



Scripts.com

# Lifeboat

By John Steinbeck

Are you number two boat?

Faster.!

He was on number one last time I saw him.!

Ahoy there.!

Lady, you don't look like somebody  
that's just been shipwrecked.

Man, I certainly feel like it.

Did you see anything  
of Charcoal?

- Who?

- Joe, the steward.

He helped me  
into the lifeboat with my things.

I thought this boat  
was abandoned.

Not by me, it wasn't.

It looked pretty good to me.

What part of the ship  
are you from, darling?

Engine room.

I was off duty in the washroom.

Thanks.

Caught with my...

I was washing my hands  
when the torpedo smacked us.

Most of the crew  
were trapped like rats.

- When they got to topside, it was a shambles.

- Quite a night.

Reminds me of an air raid once  
that hit me in Chungking.

Reminded me of a slaughterhouse  
I once worked at in Chicago.

Those Nazi buzzards in tin fish ain't  
enough. They've got to shell us too.

Ha. Now I can perfect my backhand.

Get that.

It might come in handy.

Let's have the cap too.

What are we worryin'  
about this junk for?

Let's take a look for the others before  
that U-boat surfaces again and sees us.

- She won't surface. One of our shells got her.

- Are you sure?  
She was killed dead, darling.  
Went down like a rock.  
Did you see it?  
It's all in here, my pet.  
You're Constance Porter.  
I heard you were aboard.  
- So you took pictures?  
- And what pictures! Priceless!  
Oh, I caught some  
wonderful shots on deck.  
A little knot of people  
around one of the lifeboats.  
They look slow and heavy and fat  
with the life belts on, so lonesome.  
Then a shell hit the lifeboat.  
They all jumped overboard.  
I got a beautiful shot of the gun crew  
firing at the submarine.  
But the best of all was in the boat,  
here, with Joe.  
I got the freighter going down, one of the  
lifeboats caught in the suction and pulled under!  
I got some of the U-boat crew  
jumping overboard and I also got...  
Look!  
That's a perfect touch!  
What did you do that for?  
Why don't you wait for the baby  
to float by and photograph that?  
Help.!  
Gangway!  
You stupid, clumsy, son-of-a...  
Why don't you  
look where you're going?  
Absolutely irreplaceable stuff.  
Priceless. The best film I ever took.!  
- Goes to the bottom of the sea.  
- That's better than going there yourself!  
I wouldn't have parted with that film  
for a million dollars.  
When will I ever get stuff like that  
again? Of all the stupid, clumsy...  
Maybe we can arrange another shipwreck

for you sometime.

Sparks, did you have time  
to send out an S.O.S.?

Hardly. The first shell from the U-boat  
did for the radio shack.

Keep going, Kovac.

There's more people out there.

- Where'd this come from?

- It was floating by.

Miss MacKenzie!

- Stanley.!

- She's out there.

She's alive.

Come on, Kovac. Come on.

There's somebody, out there.

To your right, Kovac.

- There's three of them!

- Swing over, Kovac.

- Hurry, we've got a wounded man!

- Step on it!

- A dame!

- Never mind me. Help him. He's hurt his leg.

- Well, hang on, Miss.

- Well, folks, we're in business again.

- Somebody gonna give me a hand?

- Ritt.

- You old rat.

- Connie!

Did you come from the freighter  
or the Stork Club?

- Still striking oil, I see, eh, Ritt?

- Anybody got any liquor?

I'll have this off you in a jiffy.

I'm okay, Sparks.

What happened to Nolan?

I was on my way from the bridge  
to bring him our position...

a shell from the U-boat  
hit the radio shack.

I was at the wheel waitin'  
for Hennessy to relieve me.

Just set the mug up with  
some hot java when...

Holy smokes, look at this mess.

Maybe we'd better  
get the raft back.

- Do you think we'll stay afloat?

- If the buoyancy tanks are okay, she'll float...  
even if we're waterlogged.

Well, I see you've even managed  
to get some of your luggage aboard.

- Just the bare necessities.

- Uh, look at that.

Six full boxes, and

I had to grab this one.

Don't cry, my pet.

It'll last until we're picked up. I hope.

- First shell must have done for the skipper.

- And most of the gun crew.

What happened to the woman  
with the baby?

See if you can

find a first-aid kit.

I thought everybody was killed.

I never expected to see you alive.

You know I'm practically  
immortal, Ritt.

I... I thought I was done for. See,  
we were playing poker in the saloon...

Now, how do you get this thing off?

Here's the first-aid kit.

It's been pretty well smashed up.

Oh. I need something  
to cover him up with.

Let me have that blanket, please.

Bandages, please.

Well, share and share  
alike, I always say.

- Lie down, please.

- What for?

You'll be more comfortable.

I wanna take a look at your leg.

Oh, well, okay, babe. Maybe you'll  
let me return the compliment someday.

- Shh. Lie down, please.

- think it's got a hunk of slug in it.

Yes, sir.

It was the biggest pot of the game...

but believe you me, I never  
even stopped to collect it.

- That pot went to DavyJones.
- Well, not all of it.
- Here's 20 bucks Mr. Jones didn't get.
- Well, it's yours.
- t was floating in the water.
- Well, keep it.

No, go on. I insist.

It's probably legitimate as salvage.

- You one of the crew, son?
- Black gang. Oiler. Name's Kovac.
- Kovac, eh? My name's Rittenhouse.
- Glad to...
- Rittenhouse?
- That's right.
- C.J. Rittenhouse?
- C.J. Rittenhouse.
- Junior.
- Here.
- Are you sure there's no sulfanilamide left in the kit?
- 'Fraid not.
- Hurt?
- No.

Here's the shrapnel. Thought you might  
like to keep it as a souvenir.

Nah. My hide was  
full of that stuff on the last trip.

- Hold it steady.
- oughta have my head examined.

This is the fourth time I've shipped out  
since the war, and I ain't got no place yet.

Gee, I wish I could make  
the complete round-trip just once.

- How does it look?
- t's a pretty deep cut.

It's leakin'. I ain't gonna wind up  
with a gimpy leg, am I?

No. Not enough to interfere  
with your jitterbugging.

- Jive, huh?
- Eh, tell her, Sparks.

Why he's the champion hooper  
of the merchant marines.

Tell her what I done  
in Jersey City.  
Listen, I copped two prizes  
at Roseland one year...  
and all the time, I'm suffering somethin'  
terrible from double pneumonia.  
I can out-jive the rest of those hepcats  
even with a bum gam.  
Everything under control?  
Anything I can do?  
You ain't got somethin'  
to drink on ya?  
- Sorry, son. Not a drop.  
- have some brandy, darling.  
Oh, boy. I could sure go  
for some of that.  
- 'll get my flask.  
- No. In a case like this, the rule is to...  
Come on.  
We're among friends, ain't we?  
- don't think it's advisable.  
- Look. Just one slug. It'll pick me up.  
- Make up your minds, darlings.  
- Help.!  
Help!  
- Help.!  
- t's Charcoal!  
It's the steward.!  
- There's a woman.  
- And a baby.  
Easy there.  
Give me the baby.  
Are you all right, Joe?  
I got my feet wet  
a little bit.  
She was fightin' me  
all the time in the water.  
She tried to drown the baby  
and herself with it.  
Huh, it's all right,  
sister. You're safe.  
The baby's safe.  
It's all right. The danger's over.  
You're safe now.

Nothing to worry about.

Best let her have it.

We'll wait till she's asleep.

Here.

Hey. That's right.

Her name's Higley. She was

bombed out in Bristol.

One of them shell shock cases sent to  
America. Her child was born in New York.

Said to me on the ship, "I'm going home  
to show my husband the baby."

Here, darling.

You better put this on.

Hey, look. Another customer.

- Where'd he come from?

- s he a crew member?

- never saw him before.

- Not off our boat.

Danke schn.

He's very grateful to us  
for having saved his life.

Regrets very much the U-boat  
was compelled to sink our ship.

Ask him why they shelled our lifeboats.

- Captain's orders.

- f you ask me, he's the captain himself.

Ask him if he's the captain.

He says he's not a captain or  
officer, just a crew member.

Well, crew member

or skipper, he's German.

A guy can't help bein' German  
if he's born a German, can he?

Neither can a snake help being  
a rattlesnake if he's born a rattlesnake.

That don't make him a nightingale.

Get him outta here.

Don't be silly, darling. He can't very well  
get off in the middle of the ocean, can he?

- Throw him off.

- Have you gone out of your mind?

- Throw the Nazi buzzard overboard!

- That's out of the question!

- t's against the law.



- Whose law? We're on our own. We can make our own law!  
Now, just a minute.  
He was acting under orders.  
Our freighter was an enemy ship.  
After all, we're at war!  
Is that woman at war?  
Is her baby at war?  
And listen, how come  
you know the lingo so well?  
How come when I climbed into this  
life boat you were the only one in it...  
dressed up like you knew  
you were going someplace?  
I was going someplace.  
I was going into a lifeboat.  
What is this?  
Are you insinuating?  
- You seem pretty anxious to stand up for your friend here.  
- What do you mean, my friend?  
Now, children,  
let's keep our shirts on.  
I haven't got a shirt  
or a mink coat either.  
Oh, I get it.  
A fellow traveler.  
I thought the Comintern was dissolved.  
Now, we're all sort of fellow travelers, in  
a mighty small boat, on a mighty big ocean.  
And the more we quarrel and criticize  
and misunderstand each other...  
the bigger the ocean gets,  
and the smaller the boat.  
The boat's too small  
for me and this German.  
Me, I'm perfectly willing to abide  
by the decision of the majority.  
That's the American way.  
If we harm this man, we are guilty  
of the same tactics you hate him for.  
On the other hand, if we treat him  
with kindness and consideration...  
we might be able to convert him  
to our way of thinking.  
That's the, uh...

That's the Christian way.  
Okay. Now, me, I'm American too.  
I was born one in Chicago.  
But my people are from Czechoslovakia.  
Ever hear of that place?  
I say let's throw him overboard  
and watch him drown.  
When he goes down, I'll dance a jig  
like Hitler did when France went down.  
Me, too.  
Just for the record,  
I'm an American, myself.  
I'm in a kind of a spot.  
My name is Schmidt,  
but I changed it to Smith.  
That's what I got against these guys  
more than anything else.  
They make me ashamed of  
the name I was born with.  
I got a lot of relatives in Germany.  
For all I know this guy may be one of them.  
I say throw him to the sharks.  
No, Gus. I don't say it wouldn't be a pleasure,  
mind you, but we haven't got the right.  
The right?  
What do you mean the right?  
Well, he's a prisoner of war.  
Got to be treated as such.  
The way it's done is to hang on  
to him till we're picked up...  
then turn him over  
to proper authorities.  
Till such time, we represent  
the authorities. That's clear, isn't it?  
- You see what I mean, miss?  
- don't understand any of it.  
I don't understand people hurting  
each other and killing each other.  
I just don't understand it.  
- Then what are you doing in a uniform?  
- 'm doing the only thing I can.  
Trying to put them together again  
when they get hurt.  
As far as the German's concerned, l...

I agree with Stanley.  
So do I. I'll talk to the man. Maybe  
I can get some information from him.  
- Material for your book?  
- ncidentally.  
- George?  
- What do you say, Joe?  
- Do I get to vote too?  
- Why... Why certainly!  
Guess I'd rather  
stay out of this.  
How about you, sister?  
My baby's dead.  
Does anyone know the service  
for burial at sea?  
Well, I, uh... I suppose  
any prayer would do.  
Let me see, now.  
The Lord is my shepherd.  
Uh, I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down  
in green pastures. He, uh... He, uh...  
He leadeth me beside  
the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul.  
He leadeth me in the paths  
of righteousness, for His name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death...  
I will fear no evil.  
For thou art with me. Thy rod  
and thy staff, they comfort me.  
Surely goodness and mercy  
shall follow me all the days of my life.  
And I will dwell in  
the house of the Lord...  
forever.  
Amen.  
Well, I don't know how much  
of this stuff is any use to us.  
Isn't much we can do with  
these food compartments.  
Well, at any rate, things  
are getting shipshape.

None of the buoyancy tanks  
seem to have been smashed.

The water breaker's been taped up, and in  
the morning we'll rig up a sail and get going.

And in the meantime, I think  
we'd all better try and get some sleep.

Uh, Kovac, don't forget  
to wake me for my watch.

We'd better send up  
another flare soon.

How do you feel, darling?

Better, thank you.

Much better.

- Have I been asleep long?

- Not very.

- What's this?

- Mrs. Porter lent you her coat to help keep you warm.

It's a beautiful coat.

- s it real mink?

- hope so.

It's lovely.

I've always admired mink.

It's the most ladylike fur  
there is, I always said.

So warm and comfortable.

Thank you so much

for letting me wear it.

Where's Johnny?

Where's my baby?

What have you done with him?

What did you do

with my baby?

Your baby's dead.

Don't you remember?

You killed him, didn't you?

Poor little thing.

The sea, so big and terrible.

Johnny, it's Mum.

Where are you?

Where are you, Johnny?

Johnny.

Let me go.

Let me go to him.

Get a rope, somebody.

We've got to tie her down.

Here you are.

Let me go to him.

Let me go.

- Good morning, sir.

- Hmm? Oh!

Good morning, Sparks. Asleep on watch. It's a fine thing. I oughta be court-martialed.

- wonder how much we've drifted.

- Not very far with that sea-anchor out.

Oh, the sea-anchor, of course. You know, I had no idea what those things looked like.

I thought they were big, heavy iron things with a hook to hold us onto the sea bottom.

When you threw that thing out, I thought it was some sort of a toy parachute or something.

They really keep the boat from drifting?

Last time I was adrift, a sea anchor held us up 48 hours in a storm.

- You've been torpedoed before?

- That's right, twice.

- How long before you were picked up?

- Last time, it was 43 days.

Forty-three...

That must have been awful!

Yeah. We did

get a bit sunburned.

Then, of course, we had a good sound boat, plenty of food and water. Everything intact.

- Well, haven't we plenty too?

- A good deal of our food's been ruined.

Three out of the four water breakers have been smashed.

A lot of water leaked out of the fourth one before it was taped.

What worries me is the compass.

Knocked to pieces.

That's a bit awkward.

And, of course, there's Jerry.

Ah, good morning, Mrs. Porter.

What's good about it?

How soon do we get picked up?

Good morning, Connie. We were discussing that. It seems there's no way of telling.

- Did you sleep well?

- Not a wink.

Not only that, I froze.

Only had my fur coat to keep me... warm.

Where's Miss Higley?

I'm sorry, folks.

I'm terribly sorry.

It was pitch black

when I relieved you, Kovac.

I couldn't see a thing.

For all I know, it might have happened  
during your watch.

- Eight biscuits.

- Minus eight biscuits.

Oh, thanks. Kovac.

How's the sail coming along?

- Coming along.

- Light, sir?

Uh, no, thanks. I think I'll hoard  
this heater till we get someplace.

Well, folks, I've been taking inventory,  
and we're in the black.

A going concern. It's no use  
lying around waiting to be picked up.

As we might have to wait as long as,  
uh... as 43 days.

So we might as well get organized. The first  
order of business is department heads.

- Uh, Sparks?

- Yes, Mr. Rittenhouse.

- Call me Ritt. We're all in the same boat.

- Yes, sir. Ritt.

Sparks, you are, uh,  
in charge of navigation.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Uh, George?

Call me Joe.

- s your name Joe?

- Yes, sir.

Very well. Joe it is.

You are head of the commissary.

- Yes, sir.

- Connie, will you keep the ship's log, please?

Righto, Ritto, providing I control

the copyright and all publication rights.

Including the Scandinavian.

Yes. Miss MacKenzie.

You are in charge of sick bay.

Don't look now, but

I think we have a skipper.

- Who elected Mr. Rittenhouse?

- Mr. Rittenhouse.

- Ritt, to you.

- You think he's capable?

Sure. Till the sail goes up.

We never should've

let him stay on board.

He'll eat our food, drink our water,  
and double-cross us, first chance he gets.

What are you afraid of?

He's one against seven.

It was eight yesterday.

Or have you forgotten?

There's a piece in here...

about some people who were adrift  
in a lifeboat for 80 days.

Say, maybe

we can beat that record.

Heaven forbid.

We might even get in the newsreels.

Rosie'd get a bang outta that.

It'd remind her of the first cup we won  
at the Garden for marathon dancing.

- We danced 80 consecutive hours.

- Consecutive?

Well, 10 minutes off every four hours  
for coffee, cake, stuff like that.

So how'd you feel

after 80 hours of dancing?

I had a slight headache,

but Rosie, she was just gettin' wound up.

She grabbed a cab,

went right over to Roseland.

- Does she work there?

- She lives there.

- How does the leg feel now?

- t don't feel at all.

I wish I could walk around. I sure hope

that thing don't leave me gimpy.

- Al'd love that.

- Who's Al?

Al Magaroulian.

He's an Armenian rug-cutter.

He knew Rosie before I did.

He's got fallen arches.

Keeps him outta the draft,

but not outta Roseland.

Kovac, you know something

about machinery, don't you?

- A little.

- See if you can fix this clasp.

Mrs. Porter, I've read a lot of your stuff.

You wanna know what's the matter with it?

No, do tell me.

You've been all over the world.

You've met all kinds of people.

But you never write about them,

you only write about yourself.

You think this whole war's a show put on

for you to cover, like a Broadway play.

And if enough people die before the last

act, maybe you might give it four stars.

- Come on, Sparks.

- All right, tovarich. Now, listen to me.

Heads up.! Joe, man the tiller

till we're squared away.!

Well, folks, we're under way.

- Where to?

- Huh?

- Where are we going?

- First operator said we were headed for Bermuda.

Well, good. Uh, Sparks,

you better take the tiller.

Yes, sir. Uh, what about the course?

Does anybody here know

the course to Bermuda?

I was at the wheel when we got punctured.

The course was 115 east-southeast.

Fine, then,

east-southeast it is.

Yes, sir. But, uh,

what is east-southeast?



- Without a compass...

- What's the matter with the sun?

With the sun this high, it's pretty hard to tell the points of the compass. I think it's out that way.

- You think?

- Doesn't anybody know?

He says east-southeast is that direction.

- How's he know?

- Well, he ought to know. His U-boat was operating around here, wasn't it? Do you suppose he'd lead us to Bermuda, British territory?

He says he'd rather be a prisoner of war in Bermuda than here. At least he'd have good food and a bed. I wouldn't trust anything he says. Kovac, you're so prejudiced you can't think straight. If anybody's in the position to know where we are and where Bermuda is, he's the one.

- Who says so?

- We'll follow the German's course. Who elected you skipper?

Well, I... Course, if there's anybody else you'd prefer...

What do you know about a ship?

He just happens to own a shipyard, that's all.

- Has he ever been in it?

- He has thousands of employees. Of course he knows how to handle men. Not in a lifeboat. What we need is an able seaman, and we've got one. Who, me?

I'm a disabled seaman. Anyhow, I never did have no executive ability.

- think maybe Sparks there...

- No, not me.

I know a bit about navigation, but when it comes to taking charge of a boat, well...

What about Kovac?

That clunk run this boat?

With what? An oil can?

If you're talking about a skipper, we have a skipper right on this boat.

- He wasn't the captain.

- Wasn't he?

- Herr Kapitn?

- Ja?

Well, I'm a monkey's uncle!

There. You have a man who's familiar with these waters.

He knows seamanship and navigation.

What about it?

You want to turn the boat over to the man who sunk our ship and shelled our lifeboats?

I want you to turn the boat over to the man obviously best qualified to run it.

- You're crazy.

- Now, wait a minute.

There are two sides to everything.

Let's look at this calmly and reasonably.

The gentleman is just as anxious to get to safety as we are.

If he's a trained skipper, why shouldn't he take charge?

- Because I'm taking charge!

- Since when?

As of now, I'm skipper. Anybody who don't like it can get out and swim to Bermuda.

I'll buy it.

Suits me.

What about you, miss?

I'm for it.

- Yes, sir.

- Well, if the rest agree...

All right, Commissar, what's the course?

Well, we...

- Which way'd you say, Sparks?

- Out there.

Nein, nein.

He says if you go your way,  
you'll only head further out to sea.

He insists the course  
to Bermuda is that way.

- We'll head this way. Take the tiller, Sparks.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Careful.

Including the Scandinavian.

- How do you feel now, Connie?

- Awful.

It isn't the sea that makes me sick,  
it's the loss of my typewriter.

That typewriter went with me everywhere...

Rome, Berlin, Paris, London.

Oh, quit grouching.

Why shouldn't I grouse? Little by little, I'm  
being stripped of all my earthly possessions.

First, my beautiful stocking,  
then my camera.

I don't mind the loss of the camera  
so much, but the film in it!

I get positively ill  
when I think about it.

Hey, do you remember the boom  
we had after the last war?

Well, the boom we're gonna have after this  
one'll make the last look like a mild flurry.

Then my steamer rug goes, then my fur coat,  
and now my typewriter.

Take China, for example.

400 million customers waiting to sign on  
the dotted line as soon as peace is declared.

I never should've taken  
the freighter, should've gone by clipper.

Me, too. I'd have been  
in Spain by this time.

Spain? Were you going  
for the state department?

State department? Certainly not.

I was going for C.J. Rittenhouse.

- What for?

- What for? Why, my dear fellow.

Pipe down, Ritt.

The "Gay-Pay-oo."

What are you doing  
with my memo pad?

I borrowed it from you  
to make a deck of cards.

Never heard such impertinence,  
opening my bag.

It was open.

How about a little draw poker?

- Eh, suits me fine!

- Deal you in?

With a deck  
you've made, darling?

What are you gonna play for?

- Dollar limit?

- That'll do for a starter.

- Cut for deal.

- All right.

You deal.

What are those letters  
on your diaphragm?

- Love letters.

- Oh, you believe in advertising?

Open.

Never could understand this quaint habit  
of making a billboard out of one's torso.

- Stay.

- Three cards.

I must say you've shown the most commendable  
delicacy in just tattooing the initial...

not printing the names, addresses,  
and telephone numbers.

Open.

- Nines?

- Queens.

See, how many are there?

One, two, three, four, five.

- Remind me to show you the rest of them sometime.

- Your deal, my boy.

And see you deal them  
off the top.

- You mean, you're used to people dealing off the bottom?

- was justjoking.

I never thought I'd go into it.

I used to faint at the sight of blood.  
What made you join  
the merchant marine?  
I don't know.  
Never thought about it.  
I suppose it was  
'cause I lived in Greenwich.  
Maybe it was the river  
there, and the ships.  
It's the first time I've ever been to sea.  
I was born and raised in the wheat country.  
You know, sometimes when the wind blows through  
the wheat, it looks something like the sea.  
Well, it's not a bad life, the merchant  
marine, except for the U-boats.  
After a while, you get to taking even  
them in your stride.  
It's rather scary the first  
time, though, isn't it?  
I'm glad the freighter  
was torpedoed.  
My dear young lady,  
what an extraordinary thing to say!  
- What are you doing that for?  
- t's the bandage, Loot, it's too tight or something.  
Oh, wait. Let me.  
Holy mackerel.  
- Ain't it a lulu?  
- What about it, Miss?  
- don't know. I'm afraid it...  
- Looks more like a leg of lamb, don't it?  
Get away from here.  
Tell him to get back to his place  
before I throw him overboard.  
What did he say?  
Gus, I'm afraid  
your leg's very bad.  
Gangrene?  
Ja, gangrene.  
It'll have to be  
amputated at once.  
I've never even assisted  
in an amputation.  
He says, being an enemy and,

technically, our prisoner...  
perhaps you wouldn't want to trust him with  
the operation, but he's willing to do it.  
What the devil  
does he know about it?  
He says he was a surgeon in civilian life.  
He's done many operations.  
If he did, they were probably illegal. If he's  
a medical man, why isn't he in medical service?  
I don't know and I don't care.  
Perhaps the gangrene  
isn't legal, either, but it's there.  
The leg has to come off.  
No dice.  
I don't want no operation.  
- Darling, you want to live, don't you?  
- Not with one leg.  
- Don't be a sap, Gus.  
- You don't understand.  
- Sure, I do. Rosie.  
- What's Rosie got to do with it?  
- Everything. If I lose my leg, I lose Rosie.  
- Of course, I don't know Rosie.  
She loves to dance. It's her hobby.  
It's her whole life.  
- Put yourself in her place. Do you like to dance?  
- Mad about it.  
Well, then, what good's a hepcat with one  
gam missin'? f my leg goes, Rosie goes.  
- f she's that kind of a...  
- Don't you call Rosie that kind of a...  
I oughta know. I introduced  
you to her, didn't I?  
No, you didn't. Al Magaroulian  
introduced me to her.  
- knew her before Al Magaroulian did.  
- Al Magaroulian...  
The heck with Al Magaroulian.  
What's he got to do with it?  
- Rosie's as good as anybody.  
- And a darn sight better.  
- f she was the right kind of a woman...  
- Kovac, you take that back.  
Darling, don't you pay any attention

to this human 24-sheet.

Now, you listen to me.

I don't know Rosie, but I know women.

Some of my best friends are women.

And one of 'em's "that kind of a..."

- What kind of a?

- Well, an independent creature who lives her own life.

- That's Rosie all over.

- With a heart of gold. And she gives it away.

Rosie'd give the shirt off her back to anybody.

She's got a heart as big as her head.

- And you wanna break it.

- Who, me?

Well, you'd rather die

than trust her.

Who says I don't trust her?

It's Al Magaroulian I don't trust.

He knew her before I did.

She swore to me there was

nothing between them, but...

Maybe there wasn't.

But Rosie's human like everybody else...

and it ain't like we was married,

or had a home and all.

Maybe we shoulda got hitched

before I left on that last trip.

I shoulda took care

of that insurance.

Rosie kept askin' me about it.

The kid's always thinkin' of me.

That's why you've got to think of her,

back home, putting on a big show...

laughing and dancing, pretending

to be having a good time.

And all the while, her heart's aching,

torn with loneliness and uncertainty.

Not knowing whether

you're dead or alive.

Then, at last, to find out

that you risked your life...

perhaps even died, just

because you had no faith in her?

God, forgive me.

Poor kid, she'd be

brokenhearted when she...

Well, let's go.

What are we all waitin' for?

He'll need a pail of water, Joe.

- s there any sort of anesthetic?

- Nothing.

- Nein.

- You have some brandy, haven't you?

He says brandy's better than nothing.

Did I hear brandy?

- Let me get it for you.

- Oh, thanks, Joe.

Can you open it for me?

That's right, it's just here.

- Here, darling.

- Hi-yo, Silver!

He'll need a tourniquet, a belt or something.

I'll lose my pants if I take mine off.

- How'bout your belt, Sparks?

- Here it is.

- Get it, Joe.

- t was nice knowin' ya.

Um, oh, Joe. He wants a needle and twine

from the, uh, boat kit or something.

It's in a ditty bag, Joe.

Aah!

Am I gonna feel good

pretty soon.

Kovac, why'd you want to

say that about Rosie?

- Say what?

- What you said.

- 'm sorry, Gus.

- Take it back.

Okay, I take it back.

- What can we use for forceps?

- You have tweezers?

I've got tweezers. Yes, Joe,

you'll find them in my bag.

- The little box on the top.

- Right.

Ask him how much of

that stuff he can drink.

Go ahead, Gus. The works.



Down the hatch.

I'll never forget you.

Joe, clear away

some of that stuff.

We'll lay him out here. We'll need  
something for weights to hold it down.

Kovac...

you know what I think of that no-good,  
snake-in-the-grass friend of yours, Al Magaroulian?

Magaroulian's no friend of mine.

Magaroulian's a skunk.

Two-legged skunk.

- hate his guts.

- You're okay, pal.

Hi, Loot.

Hiya, Gus.

Well, anyway, it's an experience.

I oughta have my head examined.

I didn't have to go to sea.

I coulda got a job in a defense plant  
making good dough.

I coulda joined the army,  
or even the navy.

'Stead of that, I got assigned  
on a stinking ol' rust bucket.

Mr. Rittenhouse?

Yes, son?

Call me Gus.

Hiya, babe.

- Hi, toots.

- Give us a kiss, will ya?

Hey, Joe.

What'd ya stop playin' for?

Come on. Give us a little music.

No, no. None of that slicker music. Come on.

Come on. Boogie it up. Boogie it up.

- Tell him to hold the boat  
as steady as possible.

- Steady as you go, Sparks.

- Righto.

Saying a thing like that. Just because  
she likes to dance and have a good time.

Nobody's gonna call Rosie...

Hey, Kovac.

You're a no-good heel.  
Take his backrest away.  
All right.  
Look alive now, Sparks.  
Righto.  
Bring more bandages.  
Joe.  
Mr. Kovac.  
Keep her steady, you fool!  
Open.  
- Stay.  
- Three cards.  
Bet one.  
Call. Nines.  
Queens.  
- Give'em a good shuffle.  
- Okay, cut'em.  
Fill another inside straight,  
I'll cut your throat!  
It's lucky for Gus we had somebody aboard  
who knew how to meet an emergency like this.  
Two more cards, darling.  
You know, by golly,  
the thing that got me...  
Play cards, Ritt.  
Say, what are you two  
gabbing about?  
Currents. Not the pie kind,  
darling, the ocean kind.  
Fascinating subject, currents.  
They're either for you or agin you.  
Connie, darling, do you stay  
or do you pass?  
Ritt, darling,  
I've already stayed.  
- Yeah, well, it'll cost you two bucks more.  
- Oh.  
Connie!  
- Hold your horses, darling. I'm in a conference.  
- Mm-hmm.  
Women and poker!  
I'll stay. Fortunately, Kapitn seems to think  
we're on a favoring current, quite swift.  
- We got a favoring breeze, too.

- Good. Then we ought to be in Bermuda in no time.
- hope so, for Gus's sake.
- That is, if we're on the right course.
- Well, does he still think we're not?
- He didn't say anything about it.

Well, ask him.

One can't be sure without a compass.

He was pretty certain  
a few hours ago.

Yeah. I wonder what

made him change his mind.

We probably drifted somewhat  
on account of the current.

We've been through all that. What's  
he doing in this part of the boat, anyway?

- Why? s he in quarantine?
  - Tell him to get back to the bow, where he belongs.
- I'll do nothing of the sort.

You may be skipper of this lifeboat,  
but you're not dictator. Or are you?

Wait a minute, Kovac. There's no sense  
treating the man like a leper.

He did save Gus's life, you know.

For the time being. After all,  
it was an emergency operation.

Don't you realize that it's imperative that  
we get Gus to a hospital as soon as possible?

- Sure, I do.
- Then, why not listen to somebody who knows?

How do you like that? Now he isn't sure.

Says he won't take responsibility.

But that's not the point.

The point is, are we headed for Bermuda?

What's come over the man?

All you got to do is answer yes or no.

He admits we're on  
the wrong course.

Admits? He's only saying  
what he said before.

- had to drag it out of him. He says...
- don't care what he says.
- Yeah, but suppose he's right.
- That's my funeral.

No, it's not.

It's Gus's funeral.  
Whose funeral?  
Hey, wait a minute.  
What is this?  
Well, fella,  
how do you feel now, huh?  
In the pink.  
Outside of a little hangover.  
Right now I'd give  
the other leg for a cigarette.  
Here, darling.  
Guess maybe I lost  
a little weight, huh?  
Well, skipper, how soon  
do we get to Bermuda?  
Pretty soon, Gus. We've got  
a good breeze and a favoring current.  
There's a little difference of opinion  
about the direction we're headed.  
Trouble is, I'm not sure  
about our course.  
I'm only sure of one thing.  
I don't trust that Nazi.  
There must be other submarines around and he  
knows where they are, or maybe a supply ship.  
He knows where that is too.  
On general principle,  
I'd copper anything he says.  
That's how I stand.  
You agree with me, Sparks?  
Well...  
Does anybody agree with me?  
You're the skipper.  
All right, Sparks.  
Follow the German's course.  
I, uh, was admiring your bracelet.  
- Gift from a husband.  
- t's gorgeous.  
My first husband.  
Glad the freighter  
was torpedoed.  
- What?  
- That's what you said yesterday.  
That was a stupid thing to say.

I didn't mean it, exactly.  
What did you mean, exactly?  
I only meant I was  
rather glad that we...  
Well, I wasn't particularly  
anxious to get to London.  
- What are you afraid of in London?  
- Myself.  
I mean, uh, it's a personal problem.  
In other words, I...  
I know, darling. I know.  
Genus Homo. Male.  
And married, but not to me.  
- You call that a problem?  
- It is to me.  
Fiddlesticks.  
I don't want to pry into  
your personal affairs, darling...  
but you know  
what's the matter with you?  
You've been reading Kipling.  
"The sins ye do by two and two...  
you must pay for one by one."  
'Course I don't know  
who the guy is.  
But I know men,  
especially married men.  
Some of my best friends...  
Don't let her upset you.  
- She certainly has a way of getting at things.  
- That's right.  
I didn't mind her prying, really.  
I wanted to talk.  
Maybe that's why I'm all mixed up,  
because I've never told anybody.  
I think I'd rather tell you  
than anybody.  
His name is Stephen.  
He's a doctor.  
We worked in the same hospital.  
All the time,  
I knew he was married.  
His wife's a fine woman,  
and they have two beautiful children.

So, you see, it was hopeless.  
It was quite hopeless.  
Yes, of course. I-I see.  
Well, we both decided  
to forget about it.  
And when he enlisted  
and was sent to London, I was glad.  
I was really glad.  
I tried to forget him,  
but I couldn't.  
He wrote several times.  
I never answered.  
And then when I was  
assigned to London myself...  
Well, I knew if we met there  
away from home, away from every...  
I'm sorry.  
Maybe I better wait till I get home and take it  
up with Mr. Whosits on the Goodwill Hour.  
Sometimes that program's funny.  
Sometimes it isn't a bit.  
When people are in trouble,  
they turn themselves inside-out.  
Seem to feel better when they  
get some sort of an answer.  
Whether they get an answer  
or not, they feel better.  
Thank you, Stanley.  
Lovely night we're having.  
Lots of stars out tonight.  
I remember the night before we was  
torpedoed. Nolan was... He was my first.  
- Yes, I met him on the boat.  
- That's right. Yes.  
He was telling me all about his wife  
going to stay with her family in Bermuda.  
And how it's changed  
since the war.  
He told me that...  
I remember as he pointed out  
our course over the bows...  
I saw the planet Mars  
low on the horizon.  
That's Mars over there,

to the right.  
And that's Venus.  
We're headed for Venus.  
We're going East.  
We're not heading for Bermuda.  
We're heading to miss Bermuda.  
Well, we'll see about that.  
After all,  
we did have to drag it out of...  
That's part of the trick. He  
made suckers out of all of us.  
Kovac, I still say we have no right  
to condemn the man without a hearing.  
Perhaps the course he gave us was wrong,  
but that doesn't prove anything.  
He might have been mistaken.  
When I questioned him yesterday,  
he didn't want to commit himself.  
He said we couldn't be sure  
without a compass.  
The thing to do is to wake him up  
and question him.  
We'll get nothing but lies.  
That's what he was brought up on.  
And I was brought up under the idea that  
a man is innocent until he's proved guilty.  
What do you want me to do?  
Appoint one of us to be his lawyer?  
But don't you see, without a compass...  
Mrs. Porter, remember yesterday you looked  
at your watch and told the German the time?  
- Yes.  
- Did he ask you the time?  
Of course he did.  
- That's funny.  
- What's funny about it?  
- He had a watch of his own.  
- Well, what of it?  
If he had a watch, why would he  
have to ask Mrs. Porter for the time?  
That doesn't prove anything.  
Lots of times I have my own watch  
in my pocket and I ask somebody the time.  
Lots of people do that. It, uh...

It just saves time, that's all.  
But he looked at his own watch  
just before he asked Mrs. Porter.  
Perhaps his own watch stopped.  
I remember when he asked for the time,  
he took a squint at the sun.  
What are you trying to do, convict a man  
because he looks at the sun?  
- s it a crime to ask for the time?  
- Certainly not.  
- What time is it?

**- Ten past 7:**

- think you're slow.  
- Slow? That's a Philippe Patek!  
I wanna know what time it is  
by the German's watch.  
Well, why don't you  
wake him up and ask him?  
Don't have to wake him up.  
Not with Joe around.  
- Joe, operate.  
- Yeah?  
- Huh?  
- Do your stuff.  
What stuff?  
I don't know what you mean.  
- Frisk him for his turnip.  
- You know I cut that stuff out a long time ago.  
- But this is an emergency. The folks'll understand.  
- Understand what?  
- Joe used to be one of the best all-around...  
- Now, wait a minute, Gus.  
You ain't got no right  
bringin' up what used to be.  
That's all right, Joe.  
Some of my best friends are...  
I know, but I made  
a pledge, a solemn pledge.  
Do you wanna commit mutiny?  
- s it an order?  
- t's an order.  
Oh, I can't.  
The guy's asleep.



That's a break, isn't it?  
Yeah, but it's like... It's like  
shootin' a sittin' duck.  
Quit stalling. If your conscience bothers  
you, wake him up. Only, get the ticker.  
Kovac.  
Looks like quite a blow.  
Pardon me.  
I'm... sorry.  
Now, you know the right time...  
dirty double-crossing rat.  
Kovac, what are you gonna do?  
- What do you think we're gonna do?  
- Don't say "we."  
- 'll not consent to a thing like this.  
- 'm not consulting you.  
There's only one thing  
to do with the guy.  
But, Kovac, it's... it's murder!  
- t's execution.  
- No, we can't. We mustn't.  
- There must be some other way.  
- Why can't we tie him up...  
- Keep a watch on him?  
- Let him have it, Kovac!  
- Right now!  
- 'm not defending the man.  
But why can't we wait till it's night?  
Then, in the morning...  
What are you so squeamish about?  
We're at war!  
You've seen'em  
killed, haven't you?  
In battle, yes.  
But not in cold blood like this.  
- Look out.!  
- Stanley.!  
You fools! Stop thinking of yourselves!  
Think of the boat!  
Joe, take the sheet.!  
Make it fast.!  
Kovac, man the pump.!  
The rest of you bail!  
What do you know?

We got a fhrer.  
Never mind about that baggage!  
Start bailing!  
- You speak English!  
- Of course I speak English!  
- Can we stay afloat?  
- Those buoyancy tanks'll hold us up.  
- Ohhh! My suitcase!  
- Get that, somebody.!

Rittenhouse.!

Lash down that food.!

There go our rations!

There goes our water supply!

Look out!

We might as well go down  
together, eh, Connie?

- How am I doin', Willi?  
- Fine, Ritt. Fine.

You're a born accompanist.  
You didn't make  
a single mistake, hardly.  
Yeah, I know what  
you mean. Right in here.  
Yeah, that's it.

Ritt,  
you're a born accompanist.  
We're all born accompanists.  
"How'd I do, Willi?"  
What are you laughing at,  
you silly goon?  
That's one for the book... your book.  
Only, when you write it,  
they won't believe it.  
Our enemy...  
our prisoner of war.  
Now, we're his prisoners,  
and he's gauleiter of the boat...  
singin' German lullabies  
to us...  
while he rows us  
to his supply ship...  
and a concentration camp.  
Tell'em, Willi.  
Tell'em how funny it is.

That isn't funny.

It's logical.

Now that we've been blown off our course,  
it would take us weeks to get to Bermuda.

Certainly. It's perfectly logical.

The supply ship was our only chance.

You know how I feel about that. I'd rather  
take my chances with the sharks.

But he'll never make it.

Without food and water, how long do  
you think he can keep on rowing like this?

Long enough, Mr. Kovac,  
to reach my objective.

Are you sure, Willi?

Maybe one of us should had better  
try to relieve him at the oars.

- That's not necessary.

- Maybe I can take over for a while.

Never mind, I'll row.

How can you keep on rowing,  
Willi, hour after hour?

The rest of us  
can hardly lift an oar.

It's the master race...  
the herrenvolk.

- Didn't you know they can do anything?

- 'm beginning to believe it.

Right living is what does it.

Or, as the French say...

Qui tot so couche  
bien se porte.

Sacre bleu.!

You speak French, also.

- Yes. I spent some time in Paris.

- Oh, yes.

Tell me, Willi. Why didn't you speak English  
when you first got on the boat?

Well, you see, I didn't know then  
whether I could trust you or not.

Wie gehts, Herr Schmidt?

Name is Smith.

All right, Mr. Smith.

How do you feel today?

Same as yesterday...

thirsty.

Well, steward, anything  
from the commissary yet?

- Not even a nibble.

- Well, keep on trying.

If you catch some fish,  
you'll not only have food, but drink.

When you chew raw fish,  
there's always a little fresh water.

Water.

There's that cloud.

What a day  
for a ball game.

St. Louis's the team  
to watch this year.

If we only had  
some bait.

- St. Louis's got hitters.

- t's been there all day.

Stan Musial's been  
cloutin"em out.

- Sometime they end up a nimbus.

- How about Ty Cobb?

- Got some A-1 pitchers.

- Yeah.

If the Dodgers only had a guy like  
Ernie Bonham, or even Johnnie Humphries.

Pittsburgh's the team to watch.

Only 17 points below St. Louis.

If we beat the Pirates  
and St. Louis loses to Boston...

- Hey, Kovac.

- Yeah.

Who do you think'll  
pitch for Pittsburgh today?

I don't know. I haven't been  
following the games much this season.

Probably Wyatt for the Dodgers,  
Sewell for the Pirates.

Yeah. Probably Sewell, Gus.

- think I'll take Rosie.

- Where to, Gus?

Ebbets Field.

It's gonna be

a good game this afternoon.

Ritt.

He's off the beam again.

Well, Willi, how about  
another song, eh?

Certainly, my friend.

What would you like to hear?

You think you can remember

"Roslein auf der Heide"?

- Sure, sure. Which one was that?

- Dada-di-dadi-dada

Oh, yeah. I know that one,  
all right. Now, wait a minute.

- All right.

- got it.

Da-da-da ba-bum barump

Bum barump bum barump

Ba di da-da

- Ritt?

- Huh?

- Do you know "Drei Liebe"?

- You mean, uh, How can I leave...

- That's right.

- Sure.!

Stanley, why do you like to do that?

I don't know.

I can't sing anymore.

Makes me dry.

Doesn't it look to you  
as if those clouds are darkening up?

At the center, a bit.

Those really are  
rain clouds this time.

- hope so. For Gus's sake.

- That's right.

Why don't you give me  
a break, Loot?

The salt'll only  
make you thirstier.

You might

just as well sip poison.

"B.M." Her initials are larger  
than the others.

Was she the last...

or the first?

What was her name?

- So you won't talk, huh?

- Where'd you get the handcuff, Mrs. Porter?

You may call me Connie.

You did once during the storm,  
remember?

You said, uh...

"We might as well

go down together, eh, Connie?"

I liked the way you said Connie.

It was like a sock in the jaw.

Tell me about the bracelet.

That was a dead giveaway,  
you know, darling...

wanting us to die together like that.

Dying together is even more

personal than living together.

- What'd you pay for the bracelet?

- Nothing.

- Barter?

- You're a low person, darling...

obviously out of the gutter.

Maybe that's why

I'm attracted to you.

- Maybe that's why you're attracted to me.

- Quit slumming.

Funny part of it is,

I'm from the same gutter.

Remember when you first got

on the boat, you said you used to work...

in the, uh... the packing house

section in Chicago?

Well, I came from there too.

- South Side?

- Ashland Avenue...

back of the yards.

And I lived there

until I got this.

It worked miracles for me.

It took me from the, uh...

South Side to the North Side.

It was my passport...

from the stockyards

to the Gold Coast.

It got me everything

I wanted...

up to now.

Quit slumming!

- How about a few hands, Ritt?

- Huh? Suits me fine.

- Do this up for me.

- Connie, I'll fix it for you.

Come on, Ritt.

- Kovac, how much do I owe you?

- Twelve thousand bucks.

Merely temporary, my friend.

I'll get it back.

- Deal'em.

- Looks like bits of ice.

- wish they were.

- They're really nothing but a few pieces of carbon...

crystallized under high pressure

at great heat.

Quite so, if you want

to be scientific about it.

I'm a great believer

in science.

Like tears, for instance.

They're nothing but H2O...

with a trace

of sodium chloride.

He likes you,

but he hates the bracelet.

- You will have to get rid of it.

- Bracelet?

- Mm-hmm.

- 've worn it for 15 years.

- t's brought me nothing but good luck.

- He hates it.

I wouldn't take it off

for anything or anybody in the world.

In the old days, there was a place

in Boston, Young's Hotel...

had the best restaurant

in the world.

Bet it wasn't any better than

Henrici's Coffee House in Chicago...

or Bookbinder's in Philly.

That was food for you.

There, it's fixed. In Munich,  
there is a place called Lorber's.

- Their specialty is pot roast.

- Pot roast.

Young's used to have a menu  
150 pages long.

Yes, sir, 150 solid pages  
of eatments.

And, oh, boy,  
what eatments.

- Ever eat

in Antoine's in New Orleans?

Can't compare with Young's.

You never tasted such food in your life...

'specially seafood...

steamed clams dripping

with melted butter...

Iobsters, lobsters a la Newburg  
with a special white wine sauce.

- Ritt, shut up!

- What's wrong?

Stop jabbering about food!

Isn't it enough we've lost all our  
supplies through your carelessness?

- Carelessness?

- Yes, stupid, criminal carelessness!

But it wasn't me. I wasn't in charge  
of the food. The commissary was Joe's job.

- You dirty rat, trying to shift the blame ontoJoe.

- Maybe it was my f...

No, it wasn't! f you'd had brains,  
you'd have taken care of them...

- when you saw the storm coming.

- My dear Connie, what's the matter with you?

She's all right,

just a little bit hungry.

What are you squawking about?

It'll make a swell chapter.

"How It Feels To Be Starving,"

first-person, singular.

Those are good things to

write about, hunger and thirst.



If you really come from  
back of the yard...

Kovac, why don't you kill Willi?

Why don't you cut his throat,  
like you said you would?

I'll tell you why.

You're not strong enough!

He's made of iron!

The rest of us are just flesh and blood...  
hungry flesh and blood, and thirsty.

For the love of Mike,  
will you throw that ratty cigar stub away?

- Why should I? Does it annoy you?

- Yes, it makes me nervous...

- watching you chew on it all the time.

- Well, it makes me feel good.

Oh, you feel good, do you?

That's fine. Fine.

Ritt, how much money  
are you worth?

- Enough to buy and sell you a million times.

- How about raising the ante?

- Anything you say.

- From now on, each stick is \$100.

- Anything you say.

- Deal'em.

Anything you...

- How many factories do you own, Ritt?

- What business is that of yours?

I was just thinking. By the time  
we get home, I might own one of them.

Bet a hundred.

Raise a hundred.

- Stay.

- How many cards do you want?

- Three.

- Three to you. Three to the dealer.

Think I'll go for one  
of your airplane plants.

- 've got ideas of my own about how to run a factory.

- Yeah, into the ground.

I'll have a labor-management committee.

We'll hold a meeting every week. And first...

Are you trying to tell me

how to run my own factories?  
Not all of them, just the one  
I'm gonna own.

- Bet a hundred.  
- 'll see you. Queens.  
Kings.

You know, it's mighty funny  
how you keep winning all the pots.

- 'm a lucky guy.  
- Well, just the same...

I wish we had  
a new deck of cards.

Give me  
another stack of chips.

- That's another thousand.  
- Your deal.  
- Sorry, Ritt.  
- Cut you in?

My credit still good?

- Well, uh, your bracelet.  
- No, thanks.  
- What's the score?  
- 13,500.  
- How about raising the ante?  
- t's your funeral.  
- Thousand dollars apiece?  
- Right.

Okay.

I'll open for a thousand.

Raise ya two.

I'll raise you two.

Call.

- How many?  
- Two cards.

Someday you'll learn it doesn't pay  
to hold a kicker...

if you live long enough.

Just to keep the pikers out...

- 'll bet five.  
- Matched your kicker, huh?

Five's the bet.

Put up...

- Or shut up.  
- And raise you five.

Kovac, now you're talking  
my language.  
This is the moment  
I've been waiting for.  
I have got you over a barrel.  
We'll do the bookkeeping later.  
I'll see your five...  
and I'll raise you...  
all the chips you've got, plus...  
all the money I owe you.  
Kovac, looks as if you've  
stepped out of your class this time.  
See you, Rittenhouse. What have you got?  
I've got...  
That was my pot.  
You couldn't possibly beat me.  
- have a full house.  
- And I had four deuces.  
- How do I know you had four deuces?  
- You ought to know.  
You made the cards,  
didn't you?  
And you marked'em too!  
They are crooked,  
and you are crooked!  
It's raining.  
- t's raining!  
- t's raining!  
Get the sail.!  
- Here.  
- That's right.  
I was at the wheel when she hit.  
My watch  
was just about over...  
and I was goin'down  
for some hotjava.  
When she keeled over...  
the siren was screamin'...  
like a human being  
she was screamin'...  
right to the end.  
Oh, you should've heard  
the sound of the rain...  
drummin' on the canvas.

Most beautiful sound  
you ever heard in your life.  
I looked up...  
a couple of drops...  
fell right on my lips.  
Hey, Joe.  
What's the matter?  
Why have you  
stopped playin'?  
Come on.  
Heat it up.  
Give it the HarryJames.  
Gee, Rosie.  
You're an armful.  
An armful of honey, that's what you are.  
Say, Rosie, I'm thirsty.  
How about a drink?  
Set'em up, Pete.  
Nice tall ones...  
plenty of ice.  
Here's to you,  
Rosie baby.  
What is it, Gus?  
Willi's got some water.  
That's right, Gus.  
I just had a tall one,  
plenty of ice.  
Sure, Gus. Sure.  
- But Willi only had water.  
- That's right.  
Uh, I guess  
I'll get back to Rosie.  
Willi, where'd you get the water?  
- You've been holdin' out on us.  
- You mustn't wake up the others.  
They are tired.  
Well, what about you?  
- Ain't you tired?  
- No.  
Me neither.  
I feel fine...  
except my right foot's asleep.  
I can hardly feel it.  
Willi, tell me.

Do you think I should  
write to Rosie, tell her about it?  
Or should I wait till I see her?  
- Wait till you see her.  
- Yeah, but...  
I can't walk in on her  
gimpy and all like this...  
without no...  
warning, can I?  
I got to find some way to...  
- To break it to her gentle.  
- t'll be all right.  
Okay.  
- So long, Willi.  
- Good-bye, Gus.  
I'll never forget  
what you done for me.  
If there's anything I can ever  
do for you, just let me know.  
There is something  
you can do for me.  
Remember  
your name is Schmidt.  
Uh, you like it better  
than Smith?  
Much better.  
- You'd better hurry, Gus. She's waiting.  
- Okay.  
- That water you was drinkin'...  
- Rosie's waiting for you.  
- Why didn't you share it with the rest of us?  
- Shh.!

You mustn't wake them.  
- Okay, Willi.  
- Why don't you go after Rosie?  
She's waiting for you at Roseland.  
There. Do you see the lights?  
Help!  
Stanley!  
Help.!

Stanley?  
Stanley!  
Willi, he's got...  
Help!

H- H-Help!

- Where's Gus?
- He's gone over.
- No use, Stan...
- Gus.!
- He went under.
- Gus.!

Willi, what is it?

What's happened?

- Schmidt went over the side.
- He was calling my name.
- That's what woke me.
- You can't imagine how painful it was to me.

All night long, to watch him...

turning and suffering

and nothing I could do for him.

- Why didn't you stop rowing?
- Why should I?
- To help him!
- The best way to help him was to let him go.

I had no right to stop him,  
even if I wanted to.

A poor cripple dying  
of hunger and thirst...

what good could life be  
to a man like that?

He was trying to tell me something.

If I could only remember.

He's better off now,  
out of his trouble.

- Something about water.
- He was in agony from thirst.

I wanted to cry,  
but the tears wouldn't come.

No, how could they?

If I remember rightly, tears are water...  
with a trace of sodium chloride.

- sn't that so, Willi?
- Ja.

What about sweat?

What's the chemical  
composition of sweat?

Water... with a trace  
of something or other.

Now, I remember.  
Gus said  
Willi had some water.  
Yeah.  
Right under his shirt!  
Quite so.  
I took the precaution of filling the flask  
from the water breakers...  
before the storm, just in case of emergency.  
And I had food tablets  
and energy pills too.  
Everybody on the U-boat has them.  
You should be grateful to me  
for having the foresight to think ahead.  
To survive, one must have a plan.  
But there's nothing  
to worry about.  
Soon we'll reach  
the supply ship...  
and then we'll all have  
food and water.  
- Too bad Schmidt couldn't have waited.  
- You!  
Please, don't...  
Please, Miss Alice!  
To my dying day,  
I'll never understand Willi...  
or what he did.  
First, he tried to kill us all  
with his torpedoes.  
Nevertheless, we fished him  
out of the sea...  
took him aboard,  
shared everything we had with him.  
You would've thought  
he'd been grateful.  
All he could do  
was to plot against us.  
Then he...  
he let poor old Gus  
die of thirst.  
What do you do  
with people like that?  
Maybe one of us

ought to try to row.  
Where to?  
What for?  
Nah.  
When we killed the German,  
we killed our motor.  
No. We still got a motor.  
Eh? Who?  
Nah.  
We're through.  
Are you afraid?  
No. I don't think so.  
If we had got out of it, I...  
I was going to  
ask you to marry me.  
What do you think  
you'd have said?  
I think I would've said yes.  
Well, then, whatever happens...  
I'd like you to marry me.  
Congratulations.  
Well, that's settled.  
And what now, little men?  
I've been a widower for 18 years.  
We never had any children.  
All I leave behind me...  
is a great many  
millions of dollars.  
I hope they do  
somebody some good.  
So, we're all going  
to fold up and die...  
just because that  
ersatz superman is gone.  
My only regret is...  
that in the end...  
I joined a mob.  
Baloney.  
We weren't a mob  
when we killed him.  
We were a mob  
when we sat around...  
prisoners of the man  
we'd saved...



kowtowing to him,  
obeying him...  
practically heiling him...  
because he was kind enough and strong  
enough to take us to a concentration camp!  
Good grief, look at you.  
Rittenhouse,  
C.J. Rittenhouse...  
self-made man.  
Made of what?  
As long as you're sitting there,  
thinking of your last will and testament...  
I'll write your epitaph for you now.  
"Ritt, he quit."  
That goes for you too, Narcissus.  
It's a good thing there's room on that  
chest of yours for another letter...  
"Q" for quitter!  
And you, Joe...  
it's all right for you to look up  
and trust in somebody.  
How about giving him a hand?  
What's the matter with us?  
We not only let the Nazi  
do our rowing for us, but our thinking!  
Ye Gods and little fishes.  
Fishes.  
Ye Gods.  
We haven't got  
energy pills...  
but the ocean's full of them...  
millions of fish swimming around.  
- Well, why don't we catch some?  
- We tried that.  
- We have no bait.  
- Sure, we have... bait...  
- By Cartier.  
- Are you kidding?  
Kidding, my foot.  
I'm starving.  
Well, what are you  
waiting around for?  
Where's the fish line?  
Bait your line, chum.

Not only food, but oil.  
We can squeeze the fish for oil.  
It's better than water.  
I can recommend the bait.  
I ought to know. I bit on it myself.  
I've never eaten raw fish before.  
I have. It's not bad.  
We'd better not count our chickens  
before they're hatched.  
What do you mean, "chickens"?  
There never yet was a poor fish  
that wouldn't bite on one of those.  
Strike!

- t's a good one!
- Careful!
- Easy.
- Easy does it.
- Don't let him have slack.
- Easy.
- There's a ship.
- Huh?

Gangway!

Why, you... My bracelet!  
It's the supply ship, all right.  
- Yeah.  
- Willi's had the last word at that.  
Well, some of my best friends  
are in concentration camps.  
Do you suppose they'll have  
any coffee aboard...  
real coffee?

- Hello!
- What'd he say?

He says, yes,  
they have some coffee...  
and Wiener schnitzel  
and pig's knuckles...  
and sauerkraut  
and... apple strudel...

- Hot.
- Look.

The supply ship's signaling.  
What's happening?  
Why are they turning around?

Maybe they forgot  
the cream for the coffee.  
They're not going  
to pick us up. Hey!  
Well, that's... that's impossible.  
They can't leave us here like this.  
Why... Why, that's inhuman.  
As a matter of fact,  
it's a violation of international law.  
And now, there's a storm coming up.  
No, that's gunfire!  
I think it would be a good idea  
to get out of here!  
Do you know l...  
You know, I believe that we're being  
shelled by our own side.  
They're shooting at us! What's the matter  
with them? Can't they see us?  
- Why can't we signal'em or something?  
- With what?  
Where are we going?  
What's the best place to go?  
She's moving towards us.  
Hurry up, Kovac!  
Can't you boys  
row any faster?  
In a word, wow!  
Relax, Mr. Rittenhouse.  
They've got her!  
Watch your head!  
- She's going down.  
- And fast too.  
Fast enough for me.  
Well, that settles the score.  
Here comes our ship. She ought to  
be here in about 20 minutes.  
What can we use to signal with?  
Wait'll she gets a little nearer.  
Well, folks, we're in business agai...  
There I go again.  
Well, I only hope Mrs. Spencer  
hasn't been worrying too much.  
- Who's Mrs. Spencer?  
- My wife.

- George, you're married?  
- Those things happen to everybody, you know.  
Twenty minutes?  
Good heavens!  
My nails, my hair, my face.  
Oh, I must look a fright.  
Oh.  
- Oh, here, darling.  
- No, darling. You first.  
Yes, darling. Yes.'Cause one  
of my best friends is in the navy.  
- Hmm, nice. Mighty nice.  
- The boy goes to high school.  
- Really? What's his name?  
- George.  
- Oh.  
- George Charles Spencer.  
- Lovely family, George. Lovely family.  
- Oh, thanks.  
Stanley, do you realize  
I don't even know your last name?  
G- A-double R-E-double T.  
"Garrett."  
Garrett.  
Am I presentable, darling?  
How do I look?  
- A million.  
- Fifty grand...  
Kovac, my boy.  
I owe you fifty grand.  
- Forget that last hand, Ritt.  
- will never forget...  
- That last hand.  
- Don't be silly, darling.  
He'll find a way to take it  
off his income tax.  
- Not at all. Not at all.  
- And don't forget...  
- You owe me a bracelet.  
- Yows'm.  
- And a typewriter.  
- Sure.  
- And a camera.  
- You bet.

And... Look!

- Danke schn.

- t's his arm. Let's get his coat off.

Hey, wait a minute. Have you forgotten about Willi already?

Ritt, this is different.

The kid's wounded.

- Throw him back.

- Don't be silly, darling. He's...

He's helpless.

He's only a baby.

The baby has a toy.

- should've frisked him.

- You see?

You can't treat them as human beings.

You've got to exterminate them.

Easy, Ritt. He'll

be taken care of.

He's says,

"Aren't you going to kill me?"

I'll have to tie this up till the ship's doctor takes care of it.

"Aren't you going to kill me?"

What are you gonna do with people like that?

I don't know.

I was thinking of Mrs. Higley and her baby...

and Gus.

Well, maybe they can answer that.