

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.

Monologue Two

EMILY ANN

(bubbling with good humor)

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?

The Long, Hot Summer **INFO**

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,

Will (the richest and most important man in Frenchman's Bend), takes an immediate fatherly liking to Ben for two obvious reasons: He hopes that Ben will marry Clara, and he wants to incite the jealousy and ambition of his lazy son, Jody. Will even goes so far as to invite Ben to move into their house and work (as Jody's equal) in the Varner store.

Jody is overwhelmed by feelings of desperation at being passed over and ignored by his father, so he sets fire to a barn with Will trapped inside. He knows that Ben will, once again, become the automatic suspect. But he cannot let his father die, and rushes into the burning barn to rescue him.

As the fire rages, Clara suddenly, unexpectedly, helps Ben elude the townspeople who are pursuing him. Sitting in Clara's car, moments after evading the mob, Ben reveals his feelings about his past.

START

BEN

I'm sick of that sight! I've seen fifty fires like that. Maybe a hundred. I've watched men with their shirts ablaze. I've seen horses cook. I grew up with the smell of gasoline around me, kerosene, coal oil, anything that would burn. My old man kept 'em in case he had a grudge he wanted to settle. My old man. My father.

(he pauses; then in a monotone)

The last time I saw him I was ten years old, lying in a ditch, crying my eyes out, praying that God would strike me dead. That was the night I'd run ahead to tell on him, to turn him in, to warn a farmer that he was coming with his torch. I remember choking on my own tears, and I remember a house burning, and I remember men on horseback and the sound of shots and my father running . . .

(sits beside her quietly a while)

Maybe those shots killed him. Maybe he died in one of the fires he set. I don't know. I never saw him again.

[Cries]
How terrible for a boy of ten.]

BEN

END

The terrible part came later. Knocking around this whole country, floating around from town to town, looking in through other folks' kitchen windows from the outside . . .

(pause)

You see—that man left his mark on me. I've got his name. And I can't run away from that.

Hiroshima Mon Amour

An Argos/Comei/Pathé/Daiei Production, 1959

Screenplay by Marguerite Duras

Directed by Alain Resnais

Time: August 1957

Place: Hiroshima, Japan

A French actress, about thirty years old, is in Hiroshima to make a film. On her last day there she meets a Japanese architectural engineer. Although each is married, with children, they fall in love.

Many years before, in the Nazi-occupied French village of Nevers, her hometown, the actress had fallen in love with a German soldier. He was shot during the Liberation, and she was labeled a collaborator. As punishment by the townspeople her head was shaved. She suffered a breakdown and could not control her screams, so her family put her in their cellar to muffle her cries. When she emerged from her cellar, apparently recovered, the first news she heard was of the atomic explosion at Hiroshima.