATOR: He set the letter down gently on his desk.

BANK VP (encouraging): Now some of the directors won't see it as I do. But go ahead, Mr. Cameron. Take a chance with me and I'll fight for you.

NARRATOR: They'd worked savagely to have their plans ready first. Cameron and Roark--and a pot of black coffee--had lived in the office for days. Roark finally

ordered Cameron home because his hands were shaking and his knees kept seeking the stool for support. The next morning, Cameron found the pot and a puddle of coffee on the floor, and Roark asleep next to it. On the table were the finished plans.

CAMERON: How in God's name will I pay the electric bill?

LANDLORD: Your rent, Mr. Roark?

ROARK: I'm sorry but I can't pay you for another wEEK.

NARRATOR: Somehow, Peter got wind of it.

(Bills peeled off.)

PETER: Go on, Howard, you need it. I know you need it.

NARRATOR: Roark only looked at him.

PETER: You can pay me back.

NARRATOR: Roark took the money.

PETER: What the hell are you doing, wasting yourself on old Cameron? Just say the word--Francon'll be delighted. We'll start you at sixty a wEEK.

NARRATOR: Roark took the money out of his pocket and stuffed it into Peter's.

PETER: Oh, for God sakes, Howard! I didn't mean to offend you.

ROARK: Neither did I. Good night, Peter.

NARRATOR: Cameron entered the drafting room, handed Roark the letter from the bank, then walked slowly back to his office. Roark read the letter and followed.

CAMERON: Picked up this newspaper today, on my way in. Don't know what made me buy it. Look at it. An unwed mother shoots her lover, a lurid trial. Inside, a crusade against utility companies, (chuckles) a horoscope; excerpts from church sermons; girls with beautiful legs; a baby contest; articles claiming it's nobler to wash dishes than to write a symphony--that bearing a child makes a woman automatically a saint!

ROARK: Junk...

CAMERON: Yes, but it's junk that's liked. How can you fight that? They shouldn't have sent us that letter--they should've just sent us this--Wynand's New York

Banner. Do you know that in a few years this bastard--
Gail Wynund--will rule the world?

ROARK (not interested): Will he?

CAMERON: If only I could hold on until I've started you
on your own.

ROARK: Don't...

CAMERON: But I want to. (Pause.) You know it's funny.
No one can teach you anything, not at the core. What
you're doing--it's yours, not mine, I can only teach you
to do it better. (Brief pause.) What you'll be...
what you'll be...if I could only live to see it!

ROARK: You'll live to see it.

CAMERON: No, I have no answer for the Wynands of the
world. I'm leaving that to you. Perhaps you yourself are
the answer...Perhaps someday...someday...

NARRATOR: Architecture for Everybody by Ellsworth Toohey
was a sensation.

TOOHEY (to a reporter): I endeavor to bring architecture
where it belongs--to the people. I wish to see the
average man speak of architecture as he speaks of
baseball.

NARRATOR: Instead of boring his readers with
technicalities, he amused them with homespun accounts--
the Egyptian housekeeper, the Roman shoe-cobbler,
the mistress of Louis the fourteenth--what they ate,
how they washed, and what effect their buildings had on
their existence. The impression given was that there
were no achievements beyond the daily routine;
that merely by living in obscurity his readers were
achieving the highest aim of civilization.

(Sound of books being printed.)

TOOHEY (from book): When we gaze at the magnificence of
an ancient monument and ascribe its achievement to one
man, we are guilty of spiritual embezzlement. We forget
the army of craftsmen, unknown and unsung, who preceded
him, humbly toiling--each contributing his small share
to the communal treasure. No, a great building is not
the invention of a genius but rather the expression of a
people.

NARRATOR: Toohey expressed admiration for all the great classic styles but cautioned against mixing them. About modern architecture...

TOOHEY (from book): Thus far, it has represented nothing but the whim of isolated individuals, and as such is of little consequence.

NARRATOR: With his pen, he called upon architects to abandon their selfish quest for individual glory and dedicate themselves to the people.

TOOHEY (from book): Architects are servants--they are not here to assert their little egos but bring their work closer to mankind. Architects, my friends, are not to reason why. Theirs is not to command but be commanded.

NARRATOR: The notices for the book were glowing.

CRITIC-1: A stupendous achievement!

CRITIC-2: A profound thinker!

CRITIC-3: Unequaled in all of art history!

NARRATOR: On principal, Toohey listed no architect by name. But in the footnotes there were several references to Guy Francon...

TOOHEY: ...who has a tendency to the over-ornate but must be commended for his loyalty to Classicism.

NARRATOR: One note referred to Henry Cameron...

TOOHEY: ...prominent once as one of the fathers of the so-called modern school but since relegated to a well-deserved oblivion.

NARRATOR: That oblivion came literally one day when Cameron reached for a pencil and collapsed at Roark's feet.

CAMERON: You'll close the office for me, won't you, Howard?

ROARK (restraining his emotion): Yes.

NARRATOR: Cameron's sister came from New Jersey to take him.

Before they left, Cameron handed Roark a letter he'd written on Roark's behalf.

1491 ROARK: Don't worry about me.

1492 CAMERON (grunt in understanding):

1493 (Long silence.)

1494 CAMERON: Let 'em keep the furniture for the rent.
1495 But take that drawing in my office and ship it to me.
1496 Only that. You'll burn everything else. You hear?
1497 Everything.

1498 ROARK: Yes.

1499 CAMERON: You'll come see me, Howard, won't you?

1500 ROARK: Yes.

1501 CAMERON: But not too often, eh? Not too often...

1502 NARRATOR: Now in his third year with Francon & Heyer,
1503 Peter dressed well and liked others to notice. He had
1504 an apartment off Park Avenue, and bought three valuable
1505 etchings as well as a first edition of a classic he'd
1506 never read nor opened since. Occasionally, he escorted
1507 clients to the Opera--and once created such a sensation
1508 at a fancy-dress Ball with his medieval stonecutter
1509 costume that he was featured on the Banner's society
1510 page--he saved the clipping, of course.

1511 He'd forgotten his first building--along with its
1512 dubious parentage--and had learned that his clients
1513 would accept anthing so long as he gave them an
1514 imposing front, a majestic entrance and a regal
1515 drawing room, with which to impress their guests.
1516 If the guests were impressed, his clients were
1517 impressed--and therefore happy with him.

1518 MRS KEATING (not impressed): It'll do, Petey--for the
1519 time being.

1520 NARRATOR: He couldn't refuse to bring his mother up to
1521 live with him.

1522 MRS KEATING: That Whithers fellow had a much more
1523 expensive suit than yours, Petey. That won't do.
1524 You've got to watch your prestige with those boys.
1525 The little one who brought in those blueprints--
1526 I didn't like the way he spoke to you....I'd keep my
1527 eye on him.... And watch ot for the one they called
1528 Bennett. I'd get rid of him if I were you. He's

1529 ambitious--I know the signs....(Brief pause.)
1530 Mr. Francon...has he any... children?

1531 PETER: One daughter.

1532 MRS KEATING: Oh! What is she like?

1533 PETER: I've never met her.

1534 MRS KEATING: Really, Peter, it's downright rude to
1535 Mr. Francon if you've made no effort to meet his family.

1536 PETER: She's away at college, Mother. I'll meet her
1537 someday. It's getting late, and I've got a lot of
1538 work to do tomorrow.

1539 NARRATOR: In truth, he knew the daughter had graduated
1540 and was working at the Banner, where she wrote a small
1541 column on home decoration. But he hadn't been able to
1542 learn much else.

1543 PETER: I hear such nice things about your daughter.

1544 GUY FRANCON: And where do you hear these nice things?

1545 PETER: Oh, you know how it is, one hears things.
1546 They say she writes brilliantly.

1547 GUY FRANCON (giving him zero opening): Yes, she
1548 writes brilliantly.

1549 PETER: I'd love to meet her...

1550 GUY FRANCON (sighs wearily): She's not living with me.
1551 She has an apartment of her own--I'm not even sure
1552 where....Oh, I suppose you'll meet her someday.
1553 You won't like her, Peter.

1554 PETER: Why do you say that?

1555 GUY FRANCON: It's just one of those things. As a father,
1556 I'm afraid I'm a complete failure....Say, Peter,
1557 what did Mrs Mannering say about that new
1558 stairway arrangement?

1559 NARRATOR: That night, Peter visited Katie, who he found
1560 on her uncle's living room rug, surrounded by a
1561 typewriter, newspapers, letters, boxes and a glue pot.

1562 KATIE: Oh dear! Sit down, Peter. I thought I'd be
1563 through before you came. It's uncle's fan mail.
1564 You should see some of the things people write to him!
1565 (Brief pause) Sit down--I'll be through in a minute.

PETER: You're through right now.

NARRATOR: He picked her up, carried her to a chair and kissed her.

PETER: Your hair smells nice.

KATIE: Don't move, Peter. I'm comfortable.

PETER: They opened the Bordman Building today. Francon had indigestion so I went as his representative. I designed that building anyway.

KATIE: I know. I've seen all your buildings. I have pictures--I cut them out of the papers. I'm making a scrap-book. Just like Uncle's.

PETER (pleasantly surprised): Oh.

KATIE: Oh, Peter, it's so wonderful! Think of it, all these letters coming from all over the country, perfect strangers and yet he means so much to them. And here I am, helping him, me, just a nobody! It's so touching and so big--and it concerns the whole nation!

PETER: Did he tell you that?

KATIE: He tells me nothing. But you can't live with him without getting some of that...wonderful selflessness of his.

PETER (smiles): I'll say this, Katie: it's becoming, all of this. You could look stunning if you learned something about clothes. I should take you to a good dressmaker, why...hey, where are you going?

KATIE: It's almost nine, and I've got to have this finished before Uncle gets home. He'll be back by eleven from a speech at a labor meeting. I can talk while I work, do you mind?

PETER: Yes, I do mind. To hell with your uncle's fans! You stay just where you are.

KATIE: You mustn't talk like that about Uncle, Peter. You don't understand him. Have you read his book?

PETER: Yes, I've read his book and it's grand, it's stupendous--but I've heard nothing but talk of his damn book everywhere I go, so do you mind if we change the subject?

KATIE: You still don't want to meet him, do you?

1604 PETER: Why--what makes you say that? I'd love to
1605 meet him.

1606 KATIE: But you said you didn't want to meet him through
1607 me.

1608 PETER: Did I? How do you remember all the nonsense
1609 I say.

1610 KATIE: Peter, I don't want you to meet Uncle Ellsworth.

1611 PETER: Why not?

1612 KATIE (smile) : It's kind of silly but...I just don't.
1613 I don't know why.

1614 PETER: Well, then forget it. I'll meet him when the
1615 time comes. Listen, yesterday when I was standing at the
1616 window in my room, I thought of you and...I almost
1617 called you, only it was too late. Sometimes I get so...

1618 NARRATOR: Suddenly he saw her looking past him.
1619 Mouth open, she jumped up, dashed across the room and
1620 crawled on her hands and knees to reach an envelope
1621 under the desk.

1622 PETER: Now what?

1623 KATIE: It's a very important letter and there it was,
1624 practically in the wastebasket--I might have swept it
1625 out without noticing.

1626 PETER: I've just about had enough of this. (Brightening)
1627 Let's go for a walk. It's beautiful out tonight.

1628 KATIE (wanting to please): Yes--let's go for a walk.

1629 NARRATOR: They sat on a bench in the park.

1630 PETER: Katie...

1631 KATIE: I love you, Peter....

1632 PETER: Katie, we're engaged, aren't we?

1633 KATIE (calmly, solemnly): Yes.

1634 NARRATOR: The bulletin of the Architects' Guild carried
1635 a short item announcing Henry Cameron's retirement.
1636 Six lines summarized his achievements and the names of
1637 his two best buildings were misspelled.

1638 PETER: I've got to have that man.

1639 GUY FRANCON: What man?

PETER: Howard Roark.

GUY FRANCON: Who the hell is Howard Roark?

PETER: I've told you about him. Cameron's designer.

GUY FRANCON: Oh, yes, I believe you did. Well, go and get him.

PETER: Do I have a free hand on how I hire him?

GUY FRANCON: A free hand? What is there about hiring another draftsman? Incidentally, did you have to interrupt me for this?

PETER: He might be difficult. And I want to get him before he decides on anyone else.

GUY FRANCON: He's going to be difficult, is he? Do you intend to beg him after he worked for Cameron? Not a great recommendation for a young man.

PETER: Come on. Isn't it?

GUY FRANCON: Well, structurally, Cameron does give them a thorough grounding and...He was pretty important in his day. As a matter of fact, I was a draftsman for him myself once, long ago. (Brief pause.) Well...go ahead. Get your Roark if you think you need him. (Brief pause.) Say, Peter, don't you think this is as lovely a snuffbox as you've ever seen?

NARRATOR: That evening, Peter arrived unannounced at Roark's room.

ROARK: How much?

PETER: What do you mean, Howard?

ROARK: You know what I mean.

PETER (blurts out): Sixty-five a wEEK. To start. (Brief pause.) If you think it's not enough...

ROARK: Sixty-five will do.

PETER (unable to conceal his excitement): So you'll come with us, Howard?

ROARK: When do I start?

PETER: Tomorrow.

ROARK: All right. On one condition. No designing. Not any. No details, no Louis the fifteenth

1676 skyscrapers...just keep me off aesthetics if you want to
1677 keep me at all. Put me in the engineering department.
1678 Send me on inspections, out in the field. Now do you
1679 still want me?

1680 PETER: Of course. Anything you say. You'll like the
1681 place, just wait and see. You'll like Francon. He's a
1682 Cameron man himself.

1683 ROARK: He shouldn't boast about it. (Brief pause.)
1684 Don't worry, I won't say it to his face. I won't say
1685 anything to anyone. Is that what you wanted to know?

1686 PETER: I wasn't even thinking of that.

1687 ROARK: Then it's settled. Good night.

1688 PETER: Yes, well...I'm in no special hurry and...really
1689 I just came to see you and...

1690 ROARK: What's the matter, Peter. Something bothering
1691 you?

1692 PETER: No...I...

1693 ROARK: You want to know why I'm doing it. Is that it?
1694 I'll tell you. I don't give a damn where I work next.
1695 There's no architect in town I want to work for. But I
1696 have to work somewhere, so it might as well be Francon--
1697 if I can get what I want. I'm selling myself, and I'll
1698 play the game--for the time being.

1699 PETER: Really, you don't have to look at it like that.
1700 You'll see--what a change it is working in a real
1701 office. After Cameron's dump...

1702 ROARK: I'd shut up about that, Peter--real quick.

1703 PETER: I didn't mean to...I didn't mean anything. (Brief
1704 pause.) Let's go out for a drink, Howard--to celebrate.

1705 ROARK: Sorry, that's not part of the job.

1706 PETER: Can't you be human for once?

1707 ROARK: I am. Now go home, Peter. You got what you
1708 wanted. Let it go at that.

1709 NARRATOR: Roark stood at his new drafting table,
1710 his gray smock like a prison uniform on his body.

1711 The lines he drew were of steel beams but he tried not
1712 to think of what those beams would carry. On top of the

existing plan, he could see the plan as it should have been. But he had to kill that vision. He had to obey and draw the lines as instructed.

CHIEF ENGINEER: Mr. Roark, are you ready with the steel cage for the A.R.C. Building?

ROARK: Yes.

CHIEF ENGINEER: Keating, you've got more sense than I gave you credit for. Thanks.

PETER: What for?

CHIEF ENGINEER: Nothing intentional, I'm sure.

NARRATOR: Once in a while, Peter would summon Roark to his office.

PETER: Well, how do you like it here, Howard? If there's anything you want, just say so and I'll--

ROARK: What is it this time?

(Sound of sketches being produced.)

PETER: I know it's perfectly fine, just as it is, but what do you think of it, generally speaking?

NARRATOR: Roark looked carefully at the drawings.

ROARK: I'd like to throw these in your face and quit. But I won't. Because it's a building and a building must be saved.

NARRATOR: Then he'd work for hours, sometimes all night, while Peter sat and watched.

Occasionally, looking at a sketch of a simpler, more honest structure...

ROARK: That's not so bad, Peter. You're improving.

NARRATOR: Peter would feel a little jolt inside, which he never felt from a compliment from Francon.

To compensate, Peter would enter the drafting room and throw a tracing boy's assignment down on Roark's table...

PETER: Howard, do this up for me, will you?--and make it quick.

NARRATOR: In the middle of the day, he'd send a boy to Roark's table...

BOY: Mr. Keating wishes to see you in his office at once.

NARRATOR: Or he would come out of the office, walk in Roark's direction, and say...

PETER: Where the hell are those Twelfth Street plumbing specs? Look through the files, Howard, and dig them up for me, yeah?

NARRATOR: At first, he was afraid of Roark's reaction. When he saw none, he couldn't restrain himself. He felt pleasure in giving Roark orders--and fury at Roark's compliance. He knew he'd continue only so long as Roark didn't explode. But no explosion came.

Roark preferred the days he inspected buildings under construction. One such day...

MIKE: What's the matter, brick-top?

ROARK: You're wasting your time.

MIKE: Yeah?

ROARK: Yeah.

MIKE: You don't say!

ROARK: It will take you hours to get your wires around that beam.

MIKE: Know a better way?

ROARK: Sure.

MIKE: Get out of here, punk. We don't like college smarties around here.

ROARK: Cut a hole and put your wires through.

MIKE: What?

ROARK: Cut a hole through the beam.

MIKE: The hell I will!

ROARK: The hell you won't.

MIKE: It ain't done that way.

ROARK: I've done it.

MIKE: You?

ROARK: It's done everywhere.

MIKE: It ain't gonna be done here. Not by me.

ROARK: Then I'll do it for you.

MIKE (roars w laughter): That's rich! When did office boys learn to do a man's work?

ROARK: Give me your torch.

MIKE: Look out, boy! It'll burn your pretty pink toes!

NARRATOR: Roark took the man's gloves and goggles, knelt, and directed the torches blue flame at the center of the beam. As the man watched, Roark's steady arm held the hissing flame in check and straight. When the hole was finished, Roark put down the torch, and rose.

MIKE: Jesus! You do know how to handle a torch.

ROARK: I told ya.

(Removes goggles and glasses and hands them back.)

ROARK: Do it that way from now on. Tell the foreman I said so.

MIKE: Ha! Where'd you learn to handle it like that, Red?

ROARK: I've been an electrician. And a plumber. And a rivet catcher...

MIKE: And went to school besides?

ROARK: In a way...

MIKE: Gonna be an architect?

ROARK: Yup.

MIKE: Well, you'll be the first one that knows something besides pretty pictures and tea parties. You should see the teacher's pets they send us down here.

ROARK: I don't like 'em either. So long.

MIKE: So long, Red.

NARRATOR: The next time Roark appeared on that job, the electrician waved him over.

MIKE: Name's Mike. How bout a glass o' beer later, eh?

NARRATOR: They sat together in a basement bar.

MIKE (on third beer): Cannot abide 'em, simply cannot abide em, architects! Though there was one--you'd be

1817 too young to know 'im--he was the only man that knew
1818 building. I worked for him when I was your age.

1819 ROARK: Who was that?

1820 MIKE: Cameron was his name. He must be dead by now.

1821 ROARK: He's not dead. I just worked for him.

1822 NARRATOR: They looked at each other and that look sealed
1823 their friendship.

1824 One day, while Peter was in Washington for the
1825 construction of a museum, Francon called Roark to his
1826 office.

1827 GUY FRANCON (cheerfully): Sit down, my friend.
1828 (Different tone after seeing something in Roark's eyes)
1829 Sit! (Brief pause) You're the one who worked for
1830 Cameron, aren't you?

1831 ROARK: Yes.

1832 GUY FRANCON: Peter's been telling me nice things
1833 about you. (Not getting the response he wants;
1834 in a harsher tone) Listen...what's your name?

1835 ROARK: Roark.

1836 GUY FRANCON: Listen, Roark. We have a client who is a
1837 little...odd, but he's an important man, a very
1838 important man, and we must satisfy him. He's given us a
1839 commission for an eight-million-dollar office building,
1840 but the trouble is, he has very definite ideas on what
1841 he wants it to look like. He wants it--(shrugging at the
1842 preposterous suggestion) he wants it to look like this.

1843 ROARK: That's the Dana Building. Cameron did that.

1844 GUY FRANCON (distastefully): Yes, that's what he wants.
1845 And since Peter's away, I've had Bennett and Cooper and
1846 Williams make sketches, but he's turned them all down.
1847 So I thought I'd give you a chance. (Pause) You know
1848 Cameron's tricks. Of course, we can't let a crude
1849 building like this come out of our office. We must
1850 please him, but we must also preserve our reputation and
1851 not frighten our other clients away. The point is to
1852 make it simple and in the general mood of...this,
1853 but...artistic--you know, more Greek. Get the idea?
1854 Now show me what you can do. Bennett will give you
1855 all the particulars and...What's the matter?

ROARK: Mr. Francon, please let me design it the way the Dana Building was designed.

GUY FRANCON: Huh?

ROARK: Not a copy of the Dana Building--but design it as Henry Cameron would have designed it.

GUY FRANCON: You mean modernistic?

ROARK: You could call it that.

GUY FRANCON: Are you crazy?

ROARK: Mr. Francon, listen to me. I don't blame you for the things you're doing. I'm working for you, I'm taking your money, I have no right to object. But this time...this time the client is asking for it. You're risking nothing. He wants it. Are you going to fight a client for the first time in your life--and fight for what? To give him the same old garbage, when you have so many others asking for it, and one, only one, who comes asking for this?

GUY FRANCON (coldly): Aren't you forgetting yourself? What difference would it make to you?

ROARK: Just let me do it my way and show it to him. Just show it to him. He's already turned down three sketches, so what if he turns down a fourth? But if he doesn't...if he doesn't...

GUY FRANCON: Am I correct in gathering that you're criticizing me--and teaching me something about architecture?

ROARK: I'm begging you.

GUY FRANCON: If you weren't a protégé of Peter's, I wouldn't discuss this matter any further. But since you are quite obviously naïve and inexperienced, I shall point out that I am not in the habit of asking for the aesthetic opinions of my draftsmen. You will kindly take this photograph and adapt the general scheme of this to our site--and you will follow my instructions as to the Classical treatment of the façade!

ROARK (very quietly): I can't do it.

GUY FRANCON: What? Are you speaking to me? Are you actually saying: "Sorry, I can't do it?"

1894 ROARK: I didn't say sorry, Mr. Francon.

1895 GUY FRANCON: What did you say?

1896 ROARK: That I can't do it.

1897 GUY FRANCON: Why?

1898 ROARK: You don't want to know why. Look, I'll do

1899 any other kind of job you want. But not this.

1900 Not to Cameron's work.

1901 GUY FRANCON: What do you mean? You expect to be an

1902 architect someday--do you not?

1903 ROARK: Not like this. I can't do it.

1904 GUY FRANCON: You mean you won't.

1905 ROARK: If you prefer.

1906 GUY FRANCON: Listen, you impertinent fool, this is

1907 incredible!

1908 ROARK: May I go, Mr. Francon?

1909 GUY FRANCON: In all my life, I've never seen anything

1910 like it! Are you here to tell me what you'll do and

1911 what you won't do? Are you here to give me lessons

1912 and criticize my taste and pass judgment?

1913 ROARK: There are just some things I can't do. Sir.

1914 May I leave now?

1915 GUY FRANCON: You may leave this firm from this moment

1916 on! You may go straight to the devil! Go and find

1917 yourself another employer! Try and find him! Go get your

1918 check and get out!

1919 ROARK: Yes, sir.

1920 NARRATOR: That evening at the basement bar...

1921 MIKE: The bastards...the fucking bastards...

1922 ROARK: It's okay, Mike.

1923 MIKE: Well...what now, Red? What now?

1924 NARRATOR: When Peter returned from Washington, he

1925 stopped by Francon's office.

1926 GUY FRANCON: It's great to have you back--just great!

1927 What'll you have? A whisky-and-soda or a little brandy?

1928 PETER: No, thanks. Just give me a cigarette.

1929 GUY FRANCON: Here....Well, you look fine! Better than
1930 ever. How did it go in Washington? Everything all right?

1931 PETER: Perfect. How's everything here in the office?

1932 GUY FRANCON: Oh, same as usual. Heyer had a cold and
1933 drank up all of my best Brandy. It's bad for his heart,
1934 and a hundred dollars a case!...Besides, he got himself
1935 in a nasty little mess with his damn porcelain. Seems he
1936 went and bought a teapot from a fence. Took me quite a
1937 bit of bother to save us from a scandal....Oh, by the
1938 way, I fired that friend of yours, what's his name?--
1939 Roark.

1940 PETER: Oh. (Pause) Why?

1941 GUY FRANCON: The insolent bastard! Where'd you ever
1942 pick him up?

1943 PETER: What happened?

1944 GUY FRANCON: I thought I'd be nice to him, give him
1945 a real break. I asked him to make a sketch for the
1946 Farrell Building--the way we talked about it, with the
1947 Greek façade--and he refused. Seems he has ideals or
1948 something. So I showed him the door....What's the
1949 matter? What are you smiling at?

1950 PETER: Nothing. I can just see it.

1951 GUY FRANCON: Don't ask me to take him back.

1952 PETER: Of course not.

1953 NARRATOR: Peter thought about visiting Roark--but as the
1954 days went by and he didn't visit, he realized he was
1955 free to forget him.

1956 Roark made a list of architects whose work he resented
1957 least and set out to look for a job.

1958 Some of them smiled, some were cold--some even asked to
1959 see his sketches--but all had spoken to Francon.

1960 Once in a while, Roark made the trip to New Jersey to
1961 see Cameron, now in a wheelchair.

1962 CAMERON: How is it, Howard? Pretty hard?

1963 ROARK: Nah.

1964 CAMERON: Want me to give you a letter to one of the
1965 bastards?

ROARK: Nah.

NARRATOR: The trades union strike infuriated Francon-- and the loudest attacks against the strikers came from the powerful Wynand papers.

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

GAIL WYNAND: We have always stood for the rights of the common man against the ravenous sharks of privilege. But we cannot lend our support to the destruction of law and order.

NARRATOR: Only Francon knew that Wynand owned the corporation which owned the corporation which owned the Belmont, the hotel Peter had designed that had been derailed by the strike.

PETER (Ph.): Nothing important, Just wondered if you'd be home tonight. Thought I'd drop in after dinner.

KATIE (Ph.): Of course. It's just I might be late working with Uncle. You've heard, haven't you, Peter?

PETER (Ph.): Yes, I've heard, god damn it!...I'm sorry...but I've been hearing about your uncle all day. He works for Wynand for god sakes--why can't he just keep his mouth shut.

KATIE (Ph.): You don't know Uncle, Peter.

PETER (Ph.): Anyway, I'll see you later.

NARRATOR: The strike put Ellsworth Toohy in a bind. He made no secret of his sympathy with the strikers, but said nothing in his column, for no one could say what he pleased in a paper owned by Gail Wynand--except Gail Wynand. But a mass meeting of strike sympathizers had been called--and many notable men were slated to speak--including Ellsworth Toohy.

After ringing Katie's bell but getting no answer, Peter headed for the meeting hall.

DEAN: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the great honor of presenting Mr. Ellsworth Toohy!

(Crash of Applause.)

TOOHEY (softly w emotion): My friends. My brothers. I realize that this tribute was paid not to my person, but to a principle which chance has granted me to

represent in all humility tonight. (Brief pause.)
And so, my friends, the lesson to be learned from our
tragic struggle is the lesson of unity. We shall unite
or we shall be defeated. Our will--the will of the
disinherited, the forgotten, the oppressed--shall
weld us into a solid fortifice, with a common faith
and a common goal. This is the time for every man to
renounce his petty little problems--to merge his self
in a great current, in the rising tide which shall
sweep us all, willing or unwilling, into the future.
Let us heed the call. Let us organize, my brothers.
Let us organize. (louder) Let us organize. (louder)
LET US ORGANIZE!

NARRATIVE: Peter looked at Katie, who he'd found in the
crowd.

PETER: Let's get out of here.

KATIE (disappointed): Oh, Peter...(then reluctantly)
Yes, okay.

NARRATOR: They emerged in the rain.

PETER: Now we're getting drenched.

KATIE: I wanted so much to hear the next part of Uncle's
speech--I typed it for him. But I want to be with you,
Peter--I always want to be with you.

PETER: I love you, Katie.

NARRATOR: When the strike was settled, construction
surged and Peter found himself working day and night.

MRS AINSWORTH: I was certain that you were Mr. Francon's
partner! But it's Francon and Heyer, of course!
How careless of me! Well...if you aren't his partner,
you are certainly entitled to be!

NARRATOR: Peter was surprised one morning to see
Francon looking nervous and irritated.

GUY FRANCON: Oh, nothing, nothing at all.

NARRATOR: In the drafting room, Peter spied three
draftsmen--heads together--bent over the Banner.
After a chuckle, the paper disappeared.

Peter had forgotten all about it by the time a female
voice in the lobby made him stop.

DOMINIQUE (commanding without effort): I'll see him now, if I see him at all. He asked me to come--and this is the only time I have.

FRANCON RECEPTIONIST: Yes, but...

(Switchboard buzz.)

FRANCON RECEPTIONIST: Yes, Mr. Francon. You may go right in, Miss Francon.

NARRATOR: Peter hurried to get a copy of the Banner.

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

DOMINIQUE (her droll column): You enter a magnificent lobby of golden marble--and you think: this is the Main Post Office, but it isn't. It has, however, everything: the mezzanine with the colonnade, the grand stairway--and the cartouches in the form of looped leather belts. Only it's not leather, it's marble. Hanging on the walls are dead rabbits, in bouquets of carrots, petunias and string beans, which would not be attractive if real, but since they're plaster imitations, it's all right....The bedroom windows face a brick wall...but nobody needs to see the bedrooms.... The cupids are well fed and present a pretty picture to the street--unless you can't stand to look at the dimpled things every time you glance out to see if it's raining. Of course, you can always look out the third-floor window at the rump of Mercury who sits atop the entrance. It's a very beautiful entrance. Tomorrow, we shall visit the home of...

(Newspaper slapped down.)

GUY FRANCON: And from my own daughter! I'm used to anything from you, but this takes the cake. What am I going to do? How am I going to explain? Do you have the vaguest idea of my position?

DOMINIQUE (gay and cold laughter):

NARRATOR: Peter knew better than to go in--he'd seen Dominique's eyes in the lobby.

Mrs. Ralston Holcombe--or "Kiki" as she was better known--hosted a Sunday afternoon salon.

KIKI: Everybody who is anybody in architecture drops in. They'd better.

2081 NARRATOR: One such Sunday...

2082 KIKI: Why, Peter, how naughty of you!

2083 NARRATOR: Peter bowed over her hand, and she smiled.

2084 He was about to leave when he saw Dominique.

2085 GUY FRANCON (brightly): Well, Peter! Want me to get you
2086 a drink? The selection's not great but the Manhattans
2087 aren't bad.

2088 PETER: No, thanks.

2089 GUY FRANCON: This place is a mess. Did you see that
2090 2nd floor?

2091 NARRATOR: Peter was too fixated on Dominique to hear.

2092 GUY FRANCON: Well, don't blame me afterwards. You've
2093 asked for it. Come on. (Pause.) Dominique, may I present
2094 Peter Keating, my own right hand. Peter--my daughter.

2095 PETER: How do you do?

2096 DOMINIQUE: Peter...

2097 PETER: I've waited to meet you for such a long time.

2098 DOMINIQUE: Then this will be interesting. You'll want to
2099 be nice to me, of course, and yet that wouldn't be
2100 diplomatic.

2101 PETER: What do you mean, Miss Francon.

2102 DOMINIQUE: Father would prefer you to be horrible to me.
2103 Father and I don't get along.

2104 PETER: Why, Miss Francon, I...

2105 DOMINIQUE: I think it's only fair to tell you this at
2106 the beginning. You may wish to redraw some conclusions.

2107 NARRATOR: He was looking for Francon, who had vanished.

2108 DOMINIQUE: Father doesn't do these things very well.
2109 It's obvious you asked him for the introduction, but he
2110 shouldn't have let me notice that.

2111 PETER: I did ask for it.

2112 DOMINIQUE: Who wouldn't?

2113 PETER: But any conclusions I draw will have nothing to
2114 do with your father.

2115 DOMINIQUE: By the way...don't say that I'm beautiful and
2116 exquisite and unlike anyone you've ever met and that
2117 you're afraid you're going to fall in love with me.
2118 You'll say it eventually, but let's postpone it.
2119 Apart from that, I think we'll get along nicely.

2120 PETER: You're trying to make it difficult for me, aren't
2121 you?

2122 DOMINIQUE: Father should have warned you.

2123 PETER: He did.

2124 DOMINIQUE: You should have listened.

2125 PETER (short uncertain laugh):

2126 DOMINIQUE: I've met so many of his right-hands. But
2127 you're the first one who's lasted. And looks to last.
2128 My congratulations.

2129 PETER: I've been reading your column with so much...

2130 DOMINIQUE: What?

2131 PETER: Pleasure.

2132 DOMINIQUE: Oh, yes, the Ainsworth house. I'm sorry.
2133 You just happened to be the victim of one of my
2134 rare attacks of honesty. I don't have them often.

2135 PETER: I know--that dome of Holcombe's is much worse
2136 than the things you blasted us for. Why did you give him
2137 such a glowing tribute? Or did you have to?

2138 DOMINIQUE: Don't flatter me. You think anyone on the
2139 paper pays enough attention to a column on home
2140 decoration to care what I say in it? Besides, I'm not
2141 even supposed to write about domes. Only I'm getting
2142 tired of lamps and settees.

2143 PETER: Then why praise it?

2144 DOMINIQUE: Because it's so awful that to pan it would
2145 have been an anti-climax. So I thought it would be
2146 amusing to praise it to the sky.

2147 PETER: I see.

2148 DOMINIQUE: But no one reads my column, except
2149 housewives, who can never afford to decorate anyway.

2150 PETER: What do you like in architecture?

DOMINIQUE: Nothing.

PETER: I don't believe that. Why do you write if you have nothing to say?

DOMINIQUE: To have something to do. Something more contemptible than other things I could be doing. And more amusing.

PETER: You know I actually envy you. Working for a magnificent enterprise like the Wynands--able to command the best talent in the country...

DOMINIQUE: Look--if you'd just met Father, and he worked for Wynand, that would be the right thing to say. But not to me. That's what I'd expect you to say--and I don't like to hear what I expect. It'd be much more interesting if you said the Wynand papers were a contemptible heap of shit and their writers not worth two bits.

PETER: Is that what you think?

DOMINIQUE: Who cares what I think. I just don't like people who try to say only what they think I think.

PETER: What is he like--Gail Wynand?

DOMINIQUE: I don't know. I've never met him.

PETER: But you know Toohey.

DOMINIQUE (chuckles): Of course I know Toohey. He's a man I always enjoy talking to. Such a perfect villain.

PETER: You're the first person I've heard say that.

DOMINIQUE: You don't often meet perfection in this world. Everyone else is so unfinished, so broken. But not Toohey. He's a pillar. Sometimes, when I feel bitter at the world, I find consolation in the thought that the world will get what's coming to it--because there's Ellsworth Toohey.

PETER: What do you need consolation for?

DOMINIQUE: That was clever. That was the first clever thing you've said.

PETER: Everybody says he's a sort of saint, the one pure idealist, utterly incorruptible and...

2187 DOMINIQUE: Yes, a plain grifter would be much safer.
2188 But Toohey's a test for people. You can read them by the
2189 way they take him. (Pause.) You know, I told Holcombe
2190 tonight what I really thought of his dome, but he
2191 wouldn't believe me. He only beamed and said you're a
2192 nice girl.

2193 PETER: Aren't you?

2194 DOMINIQUE: Not tonight. I've made you thoroughly
2195 uncomfortable. To make up for it, I'll tell you what
2196 I think of you, because you'll worry about that. I think
2197 you're smart and safe and obvious and quite ambitious
2198 and you'll get away with it. I'll tell Father I approve
2199 of his right hand very much. Though it would be better
2200 if I didn't say anything to Father, because with him
2201 my recommendation would have the opposite effect.

2202 PETER: May I tell you one thing I think about you?

2203 DOMINIQUE: Of course.

2204 PETER: It would have been better if you hadn't told me
2205 you liked me. Then there would have been a better chance
2206 of it being true.

2207 DOMINIQUE (laughs): Then we'll get along beautifully.
2208 Then it might even be true. (Brief pause) Darling, Kiki!
2209 Your dress is divine!

2210 NARRATOR: After forcing himself to join the other
2211 guests, Peter watched Dominique as she mingled--but she
2212 never glanced at him again.

2213 When she was leaving, he managed to be at the door.

2214 PETER: Can I take you home?

2215 DOMINIQUE: No, I have a car waiting.

2216 NARRATOR: As he stood helpless, a hand touched his
2217 shoulder.

2218 GUY FRANCON: Going home, Peter? Let me give you a lift.
2219 (Car door slams and car pulls away.)

2220 GUY FRANCON: Well?

2221 PETER: Why didn't you tell me? She's the most beautiful
2222 woman I've ever seen.

2223 GUY FRANCON: Yes. Maybe that's the trouble.

2224 PETER: What trouble?

2225 GUY FRANCON: Forget the looks. You'll see how quickly
2226 you forget that. What did you think?

2227 PETER: She has a great deal of character.

2228 GUY FRANCON: Hmm. I watched you, and you had quite a
2229 long chat with her. That's amazing. I fully expected her
2230 to chase you away with one nice, poisonous crack. Maybe
2231 you could get along with her. You just can't tell with
2232 her. (Brief pause.) Don't pay any attention to what she
2233 said about me wanting you to be horrible with her.
2234 (heavily) I don't want that at all.

2235 PETER: You shouldn't have run away like that.

2236 GUY FRANCON: I never know how to speak to her. She won't
2237 behave like a normal human being. She was expelled from
2238 every school I sent her to. How she got through college
2239 I can't imagine--but I can tell you I dreaded opening my
2240 mail for four straight years. Once she was on her own,
2241 I thought, I'm through--but she's worse than ever.

2242 PETER: What do you have to worry about?

2243 GUY FRANCON: I just wasn't cut out to be a father.
2244 God knows I don't want it.

2245 PETER: You let her frighten you, Guy.

2246 GUY FRANCON: You think so? (Brief pause) Maybe you're
2247 the man to handle her. You're quite determined--when
2248 you're after something.

2249 NARRATOR: The architect laid the sketch on the table
2250 and stepped aside, so the client could view it. At the
2251 next table with his back turned was Howard Roark.

2252 (Fist slammed onto drawing on table.)

2253 HELLER: This is the closest anyone's come to it!

2254 SNYTE: I knew you'd like it, Mr. Heller.

2255 HELLER: I don't. (regretfully) It's so close but...
2256 it's not right. That entrance--it's a lovely entrance,
2257 but you won't even notice it because you've seen it so
2258 often.

2259 SNYTE: One wants to be modern, of course, but there
2260 must be a few softening touches. It's strictly correct
2261 architecturally.

2262 HELLER: No doubt. But I've never been strictly correct,
2263 you see.

2264 SNYTE: If you'll just let me explain...

2265 HELLER: If only it had some unity...some central idea.
2266 If it were cleaner, more--what's the word I've heard
2267 used--more integrated...

2268 NARRATOR: Suddenly Roark turned and grabbed the sketch.
2269 His pencil ripped across it, slashing raw black lines
2270 over the water-color--obliterating the Greek columns,
2271 the pediments and the entrance and hurling a terrace
2272 over the sea.

2273 SNYTE: Why you....!

2274 HELLER: Leave him be!!

2275 (Sound of a pencil being thrown down.)

2276 SNYTE: You're fired, God damn you! Fired!

2277 HELLER: Then we're both fired. (To Roark in a whisper)
2278 Come on. Have you had lunch? I want to talk to you.

2279 NARRATOR: Heller picked up the sketch, folded it neatly
2280 and slipped it into his pocket.

2281 SNYTE: But, Mr. Heller, let me explain, let me
2282 explain...

2283 HELLER: Not now. I'll send you a check.

2284 NARRATOR: Then Heller was gone and Roark with him.
2285 In the booth of an fine restaurant...

2286 HELLER: ...because that's the house I want--
2287 and have always wanted. Can you build it for me--
2288 draw up the plans and supervise the construction?

2289 ROARK: Yes.

2290 HELLER: How long will it take?

2291 ROARK: About eight months.

2292 HELLER: I'll have the house by late fall?

2293 ROARK: Yes.

2294 HELLER: Just like that sketch?

2295 ROARK: That's right.

2296 HELLER: I have no idea what kind of contract one makes
2297 with an architect--but you must know, so draw one up and
2298 get my lawyer to okay it--yes?

2299 ROARK: Yes.

2300 HELLER (after a pause): How old are you?

2301 ROARK: Twenty-eight. Do you want any references?

2302 HELLER: Hell, no. I have them, here in my pocket.
2303 What's your name?

2304 ROARK: Howard Roark.

2305 NARRATOR: Heller pulled out a checkbook.

2306 HELLER: Well, Howard Roark: I'm giving you five hundred
2307 dollars to start. Get an office and whatever else you
2308 have to get and go ahead.

2309 (Sound of a check being torn off.)

2310 NARRATOR: The first visitor to Roark's new office--
2311 one large room on the top of an old building--was Peter.

2312 PETER: Well, fancy that! Your own office! Your name on
2313 the glass!

2314 ROARK: Hello, Peter.

2315 PETER: Imagine!

2316 ROARK: Who told you?

2317 PETER: One hears things ya know. You wouldn't expect me
2318 to not keep track of your career, now would you?
2319 You know what I've always thought of you. I don't have
2320 to tell you that I wish you the best.

2321 ROARK: Thank you.

2322 PETER: Nice place you got here. Not quite as imposing as
2323 it should be perhaps but...Then the prospects are
2324 uncertain, aren't they?

2325 ROARK: Very.

2326 PETER: It's an awful chance you're taking.

2327 ROARK: Probably.

2328 PETER: And you're really going through with it? On your
2329 own?

2330 ROARK: Looks that way, doesn't it?

2331 PETER: It's never too late you know. I thought for sure
2332 you'd turn it over to Snyte.

2333 ROARK: I didn't. And won't.

2334 PETER: No. (Pause) You know, Howard, I admire your
2335 courage. I have more experience and more of a standing
2336 in the profession--but I wouldn't dare take such a step.

2337 ROARK: No, you wouldn't.

2338 PETER: Who would have thought it? (not exactly sincere)
2339 I wish you all the luck in the world.

2340 ROARK: Thanks.

2341 PETER: I'm sure you'll succeed.

2342 ROARK: Are you?

2343 PETER: Of course! Aren't you?

2344 ROARK: I haven't thought of it.

2345 PETER: You haven't?

2346 ROARK: Not really.

2347 PETER: You'll get your registration...

2348 ROARK: I've applied for it.

2349 PETER: But you have no college degree. They'll make it
2350 difficult.

2351 ROARK: I'm sure.

2352 PETER: What if you don't get the license?

2353 ROARK: I'll get it.

2354 PETER: Well, I guess I'll be seeing you at the Guild.
2355 Don't go high hat on me, because I'm only a Junior.

2356 ROARK: I'm not joining the Guild.

2357 PETER: Not joining? But you're eligible now.

2358 ROARK: Tell them not to bother.

2359 PETER: You won't join the Guild when you have a
2360 chance to?

2361 ROARK: I won't join anything, Peter.

2362 PETER: But don't you realize how it helps?

2363 ROARK: I don't like being helped.

2364 PETER: You're just making things harder for yourself.

2365 ROARK: I know.

2366 PETER: And you'll make enemies of them if you refuse to
2367 join.

2368 ROARK: I'll make enemies of them anway.

2369 (Knock on country door.)

2370 NARRATOR: The first-person Roark told...

2371 CAMERON (gruffly): What do you want here again?

2372 ROARK: I have something to tell you.

2373 CAMERON (impatiently): What?

2374 ROARK: I'm opening my own office. I've just signed for
2375 my first building.

2376 CAMERON: Well, don't brag about it--help me up.

2377 NARRATOR: Roark took his elbow and led him to a bench,
2378 where he told him the whole story. Cameron asked about
2379 the stone, the steel, the roads, the costs, but not a
2380 word of congratulations.

2381 Roark handed him a snapshot of his office door.

2382 CAMERON (proud): Howard Roark, Architect. I did live to
2383 see it. (Pause.) Well...savor it, Howard. Savor it.
2384 Because now they'll come gunnin' for you. Not just
2385 for you, but for what you stand for. (Brief pause.)
2386 God bless you, son! God bless you and keep you!
2387 (kindly) Because you're on your way to Hell, Howard.
2388 You're on your way to Hell.

2389 (Sounds of birds.)

2390 NARRATOR: Legs planted wide, leaning back into space,
2391 Roark stood on the site of Heller's future house.

2392 MIKE: You're a hell of an architect, neglectin' the
2393 job like that. It's my second day here, waitin' for
2394 you to show up.

2395 ROARK: But how did you...?

2396 MIKE: You didn't think I'd miss this, did ya?

NARRATOR: Roark extended his hand and Mike's grimy fingers closed around it hard.

MIKE: Now run along, boss, run along.

NARRATOR: Roark had trouble finding a contractor...

CONTRACTOR 1: We don't do that kinda stuff.

CONTRACTOR 2: Too complicated for a small job.

CONTRACTOR 3: Who the hell wants that kind of house. Probably never collect from the crank anyway.

CONTRACTOR 4: It'll never stand.

ROARK: It will.

CONTRACTOR 4: Yeah? And who are you to tell me, Mister?

NARRATOR: Finally, he found a small outfit that needed the work and took it for more than the job was worth. Often, he'd forget he was the architect and try to build the house with his own hands.

MIKE: Control yourself, Red. Control yourself! God, it's indecent to be so happy!

NARRATOR: Heller came often to watch the house grow.

HELLER: What I like so much about it, Howard--is its integrity. It's just like a person's--just as rare.

ROARK: How is that?

HELLER: Look at it. Every piece is there because the house needs it. The site made the shape, and the shape made the rooms. You can follow each step--you know what made it and why. No columns supporting nothing, no false this or false that. The motive of your house is the house itself. When I move into it, even my simple daily routine will have a kind of dignity that I can't quite explain. (Brief pause) Now don't be shocked when I tell you that I shall have to live up to that house.

ROARK: As it should be.

HELLER: And, incidentally, thank you for all the thought you've given my comfort. My study's a room I'll need most and you've made it dominant --that was very considerate.

ROARK: I haven't thought of you at all. Only really about the house.

NARRATOR: When the Architectural Tribune published its Best American Homes of the Year, the Heller house wasn't mentioned. But in the club room of the New York Guild...

HOLCOMBE: It's a disgrace to the country. A blot on the profession. There ought to be a law.

SNYTE: That's what drives clients away. They see a house like that and they think architects are crazy.

PRESCOTT: I think it's screamingly funny. Like a cross between a filling station and a rocket ship to the moon.

HOLCOMBE: You watch--in a couple years the thing'll collapse like a house of cards.

GUY FRANCON: Years? Why these modernistic stunts never last more than a season. The owner will get good and sick of it, and he'll come running for a good old Colonial.

NARRATOR: Soon people drove out of their way to stare at the house now known as 'The Booby Hatch.'

PETER: Now, now, you shouldn't say that about him. I've known Roark for years, and he's quite a talent. He even worked for me once. He's just gone haywire on that house. He'll learn. (Brief pause.) You don't think he will, eh? You don't think he will?

NARRATOR: It was the Banner's editor who conceived the campaign against living conditions in the slums. It had human interest and, of course, embarrassed the landlords along the East River who'd refused to sell to an obscure real estate company owned by a corporation owned by...

GAIL WYNAND: Go ahead, Alvah. Squeeze all you can out of the thing.

ALVAH: Yes, Gail.

NARRATOR: Alvah assigned Dominique Francon to investigate. Having just returned from a summer in Biarritz, she agreed to live for two weeks in a tiny East-Side tenement--wearing rags, scrubbing the floor, peeling potatoes and bathing in cold water.

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

DOMINIQUE: Oh, yes, the house you own on East Twelfth Street, Mrs. Palmer...Your house has a sewer that gets clogged every other day and runs all through the

courtyard. It looks blue and purple in the sun, like a rainbow. (Brief pause.) And the block you control for the Claridge estate, Mr. Brooks, has the most attractive stalactites growing on the ceilings...

NARRATOR: Alvah arranged to have her address a meeting of social workers.

ALVAH: Go to to it, kid--lay it on thick. We want those women!

DOMINIQUE: The family on the first floor doesn't bother to pay rent, and their children can't go to school for lack of clothes. The father has a charge account at a corner bar. He's in good health and has a good job... The couple on the second floor just purchased a radio for ten times the amount of their overdue rent. On the fourth floor, the father of the family hasn't done a day's work in his life, and doesn't intend to. There are nine children, supported by the local parrish. A tenth is on the way....Any questions?

(No applause just movement of chairs and silence.)

ALVAH: How did it go, kid?

DOMINIQUE: As expected.

ALVAH: Well, I've got good news for ya. I've been working out a little scheme and I figure we'll consolidate a few things into a Women's Welfare Department. You know, schools, home ec, babies, juvies--all under one head. And I see no better woman for the job than...

DOMINIQUE: Not me?

ALVAH: Who else? Just as soon as Gail gets back, I'll--

DOMINIQUE: But Alvah, I don't want it.

ALVAH: What do you mean, you don't want it?

DOMINIQUE: I mean I don't want it.

ALVAH: For heaven's sakes, don't you realize what a break this would be?

DOMINIQUE: Towards what?

ALVAH: Your career.

DOMINIQUE: Who said I wanted a career.

2510 ALVAH: But you don't want to be doin' a dinky back-page
2511 column forever.

2512 DOMINIQUE: Not forever. Just 'til I get bored with it.

2513 ALVAH: But think of what you could do in the real game!
2514 Think of what Gail could do for you once you come to his
2515 attention!

2516 DOMINIQUE: I have no desire to come to his attention.

2517 ALVAH: But, Dominique, I need you. The women will be for
2518 you solidly after tonight.

2519 DOMINIQUE: I don't think so.

2520 ALVAH: Why, I've ordered two columns on your speech.

2521 DOMINIQUE: You better tell them to kill it.

2522 ALVAH: Why?

2523 DOMINIQUE: Here's my speech.

2524 ALVAH (vocalizing): Ta da, ta da, ta da. Yikes, you're
2525 right!

2526 (Phone receiver lifted.)

2527 ALVAH: Run as short an account of that social worker
2528 speech as possible and don't mention the speaker's name!

2529 DOMINIQUE: Am I fired?

2530 ALVAH: No...I'll squash it--keep it from Gail.

2531 DOMINIQUE: I really don't care one way or the other.

2532 ALVAH: But why, Dominique...

2533 DOMINIQUE: No reason.

2534 ALVAH: That swank dinner where you made the very
2535 opposite remarks. Then you go and say things like
2536 that...

2537 DOMINIQUE: They're true--both sides--aren't they?

2538 ALVAH: Sure, but couldn't you have reversed the order?

2539 DOMINIQUE: There wouldn't have been any point to that.

2540 ALVAH: Look--will you just tell me--as a friend, because
2541 I like you and I'm interested in your welfare-- what
2542 you're really after?

DOMINIQUE: That should be obvious. Nothing at all.

ALVAH: Oy vey!

NARRATOR: Peter got Dominique's number from Francon and called her often.

DOMINIQUE (Ph.--laughs gaily): Of course I'll see you. But I'm busy for weeks and...would you ring me next month?

GUY FRANCON: Let me ask her, Peter. But don't get your hopes up. She'll most likely refuse.

NARRATOR: But she didn't, meeting them for lunch.

DOMINIQUE: How wonderful of you, Father, to take time off to see me.

GUY FRANCON: My God, that reminds me!

DOMINIQUE: Let me guess: an appointment you forgot?

GUY FRANCON: Confound it, yes! It slipped my mind entirely. Colson phoned this morning and I forgot to make a note of it. I simply can't refuse to see Andrew Colson--confound it--today of all days.

DOMINIQUE: It's perfectly all right, Father. Peter and I will excuse you, and we'll have a lovely lunch together. And I have no forgotten appointments so you don't have to be afraid I'll escape from him.

(Footsteps away from table.)

DOMINIQUE: It's nice to see you have Father on a leash. (Pause) Oh, don't frown, Peter. I see a great many people, and if it pleases Father to have you as one of them--why not?

NARRATOR: She spoke to him gaily and openly--but her manner suggested their relationship was of no importance. He disliked her violently--but couldn't help admiring her as he had at their first meeting.

DOMINIQUE: Will you take me to the theater tonight? I don't care what play, any of them. Call for me at seven. Tell Father--it'll please him.

PETER: He should know better--so should I, but I'll be delighted just the same.

DOMINIQUE: Why should you know better?

2580 PETER: Because you have no desire to go to the theater
2581 or see me tonight.

2582 DOMINIQUE: None whatsoever. (Brief pause.) I'm beginning
2583 to like you, Peter. Call for me at seven.

2584 GUY FRANCON (anxiously): Well? What happened?

2585 PETER: Nothing. We had a good time. You were right--
2586 the food was wonderful...Oh, yes, I'm taking your
2587 daughter to a show tonight.

2588 GUY FRANCON: No!

2589 PETER: Yes.

2590 GUY FRANCON: How did you manage that?

2591 PETER: I told you--one mustn't be afraid of Dominique.

2592 GUY FRANCON (after a pause): Oh, by the way, the
2593 hospital called--old man Heyer will likely pull through.

2594 PETER: I'm glad.

2595 GUY FRANCON: But I don't think he'll ever be able to
2596 come back to work.

2597 PETER: Hm.

2598 NARRATOR: He was seeing Dominique frequently now.

2599 MRS KEATING: What does she look like? What did she wear?
2600 What did she say to you? How much money do you suppose
2601 her mother left her?

2602 NARRATOR: Once in a while, he answered.

2603 PETER: Yes...No...I don't know....Yes, she's lovely.
2604 Very lovely....It's awfully late, Mother. I think I'll
2605 go to bed.

2606 (Doorbell.)

2607 MRS KEATING: Who can that be, at this hour?

2608 (Footsteps. Door open.)

2609 KATIE: Good evening, Peter. Can I come in?

2610 PETER: Katie! Of course! Mother, it's Katie.

2611 MRS KEATING (cool): Good evening, Katherine.

2612 KATIE (nervous): Good evening, Mrs. Keating. I hope
2613 I'm not disturbing you.

2614 MRS KEATING (cool): Not at all.

2615 KATIE: I'll just take my hat off. On the table.
2616 (Brief pause.) Would that be all right? No, it might
2617 hurt the varnish, I hope it doesn't hurt the varnish....

2618 PETER: What's the matter, Katie?

2619 NARRATOR: Her eyes were terrified.

2620 PETER: Take your coat off--come here, get warm by the
2621 fire.

2622 KATIE (pain in her voice): You have such a nice
2623 place...So warm and roomy....

2624 PETER (gently): Katie, what happened?

2625 KATIE: Nothing really. Only I had to speak to you. Now.
2626 Tonight.

2627 PETER: If you'd rather Mother...

2628 KATIE: No, it's all right. Mrs Keating can hear it.
2629 Maybe it's better if she does. (Brief pause.) You see,
2630 Mrs Keating, Peter and I are engaged. (Voice breaking.)
2631 Peter, I want to be married, now, tomorrow, as soon as
2632 possible.

2633 MRS KEATING: I didn't know it. I am...(not thrilled)
2634 happy, my dear.

2635 KATIE: Are you really? You don't mind?

2636 MRS KEATING: Why, child, such things are to be decided
2637 only by you and my son.

2638 PETER: Katie! What happened? Why the awful rush?

2639 KATIE: It's nothing. I'm all right now. I just suddenly
2640 had the feeling I'd never marry you, that something
2641 dreadful was happening and I had to...

2642 PETER: Had to what?

2643 KATIE: I don't know. I was working all day for Uncle and
2644 nothing had happened at all--no calls or visitors--then
2645 suddenly, I had that feeling, like a nightmare, you
2646 know, the kind of horror you can't describe. Just the
2647 feeling I was in mortal danger, that something was
2648 closing in on me, that I'd never escape, because it was
2649 too late.

2650 PETER: Never escape what?

2651 KATIE: I don't know. Everything. I just felt it would
2652 get me, that I'd never marry you, that I had to run--
2653 now or never. Have you ever had a feeling like that?

2654 PETER (whispers): Yes.

2655 KATIE: You don't think I'm crazy?

2656 PETER: No.

2657 MRS KEATING: Why, it's plain what's happened to you,
2658 my dear. You worked too hard and overdid it, and just
2659 got a mite hysterical is all.

2660 KATIE: Yes...

2661 PETER: Mother's right. You're killing yourself for that
2662 Uncle of yours...

2663 KATIE: But it's not his fault! He doesn't want me to
2664 work. But I like it. When I think that every note I make
2665 will be taught to hundreds of young students, all over
2666 the country, I feel proud and I don't want to stop.
2667 You see? Then, like tonight...I don't know what came
2668 over me.

2669 PETER: We'll get the license tomorrow and then we'll be
2670 married at once, anywhere you like.

2671 KATIE: You really don't mind? Oh, I want it--I want it
2672 so much. Then I'll know everything's all right.

2673 PETER: But it is.

2674 KATIE: Darling, you understand? You do understand?

2675 MRS KEATING: Now that it's all settled...

2676 KATIE: I was afraid you wouldn't approve, Mrs. Keating?

2677 MRS KEATING (careful): Whatever gave you that idea.
2678 Now you run on home like a good girl and get a
2679 good night's sleep.

2680 PETER: Mother, couldn't Katie stay here tonight?
2681 She could sleep with you.

2682 MRS KEATING: Peter, don't get hysterical. What would her
2683 uncle think?

2684 KATIE: No, of course not. I'll go home.

2685 PETER: All right. But not yet.

2686 MRS KEATING: Now, Peter, you don't want her running
2687 around the streets late at night.

2688 PETER: I'll take you home.

2689 KATIE: No. I don't want to be sillier tonight than I
2690 already am.

2691 (Double footsteps. Door open. Kiss.)

2692 PETER: I'll come for you at ten tomorrow and we'll go
2693 for the license.

2694 KATIE: Yes.

2695 (Door Close. Pause.)

2696 PETER: Now, Mother, I'm not going to listen to
2697 any objections.

2698 MRS KEATING: I've made no objections.

2699 PETER: I want you to understand that I love Katie and
2700 nothing's going to stop me--and that's that.

2701 MRS KEATING: Very well.

2702 PETER: I don't see what it is you dislike about her.

2703 MRS KEATING: I have no likes or dislikes--because
2704 nothing in the world matters to me, except you.
2705 I know I shouldn't be that way, because it's not
2706 appreciated nowadays, but I can't help it.

2707 PETER: You know I appreciate you, Mother. I'd never
2708 want to hurt you.

2709 MRS KEATING: You can't hurt me, Peter, except by
2710 hurting yourself.

2711 PETER: How am I hurting myself?

2712 MRS KEATING: If you want to hear it, you'll hear it.
2713 This is the funeral of twenty-nine years of my life.

2714 PETER: The funeral?

2715 MRS KEATING: It's not that I dislike Katherine. I like
2716 her very much. She's a nice girl--a respectable girl and
2717 she'd make a good wife for anybody--any nice, plodding,
2718 respectable boy. But to think of her for you, Peter!
2719 For you!

2720 PETER: But...

2721 MRS KEATING: Use your head! Don't you know what's
2722 ahead of you? You have a chance to become pretty near
2723 the top of the architectural profession!

2724 PETER: Pretty near the top? If I can't be the best,
2725 I don't want any part of it!

2726 MRS KEATING: That's right! But one doesn't become the
2727 best without the strength to make sacrifices.

2728 PETER: But...

2729 MRS KEATING: You can't allow yourself to indulge every
2730 whim--like ordinary people.

2731 PETER: You just dislike Katie is all.

2732 MRS KEATING: Well, I can't say I approue of a girl who
2733 has so little consideration of her man that she'll
2734 upset him over nothing at all. But don't you see that
2735 for me personally she'd be a perfect match. I'd get
2736 along with her beautifully and she'd be respectful and
2737 obedient to her mother-in-law. While, on the other hand,
2738 Miss Francon...

2739 PETER: Mother...

2740 MRS KEATING (quietly, firmly): Oh yes, Peter, we've got
2741 to speak of it. You know I could never manage Miss
2742 Francon, and an elegant society girl like that wouldn't
2743 stand for a dowdy, uneducated mother like me. She'd edge
2744 me out of the house. Oh, yes. But you see, it's not me
2745 I'm thinking of.

2746 PETER: I'm not sure I'd even have a chance with
2747 Dominique--that she'd even look at me.

2748 MRS KEATING: You're slipping, Peter. There was a time
2749 you wouldn't have admitted there was anything you
2750 couldn't get.

2751 PETER: But I don't want her, Mother.

2752 MRS KEATING: You don't, do you? There you've got
2753 Francon, the best architect in town, just where you
2754 want him! He's practically begging you to take the thing
2755 over--at your age, over how many older men's heads?
2756 He's not just permitting, he's asking you to marry his
2757 daughter! And you'll walk in tomorrow and you'll present
2758 to him the little nobody you've gone and married! How do

2759 you think he'll like that? When you show him the little
2760 guttersnipe you've chosen over his daughter?

2761 PETER: He won't like it.

2762 MRS KEATING: You bet your life he won't! He won't
2763 kick you out on the street, but he'll quietly drop you.

2764 PETER: Mother, please...

2765 MRS KEATING: This is the kind of wife you'll have:
2766 a clumsy little girl who won't know where to put her
2767 hands or feet. A shamefaced little thing who'll run and
2768 hide from any important person you'll bring to the
2769 house. Don't kid yourself--no great man ever got there
2770 alone. You think your Mr. Francon married a chambermaid?
2771 You've got to play the game--play it like they play it.
2772 What will they think of a man who's married to a
2773 common piece of baggage like that?

2774 PETER: But I love her....I can't, Mother! I can't....
2775 I love her....

2776 MRS KEATING: At least ask her to wait a few months.
2777 The old man might die any moment and then, once you're a
2778 partner, you can marry her and you might get away w it.
2779 She won't mind waiting just a little bit longer, if she
2780 loves you...

2781 NARRATOR: He was at Katie's promptly at ten.

2782 PETER: Did you tell your uncle?

2783 KATIE: Yes, last night. He laughed and laughed and asked
2784 me what I wanted for a wedding present.

2785 PETER: Didn't he want to meet me?

2786 KATIE: He had to go to the newspaper office. He said
2787 he'd have plenty of time to see more than enough of you.

2788 PETER: Listen, Katie, I...there's one thing I wanted to
2789 tell you...You see: Old man Heyer's very ill and they
2790 don't expect him to live. Francon's been hinting quite
2791 openly that I'm to take his place. But Francon has the
2792 crazy idea I should marry his daughter. Now don't
2793 misunderstand, you know there's not a chance, but I
2794 can't tell him that. And I thought...if we waited...
2795 for just a few weeks...I'd be set with the firm and
2796 then Francon could do nothing to me when I tell him

2797 I'm married....But, of course it's up to you. If you
2798 want to do it now...

2799 KATIE: But, Peter! Of course we'll wait.

2800 PETER: You're not afraid that Francon's daughter will
2801 get me?

2802 KATIE (laughs): Oh, Peter! I know you too well.

2803 PETER: Yes, you do.

2804 KATIE: As a matter of fact, this morning I thought it
2805 might be better if we waited, because, you see, we got
2806 word that Uncle's been invited to give a course of
2807 lectures at a terribly important university on the
2808 West Coast this summer. I felt horrible about leaving
2809 him flat, with the work unfinished. And I thought also
2810 that perhaps we were being foolish, as we're both so
2811 young. And Uncle laughed so much. You see, it's really
2812 wiser if we wait a little.

2813 PETER: Yes, but...what about how you felt last night?

2814 KATIE: I'm so ashamed of myself. I don't know what came
2815 over me. I said a lot of nonsense, didn't I?

2816 PETER (uncertain): Okay, we'll just wait a while--
2817 it won't be long.

2818 KATIE (picking up his uncertainty): Yes...

2819 PETER (seriously): Insist on it! Now, Katie!
2820 (Laughs stupidly as if he had not been serious.)

2821 KATIE (smiling gaily): You see?

2822 PETER: All right. It's better, of course I...I'll run
2823 along. I'll be late to the office.

2824 (Footsteps. Open Door.)

2825 PETER: I'll give you a ring. Let's have dinner tomorrow.

2826 KATIE (terror creeping back in): Yes, that'll be nice...

2827 NARRATOR: One day when the Heller house was nearing
2828 completion...

2829 GAS-STATION JIM: You the fella that built the
2830 Booby Hatch?

2831 ROARK: If you mean this house, yes.

GAS-STATION JIM: Oh, I beg your pardon. It's only that that's what they call the place around here. I've got a building job...well, not exactly, but I'm going to build a fillin' station of my own about ten miles from here, down on Post Road. How I happened to think of you, Mr. Roark, is that I like it, that funny house of yours. Can't say why, but I like it. It makes sense to me. And then again I figured everybody's gaping at it and talkin' about it, well, that's no use to a house, but that'd be plenty smart for a business--let 'em giggle, let 'em talk about it. So I thought I'd get you to build it, and then they'll all say I'm crazy, but what would I care?

NARRATOR: When people voiced objections...

GAS-STATION JIM (smiling): Maybe so, folks, maybe so...

NARRATOR: But that didn't stop him from having Roark build it.

The day of its opening, Roark stayed at the station, drinking coffee at the diner counter, and watching cars filling up. It was late when he left--and when he looked back the neon lights winked at him.

At the office, he knew months of idleness awaited him.

HELLER: What are you going to do, Howard?

ROARK: What can I do?

HELLER: You have to learn to handle people.

ROARK (laugh sigh): I don't know how. Besides, I don't like people that have to be handled.

HELLER: You can't sit still and do nothing.

ROARK: What can I do. I can only show my work. If they don't like it, I have no desire to sell them anthing else.

HELLER: You're not worried?

ROARK: I expected it. I'm waiting.

HELLER: For what?

ROARK: My kind of people.

HELLER (laughs):

ROARK: Why are you laughing?

HELLER: It's just that you are the coldest man I know--
a self-centered fiend in your quiet sort of way--and yet
when I see you, I feel you're the most life-giving
person I've ever met.

(Phone rings.)

NARRATOR: It was Mrs Wilmot of Long Island. She adored
Austen Heller and wanted Roark to build her a country
house.

MRS WILMOT: I follow him like a zealot, don't you?
The house needs to have a library--I read to
distraction--and a green house--I grow lilies-of-the-
valley, my friends tell me it's my flower--and,
of course, as to the style, it shall be English Tudor--
I simply adore English Tudor.

ROARK: Have you seen Mr. Heller's house?

MRS WILMOT: It's soewhere up in Maine, is it not?

ROARK: This is the Heller House.

MRS WILMOT: Most unusual. Of course, that's not what
I want. That kind of house wouldn't express my
personality. My friends tell me I'm Elizabethan.

NARRATOR: Roark patiently explained why she should not
build a Tudor.

MRS WILMOT: Look here, Mr. Roark, I shall have a Tudor
and I do not care to argue about it.

ROARK: Then you'll need another architect.

MRS WILMOT: You're refusing the commission?

ROARK: Yes. I don't do this sort of thing.

MRS WILMOT: Well! I certainly thought you'd appreciate
the opportunity. I thought I could tell my friends I had
Austen Heller's architect.

NARRATOR: It was useless to try to explain.

MR MUNDY (Southern drawl): It's not just a house, Mr.
Roark, it's what I've been working for all these years.
I have a great deal of money now--more than I care to
think about--but I didn't always have it. When I was a
boy--in a little town in Georgia--I ran errands for the
blacksmith, and the kids laughed when carriages drove by
and splashed mud all over my pants. And I decided

someday I'd have the kind of house that carriages stop in front of. No matter how hard it was, I'd always think of that house, and it helped. For years I was afraid of it--I could've built it but...I was afraid. Well, now the time has come. Austen said you'd be just the man who'd understand.

ROARK: Yes, I do.

MR MUNDY: There was a place near my hometown--the Randolph place--an old plantation house--they don't build 'em like that anymore. Anyway, I used to deliver things there sometimes, at the back door. That's the house I want, Mr. Roark. Just like that. I have photographs.

NARRATOR: As Roark spoke, the man listened but Roark's words didn't penetrate.

ROARK: Don't you see? It's a monument you want me to build--not to yourself but to other people. You don't want the Randolph place, you want what it stood for. But what it stood for is what you've fought all your life.

MR MUNDY: You may be right--but I like the Randolph place. And I like you. Why can't you build it for me? What difference would it make to you?

NARRATOR: Roark couldn't explain.

HELLER: I expected it. I'm not blaming you, Howard. Only he's so rich--he could've helped you so much. After all, you've got to live.

MR JANSS: Well, I've never thought of it that way, Mr. Roark. We just want our building to have dignity, you know, and beauty, real beauty.

ROARK: You think columns and fruit baskets are beautiful on a modern, steel office building?

MR JANSS: I suppose that's what the public wants.

ROARK: And why do you suppose that is?

MR JANSS: I don't know.

ROARK: Then why do you care what they want?

MR JANSS: One must consider the public.

NARRATOR: At the end of the interview...

MR JANSS: I can't say you don't make sense. (Brief pause.) Let me think it over. You'll hear from me shortly.

NARRATOR: A week later...

MR JANSS: It's the board, you see. If you're willing, I'll submit your drawings to them. I can't promise anything. But I'm with you and I'll fight them on it.

NARRATOR: Roark worked day and night for weeks.
Then came the letter.

MR JANSS (with brutal formality): Dear Mr. Roark, I'm sorry to inform you that our board of directors find themselves unable to grant you the commission.

NARRATOR: When Mr. Sanborn decided he needed a new country house, he wrote to the architect who'd built him an office building many years ago.

MR SANBORN: If you're good enough for Henry Cameron, you're good enough for me.

NARRATOR: Roark was signed to build the house, in spite of the objections of Mrs Sanborn, who desired a stately French chateau on the Hudson.

MR SANBORN: Of course I want a modern house--that's what Cameron would have designed.

MRS SANBORN: What does Cameron mean now?

MR SANBORN: All I know is there's no building in New York like the one he did for me.

ROARK: Is this what you want, Mrs Sanborn?

NARRATOR: He gestured to their existing home.

MR SANBORN: He's right, my dear. That's just what I don't want! That's just what I'm sick of!

NARRATOR: When Roark had finished the sketches...

MR SANBORN: It's great--just great. Cameron was right about you.

NARRATOR: But the more his wife talked...

MRS SANBORN: Why can't we have turrets there, on the corners. All the other houses have turrets.

NARRATOR: When she'd been talked out of turrets...

MRS SANBORN: Why can't we have Gothic windows. It will soften things and give it a regal air, you know, a feudal sort of mood.

NARRATOR: When that too was rejected...

MRS SANBORN: Mrs. Walling called it preposterous. Mrs. Hooper crude. Mrs. Applebee said it looked like a shoe factory!

MR SANBORN: Couldn't you give her a cornice, Mr. Roark--to keep peace in the family? A cornice wouldn't spoil anything--would it?

ROARK: I won't build this house, Mr. Sanborn, unless you approve the sketches just as they are and sign on every sheet.

NARRATOR: Mr. Sanborn signed.

But the Sanborn's would never move in.

Occasionally, on a weekend evening, Mr. Sanborn could be seen in an upper bedroom--a small rectangle of yellow, among the windows of the huge, dead house.

The Architects Guild bulletin carried a small item:

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

NEWSREADER: A curious incident, which would be amusing were it not deplorable, is reported to us about a home recently built by Mr. Whitford Sanborn, noted industrialist. Designed by one Howard Roark and erected at a cost of well over one-hundred-thousand, the house was found by the family to be uninhabitable. It stands, abandoned--an eloquent witness to professional incompetence.

NARRATOR: Old man Heyer refused to die. He had recovered from the stroke and returned to the office.

GUY FRANCON: Lucius, you really shouldn't strain yourself!

NARRATOR: When Francon offered to buy him out, Heyer refused--showing up to the office every couple days to sit at his desk and draw flowers on a notepad.

When he inquired dimly why he was no longer introduced to clients...

GUY FRANCON: I wouldn't think of bothering a man in your condition. Any other man would have retired, long ago.

NARRATOR: Peter ignored him. When Heyer issued some minor order to one of the draftsmen, it was counter-manded by Peter.

OLD MAN HEYER: That boy of yours, Guy, he's getting to be impossible. He's rude to me. You ought to get rid of him.

GUY FRANCON: You see why I say you should retire? You're overstraining your nerves and you're beginning to imagine things.

NARRATOR: Then came the Cosmo Building competition.

Cosmo Pictures of Hollywood had decided to erect a stupendous home office in the Big Apple, a skyscraper to house a motion-picture theater and forty floors of offices. A world-wide competition for the selection of the architect had been announced.

GUY FRANCON (enthusiastically): Go to it, Peter! Give me all you've got. This is your great chance. If you win, you'll be known the world over. And here's what we'll do: we'll put your name on our entry, along with the firm's. We win, and you'll get twenty-percent of the prize, which is sixty thousand bucks. You know how I feel. I think of you as my partner already. You've earned it. This might be your key to it.

NARRATOR: Peter redrew his project five times. It was a Renaissance palace made of rubber and stretched forty stories. But was it any good? He had no one to ask.

Then he thought of Roark.

PETER: Hello, Howard! You're not busy, are you?

ROARK: No.

PETER: Mind if I sit down for a few minutes?

ROARK: Sure.

PETER: You've been doing great work. I saw pictures of the Heller House and the filling station.

ROARK: Thank you.

PETER: You've been forging ahead. Three commissions already?

3056 ROARK: Four.

3057 PETER: Pretty good. I hear you had some trouble with the
3058 Sanborns.

3059 ROARK: I did.

3060 PETER: Well, it's not all smooth sailing, is it? (Brief
3061 pause.) No new commissions since?

3062 ROARK: No.

3063 PETER: Well, it'll come. I've always said: there's
3064 plenty of work for all of us, we must co-operate.
3065 For instance, take that competition--have you sent in
3066 your entry already?

3067 ROARK: What competition?

3068 PETER: The Cosmo Building, of course.

3069 ROARK: I'm not entering.

3070 PETER: You're not? Not at all?

3071 ROARK: Nope.

3072 PETER: Why?

3073 ROARK: I don't enter competitions.

3074 PETER: But I don't understand...

3075 ROARK: C'mon, Peter, you didn't come here to talk about
3076 that.

3077 PETER: As a matter of fact, I came here to show you
3078 my own entry. I'm not asking you to help me,
3079 you understand, I just want your reaction, just a
3080 general opinion.

3081 NARRATOR: He opened his portfolio and showed Roark the
3082 sketches.

3083 PETER: Well? Are they all right?

3084 ROARK: No. They're rotten. And you know it.

3085 NARRATOR: Then, for hours, while Peter watched, Roark
3086 talked, explained and slashed lines through the plans.

3087 PETER: Jesus, Howard! Why don't you enter the
3088 competition--if you can do it like this?

ROARK: I couldn't if I tried. I can't give them what they want. But I can straighten someone else's damn mess when I see it.

NARRATOR: It was morning when he pushed the plans aside.

PETER: And the elevation?

ROARK: To hell with your elevation. Figure it out yourself. Now go home.

NARRATOR: Peter did and copied Roark's plans to the letter. Then he put the plans in an envelope and submitted them.

PETER: From Francon & Heyer, architects, Peter Keating, Designer.

NARRATOR: That winter, Roark received no offers--not even the prospect of one. As spring approached, he knew his money wouldn't last much longer. That was when he saw the item in the newspaper.

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

NEWSREADER: Roger Enright, the millionaire oil tycoon, is spearheading a landmark project: a new kind of residential development--an apartment building but with each unit separate like a private home. Enright has stated that this project will not look like any other and to that end has rejected offers from several of the best architects in town.

NARRATOR: Roark felt as if this news item were a personal invitation. He requested an interview with Enright but got one with his secretary.

SECRETARY ENRIGHT: You say you have experience?

ROARK: Yes. Here.

NARRATOR: Roark passed her photographs of his buildings.

SECRETARY ENRIGHT: I'm sorry, I don't believe Mr. Enright would be interested.

NARRATOR: Down to his last month at the office, Roark was asked to submit drawings for the new Bank of Manhattan by Mr. Weidler, a friend of Mr. Samborn.

MR WEIDLER: I've had a stiff fight, Mr. Roark, but I think I've won. I've taken them personally through the Samborn house and Dick and I explained a few things.

3127 However, the board must see the drawings before they'll
3128 make a decision. They've turned down two other
3129 architects, but they're interested in you. Good luck!

3130 NARRATOR: Henry Cameron had taken a turn for the worse.

3131 CAMERON: Fix the couch in the living room. Howard's
3132 staying here.

3133 ROARK: Thank you.

3134 NARRATOR: But Cameron didn't want Roark's constant
3135 presence.

3136 CAMERON: Go out, Howard. Take a walk through the garden.
3137 It's beautiful.

3138 NARRATOR: He asked only that Roark eat with him.

3139 On the third day, he lay back on his pillow, the words
3140 coming slowly...

3141 CAMERON: Watch the light metals industry, Howard....
3142 In a few...years...you'll see them do some astounding
3143 things....Watch the plastics, there's a whole new...era
3144 coming from that...You'll find new tools, new means,
3145 new...forms....You'll have to show...the damn
3146 fools...what possibilities....(whispers) Gail Wynand...

3147 NARRATOR: Roark leaned closer--he didn't understand.

3148 CAMERON: I don't...hate anybody any more...only Gail
3149 Wynand...I've never laid eyes on him...But what he
3150 represents is everything that's wrong with the
3151 world...the triumph of vulgarity...It's Gail Wynand
3152 you'll have to fight, Howard...(Pause.) I know...what
3153 you're going through right now...don't say anything....
3154 I know....Do you remember the day I tried to
3155 fire you?...Forget what I said....It was not the
3156 whole story....This is...(triumphant) It was worth it...

3157 NARRATOR: Though he could no longer talk, Cameron lay
3158 silently staring at Roark. He was dead within the hour.

3159 PETER: Let's wait for the results of the competition,
3160 yes? It won't be long. If I win--I'll be set for life.
3161 Then we'll be married. And that's when I'll meet your
3162 uncle--and he'll want to meet me. I've got to win.

3163 KATIE: I know you'll win.

NARRATOR: He also spent more time with Dominique.
One night in the cab on the way home...

PETER: Dominique, I love you...Don't laugh at me,
please don't laugh!...I'd give you my whole life...
annything...Don't you know how beautiful you are,
Dominique?

NARRATOR: He kissed her lips but her lips didn't answer.

PETER (stupidly): Don't you want me to kiss you?

DOMINIQUE: Of course.

PETER: Have you been kissed before?

DOMINIQUE: Many times.

PETER: Do you always act like that?

DOMINIQUE: Always.

PETER: You're not human, Dominique.

NARRATOR: Another night, in her apartment...

PETER: Haven't you ever been in love?

DOMINIQUE: Not even a little. I wanted to fall in love
with you. I thought it would be convenient. But I can't
feel annything.

PETER: Dominique, will you marry me?

DOMINIQUE: You're not serious.

PETER: I'm crazy about you. Give me a chance.
You'll learn to love me--because I understand you.
I'll be patient. I'll make you happy.

DOMINIQUE (simple gay laughter--then earnestly): Peter,
if I ever want to punish myself for something terrible,
I'll marry you. Consider it a promise.

PETER: I'll wait.

NARRATOR: Peter's fear had been growing for weeks--
he would lose the competition.

He walked towards the house of Old Man Heyer. He would
save himself from the coming disaster. If he failed the
competition--and Heyer died, Francon might hesitate.
And if Francon hesitated, the game was lost.

Combing through Heyer's office one night, Peter had found a letter from a contractor, written fifteen years before, stating that enclosed was a check for twenty thousand dollars. A kickback. That was the year Heyer had started his porcelain collection.

Peter surprised Heyer in his study at home.

PETER: So, unless you inform Francon of your retirement tomorrow morning, this letter goes to the Guild.

OLD MAN HEYER: But I don't want to retire.

PETER: You'll have to.

OLD MAN HEYER: But I don't want to. I'm a famous architect. I've always been a famous architect. (whispering slyly) I'll let you in on a secret: Guy thinks he's outwitting me but I can see through him. That's a good one on Guy. (giggles softly)

PETER: I don't think you understand. You see this letter?

OLD MAN HEYER (like a child): You can't send this to the Guild. They'll have my license taken away.

PETER: They certainly will.

OLD MAN HEYER: And it'll be in all the papers.

PETER: All of them.

OLD MAN HEYER: You can't do that.

PETER: I will do that--unless you retire.

OLD MAN HEYER: Don't do that, please don't.

(Letter snatched from hand.)

OLD MAN HEYER: Please...I don't feel well. I've never hurt you. In fact, I told Guy what a nice boy you were. We'll make you a designer one of these days. Please...don't...

(Teacup tinkling softly.)

PETER: You'll be exposed publicly. People will point at you. They'll print your picture in the paper. The owners of that building will sue you. They'll throw you in jail.

(Teacup tinkling louder and louder.)

3234 PETER: Get out of the firm! What do you stay for?
3235 You're no good. You've never been any good.

3236 (Mouth gurgling sound over tinkling.)

3237 OLD MAN HEYER (choking): I...I...

3238 PETER: Shut up! You've got nothing to say except
3239 Yes or No. I'm not here to argue with you.

3240 (Gurgling and teacup tinkling suddenly stop.)

3241 PETER: Answer me! Why don't you answer me?

3242 (Head falls to wood table and teacup rolls off table and
3243 shatters.)

3244 PETER: Mr Heyer? Mr...Heyer?

3245 NARRATOR: The next morning, Peter came to the office as
3246 usual.

3247 PETER: He'd asked me to come to his house to discuss his
3248 retirement.

3249 GUY FRANCON: How dreadful for you, my boy. We all knew
3250 he would, sooner or later. He spared all of us a...

3251 NARRATOR: It began with the ringing of one telephone--
3252 then every phone in the office was ringing. It rushed
3253 out of the elevators and poured through the doors--
3254 the telegrams, the flowers, Peter shaking hands,
3255 an endless stream of hands.

3256 GUY FRANCON: Oh, yes, the Cosmo Building was created by
3257 Peter Keating alone!

3258 NARRATOR: It made a better story than even Francon
3259 expected. Peter's face--with that of his mother--

3260 MRS KEATING: I'm so proud of my boy!

3261 NARRATOR: --was on every paper. Peter appeared in
3262 newsreels shaking hands with the owners and at banquets
3263 and movie premieres. He was a judge at a beauty contest
3264 and posed with a famous prizefighter, under the caption:
3265 "Champions." A model of his building was displayed in
3266 cinema lobbies throughout the country.

3267 Dominique congratulated him, but then looked at him
3268 blankly. She hadn't mentioned his victory in her column.

3269 DOMINIQUE: I'm going to Connecticut, Peter. I'm taking
3270 over Father's place there for the summer. He's letting

me have it all to myself. No, you can't come and visit.
Not even once. I'm going there so I won't have to
see anybody.

NARRATOR: But even she couldn't spoil his triumph--for
he was confident he could get her to change. But there
was one thing that could spoil it--Howard Roark.

PETER: Hello, Howard.

ROARK: Hello, Peter.

PETER: Well, things are happening, aren't they?

ROARK: Congratulations.

PETER: What's the matter, Howard--you look like hell.

ROARK: Yeah?

PETER: Why don't you drop it, Howard?

ROARK: Drop what?

PETER: You haven't worked for a year. You might have a
few hundred left--and then it's the end.

ROARK: That's wrong. I have fourteen dollars and fifty-
seven cents.

PETER: Well? It's up to you. Drop that fool delusion
you're better than everybody else and within a year
you'll have more clients than you know what to dowith.
You'll be rich, you'll be respected--you'll be one of
us! Well?

ROARK: I know you don't want me to reach for those
things. And yet you continue to push me to reach for
them. What is it that disturbs you about meas I am?

PETER (whispers): I don't know.

ROARK (gently): Well...Let's foreget it.

PETER: I...uh...I wanted you to have this.

NARRATOR: He handed Roark a check for five hundred
dollars.

ROARK: Thank you, Peter.

NARRATOR: Roark took it, wrote "Pay to the order of
Peter Keating" on it, signed it and handed it back.

3305 ROARK: That's all I can offer you. But later, when I
3306 have money, I'd like to ask you to please not blackmail
3307 me. Because I don't want anone to know I had anything
3308 to do with that building. (Brief pause then laughs) No?
3309 (Pause) Go home, Peter. You're perfectly safe.
3310 I'll never say a word about it. It's yours--every
3311 girder, every pipe, every picture of your face in the
3312 paper.

3313 PETER: God damn you! Who do you think you are? So you're
3314 too good for that building, eh? You lousy, conceited
3315 bastard! You don't even have the wits to know you're a
3316 flop, a beggar, a failure, you hear me? And you stand
3317 there..you, against the whole country--you against
3318 everybody! Why should I listen to you? You can't touch
3319 me. I have the whole world with me!...I've always hated
3320 you, Howard. And I always will!

3321 ROARK: Peter...

3322 PETER: Oh, god, what am I saying?

3323 ROARK: Are you all right?

3324 PETER: I lost my head. I didn't mean it. Honestly,
3325 I didn't.

3326 ROARK: It's all right.

3327 PETER: I guess I was angry about what you did with the
3328 check. But I guess you were angry, too. I'm sorry. We'll
3329 just destroy the damn thing.

3330 (Check ripped up.)

3331 PETER: Are we even?

3332 ROARK: I think you'd better go now, Peter.

3333 (Footsteps. Door Open/Close. Telephone rings.)

3334 MR WEIDLER: Mr. Roark? It's Mr Weidler from the
3335 Manhattan Bank. Can you come over?

3336 NARRATOR: He and the bank chairman were waiting in
3337 Weidler's office. Roark could feel the fourteen dollars
3338 and change in his pocket.

3339 MR WEIDLER: Well, Mr. Roark, the commission's yours.

3340 BANK CHAIR: We've had a hell of a fight over that
3341 building of yours. Some of our members just couldn't
3342 swallow your innovations. But we found a way to please

3343 them--and get their consent. Mr. Weidler here was really
3344 magnificent on your behalf.

3345 MR WEIDLER (blushing): Well...

3346 BANK CHAIRMAN: So the commission's yours, on one minor
3347 condition.

3348 ROARK: Yes?

3349 BANK CHAIRMAN: It's a small compromise, and when you
3350 agree to it, we can sign the contract. It's only the
3351 inconsequential matter of the building's façade.
3352 I understand you modernists attach no great importance
3353 to the façade--it's the plan that counts with you, quite
3354 rightly, and we wouldn't think of altering your plan in
3355 any way.

3356 ROARK: What do you want?

3357 BANK CHAIRMAN: I'll show you. My son is studying
3358 architecture and I had him draw me up a sketch, just a
3359 rough sketch, so the members of the board could
3360 visualize what I meant.

3361 NARRATOR: It was Roark's building but now it had a
3362 Doric beard and mustache and a Greek skirt.

3363 BANK CHAIRMAN: You see the point. Personally, I wouldn't
3364 have insisted, but I really don't think it spoils
3365 anything. And this is what the board has decided.

3366 NARRATOR: Roark rose and spoke for a long time.

3367 BANK CHAIRMAN: Mr. Roark, I agree with you. But,
3368 unfortunately, in life, one can't always be so
3369 consistent. There's always the element of emotion.
3370 You can't fight that with cold logic. Anyway, the matter
3371 is closed--the decision of the board is final.

3372 MR WEIDLER: You understand the situation, Mr. Roark?

3373 ROARK: Yes.

3374 MR WEIDLER: Well? (Pause) Yes or no?

3375 ROARK: No.

3376 BANK CHAIRMAN: (after a pause): Do you realize what
3377 you're doing?

3378 ROARK: Exactly.

3379 BANK CHAIRMAN: Good God! Don't you know how big a
3380 commission this is? You're a young man--you won't get
3381 another chance like this.

3382 MR WEIDLER: We want you. We want your building. You need
3383 the commission. Why do you have to be so fanatical and
3384 selfless about it?

3385 (Drawings gathered up.)

3386 ROARK: That, gentlemen--was the most selfish thing
3387 you've ever seen a man do.

3388 NARRATOR: He cleared out his office, locked the door and
3389 dropped his key in the mailbox.
3390 Then he went to see Mike at the bar.

3391 ROARK: I've closed the office.

3392 MIKE: For good?

3393 ROARK: For the time being.

3394 MIKE: God damn them all, Red! God damn them--

3395 ROARK: Shut up. I need a job.

3396 MIKE: Yeah?

3397 ROARK: I don't know anyone in the trades. Not anyone
3398 who'd want me.

3399 MIKE: What are you talking about?

3400 ROARK: The trades. Structural work--what I've done
3401 before.

3402 MIKE: A plain workman's job?

3403 ROARK: Yeah. Will you get me one?

3404 MIKE: But why? You can get a decent job in an
3405 architect's office. You know you can.

3406 ROARK: But I won't.

3407 MIKE: Why not?

3408 ROARK: I'd have time to think in an office. I don't want
3409 to think. Not their way. And it'll have to be their way,
3410 no matter where I go.

3411 MIKE: But...but what'll happen to you, Red? I mean...
3412 your future?

ROARK: I'll save money and I'll come back. Or maybe
somebody will send for me.

MIKE (softly): Okay, Red. Okay...

NARRATOR: The next day...

MIKE: You know that bastard Francon, yeah? Well, he's
got a granite quarry down in Connecticut. And one of the
foreman's a great pal of mine. Ever worked in a quarry
before?

NARRATOR: In a private room in an expensive restaurant,
a lavish dinner was held.

GUY FRANCON: To Peter, the new partner of Francon and
Keating!

(Glasses clink in a toast then are replaced by sounds of
blasting from a stone quarry.)

NARRATOR: It was the sound of destruction and Dominique
liked it. She decided to seek out the sound.

She stood on a bluff--and looked down at the quarry.
Her eyes stopped at the face of a man who raised his
head and looked hard at her. It was Roark.

She felt she'd been slapped by the contempt of his
mouth--and the cold brilliance of his eyes. His was the
handsomest face she'd ever seen--and the cruellest.

Instead of answering him with her face, she looked at
the dust on his burnt arms, the wet shirt clinging to
his ribs, the long line of his legs. She wondered what
he would look like naked. He then looked at her as if he
could read her thoughts. Suddenly, she felt an intense
hatred for the man.

QUARRY SUPER: Why, Miss Francon! How do you do,
Miss Francon!

DOMINIQUE: I thought since I'll inherit the quarry,
I should show some interest in it.

NARRATOR: After she'd been given a tour, she looked
down again at Roark, who glanced up smirking.

Turning sharply, she walked down the rocky slope and
back home.

For two days she made herself believe she would escape--choosing a train, a hotel-- a particular room--but she knew she wouldn't go--that she'd return to the quarry.

Three days later, when she stopped over the ledge where he worked and he raised his glance, she didn't turn away. Her glance told him she didn't respect him enough to conceal it--his that he had expected her to come.

QUARRY SUPER: Miss Francon--howdy!

DOMINIQUE: I like to watch the work.

QUARRY SUPER: Quite a picture, ain't it? There's the train startin' up with another load.

NARRATOR: Her eyes glanced at Roark and the Super's eyes followed them.

QUARRY SUPER: Hey, you? Are you paid to work or to gape?

DOMINIQUE (laughs loudly):

NARRATOR: At home, over the course of a week, she tried to distract herself to keep from thinking of him. But it didn't work. She'd been to the quarry twice--a third visit would make her look ridiculous.

Borrowing a hammer from the tool shed...

(Marble dented w a hammer blow. Phone Receiver lifted.)

DOMINIQUE: Yes, this is Dominique Francon. That's right. I need you to send a workman to repair the marble in my fireplace. I'd like it to be the tall man with the orange hair. That's right.

(Door Knock.)

DOMINIQUE (austerely quiet): Good evening.

ROARK: Ma'am.

DOMINIQUE: There it is.

NARRATOR: Her finger pointed to the marble slab.

ROARK: I see.

NARRATOR: Kneeling and taking a hammer from his bag, he struck a single blow and the marble split in half.

ROARK: Now it needs to be replaced.

3484 DOMINIQUE (after a pause, calmly): Would you know
3485 what kind of marble this is and where to get another
3486 piece like it?

3487 ROARK: Yes, Miss Francon.

3488 DOMINIQUE: Go ahead then. Take it.

3489 ROARK: Yes, Miss Francon.

3490 NARRATOR: He piled up the broken pieces--then took a
3491 careful measurement, which he wrote down.

3492 DOMINIQUE: Is that it?

3493 ROARK: This is an atrocious fireplace.

3494 DOMINIQUE: Really? This house was designed by my father.

3495 ROARK: Of course, Miss Francon.

3496 DOMINIQUE: There's no point in your discussing the
3497 work of an architect.

3498 ROARK: None at all. (Pause) I'll be sure to get marble
3499 of the same quality. Generally speaking, there are three
3500 kinds: the white, which comes from recrystallized
3501 limestone, the onyx, which comes from calcium carbonate,
3502 and the green, which consists mainly of talc and isn't
3503 really marble. True marble is a metamorphic form of
3504 limestone, produced by heat and pressure. Pressure is a
3505 powerful factor. It leads to consequences which, once
3506 started, can't be controlled.

3507 DOMINIQUE: What consequences?

3508 ROARK: Let's just say that it wouldn't be advisable
3509 to substitute white Georgia marble for Alabama marble.
3510 This is Alabama marble. Very high grade. Very expensive.

3511 DOMINIQUE: I see.

3512 ROARK: Where I shall put the stone?

3513 DOMINIQUE: Leave it. I'll have it removed.

3514 ROARK: Sure. I'll let you know when the new piece
3515 arrives.

3516 (Reaching for handbag. Bill is removed and offered.)

3517 DOMINIQUE: This is for your time.

3518 NARRATOR: She was hoping he'd refuse it.

3519 (Grabs bill and stuffs it into pocket.)
3520 ROARK: Thank you, Miss Francon.
3521 DOMINIQUE: Good night.
3522 ROARK: Good night, Miss Francon.
3523 NARRATOR: She stopped thinking of him--only of the piece
3524 she had ordered--counting the days.
3525 Then one day...
3526 (Door Knock. Footsteps. Door Open.)
3527 DOMINIQUE: Who are you?
3528 QUARRYMAN (thick Italian accent): I'm Pasquale from the
3529 quarry, Miss Franconay.
3530 DOMINIQUE: What do you want?
3531 QUARRYMAN: He said fireplace got to be fixed and I
3532 got to fix her.
3533 DOMINIQUE: Yes. Yes, of course. I forgot. Go ahead.
3534 (Footsteps. Door Open/Close.)
3535 NARRATOR: Quickly saddling her horse, she rode off into
3536 the woods, where she whipped the animal to go faster and
3537 faster and faster.
3538 The next evening, as she sat at her dressing table...
3539 (Footsteps. French door Open/Close.)
3540 NARRATOR: Dressed in his work clothes, he stood
3541 looking at her. She jumped up--arms thrown back--fingers
3542 apart.
3543 He walked up to her and took her in his arms. She tried
3544 to tear herself away but he pinned her arms behind her
3545 and pushed his lips into her breasts.
3546 Tearing free, she fell back against the dressing table--
3547 her eyes alive and wide.
3548 He smiled and moved towards her--lifting her with ease.
3549 Her teeth sunk into his hand and tasted blood. Pulling
3550 back her head, he forced his mouth against hers.
3551 She fought like an animal but didn't call for help.
3552 When he threw her on the bed, she felt his hands moving

over her. She fought in a last convulsion. Then a sudden pain shot up, through her body, to her throat...

DOMINIQUE (screams in pain/pleasure):

NARRATOR: She felt him shaking with unbearable pleasure. She knew she had given it to him--and knew he had gotten what he wanted, which was what she wanted.

ROARK (orgasming):

NARRATOR: She then watched him leave--without a word or a glance.

She lay still for a long time. She knew she wouldn't bathe--she wanted to keep his smell on her.

She lay there till morning.

A week passed. One evening after work, Roark found a letter Mike had forwarded.

(Sounds of a telegraph machine.)

ENRIGHT: Dear Mr. Roark, I've been trying for some time to get in touch with you. Please contact me at your earliest convenience. I'd like to discuss with you my Enright House, if you're the man who designed the Heller house and the filling station. Sincerely yours, Roger Enright.

NARRATOR: Half an hour later, Roark was on a train.

Dominique had had a letter, too.

ALVAH: When are you coming back? You're not a comfortable person to have around, I'm scared of you, but I might as well inflate your ego some more and confess that we're waiting for you impatiently.

DOMINIQUE: Alvah...

NARRATOR: She then realized a week had passed since... She would go to the quarry.

But when she looked around, he wasn't there.

QUARRY SUPER: Lovely day, Miss Francon, ain't it?

DOMINIQUE: Yes, there was a man you had here...tall with orange hair...where is he?

QUARRY SUPER: Oh, that one. He's gone.

DOMINIQUE: Gone?

3589 QUARRY SUPER: Quit. Left for New York, I think. All of a
3590 sudden.

3591 DOMINIQUE: When? A week ago?

3592 QUARRY SUPER: Why, no. Just yesterday.

3593 DOMINIQUE: I see.

3594 NARRATOR: She wanted desperately to ask his name--
3595 but she stopped herself. If she didn't have his name,
3596 she couldn't find him--and she was safe.

3597 In New York, with his feet up on his fancy new desk,
3598 Peter sat reading the Banner. Checking Toohey's column,
3599 he was annoyed he wasn't mentioned.

3600 Then he noticed an envelope with Banner letterhead.
3601 In it was a proof of a column entitled "Keating."
3602 In the margin was written...

3603 TOOHEY: Drop in to see me one of these days. Would love
3604 to discover what you look like.

3605 (Paper placed on desk.)

3606 PETER (pleased): Read that when you have time, Guy.

3607 TOOHEY: Well, hello, Peter Keating.

3608 PETER: How do you do, Mr. Toohey.

3609 TOOHEY: I'm curious what you think of the temple of
3610 Nike?

3611 PETER (stupefied): What I think of...

3612 TOOHEY: Nike Apteros. Now, the Parthenon gets the
3613 recognition, of course, but it's the beauty of the
3614 modest Nike--you know, the supreme perfection of its
3615 humble yet delicate craftsmanship...

3616 PETER: Yes, that's always been my favorite...
3617 Nike Apteros.

3618 TOOHEY: I was certain you'd say that. You have a very
3619 handsome face, Peter, when you don't stare. (Laughs
3620 suddenly and obviously.)

3621 PETER (laughs easily):

3622 TOOHEY: That's better. Of course I knew you'd be a
3623 little afraid of me and--yes, I admit--I was somewhat
3624 afraid of you--so isn't this much better?

PETER: Yes. I've always known ours would be an important meeting. Often, when I draw, I ask myself: is this the kind of building Ellsworth Toohey would like? You're such a profound thinker, Mr. Toohey--a man of such cultural distinc--

TOOHEY: Now, we'll have none of that. I don't mean to be ungracious, but we'll dispense with that sort of thing, shall we?

PETER: But, Mr. Toohey, I did want to...

TOOHEY: Thank me for the column, yes? And here I've been trying so hard to prevent you from doing so. Do let me get away with it, won't you?

PETER: But I was so happy you thought that I'm...

TOOHEY: A great architect? But surely, my boy, you knew that already. Or weren't you quite sure?

PETER: Well, I...

TOOHEY: As for your building, who can deny it's an extraordinary achievement? You know I was greatly intrigued by its plan. Most ingenious. Brilliant, in fact. (hinting at Roark's contribution) Quite different from your...previous work.

PETER (clear and hard): Naturally, the problem was different from anything I'd done before, so I worked out that plan to fit the particular requirements of the problem.

TOOHEY (gently--he doesn't believe him): Of course. A beautiful piece of work. You should be proud of it.

NARRATOR: Peter suddenly knew that Toohey knew he hadn't designed the building--but that he approved.

TOOHEY (conspiratorially): You must feel--no, not gratitude, gratitude is such an embarrassing word--but, shall we say, appreciation?

PETER: Yes, that was my theme, when I designed the building--the great masses and the flowers of culture. I've always believed that true culture springs from the common man.

TOOHEY (derisively): Yes, we're going to be great friends, Peter.

PETER (after a pause--hastily) Oh, I hope so,
Mr. Toohey!

TOOHEY: Really, Peter! I'm not as old as all that!
(Brief pause.) Incidentally, it seems to me I should
remember some personal connection between us, though
for the life of me I can't quite...oh, yes, of course.
My niece. Little Katherine.

PETER (closed mouth embarrassed smile/laugh):

TOOHEY: I understand you two are engaged.

PETER: Yes.

TOOHEY: Charming. I should enjoy being your uncle.
You love her very much.

PETER: Yes. Very much.

TOOHEY: Ah, young love. Spring and dawn and drugstore
chocolates--I think it's lovely! And you couldn't have
made a better choice. She's the kind for whom the world
is lost--the world with all its problems and its...
(w cruel emphasis) opportunities for greatness...
of course, I understand. Man has always insisted on
making an ass of himself. Oh, come now, we must never
lose our sense of humor. Why aside from Adam and Eve
it's the greatest story ever told--Mickey and Minnie
Mouse. (He laughs w pleasure.)

NARRATOR: After Roark's departure, Dominique's return to
New York had become a necessity. But while the streets
and the buildings had once soothed her, now they only
reminded her that he--he--was lost in the crowd--
a nameless worker, doing some nameless job--shared with
the entire city.

When her vacation ended, she showed up at the Banner.

DOMINIQUE: I just came to tell you I'm quitting, Alvah.

ALVAH: Why?

DOMINIQUE: I'm not quitting. I just wanted to see what
you'd say.

ALVAH: Whew!

TOOHEY: Hello, Dominique. Heard you're back.

DOMINIQUE: So it seems.

3700 TOOHEY: I've always had the feeling you would walk out
3701 on us some morning.

3702 DOMINIQUE: The feeling? Or the hope?

3703 TOOHEY: Oh, you're wrong there.

3704 DOMINIQUE: I don't fit, do I, Ellsworth?

3705 TOOHEY: I could say: into what? But let's just say that
3706 people who don't fit have their uses also.

3707 DOMINIQUE: Not exactly a compliment.

3708 TOOHEY: But not the sign of an enemy either.

3709 DOMINIQUE: Now, look at this!

3710 NARRATOR: She handed him a folded newspaper featuring a
3711 drawing of the Enright House.

3712 TOOHEY: As independent as an insult, isn't it?

3713 (A flurry of typewriter keys.)

3714 DOMINIQUE (her column): A man who can create a thing as
3715 beautiful as this should never have allowed it to be
3716 built. Why--so that men will spit on his stairways and
3717 draw dirty pictures on his walls? He's defiled his own
3718 work by the first word you'll utter about it. You'll be
3719 committing only a little indecent; he's committing a
3720 sacrilege.

3721 NARRATOR: Later, at Toohey's Architects Club...

3722 TOOHEY: Of all the crafts, yours is the most important.
3723 Not in the amount of money you might make, nor in the
3724 degree of artistic skill you may exhibit, but in the
3725 service you render to your fellow man. You are the
3726 providers of mankind's shelter. Remember this--and look
3727 to our cities, our slums, to realize the gigantic task
3728 awaiting you. You are not hired lackeys of the rich
3729 but crusaders for the underprivileged--and unsheltered.
3730 Let us stand united in this spirit--and be faithful to
3731 this new and nobler dream.

3732 (Enthusiastic applause.)

3733 TOOHEY (surprised to see her): Oh, Dominique. I'm
3734 flattered. Had I known you were interested, I'd have
3735 sent you an invitation.

3736 DOMINIQUE: Never underestimate a writer's instinct
3737 for a scoop.

3738 PETER (tongue in cheek): Are you haranguing this
3739 poor man?

3740 TOOHEY: You know Mr. Keating, of course.

3741 DOMINIQUE: Oh, yes. Peter was in love with me once.

3742 PETER: Aren't you using the wrong tense?

3743 TOOHEY: You mustn't take Dominique seriously.
3744 Would you care to join our little group, Dominique?
3745 Your qualifications make you eminently eligible.

3746 DOMINIQUE: No, I don't hate you enough to do that.

3747 PETER: Why do you disapprove of it?

3748 DOMINIQUE: Whatever gave you that idea? I think it's
3749 just what we need--and deserve. (Brief pause.) By the
3750 way, why didn't you invite the man who designed the
3751 Enright House--what's his name--Howard Roark?

3752 TOOHEY: I've never had the pleasure of meeting
3753 Mr. Roark.

3754 PETER: Do you know him?

3755 DOMINIQUE: I've never met him in my life. I've only seen
3756 a sketch of the Enright House.

3757 PETER: What do you think of it?

3758 DOMINIQUE: I don't.

3759 NARRATOR: In the car on the way home...

3760 PETER: You've changed, Dominique. I don't know exactly
3761 how--but you've changed.

3762 DOMINIQUE: Have I?

3763 PETER (whispers involuntarily): Who was he?

3764 NARRATOR: She spun around to face him.

3765 DOMINIQUE: A workman in a granite quarry.

3766 PETER (laughs): Serves me right. One shouldn't suspect
3767 the impossible.

3768 DOMINIQUE: Isn't it strange? It was you I thought
3769 I could make myself want--once.

PETER: You did want me, Dominique.

DOMINIQUE: I thought I could never want anything--and you suited that so well.

PETER: I don't know what you're saying. Only know that I love you and won't let you disappear again. Now that you're back...

DOMINIQUE: ...I don't wish to see you again. Oh, I'll see you when we run into each other--but don't call on me--don't come to see me. I'm not trying to offend you, Peter--you've done nothing to make me angry. You're just everything I despise--and I don't want to remember how much I despise it. If I let myself remember--I'll return to it. Try to understand--you're not the worst of the world, you're its best. That's what's frightening. That's why I'm saying this now because, if I ever come back to you, don't let me come. I'm warning you.

PETER (coldly furious): What are you talking about?

DOMINIQUE: It doesn't matter.

PETER: I'll never give up, you know.

DOMINIQUE: All right, Peter. (Brief pause) You know this is really the only time I've actually been kind to you.

HELLER: You're unbearable when you're working, Howard.

NARRATOR: Roark was bent over a drawing in his new office.

HELLER: Tension's contagious you know.

ROARK: Tension? I feel completely natural only when I'm working.

HELLER: That's it! You're completely natural only when you're an inch from bursting into pieces. It's only a building, Howard. It's not some combination of holy sacrament, Indian torture and sexual ecstasy.

ROARK: Isn't it?

NARRATOR: Roark didn't think of Dominique often, but when he did, the feeling was strong. He wanted her, he knew where to find her, but wanted her to come to him.

HELLER: Listen, Howard, I know you hate that sort of thing but that infernal pest Kiki Holcombe demands I bring you. It spoils her reputation to have a building

3808 like the Enright go up and not be able to display its
3809 architect. She collects them, you know. Anyway, she
3810 insisted I bring you and she got a promise out of me
3811 I would.

3812 ROARK: What for?

3813 HELLER: Well, for starters she's going to have Enright's
3814 pal Sutton there. Try--if it kills you--to be nice to
3815 him. He's practically decided to give you that building,
3816 from what I hear. He's got a lot of others after him and
3817 they'll all be there. I want you there. I want you to
3818 get that building. I don't want to hear anything about
3819 granite quarries for the next ten years. I don't like
3820 granite quarries.

3821 ROARK: Hm.

3822 HELLER: It might even amuse you. You'll see a lot of
3823 your old friends: Peter Keating, Guy Francon and his
3824 daughter--you should meet his daughter. Have you read
3825 her stuff?

3826 ROARK (abruptly): I'll go.

3827 HELLER: Well...I won't argue. You do own a tux?

3828 TOOHEY: There is nothing as useless, my dear Kiki, as a
3829 rich woman who makes herself a profession of
3830 entertaining. But then, all useless things have charm.

3831 KIKI: You say disgusting things, Ellsworth. I don't know
3832 why I keep on inviting you.

3833 TOOHEY: Saying disgusting things is precisely why, my
3834 dear.

3835 PETER (beaming): Isn't this a wonderful evening,
3836 Ellsworth?

3837 TOOHEY: Happy, are you, Peter? You're quite the
3838 sensation tonight. Though there's someone here who seems
3839 to be ignoring you quite flagrantly. (Brief pause.)
3840 Oh, well, I've always had the idea it would take an
3841 extraordinary kind of man to attract Dominique Francon.
3842 So, of course, I thought of another man than you.

3843 PETER (snaps): No one's got her yet.

3844 KIKI: Oh, Mr. Roark! I've heard so much about you!
3845 I must warn you my husband doesn't approve of you--
3846 purely on artistic grounds, you understand--but don't

let that worry you, you have an ally in this household,
an enthusiastic ally!

ROARK: That's kind of you, Mrs. Holcombe.

KIKI: Oh, I adore your Enright House! Of course I can't
say it represents my own aesthetic, but people of
culture must be broad-minded, don't you think?

ROARK: I don't know--I've never been broadminded.

KIKI: Well, we've all been so interested in your work.
Your first building?

ROARK: My fifth.

KIKI: Indeed. How interesting...

NARRATOR: She turned to greet a new arrival.

HELLER: Who shall we meet first? There's Dominique
Francon staring at us--come on. (Brief pause.)
Miss Francon, may I present Howard Roark.

DOMINIQUE (covering up shock): How do you do, Mr. Roark.

ROARK: Miss Francon.

DOMINIQUE: The Enright House...

ROARK: Yes.

DOMINIQUE: I know Mr. Enright. He's a friend of my
father.

ROARK: Is he now?

DOMINIQUE: I remember once Father invited him to dinner.
It was a miserable dinner. Father's considered a
brilliant conversationalist, but he couldn't bring a
sound out of Mr. Enright. One must know Father to
realize what a defeat it was for him.

ROARK: I once worked for your father--a few years ago,
as a draftsman.

DOMINIQUE: Ah, then you know. I think Mr. Enright liked
me though, but he's never forgiven me for working on a
Wynand paper.

NARRATOR: Kiki took hold of Heller and led him away.

ROARK: Mr. Enright reads every paper in town. They're
all brought to his office--with the editorial pages

cut out. Heller, on the other hand, never reads anything but editorials.

DOMINIQUE: What does Mr. Heller do for a living?

ROARK: Oh, he knows many people. (Verbal smile.)

SUTTON (frat boyish): There he is! Listen, kid, it's all settled. You're it. Now don't squeeze the last pennies out of me! You're a smart boy--snared ol' Enright, didn't you? I'll give you a ring in a few days and we'll have a dogfight over the contract!

NARRATOR: When Roark began to speak of the building, Sutton looked hurt. He hadn't come to speak of architecture but of badminton.

SUTTON: You do play, don't you?

ROARK: No.

SUTTON: You don't? I thought for sure with that lanky frame of yours you'd be a wow--that we'd beat the pants off of ol' Tompkins while the building's bein' put up.

ROARK: While the building's being put up, I won't have time to play.

SUTTON: What d'you mean, won't have time? What've you got draftsmen for? Hire a couple extra, let them worry, I'll be payin' ya enough. (Brief pause.) Darn, I thought sure...The guy who did my building on Canal Street was a whiz at badminton.

ROARK: Mr. Sutton, what are you actually hiring me for?

SUTTON: Why, to do a building of course.

ROARK: Do you really think it would be a better building if I played badminton?

SUTTON: Look--there's business and there's fun. (Brief pause.) Oh, I don't mind, still I thought with your tall frame...but all right, all right, we can't have everything...

NARRATOR: When Sutton had left...

PETER: You didn't handle that very well.

ROARK: What?

PETER: I'd have sworn I'd played badminton since I was two years old and how it's the game of kings and it

3919 takes a man of rare distinction to appreciate it--
3920 and by the time he put me to the test I'd have made it
3921 my business to play like a king, too. What would it've
3922 cost you?

3923 ROARK: I didn't think of it.

3924 PETER: Always be what people want you to be.

3925 ROARK: Hm.

3926 PETER: You're wearing a tuxedo. What are you--growing
3927 up, Howard?

3928 ROARK: You're drunk, Peter.

3929 PETER: Yes, but not on booze--haven't touched a drop all
3930 night. I'm drunk on...oh, you'll never learn, it's not
3931 for you, and that's also what I'm drunk on. You know,
3932 Howard, I love you. I really do. Especially tonight.

3933 NARRATOR: Roark smiled and didn't look at Dominique
3934 for the rest of the evening.

3935 She watched him--and those who stopped and spoke to him.
3936 He knew this was harder for her than his missing face at
3937 the quarry.

3938 TOOHEY: Who is that man?

3939 KIKI: Why, Howard Roark, of course.

3940 TOOHEY: Oh.

3941 KIKI: Would you care to meet him?

3942 TOOHEY: Why, no, dear madam, I would not.

3943 KIKI: Well!

3944 NARRATOR: After Roark left, Dominique too moved to
3945 leave.

3946 KIKI: My dear, what did you think of that new one I saw
3947 you talking to, that Howard Roark?

3948 DOMINIQUE: I think he's the most revolting person I've
3949 ever met.

3950 KIKI: Oh, really?

3951 DOMINIQUE: The arrogance... I don't know what one could
3952 say for him, except that he's terribly good-looking, as
3953 if that matters.

3954 KIKI: Good-looking! Why, my dear, he's not good-looking
3955 at all, just extremely masculine.

3956 TOOHEY: You seem astonished, Dominique dear.

3957 DOMINIQUE (defensive): About what?

3958 TOOHEY: Oh, it's just interesting what sort of thing
3959 appears good-looking to someone.

3960 DOMINIQUE: I don't know what you're talking about.

3961 KIKI: What kind of conversation is this?

3962 DOMINIQUE: Someday, Ellsworth, you'll make a mistake.

3963 TOOHEY: Quite possibly. But I suspect you, my dear, have
3964 made yours already.

3965 (Flurry of typewriter keys.)

3966 DOMINIQUE (her column):...And there--between a row of
3967 tenements and a filling-station--stands the totemic
3968 Enright House, a monument to nothing but the egotism of
3969 Howard Roark. No other setting could bring out so
3970 eloquently the essential insolence of the building--and
3971 of its designer.

3972 TOOHEY: Very nice. But where did you meet Roark before
3973 the party?

3974 DOMINIQUE: I never met Roark before the party.

3975 TOOHEY: Must be my mistake.

3976 DOMINIQUE: I didn't like him--when I met him.

3977 TOOHEY: You realize, Dominique, that it's not very well
3978 done?

3979 DOMINIQUE: What do you mean?

3980 TOOHEY: Many will read between the lines. He for
3981 instance. And I.

3982 DOMINIQUE: I didn't write it for him. Or you.

3983 TOOHEY: Whatever you need to tell yourself.

3984 DOMINIQUE: What about you? What are you going to write
3985 about it?

3986 TOOHEY: Nothing.

3987 DOMINIQUE: Nothing?

3988 TOOHEY: That's right. Speaking of architecture,
3989 why haven't you written about the Cosmo Building?

3990 DOMINIQUE: Is it worth writing about?

3991 TOOHEY: There are people that would annoy very much.

3992 DOMINIQUE: I thought you adored Peter Keating.

3993 TOOHEY: I do. You can learn from him many interesting
3994 things. That he went to Stanton, for instance.

3995 DOMINIQUE: I knew that.

3996 TOOHEY: Interesting, isn't it? Some graduated with
3997 honors--others were expelled.

3998 DOMINIQUE: So?

3999 TOOHEY: You obviously didn't know Roark went to Stanton.

4000 DOMINIQUE: I don't know anything about Mr. Roark.
4001 We weren't discussing him.

4002 TOOHEY (skewers her): Weren't we?

4003 (Telephone rings. Receiver lifted.)

4004 SUTTON: Dominique, did you really mean all that?

4005 DOMINIQUE: Who is this?

4006 SUTTON: Sutton here.

4007 DOMINIQUE: Mr. Sutton, I...did I mean what?

4008 SUTTON: All that about the Enright House and that fellow
4009 Roark. Because you see we're all set to go ahead on my
4010 building and it's quite a bit of money and, well...I've
4011 always trusted you, Dominique.

4012 DOMINIQUE: Yes, I know. (Pause.) Yes, I did mean it,
4013 Mr. Sutton. Every word.

4014 SUTTON: I'm sorry, Mr. Roark, I hope you can understand.
4015 Mr. Keating has a much better name and he's got that
4016 popular touch which you haven't been able to achieve.

4017 ROARK: I see.

4018 SUTTON: As a matter of fact, I had decided on you but
4019 it was Dominique Francon, whose judgement I value, who
4020 convinced me otherwise.

4021 ROARK: Dominique Francon you say?

SUTTON: Yes.

ROARK (laughs):

SUTTON: Why on earth are you laughing, Mr. Roark?

NARRATOR: Later, in Roark's room...

(Door Knock.)

ROARK: Come in.

(Door Open/Close.)

DOMINIQUE: Surprised to see me?

ROARK: No. I expected you. (Pause.) What do you want?

DOMINIQUE: You know what I want.

ROARK: Yes. But I want to hear you say it.

DOMINIQUE (precise, efficient): If you wish. I want to sleep with you. Now, tonight, and at any time you want to have me. I want your naked body, your skin, your mouth, your hands. I want you like an animal, or a cat on a fence, or a whore. (Pause.) You know I hate you, Roark. I hate you for what you are, for wanting you, for you wanting me. I'm going to fight you --and I'm going to destroy you--and I'm going to pray that you can't be destroyed--even though I believe in nothing and have nothing to pray to. But I will fight to block every step you take, tear everything you want away from you, hurt you through the only thing that can hurt you--through your work. I will fight to starve you, to strangle you on things you thought were in your grasp. I've done it to you today--and that's why I'll sleep with you now. (Pause) You wanted to hear it--you've heard it. (With derision) Well?

ROARK: Take off your clothes.

NARRATOR: Afterwards, they lay in Roark's bed.

DOMINIQUE: Roark, why were you working in that quarry?

ROARK: You know why.

DOMINIQUE: Anyone else would have taken a job in an architect's office.

ROARK: Then you'd have no desire to destroy me.

DOMINIQUE: Do you know that the Enright House is the most beautiful building in New York?

ROARK: I know that you think so.

DOMINIQUE: You worked in the quarry when you had the Enright House in you.

ROARK: You're going to weaken in a moment, Dominique, and then you'll regret it later.

DOMINIQUE: Yes.

ROARK: You're very lovely, Dominique.

DOMINIQUE: Roark, I...I still want to destroy you.

ROARK: You think I'd want you if you didn't?

DOMINIQUE (passionately): Roark...

NARRATOR: A few days later, at Dominique's...

TOOHEY: We don't see you much in the office these days, so I thought I'd come to you. (Brief pause.) Not bad, not bad. Just as I'd expect. A little cold. Except for that bit of orange there--just like Mr. Roark's hair.

DOMINIQUE: What do you want, Ellsworth?

TOOHEY: That's the trouble with your written style, too--too many question marks. Let's drop the interrogation, shall we?

DOMINIQUE: All right. Talk.

TOOHEY: How many commissions have you landed for Peter in the last three months?

DOMINIQUE: Four.

TOOHEY: That's interesting, I missed one. I counted three.

DOMINIQUE: If you came here to give me a pep talk about your Petey--it wasn't necessary.

TOOHEY: You're wrong--on both counts: your assumption I wish to help Peter--and that I came here to talk about him. You know perfectly well who I came here to talk about. But since we're on the subject of Peter, it is rather a coincidence he happens to be your father's partner.

DOMINIQUE: So what?

4093 TOOHEY: Now, a daughter working her head off to secure
4094 commissions for her father--there's nothing more
4095 natural. Except you're not exactly the natural type, are
4096 you, Dominique dear?

4097 DOMINIQUE: Why don't you just say it--I'm a bitch.

4098 TOOHEY: Oh, don't fool yourself--you're much worse than
4099 a bitch. You're a saint. And saints are dangerous.
4100 (Pause.) No, I'd like to give you a hint--if you care to
4101 take it.

4102 DOMINIQUE: Why should I?

4103 TOOHEY: Those commissions you got for Peter...We would
4104 appear to have a common enemy.

4105 DOMINIQUE: Do we?

4106 TOOHEY: I can hurt your Mr. Roark much better than any
4107 phone call you can make?

4108 DOMINIQUE: What for?

4109 TOOHEY: Let's just say I don't inquire into your reason,
4110 and you don't inquire into mine.

4111 DOMINIQUE: All right.

4112 TOOHEY: By the way, you slipped up on the Norris country
4113 house--he got that one last week. But Colton--of the
4114 California pottery Colton's--is planning a branch
4115 factory here--and he's considering Roark.

4116 DOMINIQUE: I see.

4117 DOMINIQUE (Ph.): Yes, Mr. Holt, I think Peter Keating is
4118 the man of the century...No, Mr. Inskip, not Howard
4119 Roark, you don't want Howard Roark.... You've met
4120 Mr. Roark, Mrs. Jones? And you didn't like him?...
4121 Oh, I'd say anyone we can't feel sorry for is a
4122 vicious person, Mr. Smith. Like Howard Roark.

4123 NARRATOR: Late at night, she came to Howard's room and
4124 removed her fancy clothes.

4125 DOMINIQUE: I made Mr. Symons promise his job to Peter
4126 today. Thirty-five floors and money's no object.

4127 ROARK (soft chuckle):

4128 DOMINIQUE: What's this here? The Banner? (reading)
4129 "Howard Roark is the Marquis de Sade of architecture.

He's in love with his buildings--and look at them."

(Pause) Did you want the Colton factory badly.

ROARK: You know I did.

NARRATOR: Once she came in and found him working.

ROARK: I've got to finish this. Sit down.

NARRATOR: Later on...

DOMINIQUE: Roark, everything I've done all my life is because it's the kind of world that made you work in a quarry.

ROARK: I know.

DOMINIQUE: And, when you were jobless and broke, I would have sent you precisely to that particular job in that particular quarry.

ROARK (chuckles): You'd have had me as washroom attendant in the clubhouse of the Architects Guild.
(laughter)

DOMINIQUE (laughter):

GUS WEBB (Southern drawl): Roark. You know--the guy Dominique Francon can't stand the guts of.

PRESCOTT: God, those two must hate each other! Though from what I understand, they haven't even met.

HELLER (angry): What in the hell do you think you're doing, Dominique? This is the greatest exhibition of journalistic hooliganism I've ever seen in print.
Why don't you leave that sort of thing to Toohey?

DOMINIQUE: Ellsworth is good, isn't he?

HELLER: At least he has the decency to keep his mouth shut about Roark--though of course that too is an indecentcy. But what's happened to you? It's one thing to behave like a tramp to emphasize the mediocrity of those you have to write about. But I didn't think you were just a reckless bitch.

DOMINIQUE: You're wrong.

ENRIGHT: Get your hat, Dominique. You're coming with me to see it.

DOMINIQUE: See what?

ENRIGHT: The Enright House.

NARRATOR: In the back of the limousine...

DOMINIQUE: What's the matter, Mr. Enright, trying to bribe me?

ENRIGHT: I can understand stupid malice. I can understand ignorant malice. But I can't understand deliberate rottenness. (Pause.) You are free, afterward, to write anything you wish. But it won't be stupid and it won't be ignorant.

DOMINIQUE: You overestimate me, Mr. Enright.

NARRATOR: They rode up in an elevator through the skeleton of the building.

DOMINIQUE: Oh, Mr. Enright!

ENRIGHT: I didn't overestimate you or the building.

(Elevator reaches its highest point and stops.)

ROARK: Good morning.

ENRIGHT: Miss Francon--Mr. Roark.

DOMINIQUE: We've met. At the Holcombe's.

ROARK: Of course, Miss Francon.

ENRIGHT: I wanted Dominique to see it.

ROARK: Shall I show you around?

DOMINIQUE: Please.

NARRATOR: She dutifully asked questions and he answered.

DOMINIQUE: How many cubic feet of space, Mr. Roark?...
How many tons of steel?

ROARK: Careful of these pipes, Miss Francon.

ENRIGHT: How's it going, Howard?

ROARK (smiling): Two days ahead of schedule.

NARRATOR: They forgot her for a moment, and she stood there taking in what she couldn't get in their nights in his room.

ROARK: Are you tired, Mrs. Francon?

DOMINIQUE: Not at all. I was just thinking--what kind of fixtures are you going to use here?

NARRATOR: A few days later, in his room, she saw a folded copy of the Banner on his drafting table.

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

DOMINIQUE (her column): I have visited the site of the Enright House. I wish that in some future air raid a bomb would blast this house out of existence. So much better than to see it growing old and soot stained, degraded by the family photographs, dirty socks, cocktail shakers and grapefruit rinds of its inhabitants. There's not a person in New York City who should be allowed to live in this building.

ROARK: You have Enright completely bewildered.

DOMINIQUE: Has he read it?

ROARK: Of course. I was in his office. He called you some names I've never heard before. Then he said: Wait a minute, if you read it another way...

DOMINIQUE: What did you say?

ROARK: Dominique, I'm very grateful but...when are you going to stop handing me all that extravagant praise? Someone might get it.

DOMINIQUE: Who will get it? (Brief pause.) Unless it's... Roark, what do you think of Ellsworth Toohey.

ROARK: I don't.

GUY FRANCON: How did you do it, Peter? How did you do it? She must be crazy about you! Who'd ever think that Dominique of all people...? Why, she'd have made me a millionaire if she'd done her stuff five years ago. But then, of course, a father is not the same inspiration as...well...as her man, shall we say?

PETER (sighs): Please, Guy, we mustn't...

GUY FRANCON: I know, I know. We mustn't be premature. But hell, Peter, isn't it as public as an engagement? More so. And louder. (Pause) And I'm glad, Peter. That's what I wanted. It makes me happy. I know I'll be leaving her in good hands. Her and everything else eventually...

PETER: Look, will you forgive me? I'm so terribly rushed--had two hours sleep last night, the Colton factory, Jesus, what a job!--thanks to Dominique--it's a killer, but wait till you see it! Wait till you see the check, too!

NARRATOR: As he left, Peter thought bitterly...

PETER: I'm the only man in New York City who doesn't think Dominique Francon is in love with me.

NARRATOR: One day he spotted her by chance alone in a restaurant...

PETER: Dominique, why have you been refusing to see me?

DOMINIQUE: What should I have wanted to see you for?

PETER (involuntarily): Good Lord! (correcting)
Well, don't you think you owed me a chance to thank you.

DOMINIQUE: You've thanked me--many times.

PETER: Didn't you think I'd be a little...bewildered?

DOMINIQUE: I hadn't thought of it.

PETER: Well?

DOMINIQUE: Well what?

PETER: What are you up to?

DOMINIQUE: About fifty thousand dollars, I should think.

PETER: You're being nasty.

DOMINIQUE: Want me to stop?

PETER: Oh no! That is, not...

DOMINIQUE:...the commissions--fine. So we're in perfect agreement.

PETER: That's not the word for what I... Look, I'm bowled over. I don't know what to do with myself.

DOMINIQUE: Fine. Now you've thanked me.

PETER: I never flattered myself you thought much of my work. But then you...That's what makes me so happy and...Dominique, do you really think I'm a great architect?

DOMINIQUE: Peter...if people heard you asking that, of me, they'd laugh.

PETER: I know. But do you really mean them, all those things you say about me?

DOMINIQUE: They work.

PETER: But is that why you picked me? Because you think I'm good.

DOMINIQUE: You sell like hot cakes, Peter.

PETER: But I'd like to hear you say, just once, that I...

DOMINIQUE: I've got to run, Peter. You'll probably hear from Mrs. Lonsdale soon. Remember she's a prohibitionist, loves dogs, hates women who smoke, and believes in reincarnation. She wants her house to be better than Mrs. Purdee's so if you tell her Mrs. Purdee's house looks ostentatious--and that true simplicity costs much more money--you'll get along fine. You might discuss needlepoint too. That's her hobby.

NARRATOR: No ribbon was cut for the Enright House--but Enright invited a few people he liked and unlocked the glass door. Some press were there but Enright ignored them.

A Banner photographer noticed Roark standing alone looking up at the building, and snapped a picture.

(Camera Flash.)

ALVAH: Who the hell's that?

PHOTOG: The architect.

ALVAH: Who wants a picture of the architect? Besides, he looks crazy--what's the matter with the man?

NARRATOR: The Enright House rented promptly and those who moved in loved it. But...

WOMAN #1: My dear, imagine inviting guests if you lived in a place like that! (Brief pause) Now I rather like modern architecture, but this is not like that at all. This is a freak.

NARRATOR: But clients came to Roark--the few he wanted.

He didn't smile at his draftsmen, take them out for drinks, or inquire about their families. He responded only to their creative capacity. One had to be competent

to work for Roark. It bred a feeling of self-respect in every man in the office.

When she wasn't driving alone to see the Heller House or the filling station, Dominique stayed in the city all summer.

DOMINIQUE: Kiss my hand, Roark.

ROARK: No, I think I'll kiss your ankle.

DOMINIQUE (after a pause): Do you need me, Roark?

ROARK: Don't you see I go insane when I see you? Why do you want to know whether you own me?

NARRATOR: One day a man named Lansing, a member of a corporate board, came to see Roark about building a hotel.

ROARK: I won't tell you how much I'd love to do it--but there's no chance of my getting it. No board's ever hired me--and I don't think one ever will.

LANSING: Have you ever known a board to do anything?

ROARK: In my case, they do plenty.

LANSING: But do they? Really? I say boards don't exist.

ROARK: I'd like to believe you--but what's the gag?

LANSING: See a board is one or two ambitious men--and a lot of ballast. Groups of men are vacuums. Great big empty nothings. Hell, sit at any committee meeting. The point is: who fills that vacuum. (Brief pause.) Don't look at me like that--you've fought a vacuum all your life.

ROARK: I'm looking at you like that because I like you.

LANSING: Of course you like me. We're brothers. But I talk too much. That's why I'm a good salesman. And I say you're going to build the Aquitania!

NARRATOR: The battle lasted for weeks...

ROARK: Why are you fighting for me like that?

LANSING: Why are you a good architect? Because you have standards, and they're your own, and you stand by them. I want a good hotel, and I have standards of my own. So when I fight for you, I'm doing what you're doing when you design a building. Integrity is the ability to

stand by an idea. That means you have to think.
And thinking is something one can't borrow or pawn.
(Pause.) Don't worry, they're all against me. But I have
one advantage: they don't know what they want. I do.

NARRATOR: Roark signed a contract to build the
Aquitania.

TOOHEY: Well, Dominique...in the four years we've worked
in the same building, this is the first time you've
entered my office. This is an occasion.

DOMINIQUE: Do you really find it necessary to ask what
brought me here? Why it's there on your desk. Open at
the real estate page, too.

TOOHEY: You sound like that little piece of news made
you happy.

DOMINIQUE (smiling): It does.

TOOHEY: But I thought you worked hard to prevent that
contract.

DOMINIQUE: I did.

TOOHEY: But you're happy Roark got it?

DOMINIQUE: So happy I could sleep with this Lansing,
whoever he is.

TOOHEY: Then the pact is off?

DOMINIQUE: By no means. I'm cinching a beautiful new
hospital for Peter at a dinner party tonight. But it's
not easy. He's beating us, Ellsworth. What if we were
wrong about the world, you and I?

NARRATOR: A rich old man worth twenty million dollars
wished to build an interdenominational temple.

Ellsworth Toohy, whose advice the man took religiously,
advised him against it.

TOOHEY: You need a worthy memorial to your great name
and generosity: The Hopton Stoddard Home for Disabled
Children.

NARRATOR: But the rich old man would have none of it.

STODDARD: No, Ellsworth, it's not right, not right.

NARRATOR: The matter was left unsettled--until one evening Toohey came to see the rich old man in his apartment.

TOOHEY: Hopton, I was wrong. You were right about that temple.

STODDARD (aghast): I was?

TOOHEY: Yes...Nothing else would be fitting. You must build it--a Temple of the Human Spirit.

STODDARD (misty): You think so, Ellsworth?

TOOHEY: I know so. And you must build it in the best way possible.

STODDARD: Of course. You'll help me, won't you, Ellsworth?

TOOHEY: I will.

STODDARD: What would I do without you?

TOOHEY: Now, first of all, the architect. That's very important.

STODDARD: Yes, indeed.

TOOHEY: You don't want one of those satin-lined commercial boys with the dollar signs all over 'em. You want a man who believes in his work as--as you believe in God.

STODDARD: Yes, that's right--that's right.

TOOHEY: You must have Howard Roark.

STODDARD: Howard who?

TOOHEY: Roark.

STODDARD: Who's he?

TOOHEY: He's the man who's going to build the Temple of the Human Spirit.

STODDARD: But is he any good?

TOOHEY: He's the best.

STODDARD: Oh!

TOOHEY: But he's difficult to get. He doesn't work except on certain conditions. You must give him complete freedom. Tell him what you want and how much you want to

spend--and leave the rest to him. (Brief pause) Tell him you know nothing about architecture and that you chose him because you felt he was the only one you could trust to do it right without advice or interference.

STODDARD: If you vouch for him.

TOOHEY: I do.

STODDARD: That's fine. And I don't care how much it costs me.

TOOHEY: Now, you must be careful how you approach him. He'll tell you he doesn't believe in God.

STODDARD (stunned): What?

TOOHEY: Don't believe him. He's a profoundly religious man--in his way. You can see it in his buildings.

STODDARD: Oh.

TOOHEY: But he doesn't belong to any established church, so you won't appear partial. You won't offend anyone.

STODDARD: That's good.

TOOHEY: Don't wait to see his drawings. They'll take some time--and you mustn't delay your trip. Just hire him--don't sign a contract, it's not necessary--make arrangements for your bank to take care of the financial end and let him do the rest. You don't have to pay him his fee until you return. In a year or so, when you come back after seeing all those great temples, you'll have a better one of your own, waiting right here.

STODDARD: That's just what I wanted.

TOOHEY: Now, do you know of any great event that's not accompanied by a good publicity campaign?

STODDARD (unsure): Publicity?

TOOHEY (expansive): Yes, one great fanfare. Like a bast on Gabriel's horn.

STODDARD: That's beautiful, the way you put it.

TOOHEY: You mustn't allow the newspapers to dissipate your fanfare by dribbling out premature stories. You mustn't release the drawings of the temple. Tell Roark you want them kept secret. Have the

4451 contractor put up a solid fence all around the site.
4452 No one's to know what it's like until you come back and
4453 preside at the unveiling in person. Then--pictures in
4454 every damn paper in the country!

4455 STODDARD: Ellsworth, your language!

4456 TOOHEY: I beg your pardon. Meantime, keep the public
4457 interested by hiring a good press agent--I'll give you a
4458 name. They'll see to it there's something about the
4459 mysterious Stoddard Temple in the papers every so often--
4460 keep 'em waiting. They'll be good and ready when the
4461 time comes.

4462 STODDARD: Right.

4463 TOOHEY: But, above all, don't let Roark know I
4464 recommended him. Don't breathe a word to anyone about my
4465 having anything to do with it. Not a soul. Swear it.

4466 STODDARD: But why?

4467 TOOHEY: Because I have too many friends who are
4468 architects, and it's such an important commission, and I
4469 don't want to hurt anybody's feelings.

4470 STODDARD: Yes, that's true.

4471 TOOHEY: Swear it.

4472 STODDARD: Oh, Ellsworth!

4473 TOOHEY: Swear it. On your soul.

4474 STODDARD: I swear it.

4475 NARRATOR: The next day...

4476 TOOHEY: Do you remember Hopton Stoddard and that all-
4477 faith temple he's been talking about for years?

4478 DOMINIQUE: Vaguely.

4479 TOOHEY: Well, he's going to build it.

4480 DOMINIQUE: Is he?

4481 TOOHEY: And he's giving the job to Howard Roark.

4482 DOMINIQUE: No!

4483 TOOHEY: Yes!

4484 DOMINIQUE: Well, I guess I'll have to work on him.

TOOHEY: No, you lay off. I told him to give it to him.
(Brief pause.) I wanted you to know that I did it, so
there won't be any tactical contradictions. No one else
knows or is to know. I trust you remember that.

DOMINIQUE (smiling): What are you after?

TOOHEY: I'm going to make him...infamous.

ROARK: Mr. Stoddard, I'm afraid you've made a mistake.
I don't think I'm the man you want. It wouldn't be right
for me to undertake it. I don't believe in God.

STODDARD: That doesn't matter. You're a profoundly
religious man, Mr. Roark--in your own way. I can see
that in your buildings.

ROARK (long pause; almost a whisper): That's true.

NARRATOR: Later, at Roark's office...

DOMINIQUE: Well...

ROARK: I knew you'd come here someday.

DOMINIQUE: What's that?

ROARK: Clay.

DOMINIQUE: The Aquitania?

ROARK: Yes.

DOMINIQUE: Do you always do that?

ROARK: Not always. But there's a hard problem here.
This will probably be my favorite building--it's so
difficult.

NARRATOR: A moment later, he had forgotten her presence.
She sat watching his hands. It was as if they were
moving over the body of another woman. She leaned
against the wall, weak with pleasure.

When the first sketches of Stoddard's Temple were
finished...

ROARK: Get me Mallory!

SECRETARY ROARK: Mallory, Mr. Roark? You mean the
sculptor who took a shot at Gail Wynand?

ROARK: That's the one.

NARRATOR: For two days, the secretary phoned around but couldn't find a phone number for Mallory, only an address.

(Apartment buzzer pressed.)

MALLORY (drunk): What do you want?

ROARK: I'd like to see you about a commission, Mr. Mallory.

MALLORY (after a pause): Which building?

ROARK: The Stoddard Temple. You may have heard.

MALLORY: I heard. Roark, ain't it?

ROARK: That's right.

(Front door buzzed open.)

MALLORY: You must be pretty hard up to come runnin' after a sculptor. That ain't the way it's done. The way it's done is: You make me come to your office, and the first time I come you're not there, see. The second time you keep me waitin' an hour an' a half, then you come out to reception and shake hands and ask me whether I know the Wilsons of Podunk and say how nice we have mutual friends, but you're in an awful hurry an' you'll call me for lunch. Then, two months later, you tell me I've got the job. Then you tell me you're sorry but you've hired Bob Bronson and he does the job. That's the way it's done.

ROARK: Not this time.

MALLORY: So, you're Howard Roark. I like your buildings. That's the only reason I let you in.

ROARK: Listen, I want you to do a statue for the Stoddard Temple. Get me some paper and I'll write you a contract right now, stating that I'll owe you a million dollars damages if I hire another sculptor--or if your work's not used.

MALLORY: You can speak normal. I'm not drunk. Not all the way.

ROARK: Well?

MALLORY: Why me?

ROARK: Because you're a good sculptor.

MALLORY: That's not why. Who asked ya to hire me?

ROARK: Nobody.

MALLORY: Stuck on your budget, are ya?

ROARK: The budget's unlimited.

MALLORY: Feel sorry for me, do ya? Because I'm Black?

ROARK: No. Why should I?

MALLORY: Wanna get publicity out me shootin' at Wynand?

ROARK: Good God, no!

MALLORY: Well, what then?

ROARK: I like your work.

MALLORY: All right, ya like my work. What's the real reason?

ROARK: I like your work.

MALLORY: You mean ya saw the things I've done, and you--yourself--alone--without anyone tellin' ya you should like 'em--without knowin' anything about me or givin' a damn--only cuz of the things I've done--and only cuz of that, ya decided to hire me, and ya went to the trouble of findin' me and comin' here, and bein' insulted--only cuz what ya saw made me important to ya, made ya want me? Is that what ya mean?

ROARK: That's right.

MALLORY: Naw. (Pause) Listen...I won't be mad at ya. I just wanna know. Al'right, I see you is set on me workin' for ya, and ya know you can get me, for anything you say, ya don't have to sign any million dollar contract, look at this room, ya know ya got me, so why don't ya tell me the truth? It won't make any difference to ya--but it's important to me.

ROARK: What's important to you?

MALLORY: Al'right. Let's say I go through it again. I jus' don't wanna think ever again I'm workin' for somebody who likes my work. That, I couldn't go through. Jus' tell me, I'll feel calmer. Really.

ROARK: What have they done to you, kid?

4591 MALLORY (roars): Cuz... (his voice breaking)...cuz...
4592 (in a flat whisper)...I've spent two years in this room
4593 --tryin' to get used to the fact that what yer tellin'
4594 me don't exist...

4595 ROARK: You're a fool. What you care what I think of your
4596 work or why I'm here. But if you want to know it--
4597 I think you're the best sculptor we've got. Not because
4598 your figures are what men are, but what men could be--
4599 and should be. Because you make us see what is possible,
4600 but possible only through you. Because your figures have
4601 less contempt for humanity than any work I've seen.
4602 (Brief pause) So, no, I didn't come here because I felt
4603 sorry for you or because you need a job or because
4604 you're Black. I came here for a selfish reason--you're
4605 the best. I didn't come here for you. I came for me.

4606 MALLORY (weeps unabashedly for some length):

4607 ROARK: Lay down now. Lie still for a while.

4608 MALLORY: How've they ever let you survive?

4609 ROARK: Lie down. Rest. We'll talk later.

4610 NARRATOR: The next morning at Roark's office,
4611 a sobered-up Mallory studied the plans.

4612 ROARK: Like it?

4613 MALLORY (exhales air then): Don't be stupid. (Pause.)
4614 It don't seem possible.

4615 ROARK: Just one female figure. It'll stand here.
4616 You're the only one who can do it.

4617 MALLORY: Hm.

4618 ROARK: Do it any way you want. I'd like to suggest the
4619 model but if you don't like her, choose your own.

4620 MALLORY: Who's your choice?

4621 ROARK: Dominique Francon.

4622 MALLORY: Ha!

4623 ROARK: You know her?

4624 MALLORY: I seen her picture. (visualizing it)
4625 Yeah, yeah...But she won't pose. Not for me.

4626 ROARK: She will.

4627 GUY FRANCON (angrily): Listen, Dominique, there's a
4628 limit--even for you. I can't go anywhere without having
4629 somebody ask me about it. What am I supposed to do?

4630 DOMINIQUE: Order a reproduction of the statue, Father.
4631 It's going to be beautiful.

4632 PETER: So it's true--you're posing for a statue for
4633 Roark's temple?

4634 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

4635 PETER: I don't like it.

4636 DOMINIQUE: No?

4637 PETER: Oh, I'm sorry. I know I have no right...
4638 It's just...of all people, I hate to see you being
4639 friendly with Roark. Anybody but Roark.

4640 DOMINIQUE: Why?

4641 PETER (mutters): Maybe it's because it's never seemed
4642 quite right that you would have such contempt for his
4643 work. It made me very happy but...it never seemed right
4644 --not for you.

4645 TOOHEY: That was most unwise of you, Dominique.

4646 DOMINIQUE: I know.

4647 TOOHEY: Can't you change your mind?

4648 DOMINIQUE: I can but I won't.

4649 TOOHEY: Even though the sculptor took a shot at your
4650 boss?

4651 DOMINIQUE: Even then.

4652 NARRATOR: Through the months of that winter, Roark
4653 seldom slept more than three hours a night. Still, it
4654 was if his body fed energy to those around him--running
4655 from his office to the Aquitania to the Temple and back.

4656 HELLER: When these three are finished, Howard, nobody
4657 will be able to stop you--ever again.

4658 NARRATOR: A light burned in the wooden shack built as a
4659 studio for Mallory.

4660 (Door Knock.)

4661 MALLORY: Just a minute.

NARRATOR: Dominique stepped down from the platform and pulled on a robe.

(Door Open.)

MALLORY: Oh, it's you--we thought it was the watchman. What are ya doing here so late?

ROARK: Evening, Miss Francon. Sorry to interrupt, Steve.

MALLORY: It's al'right. I can't seem to get what I want tonight. Sit down, Howard. What the hell time is it?

ROARK: Nine-thirty. If you're going to stay longer, I can have some dinner sent up?

MALLORY: I dunno. Let's have a cigarette.

(Cigarettes lit and puffed.)

MALLORY: You can get dressed, Dominique. I think we're done for tonight. (Brief pause.) Why haven't you come in before, Howard? Course, if I'd been busy, I'd a thrown you out.

ROARK: I just wanted to see the place tonight.

DOMINIQUE: Is this what you want, Steve?

NARRATOR: Peeling off her robe, she walked naked to the platform and stared hard at Roark. Mallory looked from her to Roark and back again. Then he saw what he'd been missing.

MALLORY: Hold it, Dominique! Hold it! Hold it!

NARRATOR: One day, work at the Aquitania was stopped. Two of the owners had been cleaned out in the stock market and a third had been sued.

LANSING: I'll straighten it out, if I have to murder a few of 'em. We'll finish it someday, you and I. I promise.

TOOHEY (laughs then): The Unfinished Symphony--thank God.

DOMINIQUE: I think I'll use that in my column.

MADAM #1: Oh, that's the Unfinished Symphony, don't you know?

NARRATOR: One evening Roark and Dominique walked together through the completed Temple. It would open in

a week, the day after Stoddard's return. No one had seen it except those who had built it.

DOMINIQUE (warmly, admiringly): Roark...

ROARK: Yes, my dear?

DOMINIQUE (quietly): Nothing...Nothing...

NARRATOR: Hopton Stoddard returned from his trip around the world and was met by Ellsworth Toohey.

STODDARD: But you told me this Roark was good!

TOOHEY: I expected he would be.

STODDARD: But then--why--why?

TOOHEY: Can you think of any reason I should have lied to you?

STODDARD: Of course not, you're the greatest expert and most honest man living--I don't understand, I simply don't understand!

TOOHEY: Why it seems obvious that you cannot buy forgiveness at the top. You must first take humbler steps. You must atone to your fellow men before you can atone to God. This building was not meant to be a temple, but an institution of human charity. Such as a home for disabled children.

STODDARD: Later, Ellsworth, later...

TOOHEY: Now, don't be shocked by what I write about this. I must protect my reputation from a disgrace which is your fault, not mine. Just remember: you have sworn never to reveal who advised you to hire Roark.

NARRATOR: The next morning, in the Banner...

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

TOOHEY (his column): Noted philanthropist Hopton Stoddard had intended to present the City with a Temple of Religion, a nonsectarian cathedral symbolizing the spirit of human faith. What Mr. Roark has built for him might be a warehouse--were it more practical--or a brothel--which, given its ornamentation is more likely--but it is certainly not a temple.

NARRATOR: Stoddard filed suit against Roark for breach of contract and malpractice. Damages were sought to pay another architect to make alterations to the structure.

The clamor against Roark astonished everyone, except Ellsworth Toohey.

Ministers damned the building in sermons. Women's clubs passed resolutions of protest. Both the Architects Guild and the Council of Builders issued statements denouncing the temple as a spiritual and artistic fraud.

STODDARD: I've never received so many letters of sympathy. Perhaps you're right, Ellsworth, my brothers are forgiving me!

TOOHEY: Of course!

NARRATOR: The better newspapers dropped the story after a while, but the Banner kept it going.

ALVAH: If I could reach Mr. Wynand in the Indian Ocean I would, but he's never been one to refuse a crusade and this one is gold.

NARRATOR: It was Toohey who unearthed the photograph of Roark at the opening of the Enright House and added a caption.

TOOHEY: Are you happy, Mr Superman?

NARRATOR: He then sat back, watched--and smiled.

Roark did nothing.

HELLER: Defend yourself? What do you know about the law?

ROARK: I guess I'll find out.

HELLER: But he'll win.

ROARK: He might, but...there's nothing I can do to stop him from destroying the building. He can blast it off the face of the earth or make a glue factory out of it--whether I win the suit or not.

HELLER (pained): But he'll take your money to do it with.

NARRATOR: Mallory didn't say a thing but his face looked like it had the night he first met Roark.

ROARK: You can talk about it, Steven, if it'll make it easier.

4770 MALLORY: Nothin' to talk about. I told ya--I didn't
4771 think they'd let you survive.

4772 NARRATOR: Dominique came to Roark's room the night
4773 Stoddard announced his suit.

4774 ROARK: You're wrong, Dominique, I don't feel that.

4775 DOMINIQUE: I don't want to know.

4776 ROARK: I want you to know. It doesn't matter to me--that
4777 they're going to destroy it. I feel nothing except that
4778 I designed that temple. I built it. Nothing else seems
4779 very important.

4780 DOMINIQUE: You shouldn't have built it--just so they
4781 could destroy it.

4782 ROARK: That doesn't matter. Only that it existed.

4783 DOMINIQUE: Don't you see what I was saving you from--
4784 when I took commissions away from you?...To give them no
4785 right to do this to you...no right to hurt you...

4786 TOOHEY (smiling): Dominique...

4787 DOMINIQUE (to Toohey): What do you intend to accomplish?

4788 TOOHEY: Sit down, my dear. I expected you sooner.
4789 I've had so many compliments on that piece but,
4790 honestly, I wanted to hear what you'd say.

4791 DOMINIQUE: What do you intend to accomplish?

4792 TOOHEY: Look, darling, I do hope you didn't mind what
4793 I said about that statue of yours. I just couldn't
4794 pass that one up.

4795 DOMINIQUE: What's the purpose of the lawsuit?

4796 TOOHEY: Purpose? Isn't it obvious?

4797 DOMINIQUE (matter-of-factly): How's it going to
4798 stop him? It'll prove nothing, whether he wins or loses.
4799 The whole thing is just a spree for great number of
4800 louts--filthy but pointless. I didn't think you wasted
4801 your time on stink bombs. All of it will be forgotten
4802 before Christmas.

4803 TOOHEY: You're right. Stoddard, his temple--they'll be
4804 forgotten. But not Roark. Why, how could you trust
4805 a man like that? He's an enemy of religion--he's
4806 immoral. First thing you know, he'll gyp you on your

construction costs. (Brief pause.) Why, a client had to sue him because he made such a botch of a building. (Brief pause.) Wait a minute, isn't that the guy who got into all the papers over some sort of a mess? Some kind of a scandal, the owner of the building had to sue him. You don't want to get involved with a character like that. What for, when there are so many decent architects to choose from? (Brief pause) Fight that, my dear. Tell me a way to fight it. Particularly when you have no weapons except your genius, which is not a weapon but a great...li-a-bility.

DOMINIQUE: I don't know, Ellsworth.

TOOHEY: No, you can never ruin an architect by proving he's a bad one. But you can ruin him because he's an atheist, or because somebody sued him, or because he slept with some woman, or because he pulls wings off butterflies. You'll say it doesn't make sense. Of course it doesn't. That's why it works. Reason can be fought with reason. How are you going to fight the unreasonable? The trouble with you is that you don't have sufficient respect for the senseless. But it's the major factor in our lives. You have no chance if it's your enemy. But if it's your ally--ah!

DOMINIQUE: Look at you...

TOOHEY: Yes, look at me. I also got something from Stoddard--my Home for Disabled Children--but that was merely incidental. The whole thing was most gratifying. Really, I thought you'd be the one person who'd appreciate the spectacle.

DOMINIQUE: Ha.

TOOHEY: Don't you find it interesting that a huge, complicated piece of machinery --all levers and belts and interlocking gears--could be made to crumble into a worthless heap of scrap iron by pressing your little finger against one spot, one vital, little spot, in the center of its gravity? (Brief pause.) It has been done, my dear.

(Sound of hand turning doorknob.)

TOOHEY: By the way, Stoddard won't sell--if you were thinking about your late mother's assets. And he won't accept money for the alterations--he wants it from

Roark. And I don't think Roark would like it if I let him know you were trying.

(Door Open.)

TOOHEY: Oh, and Stoddard's attorney wants to know whether you'll testify against Roark?

DOMINIQUE (after a pause): Yes.

NARRATOR: Roark sat alone at the defense table--no papers before him, only a large brown envelope.

He waived his right to make an opening statement.

ATTORNEY: You are an expert on architecture, are you not?

TOOHEY: Yeees.

NARRATOR: In several days of testimony, Toohey proved the Stoddard Temple contradicted every brick, stone and edict of history.

TOOHEY: I have endeavored to show that the two essentials of a temple are a sense of awe and a sense of huumility. Note the gigantic proportions of religious edifices, the soaring lines, the monster-like gods and gargoyles. All impress upon man his essential insignificance, to crush him by sheer magnitude. The Stoddard Temple is a brazen denial of the past, an insolent 'No' flung in the face of history. Of course beyond its legal aspects, this is a moral issue. This building's a monument to a profound hatred of humanity. It's one man's ego defying the most sacred impulses of humankind, of every person on the street, of every person in this courtroom!

ATTORNEY: Your witness.

ROARK: No questions.

ATTORNEY: The plaintiff calls Mr. Peter Keating.

(Sound of witness getting into witness box.)

ATTORNEY: Will you please name some of the outstanding buildings you have designed, Mr. Keating?

NARRATOR: Peter began a list of names, but then it petered out.

4884 ATTORNEY: Aren't you forgetting the most important one?
4885 Didn't you design the Cosmo Building?

4886 PETER (slightly drunk; whispers): Yes.

4887 ATTORNEY: Now, Mr. Keating, you attended the Stanton
4888 Institute of Architecture the same time as Mr. Roark?

4889 PETER: That's right.

4890 ATTORNEY: What can you tell us about Mr. Roark's record
4891 there?

4892 PETER: He was expelled.

4893 ATTORNEY: He was expelled because he was unable to live
4894 up to the Institute's high standards?

4895 PETER: That's it.

4896 ATTORNEY: At that time, did you think Mr. Roark showed
4897 any particular talent for architecture?

4898 PETER (barely audible): No.

4899 ATTORNEY: Will you please speak a little louder,
4900 Mr. Keating?

4901 PETER: I didn't think he had talent, no.

4902 NARRATOR: Keeping his eyes away from Roark and the
4903 attorney, Peter looked like a boy who's just drawn a
4904 mustache on a girl in a subway toothpaste ad.

4905 ATTORNEY: At one time you employed Mr. Roark in your
4906 office?

4907 PETER: Yes.

4908 ATTORNEY: And you found yourself forced to fire him?

4909 PETER: We did.

4910 ATTORNEY: For incompetence?

4911 PETER: Yes.

4912 ATTORNEY: What can you tell us about Mr. Roark's
4913 subsequent career?

4914 PETER: Well, 'career' is a relative term. Any draftsman
4915 in our office has done more than Mr. Roark. We don't
4916 call one or two buildings a career. We put up that many
4917 every month or so.

ATTORNEY: Will you give us your professional opinion of his work?

PETER: I think it's immature. Very startling, even quite interesting at times, but basically--adolescent.

ATTORNEY: Then Mr. Roark cannot be called a full-fledged architect?

PETER: Not in the sense of a...Guy Francon, or a Ralston Holcombe, someone like that. Of course, to be fair, Mr. Roark had definite potential, particularly in engineering. I tried to talk to him about it--I tried to help him--honestly I did. But it was like talking to one of his pet pieces of reinforced concrete. I knew he'd come to something like this. I wasn't surprised when I heard that a client had to sue him at last.

ATTORNEY: What can you tell us about Mr. Roark's attitude toward clients?

PETER: Well, that's the whole point. He didn't care what the clients thought or wished, what anyone in the world thought or wished. I don't see what's so wrong with trying to please people. With wanting to be friendly and liked and popular. Why is that a crime? Why should anyone sneer at you for that, sneer all the time--all the time--day and night, not giving you a moment's peace, like the Chinese water torture, you know where they drop water on your skull drop by drop?

(Snickers in courtroom.)

NARRATOR: It was clear to the audience that Peter was drunk.

ATTORNEY: Well, now, Mr. Keating, perhaps you'd better tell us about Mr. Roark's views on architecture.

PETER: He thinks you should take your shoes off and kneel, when you speak of architecture. That's what he thinks. But why should you? Why? It's a damn business like any other, isn't it? What's so damn sacred about it? We want to make a living, we're human. Why can't things be simple and easy?

ATTORNEY: Now, now, Mr. Keating, I think we're straying from the subject.

PETER: I'm talking about the temple--don't you see? Why pick a fiend to build a temple? Only a very

human sort of man should be chosen to do that. A man who understands...and forgives...that's what you go to church for--to be...forgiven...

ATTORNEY: Yes, but speaking of Mr. Roark...

PETER (snaps): He's no good. Why should I be afraid to say he's no good? Why are you all afraid of him?

ATTORNEY: Thank you, Mr. Keating. That is all.
(nervously to Roark) Your witness.

ROARK: No questions.

NARRATOR: That evening, Peter lay stretched across a table in a saloon, his face on his arm.

The next two days, a succession of witnesses testified.

HELLER (whispers): They must have fought for the privilege of being called--for the sheer publicity.

(From the witness stand...)

HOLCOMBE (authoritative): It's all nonsense--a lot of childish nonsense. Why Mr. Stoddard should have known better. Renaissance is the only permissible style for churches, temples and cathedrals. Are you going to improve upon St. Peter's in Rome?

PRESCOTT (highly affected): The correlation of the transcendental to the purely spatial is entirely askew. The flow, which comes from the sense of order in chaos--or, if you prefer, from unity in diversity--is here absolutely absent.

NARRATOR: On the fourth day of the trial, the final witness was called.

ATTORNEY: Miss Dominique Francon.

NARRATOR: Dominique was saved for last--partly because Stoddard's attorney expected a great deal from her, and partly because he was worried; she had refused to be coached and hadn't mentioned the temple in her column. But he had looked up her previous writings on Roark--and Toohey advised him to call her.

ATTORNEY: Your occupation, Miss Francon?

DOMINIQUE: Newspaper woman.

4994 ATTORNEY: You are the author of the brilliant column
4995 'Your House' appearing in the New York Banner?

4996 DOMINIQUE: I am the author of 'Your House.'

4997 ATTORNEY: Your father is Guy Francon, the eminent
4998 architect?

4999 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

5000 ATTORNEY: We are indeed fortunate to have you with us.
5001 As an outstanding authority on architecture, you are
5002 eminently qualified to give us what I shall call the
5003 feminine angle on this case. Will you tell us in your
5004 own words what you think of the Stoddard Temple?

5005 DOMINIQUE: I think Mr. Stoddard made a mistake.
5006 He should have sued, not for alteration, but for
5007 demolition.

5008 ATTORNEY (relieved): Will you explain your reasons,
5009 Miss Francon?

5010 DOMINIQUE: You've heard them from every witness at this
5011 trial.

5012 ATTORNEY: Then I take it you agree with the previous
5013 testimony?

5014 DOMINIQUE: Completely. As Mr. Toohey said: this temple
5015 is a threat to all of us. But not for the reasons
5016 stated. Howard Roark built a temple to the human spirit.
5017 A place where man stands without guilt, without shame,
5018 naked in the sunlight. (Brief pause.) Ellsworth Toohey
5019 said that this building had its belly in the mud.
5020 By glorifying man, what was glorified was pleasure of
5021 the flesh--for the realm of the spirit is beyond the
5022 grasp of...

5023 ATTORNEY: Miss Francon, if you will confine yourself
5024 to...

5025 DOMINIQUE: I do not blame Ellsworth Toohey, no. I blame
5026 Howard Roark. A building, it is said, must be one with
5027 its site. But in what world did Roark build his temple?
5028 For what kind of men? Can you see a shrine becoming
5029 sacred by the serving the likes of Mr. Hopton Stoddard?
5030 For the men who've testified? When you look at them all
5031 --do you hate Ellsworth Toohey--or do you hate Howard
5032 Roark? Ellsworth Toohey is right, that temple is a
5033 sacrilege. Though not in the way he meant. When a man

5034 casts his pearls without getting even a pork chop in
5035 return--it is not against the swine you feel anger.
5036 It's against the man who so little valued his pearls
5037 that he was willing to fling them into the muck for a
5038 herd of grunting pigs!

5039 (Crowd erupts.)

5040 ATTORNEY: Your Honor, there's been a misunderstanding.
5041 Miss Francon, for whom are you testifying--Mr. Roark or
5042 Mr. Stoddard?

5043 DOMINIQUE: For Mr. Stoddard, of course. The Stoddard
5044 Temple's a threat. If it were allowed to exist, nobody
5045 would dare look at themselves in the mirror. That's a
5046 cruel thing to do. Ask anything of people--wealth, fame,
5047 love, murder, self-sacrifice. But don't ask them to
5048 respect themselves. They'll hate you for it. They won't
5049 say they hate you--they'll say you hate them. Such are
5050 people as they are. What is the use of building for a
5051 world that doesn't exist?

5052 ATTORNEY: Your Honor, I don't see what possible bearing
5053 this can have on...

5054 DOMINIQUE: I am proving why you must listen to Ellsworth
5055 Toohy. The Stoddard Temple must be destroyed. Not to
5056 save men from it, but to save it from men. Yes, let's
5057 destroy it, but let's not pretend we are virtuous for
5058 doing so. Let us just say we're lemmings and can't help
5059 swimming out to our own destruction. That is all,
5060 Your Honor.

5061 ATTORNEY (snaps): Your witness.

5062 ROARK: No questions.

5063 ATTORNEY: The plaintiff rests.

5064 NARRATOR: The judge gestured for Roark to proceed.

5065 Roark got up, walked to the bench, took out a dozen
5066 photographs of the Stoddard Temple, and laid them
5067 before the judge.

5068 ROARK: The defense rests.

5069 NARRATOR: Roark lost the suit.

5070 (Flurry of typewriter keys.)

5071 TOOHEY (reciting column): Mr. Roark bared his breasts in
5072 court like the Greek courtesan Phryne but didn't get
5073 away with it.

5074 NARRATOR: Roark was ordered to pay for alterations,
5075 which turned the temple into...

5076 TOOHEY (self-satisfied): The Hopton Stoddard Home for
5077 Subnormal Children. (extremely satisfied) Yeees.

5078 NARRATOR: Alvah gasped when she glanced at the proofs
5079 and realized Dominique's column consisted entirely of
5080 her testimony in court.

5081 ALVAH: Darling, darling, darling--we can't print that.
5082 (Pause.) Dominique, sweetheart, be reasonable. You know
5083 very well the stand this paper's taken on the case.
5084 You know the campaign we've conducted. We can't have
5085 one writer running against our whole policy.

5086 DOMINIQUE: You'll have to print it.

5087 ALVAH: But, sweetheart...

5088 DOMINIQUE: Or I'll have to quit.

5089 ALVAH: Oh, don't be silly. You know better than that.
5090 We can't get along without you. We can't.

5091 DOMINIQUE: You'll have to choose, Alvah.

5092 NARRATOR: Alvah knew she'd catch hell from her boss
5093 if she printed the thing--and also if she lost Dominique
5094 whose column was popular. So Alvah cabled him on his
5095 cruise in Bali, explaining the situation.

5096 Within a few hours, Alvah received an answer.

5097 GAIL WYNAND: Fire the Bitch. G.W.

5098 NARRATOR: A copy of the cable ended up with Toohey--
5099 through an office boy he'd gotten the job.

5100 TOOHEY: Feel like talking about the trial?

5101 DOMINIQUE: No.

5102 TOOHEY (chuckles): I do owe you an admission you proved
5103 me wrong. I hadn't expected it. It was a scurvy trick--
5104 though up to your usual standard. Of course, you made
5105 both your point--and mine. As a token of appreciation,
5106 I've brought you a present.

NARRATOR: He placed on her desk the cable, which she picked up and read.

TOOHEY: You can't even resign, my dear. You can't even make that sacrifice to your pearl casting hero. Knowing you attach great importance to not being beaten, except by your own hand, I thought you'd enjoy this.

(Cable is folded and slipped into purse.)

DOMINIQUE: Thank you, Ellsworth.

TOOHEY: If you're going to fight me, my dear, it'll take more than speeches.

DOMINIQUE: Yes, I see.

NARRATOR: After packing her things, she took the cable to Alvah's office.

ALVAH: I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it--how in the hell did you get that?

DOMINIQUE: It's all right, Alvah. I'm going to keep it. (Folds note and slips into purse.) Mail me my check and anything else that has to be discussed.

ALVAH: You were going to resign anyway, weren't you?

DOMINIQUE: Yes, I was. But I like it better--being fired.

ALVAH: Dominique, if you knew how awful I feel about it. Really I..

DOMINIQUE: Don't make a martyr out of me, Alvah. Nothing you can do to me--or to him--will be worse than what I'll do to myself. If you think I can't take the Stoddard Temple, wait til you see what I can take.

(Symphony on the radio plays. Door opens/closes.)

KATIE: I could tell by the radio, Uncle, you weren't working. I'd like to speak to you.

TOOHEY: Certainly. Never too busy for you. Turn it down a bit, will you?

NARRATOR: In the last few years, he seemed to have forgotten her very existence. When she had a question, she asked it in passing, anxious not to delay him. She made it a point to show she expected nothing but the table scraps of his time.

(Radio turned down.)

KATIE: Uncle, do people sleep a lot because they're tired or because they want to escape from something?

TOOHEY: My dear, this doesn't sound like you at all. Not at all. What's the matter?

KATIE: I guess I'm no good, Uncle. I'm so terribly unhappy. (Tears.)

TOOHEY (in earnest): Oh...

KATIE (whispers): You understand? You're not angry with me? You don't despise me?

TOOHEY: My dear, how could I?

KATIE: I didn't want to say it. Not even to myself. But it's just that I've got to have somebody listen.

TOOHEY: Katie, darling, why are you so frightened? Certainly not of speaking to me. Just be yourself.

KATIE: That's what I'm afraid of. Because I'm vicious.

TOOHEY (laughs warmly):

KATIE: No, Uncle, it's true. Ever since I was a child, I wanted to do right. I used to think everybody did, but now I don't think so. Some people try their best, even if they make mistakes, but others just don't care.

TOOHEY (dismissive): Come!

KATIE: Me, I've always cared. I always knew it was evil to be selfish. So when Peter would disappear for months...

TOOHEY: I see.

KATIE: You're as close to the unselfish ideal as anyone can be. I tried to follow your example. That's why I chose to be a social worker. You never said I should choose it but I came to feel that...well, I knew that unhappiness comes from selfishness and one can be truly happy only in dedicating oneself to others.

TOOHEY: And?

KATIE: Well, look at me?

NARRATOR: For a moment his face froze--then he smiled.

TOOHEY: What's wrong with you, my dear? Apart from the fact your stockings don't match and you could be more careful with your makeup?

KATIE: Don't laugh, Uncle. Please don't laugh. I know you say we must learn to laugh at everything, particularly at ourselves. Only--I can't.

TOOHEY: I won't laugh, Katie. What's the matter?

KATIE: I'm beginning to hate people, Uncle. I'm beginning to be cruel and mean and petty in a way I've never been before. I expect people to be grateful. I find myself pleased when slum people bow and scrape and fawn over me. Once...I told a woman that she didn't appreciate what people like us did for trash like her. I was so ashamed. I've begun to resent it when people argue with me. Like they have no right to their own minds, that I know best, that I'm the final authority. There was a girl we were worried about, because she was running around with a very handsome boy who had a bad reputation. I tortured her for weeks, telling her how he'd get her in trouble and that she should drop him. Well, they got married and they're the happiest couple in the district. Do you think I'm glad? No, I'm furious and I'm barely civil to the girl. Then there was a girl who needed a job desperately--there was an awful situation in her home, and I promised I'd get her one. Before I could find it, she got a good job all by herself. Was I pleased? No, I was sore as hell somebody got out of a hole without my help. Yesterday, I was talking to a boy who wanted to go to college and I was discouraging him, telling him to get a good job, instead. I was angry, too. And suddenly I realized it was because I had wanted so much to go to college--you remember, you talked me out of it--and so I wasn't going to let that kid do it either....Uncle, don't you see? I'm becoming selfish. In a way that's much more horrible than if I were some petty chiseler pinching pennies off people's wages in a sweatshop!

TOOHEY (softly, reproachfully): Katie...Do you really want me to tell you the answer?

KATIE: Yes, Uncle.

TOOHEY: You've given it yourself, in the things you've said. What have you been talking about?

5221 Complaining about? About Katie Halsey and nothing else.
5222 That was the most egotistical speech I've ever heard!
5223 (Door Bell. Footsteps. Door Open/Close.)
5224 TOOHEY (brightly): Hello, Peter. Here to see me?
5225 Come in. Just your luck--I have the whole evening free.
5226 PETER: No, I want to see Katie.
5227 TOOHEY (annoyed but covering): Katie? But of course!
5228 Go right in--the second door.
5229 PETER (softly): Hello, Katie. I didn't know you wore
5230 glasses now.
5231 KATIE: It's just...it's only for reading...I...Hello,
5232 Peter...I guess I look terrible tonight...I'm glad to
5233 see you though...(He sits down heavily.) Is it just
5234 for a little while or...or do you want to take off
5235 your coat?
5236 PETER: No, it's not just for a little while.
5237 (Takes off his coat and throws it on the bed.)
5238 KATIE (gasps): Peter, what have you been
5239 doing to yourself? You look awful.
5240 PETER: Drinking.
5241 KATIE: Not...like that!
5242 PETER: Yes, like that. But it's over now.
5243 KATIE (concerned): Is it?
5244 PETER: I wanted to see you, Katie.
5245 KATIE (caring): What have they done to you, Peter?
5246 PETER: I'm all right. Katie, have you ever heard of
5247 Hopton Stoddard?
5248 KATIE: Stoddard...I don't know. I've seen the name
5249 somewhere.
5250 PETER: Never mind, it doesn't matter. I was only
5251 thinking how strange it is. You see, Stoddard's an
5252 old bastard who couldn't take his rottenness anymore,
5253 so to make up for it he built a big present to the city.
5254 But when I couldn't take my...my...
5255 KATIE: When you couldn't take--what, Peter?

5256 PETER: I've done something very dirty, Katie. I'll tell
5257 you about it someday. Look--will you say you forgive me--
5258 without asking what it is?

5259 KATIE: I forgive you, Peter.

5260 PETER (very relieved): Thank you.

5261 KATIE (whispers): You've gone through hell, haven't you?

5262 PETER: Yes, but it's all right now.

5263 NARRATOR: He pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

5264 PETER: Katie, why haven't we married?

5265 KATIE: I don't know. I guess it's because we know
5266 we don't have to hurry.

5267 PETER: But we do. It might be too late already.
5268 (Brief pause.) Don't look stunned, Katie. That's what
5269 I came here to tell you. We're going to get married.
5270 We're going to get married right away.

5271 KATIE: Yes, Peter.

5272 PETER: We don't need announcements, dates, guests,
5273 any of it. We won't say anything to anyone. We'll just
5274 slip out of town and get married.

5275 KATIE: Yes, Peter.

5276 PETER: Quit your damn job tomorrow. I'll take a month
5277 off. Guy'll be sore as hell--I'll enjoy that. Get your
5278 things ready. I'll be here at nine in the morning, the
5279 day after tomorrow.

5280 KATIE: Yes, Peter!

5281 NARRATOR: Once he'd gone...

5282 KATIE (sobs unrestrainedly w combo of joy and sadness):

5283 TOOHEY: What's the matter, my dear? Has Peter done
5284 something to hurt you?

5285 KATIE (continues to sob exultantly, then):
5286 I'm not afraid of you, Uncle Ellsworth! (resolved)
5287 I'm not afraid...

5288 NARRATOR: The next morning at Peter's...

5289 PETER (gasps): Who?

5290 MAID: Miss Dominique Francon.

5291 PETER: You're daft, ya damn fool!

5292 MAID (shocked): Mr. Keating!...

5293 (Footsteps.)

5294 DOMINIQUE: Hello, Peter.

5295 PETER: Dominique! (anxious/curious/flattered) How come?

5296 DOMINIQUE: I phoned your office. They said you were

5297 at home.

5298 PETER: Well, sit down. Take off your coat.

5299 DOMINIQUE: No, I won't stay long. Shall I tell you

5300 what I came for--or do you want some polite conversation

5301 first?

5302 PETER: No, I don't want polite...

5303 DOMINIQUE: All right--will you marry me? (Pause as he

5304 sits down heavily. She continues precisely,

5305 impersonally) If you want to marry me, you must do it

5306 now. My car is downstairs. We drive to Connecticut and

5307 back. It'll take about three hours.

5308 PETER: Dominique...

5309 DOMINIQUE: I'm not pretending, Peter. Usually, people

5310 discuss their reasons and feelings, then make the

5311 practical arrangements. Not with us. This is

5312 the only way. If I offered it to you any other way,

5313 I'd be cheating you. It has be like this. No questions,

5314 no conditions, no explanations. There's nothing for you

5315 to ponder--only whether you want to or not.

5316 PETER: Dominique...Can't we discuss it? Can't we talk?

5317 I can only answer?

5318 DOMINIQUE: That's right.

5319 PETER: If you'd just say one thing...

5320 DOMINIQUE: No.

5321 PETER: If you'd just give me time...

5322 DOMINIQUE: No. Either we go downstairs now--or we

5323 forget it.

5324 PETER: But you have to understand...You've never allowed

5325 me to hope that you could...What do expect me to think?

5326 Here I am alone and...

5327 DOMINIQUE: My advice is to refuse. But I won't help you
5328 by withdrawing the offer. You'd prefer not to have had
5329 the chance. But you have the chance. Now. The choice is
5330 yours.

5331 PETER (head drops--fist to forehead): Dominique--why?

5332 DOMINIQUE: You know the reasons. I told you once--a long
5333 time ago. If you don't have the courage to remember,
5334 I'm not going to remind you.

5335 PETER: Two people like us getting married, it's almost a
5336 front-page event.

5337 DOMINIQUE (conceding): Yes.

5338 PETER: Wouldn't it be better to do it properly--with an
5339 announcement--and a real wedding?

5340 DOMINIQUE: I'm strong, Peter, but not that strong. You
5341 can have your receptions and your publicity afterward.

5342 PETER: I can't say anthing, except yes or no?

5343 DOMINIQUE: That's all.

5344 PETER: All right, Dominique. (Pause; with gravity) Yes.

5345 NARRATOR: Later, when she entered Roark's room, his
5346 smile was one of waiting and pain.

5347 DOMINIQUE: Don't say anthing about the trial.
5348 Afterward.

5349 NARRATOR: Their lovemaking was more intense than ever.

5350 DOMINIQUE & ROARK (decoupling after coitus):

5351 DOMINIQUE (quiet and low): Roark?

5352 ROARK: Yes?

5353 DOMINIQUE: I love you, Roark. (Pause.) I was married
5354 today. To Peter Keating. (Pause; whispers gently,
5355 frightened) Roark?

5356 ROARK: Just a moment. (lying) I'm all right. Go on.

5357 DOMINIQUE: Roark, I've always been afraid of meeting
5358 someone like you, because I knew I'd see what I saw on
5359 that witness stand--and I'd have to do what I did in
5360 that courtroom. I hated doing it, because it was an
5361 insult to you to defend you--and it was an insult to me
5362 you had to be defended....Roark, when I think of

what you are, I can't accept any reality except a world where you have a fighting chance and a fight on your own terms. That doesn't exist. And I can't live a life torn between that reality--and you. It would mean doing for you what I did for Peter: lie, flatter, evade, compromise, pander--in order to beg 'em to give you a chance, beg 'em to let you live, beg 'em not to hurt you. I can't do it. I love you too much. (Pause.) You don't know them--I do. Their power's too great. Roark, you won't win, they'll destroy you. But I won't be there to see it. I'll have destroyed myself first. That'll be my answer to them, and my gift to you. I'll probably never see you again. But I'll live for you, through every minute and every shameful act I take, I'll live for you in my own way, in the only way I can. (Pause.) I'll live in the world as it is--not halfway, but completely. Not pleading and running from it but walking out to meet it, beating it to the pain and the ugliness, being first to choose the worst it can do to me. Not as the wife of some half decent human being, but as the wife of Peter Keating. Only within my own mind, where nothing can touch it, will be the thought of you--and every once in a while, I'll say to myself 'Howard Roark', and I'll feel I've earned the right to say it.

ROARK (after a pause): If I told you to have that marriage annulled--to forget the world and my struggle--to feel no anger, no concern, no hope--just to exist for me, for my need of you--as my wife...?

DOMINIQUE (after a pause): I'd obey you.

ROARK: Now you see why I won't do it. I love you. As selfishly as the fact I exist. As selfishly as my lungs breathe air--for my own necessity, for the fuel of my body, for my survival...I've given you--not my sacrifice or my pity--but my naked need...This is the only way you can be loved--the only way I want you to love me. If you married me now, I'd become your entire existence. But I wouldn't want you then. You wouldn't want yourself--and so you wouldn't love me long. (Brief pause.) I won't try to stop you. You let the world hurt you in that courtroom. You have to figure out why. I can't help you. You have to find your own way. When you have, you'll come back to me. I'll wait for you. I'm saying this now for all the years we'll have to wait. I love you, Dominique.

5407 NARRATOR: He kissed her and let her go.

5408 MRS KEATING: Petey darling, don't you want to come out
5409 and kiss your wife?

5410 DOMINIQUE: Good morning, Peter.

5411 PETER: Dominique my dear, this is like a dream come
5412 true!

5413 DOMINIQUE: Sorry you didn't carry me over the threshold,
5414 Peter.

5415 PETER: Mother--Dominique Keating.

5416 MRS KEATING (gulping): My dear, I'm so happy, so happy,
5417 Bless you, I had no idea you were so beautiful!

5418 DOMINIQUE: Let's have lunch first, and then, Peter,
5419 you'll show me the place. My things will be here in an
5420 hour.

5421 MRS KEATING (beaming): Lunch is all ready, Miss Fran...
5422 Oh, dear, what should I call you, honey? Mrs. Keating
5423 or...

5424 DOMINIQUE (not smiling): Dominique, of course.

5425 PETER: Aren't we going to announce, to invite anyone,
5426 to...?

5427 DOMINIQUE: Afterwards, Peter. It will announce itself.

5428 MRS KEATING: But aren't you children going to go away?
5429 It's all so sudden and romantic, but--no honeymoon of
5430 any kind?

5431 DOMINIQUE: No, I don't want to take Peter away from his
5432 work.

5433 PETER: This is temporary of course. We'll get another
5434 apartment, a bigger one. I want you to choose it.

5435 DOMINIQUE: No, that won't be necessary. We'll stay here.

5436 MRS KEATING (fearful): I'll move out. I'll take a little
5437 place for myself.

5438 DOMINIQUE: I'd rather you didn't. I don't want to change
5439 a thing. I want to fit myself into Peter's life just as
5440 it is.

5441 MRS KEATING (smiling): That's sweet of you! (Not sure
5442 upon reflection) Yees... (Phone rings. Footsteps.

Receiver lifted.) Yes, it's Mrs Keating...(Pause.)

Yes, Mr. Francon. Why, yes, they're right here.

PETER: Tell Guy I'm on my way to the office.

DOMINIQUE: And I'm busy unpacking.

MRS KEATING (hand over the receiver): Well!

NARRATOR: When he entered Francon's office, Peter was greeted with a smile of blessing.

PETER: I'm so happy, Guy, I'm so happy...

GUY FRANCON (quietly): I expected it. But now it feels right. It's all yours--all of it, this room, everything --soon.

PETER: What are you talking about?

GUY FRANCON: Come, you always understand. I'm tired, Peter. There comes a time when you get...No, you wouldn't know, you're too young. But...hell, Peter, what use am I around here? Another year or two more, sure, I love the place--it's so busy, it's done so well, people respect us--it was a good firm, Francon & Heyer, wasn't it?--What the hell am I saying? Francon & Keating. Then it'll just be Keating....(softly) Peter, why don't you look happy?

PETER: Of course I'm happy, I'm very grateful and all that, but why in blazes should you think of retiring now?

GUY FRANCON: I don't mean that. I mean--why don't you look happy when I say it'll be yours? I...I'd like you to be happy about that, Peter.

PETER: For God sakes, Guy...

GUY FRANCON: It's very important to me--that you should be happy with what I'm leaving you. That you should be proud of it. And you are, aren't you, Peter? You are?

PETER (distracted, annoyed): Who wouldn't be?

GUY FRANCON (simply, humbly, desperately): I want you to be proud of me. I want to know that I've accomplished something. I want to feel that it had some meaning. I want to be sure that it wasn't all--for nothing.

PETER (angry): You're not sure? Not sure?

5480 GUY FRANCON (gently): What's the matter?

5481 PETER: At your age, with your name, with your prestige,
5482 with your...

5483 GUY FRANCON (forceful): I want to be sure. I've worked
5484 very hard.

5485 PETER (furious and frightened): But you're not sure!
5486 (Brief pause.) Well, I know somebody who'll be sure,
5487 at the end of his life, who'll be so God-damn sure
5488 I'd like to cut his damn throat for it!

5489 GUY FRANCON (quietly, innocently): Who?

5490 PETER: Guy, what's the matter with us? What are we
5491 talking about?

5492 GUY FRANCON (tired): I don't know.

5493 NARRATOR: That evening, Francon came to Peter's for
5494 dinner.

5495 GUY FRANCON (subdued): Congratulations, Mrs Keating!

5496 MRS KEATING: Why that's so incredibly kind of you,
5497 Mr. Francon!

5498 NARRATOR: When he congratulated Dominique, his face was
5499 serious. But instead of the mockery he'd expected, he
5500 saw a sudden understanding.

5501 It was late when the newlyweds were alone.

5502 DOMINIQUE: All right, let's get it over with.

5503 NARRATOR: As Peter lay on top of her in the darkness,
5504 his desire satisfied but not satiated by the lifeless
5505 body beneath him, he felt defeated in the one act he'd
5506 hoped to impose upon her.

5507 PETER: God damn you!

5508 NARRATOR: Then he remembered.

5509 PETER: Who was he? The man at the quarry.

5510 DOMINIQUE: Howard Roark.

5511 (Light switched on.)

5512 PETER (shocked/enraged): Roark?!

5513 DOMINIQUE: Peter, if I could do this...I can do anything
5514 now...

5515 PETER (seething): If you think I'm going to bother you
5516 often, if that's your idea of...

5517 DOMINIQUE: As often or as seldom as you wish, Peter.

5518 NARRATOR: A few days later...

5519 PETER: Ellsworth, isn't my wife beautiful?

5520 DOMINIQUE: Really, Peter.

5521 TOOHEY: No less than I expected.

5522 (Phone rings in the next room.)

5523 PETER: Actually, Ellsworth, it was Dominique who invited
5524 you. I didn't ask her to. You're our first formal guest.
5525 Our best friend. I've always had the idea you two didn't
5526 like each other. God knows where I got that.

5527 (Door Open. Footsteps.)

5528 MAID: The office calling for you, Mr. Keating.

5529 (2x Footsteps. Door Close.)

5530 TOOHEY: So you've come back to the fold, have you?

5531 DOMINIQUE: It appears that way.

5532 TOOHEY: No more pleas for mercy?

5533 DOMINIQUE: Does it appear they will be necessary?

5534 TOOHEY (verbal smile then): How do you like it? I should
5535 imagine Peter's not bad, though not as good as the man
5536 we're both thinking of, eh?

5537 DOMINIQUE: What are you talking about, Ellsworth?

5538 TOOHEY: Oh, come, my dear, you've been in love with
5539 Roark from the first moment you saw him in Kiki's
5540 drawing room. But he wouldn't spit at you, would he?

5541 DOMINIQUE: Is that what you think?

5542 TOOHEY: Isn't it obvious? A woman scorned? It's also
5543 obvious Roark would be the man you'd want. And that
5544 you'd want him in the most primitive way.

5545 NARRATOR: When Peter came back...

5546 TOOHEY: Before I go, Peter, we must have a chat about
5547 the rebuilding of Roark's Temple. I want you to bitch
5548 that up, too.

NARRATOR: The temple was carved into five floors by:

PETER: Peter Keating.

HOLCOMBE: Ralston Holcombe.

NARRATOR: ...and...

PRESCOTT: Gordon L. Prescott.

TOOHEY: The Hopton Stoddard Home for Subnormal
Children...Right this way ladies and gentleman...
Yes, your generous checks support this wonderful work
and, of course, our other courses, forums and workshops
hosted by yours truly.

KATIE (her voice changed; hard, grating, unattractive):
Our work here is not charity but human reclamation.
The most important time of the day is the hour assigned
to art activities. In this room, the children are given
materials and encouraged to create freely. Now you see,
you see?

NARRATOR: She pointed to a dog with blue spots and five
legs being drawn by an inmate of uncertain age and sex.

KATIE (harsh, ugly): Isn't that wonderful and moving?
There's no telling how far the child will go with the
proper encouragement. Think of what happens to their
little souls if they're frustrated in their creative
instincts! It's so important not to deny them a chance
for self-expression. Look at her face, her face!

NARRATOR: Roark's office had shrunk to one room.
The Depression had wrecked the trade; there was little
work for any architect. The few commissions that
dribbled out were snatched at like vultures.

BUSINESSMAN: Roark? The tabloid hero? Money's too scarce
to waste it on lawsuits afterwards.

NARRATOR: He was offered a job remodeling a rooming
house...

HELLER (angrily): Don't take it, Howard. Offering you
that kind of work! After the Enright House!

ROARK: I'll take anything.

NARRATOR: He hadn't seen the reconstructed temple,
so one evening...

TOOHEY (after a pause, quietly): Hello, Mr. Roark.

5587 ROARK: Hello.

5588 TOOHEY (earnestly): Please don't run away.

5589 ROARK: I wasn't going to.

5590 TOOHEY (simple, no gloating): I think I knew you'd come
5591 here someday. I keep inventing excuses to hang about the
5592 place.

5593 ROARK: Well?

5594 TOOHEY: You shouldn't mind speaking to me. You see,
5595 I understand your work. What I choose to do about it
5596 is another matter.

5597 ROARK: You're free to do what you like.

5598 TOOHEY: I understand your work better than any living
5599 person--with the possible exception of Dominique
5600 Francon. There aren't many who can say that.

5601 ROARK (bitterly): You understand all right.

5602 TOOHEY: Then you won't mind talking to me.

5603 ROARK (wary): About what?

5604 TOOHEY: About this structure. What does it look like to
5605 you? Like a senseless mess? A random collection of
5606 elements? Do you see no purpose here?

5607 ROARK: I see none in discussing it.

5608 TOOHEY: We're alone here, Roark. Why don't you tell me
5609 what you think of me?

5610 ROARK: But I don't think of you.

5611 (Footsteps away on gravel fading slowly into footsteps
5612 of a VIP navigating thru a large office.)

5613 SFX 1: (clears throat nervously)

5614 SFX 2: (clears throat nervously)

5615 SFX 3: (clears throat nervously)

5616 GAIL WYNAND: Get me the editor of the Wynand Herald in
5617 Springfield.

5618 SECRETARY WYNAND (cowed): Yes, Mr. Wynand.

5619 GAIL WYNAND (Ph.): Cummings?

5620 CUMMINGS (Ph.): My God! It isn't...

5621 GAIL WYNAND (Ph.): It is. Now listen. One more piece of
5622 crap like yesterday's yarn on the Last Rose of Summer
5623 and I'll have you back at your high school Bugle.

5624 CUMMINGS (Ph; gulps): Yes, Mr. Wynand.

5625 GAIL WYNAND (Ph.): Good morning, Senator. Kind of you to
5626 answer this call. I called to thank you for passing the
5627 Hayes Langston Bill.

5628 SENATOR: That's so nice of you, Mr. Wynand but...the
5629 Bill has yet to be passed.

5630 GAIL WYNAND: Well, it better be.

5631 NARRATOR: On a large table in his office were maps of
5632 Stoneridge, a new community of small homes--
5633 every curb, every street, every house built by
5634 Gail Wynand. In a year when no one was building...

5635 GAIL WYNAND: I've made my fortune on decisions that
5636 people called crazy.

5637 NARRATOR: An architect for Stoneridge had yet to be
5638 chosen. The profession was abuzz but Wynand refused to
5639 answer queries from the best architects in the country.

5640 (Intercom buzzer).

5641 SECRETARY WYNAND (over intercom): Excuse me, Mr. Wynand,
5642 but Mr. Toohey requests a word with you.

5643 GAIL WYNAND: Send him in. (Pause.) Sit down, Mr. Toohey.
5644 How may I be of service to you.

5645 TOOHEY (gaily): Oh, I'm much more presumptuous than
5646 that, Mr. Wynand. I didn't come to ask for your
5647 services, but to offer you mine.

5648 GAIL WYNAND: In what matter?

5649 TOOHEY: Stoneridge.

5650 GAIL WYNAND: Of what use can a newspaper columnist be
5651 to Stoneridge?

5652 TOOHEY: A newspaper columnist--none, Mr. Wynand.
5653 But an architectural expert...

5654 GAIL WYNAND: All right, Toohey. Who are you selling?

5655 TOOHEY: Peter Keating.

5656 GAIL WYNAND: Well? Sell him to me.

5657 TOOHEY (informal if a bit uncertain): You understand,
5658 of course, that I'm not connected with Mr. Keating
5659 in any way. I'm acting only as his friend--and yours.
5660 (Pause.) I felt it my duty to give you my opinion. Not a
5661 moral duty but an aesthetic one. I know that you demand
5662 the best in everything and for a project of this size
5663 there's not an architect living equal to Keating in
5664 efficiency, taste, originality or imagination.

5665 GAIL WYNAND: I hear you.

5666 TOOHEY: You do?

5667 GAIL WYNAND: Of course. But why should I consider
5668 your opinion?

5669 TOOHEY (with an edge of anger): Well, I am your
5670 architectural expert!

5671 GAIL WYNAND: My dear Mr. Toohey--don't confuse me
5672 with my readers.

5673 TOOHEY: Perhaps there's someone who can convince you of
5674 Peter Keating's ability better than I.

5675 GAIL WYNAND: And who is that?

5676 TOOHEY: Mrs. Peter Keating.

5677 GAIL WYNAND: And why would I wish to discuss the matter
5678 with her?

5679 TOOHEY: Because she's an exceedingly beautiful woman--
5680 and an extremely difficult one.

5681 GAIL WYNAND (laughs loudly): Good God, am I as obvious
5682 as that?

5683 TOOHEY: No, I...

5684 GAIL WYNAND: I had no idea that among your many
5685 humanitarian activities you were also a pimp.

5686 TOOHEY: Which is the reason why, if you will humor me,
5687 that I took the liberty early this morning of sending to
5688 your home a present that you may feel justifies a
5689 meeting with Mrs. Keating.

5690 GAIL WYNAND: Are you offering me a bribe?

5691 TOOHEY: I am.

5692 GAIL WYNAND: You realize that's the sort of stunt you
5693 should be allowed to get away with completely--or
5694 lose your job over?

5695 TOOHEY: I do.

5696 GAIL WYNAND: All right, Mr. Toohey, I'll look at your
5697 present.

5698 NARRATOR: That evening, in Wynand's penthouse...

5699 BLOND BEAUTY: In a month or two, Gail, when it gets
5700 cold and nasty, let's take the I Do and sail somewhere
5701 straight into the sun, like we did last winter.

5702 GAIL WYNAND'S (grunts uncommittedly):

5703 BLOND BEAUTY: By the way, darling, what does it mean--
5704 the name of that wonderful ship of yours?

5705 GAIL WYNAND: That's a question I don't answer.

5706 BLOND BEAUTY: Well, shall I get my wardrobe ready for
5707 the cruise?

5708 GAIL WYNAND: Green's your best color. I love what it
5709 does to your hair and your arms against the sea.
5710 I'll miss the sight of your naked arms against
5711 green silk. Tonight is our last night, my dear.

5712 BLOND BEAUTY (after a pause--voice low): What reason,
5713 Gail?

5714 GAIL WYNAND: The obvious one.

5715 NARRATIVE: He reached into his pocket, took out a
5716 diamond bracelet and tossed it across the table.

5717 GAIL WYNAND: A memorial, my dear. Much more valuable
5718 than what it commemorates.

5719 BLOND BEAUTY (voice flat): Shall I earn the memorial,
5720 Gail?

5721 GAIL WYNAND: I had intended that. But, no, I'm tired.

5722 NARRATOR: After seeing her to the door, Wynand retreated
5723 to his study. Grabbing a bottle, he sat at his desk.
5724 He was fifty-one and it was a day of no consequence.
5725 A small hand-gun from a drawer found its way into his
5726 palm. The thought of death made him feel nothing.
5727 He lifted the gun to his forehead. He might've pulled
5728 the trigger had a wooden crate not disturbed his line of

sight. It was a huge vertical crate--he'd seen it earlier in the evening and thought "What the hell" then had forgotten it entirely.

He tossed the gun in the drawer. Refilling his glass, he tried to guess what the crate might contain. It was too tall for a piece of furniture. He'd expected a small envelope containing a hint of blackmail--though he did think Toohey would have more sense than that. Finding some tools in a drawer, Wynand broke the crate open.

TOOHEY (with a hint of triumph): You want to know, of course, the name of the model?

GAIL WYNAND: Hell, no--I want to know the name of the sculptor.

TOOHEY: The sculptor? Let me see...Steven...or Stanley...Stanley something or other...Honestly, I don't remember.

GAIL WYNAND: If you knew enough to buy this, you surely knew enough to ask the name and not forget it.

TOOHEY: I'll look it up, Mr Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: Where did you get it?

TOOHEY: Some second-hand shop, you know, one of those places on Second Avenue.

GAIL WYNAND: How did it get there?

TOOHEY: I don't know. I didn't ask. I bought it because I knew the model.

GAIL WYNAND: You're lying. If that were all you saw in it, you wouldn't have taken the chance you took. You know very well I've never let anyone see my private gallery. Did you think I'd allow you to contribute to it? Nobody's ever dared offer me a gift of this kind. You wouldn't have risked it, unless you were sure, absolutely sure, of how great a work it is. Sure I'd have to accept it. That you'd beat me. And you have.

TOOHEY: I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: I'll tell you also that I hate that this comes from you. I hate that you've been able to

5766 appreciate it. It doesn't fit. Though I was obviously
5767 wrong: you're a greater art expert than I thought.

5768 TOOHEY: I'll have to accept that as a compliment and
5769 thank you, Mr. Wynand.

5770 GAIL WYNAND: Now what was it you wanted? Am I to
5771 understand you won't let me have this unless I
5772 grant an interview to Mrs. Peter Keating?

5773 TOOHEY: Why, no, Mr. Wynand, it's yours. I only intended
5774 for you to understand that this is Mrs. Peter Keating.

5775 GAIL WYNAND: So you really did use this as a red lamp in
5776 a window? Perhaps you're not as smart as I thought.

5777 TOOHEY: But, Mr. Wynand...?

5778 GAIL WYNAND: Surely you know this statue would be the
5779 surest way to kill any possible appetite I might have
5780 for your Mrs. Keating?

5781 TOOHEY: You haven't seen her, Mr. Wynand.

5782 GAIL WYNAND: She can't have what that sculptor's
5783 given her.

5784 TOOHEY: You haven't seen her.

5785 GAIL WYNAND: Oh, all right! I'll see her. (Brief pause.)
5786 But I don't promise you I'll lay her.

5787 PETER: Why didn't you wear your emerald bracelet?
5788 Prescott's fiancée had everybody gaping at her star
5789 sapphire.

5790 DOMINIQUE: I'm sorry, Peter. I'll wear it next time.

5791 PETER: It was a nice party. Did you have a good time?

5792 DOMINIQUE: I always have a good time.

5793 PETER (expels air): I wish I did. Holcombe is such a
5794 pain. Such a damn snob. I can't stand him. (cautiously)
5795 It didn't show, did it?

5796 DOMINIQUE: No. You behaved very well.

5797 PETER: By the way: you shouldn't laugh at theosophy when
5798 you speak to Mrs. Marsh--she believes in it.

5799 DOMINIQUE: I'm sorry. I'll be more careful.

NARRATOR: He waited for her to open a subject of conversation, but she said nothing. In the twenty months they'd been married, she'd never spoken first.

PETER: Dominique, I'd like to hear what you think.

DOMINIQUE: Of what?

PETER: Of Prescott.

DOMINIQUE: I think he's a man worth kissing the ass of.

PETER: For Christ's sakes, Dominique!

DOMINIQUE: I'm sorry--that's bad manners, isn't it? Let's see: Prescott is a man it's pleasant to know. Old families like his deserve a great deal of consideration. And we must have tolerance for the opinions of others, because then they'll want to help us. Is that better?

NARRATOR: He stared into the fire. He had everything he'd ever wanted. He'd wanted dominance--and was now on top of his profession. He'd wanted fame--and he had an album of clippings. He'd wanted wealth--and now had enough to live in luxury the rest of his life.

PRESCOTT: You're the luckiest fellow on earth.

HOLCOMBE: Peter, how did you ever do it?

PETER (laughs casually):

DRUNK: Say, do you know that gorgeous creature over there?

PETER (very gratified): Slightly. She's my wife.

NARRATOR: Only their nights left him miserable. She submitted whenever he wanted it--but it was always the same: an indifferent body in his arms. Each time, he vowed never again to touch her--but the beauty of her presence would reignite the flame.

It was his mother who stated the obvious.

MRS KEATING: I can't stand it. If she'd just get angry at me once, call me names, throw things at me, it would be all right. But I can't stand...this.

PETER: What, Mother?

MRS KEATING: It's no use, Peter.

NARRATOR: His mother, whose arguments, opinions and reproaches he'd never been able to silence, wouldn't say another word about his marriage. She took a small apartment of her own. He should have been happy but he wasn't.

PETER: Nobody's coming tonight?

DOMINIQUE: No. Shall I leave you alone?

PETER (almost a cry--desperate): No! (Pause.) Of course not. I'm glad to have an evening with my wife all to myself. (Pause) What would you like to...do tonight?

DOMINIQUE: Anything.

PETER: Want to go to a movie?

DOMINIQUE: Do you?

PETER: I don't know--it kills the time.

DOMINIQUE: All right--let's kill time.

PETER: No. Why should we? That sounds awful.

DOMINIQUE: Does it?

PETER: Why should we run from our own home?

DOMINIQUE: Okay, let's stay here.

PETER: Dominique, you're so beautiful. You're always so...utterly beautiful. I always want to tell you.

DOMINIQUE: You're allowed to tell me anything, Peter.

PETER: I love to look at you. I always think of what Prescott said...

PRESCOTT: Dominique is God's perfect exercise in structural mathematics.

PETER: And Snyte...

SNYTE: Dominique is a spring morning.

PETER: And Ellsworth...

TOOHEY: Dominique's a reproach to every other female on earth.

DOMINIQUE (flatly): And Holcombe? What did he say?

PETER (snaps): Oh, never mind! (Phone rings. Footsteps. Receiver lifted.) Hello?...Hello, Ellsworth!...No, not a

5870 thing...Free as a lark...Sure, come over, come over!
5871 (Doorbell rings. Footsteps. Door opened/closed.
5872 Footsteps.)

5873 TOOHEY: How nice--a fire and just the two of you.
5874 Hope I'm not intruding.

5875 DOMINIQUE (flatly): Hello, Ellsworth.

5876 PETER (effusive): You're never intruding. It's so good
5877 to see you, Ellsworth. When I heard your voice on the
5878 phone...well, I wanted to jump and yelp like a pup.

5879 TOOHEY: Don't wag your tail though. How have you been
5880 doing, Dominique?

5881 DOMINIQUE: Same as a year ago.

5882 TOOHEY: But not two years ago.

5883 DOMINIQUE: How were you two years ago?

5884 TOOHEY: You weren't married. The Stoddard Temple was
5885 just being completed.

5886 PETER: Oh that.

5887 TOOHEY: Hear anything about your friend Roark?

5888 PETER: No. I don't think he's worked for a year.
5889 He's finished, this time.

5890 TOOHEY: Yes, I think so.

5891 DOMINIQUE: Got the Banner pretty much where you want it,
5892 Ellsworth?

5893 TOOHEY: No, I can't say I have. Not quite. There are
5894 always the unknowns.

5895 PETER: What are you talking about?

5896 TOOHEY: Professional gossip. (Brief pause.) By the way,
5897 what are you doing about Stoneridge?

5898 PETER: Me--I thought you were doing something about it.
5899 You know perfectly well that if it were anyone else,
5900 I'd get that commission just like that. (snaps fingers)
5901 I wouldn't even have to ask, the owner'd come to me.
5902 But Mr. Gail Wynand! You'd think he was a holy Lama
5903 who's allergic to the air I breathe!

5904 TOOHEY: You tried, I gather.

5905 PETER: I spent five hundred dollars feeding lunches and
5906 pouring booze into all sorts of crappy people who said
5907 they could get me in to meet him. All I got was
5908 hangovers. It would be easier to meet the Pope.

5909 TOOHEY: Then you do want Stoneridge?

5910 PETER: Are you playing with me, Ellsworth? I'd give my
5911 soul for it.

5912 TOOHEY: Would you, Peter?

5913 PETER (wary): What's on your mind, Ellsworth?

5914 TOOHEY: Just a suggestion. Who's been your most
5915 effective salesman and got you some of your best
5916 commissions?

5917 PETER (raises shoulders): Dominique, I guess.

5918 TOOHEY That's right. And since you can't get to Wynand
5919 --and it wouldn't do any good if you could, don't you
5920 think Dominique's the only one who could persuade him?

5921 PETER: Are you crazy, Ellsworth?

5922 DOMINIQUE: From what I've heard, Gail Wynand doesn't do
5923 favors for a woman unless she's beautiful. And if she's
5924 beautiful, he doesn't do it as a favor.

5925 PETER (snaps angrily): That's silly. How would Dominique
5926 ever get in to see him.

5927 TOOHEY: By phoning his office and making an appointment.

5928 PETER: But how do you know he'd grant it?

5929 TOOHEY: Because he told me so.

5930 PETER: When?

5931 TOOHEY: Last night.

5932 PETER: I don't believe it.

5933 DOMINIQUE: I do. Or Ellsworth wouldn't have started this
5934 conversation. (Brief pause.) So Wynand promised you he'd
5935 see me?

5936 TOOHEY: Yes, my dear.

5937 DOMINIQUE: How did you work that?

5938 TOOHEY: I offered him a convincing argument. However,
5939 I advise you not to delay. (Brief pause.) It's been a

5940 while since you've undertaken a difficult feat like
5941 this--for Peter's sake.

5942 DOMINIQUE: If Peter wants me to.

5943 PETER: If I want you to? It's the chance of a lifetime,
5944 why...!

5945 DOMINIQUE: All right, Peter, I'll phone Wynand tomorrow.

5946 PETER (thrilled): Ellsworth, you're wonderful!

5947 TOOHEY: Go get us a drink, Peter--we should celebrate.
5948 (Footsteps. Door open/close.)

5949 DOMINIQUE: You expected it.

5950 TOOHEY: Of course.

5951 DOMINIQUE: What's the real purpose? Why are you so
5952 anxious to have me sleep with Wynand?

5953 TOOHEY: Don't you think it would be an interesting
5954 experience for all concerned?

5955 DOMINIQUE: You're not satisfied with the way my marriage
5956 has turned out, are you?

5957 TOOHEY: Not entirely. Halfway.

5958 DOMINIQUE: You've got Peter right where you want him--
5959 the leading architect in the country clinging to your
5960 boots.

5961 TOOHEY: I've never liked your style of expression, but
5962 it is accurate.

5963 DOMINIQUE: But only half successful.

5964 TOOHEY: My fault. I should've known better than to
5965 expect someone like Peter, even in the role of husband,
5966 to destroy you.

5967 DOMINIQUE: And you think Wynand will finish the job?

5968 TOOHEY: Might. What do you think?

5969 DOMINIQUE: What've you got on Wynand?

5970 TOOHEY (laughs):

5971 DOMINIQUE: Don't act like you're shocked.

5972 TOOHEY: All right. Let's just say I've been planning to
5973 have him meet you for a long time.

5974 DOMINIQUE: And then there's Stoneridge.

5975 TOOHEY: Yes, there's Stoneridge. I knew that would
5976 appeal to you. You'd never sell yourself to save your
5977 country or your soul or the man you loved. But you'd
5978 sell yourself to get a commission for Peter he doesn't
5979 deserve. Let's see what's left of you afterwards. Or
5980 of Wynand.

5981 DOMINIQUE: You're right, Ellsworth.

5982 TOOHEY: Even the part about the man you loved?

5983 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

5984 TOOHEY: You don't like to hear that name pronounced,
5985 do you?

5986 DOMINIQUE: Howard Roark. (Door open/close. Cocktails on
5987 tray clinking. Footsteps. Drinks disbursed.)

5988 TOOHEY: To the New York Banner and Gail Wynand!
5989 (Glasses clink. Office door open/close. Footsteps.)

5990 GAIL WYNAND: How do you do, Mrs. Keating?

5991 DOMINIQUE: How do you do, Mr. Wynand?
5992 (Chair pulled out. Seat taken.)

5993 GAIL WYNAND: You look like a stylized version of a
5994 stylized version. As a rule, seeing the models of
5995 art works tends to make one atheistic. But this time
5996 it's a close one between that sculptor and God.

5997 DOMINIQUE: What sculptor?

5998 GAIL WYNAND: The one who did the statue of you?

5999 DOMINIQUE: And where and when did you see that statue,
6000 Mr. Wynand?

6001 GAIL WYNAND: In my private gallery, this morning.

6002 DOMINIQUE: And where did you get it?

6003 GAIL WYNAND: Why your friend Ellsworth gave it to me.
6004 As a present.

6005 DOMINIQUE: To obtain this appointment?

6006 GAIL WYNAND: More or less. (Brief pause.) Do you mind me
6007 having it?

6008 DOMINIQUE: Not particularly.

6009 GAIL WYNAND: But you're not delighted.

6010 DOMINIQUE: No.

6011 GAIL WYNAND: Am to gather you lost track of the statue
6012 and have been trying to find it?

6013 DOMINIQUE: For two years.

6014 GAIL WYNAND: Well, you can't have it. You might have
6015 Stoneridge though.

6016 DOMINIQUE: I change my mind. I'm delighted Toohey gave
6017 it to you.

6018 GAIL WYNAND: Because it bought this interview?

6019 DOMINIQUE: Because you're the person next to last in the
6020 world I'd like to have that statue. But Toohey's last.

6021 GAIL WYNAND: You didn't know Toohey had it?

6022 DOMINIQUE: No.

6023 GAIL WYNAND: We should interrogate our mutual friend.
6024 There are too many things he failed to mention. The name
6025 of the sculptor, for instance.

6026 DOMINIQUE (laughs): He didn't tell you that?

6027 GAIL WYNAND: No.

6028 DOMINIQUE: Steven Mallory.

6029 GAIL WYNAND: Not the one who took a shot at me? (laughs
6030 loudly) And Toohey told me he couldn't remember the
6031 name. There's a special kind of subtlety in being as
6032 blatant as that. I almost like his artistry.

6033 DOMINIQUE: I don't share your taste.

6034 GAIL WYNAND: Isn't that the wrong thing for you to say?

6035 DOMINIQUE: Probably.

6036 GAIL WYNAND: You're interesting.

6037 DOMINIQUE: I don't intend to be.

6038 GAIL WYNAND: About the statue...Tell me, when was it
6039 made and for whom?

6040 DOMINIQUE: Another thing Mr. Toohey forgot.

6041 GAIL WYNAND: Apparently.

6042 DOMINIQUE: Do you remember a scandal about a building
6043 called the Stoddard Temple? Two years ago. You were
6044 away at the time.

6045 GAIL WYNAND: How do you know where I was two years ago?
6046 Wait, the Stoddard Temple. I remember: a sacrilegious
6047 church or something that gave the Bible brigade a fit.

6048 DOMINIQUE: That's right.

6049 GAIL WYNAND: There was...the statue of a naked woman
6050 involved.

6051 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

6052 GAIL WYNAND: I was somewhere in Bali. I don't read
6053 newspapers when I'm sailing.

6054 DOMINIQUE: Have you seen pictures of the temple?

6055 GAIL WYNAND: No. Was it worthy of the statue?

6056 DOMINIQUE: The statue was almost worthy of the building.

6057 GAIL WYNAND: Which was destroyed, wasn't it?

6058 DOMINIQUE: With the help of your papers.

6059 GAIL WYNAND: I remember Alvah had a good time with it.
6060 A big story. Alvah did well. By the way, how did you
6061 know I was away?

6062 DOMINIQUE: That story cost me my job.

6063 GAIL WYNAND: Your job? With me?

6064 DOMINIQUE: You mean you don't know my name used to be
6065 Dominique Francon?

6066 GAIL WYNAND (simply; with surprise and helplessness) No.

6067 DOMINIQUE: It seems Toohey's played a joke on us.

6068 GAIL WYNAND: To hell with Toohey. You're Dominique
6069 Francon?

6070 DOMINIQUE: I was.

6071 GAIL WYNAND: You worked in this building for years.

6072 DOMINIQUE: Six years.

6073 GAIL WYNAND: Why haven't I met you before?

6074 DOMINIQUE: Do you want me to state it plainly?

GAIL WYNAND: Yes.

DOMINIQUE: I had no desire to.

GAIL WYNAND: But...with the kind of beauty you have and the reputation I have--why didn't you try to make a real career for yourself at the Banner!

DOMINIQUE: I never wanted a career at the Banner.

GAIL WYNAND: Why?

DOMINIQUE: For the same reason you don't read papers on your yacht.

GAIL WYNAND: That's a good reason. (Brief pause.)
What was it you did to get fired?

DOMINIQUE: I tried to defend the Stoddard Temple.

GAIL WYNAND: Didn't you know better than to attempt sincerity at the Banner?

DOMINIQUE: That's something I would say.

GAIL WYNAND: Am I entertaining you?

DOMINIQUE: (closed mouth chuckle): I liked working here.

GAIL WYNAND: You're the only one who's ever said that in this building.

DOMINIQUE: I must be one of two.

GAIL WYNAND: Who's the other?

DOMINIQUE: That would be you, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND (amused chuckle): Dominique Francon...I used to like your stuff. I almost wish you were here to ask for your old job back.

DOMINIQUE: I'm here to discuss Stoneridge.

GAIL WYNAND: Ah, yes, of course. Well, tell me.

DOMINIQUE: I'd like you to give that commission to my husband. Of course, there's no reason why you should--unless I agree to sleep with you in exchange. If you consider that a sufficient reason--I'm willing to do it.

NARRATOR: He looked at her silently. She stood looking at him with a face completely undisturbed.

GAIL WYNAND: That is what I was going to suggest.
But not so crudely and not at our first meeting.

6110 DOMINIQUE: I've saved you time--and lies.

6111 GAIL WYNAND: You love your husband very much.

6112 DOMINIQUE: I loathe him.

6113 GAIL WYNAND: But you have a great faith in his artistic
6114 ability?

6115 DOMINIQUE: I think he's a third-rate architect.

6116 GAIL WYNAND: Then why are you doing this?

6117 DOMINIQUE: It amuses me.

6118 GAIL WYNAND: I thought I was the only one who acted on
6119 such things.

6120 DOMINIQUE: You won't mind. You've never found
6121 originality a particularly desirable virtue--have you,
6122 Mr. Wynand?

6123 GAIL WYNAND: Actually, you don't care if your husband
6124 gets Stoneridge or not.

6125 DOMINIQUE: No.

6126 GAIL WYNAND: And you have no desire to sleep with me.

6127 DOMINIQUE: None.

6128 GAIL WYNAND: I could admire a woman who'd put on an
6129 act like that. Only it's not an act.

6130 DOMINIQUE: Please don't begin admiring me. I'll do my
6131 best to repel it.

6132 GAIL WYNAND: As a matter of fact, your motive is to
6133 give yourself to me. You don't want Stoneridge...
6134 you want to sell yourself for the lowest price to the
6135 lowest person you can find.

6136 DOMINIQUE (simply): I didn't expect you to
6137 understand that.

6138 GAIL WYNAND: You wish to express through sex
6139 your utter contempt for me.

6140 DOMINIQUE: No, Mr. Wynand. For myself.

6141 GAIL WYNAND: Most people go to great lengths to
6142 convince themselves of their self-respect. But a
6143 quest for self-contempt? You'll never achieve it.

DOMINIQUE: I didn't expect you to understand that either.

(Rises from seat.)

GAIL WYNAND: Shall I tell you formally that I accept your offer? (Brief pause) As a matter of fact, I don't care who builds Stoneridge. I've never hired a good architect. I give the public what it wants. I was stuck for a choice this time because I'm tired of the bunglers who've worked for me, and it's hard to decide without standards or merit. I'm actually grateful to you for giving me a much better motive than any I could have hoped for.

DOMINIQUE: Well...

GAIL WYNAND: You'll go with me for a two month cruise on my yacht. We'll sail in ten days. When we come back, you'll be free to return to your husband--with the contract for Stoneridge.

DOMINIQUE: Very well.

GAIL WYNAND: I'd like to meet your husband. Will you both dine with me Monday night?

DOMINIQUE: Yes, if you wish.

(Rise from seat. Footsteps. Door-handle.)

GAIL WYNAND: How will I tell the difference between you and your statue?

DOMINIQUE: I don't know.

GAIL WYNAND: It's startling to see the same elements used in two forms with opposite themes. Everything about you in the statue is about transcendence. But your own theme is suffering.

DOMINIQUE: I wasn't aware that was so.

GAIL WYNAND: No happy person can be quite so impervious to pain.

NARRATOR: Wynand phoned his art dealer...

GAIL WYNAND: I want you to anonymously buy up all of the works of the sculptor Steven Mallory.

ART DEALER (shocked): Mallory?

GAIL WYNAND: You heard me.

6181 ART DEALER (another conversation): ...Of course, Mr.
6182 Wynand, I didn't mention your name but... Mr. Mallory
6183 would like to know what brought him to your attention.
6184 GAIL WYNAND: Tell him I saw one of his works.
6185 ART DEALER: Which one?
6186 GAIL WYNAND: It doesn't matter.
6187 NARRATOR: A few days later, in the newsroom...
6188 GAIL WYNAND: Mr. Toohey, have so many tried to kill me
6189 that you can't remember their names?
6190 TooHEY: I'm sure quite a few would like to.
6191 GAIL WYNAND: You flatter your fellow men.
6192 HolCOMBE: Peter, my boy, so glad to see you. Where have
6193 you been hiding? Why don't I see you around anymore?
6194 PetER (with reluctance): Mr. Wynand? Mr. Holcombe.
6195 HolCOMBE (feigning innocence): Not Mr. Gail Wynand?
6196 GAIL WYNAND: The one and only.
6197 HolCOMBE: Delighted. (Footsteps away.)
6198 GAIL WYNAND: You don't have to be afraid of introducing
6199 another architect to me, Mr. Keating.
6200 PetER: Afraid, Mr. Wynand?
6201 GAIL WYNAND: Why, hasn't Mrs. Keating told you that
6202 Stoneridge is yours?
6203 PetER: No, she hasn't. I hadn't quite hoped...not so
6204 soon...but...I thought this dinner might...Do you always
6205 throw surprises like that?
6206 GAIL WYNAND (amused): Whenever I can.
6207 PetER: I shall do my best to live up to your
6208 expectations, Mr. Wynand.
6209 GAIL WYNAND: I have no doubt about that.
6210 PetER: The public's been kind to my past endeavors, but
6211 I shall make Stoneridge my finest achievement.
6212 GAIL WYNAND: That's quite a promise, considering the
6213 distinguished list of your works. Oh, I know them well.
6214 The Prudential Bank, which is genuine Palladio. The
6215 Slottern, which is stolen Christopher Wren. The Cosmo,

which is pure I don't-know-who. Look what illustrious company I get for the price of one. It's quite a bargain.

PETER (with a tight smile): I've heard about your sense of humor, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: Your wife has a lovely body, Mr. Keating. Her shoulders are too thin, but completely in line with the rest of her. Her legs are too long, but that gives her the elegance you find in a good yacht. Her breasts are beautiful, don't you think?

PETER: Architecture can be a crude profession, Mr. Wynand. If I didn't know you were a perfect gentleman, I might misunderstand it.

GAIL WYNAND: Oh, you should misunderstand it.

PETER: Mr. Wynand, I...I don't...

GAIL WYNAND: Shall I be more explicit?

PETER: No, I...

GAIL WYNAND: Shall we drop the subject?

PETER: Let's talk about Stoneridge!

GAIL WYNAND: But we are, Mr. Keating.

PETER: Now I know you're joking, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: Am I?

PETER: Things like...this aren't being done.

GAIL WYNAND: Aren't they?

PETER: Not like this.

GAIL WYNAND: I grant you I'm behaving abominably. I'm breaking all the rules. It's extremely cruel of me, I admit.

PETER: Please, Mr. Wynand...I don't know what...I'm supposed to do.

GAIL WYNAND: You're supposed to slap my face. You were supposed to do that several minutes ago.

PETER: I...I...

6249 GAIL WYNAND: Of course you don't have to. There's
6250 Mr. Holcombe there. He can build Stoneridge just as
6251 well as you.

6252 PETER: Why are you doing this, Mr. Wynand?

6253 DOMINIQUE (calmly): It's not to torture you, Peter.
6254 He's doing it to see how much I can take.

6255 GAIL WYNAND: That's partly true. The other part is to
6256 justify myself.

6257 DOMINIQUE: In whose eyes?

6258 GAIL WYNAND: Yours. And mine.

6259 DOMINIQUE: Do you need to?

6260 GAIL WYNAND: Sometimes. The Banner is a contemptible
6261 paper. I've paid with my honor for the privilege of
6262 observing how honor operates in other men.

6263 NARRATOR: Several days before they were to set sail...

6264 (Phone rings. Receiver lifted.)

6265 DOMINIQUE (phone): Yes.

6266 GAIL WYNAND (phone): Could you come over--right now?
6267 Oh, it's not what you think. I live up to my agreements.
6268 It's just that I want to show you something.

6269 (Button pressed. Elevator ascends.)

6270 GAIL WYNAND: We're not going to my house. We're going
6271 to my private gallery.

6272 (Elevator car stops and door opens. Multiple locks
6273 turned. Door opened.)

6274 NARRATOR: As Dominique stepped into the gallery,
6275 she remembered that no outsider had ever seen it.

6276 DOMINIQUE (intake of breath):

6277 NARRATOR: She walked silently through the vast carpeted
6278 rooms, for hours, looking at the incredible treasures of
6279 beauty. There was no sound from outside, no windows.
6280 He followed her, stopping when she stopped, his eyes
6281 on her face.

6282 She passed by, without stopping, the statue from the
6283 temple. When she was finished, he followed her to the
6284 door.

DOMINIQUE: Why did you want me to see this? It won't make me think better of you. Worse perhaps.

GAIL WYNAND: If I had thought of it that way...But I didn't. I just wanted you to see it.

NARRATOR: Dominique stared at the gold letters on the bow of Wynand's yacht.

DOMINIQUE: I Do--what does it mean?

GAIL WYNAND (after a pause): My answer to the sentence I heard the most in my childhood: 'You don't run things around here.'

NARRATOR: The moment they stepped onboard, the yacht began moving. When they went below, he walked her to her cabin.

GAIL WYNAND: Let me know if there's anything you want. (Footsteps. Door open/close. Dinner Bell.)

NARRATOR: When dinner was announced, Wynand knocked at her door...

GAIL WYNAND: You haven't asked me where we're going.

DOMINIQUE: I don't care.

GAIL WYNAND: I'm glad. Because I never have any definite destination. This boat is not for going places but getting away from them. When I stop at a port, it's only for the pleasure of leaving it. I think: here's one more place that can't hold me.

DOMINIQUE (after a pause): This ship is becoming to you.

GAIL WYNAND (smiling): Thank you. Was my art gallery--becoming?

DOMINIQUE: Yes. Only it's less excusable.

GAIL WYNAND (simply, without reproach): I wouldn't want you to make excuses for me.

NARRATOR: When they'd finished dinner, she waited for the inevitable invitation--but it didn't come.

GAIL WYNAND: Let's go on deck.

(Footsteps. Hatch/door opened.)

DOMINIQUE: May I guess something you've never felt?

GAIL WYNAND: Sure.

DOMINIQUE: You've never felt small when looking at the ocean.

GAIL WYNAND (laughs): Never. Nor looking at the planets. Why should I? When I look at the ocean, I feel the greatness of man to create this ship to conquer all that useless space. When I look at mountains, I think of tunnels and dynamite. When I look at the planets, aircraft.

DOMINIQUE: That sacred rapture they say you feel contemplating nature--I've never felt it, only from...

GAIL WYNAND: What?

DOMINIQUE: Buildings. (whispers) Skyscrapers.

GAIL WYNAND: I'd give the greatest sunset in the world for one sight of New York's skyline. People tell me about their trips to some dank jungle hellhole where they pay homage to a crumbling temple created by some leprous savage. Let 'em come to New York, stand on the shore of the Hudson, and look and kneel. When I see the city from my window, I don't feel how small I am, but that, if a war threatened all this, I'd like to throw myself into space, over the city and protect these buildings with my life.

DOMINIQUE: I don't know whether I'm listening to you or myself.

GAIL WYNAND (short guffaw): People are so eager to make themselves small before nature. How virtuous a person sounds when he says that. (In a voice) 'I'm so glad to be a pygmy!' As if their best is dust before an earthquake, sand in the face of a hurricane. That's not the spirit that unleased fire, steam, electricity, that built airplanes and dams...and skyscrapers. What is it that they hate so much, those who love to crawl?

DOMINIQUE: When I find the answer to that...

(The ship cutting through the water can be heard.)

DOMINIQUE (simply, frankly): When are we going below?

GAIL WYNAND (quietly, helplessly): We're not going below. (Brief pause.) Will you marry me?

DOMINIQUE (shocked): What?

6359 GAIL WYNAND: I know you don't love me, I'm only your
6360 tool of self-destruction, I know all that. I accept it.
6361 But I still want you to marry me. To match your worst--
6362 not against my worst--but against my best. (Pause.)
6363 Your first victim wasn't worthy I know, but I'm pleading
6364 my case on your own terms--what I want from the marriage
6365 isn't important--you don't have to consider it--I ask
6366 for no promises and impose no obligations--you'd be free
6367 to leave whenever you want. (Brief pause.) Incidentally
6368 --I love you.

6369 DOMINIQUE: I didn't want that.

6370 GAIL WYNAND: I know. But you made a mistake. You let me
6371 see who you are.

6372 DOMINIQUE: Isn't that ridiculous--after the way we met?

6373 GAIL WYNAND: I've spent my whole life pulling the
6374 strings of the world. I've seen it all. You think I
6375 could believe any inner beauty that didn't come twisted
6376 into the dreadful shape yours is?

6377 DOMINIQUE: You want me to marry you? To become Mrs.
6378 Wynand-Papers?

6379 GAIL WYNAND: If you wish to call it that--yes.

6380 DOMINIQUE: I will marry you.

6381 GAIL WYNAND (pleased) You will. (Pause) We'll cut the
6382 cruise short. You'll leave for Reno the day after we
6383 return. Your husband can have Stoneridge and anything
6384 else he wants. We'll be married the day you get back.

6385 DOMINIQUE: Yes, Gail. Now let's go below.

6386 GAIL WYNAND: No, I won't touch you until we're married.
6387 I know it's a silly gesture. But that's why I want it.

6388 DOMINIQUE: As you wish.

6389 NARRATOR: He pulled her to him and kissed her mouth.
6390 It was so intense she tried to stiffen--but felt her
6391 body responding, forgetting everything but the physical
6392 touch of the man who held her.

6393 When he let her go, she knew he had noticed.

6394 GAIL WYNAND: Goodnight...I think I'll stay out here for
6395 a while. (Slow footsteps down into cabin.)

6396 PETER (snaps): What's the matter? Don't I get
6397 Stoneridge?

6398 DOMINIQUE: You'll get Stoneridge, Peter. Mr. Wynand will
6399 tell you the rest tonight.

6400 GAIL WYNAND: Any words I speak will be offensive, so
6401 I'll be brief. I'm going to marry your wife. She's
6402 leaving for Reno tomorrow. Here's the contract for
6403 Stoneridge. I've signed it. Attached is a check.
6404 It's in addition to what you'll receive under the
6405 contract. I'd appreciate it if you didn't comment.
6406 I know I could've had your consent for less, but I don't
6407 want a discussion. Shall we consider the matter settled?

6408 PETER: I don't want it! You can have my consent--
6409 for nothing.

6410 GAIL WYNAND: You don't want it? You don't want
6411 Stoneridge either?

6412 PETER: I want Stoneridge! (Paper snatched.) I want it
6413 all! Why should you get away with it.

6414 NARRATOR: Peter didn't go home but walked to his
6415 designer's apartment and began to make a wild night of
6416 it. Paying for everyone in the bar, Peter seemed anxious
6417 to find ever more things to pay for--leaving exorbitant
6418 tips.

6419 PETER (very drunk): We're friends--aren't we friends--
6420 aren't we?

6421 NARRATOR: The next day, after registering that the house
6422 was empty and she was gone, he went to work as usual.
6423 That evening...

6424 TOOHEY: Oh, hello, Peter. You catch me on the worst
6425 possible evening. But sit down, sit down. What's the
6426 matter?

6427 NARRATOR: Peter reached into his coat and produced a
6428 crumpled, ten-thousand-dollar check, signed over to
6429 Ellsworth Toohy.

6430 PETER: Please, Ellsworth, take it...for a good
6431 cause...you know best...for a good cause...

6432 TOOHEY: Very handsome of you, Peter. Very handsome.
6433 But what's the occasion?

PETER: You remember what you said--that it doesn't matter what we are or do, if we help others? That's all that counts. That's good, isn't it? That's clean?

TOOHEY: Of course.

PETER: You're my friend, aren't you? You're the only friend I've got. I...I'm not even friendly with myself, but you are. With me, I mean, aren't you, Ellsworth?

TOOHEY: Why, of course. It's more valuable than any friendship with yourself.

PETER: You understand. Nobody else does. You like me.

TOOHEY: Devotedly. When I have the time.

PETER: Ellsworth, I...

TOOHEY: What is it, Peter? What is this all about?

PETER: I sold Dominique.

TOOHEY: What are you talking about?

PETER: She's gone to Reno.

TOOHEY (violent): What?!

PETER: To get a divorce so she can marry him.

TOOHEY: You fool! You shouldn't have allowed it.

PETER: What could I do? Against Wynand?

TOOHEY: You let him marry her!?

PETER: Why not. It's better than...

TOOHEY: I didn't think he'd ever...Damn it, I'm a bigger fool than you are!

PETER: But it's better for Dominique if...

TOOHEY: To hell with Dominique! It's Wynand I'm thinking about!

PETER: Ellsworth, what's the matter with you? Why should you care?

TOOHEY (snaps): Keep still, will you? Let me think.

NARRATOR: After a moment, Toohey shrugged, sat down beside Peter and slipped an arm around his shoulders.

TOOHEY: I'm sorry. I've been inexcusably rude. It was just the shock. I understand how you feel. Only you mustn't take it too hard. It doesn't matter. You're only human. Who has the right to cast the first stone? We're all human.

ALVAH: He can't! Not Dominique Francon!

TOOHEY: He will. As soon as she returns.

ALVAH: I'm fond of Dominique. Always have been. But to have her as Mrs. Gail Wynand!

TOOHEY: My sentiments exactly.

ALVAH: I've always advised him to marry. He's skated on pretty thin ice for a very long time. But Dominique! It's...

TOOHEY: ...not suitable.

ALVAH: No, it isn't. Why, she's...dangerous.

TOOHEY: And so is he.

ALVAH: In some ways...yes.

TOOHEY: My esteemed editor, there are times when it's helpful to formulate things. We two are variations on a theme but our dear boss is quite another tune. He's an accident waiting to happen. And dear Dominique is a speeding convertible. Must I state things any plainer?

ALVAH: You're a smart man, Ellsworth.

TOOHEY: Yeees.

ALVAH: I'll talk to him. You'd better not--he hates your guts. But I don't think it'll make any difference.

TOOHEY: No. But it's always good to admit defeat--when it must be admitted.

ALVAH: But, then why did you--

TOOHEY: Tell you? In the nature of a scoop. Advance information.

ALVAH: I appreciate it, Ellsworth, I really do.

NARRATOR: Later that evening...

ALVAH: Gail, you know that I want you to be happy. You know that. (Pause.) I've known Dominique for years. Long before you ever heard of her. I love her like a

daughter. But you've got to admit she's not the kind of woman your public will expect as Mrs. Gail Wynand. (Pause.) Your wife is a public figure, Gail. Automatically. A public property. Your readers will demand and expect certain things from her. How do you expect Dominique to live up to that? How do you expect her to preserve appearances—she's the wildest person I know. And--worst of all--a divorcee. We've spent tons of good print standing for the sanctity of the home and the purity of womanhood! How am I going to sell your wife to them?

GAIL WYNAND: Don't you think this conversation had better end, Alvah?

ALVAH (defeated): Yes, Gail. (Pause--then with excitement) I know! We'll put Dominique back on the paper and we'll have her write a column--a different kind of column--a column on the home. You know, household hints, babies and—

GAIL WYNAND: Shut up, Alvah.

ALVAH: Yes, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: Tomorrow morning you'll send a memo to every one of our papers. You'll tell them to go through their files and find any pictures of Dominique and destroy them. You'll tell them that henceforth any mention of her name or use of her picture in any of my papers will cost the editor responsible their job. When the time comes, you'll have an announcement of my marriage appear in all our papers. The briefest announcement you can compose. No commentaries, no stories, no pictures. Remember: it's anyone's job, yours included, if this is disobeyed.

ALVAH: But, good God, Gail, it's news! The other papers will...

GAIL WYNAND: I don't care what the other papers do.

ALVAH: But--why, Gail?

GAIL WYNAND: You wouldn't understand.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, in a surprise speech...

TOOHEY (at lectern): We have hesitated for a long time to acknowledge the powerful phenomenon known as Modern Architecture. Such caution is required for anyone

who acts as mentor to the public taste. Too often,
isolated expressions can be mistaken for a broad popular
movement, and one should be careful not to ascribe to
them a significance they do not deserve. But Modern
Architecture has stood the test of time, has answered
the demand of the masses, and we are glad to salute it.
Of course, we would be remiss not to offer a measure of
recognition to the pioneers of this movement, such as
the late Henry Cameron. But like all pioneers
he was bound by the prejudices of the past, by the
sentimentality of the class from which he came.
He succumbed to the superstition of beauty, even though
that beauty was of his own devising, and, consequently,
inferior to that of established historical forms.

It took a broad, collective movement to bring
Modern Architecture to its full and true expression.
Now it can be seen--growing throughout the world--not as
a chaos of individual fancies, but as a cohesive,
organized discipline which makes severe demands upon the
artist, among them the demand to subordinate himself to
the collective nature of his craft. This new
architecture demands unadorned simplicity--like the
simple honesty of the common man. Under the old system
of exploitation, the most useful societal elements--the
servants--were never permitted to realize their
importance; their practical functions were disguised by
fancy uniforms, while the functional elements of a
building--its doors, windows, stairways--were likewise
hidden beneath heavy ornamentation. But in a modern
building, it is precisely these useful elements that
come starkly into the open. Do we not hear in this the
voice of a new world where the worker shall come into
his own?

As an example, we call your attention to the new plant
of the Bassett Brush Company, designed by Augustus Webb,
a young architect of tremendous promise.

PETER: Ellsworth, did you mean it?

TOOHEY: What?

PETER: About modern architecture.

TOOHEY: Of course I meant it. How'd you like my little
speech?

PETER: It was terrific. Very convincing. But...why'd you pick Gus? I've done lots of modernistic things the last few years. The Palmer Building was quite bare, and the Mowry Building was nothing but roof and windows, and the Sheldon Warehouse...

TOOHEY: Now, Peter, don't be a hog. I've done pretty well by you, haven't I? Let someone else get a boost once in a while.

NARRATOR: For Peter, the task of designing Stoneridge proved too daunting. So he turned it over to his staff.

PETER: Make it some sort of period--the homeowners won't go for it otherwise. Historical touches but with a modern feeling. Any way you want, I don't care.

NARRATOR: He told Francon about the divorce...

GUY FRANCON: I expected it. It's all right, Peter. It's not your fault--or hers.

NARRATOR: Soon after, Francon retired.

GUY FRANCON: I told you it was coming. I'm tired. Good luck, Peter.

NARRATOR: Stoneridge would be the last Francon & Keating contract.

When Dominique stepped off the train...

DOMINIQUE: Hello, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: Hello, Dominique. My car is waiting. (Brief pause.) Had I known you'd look like that, I wouldn't have been able to stand the waiting.

DOMINIQUE (chuckles):

GAIL WYNAND (a confession of pain): I love you.

DOMINIQUE: I'm glad to be back, Gail. I didn't know I would be, but I'm glad. (Sound of car doors opening, passengers and driver getting in, doors closing and car starting and taking off.) Where are we going?

GAIL WYNAND: To get the license. Then to the judge's office.

DOMINIQUE: No. I want a real wedding. And I want it at the most ostentatious hotel in town. I want engraved invitations, guests, celebrities, flowers, flash bulbs

and newsreel cameras. I want the kind of wedding the public expects of Gail Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND (after a pause): All right. That'll take a week to arrange. I'll have to take you to a hotel. Where would you like to stay?

DOMINIQUE: At your penthouse.

GAIL WYNAND: No.

DOMINIQUE: The Nordland, then.

NARRATOR: In the Nordland lobby...

GAIL WYNAND: A week from today--at the Belmont. The invitations will be in the name of your father. Let him know I'll be in touch with him.

(Flashbulbs. Large crowd. Strings playing wedding march. Rice thrown. Large reception--big band--champagne popped--glasses clinking.)

NARRATOR: The mockery of the reception wasn't lost on the bride or the groom. Of all the hundreds, they were the only ones to whom the performance was odious.

GUY FRANCON (in uncertain tone): I want you to be happy, my dear. I want it very much. I hope he's the right man.

ALVAH (rapidly): I hope you're happy, Dominique but--why, oh why?

DOMINIQUE (coldly): What are you talking about, Alvah?

ALVAH: The blackout, of course.

DOMINIQUE: What blackout?

ALVAH: You know full well what blackout. With every sheet in the city here--every damn one of 'em--the lousiest tabloid included--the wire services too--everything but the Banner! Not a single Wynand paper! How am I to explain? Is that a thing to do to a former comrade of the trade?

DOMINIQUE: You're going to have to repeat that, Alvah.

ALVAH: You mean you didn't know Gail wouldn't allow a single one of our people here? That we won't have any stories tomorrow, not a spread, not a picture--only two lines on page eighteen?

DOMINIQUE: No, I didn't know.

NARRATOR: She handed Alvah her champagne glass and made her way to Wynand.

DOMINIQUE: Let's go, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: Yes, my dear.

NARRATOR: Finally, she stood inside his penthouse.

GAIL WYNAND: Well...you were married as you wanted to be married.

DOMINIQUE: I guess so. It was useless to try to torture you.

GAIL WYNAND: I didn't mind it too much.

DOMINIQUE: You didn't?

GAIL WYNAND: It's what you wanted. It was only a matter of keeping my promise.

DOMINIQUE: But you hated it, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: Utterly. So what? It was only hard when you first said it--in the car. (Brief pause.) And anyway, if you wanted to make me suffer, you wouldn't have been completely indifferent to me.

DOMINIQUE: No, I guess not.

GAIL WYNAND: You're a good loser, Dominique.

DOMINIQUE: I'm catching that from you. (Brief pause.) By the way, there's something I want to thank you for.

GAIL WYNAND: What?

DOMINIQUE: That you banned our wedding from the Wynand papers.

GAIL WYNAND (smiling): That's out of character--your thanking me for that.

DOMINIQUE: It was out of character for you to do it.

GAIL WYNAND (warm grunt):

DOMINIQUE: I haven't asked you what we're going to do now. Are we going on a honeymoon? I thought about the wedding and nothing else.

GAIL WYNAND: We're not going anywhere. Unless you want to.

DOMINIQUE (shaking head no): Uh uh.

GAIL WYNAND: Then we stay here. Going away has always meant running, for you and me. This time, we don't run.

NARRATOR: Later, as she lay in his bed, she pressed her palms to the sheets, so as not to let her arms move and touch him.

GAIL WYNAND (laughs then): That won't do, Dominique.

NARRATOR: She knew then that the barrier between them would not hold, that she had no power to hold it. She felt the answer in her body, an answer of acceptance, of pleasure.

DOMINIQUE (moans quietly, authentically):

GAIL WYNAND (moans leading to wracking climax):

TOOHEY: Now do you get the point?

NARRATOR: He stood leaning against the back of Alvah's chair as Alvah sat staring at a hamper full of mail.

ALVAH: Thousands, thousands, Ellsworth. You ought to see what they call him. Why didn't he print the story of his wedding? What's he ashamed of? What's he got to hide? How could he marry a divorcee? That's what they're all asking. Thousands. And he won't even look at the letters. Gail Wynand, the seismograph of public opinion!

TOOHEY: Oh, dear...

ALVAH: Here's a sample: 'I'm a respectable woman, a mother of five children who's taken your paper for fourteen years. But now you show you're the kind of man that has no decency and makes a mockery of the holy institution of marriage with a fallen woman, another man's wife, who gets married in a black dress as she jolly well ought to! I won't read your newspaper anymore as you're not a man fit for children!' I read it to him. He just laughed. What's got into him?

TOOHEY: Nothing's got into him. Something's got out--at last!

ALVAH: Know how many papers dug up pictures of her nude statue from that goddamn temple and ran it right with the wedding story? Are they ever glad to get back at Gail? They're giving it to him, the lice! Course it's just one of those storms in a teacup. They'll forget all about it in a few weeks. Shouldn't do much harm.

TOOHEY: No, not this incident alone. Not by itself.

ALVAH: Huh. Are you predicting something?

TOOHEY: Those letters predict it, Alvah. Not the letters themselves. But that he wouldn't read them.

ALVAH: Oh, it's no use getting silly either. Gail knows where to stop and when. Let's not make a mountain out of a mo-- Christ, Ellsworth, you're right. What are we going to do?

TOOHEY: Nothing, my friend. Not for a long time yet.

NARRATOR: For two weeks, neither Dominique nor Wynand left the penthouse. When he returned from work, the world ceased to exist. He erected a wall between his wife and his papers--she would not head committees, sponsor charity drives or endorse crusades. In general, she liked this arrangement. Though once...

GAIL WYNAND: I've never apologized for the Banner and never will.

DOMINIQUE: But this is really awful, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: Don't expect me to change the Banner or sacrifice it, Dominique. I wouldn't do that for anyone.

DOMINIQUE: (laughs):

NARRATOR: At the Banner, Wynand worked with a new-found drive. He sometimes stayed in the office all night, as he hadn't in a long time.

ALVAH: We were wrong about him, Ellsworth. It's the same old Gail, God bless him. Better than ever.

TOOHEY: My dear Alvah, nothing's ever as simple as you think.

ALVAH: But he's happy, don't you see--he's happy!

TOOHEY: To be happy is the most dangerous thing that could have happened to him.

NARRATOR: Popular Banner columnist Sally Brent, who dressed like a model and wrote like a chambermaid, decided to outwit her boss. Gaining clandestine access to the Wynand penthouse...

SALLY BRENT (breathlessly delicious): Mrs. Wynand, I've come here to help you deceive your husband!

DOMINIQUE (unperturbed): I see.

SALLY BRENT: Our dear Mr. Wynand has been unfair to you, my dear, depriving you of your rightful fame, for some reason I cannot understand. But we'll fix him, you and I. What can a man do when we girls get together, eh? He simply doesn't know what good copy you are. So just give me your story, I'll write it, and it'll so good he simply won't be able not to run it.

NARRATOR: So Dominique did.

DOMINIQUE (a good little wifey; swiftly): Yes, of course I cook his breakfast. Ham and eggs is his favorite, just plain ham and eggs...Oh yes, Miss Brent, I'm very happy. I open my eyes in the morning and I say to myself: it can't be true, it's not poor little me who's become the wife of the great Gail Wynand who had all the glamorous beauties of the world to choose from. You see, I'd been in love with him for years. He was just a dream to me, a beautiful, impossible dream. And now it's like a dream come true....Please, Miss Brent, take this message from me to the women of America: Patience is always rewarded and romance is just around the corner. Perhaps it'll help other girls as it's helped me....Yes, all I want is to make Gail happy, to share his joys and sorrows, to be a good wife and mother.

ALVAH: It's terrific!

SALLY BRENT: Run it, Alvah--just a proof and leave it on his desk. He'll okay it, see if he won't.

GAIL WYNAND: Pay off her contract. Not only is she fired, I never want her allowed in the building again for any purpose whatsoever.

ALVAH: But, Gail, you can't fire Sally!

GAIL WYNAND: When I can't fire anyone I want on my paper, I'll close it and blow up the God-damn building.

ALVAH: But her public! We'll lose her public!

GAIL WYNAND: To hell with her public.

NARRATOR: That night, Wynand took from his pocket a crumpled proof of the story--and threw it at Dominique's face.

DOMINIQUE (laughs):

NARRATOR: The following night in her dressing room,
as he bent to kiss her, Wynand spotted a cable in the
corner of her mirror.

(Cable grabbed from mirror.)

GAIL WYNAND (reading): Fire the bitch. G.W. (Pause.)
How did you get that?

DOMINIQUE: Ellsworth gave it to me. I thought it was
worth preserving.

NARRATOR: The next morning, she thought she'd find the
cable gone, but he hadn't touched it.

In the spring, when he'd been away at a convention,
she surprised him by greeting him at the airport.

GAIL WYNAND (sincere): What a treat!

NARRATOR: At home...

DOMINIQUE: You'd better dress, Gail. We're going to the
theater tonight.

GAIL WYNAND: Are we? Okay...

DOMINIQUE: I have tickets for No Skin Off Your Nose.
They were very hard to get.

GAIL WYNAND (laughing in helpless disgust): Good God,
Dominique, not that one!

DOMINIQUE: Toohey, Alvah, Sally--before she was fired--
all said it was gold. I thought you'd want to see it.

NARRATOR: In the audience, there was mostly silence.
An air of inanities uttered as revelations. The
playwright and his supporters had made it clear: anyone
unable to enjoy the play was, basically, worthless.

WOMAN #1: It's wonderful. I don't understand it, but I
have the feeling it's something important.

DOMINIQUE: Shall we go?

GAIL WYNAND (sharply): No. We'll stay to the end.

NARRATOR: He was quiet in the car on the way home.
She thought again of what she'd thought in the theater:
that it was the Banner that had destroyed the Stoddard
Temple--and the Stoddard Temple had been destroyed to
make room for this play.

6843 GAIL WYNAND: Dominique, what's the matter?

6844 DOMINIQUE: I think you should take a manuscript of
6845 that payla and place it on a stand in your gallery.
6846 I think you should rechristen your yacht and call her
6847 No Skin Off Your Nose.

6848 GAIL WYNAND: Keep quiet.

6849 DOMINIQUE: And I think that every night you should have
6850 me play the character who adopts the homeless muskrat
6851 and...

6852 GAIL WYNAND: I said, quiet! (Pause) If you want to
6853 hear it, it made me sick. As you knew it would. But
6854 so what. So have a great many things the Banner has
6855 done. The Banner was created for the benefit of fools.
6856 What else do you want me to say?

6857 DOMINIQUE: Just what you felt.

6858 GAIL WYNAND: Disgusted. Because you sat there with me.
6859 But that's what you wanted, wasn't it? To make me feel
6860 wretched? (Brief pause.) Still, you miscalculated
6861 because I thought: this is what people are like but
6862 I've found you--so I did suffer but only to a certain
6863 point and then...

6864 DOMINIQUE: Shut up! Shut up, God damn you! (Pause.)
6865 I'm sorry, Gail. I had no right to say that to you.

6866 GAIL WYNAND: What is it, Dominique?

6867 DOMINIQUE: Nothing.

6868 GAIL WYNAND (presses): It's not just that fool payla.
6869 There was something else for you tonight--in your face.
6870 What is it?

6871 DOMINIQUE: Will you forgive me?

6872 GAIL WYNAND: What is there to forgive? It was the
6873 condition of marrying me--to make me pay for the Banner.

6874 DOMINIQUE: I don't want to make you pay for it.

6875 GAIL WYNAND: Why don't you?

6876 DOMINIQUE: It can't be paid for.

6877 NARRATOR: She stood at the yacht's rail, looking at
6878 Wynand stretched out in a deck chair.

6879 DOMINIQUE (affectionately): Gail?

6880 NARRATOR: He opened his eyes.

6881 GAIL WYNAND (lazily): I wish I had a recording of that.
6882 I'd like to play it back in the bedroom.

6883 DOMINIQUE: I'll repeat it there if you like.

6884 GAIL WYNAND: I shouldn't presume too much. It's not as
6885 though you're in love with me.

6886 DOMINIQUE: Why do you think that?

6887 GAIL WYNAND: If you loved a man, it wouldn't be just a
6888 matter of a circus wedding and an atrocious evening in
6889 the theater. You'd put him through complete hell.

6890 DOMINIQUE: How do you know that?

6891 GAIL WYNAND: Because I love you. If you were in love
6892 you'd want to be broken, trampled, dominated--because
6893 that's the inconceivable for you in a relationship.
6894 That'd be the gift you'd want to offer the man you love.
6895 It wouldn't be easy for you.

6896 DOMINIQUE: If that's true, then why are you...

6897 GAIL WYNAND: Gentle and humble? To your great
6898 astonishment? Because I'm the worst scoundrel living.

6899 DOMINIQUE: I don't believe that.

6900 GAIL WYNAND: Am I not the person before last anymore?

6901 DOMINIQUE: Not anymore.

6902 GAIL WYNAND: If you look at me too closely, you'll
6903 see things you won't like.

6904 DOMINIQUE: What things?

6905 GAIL WYNAND: You're so beautiful, Dominique.

6906 DOMINIQUE: What things?

6907 GAIL WYNAND: You know what you're in love with?
6908 Integrity. And there's only one place where that
6909 can be found --art. But you want it in the flesh.
6910 (Brief pause.) Hell, I've never had any integrity.

6911 DOMINIQUE: Are you sure?

6912 GAIL WYNAND: Have you forgotten the Banner?

6913 DOMINIQUE: To hell with the Banner.

6914 GAIL WYNAND: It's nice to hear you say that. But the
6915 truth is I've never felt any need for integrity.
6916 I hate the very idea of it, it's presumptuous.

6917 DOMINIQUE (poking him): Dwight Carson...

6918 GAIL WYNAND (laughs): Yes, Dwight Carson. The man I
6919 bought. The individualist who become a glorifier of
6920 collectives and a drunk. I did that. That was worse than
6921 the Banner--wasn't it?

6922 DOMINIQUE: You don't like to be reminded of that.

6923 GAIL WYNAND: No. But you know of all the giants
6924 I've broken, I don't think anybody ever realized
6925 just how much I enjoy doing it. It's a kind of lust.
6926 I'm perfectly indifferent to slugs like Ellsworth Toohey
6927 or Alvah. But let me see a person of slightly higher
6928 dimension--and I've got to make Carson out of him.
6929 I've got to. It's like a sex urge.

6930 DOMINIQUE: I think you underestimate Ellsworth Toohey.

6931 GAIL WYNAND: Don't expect me to try to untangle
6932 that snail's shell.

6933 DOMINIQUE: What about me? Why didn't you set out to
6934 destroy me?

6935 GAIL WYNAND: Because I love you. I had to love you.
6936 God help you if you were a man.

6937 DOMINIQUE: Gail...why?

6938 GAIL WYNAND: Why all this?

6939 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

6940 GAIL WYNAND: Power. The only thing I ever wanted.
6941 To know that there's not a man living I can't force
6942 to do--anything. Anything I choose. The man I can't
6943 break will destroy me. I've spent years finding out
6944 how safe I am. They say I have no sense of honor, I've
6945 missed out on something. Well, I haven't missed out on
6946 much. Because the things I've missed--they don't exist.

6947 DOMINIQUE: Are you sure?

6948 GAIL WYNAND: I've had a lot of fun proving it.

6949 DOMINIQUE: Yes, but...why tell this to me? It's not what
6950 you want me to think of you.

6951 GAIL WYNAND: No, it isn't. But I want to be honest with
6952 you. Just you...and me. I wouldn't have the courage to
6953 tell you anywhere else. Only here, it doesn't seem real.
6954 Does it?

6955 DOMINIQUE: No.

6956 GAIL WYNAND: I think I hoped here you'd accept it--and
6957 still think of me as you did when you said my name
6958 earlier and I wanted to record it.

6959 NARRATOR: One night on their roof-garden...

6960 GAIL WYNAND: There they are, Dominique--the skyscrapers.
6961 Do you remember? They were the first link between us.

6962 DOMINIQUE: I remember.

6963 GAIL WYNAND: I like to see a man standing at the foot of
6964 a skyscraper. They say it makes him no bigger than an
6965 ant--but it's man who made it--the whole incredible mass
6966 of stone and steel. It doesn't dwarf him, it makes him
6967 greater than the structure. It reveals his true
6968 dimensions. What we love about these buildings is their
6969 creative power, the heroic in man.

6970 NARRATOR: He pointed south to a red light.

6971 GAIL WYNAND: That's the Banner Building. See over
6972 there--that blue light? I've done so many things, but
6973 there's no Wynand Building. Someday I'll build a new
6974 home for the Banner. It'll be the greatest structure in
6975 the city. I started in a dump, when the paper was called
6976 the Gazette. But I thought then of the Wynand Building
6977 that would rise someday. I've thought of it all the
6978 years since.

6979 DOMINIQUE: Why haven't you built it?

6980 GAIL WYNAND: I wasn't ready.

6981 DOMINIQUE: Why not?

6982 GAIL WYNAND: I'm not ready now. I'll know the right time
6983 when it comes.

6984 NARRATOR: He pointed west to some dim, scattered lights.

6985 GAIL WYNAND: That's Hell's Kitchen, where I was born.
6986 I was sixteen when I stood on a roof and looked at the
6987 city, like tonight. And decided what I would be.

6988 DOMINIQUE (after a pause): Gail, fire Ellsworth Toohy.

6989 GAIL WYNAND (bewildered): Why?

6990 DOMINIQUE: Gail, listen. I've never wanted to stop
6991 Toohey--I've even helped him. I thought he was what the
6992 world deserved. And I never thought it would be the
6993 Banner--which he fits best--that I'd want to save from
6994 him.

6995 GAIL WYNAND: What on earth are you talking about?

6996 DOMINIQUE: Gail, I didn't know I'd come to feel this
6997 kind of loyalty to you. It contradicts everything I've
6998 done, everything I am. I only know that this is what I
6999 owe you. Fire Ellsworth Toohey. Get him out before it's
7000 too late. You've broken much less vicious men and much
7001 less dangerous. Fire Toohey, go after him and don't rest
7002 until you've destroyed every last bit of him.

7003 GAIL WYNAND: Why? Why should you think of him just now?

7004 DOMINIQUE: Because I know what he's after.

7005 GAIL WYNAND: What?

7006 DOMINIQUE: Control--of the Wynand papers.

7007 GAIL WYNAND (laughs loudly as if at a silly joke):

7008 DOMINIQUE (helplessly): Gail...

7009 GAIL WYNAND: Oh for God sakes, Dominique!

7010 DOMINIQUE: You've never understood him.

7011 GAIL WYNAND: And I don't care to. Can you see me going
7012 after Ellsworth Toohey? A tank to eliminate a bed bug?
7013 Why should I fire Elsie? He's the kind that makes money
7014 for me. People love to read his twaddle. I don't fire
7015 good booby-traps like that. He's like a piece of
7016 flypaper.

7017 DOMINIQUE: That's part of the danger.

7018 GAIL WYNAND: Look, I've had bigger and better
7019 sob-sisters on my payroll. When a few had to be kicked
7020 out, that was the end of 'em. Their popularity stopped
7021 at the door to the Banner. But the Banner went on.

7022 DOMINIQUE: It's not his popularity. You can't fight him
7023 on his terms. You're only a tank--an honest tank--
7024 that goes first, out front, and mows down everything
7025 in its path. He's a corrosive gas--the kind that
7026 eats lungs out. You know what he's after, don't you?

GAIL WYNAND (amused): Controll of the Wynand papers...

DOMINIQUE: As a means to an end.

GAIL WYNAND: What end?

DOMINIQUE: Controll of the wold.

GAIL WYNAND: What kind of gag is this?

DOMINIQUE: I'm serious, Gail. Absolutely serious.

GAIL WYNAND: Control of the wold, my dear, belongs to men like me. The Tooheys of the world wouldn't know how to dream about it.

DOMINIQUE: It's hard to describe. But if you'll listen--

GAIL WYNAND: I won't listen. Forgive me, but the idea of Ellsworth Toohey as a threat is ridiculous.

DOMINIQUE: I...

GAIL WYNAND: No, darling, I don't think you understand. And I don't want you to. Forget it. Leave the Banner to me.

DOMINIQUE: Is that a demand?

GAIL WYNAND: It's an ultimatum.

DOMINIQUE: All right.

GAIL WYNAND: Forget it. Don't go getting complexes about anyone as small as Ellsworth Toohey. It's beneath you.

DOMINIQUE: All right. Let's go in. It's too cold for you here without a coat.

NARRATOR: It was the kind of concern she'd never shown him before. He took her hand and kissed her palm, holding it against his face.

One evening, as she sat at her dressing table, he stood leaning against the wall beside her.

DOMINIQUE: Someday I'll ask your forgiveness for marrying you. I wanted you to be my chain to the wold. You've become my defense, instead.

GAIL WYNAND: I told you I'd accept any reason you chose.

DOMINIQUE: But you've changed everything for me. Or was it me that changed? I don't know--we've done something strange to each other. I've given you what I wanted to

7062 lose. And you--you've done everything I would have done.
7063 Do you know how much alike we are?

7064 GAIL WYNAND: I knew it from the first.

7065 DOMINIQUE: But it should've been impossible.

7066 GAIL WYNAND: Probably. But who cares? I can't care about
7067 anything now. I can't even be afraid.

7068 DOMINIQUE: I'm afraid, Gail.

7069 GAIL WYNAND: Of what?

7070 DOMINIQUE: Of what I'm doing to you.

7071 GAIL WYNAND: Why?

7072 DOMINIQUE: I don't love you, Gail.

7073 GAIL WYNAND: I can't care even about that. (Vocal smile)
7074 Dominique...I love you so much nothing matters to me--
7075 not even you. Can you understand that? (Brief pause.)
7076 I've never felt this way before. I can't be afraid.
7077 I love you, Dominique--I love you--you're letting me say
7078 it--I love you.

7079 NARRATOR: She reached over, took the cable off the
7080 mirror and crumpled it. Opening her hand over the
7081 wastebasket, she let the paper drop.

7082 Roark never understood why he was chosen to build the
7083 resort at Happy Valley...

7084 SECRETARY BRADLEY (intercom): It's Howard Roark,
7085 Mr. Bradley.

7086 BRADLEY: Send him in. (Pause. Door open/close.
7087 Footsteps.) You're the architect who built the
7088 Stoddard Temple?

7089 ROARK: Yes.

7090 BRADLEY: Funny, I haven't thought of you myself.

7091 NARRATOR: Three days later, he'd signed a contract--
7092 and for the last year he'd lived at the site along with
7093 Mike and a gang of electricians--and Mallory, to do the
7094 fountains and sculptures.

7095 MALLORY (skeptical): I don't know, Mike.

MIKE: Don't worry. He can't lose--quarries or
no quarries--trials or no trials. They can't beat him,
they just can't, not the whole goddamn world.

NARRATOR: Remembering Stoddard, Roark demanded Bradley's
initials on every drawing. And Bradley agreed to
everything. But his compliance had an unsettling
undertone, as if he were humoring a child.

After visiting the site just to smile and then leave...

MALLORY: It's the Stoddard Temple all over.

ROARK: Yeah, I can't figure out what he's after. (Brief
Pause.) But it doesn't matter, does it? Not what they
do about it--or who comes to stay here. Only that
we've made it. Would you have missed this, no matter
what price they make you pay for it afterward?

MALLORY: Hell no.

NARRATOR: Within a month of opening, the entire resort
was rented. Everybody was talking about it. Roark
himself was about to rent one of houses for the summer,
when he received a cable from New York.

LANSING: It took five years to get rid of investors, but
the Aquitania is now mine--and yours. Come finish it!

NARRATOR: So Roark went back to the city to see the
hotel completed--glowing in the night sky.

CLIENT #1: I was in New York and I liked the Enright
House.

CLIENT #2: How about that Cord Building!

CLIENT #3: I saw a picture of the temple they tore down.

NARRATOR: From different states, from unexpected parts
of the country, calls came for him: private homes,
small office buildings, modest shops. They were mostly
small jobs that he traveled by train to do but they
kept him working.

(Door open/close. Fast footsteps.)

MALLORY: Well, Howard? You know why you got the resort
job? (Newspaper slapped on desk.)

ROARK: Bradley arrested.

MALLORY: Don't read it. It'll make you sick.

7133 ROARK: All right, what is it?

7134 MALLORY: They sold two hundred percent of it.

7135 ROARK (whistles or sfx):

7136 MALLORY: They thought it was worthless. Got the land
7137 practically for nothing, thought it was so out of the
7138 way, with no bus lines or movie theaters around--that it
7139 was certain to fail. They had a nice scheme ready for
7140 how to get out of it when the place went bankrupt.
7141 They were prepared for anything--exept for it bein' a
7142 success. Howard, don't you understand? They chose you as
7143 the worst architect they could find!

7144 ROARK (roars with laughter):

7145 MALLORY: God damn you, Howard! It's not funny!

7146 ROARK: Of course it is. Sit down, Steven. You look as if
7147 you'd just seen a bunch of butchered bodies.

7148 MALLORY: I have. And I've seen what makes the butchering
7149 possible. The drooling beast--it's there--in that story.
7150 The smug bastards who'll read it'll say 'Oh, genius must
7151 struggle, it's good for 'em' and then go look for some
7152 village idiot to teach to weave baskets. That's the
7153 beast for ya! Close your eyes and think that the men who
7154 ordered it, believed it was the worst thing they could
7155 possibly build! Howard, there's something terribly wrong
7156 in the world if you're given your greatest job--as a
7157 rotten joke!

7158 ROARK: Ah, Steven...When will you learn to forget?
7159 When will Dominique...

7160 MALLORY: Are you still waiting for her to come back?
7161 Mrs. Gail Wynand?

7162 ROARK: Shut up, Steven.

7163 MALLORY (whispers): I'm sorry.

7164 ROARK: Go home--and forget about Bradley. They'll all be
7165 suing each other but we won't be dragged in and they
7166 won't destroy what we built--hell, it's a hit!

7167 MALLORY: You're right--it is!

7168 NARRATOR: Austen Heller wrote an op-ed about Roark and
7169 the resort.

HELLER: If takes fraud for greatness to reach us,
so be u it!

NARRATOR: Thus began a violent controversary...

MALLORY: Howard, you're famous.

ROARK: Am I?

NARRATOR: Those who once said...

SIR #1: Roark? Never heard of him.

NARRATOR: ...now said...

MADAM #1: Roark? He's too sensational.

NARRATOR: Though some were impressed by a simple fact:
Roark made money for those who did not wish to make it.

HELLER: Two private homes in Connecticut, a movie
theater in Chicago and a hotel in Philadelphia--not too
bad.

NARRATOR: In the spring of thirty-six, San Francisco
announced plans for a World's Fair to be called
"The March of the Centuries". A council of eight
architects was chosen to design it--Roark among them.

ROARK: I would be glad to design the fair--alone.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1: Why you can't be serious.
After all, with a stupendous undertaking of this
nature...I mean, two heads are better than one and
eight heads...why...

ROARK: If you want me, you'll have to let me do it
alone. I don't work with councils.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2: You wish to reject a once-in-a-
lifetime opportunity like this?

ROARK: I don't work with collectives. I don't consult,
I don't cooperate, I don't collaborate.

NARRATOR: Immediately, in architectural circles...

HOLCOMBE: The conceited bastard!

PRESCOTT: Who does he think he is?

SNYTE: The arrogance!

TOOHEY: The incident illustrates perfectly the anti-
social nature of Mr. Roark's egotism--the superiority

of the unbridled individualism which he has always personunified.

NARRATOR: In the fall, Roark moved his office to the top of the Cord Building. Stopping for a moment to look at his name on the door...

CAMERON (proudly): Howard Roark, Architect.

NARRATOR: ...he then entered his new office, where through the glass he could see the Enright, the Aquitania--and even Henry Cameron's Dana Building.

ROARK'S SECRETARY: Mr. Roark, this has got to be something big. I made an appointment for you for three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. At his office.

ROARK: Whose office?

ROARK'S SECRETARY: (breathless whisper) Mr. Wynand!

(Buzzer rings.)

SECRETARY WYNAND: Mr. Howard Roark, Mr Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: Okay. (Flipping off switch. Door open/close. Rises from seat.) Gail Wynand.

ROARK: Howard Roark.

GAIL WYNAND: Please. (Footsteps. Both sit.) I don't think you'll want to work for me.

ROARK: I want to work for you.

GAIL WYNAND (after a pause): Have you seen the kind of things I've built?

ROARK: Yes.

GAIL WYNAND: This is different. It's not for my public. It's for me.

ROARK: You mean you've never built anything for yourself?

GAIL WYNAND: No, not if you don't count the cage I have up on my penthouse and this old print factory here. Why I don't know--I thought perhaps you'd know.

ROARK (simply, without insolence): Because you've been unhappy.

GAIL WYNAND: Care to elaborate?

7240 ROARK: You understand.

7241 GAIL WYNAND: I'd like to hear you explain it.

7242 ROARK: The house a man owns is a statement of his life.
7243 If he doesn't build, when he has the means, it's because
7244 his life hasn't been what he wanted.

7245 GAIL WYNAND: Don't you think it's preposterous to say
7246 that to me of all people?

7247 ROARK: No.

7248 GAIL WYNAND (verbal smile): I don't either. But you and
7249 I are the only two who'd say it. (Brief pause.) How old
7250 are you, Mr. Roark?

7251 ROARK: Thirty-six.

7252 GAIL WYNAND: I owned most of the papers I have when I
7253 was thirty-six. (Brief pause.) I don't know why I
7254 said that. I just happened to think of it.

7255 ROARK: What would you like me to build for you?

7256 GAIL WYNAND: My home. (Pause.) You were correct in your
7257 diagnosis. Because now I'm happy.

7258 ROARK: What kind of house?

7259 GAIL WYNAND: You'll decide that. I've bought the land--
7260 five hundred acres in Connecticut--in the country.

7261 ROARK: Did Mrs. Wynand choose me for the job?

7262 GAIL WYNAND: No, Mrs. Wynand knows nothing about this.
7263 It was me who wanted to move out of the city, and she
7264 agreed. I asked her to select the architect--my wife's
7265 the former Dominique Francon, once a writer on these
7266 things--but she preferred to leave the choice to me.
7267 (Brief pause.) You want to know why I picked you?
7268 It took a long time to decide. At first I was lost,
7269 I didn't know any architects at all--save the imbeciles
7270 who built Stoneridge and this is no Stoneridge.
7271 So I went around the country looking at homes, hotels,
7272 all sorts of buildings. Every time I saw one I liked and
7273 asked who'd designed it, the answer was always the same:
7274 Howard Roark.

7275 ROARK: I see.

7276 GAIL WYNAND: If you wanna know the truth: I didn't want
7277 to meet you.

7278 ROARK: Why?

7279 GAIL WYNAND: You've heard of my private gallery?

7280 ROARK: Yes.

7281 GAIL WYNAND: I never meet the men whose work I love.
7282 The work means too much to me. I don't want the men to
7283 spoil it. They usually do. (Brief pause.) I've told you
7284 this only because I want you to know that I respect very
7285 little in life, but I respect the things in my gallery--
7286 and your buildings. It's the only religion I have.
7287 I figure I've destroyed, perverted and corrupted just
7288 about everything that exists. But I've never touched
7289 that. Why are you looking at me like that?

7290 ROARK: Tell me about the house you want.

7291 GAIL WYNAND: I want it to be a residence for two people
7292 only--my wife and me. We don't intend to have children
7293 nor to entertain. One guest room--in case we need it--
7294 but not more than that. Living room, dining room,
7295 library, two studies, one bedroom, servants' quarters,
7296 garage. I'll give you details later. The cost? Whatever
7297 you need. The appearance? (verbal smile) Let's just say
7298 I want it to have the Roark quality.

7299 ROARK: And that is?

7300 GAIL WYNAND: You understand.

7301 ROARK: I want to hear you explain it.

7302 GAIL WYNAND: I think some buildings are cheap show-offs,
7303 all front, and some are cowards, apologizing for
7304 themselves in every brick. And some are just botched and
7305 false. Your buildings have one sense above all--a sense
7306 of joy. Not an easy joy. The difficult, demanding kind.
7307 The kind that makes you feel as if it were an
7308 achievement to experience it.

7309 ROARK (slowly, not in tone of an answer): I suppose
7310 it was inevitable.

7311 GAIL WYNAND: What?

7312 ROARK: That you would see that.

7313 GAIL WYNAND: I want this house because I'm desperately
7314 in love with my wife. What's the matter?

7315 ROARK: Nothing. Go on.

7316 GAIL WYNAND: I can't stand to see my wife with other
7317 people. It's not jealousy--it's much worse. I can't
7318 stand to see her walking down the streets of a city.
7319 I can't share, not even with shops, taxicabs or
7320 sidewalks. I must put her out of reach--where nothing
7321 can touch her. This house is to be a vault--to guard
7322 things too precious for sight. But it must be more--
7323 a separate world, so beautiful we'll never miss the one
7324 we left. Not prison bars and cells but your talent as a
7325 wall between us and the world. That's what I want.

7326 ROARK: You want a temple.

7327 GAIL WYNAND: Yes--that's exactly what I want. A temple
7328 to Dominique Wynand. (Brief pause.) I want you to
7329 meet her before you begin.

7330 ROARK: I met Mrs. Wynand some years ago.

7331 GAIL WYNAND: You have? Then you understand.

7332 ROARK: I do.

7333 GAIL WYNAND: You'll start at once. Drop anything else
7334 you're doing. I'll pay whatever you want. I want that
7335 house by summer. (Brief pause.) Oh, I haven't asked
7336 whether you want to do it.

7337 ROARK: I'll do it.

7338 GAIL WYNAND: As a rule, before I make a deal with
7339 any man, I make it a point to know everything about him.
7340 I never checked up on you. It didn't seem necessary.

7341 ROARK: I can answer any questions.

7342 GAIL WYNAND: I can't think of any.

7343 ROARK: I never make any conditions except one: if you
7344 accept the preliminary drawings of the house, it's to be
7345 built as I designed it, without any changes of any kind.

7346 GAIL WYNAND: That's understood. I've heard you don't
7347 work otherwise. (Brief pause.) Will you mind if I don't
7348 give you any publicity on this house--kept it out of the
7349 papers?

7350 ROARK: I won't mind.

7351 GAIL WYNAND: Will you promise not to release
7352 pictures of it for publication?

7353 ROARK: I promise.

7354 GAIL WYNAND: I'll give you all the plugging you want on
7355 other projects.

7356 ROARK: I don't want any plugging.

7357 GAIL WYNAND (laughs loudly): What a thing to say!
7358 I don't think you have any idea how your fellow
7359 architects would have conducted this interview. I don't
7360 think you've been conscious for a second who you've been
7361 talking to.

7362 ROARK: I have.

7363 GAIL WYNAND: That was my way of thanking you.
7364 I don't always like being Gail Wynand.

7365 ROARK: I know that.

7366 GAIL WYNAND: May I ask you a personal question?

7367 ROARK: Yes.

7368 GAIL WYNAND: Have you always liked being Howard Roark?

7369 ROARK (an amused, astonished and involuntarily
7370 contemptuous laugh):

7371 NARRATOR: When Roark had gone...

7372 GAIL WYNAND (into intercom): Tell Alvah to send me
7373 everything she has on Howard Roark.

7374 ALVAH (begging to be begged): Guess what?

7375 TOOHEY: Go away, Alvah, I'm busy.

7376 ALVAH: But this is interesting, Ellsworth. Really,
7377 it's interesting. I know you'll want to know.

7378 TOOHEY: All right. What is it?

7379 ALVAH (verbal smile): Ellsworth, your private F.B.I. is
7380 slipping.

7381 TOOHEY: What are you talking about?

7382 ALVAH: Bet you don't know what Gail's been doing--

7383 TOOHEY: Gail?

7384 ALVAH: You always make such a point of keeping yourself
7385 informed.

7386 TOOHEY: What don't I know?

7387 ALVAH: Guess who was in his office today?

7388 TOOHEY: My dear Alvah, I have no time for quiz games.

7389 ALVAH: You won't guess in a thousand years.

7390 TOOHEY: Very well, since the only way to get rid of you

7391 is to play the fool: Who was in dear Gail's office

7392 today?

7393 ALVAH: Howard Roark.

7394 TOOHEY (incredulously): No!

7395 ALVAH (proud of the effect): Yes!

7396 TOOHEY: Well! (bursts out laughing)

7397 ALVAH (puzzled, anxious to join in but uncertain):

7398 Yes, it's funny but...just exactly why, Ellsworth?

7399 TOOHEY: Oh, Alvah, it would take so long to tell you!

7400 ALVAH: Look: you know how we've gone out on a limb, you

7401 in particular, on how this Roark is just about the worst

7402 architect in town, and now if our own boss hires him--

7403 TOOHEY: What was Roark doing there? Was it a commission?

7404 ALVAH: That's what I can't find out.

7405 TOOHEY: Have you heard the boss is planning to build

7406 anything lately?

7407 ALVAH: No. Have you?

7408 TOOHEY: No. I guess my F.B.I. is slipping.

7409 ALVAH: I have an idea...

7410 TOOHEY: What idea?

7411 ALVAH (solemnly): Ellsworth, Gail's been impossible

7412 lately. You were right. You're always right. I don't

7413 know if it's Dominique or some kind of mid-life crisis

7414 but...something's happening. Why does he suddenly start

7415 reading every damn line of every damn edition and raise

7416 hell for the silliest reasons? He's killed three of my

7417 best editorials lately--and he's never done that to me

7418 before. Never. The other day, he called Jules Fougler a

7419 bargain-basement mind, right to his face, and threw his

7420 Sunday piece into the garbage. Jules Fougler, our best

7421 writer! No wonder Gail hasn't got a friend left in the

7422 place. If they hated his guts before, you oughtta hear

7423 them now!

7424 TOOHEY: I've heard them.

7425 ALVAH: He's losing his grip, Ellsworth. I don't know
7426 what I'd do if it weren't for you and the swell bunch
7427 you've handpicked. They're our most productive workers,
7428 those boys of yours. They keep the Banner going.
7429 But Gail...Listen, last week he fired Dwight Carson.
7430 Sure Dwight was deadweight and a damn nuisance, but he
7431 was the first of those special pets of Gail's, the boys
7432 who sold their souls. So, in a way, I liked having him
7433 around, it was all right, it was healthy, it was a relic
7434 of Gail's best days--his safety valve. So when he
7435 suddenly let Carson go--I didn't like it, Ellsworth.
7436 I didn't like it one bit.

7437 TOOHEY: You're not exactly telling me things I don't
7438 know.

7439 ALVAH: I've been so damn mad for so long I'm fit to be
7440 tied. But here's what I'm driving at: this Howard Roark,
7441 what does he make you think of?

7442 TOOHEY: I could write a column on that, Alvah. But this
7443 is hardly the time.

7444 ALVAH: What I mean is, what's the one thing we know
7445 about him? That he's a crank and a freak and a fool,
7446 all right, but what else? That he's one of those fools
7447 you can't budge with love or money or a sixteen-inch
7448 gun. He's worse than Dwight Carson, worse than the
7449 whole lot of Gail's pets put together. Get my drift?
7450 What's Gail going to do when he comes up against that
7451 kind of a man?

7452 TOOHEY (reflecting): Yes, what will he do?

7453 ALVAH: Why the safety valve, of course--he'll try to
7454 break that Roark's spine! And it'll be good for Gail.
7455 The best thing in the world. Bring him back to normal.
7456 That was my idea. What da ya think?

7457 TOOHEY: Perhaps. Or it may be much worse than you think.
7458 Either way, it means little to us now. Because you see,
7459 Alvah, as far as the Banner's concerned, if it came down
7460 to a showdown between us and our boss, we might not have
7461 to be afraid of Mr. Gail Wynand much longer.

7462 NARRATOR: A boy carrying a thick envelope of clippings
7463 approached Wynand's desk.

7464 GAIL WYNAND: That much? I didn't know he was so famous.

NEWSROOM BOY: It's the Stoddard trial, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: All right. Thank you.

NARRATOR: Roark and Wynand stood on the top of a hill...

GAIL WYNAND: Where do you think the house should stand?

ROARK: Here.

GAIL WYNAND: I hoped you'd say that. (Brief pause.)
May I ask you something?

ROARK: Of course.

GAIL WYNAND: Why did you take this commission.

ROARK: Because I'm...an architect for hire.

GAIL WYNAND: You know what I mean.

ROARK: I'm not sure I do.

GAIL WYNAND: Don't you hate my guts?

ROARK: No. Why should I?

GAIL WYNAND: What about the Stoddard Temple?

ROARK: So you did check up on me?

GAIL WYNAND: I read our clippings. Everything we said about you. We called you an incompetent fool, a tyrant, a charlatan, a swindler, an egomaniac...

ROARK: Stop torturing yourself.

GAIL WYNAND (after a pause): Roark, you don't know me very well. I don't apologize. I never apologize for any of my actions.

ROARK: What made you think I want an apology?

GAIL WYNAND: I stand by every word printed in the Banner.

ROARK: Have I asked you to take them back?

GAIL WYNAND: I know what you think. I didn't even know about the Stoddard Temple until yesterday--and it wasn't me who led the campaign against you. But you need to understand that that campaign was in the true spirit of the Banner. No one is responsible for that but me. Alvah was only doing what I taught her. Had I been here, I'd have done the same.

7499 ROARK: That's your privilege.

7500 GAIL WYNAND: You don't believe I would have done it?

7501 ROARK: I can't do what you're asking me to do.

7502 GAIL WYNAND: And what's that?

7503 ROARK: Punch you in the face.

7504 GAIL WYNAND: Why don't you?

7505 ROARK: I can't pretend something I don't feel. You want

7506 me to demand payment--to close the book. But I can't

7507 help you. I'm not the person you're afraid of right now.

7508 GAIL WYNAND: And that is?

7509 ROARK: Yourself.

7510 GAIL WYNAND: Who gave you the right to say that?

7511 ROARK: You did.

7512 GAIL WYNAND: Go on.

7513 ROARK: I think it hurts you to know you've made me

7514 suffer. You wish you hadn't. And yet there's something

7515 that frightens you more. That I haven't suffered at all.

7516 GAIL WYNAND: Go on.

7517 ROARK: That I'm neither kind nor generous, but simply

7518 indifferent. It frightens you, because you know that

7519 things like the Stoddard Temple always require payment--

7520 and you see that I'm not paying for it. You're

7521 astonished I took this commission. You think my

7522 taking it required courage? It took far greater courage

7523 to hire me. Me, I'm through with the Stoddard Temple.

7524 How about you?

7525 GAIL WYNAND (laughs warmly): It's a deal!

7526 NARRATOR: Later, sitting on a fallen tree trunk...

7527 GAIL WYNAND: I did worse than that. I did just about

7528 everything. What job did you like the best?

7529 ROARK: Catching rivets--on steel.

7530 GAIL WYNAND: I liked being a bootblack on the Hudson

7531 ferry. I should've hated it but I didn't. I don't

7532 remember the people at all. I remember the city--always

7533 there, on the shore, spread out, waiting, as if I were

7534 tied to it by a rubber band. The band would stretch and

7535 carry me to the other shore, but then it would snap back
7536 and I would return. I knew I would never escape from the
7537 city--and it would never escape from me. (Pause.)
7538 We're you ever homeless and hungry?

7539 ROARK: A few times.

7540 GAIL WYNAND: Did you mind it?

7541 ROARK: Not really.

7542 GAIL WYNAND: I didn't either. But I minded having to
7543 take orders--that's bad enough--but having to take them
7544 from your inferiors!

7545 ROARK: I've felt that!

7546 GAIL WYNAND: Did you drive that feeling down and store
7547 it for the day you'd rule those people and everything
7548 around you?

7549 ROARK: No. I hate incompetence. It's probably the only
7550 thing I do hate. But it didn't make me want to rule
7551 people. Or teach them anything. It made me want to do my
7552 own work in my own way and be torn to bits if necessary.

7553 GAIL WYNAND: And were you?

7554 ROARK: Not in a way that counts.

7555 GAIL WYNAND (smiles): I know what you mean.

7556 ROARK: I'd like to help you, Mr. Wynand.

7557 GAIL WYNAND: Gail. (Brief pause.) You mean like with the
7558 Stoddard Temple?

7559 ROARK: Yes.

7560 GAIL WYNAND: You're a damn fool. Don't you realize--

7561 ROARK: I'm doing it already.

7562 GAIL WYNAND: Doing what already?

7563 ROARK (simply): Building this house for you.

7564 (Car stops. Car door open.)

7565 NARRATOR: When he let Roark out at his building...

7566 GAIL WYNAND: You're free to go back to the site as much
7567 as you like--I don't have to go with you. You can get
7568 the surveys and all the other info from my office.
7569 Let me know when the first drawings are ready.

(Car door close. Engine pull away.)

NARRATOR: When they were...

GAIL WYNAND (formal and cool): How do you do, Mr. Roark.

NARRATOR: Roark handed him the drawings, which Wynand studied for a long time.

GAIL WYNAND: I'm impressed. So much so that I want to make a special deal with you. (Sound of a sketch lifted; then softly) You want to see this house built? You want it very much?

ROARK: Yes.

GAIL WYNAND: It will be built. Just as you designed it. On one condition. You sign a contract agreeing to be my exclusive architect--for any building I choose to build in the future. Every man in your profession would drool at the chance. I'm offering it to you. Should you refuse, it'd be easy for me to arrange that no commission be available to you anywhere in the country. No small employer can withstand the pressure I'm able to exert. You've gone through wasted periods before but they were nothing compared to the blockade I can impose. You might have to go back to the granite quarry--oh, yes, I know about that--only I'll see to it that the quarries are also closed to you. (Brief pause.) Yes, you'll build Colonial homes, Rococo hotels and semi-Grecian office buildings. You'll take your spectacular talent and make it obedient. Originality and subservience shall be welded together. My house will be the last Roark building on earth. You've read about ancient rulers who killed the architect so that others might not exceed his glory? Well, the effect will be the same. For the rest of your life you'll obey the will of the mob. If you refuse, you'll never build anything again. But if you accept, you'll build this house that you want to build--and a great many others you don't, and make a great deal of money for both of us. For the rest of your life, you'll design Stoneridge's. That's what I want.

ROARK: Why, of course. I'll be glad to do it. That's easy.

NARRATOR: Roark grabbed a pencil and the back of a letter and drew rapidly.

7611 ROARK: Is this what you want?

7612 NARRATOR: It was Wynand's house--but with Colonial
7613 porches, a Dutch roof, two massive chimneys, assorted
7614 columns and porthole windows.

7615 GAIL WYNAND (instinctively gasps): Good God, no!

7616 ROARK: Then shut up. And don't ever let me hear any
7617 architectural suggestions.

7618 GAIL WYNAND (laughs loudly and long, unable to stop)

7619 ROARK: You knew better than that.

7620 GAIL WYNAND: Howard, I meant it. Until I saw this.

7621 ROARK: I could tell you meant it.

7622 GAIL WYNAND: You knew you were taking a terrible chance?

7623 ROARK: Not at all. I had an ally I could trust.

7624 GAIL WYNAND: What? Your integrity?

7625 ROARK: Yours, Gail.

7626 NARRATOR: Dominique descended the penthouse stairs.

7627 DOMINIQUE: You look happy. That's not the word--but it's
7628 the closest.

7629 GAIL WYNAND: Light. I feel light, thirty years lighter.
7630 It's illogical and impossible and wonderful.

7631 DOMINIQUE: That usually means you've met someone--
7632 a woman.

7633 GAIL WYNAND: Not a woman. A man. (Brief pause.)
7634 Dominique, you're very beautiful tonight. I know I
7635 always say that but...I'm very happy tonight that
7636 you're so beautiful.

7637 DOMINIQUE: What is it, Gail?

7638 GAIL WYNAND: Dominique, I've never stopped thinking
7639 it's a miracle our marriage has lasted. Now I believe
7640 it won't be broken. By anything or anyone. (Pause.)
7641 I have a present for you. Rather, I'll have it for you
7642 by the end of the summer. Our house.

7643 DOMINIQUE: The house? You haven't mentioned it for so
7644 long, I thought you'd forgotten about it. Have you
7645 decided on an architect?

GAIL WYNAND: I've done more than that. I have a drawing to show you. (Drawing unrolled) See?

NARRATOR: She stopped. She was too far away to see the signature, but knew instantly that only one man could have drawn it.

DOMINIQUE (whispers in shock): Roark...

GAIL WYNAND: Yes. I didn't think anyone would ever understand what I wanted. He did.

DOMINIQUE (whispers again): Roark...

GAIL WYNAND: I looked all around the country. Every building I liked had been done by him.

DOMINIQUE: Yes...

GAIL WYNAND: I know I picked an architect you spent all your time at the Banner denouncing.

DOMINIQUE: You read that?

GAIL WYNAND: It was obvious you admired his work but hated him personally. You defended him at the Stoddard trial.

DOMINIQUE: Yes.

GAIL WYNAND: You even worked for him once. That statue Toohey gave me.

DOMINIQUE: Yes.

GAIL WYNAND: I didn't even know it when I chose him. I'd forgotten his name and the trial. But it's he who gave you to me--that statue. And now he's going to give me this house. Dominique, why did you hate him?

DOMINIQUE: I don't hate him...It was so long ago.

GAIL WYNAND: I guess none of it matters now, does it?

DOMINIQUE: I haven't seen him for years.

GAIL WYNAND: You're going to see him tonight--he's coming to dinner.

NARRATOR: They faced each other across the drawing room.

DOMINIQUE: How do you do, Mr. Roark?

ROARK: How do you do, Mrs. Wynand?

DOMINIQUE: I'd like to thank you for the house you've designed for us. It's the most beautiful of your buildings.

ROARK: It had to be, by the nature of the assignment, Mrs. Wynand.

DOMINIQUE: Please, take a seat.

ROARK: If you like the house, you're mostly liking your husband's conception of it.

DOMINIQUE: Are you sharing credit with a client?

ROARK: In a way.

DOMINIQUE: I believe this contradicts your professional convictions.

ROARK: But supports my personal ones.

DOMINIQUE: I'm not sure I understand, Mr. Roark.

ROARK: I believe in conflict, Mrs. Wynand.

DOMINIQUE: Was there conflict involved in designing this house?

ROARK: I like working for some more than others. I knew this house would be what it became only because it was done for Mr. Wynand. I had to work with that and against it. The house had to surpass the architect, the client and the muse.

GAIL WYNAND: But the house--it's you, Howard. It's still you.

ROARK: Thanks for understanding that, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: It's strange. I'm the most possessive man on earth. Let me pick up an ash tray from a dimestore, pay for it and put it in my pocket--and it becomes a special kind of ash tray, unlike any on earth. I feel that about everything I own. From my overcoat--to the typesetters in the newsroom--to the copies of the Banner on newsstands--to this penthouse--to my wife. And I've never wanted to own anything as much as I want to own this house. I'll probably be jealous of Dominique living in it--I can be quite insane about things like that. And yet--I don't feel that I'll own it, because no matter what I do or say, it'll still be yours, Howard. It'll always be yours.

7718 ROARK: I haven't thanked you, Mrs. Wynand, for accepting
7719 me as your architect. I know Mr. Wynand chose me but you
7720 could have refused my services. I wanted to say that I'm
7721 glad you didn't.

7722 DOMINIQUE: Why would you think I'd wish to reject a
7723 house you had designed, Mr. Roark?

7724 NARRATOR: A day or two later in Wynand's office,
7725 Ellsworth Toohey stared up uncomfortably at an
7726 enlargement of the picture of Roark he had so memorably
7727 captioned.

7728 GAIL WYNAND: "Are you happy, Mr. Superman?" wasn't it?

7729 TOOHEY (bested): Yes.

7730 GAIL WYNAND: I don't know what makes you tick, Mr.
7731 Toohey. Frankly, I don't have the stomach for it.
7732 So I'll tell you directly: from now on there's a name
7733 you will never mention in your column again. (Glass
7734 tapped) I could make you reverse yourself publicly and
7735 enjoy it, but I prefer to forbid the subject entirely.
7736 Not a word, Mr. Toohey. Not ever again. Go on writing
7737 your column but remember it's title: One Small Voice.
7738 Keep it small, Mr. Toohey. Very small.

7739 TOOHEY: Yes, Mr. Wynand.

7740 NARRATOR: After dinner, when Dominique had excused
7741 herself...

7742 GAIL WYNAND: Howard, everything you've done in your life
7743 is wrong according to the ideals of mankind. And yet
7744 here you are. It's like you've played a huge joke on us.

7745 ROARK: Have I?

7746 NARRATOR: One morning...

7747 GAIL WYNAND (Ph.): Will you have lunch with me, Howard?
7748 (Restaurant ambience.)

7749 ROARK: What did you want to talk about?

7750 GAIL WYNAND: Nothing special. Just spent a revolting
7751 half-hour and wanted to get the taste of it out of my
7752 mouth.

7753 ROARK: What was revolting?

7754 GAIL WYNAND: Had my picture taken with Ernest Hemingway.

7755 ROARK: Who's Ernest Hemingway?

7756 GAIL WYNAND (laughs loudly): That's it, Howard. That's
7757 why I had to have lunch with you.

7758 NARRATOR: Roark kept an apartment in the Enright House
7759 and Wynand would drop by.

7760 GAIL WYNAND: I like this place of yours--it's simple.
7761 I like to sit here.

7762 ROARK: I like to have you here.

7763 GAIL WYNAND: Howard, have you ever held power over a
7764 human being?

7765 ROARK: No--and I wouldn't take it if it were offered.

7766 GAIL WYNAND: I can't believe that.

7767 ROARK: It was offered to me once. I refused it.

7768 GAIL WYNAND: Why?

7769 ROARK: I had to.

7770 GAIL WYNAND: Out of respect for the man?

7771 ROARK: For the woman.

7772 GAIL WYNAND: Oh, you damn fool! For a woman?

7773 ROARK: For myself.

7774 GAIL WYNAND: We're as opposite as two men can be.

7775 ROARK: Are we?

7776 GAIL WYNAND: Don't you despise everything I've ever
7777 done?

7778 ROARK (grinning): Everything I know of.

7779 NARRATOR: As they sit on the fallen tree trunk,
7780 the frame of a house can be seen in the distance.

7781 GAIL WYNAND: Howard, have you ever been in love?

7782 ROARK (quietly, simply): I still am.

7783 GAIL WYNAND: Hm. When you walk thru a building, is what
7784 you feel greater than that?

7785 ROARK: Much greater. (Brief pause.) Look, Gail.

NARRATOR: Roark got up and tore a thick branch off a tree, held it in both hands and bent the branch slowly into an arc.

ROARK: Now I can make what I want of it: a bow, a spear, a cane, a railing. That's my work. That's it.

GAIL WYNAND (warmly): 'Are you happy, Mr. Superman?'

NARRATOR: Dominique had never visited the job site.

DOMINIQUE: I'll see it when it's finished.

NARRATOR: She accepted that Roark was her husband's property, not hers. Presiding at dinner, she left the men alone afterwards.

One night, Wynand came home late after spending the evening at Roark's apartment.

DOMINIQUE: What is this, Gail? An obsession?

GAIL WYNAND: I guess so. It's strange that you don't like him.

DOMINIQUE: I haven't said that.

GAIL WYNAND: I can see it. I'm not surprised. You would dislike him--precisely because he's the type of man you should like. (Brief pause.) Do you know I love you more since I've met him? Even when you lie in my arms, it's more than it was--I feel like I have a greater right to you.

DOMINIQUE: I understand. (Brief pause.) But what is he to you? A shrine?

GAIL WYNAND (chuckle): More like a hair shirt.

MADAM #1: All I know is, unselfishness is the noblest moral principle--and much more important than freedom. Unselfishness is the only way to happiness. I would have everybody who refused to be unselfish shot. Put them out of their misery. They can't be happy anyway.

SIR #1: Isn't that going a bit far, dear? You can't expect everyone to be a saint.

MADAM #1: It's education we all need. Mr. Toohy understands. If everybody were compelled to be properly educated, we'd have a better world. If you force people to do good, they will be free to be happy.

7823 SIR #1: Everyone can't be as competent as you, my dear.
7824 We must help others. It's our moral duty. We ought not
7825 to be scared of the word compulsion. It's not compulsion
7826 when it's for a good cause.

7827 MADAM #1: Yes, there's a great deal to be said for
7828 compulsion--when it's democratically planned. The common
7829 good comes first, whether we like it or not.

7830 SIR #1: Something has to be done about the masses.

7831 MADAM #1: They don't know what's good for them. How can
7832 people like us understand collectivism so well--and
7833 sacrifice our personal advantages--when the working man,
7834 who has everything to gain, remains so stupidly
7835 indifferent. Really, I can't understand why workers in
7836 this country have so little sympathy for collectivism.

7837 TOOHEY (teasing): Can't you?

7838 SIR #2: Oh, yes, the Banner, God damn it!

7839 SIR #3: I know.

7840 SIR #2: It's slipping. It's definitely slipping. A swell
7841 investment it turned out to be! It's the only time
7842 Ellsworth's been wrong.

7843 MADAM #1: Ellsworth is never wrong.

7844 SIR #2: Well, he was about that. It was he who advised
7845 me to buy a piece of that lousy sheet. (Brief pause.)
7846 What I mean is, I'm not complaining, Ellsworth. It may
7847 even help me to slice something off my damned income
7848 tax. But that filthy rag is surely going downhill.

7849 TOOHEY: Have a little patience.

7850 SIR #2: You don't think I should get out from under?

7851 TOOHEY: I don't.

7852 SIR #2: If you say so. I can afford it.

7853 SIR #3: Well, I can't! Have you heard about the 'Don't
7854 Read Wynand' movement?

7855 SIR #2: I've heard about it.

7856 SIR #3: They paste stickers on windshields. They hiss at
7857 his newsreels in theaters. I don't think it's a large
7858 group, but...Last week a young woman threw a fit in my

store--called me an enemy of labor because I advertise in the Banner.

TOOHEY (downplaying): Wynand's a political primitive. There's a kind of innocence about his brand of politics, don't you think?

SIR #3: Well, I can't afford that kind of thing. Who am I to stick my neck out for Wynand? There's a bunch of us who are thinking the same. We all want to yank our ads out of the Banner.

TOOHEY: Like I said: have a little patience. There's a proper time for everything.

SIR #3: Okay. But there's a feeling in the air--it'll become dangerous someday.

NARRATOR: When the World's Fair flopped--and Peter's firm was reduced to one floor, he asked his mother to move back in with him.

MRS KEATING: You're happy, Petey? (afraid) Aren't you?

PETER (monotone): Yes, Mother.

MRS KEATING: Petey, I think you should get married. It would be much better if you were married. (Pause.) Petey, why don't you...why don't you marry Katie Halsey.

PETER (angry): Mother! (anger draining) Mother, let's not...

NARRATOR: But it was she who forced him to think again of Ellsworth Toohey.

MRS KEATING: They say the government will take over whether you like it nor not. Look at Gordon Prescott--what a sweet little deal he's got himself in housing projects and post offices. Look at that young Gus Webb muscling in on the racket.

PETER: I know, Mother.

MRS KEATING: You might as well call a spade a spade. You need a surfboard to ride the next wave and there's a good sturdy one waiting for the boy who's smart enough to grab it and that surfboard is Cortland Homes.

PETER: How do you know about Cortland Homes?

MRS KEATING: I listen, Petey. Everybody's saying that if they were Toohey's special pet they'd get this

7897 Cortlandt--like that (snaps fingers) just like that,
7898 and nobody can understand what you're waiting for.
7899 Apparently, it's your friend Ellsworth who's running
7900 this particular show.

7901 PETER: He's not. He has no official position. He never
7902 has any official position.

7903 MRS KEATING: Didn't you tell me that most of the boys
7904 that count in every office are his boys? Damned if I
7905 know how he got them in, but he did. What's the matter,
7906 Peter? Are you afraid of asking Ellsworth Toohey a
7907 favor?

7908 PETER (dull): No, I'm not afraid, Mother. All right.
7909 I'll speak to Ellsworth.

7910 NARRATOR: He found him in his office at the Banner.

7911 TOOHEY: You're gaining weight, Peter. And you look
7912 peaked. That's a bad combination. Fat people should be
7913 happy and jolly.

7914 PETER: I'm all right, really.

7915 TOOHEY: You used to have a nice disposition. You mustn't
7916 lose that. People will get bored with you.

7917 PETER: I haven't changed, Ellsworth. I'm just what I was
7918 when I designed the Cosmo Building.

7919 TOOHEY (after a pause): And what exactly was that?
7920 (Brief pause.) Change, Peter, is the basic principle of
7921 the universe.

7922 PETER: Of course. Just a few years ago, Gus--he was
7923 nobody. And now he's on top--and he's yours. Anywhere I
7924 look, any big name I hear--it's one of your boys.

7925 TOOHEY: Yes, but it's not as simple as it looks.
7926 I'm just one lever in a vast movement.

7927 PETER: But you're clever. You can pick people who have
7928 talent, have a future. You can also sniff out a worthy
7929 villain--such as Howard Roark.

7930 TOOHEY: Yes, divide and conquer does have its
7931 applications. But I've discovered a much more potent
7932 formula--unite and rule.

7933 PETER: What do you mean?

TOOHEY: Oh, you wouldn't understand. And you mustn't overtax your strength. You don't look as if you have much to spare.

PETER: Oh, I'm all right. I'm a little worried but...

TOOHEY: Worry's a waste of energy. There's not a damn thing we can do about anything whatsoever. (Brief pause.) Of course, there are exceptions. For instance, thinking free action is possible--that I might get you Cortlandt.

PETER: You can read me like a book.

TOOHEY: What kind of book, Peter? A love story? A crime thriller? Or just a plagiarized manuscript? (Brief pause.) A tremendous project, Cortlandt. Yeees, tremendous. Bigger than Stoneridge. You remember Stoneridge, don't you, Peter.

PETER: Of course.

TOOHEY: Well, I hold a project much bigger than Stoneridge in the palm of my hand.

PETER: I hate Wynand. I hate him more than any man living.

TOOHEY: Do you now?

PETER: Not you, Ellsworth. You're a man of integrity.

TOOHEY: That's sweet of you, Peter.

PETER: That's why I can't understand why you dropped me...why you don't write anything about me anymore. Why is it always Gus Gus Gus?

TOOHEY: Why shouldn't it be?

PETER: But I...

TOOHEY: Have you learned nothing of my principles? I don't believe in individualism, Peter. I believe we're all equal and interchangeable. Why do you think I chose you, put you where you are? To protect the field from men who would become irreplaceable. Why do you think I fought so hard against men like Howard Roark?

PETER: You failed there, didn't you, Ellsworth? Look at Roark now.

TOOHEY (sharply): Do you really think I have no mission in life except to worry about the fate of your Howard Roark? Actually, I'm still dealing with him--just not directly. One can devote one's life to pulling out each weed as it comes up--or, one can spread a certain chemical in a such a way that it becomes impossible for weeds to grow.

PETER: Ellsworth, I don't know what you're talking about.

TOOHEY: Of course you don't. That's my advantage.

PETER: Have you heard Roark's doing a house for Gail Wynand?

TOOHEY: You think I had to wait to learn that from you?

PETER: I hear Roark and Wynand are the best of friends. Try and stop Roark now! Try and stop him! (chokes on a gulp--then pause) Ellsworth, I came here to talk about Cortlandt. I want to design it. I want you to give it to me.

TOOHEY: Why should I?

PETER: Because I need it--badly.

TOOHEY: I know you do. (Pause.) You know I can only recommend an architect--I can guarantee nothing.

PETER: That's all I want, Ellsworth. A word of recommendation...

TOOHEY: If you want to know the truth, I tried to get it for Prescott and Webb--but neither of them could design a decent unit that could rent for fifteen dollars a month. And that's what's expected, you see. You'd be surprised at how many people they've turned down. They want a millionaire's kitchen on a sharecropper's budget. Really think you can do it?

PETER: I have ideas, Ellsworth...I've studied the new methods...I could...

TOOHEY: Okay, I'll give you the dope. I can't promise anything but if you come anywhere near it, I'll push it for all it's worth. But it's really up to you, Peter--it's up to you.

PETER: Ellsworth, about the way I look...it's not because I mind so much that I'm a failure...it's because

I can't understand why I slipped from the top like that...without any reason at all...

TOOHEY: Perhaps you should ask yourself why you should have been at the top in the first place. (Pause.) Oh, come, Peter, smile, I'm only kidding. One must keep one's sense of humor!

NARRATOR: The next morning, Peter locked himself in his office, spread out everything on a table, and asked his secretary to bring him a sandwich. At dinnertime he ordered another sandwich. By morning it was clear: He couldn't do it.

When he heard employees coming into work, he walked to his desk, reached for the phone book and dialed.

SECRETARY ROARK: Will four o'clock tomorrow afternoon with Mr. Roark be convenient for you, Mr. Keating?

PETER: Are you really only two years younger than I am?

ROARK: I think so. I'm thirty-seven.

PETER: I'm thirty-nine. (Pause.) Is this what they mean by turning the other cheek--you're letting me come here?

ROARK: I don't know...If I'd been hurt, but...I don't think a man can hurt another, not in any important way.

PETER: It would be less cruel if you felt you had been.

ROARK: I guess so.

PETER: You haven't changed, Howard.

ROARK: I guess not.

PETER: If this is my punishment, I want you to know I'm taking it and that I understand. At one time I would have thought I was getting off easy.

ROARK: You've changed, Peter.

PETER: I know.

ROARK: I'm sorry if this is punishment.

PETER: I know you are. But it's all right I...really took it the night before last.

ROARK: When you decided to come here?

PETER: Yes.

8044 ROARK: What is it, Peter?

8045 PETER: Howard, I'm a parasite. I've been a parasite my
8046 whole life. You designed my best projects at school.
8047 You designed the first house I ever built. You designed
8048 the Cosmo Building. I've fed on you and men like you who
8049 lived long before we were born. The men who designed the
8050 Parthenon, the Gothic Cathedrals, the first skyscrapers.
8051 If they hadn't come before, I wouldn't have known how to
8052 put one brick on top of another. I haven't added a new
8053 doorknob to what men have done before me. I've taken
8054 what wasn't mine and given nothing in return. (Pause.)
8055 I've come here to ask you to save me again. If you want
8056 to throw me out, do it now.

8057 ROARK: No...

8058 PETER (somber, quiet): I suppose you know I'm finished
8059 as an architect. Well, not exactly finished, but near
8060 enough. People don't forgive a man who's slipping.
8061 I must live up to what they thought. And I can do that
8062 only in the same way I've done everything in my life.
8063 I need a prestige I don't deserve--for an achievement
8064 I didn't accomplish--to save a name I haven't earned.
8065 I've been given a last chance. I know it's my last.
8066 And I know I can't do it. I won't try to bring you a
8067 mess and ask you to correct it. I'm asking you to
8068 design it and let me put my name on it.

8069 ROARK: What's the job.

8070 PETER: Cortlandt Homes.

8071 ROARK: The housing project?

8072 PETER: Yes. You've heard about it?

8073 ROARK: Of course. (Brief pause.) Who offered it to you?
8074 On what conditions?

8075 NARRATOR: Peter explained.

8076 PETER: There's no reason why you should do it for me.
8077 If you can solve their problem, you can go to them
8078 directly and do it on your own.

8079 ROARK (smiling): You think I could get past Toohy?

8080 PETER: No, I don't. I don't think you could.

8081 ROARK: Who told you I was interested in housing
8082 projects?

8083 PETER: What architect isn't?

8084 ROARK: Well, I am. But not the way you think.

8085 PETER: You want to do it?

8086 ROARK: I might. If you offer me enough.

8087 PETER: Howard--anothing you ask. Anothing. I'd sell my

8088 soul...

8089 ROARK: Selling your soul's easy. Most people do it

8090 all day. I'm asking if you'd be willing to

8091 keep your soul.

8092 PETER: Yes...Yes, I think so.

8093 ROARK: Well, give me a reason why I'd want to design

8094 Cortlandt.

8095 PETER: You can have all the money they pay me.

8096 I don't need it. You can have double the money.

8097 ROARK: You know better than that, Peter. Is that the

8098 best you have?

8099 PETER: You'd save my life.

8100 ROARK: Why would I want to save your life?

8101 PETER: It's a great public project, Howard. Think of the

8102 poor people who live in slums. If you can give them

8103 comfort within their means, you'll have done a

8104 noble deed.

8105 ROARK: That doesn't interest me.

8106 PETER: You'll love designing it.

8107 ROARK: Now you're speaking my language.

8108 PETER: What do you want?

8109 ROARK: Now listen: I've been working on the problem of

8110 low-rent housing for years. Not because of poor people

8111 in slums but because of the possibilities of our modern

8112 world. The new materials and the chances to use them.

8113 There are so many products of man's genius around us

8114 today--such great possibilities to explore. To build

8115 cheaply, simply, intelligently. (Brief pause.) After the

8116 Stoddard Temple I didn't have much to do--so I worked

8117 because I can't look at any material without thinking:

8118 What can be done with it? And the moment I think that,

8119 I've got to do it. To find the answer, to break the

thing. I've worked on it for years. I love it. Because it's a problem I want to solve. You want to know how to build a unit to rent for fifteen dollars a month? I'll show you how to build it for ten. (Pause.) In all the years I've worked on this problem, I never hoped to see a practical application. I forced myself not to hope. Your government's made building so expensive that private owners can't afford low-rent projects. And I'll never be given any job by any government. I've never been given a job by any group, board, council, or committee, unless some man fought for me. There's a reason for that. That's why I need you--that's why it'll be a fair exchange.

PETER: You need me?

ROARK: Peter, I love this work. I want to see it made real, living, functioning...built. Built exactly as I design it. You understand?

PETER: Yes.

ROARK: I like to receive money for my work. But I can pass that up this time. I like people to know my work is mine but I can pass that up too. I like that tenants are happy with my work but that doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is the work itself. My work done my way. Peter, there's nothing in the world you can offer me, except this. Offer me this and you can have anything I've got to give.

PETER: Yes, Howard--I understand.

ROARK: I'll design Cortlandt. You'll put your name on it. You'll keep all the fees. But you'll guarantee it'll be built exactly as I design it.

PETER (concerned): Yes, I see.

ROARK: It won't be easy.

PETER: It'll be extremely difficult.

ROARK: Because it's a large project and a government project. You'll have a hard battle.

PETER: I'll try to live up to it, Howard.

ROARK: You'll have to figure out your own way of accomplishing it--get an ironclad contract and then fight every bureaucrat that comes along for the next

8159 year or more. I'll have no guarantee except your word.
8160 Care to give it to me?

8161 PETER: You have it.

8162 ROARK: Okay. (Drawer opened and piece of paper grabbed
8163 and placed on desk, followed by furious writing of 45
8164 seconds or so.) An agreement, stating the basic terms.
8165 It would probably have no legal validity whatsoever but
8166 I could make it public. And if it's prestige you want,
8167 you can't allow this to become known. Remember, if at
8168 any point your courage fails you, you'll lose everything
8169 by giving in. But if you keep your word--I'll never
8170 betray this to anyone. Cortlandt will be yours. On the
8171 day it's finished, I'll send this paper back to you and
8172 you can burn it.

8173 PETER: All right, Howard. (Paper signed twice.)
8174 Everybody would say you're a fool...Everybody would say
8175 I'm getting everything...

8176 ROARK: That's what they'll say. But I'll take what
8177 nobody can give a man, except himself. I will have built
8178 Cortlandt.

8179 PETER (quiet realization): You're getting more than
8180 I am, Howard.

8181 NARRATOR: They sat on the shore of the lake--Wynand
8182 slouched on a boulder--Roark stretched out on the
8183 ground--and Dominique sitting up straight. The Wynand
8184 house stood finished above them.

8185 DOMINIQUE: I like to look at it from here, watching the
8186 light change on it.

8187 GAIL WYNAND: When you're designing, Howard, do you know
8188 what the sun will do from every angle?

8189 ROARK: Sure. But I can't control it here. Move over,
8190 I like the sun on my back.

8191 GAIL WYNAND: You look like the laziest creature in the
8192 world, Howard.

8193 ROARK: I am.

8194 GAIL WYNAND: I've never seen anyone relax like that.

8195 ROARK: Try staying awake for three nights in a row.

8196 GAIL WYNAND: I told you to get up here yesterday.

8197 ROARK: I couldn't.

8198 GAIL WYNAND: You look as though you could pass out right
8199 here.

8200 ROARK: I'd like to. This is the way I'd like to die,
8201 stretched out on some shore like this, just close my
8202 eyes and never open them.

8203 GAIL WYNAND: That's not funny. What are you killing
8204 yourself over?

8205 ROARK: Ventilator shafts, at the moment.

8206 GAIL WYNAND: For who?

8207 ROARK: Just clients.

8208 GAIL WYNAND: And you have to work nights?

8209 ROARK: For these people, yes. Can't even bring it into
8210 the office.

8211 GAIL WYNAND: What are you talking about?

8212 ROARK: Nothing. Don't pay me any attention. I'm half
8213 asleep.

8214 GAIL WYNAND: Let's get up early--go for a swim before
8215 sunrise.

8216 DOMINIQUE (a bit sharply): Mr. Roark is tired, Gail.
8217 (Brief pause.) You're imposing country hours on a guest
8218 from the city who's not used to them. You can't order
8219 Mr. Roark around as if he were an employee of the
8220 Banner.

8221 GAIL WYNAND (gaily): There's nobody on earth I'd rather
8222 order around--whenever I can get away with it.

8223 ROARK: I don't mind taking orders. Not from a man as
8224 capable as Gail.

8225 GAIL WYNAND: Dominique's right--you should rest.
8226 I'll tell the servants not to disturb you.

8227 ROARK: I'll be all right in a few hours. I like to swim
8228 before breakfast. Knock on my door when you're ready.
8229 (Sound of drawings being handled.)

8230 TOOHEY (howling with laughter): Peter, you're a genius.
8231 And you know exactly what I mean. (Brief pause.) I take
8232 my hat off to you, Peter, I really do!

8233 PETER (listlessly): Look at the plans. It'll rent for
8234 ten dollars a unit.

8235 TOOHEY: I haven't the slightest doubt it will. Oh yes,
8236 this will go through. Don't worry. This will be
8237 accepted.

8238 GAIL WYNAND: You fool! What are you up to? (A newspaper
8239 is thrown.)

8240 ROARK: What?

8241 GAIL WYNAND: Architects drawing of Cortlandt Homes by
8242 Peter Keating.

8243 ROARK: So?

8244 GAIL WYNAND: You know damn well what I mean. You think I
8245 picked the things in my private gallery by their
8246 signatures? If Peter Keating designed this, I'll eat
8247 every copy of today's Banner.

8248 ROARK: You must be pretty hungry.

8249 GAIL WYNAND: What are you after?

8250 ROARK: I don't know what you're talking about.

8251 GAIL WYNAND: You might--if I run a story that a certain
8252 housing project was designed by Howard Roark, which
8253 would make a swell joke on Mr. Toohy, who's certain to
8254 be the puppeteer behind this whole thing.

8255 ROARK: Publish that and I'll sue the hell out of you.

8256 GAIL WYNAND: You really would?

8257 ROARK: Drop it, Gail. Can't you see I don't wish to
8258 discuss it?

8259 NARRATOR: Later, Wynand showed the paper to Dominique.

8260 GAIL WYNAND: Who designed this?

8261 DOMINIQUE: Roark, of course.

8262 ALVAH (muttering indifferently): What the hell, Gail.

8263 GAIL WYNAND: That's what I want to know. (reading)
8264 'Motherhood in a Changing World: the world we have known
8265 is done for and it's no use kidding ourselves, we can't
8266 go back.' It's all right, Alvah, to dish out crap. But
8267 this kind of crap?

8268 ALVAH (low with a tone of warning): You're out of step
8269 with the times, Gail.

8270 GAIL WYNAND (ending the conversation): Go and knock out
8271 something else, Alvah.

8272 NARRATOR: He knew the Banner was losing some popularity.

8273 GAIL WYNAND: A temporary fad.

8274 NARRATOR: He'd run a limerick contest, see a slight rise
8275 in circulation, then forget all about it.

8276 Then he'd smile when reading Roark's name. For word had
8277 come down from on high: plug Howard Roark. This he never
8278 spoke of to Roark and Roark never mentioned it.

8279 GAIL WYNAND: Think of all the politicians, movie stars
8280 and murderers the Banner has trumpeted all these years.
8281 Think of my great crusades--street-cars, red-light
8282 districts, home-grown vegetables. For once, Dominique,
8283 I can say what I believe.

8284 DOMINIQUE (a bit unsure): Yes, Gail...

8285 GAIL WYNAND: All this power never used. Now I'll force
8286 them to recognize him as he should be recognized.

8287 DOMINIQUE: Do you think he wants this?

8288 GAIL WYNAND: Probably not. But I don't care--he needs it
8289 and he's going to get it.

8290 DOMINIQUE: All that copy--do you write it yourself?

8291 GAIL WYNAND: Most of it.

8292 DOMINIQUE: Gail, what a journalist you could've been!

8293 NARRATOR: The campaign brought results--just not the
8294 kind Wynand expected.

8295 SIR #1 (laughing): Roark? Oh yes, Wynand's pet.

8296 MADAM #1 (chuckling): The Banner's glamour boy.

8297 SIR #2 (chuckling): The genius of the yellow press.

8298 MADAM #1: The Banner's now selling art--(punch line)
8299 send two box tops. (Riotous laughter.)

8300 SIR #1 and #2 (Riotous laughter.)

8301 GAIL WYNAND: We'll see...

NARRATOR: Wynand had won for Roark a yacht club, an office building and two private homes.

GAIL WYNAND: I'll get you more than you can handle. You'll catch up with all the years they made you waste.

HELLER: Howard, this business of Mr. Gail Wynand. Now, the friendship is your business. But there's one thing that must be stopped--and you're going to listen to me for once.

ROARK: I'm listening.

HELLER: All these commissions he's dumping on you. Though he'll be lifted several rungs for that in hell, where he's certain to go, the publicity in the Banner has got to stop. It's hurting you professionally.

ROARK: I know.

HELLER: Are you going to make him stop?

ROARK: No.

HELLER: Why in blazes, not?

ROARK: I said I'd listen, Austen. I didn't say I'd do anything.

NARRATOR: Early one evening in the city after work...

GAIL WYNAND: It's nice out. Let's go for a walk, Howard. I want to show you something.

NARRATOR: He led the way to a two-block stretch of grimy tenement buildings in Hell's Kitchen.

ROARK: You own it?

GAIL WYNAND: All of it.

ROARK: Why show it to me?

GAIL WYNAND: Come.

NARRATOR: They entered a diner across the street and ordered coffee.

GAIL WYNAND: That's the first piece of property I ever bought. A long time ago. I haven't touched it since.

ROARK: What were you saving it for?

GAIL WYNAND: You. (Brief pause.) This is where I was born. As soon as I could, I bought this piece. House by

8337 House. Block by block. It took a long time. I could've
8338 bought better property and made more money--like I did
8339 later--but I waited until I had this. I'd decided, you
8340 see, that someday this is where I'd build the Wynand
8341 Building.

8342 ROARK: Gail!...

8343 GAIL WYNAND: Want it pretty badly, do you?

8344 ROARK: I think I'd almost give my life for it--only then
8345 I couldn't build it. Is that what you wanted to hear?

8346 GAIL WYNAND: Something like that. I won't ask for your
8347 life. But it's nice to shock the hell out of you for
8348 once. It means you understand what the Wynand Building
8349 will stand for. The highest building in the city.
8350 And the greatest.

8351 ROARK: Of course--that's what you'd want.

8352 GAIL WYNAND: I planned it when the Banner was nothing
8353 but a fourth-rate rag. I've waited for it from the day
8354 I was born. And now you'll wait with me. I really do
8355 like to torture you, you know that?

8356 ROARK: I know.

8357 NARRATOR: Peter saw her standing in front of a
8358 bookstore window.

8359 PETER: Katie?

8360 KATIE (casual, disconnected): Why, Peter Keating.
8361 Hello, Peter.

8362 PETER: Imagine running into you like this...I thought
8363 you moved to Washington.

8364 KATIE: Just a business trip. Have to dash back tomorrow.
8365 Can't say I mind. New York seems so slow these days.

8366 PETER: I'm glad you like your job...isn't that what you
8367 mean?

8368 KATIE: Like my job? What a silly thing to say.
8369 Washington's the only grownup place in the country.
8370 I don't see how people can live anywhere else. What have
8371 you been doing, Peter? I saw your name in the paper the
8372 other day, about something important.

8373 PETER: I'm...I'm working...You haven't changed much,
8374 Katie--I mean, your face--you look like you used to--
8375 in a way...

8376 KATIE: It's the only face I've got. Why do people always
8377 have to talk about the changes if they haven't seen each
8378 other for a year or two?

8379 PETER: But...you do look nice...It's...it's nice to
8380 see you...

8381 KATIE: I'm glad to see you, too. How's the
8382 building industry?

8383 PETER: Must have been Cortlandt that you read about.
8384 I'm doing Cortlandt Homes, a government...

8385 KATIE: Yes, of course, That was it. Good for you, Peter.
8386 Not just for private profit but with a social purpose.
8387 I think architects should stop money grubbing and give
8388 to government--that's wonderful.

8389 PETER: Why, most of them would grab it if they could,
8390 it's one of the hardest rackets to break into, it's a
8391 closed...

8392 KATIE: I know. It's impossible to make the laymen
8393 understand our methods and that's why all we hear are
8394 these stupid, boring complains. You shouldn't read the
8395 Wynand papers, Peter.

8396 PETER: I never read the Wynand papers. But what has that
8397 got to do with...I don't know what we're talking about.
8398 (warmly) Katie.

8399 KATIE: You do look like you've gained a bit of weight,
8400 Peter.

8401 PETER: I've changed, haven't I? Do I look awful?

8402 KATIE: No, it's just...It isn't healthy, that's all.
8403 In general, men make too much fuss over personal
8404 appearance. They're much vainer than women. It's really
8405 women who're taking charge, of all the productive work--
8406 it's women who will build a better world.

8407 PETER: How does one build a better world?

8408 KATIE: Well, the determining factor is, of course,
8409 economic...

8410 PETER: No, I...I didn't ask it that way...I meant,
8411 I've been very unhappy.

8412 KATIE: I'm sorry to hear that. One hears that from so
8413 many these days. It's a transition period and people
8414 feel rootless. But you always had a sunny disposition,
8415 Peter?

8416 PETER: Do you remember what I was like?

8417 KATIE: You talk as if it had been sixty years ago.

8418 PETER: So many things happened. I...I was married.
8419 And divorced.

8420 KATIE: I read about that. I was glad. If your wife was
8421 the kind of woman who could marry Gail Wynand, you were
8422 lucky to be rid of her.

8423 PETER: Katie, you're very kind but...please drop the
8424 act. Tell me what you thought of me. What did you feel--
8425 that day--when I didn't come and then you heard I was
8426 married?

8427 KATIE: Oh, I cried and screamed some dreadful things at
8428 Uncle Ellsworth. All the conventional things everybody
8429 goes through, like measles. I course I knew it was for
8430 the best. I can't imagine myself married to you.

8431 PETER: You can't?

8432 KATIE (covers): Nor to anyone else for that matter.
8433 I'm temperamentally unsuited to domesticity. It's too
8434 selfish and narrow. Of course, it's only human you
8435 should feel remorse, since you did jilt me. But we must
8436 look at it objectively, we're grownup, rational people,
8437 we can't really help what we do, we're conditioned--
8438 we should just charge it off to experience and go on
8439 from there.

8440 PETER: Katie! You're not talking some fallen girl out of
8441 her problem. You're talking about yourself.

8442 KATIE: Is there a difference? Everybody's problems and
8443 emotions are the same.

8444 PETER: Katie, for six years...I've thought of how I'd
8445 ask your forgiveness someday. It was the worst thing
8446 I did in my life--not because I hurt you, which I did--
8447 but because I wanted to marry you. It was the only thing
8448 I ever really wanted. Katie, why do they always teach us

8449 it's evil to do what we want? It's the hardest thing in
8450 the world--to do what we want.

8451 KATIE: Peter, what you're saying is very selfish and
8452 ugly.

8453 PETER: Maybe. I don't know. I've always had to tell you
8454 the truth. About everything. Even if you didn't ask.

8455 KATIE: Yes, you did. You were a charming boy, Peter.

8456 PETER: I loved you, Katie. I loved you, whatever I made
8457 of it, even if this is me saying it for the last time.
8458 (Pause.) Remember when I came to your house for the
8459 first time? I held you on my lap--and told you I'd
8460 never love anyone else? And you said you knew it.

8461 KATIE: I remember.

8462 PETER (after a long pause): I have such...such...

8463 KATIE: You're sweet, Peter. I've always said
8464 men are the sentimentalists. (Brief pause.) Oh, I'm
8465 late. I must run along. (Brief pause.) I'll give you a
8466 ring the next time I'm in town and we'll get a bite.
8467 Though I can't promise when that will be--I'm so busy--
8468 last month it was Detroit--next week I'm flying to
8469 St. Louis--but when they shoot me out to New York again
8470 I'll ring you. So long, Peter, it was ever so nice.

8471 NARRATOR: Wynand hadn't sailed his yacht for several
8472 years. This time he left Dominique behind.

8473 GAIL WYNAND: You're killing yourself, Howard. You're
8474 going at a pace nobody can stand for long. Ever since
8475 that resort.

8476 ROARK: I know when to stop--but I can't stop--unless
8477 it's completely.

8478 GAIL WYNAND: I warn you, we'll be away for months.
8479 If you cry for your drafting table in a week, I won't
8480 take you back. I'm the worst kind of dictator at sea.
8481 You'll have everything you need--except paper or
8482 pencils. I won't even leave you freedom of speech--
8483 no mention of girders, plastics or reinforced concrete
8484 once you step on board. I'll teach you to eat, sleep and
8485 exist like the most worthless millionaire.

8486 ROARK: I'll try.

NARRATOR: Roark's current jobs were being wrapped up. And his new commissions didn't start until the spring. All the drawings Peter needed for Cortlandt Roark had made--and construction was about to begin.

GAIL WYNAND: Dearest, you understand that it's not running away from you? I just need some time away--from everything. Being with Howard is like being alone with myself, only more so.

DOMINIQUE: Of course, Gail. I don't mind.

GAIL WYNAND: Dominique, I believe you're jealous. It's wonderful--I'm more grateful to him than ever--if he can make you jealous.

NARRATOR: The yacht sailed at the end of December. Roark grinned as Wynand found no need to enforce discipline. Roark spoke nothing of buildings, lay for hours on deck in the sun, and loafed like an expert.

(Sound of a man climbing back on deck after a swim.)

GAIL WYNAND: You made a mistake on the Stoddard Temple, Howard. That statue should have been of you.

ROARK: No, I don't want to be the symbol of anything. Only myself.

GAIL WYNAND: Howard, this is what I wanted.

ROARK: I know.

GAIL WYNAND: I'm a miser about two things: you and Dominique. I'm like a savage who's discovered the idea of private property and run amok with it. It's funny--makes me think of Ellsworth Toohey.

ROARK: How?

GAIL WYNAND: What he preaches--selflessness in the absolute sense. Why, that's what I've been. I made myself into a barometer subject to the pressure of the whole world. Toohey's masses pushed me up and down. And I collected a fortune in the process. But suppose I gave away every penny. Suppose I never took any money at all but set out in pure altruism to serve the people. Would I have done anything differently? I've given the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. I've expressed the opinions, desires and tastes of the majority--a majority that voted me its support freely, in the

form of a three-penny ballot dropped at the corner newsstand every morning. (Pause.) For thirty-one years, my papers have represented everybody except Gail Wynand. Yet people call me corrupt. Yes, I took cars and silk pajamas, a penthouse, and gave the world my soul in exchange. But who's sacrificed more? Who?

ROARK: I didn't think you'd ever admit that to yourself.

GAIL WYNAND: Oh, I knew what I was doing. I wanted power over a collective soul and I got it. Pick up any copy of the Banner and you'll see. (Brief pause.) Of course, Toohey would say this is not what he means by altruism. I shouldn't leave it up to the people to decide what they want, I should decide, and then ram it down their throats. And it would have to be rammed...

ROARK: Yes, it would.

GAIL WYNAND (shakes head): No, I'll never become an Alvah. She believes what the public believes. I despise the public. That's my only vindication. I've sold my life, but I got a good price. And I've never really used my power. Now, I'm free. Now I can use it for what I want. For what I believe. For Dominique. For you.

ROARK (unsure): I hope so, Gail.

GAIL WYNAND: What's that in your voice? What've you been thinking these past weeks?

ROARK: The principle behind the dean who expelled me-- from Stanton.

GAIL WYNAND: What principle?

ROARK: Selflessness.

GAIL WYNAND: What Toohey's selling.

ROARK: Looking at Peter Keating--what's left of him--has helped me understand. What was his aim in life? Greatness--but in other people's eyes. Fame, admiration, envy--all things that come from others. He didn't want to be great but to be thought great. He didn't want to build but be admired as a builder. He borrowed from others in order to impress others. What could be more selfless than that?

8563 GAIL WYNAND: But if I were Toohey, I'd say: aren't you
8564 making a case against selfishness? Isn't he acting on a
8565 selfish motive--to be noticed, liked, admired?

8566 ROARK: By others. At the price of his own self-respect.
8567 A truly selfish man isn't affected by the approval of
8568 others.

8569 GAIL WYNAND: You can fake virtue for an audience.
8570 You can't fake it in your own eyes.

8571 ROARK: That's right. They don't ask 'Is this true?' They
8572 ask: 'Is this what others think is true?' Not to do, but
8573 to give the impression of doing. Not to create but to
8574 show. Not ability but connections. Not merit but pull.

8575 GAIL WYNAND: Everything secondhand.

8576 ROARK: That's what's stopped me whenever I faced a
8577 committee. The secondhander acts, but his action is
8578 everywhere and nowhere, and you can't reason with him.

8579 GAIL WYNAND: Notice how they'll accept anything except a
8580 man who stands alone. They recognize him at once.
8581 By instinct. There's a special kind of hatred for him.
8582 They'll accept criminals and dictators. But the
8583 independent man kills them. Look at your own life,
8584 Howard, at the people you've met. They know. You're a
8585 reproach.

8586 ROARK: Because they live secondhand. Then they wonder
8587 why they're unhappy. Our greatest moments are personal,
8588 self-motivated, private. The things precious to us are
8589 the things we don't want to share. But now we're
8590 supposed to throw everything into the public ring
8591 for common pawing. Gail, I think the only evil on earth
8592 is placing your prime concern with other men.
8593 I've always demanded a certain quality in my friends--
8594 it's the only quality I respect in men. Now I know what
8595 it is. A self-sufficient ego. Nothing else matters.

8596 GAIL WYNAND: I'm glad you admit you have friends.

8597 ROARK: I even admit I love them. But I couldn't
8598 love them if they were my chief reason for living.
8599 Look at Peter...

8600 GAIL WYNAND: To hell with Peter, I'm thinking of you and
8601 your friends.

8602 ROARK: Gail, if this boat were sinking, I'd give my life
8603 to save you. Not because it's my duty. But because I
8604 like you. (Brief pause.) I could die for you. But I
8605 wouldn't live for you.

8606 NARRATOR: It was three months when they returned to
8607 the city.

8608 Roark opened a copy of the Banner at his desk...

8609 ROARK (neutral): The Cortlandt Homes Housing Project.
8610 Peter Keating, architect. (Darkening): Gordon Prescott
8611 and Augustus Webb, designers.

8612 NARRATOR: It had begun so innocently...

8613 TOOHEY: What do you care if they're put on the payroll?
8614 It won't affect your prestige at all. They'll just be
8615 your draftsmen. I just want to give the boys a boost.

8616 PETER: But what for? There's nothing for them to do.
8617 It's all done.

8618 TOOHEY: Oh, just some last-minute drafting. Save time
8619 for your own staff. Don't be a hog.

8620 NARRATOR: The changes began with an added gymnasium.
8621 Then other changes--of a purely "aesthetic" nature--
8622 followed.

8623 PETER: But we're ready to start!

8624 GUS WEBB: What the hell--it'll set 'em back just a
8625 coupla thousand bucks more, is all.

8626 PRESCOTT: And as for the balconies, you don't want the
8627 thing to look so bare. Besides people are used to
8628 sitting on firescapes--they miss them. You've got to
8629 give them a place to sit in the fresh air.

8630 PETER: But what about the cost?

8631 GUS WEBB: We'll go without the closet doors. What do
8632 we need doors on closets--it's old fashioned.

8633 NARRATOR: Peter fought and fought...

8634 BUREACRAT #1: It doesn't come out of your pocket, does
8635 it?

8636 BUREAUCRAT #2: Who are you to have it all your way?

8637 BUREAUCRAT #3: Let the boys contribute something.

8638 PETER: It's awful, Ellsworth! You know it's awful!

8639 TOOHEY: Oh, I suppose so. But what do you care.

8640 Your poor tenants won't be able to appreciate the

8641 finer points anway. See that the plumbing works.

8642 PETER (a lamenting wail): But what for? What for?

8643 PRESCOTT: Why shouldn't we have any say?

8644 GUS: We want to express our individuality, too.

8645 NARRATOR: When Peter invoked his contract...

8646 BUREAUCRAT #1: Go ahead. Try to sue the government.

8647 Go ahead.

8648 NARRATOR: He felt a desire to kill. But nobody was

8649 responsible. It had just...happened.

8650 (Door opened.)

8651 ROARK: Good evening, Peter.

8652 (Door closed. Footsteps.)

8653 PETER: What are you going to do?

8654 ROARK: Leave that to me.

8655 PETER: I couldn't help it, Howard...I couldn't help it!

8656 ROARK: I guess not.

8657 PETER: What a can you do now? You can't sue the

8658 government.

8659 ROARK: No.

8660 PETER: Want me to confess the truth? To everybody?

8661 ROARK: No.

8662 PETER (after a pause; in a whisper) Will you let me

8663 give you the fee...all of it?

8664 ROARK (morose chuckle):

8665 PETER: I'm sorry...(Pause.) I'm scared, Howard...

8666 ROARK: Whatever I do, Peter, it won't be to hurt you.

8667 I'm guilty, too.

8668 PETER: You're guilty?

8669 ROARK: It's me who's destroyed you. From the beginning.

8670 By helping you. I shouldn't have done your projects at

Stanton. I shouldn't have done the Cosmo Building. Or
Cortlandt. Now we'll both pay for it. Me more than you.

PETER: Would you rather I go, Howard?

ROARK: Yes.

(Footsteps. Door open.)

PETER: Howard, they didn't do it on purpose. I didn't do
it on purpose.

ROARK: I know. That's what makes it worse.

(Car pulling up gravel road and stopping. Man gets out
and footsteps to door opening/closing then footsteps
inside then stopping.)

ROARK: Good evening, Dominique.

DOMINIQUE: Good evening, Roark.

ROARK: I want you to help me.

DOMINIQUE: Yes, Roark.

ROARK: Next Monday night, exactly at eleven thirty,
I want you to drive to the site of Cortlandt Homes.
(Pause) You must be alone in your car--and you must be
on your way home from someplace you had an appointment
to visit, made in advance. A place that can be reached
only by driving past Cortlandt. You must be able to
prove that afterwards. I want your car to run out of gas
in front of Cortlandt at eleven thirty. Honk your horn.
There's an old nightwatchman there. He'll come out.
Ask him to help you and send him to the nearest
filling station, which is a mile away.

DOMINIQUE: Yes, Roark.

ROARK: When he's gone, get of the car. There's a
big stretch of vacant land by the road, across from
the building, and a kind of trench beyond. Walk to
that trench as fast as you can, get to the bottom and
lie down flat. After a while, you can come back to the
car. You'll know when to come back. See that you're
found in the car and that your condition matches the
car's condition.

DOMINIQUE: Yes, Roark.

ROARK: Have you understood?

8708 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

8709 ROARK: Everything?

8710 DOMINIQUE: Yes. Everything.

8711 NARRATOR: She knew he didn't need her help for the
8712 thing he was going to do. He could find other means to
8713 get rid of the watchman. But he had let her play a part,
8714 because she wouldn't survive what was to follow if he
8715 hadn't--it had been a test. He'd wanted her to
8716 understand and show no fear. She had run from
8717 seeing him hurt in the Stoddard trial, but she had
8718 agreed to help him with this. She'd agreed and was at
8719 peace with it. She was free and he knew it.

8720 (Dinner guests eat and laugh.)

8721 NARRATOR: She was in rare form at the dinner given by
8722 the wife of a banker friend of Gail's. She made her
8723 guests laugh and it had been the gayest dinner party
8724 her hosts could remember.

8725 PARTY HOST: Dominique, I didn't know you could be so
8726 wonderful!

8727 DOMINIQUE: I haven't a care in the world.

8728 NARRATOR: By ten forty-five she'd said her goodbyes and
8729 by ten-fifty her foot was on the accelerator.

8730 After coasting towards Cortlandt on the last of her
8731 fuel--she honked and got out of the car.

8732 (Footsteps approach on gravel.)

8733 NIGHTWATCHMAN: What's the trouble, ma'am?

8734 DOMINIQUE: I believe I'm out of gas.

8735 NIGHTWATCHMAN: None in the trunk, eh?

8736 DOMINIQUE: I'm afraid not.

8737 NIGHTWATCHMAN: Well, there's a service station about a
8738 mile down the road.

8739 DOMINIQUE: Oh, dear, in these heels...

8740 NIGHTWATCHMAN (after a pause): I suppose I could
8741 run down there and back.

8742 DOMINIQUE: Would you now? That would be so kind of you.
8743 (Heels on gravel. Car engine. Car pulls-away on gravel.)

Car door open. Hat and bag flung inside. Door shut.
Heels gravel. Footsteps trench. Body lies flat.
TREMENDOUS SONIC BOOM/EXPLOSION; screaming) Roark!
Roark! Roark! (Crawling out of trench. Running across
field over broken glass. Sirens approaching far away.)

NARRATOR: The rear wheels of the car were crushed under
a beam--and an elevator door lay over the hood.
(Car door opened.) She got behind the steering wheel.
(Car door closed.) Gathering handfuls of glass off the
floor, she poured it over her lap and her hair. Taking a
glass splinter, she slashed her neck, her legs, her
arms. As blood shot out of her arm, her head fell back,
her mouth open, panting. She was free!
She had no idea she had cut an artery.

GAIL WYNAND: You little fool! Why did you have to make
such a good job of it?

DOMINIQUE (still weak): I ran out of gas and I was
waiting in my car when suddenly...

GAIL WYNAND: I've already told that story to the police.
So has the nightwatchman. But didn't you know that glass
must be handled carefully?

DOMINIQUE: It didn't hurt.

GAIL WYNAND: Next time you want to play innocent
bystander, let me help you.

DOMINIQUE: They believe it though, don't they?

GAIL WYNAND: Oh, they believe it all right. You almost
died. I don't see why he had to save the watchman's life
but almost take yours.

DOMINIQUE: Who?

GAIL WYNAND: Howard.

DOMINIQUE: What has he have to do with it?

GAIL WYNAND: Darling, you're not talking to the police.
You will be, though, and you'll have to be more
convincing than that. But you'll do it. Just like you
did it at the Stoddard Trial. Whatever you think of him,
you'll always feel what I feel about his work.

DOMINIQUE: Gail, you're glad I did it?

GAIL WYNAND: Yes.

8782 DOMINIQUE: May I see the papers?

8783 GAIL WYNAND: Not until you're up.

8784 DOMINIQUE: Not even the Banner?

8785 GAIL WYNAND: Especially not the Banner. (Brief pause.)
8786 Anway, you have a visitor waiting. He's been here
8787 every day.

8788 DOMINIQUE: Whoo?

8789 GAIL WYNAND (joking): Your lover, Howard Roark. Out on
8790 bail. Want to let him thank you now?

8791 DOMINIQUE: Yes, I want to see him--(teasing) if I'm
8792 going to decide whether to make him my lover.

8793 GAIL WYNAND: I'll kill you both. Now lie flat, you've
8794 got twenty-six stiches in you.

8795 NARRATOR: When the first policeman reached the scene,
8796 he found Howard standing next to a dynamite plunger.

8797 POLICEMAN: What do you know about this, buddy?

8798 ROARK: You'd better arrest me. I'll talk at the trial.

8799 NARRATOR: It was Wynand who got him released.

8800 GAIL WYNAND: I'm worth forty million dollars.
8801 That should be enough to hire a lawyer--if not the
8802 whole profession.

8803 ROARK: I'll represent myself.

8804 GAIL WYNAND: Howard, you're not going to submit
8805 photographs again, are you?

8806 ROARK: Not this time.

8807 (Door Open/Close. Footsteps.)

8808 DOMINIQUE (still weak): You were in jail?

8809 ROARK: For a few hours.

8810 DOMINIQUE: What was it like?

8811 ROARK: Now don't start acting like Gail did.

8812 DOMINIQUE: I won't.

8813 ROARK: I may have to go back there--for years.
8814 You knew that when you agreed to help.

DOMINIQUE: I did.

ROARK: I'm counting on you to save Gail, if I go.

DOMINIQUE: Counting on me?

ROARK: You're Mrs. Gail Wynand and you were at the scene by accident. If it becomes known what we are to each other--it'll be a confession I did it.

DOMINIQUE: I see.

ROARK: Drop any thoughts about wanting to share my fate. If I'm convicted, I want you to stay with Gail. And never tell him about us, because you and he will need each other.

DOMINIQUE: And if you're acquitted?

ROARK: I don't want to say it here. But you know.

DOMINIQUE: If they convict you--if they smear your name in every filthy headline--if they never let you design another building--if they never let me see you again--it won't matter.

ROARK: I've waited seven years to hear you say that.

NARRATOR: He took her hand and held it to his lips.

(Footsteps. Door open and close.)

TOOHEY (in a speech): It happens, upon rare occasions, that forces too great to comprehend become focused in a single event. Such is the outrage of Cortlandt. Here, under a microscope, we can observe the evil that has crushed our poor planet from the day of its birth. One man's ego against mercy, humanity and brotherhood. One man condemning thousands to the horror of the slums, to filth, disease and death. And for what? For some vague sense of personal vanity, for some empty gesture? I regret that the laws of our state allow nothing more than a prison sentence for this crime. That man should forfeit his life. Society needs to rid itself of men like Howard Roark.

SIR #1: Can you imagine: a home built for charity, for the poor?

MADAM #1: He's an ego-maniac devoid of all moral sense.

PRESCOTT: What possible motive could he have had?

GUS WEBB: We demand justice!

NARRATOR: The press was unanimous. The readers were unanimous. Only Gail Wynand went against the current.

ALVAH: Gail--we can't defend a dynamiter!

GAIL WYNAND (sternly): Be quiet, Alvah.

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

GAIL WYNAND (reciting his editorial): In the howling going on all around us, nobody seems to remember that Howard Roark remained at the scene to be arrested. Shouldn't we discover his reasons? We've convicted him without a hearing. We want him to be guilty. Any illiterate maniac, any worthless moron who commits some revolting munder, gets shrieks of sympathy from us and marshals an army of defenders. But a man of genius is guilty by definition. Of course it's unjust to condemn a man simply because he's weak and small. But what level of depravity have we reached to condemn a man simply because he's strong and great? Such is the moral atmosphere of our time--the century of the second-rater!

ALVAH: Oh, Gail...

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

GAIL WYNAND (another editorial): We've come to hold that greatness is to be gauged by self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice, we drool, is the ultimate virtue. But is sacrifice a virtue? Should a man sacrifice his integrity? His honor? His freedom? The independence of his thought? These are a man's supreme possessions. It is precisely these things that cannot and must not be sacrificed.

NARRATOR: Wynand's twenty-two newspapers, his magazines and his newsreels were given the order.

GAIL WYNAND: Forget the facts. This will be a trial of public opinion. We've always made public opinion. Let's make it! Sell Roark! I don't care how you do it. I've trained you. You're experts at selling. Now show me how good you are!

NARRATOR: The Banner ran a photo of the Enright House...

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

GAIL WYNAND: Is this a man you want to destroy?

NARRATOR: A picture of Wynand's home...

GAIL WYNAND: Match this, if you can.

NARRATOR: A picture of the resort...

GAIL WYNAND: Is this a man who's contributed nothing to society?

NARRATOR: Articles ran by a man nobody had head of...

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

GAIL WYNAND: ...Socrates, Galileo, Pasteur--
thinkers, scientists, a long heroic line--each a man who
stood alone, who defied other men...

ALVAH (wails): For God sakes, Gail, it was a
housing project!

GAIL WYNAND: I guess it's impossible to make you fools
understand it has nothing to do with housing. All right,
let's talk about housing!

NARRATOR: So the Banner ran an expose...

(Flurry of typewriter keys.)

GAIL WYNAND: ...the graft, the incompetence, the
buildings erected at five times the cost a private
builder would have required...

NARRATOR: Wynand wrote these on a large piece of
newsprint, with a blue pencil, in huge letters.

GAIL WYNAND: It's said Hell is paved with good
intentions. Could it be because we've never learned
what constitutes the good? Never before have so many
good intentions been so loudly proclaimed in the world.
And look at it!

NARRATOR: Dominique had recovered and returned to the
country house.

GAIL WYNAND: My whole career at the Banner before this
was contemptible. But this will vindicate everything.
I know you've never understood why I've felt no shame--
why I love the Banner. Now you'll see. My power's never
been tested. They'll think what I want them to think.
They'll do as I say. Because it's my city and I run
things around here. Howard, by the time you come to
trial, I'll have them so turned around there won't be a
jury in hell who'd convict you.

8929 DOMINIQUE (concerned): Gail..?

8930 GAIL WYNAND: Go to sleep, you two. I'll be up in a
8931 few minutes.

8932 (Footsteps 2x.)

8933 NARRATOR: On the landing...

8934 (Sound from below of a match lit and cigarette puffed.)

8935 DOMINIQUE: It's horrible.

8936 ROARK: It's great.

8937 DOMINIQUE: He can't help you, no matter what he does.

8938 ROARK: I know it. But that's not the point.

8939 DOMINIQUE: He's risking everything to save you.
8940 He doesn't know that by saving you, he loses me.

8941 ROARK: It's not me he wants to save. I'm only the
8942 excuse.

8943 NARRATOR: Lifting her hand, she softly brushed his
8944 cheek. Then exited into her bedroom.

8945 In the Times the next day...

8946 TIMES EDITOR: Is it not appropriate this Roark is being
8947 defended by the Wynand papers? If anyone doubts the
8948 moral issues involved in this appalling case, here is
8949 the proof of what's what and who stands where.
8950 The Wynand papers--that stronghold of yellow journalism,
8951 that organized insult to public taste and decency,
8952 that intellectual underworld ruled by a man with fewer
8953 principles than a cannibal--the Wynand papers are the
8954 proper champions of Howard Roark, and Howard Roark is
8955 their rightful hero. After a lifetime devoted to
8956 blasting the integrity of the press, it is only fitting
8957 that Gail Wynand should now support a fellow dynamiter.

8958 GUS: There's all this fancy talk but...here's the plain
8959 dope. Old man Wynand's salted away plenty, and I mean
8960 plenty, by skinnin' suckers in the real-estate racket
8961 all these years. Does he like it when the government
8962 muscles in, so's the little fellas can get a roof over
8963 their heads and a modern john for their kids? You bet
8964 your boots he don't, not one bit. It's a put-up job
8965 between the two of 'em, Wynand and Roark, and if you ask
8966 me, Roark got a good hunk of cash for pulling the job.

8967 SOCIALIST WORKER: The Socialist Worker has it from a
8968 reliable source that Cortlandt was only the first step
8969 in a gigantic plot to blow up every housing project,
8970 every power plant, every post office and schoolhouse in
8971 the country. A conspiracy headed by Gail Wynand--and by
8972 other bloated capitalists of his kind, including some of
8973 our biggest moneybags.

8974 SALLY BRENT: Too little attention has been paid to the
8975 feminine angle of this case. The part played by
8976 Mrs. Gail Wynand is certainly highly dubious, to say the
8977 least. Isn't it just the cutest coincidence that it was
8978 Mrs. Wynand who just so conveniently sent the watchman
8979 away at just the right time? And that her husband is now
8980 raising the roof to defend Mr. Roark?

8981 NARRATOR: The Banner's circulation dropped week by week,
8982 like an elevator out of control. Roark was nearly
8983 forgotten in the storm against Wynand.

8984 ALVAH (comically despondent): Look at all these letters
8985 --the Women's Clubs, the ministers, the mothers,
8986 the small shopkeepers--all against us! What can I do?

8987 NARRATOR: Toohey was summoned to Wynand's office.

8988 GAIL WYNAND: Listen, you. As far as your column is
8989 concerned, you're deaf, dumb and blind. You've never
8990 heard of any explosion. You've never heard of anyone
8991 named Roark.

8992 TOOHEY: No, Mr. Wynand.

8993 GAIL WYNAND: And don't let me see too much of you
8994 around here.

8995 TOOHEY: Yes, Mr. Wynand.

8996 NARRATOR: Wynand's lawyer, who'd served him for years,
8997 tried to stop him.

8998 LAWYER: What's the matter, Gail? You're acting
8999 like a child. Like a green amateur. Pull yourself
9000 together, man!

9001 GAIL WYNAND: Shut up.

9002 LAWYER: You were the greatest newspaperman on earth.
9003 Must I state the obvious? An unpopular cause is a
9004 dangerous business for anyone. For a popular newspaper--
9005 it's suicide.

GAIL WYNAND: If you don't shut your mouth, I'll get myself another shyster!

ALVAH: Ellsworth, what are we going to do? What are we going to do?

TOOHEY (verbal smile/chuckle):

ALVAH: Couldn't we scare up an international situation or something. In all my time here I've never seen people go so wild over so little. A dynamiting job! Christ, it's a back page story. We get 'em every month, practically with every strike--the furrier's, the drycleaner's--oh, what the hell! Why all the fury? Who cares? Why do they care?

TOOHEY: There are times, Alvah, when it isn't about the facts and the public reaction seems all out of proportion, but isn't. We should be thanking our lucky stars. This is what I meant by waiting for the right moment. Though damned if I expected it on a platter like this.

ALVAH: On a platter?

TOOHEY: This is where we take over, Alvah.

ALVAH: Take over what?

TOOHEY: The Wynand papers.

ALVAH (whispers): You're crazy. You're crazy! Gail holds fifty-one percent!

TOOHEY: Alvah, I love you. But I wish you weren't such a God damn fool so I could talk to you!

GUS WEBB: There's no practical value to the thing. Now if he blasted it when it was full of people--a few children blown to pieces--then you'd have something. But this? Hell, they'll send the fool to the clink and that's that.

MRS KEATING (whispers): So kind of you, Mr. Toohey. I don't know what to do with Petey. He won't see anyone. He won't even go to the office. I'm scared, Mr. Toohey. Maybe you can help, pull him out of it. He thinks the world of you. (Footsteps. Door open.) Look, Petey, I have a guest for you!

PETER (muted): Hello, Ellsworth. (Door quickly closed.) I wanted to see you, to talk to you.

9045 TOOHEY: Well that's what I came here for.

9046 PETER: I hope you didn't think I didn't want to see you.
9047 It's just...the newspaper people. They won't leave me
9048 alone.

9049 TOOHEY: My, how times change. I remember when one
9050 couldn't keep you away from newspaper people.

9051 PETER: I wish I had a sense of humor left.

9052 TOOHEY: Think you can get away with it?

9053 PETER: With what?

9054 TOOHEY: The hermit act. The loyal silence.

9055 PETER: Ellsworth, what's the matter with you?

9056 TOOHEY: So he's not guilty, is he? You want us to
9057 leave him alone, do you?

9058 PETER (anguished): What do you want?

9059 TOOHEY: The whole story.

9060 PETER: What for?

9061 TOOHEY: To send him to the penitentiary of course.

9062 PETER: I have nothing to tell you.

9063 TOOHEY: I hope you have enough wits left to realize
9064 you're no match for me. You'll talk if I want you to
9065 talk and I don't feel like wasting time. Who designed
9066 Cortlandt?

9067 PETER: I did.

9068 TOOHEY: You know I'm an architectural expert?

9069 PETER: I designed Cortlandt.

9070 TOOHEY: And the Cosmo Building, too?

9071 PETER: What do you want from me?

9072 TOOHEY: I want you on the witness stand. Tell your
9073 story in court. Your friend isn't as obvious as you are.
9074 I don't know what he's up to. That remaining at the
9075 scene was smart. He knew he'd be suspected and so he's
9076 playing it subtle. God knows what he intends to say.
9077 The motive is what they're all stuck on. But you
9078 know it. And you'll state it under oath. You'll tell
9079 them who designed Cortlandt and why.

9080 PETER: I designed it.

9081 TOOHEY: If you want to say that on the stand,
9082 you'd better do something about that shaking.

9083 PETER: Leave me alone.

9084 TOOHEY: You've worshipped him all your life. You've
9085 knelt and worshipped, while stabbing him in the back.
9086 You've loved him and destroyed him--and now there's
9087 no place to run, and you'll have to go through with it!

9088 PETER: What's he to you? What difference does it
9089 make to you?

9090 TOOHEY: You should have asked that a long time ago.
9091 But you didn't. Because you knew it. You've always
9092 known it. That's what's making you shake. That's what
9093 you came to me for--to help you lie to yourself.
9094 That's what they all come to me for. But you can't get
9095 something for nothing. Now it's my turn.

9096 PETER: I won't talk about Howard. You can't make me
9097 talk about Howard.

9098 TOOHEY: No? Then why don't you throw me out of here?
9099 Why don't you take me by the throat and choke me?
9100 Who designed Cortlandt?

9101 PETER: Let me go!

9102 TOOHEY: Who designed Cortlandt?

9103 PETER: It's worse what you're doing...much worse...

9104 TOOHEY: Than what?

9105 PETER: Than what I did to old Heyer.

9106 TOOHEY: What did you do?

9107 PETER: I killed him.

9108 TOOHEY: What are you talking about?

9109 PETER: At least I let him die.

9110 TOOHEY: Stop raving.

9111 PETER: Why do you want to kill Howard?

9112 TOOHEY: I don't. I want him in jail. In a cell.
9113 Behind bars. Alive. He'll get up when they tell him to.
9114 He'll eat what they give him. He'll move when he's
9115 told to move--and if he doesn't move fast enough,

9116 they'll slap him and beat him if he doesn't obey.
9117 And he'll obey. He'll obey!

9118 PETER: Ellsworth! Ellsworth!

9119 TOOHEY: You make me sick. You have to have your
9120 sugar-coating. That's why I prefer Gus--he can
9121 take it straight.

9122 (Door thrown open.)

9123 MRS KEATING: What's going on?

9124 TOOHEY (snaps violently): Get out of here! (Door
9125 slammed--menacing) Who designed Cortlandt?

9126 (Sudden rising, footsteps, dresser drawer, crumpled
9127 paper.)

9128 PETER: Here.

9129 NARRATOR: It was his contract with Roark.

9130 TOOHEY: Well, I didn't expect you to have it in writing
9131 --with his signature even. I take it back. This is
9132 perfect. You made him work for you. You harnessed him.
9133 Took his achievement, his reward, his glory, his name.
9134 I only wrote about it. You did it. (Pause.) Tomorrow
9135 I'll send this to the D.A.. Roark will never know it.
9136 (Paper folded, put into pocket.) Yeees, you sentimental
9137 types are all the same. You go along with me, spout what
9138 I teach, profit by it--but you haven't the guts to admit
9139 to yourself what you're doing. It's in your nature and
9140 it's my chief weapon--but God, do I get tired of it!
9141 The act I have to put on for mean little mediocrities
9142 like you.

9143 PETER: What do you want, Ellsworth?

9144 TOOHEY: Power, Petey. Power.

9145 NARRATOR: Wynand couldn't believe his eyes.

9146 (Flurry of typewriter keys.)

9147 TOOHEY (his column): This case is a test. What we think
9148 of it will determine who we are. In the person of
9149 Howard Roark, we must crush the forces of selfishness
9150 and individualism that threaten our modern world.
9151 The district attorney now has in his possession
9152 a piece of evidence which proves conclusively that
9153 Roark is guilty. We, the people, now demand JUSTICE.

9154 ALVAH (gulps in cracked whisper): Gail, I wasn't here.
9155 I haven't been here for two days. Laryngitis, Gail.
9156 Ask my doctor. I wasn't here. I just got out of bed,
9157 I've got a hundred and three fever, I mean, Gail,
9158 I wasn't here, I wasn't here!

9159 GAIL WYNAND: Fire Toohey and every editor who touched
9160 it. Have them gone. In fifteen minutes.

9161 ALVAH: Gail! We can't!

9162 GAIL WYNAND: Get out of here! (Button pressed on desk)
9163 Stop every copy on the street.

9164 HEAD OF DISTRIBUTION: Mr. Wynand, it's too late!
9165 Most of them are--

9166 GAIL WYNAND: Stop them!

9167 HEAD OF DISTRIBUTION: Yes, Mr. Wynand.

9168 (Door open/close.)

9169 TOOHEY: I came to quit, Mr. Wynand.

9170 GAIL WYNAND: You--how did you get in here?

9171 TOOHEY: I also came to tell you that I'll be back.
9172 On this job, on this column, in this building.
9173 And when I do, I'll run this paper.

9174 GAIL WYNAND: I'll see you in hell first. Now get outta
9175 here!

9176 ALVAH (breathless): Gail, the newsroom just walked out.
9177 On strike. Here are their demands.

9178 GAIL WYNAND: Reinstatement of the editors and Toohey and
9179 reversal of the stand on the Cortlandt case.

9180 (Paper flung down.)

9181 ALVAH: Only Old Manning and the copy boys are left.

9182 GAIL WYNAND: Tell Manning we'll have to fill in with the
9183 copy boys on beats...And send up proofs as soon as you
9184 can...(Buzzer) And bring me a sandwich--any kind!

9185 NARRATOR: Wynand filled in as editor, wire man, rewrite
9186 man, copy boy. He didn't leave the building--sleeping on
9187 the couch in his office.

9188 GAIL WYNAND: Just like the old days, eh, Alvah?

9189 ALVAH: Gail, why don't you negotiate? Meet with them at
9190 least.

9191 GAIL WYNAND: Shut up.

9192 ALVAH: But, Gail, there might be a bit of truth on their
9193 side, too. They're newspapermen. You know what they say,
9194 the freedom of the press...

9195 GAIL WYNAND: Alvah, if we hadn't turned that lousy
9196 Gazette I bought into the Banner...where would the
9197 press be for them to be free on?!

9198 NARRATOR: Though there were police outside, acid was
9199 thrown at the front door and sand into one of the
9200 presses. Delivery trucks were wrecked and a driver
9201 hospitalized. A group of large advertisers sent a
9202 notice cancelling their contracts.

9203 SIR #3: Sue us if you like but we feel we have
9204 legitimate cause. We signed to advertise in a reputable
9205 newspaper, not in a sheet that has become a public
9206 disgrace, that brings pickets to our doors, ruins our
9207 businesses and is not read by anybody.

9208 NARRATOR: Wynand surveyed the city from his office
9209 window.

9210 HELLER: I've supported strikes when it was dangerous to
9211 do so. I've fought Gail Wynand all my life. I never
9212 expected that one day I would stand with Gail Wynand.

9213 SECRETARY WYNAND: But Mrs. Wynand, Mr. Wynand expressly...
9214 (Door opens/closes. Footsteps.)

9215 DOMINIQUE: Gail, I've come for my old job back.

9216 GAIL WYNAND (verbal smile): I see you have. (Brief
9217 pause.) Take this to the back room. Pick up the wires
9218 and bring 'em to me. Then report to Manning at the
9219 city desk.

9220 DOMINIQUE: It's all right, Alvah, I'm here to patch
9221 what's necessary and boy is this cloth ripping fast!

9222 ALVAH: You're a lifesaver, Dominique. It's like the
9223 old days. Only I don't get it: he won't allow a
9224 photo of you when it's a decent, respectable place--but
9225 now that it's like a prison riot, he lets you work here.

9226 DOMINIQUE: Can the commentary, Alvah. There isn't time.

NARRATOR: She wrote a review of a movie she hadn't seen, a report on a convention she hadn't attended and a string of recipes.

ALVAH: I didn't know you could cook.

DOMINIQUE: Neither did I.

NARRATOR: One night, when the only man on duty was passed out in the men's room, Dominique went out to cover a dock fire.

GAIL WYNAND: Good job. But try that again and you're fired.

NARRATOR: She'd bring him a cup of coffee and he'd snatch it gratefully. He'd find fresh sandwiches on his desk when he needed them. Once he found her, broom in hand, sweeping an office.

GAIL WYNAND: Is that what I'm paying you for?

DOMINIQUE: Well, we can't work in a pigsty. I don't know what you're paying me, but I want a raise.

GAIL WYNAND (laughs):

DOMINIQUE: And you thought I was just a luxury object, a high-class, kept woman, didn't you, Gail?

NARRATOR: At any time, in any part of the building, she knew when he needed her the most. He woke up at his desk and found her looking at him. She stood by his chair, took his head in her hands, and kissed his hair.

DOMINIQUE: It'll be all right, Gail, it'll be all right...

GAIL WYNAND (Ph.): Don't try to come here, Howard. I've given orders. You won't be admitted.

ROARK (Ph.): But, Gail...

NARRATOR: One night, Wynand left the building.

(Doorbell. Door open/close.)

ROARK (warmly): Gail!

GAIL WYNAND: I don't know what's worse--to blurt things out or ignore them blatantly. I look like hell. Say it.

ROARK: You look like hell. Sit down, rest and don't talk. I'll run you a hot bath.

9263 (Footsteps. Bathwater run.)

9264 GAIL WYNAND: Howard, the Banner isn't helping you.
9265 It's ruining you.

9266 ROARK: Of course. But so what? It doesn't matter,
9267 as far as I'm concerned. I'm not counting on
9268 public opinion anyway.

9269 GAIL WYNAND: You want me to give in?

9270 ROARK: I want you to hold out if it takes everything
9271 you've got.

9272 GAIL WYNAND (warmly): Good.

9273 ROARK: I don't expect you to save me. I think I have a
9274 chance to win. But don't worry about me. And don't
9275 give in. If you stick to the end, you won't need me
9276 any longer. (Pause.) You know what I'm saying. You'll
9277 come visit me in jail, if necessary (Brief pause.)
9278 I'm glad of this strike. I knew something had to happen,
9279 when I saw you for the first time.

9280 GAIL WYNAND: Two months ago, I promised you...

9281 ROARK: You're keeping it, Gail.

9282 DOMINIQUE: You've seen Roark.

9283 GAIL WYNAND: How did you know?

9284 DOMINIQUE: Here's the Sunday mockup. It's fairly lousy
9285 but it'll have to do. I sent Old Man Manning home--he
9286 was about to collapse. Jackson quit but we can do
9287 without him. Alvah's column was a mess--she can't keep
9288 her grammar straight anymore--I rewrote it, but tell her
9289 you did.

9290 GAIL WYNAND: Go to sleep. I'll take Manning's place.
9291 I'm good for hours.

9292 NARRATOR: The Wynand Board sat around the table with
9293 Wynand at the head.

9294 BOARD MEMBER #1: It's gone beyond all sense. Is this a
9295 business organization or a charitable society for the
9296 defense of personal friends?

9297 BOARD MEMBER #2: Three hundred thousand dollars
9298 last week! All right, it's your money, but if you
9299 expect to add that to the balance sheet, let me tell you
9300 we're wise to your tricks. You're not going to saddle

the corporation with that one, not one penny of it,
not this time--why--

BOARD MEMBER #1: The men are willing to come back
at once, all they ask is we accept their simple demands
and pick up their contracts, on the old terms...

BOARD MEMBER #2: Right. Now if they were demanding a
raise, I'd say fight the bastards. But this--a God damn
intellectual issue? Are we losing our shirts for
principle?

BOARD MEMBER #1: Over some fool dynamiter who's blown up
some dump! Everybody's laughing at us. Honest, I've read
your editorials, Gail, and it's the lousiest stuff
ever put in print. You'd think you were writing for
college professors.

BOARD MEMBER #3: The situation's a disgrace. It's about
time somebody had some say around here. One man running
all these papers as he damn pleases--what is this,
the nineteenth century? It's about time this paper had a
liberal, progressive policy! For instance, take the...

ALVAH: Would you please be quiet?

BOARD MEMBER #3: I won't be quiet! I'm just as...

BOARD MEMBER #1: Please!

BOARD MEMBER #3: All right. Let's not forget who holds
the biggest hunk of stock next to Superman here.

ALVAH: Gail, it's no use. But we can save the pieces.
Look, if we just admit that we were wrong about
Cortlandt and...and take back the men...and maybe
Toohey...

GAIL WYNAND: I don't want to hear that name mentioned.

ALVAH: Great! We won't mention it. We'll reverse our
policy on Cortlandt and take back the men but not
you-know-who. We give in and they give in. Saves
everybody's face. What do you say, Gail?

BOARD MEMBER #1: I think Alvah's got the solution.
After all, Mr. Wynand must be allowed to maintain his
prestige. We can sacrifice a columnist to keep the
peace.

BOARD MEMBER #2: Yes, I stand with Alvah. I think Gail
Wynand is a hell of a swell boss.

9340 ALVAH: Gail? What do you say?

9341 BOARD MEMBER #1 (after a pause): Damn it, Wynand,
9342 it's now or never! This can't go on!

9343 BOARD MEMBER #3: I'll buy you out. I'll buy you out!

9344 BOARD MEMBER #2: For God sakes, Wynand, don't be a fool!

9345 ALVAH: Gail, it's the Banner! It's our Banner!
9346 We'll stand by you, Gail, we'll pull the old paper
9347 back on its feet, we'll do as you say, you'll be the
9348 boss--but for God sakes, act like a boss now!

9349 BOARD MEMBER #1: Wynand, this is final: we switch policy
9350 on Cortlandt, we take back the men and save the wreck.
9351 Yes or no?

9352 BOARD MEMBER #2 (after a pause): Wynand, you can't keep
9353 this up. It's either this or close the Banner.

9354 ALVAH (inspiring): Save the Banner, Gail.

9355 GAIL WYNAND (after a pause): All right.

9356 NARRATOR: Later, after many drinks alone in the
9357 back of a bar, Gail stumbled past a newsstand.

9358 (Coin slapped on counter.)

9359 GAIL WYNAND (drunk): The Banner.

9360 NARRATOR: On the front page was a picture of Roark.

9361 GAIL WYNAND (drunk):...after careful investigation and
9362 in light of new evidence...We join the voice of public
9363 opinion...That Howard Roark is a reprehensible
9364 character, a dangerous, unprincipled, antisocial kind of
9365 man...If found guilty, as seems inevitable, Howard Roark
9366 must be made to bear the fullest penalty the law can
9367 impose. Signed, Gail Wynand.

9368 GUS WEBB: That's that.

9369 SALLY BRENT: I'd like one peak, just one peak at the
9370 great Mrs. Gail Wynand's face today.

9371 SIR #1: It's about time.

9372 MADAM #1: Isn't it splendid? Wynand's surrendered.

9373 GUS: I'm just sore at the Union. How could they
9374 double-cross you like that, Ellsworth?

9375 TOOHEY: Don't be a sap.

9376 GUS: What do you mean?

9377 TOOHEY: I told them to accept.

9378 GUS: You did?

9379 TOOHEY: I've filed suit with the labor board. There are
9380 more ways than one to skin a cat.

9381 (Doorbell pressed. Door Opened.)

9382 BUTLER: Mr. Wynand cannot see you, Mr. Roark.

9383 NARRATOR: The next morning at the Banner...

9384 SECRETARY WYNAND: Mr. Wynand has asked me to tell you,
9385 Mr. Roark, that he does not wish to see you ever again.

9386 (Pencil writing on paper.)

9387 ROARK: Dear Gail, I had hoped you could escape it,
9388 but since it had to happen, start again from where you
9389 are. Nothing's changed for me. You're still what you
9390 were. It's not the final verdict on you. Give me the
9391 chance to let you forget it. I know it's something no
9392 man can do for another, but if I am what I've been to
9393 you, you'll accept it. Call it a blood transfusion.
9394 You need it. Take it. Do it for my sake, if that helps.
9395 But come back. There's another chance. Don't let it go.

9396 NARRATOR: The letter came back, unopened.

9397 Standing at the window of the resort house he had
9398 rented, he couldn't believe his ears then his eyes.

9399 (Car approaches. Stops. Car door open/close. Footsteps.
9400 Door open.)

9401 DOMINIQUE: Howard.

9402 ROARK: Dominique--wait till he recovers.

9403 DOMINIQUE: You know he won't recover.

9404 ROARK: He had no choice.

9405 DOMINIQUE: He could've closed the paper.

9406 ROARK: It was his life.

9407 DOMINIQUE: This is mine.

9408 ROARK: I love you, Dominique.

9409 DOMINIQUE (after a pause): Howard, I know what you
9410 intend to do at the trial. So it won't make any
9411 difference if they learn the truth about us.

9412 ROARK: It won't make any difference.

9413 DOMINIQUE: When you came that night and asked me to
9414 help you, I didn't try to stop you. I knew you had to
9415 do it. Now is my time. Don't question me. Don't
9416 protect me. No matter what I do.

9417 ROARK: I know what you'll do.

9418 DOMINIQUE: You know what I have to?

9419 ROARK: Yes.

9420 NARRATOR: She turned away--to delay, she wasn't ready,
9421 she'd never be ready--when he pulled her around to
9422 face him and his mouth was on hers. Seven years she had
9423 wanted this--had lived with the pain, and now she felt
9424 it all, the touch of his arms, his body as he carried
9425 her to a chair and gently held her on his knees.

9426 DOMINIQUE: Yes, Howard...that much...

9427 ROARK: Dominique--all these years...

9428 DOMINIQUE: Howard...completely, and always...without
9429 fear of what they can do to you or me...as your wife or
9430 your mistress, secretly or openly...here, or in a room
9431 I'll take in some town near a prison where I'll see you
9432 through wire and glass....I'll stay what I am, and I'll
9433 stay with you--now and forever--in any way you want....

9434 NARRATOR: The next morning while he slept, she slipped
9435 into his robe.

9436 DOMINIQUE (Ph.): This is Mrs. Gail Wynand. I'm speaking
9437 from the summer house of Mr. Howard Roark. I wish to
9438 report that my sapphire ring was stolen here last
9439 night...About five thousand dollars...It was a present
9440 from Mr. Roark...Can you get here within an hour?...
9441 Yes, bungalow eighty-eight...Thank you. (Sound of man
9442 getting out of bed and drawer opened/closed) Sit down.
9443 Let's have breakfast.

9444 NARRATOR: When they'd finished...

9445 (Knock on the door. Footsteps. Door open.)

NARRATOR: A sheriff, a deputy and two local reporters stood at the door.

DOMINIQUE: Good morning. Please--come in--all of you.

SHERIFF: Mrs. Wynand?

DOMINIQUE: That's right. Mrs. Gail Wynand. Come in.
(Footsteps.) It was a star-sapphire set-in platinum.
I took it off and left it here, on this table, next to
my purse, before going to bed...It was about
ten p.m.....When I got up this morning, it was gone.

SHERIFF: Did you hear anything?

DOMINIQUE: No.

SHERIFF: Was it insured.

DOMINIQUE: I haven't had the time. Mr. Roark only just
gave it to me.

SHERIFF: Are there any servants, other guests?

DOMINIQUE: Only Mr. Roark. You may look through the
house. All of you, I don't mind. (Pause) Any questions.

SHERIFF: No, ma'am.

NARRATOR: When they'd left...

DOMINIQUE: I'm sorry. It was the only way to get it in
the papers.

ROARK: You should have told me which of your star-
sapphires I gave you.

DOMINIQUE: I don't have any. I never liked them.

ROARK: That was a more thorough job of dynamiting than
Cortlandt.

DOMINIQUE: So he thinks you're an anti-social type of
man, does he? Well, let him smear me, too. (Brief
pause.) Sorry, but I don't have your sense of mercy.
And don't say anything or I'll break and I'm not as
strong as that sheriff thinks I am.

(Newspaper thrown down on a desk.)

ALVAH: God damn you, Gail, it serves you right!
It serves you right and I'm glad, damn your
clueless soul! Now what are we going to do?

GAIL WYNAND (monotone): We'll run it. It's news.

9482 ALVAH: But...how?

9483 GAIL WYNAND (monotone): Any way you want.

9484 ALVAH: Gail, you must divorce her! You've got no choice!
9485 You've got to keep what's left of your reputation!
9486 It's you who must file the suit!

9487 GAIL WYNAND (tired): All right.

9488 ALVAH: Will you? At ononce?

9489 GAIL WYNAND (very tired): All right.

9490 NARRATOR: Alvah scurried to a nearby phone.

9491 ALVAH (Ph.): Drop everything and file it now, today--
9492 hurry!--before he changes his mind.

9493 NARRATOR: Wynand drove to the country house, where
9494 Dominique was waiting for him.

9495 DOMINIQUE: I've given you a story that will help build
9496 circulation.

9497 GAIL WYNAND: Yes. (Pause.) I'd like to know: was that
9498 the first time since our marriage?

9499 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

9500 GAIL WYNAND: But it wasn't the first time.

9501 DOMINIQUE: No. He was the first one who had me.

9502 GAIL WYNAND: I should have known. You married
9503 Peter Keating. Right after the Stoddard trial.

9504 DOMINIQUE: I met him when he was working in a
9505 granite quarry. That's how it began. Want to use it?
9506 Want to run it in the Banner?

9507 GAIL WYNAND: He loved you.

9508 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

9509 GAIL WYNAND: Yet he built this house for us.

9510 DOMINIQUE: Yes.

9511 GAIL WYNAND: I just wanted to know.

9512 DOMINIQUE: God damn you! If you can take it like this,
9513 why in god's name did you...

9514 GAIL WYNAND: That's why I can take it.

(Footsteps. Door closed softly. Phone rings. Footsteps. Receiver lifted.)

DOMINIQUE: Yes?

GUY FRANCON (Ph.--gentle): Hello, Dominique.

DOMINIQUE: Hello, Father.

GUY FRANCON (Ph.): You're going to leave Wynand now.

DOMINIQUE: Yes.

GUY FRANCON (Ph.): Come and stay with me. Until the trial.

DOMINIQUE (after a pause--in a daughter's voice):
All right, Father.

GUY FRANCON (Ph.): Try not to speed as you always do.
The roads aren't good.

NARRATOR: Over milk and sandwiches...

GUY FRANCON: I can't pretend to understand it all.
But I know this much--this time, it's the right man.

DOMINIQUE: Yes.

GUY FRANCON: You can tell Mr. Roark he is welcome here
any time.

DOMINIQUE (verbal smile): Don't let me fall asleep,
Father. I'm so tired.

GUY FRANCON: It'll be all right...It'll be all right...

NARRATOR: Everybody knew the ring story was a self-
frame-up but it didn't stop them from accepting it--
or gobbling up the smears Alvah ran in the Banner.

ALVAH: Look at all these letters, Gail! They're with us.
Just like the old days! (Pause) It was clever, wasn't
it, Gail?

GAIL WYNAND (defeated): Yes.

ALVAH: I was afraid when you married her. Remember when
you didn't allow us to cover your wedding? That was a
sign. Well she damn near ruined the Banner. But I'll be
damned if we don't rebuild it--just as it was.

GAIL WYNAND (defeated): Yes.

NARRATOR: Roark sat at the defense table, Wynand in the balcony. Roark's eyes kept returning to Wynand but Wynand's looked away.

PROSECUTOR: The motive, which the State shall prove, will to most of us appear monstrous and inconceivable.

NARRATOR: Dominique sat with...

MALLORY: Mallory...

HELLER: Heller...

LANSING: Lansing...

ENRIGHT: Enright...

MIKE: Mike...

NARRATOR: ...and--to the shock of many...

GUY FRANCON: Guy Francon.

NARRATOR: Across the aisle sat...

PRESCOTT: Prescott...

GUS: Gus...

SALLY BRENT: Sally Brent...

NARRATOR:...and...

TOOHEY: Ellsworth Toohey.

PROSECUTOR: As the dynamite swept a building away, so did this man blast all sense of humanity from his soul. We are dealing, gentlemen and ladies of the jury, with the most vicious explosive on earth--the egotist! (Pause) Today, when our world is beset by problems that threaten our very survival--this man allowed his artistic opinions to become of such outsize importance that they motivated a truly heinous crime against society.

NARRATOR: Those in the gallery had come to see and be seen--to gawk at celebrities, to kill time...

PROSECUTOR: ...a ruthless, arrogant egotist who wished to have his own way at any price...

NARRATOR: Twelve men and women sat in the jury box. A defense lawyer would have chosen the gentlest faces. Roark had chosen the hardest.

9584 PROSECUTOR: Had it been some tycoon's mansion...but a
9585 housing project, gentleman and ladies of the jury, a
9586 housing project!

9587 NARRATOR: A judge sat on a tall bench.

9588 PROSECUTOR: ...a man trained to serve society, a builder
9589 who became a destroyer...

9590 NARRATOR: The first witness was the policeman who had
9591 arrested Roark.

9592 POLICEMAN: I found him standing by the dynamite plunger.

9593 NARRATOR: Then the nightwatchman...

9594 NIGHTWATCHMAN: The lady asked me if I couldn't fetch
9595 some gasoline for her on account of the high-heel shoes
9596 she was wearing--and I agreed.

9597 NARRATOR: Then the contractor's super...

9598 CONTRACTOR SUPER: Oh, there was lots of missing
9599 dynamite--and Mr. Roark, being the architect, did have a
9600 key.

9601 NARRATOR: Then came Peter...

9602 PROSECUTOR: Mr. Keating, do you state under oath that
9603 you designed the project known as Cortlandt Homes?

9604 PETER: No, I didn't.

9605 PROSECUTOR: Who designed it?

9606 PETER: Howard Roark.

9607 PROSECUTOR: At whose request?

9608 PETER: At my request.

9609 PROSECUTOR: Why did you call on him?

9610 PETER: Because I was not capable of doing it myself.

9611 (Sound of piece of paper being handed.)

9612 PROSECUTOR: Is this the agreement you signed?

9613 PETER: Yes.

9614 PROSECUTOR: Are these the signatures of yourself and
9615 Howard Roark?

9616 PETER: That's right.

9617 PROSECUTOR: Will you please read the agreement to the
9618 jury?

9619 NARRATOR: He did.

9620 PROSECUTOR: Why did you object so strenuously to the
9621 excellent structural changes suggested by Mr. Prescott
9622 and Mr. Webb?

9623 PETER: I was afraid of Howard Roark.

9624 PROSECUTOR: What did your knowledge of his character
9625 lead you to suspect?

9626 PETER: Anything.

9627 PROSECUTOR: What do you mean?

9628 PETER: I don't know. I was afraid. I was...just afraid.

9629 NARRATOR: The questions went on--but the audience was
9630 bored--it was as if Peter wasn't there.

9631 PROSECUTOR: The prosecution rests.

9632 JUDGE: Mr. Roark, you may proceed.

9633 ROARK: Your honor, I shall call no witnesses. This shall
9634 be my testimony and my summation.

9635 JUDGE: Take the oath.

9636 NARRATIVE: He did. Then he stood by the witness stand.

9637 ROARK: Thousands of years ago, the first man learned to
9638 make fire. He was probably burned at the stake--one he'd
9639 taught his brothers to light. He was considered an
9640 "evildoer" who had conspired with a demon. But,
9641 thereafter, men had fire to keep them warm, to
9642 cook their food, to light their caves. He'd given them a
9643 gift--he had lifted darkness off the face of the earth.
9644 Centuries later, the first man invented the wheel.
9645 He was probably torn on the rack he had taught his
9646 brothers to build. He was considered a heretic
9647 who ventured into forbidden territory. But, thereafter,
9648 men could travel past any horizon. (Pause) That man--
9649 unsubmissive and first--is in the opening chapter of
9650 every legend told since the beginning. Prometheus was
9651 chained to a rock and torn by vultures--because he had
9652 stolen the fire of the gods. Adam was condemned to
9653 suffer--because he'd eaten of the fruit of the tree of

9654 knowledge. Whatever the legend, it began with one man--
9655 and that one man paid for his courage.

9656 (Pause) Throughout the centuries, there were those who
9657 took first steps down new roads armed with nothing but
9658 their own vision. Their goals differed, but they had
9659 this in common: their step was first, the road new, and
9660 the response they received--hatred. The great creators--
9661 the thinkers, the artists, the scientists, the
9662 inventors--stood alone against their fellow men. Every
9663 great new thought was opposed. Every great new invention
9664 was denounced. The first motor was considered foolish.
9665 The first airplane impossible. The power loom vicious.
9666 Anesthesia sinful. But these men of unborrowed vision
9667 forged ahead. They fought, they suffered and they paid.
9668 And they won.

9669 (Pause) No creator is prompted by a desire to serve his
9670 brothers, for his brothers reject the gift he offers,
9671 which upsets the routine of their lives. His truth
9672 is his only motive. His own truth, and his own work
9673 to achieve it in his own way. A symphony, a book,
9674 an engine, a philosophy, an airplane or a building--
9675 that's his goal--not those who hear, read, operate,
9676 believe, fly or inhabit the thing he's created.
9677 The creation, not the benefits others derive from it.
9678 The creation which gave form to his truth. A truth
9679 above all things and against all men.

9680 (Pause) Creators are not selfless. The creator serves
9681 nothing and no one. He lives for himself. (Brief pause.)
9682 And only by living for himself is he able to achieve
9683 things which are the glory of mankind. Such is the
9684 nature of achievement. (Brief pause.) Man cannot survive
9685 except through his mind. He comes on earth uarmed.
9686 His brain is his only weapon. Everything man's created--
9687 from the bow and arrow to the wheel to the skyscraper--
9688 came from the mind of a single man. There's no such
9689 thing as a collective brain--or a collective thought.
9690 An agreement reached by a group is only a compromise.
9691 The primary act--the process of reason--must be formed
9692 by a man alone. No man can use his lungs to breath for
9693 another. No man can use his brain to think for another.
9694 (Brief Pause.) Sure, we inherit the wheel--we make a
9695 cart--that becomes an automobile--the automobile becomes
9696 an airplane--but all through the process, the moving

force is the creative impulse and the creative impulse belongs to individuals only.

(Pause) And--as man arrives with nothing, everything he needs must be produced, thus he can survive in only one of two ways--by the independent work of his own mind or as a parasite on others. The creator originates--the parasite borrows. The creator faces nature alone--the parasite through an intermediary. The creator lives for his work--he doesn't need other men. The parasite lives second-hand--claiming to serve others. Thus, altruism is born.

(Pause) Now, no one can live for another. One cannot share one's spirit, just as one cannot share one's body. But the second-hander uses altruism as a weapon to destroy the creator--teaching that dependence is a virtue. Of course, the nearest approach to this in reality is the slave. And if slavery of the body isn't repulsive enough, how much more so is slavery of the soul. This is the essence of altruism.

(Pause.) We've been taught that the highest virtue is not to achieve, but to give. Yet one can't give what hasn't been created. Creation comes before distribution--or there will be nothing to distribute. The need of the creator comes before that of any possible beneficiary. Yet we're taught to admire the second-hander who dispenses gifts he hasn't produced--not the one who made the gifts possible. We praise an act of charity but shrug at an act of achievement. (Brief pause.) We've been taught our first concern is to relieve others suffering. But suffering is a disease. To make it the highest test of virtue is to make suffering the most important part of life. Then many will want to see others suffer--so that they may be virtuous. Such is the nature of altruism. But the creator is not concerned with disease. Still, the work of creators has eliminated one form of disease after another--and brought more relief from suffering than any altruist could ever dream of.

(Pause.) We're given two choices: egotism or altruism--egotism as the sacrifice of others to self--and altruism as the sacrifice of self to others. But this is wrong. The egotist is not the one who sacrifices others. He's not concerned with them at all. He doesn't exist for others--and he doesn't ask others to exist for him.

(Brief pause.) Sure, an architect needs clients and they need him, but they don't order a house just to give him a commission. Work is exchanged by mutual consent to mutual advantage. This is the only possible relationship between equals. Anything else is slave to master--master to slave.

(Pause) And though an architect requires many people to build his building, he doesn't ask them to vote on his design. Though he uses steel, glass, concrete, produced by others, these remain just materials until he touches them. What he does with them is his individual product and his individual property. This is the only way for co-operation among people.

(Pause) From the beginning of history, two forces have stood face to face: the creator and the secondhander. When the creator invented the wheel, the secondhander invented altruism. (Brief Pause.) Every major horror in history was committed with an altruistic motive. Has any act of selfishness ever equaled the carnage perpetuated by disciples of altruism?

(Pause.) Now, observe the results of a society built on individualism. This--the noblest country on earth--the country of greatest achievement, greatest prosperity, greatest freedom--this country was not based on selfless service, sacrifice, renunciation or any such nonsense. It was based on a man's right to the pursuit of happiness. His own happiness. No one else's. A private, personal, selfish motive. And look at the results!

(Pause.) In this age of collectivism, the rise of the second-hander has brought folks to a level of indecency never seen before. It's poisoning every mind. It's swallowed most of Europe. And now it's coming for us.

(Pause.) I'm an architect. I know what it is to recognize the principle upon which something is built. We're creating a world we will not want to live in.

(Pause.) So now you know why I dynamited Cortlandt. I agreed to design it for no other reason than to see it built as I designed it. That was the price I set for my work. I was not paid. (Brief pause.) I do not blame Peter Keating. He had a promise that the structure offered would be built as designed. The promise was broken.

(Pause.) A man's love for the integrity of his work and his right to preserve it are now considered unimportant, unessential. You've heard the prosecutor say that. Why was the building disfigured? No reason. Such acts never have any reason, unless it's the vanity of second-handers who feel they have a right to someone's property--spiritual or material. Who permitted them to do it? No particular person among the dozens in authority. No one can be held to account. Such is the nature of all collective action.

(Pause.) Though I did not receive the payment I asked, the owners of Cortland got what they wanted. They wanted to build a structure as cheaply as possible. They found no one else who could do it. I could and did. They took the benefit of my work and made me contribute it as a gift. But I am not an altruist. I did not agree to that gift.

(Pause.) I am said to have destroyed the home of the destitute. But without me, the destitute couldn't have had this particular home. But somehow the poverty of the future tenants gave them a right to my work. That it was my duty to contribute anything demanded of me.

(Pause.) I came here to say I don't recognize anyone's right to one minute of my life. No matter who makes the claim, how large their number or how great their need.

(Pause) I came here to say that the integrity of a man's work is of greater importance than any charitable endeavor. Those who don't understand this are the ones destroying our world.

(Pause) This is my act of loyalty to every creator made to suffer by the forces responsible for the Cortlandt I dynamited. To every tortured hour of loneliness, denial, frustration, abuse they were made to endure--and to the battles they won. To every creator whose name is known--and every creator who perished unrecognized before they could achieve. To every creator who was destroyed in body or in spirit. To Henry Cameron. To Steven Mallory. To a man who doesn't want to be named, but who's sitting in this courtroom and knows I am speaking of him.

NARRATOR: Roark stood--legs apart, arms at his sides, head lifted--the way he stood in an unfinished building. Later, those who had been in the room, felt they could

still see him this way--a moment's picture forever
etched in their minds.

A surprise knock at the jury room door made it clear
that an immediate verdict had been reached.

JUDGE: The prisoner will rise and face the jury.
(Roark rises and steps forward.) Mr. Foreman, have you
reached a verdict?

JURY FOREMAN: We have, your honor.

JUDGE: What is your verdict?

JURY FOREMAN: Not guilty.

NARRATOR: Roark looked, not at Dominique, nor the judge,
nor the jury, but at Wynand, who turned sharply and
exited the courtroom.

Later, Enright bought the Cortlandt ruins and hired
Roark to rebuild. Wynand was granted a divorce from
Dominique. Toohey won his case before the labor board
and was ordered reinstated at the Banner.

(Presses rolling.)

GAIL WYNAND (softly): Good morning, Mr. Toohey. Come in.

TOOHEY (pleasantly): Hello, Mr. Wynand. (Sits at desk.)
Is anything the matter?

GAIL WYNAND: Sit at your desk, Mr. Toohey. Go to work.
We must comply with the law. (Paper inserted into
typewriter) It is exactly nine a.m. You are back on the
job, Mr. Toohey.

TOOHEY: And I'm happy as a lark to be back. Honestly,
I missed this place like you wouldn't believe. (Paper
fiddled w in typewriter--long pause) Really, Mr. Wynand,
there's no reason you and I can't get together. (Pecks
at typewriter keys when suddenly the presses stop.)

GAIL WYNAND: It is nine-o'five a.m., Mr. Toohey. You are
out of a job. The Banner has ceased to exist. (Hand drops
onto typewriter keys.) Yeees, I bought them all out
two weeks ago. (Pause) I thought it proper that the
end of the Banner should be marked with...YOU.

(Footsteps away.)

SECRETARY ROARK (Intercom): I'm sorry, Mr. Roark but
Mr. Wynand's secretary wishes to know whether it would

be convenient for you to come to his office tomorrow at four in the afternoon?

ROARK: Yes. Yes. Tell her yes.

GAIL WYNAND (clears throat): Mr. Roark, this interview is necessary but very difficult for me. (Paper sheets picked up and handed across desk.) Please read this and see if it meets with your approval.

ROARK: What is it?

GAIL WYNAND: Your contract to build the Wynand Building. (Sheets put down). Please listen carefully. I wish to begin construction at once. It shall be the tallest structure in the city. (Brief pause.) You will design the building as you wish. Your decisions will be final. You will have complete authority. However, after today, I will not have to see you. An agent will represent me in all matters technical and financial. You will deal with him. I do not wish to see you ever again. If you are prepared to comply with these conditions, please read the contract and sign it. (Hand reaches for pen and quickly signs.) You have not read it. (Hand throws paper across desk.) Both copies please. (Hand signs second copy and throws it across desk.) Thank you. (Hand signs both sheets. Sheet handed across desk.) This is your copy. (Pause) I haven't mentioned the financial part of the undertaking. The Wynand Empire in New York City may be wheeling but it's doing as well as ever throughout the country. You will, therefore, have no reason to limit costs in your design. You are free to spend as much as necessary. The building will be here long after the newsreels and tabloids are gone.

ROARK: Yes, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND: I am fully aware that the age of the skyscraper has passed. This is the age of the housing project, after all. But you are not afraid of a gesture against the whole world. (Verbal smile and pause.) This will be the last skyscraper ever built in New York. The last achievement of man before he destroys himself.

ROARK: Man will never destroy himself, Mr. Wynand. Not as long as he builds things like this.

(Contract picked up, folded and placed precisely into inside coat pocket.)

GAIL WYNAND: I once told you that this building was to be a monument to my life. But there's nothing to celebrate now. The Wynand Building will only have what you give it. (Footsteps. Door opened.) Build it as a monument to that spirit which is yours...and could have been mine.

NARRATOR: On a spring day, eighteen months later, Dominique walked to the site of the Wynand Building. On a wood fence were the names of firms helping construct the tallest building in the world. One sign she'd never seen before.

CAMERON: And I know that if you carry these words through to the end, Howard, it will be a victory, not just for you, but for something that should win, that moves the world--and yet never wins acknowledgment. It will vindicate so many who have fallen before you, who have suffered as you have suffered.

NARRATOR: On the fence was a small tin plate bearing three words:

CAMERON (simply but strongly): Howard Roark...

ROARK (simply but strongly): ...Architect.

NARRATOR: Dominique walked to the shed of the super. She'd come here often to watch the progress of construction. But there was a new man who didn't know her.

DOMINIQUE: I'm looking for Mr. Roark.

GUARD: He's on top by the water tank. Who's calling, ma'am?

DOMINIQUE: Mrs. Roark.

(Sound of Dominique riding up on a plank-lift to the very top of the building plays out slowly over the end credits.)