

NOTES FOR STUDY OF 'ON THE WATERFRONT'

It's possible that students can study what we have been calling 'film grammar' by close and detailed examination of any reasonably 'well made' narrative/dramatic feature.

(There is a story that Orson Welles, when he first arrived in Hollywood, under contract to direct his first feature film, asked to have put at his disposal a projection room in which he could analyse features from which he could learn film craft. He booked the room for a week and asked for a print of John Ford's classic Western 'Stagecoach'. When he ran it on a Monday morning they asked him what he wanted to see in the afternoon. He said 'Stagecoach' - and then ran it twice a day for the rest of that week. The interesting thing in this story, to my mind, is that though it's plain that Orson learned an enormous amount, when he presently came to direct his own first movie - at the remarkable age of twenty-six - it was brilliantly unlike John Ford's film)

Another point worth keeping in mind is that, when exploring craft at this level, you may well have to go beyond the stage of 'enjoying it for its own sake.' It may take repeated viewings, during which the initial pleasure of the work have to be 'forgotten', before you can grasp the detail.

I say this partly as warning that you should not assume that movies that I choose for analysis are picked for aesthetic value. Or because they are 'favorites' of mine or anyone elses. In many cases, the chief reason for selecting them originally was because they were available for purchase in Cal Arts Film Library, so that I could do a lot of work, making these 'thumbnail' illustrations for 'handouts'. And, having made the handouts, I kept using the same examples. Another reason is when, as in this case, we were able to acquire drafts of the screenplay as well as other 'source material', in this case, the version written by Budd Schulberg as a novel.

So I am not in any way recommending to you that, when you want to develop a subject as a 'student thesis', you should regard 'On the Waterfront' as an ideal model.

ON THE WATERFRONT

As writers use language differently, so movie directors will develop recognisable personal mannerisms in their use of the language of the cinema. Hemingway does not write like Henry James, so John Ford will design 'camera coverage' rather differently to Alfred Hitchcock, Orson Welles does not work like Fellini and so on.

This may be partly a matter of personal approach. It is noticeable that directors may repeat certain bits of 'film grammar' in a number of their films. But it is just as likely that, given different circumstances, working of different story material or with actors of different temperament and experience, the sensitive director will adjust his method of staging a scene and arranging what the French critics call the 'decoupage' - a useful word for which there is no really good equivalent in English (it means the 'breakdown' of the scene into camera setups designed for effective editing).

Eli Kazan (like Orson Welles) came to directing for the screen after he had worked very successfully on the Broadway stage. Originally an actor himself as a member of 'the Group Theater' from which emerged many fine actors as well as playwrights, Kazan was well known for his handling of performers. Plainly, he had enormous respect for the actor's contribution - a sensitivity that all too many movie directors do not possess - and his filmcraft reflects this.

Much of his work is 'theatrical' in the best sense of that term. Scenes have a vitality and pace that is rooted in the energy of the actor's playing, the 'flow' of their interaction in camera angles where their movements are 'blocked' in relation to each other and to the lens. This comes, obviously, from his years of experience working on the stage.

'Blocking' for theater is not quite the same as for the camera. On the other hand, expertise in the 'choreography of actor's moves, turns 'upstage' or 'downstage', and particularly the timing of such stage 'business' can be an enormous asset in the playing of a scene and is really not all that hard to adapt to the needs of the film or video camera. It is the need to develop these skills, incidentally, which prompts me to advise all would-be directors to get some elementary training in acting - not because the director needs to be a good actor, with all of the gifts necessary, but because it is essential that the director have the impulses of the actor. In practice, a director with understanding of the actor's mentality will try very hard not to 'show the actor how to move', as he will avoid trying to demonstrate 'how to read a line' - but, though they may be at some pains not to make it obvious, the design of setting, whether location or studio set, and the disposition of the 'props' and furniture are things that determine the blocking first of the

actor's

actors and then the camera set-ups in relation to the actor's moves.

This is done in rehearsal.

The question of just what happens between the director and the actors, between the camera crew and the director during the rehearsal period is one that is both controversial and in some ways also unanswerable - again because no two directors will work to the same formulas and may not even work in the same way when circumstances are not the same. To make it even more difficult to explain, the truth may be that even the director himself or herself may not be able to analyse very clearly any 'system' in the process. It's much more likely to be an 'intuitive' process than a logical one. So any opinions that I offer can be only personal.

It's my perception that the most important of the 'rehearsals' is the one that a director is apt to do all on his own.

The earliest stage is when there is no set, no location. Only the script. But there will often be considerable overlap: the search for locations and the first sketches for any sets, sometimes are going on when the screenplay is still 'in process'. This has considerable advantages. It means, for example, that ideas that derive from the visual aspects of environment may stimulate the work of the screenwriter.

(NOTE: here and elsewhere, I'm apt to talk as if the writer and the director were two quite separate people, sharply distinguished in their function. In 'the profession', they often are. This is no doubt for industrial rather than aesthetic reasons. However, in the situations which are to be preferred, the director and the writer (sometimes writers) collaborate with such intensity that it is impossible finally to distinguish their functions. Paradoxically, in the student's situation, where students are so anxious to be 'hyphenates', writer/directors, it is also desirable that even while they are done by the same person, they are imagined as two sharply distinct steps of a continuously evolving process.

One thing that makes 'On the Waterfront' a good model for study, I suspect, is that Kazan and Schulberg seem to have achieved a very good working relationship)

- (1) The original screenplay starts with a similar establishing longshot of the docksides and the hut on the floating wharf which is later explained to be the headquarters of the Longshoreman's local. But rather the skyline of Manhattan across the river, the director uses the large ocean-going liner, an effective contrast with the squalor of the docksides in foreground.

In the script, also, it is only TERRY who is seen to emerge from the hut. In the film, Kazan uses the opening image to introduce, if only in a longshot, the character of JOHNNY FRIENDLY, followed by two of his hoodlums, (TULLIO and TRUCK).

- (2) The closer angle introduces two more figure who are waiting beside big sedan cars at the top of the gangplank(BIG MAC and a DRIVER). This at once establishes that FRIENDLY is a person of significance. And FRIENDLY's gesture to TERRY, along with the line, establish immediately that that something is afoot.

- (2a) TERRY walks up from a longshot into a medium shot size and camera pans to center on him. It may be interesting to note that this is virtually an obligatory method of signalling that here is the Protagonist. In theatrical parlance, it represents the 'upstage center' entrance - and the screensize as he comes up towards camera emphasises his importance over all of the others. It is already 'Terry's story'.

- 3) The script suggests several angles of Terry's walk through the docks. The film moves faster, directly to the high angle longshot that is one of the three setups in the sequence that follows.

DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION

ON THE WATERFRONT

MAIN CHARACTERS

TERRY MALLOY a waterfront hanger on in his late twenties, he was once a promising fighter, a contender for a championship title. He works as a docker and is a protegee of Johnny Friendly.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY boss of the Longshoreman's Union and organizer of a number of rackets associated with the Union. He has recently been the target of a Crime Commission which is investigating corruption, petty theft, extortion, intimidation, and also some incidences of murder on the part of the thugs that hold office in the Union.

"CHARLIE THE GREAT" Charlie Malloy, Terry's older brother. A snappy dresser who, on the basis of some college attendance acts as advisor to Friendly. He is deeply attached to his brother and as the tension develops, torn between a protective feeling for Terry and his allegiance to the Union mobsters.

EDIE DOYLE sister of Joey Doyle, the young man who is killed in the first scene of the film. Raised by her widower father and her brother, she has been brought up by Catholic sisters and is planning to become a teacher when she gets caught up in the struggle to identify the men who murdered her brother.

'POP' DOYLE Edie's father. An old man who has been a docker all of his life. Embittered, he has come to accept the inevitability of the Union corruption and shares with the other dockers the code

'POP' DOYLE
CONTINUED

FATHER BARRY

BIG MAC

J.P. MORGAN

SKINS

JOCKO

TRUCK AND SONNY

OTHER DOCKERS

"KAYO" MAN

MOOSE

LUKE

TOMMY COLLINS

MRS. COLLINS

of "D and D", the rule that one remains deaf and dumb when interrogated by the cops. That his surviving child, Edie, will escape from the squalor of the docks is his last remaining hope.

a Catholic priest. New to the docks, he is appalled at the rackets, and is disturbed by Edie's challenge to him, recognizing that though it is certain to put him in conflict with his religious colleagues and his superior, he cannot remain uninvolved.

the hiring boss, close associate of Johnny Friendly and accomplice in the protection rackets.

a loan shark who charges extortionate interest rates and depends on Big Mac who blackmails the Longshoremen to take out loans through his hiring procedures.

a runner for the mob who disposes of pilfered goods.

barman at the tavern owned by Johnny Friendly and used as headquarters of the mob.

two 'enforcers'; working for Johnny Friendly.

a balding Longshoreman with more guts than most.

another Longshoreman.

a giant negro docker.

a young docker, once a friend of Joey Doyle.

Tommy's mother.

ON THE WATERFRONT

Step Outline

1) EXT. DOCKS.

In background, a huge ocean-going ship. In middle distance, the small wharf and the wooden hut, the "Hoboken Yacht Club" that is headquarters of the Docker's Union. A small group of men come up the gangplank (John Friendly, Terry Malloy and two of Friendly's henchmen). On the dockside, another man ('Big Mac') moves to open the door of a big sedan as the MAN in the Homburg (Friendly) slaps the shoulder of a younger man in a plaid lumber jacket (Terry) as if sending him on an errand.

2) EXT. TENEMENTS.

TERRY arrives at the rear of a big block of working man's apartments, calls out the name of "Joey! Joey Doyle!" When a silhouetted figure appears in a window, TERRY produces from underneath his lumber jacket a bird, a pigeon. It flew into Terry's coop: does it belong to Joey. Joey says it must be one of his that he lost in the last race. When TERRY invites JOEY to come down to accept the bird, JOEY seems hesitant, "I got to watch myseelf these days. You know what I mean?". TERRY suggests that he can meet JOEY up on the roof. JOEY agrees, disappears inside.

Camera pans up from the window to the skyline of the rooftop. Two men are seen there. Noting them, TERRY releases the pigeon which flies away...

3) EXT. JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S SALOON

Outside the Saloon, under the illuminated sign of the name of the owner, TERRY joins three other men. One is a smartly dressed figure in a camel hair overcoat, snap brim hat and gloves, Terry's brother CHARLIE. The other two are thuggish types ('Truck' and 'Specs?').

TERRY reports to CHARLIE that 'it worked': Joey is up on the roof...

4) CUTAWAY TO THE TENEMENT.

A horrendous cry echoes as the body of a man is thrown off the roof, falling to the paved yards below. Lights begin to go on in the tenement, figures appearing at lighted windows...

5) RESUME EXT. JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S SALOON.

'Somebody fell off the roof', comments TRUCK and laughs. Only TERRY seems to be unprepared. He accuses CHARLIE, "You said they was only going to talk to him...get him to dummy up!" "Maybe he gave them an argument", comments CHARLIE. The other two men agree, Joey has been giving the boss a lot of trouble lately. Joey thought he was gonna sing for the Crime Commission. Now he won't. TRUCK makes a joke, "Maybe he could sing but he couldn't fly!" As the two thugs move inside the Saloon, TERRY is left with CHARLIE. TERRY is clearly very shaken, "He wasn't such a bad little fella, that Joey". Aware that his brother is disturbed, CHARLIE

On the Waterfront (continued)

invites TERRY to follow them, CHARLIE will buy him a drink. TERRY declines.

6) EXT. THE YARDS BEHIND THE TENEMENT

A small crowd has gathered to watch the Ambulance men who are preparing to remove the corpse. Among them a POLICE SERGEANT identifies a tragic looking figure, POP DOYLE, father of the dead boy, invites him to comment. His son seems to have fallen off the roof backwards - like he was pushed. Does the father have any ideas. Angry, POP shakes his head. An elderly woman, MRS COLLINS is more forthcoming, "Same thing they did to my Andy five years ago." Joey, she declares, was the one longshoreman with guts enough to talk to them Crime investigators, everybody knows that. POP DOYLE turns on her savagely and tells her to shut up. Other dockers move in on the cop, telling him not to bother the bereaved father. But when the cop has retired, they commiserate with POP. 'MOOSE', DUGAN and LUKE agreed on the code of the Dockers, don't ask no questions - don't answer no questions. Stay 'D and D - deaf and dumb - as far as the cops are concerned.

A PRIEST and a YOUNG GIRL are bent over the body that has been covered temporarily with newspapers. FATHER BARRY is trying to comfort EDIE DOYLE who is hysterical, screaming, "I want to know who killed my brother!" Emotionally, FATHER BARRY pleads with her to remember "...time and faith." But the girl turns on him fiercely, insisting that he is involved, "Don't you see, don't you SEE. You're in this too, Father!" FATHER BARRY, shaken, promises her that he'll be in the church if she needs him. "In the church when you need me!" jeers the girl, "Was there ever a Saint who hid in the Church?"

7) EXT. JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S SALOON.

TERRY is still outside as BIG MAC hurries past him, on his way into the bar...

8) INT. SALOON. BACK ROOM.

At the rear of the bar, separated from the outer saloon by double doors, is a poolroom. This is the general meeting place of the mob that runs the Docker's Union and where its 'president', Johnny Friendly holds court. A representative group are in attendance,...

As BIG MAC appears, FRIENDLY is magnanimously telling the BARMAN to allow 'Paco', a drunk, to have another drink 'on the cuff'. As BIG MAC delivers a fat bundle of dollar bills to the boss, Friendly is moving to a television set which is broadcasting a prize fight. BIG MAC is explaining the 'cut from the shapeup'. Eight hundred and ninety one men at three bucks a head makes two thousand six hundred and seventy three..." FRIENDLY seems more interested in the TV, turning it off contemptuously as he comments that none of the fighters are tough any more. BIG MAC also reports that there is a banana boat due in and that it has been suggested that the dockers ask a fee for unloading since "them bananas go bad in a hurry." FRIENDLY approves the suggestion, recommends asking a higher figure.

As he turns back into the room, FRIENDLY notes that TERRY has entered. FRIENDLY seems pleased to see him, greeting the young man with some horseplay, mock fighting. Handing TERRY the bundle of money received from Big Mac, FRIENDLY tells TERRY to count it while FRIENDLY calls for his 'big banker'. A little weasel of a man, nicknamed 'J.P.' because his name is MORGAN appears at once: obviously a loan shark, 'J.P.' reports on his business. He's having trouble with one of the dockers who refuses to take out any loans because BIG MAC puts him to work any way. BIG MAC admits this but protests, "He's my wife's nephew...I got to give him work. She's murda me!" FRIENDLY is tolerant, amused, turning his attention to another member of the organization, a small dapper man smoking a cigar, 'SKINS' who also offers his report on some pilfered sheet metal. It was easy: the checker faked a receipt - SKINS offers it to FRIENDLY. "Stow the receipt," says FRIENDLY, "I'll take the cash." SKINS produces another roll of money, "Forty five bills", he explains. FRIENDLY takes it, passes it to TERRY, "Here, you count it. It's good for you. Develops your mind."

"What mind?", comments BIG MAC. The only arithmetic Terry ever learned, he suggests, was hearing the referee count up to ten. TERRY turns slowly on BIG MAC and seems about to vent his feelings of resentment on him. But FRIENDLY intervenes, recognizing the real motivation behind Terry's bad humour. He appeals to CHARLIE, "What gives with our boy tonight, Charley? He ain't himself."

As if ignoring the presence of Terry, CHARLIE says, "The Joey Doyle thing. You know how he is. Things like that - he exaggerates them." CHARLIE taps the side of his head, "Too much Marquis of Queensbury. It softens 'em up"

TERRY has lost count of the money so CHARLIE takes the roll of bills from him. FRIENDLY seems to show sympathy for TERRY as he explains. "Listen, kid, I'm a soft touch too. Ask any rummy on the dock if I'm not good for a fin any time they put the arm on me." Then, with growing harshness, he explains. "But my old lady raised us ten kids on a stinkin' watchman's pension. When I was sixteen I had to beg for work in the hold. I didn't work my way up out of there for nuthin'... Takin' over this local, you know, it took a little doin'. Some pretty tough fellas were in the way..." FRIENDLY pulls at the collar of his shirt to expose a scar on his neck, "They left me this to remember them by"

Swiftly, in support of the boss and as warning to his brother, CHARLIE confirms the story: Friendly had to keep his hand over his throat to keep from bleeding to death - and still he went after his attackers. FRIENDLY returns to his sympathetic manner as he continues to TERRY, "I know what's eatin' you, kid. But I got two thousand dues-payin' members in this local - that's seventy two thousand a year legitimate! And when each one of 'em puts in a couple of bucks a day to make sure they work steady - well, you figure it out. And that's just for openers. We got the fattest piers in the fattest harbour in the world. Everything that moves in and out - we take our cut."

CHARLIE confirms again, "Why shouldn't we? If we c'n get it we're entitled to it." FRIENDLY goes on, challenging TERRY

to disagree, " You don't suppose I c'n afford to be boxed out of a deal like this, do you? - a deal I sweated and bled for - on account of one lousy little cheese-eater, that Doyle bum, who thought he c'd go squealin' to the Crime Commision? Do you?"

FRIENDLY, walking away, gets no answer from TERRY. After a moment, he becomes aware of this and turns back to repeat with savagery, "Do you?"

TERRY is quiet, but not intimidated. Incoherently, he tries to make his point, " Well, no, Johnny, I just figgered I should've been told if -"

Swiftly, CHARLIE interrupts, holding up the bundle of money he has been counting, "I make it twenty six twenty three." He turns towards SKINS, "You're fifty short, Skins."

FRIENDLY switches his aggression to SKINS, advancing on the little man, slapping the cigar out of his mouth, seizing him by his lapels as he wrenches open his coat, searches and finds the money that he has withheld. While the group watch in awe, FRIENDLY beats up the little man, shouting after him as he scrambles to escape, " You come from Green Point? Go back to Green Point. You don't work here no more!"

His rage appeased, FRIENDLY offers the money taken from Skins to TERRY, 'a little present from your Uncle Johnny', ignoring TERRY efforts to refuse the gift as he instructs BIG MAC to see that tomorrow morning in the shapeup, Terry is to be put in the loft. "Nice easy work. Check in and goof off on the coffee bags."

TERRY has been silenced. Still unhappy but mollified, he makes his way to the outer bar. CHARLIE, uneasy, watches him go and calls after him, "Hey, you got a real friend here. Don't you forget it."

FRIENDLY is already summoning the members of his organization to group round the pool table at which the money is now dealt out to them, "C'mon! Pay day!"

9) EXTERIOR TENEMENT ROOFTOP. EARLY MORNING

On the flat top of the apartment buildings, overlooking a vista of the harbour and the docks in the background, are some pigeon coops of wire netting. In these are the racing birds that TERRY raises as a hobby. A group of two or three teenage boys, wearing jackets with the name of their Club, 'The Golden Warriors', join him there. One of them, a freckle faced kid of fourteen, is JIMMY, obviously a fan of TERRY's. He is surprised to find TERRY up so early. TERRY is still in an unhappy mood, contemplating the birds, " They got it made. Eat all day - fly around like crazy - sleep side by side - and raise gobs of squads..."

From the docks in the distance comes the sound of the whistle of a ship's siren. TERRY reacts: time for him to get to work...

10) EXT. DOCKSIDE.

About three hundred dockers are collected for the morning's

'shape up', the ritual in which BIG MAC selects the stevedores needed for the days work. POP DOYLE appears, carrying a windbreaker jacket that used to belong to his son. The other dockers urge POP to take the day off, 'the lads who get work today'll be chippin' in gladly,' But POP declines their charity, 'Who do you think's gonna pay for the funeral - Johnny Friendly.' He offers the windbreaker to 'KAYO' NOLAN (? Duggan) whose present jacket is 'more full of holes than the Pittsburgh infield.' NOLAN accepts as the group is joined by 'J.P.' MORGAN. The loan shark suggests that POP may need to borrow money, but, when POP refuses, is generous to promise that he'll see that the old man works anyway.

NOLAN, angered at this, seems ready to slug MORGAN who retreats, secure in the knowledge that the Union thugs are nearby, ready to defend him. 'When I'm dead and gone you'll know what a friend I was,' he declares. 'Drop dead now,' suggests NOLAN, 'so we can test your theory.'

Two MEN in business suits have appeared, approaching a group which includes TERRY. 'Do any of you know Terry Malloy?' A couple of dockers assure the strangers that they have never heard of him, but one of the men, GLOVER, recognizes him, 'You're Terry Malloy, aren't you?' TERRY is cautious, 'What about it?' GLOVER explains that he has seen Terry a couple of years ago when he was a fighter, then produces a wallet to identify himself: he and his colleague are investigators on behalf of the Commission that will be holding public hearings on waterfront crime and the underworld infiltration of the longshore unions. There is a rumor that Terry was one of the last people to see Joey Doyle alive.

TERRY is at once defensive, 'I don't know nothing.' The second detective, GILLETTE, reminds him that he hasn't heard the questions yet; he isn't accused of anything. The detectives retire, promising that they will see him again. 'Never will be much too soon,' comments TERRY. And, when they have gone, he protests his anger, 'How do you like them jokers? Taking me for a pigeon.'

BIG MAC blows his whistle to assemble the crowd. Another newcomer is FATHER BARRY who recognizes EDIE DOYLE and approaches her. EDIE apologizes for speaking out of turn last night. FATHER BARRY, accepting the apology, suggests, 'You think I'm just a gravy-train rider in a turned-around collar?' When she doesn't answer, the priest congratulates her, 'I see the sisters taught you not to lie.' Hesitant, he admits that he has been thinking about what she said and has come to the conclusion that she is right. That's why he has come down to the docks to see for himself.

BIG MAC stands in the big open doorway that is the entrance to the loading bays, reading names from a list and handing out brass tags that represent a day's employment. TERRY is an early choice. As BIG MAC comes near the bottom of his list, the crowd presses closer, appealing to him. 'Give me a break, Mac. I been two weeks out of work.' And, 'I got

five kids. I need a day bad.' Their mood is getting ugly. BIG MAC sensing violence calls on the two Union thugs, SONNY and TRUCK. Then as he backs away from the mob, throws the remaining handful of tags over the heads of the men who turn and begin a scramble to grab them from the ground.

It is a scene of humiliation. POP sees a tag on the ground and is going for it when another man, younger and bigger, thrusts him out of the way.

FATHER BARRY and EDIE watch in dismay and anguish. While her father is struggling with his rival, EDIE dashes into the niche to seize the tag. But she is beaten to it by TERRY. 'Give me that!' she shrieks, 'It belongs to Pop. He saw it first!' She flies at TERRY, trying to snatch it from him.

TERRY is amused at her anger and is teasing her when one of his companions identifies her as Pop's daughter. 'Joey Doyle's sister...?' For the benefit of his pals, he surrenders the tag to the girl, 'Here you go, muscles. Nice wrastlin' with you.'

As EDIE returns to her father who is with the priest, POP DOYLE hesitates before accepting it, turning to FATHER BARRY, 'I'm surprised with you, Father, if you don't mind my saying so. Lettin' her see things that ain't fit for the eyes of a decent girl.'

The DOCKERS have now started filing in to the entrance to the sheds. At least a hundred men who have been rejected linger in resentful silence.

FATHER BARRY approaches a group. 'What do you do now?' Come back tomorrow, they explain. The priest is appalled, 'Is this what you do? Just take it like this?' While they explain their grievances to him, the two hoodlums, SONNY and TRUCK, move in to disperse the remaining knots of men and SONNY manhandles FATHER BARRY before recognizing him and apologizing. As the thugs move away, MOOSE explains to the priest: this is how it has been since Johnny Friendly and his cowboys took over. There's no place where it's even safe to talk.

FATHER BARRY reacts without hesitation, 'Use the church.' They stare at him. 'You know what you're letting yourself in for, Father,' asks MOOSE. FATHER BARRY, in a state of extreme tension, nods, relaxing. He bums a cigarette off one of them and promises: they can meet in the basement of his church.

11) INT. PIER LOFT.

CHARLIE comes looking for his brother, finding TERRY stretched comfortably on the top of some coffee bags, studying the pictures in a girlie magazine. Would Terry mind doing an extra little job of work to justify his lofty position: 'The local priest and this Doyle girl are getting up a meeting

in the church. We'd like a run down on it. You know, names and numbers of all the players. You're nominated.'

TERRY is unenthusiastic. Why him? He'd feel funny going in the church. He'd be stooling.

CHARLIE, tolerant, lectures his brother, 'Stooling is when you rat on your friends, on the guys that you're with. When Johnny needs a favor, don't try to figure it out, just do it. Now go ahead, join the congregation.'

12) INT. BASEMENT ROOM IN THE CHURCH

The meeting is sparsely attended. POP and EDIE are present. A dozen other longshoremen, including DUGGAN. On one of the benches near the rear is TERRY. Also sitting apart from the rest is FATHER VINCENT, another priest who plainly does not approve of FATHER BARRY's involvement with Union politics.

FATHER BARRY, addressing the group, admits that he's disappointed at the small turnout, but comes quickly to the point: one, working conditions are bad; two, they're bad because the mob does the hiring; three, the only way to break the mob is to stop letting them get away with murder. So they shouldn't begin with one question: who killed Joey Doyle.

Nobody responds. EDIE challenges TOMMY DOYLE who admits that he was Joey's best friend but will say nothing more. DUGGAN notices TERRY in the back and identifies him to FATHER BARRY as brother of 'Charley the Gent'. But DUGGAN also explains to the priest the longshoremen's code of 'D and D': deaf and dumb. FATHER BARRY tries in vain to encourage them to fight back. When he gets no response, the other priest, FATHER VINCENT takes over, proposing that they end the meeting with a few religious words...

He is interrupted when rocks break the stained glass windows.

13) EXT. CHURCH.

SPECS, TRUCK, BIG MAC and other thugs of Friendly's organization are armed with baseball bats, lying in wait for the dockers as they try to escape from the church.

While FATHER VINCENT berates FATHER BARRY for provoking the disturbance, FATHER BARRY follows POP and DUGGAN out. In the panic, TERRY intercepts EDIE, helping her to escape by a rear entrance.

But DUGGAN is trapped by SPECS and TRUCK who beat him badly, retreating only when FATHER BARRY appears.

FATHER BARRY challenges DUGGAN whose bald head is bleeding: is he still unwilling to testify against the mob?

13) Cont'd

Impressed with the priests own courage, DUGGAN extracts a promise from FATHER BARRY: if DUGGAN sticks his neck out, will FATHER BARRY be ready to 'go all the way?' "So help me God", swears the priest.

14) EXT. STREET

TERRY and EDIE have reached the safety of a drab little city playground. As she recovers and as TERRY offers to walk her home, they are accosted by a beggar, a disabled ex-docker who recognizes EDIE as the sister of Joey.

Joey, insists the WINO, was a saint, the only person who tried to help him get compensation for his disability.

The WINO also recognizes TERRY whom he knows was present at the time when Joey was killed. Before the man can blurt out further incriminating information, TERRY throws money at him. Insulted, the WINO refuses it and TERRY has to threaten him to get rid of him.

TERRY continues to escort the girl. Coming from the same neighborhood, they have known each other by sight since they were children.

TERRY is clearly attracted to the girl and is perhaps also motivated by guilt. EDIE, on her part, may be either probing for more information about Joey's death, or may also be attracted to TERRY - or, indeed, confused by these contradictory feelings.

Their conversation establishes some of their respective backgrounds. When EDIE's mother died, POP sent her to a convent school in the country where she is studying to be a teacher. TERRY has had a tougher upbringing and EDIE remembers that she heard he was in trouble all the time at school. TERRY admits it. "They thought they could beat an education into me - but I foxed them."

15) INT. DOYLE APARTMENT.

POP is waiting for his daughter when she gets home. He has been packing her suitcase for her return to the convent school.

POP is disturbed because, from the window he has seen EDIE with TERRY. Doesn't she know who he is? He's the kid brother of 'Charley the Gent', Johnny Friendly's right hand man, a butcher in a camel-haired coat. POP is even more distressed when EDIE seems prepared to defend TERRY, admitting that she has agreed to see him again. Passionately, the old man reminds her that he promised his wife on her deathbed that Edie would be a teacher or something decent.

15) Cont'd

With equal emotion, however, EDIE declares that, grateful as she is, she cannot go back and keep her mind on things that are only in books and that people aren't living. She means to stay until she finds out who is guilty for Joey.

16) EXT. TENEMENT ROOF TOP. DUSK

TERRY and JIMMY CONNERS, a teenager in a jacket that bears the name of the 'Boy's Club' which owns a team of racing pigeons, 'The Golden Warriors', are tending the birds in a coop built on the rooftops which overlook the harbor and the docks. JIMMY dearly hero-worships TERRY and is instinctively jealous of EDIE when she appears.

Explaining his hobby, TERRY sends JIMMY away when EDIE agrees that TERRY can take her out for a drink.

17) INT. SALOON

TERRY takes her to the 'Ladies Side' of an Irish Saloon. It's clear that she is not experienced in drinking and he instructs her how to drink a whiskey chaser with beer.

The BARMAN, a friend of Terry's is intrigued at Terry's tactics with the girl. Hearing from the BARMAN that TERRY used to be a prize fighter, EDIE questions him. Somewhat apologetically, TERRY admits that he has abandoned his ambition, he didn't stay in shape and he had to 'take a few dives'. EDIE has an idea what this means, and TERRY is amused that she is 'Miss Four Corners - a square from out there'. But he finds himself disclosing more about himself than he meant to. When he declares 'it wasn't my fault what happened to your brother', EDIE comments "Who said it was?"

He offers her his philosophy of life: "Edie, down here it's every man for himself". When she protests that this is 'living like an animal', TERRY blurts out that living like an animal is better than ending up like... "Like Joey", completes EDIE. "Are you afraid to mention his name?" She begins to cry. To TERRY's distress, she pleads "Help me, if you can - for God's sake help me."

18) WEDDING RECEPTION

In the adjoining part of the Saloon, there is a noisy party, a wedding reception with a small band and a crowded dance floor. In an effort to get her to forget her trouble, TERRY persuades her to dance with him. A little drunk, EDIE relaxes in his arms. Their mutual physical attraction is obvious.

The idyll is shattered first by the arrival of BARNEY, one of Friendly's thugs who brings bad news. 'The Boss' wants to see TERRY right away: something has gone wrong. "He just got a call from Mr. Upstairs."

18) Cont'd

TERRY is making excuses that he must see EDIE home when a second shock arrives. It is GLOVER, one of the Crime Commission investigators, presenting TERRY with a subpoena.

EDIE, abruptly sobered, is now faced with this confirmation of her fathers' warning that TERRY is deeply involved with the men who killed her brother. "Pop said Johnny Friendly used to own you. I think he still owns you. No wonder everybody calls you a bum."

19) EXT. STREETS. NIGHT

As TERRY is walking the streets he is intercepted by the big sedan. Out of it comes JOHNNY FRIENDLY, CHARLEY, BIG MAC, and the two strong-arm men, SPECS and TRUCK. FRIENDLY is angry. He demands TERRY report on the meeting at the church and when TERRY dismisses it as 'a big nothing - the Father did all the talking', FRIENDLY produces a sheet of paper he has acquired - a record of a secret session with the Commission in which DUGGAN did all the talking!

TERRY is dismayed. Warned by FRIENDLY that, as punishment he will be put back in the hold, TERRY is also instructed by his brother CHARLEY that he should break off with Edie - 'an unhealthy relationship'.

20) EXT. FREIGHTER.

Next day. A ship is being unloaded at the docks. JOHNNY FRIENDLY arrives, accompanied by SPECS and TRUCK.

To the delight of DUGGAN, the cargo is Irish Whiskey. DUGGAN has already pilfered a bottle. In the hold, DUGGAN, TERRY, POP and the other dockers load the crates on to a pallet which is hoisted up through the hatch to the deck by means of a winch.

TERRY is uneasy. He wants a chance to talk to DUGGAN but can't find the right moment.

On deck, BIG MAC is joined by JOHNNY FRIENDLY, SPECS, and TRUCK. They watch the operation of the winch. BIG MAC chooses a moment when DUGGAN happens to be on his own underneath the loaded pallet, signaling the winchman who 'loses control' of his apparatus. Bumping against the side of the hatch, the pallet tips, a rope breaks and the crates slip off the edge of the pallet, falling thirty feet on to the man below.

The dockers react with horror, rushing to the body that is buried beneath the fallen crates, "Get a doctor!" It is POP who declares "a doctor? - he means a priest..."

21) LATER

FATHER BARRY finishes his rites over the corpse of Duggan. Looking up from the bottom of the hold he addresses a bitter harangue to everyone present. Explaining that he made a promise to the dead man, denounces the man responsible for the deaths of both Duggan and Joey Doyle - and also those who, by keeping silent, have let these things happen.

Some rotten fruit is thrown at the priest. He wipes it from his cassock. TERRY turns on the man who threw it, warning him that if he throws anything else, TERRY will flatten him. FATHER BARRY continues, warning to his subject, "What does Christ think of the easy money boys who do none of the work and take all of the gravy? What does he think of these fellows wearing a hundred and fifty dollar suits and diamond rings - on your union dues and your kick-back money?"

On the deck above, SPECS, drinking from a can of beer, hurls the empty can into the hold where it hits FATHER BARRY on the head, drawing a trickle of blood.

For a moment it looks as if fighting will break out between the dockers and those who are members of the Friendly organization, but FRIENDLY, with a gesture, warns his men to desist.

Finishing his polemic, FATHER BARRY steps on to the pallet which now bears the body of DUGGAN and, as the winch is started, ascends with it up to the hatch opening above.

STAGING AND CAMERA COVERAGE

Elia Kazan was an actor before he was a director. He played the gangster in the Group Theater's production of Clifford Odets 'Golden Boy'. Subsequently he became an enormously successful Broadway director of stage plays before he began to work in cinema.

Kazan therefore shares with directors like Jean Renoir and Orson Welles a style of directing that is based on respect for the actor.

Film students all too often conceive of the director as a figure behind the camera. Scenes are envisaged as if through the viewfinder, looking at the performance. But there's another way of looking at it - the view of the performer as he or she moves to and from the lens. The film image is determined, obviously, by the distance between the subject and the lens - but which do you adjust to which?

It's purely guesswork on my part, but I imagine Kazan to be the kind of director who made no decision about camera coverage and the composition of the image until after he had worked with the actors in rehearsal.

This is quite the reverse approach to that of Alfred Hitchcock, for example. Hitch did a great deal of his planning on paper. In fact, it's said that he would often visualise important scenes and design the angles even before his collaborating screenwriter had written the dialogue of the scene! Hitch would probably have agreed with Antonioni when the Italian director said, "The actor is not always the most important element in the shot." Though Hitchcock is reported to have said once,

"Actors should be treated like cattle", it's worth noting that Hitchcock took great care that he cast actors of considerable talents and experience: he relied very strongly on the actor's experience.

Kazan, it's my impression, would regard the process of 'story-boarding' a scene in advance as a great mistake, an entirely unwarranted inhibition of the actor's impulses. For him it would be essential to use the work done in rehearsal as exploration of the way in which the performing area, including the layout of the set or the location, as well as the positioning of key 'props', forms the basis of 'blocking' the action. Problems of camera are ignored at this stage. Or, at least, are held in abeyance as matters to be finalised later on.

The Scene in the Back Room

The detailed story-board that is attached may help you appreciate both the advantages and disadvantages of this method.

It starts, of course, with the script. Schulberg worked very closely with Kazan on successive versions of the screenplay. This particular scene is a first-class example of dramatic exposition. It is very carefully structured. The story dictates not only what is said but what is seen.

Consider, for instance, the design of the first mastershot. The furnishing, the props, the design of the set, is planned to 'the long axis' which looks from the furthest corner of the back room, across the pooltable and through the doors towards the 'upstage' outer bar and the exit to the street. Along this axis, the scene is staged in depth.

Characters are moved to and from the lens in quite elaborate choreography. The main story function of the scene is to present the figure of the Antagonist, Friendly. His 'moves' - meaning the word both in the sense of the

dramatic steps, the motivations, but also the physical moves in space - provide the action. Friendly is first introduced in a longshot at the table where, while eating, he dominates all those present. Money, the income from the rackets, is the key prop and provides the reason for the blocking. In a sequence of stage walks, Friendly takes the cash from Big Mac, passes it to Charley as he comes 'downstage' to the TV set where he instructs Big Mac on other racketeering issues. Then he turns upstage to greet Terry. Later, he takes money from 'J.P.Morgan' hands it to a different mobster, takes money from 'Skins' which he hands to Terry who later passes it to Charley, etcetera.

The perambulations of Friendly as he circles the room form a pattern in which the trio of Friendly-Terry-Charley are the center.

Implied, and actually demonstrated in this staging, is the underlying tension of the plot. Though Friendly pretends to be ignorant of 'what's gives with our boy tonight', Friendly's real purpose is to deal with the reaction from Terry that he has anticipated: he has expected Terry to feel resentful, not so much about Joey's death as about the fact that he was not informed in advance of the decision to have Joey killed. Friendly has to deal with this potential for trouble. He has, it's clear, planned how to combine both intimidation and bribery in dealing with the young man.

Plot, however, is only one of the elements in the scene. Dramatically, its function is to give richness and weight to the character of John Skelly, alias 'Friendly'

The power in Lee J.Cobb's portrayal comes from the way the actor brilliantly exploits contradictions in the role; swift and dangerous shifts of dramatic color in the playing of the scene.

(1)

In the original script, the first shot is described as showing the skyline of New York in the background. In the film, the director uses the immense ocean-going liner to contrast with the small scale of the hut that is the headquarters of the docker's union. Effective image of the theme.

Also, in the script, only the protagonist, TERRY MALLOY is seen as he emerges from the hut. The director includes the figures of three of the Union mobsters, JOHNNY FRIENDLY, 'TRUCK' and TULLIO as well.

(2)

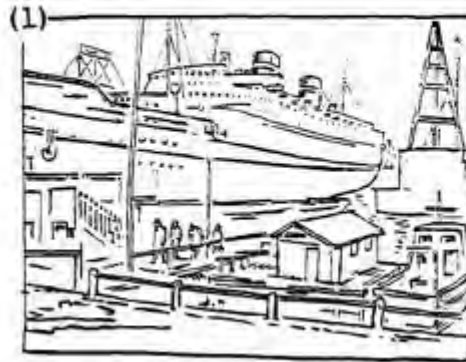
The cars waiting for them on the dock, with BIG MAC and the DRIVER, help to set up the tension earlier. Though seen only in a longshot at this juncture, JOHNNY FRIENDLY's gesture to TERRY, and his line, also begin the dramatic action at once.

(2a)

TERRY walks forward into an upward angle Close Shot - standard presentation of the protagonist. (A curious and seemingly almost unconscious 'rule' is that the figure of the Protagonist is first shown in a shot where he makes his entrance from within the film frame, and is further emphasized by a shot closer than that of any of the other characters.)

(3)

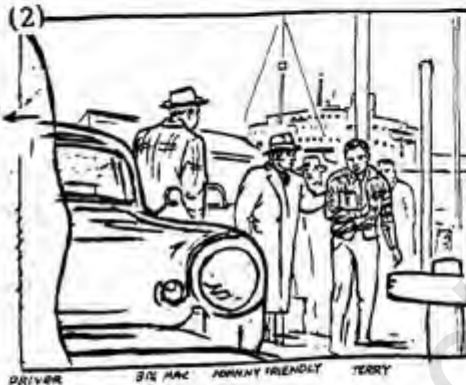
The script describes a series of camera angles covering TERRY's walk to the tenements. The film cuts directly to the high angle longshot



19 seconds

1) EXT. DOCKSIDE. EVENING.

An establishing longshot. In background, an ocean-going liner fills the screen. It dwarfs a small wooden building on a floating wharf which has a gangplank leading up onto the docks where a couple of large black sedan cars are parked. Four small figures are seen as they emerge from the hut, coming up the gangplank, and camera pans with them. The big man in the lead wears a Homburg and a smart double-breasted overcoat (JOHNNY FRIENDLY).



16 seconds

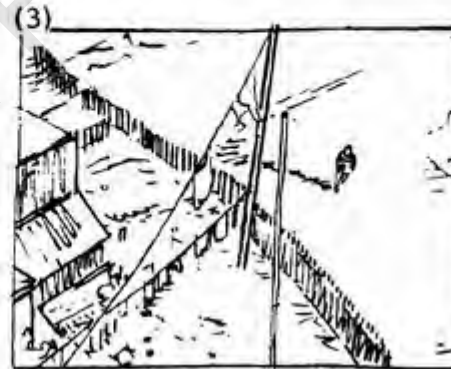
2) CLOSER ANGLE

As they reach the dock, the DRIVER of the one of the cars moves to get into it, leaving another man in a plaid lumberjacket (BIG MAC) to open the other door for FRIENDLY, who turns towards the Young Man who is following him (TERRY MALLOY). TERRY is bare-headed, also wearing a lumberjacket. Clapping him on the shoulder in cheerful fashion, FRIENDLY says:

FRIENDLY
You take it from
here, Slugger.



As FRIENDLY moves to his vehicle, TERRY comes towards camera and we see him in a medium shot. He is an athletic type with a slightly swaggering gait and some puffiness around the eyes that suggest he has been a prize fighter. He is holding something inside the front of the lumberjacket.



19 seconds

3) EXT. REAR OF TENEMENTS

A very high angle, downwards on to the shabby yards behind a tenement building. Washing lines are stretched from the fire escapes behind the apartments to telegraph poles. The small figure of TERRY is seen as it crosses a vacant lot, approaching the high wooden fence ...

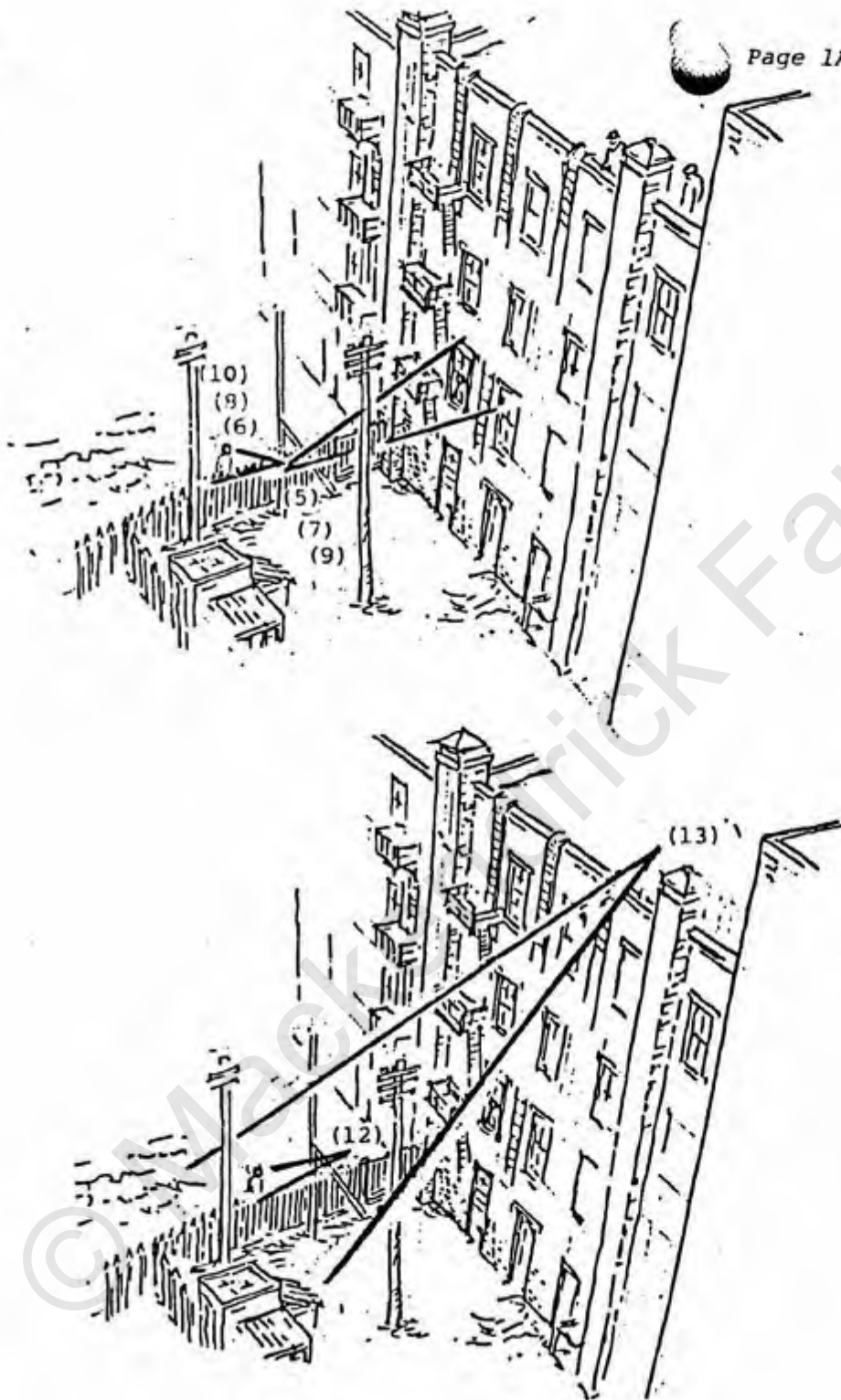


5 seconds

4) MEDIUM SHOT. TERRY

Downward angle as TERRY looks up towards the windows at the back of the building.

TERRY
(calling out)
Joey!



(5), (7), (9) and (1), (12), (13)

Also worth noting is that where the script includes a description that strongly implies an image where JOEY DOYLE is clearly seen in a fairly close angle, the camera coverage in the movie keeps him a very small backlit figure framed in the window. Eliminated is an entire scene where JOEY confronts the two killers on the roof, challenges them and fights them. Whether or not this was shot and later cut out, I do not know. But it is obviously much better that we are not shown Doyle - and thus do not become involved with him as a character in a way that would detract from our concentration on the central character, TERRY MALLOY.

Similarly, the original draft of the script takes time to establish a very minor figure, the WINO, who is a witness of TERRY's presence in the vicinity of the murder. The WINO appears very briefly in a couple of later scenes. But he is such a peripheral figure to the plot, that he has been very wisely discarded to concentrate on the simplest and speediest exposition of the first 'fuse' of the plot: the murder of JOEY DOYLE.

In the larger context of the plot structure, it's worth noting the very common pattern of thrillers where the trigger of the story is a 'rehearsal' of violence that will be later repeated. In effect, the melodrama is the progression of the deaths - (1) JOEY DOYLE, (2) DUGGAN, (3) CHARLEY - all building to the final PROTAGONIST-to-ANTAGONIST 'shoot-out' between TERRY and JOHNNY FRIENDLY



2 seconds

5) LONGSHOT WINDOW

Upward, from Terry's point of view. One of the windows behind the fire escape on the second floor shows a light.

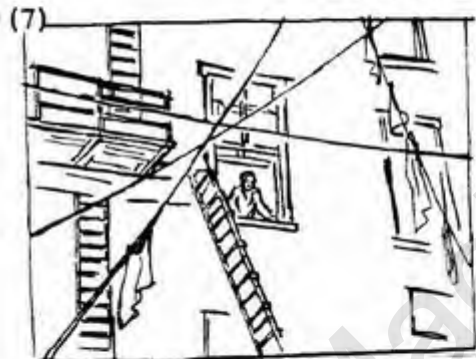


TERRY 3 seconds

6) RESUME TERRY (as 3)

TERRY cups his hand to shout again.

TERRY
(shouting)
Joey Doyle!



JOEY DOYLE 6 seconds

7) RESUME WINDOW(as 5)

Presently the figure of a man appears in the window. Silhouetted and in longshot, it shows little of of the man. Lifting the sash of the window, he leans out to identify the caller. He seems hesitant.

JOEY DOYLE
(calling)
All right! What do you want?

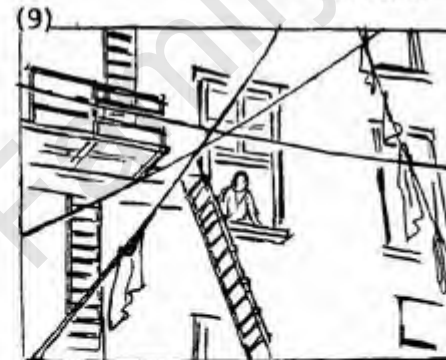


TERRY 4 seconds

8) RESUME TERRY (as 6)

From inside the front of the lumberjacket, TERRY produces a live pigeon which he holds up for Joey Doyle to see.

TERRY
Hey! I got one of your birds. I recognised him by the band.



JOEY DOYLE 9 seconds

9) RESUME WINDOW (as7)

The silhouetted figure responds:

JOEY DOYLE
Yeah, it must be Danny Boy. I lost him in the last race.

TERRY
(overscene)
Yeah, he flew into my coop. Do you want him?

Again DOYLE hesitates.

JOEY DOYLE
Well, I got to watch myself these days -



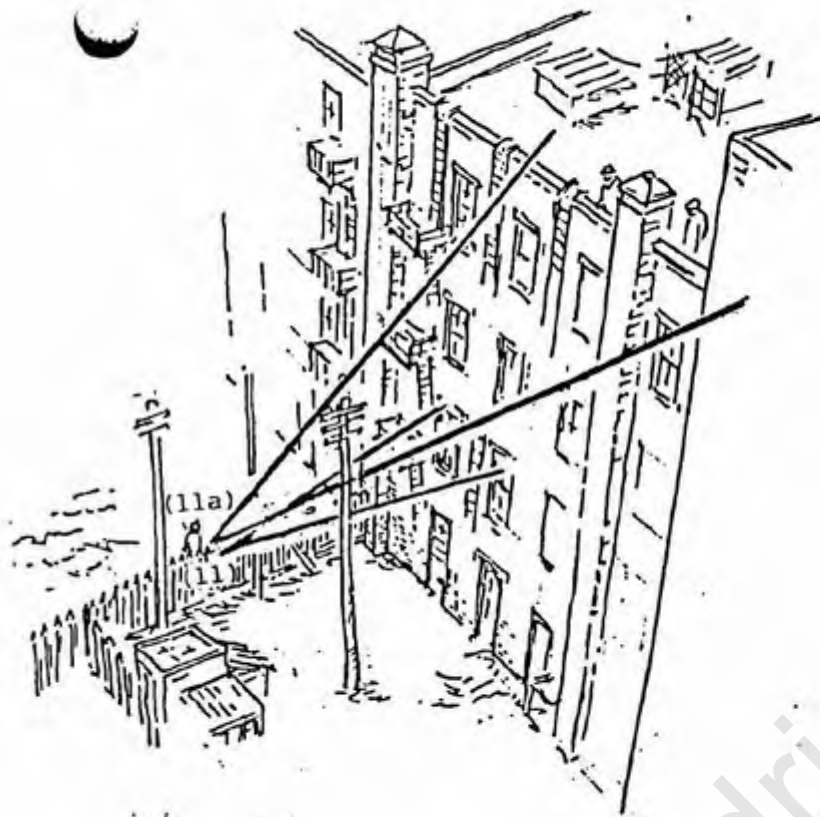
TERRY 5 seconds

10) RESUME TERRY (as 8)

JOEY DOYLE
(overscene)
-you know what I mean?

TERRY
Well, don't worry! I'll take him up to your loft.

TERRY points upward.

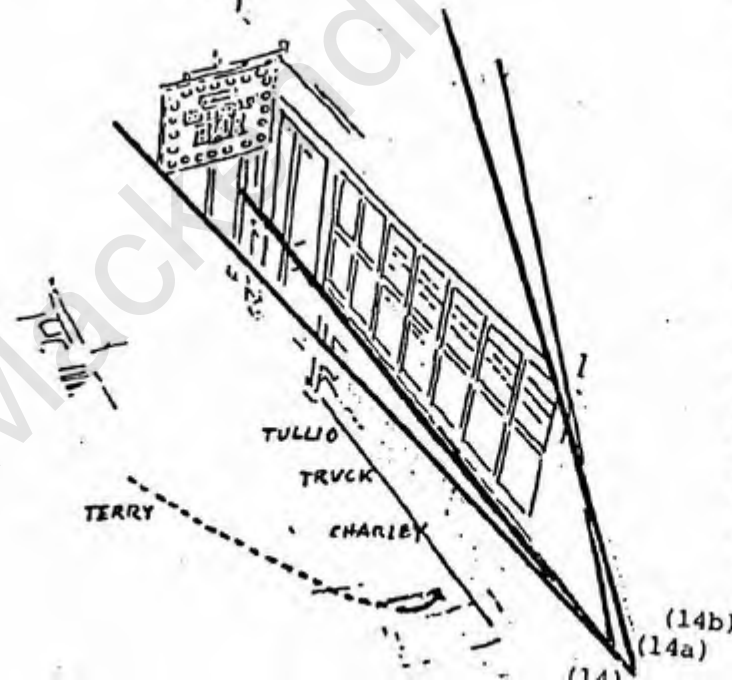


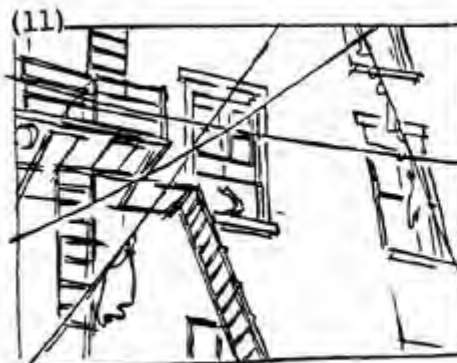
(14), (14a) and (14b)

CHARLEY MALLOY's introduction is saved until the scene outside the Bar with the sign that identifies the name of its owner. He could, of course, have been introduced as one of the figures in the opening shot, but it is better that he is first seen here. Dialogue, admirably short, establishes his complicity in the scheme to kill Doyle, as does the presence of the two other thugs who are a 'twin-figure' personification of the darker aspect of the Antagonist, a part of the 'constellation' around Friendly. (See the chart of these 'binds')

Worth noting, perhaps, is the way in which the pattern of these 'triangulations' in character relationships is quite often reflected, no doubt instinctively rather than deliberately, in the blocking of the characters positions in the scene or in the framing of the shot.

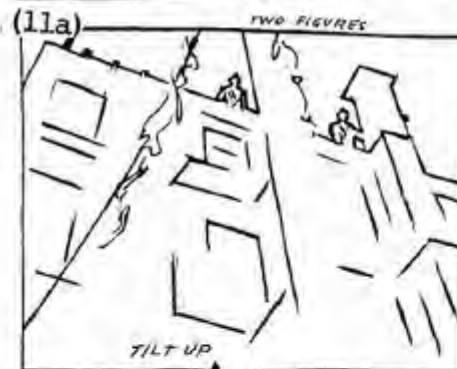
In the Master shot, (14), (14a), (14c) the upward angle frames the row of three men, CHARLEY, TRUCK and TULLIO with the illuminated sign of 'Johnny Friendly's Bar' conspicuous on top of screen. Framing is tight and CHARLEY, large in foreground, is established as the second closeup seen so far, a key character, obviously. The lineup of the figures indicates the group identity.





11) RESUME WINDOW (as 9) (14)

JOEY DOYLE pulls his head inside the window, closes the sash. Camera holds till he has gone, then deliberately tilts upwards. Two floors above, on the roof of the tenement, we see the silhouetted figures of TWO MEN. On the sound track, MUSIC emphasises their ominous presence.

(11a) TWO FIGURES
TILT UP
6 seconds(12) TERRY
6 seconds

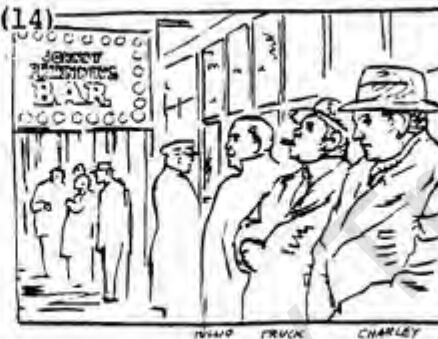
12) RESUME TERRY (as 10)

Watching them, TERRY turns away - and throws the pigeon up into the air, releasing it as he walks off across the vacant lot.



13) LONGSHOT

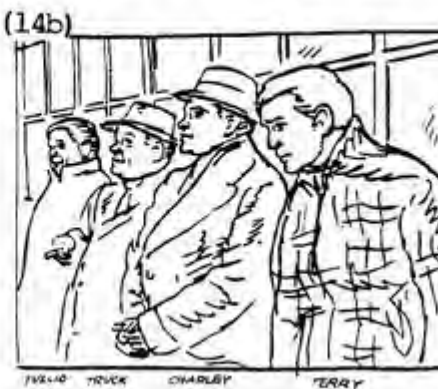
The bird flutters up, a small white shape as it negotiates the lines of flapping laundry.



19 seconds

14) EXT. FRIENDLY'S BAR

Camera frames a sign over the entrance which identifies the owner: JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S BAR. Groups of men loiter on the sidewalk as a cop peers in at the doorway to the saloon. Framed in foreground are four figures who seem to be waiting. Nearest to the camera is a man nattily dressed in a snap brim hat, camel-haired over coat, silk scarf and gloves (CHARLEY MALLOY). With him are two more of Friendly's hoodlums, a short, ugly man with a cigar (TRUCK) and a taller thug, bare-headed but with his coat collar turned up (TULLIO).



TERRY moves into shot, takes his place beside CHARLEY, who asks:

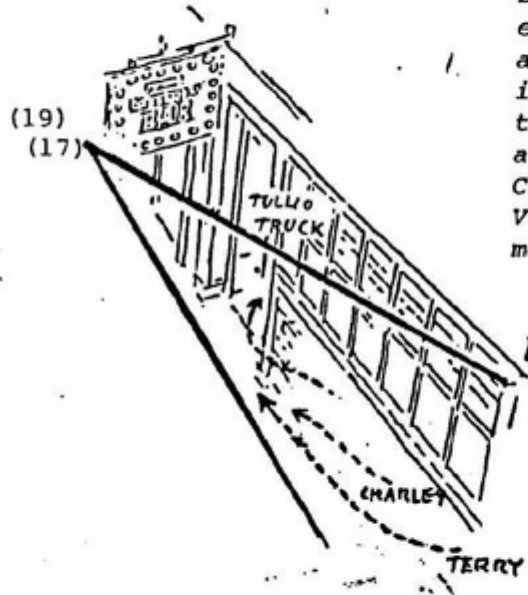
CHARLEY
How goes?

TERRY
He's up on the roof.

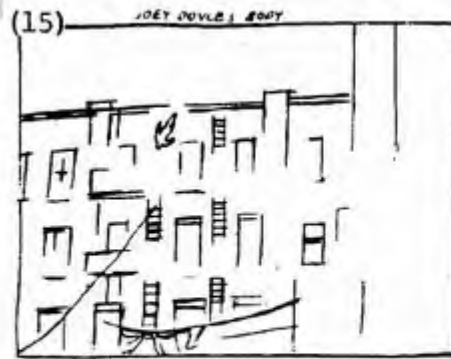
CHARLEY
The pigeon?

TERRY
Yeah. It worked.

There is silence for a moment. Then, in the far distance, there is the sound of a cry -

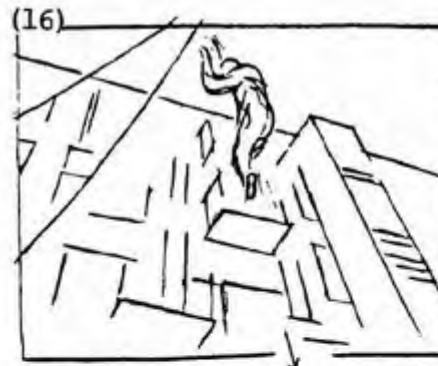


After the cutaway to the murder of Joey Doyle, the camera set-up is switched to an exact complementary, where TULLIO and TRUCK are in foreground as all four turn to camera in reactions. TERRY, seen at the far end of the line is slow in response but, as TULLIO and TRUCK walk off, TERRY moves up into a Closeshot, with CHARLEY studying him behind. Very simple staging, of course. But much more effective because it's all in one shot.



15) EXT. TENEMENTS

A longshot of the dark facade of the building. At the edge of the roof the small figure of a man is seen as he is hurled over the edge, plunging to earth ...



16) ANOTHER ANGLE

Shooting steeply up as the body plummets past the camera to the stone pavement of the yard underneath.



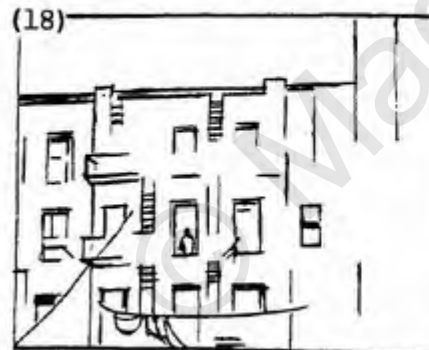
17) EXT. FRIENDLY'S BAR

Framing TULLIO and TRUCK in foreground as they react to the cry. They show no surprise.

TRUCK

(laconic)

I think someone fell offa the roof.



18) RESUME TENEMENT

Lights are beginning to go on in the windows of the apartments. There is a stir of voices as the inhabitants start to respond to the sound of of Joey's death cry.



19) RESUME EXT. BAR

(as 17). TRUCK comments with satisfaction.

TRUCK

Thought he could sing to the Crime Commission. He won't.

But TERRY has turned to CHARLEY in dismay.

TERRY

I thought they was going to talk to him!

CHARLEY

(non-committal)

That was the idea.

TERRY

I thought they was going to talk to him and get him to dummy up!

CHARLEY

Well, maybe he gave them an argument.

TERRY

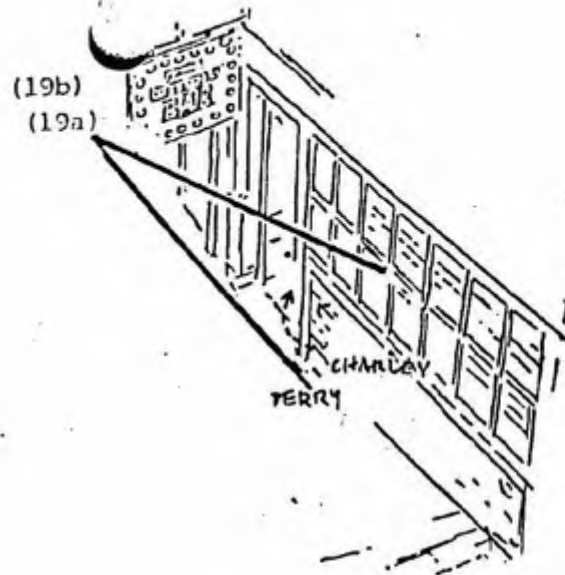
I figured the worst they was gonna do was lean on him a little bit.

CHARLEY

Well, like I say, maybe he gave them an argument.

TRUCK

He's been giving Johnny the Boss a lotta arguments lately.

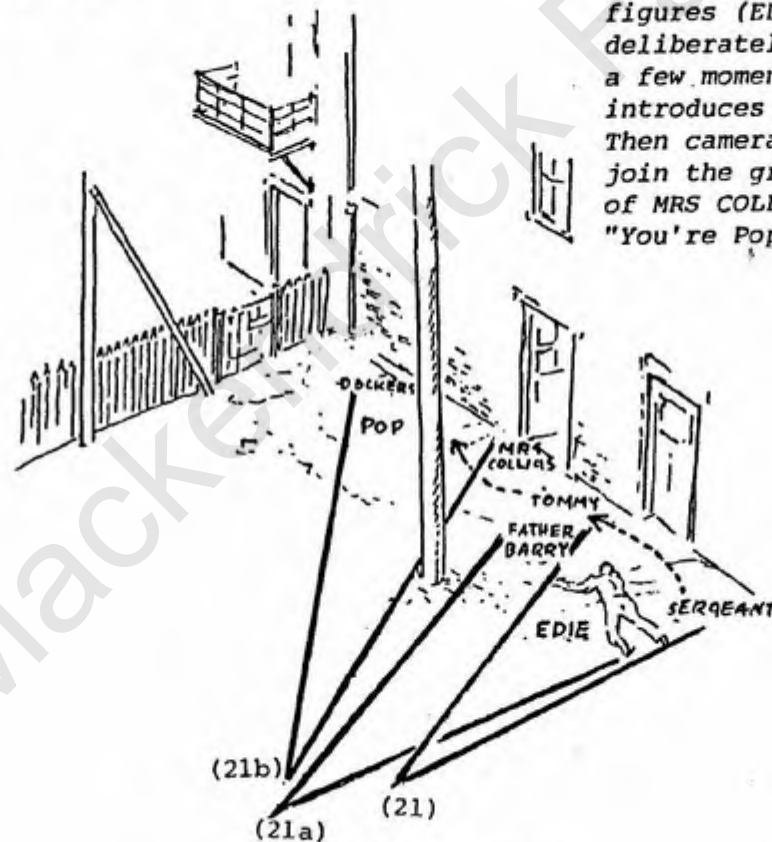


(21) to (29)

Having now established the protagonist, TERRY MALLOY and also CHARLEY, a key character and confidant of the protagonist, the narrative has begun with the murder and we have seen TERRY caught in the trap that is central to the theme, his guilt in the death of a friend, the next scene moves rapidly to set in motion the group that will function as antagonists.

Observe the economy of exposition. A seemingly minor problem, frequently neglected by the novice writer, is absolute clarity in identifying names of characters and relationships.

In the first longshot, the most important of the figures (EDIE DOYLE) is in backview, her identity deliberately withheld to give her a stronger entrance a few moments later. TOMMY COLLINS, a minor character, introduces the priest- by name: "Father Barry is here..." Then camera follows the POLICE SERGEANT as he moves to join the group of dockers, ignoring the interruption of MRS COLLINS as he establishes the next main figure: "You're Pop Doyle, the boy's father, aren't you?"





TERRY, increasingly uneasy moves forward towards camera.

TERRY
Wow! Jeez, he wasn't such a bad kid that Joey.

TULLIO is savagely contemptuous.

TULLIO
A canary!

TRUCK makes a joke.

TRUCK
Maybe he could sing but he couldn't fly.

Overcome with his own wit, TRUCK laughs unpleasantly as he moves past TULLIO to the entrance of the saloon.. TULLIO exits with him. Aware of TERRY's slowly rising resentment, CHARLEY moves to reassure him.

CHARLEY
Hey, kid. C'mon, I'll buy you a drink.



But TERRY is still very uncomfortable.

TERRY
(incoherently)
Uh...I'll be in a bit later.

As CHARLEY follows the others, TERRY remains. His feelings are obviously confused...



21) EXT. TENEMENT YARD

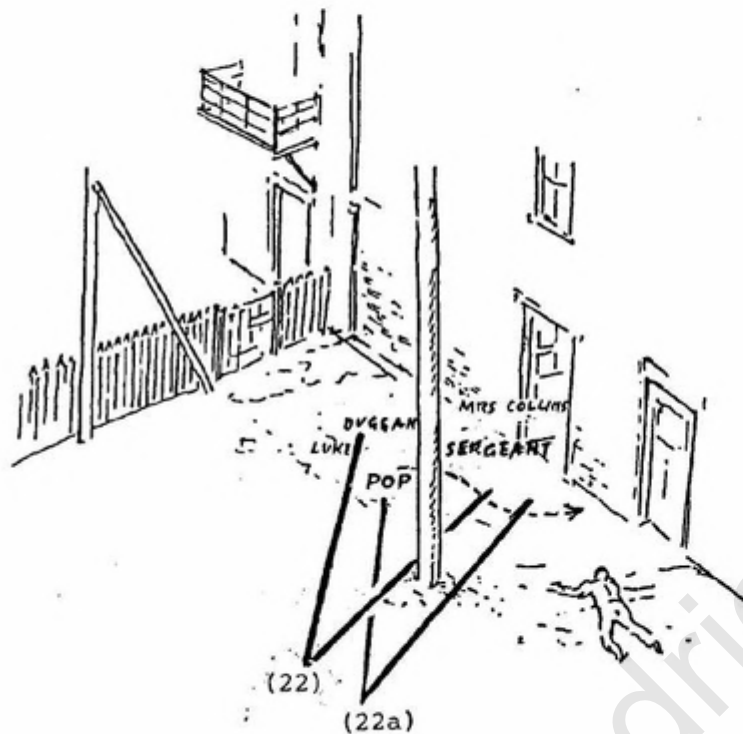
Groups of people, occupants of the tenement building have come out into the back yard to inspect the body of a young man. Bending over it is a young man (TOMMY COLLINS) and a girl with fair hair who is seen only in back view at this moment. Also a SERGEANT of Police. TOMMY stands up as sees the figure of a priest in a cassock approaching them.



TOMMY COLLINS
(quietly)
Father Barry is here.

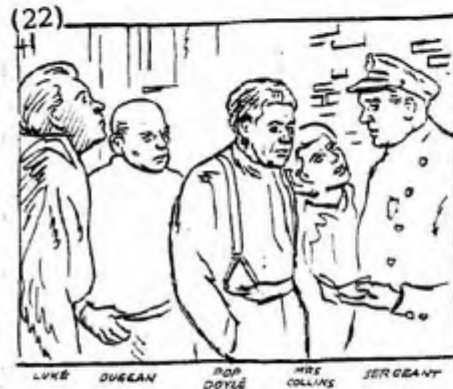
Camera eases back to include FATHER BARRY as he kneels beside the body, opening the breviary as he prepares to read a prayer over the corpse. The SERGEANT moves away, camera panning with him as he approaches a small bunch of dockers who are gathered around an older man with a pronounced stoop. But the SERGEANT is intercepted by a middle-aged woman with a tragic air.





Dialogue between the subsidiary figures 'KAYO' DUGGAN, MOOSE and LUKE, together with POP's bitter comment underline what emerges as the key theme, the "D-and-D" attitude of the dockers to the law. (Note, incidentally, that, with the exception of 'KAYO' who is to be the next victim of the Mob, all of these characters will be present in the final 'showdown' scene at the very end)

MRS COLLINS
Same thing
happened to my
Andy five years
ago -



22) CLOSER ANGLE

Ignoring her, the
SERGEANT produces a
notebook as he asks
the old man:

SERGEANT
You're Pop Doyle,
aren't you? The
boys's father?

Surrounded by other
dockers (LUKE, MOOSE
and DUGGAN), POP is
bitter.

POP
That's right.

SERGEANT
Looks like he
fell off the
roof. Or maybe
he was pushed -
Got any ideas?

POP
(harshly)
No!

MRS COLLINS again
intervenes.

MRS COLLINS
He was the one
longshoreman with
guts enough to
talk to them Crime
investigators -

POP
(angry)
Who asked you?
MRS COLLINS
(overlapping)
- Everybody knows
that!

POP
(overlapping)
Shut up! Joey
took my advice, he
wouldn't be -

MRS COLLINS
(overlapping)
Everybody knows -

POP
(cutting her off)
I said shut up!

The SERGEANT is
sympathetic.

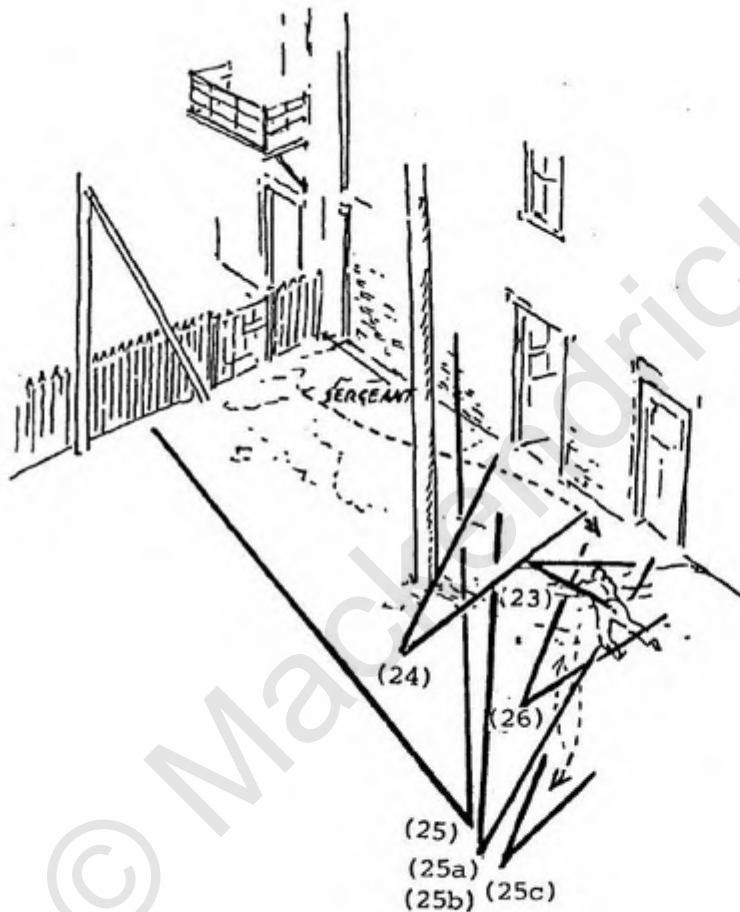
SERGEANT
Look, I know how
you feel about cops.
But maybe if you
could give me some
leads, I -

But POP is not even
listening to him.
He wanders past the
SERGEANT, moving in
the direction of the
priest beside the body
of his son. The other
dockers are also
drifting away, leaving
only DUGGAN, the small
docker with a bald
head.



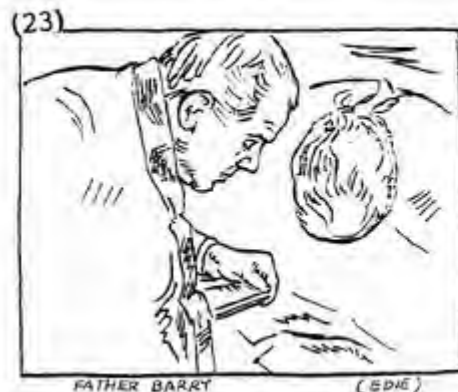
(23) Though the Closeshot establishes FATHER BARRY and shows him in the exercise of his religious duties, the face of EDIE DOYLE is hidden as her head is bent.

Students might also note how often this device is used for providing a key character with the cinematic equivalence of a 'strong entrance' - an 'unmasking' of a first closeup view of the character.



The SERGEANT's business with the newspaper brought to cover up the corpse leads the camera back to FATHER BARRY and EDIE.

(25b) and 25c). The pretext of the priest's desire to soothe the girl's hysteria, leading her away from her embarrassing display over the body of her brother, is used as the excuse for the walk towards camera into a big closeup - this signalling her role as the heroine of the drama.



23) FATHER BARRY.

The young woman who is kneeling beside FATHER BARRY has her head bent so that we still do not see her face. Reading from the breviary, the priest's voice is quiet so that we hear the offscreen voice of one of the dockers.

A VOICE
(overscene)
Don't say nothing.
Keep quiet. You'll
live longer.



24) M.S. DOCKERS

DUGGAN rejoins LUKE, TOMMY COLLINS, MOOSE and POP DOYLE.

LUKE
(bitterly)
I've been on the docks all my life and, boy, there's one thing I've learned. You don't ask no questions, you don't answer no questions - unless you want to end up like that.



25) LONGER ANGLE

The SERGEANT has been in search of something with which to cover up the corpse of Joey Doyle. He has found only a newspaper which he brings back as he returns to FATHER

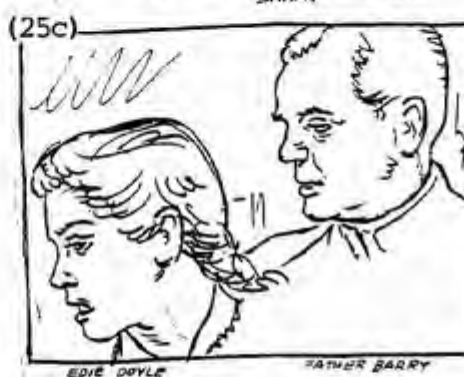


BARRY who is standing over the girl who is still kneeling by the body.

FATHER BARRY
Edie! Edie! Come here. I want to talk to you.



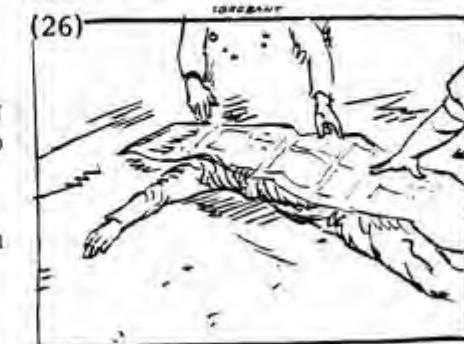
The priest moves to her, takes her by the arm as he helps her to her feet turning her away from the corpse and leading her towards camera into a close shot, so that we now see her for the first time. EDIE DOYLE is a pretty, fresh-faced Irish girl who is on the edge of hysteria.



FATHER BARRY
Come with me -

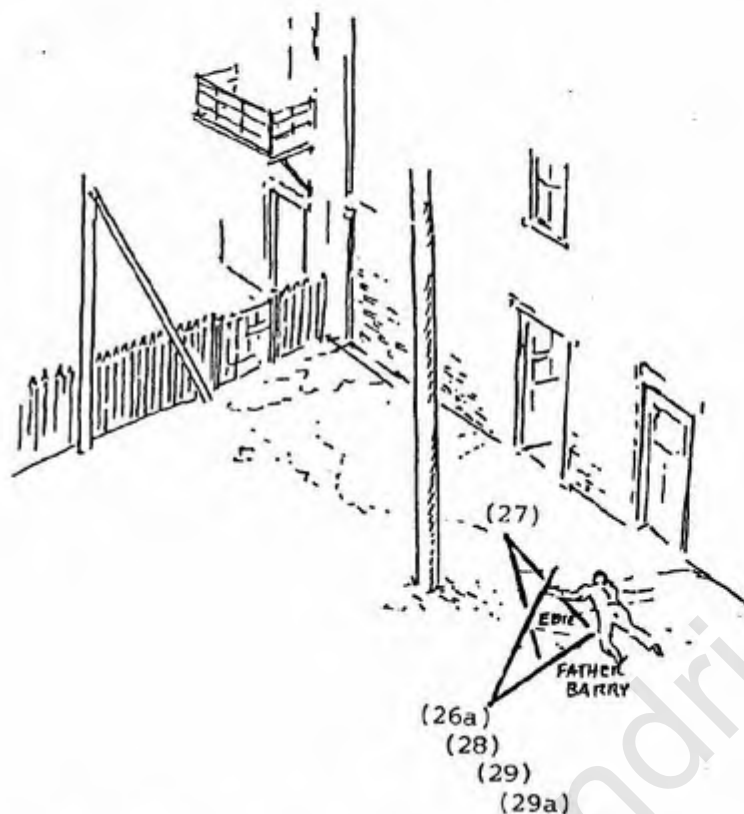
EDIE
(violently)
Father, who'd want to kill joey? Who'd want to kill Joey?

Before he can respond, she turns to look back towards the corpse.



26) THE CORPSE.

Edie's point of view. The cop is making a pathetic attempt to lay sheets of newspaper over the broken remains of the murdered boy. Hysterical, EDIE



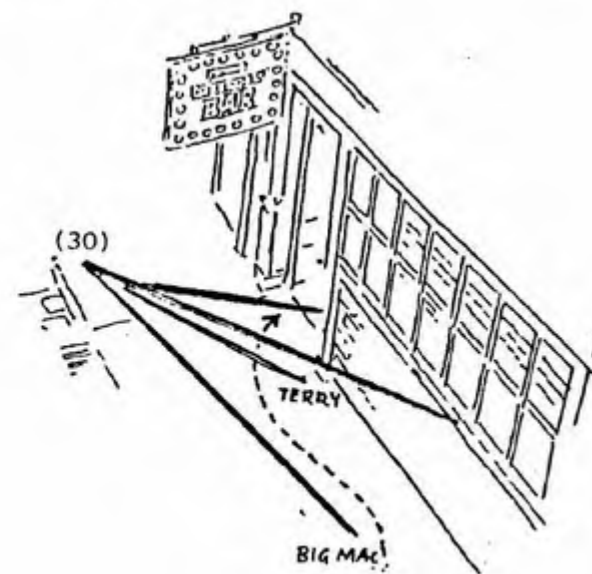
And EDIE's 'curtain line' is, "I want to know who killed my brother!" is not only emphatic exposition but a forceful transition to the image of TERRY as he broods outside Friendly's Saloon.

'The bomb under the teatable' has been set ticking' and the admittedly melodramatic narrative is launched with pace and vigour.

(29), (29a). EDIE is seen backview in an overshoulder shot on to FATHER BARRY. Her abrupt turn of the head towards camera has more impact than a cut to Closeup would have had and gives force to the passion of the line. But, because she is looking past camera at some persons not shown, it also makes the line 'rhetorical' - addressed to us, the audience.

This makes a vigorous transition to the next scene.

(30) It's also effective because of the directness of the cut to TERRY. It's hard to decide whether or not this was planned for in the script: the shot of TERRY and BIG MAC might have been simply the end of (19b) But, in any event, the editing effectively sets the fuse for suspense that carries the rest of the narrative up to the main climax, the moment when TERRY has to tell EDIE that he was an accomplice in the murder of her brother. 'Fuses' in this story are ignited as soon as possible.



(26a)



plunges into the shot from behind camera, trying to drive the SERGEANT away from the body.

EDIE
(passionately)
Stay away from him-

(27)



27) REVERSE ANGLE

EDIE
(continuing)
-stay away from
from him! Stay
away from him!

She is snatching at the newspaper, throwing it aside as FATHER BARRY tries to calm her.

FATHER BARRY
(urgently)
Edie, listen, Edie!
Edie!
(as she turns
to face him)
Time and faith -
remember time and
faith -

(28)



28) OVERSHOULDER SHOT

Close shot over his shoulder as EDIE confronts the priest.

EDIE
(with force)
Father! - my brother
is dead - and you
talk about 'time and

(29)



EDIE (cont'd)
faith.' My brother
was the best kid in
the neighbourhood -
and everybody said
so -

FATHER BARRY
(interrupting)
I'm in the church
if you need me -
EDIE stares at him.

EDIE
You're in the church
if I need you? Did
you ever hear of a
saint hiding in a
church?

(29a)



29) RESUME REVERSE

EDIE spins round to the camera, challenging the onlookers.

EDIE
(fiercely)
I want to know who
killed my brother!

Cut to:

(30)



30) EXT. FRIENDLY'S BAR

BIG MAC comes hurrying up towards the entrance to the Saloon.

BIG MAC
(without stopping)
It's right here, punk.

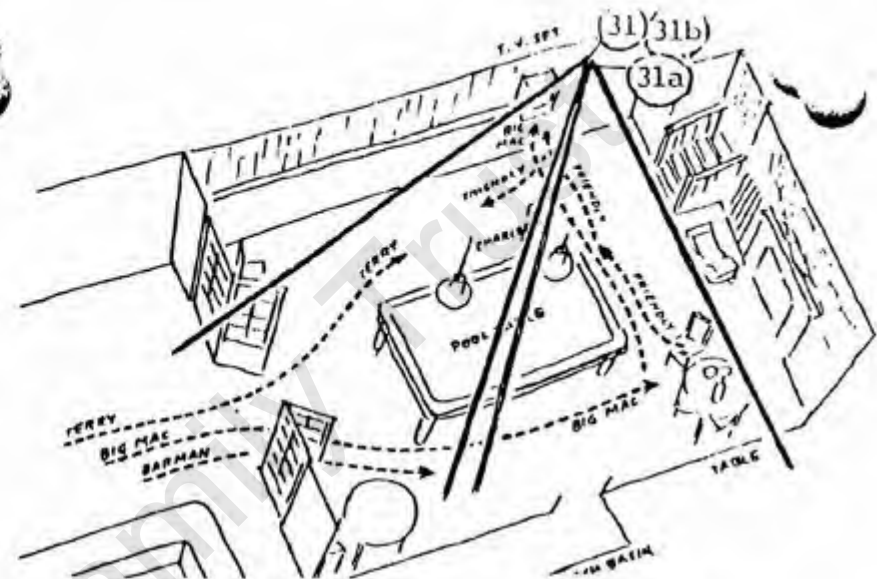
Passing TERRY, who is in the same position that we saw him last, BIG MAC exits shot.

We have now established the set of those character relationships among the figures that are 'the Good Guys' of the fable. The next sequence is devoted to parallel expositions of the network of characters around the Antagonist.

Once again, the 'blocking' of the moves by the actors is designed for demonstration in action of how the rackets operate. Each of the subsidiary figures around the pool room is 'choreographed'

Once again, the 'blocking' of actors moves, centering on the figure of JOHNNY FRIENDLY, dictates the camera angles and camera moves. (31) The first 'establishing longshot' is devised to shoot along 'the longest axis'. By placing the TV set at one end of this axis ('North East'), the lens shoots across the room towards the folding doors through which we can see into the outer bar. This provides 'composition in depth'. It means that with limited camera moves, a pan to the Left and back Right again, the lens can hold figures in the far background, in the middle distance and in close shots near to the lens. The result is not only that the frame is kept full of visual information: it means also that there is condensation of the action because, while present action is shown in foreground we already see beyond the preparation of what will happen in a moment. Time is telescoped.

Consider 'the moves':-



A) The Bartender

(31) He comes into the backroom looking for 'the Boss'. Already, in the shot outside, the name of the owner of the establishment has been seen in the sign and TRUCK has spoken of 'Johnny the Boss'. The pan to the Left is 'motivated' by the BARMAN and the first line from FRIENDLY is to illustrate his 'generosity' to a drunk.

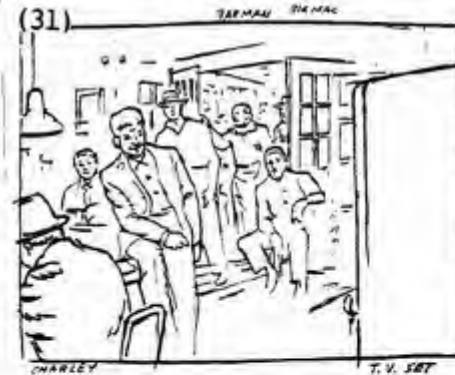
(31a) The 'Boss' is discovered in the act of eating a meal served to him by a COOK. But his attention is as much on the TV broadcast as on the food. And when BIG MAC, coming in behind the BARTENDER, brings the wad of money to him, FRIENDLY takes it from him with minimal interest.

CHARLEY

(31b) CHARLEY MALLOY has been established backview in foreground, sitting at the near corner of the pool table where he is handling some papers. Advancing towards the TV set and coming up into a Medium Shot, FRIENDLY pause briefly to pass CHARLEY the money he has taken from BIG MAC. Then he advances further, camera panning with him as he moves into a full Closeup, profile, as he studies the prizefight, unseen on the television screen.



Camera remains on TERRY. He has begun to recover from his feelings of guilt which are now replaced by resentment. Before he moves off after Big Mac he starts to take off his lumber-jacket.



31) INT. SALOON

Camera frames on the right the television set which is broadcasting a prize fight. Through the double doors that separate the back room from the outer bar, comes a BARTENDER who is looking for the owner of the establishment.

BARTENDER
Hey, Boss, Packy wants another drink on the cuff.



Camera pans Left as BIG MAC, also coming from the outer bar, crosses towards a figure sitting at one of the small tables in the far corner. A heavily built man (whom we have seen only briefly and in a longshot earlier), JOHNNY FRIENDLY is being served by a Cook and has his mouth full as he turns towards the BARMAN.



JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(generously)

Give it to him.

BIG MAC is counting a large roll of bills as he reports to his chief.

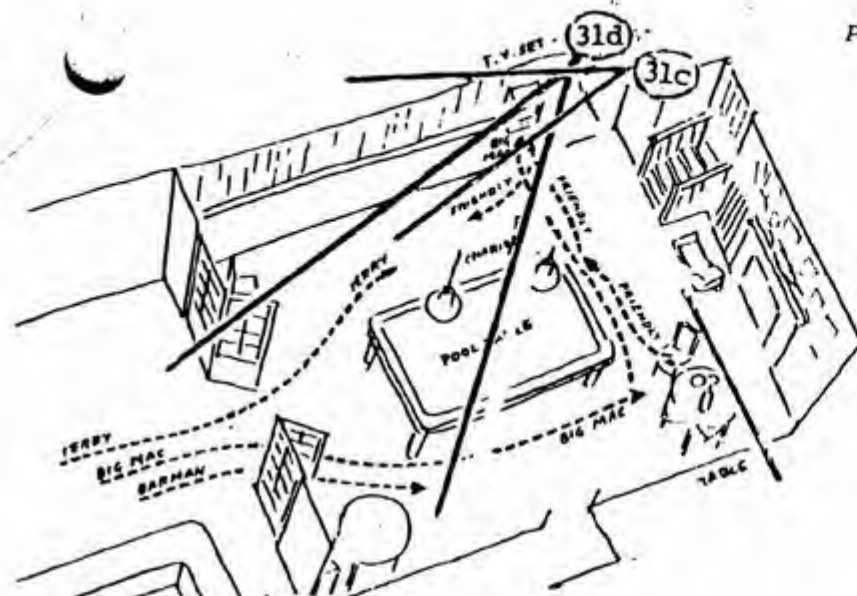
BIG MAC
Here's the cut from the shape-up. Three hundred and ninety men - three bucks a head - that's twenty six seventy three-

Taking the wad of money, FRIENDLY seems barely interested in it. He is listening to the voice of the TV commentator as he gets up and moves towards the camera. CHARLEY is seated at a corner of the pool table which he is using as a desk at which to do the Union accounts. FRIENDLY passes the money to him.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Charley, you count it.

BIG MAC follows FRIENDLY as he comes forward to look at the TV screen. In a confidential tone, he explains.

BIG MAC
There's a banana boat on Forty-six tomorrow. If we pull a walkout, it might mean a few bucks from the shippers.

BIG MAC

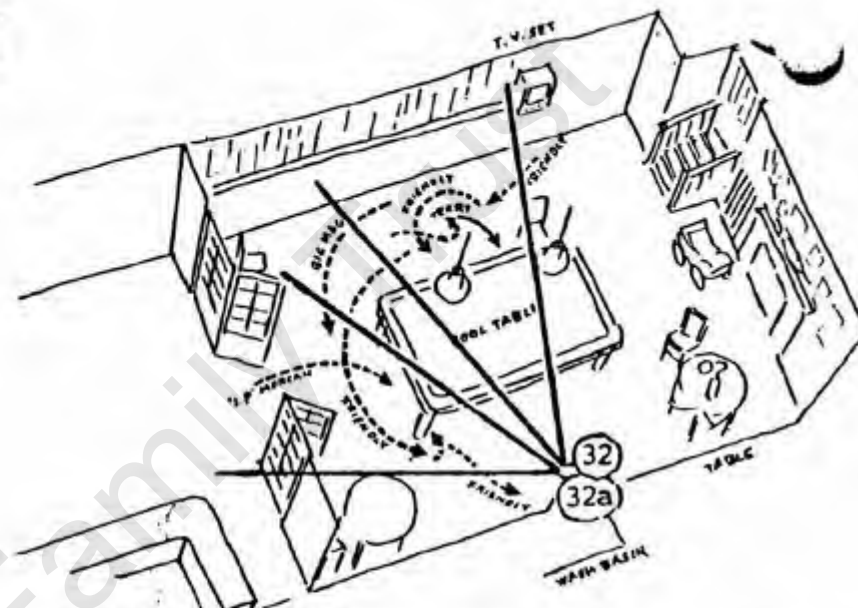
(31b) Following behind FRIENDLY, BIG MAC now crosses to a close shot, center screen, as he makes his suggestion about the extortion racket. Again, FRIENDLY is only incidentally interested while he concentrates on the prize fight.

TERRY

(31c) JOHNNY FRIENDLY switches off the TV set and is turning back towards CHARLEY when the camera, panning a little to the Left again, picks up TERRY as he comes in from the outer saloon. FRIENDLY's line, "Nobody's tough any more!" is the link to greeting of TERRY, the ex-prizefighter...

32) ANOTHER ANGLE

Note that, from a strictly 'orthodox' point of view, the cut from 31) to 32) is a bit clumsy. It 'crosses the axis' of the line between FRIENDLY and TERRY. How important is that so-called 'rule'? Not very. It's really only a 'mistake' in circumstances where the slight disorientation that might be involved cause some confusion or disrupts the flow of the action. That's hardly the case here.

TERRY AND FRIENDLY

(32) The business of playful mock combat (which in itself has ironic undertones) is played in a medium longshot across the pool table. The tussle has value in dramatising the slightly sinister 'macho' aspects of the relationship between the two men. When he loses interest in the game, FRIENDLY is continuing his move round the table in the direction of the outer saloon.

(32a) FRIENDLY walks round the ('West') end of the table, coming round it towards the lens into a Medium Close shot. On his demand, 'J.P.' MORGAN appears from directly behind him near the folding doors. FRIENDLY turns toward him briefly but then walks past camera Left, leaving us on a medium shot of MORGAN as BIG MAC walks into frame in background camera Right. As MORGAN turns away and BIG MAC comes nearer to confront him, we cut away to a Reverse Angle.

(31c)



BIG MAC(cont'd)
Them bananas go bad
in a hurry

More concerned with the
prize fight, FRIENDLY
waves him away.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Ask two 'G's'!

In disgust at something
on the TV screen,
FRIENDLY switches it
off.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
These clowns can't
fight! There's
nobody tough any more!

(31d)



TERRY is seen in the
background as he comes
in from the outer room.
As FRIENDLY turns back
towards CHARLEY, he
sees TERRY and hails
him.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Hiya, Slugger!

TERRY
Hi there, Johnny.

(32)



32) ANOTHER ANGLE

Cigar in his mouth,
FRIENDLY dances up to
meet TERRY in playful
imitation of a prize
fighter's sparring
match. TERRY responds
to the horseplay and
the big man moves in
to a clinch in which

he lifts TERRY bodily
off the ground and
spins him around
before setting him
down again, pleading
in mock fear.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Don't hit me! Don't
hit me!

(32a)



Abandonning the game,
FRIENDLY turns to the
camera again as he
demands:

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Where's Morgan?
Where's that big
banker of mine.

From behind him steps
a weaselly little man
with an ingratiating
manner, his large hat
over big ears.

'J.P.' MORGAN
Right here, Mr
Friendly.

FRIENDLY turns to him
and then moves out of
shot on the left.

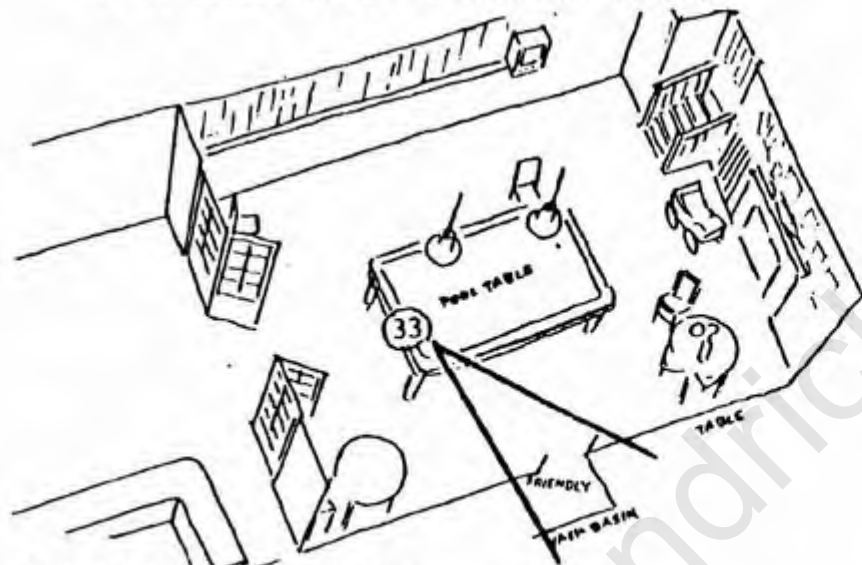
(32b)



JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Hiya, 'J.P.' How's
business?

The little man nods in
the direction of BIG
MAC behind him.

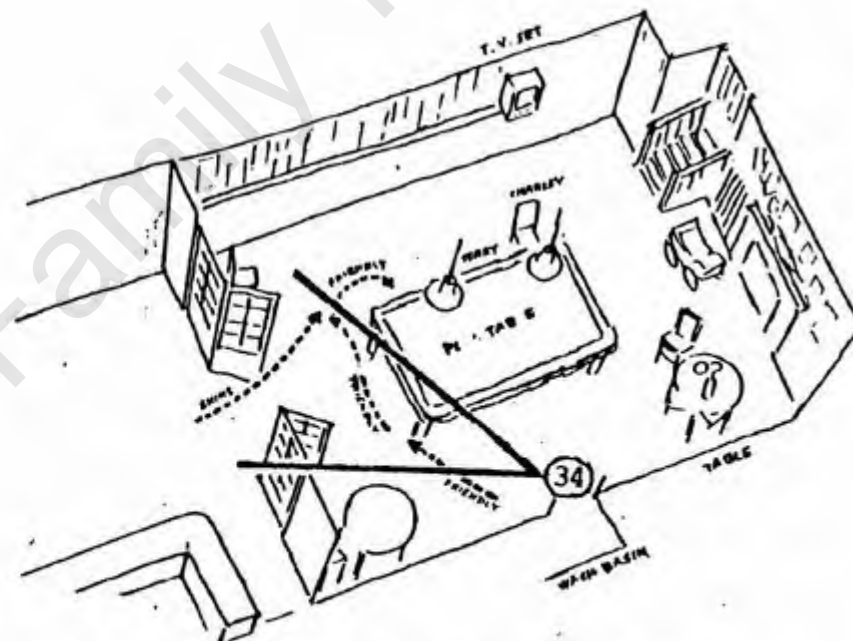
NOTE: It's quite possible that 32) was shot continuously with 34) that follows. Routine procedure in this kind of camera coverage is to stage the significant sections of action in fairly long and continuous takes of moderately complex moves by the actors and uninterrupted camera movement. Then to provide the editor with 'cutaway' material of the reactions either of offscreen characters or of closer details within the scene.)



FRIENDLY IN THE WASHROOM

- (33) JOHNNY FRIENDLY's offscreen reactions to the exchange between 'J.P.'MORGAN and BIG MAC are provided in this 'direct reverse'.

NOTE: one of the values of the fairly elaborate and sustained 'mastershot' is, of course, that it gives the actors and the director that 'flow' of a continuous performance that allows the actor to modulate the balance and the pacing of the scene. For example, it allows the overlapping of dialogue lines that gives a natural air to the exchanges between the characters. The handicap, on the other hand, is that in the 'cutaway' shots care should be taken



- 34) (RESUME 327) 'J.P.'MORGAN has turned to camera again as FRIENDLY re-enters frame on the Left. He takes the money offered and at once hands it to another HOODLUM to count. While this individual leans over the table to begin checking the bills, FRIENDLY is moving away from camera, retracing his path round the end of the table. Summoned by the boss, 'SKINS' comes quickly in from the outer room, following FRIENDLY as the camera is panning Right again -

'J.P.' MORGAN
Having trouble with
Kelly again, boss.
He won't take no
loans - and Big Mac
puts him to work
anyway.

BIG MAC advances in
protest.

BIG MAC
He's my wife's
nephew -

'J.P.' MORGAN
(overlapping)
But he won't take
no loans!



33) REVERSE ANGLE

JOHNNY FRIENDLY has
walked off towards a
door which opens on
to a lavatory with a
washhand basin. He
is drying his hands
as he looks back in
tolerant amusement
Overscene Big Mac's
voice is indignant.

BIG MAC
But I gotta put him
to work! She'd
murda me!

There is some laughter
and one of the other
hoodlums comments

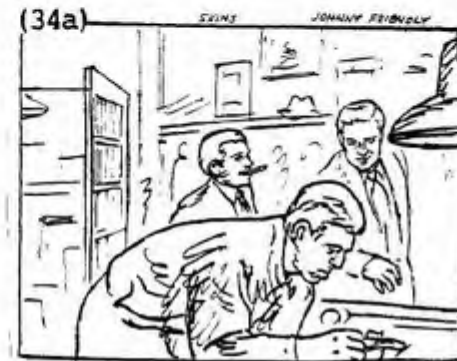
A VOICE
(overscene)
That's why I never
got married.



34) RESUME 'J.P' MORGAN

The loan shark holds
out a wad of money to
FRIENDLY who reenters
from behind camera to
take it. He passes it
immediately to one of
the hoodlums.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Here, you count it.
Countin' makes me
sleepy.

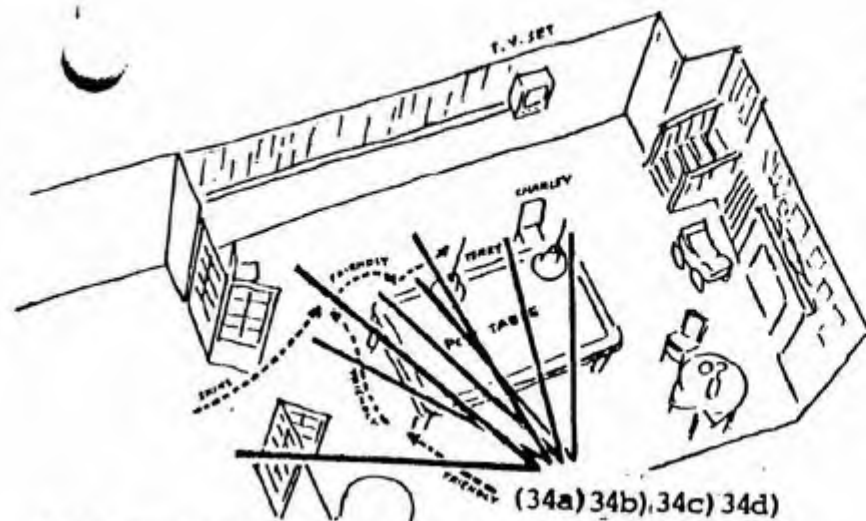


As the man leans on the
table to start counting,
FRIENDLY glances through
the doors into the other
bar.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Hey, 'Skins', didja
handle that sheet
metal all right.

'SKINS', a cocky little
type with a very large
cigar in his mouth,
comes quickly up to
report to FRIENDLY.

'SKINS'
Oh, yeah. It was
easy. The new
checker faked the
receipt. Here it
is.



(34a) 34b), 34c) 34d)

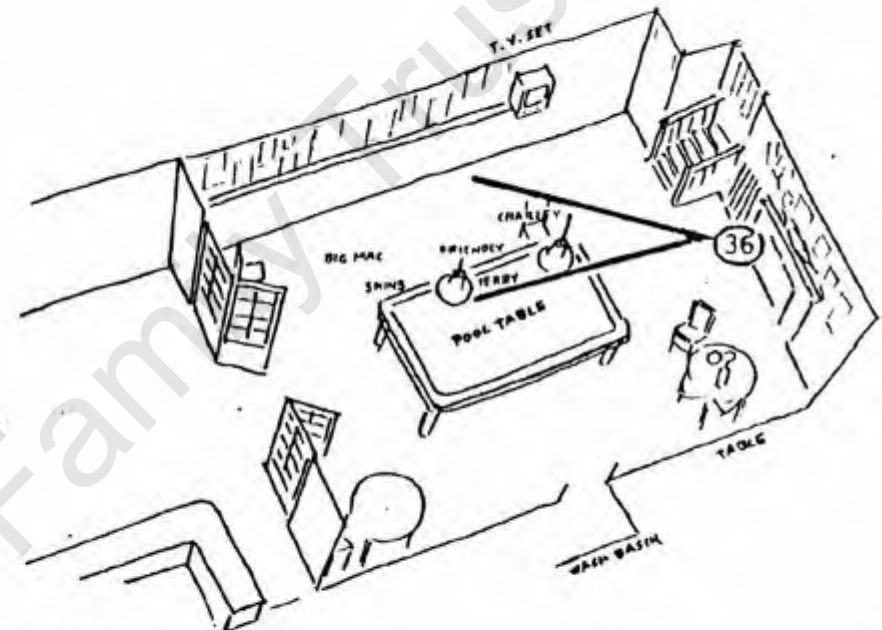
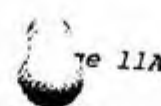
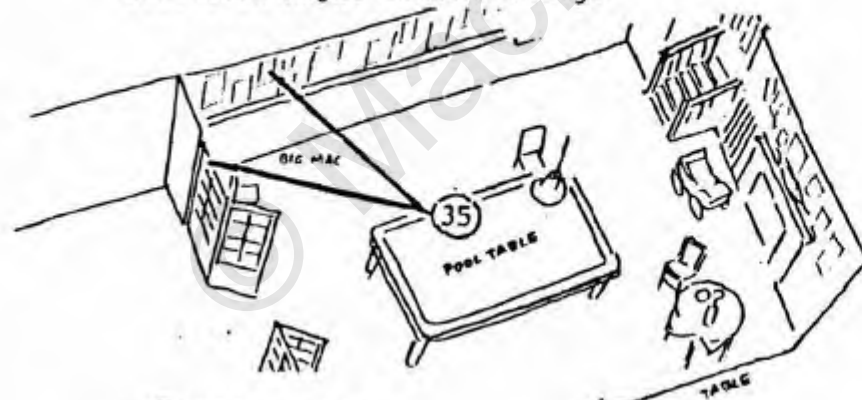
34a) Summoned by FRIENDLY, 'SKINS' appears in the background, coming through the doors from the other bar. He follows FRIENDLY who pauses only long enough to take the third wad of bills from him -

34b) - which he throws on the table beside TERRY who is introduced again on the Right of screen, back to camera.

34c) Camera pans more to the Right, excluding Skins as TERRY turns to face camera. CHARLEY is now included on the Right.

NOTE; 32) and 34) are the masterscene coverage for this section. The bridge to a couple of new mastershots has to be another cutaway -

35) BIG MAC in a medium shot size. He looks offscreen Right towards Terry.



36) THE GROUP

A new angle includes the five figures that are now on the 'North' side of the table. Shooting 'Northwest', it is framed so that they are arranged once more 'in depth' - with CHARLEY closest to the lens, TERRY and JOHNNY FRIENDLY beyond him, SKINS and BIG MAC glimpsed in the background. Dialogue in the scene that follows requires that all of them be kept 'in play' and the interaction is not broken up by closeup 'single' coverage.



JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(irritated)
You wanna talk to me
take the cigar outa
your mouth. Stow
the receipt. I'll
take the cash.

'SKINS', nervous,
quickly complies.

SKINS
Yeah, sure.
(passing him
the money)
Forty five bills.



FRIENDLY turns towards
TERRY.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Hey, Terry. You
count this.
(as he hesitates)
Go on, go on. It's
good for you.
Develops your mind.



35) C.S. BIG MAC

BIG MAC smirks with
sarcasm.

BIG MAC
What mind?

Offscreen, FRIENDLY
rebukes him.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Shut up -



36) M.S. GROUP

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
- I like the kid.

As TERRY begins to
count the cash that
has been thrown on the
pool table, FRIENDLY
leans an arm on him in
a gesture that is both
possessive and mildly
contemptuous.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(to Charley)
Hey, remember the
night he took
Farella at St Nicks.
We won a bundle.
Real tough. Big try.

TERRY appears to be
distracted by the
reference.

TERRY
I lost the count.

There is general
laughter at TERRY's
expense, but FRIENDLY
is tolerant, ruffling
the hair on the back
of TERRY's neck.



JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(amused)
Okay, forget it,
Einstein. How come
you never got an
education like
your brother
Charley here.

(36b), (38)

The supporting characters in the scene serve a number of functions. Firstly, of course, they establish Friendly's position as the boss of a substantial organisation, and the dangerous consequences to anyone who challenges him. Moreover, they plant one of the major themes of the story, the atmosphere of intimidation in face of Friendly's manipulative techniques. Friendly plays each man off against his neighbour. His attacks are often 'tangential', as when he addresses a question to Charley that is meant for Terry.

In a couple of cases, a latent aggression is exposed by an outburst against, for example, the unfortunate 'Skins' - as demonstration to Terry. Similarly here, TERRY's attack of BIG MAC hints at the aggression he feels, but does not dare show, towards FRIENDLY and CHARLEY.

FRIENDLY walks out of the shot as BIG MAC comments from the background.

BIG MAC
The only arithmetic he ever got was hearing the referee count up to ten.

TERRY turns again to BIG MAC,

TERRY
You know, you're not too funny today, fat man.



CHARLEY, while he still continues to count the money that he has taken over from TERRY, swiftly lays a restraining hand on his brother's arm. But it is the offscreen voice of Johnny Friendly that halts TERRY before he starts towards BIG MAC.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(Overscene)

Hey -!



37) M.L.S.FRIENDLY

From the top end of the pool table, FRIENDLY has noticed danger in Terry's behaviour.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
-what gives with our boy tonight, Charley. He ain't himself.



38) RESUME M.S. GROUP

While TERRY faces BIG MAC, CHARLEY explains.

CHARLEY
(confidentially)
It's just the Joey Doyle thing. You know how he exaggerates a thing (with a gesture to his temple) Just too much 'Marquis of Queensbury' -



39) RESUME FRIENDLY

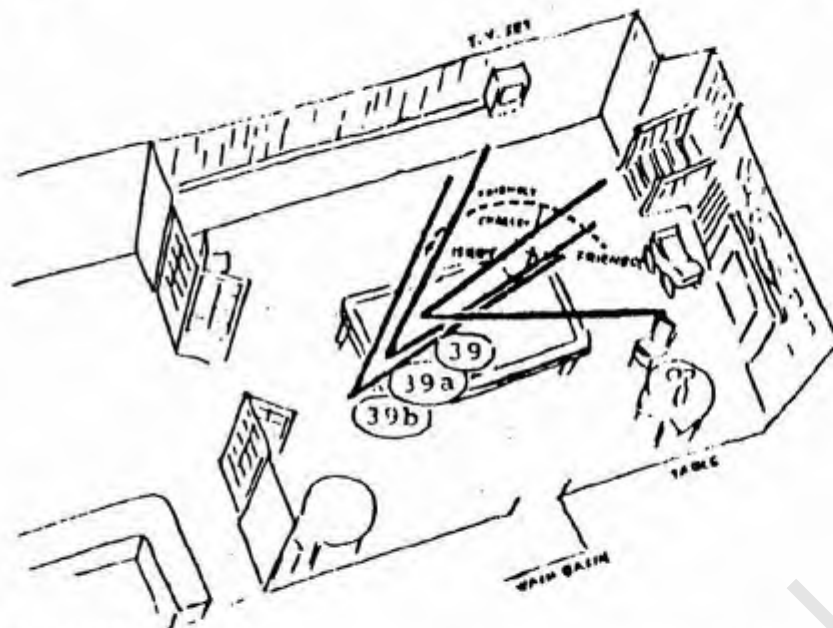
CHARLEY
(overscene)
- It softens them up.

FRIENDLY begins to move back towards them and camera pans and tracks with him.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(more quietly)
Listen, kid. I'm a soft touch too. Ask any rummy on the dock if I ain't good for a fin any time they put the arm on me.

(with growing force)
But my old lady raised us ten kids on a stinkin' watchman's pension. When I was sixteen I had to beg for work in the hold!

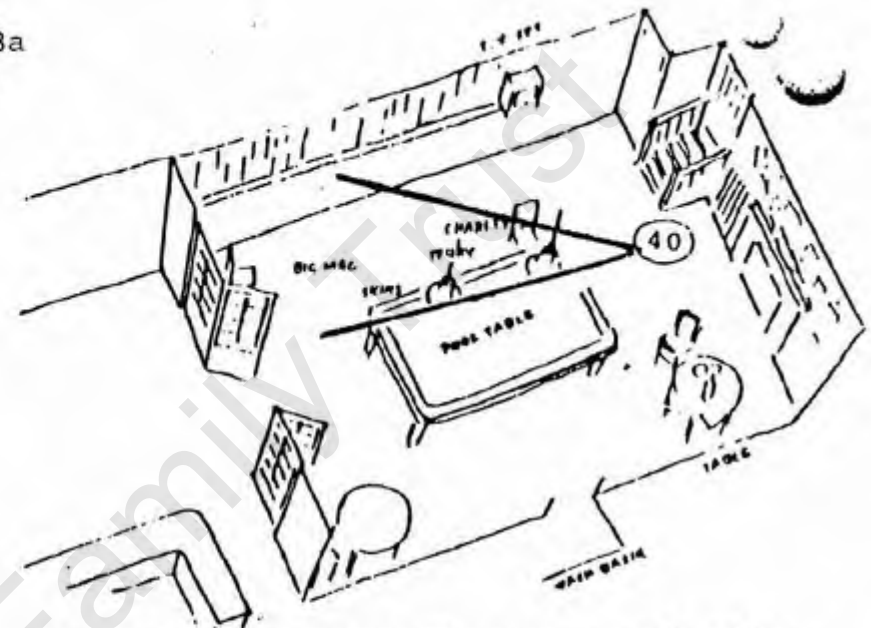




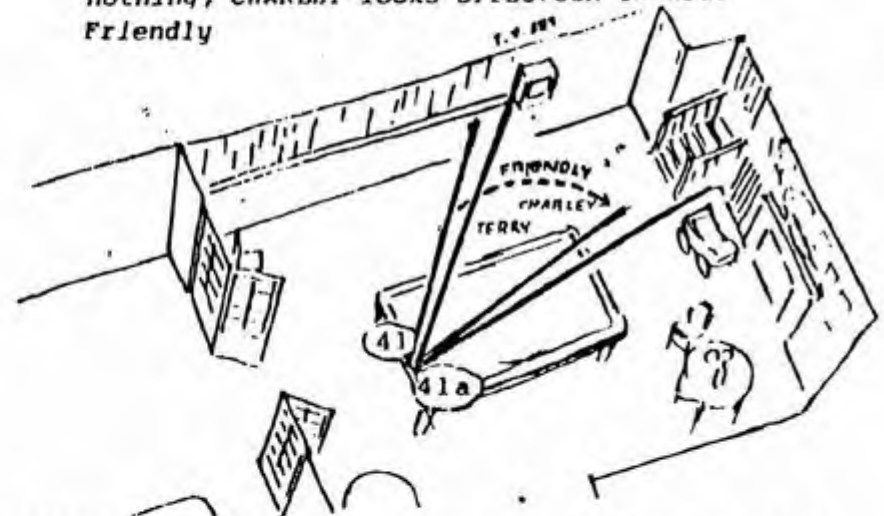
(39), (39a), (39b)

As JOHNNY FRIENDLY starts back, camera pulls back with him while also panning to the Left. The movement includes first CHARLEY, then TERRY in backview as FRIENDLY comes level with him.

Note: Here, as throughout the scene, the camera moves are dictated by the 'blocking' of the figure who is central to the action. Most of the other figures are relatively static throughout the scene which is staged round the moves of FRIENDLY - moves that in turn decided by the disposition of 'props' (the TV set or the washbasin) as well as the money that FRIENDLY collects from his various henchmen. Kazan, as a director with theater background, organises the actor's moves first and then designs the camera set-ups to follow them.



(40) Cut back to resume the reverse angle with CHARLEY in the foreground, TERRY and FRIENDLY beyond him. FRIENDLY walks back to the top of the table, exiting screen Right so that we remain on TERRY and CHARLEY. TERRY says nothing, CHARLEY looks offscreen towards Friendly



(41) Resume the complementary angle that pans back again, following FRIENDLY who pauses behind CHARLEY as he turns back towards TERRY in the foreground Left.

He is building up the emotion in his voice. TERRY, who recognises the mood, tries to placate him.

TERRY
(quiet)

I know that, Johnny.
I know that.

But FRIENDLY, advancing on him, has grown angry.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
You know, taking over this Local took a little doin'! There was some pretty rough fellas in the way!



FRIENDLY jerks open the collar of his shirt to exhibit an old scar at the throat.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(continuing)
They gave me this to remember them by!

Tactfully, CHARLEY lends support.

CHARLEY
(to Terry)
He had to keep his hand over his throat to stay alive and he still went after them.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(with sympathy)
I know what's eatin' ya. But I've got two thosand dues-paying members in this local. That's



39) ANOTHER ANGLE

Framing CHARLEY in the foreground, TERRY beyond as FRIENDLY walks out of shot again towards the top of the table.

CHARLEY
('reasonably')
Why shouldn't we? If we can get it, we're entitled to it.

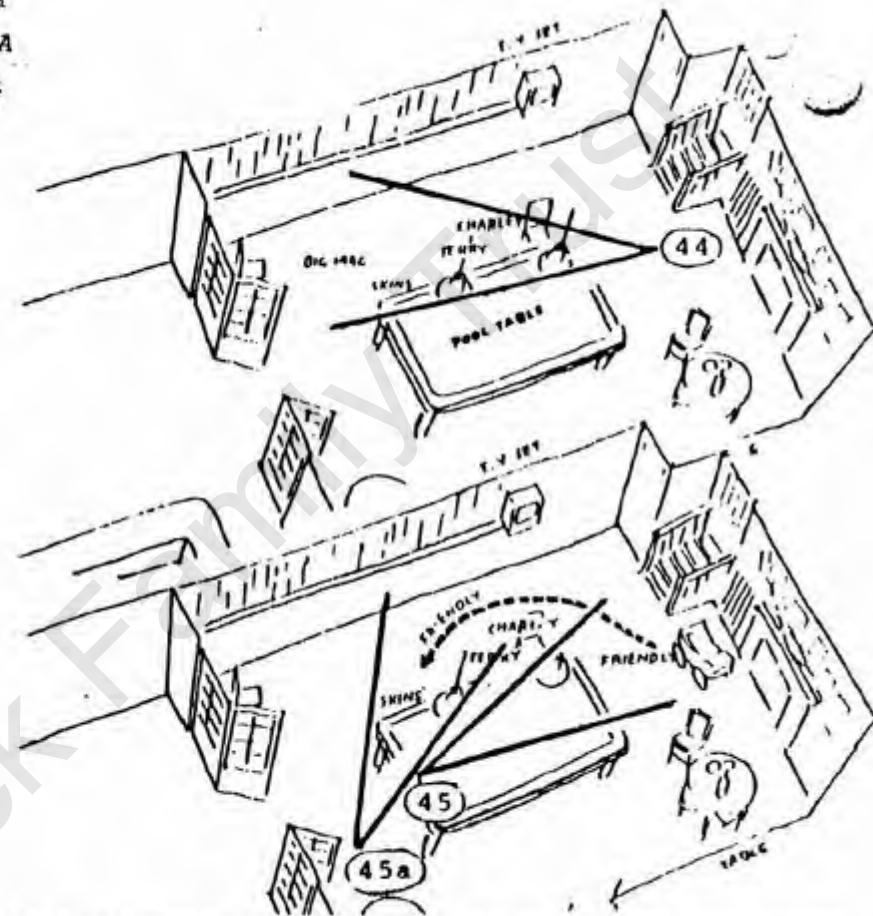
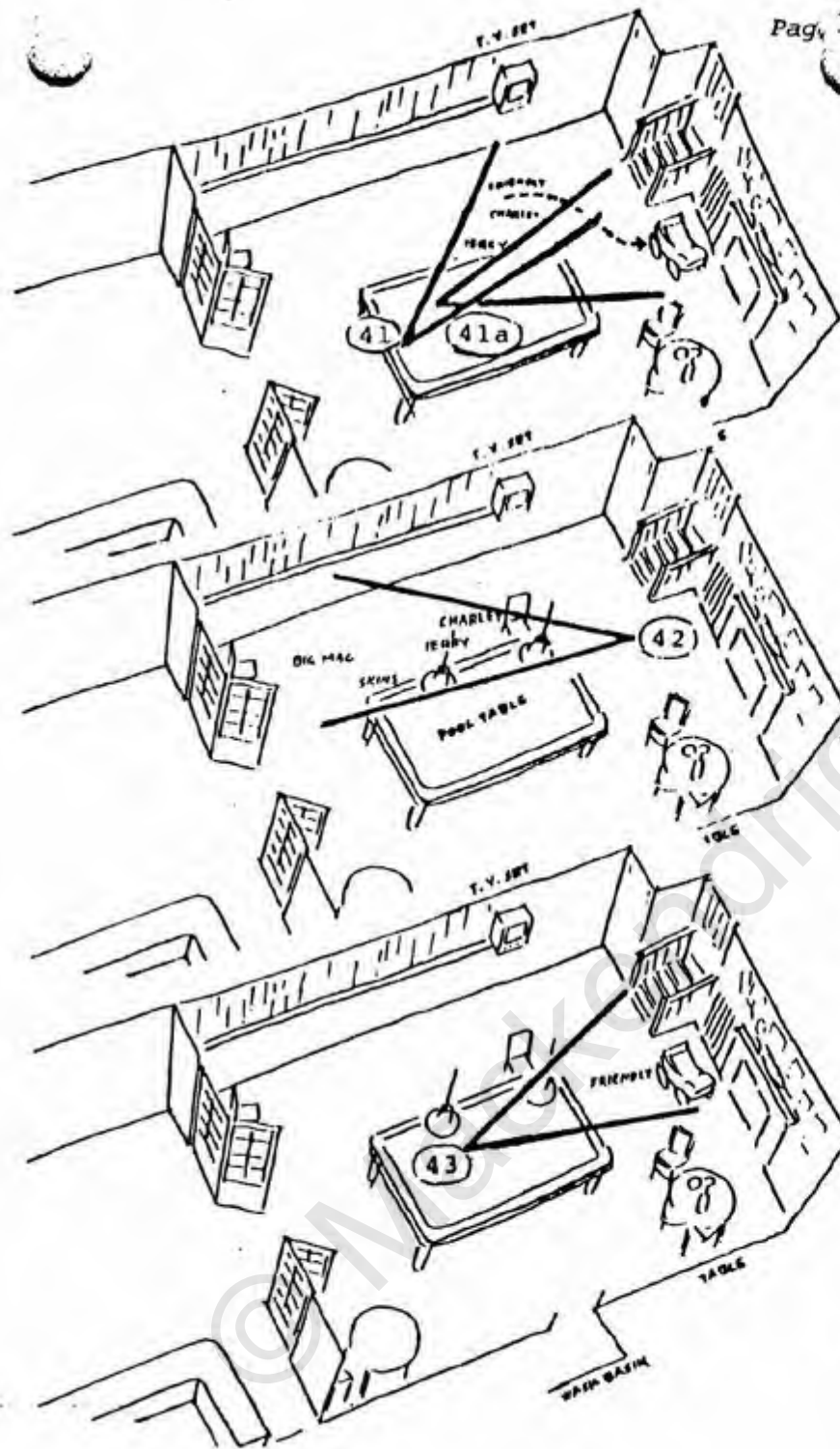
He looks off towards Johnny Friendly.

40) RESUME FRIENDLY

Walking away from them FRIENDLY continues.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
You don't suppose I can afford to be boxed out of a deal like this, do ya?





- (41a) FRIENDLY, confident of his powers of persuasion, walks 'upstage' again--
- (42) While CHARLEY has to turn to TERRY, warning him that a response is expected. It is not immediately forthcoming.
- (43) The reverse angle cut is to FRIENDLY and this sharply aggressive challenge is emphatic.
- (44) This is the 'crisis moment' of the scene, the point of real conflict. (Note, of course, that Terry is not really about to protest that his friend Joey Doyle has been murdered, only that he, Terry, should not have been used to trap Joey without being told of their intentions.)
- (45), (45a) The pull back camera move is now repeated, but this time so that FRIENDLY walks past TERRY to confront 'SKINS.'



**JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(cont'd)**

A deal I sweated and bled for - on account of one lousy little cheese-eater - that Doyle bum who thinks he can go squealing to the Crime Commission, do ya?



43) RESUME TERRY, CHARLEY

Mildly enough, TERRY tries to make a point.

TERRY

Well, no, Johnny. I just figured that I should have been told -

CHARLEY swiftly holds up the money he has been counting.

CHARLEY

(interrupting)

I make it twenty six twenty three.

(turning on Skins in background)

You're fifty short, Skins!



41) M.S. TERRY AND CHARLEY

Resume reverse angle. TERRY has not answered. CHARLEY turns to him, indicating that his response is necessary. But TERRY remains silent. CHARLEY looks back towards Friendly.



42) RESUME FRIENDLY

His back is turned as he bends over the perambulator which is tended by a woman who is presumably a wife of one of the men who are lounging about the pool room table. In the moment of silence, FRIENDLY realises that his rhetorical demand has not been answered. He turns back with sudden force.

**JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(aggressive)**
Well do ya?



44) RESUME FRIENDLY

The confrontation with Terry is derailed as FRIENDLY's anger now focusses on Skins. Camera pulls back with FRIENDLY as he moves past Charley and Terry towards Skins.

**JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(holding out his hand)**

Gimme!

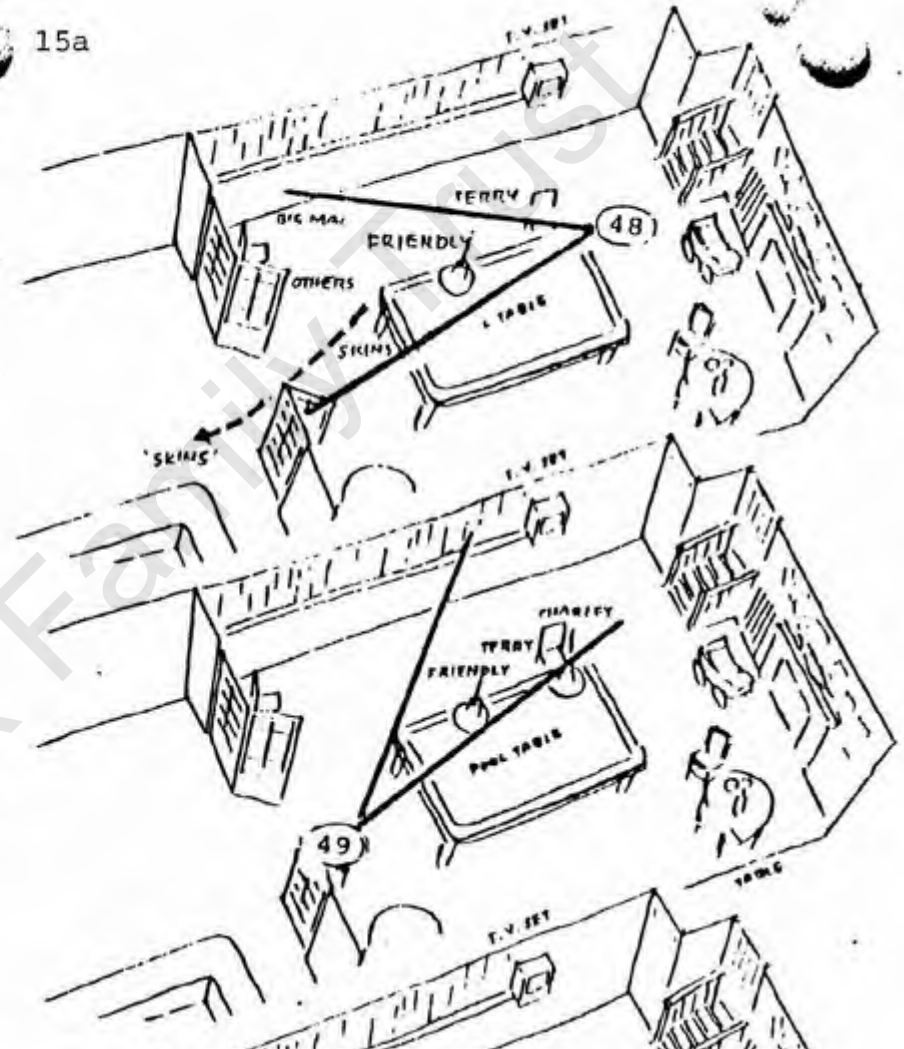
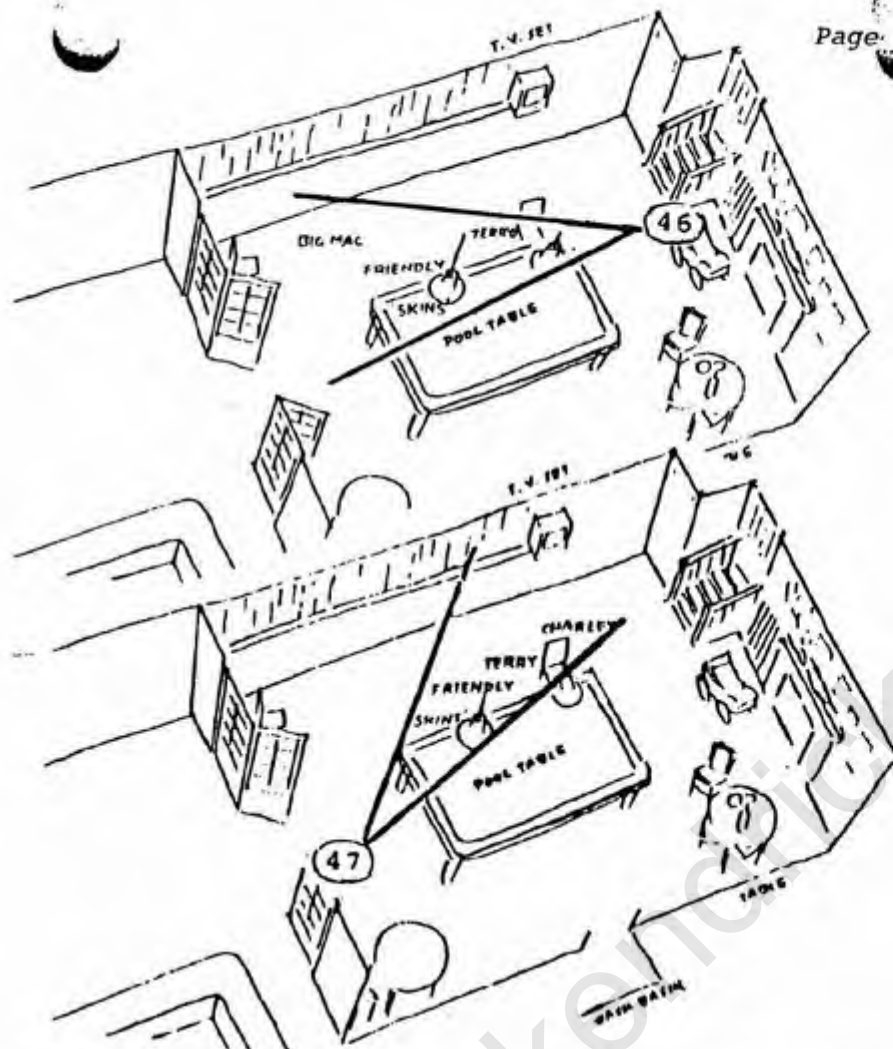
SKINS is scared.

SKINS

I musta miscounted.

Cigar in his mouth, he begins frantically to search his pockets.



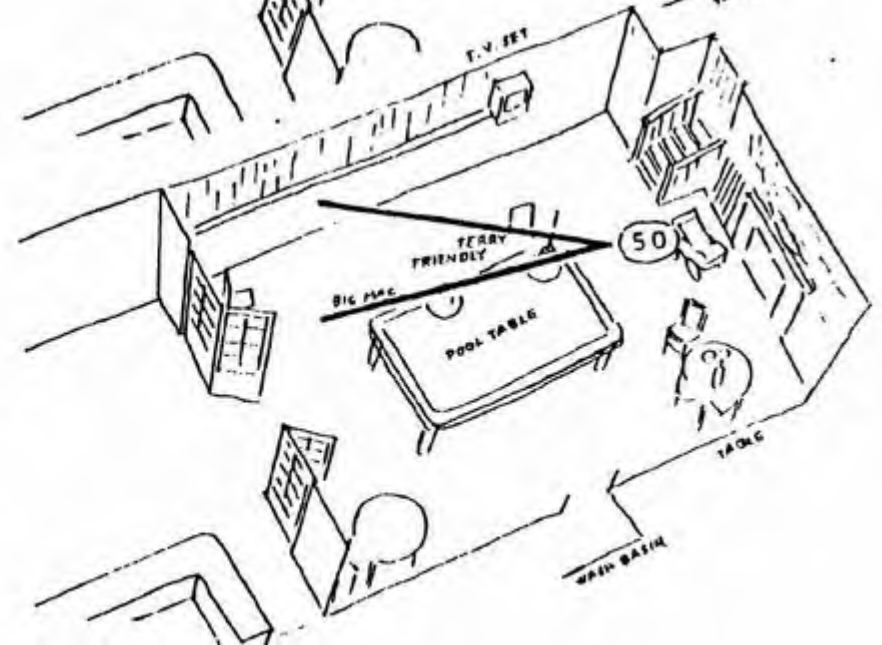


(46), (47), (48)

The violence of the assault by FRIENDLY on the much smaller man is, of course, partly a display by FRIENDLY for the benefit of both TERRY and the rest of the men in the room. Hence, the staging that puts TERRY directly next to FRIENDLY and the reverse angle showing similar 'neutrality' on the part of BIG MAC and all the others.

(49) and (50)

Swift change of 'color' again as FRIENDLY forces on TERRY the money and the promise of favoured treatment in hiring. Both are blatant bribes payment for Terry's betrayal of Joey Doyle.



FRIENDLY, in rising fury repeats:

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Gimme! Gimme!

Abruptly losing all control, FRIENDLY slaps the cigar out of SKINS mouth and thrusts him violently so that he falls back onto the pool table -



46) ANOTHER ANGLE

Holding him down on the table, FRIENDLY reaches inside SKINS jacket to extract his wallet, pulling it out to throw aside, then searching the side pockets for the rest of his possessions. BIG MAC and the rest of the onlookers make no attempt to protect the smaller man from FRIENDLY's blind rage.



47) RESUME MEDIUM SHOT

Seizing SKINS by the lapel of his jacket, FRIENDLY savagely slaps his face.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
You came from Greenpoint, you go back to Greenpoint! You don't work here no more!

FRIENDLY thrusts the man from him, out of shot.



48) RESUME LONGER ANGLE

Scrambling up from the floor, 'SKINS' makes for the door and the group watch him disappear. After a moment of awed silence, FRIENDLY recovers his good temper.



49) RESUME MEDIUM SHOT

Retrieving the money on the table, FRIENDLY turns to TERRY.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Here, kid. Here's half a bill. Go get a load on

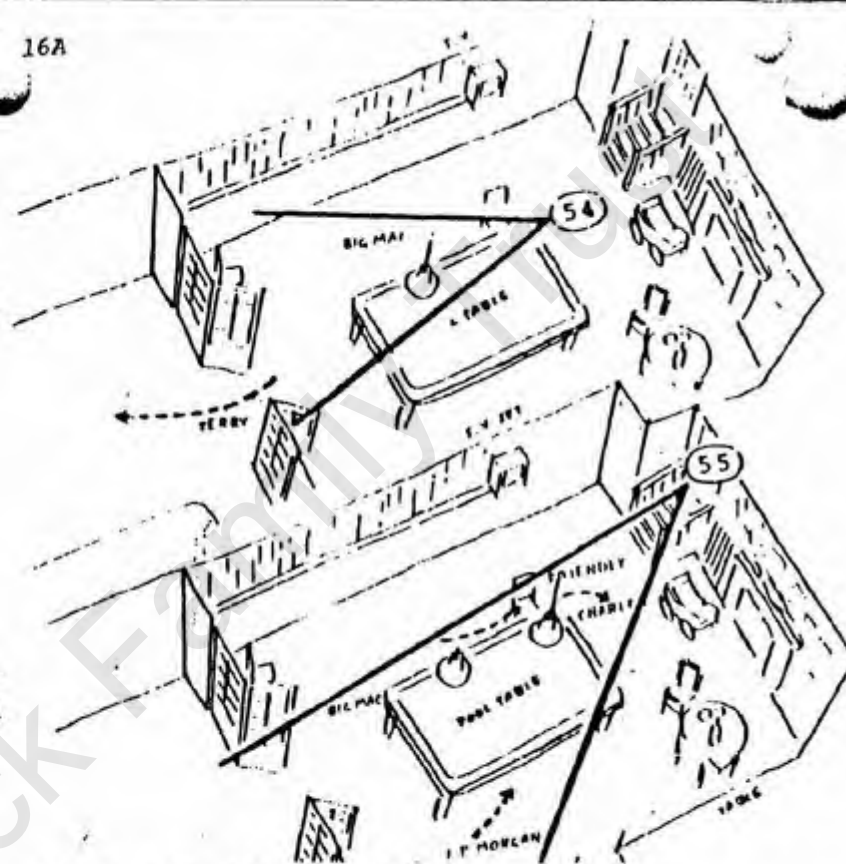
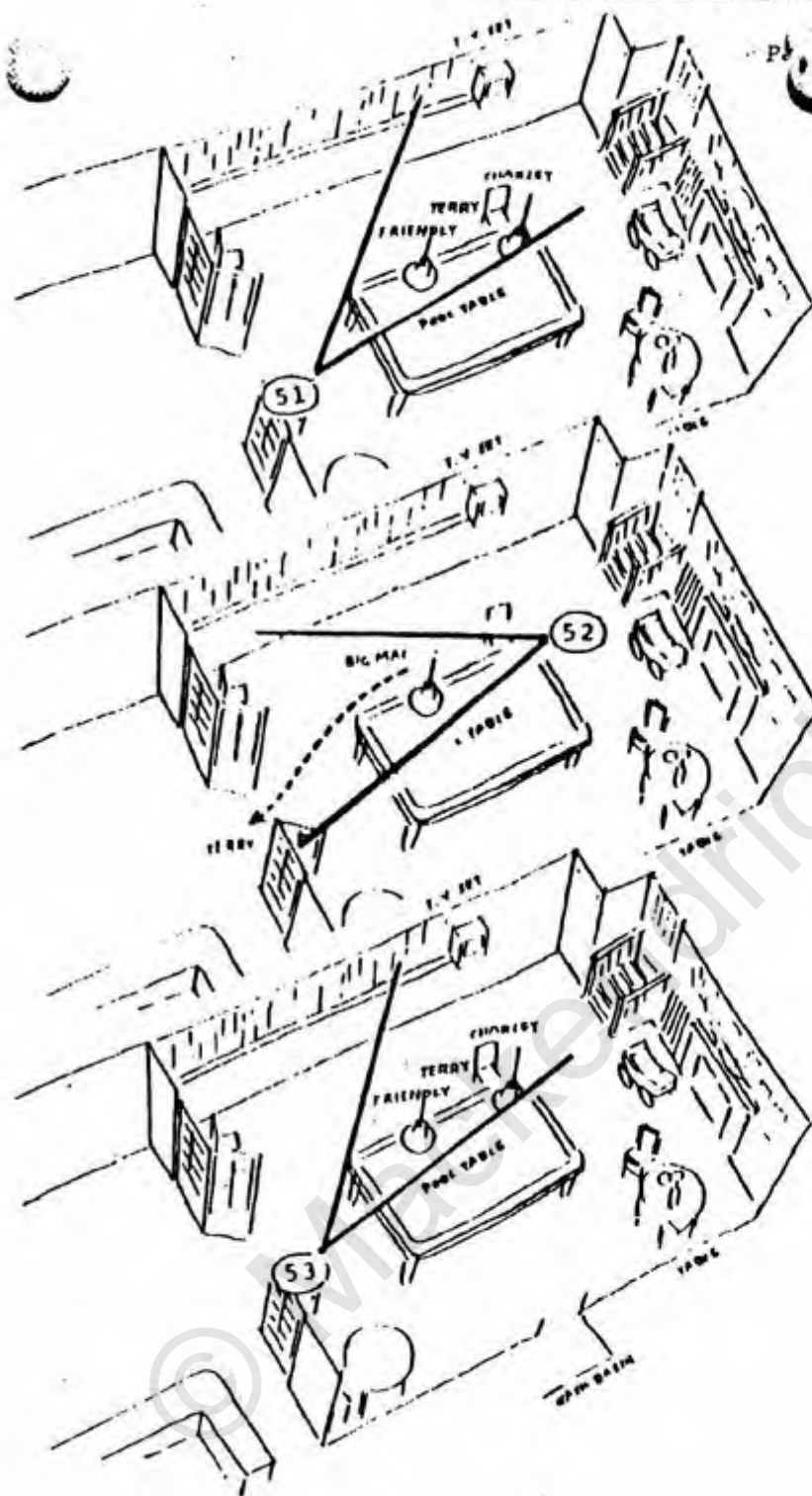
TERRY starts a protest, but FRIENDLY, insisting, tucks the fifty dollar bill into the neck of his sweater and throws an arm around his shoulders.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Go on! Present from your Uncle Johnny! (turning to the camera)
And Mac -



50) REVERSE ANGLE

JOHNNY FRIENDLY (continuing)
-Tomorrow, when you shape up the men, put Terry up in the loft. Number One. Every day.



(51), (52), (53) and (54)

Staging underlines not only TERRY'S relationship with FRIENDLY and CHARLEY but also with the secondary figures who represent the intimidated longshoreman.

TERRY'S exit is played out in a way that emphasizes that the conflict is postponed rather than settled.

In effect this represents what would be considered a 'First Act curtain' in technical theatrical terms. Not only the Plot, but also the machinery of character-progression and the Theme have been solidly established.

(55) The choice of a very high setup looking downward on the whole group, the men crowding round the money on the pool table, is a traditional signal of the 'act curtain' or 'end of a chapter.' It is a 'God's eye view', inviting the audience to imagine where the story will move next.

None too enthusiastic,
BIG MAC accepts the
instruction FRIENDLY
turns back to TERRY.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
It's nice easy work,
see.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY is also
watching TERRY

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(mildly)
Why should he forget
it?

(51)



51) RESUME MEDIUM SHOT

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
-You check in and you
goof off on a coffee
bag. Okay?

TERRY
Okay, Johnny.

Picking up his jacket
TERRY moves out of shot.

(54)



54) RESUME LONGER ANGLE

The other men have
turned to watch TERRY

TERRY
(lightly)
Yeah. Thanks, Johnny.

With the lumber jacket
tucked under his arm,
TERRY walks off through
the outer room. In the
distance there is the
faraway sound of one of
the ships on the river.

(52)



52) RESUME LONGER ANGLE

But as he reaches the
doors into the outer
bar he is halted by an
offscreen challenge.

CHARLEY'S VOICE
Hey!

TERRY looks back.

(55)



55) HIGH ANGLE LONGSHOT

Shooting downward on
the pool table, as
FRIENDLY returns to
take the seat which
CHARLEY occupied.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
(expansively)
All right! Payday!

With CHARLEY at his
elbow, FRIENDLY gets
ready to dole out the
money on the table,
calling out the names.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Barney! - Mac!
- Truck!....

(53)



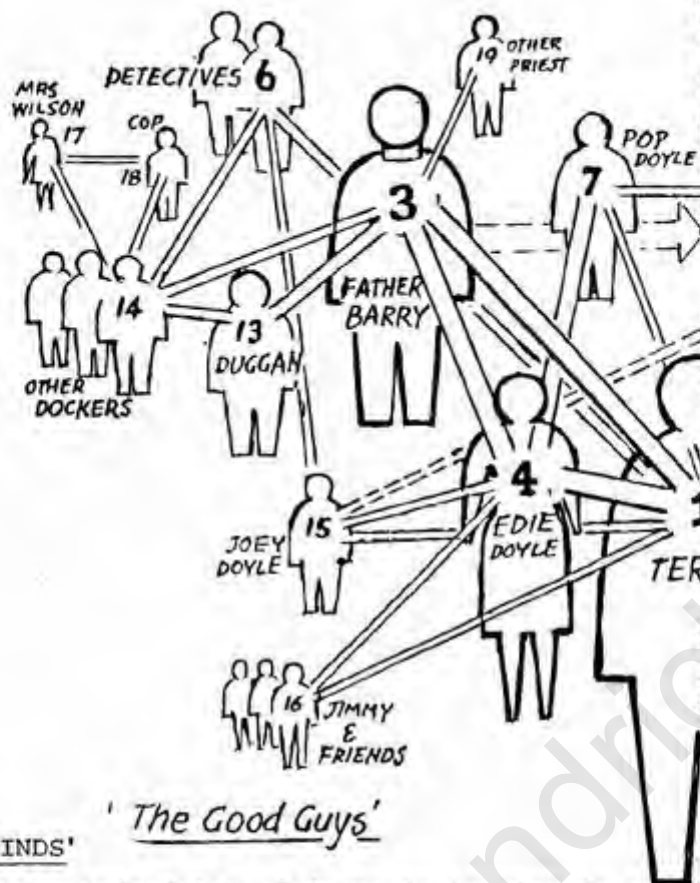
53) RESUME MEDIUM SHOT

CHARLEY is aware of
the issue not fully
resolved.

CHARLEY
-You got a real
friend here. And
don't you forget it.

SLOW FADE OUT.

THE CRIME COMMISSION



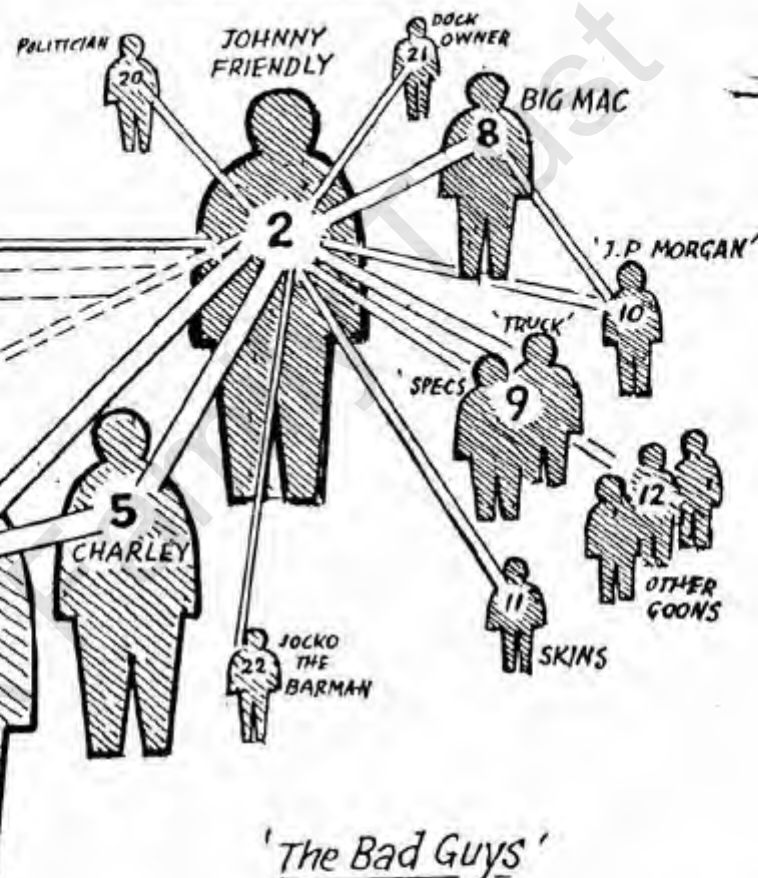
'The Good Guys'

'THE BINDS'

One of the principles of dramatic tension is the triangle situation: a character is caught in a bind which is the two way tension of forces acting on him or her through his or her relationship with a second and third figure. A strongly structured story is very often a complex 'cat's cradle' of such interwoven tensions, a web of triangles.

Here is the 'knitting' of a score of characters in *On the Waterfront*. Note that certain figures are not single individuals, but pairs, trios or even small groups. This doubling up of a character, who, for example the two detectives or the two bodyguards of Johnny Friendly, has the effect of generalizing them as a dramatic element, so that they are less specific persons but symbols of 'the Law' - 'the Mob'.

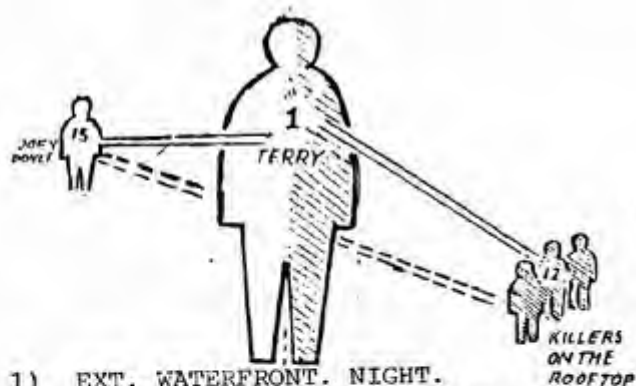
THE CORRUPTION



'The Bad Guys'

Most of the connecting strings in the above cat's cradle represent actual confrontations: though there are interesting exceptions. Father Barry never has a direct interaction with Johnny Friendly. Charley, the Gent, has no scene with 'Eddie Doyle'. Intriguingly, 'Pop', the father of the murdered 'Joey', has no scene of confrontation with his son's killer until the very last incident when Pop pushes Friendly off the gang-plank.

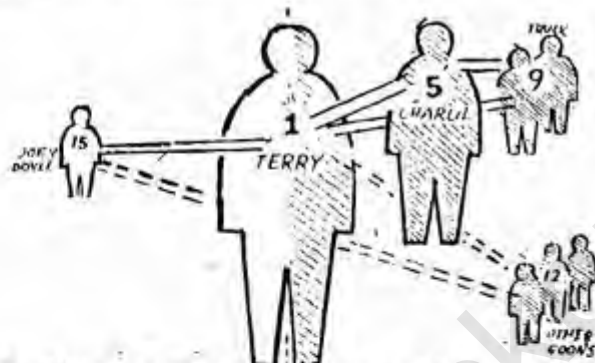
One way to vivisect the plot is to look at the scenes as a sequence of knitting..., as the knots are tied in the web of tensions which grows in density up to the point of final denouement (literally 'unknotting').



1) EXT. WATERFRONT. NIGHT.

Four figures, (Johnny Friendly, Specs, Truck, and Big Mac) established in longshot which introduces TERRY MALLOY. We follow Terry. JOEY DOYLE (in longshot) agrees to meet TERRY on the rooftop. Two killers are seen waiting for him.

(BASIC MOVE: Terry is 'in the middle'. On behalf of Friendly's group he sets the trap for his friend Joey. THEME: Divided loyalty.)



2) EXT. FRIENDLY'S BAR. NIGHT

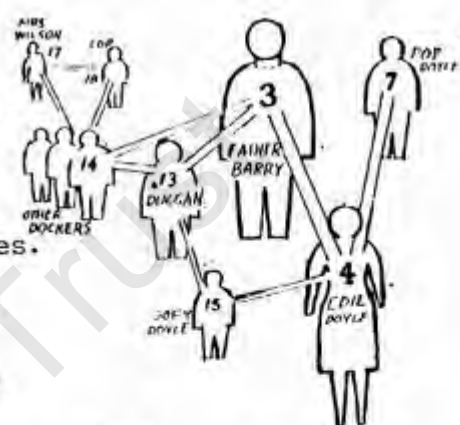
Outside Friendly's bar. CHARLIE THE GENT: Terry's brother is introduced. SPECS, TRUCK, TERRY, and CHARLIE hear the murder of Joey. Mention of the Crime Commission. Later Big Mac is established.

(BASIC MOVE: Terry had not realized that Joey was to be killed. Charlie is now in triangular relationship between Terry and the two muscle men.)

3) EXT. TENEMENT BUILDINGS. NIGHT

Joey's body. In the group are POP DOYLE: father of Joey. Other dockers: DUGGAN, LUKE (the negro) MOOSE, MRS. COLLINS. Also COP who questions POP. FATHER BARRY arrives. Then EDIE DOYLE. EDIE makes a hysterical attack on FATHER BARRY.

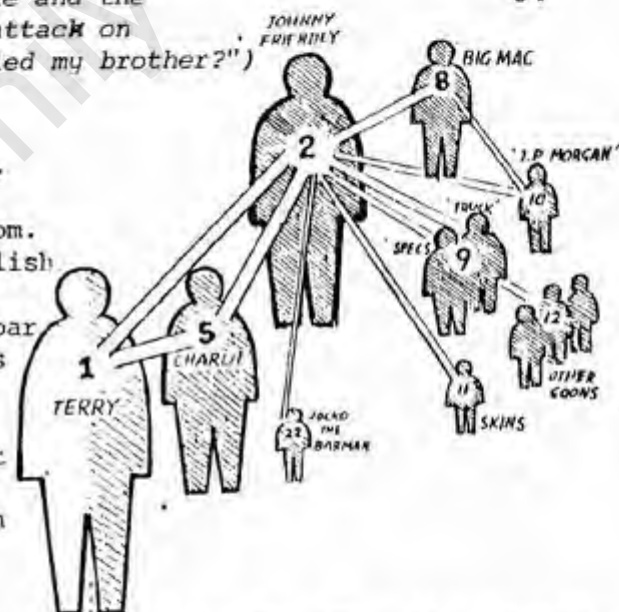
(BASIC MOVE: Father Barry in the middle between Edie and the 'D and D' attitude of Pop Doyle and the other dockers. Edie's attack on Father Barry. "Who killed my brother?")



4) INT. FRIENDLY'S BAR. NIGHT.

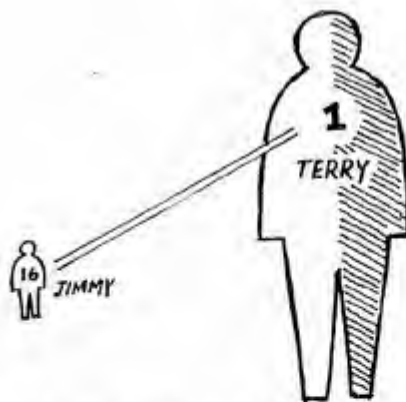
The group in the backroom. Exposition scene. Establish

- JOCKO, the Barman (Friendly owns the bar and decides who gets drinks on credit.)
- The fight on T.V. (Friendly's interest in the fights.)
- BIG MAC arrives with the kickback from the dues.
- Also explains about the banana boat (extortion by the union.)
- J.P. MORGAN, the Loan Shark (Friendly forces loans on the dockers if they get work.)
- SKINS, who sells stolen sheet metal. (Friendly connives at the theft.)



Backstory for Friendly, his origins, how he took over the union. The Crime Commission; Joey was going to give evidence. CHARLIE prevents the clash by calling attention to the fact that SKINS is holding out. FRIENDLY beats up SKINS (potential violence in Friendly). TERRY is mollified, given money, promised a soft job at the shape up - TERRY leaves. FRIENDLY pays off all his henchmen.

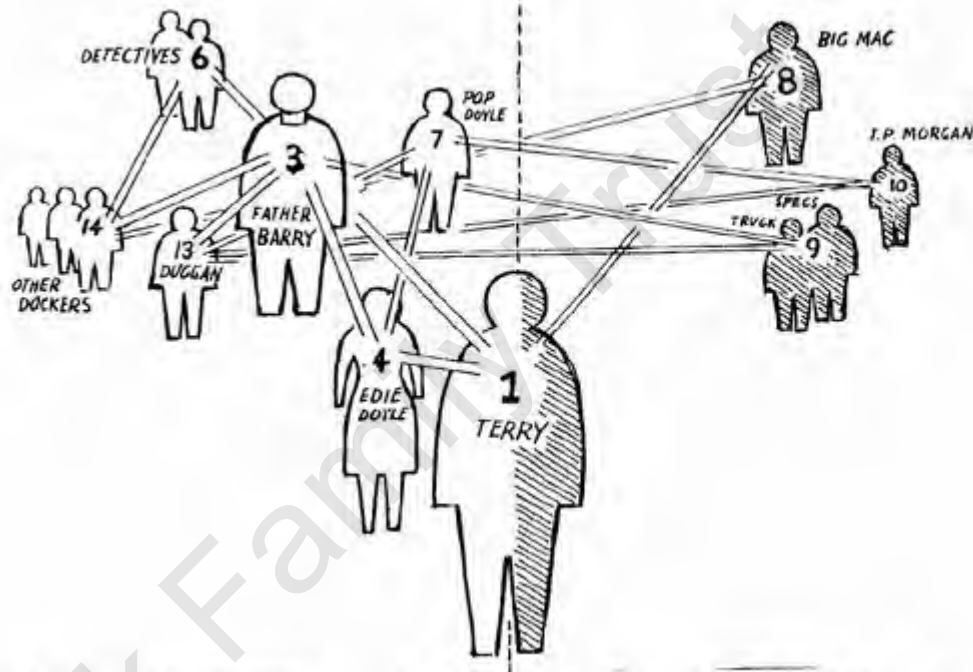
(BASIC MOVES: Friendly challenging Terry to object to the murder of Joey.)



5) EXT. TENEMENT ROOF. DAYBREAK

TERRY in pigeon coop, depressed.
JIMMY, of the Golden Warriors.
Ship's whistle sounds.

(BASIC MOVE: Terry still disturbed
over his part in Joey Doyle's death.)



6) EXT. DOCKS. MORNING

The 'shape up'. Establish the crowd
of dockers waiting. DUGGAN and
other dockers (Moose, Luke, Tommy,
etc.) offer condolences to POP DOYLE.
POP gives DUGGAN Joey's windbreaker.
J.P. MORGAN appears, suggests a loan
to POP. DUGGAN sarcastic to the
loan shark. 'TRUCK' and 'SPECS',
the goons intervene.

DETECTIVES (Glover and Gillette)
arrive, looking for Terry Malloy.
Dockers say they've never heard of
him but GLOVER identifies Terry.
Wasn't Terry the last to see Joey
Doyle alive? He may be wanted for
questioning by the Crime Commission.
TERRY is angry that they take him
for 'a pigeon'.

BIG MAC appears in the entrance to
the docks. The crowd assembles.
POP, dismayed, sees EDIE DOYLE at

the edge of the crowd. FATHER
BARRY approaches her, admits that
he has been thinking about her
remarks and has come to see for
himself.

TERRY is picked first in the shape
up. Watching, EDIE tells FATHER
BARRY that Pop doesn't like to
discuss the shape up.

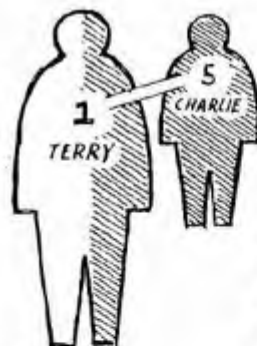
The dockers that are not chosen by
BIG MAC begin to close in on him.
BIG MAC throws the tabs into the
crowd, starting a free for all.
TERRY, on behalf of one of his
cronies, snatches a tab that POP
was reaching for and EDIE, hysterical,
dashes into the crowd to get
it back for her father. TERRY,
amused, struggles with her until
his friend identifies Edie as the
sister of Joey Doyle, TERRY is
embarrassed, gives her the tag.

As EDIE gives him the tag, POP pro-
tests to FATHER BARRY that he
has brought her to see things that
aren't fit for the eyes of a decent
girl.

As BIG MAC orders the doors of the
dock closed, FATHER BARRY lingers
with the dockers who have been
rejected. Why don't they do some-
thing about it? What about the
union?

DUGGAN and the other dockers explain
to the priest: if the dockers try to
meet, the union thugs beat them up.
FATHER BARRY has a suggestion: they
could meet in his church basement.

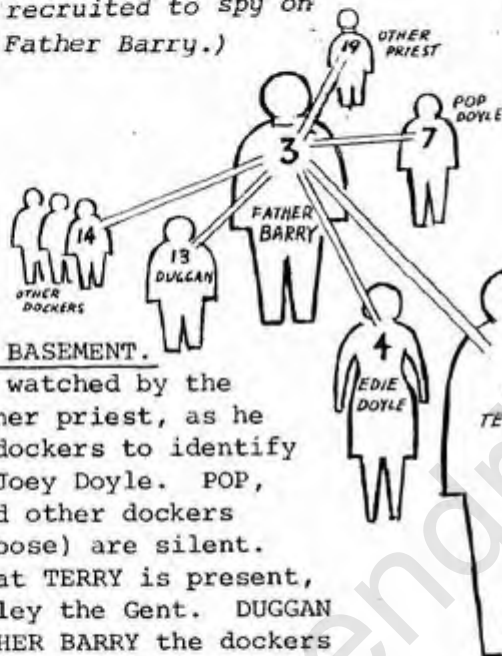
(BASIC MOVES: TERRY is approached by
the Detectives, rejects them. FATHER
BARRY accepts EDIE's advice. TERRY
meets EDIE. FATHER BARRY offers
to help DUGGAN and the other dockers.



7) INT. LOFT. DAY

CHARLEY comes in search of TERRY who has been given an easy job in the loft: Johnny Friendly has a job for Terry: to go to the meeting in the church and report. TERRY is not eager. CHARLEY explains: "Stooling is when you rat on your friends. When Johnny needs a favor...just do it."

(BASIC MOVE: Terry is recruited to spy on Father Barry.)

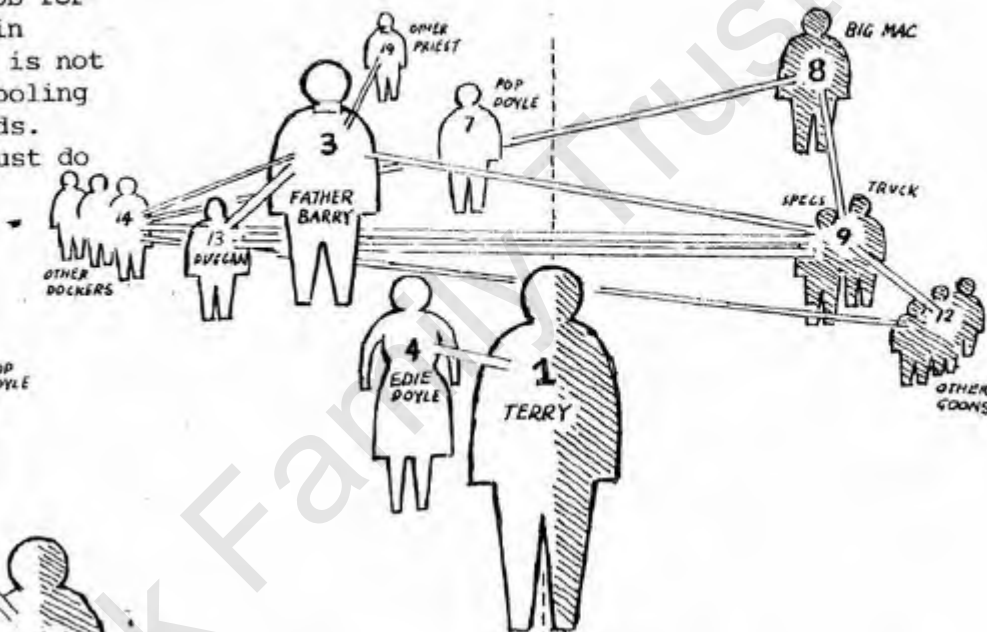


8) INT. CHURCH BASEMENT.

FATHER BARRY is watched by the disapproving other priest, as he appeals to the dockers to identify the killers of Joey Doyle. POP, EDIE, DUGGAN and other dockers (Tommy, Luke, Moose) are silent. DUGGAN notes that TERRY is present, brother of Charley the Gent. DUGGAN explains to FATHER BARRY the dockers code of 'D and D'.

As the other priest starts to dismiss the meeting with a prayer, the church windows are broken. The congregation panics, running for the exits. The other priest blames FATHER BARRY. TERRY moves to protect EDIE...

(BASIC MOVES: FATHER BARRY is frustrated by the docker's attitude, distrust of the law. TERRY exposed as a member of the mob by DUGGAN, nevertheless, moves to rescue EDIE.)



9) EXT. CHURCH

BIG MAC, TRUCK, SPECS and other goons are armed with baseball bats lying in wait of the dockers as they come out of the church.

TERRY helps EDIE to escape by the back entrance.

TRUCK and SPECS trap DUGGAN and beat him up until FATHER BARRY appears. As the goons vanish, FATHER BARRY challenges DUGGAN: is he still unwilling to talk. DUGGAN, his head bloody, extracts a promise from FATHER BARRY: if DUGGAN sticks his neck out, will the priest stand by him.

(BASIC MOVE: DUGGAN agrees to give evidence if FATHER BARRY will commit to the struggle.)

from NEW YORK TIMES, May 3, 1949

MALCOLM JOHNSON

The series of twenty-four stories for which Malcolm Johnson won the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished local reporting was published by the New York Sun from Nov. 6 through Dec. 10, 1948. The series was an expose of crime and labor racketeering flourishing on the piers, which set off three official investigations by Mayor O'Dwyer.

Mr. Johnson wrote: "The city's piers are controlled by gangsters who rule with guns and goon squads. Their criminal activity is costing millions of dollars annually and is driving business to other ports."

The gangsters, he added, "dominate all the lucrative rackets on the piers," operating "through the International Longshoremen's Association, the AFL union which controls dock labor. Known criminals, in some instances, have captured union locals and hold official positions."

In his articles Mr. Johnson did not spare Joseph Ryan, the leader of the longshoremen's union and active in Democratic politics, in his criticism. He also blamed the "shape-up," the method by which straw-bosses in the union picked workers for their daily jobs, as a device permitting corruption.

Mr. Johnson, christened Malcolm Malone but called Mike, was born Sept. 27, 1904, in Claremont, Ga., and was reared in Gainesville, Ga. He came to The Sun Sept. 24, 1928, after working for four years on the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph. There he wrote a series of articles exposing the criminal activities of the Ku Klux Klan and received the protection of the Governor of the State when his life was threatened.

On The Sun Mr. Johnson was a rewrite man and reporter, a journeyman of his profession covering events as they came along. This range took him from a night club beat through reportorial assignments on the failure of the Bank of the United States and other important stories to assignment as a war correspondent in the Pacific. Iwo Jima, the first bombardment of the Japanese mainland by the battleship Iowa and Gen. Douglas MacArthur's acceptance of surrender on the Missouri preceded his coverage of the atomic bomb test at Bikini.

from THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE
December

JOE DOCKS, FORGOTTEN MAN OF THE WATERFRONT

Behind the current investigation into longshore racketeering is a plain guy whose hands perform one of the city's toughest jobs.

By Budd Schulberg

We all know the big names of the current investigation into crime and corruption on New York's waterfront. The headlines are hogged by Anastasis, Joe Ryan, Mike Clemente, "Big" Bill McCormack, the polished executives of the great shipping lines and influential stevedores. But there is a forgotten man on the waterfront. His voice is lost among the gravel-throated alibis of high-bracket hoodlums, the oily explanations of labor politicians and the suavely martyred inflections of the shippers.

You whiz by him on the West Side Highway but you don't see him. You hurry past him as you board ship for Europe or a winter cruise through the Caribbean, and never notice his face. But his muscles move your groceries and your steal; he carries your baggage on his back. From his pocket comes the notorious kickback you've been reading about. He's the one who has to show up every morning for the "shapeup" you've been hearing about. He is the human material with which racketeers, masquerading as union officials, pull flash strikes to shake down shipping companies and force the employment of such key personnel as boss loader and hiring boss. He is the man who performs the most dangerous work in America, according to the statistics on labor injury and death.

He's the longshoreman, the dock wallop, the little man who isn't there at investigations; the forgotten man in the great city of New York, the forgotten man of American labor. Miners, railroad men, even sailors were fighting fifty years ago against the kind of medievalism that passes for work conditions on the docks this very morning. In a day when social security and old age pensions are accepted as economic facts of life by both major parties, the longshoreman hasn't got job security from one day to the next.

If he's the forgotten man of the current investigation, here's the forgotten fact: it is this basic insecurity--breeding fear, dependence, shiftlessness, demoralization--that feeds the power of the mob. The weaker, more frightened and divided are the dock workers; the stronger and more brazen are the Anastasias, Bowers, Florios and Clementes who manipulate them.

Who are these longshoremen? What kind of lives do they lead? What do they think of these investigations? What are they after?

I went down to the waterfront two years ago for what I thought would be a few days' research for a film about the docks. Long after I had enough material for a dozen waterfront pictures I kept going back, drawn by these forgotten men performing a rugged, thankless job in a jungle of vice and violence where law and constitutional safeguards have never existed.

In the past few weeks I returned to watch the shapeup. I talked with dock walllopers in the bars from the Village to the mob hangouts along the midtown docks. I went to the homes of longshoremen who talked to me frankly (over cases of beer) about their lives, their fears and their hopes for a decent set-up on the piers. I talked to the defeated who shrug off every investigation as just one more political maneuver and who are resigned to grabbing a few crumbs from the gorillas who rule them. I talked to "insoigents"--as they call themselves--who think the time finally is at hand when honest unionism can remove the killers, grafters and seller-outers, and institute regular and honest employment on the docks.

About 35,000 men are paid longshoreman's wages in the course of a year. Of these, about half are regular longshoremen, men who depend on this work for their livelihood. The rest are what you might call casuals, now-and-theners who drift in to pick up an occasional extra check. Many of them are city employees, policemen and firemen who like to grab off the overtime money on nights and weekends. Some 50 percent, for instance, earn less than \$1,000 a year. Another 10 per cent earn less than \$2,000. About a third of all the longshoremen, fifteen thousand at most, earn from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. These are the regulars, the ones who have to hustle every day to keep meat and potatoes on the table for the wife and kids. An upper crust of favored workers averages more than \$75 a week on a yearly basis. The base pay of \$2.27 per hour sounds all right. It's the irregularity and mob intimidation that make longshoremen the most harassed workmen in America.

Nine out of ten are Catholic--if not Irish Catholic, then Italian or Austrian. This accounts for the influence of certain waterfront priests who have championed the dock workers, in a few dramatic cases going so far as to challenge known hoodlums face to face on the piers. You'll find the Irish on the West Side and in Brooklyn, some 6,000 of them, but they are now out-numbered by the Italians, which explains the growing influence of the Italian underworld that controls the Brooklyn waterfront, as well as the Jersey, Staten Island and East River docks. Irish longshoremen are devout. Before the 7:55 a.m. shape, you will see them going to Mass at St. Bernard's, St. Veronica's or St. Joseph's. Italians following the Latin tradition of letting the wife handle the church responsibilities.

The Irish longshoremen, while kept in line by strong-arm boys and plagued by an inhuman hiring system, have a better deal than their fellow Italians, who in turn are a niche above the Negroes, who work in traveling gangs picking up the extra work when they can get it and are often relegated to the hold, the job nobody wants. The Irish are hardly ever asked to kick back any more. In other words, when the hiring boss picks his four or five gangs of twenty men each from the 200-250 men who shape themselves into an informal horseshoe around him, the Irish no longer return part of their day's pay to him in order to assure themselves of a job. But the Italians and Negroes systematically kick back as much as \$5 per man per day. With seven or eight thousand men kicking back, this quickly becomes big business, some \$30,000 or \$40,000 a day in

illegal fees being passed up from the hiring boss to his superiors as part of the \$350,000,000 illegal take from the New York harbor each year.

"It's a stinkin' feelin' standin' there in the shape every mornin' while some thievin' hirin' boss looks you over like you were so much mean," one of the Irish dockers was telling me the other day. "But once in a while an Italian gang is brought into work with us and that really looks like something you've heard about in Europe, not America. They work in a short gang--sixteen instead of twenty--so the cowboys c'n pick up the extra checks for themselves. But they've got to do the work of twenty--or else. If they squawk, the boys work 'em over--or they don't get no more work. I've actually seen 'em beaten like cattle for a questions.

"So the rules take a beatin'," my Irish friend went on. "In the first place, 90 per cent never read the contract. In the second place, it's just a piece of paper if the shop steward and the delegate are part of the mob. Jerry Anastasia, for instance, he's a delegate. A lotta help you get from a stiff like that. Half them I-talians are ship-jumpers, which leaves 'em at the mercy of the trigger bays. They ain't citizens and they can't even apply for unemployment insurance. The way I see it we got it lousy and they got it double lousy."

Today most of the Irish workers are picked up by gangs--in this case a legitimate work group, not the Mickey Bowers type. Each gang has its own leader and when the hiring boss points to him it means his whole crew works that day. But the Italians, Austrians and Negroes are still hired on an individual basis by gang carriers exactly as Henry Mayhew described it in his book "London Labor and London't Poor" a century ago:

He who wishes to behold one of the most extraordinary and least-known scenes of his metropolis should wend his way to the docks at half past seven in the morning...[When]the "calling foremen" have made their appearance, there begins the scuffling and scrambling forth of countless hands high in the air, to catch the eye of him whose voice may give them work...It is a sight to sadden the most callous to see thousands of men struggling for only one day's work, the scuffle made fiercer by the knowledge that hundreds out of the number must be left to idle the day out in want... For weeks many have gone there, and gone through the same struggle, the same cries; and have gone away, after all, without the work they had screamed for.

Not a word need be changed in this description to apply it to hiring methods in New York Harbor a hundred years later. Now, as then, two or three times as many men as will be needed loiter near the dock entrance waiting for the hiring boss to blow his whistle when a ship is ready to be loaded or unloaded. Now, as then, he will pick them out according to his own whim and preference. But on too many docks in the great harbor of New York, the nod is given to the man who plays ball, kicks back, buys the ticket for the benefit he will not be expected to attend, or signs up for haircuts in a barber shop where all the seats are filled by labor racketeers. Too often the numbered metal tag which a dockworker gets from the hiring

boss, his admission card to a four- or eight-hour shift on the pier, is a badge of compliance, an acceptance of inferior status on the waterfront.

Thousands of longshoremen are wondering why a modern metropolis insists on maintaining a practice so barbarous that it was outlawed in England sixty years ago and is now abandoned in nearly all American coastal cities but not in the great Port of New York

Work is slow right now and even the lonshoreman who stands in with his hiring boss is lucky to pick up three split days a week. How does he make ends meet? "Ya live f' t'day--ya never put nuttin' away--if ya need money ya borry it," I was told. Borrowing comes easy on the docks and is deeply imbedded in the system. The men passed over in the shape must have eating money and they get it from the loan sharks who are part of the mob.

If you "borry" four dollars you pay back five and the interest keeps mounting each week. A rap of 30 per cent isn't unusual. Nor is it unusual for a lonshoreman getting the nod in a shape to turn over his work tab to the loan shark who collects the debtor's check directly from the pay office. So our lonshoreman winds up a day's work by borrowing again.

"I was born in hock and I'll die in hock," a lonshoreman told me in a Chelsea saloon. In some locals a lonshoreman who wants to be hired has to go the route--come up with a bill for spurious "relief" drives and play the numbers and the horses with books belonging to the syndicate. In Brookly Albert Anastasia had everything for six blocks in from the river. Lonshoremen have to buy their wine from them, their groceries and their meat.

Unquestionably their incomes are supplemented by regular filching of meat and liquor from the supplies flowing through the piers. Even the insurgents who are doing their best to buck the graft and large-scale pilferage are no different in this respect. Their ethics may be questionable but they stem from a deeply ingrained cynicism that is easy to understand. For years they have watched the fantastic loading racket make off with whole shipments of valuables. The pilferage of ten tons of steel reported to the Crime Commission by a shipping executive may have been front-page headlines to the general public but it was hardly news to the dock workers. "If 5 per cent of everything moving in and out is systematically siphoned off by the mob, why shouldn't I take a few steaks home for the wife and kids," a lonshoreman figures.

"Takin' what you need for your own table is never considered pilferage," it was explained to me rather solemnly. Shortly before Thanksgiving a lonshoreman who could double for Jackie Gleason noticed barrels of turkeys being unloaded from a truck. He was not working that day but he simply got in line and waited for a barrel to be lowered onto his back. Everybody in his tenement got a free turkey.

Another longhsorman known for his moxie in standing up to the goons of a pistol local ("one of them locals where you vote every four years with a gun in your back"), told me he was starved out

on the docks for sixty straight days. "I stand there lookin' the crummy hirin' boss right in the eye but he never sees me." In a whole year hemade less than \$1,500 and he had kids to feed. "We couldn't've made out if I hadn't scrounged the groceries on the dock," he said.

What are their politics? Traditionally Democratic, as befits good New York Irish and Italians, but you might say their universal party is cynicism. Because so many mobsters were aligned with the Democratic city machine, some longshoremen took to wearing Ike buttons on the docks as a sign of defiance and undoubtedly the President-elect was well supported. Like the majority of voters nationally, they hope our political change will break the ties between racketeers and the office holders who have been protecting them.

But longshoremen have a feeling of being political orphans inevitably betrayed by the people for whom they vote. They'll tell you their cause has been ignored by the politicians, the police, and even the press. Still, they aren't fooled by communism. Despite periodic outcries against subversive influences on the docks--unfortunately used as a cover-up for various forms of racketeering, communism is as unpopular among lonshoremen as among stockbrokers, farmers or railroad workers. The insurgents who led the harbor-wide wildcat strike a year ago have a hatred for Joe Stalin and his slave labor system that burns just as fiercely as their feeling for Mickey Bowers, Mike Clemente and the whole waterfront system that keeps union racketeering in power.

Men in the Chelsea area are still bitter at the editorials calling their strike Communist-inspired. The local involved, 791, is made up of staunch Irish Catholics, many of them under the influence of the waterfront priest Father John Corridan, and are so rabidly anti-Communist that they have been refusing for years to load war materials headed for Russia or China. It is safer to call these men Communists in print than to deliver that opinion face to face.

"I belt guys for less 'n that," said an embattled member of 791, identified with opposition to Joe Ryan, to strong-arm methods, and to chronic insecurity on the docks. "Anastasia--that great patriot--he calls us Commies. Florio and Di Brizzi--to those buns we're Communists. Strange breed o' Commies who never miss Mass in the morning and who'll give up a day's pay before they'll work a Russian ship. But I'll tell you one thing, if we don't clean this mess up ourselves, the Commies'll have a nice fat issue all ready to take over."

Father Corridan, of the Xavier Labor School on the Lower West Side, who has become a kind of one-man brain trust of the rank-and-file, sums up the Communist angle this way:

"In '45 the Communists did move in and try to take credit for the leaderless, rank-and-file strike. But right now their influence is nil, no matter what the I.L.A. brass says. The men down here--almost without exception--are loyal, God-fearing Americans. The way to fight Communism in the labor movement is to accentuate the

positive--in other words find out what the men really need in order to live healthy, happy, dignified lives and then fight for it."

What longshoremen want has nothing to do with ideologies and millenniums. Their aims are so modest as to be taken for granted by some sixty million American wage earners. What they want most is an assurance that the job they're lucky enough to have today is the same one they'll have tomorrow--and next week--and next month. They don't want to keep wandering from pier to pier like a lot of miserable strays, begging for work.

An old man with forty years on the docks compared his status--or lack of it--with a railroad engineer's. "Look at him, he goes to work every morning knowing he's got a place in the world. The more time he's got behind him the more secure he feels. That's seniority. He knows if he does his job well his pay'll increase, his position improves, and he'll finally retire with a good pension. He's got dignity, that's what he's got. Now take me. All my life on the dock. And I know my job. I know how to handle copper in the rain and how to get my fingers into a bag of flour. I c'n work fast. I like to take pride in my work. But what kind of pride can I feel when some punk comes out of the can and starts makin' five times as much as I am for doin' nothin' except pushin' us around?"

The old man insisted on buying me another drink. It may have been loan-shark money, but lonshoremen are proud and open-handed and fine drinking companions when they feel they can trust you.

"After forty years I get up t'morra' mornin' an' stan' over there on the dock like an orphan. I'll be lucky if I bring home twenty-five bucks this week. Is the hearings gonna change it? Well, lad, I'll tell ya one thing, it can't make it any worse. I just hope it goes all the way."

This hope is echoed all up and down the waterfront. Joe Docks, bottled up in his cramped cold-water flat or his waterfront bar, doesn't get much chance to tell us about his life. But he doesn't like it. Hard-drinking, two-fisted, high-strung, a rabid sports fan, an all-out friend, a dangerous enemy, he's also a loayl, religious, hard-working, responsible family man concerned with getting his kids through school and seeing them get a better break than their old man. He lives for the day when his job will be systematized through some plan of work rotation based on an adequate annual wage. He'd like some advance notice of where and when he's going to work. Today there is not even a central information service on shipping traffic, and the men pick up their information as to job chances in the same haphazard, chaotic way they did a hundred years ago.

Joe Docks thinks he deserves something better than the hopelessly outmoded hiring system that delivers him into the hands of hardened criminals. He's hoping, but not counting on the hearings, which are the most thorough ever held on the problem, to rescue him from underworld bondage and raise him to a level of dignity and security enjoyed by other American workers.

He's too solid and useful a citizen to be left to stew in his own bitterness and bewilderment in the waterfront bars. Anti-hoodlum, anti-corruption, anti-Communist, anti-uncertainty and anti-hunger, he is the real forgotten man of American labor.

The other morning a little fellow who sounded enough like Barry Fitzgerald to make the Ed Sullivan TV show was left standing on the dock by an ex-Sing Sing hiring boss for the fourth consecutive jobless day. "In Liverpool back in 1912 they knocked out this kinda hiring," he was saying. "I could tell them judges on the Crime Commission a thing or two about this stinkin' set-up." Even now, early in the morning with another jobless day ahead and the Good Lord only knew what tomorrow, there was a twinkle in his eye. These are indestructible men (until a stron-arm man, a St. John or an Ackalitis, has the last word) and laughter comes easy to them for all their grief and frustration. "When those high mucky-mucks get all through and there's a zillion words of testimony all nicely bound, they'll know what we knew in the first place--down here it's really time for a change."

He gave his cap a jaunty poke, stuck his hands into his battered wind-breaker, pushed his chest out in a gesture of general defiance and crossed Forty-fourth Street to McGinty's Bar and Grill.

As you read this over Sunday breakfast or in the paper-littered parlor, Joe Docks may be in church, or playing with his kids, or lying in bed reading about the basketball games. He'll be back on the docks tomorrow morning around half past seven. If he's passed over he'll be over at McGinty's or some other place looking for the loan shark, drinking a little beer, worrying about the wife and kids, playing a number, wondering if the Crime Commission can really get those gorillas off his neck, and waiting for the general public to respond to a golden challenge: "If you do it to the least of mine, you do it to me..."

JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S MONOLOGUE

Like I told them, I'll remember every damn one of these bastards. I won't forget. That little weasel, Pop Doyle, the one that pushed me off the gang plank into the mud, I'll take care of him. They all thought that was funny - well they'll be laughing outa the other side of their mouths by the time I get through with them.

I can wait. Right now the heat's on and I may have to watch my step. Might have to get out of town for a while, too. Florida, maybe. I got good connections there and some things going for me in the docks down there. It's not like here, of course, because up here we really got it all sewed up tight. I mean we had it all sewed up till that dumb little ex-tanker turned cheese-eater on me...

After all I did for the little shit. Jeezus! I found that little jerk when he was nuthin'! Really nuthin'! I got him fixed up with a trainer an' we brought him on real good. Just because we wouldn't give him a shot at the title - you think that's what got him sore? He wasn't ready for it. We wasn't ready for it! We woulda given him a chance later when we got the right odds. I'm tellin' ya, I loved that kid. I loved him like he was a son. And what does he do to me?

Not just to me either. Because all the rest of them are gonna be in trouble. Oh, sure, the Crime Commission is gonna put on a big show how they cleaned up the rackets, but that'll blow over and that's when the Mob will move in and take over. I know the guys that will do it. Same guys that I had to go up against when I made my move.

Everybody knows that story. Three guys with shivs and I had to hold my hand over my throat to keep from bleeding to death but I still took care of them.

You gotta let them know that you're tough. You don't last around here if you don't. All the same, I don't like it when you gotta waste a guy. Shouldn't be necessary. You just lean on 'em a little. That's what I told those goons when they had to take care of the Doyle kid. Don't bump him - not unless you have to. Just lean on him. I guess he must've given them an argument.

I guess the Doyle kid was a friend of Malloy. Okay, so maybe we made a mistake using him to get the Doyle kid up on the roof. Yeah. Maybe that was a mistake.

But Jeezus. Terry was one of us! One of the family. Charlie Malloy was one of our top guys. Both of them! Charlie had it coming to him, though, because he was the one that coulda' blown the whole operation. We had to shut his mouth - permanent! And when that was done we knew we had to take care of the kid brother. I told the guys to leave the body in the alley and wait for Malloy to come out and find it. He would come after us right away, I knew that. He's dumb but he's not chicken, so he'd come after me. And we were ready for him. It woulda been self-defence, open and shut. We coulda hit him in the head and that woulda been that. Everything taken care of.

What I don't understand is why he decided to turn pigeon and went straight to the fuzz. I never reckoned on that because I didn't think he had that much brains.

Somebody got to him. I don't know who. Maybe it was that dumb Irish priest. What the hell business is it of his? He was the one that was holding meetings in the church asking all sorts of questions that are none of his damn business and stirring up trouble. I talked to people I know about that; people who got influence, like the Senator. But now he don't answer my calls. His butler says 'the Senator's not in'. Jeezus! We had that asshole on our payroll for four years now and now he won't even answer the phone!

Or maybe it was the girl, the sister of the Doyle kid. The guys said she'd been seen around with Malloy. Broads! You get mixed up with a broad and in a little while you don't know which end's up.

I never had much time for the broads. Oh, don't get me wrong, I'm not a faggot or anything like that. I go out with some of the guys and we go to a cat house, I can do it as good as any of these young studs. I just take care they don't get their hooks into me, you know. When I want it, I pay for it and I pay plenty. I get the best. But I don't get involved. Big mistake. You don't want to get your feelings involved...

That kid... I tell ya, he was like a son to me. You shoulda seen him when he was starting. When he was stripped down he was - he looked real good, and he could move, too.

I made a big mistake with that kid...

Film Reviews

ON THE WATERFRONT

Reviewed by Penelope Houston

Elia Kazan's *On the Waterfront* (Columbia) is a significant, almost a definitive, example of a type of film which traditionally finds Hollywood at its most expert: the melodrama with a stiffening of serious ideas, the journalistic exposé of crime and corruption. Its subject harks back to the racket-smashing thrillers of the 'thirties; its style—location shooting, conscientious concern with surface realism—belongs to the present decade; its pretensions, the attempt to build authentic drama out of an investigation of waterfront gangsterism, are characteristic not only of the director but of a whole school of Hollywood thought.

The film's central character, Terry Malloy (Marlon Brando), is a young man in his late twenties, once a boxer, now an aimless hanger-on in the retinue of Johnny Friendly (Lee J. Cobb), the corrupt union boss who imposes gangster law on the New York waterfront. Terry is involved in the murder of a recalcitrant docker who has threatened to speak out against Friendly; he falls in love with the victim's sister, a Catholic priest works, deliberately, on his slowly awakened conscience; the murder of his brother, Friendly's lieutenant, gives him a motive of personal revenge, and he agrees to testify before the Crime Commission. The sequel to this action is a savage beating up and an almost symbolic conclusion, as the dockers wait for Terry—his face smashed in, his walk a blind, lurching shambling—to lead them back to work. Taking his background material from Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize winning articles, Budd Schulberg has written a script which is vigorous, credible, at times (in the scenes between Terry and the girl) authentically touching, and which, though it has its over-conventional elements in the characterisation of Friendly and of the priest, never falls into the familiar, specious habit of "dignifying" its working class characters by making them speak in pseudo-Biblical language.

The script, in fact, contains the basis for a sharply observed journalistic investigation of a man's slow realisation of the truth about his environment, and Marlon Brando's playing gives the film the opportunity to become something rather more than this. This is a strong, confident performance, wholly contemporary in feeling and taking us right away from the old, chip on the shoulder thug-hero on the Hemingway model. The battered prize fighter's face, the slouching walk, the shoulder-shrugging gestures completing half-spoken sentences, the cocksure, gum-chewing arrogance and the gentle, uncertain half-smile are all used to unerring effect; as he walks in the park with the girl, aimlessly pulling on her glove while they talk, or makes it clear to his brother (admirably played by Rod Steiger) that his betrayal of the gang is irrevocable, relationships are crystallised, situations exist, as it were, outside their screen context. Although the playing otherwise is less satisfactory—Eva Marie Saint is gauche and adequately appealing as the wanly courageous heroine, but Karl Malden gives a strident, unrelaxed performance as the priest, and Lee J. Cobb's blustering gang leader is a conventionally over-drawn figure—Brando's performance gives the film a wonderfully firm centre.

Kazan, however, not content to let the story develop its own impetus, tends to over-inflate the simplest situation, to build up an atmosphere of artificial tension and urgency. Abetted by Leonard Bernstein's score, which undoubtedly contributes forcefully to the mood of the film, he has gone all out for the raucous, aggressive, showy effect. The virtuosity of Kazan's handling, the skill with which he sets a scene of violence, are not in doubt; one does, however, question the validity of his methods and of his approach. This seems to derive directly from the Group Theatre tradition (it is worth recording, incidentally, that Kazan, Karl Malden and Lee J. Cobb all appeared in the Theatre's 1937 production of *Golden Boy*), from the depression period of the 'thirties when the New York stage discovered "realism" and playwrights such as Odets created the man-in-the-street hero, semi-articulate, inevitably victimised, reaching vaguely for higher and gentler things. (The *Golden Boy* had his violin; Terry, the reluctant thug, keeps pigeons.) The influence, now more than a little jaded, persists in the attitude to character, in the insistence that ordinary people are remarkable and must somehow be made to appear so, in the sentimentalising of the tough guy (Schulberg, too, has always a soft spot for the broken-down boxer).

During recent years, Hollywood "realism" has developed its own immediately recognisable conventions and attitudes. A now familiar technique of handling actors demands those mannerisms—Karl Malden's check in mid-speech, for instance—always just a little too studied for naturalism. There is the cunningly employed under-statement, so that a scene of violence and tension ends with the priest demonstrating the human touch by ordering a glass of beer. And it seems symptomatic that, as in the Hollywood-influenced *Terminal Station*, location shooting no longer guarantees an appearance of actuality. In spite of Boris Kaufman's beautifully atmospheric camerawork, recording the pale, cold early morning light on the docks, the depressed back streets and dismal little parks, the scenes are so carefully set, the characters so deliberately grouped (as in the saloon interior, with the two comatose down-and-outs propped picturesquely against the staircase), that we seem to have reached a point halfway between the studio and the real. It is a long way from the rougher idioms of *The Naked City*, though perhaps Kazan's own *Panic in the Streets* was already moving in this direction.

Primarily, however, one distrusts this sort of convention because, in making it too easy to create a plausible seeming surface, a set of characters who will be accepted for their familiarity, it inevitably encourages evasion. In *On the Waterfront*, there is a scene in which Terry has to tell the girl of his part in her brother's murder: as they speak, their voices are drowned by a bellowing ship's siren. If the picture were presented as no more than melodrama, the trick would seem acceptable enough; but in building up his subject as he has, Kazan has foregone his right to evade so crucial a stage in this particular relationship. In a sense, the incident may be taken to sum up the film: excitement is whipped up, attitudes are struck, but the incidental detail blows out the human situation and—though it is not for want of trying—the transition from melodrama to drama is never made.

The review above was published in the 1954 October issue of the British film magazine 'Sight and Sound.'

'Sight and Sound' supported by a grant from the British Film Institute is still edited by Penelope Houston, founded by her with a lot of support from Lindsay Anderson and Gavin Lambert, two young film critics, both of whom later went on to careers as directors and screenwriters.

Anderson, in the next issue of the magazine, Jan.-Mar. 1955, wrote a somewhat more critical essay under the title:

THE LAST SCENE IN

'ON THE WATERFRONT'

FIRST, and specifically, the data. Terry Malloy, the sensitive bruiser who is the principal character of the film, has given evidence against Johnny Friendly, the crooked Union Boss. As a result he has found himself cold-shouldered by his mates. But he has regained his pride. "I ain't a bum," he tells his girl, "I'm just going down there, and get my rights." The last sequence of *On the Waterfront* is as follows:—

The dockers are on the quay, waiting for the call to work. When Terry arrives, they ignore him. There is work for them all—except him. Left alone there, he turns and makes for the hut that is Friendly's dockside headquarters. At an interval, the dockers follow him.

Terry strides down the gangway between the hut and the quayside, and shouts a challenge to Friendly. (The

dockers line the quay, looking silently down on the hut.) Friendly comes out with a bunch of his thugs. "You're nothing!" shouts Terry. "I was ratting on myself all those years and I didn't know it. I'm glad what I done!" Friendly challenges him to fight. Terry accepts; and he and Friendly set to on the raft. The dockers watch.

Friendly gets the worst of the fight; he calls in his men to deal with Terry. They start to beat him up. The dockers move tentatively to his assistance, but are halted by two of Friendly's men at the bottom of the gangway. They turn away, cowed.

The dockers are starting to move away when Father Barry arrives with Edie, Terry's girl. Terry is now stretched out still on the planks; Friendly and his men march up the gangway. "The little rat's yours," he shouts. The work whistle blows. The dockers turn their backs on Friendly. One of them says: "How about Terry? He don't work, we don't work. . . ." Friendly lays hands on an old workman, who shakes himself free with a shove. Friendly overbalances into the water. The dockers cheer.

Father Barry and Edie are with Terry; he is bruised and bleeding and all but unconscious. One of the dockers runs up. "If Terry walks in, we walk with him." Father Barry turns to Terry: "You hear that, Terry?" Terry nods dazedly. The priest continues: "You lost the battle, but you have a chance to win the war." Terry mumbles; the priest hauls him to his feet. "Finish what you started. . . . You can—you can!"

With a terrible effort Terry summons his strength to stand and walk alone. Someone stretches out a helping hand. The priest shouts: "Take your hands off him! Leave him alone! Leave him alone!" Terry lurches through the crowd of dockers, followed by the priest, still warding off any helping hands. Terry staggers on towards the shed, his face bloody and agonised, his feet dragging through the dust. The dockers stand and watch as he passes them. The overseer stands in the doorway of the shed.

Terry gets to the doorway; he totters but remains on his feet. The overseer regards him impassively, then shouts: "All to work." The dockers stream forward into the shed; Terry vanishes with them. The priest and the girl stand together, smiling. Friendly appears among the dockers; they stream past, heedless of him. As they pass into the dark shed, the iron door starts to descend. The priest and the girl continue to smile. The workmen have all vanished into the darkness; the iron door closes behind them. *The End.*

II

Suppose now that we were presented with this curious sequence in isolation, divorced from the film of which it forms the climax. What would we legitimately conclude its attitude and its import to be? First of all we would presume, I think, that on a superficial level at least, the episode is intended to present some sort of conflict between a good and a bad. Terry Malloy is obviously "better" than Johnny Friendly—the film, that is to say, is "on his side." Certainly he is more courageous, since he fights his battle himself; and the ordeal of his final, unaided walk reveals a capacity for physical endurance of no mean order. And in some vague way, there is a suggestion that this ordeal is undertaken by him for a principle, selflessly.

On closer examination, however, the principle proves difficult to define. Terry is an individualist; his opposition to Friendly is personal; his concern is with himself. "I was ratting on myself all those years." Why then the ordeal? A desire to gain leadership through an impressive display of strength? Or, more charitably, perhaps merely because he is persuasively urged into it by someone whose opinion he respects, little as he himself may understand its necessity.

For the truth is that this agonised pilgrimage down the quay is pointless. The mob has been discredited; Friendly's hold is broken; the dockers have it in their power to be their own masters. Yet, instead of rising to the occasion, they turn like leaderless sheep in search of a new master. "If Terry walks in, we walk in with him."

If there is any principle expounded here, it is surely not that of Democracy. Men collectively—"the people"—are shown as incapable of either self-government or mutual aid. The dockers are craven: at first they shun the man who has delivered their enemy to justice; they follow him tentatively; they look on passively while he takes a beating. Even Friendly's ignominy is half-accidental; he overbalances into the water. And when their oppressor is vanquished, the dockers apparently find themselves lost. To whom are they to turn? To the new strong man, bruised and bleeding though he may be. First, though, he must perform a ritual demonstration of superiority. "If Terry walks in, . . ."

The conception of this sequence seems to me implicitly (if unconsciously) Fascist; the impression is further emphasised by the behaviour of the Catholic priest and of the girl. If one were considering the events, and the behaviour of the participants, realistically, one might be tempted to suppose that in Father Barry the film is concerned to present a particular, rather hysterical priest with a taste for engineering vulgar theatrical effects in real life. (Karl Malden's playing of the role provides convincing support for this impression.) Plainly, though, the intention is not realistic but symbolic. "Leave him alone! Take your hands off him!" Such good Samaritans as there may be in the crowd (and we do not see many) get short shrift from Father Barry; and the blessing of the Christian Church is invoked on Terry's suffering. The girl is used to perform an equivalent function. For all her fragile appearance, there is the spirit of a Spartan mother within the breast of Edie; seeing her lover disappear, hattered almost out of recognition and hardly able to stand, to perform a day's labour in the dockyard—she smiles contentedly.

With the climax, the social moral seems to become almost overt. In the doorway of the shed stands the overseer; Terry lurches to a stop before him. Authority, well dressed, paunchy, complacently in control, confronts its weary, pain-racked subject. It opens its mouth, to shout an order: "All to work!" In this relationship, we can only suppose, the ordinary human impulses of generosity and compassion are irrelevant. To pity sheep on their way to the slaughter-house would be the merest simple-minded sentimentalism. It is with this charitable thought that the film comes to an end. The dockers stream out of the daylight into the dark. The priest and the girl smile. The last image, powerful and grim, is of the iron portcullis, descending to shut the workers away in a shadowy and remote world of toil.

Whether intentional or not, the symbolism is unmistakable. There is, it is true, a shot of Friendly, vainly trying to assert his authority again, jostled aside by the dockers as they move forward to work; but there is not much that is positive in the image; it is almost an aside. Nothing expresses a sense of liberation. The impact is made by Terry's battered face, the overseer, the priest and the girl, the expressionless dockers, the portcullis. . . . It is a conclusion that can only be taken in two ways: as hopeless, savagely ironic; or as fundamentally contemptuous, pretending to idealism, but in reality without either grace, or joy, or love.

III

It has been remarked that the success this year of three films like *From Here in Eternity*, *The Caine Mutiny* and *On the Waterfront* is a hopeful sign, demonstrating that inflationary techniques are not essential to the seduction of mass audiences. All we need are good films. It is true that these films share the negative merit of not being in

CinemaScope; but in view of the basic corruption of each of them, it is depressing to find that they represent so many people's idea of a "good film." *On the Waterfront* is a bad film. Unfortunately, bad films are important too. This one is important because of its special kind of badness, and because of the enormous degree of acceptance it has won.

It has first of all been accepted—by the critics, by any trade paper of the last few years, and by the general public. I tried to find a paragraph somewhere rejoicing at its triumphant progress from the West End round the country. Even more remarkable has been its acceptance by the intelligentsia generally, and by the critics in particular. In November it was easily the favourite selection in the Film Institute's publication *Critics' Choice*. For once the panel seemed unanimous. "On the Waterfront is good, very good." "A haunting film, superbly made . . . grey with pity and terror, it contrives to put in a word for the indestructibility of the human soul . . . the film grinds with the majestic inevitability of a Beethoven symphony to a final chord of hope." Nor were William Whitebait, Paul Dehn and Fred Majdalany alone in their enthusiasm. *The Financial Times* noted that "neither the anger nor the indignation has a trace of insincerity." *The Times* called it "a grim film which pulls no punches and makes no concessions," and even *Tribune*, where one might have expected some awareness of the social issues involved, found itself carried away: "His slow-burning and breaking into intense but short-lived flame, Marlon Brando—it could be no one but the superb Marlon Brando—is on the screen again."

The film, in fact, has been accepted at its face value; or, more correctly perhaps, at its sensation value—as if it were a strong drink or an electric shock—and liked to a greater or lesser degree, according to individual taste. Here and there objections are made that the last sequence is "theatrical" or "melodramatic"; but this is mentioned as a regrettable blot, not as a possible indication of intentions and motives which may have been present all along, though less obvious at first sight.

Yet a preliminary title to the film is quite specific in its claims. The story will show how "self-appointed tyrants can be defeated by right-thinking people in a vital democracy." We are entitled, even invited, then, to examine closely the social implications of what we are shown.

The first thing revealed is the virtual absence of at least half the elements necessary to make the situation convincing. A social problem of this kind needs to be placed in a context, shown with a certain fullness, in the round. Rackets like Johnny Friendly's do not spring up out of the ground; they are not the productions of one wicked man. We know that the story of *On the Waterfront* is taken from actuality; yet, as it reaches the screen, the drama is played out in a vacuum. The locations are real, yet the action which takes place on them is as isolated from life as though it were all happening on a succession of stage sets. We are expected to accept Friendly's position and his domination over the waterfront through the agency of (apparently) half a dozen picturesque thugs. The means by which he has achieved his power—through negotiations with shipowners, on the one hand, through exploiting the dockers' fear of unemployment, on the other—are not clearly shown. Only two episodes hint at the extent of corruption: the very skimpy scene at the inquiry (where the emphasis is almost entirely on the personal conflict between Friendly and Terry), and the single shot of one of Friendly's highly placed sponsors watching the proceedings at a television set. This last incident is so elliptically presented, anyway, that one doubts whether most audiences will grasp its meaning. What, meanwhile, of the police? Our only contact with these is through the two avuncular 3-men who try to persuade Terry to give

evidence. And, most significantly, the principle of concerted action (i.e., Unionism) is referred to once or twice, but all the emphasis is on the individual gesture. As we have seen, the film's climax evades, or rather perverts, this essential issue.

To such criticism it may be objected that the makers of *On the Waterfront* have purposely chosen to dramatise the problem through one particular case: the moral awakening of Terry Malloy. There is nothing to be said against such an approach, so long as its limits are clearly defined. The vital question then arises: what exactly does Terry awake to? Over her first beer-and-chaser, Edie is not slow to remind him that no man is an island; but after this promising start, the subject is dropped. Terry finds his dignity—that is to say, he develops a capacity for individual action; but what he does, he does for himself, to avenge his brother's murder, and for the *beaux yeux* of Edie. All of which has little relevance to the duties of "right-thinking people in a vital democracy." In fact, *On the Waterfront* is essentially an extremely artful conjuring trick; underneath its brilliant technical surface, essential conclusions are evaded and replaced by a personal drama whose implications are entirely different. Put another way, one might say that the potency of Marlon Brando—physical, emotional and dramatic—is effectively employed to palm off a number of political assertions, all of them spurious and many of them pernicious.

The dishonesty of method becomes clear when we compare *On the Waterfront* with one of America's really great social films. *The Grapes of Wrath* provided its adaptors with a similarly radical subject, where a general social (or political) problem is approached through the sufferings of a handful of selected individuals. Also, as a film *The Grapes of Wrath* owes its greatness to its affirmation of human dignity (as *On the Waterfront* seeks to do), rather than to any factual indictment of the society in which its disasters take place. But it does this without evasions. The background is there; the corruption in the police; the economic pressure which forces the Joads into their hopeless Odyssey; the inhumanity of ordinary man to man, and his humanity too. When Tom Joad awakes, it is to the slow realisation that individuality is somehow not disparagement of Brando to say that he fails where Fonda succeeds, for Brando too is an actor of rare poetic power. In spite of an over-free indulgence of his genius for naturalistic mannerism (and here one suspects the misleading influence of his director), the enormous passionate honesty he puts into Terry Malloy, his beautiful sensitivity, shines out like truth itself in all this falsity. At times it almost seems as if he is going to save the picture. But no actor can give a film poetic validity on his own; and while Ford's images of human dignity have faith in them to make them true, Kazan's ingenious lip-service reduces all aspiration to a platitude.

IV

An article in the last issue of *SIGHT AND SOUND*, *The Metteurs en Scène*, raised some questions which relate interestingly to this one, of Kazan and *On the Waterfront*, and the currently fashionable estimate of each. But Tony Richardson seems to me to have blurred his argument by basing it on a most dubious theoretical premise. He categorises directors according to the relationship he discovers between them and their subjects—those who "dominate" their material; those who "translate" without "transforming" it; and a third group, the *metteurs en scène*, who work in a somewhat shadowy no-man's-land between these two extremes. This does not seem very helpful as a basis for analysis; particularly if it leads us to class Carné and Becker with Kazan, Reed and Orson Welles as directors in whose work "it is too easy critically to expose the bare and creaky structure behind the façade."

Some directors create their own world, some do not: here is a valid distinction. Of those who do, some are more successful than others, some greater, some lesser. Of those who do not, some have still something to give of themselves; some have almost nothing, but work honestly and with professional skill

(which we should respect) on whatever material comes to their hand. The directors whom Tony Richardson would be more justified in castigating are surely those false creators, with professional talent beyond the ordinary, with heavyweight pretensions, but without equivalent honesty, insight or sensibility, who undertake significant subjects only to betray them. It is less a question of "dominating" one's material, than of being truthful about it.

The brilliance with which a film is realised is not sufficient to compensate for emptiness, or fundamental falsity of conception. If we praise a film like *On the Waterfront* for the "mastery" (etc., etc.) of its direction, we are attaching considerable over-importance to skill on a very superficial, not to say dubious level. One of the few perceptive reviews that this film found in the British Press (in the *Daily Worker*) remarked that it was directed "with every dramatic device except sincerity," and referred to "a noisy collection of emotional tricks." This is hysterical film-making, every incident whipped up by tricks to a quite spurious dramatic intensity: music to shock and scare, effects that boom, dialogue incomprehensibly shouted or mumbled in a theatrical affectation of realism, looming close-ups that seek to impose their mood on us by sheer size, jazzed-up cutting and compositions meaninglessly bold. A style, in short, of horrid vulgarity; to which the notion of decorum is unknown; using every possible device to batter and bemuse.

The cinema is a hypnotic medium, we know. An audience surrenders easily to a skillfully-directed barrage of sounds and images and the allure of an attractive and potent personality. All the more urgent that those who have intelligence to use, should use it, to scrutinise and question, to explore for themselves what may be concealed behind the imposing facade. As I have said, *On the Waterfront* is a political film, and should be considered as such. (Interesting, by the way, is the parallel of another director who now finds himself in the same political position as Kazan—the progression of Edward Dmytryk from the apparent revolt of *Give Us This Day*, to the conformist *Caine Mutiny*, to the Catholicism of Graham Greene's *End of the Affair*.) Let it be thought by this that I am advocating judgment of films according to any narrow set of specific political principles, let me stress that I am not. I prefer to

condemn *On the Waterfront* because analysis reveals a deep human falsity, a demagogic dishonesty of argument; not because it fails to conform to any particular political creed. Here, through the human falsity, one detects the social falsity. The *Daily Worker* was right about *On the Waterfront* but merely latuous about (for instance) *The Quier Man*. The true critic will preserve his standards independently; and their application must be as impartial as it must be strict.

V

Time was, ere yet in these mistaken days
Ignoble themes obtained 'mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourished side by side. . . .

Time was. . . . But perhaps you say that it is too easy to discountenance *On the Waterfront* by going back fifteen years to compare it with a film so generally acknowledged to be a masterpiece as *The Grapes of Wrath*. I will conclude, then, with a word about another film, which shows that younger talents exist which can undertake themes of this importance with integrity and a true passion. Only five years ago Abraham Polonsky, a writer, directed his first film in Hollywood—*Force of Evil*, the story of two brothers, one sharp, one stupid, caught in a situation of civic and political corruption. Here the outcome was reversed: the dumb brother is killed, the shyster is brought by tragedy and by love (the girl in this case no shy wallflower, thank heavens, but a proud and morally pugnacious innocent) to a sense of shame, and an acknowledgment of moral responsibility. A film without tricks, but highly individual in writing and direction; with enough genuine human feeling in it to allow for a sense of humour; finely acted, with a most sensitive study by John Garfield of the central character; a last sequence which enclosed and expressed the essential significance of the fable in a series of stern, forlorn, authentically poetic images. A film which attracted little attention, and less favour.

And where is the director of *Force of Evil* today? It remains his only film. He has been banished from Hollywood for his political sympathies. Abraham Polonsky is not working in the American cinema just now.

THE HISTORY OF THE SCREENPLAY.

Like a good many other film projects, the beginnings of 'On the Waterfront' seem to have been fraught with many problems. The story had several 'false starts'; there were many drafts of the screenplay. Different producers were involved at different periods.

Some of this is documented in interviews given by both Elia Kazan (nicknamed 'Gadg', by many of his friends) and by Budd Schulberg, the screenwriter of the final version.

Kazan explains that some time in the late 'forties', he began to work on a film story with the playwright Arthur Miller. Kazan and Miller were at this period well-known for their theater collaborations. On the basis of his considerable reputation as a director on the Broadway stage, Kazan had been invited by Darryl Zanuck, Chief of Production at Twentieth Century Fox, to move to Hollywood where he prepared 'Man on a Tightrope' which he then shot in Germany, spending five months on location. Clearly it was not a happy experience. Back in Hollywood, Zanuck cut twenty minutes out of the film. The film was also a notable commercial flop. Kazan found that he heartily disliked living in Los Angeles.

Moving back to New York and his friends in the theater, Kazan discussed with Arthur Miller the possibility of a movie about the life of the longshoremen. Before he wrote plays,

Miller had worked in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, as a 'steam-fitter' or plumber's assistant, or something of the sort.' A writer with strong working-class sympathies and left-wing political convictions, Miller had an idea for a story called 'The Hook'. With Miller Kazan persuaded Columbia Pictures to 'arrange financing'. (This probably means that Columbia Studios advanced some 'pre-production monies' so that Miller could be paid to write a first draft.)

This, however, was the period during which violent and very bitter personal quarrels developed over the matter of the 'House Committee on Un-American Activities' - the investigation into 'Communist', or alleged Communist, influences in the entertainment industry, Hollywood in particular. Celebrities were summoned before the committee headed by Senator Joseph McCarthy and were invited to supply him with names of people who were considered to be 'fellow travellers' and 'communistic'. Those who behaved like 'friendly witnesses', meaning those who supplied McCarthy with names, were considered 'innocent': those who refused, or pleaded the rights of the First Amendment were either blacklisted, driven out of the entertainment industry, or went sent to jail for 'contempt of court'.

As the Hearings continued, it became evident that Elia Kazan had decided that he would 'co-operate' with the Committee. Arthur Miller, who was finally one of 'the Hollywood Ten' who served terms in prison for contempt of this (eminently contemptible) court, found that he had to tell Kazan, one of his oldest collaborators, that he was not willing to continue work with him on 'The Hook'. The script was shelved.

Kazan later declared that, in any event, "I have the script somewhere but I haven't read it since. It was very different in feeling. I think Art (Miller) saw the Un-American Committee coming and there was something that had suddenly developed in his personal life that made him not want to have the film done. Things were much touchier then, people were threatened and on trial and forced to take stands..." Kazan also comments, "The script was never in good shape: I don't think it was ever really ready to do."

It appears, from what I can gather, that another writer, Budd Schulberg was thinking of writing a screenplay about the life of the longshoremen.

Schulberg had a Hollywood background. His father, B.P. Schulberg was chief of production at Paramount Studios at one time. Schulberg, however, had moved to the East Coast and had written both novels and stage plays. Schulberg was intrigued by the waterfront as material for a film because of a series of articles published in the New York Times, written by Malcom Thompson, later published in book form under the title 'Crime on the Labour Front'.

And Schulberg, called before the Committee on 'Un-American Activities' had decided, like Elia Kazan, to 'co-operate'.

So, meeting with Kazan, Schulberg agreed to start over again on a new version of the subject. They worked very closely together. In an interview he gave on 'Working with Kazan', Schulberg give a great deal of credit to the director and describes Kazan's methods of work with a writer in some detail. Unlike many directors who claim to

'contribute to the screenplay', Kazan does not merely discuss the script and make comments, he frequently himself sits down at the typewriter to produce drafts of scenes or revisions to the story in the form of a 'Step Outline'. To his credit, however, Kazan at no time argued that this entitled him to screencredit. With his Broadway background of working with playwrights who have a very much greater degree of control of their material than screenwriters do, Kazan may influence the author (as, for instance, he clearly did with Tennessee Williams on some notable occasions), but he considers the script to be the work of the writer.

There is also a novel, called simply 'Waterfront' (it's in our library) which was written by Schulberg. It was published after the film was released. But Schulberg may very well have done work on it at some earlier period.

Comparison between the film and the novel is interesting in the light of Lindsay Anderson's article in 'Sight and Sound'. Though for most part the novel follows the screenplay very closely indeed, there are significant differences. Firstly, the novel is somewhat more specific in describing the involvement of a 'Mr Upstairs', the figure of the politician who is clearly in the pay of the Mob. But, more importantly, the last scenes of the novel are drastically different.

For example, Terry's vitriolic denunciation of Johnny Friendly does not take place in front of the crowds of dock workers. It is a relatively private encounter in the street when there are few witnesses. And the scene that Anderson objected to, the fight between the two men does not take place at all: the novel says:

"...Three weeks later the remains of a human being were found in a barrel of lime that had been tossed on one of the multi-acre junk heaps in the Jersey swamps. The coroner's report after the inquest attributed death to twenty seven stab wounds apparently inflicted with an ice pick. No next of kin came forward. The lime-mutilated corpse was never identified. But the boys along River Street, pro Mob and anti, knew they had seen the last of a pretty tough kid.

The last chapter of the novel, twelve pages long, concentrates the events of Father Barry. His superiors in the Catholic hierarchy hold him responsible for the disturbances and, in an enquiry into his conduct, it is debated whether or not he should be removed from his parish and sent to some less controversial region. He is, however, saved from this by the intervention of another priest who has some sympathy for him and speaks on his behalf.

In another interview about the film, Kazan admits that he may have 'over-directed' the final scene, though he still insists that the structure of the story is as he would want it to be. He suggests that the revisions made by his collaborator, Schulberg, may reflect reaction to some criticisms made of the end of the movie.

Would the film have been just as commercially successful with the 'downbeat' ending indicated in the novel? Hard to say. What does seem evident, however, is that both Kazan and Schulberg were very sensitive to the comment that they had become 'squealers' when they were summoned before Joe McCarthy's committee and that their personal experiences colored their attitude to the resolution of the film.

'On the Waterfront' NotesSTAGING AND CAMERA COVERAGE

In literature, authors frequently develop a 'style' that is characteristic. Henry James was much given to the use of long sentences, sometimes almost a page in length, with many clauses and parenthetical phrases, a liberal use of adjectives and adverbs. Ernest Hemingway, on the other hand, preferred short and staccato sentences, few adjectives.

The same is true of many film directors. Compare Orson Welles, Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford. Each found a highly personal 'film grammar'.

Welles, for instance, once claimed to me that in none of his films had he ever used one of the most common 'syntactical structures' - the device that the French critics call 'contre-champs' shooting, the intercutting of reverse angles that are complementary. He may have been exaggerating somewhat, but it is true that in his staging, Orson much preferred that the audience was encouraged to remain 'outside' the action of the scene, a 'third person observer'. This is in direct contrast to, say, Hitchcock for whom the cutaway to the P.O.V' angle was a very basic element of his cinematic style.

This is not to say, of course, that a director may not deliberately change style when dealing with different situations - even within the same film. After all, Hitchcock shot 'Rope' all in one continuous travelling camera set-up (except for reel changes) - perhaps just to show that he could do it if he chose to.

John Ford has been praised for the 'classic' simplicity of his camera style. Longshots that are very formal in their pictorial design, very limited use of the moving camera if the subject is not in movement. Few 'camera tricks'. Severe restraint on the part of the director - very unlike, for example, the manner of Elia Kazan.

Kazan has, of course, been criticised on occasion for his 'theatricality'. His trademark is energy and pace. From the point of view of a student, it's worth examining in detail how he 'blocks' the actor's moves and designs the camera set-ups to follow the choreography of the staging.

Like Jean Renoir (who was one of the first to experiment with sustained 'sequence-shots') and like Welles, Kazan was an actor before he was a director, and a director of stage plays before he made movies. In theater, he quickly established himself as a director who worked well with actors.

Though it is guesswork on my part, I'm pretty sure that Kazan probably did not plan in detail the shot breakdown until the actors were in rehearsal. (This is the opposite method to Hitchcock's: Hitch, it is said, would often plan the camera angles on paper even before the screenwriter with whom he collaborated had done the dialogue for the scene)

For directors of Kazan's background, it is important that the performance emerges at the rehearsal stage. The timing of reactions, the flow of the interchanges between the actors and the actors impulses - where and when to move, ought not to be inhibited by an preconceived decision about where the camera is placed.

You could say that this is the approach of someone who directs from in front of the camera. The decision about the screen size is always an intuitive one, but in Kazan's case, it's likely that he thinks more of how the actor is relating to the lens than how the camera is relating to the performer. He devises moves by the actor to and from the camera, instead of using edits or camera moves to move the lens to and from the actor.

There are advantages and disadvantages to this. Occasionally, it makes for awkward cuts. On the other hand it has the tremendous value

of leaving the flow of the scene in the hands of the performers: in the hands of accomplished actors it produces scenes of real vitality.

Kazan, for the same reason, often plays in mastershots. But, because he stages in depth, he achieves the effect of varied shot sizes as the blocking moves along the line of 'the longest axis'. Note, for instance, how the positioning of the TV set in the corner 'downstage' from the doors into the outer bar and the entrance from the street, is used in the scene in Friendly's backroom of his saloon. The layout of the many 'props' used in the scene, Friendly's small supper table, the television set, the money that is counted on the pool table, the washhand basin in the closet, etcetera, provides the motivation for 'natural' stage moves.

Because the scene is a set-piece designed to provide essential exposition about all of the rackets in which Friendly is involved - rackets which are threatened by Joey Doyle's testimony to the Crime Commission - each of the supporting characters in the scene is part of an intricate 'constellation' that revolves around Friendly. He is the hub of the wheel and it is his moves - both physical moves within the space and the dramatic moves - which shape the action.

Note also how, in the staging, Terry is placed 'in the middle'. The blocking is designed to present visually the 'bind' in which Terry finds himself. The triangle of Charley-Terry-Friendly is central to the story situation.

EXTRACT: Schulberg's ON THE WATERFRONT
Post-production version. Dialogue only.

(Charlie (Rod Steiger) is seated in the back seat of the car.
Terry (Marlon Brando) enters and sits beside him).

1 TERRY: Hi, Charlie. I'm glad you stopped by for me. I've
2 been wanting to talk to you.

3 CHARLIE: Yeah, sure, kid.

4 DRIVER
(off): Where to?

5 CHARLIE: Will you just go to River Street, and I'll tell you
6 where to stop.

7 TERRY: I thought we was goin' to the Garden?
8

9 CHARLIE: Yeah, but, er... I want to cover a bet on the way over.
10 Besides, this'll give us a chance to talk.

11 TERRY: Well, ...nobody ever stopped you from talkin', Charlie, uh...

12 CHARLIE: Well, yeah....ah, you.....
13 the grapevine says that you got...you gotta subpoena?! C Son
14 Terry

15 TERRY: Yeah.

16 CHARLIE: I mean, the guys would know you well enough to know that
17 you're not a cheese-eater,
...but, they maybe think that you should not be on the
outside so much.....
because on the inside we got a few little things working for
you down on the docks.

18 TERRY: A steady job with a C.S. Charlie
19 a couple of extra potatoes, that's all I want.

Continued.

18 CHARLIE: Oh, sure, that's great when you're a kid, but, er....
19 you're gettin' on.
You're pushing thirty, Slugger; you know it's time to
think about gettin' some ambition.

20 TERRY: Well, I always figured I'd live a little bit longer without it.

21 CHARLIE: Maybe?.....
22 Look! There's a boss-loader's job - it's open - on the
new pier we're opening up.
23 You see, now, it pays six cents on every 100 pounds that
24 goes in, and every 100 pounds that goes out
and you don't have to lift a finger.
That's two, three, four hundred dollars a week!
25 Four hundred dollars a week, just for the opening!

26 TERRY: I get all that dough for not doin' nothin'?

27 CHARLIE: You don't do anything! And you don't say anything!
You understand?!

28 TERRY: There's more to this than I thought, Charlie. I'm telling
you, there's a lot more.

29 CHARLIE: You mean that you're thinking of testifying against some
people that we might know?!

30 TERRY: I don't know, Charlie.....
31 I'm tellin' you, I don't know.....
32Charlie, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.....

33 CHARLIE: Oh listen, Terry!
34 You know how much those piers are worth that we contract
through the Local....?

35 TERRY: I know that.....

Continued.

36 CHARLIE: Alright!
37 Do you think Johnny's gonna jeopardize the
38 whole set-up for one rubber-lipped
ex-hanker who's.....

39 TERRY: Don't say that!

40 CHARLIE:walking on his ears! What the....?

41 TERRY: I could've been better....

42 CHARLIE: That's not the point!

43 TERRY: I.....
44 Could've been a lot better Charlie....

45 CHARLIE: ...the point is you don't have much time!

46 TERRY: I'm tellin' you, I haven't made up my mind yet.

47 CHARLIE: Well, make up your mind before we get to 437 River Street!

48 TERRY: Before we get to where, Charlie?!
49 Before we get to where, Charlie.....?!

50 CHARLIE: Listen to me, Terry.....
51 (pulling a pistol on Terry)
52 Take the job; just take it!
No questions; take it!

53 TERRY: (shakes his head in disbelief)

54 CHARLIE: Terry, take this job, please.

55 TERRY: Charlie....

Charlie
over Terry

Terry over
Charlie

C.U. Terry
C.S. Charlie
over shoulder

MASTER SITOT

C.S. Terry
over shoulder

CHARLIE: Please take it.

TERRY: Charlie....
(pushes the pistol away)
....O Charlie.....
wow!.....

Music comes in

~~C.U. Terry~~
C.U. Charlie

CHARLIE: Look, I'm.....
Look, kid....um....
How much do you weigh, son?....
...When you weighed 168 pounds, you were beautiful.
You could 've been another Billy Conn.
But that skunk we got you for a manager...he bought
you along too.
...fast.

C.U. Branch

C.U. Charlie

C.U. Terry

TERRY: It wasn't him, Charlie, it was you.
You remember that time in the Garden,
you came down to my dressing room and said:
"....Kid. This ain't your night. We're goin'
for a price on Wilson."
You remember that?
"This ain't your night!"
My night! I could've taken Wilson apart!....
So what happens? He gets the title-shot outdoors
at the ball-park, and what do I get?
A one-way ticket to Palookaville!
You was my brother, Charlie.
You should've looked after me.
You should've taken care of me just a little bit
so I wouldn't have to take them dives for the short-end
money.

C.S. Terry
& Charlie
(cross Charlie)

CHARLIE: Oh, I had some bets on for you, you got some money.

C.U. Charlie

1

C.U. Terry

TERRY: You don't understand! I could 've had class!
I could've been a contender!
I could've been somebody, instead of a bum, which
is what I am. Let's face it.
.....
It was you, Charlie.

C.U. Charlie

C.U. Terry

PAGE FIVE

CHARLIE:

Okay.....okay.....
I'll tell them.....I couldn't find you.
I know they won't believe it.
Here! (he gives Terry the pistol)
.....you take this.
You're going to need it!
.....
You! (to the driver)....You pull over!
.....
(END OF SEQUENCE)

M.S.
(Master
Shot)

AN EXERCISE IN THE GRAMMAR

We are planning to screen in this course a very well known American movie, "On the Waterfront", written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. It's not unlikely that many of you will have seen it already. But you may not have studied it closely enough to recall it in real detail.

Here is one of the most famous of the scenes in it, the scene between "Terry Malloy" (Marlon Brando) and his brother, "Charlie Malloy" (Rod Steiger). The situation, as you may remember is that the corrupt boss of the Longshoremen's Union, "Johnny Friendly", has heard that Terry has been seen talking to detectives who are investigating on behalf of the Crime Commission. Friendly has begun to fear that Terry may be thinking of testifying to the Commission against the Union. He has ordered Charlie to find out if his younger brother is going to become a squealer, warning Charlie that if he is then it may become necessary to have him killed, taken to an address where the "enforcers" working with the mob will deal with him. Charlie is very scared. His own survival is at stake. He hopes that he will be able to bribe Terry, but he is not sure.

As an exercise, we will play the soundtrack of the scene - the sound only without the images. And we will show you in diagram the five camera angles in which the scene is covered.

Your task is to note in the margins of this script which shots will be used at which points in the scene; in effect, you are invited to guess how it was edited.

INTERIOR TAXI

Charlie (Rod Steiger), is seated in the back of the car. Terry (Marlon Brando), enters and sits beside him.

TERRY:

Hi, Charlie. I'm glad you (1)
stopped by for me. I've (2)
been wanting to talk to you. (3)

CHARLIE:

Yeah, sure, kid. (4)

DRIVER:

(off)

Where to? (5)

CHARLIE:

Will you just go to River (6)
Street, and I'll tell you (7)
where to stop. (8)

TERRY:

I thought we was goin' to (9)
the Garden? (10)

CHARLIE:

Yeah, but, er ... I want to (11)
cover a bet on the way over. (12)
Besides, this'll give us a (13)
chance to talk. (14)

TERRY:

Well, ... nobody ever stopped (15)
you from talkin', Charlie, (16)
uh ...? (17)

CHARLIE:

Well, yeah ... ah, you ... (18)
the grapevine says that you (19)
got ... you gotta subpoena?! (20)

TERRY:

Yeah. (21)

CHARLIE:
 I mean, the guys would know (22)
 you well enough to know that (23)
 you're not a cheese-eater, (24)
 ... but, they maybe think that (25)
 you should not be on the out- (26)
 side so much ... because on (27)
 the inside we got a few (28)
 things working for you down (29)
 on the docks. (30)

TERRY:
 A steady job with a ... a (31)
 couple of extra potatoes, (32)
 that's all I want. (33)

CHARLIE:
 Oh, sure, that's great when (34)
 you're a kid, but, er ... (35)
 you're gettin' on. You're (36)
 pushing thirty, Slugger, you (37)
 know it's time to think about (38)
 gettin' some ambition. (39)

TERRY:
 Well, I always figured I'd (40)
 live a little bit longer (41)
 without it. (42)

CHARLIE:
 Maybe? ... (43)
 Look! There's a boss-loader's (44)
 job - it's open - on the new (45)
 pier we're opening up. You (46)
 see now, it pays six cents (47)
 on every 100 pounds that goes (48)
 in, and every 100 pounds that (49)
 goes out and you don't have (50)
 to live a finger. That's two, (51)
 three, four hundred dollars a (52)
 week! Four hundred dollars a (53)
 week, just for the opening! (54)

TERRY:
 I get all that dough for not (55)
 doin' nothin'? (56)

CHARLIE:
You don't do anything! And (57)
 don't say anything! You (58)
 understand?! (59)

TERRY:
 There's more to this than I (60)
 thought, Charlie. I'm telling (61)
 you, there's a lot more. (62)

CHARLIE:
 You mean that you're thinking (63)
 of testifying against some (64)
 people that we might know?! (65)

TERRY:
 I don't know, Charlie ... (66)
 I'm tellin' you, I don't (67)
 know ... Charlie, that's (68)
 what I wanted to talk to (69)
 you about ... (70)

CHARLIE:
 Oh listen, Terry! You know (71)
 how much those piers are worth (72)
 that we contact through the (73)
 Local ...? (74)

TERRY:
 I know that ... (75)

CHARLIE:
 All right! Do you think (76)
 Johnny's gonna jeopardize (77)
 the whole set-up for one (78)
 rubber-lipped ex-tanker (79)
 who's ... (80)

TERRY:
 Don't say that. (81)

CHARLIE: (82)
 ... walking on his ears? (83)
 What the - (84)

TERRY: (85)
I could've been better!

CHARLIE: (86)
 That's not the point -

TERRY: (87)
 I could've been a lot (88)
 better, Charlie.

CHARLIE: (89)
 - The point is you don't
 have much time!

TERRY: (90)
 I'm tellin' ya, I haven't
 made up my mind yet!

CHARLIE: (91)
 Well, make up your mind (92)
 before we get to four three (93)
 seven River Street! (94)

TERRY: (95)
 Before we get to where, (96)
 Charlie! ...

CHARLIE: (97)
 Before we get to where, (98)
 Charlie!

CHARLIE: (99)
Listen to me ...
 (pulls pistol
 from his pocket)
Terry - Take the job, just (100)
take it! No questions! (101)
Take it! (102)

... Terry, take the job, (103)
 please. (104)

TERRY: (105)
 Charlie ...
 (pushes the
 pistol away)

CHARLIE: (106)
 Please take it.

TERRY: (107)
 Charlie ... (108)
 Oh Charlie ... wow! ...

CHARLIE: (109)
 Look, I'm ... look, kid ... (110)
 um ... How much do you weigh, (111)
 son? ... When you weighed (112)
 168 pounds, you were (113)
 beautiful. You could've (114)
 been another Bill Conn. But (115)
 that skunk we got you for a (116)
 manager ... he brought you (117)
 along too fast.

TERRY: (118)
 It wasn't him, Charlie, it (119)
 was you. You remember that (120)
 time in the Garden, you came (121)
 down to my dressing room and (122)
 said: ... "Kid. This ain't (123)
 your night. We're goin' for (124)
 a price on Wilson." You (125)
 remember that? "This ain't (126)
 your night!" My night! I (127)
 could've taken Wilson apart! (128)
 So what happens? He gets (129)
 the tile-shot outdoors at (130)
 the ball-park, and what do (131)
 I get? A one-way ticket to (132)
 Palookaville! You was my (133)
 brother, Charlie You (134)
 should've looked after me. (135)
 You should've taken care (136)
 of me just a little bit so

I wouldn't have to take (137)
them dives for the short- (138)
end money. (139)

CHARLIE:

Oh, I had some bets on for (140)
you, you got some money. (141)

TERRY:

You don't understand! I (142)
could've had class! I (143)
could've been a contender! (144)
I could've been somebody, (145)
instead of a bum, which is (146)
what I am. Let's face it. (147)
..... It was you, Charlie. (148)

CHARLIE:

Okay - okay! I'll tell 'em (149)
I couldn't find you. Ten to (150)
one they won't believe it. (151)
(he hands the pitol
to Terry)

Here! You take this. (152)
You're going to need it! (153)
(to the Taxi Driver)

You! - Pull over! (154)

The taxi pulls over to the curb. TERRY
climbs out. But the TAXI DRIVER now
accelerates and, as it comes to a side
alley, it veers sharply to drive down a
ramp that leads to a large metal garage
door. Standing beside the door, the
entrance to a basement garage, is a MAN
whom we recognize as one of the members
of the entourage of Johnny Friendly.

THE AXIS AND THE EYELINE



(E) CLOSEUP of Steiger. He looks off Right towards Brando.



(B) OVERSHOULDER SHOT. Steiger backview in foreground and Brando beyond him. Medium Close shot.



(A) MASTER SHOT. Both men seen profile in a Medium Shot.

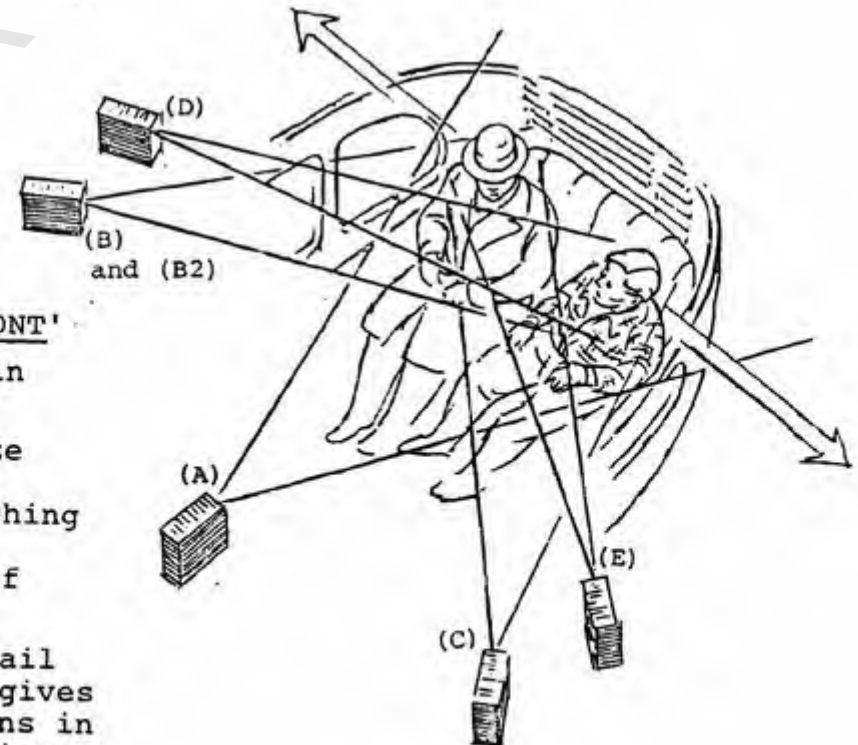


(C) OVERSHOULDER SHOT, complementary to (B). Brando is backview in the foreground and Steiger is beyond.



(D) CLOSEUP of Brando -complementary to (E) Brando's look offscreen Left is a matching eyeline

Also
When Steiger turns to the front the Overshoulder Shot becomes a Closeup of Steiger with Brando beyond him.



THE TAXI CAB SCENE IN 'ON THE WATERFRONT'

This now classic scene is covered in five angles - 'full coverage':-

- (A) The Mastershot, medium shot size with both of them in profile.
- (B) and (C). Two complementary matching overshoulder two shots.
- (D) and (E). Two matched Closeups of each of the two characters.

As you will see if you study in detail the attached story board, the formula gives the editor the maximum number of options in exploring the 'subtext' of their reactions.

1
0 THE WATERFRONT - TAXISCENE

TAXI SCENE FROM 'ON THE WATERFRONT'

SITUATION:

The film deals with corrupt Trade Union practices on the New York waterfront. The dockers union is controlled by gangsters who, with the tacit approval of politicians, extort money from shipping companies and intimidate any of the dockers who refuse to pay kickbacks to union officials. Detectives that are currently investigating the corruption are unable to get evidence from dockers who are either frightened or who are unwilling to act as 'pigeons', informing on their companions.

TERRY is a simple-minded prize-fighter, punchy and run to seed. His brother, CHARLIE, was his manager as a fighter and is now one of the Union mob.

At the outset of the story, TERRY has assisted the union thugs to tempt a recalcitrant docker to come to a rendezvous in which he was killed, thrown off the roof of a tenement building. TERRY, attracted to the daughter of the murdered man, has been questioned by detectives and the gangsters suspect that he may be at the point where he might testify before an investigating committee.



(Note:
Charlie's first 'move'
-meaning his first step
of dramatic action - is
sound out Terry'.

1) INT. TAXI - M.S.
CHARLIE AND TERRY

Charlie (Rod Steiger), is seated in the back of the car. Terry (Marlon Brando), enters and sits beside him.

TERRY:
Hi, Charlie. I'm glad
you stopped by for me.
I've been wanting to
talk to you.

CHARLIE:
Yeah, sure, kid.

He needs to find out
what his younger brother
intends to do about the
subpoena - but without
alarming Terry.

The 'color' of Charlie's
performance at this stage
is patronising: he is
talking down to Terry.

At the same time, Charlie
is also very nervous.
He is under extreme
pressure - and betrays
this by the way that he
fiddles with his gloves.

Terry, who is not so
dumb as Charlie supposes,
simply waits for Charlie
to come to the point.



(24 1/2 seconds)



(11 seconds)

DRIVER
(off):
Where to?

CHARLIE:
Will you just go to
River Street, and I'll
tell you where to stop.

TERRY:
I thought we was goin'
to the Garden?

CHARLIE:
Yeah, but, er...I want
to cover a bet on the
way over. Besides,
this'll give us a
chance to talk.

TERRY:
Well,...nobody ever
stopped you from
talkin', Charlie,
uh...

CHARLIE:
Well, yeah...ah, you...
the grapevine says that
you got...you gotta
subpoena?

2) M.C.S. TERRY AND CHARLIE
Favouring TERRY.

TERRY:
Yeah.

CHARLIE:
I mean, the guys would
know you well enough
to know that you're
not a cheese-eater,...
but, they maybe think
that you should not

ON THE WATERFRONT



CLOSE SHOT FAVOURING STEIGER. Camera shoots across Marlon Brando onto Rod Steiger.



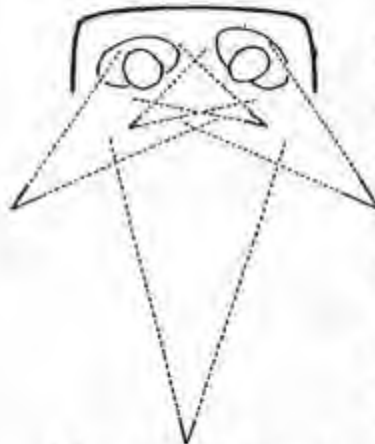
CLOSE SHOT FAVOURING BRANDO. A 'matching' shot shooting across Steiger onto Brando-



-which holds Steiger in a close up when he turns camera. Emphasis on Steiger Brando beyond.



MEDIUM SHOT OF BOTH. A longer angle showing both men with equal emphasis.



A 'master shot' of equal emphasis on the two men; two over-shoulder angles and two matching singles. The whole scene was probably covered in all five angles.

The now classic taxi-cab scene between Rod Steiger and Marlon Brando in 'On the Waterfront', is a good example of a scene which has been shot in this manner. (Other scenes in the same movie are shot quite differently). There are five angles; over-shoulder shots (one of which becomes a two shot with Steiger in foreground as he turns towards camera).

With 'full coverage' of this kind, there are the maximum number of options available at the editing stage. As far as the 'subtext' of the reactions of the characters is concerned, the editor can almost 're-write' the scene on the editing bench.

If you study this famous scene on an analyst projector, you will see what I mean. After the first establishing shot, most of the dialogue is played in alternating over-shoulder shots, favouring one of the characters and then the other, timing the cuts to the interaction of thought and feeling as much as to the exchange of speeches. Close ups are delayed until the later moments where feeling is more intense and thoughts are more 'interior'. Music marks the shifts in mood.

The remarkable thing, really, is that this formula for shooting, considered by many young directors to be so traditional that it is a cliché, nevertheless turns out to be the simplest and most effective method to cover a scene where performance is very much more important than fancy camera work.



CLOSE UP OF ROD STEIGER. A 'single' showing Steiger from Brando's point of view.



MATCHING CLOSE UP OF BRANDO. Excluding Steiger, showing Brando from Steiger's P.O.V.

TAXI SCENE FROM 'ON THE WATERFRONT'

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-meaning his first step
of dramatic action - is
'to sound out Terry'.

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subpoena - but without
alarming Terry.

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is patronising: he is
talking down to Terry.

At the same time, Charlie
is also very nervous.
He is under extreme
pressure - and betrays
this by the way that he
fiddles with his gloves.

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dumb as Charlie supposes,
simply waits for Charlie
to come to the point.



(24 1/2 seconds)



(11 seconds)

DRIVER
(off):
Where to?

CHARLIE:
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River Street, and I'll
tell you where to stop.

TERRY:
I thought we was goin'
to the Garden?

CHARLIE:
Yeah, but, er...I want
to cover a bet on the
way over. Besides,
this'll give us a
chance to talk.

TERRY:
Well,...nobody ever
stopped you from
talkin', Charlie,
uh...

CHARLIE:
Well, yeah...ah, you...
the grapevine says that
you got...you gotta
subpoena?!

2) M.C.S. TERRY AND CHARLIE
Favouring TERRY.

TERRY:
Yeah.

CHARLIE:
I mean, the guys would
know you well enough
to know that you're
not a cheese-eater,...
but, they maybe think
that you should not

The cut from this 'neutral' establishing angle to the closer angle favouring Terry is to watch his reaction to Charlie's move.



(50 seconds)

Note:

Charlie's approach now becomes more direct. The condescension becomes more marked.

Terry's 'humble' retort is not all that innocent - and, ironically, touches directly on Charlie's private anxieties.

This reaction is marked by the pause after the "Maybe-" and by the new urgency with which Charlie now comes out into the open with the bribe...

CHARLIE:
(continuing)
be on the outside so much...because on the inside we got a few little things working for you down on the docks.

TERRY:
A steady job -

3) M.C.S. CHARLIE AND TERRY
Favouring CHARLIE.

TERRY:
(continuing)
-with a...a couple extra potatoes, that's all I want.

CHARLIE:
Oh, sure, that's great when you're a kid, but, er...you're gettin' on. You're pushing thirty, Slugger, you know it's time to think about gettin' some ambition.

TERRY:
Well, I always figured I'd live a little bit longer without it.

CHARLIE:
Maybe?... Look! There's a boss-loader's job - it's open - on the new pier we're opening up. You see, now, it pays six cents on every

During the proposition Terry, in foreground, turns profile, avoiding Charlie's direct look. Obviously, he is dubious.

As he turns back to Charlie, we cut to:-



(25 seconds)

Note:-
Charlie now begins to react in real anger. He raises his voice. Tension rises sharply. (His brother's reluctance to commit to a promise that he will not testify against the mob means that Charlie's life may be in danger).

CHARLIE:
(continuing)
100 pounds that goes in, and every 100 pounds that goes out and you don't have to lift a finger. That's two, three, four hundred dollars a week! Four hundred dollars a week, just for the opening!

TERRY:
I get all that dough for not -

4) M.C.S. TERRY AND CHARLIE
Favouring TERRY.

TERRY:
(continuing)
-doin' nothin'?

CHARLIE:
You don't do anything! And you don't say anything! You understand?!

TERRY:
There's more to this than I thought, Charlie. I'm telling you, there's a lot more.

CHARLIE:
You mean that you're thinking of testifying against some people that we might know?!

TERRY:
I don't know, Charlie... I'm tellin' you, I don't-



Note:
As the quarrel erupts the background sound track is brought up in level - a sort of non-musical sound score of honking car horns. Dialogue overlaps. Charlie's repressed anxieties emerge in his sarcasm

5) M.C.S. CHARLIE AND TERRY
Favouring CHARLIE.

TERRY:
(continuing)
-know...
...Charlie, that's what I wanted to talk to you about...

CHARLIE:
Oh listen, Terry! You know how much those piers are worth that we contact through the Local...?

TERRY:
I know that...

CHARLIE:
Alright! Do you think Johnny's gonna jeopardize the whole set-up for one rubber-lipped ex-tanker who's...

TERRY:
Don't say that!

CHARLIE:
...walking on his ears! What the...?

TERRY:
I could've been better..

CHARLIE:
That's not the point!

6) M.C.S. TERRY AND CHARLIE
Favouring TERRY.

TERRY:
I...Could've been a lot better Charlie...

Note:
Charlie's inadvertent insults provoke Terry to stubbornness. But a silence in the traffic noise is the reference to the street address. Abruptly (in the first close up of the sequence) Terry senses the threat.



(8 seconds)



(4½ seconds)

CHARLIE:
...the point is you don't have much time!

TERRY:
I'm tellin' you, I haven't made up my mind yet.

CHARLIE:
(pause)
Well, make up your mind before we get to 437 River Street!

7) C.U. TERRY

TERRY:
Before we get to where, Charlie?!...



(12½ seconds)



(12½ seconds)

8) M.C.S. CHARLIE AND TERRY
Favouring CHARLIE.

TERRY:
(continuing)
Before we get to where, Charlie?!...

CHARLIE:
Listen to me-

9) M.S. CHARLIE AND TERRY

CHARLIE:
(continuing)
Terry...
(pulling a pistol on Terry)
Take the job, just take it! No questions; take it!



(3 seconds)



(15 seconds)

Note;
The gun is nothing but hysteria on Charlie's part. The pained reaction of Terry reduces him to a pathetic pleading.



(13½ seconds)



(13 seconds)

10) M.C.S. TERRY AND CHARLIE
Favouring TERRY.

TERRY:
(shakes his head in disbelief)

CHARLIE:
Terry, take the job, please.

TERRY:
Charlie...

CHARLIE:
Please take it.

TERRY:
Charlie...

11) M.S. CHARLIE AND TERRY
(Music theme changes)

TERRY:
(continuing)
(pushes the pistol away)
...Oh Charlie...
wow!...
(pause)

12) C.U. CHARLIE

CHARLIE:
Look, I'm...Look, kid...um...
(beat)
How much do you weigh, son?



(6½ seconds)



(10 seconds)



(5½ seconds)



(33 seconds)

13) C.U. TERRY

CHARLIE:
(continuing)
...When you weighed 168 pounds, you were beautiful.

14) C.U. CHARLIE

CHARLIE:
(continuing)
You could've been another Billy Conn. But that skunk we got you for a manager... he brought you along too...

15) C.U. TERRY

CHARLIE:
(continuing)
...fast.

TERRY:
It wasn't him, Charlie, it was you.

16) M.C.S. TERRY AND CHARLIE
CHARLIE, turning towards camera, is now framed in the foreground with TERRY beyond.

TERRY:
(continuing)
You remember that time in the Garden, you came down to my dressing room and said:

Note:

Music has shifted to a note of 'nostalgic' lament.' Melodically it picks up something of the lilt of Terry's Brooklyn intonations. With CHARLIE large in the foreground and his brother beyond, the music underscores the expression of remorse that we see in Charlie's face - the guilt that prompts what is, in effect his gesture of sacrifice and hints at the death to come.



(2 seconds)



(13 seconds)

TERRY:
(continuing)

"...Kid. This ain't your night. We're goin' for a price on Wilson." You remember that? "This ain't your night!" My night! I could've taken Wilson apart!...So what happens? He gets the title-shot outdoors at the ball-park, and what do I get? A one-way ticket to Palookaville! You was my brother, Charlie. You should've looked after me. You should've taken care of me just a little bit so I wouldn't have to take them dives for the short-end money.

17) C.U. CHARLIE

CHARLIE:
Oh, I had some bets on for you, you saw some money.

18) C.U. TERRY

TERRY:
You don't understand! I could've had class! I could've been a contender! I could've been somebody, instead of a bum, which is what I am. Let's face it.



(3 seconds)



(4 seconds)



(32 1/2 seconds)

19) C.U. CHARLIE

A silent reaction of CHARLIE.

20) C.U. TERRY

TERRY
(continuing)
.....It was you, Charlie.

21) M.S. CHARLIE AND TERRY

CHARLIE
Okay...okay...I'll tell them...I couldn't find you. Ten to one they won't believe me.

Defeated, CHARLIE studies TERRY who is also in a state of melancholy. Passing him the gun, CHARLIE comments.

CHARLIE
(continuing)
Here! You take this. You're going to need it.
CHARLIE makes a signal to the driver.

CHARLIE
You! You pull over!



(2 seconds)

22) LONG SHOT. EXT. STREET
A deserted street. The taxi cab pulls over to the curb. TERRY gets out and the cab quickly accelerates again, turning the corner to come down the side street.



23) RESUME M.S. CHARLIE
CHARLIE leans back and instructs the off-screen driver of the cab.

CHARLIE
Take me to the
Garden.



(8 seconds)

As CHARLIE relaxes, sprawling sideways to the right across the rear of the cab, camera moves swiftly to introduce the CABDRIVER, close up in the foreground. From the man's expression we sense immediately that he has been listening to the whole of the exchange and that he is a spy for the Mob.

EDITING OF THE TAXI CAB SCENE
IN 'ON THE WATERFRONT'

Action scenes, like the scene from 'Gunsmoke' used in the short made by the Editors Guild, are fun to edit. The points that have to be made are simple -- 'plot points.' As the Guild short demonstrates, there's no single 'right way' to edit a scene. Indeed, one point that it also proves is that the task of a director is to provide the kind of camera coverage that provides the editor with real opportunities to develop his or her talent in exploring the 'values

and interpretations' within the footage. Editing is intimately connected with the process of directing. But it is at the same time and independent 'creative' stage of the filmmaking.

I suspect that students may not always realize that an apparently simple scene -- like this one between Rod Steiger and Marlon Brando in Eli Kazan's 'On the Waterfront' may be in some ways more difficult

The technical difficulties of 'matching' are not all that serious. If you study it closely, you may see that the director has not supplied the editor with traditionally perfect 'overlaps' of the action. Both of these actors are of the school of the Lee Strasberg 'Method' which values the spontaneity of performance and it's more than likely that no two takes in the coverage were exactly the same.

There are five camera angles. At this juncture, we have no means of knowing how many takes there were from each camera set-up, or how much of the scene was covered in which of the angles.

A standard pattern which might have been followed is to start shooting the whole dialogue scene on the Master. With accomplished actors (and these two are the best) it may sometimes be practical and desirable to cover the entire scene, start to finish, in one continuous take. Certainly, the master shot would be likely to cover fairly long sections, at least minutes in a single take. But, by the time the scene is playing effectively, a director who first want to suggest to the actors some adjustments on the performance might not feel it was necessary to repeat the whole scene. However, he is likely to repeat the whole of an 'action' within the scene -- using the word action in the sense of one identifiably continuous move of the character's dramatic intention. (As illustration) I've marked in the 'subtext' notes in the margin what seem to be these sections.

It's also my guess that the entire length of the dialogue was also fully covered in the two

complementary over-shoulder shots. In fact, it was probably obvious that (as finally emerged) the edited version would make use of these intercut over-shoulder shots more than any other. Foreseeing this, the director might well have paid less attention to the coverage of the longer angle which is 'neutral' in emphasis, calculating that this would be used more sparingly. (In effect, it is used for the first cut of 24 seconds and then three times for subsequent cuts of 4 seconds, 13½ seconds, and 32½ seconds.

How much of the dialogue was also covered in the closeup 'singles,' we don't know, but a director of experience might shrewdly anticipate that the structure of the scene would indicate that closeups were really valuable only at a certain point — at the point, in fact, where the more 'individual' emotions, feelings and thoughts, become operative: in this case, at the point where 'Charlie's' concealed fears lead him to betray to 'Terry' the implications, the reality of the threat.

I've been explaining that 'coverage,' particularly in respect of screen sizes and the balance of the Mastershot, close 'two shots' and closeup 'singles,' is a matter that demands study of 'subtext.'

'Subtext' is simply a term for the meanings that lie underneath the spoken lines. The ideas that a character might put into words only 'inside his head.' An occasionally effective way for the actor and the director to investigate motives of a character is to improvise an 'inner monologue' that expresses thoughts, feelings, attitudes that are not in the lines. Invention of these unspoken words will lead the actor to the behaviour, the 'body language' and (especially) the timing of impulses and reaction. And it is exactly these which provide the film camera with its special ability for 'photographing thought.'

Study the performances in this light. Now that you have absorbed the overt significance of the dialogue,

view the scene over again without sound and look at the way the acting 'betrays' these subtextual feelings.

There is controversy over the question of how actors and directors should communicate. As in ever everything else about this strange business, it makes no sense to lay down 'rules.' There are none. But it does seem clear that a director who has intuitive understanding of the way an actor feels is likely to be much more successful than the one who hopes to communicate at an 'intellectual' level — by words, in fact.

Decisions about camera coverage and editing are, in my experience, arrived at in much the same way that an actor arrives at decisions about performance. One of the best editors that I ever worked with was an ex-actor. I used to watch him sometimes as he sat in front of the moviola, running the unedited footage over and over and over again. While he did so, you could see on his face that he was absorbing the actor's performance, instinctively acting with the performance — until he found out precisely to a frame where the actor was telling him to make the cut.

It is in this sense that the four technical jobs, screenwriter, actor, director and editor, are firstly, all really a single process — though they are usually done by different people in the professional world. Secondly they are all of them in a sense 'performing skills.'

Writing is 'acting in your head.' The actor must then, to interpret the writing, retrace the imaginative impulses out of which the screenwriter produced the scenes. The director does the same: he goes back to the creative origins that the writer has supplied; collaborating with the actor in 're-discovery' of the character's and situations but now in new terms. Finally the editor, who is presented with visible and audible records of the previous 'incarnations,' must capture all over again the evolved and still evolving make-believe.