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The Caine Mutiny

By Stanley Roberts

Today you are full-fledged ensigns.

Three months ago, you assembled here | from all walks of life. -

- Field, factory, | office and college.

Each of you knew | what the fighting was about.

Each of you knew that the American | way of life must be defended.

From here on, your education | must continue in the school of war.

As an ensign | in the United States Navy. -

- You go down to the sea to fight in | the toughest conflict of all time.

We Americans are confident that | you will serve the Navy with honour.

Good luck and good hunting.

Willie, over here!

- Darling, I'm so proud of you. | - Congratulations, Willie.

I hope the Navy | makes full use of your abilities.

Perhaps I could help you | be placed somewhere else.

Good luck for now.

Mother, I'll have to skip your party | tonight. The fellas are celebrating.

But the party's in your honour.

Your friends will forgive you. | You can call them from the house.

I'll see you at ten.

May...

- You were wonderful. | - Your mother let you out?

I had to be with her. I should | have told you yesterday. I'm sorry.

- Get me a drink, then we'll fight. | - Leo, two Scotch and waters.

Let's not spoil the night. | I've only got a couple of days left.

- I'm leaving Sunday. | - How do you expect me to feel?

You left me standing there alone. | Why couldn't I meet your mother?

- There's a time for everything. | - I'm sure.

To the most important woman | in your life... Mom.

- May, stop it. | - I'm sorry, Willie.

I didn't mean to ruin your evening. | I just bruise easily.

What do we do to celebrate?

We can go to the Fairmont... | Or we don't have to go to a club.

- Meaning what? | - I've only got 48 hours.

- Willie, don't. | - May, I love you.

All right. | Will you marry me?

If there were more time...

I didn't expect you to.

I forgot who I was. Just another | nightclub singer for a big weekend.

I don't want any more of it. | Not another minute.

- Good luck, Mr Keith. | - Thanks, George.

Goodbye, Mother.

Cable me from Pearl Harbour. | Your ship's been in lots of battles.

Do you have enough spending money? | You'd better take this extra \$100.

- Mother, please don't cry. | - You're all I have left.

Promise me you'll be careful. Don't | volunteer or do anything dangerous.
I won't. I promise. | Goodbye, sweetheart.
Request permission | to come on board.
- The Caine's a real beauty. | - The Caine is the inboard ship.
This way, Keith.
Watch that enthusiasm. | This is the Caine.
- I'm sorry, I lost my footing. | - This is Lieutenant Tom Keefer.
Your orders. They transform | ex-civilians into men without minds.
- I hate to do this to you. | - Gangway, lady with a baby!
Meatball, Horrible, | pick up Mr Keith's gear.
This is our executive officer, | Steve Maryk.
Steve's the guy | who gets things done.
Come on, let's meet the captain.
- Watch your feet, sir! | - Come on, Keith!
It's a mistake scraping this ship. | The rust is keeping the water out.
- What do you want? | - He's here, sir.
- Bring him in. | - In here, Keith.
Captain DeVriess, | this is Ensign Keith.
May I see your orders, | or are they a military secret?
I'm sorry, sir.
Princeton, 1941...
Top five percent | in midshipman's school...
Pretty good background, | pretty good record.
- Disappointed it's a minesweeper? | - To be honest, yes, sir.
- You saw yourself on a battleship? | - I had hoped that...
I only hope that | you're good enough for the Caine.
- I'll try to be worthy of the job. | - The Caine is a beaten-up tub.
After 18 months of combat, it takes | 24 hours a day to keep her together.
I don't think you understand. | You're in the junkyard navy.
Steve, put in with Keefer | in Communications. -
- And have Tom show this Princeton | Tiger and the other ensign the ship.
And Keith...
Don't take it so hard. | War is hell.
- Ensign Keith, Ensign Harding. | - My condolences.
Let's get with it. | The USS Caine is a minesweeper.
These paravanes carry sweep wires | off both sides of the ship.
The wire saws the mine in two.
We've been in combat a year and a | half, and we've never swept a mine.
This ship was designed by geniuses | to be run by idiots.
This is the engine room. To operate, | all you need is a monkey.
99 percent of what we do is routine, | one percent requires intelligence.
- That does it. Any more questions? | - Where do we go to surrender?
- It's not that easy. | - You don't like the Navy.
Just one more thing to do. | Climb the mast.

What for?

A tour is from the keel | to the foretop. That's the foretop.

I'm very fond of my wife and kid. | I'll probably never see them again.

Well done!

- I'm glad he liked it. | - Yeah.

Keith, I'm gonna be sick. | I'm sorry.

Height bothers me. | Those poor sailors down there.

- This is the only hat I've got. | - I have two others.

That's darn cordial of you.

What's keeping you up there? | Lunch!

- Excuse me, sir. | - It's all right.

Now that you've studied the Caine | up close, do you like her better?

- The tour was very interesting. | - Is the ship too messy for you?

The question is, | "Is this mess a ship?"

It's decent of you to join us. | I didn't think you had time.

Even the greatest of | literary artists gets hungry.

Pull up a chair, Tom, and | cast some pearls before the swine.

I have to protect these fresh young | faces from the captain's badgering.

I'm just conducting | a one-man board of inquiry.

I'm trying to find out if | Ensign Keith wants to stay on board.

There is no escape from the Caine. | We are all doing penance.

Sentenced to an outcast ship, manned | by outcasts, named after an outcast.

- Here we go again. | - It's a fact.

I've been trying for two years to be | relieved of command without luck.

But then... I don't have | Ensign Keith's influence.

I don't understand.

I received this dispatch from | Admiral Wards about an hour ago.

"Will request transfer to my staff | for Ensign Willis Steward Keith."

"Understand of course | needs of USS Caine have priority."

- I didn't know anything about this. | - Could be coincidence.

Or someone pulling strings.

What'll it be? The admiral's staff | or the hell of the Caine?

- I don't know. | - Do you want to fight a war?

- He shouldn't have to decide here. | - A good officer would be able to.

- Come on, we haven't got all day. | - Well, sir...

- I'll stay on board, sir. | - That takes care of that.

You will live to regret this day.

Sir, I spotted a Japanese aircraft | off the starboard bow. Angle 20.

See him?

If you stay ten years, you may learn | to tell an aircraft from a seagull.

Man all stations | for minesweeping drill.

Launch sweep gear.

Port paravanes in the water.

- That was a lousy performance. | - Stand by to stream starboard side.

Retrieve sweep gear.

Snap it up. | The Jones is beating us.

- Stop the engines. Get me a line. | - The water's full of sharks.

- Stand by the line. | - Yes, sir.

This dispatch just arrived.

I'll take care of it right away.

Haul away!

Lead the line | outboard of everything.

Report float recovered.

The Jones never could beat us.

You pooped out! We streamed three | minutes quicker at Guadalcanal.

You must love that guy | to do what you did for him.

Go dry yourself, Keith.

- Is that you, Willie? | - Yeah.

Didn't you go to Princeton? Maybe | I'll let you read some of my novel.

- Your opinion might be valuable. | - Thanks.

Horrible, | pick up those orange peels.

Meatball, laugh once more | and you're in trouble.

Ensign Keith, report to | the captain's cabin. On the double.

These 90-day wonders. They all | think they're five-star admirals.

Come in.

Three days ago, this ship received a | dispatch addressed to us for action.

- Smitty says he gave it to you. | - Yes, sir. I forgot about it.

- Did you decode the message? | - No, sir.

- It's incredible stupidity... | - I had it done for you.

- That'll be all, Smitty. | - Yes, sir.

Keith.

Do you know how serious misplacing | an action dispatch can be?

I don't think you do.

This ship might have failed | to carry out a combat assignment.

I'd bear the full responsibility | in a court martial.

I understand, sir.

I've been filling out | officers' fitness reports.

- How should this affect yours? | - Anyone can make a mistake.

There are mistakes and mistakes. | The margin for error is narrow here.

There's too much loss of life | and property damage possible.

Here. | Read it.

"Ensign Keith seems | a fairly bright young man."

"He may become a competent officer | once he overcomes...

...a careless approach | to his duties."

- Is it unfair? | - Sir, if I may be permitted...

I made a mistake, but I don't think | I should be singled out for it.

The Caine's a slack ship. The decks | look like a Singapore junk.

You must also | strongly disapprove of me.

- Go ahead, man to man. | - I'm in no position to judge.
My conception of a captain | is different from yours.
I'll take it under advisement. | Since you feel so bitter. -
- Perhaps what's in the dispatch | will brighten your day.
As you can see, | I'm being relieved of command.
Next week | you'll have a new captain.
Lieutenant Commander | Philip Francis Queeg. Feel better?
- Definitely, sir. | - Good. That'll be all, Keith.
In accordance with | Bureau of Naval Personnel. -
- Order 01602 1 of November 1943. -
- You'll report to and relieve the | commanding officer of the USS Caine.
Signed, Louis Whitfield, | Rear Admiral, USN, Chief of Bureau.
I relieve you, sir.
All standing orders to remain | in force. Dismiss the men.
- Good luck, Captain. | - Thank you.
Crew dismissed.
I could stay aboard a few days | till you get used to things.
There's no need for that. We all | have our own ways of running a ship.
This one's tired. She ought | to be melted down for razor blades.
The crew's tired, too. | But every man is okay.
- I understand. | - I hope you do.
Yours, Captain.
Attention on deck.
- Request permission to leave. | - Captain, sir?
- What is it, Meatball? | - Nothing, sir.
A few of the guys chipped in and...
Whose idea was this?
- It's against Navy regulations. | - You don't go by regulations.
That's my trouble. | I've been aboard the Caine too long.
You take an even strain with the | new skipper, and it'll be all right.
- I'm leaving the ship, sir. | - Yes, sir.
What do you know? Somebody | left his watch lying around.
I might as well have a souvenir. | Not a bad-looking watch at that.
- What time is it? | - 11:00.

Make it 10:

- To remind me | of the fouled-up crew of the Caine.
Carry on.
What's everybody so choked up for?
I still think | that someday you'll make an officer.
Captain Queeg requests | a meeting of all officers at 13:00.
We'll be shipmates for a long time. | We should get acquainted.
I've formed some impressions. | You're probably curious about me.
My background is simple. | Just another naval officer.

I've had seven years | in the Atlantic.

The last two were very interesting.

I thought they had it in for me | personally. Let's get down to cases.

I'm a book man. I believe everything | in it was put in for a purpose.

On this ship, | we do things by the book.

Deviate from the book | and you'll get an argument from me.

I don't lose arguments on my ship. | That's why it's nice to be captain.

Remember, on board my ship | excellent performance is standard. -

- Standard performance | is sub-standard and does not exist.

Now that I've shot my face off, I'll | give you the chance to do the same.

It's been a long time since | this crew did things by the book.

There are four ways | of doing things on board my ship:

The right way, the wrong way, | the Navy way and my way.

Do it my way and we'll get along.

Okay? | Anyone else?

Come in.

Sorry to interrupt. | Official message.

Thank you.

One moment, messenger.

- What's your name and rate? | - Urban, sir. Seaman First.

- Very well. You may go. | - Yes, sir.

Gentlemen, did you notice anything | peculiar about Seaman Urban?

A shirt-tail outside trousers | is the uniform for bus boys. -

- Not for a sailor in the US Navy. | We will start noticing these things.

- Who's the Morale Officer? | - There is none.

- Who's the Junior Ensign? | - Keith, sir.

Mr Keith, | you are now the Morale Officer.

See to it that every man keeps | his shirt-tail inside his trousers.

If I see | another shirt-tail flapping. -

- Woe betide the sailor, the OOD and | the Morale Officer. I kid you not.

We are to proceed to Area X-ray | at 08:00 tomorrow to tow targets.

The Caine is going to be the best | target-towing ship in this navy.

That'll be all, gentlemen.

I want the men to have their hair | cut and their faces shaven by 24:00.

Aye, aye, sir.

- Well, he's certainly Navy. | - Yeah, so was Captain Bligh.

Attention all hands.

Ships will commence firing at 10:00. | Observers lay out to the fantail.

Flash. | Short. 200. Over.

100. 250.

Hit. Over. | 100. 250.

Short. 100. | Over. 150. 200.

Ensign Keith, report to the bridge.

Have you any explanation | for the appearance of this sailor?

You heard my order on shirt-tails. | Tuck your shirt in, now.
- The captain won't let me. | - See the rotten job you're doing?
- Gwendelyn, this is Tarzan. | - Tarzan, this is Gwendelyn.
Cease present exercises | and return to base. Well done. Out.
Roger. | Thank you, sir.
We're heading back. | Right standard rudder.
Now, Mr Keith... | Do you have an explanation for this?
I didn't ask for an alibi. My orders | must mean very little to you.
- I'm at fault, but I tried my best. | - Yes, a maximum of inefficiency.
What's the matter with the old man? | We're steaming in a circle.
- Captain... | - Don't interrupt me.
One more word, and you're on report.
- You were the officer of the deck. | - A man can't be everywhere at once.
You are equally as responsible | for your duties as I am for mine.
And one thing more. | War is a 24-hour job.
There will be no more | novel-writing on the Caine.
Mr Keith, Mr Keefer, you will | submit written reports explaining:
A, why his shirt-tail was out. | B, why you didn't obey my orders.
Meatball, look! We're | cutting back across our tow line.
It's impossible. | But it's happening!
We're gonna cut our own tow line. | You'd better tell him again.
What's happening? | What's going on?
What's our target doing out there?
What are you doing? | You idiot. All engines stop.
- We've steamed over our tow line. | - Who said we did that?
- We've cut the target adrift. | - No. We had a faulty cable.
We can hardly be held responsible | if we're given faulty cables.
Should we recover the target?
No. We'll be the last ship back | in Pearl Harbor. No thank you.
We don't want a lot of questions | about this. It's not our fault.
- Reel in the cable. | - Aye, aye, sir.
Mr Keefer, | send the following dispatch.
"Defective tow line parted, | south-west corner, X-ray."
"Target adrift. | Menace to navigation."
"Suggest tug, | recover or destroy."
He'll never get away with it.
Let's head for the barn. | All engines ahead full.
All engines ahead full, sir.
Willie, you look worried.
A man's shirt's a petty detail, but | big things are made up of details.
For want of a nail, a horseshoe | was lost, and then the whole battle.
A captain's job is a lonely one. | He's easily misunderstood.
Forget that I bawled you out. It | was good for the morale of everyone.
Yes, sir.

Look what just came in. | We're going back to San Francisco.
Thanks to Captain Queeg. | He's in plenty of hot water.
- The Navy won't accept his story. | - They're sending us back for that?
"Upon arrival, | Commanding Officer USS Caine -
- Report immediately | Commander Western Sea Frontier."
He's about to be boiled in oil. | And you'll be seeing your girl.
Willie!
- Willie, darling. | - Mother.
- This is a real surprise. | - You didn't expect me to stay away?
Mother... I'd like you | to meet a friend of mine. May Wynn.
I'm always delighted | to meet Willie's friends.
Thank you.
Hello, May? | Sure. I'll be right down. Okay.
I'm ready to go. | It's just a weekend at Yosemite.
- A sailor needs some play time. | - Miss Wynn is going with you?
Yes, she is.
- You must feel strongly about her. | - I do. I like her a lot.
- You have a nice weekend yourself. | - Are you in love with her?
I don't know. But I missed her | every minute I was away.
She is attractive, but you | don't know anything about her.
- You haven't even met her parents. | - I'll have to do that someday.
For your own sake, | promise you won't do anything rash.
- I promise. | - Do you mean it?
Goodbye, Mom.
Easy, May. | That's good.
- How did you like it? | - Like a new song. Fun but scary.
It was nice of your mother | to let you come.
- It wasn't up to my mother. | - Well...
- War has made a difference. | - Has it?
I missed you more than I planned to.
Let the fire fall!
This is paradise.
- Willie, there are people. | - Let them look.
You have changed. Sometimes I think | there's almost a chance for us.
- Willie, it's getting late. | - It's getting very late.
I'll wait, thanks.
Good morning. Sorry I'm late. | I'm used to having an alarm clock.
- What a day. Have you ordered yet? | - Not yet.
- Orange juice and coffee. | - Make it two.
I'd love to take a long walk. | Climb to the top of that mountain.
- Darling, what's the matter? | - Just thinking.
Something's the matter. | I expected you to be happy.
Would you spend | the rest of your life with me?
- What's this? | - Let's get married.

- Is that what you really want? | - Yes. Don't look at me like that.
Is it because you feel sorry for me, | and it's the decent thing to do?
I love you and I want to marry you. | Yes or no?
- No. | - Why not?
Your mother won't approve.
- Of course she'll approve. | - She won't, and you'll be unhappy.
I won't be unhappy. | I love you.
Maybe you do... really do.
But marriage | has to be by your own approval.
That's asking a lot, May.
That's right.
Have a good cry, Willie. | I know I will.
In another 30 seconds | you'd have been AWOL.
- I just got the telegram. | - You couldn't leave your girl?
- Any news on Queeg? | - Stand by to cast off.
Have you been inconvenienced, | Mr Keith?
You made a mistake, Tom. | He's still here.
My mistake was nothing | compared to the Navy's.
As you probably know, we returned | to San Francisco to get a new radar.
However, certain misleading reports | were sent to the Force Commander.
He doubted the Caine's competence | as to being returned to combat.
I told him not to expect me to pull | the Caine into shape overnight.
There will be no further mistakes | from the officers and crew.
- The smoke went down the wrong way. | - This is an important command.
The Navy's waiting for me to make | a mistake, but I won't make it.
So much for old business.
Gentlemen, I have good news for you.
We're on our way to | the greatest invasion of this war.
I kid you not. | Let's straighten up and fly right.
All hands, put on battle dress.
All hands, put on battle dress.
We can scare the Japs to death.
Cease fire, cease fire.
Take stations. | Mr Keith, take the con.
That's the group we're to take in. | Jacob Group Four.
Come right to course 045. | All engines ahead full.
We're gonna run those boats down. | Where's the captain?
- He's on the wing. | - Why isn't he handling the ship?
All engines stop.
Boats ahoy!
- What's going on? Who's yelling? | - We were overshooting these boys.
- What's the distance to the beach? | - About three miles.
Steve, you get us there. | Full speed ahead.
We will proceed. | Follow us. Good luck.

Left tangent:

- Beacon:

We're too far ahead. | All engines back one third.

Left tangent:

- Beacon:

Why are we slowing down? If they | can't keep up, throw a dye marker.

We're too close. | You want to run us on the beach?

- We still have 1,500 yards to go. | - 1,500 yards? You're crazy.

I can read instruments | as well as anyone.

We're within 1,000 yards | of the beach right now.

Left full rudder. | All engines ahead full.

- Throw over a dye marker. | - Fantail, throw over a dye marker.

- We can't leave those marines... | - Mr Maryk, I'm relieving you.

- What's he doing? Running away? | - Don't look for trouble, Tom.

- What do you think of your boy now? | - I don't know.

- There must be a reason for this. | - Yeah. There's a reason, all right.

I've got those yellowstain blues | those silly yellowstain blues

when someone fires a shot | it's always there I am not

I've got those yellowstain blues | the old yellowstain blues

those yellowstain blues.

- We'd better pipe down. | - Don't worry.

It's about time you got over being | impressed by parents and captains.

- Thanks, Dad. | - More.

I've got those yellowstain blues | down from my head to my shoes

you should see strong men quail | if he should spy a shirt-tail...

- Cut it. | - Steve, I thought you'd be amused.

It's the saga of a man with very | little charm and even less courage.

It's not funny. | Find someone else to sing about.

- Old Yellowstain will be flattered. | - Don't use that name again.

- The captain wants a meeting. | - And he kids us not.

Don't get up, please. I'm not | feeling well. This won't take long.

That'll be all, steward.

I know that some of you | are a little afraid of me.

I'm not that terrible. | I have a wife and a child and a dog.

They're rather fond of me. Even | the dog doesn't think I'm a monster.

Certain things happened today.

A command is a lonely job. | It isn't easy to make decisions.

Sometimes the captain of a ship | needs help... constructive loyalty.

A ship is like a family. We all | have ideas of right and wrong. -

- But we have to pitch in | for the good of the family.

If there was only some way | we could help each other.
If there's anything you want to say, | I'll be glad to listen.
I've spoken my piece. | I only hope it registered.
Don't get up.
Painter, have some more aspirin | sent up. My headache's much worse.
Yes, sir.
This is what is known | in literature as the pregnant pause.
Let's write to Walter Winchell.
- I almost felt sorry for him. | - Don't be so sentimental, Willie.
I thought it was a good speech.
It was close to an apology. | We could have backed him up.
He turned yellow | the first time we got into action.
You knew nothing about DeVriess | and you know even less about Queeg.
He's tired. | His nerves are shot.
A man can lose his head | after what Queeg has gone through.
That's endearing, but it won't hold.
Has it ever occurred to you that | our captain might be unbalanced?
I know about abnormal behaviour.
Captain Queeg has every symptom of | acute paranoia. He'll snap any day.
- Step outside. | - I'd like to stay.
- Let him. He studied psychology. | - You're fooling with dynamite.
The man is a Freudian delight. | He crawls with clues.
The rolling balls, the second-hand | phrases, the migraine headaches...
Shirt-tails, and tonight's speech: | I turned yellow but my dog likes me.
- I think Tom does make sense. | - You stay out of this.
So he has migraine headaches | and he rolls steel balls. So what?
You used to get up before reveille | and scribble on papers.
Everybody's a screwball in some way.
You're kidding yourself, Steve.
Will you go to the medical officer | with me and repeat what you've said?
- Do you agree with my diagnosis? | - Not even if I understood it.
I'm not doing it alone. If you | can't see it, they won't believe me.
Let's drop it. There'll be no more | talk of the captain being crazy.
- It can only blow up in our faces. | - I still insist he's paranoid.
See this bible?
I swear on this, I'll report | anything further you say about it.
There's no more friendship | on this point.
Medical log | on Lieutenant Commander X-ray.
The possibility appears to exist -
- That the commander of this ship | may be mentally disturbed.
March 5, 1944. This evening, | as usual, we were showing a Western.
Stop the picture! | Will you please stop this picture!
Attention on deck!
- Why wasn't I told about the movie? | - You don't want to see Westerns.

This was calculated disrespect | to your commanding officer.
All right. There will be | no more movies for 30 days.
May 28, 1944. Morale couldn't | be lower. The crew is resentful.
The officers are just going through | the motions of carrying out orders.
Today, the captain ordered a general | drill for the safety of the crew.
This is the captain speaking. Many | of you aren't wearing battle gear.
Those not wearing a helmet or a life | jacket lose three days' liberty.
I see you! Knock that off! | Stop putting on that gear!
Put that man down there on report. | That one on number one machine gun.
You think you're clever. | You're not fooling me!
Get that red-headed fellow.
I can't tell which one's red-headed. | They're wearing their helmets.
This is the captain speaking. Some | of you think you can outsmart me.
You're mistaken. The innocent | will be punished with the guilty.
There will be no liberty for three | months. I won't be made a fool of.
July 30, 1944. Today we received | a gift from the USS Pinkney.
A gallon of frozen strawberries.
I was checking the watch at 0 1:00 | when I spoke to Ensign Keith.
How's it going?
The captain's been put away | for the night.
- Lay off. | - I was with you at the beginning.
- But no ship can go on like this. | - You don't know that.
- I'm not blind. | - All right.
The captain's in rocky shape, | but he'll come out of it.
The captain wants a meeting | of all officers.

- At 01:

- Are you sure this is a gallon can? | - Yes, sir. It's a lard can.
You must be wondering | why I called you here.
We had an excellent dessert tonight, | ice cream and frozen strawberries.
An hour ago, I sent for another | portion but got only the ice cream.
There weren't any more strawberries.
I don't believe that the officers | consumed a gallon of strawberries.
Mr Maryk, how many portions of ice | cream and strawberries did you have?
Two, sir.
Dole out a scoop of sand | for each portion.
- Mr Keefer, how many for you? | - Three, Captain.
- Keith? | - Two, sir.
- Harding? | - Two, sir.
- Painter? | - Two, sir.
- Comedy? Jorgensen...? | - Two, sir.
- And the steward's mates had three? | - Yes, one helping each.
- Mr Keith said it was okay. | - Yes, I did.
And I had four.

24 portions in all.

This tureen holds as much sand | as we had strawberries tonight.

Mr Maryk, | tell me how much sand is left.

Maybe a quart, | or a little less.

Have any of you an explanation for | the quart of missing strawberries?

Someone else finished them for us.

You will all investigate to find out | who's responsible for this theft.

- Mr Maryk, you're in charge. | - You mean in the morning?

Now, by my watch, does not | mean in the morning, but 01:47.

I expect a full report by 08:00.

Pipe down. Let's get this done | so we can get some sleep.

Send in the stewards.

If only the strawberries had been | poisoned, we'd be done with this.

We've learned nothing further about | the missing quart of strawberries.

- Unsatisfactory. | - Sorry, Captain.

We kept the mess boys and the cook | most of the night. It's a dead end.

- We went over it all endlessly. | - You accomplished nothing.

I've thought the whole thing out.

Someone made a duplicate key | to the icebox.

- There's no indication... | - Some things we must assume.

When I was an ensign on a cruiser, | five pounds of cheese was missing.

Everybody forgot about it but me.

I found out a chow hound had made | a wax impression of the icebox key.

He confessed and I got a letter of | commendation. It's the same here.

We can't be sure there's a key...

I've got a simple plan. We tag every | key on board with the owner's name.

Then we strip all hands | to make sure we have all the keys.

Then we test each key | on the icebox padlock.

- The one that fits is the thief's. | - We don't know there's such a key.

- I say there's a key. | - The thief could toss it overboard.

He wouldn't do that after going | to the trouble of making it.

- He may hide it, but we'll find it. | - I never thought of that, sir.

Get on the ball. It should be fun | doing some detective work.

Steve, turn me in if you want to. | But this is over the line.

Queeg is a paranoid. | Can't you see what he's doing?

He's re-enacting his big triumph, | the cheese investigation.

He wants to be as hot as the young | Ensign Queeg. There is no key.

- What happened to the strawberries? | - Does it matter?

Would anyone but a crazy man care?

Steve, are you familiar with | Article 184 of Navy regulations?

Vaguely.

Listen to this. On the Caine | it's required reading. Article 184:

"Unusual circumstances may arise -

- In which the relief from duty of | a commanding officer is necessary.

Such action shall be subject to the | approval of the Navy Department. -
- Except when it is impracticable | because of the delay involved."
If I were you, I'd memorise it.
I'll take these to the captain.
- Great weather for stripping down. | - Great for pneumonia.
- Next. | - Meatball, you can get dressed.
- Don't you want to x-ray me? | - He swallowed his key.
Pipe down.
- So long, fellas. | - Are you escaping from the Caine?
- My wife is seriously ill. | - I'm sorry.
She'll be all right. We'll let you | know about the key investigation.
- Good luck, Harding. | - Thank you, sir.
If I tell you something, please | don't do anything till I'm ashore.
- What is it? | - There is no key.
- What? | - How do you know?
The mess boys ate the strawberries. | I saw them.
I kept my mouth shut because I | didn't want them to get in trouble.
But I told the captain. He said he'd | hold up my orders if I told anyone.
So please don't say anything.
I'm happy to get out | of this madhouse. So long.
I'll call all your wives and girls | for you.
- Well... | - I've thought about what you said.
I've thought about Article 184, | and I have to admit you're right.
Admiral Halsey is here | with the fleet. Let's go see him.
- Sure. | - You too, Willie.
Request permission to come on board. | Admiral Halsey's quarters.
Lt. Jones, these gentlemen | would like to see the admiral.
Just a minute please, gentlemen.
It's a fine time to think of this, | but we're making a big mistake.
- What are you talking about? | - Look.
This is the real navy, | with real officers, not Queegs.
- The Caine's a floating mistake. | - What are you driving at?
- They'll never believe us. | - Is the captain crazy or isn't he?
- Is this record correct or not? | - Yes, but we can't make it stick.
Everything there can be interpreted | as an attempt to enforce discipline.
- We know different. | - Because we've lived through it.
- Why didn't you tell me before? | - If we do this, we're in trouble.
It won't mean as much to us, | but you want to stay in the Navy.
This can smash your career. They'll | think you're a mutinous officer.
I'll risk it. Are you scared?
Scared? I see six sides to every | risk and 12 reasons not to take it.
Behind this eloquent exterior, I've | got a yellow streak 15 miles wide.
- I'm too smart to be brave. | - Admiral Halsey will see you.
- I pass. | - We've decided this isn't the time.

Station special C at anchor detail. | Make all preparations for sailing.
Make all preparations for heavy | weather. Dismissed from quarters.
- Steve, what do we do now? | - Without Tom, I'll get nowhere.
I never even heard the word paranoid | before he pulled it on me.
- I don't get it. Tom's no coward. | - I don't know what Tom is... now.
Hurry back. We received a storm | warning and the fleet's sailing.
Turn on the standard lights.
- The barometer's still dropping. | - I've seen it.
- Are you gonna take on ballast? | - No.
- I suggest that we do. | - I won't foul up the fuel lines.
We need more knots to outrun it.
Bridge to Engine Control. This is | the captain speaking. I want power.
Power on the starboard engine. | Emergency power.
Close that door.
- I've relieved the watch. | - Everyone put on life jackets.
It's difficult holding her.
We can't keep riding | with our stern to the wind.
- Those are fleet orders. | - Put the depth charges on safe.
- Mr Keefer told me to set them. | - Why wasn't I told?
- I told Mr Keefer... | - Put this man on report.
Get another helmsman.
- But Stillwell's our best man. | - Pay attention to my orders.
Number one switchboard shorted out. | Shifting to number two.
We're falling off to starboard.
Try backing the starboard engine.
- Back the starboard engine! | - Back the starboard engine.
Willie, look in the radar shack. | See if there are any ships near us.
If we keep our stern to the wind, | we'll roll over.
The radars are down. | There's no sign of the fleet.
- Swinging very fast. | - Captain, we have to manoeuvre.
The fleet didn't order us | to manoeuvre at discretion.
We don't know what our orders are.
- We're in trouble. | - No, we're not.
I can't hold the wheel.
Captain, back the starboard engine!
Captain!
Hold it a hard right!
- Ease your rudder to standard. | - Rudder easing to standard.
Heading 325. | She's coming around slower.
We'll head into the wind. | Steady on 000.
- Fleet course is 180. | - Captain, we're in serious trouble.
Don't question my decisions again. | Helmsman, come left.
Steady as you go. | Willie, note the time.
You're a sick man. I'm relieving | you of this ship under Article 184.

What are you talking about? | Helmsman, left 180.
- Mr Keith, what do I do? | - I told you to come left, and fast.
You're not issuing orders anymore. | I've relieved you.
- I take full responsibility. | - You're under arrest. Go below.
- Left to 180. | - Right standard rudder. Course 000.
- What do I do? | - Come north. Maryk's in command.
Call your relief. | You're under arrest, too.
All officers report to the bridge.
- What's up? | - I have just relieved the captain.
From now on, I will give all orders. | I take full responsibility.
Mr Keith backed you up. | He'll pay the same as you will.
If you officers know what's | good for you, tell them to stop.
You officers approve? | Do you, Mr Keefer?
- It isn't up to him to approve. | - You'll hang for mutiny.
Everybody back to their stations. | Hold the course 000.
- It's right over there. | - Thank you.
Yes? | This is Ensign Keith.
New York? | Thank you.
Hello?
- May? | - I've been phoning you all day.
- Are you all right? | - Yes.
Ensign Harding called and | told me that you were in trouble.
Willie, I'm worried. | Is your mother there with you?
- She's with my uncle. He's sick. | - Sorry to hear it.
It was wonderful of you to phone.
- May... darling. | - Willie, please don't.
What an idiot I was.
I could have married you in the | most beautiful place in the world.
- I'll always regret that I didn't. | - Don't... please.
It's over. It's all in the past.
I want you to know that I love you, | and I'll never forget you.
Goodbye, Willie. | Thank you.
Mr Maryk? | My name is Barney Greenwald.
Pleased to meet you. | Have a crack-up?
- Are you our lawyer? | - I'm a lawyer.
- Ensign Keith, Lieutenant Keefer. | - Keith. You're the co-defendant.
- And you, Mr Keefer? | - I'm holding his coat.
- I'm a friend of the family. | - That's pretty flip.
I was on board the Caine, | communications officer.
I read the report and frankly, I | think that what you've done stinks.
- Then why are you taking the case? | - I didn't say I'd take it.
I wanted to talk to Mr Maryk first.
- You should get another lawyer. | - Eight lawyers have turned it down.
At the moment, you have | an excellent chance of being hanged.

We'll answer anything | you want to know.

Are you a fool or a mutineer? | There's no third possibility.

- Should I have let the ship sink? | - Three ships were lost, you know.

And 194 stayed afloat without the | executive officer taking command.

- There was no other choice. | - Maybe I'm a fool. I'm no mutineer.

He had a paranoid skipper who went | to pieces, and he saved the ship.

The Navy has three psychiatrists | who will testify that Queeg is sane.

Paranoids walk a thin dividing line | between sanity and lunacy.

Are you a psychiatrist?

I'm a writer. | I'm a judge of human behaviour.

You were the first to notice | the captain's psychotic symptoms?

- Yes. | - Did you explain it to Mr Maryk?

- I discussed it. | - That's an interesting point.

- Would you repeat it in court? | - Why not?

Mr Keefer, you ought to take a look | at Article 186 of Navy regulations.

"An officer relieving his commanding | officer, or recommending it. -

- Together with others | who so counsel. -

- Must bear the responsibility for | and must justify such action."

That's confusing the issue. | I'm not on trial.

You're not an expert on psychiatry, | but you made the diagnosis.

Yes.

The atmosphere is getting thick | in here. I'll wait in the hall.

Tom had nothing to do with it. | Nobody told me what to do.

- Sure. | - Will you take the case?

I'd much rather prosecute.

I guess I can't blame you.

- I'll take it. | - How do we plead?

- Your case depends on Maryk. | - How do I plead?

Not guilty. | You're a great naval hero.

Charge:

Specification:

- While serving on board the | USS Caine, did on July 31, 1944. -

- Wilfully and without authority | relieve Lt. Commander Queeg.

Queeg was engaged in the exercise | of his command, the US being at war.

Steven Maryk, how say you to the | specification? Guilty or not guilty?

- Not guilty. | - How say you to the charge?

Not guilty.

The prosecution | is prepared to prove -

- That the removal of Lt. Commander | Queeg was not justified. -

- And consequently, | constituted a mutiny.

We will submit psychiatric testimony | establishing without a doubt -

- That Lt. Commander Queeg is sane | and should not have been relieved.

No statement at this time.

The prosecution would like to call | Ensign Willis Stewart Keith.

Were you the officer of the deck | on the DMS Caine on July 31?

Was the captain relieved of command | by Mr Maryk during that watch?

Do you know why Mr Maryk | took the action that he did?

The ship was in imminent danger | of foundering.

- You've been in a foundering ship? | - No, sir.

- When did you join the Navy? | - A little over a year ago.

Do you know how long | Lt. Commander Queeg served at sea?

- No. | - Queeg has served over eight years.

Which of you is better at judging | if a ship is foundering?

Myself. When I am in possession of | my faculties and Queeg is not.

Describe this loss of faculties. Did | Queeg rave or make insane gestures?

No, sir.

After being relieved, | did he go crazy?

He was never wild or raving. There | are other forms of mental illness.

Thank you for your expert opinion.

Queeg has been found rational | by three psychiatrists.

They weren't there during the storm.

- Did you like the captain? | - At first I did.

I thought he was incompetent and | unfair. He rode the men too hard.

- Yourself included? | - Yes, sir.

- You ended up hating Captain Queeg? | - Yes, sir.

Let's come to | the morning of 31 July.

Did you obey Mr Maryk because | you thought the captain was crazy. -

- Or because you hated him?

Mr Keith, it's contempt of court | to refuse to answer questions.

Mr Maryk did the right thing.

No further questions.

Mr Keith, have you ever heard | the expression "Old Yellowstain"?

- Repeat that, please. | - Old Yellowstain.

Yes, sir. | It was a nickname for Captain Queeg.

- What did it imply? | - Cowardice.

I object. That was an unnecessary | attack on the honour of an officer.

The career of an officer with a long | unblemished record is involved here.

I warn you, you bear full | responsibility for your conduct.

The court will hold in abeyance | to the prosecution's motion.

Did that nickname have | anything to do with the typhoon?

- No, sir. | - That's all.

- No further questions. | - The court has no questions.

You may only discuss your testimony | with the parties to the trial.

You're excused.

You're excused.

The ship was rolling bad. Queeg said | to come left, Maryk said right.

- Which did you do? | - I obeyed Mr Maryk.
- Mr Keith said he'd taken command. | - Did the captain act crazy?
- Did Mr Maryk? | - No, sir.
Was the captain scared? | Mr Maryk? Was anyone?
Just me. | I was plenty scared.
- Did you like Captain Queeg? | - I liked him, but not a lot.
- He acted strange. | - Because he cleaned up the Caine?
Because he made you get haircuts | and was strict about regulations?
These were attempts to make good | sailors out of his crew. That's all.
- What do those stars represent? | - Well...
This silver star is the Coral Sea, | Midway, Guadalcanal...
- That's all. | - Call Lt. Thomas Keefer.
When did you learn | about Queeg's relief?
Mr Maryk called us to the bridge | and told us he had assumed command.
Did Captain Queeg look sick?
In a typhoon nobody looks very well.
Didn't you realise -
- The seriousness of Queeg's | warning about collusion in mutiny?
- Yes, I did. | - Then why didn't you take action?
I wasn't there when he was relieved.
I don't know what he did | to convince Mr Maryk he was sick.
For the safety of the ship | I obeyed Mr Maryk's order. -
- Until higher authority either | endorsed or overruled his action.
When Captain Queeg | was in command of the Caine. -
- Did you ever observe | any evidence of insanity in him?
I can't answer that. | I'm not a psychiatrist.
Did you have any reason | to think Queeg might be insane?
Prior to 31 July, did Maryk | suspect Queeg of being mentally ill?
Yes, sir. Maryk showed me a log | he had written on Queeg's behaviour.
Did you believe that log justified | the relief of Captain Queeg?
- Well, sir... | - Yes or no?
No, sir.
Maryk persuaded Mr Keith and me to | go with him to see Admiral Halsey.
On board the flagship I told him the | log didn't justify such action. -
- And that we'd be charged | with mutiny.
Were you surprised | when Maryk relieved the captain?
I was flabbergasted.
- Were you pleased? | - Maryk was a close friend.
I anticipated that he would | be involved in great difficulty.
- No further questions. | - No questions.
- Will you recall the witness? | - No, sir.
- No cross-examination? | - No, sir.
- He's lying. | - He'll get you into more trouble.
Forget it. | I want one hero, not two mutineers.

Call Dr Dixon.

Dr Dixon, please.

- How did it go, Tom? | - You know. You've tried it.

Sure, but you're the old word-king. | You knew what you were doing.

Yeah, I knew what I was doing.

Doctor, can a sane man possibly | perform offensive or foolish acts?

It happens every day.

Assuming that the captain's conduct | often showed bad judgement. -

- Would that be inconsistent | with your diagnosis of him?

No, my colleagues and I didn't find | Captain Queeg a perfect officer.

- But we found no mental illness. | - Then he was relieved unjustly?

From a psychiatric standpoint, yes.

Your witness.

My background is legal, not medical. | My questions might be elementary.

You said that Lt. Commander Queeg | had problems which he handled well.

- Could you describe the problems? | - I object. Queeg is not on trial.

The question is irrelevant.

Evidence regarding Queeg's mental | make-up is of great importance here.

Objection overruled.

The doctor may answer. | Repeat the question.

You said that Lt. Commander Queeg | had problems which he handled well.

Could you describe the problems?

The main problem concerns | childhood inferiority feelings. -

- Aggravated by adult experiences.

- What were those adult experiences? | - He'd undergone a lot of strain.

Long, arduous combat duty. | That's all I can say.

- Would he easily admit mistakes? | - None of us do.

- Would he be a perfectionist? | - Yes.

Inclined to hound subordinates | about small details?

- Would he find people hostile? | - That's part of the picture.

If criticised, | would he feel unjustly persecuted?

It all stems from the premise | that he must try to be perfect.

You have testified that these | symptoms exist in Queeg's behaviour:

Rigidity of personality, | feelings of persecution. -

- And a neurotic certainty | he is always right.

Isn't there one psychiatric term | for this illness?

- I never mentioned any illness. | - Thank you for the correction.

What would you call a personality | with all these symptoms?

A paranoid personality. | But that is not a disabling illness.

- What kind of personality? | - Paranoid.

I would like to protest | the counsel's twisting of words.

There's a difference between mental | illness and mental disturbance.

Could Captain Queeg have been | disabled by the strain of command?

- That's absurdly hypothetical. | - Is it?

- Have you ever had any sea duty? | - No.
Have you ever been at sea? | How long have you been in the Navy?
Five months.

- Have you ever dealt with captains? | - No.
You're no authority on this matter, | and you may be wrong about Queeg.

- Your witness. | - One minute, Doctor.
The defence | has an interesting point.
Did you ever have patients who dealt | with complicated command decisions?
- Plant managers, industrialists... | - Quite a few.
Including flyers, who deal with | life and death every day.
I've written a book on the subject.
Could you detect where a neurosis | might damage decision-making?
- Absolutely. | - You examined Lt. Commander Queeg.
- And you found no such damage? | - That's right.
Thank you, Doctor. | That'll be all.
- Smart guy. | - He's sure gonna bear down on me.
That's the way I saw it. | It was my duty as a naval officer.
Captain Queeg was mentally ill | and I had to take over.
If I had to do it again, | I'd do it.
Thank you, Mr Maryk. | Your witness.
Just a few questions. Were | your grades in high school average?
- Lower than average. | - And in college?
- Are you trained in psychiatry? | - No.
Where did you get the idea | that Queeg was mentally ill?
Out of books... | I can't remember the titles.
- Define schizophrenia. | - I can't.
- What's a manic-depressive? | - I don't know.
What's the difference between | "paranoid" and "paranoia"?
In truth, you don't know | anything about mental illness.
- I didn't say I did. | - You knew enough to commit mutiny.
- I wanted to save the ship. | - But doctors have found Queeg sane.
- They weren't in the ship. | - Isn't the reverse possible?
Under pressure, you became erratic | and couldn't understand the captain.
Who is presumed by the Navy to have | the best judgement in ship handling?
- The captain. | - One last question.
If the diagnosis of expert doctors | is correct, then you're guilty?
I guess maybe so.
- No more questions. | - No further questions.
You may step down, Mr Maryk.
This is just the first act. | The finale's still to come.
Good afternoon, gentlemen.
I assumed command of a badly-handled | ship. I tried to bring in into line.
Lt. Maryk opposed me | from the first.
Maybe he thought I was crazy | to keep trying.

Was your ship on the verge of | foundering when you were relieved?

A typhoon is an extreme hazard, | but the ship was riding well.

Lt. Maryk went into a panic.

He believed | only he could save the ship.

Ensign Keith, a disloyal officer, | combined with him against me.

It was bad luck for them. I bear | them no malice. I'm sorry for them.

- No more questions. | - A word of caution, Mr Greenwald.

The defence will try to challenge | the competence of Captain Queeg.

Nevertheless, all the requirements | of military respect remain in force.

During a period | when the Caine was towing targets. -

- Did you ever | steam over your own tow line?

Objection. The defence outrages | the dignity of this proceeding.

The prosecution believes the report | of the psychiatrist closes the case.

But it is up to you naval officers | to judge the captain's performance.

And I must review that performance.

- Objection overruled. | - Did you steam over your tow line?

I'm happy to dispose | of this particular slander.

When we were towing the target, | I saw some anti-aircraft bursts.

- I turned to avoid them. | - You turned in a full circle.

My unreliable helmsman | failed to warn me about that.

But I saw it and reversed course. | We didn't steam over the tow line.

- Did nothing else distract you? | - Not that I recall.

Weren't you reprimanding a seaman | for having his shirt-tail out. -

- While the ship turned 360 degrees?

That only took two seconds.

The morning the Caine escorted | attack boats to the beach. -

- Did your orders include | dropping a dye marker?

- I don't recall. | - Did you drop a dye marker?

I don't recall.

Didn't you steam ahead of the | attack boats, drop a dye marker -

- And retire, leaving the boats | to make the beach on their own?

- The question is abusive. | - Cowardice is a serious charge.

Sir, may I make one thing clear?

It is not the defence's contention | that Commander Queeg is a coward.

We assume that no commander of a US | naval ship can possibly be a coward.

If he commits questionable acts, | the explanation must be elsewhere.

- You may resume your examination. | - Were all your officers disloyal?

I didn't say that. | Only some were disloyal.

- Mr Keith and Mr Maryk? | - Yes.

You wrote this report on Mr Maryk | one month before he relieved you.

- Do you recognise it? | - Yes, I do.

Please read | your comments on Mr Maryk.

The court can't hear you.

"This officer | has improved in performance."

"He's consistently loyal, | courageous and efficient."

"He's recommended | for transfer to the regular navy."

Did you turn your ship upside down | searching for a phantom key?

I don't know what lies have been | sworn to here, but a key did exist.

The witness is understandably | agitated. I request a recess.

I don't want a recess.

- Did you conduct such a search? | - Yes.

My disloyal officers failed me, | and the key couldn't be found.

Wasn't this whole fuss | over a quart of strawberries?

The pilfering of food is a very | serious occurrence on board a ship.

You were told that the mess boys | ate the berries. There was no key.

The key was not imaginary. I don't | know anything about the mess boys.

Have you no recollection of | a conversation with Ensign Harding?

Didn't he tell you that | the mess boys ate the strawberries?

I remember he was grateful | for his transfer. His wife was ill.

Do you know | where Ensign Harding is now?

He's in San Diego. He can be flown | up here in three hours if necessary.

- Shall we have him testify? | - No, I...

I don't see any need of that.

Now that I recall, he might have | said something about mess boys.

I questioned many men, and Harding | was not the most reliable officer.

The defence has no other recourse | than to produce Ensign Harding.

There's no need for that. | He'll only tell you lies.

All the officers were disloyal. | They were always fighting me.

If the crew wanted their | shirt-tails out, they'd let them.

Take the tow line... | defective equipment.

But they began spreading wild | rumours about steaming in circles. -

- And then "Old Yellowstain". I was | to blame for Maryk's incompetence.

Maryk was the perfect officer, | but not Queeg.

But the strawberries, | that's where I had them.

I proved with geometric logic that a | duplicate key to the icebox existed.

I could have produced that key. They | were protecting some officer...

Naturally, I can only cover | these things from memory.

If I've left anything out, | just ask me specific questions -

- And I'll be glad to answer them | one by one.

- No further questions, sir. | - The court is closed.

For he's a jolly good fellow | for he's a jolly good fellow

for he's a jolly good fellow | that nobody can deny.

No, baby, there are no girls here. | Just the officers of the Caine.

What, darling? | Steve, make them pipe down.

- Knock it off, fellas. | - Hi, Tom.

Hi, fellas.

- Steve. | - Hello, Tom.

- I didn't think you dared show up. | - I didn't dare not to.

Steve.

Thank you for not telling the fellas | about what happened.

- I'm delighted about the outcome. | - It's over and done with.

You can fly in tonight. We'll | have plenty of time to get married.

We'll tell my mother afterwards. | Please, May.

I love you, darling. | Goodbye, sweetheart.

Steve, Tom, that was May. | We're...

Well, well, well. The officers | of the Caine in happy celebration.

- You're kind of tight. | - I've got a guilty conscience.

I thought the wrong man was on | trial, so I torpedoed Queeg for you.

I had to torpedo him. | And I feel sick about it.

Take it easy.

When I was studying law, and | Mr Keefer was writing his stories. -

- And Willie was tearing up | the playing fields of Princeton. -

- Who was standing guard | over this country of ours?

Not us. We knew you couldn't | make any money in the service.

Who did the dirty work for us? | Queeg did, and a lot of other guys.

Tough guys | who didn't crack up like Queeg.

Queeg endangered | the lives of the men.

He didn't endanger any lives. | You did. A fine bunch of officers.

- You said yourself he cracked. | - That's a very pretty point.

I left out one detail in court. | It wouldn't have helped our case.

At one point, Queeg came to you | for help, and you turned him down.

Yes, we did.

He wasn't worthy of your loyalty.

So you turned on him. | You made up songs about him.

If you'd been loyal to Queeg, do you | think all this would have come up?

I'm asking you, Steve. Would it | have been necessary to take over?

It probably | wouldn't have been necessary.

- If that's true, we were guilty. | - You're learning.

You don't work with the captain | because of his hairstyle. -

- But because he's got the job, | or you're no good.

The case is over. | You're all safe.

It was like | shooting fish in a barrel.

Now we come to the man | who should have stood trial.

The Shakespeare whose testimony | nearly sunk us all.

- Tell them, Keefer. | - You're telling it better.

You should read his testimony. | He never even heard of Queeg.

- Let's forget it. | - Queeg was sick.

But you're real healthy. You didn't | have one tenth the guts he had.

- Except I never fooled myself. | - I want to drink a toast to you.

You always hated the Navy. | Then you thought up this idea.

You managed to keep your skirts nice | and clean even in the court martial.

Maryk will be remembered | as a mutineer...

You'll publish your novel, make a | million bucks, marry a movie star. -
- And live with your conscience. | If you have any.
Here's to the real author of | "The Caine Mutiny". Here's to you.
I'll be outside. I'm drunker than | you are, so it'll be a fair fight.
- Goodbye, darling. | - Goodbye, Willie.
Attention on deck.
- Keith. | - Yes, sir.
- Take her out. | - Aye, aye, sir.
Single up all lines!
Stand by to cast off!