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Return to Paradise

By James A. Michener

These are the South Seas, six million
square miles of warm-water Pacific...
its surface dotted with uncounted
fragments of land...
Lost in a wilderness of ocean.
And this is my island, Matareva.
Once, it was a barren reef,
barely lifting its head above water.
Then a piece of driftwood caught fast
and rotted, sand began to collect.
From distant shores a seed
blew in and a tree grew.
Then my people came
and made it their home...
and after them came others.
Until I grew up, I knew
no other home but Matareva.
Now, I'm the schoolteacher
of my island...
but I remember how it was
when I was a small boy.
We were a people without joy,
an island in chains.
This is the way we lived.
Twice a day, morning and evening,
we were forced to attend prayer...
and the wardens checked our names.
They were the policemen and if a man
were missing, he would be found.
If a man and girl
were missing together...
we trembled to think
of their punishment.
The old songs, the old dances
our fathers knew, were forbidden.
Our young women who
once were proud of their bodies...
were taught to be ashamed.
The natural laws of love
were made a crime...
even for a husband and wife
on the Sabbath.
Those hours before Saturday night
until Monday daybreak were the worst.

No frivolity was permitted.
No games, no play, no laughter.
It was on such a Saturday afternoon,
ten years before World War II...
that there was a commotion
in the street.
A girl had violated a rule...
and the man who was our law,
our judge...
the master of our bodies and souls,
was about to render sentence.
Mr. Cobbett tane,
we have the girl, Maeva.
What is the charge?
Twice, she has disobeyed
the curfew.
Last night, when we went to the house
of her aunt she was not there.
The old lady told us nothing.
- I didn't know where she was.
- Shut up.
Where were you last night?
I repeat, where were you?
I swam out to the reef.
For what reason?
The night was beautiful.
You know it is a sin to stay out
after 9 o'clock. Were you alone?
No.
Who was with you?
Answer me, Maeva.
Who was with you?
A turtle. A young turtle.
Silence! Be quiet!
For breaking the law, twenty mats.
A week carrying sand for insolence.
Who are you?
Why did you come to Matareva?
I was bound for Rarotonga
and we were blown off course.
This looks like a nice, quiet place.
I figured I'd try it awhile.
What do you intend to do here?
Do? Just live, I guess.

There is no place to live.
No houses.
I'll build one of those leaf huts.
I'll speak very plainly, sir.
White men are not welcome.
They corrupt the morals
of the people.
Are you the pastor?
God guides my actions. I advise you
to get back on that boat at once!
You mean swim?
Ho, there! Come back!
Wardens! Wardens!
- Come back!
- Come back!
I'm stuck here, like it or not.
When's the next boat in?
Not for four months. But
you're leaving after the Sabbath.
What?
On Monday morning, a canoe will
take you to the island of Makini.
Makini? That's a swamp.
Six people and a billion mosquitoes.
That is no concern of mine.
I'm not asking
for the keys of the city...
but I won't take orders
from a two-bit Mussolini.
Who are you?
The agent?
Cobbett is the name, Thomas Cobbett.
I have full authority on Matareva.
Let's make a deal. Leave me alone
and I'll leave you alone.
Get out of my way.
Wardens, seize that man!
Wardens!
OK. Now beat it,
before I get mad.
To your homes, all of you!
Go to your homes!
To your homes!
I figure I'll stay awhile.

The name's Morgan.
And that was how Mr. Morgan
came to Matareva...
like a piece of flotsam
washed by chance on our shore...
perhaps to stay and
become part of us...
perhaps to drift away again forever.
We didn't know.
That is my fate. You can come inside
and rest, if you like.
My son speaks well. Come in.
My wife, Povana is making
the evening meal.
We'll be happy
if you stay with us.
Fine, thanks.
What do they carry lanterns for?
All young men and unmarried girls
must carry lanterns wherever they go.
Even to practice the hymns you hear.
That way, the wardens can know
if two people go off alone.
Whas that?
One cannot keep secrets on Matareva.
The wardens have caught a girl.
Our own people become so cruel.
Mr. Cobbett gives them rights...
and they do things he does not know
about. Things I am ashamed to tell.
How did Cobbett take over
in the first place?
Twenty years ago, he came to make
a small copra business.
His father was the missy here.
The what?
The missionary. A man of goodness
and great power.
Reverand Cobbett.
The government gave
him the right to rule...
and forgot about us.
When he died...
Mr. Cobbet became the law

and twisted his father's rules...
until they strangle us.
I don't see why you didn't kick
the old buzzard out.
We have lost our strength.
We've forgotten our
warrior grandfathers.
One time, we planned
a big rebellion...
but my cousin betrayed us
to the wardens.
Serves you right for trusting people.
Don't, and they can't let you down.
Do you mind if I turn in?
Povana has laid a mat for you.
Tomorrow, I'll give you tools
to build your house.
Thanks. Isn't it a bit risky,
putting yourself out for me?
Perhaps I'm foolish.
I still trust people.
Sleep well, Morgan tane.
Goodnight, ma'am.
Goodnight, kid.
Morgan tane,
where do you come from?
Tahiti, Suva, Apia...
Honolulu...
Seattle, Detroit, and points east.
You've a great man in America.
You've a great man in America.
President Hoover?
I mean Sake Tomesi.
Who?
Sake Tomesi, the giant
who fights for a prize.
Oh, you mean Jack Dempsey.
Yes, a brave man...
one who destroys his enemies with
one blow of his right hand.
Morgan tane, perhaps you too
are a fighter for a prize?
A man without fear?
- Let him go to sleep, Tonga.

- You're right.

Mr. Cobbett says you stop.

Come to church on Sabbath.

Haven't you boys had enough?

Forward.

...the Lord shall bless us

ever more. Amen.

We will now listen

to the word of Mr. Cobbett.

Children of Matareva.

This has been a week

of wickedness and evil.

The forces of the devil have

scattered his seed among us...

and defied the laws of salvation

set down by my blessed father.

I speak not only of the guilty

among you...

the withholder of the tithe...

the females who bare their bodies

and invite the sins of the flesh.

I speak of a stranger who

has come into our midst.

An infidel who, like Lucifer

from the gates of Heaven...

shall be cast into the pit.

Mr. Morgan!

Now, what?

Do you mean to continue

desecrating the Sabbath?

Why don't you go home?

Thas your only answer?

Can't you see I'm busy?

Quit that!

Are you crazy?

Wardens, everybody,

pull down this temple of evil.

Come on, all of you!

Hey, cut it out!

Look out, she's going!

Now, sir, you'll learn

to respect our rules.

Cobbett, you're wackier

than I thought.

Furthermore, you'll join
the procession when ordered.
You'll attend late vespers.
They never should have let you
out of the booby hatch.
God will strike you!
Who'll help me stick this up?
My father put those windows in.
No man can escape, Morgan,
no man.
Well?
You knocked it down.
You. Help me with this pole.
No one must help him.
I warn you.
Now, Mr. Morgan, you'll see what
it means to be alone in your sin.
I will help you.
Wardens, seize that girl!
Cobbett, stop trying
to seize everybody.
Wardens, do your duty.
Enough! Anybody who doesn't
want to work, get out of here!
Go on, beat it!
Go on!
Get out of here.
Both of you, your souls
will rest in hell.
Who are you?
Maeva.
OK, Maeva, bring the hammer and let
go to work on this temple of evil.
Curfew!
Curfew!
Curfew!
Hello.
Hello.
My name's Morgan.
Kim Ling, trader.
Your friend and servant.
Have you got any
12-gauge shot gun shells?
No shells, too bad.

No shells?
Not even in your warehouse?
No shells, no gun.
Too bad.
Too bad. Well, give me...
a couple of tins of beef,
two cans of beans...
and a couple of cans
of fruit.
Too bad, Mr. Morgan.
I have it, no can sell you. Too bad.
What do you mean?
No can sell you.
Mr. Cobbett say no.
He making big trouble to me
because I sell you.
I don't care what Mr. Cobbett says.
I've got good money.
I wish to buy
some tins of beef.
OK.
What do you think? Says he can't
sell me, Cobbes orders.
And some cans of beans
and pineapple.
OK.
OK.
Thank you, thank you, girl.
Thanks. You're smarter
than any lawyer I ever had.
Please...
Thanks.
Thank you. So long.
See you again, girl.
Come on, if you're coming.
Yes, Mr. Morgan tane.
Can I come and help you
tomorrow too?
Sure, if you like.
I will come at sunrise.
Goodnight.
Good night.
Morgan tane.
Whas this, a lodge meeting?

Sit down. These are my friends.

We are having a talk about you.

Me?

He says that you were brave
to challenge Mr. Cobbett.

- No one's ever been so brave before.

- We're all glad.

Tonga feels honoured to pay the fine
for every night you sleep here.

He's been fining you?

Why didn't you tell me. Here.

No money, Morgan tane.

What I want from you
is something larger.

Tuey says that we have been
waiting for a man like you.

What for?

Will you help us fight
against the wardens?

Don't be silly. I didn't come to
fight. I just want to be left alone.

But Morgan tane,

here you will find no peace.

The wardens won't let you
spend a night in peace.

Then I'll do something.

Good, you shall be our leader.

We shall have a great rebellion.

"We"? I was talking about myself.

Anyone pushes me, I'll fight, but I
won't be dragged into your squabble.

But, if the wardens...

Listen, Tonga,

I remember my old man...

sticking his neck out

to save the world.

A crazy Irishman fighting
for the Cause.

He ended up with his head bashed in
and my old lady scrubbing floors.

No, sir.

One thing I've learned...

every man for himself.

Now, I'm going to bed.

Morgan tane, Morgan tane.
Morgan tane, wake up.
Come quick. Something bad.
When did this happen?
Last night. The warden came.
She didn't want to come to you.
Get me some fresh water
and clean rags.
Go on, ladies, go home.
Quite a shiner you've got there.
Hurt much?
No.
Come on Maeva,
we're going for a walk.
I had an aunt who used to get
one of those every Saturday night.
Don't worry, there's nothing in it.
Povana, keep the coffee hot,
I'll be back for breakfast.
OK, Maeva,
which one was it?
That one.
The girl lies, I didn't touch her.
She fell on some coral.
Here, I showed you how to use this.
If any come at me, shoot to kill.
Who's next?
Stop! No one must move!
What is the meaning of this?
They say I beat Maeva. You know
I wouldn't beat a woman, Mr. Cobbett.
You blackguard, you!
Never touched him, the man
had an accident.
Fell on some coral.
To your homes!
To your homes, everybody!
We were still in chains...
only Mr. Morgan had won
the right to live as he pleased.
To our surprise, it pleased him
to live alone.
It may seem strange to people
not of our island...

but we could not
understand this.
My mother was commissioned
to look into the matter.
Hello, Morgan tane.
Hello, Povana.
The way you cook that fish,
it will be dry as a coconut husk.
I like it dry,
it brings out the flavour.
It is a man's place to catch fish,
not to cook it.
I have a big question to ask you.
Do you not find the women of
Matareva pleasant to look on?
They're all right.
Do you not find them desirable?
What are you driving at?
A man needs a woman, to make
his meals, to sweep his floor...
to mend his clothes, to light
his lamp when night comes...
and blow it out when
is time for bed.
Not this man.
Listen pretty...
Listen pretty yourself.
I've been all through that.
They start as your cook
and feel they own you...
use you for what they can get.
I'm fine the way I am.
You offend the people
of Matareva.
Thas tough.
You are empty and sour
like Mr. Cobbett.
Worse.
I leave you to your fish. Ill taste
like seaweed rotting in the sun.
But my mother was stubborn.
She was not easily put off.
Hello, Maeva.
What brings you here, Povana?

Morgan tane needs a wife.
You must go to him.
When I look in the mirror,
I am ashamed.
The warden beat
my beauty away.
He will look at the hurt
you received for him...
and Morgan tane
will welcome you.
Hello. When did you get here?
Not so long ago.
Your meal will soon be ready,
Mr. Morgan tane.
That wasn't bad.
Some day, I'll cook pololo
for you.
I'll take you in my canoe when is
dark, and teach you to catch them.
Look, don't you have a sweetheart?
Somebody you like?
The young men of our island
are without courage.
You mean you've never
had a boyfriend?
In the old days, every girl knew
love from the age of fifteen.
When they married they no longer
desired other men.
A girl can get into trouble
that way.
Our girls had babies first,
to show they'd make good wives.
Well, thas something
Cobbett stopped.
Some things, even Mr. Cobbett
cannot stop.
Is getting late.
Your shirt is torn.
You better go home.
I'll mend it.
I said go home.
Mr. Morgan, it is no good for you
to live alone.

See. I've brought my things.
Please. Not till after dark.
The village will laugh
at me.
OK. Only till the lights go out.
Hear?
Only till the lights go out.
Morgan tane! Morgan tane!
Did you hear?
Whas up?
Maeva, the wardens took her
to the jail.
Where is the key?
In Mr. Cobbes house.
Hit them, Morgan tane!
Hit them!
Stop! Everybody to your homes!
Lay off! Do you want
to kill him?
Wardens! Wardens!
Wardens! Wardens!
To your homes, all of you!
Before the fires of hell
devour you!
Go on inside.
The wrath of Jehovah
will strike you!
The island of Matareva
will sink into the sea.
You, Morgan, will live
to regret this night.
Come inside, you fool.
The wardens were sent
into exile for good.
Some said "waililatu",
good riddance.
Some said things I'm reluctant
to repeat.
But the wardens never came back.
To Mr. Cobbes astonishment, our
island didn't sink beneath the waves.
And when he attempted to scold us
for our new ways...
we smiled at him as if

he were a foolish child.
You're sinning!
Old games, brought to us by
an English missionary...
long before the Cobbetts' time,
were revived.
Watch this, I'm going to kill it!
Musve been that
three-cornered bat.
The ball was crooked.
The sun was in your eyes.
You catch fish
better than you play cricket.
It was hard for Mr. Cobbett to
believe. Here we were, at Church.
Not because we were made to go,
but because we wanted to.
Come again?
The sharks are biting again.
Last night, I dreamt I had
a sewing machine...
and I was making you
beautiful new pants.
I touched your hand to tell you,
but you were asleep.
If I stay in this position,
I won't need new pants.
Have you ever been to the island
north of here? I forget its name.
Tulati. Is a bad place,
Morgan tane...
filled with the spirits of the dead
who ate their enemies.
I hear there's good pearl beds. That
\$170 I came with won't last forever.
What are the atolls like
to the west?
Not as pretty as Matareva.
Matareva, Matareva.
Don't you ever get sick of this place?
Never.
Don't you ever take a vacation?
Travel?
Yes. Next month when

the schooner comes...
my aunt will visit her brother
in Rarotonga.
But she will come back.
Everyone comes back.
Get me one of those drinking nuts.
Morgan tane, tell me about America.
Is it good there?
My aunt heard a story once.
They said that in America...
they have little cages which take
people up as high as the clouds.
That isn't true, is it?
Sure is true.
Are there tines of meat, taro
and coconuts for everybody?
Here, no one is hungry.
And the young girls, Morgan tane,
are they beautiful?
Beautiful? Every single one
of them...
with strings of pearls around their
arms all up to their necks.
Morgan tane, I will tell you
something strange.
Before I saw you, all white men
looked the same to me.
Thas what they say
about you people.
Did I look the same to you
as all other girls?
Maybe a little fatter,
maybe a little more...
bowlegged.
Look, Morgan tane.
Not bad. I'd like to see you
walk into church with that on.
Mr. Cobbett would be red
in the face.
No, today I will not
go to church.
Today is for swimming in the lagoon
or lying quietly under the trees...
and tomorrow, I will buy you

a new comb.

You're a good kid, Maeva.

Say, you know that wreck of a boat
out at the point?

How long has it been there?

Three years, maybe four.

Think I'll take a look at it.

It might be worth fixing up.

I wouldn't have to depend

on a boat putting in here...

in case I get tired of this place.

Well, so long, Maeva.

Looks like a pretty big job.

What do you think, kid?

I think I better go back.

Time for church.

OK.

Good evening.

Cobbett, how've you been?

Maeva, I want to speak

to Morgan tane, alone.

Go outside, will you, Maeva?

I haven't seen you since

the big night.

Whas on your mind?

Sit down.

I've hesitated a long time before

I came. I'm sure you understand why.

Stop shadow-boxing. I've nothing

against you, if you leave me alone.

Morgan, I want the truth. How long

do you intend to remain here?

How should I know?

One year? Five years? Ten?

I don't like to be pinned down

by anybody or any place.

Here, have a drink.

What are you running away from?

Sure, I'm running away. Learn a few

simple rules. Keep moving.

Don't get too close to people or

depend on anybody but yourself.

Wrong, there's a higher power.

Why did you come?

Did they stop your lectures?
I came to talk about Maeva.
But is useless.
What about Maeva?
Living this way
is destroying her.
You're mad.
She's never been happier.
Will she remain happy?
Believe me, Morgan...
I've seen how white men behave
in such situations.
They all face
three inevitable tests.
First, do they return the devotion
given them?
Second, when that are seen
by their countrymen...
are they ashamed
to introduce them?
Last and most important, have they
the courage to marry the girl?
Maeva? She doesn't care.
Why not let her decide?
Still running people's lives?
They're my children
in spite of everything.
While I have strength,
I'll try to help them.
You're stubborn.
Let me talk to Maeva.
What the devil for?
You're afraid.
Maeva.
Maeva!
Come in, child. Sit down.
He wants to ask you something.
Maeva, I came here to tell Morgan
he should marry you, in church.
Would that please you?
Speak up,
would you like that?
Yes.
There, Morgan, you see?

Goodnight.
Any decent Christian
wants to marry.
I said goodnight!
Your aunt is going to Rorotonga
when the schooner comes.
You want to go with her?
No.
Whas the idea? I can do it.
Whas the matter?
We have a tapu.
If the father of a baby pierces
the eye of a coconut...
the baby will be born blind.
Want to go blind,
sewing in this light?
I'm making new pants for you.
More beautiful than store pants.
See? Like in this book.
I'll wear them on my yacht.
Mr. Cobbes cook makes his pants
on a sewing machine.
Maeva, I'm not interested
in Mr. Cobbes pants.
Would you like to play
the pinocle game you taught me?
Sure. Nothing like two-handed
pinocle on a rainy day.
Tomorrow the sky will be blue.
Matareva, the land of sunshine.
The jewel of the South Seas.
Morgan tane, it rains
on other islands too.
How do you know?
You've never been off this swamp.
I know the sun
will come out soon...
we will fix the roof
and begin work on the house.
Work on the house?
Soon we will be needing a bigger
house, another room to...
Can't you hold your cards?
I will try.

I'm sorry, baby,
I'd better go out again.
Might as well get good
and wet this time.
Will you come back
for the evening meal?
Better not wait for me.
Not bad looking, is she?
She's very pretty.
One of these trips I'll come back
with a pearl as big as a coconut...
and you'll be the richest woman
in Matareva.
Yes, Morgan tane.
The tide's going out
I'd better get started.
Nothing must happen to you.
Stop worrying.
The season of hurricanes is coming.
Sharks and evil spirits at night.
They won't do much damage.
I'll be back in two weeks.
It will seem like two years.
Morgan tane, the tide.
All right, Maeva,
you'd better get off.
May you be watched over.
Take care, Morgan tane!
Maeva, go back!
Go back, Maeva!
How is Maeva?
Is there a doctor, someone who can
help? Maybe on Savaii?
There is a man who worked in a
hospital there. I sent a canoe.
How long will it take?
Two days, maybe three.
Life to your new daughter,
Morgan tane.
Morgan tane, I was dreaming
you had gone away.
Take it easy, I'm right here.
I wanted to give you a boy,
but the girl is pretty.

Her skin is light, like yours.
What do you want?
I came to help, if I can.
Go on, tell me she deserves it.
She's being punished.
Morgan!
You'd like to see her die.
So you'd be right.
Keep still.
This is no victory for me.
Sometimes, even I rebel
against Gos rules.
I know what sorrow is, too.
I saw my father die
on this island.
A year later, my wife
weeping in her last hours...
because she could never
bear me a child.
I woulve liked a child...
even more than being
a minister.
Tell that witch-doctor to shut up!
Let him sing.
Perhaps just this once,
God won't mind a little help.
Morgan tane.
Did the boat...?
Not yet.
Come, we will walk together.
She's sleeping now.
Darling...
I brought you something, Maeva.
Morgan tane!
How beautiful!
Soon, you'll be making me
new pants.
More beautiful than store pants.
Maeva...
I was thinking...
If you want to get married,
is OK with me.
As long as I have you,
it is all I want.

Take care of her, Povana.
I am going away.
Where will you go, Morgan tane?
Stay with us, you belong here.
You came and changed our lives.
You loved one of our women.
You were part of us.
Stay.
This is your island.
What do you want?
We bring gifts for you,
Morgan tane.
Gifts?
To give you strength to love her in
death as you loved her in life.
And so, Mr. Morgan vanished
from our lives...
as suddenly as he came in.
As the years slipped by...
we took delight in the new member
of our family.
We loved her as our own and her life
was as happy as any island chils.
What is this? Lisa.
That is a picture of a basket.
What is this?
That is a picture of a basket.
No.
That is a picture of a basket.
This is a basket.
All together.
What is this?
That is a picture of a basket.
She grew handsome,
strong and full of spirit.
If any youngster hunted turtles
out of season or got into mischief...
it was always Turia.
When the time came that I left home
to go to school in Upolu...
I was happy to go, but I didn't
like parting from my family.
Turia was like my sister,
yet not my sister.

When World War II broke out,
the face of the Pacific was changed.
I was in Apia during those years.
far in the past,
yet so plainly remembered.
Not once through the years
had we heard from him.
There were rumours he'd made
a fortune and lost it in Fiji...
that he still traded
in his cutter.
But somehow, he had lost reality.
Mr. Morgan was a legend.
Excuse me. Mr. Morgan?
I guess you don't remember me.
Rori.
Rori?
From Matareva...
Rori! How are you, kid?
Sit down.
What are you doing here?
I've been going to college.
For two years now.
College. Good for you.
I'm studying hard, so I can take
Mr. Cobbes place...
as school teacher.
It was he who sent me.
Still around, is he?
He'll always will be. He was kind
to my parents before they died.
Died! Tonga? Povana?
A warship stopped by
and left a terrible epidemic.
Thank heaven Turia escaped it.
Who? Turia?
Is she OK?
She's growing up to be the most
beautiful girl in Matareva.
She looks like the way I remember
her mother.
Rosie, more of the same.
You won't believe it,
but we still talk about you.

You're a hero, like Mr. Washington.
They remember...
Some other time.
Sorry. But I'm going back
next month.
Some other time, I said.
If you have a message...
No message.
Goodbye, Mr. Morgan.
It was hard to know
Mr. Morgan's heart.
Harder still to believe
he'd forgotten us...
as the rest of the world
had forgotten.
For those years of the war, no boat
would risk such a far off voyage...
for so little profit.
Yet, somewhere he must have heard
of our troubles...
of Mr. Cobbes letter
begging for medical supplies...
petrol, a pair of spectacles
for himself...
And somewhere, so deep within that
he himself did not know it...
an old dream must have stirred.
Can't a man land without
getting beat up?
Who are you?
Morgan, Mr. Morgan.
Mr. Morgan?
The real Morgan name?
Morgan name, it is you.
We're so happy you came!
I can see that. What goes on here?
Are the wardens still operating?
No wardens. Napu and me
are lookouts.
Mr. Cobbett say guard against
Japanese. Even light is forbidden.
I saw a big fire up the beach.
What about that?
That, we can't stop.

Is the young people.
I will take him to the village.
With you here, the Japanese
will not dare to come.
Look who has returned,
Morgan tane!
Hello, Mr. Morgan.
Kim Ling, how are you?
Good to see you.
And you.
I remember you.
Pomare.
Welcome Morgan tane!
I, Pomare, wish that Tonga could
be alive to see this night.
Good to see you, Pomare.
Hello, Morgan!
This is a pleasant surprise.
I had an empty hold and this
was better than waiting around.
A package for you.
Thank you.
Come in.
Come in.
I shall be able to read again.
Mr. Morgan.
How's the schoolmaster?
Holy... Where did you get this?
It took a great deal of persuasion.
But when a destroyer put in here
and saw our defences...
a look-out system, fighters on
the beaches, they finally gave in.
But when it came to firearms,
I was less successful.
Firearms? What for?
We must be ready
for any emergency.
Sure, Cobbett, absolutely.
By heavens, is your country
too thas threatened.
Midnight. Time for my report.
Headquarters, Naval Command.
Headquarters, Naval Command.

This is Matareva calling.
Matareva standing by. Over.
Come in, Matareva,
but make it fast.
Headquarters keep telling him
not to talk so much.
Hello. Do you hear me?
Do you hear me?
Failed again, just as was getting
started. Rori, see what you can do.
Running a generator on kerosene.
I hope you brought petrol.
Sure, two barrels full.
How long are staying?
Long enough to unload.
Have you seen your daughter?
No.
She's a fine girl.
A bit over-spirited, perhaps.
She was too friendly with
a sailor off the destroyer.
I was tempted to punish her.
Maybe you should have.
Morgan, what have these years
been like?
I can't complain.
Still on the run?
Rushing off to nowhere?
Have your boys down early.
I want to unload by noon.
You can stay here.
No, thanks,
the boas all right.
Life to you, Morgan tane.
I said you'd come back,
but they laughed.
"Your father has forgotten",
they said.
You're Turia, are you?
Yes, Mr. Morgan.
Is time you were in bed.
It was such a pretty night.
We made a fire and danced...
and Lani and I

swam to the point.
Who do you live with?
The widow Tini. Mr. Cobbett fixed it
for me to live there.
Where is her house?
Over there.
You aren't as tall
as I thought you'd be.
You aren't short, either.
Are you as strong as they say, to
blow the jail down with one breath?
You better go in,
is getting late.
Goodnight, Mr. Morgan.
I'm going ashore.
Morning, Lama. You will have
to work without me today.
You've been following me
all morning.
Thas the truth.
I've got work to do.
I'll help you.
Is there any school today?
School is for a child.
Well, go pick coconuts,
or go fishing.
You want to come fishing
with me?
The sun is high, and your inside
is empty. Come, Mr. Morgan.
And here is another
song we sing.
Morgan has the strength
of a hundred sharks.
With one finger he throws
his enemies across the reef.
You don't believe that?
Of course.
To do that,
you'd have to be good.
That is the truth.
Sometimes I even make fun
of my tama...
because they're not as strong

as you.

Your what?

The young men I go to
the beach with at night.

Look here, Turia, you've got
plenty of time for that.

Time for what?

I mean, take a steady fellow
like Rori, that's different.

Rori! He is like my brother.

Well, I mean to say,
you're too young.

My mother was young too.

What did she look like,

Mr. Morgan?

Was her hair long?

Yes.

And her teeth,
were they very white?

Very white.

Was she a strong swimmer?

I had a thought last night,

Mr. Morgan.

We will build a new house together,
a big, beautiful house.

I'm sailing. This afternoon.

This afternoon?

I only came here on business.

I can't waste time.

I'm due in Rarotonga next week.

When will you come back?

I don't know.

Where will you go
after Rarotonga?

Wherever there's a cargo.

Take me with you!

Don't be foolish, Turia.

Forget it.

Forget it!

I talked to Cobbett this morning.

If you need any money,
he'll take care of it.

I'm leaving in a couple of hours,
if you want to say goodbye.

I don't want to say goodbye.
I wish you'd never come.
Any weather reports, kid?
There's a bad storm.
We heard an Army plane in trouble.
I'm not interested in the Army.
See if...
There he is.
This is Army 457 calling.
Over.
Get Mr. Cobbett!
Tell him I heard the plane.
Army 457. Army 457.
This is Matareva. This is Matareva.
Bora Bora. This is Army 457.
We're in trouble.
Losing all pressure in port engine.
Do you read me?
457, this is Matareva.
Can you hear me?
Come in, Matareva.
457, can you see us?
Can you land here?
Matareva, Matareva. Have you
a level airstrip or level ground?
We have no level ground
long enough.
Could they land on the beach?
Of course not. Their only chance
is to crash land in the lagoon...
100 yards off-shore.
Crash on calm water
100 yards from shore.
I can't get there before dark.
Matareva.
They'll never find the lagoon.
We'll put flares on the motus.
Lights around the lagoon.
457. Can you land if we put
beacons around the lagoon?
Matareva, how will
I know where the shore is?
There's no place else to go.
Look for red and green lights.

Head between the green
and land short of the red.
Get a hundred men ready
with canoes and lanterns.
Kim Ling's got plenty.
Find some red and green cloth...
or paint.
I can furnish the colours.
I always felt there was a reason
to save these.
457. 457.
Everything's ready.
Lights all set?
All set.
Pilot, God will bring you in.
God is riding with you.
I thought, what a miracle if I live
to collect the \$60 Faber owes me.
Is all right.
You jokers can laugh.
A miracle did happen.
I know it sounds incredible...
but after you gave final
instructions, I said...
"Well, here we go,
I'll meet you in St. Louis."
I head a voice, as clear
as I can hear yours...
and it said...
"Have faith,
God is riding with you."
What did it sound like?
Deep, powerful, speaking
right to me.
That was a miracle all right.
It never couldve happened without
all you people.
We found what every stranger
finds in these enchanted islands.
A courage and a hospitality which,
as a famous writer said, "Springs...
from the untutored and spontaneous
outpourings of your hearts."
- Terrific with words, Faber.

- Writes poetry for the Bulletin.

Will we try to by-pass
the Carolines?

I'm just a truck driver with wings
and a colossal ignorance of strategy.

One thing I'm certain of, if anyone
can strike hard and fast, is...

Uncle Sam.

Excuse me.

Speaking of miracles.

Hello.

Do you want something, Captain?

I'm glad you asked me that,
honey.

Like an angel, rising
from the flames of hell.

Thas how you looked
when I saw you.

I'm no angel.

The name's Harry.

Harry. Yes, Harry.

Turia, honey. I've a feeling of
knowing this island in my dreams.

Of knowing you for
a long, long time.

Of seeing you before...

of being in love

with an angel like you.

Morgan. If you still plan on leaving
tomorrow, you better forget it.

I've just heard there's another
storm on the way.

My glass reads clear.

I can only tell you that what I saw
looked very bad.

Take my advice,
stay right here.

What is it, honey?

Whas wrong?

Please, Harry...

I don't know.

Nicest people in the world.

I bet a fellow could come here after
the war, open up a little business...

and laugh at the world.
You'd have no time,
the way you dance.
That wasn't all dancing, a lizard
crawled up my lava-lava.
You shoulve worn shorts.
You've no dignity.
- The only one with dignity is Harry.
- Where is Harry?
Where do you think? I know where I'd
be if I had a cute dish like that.
Morgan. What are you doing
at this hour?
Didn't feel much like sleep. Where's
that hurricane you said was coming?
Hurricane? Did I?
Oh, yes, dreadful.
Went out to sea. Low pressure area,
shifted over to the North.
Get a load of this. Here's
a poem he's writing to Turia.
"My angel of the flames, I have
loved the fair Turia...
- when the moon was on the wane...
- I've kissed her lips divine and...
If I know Faber, he'll be making
a three-point landing by midnight.
- That beetlepuss Morgan's her father.
- You're kidding?
She's his daughter
by a native woman...
only he's ashamed to admit it.
Where is he?
Where's Faber?
- I don't know, sir.
- Come on, les take a walk.
Is hard to keep secrets
in Matareva.
The low-down, sneaking rat...
Not really. He's more like
a bird of passage.
They want to see strange places
and love strange women.
But is hard on the places,

and very hard on the women.
You knew.
Why didn't you stop it?
Because I wanted you to.
I'll kill him!
That's an absurd solution.
Well, he'll marry her.
Nonsense. I tried that once too.
Morgan, once I'd have rushed in to
wield the rod and not looked beyond.
Now, I'm not sure.
Are you telling me to stand by and do
nothing while he breaks her heart?
No, Morgan, but if you interfered
and ran off forever...
can't you see you'd wound her
more deeply than a thousand Fabers?
Don't hurt the child...
unless you're prepared to stay
and heal her.
Goodnight, Harry, dear.
Let me come in
for a little while.
The widow Tini...
Look, you told me she was with
a sick friend.
She won't be back until morning.
Just for a little while...
Good evening.
You write this?
I guess I did, sir.
Get out. We don't want
your kind on our island.
Don't listen.
Keep out of this.
I didn't save you so you could
make a fool of my daughter.
You come here like birds of passage.
Is too rough on the women.
Wait...
For what? You're coming back to
settle down after the war, are you?
Forget it. I'm leaving in the
morning and you're going with me.

Sorry, but I've orders to wait.
You know what to do
with your orders.
Mr. Morgan...
Get out, Harry.
Go on, is finished.
Harry.
Later, I will wait for you.
He loves me. He'll marry me.
He's no good for you.
Leave me alone. Go away!
Please Turia, listen.
I didn't want to see you hurt.
I just did what I thought was best.
I haven't been much of a father...
Go away. You're not my father.
I never want to see you again.
Please deliver this to Naval Command
in person.
All right. Any other letters?
Everybody I know
or care about is here.
I'll have someone bring
a boat in before too long.
Not you?
Not me.
But I'll tell you something,
Cobbett.
When I came back here
this time...
it was like...
like coming home.
And when I saw Turia...
Sounds crazy, I guess,
but...
way down deep,
I didn't want to leave.
I wanted to stay here with her...
for the rest of my life.
But, thas out, for good.
Morning, gentlemen.
You boys ready?
I've news for you.
You're going to sail alone.

How's that?
Don't blame me.
Orders from Captain Faber.
He's decided to wait
for the Navy boat.
After all, you've no authority here.
Where is he?
At the lagoon.
Tell him to be on the wharf
in three minutes...
and that I'm coming down,
to help!
I'll give him your message,
but I can't promise he'll listen.
Those half baked punks!
The people wrote a song
in honour of their departure.
They'll be disappointed
if they can't sing.
They'll sing.
Careful. You're not as young
as you were.
If you think I can't...
Of course you can. You know, Morgan
I've often wondered...
how you'd have fared with
the wardens if you hadn't had that...
shotgun.
You know, Cobbett.
I'll tell you a secret.
After those first two shots,
it was always empty.
It still is.
This is the hour...
to say goodbye...
and we are shaking hands...
with the American fliers...
from the far away ocean...
they must return to the war.
If you return to the war...
don't forget our happiness.
Turia...
Turia.
Oh, Rori. He was only making fun

with me.
Now I have no one.
You have Rori.
And you have your father.
I think he would like
to say goodbye.
We ought to pray
in a silent land...
till we meet again...
Goodbye! Goodbye!
Take her out,
I'm staying home this time.