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Keep Your Powder Dry

By Mary C. McCall Jr.

Keep Your Powder Dry (1945)

While you fight for
us there's a...

For the WAC is
a soldier, too
We can type and file
in the army way

For the WAC is
a soldier, too
We can drive a truck, take
our place with the best
We'll be here to
see it through

We'll replace you here while
you're fighting the fight

For the WAC is
a soldier, too

Hut, 2, 3, 4, hut, 2, 3, 4

Hut, 2, 3

Oh, dear.

Val! Valerie,
come on, wake up.

Oh, I don't dare open my eyes.

Oh, my head.

Mr. Lorrison's waiting.

Who?

Mr. Lorrison. Lawyer?

Your lawyer.

Oh. Tell him to
go sue himself.

Come on, darling,
on your feet.

Oh, my head.

Oh... fine lawyer

I've got myself.

Prowls around waking people up
in the middle of the night.

Hmm. It's 2...P.M.

Well, don't split hairs.

It feels like the
middle of the night.

Oh, Valerie.

Here. Put this on.

Thank you, darling.

Well, all I can say is,
if Mr. Lorrison can't do
anything about your estate,
we ought to be able to sell
that hangover to a museum.
Oh, you can say that again.
Oh!
Well! Look at me, everybody.
I'm standing.
Well, you'd better drink
that, or you won't be.
It's my own secret formula...
guaranteed not to rip,
ravel, or tear at the seams.
You'd better knock on it, Val.
Oh...
They're making terrible
mirrors these days.
Oh, uh, she'll be in
in a minute, Mr. Lorrison.
She's just, uh...
she'll be right in.
Good morning, Mr. Lorrison.
Good afternoon, Miss Parks.
You were a perfect lamb to
come all the way up here,
and I couldn't be
more grateful.
Sit down, Mr. Lorrison.
All right, Valerie, all right.
Now, I've just 5 minutes.
What is it now?
Well, it's the
same old question.
When do I get my money from
the Rocked-Ribbed
Trust Company
of Measly Falls, Vermont?
The Rock Ledge Trust Company
from Mitchell Falls, Vermont.
That's what I mean.
I need it, Mr. Lorrison.
Your grandfather's will
is very specific.

The board of directors of the bank are trustees of the estate, and until each and every one of the trustees is satisfied that...

"that my granddaughter Valerie Parks is conducting herself in a manner typical of the finest traditions of American womanhood," no money.

Exactly.

Well, how do they figure I don't live right?

Valerie, there's a record of spectacular extravagance.

There's been... publicity of an unfortunate sort.

Oh, pooh. A few gags and a little harmless fun.

Pooh from your point of view, but far from pooh from mine.

Well, what do they want me to do, leap up at dawn and milk cows?

Tear across the country in a covered wagon?

Have Old Glory tattooed on my chest?

Or maybe they'd like me to join the WACs, the WAVEs, or something.

That is an excellent idea.

What?

Valerie, you've hit on it.

What did I say?

Joining the WACs.

Oh, now, Mr. Lorris... it's a stroke of genius.

If I could tell the trustees that you're actually in uniform serving your country, it would be the best means of

influencing a quick decision.
B-but there must be
some easier way...
it's a great idea... great.
Well, it may be great
for you, but when I...
you'll love it, Valerie. Best
thing in the world for you.
Fresh air, exercise,
good, wholesome food.
I'll have to rush
to make my train.
Wire me at the Belvedere
in Washington
the moment you're
accepted in the WACs.
I'll get busy at once.
Good-bye, my dear,
and good luck.
Miss Corwin.
Oh, but, hey,
Mr. Lorrison, wait...
well, how do you
like them apples?
WACs!
Val, it might not be
such a bad idea at that.
Huh?
We're washed up on the beach.
You're broke, but flat!
I know, but fresh
air and exercise
and all that solid food...
Yes, but it sounds to me
like the quickest way to get
control of your estate.
Oh, Harriet, fun is
fun, but, honestly...
You just have to go
through the motions.
You mean and get
right out again?
Yes.
No, I don't think

they'll let you.

It's like a long-term
lease or something.

No. That's out.

Then I guess I'm out, too.

Well, it was nice being your
best friend while it lasted.

Look.

What's to prevent my
joining this thing
and then, as soon
as I get the money,
coming down with general
debility, blind staggers,
or whatever it
takes to get out?

Great... if you could take it.

If I can take it?

Don't worry about that.

I can take it, all right.

Whatever I have to do to
get this money, I'll do.

I won't like it,
but I can take it.

Good.

Come on, honey.

Harriet, call the WAC
recruiting station,
make an appointment
for me, will you?

An appointment?

I'll see you in my dreams

Hold you in my dreams

Johnny.

Mm-hmm?

How much did you
give the orchestra
to play that every night?

How do you know I
gave them anything?

How much?

5 bucks.

A night? Oh, Johnny...

Sure.

A million dollars' worth
of memories for 35 bucks?
Cheap at the price.
Oh, no.
Yeah.
I'll get an apo number
when I get to the port.
You can use that till I'm
assigned to an outfit overseas.
Yes. I guess just "First WAC
Training Center, Fort Des Moines,"
will reach me until
I'm put in a company.
Ann, if it gets too
tough for you,
if you find that you're
getting tired or anything,
you're to go right
to the medico.
Understand?
Basic training
is plenty tough.
I nearly folded myself.
When you were a WAC?
Don't kid, dear. I'm serious.
Darling, don't worry.
I'm durable.
You're everything.
Darling... keep safe.
Morning, Miss Rand.
Good morning.
Morning, Miss Rand.
Come in.
Good morning, captain.
Oh, good morning, Miss Rand.
Is the general busy?
I think I can wangle
him into seeing you.
Do something for me,
will you, captain?
Why, of course. What is it?
Announce me as "Private Rand."
"Private Rand"?
Go on. I'll explain later.

All right.
Come in.
There's a Private
Rand to see you, sir.
Private Rand?
Have I a namesake among
the enlisted men?
No, sir, among the
enlisted women.
I just received my
travel orders...
First WAC Training Center,
Des Moines, Iowa.
You've joined the WACs?
But, Dad, I've always wanted to,
ever since the corps was formed.
Indeed. This is a shock.
Without warning, for
you to enlist...
but, Dad, you don't
need me anymore,
now that you're
going overseas.
Do you know what I
think about this?
But it's right for me, Dad.
I'm an army brat.
I was born and raised
on army posts.
I think you'll be the all-fired best
soldier that ever wore a skirt.
Oh, Dad.
I'm tickled to death, Leigh.
I'm proud of you.
Leigh, uh, don't try
to run things, huh?
Oh, of course not. I
know better than that.
Sure you do. When do you go?
Monday.
I have a little
something for you,
in the line of a
going-away present.

Oh, Dad.
What a beautiful watch.
Rustproof, shockproof,
nonmagnetic, self-winding.
It'll darn your socks, too.
"Good luck, soldier."
You knew all along.
Of course.
But I never said a word.
Oh, you villain.
You and your 20 years in
military intelligence.
Yes, and besides, you used your
Aunt Eleanor as a reference.
She told me all about it.
Oh, I give up.
Ok, darling.
You angel.
Keep your powder dry!
Well, now, I didn't think the
trip was so bad, did you, Mary?
No.
So this is Des Moines.
Have you been here before?
Are you kidding?
Well, it can't be
that bad, can it?
It can't?
Bro-ther!
I played here once
in a vaudeville act
with a trained duck.
After two nights, things got
so tough, I ate the act...
And the egg it laid, too.
Here comes the colonel, girls.
We should try to form
some sort of a line.
Dress it! Dress the line!
Oh!
Welcome to Fort Des Moines.
Thank you.
Welcome to the corps.
Thank you. It's nice

being here.

An accident?

Oh.

We'll see that you get
some sturdier shoes.

Welcome to the WACs.

Thank you, sir.

Welcome to Des Moines.

I played here in vaudeville.

That's fine.

Welcome to the corps.

I'm awfully sorry about that.

Oh, that's all right.

But, after all,
we were told to wear
low-heeled shoes.

I guess those trucks over
there must be for us.

Well, pull up your rayons,
girls, and let's go.

No, no.

In the army, we
wait for orders.

Well, this'll be the first
concrete mixer I've ever slept in.

My mattress feels like a
section of the Lincoln highway
around Altoona, PA.

I think I'll try this one.

You know, they promised
us room and board.

Well, that's the board.

In the army, they
don't call it board.

They call it "mess."

And speaking of a mess,
look at my hair.

Say, has anybody got a comb?

I went and lost
mine on the train.

I think the PX is still open.

You can get one there.

Oh, here. Take mine.

Look, if we once start

borrowing from each other,
we're all sunk.
Keep it.
Thanks.
Say, you know, when I saw them
taking those pictures
of you at the train,
I knew I'd seen you somewhere.
Small world, isn't it?
And now I know where it was.
It was in a magazine,
in that cold cream
advertisement.
Confidentially, don't
use the cold cream.
Eats your face off.
I think it's wonderful,
somebody like you giving up
everything to join the army.
Don't you?
We all gave up something.
Well, I guess
I'd better unpack.
Personal belongings will
go in the footlocker,
with the exception
of photographs,
typewriters, and books,
which will go in
the wall locker.
When we get our gi clothing,
stockings, towels and pajamas
will go in the footlockers,
while the wall lockers will be
sufficient for uniforms and so on.
Say...
What are you, an old
cavalry officer?
I'm from an army family.
I happen to know a little
bit more about this life
than the others,
and I don't mind being helpful.
No, I'm sure you don't.

But if I need any help,
I'll send up a flare.
You'll need help...
lots of it.
Look, Napoleon,
I don't care if you
were born in a tank
and weaned on a hand grenade.
I'll take my orders
from the people
entitled to give them.
That attitude won't get you
very far in the service, Parks.
Oh, don't make any rash
predictions, Napoleon.
The name is Rand.
It's going to be mud if you
keep trying to ride over me
on that high horse of yours!
Ten-shun!
Sorry, girls. I was just
practicing to be a sergeant.
But I feel funny sleeping in
a room with so many people.
At home I had a
room all to myself,
with only my sister
and Aunt Sophie
and her little girl.
Oh, you'll get used to it.
This your husband?
No, we were just friends.
But now he's helping an old
gal spend her annuity.
What's the idea
of the picture?
I just like to see him hang.
Ha ha ha!
Well, listen to this...
the training schedule.

6:

6:

Classes from 8:

Mail call, 11:

Is there just one mail a day?

No, there's another

at, uh...1630.

If you'll pardon a
question from a PFC...

what?

"Poor, foolish civilian."

That 1630... is that
the time or the year?

You see, army time is counted
straight around the clock.

1300 is 1 P.M., so

1630 would be 4:

Just subtract 12.

Imagine telling the boyfriend
to meet you at a
quarter after 13.

There's a very good
reason for it.

If I were commanding a
company, let's say,
and I should issue a written
order to the company
to report at a given
assembly point
at 8 A.M., for instance,
a mistake in a
single letter...

P.M., instead of A.M....
might be very serious.

If you were
commanding a company?

That was just an example.

Oh, I see.

I think it would
be a good idea
if we were all to
memorize the schedule.

For the platoons compete

against each other,
and we must be sure that
our platoon is the best.
Teacher, if we win
the blue ribbon,
do you get to wear
it in your hair?
Listen, Parks,
I've taken just about all
I'm going to take from you.
That's what you think.
That's what I know.
You're a bad influence,
and I don't think I care to serve
in the same squad with you.
Well, maybe you
won't be able to.
You'd better wait
until you've had
a little physical training.
That nightclub tan of yours
is terribly becoming,
but I don't think
it's very healthy.
Oh, you don't?
Well, let me tell you...
stop it!
Stop it, both of you.
You're behaving like a
couple of children,
and it's not fair
to the rest of us.
We're all going to
have trouble enough
living up to what
they expect of us
without taking time out
for private fights.
You're right. It
won't happen again.
I'll see to that.
There'll be two of
us seeing to that,
Miss Rules and Regulations.

Come in.

Private Rand, ma'am,
requesting permission to
see the company commander.

It's after hours, Rand.

Yes, ma'am, but I noticed
you were still in your office,
so I took the liberty...

if you'll read

your regulations

before going to bed tonight,
you'll discover that a request
for an interview with
the company commander
must be made through
your first sergeant.

Yes, ma'am, but paragraph

"B" of that article

modifies the regulation

by stating that,

in the absence of

the first sergeant,

or on a matter of urgency...

are you suggesting that I do not
know the regulations, Rand?

Oh, no, ma'am.

I'm merely quoting

from the regulations.

I see. You may continue.

Thank you, ma'am.

The recruit personnel

with whom I arrived

will be sent to the

4th Training Company,

will they not, ma'am?

You may assume that

to be correct, Rand.

I should like to

be transferred

to some other company, ma'am.

Why?

Personal reasons, ma'am.

Someone you... dislike?

Yes, ma'am.

You're an army gal,
aren't you, Rand?

Yes, ma'am.

You'll probably
make application
for officer candidate school?

Yes, ma'am.

Coming from an
army family, Rand,
you should know that
the first indication
of a good soldier,
or a good officer,
is the ability to get
along with people.

I think it would
be much better
if we both forget completely
that you ever made
such a request
for personal reasons.

Anything else?

No, ma'am.

And thank you, ma'am.

Parks...

Parks.

I want to tell you something.

I want to tell it to
your face because...

I don't do things
behind peoples' backs.

Tonight, I asked the
company commander
to transfer me away from you.

I did it because...

I don't think we'll
ever get along.

I realize now, in
doing what I did,
I made a great mistake.

I should have known
that the situation
would take care
of itself in time

because, frankly,
I don't think
you'll ever survive
basic training.
Just a minute, Rand.
I've got something I wanna
tell you to your face.
I'll be here as long
as you're here,
and anything you can do,
I can do... better.
That remains to be seen.
Yes. Good night.
Reveille, girls.
Rise and shine!
Get up.
Come on.
Come on, get up.
Come on, up. Come on.
Good morning, corporal.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Good morning, Ann.
Good morning.
Val. Val.
Go 'way, Harriet.
Please go away.
She's far away, out
of this world.
Val, come on, it's after 6:00.
Now, come on.

After 6:

Now, now, you don't
want to be late
your first morning
in the army.
Come on, wake up.
Army?
What army?
You'd better hurry,
Ann, or you'll be late.
Come on, I'll get your
robe and your kit.

Now, snap into it, Val.
How much time have I got?
10 minutes!
Oh...
10 minutes?
I can't get dressed
in 10 minutes.
I can't even stand
up in 10 minutes.
Good morning.
Shoes. Size?
5, please.
6 1/2...
Approximately.
I wonder what the
lingerie is like?
O.D.
Pardon?
The lingerie is O.D.
Onder drawers?
Olive drab.
3 rayon panties.
Not very romantic, are they?
It all depends on the
way you look at them.
Next.
What's the matter?
Just a little fixing
here and there.
Don't worry.
We know our business.
Look at this.
A perfect 12.
We don't need to
do a thing to it.
Good.
1, 2, 3, march!
1, 2, 3, march!
Left face!
Left face!
Right face!
About face!
Take it easy, Parks.
You're not doing the rumba.

A little less on
that vibration.
Yes, sergeant.
About face!
Well, what is it, girls?
Refer to your charts.
You ought to be able
to identify that.
Refer to your charts.
What is it? Well?
P-63, King Cobra.
That's right, Parks.
Next.
Well?
P-40. Warhawk.
Correct, Parks.
Next.
Well, what is it?
B-29, Super Fortress.
Correct.
Next.
Well?
Somebody beside Parks
take this one.
Come on, come on.
Ma'am.
P-38?
No.
P-61. Black Widow.
Correct. Good going, Parks.
You know your planes.
I know my pilots.
Very good, Walters.
Now, I want each of you
to pick as your opponent
the girl opposite you,
and let's see if
you've learned anything.
Change places with me, honey.
I'm going to show that
Leigh Rand a thing or two.
Are you ready? Go!
May I help you, Parks?
We're the girls from Fort Des

Moines you hear so much about
People turn and stare at
us whenever we go out
Hut, 2, 3, 4! Hut, 2, 3, 4!
From all walks of society,
we came to win the war
But what did we do
when we got here?
We scrubbed and
scrubbed some more
Hut, 2, 3, 4! Hut, 2, 3, 4!
They get us up at 5:00, the
day starts with a roar
Then what do we do
when we get through?
We scrub and
scrub some more
Hut, 2, 3, 4! Hut, 2, 3, 4!
Fall in, fall out,
fall in, fall out
We're crazy about it, but
We're falling in
and out so much
We're falling on our
Hut, 2, 3, 4! Hut, 2, 3, 4!
Hut!
Hut!
Hut, 2, 3, 4!
Oh...
Who ever said the army
traveled on its stomach?
Some general who
rode on a horse.
Oh! One week of basic to
go, but I don't know.
Will my feet hold out
without a retread?
What are you putting
in for, Gladys?
Cooks.
Bakers and cooks, after
being an actress?
Listen, after 10 years of
my kind of show business,

give me a role
with yeast in it.
Radio and television for me.
I got news for you. Me, too.
Here's an old favorite.
And what are you thinking
about, pretty maid?
As if I didn't know.
Have you heard
from him lately?
No, not in the last two weeks.
Oh, well, he's probably busy,
and the mails are slow
and all that, you know.
I know.
Annie...
How did you ever happen
to join the WACs?
Yeah, how come?
I'd cast you strictly
for home-girl parts.
Well, that's what
we both want...
a home of our own,
Johnny with a good job, and...
And no more good-byes.
Maybe some children...
And maybe a dog.
That's for us.
Well, how does "hut, 2,
3, 4" jibe with that?
Johnny's doing his best
to make it come true.
This seemed like a good
way for me to help.
Gee, that's a swell old tune.
Yeah. Give me the
oldies every time.
No... please, let's not
have any more music.
How 'bout going for a swim?
I've had enough sun.
How about it?
Who's going in?

I'll go. Ok by me!
Sally?
Oh, no, not me. I never
touch the stuff.
Come on, Sarah.
No, thanks. I'll
clean up the picnic.
How about you, Leigh?
Ok.
Thar she blows!
Well, here goes nothing.
Come on, come on, come on.
I'll tell you what.
I'll swim anybody
back to shore.
Oh, you're too good for me.
Aw, I'll swim sidestroke.
How about it?
Anybody?
Come on, slowpoke.
It's a dead heat!
A photo finish!
We'd better hurry,
or we'll be late.
Oh, well,
you kids can stay in your
wet suits if you want.
I'm getting out of mine.
Me, too. Let's go in the bushes.
We'll be ok.
Uh-uh. Wait a minute.
Hold everything.
What's the matter?
A peeping tom?
No, a jeeping tom.
Well, hello.
Oh, you're from
Fort Des Moines?
Yes, ma'am.
Sir.
Sir.
Been having a picnic?
Yes, ma'am. Sir.
I'm afraid the food's all

gone, though, sir.
Oh, that wasn't a hint.
We're working on a
little problem.
Problem?
Well?
It's becoming. Very becoming.
I don't think I've ever
seen another one like it.
Darling, what about the money?
"Everything going forward
most satisfactorily,"
end quote, from Mr. Lorrison.
Trustees think it's just
duddy that I'm a WAC.
And in the meanwhile
you hang around here
among those buxom lasses
with the flat heels
and the pure hearts.
And I probably won't hang
around here much longer.
As of today, we're
through basic,
and tomorrow we
move on to staging.
Staging?
Oh, don't tell me
they put on plays.
No, dear, they don't
put on plays.
You complete basic,
you go to what is
called staging,
there to await orders to
a special school or job.
You know, I think you
like playing soldier.
Like it?
Like getting up at

6:
and going to bed at 9:30
and doing my own washing?

Oh, darling, you're kidding.
And ironing and scrubbing
the barracks floors?
And drilling every day, and
going to 6 classes a day,
and shining my own
shoes every day?
No, Harriet, darling,
I don't like it,
and neither would you.
Of course, at the end of
a week, you'd be dead.
By my own hand, Val.
By my own hand.
But my hat's off to you.
You're Superwoman.
Yeah, I know.
Well, I got to get back.
We stand retreat at 5:00.
And as soon as I hear
from Mr. Lorrison,
I'll phone you or
shoot you a wire.
Ok, lamb, but take
care of yourself.
Hi. Hi.
Well, any news?
Mary got her orders.
Yep, camp fun in
sunny California.
Well, wonderful, Mary.
A coeducational army post,
oh, boy, oh, boy.
Well, good luck.
So long, old kid.
Bye, chickadees. Don't
forget to write.
Bye, Mary.
How long are we gonna
be stuck in this dump?
Oh, now, stop
being so nervous.
Nervous? Who's nervous?
I'm not nervous.

Oh, of course,
you're not nervous.
All you had for breakfast
was coffee and fingernails.
Well, if they keep picking
us off one by one like this,
we'll be here until we're old.
They used to sit in staging
for as long as 6 weeks.
Now it's seldom
more than two days.
At least we know we're
leaving sometime today.
Thanks a lot, Rand.
You make everything so clear.
Here she comes.
At ease.
Rand, front and center.
Good luck, Leigh.
Thank you, Ann.
Well, that takes care
of Ms. Armored Force,
off to run the radio
and television school.
Oh, now, Val, as long as
you have to be with her,
you might just as...
ah, but that's where
you're wrong, little Ann.
Oh, but you applied for
radio and telev...
nuh-uh. I did a switch.
I asked for motor transport.
You mean just
because of Leigh?
Yes.
Well, I think
that's pretty silly.
Why? Radio, motor transport,
I don't care one
way or the other.
I've driven cars
since I was 12,
so I'll be ok in

motor transport.
Besides, it has a couple
of big advantages.
First, I'll get Rand
out of my hair,
and then I think I stand of
chance of being near you.
Well, I suppose if the two
of you can't get along,
it is better this way.
Anyway, I can quit
playing the referee,
and we can settle
down and have a nice,
peaceful time
fighting the war.
I am glad, Val.
At ease!
Parks, front!
Well, this is it.
Hello.
Hello.
Well, Leigh, good news?
The best.
Motor transport, Oglethorpe.
Oh, well, that's fine,
motor trans...
motor transport?
But, Leigh, I thought you
said something about...
I know, but I did a switch.
Oh.
You did a switch.
Because Val said that day
at the picnic that...
oh, Leigh.
All right, maybe
it seems childish,
but that playgirl annoys me.
I'm just as interested
in motor transport.
After all, I was brought up
around vehicles of all kinds.
Frankly, I'd like

to be with you.
And just as frankly, if I
never saw that spoiled,
snooty little face
of Parks' again,
that would be fine with me.
What's so funny?
Leigh, look, it
just so happens...
at ease.
Darrison, front.
That's me.
Take it easy.
Ha ha!
Well, Parks, get
what you wanted?
Oh, indeed.
Indeed I did, and you?
Oh, yes, just
what I asked for.
Oh, splendid.
For a modern-minded
girl like you,
radio and television seems
just the right field.
You know, Parks,
I might say the
same about you.
Well, I made it.
Oglethorpe, motor transport.
Oh, Ann, that's wonderful.
That makes everything perfect.
At ease!
All those holding orders
for Fort Oglethorpe...
Fall out.
Well...
right with you.
Here we...
but you said that...
you told me that you...
Private Rand, meet
Private Parks,
and in the middle,

Private Darrison,
all students of the
motor transport school.
Come on.
Good-bye, kids.
Bye!
Can't hear you.
Now, what's the big...
where's my wrench?
I haven't got your wrench.
Now, wait a minute.
Look, old ironsides,
you keep your hands
off of this truck.
Ok, rattles, but give
me my number 3 wrench.
I haven't got it.
Oh, Leigh.
Were you looking for this?
I lost my number 3 wrench,
so I had to borrow yours.
Hope you didn't need it.
It's all right this time, Ann.
Darrison, Parks, Rand,
front and center!
Here, look at your nose.
Come on.
Gee, I'll bet this is it.
What?
They're going to tell us
if we made
officer's candidate school.
Gee, kids, I can't.
I'm gonna be sick.
Oh, come on, Ann.
So, the general's car
broke down.
Boy, I thought it was
going to be about O.C.S.
I wish they'd tell me I'm
not going to make it.
Then I could bawl about
it and forget it.
Oh, why decide about it

beforehand you won't make it?
Because I'm a
realist, that's why.
Ha ha ha! My turn.
Oh, for Pete's sake.
Is the battle of the
lightweights still going on?
Why don't you two behave?
What difference does it
make who drives the truck?
It doesn't make
any difference.
It's just that it's my turn,
and I want to drive.
Rather temperamental,
that little car.
Nothing but trouble
since I bought it.
In and out of the shop...
I think we can take care
of your car, general.
Oh, you mean those girls?
Yes, the maintenance crew
from our motor pool.
Oh, well, now,
that's very kind of you,
but I wouldn't want to
put you to any trouble.
It's no trouble, sir.
Motor pool detail
reporting, ma'am.
Well, I'm afraid there's nothing
you can do here.
The best thing is
to have it towed.
May we have your keys, sir?
What?
Oh.
Here.
Thank you, sir.
And?
It's ok.
Looks ok to me.
Plugs foul?

I don't think so.
Get the top off
the distributor.
Right.
Well, she's still sparking.
You know, there's a
fellow from my garage...
they'll fix it.
Oh, the points are
probably burnt.
Must be.
Just what I thought.
Nice.
Here, you do it.
You're better at it.
Oh, ok.
There, that ought to do it.
Hit it again, will you, Rand?
Sure.
Will that be all, ma'am?
Yes, thank you very much.
Well, fine job, ladies.
Thank you.
Thank you, sir.
May I ask the general
if he's had his
distributor points
cleaned and spaced lately?
Distributor points?
No, I don't think I have.
Well, I'd do that
if I were you, sir.
Fine, fine. I'll have
that attended to today.
Thank you.
Amazing.
Such pretty girls, too.
And see how they went to work?
I congratulate you, colonel.
Thank you.
Amazing, and such
pretty girls, too.
Poor old guy,
he thought we were gonna

wreck it for him.
Bradley... I must ask
Dad if he knows him.
Hey, we did all right, huh?
Oh, you're darn right
we did all right.
Just think, 13 weeks ago
we didn't know a differential
from a carburetor.
I didn't, anyway.
Me, either.
I'm still an awful
dope about mechanics.
I can do it ok,
but, Jiminy, when they
ask us about theory...
Oh, gloomy Annie,
you'll pass the course.
The general's car
broke down
I'll go sign the trip ticket.
Ok.
I wish Ann had more
self-confidence.
She can do anything we can do.
Better.
Rand, Parks.
Now what?
Front and center.
Yippee!
Congratulations.
Thank you, sergeant.
Oh, thanks, sergeant.
How about this, Rand?
We made it. Officer
candidates.
Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy.
Don't buy the bars
yet, chickadees.
It's a tough course.
Wouldn't care to make a bet,
would you, sergeant?
No. Good luck, kids.
I want to wire my dad.

Leigh, what about Ann?
Come on.
Oh, Ann, honey. Don't, please.
Congratulations.
Oh, Ann, dear, you
mustn't feel so badly.
It's no disgrace.
They only took 4 from here.
And you should have made it.
But I did make it.
I'm just crying
'cause I'm so happy.
Ann, that's wonderful!
What a day.
You know something?
I feel great.
Just great.
Why, Rand, the way
I feel right now,
I even like you.
Well, it's about time.
What do you say we
bury the hatchet?
Well, if...
If you'll just keep your
hands out of my toolkit.
I didn't...
oh, now, wait a minute, Leigh.
I was the one that borrowed
the wrench, not Val.
I tell you what,
let's go to the service club
tonight after we move our stuff,
and the drinks are on me, huh?
Ok, you're on.
Good.
Oh, Leigh, I'm sorry,
I didn't mean that.
My friends, this is a
double celebration.
Not only have 3 of us been
accepted as officer candidates,
but two of us have today
buried a hatchet.

On this auspicious occasion...
suspicious, nothing,
this is the McCoy.
The real McCoy.
Don't interrupt.
I, graduate of the
Bakers and Cooks School,
true to our motto, "Reach for a
can opener instead of a cook,"
have baked a cake.
Look at that!
Oh, you didn't.
From a friend in the jungle.
There was a time when
a knife around here
would be used for
cutting a throat.
But now, who cuts
the first slice?
You do it.
Go ahead.
Very well.
Notice the smooth,
glossy icing,
the tender golden cake light
as a brush of a swan's wing.
Parks, where did we
put that hatchet
we buried this morning?
It could happen to anybody.
Not only is this cake
a thing of beauty...
a taste treat...
but it is also guaranteed
against termites.
Officer candidate Darrison,
Ann Darrison, office please.
What do you suppose
that's for?
It's probably a date.
And you're the only
married girl in the club.
Now, Ann, don't forget that
we're you're best friends.

I wonder if it could be...

Mmm.

Here goes 3 pounds,
and I don't care.

Gladys, this is
absolutely divine.

Same as I baked for the
colonel's birthday,
only more eggs.

I'm Candidate Darrison, sir.

I'm Captain Barclay.

Bill Barclay, not that
you care right now.

But you will, honey. You will.

That was for John.

Johnny?

What a lucky guy he is.

Well, when did you see him?

Oh, about 3 weeks ago.

Uncle Sam sent me
home on an errand.

I'm going right back,
though, tomorrow.

How is he? How does he look?

Has he lost much weight?

Now, whoa.

I'll answer them in
the order named.

He's fine. He looks well.

But I forgot to weigh him.

Captain, does he
get my letters?

Yeah, he gets 'em.

He reads 'em.

He learns 'em by heart.

But he kind of misses
that cute little...

Throaty voice of yours,
among other things.

But I sent him a record.

I made a record...

yes, and it got
there in pieces.

He tried to patch it together,

but every time the needle
hits one of the cracks,
you sound like a bullfrog
with laryngitis.

So I've got orders.

You're to make another
one now, tonight.

And I'm gonna
take it back, ok?

Ok.

Well, uh...

Up to now I've been
working for your husband,
but I have a little
personal problem.

This is my only Saturday night
in these United States.

Captain, I think your
problem can be solved.

It can? Yes.

If you'd come with me,
I'd like to introduce
you to my friends.

At last, a girl with friends.

I'm sure there will
be enough for all.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

I'd like you to meet
Captain Barclay, Leigh.

Hello.

Bill, this is Candidate Rand.

How do you do, sir?

I'll tell you how I
do in just a minute.

Are you happily
married, candidate?

I'm not married.

Well...

In that case, at
ease, candi-date.

Leigh, whatever happened
to Gladys and Val?

They went over to the PX,

but they'll be back.
Well, as far as I'm concerned,
Val and Gladys can
stay in the PX.
I like it here...
Just as it is now.
Ann, your husband's request,
remember?
Oh, yes, I remember.
I'm going.
Leigh, take care of this
lonely heart for me
till I get back.
I have to make a
record for Johnny.
The first one was broken.
Who knows?
Maybe Leigh and I will break a
couple of records ourselves.
Leigh, ordinarily
I would ask you
if you'd read any
good books lately.
I would draw you forth
on the subject of music,
the theater, the cinema,
the state of the nation.
But here's how it is, darling.
I have only this one
Saturday night here.
Leigh, man does not
live by K-ration alone.
There are other hungers.
Well, could I get you
some pop, captain?
Oh, lady.
Two can live as
cheaply as one.
Longest eye-blinkers
I ever saw.
Man could trip over
those and fall.
And, Johnny, I never in the
world thought I'd make it.

You know, they only take
50 out of the whole corps.
I was certain about
Leigh and Val
because, well, they're
sharp as tacks.
But I honestly
hadn't much hope.
But anyway, I'm in.
And now I've got to stay
in and be graduated
so we can both be officers,
if not gentlemen.
Well, darling,
this is about the
end of the record.
I don't know what else to say.
Except... Good-bye, darling.
Take care of yourself.
You're the best.
I'll be seeing you.
L-e-I-g-h.
I'm putting you in in pencil.
If you answer the next
question correctly,
I'll ink you in.
The \$64 question?
The life and death question.
Leigh, where are we
dancing tonight?
Oh, I can't go
dancing with you.
You can't?
But you can't do this to me.
You've led me on.
You've plied me with pop.
Pop.
Come on, break your date.
I haven't got a date.
It's just that enlisted WACs
may not go out with officers.
Those happy couples
I've seen in Chattanooga
can't all be brothers

and sisters.

Well, if you've known
an officer before,
then you can get permission
from your company commander.

Well, get it, darling.

Get this ration card.

But, Bill, I didn't know
you in civilian life.

Now, wait a minute.

This is no time for
technicalities.

Aha, this is no technicality.

This is a hard and fast rule.

You mean to say that I
can't date anyone here
unless I've known
them for a long...

Well, hello, darling.

I haven't seen you in years.

Valerie, this is

Captain Bill Barclay.

Valerie Parks.

Hello, captain.

Val, my goodness, how
you have grown up.

Oh, I've filled out
a little, too.

Yes, indeedy.

Getting to look more like
your father every day.

Oh, really?

Some people seem to think
that I look more
like Aunt Minnie,
the one with the two heads.

Ha ha ha! Must be

a good 10 years
since I used to dandle
you on my knee.

Must be.

Course, I'm a little
behind on my dandling.

Aw.

That is, since
I've joined the army.
Ah, but I'd know you
anywhere by those eyes.
Longest eye-blinkers
I've ever seen.
Yes. I touch my toes with
them 10 times every morning.
Valerie, this madman is a
friend of John Darrison's.
Oh.
Parks. Let's see now.
"P." Here we are.
I'll just pencil you in.
No, no, Valerie,
I'll ink you in.
Valerie, I've tried to
explain to this man
that enlisted WACs do not, cannot,
and must not go out with officers.
Listen, Miss
Hard-And-Fast Rule,
no sabotage.
We're making plans,
my niece and I.
Oh, now, don't
pick on my friend.
Leigh is right.
Val...
And I'm inking you in.
But she forgets
that when a WAC
and an officer are
old, old friends...
Yeah.
But, Val, you'd have to make a false
statement to the company commander.
Oh, but it would be just a
tiny, little false statement.
Sort of a falsetto.
But if they ever found out,
you might be
washed out of O.C.
If she turns down a

lonesome soldier,
she'll be washed
out of heaven.
Well, here it is.
Swell. John will love it.
Ann, thanks for everything.
So long.
Bye, Bill. Thank you.
Rand, it's been grand.
Chattanooga, here we come.
Ann, you better talk to Val.
Now, wait a minute, Rand.
What about?
She's going to lie to
the company commander
and say that she
knew Captain Barclay
in civilian life.
Val, if they find out,
you'll get a reprimand,
sure as shooting.
Now that you're an
O.C., why, there's...
but who's going to find out?
Come on, uncle.
Well, let's plan our strategy.
You want to meet me at the
hotel in Chattanooga?
Meet you? I'll go with you.
I'll only be about 15 minutes.
It will take me that
long to get a pass
and put on a new face.
Never mind the new face.
Just bring that one
you're wearing.
Well, you're the most
beautiful soldier I ever saw.
You can't come in here.
You're supposed to
wait in the day room.
But it's nighttime, honey.
Well, scat, honey.
Yes, ma'am, honey.

Come in.

Candidate Parks would
like permission
to speak to the
officer in charge.

In reference to what, Parks?

I'm going into Chattanooga.

No Chattanooga for you tonight.

You're C.Q.

What?

Charge of quarters.

Oh, no, sergeant. I'm Parks.

You see, it won't be my
turn for a couple of weeks.

Alphabetically it was

Atkinson's night,

but her parents are in
town over the weekend.

Well, I'm sorry,

but I'd planned...

well, I'm sorry,

but Rand told me

she knew you had no plans.

Rand was misinformed,

sergeant.

Scrap it out between you.

You're down for c.Q.,

and that stands.

Yes, sergeant.

I'm sorry, Val.

But somebody had to keep you from
making such a fool of yourself.

Listen, you officious,
smug double-crosser!

From now on, as long
as I'm in this corps,

I will never speak
to you again.

I only did it for
your own good.

And if you speak to me,

I'll slap you right across

that smirk you call a mouth!

Do I make myself clear?

Perfectly clear.
Ten-hut!
Order! Order!
Order!
Arms!
Dismissed!
What a week!
Amen! I thought
basic was rugged.
That motor transport
course was no rose.
But in O.C., they
really mean it.
You know what I'm going to do?
I've got a weekend pass.
And I'm going to buy all
the Sunday papers tonight.
Then I'm going to draw
myself a really hot bath
and soak for about an hour.
And I'm not going to get up
until the crack of noon.
Sounds divine.
Why don't you come
along, Annie?
Maybe we can still
get a double.
No, I think it's too
late to get a pass.
Anyway, I want to
write a long letter.
All right. See you later.
Bye.
Hi, Annie! Hi.
So, is the iron
maiden leaving us?
She's going to spend the
weekend in a bathtub.
At the hotel.
Tough. How we will miss her.
Say, why don't you come
into town with me?
I received a wire
from my lawyer,

and I have to have
dinner with him.
No, thank you. I've got to...
write a long letter!
All right. I'll be
back for bed check.
Be good. Bye.
Mr. Avery Lorrison, please.
Yes, ma'am.
Thank you.
Oh! Junior Vanderheusen!
Surprise, surprise.
Uh, no, I'm not surprised.
I've always seen you
in this condition.
Did you get it here
or bring it with you?
I got it in New York, and
I brought it with me!
Oh... I see. Well, let's get
away from this plant.
You'll kill it.
Junior, what in the world are
you doing in Chattanooga?
I... I beg your pardon.
That's quite all...
quite all right.
Come on, junior.
Junior, what are you
really doing here?
Are you going to
join the WACs?
I came down on my scooter.
Me and Marco and Harriet...
Harriet?
Mm-hmm.
Did you send that wire?
Big joke! Yuck yuck yuck.
I was stationed
here as lookout.
Been looking for
you like crazy.
Where are they?
Upstairs, waiting.

Well, come on.
Val, you looks cute in
that little soldier suit!
Hey, that's pretty good!
Oh, be quiet.
1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3.
1, 2... junior,
answer the phone.
1, 2, 3.
The desk again, telling
us to pipe down.
Who does he think he
is, top sergeant?
Yes, sir.
Sorry, sir.
Excuse me, sir.
Well, I'm a civilian.
See, I'm 4-f; I
got a wet brain.
You can't order me around.
Junior, take that hat off.
No-oh-oh. I'm playing
soldier, same as you.
I said, take it off!
Dance with me, my sweet.
Marco, I don't want to dance.
Answer the door, junior.
Tell him to his face.
Marco, I told you I
don't want to dance.
I beg your pardon.
I have the room
across the hall.
I know it's early, but
I came here to rest.
Won't you please
turn the radio down?
She's a WAC, too.
Everybody's WACs around here...
it's an invasion.
I'd be very much obliged if you could
manage to make a little less noise.
Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.
Excuse me, sir.

Marco, shut off the radio.
Give me...
oh, no, you don't.
Junior, give me my hat.
Valsy want her lil' ol' hat?
Yes, I do.
All right. There it is.
Oh!
Ha ha! You must be tired.
All the time marching.
Left, right, left, right.
Here. Sit down.
Oh, junior, don't do that!
Now, give me my hat. I
want to get out of here.
Val, what's the matter
with you anyway?
You can't go now. We
haven't settled anything.
There's nothing to settle.
I told you 90 times I don't
know what my plans are.
Ha! Army life doesn't
agree with you.
You used to be a swell girl...
a lot of laughs.
Now since they gave you a gun,
nothing but grouch and gloom.
Oh, you fool!
You're still burned by my
signing Mr. Lorrison's name
to that wire, aren't you?
Yes.
But what else could I do? You
wouldn't answer my letters.
I had nothing to say to you.
I tell you I don't know
when I'm getting out.
Oh, Val, you can't go
on being so vague.
If we're going to have
any place to live,
you have to sign the lease
on the Palm Beach house.

I'm not signing any leases.
Oh, Val, you must! I committed
you to it but definitely.
The man took it off the market
because I said you'd take it.
Oh, if you're going
to renege now...
Val, you must sign it!
Oh, all right.
Here.
You've stuck me with
this white elephant,
and you can live there if you
like, but I'm not going to.
Why ever not, Val? According
to Harriet, it's but heaven.
Heaven with a stunken
tub, or sunken stub.
Anyway, it's down.
What do you mean you
won't live there?
Why?
Because I'm staying
in the corps.
Are you crazy?
No.
But the whole idea was for
you to stay there just...
I know what the
idea was, thanks.
Well, it was your idea.
You kept me dangling
for months.
I'm sorry, Harriet. I'd never
ask you to dangle.
I guess the money
will be paid in time
for me to meet the rent on this
Palm Beach villa... I hope so.
You can live there
until you find a job.
But my mind is made up.
And all I want to do
is get out of here.

I'm not going to let you.
I honestly think
you've gone a little mad.
Patriotism's all right,
darling, but really!
Drink this down.
It'll sober you up.
Make you a civilian
where you belong.
Have you 3 always
been like this?
What do you mean, have we
always been like this?
We're your best and
closest friends.
Don't tell me I was like you
until a few months ago.
I know it.
I guess that's what makes me feel
so sick just looking at you.
You, scared green for fear you
might have to go to work.
And you, 26 years old
and pickled in alcohol.
And you, fussing around with swatches
and valances and lyre-back chairs.
So what?
While the whole world is...
do any of you
ever read a paper
or see a newsreel or anything?
Oh, the idea!
There aren't many of you in
this country, thank heaven.
You don't mean anything.
Now, wait a minute.
Who you calling names?
Just because you got
on a funny hat.
We don't have to take it.
Give me... ohh!
Junior, give me that!
Oh, no, you don't!
Oh, you fool!

Junior!
That fixed her.
She slapped me!
You'd better go after her.
And get my face slapped?
I should say not.
Oh, sorry!
Hey, watch out for
the MPs, sister.
Thanks, sergeant.
Taxi!
Taxi!
Who is it?
It's Parks.
What do you want?
Leigh, let me in.
I've got to talk to you.
Leigh, I had some trouble
with those people.
I don't want to go
into it now, but...
a drink was spilled
on my uniform.
I wasn't drinking, honestly.
I haven't had a
drink all evening.
My hat... well, that clown
threw it out the window.
And look at my sleeve.
I know I have to

be back by 1:

but I can't go back like this.
They'd think I'd been mixed
up in a drunken brawl.
Well... you believe
me, don't you?
I feel terrible having
to come here...
Letting you even
see me like this.
Then why did you?
Leigh...
You have a weekend pass.

My uniform wouldn't fit you.
No, I didn't mean that.
Let me stay here tonight.
Tomorrow, Ann can
bring me another hat,
and I can sew this jacket
and get it clean somehow.
Stand bed check for me.
If your bed is empty,
it's all right.
They know you're off the
post for the weekend.
Just sleep in my bed.
Please, Leigh.
It's my only chance.
If I were caught,
they'd throw me out, too.
Ok. Forget I was here.
Yes.
I figured you'd realize that I
wouldn't ask this of you of all people
unless it meant the
world and all to me.
What means the world
and all to you?
Staying in the corps.
Since when?
Since the first day, I guess.
Oh, Leigh, you
can't do all right
at something as tough as this
unless you really believe
in it and love it, can you?
Come on, Leigh. You
know you can't.
Leigh, I'm here now
practically on my knees
begging you to do this for me.
To save your neck.
To keep me in the corps.
Suppose you do get washed out.
Suppose they discharge you.
What difference would
that make to you?

They don't do anything to you;
You'd just go back to where you belong.
Why should that bother you?
Because being a WAC means
more to me than anything.
It's more to me than
my pride, even.
I can't be thrown
out over nothing...
over something that
wasn't my fault.
I can't, Leigh. I...
I've just got to stay in.
All right, Val.
Thanks, Leigh.
I guess I was wrong about you.
Val, did you have a good time?
Shh! It isn't Val. It's Leigh.
Leigh, what on earth
are you doing...
quiet. I'll explain later.
Here she comes.
Hold it a moment, please.
4, please.
Make mine 4 also.
I wish to apologize for
disturbing you last evening.
Oh, that's all right.
It was not all right.
It was discourteous, and I
try not to be discourteous,
though I can't say
the same for others.
There are certain WACs
who are not too polite.
One WAC I can name
in particular.
One alleged fair-weather,
fair-feathered friend.
Naming no names...
fourth floor.
Permit me.
No, thank you.
My dear young woman, civilian

though I be, noblesse oblige.
This so-called WAC, who
shall be nameless...
just because a woman
is in uniform
is no excuse for dirty
cracks, am I right?
Please.
Be courteous enough
to answer me.
No. You see?
And a phony WAC, too,
who only joined the
army to get that money.
So, where does she get
off calling names?
Really, I...
just a minute.
Suppose they won't take me in...
ok.
Maybe I did want to get in.
Anyhow, I may have a wet
brain, but what about her?
I haven't the slightest idea
what you're talking about,
and I don't care.
There's such a thing as free
speech even for a civilian.
"Pickled in
alcohol," she said.
Then she slapped me.
All the time she only
joined to get that money.
Do you think that's so
patriotic...
to join just to
get some money?
I would have joined
for nothing.
Well, do you?
What money are you
talking about?
Val's money.
Uh-oh. I shouldn't

mention names.

I'm no cad.

I gathered you were
talking about Val.

Shh!

"Low and mercenary
though she may be,
a woman's name is..."

Come in and have a drink.

No, thanks. I don't drink.

Come in anyhow. I like
your point of view.

Who is it?

It's Leigh. Open up.

Oh, gee, thanks, Leigh.

Never mind the thanks.

I've just come from your
friends across the hall.

Nice people, and
very illuminating.

So you had to stay in the WAC?

I risked being kicked out
so you could stay in.

It meant more to
you than anything.

"More than your pride."

Pride?

Well, you're a
contemptible snob
without duty or obligation.
You're a phony.

Go on.

I shall.

I knew you had some motive
for entering the service,
but I didn't suspect
the real reason.

I couldn't conceive
of anyone low enough
to pretend patriotism
for money.

Now, wait a minute, Leigh.

If you'll just calm
down, I can explain.

Oh, save your breath. Don't
go into your act again!
I've got the whole
picture now.
You keep waving the flag
until you get your money,
then you kiss the corps good-bye
and live in a Palm Beach villa.
Ok, Napoleon.
You've got the whole story
from start to finish.
And what are you going
to do about it?
I think I'll take a shower.
I have a sudden
crawling feeling.
Then, after you're all
nice and pure and shiny,
you'll run tell teacher, huh?
I'm afraid you
don't understand
how things are done
in the army, Parks.
I'm not interested at all
in your private affairs,
but there's a little thing
called honor involved.
If you remember, we had a lecture
on honor our first day in O.C.S.
We were told there was no room
in the service for a cheat.
No, I won't run
and tell teacher.
But I'm telling you that for
the honor of the corps,
you'll never graduate from
O.C.S. If I can prevent it.
And now what do you
intend doing about it?
This.
That vile temper of yours
will get you into a lot
of trouble someday.
Ohh...

Well, you could see
your face in that
on a clear day.

Wax, huh? But are
we allowed to?

Sure, I did mine a week ago.
Passed inspection ok.

At ease.

Rand, don't do that. I thought
it was the company commander.
As acting platoon commander,
I'm going to make inspection
before the company commander
makes formal inspection.

I want to be sure our platoon
makes a record this week.

Parks!

Parks, your hands are dirty.
See to it they're clean
before inspection.

Yes, Rand.

Your toothbrush, Parks.
I believe you'll find that
they're just 6 inches.
I prefer to check them.

Parks, what have
you got on here?

Wax. Wax?

Floor wax.

You've discolored the
floor with that stuff.

Get it off.

All of it. Before inspection.

Now, wait a minute.

You were addressing me, Parks?

Go on.

No, I was not.

I've had my floor
waxed for a week.

Do I have to take it all off?

No, you can leave it on.

Well, I'll be...

Parks has to take the wax off,
but you can leave it on.

What goes on here?
Oh, our platoon commander
doesn't love me.
I'll say.
She's been picking on
you all week.
Laundry duty 5 days straight,
extra detail on Sunday,
police this, police that.
This is the worst.
Gee, I thought you
were going to
sock her there for a minute.
Oh, no. That's what she wants.
That's what she's been
waiting for.
And that's where
she gets left.
But why?
What's she sore about?
Oh, that's a long story.
Well. Oh, darn. Look
at that jacket.
I think I'd better go
down and press it.
Can I do yours for you, Val?
You won't have any time.
No, thanks. That's probably
against regulations.
Come on, chick.
Hi.
Hi.
I have a telegram for you.
I signed for it.
Read it to me, will you?
My life's an open book.
Ok.
"The Rock Ledge Trust Company
"of Mitchell Falls, Vermont,
"today transferred to
your New York account
"funds in the
amount of \$639,000.
Avery Lorrison."

Holy smokes!
Think of that.
Gee, I knew you were well-off,
but I didn't dream you
were that wealthy.
Yep. I am probably the wealthiest
floor unwaxer in America.
You know something?
I feel great.
Two days till graduation,
and right now our last drill.
I wish the last one
was our last one.
Why, Annie, how
can you say that?
With my dream girl
Rand, my honey lamb,
my pinup babe, acting
company commander?
Huh! She's waiting for me.
It's her last chance.
But she ain't a-gonna get me!
Oh!
Oh, Val, what are
you going to do?
Change it.
On the double!
To the rear. Halt!
Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut. Hut.
Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut. Hut.
Where's Parks?
Rand'll skin her.
Hut. Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
Hut. Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
You're late, Parks.
I'm sorry, ma'am.
Right face!
Forward... march!
Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut.
Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut.
By platoon. Column left!
Column left!
March!
Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut.

Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut.
By platoon. Column left!
Column left!
March!
Parks.
Commands should
be clearly given.
Yes, ma'am.
Let me hear you
give the cadence.
1, 2, 3, 4. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
Louder.
Hut, 2, 3, 4. Hut! 2, 3, 4.
That's better.
Thank you, ma'am.
Hut. Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
Hut. Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
Hut. Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
To the rear. March!
Hut. Hut, 2, 3, 4.
Hut. Hut...
to the rear. March!
Company halt!
Left face.
That was extremely
slovenly, Parks.
Sorry, ma'am.
I did not hear the command.
None of us heard it.
No talking in rank.
Yes, ma'am.
McBride. Front and center.
Yes, ma'am?
Take over acting command
of this platoon.
Maybe you can make it look
something like a
military unit.
Yes, ma'am.
That's all.
You are relieved, Parks.
Take your place in ranks.
Thank you, ma'am.
Parks!

Yes, ma'am?

The salute is a
military custom.

Any halfhearted or careless
salute is discourteous.

Render the salute again.

Again.

Again.

Again!

Again!

Again!

Again!

Parks!

Take your place in ranks!

Parks!

You realize, Parks, that
you're here to give reasons
why you should not be dismissed from
training as an officer candidate.

Yes, ma'am.

The report of acting
company commander Rand
states that as an acting platoon
commander on this date,
you demonstrated inability to
properly command a platoon.

And that you abandoned and
refused to perform your duties,
and struck her, and without
permission left the drill field
refusing to obey a
direct order to return.

Are the statements contained
within this report correct?

Yes, ma'am.

Have you an explanation?

No, ma'am.

You've never before been on
report for disciplinary action.

No, ma'am.

You make it very
difficult, Parks.

If you make no explanations,
this board must act on the

information contained
in officer candidate
Rand's report.

The particulars contained in
officer candidate Rand's report
are correct, ma'am.

There's nothing
more I wish to say.
You still refuse to
make a statement?

Yes, ma'am.

Very well, Parks.

You may go.

Thank you, ma'am.

How'd you make out?

Oh, skip it, honey.

Oh, Val.

They're not going
to dismiss you.

I don't care what they do.

Now, look, you've got
to be sensible.

You're throwing away everything
you've worked for...
all your hopes,
your whole future!

Oh, Ann, don't make it
sound so important.

But it is important.

Annie, what you think of
me means an awful lot.

Leigh found out about my money
and that I'd signed a lease
on a house in Palm Beach.

But I never intended
to use either.

Please believe me.

I do believe you.

But, Val, you are the
most stubborn person.

Why didn't you explain...

Val!

Leigh.

Did it ever occur

to you that...

Commander Rand.

Go right in.

Officer candidate Rand
reporting as directed, ma'am.

Sit down, Rand.

I wanted to discuss this
matter of Parks with you.

Yes, ma'am.

Your report is rather
severe, don't you think?

It's correct, ma'am.

I'm not questioning its
correctness, Rand.

You're too good an officer
candidate for that.

Thank you, ma'am.

It must have been rather
difficult to do your duty,
knowing that at this
phase of the training
such a report is enough to
prevent Parks from graduating.
It's always unpleasant to bring
charges against anyone, ma'am.
Especially a girl who stood
high in her classwork
and with an
unblemished record.

Yes, ma'am.

I see.

Just... what is your
personal opinion of Parks?

I have never considered her
fit officer material, ma'am.

Mm-hmm.

Would it surprise
you, Rand, to learn
that approximately 50% of the
members of your own platoon
do not consider you to
be fit officer material?

I... I beg your pardon, ma'am?

I've been looking over

these ratings sheets.

You were called to fill
one out, were you not?

Giving your opinion of the
military and personal fitness
of each of the members
of your own platoon?

Yes, ma'am.

Well, on their rating sheets
many of your classmates
have indicated grave doubts
concerning your leadership ability
and fitness for command.

In fact, they seem to think that
you're rather a cold potato.

They question your ability
to inspire confidence,
and they place a question mark
after your human qualities.

There's no criticism of your
purely military character.

I'm sorry, ma'am.

That's all, Rand.

Rand.

The really important qualities
that go to make up an officer
are not written in textbooks.

It means a great deal to you
to get your commission?

It means everything, ma'am.

I'm sorry for you, Rand.

You've worked so hard to learn
so many lessons so badly.

Is that all, ma'am?

As today's acting
company commander,
you did ride Parks
pretty hard, didn't you?

Yes, ma'am.

In perfect honesty,
just who do you think
is responsible for
Parks' conduct?

As the acting

company commander,
I am responsible
for everything
that happens in my
company, ma'am.
That's all, Rand.
Officer candidate Darrison
is waiting, ma'am.
Oh, yes.
You'll want to see her
alone, won't you, ma'am?
Yes. That's all.
Candidate Darrison.
Officer candidate Darrison
reporting as directed, ma'am.
Sit down, my dear.
I have some very bad
news for you, Ann.
My husband?
Yes.
H-he's wounded?
He's dead?
3 weeks ago.
I wrote him last night.
But it's a good way
to go, I guess.
The best.
23...The third of may.
Oh, God.
I'm sorry.
Would you like to stay here
for a while by yourself?
Yes, please.
Oh, my God.
I've been waiting
for you, Ann.
I need your help.
I've never needed anybody
before in my whole life,
but... now suddenly I...
I need somebody.
I'm as good as
busted out of O.C.S.
Oh, no, Leigh.

Oh, yes.

But what's worse is that half
the girls in this outfit think
I'm the... the
kind of a specimen
you find clinging to the
bottom sides of slimy rocks.

Oh, that's not so.

Oh, yes, it is.

The commandant gave me a
chance to meet myself.

And for the first time, I...

I guess I understand me.

I understand my
feelings toward Val.

From the first time

I ever saw her,
she was everything I
wanted to be all my life.

A girl in... in high
heels and furs.

A girl who knew her
power as a woman.

The kind of a girl who...
who lives in the pages of
Vogue and Town and Country,
not in an army camp in
boots and breeches.

I just couldn't bear to see
a girl from her world
make good in mine.

The further she went, the
better soldier she became.

The better soldier she became,
the more envious I got,
and the more I wanted
to see her fail.

Leigh, don't. Please, don't.

And then when I found
out about the money
and a lease she had signed
on a Palm Beach house,
I lost my head completely.
She never intended

to use either.
She wanted to stay
in the corps.
I was even wrong about that.
Wrong about everything.
Don't punish yourself.
Oh, let me get
it off my chest.
I've got to say it out
loud to somebody.
I... I just can't be
whispering it to myself.
Valerie Parks turned out to be a
better soldier than Leigh Rand.
Funny, isn't it?
That's what I was
afraid to say,
and that's what I'm going to
tell her when I find her.
She's probably at the hotel.
Ann, will you...
Ann, you don't mind
going with me, do you?
I need your help with her.
But I don't see
how I can help.
Oh...
You've got so much
influence over both of us.
You're... you're so sane. You've made
your own life so fine...
and... with a husband
that adores you and...
please, stop it now.
Stop crying. It
doesn't do any good.
Honey, you mustn't let
yourself go like that.
No matter what happens, you've got
to hang on to yourself.
Now, stop crying.
Ann, you will go
with me, won't you?
I do need your help so.

All right.

If you think I can help.

A compartment... an upper,
a lower, just anything.

Oh, come in.

Well, all right. Thanks.

I left word downstairs
that I wanted to see no one,
and I meant no one.

Val.

I asked Ann to
help me find you.

So you came looking for
it, huh, Napoleon?

Please listen to her.

Oh, why? This whole
idea is silly...

women like me playing soldier.

"Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am."

Parading around,
saluting each other.

I was wrong from the
beginning, and I'm sorry...

terribly sorry.

You're sorry?

Oh, now wait a minute.

There's an angle to this.

No, there isn't
any angle to it.

I just want to square things.

Oh, you want to square things?

Ha ha! That's funny.

Tomorrow the murder
board will notify me
that I'm kicked out of O.C.S.

"Not fit to be an officer."

And you want to square things?

Well, I'm not waiting
to get the boot.

I've beat them to the punch.

I've already
resigned from O.C.S.

As of today, I am
through with the WAC.

They can give me a dishonorable
discharge or anything else.
I'm going home,
back to sanity,
and forget I ever
wore a uniform.
Sorry, Ann, but
that's the way I feel.
Val, would it change
your decision to quit
if... if I told you that I weren't
going to graduate, either?
What?
I had an interview
with the commandant,
and she told me that... that I
was unfit to be an officer.
Oh, I don't believe it.
It's true.
She said something else, too.
She practically said that if
anything happened to you,
I was responsible for it.
Oh, now I get it.
I knew there was an angle.
The colonel told you that if
the murder board bounced me,
she'd bounce you for using your
rank to ride me out of O.C.S.
Oh-ho-ho!
You're here to save
your own neck.
You're not sorry.
You're a...
wait a minute, Ann.
I'll go with you.
No, thank you.
Right now, I-I'd like
to be by myself.
Just be alone.
Right now.
Ohh.
Ann took my bag by mistake.
I found that in hers.

She came here to
straighten me out,
and all the time she
was dying inside.
I couldn't measure
up to Ann Darrison
if I lived 100 years.
And if she can take it after
what's happened to her...
Well, there are others in this
army who can take it, too.
Well, come on!
I admit I forfeited my chance
for a commission, ma'am,
and I'm willing to
go on as a private.
I'm ready to take my medicine
and start over, too.
Very generous of you both.
I'm sure this board is impressed
with your having learned
at least to subordinate yourselves
to the good of the service.
Have either of you any idea
what it costs the army to train
you to be officers?
Over \$3,000... no, ma'am.
No, ma'am.
Having made that
investment in you,
the army, not you,
will decide what your
future duty will be.
So, your requests for transfer
back to enlisted service
as privates are denied.
And your commissions as
officers... approved.
Holy mackerel, colonel!
I mean, thank you, ma'am.
Me, too. Thank you, ma'am.
Oh, Ann, it's all right.
We're going to graduate!
Oh, I'm so happy!

I'm so glad for you both.

We made it!

Attention!

Sorry, girls.

Still practicing
to be a sergeant.