

"A DREAM COME TRUE"

Screenplay by
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Based on a treatment
By
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'Rodney Dangerfield', by Jeff Hause

'A DREAM COME TRUE'

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK - SUBWAY EXIT - DAY

Leaving the subway and stepping into the daylight is WENDALL MOORE. He is in his early fifties, wearing a cheap blue suit, red tie and carrying a briefcase. Looking up, Wendall squints in the sunlight and smog.

WENDALL

New York...

A woman hurries past, bumping Wendall roughly. He watches her go, muttering to himself miserably as he trudges down the street, carrying his briefcase like a ball and chain.

WENDALL

God, I hate this city. Where's the compassion? Where's human warmth? Doesn't anybody have anything to offer anymore?

A STREET URCHIN steps out of the shadows.

STREET URCHIN

Crack?

WENDALL

No thanks - have one... I've got to get out of here, take a vacation before I become as coarse and unfeeling as everyone else in this city.

A HOOKER steps in front of him.

HOOKER

Want a good time, cutie?

WENDALL

Sorry, honey, I never pay for it with cash - I pay for it with guilt and embarrassment...

(keeps walking)

I can't let myself become like everyone else. I have to be kind, giving...

Wendall stops in front of a highrise, sign overhead reading 'STENSON AND ASSOCIATES ADVERTISING'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noticing a BEGGAR who wears a sign reading 'WILL WORK FOR FOOD', Wendall digs into his pocket and drops some change into the man's cup.

WENDALL

I know how you feel - I work for peanuts.

The Beggar looks into the cup, insulted.

BEGGAR

75 cents? You expect me to live on this? Do you know any good restaurants or hotels that will accommodate me for 75 cents? How can you be so selfish?

WENDALL

Give me a break. What do you want, a credit card?

To Wendall's amazement, the Beggar pulls out a credit card machine and slip.

BEGGAR

Visa, Mastercard or American Express?

(eyes Wendall suspiciously)

It'll be a minute - I'll have to call it in...

INT. AD AGENCY

The agency is a busy place, but cold and sterile, with bare white walls and people shuffling about tensely. Wendall enters, pausing to speak to the RECEPTIONIST, a frail, white-haired old woman.

WENDALL

(outraged)

So much for compassion. I just got yelled at by a beggar for failing a credit check. He cut my credit cards in half! I can't believe how much this town has changed...

The Receptionist hands Wendall his messages.

RECEPTIONIST

I know. Everything's changed. I even remember when you first started here - so bright and eager.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You couldn't wait to get down to your little cubicle at the end of the row so you could begin to work your way up.

WENDALL

Yeah, it's been a glorious ascent, that's for sure.

Wendall moves across the office, down the row of cubicles, greeting everyone as he goes.

WENDALL

Well, if it isn't the hottest advertising agency in New York... and it isn't...

He passes SCOTTIE McNAMARA, a sneaky-looking conspirator.

WENDALL

Scottie McNamara - hey, the nose job looks great... they got most of the brown off...

Scottie laughs as SANDY HANSEN, a voluptuous young executive, walks by.

WENDALL

(sing-song)

Sandy Hansen - who's the most beautiful girl in the world?

SANDY

(sing-song)

I am...

WENDALL

(sing-song)

And who's the most beautiful guy in the world?

SANDY

(sing-song)

Tom Cruise...

WENDALL

Did anyone ever tell you you're beautiful when you're crabby? Unfortunately that's most of the time.

Wendall moves to his cubicle at the end of the row... the same cubicle he's been in for thirty years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He picks a framed photograph of a sour-looking woman off the desk. It is inscribed 'TO WENDALL - REGARDS, GLYNNIS'.

WENDALL

Ah, the apple of my eye, the flame
in my heart, the pain in my ass...

Sighing, he turns it away from him as he sits. DON LYONS, a nervous young ad-man, steps over from the next cubicle.

DON

Wendall - bad news. We lost some
more clients this morning and
Stenson's on the warpath.

WENDALL

On the warpath? Try the psychopath.

Everyone looks up as the door to the boss' office swings open, an angry DAN STENSON stepping out.

STENSON

I want to see everyone in the
conference room in five minutes.
(sees Wendall)
Especially you, Wendall!

Stenson slams the door, Wendall looking to Don and shrugging.

WENDALL

Well, my job is safe. For another
five minutes, anyway...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Wendall, Don, Scottie and Sandy sit at a long table, exchanging uneasy glances.

SCOTTIE

Somebody's getting canned today. I
can feel it.

WENDALL

Relax - you're young, eager, and an
incredible kiss-ass. Your job is
safe. If anyone's going today it's
me. I'm blocked. I haven't had a
decent idea in months.

SANDY

Years.

Wendall gives her a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Thanks for your support, dear -
still moonlighting as the poster
girl for PMS?

Sandy laughs, playfully blowing Wendall a kiss. Don pats him
on the back.

DON

Why would Stenson fire you? You're
engaged to his sister.

WENDALL

Right. So you know he doesn't trust
my judgement.

DON

And you've been with the agency for
thirty years. That has to count for
something.

WENDALL

Yeah - three ulcers, four
hemorrhoids, a thousand migraines,
and an uncountable number of heart
murmurs.

Stenson enters, everyone going silent. He takes his seat at
the head of the table, glowering hatefully.

STENSON

We all know that this agency has
been losing clients. I believe the
low quality of our recent campaigns
is directly to blame. If this
continues, I promise that heads
will roll. Am I understood?

No one dares respond. Wendall rolls his eyes - he's heard
this all before.

STENSON (CONT'D)

Let's get back to the clients we
still have... British Cruise Lines
is unveiling a new ship, the 'Lady
Di', to begin cross-Atlantic tours.
Who's got ideas for our new
campaign?

Everyone at the table suddenly acts like third graders who
didn't do their homework. They look around the room, pretend
to drop pens under the conference table, stare out the window
and whistle... anything to avoid eye contact with Stenson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wendall drops some papers on the floor, pretending to pick them up. He grimaces as Stenson calls his name.

STENSON

Wendall. Let's hear your ideas.

Wendall reluctantly sits up, shuffling through his papers. We notice they are blank. Clearing his throat, Wendall examines one of the blank sheets.

WENDALL

(smiling nervously)

Sure, Dan... my future brother-in-law...

Wendall thinks, then begins to wing it, the others wincing with each new tag-line.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

The British Cruise Lines 'Lady Di' tour...

(thinks)

... It's 'Di'-namite!

No response.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Okay, how about... 'Why cruise instead of fly? Because it's easier to swim than crash!'

No response. Wendall writes something on the sheet of paper, angling it toward Don. It reads 'HELP!'. Don drops his pen and hides under the table. Wendall continues, beginning to perspire.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

'Our passengers may be chicken to fly, but no one's chicken of the sea'...

Stenson slaps his forehead in disbelief. Wendall presses on.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

'The 'Lady Di' tour - a titanically good time'...

Don's head smacks the bottom of the table loudly as everyone does their best to conceal sour expressions. Stenson speaks softly, face flush with anger.

STENSON

Wendall, can I see you in my office, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL
 (gulps)
 Sure thing... bro...

INT. STENSON'S OFFICE

Stenson gruffly enters the room, taking a seat behind his desk as Wendall nervously follows.

WENDALL
 So... Dan... brother-to-be... we've
 lost some accounts, huh? Tough
 break.

Stenson leans back in his chair, a framed ad for Ex-Lax Lite ('1/3 Less Calories! 1/3 More Waste!') hanging on the wall behind him.

STENSON
 Yes, it is. This morning we lost
 Lord Archibald Clothiers - they
 were dissatisfied with our U.S.
 television campaign. They were one
 of our oldest, most prestigious
 clients.

WENDALL
 Gosh, it must hurt. Like losing an
 old friend, huh? Or, say, a brother-
 in-law...?

STENSON
 No, like losing a lot of money!
 That hurts a lot more...
 (stands, pacing)
 ... And they aren't the only ones.
 We've had quite a few accounts
 dropped lately. I think it's time
 for some new blood.

WENDALL
 You can't fire me. I've got thirty
 years of experience here. Thirty
 years of hard work. Thirty years of
 garbage in my desk.
 (thinks)
 Besides, I didn't even handle the
 Lord Archibald account.

STENSON
 I know - I did. But I can't fire
 myself. It's got to be you,
 Wendall. You're the oldest here.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STENSON (CONT'D)

It'll set a good example for the others.

WENDALL

Yeah, public executions usually do. Why not give me another chance - I can get the Lord Archibald account back. I'll work up a new campaign.

Stenson laughs heartily as he passes a Yugo ad ('Because sometimes quality is too expensive').

STENSON

You? Like when you pitched Cheerios the slogan 'Less than one mouse turd per box'? Or 'Works great - tastes great' for a vaginal cream?

WENDALL

The sponsors had no sense of humor. Okay, I've been in a slump, I admit it. But this is just the thing I need to snap out of it. Send me to London, and if I can't get the account back, then fire me.

Stenson shakes his head - spitwads and paper airplanes flying past the window to the conference room behind him. He moves to his desk, sitting.

STENSON

You used to be the best ad man we had, Wendall. But now you're burned out, you're a loser. I don't want to pay to send you to London... I don't even want to pay you here. And if I could fire you as my sister's fiance I'd do that, too!

WENDALL

That really hurts, Dan. You don't like me because I'm a loser... and I don't like you...

(opens door, speaking loudly)

... because you wet the bed until you were eighteen years old!

There is snickering from the main office as Wendall turns back to Stenson.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Everyone should be engaged to the boss' sister.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

You learn such interesting facts...
 (turns to leave,
 muttering)
 Glynnis is going to kill me...

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wendall sits morosely with his fiancé, GLYNNIS STENSON - who we recognize from the photograph on his desk. A pinched, crabby expression on her face, she glares around the restaurant, loudly demanding service.

GLYNNIS

Where's my cocktail? I want my drink!

WENDALL

We just ordered it, I'm sure it's coming. Have some water while you wait. Have some crackers...
 (glancing around,
 embarrassed)
 ... Have a gag in your mouth.

GLYNNIS

What?

WENDALL

Nothing, dear. Don't think about your drink. Let's talk about something else.

Glynnis sighs, put-out.

GLYNNIS

Fine. How was work today?

WENDALL

You know, those drinks are late...
 (calls out)
 Where are our cocktails?

A WAITER steps over, obviously irritated.

WAITER

Is there a problem, sir?

GLYNNIS

We'd like our cocktails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

A lot of them...

WAITER

I'm sure they're coming. Would you care to order while you wait?

GLYNNIS

It's about time - I'm starved.

Wendall looks through the menu.

WENDALL

How much is the prime rib with gravy?

WAITER

Forty-seven dollars. It comes with a vegetable.

WENDALL

For forty-seven bucks it should come with the deed to a farm. How much is it without the gravy?

WAITER

Forty-six dollars.

WENDALL

How much for just the gravy?

Glynnis hisses at him angrily.

GLYNNIS

I can't believe how cheap you are, Wendall. Everything about you is cheap. Your clothes, your apartment...

WENDALL

Don't forget my taste in women.

GLYNNIS

What?

WENDALL

Nothing, dear.

GLYNNIS

How can we ever be married if you're going to be so... thrifty. If you want me as your bride you'll have to make a success of yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

How can I fail? You're such a confidence booster.

GLYNNIS

What?

The Waiter cuts in impatiently.

WAITER

Nothing, dear. I'll come back after you two finish your... discussion. In the meantime I'll have someone bring you your cocktails...
(tiredly)
... and I'll have a few myself.

The Waiter leaves as Glynnis turns back to Wendall, affecting a pleasant smile.

GLYNNIS

So - what's the big news at work? Did you get a promotion? With a big raise?

WENDALL

Not exactly... Your brother fired me today.

Glynnis' mouth drops in shock (which is quite a drop).

GLYNNIS

I can't believe it. Oh, I'm so embarrassed!

Wendall pats her hand consolingly.

WENDALL

Well, you'll just have to forgive Dan. He is family, after all.

Glynnis pulls her hand away spitefully.

GLYNNIS

How could you let my brother down like this?
(begins to cry)
How can I face my family?

WENDALL

Have a few drinks, that's what I always do.

Glynnis glares at Wendall accusingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GLYNNIS

What's happened to you? You used to be so clever, so bright. You had such potential. What happened to the man I fell in love with?

WENDALL

Look, do you want someone who's bright and clever, or someone who'll marry you? You can't have both.

Glynnis sobs loudly, wiping her eyes with a napkin.

GLYNNIS

I'm so humiliated...

WENDALL

(finally fed up)

You're humiliated? I'm the one who got fired. How about me being humiliated and you being broke and jobless, you stupid nag!

GLYNNIS

What?

The DINERS at the surrounding tables turn toward Glynnis.

DINERS

(in unison)

Nothing, dear!

CUT TO:

INT. AD AGENCY - DAY

Suitcase open on his desktop, Wendall cleans out his cubicle. Sandy Hansen approaches consolingly.

SANDY

I feel horrible about this, Wendall. Out of all of us, you were the least deserving to be fired.

WENDALL

Will you tell Stenson that?

SANDY

(laughs)

Wendall, you are so funny...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don and Scottie step up, listening to a commotion coming from Stenson's office.

WENDALL

I've got thirty years of junk in this desk. I'll bet bats fly out of the drawers...

(notices Don and Scottie aren't listening)

What's going on, guys?

SCOTTIE

Some scary looking woman just stormed into Stenson's office. I've never seen such a look of violence and hatred in a person's eyes.

WENDALL

(turns, surprised)

Glynnis? Here?

Don whines, eye twitching nervously.

DON

Great. This will only make him madder and we'll all lose our jobs.

WENDALL

Relax, they're probably just arguing over how to torture me next...

(pulls papers from desk)

Look at these - from the day we got our first copy machine. I Xeroxed my vital parts for posterity.

He offers copies to Scottie and Don, who shake their heads 'no thank you'. Sandy takes a Xerox, smirking. Wendall quickly grabs the copy back.

WENDALL

(defensively)

Hey, it was cold that day, all right?

Glynnis and Stenson step out of his office and over to Wendall's cubicle. Wendall groans as they approach, the others scattering in anticipation of the explosion.

WENDALL

If you're going to kick me while I'm down, you forgot your cleats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLYNNIS

I've convinced Dan to give you one last chance, Wendall.

Stenson glances at Glynnis, obviously put-out. He turns to Wendall stiffly.

STENSON

You'll be leaving for London this afternoon to try and regain the Lord Archibald account.

WENDALL

That's great! Love and understanding conquer all.

GLYNNIS

But let me warn you - this is not only your last chance with the agency, it's also your last chance with me. It's time you made a success of yourself and quit relying on other people. I will not marry a failure.

WENDALL

Like I said - love and understanding...

(hugs Glynnis)

I won't let you down, honey.

Everyone in the office applauds happily. Satisfied, Glynnis kisses Wendall on the cheek, then her brother. Wendall smiles at Stenson, who sneers back.

WENDALL

You won't regret this, Dan. I'll get that account back. It'll be invigorating to be in a different country, with different people and different attitudes than New York.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBWAY EXIT - LONDON - DAY

Wendall steps out of the subway and onto the London streets. Suitcases in hand, he looks around - at the people, the cars, the skyline - grinning in amazement.

WENDALL

London!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A burly woman walks past, bumping him roughly back down the steps.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

A sign overhead reads 'STENSON AND ASSOCIATES - LONDON'. Wendall steps up, looking a little worse for wear as he straggles into the building.

INT. LONDON AD AGENCY

Wendall enters the office, approaching the front desk. A SECRETARY looks up.

WENDALL

I'm Wendall Moore. I was sent from New York.

SECRETARY

Am I supposed to be impressed?

WENDALL

Only by my physique.

BRIAN CHAPMAN, 23, enters the reception area. A polite, soft-spoken young man, he steps forward, hand extended.

BRIAN

You must be Wendall Moore.

WENDALL

Must I? You be him for a while, I'm tired of it.

They shake hands.

BRIAN

I'm Brian Chapman. I've been assigned to assist you in recapturing the Lord Archibald account. We're pretty specialized here, so it may take you a while to get used to things...

They step into the main office - which is identical to the New York agency. Wendall sighs at the sterile white walls and tiny cubicles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let me introduce you to the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk past the first cubicle, in which sits the British version of Scottie McNamara - JOHN HILL.

BRIAN

This is John Hill, our resident yes-man.

John gives Wendall a scornful look as they pass.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Confidentially, he's something of a bum-kisser. What do you call them in America?

WENDALL

We usually call them 'sir'.

An attractive woman (GLENDA BOOTH) steps toward them, Brian brightening noticeably. If anything, she's more beautiful - and frostier - than Sandy Hansen.

BRIAN

Ah, this is Glenda Booth - the fantasy of every man in the agency.

GLENDA

Oh Brian, don't annoy me...

BRIAN

This is Wendall Moore, from America.

GLENDA

Fascinating.

She turns up her nose, walking briskly away. Brian sighs longingly.

BRIAN

Beautiful, isn't she?

WENDALL

It was hard to tell from that angle - but her sinuses are perfect.

They continue on, where they see ROBERT OLIVER stressing out in his cubicle, tears running down his cheeks.

BRIAN

And this is Robert Oliver...

(whispering)

... He's a bit of a worrier...

Wendall moves to shake Robert's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

Hi, I'm Wendall Moore.

A strangled whine escaping the back of his throat, Robert drops his pencil under the desk, sliding underneath before Wendall can reach him. Wendall turns to Brian, smiling politely.

WENDALL

You're right, it's completely different than New York. Real culture shock. Why won't anyone talk to me?

Brian fidgets, embarrassed.

BRIAN

Most of them feel it was you Americans that lost the Lord Archibald account, and they're angry that an American has been sent here when you so obviously can't win it back.

WENDALL

That's ridiculous. I'm here to work with everyone, so we won't win it back together. You understand, right?

BRIAN

Uh, actually, no... The word is that you're an out-dated old has-been sent on a sort of kamikaze mission before you're fired.

Wendall frowns angrily.

WENDALL

Who told you that?

BRIAN

Mr. Stenson. He called this morning.

WENDALL

Oh... So - what's our first move?

BRIAN

I have an appointment this afternoon with Jennifer Fontaine. She's Lord Archibald's daughter and president of the company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL

Oh. Do you think it's a good idea to meet her so soon? We don't have anything worked up.

BRIAN

We've been caught by surprise - we didn't know we'd be presenting ideas until yesterday morning. And now we've only got two weeks before the other agencies make their pitches.

(hopefully)

Do you have a pitch?

Wendall thinks a moment, tossing out slogans off the top of his head.

WENDALL

Let's see... Lord Archibald - 'Great clothing for less loathing'... 'Hot threads that turn heads'...

Massaging his temples, Brian begins to walk away.

BRIAN

I'm dead.

WENDALL

(following Brian)

Wait, how about... 'Fit for a queen - Fit for a teen'... 'Great attire a king could admire'... 'No one will wince - you'll look like a prince'...

CUT TO:

EXT. LORD ARCHIBALD, INC. - DAY

A large, stately-looking building in the heart of London.

INT. LORD ARCHIBALD, INC. - RECEPTION AREA

Wendall and Brian wait in the reception area. Brian is mumbling to himself as he continues to massage his temples.

BRIAN

I can't believe it... I just started with this agency... Five years of college - wasted...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall grins, relaxed. He puts an arm around Brian's shoulders.

WENDALL

You worry too much. When I first started out I sweated over every campaign, too. In fact, you remind me a lot of me when I was your age.

BRIAN

(groaning)
That's comforting.

A young woman steps up, smiling politely.

BRITISH RECEPTIONIST

Miss Fontaine will see you now.

Wendall and Brian stand, following the receptionist.

BRITISH RECEPTIONIST

Would you gentlemen like something to drink? Wine?

WENDALL

No thank you. I'm sure there'll be plenty of whining as it is.

The receptionist opens the door to an office, Wendall and Brian entering.

INT. JENNIFER'S OFFICE

Wendall and Brian find themselves standing before JENNIFER FONTAINE, an attractive, no-nonsense type of woman. She rises to shake their hands, smiling pleasantly.

JENNIFER

Ah, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Moore. I'm Jennifer Fontaine. Would you like something to drink? Tea?

WENDALL & BRIAN

No thank you.

Everyone turns as LORD ARCHIBALD himself steps into the room. An elderly gentleman, he carries himself like an aristocrat. His arm is draped around the shoulders of REGINALD BATWAITHE, a representative from a rival advertising agency. Reginald is smooth, sophisticated, mannered... a prick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORD ARCHIBALD

Jennifer - I'd like you to meet Reginald Batwaithe, of Preston and Blake. We've just had the most interesting meeting - he has some wonderful ideas for our new advertising campaign.

Jennifer extends her hand to Reginald - who ignores it, giving her a kiss on the cheek. She frowns as he speaks condescendingly.

REGINALD

I must say, I've never kissed such an attractive company president.

WENDALL

You've probably been kissing the wrong end...

Wendall chuckles as the others turn to him distastefully. Brian rolls his eyes.

JENNIFER

Uh, yes... let me introduce everyone. Wendall Moore and Brian Chapman - this is my father, Lord Archibald Fontaine.

LORD ARCHIBALD

How do you do. Would you like something to drink? Champagne? Brandy?

JENNIFER

They're from Stenson and Associates.

LORD ARCHIBALD

(frowns)
... Tap water?

Amused, Reginald pipes in.

REGINALD

Stenson and... Aren't you the firm they just fired?

WENDALL

We're here to win the account back.

Reginald laughs confidently, casting a look at Wendall's rumpled clothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REGINALD

So they sent you two fashion experts? Interesting choice.

Jennifer quickly steps forward, ushering Reginald and her father out of the office.

JENNIFER

We really should begin our meeting. Why don't you go to your office, I'll meet you and Mr. Batwaithe there shortly...

Closing the door, Jennifer turns back to Wendall and Brian.

JENNIFER

I apologize for the interruption. Please, sit.

Wendall and Brian sit on a couch as Jennifer moves to a serving cart, fixing herself a cup of tea.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I must admit, I was puzzled by your request for a meeting, as your firm doesn't handle our advertising anymore.

WENDALL

That's why we're here. We'd like another chance.

JENNIFER

I see. Your desire is impressive - particularly coming all the way from New York - but we're looking for a new vision. One that will stand out from the competition. Something glamorous and stylish, yet surprising and memorable. You see, Lord Archibald clothing is designed for an upper-class clientele...

(looks at Wendall's clothes doubtfully)

... and, no offense, you don't seem the type to handle an account aimed at that portion of the American market.

Tired of this, Wendall stands, speaking forcefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL

Listen, I've been in advertising for thirty years - let me tell you what I've learned about America. The great thing about my country is that you can be rich and famous and still be a tasteless, uncultured idiot. We don't have a class system - any jerk can be successful.

Brian looks at Wendall, surprised.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

So if you want to attract the upper class in America don't make it tasteful, make it good. Sure, I'm not rich, my clothes are off the rack, and I didn't go to Harvard, but I can make it good.

Taking a deep breath, Wendall looks around, startled by his outburst. Brian gives him a smile, impressed. Even Jennifer pauses a moment, pondering his words.

JENNIFER

You've made some strong points, Mr. Moore. All right, tell me your ideas...

There is a long, silent, humiliating moment. Wendall clears his throat.

WENDALL

(thinking)

'Lord Archibald fashions... to excite your passions'...

Brian collapses on the couch, burying his head in a pillow as Wendall continues, growing more and more desperate.

WENDALL

... 'In Lord Archibald coats there are no goats'... 'Lord Archibald tweeds for all your needs'...

Jennifer can only stare at him blankly as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

A taxi pulls up to the curb in the cheaper part of town, Wendall and Brian climbing out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

'Lord Archibald jackets won't cause
a racket'...?

WENDALL

She caught me by surprise. How did
I know she was gonna expect us to
be prepared?

(thinks, smiles)

She was pretty cute, though.

BRIAN

(sighs)

I've found a flat for you to stay
in while you're here. However long
that may be.

They approach the LANDLADY, a large, loud woman with a thick
cockney accent. A cross between Eliza Doolittle and Andre the
Giant, she stands on the front steps of a crumbling building,
screaming at a delivery boy.

BRIAN

Hello, I'm Brian Chapman. I rang
you about the room...

LANDLADY

250 pounds a month - paid in
advance. Plus a cleaning deposit, a
furniture deposit, a utilities
deposit, a television deposit...

(cocks thumb at delivery
boy)

... and pay this boy for my
groceries.

Wendall grudgingly pulls out his wallet.

WENDALL

Do you have a bathroom, or should I
leave that deposit with you, too?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Later. Out of his suit and dressed casually, Wendall uses the
hall phone, yelling into the receiver to be heard over a bad
overseas connection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

No, Glynnis, honey - Big Ben isn't a man, and it's the biggest clock I've ever seen. How are you, dear?... I forgot to take out the trash before I left? I thought I took you to dinner... Nothing, dear...

The Landlady steps up, regarding Wendall skeptically.

LANDLADY

There's a phone deposit, as well...

Distracted, Wendall opens his wallet, allowing the Landlady to pull out bills.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

... and an overseas phone call deposit, and a blocking-the-hallway deposit...

WENDALL

(into phone)

No, dear - I won't fool around... I'll go to bed on time... I won't smoke... I won't drink... I won't gamble...

LANDLADY

...and a smoking, drinking and gambling deposit...

WENDALL

... I won't eat fried foods... I won't eat pork... I won't eat deserts...

LANDLADY

... And you won't eat in your room, or put thumbtacks in the walls...

Sighing, Wendall hands the phone to the Landlady, wandering away unhappily. The Landlady and Glynnis continue to harangue him, not missing a beat.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

... And he won't bring in any dirty books or magazines... and he won't stain any of the furniture... He did what to your couch? How can you stand a man like that...?

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET

Wendall walks along dejectedly. A woman walking a dog passes by, the dog trying to bite him. Wendall flinches back as the woman glowers at him.

WOMAN WITH DOG

Quit provoking my dog!

A man riding a bicycle nearly hits Wendall, who dives into some bushes.

MAN ON BIKE

Move, asshole!

A policeman steps up, eyeing Wendall suspiciously as he sits in the bushes.

BOBBY #1

All right, then. Move along and quit bothering everyone.

Wendall stands, brushing himself off. He moves on, shaking his head.

WENDALL

Ah, it's great to be in jolly old England.

EXT. PARK

Wendall trudges through the park, taking a seat on a bench next to a bag lady. He smiles at her politely.

WENDALL

Hello.

The bag lady sneers at Wendall disgustedly as she stands and hurries away.

WENDALL

Hey, sorry to offend you. I'd wear a bag over my head but my landlady would make me pay a deposit on it.

Wendall sighs, depressed and alone. He looks up as a limousine comes to a stop at the curb, the back door opening and an elderly, aristocratic OLD MAN climbing out. Wendall watches in amazement as the Old Man beats back several beautiful women in the back seat with a cane as the chauffeur helps him out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN

Hold them back, Wesley. I just need
some air, then I'll be fine.
They're smothering me back there...

The chauffeur holds the amorous women back as the Old Man steps up, slumping onto the bench beside Wendall, exhausted. He has a coughing fit - Wendall sliding down the bench for fear of catching something.

OLD MAN

Do you have a handkerchief?

Wendall pulls out a hankie, but thinking better of it pulls a leaf off a nearby tree, handing it to the Old Man.

OLD MAN

Thank you.

Wendall looks back into the limo, where the love-struck women wait for the Old Man longingly. Exasperated, Wendall turns to him, unable to curb his frustration.

WENDALL

You know, I resent guys like you.
You're rich, happy, surrounded by
beautiful women - completely
fulfilled. If there's any justice
in the world your penis is two
inches long.

The Old Man tries to laugh, wheezing weakly.

OLD MAN

I'm near death. I can't take any
more happiness and contentment.

WENDALL

Then let me have a little! My
life's a waste, my career's down
the toilet, and I haven't heard a
loving word from a female since I
stopped living with my mother - and
even she didn't want to make a
commitment.

(earnestly)

How do you do it? No matter what I
do or how hard I try, I always end
up worse than when I started.

OLD MAN

If I gave you my secret you'd never
forgive me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

You might as well try me, because I
already hate you as it is.

The Old Man chuckles, then scoots closer to Wendall,
whispering conspiratorially.

OLD MAN

Would you believe it's my cologne?

Wendall frowns, sure that he's being made fun of.

WENDALL

No more than I'd believe it was
your looks.

The Old Man laughs heartily. Giving Wendall a wink, he
stands, hobbling back to the limo where the women grab at him
hungrily.

OLD MAN

Quit pestering me - I'm elderly!

Fighting the women off with his cane, the Old Man takes a
satchel from the back seat, turning back to Wendall.

OLD MAN

I'm too old for this - are you sure
you want it?

The Old Man pulls a bottle of cologne from the satchel.

WENDALL

What I want you can't fit in a
bottle.

OLD MAN

You'd be surprised. Take it - but
be careful. Use it in moderation!

The Old Man tosses the bottle to Wendall with an exhausted
grunt before climbing back into the limo as it pulls away.
Wendall watches it go, cynically waving the bottle in the
air.

WENDALL

Thanks. Now I'll be the best
smelling guy on skid row!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WENDALL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wendall stands before the mirror, adjusting his tie.

WENDALL

I'm in England, maybe I should use
a Windsor knot... What am I saying -
I don't know how to tie a Windsor
knot...

(sighs)

Maybe I should just make it a
hangman's noose...

Wendall notices the bottle of cologne the Old Man gave him
sitting on the dresser. Curious, he picks it up, examining it
closer. The words 'SURE THING' are engraved on the side.

WENDALL

Or maybe I should try this stuff.
Couldn't hurt...

(thinks)

Wait, what if the guy just peed in
the bottle and gave it to me as a
practical joke?

(shrugs)

It would still smell better than my
cologne.

Removing the cap, he sniffs the cologne cautiously. Raises
his eyebrows, pleasantly surprised.

WENDALL

What the hell...

He splashes on a healthy dollop of cologne.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wendall comes downstairs, the ever vigilant Landlady waiting
at the front desk.

WENDALL

Oh, great - Eliza Donothing.

LANDLADY

I forgot to mention - there's an
extra charge for maid service.

WENDALL

What's that? You come into my room
each morning and clean my wallet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANDLADY

I've had enough of your bloody attitude...

(pauses)

What's that smell?

She takes a step toward Wendall, sniffing the air. Wendall backs up suspiciously.

WENDALL

It's cologne. Why? Is there a perfumy scent deposit?

The Landlady laughs girlishly, her attitude softening.

LANDLADY

No, silly... it's just a very... attractive scent...

(takes Wendall's hand)

Wendall, do you think I'm pretty?

WENDALL

Pretty what? Look, I'm late for a business dinner...

LANDLADY

Then let me give you a kiss for good luck.

WENDALL

That's a contradiction in terms.

She lunges at him, mouth open wide. Wendall ducks out of the way, the Landlady planting a kiss on a painting of Queen Victoria hanging on the wall behind him. Wendall struggles for the door as the Landlady jumps on his back, hugging and kissing him passionately. She stuffs money into his pockets.

LANDLADY

You can have all the money back - I want you, you red-hot sex monkey!

WENDALL

You can't have me, I'm engaged to another woman. I've vowed to be faithful to her. And you're not attractive enough!

Wendall finally pries her off his back, sprinting out the door.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE

Wendall hurries out the door and down the street, glancing back over his shoulder nervously.

WENDALL

That's a new one - a woman wanting sex after she'd got all my money...

Continuing down the street, Wendall walks past a crowded club, people spilling onto the sidewalk as rock music blares. A limo pulls up, a famous rock star climbing out of the back seat. A dozen female groupies surround him, screaming. Wendall passes, watching in amusement. Suddenly the groupies catch Wendall's scent, turning and rushing him, squealing wildly. Panic stricken, Wendall flees, ducking down an alleyway as the groupies race past. He breathes heavily, shaking his head in confusion as we...

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Wendall and Brian sit at a corner table in a cozy London pub. Still somewhat out of breath, Wendall eats a pudding as all the women in the restaurant stare at him.

WENDALL

... They acted like they wanted to rip my clothes off! If I'd known English women were this hot I'd have come here instead of college.

Brian picks at his food, not really listening to Wendall's wild story.

BRIAN

I can't believe Lord Archibald won't even listen to our ideas. There's got to be some way to make him pay attention to us.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Are you enjoying your meals?

BRIAN

Delicious.

She turns to Wendall, smiling flirtatiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

How's your spotted dick?

Wendall chokes on his food, looking up at the Waitress in surprise.

WENDALL

Excuse me?

BRIAN

(rolls his eyes)

She means your pudding.

WENDALL

Oh. It's terrific. Thanks.

WAITRESS

Let me know if you need anything else.

WENDALL

I'd need a year of conditioning first.

Laughing, the Waitress leaves, Wendall turning to Brian.

WENDALL

Look, our jobs are on the line, and without Lord Archibald's okay we have no chance of regaining the account. We've got to find some way to make him pay attention. No matter what it takes.

Brian sits back, gazing at Wendall in amazement.

BRIAN

God - you are going to get me fired.

WENDALL

(stands)

Relax. I'm not the kind of guy that causes much of a fuss.

Wendall starts toward the bar, a woman sitting nearby whistling at him. He glances at her, then behind himself. Shrugging, he continues across the room - women calling and whistling like horny construction workers as he passes.

WENDALL

A beer, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The bartender draws Wendall a beer as a woman steps up next to him.

PUB WOMAN

Hi.

WENDALL

Hello.

Wendall jumps, surprised, as she stuffs a piece of paper in his front pocket.

PUB WOMAN

This is my phone number...

(drops key into his
pocket)

... This is the key to my flat...

She leans forward, giving Wendall a view down her top.

PUB WOMAN (CONT'D)

... This is my chest.

Wendall gawks appreciatively, smiling at the woman, impressed.

WENDALL

This is my lucky day.

She pats his face lovingly, moving off as the bartender returns with Wendall's beer. Wendall pays, looking at the bartender in wonder.

WENDALL

I thought British women were
supposed to be repressed.

Wendall heads back to his table, looking to Brian uneasily.

WENDALL

What's going on? All the women are
staring at me.

BRIAN

I don't know. This place is usually
so subdued... Is your fly down?

WENDALL

No, when women see me with my fly
down they usually scream in terror.
Once I even did.

The Waitress steps over once again, giving Wendall a hungry look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WAITRESS

Care for a taste of something warm
and delicious?

WENDALL

(laughs)

I get it - you mean dessert, right?

The Waitress leans over Wendall lustfully. Brian watches,
eyes wide.

BRIAN

I don't think so...

Suddenly the Pub Woman steps over, grabbing the Waitress and
pulling her away from Wendall.

PUB WOMAN

He's mine, you tramp!

WAITRESS

You stay away - I love him!

WENDALL

Ladies, please - there's no need to
fight... unless we can find a vat
of whipped cream.

The two women attack each other, scratching and pulling hair.
Wendall tries to break it up, only to be pulled into the middle
of the fight, where he is pummeled and clawed by the two
women.

WENDALL

(weakly)

Check, please?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WENDALL'S ROOM - DAY

Aching and groggy, Wendall sits up in bed. Still dressed from
the night before, he stands, stepping to the mirror. Noticing
a large hickey on his neck, he groans.

WENDALL

I'm too old for hickeys. When
you're younger they're cool - when
you're my age they look like giant,
wandering liver spots.

He glances at the bottle of 'Sure Thing' sitting on the
dresser, regarding it thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Maybe the old man wasn't kidding...
maybe this stuff really does have
powers...

(rolls eyes)

... maybe it makes you go nuts and
start talking to yourself. Come on,
Wendall, get serious. Cologne is
cologne.

There is a knock at the door, Wendall opening it to reveal
the Landlady. He jumps back in terror.

WENDALL

You can't have me, lady. I'm spoken
for. At the top of her lungs.

LANDLADY

I don't want you - I want the money
you stole while trying to molest me
last night or I'm calling the
police!

Wendall looks at her in disbelief.

WENDALL

I tried to molest you? I've got
your fingerprints in places even
I've never touched! If only the
water in this building ran as hot
and cold as you...

The Landlady snarls at him.

LANDLADY

I want my money now, you rude,
nasty, perverted...

WENDALL

All right, all right. Keep your
pants on - I'm sure you've heard
that request before.

Wendall closes the door. Getting an idea, he grabs the bottle
of 'Sure Thing' from the dresser, sprinkling some on his
wrist.

WENDALL

I guess there's only one way to
find out...

Pulling the money from his wallet, he opens the door, where
the Landlady continues to rant, now counting off on her
fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANDLADY
 ... lascivious, sexist,
 obnoxious...

Wendall holds out the money, the Landlady grabbing it. Catching the scent from his wrist, her mood instantly changes, handing the money back bill by bill.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
 ... handsome, beautiful, witty,
 wise, loving... Take me, you sweet
 man-meat!

She lunges for Wendall, who quickly slams the door shut - the Landlady hitting it with a thud. He locks the door as she pounds on it desperately. Amazed, he grabs the bottle of 'Sure Thing'.

WENDALL
 I can't believe a cologne could
 have this effect on women...
 (grins, kissing bottle)
 They'll never love you as much as I
 do.

Dropping the bottle into his pocket, Wendall opens the window, stepping out onto the fire escape as the Landlady continues to pound on the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEMIST'S LAB - DAY

Wendall hurries into a sterile-looking building, a sign above the door reading 'BIOCHEMICAL RESEARCH N' STUFF'.

INT. CHEMIST'S LAB

Wendall rings the bell on the counter, cradling the bottle of cologne like a baby. A pale, unhealthy looking CHEMIST shuffles out, smoking and hacking. He looks like a rat in a science experiment that's been deprived of light for twenty years.

CHEMIST
 May I help you?

WENDALL
 (anxiously)
 God, I hope so. I need you to
 reproduce as much of this cologne
 as possible. Can you do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEMIST

Trust in chemical science, my
friend. Look what it's done for me.
(coughs violently)
Let me see the bottle.

Wendall hugs the bottle protectively.

WENDALL

I don't know...

CHEMIST

(coaxing)
Just for a moment... I won't hurt
it...

Wendall reluctantly hands the bottle to the Chemist, who
opens it, sniffing curiously.

CHEMIST

Hmmmm... yes... this contains
testosterone, animal hormones, a
mixture of rare Asian and Middle
Eastern aphrodisiacs...

WENDALL

That's amazing - how can you tell
that?

CHEMIST

(pointing)
It says so on the side of the
bottle. It's this part here that's
tricky... 'the secret scent of
musky magnetism', it says.

WENDALL

That's an ingredient? I thought
'Musky Magnetism' was a porn star.

CHEMIST

I'll have to take a sample and make
a chemical breakdown.

The Chemist pours a little of the cologne into a vial.
Wendall watches, a pained expression on his face.

WENDALL

Hey, not too much - that's all I
have...
(grins)
And I plan to use a lot of it...

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON AD AGENCY

Wendall enters to find Brian busily cleaning out his desk.

WENDALL

Don't tell me we've been canned
already.

BRIAN

No, I just like to plan ahead.

Wendall takes some papers from Brian's desk.

WENDALL

What are these?

BRIAN

Some slogans I worked up for the
Lord Archibald campaign.

Wendall reads from the pages.

WENDALL

'Please buy our clothing... if it's
not out of your price range.'

(winces)

'If you feel like giving us a try
you just may like it, so why not
think about it?'

(sighs)

'Buy Lord Archibald clothes... we
beg you.'

BRIAN

What do you think?

Wendall looks at Brian's belongings piled on his desk.

WENDALL

Are you going to be able to fit
everything into that little box?

(Brian groans, continuing
to clean out desk)

I'm just kidding! You English
people have no sense of humor.

They look up as Robert Oliver approaches, carrying a large
box.

ROBERT

Uh, Wendall? This just arrived for
you. From Reginald Batwaithe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

(frowns)

From our buddy Reginald, huh? Born with a silver spoon up his butt.

Wendall unwraps the box as Brian reads the attached card.

BRIAN

'To Wendall Moore: Sorry about the Lord Archibald account - perhaps this fashion campaign is more your style.'

Wendall opens the box, lifting out a bloodhound puppy wearing a tacky dog sweater. Staring at the dog, Wendall quickly realizes that it is wearing the same sweater he is. Wendall looks to Brian, who tries to hide his amusement.

WENDALL

Lucky guess.

BRIAN

Great. What are we going to do with a puppy?

WENDALL

I can't take it - I could never afford the pet deposit.

Glenda walks past, Brian grabbing the puppy from Wendall.

BRIAN

Glenda - would you like to have a puppy? A warm, cuddly...
(looks at spreading stain on shirt)
... not entirely housebroken puppy.

GLEENDA

(sneezing)

Get it away from me. I'm allergic!

She hurries away. Brian puts the puppy back into the box unhappily.

BRIAN

Just our luck - she's allergic to dogs.

WENDALL

Seems like she's allergic to Brians. Look, I don't know about you, but I'm tired of taking abuse from everyone I meet around here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

No one takes us seriously, not even you.

BRIAN

Of course I do.

WENDALL

Then let's quit messing around. If we want this account all we've got to do is get me alone with Jennifer Fontaine.

BRIAN

(scoffs)

What do you want to do, kidnap her and make her listen to all our ideas - of which we have a grand total of none? Please, Wendall.

Getting an idea, Wendall takes the bottle of 'Sure Thing' from his pocket, sprinkling the puppy with it when Brian isn't looking.

WENDALL

You've got to start trusting me, Brian. We don't have much else going for us.

BRIAN

(sighs)

All right. She didn't like our ideas, what makes you think she'll change her mind now?

Glenda walks by, pausing as she passes the puppy. Intrigued, she bends to pet it, letting out a horrid sneeze. Picking up the dog, she turns to Brian.

GLENDA

I'm sorry I was so rude before, Brian.

(sneezes)

I'd love to have this puppy.

(sneezes)

There's just something... I don't know...

(sneezes)

I simply adore it.

Eyes watering, Glenda gives Brian a smile as she walks away, sneezing violently as she hugs the dog. Wendall looks to Brian, grinning smugly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL

Trust me.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The sun rises over the smoggy Manhattan skyline.

INT. AD AGENCY - STENSON'S OFFICE

Stenson stands in his office, hitting golf balls out an open window and onto the street below. The Receptionist's voice comes over the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Mr. Stenson - a collect call from
Wendall Moore on line two.

Throwing down his club, Stenson steps to his phone. Punching a button he picks up the receiver, growling angrily.

STENSON

Collect? Who told you that you
could make collect calls back to
the office?

EXT. LONDON PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Wendall stands in a phone booth, confident and happy.

WENDALL

I don't know. Who told you that you
could comb your hair over your bald
spot and no one would notice?

STENSON (O.S.)

What do you want, Wendall?

WENDALL

I just wanted to let you know that
the Lord Archibald account is in
the bag - and I don't mean the one
over your wife's head.

INT. STENSON'S OFFICE

Stenson checks the hair on the back of his head with a mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STENSON

You're a laugh riot, Wendall. Even if you do get the account - which you won't - you're still a loser.

EXT. LONDON PHONE BOOTH

Wendall applies a few dabs of 'Sure Thing'.

WENDALL

Yeah, but I'll be a rich, happy, self-satisfied loser...

Wendall glances up to see Jennifer exit the Lord Archibald offices across the street.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Gotta go, Dan. Give Glynnis a kick for me.

He hangs up, splashing on more cologne as he hurries after Jennifer.

INT. STENSON'S OFFICE

Stenson angrily slams down the phone, clutching his hand in pain. He grabs his golf club, raising it to smash a lamp. Thinking better of it, he swings wildly at a golf ball, driving it toward the window... where it hits the wall and ricochets back, smacking him in the forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON SIDEWALK

Wendall hurries to catch Jennifer, who walks at a brisk pace. He calls after her.

WENDALL

Miss Fontaine... Jennifer...

Jennifer turns to see Wendall coming, panting for breath.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Imagine this - what a coincidence...

She smiles wryly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Yes, isn't it. You're not going to start rhyming again, are you?

Wendall steps closer, trying to get Jennifer to smell the cologne.

WENDALL

No, no. I just thought... I'm new in London, and I wanted to experience a little of the nightlife. So I was wondering if you'd like to go out with me sometime for some dinner and dancing.

JENNIFER

(amused)

You dance, Mr. Moore?

Wendall tries to fan the cologne fumes toward her - to no effect. However a passing woman swoons from the smell, fainting.

WENDALL

Did you ever see that film with Fred Astaire dancing with a coatrack?

JENNIFER

(laughs)

You dance like Astaire?

WENDALL

No, the coatrack. Do you smell anything?

JENNIFER

No... You're not really here to ask me to dinner, are you?

Pausing at a street corner, Wendall sneaks the cologne out of his pocket, applying more as Jennifer watches for a break in traffic. Another woman throws herself at Wendall, hugging him tightly. He wrestles with her, trying to speak in a normal tone of voice.

WENDALL

You're right, you got me. I wanted to talk...

He finally succeeds in pulling the woman loose, plopping her butt-first into a trash can. She tries to wriggle free, reaching for Wendall as he and Jennifer cross the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A woman driving past catches Wendall's scent, veering wildly into another car. Jennifer turns at the sound of the crash, Wendall hustling her away.

WENDALL

It's very important... Are you sure you don't smell anything?

JENNIFER

Nothing. Are you all right? You're sweating.

Frustrated by her lack of response, Wendall grabs a rose from a flower stand, shoving it under Jennifer's nose.

WENDALL

Can you smell this flower?

JENNIFER

I can't smell anything.

WENDALL

(slumps)

You can't smell anything? Nothing? Not even a sniff?

JENNIFER

(embarrassed)

I have a sinus condition. It's not painful or anything. I just can't smell. That's an advantage in many parts of London.

WENDALL

Not in this part.

Jennifer frowns. She doesn't want to get into this here and now.

JENNIFER

Look, I'm sorry, Mr. Moore - but if you're here to discuss the advertising campaign we have nothing to talk about. We feel the account should be handled by someone like Reginald - upper class, a ladies man, someone familiar with high society, who knows what women want and what men want to be.

WENDALL

That phony? He doesn't know what American men want to be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

American men want to be the ones
that kick guys like him in the ass.

They reach a restaurant, Jennifer smiling and calling out.

JENNIFER

Reginald!

Wendall looks up to see Reginald standing near the restaurant entrance. He frowns as Reginald again ignores Jennifer's outstretched hand and kisses her on the cheek.

REGINALD

Hello, my dear. And hello to you,
Mr. Moore. Out clothes shopping?
There's a junk store around the
corner.

WENDALL

Ah, Reginald Bathwater. Thanks for
the gift.

REGINALD

Batwaithe. A token of my esteem.
Whenever you see it, I want you to
think of me.

WENDALL

Oh, I think of you, all right -
it's got worms.

Jennifer frowns, in the dark.

JENNIFER

Am I missing something?

WENDALL

Not from this angle.

REGINALD

Jennifer and I are here to discuss
my plans for the new ad campaign -
at a table for two.

(sneers)

What are you doing now? Selling
pencils on the street?

WENDALL

You're a million laughs, Reginald.
Too bad they're all unintentional.

Jennifer cuts in, trying to sound cheerful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JENNIFER

Enough of these pleasantries. I'm famished.

(smiles at Wendall
regretfully)

Goodbye, Mr. Moore. It's nothing personal - you seem like a very nice man. You're just not what we're looking for.

Wendall watches helplessly as Reginald leads Jennifer into the restaurant.

WENDALL

Just my luck - the one woman I need to impress with the cologne can't smell! What else can go wrong... ?

He turns to find himself in front of a 'LARGE AND LOVELY' clothing store - a half-dozen overweight women suddenly bursting through the door and knocking him to the ground, smothering him with affection.

CUT TO:

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

Brian and Wendall stroll through the park - Wendall looking a bit trampled.

WENDALL

... So the romantic angle didn't work. Unless you call being buried under two tons of cottage cheese romantic.

BRIAN

We're dead.

WENDALL

You're too tense. Good ideas take time. It's not like math - creative ideas only come when they're ready...

(concentrates)

'Lord Archibald trousers don't attract bowsers'...

BRIAN

Why even worry about it? We're never going to get the account anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall drapes his arm around Brian's shoulder, leading him down the path.

WENDALL

It's nice to work with someone who always looks on the bright side.

BRIAN

Why should I? Look at my life - I'm such a... loser. I'm on thin ice at work, I don't have any friends, and I can't even talk to the one woman I'm attracted to. I'm not like you.

WENDALL

Hey, I'm not like me, either. I've never had any luck with women. In high school, while all the other guys were getting to first base, I was still taking batting practice.

Brian laughs, Wendall looking to him sincerely.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Things aren't so bad. We'll figure out a way to get the account back. And you do have a friend.

BRIAN

Oh yeah? Who?

WENDALL

I don't know, I was just trying to cheer you up...

(nudges Brian playfully)

No. I'm your friend. Why do you think we go on these long, depressing walks together? I'm proud to be your friend, Brian.

BRIAN

Thanks, Wendall. I'm glad one of us is.

Wendall stops as Brian chuckles slyly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That was a joke. You've got to lighten up - you Americans have no sense of humor.

WENDALL

(grins)

That's the spirit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Who better to insult than a friend?
Enemies hit back.

They both laugh as they continue on.

BRIAN

Look, this is all great, but none
of it is going to matter if we
don't get that account - which
looks about as likely as the Queen
being involved in a sex scandal.

WENDALL

Listen, I've spent the past twenty
years just going through the
motions with my job and the rest of
my life. But ever since I got here
I feel like I have something to
prove again. To them and to myself.

BRIAN

So what do we do?

WENDALL

Jennifer Fontaine won't listen to
us because she's a snob. We're not
in her class. Well, as far as I'm
concerned she's not in our class.
What we have to do is show her that
we can compete on her turf.

EXT. HYDE PARK - SPEAKER'S CORNER

Coming to Speaker's Corner, Wendall and Brian pass a RAGGEDY
MAN sporting a long, dirty beard. He stands on a crate,
ranting wildly.

RAGGEDY MAN

Big business is controlling us! We
must fight back! The profiteers who
run the mighty corporate machines
must be reminded that it is the
little man - you and me - who
really owns the power! We can take
control of these corporate monsters
through the common market - stocks
and bonds!

Brian shakes his head sadly.

BRIAN

These guys are nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall stops to listen, an odd grin on his face.

WENDALL

Then that's bad news for me,
because he's making a lot of sense.

RAGGEDY MAN

... And when the little people have
taken control we can chop off their
heads and make pretty lamps and
ashtrays with their skulls!

Wendall turns back to Brian, shrugging.

WENDALL

Okay, so his theories need
refinement.

An idea forming, Wendall reaches into his pocket, where he
glances at the bottle of 'Sure Thing'. He turns to Brian
thoughtfully.

WENDALL

We've got to find common ground -
we're guys, Lord Archibald is a
guy, guys are impressed with guys
who get babes... especially babes
that control his business...

(grins mischievously)

I need a list of all Lord
Archibald's major stockholders and
his social schedule for the next
week - the old Wendall Moore is
back!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ASCOT RACETRACK - DAY

A beautiful day at the racetrack, the grandstand full.

EXT. REGINALD'S BOX

Lord Archibald and Jennifer sit with Reginald, all in their
best racing attire - the men in grey coats and top hats,
Jennifer in a white formal dress. Reginald drones on as they
listen politely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGINALD

... My commercial for Poopinall laxative alone has been seen by more people than saw all of Shakespeare's plays during his lifetime...

Reginald is interrupted as a voice calls out.

DUCHESS (O.S.)

Archie! Oh, Archie dear...

Lord Archibald, Jennifer and Reginald turn to see the DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, a frail, matronly woman, approaching. Lord Archibald grimaces, Jennifer whispering to him sternly.

JENNIFER

Be polite - she's one of our largest investors.

DUCHESS

I understand you're looking for someone to handle our new advertising campaign.

Lord Archibald motions to Reginald, who grins confidently.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Well, I...

DUCHESS

(not listening)

... I just happen to have met a brilliant advertising executive who would be ideal for the job.

(turns, calling)

Oh, Wendall!

Jennifer, Reginald and Lord Archibald look up to see Wendall making his way through the crowd. He wears sunglasses, Bermuda shorts, Hawaiian shirt and an umbrella hat. Jennifer frowns as Wendall steps up, greeting everyone cheerfully.

WENDALL

(shaking hands)

Lord Archibald... Jennifer...

Reginald Braindead...

REGINALD

That's Bathwater!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

Great day, huh? I've made 300
pounds so far - that should almost
cover the beer tab, right, Dottie?

Wendall nudges the Duchess, who smiles coyly as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL OPERA HOUSE - PRIVATE BOX - NIGHT

The opera begins, Jennifer, Reginald and Lord Archibald watching from a private box. Jennifer tries to listen to the opera as Reginald whispers to Lord Archibald.

REGINALD

... We could set an ad on the stage
here, with one poor slob in a cheap
Hawaiian shirt and windbreaker
playing Pagliachi...

Lord Archibald nods distractedly, glancing toward the next box to see Wendall with LADY PEARSON, an elegant, dignified woman. Wendall wears a cheap Hawaiian shirt and windbreaker, pulling a large sloppy sandwich out of a picnic basket.

WENDALL

(wide grin)

Want a sandwich? We've got plenty.

Lord Archibald shakes his head 'no' as we...

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION SHOW - DAY

Lord Archibald's new clothing line is unveiled, audience applauding each model striding down the runway. Jennifer and Lord Archibald stand proudly at the back of the room. There is a sudden commotion as Wendall steps in, an attractive, well-to-do woman on his arm. The women in the audience gather around him, female models bounding offstage to get close to him. Brian watches to one side, a WOMAN nudging him curiously.

FASHION WOMAN

Who is that sexual dynamo?

BRIAN

I wouldn't get too excited - he's
engaged to his boss' sister...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing nearby, Reginald overhears Brian's remark, a nasty smile crossing his face. The photographers snap photos as Wendall greets Lord Archibald.

WENDALL

Hi, Arch! Nice clothes, but you've got to find male models with some sex appeal. You know - early fifties, out of shape, clammy skin. Right girls?

The women enthusiastically voice their agreement. Wendall smiles happily as the photographers flash away, the image FREEZING as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

The photo of Wendall at the fashion show now graces the cover of a tabloid, whose headline screams 'MYSTERY MAN TAKES LONDON SOCIETY BY STORM'. Then, in smaller print underneath, '"HE'S IRRESISTIBLE!" WOMEN COO'. PULL BACK to see Brian and Wendall standing before a newsstand, where every tabloid features a photo of Wendall on the cover.

BRIAN

(reads, amazed)

'... Just who is this mystery man who in the past week has been seen in the company of London's most eligible socialites? He's been spotted at a fashion show with Lady Stratford, touring cathedrals with heiress Judy Havelock, and at a women's wrestling match with the Duchess of Worcestershire. Guests at Ruby Windsor's lawn party were shocked by the sight of the hostess herself draped over the back of this enigmatic Casanova, teaching him how to grip a croquet mallet...'

Wendall shakes his head tiredly, slumping against a lamppost.

WENDALL

It wasn't the croquet mallet she was trying to grip. Don't these women think about anything but sex? They're torturing me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm engaged - if anyone's going to torture me with sex it's going to be my fiance!

CUT TO:

INT. AD AGENCY - STENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cast on his hand and bandage around his head, Stenson sits at his desk. The elderly Receptionist enters, handing him a sheet of fax paper.

RECEPTIONIST

This just came over the fux.

STENSON

Fax, Mrs. Walley. It's called a fax.

RECEPTIONIST

It's from London.

Stenson takes the fax, which is the cover of a London tabloid. The headline reads 'SOCIETY CASANOVA AT IT AGAIN!', above a photo of a grinning Wendall surrounded by women as he gives the thumbs-up. A smaller headline underneath reads 'BOWLS 187 WITH DUCHESS OF KENT'. Angry, Stenson pulls out his lighter, setting the fax on fire. The phone rings, Stenson answering it angrily.

STENSON

Dan Stenson...

INT. LONDON - REGINALD'S OFFICE

Reginald sits at his desk, speaking into the phone.

REGINALD

Mr. Stenson? I assume you've received my fax about your man Wendall Moore. Never have I seen such a disgusting exhibition of sleaze. Every night, out with a different woman who can further his career. Do you encourage all your employees to sleep their way to the top?

STENSON (O.S.)

(over phone)

Sleep his way to the top?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STENSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wendall couldn't even sleep his way
to the middle. Who is this?

REGINALD

That's not important. I just want
you to know that the proper
authorities will be appraised of
this entire sordid affair. I'd hate
to see the good name of your
company - and your family - dirtied
in such a dreadful scandal.
Wouldn't you?

Reginald hangs up, grinning smugly.

INT. STENSON'S OFFICE

Stenson hangs up the phone, frowning. Realizing he's still
holding the burning fax, he tosses it into the trash... only
to notice that his sleeve is on fire. He attempts to smother
it with some paper... noticing that the trash can is now in
flames. He tries to stomp it out, his pant leg catching fire
while the flames from his shirt spread to everything on his
desk.

INT. AD AGENCY - MAIN OFFICE

Scottie McNamara and Don Lyons both nap in Don's cubicle,
heads propped on the desk. Behind them, Stenson can be seen
whirling around his office, shirt and pants in flames.
Scottie sits up, sniffing the air.

SCOTTIE

Did you overcook something in the
microwave again?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wendall comes downstairs, where the Landlady waits by the
phone, holding the receiver as seductively as she can manage.

LANDLADY

It's that woman again, Wendall. She
sounds upset. Why don't you dump
her?

WENDALL

I tried - no dump would take her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall takes the phone, speaking sweetly.

WENDALL
Hello... Glynnis, dear?

INT. GLYNNIS' BEDROOM

Glynnis sits on her bed, bleary-eyed in all her vengeful glory. Stenson stands to one side, heavily bandaged, eyebrows singed off, smiling nastily. We INTERCUT between New York and London as the conversation takes place.

GLYNNIS
Wendall, something's come to my attention, and I've got to ask you person to person - are you seeing other women?

Wendall swallows hard, trying to sound light and cheerful.

WENDALL
Other women? Glynnis, you know me - I've got a face that stops biological clocks...

Glynnis continues tearfully.

GLYNNIS
I hope so, Wendall. Because if I ever thought you were cheating on me I don't know what I'd do. I'd probably cry... and suffer... and weep...
(grits teeth)
... and cut your balls off with a rusty pair of hedge trimmers!

Wendall winces with pain at the thought.

WENDALL
Cut my balls off? Glynnis, my love - why so testy?

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON AD AGENCY - DAY

Wendall and Brian sit in Brian's cubicle, trying to work up a new campaign. Wendall speaks tiredly, slumped in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

I can't do it anymore. I'm exhausted - you could carry groceries in the bags under my eyes. And those aren't the body parts I'm most concerned about.

BRIAN

Come on, we've got one week left. We need a brilliant idea.

WENDALL

(thinks)

'Wear Lord Archibald clothes and she won't wrinkle her nose'...?

BRIAN

Shoot me. Just shoot me. Put me out of my misery.

Glenda walks past, speaking coolly.

GLENDA

Hello, Wendall. Hello, Brian.

Brian waves and smiles at Glenda, grunting some unintelligible greeting.

BRIAN

Harph!

Wendall shakes his head in pity.

WENDALL

You've got a silver tongue there, Brian. Too bad you got it bronzed.

Brian stands, pacing irritably.

BRIAN

I don't get it! What's wrong with me? What am I doing so wrong that I can't even form words when I try to talk to Glenda?

WENDALL

You've got to remember - she's just a woman. What can she do? Just humiliate you, tear your heart out, make you wish you'd never been born. It's all part of being a man.

Wendall points across the room to where Glenda fixes herself a cup of tea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Just go up to her. Take it slow.
Start with syllables, work up to
words, and before you know it
you're talking.

BRIAN

I can't. I'm too nervous. She'll
think I'm an idiot.

WENDALL

She already does. You've got
nothing to lose.

Brian turns, adjusting his tie nervously as Wendall takes the half full bottle of 'Sure Thing' from his pocket, sprinkling him as he approaches Glenda. He attempts to appear nonchalant, suave.

BRIAN

Harph!

Glenda turns, annoyed.

GLENDA

Please, Brian - can't you take
'never' for an answer...?
(pauses, sniffing air)
What's that cologne you're wearing?

BRIAN

(confused)
Cologne?

Glenda steps closer, Brian staring at her uncertainly as she looks deep into his eyes.

GLENDA

I never noticed this before, but
you have the most beautiful eyes.
I'd do anything for a man with
those eyes. Anything.

BRIAN

(gulps)
Um... you want to have dinner
Saturday night?

Glenda nods, giving him a passionate kiss. Brian comes up for air, reeling.

BRIAN

Make that Friday night...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wendall watches from across the office, smiling like Cupid.

WENDALL

True love triumphs again...

Brian collapses on the floor, unconscious. Wendall shakes his head.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Now all I've got to do is teach him to breathe...

CUT TO:

INT. LORD ARCHIBALD'S OFFICE - DAY

A stately, imposing old office. Lord Archibald sits behind a huge desk which is covered with newspapers, Wendall's face plastered all over the society pages. Lord Archibald stares at them thoughtfully as Jennifer enters.

JENNIFER

You wanted to see me?

Lord Archibald holds up a paper featuring a photo of Wendall and an elderly, aristocratic old woman dancing drunkenly on a bar table.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Are we hearing Wendall Moore's ideas for the new advertising campaign?

JENNIFER

No. We've already fired his agency, and I must tell you, he didn't impress me in our last meeting.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Well, he must have something - he's got every female stockholder screaming for us to hire him.

(chuckles)

He's done better with them than I have... Maybe we should have a closer look...

Jennifer inspects a newspaper with the headline 'SOCIETY CASANOVA TAKES DATE TO CHARITY EVENT - MOTHER TERESA RENOUNCES HER FAITH' above a photo of Mother Teresa clinging to Wendall, legs wrapped around his waist. She smiles despite herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER
I'll give it some thought...

CUT TO:

INT. CHEMIST'S LAB - DAY

Wendall stands at the counter, speaking to the Chemist, who has one cigarette in his mouth, another in his hand.

WENDALL
So? Were you able to figure it out?

CHEMIST
There was a slight problem. I was unable to identify the remaining ingredients in the cologne. It's like nothing I've seen before.

WENDALL
What does that mean? What I have is it? I'm starting to run out - and believe me, I can't run out.

The Chemist places several bottles of cologne on the counter.

CHEMIST
Well, I experimented with some variations... I'm not sure how they'll work, but you're free to try them.

WENDALL
Great! If this works I'll recommend you for a promotion - maybe they'll even let you go outside once in a while.

Wendall grabs the bottles, hurrying out the door. The Chemist watches him go, taking a drag on both cigarettes.

CHEMIST
That man must have a serious complex about body odor...

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY BALLROOM - NIGHT

A formal affair is in progress, Wendall standing near the refreshment table. Spying a group of women nearby, he dabs on one of the Chemist's colognes, approaching them confidently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Hello, ladies...

The women turn - smiles becoming frowns as they sniff the air. Wrinkling their noses, they glare at him angrily, slapping his face and walking away.

WENDALL

What was that all about? What did that guy put in here - 'eau de bad provider'?

Wendall frowns... until he notices that he is now surrounded by men, all sniffing the air. They converge on him, interested.

WENDALL

Uh-oh! Hey, guys... come on, you don't want me. I'm not your type - I'm a bad cook, a lousy dresser, and I don't know any Broadway show tunes...

(bolts and runs, men chasing him)

Help!

CUT TO:

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

Looking a little worse for wear, Wendall walks among couples, families, people walking their dogs. Once more he applies cologne from another of the Chemist's bottles. Suddenly every dog in the park charges him, knocking him to the ground and licking him happily.

WENDALL

(groans)

They must've put toilet water in this one...

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN PARTY - DAY

Beat up and exhausted, Wendall sits off by himself at a garden party. Letting out a nervous sigh, he pulls out yet another of the Chemist's colognes, re-reading a 'NO DOGS' sign on a nearby gate as he dabs it on. He waits apprehensively as a WAITER steps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITER

Drink?

WENDALL

Heavily.

The Waiter takes a glass of champagne from his tray. As he bends to set it on the table he sniffs the air - angrily throwing the drink in Wendall's face.

WAITER

Get it yourself, you bloody bastard!

The Waiter stalks away, Wendall dropping the bottle of cologne into his pocket.

WENDALL

I think that Chemist has been sampling his own work for too long.

He stands to leave, turning to find himself face-to-face with Lord Archibald.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Mr. Moore - I'm glad to see you.

Realizing that he can't let Lord Archibald smell him, Wendall backs away. Other guests scatter in disgust as Wendall passes.

WENDALL

Lord Archibald!

LORD ARCHIBALD

(pursues Wendall)

I was discussing you with my daughter just the other day...

Wendall grabs a vase of roses, holding them between Lord Archibald and himself.

WENDALL

Really? That's great - nothing unflattering, I hope.

LORD ARCHIBALD

No, no. On the contrary. We thought if you were still interested in pitching your ideas for the advertising campaign...

(pauses, sniffing the air)

... Do you smell something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Passing the refreshment table, Wendall dips his hand into the punch bowl, dabbing on punch in an effort to overwhelm the cologne.

WENDALL

Uh, it's probably one of the dogs.

LORD ARCHIBALD

There are no dogs here.

WENDALL

Then one of the older guests... You were saying?

LORD ARCHIBALD

Yes. Well, if you're still interested in pitching your ideas...

(sniffs air, becoming enraged)

... you can bloody well forget it! I never want to see, hear, or smell of you again! Good day, sir!

Covering his nose with a handkerchief, Lord Archibald turns and walks away.

WENDALL

Lord Archibald! Wait! Let me take a shower and explain!

Glancing around, Wendall sees that he is alone. He sits, head in his hands.

WENDALL

I blew it! I got greedy and ruined my chance at the account.

(sniffs)

Phew! This does smell. Who could possibly be attracted to something like this?

In a flash several gorillas race by, scooping up Wendall and carrying him away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A dozen bobbys stand at the base of a large tree, all looking up in amazement.

BOBBY #2

How do you suppose they got up there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY #3

Beats me. All we know is three of them went bonkers and escaped from the zoo.

BOBBY #2

Three of them? I see four up there.

Bobby #3 squints, looking harder.

BOBBY #3

Yeah, you're right. That one in the silly suit must be from the circus.

EXT. TREETOP

Wendall sits among the branches at the top of the tree with the three gorillas, who gaze and pick at him fondly.

WENDALL

(sighs miserably)

That settles it - I'm definitely staying with the old cologne...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

A grey, colorless apartment - grey carpet, grey furniture, framed monochrome reproductions of color paintings on the walls. Brian sits in a grey easy chair, watching his black and white TV, when the doorbell rings. Brian switches off the TV, opening the door to reveal a tired, haggard-looking Wendall slouched against the doorjamb and coughing weakly.

WENDALL

Lord Archibald hates me, I'm being pursued by dozens of wealthy old maids, a gang of horny men, a pack of dogs and a bunch of gorillas - who are only slightly less attractive than the old maids.

(Brian steps aside,

Wendall shuffling in)

Nice place... everything is grey!
Very cheerful - I feel like I'm in a Bergman movie.

Wendall collapses on the couch in exhaustion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

What happened? Why does Lord Archibald hate you? And when did you start dating gorillas?

WENDALL

The details aren't important. All you need to know is he hates me, we're out of our jobs, and there's a McDonalds accepting applications just down the street.

BRIAN

You look terrible.

WENDALL

If I felt any worse I'd have gone to a mortuary instead. This social life is killing me.

Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN

Then let me have it. I wish my social life was killing me.

WENDALL

No you don't, trust me. All this flirting and grabbing and kissing - it's a curse!

BRIAN

Then curse me! I've got a date with Glenda on Friday and I'm going to make a fool of myself. I need to know how you do it.

Wendall sighs, running his hands through his hair.

WENDALL

Do you really want to know?

BRIAN

Yes!

WENDALL

You won't believe me.

BRIAN

Yes I will!

WENDALL

(smiles sheepishly)
It's my cologne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN

I don't believe you.

WENDALL

It's true - it's just my stupid cologne. I didn't believe it either, but women go crazy whenever I wear it.

Brian will have none of this, stomping in circles.

BRIAN

That's ludicrous! How can I possibly believe it's all due to your cologne? What miracle could occur that would make me believe it?

(stops - quietly)

That's what made Glenda like me, isn't it?

WENDALL

(caught)

Well...

BRIAN

It is! She never liked me - it's the cologne she was after!

WENDALL

Okay, it's true. I sprayed some on you in the office. I was just trying to give you some confidence - make you happy, more fulfilled. I apologize.

BRIAN

Then this whole date is a sham! Glenda would never have come on to me without that cologne.

(falls to his knees,
pleading)

Give me more - I need more! I want Glenda to like me.

WENDALL

Trust me, Brian, it's not as great as it sounds. Look at me - I'm exhausted, bruised, I can't relax - and that was before I started using it. Now I'm a complete wreck... and besides, I'm almost out of the stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Brian jumps up, advancing on Wendall menacingly. He grabs a black and white reproduction of 'Blue Boy' off the wall, holding it above his head threateningly as Wendall stands, backing away.

BRIAN

You just want it all to yourself,
so you can sexually degrade and
humiliate women.

Wendall raises a grey ottoman for protection.

WENDALL

Hey, I've got morals! I'd never use
this stuff to degrade a woman
sexually - only professionally.

Brian groans, setting the painting on the grey coffee table.

BRIAN

Come on - you got me into this
situation. You can't leave me to
make a fool of myself now...
Besides, I already bought a new
grey suit to wear.

Wendall sighs, dropping the ottoman.

WENDALL

Okay, you're right. I'll let you
use some before your date... but
not much - there's hardly any left.

BRIAN

Don't worry, I only want enough to
seduce Glenda and keep her from
thinking of me as a spineless worm.

WENDALL

Glad to see it's boosting your
confidence already.

Giddy, Brian dances around the room.

BRIAN

God, I've got so much to do before
the date. What should I do about
protection?

WENDALL

(looks around room)
How about some grey condoms?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Look, forget about the date for a minute - what about the Lord Archibald campaign? The cologne can't help us with that anymore.

BRIAN

I don't know. What did you do all those years before you had the cologne and could sleep your way to the top?

WENDALL

I napped my way to the middle.

Brian puts his arm around Wendall's shoulders supportively.

BRIAN

That's not true, Wendall. You were good once, you can be that way again. It's like you said, you just have to believe in yourself.

Wendall nods, fired up.

WENDALL

Yeah... you're right...

BRIAN

I checked Lord Archibald's schedule. He plays polo at Bainsbridge Country Club every Saturday morning.

WENDALL

... So I'll play polo with him, impress him with my skill and charm, win him over and get invited to pitch our ideas next week!

BRIAN

Brilliant!

WENDALL

No sweat! It's in the bag!
(thinks - to himself)
I wonder how you play polo?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

The CLUB DOORMAN stands at the entrance, rigid and dignified. Wendall steps up, wearing a bathrobe and slippers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

I'm here for the polo match.
Where's the pool?

The Doorman looks him over skeptically.

CLUB DOORMAN

The polo match will take place on
the back lawn.

WENDALL

So the pool's on the back lawn?

CLUB DOORMAN

You'll be riding horses.

WENDALL

Won't they drown?

CLUB DOORMAN

(tiredly)

Polo is played on grass. They'll
supply you with a uniform in the
changing room.

Wendall steps into the club.

WENDALL

What a relief - I look ridiculous
in a swimsuit...

EXT. POLO FIELD - SIDELINES

Wendall wears a polo uniform, perched uncomfortably on a
horse.

WENDALL

I look ridiculous in a polo
uniform.

Reginald trots by on his horse, slapping his mallet against
his palm anxiously. He fixes Wendall with a malicious grin.

REGINALD

Mr. Moore - I didn't know you
played.

WENDALL

Neither did I. I don't think this
is such a great idea. I haven't
ridden a nag since I left Glynnis
in New York.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGINALD

Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it. It's quite like soccer or hockey...

(grins like a shark)

... Besides, Lord Archibald and Jennifer are here. You don't want them to think you're a quitter - that would reflect poorly on your character, don't you think?

Wendall looks to the opposite sideline as Jennifer helps Lord Archibald onto his horse. He turns back to Reginald uncertainly.

WENDALL

Like hockey, huh? Yeah, okay... I used to be pretty good at that when I was a kid...

REGINALD

Great. See you on the field...
(cackles to himself)
... in a bloody heap.

EXT. POLO FIELD

The players line up to begin, Wendall self-consciously watching the action as the ANNOUNCER pipes in over the loudspeaker.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Playing today as guests of the club are Wendall Moore and Reginald Braindead...

REGINALD

(calls out angrily)
It's not Braindead, it's--

WENDALL

--Buttwipe!

The crowd cheers as the ball is put into play. Reginald rides off, grumbling as Wendall takes a deep breath.

WENDALL

Just like hockey... just like hockey...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall kicks his horse and races downfield uncertainly. A BLUE TEAM PLAYER catches up to the ball, whacking it downfield as Wendall rides up from behind, high-sticking him and yanking him off his horse.

EXT. ANOTHER BLUE TEAM PLAYER

charges after the ball - only to be broadsided by Wendall, who steers his horse like a bumper car. He body checks the opposing player off the field and toward the sidelines, spectators diving out of the way in panic.

EXT. REGINALD

rides up beside Wendall, protesting.

REGINALD
You're cheating!

WENDALL
It was a clean check!

Reginald swings his fist at Wendall. Wendall quickly pulls Reginald's jersey over his head, the two men wrestling until an OFFICIAL breaks it up.

OFFICIAL
Knock it off, you two - or you're
headed for the penalty box!

Wendall rides off as Reginald pulls his shirt back down.

REGINALD
There is no penalty box!

EXT. WENDALL

gallops up behind Lord Archibald, who now controls the ball. Hooking him with his mallet, Wendall looks to Lord Archibald apologetically.

WENDALL
Sorry, Arch. I hope this won't
affect our professional
relationship.

With that, Wendall yanks a surprised Lord Archibald off his horse and onto the field.

EXT. POLO FIELD

All the players are now fighting - punching, clubbing and wrestling. Wendall catches up to the ball, smacking it downfield as Reginald chases him.

EXT. SIDELINES

The crowd rises, Jennifer standing with everyone else as Wendall and Reginald gallop down the field. She calls out excitedly, forgetting herself for a moment.

JENNIFER

Go, Wendall!

CROWD

(in unison)

Go, Buttwipe!

EXT. POLO FIELD

Reginald knocks Wendall off his horse, riding after the ball and slapping it back upfield. Wendall grabs his mallet, running to the ball as Reginald charges, mallet raised to strike. Wendall winds up, hockey-style, and slaps it hard - ricocheting off Reginald's helmet and into the goal. Reginald is knocked from his horse, foot catching in a stirrup as he is dragged downfield. The crowd goes wild, Wendall calling to Reginald as he passes.

WENDALL

Nice deflection, Reginald!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Wendall heads for the locker room with the other players, who limp and groan in pain. They shake his hand as they pass.

PLAYER #1

Nice match.

PLAYER #2

It's an honor to play with a pro.

WENDALL

My pleasure, Bill. Looks like that stitching job I did on your forehead will hold...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lord Archibald steps up behind Wendall, just as bruised and dirty as the others.

LORD ARCHIBALD
You play well, Mr. Moore.

Wendall stops, wiggling a loose tooth.

WENDALL
Just good clean hockey.

LORD ARCHIBALD
Most men wouldn't have the nerve to
topple their prospective employer
from his horse into the dirt.

Wendall smiles sheepishly.

WENDALL
Sorry about that. I guess I got a
little carried away. Are you okay?

LORD ARCHIBALD
I'm impressed by your competitive
spirit, Mr. Moore. You don't take
'no' for an answer, do you?

WENDALL
Not in business or sex.
Unfortunately I have yet to put
either theory into practice.

Wendall and Lord Archibald exchange grins.

LORD ARCHIBALD
It's odd, I don't know why I got so
angry with you the other day.
Something just came over me. What
do you say we start over?

WENDALL
No problem, Arch. There must've
been something in the air that day.

LORD ARCHIBALD
I'm attending a formal dress ball
this evening. A benefit for the
London Zoo. I'd like you to come. I
think you and my daughter should
talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

Sounds great - I'm always in the mood for a good ball.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Readying for their big dates, Wendall and Brian stand before a mirror. They each dab on cologne - Brian now with a tiny vial of his own - cocky grins on their faces.

WENDALL

Two lean, mean, testosterone machines...

Wendall sets his bottle of cologne on the sink - Brian still splashing it on.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Wait a minute - you only need a little. That bottle I gave you has to last. You'll have women rising from graveyards with that much.

Brian puts his bottle down... dabbing on more when Wendall isn't looking.

WENDALL

I hate formal dances. I couldn't even get a date for my high school prom, so I had to take my sister.

BRIAN

(snickers)

You took you sister to the prom?

WENDALL

Don't laugh - I scored.

Brian stares, slack-jawed. Then, realizing it's a joke, begins to laugh. Wendall grins, slapping him on the back.

WENDALL

Hey, you're starting to get the jokes. See what a little confidence can do?

Pulling on his sport coat, Wendall inspects himself in the mirror, frowning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

I wish I had a tuxedo - I'm gonna stick out like a sore thumb...

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOO PAVILION - NIGHT

A string quartet plays as guests mingle beneath a large canopy. Every man is dressed and acting like Wendall - pulling at their collars and tugging their ties as they try desperately to duplicate his success with women. Disgusted, Reginald stands with Jennifer and Lord Archibald, sporting a black eye from the polo match.

REGINALD

The world is ending. Every cultured British gentleman now feels he must act like Wendall Moore to impress women.

LORD ARCHIBALD

I suppose this means we'll have to stock up on polyester and rayon again.

Everyone turns as Wendall enters, women hurrying to surround him... leaving all the Wendall clones tugging their collars jealously. As he spreads his arms in greeting we see that Wendall's fly is down, shirttail hanging out the open zipper.

WENDALL

Yes, ladies - the life of the party is here! You can have fun now.

(jumps)

Woop! Hey, no more goosing - I have to dance in these underwear.

Wendall makes his way through the crowd of adoring women, who grab and pull at him. As he passes, the Duchess of Marlborough whispers in his ear.

DUCHESS

Wendall - your fly is open...

WENDALL

Already?

The women notice his open zipper, cooing affectionately as Wendall turns, zipping his fly.

BALL WOMAN #1

His fly is open - isn't that adorable?

BALL WOMAN #2

How cute!

WENDALL

(shrugs)

What the heck - the invitation said
to wear tails.

Wendall looks around the room, shocked to see the other men now wearing their shirttails through open flies, still trying to imitate his every move. He spots Jennifer, Lord Archibald and Reginald, strolling up confidently.

WENDALL

(gestures to other men)

Hey, Arch! If you're real nice
maybe I'll reveal some of my
fashion secrets.

Lord Archibald smiles as Reginald scoffs, moving away indignantly. Jennifer turns to Wendall resignedly.

JENNIFER

All right, Mr. Moore. You win. My
father and I have discussed it, and
you can make your presentation with
the other agencies Tuesday
afternoon at three o'clock.

Overcome, Wendall spreads his arms, enveloping both Jennifer and Lord Archibald in a warm embrace.

WENDALL

I knew you wouldn't let me down! I
love you crazy Brits!

Surprised by this display of affection, Jennifer and Lord Archibald stand stiffly until Wendall lets them go

JENNIFER

Your ideas will receive no more
favor than anyone else's. So they
had better be good.

Wendall nods enthusiastically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Don't worry, they will be...
 (to himself)
 ... as soon as I think of some...

Lord Archibald nods, excusing himself.

LORD ARCHIBALD

It's time I mingled. I'll see you
 Tuesday, Mr. Moore.

Alone with Jennifer, Wendall speaks quietly, sincerely.

WENDALL

Thanks for this chance. I know you
 didn't have to do it...

JENNIFER

(laughs)
 After the show you put on? I should
 thank you for making things a bit
 less boring this past week.

WENDALL

Well, I know how you can thank me -
 get me out of here! These society
 events give me the creeps...
 (looks around)
 ... and for some reason the men
 here all seem like idiots.

JENNIFER

(smiles)
 Let's take a walk.

They move off - Reginald watching suspiciously, then
 following them.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

The zoo at night is quiet and romantic, streetlamps casting a
 warm glow as animals call out in the background. Wendall and
 Jennifer walk past a row of monkey cages.

WENDALL

It must look terrible the way I
 forced my way into the pitch
 meeting. But I figured it was the
 only way to convince you I wasn't a
 social leper...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

That isn't what impressed me. It was your drive, your ambition, confidence. Everything you didn't show when we first met.

WENDALL

Yeah. I haven't felt this good, this energetic, in a long time. These cages remind me of the line of cubicles I've worked in for thirty years.

(shakes head, scoffs)

I was a trained monkey - beaten down, unhappy, just taking what was handed me. And I walked into the cage willingly, that's the pathetic part.

They pause, Jennifer speaking sincerely.

JENNIFER

You don't seem beaten down and unhappy to me.

Reginald appears behind them, a nasty smirk on his face.

REGINALD

But the 'trained monkey' part seems apt. Especially in that suit - did it come with a pillbox cap?

Wendall slips one of the Chemist's bottles of cologne from his pocket, palming it.

WENDALL

What're you doing near the monkey cages, Reginald? Meeting your date?

Reginald looks to Jennifer disdainfully.

REGINALD

I couldn't help but overhear... you aren't actually going to allow this person pitch his ideas.

WENDALL

(puts arm around
Reginald's shoulder,
sprinkling cologne on
tux)

Hey, no hard feelings, okay, Reginald? And good luck with your pitch - may the best man win.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REGINALD

If you're pitching I don't think there's any question the best man will.

Wendall and Jennifer move off, Reginald watching them. He frowns, sniffing the air curiously - just as a gorilla arm reaches out, pulling him through the bars into it's cage.

EXT. WENDALL AND JENNIFER

walk on, Reginald's yelps and cries echoing through the zoo. Jennifer listens, confused.

JENNIFER

What animal is that?

WENDALL

Sounds like the mating call of the two-legged tightass to me.

Jennifer laughs as they pause near the Lion Terraces.

JENNIFER

You've always got a line for everything, don't you? You seem to have fun wherever you go. I wish I was more like you.

WENDALL

Oh, it's easy. First you've got to loosen up... relax... bend your knees a little...

(Jennifer does)

... Now insult me.

JENNIFER

(a pause)

I can't think of anything.

WENDALL

It's simple. Open your mind, center your energy, become as one with the universe... now pick my most vulnerable spot and attack.

Jennifer begins to giggle.

JENNIFER

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Okay, watch me... Hey, Jennifer -
is that a ball gown or did a
taffeta factory explode?

JENNIFER

(laughs)
That's good.

WENDALL

Now you try it.

JENNIFER

Okay, let's see...
(relaxes, bobs like
Wendall)
Wendall, you're so vulgar that...

WENDALL

Yes?

JENNIFER

That... that... well, you're just
vulgar, that's all.

Wendall nods supportively.

WENDALL

Okay, that was a good try. But
something more like... Hey, Wendall
- is that your head or did your
neck throw up?

JENNIFER

All right... Wendall is that your
face, or... an uglier face...?

Wendall laughs, patting her on the back.

WENDALL

That was better. It was... it
almost made sense.

JENNIFER

Wendall - when you bob your head
you... look like a complete idiot.
Or a constipated ostrich! And is
that your nose or did someone wad
up a roadmap and throw it on your
face?

WENDALL

Great. Are you finished?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER

(excitedly)

Wait, I think I'm getting it...
Wendall - are those your lips or
did someone squash caterpillars on
your face?

WENDALL

(laughing politely)

Hah. Well, I guess that's that...

But Jennifer's on a roll, eyes gleaming.

JENNIFER

And when your eyes bulge you look
like some kind of bug...

WENDALL

By george, I think she's got it...
and I wish she'd give it to someone
else.

Delighted, Jennifer chuckles, impulsively giving Wendall a
kiss. He looks at her, surprised, then kisses her back
passionately.

WENDALL

Not bad for squashed caterpillar
lips, eh?

Jennifer gives Wendall a long, intense kiss. He finally comes
up for air.

WENDALL

You know, I've never said this to
anyone before, but... you're very
attractive for a corporate
president.

Jennifer pulls away, suddenly remembering herself. She
immediately tightens up again.

JENNIFER

And do you kiss every corporate
president you deal with?

WENDALL

What kind of ad-man do you think I
am? Of course I do.

Jennifer laughs, but still keeps her distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNIFER

I like you, Wendall. You're different from any man I've ever met. But this is too fast. You're presenting an ad campaign Tuesday afternoon. I can't let anything affect my judgement.

WENDALL

Wait a minute... you mean if I wasn't up for this job you'd be interested in me? Fine. I'll quit, become penniless and destitute and we'll live happily ever after.

JENNIFER

(frowns, confused)

It's not only that. It's all the women - you've been with every woman on the company register.

WENDALL

That was business. I never mix business with pleasure... Of course I haven't mixed sex with pleasure much, either.

JENNIFER

Then how do I know you're not just using me? I'm sorry, Wendall. I guess I got carried away.

Flustered, Jennifer hurries off, leaving Wendall standing alone. Hearing Reginald's high-pitched screams in the distance he frowns, frustrated.

WENDALL

At least it sounds like somebody's getting lucky tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON AD AGENCY - DAY

Wendall sits in Brian's cubicle, reading the morning paper. The tabloid headline reads 'MYSTERIOUS CASANOVA HITLER'S LOVE-CHILD!'.

WENDALL

Mom'll be surprised - he said he was a Shriner from Philly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sighing, Wendall turns the page, stunned to see the headline 'TYCOON J. ALBERT HORNBLOWER FOUND DEAD'... a photo of the Old Man who gave him the cologne in the park plastered underneath.

WENDALL

(reads aloud)

'Perfume tycoon J. Albert Hornblower was found dead in his bed this morning. The thirteen women with him could offer no explanation... '

(frowns)

The old guy held out on me.

Brian enters, a bounce in his step as he greets everyone cheerfully.

BRIAN

Hello, everybody! Look at your bright, beaming faces...

(glances around)

... It looks like we need some new batteries here.

Brian cruises confidently through the office, much like Wendall. He calls to John Hill teasingly.

BRIAN

Hey, John - is that brown lipstick or have you been asking for a raise again?

Glenda walks past, Brian grabbing her and giving her a long, passionate kiss. He moves off, giving her a wink as she stands there, mesmerized.

BRIAN

Keep your lips puckered - I'll be back...

Brian approaches Wendall, who looks up dejectedly.

BRIAN

Wendall, old friend, old buddy, old pal. I love the red tie - it matches your eyes. How are you this fine morning?

WENDALL

The old Wendall Moore is back... in the toilet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

We have an appointment to make our presentation tomorrow at three o'clock, and we have nothing to pitch - not a single idea.

BRIAN

(conspiratorially)

Relax! Wear a little of the cologne and talk to Jennifer. That ought to do it. I know it worked like a charm for me last night.

Wendall frowns miserably.

WENDALL

Jennifer can't smell it. She has a sinus condition. The only thing that worked like a charm for me last night was the cold water in my shower.

Brian stops Wendall, smiling gently.

BRIAN

There's a solution to every problem, Wendall.

WENDALL

For which there's usually another problem.

BRIAN

You did what you set out to do, right? You got us into the pitch meeting. Now it's time to prove to Lord Archibald and Reginald and Stenson that we're not the losers they think we are.

A determined expression on his face, Wendall looks to Brian, eyes glinting.

WENDALL

Yeah, you're right. We're ad-men. We thrive on pressure. We live on black coffee, stale donuts, and No-doz. We suffer more heart attacks and divorces - and why? For moments like this... for the challenge of trying to sell the American public foreign cars and light beer. Brian, fire up the coffee maker... Glenda, get to the day-old bakery...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

John, break out the amphetamines -
it's time to go to work!

CUT TO:

INT. LORD ARCHIBALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lord Archibald and Jennifer sift through a pile of fashion design illustrations as the British Receptionist's voice comes over the intercom.

BRITISH RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Reginald Buttwipe to see you, Lord
Archibald.

Lord Archibald and Jennifer exchange puzzled looks.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Reginald? We're not scheduled to
see him until the presentation
tomorrow...

They jump as Reginald bursts angrily through the door,
walking with a visible limp.

REGINALD

Lord Archibald, I wish to lodge a
complaint. How can the president of
your company make an unbiased
decision about who will handle your
new advertising campaign when she
is having a cheap fling with one of
the applicants? How will that look
to your peers and rivals in the
business community?

Lord Archibald looks at Reginald evenly.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Reginald, I can assure you that no
agency will receive preferential
treatment tomorrow. And as for my
daughter's love life - that is none
of your business.

(to Jennifer)

Is there anything you'd like to
add, dear?

JENNIFER

Just this - that I am not having
any cheap fling. And...

(to Reginald)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

...Reginald - is that your face or
did your neck just throw up?

Reginald stares at Jennifer in shock as she laughs uncontrollably. Reginald storms out of the office as Lord Archibald gives his daughter an odd look.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Are you all right...?

Jennifer can only laugh as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

The beautiful skyline, skyscrapers twinkling in the night.

INT. GLYNNIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Glynnis reclines in bed, wearing a feathered nightgown and surrounded by food. She watches a TV at the foot of the bed, barely paying attention to the ten o'clock news.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

... In our People File tonight, we
focus on the mysterious Casanova
who's become the toast of British
high society...

Glynnis looks up curiously - nearly choking on a chicken leg as photos of Wendall flash onscreen. They show him posing with famous British actresses and models, a huge, cocky grin on his face as they embrace him.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)

This charismatic sex symbol has
appeared out of nowhere to take
London by storm, while gossip
columnists have had a field day
speculating as to his real
identity. Nobody seems to be sure,
but it is widely thought that he
may be of royal blood - his tacky
clothes and low-brow demeanor
nothing more than a clever
disguise...

The Landlady appears onscreen, fawning in her worst cockney accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANDLADY (ON TV)

He's a sexual dynamo, he is! Rented a flat from me last week, pretending to be a cheap, obnoxious piece of human garbage. But I saw through him right off. He oozes sex through every pore. If you're watching, love - your room will always be here, just like you left it...

The Anchorman reappears onscreen.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

But we still don't know who this man is, or why women flock to him. What is his secret? Where does he come from? And is it true that he actually claimed to be bigger than the Beatles?

Glynnis watches in stunned silence. Reaching for the phone, she grabs the receiver, quickly dialing.

CUT TO:

INT. STENSON'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Heavily bandaged, his eyebrows singed off, Stenson is watching the same newscast, standing before his TV in shock. Wendall appears onscreen, speaking sincerely, a beautiful woman on each arm.

WENDALL (ON TV)

... I owe it all to my boss and good friend Mr. Daniel Stenson. If he hadn't sent me here I never would have had the opportunity I have now - to take his job!
(grins into camera)
If you're listening - thanks boss!

Wendall laughs, giving the thumbs-up sign as Stenson kicks in the TV screen. The set explodes and catches fire, Stenson grabbing his burning foot. The phone rings as he hops around the room, trying to extinguish his slipper. He grabs the receiver, crying out desperately.

STENSON

Help! I'm on fire and my foot is broken! Call a doctor! Call 911!

CUT TO:

INT. GLYNNIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Glynnis is on the phone, Stenson's cries of agony audible over the receiver.

GLYNNIS

Quit whining, Danny - this is important.

(explodes)

Get me a ticket to London!

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - DAWN

Big Ben, barely visible through the fog.

INT. LONDON AD AGENCY

Wendall, Brian, Glenda, John and Robert sit quietly, staring at one another, bags under their eyes. They've been up all night, and things don't look good. Suddenly Wendall pipes in enthusiastically, the others leaning forward to listen.

WENDALL

Okay - remember the Hathaway man in the sixties? The guy with the eye patch?

(they nod excitedly)

It was huge, people thought it was romantic. We can do something like that... maybe a guy without an arm or leg...

BRIAN

(thinking)

I don't know... clothes don't hang too well on limbless models.

WENDALL

Oh, right... Okay, how about an overbite... wait! Monkeys! Americans love stuff with monkeys. Even more than dogs, cats or children - and of the four they have the best hygiene.

GLENDIA

I don't understand - why do Americans prefer monkeys to actors?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Because they're more highly evolved. I know you guys think all Americans are low-brow slobs, that they can't enjoy 'Hamlet'. But if you ever put on an all-monkey version of 'Hamlet' it would be a smash in the U.S.

They all stare at each other a moment... then rise as one to begin cleaning out their desks. Glenda sighs, rubbing Brian's shoulders and whispering into his ear.

GLENDA

Let's go home and go to bed. You need to relax.

Wendall steps up, grinning.

WENDALL

He's gonna have a heart attack if he relaxes any more with you...

Brian smiles tiredly, grabbing a newspaper to pad a box filled with office supplies. Noticing something, Wendall grabs the paper, reading the headline: 'ANNUAL 'TROOPING THE COLOUR' MARCH TO CELEBRATE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY'. Wendall takes the bottle of 'Sure Thing' from his pocket, shaking it to reveal only a smidgen of cologne left at the bottom. He looks to Brian excitedly.

WENDALL

I've got it!

BRIAN

What?

WENDALL

Looks. Style. Class. And an idea. Grab a video camera and follow me.

Wendall hurries out of the office, followed by a confused Brian as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH CUSTOMS - DAY

Glynnis stands impatiently while a CUSTOMS OFFICIAL rifles through her luggage. Stenson stands behind her, leaning on a pair of crutches, his foot in a cast. The Customs Official pulls a pair of rusty hedge trimmers from Glynnis' suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Here, now - what's all this? You wouldn't be planning to use these as part of a terrorist action against the state now, would you?

GLYNNIS

No - I'm going to use them to cut off my fiance's balls.

The Customs Official considers this, then drops the trimmers back into the suitcase.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Oh. All right, then. Off you go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LORD ARCHIBALD, INC. - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Wendall and Brian enter the reception area, where all Lord Archibald's female stockholders wait to greet them. The women cheer, holding signs which read 'GO WENDALL!', 'WE WANT MOORE!', 'WENDALL IS MY LOVE-DONKEY' and 'JOHN 3:16'. Wendall smiles at them halfheartedly.

WENDALL

Hello, ladies... thanks for your support... Woop! Careful with that stick, Duchess...

Wendall and Brian sit, standing out from the other, better-dressed ad-men who wait to pitch their ideas. They look up as Reginald limps into the room. The women boo him as Wendall grins, nudging Brian in the ribs.

WENDALL

Hey, Reg - how are your new girlfriends? I hear you've got a thing for hairy women.

Reginald just glares at Wendall, taking a seat across the room.

INT. BOARD ROOM

Jennifer and Lord Archibald sit at the end of a long table, listening as an AD-MAN makes his pitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AD-MAN #1

... For this advertisement we tried something different. Something now. Something Americans love...

The Ad-man moves to a large screen TV, putting a videocassette into a VCR and pushing the 'PLAY' button.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - COMMERCIAL #1

A basketball court in darkness. Suddenly a spotlight hits a figure jogging in from the sidelines while an ANNOUNCER speaks excitedly.

ANNOUNCER #1

... And now, playing for Lord Archibald clothing... Magic Johnson!

Magic Johnson is revealed in a full tuxedo - shooting, dribbling, slam dunking.

INT. LORD ARCHIBALD

watches, mouth agape.

INT. AD-MAN #2

stands before Jennifer and Lord Archibald, eagerly describing his campaign.

AD-MAN #2

... Something bold... spotlighting the latest trends...

INSERT - TV SCREEN - COMMERCIAL #2

Orchestral music plays as a man awakens in a plush bedroom. Slipping out of bed he steps to the closet, a quick series of shots showing: a hand pulling a dress from the closet... the man's underwear slipping off his ankles... a wig being tried on. The phone rings, the man answering it in complete drag. He grins, recognizing the voice.

MAN IN DRAG

Honey - I was just thinking about you...

An ANNOUNCER speaks softly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER #2

Lord Archibald clothes for women -
they'll change the way he feels
about you.

INT. JENNIFER

rubs her forehead, a headache coming on.

INT. AD-MAN #3

speaks quickly and desperately.

AD-MAN #3

...Something up-to-date...
completely original...

INSERT - TV SCREEN - COMMERCIAL #3

A 'Dockers'-style commercial for Lord Archibald slacks - lots of random shots below the waist while we hear snippets of dialog from a group of whining men.

BUTT #1

... So here's the plan - I'll be playing poker with friends, leave the back door open, and one of you sneak in and kill my wife...

BUTT #2

(sweat stain on back of pants)
It's boiling in here... do you think we'll all die from the greenhouse effect and the hole in the ozone...?

A pair of low-hanging pants enters, tool belt around the waist and butt crack exposed.

BUTT #3

Air conditioning service...

BUTT #2

Put it in the den...

A VOICE-OVER speaks solemnly.

VOICE-OVER

If it's not Lord Archibald, it's just clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the butts turns, an erection bulging.

BUTT #4

Hey guys - want to wrestle?

INT. BOARD ROOM

An ad-man leaves, Lord Archibald massaging his temples tiredly as Jennifer continues to stare at the blank TV screen in amazement.

LORD ARCHIBALD

How many more are waiting out there
to torture us?

JENNIFER

(checks list)

Just two - Wendall Moore and
Reginald Batwaithe.

Lord Archibald presses a button on the intercom, speaking wearily.

LORD ARCHIBALD

Send in Reginald Batwaithe.

They glance up as Reginald enters, greeting Lord Archibald and Jennifer with all the manufactured warmth of a car salesman.

REGINALD

Jennifer! Wonderful to see you.
How's the tennis elbow, Archie?
Sorry about yesterday, I just went
a bit bonkers, I'm afraid...

Jennifer sighs tiredly.

JENNIFER

Can we get on with the
presentation?

LORD ARCHIBALD

Yes, Jennifer's right. Let's keep
things on a professional level,
Reginald.

REGINALD

Yes, of course. You're right...
(winks)
... We'll have plenty of time to
talk in the coming months.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lord Archibald takes his seat beside Jennifer as Reginald clears his throat with great self-importance.

REGINALD

With this campaign we at Preston and Blake... well, mainly me... were looking for the best way to appeal to the American upper class.

JENNIFER

Doesn't that limit our demographics?

REGINALD

Not at all. We find that those lower on the economic scale aspire to be upper class, and can be made to covet what they perceive the upper class requires - in this case, Lord Archibald clothing.

Lord Archibald nods his approval as Reginald plugs a tape into the VCR.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - REGINALD'S COMMERCIAL

A pleasant society party takes place in an ornate ballroom. Well-dressed men and women mingle politely as a NARRATOR speaks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For 900 years the British empire has remained a model of good taste and high culture. Only in the last few decades has this bastion of dignity and refinement been threatened...

A man looking, acting and dressing like Wendall enters, annoying everyone.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... by the ugly American. Dressing poorly, using vulgar language, and spreading bad taste wherever he goes.

A Reginald look-alike enters, elegantly dressed in a Lord Archibald suit. Everyone turns and applauds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O. - CONT'D)

In response to this threat we give you Lord Archibald fashions for men and women. The ultimate in style.

Police rush in, grabbing the Wendall-clone and dragging him away.

NARRATOR (V.O. - CONT'D)

So don't be an ugly American - show your style and taste with Lord Archibald clothes.

A beautiful girl with a remarkable resemblance to Jennifer slips her arm around the Reginald-clone as in the background we see policemen beating the faux-Wendall with nightsticks.

INT. BOARD ROOM

The commercial fades out, Reginald grinning proudly. Lord Archibald nods approvingly, while Jennifer frowns thoughtfully.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

The board room doors open, Reginald limping out. He smiles at Wendall and Brian confidently.

REGINALD

Don't bother going in, Mr. Moore.
The account is mine.

WENDALL

You know, I don't care what everyone says, Reg. You're not spiteful - you're always the first to congratulate yourself...
(straightens tie, checks for pit stains)
... But it's not over yet...

The women stockholders cheer wildly as Wendall and Brian step into the board room. Irritated by their reaction, Reginald confronts the Duchess of Marlborough.

REGINALD

What is it with that low-class vulgarian? I resent men like him - rich, happy, surrounded by beautiful women, completely fulfilled. What's his secret?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCHESS

(dreamily)

I don't know, but his cologne is driving me crazy.

Reginald frowns suspiciously.

INT. BOARD ROOM

Wendall and Brian step into the room, Brian whispering nervously.

BRIAN

Any last words of encouragement?

WENDALL

I made a play for Jennifer the other night and she accused me of trying to sleep my way into the account.

BRIAN

Thanks.

Jennifer and Lord Archibald sit behind the table, staring at them emotionlessly. Lord Archibald speaks impatiently.

LORD ARCHIBALD

This is the opportunity you wanted, Mr. Moore. Let's see what you've got.

Wendall and Brian take their places by the TV screen, Brian inserting the tape into the VCR as Wendall speaks.

WENDALL

Different things impress different cultures. The British are impressed by social station... the French are impressed by creativity... Americans are impressed by the ability to score with the opposite sex. What you don't understand is, Americans don't want to be rich - that involves too much work. They just want to look like they're rich. All the glory with none of the sacrifice. So it is in this spirit that we present our commercial...

Brian hits the 'PLAY' button on the VCR, the commercial flashing onscreen.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - WENDALL'S COMMERCIAL

We see a montage featuring various shots of Prince Rainier of Monaco, King Hussein of Jordan and Prince Charles as Wendall's voice plays over.

WENDALL (V.O.)

In most countries the rich are royalty - vain, snotty, and ugly as sin. Yet they get all the good women, and nothing short of a magic potion will let you compete. But in America there is no class system, and we've developed our own particular style...

A photo of an old, decrepit Howard Hughes flashes onscreen.

WENDALL (V.O. - CONT.)

The hygiene of Howard Hughes...

The famous photo of Nelson Rockefeller flipping off a group of hecklers appears.

WENDALL (V.O. - CONT.)

... The class of Nelson Rockefeller...

An unflattering photo of Donald Trump comes onscreen.

WENDALL (V.O. - CONT.)

... The comb-over of Donald Trump... Normal guys with normal flaws.

CUT FROM the photos to Wendall walking through a large crowd. He wears an ugly sport coat and speaks directly to the CAMERA.

WENDALL

Now let's face it - you're not bright enough to be rich. If you were you'd be rich already. You're ugly, you're overweight, your hairline has receded to your shoulders and back. But you're no uglier than those guys. And while you can't be rich, you can look rich.

(takes off ugly coat)

Just imagine - for \$3,000 you can drive around like a loser in a used Pinto, or you can walk with class in a Lord Archibald wardrobe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall puts on a classy Lord Archibald coat - women begin to take notice as he passes.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

"How will a suit change my life?"
you ask? "Are women really turned
on by classy clothes?" "Just how
irresistible will Lord Archibald
clothes make me?" Look, if you're
dressed well and have the right
attitude, you can score with any
babe... any babe.

As Wendall speaks, QUEEN ELIZABETH appears behind him in her carriage. As she passes the Queen pauses, sniffing the air. Suddenly she jumps from the carriage, attacking Wendall and covering him with passionate kisses. He speaks to the CAMERA with some difficulty.

WENDALL

Lord Archibald fashions - because
even jerks like us can look rich!

The Queen knocks Wendall to the ground, straddling him as the commercial fades out.

INT. BOARD ROOM

Wendall and Brian look to Jennifer and Lord Archibald expectantly. A long, silent moment, then...

JENNIFER

I like it.

WENDALL

(shocked)
You do?

JENNIFER

Yes. It's bold, simple-minded,
obnoxious - perfect for the
American market.

Lord Archibald frowns disapprovingly.

LORD ARCHIBALD

It's not the kind of commercial I
envisioned representing my line of
clothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(steps forward)

Look, sir - you can envision some slick overblown commercial for a line of clothes that will be out of date in three months, but that won't make it sell. You know how to make clothes - we can sell them for you.

Wendall smiles at Brian proudly. Jennifer stands, addressing her father firmly.

JENNIFER

They're right. That commercial is perfect for this company's needs. Reginald wants to make ads for people who already buy our clothing. Reginald wants to make ads for pointy-nosed elitist snots like himself.

LORD ARCHIBALD

(taken aback)

I've never seen you like this, Jennifer. You've always been such a sweet, quiet girl. But these past few days...

Jennifer smiles, looking to her father gently.

JENNIFER

If we're going to stay successful we've got to expand our consumer base. Wendall's ad will get us noticed. It'll make people talk. It's time to stop being sweet and quiet.

Lord Archibald is silent, thoughtful. Wendall and Brian peer over Jennifer's shoulders, smiling at him encouragingly as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A press conference is in progress, Lord Archibald standing at a podium addressing a crowd of reporters and stockholders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORD ARCHIBALD

Lord Archibald Clothiers is pleased to announce that its American advertising will be handled by Mr. Wendall Moore of Stenson and Associates of New York, Los Angeles and London.

Flashbulbs pop as Wendall steps to the podium. The women in the audience cheer wildly, Wendall motioning for quiet.

WENDALL

Thank you, Lord Archibald. I'd also like to thank everyone responsible for giving me this opportunity.

All the company's female stockholders applaud, gazing at Wendall lovingly.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

I hope that I can portray the class and elegance in this ad campaign that Lord Archibald fashions have come to symbolize... and, if not, add a little sex and sell some product.

Everyone laughs, applauding as Wendall steps down. He is immediately surrounded by adoring women, fighting his way through the crowd irritably.

WENDALL

Yeah, yeah...

Wendall looks up to see Brian and Glenda across the room. They kiss and hug, oblivious to all around them. Wendall steps over.

WENDALL

If I'd have known you two were here I'd have brought a hose and a crowbar.

Brian and Glenda look up, embarrassed grins on their faces.

GLEND A

Hi, Wendall... I'll, uh, just get something to drink...

Glenda moves off, Wendall punching Brian playfully on the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

Ah, young love! I remember my first wife - she liked to scream during sex. On a quiet night I could hear her all the way across town.

BRIAN

Yeah, it's great. But what happens when I run out of cologne? She likes me now, but...

WENDALL

So enjoy! What're you so worried about all the time? If she likes you with the cologne she'll like you without it, right? Have some faith.

Brian laughs, surprised.

BRIAN

You're telling me to have faith in women? Mr. They-tear-your-heart-out-and-make-you-wish-you'd-never-been-born?

WENDALL

You know, I'm gonna quit talking to you if you memorize everything I say.

Jennifer walks past, Wendall brightening as he moves after her.

WENDALL

Jennifer! Do you have a minute?

JENNIFER

Sure - I'll be the envy of every woman here.

WENDALL

I've been wanting to speak to you since the other night at the zoo...

JENNIFER

There's nothing to talk about, Wendall. It was a mistake, just one of those things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL

I don't think it was. I felt something with you that I've never felt with another woman fully clothed. I want to feel that way again.

Jennifer motions to the other women, who watch Wendall's every move.

JENNIFER

How? Everywhere you go you're surrounded by adoring women. You encourage it! How can I possibly trust you?

WENDALL

That's all going to stop, I promise. You've got to believe me, Jennifer. You make me feel like a real person, like I count. You know how long it's been since I felt this way? How can I prove I'm serious, that I'm ready for a one-on-one relationship?

(thinks)

I know - marry me.

Jennifer stares back at him in shock.

JENNIFER

That's not funny, Wendall.

WENDALL

I'm not joking. Maybe for the first time in my life.

Jennifer frowns, shaking her head doubtfully.

JENNIFER

You're a very special man, Wendall - different from anyone I've ever met. But you're obviously not ready for a relationship, let alone marriage. I'm sorry...

Jennifer turns and hurries away. Wendall follows, grabbing her by the shoulder and spinning her around.

WENDALL

Jennifer - please reconsider. I'm a one woman guy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

There is a commotion across the room, Wendall and Jennifer looking up to see Glynnis arrive in all her Jersey splendor, voice screeching shrilly. Stenson limps up behind her, hobbling on crutches.

GLYNNIS

Wendall! Wendall Moore, where are you?

WENDALL

(stunned)

My guess would be hell...

Glynnis spots him, stalking forward as she eyes Jennifer jealously.

GLYNNIS

Wendall - who is this woman you're touching?

JENNIFER

Who are you?

GLYNNIS

I'm Wendall's fiance. Who are you?

Jennifer and Glynnis stare at one another, then turn to Wendall accusingly. He looks to Jennifer, embarrassed.

WENDALL

She's the only other fiance, I swear.

Jennifer slaps him and walks away. Surprised, he turns to Glynnis, who also slaps him... thinks... then slaps him again.

GLYNNIS

You're still a loser, Wendall.

She stalks away, leaving Wendall standing alone in the center of the room. He turns to see Stenson grinning at him triumphantly.

STENSON

Good job on the account, Wendall.
You're fired.

Stenson moves off after Glynnis. Brian rushes forward, concerned.

BRIAN

Wendall, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WENDALL

(shrugs philosophically)

What the hell. Maybe it's all for the best. Marriages come and go, but bitter, broken relationships last a lifetime.

He turns as Lady Patricia Fearing approaches, slapping him across the face - followed by the Duchess of Marlborough, who does the same. Wendall looks up to see every woman in the room rolling up her sleeve, surrounding him menacingly.

WENDALL

Calm down, ladies. I don't think I can turn the other cheek that many times...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LORD ARCHIBALD, INC. - HALLWAY - DAY

Bouquet of roses in hand, Wendall desperately knocks on the door to Jennifer's office - but there is no answer. Lord Archibald steps past, stopping when he sees Wendall.

LORD ARCHIBALD

You can quit knocking, Mr. Moore. She's not here.

WENDALL

Can you tell me where she is? I have to speak with her.

LORD ARCHIBALD

I assume she's packing. She's requested a transfer to New York to oversee the opening of our new American headquarters.

WENDALL

She's going to New York to get away from me? What, is she nuts? All the men in New York are like me - just not as suave. When does she leave?

LORD ARCHIBALD

She sails on the 'Lady Di' at three o'clock.

Wendall starts to leave, Lord Archibald stopping him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORD ARCHIBALD

There's something I'd like to say before you go. I've seen the effect you've had on my daughter, and I'd like to thank you for bringing her out of her shell. She's always been something of a cold fish, and I appreciate what you've done to open her up.

(shakes head)

It's a shame she thinks you're an asshole.

Lord Archibald moves off down the hallway, Wendall sighing.

WENDALL

Yeah - nothing like a little intense hatred for another human being to bring you out of your shell...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - WENDALL'S ROOM - DAY

Wendall packs while the Landlady stands in the doorway, crying.

LANDLADY

I can't believe you've come back only to leave me again. You toy with my emotions only to dash my hopes. You're a cad, a devil... and I love you!

The Landlady runs off, sobbing. Wendall rolls his eyes.

WENDALL

God, I'll be glad to get out of here...

The Chemist rushes into the room, a gallon jug in his hand. He speaks excitedly.

CHEMIST

Mr. Moore! I did it! I finally did it!

WENDALL

You! What'd you do - perfect a cologne that'll make me irresistible to elephants?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEMIST

No - I've finally succeeded in duplicating your cologne! I've discovered 'the scent of musky magnetism'!

WENDALL

What was it? Some rare aphrodisiac?
Some strange animal hormone?

CHEMIST

No - 'Brut', by Faberge.

Glaring at the Chemist, Wendall throws his things into the suitcase, tossing them harder with each sentence.

WENDALL

I'm sick of London... I'm sick of charity balls and spotted dick pudding...

(grabs cologne from
Chemist)

... and I'm sick of women.

(drops cologne into
trash)

This cologne didn't help me, it ruined me! I took the easy way out and it cost me my job, my health, Jennifer... if I had all this to do over again I'd never touch the stuff. I'll never fall in love again. Love is pain... love is torture...

He pauses, pulling the cologne out of the trash and setting it on the dresser, giving the Chemist a sheepish grin.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

... I may want to fool around a little, though.

Wendall glances up to see Glynnis standing in the doorway, pair of rusty hedge trimmers in hand. He jumps in fright.

GLYNNIS

I know what you've been doing here, Wendall.

WENDALL

Glynnis. I didn't hear your broom pull up. What're you doing with those rusty hedge trimmers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLYNNIS

I brought them to cut your balls
off, remember?

She steps toward him, Wendall flinching nervously.

WENDALL

Please, Glynnis - I'm very attached
to my balls. And I'd like to stay
that way.

The Chemist nervously inches toward the door.

CHEMIST

Uh... I'll just leave you two
alone...

GLYNNIS

You're a success now. And you're
famous. I can finally consent to
marriage. I agree to love you.

(tosses away trimmers,
embracing him)

Just think - we can buy a penthouse
overlooking Central Park. We can
throw lavish parties and yell at
the help together. We can hire
someone to bear your children...

WENDALL

While you're at it you can hire
someone else to marry you... I'm
sorry, but I don't love you,
Glynnis - I love Jennifer Fontaine.

GLYNNIS

You can't! We've been together for
two years. You've worked your
fingers to the bone for me -
cooking, cleaning, doing the
laundry. You can't throw away all
that hard work!

Wendall pries himself loose from Glynnis' iron grip.

WENDALL

I don't have time for this - I've
got to talk to Jennifer before she
leaves.

Wendall turns... just as Reginald bursts into the room,
stopping the Chemist, who had almost made it out the door..
Once confident and successful, he is now the outsider - the
nobody - that Wendall was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Hair uncombed and eyes red, he wears the same wrinkled suit as the day of the pitch meeting. He glares at Wendall crazily as the Chemist tries to squeeze past.

REGINALD

Wendall Moore!

WENDALL

Reginald Ballbag.

CHEMIST

I really must be going...

REGINALD

You've destroyed my life, Wendall Moore. When I buy a newspaper, you're on the front page. When I play polo and someone smashes their mallet into my face they say I've been 'Wendalled'. When I try to impress a woman they tell me they want a loud, sweaty, adorable Wendall Moore type. In ten short days you've systematically destroyed me, my way of life, and the very fabric of the British social system...

(points to cologne)

... and I know how you did it.

Reginald starts toward the jug of 'Sure Thing', Wendall blocking his way.

WENDALL

(gestures to Glynnis)

Have you two met each other - Mr. and Mrs. Perfect Timing. You need a vacation, Reginald. You're unbalanced and delirious... not that it isn't an improvement...

REGINALD

You can't fool me. I wondered what that sweet smell was when the gorillas attacked me, and I know you used it on Jennifer to win the account. Well, now it's my turn!

Reginald lunges for the cologne, as does Wendall.

WENDALL

Stay away from my cologne, you basket case!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REGINALD

That's Ballbag!

They both reach the cologne, grabbing it simultaneously. They struggle, Reginald pulling the cap off the jug, a huge dose of 'Sure Thing' spilling all over Wendall. Thinking Reginald to be some sort of deranged lunatic, Glynnis screams, charging him like an angry bull moose. She slams into Reginald, pinning him against the wall and pummeling him.

GLYNNIS

Help! Mugger! Masher! Rapist!

REGINALD

Rapist?

(screaming)

Help!

Drenched in cologne, Wendall hurriedly caps the jug, rushing for the door. He turns back to Glynnis and Reginald.

WENDALL

I want to remember you both just like this - pummeled and screaming for help.

(catches whiff of cologne)

God, I reek...

Wendall exits, the cologne finally reaching Glynnis, blowing her hair back. She pauses, sniffing the air, entranced.

GLYNNIS

Wendall! My love!

Glynnis chases after Wendall - Reginald following, angry and limping. The Chemist watches them go, relieved.

CHEMIST

Perhaps I'll just stay here a while...

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

Outside, Stenson steps out of a waiting cab, hobbling toward the rooming house impatiently.

STENSON

Hurry up, Glynnis - I'm missing my physical therapy...

Suddenly Wendall bolts out of the doorway, crashing into Stenson and sending him flying backwards onto the pavement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cologne soaking into his clothes, Wendall runs into the street, trying to hail a cab. A wind kicks up, the scent of the cologne wafting away on the breeze.

WENDALL

Whew! I smell fruitier than a Turkish whorehouse...

Wendall turns as a low rumbling sound begins in the distance, ground shaking. His eyes go wide as at least two hundred women stampede around the corner, headed straight for him. Terrified, Wendall hurries to Stenson's waiting cab, leaning through the drivers window.

WENDALL

There's a gang of sex-crazed women chasing me - you have to get me out of here.

(pauses)

Boy, I never thought I'd hear myself say that.

He is shocked when the TAXI DRIVER, a woman, grabs him through the window.

TAXI DRIVER

No problem, honey - my place is just down the street.

Yelping, Wendall wriggles free, racing down the street on foot. Stenson struggles to his feet - only to be knocked back to the pavement as Glynnis and Reginald dart out of the rooming house. Stenson turns to see the mob of women, screaming as they trample him in their pursuit of Wendall. Glynnis and Reginald join the chase.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - VARIOUS SHOTS

Wendall flees through London, the mob of women hot on his trail. Their numbers grow as every woman he passes drops whatever she's doing to join the chase. He is pursued by window shoppers, meter maids, bag ladies, shop clerks. Spotting two police officers, Wendall makes a beeline for them.

WENDALL

Help! Police!

The bobbies turn, revealing them to be women. Sniffing the air, they advance on Wendall, grinning hungrily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Oh no... I learned a long time ago -
never trust a woman who owns her
own handcuffs.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Wendall runs past the cathedral - a tour group of about a dozen nuns immediately giving chase. He looks back as they paw at his clothes desperately.

WENDALL

Sisters, please! You're married to
God - and that's one irate husband
I don't want mad at me!

INT. ROYAL CAR

PRINCE CHARLES and LADY DI ride in the back seat. Charles looks to Di seriously.

PRINCE CHARLES

Diana, there's something I must
tell you. I should have mentioned
it years ago, but I didn't have the
courage...

Lady Di listens intently, looking up as Wendall bolts past the car.

LADY DI

Yes, dearest...
(pauses, sniffing the
air)
Excuse me...

EXT. ROYAL CAR

Lady Di hops out of the car, hiking up her skirt and racing after Wendall. After a beat Prince Charles rushes out, sniffing the air as he joins the ever-growing horde of women.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Queen Elizabeth waves politely from a balcony as Wendall runs by. Recognizing him, she calls out affectionately.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Wendall! Love muffin!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She immediately climbs down the exterior of the building, animal-like, and joins the chase.

INT. NATIONAL THEATRE

A matinee of 'Romeo and Juliet' plays out, the timeless lovers in a romantic clinch onstage.

JULIET

Oh Romeo, Romeo...
(pauses, sniffing the
air)
Back off, creep!

She knocks Romeo to the ground, jumping offstage and sprinting up the aisle - followed by every other woman in the audience.

EXT. ST. JAMES PARK

A 'Beatle-fest' is in progress, women wearing Beatle t-shirts, hats, socks, jackets and visors mingling in the park. Wendall dashes through - the women dropping their Fab Four paraphernalia and attacking Wendall, tearing at his clothes.

WENDALL

Help! I need somebody! Help! I need
anybody! Hey - that's not my hand
you're trying to hold, lady!

He breaks free, barely staying ahead of the mob of women. One girl holds Wendall's shoe, tears streaming down her cheeks. Lady Di races up, trying to wrench it away from her in a tug-of-war.

EXT. THE THAMES

Coming to the banks of the Thames, Wendall finds himself cornered, with nowhere to run. He turns to see half the women in London bearing down on him. No place else to go, Wendall dives into the river. As he swims across he turns to see the women leap en masse into the river, swimming after him.

WENDALL

This is like 'Night of the Living
Dead' with lipstick.

Groaning, Wendall reaches the far bank. Climbing out of the water, he staggers onward.

EXT. DOCKS

Wendall races down the docks to where the 'Lady Di' is berthed. The women gaining ground, he peels off his jacket, throwing it back to them. Then his shirt. But they keep coming.

WENDALL

This is amazing - I could have sex with every one of these women.

(shakes his head)

I can't imagine disappointing that many people in bed.

Glynnis streaks up behind Wendall, diving for his legs and tackling him.

WENDALL

Help - there's an angry harbor seal loose on the docks! Oh, Glynnis...

GLYNNIS

I won't let you leave me, Wendall! Not after all I've put you through.

Wendall tries to fight free, but her grip is strong.

WENDALL

Glynnis, it can't work between us. I want love, passion. You want safety and security. Tell you what - I'll marry Jennifer, and you marry Ralph Nader.

GLYNNIS

I want you, Wendall!

A FISHERMAN sits nearby, watching all this in wonder. Wendall snatches a fish from his bait bucket, sprinkling it with a little 'Sure Thing'. He waves it in Glynnis' face, speaking seductively.

WENDALL

Here, Glynnis... inhale... c'mon...

Sniffing the air, Glynnis freezes, her grip relaxing. Dangling the fish, Wendall leads Glynnis to the edge of the dock.

WENDALL

Come on, Glynnis... you've kept me on the hook long enough, now it's your turn...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tosses the fish into the water - Glynnis diving in after it. Wendall watches her swim after the fish, the Fisherman looking to him in amazement.

FISHERMAN

Who was that?

WENDALL

It was a mermaid. Didn't you see - she had the body of a whale.

Wendall turns to run, only to find himself surrounded by the mob of women. They advance slowly.

WENDALL

Okay, girls - calm down. It's not me you're attracted to, it's my cologne...

Backing away, Wendall grabs the Fisherman's bait bucket, dumping it over his head.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

I swear, you're not missing anything. I'm lousy in bed - when we had sex, my ex-wife used to call out the dog's name.

The women continue toward him, zombie-like. Wendall grabs a handful of onions being loaded onto a ship, rubbing them on himself.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

... And I never satisfy women. I'm always through too quick - way too quick - so quick that when I see an attractive woman my opening line is always 'thank you'.

Lunging forward, the women engulf him - picking him up and carrying him away over their heads. Suddenly Reginald rushes forward, fighting his way through the crowd.

REGINALD

Wait! Stop! This is all a sham! This man is a fraud! I'm the successful, attractive one! I deserve all the attention, all the adoration...

Wendall uncaps the jug of 'Sure Thing' once again.

WENDALL

Fine - it's yours!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wendall splashes the cologne in Reginald's crotch. Sniffing the air once again, the women immediately drop Wendall, lifting Reginald into the air. He cries out in triumph as they carry him away.

REGINALD

It works! It works!

(grabs crotch)

It burns... Hey, wait - what are you doing? Don't touch me there! Help!

WENDALL

That's it, Reginald - women love it when you play hard to get!

EXT. STENSON

arrives in the cab, stepping painfully onto the docks - only to see the throng of women bearing down on him again, Reginald hoisted over their heads. Stenson screams in terror as they trample him once more.

EXT. WENDALL

runs to the 'Lady Di', where he sees Jennifer about to start up the gangplank.

WENDALL

Jennifer! Wait!

Jennifer turns, surprised to see him (especially wet, breathless and in his undershirt).

JENNIFER

What happened to you? You look terrible.

WENDALL

Just be glad you can't smell.

(takes her hand)

Jennifer, please don't go. I love you... and I think you love me, too.

Jennifer laughs, shaking her head.

JENNIFER

I love you? What brings you to that conclusion?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

If you didn't love me you wouldn't be so mad about all the women I've been with lately.

JENNIFER

(frowns)

I'm not bothered by other women... it's just that there are so many of them... all the time... and you seem to be having so much damn fun...

WENDALL

You've got to believe me - I don't love those women, and they don't love me. They only want me for my looks, my status, my body...

Jennifer looks at him wryly. He shrugs.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Okay, for what I'm wearing on my body. But you see me for who I am. I'm tired of depraved sex with strange women - I want a lifetime of depraved sex with you.

JENNIFER

What about your fiance? What would she think of all this?

Wendall shakes his head in regret.

WENDALL

Glynnis. Glynnis and I were together so long we became gluttons for each other's punishment. We weren't happy unless we were making ourselves totally miserable.

JENNIFER

Where is she now?

WENDALL

She's gone. I broke it off and she took the dive for someone else.

Jennifer shakes her head in disbelief, smiling gently.

JENNIFER

Look at you. I can't believe you came here to stop me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Most other men would've sent a bouquet and been done with it. What'd you do, swim the Thames?

WENDALL

I'd swim the Atlantic for you... I'd drown, but at least I'd give it a shot.

(seriously)

When I came to London I thought I needed this job more than anything. But that changed. I realize now that what I really need is you. I'll never love another woman... and I'm sick of them loving me.

JENNIFER

Why should I believe you?

WENDALL

What do I have to do? I just turned down every woman in London to be with you - I could claim half of Buckingham Palace in a palimony suit if I wanted to.

JENNIFER

(laughs)

Let's get out of here. You look like you could use a shower... or two...

They kiss, Wendall taking her hand as they walk away down the docks.

JENNIFER

I don't even know why I wanted to take this cruise - the commercials are so stupid...

(scoffs)

"It's 'Di'-namite" - please!

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

INT. LONDON AD AGENCY - DAY

A week later. Wendall, Jennifer, Brian, Glenda, Robert and John are gathered together, where they toast their success with champagne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

I'd like to make a toast - to our new account...

EVERYONE

Here, here!

WENDALL

... To my engagement to the beautiful, talented, beautiful, brilliant... did I mention beautiful?... Jennifer Fontaine.

EVERYONE

Here, here!

Brian pipes in, wearing a bright red blazer, blue shirt and yellow power tie.

BRIAN

... And to Lord Archibald for buying out the agency and naming Wendall, my good friend, Chairman of the Board.

EVERYONE

Here, here!

Wendall gives Jennifer a hug.

WENDALL

Just a token of appreciation for his new son-in-law. My first act as new boss is to promote someone to head the London office...

Wendall raises his glass, grinning at Brian.

WENDALL (CONT'D)

Here's to Brian Chapman, new Head of Production.

EVERYONE

Here, here!

Wendall finishes his drink, tossing the glass at Stenson's picture on the wall. Everyone follows suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

I'd love to stay for a long,
tearful goodbye where everyone gets
drunk and makes promises they can't
keep and someone makes a play for
someone else's wife, starting a
huge brawl - but we've got a plane
to catch.

Wendall turns to Brian, who is locked in a passionate embrace
with Glenda.

WENDALL

Well, it looks like you've got
everything in hand. Both hands,
actually.

Giving Glenda a kiss, Brian takes Wendall aside, speaking
quietly.

BRIAN

I need to talk to you before you
go. Something's bothering me...

WENDALL

(laughs)

Brian, what can possibly be wrong?
You got a promotion, you got a
raise, you got the girl - enjoy it!

BRIAN

But I feel so guilty. Everything's
going great with Glenda, but it's
all a sham. It's the cologne she's
responding to, not me.

Wendall grins slyly.

WENDALL

I've got news for you - the only
response that cologne ever got was
the laughter of the clerk that sold
it to me.

Brian blinks, confused.

BRIAN

You gave me a different cologne?

WENDALL

Are you kidding? Putting that stuff
in your hands would've been like
letting a baby play with a shotgun.
Excuse the phallic imagery.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WENDALL (CONT'D)

What won Glenda was your new attitude. You thought you had the cologne, so you were stronger, more confident. It's been you all along, Brian.

Brian glares at Wendall, eyes gleaming.

BRIAN

You bastard! You kept the real stuff all for yourself and gave me a cheap imitation!

(hugs Wendall)

Thank you!

The two men embrace fondly.

BRIAN

I'm going to miss you, Wendall.

WENDALL

Not for long - as Chairman of the Board I'll be back here to rag your ass on a regular basis.

They laugh as we...

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

Wendall and Jennifer cuddle in the back seat of the cab. Wendall smiles, a look of blissful contentment on his face.

WENDALL

I guess this means I'm finally a winner... or a loser who pulled off a great con job.

JENNIFER

You're a winner. You always were. You just needed a break.

Wendall kisses her. Glancing out the window, he calls to the driver urgently.

WENDALL

Driver - stop! Stop here!

The cab screeches to a halt. Jennifer looks to Wendall in confusion as he pulls the jug of 'Sure Thing' from a carry-on bag at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

What are you doing?

WENDALL

A good deed.

(opens door)

If I'm not back in two minutes,
cuddle without me.

EXT. HYDE PARK

Climbing out of the taxi, Wendall steps into the park, where some vagrants sleep on benches. He steps forward, approaching one of the bums, who we recognize as the Raggedy Man who inspired Wendall at Speaker's Corner. Wendall nudges the man gently.

WENDALL

You want power - you got it.

Wendall places the jug of 'Sure Thing' in the man's hand.

WENDALL

Enjoy it while it lasts.

Wendall smiles, walking back to the taxi as the Raggedy Man opens the jug, sniffing it. He turns, nudging another bum who sleeps on the bench next to him, covered by a tabloid newspaper which bears the headline 'BIZARRE WEDDING - WOMAN MARRIES FISH', above a photo of Glynnis in a wedding gown and a fish in a top hat.

The other bum rises, pulling the newspaper from his face to reveal that it's Reginald - dirty and unshaven. The Raggedy Man holds out the jug of cologne, offering it to him. Recognizing the cologne, Reginald screams, racing away into the park. The Raggedy Man watches him go - shrugging and taking a swig from the jug.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The Statue of Liberty stands proudly in New York Harbor - while above her a skywriter completes the message 'LORD ARCHIBALD TWEEDS FOR ALL YOUR NEEDS'.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HIGH RISE

A limousine pulls up in front of the ad agency, chauffeur hurrying to open the passenger door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall climbs out, well-dressed and confident. A beautiful woman smiles at him graciously. He looks around, grinning in amazement.

WENDALL

New York!

As he steps into the building we see that the sign overhead now reads 'WENDALL MOORE ADVERTISING' - and in smaller letters underneath, 'FORMERLY STENSON AND ASSOCIATES'.

INT. AD AGENCY

Workers scurry about busily as Wendall enters. The office has been redecorated, the atmosphere warmer.

WENDALL

Well, if it isn't the hottest advertising agency in New York... and it is!

Wendall pauses to receive his mail from the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

It's so nice to see you so bright and eager again, Mr. Moore. Just like when you were a boy, walking to your cubicle at the end of the row...

WENDALL

(brightly)

Yeah, it been a glorious ascent, that's for sure.

He walks through the office, calling to Scottie McNamara.

WENDALL

Hey, Scottie - thanks for the fruit basket. It's nice to have your butt kissed by the best.

Wendall passes Sandy Hansen, singing lightly.

WENDALL

(sing-song)

Who's the most beautiful girl in the world?

SANDY

(sing-song)

I am...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

(sing-song)

And who's the most beautiful guy in
the world who happens to sign your
paychecks?

SANDY

(grudgingly - sing-song)

You are...

WENDALL

That's better. I want to see
everyone in the conference room in
five minutes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Scottie, Sandy and Don take their seats, talking nervously.

DON

It's scary - ever since he got back
he's been different. He seems so...
happy.

(shivers)

It gives me the willies.

Wendall enters, everyone going silent. He takes the seat at
the head of the table.

WENDALL

What have you got for me this
morning?

SANDY

Last night's production of 'Hamlet'
on 'Lord Archibald's Monkey
Theatre' was number one in the
Nielsen ratings, and clothing sales
are up two hundred percent.

WENDALL

Great. I just saw the all-monkey
'Streetcar Named Desire'. Clyde the
orangutan kills as Stanley
Kowalski. So - does anyone have any
ideas for the new Lord Archibald
campaign?

Everyone looks around the room, pretending to drop pens under
the table, staring out the window and whistling... anything
to avoid eye contact with Wendall. He sighs, pushing a button
on the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

Bring in some coffee - it's going
to be a long day...

(to the others)

I never acted this way.

The conference room doors open - a heavily-bandaged Stenson entering gingerly with a tray of coffee. As Stenson serves him, Wendall speaks thoughtfully.

WENDALL

Funny, isn't it, how when life
seems hopeless something always
happens to turn things around.

(Stenson glares at
Wendall)

Speaking of which, I may have an
assignment for you, Danny...

(grins)

... in Beirut. You do have your
passport handy...?

Wendall laughs, everyone at the conference table joining in
as we...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END