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# The Fountain of Youth

By John Collier

Orson Welles speaking.  
How'd you like to stay just as young as  
you are an not to grow a day older?  
For the next, two hundred years.  
Oh, I'm not plugging some  
new miracle cosmetic.  
The question is actually faced  
by the characters in our  
story, two men and a girl.  
The eternal triangle, plus eternal youth  
equals a wacky little romance  
which we'll bring you, if we  
may, in just a few seconds.  
I hope you enjoy it.  
The Fountain of Youth.  
Back in the twenties,  
Dr. Humphrey Baxter was  
hailed as the discoverer of the  
scientific fountain of youth.  
But we may start of with  
the girl in case, here she is  
As of course she's Caroline  
Coates, the world famous actress.  
Actress is a word some of you  
may question for she was  
not strictly speaking an actress  
at all, Caroline was simply  
One of those creatures who stands  
for something greater than  
talent, greater than  
beauty and whose  
universe do we adore  
A privileged few, of  
course adored Caroline  
at close range and, if you excuse  
the expression, in the flesh.  
One of these was Alan Brody,  
a tennis champion. Here he is.  
Science tells us that  
men of this time fall  
quickly and painless in and out of love.  
Others, like Dr. Baxter,  
here he is again,  
a man born for one passion only

at most two, a passion for  
their job and for one woman.

They never give up.

Men of this type frequently  
devote themselves to science  
and if interested in certain  
function of the glands  
this often takes them to Vienna.

Wait a minute!

We are getting a-head of our  
stills. Before going to Vienna

Humphrey Baxter spent  
an evening in New York

His friends the Morgans took  
him to the theater to see a show  
which was also, very indirectly  
concerned with the glands.

Humphrey leaned forward in his seat,  
the moment passed unnoticed because,  
everyone else in the theater  
also leaned forward.

- You happen to know that  
girl? He asked his friend.

- Why, Hupmhrey, they said

- How would people like us  
get to know anybody like Caroline Coates.

Humphrey realized that he'd need  
only two or three introductions  
to breach the gap between oneself  
and anyone anywhere in the world.  
He asked everyone he knew stating  
his purpose very clearly, and  
sure enough, not long after that, there  
he was in fashionable Long Island.

Talking to Caroline Coates.

He found her amazingly ignorant  
of the man's important  
recent scientific research.

And you can imagine the effect of  
this gone to gosh young man lecturing  
of this popular idol of twenty three  
on the doctor's glands.

Caroline's smart friends were amused...  
and then amazed

for she had fallen hand

over heels in love

- Who are you calling dear?

- Letty Partridge

Who?

Hello, Letty? I want you to be the first to know, we are getting married.

- Wonderful darling, who is it?

- Baxter, the gland man.

The grand man! Oh, gland.

Well, Caroline! How nice for you!

I think I mentioned that the title of this crazy little odd story is, the fountain of youth.

Of course there are all sorts of fountains some are beautiful, some are purely mythological, some are silly fountains it was near a silly fountain that the mythological Narcissus was drowned.

It was his own reflection he fell for and he fell in.

Of course the silliest of all, is the fountain of youth.

Old Ponce de Leon thought that one was somewhere down in Florida, this was three centuries before the invention of Miami Beach.

He aged a lot looking for it, but he was only human.

Almost all of us wish we were just a little younger that we are.

Ladies, quite late in their seventies can be heard addressing each other "girls".

Very rich old ladies even rich old gents of? on monkey glands and a wisp of hope of turning the clock back or at least slowing it up a bit. In this field, of course, was Humphrey specialized in.

By now, Humphrey really had to go back to Vienna.

To continue his research on this Bingleburg.

- Bingle who?

Asked Carolyn.

- Burg, said Humphrey, Burg.

The Bingleburg, the greatest of all  
authorities on the duclos glands

- Oh, said Carolyn.

Oh? And how long are you going to be  
away with this, Bingleburg, sweetie?

- Three years. - Three years,  
on the other side of the ocean.

Yeah...

I wish you'd, change your mind.

Darling, I'd like to get married now  
just as much as you would, but...

but I simply can not walk out on  
a new show and leave everybody flat!

- Besides -I know, you're in a  
smash hit and you love it.

I know you think I'm just greedy  
to have a fuzz made over me.

I never suggested such a thing.

But that's what you think.

And if you didn't you'd be crazy  
because I am just a little

But I promise you darling, if I ever  
feel it getting a real hold on me.

And what do you think a  
real hold feels like?

Like this?

Humphrey's boat sailed  
and Caroline was more  
idolized than ever,  
everyone expected her  
to fall in love but  
first year passed, second year passed,  
third year wore on and Carolyn was still  
faithful and with two  
excellent reasons for this.

She was so extremely fond of Humphrey  
and she was so extremely fond of herself.

When the three years were over,  
Humphrey Baxter was on a boat  
and the boat was docking.

Now for weeks

he had a picture in his

mind of how she looked  
and since this was in the 1920's  
he costumed her in silver fox  
and violets.

On the landing dock he saw  
plenty of fur and flowers  
but no sign of Caroline.

Only two people were there  
to meet him, the Morgans.

- Welcome home!- said mister Morgan

- Where is she?- asked Humphrey.

No answer.

Well, come on! Where is Caroline?

Still no answer.

- Was she sick?

he said. -No

Miss Coates wasn't  
sick, the truth was  
she'd fallen in love.

Humphrey closed his eyes.

He might have been  
asleep or dead.

Who is he?

Well, it all, it all  
happened so quickly  
just a week or so ago.

Who is he?

Allan Brody

- The tennis champion.

- Yeah.

- Na-na-national singles, eight times.

- The last six years in succession.

- Yeah, last six years.

Oh, he's terrific.

A popular idol.

You mean like Carrie?

He's a beautiful creature, Humphrey.

He gives us people the same  
sort of thrill that Carrie does.

A true amazing couple

Oh, you just have to wait 'till  
you see them together.

I can wait.

Humphrey was good at waiting.

But in New York it seldom is  
wise to wait too long for anything  
And he ran into the ideal couple  
very soon in a restaurant.  
Look! Look! Here come the lovers!  
What lovers?  
THE lovers of course, who else?  
Carrie, darling!  
Oh my, Humphrey!  
Alan, you know I've  
got your back, yes?  
How do you do?  
Well, how do you think  
of him Humphrey?  
Oh, really Caroline, don't ask.  
I think you're both charming.  
Come on dear! Look at the camera!  
We've got to get a picture of you.  
Come on, take it quick.  
I hope we'd be...  
good friends.  
After your honeymoon is over  
you must bring your...  
young man around and see me.  
We'd love to!  
It won't be for two  
months at least.  
I can wait.  
And Humphrey did some more waiting.  
Did a great deal of it.  
Great deal of thinking,  
while he waited.  
And then just before Allan  
and Caroline were  
due back from their honeymoon  
Humphrey called up a man  
named Morgan.  
- Morgan speaking  
This was his old friend Albert  
Morgan whose profession was  
to turn the cloudy  
mutterings of scientists  
into clear, downright and  
extremely thrilling articles

for weekly magazines.  
Sure, Humphrey.  
But three months have go away.  
When I was after some information  
about your experiments  
why, you  
clammed up on me  
What?  
You heard from Bingleburg?  
Yes, about some tests  
we started in Vienna  
just before I left.  
This is news Albert.  
Big news.  
So if you'd like to  
hear about twenty  
carefully chosen words.  
Hold it! Hold it!  
I'll be right over!  
Quite remarkable what  
Morgan could do with  
twenty carefully chosen words.  
The news broke that keen eye  
endocrinologist Humphrey Baxter  
had finally succeeded in  
isolating the VB-282  
VB-282  
Now as I understand it,  
that's the glandular  
secretion that controls,  
let me say that word again,  
controls, the aging  
of the tissue.  
Girls, just imagine what that means!  
And now we shall go from the  
world of science to show business.  
A little bird tells me that  
Caroline and Allan Brody  
are due back any day now.  
The ideal couple very soon dopped  
around Humphrey's laboratory.  
- Darling!- cried the bride  
You've become famous, what's  
all this about eternal youth?



Humphrey told her she could have no interest in that.

- Why, you looked eighteen when I met you- he said.

And you were twenty three.

Now you're twenty six.

Twenty seven, twenty seven last week.

- Don't she still looks eighteen- said Humphrey

- Well- said Brody

I can't say I've noticed myself slowing up any but some of these youngsters from the west coast.

And he shook his head with the melancholy always induced in tennis players by the mention of the west coast.

You won't be young always of course.

But then you hardly wanna be.

Those, people you see around never seem to mature.

They belong to a particular frigid narcissistic type.

What kind of type?

Narcissistic, from Narcissus.

It means they are in love with themselves.

They can't love anybody else so that's why they, never seem to get Anny older.

Yes...

Yes, but what about the stuff you discovered?

Oh, that.

- It's not true then? -I told you it was all a lot of hooey.

Listen.

I'm going to tell you something no one in the world must know about.

Do you understand that Brody?

- You can rely on me.

- Very well

Oh! A little kitten cat.

Isn't it sweet?

But what's the kitten got  
to do with your experiment?

The kitten had a  
birthday last week.

It was five years old.

Ah!

It's a dwarf or, or  
midget or something.

It's as normal as every  
kitten you saw in your life.

- What will happen to it?

- Will it go on forever?

Will it, will it go on a bang or  
crumble into dust or something?

Almost surely heart failure.

But only after sixty  
years of glorious youth.

That's two hundred for a human being.

I went to Vienna exactly three  
years and four months ago.

So, you see

the kitten part is

Bingleburg's discovery.

But they said in the papers  
it was human beings.

I was helping him adapting  
two human beings.

And, you succeeded Mr. Baxter?

Humphrey.

Alright, Humphrey, when  
will the stuff be ready?

In thirty years or so.

It's a question of finding a  
new source for the extract.

To get this stuff we had to perform  
an extremely delicate operation.

Which unfortunately is fatal  
to the animal we get it from.

- So, you see it...

- What?

Animal?

It's quite a common one. Man.

Urgh.

Another source would  
take years even test!

That's why I swore you the secrecy.

Can you imagine the panic that  
would break up on this planet  
if people knew there was  
just some in existence?

- Being kept...

- There is some then.

For the privileged few... yes

The extract was made three times.

Three?

I took one.

A- and there were three to begin with?

- Well?

- What about the others?

Bingleburg took another  
one of the three.

He's sixty eight and  
as ugly as a monkey.

And he'll stay sixty  
eight AND stay ugly.

- For the next two  
hundred years. -Ugh.

Who did the third?

I brought the third back to  
America with me Caroline.

Life, youth.

Two hundred years.

I must admit I nearly poured  
this away the day I landed.

Oh, Humphrey!

Oh, but I don't feel that way  
now that I've met you both.

You're such a wonderful couple.

And I want you to stay that way.

That's why I'd like you to  
have this if you care for it.

Oh, Humphrey!

Here you are.

For both of you.

My wedding present.  
But you do solemnly  
swear never to say a word.  
- I do  
- I do  
Sounds quite like  
the wedding service.  
But of course it isn't.  
We'll each take half.  
A hundred years of peace.  
Oh, oh! Wait a  
minute! Hold on.  
I'm afraid I misled you.  
- Why? -You mean we  
can't take half each?  
My dear, glands don't  
understand arithmetic.  
A half change gland won't give  
you a half of anything. -No?  
No, Caroline, no.  
You know, I remember  
when I first met you.  
I told you what people were like  
when certain gland was deranged.  
You mean those, awful freaks?  
Exactly.  
There's just one dose  
in that little bottle.  
It can be drunk in one gulp.  
It doesn't slide plainly but  
it's hardly unpleasant.  
Keep it as a curiosity.  
It, it isn't pretty.  
It's a wedding present,  
at least it's unique.  
- Thank you Baxter.  
- Humphrey  
- Well, thank you Humphrey.  
- Oh, it's too wonderful!  
Really Humphrey, you shouldn't.  
Don't you think so?  
After thanking Humphrey very warmly  
again and again for  
his wedding present

Caroline and Allan

went home.

Where they set his  
interesting little bottle  
on the mantel piece.

Many along could get it.

Many along would look at each other.

You better take it now darling.

I do no such thing, Allan.

I want you to drink it.

Caroline, look at yourself  
in there, in that mirror.

I'm just being selfish.

I want you to be like that, forever.

Look at yourself Allan.

That's how you've got to be sweetie.

Always.

The next morning the  
bottle was still there.

- Sweetie?

- Yes, love?

It's impossible to say what there  
was in the tone of their voices  
that suggested that  
each one of them may've  
thought a bit about that bottle  
during the night.

- Darling -Now get this  
straight once and for all,  
you're going to take it and I'm not.  
But try to think of  
your overhead smash!

What's wrong with my overhead smash?

Are you trying to tell  
me it's not holding up?

Its wonderful how it holds  
up, everyone says so.

But you'd be against that  
awful boy from California  
in August, you know.

I can take over that pipsqueak  
without any monkey glands.

And I must say I'm rather  
surprised you think I can't!

I don't think you can't! But...

darling you are six  
years older than I am.

The men get then years  
at least, on a woman.

- Not every woman.

- Every woman.

I think you look of fly  
distinguished with grey hair.

I can't imagine you with grey hair.

Oh, and I couldn't bare to  
see you get old and ugly.

I'd rather with me.

Oh no, honey!

But you would still love me, even  
if I did get old, wouldn't you?

Or would you?

Caroline, you know I would.

I know you wouldn't.

But I would you.

If that's what you think  
you better take it yourself.

Go on, let me get old.

Why would Humphrey never  
give us the right stuff!

- Let's pour it down the sink.

- Are you crazy!

The only bottle in the whole world?

What Baxter said,

a man died for what's in that bottle.

I guess he would be off, if he  
heard we've thrown it away.

After all... it's a wedding present.

So they left Humphrey's little  
bottle on the mantel piece.

which is an excellent place  
for a wedding present to be.

And the wonderful life of  
this wonderful couple went on.

Caroline became more and more  
excited in the beauty parlor

and it was pathetic to see Allan  
hover in front of the mirror

as if deciding, that was

only a sun bleached hair  
on his temple, not a grey one.  
She watched him, in the mirror.  
And he saw her watching him.  
- What is it? -Hm?  
What's the matter?  
- I was just looking at you.  
- You're staring.  
Oh my goodness!  
Most men if they found being gazed at  
would think they've  
died and gone to heaven.  
You're not gazing at me with  
love, you're, you're examining me  
for enlarged pores and wrinkles  
and sagging tissues.  
I've got a good mind and take  
this stuff and swallow it down.  
- Right now! -Yes, it's just  
the sort of thing you'd do!  
Things went on like this until the  
last day of the tennis tournament.  
When Dorian Cody the boy  
wonder from California  
who played into a standstill  
until they walked up and Cody  
put his hand on his shoulder,  
the hand of the victorious  
is a heavy load to carry.  
That night,  
in spite of his aching weariness,  
Brody lay awake long after  
Caroline was sound asleep.  
He ghostly got up and crept,  
with infinite caution  
into the living room  
where, I'm sad to say,  
he drank the contents  
in Humphrey's bottle.  
The scientist may better do  
something about the taste.  
He found some cocktail beaters  
and added several drops to the water  
which he had already

put in the vial. Then he  
put it back on the mantel piece and  
over the mantel piece  
there was a mirror.  
Allan took a long  
look in this mirror.  
And he smiled.  
Now it happens that in Caroline's  
play there was another part,  
supposedly her sister,  
and the actress playing  
this part walked out  
in a beat of temper.  
A new girl had to be found  
in a hurry and the producer  
nominated the niece  
of a friend of his.  
This new girl, was a smash hit.  
Caroline went home that night  
with the sound of this new  
applause ringing in her ears  
and found the place empty.  
Now, the emptiness  
of one's own home  
at midnight,  
can seem like an injury  
and Caroline took it as an injury.  
She looked at the largest of the framed  
photographs of Allan and felt  
somehow dissatisfied with his smile.  
It's not mature, she thought.  
And she looked in the mirror  
and tried and it wasn't  
easy a smile of her  
own and then she found  
even less satisfaction,  
I might as well face it.  
said this matron of twenty seven  
I'm old.  
She stood and watched her  
reflection, and in the stillness  
and silence of the apartment  
she could feel and almost hear the  
the remorsefully



Moment after moment particles of  
skin wore away. Hair follicles  
broke, splintered and decayed  
like the roots of dead trees.  
All those little  
cubes and lines of  
red light chains in the inner organs  
were silted up like doomed rivers.  
The glands, the all important glands,  
were choking and coughing and  
falling a...

- Aaaaah!

She thought the marriage, was falling apart  
and Allan, would be gone.

And life would be gone.

So she, drank the contents  
of the little bottle.

She was very calm as she  
went to the bathroom and  
refilled the little bottle with  
water and added a little quinine  
to give it, a bitter taste.

When Allan came home  
she overwhelmed him  
with tenderness feeling, of  
course, as if she'd betrayed him  
was going to desert  
him and go away and to  
endless spring time.

Where he could never follow her.

So, time, which was the  
cause of all this trouble  
went on and both  
Caroline and Allan, secured  
an imperishable youth.

Saw in the others, through  
a magnifying glass  
more and more of the  
hazening science of decay.  
Allan began to feel that  
Caroline, at the very least  
should have provided  
herself with a younger sister.  
And one night he dropped

into the theater and discovered  
that, in a matter of speaking,  
she'd done so.

All this time, Humphrey, being trained  
to await patiently the outcome of his  
scientific experiments,  
wait patiently.

And then Caroline came to him.

Humphrey.

Humphrey, I've left Allan.

This things happen.

- It's your fault.

- Oh?

Well, maybe not yours exactly, but  
with that horrible stuff you gave us.

Oh, Humphrey.

I'm the lowest kind of  
hypocrite and traitor

All of which means, I suppose, that  
you're the one who took the stuff.

What did he said when you told him?

He doesn't know.

I filled the thing up with water  
and put some quinine in it.

Tell me...

Why did you put quinine in it?

To give it that bitter taste.

I see.

Well.

Oh, I tried so hard  
to love him more than ever  
and make up for it but  
you just can't make  
up for a thing like that.

Besides...

Guess?

You can't help watching  
a person who's aging  
in front of your eyes!

When you watch someone like that  
you notice all sort of  
things wrong with him.

It's all my fault, of course, because  
I just don't love him anymore.

Maybe I never did.  
You've changed your mind about  
wanting to be young forever?  
Well? Don't you?  
Not if I can't ever love anyone again.  
There's always yourself, of course.  
That's mean, Humphrey.  
Mean and cruel.  
Even if it's true.  
Well...  
It is lonely being like this.  
But then that's the price  
we pay for our little  
immortality.  
You... and me.  
And of course old Bingleburg.  
We are animals of a new species.  
There's us.  
And the rest of the world.  
Of course I,  
used to think we were like that  
for quite a different reason.  
Oh, Humphrey! If we only...  
Perhaps, so unworthy.  
I let you down and,  
now I've let him down.  
The first was a mistake  
that can be fixed.  
- But not the second.  
- You mean letting him down?  
We can't put that right.  
No, we can't live with that.  
Oh, I think so.  
You said, the stuff tasted bitter.  
You're quite sure  
about that, I suppose.  
No, oh no, it was very bitter.  
You see...  
that has far reaching implications.  
I used nothing but,  
ordinary salt in the water.  
Orson Welles will be  
back in just a moment.  
You've heard of a,

tiger orchid and a  
man eating tiger, but  
have you ever heard of a  
man eating tiger orchid?  
No? Well, we are going to show  
you one on this program next week.  
The kind ever expose this  
feature in something called  
Green Thoughts.  
Which is a sort of...  
spook story  
with the seasoning of giggles.  
I hope you enjoy it.  
'Till then I remain as always,  
obediently yours.