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State of the Union

By Anthony Veiller

Gin.
Gin!
Gin.
Here's the doc.
What's the verdict, Doc?
Can't last
another 24 hours.
Any chance of us making
the early edition?
He'd want to.
What about some pictures,
last-moment stuff?
No.
Good afternoon,
Miss Thorndyke.
Your father...
I heard your verdict,
Dr. Crane.
That's the daughter.
She's tougher than
the old man.
Get out.
But, Mr. Thorndyke, I...
Out! Out, I say.
Stupid nurses, doctors.
Oh.
How are you feeling, Sam?
Oh, this blasted thing's
eating my guts away.
Did you see that editorial
in the Albany paper?
That fella won't take orders.
Fire him.
I did.
That's my girl.
The White House called
to ask about you.
He should call.
If those Republicans hadn't
knifed me,
he wouldn't be
in the White House.
I'd be dying there.
Well, well, well. What else?

Longstreet called.
Longstreet? That buzzard.
Made me an offer
for the papers.
Willing to keep my name
on the masthead, he says.
I'll keep it there, Sam.
You don't need Longstreet
or anyone else.
Kay, I used to hate you
for being a girl.
I always wanted
a son like me.
But you're bigger
than any son.
A woman's body with
a man's brains.
My brains. Use them.
You'll make the White House,
Kay, one way or another.
The Republican Party
owe us that. Don't forget it.
I won't forget it.
That's my girl.
Men are weak,
vain, idealistic.
Can't stand pain.
Can't stand pain any longer...
Sam.
Women are the only realists.
Until they get sentimental.
Don't you ever
get sentimental, Kay.
I never have.
Yeah.
Er...
Goodbye, girl.
I guess I'll call it a day.
You're the chief
from herein.
I'm gonna miss you, Sam.
Yeah, yeah.
You'll be all right.
You'll be all right.

Make those heads roll.
Make those heads roll.
Don't go in there.
But, Miss...
Oh, good heavens!
Oh, Doctor!
Doctor!
Call the police!
Congratulations.
Congratulations.
Fifty-one.
Oh, Doctor.
Lose your stomach,
Mr. MacManus?
Mr. Hawkins' office, please.
First door
to your right.
Thank you.
Hi, Scylla.
Hi, Charybdis.
Well, if it isn't the
poor man's Drew Pearson.
Hey, new talent.
You better go in
before we have
a new columnist.
Wait a minute.
Who's in there
with the lion-tamer?
Team secret.
Came in through
the fire escape.
Tailored?
Mmm-hmm.
Tailored politician?
Hmm.
Tailored
Republican politician?
What else?
Tailored worried
Republican politician?
All politicians are
worried today.
Jim Conover.

Announce me.
Spike MacManus.
Send him in.
If I had your number,
I'd call you and tell you
who's gonna be
the next President
of the United States.
I know. Truman.
You want the walls
to cave in around here?
I'll see you later.
Hello, boss.
Hello, Jim, what's cooking?
You'll be. If one word
of my being here
gets out.
Hey, boss,
the freedom of the press.
If you must grace your column
with my name, it's Conover.
C-O-N-O-V-E-R.
You've spelt it "Canover",
"Can opener",
everything but Conover.
Don't squawk,
I haven't spelt it
"Conniver" yet.
Let's skip the jokes.
Jim, you know the
Republican Convention this
year can end in a deadlock.
I don't know anything.
My uncle with the
two heads does.
Spike.
He tells me they're following
the usual Republican policy:
The Tafts, Deweys, Stassens,
and Vandenberg's
may knock each other
out of the running
even before the Convention.
Thus providing

a perfect track
for a dark horse.
Which leaves you,
Mr. Conover,
a fight manager looking
for a good heavyweight
who can punch.
Jim, I think
I have your man.
Yeah, you
and everybody else.
This is Kay Thorndyke,
not everybody else.
I'm sorry, Kay, it's just
that you have to show me.
I'm from Missouri.
Ha!
If you were from Missouri,
you'd have a job
in Washington.
Lay off, Spike.
All right, let's have it, Kay.
Who's your man?

Item one:

But there's never been
a western president.
There are Americans
out there, too.

Item two:

sold newspapers,
worked his way through school.

Item three:

Partisaned Lafayette
Escadrille WWI,
decorated by
three governments.
Ancient history.

Item four:

two-by-four airplane factory
and ran it into

the biggest thing
in aviation today.
Look at me
when I'm talking to you.
First industrialist to
introduce labor-management
plant administration.
He's never even been
threatened with a strike.
He'd have labor in one pocket,
big business in the other.
Are you interested?
No. What's Horatio Alger
look like?
Women have been crazy
about him all his life,
if that's what you mean.
Well, that lets me out.
And men?
Part owner of a ball club.
Ever run for office?
Not even for dog catcher.
Hates politics.
Then what's given him
this presidential yen?
Oh, he hasn't got it yet.
You're going to
give him that.
On the newsstands tomorrow.
"Our planes have wings
but not our ideas."
You could make him
the next president, Jim.
Kay, I'm not
terribly impressed.
I never am by amateurs.
But if you and Grant Matthews
happen to be in Washington,
and knock on my door
to get out of the rain...
But I have been trying
to make this clear
all afternoon.
I don't want to be

President of
the United States.
Guess the job isn't
big enough for him, boss.
President. Holy smoke.
Why, when I was a kid,
my dad took me on
a two-day trip
just to look at
President Taft.
On a clear day
you could see him for
a couple of hundred miles.
Yeah,
you sure could.
After he passed,
my father slapped me
right across the face.
When I asked him
what that was for, he said,
"Just so you'll never forget
the day you saw the President
of the United States."
Well, Mr. Conover,
I've listened to some pretty
tall reasons around here
why I could
run for president.
Self-made man,
friend of labor,
dark horse and all that stuff.
All very flattering,
I might add.
But, could I ask you,
a professional politician,
to give me one good reason
why me, Grant Matthews,
should run for the biggest
and the best job in the world
when there are
10,000 other men...
Wait a minute.
Let's understand each other.
I'm not telling you

you should be President.
I was under the impression
that Kay Thorndyke
brought you down here
to sell me on the idea,
not for me to sell you.
Now let's not get childish,
nobody's trying to
sell anybody anything.
Kay, the man
doesn't want the job,
and hundreds of others do.
We're wasting our time.
That's right, Kay.
He's right.
We're wasting his time.
I'm not interested
in politics or politicians.
And I don't
like airplanes.
That makes us even.
Although I could get
to like you, Mr. Conover.
Mr. Matthews,
it's no skin off my nose,
but just for my private files,
you made a speech in Cleveland
that hit the front pages
all over the country.
Even the New York Times
with that stuff about,
"Either we pull together
or get pulled apart."
Every Republican leader
wishes he'd made it.
So?
I'm trying to get it
through my lame brain,
if you have
no interest in politics,
why did you make that speech?
Oh, now, wait a minute.
I can be interested
in the country

without being interested
in politics.
That'll surprise Jim Conover.
I don't care
who it surprises.
Don't get the idea that
I'm not interested in
what's going on.
I like this country,
Mr. Conover.
It's been darn good to me.
I started with a screwdriver
and a monkey wrench
and two years of high school,
and built the
Matthews Aircraft.
Did you ever fly an airplane?
Oh, no, you don't like
airplanes, do you?
You better not
elect me President then,
because I'd make it a law
for every politician
to spend at least
100 hours in the air.
This year, most of us are
up in the air all the time.
Well, the next time
you're up there, Mr. Conover,
look down.
Look down on Pittsburgh,
for example, what do you see?
Smoke.
That's right, smoke.
From the steel mills.
Miles and miles of
steel mills.
But you see
something else, too,
don't you?
Farms, factories, lumber,
mines, railroads, business,
management, labor.
Not one able to exist alone,

but together, working together
with courage and imagination.
That makes America.
That's a great picture
from the air.
Yeah, but come down to earth
and walk into one of
those meetings
like that one in Cleveland,
and what do you find?
Farmers, cattlemen, lumbermen,
business, labor,
they were all there.
All working together?
In a pig's eye.
All scared to death,
all fighting each other.
Each out for the biggest bite
in the apple.
Well, there aren't
that many bites in the apple.
That's what I was
talking about in Cleveland
and that's why I'm surprised
that you asked me here.
Why surprised?
Because you politicians,
instead of pulling
the country together
are helping pull it apart,
just to get votes.
To labor, you promise
higher wages and lower prices.
To business,
higher prices and lower wages.
To the rich, you say,
"Let's cut taxes".
To the poor, "Soak the rich".
To the veterans,
cheaper housing.
To the builders,
uncontrolled prices.
There's no halo
around my head, Mr. Conover,

but that's what keeps
men like me out of politics.

Hurray!

You didn't ask me
to make this speech,
did you?

You just asked me
what I said. Let that
be a lesson to you.

Mr. Matthews,
you've just created the
ideal political platform.

Drown the politicians.

Very funny.

Mr. Matthews, now, if you
really believe those things
and weren't just spouting
to hear yourself talk,
you've just given yourself
several reasons to run.

That's my whole point.

The only way
to correct those evils
is to get into politics.
Get into the White House
where you can
do something about it.

But, Kay, you just don't
get into the White House,
millions of people
have to vote for you.

You're not afraid of the job,
are you?

What do you mean, I'm afraid?

Of course I'm not afraid
I'd make
a darn good president.

What am I saying?

You've got me doing it now.

I would like to
pause at this moment
and take a one-man

Gallup poll.

What chance do you think

Mr. Matthews here
really might have, Jim?
I don't know.
Any native-born American
over 35 has a chance.
Jim, on Tuesday
Grant starts a tour
of his plants.
Everywhere he's going
he's been invited to speak.
Wait a minute. I'm going to be
pretty busy, you know.
I've got problems
in all those plants.
Grant, you've got to
go along with us
that far. Try it out.
At least you get
a few things off your chest.
Spike, you're going
along with him.
You've been telling
everyone for years
how to run a campaign.
Now we'll see
if you can really run one.
Fine, I'll go over to
the White House and tell
the Trumans to start packing.
Yes, Norah, what is it?
Norah!
Do you know
a man named Mac?
Mac who?
He's calling from New York.
He just said to say, "Mac."
Oh, Mac.
Hello?
Yes, I've been waiting
to hear from you.
Oh? Oh, wait a minute.
I'll take this call
in another room.
I'll hang up

as soon as you're on.
Do you mind?
Might get a little
Drew Pearson blood.
I thought it was agreed
we'd all trust each other.
Only when we're
in the same room.
Jim, I've been
waiting for you...
Just a minute, Congressman.
I've got a call to answer.
I don't get this.
If he's really serious
about me
as a possible candidate,
the Republican Party
must be pretty desperate.
The party isn't desperate,
just Conover.
If he doesn't personally
select the Republican
candidate this year,
he may as well turn,
if you'll pardon the
expression, Democrat.
Are you on?
All right, I'll hang up.
Kay, put that down.
Wait a minute, what?
They've had someone
looking you up.
They picked up some gossip
about you and me.
Uh-oh.
No.
There's been some talk
about Mary.
Mary and some major.
Who's Mary?
Mrs. Matthews.
Oh!
A major? What's his name?
I can't...

What does it sound like?

A major!

Did you see

what that so and so

wrote about me today?

Well, isn't it true?

Hey, it's 5:

Spike, you may have

trouble finding

a taxi at this hour.

If you want

to talk privately,

why don't you say so?

I just did.

Mr. Matthews, you and I

might take time

to finish our drinks.

Do you mind,

Miss Thorndyke?

Jim, I want you to know

that Grant and I

trust you implicitly.

Thank you.

I'm very happy

about this, Grant.

Miss Thorndyke.

You might as well wait, too.

That's what I was

going to talk about.

Close the door, Spike.

Do you mind being seated?

Naturally, Mr. Matthews,

when your name first came up,

I made some enquiries.

It seems there's been

some talk about you two.

There's been that kind of

gossip about every candidate

except Herbert Hoover.

They didn't pull it on Hoover

'cause nobody would've

believed it.

There are no grounds for talk.

Mr. Matthews and I are
very good friends. Period.

You see, Mr. Matthews,
while Miss Thorndyke
happens to be single,
you are a married man,
with two children.

If you consider that
a major... A vital factor.
I guess that ends it.

What's the answer, Jim?

It isn't my problem.

But if it were,
you two wouldn't be seen
together from now on.

Now wait...

You can't get to first base
against a whispering campaign.

Could I get a word in here?

Perhaps Kay's friendship
means more to me than
all this political...

That's all I wanted
to hear, Grant.

Jim's right.

We don't see each other
from now on.

I knew she'd feel
that way about it,
and I'm sure she'll
agree with me

on the next step.

I think Mrs. Matthews
should be down here
with her husband.

And I'd like to see her
make this trip with him.

Now, Jim.

Brother Conover,
that does it.

You have just ended
the shortest political
campaign on record.

If my wife knew that

I was even thinking of myself
as President of
these United States,
you just don't know my wife.
She'd call me Nappy
every other minute.
"Nappy"?
Nappy. That's short
for Napoleon.
That's what she calls me when
I get a little too big
for my britches,
which is quite often.
I know what Grant means.
The world is full of wives
who devote their time
to clipping
their husbands' wings.
Now Kay, that isn't
quite fair to Mary.
Mr. Conover, I don't want you
to get the wrong impression
about my wife.
She's a very attractive woman
and a very bright one.
It's just, you know,
a man can just take
so much criticism.
If you become a candidate,
you'll have to take
a lot of criticism.
Yeah. Your wife might be
good training for you.
Toughen you up.
We've got to kill
this gossip, Mr. Matthews.
The American people want to
see a candidate and his wife
campaign together.
It's an American tradition.
Otherwise you can forget
the whole thing.
I warned you I had
no talent for politics.

I wouldn't think of using
my wife as a smoke screen.

Would she have to know?

In answer

to your question, yes.

That's what I said.

You know, I haven't quite
made up my mind about you.

Mr. Conover, I'm going to
tell you something.

As things now stand,

I'm not too sure

that my wife would go out
and have dinner with me,

much less

make a trip like this.

But I still say,

I would've made

a darn good president.

Shall we dance?

Now what?

Senator Fosdick is here.

Ex-Senator Fosdick.

Blast, what does that
lame-duck want now?

Lame? The last election
broke both his wings.

Put him somewhere.

He may get elected
again sometime.

My room's the only one
that's not full up.

I can be out of mine
in 20 minutes.

No, no, no. Give him a drink,
we'll get him settled later.

Politicians seem to think
there's a law against
paying hotel bills.

Getting back to your wife,

Mr. Matthews, she's over 21.

Don't you think

the fairest thing would be
to let her decide herself?

Grant knows what's fair
and what isn't.
Besides, he has a much more
important call to make.
Remember?
My boy's birthday!
I should've phoned long ago.
May I use that?
Please.
Thank you.
What's the number here?
District 6530.
Use the private phone.
This one?
That's right.
This is district 6530.
I'm calling Greatwood,
Long Island.
Yeah, the number is 247.
Please.
The little guy
is eight today.
You'll talk to Mary, Grant.
You want me to?
I want anything that will
get you where you belong.
Invite her to stay here,
of course.
No way for a fellow
to be elected president
without his wife
knowing about it, is there?
Hello? Hello, Swenson.
Hello, Buck, how are you?
Put Mrs. Matthews on.
What's all the noise?
Oh, the birthday party.
Hello? Hello, Joyce!
How are you, sweetheart?
It's my daughter, she's 10.
Hmm.
Hello, Butch,
is that you, son?
How are you?

Happy birthday!
Well, uh,
I can't sing it now.
Yeah, Butch. Hello?
Hello, Mary.
Mary, could you get the kids
off the other phone?
Mary, I can't sing it here.
Yeah.
Now don't call me Nappy.
No...
Okay, okay. You'll love this.
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Truman's gonna get
the musical vote.
Happy birthday, dear Grant
Happy birthday to you
Flat? I was not flat.
Look, Mary,
I'm here in Washington, D.C.,
and I'm going to make
a tour of the plants.
Hello, Butch...
Look, Mary, Mary,
it's a little too tough
over the phone.
Could you come down here,
do you suppose? Yeah.
We'll stay with Jim Conover.
Conover!
He's a sort of a ham.
I'll send you the address,
Mary...
Mary, come please, will you?
All right, dear.
Yes, yes, Butch.
Yeah, yeah, I know.
Yes, Joyce.
Goodbye, sweetheart.
Goodbye.
She's coming?
Yes, yes, heaven help me.
And when she gets here,

she's to be told
the whole story.
If she decides
to change her mind
and go back home,
nobody is to
interfere with her.
Is that understood?
Funny world.
I want you to be President,
so I go back to New York
and you tour the country
with your wife.
Politics make
strange bedfellows.
Come in.
Hello, Grant.
How's the people's choice?
This fantastic notion had me
thinking about myself so much,
I forgot there were others.
Just talking home on the phone
did that to you?
Mary and the kids
can't be dismissed
with a wave of the mind, Kay.
Still dragging around
some of those little chains,
aren't you, Grant?
What chains?
Those little chains of
middle-class morality
that've kept big men down,
all through the ages.
Nothing's dragging me down.
I just want everything
out in the open.
No more hiding in the dark.
No more playing both ends
against the middle.
And no White House.
No, Kay, no White House.
Sounded like a pipe dream,
anyway.

No pipe dream to me, Grant.
I believe in you.
I know you do, Kay.
And I know just what
you've meant to me.
But...
But, sit down.
Look, Grant.
Don't you suppose I knew
what was going
to happen to me
if you ran for president?
Don't you suppose I knew
there had to be a Mary
if there was going to be
any White House?
Your knowing it
doesn't make it easier.
Have I asked for it
any easier?
I'm the corner
of this triangle
that'll take the beating.
I'm not going to let you
take that beating.
Yes, you are!
Go after the biggest
and the best there is.
You'll make
a great president.
And if somebody suffers,
if I suffer, so what?
As my father used to say,
"Life is war,
don't count the casualties."
Look, Grant,
I think I know you.
And I know I love you.
If you're in the White House,
I'll be in the White House,
whether I'm in New York
or on the Moon.
You're a great gal, Kay.
Come in.

Oh? Conference? I'll be back.
No, no, no,
come on in, Jim.
I think I'll go down
and inspect the plumbing
at the White House.
I'll see you later.
There's a mighty
big man, Jim.
Yes.
Mighty big man,
with a mighty small chance.
Oh?
Kay, do you mind if
I let my hair down?
It's your hair.
Look, with no Roosevelt
to run against,
it's green pastures again
for Republicans.
So I dig up enough money
to rent this house
for two years
and think I'll angle myself
back into politics.
Do I get a bid from Dewey,
Taft, Vandenberg, and Stassen
to manage their campaigns?
I do not.
Harding-gang stink
is still on me, they say.
So this house becomes
a boarding house
for political has-beens
who can't get on
any bandwagon,
and you come along with
your airplane builder.
And me,
the best political brain
in this country
outside of Jim Farley,
I'm now nursing a rank amateur
like Grant Matthews.

A mixed up guy who sees ideals
out of one eye and ambition
out of the other.
A guy who hates politicians,
you heard him.
A guy with a busted-up home
that'll be poison
at the polls.
Jim.
Wouldn't you like to
become Chairman
in the Republican Party?
I'd give my right arm
up to here
to become Chairman of
the Republican...
Say, are you making
commitments for him?
Get that hair back up again.
What's the matter with you?
You getting old or something?
Keep that stomach in, chin up.
Why do you think
I brought Grant to you?
Because I know you're
the best politician
in the country.
Kay, a stubborn rank amateur.
Wilke was a stubborn
rank amateur.
Get that political brain
of yours working.
This is the year
of the dark horse.
The best we could go
into that convention
with would be a small
handful of delegates.
Communists have taken over
whole countries
with a small
handful of delegates.
This guy worries me.
The way he shoots

his mouth off.
He'll make enemies.
I'm sending Spike along
for just that.
Spike? I need Spike
like I need a hole
in the head.
Jim, The Thorndyke Press
needs a new vice president,
a sort of silent
partner to advise
on political matters.
Good salary, expense account
that might include
a four-year lease
on this house.
Win or lose?
Win or lose.
Well, the dark horse is
getting whiter.
Kay, just so I don't stumble
over things in the dark,
what's your stake in all this?
I want nothing.
No. People who
want nothing worry me.
The price isn't right.
You know, I know about
your father and the
Republican Party.
You also know that
they've given me
the beautiful brush-off
ever since.
On occasions
they've even seen fit
to describe the support
of my newspapers
as the "kiss of death".
I thought if I could
present the country
and the Republican Party
with the next President
of the United States,

it would give me
more than a little pleasure
to see certain heads roll.
If they're the same heads
I'm thinking about...
They are.
Let's put this thing over,
Jim.
He's the ideal man.
He's the rare combination
of sincerity
and drive that the common herd
will go for.
They think he's one of them.
He thinks he's one of them.
But is he the kind of man
we can handle?
Will he play ball?
He's in love with me, Jim.
You can lead a dark horse to
water with that love stuff,
but can you make him drink?
A moment ago,
you very shrewdly observed
that Grant saw ideals
out of one eye
and ambition
out of the other.
You were dead right.
But wait till that
presidential bug
really bites him.
Wait till he sees
the White House
out of both eyes.
Then he'll drink.
And so will I.
The White House.
My, my, hallowed ground.
Just think.
All of the presidents
since Adams have occupied
that noble edifice.
Needs painting.

I beg your pardon?
I say, it needs painting.
Needs painting?
Sir, you're the kind
who'd whitewash the dawn.
What colors would you add
to a desert sunset
or to the cool green
of the sea,
or the blue of the sky?
Does the goddess of
liberty need make-up?
Do you know who lives
in this historic mansion?
Yeah.
The spirit of all those
who fought for human dignity
lives there.
Moses, Buddha, Confucius,
Christ, Paul, Saint Francis,
Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon,
Joan of Arc,
Martin Luther, Plato, Homer,
Dante, Shakespeare,
Michelangelo,
Pasteur, Newton, Galileo,
Edison, Franklin, Lincoln,
Washington, Jefferson,
Crispus Attucks,
Lafayette, Garibaldi,
Bolivar, Kosciusko.
The martyrs, the saints,
and the poets.
Civilizations past
and present.
Man's whole history.
His evolution from worm
to animal to Einstein,
his long search for God,
all those things live
in that noble dwelling,
but I still say
it needs painting.
Sir, may I buy you

a glass of beer?
With pleasure.
Could you bring my bags in
for me? Thank you.
Check with Leith
before you print that one.
The rest of...
Jess, no more good stuff
from now on,
just the cheap stuff.
If that's
a long-distance call,
you'll pay for it yourself.
Mr. Conover, Mr. Conover,
Mrs. Matthews is here.
Mrs. Matthews? Already?
Jim, don't faint now,
but what if she
won't make this trip?
She's got to make it.
Jess, the good stuff for
Mrs. Matthews
and put a bottle
of champagne on ice.
Yes, sir.
Where'll I put her?
Put her in
Mr. Matthews' bedroom.
Take care of her bag.
Remember that phone call's
on your own.
I'll mail everything in
from now on. Right.
I hope it doesn't
inconvenience you,
my flying down tonight.
I'm delighted,
I'm only sorry you didn't
get here earlier.
Spike, this is Mrs. Matthews.
Mr. MacManus.
Oh, the writer?
How do you do, Mr. MacManus?
And you're very beautiful.

How are you, Mrs. Matthews?
I'll take this.
Where's my husband got to?
A politician's
smoke-filled room's
got too much for him.
Oh, you're that Mr. Conover.
I'm afraid I am.
Grant went for a walk.
He didn't expect you
until tomorrow.
I sent him a wire.
The fact is, Mr. Conover,
I was so excited
about this trip,
I couldn't bear to wait.
Oh, is this my room?
No, this is Grant's room.
I'm getting you another.
Leave the bags here a minute.
You're moving Senator Fosdick.
Again?
Put him in the
south bedroom
with Mr. Godfrey.
But the Commissioner's
in there with Mr. Godfrey.
Commissioner?
He can have the pool table.
That's nonsense.
Don't move Senator Fosdick.
Grant and I can stay here.
Here?
It's all right.
We're really married.
Unless the rest of the Senate
is in here with Grant.
No, no, he's in
sole possession.
Good, I'll stay here.
After all, Senator Fosdick
was an isolationist.
I think he should be isolated.
Shall I unpack for you, ma'am?

Don't bother.
I'll do it later.
This is very pleasant.
Now I can boast that
I've really been
behind the scenes
in Washington.
You certainly can.
The Republican Party has
been behind the scenes
for 15 years.
But that's over now.
We've won Congress
and there'll be a change
in the White House
after the next election.
Has Mr. Truman
heard about this?
I'm gonna like you.
I'm a good Republican.
The voters do control the
lease on the White House,
don't they?
Not just the Republican Party.
Your husband's
been lecturing me
along the same lines.
Then I'd better
change the subject.
Grant can be very outspoken.
But not by anybody I know.
May I fix you a drink?
I'm a very inexpensive guest.
I don't drink.
You'll make history
in this house.
Has she moved in there?
She's established a beachhead.
Tell Jim it's all right
to convince the world
there's nothing between me
and Mr. Matthews,
but not to bother convincing
Mrs. Matthews.

I thought that was the idea.

Don't be naive, Spike.

I want her against me.

I want her fighting for him.

That way she'll do
everything possible
to get him elected.

Women.

Goodbye, Mr. MacManus.

Goodbye.

Bye.

Oh, thank you.

Mrs. Matthews,

I have a great admiration
for your husband.

Look at that.

What did you say?

I say, I have
a great admiration
for your husband.

I'm many years
ahead of you on that,

Mr. Conover.

The whole country
will feel as we do after
hearing the speeches
he's going to make
on this trip.

Speeches?

Is he gonna make speeches?

Yes, in several places.

Oh, dear,

I should've packed
my earmuffs.

I didn't mean that
the way it sounded.

Grant makes
a very good speech,
but public appearances
for me...

Would it be considered
bad form,
if I just stayed
quietly at the hotel

and listened to him
over the radio?
I'm afraid it would.
It would defeat
the whole purpose.
Purpose? What purpose?
For a man
who may become
a political figure,
people like to know
his wife, like to see
what she looks like,
and most important of all,
they like to see
the two of them together.
Oh.
I see.
That explains
Grant's inviting me
to make this trip with him.
No, no, no,
Grant wants you to go along.
These public appearances,
they're my idea.
Just an old politician's
habit of cashing in
on an opportunity.
It all fits
a little too neatly,
Mr. Conover.
I don't know whether you know,
or perhaps you do,
that Grant and I
haven't been very close
recently.
Wouldn't you prefer to
create a contrary impression?
Then you do know.
Let's be open about this,
Mr. Conover.
These public appearances
that Grant and I
are going to make,
are they designed

to kill off any talk
about my husband
and Kay Thorndyke?
There's that kind of talk
about every important man.
If there are any rumors
about your husband,
this would be a good chance
to kill them. You see...
No, may I use your telephone?
Certainly. On the night table.
Thank you.
I want to get back
to New York tonight,
if I can.
Airport...
Executive 2345.
Thank you.
Mrs. Matthews?
I think any man who
has a chance to become
President of the United States
deserves that chance.
President of
the United States?
Yes. Don't you think
he'd make a good president?
Yes, I do.
A fine president.
Then you see
how this goes beyond
personal considerations.
We can't think of this
just in terms of
you and Grant.
And Kay Thorndyke.
And Kay Thorndyke.
I'm sure you'll
go along with this.
You're a good citizen.
Right now, Mr. Conover,
I'm not feeling like
a good citizen.
I'm feeling like a woman.

All right, as a woman, then.
As a woman,
no, I resent being used.
This evening has been
quite a kick in the teeth
to me, Mr. Conover.
I was hoping that
Grant's call meant
no more Miss Thorndyke.
It'd be fine
to kill these rumors.
It'd be even finer
to kill Kay Thorndyke.
Let's think of this
in terms of the country.
That's what I've had to do.
Frankly, your husband
is not the answer
to a politician's dream.
I've been wondering
why any political party
should choose Grant,
knowing the things
he stands for.
I want the country
to make the choice,
and I know the choice
they'll make.
Take my word.
Your husband is
a pretty big man.
There's no argument
about that.
I know he's a big man.
You know he's a big man.
My bad days
are when he knows
he's a big man.
You don't suppose
there's any way
of Grant's being
elected president
and keeping it
a secret from him, do you?

It wasn't as funny
as all that.
Yes, it was.
Your husband asked me
almost the same question.
He wondered if
he could be elected
without a wife
knowing about it.
Poor Grant.
Is he speaking in Seattle?
Yes. Why?
We were married in Seattle.
When I think of him
speaking there
as a candidate
for president...
He's not speaking now
as a candidate.
That's a deep, dark secret.
The whole idea of this trip
is to create the demand.
Oh.
That clears up something
you just said.
He's to be your choice first,
then the people's choice.
Well, I'm a citizen.
I have the right to a choice.
Long distance calling,
Mr. Conover.
Thank you, Norah.
May I take it here?
Am I in the way?
Not at all.
This will take just a minute.
Hello.
Yes. How are you?
Yes, I'm sorry, too, Joe.
You should have carried
that district.
Advice? My advice is to change
your whole campaign this year.
How many Poles have you

got down there? That many?
Tell them not to believe
what they read in the papers.
Tell them we love Poland
and we're going to lend them
a lot of money.
Oh, they don't feel
that way about it?
Well, tell them Poland
won't get one red cent
out of us.
The Democrats have
beaten us to that?
Well, promise them
something else.
They must want something,
just promise them!
You swing that district
and they'll have to give you
that Veterans' Hospital.
Otherwise, no dice.
Call any time. Thanks.
Sorry for the interruption.
I'm grateful for it.
It gave me a chance
to change my mind.
I'll make this trip
with Grant.
Well, that's fine.
That pleases me very much.
That's our first big
campaign contribution.
To you, my dear,
the loveliest plank in
your husband's platform.
That's a heck of a thing
to call a woman.
Still, you did say loveliest.
Think of any more
words like that,
don't repress them.
Don't tell me
you'd fall for
a politician's sweet syrup.

Mister, you're looking at
a mighty dry waffle.
I don't know.
This trip may kill
more than one rumor.
Is there someone
I don't know about?
There have been some rumors
about you.
About me?
Hmm. About you
and a certain major.
That's wonderful.
That's the best news
I've heard in weeks.
Does Grant know?
Not as far as I know.
You're going to tell him,
aren't you?
No.
I deserve something
out of all this.
I was hoping he'd told you.
No, I have a little
intelligence service
of my own.
I wish Grant had.
The places I've dragged
that poor, nice major,
just in the hopes
that Grant would see us.
I'm beginning to feel
like a new woman.
I think I'll put a new face
on the new woman.
And I feel like a new man
and I think I'll give
the new man a drink.
How about it?
We have even champagne here.
Don't ever tempt me that way.
The results can be disastrous.
No!
Has Grant told you

we haven't seen each other
in nearly four months?

No.

Our last encounter
was something to remember.
Kay has quite a technique
with husbands.

Other women's, that is.
She's a great builder-upper.
Grant was getting
the inflation treatment
that night.

Which, by the way,
he doesn't mind at all.
So, I inflated myself
a little, too,
starting with martinis.
And told her off.
Off and out of my house.
I played right into her hands.
I acted like a fishwife.

It's the olive
in the martinis.

That's what does this.
No, things were simmering
before that.

Grant needs a lot of room
to stretch in.

He likes to get up
on those mountain tops
and slap the hurricanes down.

He can do it, too.

He began to feel that
I was sort of small potatoes
and holding him back.

I was, I guess.

I'm a sort of a cozy
corner person, Mr. Conover.
I like those quiet valleys.

I'm afraid I even

have a weakness
for small potatoes.

I've got two wonderful ones
at home.

Yes, happy birthday.
There we were.
Grant had a bad case
of the mountains
and I became stubborn
about small potatoes,
and she stepped
into the picture as the
beautiful mountain guide.
Now I have no way of knowing
how far things have gone.
How do you mean?
There are three stages
in a man's,
whatever you want to call it,
to Kay Thorndyke.
First he follows her
with his eyes,
then with his feet,
then on his knees.
My trouble is,
I don't know whether
Grant is still in stage two
or if the boat has sailed.
Jim.
Mary gets in tonight.
I got this telegram
downstairs...
Hello, Grant.
Mary.
I didn't expect you
until tomorrow.
I couldn't bear to wait.
I'd have met you.
How are you?
Fine. You look fine.
I'm certainly glad you came.
I've got a lot of things
to tell you.
Have you got a room
set up for her yet?
I'm in here with you.
In here?
Mr. Conover,

Governor Dunn
has just arrived.
Ex-Governor. That old windbag
didn't even carry
his own county.
Where am I
going to put him?
He snores, too.
That's an occupational
disease of governors.
Grant, I couldn't wait.
I told Mrs. Matthews
all about it.
Well, I'm awfully glad
you came.
I said that, didn't I?
How are the kids?
Fine. Anxious to see you.
Same here.
Why don't you laugh?
You should.
Why, Grant?
I've just been for a walk.
You know,
it's a funny thing, Mary,
I've been in Washington
a thousand times
in the past few years,
but I never really saw it
until today.
It isn't a city.
It's an atmosphere.
It's alive with giants.
Washington, Jefferson,
Lincoln, Adams. Giants, Mary.
I'm not in their league.
I'm for you, Grant.
I think you'd make
a wonderful president.
Do you really mean that?
I've never meant
anything more.
That's the nicest thing
you could've said.

It isn't only that you've
got the brains for it.
The important thing
to me, Grant,
is that you've always
tried to be honest.
Tried to be?
You've cut some corners
here and there,
just to get where
you wanted to.
But I will say, you've always
had the decency to be
unhappy about it.
Yeah, with a little help
from you.
And don't call me Nappy.
Yes, Nappy.
I want you to know,
Mary, that I felt
a little bit of a heel,
asking you
to make this trip at all
under the circumstances.
I told Conover that
it was entirely up to you,
that I wouldn't...
It's all right, Grant.
I made the decision myself.
You know, Mary, you deserve
something better than me.
Well, I guess,
I'd better get out of these.
I'd better see Jim
about getting me
another room.
Haven't you heard?
Even the pool table's
booked.
I guess I can find a room
in a hotel, all right.
In Washington?
Grant? Grant!
Huh?

We should call
the kids tomorrow.
Yes, yes.
Well, I'll call them
around dinnertime,
then I can talk
to both of them.
I had Buck pack some of
your fishing things.
Oh, wonderful.
Thought maybe when
we were in Seattle...
Yeah, fine.
Might be able to
run up to Victoria
for a couple of days.
We haven't been there
since our...
Not since our honeymoon.
No. That's right.
Which of the plants
are we going to first?
Minneapolis.
What are you
speaking about there?
I'm not going to speak there.
That's Stassen territory.
Conover thought I might
just stir up trouble.
Uh-huh.
Good politics, I suppose.
What other decisions
does Conover make for you?
Wait a minute, Mary.
I made that decision.
I'm making all the decisions.
I've told Conover
exactly where I stand.
See, the American people today
face too many problems...
Grant.
Huh.
Take it easy.
I'm going to vote for you.

No, wait a minute.
I want to straighten you
out on this thing, too.
Yes?
Could I turn the bed
down now?
Yes, indeed. You may.
When you're ready
for breakfast
just press that buzzer,
I'll have it right up.
Thank you.
I've got a pretty
tough day tomorrow.
I'm sorry to be
so late with this.
It's all right.
I'll help you with it.
Thank you.
Just as I started up,
we got another guest.
Gracious!
Where did you put him?
He's on a cot
in Mr. Conover's room.
That makes me
feel very guilty.
Don't you worry,
Mrs. Matthews.
A cot's good enough
for most of them.
They just come down here
to get something
out of Mr. Conover.
Why, Norah!
Not the people
we put in this room.
This room is for
special guests.
We even had a Democrat
in this bed one night.
Oh, dear. I wish you hadn't
told me that.
He wasn't

a Roosevelt Democrat.
Did he leave these
as a souvenir?
How did those get in here?
That Miss Thorndyke
hunted all over for those.
Miss Thorndyke?
Yes, she forgot them
when she left tonight.
I know what it is
to be without glasses.
I'll mail them
right back to her.
You wouldn't
know her address,
would you, ma'am?
Are you sure these are
Miss Thorndyke's?
Yes.
They're them
Chinese kind. See?
What some women won't do,
won't they?
Yes, won't they?
Mr. Matthews
will know the address.
Grant, can you
come out here a minute?
Norah needs some information.
Yeah, sure.
I'll be right out.
Yeah, Norah,
what can I do for you?
Miss Thorndyke
left her glasses.
I just wanted to know
where to mail them
back to her.
1276 Park Avenue.
Would you like me to
write it down for you?
No, I can remember it.
76, that's the year
of the Revolution,

and 12, that's for
the 12 Commandments.
Well...
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Now how do you suppose
those got in here?
Why did she leave?
We could all have had
a lovely weekend
here together.
Mary, what do you think
you're doing?
Mary, stop that nonsense
and make up this bed again.
Now hang it all.
Look here, I'm not going
to have you do this.
You wouldn't get
one wink of sleep
down there on the floor,
and I wouldn't sleep,
lying up here
worrying about you.
Goodnight, Mr. President.
You mean Mr. Vice President,
don't you?
Look. We put this bird
across, and you know
what it means to us.
We got to work fast
but we've got to be
smart about it.
Here's a list of guys
who might play ball.
Er, Bluckner.
You feel out Bluckner.
He's committed to Dewey.
Go on to the second ballot.
He'd back Stalin if it'd cut
the Governor's throat.
There's your
long-distance call.
You work on that angle,

will you?
Hello, J.L. Is your group
committed yet?
Now quit worrying,
I've got the man,
but I'm not ready
to announce his name yet.
He's brand new.
Hates politicians. What?
For those few measly
Arizona delegates?
I should say not.
Okay, you'll hear from me.
How about Trenley?
No, you can't trust Trenley.
You can't trust Trenley?
What do you think, Senator?
I don't trust Trenley and I
don't like the smell of this.
Why not?
I don't like anything
that starts with
The Thorndyke Press.
Those three papers
in your state can
ensure your re-election.
I'll have to take my chances
on that, Jim. Goodnight.
How did he get in here?
He's honest.
Let's forget about him.
What about Sylvester
in Philadelphia?
Fine.
Good man.
What's so funny?
I was just wondering
how the floors are
in the White House.
I'll take the floor there.
I know my place.
Grant?
Are you still in stage two
or have you made

stage three now?
What do you mean?
Never mind.
Do you want a divorce?
Do you?
That's not fair.
I asked you first.
The world thinks
I'm a very successful man.
Rich, influential, happy.
You know better,
don't you, Mary?
You know that
I'm neither happy
nor successful,
not as a man, a husband,
or a father.
You want to know
something else?
I'm glad I'm down here
on the floor.
It's where I belong.
I knew that tonight when
we started to talk about
going back to Victoria.
Mary, you won't believe this,
but I don't know how
those glasses got in here,
but I'm glad you found them.
I started to tell you,
it was Kay who brought me
down here,
but I lost my nerve.
I guess I was afraid
it would send you home.
"There are moments
in the life of every man
when he glimpses the eternal."
You read that to me, remember?
I've had moments
like that, Mary.
A couple of them.
When I was up
in a plane alone.

Moments when the earth
and the sky and the plane
and me
all seemed to fuse together
into something that
would live forever.
And I had a moment
like that today, Mary,
when I was alone
with all those great men.
They were happy men, Mary.
Do you know why?
They had a cause.
They had a cause
they could die for.
Some of them did.
I have no cause, Mary.
Beating your competitors.
No cause to die for.
Really isn't very much
to live for.
Always me first
and everybody else second.
But, way down deep
in my gizzard, I...
Maybe this trip,
maybe this whole absurd idea
of Conover's...
Well, anyway,
I'm going to stay on the floor
through the whole trip.
And maybe when it's all over,
well,
one way or another,
everything should be clean
and honest between us, right?
Well, you've answered
one question.
What?
You're still not
in stage three.
There, mon cher
monsignor Matthews,
is something to gladden

the heart of every citizen
west of the Rockies.

What is it?

The Seattle speech.

A masterpiece of rhetoric,
if I do say so.

Who's going to make it?

You are, of course.

Really? I thought maybe
they set up a change
and you were the candidate.

No, I'm saving myself
for '52.

Well, you better
save the speech, too.

How do you like that?

What do I do?

Just sit around here
with egg on my face?

I'm the expert
that keeps you from
climbing out on limbs.

That's where
the big red apples are.

Where?

Out on the limbs.

Mama.

All right,
all right, if you don't want
to be President.

You just line up the babies
for me to kiss, son,
and I'll be a cinch.

That reminds me,
do I know any babies
in Seattle?

Hey, boss, we got company.

Huh?

Who?

Joe and Rusty!

Joe Crandall, manager
of our Cleveland plant.

He's a wonderful guy.

Just flew up to see us.

He's hooked onto us!
Rusty at the controls.
Joe and Rusty!
Here's where
I make some money.
I'm going to take over.
You're not going to
fly this thing.
You got to learn sometime,
come on, shove over there.
Shove over.
Aren't you going to stop him?
I suggest you better
strap yourself in.
What for?
Just do what Mama tells you.
If you have any loose teeth,
hang on to them,
Rusty's our chief test pilot.
He and Grant like to play.
I'm not going to
like this.
Look at those guys.
Kind of close.
They came up to play.
What do we got up here?
Oh!
I got it.
Okay.
How you doing, Rusty?
Hi, boss.
I'm testing the new
plane-to-plane radio.
It's coming along fine.
What's the matter with you?
You getting scared?
Can't get any closer?
Hey, boss,
can you still fly?
I can pat your ears
down anytime.
You got any dough?
I'm loaded.
A buck I lose you.

Put your money
where your mouth is, brother.
Okay, you're on.
Hey, you're hooked up?
Yes.
Hang on!
Mary, what's he doing?
You better stay away from me,
I'll cut your tail off.
Hello? Where is he?
There he is.
If your husband
must have a hobby,
why can't he play the piano,
like any normal president?
Come on, Rusty,
do something!
Uh-oh, a loop.
What's the matter,
Spike, can't you take it?
Kid, you're in a rut.
You're running out of stunts,
aren't you?
Boss, you're not going
to spin this thing?
Why not? I built it.
Hope the wings stay on.
So do I.
Did they stay on?
I'm afraid to look.
Not bad for an old man.
Never mind the
"old man" stuff.
That's a buck
you owe me.
We're over the airfield.
Five more says
I beat you down.
Make it 10
and you've got a deal.
Get your money ready.
I'll take half of it.
What's going...
Hey.

Why, the son of a gun
pulled a jump on me.
Take it over.
Get me right over it.
Grant! Boy, am I glad
to see you.
Sit down, pal.
What do you
think of that?
Say, that was swell fun.
Enjoyed every minute of it.
Grant, don't you think it...
What do you think of that,
fella?
I got a
\$10 bet with him.
Yeah,
but don't you think...
Now, what?
Coming over.
Cut down that left engine.
Give my love to Conover.
Grant!
Mary, he fell out!
Did you happen to notice
was he wearing a parachute?
Parachute?
You mean he did that for \$10?
Did it open?
Did it open?
Did it open?
Yeah, it opened.
We're a cinch to get
the screwball vote.
Well, well.
The fourth estate,
what goes? Another war?
Hi, Jim, stuffed any
ballot boxes lately?
You're to go right in,
Mr. Conover.
Could it be
we're in politics,
gentlemen?

Looks that way.
What's the convention
out there?
My editors.
I had them fly in.
But some of them
recognized me.
Don't worry, Jim,
we're in business.
"Public response
to my line of guff astounding.
"If I throw my hat in rings,
does my head go with it?"
Grant Matthews."
Well, the bug's beginning
to bite, huh?
You're so right.
Now, we can
really go to work.
My reports on him
have been terrific.
What've you heard?
Nothing.
Goes over with the mob,
no doubt about that.
Who told you that?
Made a big hit
in the Northwest.
Los Angeles was fine, too.
Of course,
that's a push-over town.
It's the Mid-West that...
I know.
He's in Wichita this noon,
big labor rally.
Detroit tonight.
Big business banquet.
That's it.
Got my fingers crossed.
If he gets by those two,
we are in business.
How do your political friends
feel about him?
Well, now,

that's what I want to
talk to you about.

Ed Lauterback wants in.

Well?

Wanted to see if
you'd stand for Lauterback.

We'll stand for anyone
if they've got delegates.

Even Bill Hardy?

You're dragging them out
from under the rocks,
aren't you?

Those are the ones
who do the work,
the hungry ones.

Okay, Jim,

Bill Hardy, too.

Good.

Send them in, Helen.

Yes, ma'am.

Would you come
over here, Jim?

Hmm.

Good morning,
Miss Thorndyke.

Good morning.

Sorry to have kept
you gentlemen waiting.

You know Mr. Conover,
our new political advisor?

Gentlemen.

First of all, I'd like
to thank you all for the
very fine job you've done.

You haven't always followed
my advice in the past.

You've been very lenient,
considering your boss
is a woman and still under 60.

I've asked you all
to come here today
because in this matter,
at least,
there can be no deviation

from my instructions.
I want the Republican
Convention deadlocked.
Who are we working for,
the Democrats?
You're working for
The Thorndyke Press
and The Thorndyke Press
will have its own candidate.
That's why that Convention
must be deadlocked.
And it won't be
unless the leading candidates
are so sore at each other
that they won't
combine forces.
Is that clear?
I want Dewey sore at Taft,
Taft sore at Vandenberg,
Vandenberg sore at Stassen
and all of them sore
at Eisenhower and MacArthur!
Use their wives, their kids,
their Aunt Marthas,
but get them sore.
Dig up anything you can.
And if you can't dig it up...
Chief, I've got nothing
against your candidate.
We all know who it is.
And I'll work for him
in any way
that I legitimately can.
But that's as far as I can go.
Mr. Bradbury,
would you feel happier
working for
some other newspaper?
Yes, I think I would.
I think that can
be arranged.
Anyone else?
Now is the time.
On this issue,

I'm quite prepared
to replace all of you.
Miss Thorndyke, you're mad.
You're as mad as your father.
You can accept
my resignation right now.
That goes for me.
That's exactly
the way I feel.
All right, get out,
all of you.
Editors like you
are a dime a dozen.
Yes?
It's for Mr. Conover,
Wichita calling.
That'll be Brander.
I had him fly out
to hear Grant.
Hello J.B., how are you?
Wait a minute,
there must be some mistake.
Take my word for it,
everything'll be all right.
J.B., now, wait a minute.
He hung up.
What happened?
I don't know.
According to Brander,
Grant's blown his top
on labor.
Yes?
Mr. MacManus
from Wichita.
Spike, what happened?
Grant just lost
the labor vote.
I sent you along
to prevent just that.
I couldn't help it.
He's gotten away from me.
You're a great
campaign manager.
Didn't you look at

that speech before he made it?
No, and I'll tell you why.
I touted him off
that labor stuff in Denver.
She knew he'd change his mind,
and started throwing
those harpoons into him.
You mean, his wife?
I don't mean his Aunt Tilly.
You sent the wrong dame
on this trip, that's all.
And I talked him
into taking her along.
What's he talking about
in Detroit tonight?
How would I know?
I lost my Ouija board.
I told you
we couldn't trust him.
He's believing his own stuff.
If he blows his top
on business, like on labor,
well, I'll blow mine.
That woman's got to him.
She's been feeding him that
"to thine own self be true"
diet.
Get out to Detroit
as fast as you can.
Spike, Jim's flying out.
Book Cadillac Hotel.
Got it?
I'm very sorry boys,
we're way behind schedule.
You can see Mr. Matthews
after his speech tonight.
You need a shave, don't you?
My feet.
My ears.
Those police sirens.
No more
motorcycle escorts, Spike.
We might kill somebody.
I'll arrange that for you

on the way to the banquet.
Where do you want these?
Mary, pick your room.
Wonderful country.
You have to take
the police along
to break the speed laws.
This is a nice room.
You can put those in there.
This is 2419.
Send up a barber right away.
Mary, look at these.
Those can wait.
In one hour,
you're on the air,
coast to coast.
You have to eat, dress, shave,
and interview most of
Detroit in the meantime.
Oh, these are wonderful,
Grant.
All about the Wichita speech.
Yeah.
You never had anything
like this before.
What do you want to eat?
Anything but chicken.
Yeah, look, pinfeathers.
Hello, Room Service?
Hey, babe,
what's with the service?
You'll get your box of candy.
Here's somebody
who didn't like it.
Who's that?
Executive Secretary,
Local 301.
I turned on the radiator,
opened the window.
Oh, all right, thank you.
Hello? Room Service?
Thank you.
This is 2419, will you rush up
three hamburgers, please?

Wait a minute. Onions?
Onions? No!
One with onions.
Two without.
Grant, who's Madman Muntz?
Don't you know?
Uh-uh.
I'm expecting a lot of people
for Mr. Matthews.
Will you shoot them up
to 24th floor, Parlor B
and tell them to wait? Right.
Want a barber?
Not at the moment.
Yes!
Oh, for Mr. Matthews.
Come in.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Mary did you see this?
"Matthews is obvious
presidential timber",
you read that?
Mr. Matthews.
I knew that Wichita speech
would ring the bell.
Yeah, the kid here
tried to talk me out of it.
Dream on, Macduff.
I told you not to be afraid
of shooting the works.
That's how they want
to hear you talk.
Wait 'til you hear me
on industry tonight,
I'm really going to let loose.
Grant, let's not stop.
Let's keep going.
Let's do it all over again.
You want to know something?
I think this trip's
agreed with you.
You have no right

to look so pretty,
a woman of your age.

Oh, Grant.

When you were standing
at the airport in Denver,
I had the strangest sensation.

What sensation?

Mr. Matthews,

I represent 800 members
of the League for
the Abolition of Taxation.

The Government should
earn its own money.

Like the rest of us.

Abolish taxation.

Thank you...

There is no justice
in this great...

Looks a little like
your brother Dick.

Go on, Grant.

Hmm?

What sensation?

Oh, well, you were standing
there at the airport
in the moonlight.

And the wind
from the propeller
was blowing your hair.

And your dress...

Will I get your
other bags now?

Yes, now, just go.

Go on, Grant.

Hmm?

Go on with
what you were saying.

Where was I?

Looking at her
with the wind
blowing her dress,
mannaggia, l'America!

Well, that's the end of that.

I should have

married a barber.
Mary.
Mary, what I was
going to say...
Hey, you should be
getting dressed.
There are people coming...
I love you, Spike,
but sometimes
I wish you'd drop dead.
Too late for apologies.
I could sleep for a week.
"Matthews
obvious presidential."
That's no solution.
I beg your pardon?
That's no solution.
What's that?
You, make a new presidente.
You got a better solution?
My wife, she got.
Your wife?
Sure.
Last night she say, "Pasqua,
"all of the men
and all of the governments
"in all of the world
should be put in jail".
I said, "Maria,
what for you talk
like a Communist"?
She's, like, "Shut up!
"Do you know why
we got no peace?
"Because we got no woman
in the government".
She said,
"Put two roosters together.
What happens?
"Roosters got no brains,
they fight.
"Put 15 roosters together,
what happens?
"15 fight,

"but put 15 hens together
what do you got?
"15 eggs".
"Fight in the Congress",
she say,
"fight in London,
"fight in France, fight here,
fight there. Why?
"No hens in the government"!
So you want
to become a president?
That's no solution.
Your wife.
That's a solution.
Mannaggia!
Grant.
Yoo-hoo.
Mr. Candidate?
Mr. President?
Yes?
That got him.
I just had the darndest dream.
All candidates
have that dream.
On your toes, Matthews.
That man is here.
Jim! Hello, Jim!
What are you doing here?
Hello, Grant. I thought
I'd come and bring you
up to date on things.
Take my wife's solution.
His wife's what?
He thinks Mary
should run for president.
Oh, that's silly.
No woman could ever
run for president.
She'd have to admit
she was over 35.
Politics certainly
agrees with you, Grant.
You're looking very fit.
I'm feeling very fit.

And I mean very fit.
Oh, dear, I wonder
if anything will fit.
You don't have much time
with Grant, Jim.
I've got people lined up
for him to see.
Due any minute.
Want to read some of these?
Grant, what are you
talking about here tonight?
This is the last speech,
Jim, it's got a little bit
of everything.
Anything controversial?
Not for anyone
who agrees with him.
You've got to get dressed,
Grant.
Yeah, yeah.
While you're dressing, have
you got a copy of the speech
I could glance at?
Well, it really isn't
a speech. I'm just going
to talk from notes.
I turned off the radio.
And you put up the window,
that's fine, son.
Good night and thank you.
You'd make a good secretary
of the Treasury. Good night.
Say, if you really want
to read something, Jim,
read this editorial.
And all those telegrams.
All of these?
They're just from people.
Just from people?
Yeah, you didn't
find any of them signed
State Chairman, did you?
Grant, you're going
to be late.

You know after I'm President,
you're going to
have to quit shoving.
See what I mean?
I told you, you sent
the wrong dame along.
Yeah, it's a crime.
Boys in the Northwest,
and along the coast
were behind him.
Then they had to stick out
his chin in Wichita.
How much damage
has he done?
We may have lost labor.
I must've had 30 calls
after that last speech.
In New York,
Kay'll straighten him out.
She's got
the Indian sign on him.
But that doesn't
fix us up for tonight.
What're you afraid of tonight?
I don't know.
Only she's too doggone happy.
I think it's a good sign,
Jim coming down here.
Afraid somebody else
will get his place
on the bandwagon.
Yeah, don't tell him what
you're talking about tonight.
Why not?
I don't know,
I don't like Jim turning up
all of a sudden like this.
Don't
underestimate this guy, Jim.
People don't just come up
and shake hands with him.
They're up there
with a light in their eyes.
If he gets away from us,

you may be heading
a "Stop Matthews" movement.
I don't want to stop him.
I know this Convention's
gonna be a rat race.
I think we can nominate him.
If we can keep him in line.
Well, now I've got some
good news for you.
The guy's vulnerable, Jim.
He's got the bug.
How bad's he got it?
He's seeing himself
on statues already.
Then I think
we'd better tell him
the facts of life.
Yeah, you do that, Jim.
Dinner!
Spike, you just
sang a symphony.
Grant, leave your
hall door open, will you?
I got a lot of people
coming in.
Okay.
Oh, you can eat mine, Jim.
Okay, here we go
with the first bunch
of patriots.
Remind Grant
they've got votes.
Spike does take the nobility
out of a crusade, doesn't he?
Am I supposed to be noble?
On my salary?
Mary, I can't go
to this banquet tonight,
it might start talk.
What is the boy orator
giving out with tonight?
I have a much better idea.
Hello. Hello,
would you have a radio sent

up to 2419 right away?
Thank you very much.
You better be
good tonight, Grant,
Jim will be listening in.
Say, are you Grant Matthews?
Yeah.
Let me
shake your hand.
Your speech was swell.
The best I ever read.
What's your name?
Emil. Emil Breakesby.
I'm glad you're with us.
Been here long?
Yeah, long time,
I inherited the job
from my father
at the old Cadillac.
Married?
Yeah, four kids.
Kind of expensive
these days.
Yes, it is. Yes, it is.
You're right about that.
Give it to them tonight,
Mr. Matthews.
All right, Emil, I will.
Hey, Grant, if you want
to rehearse that,
try it out on me.
Well, I'll give you
the start of it.
"Ladies and members
of the Industrial Council
of Detroit.
"What is the biggest
single question
"facing the American public
today?"
Who's with onions?
I guess I'm with onions.
Grant, your public is waiting.
My hamburger is waiting.

Hamburgers don't vote.
These are dairy farmers.
Just a little talk,
cows, butter,
American cheese.
What do I know
about American cheese?
Walk this way and meet
three perfect specimens.
And remember, Grant,
they've got votes.
Now I'll set them up
in the other alley.
Well, Jim,
what's the State of the Union?
What are your reports
on Grant?
First, let me give you
my reports on you.
You've done a great job.
I want to congratulate you.
I'd like to admit something.
I've enjoyed it,
every minute of it.
Jim, Grant's got something.
Don't try to
take it away from him.
When he's just cockeyed drunk
with sincerity,
people can't resist him.
Sounds as though
you couldn't either.
Oh, no. The state of our union
is strictly political.
I thought I saw
Grant throw you
a look or two tonight
that wasn't
entirely political.
You're a bachelor,
aren't you, Jim?
Theoretically. Why?
Well, if you were married,
you'd know that there were

little things that sort of...
Well, for instance,
when Grant found out once
that the girls at school
used to call me Maizie.
He knew I hated it.
So sometimes,
he used to call me Maizie
just to tease me.
Well, Maizie doesn't
live here anymore.
Another thing, he always
hated to hear me swear.
Whenever I let go
with something,
he used to
smack me on my sitter, hard.
I've done a lot of swearing
on this trip.
And no smacks?
It's a small request,
but I'd give anything
for one good smack
on my south end.
I certainly wish that I could
do something about that.
Well, how's
the farmers' choice?
Say, after
the beautiful things
I've just said about cows,
I certainly feel guilty
eating this hamburger.
It's like eating
one's dearest friend.
Back to the pasture.
Wipe off your feet and
come in to meet the A.F. of L.
You give me time to eat!
Yeah, let him eat.
This is a crisis. I have
to know you're holding
the A.F. of L. in there
while I sneak the C.I.O.

into the other bedroom.
Well, put them both
in the same room,
and I'll talk to them.
Little boy blue,
haven't you heard?
They ain't keeping
steady company anymore.
I'm serious about that.
You tell
those fellows in there
the C.I.O. are coming in,
then I'll come in
and talk to both of them
at the same time.
You're just
asking for trouble.
I don't mind you
having your head
in the clouds
but I wish you'd keep
your feet in the voting booth.
Those men are the kind
who are responsible
for the wildcat strikes.
If I can make them see
something bigger
than their own jobs
as head of their own locals
and what power
they get from that...
There may be...
You shut up!
Keep out of this.
That's one of the things
I came to talk about.
Your Wichita speech killed off
most of the labor leaders.
I know,
'cause I talked to them.
Why?
What did I say to them?
I just said when the members
stop running the unions,

the unions
start running the members.
Good heavens, Jim,
I'm for labor!
Sure. Everybody's for labor.
That's like saying
you're against sin.
The labor leaders
don't think
you're for them.
Not after that crack
that they're responsible
for the Taft-Hartley Law.
No dice.
They're even mad they're
in the same hotel together.
That makes me mad.
Watch out for the little guy
they call "Mac".
Now for some
counter-espionage.
Jim, how can you
say that Grant offended labor?
That Wichita audience
was full of
cheering union men.
Union members might cheer,
but it's the leaders
that swing the delegates
and they're sore.
Don't you want Grant
to be a good president?
Mary, a good president
is one who gets elected.
The Eastern Front's ready.
C.I.O. still in there?
And in what I call
an ugly mood.
Jim, turn your back.
This way, gentlemen.
You know, Grant might be able
to unite the United Nations.
Open up, in there!
Open up there!

Where is that
Grant Matthews guy?
Who're you?
My name is...
My name is Sam Parrish,
Chairman of Banquet Committee,
bosom friend of Grant...
Mary!
Sam.
Bless your heart.
You're just as pretty as ever.
I could eat you with a spoon.
Why, Jim Conover,
you old son of a gun.
Hi, Sam.
What're you doing here?
Take it easy.
You're the only
man in Detroit
who knows I am here.
Can't you wait outside?
Excuse me.
What's going on
here, anyway?
Say, darn it,
I might've known.
Jim, you're psychic.
I was primed
to come to Washington
to sell you the idea
we need a businessman
like Grant in the White House.
You beat me to it.
Where is Grant?
That's a date,
and bring cash.
Sam.
Grant!
When the walls
started to shake,
I knew you were here.
Still alive?
Yeah, I'm still alive.
So are they.

Matter of fact,
the A.F. of L. just invited
the C.I.O.
to have a glass of beer.
Under whose jurisdiction?
The Midtown Bar and Grill.
You got everything ready
for tonight, Sam?
Ready? Why, there'll be
more money per square inch
at that banquet
than there is in the Mint.
Mary, you go right home
and start packing.
You're moving
into the White House.
I never was so happy
in my life.
Looks like our turn's
come again.
Wait till you hear
my speech tonight.
You may not be so happy.
What do you mean
by that?
Last time
I was in New York,
Grant and I had a knock-down,
drag-out fight about
tax reduction and inflation.
Is that what you're
talking about tonight?
Grant talks like a radical.
But any man who's made
as much money as he has
is a good sound American.
Well, see you later, fella.
Tell you what.
Take another good sock
at labor tonight,
you'll make a real hit.
Doggone it, Mary.
I'll be telling people
I knew you when.

Who're you?
Well, my name...
Let me out of here.
Hey, wait,
going down? Mary.
Spike, don't you dare
do that.
All right, I can starve.
But that's the way
to make communists.
I wonder what
a hot hamburger tastes like.
Grant, you expect me
to run your campaign
for you?
Have I any choice in that?
You certainly have.
But if I'm to stay
in the picture,
I want to know what you're
planning to say here tonight.
I have a right to know.
Why, Jim, you can know.
I'm going to tell them
that they do a lot of yapping
about communism
but as long as they think
about high profits
instead of high production,
they're playing
the communists' game.
High production is the way
to kill high prices.
They want high prices.
High prices mean inflation.
Inflation today
means depression tomorrow.
And a depression
in these United States
is exactly the ace card
Moscow is waiting to draw.
They don't want
to hear these things.
They're gonna hear them.

They're gonna hear
that capitalism itself
is being challenged.
If it doesn't survive,
it's because men
like themselves
haven't the guts
or imagination
to make it survive.
You can't talk
to that crowd this way.
You'll antagonize them.
All right. So what?
So I'll antagonize them.
I yelled my head off
about labor
and its responsibilities.
I'm going to lay it
right on the line
for industry, too.
Now, look here, Jim,
you know just as well as I do
that there are men
at that banquet
who'll be rooting
for a depression,
just so they can slap
labor's ears back.
And I suppose you have
a few well-chosen words
to say about tax reduction.
You better not worry so much
about tax reduction
until we accomplish
some of the things
we have to accomplish.
I'm going to tell them
that the wealthiest nation
in the world is a failure
unless it's also
the healthiest nation
in the world.
That means
the highest medical care

for the lowest income groups.
And that goes
for housing, too.
One thing this nation
is not rich enough to afford
is not having
a roof over our heads.
And I'm going to tell them
that the American Dream
is not making money.
It is the well-being
and the freedom
of the individual
throughout the world
from Patagonia to Detroit.
We can't be
an island of plenty
in a world of starvation.
We have to send food,
clothing, machinery,
and money
to the bitter,
impoverished people
of the world.
Try to recreate
their self-respect.
Give them the desire again
for individual freedom.
And I'm gonna tell them
that as long as dictatorships
remain in the world,
we better remain well-armed.
Because the next time,
we're not going to get
two years to get ready.
They're gonna
jump us overnight.
And I'm gonna tell them that
there's only one government
which is capable of handling
the atomic control,
world disarmament,
world employment, world peace,
and that's a world government.

The people of 13 states
started the United States
of America.

I think the people
of that many nations
are now ready to start
a United States of the World.

With or without Russia.
And I mean a "United" States
of the World.

With one Bill of Rights.
One international law.
One international currency.
One international citizenship.

And, I'm going to tell them
that the brotherhood of man
is not just an idealist dream,
but a practical necessity
if man is going to survive.

And I'm...

Where're you going?

I'm going out
to get pie-eyed, then I'm
going back to Washington.
You're walking out on me?
If you're going to
climb out on a limb like that
and saw it off behind you.

Let me remind you.

Up to now, you haven't got
one pledged delegate
to that Convention.

You know how many you need
to be nominated?

About 550.

Think that over.

You've already
scared off big labor
and if you scare off
big business,
you're a dead duck.

They've got to know
where I stand.

I told you that at the start.

I've got to be on record,
nomination or no nomination.
All right, but not here!
Not tonight. Not when you're
on a radio hook-up.
Give it sometime when
you're out in Nebraska
or Oklahoma.
It's for you, Jim.
I'll go air out Parlor B.
Hello. Oh.
Hello, how are you?
Where are you?
Fine, I'll come up
to your room.
Excuse me a minute.
Grant, I'll be right back.
I just wanted to tell you
the gang in the kitchen
are all listening in tonight,
Mr. Matthews.
Oh, oh, fine.
Fine, Emil, you do that.
Down there they say
you're not just another
one of those politicians.
You're not, are you,
Mr. Matthews?
No, I'm not.
I knew it.
Give it to them tonight,
Mr. Matthews. Give it to them.
I'm sorry Jim got a line
on what you're going
to say here tonight.
So am I. I was all pepped up
about that speech tonight.
You're not gonna change it?
I don't know.
Jim's only argument is
that this isn't the place
to say it. I've...
Do you think he's right?
It isn't whether

Jim's right or not.
It's just that
there is no such thing
as a little garlic.
You haven't
answered my question.
Grant, do you remember what
made the biggest impression
on that audience in Wichita?
It was when you said
the real wealth of the world
is not in coal or iron
or bank accounts.
It's in principle,
integrity, honesty.
Plain, ordinary,
garden-variety honesty.
Do you remember that?
Well, should I change it,
or should I not?
No, the world needs
honest men today,
more than it needs presidents.
Okay, let's go.
Come on, let's go...
Hold it a minute, Grant.
About your speech tonight.
Some of the smartest boys
in Washington got together
and prepared something
for you to say.
They know what they're doing.
"The palsied hand
of bureaucratic control
"must be removed
from the throttle of..."
What is this? A gag?
No. Why?
"Industry is not a felon.
It can no longer
be treated as one.
"The binding shackles
of government..."
Why, this is double-talk.

What you were planning
was trouble-talk.
Confound it, man!
Don't you want
to be president?
Yes, I want to be president.
Let me get you nominated!
How about letting
the people get him
nominated?
The people have
darn little to say
about the nominations.
You both lived
in this country
all of your lives.
It's time you get that
through your heads.
You're not nominated
by the people,
you're nominated
by the politicians.
Why? Because the people
are too darn lazy
to vote in the primaries.
Well, politicians
aren't lazy.
I'll put Grant
in the White House,
if you and he
give me half a chance.
Use your head, Grant.
We've got to bring you
into that Convention
without any enemies.
That's the whole strategy.
Nomination
or no nomination, Jim,
they've got to know
where I stand
before they vote for me.
Grant.
I hate to do this to you,
Grant, but there's

one more delegation.
Oh, no. Tell them I've left.
You can't do that.
They'll see you
on your way out.
These are important VIPs.
We're the guests of honor.
Yeah, I'll cut it short.
I'll go out and strew
the path with flowers.
Mary, I want
to tell you right now,
if Grant blasts
that group tonight,
he'll be blasting himself
out of any chance
for the White House.
He's got to take
professional advice.
Jim, let him alone.
He's just trying to
tell the truth as he sees it.
It doesn't matter whether
he becomes president or not.
Doesn't matter?
No, not that much.
I know that man
and I love that man.
And I tell you,
if you get him to compromise,
you'll destroy him.
Compromise will eat into him
like a worm. He won't be
Grant Matthews anymore.
I hate to be blunt,
but as a political advisor,
you are a wonderful
wife and mother.
And as a wife and mother,
I'd like to tell you
that Grant doesn't need
politicians like you.
You're trying to
make him believe that he does

so that you can ride in
on his coattails.
I know where you stand, Jim.
You and Kay Thorndyke
and Emil, the waiter here.
The man who elects
the presidents.
He knows where you stand, too.
He can smell a compromise
a mile off. Come in.
Let him alone.
Just let him tell the truth.
You got an honest man.
You don't know
how lucky you are.
I got your radio.
Had to steal it
from another room.
Yes, plug it in please.
Everybody wanted
a radio tonight.
So?
A big broadcast
from Hollywood.
Bob Hope and Jack Benny.
All set.
The elevator's waiting.
Fix your tie, Grant.
Listen in, Jim.
My bag, my bag. My...
What's that in your hand?
Oh, that's my bag.
May as well sit in here
and be comfortable.
I have a radio.
Dare I listen?
You can listen.
Are you sure?
You were only with him
a few minutes.
And Mary's had weeks, I know.
It wasn't hard, Jim.
All I did was to tell him
the things he wanted to hear.

But there is one question
on his mind you'd better
have the answer for.
What's that?
He's beginning to wonder
if there's any difference
between the Democratic party
and the Republican party.
That's a fine question
for a presidential candidate
to ask.
There's all the difference
in the world.
They're in and we're out.
Well, this is more like it.
These telegrams
aren't just from people.
You see what that speech did?
Boy, happy days
are here again.
Hey,
Brock from Missouri
and Tenebaum, Colorado.
Those birds
don't send telegrams unless
they're fishing for bids.
I thought they were Dewey men.
Not now. Hey, look at this.
Ed Lauterback wants
to talk turkey.
That puts the farm block
on our team. Thirty delegates,
if it means one.
Look here, Mary. Two state
and seven county chairmen.
Not just from people.
I don't want to hear anymore
about that speech last night.
These telegrams
prove that Jim is right.
He knows what he's doing.
He's a professional.
And I don't want to hear that
Henry Clay routine either.

He wound up
being neither right
nor president.
Emil, the waiter,
was listening in.
I can imagine
the look on his face.
Mary. Mary, you should
have faith in me.
I want to be president.
I know this country.
I know it inside out.
I know all of
its simmering hates.
I know the petty warfare
undermining our unity.
And I think I know
what causes it.
It's fear.
It's nothing but fear.
Fear of the future.
Fear of the world.
Fear of communism.
Fear of going broke.
Why didn't you make
that speech last night?
Because I want the nomination.
If I have to soft soap
a few idiots
like Sam Parrish to get it,
I'll soft soap them.
After I'm elected,
if you think I'm going off
the deep end,
come and tell me.
I'll listen to you.
But until then, lay off.
There's not going
to be any then.
Up until last night,
you had something to say.
You had courage.
You had a chance.
The people were for you.

But not anymore.
You've changed
and they'll know it.
I haven't changed.
Hey, boss,
we got company again.
Uh-oh.
James, you are about to become
an older and wiser man.
Ask Grant
if he's too old to fly.
Hey, boss, Rusty wants to know
if you're too old to fly.
You tell Rusty I'm busy.
And tell him if he knows
what's good for him,
he'll get down to that plant
and get busy himself.
Scram, fellas. The chill's on.
Uh-oh.
I amaze myself.
But I'm disappointed.
Okay, Jim,
I've made my decision.
From now on, it's your show.
I'll talk turkey
with Lauterback.
I'll play ball with anybody
who'll help me
get the nomination.
Is that clear?
And money's no object.
I'll spend \$1 million
if I have to.
Grant, watch us go
from here.
Where's Lauterback,
in Washington?
Yeah.
Get him on that phone.
Ed, you know Grant will
never fight the farm block.
It's too powerful.
I don't

beat about the bush, Jim.
I'm anti Cuban sugar,
anti Mexican cotton,
anti Argentine beef,
anti Canadian wheat,
anti free-trade of any kind.
Are you for anything?
Yes, I'm for Ed Lauterback,
same as you're for...
Grant Matthews.
Yes.
How many delegates
can you deliver?
Deliver?
None. I only influence.
Well, how many
can you influence?
Perhaps none.
Let's have it, Ed.
What do want to nick us for?
I name the Secretary
of Agriculture.
You have delusions
of grandeur.
You want my support?
And we'll pay for it.
You can
approve the appointment,
but you can't make it.
Good enough.
Right of vetoes,
good enough.
Have you talked
to Bill Green, Phil Murray,
or John L. Lewis?
We're talking to you now.
Which isn't easy
because I don't like you,
Bill Hardy.
That's mutual.
Who cares who likes who?
How many men in your union?
700,000 in my locals,
scattered over four states.

Pivotal states.
And they vote
in the primaries.
Can you work out a deal
with Jim?
I can always make a deal
with Jim.
Well, work it out.
Can you deliver delegates from
the foreign-born sections?
Let me handle things
and I can.
These people
never vote for anything.
They vote against something.
They've carried hatreds around
for centuries.
The trick is to play
on these hatreds,
one nationality
against the other,
keep them voting as blocks.
We know how you do it.
You're a powerful woman.
What's your price?
Patronage. Lots of patronage.
I dish it out to my friends.
That's my price.
To Republicans or Democrats.
I need a little air.
You work it out with her,
will you?
Yeah, I could do
with a little ozone, too.
Those are the posters
and these are the ads
for the broadcast.
They'll be in 30 newspapers.
It'll be the biggest send off
any candidate ever had.
Radio, television, newsreels,
the press, the works.
No use having dough
and not spending it.

Excellent idea,
doing it all
from his own home.
A fireside chat
from the next president.
To say nothing
of the next president's
wife and kids.
No one'll top us for corn.
Where does
this Thorndyke dame
fit in the picture?
What do you mean by that?
Let's not start
kidding each other,
there's a rumor around...
Ridiculous,
an old wives' tale.
What rumor?
Kay Thorndyke and Matthews.
I've heard it twice.
Bill, I'm surprised at you
spreading a foul story
like that.
I'm spreading nothing.
But I want to be sure
there's nothing to spread.
Now, look, everything's
got to be kosher.
I thought he was a family man.
There's nothing to it.
Believe me.
Would I lie to you?
Yeah, would he lie to you?
Don't make me
answer that question.
I tell you, Kay Thorndyke
is a friend of the family.
She and Mrs. Matthews
are just like that.
Will she be at the broadcast?
Why,
of course, she will.
Mrs. Matthews

has already invited her.
Well, I'll be glad
to see her there.
I've never met Miss Thorndyke.
Let's get back
to this campaign.
I've got some work to do here.
Is Mrs. Matthews in?
Spike MacManus.
Oh, you're Spike.
Come on in.
Buck Swenson,
I'm the butler around here.
Excuse my appearance.
This happens every Saturday.
The kids and their packages
for Europe.
You're quite
a heavy contributor, I see.
Yeah. Sir, you'd better
hang on to this,
if you don't want
some Belgian farmer
wearing it.
I'll call Mrs. Matthews.
I was just going upstairs
to get my swimming trunks on.
Let the kids
swipe my pants later on.
Hi.
Hi, what's going on
out there?
Operation Bread Basket,
they call it.
While you're busy
feeding the world,
would there be
a loose cup
of coffee for me?
I've been up
three nights running
working on that broadcast.
You look as if you could
stand something stronger.

Lady, you twisted my arm.
Say, who was that character
who let me in?
Buck? He's the world's
worst butler
and the world's nicest guy.
He was Grant's
first grease monkey.
Grant used to try to fire him,
but he gave that up years ago.
Speaking of characters,
how's Mr. Conover and company?
Oh, just straight, please.
Oh, he's busy making friends
and influencing delegates.
And I might add,
delivering some.
I don't believe that.
You can't deliver the votes
of a free people.
Mary, in Conover's eyes,
the lazy people,
ignorant people,
and prejudiced people
are not free.
Spike, are all politicians
like Conover?
No.
Thank heavens,
he almost makes me a Democrat.
That wouldn't help you any.
The Democrats have
their Conovers, too.
In spades.
Here's to us wise guys
with all the answers.
All right, wise guy,
give me one answer.
What changed Grant in Detroit?
Detroit,
that's so many hotels...
Spike, please, what made Grant
change that speech
at the last minute?

Oh, Mary, wouldn't you
rather hear how someday
I'm going to buy
a country newspaper
and yell my head off?
95% of the newspapers
are in small towns.
That's America, lady.
That's where the real freedom
of the press is.

Yeah.

All right, Spike.

What really made you leave
the tobacco smoke,
this fine sunny day?

Mary, a crisis hath arisen.

A crisis, that's good.

What about?

The big broadcast.

Oh.

There's a story going around
Republican headquarters
and Democratic headquarters
about you getting plastered
one night and throwing
Kay Thorndyke
out of your house.

Yeah.

If it isn't nipped in the bud,
Grant's political goose
might be cooked.

Well, that's a true story.

What am I supposed
to do about it?

It isn't true,
and the only way
you can prove it
is to invite Kay here
to the broadcast.

Here to my house?

Be photographed with her.

Make it clear that she's
a friend of the family.

Not just of Grant's.

Has Grant heard about this?
No, he doesn't know
anything about it.
This is Conover's idea.
And sounds like him, if you...
Mom!
Yeah?
Mom, we need more bubblegum.
Bubblegum?
Goes in every package.
This is my daughter, Joyce.
Spike, Mr. MacManus.
Hi.
Hi, you don't have
any bubblegum, do you?
Not on me, no.
Run and ask Buck.
I think he got some yesterday.
Buck!
Mom!
Mom!
Yeah.
We're stuck.
We haven't got any more
comic books.
Comic books?
They go in every package,
too.
This is Mr. MacManus, Grant.
Hi.
You haven't got
any comic books,
have you?
Of course, he hasn't.
He is a very distinguished
newspaper man.
Oh, I don't know.
I have my hidden vices.
Oh boy,
I haven't read this one.
Okay, scram.
They're pretty swell kids.
Yeah,
they're pretty swell kids.

You can tell Conover no.
This may be a stable
to the dark horse,
but it's still home to me.
Besides, I think Kay would be
more comfortable in a kennel.
Then you won't let her come.
I certainly won't.
I agreed to let Conover
have this house
for the broadcast.
I agreed to say
whatever he wanted me to say.
I even agreed to let him
use the kids.
Even though I don't believe
that gang of parasites
could elect a rat catcher.
Even though I know
they're killing Grant.
Slicing him up
sliver by sliver
until there's nothing.
And now they want me to invite
that woman to this house
and pose with her?
Not me. They're not going
to slice me up, too.
Besides which,
that particular day happens
to be my wedding anniversary.
Ouch.
You can tell Mr. Conover no.
Okay.
No is what I'll tell him.
And my apologies, lady.
I only do that to people
I like very much.
Spike!
Hello, boss. Come on in.
Where's Mary?
She's upstairs,
dressing the kids.
I've got my fingers crossed

for tonight.
I can handle her. And Grant?
He's making an appearance
over at the local
Matthews For President Club.
The boys from Life
went along with him.
Come on in,
I want to
show you something.
Well, how do you like it?
Radio, 200 stations
coast to coast.
Televisions, two cameras,
complete coverage for
the whole Eastern Seaboard.
The Four Blue Notes Quartet.
They came out with
Grant's campaign song.
The club band
and the local yokels,
all the trimmings
including the press.
Wonderful. Really wonderful.
I could've gotten a bigger
turnout for someone who
didn't want to be president.
Blink, what about
the Matthews speech? I think
there's been some changes.
Everybody in there
has made at least
three changes already.
Hasn't this Matthews
any mind of his own?
Blink Moran,
the Network producer,
Miss Thorndyke.
How do you do?
Is anything wrong?
Don't mind Blink,
he's got ulcers.
You listen to politicians
night after night.

You'll have ulcers, too.
Mr. Matthews
is no politician.
I've read this lady,
he is for my dough.
In the library,
I think we can
be among friends.
Coca Cola.
Well, speak of the devil.
Am I glad to see you,
I was afraid you were
going to be late.
Not tonight, Jim.
I've waited too long
for this.
Bill Hardy's waiting
to meet you.
Bill Hardy, Miss Thorndyke.
How do you do?
Nobody told me not to dress.
Why, Mr. Hardy, you and I
are going to stand out.
It was sheer wizardry,
the angle you used
on those Boston Irish.
Thanks.
Martini for her. Very dry.
Does Mary know she's here?
She invited her.
Have you ever been
in a hurricane?
No.
You will be.
Double whammy on her.
And, Mr. Hardy,
with you on our team,
nobody can accuse us
of being Wall Street,
can they?
No.
The Judge and Mrs. Alexandar
are coming here tonight.
Do you know

how to mix a Sazerac?
Sazerac?
Yeah,
it's a absinthe and...
It's a form of suicide
but don't sample one
because it will light up
your vest buttons.
That's all she drinks,
and drinks.
The Judge
takes straight bourbon.
Spike, don't think
I'm forgetting
your contribution
to this great moment.
Secretary of the Treasury,
that's all I ask.
Nobody's gonna get sore
about this Matthew's speech.
He's for everything
except sin.
He must be bowlegged
from straddling.
Couple of months ago,
he made some good speeches.
What happened to him?
Spike!
Here he is now.
Spike.
Spike.
Later, boys.
We'll get that later.
Hello, boss.
Everything all right?
Fine, biggest news
since V.J. Day.
Did you get the speech timed?
Time's all right.
What kind of a crack is that?
That's a joke. Come on.
What happened? Got that
before-the-big-game...
No, I'm all right.

Just want to be sure
there's no slip-ups.
How's the audience?
They were cold.
I couldn't warm them up.
You know a man's
never a hero...
Yeah, in his own home town.
Is everybody here?
Yeah, in the library.
Sam Parrish is on his way.
The Judge and Lulubelle
are due any minute.
They like to be sure
the bar's open.
Yeah, I'll be right down.
Hi, Dad. Want to hear
our radio speech?
Mom just helped.
What's the idea of this getup?
Our band. It's on the show.
Whose idea was that?
Yours, Grant.
Oh. Oh, Hello, Mary.
Keep out from underfoot,
don't be getting
in people's hair.
Mary, I want you to know
I realize this is not going
to be too easy for you.
And you're nice
to do it for me,
and I appreciate it.
Nonsense, Grant,
I hope it's everything
you want it to be.
Oh, I almost forgot.
These are for tonight.
I didn't think
he even remembered.
Remembered the what?
Oh, the anniversary.
My error.
Larraagas. It's the only kind

Jim Conover smokes.
Is she here?
Yeah.
Where is she?
In the library.
Well, here we go.
You know something, Spike?
What?
To quote your friend Conover,
I'd give my right arm up
to here for a drink.
Oh, no, Mary, please.
Not tonight.
If there's one thing
we don't want,
it's too much frankness.
All right, Spike.
I'll be good.
Hey, Mom, you look swell.
Thank you.
Oh, my carpet.
Now, I'd like
to propose a toast.
To the lovely lady
who picked Grant out of
the pile in the first place.
Thank you, Jim.
Hello, Mary.
It was nice of you to ask me.
Hello, Kay. You're just
in time for a cocktail.
Thank you.
You're looking
very pretty tonight.
Mary is going to be
the best-looking first lady
we've ever had.
Let's get a nice picture
there. Shall we?
I'm sorry I wasn't here
to welcome you.
Face this way.
This is the first broadcast
my children...

Big smile, that's right.
Shoot it.
That's good.
...broadcast my children
have ever been on.
They're very excited.
Mary, Bill Hardy.
Mr. Hardy the labor man.
How do you do?
Nobody told me not to dress.
I am glad you did dress.
Men are much too lazy today
about dress.
Ed Lauterback.
The farm expert.
How do you do?
Your husband talks well
but you're prettier.
Thank you very much
Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Matthews.
Mrs. Matthews,
you should be seen more
in public with your children.
Foreigners like children.
Doesn't everybody?
Grace, let's not get started
on politics right away.
You're in for
a very bad evening.
No, politics is new to me,
but I'm very interested.
You've got the "very"
in the wrong place, Mary.
Interested but very new.
Jim means I haven't...
Thank you.
He means I haven't lost
my amateur standing.
You're learning, I hope.
That's a dangerous hope.
You politicians have
stayed professionals
only because the voters
have remained amateurs.

Anybody home?

Hello, Judge.

I am Spike MacManus,
remember me?

Indeed I do.

It's a great pleasure
seeing you again, sir.

This is Mrs. Alexandar.

How do you do?

Mrs. Matthews,
Judge and Mrs. Alexandar.

An honor to be here,

Mrs. Matthews.

It's my duty to sentence
your husband to four years
in the White House.

And I think I can safely
promise the votes of at least
five Southern states.

In the election?

I said "Southern states",
ma'am.

In the Republican Party,
we count only
in the convention,
which reminds me:

when I was a small boy...

Well, I'll see you later,
Judge.

It has been a pleasure
seeing you again.

Who is he?

He is a newspaper man,
a friend of my husband's.

Bourbon for you, sir?

You read my mind.

I bet he can't

read my mind.

Sazerac, I believe.

Lulubelle, your reputation
is getting too well-known.

You know how to make

a Sazerac?

I think so.

If he only thinks so, Jeff,
you better make that Sazerac.
Yes, indeed, sugar pie.
That's my job.
I'm especially glad
you were able to come tonight,
Mrs. Alexandar.
Won't everyone sit down?
I'm afraid we women
are going to be outnumbered.
When I go out
with the Judge's
Republican friends,
I am always outnumbered.
I make it a point
to tell my hostess
right off
that while Jeff's
a Republican,
I am a Democrat.
But you can speak freely.
You Republicans
can't say anything
about the Administration
mean enough
for us Democrats
down South.
Would you like
a little martini?
Mmm-mmm.
Just an idea.
Hello, Grant.
Where've you been?
Hello, everybody.
I am sorry, I am late.
You been rehearsing
your speeches? Hello, Bill.
Nobody told me not to dress.
On you it looks good.
Well, Judge.
Grant?
You're not going
to drink that thing, are you?
You're in the program,

you know.
Mary, you should know...
Grant, this is
Mrs. Alexandar.
Hello, Mrs. Alexandar.
Mr. Matthews.
Handsome, isn't he?
You're the first good reason
I've ever seen
for voting Republican.
I told your wife
I was a Democrat.
I understand
they're a necessary evil.
Well, you know us Southerners,
we vote Democratic down home
but we've got an awfully
good Republican record
in Congress.
One minute to go.
Is Sam Parrish here yet?
No.
Why isn't he?
What's the matter?
Can't you do your job?
Something's got to be said
about the South tonight.
You take Richmond...
Do I have to take it again?
Jeff?
Yes.
This is the best Sazerac
I've ever had.
Fix me another one,
honey, right away.
All right.
Hello, Kay.
Ready to go?
Destination White House.
Yeah, well,
we can hope, can't we?
How many people
listening tonight?
Between 15 and 20 million.

Is that all?
Well, it's enough.
Stand by, everybody.
Twenty seconds.
Tell them 20 seconds.
Twenty seconds.
All right, everybody.
Now on your toes.
Nothing must go wrong.
Good luck, Grant.
Thank you.
Good luck, Grant.
Hold it. Five seconds.
Ladies and gentlemen,
we invite you to history.
Ladies and gentlemen,
this is a paid
political broadcast.
Paid for, not by
any political group
or organization,
but by thousands
of public spirited citizens
who have taken this method
of insuring that their voice,
the voice of the people
shall be heard.
Jeff, honey, if I've got to
listen to speeches,
you better fix me
another Sazerac right away.
Yes, honey.
...in factories, in schools.
Voicing his opinions
of the problems
besetting our nation
and frankly outlining
his ideas of how
they should be met.
No politician, this,
selling a bill of goods,
no candidate for any office,
instead a private citizen
fulfilling what he saw

as the duty of a citizen.

The result:

a stirring demonstration
of democracy in action.

All over the country
spontaneously, unsponsored,
hundreds of Matthews
for President Clubs
sprang up overnight.

And tonight, in more than
400 American cities,
men and women are gathered
together in the American way
in halls, tents,
town squares,
in their own homes...

Where's Grant Matthews?

Where's our next president?

Who are you?

They have contributed
their dimes and their dollars
to pay for this telecast.

This is their program.

This is, in truth,
the voice...

Where's your speech?

Right here.

Relax, fella.

All you gotta worry about
is a third term.

Where's Mary?

She's in the library.

Hello, everybody!

Sam.

Late as usual.

Mary.

Sam.

I could eat you
with a spoon.

Nobody told me not to dress.

Isn't that what
you're after, Bill?

Put evening clothes on labor

and let the rest of us
go without.

Gosh, no.

Don't give me anything.
I have been celebrating
all afternoon.

Great gosh Almighty.

Do we have to listen
to Ed Lauterback?

That's better.

Hello, Miss Thorndyke.

Where did you get to
that night in Detroit?

I looked all over
the banquet hall for you.

I didn't go to the banquet.

I thought that's why
you were in Detroit,
to hear Grant's speech.

Were you in Detroit
when we were there, Kay?

You must've seen her, Mary.

She was on her way up
to your suite.

I'd just left you, remember?

No, I didn't
see Kay in Detroit.

You must've dropped in
to talk to Grant about
his speech on big business.

Well, what Grant said
about big business
that night was all right.
Especially about high tariff,
eh, Bill?

Yeah.

So you changed Grant
in Detroit?

Sam, did you get
that finance report
I sent you?

Yes, and it's a rotten job.

You let me handle
money matters from now on.

Hello, Judge. You drinking
with both hands now?
Hello, Sam.
These are for Lulubelle.
Sam, you're on.
How am I doing?
I am so hungry
for some good Republican talk
I brought you two.
Jeff,
you're an angel.
I'll take one of those, Judge.
Mary, what are you
doing with that?
If we're going to have
a high tariff, I might as well
get a little high myself.
For Pete's sake,
those are liquid dynamite.
Too bad I didn't
have some in Detroit.
Jim,
there's something I want...
Jeff, darling, make me
another one right away.
Yes, honey.
Would you make another one
for me, too?
Yes, sugar.
I mean, ma'am.
My, my. They're very strong,
aren't they?
Surely.
What's in them?
I don't know.
You've been drinking these
for years and you've
no idea what's in them?
Never bothered to ask,
but it makes you feel good.
That's all I know.
I do hope Mr. Matthews
is including those paragraphs
I gave him about the Italians.

Their vote is so important.
If you favor Italy,
won't that lose you
the Abyssinian vote?
There are about 17 Abyssinians
in the United States.
And only three of them vote.
Good. Then we don't need
to worry about justice
for the Abyssinians.
Abyssinia?
That's up north, isn't it?
Where did those come from?
Mary, remember you have to
go on the air.
If this weren't my house,
I could tell her some place
she has to go to, too.
Of course, in this election,
the Polish vote will be
the most important.
I thought the Poles
voted in Poland.
We are talking
about Polish-Americans.
Can you be both?
More power to you, honey.
Thank you.
They are full of it,
aren't they?
Surely.
For Grant Matthews
has long known and loved
the clean, rich smell
of fresh turned Earth.
His hands have labored
in the soil.
And helped it bear rich fruit.
Grant Matthews,
like another great Republican,
Abraham Lincoln,
is of the earth
and of the people.
He has not forgotten either.

He knows that a prosperous
and protective
and productive agriculture...
All right, Mrs. Draper,
here's your big moment.
We're ready.
Anyway, for president.
Mary, have a heart.
You've to be ready.
You're gonna miss Grant
on the air.
I am different from Grant.
I'd rather be tight
than be president.
You're on a spot.
You have to be ready
to do some quick thinking.
Don't worry about me.
I'm a very thick quinker.
Oh, brother.
Honey, you got twisted up
on that one.
I did?
Sure.
I didn't.
What did I say?
You said "thick quinker".
I think I presented
the farmers' case
if I do say so.
Indeed. Who can speak
for the farmer better
than you, Mr. Lauterback.
Thank you, Mrs. Matthews.
Not at all.
Who else could make hay
in the Capitol lobby?
I thought it was funny, too.
Oh, my dear.
I haven't
enjoyed myself so much
since Huey Long died.
What's the matter, honey?
Oh, Lulubelle, I don't know

what's the matter with me.
I don't want to do any more.
I just want him...
Kay,
you better get in this.
Bill's holding
a pistol at my head.
What do you mean?
He's welching.
I am not welching.
You want me
to go on that radio
to support Matthews?
Certainly.
Then I name the labor members
of the National Labor Board.
Grant made no such deal.
Jim and I did.
We did not.
You misunderstood me.
I said you could
veto the appointments.
You're next, Mr. Hardy.
Not till I get this settled,
get Matthews.
Never mind Matthews.
You can't have that.
Labor as a whole must make
those appointments.
If I support Matthews,
I am labor as a whole
as far as he is concerned.
If Hardy gets what he wants,
then I name Agriculture.
Hold on,
I've got a stake here.
Butt out, Parrish.
We don't need kibitzers.
Kibitzers?
I am raising
the money here,
and money still talks.
Hardy, one minute to go.
You better get Matthews

in here.
Hold it, Spike.
You wouldn't be here
if you could've made
a better deal anywhere else
and you're staying
until the end of the ride.
When the time comes,
I'll take care of the details.
I want to hear that
from Matthews.
He's the candidate.
As far as you're concerned,
I'm the candidate.
You'll do as I say.
So help me,
I'll break you
in my newspapers.
Twenty seconds.
Make up your mind.
All right.
I'll go. I'll go.
As for the rest of you,
you'll stick to your bargains.
Grant's not to be bothered.
If you've any problems,
come to me.
I'll say one thing for you,
Kay.
You have the courage
of your convictions.
You've had
a wonderful evening,
wise-cracking, clowning,
but now, you've got to get
a grip on yourself.
Get some black coffee.
In a few minutes,
you have to introduce
your husband to the country.
Mom!
Come on in. The man said
we make our speeches next.
He said not to be nervous.

I'm not nervous, Mom.
Are you?
Judge, your big moment.
Okay.
Relatives listening.
Grandpappy staying up to hear.
Put the children to bed.
They're not making any speech.
But Mommy?
What are you
talking about?
Wait a minute.
Great gosh Almighty, Mary.
They're not going on.
Mary, what's the matter?
What's happened here?
And I am not going on either.
What?
I am not tight, Kay.
Not anymore.
Not after watching
you vultures picking
at Grant's dead body.
And if that wasn't enough
to sober me up,
the sight of my children did.
Mary...
I am not going on. I can't.
To millions of people
I am suppose to say
I know my husband
to be honest,
uncompromising, fearless.
I could've said that
once and meant it,
but not anymore.
Not after he met up with you,
Jim Conover, and you,
and you, and you,
and you, Kay Thorndyke.
You and your mad ambition.
Catering to his conceit,
dealing and double-dealing.
You were going to make

a big man of him, weren't you?
You couldn't see
that he was a big man.
You killed him.
That won't be Grant Matthews
those people hear tonight.
It'll be a shadow, a ghost,
a stooge mouthing words
that aren't yours,
thoughts that aren't your own.
You've killed Grant Matthews,
and he's a party
to his own murder.
Well, I won't be.
You wanted a cause,
you've got one.
A cause of lies, fear,
and corruption.
Hallelujah.
There goes the ball game.
She's gone crazy!
She called us a lot of crooks.
What did you expect her
to say? It's the truth.
What do you mean...
We don't have to
kid ourselves, do we?
She has the right to say
what she thinks.
That's how I want her to be.
I'm going after
the nomination.
That's what we've all
been working for.
Where's Mary?
The kids are on next.
The kids aren't going on.
Neither is Mary.
Tell that quartet
to sing again.
Come on, sit down here.
You're going on
in Mary's place.
One of the kids is sick.

You're a friend of the family.
Emergency.
You've stepped in
to read Mary's speech.
Change the word... here.
Don't let Kay
take your place now.
Leave me alone, Spike.
You love Grant Matthews.
That big mug
is your whole life.
You know you do.
If you don't get in there now,
you're going to lose him.
Spike? Spike?
Mary, take it from a guy
who knows his horseflesh.
Grant Matthews loves you.
Deep down, he loves you.
He's just run into
a blind spot, that's all.
Spike MacManus.
Kay's being stupid.
She's trying to put Grant
into the White House.
The one place
she can't follow him.
And you, you're trying
to keep him out of it.
Out where the hunting is open,
out where Kay can grab him.
Be smart, Mary.
If Grant is elected,
you'll be the first lady
in more ways than one.
Are you going to throw that
out of the window?
It's too late, Spike.
Okay, Mary.
I had the idea you were still
in love with him.
Looks like the old MacManus
crystal ball finally cracked.
All right, read it.

Like any mother,
Mrs. Matthews thinks
a sick child
more important
than any broadcast.
She's remaining upstairs
with her daughter.
Her speech will be read
by a friend and neighbor.
This is what Mary Matthews
wanted to say.
Great, every woman in America
will be bawling.
Grant, you follow me.
Give it everything you've got.
Does anybody
listen to me?
Ladies and gentlemen,
Mrs. Grant Matthews.
"This is Mary Matthews.
"I am prejudiced
in my husband's
favor naturally.
"Though I know
he has his faults.
"He likes the morning paper
all to himself at breakfast
"and a toothache
becomes a world crisis.
"I guess he's much
like all husbands in that."
She's marvelous, Grant.
"But all in all,
he's quite a man,
Grant Matthews.
"A good father
and a good husband,
"but I see in him
more than that.
"I see a man who is honest,
uncompromising,
"fearless, a man
of great vision
and enormous courage."

Mary?

"Above all, my Grant...

Mary, stop it!

Stop it! Stop it!

What happened to you?

What changed you?

I thought you were
going to stay honest.

we'll resume
from the Matthews' home...

Ladies and gentlemen,
this is Grant Matthews.

I am sorry to interrupt
but I can't take
any more of this.

Don't you shut me off.

I am paying
for these broadcasts.

Don't cut him off.

Give him a chance.

It'll cost me my job.

Ladies and gentlemen,
that speech you just heard
Mrs. Matthews make,
she doesn't believe
a word of it.

When she told you
I was a good husband,
a man of courage
and the rest of that tripe,
the words were choking
in her throat.

A few minutes ago,
she told me
what she really thought of me.

She called me a coward
and said that I had sold out
my ideals to a gang
of corrupt politicians,
and she was right.

Then she was telling me
the truth.

Stop him.

I have as much right to run

for president as a gutter rat.
Cut him off! Cut him off!
Let him talk!
That squealing you hear,
that's from the politicians.
Those fearless patriots
you heard supporting me
on the air tonight.
Now, they are hurt.
They are hollering.
They are trying to shut me up.
And I don't blame them.
You can't call me corrupt
and get away with it.
Your dirty company union fake.
Give me that microphone!
There it is. Go on. Take it.
Tell them how you bragged you
could deliver those 700,000
union votes of your men
if I made you
the big shot of labor.
Go on, your men
will be interested
to hear that.
Tell them I was sucker enough
to believe that you could
deliver any votes.
Wait until I get through
with your plants.
You won't do a thing
to my plants.
Put him on the front page,
boys.
Are there any
of the rest of you characters
who'd like to use
this microphone to speak
a little truth into it?
You any better than they are?
A man just
stepped up and asked me
if I was any better
than the rest of them.

No, I am not.
As a matter of fact,
I am worse than they are.
They're after
all they can grab.
They're one-way guys.
But not me.
I was going to play both ends
against the middle.
I sold out to them,
but get this straight,
I am no lamb
led to the slaughter.
I ran to it.
I had the right idea
when I started to talk
to you people of America.
The idea that you voters,
you farmers, you businessmen,
you working men,
you ordinary citizens
of whatever party
are not the selfish scum
that venal politicians
make you out to be.
I thought I could
speak my piece
straight out and forward.
I thought I could tell you
that this country of ours
is young. It's not old.
That we've just begun to grow.
That all we need is courage.
And from out of that courage
will come a greatness greater
than we ever dreamed.
I wanted to tell you
that we Americans
are the hope of the world.
And the secret
of our great plenty
is freedom.
And we've got to share
that secret and that plenty

with the other nations
of the world.
And I wanted to tell you
that we face a great problem.
Because when people
are cold and hungry
and scared,
they gather together
in panicky herds,
ready to be led
by communists and fascists
who promise them
bread for freedom
and deliver neither.
Those are the things
I wanted to say you.
But I lost faith in you.
I lost faith in myself.
I was afraid
I wouldn't become president.
I forgot that the one thing
you've got to do is speak
your piece no matter what.
So with the help
of this gang of parasites,
I convinced myself
that the way to be elected
was to play down
to your lowest
common denominator instead
of up to your highest.
To cater to the hatred
of every class and race.
To appeal to the worst in you,
not the best in you.
I used my wife,
my kids, my friends.
My whole campaign was a fraud.
This is no simple
fireside broadcast
paid for by your dollars
and dimes.
This is an elaborately staged
professional affair.

I have spent \$200,000
in exploitation and publicity
on "Matthews for President"
campaigns.
I thought I could hijack
the Republican nomination.
I became
an Al Capone of politics,
but I forgot one thing.
I forgot how quickly
the Americans
smell out the double dealers
and the crooks.
My wife knew,
and I knew tonight.
When I attended a meeting
right here in Greatwood.
They were all
my friends there.
People who had known me
for years and liked me.
But they didn't
like me anymore.
They were on to me.
They knew I was a phony.
Well, I guess
that's the story,
ladies and gentlemen.
And it certainly isn't
one I am proud of.
I am the guy who screamed
for a warrior's courage
to face the simple
private battles
of everyday life.
I am the guy they meant
when they said,
"Physician, heal thyself."
And so, here and now
I withdraw
as a candidate for any office,
not because I am honest,
but because I am dishonest.
I want to apologize

to all the good,
sincere people
who put their faith in me.

And

I want to
apologize to my wife.

Grant.

This is where I came in.

About that job, Kay,
still win or lose?

Then I lose, Jim.

I saw a man
on the cover of Newsweek
that I think you and I...

Mr. Matthews,
Republican headquarters
called.

They want to know
if this means
you're out of politics.

No, I am just
getting into politics.

I am going
to the Republican Convention
and I am going
to the Democratic Convention.

I am going to open doors,
break down windows,
let in fresh air.

I am going after
every candidate
who compromises
and I am going after
every lazy voter
who doesn't vote.

Take that gosh darn
microphone.

Maizie!

Fired?

Fired.

Hired?

Hired.

Matthews is our man!