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The Big Steal

By Daniel Mainwaring

Turn around.
You're on the wrong track, pal.
- Wrong track with the wrong man.
- Save it for Washington.
We're flying back today
and we're taking it with us.
No, we're not. I haven't got it.
Where is it, Halliday?
I told you, you're on the wrong track.
Now, if you'll sit down and stop pointing
that gun at me
and let me do some talking...
Shut up, you've got nothing to talk about.
Get your bag.
Put it down.
I'm only gonna drink out of it.
Do you mind?
We got no time.
Call me seorita.
Vamos, will you?
Will you get out of the way?
Scram, will you?
Come on, scram, por favor.
It's men like you who make people
like them contemptuous of tourists.
Doesn't it occur to you
they don't understand?
- Well, I spoke to him in Spanish.
- Oh, is that what it was?
- Two hundred pesos, seor.
- Forget it.
- One hundred pesos, seor.
- I don't want any.
- Twenty pesos, seor.
- Vamos, will you?
Twenty pesos.
Thank you, thank you, seor.
- If that means what I think it does...
- It does.
If you know so much about etiquette,
get to work on Chiquita.
Taxi! Taxi!
Oh, you can have it.
- Who is it?

- It's Joan.
Come on, Jim, open the door.
Why, Joan, darling,
where did you drop from?
Never mind locking it. I'm not staying.
Oh, now, Joan, don't let's start a fight.
Now you can give me back my \$2,000.
Well, that's a fine way to greet
the guy you're engaged to.
What did you expect? Kisses?
I don't understand. I thought...
No, no, you thought I was the type of girl
who would sit home and cry her eyes out.
I don't get it. What's there to cry about?
The \$2,000 you borrowed.
If you're going to put the dollar sign
in front of everything,
I guess I'm lucky to find it out now,
before we got married.
You know, darling,
a woman has to have a little faith in a man.
Oh, you're a fine one to talk about faith.
You don't know what the word means.
- Oh, don't I?
- Oh, stop it.
The last time you started that
it cost me my bank account.
- There's that dollar sign again.
- Where? I don't see it.
Come on, hand it over.
I was saving that money for my trousseau.
Oh, darling, your pride's been hurt
because I went away without a word.
And stayed away without several.
Will you try to believe there was a reason?
A good one.
Sure, you wanted to surprise me.
By not coming back.
But, darling,
I planned on starting back tomorrow.
Go on.
I wanted to walk in on you
and dump a fortune in your lap.
I don't want a fortune.

All I want is what you owe me.
I'm trying to tell you, I'm gonna
give it all back to you with interest.
Just as soon as I finish the little job I'm on.
- Then I'll just wait.
- Fine.
It won't take long. All I have to do
is deliver something to a man.
All right, where do we deliver it?
- We?
- You won't mind my going along?
No, of course not.
I was just going down to rent a car.
We'll leave in an hour.
You go on in and freshen up a little bit,
and I'll be right back.
- Is that what we're delivering?
- Yes.
- How long a trip is it?
- Oh, a couple of hundred kilometers.
We go through a little place called Libres.
Not Tehuacn?
No, that was another trip.
Oh.
Wait a minute, that's the only map I've got.
I'll keep it safe.
I hope this is waterproof, Mr. Fiske,
'cause I'm taking a shower
and it's taking one with me.
All right, Fiske, come on out.
What?
Come on out, sister.
Who is it?
Captain Vincent Blake, United States Army.
Open the door.
I will not.
- All right, then I'm coming in there.
- No, no, no, wait, wait. Just a minute.
- Chiquita, what are you doing here?
- Get out.
You army men might be accustomed
to group showers.
I like mine alone.
- Where's Fiske?

- Taking the parrot for a walk.
- You wouldn't be his wife, would you?
- No, I wouldn't.

Mmm-hmm.

I don't like that "mmm-hmm. "

I'm not his wife.

If you were,

I wouldn't be saying "mmm-hmm. "

- What are you looking for?

- Huh?

Well, just a few hundred thousand dollars.

There's nothing here.

- All right, where is it?

- I don't know what you're talking about.

When Mr. Fiske comes back,

he'll take care...

You want to know something?

I don't think Mr. Fiske is coming back.

Now, look here,

Captain whatever-your-name-is.

- Blake.

- You'll find Jim down at the bar.

Sure, he's probably

buying the parrot a drink.

Well, it looks like you were sort of
caught holding the bag.

You thought it was in there, too,
didn't you?

You weren't by any chance
planning on a few minks
and a couple of new convertibles,
were you?

I...

Are you always so chivalrous
to strange women, Captain Blake?
We'll kick that around some other time.

Boy. Boy.

What do you mean by yelling at him?

- You almost made him drop it.

- I'm sorry.

That wouldn't have helped much
in putting the pieces together.

This is almost 400 years old.

I was just trying to ask him

where I can rent a car.
Well, go ahead and ask him.
Where can I rent a car?
I can recommend you only Bobos Company.
One block down, Calle Vista,
and two blocks right.
Mister, mister, you're next.
That would be a 500-peso deposit, seor.
Where do I hit the highway to Tehuacn?
You drive six blocks down
to Calle Internacional, turn to the right.
- Did you check the spare?
- Thank you, seor.
- I was just coming back to get you.
- Sure you were.
You might need a clean shirt.
Who else have you been stealing from?
- What are you talking about?
- Stop lying, Jim.
I was talking to an army man.
He searched your rooms after you left.
We opened the same briefcase.
- Is the money in there?
- Who said anything about money?
- Captain Blake.
- Blake? But...
What did he look like?
That's Duke Halliday.
Yo no hablo so fast.
Having trouble, Mr. Halliday?
Hey, give me a hand, will you?
I can't understand this guy.
- So your name is Halliday.
- No, no... You know what it is.
- Come on, get this guy off my neck.
- Get him off yourself. You speak Spanish.
- What did you say to him?
- I told him we were complete strangers.
No, no, no.
Now, wait a minute.
Now you've done it.
What'd you have to get me into it for?
Into what?
I don't know what I got myself into.

The Inspector General's office.

You're going to have some explaining to do.

Am I?

In that case, you better keep your mouth shut if you want to keep Fiske out of jail.

If you want to stay out of jail, you better do the same.

- Buenos das.

- Buenos das, seor.

- Oh, I speak English.

- Oh, I didn't know.

Oh, yes, I am student of my lieutenant.

He's University of California alumni.

Alumnus.

- That's fine, Captain, but...

- Inspector General.

Oh, sorry, Inspector General.

But there's no time to lose.

I've got to get out of here quick, if you'll just listen to me.

Certainly. Your tourist card, please.

Come on, hurry it up, will you?

Thank you very much.

"Joan Graham. Age 24. Miami, Florida. "

Secretary to Vice President,

Mexican-American Import Corporation.

- This explains your excellent Spanish.

- Inspector, please.

I am so sorry,

but there are other formalities.

Your tourist card, please.

Thank you.

- "Captain Vincent Blacky. "

- Blake.

- "Blacky. "

- Blake.

Blake. "United States Army. "

Mmm-hmm. Mmm-hmm.

Officer Morales spoke of some alter...

Um, alter...

- Altercation. Fight.

- Oh, yes.

Would you mind explaining, Captain Blake?

I was just trying to stop a man.
The United States Army
has reason for questioning him.
Oh, and the man, his name, please?
Fisher, James Fisher.
Fisher, hmm.
Has extradition been arranged?
Well, a request has been put in.
It's unfortunate I haven't been advised.
I know, I meant to do that,
but I ran into him.
I guess I acted on the spur of the moment,
but there he was.
And there you were and there was Morales,
so here we are.
Next time you won't be
so impulsive, perhaps?
No, sir.
- Then you may go.
- Thank you.
Unless Miss Graham has something to add.
No, no, nothing.
You and Captain Blake are old friends?
Well, we have a mutual interest.
- Birds.
- Oh.
Thank you for your courtesy, sir.
We are always glad to be of service
to army officials.
I trust we shall soon
see each other again, Captain...
- Blake.
- Yes, Captain Blake.
- My English is improving, no?
- Oh, yes, Inspector.
I'll tell you a little story, in English.
Once upon a time, there was a cat
who had a little mouse right in its paws.
But he let the little mouse go
that later he could follow that little mouse
into a group of other little mice.
Mice.
You're a clever cat, Inspector.
So is the mouse.

Please let go of me.

I don't like being mauled.

- This isn't mauling, it's called hanging on.

- Whatever it's called, I don't like it.

Well, you'll have to learn to
if you're not gonna break down
and tell me where
that friend of yours went.

I said I didn't know.

And I said I didn't believe you.

You must know something.

I do. You have the worst manners
of anyone I've ever met.

Come on in here.

Blake?

No habla Spanish so good.

I speak English good.

Oh, what a break.

I'm Captain Blake

of the United States Army.

I need your help, Inspector.

In what way can I help you, Captain?

I'm looking for a man named Duke Halliday.

He arrived on the Santa Maria
a couple of hours ago.

He might be using an alias, probably is.

I hate to interrupt you,

but can I see your credentials, Captain?

Well, unfortunately, I had an encounter
with Halliday onboard the ship.

- He pulled a fast one on me and stole them.

- I see.

However, if you'll get in touch
with Army Headquarters
and ask for a description
of Captain Vincent Blake,
you'll find a crescent-shaped scar
indicated on my record.

- That won't be necessary, Captain.

- Thank you, sir.

I had extradition papers,
but he took them, too.

I'm sending for duplicates.

May I proceed before they arrive?

- You have my permission.

- Good.

When I find him, I'll let you know
so that you can make the arrest.

- Good luck, Captain.

- Good day.

Good day.

What means, "He pulled a fast one"?

Copped a Sunday.

Strange language, but colorful.

Call the American Consul and get
the complete report on Captain Blake.

The cat reaches out

with his other paw, huh?

To toy with another mouse?

- Shall we follow the mouse?

- Yes.

Better no.

Let us rush to the airport instead.

Yes, Inspector.

- What do you think you're doing?

- Oh, I just thought you might be lonely.

- Just step all over me.

- Sorry, I just don't like women drivers.

I rented this car and I'm responsible for it,
and you can't come in...

Well, what do you know? A road map.

With the route marked nice and clear.

Being a moderately intelligent fellow,

I can only come to one conclusion.

You follow the pencil line

and we find Fiske.

Uh-uh, uh-uh.

You're too young to read a map.

It's the right turn, not straight ahead.

That is if you're going

by way of Providencia,

which, according to the map, you are.

I don't usually make it a habit

to butt into women's affairs,

but what's this guy Fiske to you?

Don't change your habits because of me.

I wouldn't if we didn't have

so much in common: Fiske.

I'm interested in him,
you're interested in him.
- Not a bad-looking fellow.
- Is that why you're interested in him?
- Chiquita.
- Look, stop calling me Chiquita.
You don't say that
to girls you don't even know.
Where I learned Spanish, you do.
Oh, come on, hurry up, will you?
Give me the suitcase.
Who's holding the bag now?
Gentlemen, you don't know how sorry I am.
Let's get out of here.
One thing about Jim, he's no dope.
Are you praising him or taking me apart?
Both.
What do you suppose
he did with that money?
Oh, he probably chewed it up
and swallowed it.
- What's the matter?
- Nosebleed.
Ran into a wall. Nothing to worry about.
Here. Here, let me.
- And who's worrying?
- I am.
Worrying my nose might stop bleeding.
- Keep your mind on the road.
- I can't.
In that case,
you better let me drive for a while.
Okay, but remember
my weakened condition.
Look, I want to get there fast,
but in one piece.
So would you mind not taking the curves
so haphazard-like?
Did you learn English
in the same place you learned Spanish,
Captain Vincent Duke Blake Halliday?
Not the same place, but several just like it.
You know how it is in the army,
Miss Graam.

Graham.

How do you do? My name's Halliday.

I was beginning to suspect it might be.

- Bright girl.

- Bright enough.

But a little confused.

You tell so many different stories.

Well, I'm just fishing around
for one that'll keep me out of jail.

That's where I'm going if I lose Fiske.

I know just what happened.

You're being blamed for something Jim did.

May I fill in a few details?

As long as it isn't too sad.

See, when I hear sad stories I cry,
and when I cry, I can't drive.

Never mind where you've been.

Just worry about where you're going.

You see, I'm what you call a finance officer.

I handle payrolls.

Pick up the money at the bank
and take it on back to the post.

Only, last time,

I didn't quite make the post.

Fiske waylaid me.

He had a gun, so what could I do
but hand over the payroll?

- Of course you told the story to the army.

- Well, sure I did. To my superior, Blake.

Didn't believe me. He seemed to think
that I had put Fiske up to it.

So I took out after Fiske,
and Blake naturally took out after me.

You're a big boy, as big as Fiske is.

Why didn't you give him an argument?

Didn't you have a gun?

Yeah, but I was looking down
the barrel of his.

- So I gave him the 300,000.

- 300,000?

- Now, don't cry, please.

- I'm not crying, but 300,000!

When I gave Jim 2,000,

I thought it was a fortune.

Don't tell me he clipped you?
- He called it borrowing.
- No security?
Unless you call a nice smile security.
That's all you got for your money?
Certainly was.
I'll tell you what, Chiquita.
You believe me and I'll believe you.
Step on it, Chiquita.
Look out for the cow!
Don't use the brake. Throw it in second,
that way you won't lose speed.
- This is a fine time to give driving lessons.
- And keep your eyes glued to the road.
Whatever I said about women drivers,
I take back.
Watch the road!
Stop just past those goats!
Come on, get out of here! Get!
Come on! Move!
Get! Come on, get out!
Come on, get out of here! Move!
Get out, move! Come on!
Get out! Come on, move!
- That stopped him, Captain Halliday.
- Lieutenant Halliday, Miss Graham.
A man who thinks as fast as that
should be promoted.
Oh, it's nothing.
Every time I get in a tight spot with Blake,
I always turn goats loose.
One thing I can't figure out.
You have a gun. Why didn't you use it?
In the army,
they hang you for shooting captains.
I've got a crazy notion.
Maybe you're on the level.
Maybe Jim did steal your money.
You know, I got a notion, too.
Maybe he stole your money.
Get out of here! Beat it!
Shoo! Scat!
Get out of here! Get out of the way!
May I interpret you, sir?

Oh, thank you very much.

I was looking for a garage.

- I'm Inspector General Ortega.

- I'm very pleased to meet you.

- I'd like to get this wheel changed...

- Which did you say was your name?

Fiske. If you don't mind, I'm in a hurry. I...

Oh, you Americans are always in a hurry.

Toms will attend to everything.

Meantime, let me give you the pleasure
of showing you the hotel.

That's very kind of you,

but I think perhaps I better go with him.

Please, I am learning English.

And it's so seldom

I meet few people who speak it.

Well, I have to get a new tire.

The spare is shot, too,

and you know how it is,

a man likes to know what he's getting.

Lieutenant, accompany Toms.

There is no mechanic in the world
who can pull a Sunday on my lieutenant.

Will you hurry it up, please?

No more for me, thanks. One's enough.

I better be on my way.

But your car is not ready, Mr. Fiske.

Duke, there's his car!

You ask the questions

while I take a look around.

- Did you hear what he said?

- Yeah.

- What did he say?

- Jim's at the hotel.

Nice to have met you, Inspector.

I hope we meet again.

- I look forward.

- Thank you.

There he is. Uh-oh, he's got company.

Miss Graham, Captain Blake.

If this were not Tehuacn,

I would be surprised.

But everyone come to Tehuacn

later or sooner.

Yeah, don't they?

Miss Graham, Captain Blake, Mr. Fiske.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- How are you?

- Getting better all the time. How are you?

- Fine. I was just leaving.

- Oh, really? So were we.

- Nice to see you, Inspector.

- Oh, no, please, you just arrived.

- I changed my mind about that drink.

- Good.

Somebody say something about a drink?

Someone will be very glad

to mention one, Captain.

There is a typic drink I want you to try.

You must forgive a bad custom of me.

Making others' minds before they do,

or try to, anyway.

It's all right. I'm getting used to having

my mind made up for me.

Are you really?

It's the country, you know.

She's been watching the Mexican women.

Our women are like all women.

They listen, they smile, they agree,

and then they don't.

Who did you say

was watching the women?

Too bad you are in a hurry up,

Captain Blake.

Oh, I'm in no rush, not now.

This place sort of grows on you.

Then why not stay? It is crowded,

but we can always get one more room.

Two rooms.

There is always room for another.

Yes, why don't you stay? It'll do you good.

Give you a different outlook on life.

My outlook's getting different

by the minute. Are you staying?

I have been asking him to,

but he's also in a hurry rush.

I'm the impatient type, Miss Graham.

Not nearly so impatient as I, Mr. Fiske.
Such a well chance to practice my English.
But if you must go, you will.
Sorry to disappoint you, Inspector.
Well, I'm not going to disappoint him.
I'm staying.
- Good, you won't repent, Mr. Fiske.
- No, I'm sure I won't.
I'll speak to the manager now.
Inspector, you know, I just thought
there might not be another time.
- I think we'll stay, too.
- Wonderful.
Before you change your mind, we go, huh?
Going somewhere?
Hang up your receiver, will you?
It's liable to keep me awake.
Joan's watching your window,
if you're thinking of getting out that way.
Okay, you win.
You don't have to throw
your hand in, Fiske.
- Come on, draw another card.
- I've had enough. Can't we talk it over?
- You mean that?
- Yeah.
Now you're talking sense.
There's no reason
why we can't talk this thing over.
Hello, Chiquita.
That guy that owes you money
wants to talk to you.
Yeah, I'm in his room.
- All right, where is it?
- Why ask me?
- You saw those two guys get the suitcase.
- Close it, Chiquita.
Yeah, I saw you throw them the suitcase,
and I saw what was in it.
Now, where's the money?
Money? Who said anything about money?
A friend of mine knew
I was coming up this way,
so he gave me a suitcase to deliver.

I don't know what was in it.
Maybe you better look the other way.
- Where'd you hide it?
- I didn't hide anything.
Duke, maybe it's in the car.
Sure. It's got to be there.
Here, you think you can handle him?
You got a cigarette, Joan?
I quit smoking, just now.
- Joan, you've got to believe...
- Don't move.
I said don't move.
Darling, I don't think you'll shoot me.
You're taking Halliday's word against mine.
The word of a guy you don't even know.
Why, Joan?
I haven't changed.
I'm the same guy who held you in his arms.
Who still loves you.
You lost something?
No, not me, Mr. Fiske. His glasses.
Can't see a thing without 'em.
- I'll help you look.
- No need, I found them.
Then we'll go back to the hotel,
us two, huh?
Yeah.
- Oh, Duke, I tried, but...
- All you had to do was pull the trigger,
unless you wanted him to get away.
Don't go blaming me.
It was your idea to leave me here.
All right, I'm sorry.
I shouldn't have left you alone.
You were scared I'd find the money
and run off.
Shh! Quiet, Chiquita.
You don't know the birdcage trick, do you?
Or the Indian rope trick?
That's all we need. I lose Fiske, I get Blake.
I'm dead.
Duke, will you give me one more chance?
Sure, Chiquita.
- Going somewhere, miss?

- I beg your pardon.

- Where's Halliday?

- Halliday?

Yeah, the guy who was with you,
where is he?

Oh, you mean the man I gave the lift to
from Veracruz. His name is Blake.

When did he tell you that?

When I was shooting at him?

- You...

- Not so fast.

Let me go. I haven't done anything.

You've done plenty.

You've helped a man escape from me.

I'm Captain Blake.

- But he said...

- Never mind what he said.

Come on, before I throw you in jail.

Where is he?

He's in the hotel. Room 206.

Move over!

- Thanks, amigo.

- Amiga, feminine.

I better stick to Chiquita. Thanks, Chiquita.

- Por nada, grandote.

- Por plenty, that was a tight spot.

So tight I stopped thinking.

I should've put his car out of action.

I wouldn't worry too much about it.

Boy! Muchacho! Boy! Get me a mechanic!

Automobile! Get me an automobile!

Automobile!

Now what?

Hey, come on, move over, will you?

Get out of the way!

All right, tell me that's not
the polite thing to do now.

I never said a word.

- No, but you're thinking plenty.

- Boy, I bet you're fun to take a trip with.

A little bit of trouble

and you jump all over people.

You call what I'm in a little bit of trouble?

Come on, move over, will you?

Get out of the road.

I'm in it, too, or didn't you notice?

Look, will you vamoose? Get off the road!

I'm sorry, doll. It must've been
some of the dust I'm eating.

- Didn't you hear me? I said I'm sorry.

- I heard you.

Aw.

Get out of the way!

I didn't say a word, but I'm thinking.

- He says, can't we see the road's blocked?

- Is he kidding? Of course we can see it.

The highway's all right.

He said he put a sign across this road.

- Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

- Jim.

Sweet guy. Like you said, no dope.

What are we waiting for? Turn around.

Oh, no, I'm the kind of guy
doesn't like to turn around, Chiquita.

There's a guy right behind me
with a gun, remember?

Ask him how far ahead is the highway.

- Hear what he said?

- Of course I heard.

What'd he say?

Less than a mile away,
but try and get there.

That's exactly what I'm going to do.

- What's he congratulating us for?

- We're eloping.

- What's the matter with me?

- I told him my father doesn't like you.

- Well, thanks, what's that for?

- Don't ask questions, just take it and like it.

I like it fine. Keep it up.

You won't get jealous
if I drag in another man,
the one my father wants me to marry?

- Ten what?

- Children.

Ten kids?

Get those planks out again!

Put those planks back on there.

What's the matter with you guys?
I'm trying to get through there.
I'm trying to stop that car.
Well, now you're the one
that's up for a promotion.
Oh, it's nothing.
When I find a bridge out,
I always dig up a romance.
I didn't get all of what you said to him.
- You know where I learned Spanish.
- Yes, I know.
All I said was
we were running away to get married.
And my cruel father
was chasing us with a shotgun.
He wanted me to marry a small, ugly man,
but I preferred the big, pretty one.
You know, he was nice, that foreman.
I hated to lie to him.
Everything you said, lies?
Well, not everything.
You are big.
Thanks.
Here, busy yourself with this for a while.
Get the planks...
The turnoff
should be around here somewhere.
Should be 10 kilometers
from that last town we passed.
You think you're old enough
to read a map now?
I've aged a lot in the last few hours.
- What are you doing?
- Eeny-meeny-miny-mo.
- Comes out mo.
- Yeah, but the tire tracks come out miny.
Is your name Fiske?
Are you the guy I'm supposed to meet?
No, he's at the hacienda
down the road a bit.
I'm the reception committee.
Come on, slide over.
Wait a minute, I think I can find it all right.
I think you better stay here, though.

I'm being tailed.
We'll take care of that.
Gonzales.
I hope this is the right road.
Get down!
Make for the rocks!
This thing only holds six.
I should have left you in Tehuacn.
Then you'd have been lonesome.
In a spot like this,
a guy is better off lonesome.
If you're thinking
what I think you're thinking...
Yeah?
He's a good shot, too.
He'd have us both before we got to the car.
I've got an awful yen for that rifle.
It'll be getting dark soon.
I hate the thought of spending the night
with an empty revolver.
There's always me.
Tonight you got to pick.
Duke, Duke, don't go. Please don't go.
Chiquita...
That'll have to wait till later.
Adis, Chiquita.
This time,
don't forget to squeeze the trigger.
Keep reaching, mister.
Tell her to come down here!
Go on, tell her before I plug you.
No! No, don't. Don't shoot!
Put it on the table.
Here it is, Mr. Fiske.
- Good, cold American dollars.
- How many?
- One hundred and fifty thousand.
- Now, wait a minute, Seton.
You're making 100% profit on this deal.
It's hot, Mr. Fiske. Very, very hot.
Much hotter
than the goods I usually handle.
Now, if you'd robbed a bank
or a jewelry store

like most of my clients...
But you had to rob the U.S. Army.
That outfit has a long memory
when it comes to money stolen from it.
- But look at the risk I took.
- Your risk has ended.
Mine's just beginning.
I've got to get rid of this.
Now that, you can spend.
So wrap it up and be thankful.
Oh, you were being followed.
- You've all met, I take it?
- Yes, we've met.
Stop it, you clumsy fool!
You almost broke it. This is priceless.
Looks like something they'd give you
for knocking down milk bottles.
Get back, get back, away from the table.
- Cole, get them back.
- You heard him. Get moving.
Jos got killed. I want to get his body.
How about Madden giving me a hand?
- Did he kill him?
- Go and help Cole.
- What did you stop him for?
- They're your problem.
- Mine? I can't take them with me.
- Well, you can't leave them here, either.
Not alive, anyway.
It'd be a pleasure to take care of him,
but the girl, I...
Oh, scruples about killing women, huh?
Look, Fiske,
why don't you take her with you?
She'll keep her mouth shut.
- No, Duke...
- Shut up, Chiquita.
You've got your money.
Do you want her on your conscience?
He has no conscience.
You're wasting your time, Duke.
If I were sure you wouldn't talk,
I'd take you along.
Go with him.

Go on, it's the only way.

Put up your hands.

- Well, the Marines.

- Up, I said.

You, too, sister.

There's the money, Vince.

There's the guy that stole it.

Get over by the fireplace.

- Watch out for him, he's got a gun.

- Shut up.

Will you get it through your head, Vince?

Fiske stole the money from...

Shut up, I said.

Why don't you let him in

on the secret, Blake?

- Is that my money?

- Our money.

- I haven't taken my cut.

- Well, take your cut and get on your horse.

We're not getting what we figured.

He's keeping 150 grand.

Well, that's the best I can do

under the circumstances.

Army money is hot, Captain Blake.

So it's the best you can do?

- I still get half, don't I?

- Sure. Sure, you've earned it.

We decided, that is,

I decided that the girl Joan should...

She should go with me. She won't talk.

The girl stays here.

- I think it's better if...

- Let me do the thinking, like always, Fiske.

Anything you say.

Jim!

Don't feel bad about him, sister.

He didn't put up much of a fight

about you, did he?

You can't trust a guy like that.

How you going to get out of this, Duke?

You got another bridge handy

or some goats?

Looks like I'm not getting out of it.

Looks like you're not

getting out of it, either.
You think not?
No matter how you work it, it's gonna be
awful hard to keep your skirts clean.
They'll be checking up
on every move you made.
I was chasing you. They know that.
What about the payroll?
He's keeping it, isn't he?
Well, of course I'm keeping it, I bought it.
Doesn't that pose something of a problem?
What do you tell the army?
Fiske has it. You gave it to him.
You came down here to meet him
and get your share.
He got away. You didn't.
- There must be a safe place for his body.
- Oh, there is.
Not bad.
Maybe the army will believe you at that.
What about the Mexican police?
When I saw Ortega in Tehuacn...
- Is he in Tehuacn?
- Yeah, he was a while ago.
He was watching the girls
at the Hotel Pennyfields' pool
when he wasn't keeping an eye
on me and Fiske.
Thanks, pal.
Keep him covered, Seton.
Hotel Pennyfields in Tehuacn.
Everything figured out now.
Army training, Duke.
Everything up through channels
since I've been tailing you.
Regular reports,
endorsements, travel orders.
You ought to see my file... Hello.
Inspector General Ortega, por favor.
You see what I mean, Duke?
Everything according to Hoyle.
Would be against regulations for me
to make the arrest myself.
Hello? Hello, Inspector,

this is Captain Blake.

Yes, sir.

I've got the man I was telling you about,
and I want you to take over.

Oh, no, sir, that won't be necessary.

I'll bring him to you at the hotel.

Thank you, sir.

Oh, there's just
one complication, Inspector.

He was killed trying to get away from me.

All right, Duke, start running.

You were shot in the back
while trying to escape.

What about Seton?

You know, you got to shoot him, too.

With him out of the way,

you can give the army back its payroll
and come up smelling like roses
with \$150,000 profit.

They'll pin medals on you, Vince.

They might even up your rank.

- Start running, Duke.

- Will you mind dropping that gun, Captain?

Don't turn around, just drop the gun.

- You fool, don't you see what he's up to?

- Possibly.

But on the other hand, considering
the way you treated your partner,
there might be something in what he says.
You see, I plan to come out of this alive.
Don't be...

Please, please, please stop it.

Please stop it!

- Nice shooting, Chiquita.

- I didn't mean to. It just went off.

Huh?

When your teeth stop chattering,
you get Ortega on the phone.

You tell him to come down here pronto,
muy pronto.

- What was what you called Seton?

- Oh, fence.

Fence? Oh.

This English.

- Well, thanks for everything, Inspector.
- The thanks are to you.
- Yes, for helping me get the... goods?
- Goods.

Goods on Seton, such a clever man.

We knew he was a fence,
but we could not prove nothing.

All we could do was to wait
until someone would lead us to he.

Along came Fiske, along came you,
along came Blake.

Now we have nothing to worry for Seton.

- Or Blake, or Fiske.
- Or you.
- Goodbye, Lieutenant.
- Buenas noches.
- Tardes.
- Tardes, Inspector...
- Generale.
- Muy bien.

Well, you're looking at a man
without a thing to worry about.

Travel order's in my pocket
and no guys with handcuffs
waiting at the end of the line.

That's wonderful, Duke.

"Home," the man said,
in 2,000 well-chosen words.

- Do you really want to go home?
- Well, of course I want to.

Maybe you think what we've been doing
for the last couple of days was fun,
but not me.

- Oh.
- Why "oh"?

Just "oh. " It's a two-letter word
meaning nothing in particular.

- When are you leaving?
- Tomorrow morning.
- Oh.
- There's that two-letter word again.
- What do you want me to say?
- Anything.

"Oh, wasn't the scenery great?"

You like the people, you hate to leave.

Oh, I'm not leaving.

- Did you hear what I said?

- Yeah, I heard you.

- What are they doing?

- It's a form of lovemaking.

Oh.

Now you've got me doing it.

- What happens when their feet get tired?

- They pair off and sit down.

- Uh-huh. And then?

- Then their chaperones sit down with them.

Hmm. Now that I wouldn't like.

After a while, the boy takes the girl home.

With the chaperone, of course?

Then he stands outside her window
and sings.

Oh!

And if she likes the song,

then she opens the window

and lets him in?

The windows have bars on them.

Ah.

Oh, it sounds like a charming custom,

but I think my way is better.

Waste an awful lot of time down here.

Oh, I don't know.