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Down with Love

By Eve Ahlert

The place, New York City.
The time, now, 1962.
And there's no time
or place like it.
If you've got a dream...
this is the place
to make that dream come true.
That's why the soaring population
of hopeful dreamers...
has just reached
eight million people.
Oh! Make that
eight million and one.
Hey, taxi! Taxi!
Hey, wait!
Where are you going?
Down with the bomb!
Down with the bomb!
Down with the bomb!
Down with the bomb!
Down with the bomb!
Barbara?
"Oh. "
- Barbara Novak?
- Oh, I think so.
- Oh, thank goodness you're here!
- Vikki?
Vikki Hiller, your editor,
in the flesh.
It is so nice to finally
meet you in person.
My goodness,
you're gorgeous!
We're gonna set up a photo shoot
for the book jacket.
There's plenty of time. The book doesn't
come out for a week. One week!
Oh, my! Don't be nervous.
Cigarette?
Barbara, this is my secretary Gladys.
Gladys, Barbara Novak.
Oh, I know. It's a pleasure.
Hello, Gladys! I'm glad to finally have
a face to put with the voice.

Vick, I need you
to sigh off on this pronto.
Maurice Johns, art director.
Barbara Novak, your cover!
" Oh, Maurice!"
I love it!
Down With Love.
Hear! Hear!
I only wish somebody had written
your book 10 years ago...
before it was too late for me.
Gladys, it's never too late.
Great job. Sorry if the guys in New
Production have been riding your tail.
I'm not.
They're ready for you
in the lion's den.
- Lion's den?
- Oh, don't worry. You'll be fine.
Just take a deep breath.
Gentlemen, this is Miss Novak.
- E.G.
- C.B.
- C.W.
- J.B.
- J.R.
- R.J.
- Okay.
- "O.K. Can't make it. "
- He's down with T.B.
- Oh, what a shame. Is it serious?
No, they're just having breakfast.
T.B. Is Theodore Banner.
You know, the owner of Banner House,
the fellow publishing your little book?
That's his portrait, there.
Forgive me if we kept you
waiting, but Barbara hit a storm...
on her way down from Maine.
- So you've come down from Maine, huh?
- You remember, C.B.
Miss Novak is
the farmer's daughter librarian...
who spent the long,

cold New England winter...
writing her manuscript
by the light of a lonely oil lamp.
I'm at a loss here, ladies.
I'm afraid I don't know exactly
what Miss Novak's book is about.
Miss Novak's book is a serious work
"of nonfiction entitled"...

Vikki, excuse me.
It's right behind you.
Would you mind pouring me
a cup of coffee?
It's a serious work of nonfiction...
"entitled" Down With Love.

- This is empty.
- "If you're making a fresh pot," I'll have a cup.
- Count me in.
- "Likewise. "
- Ditto.
- None for me, Vikki.
- Thanks, R.J.
- I'll have a Sanka.

As I was saying, the central thesis
"of Miss Novak's book," Down With Love...
is that women will never be happy
until they become...
independent as individuals by achieving
equal participation in the workforce.
And how do you propose
women do this, Miss Novak?
By saying, "Down with love. "
Love is a distraction.
If women were to stop falling in love,
it would mean the end of the human race.
Not at all.
I said women should refrain
from love, C. W"... "

not sex.
Isn't that the same thing?
I mean, for women.
It won't be, after they've mastered the
three levels I've outlined in my book...
that will teach any woman
to live life the way a man does.

Level one instructs women
to abstain from men altogether...
so they'll stop thinking that the pleasures
experienced during the sex act are related to love.
They're not,
as women will learn...
by practicing the self-pleasuring
technique that I've detailed...
in chapter seven entitled...
"Up With Chocolate. '"'
You see, gentlemen...
the female experiences
a biological reaction to chocolate...
that triggers the same pleasurable responses
as are triggered during the sex act.
By substituting chocolate for sex...
the female will soon learn
the difference between sex and love.
Love for a man will
no longer occupy her mind.
She will now find that she has
the time and the energy...
to move on to level two...
where taking on new challenges will lead
to the self-sufficiency of level three...
where the woman becomes active
in the workplace...
and earns and achieves
an unequivocal equality...
with men.
And all this time the woman
is abstaining from sex?
Heavens no!
By level three, she can have sex
whenever she likes, without love...
and enjoy it the way a man does...
la carte.
Well, Miss Novak, your "theories... "
may have worked with
the gentlemen up in Maine...
but the men in Manhattan are not the fine,
upstanding, straightforward men of Maine.
The men of Manhattan are devious.
They're dangerous. They'll be

coming at you from every angle.
While you're watching your front,
they'll attack from the rear!
And while you're protecting your rear,
they'll drop out of the sky.
Adios.
Oh, one more kiss!
Easy, baby.
Be careful you don't fall out.
Bye-bye!
Very good. I'll let him know.
Mr. MacMannus? Catcher Block
has just landed on the roof.
KNOW "magazine. "
- Are you Catcher Block's secretary?
- Yes, Mr. MacMannus.
I'm Sally. I'm new.
They're always new.
When he gets in, tell him to see me.
He's fired.
- You're fired!
- No, I'm not.
Oh, yes, you are!
So you can take your Pulitzer and your beloved
Underwood and your change of underwear...
and clear out.
Do you work for me?
You had a story due yesterday,
but I gave you more time.
I held the presses so you could get
your scoop on Nazis hiding in Argentina.
Then I see "this!"

"Item:

star journalist, Catcher Block...
"ladies' man, man's man,
man about town,
"Was seen leaving the Copa
last night with a doggie bag...
and three girls
from the floor show. "
I took the Bossa Nova
triplets to Cocoa Beach.
NASA was throwing a luau.

Well, I hope you enjoyed it...
because unless you found Nazis
hiding at your luau, you're fired!
There were Nazis hiding at your luau!
I knew you'd do it!
What do you got for me, Catch?
What do you got?
Argentina isn't the only hiding place for
Nazis. They're hiding them in Florida too.
Wow! How?
Who's hiding them?
- "We are. "
- We Americans?
Why? Nazis are bad.
We're good.
Yeah, but some bad Nazis
are good scientists.
The guy building the rocket that'll land on
the moon first and win us the space race?
He's a Nazi, and I saw
the top-secret file to prove it.
Here. I brought you a souvenir.
Whoa!
A top-secret NASA
security clearance badge!
- How did you get this?
- Blame it on the bossa nova.
The triplets?
Yeah.
You see, Lola shakes
her maracas...
and Rosa bounces her bongos...
while Nina is all hands...
120 words a minute.
The story? It's written?
Whoa! Catch!
But is it safe to print?
NASA's gonna blow its stack.
Well, they forgave Germany.
They can forgive us.
Get someone from Legal up here.
Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
Yes, sir. Yes, sir!
My analyst says I only react to you

with such vehement loathing...
because I admire you so much.
He says I resent you
for being a self-made man...
as opposed to the son
of a self-made man.
Here. Hope you have your garters
from last night. There's none in here.
Garters? I haven't worn garters
since Nixon conceded.
What, are you turning into
some sort of beatnik?
Step into the future.
Garters are a thing of the past.
I don't know, Catch.
I have enough
of an insecurity complex...
without worrying about
my socks falling down.
How can you be confident you won't show
a shiny shin when you cross your legs?
It's a miracle of the space age.
Silk manufacturers are using new wonder
fibers like Lycra, Orlon and Dacron...
to put super stay-up power
into their over-the-calf sock.
What would you say is
the average length for most men?
How would I know?
You think I spend all my time in the locker
room at the club making a comparative study?
Let me see yours again, then.
We could measure.
I'll get a ruler.
Better make it a yardstick.
Let's be accurate. Make sure
you've got it fully extended.
Have it up the whole way.
It stays up all the way
all day long, man.
That's the miracle I was telling you about.
Better living through chemistry.
You got 16 inches.
Sixteen inches?

How long does a man's hose
have to be?
That's 32 inches
of confidence in every step.
Don't forget...
I've got two of'em.
I don't believe it. You went through
another one. That's three this month.
What is it about the workplace
that women just can't seem to handle?
Men! They want us to fail.
The nerve, inviting me to New York
to launch my book...
when they have no intention
of promoting it!
- Don't worry. I have a plan.
- You do?
Remember last winter you said you'd like
publicity where men would see it too?
"Perhaps in a men's magazine,"
you said.
"A prestigious men's magazine.
The most widely circulated and
highly respected men's magazine. "
- "KNOW?"
- Yes, you did.
No, I mean "KNOW. KNOW" magazine,
for men in the know.
Oh, yes. Exactly.
- You got us advertising in "KNOW?"
- "I did better. "
I got you a cover story written by "KNOW"
magazine's star journalist Catcher Block.
Catcher Block? The ladies' man,
man's man, man about town?
Oh, Vikki,
you're the best friend...
a girl from Maine who wrote a book
and came to New York could ever have!
You don't know the half of it.
I hear Catcher Block
is gorgeous... and eligible.
Not that that matters to us.
Down with love!

I can't believe it.

Me on the cover of "KNOW. KNOW!"

- No.

- "Catch, please, I promised. " It's one cover story.

A girl's never called me in my life,

let alone invited me for a drink.

I think this Vikki really likes me.

I think I might really like her.

I'm sure I would if she really likes me,

and she does because I led her to believe...

that as the owner of "KNOW" magazine,

I had some pull with my staff.

Then pull your staff with one of

your other writers. I'm not doing it.

No, it can't be anyone else.

The best thing I have to offer a woman is the

same as the best thing you have to offer... you.

But I'm all tied up, Mac.

I'm using me.

Oh, come on! It'll be fun.

- You like fun.

- Fun?

Interviewing a man-hating embittered

New England spinster librarian?

How do you know what she's like?

Who else would write a book

called "Down With Love?"

You don't have to be a Nazi

rocket scientist to figure that out.

Catch, please, please, please, please?

I hope you won't be disappointed.

Oh, Vikki, it's adorable.

My first New York phone call!

It must be "KNOW" magazine.

No one else has your number.

It must be Catcher Block!

- Oh!

- Oh!

- This is Barbara Novak.

- This is Catcher Block.

Catcher Block.

Catcher Block.

- "KNOW" magazine.

- Oh, yes, of course.

What can I do for you,

Mr. Block?

I think it's what I can do for you,
Miss Novak.

I'd like to invite you to lunch
so we can discuss your book.

That sounds very nice...

but I'll have to check my schedule
to see when I'm available.

We've already ordered. Can you be in
the Mahogany Room in ten minutes?

I'm afraid that will be
impossible, Mr. Block.

- Some other time, then.

- Right.

I'll see you in 15.

Catch, you are the best friend a guy
with 20 diagnosed neuroses ever had.

We've been friends a long time.

I knew you when you only had 12.

This is great!

I'll be right back.

Gotta go put in my shoe lifts.

- Guess who.

- As if I'd need to guess.

- Hmm. Tell me my name.

- Tell me you love me.

Blimey, Catch.

You know I love you.

And I love you too... Gwendolyn.

Oh.

- How long's your layover?

- Never long enough.

There's always time for a matinee.

Well, hello, Peter.

Barbara Novak, Peter MacMannus.

Nice to meet you,

Mr. MacMannus.

- "Where's Mr. Block?"

- Yes, where's Mr. Block?

I, uh, I don't know. Henri.

- Where is Mr. Block?

- I don't know.

A Mr. Block for you,

Mr. MacMannus?

Ah.

Here he is now.

- Catcher!

- Mac.

- Where are ya?

- Something sprang up. Is she there?

- "Yes, she is. "

- "Let me speak to the spinster. "

Mr. Block would like

to speak with you.

- This is Barbara Novak.

- I'm so sorry, Miss Novak.

The darndest thing.

I was waiting for you at the bar,

and a little English foxhound...

walked right in, came up to me

and started nuzzling me.

She seemed so lost, and she didn't

want to go with anyone else...

so I just had to take care of her.

Mr. Block, that is so thoughtful.

I remember reading that the true test
of a man's character...

is how he treats

a defenseless creature.

Tell me, Mr. Block,

how is the little bitch now?

Well, I've got her

all nestled in a box...

but I don't think she'll be content

until I'm holding her.

Miss Novak, could we

rain check until dinner?

Of course.

Well, good-bye, Mr. Block.

Until dinner.

Good-bye.

This is Barbara Novak.

Miss Novak, I am so sorry.

- The darndest thing.

- Yes, Mr. Block?

I'm out in the park

with my little French poodle...

and she's just not ready to go in yet,
if you know what I mean.

Oh, I do,

but here's a little advice...

from a farm girl to a city boy.

You'll find that if you stick

a little twig in her bottom...

she'll remember why she went out

with you in the first place.

I'll keep that in mind.

Miss Novak, I hate to ask...

but could we rain check

until breakfast?

Of course.

Good-bye, Mr. Block.

Until breakfast.

I... just don't know.

It's not like Catch to be late.

No. He usually calls

to cancel right on time.

Oh, Barbara,

I'm sure he'll call.

I mean, come.

Elkie and I missed you

at lunch yesterday, Gwendolyn.

Oh, I, uh, took in a matinee...

with Catcher Block.

Is that so?

But Elkie and I missed you

at dinner last night, Yvette.

Oh, I took in a night game...

with Catcher Block.

- I told him I'd give up flying for him.

- "I did too!"

- Now I wonder if he ever loved me.

- I wonder if he even cared.

I wonder what's keeping Elkie!

This is Barbara Novak.

I'm so sorry, Miss Novak.

The darndest thing.

I got waylaid by the sweetest Swedish lap

hound, who kept me up half the night...

and I'm afraid I'm still in bed.

My! You do get waylaid.

- Would you care for another beverage?
- Yeah, sure. Thank you.
- I beg your pardon?
- I was saying thank you. You're very understanding.
Could we rain check until lunch?
Oh, Mr. Block.
You can take your rain check...
and as we say on the farm
at harvest time...
put it where the sun
does not shine!
Miss Novak, if you're looking
to get dinner, then just say so.
Mr. Block...
I wouldn't meet with you...
in a hundred years!
Good-bye, Mr. Block...
Forever!
Mr. MacMannus,
thank you for your trouble.
Not at all.
Vikki, I'll call a taxi.
- Guess this means we're through.
- Oh, it's sad, isn't it?
This is the first time I've had to
eliminate having a future with a man...
before we've even had a chance
to have had a past.
Good-bye, Mr. MacMannus.
" It was nice while it lasted. "
I haven't had dinner and breakfast
with the same woman since I had a nanny.
I'm sorry, Peter, but Vikki
is not the only girl for you.
That's why I brought you here.
You brought me here...
because we're buddies, right?
Bosom buddies.
Get a load of those rockets.
- Here's to antigravity.
- Stay with me, buddy. You'll get the spins.
And whatever you do,
don't close your eyes.
Don't close your eyes.

Open your eyes. Open your eyes.
Ta-da! It's your book.
On sale, Scribners, Fifth Avenue.
One?
Just one?
All that work,
and-and-and-and one?
If somebody buys it,
well, then there will be none.
It will be as if
it never even existed.
No, no.
Doubleday also has one.
Mmm.
I know you're thinking this is
a real setback, but I promise you...
I will think of something.
If only we could get your book
"on" The Ed Sullivan Show.
Yeah.
How exactly do you get a book
on "The Ed Sullivan Show?"
Vikki, you're incredible.
She wasn't even on the bill.
How did they fit her into the lineup?
Oh, the best luck.
The Singing Nun fell off her scooter
coming across the Triborough Bridge.
I guess somebody up there likes me.
We have for you a really big surprise...
because to coincide
with the arrival of the new book...
Down With Love...
which this week is at your booksellers
from coast to coast...
we have a very, very special
friend of our show...
to do a song of that book.
Now, I want a really big,
warm welcome...
for Judy Garland...
right on this stage.
Yes, ma'am". Down With Love"
by Barbara Novak.

It's called "Down With Love"

by Barbara Novak.

Yes!

You said she was a spinster.

I've never used

the word "spinster" in my life.

Okay, once, when I told my mother it was technically incorrect to call her son a spinster.

- You said she was a brunette.

- I did not!

She sure didn't sound like a blond on the telephone.

- You still want to date Vikki?

- Of course. You think I want to die a spinster?

- Tell her I'll do the cover story.

- You are the best friend...

Just... call.

Not since Johannes Gutenberg's invention of the printing press...

which changed forever

the landscape of man's destiny...

has one book reached so many

and achieved so much...

reminding all of us here today...

of the noble goal which called us

to toil in the field of publishing...

to begin with...

sales.

So here's to Banner House's

new number-one author...

and our new number-one editor.

Say cheers, everyone.

Cheers.

Those men are livid, B.N.

You're a hit.

You're bigger than the pill.

Oh, talk about "big," V.H.

This office is huge. Congratulations.

We did it.

Well, hello, Gladys!

You look wonderful.

As you told me, Barbara,

it's never too late.

Oh, Vikki, Peter MacMannus

called again.

Now it's every half hour.

Tell him we're too busy.

- What do you mean? "Too busy"?

- You know what it means.

They hate us.

Too busy?

Kennedy, Khrushchev and Castro weren't too busy during the Cuban Missile Crisis...

to sit down and talk to me...

but this "Down With Love" chick is too busy.

Doing what? Eating chocolate?

I'm sorry, panel. You've been stumped.

- The author of the best seller, Down With Love...

- It's Novak!

"Barbara Novak. "

Barbara, I know every woman

bought your book...

and every man sneaked out and bought it to find out what their women were reading.

That's when the sales doubled.

But then they tripled.

How did that happen?

It seems that church groups in the Bible belt were so zealous...

about being seen burning my book...

that every time they had a bonfire, they would call and reorder...

so that they could have another one.

Now, I've heard a lot of talk about chapter eight...

about the worst kind of man, the kind every woman should avoid.

What's that title again?

"Men who change women as often as they change their shirts. "

And have you met a lot of that kind of man in your research?

You're not asking me to name names, are you?

No, of course not.

Catcher Block.

Ohh!

Wow!
Four million women
in the naked city...
and the one you let get away, the one
you had to get on the bad side of...
is the woman "all" the other
four million are listening to.
You blew it, buddy.
The age of Catcher Block, ladies' man,
man's man, man about town...
is over!
The king is dead.
I hate to spoil your fun, but
the four million women I go out with...
don't listen to Barbara Novak.
Hello.
Hey, Gwendolyn, baby.
Where are you?
Then get out of the airport.
We have reservations for 10:00.
Well, you can't sit
in the terminal till 3:00 a. m.
Aren't you going to get hungry?
No, I'm pretty full.
Besides, I have to...
catch up on some reading.
Reading? Reading what?
Good night, Gwendolyn.
What's the matter, Catch?
Lose another one?
I am going to bury that Novak broad...
and turn this crazy upside "Down"
"With Love" world right side up again.
I'm gonna write
the expos of the century...
so the world will know once and for all
that deep down all women are the same.
They all want the same thing...
love and marriage...
even Miss Barbara
"Down With Love" Novak.
And I am going to prove it.
How?
Novak won't even see you.

That's right.
That's why Novak
won't even see me coming.
Barbara, you're not dressed.
Aren't you coming?
No. I'm just gonna
stay in tonight.
Why? Because you don't
have a date?
My date's a quarterback with 27
teammates. I'm sure he can fix you up.
I'm sure he couldn't.
I am persona non grata to all men.
I can't even get picked up
by a taxi driver.
This is crazy.
All of this fame and success...
and Miss Sex La Carte is the only
woman who can't have sex la carte.
At least not on this Earth.
Maybe we could find you an astronaut
who's been in orbit the past two weeks.
It's all right, Vikki.
I'm perfectly content on my own.
When it comes to not needing a man,
you wrote the book.
- Taxi!
- Wait. I have to pick up my dry cleaning.
Can't. Gotta get back
to the office.
Skip in Research is doing
a fact check on Novak...
who she knows, where she goes, what she
likes for dinner, what she likes la carte.
Wh... Two minutes.
I waited for you to eat your hot dog.
You're right, Mac. I'll pick up your
cleaning. You go back to the office.
Oh, but I... Oh! Ow!
Oh! Make sure
they starched the socks!
I'm getting it. You iron.
No, you iron,
and I'll spend all day up front...

kibitzing with the customers.
We're equal now.
Again with that book.
"Hello," "Novick"!"
Hello, Mrs. Litzer.
Where's Mr. Litzer?
He's ironing.
"Irving, say hello to" "Novick"!"
Hello, "Novick. "
I'll get your things, dear.
Thank you.
Yours too, mister.
Pardon me, miss,
but you sure look familiar.
- Are you...
- Yes, I am.
Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle.
Wait till I tell folks back home I took
my clothes to the same dry cleaners...
as Miss Kim "Novick. "
No, my name is Novak.
Oh, that's right.
Miss Kim Novak.
No, no, um, I'm not Kim Novak.
I'm Barbara Novak.
Oh. Well, that don't ring a bell.
- You mean, you've never heard of me?
- Oh, I'm sorry.
No. No, don't be.
I find it very refreshing.
"You"... "Mr. Absentminded Professor. "
You left a lot of things
in your pocket.
Why, thank you, ma'am.
Excuse me. I'm sorry.
Do you mean that you've
never heard of my book...
the worldwide sensation
Down With Love?
No, ma'am. I have not.
But lately I've been
out of this world.
Oh, look.
My NASA security badge.

I've been looking all over for that.

- You're an astronaut?

- Why, yes, I am.

Well, what's your name?

Maybe I've heard of you.

- Zip.

- Zip...

Martin.

Major Zip Martin.

Well, tell me, Major...

are those parties in Cocoa Beach
as wild and uncivilized as they seem?

Oh, I couldn't say, ma'am.

I'm not much for going to parties.

My idea of a good time...

is to sit at home

with a good book...

and smoke my pipe.

Pay later.

Irving's burning the ironing.

Pardon me, miss.

- Oh! We're stuck together.

- We're...

Let me fix that.

There you go, Miss Novak.

Well...

good-bye.

One, two, three, four.

Zip!

Yes, Miss Novak?

Well, I don't suppose
that you're staying in New York.

Why, yes, I am.

NASA sent me here to work
on a special project.

Top-secret project.

Oh?

- Can you keep a secret?

- Yes.

Me too. Gee, it sure seems like
we got a lot in common.

Why, yes, it does.

It might be nice to see just what
we have in common...

and what we have that's different.

I'm sorry?

Would you like to go to my place

and get to know each other...

a little better?

- A little better?

- Lot better.

- A lot better than what?

- All the way better.

Oh, gee, no.

Now, I couldn't do that.

Why, I couldn't get to know you

all the way better...

until I knew you

much, "much" better.

Do you think that you

know me well enough...

to let me buy you a drink?

Well...

I'd sure love a Tang.

Lose another pair of glasses?

No, I'm keeping a low profile.

- Vikki's over there with some guy.

- That's not some guy.

That's Johnny Tremmentus,

the quarterback.

- 1,432 complete passes.

- Is he going for 1,433?

Well, Vikki's

left herself wide open...

but Tremmentus

surprisingly fumbles.

Now what's he doing...

in laymen's terms?

- He's leaving. Now's your chance.

- I can't go over there.

- She hates me.

- She doesn't hate you. She hates me.

Stop warming the bench

and get in the game.

"Once you run my Novak expos, she" will

hate you, and the clock will have run out.

- Can't you get off your Novak warpath?

- "Nope. "

I've got her surrounded, and it won't take a surprise attack to enter her teepee.

"I'm telling you," Kemosabe, "you want "big" wampum, "make Vikki love you now. " Okay, enough with the football talk!

I'm going.

- There you are, Monsieur Block.

- Ah, thanks, Henri.

Only, from now on

it's... Major Zip Martin.

- Ah.

- Spread the word to the other matre d's...

the doorman, theater ushers

and taxi drivers.

"Oui, oui. " Done.

Uh... Major.

It'll be all right, MacMannus.

Just be normal.

Be cool.

Hello... Vikki.

Hello, Peter.

Are you in love

with that football player?

Not anymore.

"He only wanted one thing"...

to slip me his manuscript.

He didn't even have the professional courtesy to try and seduce me first.

The men who resent my success won't give me the time of day.

And the men who respect my success won't give me the time of night.

I don't know about other men, but I swear...

if I had the chance, I would respect "and" resent you night and day, day and night.

- Peter, you would?

- You bet.

You're on.

Oh, Zip, isn't this exciting"

We must be the only two people in New York who haven't seen "Camelot" yet.

You're not just being nice.

You really haven't seen it either?

Oh, I can honestly say
I have never "seen" this show.
" Mr. Block?"
- Mr. McNulty to see you.
- Send him in.
McNulty, good. Look, this should
cover your up-front expenses.
Go up to Maine,
get me all the dirt on Novak.
No girl like that would swear off love
just to get ahead in the workforce.
Somewhere, some time,
some guy hurt her.
I need to find him so I can prove
I'm right and nail my expos.
Gladly. That broad's book
is bad for business.
Husbands don't want
their wives tailed anymore.
They know if she's sneaking out now,
she's just looking for a job.
Hello. Mac.
Mac. Mac, calm down.
Ma... Okay, I'll be right over.
Quick, taste my sauce.
Too tart?
- This is your big emergency?
- Yes!
I invited Vikki to dinner.
It has to be perfect so she'll find me
irresistible and I can make my big move.
You could have made your big move
three weeks ago. I keep telling you.
That's these "Down With Love"
girls' claim to fame...
one date, no waiting.
These "Down With Love" girls may be used to
having sex the way a man does, but I'm not.
Too sweet?
So I guess you and Novak
have been very "down with love. "
I mean, you've had what...
29 dates in 23 days?
Yeah, but I'm trying to get her

not to want to have sex with me.
These days you've really got to play
your cards right to get a girl to say no.
Or maybe you just like
spending time with her.
Maybe the necessity
of all this chastity and monogamy...
has made you realize that Barbara Novak
is your ideal potential lover.
Come back to Earth, buddy boy.
Your cake's burning.
So this is how a guy like you
does it, huh?
No, I don't do it, but if I did do it,
I'd do what I'm doing.
Which reminds me
of something I didn't do.
- I have to call Vikki and give her my address.
- I've got a better idea.
Invite Vikki to my place, make like it's
yours. You know where I keep the spare key.
You'd let me use the key
you leave out for your girlfriends?
Somebody might as well.
It's gathering dust
since Novak hit the best-seller list.
- But I invited Vikki for a
home-cooked meal. - Trust me.
Ten minutes in my apartment,
and you'll both forget all about dinner.
Ten minutes?
Ten minutes.
- Hello.
- Hello, Barbara. It's Zip.
Hello, Zip.
I was wondering if I could ask you
to do me a very special favor.
Sure, Zip. Anything.
Well, I know we planned
to go out, but...
- well, I thought it might
be fun to stay in.
I'm in the mood
for a home-cooked meal.

Major Martin, I have no desire
to stay cooped up in the kitchen...
slaving over a hot stove
and a sink full of dirty dishes.
Oh, no, Barbara.
You misunderstood.
When I said
a home-cooked meal...
I meant at my place...
I wanted to serve you.
Oh, Zip.
No man has ever
done this for me before.
How thoughtful.
- Well.
- And considerate.
It's my pleasure.
Oh, no, no, no. It's mine.
- So, you'd like to come?
- Oh, yes.
Yes. Yes.
I can't wait.
Seventy-third and Park.
And Barbara?
- Yes, Zip?
- Thank you for being so flexible.
No, Zip. Thank you.
Oh, Zip!
Everything looks divine.
I have a funny feeling
that you've done...
quite a bit of entertaining
for two here.
Oh, I can honestly say
that until you...
I haven't done any entertaining
for two here at all.
You're certainly not
the average astronaut.
Oh, I get so tired
of all that freeze-dried food.
After a steady diet of pellet steak...
and potato tablets...
you yearn for something hot

to sink your teeth into.
Well, you've whetted my appetite.
It's not just your cooking.
You are so well-rounded.
Your collection of art
and antiques.
You've made a real home here.
Well, Earth still is
my favorite planet.
No, I meant here, in New York.
Oh.
Most bachelors in this city are
only interested in an apartment...
that comes fully loaded
with every gadget and contraption...
man has invented
to snare a woman.
I don't understand this, Peter.
How does a person lose their built-in bar?
I swear, it was here a minute ago.
Ohh!
Hey. Found it. Vikki?
Where are you?
" I don't know. "
Oh.
Peter, your couch was all over me
like some animal.
- Who knew you were so dangerous?
- I'm sorry.
Uh, I know I seem
a little disoriented.
Guess I tasted too much sherry
while I was cooking.
You cooked for me?
No man has ever done that for me before.
I'm famished.
Actually, I didn't cook... here...
at my apartment... for us.
I cooked... at Catch's apartment
for... Catch.
- Oh.
- But you've only been here a minute.
Let's make it 10 and see
if we forget all about dinner.

- " Are those your parents?"
- No. Those are Catch's parents.
Why do you have a picture
of Catch's parents?
Let's listen to some music.
It's all right. It's all right.
Ooh!
Ooh!
Ooh!
I can't do this for eight more minutes.
Let's go eat.
" How's that Oh. "
You tell me when it's good for you.
Put your hand on it and guide me
till I got it in the right spot.
Almost. Almost.
Oh, Zip.
I've done this a lot before, of course,
but never with such a powerful instrument.
That's it.
It's perfectly clear.
Oh, Zip, I've never seen anything
so beautiful...
in all my life.
- Neither have I.
- You're not even looking through the telescope.
I know.
This chocolate souffl
is delicious, Zip.
You've really outdone yourself.
- I wanted the perfect end to the perfect evening.
- Mm.
I've never been more ready
to go to bed.
Oh, Zip, I'm so glad
that you feel that way.
- You know that I feel the same way?
- Well, then, let's get to bed.
I'll call you a taxi.
Taxi"
Oh, when I said bed,
you thought I meant "bed. "
Oh, Barbara, I'm so sorry.
This is only the first time you've ever

been to my home, and where I come from...

It's all right, Zip.

It's all right.

Um, it's better this way.

Let's, um...

Let's just say good night...

and good-bye.

- Good-bye? You mean for good?

- I'm afraid so, Zip.

You see,

I'm beginning to feel...

Well, I'm beginning to "feel. "

Well, couldn't you give me

just one more chance?

Oh, I'd like to, Zip,

really, I would...

but just the fact that I'd like to

give you another chance...

is the very reason

why I absolutely must not.

Okay. One more chance.

I'll just, um...

Hmm.

- Peter?

- You rang?

No. I used my key, Maynard.

How did everyone else get in here?

I took Vikki down to the Village

for a demitasse. Crazy!

And then the coffeehouse got raided,

so I moved the scene uptown.

- You dig, Daddy-O?

- Oh, I do dig.

And after being grounded for 24 days,

this astronaut is ready to blast off.

- Ask me why I mourn.

- Why do you mourn, baby?

I mourn because you are shrouded

in the suit and tie...

that Madison Avenue

will bury you in alive.

Well, if it'll cheer you up,

you can help me out of it.

- Hi!

- Hi! Coffee?

So, this is a beatnik party.

- Isn't it a gas?

- Yes!

Oh, I'm so glad you called. After the date I had tonight, I really didn't want to be alone.

Well, you won't need an astronaut to find a date here. Everyone's in orbit.

So, should I introduce myself to the host, or is that too Establishment?

You know the host.

This is Peter's place.

- Catcher Block's not going to be here, is he?

- Oh, not to worry.

Everyone here is a total stranger.

Go throw your coat on the bed, and let's join the bash!

Oh, excuse me.

- Catch.

- Yes?

Zip?

Barbara. Barbara, wait.

Barbara!

- Barbara, wait! I can explain.

- "You don't have to explain. "

You said you were ready for bed. I'm glad you ran into someone to take to bed with you.

- But it wasn't like that. I don't even know her.

- Oh, really!

I mean, I didn't know what I was doin'.

And yet her hat's off to you anyway!

What?

Good night, miss.

Good night, Major Martin.

Barbara, you gotta believe me.

I did not know what was happening.

The minute I got here, that girl filled my pipe with some tobacco she bought in San Francisco.

After that,

everything went hoo-whee!

- You mean she drugged you?

- All the way into that bedroom.

Wait a minute. What were you doing
at a party like that?
I had no idea there was
gonna be a party here.
I got a call after you left to tell me
to come to this publisher's apartment...
to meet some journalist who wanted to do a
cover story on my NASA top-secret project.
- Some guy named Snitch or Snatch.
- Catch? Catcher Block?
Maybe. Anyway, I rush over here,
and that guy does not even show up.
- Don't you see? You were set up.
- No!
Yes! Catcher Block
invited you here...
under false pretenses so he could
do one of his famous exposés...
on how NASA's
top-secret New York project...
is just one big,
drug-infested beatnik shindig.
- Oh, that's low!
- That's Catcher Block!
- "That's how he operates!"
- Oh, Barbara, I'm so sorry.
I just feel like such
"a" easily tricked hick...
and then you went
and made the trick seem so obvious.
Oh, Zip, I didn't mean
to make you feel bad.
I didn't mean
to make you feel mad.
Oh, this is terrible.
We're behaving just like
two people in love.
Which means this argument was
the final straw. This has to be the end.
Or just the beginning.
Holy cow.
This argument has made me realize
that I must really care about you.
I'm finally ready

to get to know you better.
How much better?
All the way better.
- Really?
- I'm sorry I have to say this, Barbara...
but... I love you.
Well, I don't have any rules...
against men falling in love.
So I can make love to you...
heartfelt, passionate,
worshipping, adoring love...
and you could still have
meaningless sex with me, right?
Yes.
So are we still on
for tomorrow night?
Yes.
Oh, yes.
That pink book is ruining my life!
Woman acts as if
she has a mind of her own.
She refuses my advances.
This goes straight to the sanctity
of a man's most fundamental right.
All our wives
are giving us trouble.
I'm not talking about my wife.
I'm talking about my mistress.
I want that Vikki Hiller fired!
But you can't fire her now, T.B.
How would it look?
She is the most celebrated editor
in the business.
You're my creative team.
Create a reason to get rid of her...
or I'll create a new creative team.
Good morning, gentlemen.
Do you know why it's good?
Because this is the morning I tell Theodore
Banner that my fellow senior editors...
are going to treat me like more
than just a titular senior editor...
or I quit.
I should've known

the top dog would be a rat.

He's a man. I hate men.

For as man-crazy as I've been
my whole life, I sure can't stand 'em.

- I think I'll just get married.

- You're upset. You'll find another job.

I don't want another job.

I'm sorry, but I don't wanna be
a "Down With Love" girl anymore.

I give up. I give in. I just wanna
be Mrs. Peter MacMannus.

Really?

At least then there'd be one man

I could tell what to do.

Anyway. There. I've said it.

- If you also want me to resign as your friend, I understand.

- Oh, Vikki, no!

How could I possibly accept
your resignation now...

when I need a friend

more than ever?

You see, I have a confession
to make too.

I'm not a "Down With Love" girl either.

I'm a woman who's fallen in love.

And I'm gonna tell him.

And tonight's the night.

- Tonight?

- Yep.

Tonight's the night

Barbara Novak is going down.

I've got her exactly

where I want her.

She was saying yes, but any man
could tell she really meant no.

- Uh-oh. - Here's the title

to next month's cover story...

"Catcher Block on Barbara Novak:

Penetrating the Myth. "

We'll have to sell it

in a brown wrapper.

I'm taking her to my place,

which she still thinks is your place...

by saying the guy she thinks I am, who acts

like you, has a meeting there with you...

and the guy who she still
doesn't know I really am.

- What do I have to say?

- You don't say a word.

Gotcha. So this is it?

Tonight's the night?

I have to have my big night
with Vikki...

the same time you're having

your big night with Novak...

that will ruin Novak and Vikki

and everything Vikki's ever worked for.

You're putting me under an enormous amount
of pressure, enough to make a man explode.

Finally.

Here's to tonight.

I hope you don't mind this detour.

I only mind if Peter MacMannus
is wasting your time.

Oh.

"Dear Zip, something came up.

Accept my apologies

with the champagne inside. "

Typical.

Well, we might as well

crack the champagne.

- We'll only be 10 minutes.

- Ten minutes?

Ten minutes.

- Peter, are you all right? You seem nervous.

- I don't seem guilty.

- What would I seem guilty about?

- I didn't say guilty. I said nervous.

- Are you accusing me of keeping something from you?

- Peter, calm down.

It's all right. You're not keeping
anything from me. I already know.

- What?

- I know all about it. I've known all along.

- You have?

- Yes. And so what?

So you're a homosexual hopelessly
in love with Catcher Block.

- That's no reason the two of us can't be married.

- What? I'm not a homosexual!

Oh, Peter, come on!

The cooking for Catch at his place? The pictures of Catch's parents at your place?

Believe me. If there'd been any other explanation, I would've found it.

At one point, I even convinced myself that life was all one big, zany sex comedy...

and you had switched keys with the lead to use his swinging pad to snare me.

I did!

I did switch keys with the lead!

Oh, please! If that's not what you feel guilty about, then what is?

That Catcher Block is privately tricking Barbara Novak so he can publicly destroy her... with one of his exposs.

What? And you've known about this all along? Where are they?

His place... uh, my place.

Uh, his place.

Good-bye, Peter.

The wedding is off!

Vikki, wait! Let me explain!

Where's my geisha?

I need my shoes.

Now, let me see if I have this.

The first switch starts the hi-fi.

The second switch lowers the lights.

Do you wanna go for broke?

I'm game if you are.

You have an eyelash.

Make a wish.

- What?

- Funny... the way that you said "lash. "

- It sounded like you had a different accent.

- Ohh.

That is funny!

Anyway, this definitely is a woman-snaring bachelor pad...

fully loaded

to get you in the mood.

Are you in the mood, Zip?

Yes, Barbara, I am.

Mm.

Oh. Oh.

Darling

- No.

- No?

After you've waited all this time,
and now you're saying no?

- Yes. There's something I wanna tell you.

- Oh.

Yes, Barbara Novak, tell me anything.

- I love you.

- Tell me how much, Barbara Novak.

Too much.

Ohh.

Too much.

Too much to have sex with you.

Right.

Because you are Barbara Novak.

- Mm.

- Author of "Down With Love. "

And you do not believe
in having sex with feelings.

No. That's not why

I want you to stop.

I want you to stop because I love you too
much to have sex without marrying you.

I want what every woman wants:

Love and marriage.

I'm not a "Down With Love" girl.

I'm not the girl you think I am.

Oh, you are exactly

the girl I think you are.

Catcher Block!

You're getting sloppy!

Leaving a key on the outside
when you're busy on the inside?

Oh, why the long faces? We're all equal,
self-reliant citizens of the world here.

I know I am, and heaven knows
all men are.

And you're with Catch Block,
so I hope you are.

Anyway, I just popped by

for a little sex la carte.
But since you're busy, I'll just ring up
my crew captain at the hotel.
Cheerio!
All right. Now you know.
I'm Catcher Block,
not Zip Martin.
There is no Zip Martin.
But before you storm out of here,

admit it:

I got Barbara "Down With Love"' Novak
to fall in love.
I'm not gonna storm
out of here, Catch.
And I'm not gonna admit that you got
Barbara Novak to fall in love...
because I'm not Barbara Novak.
- There is no Barbara Novak.
- Huh?
I didn't fall in love with Zip Martin.
I fell in love with Catcher Block.
And that was a year ago, when for three and
a half weeks, I worked as your secretary.
I don't expect you to remember me. I
wasn't a blond then. But you did ask me out.
And it broke my heart to say no,
but I loved you too much.
I couldn't bear to become
just another notch in your bedpost.
With your dating habits, I knew
that even if I was lucky enough...
to get a regular spot
on your rotating schedule...
I would never have your undivided attention
long enough for you to fall in love with me.
I knew I had to do something
to set myself apart.
I knew I had to quit my job
as your secretary...
and write an international best-seller
controversial enough...
to get the attention of a New York
publisher as well as "KNOW" magazine...

but insignificant enough that as long as I went
unseen, "KNOW" magazine's star journalist...
would refuse
to do a cover story about it.
I knew that every time we were supposed
to meet, you would get distracted...
by one of your many girlfriends
and stand me up...
and this would give me a reason
to fight with you over the phone...
and declare that I wouldn't meet
with you for a hundred years.
And then all I would have to do
was be patient and wait...
the two or three weeks it would take
for everyone in the world...
to buy a copy of my best-seller...
and then I would begin to get
the publicity I would need for you...
to, one, see what I look like, and, two, see
me denounce you in public...
as the worst kind of man.
I knew this would make you wanna
get even by writing one of your exposés.
And in order to do that,
you would have to go undercover...
assume a false identity
and pretend to be the kind of man...
who would make the kind of girl
I was pretending to be fall in love.
Since I was pretending to be a girl
who would have sex on the first date...
you would have to pretend to be a man
who wouldn't have sex for several dates.
And in doing so,
we would go out on lots of dates...
to all the best places
and all the hit shows...
until finally, one night, you would
take me back to your place...
that you were pretending
was someone else's...
in order to get the evidence you needed
to write your exposés...

by seducing me
until I said, "I love you. "
But saying "I love you"
was also my plan.
I just wanted to tell you the truth so
that when you heard me say, "I love you"...
you would know that I knew who you were,
and you would know who I was.
Then you, the great Catcher Block...
would know that you'd
been beaten at your own game...
by me, Nancy Brown,
your former secretary.
And I would have,
once and for all, set myself apart...
from all the other girls
you've known, all those other girls...
that you never really cared about,
by making myself someone...
like the one person
you really love and admire...
above all others: You.
Then, when you realized that you
had finally met your match...
I would have at last
gained the respect...
that would make you wanna
marry me first and seduce me later.
I just wanted you to hear all this from me
before you heard it from your private eye.
- Yeah?
- Block, McNulty.
Got everything there is on Novak,
and it's nothing.
Novak doesn't exist except
for a P.O. Box in Maine...
in care of one Nancy Brown
of 28 Gramercy Park...
where she was born and raised.
And while our Nancy may have
broken a few hearts growing up...
I can't find the guy we're lookin' for
who broke hers.
Never mind. I found him.

So, now you know everything.
Now tell me
the one thing I don't know.
Tell me if this plan
of mine has worked.
Tell me if it's made you
fall in love with me, as I love you.
- Come on. We're going out.
- Out? Now? Why?
Because no wife of mine belongs
in an apartment like this.
Wife?
- You will marry me, won't you, Barbara?
- Nancy.
- Nancy.
- Oh, Catch.
It's all I've ever wanted.
- Are you sure it's what you want?
- Of course I'm sure.
I've met my match. There's only
been one thing between us...
and that's gone now that you're done
pretending to be Barbara Novak.
You are Barbara Novak!
Oh, I didn't realize!
You are my heroine!
Oh, of course you are. You're the heroine
of all women around the world.
But you saved my life. Oh, I'm still
flying friendly in the skies...
but now I decide how friendly
and when and with whom.
Oh, and I'm also training for my pilot's
license! And I have you to thank for it.
Thank you, Barbara Novak.
Thank you for all womankind.
" Wow. You are something else. "
You didnt just fool me,
you fooled the whole world.
But now we can
set the whole world straight.
Our marriage will end
the battle of the sexes.
Boy, this cover story's not just the

Pulitzer. This could be the Nobel Peace Prize.

Catch, you're not still going to write your expos, are you?

- Why not?

- Well, you know why not.

All the women in the world, they look to me.

The expos can't hurt you now.

You're gonna have everything you've ever wished for.

You'll be Mrs. Catcher Block, living in our dream house in the suburbs...

with a yard full of noisy kids...

you putting them to bed, then you and me having a quiet dinner.

Catch, stop. I can't do this.

Barbara, stop! Don't do this!

He's not who he says he is!

Neither am I.

Good-bye, Catch.

Good-bye?

- Barbara?

- "Vikki!"

- Nancy!

- Who are you calling Nancy?

- Hey, wait, wait. Please let me explain.

- There is no explanation.

Deceiving the girl you're going to marry about your homosexuality is one thing.

Deceiving me in business is another.

I thought you were different, but you're not.

You're a rat, Peter MacMannus.

You're just like every other man.

I'm just like every other man.

Peter MacMannus.

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

What do you say we step inside?

- Well...

- Just for 10 minutes.

- Ten minutes?

- Ten minutes.

Nancy, wait!

What do you mean, you can't do this?

- I mean I can't marry you.

- What?

I can't be Mrs. Catcher Block.

I can't be your wife with the kids
and the house in the suburbs.

There was one part of my plan
that I didn't count on:

That by pretending

to be Barbara Novak...

I would actually

"become" Barbara Novak.

I may be the last woman in the world
to do it, but I have finally...

become a "Down With Love" girl,
level three.

I don't want love,

and I don't want you.

- What did Vikki say? Any luck?

- Nope.

Barbara still doesn't

want to see you.

She's thrown away

everything you sent her...

the flowers, the candy, the \$6,000

state-of-the-art Celestron telescope...

that wasn't really for you to send,

because it was mine, not yours.

- She hates me.

- "At least Novak dropped you flat. "

You know where you stand.

Sometimes I think Vikki only started
talking marriage to me that night...

in order to get me

to have sex with her.

Once I did, I hardly ever see her,

except when she comes back for more.

And I always give in.

Makes me feel so used.

It's just not right!

I shouldn't feel used!

She should, but she's

taking her cues from Novak.

That's why you have to get to Novak.

You have to solve this, Catch.

You have to squash her, crush her...

if not for the sake of civilization,
then just for me.

- I don't wanna crush her. I love her.

- "All right. Fine. "

So run with that then.

What happened to your idea about making
your expos into a public love letter?

That's no good. She's down with love...
for real this time.

You have to think of something.

Come on. Get dressed.

We're going out. You have to
start circulating again.

- Ooh, where's your little black book?

- I threw it away.

"I don't care about sex anymore. "

- I just wanna be married.

- "Well, me too, but fat chance. "

These "Down With Love" girls!

It's revenge against men!

And it's all your fault, lover boy!

That's why they all act like you!

Stop the presses.

I've got a cover story that'll
make "KNOW" magazine sell...

like no magazine

has never sold before.

"Catcher Block Exposed:

How Falling in Love with Barbara Novak
Made Me a New Man. "

It's my public love letter. It's not
from me, or at least not the old me.

It's from the new me, the new man that
Barbara Novak could fall in love with.

- Come on, Mac! Let's get this baby to print!

- We're not going to print.

Haven't you noticed?

We have no secretaries.

Every girl in New York City
has quit her job.

They all wanna

go work for your Barbara Novak.

- For Barbara? Where?

- Oh-ho-ho.

Novak topped you again.

It's here!

"Down With Love" chocolate.

- A mouthful of satisfaction
in every bite.

Vikki, you are a genius!

Look, your book

got chocolate sales to soar.

Why shouldn't we get a piece
of the action?

It sure killed my craving for sex.

The only man who could have his way
with me now is Milton Hershey.

Boy, am I glad it finally occurred to you
that you were a multimillionaire...

many times over and we could
start our own business.

And to think I came that close to
getting married and giving all this up.

I was really starting to believe that
women weren't cut out for the workplace...

when the only problem was
the workplace wasn't cut out for women.

Banner House bastards.

The word is out that Novak/Hiller
International is cut to order.

Girls are lined up around the block to
apply for the job as my private secretary.

And that's not all. Catcher Block
is here. He wants to see you.

Well, call the guard,

because I don't wanna see him.

- You have to see him. He's an applicant.

- Ooh.

- For heaven's sake.

- At the risk of sounding like my mother...
just stay perfectly still

and let him get it over with.

Mrs. Litzer.

Send in the first applicant,
please.

Okay, "Novick. "

Over and out.
Another ruse, Catcher? You know
I have no interest in seeing you.
But you know you have to.
And you know I know you have to.
I'm sure you know how things are
at "KNOW" ever since your new "Now. "
I have no way of knowing
how things are now at "KNOW."
I knew how things were
at "KNOW" before now.
Then you should know now at "KNOW"
things are a lot like they are at "Now. "
We have to interview every applicant
for every job, and so do you...
or you'd be going against
"Now's" definition of discrimination...
and you wouldn't want the readers of "Now"
or "KNOW" to know that, now, would you?
Have a seat, Mr. Block.
Your application?
Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.
Mm-hmm. Oh, dear.
Unfortunately, the secretary job doesn't
quite pay as much as your current job...
so I guess that's that.
Good-bye, Mr. Block.
Oh, have a candy bar for your trouble.
And thanks again
for thinking of us.
But I'm always thinking of you,
Miss Novak.
I can't stop thinking of you.
And I'd like you
to reconsider considering me.
- Even at a pay cut of 96.6%?
- It's only money.
Besides,
I've been on top for so long...
I thought it might be nice
to try a new position.
And you think you could be comfortable
in a position under a woman?
I look forward to it.

Starting at the bottom...
working my way up slowly
to the top.
Still, I'm afraid
that a man of your experience...
would be too distracted working
in a predominantly female workplace.
Not at all. You see, I'm not really
interested in women la carte anymore.
The next time I get involved with
a woman, it'll be to settle down.
Well, I wouldn't want you stealing one
of the women from my workforce...
just to put her away
in a house in the suburbs.
Oh, I wouldn't want that either.
I'm what you might call a new man.
Oh, is that so?
And I'm looking
for a new kind of love.
"Catcher Block Exposed"?
"How Falling in Love with Barbara Novak"
"Made Me a New Man. '"'
Oh, sure.
And to put yourself on top...
you just happened to have had
to expose me as Nancy Brown...
in your attempt
to win a Nobel prize.
I never said a word
about Nancy Brown.
And the only prize
I wanted to win was you.
Crazy, isn't it? After all our tricking
each other, all our game playing...
I'm the one who wound up here
with the love letter...
and you're the one
with the scoop.
Still, I'll keep my eye
on the billboards...
and maybe one day
you'll do a piece...
on how you became someone in between

the bashful, brunette Nancy Brown...

and the cool, blond

Barbara Novak.

That's a piece

I could really go for.

One, two, three...

four, five.

Hmm.

Someone between a blond

and a brunette?

Scooped you again.

I knew you would.

I knew the minute I placed an ad
as an equal-opportunity employer...

you would be the first to apply.

And I knew you knew and you'd

let me in to ask you to marry me.

But you didn't know I'd say yes.

- Vegas?

- We can get married there on the spot.

- I'm not letting you get away again... ever.

- Oh, Catch.

- I love you, Barbara.

- I know.

I'm sorry. You'll have to hold.

- Peter?

- Vikki?

Do you wanna marry me or not?

I'm not giving up my career.

I wouldn't ask you to.

Then it's a deal?

- Deal!

- Deal!

Well, ladies and gentlemen,

it's official.

The battle of the sexes is over.

What's that?

Don't believe me?

Well, here's the proof.

Please give a warm welcome to the coauthors
of the new book, "Here's to Love... "

Mrs. Barbara Novak-Block

and Mr. Catcher Block.

Barbara, I'd like

to propose a toast #
#To the topic I dig the most #
Catch, let me dust off
my lovin' cup #
Hey, bartender, fill 'er up #
Look how the neon
starts to flicker #
Love's like a shot
but works much quicker #
#And you're a man
who can hold his liquor #
Cheers, here's to love #
I'm an old-fashioned
and you're the cherry #
I've got a thirst that's legendary #
#That's why I fired your secretary #
Cheers, here's to love #
- # Life's a martini #
- #And you're the shaker #
- #And, baby, I sure packed a punch #
- Hey!
#You make Dean Martin
look like a Quaker #
- # But now it's only you for dinner #
- Breakfast.
- And lunch.
- # I hear the march that's calling for us #
#We'll walk down the aisle
to an angels' chorus #
I'll be your Rock
if you'll be my Doris #
Sweet heavens above #
#Why is the waiter smiling at us #
He knows what we're thinking of #
- # Oh, can the tears #
- # Cheers #
Baby, here's to love #
#You've got the lips
to wet my whistle #
If that doesn't get ya
maybe this'll #
Cupid just launched
a guided missile #
Cheers, here's to love

#Your eyes are so intoxicating #
Bottoms up, babe
let's get to mating #
I bet it bears re-it-erating #
Cheers, here's to love #
#Though it ain't New Year's
pop the champagne #
#And let's take a spin
on the floor #
- #Your moves are good #
- # I'm feelin' no pain #
So let's pay the check
and slip out the back door #
#We took Manhattan
without the bitters #
#We're stayin' put
Last call's for quitters #
Soon it will be
just baby-sitters #
'Cause this hawk's now a dove #
Baby, the cab is blowin' its horn #
But I can't find my hat
and my gloves #
- # Oh, can the tears #
- # Cheers #
Baby, here's to love #
- Here's mud in your eye.
- Here's lookin' at you, kid.
Here. This'll put hairs on your chest.
- Not that I would want that.
- Mm-hmm.
Here's to love