

the little story of Right-Hand-Left-Hand—the tale of Good and Evil? H-A-T-E!

(He thrusts up his left hand.)

It was with this left hand that old brother Cain struck the blow that laid his brother low! L-O-V-E!

(He thrusts up his right hand.)

See these here fingers, dear friends! These fingers has veins that lead straight to the soul of man! The right hand, friends! The hand of Love! Now watch and I'll show you the Story of Life. The fingers of these hands, dear hearts!—They're always a-tuggin' and a-warrin' one hand agin' t'other.

(He locks his fingers and writhes them, crackling the joints.)

Look at 'em, dear hearts! Old Left Hand Hate's a-fightin' and it looks like Old Right Hand Love's a-goner! But wait now! Hot dog, Love's a-winnin'! Yessirree! It's Love that won! Old Left Hand Hate's gone down for the count!

(He crashes both hands onto the table.)

The Goddess

Columbia Pictures (Produced by Milton Perlman), 1958

Screenplay by Paddy Chayefsky

Directed by John Cromwell

Time: Late 1940s

Place: Small Town, U.S.A.

Emily Ann Faulkner, a rural small-town girl in her teens, is the product of a lonely, unhappy childhood. She lives with her young, religious, widowed mother and dreams of escape and of being loved. She has fantasies of becoming a movie star, adored by everyone. When Emily acts in a

INFO

CHOOSE #1 or #2, NOT BOTH

school play, she finally gets a response, something that feels like love, from her audience and her mother.

On a date with Lewis, a local boy, Emily Ann reveals her enthusiasm for the life of an actress in the following two monologues.

Monologue One

START #1

EMILY ANN

I sewed this I'm wearing myself, you know. Oh, I sew most of my clothes. I'm very good at that. I sewed the dress I wore in the show last month when the Dramatic Club, we did *Stage Door* by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Was you there? It was a triumph. Everybody said that was the best show the Dramatic Club has ever done. Everybody said it was just wonderful. Thelma Doris's mother said to me she never laughed so much in her life as the way I said my lines. It was a triumph!

(She is quite excited now, turned in her seat toward him, her eyes glowing.)

That was the most wonderful evening of my life. Was you there? Everybody just came over to me and was so nice. Miss Gillespie said I was the best girl she ever had in the Dramatic Club. Well, I was so scared. I was just saying words. I didn't know I was doing anything special. Everybody was so nice to me. I began to cry. Just all of a sudden I began to cry. Miss Gillespie, she said, "What are you crying about?" I said, "I don't know. Everybody's so nice to me." She said, "You should be happy. Tonight was a triumph for you." Well, I just couldn't stop bawling. My mother was there. She said, "What are you crying about?" I said, "I don't know." Well, I'm going to tell you, we went home, my mother and I—I just didn't want to go home at all that night. I was up in the clouds. But we finally went

home, and my mother gave me a hug. And I began to cry all over again. My mother, you might know, is a Seventh-Day Adventist, and is very pious and severe, and she didn't even want me to be in the play. And we don't do much hugging in our house. I do believe that was the first hug she gave me in I don't remember—since I was an infant, I believe. She's a Seventh-Day Adventist, you know. She won't work on Saturday, not even in the defense plant down there where she's working now, in the Goodrich Rubber Company. All of a sudden in the last few years my mother has become very religious. She was a very pretty girl when she was young. My Uncle George says she was the belle of Clarksville, Tennessee. That's where I was born—that's near Fort Donelson, where Grant won the first Northern victory in the Civil War. Well, I couldn't stop crying all night long, and I woke up the next morning, I no sooner opened my eyes, and I began bawling again. I got tears in my eyes right now just talking about it. Isn't that the silliest thing you ever saw? That was the most wonderful night of my life.

END #1

Monologue Two

EMILY ANN

(bubbling with good humor)

Start 2

Her real name isn't Ginger Rogers, you know. Her real name is Virginia McMath, and you know how she got started? She used to dance in Charleston contests, and somebody saw her, and that's how she became a star. I was thinking of taking dancing lessons, tap dancing and things like that, but they don't even have any place there in Hagerstown where they teach that. Do you know of any? Lana Turner was discovered in a drugstore, and there was one star—I think it was Priscilla Lane or Carole Landis—was just an old secretary, and she was riding up in the elevator, and

this producer saw her and that's how she got her start. But I was talking about Ginger Rogers. I mean, she ain't like some of them stars. She don't go out to night clubs much, although there was one time there everybody thought she was going to marry Howard Hughes—it was in all the magazines. Anyway, she lives in a lovely home in Beverly Hills with her mother. She keeps her mother right there with her. I think that's nice. Ginger Rogers's dressing room has mirrors on the ceiling and the walls, and she has fruitwood furniture, and she loves classical music, you know? She's very close with Deems Taylor. He's a well-known classical musician. She has his picture on her wall, but there's no romance there in the wind, I don't think—just good friends.

(She has suddenly become aware that the boy is turning the car into a side road.)

Where are we going, Lewis?

END 2

The Long, Hot Summer

Twentieth Century-Fox (Produced by Jerry Wald), 1958

Screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr.

Based on stories by William Faulkner

Directed by Martin Ritt

Time: 1958

Place: Frenchman's Bend, Mississippi

Ben Quick, a drifter in his early twenties, is followed by rumors that he is prone to arson. The rumors, however, have their roots in Ben's father, who was notorious for burning houses and barns in order to settle scores.

In a small town in rural Mississippi, Ben encounters Clara Varner, a teacher in her twenties who is considered to be fast closing in on spinsterhood. Clara's father,