



*Nick Zegarrac's*

# THE *Hollywood* ART



**God-like and Insular**  
tuning into the prophecies of

# NETWORK

*"How do you preserve yourself in a world in which life doesn't really mean much anymore?"*

– Paddy Chayefsky

# PLUGGING INTO **NETWORK**

by *Nick Zegarec*

There is a moment in Nunnally Johnson's **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit** (1956) in which harried father, Tom Rath (Gregory Peck) returns home from a stressful day, desiring nothing more than the welcomed embrace of his children, only to discover them sprawled out on the living room rug in intellectual and emotional paralysis in front of the television and quite oblivious to his presence. Fast forward to another moment from Colin Higgins' **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas** (1982) where muckraking watchdog reporter, Melvin P. Thorpe (Dom DeLuise) explains to Sheriff Ed Earl Dodd (Burt Reynolds), *"The power of television scares me. I can get the mayor's own children to throw rocks at him."* What these two scenes have in common is an articulation of the anesthetizing influence television has had on shaping – or perhaps 'manipulating' – generations of young minds.

Television's ability to dehumanize any event and situate its importance within our collective consciousness is at the crux of screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky's **Network** (1976) a brutal satire with more than an ounce of truth emerging from behind its tagline; *'television will never be the same'* and catch phrase, *"I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore."* These marketing slogans have since become the film's calling cards. Yet, what played as pure satire in 1976 in retrospect, now seems to ring with an ominous knell of truth; the degeneration of 'objective news casting' into its present day circus fraught with skewed perspectives about as 'objective' as attempting to host a garden party for the NAACP during a Ku Klux Klan rally.

For we have come out the other side of television's rabbit-hole as clairvoyantly envisioned by Chayefsky; only the view from the cheap seats is even more perilously myopic than the famed screenwriter had feared. Chayefsky's brilliant prose resonate today not so much for their ascorbic wit – though there is plenty of this in **Network** – but moreover as prolific projection into a future forecast that, sadly, has come to pass. While

(left) Paddy Chayefsky with producer Howard Gottfried. The two had just come off a bitter lawsuit against United Artists.





Above (left): Chayefsky as a younger man, already sporting the dower, penetrating stare and goatee, as much his trademark as his razor sharp wit capable of seeing through the hypocrisies of life, but more importantly, to clarify and articulate them for his audience with mass appeal. *"Television is democracy at its ugliest,"* Chayefsky once said, a claim unequivocally proved with the release of **Network**. The on-air suicide of Sarasota television news reporter Christine Chubbuck, who shot herself during a live broadcast two years earlier, was the impetus for Chayefsky's script. Later Chayefsky would muse *"Television will do anything for a rating... anything!"*

(left middle): Peter Finch; star of stage and screen who nearly lost himself amidst the debacle that was **Cleopatra** (1963) by getting paralytic drunk in the green room at Pinewood Studios. His scathing and brilliant performance in **Network** would be his last. He died a month before the Academy Awards – his, the only Best Actor statuette posthumously given. (middle right): Faye Dunaway who by 1976 had amassed an impressive roster of screen credits including **Bonnie and Clyde** (1967), **The Thomas Crown Affair** (1968), **Chinatown** and **The Towering Inferno** (both made and released in 1974). Dunaway's performance as the neurotic and ruthless television executive Diana Christensen is among her best.

But behind the scenes she incurred the wrath of co-star William Holden (right) who infrequently came to distrust and disavow Dunaway's inability to arrive on the set on time. Holden's career dated all the way back to Hollywood's golden age. He was by far the biggest 'name' in **Network**, his credits including such heavy hitters as **Sunset Boulevard** (1950), **Sabrina** (1954), **Picnic** (1955) and **The Bridge on the River Kwai** (1957); a peerless performer with a handsome visage and breezy acting style that complimented almost every role he undertook. (below): Paddy Chayefsky confers with Holden during a costume change inside the 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. office building rented for the fictional UBS network TV station. Bottom: Chayefsky and Peter Finch listen to off camera direction from director Sidney Lumet. Lumet would come to regard **Network** as one of his finest achievements and Chayefsky as a *"brilliant...brilliant man...and a very good friend."*



**Network** continues to have its share of critical backlash and polite dismissals, primarily from ensconced figures in the news media – who all claim with a half-smile that Chayefsky's premise and perspective remains quaintly warped to mildly fraudulent – there is no denying that as a cultural artifact of the last century, television has indeed molded the collective mindset of the nation by offering its own perspectives on the truth. In **Network**, UBS news anchor Howard Beal (Peter Finch) astutely articulates that *"You people are the truth. We are the illusion....we'll tell you any shit you want to hear!"*



Hence, the lines of distinction have been deliberately and irreversibly blurred, between what is true and what has been vaguely reconceived and re-imagined for the sole purposes of a fifty share in the Nielson ratings. Television, long since our god-like and insular mandarin espousing its version of the history of the world for this modern age, in retrospect, now seems to be dictating and micro-managing our critical response and opinions. Whether one chooses the inauguration of de Forest's vacuum tube in 1906, Campbell Swinton and Boris Rosing's debut of the cathode ray the following year, or 1939's first experimental broadcast at New York's World's Fair, the introduction of TV as a main staple in suburban life has done exactly the



(left: Diana Christensen holds up a newspaper announcing the firing of network news anchor Howard Beale, after Beale announced he would kill himself on a live broadcast. The executive brain trust, in desperate need of a hit to boost ratings decides to give Beale the soap box he so desperately craves. (above): the Network Evening News Hour with Howard Beale – a perverse amphitheater styled review incorporating popular opinion, evangelist-styled muckraking, and, a Tarot card reader predicting tomorrow’s news today – hardly ‘news worthy’ but very good for ratings.

opposite of what it was originally intended to do; namely, to provide a window into the realities of our world. Instead, TV has managed to promote its own fiction in place of that truth. It’s network news shows increasingly rely on ‘specialty segments’ to propel their half-hour or hour long telecasts. Interviews are increasingly chopped up into the briefest of sound bytes that *presumably* stand for the conversation in totem as originally taped, though never aired. The pacifying of popular opinion – indeed, the brainwashing of a collective mindset that Chayefsky illustrates in **Network** is so obviously on display in today’s media news reporting that it has adopted a verisimilitude unquestioned by those who tune in.

It is a telling bit of historical retrospect that the first experimental televised broadcast was Franklin Roosevelt’s Presidential speech; a prelude to the pop culture mass marketing of every presidential nominee since, forced to profess their sincerity over this rather insincere invention. For television has since adopted the persona



(above: Director Sidney Lumet who by 1976 had established himself as one of Hollywood's prolific talents with a string of critically well receive, though infrequently profitable motion pictures; **Long Day's Journey into Night** (1962), **The Pawnbroker** (1964) and **Murder on the Orient Express** (1974). Lumet had also worked in television during its infancy, thanks to an enduring friendship with Yul Brynner who brought him on board his own series, '**Danger**' in 1951. It was on that set that Lumet first befriended Paddy Chayefsky who subsequently wrote several teleplays for the series. Years later Chayefsky inquired whether Lumet would be interested in doing a 'film' about television. Lumet's reply was swift, "*Paddy, whenever you're ready just call me.*"

Over the course of roughly the last sixty years modern history has been played out as the arena of public spectacle, regarded by many as 'factual' instead of 'the world according to T.V.' So long as there remained a counterbalance in broadcasting through varied, if still biased, accounts of these same news events reevaluated from different perspectives by the competing networks and other media outlets across the country (on radio, and in newspapers) the absolute saturation of television as an esthetic was kept at bay. The standards in professional journalism flimsily kept in checks and balances.

However, by the late 1950s, television had proclaimed its dominance in the United States. An explosion in sales of B&W monitors exclusively marketed to private homes provided the major gestalt, shattering the established monopolies of film, print and other broadcast media since the early 1920s. In this great shift there existed the seeds of a damaging effect on the mass cultural perception and what the term 'news' actually meant. As a direct result,



the distinction between ‘newsworthy’ and ‘saleable entertainment’ had already begun to blur.

Director Sidney Lumet came to **Network** very well versed in the mechanics and machinations of network television, having begun his career in TV on a half hour adventure/drama series – **Danger**. At the end of the show’s run he joined the Ed Sullivan Company and contributed to such diverse prime time programming as **You Are There, The Best of Broadway, Playhouse 90** and **Kraft Television Theater**. Lumet’s penchant for realism bode well with Chayefsky’s glib reportage. In casting **Network** Lumet chose actors who could play comedy without actually having to be funny – capturing the irony in the exercise and thus eliciting laughs funneled through more than a kernel of truth.



**Network** was not an easy film to get off the ground. Chayefsky and producer Arthur Gottfried’s initial discussions with Arthur Krim and United Artists (UA) had reached a stalemate after the nervous Krim suggested everyone have a sit down with the VP in Charge of Business Affairs. Refusing to even entertain the notion, Chayefsky instead asked UA to release the project, which they did, whereupon the pair immediately pitched and reached a deal over at MGM. Because UA and MGM were already in a partnership of their own, Krim eventually reconsidered and asked to be brought back in on the project, providing half the financing to produce it and ultimately agreeing to its worldwide distribution.



In the meantime, Lumet began to rehearse his cast. Dunaway had previously asked Lumet about her character’s soul. Told by Lumet that Diana Christensen had none, Dunaway was quietly instructed by close friends and associates to not do the part, fearing that it would typecast her in subsequent roles. Instead, Dunaway approached the character as a cold-blooded viper, the antithesis of her careworn, emotionally distraught and angst-ridden lover; middle-aged craggy television exec’ Max Schumacher, played by William Holden, thus providing a fascinating comparison and contrast of generational conflict destined to tear their May/December romance apart.



Perhaps the most inspired bits of casting were Robert Duvall, as the maniacal CCA Corporation’s hatchet man, Frank Hackett and Ned Beatty, a last minute substitute who stepped into the part of CCA President, Arthur Jensen with only a day’s worth of rehearsal and coaching by Sidney Lumet, but resonating a performance that positively shook the rafters and earned the actor a Best Supporting Actor Oscar nomination.



And then there was Beatrice Straight who, as Max’s distraught and castoff wife, Louise, provided the only sense of wounded morality left amid these otherwise towering and heartless hypocrites. Lumet had Straight go through her scene six times in a row, wearing the strength of her performance down until what quietly emerged was a sense of exhaustion and crushing self-pity. *“She worked for a week,”* Lumet recalls, *“And walked away with the (Best Supporting Actress) Oscar for basically one scene.”*

# NETWORK

## Prophetic Moment #1

Howard Beale (Peter Finch) has just entered the studio in his pajamas and trench coat, sopping wet from a thunderstorm outside to address his audience on the nightly news cast. Finch's galvanic performance as the self-destructive news anchor won him the Best Actor Academy Award presented, sadly, posthumously after the actor died from a heart attack.

### HOWARD:

I don't have to tell you things are bad. Everybody knows things are bad. It's a depression. Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job. The dollar buys a nickel's worth. Banks are going bust. Shop keepers keep a gun under the counter. Punks are running wild in the street and there's nobody anywhere who seem to know what to do about it. There's no end to it.

We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit to eat. We sit watching our TV's while some local newscaster tells that today we had fifteen homicides and 63 violent crimes as if that's the way it's supposed to be. We know things are bad - worse than bad. They're crazy.

It's like everything everywhere is going crazy so we don't go out anymore. We sit in the house and slowly the world we're living in is getting smaller and all we say is please, please at least leave us alone in our living rooms. Let me have my toaster, and my TV and my steel belted radials and I won't say anything. Just leave us alone. Well, I'm not going to leave you alone. I want you to get mad.

I don't want you to protest, I don't want you to ride or write to your congressman because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write. I don't know what to do about the depression and the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street. All I know is that first you've got to get mad!

You've got to say, 'I'm a human being, God damn it! My life has value!'

So, I want you to get up now. I want all of you to get up out of your chairs. I want you to get up right now, go to the window, open it, stick your head out and yell, "I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore."



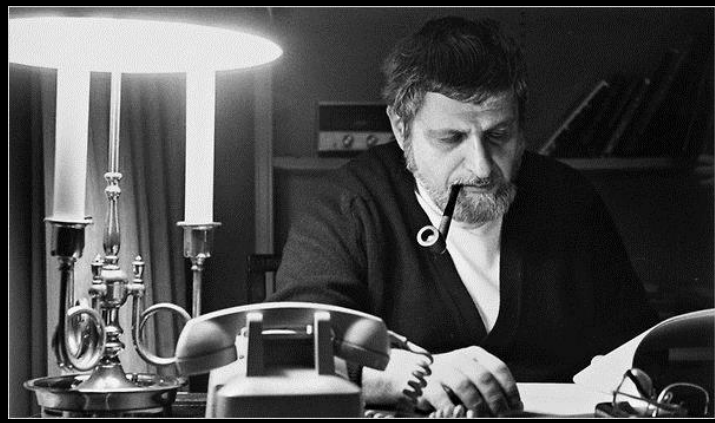
*"I don't believe a word I hear on television as a value, as an aesthetic, as a truth. If you pay attention to television then this is a country of hookers, hit men and pimps because that's the only drama we see on television."*

– Paddy Chayefsky

The problem, it seems, is that for most of our current generation – weaned on news-based pop-u-tainment like **Hard Copy** and **A Current Affair** and by an endless barrage of replayed clips - the proliferation of the same old stories - the lines between fact and fiction have not merely become invisible but arguably, have been entirely removed. With a modus operandi that might just as easily have been derived from **The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance** (1962); *"when the legend becomes fact, print the legend"* television had assumed an immodest mantle of purporting to be the leader in 'information technology' - but without any responsibility for having to deliver the whole truth and nothing but.

Today, the internet has taken over where TV left off – saturating us with 24hr instant coverage, the whole of discovery made accessible at the click of a mouse. But this proliferation has become even more of a cancer than a panacea than television itself; the real knowledge ascribed equal weight and value as the excrement and all of it disposable. Fact-finding has taken a backseat to our collective need for instant gratification - 'being the first' to scoop a story, even if what's being reported is a misrepresentation of the facts or, in some cases, has absolutely zero basis in the truth.

If ever a film could be considered as oracle, Paddy Chayefsky's **Network** is that vessel. The author of this watershed movie was remarkably clairvoyant in his controversial predictions. For example – in 1976 the three major television networks were all self-owned and operated. But by 2006, conglomerates like General Electric, Time-Warner and Viacom had taken over general operations. Chayefsky understood the implications. Until then there had always been an understanding that news programming lost money – the public less likely to tune into **Walter Cronkite** than **Mr. Ed** – hence, advertising revenue sold at a lower cost per minute. But with corporate sponsorship 'the news' inevitably was







(d)evolved from an 'essential money-losing enterprise' to a necessary profit center.

**Network's** spoofs of the **Mao Tse-Tung Hour**, **Sybil the Soothsayer** and **Miss Mata Hari and her Closet Full of Skeletons** – shows that cater to the immoral, profane and sensational - have since become television's 'fact-based' 'news-orientated' programming; **America's Most Wanted**, **The Psychic Friends Network** and **Extra!** with their own slant in celebrating the perverse.



This insidiousness is even more glaringly obvious when one considers the trickle-down effect in such 'reality' shows as **Cheaters** and **The Real Desperate Housewives** franchises, and, how programming of fictional television drama in general has slowly begun to shift away from shows about crime-solving (**Law & Order**, **Hawaii 5-0**) to programs celebrating the criminal element; **Dexter** and **Hannibal**, encouraging the audience to align themselves with an appreciation for and acceptance of evil.

The only prophecy from **Network** as yet unfulfilled on television today is the first televised broadcast of a public execution. "Let's face it," Paddy Chayefsky acknowledged in an interview on the Dinah Shore Show, "public execution has been the best show in town for many, many year" but "human life is a hell of a lot more important than your lousy dollar!"

"That's the only part of **Network** that hasn't happened yet, and that's on its way," concurred director Sidney Lumet, "I think everybody's got much more information (today), and is much less intelligent."



Previous page: (top) Chayefsky reviews his screenplay on the set. (middle) Arthur Burghardt – center – as the great Ahmed Khan, poses with his ecumenical 'liberation army'; a band of hippy terrorists. Burghardt, a vegetarian, was made to eat fried chicken during a pivotal scene in the film. (middle) Lumet and Holden discuss Max's penultimate scene of remorse. (bottom) Max is humiliated by Frank Hackett during a stockholder's meeting.



This page: (top) Chayefsky accepts his Oscar for Best Original Screenplay from actress, Liv Ulman. **Network** lost Best Picture to **Rocky**. (middle) Lumet, looking particularly pleased with himself after shooting the sequence of Max and Diana's chance meeting on the streets of Manhattan. Lumet, a life-long New Yorker, made all but one of his movies away from the city; defying the concept that moviemaking is primarily based in Hollywood. (lower middle) the scene as played. (bottom) portrait of a broken man. Lumet chose William Holden because he thought the actor possessed a look of absolute desolation in keeping with Max's careworn, middle-aged weariness. "You cast for the third act," Lumet later explained. In the third act of **Network** Holden confesses his absolute despair to Diana who is incapable of understanding him.

# NETWORK

## Prophetic Moment #2

Max Schumacher (William Holden) confesses to his wife, Louise (Beatrice Straight) that his long standing affair with Diana Christiansen (Faye Dunaway) has reached a moment of critical decision. Straight's raw performance took exactly a day and a half to capture on film. She won Best Supporting Actress for her powerful performance.

LOUISE:  
Do you love her?

MAX:  
I don't know what I feel. I'm grateful I can feel anything at all.

LOUISE  
Then say it. Don't keep telling me that you're obsessed - that you're infatuated. Say that you're in love with her.

MAX:  
I'm in love with her.

LOUISE:  
Get out! Go to a hotel. Go and live with her. Go anywhere but don't come back! Because after twenty-five years of building a home and raising a family and all the senseless pain we've inflicted on each other I'm damned if I'm going to stand here and have you tell me your in love with somebody else.

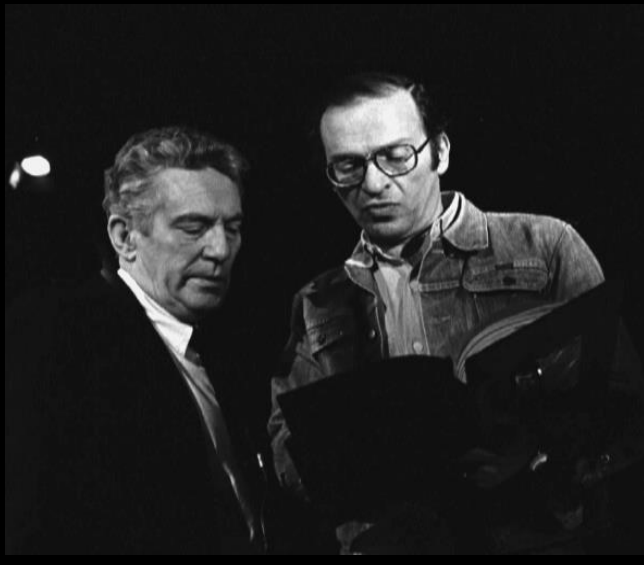
Because this isn't a convention weekend with your secretary is it? Or some broad that you picked up after three belts of booze. This is your great winter romance, isn't it? Your last roar of passion before you've settle into your emeritus years. Is that what's left for me? Is that my share? She gets the winter passion and I get the dotage?

What am I supposed to do? Am I supposed to sit home knitting and pearling while you slink out like some penitent drunk? I am your wife, damn it. And if you can't work up a winter passion for me the least I require is respect and allegiance.

(sobbing)  
I'm hurt, don't you understand that? I hurt badly. Oh say something for God sake.

MAX:  
I've got nothing to say.





*"Our obligation in our industry is to entertain people. We fill up their leisure. That's what we do. If we manage to give them one shred of insight into their other meaningless lives then we've achieved what is called artistry...and that's bonus."*

– Paddy Chayefsky



Paddy Chayefsky's early career began with a brief tenure on 'Danger' for CBS. Yet in that brief span he had amassed a mountain of opinion on what made network television click; observing the powers that be and the way they maneuvered to maximize profit. As Chayefsky wisely perceived, television had become a repository for fluff and a fast promoter of crass consumerism, selling everything from toothpaste to burgers in-between programs that utterly distorted not only the realities of life but also encouraged the proliferation of that distortion to be adopted into our own daily lives.



Acknowledging television's power *"that transcends anything in the world today"* Chayefsky's overriding concern was how television's ninety-five percent country-wide saturation was impacting the overall cultural perspective on world events. If, as Chayefsky reasoned, violence in motion pictures had reached a level of extreme gruesomeness, then it was merely a proportionate response to the increased bombardment of violent images seen on television that had, in Chayefsky's opinion, a much uglier effect, *"not because it breeds violence"* he explained, *"but because it brutalizes the audience"* through the homogenization of acceptable complacency. *"You no longer feel the pain of the people, the grief of the mourners."*



**Network** provides a far-sighted glimpse into the morphing from serious journalism into sensationalist propaganda. The film stars Peter Finch as Howard Beale, a man of integrity, honesty and, above all else, corporate professionalism. That is, until he is told he is being sacked by the new management. Faced with the end of his career, Howard announces on air that he is going to commit suicide during his last broadcast; an act of lunacy that gains total press coverage on all affiliates and newspaper headlines the following day. Although the network, headed by corporate whore, Frank Hackett (Robert Duvall) immediately fires Beale, they quickly reinstate him when the Nielsen ratings skyrocket.

Chayefsky's focus in **Network** is on the acquisition of independent news agencies by multinational corporations that are only interested in the ratings system and how it equates to fiscal solvency. Corporate entities are perhaps deliberately naïve about the truth as long as it sells more readily and profitably to the public at large as gussied up fiction. *"What you see on television is what's getting money for the network,"* Chayefsky explained, *"It's not true,"* but rather *"...conforming and manipulating popular thought."*

# NETWORK

## Prophetic Moment #3

Corporate CEO, Arthur Jensen (Ned Beatty) decides to inform Howard Beale just how mistaken he is in biting the hand that feeds him.

### ARTHUR:

You have meddled with the primal forces of nature, Mr. Beale and I won't have it! Is that clear? You think you merely stopped a business deal. That is not the case! The Arabs have taken billions of dollars out of this country and now they must put it back. It is ebb and flow; tidal gravity. It is ecological balance. You are an old man who thinks in terms of nations and peoples.

There are no nations. There are no peoples. There are no Russians. There are no Arabs. There are no third worlds. There is no west. There is only one holistic system of systems. One vast and made interwoven and interactive, multi-varied, multinational dominion of dollars...it is the international system of currency which determines the totality of life on this planet. That is the natural order of things today.

That is the atomic and subatomic and galactic structure of things today! And you have meddled with the primal forces of nature and you will atone. Am I getting through to you Mr. Beale? You get up on your little 21 inch screen and howl about American and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. There is only IBM and ITT and AT&T and Dupont, Dow, Union Carbide and Exxon. Those are the nations of the world today.

What do you think the Russians talk about in their counsels of state...Karl Marx? They get out their linear programming charts, statistical decision theories...and compute the price/cost probabilities of their transactions and investments just like we do. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies.

The world is a college of corporations, in execrably determined by the immutable bylaws of business. The world is a business. It has been since man crawled out of the slime. And our children will live to see that perfect world in which there's no war or famine, oppression or brutality. One vast and ecumenical holding company for whom all men will work to serve a common profit. In which all men will hold a share of stock.

All necessities provided.  
All anxieties tranquilized.  
All boredom amused.



*"Network is outrageous...brilliantly, cruelly funny, a topical American comedy that confirms Paddy Chayefsky's position as a major new American satirist."*

**-Vincent Canby**

What Paddy Chayefsky ultimately understood was that corporate sponsorship cannot operate at a loss. To make the news popular its contents had to change from hard facts to slickly packaged sensationalism. Multiple anchors, flashy backdrops, 'human interest' stories (and most recently, soap opera previews and cooking and health tips) have become expected and acceptable parts of the daily/nightly news broadcasts in an attempt to make news more exciting, but – as Chayefsky reasoned in 1976 – hardly more news-worthy.

What **Network** does exceptionally well is to conceptualize this exploitation of the news from fact-based credibility into foolish self-parody through the slow mental decline of one of its mandarins, Howard Beale. In essence, Beale is what's right with the news and therefore, as foreseen by Chayefsky, must be destroyed; preferably on air to boost ratings. These outweighs strict adherence to any professional standards in journalism.

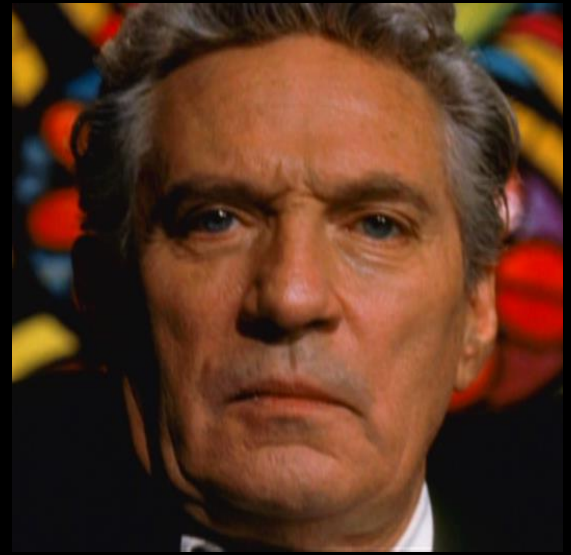
Transforming Beale into a colossal joke of his former self as the *"mad angry prophet, denouncing the hypocrisies of our time"* is only the beginning. In Max Schumacher's case, the joke is on him, ravaged and devoured by sycophantic sexual neurotic Diana Christiansen (Faye Dunaway); who run buckshot over his professional reputation and ruins his marriage; eventually robbing him of his humanity in a perversely wicked parallel to Beale's ultimate fate. Having outlived his usefulness to the network, the executives decide to hire the Great Ahmed Khan to assassinate Beale during a live broadcast of his show, thereby ensuring the highest rating yet for a news program.

What Paddy Chayefsky has managed to capture in **Network** is a reflection of that destructive force; a blind ambition to be 'number one' within an industry that, according the film, clearly has no such aspirations left to extol.

*"You start off to make a great movie," Chayefsky once explained, "...settle for a good movie after the first day of shooting...and then (are) just glad to finish it."*

In the final analysis, the end of **Network** marks the beginning of a period in television broadcasting that has since mirrored Chayefsky's satire all too accurately down to nearly every last detail. We are indeed as *'mad as hell'*. But the question remains...are we going to take it anymore?

**Prepare yourself  
for a perfectly outrageous  
motion picture.**



# NETWORK

## Prophetic Moment #4

The relationship between Diana and Max has reached its critical breaking point. In two of the film's most poignant and disturbing scenes, Max realizes the truth – that, for all her sultry beauty, Diana is a shell, incapable of love or even basic human affection. The following dialogue has been edited from these two tragic farewell scenes.

### MAX:

After living with you for six months I'm turning into one of your scripts. Well, this is not one of your scripts, Diana. There's some real actual life going on here. I feel lousy about the pain that I've caused my wife and my kids. I feel guilty and conscious stricken and all of those things that you think sentimental, but which my generation calls simple human decency.

And I miss my home. Because all of sudden its closer to the end than it is the beginning and death is suddenly a perceptible thing to me with definable features. I'm not some guy discussing male menopause on the Barbara Walters Show. I'm the man you presumably love. I'm part of your life. I live here. I'm real. You can't switch to another station.

But it's too late, Diana. There's nothing left in you I can live with. You're one of Howard's humanoids. If I stay I'll be destroyed. Like Howard Beale was destroyed. Like Lorain Hobbs was destroyed. Like everything that you and the institution of television touch is destroyed. You're television incarnate; indifferent, suffering, insensitive to joy. All of life is reduced to the common rubble of banality. War, murder, death. It's all the same to you as bottles of beer. And the daily business of life is a corrupt comedy. You even shatter the sensations of time and space into split seconds and instant replays. You're madness, Diana - virile madness. And everything you touch dies with you.

But not me. Not as long as I can feel pleasure and pain and love. And it's a happy ending. Wayward husband comes to his senses, returns to his wife who he's established a long and sustaining love. Heartless young woman, left alone in her arctic desolation. Music up with a swell. Final commercial...and here are a few scenes from next week's show.

(Exit Max)

