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# Miss Sadie Thompson

By Harry Kleiner

- Send it over.
- You're coming in loud and clear.
- Roger. Out.
- Send it to me when you have time.

The Orduna's in.

Pick up this gear in the mail.

- Any word on my discharge?
- No.
- How she look today, O'Hara?
- Better than yesterday.

When she looks good,  
you've had it.

That's the day they take you  
off this rock.

Never seen it to miss.

Won't be long.

- Come on!
- What's the rush?

You're disturbing the peace.

Okay, teacher.

Wait a minute!

Where you going?

- Good to see you, Mrs. Davidson.
- Hello, Mr. Harris.
- Dr. And Mrs. McPhail.
- How do you do?
- Your first trip to the islands?
- Since the war.

A sentimental journey?

- How are you, Mr. Davidson?
- Fine, fine.
- It's been a year.
- Everything's in order this time.

The governor is expecting you.

Sorry, we don't have much time.

- Would you take us to the mission?
- Certainly.

My father built

his mission there.

- This island looks volcanic.
- In more ways than one. They all are.
- It takes vigilance to keep control.
- To be friendly with the natives?
- To put it bluntly, yes.

- Any success?

Well, we do our best.

I'll have the luggage transferred.

All right, you guys, off it.

Here it comes.

I'll turn it around.

- Sarge? What kind of gear's coming in?

- Refrigeration unit.

- Bear a hand.

- How could that freeze anything?

I can't see her face.

Two years on this rock,

and you wanna see her face?

On a raft once, off Guadalcanal...

...something like that came straight  
at me. Went right past me too.

- That's some piece of equipment.

- I'll unpack it.

- You need help?

- I'll handle it.

- Who spotted it?

- Stand off. It's an order.

- You pulling rank on us?

- Yeah! Get on the gear!

She'll hit this rock

like an A-bomb!

- Hey, yo-yos!

- Knock it off!

Share and share alike!

All right, come on!

We gotta shove fast!

- Easy does it, miss.

- Thanks.

What do you know? Marines.

I'm right at home.

Got me a couple hours.

What's to do around here?

Grass skirts, hulas?

That island stuff?

You picked the right island.

I'm in charge of the tours.

- Leaving when?

- Now.

- Sergeant, you twisted my arm.

- Get the gear.

Yes, sir, sarge.

- Oh, my luggage!

- Get it up here! Hurry!

- My record player!

- This all?

Yeah.

- You can see better back here.

- Thanks.

- Get the wheel.

- You heard him.

Both of you, on the double!

Griggs, hurry up with that mail.

Wait for the mail!

- My back!

- That's pretty!

- How about I sit up front?

- No, you're classified.

- Classified what?

- Top secret.

- Says who?

- Sgt. O'Hara.

- And Private Griggs.

- Sadie Thompson.

Hi, Sadie.

Mail call!

What's wrong with you?

Hurry it up!

Back her up!

Watch yourself.

You're not driving a tank.

Safe and sound, Sadie.

Where we at?

- Bill's place.

- Don't you have any doors around here?

Take her away!

- That was fast.

- The island's mostly restricted.

All these islands look alike.

Anything cold to drink?

- Go away. It's Sunday. Me no open.

- Sure, except for us.

Hi, Bill.

Something cold and tall.

Me no Bill, me Chung!  
Bill long time dead.  
Hurry, or you'll join him!  
- Me no want trouble.  
- Hey, Sadie!  
- You want pineapple juice?  
- Hey, no take. No take.  
Anything, just so it's cold.  
- It's hot as a hot water bottle.  
- It'll ease up when it rains.  
- It's all secure.  
- Where's the truck?  
- Down the street.  
- Get it back to the base!  
I just got here!  
I ain't been introduced yet!  
- Shove off.  
- Where you going?  
- Where do you think?  
- Sadie's gear is in the truck, right?  
- That's right.  
- You heard the lady. Oblige her!  
Glad to.  
Excuse me, Sadie.  
- Get on the door.  
- What for?  
You wanna keep this private, right?  
- For who? You?  
- We'll rotate every 15 minutes. Fair?  
You have till 1100 exact.  
Then I take over.  
All right.  
The more you drink,  
the more you gotta drink.  
It's the heat. There's enough sweat  
in the South Pacific to float a ship.  
- Sorry, guess that hit you rough.  
- I don't mind.  
We forget how to talk to girls.  
You're doing okay.  
- Where you heading?  
- New Caledonia.  
Got a job waiting for me.  
- What's it like down there?

- The exhaust pipe of the world.  
This rock's a deep freeze, compared.  
Anything goes.  
You won't like it.  
As the Japanese say, I should worry.  
It's not the first time  
I've been away from home.  
Open up.  
Open the door!  
Two meatheads coming.  
- They see her gear?  
- I tried to dodge them.  
- By leading them here?  
- I was in the street!  
What could I do?  
Lock the doors.  
Get the place secure.  
Secured!  
I'll have the board send  
an x-ray machine.  
- Anything else?  
- We need more penicillin and bibles.  
I'm happy to say  
the old ones are worn from use.  
You'll get what you need.  
That's the point of an inspection.  
- Good morning.  
- This hospital is so well-equipped.  
It never was  
until Mr. Davidson took over.  
I have certain persuasive  
powers with our trustees in Boston.  
- You do well with tropical diseases.  
- They're simple to fight.  
- Simple?  
- Compared to immorality.  
- Though things seem to have improved.  
- Yes, indeed.  
I presume it's time for services.  
This is great!  
- These men don't respect the Sabbath.  
- They mean no disrespect.  
See the effect of that music  
on the natives? Excuse me.

How about some beer?

- It's my treat, O'Hara.

- Not when I'm around.

Live it up!

You'll be dead a long time!

No, missy.

No beer on Sunday!

If Sadie wants beer,  
she gets it.

No, I don't want to  
get him into trouble.

Sorry, fellas.

No beer today.

Sing it up!

- Mr. Davidson! Come in.

- That won't be necessary, Mr. Chung.

Look see. No drinks on Sunday.

No beer. Only pineapple juice.

In the future, I wouldn't  
open this place on Sunday.

- For any reason.

- Yes, sir.

Hey, fellas! My boat!

Come on, it's been fun!

I'll be seeing you!

Hey, my baggage!

It's just my heel.

- Are you a passenger for the boat?

- Yes.

Your boat's been quarantined.

A sailor came down with typhus.

- Sadie's marooned?

- For a week.

Great! Beachhead secured!

Like the Chinese say,

I should care.

- Any hotels here?

- You got the suite next to mine.

Don't pay any attention.

You come to my quarters...

There's only one place to stay.

Let's go before it rains.

Drive us over to Horn's.

- Mama, Papa! Mr. Davidson!

- Go on, play!  
Joe! Business!  
Joe, wake up!  
Say hello to customer!  
- Tell them to go away.  
- You no hear. Mr. Davidson!  
Davidson? What the heck is he doing?  
Joe, wait. Your pants.  
- Tell him we're all filled up.  
- You want me lie?  
Joe get into trouble!  
Ameena, you're a washout.  
- You didn't win the war this way.  
- You heard her!  
Hi! What's your name?  
- Mary Horn!  
- Betty Horn!  
- Tommy Horn!  
- Debbie Horn!  
- Quite a woman.  
- Who?  
Mrs. Horn!  
Come on, Horn!  
Get up!  
Let's go, you old sack!  
Chop-chop!  
So this is where I park?  
Make the best of things today.  
- It's bound to be worse tomorrow.  
- Count on me, Sadie!  
- Me too!  
- Relax, fellas!  
You'll burn out your bearings!  
I've got an important guest  
for you, come on.  
Gentlemen, I hope I don't  
have to toss you out.  
Sadie Thompson, Joe Horn.  
- Hi, Mr. Horn.  
- Hi, Sadie.  
- Worst ex-non-com in the division.  
- Nice kids.  
I wish they were on another island.  
Come on, kids, help your mom.



Give her the best room you got.

- I got nothing left.
- I'll end up in the barracks yet.
- Put her with Mrs. Horn.
- And me?
- It's only for a week.
- Only?

I won't get in the middle  
of a happy marriage.

- Anything with a roof'll do.
- Follow me.
- It's my job to look after her.
- Says who?

Son of a...

Throwing a lady in a monkey cage!

- It's the kids' pet.
- Take it out!

Sorry to put you out.

- We'll get this place squared away.
- It'll take a year.

We've cleaned up islands in minutes.

Take it away!

Careful of my record player!

It means a lot to me.

Glad it's not a radio.

Haven't heard a commercial...

...any news, nothing  
since I left the States.

- Get her out of here!
- Don't rush! I'm here for a week.
- Hey, Kilroy!
- What's cooking, Pop?

Tell everyone to get home  
before they get caught in the rain.

Debbie! Tommy!

- Hi!
- Hi!

Get in before you get soaked!

Got any candy? Any gum?

Hey, you people!

Come sit down!

Chow. Maybe not so good,  
but not so bad.

- I'll be eating out.

- You are so wise.

Come on, kids.

It's time to hit the sack!

Come on! Go on to bed!

- I hardly feel like eating.

- The rain doesn't help much.

- How long will it last?

- Two months, off and on.

Mostly on, if I remember  
the rainy season right.

My dear?

Dear Lord, we thank thee  
for this gathering...

- and for the food which  
thou hast provided for us this day.

- Amen.

- Amen.

I didn't know Mr. Horn  
allowed radios here.

What do you say?

Hi, folks, you done eating?

That's a good-looking layout.

- Hi, frogmen.

- Here's your shoe.

- Come on in and get wrung out.

- Yeah!

It's that cheap girl who kept playing  
her phonograph to attract sailors.

It wasn't only sailors.

She caught our eye too.

Everyone was aware of her.

She made certain of that when  
she came onboard.

Behaving outrageously.

Having those parties in her cabin.

- What's she doing here?

- Waiting for the same boat as us.

I detest being under the same roof.

She has as much right  
to be here as we have.

I'm going to the hospital tomorrow.

- Feel free to come.

- I'd like to.

- You've done well for the natives.

- That's the least of it.  
- What more is there?  
- Raise their morals.  
- They're happy with how high they are.  
- Standards are never too high.  
Especially here, where nature  
works against us.  
Things grow with savage violence.  
You see flowers  
where there were only roots.  
Ice, Mr. Davidson?  
The old box gave 18 cubes.  
Not bad for war surplus  
I got off the beach.  
Works if you treat it like a dame.  
If you keep it in shape.  
Have them lower the music.  
I have a headache.  
Sure, Mrs. Davidson.  
- Hi, your climate's lousy.  
- It's the best we got.  
Don't I know you? Don't stand.  
You'd only have to sit.  
We were shipmates on the Orduna.  
- Too bad, that sailor getting typhus.  
- You haven't met.  
- We haven't.  
- Mrs. McPhail, Mrs. Davidson.  
- Mr. Davidson.  
- Nice to know you.  
- Miss Thompson.  
- Meet Dr. McPhail.  
- Glad to know there's a doctor.  
- Hope you won't need me.  
I'm so healthy it hurts.  
- We gotta go.  
- I'll be right there.  
I've held up the parade long enough.  
- Where are you going?  
- A brawl at the Chinaman's.  
Maybe you'd like to come.  
You might have a few laughs.  
- Shouldn't you stay?  
- Because of the rain?

- No, not the rain.  
- You're not reaching me.  
You'll be the only white woman.  
That's real decent. Don't worry.  
A girl gets just what she asks for.  
I'm just asking for company tonight.  
If you get lonely, come on down.  
- That jeep will be floating.  
- It's raining cats and dogs!  
- You think this is rain, just wait.  
- This won't do anything for my figure!  
- Don't need nothing!  
- Why, private, I'm surprised.  
Hold on!  
To paraphrase an old saying:  
"The situation has landed and has  
the Marines well in hand."  
Go away!  
When I want you,  
I'll rattle your cage.  
Knock it off!  
I told you to fall back!  
That goes for the rest of you guys.  
Sadie's only got two legs.  
No, I like to dance while I can.  
How about it?  
We haven't danced.  
- You're not my speed, honey.  
- Just follow me!  
Miss Thompson.  
I've been trying to place her.  
- Has she been here before?  
- Not that I know of.  
- How are things in the States? Better?  
- In what way?  
- People still knock themselves out?  
- Faster.  
Same old rat race. That's why  
I never went back after the war.  
Everything gone slam, bang, hurry up,  
time is money, get it while you can.  
Don't let up. For what? Money.  
And what's it get them?  
Taxes and gadgets that

don't bring nobody peace.

- You're quite a philosopher.

- No, lucky.

Fell for a native and learned a lot.

I remember where I saw her.

I'm sure of it now.

- There's no doubt.

- No doubt of what?

She worked at the Emerald Club.

- What?

- The plague spot of Honolulu.

The girl worked there.

She's a prostitute.

You shouldn't assume without proof.

- I was at the raid. I saw her.

- She might have come with a friend.

Men didn't bring women there.

They went looking.

It was an infamous trap

for servicemen.

I saw them coming in.

All with one purpose.

- Never smiling.

- Desire is sad when it must be bought.

I saw girls from all nations there.

"Entertainers." Harlots!

I finally forced the police

to close it.

The women were to be deported.

Somehow she managed to escape.

You could be mistaking her.

- Obviously, she continues her trade.

- I see nothing obvious.

Doctor, I've devoted my life to

fighting corruption.

- I know immorality when I see it.

- I know intolerance.

- Passing judgment without proof.

- Robert, please.

Excuse me.

With gangrene,

what proof do you need to operate?

Gangrene is fact. It's tangible.

- So is evil.

- It's a matter of definition.

Evil is a fact! Like right and wrong.

You think that immorality  
doesn't exist.

Everything's relative.

I know what men of science believe.

Freud, Adler and Jung have  
destroyed moral values.

- Now just a minute.

- Destroying moral values!

Letting people think  
they're not responsible.

We are responsible.

Each of us must choose good or evil.

We must stamp evil out.

The way you fight a disease.

- There's no need to get upset.

- I'm not.

I know where I stand.

On the side of right.

- Good night, doctor.

- Good night.

Mrs. McPhail.

We'll see you in the morning.

The invitation to visit  
the hospital stands.

I appreciate that, Mr. Davidson.

What right has he got  
to figure she's out of some joint?

- He can't help it.

- How do you mean?

Fanatics are too obsessed by what  
they fight to know why they fight.  
Like a guy who's against drinking,  
but wants the bottle?

Yes. All of us have hidden desires,  
which we disguise one way or another.

Why must you always be  
diagnosing everybody?

That ends it.

Not quite. I have one more  
diagnosis. It's of you.

It's been a long day, and it's late.

And so to bed.

- Good night, Mr. Horn.  
- Good night.  
Come on, come on, come on!  
Geronimo!  
Come on in!  
It's too early to break up the party!  
Who wants to break it up?  
Hang on, Sadie, we won't drop you.  
Home sweet home!  
It's hot. Help me out of this.  
I bet my room's boiling.  
Let's sit here.  
- Get something cold to drink.  
- Hey, Horn!  
- Shh! There are people upstairs.  
- Who cares about them?  
- Hey, Horn!  
- Shut up!  
Where is the sack hound?  
- What do you think? He's married.  
- What's this?  
How about some beer on ice for Sadie?  
Make it five. It's my treat.  
No arguments.  
Why don't you call it a night?  
I've got fancy guests upstairs.  
Complaint noted.  
Let's go to my suite.  
If it's okay with you.  
- Lf you keep it quiet.  
- Promise!  
Take a load off.  
Anybody scared of the dark?  
Me. How about holding my hand?  
No cracks.  
That's enough light. It's hot.  
Help yourself to the bottle  
on the dresser.  
- It's still there. Who wants a drink?  
- Just pass it.  
- Don't anybody mention the heat.  
- What a night!  
- My feet are killing me.  
- Want anything, Sadie?

If she does, she'll ask me.

That goes for everyone.

No volunteers. You, you and you.

- Anybody got a cigarette?

- Anything for you, honey.

I haven't had me a time like this since we left Honolulu.

- You remember Honolulu?

- What a time.

No place like it. Remember

those clip joints we went to?

And those dames in all of them.

What dames!

- I'll never forget one...

- Come off it.

I don't go for that dreamy stuff.

Mr. Horn?

- Tell the men to leave that room.

- I can't.

- It's your hotel.

- She paid.

- She can have company.

- I won't let this become a brothel.

Hi, Mr. Davidson!

Nice to see you!

Come and join the party!

Know everyone?

Men, leave this room.

- What?

- You've no business here.

- I invited them.

- What's the complaint?

Leave or I'll report you.

- Nobody invited you in!

- It's a disgrace being here with her.

What did you say? What did you say?

I'll fight you right...

Stop it, O'Hara! Stop it!

Will you cut it out? O'Hara, stop!

That's enough. Stop it!

Did you hear what he said?

You need to apologize

instead of yelling at me.

Take it easy.



You wanna get hurt?

- You crazy? Trying to hit a civilian?

- The party's over.

You bet it is.

- I don't wanna be put off-limits.

- Lf anybody was off-limits, he was.

I'd be careful. He's an important person on this island.

He's busted a lot of people who tried to stand up against him.

He can buy and sell anything or anybody.

I'd try not to get his attention.

He'd better not attract mine!

- I never want to know anyone like him.

- Break it up before he shuts me down.

We were just warming up.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Come on, hurry up.

What a gal, huh?

- See you.

- What a gal.

- Where you going?

- To see her.

- You just saw her.

- Again.

- Hurry up. You guys wait outside.

- Sadie? Sadie?

- Forget something?

- Yeah. To say good night personally.

I was kind of loaded when I roughed him up.

Kind of?

Did I say something I shouldn't?

- Perfect gentleman.

- Okay, that's all I wanna know.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Come on, will you?

- Sadie?

What did you forget?

Tomorrow I'm off duty at 10.

Wanna go swimming if it don't rain?

- Supposing it does?  
- I'd still pick you up.  
That's what I figured.  
- Get out before you get me in trouble.  
- Did I say something I shouldn't have?  
Mr. Horn?  
Mr. Horn?  
Did the rain cool you off, mister?  
Why did you bust in?  
He really could have let you have it.  
I had no other choice.  
What are you talking about?  
Who was bothering you?  
I can't let you carry on as you wish.  
Just what do you mean by that?  
- You lived in Honolulu, didn't you?  
- Yeah, what about it?  
What did you do there?  
- I had a job!  
- What kind of a job?  
Part of the time, I sang.  
- My voice is all right.  
- Where did you work?  
- Where did I sing?  
- Where did you work in Honolulu?  
Lots of places.  
What places?  
Nightclubs, mostly.  
- What nightclubs?  
- All kinds.  
- Why all these questions?  
- Why did you leave Honolulu?  
For a change. I've got  
a job waiting in New Caledonia.  
For a change? I'll tell you why.  
Why all the attention?  
- You're going to continue your trade.  
- What are you saying?  
It's why you left Honolulu.  
You're a prostitute!  
What?! Who do you think you are?  
You're a dirty rotten liar!  
- I'll give you a chance.  
- Where do you get off?

A chance to find salvation.  
- A priest's collar wouldn't fit you!  
- Insults won't help.  
I've listened. Now, you listen!  
Lay off, or I'll show you what  
it means when I get mad!  
How do you like that no-good louse?  
If he starts that stuff again,  
I'll really tell him off!  
I'll spit in his eye!  
- Mr. Davidson, sir.  
- Governor.  
- I'm glad you came by.  
- This isn't a social call.  
You're here about last night.  
Major Kinner told me the  
Chinaman's will be off-limits.  
At my insistence.  
This is something else.  
A shady girl from Honolulu escaped  
deportation on the Orduna.  
She's waiting for a boat to New  
Caledonia. I suggest you do something.  
I don't see what I can do.  
She must have a passport  
to come this far.  
Revoke it.  
I can't interpret the law  
as you see it.  
You must protect the men  
stationed here.  
She's a menace to their welfare.  
Why is she an issue?  
The island's regulated.  
I don't understand  
your concern for her.  
Visit the native village as I did.  
Ask what effect she had on  
the young people watching her.  
Do you realize where this leads?  
Aren't we more concerned  
with immorality than the natives?  
My father devoted his life to the  
islands. His work won't be destroyed.

- I'm destroying nothing.  
- Your position's clear.  
I respect men like your father.  
Kind, just, tolerant religious men.  
- Help me protect his work!  
- I'm trying to, within my authority.  
I must protect the rights  
of every American.  
I'm not a politician. I wasn't  
appointed to my job, I created it.  
I envy you.  
This isn't a marketplace,  
and we're not haggling.  
As far as I'm concerned, the issue  
is closed. The decision is yours.  
Okay, kids. Gum and candy.  
- Hi, Horn. Sadie in?  
- She sure is.  
- Sadie, you decent?  
- Decent enough. Come on in, O'Hara.  
Compliments of the quartermaster.  
Moving day?  
You guessed it.  
- Horn say you can't stay?  
- Horn's okay.  
- Davidson's taking it out on you too?  
- He get you in trouble?  
Talked to my C.O.  
That's why I wasn't here earlier.  
Forget Davidson.  
Let's go for that swim.  
- I said I was moving!  
- He's shoving you out.  
- I invited myself to leave.  
- Why?  
I don't like the company.  
Meaning Davidson.  
- We had a run-in last night.  
- What about?  
You should have heard him.  
- He can't do nothing to you. Why run?  
- I don't want any trouble.  
- You sound scared of him.  
- He don't bother me.

I don't wanna get you in trouble  
every time you come by.

You're moving out because of me?

- Let me finish packing.

- I asked you something.

I'm doing it for you and Horn.

I don't want you to get in trouble.

- Where you gonna go?

- They'll put me up in the village.

Yeah, I guess they would.

- What about a lift?

- What about it?

You got one.

- How much do I owe?

- Forget it.

- Not me. I pay my way.

- A couple of bucks.

- Meals and everything?

- This ain't the Ritz.

- Look me up if you come to town.

- Sure will. Best of luck.

Give my love to Mrs. Horn.

Bye. Sorry to leave.

I'm going to stay with friends.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

Thank heavens.

She disturbed Mr. Davidson last night.

He despises women like her.

- The founder of our religion didn't.

- Don't joke.

- He wasn't joking.

- No matter.

- You do it.

- 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

That's good. Can you?

- Where do I check in?

- It's no go.

- What?

- I talked to the head of the natives.

There was a brawl after

some natives had...

What's that to do with me?

Davidson came here and blamed me?

- Yes, he did.  
- I don't take no for an answer.  
They won't put you up, and  
there's nothing anyone can do.  
- Have I got the measles or something?  
- You're taboo.  
- Taboo?  
- Meaning hands-off.  
Meaning they're scared of Davidson.  
I'm not.  
Nobody said you were. We gotta  
get back to Horn's. Don't worry.  
You won't be out in the rain.  
- Sure, I should worry.  
- Thattagirl! Now you're talking!  
Please don't get up, anybody.  
It's too hot.  
- Hi, Sadie.  
- Hi.  
Did you see the look  
Mrs. Davidson gave me?  
- Forget it.  
- With pleasure. Who turned up the heat?  
- It'll rain soon.  
- How do you know?  
Caught some shrapnel in my leg.  
Always tells me when rain's coming.  
- You see much of the war?  
- Enough to not want to see anymore.  
- Care for a drink?  
- Not in this heat.  
Help yourself to the bottle.  
No, thanks. I don't touch it alone.  
- You mind if I relax?  
- No, I don't mind.  
When I joined the Marines,  
they said there'd be days like this.  
- It's raining.  
- Rain, shine. It's all the same here.  
You gotta learn to relax.  
Like me.  
I've been here three years.  
- I can show you how to go native.  
- Some other time, huh?

I can take a hint.

But people come here for vacation.

You need to enjoy yourself.

Let's keep it friendly.

Friendship lasts longer than love.

- Yeah, but it ain't as much fun.

- I think you'd better go, Phil.

- Can't I interest you at all?

- I lost my curiosity years ago.

- You know, Sadie, I like you.

- Thanks.

It's hard to tell

somebody that, you know?

I'm not asking for a medal.

I just wanted you to know.

- I don't feel like kidding just now.

- Who's kidding?

- Let's keep it friendly.

- Lf you don't like me, say it.

- No, I like you fine. Honest.

- Then what's the matter?

Can Davidson stop me

from going to New Caledonia?

I don't see how.

You got some guy waiting for you?

- No, I got nobody anywhere.

- Same here.

If you wanna leave,

a boat to Sydney leaves in two days.

- Australia, with the kangaroos?

- They got people too.

I'll be there when I finish my hitch.

I'm going into business with a buddy.

Needs a partner.

He don't need me.

- You can stay with him and his wife.

- I couldn't do that.

Just till you're set. Then I'll be

there and you won't have a worry.

I pay my own way.

That's what I like about you.

All I meant was if you need help,

I'll be right there.

What do you say?

- You'll be out of here in two days.  
- Sure. Why not?  
What's the difference where I go?  
- Then it's a deal?  
- It sure is.  
Australia for me.  
- What?  
- I bring letter for Miss Thompson.  
Sadie, it's for you.  
- Who'd be sending me a letter?  
- The governor's office.  
Sadie, what is it?  
An order for my deportation  
to San Francisco in three days.  
The governor's deporting you? Why?  
- For the public good? What?  
- I don't know.  
But I know who made him do it.  
Getting me deported?  
I've got rights!  
I'll show that creep!  
Not letting me alone!  
- I'll make Davidson change that order!  
- Listen to me!  
One thing I learned in the war...  
...when then enemy's dug, flank him.  
We'll get around him.  
I don't want to go back to Frisco!  
You won't!  
With "deport" on your passport,  
you won't get out of the States.  
There'd be no chance for us.  
I was counting on us in Australia.  
I mapped it out.  
Mapped out? You don't even know me.  
A guy could know a girl  
all his life and never want her.  
I know you enough  
not to want to lose you.  
I'll talk to the governor myself.  
We'll go in together.  
- No, I don't want you to.  
- Why?  
It'll be worse if you get into



trouble. Please, get back to camp.  
I don't want to get thrown  
in the brig. Tell him...  
I know how to handle it.  
Good luck, honey.  
That goes for both of us.  
Yeah, for both of us.  
- I'll see you soon as I get a pass.  
- Yeah, okay.  
I'd like to see the governor.  
Miss Thompson.  
Just a moment, please.  
Come in.  
- The governor will see you now.  
- Thanks. Thanks a lot.  
Miss Thompson.  
- Sorry to break in on you.  
- Quite all right.  
You know why I'm here.  
Now, look.  
No need to become upset.  
You're being asked to leave.  
Go home is all it means.  
I don't want to go back to the States.  
I've got to get to Sydney. I'm going  
to marry a fellow down there.  
As soon as he gets out of the service.  
You gotta believe me!  
If you send me back, it'll never  
work out with us so far apart.  
All I'm asking is for a few days  
so I can catch the boat to Sydney.  
That's impossible.  
Why? What have I done  
to be sent back for?  
I can't change the order.  
Because of Davidson?  
Because you're scared of him?  
I heard how everybody runs  
for cover from him, including you!  
I admire your spirit,  
but not your tact.  
It's not polite, but it's true.  
He told you lies about me.

It's useless to discuss it.  
Don't even give me  
a chance for defence!  
What did he say? I'm allowed to know.  
Yes, you are.  
You're disreputable and escaped  
deportation from Honolulu.  
It's a lousy lie!  
Just because I sang in a nightclub  
that was closed by the police?  
It takes a low mind to think low.  
And his mind's in the gutter!  
He's doing his duty as he sees it.  
I'll show you what I came here for.  
I got nothing to hide.  
A letter from my friend  
in New Caledonia.  
It's about a cashier job  
I was going to...  
...before I decided  
to go to Australia.  
- Read it for yourself.  
- I believe you.  
Then you'll let me  
catch the boat to Sydney?  
Yes, if Mr. Davidson agrees.  
But you know he won't!  
I'm sure if you  
explained the situation.  
I've always found him to be fair.  
Forgive me, but as you see,  
I have a job to do.  
- Have you had dinner?  
- No, I'm not hungry.  
That was very lovely.  
Now, here we are.  
Thank you!  
- Say good night!  
- Good night!  
I hate to interrupt,  
but could we talk?  
Certainly.  
I'm sorry for what I said,  
sorry for everything.

I'm happy you feel that way.  
The governor said I don't have  
to go back. If it's okay with you.  
I'm afraid you can't stay.  
Just until the boat to Sydney.  
You don't know what it means.  
Just what does it mean?  
I'll do anything you want.  
Stay in my room, not see anybody,  
if that'll suit you.  
May I see you alone?  
Just what are you saying?  
I'll go anywhere you want.  
Please don't send me back.  
Why not?  
There's somebody  
who will get me into trouble.  
What kind of trouble?  
You know, when a girl  
can't shake a man...  
...who's important  
and wants things his way.  
You're being evasive.  
What's the real reason?  
- I told you.  
- No, you haven't.  
Yes, I have.  
If you send me back to Frisco,  
this man's bound to find me.  
I worked for him in a nightclub.  
We got friendly, but I broke it off.  
He won't let me alone.  
You're not deceiving me.  
Isn't this man a policeman?  
That's not true!  
I can verify it by cabling  
the authorities in San Francisco.  
The truth is...  
...I didn't do anything. I was  
with my friend when he stabbed a man.  
They were gambling, drinking.  
A fight started.  
The police thought I was in on it.  
I escaped before they arrested me.

Mr. Davidson...  
...you were right.  
I've done things I'm not proud of.  
I'm trying to forget them.  
- I want to start over. You could help.  
- I want to.  
- I'll give you a chance to start anew.  
- You mean I don't have to go back?  
You must accept punishment  
for the life you've led.  
Your past caught up with you  
in Honolulu and here.  
You won't escape in Sydney.  
You can't hide from justice.  
But I shouldn't go to jail!  
Pay for your immorality.  
Then will God forgive you.  
That's not the kind of God  
I learned about in Sunday school.  
- Yours is only a cop!  
- You're caught in a life you've made.  
You cannot escape yourself.  
No one can.  
You'll find peace when you  
accept punishment.  
You tell me, "Be punished, suffer."  
How do you know what I've suffered?!  
You won't even ask me!  
You don't want to know!  
You won't change me!  
I'd sooner die than let you  
make me over your way.  
Nobody home.  
It's me. O'Hara.  
Yeah, just a minute.  
Hi. I was about to hit the hay.  
Didn't think you'd be by so soon.  
Not soon enough.  
What'd the governor say?  
Just what I thought.  
I gotta go back to Frisco.  
He wouldn't let you stay?  
Couldn't convince him. Want a drink?  
If I could find that bottle.

- What right's he got to ship you out?  
- He's governor, isn't he?  
- Here it is. Have one.  
- I don't care if he's a governor...  
- No use getting all worked up.  
- Nobody's pushing you around.  
- Where you going?  
- They got laws here, same as home.  
He's gotta bring formal charges  
against you to ship you out.  
It won't do any good to see him.  
Besides, you'll get in trouble.  
What am I in now,  
you going to the States?  
- It's not up to the governor.  
- What do you mean it's not up to him?  
- It just isn't.  
- Who then?  
Davidson, is that it?  
It's no use going to him.  
I've tried. He won't let me stay.  
Why didn't you say so?  
I'll talk to him.  
Yeah, I gotta go to jail.  
It's not that.  
Anybody can be fouled up.  
Put in time and it's over.  
But that other stuff. Working  
in that Emerald Club in Honolulu.  
That can never wash off.  
What about it?  
Did you work there?  
Did you?  
I sang there. Leave me alone.  
Sang? I know the Emerald!  
I had a straight job.  
Straight job.  
How come you picked that joint?  
- It paid the best.  
- Paid best for what?  
You know all the answers!  
Why ask me?  
A lot of stuff adds up now.  
Scared to let me see the governor.

Scared what Davidson would tell me.  
And perfume. Look at it!  
You want to know the truth?  
I worked there.  
Took the men for all they had!  
Millions filled the place!  
And they came just to see me!  
Does that make you happy?  
And when you asked to marry me...  
...it was like God sent somebody  
to take me by the hand.  
Marry you? How could I marry you?  
You're dirty!  
When I think of the guys'  
hands on you...  
Get out of here! Out of here!  
Out of here! Get out!  
I'm sorry, Miss Thompson.  
Terribly sorry.  
The Lord is my shepard,  
I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down  
in green pastures.  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul.  
He leadeth me in the paths of  
righteousness for his namesake.  
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.  
Thou preparest a table before me,  
in the presence of mine enemies.  
Thou anointest my head with oil.  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life.  
And I will dwell in the  
house of the Lord forever.  
- Yes?  
- It's Dr. McPhail. May I come in?  
- Sure.  
- Thanks.

Glad to see you.  
You've become a mystery,  
shutting yourself up in here.  
Remember, if you're not well,  
there's a doctor in the house.  
Thanks, I'm okay.  
That Marine friend of yours,  
Sgt. O'Hara, came to see me.  
He still wants you to go to Australia.  
Well, he wouldn't understand.  
I'm going back to San Francisco  
to face it.  
Are you sure you're doing  
what you want to do?  
Yes, I'm sure.  
I understand why O'Hara's  
worried about you.  
Frankly, so am I.  
You needn't worry about me.  
I'm through running scared.  
Letting myself get hurt.  
I'm past all that.  
- Davidson's been talking to you...  
- He made me see things.  
Davidson puzzles me,  
going from one extreme to another.  
But you've got him all wrong,  
like I did.  
When O'Hara walked out and I had  
nobody to turn to, he helped me.  
He showed me where I was heading.  
At first I didn't listen.  
All I heard was the rain...  
...falling harder,  
and harder.  
I thought I was going to scream.  
Then I began to listen  
and things started to clear up.  
Everything he said made sense.  
I didn't feel lost anymore.  
I'm back to myself again...  
...like I was...  
...long ago.  
I think I understand. Goodbye.

Goodbye.

- That's the boat to San Francisco.

- Yes.

I'm not afraid to go back.

Not anymore.

I've searched myself to make certain  
this is the right thing.

I know there is no other way.

Yeah, I know it too.

When you're with me,

I know it's right.

I'm not scared.

But when I'm alone

and don't have you...

Try to remember me and all I've said.

Try to remember the peace

you've found.

Think of this place of communion where

I helped you find yourself.

- I'd like to go now, Mr. Davidson.

- Yes, Miss Thompson.

I was scared you'd gone.

That I'd be too late.

I made a deal with a freighter skipper  
to take you to New Caledonia.

It's a short hop to Australia.

Get your gear.

I'm going to the States.

What's between us has nothing  
to do with you getting away.

I don't want to get away.

I'm through running.

The last few nights, I've been up  
figuring, counting all I've done.

It added up to one way.

I had no right to sound off.

Maybe knowing the worst about each  
other isn't a bad way to begin.

It's got nothing to do with that.

Davidson gave me the courage  
to finally face the truth.

What are you talking about?

I don't get it.

He said the truth's the truth.



You can't run away from it.  
That's what I've been trying to do.  
Run away from the truth about myself.  
I never wanted to face what I became.  
Nothing but a tramp.  
It don't matter to me!  
It matters to me! Understand?  
He says I gotta go back.  
Accept my punishment.  
That's the only way  
I'll feel free inside.  
I feel better knowing  
I'll get it over with.  
- Don't make things tougher.  
- You're getting on that freighter.  
No! I'm going to Frisco!  
- I want to do what's right.  
- I'm telling you what's right.  
That's enough.  
She's made her choice.  
You got her all mixed up,  
filling her with a lot of bilge!  
Well, I'm getting her out of here.  
Are you?  
Sadie, think of yourself.  
That's all that matters.  
No, that isn't all.  
I know you mean it for my good  
but you don't understand.  
You just don't.  
Now, go. Please go.  
You've made me very happy.  
You're strong enough  
to withstand temptation.  
You were offered an escape,  
and you refused to take it.  
I'd better get ready to leave.  
- Your boat doesn't sail for an hour.  
- I can't stay here anymore.  
I'm out of cigarettes.  
I better get some to last the trip.  
Mr. Horn?  
They're at the festival.  
It's funny how I always

run out of cigarettes.  
Sometimes I don't even know  
I'm smoking.  
I guess when something becomes habit,  
you don't think.  
I'll never forget  
what you've done for me.  
You've justified my existence  
by letting me save you.  
You've given me great happiness.  
That's nice of you, especially  
after the trouble I gave you.  
- This time tomorrow, you'll be at sea.  
- Yeah.  
- I don't suppose we'll meet again.  
- I suppose not.  
Does it matter?  
I mean...  
...you're sure of yourself now.  
Yeah, I think so.  
You won't be alone.  
I'll be with you wherever you are.  
- I don't understand.  
- Why move away?  
Well, I just want to get my things.  
I'm ready to go now.  
You're not afraid of me, are you?  
After the last three days, I mean.  
No, I'm not scared of you.  
Not anymore.  
- Then why do you want to leave me?  
- It's got nothing to do with you.  
I just want to get started,  
that's all.  
I never wanted you to leave.  
I know that now.  
Don't touch me.  
Don't come near me.  
- You're still the same.  
- I'm not!  
- I'm not!  
- You're nothing but a...  
Joe?  
Go get Dr. McPhail.

Make it snappy, sarge.

- You hear Davidson killed himself?

- Yeah.

- What about Sadie?

- What?

- She get on that boat?

- I suppose.

Maybe he killed her too.

Sadie's on her way to Frisco!

Where's Davidson?

The bottom of the cliff.

You can't help him now.

- Did you tell his wife?

- My wife's trying to.

Why would Davidson knock himself off?

I don't care about him.

What about Sadie?

I'll get the C.O. To radio that boat.

Sadie!

Hi.

Hi. What brings you  
around so early?

How come you're not  
on the boat to Frisco?

My, don't the world  
look fresh and clean today?

That sky! Like a thing  
wasn't going on under it.

What happened?

One guess.

Better turn that music off.

Mrs. Davidson's upstairs.

Why should I turn it off? What do  
I care about her or Mr. Davidson?

- Something's happened.

- You bet. I've come back to my senses!

You men, you're all alike. Pigs.

Sadie, Mr. Davidson killed himself.

What did you say?

He killed himself?

What are you talking about?

Sadie, listen.

Let me alone! Let me alone!

All of you!

It doesn't matter  
why he killed himself.  
It's of great importance to you.  
I don't care. If he hadn't done it,  
maybe I would have killed him myself.  
- All that gab about God and faith.  
- I know how you feel.  
Look, will you do me a favour  
and leave me alone?  
Now listen. Don't confuse  
what he did with what he believed.  
- He couldn't practice what he preached.  
- What does that prove?  
The opposite of what  
you're trying to believe.  
I don't believe anything.  
Don't let what happened  
last night destroy you.  
It's already destroyed Davidson.  
One thing he proved by his death,  
nobody can run away from himself.  
You talk like him.  
Do I? I didn't realize.  
We run as far as we can  
but in the end...  
...we come face-to-face  
with ourselves.  
I'll see you, sergeant.  
You're going to Australia.  
There's nobody to stop you.  
- Except myself.  
- You don't have to go back!  
That's what you say.  
That's what I mean. You're okay now.  
Now on, it's you and me. You'll  
head for Sydney and forget all this.  
Sure, maybe I will,  
but will you forget?  
Give me a chance to, will you?  
Give me a chance.  
Keep the record player to remember me.  
We'll remember you.  
- Bye, Phil.  
- Bye.

I'll grab a plane soon as I get  
my discharge. See you in a month!

Good luck, Sadie!

- So long, Sadie!

- Goodbye!

Goodbye!

Bon voyage, Sadie!