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Desk Set

By Phoebe Ephron

Penthouse.

Office of the president.

Is Azae in?

Mr. Azae's secretary
is right through that door.

Thank you.

Hello.

I'm Richard Sumner.

Would you tell him

I'm here?

Mr. Sumner?

Oh, Mr. Sumner!

I know Mr. Azae
is terribly anxious to see you, but...

What's the matter?

Well, excuse me, Mr. Sumner,
but you're a day early.

Your appointment
isn't until tomorrow.

Oh. Is this Monday?

No, sir, it's Tuesday.

And your appointment's
for Wednesday.

Well, why don't you just ring him,
tell him I'm here to see him.

I'm sorry, Mr. Sumner,
but Mr. Azae isn't in yet.

Oh. Oh, well...

Oh, uh, w-where's
the research department?

I might as well
have a look at that.

Research and Reference
is on the 28th floor... that's 2809.

- Who's in charge there?

- Miss Watson.

Would you like me to
write that down for you, sir?

Sure, if you want to.

2809.

Miss Watson.

- You're left-handed.

- Yes, sir.

Office is all wrong for you.

Light comes from
the wrong direction.
Desk should be reversed.
Wait a minute, sir.!
You forgot this.!
Hold it, please.
Reference department.
Miss Costello.
- Peg? Cathy?
- Yes, Cathy.
There's a character named Richard Sumner
on his way down to see you.
Richard Sumner?
What for? Who is he?
My other phone. I'll call you back.
Thank you for waiting.
Is this the Society
for the Preservation of Eskimo Culture?
This is Miss Costello of the
Federal Broadcasting Company,
and I'm trying to find out the truth
about the Eskimo habit of rubbing noses.
Yes, connect me.
I'll hold on.
Reference department. Miss Blair.
Yes, we've looked
that up for you,
and there are certain poisons
which leave no trace,
but it's network policy
not to mention them on our programs.
Reference. Miss Saylor.
Oh, yes.
I called earlier about that little black
velvet strapless you had in the window.
Hello. I'm trying to find out the truth
about the Eskimo habit of rubbing noses.
That isn't very much
of a reduction, is it?
Well, do they rub noses,
or don't they?
But I saw an identical one for
ten dollars less in a store downtown.
Never mind.

I'll call the Explorers Club.
And will you call me back?
Thank you.
Reference department.
Miss Costello.
- Cathy again.
- Yes, Cathy?
- About this Richard Sumner.
- Yes? What about him?
I don't know exactly who he is.
Some kind of nut, I think.
Or somebody very important.
Probably both.
Do me a favor. If he leaves your place,
find out where he's going.
Azae wants to see him.
Sure I will, Cathy.
Thanks.
Reference.
Miss Blair.
Yes, just a moment.
I'll switch you to our baseball expert.
Peg? On two.
Miss Costello speaking.
The highest lifetime
batting average?
Yes, that was held
by Tyrus Raymond...
Cobb...
with a percentage of .367.
No, .367.
Yes, I have that too.
He played only with the Detroit Tigers
for 21 years.
Mm-hmm.
You're quite welcome.
- Good morning.
- Morning.
- May I help you?
- No. No, thanks.
Interesting place here.
Do you mind if I look around?
Not at all.
- Make yourself right at home.

- Thank you.
- What do you suppose he's up to?
- Who is he?
Richard Sumner.
Azae wants to see him.
If he leaves here,
we're supposed to trail him.
- Where'd you get that?
- Cathy.
Catch anything?
Hello, Reference. Miss Saylor.
Oh. It's for you, Mr. Sumner.
Oh...
How'd you know my name?
Well, didn't you mention it?
- No.
- Oh.
Yes?
We've done a bit of juggling
with our appointments, Mr. Sumner.
Mr. Azae will be able
to see you today.
Well, just call me when he's ready.
I'll be right here.
Good.
Uh...
Would you hold this tape
for me, please?
And very nice, too.
- I mean hold it against the wall, Miss...
- Miss Blair.
- This is Miss Costello and Miss Saylor.
- How do you do?
Over against that wall.
Would you mind?
All the way over.
- Here?
- That's it. Good.
What's it gonna be?
Midget golf? Snack bar?
Is Miss Watson in?
- Miss Watson?
- She's the head of Reference, isn't she?
- Yes. She just stepped out.

- You think she'll be long?
No. She's probably on the 31 st floor,
having a conference with her boss.
What did you want to see her about?
Maybe I could help you.
No, I don't think so.
Well, why don't you step in there.
You'll be more comfortable in her office.
Thank you.
What do you suppose he's doing
all that measuring for?
You think we're
being redecorated?
Does he look like
an interior decorator to you?
No! He looks like one of those men
who's just suddenly switched to vodka.
Morning, kids. Wait till you see
what I snagged at Bonwit's.
- Shh! Quiet!
- Here, take this.
- What the...
- Take it, and look busy!
- What's going on here?
- You've been in conference all morning.
- What's the matter with you?
- There's a strange character in there.
He's been waiting for you.
- What have I done?
- Bunny, you're late.
According to the grapevine,
Azae sent him down here.
And in case he's anybody that
can do anything to anybody...
Really, you girls kill me.
I was here until 10:00 last night.
This morning I had to go to I BM...
to see a demonstration
of the new electronic brain.
And on my way here
I stopped at Bonwit's.
- So what am I gonna...
- Miss Watson?
Speaking.

My name is Richard Sumner.

Well, numerologically,
that's very good.

There are 13 letters in your name.

- You calculate rapidly.

- Up to 13, anyway.

This is a nice, cheerful office
you have. Do you like it here?

Yes, I love it. If I didn't work here,
I'd pay to get in.

Are you from the story department,
Mr. Sumner?

No. No, I'm not.

I wonder if we could have
a little talk in your office.

- Certainly. Go right in.

- Thank you.

- Sit down.

- Thank you.

Yes, Mr. Sumner,

what can I do for you?

I didn't want to say anything
in front of your staff,
because every time I mention
what I do, people go into a panic.
Good heavens.

What do you do?

I'm a methods engineer.

Is that a sort of
efficiency expert?

Well, that term
is a bit obsolete now.

Oh. Forgive me.

I'm so sorry.

I'm the old-fashioned type.

I thought I knew everyone in this
building, but I haven't seen you before.

Well, I've only been around
a few times, just wandering about.

Oh, I see.

Sort of a migratory engineer.

Yes.

Excuse me, Mr. Sumner.

What would a methods engineer

be doing in our little iron lung?
Well, you'd be surprised how
a little scientific application...
can improve
the work/man-hour relationship.
Mmm. Fascinating.
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
And time is money, so they say.
Mm-hmm. So I've heard.
Green thumb.
Yeah.
Reference.
Miss Watson.
Yes. Yes, he is.
It's for you.
Oh. Thank you.
Yes?
Yes, I'm here with her now.
We're having
a very nice little talk.
Well, I haven't
got into that yet.
It's a little too soon to evaluate.
But I think we're thinking
along the right lines.
Yes.
All right, Azae.
I'll be up in a few minutes. Bye.
- Azae.
- Yes, yes.
I'll have to come back later,
uh, Miss Watson.
You'll get to Azae's office
much quicker...
if you use this back elevator.
Oh. Oh, thank you.
- See you later.
- Fine.
Hi. Cathy? Bunny.
Hey, what do you know
about a Richard Sum...
Uh, I'll have to call you back
with that information.
- Where the...

- Thank you.
- Uh...
- What's the matter?
Uh, l... I had a tape measure.
I must have left it here.
What did it look like?
I mean, any color?
No, just a plain, ordinary...
Oh, here it is.
Here it is.
Uh, sorry.
- Th-Thank you.
- Don't mention it.
Uh, I'll... see you later.
Fine.
What is it, Bunny?
Who is he?
- What's he doing up here?
- Yes, what's he want, anyway?
Uh, got a cigarette, Peg?
Sure. Why?
- Why not?
- You only smoke when there's a crisis.
Who is he?
- H-He's an engineer.
- No wonder he was measuring the place.
- Measuring?
- He had a tape measure.
- He taped the whole layout.
- He did?
Maybe we're getting
that air-conditioning, finally.
Hmm, that figures.
This is November.
Last August they were too busy.
Yeah, that's probably it.
Or something like that, anyway.
Your phone, Peg.
Well, kids, what do you say we give
the company a little of our time?
- Got any memos you want me to check?
- There are a few, Miss Watson.
- I'll come out.
- Okay.

Here they are, if you would.
I'd say the Times index for this.
The old Farmer's Almanac for this.
If not, U.S. Weather
Information Service.
But check the Farmer's Almanac first
and save time.
This is from the Bible.
Book of Amos, chapter one.
Thank you.
Reference.
Miss Watson.
Yes, yes, I have that right here.
Certainly. It's no trouble.
"By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
by the shining big sea waters,
stood the wigwam of Nakomis,
daughter of the moon, Nakomis."
Childhood? No, no.
That comes a little farther down.
"And he sang the song of children,
"sang the song
Nakomis taught him...
"Wah-wah taysee, little firefly,
"little flitting white-fire insect,
"little dancing white-fire creature,
"light me with your little candle...
ere upon my bed I lay me,
ere in sleep I close my eyelids"...
Uh, you're welcome.
- Here's that \$5.00 I borrowed.
- Thank you, Ruthie.
You can keep it if you need it.
I would gladly wait till payday.
On the shores of Gitchee Gumee.
James Whitcomb Riley.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,
bless him.
I sharpened all your pencils, and
the new manila envelopes are in there.
Thank you, Ruthie.
I'll be glad to stay overtime any night,
if you have anything for me to do.
You're certainly ambitious.

Well, it was hard enough getting
this job, and I want to keep it.
Just get to learn
the reference library,
and I'll recommend you for a raise
after the first of the year.

- Thank you, Miss Watson.

- You're welcome.

Peg, I can let you have
that 10 you wanted now.

Well, whenever you're through,
come and get it.

Well, the, uh,
the physical setup is okay.

- There's plenty of room.

- Good. Good.

However, the nature of the activity
is such that the operation...
will be different than anything
that's ever been designed.

- It's a fascinating problem.

- Not impossible?

No, no, no, I don't think so.

No, we've made tremendous
strides in this field.

Visual read-offs
are all centralized, miniaturized...
and set on schematic panels now.
And then the... the data compiled...
is all automatically computed,
and there's an automatic
typewritten "panalog"...

- You see, sir...

- Now, now, now, please wait a minute.

I don't understand one word
you're saying, but it sounds great.

If you say it can be done,
that's good enough for me.

I'd like to hang around that department
for a couple of weeks, maybe a month,
and get a comprehensive
picture of its workings.

Well, that's easily arranged.

Get me Mike Cutler.

He's in charge of that department.

Uh, not Miss Watson?

- Well, she runs it, but he's her boss.

- Let's not bother with him.

Don't get me Mike Cutler.

Now, there's one thing

I want you to promise me.

Don't let the girls in Research

know what you're doing.

How's that?

I don't want them to know anything
about this big thing that's coming up.

It's vital that it be kept a secret.

Of course, it's almost impossible
to keep anything a secret around here.

So please, no matter what happens,
don't answer any questions.

What are they gonna think
of me hanging around there?

They'll think I'm a Peeping Tom.

I don't care what they think.

They're very smart, but this is
one thing I don't want them to know.

All right, all right.

They won't hear about it from me.

You know something?

This office is bigger than
the whole research department.

Well, it's supposed to be.

If the office of the president isn't
big enough to impress the sponsors,
then there's nothing for the girls
down in Research to research.

I have another office just like it
on the 31 st floor.

- You want it?

- No, no. No, thanks.

You don't care whether
you impress people or not, do you?

Wait until you get my bill.

You'll be impressed.

It's on the desk, Peg.

Thanks. Ooh, nice.

- Is it for an occasion?

- No... I don't know yet.
It's for the dance that Mike is maybe
going to ask me to on the 12th.
When, as and if Mike Cutler asks you,
do yourself a favor and be busy.
That's why he always waits till the last
minute... he knows you're always there.

- You mean I'm too available?
- Available?
You're like an old coat
that's hanging in his closet.
Every time he reaches in,
there you are.

- Don't be there once.
- He'd just buy himself a new coat.
He's been wearing this one
for seven years.

- What makes you think he won't anyway?
- Well, if he did, it...
That would be awful, wouldn't it?
Yes, it is. I know.
You go along thinking tomorrow
something wonderful's gonna happen.
You're not gonna be
alone anymore.
And then one day
you realize it's all over.
You're out of circulation.
It all happened, and you didn't
even know when it happened.
Well, when that day comes,
we'll move in together
and keep cats.
I don't like cats.
I like men, and so do you.
Excuse me.
Reference.
Miss Watson.
Bunny? Alice. Mr. Cutler's
on his way down to see you.
He is? Thanks, Alice.
Thanks a lot.
He's on his way down.
Where's my lipstick?

Darn!

Where'd it get to?

Peg. Peg,

where's your lipstick?

I'll get it.

No, no, wait a minute.

Here's mine.

Mike's on his way to see me.

Here's your dough. Get out.

See me payday.

- Did you hear anything I said?

- Yes, darling, I heard every word.

But I'm the faithful-as-a-bird-dog type.

I can't be devious.

All right, Lassie.

But when he disappears, remember,
you heard it on this channel first.

Ohh...

- Hello, Bunny.

- Hello, Mike.

Just a little something

I took out on approval.

I approve heartily.

Makes your eyes look green and sexy.

That's what the girl

who waited on me said,

but I thought she

was just trying to make a sale.

She was. She just happened

to be speaking the truth.

Mike, for the 500th time,

there's a glass wall behind you.

Who do you think you're kidding?

Everybody knows you haven't

got a brain in your head.

The only way you keep your job

is by being nice to me.

- Well, a girl has to work.

- Work? Oh, yes, work.

Bunny, take a look

at this financial report I drew up.

I didn't wanna turn it in

until you had a look at it.

Sure. I'd be glad to.

Take a look at projected expenditures.
See if they look all right.
Yes, I will.
I don't know how I'd manage
without you, Bunny.
I've missed you.
Feels like I haven't seen you in years.
A week ago Monday.
Well, the, uh, annual
board meeting is coming up,
and the boys upstairs have been moving
in on me, putting on the pressure.
Oh, it's just
their annual war dance.
I don't know why I get so nervous.
I've been here long enough,
you'd think I wouldn't let it get me.
Mmm. They do that to you.
- It's what I said before.
- Hmm?
Their annual war dance.
Oh.
Every year they have the same dance.
By the way, they're having that dance
at the country club on the...
You just happened
to mention it one day.
That's right.
Good memory.
You're terrific.
No, it's just that I associate certain
things with certain... other things.
I should have asked you sooner.
You didn't make
another date, I hope.
N... Uh... oh.
L- I'd better look that up.
- When did you say that was?
- The 12th.
That's on a, um, Saturday.
Mm-hmm.
Ah. As it happens,
I find I am free on that evening.
Good. Good.

Then you'll come?

I'd love to, Mike.

Oh, I'd better mark that down

so that I don't forget it.

Yes, you'd better do that.

We'll have fun.

Lots of fun.

Mike, if you don't get out of here,

I'll never get this done.

Yes, ma'am.

Give that a good going-over
and send it up this afternoon.

Or better yet,

why don't you bring it up?

I'll send it up.

All right. Don't forget, we'll drive up
to the club on the 11 th.

- The 12th, Mike.

- 11 th. You're coming for the weekend.

- I am?

- You are.

Oh.

Then if it snows,

we can get in some skiing.

And if it doesn't,

we can just sit in front of the fire...
and talk.

- Hmm?

- Mmm.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Bye, girls. Always a pleasure seeing
your freshly scrubbed, smiling faces.
Remember our motto: Be on time, do
your work, be down in the bar at 5:30.
Coffee break. Better hurry
if we want to get a seat.

Peg.

- Save a seat for me. I'll be right down.

- Okay.

Oh, Peg! He asked me!

Finally, he asked me!

Oh, Bunny! Bunny, I'm so glad!

- Did you set the date?

- Well, it was always on the 12th of...

- Date for what?

- The wedding.

What wedding?

He invited me to the dance.

For heaven's sake,

what'd you expect me to think?

"Oh, Peg, he asked me!

Finally, he asked me!"

Well, he also invited me

for the weekend, Peg.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have

just listened to another episode...

in the life of Bunny Watson,

spare tire.

Ohh!

Ohh!

Reference.

Miss Watson.

Let me jot that down.

Yes. Yes, I'm positive

we've got that.

Hold on a minute, please.

Oh, dry up.!

I'll take the call.

- Who's that?

- Sumner.

Oh. Thank you.

Hello. Reference department.

Sumner speaking.

I'm afraid Miss Saylor isn't here

at the moment. Can I help you?

What's that?

Uh, wait just a minute

till I get a pencil, please.

All right, shoot.

Well, l...

I mean, would you mind

repeating that?

Reduced, yes.

Black velvet, strapless.

With what kind of a scarf?

Puce?

I know how to spell it...

P- U-C-E.

Right.

I'll tell her

as soon as she comes in.

Thanks a lot.

Miss Watson, w-who is this?

There she is.

She's our trademark.

She's been with the company

since it first started 36 years ago.

Huh.

I'm not surprised

you didn't recognize her.

- She's changed her hair.

- Aha.

Yes, I do have it. I'll send it down

by messenger. You're welcome.

Uh, Miss Watson,

are you free for lunch?

- Lunch? Me and you?

- Yes. Why?

Is there some company policy

that prohibits two people...

No. No, no, no.

Uh, I'll check

my appointment book.

Fine.

I just remembered.

I'm free.

Oh, good, good. I've got a lot

of questions to ask you.

Lunch is as good a time as any

to get 'em over with.

- Quarter of one all right?

- Fine.

- I'll pick you up here.

- Good.

Say, Sadie, what time is it?

Oh. Hmm. Thanks.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- You being stood up?

- Your guess is as good as mine.

- All I know is, I'm starved.

- Good.

If he takes you to the Pavilion,
try the chicken with truffles.

- I hear it's marvelous.

- Poulard truffee.

I may eat myself
right into next week.

- Take your time. I'll mind the store.

- Okay.

Hello, Miss Watson.

Am I late? Sorry.

I was beginning to think
I'd misunderstood you.

Oh, no, no, no. Come on.

Uh, tell me, Miss Watson,
what training

have you had for your job?

Well, a college education,
and after that

a library course at Columbia.

I was gonna take a PhD,
but I ran out of money.

Is this an interview? I mean, I would've
had my hair done or something.

No, no, no.

Just getting the vital statistics.

- Down?

- No, thank you.

Continue.

Well, my parents were both teachers
in the public school system,
so we didn't
have much money.

Um, I've read every New York newspaper
backward and forward...
for the past 15 years.

Mm-hmm.

I don't smoke. I only drink champagne
when I'm lucky enough to get it.

My hair is naturally natural.

I live alone.

- And so do you.

- How do you know that?

Because you're wearing

one brown sock and one black one.

You're right!

If you lived with anybody,

they would've told you.

That's one of the advantages of living
alone... nobody tells you anything.

- Up?

- Yes, yes. Thank you, thank you.

Nice place.

I found it the other day

when I was in the building.

- Have you been up here before?

- Many times... in July.

Lunch.

Now, we have, uh, roast beef

and ham and cheese.

- You can have your choice.

- Oh.

A picnic.

Ideal place for concentration.

Isn't it?

No waiters, no people, no telephones.

No central heating.

- Plenty of hot coffee.

- Mmm.

Have a seat.

Thank you...

Oh.

Now, I have a kind of

a personality questionnaire here.

Some of these questions

may seem a little silly to you,

but you'd be surprised what they

indicate about general intelligence...

and adaptability and so forth.

And they may also be a bit

of a tease for your memory.

Oh. A tease, huh?

Just answer the question,

you know, without, uh, dw...

- Don't dwell on the question.

- Mm-mmm. I won't.

"Uh, often when we meet people

for the first time,

"some physical characteristic strikes us.

What is the first thing you notice in a person?"

Whether the person is male or female.

Uh, this is a little mathematical problem.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, uh, celery and olives?

Four olives, three pieces of celery.

- Right.

- Uh-huh.

Uh, that doesn't happen to be the question.

Oh.

Now, "A train started out at Grand Central...

"with 17 passengers aboard and a crew of nine.

"At 125th Street four got off and nine got on.

"At White Plains, three got off and one got on.

"At Chappaqua nine got off and four got on.

"And at each successive stop thereafter...

"nobody got off, nobody got on till the train reached its next-to-the-last stop,

"where five people got off and one got on.

Then it reached the terminal."

That's easy.

Eleven passengers and a crew of nine.

Uh, w...

That's not the question.

I'm sorry.

"How many people got off at Chappaqua?"

Nine.

- That's correct.

- Yes, I know.

Uh, would you mind telling me

how you arrived at that conclusion?
Spooky, isn't it?
Did you notice that there are also
nine letters in "Chappaqua"?
Are you in the habit of
associating words...
with the number of letters in them?
I associate many things
with many things.
I see. Hmm.
Aren't you going to ask me how many
people got off at White Plains? Three.
But there are ten letters
in White Plains.
No. Eleven.
But only three got off there.
You see, I've only ever
been to White Plains...
three times in my whole life.
Well, supposing you'd
only been there twice.
But I wasn't.
I was there three times.
Aren't you gonna ask me
how many people got on at Croton Falls?
There is no Croton Falls
mentioned at all in the question.
No, but it is
the next-to-the-last stop on that line.
Anyway, one.
- Aren't you cold?
- No, no, don't worry. I never get cold.
Now, do you notice anything unusual
about the following sentence?
"Able was I, ere I saw Elba."
Um, no.
But...
I doubt that Napoleon
ever said anything like that.
Unless you mean because it's spelled
the same way backward and forward.
Is that what you meant?
What do they call it? A...
A palindrome.

Mmm. I know another.

"Madam, I'm Adam."

I doubt if he ever said that.

Now, I have

three telephone numbers.

I'm going to repeat them just once.

- See if you can repeat them after me.

- Mm-hmm.

- Are you ready?

- Yeah.

Plaza 2-3391.

Hmm.

Murray Hill 3-1099.

Plaza 2-3931.

Tough question?

Mm-mmm.

Tough roast beef.

Plaza 2-3391.

Murray Hill 3-1099.

And Plaza 2-3931.

Would you mind

telling me how you arrived at that?

First is Plaza 2 with

the year of the bank panic reversed.

The second one is Murray Hill 3...

with, uh, 33 years after

the date of the Norman conquest.

And the last one is Plaza 2...

with the number

the same as the first,

second and third digits transposed.

Except that there's something

terribly wrong with that question.

Mmm, really?

I don't think there is

any Plaza 2 exchange.

Mm-hmm.

"What, if anything,

is, uh, wron..."

- Well, I guess we can skip that.

- Mmm.

Whew.

Now, before asking you

the next question,

I must advise you
it contains a trick.
In order to see into the trick,
I give you two words of advice:
Never assume.
Don't worry. I won't.
- Are you ready?
- Mm-hmm.
"A detective
broke into an apartment,
"found Harry and Grace
lying on the floor, dead.
Mm-hmm.
"Beside them was
a small pool of water...
"and some fragments
of broken glass.
"Above them, on a sofa
looking down at them, was a pet cat,
"his back arched.
"The detective concluded,
without further investigation,
"that the victims had died
of strangulation.
How was this conclusion possible?"
Never assume, hmm?
Never assume.
Yeah, well,
the only thing
I'm assuming is that, uh,
Harry and Grace were...
Hey.
Were Harry and Grace...
Oh, no, it's too silly.
Were Harry and Grace goldfish?
No. They weren't.
They were rare tropical fish.
Like you.
How did your machine
do on this test?
No machine can evaluate...
How'd you happen
to ask that question?
Oh, I did a little research on you.

- Oh.

- Mm-hmm.

You were born in Columbus, Ohio
on May 22. That makes you a Gemini.
You're a graduate of M.I.T.
With a PhD in Science.
You're a Phi Beta Kappa,
although you don't wear your key,
which means either
that you're modest or that you lost it.
You spent World War II
in Greenland...
working on something so top secret
that even I couldn't find out about it.
You're one of the leading exponents of
the electronic brain in this country...
and the inventor of an electronic
brain machine called EMMARAC...
the Electromagnetic Memory and Research
Arithmetical Calculator.
That's all I found out so far,
but I only had half an hour.
A very rare tropical fish.

Thank you.

Did you ever see
one of these electronic brains work?

- EMMARAC, for example?

- Yeah. Yeah.

Just this morning, as a matter of fact,
I saw a demonstration at I BM.

Oh? Did you see it
translate Russian into Chinese?

Yeah. I saw it do everything.

Frightening.

Gave me the feeling
that maybe, just maybe,
people were
a little bit outmoded.

Mmm. Wouldn't surprise me a bit
if they stopped making them.

Thanks, Don.

Hello, Smithers.

- Say, Miss Watson...

- How's everything in Legal?

You haven't been to see me for a long time. Isn't there any new gossip?

None of the vice presidents getting divorces or anything?

No. But I heard...

I heard something that concerns you, personally.

- You did?

- Yeah.

You haven't heard I'm engaged to be married, have you?

No! Are you?

No. And if you ever hear anything like that, you come and tell me right away.

And be sure you get the name of the man too.

I, uh...

- I was down in Personnel this morning.

- You were where?

- Personnel. On the ninth floor.

- Oh.

And while I was in there, they sent down from Mr. Azae's office for your...

for your personnel file.

- They did?

- Yeah.

And you know, when they send for those personnel folders, it generally means they're adding up the severance pay.

I didn't want to worry you or anything, Miss Watson.

Oh. Oh, no.

I know you didn't.

- Just thought I ought to tell you.

- Yeah, thanks.

Yeah. Anytime.

I thought you'd never get back.

Do you know what Richard Sumner's doing?

Yeah. He's up on the roof feeding the pigeons.

- No, do you know what he's doing here?

- What?

He's trying to replace us all

with a mechanical brain!
He's under special assignment
to Azae...
to see if EMMARAC
can be adapted to this department.
- That means the end of us all!
- Peg, Peg, calm down.
No machine can do our job.
That's what they said in Payroll.
- Did he design the machine in Payroll?
- Yes!
And as soon as it was installed,
half the department disappeared!
Well, the machine in Payroll
is just a calculator.
They can't build a machine
to do our job.
There are too many
cross-references in this place.
I'd match my memory against
any machine's any day, and yours.
Now, Peg,
the worst thing that can happen...
is for us to get panicky.
- So let's not tell Ruthie and Sylvia.
- Not tell them?
They're at union headquarters right now
to see if there's a law against this.
There is a law against it.
There's my phone.
- Don't lose it. It's my only copy.
- Yes, Miss Watson.
Thank you.
- Hi, Kenny.
- Hi.
Mr. Sumner,
here's that file you wanted.
They asked if you'd please return it
to Personnel as soon as you're finished.
Thank you.
Reference department.
Miss Blair.
Sylvia? Cathy.
Coffee break. Coming down?

Well, uh, no.
Not under the present
sign of the zodiac.
You see, uh, Gemini
is at war with Sagittarius,
and this means that all signs
are hostile at the present...
and continued alertness
should be the order of the day.
Oh. The brain is there, hmm?
Well, see you later.
You're quite welcome.
Call us anytime.
Costello department.
Miss Reference speaking.
I mean, Miss Reference Department.
Costell...
Oh, you know what I mean.
The traditional Thanksgiving song?
Well, one of them is
"Over the River and Through the Woods."
- Bunny.
- What?
Mike Cutler's waiting in your office
for you. With flowers, yet.
- How do I look?
- Too good for him.
If any of you have questions,
you'd better get them together.
I'm leaving at 4:00
to have my hair done.
Oh.
Mike.
They're lovely.
You're an angel.
You'd, uh...
Better read the card first.
Oh.
- We're not going.
- I'm sorry.
And you're all packed too.
- Where?
- Chicago.
- When?

- Tonight.

When you work for a network,
you have to expect...

This sort of thing.

Can't say I'm not used to it.

- We didn't make it last year either?

- Miami.

I remember

because you, uh...

you brought me back a bikini.

It was awfully flattering of you, Mike.

I'm sick about it, Bunny,

but I couldn't say to Azae,

"I'm sorry, but I can't go with you
because I have a date with Bunny."

- You're going with Azae?

- Uh-huh.

He could've asked Pendleton or North
or half a dozen other guys.

But he didn't. Just me.

I think you're moving up, boy.

Thanks to you. That financial report
had a lot to do with this.

I got quite a few compliments on it.

Remind me to louse it up next year.

Here.

For a rising young executive.

Bunny, why don't you drive
out to the airport with me?

Oh...

no, um,

I don't think so.

All those people
flying away, and...

me just sitting there, sitting.

No, I don't think so.

Well, I guess I'll...

I'll leave a light burning
in the window for you.

It won't have to burn long.

I'll be back before Christmas.

Look for me in your stocking.

- Bye, Mike.

- Good-bye, Bunny.

Hey.! Let me out.!

- Who's that?

- Sumner.!

Oh, dear.

I didn't know you were still there.

I thought you'd gone home

hours ago.

- I'm sorry.

- Oh, thanks. Thanks.

I, uh, I got up there
behind the book stall.

I was reading.

I didn't realize how late it was.

Thanks.

Here, let me help you.

Oh, that's nice.

Thank you very much.

Oh. Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Hello, Smithers.

- Ah. Very pretty flowers.

- Thank you.

You going away for the weekend?

- No, just home.

- Oh.

I was going to wish you better weather,
but if you're just going home...

there's really no reason
to do so, is there?

Ohh!

- I'll get a taxi.

- Oh, wait a minute, Mr. Sumner.

- Which way are you going?

- 75th, just off Lexington.

Oh, well,

I can give you a lift, if you like.

My wife is picking me up
in the car.

Her mother came in today from
Chattanooga, and Myra had to meet her.

Oh, you sure

we won't be putting you out?

Oh, no, no, no.

We go across the Triboro Bridge.

- That'd be wonderful.

- Oh, there's Myra now!

- Let me help you.

- Thank you.

Hey, Myra! Myra!

Bradley Smithers,

I've been around this block six times!

Hello, Mother Hewitt.

You don't mind dropping a couple
of my coworkers, do you?

- Oh, Brad!

- All right. Come on!

- This is Miss Watson.

- How do you do?

- Oh, then you must be Mr. Cutler.

- No. Sumner.

- Sum... I thought you told me she was...

- Ixnay, ixnay.

Here, Mother.

Flowers! Oh, thank you, son!

They're lovely!

Oh, but, Mother...

Here we are.

Here we go.

Here we go.

Here we are.

- Thanks.

- Thank you very much!

- Thank you, Mr. Smithers.

- You're quite welcome.

- And have a nice weekend.

- We'll have a lovely time.

- You too.

- Thanks. We will.

Good night.

- Wait a minute!

- What?

Wrong bag.

This is hers.

Oh, for Pete's sake! Billy, you gave him
your grandmother's bag!

- I'm awfully sorry!

- Here, take this bag.

- Terribly sorry.

- Close that door! We're getting soaked!
Oh, will you shut up!
Do you live
anywhere near here?
As a matter of fact,
I live a little farther up Lexington.
But I wanted to get out here
so I wouldn't spoil Smithers's fun.
No, it's full.
Darling, you'll never get a cab.
Maybe I can get one
up at the corner.
We're gonna be the top item
on the Grapevine Gazette anyway,
so come on up and eat with me.
- Oh, no, I don't want to be any...
- Don't be silly. Come on.
- Sure it won't be any bother?
- Not a bit. Not a bit.
It's no trouble at all.
I have plenty of food in the freezer.
It's no trouble at all.
I have plenty of food in the freezer.
Just put those down anywhere.
Ah, nice place.
You'll catch pneumonia if I don't
get you out of those wet things.
What would you suggest
I change to... your pajamas?
No, I have just the thing.
Come on.
It's not that I'm living with a man who
happens to be out of town at the moment.
It's just that I do
my Christmas shopping early.
Let me see.
One of these is a man's robe.
Here it is.
Ah, yes.
What's the matter?
I was just thinking
Smithers would love this.
You can change in there.
Try not to get it wet.

- I have to give it to somebody else.
- Yes, ma'am.
I don't know what we'll do
about your feet.
I didn't buy anybody slippers.
What about my galoshes?
Goulash? Oh, great.!

- Mr. Sumner!
- Yes?
Do you mind if I ask you
a very important question?
No, no.
Go ahead.
How do you like your chicken fried?
I never heard of it
being made with chicken.
- What?
- Goulash.
What about goulash?
What did you say?
I said, how do you
like your chicken fried?
I said, I never heard of it
being made with chi...
- Are we going to have fried chicken?
- Yeah.
Oh, that's even better.
I like that better.
Better than what?
Goulash.
Oh. Well, yeah.
So do I.
This dinner is white tie, isn't it?
White tie and bathrobe.
Now, how do you like
your chicken fried?
Well, salt and pepper mixed in
with the flour, throw it in a paper bag,
toss in the chicken, shake it up.
How would you like me
to show you how to make it?
I'd like it very much.
Right in there, off the living room.
I'll be right with you.

Mmm.

Mm-mmm.

I'm sorry I can't offer you
any more chicken.

Next time, have three.

I must say, it's very special.

What's your secret?

Oh, a great chef never divulges.

There's another secret
that I'm much more interested in...
your report to Mr. Azae
on my department.

Don't know about that yet.

Then you admit that
no machine can do our work.

You and EMMARAC have something
in common... you're single-minded.

You go on relentlessly
trying to get the answer...
to whatever it is
you're trying to get the answer to.

What does she do when
she doesn't get the answer?

Mmm, very sensitive.

If she becomes frustrated, her whole
magnetic circuit is liable to go out.
Something like that is happening to me.

Say, do you smell
something burning?

No, no... Oh, I think
that's your kitchen.

- You need a new ventilator.

- Oh.

Are you serving dessert, ma'am?

And if so, what?

- I'm serving floating island.

- Floating island?

Yeah.

I wonder who that could be.

Uh, would you like me
to go into the...

Oh, don't be ridiculous.

We're a couple of adults.

- I'll get the dessert.

- Thank you. It's in the icebox.
- Mike!
- Hiya, Bunny.
Planes are all grounded.
How do you like that?
For heaven's sake.
- Raining here and snowing in Chicago.
- My, you don't say.
I know it's late,
but aren't you going to invite me in?
Oh, sure.
Sure, go on in.
Ah! Dinner and a fire going.
How lucky can a guy get?
You two know each other, don't you?
- Sure.
- Mm-hmm.
Just having dessert.
Won't you join us? There's plenty.
- Just coffee.
- Sit down.
I'll, uh... I'll get another cup.
Won't be a second.
I, uh, suppose I should
have called first.
Yes. Do that next time.
Uh, did I miss something?
No, no, Mr. Cutler was saying that he
should have phoned before dropping in.
I said that I thought
perhaps he should have, too.
Thank you.
It never occurred to me
that anybody'd be here.
Thank you.
Still, uh...
Still raining out, Cutler?
Why, Sumner? Are you
waiting for it to stop?
No. No, no. Sugar?
- Cream?
- No.
You know, being
this civilized is ridiculous.

I mean, this looks
fairly primitive to me,
unless, of course,
there's some other explanation.

- Other than what?

- Oh, uh, it's very easy to explain.
I hope so. It looks pretty odd.
I am beginning to get mad.
You are beginning to get mad?
What right had you to come barging in,
making noises like an outraged bull?
I wasn't making noises. I was thinking
them, but I wasn't making them.

- Well, they were...

- Oh, come on. Come on.
After all, it is
very simple to explain.
If there's going to be any explanation,
I'd like to get it from Bunny.

- Nothing here needs explaining.
- Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!
I've never been in
such an idiotic position.
Now, after all, it was raining outside.
I got caught in the rain,
and Bunny... that is, Miss Watson...
invited me upstairs to get dry.
The robe is not mine. It was just a
Christmas present she happened to get...
for some fellow who has
the initials M. C... M.C.!

Well, like it?
I hope you do.
I can't take it back.
I embroidered those initials myself.

- You going to eat your floating island?
- I certainly am.
Mmm. Delicious.

- I don't get it.
- Absolutely delicious.
I don't get it.
You're not the Bunny I know at all.
No, I'm not.
You think I'm just an old coat in your

closet. That shows how much you know.
There's a constant stream of men
in and out of here.
I can't get them out of my hair.
See? There's another one.
Shall Cutler and I go into the bedroom,
or are we all three adults here?
Oh, shut up. Come on in! Come in!
Hello.
What are you doing here?
You're supposed to be
on your way to Chic...
I don't know what
you're supposed to be.
I got caught in the rain.
Well, I guess I better
put my clothes on.
I left them in the bedroom.
Oh, I'm sorry, Bunny.
As a matter of fact,
I left them in the bathroom.
- Peg, would you mind?
- Oh, not at all.
Do I smell something burning?
The kitchen needs a new ventilator.
I should've called before I dropped in,
but the last thing I expected...
If you're going on about how
the last thing you expected...
was to find me
with a man, any man...
Don't, Bunny. That's unfair.
If I thought like that about you,
why would I always be hanging around?
I'm kind of puzzled
about that myself.
- We've known each other for six years.
- Seven.
And it's been a fine relationship,
no strings on either of us.
Yeah, that's for certain.
And I've learned to depend
on you for many things...
your warmth, your wit,

your understanding.
You've become a part of my life.
That's why I want to ask you this.
What, Mike?
Don't let our relationship be destroyed
by what happened here tonight.
I was wrong in coming in like that.
I was wrong for taking it for granted
that you'd be here all...
No, I won't say that again.
Look, let's not talk any more tonight.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Oh, come to think about it, I won't.
I'll be in Chicago.
Well, I'll call you
first chance I get.
- Good night, Bunny.
- Night, Mike.
All clear?
You can tell those five other guys
they can come out from under the bed.
- Who belongs to these?
- Ohh!
You do not need a new ventilator.
You don't know anyone
who would like to buy...
a man's robe with
the initials M.C.?
I'm selling one real cheap.
Will someone please fill me in?
Well, you see, Peg, it all started
with Mr. Smithers's mother-in-law.
She... She came up
from Chattanooga.
It was Chattanooga,
was it not, madame?
- Chattanooga, Tennessee.
- Chattanooga, Tennessee.
It was raining.
There was a kid in the front seat
with a lollipop,
a kid in the back seat
with a lollipop and a dog.
And good evening.

I've had a lovely time.

#Hark, the herald angels sing #

Glory to the newborn king

#Peace on earth and mercy mild #

God and sinners reconciled

Are you sure you want this mistletoe
right over the door?

Certainly. Then if anything good
drifts in, we can grab him.

- Why don't you wear it in your hair?

- Along about 3:

That's the spirit. Now, this may be
the last Christmas party...

we're going to throw here,
so let's make it a lulu.

- Before lunch?

- Before lunch, for lunch, after lunch.

What is the company policy
here at Christmas?

Anything goes, as long as
you don't lock the doors.

Reference. Merry Christmas.

Miss Costello.

Yeah, sure, I can.

You got a pencil?

Would you please write it down
and file it away someplace?

Every year, you people ask
for the same information.

Dasher, Prancer, Dancer and Vixen,
Cupid, Comet, Donder and Blitzen.

- You're welcome.

- They're running true to form.

About 4:

complete text of A Visit From St. Nick.

- Merry Christmas, everybody!

- Merry Christmas.!

Ruthie, grab these before

I drop them all. Thanks.

Oh, the tree looks wonderful. I told you
the old-fashioned kind are prettiest.

That's the food,

and this is for laughs.

- I've had a couple of laughs already.

- Who hasn't?

- More Christmas cards.

- Oh, thanks.

Oh, hey. Wait a second.

From the reference department to you.

Hey, thanks. Gee, thanks, everybody,
and Merry Christmas.

- Same to you, Kenny.

- Wait a second, Kenny.

- Did they give you anything in Legal?

- No.

Well, the mail boy we had last year,
I told him to go over...

and make a big show of what
we gave him, and it worked.

They met our figure.

Wait a second.

And do you have
a nice, crisp \$5 bill?

Yeah. Well, add that to it.

Catch on?

Come back to our party later.

- Ladies, the cups!

- Happy New Year! The cups, the cups.

- Come on, Fred, hurry up.

- Go ahead. I'll join you down there.

Right.

I'm expecting Miss Warriner
from my lab.

She'll be asking for me. Will you send
her over to Reference when she comes?

Yes, Mr. Sumner.

I'll be glad to.

You ought to drink
a little something for those hiccups.

Thank you, sir.

I will.

Hey, wait a minute. I may need that.

Reference. Miss Watson.

Merry Christmas. Oh, yes. Indeed, I can.

- Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen...

- Oh, no!

Donder and Blitzen.
No. It's a pleasure.
Give me my bottle, quick.
What do you suppose it'll be like here
next Christmas when we're gone?
Do you think EMMARAC
will throw a party?
Don't talk that way.
It's bad luck. It's Christmas!
It's Christmas.
If we do get canned, we won't be
the only ones to lose our jobs...
because of a machine.
I understand thousands of people
are being replaced by electronic brains.
Hey! Look, this one's
from Mildred Pittinger.
- She had your job, Ruthie.
- I know what it is.
It's a picture of herself
and her husband.
- Ooh!
- Oh!
- They had a baby!
- Oh, it's cute.
- All babies are cute.
- Let's drink to Mildred's baby.
- Mildred's baby!
- Merry Christmas, ladies.
Merry Christmas.!
Yeah, it is my great pleasure
to inform you...
that the party over in Legal has started
and that you're all invited.
Let's go!
I love Legal. It's all men.
- Shall we?
- I'll take my champagne.
They won't have any in Legal.
Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh #
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way #
Bells on bob-tail ring

Bells on bob-tail ring

Hello?

Uh, Santa Claus's reindeer?

Uh, uh, why, yes, I can.

Uh, uh, let me see, now,

there's Dopey, Sneezzy,

Grouchy, Happy, Sleepy,

uh, Rudolph and Blitzen.

You're welcome.

Oh... Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

I was in earlier asking for you,

but you were late this morning.

I know, but it's all right.

I brought a note from my mother.

Nothing very much gets done

around here today, does it?

Oh, well, we never work here anyway.

This is our playpen.

But if you're planning to work,

the budget is over there on the desk.

- Ruthie finished it.

- Thank you.

You're welcome.

If you're gonna read our budget,

why don't you let us read your report?

My report?

Oh, I've already sent that in.

- Oh, have you?

- Uh-huh.

Oh, there you are.

I was looking all over for you.

I came in here

to find something.

Oh, I remember what...

my other bottle of champagne.

If you take that champagne to Legal,

you won't even get another swallow.

That's right.

Maybe I'd better drink it right here.

- Join me, Peg?

- Certainly.

How does champagne go with Four Roses,

scotch, Martinis and Bloody Marys?

Oh, fine. They're all
the same base... alcohol.
Pull up a chair, Peg,
and rest your hands and face.
What year is that? "1947."
It was a good year.
Not for me, it wasn't.
It was the year of the blizzard...
remember?
I spent Christmas Eve
in a subway station at Canal Street.
Aw. Hey, you know,
that reminds me.
Just as I was getting off
the Mexican Avenue bus last night...
What's so funny?
The Mexican Avenue bus.
You mean the "Mexington" Avenue bus,
don't you?
Ha! So I do!
And here was this
brand-new Coupe de Ville...
with the most attractive-looking
gray-haired man in it.
And he slowly drove around
the block three times,
and I could tell by the way
he was looking at me...
that if I had been
any other kind of a girl,
it would have been the start
of a very beautiful romance.
More power to you.
You may be lonely,
but more power to you.
It has usually been my experience...
when a car cruises
around the block slowly,
it has usually been my experience...
that they are mostly
just looking for a place to park.
Peg...
did you know that
our Mr. Sumner...

also lives on
the Mexican Avenue bus?
Oh, no.
Oh, Peg.
Peg, come...
Can't you just see him
standing there...
in his serape and bare feet,
holding on to the strap?
They're gone for the day.
- Have some tequila, Peg.
- I don't think I should.
There are 85 calories
in a glass of champagne.
Ohh. I have a little place in my
neighborhood where I can get it for 65.
Hey. EMMARAC.
Would you stop fussing that budget
for a minute and answer a question?
- Sure.
- Just for kicks.
You don't have to answer it
if you don't want to.
I mean, don't dwell on the question,
but I warn you there's a trick in it.
If six Chinamen get
off a train at Las Vegas,
and two of them are found
floating face down in a goldfish bowl,
and the only thing they can find to
identify them are 2 telephone numbers...
one, Plaza 0-0000,
and the other, Columbus 0-1492...
what time did the train
get to Palm Springs?
Now, would you mind telling me
how you happened to get that?
Well, there are 11 letters
in Palm Springs.
You take away two Chinamen,
that leaves nine.
You're a sketch, Mr. Sumner.
You're not so bad yourself.
- Would you like some champagne?

- Thank you.
Just fill it right up to top.
Fine. Thank you.
Now, drink it all down.
It's very good for you.
Oh, good. Now you can have
your Christmas present.
Here, from
the reference department to you.
Well, thanks.
Just a little something
we all thought you'd like.
It opens this way.
Well...
Those are your college colors,
aren't they?
Uh-huh. Well, if I had known that,
I would have worn my freshman cap.
- This is six feet long.
- Have you seen this, Peg?
Yes. Just handsome.
Good wool in that.
I really had to do
some stepping to find it.
There doesn't seem to be much demand
for that kind of thing.
- I don't know what to say.
- Just Merry Christmas is all.
Merry Christmas.
And peace on earth
to men of good will, too.
- Bunny!
- Mike!
Uh...
- When did you get back?
- Just got off the plane.
I told you I'd make it back
by Christmas. Hiya, Peg!
Hi! The party started early this year.
The gang's over in Legal.
We'll see you. These presents
are for the office. Here.
Ooh! Thank you.
I'll put them under the tree.

- Hello, Cutler.
- Merry Christmas, Sumner.
Merry Christmas to you, Cutler.
I like that hat.
I like that suit.
You should wear it more often.
Aren't you going to
introduce me to Harvey?
Oh, he's better
than Harvey. Watch.
Mike, that's wonderful.
Where did you find it? Come on in my
office. I want to give you your present.
Act surprised.
- Did you say something?
- Who, me?
Oh!
Good heavens and Earth.
Here.
Does, um, he hang around here
all the time?
- All the time.
- Mmm.
Aw, no. Not today.
- To us.
- To us.
- Ahh!
- Here's yours.
- Whew!
- Here's yours.
- It's smaller. Open yours first.
- Should I?
Oh...
Oh, Mike! The earrings!
Oh! They're so beautiful
with the ring.
- You like them?
- Oh, they're lovely!
- You like them?
- You are an angel. Oh, thank you.
I can't give you yours now.
It's just too silly.
As long as it's not a robe.
Well, it's as far away from a robe, Mike,

as I could possibly get.

Thank you.

Bongo drums!

How did you know?

There was a sign over them: "For the man who has absolutely everything."

- Have I?

- Uh, has he?

- Bunny.

- Hmm?

I had a chance to do some thinking in Chicago.

- Did you enjoy it?

- Well, let's face it.

The whole company's had us married for seven years anyway.

Well, they succeeded where I failed.

Oh, go away.

- I'm sorry, Miss Watson.

- Oh, it's you.

I guess your phone is out of order.

I've been taking your calls.

There is someone called

"Take home the loot."

They would like to know

the name of Scrooge's partner,

uh, Scrooge's first name...

and how many brothers and sisters

did Tiny Tim have?

Oh, yes, and Azae's office has been calling. They want you right away.

- When did they call?

- A few minutes ago.

Why didn't you... Oh, never mind.

Take that, will you?

- I'll see you later, Bunny. Dinner?

- Yes. Yes.

Good.

#Jingle bells, jingle bells #

#Jingle all the way #

Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one-horse open sleigh

Oh, the beat-beat-beat

of the tom-tom #

#When the jungle shadows fall #
Like the tick-tick-tock
of the stately clock #
#As it stands against the wall #
Like the drip-drip-drip
of the raindrops #
#When the summer shower is through #
#And the voice within me
keeps repeating #
#You, you, you #
Night and day
da-la-dum-da #
- Bon voyage!
- Good-bye. Good-bye!
Is this your first
Mediterranean cruise?
- Yes. But don't tell anybody.
- Why not?
- 'Cause I'm the captain.
- Oh.
Well, I'll help you steer.
I'm independently wealthy, you know.
I've made this cruise often.
Yes. Something about the way you wear
that pencil in your hair spells money.
Isn't money a lovely thing? I do hope
they don't take it away from us.
- Who?
- They.
Would you like to sit down?
My deck chair is right next to yours.
Oh, I'm glad because
I've forgotten where mine is.
- It's right here. Right here.
- Thank you, skipper.
Oh, my!
What lovely steamer rugs.
Tell me, skipper,
why have you never married?
Don't you like women?
Oh, yeah. Sure, sure. I like women,
specifically as a sex and specifically.
But not "pacifically"
enough to get married.

Oh, no, no.

That's not it at all.

I just never found anyone willing to put up with me. Except Caroline, of course.

- Would you like more champagne?

- No. What about Caroline, of course?

- Caroline... Caroline was a model.

- Mm-hmm.

- 5'10" in her stockinged feet.

- You had occasion to measure her?

Among other things,

yes, yes.

If it hadn't been

for the war, I...

Uh-oh. You got

a "DearJohn" letter.

No, no, no,

I got dozens of letters, but, uh...

Imagine sitting on an ice cap

in Greenland...

and getting

a six-page letter telling me...

that the women's neckline was

going to go up the following year.

Now, if she'd told me that it was going down, I might have had some reason to...

Then the next letter would be about

the hem skirt was going to be lower.

I don't exactly look like a fellow who's interested in women's fashions, do I?

Not even in men's.

Well, what did you do?

I had a friend who was rejected by the Marines.

He had housemaid's knee, or something was wrong with him.

Anyway, so I asked him to look her up,

and, you know, keep her from being lonely, and he did.

And then I got the "DearJohn" letter.

That was a dirty trick.

What are you talking about?

They're very happily married.

If she never writes him a letter,
he'll never know the difference.

That's not why
you didn't marry Caroline.

The real reason is,
you're in love with someone else.

- No kidding?

- No kidding.

- Who?

- Emily EMMARAC, that's who.

That monster machine you created.

You're in love with her.

She's all you ever think about.

- That's why your socks never match.

- My sock...

My socks match today.

Look.

Why, so they do.

Sure, and they have matched for
some time. You just haven't noticed it.

Oh.

- More champagne?

- No.

- I'll bet you write wonderful letters.

- Bunny.!

Bunny.! You're wanted
on the telephone.!

You're wanted on the telephone.

- Reference. Miss Watson.

- Bunny? Cathy.

Flash:

a vice president. He's on his way down.

Who made him a vice president,

Cath, you?

I should say not.

Mr. Azae did.

- Didn't he?

- He certainly did.

Bunny.! Bunny.

- Come in, Mr. Vice President.

- Isn't it great?

- You deserve it, Mike.

- Oh, Bunny, I could just take off.

When Azae started to talk to me seriously, I thought, "You've had it." The way things have been so mysterious around here. Then it turned out to be a vice presidency. Vice President in charge of all West Coast operations. West Coast? I've ordered two tickets. We're finally going to take that plunge. We leave Tuesday, and be married on the coast. This Tuesday?

- Sure. Why not?

- Well, for one thing, my apartment. Peg can take care of that. Giving away apartments nowadays is like giving away diamonds. Yeah, I know, but there's my job. I can't just walk... I'm a vice president. I transfer you to the West Coast to take care of me.

- Anything else?

- What about the girls, Mike? I can't leave them, not when they're so worried about their jobs. Sorry. I can't help you there. I don't propose to take them on my honeymoon. But they're all invited out to visit us next summer when we have our own house. Our own house! Sounds good, huh?

- What's the matter?

- Nothing, nothing. You threw it at me so fast, I just can't think. What's there to think about? What do you want to do with your life? Marry the Federal Broadcasting Company? Well, don't shout. I'm just trying to make myself heard over those bongo drums! Who's playing them anyway? Sumner, of course.

Who else?

- Well, what's that supposed to mean?

- Oh, Bunny.

I honestly don't know

what you're talking about.

When two people get married, they

don't worry about apartments or jobs.

I had every reason to think

you wanted this just as much as I did.

You had every reason to think

I wanted it twice as much as you did.

Yeah, but now you've changed your mind
for obvious reasons.

All that guff I swallowed

that cozy night at your apartment...

For the love of Pete,

I even apologized to you for that.

And now this I-don't-know-what-

you're-talking-about routine.

I don't know what kind of a game you're
playing, but you've got the wrong boy!

- Mike!

- And after seven years of waiting!

You waited seven years!

Bunny, we're all being taken

to the Plaza for a drink by Richard.

Are we?

- She says yes.

- I'll meet you downstairs.

- Get your hat. You're going, too.

- Right.

- Here we go.

- Good. You all set?

- Uh-huh.

- I'll get my packages.

Mrs. Smithers is going to drive us.

- Mr. Sumner!

- Oh, hello.

- I'm Miss Warriner from your lab.

- Oh?

- You remember me, don't you?

- Of course I remember you.

I had the most awful time finding you.

Things are odd around here today.

Uh, well, yes.

As a matter of fact, Miss Warriner,
I don't think it was a good idea
your coming here today.

What do you say we let this whole thing
go until after Christmas?

You'll get a terribly wrong
impression of the place today.

Oh, I can discount that. I'm just
interested in the physical layout.

We're going to be crowded in here.

We could move this desk forward.

Or maybe leave it where it is
and I could use it for my punch card.

Get away from this desk!

This desk is mine!

What is this, Richard?

What's going to happen here?

Uh, well, you see, Miss Warriner
is an expert in electronics,
and she'll be

in charge of EMMARAC.

She'll be installed here...

That is, of course, EMMARAC
will be installed here on Monday.

According to Mr. Sumner's figures,
it will save, in this department alone,
How ingenious of Mr. Sumner.

Why don't we all go over to the Plaza
and have that drink we were, uh...

Why don't you and Miss EMMARAC
go over and hoist a few?

- Miss Warriner.

- Oh, I am sorry.

- I have such a terrible memory.

- Really?

And you chose to go into reference work
with a bad memory?

Be careful. You're in
the major leagues here. Come on.

Look, uh...

And a very Merry Christmas to you, too.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Somebody say something funny.

I'll do it.

Hello?

Yes. Yes, I can.

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
"when all through the house not a
creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

"The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care...

"in hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there.

"The children were nestled
all snug in their beds,
while visions of sugarplums
danced in their heads."

Good girl. Good girl!

Miss Costello, please!

These doors must be kept closed.

You know how sensitive EMMARAC is
to changes in temperature.

So sorry. Here are the rest
of Bartlett's quotations.

Thank you. Ooh!

Everything's so dusty back there.

One thing we don't like,
don't like at all, is a speck of dust.

Do we, Miss Em?

- Here we are.

- Oh, the door. The door! Please!

- What about the doors?

- You must remember to keep them closed.

Emmy gets pneumonia in a draft.

Oh, Emmy.

Oh, please, Miss Blair, really!

Well, if we do have to leave,
they're sure making it easy for us.

Doesn't Kenny usually
bring our paychecks earlier?

Yes.

- Why is he so late today?

- There's probably something extra in it.

- Like a pink slip, so big.

- And it's very polite.

What it boils down to is, good-bye

and don't slam the door on your way out.

Where's Emmy's mother?

She came in contact with Sylvia,

so she's out scrubbing up.

City Morgue. Can I help you?

Ooh! They hung up.

Ah, there you are.

The complete history of the American buffalo. It, too, is becoming extinct.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- Well, Miss Em is ready to go.

- She's not the only one.

That's the little key that fascinates me, this little red one here.

- We try never to use that key.

- Why not?

It's too technical to explain to the lay mind, but Miss Emmy doesn't like it. She's liable to act up and make a lot of rude noises.

Good morning, ladies. All you boys know Miss Watson, of course.

Well, gentlemen, there she is...

EMMARAC, the modern miracle.

Mr. Sumner, would you mind explaining just...

No, no. Not at all. Miss Warriner, how's everything going?

Miss Emmy is digesting everything just beautifully, Mr. Sumner.

Good, good. Now, gentlemen, the purpose of this machine, of course, is to free the worker...

- You can say that again.

- Uh, to free the worker...

from routine and repetitive tasks...

and liberate his time

for more important work.

Now, for example, you see all those books there and the ones up there?

Every fact in them has been fed into Emmy. Now, what do you have there?

- This is Hamlet.

- That's Hamlet?
- Yes. The entire text.
- In code, of course.
Now, these little cards
create electronic impulses,
which are accepted
and retained by the machine...
so that in the future
if anybody calls up...
and wants a quotation from Hamlet,
the research worker types it
into the machine here,
Emmy goes to work,
and the answer comes out here.
- And it never makes a mistake.
- Well...

Now, that's not entirely accurate.
Emmy can make a mistake.
But only if the human element
makes the mistake first.
Tell me, Bunny, has EMMARAC
been helping you any?
Well, frankly,
it hasn't started to give yet.
For the past two weeks,
we've just been feeding it information.
But I think you could say that it will
provide more leisure for more people.
- Thank you, Miss Watson. Thank you.
- Not at all.
Now, is there any question one of you
gentlemen would like to ask the machine?
- I have a question.
- Oh? What is it?
The spruce bud worm.
How much damage is done annually to the
American forest by the spruce bud worm?
- Ah, Miss Warriner?
- That took me three weeks.
I know. I know.
How much damage...
is done annually
to American forests...
by the spruce bud worm?

What was the answer,

Bunny? Remember?

\$138,464,359...

and, uh, some cents.

Well, now let's see

what Emmy has to say.

\$138,464,359...

and 12 cents.

Now, how long did that take
your department, Miss Watson?

Oh, 45 minutes.

Well, even at that, you can see
that this one operation alone...

- saved your department 44 minutes.

- Good! Great!

And now I want these men to see
the machine we've installed in Payroll.

Well, now, of course, that's an entirely
different operation, you understand.

It's purely mathematical.

It deducts the income taxes,
hospitalization...

- Paychecks, everybody.

- Hi, Kenny.

- Hi.

- Thanks.

- Here you go.

- Mm-hmm.

Me. Ruthie.

Uh, Peg.

Sylvia.

Oh, who's afraid? Come on.

All together, hmm? Oh.

Huh. Not only that, they took out
for Blue Cross again this week.

Well, now that I've got it,
I feel better.

- At least I can stop worrying.

- Sure.

How long does it take before you start
collecting unemployment insurance?

Two weeks.

I looked it up.

Let's not get maudlin. We'll show

this bunch. We'll open our own network.
It's gonna take a moving van
to get me out of here.
Help me, everybody.
When I think of all the junk
I've collected in 11 years.
- I've got some cartons in the back.
- I'll help you.
Where to start?
All that stuff in the desk
is mine personally.
Oh, the coffeepot is mine.
Those books on the top shelf,
I mustn't forget them.
- They're worth an awful lot of... Peg!
- What's the matter?
My philodendron!
- What will I do with my philodendron?
- Yeah, what?
Maybe I oughta dump all the plant food
in and head it toward Emmy.
- Well, here we are.
- Oh, those are great.
Even if we do get other jobs,
we won't be together.
- I'll miss all of you terribly.
- Don't worry, Ruthie.
We'll get together once a year
regularly, like the Ziegfeld girls.
I'd like to see you get that
on the Lexington Avenue bus.
I'll say it's alive
and pay an extra fare.
Oh, there's my phone.
So what?
Shouldn't somebody
be answering the phone?
Yes, dear. Go right ahead.
Hello?
Huh?
Does the king of the what
drive an automobile?
The Watusis. Would you mind
spelling that, please?

W- A-T-U-S-l-S.

Oh.

What are Watusis?

King Solomon's Mines?

Oh, the tall natives
that were in the movie.

And you want to know if the king
drives an automobile?

Where would I find that?

Oh, the Herald Tribune.

Well, just hold on. Hold the phone.

I'll get that for you.

Hello? Yes.

L- I don't quite...

Would you mind repeating that, ple...

Oh, Mr. Sumner, would you mind
taking this, please?

- I'm on the other phone.

- Oh. Sure. Sure. Where is everybody?

- Here we are, Mr. Sumner.

- Huh?

He... Hello.

What is the information you wanted?

Corfu?

All available statistics on Corfu,
Miss Warriner.

Yes, sir.

We're getting that information for you.

Just hang on.

"The Herald Tribune, November 10, 1950,
page 39." What is this?

Oh, I had a question on the other phone
about the king of the Watusis.

That's wrong information.

Hello? Now, uh, what was
the information you wanted?

Peg, Tribune index,
last four back copies.

Let's show him what people can do.

Sylvia, Corfu.

Well, as far as we know, it's the
Herald Tribune, November 10, 1950.

I'll tell you what
you'll get on that date...

a review of the movie

King Solomon's Mines.

- The other phone, Mr. Sumner!

- Hang on. Hang on.

- What's the matter with everybody?

- As if you didn't know.

What... Hello.

Well, ju-just be patient.

We're trying to get

the information for you.

Uh, hang on, will you?

Corfu, Miss Warriner.

- It's coming out now.

- Hang on. Hang on.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

has sent its color cameras and crew...

into Kenya, East Africa, and is coming

up with a whopping good picture."

Yes. I could see

that picture again.

- This is the wrong classification.

- I'm sorry, sir.

How are we doing on Corfu?

"Introduced into England

by William the Conqueror...

A bell rung every evening."

Not "curfew,"

Miss Warriner, "Corfu."

I'm terribly sorry.

I didn't understand the spelling.

Sylvia, give 'em Corfu.

"The island of Corfu is off the coast of

Albania near the mouth of the Adriatic.

Scenery beautiful,

climate pleasant, soil fertile...'"

Let's see what

little Emmy has to say.

- Hello!

- What the devil is this?

It's the poem,

"Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

Isn't that nice?

"Cromwell will not come till sunset,

"and her lips grew strangely white...

"as she breathed the husky whisper,
curfew must not a-ring tonight."

- Mr. Sumner, what can I do?

- Nothing.

You know you can't interrupt EMMARAC
in the middle of a sequence.

- Yes, but, Mr. Sumner...

- Quiet! Just listen.

"She had listened

while the judges read,

"without a tear or sigh,

at the ringing of the curfew,

Basil Underwood must die."

Uh, how long does this go on?

That old poem has

about 80 stanzas to it.

- Where are we now?

- "She has reached the topmost ladder.

"O'er her hangs the great dark bell,

"awful is the gloom beneath her

like the pathway down to hell.

"Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging.

'Tis the hour of curfew now,

"and the sight has chilled her bosom,

stopped her breath and paled her brow.

"Shall she let it ring? No, never!

"Flash her eyes with sudden light,

"as she springs and grasps it firmly...

curfew shall not ring tonight!"

- They hung up, and I know another one.

- I got it.

"Out she swung, far out,

the city seemed a speck of light..."

King Watusi does drive

a specially built 1954 Pontiac.

He bought it with the money he got

making the movie. You're welcome.

' 'There twixt heaven and earth

suspended as the bell swung to and fro,

and her heart..."

Good heavens!

What have you done now?

- I don't know! I don't know!

- There, now, calm down.

You know you have to tell me.
L- I can't fix it unless I know...
I don't know what I did!
I don't know.
- It's your machine, not mine!
- Is this supposed to be smoldering?
- Don't you touch that machine!
- Now, now, stop crying.
Crying won't help it
just because you made a stupid mistake.
- Stupid?
- Yes. Or asinine, if you prefer.
There's nothing wrong
between me and EMMARAC.
Ever since I got here, you've done
nothing but try to sabotage me!
You all hate me!
I've been forced to work in an
atmosphere of hatred and suspicion!
It's all your doing.
You did it!
You did it, and you're
just as bad as they are!
I don't know what I did to the machine!
At this point, I don't care!
I have to stop this thing
and try to figure out what she did.
Would this have something
to do with it?
Yes. Yes. Thanks.
- Has anybody got a little piece of wire?
- How about this?
Oh, that's fine. Fine. Thank you.
I hope he can't fix it.
Peace.
It's wonderful.
The human element...
entirely unpredictable.
- Mr. Sumner, this is for you.
- Me?
Sign here, please.
Well, this is my last pickup.
So I'd better say good-bye.
Oh, Kenny, not you, too!

Did you invent some kind of
a machine that carries mail?

What do you mean?

Isn't anybody going to
answer a telephone?

- You forget. We don't work here anymore.

- You don't work here?

I don't understand.

What did you do?

- Somebody hand me a blunt instrument.

- What did we do?

"Good night, sweet prince."

I'm not even on the payroll!

Wait, let me get this stra...

- Did you all get fired?

- Right.

- Why?

- Why? Why, indeed.

I can tell you what the grapevine says.

- It's that big merger.

- What do you know about the merger?

It's in the afternoon paper.

We're joining with the Atlantic Network.

- So they're letting most of us out.

- I know all about the merger.

That wasn't meant to have people fired.

It was supposed to do just the opposite!

What?

Hello. Get off this line, will ya?

It's urgent. This is Mr. Sumner.

- I want to speak to Azae.

- You want to talk to Mr. Azae?

He's been trying to reach you! What's
the matter with everyone down there?

- Yes?

- Azae, you broke a promise to me.

Do you know everybody

down here in Research has been fired?

The whole darn building's been fired!

That crazy fool machine of yours

in Payroll went berserk this morning...

and gave everybody a pink slip!

No kidding.

Oh, but that... that's impossible.

It's impos...

It just couldn't happen.

All right. Sure.

Sure. Right away.

- What? What?

- EMMARAC down in Payroll. Mistake.

- What mistake?

- It fired everybody in the building.

- Some mistake!

- You mean we're not really fired?

- No, nobody's fired.

- Oh, boy, was that a close shave!

If we're not fired, what's going to happen when EMMARAC takes over?

- Yes, what?

- EMMARAC is not going to take over.

It was never intended to take over.

It was never intended to replace you.

It's here to free your time for research.

It's here to help you.

- Why didn't you say so?

- Because of your darn grapevine.

They didn't want that Atlantic stock to go up while the merger was going.

There's going to be more work here than ever before.

They're putting on a few more girls.

I hope they're as good as you are.

- Moral:

- We'll put your stuff back.

Reference.

Miss Watson speaking.

What? Uh, purely theoretical, of course.

- What? What?

- What is the total weight of the Earth?

- Who wants to know?

- Who wants to know? Promotion.

Well, that's the sort of thing you can spend months finding.

Might as well give her a crack at it.

- Tell him you'll call him back.

- Call you back.

Here we go.

Now, number one.

Okay.

- Now, type it out.

- Um, what is...

the total weight of the Earth?

Now, the totaling key.

Bope-bope-pe-do to you!

What's the matter?

- It's asking you a question.

- What's the question?

"With or without people?"

Good girl.

Good girl.

May I tell you that that is the nicest
compliment EMMARAC has ever received?

You may.

I better go down to Payroll
and see how they're doing.

You wouldn't have another hairpin,
would you, I could use?

- Oh! Yes, indeed. There you are.

- Thank you.

- Hi, Smithers. How are you?

- Huh? Oh! Oh!

I'm all right now,
but it's sure been a nervous morning.

- Aspirin?

- No, thanks.

Hello, Sumner.

Oh!

Smithers, come with us.

Sumner is buying!

I don't want a drink
in the middle of the day.

You can have a malted.

- Miss Watson.

- What do you want?

Could you come out and give me
a hand with EMMARAC, please?

- Sumner, does it have to be now?

- Now or never.

Uh, well... well, now look, Mike,
I won't be a minute.

Excuse us, old man.
If Emmy's going to be
this much trouble...
Actually, it's my fault. It's on account
of this question I asked her.
Now, if you should say to me,
"What question?" I would, uh, tell you.
- What question?
- We'll, uh... We'll try it again.
Should Bunny Watson...
marry Mike Cutler,
question mark.
Wait a minute. I thought you said
this machine can't evaluate.
It can't. It can't.
It can only repeat the information...
that has been fed into it
by the human element.
What does it say?
You know perfectly well
what it says.
Uh, yeah. That's the same answer
I got the last time.
Uh, shall we ask it
another question? Good.
Should Bunny Watson...
marry Richard Sumner,
question mark.
- "N-O."
- No?
See for yourself.
- No.
- What...
Huh! Well, I told you myself
that EMMARAC could make a mistake.
- But not Bunny Watson. It'd never work.
- Why?
Because you're not in love with me.
You're in love with her.
She'd always come first.
If anything went wrong with her,
you'd forget about me like that.
I couldn't care less about that...
It could blow up right now,

and it wouldn't bother me.
Is that so? Let's see.
See? It doesn't mean
a thing to me.
You're the only thing I care about.
Honestly, it'll...
it'll only take a second.
I'll wait.