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His Kind of Woman

By Frank Fenton

This story didn't happen in Italy.
It only started there.
Naples, Italy.
In one of those big, quiet, peaceful villas
overlooking the bay.
And the senator claims that he has
been "misquoted. "
And here's really something for our
shortwave listeners.
A society item from
the New York plunderworld.
It's called "Where Do
Old Gangsters Go to Die?"...
...or "Guess What Upper-Crust Crumb
Just Bought a Plushy Villa...
...Overlooking the Bay of Naples. "
None other than the old boss...
...onetime gambling kingpin and vice czar
of New York, New Jersey and points west...
...Nick Ferraro.
Nick has been fretting it out in Italy
for four years...
...since immigration authorities sent him
packing back to his native Naples.
But I'm giving odds that Ferraro
is still head man...
...in the gambling and vice setups
in the United States.
And at the present rate of exchange...
...it should be netting him a cool
2 million bucks a year, tax-free.
A cool 2 million bucks a year.
It should be, if I was getting it.
Get me Corley in Mexico.
XFO. XFO. XFO.
XFO. XFO.
IJQ. IJQ. This is XFO.
This is XFO standing by for you.
Morro's Lodge is a remote but elegant
Mexican resort...
...on the east coast of lower California,
accessible only by plane or boat.
It was the kind of place Ferraro would
pick for what he had in mind.

Deal's all set on this end.
Just finishing up the details with
Krafft and Thompson. Go ahead.
What about the other one?
Have you found the other one? Go ahead.
We have him salted down
in Palm Springs.
I'm flying up to meet Arnold in
Beverly Hills tomorrow night.
Now, look, don't worry, Nick.
The other one will be here in plenty of time.
- Go ahead.
- Okay. I'll see you in a couple of weeks.
- Go ahead.
- Right. Signing off. This is XFO, clear.
- Ferraro?
- Yeah.
He's getting impatient.
It isn't easy to get back into
the United States once you are deported.
- I know.
- Who is this other one?
Was just coming to that, Thompson.
In a couple of weeks, a man will arrive
here at Morro's Lodge.
Your job is to keep him here till the Tropic
comes into the bay with Nick Ferraro.
Then you'll take him aboard.
Krafft will attend to the rest.
This is Ferraro.
- He's a big man.
- Six-something.
Perhaps his easy life in Italy
has made him soft.
He's around 195, but solid.
- Excellent. Still young?
- Thirty-five.
This man you're sending down,
does he know all about it?
No, not everything.
That's how the story started.
And somewhere in California
was a man...
...height 6-something,

weight 195, age 35...

- Good evening, Mr. Dan.

- How's it go, Sam?

Nothing to it.

Just let me have a glass of milk.

You suppose we can do without
that radio?

Where you been?

I ain't seen you since the last rain.

- Palm Springs.

- Hustling the millionaires?

I went down there to cure a cold.

I wound up doing 30 days.

For what?

For nothing.

I don't get it.

Well, I got it.

Somebody is putting the salt on me.

You can cuff it.

- Does it show that much?

- Only to me.

Got anything in mind?

Yes, I have. I'm gonna go home and
go to bed, where I can't get into trouble.

You think not?

I'll see you all of a sudden, Sammy.

You need a fourth?

Hello, Danny.

Who are you?

I don't know you guys.

Oley Chester wants the dough.

What dough?

You bet 200 across

on a pig called Lagging Boy...

...and that's just exactly what he was.

Oley wants the 600.

- I made a bet with Oley?

- You called it in.

Somebody called it in.

I never bet on a race in my life
that wasn't fixed.

- When did it run?

- Thursday.

I must've called it in

by walkie-talkie...

...because last Thursday I was digging
a road for the law in Coachella Valley.
Be a lot smarter just to come up with it.
I'm out.

Pair of aces.

Don't you think it would be nice
if you cleaned...

...before you got out of here?

Just come up with it.

- Hello?

- Milner's here.

The boys know

not to mess up his face?

Okay. But don't rough him up
too much.

Okay, boys, that's enough.

Charlie, get my money.

Hello?

Yeah, this is Milner.

No, I'm not busy, Corley.

No, I was just getting ready
to take my tie off.

Wondering whether I should
hang myself with it.

Yeah, I can come over.

Sure, right away.

Second light to the left.

- Nice to see you, Milner.

- Hello, Corley.

What'll you have to drink?

Oh, that's right, you don't drink.

How about a soft one?

Ginger ale will be just fine.

You look like a shot in it
might help you a little.

Just the ginger ale is fine.

Thanks, Corley.

You got a dime on you?

Thanks.

Still salty.

- You tell me why.

- All right.

Every once in a while, a good man,

like a good horse, gets into a slump.
Just can't scratch the pad.
You know what I mean?
I knew you'd understand.
Like you.
You blew a bundle in Reno.
In Vegas, they nicked you for 6 grand.
In Palm Springs, they tapped you out.
And tonight, Oley Chester
had me spanked for nothing.
Maybe this part of the country
isn't lucky for you anymore.
Given it a thought?
- Have you?
- Somebody has.
- Like who?
- A fella named Arnold.
And where is he?
Right here.
My proposition's a very simple one.
Well, I'm a very simple guy.
The deal entails, as far as you're
concerned, two important items.
One you'll find extremely interesting,
the other you may object to.
First, you'll make yourself \$50,000.
And what's the one
I'm gonna object to?
You'll have to leave the country.
For how long?
Say a year.
Well, it just so happens
I've given up my home here.
See? Already your luck's turning.
- Where does it change?
- Mexico.
You'll take a plane to Tucson.
From there you'll cross the border
on a bus to Nogales.
A man named Hernandez at the
airfield there will give you your next step.
Aren't you playing this
a little close to the vest?
You may change your mind en route.

You sure that privilege is open to me?

After Nogales, what happens?

Nothing.

There will be plenty of fishing,
hunting, swimming.

You'll be very comfortable.

- And for that I get 50 grand?

- What's better than that?

I'm not knocking it, man,
I'm just trying to understand it.

Here's \$5000.

You'll get 10 more when you get
where you're going. It goes to 50.

- That's all I can tell you.

- That's quite a bit.

- You lost your wallet.

- Well, an old friend.

Airplane tickets, credentials.

You really believe in
breaking a man down, don't you?

Just bending him a little, Milner,
that's all.

I'm looking for a man named Hernandez.

I am a man named Hernandez, senior.

I'm a man named Milner.

Dan Milner.

- It's supposed to mean something to you.

- Pardon, senior?

If it should come to you,
I'll be in the caf across the street.

Is it all right if I leave this here?

- S, senior.

You wish a seat on the plane
to Mexico City? Acapulco?

Who knows?

Let's stick around and see, huh?

What'll it be?

You got anything to eat?

Chili.

- And beans?

- And beans.

That was swell.

Your Spanish is pretty good, baby.

Hey, I love that break.

Will you try that again?

How about a drink?

Not for me, no.

But I'd like to buy her one.

- What's she drinking?

- Champagne. Eighteen bucks a bottle.

- I thought she might be alone.

- She is.

You said 18? And the chili.

There's 20.

- Save your dough.

- You tell me a better way to spend it.

She'll be out of your life

before the investment pays off.

She's waiting for a plane she chartered.

Just the bottle, then.

You mind if I join you?

It seems you have.

Hey, you sing pretty good.

I thought I'd buy you a drink.

- I'm drinking champagne.

- I'm hip. Eighteen dollars a bottle.

Not for me.

Champagne's not your drink?

Only on big occasions.

- And this isn't?

- Can't be.

You're waiting for a chartered plane.

You in the oil business, or you just

spending your alimony all at once?

I'm what you'd call

a spoiled child of the rich.

Well, how do you do? I'm what you'd

call a spoiled child of the poor.

- It is here, senorita.

- You sure it's the right one?

- S, the pilot is my friend.

- Just a minute.

You sure you wanna go now?

You chartered the plane, didn't you?

- He can wait.

- But I can't.

Wait a minute.

You forgot your bottle.

You keep it.

It may have a little resale value.

- Mr. Milner, your plane is waiting.

- Yeah?

- It was very late. That's why I did not...

- Take it easy. Nobody minds.

Where's this plane taking me?

You're joking, señor?

- Well, if I am, I don't know it.

- It's the Morro's Lodge plane, señor.

Mr. Milner?

Yeah. And you?

- Tex Kearns.

- He's the pilot.

Your bag's in the plane.

I'm sorry I'm so late.

- These winds have been kind of...

- Yeah, I know. Things are tough all over.

Well, anyhow, you'll get to see

Morro's Lodge from the air...

...in the early morning sun.

It's quite a sight.

- You hop in. I'll be right with you.

- Thanks.

Well, hello again.

Do you mind if we join you

in your chartered plane?

- Did I say I chartered it?

- Didn't you?

Incidentally, didn't you say something

about being poor?

- That was for real.

- You better get out now, then.

- Morro's isn't the place for you.

- Somebody bought me a ticket.

How about you? Are you for real?

You sing like you do it for a living.

Thanks. I'd rather sing

than clip coupons...

...but I have a million dollars,

so no one takes me seriously.

With a million dollars, honey,

it doesn't matter.

Fasten your seat belts, please.

Don't you have a name?

I figured you already knew it.

Should I?

No, I guess not.

I was just shooting the moon.

It's Milner, Dan.

Mine's Brent, Lenore.

- What did you expect to hit?

- You never can tell.

What's this Morro's like?

I couldn't tell you.

This is my first visit.

I spend most of my time
on the Continent. Europe.

- I'll shower and meet you at the bar.

- Okay, Peg.

Lots of ice for me, please.

I think I'll just have tonic, then.

Well, hello there, darling.

How are you?

- Yes, sir?

- Ginger ale, please.

I am Jose Morro.

Hello. Won't you sit down?

Did you find your cabin
completely acceptable?

Well, I found it.

Is there anything I can do for you?

You know, I was sort of hoping
you'd ask that.

I recently came into some money.

This nice new 1000-dollar bill
is part of it.

I'm told there will be more.

- What do you wish to buy with this?

- Whatever it's worth.

A helping hand, information.

About her, for instance.

Well, hello, Liz.

Where did you come from?

Sorry. Wrong name, wrong woman.

- She is beautiful as well as interesting.

- She's beautiful. That's always interesting.

And I understand she has

an impeccable background.

What's that?

Boston, New York, Rome,

Paris, St. Moritz.

I understand you are from California.

Oh, yeah. Pomona, L.A.,

Glendale, Van Nuys. Thanks.

I'm afraid I have something rather

difficult to say to you.

I realize your reservation was arranged

by Mr. Arnold...

...and I'm not the man to question him.

- No, neither was I.

However, in the interest of my clientele,

I cannot avoid a certain curiosity about...

About my character?

Forgive me. I am a hotelkeeper.

Not at all. I welcome it.

Maybe it tells me something.

- I'm a professional gambler.

- Who isn't?

But I'm not down here on business.

I just came down for a sunbath.

Don't take too much the first day.

No.

I just thought it would be nicer

if we understood each other.

We'll keep it very nice.

Well, Morro, how about some gin rummy?

I'm sorry, but I can't spare the time.

- How about you?

- Don't play.

He doesn't play gin rummy.

That's incredible.

- What's your card game?

- I don't play at all.

Well, then I can leave you

two gentlemen alone. Excuse me, please.

- Give me a glass of beer.

- Yes, sir.

- You're Milner, aren't you?

- Yeah.

I'm Winton.

Phipps and Winton Investment Brokers.

I bury my money in the ground.
Seems I've heard of you, Milner.
Well, must be another Milner.
Yeah, that's your best guess.
You came down on a plane
with a girl named Lenore Brent.
- You know her?
- Yeah, I met her at St. Moritz last winter.
I guess that's where it got started
with Cardigan.
You haven't heard about the thing
with Mark Cardigan?
I've never even heard
of Mark Cardigan.
You know, one thing about me, Milner,
I always know when I'm being kidded.
Scratch this time.
You're probably wondering
what a man like myself...
...is doing in an odd place like this.
- No.
Well, I'm hiding from business...
...and it is a rather inaccessible place
down here, you know.
Yes, but why odd?
Well, it isn't the place,
it's the people.
Now, you see that man over there?
His name is Martin Krafft.
He's supposed to be a writer,
but all he does is play chess.
- What's odd about that?
- He doesn't play anybody.
- Maybe he hates to lose.
- Never thought of it that way.
What's with that little blond over there?
She is pretty, isn't she?
- And scared to death.
- Of the kid with her?
No. That's her husband, so she said.
It's just that there's something in the air.
You know what I mean?
You'll excuse me, won't you?
I always take a nap before dinner.

Do you sleep with your eyes open
or shut?

It's worth trying, anyhow.

- Can I order you something?

- What?

My, we're so nervous. What's wrong?

Nothing. I'm all right.

It might help to talk about it.

- No, please.

- Look, I've got a problem too.

Maybe we could help each other.

We just should never have
come down here.

All right, let's talk about that.

Why shouldn't you?

I'm all right now. Thanks.

Mr. Krafft? I'm Dan Milner.

I play a pretty fair game.

Suppose that's why Arnold sent me down?

American language I know well...

...but the use to which Americans put it,

I am not always able to comprehend.

You know, I think I'm having
the same trouble with you.

Hi.

- You're not leaving?

- My bungalow costs \$ 75 a day.

- I thought I'd go spend some time in it.

- I thought we might dance.

- How's your friend in the orchestra?

- What?

The guitar player.

He knows you, doesn't he?

Well, he thought so.

I don't know, maybe he does.

Wherever I am, I sing at the drop of a hat.

- Even if you have to supply the hat.

- Exactly.

Will that dance offer still be good
in an hour?

- You could try me.

- All right.

- I'm sorry.

- You're sorry?

I should look where I'm going.

Say, you're new around here, aren't you?

I'm Mark Cardigan.

- Dan Milner.

- Oh, how are you?

Say, Milner, do you like to hunt?

I'm looking for just one man
to come down here who likes to hunt.

- Yeah, I like to hunt.

- You do? Let me tell you something.

I've hunted them in the Sierras
and the best lands of Wyoming and Idaho.

I've chased them over Canada and Alaska,
and I thought they were big.

But down here? Down here they've got
the daddies of them all.

Deer?

A 12-point buck drove me crazy for a week.

Yesterday, I nailed him.

How about the two of us taking a whack
at his brother tomorrow?

- You got a grudge against the family?

- Mark.

Mark.

I got a little Winchester.

If it feels right to you, I'd like you to use it.

- The kind of shooting you get down here...

- You're being paged.

Yeah.

I'll talk to you later.

Don't you get away from me.

- Hello, Mark.

- Hello, my darling.

Not here.

Later, when we're alone.

Mark, why didn't you write to me?

I have money.

I wouldn't have blackmailed you.

Come on, darling. Does anything else
matter, now that you're here?

Tell me all about yourself. You know, this is
the most wonderful place in the world.

You should see the buck

I killed yesterday.

You'll see the pictures as soon as
Morro gets them in his album.
He's making a scrapbook
of everything I kill.
Yes, he mentioned it.
He also said that given the time
and ammunition...
...you might very likely rid the world
of all animal life.
I'm like the plague down here.
I know you were trying to needle me
just now, but you can't do it.
Of all the women in the world...
...you're the only one who ever
loved me for my real self.
Look at that.
What does that remind you of?
- The ocean.
- Don't you remember Miami...
...and the first time we ever met,
and I told you...?
All right, all right.
It was St. Moritz, and you skied badly...
...but that night you sang
to the accompaniment of a zither.
That's better.
I've forgotten a lot of things,
but you'll never be one of them.
Come on, let's open a bottle
and celebrate your coming.
Senor Cardigan is the greatest
of all cinema actors.
Only today he favored me
with his autograph...
...inscribed upon
an American 10-dollar bill.
Yeah, it was a gift.
Naturally, now I can't spend it.
- That's tough.
- Yes.
What are you gonna do
with that bottle?
Oh, excuse me.
I have to put it on ice.

I'm warning you,
he will make us trouble.
I know the type. He will move first
and think about it afterward.
I don't think so. Within 24 hours...
You stick to your chess.
I'll take care of him.
Mr. Morro, please.
- Yes?
- Hello, Morro? This is Milner.
Look, I may go social. Who has the cabin
next to mine, toward the lodge?
I believe a Mr. Thompson
is your neighbor, sir.
You wouldn't know a thing
about Thompson...
...or his friend Krafft, would you?
Mr. Thompson is, I believe,
a public-relations man.
Mr. Krafft is a writer.
Beyond that, I know nothing.
Is everything all right, senor?
I'll let you know.
What's Krafft's cabin number?
- Mr. Krafft is in cabin one.
- Thank you.
What is it you want?
I'd like to have a little chat
with you and your friend Thompson.
You have either an honestly mistaken idea
about me or you are a crazy man.
I don't know you, and I can't help you.
What about Thompson?
Do you know him?
- No.
- Now, I think we can do business.
Look, I don't like this
any better than you do.
Now, tell me, what happens and when?
I don't know why you are here.
I don't know why I'm here.
One must wait. One needs patience
when dealing with certain kinds of men.
- I recommend it to you strongly.

- I'm all out of patience. You're gonna...

Okay, so you've got the difference.

I wonder if you're prepared to use it.

- I see no reason why I should.

- That's where you're wrong.

I want information, and I'm beginning not to care how I get it.

Why don't you cool off.

- That could be a mistake.

- I don't think so.

You're welcome

to all the information I've got.

My job is to keep you and Krafft here.

That's all I know.

Within 24 hours,

somebody will be coming in.

They'll tell you why you're here.

The more I hear, the less I like.

In fact, the less I believe.

Oh, well, you can believe this.

Ten thousand dollars.

If you don't mind, my friend Mr. Krafft and I were about to play some chess.

I'm gonna ask you one more question you won't answer.

Why was I tabbed for this?

Maybe because you never

got in bad trouble the wrong way.

You mean with the federal police?

I doubt if they'd give you \$50,000 for a misdemeanor.

Look, Milner, I'm ignorant.

Happy to be that way.

Just how ignorant are you?

That Brent girl, for instance.

Is she in this?

This is no time to get

mixed up with a woman, Milner.

Especially someone else's woman.

XFO calling Tropic. XFO calling Tropic.

Come in, please.

This is Tropic. This is Tropic.

Go ahead.

Nick, what's keeping you? Go ahead.

We're in a bad storm.
You'll get it in a few hours.
What's wrong, Thompson? Go ahead.
Milner's getting jumpy.
He may try to leave. Go ahead.
Don't let him. Keep him there.
You know how. Go ahead.
Right. Better contact me in code
from now on. XFO over and out.
Hi.
Will you open this for me?
Thanks.
I hear your friend Cardigan caught a fish.
I devoted half the morning
to watching him do it.
He and Morro are photographing it now.
You don't like fish?
On a plate with fancy sauce
and white wine.
- Somebody's gotta kill them for you.
- Not Mark. His fish are stuffed, not eaten.
Here, watch this. I used to be
the best back my college ever had.
Well, look at that.
This is something your husband can't do.
I'm a little out of practice.
I used to be able to do 20 of those...
...for a pretty little thing like you.
Love comes to Wall Street.
Don't be so cynical. Here.
Put some oil on my back, will you?
Go on.
That's nice. You've got good hands.
You like it nice, don't you?
I always had everything nice.
My grandfather had more money than he
could count, but you'd like him in spite of it.
I could like him for it.
He gave me a million dollars
just so he could say...
...every guy I met was after my money.
And were they?
He'd have loved you for that snide crack.
Are you going to the movie tonight?

It's Mark's latest.

Why not?

That was real nice.

- You should've been a masseur instead.

- Instead of what?

Instead of whatever it is you do
when you're not at Morro's Lodge.

Oh, I make a little bet on the horses
now and then, but I play cards mostly.

I have an old-maid aunt who
does the same thing.

Well, for what it's worth,
I make a living at it.

Sounds like a well-spent life.

Morro rather implied you were a gambler.

The way I do it, it isn't gambling.

- You cheat?

- You don't have to cheat.

Then we ought to get along fine.

I'm a gambler myself.

How high do you like to play?

If I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

- Sir Godfrey.

- Lady Gwendolyn.

Naught is between us.

I take thee now with honor.

Mr. Cardigan,

it was a thrilling performance.

- Thank you, my dear.

- I've seen all your pictures. This is the best.

- Thanks so much for saying so.

- My wife thinks you're wonderful.

Well, thank her for me.

Yes, sir, I agree. That was one
of the finest movies I've ever seen.

Ought to make them all like that.

None of this nonsense about social matters.

People don't go to the movies to see
how miserable the world is.

They go to eat popcorn and be happy.

What did you think of it?

It had a message no pigeon would carry.

At my studio, all messages

are handled by Western Union.

You know, you can't take his opinion on anything.

He's an intellectual.

You know, I have an idea for a movie.

- Take my business.

- Excuse me.

I'm an investment broker.

There's a lot of hidden romance.

Well, what did you think of the picture?

It was fine. It was just a little long.

About an hour and a half.

You know, I'm out of my mind to ask her.

She hates everything I do.

- She likes you.

- Yeah, I know.

That's what I don't understand.

Well, if she liked me, man,

I wouldn't try to understand it.

- Esteban.

- Yes, sir?

- Pardon me, I didn't understand you.

- Scotch and soda.

- Look...

- Milner.

That's right, Milner.

What about tomorrow morning?

- All right. What about it?

- The hunting. I've got all the equipment.

- How about me rooting you out about 5?

- Five?

He shoots them as they crawl out of bed.

If you'd use that needle to sew with, you'd be a much happier woman.

- What about it?

- It's all right with me.

But there's a storm brewing.

What do you call it, Esteban?

A chubasco, señor. A hurricane.

Don't look so dismal, darling.

You can dig a little hurricane shelter and shoot from that.

Then you won't have

to spend the day with me.

Now what did I do?

You looked dismal.

Dismal?

Hello, Harry.

I give away everything but secrets, Liz.

I know.

If anyone had ever told me

that Liz Bradie...

...would turn out to be a phony,

I'd have called him a liar.

It's nice to know I'm right.

Liz Bradie went to Europe

with a USO troupe.

She never came back.

That's too bad.

She was a real nice kid.

She sang nice too.

Lenore Brent sings.

Really?

- Would you?

- Sure.

Hey, that'll be like old times, Liz.

Harry, I'm sorry about yesterday.

I hated myself all day.

Forget it, kid. You had your reasons.

How did you come into all the dough,
as if it was any of my business?

All what dough?

If I don't hook my man in two weeks,

I'll be hitting you up for a job.

You'll probably get it.

Come on, baby.

- What'll you have?

- Nothing, thanks.

No? How come you don't drink?

I might forget what I'm doing.

Excuse me.

What's your husband doing,

playing unlucky?

That's what it was before, huh?

Yes, but...

Well, he didn't mean to.

He loves to play,

and they practically insisted.

Who insisted? Winton?

Yes. He's been so nice to both of us.
Especially you.

Maybe.

Anyway, I told Milt
to go ahead and play.

After all, it is our honeymoon...
...and we don't have much money.

Go on.

Well, he just lost more than we had,
and we wrote a check.

I know it's terrible, but Mr. Winton
made it all so easy for Milt.

And Winton has the bad check, huh?

I think he has an idea that
you could get it back from him.

- We couldn't ask him for it.

- I said, you.

Forget it.

- Cards are shuffled.

- All right. Everybody ante up.

Money loves money.

You're gonna win the whole scam,
you might as well win me too.

- Let me have a stack, please, will you?

- All right.

And deal me in.

- Cut?

- Take your best shot.

- How do you stand?

- Not so good.

That's too bad.

Maybe I'll bring you luck.

I wish something would.

Jacks or better to open. You open?

If I didn't know better,

I'd think this wasn't on the square.

You open?

Yeah.

Oh, come on.

Give him something to shoot for.

- But I...

- You've got the best hand.

- How about you?

- I'll stay.

- You?

- Stay.

- You?

- I'm in.

All right. And 50 more.

Well, we're gonna

have to play this pretty shrewd.

And back 50.

- Puts me out.

- Stay.

- Little too steep for me.

- How steep is it for you?

And once more.

Mind if I back him a little?

- It's only money.

- Thanks.

- Cards?

- May I take the cut now?

Certainly.

- All right. How many?

- Three.

None for the dealer.

We bet 100.

- Without looking?

- It's more fun that way.

All right. And up.

Well, if you're betting leather,

Mr. Winton, we call.

But there's \$ 1000 inside my leather.

And there's \$ 1000 inside my leather.

Kings full.

Well. Do you think we ought to look?

- You.

- It's your hand.

Ace.

Ace.

Three aces.

Queen.

Four aces. Well, what do you know?

I brought you luck.

Now, don't crowd it.

Four aces. That's incredible.

All right, he got even.

Now, get him out of there.

Morro.

I'd like to have a word with you.

Certainly. Come into my office, please.

Morro, have you any idea when Tex
will be flying up to Nogales?

Considering weather conditions, perhaps
tomorrow, perhaps not. May I ask why?

I was wondering
when to expect the man...

...Arnold is sending
to do business with.

Business?

- Forgive me, senor, I'm...

- I know. You're just the hotelkeeper.

Morro's Lodge.

Morro's Lodge. This is Lusk calling. Over.

Come in, Mr. Lusk.

This is Morro Lodge, over.

Request landing instructions,
your field. Over.

What's your position now,

Mr. Lusk? Over.

Now 125 miles

southeast of Santa Rosalia...

...and I'm 8000 feet over Mexico. Over.

Correction. You're 8000 feet
over the Gulf of California.

Tell him to go back to Santa Rosalia.

Pinpoint your position

and go back to Santa Rosalia.

You can't land here.

We're expecting a big storm tonight. Over.

Look, I'm short of gas

and I'm completely out of Scotch.

Put on some lights.

I'll find your field. Over and out.

- Who is this clown?

- A lunatic.

He's coming in a private plane.

I think he's drunk.

If he's up there tonight, man,
he better be.

Morro's Lodge calling Mr. Lusk.

Come in, Mr. Lusk. Over.

Calling Mr. Lusk.

Come in, Mr. Lusk. Over.

I guess he's broken contact, Mr. Morro.

I think I ought to go to the field.

All right.

- Can I come in?

- Why not?

I saw your light and I didn't imagine you were the kind who slept with it on.

I'm starting that tonight.

Any special reason?

Where's your friend William Tell?

Bed, I suppose.

He still intends getting up at 5.

Don't you dampen it first?

It's an old habit.

Whenever I have nothing to do and I can't think, I iron my money.

- What do you do when you're broke?

- When I'm broke, I press my pants.

One time a dame walked into my room, just like you did right now.

She'd been out in the rain.

You know, I pressed her dress dry for her.

What did she do?

Went in the kitchen, poured me some coffee.

I think you're the strangest man I ever knew.

What makes you think you know me?

What do you want me to do, leave?

I want you to go out and pour the coffee.

I've never been so bored in my whole life.

Maybe I ought to go home and iron my own money.

If you didn't have so much.

For 2 cents I'd pull out of here tonight.

That's all the change I've got.

Look, it's a bad night.

Along about the cool of the morning, the farmer will get his cow back.

You had a little beef.
Tomorrow you'll be rid of it.
Tomorrow? That's a laugh.
Tomorrow, his wife arrives.
I hate to spoil the joke for you,
but I didn't know he had a wife.
When I first met him,
she was planning a divorce.
She went to Reno three months ago.
I thought by now...
Is it really that funny?
It reminds me of a time
I was playing high card with a guy.
I got him up to \$30,000...
...and we both discovered
that neither one of us had a dime.
Is that supposed to be...?
Who is that idiot?
I think it's somebody
who wants to see me real bad.
Tex, tell them to put out
some more flares.
Welcome to Morro's Lodge, Senor Lusk.
For a while, we thought all was lost.
It's still lost, senor.
Been lost for 10,000 years.
Well, you see how it is.
Fools get away with the impossible.
That's because they're
the only ones who try it.
Where have you been?
I looked for you all day.
I stayed in bed.
Nimrod went hunting again.
I'm afraid I was a little
out of my precinct last night.
With me?
Yeah, with you.
Do you want me to forget it?
- I want you to forget it.
- It's forgotten.
- I lost my head...
- It's forgotten, isn't it?
All right.

- Where is Mr. Cardigan?

- How should I know?

I'm sorry.

Were you in love with me last night?

Yeah.

But tonight you're not?

I guess that's the way I affect people.

Maybe it's just that you affect
the wrong people.

Shall we forget it again?

I have to.

Well, there she is. Right on schedule.

That'll be splendid, but I wish
you'd do one other little thing for me.
Anything at all.

- It'll be quite a surprise for Cardigan.

- A surprise?

She asked Morro not to tell Mark
she was coming down...

...but being a discreet hotelkeeper,
he told me.

The idiot's bringing her over here.

I'd like you to meet
our newest arrival, Mrs. Cardigan.

- This is Miss Brent and Mr. Milner.

- How do you do?

- I seem to have heard of you.

- I met your husband in Europe.

He meets so many people.

So many women.

But I suppose that's the price
a moving-picture star has to pay.

- Well, it's a living.

- Would you like to dance, Miss Brent?

I'd hate it,
but under the circumstances...

You'll forgive us?

I don't wanna dance.

Take me out of here.

It's a good thing you're so rich.

Is that remark
supposed to mean something?

I haven't met as many
rich dames as I'd like to...

...but I know one thing:
They all have a terror
of talking about their dough.
Maybe they feel guilty.
Maybe you don't.
Maybe the fact that Cardigan is married
doesn't even worry you.
Listen, if I was as phony
as a three-dollar bill...
...you still have no right
to that rock in your hand.
Excuse me, senorita.
It is Senor Cardigan's wish
that you come to his cabin.
You, too, senor. Thank you.
Now comes the showdown.
No. When that happens,
he won't invite me.
Come on, let's go see what he wants.
Come on in, my friends, come on in.
Get a load of this.
You never tasted duck
in your miserable lives like this one.
A la Cardigan. Soaked in sherry
with only salt and sage and pepper.
And butchered by the chef himself,
a la Cardigan.
Shot, my pet, shot. Mix yourselves
a drink while I put this on, huh?
- That's a pretty weapon.
- It's a gift from his fan club.
Darling, would you set the table for three?
I'll set it for four.
- You got somebody else coming?
- You have.
Fine, fine. Who?
- A Mrs. Helen Cardigan.
- Fine.
Who? Who?
Your wife. Surely you remember her.
Here? She here?
She here.
Isn't somebody gonna answer it?
- Come right in.

- I'm looking for Cardigan.

Gerald!

Gerald, this is a real surprise.

Come on in.

- Is it, Mark? I wired you five times.

- Were they from you?

If you'd opened them,
you might have found out.

Yeah. Lenore, Lenore, I would like you to
meet my personal manager, Gerald Hobson.

This is Lenore Brent. This is Dan...

- Milner.

- Milner.

- How do you do?

- I suppose you know Helen is here?

- Yes, I just heard. She didn't...

- Get the divorce? No, lucky for you.

The papers have been having a field day
at your expense.

A field day? Why?

Seems the male half of America's
most happily married couple...

...is down here making a fool of himself
with a dame.

That would be me.

- Who's happily married?

- Very probably, no one.

But I'm afraid you're
a victim of your own publicity, Mark.

- You're not as young as you used to be.

- Neither is my 10-year-old nephew.

We're starting to negotiate
a new contract in three weeks...

...but not if this is still going on.

Maybe this is none of my business.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

Nothing is private in Hollywood.

- I know, you just work there.

- Look, Gerald, I owe you a lot.

But I'm not a kid trying to get a break.

It's about time I lived my own life.

Going to Reno was Helen's answer
to something called incompatibility.

I have a right to my happiness too.

How happy do you think you'll be
without a contract?
What's compatible about that?
I brought Helen here,
and you're gonna be reconciled.
People take marriage seriously, Mark,
and they have a right to expect you to.
- Which I do, but...
- But what?
Yeah, buck, but what?
Tell him about us.
Tell him how this is different.
That's right, Gerald.
This is different.
I know you won't believe me...
...but then, I've never been
in love before.
What's happening here?
Are you looking for a settlement?
Is that it?
And Cardigan's in no position
to refuse one, is he?
Obviously.
May I go now,
or would you like it from me too?
And it was gonna be
such a beautiful dinner.
Thanks.
Really.
I'm a social outcast.
Nobody's speaking to me.
I'll speak to you.
What would you like to talk about?
- Myself, naturally.
- That's a funny coincidence.
That's just what I wanted to talk about.
Why don't you and I get out of here.
- I'm scared to walk.
- Lean on me.
Come on, we'll go over
to your joint and shake it up.
Now you're talking my language.
I'm with you, buddy.
Where you go, Lusk go.

For he's a rambling wreck
From Georgia Tech
He sure is.
You don't have to hold me up, buddy.
I was the greatest scatback
that ever lost to Notre Dame.
I know I don't have to hold you,
but for a different reason.
You drink like a B-girl.
- What did you say?
- You drink like a B-girl.
I'll pull the blinds.
I didn't think you were buying it.
I would've bought it
if I hadn't been expecting you.
- You weren't expecting me.
- Well, somebody.
- It turned out to be a guy named Lusk.
- Wrong. Your man hasn't shown yet.
Everybody's so cagey.
Wrong again. I'm not being cagey.
Maybe I'm even being a little bit simple.
But I'm gonna gamble with you.
Not that I have much choice.
I only gamble on sure things.
If that wasn't so funny, I'd laugh.
You don't even know why you're here.
- I do.
- Keep dealing.
I'm a cop.
- What kind?
- Federal. Immigration service.
I'm losing interest.
I think you'd like to get clear.
I'm offering you the chance
in return for cooperation.
Get clear of what?
You're the guest of a man
by the name of Arnold.
What would an operator like him
want with you?
- Doesn't it make you wonder?
- I'll tell you what it does do.
It makes me sleepy.

Before you fall asleep, listen to this.

A man wants into the States.

He doesn't care how he does it
or what it costs him.

- Anybody I know?

- Somebody everybody knows.

- Beginning to get it now?

- No, I can't say as I am.

You're the patsy.

A boat will sail into the bay here.

When it sails out again,
you'll be on it.

But a man by the name of Milner
is going back to the States.

And be recognized by every newsboy
on every street corner...

...if he's as big as you say.

- He's not stupid, either.

Krafft may be a writer,
and he looks like a chess player...

...but in 1935, he was admitted
as a plastic surgeon.

In 1940, he was deported.

Very interesting story.

- But it doesn't mean a thing to you?

- No, not just now.

- You came in as a drunk, now you're a cop...

- All right. Play it your way.

- I'm on a vacation.

- I hope you enjoy it.

It may be the longest one you ever take.

Hey.

If you'd lock your door,
you wouldn't lose things.

Nor find them.

That's probably the nicest thing
you've said to me.

Instead of walking out to sea,
I came here.

Do you still have our champagne?

Is it a big occasion?

Are you gonna apologize
for this one?

No.

This could be goodbye.
You're leaving?
I'm not sure.
You're in trouble. I think
I've known it from the beginning.
Everybody's in trouble.
- I don't suppose you wanna talk about it.
- Tomorrow.
You make it sound like it's forever.
- Did Thompson see you leaving the lodge?
- Who's Thompson?
Wait a few minutes
before you walk out of here.
I don't want us to be seen together.
Don't look so trapped, Mark.
Surely you didn't intend
to marry her, did you?
I don't intend to hurt
or embarrass her either.
You hurt and embarrassed me.
Going to Reno was your idea, Helen.
- Did you really believe I'd divorce you?
- Why not?
Oh, Mark.
You're not gonna tell me
you're in love with me.
All right, I won't.
But after 10 years, we've developed
a nice kind of tolerance for each other.
In Reno, I decided that would have to do
as the next best thing.
For both of us.
Sorry, Helen.
I've never settled for second best.
And don't be so sure I'm not in love.
May I help you, Mr. Milner?
You might.
Can you tell me where Thompson is?
Yes.
He's playing poker
with some of the other guests.
Thanks.
Thought I was supposed to treat you
like Typhoid Mary.

Oh, I think things are under control
for a while.

Back in the cabin, that was a gun
you were looking for, wasn't it?
I know where it is.

What's the matter,
you too proud to ask for help?
Mr. Milner.

I haven't had a chance to thank you yet
for what you've done for us.

Well, you have now.

We're leaving first thing in the morning.
If you ever get to Indian Springs...
That's Ohio.

- we'd like to have you look us up.

Well, thank you, I will.

Mr. Milner, I'd like to ask you something.
Or do something.

Milton says it's all right.

Goodbye and thank you.

Goodbye and thank you.

Goodbye, Mr. Winton.

Yeah. Goodbye.

Well, how about a nice, big kiss
from you now, huh?

Listen, I forgive you,
and for those four aces too...
...if you give me a return shot.

Say, gin rummy? That's my game.

- Later.

- Why not now?

He needs time to limber up his fingers.
Limber up his fingers.

By George, I'll have to tell that down
to the fellas at the office.

Come on, let's get out of here.
Kill that light.

- A very embarrassing situation.

- For both of us.

I've always been fascinated by radios.
I think they're here to stay.
Unfortunately, you may not be.
Sit down.

Come in, Tropic.

Come in, Tropic. Over.
Check in one hour. Over and out.
I suppose you understood that.
Time of arrival.
You're a little out of your precinct,
aren't you? Even for a federal man?
You don't have any juice down here. Down
here, you're just a private citizen, like me.
Not like you.
Oh, come on, let's not be bitter.
It's just a game.
Somebody wins, somebody loses.
Are we right about who's coming in?
Or is that too much for a guy
that's going out to ask?
Suppose you tell me.
Your big boss is out there on a boat.
Only, he's not big enough
to get into the States.
He needs to trade places
with someone who can.
- Go on.
- So Milner's picked.
A lone wolf without friends or relatives.
A man who's made it his business
all of his life to keep under cover.
- A guy like that'll never be missed.
- You're making quite a speech, aren't you?
Out on the boat, your man's face
is fixed by a little plastic surgery.
Done by Dr. Krafft.
Then he takes Milner's name
and identity.
In the meantime,
the real Milner disappears, doesn't he?
Why worry about
what's gonna happen to Milner?
I'm sorry I asked.
It's too bad we both have to die
for something so rotten.
I've never been that direction.
I've been the other way,
but I'd like to be going that way.
Tomorrow. Now.

Why? What's out there?
Islands. Samoa and Tahiti.
- Bikini.
- You're such a wise guy.
You're not gonna find
a thing except yourself.
I'd even like finding that.
Come on, let's walk on the beach.
Sing it.
What's the matter,
you going sentimental?
I remember the first time I ever saw you,
you were singing.
Is this supposed to be the last time
or something?
Or something.
Stay here.
Is he dead?
Look, do me a favor.
Soon as we get back,
get yourself out of here.
Tonight, if you can.
- Why should I?
- Because he was murdered.
He was no two-bottle boy on a binge.
He was a government cop.
The fireworks start any time now.
Stop trying to scare me.
All right if I tell you I'm scared myself?
But I like fireworks.
Why should I miss it?
Because it isn't something you can buy
you way out of, so get out.
I just don't wanna see you get hurt,
that's all.
Now go on back to your cabin
and stay there.
Easy does it.
Come on out, boys.
You live carefully.
- Who's this one?
- Man have to have a name for you?
Okay, so you're a man.
How could I tell?

- Who were you waiting for?

- You.

Then you don't need the gun.

Well, it keeps me occupied.

There's a boat out there
with a man on it waiting for you.

Yeah, I know.

He hasn't got a name either.

What's the difference?

No matter where you get it,
money can buy just so much.

There are some things
it doesn't buy at all for me.

For instance, murder.

All you have to do
is get on that boat and sail away.

Could've been a nice trip.

Now I don't know.

I know. I wouldn't care for it.

When Milner goes back home again,
it's gonna be me.

You'll find your money in the drawer
of that table, less expenses.

We're losing time. Put the gun down now.

The man behind you has a bigger one.

Let's keep it nice and polite, huh?

Have him introduce himself.

We've met before.

Lusk knew about me, Thompson.

I'm no good to you anymore.

You're gonna have to try again.

Different place, different boy.

Maybe. But you're still going
down to the boat.

Dan.

Dan?

Get rid of her. Out there.

I thought I told you
not to come around here anymore.

I brought you a gun.

Give it to Cardigan. He likes guns.

- What's the matter with you?

- That'd take a long time to say.

All right, I stole a gun for you.

Take it, and we'll call it quits.
Look, I don't need it.
Now, will you get out of here?
I spent six months and a lot of money,
honestly come by...
...to try and get Mark Cardigan.
And I was ready
to kiss it all goodbye for you.
- Big mistake.
- Wasn't it, though.
Thanks for straightening me out.
You do it so nicely.
There's nothing to it.
Will you take this thing?
I can't sneak it back.
Give it to Cardigan.
- It happens to...
- He knows how to use them.
He'd like that one. Give it to Cardigan.
Don't feel so bad.
There are a lot of places in the world.
They all got women in them.
Not all of them, Thompson.
The government's got a few places.
- All clear.
- You heard the man.
I see. Thank you.
That was Morro.
The Lusk fella didn't fall.
- He was murdered.
- What?
There's a boat in the bay
that has no business being here.
And neither do we.
- Well, what do you know.
- I know this, I'm locking the door.
- Mark, you've got to do something.
- What does he have to do?
They're taking Dan out to that boat.
They may kill him.
- Who's taking him away?
- Taking? Maybe he's leaving.
I wasn't talking to you.
Mark, he's in trouble.

We were told to remain indoors.
That's what we intend to do.
- Shut up, Gerald. Let me think.
- A little late, isn't it?
Yes, since I've been doing
your thinking for the last 15 years.
Do you wanna go out there for me?
- I have a wife.
- Well, then, shut up and let me think.
While you're at it,
remember that you have one too.
Now might I drink hot blood
and do such bitter business...
...the earth would quake to look upon.
- Hamlet again.
- Mark, this is no time for histrionics.
What fools ye mortals be.
Throw a line over here!
Manuel, come quick!
Get a rifle up on the boat deck!
Take the light. Give me that rifle.
There he is! There he is!
Hold the light on him!
Lower the port boat.
On the double, men.
Away!
You lost him. Here, give me the light.
Hey, Milner.
It's me, Cardigan.
Here, take this.
Follow me.
Stay with me.
This is my private hunting ground.
I know it like an owl knows his tree.
Well, what do you know?
I'm really wounded.
It's okay.
You mind telling me
who I'm shooting at and why?
If this was one of your pictures,
you could step out there and ask.
- But I'm afraid their guns are loaded.
- You know something?
All my life, I've suspected myself

of being a phony.

Half of it, I've been acting.

A hundred lives in a hundred stories.

All phony.

This is the only time the guns were ever loaded with anything but blanks.

- How's it feel?

- Fine. You couldn't know how fine.

- Is that what brought you out here?

- That's part of it.

- What's the rest of it?

- She did. She asked me to come.

Are you in love with her?

My wife tells me I've never been in love with anything, except myself.

- Who has?

- People have.

You suppose I can go

bring him ashore?

- Who?

- The guy on the boat.

Do you know him?

From what Lusk said,

it must be Nick Ferraro.

- Ferraro.

- It figures.

- What has Ferraro got against you?

- He likes me.

He's the only guy

who ever wanted to be me.

Lusk knew that. That's why he's dead.

I don't like the inference.

- Where does that leave us?

- In a lot of trouble.

Until somebody knocks him off, it's gonna be the short, unhappy life of Dan Milner.

I'm too young to die. How about you?

Too well-known.

If you do get killed, I'll make sure you get a first-rate funeral...

...in Hollywood,

at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

I've already had it.

My last picture died there.

Good luck, bucko.
I'll keep Thompson and company busy.
Take me to Ferraro.
The captain.
Come on.
See if you can cover him from above.
We'll never smoke him out from here.
How about flanking him?
Okay, get around behind him on that cliff.
I'll cover.
Look, mister, you're covered
from all sides.
You either come out with your hands up
or we'll blast you out.
Make up your mind. Are you coming out?
Hold it.
Drop that gun.
Drop it!
There he is. Take him topside.
Get going.
You take that side.
Deceased.
Or as you say in plain terms,
"Gone to heaven. "
Do you know me?
Yeah, I know you.
I'd know that face anywhere.
I don't blame you for trying
to trade it in on a new one.
Do you judge everyone
by his face, Milner?
That and smell.
- What's your method?
- I have several methods.
For example...
...if a man fights me fairly, in the open,
the way a cop does, I respect him.
On the other hand,
when a man makes a deal with me...
...takes my money and then
double-crosses me like you did...
...that's something else again.
I hate welchers, Milner.
In Chicago, I gave everyone a fair shake

as long as they played square with me.
But there's only one way
to handle welchers.
Yeah, boss, they all had good funerals
but that one where you was real sore.
I dumped part of him
in an alley in Cicero...
...and another part
over on the east side.
He got two funerals.
Point is, Milner...
...if you want to fight me
in the open, clean and fair...
...I'll fight back clean.
Like this.
If you wanna fight below the belt,
like a welcher...
...if you wanna fight dirty,
I can do it that way too.
Some guys have to learn the hard way.
All right, boys. Take him.
Be careful of his face.
Pick him up.
Take off his shirt.
Stand him over there.
What's the matter with you?
Your friend shot a hole
in the main steam line.
We haven't been able to rig a clamp on it.
Engine room is full of steam.
Why not let
the Yankee boy scout fix it.
They're all handymen, these Americans.
Here's a roll of tape, Milner.
Wrap this around it.
Maybe you can stop the leak.
Let him work up a good sweat.
Take him below.
Are you still alive, Thompson?
So am I.
Talk to me, Thompson.
Milner's gone to get Ferraro.
It's a pretty night out, isn't it?
But pretty soon it'll be dawn.

So come and get me.
There's no sense
for both of us to lose sleep.
Are you coming?
Come on, I've been known to miss.
Do it again, Thompson. I wasn't ready.
Are you coming?
All right, Thompson.
Turn around.
Thought you were a crack shot.
How come you didn't finish me?
I don't know. Maybe I was confused
and forgot which side your heart was on.
Or perhaps you don't have one.
Start walking.
Yes, what is it?
We'll go into this later,
but I think Ensenada's out.
- Let's find some smaller place.
- Yes, sir.
The engineer wants to repair that leak.
Milner's unconscious. If you're gonna
kill him, why not get it over with.
Kill him? But what about
our original plan?
Too risky.
If we bump into trouble with the feds
or the Mexican police...
...that mouth of his could finish it.
But his face could give you a new start,
Ferraro, don't forget that.
Okay. Why don't we keep his face, then.
Pump him full of lead.
Stow him below someplace.
And when we're out of this,
we'll go ahead with the operation.
That might work. Yes, that's all right.
But then, I don't know.
In death, the muscles generally tighten.
Sometimes the features
become grotesque.
Under any condition, it's not easy
for me to do this.
Then write the whole idea off.

I tell you, this guy's dangerous.
I want him out of the way.
Senor Morro, this yacht,
this is not a problem for my men.
- Perhaps the Navy or the Army...
- All I want is protection for my guests!
But only one man
has been killed positively.
You're wrong, lieutenant.
I have just accounted
for two more, positively.
And taken a prisoner of war.
Place him under heavy guard
and summon reinforcements at once.
Here, take his gun.
I must report this to the constabulary.
You can use the telephone in my office.
- Morro, we must seize the yacht.
- What for?
What for? Milner's out there alone,
facing tremendous odds.
Mark. Mark, I wanna talk to you.
It's too late for talk.
The time has come to act.
Act? When did you ever stop?
This isn't your affair, Mark.
Let the police handle it.
Alas, why must I be plagued...
...by yammering magpies
on the eve of battle?
Listen to me, Mark.
If you go through with this madness,
you've lost me.
Then those are the fortunes of war.
As a matter of fact,
I thought I'd already lost you.
- The idea still has merit.
- Mark, how can you say that?
My dear, you don't understand me.
You never have.
Do you think I wanna go on living
in a make-believe world...
...fighting in Sherwood Forest
on stage six?

Oh, no.

You go back to Hollywood,
while I go on to real-life triumphs.
Or a glorious death.

Unhand me.

Mark, you're wounded.

'Tis not so deep as a well,
nor so wide as a church door.

What happened to Dan?

He is the object of a sea expedition
which I am now organizing.

- Take me with you.
- This is man's work.
- Women are for weeping.
- Listen.

I love Dan, and you've got to take me.

Oh, very well.

Come with me. Hold these.

If you insist on tagging along,
I want you properly dressed and equipped.

- Get what you need in there.
- Thanks.
- Good.
- Oh, Mark!

Mark! Mark.

Go ahead, get in there.

I absolutely refuse to share your bungalow
with another woman.

I am taking this key with me...

...and if that woman
is released before I get back...
...lady, by yonder blessed moon,
I swear...

Mark, you might not return.

If I'm not here by Wednesday,
chop that door down.

Mark, let me out!

Mark!

A fine example you're setting
before these loyal allies of ours.
One of your fellow Americans needs help,
and you stand there gaping.

What are you standing in? Cement?

- Wonderful.

- Thank you. Thank you. Here, catch that.

- I don't know a thing about guns.

- Go on, fall in line.

Count me in, Cardigan.

Well, what are your qualifications, sir?

My wife and I

have been here for 10 days...

...and this is the first chance I've had to get away from her.

I know what you mean, old-timer.

Fall in!

Explain to them that survivors will get parts in my next picture.

Too flabby. Replace him.

- What about that one?

- My wife's brother.

He serves with me

under certain conditions.

One of them is that he will not be exposed to danger.

- Tell him to volunteer.

- I cannot do that, senor.

- I promised my wife...

- Lieutenant!

I am not a patient man.

Tell that rascal to fall in. He's drafted.

Since I am taking command here, you'll act as gun bearer.

Now, soldiers, march away.

And how thou pleasest,

God, dispose the day!

Do you mind if I take care of this in my own way?

But suppose I could silence him and keep him alive too.

Doctor, what are you worried about?

Your fee?

I have been giving it some thought...

...and I believe we may have the solution right here.

This is a very unusual anesthetic.

It was developed by the Nazis.

I had intended to use it

for the operation on you.

You keep talking about surgery.

- I said that was out.

- Let me finish, please.

This drug is a good anesthetic,
if used properly.

The correct amount is
1.5 cubic centimeters.

But in overdose quantities,
this drug is very damaging.

For example, an injection of,
oh, let us say...

...7 or 8 cubic centimeters...

...then certain brain tissues
are destroyed.

The patient never regains his memory...

...and death usually follows within a year.

I don't like fooling with drugs.

Something is liable to go wrong.

There's always that chance
with anything, Ferraro.

Not with this.

Here's one anesthetic
where death doesn't follow in a year.

It follows right now.

- Bring Milner up.

- Sure.

Ahoy there!

Stand by to be commandeered!

Smartly, lads. Look alive!

Senor, this boat is not yet ready.

Gangway. This is a war emergency.

- What are you waiting for?

- He is afraid of the water.

Tell that blockhead to get aboard.

There's enough wood

in his head to make him float!

Not there, you mutinous scoundrel.

Up front with me.

All right, full speed ahead!

There are too many hombres in this boat!

Stop counting hombres

and start that engine.

Full speed ahead!

Now would I give

a thousand furlongs of sea...
...for an acre of barren ground.
Don't stand there jabbering.
Abandon ship.
A ship, a ship, my kingdom for a ship.
- Senor, this boat here, she is ready.
- Excellent.
Remind me to have you cited for valor.
Mates, we've beaten the sea itself.
Launch this craft immediately.
Look at him.
I hate him and his kind...
...for trying to keep me out of their country
when I got business there.
No welcher tells Ferraro where he can go.
Wake up, pretty boy.
Wake up.
I want you to see it coming.
Wake up!
Nick. When you're like this,
you make me nervous.
Get it over with.
We don't have time to fool around.
I want him to be fully conscious.
I don't like to shoot a corpse.
I wanna see the expression on his face
when he knows it's coming.
Wake up!
There's a boat filled with men.
I think it's police.
I told you there wasn't time.
- How far away is that boat?
- Be alongside in a few minutes.
- What are you gonna do with him after?
- Throw him overboard on the other side.
You've gotta weight him first
or he'll float.
Captain, that boat's almost alongside.
What do we do, open fire?
No, that would really start trouble.
Better go have a look.
Why don't you let me give him the injection.
It will only take a second.
How fast does that drug work?

He will be unconscious immediately.
And when he comes to,
he won't remember a thing.
Nothing.
His brain will be gone completely.
Are you positive
there's no chance of failure?
Absolutely positive.
Go ahead.
Falter not. Put your backs into it. Row.
Why don't you tell them
to turn off that light.
I have yet to shun
the welcome glare of a spotlight...
...or run away from applause.
Applause? I am thinking of bullets.
We can see nothing,
but they can shoot us whenever they like.
- Only pigs wait for slaughter.
- Who are you calling a pig?
Apologize.
Very well, Senor Cardigan,
you are not a pig.
You are what a pig becomes.
It is sometimes eaten
between two pieces of bread.
- Tell them to shut that light off.
- Very well, my craven friends.
Ahoy, the yacht!
Turn off that spotlight!
Keep that beam on them.
Since you are such a marksman,
why don't you shoot it out.
For once, you make sense.
Hand me my trusty rifle.
Hold still, everyone.
Not a sound. You can praise me later.
Right in the crosshairs.
Out, damned spot. Out, I say.
I'll attend to you later.
Hey, steady, you fools!
Ship your oars and hold still!
Aboard that boat, identify yourself.
Hold his wrist to distend the vein

so I can find it.
Hurry up.
You in that boat,
keep your distance.
You're a perfect target
under those lights.
Kill the lights, all of them.
What happened to the lights?
I can finish this if you'll find me
a light, a match, anything.
I think there's some in the bar.
Hold him still.
If I can feel the vein,
I won't need a light.
I can see his arm from here. Hurry up.
There. I have got it now.
Doctor.
If you pull that ladder up any further,
I'm gonna be forced to kill you.
You can't board my ship
without a search warrant.
I'm coming aboard.
If you shoot me,
you'll have some explaining to do...
...to the federal Mexican police...
...and also the United States.
I must rid all the seas of pirates.
Look out!
Death hath not struck
so fat a deer today.
Come on, come on,
let's get this thing in the water.
All right, you ruffraff!
Reach for the heavens.
Come on.
Don't move.
Stand still, all of you.
Hold it, Ferraro.
Drop it.
This place is dangerous,
the time right deadly.
The drinks are on me, my bucko.
- Mark, will you please sit down.
- All right, my dear.

Weren't you terribly outnumbered
on that boat, Mr. Cardigan?
Who counts the odds when duty calls?
And 5-1, if you insist on figures.
The resistance was heavy, naturally.
And it's possible a less determined man
would've turned back.
But there was never any doubt
of the outcome once I took charge.
Mr. Cardigan, what did you use
to kill Ferraro?
Well, I...
A man named Milner.
Did you run out of money?
Fresh out.
That's why I'm pressing my pants.
What's the champagne for?
This could be that big occasion.
Hey, why not?
You turned out to be quite a hero.
They tell me you killed Ferraro.
How did it feel?
He didn't say.
Here, let me do that.
You better stick to money.
Before you drink that, I've got a few things
I wanna say about myself.
I'll say one thing for you,
you never talk about other people.
My grandfather was never
a Boston millionaire.
He's been a barber for 40 years.
And still not a millionaire?
What about Cardigan?
I never was in love with Mark Cardigan.
Do you suppose you could be in love
with anything besides money?
I might. How about you?
You know, you could be a handy thing to
have around the house if a man went broke.