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# Lover Come Back

By Stanley Shapiro

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This is Madison Avenue,  
nerve center of  
the advertising world.  
Here in these steel and concrete  
beehives are born the ideas  
that decide what we, the public,  
will eat, drink, drive and smoke,  
and how we will dress,  
sleep, shave and smell.  
In all beehives, there are  
workers, and there are drones.  
This is a worker.  
Thank you.  
And this is a drone.  
Jerry, honey?  
You're at work.  
Hmm?  
Good night, darling.  
Good night.  
Wait a minute.  
What kind of a goodnight kiss is that?  
We're not married!  
My! What a way  
to go to work!  
Now that's a woman!  
Make you homesick, Fred?  
Yeah!  
Makes me sick  
we're going home next week.  
Brackett, MacAlpin  
and Gaines Advertising.  
Yes, I'll give him the message.  
Dorothy,  
Mr. Brackett in yet?  
No, he isn't.  
Tell merchandizing, copy and art there'll  
be a meeting in my office right away.  
Miss Templeton wants merchandizing, copy,  
and art in her office on the double.  
Looks like a rough day.  
Good morning,  
Mr. Webster.  
Good morning.

Would you send up tomato juice,  
black coffee and a masseur?

Yes, sir.

Mr. Webster wants tomato juice,  
black coffee and a masseur.

Looks like a rough night.

Miller's Wax is changing agencies and if  
we work fast, we can get the account.

Now, Miller's coming into town tonight.

Find out where he's staying.

I want an appointment with him  
first thing in the morning.

You can't work up  
a presentation by then.

We can and we will.

Here's some thoughts I had. Type  
them up for the meeting, okay?

And tell research I want a complete  
rundown on J . Paxton Miller.

His packaging setup, distribution  
setup, sales volume,  
and strong and weak  
market areas.

Well, Kelly, what's new this morning  
in our gray flannel jungle?

The natives are restless.

J . Paxton Miller of Miller's Wax is due  
in tonight to pick up a new agency.

The account's up for grabs.

Okay, let's start grabbing.

Where's he from?

Richmond, Virginia.

Get me a book on the Civil War.

And tell research I want a complete  
rundown on J . Paxton Miller.

His family background.

Will his wife be with him?

What brand of liquor does he drink?

And what kind of girls does he like?

That's a very good idea.

Thank you.

Develop it further, Leonard.

And here.

This isn't bad, either.

But what color is that floor?

Lilac.

Lilac? Leonard, who has a  
lilac floor in their kitchen?

I have.

Oh!

Well, Leonard, everyone isn't  
as artistic as you are.

We have to sell this wax to  
average, ordinary, everyday people.

Yeah, them.

Carl, I've photographed this can  
of Miller's Wax from every angle,

Carl, I've photographed this can  
of Miller's Wax from every angle,

with every kind of lighting but

I just can't make it look good.

Well, I think you may have hit on  
the key to the whole thing, Harold.

This can. It's unattractive.

So?

So Leonard designs a new one.

**When? It's 10:**

We'll be here half the night! I live  
clear the other end of the Bronx.

Believe me, the agency

that lands this account

is the one that shows Mr.

Miller the most attractive can.

Most attractive.

More bourbon, Mr. Miller?

Just a touch.

Yes, sir!

She's most attractive!

You know, I'd like to meet her.

You're going to.

We're having a party with all those  
rabbits... I mean girls, tonight.

Well, sir, I'll drink to that.

More bourbon?

Just a touch.

Rebel Davis.

Yes, she's distantly related to

Jefferson Davis, our great leader.  
Did you say "our" leader?  
I was raised here in the north,  
but my heart remains loyal  
to the place of my birth.  
Virginia.  
You're a Virginia boy?  
Richmond.  
Well, that's where I'm from!  
You are kidding!  
Borned and raised!  
Well, to Richmond.  
Of course!  
So you're one of them  
Virginia Websters.  
My great-grandfather fought with the  
Nineteenth Virginia Volunteers.  
So did my grand-daddy.  
He fell during Pickett's Charge.  
Mine, too!  
He was following that great and  
gallant captain, Elijah E. Miller.  
That was my grand-daddy!  
Mr. Miller,  
this is a hallowed moment.  
More bourbon?  
Just a touch.  
Son, you hear?  
They're playing our song!  
On your feet, Yankees.  
Yahoo!  
That's what I call a party!  
Gee, I'm sorry I missed it.  
Say, man, what happened  
to that house detective?  
I don't know if he jumped  
or somebody pushed him.  
Penthouse, please.  
You're a little late  
for the party.  
There was a party  
in Mr. Miller's suite?  
Not a party. The party!  
Hey, Jack, how about

stopping off at my pad?

What for?

Look what I'm taking home.

You think that's something?

Hi.

Excuse me.

Excuse me, I'm looking for Mr.

Miller.

You'll never find me.

Mr. Miller?

Sir, I'm Carol Templeton. I'm with

Brackett, MacAlpin and Gaines.

Have them sit down.

Mr. Miller, I have

an appointment with you,

to talk about handling

your advertising account.

I've signed with Jerry Webster.

Jerry... Of Ramsey and Son?

Of the Nineteeth

Virginia Volunteers.

But I've worked up a complete presentation.

A whole campaign.

Even a new container.

Here, let me show you.

I can't. I'm flying

back to Richmond.

When?

Now, honey, now.

We're just passing

over Pittsburgh.

Mr. Miller,

please open your eyes.

Why?

I've seen everything.

Just a touch.

Mr. Brackett, this man Webster is a  
disgrace to the advertising business.

Mr. Brackett, this man Webster is a  
disgrace to the advertising business.

He should be barred

from Madison Avenue!

I'd like nothing better.

This isn't the first account

he's taken away from us.  
Then why don't you haul him up in  
front of the Advertising Council  
and charge him  
with unethical conduct?  
And who do you think will testify?  
Miller? The girls?  
Besides, there's no law against  
entertaining a client.  
Well, there must be a law against  
that kind of entertaining.  
It was a Roman orgy!  
I saw this girl being carried  
out in a bass-fiddle case.  
You can imagine  
what else went on.  
Yeah!  
Mr. Brackett, surely you don't  
condone Webster's methods?  
Of course not!  
No ethical agency does.  
Well, then, how does  
he get away with it?  
Ramsey and Son  
has a fine reputation.  
When the old man was alive,  
he ruled with an iron hand.  
I don't think young Ramsey  
knows what's going on.  
Then it's time  
somebody told him.  
Miss Templeton, you've only  
been with us for a short time.  
We've learned to live  
with Mr. Webster.  
He's like the common cold.  
You know you're gonna get it  
once or twice a year.  
Mr. Brackett, there are two  
ways to handle a cold,  
you can fight it, or you can  
give in and go to bed with it.  
I intend to fight it!  
Wait here.

Hey. Hey!  
That's a cab zone.  
Beat it, buddy.  
I am not your buddy.  
I happen to be Peter Ramsey.  
I don't care if you're  
Peter Rabbit. Beat it!  
How would you like a fat lip?  
Fine. Fine.  
Harrison,  
give him a fat lip!  
Okay, so park there!  
Hope Mr. Webster won't get angry. I've  
never let a man into his apartment.  
I assume full responsibility.  
I am his employer.  
All right, Mr. Webster.  
Now hear this.  
It has been brought  
to my attention  
that you are guilty of conduct unbecoming  
an employee of Ramsey and Son.  
You have embarked upon this course  
without my knowledge or consent.  
My father, the Commodore, would  
not brook insubordination,  
and now that the command  
has passed to me,  
by thunder, neither will I.  
I demand a full and complete explanation  
of these charges here and now,  
or heads will roll.  
Speak up, man. I'm waiting.  
Do you realize  
what you just broke?  
My psychiatrist gave me that  
to build up my confidence!  
I ought to break your neck,  
barging in on me like this.  
Take it easy. Come on,  
come on, come on!  
I had a very rough morning.  
Took a terrible tongue-lashing  
from that Carol Templeton.

Who's that?  
New account executive at  
Brackett, MacAlpin and Gaines.  
She accused you of pirating  
the Miller Wax account.  
She said you got Mr. Miller  
tipsy and you got him a girl.  
That's not true. I got him loaded  
and there were seven girls.  
Just a moment! Hey!  
I'm head of the company.  
You're accountable to me,  
do you hear?  
I leave the bridge for five minutes  
and you steer the ship on the rocks!  
I demand to know if your conduct  
has been in the best interest  
of Ramsey and Son.  
That's sadistic.  
Now you listen to me.  
I was up all night in the best  
interest of Ramsey and Son.  
I landed a \$5,000,000 account in the  
best interest of Ramsey and Son.  
And as for you  
leaving the bridge,  
you haven't been in the  
office for two months.  
And that's in the best  
interest of Ramsey and Son.  
I have a very good reason  
for not going into the office.  
It depresses the employees.  
I discussed it with my analyst, Dr.  
Melnick. He understands it.  
He says I depress him, too.  
Yeah, he's only human.  
Well, you should  
feel sorry for me!  
You don't know what a handicap  
it is to be born rich.  
Some handicap.  
Don't sneer.  
Wealthy people are

hated and resented.  
Look what's written  
on the Statue of Liberty.  
Does it say,  
"Send me your rich"?  
No, it says,  
"Send me your poor."  
We're not even welcome  
in our own country.  
It's all very well for you to laugh!  
You're one of the lucky ones.  
You were born in the slums.  
That's lucky?  
Of course it is. You had everything  
going for you. Poverty, squalor...  
There was only one way for you to go.  
Up. But I started at the top.  
I've done it the hard way.  
Done what?  
Taken over the helm  
of Ramsey and Son.  
And as president,  
I've a right to know  
what's been going on  
since I've taken over.  
Well, I'll tell you.  
I've landed ten new accounts.  
There's a lot more to advertising  
than just landing accounts.  
The big job is  
selling the product.  
Give me a well-stacked dame  
in a bathing suit,  
and I'll sell aftershave  
lotion to beatniks.  
Girls again! What's this  
obsession you have with girls?  
I was a poor kid, remember? I  
didn't have toys to play with.  
See? I told you  
it's a handicap to be rich.  
Get me that green tie.  
Right.  
What about Miss Templeton?

What am I gonna say to her?

Nothing.

I'll say it for you.

Oh, good.

Tell her that we're very  
sorry for what happened.  
And that if she's willing  
to forgive and forget,  
why, that henceforth we will conduct  
ourselves in a manner beyond reproach.

Carol Templeton, please.

Jerry Webster calling.

Ramsey and Son.

Assure her of our  
high moral character.

Yes, Mr. Webster.

Mr. Ramsey here tells me  
that you spoke to him.

And I'd like to ask you a favor.

Will you kindly keep your big,  
fat nose out of my business?

No! No!

If the competition's too tough, get  
out of the advertising profession.

You aren't even in  
the advertising profession.

And if I weren't a lady, I'd tell  
you what profession you are in.

Tell me anyway. Well,  
let me put it this way.

I don't use sex  
to land an account!

When do you use it?

I don't!

My condolences to your husband.

I'm not married.

That figures.

What do you mean "that figures"?

Well, a husband  
would be competition.

There's only room  
for one man in a family.

Let me tell you something,  
Mr. Webster.

I wish I were a man right now!  
Keep trying.  
I think you'll make it.  
Oh! Despicable!  
Millie, get me the phone  
number of a Miss Rebel Davis.  
She works at the Bunny Club.  
Your trouble is you're still living  
in the shadow of your father.  
You're even afraid  
to get rid of his old car.  
You don't realize how  
completely he dominated me,  
ever since I was a little boy.  
Just once, I spoke back to him.  
He cut a switch from a tree  
and gave me such a whipping...  
In front of this girl.  
It was  
a shattering experience.  
Pete, all kids get whippings.  
But I was 25.  
The girl was my fiance.  
Hello?  
Hello, you no-good,  
double-crossing, low-down liar!  
Rebel, honey,  
what's the trouble?  
There's trouble?  
You promised me I was gonna  
be the Miller Wax girl,  
and now Mr. Miller says  
there ain't even gonna be one!  
Carol Templeton  
surely was right about you.  
Carol Templeton?  
Are we in trouble?  
When did you talk to her?  
Oh, never you mind.  
She wants me to go to  
the Advertising Council  
and tell them about  
those parties you throw.  
And I'm gonna do it!

Don't you go near the Advertising Council!

I'll be right over.

We're in trouble, aren't we?

I can handle it.

Now, see here.

As head of the agency,

I have a right to know.

Are we in trouble?

Yes, we're in trouble.

You shouldn't have told me.

Jerry Webster,

you get out of here!

Now, honey,

let's talk this over.

I'll do my talking

to the Advertising Council!

Sugar lump.

I am not your sugar lump!

And stop nibbling on me.

You've been promising to put me

on television for two years.

Baby. Baby.

You are not gonna nibble

your way out of this one!

I'm gonna tell that

Advertising Council plenty!

Okay.

Go ahead, tell them.

There isn't going to be any Miller

Wax girl, but also tell them why.

Tell them how I canceled

when I found out

they were gonna hide

that glorious figure

under a long gingham housedress.

That's like hiding a Rembrandt

under a dishtowel.

Tell them everything.

Tell them how I turned down, for

two years, sponsor after sponsor,

looking for the right product.

The perfect product

for you to represent.

Tell them I finally found one.

What is it?  
Something.  
Would've made you more famous  
than Miss Rheingold and the  
Schweppes man put together.  
Well, what is it?  
A brand-new product.  
It's different.  
It's exciting.  
What is it?  
Well, it's...  
VIP.  
VIP?  
I was going to make you  
the VIP girl.  
What's VIP?  
VIP?  
It's the product that would have  
brought you fame and fortune.  
The key that would have opened  
the golden door to Hollywood.  
And you turned it down.  
No, I didn't!  
Jerry! Jerry, wait.  
Honey! Honey!  
I didn't turn it down.  
Same thing.  
We're filming the VIP  
commercials at 1:00.  
I've got to pick out  
another girl.  
Oh, no, you don't!  
I wanna be the VIP girl.  
Forget it, you had your chance.  
Oh, honey, please. Don't go. Come back.  
Give me another chance.  
I'll do anything you say.  
Please!  
Well, I...  
Please.  
Well, all right.  
It's him!  
Let's face it, Charlie. Either  
you've got it or you haven't.

He's got it.  
VIP commercial, number 3.  
Okay, Rebel, action.  
Hi there, I'm the VIP girl.  
Everything I've got,  
I owe to VIP.  
I'm just a slave to any man  
who uses VIP.  
Good things have been happening  
to me since I discovered VIP.  
I got my man when I got VIP.  
Oh, yes, folks,  
everything I got...  
I owe to VIP.  
Cut. Okay,  
Rebel, that's it.  
Wrap it up.  
Thanks, Bob.  
What do you want done with these  
commercials, Mr. Webster?  
Put them on the shelf.  
On the shelf?  
Call me about it later, will you?  
Rebel, you were fabulous.  
Do you think they'll  
like me on television?  
Honey, single-handed. You may  
bring in the 40-inch screen.  
When are they going to be on?  
Well, I...  
I haven't got the deal  
locked up yet.  
But as soon as the sponsor  
sees you, it's in the bag.  
Now hurry and get dressed. You're  
due at the Ad Council at 3:00.  
But I don't want to  
testify against you.  
Don't worry, you won't.  
But they'll ask me questions.  
Here are the answers.  
Memorize this.  
And wear this around your neck.  
Couldn't I just not show up?

That won't stop Templeton.  
But this will.  
And don't worry, honey. I'll  
tell you every move to make.  
Wait, what is this?  
"Veritas et..."  
Veritas et robitas super omnia.  
That's Latin. That means,  
truth and honor, above all.  
You say  
that's Mr. Webster's motto?  
That's the code  
by which he lives.  
Many is the night  
he's walked me to my door,  
bowed, kissed my hand  
and said, "Rebel,  
"Veritas et robitas  
super omnia."  
This is ridiculous!  
Miss Templeton, will you please  
stop challenging your own witness?  
Obviously, she has been coached.  
Or bribed.  
He gave you something,  
didn't he?  
Sit down!  
It's true.  
He did give me something.  
This.  
He asked me to wear it over my heart.  
He got it in the army.  
Gentlemen,  
it's the Good Conduct Medal.  
Oh, well!  
Would you care to look?  
Yes, indeed.  
Most inspiring.  
May I?  
Oh, sure.  
Takes me back a few years  
to my own army days.  
Magnificent!  
Miss Templeton, would you...

Would you move on, please?  
Gentlemen, if we're through admiring Mr.  
Webster's trophies,  
I'd like to ask  
Miss Davis to tell us  
about that wild party  
he threw last night.  
You mean the revival meeting?  
Mr. Webster held a revival?  
Revival is right! Everyone  
there had to be revived.  
You're making some  
very serious charges  
against a man who is not here  
to defend himself.  
And that's a very interesting point.  
Why isn't he here?  
Miss Davis, do you know  
where Mr. Webster is?  
Oh, yes. He's at the Red  
Cross, donating his blood.  
Oh, well, that does it. They wouldn't  
take his blood. It's 86 proof!  
And why would he be there  
at this particular moment?  
That's where he's meeting  
with his Boy Scout troop.  
He's a Scout leader?  
He's taking them on a hike  
to Inspiration Point.  
The top of  
the Chrysler Building.  
The top of the Chrysler Building  
is not Inspiration Point.  
Why, it is to Mr. Webster.  
It looks down on Madison Avenue.  
Miss Templeton, have you  
anything further to say?  
Yes.  
I'd like my body  
sent back to the agency.  
That was quite a performance  
you gave in there, Miss Davis.  
You ain't mad at me?

Oh, no!  
You should be an actress.  
I am. I'm going to Hollywood, just as  
soon as I'm famous as the VIP girl.  
The VIP girl? What's VIP?  
It's a brand-new product. Mr.  
Webster's trying to get the account.  
Oh?  
This is gonna be my big chance.  
And mine!  
Millie,  
drop whatever you're doing.  
We're going  
after the VIP account.  
The what account?  
VIP. V-I-P.  
Never heard of it.  
Well, then find out about it.  
All I know is Jerry Webster's  
trying to land it,  
but we're gonna beat him to it.  
Are you sure you wanna tangle  
with him again? He fights rough.  
Then we'll fight rough!  
This is war, Millie!  
That means liquor, wild parties,  
getting the sponsor girls, right?  
Right.  
Good.  
I'd like to volunteer  
for frontline duty.  
Well, my boy, we did it.  
We have been completely  
absolved by the Ad Council.  
Yes.  
We really put that Templeton  
woman in her place, too.  
Yes, we did.  
And we deserve a reward.  
A vacation.  
We're going up to Dad's old hunting lodge  
in Canada and do nothing but relax.  
No radio, no television,  
no telephones.

A thousand miles  
from the nearest sponsor.  
That sounds great.  
Is it all right for you  
to be away from Dr. Melnick?  
Must be. He's the one  
who suggested it.  
Well, what do you say  
you go upstairs and pack?  
No, I'm going down to the office first.  
Gotta check on things.  
You go pack. I'll handle  
things at the office.  
You?  
Melnick says I've gotta  
start making decisions.  
Well, good, grand.  
That man has worked  
miracles with me. Miracles!  
You know, everyone should  
go through analysis.  
Not everyone can afford it.  
That's the tragedy of it.  
Look at these poor people.  
They go through life,  
contented, happy, laughing,  
never knowing how sick they are.  
You're sick! Sick!  
Just a minute. You can't come in here.  
Who are you?  
I'm Peter Ramsey.  
Oh, Mr. Ramsey.  
Who are you?  
I'm your secretary.  
You're not Elsie.  
No, sir. I'm Deborah.  
Elsie got married  
five weeks ago. Jerry...  
Mr. Webster hired me.  
Uh-huh.  
Well, if there are any  
calls today, I'm not in.  
Yes, sir.  
Yeah?

Well, how are we down there  
in the copy department?  
Are we on the ball?  
Got the big picture in mind?  
Come on, nutsy, who is this?  
This is the boss.  
I'm sorry, I didn't recognize  
your voice, Mr. Webster.  
This is Peter Ramsey.  
Who is this?  
Hello? Hello?  
Memo. To all departments.  
Insubordination.  
It has come to my attention that  
certain department heads...  
Yes, Hadley, come in, come in.  
Oh, Mr. Ramsey, I'm sorry.  
I was looking for Mr. Webster.  
Anything I can handle?  
No, sir.  
I need a decision.  
Now, look here, Hadley. I happen  
to be president of this company.  
If there are any decisions  
to be made, I'll make them.  
Well, it really isn't important.  
I'll decide what's important around  
here, Hadley. Now, what is it?  
Well...  
Comco Film Studios are calling,  
and they wanna know what to do  
with the VIP commercials  
that Mr. Webster made.  
Yes.  
Well.  
What do we usually do with commercials?  
We show them.  
Mr. Webster didn't brief me  
on the VIP account.  
Well, it's a lucky thing I'm here to  
backstop this operation, isn't it?  
You're familiar  
with the VIP account?  
Who do you think

put the deal together?  
Oh. Well,  
congratulations, sir.  
Well, with a new product,  
Mr. Webster usually starts off with a  
saturation campaign on television,  
you know,  
to get the ball rolling.  
Let's forget about Mr. Webster, shall we?  
I'm rolling this ball.  
Yes, sir.  
We'll start off with a saturation  
campaign on television.  
Yes, sir. Right away.  
Hello, Dr. Melnick?  
Peter Ramsey.  
I've done it, Doc.  
I made a decision. Yeah.  
And it was a beauty!  
\$425 for a private detective?  
Why?  
To find Jerry Webster and  
track down the VIP account.  
Did you find him?  
No. Did you find  
out who makes VIP?  
Well, no...  
Did you find out what VIP is?  
No. But...  
Well, as long as  
it's money well spent.  
I want you to forget the VIP account.  
Webster's got it.  
But I don't believe it.  
Rebel Davis,  
the VIP girl herself,  
told me he did not  
have the account locked up.  
And that same day, he disappeared.  
Now, something is wrong.  
Well, what about all those commercials  
that have been on television all week?  
I still say something's wrong.  
Mr. Brackett, please give me just a little

more time and I'll prove it to you.

Okay.

But if this detective doesn't  
find what you're looking for,  
there's something else  
he might try finding for you.

A new job?

Exactly.

I already told him.

This is the forest primeval,  
just as it was  
at the dawn of civilization.

And this is how  
the first man explored it,  
in a birch-bark canoe,  
pitting his skill and strength  
against the raw forces of nature.

Survival of the fittest,  
that's the law here.

I think Harrison  
has run out of road.

Good, he might  
scare away the game.

What is that?

The mating call of the moose.

This call is  
absolutely irresistible.

Your bull moose  
will run for 20 miles,  
he will crash through any barrier,  
to get to the source of this call.

And what happens  
if he gets there?

I take his picture.

Pete, he's not running  
20 miles to get photographed.

Now, I suggest you  
stop blowing that horn.

You just leave  
the decisions to me.

The same wise leadership  
that saved us from a costly blunder back  
in New York will see us through here.

What costly blunder?

You've been so relaxed  
and happy this trip,  
I haven't wanted to tell you.  
You goofed.  
If it weren't for me, those VIP commercials  
wouldn't be on the air right now.  
The VIP commercials are on?  
A saturation campaign, my boy.  
Now, Pete, don't panic.  
Just turn around!  
What's wrong?  
Turn around!  
What's wrong? Start paddling!  
We've got to get back.  
What's wrong? Tell me. Save  
your breath and start paddling.  
I have a right to know. There's  
no such product as VIP.  
But...  
But you made films!  
I know I did. They were phonies  
to keep Rebel in line.  
You and your women. I told you  
sex would get you into trouble!  
Never mind me. Convince that  
fella coming towards us.  
Here she is!  
Look at these letters,  
telegrams.  
Drugstores, markets,  
wholesalers calling up.  
All these people want VIP.  
We have sold a product  
that doesn't exist.  
We have ruined the great  
agency of Ramsey and Son.  
Relax, Pete.  
Dad will kill me!  
Pete, your dad's dead and gone!  
No, he isn't.  
He's around someplace.  
He wouldn't go away and leave this  
business with someone like me.  
Don't just sit there.

Let's do something!  
Send Hadley in.  
That's it. Hadley.  
We'll pin the rap on him.  
Sure! It's our word against his. Two  
against one. Let them break Hadley.  
He's not a senior executive.  
He's expendable.  
That's the way  
Dad would've done it.  
Hadley.  
Come in, come in, Hadley.  
Hadley, Webster here has  
something he wants to tell you.  
Telephone Comco Films.  
Tell them we wanna make more  
VIP commercials right away.  
More VIP commercials?  
On the double, Hadley.  
Right.  
Are you out of your mind?  
There's no such product as VIP.  
There will be.  
All of these people are ready  
to spend money on VIP.  
It's only fair that  
we give it to them.  
Where do we get it?  
We invent it.  
Oh.  
Well, can we do that?  
Why not?  
That's not the way it's done.  
You're supposed to have the product first.  
Then you go out and sell it.  
Pete, you are  
pioneering a method  
that'll make you a legend  
on Madison Avenue.  
It will?  
The most convincing demonstration of the  
power of advertising ever conceived.  
You have sold a product  
that doesn't exist.

Yes! By thunder!  
Even Dad didn't do that.  
Right.  
I don't think I better either.  
You have no choice.  
Either we come up with VIP  
or you're ruined.  
Kelly, tell accounting  
I want five \$1,000 bills.  
Also get me the address  
of Dr. Linus Tyler.  
Linus Tyler?  
He's the only chemist  
who can come up with VIP.  
No, no. He's a troublemaker.  
He's dangerous non-conformist.  
He's been fired by three companies.  
Why pick him?  
Because he's brilliant, available  
and he probably needs money.  
No. Money can't buy him.  
He's incorruptible.  
And as Dad always said, a man who  
can't be bribed can't be trusted.  
Isn't it comforting to know  
that you can trust me?  
Boss. Boss, your private eye just called.  
Webster's back in town  
Boss. Boss, your private eye just called.  
Webster's back in town  
and he followed him to this  
address in Greenwich Village.  
Dr. Linus Tyler.  
Who's he?  
Well, he won the Nobel Prize  
in chemistry.  
He's the one who did that testimonial  
for Mother Murphy's Home-Made Soup.  
Remember?  
No.  
Well, they asked him  
to analyze the soup,  
go on TV and tell the people what  
Mother Murphy was putting in it.

He did. Broke the company  
and jailed Mother Murphy.  
Millie, why would Jerry Webster be  
interested in a brilliant chemist?  
VIP?  
VIP.  
I'll bet you  
Tyler's the inventor!  
You're wasting your time,  
Mr. Webster.  
Nothing could induce me  
to again associate myself  
with that dull, insipid little  
group called the human race.  
Well, that's a very wise decision, Doctor.  
You've quit the world!  
They didn't appreciate me  
when they had me, the fools.  
Now let them suffer.  
They want to be misled.  
I once invented a hair tonic superior  
to anything else on the market.  
Would the public buy it?  
Not until they were told it contained  
a secret ingredient, TR2748.  
Do you know what TR2748 was?  
My phone number.  
And now with VIP, the idiots  
have reached the millennium.  
They've bought nothing!  
That's right.  
Unless you  
come up with something.  
Never!  
Here, in the comfort and  
security of my laboratory,  
I'm serenely happy and content.  
And I have the companionship of the  
one person worthy of my company.  
Myself.  
I want for nothing.  
You're the one man  
who can do it.  
I will never again

prostitute my genius.  
Not for all the gold  
on Madison Avenue.  
How soon do you need it?  
Welcome back to the world,  
Doctor.  
We're completely versatile.  
VIP can be anything.  
Soft drink, skin lotion, soap,  
cigarettes, toothpaste, anything.  
The important thing, Doctor,  
is speed.  
Now, if I can help you  
in any way...  
Oh, well, it's very  
kind of you to offer.  
If you'll carry on here, I'll get  
some supplies from the store room.  
Fine.  
Dr. Tyler?  
Oh, I...  
I'm Carol Templeton.  
Carol Templeton.  
Doctor, I would like to  
talk with you about VIP.  
It is your product, isn't it?  
Yes, I invented it.  
Good.  
Doctor, have you signed  
with Jerry Webster?  
Why?  
Well,  
I'm with another agency.  
And I have some marvelous  
ideas for advertising VIP.  
Really?  
Yes.  
And if you don't like  
what I've got, I'll get more.  
Fair enough.  
I'll be at your disposal  
day and night.  
I see.  
Doctor, there's nothing I

won't do to get this account.

No, I haven't signed  
with Webster.

Oh, Dr. Tyler, I'm so happy.  
I know this is going to work out.  
Yes.

I think it has possibilities.  
Shall we sit down,  
and I'll tell you my ideas?  
No. Not here.

It's too dangerous.  
All these experiments...  
You mean  
there could be an explosion?  
Exactly.

If I'm not careful, this  
whole thing can blow up.

"V Day is coming."

I like it.

I like it very much.

Thank you, Doctor.

Got any more ideas?

Well, not yet. But I could put  
the whole office to work on it.

Good! Good.

As soon as you tell me  
what VIP is.

Well, that's a problem.

Problem?

Mmm-hmm.

You see, Mr. Webster's  
whole strategy is secrecy.  
To get people talking about  
VIP and wondering what it is.  
And I promised him I wouldn't  
reveal it to anyone.  
So, until I decide whether to  
sign with him or someone else,  
I feel I must  
respect my promise.

Naturally.

And I admire your integrity.

Well, Miss Templeton, I have  
a code by which I live,

and I told this to Webster, too.  
Veritas et robitas super omnia.  
So that's where he stole it!  
I beg your pardon?  
Doctor, I wonder if you know the  
kind of man you're dealing with.  
Webster?  
Yes.  
No. I guess I don't.  
I've only seen him  
a dozen or so times.  
Well, what's your opinion?  
Oh, I prefer to reserve  
judgment till I see him sober.  
Oh.  
Doesn't that tell you  
what he is?  
Miss Templeton, as my uncle,  
the missionary, used to say,  
"If thou canst not speak well  
of a man, speak not at all."  
You make me feel  
ashamed of myself.  
Oh, no. Please, I...  
It's just that I cannot presume  
to judge my fellow man.  
I am but a humble chemist.  
Oh, no, you're a genius  
and a great humanitarian.  
And I want to know you better.  
Doctor, there's so much  
I can learn from you.  
As my father, the philosopher,  
used to say,  
"Knock at my door  
and I shall take you in."  
Dr. Tyler, I'm knocking.  
Miss Templeton,  
I'm taking you in.  
And it was there, in the seclusion  
of my little basement laboratory,  
that the idea came to me for  
this wonderful new product.  
For a while, I was determined

not to share it with the world  
that had so cruelly  
disillusioned me.

But then, one night, I remembered  
the words of my grandfather,  
the philanthropist.

"The joy of living  
is the joy of giving."

Oh, my!

What a magnificent family!  
Missionary, philanthropist...

Yes.

...philosopher, doctor.

Doctor?

You!

Oh, yes. Me.

When you said doctor,  
I could only think of my  
brother, the jungle surgeon.

He was the real doctor.

Was?

Yes. He went into the interior to  
treat this tribe of sick natives,  
got them back on their feet,  
restored their health and appetites,  
discovered too late  
they were cannibals.

Oh, how awful!

Yes.

His last words were,  
"Better me than Schweitzer."

You mean they have  
advertising in Nebraska?

Oh, yes.

Of course, it was a small  
advertising agency, in Omaha.

But somehow one of my ads came to  
the attention of Mr. Brackett,  
and he offered me a job  
here in New York.

And how do you like  
Madison Avenue?

Oh, I love it.

I love the creative challenge

of advertising.

It's the social challenge that presents a bit of a problem.

Yes, you see, Doctor, in my business,

I'm called upon to do a certain amount of entertaining.

And that usually involves a certain amount of drinking.

And that's a problem?

Yes.

You see, I don't drink.

Neither do I.

It's not that I object to it. It's just that I cannot tolerate alcohol.

Even one little glass of champagne and I become completely irresponsible.

I might do anything.

Is that a fact?

Yes.

As a chemist, you probably understand. Yes.

I might even be able to do something about it.

Would you try?

You may depend on it.

Say, I'd better be getting back.

Mr. Webster said something about dinner tonight.

Oh, don't have dinner with him.

What?

Let me take you to dinner.

Doctor, there's so much I want to talk to you about.

And I'll have more ideas for VIP.

Well, I...

Please!

All right.

Good.

I'll pick you up at

**7:**

Oh, no. Not there.

I'm moving.  
Mr. Webster thinks I should  
live in better surroundings,  
and so he's getting me  
a hotel suite.  
Oh, don't let him do that!  
I mean,  
I'll get you a hotel suite.  
Oh, Miss Templeton,  
I couldn't accept...  
But my agency  
will pay for it. Please!  
But you don't even know  
I'll give you the VIP account.  
I know that you'll make  
a fair and wise decision.  
A woman instinctively senses  
when a man can be trusted.  
And you, Doctor, can be trusted.  
Excuse me.  
Believe me, Rockefeller couldn't  
buy a better suit than this.  
\$24.95 and I throw in  
a pair of knickers.  
Nope.  
Haven't you got the kind of suit that  
was in style five or six years ago?  
Have we got one.  
Esther! Bring down the suit we  
made for Prince Rainier's wedding.  
Prince or no prince, he didn't  
pick it up, he loses it.  
One, two, three, together.  
One, two, three, together.  
Doctor.  
One...  
I think that I should  
have explained.  
You see, on "together" you bring  
your feet together, not us.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
Oh, that's all right.  
You're doing very well.  
One, two, three, together.

You see, actually, we should be together all the time, like so. And this way I can sense what your next move will be. How about that? It's awfully nice of you to teach me. It's my pleasure. I taught a Nobel Prize winner. Oh, really? Who? Oh, Dr. Tyler. You're very modest. Oh, well... I never think of myself as a Nobel Prize winner. It's my cousin Maurice who should have it. And he will, if he ever gets back. Gets back? Yes. Will you swear never to repeat what I'm about to tell you? I swear. Central intelligence refers to my cousin as the "human satellite." You mean... Yes. He was launched from Cape Canaveral four days ago. Every 97 minutes, Maurice passes over this Supper Club. Now you can understand why I don't like to talk about myself. I'm having such a wonderful time. Good. I really hate to leave. Where are you going? I have a meeting with Mr. Webster. Oh, Doctor, why? Well, I... Please, sit down. Sit down. Now, I'm not even

thinking about business,  
but I just hate to see you associate  
with someone like Webster.  
You're so cultured,  
so refined, so...  
You're so nice.  
No.  
Go ahead.  
Say it. "Innocent."  
That's what I am.  
You're a gentleman.  
I'm dull.  
There's one phase of my education  
that's completely lacking.  
But Mr. Webster is the kind of man  
who can teach me what I've missed.  
Oh, Doctor.  
You've missed nothing.  
He had a long talk with me.  
I've missed it.  
Believe me, there's nothing worthwhile  
you can learn from Webster.  
No, I find him very intriguing,  
in a man-to-man sort of way.  
Anyway, I've never even seen the  
kind of places he wants to show me.  
What places?  
Well, I'm kind of embarrassed...  
Doctor, you know you can talk to me.  
Where's he taking you?  
Well, it's kind of  
a nightclub...  
They have these girls...  
They remove their...  
They strip!  
Say, I think  
that's the word he used!  
Anyway, he said I'd enjoy it.  
Do you think you'd enjoy  
watching a girl undress?  
I don't know.  
But I'm willing  
to give it a try.  
All right.

If you want to see a burlesque show, you don't need Mr. Webster.

I'll take you.

You?

Me.

Oh, waiter.

Check, please.

Hey, Charlie, isn't that him?

I think it is.

Keep the change, please.

Thank you.

Oh, I almost forgot. I got you a suite at the Royal Plaza Hotel.

You know, it just doesn't seem right, a man letting a woman pay for everything.

Well, you're not exactly an ordinary man.

It's him.

I wonder why he grew the beard.

When has he got time to shave?

Wow!

Remarkable muscle control!

Remarkable.

Say, how do you suppose she was able to...

I really wouldn't know.

Doctor, would you please stop...

I'm sorry.

And I'm sorry

we went to that place.

Are you?

Yes.

From now on, I'll leave that phase of my education to Mr. Webster.

You mean, you found watching that girl educational?

We never studied anything like that at MIT.

The only girls I saw were in the chemistry lab, and they had on those long, white coats.

I had no idea what was going on under those coats!

Doctor, do you mind  
if we change the subject?  
No.  
Thank you.  
What would you like  
to talk about?  
Anything but Jerry Webster.  
Fine.  
You hate this suit, don't you?  
Oh, no, no.  
Of course not.  
It's very colorful.  
I'm afraid it's the only  
new suit I have.  
But tomorrow I'm getting  
a whole new wardrobe from...  
Oh, I forgot. You don't  
wanna talk about him.  
Webster's buying you  
a new wardrobe?  
He insisted.  
Oh, Doctor, let me buy it.  
Oh, I couldn't.  
But I've told you that  
my agency is paying for it.  
They've given me a carte Blanche  
expense account just for you.  
We'll go first thing  
in the morning.  
And Linus?  
Yes?  
How long have you  
had that beard?  
Don't you like it?  
Yes, I do.  
It's very impressive.  
Makes you look so  
distinguished, so intellectual.  
So handsome.  
It's magnificent. You'd  
like me to get rid of it.  
Would you?  
Say!  
Your husband's a real doll

without the beard!  
Yes!  
I mean, he's not my husband.  
I don't like it.  
It's too dangerous.  
Maybe she'll go back to the lab.  
Maybe she'll find out  
you're not Tyler.  
Maybe she'll find out  
there's no VIP.  
Maybe Tyler won't come up with VIP.  
Maybe the world will end.  
Do you think there's a chance?  
Relax, Pete. I'm gonna keep Miss  
Templeton busy day and night.  
What about all these orders?  
People want VIP.  
They demand it now. We haven't got it.  
We'll get it.  
Down in that lab, one of the most brilliant  
chemists in the world is working on it.  
He may even have it, right now.  
Dr. Tyler!  
Over here, my boy.  
What exploded?  
VIP!  
Now, look, Doc. I know I  
said it could be toothpaste,  
but isn't this cleaning teeth  
the hard way?  
It's nothing as mundane  
as toothpaste.  
Now, somewhere I made a slight mistake.  
It all looked so simple.  
Do you know yet what VIP  
is gonna be?  
Of course, my boy. VIP will  
be the miracle product.  
It'll bring relief to the  
suffering, joy to the depressed,  
inspiration to the artistic  
and peace to the world,  
and it will sell  
for only ten cents.

Doc, that's fabulous.  
It is a miracle product.  
How soon will you have it?  
The product I have, there are  
still a few bugs in the miracle.  
Keep at it, Linus.  
VIP will make you immortal.  
Thank you. Boss!  
I brought the mail.  
I'll be  
right there, Millie.  
How's the hermit?  
Who?  
The mad chemist, Dr. Tyler.  
Oh, Linus. He's fine.  
Linus!  
We're spending the day together.  
We're playing golf.  
Hallelujah!  
Today, you are a woman.  
Think he'll like it?  
Well, if he doesn't, he's been  
taking the wrong kind of chemicals.  
That was fun!  
You know, you did amazingly  
well for only one lesson.  
Thank you.  
I'm sorry I made you  
drive so far out.  
Such a lonely stretch of beach.  
That's all right.  
Really, Linus, you shouldn't be embarrassed  
to have people see you like that.  
Well, I...  
No, you look wonderful  
without your clothes.  
So do you.  
I meant...  
So did I.  
Carol, I...  
Yes?  
There's something  
I'd like to ask you.  
Go ahead.

I'm afraid  
you might misunderstand.  
No. Ask it.  
Well, I...  
Do you have  
any more ideas for VIP?  
What?  
Well, I hate to ask it,  
but after what  
Mr. Webster said...  
What did he say?  
When I mentioned your idea  
about "V Day is coming,"  
he said it was all right but probably  
the last one you'd ever have.  
What? He said you were  
strictly a one-idea person.  
If anybody on Madison Avenue was  
a one-idea person, it's him.  
His whole career's been  
built on one idea. Sex.  
You know, it's a funny  
thing about you two.  
You claim he's oversexed  
and he claims you're...  
I'm what?  
I'd rather not tell you.  
Well, I'm not undersexed!  
I'm sure you're not.  
It's true, I haven't come up  
with any new thoughts.  
But we've been having so much  
fun the last few days and...  
I promise, tomorrow morning,  
I'm gonna bring you a  
half-a-dozen great ideas for VIP.  
Good! That'll teach Webster.  
Now, let's talk about  
something more inspiring.  
I wonder where Maurice is.  
Who?  
Your cousin.  
The human satellite.  
Oh, him.

Right now, he's over Russia.  
Oh, brave, wonderful man.  
Yes.  
I've often pondered  
his last words to me.  
They were so cryptic.  
What did he say?  
He said, "Cousin Linus,  
"life is like outer space.  
Explore it today,  
"for tomorrow you may not be able  
to get it off the launching pad."  
I wonder what he meant.  
He meant, enjoy life now,  
before it's too late.  
You know, there is something  
I'd enjoy doing right now.  
But I don't know how.  
Well, let's see.  
I've taught you dancing, golf,  
how to swim...  
What is it you'd like to do now?  
I'd like  
to kiss you, but I...  
That's even easier than dancing.  
I think this may be  
your best subject.  
Hi, Kelly.  
Mr. Ramsey's been trying to reach you.  
Oh, thank you.  
He's at your apartment.  
My apartment?  
He says it's very urgent.  
Hello, Pete? What are you  
doing at my apartment?  
Waiting for you.  
How are things going  
with Dr. Tyler?  
Oh, things are going  
lousy with Dr. Tyler.  
Get over here right away. Why  
don't you come to the office?  
I tried to. I've been thrown  
out of the lobby, twice.

I'll be right there.  
It's no use.  
I'm marked for life.  
Have you tried alcohol?  
Yes. I had three martinis.  
I warned you  
not to hire that madman!  
Here, try this kind.  
Thanks. No, no, no. Rub  
it on your face. Here.  
He's not a chemist. He's a  
frustrated munitions maker.  
He'll never come up with VIP.  
We'll be exposed.  
This'll be the biggest scandal  
that ever hit Madison Avenue.  
The agency's through.  
We're ruined.  
There's only one way out.  
Suicide.  
All right, all right.  
It'll work. We'll get  
Hadley to commit suicide.  
Then we'll pin the blame on him.  
You may have a little trouble  
selling that idea to Hadley.  
He wouldn't dare refuse.  
His job depends on it.  
- We'll go see Tyler first thing in the  
morning. -00.  
No, sir, you're not getting  
out of my sight again.  
We're sticking together  
till we get VIP.  
Okay, you can stay here tonight.  
You can even have the bed.  
I'll take the couch.  
Is the alcohol working?  
Yes, it is.  
My face isn't purple anymore?  
No, it isn't.  
Thanks.  
He stole it!  
I'm coming.

Linus!  
What are you doing here?  
Where am I?  
Well, this is  
Jerry Webster's apartment.  
How did you get here?  
Are you all right?  
Try to think.  
I am.  
Was he waiting for you  
at your hotel last night?  
Yes, that's it.  
But how did he get you to come here?  
Well, I...  
Let me see.  
He probably gave you  
something to drink.  
Yes, that's how he did it.  
Well, you should have refused.  
Well, I...  
I would have ordinarily,  
but I was so dizzy from  
that cigarette he gave me.  
What kind of cigarette?  
I don't know.  
It didn't have  
any printing on it.  
Oh, Linus!  
Oh, that depraved monster!  
It's time somebody...  
Wait!  
You'd better let me look first.  
You can't go in there.  
Why not?  
Because he's not alone.  
You mean there's a...  
Two!  
Both famous actresses.  
Hurry up and dress.  
We're getting out of here.  
They're waking up.  
Come on!  
Oh, I...  
We're getting out of here.

Where will I get dressed?  
At my place.  
I'm not leaving you  
with those actresses.  
There goes Superman.  
Makes you realize  
how old we're getting.  
Yeah. If he doesn't slow down,  
he's gonna catch up with us.  
You know, I just can't believe Webster  
would steal someone else's idea.  
Well, you're so decent  
and honorable yourself,  
it's hard for you  
to think ill of anyone.  
Yes, I guess  
I do trust everybody.  
Oh, I've put your things in the  
maid's room. You can change in there.  
Thank you.  
Where's your maid?  
I don't have one.  
I just use it as a guest room.  
Oh.  
You know, I almost hate  
to go back to the hotel.  
Webster's bound to come over and I don't  
feel like talking to him right now.  
Well, don't go back  
to the hotel.  
Maybe I shouldn't. I'm kind of  
disillusioned with Webster.  
Well, I should think so.  
Maybe I shouldn't let him  
handle the VIP account.  
Whatever you think, Linus.  
It's your decision.  
If only I had a quiet, secluded place  
where I could think about this overnight.  
Some place where Webster  
couldn't find me.  
Linus?  
I know a place where Webster  
would never find you.

Really? Where?  
Right here, in that guest room.  
In your apartment?  
Alone with you?  
All night?  
But it's really like  
a separate apartment.  
You have a lock on the door  
and your own back entrance.  
Well, I don't know.  
Oh, Linus.  
We're adults.  
Yes, but...  
Now, look at it  
calmly and sensibly.  
You won't be disturbed here.  
Right?  
Right.  
You can concentrate  
on what you want to do.  
Well, that's true.  
Well, then. For what you have in  
mind, isn't this the best place?  
Yes, I guess maybe it is.  
Doc, I don't care how you  
do it, or what it is.  
We've got to have VIP tomorrow.  
But what I'm working on  
is highly volatile.  
What I'm working on  
is highly volatile, too.  
That only gives me tonight.  
Believe me, Doc,  
I'm in the same boat.  
Hello? Oh, yes, Mr. Brackett.  
I'm here with Mr. Gaines.  
He just got back from Florida.  
And I'm filling him in on the VIP account.  
How does it look?  
Marvelous! In fact...  
Dr. Tyler's having dinner  
here at my place tonight.  
Fine.  
We'll expect good news

in the morning. Good night.  
Well, looks pretty good. Dr. Tyler's  
having dinner at her apartment tonight.  
Linus Tyler, in a woman's apartment?  
Why not?  
Miss Templeton is  
very attractive.  
Look, I know Tyler.  
He's a confirmed woman-hater.  
Yeah. Maybe he used to be.  
But Jenkins from the art department saw  
them dancing together the other night.  
Linus Tyler, out dancing?  
Something's wrong, John.  
Come on.  
Where are we going?  
Greenwich Village, to see Tyler.  
More coffee?  
No, thank you very much.  
You know,  
I have a small bottle of  
champagne someone gave me once.  
And I debated  
whether to open it tonight.  
But knowing how susceptible  
we both are...  
You were absolutely right.  
And in view of the situation,  
being here alone as we are.  
I think that we should be especially...  
Definitely.  
Well, I'll help you  
with the dishes.  
Oh, I wouldn't think of it.  
It's a woman's job.  
Well.  
Just make yourself comfortable.

**It's 10:**

I'd better be getting to bed.  
Oh.  
Thank you  
for a delightful evening.  
You're a wonderful cook,

charming company,  
and some day, you're gonna make  
some man a very fine wife.  
Thank you, Linus.  
And some day, you're going to make  
some lucky woman a very fine husband.  
That's kind of you.  
I'm afraid I could never  
get married. Good night.  
Wait!

Why can't you get married?  
It's the sort of thing a man  
doesn't discuss with a nice woman.

Oh, Linus.

What is it?

Carol, I'm going to say  
something that'll shock you.  
Do you know who I wish I were right  
at this moment? Jerry Webster!

Oh, no!

Yes.

Why? Because he's  
everything I'm not,  
and want to be.

He's a man of the world.

He's smooth, he's confident,  
he's experienced.

He's a real man.

You're the real man!

Am I?

Yes.

Look at me.

Here I am with a beautiful  
girl alone in her apartment.

**10:**

I'm through.

Oh, Linus! Do you know what  
Jerry Webster would do?

In two minutes, he'd maneuver  
you into that bedroom!

Oh, I'm sorry.

I didn't know what I was saying.  
I didn't mean it.

I know you didn't...  
But I feel so insecure.  
Oh, Linus,  
stop torturing yourself.  
Now you know why I'm afraid  
to get married.  
I'm afraid.  
Afraid I'll be a failure.  
But you won't.  
I know.  
A woman knows these things.  
Don't lie to me, please. I'd rather  
have your scorn than your pity.  
Linus, listen to me.  
It isn't pity, and I didn't lie.  
Yesterday at the beach you  
kissed me and I was thrilled.  
A kiss?  
What does that prove?  
It's like finding out  
you can light a stove.  
It still doesn't  
make you a cook.  
Linus, listen to me.  
Look at me.  
I can't. I'm too ashamed.  
Forget me, Carol.  
You deserve a man,  
not a mass of neurotic doubts.  
Oh, Linus,  
you mustn't have these doubts.  
You're tearing yourself apart.  
You're a fine man, a brilliant man.  
Sure. Brilliant chemist!  
Phi Beta Kappa!  
Nobel Prize winner!  
I'd trade all of my knowledge  
to know one thing.  
How to make a woman love me.  
You can.  
No. I can't.  
That's not true.  
You're a kind, sensitive person.  
But am I the kind of man

a woman could love?  
Of course you are.  
But I don't know  
and it's killing me.  
Linus, don't do this  
to yourself!  
Any woman would love you.  
If only I could be sure of that.  
Wait here.  
Shall I resist my heart?  
Shall I deny its splendor?  
Shall I insist we part?  
Should I surrender?  
Should I be fire or ice?  
Should I be firm or tender?  
Should I be bad or nice?  
Should I surrender?  
His pleading words so tenderly  
entreat me  
Is this the night that love  
finally defeats me?  
Should I avoid his touch?  
Should I be a shy pretender?  
Should I admit I'd much  
rather surrender?  
Surrender  
Surrender  
Surrender  
Yes?  
Miss Templeton, I don't usually  
discharge employees over the phone,  
but in your case,  
I'm making an exception.  
I just left Dr. Linus Tyler, and  
he said he never heard of you!  
What?  
But that's impossible!  
He's here right now.  
I don't know who you're entertaining,  
but it's not Linus Tyler!  
Oh.  
Oh!  
Oh.  
Carol?

Yes, darling?  
Take my hand.  
I'm not afraid anymore.  
Oh, that's good.  
What are you going to do?  
I'm going to give you  
confidence.  
Be gentle.  
Of course, darling.  
Remember that lovely, lonely stretch  
of beach where we first kissed?  
Let's go back there.  
Now?  
Yes.  
We'll recapture the magic  
of that moment.  
But I feel pretty magic  
right here.  
There's a full moon.  
We'll have a midnight swim.  
But it's 30 miles.  
And I don't have  
my bathing suit.  
Oh, Linus.  
My sweet, innocent darling.  
We don't need bathing suits.  
Trust me, my precious.  
Oh, I do. I do.  
I'm terribly embarrassed.  
No need to be, darling.  
After you get into the water,  
I'll join you.  
Okay.  
Well, that's it.  
Now it's your turn.  
Yes.  
Now it's my turn.  
Good night, Mr. Webster!  
Hey, wait! Hey, come back!  
Come back!  
I'm losing my confidence again!  
You know, I've picked up  
some hitchhikers in my day,  
but, man, you were a weird

sight, running along the road  
in them seaweed jockey shorts.

I'll have your coat  
back in a minute.

Hey, Fred.

Look.

That's the last guy in the  
world I would have figured.

There'll be no slip-up  
this time, Mr. Northcross.

You subpoena Jerry Webster  
in front of the Ad Council,  
and I'll present enough evidence  
to put him behind bars.

They've been advertising a  
product that doesn't even exist!

Yes!

Well, I've already spoken  
to the District Attorney,  
and he wants to be there.

No, Mr. Northcross, I'm not  
trying to stall for time.

It just happens that 11:00 is  
when I go down to donate blood.

But they need it.

It's a very rare type.

**11:**

Did Hadley find Tyler?

Not yet.

That Templeton. What a  
mean, vindictive woman.

Lay off her, Kelly.

Congratulate me, boy.

I've saved the day!

I've been working with my  
lawyers, and we've come up  
with an iron-clad document that  
will hold up in any court.

This solves everything.

Great! What is it?

A full and complete  
confession. Sign.

Are you kidding? I could

go to jail for five years.  
No, that's covered in here. We make a  
deal with the judge. Two years. Sign.  
Forget it.  
Two years!  
It's like being drafted. Think of  
me as your commander in chief.  
Greetings from the president.  
Sign.  
I couldn't find Dr. Tyler anywhere.  
The guy has disappeared.  
That tears it.  
Hadley.  
Step over to the window.  
Mr. Ramsey, I told you,  
I am not going to jump!  
You don't have to jump. I'll trip you, huh?  
Double indemnity.  
Your wife will be loaded.  
Kids will go to college.  
Right? Come on, boy, run!  
Pete, knock it off.  
You won't sign, you won't jump.  
I'm surrounded by traitors.  
Dr. Tyler's here.  
Doctor, where've you been?  
In the subway. They couldn't  
change a \$1000 bill.  
Gentlemen, I give you VIP!  
That is VIP?  
They look like mints.  
Don't they though?  
\$100,000 for advertising, and what  
does he give us to sell? Candy!  
I don't care if they're  
colored matzoh balls.  
At least I've got something  
to show the Ad Council.  
Come on, Hadley. Let's go down to the art  
department and have wrappers made up.  
Nobel Prize winner, huh?  
For this, I could have  
hired Fanny Farmer.  
Well, at ten cents a piece,

why, you'll make millions.  
Ten cents for one of these?  
Try it.  
I've tasted candy before.  
Not like these. Try it.  
Well, have the rest of it.  
I think you'd better sit down. There  
should be a reaction shortly.  
I made it very emphatic to Webster  
that he be here at 11:00.  
Hadley!  
Hold that elevator!  
VIP, oh!  
I think I'll try a red one.  
I think you've had enough.  
Don't worry about me.  
I can hold my candy.  
You know something?  
I wanna tell you,  
you've come up with a great  
little mint, here. You know that?  
Mint?  
Mint, you say?  
This priceless pastille which you  
so carelessly refer to as a mint  
is in reality a triumph  
of advanced biochemistry.  
Looks like candy. Tastes like candy.  
Goes down like candy.  
But it enters the bloodstream  
as pure alcohol.  
Each one of these is the  
equivalent of a triple martini.  
Here's to you, Doc.  
Bottoms up!  
I've given this country  
what it has long needed.  
A good ten-cent drunk.  
Well, I told you  
he wouldn't show up.  
I think the District Attorney  
should take over.  
It seems in order to issue a  
bench warrant for his arrest.

And if he resists, gun him down!

Good morning.

I'm sorry to be late,  
but I stopped to pick up  
a carton of VIP.

You mean there is  
such a product?

Would I advertise it  
if there weren't?

That would be dishonest.

Gentlemen, I give you VIP.

A pleasant confection to be  
enjoyed by the entire family.

This is nothing but a mint!

Well, I never said  
it was anything more.

It's quite tasty.

Really? WILLIAMS: May

I have another one?

Sure, Mr. Williams.

Help yourself.

Gentlemen, help yourselves.

They're unusually refreshing.

Try a green one.

How many colors are there?

Six.

Let's all have one of each.

Dr. Melnick?

Yes? What happened?

I don't know. He just  
suddenly went wild.

He kicked in this picture  
of his father.

He tried to tear my clothes off!

Mine, too!

Where is he?

Joe, take it down.

What are you doing up there,  
Peter?

I'm king of the elevator!

Married? Me?

Miss Templeton?

Miss Templeton, wake up.

Millie.

I had the most wonderful dream.  
Dr. Tyler and I were...  
I know what you're thinking,  
but just calm down.  
We're in Maryland. We're in a  
motel, but it's all right.  
Yes, it is. We're legally married.  
You're Mrs. Jerry Webster.  
Now stop that!  
You're my wife!  
Some girls just aren't  
ready for marriage.  
Here.  
Have a look.  
I don't know how it happened, but  
apparently I did the decent thing.  
Oh, I'm your wife!  
This is horrible!  
I'm ruined! Ruined!  
You're not ruined!  
I married you.  
You'll go to jail for this.  
Now, Carol...  
Don't you touch me!  
Will you listen to reason?  
You give me back my clothes!  
Poor lad! It's not likely  
to be a long honeymoon.  
Look, I know you hate me  
and you have plenty of reason,  
but you must love me, too.  
You married me.  
You got me drunk!  
Well, maybe I did.  
Look, Carol, I know it's a  
shock for you to wake up  
and find yourself  
in a motel room, married,  
but this is the first time  
it's ever happened to me, too.  
And you know something? Cold sober, even  
with a hangover, I kind of like it.  
"Mrs. Jerry Webster."  
Don't you ever call me

a name like that again.  
Well, listen, plenty of girls would  
like to be Mrs. Jerry Webster.  
And I'm sure  
they have a right to be!  
Okay, so I've sown  
a few wild oats.  
"A few"? You can qualify  
for a farm loan!  
Now, honey, you're starting  
off our marriage with a fight.  
Oh, no, I'm not. I'm starting  
it off with an annulment!  
Carol. Carol, don't be hasty.  
Let's talk this over.  
You listen to me.  
No alcoholic beverage,  
no drug known to science,  
no torture yet devised could  
induce me to stay married to you!  
That's it, let's discuss it.  
Where can I go to get  
this marriage annulled?  
Now, darling, it's only natural to  
be a little frightened at first.  
Like olives, dear, it's something  
you acquire a taste for.  
Get me New York City,  
Plaza 89970. I'll hold on.  
Hello, Pete? This is Jerry.  
I'm in Maryland, but I  
don't know how I got here.  
I'll tell you how you got there.  
You ate some of those  
poison pellets  
your Frankenstein friend Tyler  
came up with.  
Candy nothing! That stuff  
turns into pure alcohol.  
Oh, that explains it.  
What about the Ad Council?  
Well, they found Northcross  
barricaded in the ladies' lounge  
at Radio City Music Hall.

Williams was on stage,  
dancing with the Rockettes.  
And Magnuson just washed up  
on the beach at Waikiki.  
Yeah, he's alive.  
Can't find  
the District Attorney though.  
Oh?  
Is he a gray-haired man  
with a moustache?  
I think he was best man  
at my wedding.  
Relax, Pete. I'm gonna  
sign the confession.  
I'm taking the rap  
for everything.  
No, you're not. I'm not letting  
you take the rap alone.  
And I'll see that  
Hadley signs that, too.  
That won't be necessary.  
Excuse me,  
Mr. Ramsey.  
There are two men here to see you.  
They wanna talk to you about VIP.  
It's the FBI!  
Send them in here.  
I don't want you to think  
that I'm abandoning you.  
The same brilliant lawyers  
who drew up this iron-clad document  
will be right by your side in court,  
trying to break it.  
I'll get you a fair trial if I have  
to buy out every person in the jury.  
Thanks.  
Mr. Ramsey?  
I'm Ramsey. But this is the man you want.  
Jerry Webster.  
He alone is responsible for VIP.  
He invented it.  
He dreamed it up.  
Is that true,  
Mr. Webster?

Yes.  
It's all right here.  
Don't say another word  
until I get the lawyers.  
We don't need lawyers here,  
Mr. Webster.  
Now, what is your price?  
Price? We represent  
the liquor industry.  
How much would it take  
to burn that formula?  
Well, I...  
Gentlemen, you don't seem to realize  
what you're asking me to do.  
Now, look. The government  
is going to stop you anyhow.  
But every day that candy is on the market,  
we lose money. Now name your price.  
Now, let's see.  
The liquor industry spends roughly \$60  
million a year in advertising. Right?  
Right. And we're prepared to give  
you 20% of our total billing.  
You can open your own  
agency with an account like that.  
Twenty-five percent.  
Agreed.  
And you're not to give the account to me.  
You're to give it to Mrs...  
That is...  
Miss Carol Templeton, of  
Brackett, MacAlpin and Gaines.  
If that's what you want.  
It is.  
Shall we?  
Our attorneys will draw up  
an agreement for your signature.  
Fine. No.  
Send it to San Francisco. I'm  
moving to our West Coast office.  
Very well.  
Thank you, Mr. Webster.  
Thank you.  
Are you taking

Mr. Webster with you?  
No, he's going to San Francisco.  
San Francisco?  
Alcatraz!  
This one I didn't notice...  
Yeah, take all of these.  
Oh, Pete.  
I'll be leaving tonight.  
We'll miss you, boy.  
I'm taking Kelly with me.  
If anybody can do it, you can.  
Hello. Hello, Mr. Webster.  
This is Millie,  
Miss Templeton's secretary.  
You know that girl you married nine  
months ago and she got it annulled?  
Well, it seems that there was  
something she couldn't get annulled.  
She'd kill me if she knew  
I was calling you,  
but I think that every man  
has a right to know  
when he's about  
to become a father.  
Got the marriage license.  
And the judge has agreed to waive  
the three-day waiting period.  
Yes, I can marry you  
immediately.  
The ring! I haven't got the ring!  
Here, you can use mine.  
Yours?  
Well, I've been carrying it for years.  
I believe in being prepared.  
Carol,  
please, listen to me.  
I will not marry you.  
Now go away, I'm busy.  
Darling, I love you.  
No, you don't. You went to  
California and forgot me.  
Forgot you? I sent you  
hundreds of letters.  
I wrote one every day

for eight months.  
And the ninth month, when I  
needed you most, not a word!  
I didn't know  
what was happening.  
You sent back every letter,  
unopened.  
If you loved me,  
you'd have kept on writing.  
Darling, I do love you.  
Please marry me!  
Well, I'll have to  
think about it.  
I don't want to rush  
into anything.  
Now you listen to me.  
You're going up there  
to have my baby, my son...  
It's my baby and I'll have what I want,  
and I've decided to have a girl.  
Have whatever makes you happy. I love  
you both. Now will you marry me?  
I always wanted  
a church wedding.  
The next baby,  
we'll have a church wedding.  
Now, please, say yes.  
Oh, yes!  
Judge?  
Join hands, please.  
We are gathered together to unite  
this man and this woman in marriage.  
...as such, I trust it  
will symbolize your union.  
Then by the powers vested in me by  
the sovereign State of New York,  
I now pronounce you  
man and wife.  
Man! That's what I call  
cutting it close!