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# Red Hollywood

By Unknown

**EMMA:**

We don't want to hurt you.  
The truth, son,  
that's all we want.  
Just tell us she was  
one of you, Turkey,  
and you'll go free.

**JOHN:**

you better talk.

(MALE NARRATOR READING)

(WHIMPERS)

What should I do?

I don't want to die.

What do I do?

Save yourself.

What'll you do to her?

The law will take  
its course.

Was Vienna one of you?

Well, was she?

Yes.

(MALE NARRATOR READING)

This is the hearing room  
of the House of  
Representatives Committee  
on Un-American Activities.

We the citizens of  
the United States of America  
owe these, our elected  
representatives, a great debt.  
Undaunted by the vicious  
campaign of slander  
launched against them  
as a whole  
and as individuals,  
they have staunchly continued  
their investigation,  
pursuing their  
stated belief  
that anyone who continued  
to be a Communist after 1945

is guilty of high treason.  
Are you now or have you  
ever been a member  
of the Communist Party?  
In framing my answer  
to that question,  
I must emphasize the points  
that I have raised before.  
The question of communism  
is in no way related  
to this inquiry,  
which is an attempt  
to get control  
of the screen and to  
invade the basic rights  
of American citizens  
in all fields.

**MAN:**

Mr. Chairman...  
The question here relates  
not only to the question  
of my membership in any  
political organization,  
but this committee  
is attempting to  
establish the right...  
(GAVEL BANGING)  
...which is historically  
denied to any committee  
of this sort,  
to invade the rights  
and privileges  
and immunities  
of American citizens,  
whether they be  
Protestant, or Methodist,  
or Jewish, or Catholic...

**MAN:**

...whether they be  
Republicans  
or Democrats  
or anything else.

Now you refuse to  
answer that question?  
Is that correct?  
I have told you that  
I will offer my beliefs,  
my affiliations,  
and everything else

**MAN:**

to the American public,  
and they will know  
where I stand  
as they do from  
what I have written.

**THOMAS:**

from the stand.  
I have written  
Americanism  
for many years...

**THOMAS:**

from the stand!  
and I shall continue  
to fight for  
the Bill of Rights,  
which you are trying  
to destroy.

**THOMAS:**

Officers, take this man  
away from the stand.

**NARRATOR:**

American Anti-Communism  
was a know-nothing creed  
and sometimes proud of it.  
John Wayne and his  
right-wing Hollywood allies  
might rail against Commies,  
recklessly accusing  
them of treason.  
But to prove  
they had subverted

the motion picture industry,  
the House Committee  
had to recruit a witness  
who was, in a literal sense,  
un-American,  
a refugee from  
Communist tyranny.

She took as her text  
a vehicle for Robert Taylor,  
a wartime hymn to  
America's brave Soviet ally.

(LAUGHTER)

Can't get over it.

What?

Well, everybody  
seems to be having  
such a good time.

Well, is that wrong?

No, except that I always  
thought Russians were sad,  
melancholy people,  
you know, sitting around  
brooding about  
their souls.

This is such a surprise.

You're a surprise, too.

I am?

Well, if I didn't know  
that I'd met you in Moscow,  
you might be  
an American girl.

**FEMALE NARRATOR:**

"Communist propaganda  
is anything which gives  
"a good impression  
of Communism  
as a way of life.

"Anything that sells people  
the idea that life  
in Russia is good

"and that people are free  
and happy would be  
Communist propaganda.

"Am I not correct?  
"Now, here is the life  
in the Soviet village  
"as presented  
in Song of Russia.  
"You see the happy peasants.  
"You see the manicured  
starlets driving tractors  
"and the happy women  
who come from work singing.  
(SINGING IN RUSSIAN)  
"Incidentally, I have  
never seen so much  
smiling in my life,  
"except on the murals  
of the World's Fair  
pavilion of the Soviet.  
"It is one of the stock  
propaganda tricks  
of the Communists,  
"to show these people smiling.  
"That is all they can show."  
So here we are,  
uh, two years  
after the war ends,  
and, uh...  
And... (STAMMERS)...um...  
Louis B. Mayer  
is apologizing  
to the committee  
for having made it.  
And Robert Taylor  
is apologizing  
to the committee  
for having starred in it.  
And, uh...  
And Ayn Rand is saying  
it was a false picture  
from beginning to end  
because it showed  
Russians smiling  
and everybody knows that  
Russians don't smile.  
Well, the fact is,

it was not  
a totally honest picture,  
it was designed  
as war propaganda.  
Uh, it did have a  
rosy view of the Russians,  
including a lot of  
expressions of how  
grateful they are  
to the United States  
for aid and for  
providing tractors.  
And, uh, the tractor's  
the best tractor  
in the world  
because it comes  
from the United States.  
I mean, there was  
a lot of fake  
pro-American stuff  
in the-the film too.

(CHUCKLES)

It was a direct  
representation  
of what was going on  
at the time.  
And it was meant  
to reinforce the notion  
that we have an ally,  
an ally that's, uh, uh...  
making enormous sacrifices  
in human life,  
and we're all  
in this together  
in the fight  
against fascism.

**MALE NARRATOR:**

Although, he couldn't make  
his case in 1947,  
Jarrico won  
the argument by default.  
Everyone knew that  
Song of Russia

was simply a relic  
from an improbable  
but necessary alliance,  
and Rand failed  
to convince most people  
that Communists  
had subverted the movies.  
But there were Communists  
in Hollywood,  
and the committee  
found the first victims  
for a blacklist.  
After the 1947 hearings,  
the studio bosses met  
and made their peace  
with the committee.  
We will forthwith  
discharge, or suspend  
without compensation,  
those in our employ,  
and we will not  
re-employ any of the 10  
until such time  
as he is acquitted  
or has purged himself  
of contempt,  
and declares under oath  
that he is not a Communist.  
We will not knowingly  
employ a Communist  
or a member  
of any party or group  
which advocates  
the overthrow  
of the government of  
the United States by force  
or by any illegal  
or unconstitutional methods.  
Nothing subversive  
or un-American  
has appeared on the screen.

**NARRATOR:**

Many were called,



10 were chosen.  
They became known  
as the Hollywood Ten,  
or the Unfriendly Ten.  
To some of their  
contemporaries, the Ten  
and the other  
blacklist victims  
were heroic martyrs.  
To others, they were  
simply ridiculous  
in their posturing  
as brave defenders  
of civil liberties.  
But their supporters  
and detractors  
have continued to agree  
that their influence  
on Hollywood films  
was insignificant at best.  
It has been convenient  
for both sides  
to imagine that the absence  
of Reds from Hollywood  
meant as little  
as their presence.  
Lionel Stander  
ad libbed, uh...  
Um...  
The Internationale,  
not the words but the song.  
(VOCALIZING)  
And, uh, it was just  
a throwaway ad lib,  
uh, but... (CHUCKLES)  
About a year later,  
I met the vice-president  
in charge of international  
distribution for Columbia,  
and he said, uh...  
"Oh, you wrote  
No Time to Marry.  
He said, "Can you tell me  
what was wrong

with that picture?"  
And I said, "Wrong?"  
And he said,  
"Well, it was banned  
in Argentina,  
banned in Brazil,  
"banned in Bolivia,  
banned here, banned there."  
He said, "I've run  
that picture a dozen times,  
"I cannot find why  
they're banning it."

(CHUCKLES)

Well, the story about  
Stander humming or whistling  
The Internationale  
entered into a kind of myth  
about how Hollywood Reds  
tried to  
insert  
Red propaganda  
into pictures.  
When there was a concept  
and there was...  
There was some values that  
you felt were good in it,  
you just felt better  
about working on it.  
But I never  
was interested  
in the idea of  
slipping something  
past the producer,  
you know,  
that kind of thing.  
There were people  
who would brag about  
how they were able to slip  
something past a producer  
or head of the studio without  
them realizing  
what it really was,  
you know.  
There was no plot

to put social content  
into pictures.  
The plot was intellectual.  
Social content is what  
pictures are about.  
You can't make a picture  
about human life  
without social content.  
And social content  
meant, in effect,  
the social content  
of these people.  
How the world  
was divided up,  
how it worked  
economically, socially,  
morally, and so on.  
You've got to show  
the rich are shitty  
and the poor are beautiful.  
It's important that  
you've got to show  
that anybody  
who works  
is being exploited.  
Those are general  
professional ideas  
that are current  
among the least educated  
among the radicals.  
But there is  
the social content  
that comes from a general  
philosophical attitude  
towards the world,  
of society,  
that's what counts.

**NARRATOR:**

As the blacklist spread,  
claiming Jarrico,  
Levitt, Polonsky,  
and hundreds of others,  
it became evident

that more than two  
of its victims had talent.  
But talent is not enough,  
as their critics  
would point out.  
Even the most talented  
could be fatally  
corrupted by Hollywood.  
In the '30s,  
everyone's favorite example  
was Clifford Odets,  
the brightest and bravest  
of the left wing playwrights.  
He journeyed west  
to write romantic dialogue  
for Gary Cooper  
and Madeleine Carroll.  
I'm trying to say  
you're wonderful.  
That makes me a sap,  
I know,  
but it doesn't make  
any difference  
one way or the other now.  
You know  
I'm wonderful, too.  
You are.  
Judy Perrie, darling,  
we could've made  
wonderful music together.  
We could've worked  
and made ourselves  
a circle of light  
and warmth.  
O'Hara...  
I'm so lonely for you.

**NARRATOR:**

And the critics jeered,  
Odets, where is thy sting?  
Yet even in this  
apolitical film,  
Odets managed to insert  
a little lesson

about class oppression.  
There they are,  
refugees from Ar Chen,  
or what used to be  
Ar Chen  
before General Yang  
rode through it.

(CHUCKLES)

And who's General Yang?  
Why, he's the warlord  
of this province,  
and a swell guy  
to do business with.  
But why does he want  
to destroy his own towns?  
Oh, because they refuse  
to pay their taxes.

(SCOFFS) Well, I think  
those people would learn  
how to obey the law  
rather than suffer this.  
Ah, these people have  
no nerves, no feeling.  
They're used to suffering.  
But they can't  
get used to paying.

(BOTH LAUGH)

Excuse me, madam...  
You got a match,  
Colonel?

No, I don't smoke.  
Colonel.

Refuse me a match,  
will ya?

But I haven't a match!  
And those people  
didn't have the pennies  
to pay General Yang.  
Think it over.

**NARRATOR:**

But The General Died at Dawn  
was not Hollywood's  
first denunciation

of the actually  
existing fascism  
that threatened  
the peace of the world.  
That would come  
two years later,  
and it would be written  
by a Communist.

Air raid!

(SIREN WAILING)

What?

The Spanish Civil War  
was the big cause  
for all of us  
on the left then.  
We felt it was the only hope  
of defeating fascism,  
that if the democracies  
stood up to  
what was going on there  
and helped  
the Spanish government  
resist this invasion,  
that a Second World War  
could be averted.  
And I still think it  
probably could've have been.  
We knew that Franco  
had this Nazi  
and Italian fascist support.  
As a matter of fact,  
that his whole revolt  
would've collapsed  
without German planes  
that were sent  
to carry troops over  
from Africa into Spain.  
So I was partisan  
right away on that,  
even though I was not  
yet a member  
of the Communist Party.

**NARRATOR:**

Only the Soviet Union  
and the parties aligned  
with the Communist  
International  
came to the aid  
of the Spanish Republic.  
In Hollywood,  
the Republican cause  
brought many into  
the orbit of the party.  
There were many committees  
and fundraisers,  
but just this one film.  
The opposing sides  
were never named  
in Blockade,  
but there could be  
no doubt on whose behalf  
Henry Fonda made his final,  
desperate appeal.  
Peace?  
Where can you find it?  
Our country  
has been turned  
into a battlefield.  
There's no safety  
for old people  
and children.  
Women can't keep  
their families safe  
in their houses.  
They can't be safe  
in their own fields.  
Churches, schools,  
hospitals are targets.  
It's not war.  
War is between soldiers.  
It's murder,  
murder of innocent people.  
There's no sense to it!  
The world can stop it.  
Where's the conscience  
of the world?

**NARRATOR:**

The conscience  
of the world was stone,  
the Spanish Republic  
was defeated.  
England and France  
made a deal with Hitler,  
and so too did Stalin.  
What's the matter?  
This radiogram came  
a few minutes ago.  
"Dear Mr. Ambassador,  
our worst fears  
are realized.  
"This afternoon,  
a non-aggression pact  
"was signed between Germany  
and the Soviet Union."  
Then it's happened.  
Hitler's closed  
his eastern door.  
God help the rest of us.  
It was a shock, and yet...  
We saw, I saw  
the reasoning behind it  
and almost  
the inevitability of it  
from the Russian  
point of view that  
even if they couldn't  
get together,  
with the West,  
the least they could do  
was have some  
protection themselves.  
Why did Stalin make  
a deal with Hitler?  
For self-protection.  
He was left standing  
alone against Hitler,  
and he stalled because  
his army wasn't ready.  
What did Russia  
ever do for us?



Russia has given us time.  
It was an abrupt  
switch of line.  
It was stupid,  
as far as the American Party  
was concerned.  
And there was  
a lot of resistance to it,  
even with people  
who did not quit the party  
at that point as many,  
many people did,  
because of  
the change in line.  
It was really  
a reductio ad absurdum of,  
"What's good  
for Russia is good for us."  
Because it wasn't  
good for us.  
Personally, I can remember  
that in the...  
The early part  
of 1941,  
Michael Kanin and I  
were working on this  
original screenplay,  
Woman of the Year,  
and when we finished  
the story version of it,  
we got... Katherine Hepburn  
became involved,  
having been  
committed to the picture,  
and having helped  
sell it to MGM.  
So we had many  
discussions with her,  
and...  
She represented  
at that time  
a very strong  
partisan of...  
Of the war

of Britain and France,  
and America's  
getting into the war,  
whereas I was still  
expressing reservations  
about America  
getting in the war,  
so many of our  
story discussions  
turned into  
political discussions  
between Kate and me.

**NARRATOR:**

The debate continued  
into the film itself  
and Lardner won,  
simply by casting  
Spencer Tracy  
as his spokesman.  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)  
I'm sorry, I must,  
I thought... (STAMMERS)  
I'm looking  
for Miss Harding.  
Well, come right in.  
This is Miss Harding's?  
Yes. Uh, may I  
have your hat?

**NARRATOR:**

Hepburn's internationalism  
looked ridiculous  
and pretentious  
against his plain-spoken  
chauvinism.  
I'm so glad you came.  
Thanks.  
Who won?  
Who won? What?  
The game?  
Oh, the Yanks,  
in the 10th.  
How nice, everyone

in Philadelphia  
must be so happy.  
A few people always  
come in after my broadcast.  
Why do you broadcast?  
Why don't you just wait  
and tell them here?  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
(SPEAKING FRENCH)  
Excusez-moi.  
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)  
Now let's see, I wonder  
who you'd get along with.  
Uh...  
There's Madam Laruga  
sitting over there.  
You probably don't speak  
Slovenian either.  
No, just a little  
broken English.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Hello! Sam,  
will you excuse me?  
He doesn't know  
anyone here.  
Yes?  
Yes, yes, sit down.  
I get kind of lost  
at these big parties,  
don't you?  
Yes.  
Well, the situation's  
pretty warm  
over in your part  
of the world, isn't it?  
Yes.  
Having fun?  
Yes.  
By the way, I'm afraid  
we haven't met.  
My name is Craig.  
What's yours?  
(CHUCKLES) Yes.  
You don't speak English,

do you, Charley?

Mmm. Yes.

And what's more  
you're a pretty  
silly-looking little jerk  
sitting there with that  
towel wrapped  
around your head,  
you know that,  
don't you?

Yes. (LAUGHS)

That's all, brother.

Yes.

Mmm, yes.

**NARRATOR:**

As often happens,  
left-wing isolationism  
came uncomfortably close  
to right-wing isolationism,  
with all the tinges  
of racism and sexism intact.

(CROWD CHANTING)

But Lardner's isolationism  
was exceptional  
among Hollywood Communists.  
Despite the Pact,  
they continued to create  
strong denunciations of  
fascism at every opportunity.

Joan Bennett discovers  
the man she married  
is a Nazi sympathizer,  
and a pre-war trip  
to his homeland  
turns into a nightmarish  
political education.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

Can't you make them  
get out of the way?

It doesn't do to  
irritate storm troopers  
on the loose.

Well, what goes on?

(WOMAN LAUGHING)

(SOBBING)

(SPEAKING GERMAN)

I don't get it.

It's a

brownshirt blitzkrieg

against old people

and kids

Jews?

No, in this instance

they're Czechs.

There's quite a few

of them who live down

in this quarter.

Hey, you see that

garbage truck?

**ERIC:**

bring their own filth,

dump it, and make

the Czechs clean it up.

(WOMEN LAUGHING)

A charming

little pastime.

(LAUGHING)

(CROWD LAUGHING)

(SPEAKING GERMAN)

(CURSING IN GERMAN)

**MAN IN MOVIE:**

But you don't understand...

**NARRATOR:**

By early 1941, a number

of Hollywood films

had alerted

American moviegoers

to the threat

of Nazi Germany.

It was these films,

and especially

The Man I Married,

that first aroused

the suspicions

of Congress about Hollywood.

**WOMAN IN MOVIE:**

Everything.

(MOVIE SOUNDTRACK PLAYING)

**MAN:**

a crowded Reichstag,  
in a desperate attempt  
to regain confidence,  
Adolf Hitler...

**NARRATOR:**

Two committees traveled  
to California to investigate  
warmongering in  
the motion-picture industry.  
But Hollywood could claim  
that it spoke for a nation  
that had already  
turned irrevocably  
against Hitler's Germany.  
Thank you.

(MEN CHANTING ON SCREEN)

(HISSES)

(CHANTING CONTINUES)

**RADIO ANNOUNCER:**

A report has just  
come in that the Japanese  
have bombed Pearl Harbor.

Jim, where is

Pearl Harbor?

Pearl Harbor?

Oh, it's down

the Jersey coast,  
near Atlantic City  
someplace.

Can't be, the Japs  
are bombing it.

I know where

Pearl Harbor is.

We had it in Geography.

Oh, it's one of those

men from Mars programs,  
the Japs just got  
through telling  
Roosevelt they love us.

**RADIO ANNOUNCER:**

We interrupt this program  
with news of  
grave importance  
to every American.

Look.

War broke with  
lightening suddenness  
in the Pacific today.

Without warning...

Doesn't it smell good?

Shh!

...waves of Japanese planes  
attacked Hawaii this morning.

Bombers blasted  
at Pearl Harbor,  
at the city of Honolulu.

The initial attacks caused  
widespread damage and death.

Full reports  
have not yet come in.

But one thing  
is already certain,  
the United States  
is at war with Japan.

Stand by.

Dinner's ready.

War, what do ya know?

Are you going  
to war, Daddy?

Are you going  
to be a soldier?

Come on and sit down,  
the roast will get cold.

We're at war, honey,  
the United States  
is at war!

Yes, dear, I know,  
but the roast

will get cold.  
Now come on  
and start carving.  
(THUNDER RUMBLING)

**NARRATOR:**

With the United States  
and the Soviet Union  
finally allied in the war  
against Nazi Germany,  
American Communist  
culture fell into sync  
with the dominant  
popular culture.  
Nobody could find  
Communist propaganda  
in wartime films,  
because Communist ideals  
and Communist kitsch  
were everywhere,  
even in MGM musicals.

(SINGING)

(MALE CHORUS SINGING)

The beginning  
of the Cold War  
was there  
even before  
the hot war was over.  
We were faced with  
a mythology that was  
embraced in America  
by all the media  
and by the government itself,  
the mythology that...  
That we were about  
to be attacked  
by the Soviet Union,  
and that  
the Communists or anybody  
sympathetic with them  
was...  
Were potential spies  
and traitors.  
(THUDS)



**NARRATOR:**

And Hollywood soon  
took up the right-wing line  
that another war  
was inevitable.

The iron logic of  
communism demanded it.

Kulin, you know  
more than I.

Do you think  
there's going to be  
another war?

War is part  
of the process  
leading toward  
the general upheaval  
throughout the world,  
but will result  
in the establishment  
of world communism.

There mustn't be  
another war.

Never again.

(INHALES DEEPLY)

Listen, Kulin,  
there must be  
another way.

Tell me the truth.

Truth?

What's that?

(INDISTINCT TALKING)

Ah...

**NARRATOR:**

The Hollywood left  
could still respond,  
but no longer  
with confident speeches  
and stirring anthems.

**STOREOWNER:**

of pork and beans.

**MARY:**

Robert Wilson said  
in his column today?  
He says, unless  
we're prepared,  
there's just no way  
of avoiding it.

**STOREOWNER:**

One can of pork  
and beans, Peter.

**MARY:**

we'll all be blown to bits  
in the next one.  
I declare, I don't know  
what the world's coming to.  
Seems like it's human nature  
to want to kill.

**SOPHIE:**

human nature to kill,  
all the more reason  
we should be ready,  
just in case  
the other fellow wants  
to start something.

**WOMAN:**

if that's human nature,  
we better change it,  
or there won't be anything  
human left to change.

**MARY:**

Anyway, whatever it is  
we have to face,  
we better be ready for it.

**WOMAN:**

in our thinking too, Mary,  
not just with our bombs.  
I say we ought to  
stop thinking about

fighting each other,  
and think some about  
understanding each other.  
And that means all of us.  
When everybody  
all over the world  
talks about nothing  
but war,  
what do you think  
we'll get? War!  
People say another war  
means the end of the world.

**MARY:**

want it or not.  
The only question is when.

**WOMAN:**

to get more youngsters  
like Peter.

(WOMEN CHUCKLING)

You know,  
it's very seldom  
that a film comes out  
really just the way  
you intended.

(CHUCKLES)

Well, I think  
The Boy with Green Hair  
was close to that.

Um...

And it was partly  
because...

Um...

The director...

...uh, was...

...stayed with us  
very closely.

I mean, we had  
a good rapport.

It was Joe Losey.

See, there are aspects  
of the picture,  
certainly, that were anti-war,

they were intended to be.  
But there was also...  
Aspects, certain  
relationships that were,  
I felt were good.

**NARRATOR:**

Communists could make  
political statements  
in Hollywood movies  
when their viewers  
could readily agree  
with their positions,  
but they also wrote  
and directed small movies  
about ordinary people  
and everyday life,  
films about  
human relationships,  
and here perhaps  
they could say something  
that spectators  
didn't already know,  
something that today  
we all know  
but have forgotten.  
Back in the '30s,  
class solidarity  
was still an ideal.  
The homeless were  
not yet the excluded.  
Riding in the truck  
all night is no picnic.  
I told you it wasn't  
going to be any cinch.  
I'm not complaining.  
(BOTTLES CLINKING)  
Say, doesn't that  
give you a swell feeling  
to see milk in bottles  
instead of cows?  
(CHUCKLES)  
Wonderful.  
Hey.

Now what's the market  
quotation on milk  
this morning?  
14 grade-A, 12 for B.  
What's the difference  
between A and B?  
Well, they both came  
from the same cow,  
only grade B is where  
the cow started  
to lose interest.  
Well, we'll take  
a bottle of B.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Got to eat.  
Broke, huh?  
Not broke,  
but not flush.  
This is on  
the company.  
Will it get you  
in trouble?  
So they'll pass  
a dividend.  
Thanks, thanks  
very much.  
Okay.  
It's too bad they  
don't make donuts, too.  
Yeah.  
I'll take that up  
at the next board  
of directors meeting.  
(ALL LAUGHING)  
He's a swell guy,  
isn't he?  
Anybody who has to  
get up this early  
in the morning  
usually is a swell guy.  
No, gentlemen,  
expansion now  
is out of the question.  
Production must be

kept down to where it is  
if we are to keep  
our profits up.

Gentlemen,  
perhaps we should  
voluntarily open  
some of the factories  
we shut down  
before the government  
does it for us.

That's splendid, Gorman.  
Splendid!

Open the factories,  
flood the market,  
give our product away,  
and then call our firm  
National Charities  
Incorporated.

**NARRATOR:**

The logic of  
capitalist accumulation  
had set itself at odds  
with human values,  
and this contradiction  
was plainly visible  
during the Depression.  
In most social problem  
films of the '30s,  
the solution came from above,  
from Roosevelt's New Deal,  
but Nathanael West  
and Lester Cole  
advocated direct action  
by the productive  
workers themselves.  
No use telling you folks  
about the banking business  
in this neck of the woods.  
There just ain't  
none to talk about.

**MAN:**

what's the matter

with the cannery?  
(CROWD CLAMORING)  
Well, there ain't  
much to tell  
about that, either.  
If Congress  
had passed  
the Trades  
Reconstruction Bill,  
1,500 of you men and women  
would've been  
earning a living again.  
Since that bill  
was killed,  
our hands are tied.  
What are we  
going to do?  
(CROWD CLAMORING)  
We simply got to wait.

**AUDIENCE:**

(ANGRY MURMURS)

**REEVES:**

any longer.  
Get back there,  
Reeves.  
That cannery's  
got to open.  
If it don't,  
we men don't work.  
And you farmers  
don't sell your produce.  
Wait? Waiting ain't  
for the working man.  
You can't wait  
when you're hungry.  
(ALL MURMURING  
IN AGREEMENT)  
If that factory  
don't start up again,  
Springvale will become  
a ghost town.  
There's been a heap

of living in Springvale,  
160 years of it.

But if we got  
to give it up,  
let's die fighting,  
not just sitting back  
and hoping!

(AUDIENCE CLAMORING)

**RED:**

with the dough  
that they give you  
for breaking your backs?  
You buy just enough  
bread to keep going on!

**NARRATOR:**

If a Hollywood film  
could occasionally  
condemn a strike  
by capital,  
it would always condemn  
a strike by labor.  
Wait a minute,  
just a minute!  
Kick those folks  
off the quay  
and our cause is lost.  
Ah, shut up and get off  
of that barrel.  
Where do you think  
you are, Russia?  
No, I wish I was!  
Well, swim over there  
and see how you like it.

(CROWD CLAMORING)

(CROWD LAUGHING)

Now listen, fellas...

**MAN:**

**CROWD:**

Now wait a minute.  
I'll tell you



why I'm up here.  
It's because you won't  
listen to brains.  
But you ain't got the nerve  
not to listen to me.  
When we was kids,  
we used to fight  
like wild cats,  
but if an outside  
gang came in  
we'd stuck together  
and throw them out.  
(CROWD LAUGHING)  
You bet we'd run 'em out!  
Brains says that Nick  
wants us to strike. Yeah.  
Yeah. You get that?  
He wants us to strike.  
He thinks we're suckers,  
but we ain't.  
We ain't gonna fight,  
and I'll sock  
the first guy  
in the puss  
that says we are.

**NARRATOR:**

During the war,  
strikes were unthinkable,  
at least in movies.  
Communist labor leaders  
supported a no-strike  
pledge in industry,  
while Communist  
screenwriters worked overtime  
to bring recalcitrant  
individualists into line.  
Look, we know  
what's what.  
Guys like us  
killed on ships,  
the fish pecking  
at our eyes.  
Who cares

about us anyway?  
Everybody's nuts  
about the Army and Navy.  
What are we  
supposed to be,  
skeletons in a closet  
or something?  
Oh, yes, and now  
they're going  
to give us medals.  
Medals?  
But what good is a medal  
when you're washed up  
on a beach  
in a mess of seaweed,  
and nobody even knows  
what you died for?  
I want to bounce  
my kid on my knee.  
I want to be  
with my wife. Go on  
make a law against it,  
put me in a nut house  
for thinking  
things like this.  
Well, why don't you  
say something?  
You all dumb  
because I spilled  
what you're all thinking?  
So you want  
a safe job, huh?  
Go ask the Czechs  
and the Poles  
and the Greeks,  
they were figuring  
on safe jobs.  
They're lined up in front  
of guns, digging  
each other's graves.  
The trouble with you,  
Pulaski, is you think America  
is just a place  
to eat and sleep in.

You don't know  
what side your future  
is buttered on.

**NARRATOR:**

Pulaski is converted,  
he goes back to sea,  
and his liberty ship  
makes it safely to Murmansk.  
Communists felt  
comfortable spinning yarns  
where the group came  
before the individual.  
Especially when they  
could pay tribute to  
proletarian internationalism.  
Hey, what does that mean,  
tovarisch?  
That means comrade.  
That's good.  
Oh, tov...  
Comrade, comrade!  
(INDISTINCT SHOUTING)  
(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

**NARRATOR:**

of solidarity didn't last  
in the postwar backlash.  
No more comrades,  
abroad or at home.  
For support and solace,  
workers could no longer  
look to their job mates ,  
only to their kin.

**SUZY:**

I couldn't sleep!

**SUZY:**

I know it,  
but I got to talk  
to Uncle Bill  
about something.  
Important?

Yeah.

What is it, son?

Well you see, Uncle Bill,  
if you need it,  
well, I can get  
your next meal for you.

What do you mean?

Timmy, come on,  
let's go to bed, huh?

Wait a minute, Suzy.

What do you mean, son?

Well, I heard

Mom telling Pop  
that you were canned  
from your job,  
and you didn't know  
where your next meal  
was coming from.

And so, I thought...

Well, I thought I'd get  
it for you, Uncle Bill.

**BILL:**

It's a cinch.

I do it for Papa  
all the time.

I just call up the butcher  
and tell him I want  
a bone for my dog.

Then I bring the bone home  
and Mom makes  
soup out of it.

And I can do it for you  
and Aunt Suzy tomorrow.

It's real easy, Uncle Bill.

Only big people  
can't do it.

It takes a kid.

Did the butcher  
ever get wise?

No. Anyway...

**BILL:**

He knows...

**BILL:**

I ain't got a dog.  
People who are  
sore as hell is  
what's going on...  
About... Radicalized their  
pictures even more.  
Now, as time went on  
and, uh...  
And people felt  
they had just  
one more chance,  
or they're gonna get  
just one more movie...  
They might give way to...  
More explicitly to  
what they believed,  
and in that sense you  
might see a group of films  
appearing more explicitly so  
than formerly.  
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

**NARRATOR:**

a new radicalism  
in the films  
of the late '40s.  
Communist filmmakers depicted  
working class life  
with a new realism,  
untempered by the redeeming  
optimism of the '30s.  
The degradations of poverty  
were no longer glossed over.  
I have your letter here.  
Mrs. Anna Davis,  
is that right?  
Yes, I'm Anna Davis.  
Now, just a form  
to make a proper check.  
Race, white.  
Religion, Jewish.  
Nationality, American.

Is this your boy?  
I'm Charley Davis.  
Are you unemployed?  
Why, you got  
a job for me?  
Have you tried?  
He tried.  
All these questions must be  
answered, I'm sorry.  
Have you tried  
to get a job, Mrs. Davis?  
Would I be asking for  
a loan from charity,  
if I could find work?  
It isn't personal,  
we're supposed to ask.  
Have you any  
resources, any jewelry?  
She has her  
wedding ring.  
We don't ask our clients to  
sell their wedding rings.  
I wish you'd understand,  
I have to ask these questions.  
Charley, please, go  
in the other room.  
Is this furniture yours?  
Get out of here!  
Charley, I won't have  
you talking like this!  
Get out of here,  
get out of here!  
We have to ask questions  
if we're going to help.  
We don't want any help.  
Tell them we're dead!  
We don't want any help!  
I did it to buy  
myself fancy clothes?  
Fool, it's for you,  
to learn, to get  
an education, to make  
something of yourself!  
Shorty...

Shorty, get me that fight  
from Quinn. I want  
money, do you understand?  
Money, money!  
I forbid!  
Better you buy a gun  
and shoot yourself!  
You need money  
to buy a gun!

**NARRATOR:**

athletic prowess might promise  
an escape from poverty  
and the hidden  
injuries of class.  
Already the promise  
might prove to be illusory.  
A 1951 football saga  
exposed and condemned  
what everyone now  
takes for granted about  
big-time college sports.  
It's a business.  
Except the workers  
don't get paid.  
For a poor kid  
with talent and luck,  
it's a way out of the mills,  
but talent and spirit  
can't keep luck from  
turning bad on you.  
Don't you want to play  
next week, Novak?  
I can't play.  
The doctor didn't say that.  
Okay, so the kid could  
cripple himself for life.  
He said there was  
some risk involved.  
There's risk involved every  
time you go out on the field.  
Okay then,  
I don't want to play.  
You're over-trained, Novak.

You're all tightened up.  
I'll have my  
doctor look at you.  
We'll get a special brace  
made for your shoulder.  
You'll go in the next  
week and run wild.  
We'll have reporters down  
from all over the East.  
It's no use.  
Your shoulder will  
probably stand up fine.  
Next year, we'll  
have a schedule  
like we never had before.  
You'll have a chance  
for All-American,  
a chance to be somebody,  
write your own ticket.  
What kind of a sucker  
do you take  
him for, McCabe?  
Who wanted to see  
him in the big time?  
Who had the big dream  
for Novak, the local boy?  
Okay, so now I'm awake  
and the dream was cockeyed,  
a dumb  
sportswriter's dream,  
because I left out  
everything that really  
mattered to the kid.  
That's why now he's going to  
play, not for old Jackson or  
any of that swill,  
not for T.C. McCabe,  
he's going  
to play for himself,  
because there's  
nothing else he can do.  
What are you without football?  
For two years we fixed your  
marks so you could coast by.



You can't meet the competition  
of men who really  
worked at their books.  
You won't be able to get a job  
through pull, either,  
because in another year,  
nobody will remember you.  
You're not that important yet.  
You're only beginning.  
You'll be just  
another poor slob that  
used to play football.  
Get out of here,  
You'll play.  
There's nothing  
else you can do.

**NARRATOR:**

this old film can ask us  
why we take class  
injustice for granted.  
Lay off for  
a few days, Novak.  
Get yourself some sleep.  
It will do you good.

**NARRATOR:**

capitalism's golden age was  
subjectively a dark time.  
For Hollywood's  
Communists, disillusionment  
turned to desperation  
as the blacklist descended.  
Released from the obligatory  
optimism of wartime propaganda  
and sensing that they  
would soon be silenced,  
they fiercely  
castigated the most sacred  
institutions of American life,  
from football to marriage.  
Hello, hello.  
Do you do the marrying?  
That's my business.

I have a \$30  
wedding which gives  
a complete recording  
of the ceremony on records.  
I have \$20 wedding...  
Will you just marry us?  
Well, that'll be \$20.

(WOMAN BEGINS PLAYING ORGAN)

(PLAYING STOPS)

By virtue of the  
power vested in me,  
I hereby perform  
this wedding ceremony.  
Do you, Catherine,  
take this man Arthur as  
your lawful wedding husband,  
to love, honor,  
and cherish, henceforth?

I do.

Do you Arthur take  
this woman, Catherine,  
as your lawful wedding wife,  
to love, honor  
and cherish, henceforth?

I do.

Well, put the ring  
on her finger.

Now, by virtue of the  
power vested in me,  
I now pronounce you  
husband and wife.

You don't think much of my way  
of marrying people, do you?

I sure don't.

Me neither.

But I'm giving  
folks what they want.

My way of  
thinking, folks ought  
to have what they want.

So long as  
they can pay for it.

**NARRATOR:**

the early '30s didn't hide the material side of seduction, and folks usually got what they paid for. Future Communist John Howard Lawson made the connections between sex and class particularly clear when he adapted his play Success Story to the screen.

Oh...

I thought I smelled perfume.

What's your job here?

Well, I'm sort of a combination office boy, statistician and bootblack.

Why, you want a shine?

(CHUCKLING)

You're very amusing.

Same to you.

Anyway I'm glad of a chance to have had a good whiff of that stuff.

So you like me?

I don't know, ain't had time to dislike you.

But that lavender water sure gets my nanny.

Take a good whiff.

What do you call it?

Fivre d'amour.

Do you use it all over you?

Well, not exactly, I...

I use other things.

(CHUCKLING)

I can just see you in a hot bath of this amour stuff.

That's indecent.

Yeah, I heard worse.

Tell me worse.

I've been sitting up here trying to think up catchwords for the luxury trade.

Trying to sell cream to dolls  
that rub it on themselves.  
Suddenly, I look up  
and you're standing there...  
I mean, glamor,  
This beauty they get  
up for 14 bucks a pot.  
You're a part of that, see?  
It's the stuff that  
makes poets go cuckoo.  
(LAUGHING) Go on,  
you're cuckoo yourself.  
Aw, you don't know  
what I'm talking about.  
You're...  
You're not so much...  
But you look like you  
stepped out of  
a little pot of gold.  
And when I seen you,  
I seen the whole game.  
Aw, you're too  
dumb to get the idea.  
Oh, I'm dumb, am I?  
Yeah.  
You're just a pink piece  
of fluff for the luxury trade.  
You know, I could use you.  
What for?  
Oh, just to crack  
the whip over you.  
Because you're so wild,  
because you want to punch  
people and call them  
names and walk over them.  
I could teach  
you a few things.  
And if I wanted to,  
I could make you  
jump through hoops.  
You wanna try?  
(CHUCKLING)  
I'm joking.  
Give me my handkerchief.

No.  
I want it.  
I need it.  
If I had a million dollars...  
I'd buy you.  
You wouldn't get me.  
Want to bet?  
I had a good laugh today.  
What?  
I just got an inside tip that  
Wellburn and Hayes are  
going into receivership.  
Who are they?  
Well, a year ago they  
were our biggest competitors,  
now, they're sunk.  
(LAUGHING)  
What a scream.

**NARRATOR:**

the '30s, women were prizes,  
trophies, as they say today.

**MAN:**

**NARRATOR:**

film, women became  
subjects in the full sense.  
Robert Rossen's  
community of bar girls know  
that they are exploited  
by their gangster boss.  
But they have few illusions  
about the alternatives they  
face in Depression America.  
I don't really look old, do I?  
What does he expect a girl  
to look like at six in  
the morning after dragging  
a lot of heavy-weight shoe  
salesmen around  
the dance floor all night,  
like a debutante?  
I bet if he saw me when

I just come to work  
and my make-up was fresh...  
Oh, let's skip it, Estelle,  
and go to bed.  
We're all fagged out.  
Well...  
Let him fire me,  
what do I care?  
I don't want any part of  
his clip joints anyway.  
And if you do, you're crazy.  
Might as well put  
a gun in our hands  
and send us out on stick-ups.  
Well, what are  
you going to do?  
You heard what he said,  
it's Vanning or nothing.  
Well, this isn't the only  
way to make a living.  
Do you know a better one?  
Well, of course, I can always  
go back into vaudeville.  
Oh, stop kidding  
yourself, Estelle.  
Your dancing days are over.  
You'd have to have  
counterweights to keep  
your arches from falling.  
Well, then, I'll get  
a job in a factory,  
behind a counter, any place.  
At twelve  
and a half a week?  
That's enough for me.  
For cigarettes? Mmm-mmm.  
We've all tried this  
twelve and a half  
a week stuff, it's no good!  
Living in furnished  
rooms, walking to work,  
going hungry a couple of days  
a week so you can have some  
clothes to put on your back.

I've had enough of that  
for the rest of my life,  
and so have you.  
Goodbye, Graham...  
I'll be seeing you.

**NARRATOR:**

that separate a working girl  
from an upwardly  
mobile prosecutor  
do not melt in a final clinch.  
Instead there is  
a tacit reassertion  
of group identity,  
an affirmation  
of class solidarity  
and sisterhood which is almost  
unique in Hollywood cinema.

(MEN CHATTERING IN BACKGROUND)

(DOOR SHUTS)

Well, welcome  
to Chickpease Manor.  
My name is Dorothy Spencer,  
call me Dotty.

I'm Alice Fisher.

I see we're  
going to be roommates.  
I hope I don't crowd you.  
Oh, you won't.

They stack us end to end  
in this boarding house  
until we can stand  
up practically nowhere.

I just know

I'm going to love it here.

Well, take a good look  
because I have a feeling you  
won't be with us very long.

Why do you say that?

Sorority.

Are you a sorority girl?

Me?

No, I haven't got it  
or a million dollars.

So what does  
a sorority want with  
little Dorothy Spencer?  
They probably won't  
be rushing me  
off my feet either.  
Well if they don't,  
they're slug-nutty!  
You're a date  
getter or I'll eat my hat.  
A date getter?  
Sure, every sorority has to  
have a few, you know,  
to sort of drag the men in.  
Look you take  
the top drawer with me.  
Thanks.

Of course, you can be  
ugly if your father  
or grandfather stole  
a million dollars and kept it.  
You know that still gets you  
in any sorority on the hill.  
So, do re mi  
is the first, last,  
and perpetual consideration.  
You don't seem  
to like sororities.  
No, for me  
it's all hooey.  
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)

Do you, Janie,  
take this man to love, honor  
and live happily ever after,  
and no fair  
getting a divorce?

I do.

Do you, Tom, take this  
woman to love, honor  
and sell a million cars so  
long as you both shall live?

I do.

I now pronounce you  
a lovely couple!



Boy!

(BABBLING)

Janie!

What do you think?

I was promoted!

I'm the junior, junior,  
executive, executive  
sales manager, assistant!

I gotta sell a million,  
gotta sell a million...

Yay, Pop!

Janie, what do you think?

I've got great news for you,  
I'm bringing the boss  
home to dinner! Yeah!

Hello? No! Okay, okay,  
I'll take care of it.

(CHILDREN BABBLING)

Now, stop it.

Janie!

What do you think?

I've been promoted again!

I'm the assistant,  
assistant president!

I gotta sell a million of 'em,  
I gotta sell a million of 'em,  
I gotta sell a million of 'em,  
I gotta sell a million of 'em!

**CHILDREN:**

Won't you have another  
cup of tea, Mrs. Burton?  
My husband works for  
your husband, Mrs. Burton,  
so I'm terribly  
anxious to make a good  
impression, Mrs. Burton.

Don't you think

I'm charming, Mrs. Burton?

If I can influence  
my husband in any way,

I shall influence

my husband in any way.

Oh, thank you, Mrs. Burton.

You're so sweet, Mrs. Burton.  
Janie!  
What do you think?  
I got promoted again!  
Now I'm the president!  
Yes, I know, you told me!  
No, I mean I'm the President  
of the United States!  
Miss White? Will you  
come in the office?  
Yes, sir.  
Come in, come in.  
Miss White, William tells me  
you've been married.  
You know Rule Four  
of this company,  
because of the current  
economic conditions,  
the Accountex Corporation  
does not employ married women.  
Well, yes, but I...  
It's a rule I can't violate.  
I should like to in  
your case, but a rule  
broken ceases to be a rule.  
But what's wrong  
about getting married?  
Nothing, my dear.  
Marriage is a splendid  
thing for young people.  
However, I feel strongly that  
when a man enters marriage  
he should be in a position to  
support his wife, and William  
seems to agree with me.  
Don't you William?  
Well, yes, of course, but...  
Beyond that is  
the fact that with  
millions of men out of work,  
it isn't right for married  
women to take their jobs.  
But I'm not  
taking anything...

Please let me finish.  
You both know  
that I disapprove  
strongly of employees  
going out together after  
business hours.  
Aside from that, I cannot  
allow this office  
to be disrupted by a married  
couple working here.  
But Mr. Beamis, if you'd  
only stop to consider...  
I should like to make an  
exception in your case,  
but as I said before,  
a rule broken  
ceases to be a rule.  
These rules are  
made by the corporation,  
they affect me as  
much as they do you.  
Make out a final check  
for one week for Miss White.  
Miss Margery White.  
Let's think of it as a  
little wedding gift.  
And now that  
the disagreeable part is over,  
I want to wish both  
of you every  
success in your marriage.

**NARRATOR:**

single women and married women  
were welcomed  
into the work force.  
Now middle-class  
women could work  
together and live together.  
Yet in 1947,  
Dalton Trumbo's espousal  
of communal living was  
held up as an example  
of Communist subversion.

Nobody's got a room big  
enough to hold four people  
without using a shoe horn,  
Maybe we could have  
it at my new place.  
That is, I'm hunting  
for a new one.  
How much are  
you planning to pay?  
Well, I'm paying 20 now,  
I thought maybe for 35  
I could get something  
that'd be nice.  
For 35 you'll  
still have a rabbit hutch.  
You know, all of us together,  
we put out a lot of money  
each month for rent.  
What do you pay, Helen?  
Twenty-two fifty.  
I pay 18.  
What about you, Barbara?  
Thirty-two fifty. You see,  
I like gaudy things.  
Zero, five, ten, one to carry  
eight, nine, 11, 13,  
three, one to carry,  
four, five, seven, nine...  
Ninety-three bucks!  
How do you like that?  
Ninety-three bucks for  
a bunch of rat holes.  
Why, for that kind of dough we  
can have a real house,  
with a dining room and  
a kitchen and a living room,  
and a bedroom a piece,  
and furnished.  
Furnished how?  
Well, just as  
well as you have now.  
And maybe with a fireplace.  
Oh, I'm so sick of warming  
my feet in front of

a gas jet, I could almost bawl  
every time I see one  
of the darned things.  
What do you think  
of the idea, Helen?  
It might work,  
but it's only fair to  
point out that we're  
all different people,  
and there might be...  
A clash of  
personalities occasionally.  
We'd have to find some  
way of adjusting any  
disputes that might come up.  
Well, that ought to be simple.  
We could take a vote.  
We could run  
the joint like a democracy.  
And if anything comes up,  
we'll just call a meeting.  
Oh, gee, kids  
that'd be wonderful!  
Oh, for instance,  
now the four of us  
have two cars,  
two sets of tires wearing out.  
We could sell one car  
and use the other on a share  
and share alike basis.  
And we could, oh, we  
could just do lots of things.  
How about it, kids, let's take  
a vote on it right now, okay?  
Everybody in favor,  
say aye!

**ALL BUT BARBARA:**

What about you, Barbara?  
Hmm?  
Well, say aye!  
Aye.  
The motion is  
carried unanimously.

(SIREN BLARING)

Look, We'll all get together  
right after work  
this afternoon  
and start hunting, huh?

**NARRATOR:**

the problem  
was reversed again,  
how to get women out of  
the factories and offices  
and back into the home.  
Good morning, darling.  
How do you like  
your civilian husband?  
Oh, you're beautiful.  
I'll bet you tell that  
to all the boys.  
Now you go back to sleep,

**it's only 7:**

Seven o'clock? I'll be ready  
in five minutes!  
Ready for what?  
For work!  
Oh, no, you don't.  
Your working days are over.  
Oh, no they're not.  
We haven't landed  
that Townley account yet.  
(LAUGHS)  
I'll handle  
the Townley account.  
I'll handle  
the Townley account!  
Now, look, I don't  
want my wife...  
My campaign will be conducted  
during business hours only.  
And my business hours  
are from nine to five!  
Yeah, but now listen to me...  
I hope you didn't  
use all the hot water!

**NARRATOR:**

offered only token resistance.  
Oh, Steve,  
aren't you going to...  
Oh, darling, I'm so tired  
of being a businesswoman.  
I've been thinking,  
about staying  
home for a little while.  
For 50 years to be exact!  
Oh, baby!  
Have you got my ring?  
Yeah, but...  
I promise never to  
take it off again!  
With this ring...

**BOTH:**

I miss that feeling  
Of your hand in mine

**NARRATOR:**

followed the war,  
corporate America  
launched a nationwide campaign  
to discourage middle-class  
women from working,  
correctly assuming that  
idle housewives would  
make more active consumers.  
In Smash Up, two Communist  
screenwriters subverted  
a major Hollywood genre,  
the weepie,  
to expose the psychic toll  
taken by this covert  
social engineering.  
Steve.  
Hey, Ken's here.  
Where?  
Outside.  
The band folded, Angel.  
I grabbed the first

bus out of Scranton.

Oh, Ken...

Ken, how do you feel?

I feel fine, now.

We have so much to  
talk about, we're going  
home right this minute!

What about your job?

You're my job at  
the moment, darling.

I just hate to see  
a really promising career  
interfered with, that's all.

Mike, girls do get married.

What did you say?

Married, Ken and I.

(HUMMING)

Angie, Angie,

I've got a job.

Station WNET,

**15 minutes at 6:**

Six o'clock?

That's a wonderful time!

Yeah, I forgot to tell you,

**it's 6:**

Oh, well, that's  
wonderful too.

Well, it means you  
can quit working.

Close your eyes  
my little darling

'Cause it's

time to drift away

This is the best there is.

I know it.

Insidious, isn't it Angie?

What, Mike?

All this leisure, so much  
of it makes you realize  
what work really meant.

Isn't that so?

You mean I can miss



singing my lungs out  
in those gin mills?  
Tell me about that  
heavenly young man.  
What's his new  
program to be called?  
It's called,  
An American Sings.  
I'm so glad you like him.  
Well, thanks.  
As you all know,  
this party was to have  
you meet Ken Conway.  
Now, I'd like to introduce you  
to the one and only person  
responsible for his success,  
his charming  
and talented wife,  
Angelica Conway!

**WOMAN:**

I'll have another drink.  
I won't be  
frightened for sure.

**WOMAN 2:**

a nice little thing, really.  
But you know, radio,  
full of big stars like Ken  
and the women they  
happen to marry before  
they were successful.

**WOMAN:**

to see my baby?

**MAN:**

can hold him just  
because you have a baby?

**WOMAN:**

I was trying so hard.  
If I can just get  
some self-confidence.

Steve, was the trip  
to California fun?  
Not for me, too much work.  
How about Ken,  
and Martha?  
They seemed to enjoy  
themselves, didn't they?  
Angie, don't.  
You're imagining things.  
I seem to have  
a talent for it, Steve.  
(CHUCKLING)  
Oh, I'd love to see  
you all mussed up!  
Steady, Angie.  
Everything in this house  
belongs to you, doesn't it?  
You picked it all out.  
Even this pendant!  
Well I don't want it.  
Take it!  
Mrs. Conway!  
Then why don't you get out?  
Why just keep whining around  
about how you've had enough?  
I've had enough, too!  
Get out and let me alone!  
Is that what you want?  
Listen to you. You can't  
even say it yourself!  
You make me say it!  
A divorce! A divorce!  
I'm not afraid to say it!  
Okay, Angie.  
(DOOR SHUTS)

**NARRATOR:**

became an icon  
of Hollywood feminism.  
In Smash-Up, she suffered.  
In I Can Get It for  
You Wholesale,  
she fought back.  
Why don't you go home? You

don't have to do this to get orders!

Do what, Teddy darling?

Spoon-feed this drunk.

Now just a minute, Sherman.

You can't talk like this in front of a lady.

Don't you take your buyers out, wine them, dine them, and amuse them?

That's different.

How?

Because I'm a man, and you're supposed to be a lady, that's why.

It's different!

How?

I'll write you a letter.

In the meantime, let's go!

Now, look here, Sherman, this lady is in my company...

I don't want you pawed and all the rest in front of the whole world.

This place is full of my friends. Now, let's go!

Just a minute...

Why you...

Forget it. All we lost was an order.

You lost more than an order. You lost me.

That just shows you how much I like you.

Who asked you to show me?

Taxi!

I couldn't help myself.

You know how I feel about you.

Sure, I'm part of the Teddy Sherman circus!

Do you think I got in this business with you

and Cooper just for money?

You've been on

my mind ever since  
that first night we went out.  
And I've begun to like it.  
And the more I like it,  
the less I like to see you  
selling yourself to a  
buyer like a prize that comes  
in a box of Cracker Jacks.  
You mean like you sell  
yourself to those lady buyers  
from the Southern Circuit?  
What kind of talk is that?  
You're the kind  
of girl I could marry!  
Didn't you hear me?  
I'm proposing to you.  
What do you expect  
me to do,  
throw my arms around you?  
When you marry someone, it'll  
be to rope her off, while you  
go on playing the field.  
Can't you get it through  
your head I love you?  
You love me? You mean  
you want to own me.  
I worked  
and schemed  
to get a business started  
just so I could be  
free of men like you, so I  
could belong to myself.  
Listen, Harriet...  
You love me so much,  
that for the sake of that  
crummy male ego of yours,  
you're ready to  
take something I've worked for  
and dreamed about all my life  
and kick it under  
a barroom table.  
That's how much you love me!  
All right, I'll carry  
you back in there

and dump you in Savage's lap,  
but that finishes it,  
I want out!  
Get yourself another partner!  
Oh no, I've got a partner.  
You!  
The best in the business,  
and you're going  
to help me get rich.  
The contract is  
signed, sealed,  
delivered. Unbreakable.  
And you won't get out, never.  
So make up your  
mind to like it.  
Taxi!  
There are no  
villains in that.  
The villain is the  
system that's causing it.  
Now whether that system will  
be used to destroy her or not  
is what it's about.  
She's struggling to be  
recognized as a person  
in the picture  
for what she is,  
against all the general  
attitudes against her.  
So that's the woman  
question, right?  
And since that was  
the way they referred to it  
in the old left-wing days,  
that's what they called it.

**NARRATOR:**

and there remains,  
another woman question.  
Communists recognized  
that working-class  
women had other problems,  
that poor, single  
mothers faced hard choices.

All yours.

Five minutes.

(BABY CRYING)

What are we going to do?

Tell me,

you're a smart little fellow.

What do you think?

You see, they tell me

I have to decide whether

you and I stick together,

or whether we both

go our own ways.

Tell me,

couldn't we try it?

You and I in

a cold water flat,

with no one to take care of

you while I'm at work.

Couldn't you take

care of yourself?

Sure you could.

Wash your own diapers,

feed yourself,

fix your own bottle.

What's the matter?

It'll be all right.

What's there to be sad about?

**NARRATOR:**

the blacklist had forced them

outside the studio system

could Hollywood Communists

make a film in which

working-class women stood up

and demanded equality.

(MAN SPEAKING SPANISH)

Brother chairman,

if you read the court

injunction carefully,

you will see that

they only prohibit striking

miners from picketing.

We women are

not striking miners.

We will take  
over your picket line.

(MEN LAUGHING)

Don't laugh.

We have a solution,  
you have none.

Brother King said it  
right when he said,  
"We'll lose 50 years of gains  
"if we lose this strike."

Your wives  
and children, too.  
But this we promise,  
if women take your  
places on the picket line,  
the strike will not be broken  
and no scabs  
will take your jobs.

(WHISTLING)

Hey girls,  
wait a minute, don't you  
want to see my pistol?  
Shut up. What's so amusing?

(LAUGHING)

They're flaunting  
a court order,  
Oh, I'm not so sure  
about that, Mr. Alexander.  
Letter of the law,  
you know.

All that injunction  
says is there's no  
picketing by miners.  
Whose side are you on anyway?  
Aw, don't get excited,  
they'll scatter like quail.

**MAN:**

at it, before another  
100 dames shows up.  
All right boys.  
What about these?  
Forget it, they'll  
scatter like quail.

(CROWD SCREAMING)

**NARRATOR:**

had ever shown a strike from  
the workers' point of view.  
No Hollywood film  
had ever portrayed  
a strike as just and rational.  
No Hollywood film  
had ever given Chicanos  
the leading parts  
and put Anglos  
in subordinate roles.  
No Hollywood  
film had ever shown  
women courageously  
and effectively taking  
over the work of men.  
Salt of the Earth broke  
all these taboos,  
but it never reached  
its intended public.  
We shall  
not be moved  
The Union is our leader  
We shall not be moved  
Just like a tree  
that's standing by the water  
We shall  
not be moved  
After the opening in New York  
where the picture  
was well-received,  
not only by an audience  
who packed the theater for  
nine weeks, I think, or 10,  
but by good reviews in the  
New York Times , and Time  
magazine, and other journals,  
and a number of  
exhibitors said they  
wanted to play the picture,  
and then one by one they were  
pressured by the majors,



"You play that picture  
and you'll never  
get another RKO picture."

"You play  
that picture, you'll never get  
another MGM picture."

And one by one,  
they backed out.

The original intent when we  
formed the company was  
to make a number of films  
using the talents of  
blacklisted people.

But we lost our shirts on  
Salt of the Earth and that was  
the end of  
that noble experiment.

In a way, it's the grandfather  
of independent filmmaking  
in the United States.

I mean, there've been a lot  
of independent films since,  
but we didn't make them.

**NARRATOR:**

only one Hollywood film  
alluded to the Holocaust.

Communist screenwriter  
Lester Cole

could only guess at what was  
happening to the Polish Jews  
and how they  
might have responded.

Send them over there.

Hey, you again?

He's going to quiet them.

Let him speak.

This is our last journey.

It doesn't matter  
if it's long or short.

For centuries we have  
sought only peace.

We have

submitted to many degradations

believing that  
we would achieve  
justice through reason.  
We have tried to take our  
place honestly, decently  
alongside all mankind,  
to help make a better world,  
a world in which all men  
would live as free neighbors.  
We have hoped, and prayed,  
but now we see that  
hope was not enough!  
What good has  
it done to submit?  
We have submitted too long!  
If we want  
equality and justice,  
we must take our  
place alongside all  
other oppressed peoples.  
We haven't much time left.  
By our actions  
we will be remembered.  
This is our last free choice,  
our moment in history.  
And I say to you, let us  
choose to fight. Here!  
Now!  
Drag them in!  
(GUN FIRING)  
(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

**NARRATOR:**

anti-Semitism was  
an almost taboo subject.  
In 1945, this didactic short  
film could pass as courageous.  
Somebody in for a licking?

**BOY:**

we're going to smear him!  
Yeah, but 10 against one?  
That's not very fair.  
(CHILDREN SCREAMING)

Hold on!  
What's it all about?

**BOY:**

Scared to tell me?  
No, I'm not a-scared.  
I'll fight you, even.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Not if I can help it.  
I just want to know  
why the gang war?

**BOY:**

We don't want him  
in our neighborhood  
or going to our school.  
I've been living  
here as long as you!  
What's he got?  
Small pox or something?  
We don't like his religion.  
His religion?  
Look mister, he's a dirty...  
Now hold on!

**FRANK SINATRA:**

(FOOTSTEPS HEARD)

**SINATRA:**

all stand here.  
And no hissing allowed.  
What is America to me?  
A name  
A map or a flag I see  
A certain word  
Democracy  
What is America to me?  
The house I live in  
A plot of Earth, a street  
The grocer  
and the butcher  
And the people that I meet  
The children  
in the playground

The faces that I see  
All races and religions  
That's America to me

**NARRATOR:**

to acknowledge that America  
had a race problem,  
and Hollywood Communists  
would take the lead.  
Yeah, when I get  
back to El Centro  
I'll probably find some  
Mexican's got my job.  
Quiet!  
Sorry, Juan.  
You're a Mexican, but...  
But you're different. You're  
one of the guys in B-Company.  
No, I'm not different, Joe.  
I'm just a Mexican,  
like a lot of  
other Mexicans who fought.

**NARRATOR:**

Home of the Brave,  
Carl Foreman reformulated the  
social problem of racism  
as a neurotic  
condition that touched  
whites and blacks equally,  
a psychological malady  
that could be cured  
by personal therapy.  
You see the whole point  
of this, Peter?  
You've been thinking  
that you had some  
special kind of guilt.  
But you've got  
to realize something.  
You're the same  
as anybody else.  
You're no different, Peter.  
No different at all.

I'm colored.  
There, that sensitivity!  
That's the disease you've got.  
It was there before anything  
happened on that island.  
It started way back.  
It's not your fault,  
you didn't ask for it.  
It's a legacy.  
A hundred and fifty  
years of slavery,  
of second-class citizenship,  
of being different.  
You had that feeling  
of difference pounded into you  
when you were a child,  
and being a child you turned  
it into a feeling of guilt.  
You always had  
that guilt inside you.  
That's why it was so easy  
for you to feel guilty  
about Finch.  
You understand?  
I think so.  
Now get this straight.  
The very same people  
who make the cracks,  
who try to make you  
feel different,  
do it because down deep,  
underneath, they feel insecure  
and unhappy, too.  
They need a scapegoat,  
somebody they can despise  
so they can feel strong.  
Believe me, they need help  
as much as you do.  
Maybe more.  
Gee, Doc.  
That's why you've got  
to be cured. That's why!  
So when people make cracks,  
try to make you

feel different,  
you've a right to be angry,  
but you have no right  
to be ashamed.  
Do you hear me?

**NARRATOR:**

films of the late '40s  
seem well meaning, but naive.  
In 1950, Communist critic  
V.J. Jerome claimed  
that these films worked  
to deny the very existence  
of a Negro problem.  
He did not spare  
the work of Communist writers.  
Ben Maddow's adaptation  
of *Intruder In The Dust*  
was as pernicious  
as Faulkner's novel.  
Knock it off again, Sheriff.  
Take off his head next time.  
All right, Lucas,  
come on.

**NARRATOR:**

a proud aristocrat  
among blacks,  
living a secluded life  
on his own land,  
has been falsely accused  
of killing a white man.  
He will be rescued from  
a typically redneck lynch mob  
by a brave young boy  
and his lawyer uncle.  
According to Jerome,  
this story denies the reality  
of lynching.  
While the lynch mobs  
may be composed  
of poor whites,  
they are organized  
and protected

by the aristocrats  
who control local  
politics in the South.  
You, young man.  
Tell your uncle  
I wants to see him.  
Want to see who?  
Lawyer Stevens, John Stevens.  
Wants to see a lawyer!  
A lawyer? He ain't even going  
to need an undertaker.  
They're running away.  
It's more than that.  
No, that's all.  
There's nothing left for them  
to do but admit they're wrong.  
So they're running away.  
It's worse than that.

**CHICK:**

**JOHN:**

from themselves.  
You see, we were in trouble,  
not Lucas Beauchamp.  
It's all right, Chick.  
Is it?  
It will be all right,  
so long as some of us,  
or even so long  
as one of us,  
some one of us  
doesn't run away.

**NARRATOR:**

Jerome concluded,  
lynchings are the problem  
of a few right-thinking,  
educated, better-class whites.  
Not the Negroes'  
problem at all.  
They just get lynched.  
I thought he was all wet then.  
I still think he is all wet.

I think they are just  
cheap shots at Hollywood.  
I mean...  
And... And no recognition  
at all that in terms of  
all the films  
that had proceeded it...  
Where was there  
a proud black?  
In the time and place  
of the story,  
I wouldn't expect the hero  
to be rescued  
by the Black Panthers.  
Uh, if he wasn't going  
to be rescued by some  
uh, self-respecting whites  
with a conscience,  
then who was going  
to rescue him?  
Please, Mr. Morse,  
all I want is to quit.  
That's all, nothing else.  
They won't let me quit  
and I want to quit.  
I'll die if I don't quit.  
I'm a man with heart trouble.  
I die almost every day myself.  
That's the way I live.  
Silly habit.  
You know, sometimes  
you feel as though  
you're dying  
here  
and here,  
here.  
You're dying  
while you're breathing.  
Freddy, what have you done?  
Freddy, what have you  
done to me?  
Take it easy, Pop.  
You're coming with us, Pop.  
Come on!



Come on!  
You can't take all night.  
Stand up and walk!  
Stop him, stop him,  
he knows me.  
Kill him, kill him,  
he knows me!  
(GUNSHOT)  
(DRUNK MAN SINGING  
INDISTINCTLY)  
(SINGING CONTINUES)  
All right, reach, reach!  
C'mon, I'm not kidding you,  
let's go!  
Alright, c'mon, in the back,  
down on the floor, hurry up!  
(SCREAMS)  
This is where we hit  
the jackpot!  
Jerry, wait, Jerry!  
Jerry, what are you  
going to do?  
Jerry, don't!  
You do that again  
and I'll break you in half!  
What's the matter with you,  
anyhow? You his brother  
or something?  
Jerry, Jerry, you never said  
you were going to kill him.  
Why do you have to kill him?  
You want him to give our  
description to the cops?  
What'll they do when  
they get the chance?  
I've got more brains  
than any of 'em.  
You hear me?  
I've got more brains  
than any of ya!  
Jerry, don't!  
You can't do it,  
not just like that!  
Hey, Pop, Mom promised

me a quarter  
for the baseball game.  
Howard!  
And now she won't  
give it to me.  
I didn't hear you come in.  
How are you, darling?  
Fine.  
Can I have a quarter, Pop?  
You look tired.  
I didn't get  
much sleep last night.  
My whole club is going  
to the baseball,  
and it costs a quarter.  
All the other kids  
are going!  
Oh, they are?  
Here! Will this do it?  
Fifty cents!  
(LAUGHS)  
Howard...  
You got a job!  
You go to that ballgame,  
buy yourself a couple  
of hot dogs.  
Gee, Pop, thanks a lot.  
Bye, Mom, I'm late.  
Howard, tell me  
what happened?  
Did you go to the doctor?  
Oh, never mind about that.  
Tell me about the job.  
Oh, Judy, honey,  
you promised me.  
They've got good doctors  
at that clinic.  
They're the best in town.  
Oh, I don't really need  
a doctor yet.  
Anyhow, I knew  
you'd get a job,  
and then we could pay  
for my own doctor.

Oh, tell me what happened.  
Tell me about the job!  
There isn't any job.  
But you just gave Tommy  
a half a dollar.  
What did you do  
that for?  
'Cause I wanted to!  
You wanted to?  
Yes, I wanted to!  
My kid can go  
to a baseball game, can't he?  
Not when we owe money  
for groceries.  
Last night I needed  
50 cents more to buy eggs.  
Then we'll do without them.  
Judy, honey,  
don't pick on me now.  
I'm tired.  
I've been up all night.  
Begging for groceries,  
begging for doctors,  
is that what we came  
to California for?  
You know what we came  
to California for.  
You wanted to come  
just as much as I did.  
Can I help it if a million  
other guys had the same idea?  
Well, I wish we were  
back home.  
At least we weren't beggars.  
Oh Judy, don't cry.  
Please don't cry.  
What can I do?  
What do you  
want me to do?

**NARRATOR:**

not yet purged  
of its leftists  
might still voice certain

simple truths about crime  
that have become  
almost unthinkable today.  
That criminals are not  
always monsters  
beyond the kin  
of human understanding  
or sympathy,  
but sometimes,  
ordinary people  
with ordinary needs.  
That crime has social causes,  
the humiliations  
of unemployment, for example,  
or just plain envy.

(CAR HONKS)

In a society  
based on class divisions  
where money is the measure  
of all things  
and a mercantile approach  
to human relations  
determines even  
the language we speak.

Taxi, lady?

Where's your meter?

I'll figure out the fare  
as we go along.

You might overcharge me.

I might at that.

Hop in, honey.

Where'd you like to go?

Uh, let's go downtown.

Window shopping.

(GROANS)

How dull can you get?

Well, that's what

I want to do.

We can, uh... We can do  
something else later.

You have a deal, honey.

(ENGINE STRUGGLING)

(ENGINE STARTS)

(SIGHS)

It's still here.  
Nice lookin' coat.  
I bet they'd sock you  
at least 1,000 bucks  
for a coat like that.  
Are you kidding?  
Why, that's mink!  
It's a bargain at 2,000!  
Isn't that the most  
beautiful thing you've ever  
seen in your life?  
Well, it's not bad.  
Are you thinking I'm  
buying it?  
I want that coat  
and I'm going to get it.  
For \$2,000?  
For whatever it takes!

**NARRATOR:**

needs or real needs,  
crime might seem  
the only way.  
I know another guy  
that averages four  
or five hundred a week.  
Sometimes more.  
He'd be willing to split  
with the right partner.  
He's the guy I was thinking  
about for you.  
For me?  
All you have to do  
is drive his car.  
Think you'd be interested?  
What makes you think  
he'd want me for a partner?  
My personal recommendation.  
All you gotta do  
is drive his car.  
He does all the work.  
What kind of work?  
Well, you know,  
knock over a gas station,

maybe a hamburger joint,  
a liquor store.  
Nothing risky.  
Oh, no, no.  
Oh, wait a minute.  
Jerry, I didn't know  
that you were talking  
about that kind of work.  
Why, is something wrong?  
Well, I've done a lot  
of things in my time, but...  
Suit yourself.  
Just trying to get  
you a break.  
You asked me, didn't you?  
Well, yes, I asked you,  
but I...  
But what?  
Anybody else make you  
any better offer lately?  
You guys kill me.  
They kick you in the teeth,  
the more they kick you  
the better you like it.  
What are you  
looking for? Handouts?  
Here, there's 10 bucks! Live!  
Don't get sore,  
Jerry, I...  
Who's sore?  
I feel sorry for you!  
Go tell your troubles  
to the First National Bank.  
They'll listen to you.  
They've got a special  
tough luck department.  
Go on, take the 10 bucks  
and get out of here.  
Jerry?  
Yeah?  
Who's your friend?  
Who do you think?

**NARRATOR:**

had often been  
a privileged genre  
for social commentary,  
from both left and right.  
The right portrayed crime  
as a symptom  
of social disintegration.  
The left presented it  
as a form of  
capitalist accumulation.

(CHATTER ON POLICE RADIO)

By the late '40s,  
the Hollywood left  
had developed  
a sophisticated critique  
of criminal economy  
and the class relations  
it produced.

On the bottom  
were the unskilled workers,  
the desperate ones for whom  
even crime would not  
be a way out.

To get ahead, the proletarian  
criminal had to develop  
a skill  
and he had  
to sell himself.

What boxes  
have you opened?  
Cannon vault, double door,  
even a few fire chests.  
All of 'em.

Can you open a vault  
with a time lock  
and relocking device?

Sure.

What do you use?

Lock or seam?

Seam.

Ever taken one?

Remember the Shafter job?

Yes, I heard about it,  
behind the walls.

It was a good score.  
Who supplies  
your soup?  
I thrash it myself.  
How are you as a pick lock?  
I can open anything  
in four minutes.  
He'll do.  
You're in.  
Not so fast.  
What's the cut?  
No cut.  
You get a flat guarantee.  
I want 30,000.  
Thirty thousand?  
Now, now, Louie...  
Twenty-five  
is what we figured.  
All right, 15 down.  
Ten down.  
Fifteen is satisfactory,  
I think.  
There's your paymaster.  
What are you sweating for?  
Money, it makes me sweat.  
That's all. It's the way I am.  
It's going to take a lot  
to blow this baby.  
Here goes.

**NARRATOR:**

might show how a safe  
is cracked,  
but not how it is filled.  
That required a move  
from the workplace  
to the back rooms  
where the financiers  
and the takeover artists  
did their work.  
What corporation, Tucker?  
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)  
Come in.  
I've got the tickets



for the winners, Mr. Morse.  
And what does this corporation  
expect from me, brother Joe?  
In return for  
the organization...  
I have no secrets from Doris.  
If you want to talk, talk.  
If not, go.  
In return for  
the organization's service,  
in return for taking you  
into the combination,  
the corporation gets  
two-thirds of the profits  
and you get one third.  
But on the other hand...  
Two thirds for Tucker,  
brother Joe,  
and one third for me,  
for my own business?  
Do you know  
what this is, Joe? Blackmail!  
That's what it is. Blackmail!  
My own brother  
blackmailing me!  
You're crazy,  
you're absolutely crazy, mad!  
You're not listening to me!  
I don't want it.  
You know why  
you don't want it?  
I'll tell you why.  
Because you're a small man.  
Because if it is  
a small thing,  
you're a tiger.  
You're a tiger!  
But if it's a big thing,  
you shout and yell  
and call me names!  
Oh, no, a million dollars  
for Leo! Oh, no, must be  
the wrong address.  
It must be somebody

next door!  
The answer is no.  
You understand your no  
won't stop the merging  
of these banks.  
Yours included.  
Leo, Leo, this is your chance.  
The one I got for you.  
You take your chance, Joe,  
and get out of here.  
I'm an honest man here,  
not a gangster  
with that gangster Tucker!  
Are you telling me,  
a corporation lawyer,  
that you're running  
a legitimate business here?  
What do you call this?  
Payoffs for gambling,  
an illegal lottery policy?  
Violation 974,  
the penal code, policy!  
The numbers racket!  
I do my business  
honest and respectable.  
Honest? Respectable?  
Don't you take the nickels  
and dimes and pennies  
from people who bet  
just like every other crook  
big or little in this racket?  
They call this racket policy  
because people bet  
their nickels on numbers  
instead of paying their  
weekly insurance premium.  
That's why. Policy!  
That's what it is  
and that's what it's called.  
And Tucker wants to make  
millions and you want  
to make thousands  
and you, you do it  
for \$35 a week.

But it's all the same,  
all policy!  
He tries to make  
his brother rich,  
he kills him.  
He tries to make  
the young lady happy,  
he makes her unhappy.  
Whatever he tries to do  
is wrong,  
because it has to be wrong,  
'cause the situation is such  
that whatever you do is wrong.  
All films about crime  
are about capitalism.  
'Cause capitalism  
is about crime.  
Uh, I mean, quote un-quote,  
morally speaking.  
At least that's what  
I used to think.  
Now I'm convinced.  
(CHUCKLES)

**NARRATOR:**

Communist movement  
may have been  
out of tune and out of touch  
in the late '40s.  
But no one in Hollywood  
felt the need to work out  
a serious critique.  
The simplest accusations  
were enough.  
International Communism  
demanded war.  
War is part of the process  
leading toward the general  
upheaval throughout the world  
that will result  
in the establishment  
of world Communism.

**NARRATOR:**

betrayed the workers to serve  
their own obscure purposes.  
Those are the orders  
I received tonight to be  
carried out without fail.  
The waterfront is to be shut  
down from May the 18th  
for at least 60 days.  
Therefore, no new contract  
is to be signed between  
the union and the owners.  
But Collins and Travis  
can close a deal  
on their own right now.  
I'll take care of Collins.  
Travis is your assignment.  
But the union's solid  
behind them!  
Of course it is.  
If it wasn't,  
I wouldn't need you.  
Have your key cells  
make demands that are bound  
to be refused.  
Start a whispering campaign.  
Accuse the owners  
of bad faith.  
Accuse Jim Travis of being  
a company stooge.  
You know  
the techniques.  
Use 'em.

**NARRATOR:**

the methods of the meanest  
B-movie gangsters.  
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)  
I don't care what you were  
told, Mr. Vanning...  
Collins.  
It's not true!  
Someone made a mistake  
when they told you.  
The mistake was yours,

in being seen coming  
out of the FBI office.  
I told ya,  
I don't even know  
where the office is!  
I may have just passed there  
when I was in  
the neighborhood.  
Then how do you account  
for Drobny's being picked up  
the next day?  
You were his  
only contact.  
Maybe they trailed him  
from Los Angeles.  
Yeah, maybe.  
Maybe he got drunk and talked  
too much. I don't know.  
Yes...  
I tell ya, I don't know  
anything about...  
Strange, isn't it?  
How a man will try to turn  
against his friends  
and believe he can get  
away with it?  
Take him out.  
Mr. Vanning, I tell you,  
this is a mistake.  
I've always been  
absolutely loyal.  
If you'd only give me  
a chance to explain  
this thing to ya.  
This is all  
a misunderstanding,  
like I told him.  
Let me talk to you.  
Please, let me talk to you.  
Don't, oh, God.  
Don't. Please don't.  
Okay.  
Don't! Don't! No!  
No! No! No!

(GASPING FOR AIR)

**NARRATOR:**

themes lay a fear  
of independent women  
for which the term misogyny  
is woefully inadequate.  
There was no question who held  
the door to the Iron Curtain.  
Listen, and try  
to understand.  
I hate everything about you,  
from your  
double-breasted suits  
to your smooth,  
arrogant faces.  
You're nothing but a bunch  
of pussy-footing,  
well-paid gangsters!  
Mrs. Welbome,  
who is the leader  
of your section?  
I am!  
There is only  
one kind of truth.  
That is the Communist Party  
truth as seen by Marx,  
Lenin and Stalin.  
But they wanna... They want to  
overthrow all governments.  
Even the American government.  
By force and violence.  
Then we'll overthrow it  
by force and violence.  
We'll have our way  
if it means bloodshed  
and terror!  
If we have to liquidate  
a million milksops like you!  
(CROWD DISCUSSES)

**NARRATOR:**

was the new enemy,  
the informer

was the new hero.  
Elia Kazan and Budd Shulberg,  
both friendly witnesses,  
tried to reverse the dilemma  
of Hollywood's leftists.  
On the waterfront,  
it was easy to keep silent.  
It took courage  
to name names.  
Now listen, you know  
who the pistols are.  
Are you going to keep still  
until they cut you down  
one by one?  
Are you?  
Hey, Dugan, Dugan,  
how about you?  
One thing you've got  
to understand, Father,  
on the dock we've always  
been "D and D."  
"D and D," what's that?  
Deaf and dumb.  
No matter how much we hate  
the torpedoes, we don't rat.  
Rat?  
Boys, get smart.  
I know you're getting  
pushed around,  
but there's one thing  
we've got in this country  
and that's ways  
of fighting back.  
Now, getting the facts  
to the public, testifying  
for what you know is right  
against what  
you know is wrong.  
Now, what's ratting to them  
is telling the truth for you.  
Now can't you  
see that?  
Can't you see that? Huh?  
I think there were people

who really believed  
that what they were  
doing was right.  
Not many of them, but I think  
there were one of two  
who really believed that.  
I knew several who,  
afterward, said to me,  
"This is the worst thing  
I've ever done,  
"I...  
"I am filled with guilt,  
"I regret it,"  
and things of that nature,  
have said that to me.  
The thing that is hard  
to do is how you measure fear  
and someone who had  
terrible fear,  
and there were... There were  
people who felt,  
not only they would  
never work again,  
that they might be  
in concentration camps.  
There actually were  
such people.  
And I never believed  
that I would be in  
a concentration camp.  
I thought I would  
have a lot of trouble working.  
You know, if you're going  
to be sentenced to death,  
that's something else.

**NARRATOR:**

Communist Party was dealt  
a death blow by  
the orchestrated hysteria  
of the '40s and '50s.  
To all intents  
and purposes outlawed,  
it found itself



increasingly estranged  
from ordinary workers.  
What's the old lady  
and kid do, spend the whole  
day in church?

**NARRATOR:**

films to emerge  
from Red Hollywood evokes  
this historic defeat.  
Well, where are they?  
Usually they'd be home  
by now.  
Today, I don't believe  
they'll be in such a hurry.

**MAN ON RADIO:**

we present Reverend  
Charles Collins...

**NARRATOR:**

the run takes refuge  
with a working class family.  
But the solidarity,  
once taken for granted  
between guys who  
get up early,  
was dead and buried now.  
What's that church stuff  
do for you anyway?  
What's it get you?  
Well, for one thing it makes  
a man understand  
the nature of love.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
The faith that there's someone  
else that's more important  
to you than yourself.  
What's a holy joe like you  
get out of life?  
What do you want out of life?  
To be left alone, to work,  
to be left alone.

**NARRATOR:**

was a literal death for some.  
Like the black actor,  
Canada Lee,  
who played the noble, doomed,  
ex-champ Ben in Body and Soul.  
I'm telling you,  
start running!  
You don't tell me  
how to live!  
No, but I'll tell you  
how to die.  
You...  
Get this crazy punch-drunk  
fool out of here!  
Take it easy, Charley.  
Come on,  
I don't scare anymore.  
I'm the champ!  
(THUDS)

**NARRATOR:**

Canada Lee was alone  
and penniless.  
He died of a heart attack  
at age 45.  
Still thinking  
about Ben, Charley?  
Everybody dies.  
Ben, Shorty, even you.  
What's the point?  
No point. That's life.  
Everything is addition  
or subtraction.  
The rest is conversation.

**NARRATOR:**

was an axiom  
of left-wing films  
from the late '30s to 1951,  
both as an actor  
and as a producer.  
He Ran All the Way

would serve as his epitaph.  
In real life, he was just  
as desperate as the character  
he played in the film.

No, please.

Give me a break!

(GUN FIRES)

(GRUNTS)

(GLASS SHATTERS)

**NARRATOR:**

before the House Committee  
on Un-American Activities,  
he tried to save his career  
without sacrificing his honor.

The inquisitors  
didn't believe his testimony  
and they demanded  
another crack at him.

Some of his friends  
said he was ready  
to name names.

But his heart  
wouldn't let him.

It stopped first.

He died of a heart attack  
on May 21st, 1952,  
just a few weeks  
after the death of Canada Lee.

He was 39.

He was very brave.

Any man who says  
to that committee,

"I've never met  
a Communist in my life,"

who was a member  
of the group theater  
and his wife

was a member of the party,  
although he wasn't.

I had met at least  
one Communist  
in his life, right?

And... And so...

But that was very brave  
of him.  
And I thought it was extremely  
courageous that he took  
the position he took.  
Other than he condemned  
Communism, why not?  
Uh, and things like that.  
But he wasn't a Communist.  
So, why shouldn't he  
condemn Communism,  
uh, which was condemnable  
in many respects.  
But he... But he took  
the street position.  
You never snitch  
and you don't talk.  
And he didn't.  
And it caused his ruin.  
"I've been to prison  
for a little while.  
"Indians don't last in prison.  
"They weren't born for it  
like the whites.  
"What did I do that I should  
die in a white man's prison?"  
Oh, the press hated that.  
They thought it was  
too philosophical  
for an Indian to say.  
I'm telling you.  
"Are you going to kill them?"  
"If I have to."  
"What do you mean,  
'If I have to?'"  
"I mean, if they keep coming."  
"But they're white, Willie,  
they'll chase you forever!"  
"How long is that?"  
"Less than you think."  
"It's crazy, Willie.  
You can't beat them, never."  
"Maybe, but they'll know  
I was here."

I've been to prison  
for a little while.  
I got drunk in San Bernardino.  
They put me  
in a cell for 30 days.  
A little place no bigger  
than a coyote cave.  
My number was 273  
on the picture they took.  
I don't want you  
to go to jail, Willie.  
They fed me out of a pan,  
like a house dog.  
Day and night,  
I thought of these mountains  
here, and you.  
Indians don't last  
in prison.  
They weren't born for it  
like the whites.  
What did I do that I should  
die in a white man's prison?  
You tell me!  
What did any of us do?  
What was wrong with us?  
Nothing.  
Nothing. Just the color.  
Willie, are you going  
to kill them?  
If I have to.  
What do you mean,  
if you have to?  
I mean, if they keep coming.  
But they're white, Willie,  
they'll chase you forever!  
How long is that?  
Less than you think.  
It's crazy, Willie.  
You can't win.  
You can't beat them. Never!  
Maybe... Maybe...  
Oh!  
But they'll know  
I was here.

After all, politics  
is justified only by success.  
Although the only battles  
worth fighting are the ones  
for lost causes.