

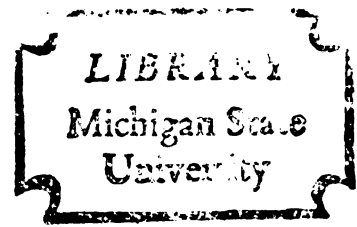
THREE TELEVISION ADAPTATIONS FOR
USE IN THE TEACHING OF
HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH

Thesis for the Degree of M. A.
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY
ADONNA FRANCES LOWE
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ABSTRACT

THREE TELEVISION ADAPTATIONS FOR USE IN THE TEACHING OF HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH

By

Adonna Frances Lowe

The purpose of this thesis is to adapt three short stories from three periods of American literature for instructional television production.

Primarily, choice of the stories was dictated by the hope that the scripts might actually be produced. This consideration implied that the sets and costuming be limited, that large casts be avoided, and that the technical aspects of producing the scripts be kept as uncomplicated as possible. To find stories that fitted these requirements and that also would meet with the approval of English teachers and would have appeal for their students was the first problem. I believe I have selected such stories. I chose "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" by Nathaniel Hawthorne from the early period. O. Henry's story, "The Third Ingredient," was my choice to represent American local color writers of the middle era of our literature. "Love Is a Fallacy" by Max Shulman was chosen as representative of the contemporary short story.

The adaptations follow the stories closely. The involved backgrounds of the characters and setting in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" prompted me to use a narrator to accomplish the exposition of the dramatization. The story, "Love Is a Fallacy," is told in the first person--a man recounting a humorous incident from his college days. The division of the "I" into his older self to reminisce a part of the story, and his young self to dramatize the action, seems an acceptable solution and retains the dimension of time.

Each script is followed by production notes, teacher resource material, and student study material.

I believe these adaptations, if produced, can provide variety and interest for English classes and aid the teacher in making American literature more vital for the students.

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A THESIS

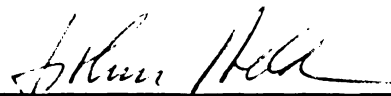
Submitted to
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Director of Thesis

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CHAPTER I

THE MATTER OF CHOICE AND PROBLEMS OF ADAPTATION

The purpose of this thesis is to adapt three short stories from three periods of American literature for instructional television production. The three televised stories used to supplement the regular offerings, each in connection with the study of that period in the literature of America, can provide variety and interest for English classes and aid the teacher in bringing the literature to life for the students. At the time of writing there seems to be very little televised material available for secondary school use, especially in the field of English.

Several factors dictated the choice of stories. Primarily, I was limited by the hope that the scripts might actually be produced by educational television studios. This limitation immediately curtailed the extent and variety of sets, the number of characters, the amount of costuming, and the number of cameras required. In this way I have considered the financial and physical capabilities of the studios which I hope will produce the material.

I chose Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," as an example of the early period of American literature. Although Hawthorne is an important member of the New England group of writers, many secondary school students find him obscure and therefore dislike reading his stories. The televised version should increase their comprehension of the story itself and the significance of the writer within his era.

The adaptation of this story offered several problems. An important one concerned developing the background of the characters and of the setting. The use of a narrator to solve this problem seemed both necessary and wise. I feel that it was the only way, with limited time and budget, to supply the pertinent information. With the characters actually appearing and the objects in the library being shown while they are described, the narration should prove acceptable to student viewers. Also, through the use of the narrated descriptive passage taken directly from the story, students can absorb the flavor of Hawthorne's style in a palatable form.

Wherever possible, the conversation in the story is used in the adaptation. Where it was necessary to use additional dialogue to tell the parts of the story that are narration or to allow time for the essential action, I have contrived lines in Hawthorne's style. Also, when extra lines were given to one of the characters I attempted to use the manner of speaking that would fit the particular person as I had conceived him to be.

For example, as Dr. Heidegger is filling glasses with the magical water the first time, there is this description:

As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.¹

The adaptation reads as follows:

WIDOW WYCHERLY: (sniffing the liquid) A most pleasant bouquet, Doctor. What sort of a liqueur do you really serve us?

MR. MEDBOURNE: Not very tasty, would you say?

COLONEL KILLIGREW: (accepting his glass, sniffing, tasting) Very little taste, indeed, if any.

MR. GASCOIGNE: (tasting) But not unpleasant. Somewhat effervescent. (as Dr. Heidegger moves toward his chair) Are you not going to join us in this great rejuvenating experiment, Doctor? (He smiles skeptically.)

The rose, with its freshening and subsequent fading, is a "natural" for television cameras. Instead of watching one rose in the water as described in the story, there are three roses: one pressed, brown, and completely dried; one half dried; and one very fresh. The camera keeps us a distance from the vase as Dr. Heidegger conceals the completely dried flower and actually drops the half dried one into the vase. After a close-up of that rose, the camera shows us Dr. Heidegger's face as he studies the reaction. Meanwhile that one is removed and the fresh one substituted. The camera then goes back for a close-up of the third rose.

¹Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," Adventures in American Literature (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1963), p. 546.

There seemed no way to manage the dying butterfly that was brought to life by the spilled water, and as it is not essential to the plot, it is left out entirely.

The quick change to youth and the subsequent return to old age of the four elderly guests posed another difficulty. I have suggested in the accompanying production notes that rather young people be cast in the parts, and that four taping sessions be used to allow time for change of make-up.

O. Henry's story "The Third Ingredient" is my choice to represent American regional writing of the middle period of our literature. The simplicity of O. Henry's style, his mastery of irony and humor, the sympathetic treatment of characters, and his surprise endings have made the stories favorites of student readers. These same characteristics make "The Third Ingredient" ideal to adapt for television. The preliminary situation and the exposition were accomplished easily with the addition of some dialogue, and there was no need for narration or for explanation beyond that which the cameras could establish. O. Henry described the Vallambrosa Apartment House with its general air of old age and disrepair, gave us a thumbnail biography of Hetty, and explained how she had just lost her job on page one of his story. In the adaptation, the first picture is a film clip of old brownstone-front houses on New York's east side. The titles are then supered over a shot of a weary and defeated Hetty climbing a worn stairway. We dissolve to a

close-up of Hetty's hands unwrapping a piece of rib beef, then watch her search her cupboards for something to go with it. We hear her say to herself, "Now, what kind of beef stew can you make outa just beef!" After she meets Cecilia at the hall sink and inquires about her situation, she volunteers the fact, "I got fired today myself--after four years of scrabbling for the customers in yardgoods." Cecilia asks what happened and Hetty explains. With this additional dialogue, and what is shown us by the cameras, the preliminary situation of the story is accomplished.

Throughout the rest of the story the scenes, action, and dialogue are very similar in story and script. So I felt that this story and the televised version might profitably be compared and contrasted by the students. I suggest in the supplementary materials for teachers and students that the story be read and discussed prior to viewing the adaptation. In this way, the students can become more aware of the differences between the short story genre and its dramatized form.

My choice for a contemporary short story is "Love Is a Fallacy" by Max Shulman. A delightful example of light satire, this story concerns itself with youth just one generation ago and provides a concise and entertaining course in logic. Settings can be simple, costuming uncomplicated, and casting easy. The story is written in the first person--a man recalling a humorous personal incident of his college

days. In order to use the perspective of the story-teller and still have the "now" essential to drama, the "I" is divided into Joe, who is recalling (and partially narrating) the incident, and Young Joe, who is living the story. Throughout, as Joe's narration leads into the dramatized portions of the story, I have directed Joe and Young Joe into similar positions and suggested dissolves from the one actor to the other. I think that this ties the two Joes more closely into the "I" character.

Joe is placed at the Knoll, the campus rendezvous, for his reminiscences. So this set and the boys' room are the only locations required. Joe tells us that he went home and found the raccoon coat in the attic, that he took Polly to the restaurant and to the theatre, that he walked her to her dormitory, that he shuffled glumly back to his room. This narration precludes the necessity of a great many different sets and makes production of the script much more economical. I believe I have retained the humor and satire of Shulman's writing and dramatized the surprising twist with which his story concludes.

Production notes, including detailed description of setting and costumes, a comment on any special problems, and discussion of the characters to facilitate casting, appear at the end of each script. Teacher resource materials composed of a biographical sketch of the writer, study suggestions (questions for discussion or assignment before and

after viewing, with answers provided), and vocabulary lists also accompany each script. This section is followed by student study material on a separate sheet that may be duplicated for handouts.

I have seriously attempted, in this thesis, to convey the intentions of the three writers truthfully. Also, the stories have been selected and adapted with consideration of their appeal for the viewing students. Finally, the adaptations have been made as practicable as possible both for economical production and effective classroom use.

CHAPTER II

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

by

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

VIDEO

AUDIO

FADE IN: MS OF INSIDE OF DOOR (MUSIC OF HARPSICORD)

SUPER OVER: DR. HEIDEGGER'S
EXPERIMENT

SUPER OUT

SUPER OVER: BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

SUPER OUT

(MUSIC UNDER; CONTINUE
DURING NARRATION)

DOLLY OUT SLOWLY

NARRATOR:

PAN RIGHT TO SHOW BRIEFLY
THE LITTERED DESK, BOOK-
CASES, MIRROR

We are in the study of that very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger. It is a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. In this chamber Dr. Heidegger, it is whispered about the village, does some very strange experiments. Some people even murmur the word "magic." At any rate, his eccentricity has become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories.

CUT TO LS OF DOOR

DOLLY IN SLOWLY

(DR. HEIDEGGER MOVES SLOWLY
TOWARD THE DOOR.)

Just now he is hobbling to the door to admit four venerable friends whom he has invited to come here this afternoon.

CUT TO LS OF DOOR

(DR. OPENS DOOR AND STEPS
ASIDE WITH A SMALL BOW.)

Let me introduce them to you.

DOLLY BACK SLOWLY; MAINTAIN
LS OF MR. MEDBOURNE

(MR. MEDBOURNE ENTERS AND
SHUFFLES TOWARD THE CENTER OF
THE SET.)

This white-bearded old gentle-
man is Mr. Medbourne. In the
vigor of his age he was a
prosperous merchant. He lost
his fortune in frantic specula-
tion and is now little better
than a mendicant.

CUT TO LS OF DOORWAY
PAN WITH KILLIGREW TO C

(COL. KILLIGREW LIMPS PAINFULLY
THROUGH DOORWAY, MOVES TOWARD
THE CENTER OF THE SET, THEN UP
CENTER OUT OF PICTURE.)

Here is Colonel Killigrew who
wasted his best years and his
health and substance in pursuit
of sinful pleasures, which have
given birth to a brood of pains,
such as the gout and various
other torments of soul and body.

CUT TO LS OF DOORWAY
PAN RIGHT WITH GASCOIGNE

(MR. GASCOIGNE STEPS OVER THE
WORN THRESHOLD AND WIDOW
WYCHERLY PEERS IN AROUND HIM.
HE MOVES RIGHT TOWARD HIS
CHAIR.)

Mr. Gascoigne, here, is a ruined
politician, a man of evil fame

until time buried him from the knowledge of the present generation and made him obscure instead of infamous.

(GASCOIGNE REACHES HIS CHAIR AND LOWERS HIMSELF WITH DIFFICULTY.)

CUT TO LS OF WIDOW AS SHE SEATS HERSELF

(WIDOW SITS UPSTAGE OF TABLE AND IS BUSILY ARRANGING HER EXTREMELY OUTDATED FINERY ABOUT HER WITH DARTING PATS AND PUSHES OF HER SMALL, VEINED, CLAW-LIKE HANDS.)

DOLLY IN SLOWLY FOR MCU OF WIDOW

This lady is known as the Widow Wycherly. Tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she has lived in deep seclusion on account of certain scandalous stories which have prejudiced the gentry of the town against her.

DOLLY OUT SLOWLY TO LS TO INCLUDE ALL FOUR VISITORS

(OLD VISITORS ARE SETTLING INTO THE CHAIRS PLACED ABOUT THE ROUND TABLE.)

It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen--Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne--were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake.

CUT TO COVER SHOT OF STUDY
(GRADUALLY INCREASE LIGHT)

To comprehend what is to take place, our eyes must become accustomed to the gloom of this old room so that we may observe some objects that provide insight into the character and background of the old doctor, especially in the minds of the villagers. Around the walls stand several bookcases, the shelves cluttered with gigantic folios, quartos, and parchment-covered duodecimos.

CUT TO MLS OF EXTREME LEFT
OF BOOKCASES

PAN RIGHT SLOWLY TO BUST

DOLLY IN

MS OF BUST

This is the bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. As the good doctor is no longer consulted in any case, the bust is also retired.

PAN RIGHT TO MIRROR

It is fabled that the spirits of all of the doctor's deceased patients dwell within this dusty plate in its tarnished frame and peer out at him whenever he looks toward it.

PAN ON RIGHT TO PORTRAIT

About half a century ago Dr. Heidegger was on the point of marriage with this young lady;

but being affected with some slight disorder, she swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening.

CUT TO MS OF LARGE BOOK
ON TABLE

SLOWLY DOLLY IN TO CU

This is the greatest curiosity of the study. It is well known by all the villagers to be a book of magic. Once, when a chambermaid lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the young lady in the picture stepped one foot upon the floor, several ghastly faces peeped forth from the mirror, and the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear!"

(BRING UP KEY LIGHT ON VASE;
FLECKS OF REFLECTED LIGHT
ON PEOPLE)

CUT TO LS OF TABLE, ALL FIVE
CHARACTERS

(MUSIC OUT)

DR. HEIDEGGER:

My dear old friends, you are, no doubt, wondering why I invited you here this afternoon. (HE LOOKS FROM ONE TO ANOTHER.)

CUT TO MCU OF WIDOW

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

(HER WITHERED FACE SEEMS EVEN MORE SO AS SHE ATTEMPTS WHAT SHE IMAGINES TO BE AN ARCH LOOK.)
Now Doctor, we know you quite well enough by this time to be very sure your purpose is not merely social.

2-SHOT OF WIDOW AND MEDBOURNE

MR. MEDBOURNE:

(BLINKING HIS SMALL EYES AND FINGERING HIS BEARD) We know that well enough. (NODDING HEAD) You have made some new experiment which will amaze us.

PAN RIGHT TO COLONEL

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

(HE SITS RUBBING A PAINFUL OLD KNEE AND SPEAKS SOMEWHAT IMPATIENTLY.) Something more interesting than the construction of a cobweb, viewed through that magnifying machine of yours, I trust. I believe that was the marvel you summoned us to observe on the last occasion.

CUT TO FULL SHOT OF DOCTOR
AND PAN WITH HIM TO TABLE

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(HE RISES AND MOVES TO LEFT SIDE OF TABLE. HE FUMBLES AT THE CLASP OF THE BLACK VOLUME. HE OPENS THE BOOK AND TAKES OUT A PRESSED ROSE, BROWNISH, ALMOST CRUMBLING, WHICH HE HANDLES VERY GENTLY.) This rose, (WITH A SIGH) this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given to me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old

volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?

DOLLY OUT TO INCLUDE WIDOW

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

Nonsense! (WITH A PEEVISH TOSS OF HER HEAD) You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again!

DR. HEIDEGGER:

See this! (HE DROPS THE ROSE INTO THE WATER IN THE VASE, WHERE IT RESTS LIGHTLY ON THE SURFACE.)

DOLLY OUT TO INCLUDE TABLE AND ALL CHARACTERS

(ALL GUESTS LEAN FORWARD SLIGHTLY AND DR. HEIDEGGER MOVES BACK SO HE IS NOT COVERING GASCOIGNE.)

CUT TO TCU OF TOP OF VASE AND ROSE

(THE ROSE SEEMS TO BE STIRRING AND IS PARTIALLY CRIMSON, AND THE LEAVES ARE SLIGHTLY GREENISH.)

CUT TO CU OF DOCTOR

(HE IS STUDYING THE FACES OF HIS GUESTS, ONE BY ONE.)

CUT TO TCU OF VASE AND ROSE

(THE ROSE IS DEWY FRESH.)

CUT TO LS OF TABLE AND GUESTS AND DOCTOR

(THE OLD PEOPLE ARE SETTLING BACK, THE WIDOW APPEARING SOMEWHAT WISTFUL, THE GENTLEMEN SEEMING ONLY SKEPTICAL.)

MR. GASCOIGNE:

(RUBBING THE SIDE OF HIS NOSE)

That is certainly a very pretty deception. Pray, how was it effected?

DR. HEIDEGGER:

Did you never hear of the "Fountain of Youth" which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?

MR. GASCOIGNE:

Oh--that tale. I doubt not it was a story made up for the history books.

MR. MEDBOURNE:

I never heard tell of it.

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

You should have. I recall studying about this Spanish gentleman. A fine explorer he was, too.

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?

CUT TO CU OF DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

No, for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated

in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase.

CUT TO CU OF COLONEL

COLONEL KILLIGREW:
(BELIEVING NOT A WORD OF IT)
Ahem! And what may be the effect of this remarkable liquid on the human frame?

CUT TO CU OF DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:
You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel, and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to as much of this admirable water as may restore to you the bloom of youth. (AS HE SPEAKS HE IS FILLING THE FOUR CHAMPAGNE GLASSES WITH WATER FROM THE VASE. HE OFFERS A GLASS TO THE WIDOW.)

DOLLY OUT TO INCLUDE TABLE, GUESTS, AND DOCTOR

WIDOW WYCHERLY:
(SNIFFING THE LIQUID) A most pleasant bouquet, Doctor. What sort of a liqueur do you really serve us?

(THE DOCTOR OFFERS EACH GENTLEMAN A GLASS IN TURN, FIRST MR. MEDBOURNE WHO IMMEDIATELY SIPS AND "TASTES" WITH A NOISY SMACKING OF HIS LIPS.)

MR. MEDBOURNE:

Not very tasty, would you say?

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

(ACCEPTING HIS GLASS, SNIFFING, TASTING) Very little taste, indeed, if any.

MR. GASCOIGNE:

(TASTING) But not unpleasant. Somewhat effervescent. (AS DR. HEIDEGGER MOVES TOWARD HIS CHAIR) Are you not going to join us in this great rejuvenating experiment, Doctor? (HE SMILES SKEPTICALLY.)

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS CHAIR) No ----- for my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment. (HE SEATS HIMSELF.)

(THE FOUR GUESTS NOD WISELY AT EACH OTHER AND LIFT THEIR

GLASSES TO DRINK. THEY HOLD THEM POISED AS THE DOCTOR SPEAKS.)

CUT TO CU OF DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(LIFTING HIS HAND) Stay a moment. Before you drink, my respectable old friends, it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age.

CUT TO LS OF GUESTS

(THERE IS FEEBLE AND TREMULOUS LAUGHTER FROM THE GUESTS, SO VERY RIDICULOUS IS THE IDEA THAT THEY WOULD EVER GO ASTRAY AGAIN.)

CUT TO CU OF DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(BOWING IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT) Drink then. I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.

CUT TO LS OF GUESTS

(WITH TREMBLING HANDS THE GUESTS RAISE THE GLASSES TO THEIR LIPS, DRINK THE WATER, AND REPLACE THE GLASSES ON THE TABLE. THEY GAZE

(BRING UP PINK LIGHTS
ON GUESTS)

AROUND AT EACH OTHER AND
STRAIGHTEN UP GRADUALLY TO GIVE
A SLIGHTLY YOUNGER APPEARANCE.)

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

(ADJUSTING HER CAP AND FEELING
ALMOST LIKE A WOMAN AGAIN) Give
us more of this wonderful water!
It can't be just my imagination ---
I surely do feel new strength.

MR. GASCOIGNE:

We are younger --- indeed we are!
But we are still too old. Quick
--- give us more!

PAN LEFT TO DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

Patience, patience! (HE SITS
WATCHING THE EXPERIMENT WITH
PHILOSOPHIC COOLNESS.) You have
been a long time growing old.
Surely you might be content to
grow young in half an hour!
But the water is at your service.
(HE RISES, MOVES TO THE TABLE,
AND REFILLS THE GLASSES, WHICH
THE OLD PEOPLE ALREADY ARE REACH-
ING FOR EAGERLY. ALL FOUR OF
THE GUESTS SNATCH THEIR GLASSES
AND GULP THE CONTENTS.)

PAN RIGHT WITH DOCTOR

PAN LEFT, FOLLOWING DOCTOR
DOLLY IN FOR CU OF DOCTOR

(DR. HEIDEGGER RETURNS TO HIS
CHAIR AND SITS DOWN. HE PURSES
HIS LIPS. HIS EYES, BEHIND HIS
OLD-FASHIONED SPECTACLES, GLITTER

WITH INTEREST AS HE STUDIES HIS GUESTS.)

DISSOLVE TO LS OF GUESTS

(THE GUESTS, NOW THREE GENTLEMEN OF MIDDLE AGE AND A WOMAN HARDLY BEYOND HER BUXOM PRIME, ARE JUST TAKING THE GLASSES FROM THEIR LIPS OR REPLACING THEM ON THE TABLE. THEIR EYES HAVE GROWN CLEAR AND BRIGHT. DARK, GLOSSY CURLS SHOW BENEATH THE WIDOW'S CAP. THE MEN HAVE MORE HAIR, FULLER BEARDS, ALL A DARKER SHADE.)

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

(HIS EYES FIXED ON THE WIDOW'S FACE) My dear Widow, you are charming!

DOLLY IN FOR MCU OF WIDOW
PAN WITH WIDOW TO MIRROR

ZOOM IN TO CU OF WIDOW'S
FACE IN MIRROR,
OVER SHOULDER

(THE WIDOW PUTS BOTH HANDS TO HER CHEEKS, STARTS UP, AND RUNS TO THE MIRROR. SHE STANDS BEFORE IT, FIRST STARING IN WONDER, THEN CURTSYING AND SIMPERING TO HER OWN IMAGE. SHE THRUSTS HER FACE CLOSE TO THE DUSTY GLASS TO SEE WHETHER SOME LONG-REMEMBERED WRINKLE HAS REALLY DISAPPEARED. SHE SNATCHES OFF HER CAP AND SHAKES THE GLOSSY CURLS. AT LAST, TURNING BRISKLY AWAY, SHE RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH A SORT OF DANCING STEP.)

CUT TO LS AS WIDOW RETURNS
TO TABLE

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

(AS SHE NEARS TABLE) My dear old Doctor, pray favor me with another glass!

DR. HEIDEGGER:

Certainly, my dear Madam, certainly. See! I have already filled the glasses. (THE GLASSES HAVE BEEN FILLED.)

(DECREASE GENERAL LIGHTING TO GIVE LATE AFTERNOON EFFECT, WITH BLuish KEY LIGHT ON VASE)

PAN WITH DOCTOR

(THE DOCTOR RETURNS TO HIS CHAIR AND LOWERS HIMSELF INTO IT STIFFLY.)

DOLLY IN FOR MS OF DOCTOR

(DR. HEIDEGGER LEANS BACK IN HIS HIGH-BACKED ARMCHAIR. HE SITS WITH GREAT DIGNITY. HE PLACES THE FINGERTIPS OF HIS TWO HANDS TOGETHER AND BRINGS THE FORE-FINGERS TO HIS LIPS AS HE STUDIES HIS GUESTS.)

DISSOLVE TO LS OF FOUR GUESTS

(THE GUESTS ARE JUST FINISHING THEIR DRINKS. THEIR ATTENTION IS MOMENTARILY CAUGHT BY THE APPEARANCE OF DR. HEIDEGGER, BUT ALMOST AT ONCE THEY ARE DIVERTED BY THE EXTREME YOUTHFULNESS OF THE FACES AROUND THE TABLE. THEY ARE NOW A GROUP OF EXUBERANT YOUNG PEOPLE.)

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

(POINTING SUDDENLY AT THE COLONEL, THEN THROWING BACK HER HEAD AND SHRIEKING WITH LAUGHTER) John Killigrew, those are the most ridiculously old-fashioned clothes I have ever seen. (THE COLONEL LOOKS AT HIS ATTIRE AND BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER AS SHE CONTINUES, POINTING TO THE OTHERS IN TURN --- TO HER LEFT TO MR. MEDBOURNE AND TO HER RIGHT TO MR. GASCOIGNE.) Waldo, you look like a positive rag-picker, and Henry! Oh, my!

CUT TO CU OF GASCOIGNE

MR. GASCOIGNE:

(JOINING LAUGHTER, BUT POINTING TO THE WIDOW) My clothing is surely woefully out-dated, but you, my dear Clara, could scarcely be declared a fashion plate! (MR. MEDBOURNE AND THE COLONEL JOIN IN HIS LAUGHTER.)

CUT TO MCU OF WIDOW

(THE WIDOW LOOKS DOWN AT HER FADED DRESS; SMOOTHES THE SKIRT RUEFULLY, THEN ATTEMPTS TO PULL HER FRESH YOUNG MOUTH INTO THE PUCKERED, TOOTHLESS APPEARANCE OF EXTREME AGE, THEN BEGINS TO LAUGH HARDER THAN ALL THE REST.)

CUT TO MS OF MEDBOURNE

DOLLY OUT FOR 2-SHOT OF
MEDBOURNE AND WIDOW

PAN WITH THEM

MR. MEDBOURNE:

(JUMPING TO HIS FEET AND GRASP-
ING HER ARMS) Come, my poor
old grandmother. Let me help
you onto your trembling old
feet. (SHE FEIGNS A DESPERATE
STRUGGLE TO RISE WHILE HE TUGS
AT HER. THEY GO TOTTERING
ALONG FOR SEVERAL STEPS, MIMICK-
ING TWO VERY OLD PEOPLE.)

CUT TO MCU OF GASCOIGNE

DOLLY OUT FOR MS

MR. GASCOIGNE:

(SPRINGING TO HIS FEET, PULLING
SOME OLD-FASHIONED GLASSES FROM
HIS POCKET AND PLACING THEM NEAR
THE END OF HIS NOSE, HE OPENS
THE BIG BLACK BOOK AND PRETENDS
TO HAVE GREAT DIFFICULTY IN
ATTEMPTING TO READ IT. HE PULLS
AT HIS CHIN IN THE PRETENSE HE
IS GRASPING CHIN-WHISKERS.)
Hm-m-m --- now let us see what
we have here. (HE READJUSTS
THE SPECTACLES.) My, my, amaz-
ing --- amazing indeed --- (HE
BURSTS INTO UNCONTROLLED LAUGHTER
AGAIN AND SNATCHES THE GLASSES
OFF AND FLINGS THEM ON THE TABLE.)

CUT TO MCU OF COLONEL

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

(HE LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR,
PLACES HIS FINGERTIPS TOGETHER
IN FRONT OF HIM, AND PATS THEM
IMPORTANTLY. HE PURSES HIS LIPS
AND SQUINTS AT THE VASE,

ATTEMPTING TO IMITATE DR.
HEIDEGGER.) I've had so much
trouble growing old, I am not
in a hurry to grow young again.
(THE COLONEL ROARS AT HIS OWN
WIT, AND THE VOICES OF THE
OTHERS CAN BE HEARD JOINING IN.)

CUT TO MCU OF WIDOW

WIDOW WYCHERLY:

(SHE STRUGGLES TO FREE HER HANDS
FROM THE GRASP OF YOUNG WALDO
MEDBOURNE, GIVES HIM A COY SHOVE,
AND DANCES OVER TO THE DOCTOR.)

PAN WITH WIDOW

Doctor, you dear old soul, get
up and dance with me! (ALL FOUR
YOUNG PEOPLE LAUGH WITH GREAT
HILARITY.)

2-SHOT OF WIDOW AND DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(QUIETLY) Pray, excuse me. I
am old and rheumatic, and my
dancing days were over long ago.
But any of these gay young
gentlemen will be glad of so
pretty a partner.

LS OF WHOLE GROUP

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

Dance with me, Clara! (HE
STARTS TOWARD HER.)

MR. GASCOIGNE:

(SHOUTING) No, no! I will be
her partner!

MR. MEDBOURNE:

She promised me her hand fifty years ago. (HE THROWS HIS ARM ABOUT HER WAIST. MR. GASCOIGNE CATCHES BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS PASSIONATE GRASP. THE COLONEL BURIES HIS HAND IN THE WIDOW'S GLOSSY CURLS. THE WIDOW, BLUSHING, PANTING, AND LAUGHING, MAKES ONLY A PLAYFUL ATTEMPT TO FREE HERSELF, AND IS OBVIOUSLY ENJOYING THE STRUGGLE. THE RIVALS EXCHANGE THREATENING LOOKS. STILL KEEPING HOLD OF THE GIRL-WIDOW, THEY BEGIN TO GRAPPLE FIERCELY AT ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS. AS THEY STRUGGLE TO A POSITION UPSTAGE OF THE TABLE, THEY BLUNDER HEAVILY AGAINST IT, IT IS OVERTURNED TOWARD DOWN-STAGE, AND THE VASE OF WATER IS DASHED TO THE FLOOR.)

PAN TO FOLLOW ACTION AS
CLOSELY AS POSSIBLE
(OVERHEAD IF AVAILABLE)

CUT TO MS OF OVERTURNED
TABLE

PAN DOWN TO BROKEN VASE

CUT TO MS OF DOCTOR

PAN TO FOLLOW DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET) Come, come Gentlemen! Come Madam Wycherly, I really must protest against this riot. (HE MOVES TO THE SHATTERED VASE AND RETRIEVES THE ROSE FROM AMONG THE FRAGMENTS OF GLASS. HE RESUMES HIS SEAT HEAVILY.)

CUT TO LS OF WHOLE GROUP

(THE FOUR GUESTS SEPARATE, STAND STILL, LOOK APPREHENSIVE. THEY LOOK AT THE DOCTOR WHO MOTIONS THEM TO THEIR SEATS. THEY RESUME THEIR SEATS, ACTING SUDDENLY WEARY.)

CUT TO MS OF DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

(EXCLAIMING AS HE STUDIES THE ROSE IN HIS HANDS) My poor Sylvia's rose! It appears to be fading again. (HE RAISES THE NOW COMPLETELY WITHERED ROSE TO HIS LIPS.) I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness. (HE LIFTS HIS HEAD TO GAZE AT THE FOUR GUESTS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD SADLY.) Ah --- my poor old friends. I wonder how you will accept this same loss in yourselves!

DOLLY IN FOR CU

DISSOLVE TO LS OF GUESTS

(THE FOUR PEOPLE ARE GAZING AT EACH OTHER IN CONSTERNATION AND DISBELIEF, FOR THEY ARE AS IN THE BEGINNING. THE AGED WIDOW BOWS HER HEAD AND COVERS HER WRINKLED FACE WITH HER OLD HANDS. MR. GASCOIGNE FINGERS THE FOLDS OF LOOSE FLESH BENEATH HIS CHIN. THE COLONEL IS RUBBING HIS PAINFUL KNEES. MR. MEDBOURNE RUBS HIS HAND OVER HIS THINNING HAIR AND BLINKS HIS SMALL, SUNKEN EYES.)

COLONEL KILLIGREW:

(DOLEFULLY) Are we grown old
again so soon?

MR. MEDBOURNE:

Is it possible? So brief? So
fleeting?

(FADE IN MUSIC)

CUT TO MS OF DOCTOR

DR. HEIDEGGER:

DOLLY IN SLOWLY

Yes, Friends, ye are old again,
and lo! the Water of Youth is
all lavished on the carpet.
Well --- I bemoan it not; for
if the fountain gushed at my
very doorstep I would not stoop
to bathe my lips in it ---
though its delirium were for
years instead of moments. Such
is the lesson ye have taught me!
(HE LOOKS DOWN AGAIN AT THE ROSE
CRADLED IN HIS TWO HANDS.)

DOLLY IN TO TCU OF ROSE
AND HANDS

FADE TO BLACK

(MUSIC OUT)

PRODUCTION NOTES

SETTING: New England, around 1850. The study of Dr. Heidegger's home.

The inside of the heavy oaken door with its panels and carving appears dusty and uncared-for. It is located down left. The study itself is a large, rather gloomy room but with sunlight slanting between heavy draperies on windows down right. Up left is a massive desk partially covered with a litter of papers, and a heavy old chair stands nearby. Above it are several bookcases containing many large volumes laid flat on the shelves and many other books of various sizes standing upright. On the top shelf of the bookcase, on the end toward center, is a bronze-colored bust of Hippocrates. A large mirror in a massive and ornate tarnished-gilt frame hangs right of center.

A long portrait in a similar frame hangs on the right wall up from the windows. This is a full length portrait of a young woman. Her gown is a tunic style, a faded rose satin, the low, squared neckline trimmed with a broad gold and white facing of classic design. The short puff sleeves are edged in the same facing as is the lower edge of the tunic which hangs in graceful folds over the full underdress. The gown has an empire waistline. The brocade underdress loops down to within a few inches of the tiny, rose satin slippers. The girl's dark hair is combed high and caught with a ribbon

on top of her head, with small curls hanging loosely toward the tranquil brow and wide-set eyes. (Note: The above description of the girl in the portrait and her costume is suggested. It is only necessary that there be a full-length portrait of an attractive girl dressed in the fashion of about 1795.)

Down right center is a round table of dark (ebony) wood, in the center of which is placed a large cut-glass vase of water. Near the vase are four champagne glasses (old-fashioned in design). A large black book with heavy clasps is on the lower left edge of the table. Just up from the table is a chair in which the widow will sit. A chair for Gascoigne is just to her right, one for Medbourne to her left. The Colonel is seated right of the table, slightly down from it. A larger chair with a high carved back is placed slightly down left of the center of the set, facing down right, and is for Dr. Heidegger.

COSTUMES: Although the "Experiment" takes place around 1850, the characters are all dressed in clothing of the 1820's. The following are suggestions for costumes that would fit the period and the types of characters implied in the story.

DR. HEIDEGGER might be clothed in a dark coat with sloping shoulders and a rolled collar that rises high across the back of his neck. The sleeves are full at the top, fitted below the elbow. The coat flares out from the natural waistline and is somewhat longer than present-day suitcoats. A somber double-breasted waistcoat, lighter in color, covers

the doctor's ample stomach where the coat no longer meets. A stiffened neckcloth extends upward to his cheeks, and tied over it is a black cravat knotted in front, with the ends hanging loosely. His breeches are ankle length, full at the hips and tight from the knee downward.

MR. MEDBOURNE, beggar poor, might be dressed in a rough, drab-colored shirt, high at the throat, with a straight collar. It has drop shoulders and loose sleeves gathered into bands at the wrists. It is slightly bloused and tucked into threadbare pantaloons which are caught in just below the knee. The tops of his knee hose, twisted and wrinkled, are covered by the bottoms of the pantaloons.

COLONEL KILLIGREW might be in a single-breasted frock-coat with two rows of buttons which are not closed. The flaring coat tail reaches nearly to his knees in back, rounding down from a shorter front. His waistcoat, neckwear, and trousers are similar to Dr. Heidegger's. He carries a gnarled cane.

MR. GASCOIGNE'S clothing is neat though threadbare. He might wear a single-breasted coat, cut away from just below his chest and extending to mid-thigh in the back. The sleeves fit smoothly. His waistcoat, of a tarnished brocade, buttons rather too snugly over his ample stomach. His white shirt with upstanding points is nearly obscured by a wide black cravat tied in a bow and by the loose flesh of his neck. His ankle-length trousers are wide at the hip and tight in the calf.

WIDOW WYCHERLY might be dressed in faded purple. The pleated bodice hangs in folds and wrinkles from her narrow shoulders as though it might have been fashioned for a more ample bosom. The long, once-tight sleeves end at the wrist with soiled ruching--now just rag-tags of lace. The worn fichu or triangular scarf of some thin, greyish material is knotted high about her throat as though she had attempted to conceal her thin, wrinkled neck. The full skirt, hanging nearly to the floor now, gives the impression of having once been gathered at the waist. The gathers now sag well below the waist on the widow's shrunken form. A mob or dust cap covers her hair.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS: (As visualized by the adaptor.)

DR. HEIDEGGER is fairly heavy, with an ample waistline. His hair is white, thick, and rather neatly swirled forward at the sides, combining with fairly long sideburns. His cheeks are ruddy and his eyes are bright and inquisitive behind his old-fashioned spectacles.

MR. MEDBOURNE was once quite tall, and he still seems to be trying to resist the roundness of shoulder that has increased with age. Both his hair and full beard are grey-white and present a thin, scraggled, uncared-for appearance. His eyes are small and sunken.

COLONEL KILLIGREW is stooped and very thin, except for a low, protruding belly. His hair is no more than a dirty-grey fringe, and his shrinking flesh has brought his hawk-like

nose ever closer to the yellowed, poorly-trimmed beard. He walks painfully with the aid of his cane.

MR. GASCOIGNE is a white-headed, stout, old fellow. At middle age he was probably fat and hearty. Now his jowls hang in folds, lapping one over the other. His huge, bulbous nose is a dark, mottled red, and a map-like network of fine purple veins traces his drooping cheeks.

WIDOW WYCHERLY, once full-bosomed, trim waisted, with rounded hips and slender ankles, is now shrunken and very thin--almost emaciated. Her face and neck are extremely wrinkled and her hands are claw-like. A few wispy, grey locks of hair straggle from beneath her cap.

NOTE: The writer is aware of the problem posed by the guests growing younger and younger, and then aging again. It is suggested that four taping sessions be used, and that one set of fairly young actors be cast in the roles of the guests, with necessary make-up done between sessions.

Three roses will be needed--one well pressed and dried, one partially dried, and one very fresh.

TEACHER RESOURCE MATERIAL

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment"

by

Nathaniel Hawthorne

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES:

Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864.

One of the New England group, Hawthorne differed in that he wrote fiction rather than essays and poems. Like Longfellow and Whittier, he drew upon history and legends in his writing, and he agreed with them that history should point a moral.

He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, son of a shipmaster who died when he was four. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1825, and returned to Salem to live with his widowed mother and two sisters in a rather secluded household, withdrawn from society. For more than ten years he was almost a recluse, and, becoming aware of his condition, had to force himself back into the mainstream of society. He began to end his isolation in 1836 by serving as a magazine editor.

He worked in the Boston Custom House in 1839-1840, and at Brook Farm for nearly a year following that. He married Sophia Peabody of Salem in 1842, and believed that his courtship, marriage, and family life more than anything else, helped him to reestablish himself in society. The preface of

his second collection of tales, Mosses from an Old Manse, indicated the happiness of his early married life.

His novels, The Scarlet Letter (1850), The House of the Seven Gables (1851), and The Blithedale Romance (1852), all had New England settings. After spending the next four years in Liverpool, England, as consul, he went to Italy and it served as the background for his last completed novel, The Marble Faun (1860).

Hawthorne, realizing his tendency toward seclusion, constantly dealt with man's relation with his fellows. His Puritan ancestry led him to dwell also on man's consciousness of sin. His period of withdrawal from society taught him, too, that he wrote best when he gave his narratives "a certain remoteness" from actuality, as he did in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment." But his other side--vigorous masculinity with warmth and humor--made him aware that the stories must have sufficient reality and sympathy with mankind to place them in "a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairyland."

STUDY SUGGESTIONS: Before Viewing--

- A. Help the students become familiar with the life and times of Hawthorne, especially the things that influenced his writing. (Lecture, discussion, student oral reports are possibilities.)

B. Discuss the historic legend concerning Ponce de Leon and the "Fountain of Youth." (Ponce de Leon, pronounced POHN thay day lay OHN, 1460? to 1521, Spanish explorer and conqueror, born in Leon, Spain. With Columbus on his second voyage to America, later governor of eastern part of Hispaniola or Haiti. Conquered Puerto Rico and in 1510 was appointed governor of that island. Indians told him of island, Bimini, which had on it a fountain which could restore youth to old persons. He started search for it, March 1513, sighted land, and on Easter Sunday, April 2, formally claimed territory and named it Florida, from Pascua Florida which means flowery Easter. He later returned to colonize the new territory.)

C. Establish the meaning of the bust of Hippocrates. (Doctor's Hippocratic oath, and the implication by the narrator that this particular bust has mystic power as consultant in Dr. Heidegger's difficult cases.)

After Viewing--

D. Discuss the ways in which this television play established the period of the story. (The setting, costumes, descriptive language of the narrator.)

E. Lead class discussion of the ways in which this story is characteristic of Hawthorne's writings. (The characters are all people who are out of the mainstream of life--remote from actuality. The bust, mirror, portrait, and black volume illustrate his use of the mystical. He draws on history and legends for his plot, and weaves them into his story.)

F. Hawthorne believed his stories should have a moral. What moral was pointed in this story? (He points a moral with the actions of the guests as young people who had not profited by their experiences.)

VOCABULARY:

harpsichord	gout	deceased
eccentricity	obscure	retrieves
nucleus	infamous	apprehensive
venerable	seclusion	consternation
mendicant	feigns	scandalous
delirium	hilarity	

STUDENT STUDY MATERIAL

BEFORE VIEWING

A. The life and times of Hawthorne, and its effect on his writings.

1. Make an oral report on one of the New England group of writers which included Hawthorne.
2. Be prepared to discuss any writings of Hawthorne with which you are familiar.
3. Discuss in class the biographical facts that were an influence on Hawthorne's writing.

B. Review in class discussion the historic legend concerning Ponce de Leon and the "Fountain of Youth."

C. Discuss the presence in the room of the bust of Hippocrates, its connection with the medical profession, and Hawthorne's use of it in the story.

AFTER VIEWING

D. How did the television play establish the period of the story?

E. In what ways was this story characteristic of Hawthorne's writing?

F. Hawthorne believed his stories should have a moral. What would you say was the moral he pointed in this story?

CHAPTER III

THE THIRD INGREDIENT

by

O. HENRY

VIDEO

AUDIO

FILM CLIP: OLD BROWNSTONE-
FRONT HOUSES ON NEW YORK'S
EAST SIDE AT THE TURN OF
THE CENTURY

DISSOLVE TO LS LOOKING DOWN
WORN STAIRWAY, WITH HETTY
AT BOTTOM STARTING UP

SUPER OVER: THE THIRD
INGREDIENT

SUPER OUT

SUPER OVER: BY O. HENRY

SUPER OUT

HOLD SHOT AS HETTY CLIMBS
NEARER

CUT TO CU OF HETTY'S FACE

(HETTY STARTS UP STAIRS, CARRY-
ING WORN PURSE AND SMALL
PACKAGE IN BUTCHER PAPER.)

(HETTY IS LOOKING WEARY AND
DEFEATED. HER EYES ARE DOWN-
CAST.)

DISSOLVE TO CU OF HETTY'S
HANDS

(HETTY IS UNWRAPPING THE BUTCHER
PAPER FROM A TWO-POUND PIECE OF
RIB BEEF AT THE CUPBOARD SHELF.
SHE HAS REMOVED HAT AND JACKET
AND PLACED THEM ON RIGHT END OF
COUCH.)

CUT TO LS OF HETTY FROM HER
RIGHT

(SHE BENDS AND LIFTS A GRANITE-
WARE STEWPAN FROM THE CUPBOARD
BELOW THE SHELF, PLACING IT NEAR
THE MEAT. SHE THEN MOVES TO AN
ADJOINING CUPBOARD, BENDS DOWN
TO DIG AMONG EMPTY SACKS, LOOK-
ING FOR POTATOES AND ONIONS.
SHE FINDS NONE. SHE GOES DOWN
ON HER KNEES AND SEARCHES AGAIN.
SHE SITS BACK ON HER HEELS,

FINALLY, HANDS ON THIGHS,
SHE APPEARS MORE UNHAPPY, HER
FEATURES SHARPER.)

HETTY:

Now, what kind of beef stew can
ya make outa just beef! (SHE
RISES SLOWLY AND STANDS CON-
TEMPLATING THE MEAT. FINALLY,
WITH A SHRUG, SHE PICKS UP THE
STEW PAN AND STARTS TOWARD THE
DOOR.)

PAN WITH HETTY, SHOWING
HER BACK AT DOOR

DISSOLVE TO MS OF SINK IN
HALL

(CECILIA IS WASHING TWO LARGE
POTATOES AT THE TRICKLE OF
WATER COMING FROM THE SINGLE
FAUCET, AND BEGINS TO PEEL
ONE WITH A DULL, RATHER LARGE
KNIFE, HANDLING IT MOST INEX-
PERTLY.)

CUT TO 2-SHOT

HETTY:

(ARRIVES WITH STEW PAN, OBSERVES
THE INEPTNESS, AND SPEAKS,
USING A QUITE FORMAL TONE)
Beg pardon for butting into
what's not my business, but if
you peel them potatoes, you
lose out. They're new Bermudas.
You want to scrape 'em. Lemme
show ya. (SHE SETS PAN IN SINK,
TAKES KNIFE AND POTATO, AND
DEMONSTRATES.)

CECILIA:

Oh! (SOME SLIGHT SURPRISE)
 Oh, thank you. I didn't know.
 And I did hate to see the thick
 peelings go; it seemed such a
 waste. But I thought they al-
 ways had to be peeled. When
 you have only potatoes to eat,
 the peelings count, you know.

HETTY:

(PAUSING WITH KNIFE POISED)
 Say, Kid, you ain't up against
 it too, are ya? (A MOMENTARY
 PAUSE, AND AFTER THERE IS NO
 IMMEDIATE ANSWER SHE CONTINUES.)
 I got fired today myself--after
 four years of scrabbling for
 the customers in yard goods.

CECILIA:

Oh, I'm sorry. (WITH ONLY
 PARTIAL INTEREST) What hap-
 pened? . . . I mean, why?
 (THEN QUICKLY) Oh . . . it's
 really none of my business. . . .

CUT TO MCU OF HETTY

HETTY:

This snaky boss of my section
 had the nerve to pinch my arm
 this afternoon! (SHE POINTS
 TO HER UPPER ARM WITH THE
 KNIFE, THEN CONTINUES TO
 SCRAPE THE POTATO AS SHE TALKS.)
 And him with five fancy blonds

CUT TO 2-SHOT

workin' for him right there!
I slapped him a good one, I did.
Bet his face is still mighty
pink! (REMEMBERING WITH
RELISH, THEN BLEAK AGAIN) But
I had it handed to me in the
neck at the store then--quick
as scat--with just fifteen
cents to my name. (PAUSE,
SCRAPING AWAY, THEN LOOKING AT
CECILIA) You up against it
too?

CECILIA:

(SMILING WANLY) I suppose I
am. Art--or, at least the way
I interpret it in my miniatures--
doesn't seem to be much in
demand. I just have these
(INDICATING POTATOES) for my
dinner. (PAUSE) Oh, they
aren't so bad boiled and hot,
with a little salt and pepper.

CUT TO CU OF HETTY

HETTY:

Child, (A BRIEF SMILE SOFTENS
HER STERN FEATURES.) fate has
sent me and you together.
I've got a chunk of beef in my
room as big as a lap dog--my
whole fifteen cents went for
that. But I've turned my cup-
boards inside out for potatoes--
done everything but pray for 'em.
Let's me and you bunch our com-
missary departments and make a

CUT TO 2-SHOT

stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. Hey! You don't just happen to have an onion up there in your place, do ya? (SHE LOOKS HOPEFUL.)

CECILIA:

(SHAKING HER HEAD RUEFULLY)

No. I'm sorry. I just don't have a thing, except these potatoes.

HETTY:

Oh well--(DISAPPOINTED, BUT FACING THE FACTS, SHE GIVES A POTATO A LAST SCRAPE, RINSES THEM UNDER THE DRIZZLE, AND STANDS HOLDING THEM. THEN SHE BRIGHTENS WITH ANOTHER IDEA.) Say, Kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinee without candy, you know, Kid?

CECILIA:

You may call me Cecilia. No, I spent my last penny three days ago. (SHE TURNS DESPOND-ENTLY FROM THE SINK, AS HETTY

HANDS HER THE POTATOES AND HALF
FILLS THE STEWPAN WITH WATER
AND TURNS OFF THE TAP.)

HETTY:

PAN WITH THEM AND FOLLOW
THEM DOWN THE HALL, MAIN-
TAINING MS OF THEIR BACKS

(AS SHE STARTS DOWN THE HALL,
STEW PAN IN HAND, FOLLOWED BY
CECILIA WITH THE POTATOES)
Then we'll have to cut the
onion out instead of slicing it
in. (OVER HER SHOULDER) I'd
ask the janitor's wife for one,
but I don't want 'em hep just
yet to the fact that I'm pound-
ing the asphalt for another job.
(FACING AWAY AGAIN) But I
sure wish we had an onion.

DISSOLVE TO LS OF CECILIA

CECILIA:

START SLOW DOLLY IN

(SHE IS SEATED ON THE COUCH-BED
IN HETTY'S ROOM, GAZING DOWN AT
THE FADED COVERLET THAT HIDES
IT, FEELING ITS TEXTURE WITHOUT
ANY REAL INTEREST.) Are you
sure I can't do anything to
help? (SHE REMAINS SEATED
RATHER HELPLESSLY.)

HETTY:

(OFF CAMERA) Naw--I'll just
get the meat cookin' and cut
up these potatoes. Shame we
ain't got an onion, though.
You c'n make oyster soup with-
out oysters, turtle soup

without turtles, coffee-cake without coffee, but you can't make a beef stew without beef and potatoes and onions. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion. Well, at least it will be fillin' and--

CONTINUE DOLLY IN

(AS HER VOICE RUNS ON, CECILIA HAS LOOKED TO HER LEFT TOWARD HETTY FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN DOWN AT THE BINDING OF HER KIMONO WHICH HER SMALL FINGERS ARE PLEATING ABSENT-MINDEDLY, THEN STRAIGHT AHEAD, THEN TO HER RIGHT, WHERE HER GAZE IS SUDDENLY CAUGHT AND HELD.)

STOP DOLLY AT CU

CUT TO LS OVER CECILIA'S
SHOULDER OF POSTER

(SHE IS STARING AT THE GAUDY FERRYBOAT POSTER ON THE WALL LEFT CENTER.)

ZOOM IN TO CU OF POSTER

CUT TO CU OF CECILIA

(TEARS GATHER IN HER EYES AND SPILL DOWN HER CHEEKS.)

CUT TO MS OF HETTY

(SETTING THE STEWPAN ON THE GAS PLATE AND LIGHTING IT WITH A KITCHEN MATCH, HETTY TURNS TOWARD CECILIA AND HER VOICE TRAILS OFF AS SHE SEES CECILIA'S FACE, AND FOLLOWS HER GAZE.)

HETTY:

Why, say, Cecilia kid, is it as bad art as that? (SHE LOOKS AT

THE POSTER.) I ain't a critic, but I thought it kinda brightened up the place. Of course, a manicure painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. (LOOKING BACK TOWARD CECILIA)

CUT TO MS OF CECILIA

(CECILIA TUMBLES DOWN WITH HER NOSE IN THE HARD-WOVEN DRAPERY OF THE COUCH AND SOBS.)

CUT TO MS OF HETTY

HETTY:

PAN WITH HETTY

(SHE PUTS THE COVER ON THE STEWPAN, ADJUSTS THE BURNER, AND GOES TO SEAT HERSELF BESIDE CECILIA--RIGHT OF HER.) Aw Kid. (SHE PATS CECILIA'S SHOULDER COMFORTINGLY.) Go on and tell me, Honey. I know it ain't art that's worrying you.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

CECILIA:

O-o-oh. (A SOFT MOANING CRY)

HETTY:

You met him on a ferryboat, didn't you? Go on, Cecilia kid, and tell your--your Aunt Hetty all about it. It'll do ya good. (HETTY KNOWS THAT SHE IS ONE OF THE SHOULDERS OF THE WORLD.)

CECILIA:

(HER SOBBING GRADUALLY SUBSIDES AND SHE SITS UP, LEANING AGAINST HETTY, WHO PUTS ONE ARM AROUND HER.) Oh Hetty-----I'm sorry to be such a child. I didn't mean to-----

HETTY:

Aw, you're all right. Go ahead and spill your troubles-----Sharin' helps.

CUT TO CU OF CECILIA

CECILIA:

(PUSHING BACK HER HAIR AND GAZING DOLEFULLY AT THE POSTER)

It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me about a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature painted of his daughter. (SHE PAUSES TO SEARCH HER KIMONO POCKET FOR A HANDKERCHIEF, AND TURNS TOWARD HETTY TO CONTINUE.) I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When I told him the price would be fifty dollars, he laughed like a hyena. (SHE LOCATES THE HANDKERCHIEF AND WIPES EYES AND NOSE.) He said an enlarged crayon--twenty times the size--would cost him only eight dollars.

DOLLY BACK FOR 2-SHOT

HETTY:

Why, the stingy old Scrooch!

CECILIA:

I had just enough money to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. (SHE WIPES HER NOSE THEN BLOWS IT.) I must have looked as I felt, for I saw him on the row of seats opposite me--looking at me as if he understood. He was nice looking--but, oh, above everything else, he looked kind. (THE MEMORY PROVES TOO MUCH AND SEVERAL SNIFFLES ENSUE.) I guess I just got sorrier for myself then. Anyway--I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, and I got up and went out the rear door of the cabin. No one was around and I just slipped over the rail and dropped into the water. Oh, Friend Hetty, it was so cold! So cold.

HETTY:

Ah---ya poor kid.

CECILIA:

(SHAKING HERSELF FROM THE AWFUL MEMORY, AND CONTINUING MORE CALMLY) You know, for just a moment I wished I was back in

this old place, starving and hoping. Then I got numb and didn't care. And then, I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. He had followed me and jumped in to save me.

HETTY:

(WITH WONDER) Well---what do you know about that!

CECILIA:

Then there was a lot of yelling and somebody threw one of those life-preserver things at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferryboat backed up and pulled us aboard. (PAUSE AS THE MEMORY OF THE EMBARRASSMENT ENGULFS HER) Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was such a sight! (SHE SIGHS AT THE THOUGHT AND PUSHES AT THE HAIR AT THE NAPE OF HER NECK.) After that some policemen or guards came around; and he gave them his card--all wet and had to be peeled off the others--and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my

purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail, and leaning over to get it, I had fallen overboard.

HETTY:

Well---my goodness! Can you imagine! I have read in the papers about them locking up people who try to kill themselves---just like if they'd tried to kill other people.

CECILIA:

(NODDING) I remembered that then, and I was afraid. Wasn't he quick and clever? (SHE BLINKS IN FOND REMEMBRANCE.) Some ladies on the boat took me down to the furnace-room then and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, he came and put me in a cab. He was still so wet himself, but he laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. (GAZING DOWN AT HER NERVOUS HANDS). He begged me, but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed.

HETTY:

(KINDLY) You were a fool, Child. (SHE SNIFFS THE AIR, RISES, AND MOVES TOWARD THE GAS

PAN WITH HETTY

PLATE.) I'd better see how the stew's coming. I wish to Heaven we had an onion. (SHE REMOVES THE LID, PEERING IN AT THE STEAMING CONTENTS, THEN REPLACES LID AND ADJUSTS BURNER.)

CECILIA:

(CONTINUING OFF-CAMERA) Then he raised his hat and said, "Very well. But I'll find you anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage." Then he gave money to the cab driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go. And then he walked away. What is "salvage", Hetty?

HETTY:

(SHE IS REACHING UP INTO THE CUPBOARD.) It's the edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed. You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy. (SHE TURNS BACK WITH A PITCHER IN HER HAND.)

CUT TO MS OF CECILIA

CECILIA:

(SADLY) It's been three days and he hasn't found me yet.

CUT TO LS OF TWO AS HETTY
MOVES IN WITH PITCHER

HETTY:

Extend the time. This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. (HER THOUGHTS RETURN TO THE STEW.) The stew's getting on fine---but oh, for an onion! I'd even settle for a piece of garlic if I had it.

CECILIA:

(SHUDDERING) I came near drowning in that awful river.

HETTY:

It ought to have more water in it---the stew, I mean. (SHE STARTS TO TURN AWAY.) I'll go get some at the sink.

CECILIA:

(RETURNING TO THE PRESENT) It smells good.

HETTY:

(TURNS BACK, OBJECTING) That nasty old North River? It smells to me like soap factories and wet setter-dogs! (CATCHING UP) Oh, you mean the stew. (SMALL LAUGH, BUT IMMEDIATELY SERIOUS AGAIN) Well, it don't smell like stew without

no onion in it, that's for sure. Did he look like he had money? (SHE STEPS BACK CLOSER TO CECILIA.)

CECILIA:

(NODDING) First, most important, he looked kind. I'm sure he was rich; but I really don't care about that. When he drew out his wallet to pay the cabman, you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motorcar; and the chauffeur gave him his bearskin to put around him, for he was so sopping wet. (SWEET REMEMBRANCE) And it was three days ago.

HETTY:

(SHORTLY) What a fool!

CECILIA:

Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet, and he drove the car away quite nicely.

HETTY:

I mean you, for not giving him your address!

CECILIA:

(HAUGHTILY) I never give my address to chauffeurs.

HETTY:

(GIVING CECILIA A LOOK AND SHAKING HER HEAD, THEN MOVING TOWARD THE DOOR) I'm going to get some water.

DISSOLVE TO LS OF YOUNG MAN
DESCENDING STAIRS TO THIRD
FLOOR

(THE YOUNG MAN IS WELL DRESSED, BUT IS PALE AND HAGGARD AND HIS EYES ARE DULL WITH SOME WOE. IN HIS HAND HE BEARS AN ONION--A LARGE, PINK, SOLID, SHINING ONION. HE PAUSES ON THE SECOND STEP, PUTS HIS FREE HAND ON THE RAILING, AND FROWNS AS HETTY COMES INTO CAMERA RANGE, BACK TO CAMERA, AND STOPS SUDDENLY NO MORE THAN THREE FEET AWAY FROM HIM.)

CUT TO MS OF HETTY

HETTY:

(HER EYES ARE AT FIRST RIVETED ON THE ONION, THEN SLOWLY ARE RAISED TO HIS FACE.) Beg your pardon. (SHE SPEAKS AS SWEETLY AS SHE IS ABLE.) Did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag and I've just come out to look for it.

CUT TO MS OF YOUNG MAN

YOUNG MAN:

(AFTER A FIT OF DEEP AND WRACK-
ING COUGHING, SPEAKING HUSKILY)
No, I didn't find it on the
stairs. It was given to me by
Jack Bevens, on the top floor.
If you don't believe it, ask
him. I'll wait until you do.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

HETTY:

(SOURLY) I know about Bevens.
He writes books and things up
there for the paper-and-rags
man. We can hear the postman
guy him all over the house when
he brings them thick envelopes
back. Say---do you live here
in the Vallambrosa?

YOUNG MAN:

(WITH SOME SPIRIT) I do not.
I come to see Bevens sometimes.
He's my friend. I live two
blocks west. (THE ENERGY OF
HIS SPEECH PRODUCES ANOTHER
SHORT COUGHING SPELL.)

HETTY:

What are you going to do with
the onion---begging your pardon?

YOUNG MAN:

I'm going to eat it.

HETTY:

Raw?

YOUNG MAN:

Yes. As soon as I get home.

HETTY:

Haven't you got anything else to eat with it?

YOUNG MAN:

(CONSIDERS BRIEFLY) No, there's not another scrap of anything in my diggings to eat. I think old Jack is pretty hard up in his place, too. He hated to give up the onion, but I worried him into parting with it.

HETTY:

Man--- (SHE FIXES HIM WITH HER WORLD-SAPIENT EYES AND LAYS A BONY BUT IMPRESSIVE FINGER ON HIS SLEEVE.) you've known trouble too, haven't you?

YOUNG MAN:

(PROMPTLY) Lots. But this onion is my own property, honestly come by. If you will excuse me, I must be going.

CUT TO MS OF HETTY

HETTY:

(SUDDEN ANXIETY IN HER FACE)
Listen, raw onion is a mighty

poor diet. And so is a beef stew without one. Now, if you're Jack Bavens' friend, I guess you're nearly right. There's a little lady--a friend of mine--in my room there. (SHE INDICATES WITH HER THUMB OVER HER SHOULDER.) Both of us are out of luck; and we had just potatoes and meat between us. They're stewing now. But that stew ain't got any soul.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

(THE YOUNG MAN COUGHS, AND THEN ATTEMPTS TO INTERRUPT. HETTY RUSHES ON.)

HETTY:

There's something lacking to it. There's certain things in life that are naturally intended to fit and belong together. One is ham and eggs and one is Irish and trouble. And another is beef and potatoes with onions. And still another one is people who are up against it and other people in the same fix.

CUT TO MLS OF HETTY AND
YOUNG MAN

YOUNG MAN:

(AFTER A PROTRACTED PAROXYSM OF COUGHING, AND MEANWHILE HUGGING HIS ONION TO HIS CHEST) No

doubt; no doubt. But, as
I said, I must be going
because

HETTY:

(CLUTCHING AT HIS SLEEVE,
INTERRUPTING) Don't eat raw
onion, Little Brother. Chip it
in toward the dinner and line
yourself inside with the best
stew you ever licked a spoon
over. Must two ladies knock
a young gentleman down and drag
him inside for the honor of
dining with 'im? No harm shall
befall you, Little Brother.
Loosen up and fall into line.

CUT TO MCU OF YOUNG MAN

YOUNG MAN:

(HIS FACE RELAXING INTO A GRIN)
Believe I'll go you. If my
onion is good as a credential,
I'll accept the invitation
gladly.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

HETTY:

It's good as that, but better as
seasoning. You come and stand
outside the door till I ask my
lady friend if she has any ob-
jections. (HER FINGER IS ON
HIS SLEEVE AGAIN.) And don't
run away with that letter of
recommendation before I come
out.

CUT TO LS IN ROOM OF COUCH
AND DOOR

HETTY:

(ENTERING AND MOVING TOWARD
CECILIA WHO IS STILL CURLED
UP ON THE COUCH). Cecilia,
kid, (OILING THE SHARP SAW OF
HER VOICE AS WELL AS SHE CAN)
there's an onion outside.
With a young man attached.
I've asked him in to supper---
him and his onion. You ain't
going to kick, are you?

CECILIA:

(SITTING UP AND PATTING AT THE
WISPS OF HAIR THAT HAVE ESCAPED
THE LOOSE KNOT) Oh, dear!
(SHE CASTS A MOURNFUL GLANCE
AT THE FERRYBOAT POSTER ON THE
WALL.)

HETTY:

Nit! It ain't him. You're up
against real life now. This
ain't no hero boy with money
and automobiles. This is a
poor skeeziks that's got noth-
ing to eat but an onion. But
he's easy-spoken and not a
freshy. I'd say he's been a
gentleman, he's so low down
now. And we need the onion.
Shall I bring him in? I'll
guarantee his behavior.

CECILIA:

Hetty, dear. I'm so hungry.
What difference does it make
whether he's a prince or a
pauper? I don't care. Bring
him in if he's got something to
eat with him.

(HETTY NODS AND TURNS TOWARD
THE DOOR.)

CUT TO MS OF OUTSIDE OF DOOR
AS HETTY STEPS OUT

(HETTY STEPS OUT OF DOOR AND
STOPS SHORT. THE ONION MAN IS
GONE. THE SHARP, GRAY LOOK
RETURNS TO HER FACE QUICKLY,
THEN AS QUICKLY DISAPPEARS AS
SHE SPOTS HIM AT THE FRONT END
OF THE HALL, LEANING OUT THE
WINDOW.)

CUT TO MS OF YOUNG MAN AT
WINDOW

(HE IS SHOUTING TO SOMEONE
BELOW AND DOES NOT HEAR HETTY
UNTIL SHE IS BESIDE HIM, ALSO
LOOKING DOWN. HE STRAIGHTENS,
AND SHE STRAIGHTENS, HER EYES
BORING INTO HIS WITH STEELY
SUSPICION.)

CUT TO 2-SHOT

HETTY:

(FIRMLY AND CALMLY, WITH HANDS
ON HIPS) Don't lie to me..
What were you going to do with
that onion?

YOUNG MAN:

(SUPPRESSING A COUGH AND FACING HER RESOLUTELY, AS A MAN WHO HAS BEEN BEARDED SUFFICIENTLY, HE SPEAKS SLOWLY AND FIRMLY.)
I was going to eat it just as I told you before.

HETTY:

And you have nothing else to eat at home?

YOUNG MAN:

Not a thing.

HETTY:

What kind of work do you do?

YOUNG MAN:

I am not working at anything just now.

HETTY:

(HER VOICE ASSUMING ITS SHARPEST EDGE) Then why do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in big green automobiles in the street below?

YOUNG MAN:

(FLUSHING, AND EYES STEELY)
Because, Madam, I pay the chauffeur's salary and I own the automobile---and also this onion---this onion, Madam!

(HE FLOURISHES THE ONION WITHIN AN INCH OF HETTY'S NOSE, BUT SHE RETREATS NOT A HAIR'S-BREADTH.)

HETTY:

(WITH BITING CONTEMPT) Then why do you eat onions, and nothing else?

YOUNG MAN:

(REPLYING HEATEDLY) I never said I did. I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen-store keeper. (THE ENERGETIC REPLY CAUSES ANOTHER COUGHING SPASM.)

HETTY:

(PURSUING THE TRUTH INFLEXIBLY) Then why were you going to eat a raw onion?

YOUNG MAN:

My mother always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity, but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I'm standing here explaining my motives to you.

HETTY:

(SUSPICIOUSLY) How did you catch this cold?

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG MAN

YOUNG MAN:

(ANGER AND AMUSEMENT ARE AT WAR ON HIS FACE. HE SURRENDERS TO THE RIDICULOUS AND BREAKS INTO HOARSE LAUGHTER. THE LAUGHTER SUBSIDES INTO COUGHING.) You're a dandy! And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course I . . .

DOLLY OUT TO 2-SHOT

HETTY:

(INTERRUPTING AND EXTENDING HER HAND) Give me the onion.

(THE YOUNG MAN SETS HIS JAW AND HOLDS THE ONION BEHIND HIM.)

HETTY:

(REPEATING SLOWLY) Give me the onion.

(THE YOUNG MAN SUDDENLY GRINS AND PLACES THE ONION IN HER HAND.)

HETTY:

(HER INFREQUENT, GRIM, MELANCHOLY SMILE SHOWING ITSELF, SHE PUSHES THE YOUNG MAN AROUND TO FACE HER DOOR, USING THE ONION AS A PROPELLANT. SHE POINTS TOWARD HER DOOR WITH HER OTHER HAND, FROM WHICH THE PITCHER STILL DANGLES.)
 Little Brother, go in there.
 The little fool you fished out of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there waiting. Go on in, Onion.

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG MAN

(HIS FACE REGISTERS SURPRISE, THEN DELIGHT.)

CUT TO CU OF HETTY'S
 SHOULDER AND SIDE OF HER
 FACE AS SHE WATCHES YOUNG
 MAN, ALSO SHOWING HIM AS
 HE OPENS DOOR

(HETTY STANDS STILL A MOMENT, WATCHING, THEN STARTS SLOWLY DOWN THE HALL TOWARD THE SINK, THE PITCHER HANGING LOOSELY IN ONE HAND, THE ONION IN THE OTHER.)

CUT TO MS AT SINK

(HETTY FILLS THE PITCHER AT THE DRIBBLING FAUCET, SETS IT IN THE SINK, AND STARTS TO PEEL THE ONION WITH THE KNIFE LEFT THERE PREVIOUSLY. SHE STOPS PEELING AND HANDS, ONION, AND KNIFE REST AGAINST THE BATTERED SINK'S EDGE.)

DOLLY IN TO CU OF HETTY'S
FACE

(THE SMILE ON HER FACE VANISHES
BY LITTLE JERKS AND TWITCHES,
AND SHE STARES WITH THE OLD
GRAY LOOK AT THE GRAY ROOFS
OUTSIDE THE LITTLE WINDOW OVER
THE SINK.)

HETTY:

(PULLING HERSELF BACK TO HER
USUAL "FACE-THE-FACTS" OUTLOOK,
WITH A CERTAIN STRAIGHTENING OF
THE SHOULDERS AND LIFT OF THE
HEAD) But it's us, us, that
furnishes the beef.

CUT TO CU OF HER HANDS PEEL-
ING THE ONION

(SHE RESUMES PEELING THE ONION.)

FADE TO BLACK

PRODUCTION NOTES

SETTING: New York's East Side, around 1900. A hallway and \$3.50 a week room, third floor back.

Four locations are used in this script. The opening shot, over which the titles are supered, is of Hetty climbing a long stairway which is fairly wide, very old and worn. The lower portion of this same stairway may be used in the scene where Hetty first attempts to separate the Young Man from his onion.

Hetty's room is small, dreary, and largely impersonal. Along the right wall is what constitutes the kitchen. It is made up of meager cupboards with faded curtains instead of doors under a rough and colorless counter. On the upper end of the counter is a very ancient two-burner gas plate. Above that is the plain door leading into the hall. Up center is a single bed or studio couch, "dressed" for daytime with a faded, heavy coverlet or throw. On the left wall, above a most utilitarian table and chairs (the dining room of the suite), is a gaudy poster depicting the P.U.F.F. Railway's new ferryboat speeding along, girdled with foam.

Hetty and Cecilia first meet at the battered old sink in the rear of the third floor hall. It has a single drizzling faucet, the amount of drizzle determined by whether it is turned off or on. A high window (eye level) with no view except sad, gray sky is above the sink.

Supposedly at the front end of the hall is a large, plain window, the lower sash raised. Masking showing some impression of brownstone houses across the street may be needed. The window should be surrounded by soiled and cracked plaster walls.

COSTUMES: "The Third Ingredient", to have the tone of O. Henry, must be costumed for the early 1900's. The following costume suggestions would be acceptable for the time and characters.

HETTY could be clothed in a coarse-woven woolen suit. The skirt should be smooth at the top, flaring from hip to floor. The jacket should be hip length, fitted in at the waist and flaring at the back. It should have wide lapels and modified leg-of-mutton sleeves. It would certainly have a much-worn look, as it is more the style of 1895 to 1898 than of 1900. Her rather small, nondescript hat might have faded bows or feathers to give it some height. She would wear it slanted forward on her brow in the style of the day. When her jacket is removed it might reveal a light-colored shirt, high at the throat, some braid or ruffles in front, and with sleeves of the same type as the jacket.

CECILIA is described by O. Henry as wearing a pale rose kimono with Nile green binding. So the kimono might be any pale color with darker binding trimming sleeves, neckline, and forming "frogs" which fasten it down the front. The sleeves should not be cut separate from the bodice, and should have the deep, squared pockets in the lower portion,

showing the Japanese influence. Most of the fullness should be in the back of the kimono, with the front hanging rather straight.

YOUNG MAN might be wearing a Norfolk jacket--a jacket which had box pleats or straps of the same material passing over the belt and extending from the shoulder to the hem in front and in back. It was worn primarily for sports. The lapels should be rather short and broad. His trousers, of a lighter shade, would fit fairly close and extend to the ankle bone. His shirt would have a straight collar with a front closing, and he might be wearing an ascot tie with it. He might wear a slouch hat.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS: (As perceived by the adaptor from O. Henry's descriptions.)

HETTY is fairly thin and angular, with sharp features and small piercing green eyes. Her hair is medium brown, parted in the middle, pulled smoothly back, and done in a flat knot on top. She is only thirty-three years old, but has accepted her role in life as a "shoulder."

CECILIA is small and attractive, and though she is quite thin her face is round, and large expressive eyes dominate it. Her hair is a light, golden brown, teased into a fairly high and wide pompadour which is secured in a French twist on top. It is "artistically" mussed, with soft tendrils escaping the knot.

YOUNG MAN is pale and haggard and his eyes are dull. He is suffering from a severe cold. He is, never-the-less, attractive and well-dressed. His hair, parted in the middle and brushed back, is collar length. He is clean-shaven.

TEACHER RESOURCE MATERIAL

"The Third Ingredient"

by

O. Henry

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES:

O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) 1862-1910.

Writing during the final years of the local-color movement, O. Henry was one of the masters of the new type of story that became popular with American readers at that time (1873 to 1910)--the stories with surprise endings. He excelled in a story of ingenious situations whose point is revealed by a twist of plot at the very end. Nearly all of the more than 250 stories he wrote had a similar pattern. Most of his works have little depth, but his great understanding of and sympathy for human weaknesses give a naturalness to his characters and make his stories appealing. He was a master of irony and humor--achieved by character portrayal, by dialogue, or by style itself.

Porter was born at Greensboro, N. C., left public school at 15 to work in his uncle's drugstore, soon went to Texas for his health, where he worked on a ranch and later as a bank clerk in Austin. He began writing sketches and stories which were published in newspapers, one of which, the Iconoclast (he renamed it The Rolling Stone), he owned for a time. He was in Houston when he was suddenly summoned

back to Austin to stand trial for embezzlement. He caught a ship to Honduras instead of returning to Austin, but later (1897) heard that his wife was ill and went back to face the charges. There is some doubt he was actually guilty, but he was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison. There he wrote a number of stories, the first under the pen name O. Henry.

He was freed after about three years and went to New York City where he wrote steadily until his death from tuberculosis. His stories were collected and published in twelve volumes after his death.

Many of his stories were written out of his own experiences, some set in Central America, some centering around the criminals and soldiers of fortune he had known. His best-known stories are about his beloved New York City, which he called "Bagdad-on-the-Subway." His language was that of the man of the street, his style simple. He delighted in the experiences of ordinary people, "the four million," as he called them in the title of one of his books to distinguish them from "the four hundred," the exclusive list of socially prominent New Yorkers.

STUDY SUGGESTIONS: Before Viewing--

- A. With the students, study the story in its original form carefully so that students may become familiar with O. Henry's uses of coincidence, of irony of

situation and verbal irony, of figurative language for humorous effect, and of descriptive details to develop local color. Such study will also make it possible to use this television play to develop an understanding of the differences and similarities of play and story form.

B. Assign reading of "The Third Ingredient" with the following questions as guidance:

1. How does the author introduce the characters?
(The author describes them as they enter the story, many times speaking directly to the reader.)
2. How does he acquaint us with the setting?
(Again he describes, using some details to give us a better understanding of the situation and the incidents which are to take place there. Much of his humor and irony is apparent in this description.)
3. In what particular events is O. Henry's dependence on coincidence apparent? For example--
the picture of the ferryboat on Hetty's wall.
(Hetty's meeting with Cecilia with the potatoes at the hall sink; Hetty's being both hired and fired because of the relief of her homeliness in a sea of blonds; the ferryboat picture which caused Cecilia to confide in Hetty; Hetty's

meeting with the Young Man with the cold and the onion; the Young Man's friend living in that particular building.)

4. Would you classify the event that creates the "twist" at the end as a natural happening or a coincidence?

(Coincidence--in fact a series of them. Young Man lives only two blocks away; he has a chauffeur but nothing in the house to eat; he didn't send to the store for the onion; his friend lives in the same apartment house as Hetty and Cecilia; he meets Hetty.)

5. Do Hetty, Cecilia, and Young Man come through to you as real individuals or as types?

(Types. Because the outcome of the story is determined by coincidence, it is unnecessary for O. Henry to develop the characters as individuals whose characteristics and actions shape the course of the story.)

6. The attitude of an author as evident in his work is called "tone." How would you describe the tone of this story?

(His use of irony and humorous figurative language give a light, good-humored tone. His attitude toward his characters is interested, kindly, and sympathetic. The overall tone is light, humorous, and slightly ironic.)

After Viewing--

- C. How does the introduction of setting and characters differ in the play?

(We see the brownstone-fronts; the worn interior stairway and hall with its old plaster and battered community sink; the impersonal, inadequate, rather colorless room where Hetty lives. We see the clothing of Hetty, Cecilia, and Young Man and know something of the times and circumstances from this.)

- D. How are we made aware of the circumstances at the beginning of the play, or how is the exposition, as it is called, accomplished?

(Hetty looks unhappy and defeated when we first see her. She has a package of meat and she tells us it was meant for stew--she is supposedly exclaiming to herself--but she can find no potatoes nor onions in her cupboard. She tells Cecilia she was fired from her job today, and why. Cecilia admits she only has the potatoes, and neither of them has even pennies to buy an onion to go into the stew.)

- E. When, in both story and play, did you first anticipate the surprise ending?

(Answers will vary, but should be justified by giving specific reasons. The ending is rather obvious from the point where Hetty meets the coughing Young Man

with the onion--the title gives a clue for this.)

F. You will notice that play and story end in exactly the same manner, except that the actress playing Hetty acts out what O. Henry describes in the story. Is the ending satisfactory to you, or would you have the actress do something different? If so, what? (Student reaction to this should lead to a good discussion of the Hetty character and perhaps of the acting throughout the play.)

VOCABULARY: Whatever word study is conducted in connection with the reading of the story will suffice for the comprehension of the play.

STUDENT STUDY MATERIAL

BEFORE VIEWING

A. Discuss O. Henry's life, times, and writings in class.

B. Read "The Third Ingredient" with the following questions in mind so that you can join in the discussion of them.

1. How does the author introduce the characters?
2. How does the author acquaint us with the setting?
3. In what particular events is O. Henry's dependence on coincidence apparent? For example-- the picture of the ferryboat on Hetty's wall.
4. Would you classify the event that creates the "twist" at the end as a natural happening or a coincidence?
5. Do Hetty, Cecilia, and Young Man come through to you as real individuals or as types?
6. The attitude of an author as evident in his work is called "tone." How would you describe the tone of this story?

AFTER VIEWING (Read through the following questions before viewing the television play, "The Third Ingredient," so you may have them in mind as you watch and can join in the discussion following the viewing.)

- C. How does the introduction of setting and characters differ in the play?
- D. How are we made aware of the circumstances at the beginning of the play, or how is the exposition, as it is called, accomplished?
- E. When, in both story and play, did you first anticipate the surprise ending?
- F. You will notice that play and story end in exactly the same manner, except that the actress playing Hetty acts out what O. Henry describes in the story. Is the ending satisfactory to you, or would you have the actress do something different? If so, what?

CHAPTER IV

LOVE IS A FALLACY¹

BY

MAX SHULMAN

¹Adapted from "Love Is a Fallacy" from the book The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis by Max Shulman. Copyright 1951 by Max Shulman. Used by permission of Max Shulman and Doubleday & Company, Inc.

VIDEO

AUDIO

FADE IN: LS OF KNOLL AND OAK (SWING TUNE OF 1940's ABOUT LOVE)

SUPER OVER: LOVE IS A FALLACY

SUPER OUT

SUPER OVER: BY MAX SHULMAN

SUPER OUT

DISSOLVE TO LS OF JOE NEAR
KNOLL UNDER OAK TREE

(JOE STROLLS TOWARD KNOLL,
LOOKING UP AT TREE.)

DOLLY IN TO MS OF JOE

(JOE SEATS HIMSELF ON KNOLL
IN CASUAL ATTITUDE, ARM RESTING
ON KNEE, HAND HANGING RELAXED.)
(MUSIC UNDER FIRST SPEECH)

DOLLY IN TO CU

JOE:

(A LOOK OF FOND REMEMBRANCE IS
ON HIS FACE, AND HE SHAKES HIS
HEAD A LITTLE IN MILD DIS-
BELIEF.) I was eighteen at the
time. Ooh---I was cool and
logical. Keen, calculating,
perspicacious, acute, and
astute---I was all of these.
My brain was as powerful as a
dynamo, as precise as a chem-
ist's scales, as penetrating as
a scalpel. And---think of it!---
I was only eighteen. It is not
often that one so young has
such a giant intellect. Take,

for example, Petey Bellows, my roommate here at the university that year. Same age, same background, but dumb as an ox. A nice enough fellow, you understand, but nothing upstairs. Emotional type. Unstable. Impressionable. Worst of all, a faddist. Fads, I believed then, and I guess I still do, are the very negation of reason. To be swept up in every new craze that came along, to surrender yourself to idiocy just because everybody else was doing it---this, to me, was the acme of mindlessness. It wasn't, however, to Petey.

(MUSIC OUT)

DISSOLVE TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

(YOUNG JOE IS STANDING OVER PETEY'S BED, LOOKING DOWN AT HIS DISTRESSED FACE. THEY ARE IN THEIR ROOM.)

DOLLY OUT SLOWLY TO MCU

YOUNG JOE:
(EXCITEDLY) You've got appendicitis! Don't move! Don't take a laxative! I'll get a doctor, Petey!

PETEY:
(MUMBLING THICKLY) Raccoon.

DOLLY OUT TO LS

YOUNG JOE:
(PAUSING IN FLIGHT TOWARD
DOOR RIGHT) Raccoon?

PETHEY:
(WAILING) I want a raccoon
coat.

OUT TO MS OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:
(TURNING BACK, STUDYING PETEY
WITH PITY, SURE HE IS OUT OF
HIS MIND) Why do you want a
raccoon coat, Petey?

CUT TO MCU OF PETEY

PETHEY:
(POUNDING HIS TEMPLES) I should
have known it. I should have
known they'd come back when
the Charleston came back.
Like a fool I spent all my
money on textbooks, and now I
can't get a raccoon coat.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:
(INCREDULOUS) Can you mean
that people are actually wear-
ing raccoon coats again?

PETHEY:
All the Big Men on Campus are
wearing them. Where've you
been?

YOUNG JOE:

In the library. And you don't meet many Big Men on Campus there!

CUT TO LS

PETHEY:

(LEAPING FROM BED, AND STARTING TO PACE THE FLOOR BETWEEN BEDS) I've got to have a raccoon coat. (PASSIONATELY) I've just got to.

YOUNG JOE:

Petey, why? Look at it rationally. Raccoon coats are unsanitary. They shed. They smell bad. They weigh too much. They're unsightly. They-----

PETHEY:

(IMPATIENTLY INTERRUPTING) You don't understand. It's the thing to do. Don't you want to be in the swim?

YOUNG JOE:

(TRUTHFULLY) No.

PETHEY:

Well, I do. I'd give anything for a raccoon coat. Anything!

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(THE PRECISION BRAIN IS WHIR-
RING. HE LOOKS AT PETEY
NARROWLY.) Anything?

PETEY:

(OFF CAMERA. RINGINGLY, WITH
GREAT DECISIVENESS) Anything!

(YOUNG JOE STROKES HIS CHIN
THOUGHTFULLY.)

DISSOLVE TO CU OF JOE

(JOE IS STROKING HIS CHIN
THOUGHTFULLY, A HALF-SMILE ON
HIS FACE.)

JOE:

It just happened that I knew
where to get my hands on a
raccoon coat. My father had
had one in his undergraduate
days; I knew where it lay in
a trunk in the attic back home.
It also happened that Petey
had something I wanted. (WITH
A SMALL DEPRECATORY GESTURE)
Well, he didn't have it, exactly,
but at least he had first
rights on it. I am referring
to his girl, Polly Espy. I had
long coveted Polly Espy. I
would have assured you then
that my desire for this young
woman was not emotional in
nature. She was, to be sure,

DOLLY OUT TO MS

a girl who excited the emotions, but I was not one to let my heart rule my head. (HE ALMOST LAUGHS AT THE YOUNG MAN HE WAS, AND CONTINUES IN PSEUDO-SERIOUSNESS.) I wanted Polly for a shrewdly calculated, entirely cerebral reason. (HE LEANS BACK TO A MORE COMFORTABLE SITTING POSITION.) I was a freshman in law school. In a few years I would be out in practice. I was well aware of the importance of the right kind of wife in furthering a lawyer's career. The successful lawyers I had observed were, almost without exception, married to beautiful, gracious, intelligent women. With one omission, Polly fitted these specifications perfectly. (HIS EYES STARE INTO THE PAST, AND HE NODS SLIGHTLY.) Beautiful she was. (PAUSES, AND COMES BACK TO THE PRESENT) She was not yet of pin-up proportions, but I felt sure that time would supply the lack. She already had the makings. Yes---and she was gracious. By gracious I mean full of graces. She had beautiful posture, an ease of bearing, a poise, that clearly indicated the best of breeding.

(SOME SLIGHT EVIDENCE IN HIS EXPRESSION THAT HE IS BEING FACETIOUS) At the table, her manners were exquisite. I remember I had seen her at the----- the----- Kozy Kampus Korner---that was the name of the little eating place near the campus where everyone gathered. And there were all K's in the name of it---Kozy Kampus Korner. I remember I had seen her there eating the specialty of the house, a sandwich that contained scraps of pot roast, gravy, chopped nuts, and a dipper of sauerkraut. And she accomplished it without even getting her fingers moist. But---(HE JABS A FOREFINGER TOWARD THE CAMERA FOR EMPHASIS,) intelligent she was not. In fact, she veered in the opposite direction. But I believed that under my expert guidance she would smarten up. At any rate, it was worth a try. I felt sure about that. It was, after all, I told myself, easier to make a beautiful dumb girl smart than to make an ugly smart girl beautiful. (HE BRINGS HIS HAND UP TO HIS FACE, RUBS HIS BROW THOUGHTFULLY, HIS EYES ARE SMILING.) I asked Petey-----

DISSOLVE TO MS OF YOUNG JOE (YOUNG JOE, SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HIS BED, IS LOOKING UP AT PETEY.)

YOUNG JOE:
Petey, are you in love with Polly Espy?

CUT TO LS OF TWO

PETEY:
I think she's a keen kid, but I don't know if you'd call it love. Why?

YOUNG JOE:
Do you have any kind of formal arrangement with her? I mean are you going steady or anything like that?

PETEY:
No. We see each other quite a bit, but we both have other dates. Why?

YOUNG JOE:
(HE IS STUDYING PETEY'S FACE.)
Is there any other man for whom she has a particular fondness?

PETEY:
(GROWING MORE PERPLEXED AND INTERESTED) Not that I know of. Why?

YOUNG JOE:

(NODDING WITH SATISFACTION)

In other words, if you were out of the picture, the field would be open. Is that right?

PETHEY:

(MORE PERPLEXED) I guess so.

What the heck are you getting at?

YOUNG JOE:

(INNOCENTLY) Nothing, nothing.

(HE RISES, WALKS TO CLOSET LEFT, AND RETURNS WITH SMALL SUITCASE.)

PETHEY:

Where are you going?

YOUNG JOE:

(PUTTING THINGS FROM DRESSER TOP AND DRAWER INTO BAG) Home for the weekend.

PETHEY:

(GRABBING JOE'S ARM EAGERLY)

Listen, while you're home, you couldn't get some money from your old man, could you, and lend it to me so I can buy a raccoon coat?

YOUNG JOE:

(WITH A MYSTERIOUS WINK) I may

PAN WITH YOUNG JOE

do better than that! (HE
SNAPS THE BAG SHUT AND STARTS
TOWARD THE DOOR AT RIGHT.)

DISSOLVE TO SIMILAR SHOT
OF JOE'S BACK

(JOE IS STANDING NEAR WHERE
WE LEFT HIM, LOOKING OFF
TOWARD THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.)

(JOE TURNS HALFWAY TOWARD
CAMERA, LEANING HIS BACK AGAINST
THE TREE.)

JOE:

I did do better than that.
I remember my mother said at
first that she thought it was
gone; she said she thought Dad
had donated it to the high
school for some play they were
doing. I scrambled up the
attic stairs like a mad squirrel
and almost tore the top off the
old trunk getting it open. But
there it was, all safe, that
huge, hairy, gamey raccoon coat
that my father had worn in his
Stutz Bearcat in 1925. The
tiny remains of mothballs flew
in all directions as I yanked
it out of its nesting place.
I almost hugged that ugly thing.
And big! I had to sit on my
suitcase to get it shut, but I
was determined to have it in

there, just so I'd have the fun of Pete's reaction when I opened it.

DISSOLVE TO MCU CENTERED ON RACCOON COAT; BUT INCLUDING LOWER PART OF YOUNG JOE

(YOUNG JOE IS ON ONE KNEE BESIDE THE OPEN SUITCASE CONTAINING THE RACCOON COAT.)

YOUNG JOE:

Look!

DOLLY OUT TO INCLUDE PETEY'S KNEES

PETEY:

(DROPPING TO KNEES AT SUITCASE) Holy Toledo! (REVERENTLY) Holy Toledo! (HE STROKES THE FUR WITH BOTH HANDS, THEN HE PLUNGES HIS FACE INTO IT.) Holy Toledo! Raccoon. A real raccoon coat! Holy Toledo!

YOUNG JOE:

Would you like it?

CUT TO CU OF PETEY

PETEY

Oh yes! (HE LEANS BACK ON HIS HEELS, CLUTCHING THE COAT TO HIM SO THAT HIS FACE IS COVERED. THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN HIS FACE APPEARS AROUND THE EDGE OF THE COAT AND HE LOOKS AT YOUNG JOE SUSPICIOUSLY.) What do you want for it?

DOLLY OUT FOR 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:
(MINCING NO WORDS) Your girl.

PETHEY:
(IN A HORRIFIED WHISPER)
Polly? You want Polly?

YOUNG JOE:
That's right.

PETHEY:
(FLINGING THE COAT AWAY FROM
HIM ACROSS THE SUITCASE,
SPEAKING STOUTLY) Never.

CUT TO MS OF YOUNG JOE
PAN WITH YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:
(STANDING, CASUALLY DUSTING
OFF HIS TROUSER KNEES, AND
SAUNTERING TO HIS BED. HE
SHRUGS.) Okay. If you don't
want to be in the swim, I
guess it's your business.
(HE SITS ON THE EDGE OF HIS
BED, THEN STRETCHES OUT ON HIS
BACK, HANDS UNDER HIS HEAD.)

CUT TO MCU OF PETHEY

FOLLOW PETHEY, DOLLYING
OUT GRADUALLY

(PETHEY LOOKS AT THE COAT WITH
LONGING, THEN HE SETS HIS JAW
RESOLUTELY, GETS TO HIS FEET,
AND WALKS A FEW FEET AWAY FROM IT.
HE THEN TURNS BACK AND LOOKS
AGAIN WITH EVEN GREATER LONGING.
HE TURNS AWAY SOMEWHAT LESS
RESOLUTELY. HE TURNS BACK
TOWARD THE COAT, HELPLESSLY

STARES AT IT, AND DESIRE OVER-
COMES RESOLUTION.)

PETHEY

(THICKLY) It isn't as though
I was in love with Polly, or
going steady or anything like
that.

CUT TO MCU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(STEALING A GLANCE THROUGH
NEARLY CLOSED LIDS, MURMURING)
That's right.

PETHEY:

(OFF CAMERA. STAUNCHLY, A MAN
OF THE WORLD) What's Polly to
me, or me to Polly?

YOUNG JOE:

(SNEAKS ANOTHER GLANCE) Not a
thing.

PETHEY:

It's just been a casual kick---
just a few laughs, that's all.

YOUNG JOE:

(HIS EYES ARE OPEN NOW, BUT HE
IS ATTEMPTING TO SEEM DISIN-
TERESTED.) Try on the coat.

CUT TO MS OF PETHEY

PETHEY:

(TAKES A SWIFT STEP TO COAT,
LIFTS IT, AND ALMOST REVERENTLY

PUTS IT ON. IT BUNCHES AROUND HIS EARS AND COMES DOWN ALMOST TO HIS SHOES. HE STICKS HIS CHIN OUT AND DOWN TO BE ABLE TO SEE WHILE HE STRUGGLES WITH THE CLOSING.) Fits fine!

CUT TO MLS OF TWO

YOUNG JOE:
(COMING OFF HIS BED IN ONE MOTION, AND EXTENDING HIS HAND)
Is it a deal?

DOLLY IN ON HANDS (CU)

PETHEY:
(HE SWALLOWS HARD, THEN REACHES OUT AND SHAKES HANDS.) It's a deal.

DISSOLVE TO CU OF JOE'S HANDS

(JOE IS HOLDING A SMALL STICK OR TWIG IN THE FINGERS OF BOTH HANDS. HE IS SITTING WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE TREE, A REMEMBERING LOOK IN HIS EYES. THEN, AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, HE BRINGS HIMSELF BACK TO HIS STORY.)

DOLLY OUT FOR MS

JOE:
What self-assurance! It never occurred to me that Polly might possibly refuse to date me at all and so scrap my carefully laid plans. And she didn't. I had my first date with her the following evening, a date I considered a sort of survey.

I wanted to find out just how much work I had to do to get her mind up to the standard I required. First dinner---"Gee, that was a delish dinner," she said as we left the restaurant. Then a movie---"Gee, that was a marvy movie," she said as we left the theater. Then home---"Gee, I had a sensaysh time," she said as she told me good night. I can remember feeling, as I walked back across the campus, that the whole plan was impossible. I had gravely underestimated the size of my task. This girl's lack of information was terrifying. Even worse, before I could supply her with information, she would have to be taught to think! This alone was a tremendous project. I was tempted to give her back to Petey. (PAUSE) But only tempted. By the time I was back in the room, I had got to thinking about her abundant physical charms, and about the way she walked into a room, and the way she handled a knife and fork, and I decided to make an effort. (JOE PAUSES BRIEFLY AND SHIFTS HIS POSITION AS HE LOOKS BACK DOWN THE YEARS.) It must be pretty clear by now that

DOLLY OUT FOR MCU

I was an extremely systematic young fellow. So I attacked this problem systematically as I did all other problems. I gave her a course in logic. (HE PAUSES FOR A SMALL CHUCKLE.)

It happened that I, as a law student, was taking a course in logic myself, so I had all the facts at my fingertips.

"Polly," I said, when I picked her up for our next date,

"tonight we are going over to the Knoll and talk." And she said---can't you guess---she said, "Ooh, terriff!" (JOE

STANDS AND MOVES OVER TO THE KNOLL. HE LOOKS DOWN AT IT FOR A MOMENT.) This is it.

Right here. This was the campus trysting place twenty years ago.

(HE SITS, PAUSES, AND BRINGS HIMSELF BACK TO THE STORY.) Well,

we got here and sat down, and she looked at me expectantly and asked, "What are we going to talk about?" I said, "Logic."

She thought that over for a minute and decided she liked it.

"Magnif," is what she said.

PAN WITH JOE

DISSOLVE TO MCU OF YOUNG JOE
(LIGHTS DOWN FOR MOONLIGHT)

DOLLY OUT FOR 2-SHOT

(YOUNG JOE IS SEATED ON THE KNOLL, POLLY BESIDE HIM, PARTIALLY FACING HIM. HE CLEARS HIS THROAT.)

YOUNG JOE:

Logic. (HE CLEARS HIS THROAT AGAIN.) Logic is the science of thinking. Before we can think correctly, we must learn to recognize the common fallacies of logic. These we will take up tonight.

POLLY:

(CLAPPING HER HANDS DELIGHT-EDLY) Wow-Dow!

YOUNG JOE:

(WINCING SLIGHTLY) First let us examine the fallacy called Dicto Simpliciter.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(BATting HER LASHES) By all means.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:

Dicto Simpliciter means an argument based on an unqualified generalization. For example: Exercise is good. Therefore everybody should exercise.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(EARNESTLY) I agree. I mean exercise is wonderful. I mean it builds the body and everything.

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(GENTLY) Polly, the argument is a fallacy. "Exercise is good" is an unqualified generalization. For instance, if you have heart disease, exercise is bad, not good. Many people are ordered by their doctors not to exercise. You must qualify the generalization. You must say exercise is usually good, or exercise is good for most people. Otherwise you have committed a Dicto Simpliciter. Do you see?

CUT TO 2-SHOT, AS TIGHT
AS POSSIBLE

POLLY:

(ALL ENTHUSIASM) No, But this is marvy. Do more! Do more!
(SHE TUGS AT HIS SLEEVE.)

YOUNG JOE:

(DISAPPOINTED AND A TRIFLE EXASPERATED, HE LOOKS DOWN AT HER HAND CLUTCHING HIS SLEEVE.) Please. (SHE DESISTS.) Next we take up a fallacy called Hasty Generalization. Listen carefully: You can't speak French. I can't speak French. Petey Bellows can't speak French. I must therefore conclude that nobody at this university can speak French.

POLLY:

(WIDENING HER BEAUTIFUL EYES
WITH AMAZEMENT) Really?
Nobody?

YOUNG JOE:

(TRYING TO HIDE HIS EXASPERA-
TION) Polly, it's a fallacy.
The generalization is reached
too hastily. There are too
few instances to support the
conclusion.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(STILL ALL ENTHUSIASM, SHE
FORMS HER BEAUTIFUL LIPS INTO
A PERFECT CIRCLE.) Ooooooh!
(THE SOUND ASCENDS TO A LITTLE
SQUEAL. SHE CLAPS HER HANDS
BEFORE HER FACE IN CHILDISH
GLEE.) Know any more fallacies?
This is more fun even than
dancing!

CUT TO 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:

(HE GENTLY MASSAGES HIS FORE-
HEAD, PAUSES, STARES AT THE
BEAUTIFUL POLLY, THEN TAKES A
DEEP BREATH.) Next comes Post
Hoc. Listen to this: Let's
not take Bill on our picnic.
Every time we take him along,
it rains.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(EXCLAIMING) I know somebody just like that! A girl back home---Eula Becker, her name is. It never fails. Every single time we take her on a picnic---

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(INTERRUPTING SHARPLY) Polly, it's a fallacy. Eula Becker doesn't cause the rain. She has no connection with the rain. You are guilty of Post Hoc if you blame Eula Becker.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(IMMEDIATELY CONTRITE) I'll never do it again. Really. Never. (SEARCHING HIS FACE) Are you mad at me?

CUT TO 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:

(SIGHING) No, Polly, I'm not mad.

POLLY:

(SNUGGLING UP TO HIM, HER CHEEK AGAINST HIS SHOULDER) Then tell me some more fallacies.

YOUNG JOE:

(PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER AND PULLS HER CLOSER. HE LOOKS

DOWN AT HER ADORINGLY. THEN
THE ANXIOUS EXPRESSION RETURNS.
HE REMOVES HIS ARM.) All right.
Let's try Contradictory
Premises.

POLLY:
(BLINKING HER EYES HAPPILY AND
CHIRPING) Yes, let's!

DOLLY OUT SLIGHTLY

YOUNG JOE:
(FROWNING BUT STILL TRYING)
Here's an example of Contradictory Premises: If God can do anything, can He make a stone so heavy that He won't be able to lift it?

POLLY:
(PROMPTLY) Of course.

YOUNG JOE:
But if He can do anything,
He can lift the stone.

POLLY:
(THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah. Well,
then I guess He can't make
the stone.

YOUNG JOE:
But He can do anything.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(SHE PULLS AT HER EAR AND
HER EYES WIDEN IN WONDER.)
I'm all confused.

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

Of course you are. Because
when the premises of an argu-
ment contradict each other,
there can be no argument. If
there is an irresistible force,
there can be no immovable ob-
ject. If there is an immovable
object, there can be no irre-
sistible force. Get it?

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(SHE GAZES UP AT HIM WITH CHILD-
LIKE WONDER AND NODS VIGOR-
OUSLY.) Tell me some more of
this keen stuff.

SLOWLY DOLLY OUT FOR MCU

YOUNG JOE:

(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH) I think
we'd better call it a night.
I'll take you back to the dorm
before you're late. You can go
over all the things you've
learned, and we'll have another
session tomorrow night. (HE
NEARLY DECIDES TO KISS HER,
AS HE IS HELPING HER TO HER
FEET, BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT.)

DISSOLVE TO JOE
(FULL LIGHTING--DAYLIGHT)

(JOE IS STANDING IN APPROXIMATELY THE SAME POSITION YOUNG JOE WAS IN, JUST DROPPING HIS ARMS TO HIS SIDES.)

DOLLY IN FOR CU

JOE:
(GAZING AT SPOT POLLY HAD OCCUPIED FOR A MOMENT, THEN LOOKING INTO THE CAMERA) In retrospect, it seems impossible to believe I could have had the patience and tenacity to carry the project any further. I shuffled glumly back to the room after leaving Polly at her dorm. Petey lay snoring in his bed, the raccoon coat huddled like a great hairy beast at his feet. For a moment I considered waking him and telling him he could have his girl back. I was doomed to fail; the girl simply had a logic-proof head. But I was young and strong, and I had not learned to accept failure easily. I reconsidered. I had wasted one evening; I might as well waste another. Who knew? Maybe somewhere in the extinct crater of her mind a few embers still smoldered. Maybe somehow I could fan them into flame. (PAUSE) Yes, I really used to think in such poetic terms. Anyway, I decided to give it one more try. And the

next evening, here we were again. (HIS VOICE FADES UNDER YOUNG JOE'S.)

DISSOLVE TO YOUNG JOE AND
POLLY
(LIGHTS TO MOONLIGHT)

YOUNG JOE:
(HE AND POLLY ARE JUST ARRIVING AT THE KNOLL, WALKING HAND IN HAND. HE BEGINS SPEAKING AS HE IS ARRIVING AND CONTINUES AS HE HELPS SEAT HER AND SITS DOWN BESIDE HER.) Our first fallacy tonight is called Ad Misericordiam.

(POLLY QUIVVERS IN DELIGHT AND GAZES INTO HIS EYES.)

DOLLY IN FOR TIGHT 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:
(SLIGHTLY DISCONCERTED) Er--- a--- Now, listen closely. A man applies for a job. When the boss asks him what his qualifications are, he replies that he has a wife and six children at home, the wife is a helpless cripple, the children have nothing to eat, no clothes to wear, no shoes on their feet, there are no beds in the house, no coal in the cellar, and winter is coming.

POLLY:
(TEARS STARTING DOWN HER CHEEKS)
Oh, this is awful, just awful.
(SHE STARTS TO SOB.)

YOUNG JOE:

(QUICKLY AVERTING HIS GAZE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL, SAD FACE) Yes, it's awful. But it's no argument. The man never answered the boss's question about his qualifications. Instead he appealed to the boss's sympathy. He committed the fallacy of Ad Misericordiam. Do you understand? (HE LOOKS BACK TOWARD HER.)

POLLY:

(SNIFFLES AND A LAST SOB OR TWO)
Have you got a handkerchief?

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(HANDING HER HIS HANDKERCHIEF AND FIGHTING TO CONTROL HIS FEELING OF FRUSTRATION, WHILE SHE WIPES HER EYES- AND NOSE)
Next---- (HE STRIVES TO KEEP FROM YELLING AT HER.) Next we will discuss False Analogy. Here is an example: Students should be allowed to look at their textbooks during examinations. After all, surgeons have X-rays to guide them during operations, lawyers have briefs to guide them during trials, carpenters have blueprints to guide them when they are building houses. Why, then, shouldn't

students be allowed to look at their textbooks during an examination?

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(HER EYES SHINE THROUGH THEIR TEARS.) There now, that is the most marvy idea I've ever heard!

CUT TO TIGHT 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:

(TESTILY) Polly, the argument is all wrong. Doctors, lawyers, and carpenters aren't taking a test to see how much they have learned, but students are. The situations are altogether different, and you can't make an analogy between them.

POLLY:

I still think it's a good idea. (SHE IS REMOVING A SMALL COMPACT FROM HER PURSE AND POWDERING HER NOSE AND STUDYING HER EYES AND LIPS FOR A MOMENT.)

DOLLY OUT SLIGHTLY

YOUNG JOE:

(HE TURNS PARTIALLY AWAY FROM HER, BANGS HIS FIST AGAINST THE GROUND, AND MUTTERS THROUGH GRINDING TEETH.) Nuts! (HE PULLS HIS KNEES UP AND RESTS ARMS AND HEAD ON THEM FOR A MOMENT DURING POLLY'S BUSINESS WITH COMPACT, THEN STRAIGHTENS UP AND PROCEEDS

GRIMLY.) Next we'll try Hypothesis Contrary to Fact.

POLLY:

(SHE SNAPS COMPACT SHUT, PUTS IT IN HER PURSE AND COMES TO IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.) Sounds yummy.

YOUNG JOE:

Listen: If Madame Curie had not happened to leave a photographic plate in a drawer with a chunk of pitchblende, the world today would not know about radium.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(NODDING HER HEAD; HERE IS SOMETHING SHE KNOWS ABOUT.) True, true. Did you see the movie? Oh, it just knocked me for a loop. That Walter Pidgeon is so dreamy. I mean he fractures me.

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(COLDLY) If you can forget Mr. Pidgeon for a moment I would like to point out that the statement is a fallacy. Maybe Madame Curie would have discovered radium at some later date. Maybe somebody else would have discovered it. Maybe any number

of things would have happened. You can't start with a hypothesis that is not true and then draw supportable conclusions from it.

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

They ought to put Walter Pidgeon in more pictures. (SHE HAS NOT HEARD A WORD HE SAID.) I hardly ever see him anymore.

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(HE LOOKS AWAY, PRESSES HIS HANDS TO HIS TEMPLES, FIGHTING MANFULLY TO KEEP FROM STRANGLING HER.) The next fallacy is called Poisoning the Well. (HIS VOICE IS TONELESS, FLAT, TIGHTLY CONTROLLED.)

CUT TO 2-SHOT

POLLY:

(GURGLING WITH PLEASURE) How cute!

YOUNG JOE:

(HE PASSES A HAND IN FRONT OF HIS EYES.) Two men are having a debate. The first one gets up and says, "My opponent is a notorious liar. You can't believe a word that he is going to say!" Now, Polly, think. Think hard. What's wrong? (HE WATCHES HER CLOSELY FOR SOME

SIGN OF COMPREHENSION, ALMOST
WITHOUT HOPE.)

CUT TO CU OF POLLY

POLLY:

(SHE KNITS HER BROWS, PUTS HER
HANDS EACH SIDE OF HER CHIN.
SHE SUDDENLY STRAIGHTENS, HER
BROW CLEARING. SHE IS INDIG-
NANT.) It's not fair. It's
not a bit fair! What chance
has the second man got if the
first man calls him a liar be-
fore he even begins talking?

CUT TO 2-SHOT (HEADS)

YOUNG JOE:

(EXALTED, TWISTING TO FACE HER
FULLY) Right! One hundred
per cent right! It's not fair.
The first man has poisoned the
well before anybody could drink
from it. He has hamstrung his
opponent before he could even. . .
. . . (HE GRABS BOTH HER HANDS.)
Polly, I'm proud of you!

DOLLY OUT FOR 2-SHOT

POLLY:

(MURMURING SHYLY, LOOKING DOWN
AND THEN AWAY) Oh---you're
just saying that. You're kid-
ding. (SHE IS PLEASED.)

YOUNG JOE:

(PULLING HER CHIN AROUND SO SHE
IS FACING HIM AGAIN) You see,
my dear, these things aren't so

hard. All you have to do is concentrate. Think---examine---evaluate. Come now, let's review everything we have learned.

DOLLY OUT TO MS

POLLY:

(LEANS BACK ON HER HANDS, HEAD UP, FULL OF SELF-CONFIDENCE)
Fire away!

(THE VOICE OF JOE FADES IN UNDER THE FOLLOWING PANTOMIME: YOUNG JOE IS TALKING EARNESTLY, GESTURING, WAITING FOR ANSWERS FROM POLLY, SHAKING HIS HEAD, TALKING MORE, EMPHASIZING WITH A VARIETY OF MOVEMENT AND GESTURE. POLLY LISTENS IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES, USUALLY DEMONSTRATING LACK OF COMPREHENSION.)

JOE:

Needless to say, I was heartened by the knowledge that Polly was not altogether a cretin. I began a long, patient review of all I had told her. Over and over again I cited instances, pointed out flaws, kept hammering away without letup. It was like digging a tunnel. At first everything was work, sweat, and darkness. I had no idea when I would reach the light, or indeed,

if I would. But I persisted.
I pounded and clawed and scraped,
and finally I was rewarded. I
saw a chink of light.

(THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUNG JOE AND
POLLY INDICATE THAT POLLY IS
REALLY BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND
AND LEARN, AND THEY ARE MORE
AND MORE EXCITED AND DELIGHTED.)

JOE:

And then the chink got bigger and
the sun came pouring in and all
was bright.

(DURING THE PRECEDING LINES
YOUNG JOE JUMPS UP, PULLS POLLY
TO HER FEET, THEN GRABS HER
AROUND THE WAIST AND SWINGS HER
IN A CIRCLE.)

DISSOLVE TO JOE
(LIGHTS UP FOR DAYLIGHT)

JOE:

(HE IS STANDING QUIETLY WHERE
YOUNG JOE AND POLLY HAD BEEN
WHIRLING.) Five gruelling nights
this took, (HE SHAKES HIS HEAD,
BEMUSED AT THE PATIENCE OF HIS
YOUNG SELF.) but it was worth it.
I had made a logician out of
Polly; I had taught her to think.
My job was done. She was worthy
of me at last. She was a fit
wife for me, a proper hostess

DOLLY IN FOR CU OF JOE

for my many mansions, a suitable mother for my well-heeled children. (A FAINT SMILE CROSSES HIS FACE.) Don't think for a moment that I was without love for this girl. Quite the contrary. Just as Pygmalion loved the perfect woman he had fashioned, so I loved mine. I decided to acquaint her with my feelings at our very next meeting. The time had come to change our relationship from academic to romantic. In my usual organized and systematic way, I consulted the Almanac to find the moon would be full the following Saturday. I made a date with Polly for dinner---"that was just delish!" ---and then we strolled hand in hand down past the library to the old oak tree. A warm, Indian-summer breeze stirred the soft blond wisps of hair across Polly's forehead, and bright stars winked at us through the branches of the tree as we seated ourselves on the same old knoll. I congratulated myself on my great planning.

(LIGHTS--SLOW FADE TO
BRIGHT MOONLIGHT)

DISSOLVE TO YOUNG JOE AND
POLLY AS THEY ARE
STROLLING UP

DOLLY OUT FOR 2-SHOT

(YOUNG JOE AND POLLY STROLL UP
AND SEAT THEMSELVES, MATCHING
JOE'S NARRATION.)

YOUNG JOE:

Polly---(TAKING HER HANDS AND
LOOKING INTO HER EYES) tonight
we will not discuss fallacies.

POLLY:

(DISAPPOINTED) Aw, gee.

YOUNG JOE:

My dear, (SMILING INTO HER EYES)
we have now spent seven evenings
together. We have gotten along
splendidly. It is clear that
we are well matched.

POLLY:

(BRIGHTLY) Hasty Generalization.

YOUNG JOE:

(WITH FALTERING SMILE) I beg
your pardon.

POLLY:

Hasty Generalization. How can
you say that we are well matched
on the basis of only seven dates?

YOUNG JOE:

(HIS SELF-ASSURANCE RETURNING,
HE CHUCKLES AND PATS HER HAND
TOLERANTLY.) My dear, seven
dates is plenty. After all,
you don't have to eat a whole
cake to know that it's good.

POLLY:

(PROMPTLY) False Analogy.

I'm not a cake. I'm a girl.

CUT TO CU OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(MOMENTARILY FRIGHTENED, HE CATCHES HIS BREATH, HANGS ON TO HIS POISE. WITH A SMALL CHUCKLE OF APPRECIATION OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF HIS TEACHING, HE PAUSES BRIEFLY TO CHART A NEW COURSE.)

Ah---Polly---(BRIGHTENS WITH IDEA FOR NEW, STRONG, SIMPLE APPROACH) Polly, I love you. You are the whole world to me, and the moon and the stars and the constellations of outer space. Please, my darling, say that you will go steady with me, for if you will not, life will be meaningless. I will languish. I will refuse my meals. I will wander the face of the earth, a shambling, hollow-eyed hulk. (HE SIGHS AND LEANS CLOSER.)

CUT TO 2-SHOT

POLLY:

Ad Misericordiam.

YOUNG JOE:

(HE LURCHES BACK AS IF STRUCK. PANIC IS APPARENT IN HIS FACE. HE SWALLOWS, THEN STRAIGHTENS HIS SHOULDERS AND HIS FACE. HE WILL BE COOL. HE FORCES A

SMILE.) Well, Polly, you certainly have learned your fallacies.

POLLY:
(NODDING VIGOROUSLY) You're darn right.

YOUNG JOE:
And who taught them to you, Polly?

POLLY:
You did.

YOUNG JOE:
That's right. So you do owe me something, don't you, my dear? If I hadn't come along you never would have learned about fallacies. (AGAIN SURE OF HIMSELF)

POLLY:
(INSTANTLY) Hypothesis Contrary to Fact.

YOUNG JOE:
(HE DASHES THE PERSPIRATION FROM HIS BROW WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND AND IN A CROAKING VOICE)
Polly, you mustn't take all these things so literally. I mean, this is just class-room stuff. You know that the things you learn in school don't have anything to do with life.

POLLY:

(WAGGING HER FINGER AT HIM
PLAYFULLY) Dicto Simpliciter.

DOLLY OUT TO MS

YOUNG JOE:

(LEAPING TO HIS FEET AND
BELLOWING) Will you or will
you not go steady with me?

POLLY:

(SIMPLY) I will not.

YOUNG JOE:

(YELLING) Why not?

POLLY:

(LOOKING UP AT HIM VERY CALMLY)
Because this afternoon I prom-
ised Petey Bellows that I would
go steady with him.

CUT TO MS OF YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE:

(JUMPS BACK, OVERCOME, DISBE-
LIEVING. HE SHRIEKS.) The rat!
(HE KICKS A BIG CHUNK OF TURF,
SHRIEKS LOUDER.) You can't go
with him, Polly. He's a cheat!
He's a liar! He's a rat!

CUT TO MS OF POLLY

POLLY:

(LEANING BACK COMFORTABLY ON
HER HANDS AND CROSSING HER
ANKLES DAINTILY) Poisoning the
Well. And stop shouting. I
think shouting must be a fallacy
too.

CUT TO 2-SHOT

YOUNG JOE:

(CLENCHING HIS FISTS AT HIS SIDES, BREATHING HARD TO GET CONTROL, HE MODULATES HIS VOICE.)

All right. You're a logician. Let's look at this thing logically. How could you choose

DOLLY IN FOR TIGHTER 2-SHOT

Petey Bellows over me? (HE KNEELS BESIDE HER, HIS HANDS ON THE GROUND, HIS FACE A FOOT FROM HERS.) Look at me---a brilliant student, a tremendous intellectual, a man with an assured future. Look at Petey---a knothed, a jitterbug, a guy who'll never know where his next meal is coming from. Can you give me one logical reason why you should go steady with Petey Bellows?

DOLLY OUT TO MAINTAIN 2-SHOT

POLLY:

(RISES, STRAIGHTENS SKIRT, PICKS UP PURSE, OBVIOUSLY PREPARING TO LEAVE) I certainly can. He's got a raccoon coat.

(YOUNG JOE SITS BACK ON HIS HEELS LOOKING UP AT HER, MOUTH OPEN, EYES WIDE WITH DISBELIEF. HE REMAINS IN THIS FROG-LIKE POSTURE AS SHE TURNS TO LEAVE.)

FADE TO BLACK

PRODUCTION NOTES

SETTING: A midwestern university in 1943. A room in the men's dorm, and a knoll under an oak tree, overlooking the university.

Two locations are used in this script. The most used is an outdoor scene which requires a realistic trunk of a large oak tree and a grassy hummock or knoll. The knoll must be several feet in circumference to allow for movement on it. It may be rather uneven, with one small part of it a bit higher for ease in seating actors on it. It may be in front and slightly to one side of the tree trunk. Backing for the set should be not-too-distant buildings of the university and closer trees and shrubs.

The second set is of a room in the men's dorm of 1940's vintage. It is the usual utilitarian room, with a few personal touches, such as books, pictures, pennants, etc. There are entrances (practical doors) at right to the hall, and at left into the closet. There are two single beds separated by several feet, with heads toward the back of the set. A chest of drawers stands against the back of the set, between the beds. Some bottles and military brushes on the dresser and some items of clothing in the drawers are needed. A pin-up picture of Dorothy Lamour or Betty Grable might help dress the set.

COSTUMES: "Love Is a Fallacy" takes place in the early 1940's, when the old 1925 craze for raccoon coats had been revived on midwestern college campuses. The following costume suggestions would be acceptable for the time and characters.

YOUNG JOE is rather conservative in dress, a non-faddist college freshman. He is seen at five different times--different days--but one pair of slacks and changes in shirts and sweaters would suffice. The slacks would be fairly wide from knee to bottom. If one pair are used throughout, they should be a fairly neutral color. One shirt might be a plaid sport shirt, worn without a tie. Another could be a pastel rayon shirt, with long points on the collar, worn open at the neck. One change might be to put a V-necked sweater over the pastel shirt. A striped shirt, with a wide, plain-color tie and conservative sport jacket would provide another change. For footwear, he might wear loafers generally, with perhaps one change to tennis shoes.

POLLY needs three changes. The 1943 fashions for college girls had rather exaggerated square shoulders and full skirts, with natural waistlines. Skirts came to just below the knees. Sweaters with high necklines, worn with pearls, were popular, as were "butterfly" pleated skirts. "Bobby" socks, saddle oxfords, and loafers were usual footwear.

PETTY, more flamboyant and faddish in his dress than Young Joe, might wear slacks a bit wider, with more pleats in front. His shirts would be louder and his ties wider. He is seen at two different times. One costume might be a

wide-striped shirt with a bow tie. Another could be a V-necked sweater worn over a plain-color shirt and a wide, loud tie. Essential to the costuming of Petey is a raccoon coat that will cover him from chin to shoe tops. If it is impossible to find one too large for Petey, a coat that is noticeably too small would serve.

JOE, the narrator, may be dressed in sport jacket and slacks or in a business suit of today. It is only important that they be well-cut and fairly conservative. He is a lawyer, back at his university for a visit.

HAIR AND MAKE-UP: The male college student in 1943 wore his hair in either a crew-cut or a very short ordinary cut. Polly's hair should probably be a length called a long bob--midway between ear lobe and shoulder. It should be waved softly rather close to her head. It should be arranged off the forehead, with perhaps a rolled wave over one side of the forehead. Brows and lashes should be well defined, and the lips definite with a bright lipstick.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS: (As perceived by the adaptor.)

YOUNG JOE at eighteen takes himself very seriously. He is exceptionally intelligent and well-organized, and he is quite satisfied with himself and his abilities. He is good-looking, but not necessarily handsome. In general appearance, he is neat and presentable. He must resemble in build and coloring the narrator, Joe, though he may be somewhat more slender. Both Joes might wear dark-rimmed glasses to aid the resemblance.

POLLY, about eighteen, is pretty, shapely, and poised. She is full of enthusiasm and bounce. She is not lacking in native intelligence, but has never found it necessary to do much studying to get along nicely and have fun. She is pleasant and friendly as a kitten.

PETEEY is a stereotype of Joe College, 1943 edition. He is in college for fun and perhaps football. He wants to follow all the fads set by the Big Men on Campus. He is not particularly concerned with learning. He is big, perhaps a football type, and is envisioned as blond and handsome.

JOE, the narrator, is a present-day lawyer. He is relaxed, self-assured, and pleasant. He has a good sense of humor and is able to poke sympathetic fun at himself as a college freshman. He is about forty years old and should be a believable older edition of Young Joe.

TEACHER RESOURCE MATERIAL

"Love Is a Fallacy"

by

Max Shulman

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES:

Max Shulman, 1919-

Variously described as a satiric genius, a master of undergraduate humor, a cultured Perelman, and an outrageous punster, Max Shulman has been in what he calls the "durable joke business" since 1942. Actually, he was in the humor business much earlier than that, as he edited the campus humor magazine at the University of Minnesota while he was studying journalism there. He also wrote a humorous column in the college newspaper there during his undergraduate days. He graduated in 1942 and spent the next three years in the Army Air Force.

Mr. Shulman grew up in St. Paul, Minnesota, where his father was a house-painter. Following his years in the service, he became a prolific and successful free-lance writer. He has had more than one hundred stories published since 1944, many in popular magazines. He has produced several best-selling novels, among them Rally Round the Flag, Boys; The Feather Merchants; and Barefoot Boy with Cheek. The latter, which was his first novel, was a frivolous

lampoon of college life. He later re-wrote this as a play, which enjoyed a long run. Another of his plays, The Tender Trap, was re-written for a motion picture. A collection of short stories, The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis, published in 1952, was also the basis for a motion picture.

About his work the author says, "I believe that by varying his output, by writing for an assortment of media, a writer stays fresher and lasts longer. Whatever medium I am working for, I write comedy exclusively, and it is my earnest wish to live long enough to learn this vexing craft. Here is one clown who doesn't want to play Hamlet; I've got enough trouble."

STUDY SUGGESTIONS: Before Viewing--

- A. Help the students become acquainted with Max Shulman's background and with his attitude toward his work.
(Lecture, discussion, student oral reports, etc.)
- B. Discuss motion pictures based on his writings that students may have seen. (The Tender Trap, The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis)
- C. Discuss any of Shulman's novels or short stories that are familiar to class members.
 1. What similarities are there in his various writings?
(All are humorous, some more farcical than

others. They are oftener than not concerned with college students and their experiences. They make use of gentle irony rather than satire to achieve humor. Many of his stories are written in the first person.)

2. What special reactions are there for the reader when stories are written in the first person?

(The reader feels and sees and responds with the "I" in the story. He is as ignorant of other characters' thoughts and feelings, and as surprised by plot developments as the central figure in the story.)

- D. On the basis of your knowledge of some other Shulman stories, can you think of some particular reason why this television story might be more fun and more interesting to watch if we do not read the story first? (Shulman often uses a "twist" at the end of his stories. If this story is written in the first person and does have a surprise ending, we can enjoy it more if we, along with the "I" in the story, do not know what is going to happen.)

After Viewing--

- E. In what ways does this story remind you of the O. Henry story, "The Third Ingredient"?

(Both stories have surprise endings. Both use irony. Both are humorous, but the end of Shulman's story was funnier.)

F. Do the two authors use irony in the same way?

(Yes, for the most part, Both are gentle, making kindly fun of their characters.)

G. If you agree that the "twist" at the end of Shulman's story was funnier, see if you can explain why this is true.

(Hetty is sad at the end of her story, and we are sorry for her because we would like to have her be happy, along with Cecilia and her Young Man. On the other hand, Young Joe was unhappy at the end of his story, but we felt he had it coming to him. He had been a little too sure of himself, a little too shrewd in his bargain with Petey, and a little too condescending with pretty Polly.)

H. We discussed "tone" when we studied the O. Henry story. How does the tone of this story compare with that of "The Third Ingredient"?

(The attitudes of both authors toward their characters are kindly and understanding and playful which makes both stories light and slightly ironic in tone.)

I. Is the characterization of the three college students realistic or distorted?

(It is distorted, as the characters lack depth and dimension. Shulman is sometimes called a master of verbal caricature. He emphasizes particular traits of his characters for the sake of humor, and so distorts them for his own purposes.)

VOCABULARY:

fallacy

logic

generalization

premise

hypothesis

cretin

analogy

Pygmalion

logician

pitchblende

contrite

Latin phrases:

Dicto Simplicitor

Ad Misericordiam

Post Hoc

STUDENT STUDY MATERIAL

BEFORE VIEWING

- A. Class discussion of Max Shulman, his background, and his attitude toward his work.
- B. Class discussion of any motion pictures you have seen that were based on Shulman stories.
- C. Class discussion of any of his novels or short stories with which members of the class are familiar.
 - 1. What similarities are there in his various writings?
 - 2. What special reactions are there for the reader when stories are written in the first person?
- D. On the basis of your knowledge of some other Shulman stories, can you think of some particular reason why this television story might be more fun or more interesting to watch if we do not read the story first?

AFTER VIEWING

- E. In what ways does this story remind you of the O. Henry story, "The Third Ingredient"?
- F. Do the two authors use irony in the same way?

- G. If you agree the "twist" at the end of Shulman's story was funnier, see if you can explain why this is true.
- H. We discussed "tone" when we studied the O. Henry story. How does the tone of this story compare with that of "The Third Ingredient"?
- I. Is the characterization of the three college students realistic or distorted?

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