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The Wings of Eagles

By Frank Fenton

I guess down at Pensacola...
... they still talk about the day
of the admiral's tea party.
It was one of what came to be called
"Spig's Big Days."
Spig Wead and I were in Annapolis
and World War I together.
But all along,
Spig knew he wanted to fly...
... and I knew I wanted
whatever Spig wanted.
So we wangled our way into the first
regular flying class the Navy ever had.
Not bad, not bad, not bad.
Question, Mr. Dexter.
The same question, Mr. Wead?
- The same question, sir.
- Same answer, Mr. Wead.
I suspected as much, sir.
What was the answer, Mr. Wead?
We are not to engage in solo flight...
...until our instructor feels
we are ready, sir.
And the reason, Mr. Wead?
Planes and funerals are expensive.
They cost the taxpayers money, sir.
Attention.
I shall see you
at the admiral's tea party.
Dismissed.
- Come on, let's go.
- Spig, will you quit riding him.
Hey, right.
Hey, can these things really fly?
- Where did you leave your motorcycles?
- What?
- There's no smoking on the base.
- What about you?
Cigars only.
How do you like that.
What's the Army doing around my plane?
Who cares what
the Army's doing, Spig?

Min told us 3:

The admiral's tea?

Hey, you.

You wanna buy her?

This pile of junk?

Can anybody get it up in the air?

Now, why don't you just hop right up
in there with me and we'll find out.

Now, why don't we just do that.

Trip over your spurs?

Put your foot here. One foot there.

- Back over here now.

- Spig, you idiot.

- Jughead, let's go.

- Go where?

Taking the Army for a ride.

- Taking the Army for a ride? Just like that?

- Just like that.

You've never been

at the controls by yourself before.

And right now you owe six payments
on your furniture...

...three on your Stutz Bearcat,
two on your baby.

If anything goes wrong,
there'll be a court-martial.

They'll kick you out of the Navy.

And I'll wind up a second-class seaman,
just like this dope.

- Think of the future, Mr...

- Shut up, Pincus.

Spig Wead.

Never listen to anybody else.

Just do exactly what you wanna do
all the time.

All right, you wanna fly that thing?

Go ahead.

Go ahead, kill yourself. You'll wind up
busted and broke.

I can always join the Army.

Why don't you be quiet
just once in a while?

Mr. Wead wants to fly,
didn't you hear him?

Get a line. Hurry up. Get a move on.

- Ready, Army?

- Ready, Navy.

Crazy idiot, Spig.

No, don't do it.

- Come back.

- Spig, don't.

All right, Johnny. Where is he?

I told him 3:

Did I have to specify what day?

Who's that idiot?

That's Spig, honey.

Spig?

Hey.

Hey, how much time have you had?

- About 11 seconds.

- What?

Eleven seconds.

- But the admiral's tea party was this...

- I couldn't help it, Min.

- I couldn't help it. I tried...

- Well, you ought to know better.

I did everything I...

I did everything I could.

- Go get that crash boat.

- Yes, sir. Let's go. Now.

Come on. Let's go. Let's go.

Put it down, down.

Hey, there's my crew.

Let's buzz them.

Come here.

Lookit there.

Hey, lookie there.

Hey, did you ever

fly through a hangar?

- No. Oh, no. Oh, come on, fella. No, no.

- Neither have I.

That's my wife.

I'm sorry, ma'am.

I did everything I could.

- Hey, let me have the stick.

- What?

The stick. I'm taking over.

No.

- What's the matter?

- We're out of gas.

Well, set her down, you idiot.

Watch this landing.

No, on the water. On the water!

Hang on.

Spig!

You all right, sir?

Sorry, shorty, I missed it.

- You all right, Spig?

- Here, give him a hand. Get him out of here.

Are you alive?

Spig.

Afraid? So am I.

Pardon me, ma'am. Please? Please.

Wead.

The admiral would like to see you
in his quarters immediately.

Yes, sir.

Won't be home for dinner, hon.

Good. I hope they throw
the book at you, page by page.

- I hope they throw you...

- Captain Hazard?

- Yes.

- General Ricketts' compliments, sir.

He would like to see you at once.

- And that's all you got to say?

- Yes, sir.

- Nothing more to add?

- No, sir.

- The whole truth and nothing but?

- Yes, sir.

Carson, do you know that you're
the biggest liar in the United States Navy?

Yes, s... No, s... Yes, sir.

- That's all.

- Thank you, sir.

Mr. Wead.

- Attention.

- Carry on, gentlemen. Carry on.

Mr. Wead, from Annapolis
to your commendation for war duty...

...this is a record
that any officer might envy.
That is, up until this episode.

- You've confirmed the facts presented?

- Yes, sir.

- Is there any statement you'd like to make?

- Yes, sir.

- Make it.

- Charges against me boil down...
...to doing something
I'd never done before.
How else are we going to get aviation
for the United States Navy?
This all may be true, but it doesn't seem
to have much bearing on this case.
Sir, it is the case.
At least, it's mine.
And I think it should be yours.

- Hi, Min.

- Hi.

Hi, Commodore.

- I borrowed a little of Spig's corn whiskey.

- Sure, that's okay.

What else have you got to do? Here.

What are you
all clobbered up about, Min?

- If Spig gets bounced out of the Navy...

- Spig's bounced out of the Navy.

Look, Johnny, Spig just joined the Navy.
I'm married to it.
I run the mess hall, I swab the decks,
I chip the rust.
You're afraid that they'll kick Spig
out of the Navy.
I'm afraid that they won't.
Hey.
I think he's feverish.

- Now I owe you my life.

- You owe me nothing.

That's what I meant.

- Good evening.

- Good evening, Mrs. Wead.

- So they didn't kick you out after all.

- Right.

And you spent
all of next month's pay celebrating.
Wrong. I won the first-to-solo pool.
- And I am loaded. No cracks.
- Hey...
The squadron decided
that flying with the Army...
...was as close to solo
as a sailor could get.
And this, my titian-haired darling,
is what I brought for you.
First prize.
- The Commodore's sick.
- Commodore?
Where's the Commodore?
Hiya, little old fella.
How you feel, little old boy?
Look what your daddy brought you.
First prize for the first crash.
Hey, let's get out of there.
You know, this crib's getting
a little small for the old Commodore.
Hey, Min.
This kid is sick.
The doc's in there.
He'll be okay, Spig.
Sure, Mr. Wead.
Them little kids get everything.
- Colds, measles.
- Yeah, sure.
I had the mumps myself, six times.
It don't mean anything.
Spig!
Sorry, Spig.
- Anything we can do?
- No.
But he can do her some good.
Stick around.
- Congratulations.
- Thank you, sir.
Congratulations.
We sort of split up, Spig and I did,
after graduation.
He became a hotshot pilot, all right.

Hotshot with a plane
and a baby carriage too.
In those years,
Spig was only little brass.
But after all, where would big brass be
without little brass?

- Good morning, sir.
- Good morning, Jack.
- Did you see this?
- Yes, sir.

What are we going
to do about it?
Jack, who's our best pilot?
Oh, I don't mean
the best throttle jockey...
...or the one who flies by the pit of his
stomach or by the seat of his pants.

I mean our best brain.

Capital B-R-A-l-N.

S-P-l-G.

- Get him.
- Yes, sir.
- That's mine.
- Give me my shovel.

Come on. Give it to me.

Quiet, kids. Go on upstairs
and take your bath.

Just a minute, young ladies.

Come back here and pick those up
and take them upstairs with you.

Come on. Now, hurry up. Hurry up.

Come on.

Go on, get moving.

See that you wash yourselves clean.

Good afternoon, Miss America.

Here among your unpaid bills

I find a communication.

From Washington. Washington, D.C.

I'm not going.

Stay broke and keep moving,
that's the story of our lives.

Spig, you've got two daughters.

They've lived in seven different houses
in seven different stations...

...in seven different years.
Back and forth across the country,
and in and out of it too.
Well, I'm just not gonna
move them anymore.
Well, have a drink. Pensacola, Coronado.
What's the difference between houses?
It's a big difference to me
because I've got to live in them.
All right. One of these days, you'll have a
nice, big, fine, gold-braided admiral's house.
And you can live in it forever.
No, Spig. I'm a little tired.
I want to relax a little bit.
I want to drink a little bit...
...and I want to spend
a little more than we can afford.
Okay, you've had your say.
Now, let's throw the kids and the bags
in the jalopy and get on the road.
- We haven't much time.
- Okay.
You take the high road,
and I'll take the low road...
...and we'll see who gets
to the poorhouse first.
But my road leads here. Right here.
It's like you got a shiny desk
with a great big drawer marked "Navy"...
...and a big drawer marked "flying"...
...and a tiny little drawer
marked "Min."
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera,
and so on and so on.
Well, there's not much air
in my drawer, Spig...
...and I'm finding it
pretty tough to breathe.
I think you're getting too big
for your drawers.
No, no, no, ma'am.
I'll give you a clue.
Coronado, California.
C, like in "crap game."

Yes, ma'am,

I want you to keep trying.

Stick and stay, bound to pay.

- That's my way, Susie Mae.

- Hey, Spig.

- Beautiful?

- Is it on the level?

Ask me when we get to Bombay,

Paris or Hong Kong.

Which reminds me. Since when have you

been cutting orders on me, boy?

Not me, Johnny.

Me and Admiral Moffett.

- Pincus, what's bothering you?

- It's my foot, sir.

You win a bet from him, his feet hurt.

No, I keep my money in my shoes.

- Every time I pay, it hurts.

- Knock it off.

Attention.

- Wead, did you announce this?

- Yes, sir.

- Do you like it?

- Yes, sir.

War and football

draw the biggest crowds.

So now we'll have an

Army-Navy race around the world.

Sir, the whole country will

be sitting in on it.

Congress is sitting in on it.

In fact, Congress is sitting on it.

They've ordered a special hearing

tomorrow for you and me.

- Shut up and get off the phone, you stupid...

- Carson!

Evening, sir.

- Hello, Pincus.

- Good evening, sir.

- How's the wife?

- Fine.

- And them lovely kiddies?

- Fine. Nice to see you.

Yes. Yeah. It's... It's for...

I got her, Spig. Sir.
Hello.
Hello. Min?
Yeah. Did you get my wire, hon?
It looks like we're gonna be gone
about a month.
Oh, you know how I am
about writing letters.
They all sound like interoffice memos.
Tell her you love her.
Looks like we'll be back here
a couple of years.
Why don't you move on out?
Of course I miss you.
That's what I'm trying to say.
Look, I found a swell apartment, hon.
It'll be just great for the kids.
About a block from a kindergarten.
Of course, it'll be a little noisy.
It's right near the airfield
and my squadron's planes...
Well, anyway, I finally got her.
Well, I didn't.
Round the world.
Come and see this.
Come and see.
- Thank you.
- With one flying by.
- Thank you, sir.
- Your hat, sir.
- Here's to your health, Mr. Wead.
- Thank you very much.
Please, gentlemen, gentlemen.
This is a private party.
A private Army party.
And a very nice party too. Right?
- Yes.
- Here's to you.
Alberto.
Tell them to come right out here.
It's an emergency.
- Is that beer?
- Yes.
In Prohibition?

- Don't you know it's illegal?

- I just work here.

Well, you should watch yourself.

- Carson.

- Yes, sir.

- Compliments of the Army Air Corps.

- Sir. Boy.

Spig, don't you think

we ought to blow?

- We're gonna stir up a heck of a mess here.

- What? Where's your curiosity, Mr. Price?

This is a rare opportunity to study
the species Homo sapiens.

Subspecies Army.

To General John J. Pershing.

To Calvin Coolidge.

- To Spig Wead.

- Who's he?

The gentleman who sent us the beer.

- Spig Wead.

- Mr. Wead.

- Sorry.

- To Mr. Wead.

To our landlocked Congress.

May they quit smoking cigars
for a month and buy us some planes.

To celebrate being selected
as the Army flight team...

...to beat Navy around the world.

- Yeah.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

Spig, let's go on out of here.

Don't be so rude. Our host
is about to make a speech. Continue.

Thank you.

Gentlemen,

I think we'd do well now...

...to make plans

for our victory dinner, right?

Right.

Every race implies a loser
as well as a winner.

And I think it could only prove,

once again, Army sportsmanship...
...to invite the Navy losers
to our victory dinner.

Gentlemen.

I presume that each team
will have the same number of men.

- Correct, mister?

- Correct.

Each of you, then, will invite
your opposite Navy number.

For the occasion consider him
as your big brother.

As a representative of the Navy,
I think a few words are in order.

Very few.

It is 25,000 miles around the world.

We expect to finish
12,500 miles ahead of you.

- End of few words. Thank you.

- Wait a minute, wait a minute.

The trouble is, mister,
you got nothing to fly.

We won't need much more
than a kite to beat you.

- May I make a suggestion?

- Please do.

Why don't you fly this?

A few more words are in order.

You're our guest.

What manners.

We grace your party...

...we drink your liquor...

...and I suppose
this is supposed to be funny.

A matter of opinion.

Well, the liquor was pretty good.

And the cake is nice.

- Right?

- Right.

Thank you for the party, gentlemen.

Thank you. And thank you.

Police!

Police!

Here, buddy, hold this.

Hey, let's quit. We're even.

Police! Police!

The kitchen. The kitchen.

I can't think of an excuse.

Not a thing.

I'm going to say

that I forgot my wife's birthday.

She clobbered me.

They can't argue with that.

Sure can't. But me,

I can't think of a thing.

- Go ahead.

- You go ahead.

You afraid?

No.

So we were discussing...

Mr. Wead.

Captain Hazard.

Mr. Wead, Captain Hazard.

Information has reached me

through certain channels...

...that you two gentlemen have met.

Just for the record, are we at war?

Where did you get those eyes?

I forgot my wife's birthday,

and she clobbered me.

And you?

Me, I can't think of a thing.

Well, gentlemen,

your round-the-world race is cancelled.

Well, the Army flight will take place because

the Army asked for it first. But no race.

The Navy appreciates

your position, senator.

Good. You can't win,

might as well be a good loser.

However, I'm not sure the entire Navy

shares that view.

- Permission to speak, sir.

- Fire away.

It's our training. We're not taught

to be losers, good or otherwise.

And now we are losing carriers that

we need and planes to fly from them.

Someday we may lose
something bigger than that.
If you can't develop
both services impartially...
...you're either shirking your duty
or you don't know what your duty is.
Well, son...
...there's a lot of things we don't know.
Here's some of the things we do.
Now, we've got a country
yelling "pacifism" at us. Disarmament.
The world is gonna live together
like one big, happy family.
There'll be no more war.
The Army and the Navy
are going out of business.
Now, you...
...outside of the clubs and barrooms...
...you'll fight maybe one war
in a generation.
Well, we have to fight those voters
every blamed two years.
Now, you want us to cancel
that flight for the Army?
Well, no, sir. That stunt may get them
the bombers they need for their service.
You just want to nail down
the Lexington and Saratoga?
- Yes, sir.
- Not just a mockup, like the Langley.
Well...
...they tell me there's more than
one way to skin a cat, admiral.
- That'll be all, gentlemen.
- Yes, sir.
By the way...
...off the record, who won that fight?
- The Navy.
- The Army.
Oh, boy, where is
the ladies' retiring room?
- Right in there, ma'am.
- Come on.
Black eyes. Swimming pool.

Congressmen.

Now, what's this new scuttlebutt
you're spreading?

International seaplane races, sir.

The United States has never won them,
nor the Schneider Cup that goes with them.

- I'm aware of that, Wead.

- All right, sir, let's play the races.

We'll hit the public
and keep hitting them.

You okay it, sir, and we'll bring
the Schneider Cup home.

Fill it with champagne
and jam it down the Army's throat.

Yeah, that would be nice.

There's only one thing wrong.

Why let the Army
drink our champagne?

That's your daddy up there
with the goggles.

See your daddy?

He's the one beside...

- Daddy.

- Him?

- Yes.

- Daddy.

- Daddy.

- Daddy.

Will you shut up.

Oh, drop dead.

Hey.

Every single day...

This one is for old Dave,
the first to cross the line.

Yeah.

- Let me drink to old Dave.

- Hear, hear.

- Come on, hurry up.

- Hurry it up there.

Speech, speech.

- Give me that cup.

- Yeah, pass it on.

This is a happy cup, inside and out.

And here's a toast to all of you

who brought it back where it belongs.
You're a great crew,
each and every one of you.
Even Carson there,
who slept all through the race.
All I know, Jughead, you were up
96 hours getting the planes ready.
But seriously, I want to thank
each and every one of you...
...from the bottom of my heart.
It was a long, backbreaking job...
...and those that flew know what
they owe to the others.
If it hadn't been for the cooperation
and the teamwork...
- What's a record?
- I told you.
It's something nobody else ever did.
Would it be a record
if Daddy came home?
That would be a world's record.
- We don't want anything.
- We're broke.
We've already got a carpet sweeper.
- It ain't paid for.
- It isn't paid for.
Don't you kids ever read
the newspapers?
I'm your daddy.
- Hey, Pickle Puss, come here.
- What is it?

Remember :

Go and ask.
Are you the funny man
with the goggles?
I sure am, honey.
Oh, Daddy.
And I've got a present
for each one of you.
Now, there's one for you,
and one for you.
- Where's your mother?
- At the bridge club.

The bridge club, eh?

- Oh, they're beautiful.

- Who's getting your supper?

I am, of course.

Do you want some?

- What is it?

- Chicken la King.

- Out of... Out of a tin can.

- I sure do.

- I'm hungry.

- Want some?

- Sure.

- Then you just sit down right there.

I was going to.

Shall I call you "Daddy"?

- You better.

- Me too?

You too, Pickle Puss.

Here, wait a minute. Let me take that.

I'll serve you. Come on.

Sit down. Sit down.

Good night.

- You forgot something.

- What?

Now I lay me down to sleep.

- I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

- I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

- If I die before I wake...

- If I die before I wake...

...I pray the Lord my soul to take.

...I pray the Lord my soul to take.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Good night who?

- Daddy.

- Daddy.

Good night.

Sleep tight.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Home is the sailor, home from the sea

And the hunter home from the hill

Well, they cooked their own supper,

and then I threw them in bed.

- How'd it feel?
- Great.
But I blackmailed them.
I brought them some beads.
Well, go ahead, get it over with.
Ask me where I have been.
Oh, I know where you've been.
You've been playing bridge.
You got behind.
The winners go to dinner
and the losers stay to play.
I know how it is.
I was going to phone you,
and then I got a cute idea.
I thought I'd come in unannounced.
To tell you the truth...
Why don't you?
All right. I've been thinking
what a heel I've been...
...about you and about my own kids.
I don't know.
When I do something, I go all the way.
Living, gambling, flying,
I tap myself out.
I guess that's the way I want it to be.
- Maybe, even, it's the way I am.
- Star-spangled Spig.
Damn the martinis, full speed ahead
and don't give up the ship.
Have a drink.
Listen, Min, I'm trying to say
I've been a fool.
First-class, senior-grade, gold-braided.
So have I.
Okay, let's change it.
Let's grow up before our kids do.
We'd better hurry up.
- Phone's ringing.
- Oh, let it ring.
Why not? It's probably just Washington.
Oh, I forgot.
Do you know that you're in the arms
of the newest...
...lieutenant commander

in the United States Navy?
Star-spangled Spig.
And a squadron leader.
All I know is that I'm in the arms
of a fella named Spig...
...that I'm nuts about.
Hey, how about
getting back to your necking...
...with a little more enthusiasm.
- Right.
Mommy, do you know
whose lap you're in?
No.
- Daddy's.
- Daddy's.
Go ahead, shake hands with him.
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
Why don't you go to bed.
Mama.
Mama.
Mama.
Spig!
Spig, what...?
Don't. Don't move me, Min.
I can't... My back.
No feeling.
Call hospital.
Naval hospital.
Bilateral paralysis resulting
from indicated fracture...
...of the fifth cervical vertebrae.
- You mean my neck's busted?
- That's it.
- How bad is that?
- Not good.
What are my chances?
If I operate right away, about 4-1.
Well, what are we waiting for?
Permission from you
and your next of kin.
I'm my next of kin, let's go.
- Scissors.
- Scissors.

- Sponge.

- Sponge.

Doctor.

Pressure's dropping, doctor.

- Cc adrenalin.

- Cc adrenalin.

Hey.

- Can you hear me, Wead?

- Yes.

Open your eyes, Spig.

- Can see you anything?

- No.

- He's taken a dive.

- Hey.

What's the matter, Mr. Wead?

- Can't you ever win a fight?

- Carson.

- Yeah, Carson.

- Trying to keep my alive.

- That's right.

- You're doing it, thanks.

- You're welcome.

- Get him the hell out of here.

Ma'am, throw this under your belt.

Make a new man out of you.

Thanks.

- Who are you?

- Me? Oh, I'm the new corpsman, ma'am.

Assigned to take care of Mr. Wead.

Glad to cooperate with you.

And you just call up...

Hey, you're pretty.

- We'll see about this.

- Yeah, you do that.

- Carson.

- Yes, sir, Carson.

- Excuse me.

- Why?

Why? Because I'm your new nurse,
that's why.

I'm gonna see you through
this little trouble.

- Now, listen, do you know the fix you're in?

- No. Do you?

Yes. I figured it out all night,
and now I'm gonna brief you.
Well, go ahead, brief.
All right. Now, look,
this here is a spinal cord.
It's just like the main cable
on any three-phase circuit.
When you stunted down them stairs,
you busted five-sixths of it.
- Can it be spliced?
- What?
Can it be spliced?
Oh, these croakers will tell you
it can't be done...
...but I'm telling you it can.
You remember the manual said
I couldn't splice rudder cable?
One-sixth left.
That's right. That is gonna be enough.
We're gonna learn that one-sixth
to carry the load...
...all the way down
to these feeder circuits.
You know, these medics here never saw
no one wire on a bad magneto post.
That's true.
Doctor, you heard him.
He gives me a chance.
- I heard him.
- But you don't.
Well, we never give up hope.
We'll do the best we can.
- Carson, when were you busted back?
- Hey, Mr. Wead, he recognized me.
Do I have to have him around?
- Do you want him, Spig?
- No.
But I guess he'll have to do.
I've assigned Miss Crumley
to your case, Wead.
Fine woman. Fine nurse.
Anything we can do, Miss Crumley,
just give us a buzz.
This is Miss Crumley.

- How is he, Carson?
- What do you expect?
I can't get the guy to eat. Won't sleep.
He hasn't eaten a thing.
He hasn't touched the orange juice.
A piece of toast. Soup or something.
But he don't wanna touch nothing.
Min?
- Hi.
- Hi.
- The kids?
- Oh, they're fine.
- Do they know?
- Big one does.
Little one thinks
you just took off again.
Oh, she's worn the beads
around her neck.
- Is it raining?
- Yeah.
Those doctors,
did they tell you it was no-go?
Look, Spig, they haven't
given up hope, don't you.
Oh, it's got all twisted, Min.
It's stay broke and never move.
I won't let you believe that.
You always yelled that I moved around
too much, maybe you were right.
You know what else you said
that was right?
"Damn the martinis, full speed ahead."
Well, you be like that, Min.
You be on your own from now on.
Don't talk like that, Spig.
You'll... You'll be all right again.
No, don't pity me.
I never pitied anybody,
so I don't want any.
Sorry, Spig. You're right.
And don't pity yourself either.
Get out in the world.
Be alive. Take your turn. I took mine.
All right, Spig. Let's have it.

What are you trying to tell me?
We were just about through anyway, Min.
We'd lost it. It got away from us.
Whatever it was,
and we both remember...
...the good part, the fine time...
...let's not lose it up...
...and let it be something bad
and hopeless...
...just because we couldn't keep it.
- I'll bring the kids in to see you.
- No. I couldn't take it.
Will you tell me when?
I'll tell you when.
The big one, she's like me.
Don't let her get away with a thing.
And Pickle Puss...
...little old Pickle Puss, she's like...
Like you.
Love her hard.
She's lost without it.
So long, Spig.
So long, Min.
Good luck.
- Good morning.
- Is it still raining?
Rain in California?
Besides, don't knock the rain.
Rain makes the corn jump up. Cows eat
the corn, boom, you got porterhouse.
I went over to Tijuana,
got us some of that panther sweat.
- Medicinal panther sweat.
- Tequila.
Besides, if we didn't have any rain,
we wouldn't have any ocean.
No ocean, no Navy.
No Navy, no retired pay.
You and me would have to go to work.
You about ready to get started?
- Why not?
- Okay.
Now, that brain of yours
is like a generator.

We're gonna generate that power right
past that break in your spinal cord...

...all the way down here to these
feeder circuits they call nerves.

Now, we're gonna start
with this big left pinkie.

- You feel that?

- No.

Well, anyway, that's it.

Now, you start saying,

"I'm gonna move that toe."

Come on, mister, say it.

Move.

- Move, you little dead stump.

- No, say it nice. Say it nice.

Come on, say it, mister.

"I'm gonna move that toe," say it.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- All right, say it again.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- All right, louder.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Say it again.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Keep saying it.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Come on, believe it.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- And again.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Louder, once more.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- All right, knock it off. Take a little rest.

- Did anything happen?

- Well, not yet.

Let's put some oil in the crankcase.

Now, don't be impatient.

We got lots of time, Mr. Wead.

We're gonna... That's enough.

We're gonna stick right at this.

Start saying it again,

"I'm gonna move that toe."

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Come on, loud.

- I'm gonna move that toe.
- All right, believe it.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Again.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Believe it.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Come on. Go.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Go ahead.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Good and loud, try it.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Come on, Mr. Wead.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- That's it. Now you got it.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- That's it. Go on.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Go again.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Once more.

Get that man's name.

Wait till you see what I got.

I kicked myself all the way back from that joint for not thinking of this before.

Wait till you get a load of this, Mr. Wead.

We got this thing whipped.

Tell me now, what do you see in there?

- Dolores, room 8...
- No, no, no. Down here, down here.
- Can you see this?
- Yeah.

All right, take a look at this.

Do you see your big pinkie?

- Yes.
- All right, keep your eye on it.

Now, let's get started.

Come on, same old thing.

I'm gonna move that toe. Go ahead.

- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Right. Say it.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Come on, mean it.

- I'm gonna move that toe.
- That's right, now.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Go ahead.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Right.
- I'm gonna move that toe.
- Right.
- I'm gonna move that toe
- That's right
- I'm gonna move that toe
- One more chorus.
- I'm gonna move that toe, old boy
- Go, Mr. Wead.
- I'm gonna move that toe
- There you go.
- I'm gonna move that toe, old boy
- Go ahead.
- I'm gonna move that toe
- Come on, with a little rhythm.
- I'm gonna move that toe, boy
- Go ahead. Go on.
- I'm gonna move that toe
- Now you got it.
- I'm gonna move that toe, old boy
- Let's hear you.
- I'm gonna move that toe
- Oh, you got to
- I'm gonna move that toe, boy
- I'm gonna move that toe
All of God's children got toes
So move it
All of God's children got toes
Let's move it
All of God's children got toes
Well, move it
All of God's children got toes
Let's mo...
- I'm...
- Doctor's here, sir.
Still at it, eh?
Johnny.
You know, you can overdo
those exercises.

You mean, I could kill myself?

No, I'm just saying

you could overdo the work.

Well, I don't care too much anymore
which way it is.

But one of us is gonna give,
either me or that big toe.

You may just be right.

You're sleeping better, eating better.

- Carson.

- Yes, sir.

This is against regulations,
but I feel it might do him some good.

- Alcohol, sir?

- Oh, no, no. Whiskey.

- Is it intoxicating?

- No, no, just a little... A few drops.

Oh, no, I couldn't do that.

Well, maybe just a few drops.

In some orange juice. That's not
habit-forming? All right, sir, trust me.

- Keep it under your hat.

- Yes, sir.

See you, Spig. Keep it up.

- How's your patient?

- Still alive.

I'll drop in to see him.

All right, hit it and hit it hard.

I'm gonna move that toe.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Doctor, sir.

- And Miss Crumley.

- Good evening, Wead.

Good evening, doctor.

Well, quite an arrangement.

My idea, sir.

"Dolores."

Oh, by the way, I was talking
to the commander...

...about Carson's temporary duty.

Well, what did he say?

As far as they're concerned,
they hope he never comes back.

- Will you excuse us, Miss Crumley.

- Yes, doctor.

- Carson.

- Yes, sir.

This is against

all medical ethics, Carson...

...but the slightly debilitating effects
of alcohol...

...are more than compensated
for by the physical stimulation...

...and the marked psychological benefit
to be derived.

I was thinking

the same thing myself, sir.

In other words, a good slug of booze
won't hurt him.

I want you to give him
some of this.

- All of it, sir?

- No, no.

A spoonful at a time,
in a little water or orange juice?

- Grapefruit.

- Grapefruit, right, sir.

If it doesn't upset Mr. Wead,
we might have another bottle next week?

- We'll see.

- Right.

- But keep it under your hat.

- Trust me, sir.

I can make better booze than that
in a bathtub.

All right, let's go.

I'm gonna move that toe. Come on.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- That's it.

- I'm gonna move that toe.

- Move it.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.

I'm gonna move that toe.
I'm gonna move that toe. I've got to.
I'm gonna move that toe.
I'm gonna move that toe. I've got to.
I'm gonna move that toe.
I'm gonna move that toe.
I'm gonna move that toe.
I'm gonna move that toe.
I gotta move that toe.
I've gotta move it.
I gotta move that toe.
I gotta move that toe.
I gotta move that toe.
I'm gonna move it.
I gotta move it.
- More?
- Please.
Now, you enjoy that nice fresh air.
- His wife.
- All right.
Good morning. Well, look at you.
Pretty soft.
All you gotta do is lay there,
look at the children in the park.
- Pretty ships out in the bay.
- What are the men with legs doing?
Oh, they're trying to learn
to use their heads.
The millionaires are back from Florida,
and the bums are out of the poolrooms.
- What are you reading? Dames, murder?
- Love.
- Who?
- Lousy.
He writes like he'd used my big toe
for a pencil.
You don't like any of the books
I bring, do you?
Not even the one I swiped
from the chaplain.
You know, the one that was banned
in Boston?
You don't like it, why don't you
try writing some yourself?

- It's not a bad idea.

- No pictures.

You know, as far as I can make out,
writing is just like telling lies...

...only they wrap it up in fancy paper.

You are about the world's greatest
natural-born liar I ever met...

...so why don't you try it?

- Eight months.

- Oh, quit bellyaching.

Eight months,

and it seems like eight years.

What are you crying about?

You were 4-1 not to be here at all.

You were about 100-1

never to be puffing on a cigarette...

...and about 500-1 not to be propped
up here like the Sultan of Pandemonia.

And a million-to-one not to be able to sign
your name on your paycheck.

Which, incidentally, after the allotment for
your wife and the kids, came to 94 bucks.

I gave 10 bucks to each of the charge
accounts, which left us 14 fish.

Here you are, sign it.

- I'm broke.

- Broke? You are busted.

Come in.

Well, hello, Alice. Or is it Agatha?

Or is it Dolores?

No, it couldn't be Dolores.

Hey, that's not bad.

That's the best yet.

The best yet. Well, let's get to work.

- All right.

- Who sent the flowers?

- Sent what?

- Those red roses.

Don't look at me. I'm not in the habit
of sending flowers to men.

Let me know when you can see it. Okay?

Now, what we gotta do is concentrate.

- Was there a card in them?

- No, there was no card.

Okay, now, when you think...

- Are you sure there was no card in them?

- I told you there was no card.

Use your brain for a generator, right?

Let's push that power all the way down,
right down here to these feeder nerves.

Right... Right in here. Okay?

Got the idea?

All right, now, let's concentrate.

That's it, that's the idea...

- It moved.

- It what?

Mis... Mr. Wead, I...

I saw...

The foot. Do it again.

- What?

- It move... Move... It... Hey, nurse.

Doctor. Anybo...

He moved.

He moved his toe, Miss Crumley.

Why do you always have her husband
coming through the door with a gun?

Did the guy ever get away with it?

I'd have been dead a long time ago.

- You're late.

- Here you are. Right off the boat.

Scraped off.

Hi, Mr. Wead.

Gee, you look great. Just great.

- Thanks.

- Sitting up in bed and everything.

Still writing them stories?

Arab sheiks, murder?

Now I believe in miracles.

That's all that happens. Except there.

What's that, Spig?

Twenty for 20:

20 stories, 20 rejections.

I'm batting.000.

But you're batting.

Let's have it straight, doc.

You gonna retire me?

I'm afraid I am.

But we've got some good news
for you, Spig.
Good news.
Here you are, sir. Wheels for legs.
- Doctor, permission, please.
- Miss Crumley has made a request...
...which is strictly
against naval regulations.
- But if my colleague concurs...
- Oh, by all means, doctor.
- Permission granted.
- Thank you, doctor.
This is elderberry wine
that my aunt made back in Wisconsin.
Especially for this occasion.
Miss Crumley, thanks. Thanks.
Wind...
...sky...
...and sea.
And elderberry wine.
Simple things, eh, Jughead?
Sheer poetry.
Now, Mr. Wead, sit back
and close your eyes.
- What for?
- Because I said so.
Take a look.
The Saratoga.
- The first real carrier.
- Yep. Pretty, ain't she?
She's a beautiful lady.
Who's upstairs?
Mr. Price. That's his squadron.
They've been out on maneuvers.
- Take me back.
- What?
I said, take me back.
As you say, Mr. Wead.
Let me have that tape.
Right. Thank you.
Okay, Arizona, let's go.
Right there. Hold it. Right there.
- Okay, sir.
- Here you go.

Hold that one.
All right, sir, up you go now. One.
All right, Pincus, heave at it.
There we go.
That's it. That's it.
Take it easy up there, sir.
- All right?
- Right.
All right, sir, here's yesterday's mark.
Now, let's try and pass that one today.
Okay.
Come on, pick them up,
lay them down. That's it. One.
Let's try with the other one.
- Oh, Mr. Wead.
- That's it. Try with the other one.
Stand on it.
I don't see you with crutches.
- Come on, try.
- Stand up on them, sir.
Come on, pick them up. Lay...
Shut up, Pincus.
Pick them up and lay them down.
Listen to me, Mr. Wead.
- That's it.
- That's it. One more.
- I can't make...
- Come on, sure you can.
No distance to go at all.
We did this yesterday, come on.
- You're doing beautifully.
- Pick them up, lay them down.
Come on. That's it.
Stand on that one, Mr. Wead.
That's it. Don't cheat with
those crutches, I'm telling you.
- That was wonderful.
- That's it.
Pick them up, lay them down.
That's it. Pick them up, lay them down.
Just say it to yourself.
Pick it up and lay it down.
Pick it up... That's it. And one more.
Hold on right there.

Give me another piece of tape.
That's yesterday's mark.
Now, today, here's where we go today.
- No, I think that...
- You're gonna make it. Come on.
- Come on, Mr. Wead.
- Come on.
Come on, pick them up,
lay them down. Come on.
- A couple more.
- Pick them up.
Let's try one more. One more, sir.
One more, just one more.
Just one more.
He did it. He did it. He did it.
He did it.
Come.
- Hiya, Spig.
- Hey, John Dale.
- How are you, boy?
- Home is the sailor.
You're looking good. You're looking
as stout as a mama mule.
Thank you. I'm walking... Or toddling.
Yeah? Say, I brought you
some flowers.
- Red roses?
- Well, I...
- Sure. Red roses.
- You brought them for me?
Yeah.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome.
Hey, what's this?
You finally made it. Congratulations.
We're gonna have to celebrate that
and wet them down.
Maybe we'd better wait
till I get them paid for.
Say, Spig, did you see her out there?
Yeah, I saw her.
She's a beaut, ain't she?
She sure is.
Travis wanted me to tell you, Spig,

you helped us get that ship.
You can help us again.
We need a dozen more just like her.
What, do you want me
to go back to stunting?
No. But yesterday a man
came down from Hollywood...
...asking about a carrier movie.
He asked the old man,
the old man dumped him in my lap.
I was looking around for the next lap
to put him in...
...when I remembered what you once said
about getting the public on our side.
Getting them to help us out
with the moneymen in Congress.
Well, I figure a lot of the public would
go to see a good movie about carriers...
...so I tossed him a couple of bones,
and he wants to talk to you.
- He wants me to write about carriers?
- Why not?
- Well, how does he know I can write?
- Well, he knows he can't.
Well, I'm a writer without a reader.
That's not exactly what I told him.
Hey, that's good.
Hold onto your hat.
Cross your fingers.
- We're still... Well, hi, Mr. Price.
- Hi, Jughead.
Oh, congratulations.
Your uncle get re-elected?
- The mail.
- Here goes.
"Mr. Frank Wead Jr." That's a bill.
"Mr..." A bill.
- Milford Austin Carson.
- No, not that.
"Mr. Frank Wead Jr."
What is it? Another rejection?
- It's got a different envelope, sir.
- They didn't send the story back.
- Open it up.

- Open it up.

You open it.

- "Pay to the order of Frank Wead..."

- "Frank Wead Jr., 100 bucks."

Told you if you got the husband out
with the gun you'd get lucky.

- One hundred bucks. We're rich.

- May I congratulate you, sir.

- Me too. Congratulations.

- It calls for a celebration.

- How about a drink?

- I couldn't be any party to that.

- I think that under the circumstances...

- Well, under the circumstances.

Would you like these in a vase, sir?

No. Just leave them right here.

To the first story.

To Mr. Price's stripe.

And the red roses.

Pretty good liar, aren't you, Johnny?

And three swell guys.

I'm Commander Wead. I think Mr...

I'm sorry, but Mr. Dodge...

I believe he's expecting you,

Commander Wead.

Thank you.

- Commander Wead is here.

- Dagblast it, Stonewall.

I told you I was at conference.

I'm not supposed to be disturbed
under any circum...

Come on in.

Well... Come in.

Come in, it's good to see you.

Thanks.

Come here and sit down.

Make yourself comfortable.

You gotta watch that couch.

It's got a hidden spring in it someplace
that surprises us sometimes.

Watch that door.

Familiar.

Well, commander, I find that

about this time of the afternoon...

...a little drink's good for you.
Good for the pump, you know?
- Here you are.
- I used to make excuses...
...when I drank in the afternoon too.
Funny thing, a man always makes
the loudest excuses to himself.
Yeah, that's a fact.
It sure is a fact.
How are you, commander?
There you are.
Commander of a portable typewriter.
That can be harder
than handling a battleship.
I found that out.
Well, I know you haven't had
much experience writing.
And none at all in pictures.
But I've heard about you.
It all sounded like you were just the man
I wanted for a story about the Navy.
I don't want a story
just about ships and planes...
...I want a story about the officers and...
- And the men that run them.
That's exactly it.
Did you happen to know
any chief petty officers?
- Do I? Hand me that cane.
- Sure. Here.
No, I'm kidding.
Well, I... I want this story...
...from a pen dipped in
saltwater, not dry martinis.
- You know what I mean?
- Yeah, damn the martinis...
...full speed ahead.
- Like to take a crack at it?
- That's why I'm here.
Good. Come on, let's go.
Can I give you a hand?
- No, I'm all right.
- Oh, I'm sorry. Sorry.
I didn't know he'd been injured.

Why didn't you tell me?

Give him that office across the way.

See he gets everything he wants.

Commander, what do

they call you? Spig, isn't it?

- That's right.

- Do you mind if I call you Spig?

- Not at all.

- This is Miss Jackson.

Stonewall Jackson,

Commander Wead.

- Hello, commander.

- Hello. Do you mind if I call you Stonewall?

- Not at all.

- Stonewall's been with me for 22 years.

She's my barometer.

If she likes your script, I throw it away.

Wouldn't know what to do without her.

Now, go to work.

You didn't ask about your salary.

Well, I figure you'll

pay me what I'm worth.

What you have to worry about

is that I'm worth what you pay me.

- It's a deal.

- Well, wait a minute. Is...? Is that all?

Well, what do you need?

Pencil and paper?

- Well, what do I write about?

- People. Navy people.

Hey, what's the big idea?

Laugh that off, will you?

Hey, what's the idea?

That was on the level.

It was. I came down

here to knock your block off.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

That's it. Fight.

Fight.

Get out of here.

- Well, that was very...

- Oh, nice work.

Tell George that was

a good job of directing.

Congratulations, commander.

- How'd you like that kid with Beery?

- Great. Sign him up.

Spig, I've been thinking
about that title, Hell Divers.

Great title. Of course, we'll have
to take it up with the Hays Office.

You can't say "hell"
on the screen, you know.

Listen, Spig. You might
just as well face it.

Writing is the loneliest job
in the world.

There's nobody there but you.

And I'll give you 50...

I'll give you 100-1...

...your play won't be a success.

- You're not listening to me.

- Do you blame me?

Not a bit.

Spig, I know the stage,
I know the screen.

I've toured every tank town from East
Burlap, Maine, to West Burlap, Oregon.

I even played in this thing once.

- Ulysses?

- Yep.

You played in Ulysses?

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

I played Robert E. Lee.

Look, Spig, you got a beautiful home here,
half paid for, half empty.

But no, you got to go
to New York and do a play.

I'll give you 1000-1 you'll have
the worst flop that ever hits Broadway.

- Nice going, Mr. Wead.

- Thanks, Joe.

Looks like you got a hit.

- Jughead.

- Yes, sir. Carson, late of the U.S. Navy.

I thought you were running
a chicken farm.

I was running one. I gave it up.
Chickens get up too early.
Early to bed, early to rise.
Might as well be dead.
Big playwright now, huh?
Rich as Croesus.
Never could find time to drop a guy a line,
though. Not even a Christmas card.
- Okay, Carson. So I'm a stuffed shirt.
- That's right.
- So I'm a horse's rump.
- Correct.
Well, that was yesterday.
- Where are we going?
- We're going to a saloon.
Where else?
This chicken ranch of mine was six miles
from my nearest neighbor.
She was a Polish lady
that weighed 258 pounds.
And when she started
looking good to me, I blew.
What are you gonna do
with all your loot?
- You know who it's for.
- For who?
The kids. Who else?
- How are they doing?
- Well, they're both in school.
But I'm gonna get them
out there with me.
How old can we get?
You ever hear from her?
She's doing fine.
Has a job in San Francisco...
...and she's happy.
- Is she married?
- Yes. To me.
Well, you're gonna get the kids,
why not her?
Buy yourself a yacht.
Take a trip around the world.
I'll sail it for you.
I'm no good for her.

I can remember when they gave you
two chances to live: Slim and none.

But you made it.

And I can remember you had
two crutches and 14 bucks...

...which you parlayed into a fortune.

Of course, that's before you
became fat and baldheaded.

Them days all you ever asked for
was a chance.

Do you think I've got
a chance with her?

Well, what makes you think you ain't?

Come on.

- Where you going?

- To the airport.

I'm putting you on a plane for San Francisco.

After that, you're on your own. Here.

Don't you know rich guys like you
never pick up a tab?

Come on, we got 46 minutes
to catch that plane.

Just a minute.

- Hi.

- Hi, Min.

Big playwright.

I was gonna call you, and then

I decided to get cute again.

Here, let me take your coat.

Cashmere.

- Here, let me help you.

- No, I...

Sure, go ahead.

Well, what are we gonna talk about?

You heard from the kids?

Sure. I hear from them every week.

That's how I know about you.

Your pictures, your plays, your books.

Somehow or other you always

manage to stand out in their letters.

- Second-year college.

- Yeah.

Spig...

...you mean an awful lot to them.

Why don't you have them
with you for a while?
I want to.
That's one of the reasons I'm here.
I think you should.
I think they need you.
And I need them too.
I need more than that.
I need you.
Hard to believe?
A little.
Just believe it, Min.
Don't analyze it...
...or take it apart or look at it too hard.
I've done all that.
Just believe it.
I don't know, Spig.
I've made a new life for myself.
At least I can be what I am
and what I want to be.
- I've got somewhere. It's small...
- Sure, sure. You're somewhere.
The kids are somewhere,
and I'm somewhere.
But we're really nowhere
unless we're together.
If it isn't a family, it's... It's nothing.
I don't know. Maybe it's...
...too late. Maybe...
O'Faolain.
O'Faolain. Bridy.
Bridy O'Faolain.
The Widow O'Faolain, if you please.
What are you dressed up for?
Where you going?
To mass on the Sabbath.
It wouldn't do you any harm someday.
Perhaps you're going
to confession too.
I might. And what put that
in your evil mind, pray?
This room.
The kitchen.
And the bar.

And the ashes.
And the dust. Unmitigated sloppiness.
- I'm guilty.
- We're both guilty.
But we're gonna reform, O'Faolain.
Because in just a few seconds,
I'm going over...
...pick up that phone, call my wife,
and she's coming here to live with us.
- Herself?
- Herself.
- You mean your wife is coming here?
- She is.
Oh, God bless you.
And God bless her
for her foolishness.
The poor girl.
I'll say me beads for her.
Long distance?
I want San Francisco.
Sutter 23969.
Crestview 4510.
How long of a wait?
Yes, ma'am.
I'll be right here. Thank you.
The radio. The Japanese. Pearl Harbor.
- What are you talking about?
- The newsboy just told me.
- The Japanese bombed.
- Turn on the radio.
- Appeared over Diamond Head
and launched an attack...
... on the giant U.S. Naval base
at Pearl Harbor.
The planes appeared
utterly without warning...
... apparently coming from
aircraft carriers...
... which had been moved
forward during the night.
The enemy craft were over the island
of Oahu for one hour and 20 minutes...
... bombing the naval base
and nearby Hickam Field.

The White House has just announced
that one old battleship capsized...
... several others were hit,
and a destroyer was sunk.
- Casualties were said to total 3000...
- Turn it off.
... of which 1500 were killed.
Hello.
Min?
Did you hear it?
I just turned off the radio.
Of course you'll try, Spig.
Well, I'll try.
You know I've got to try, Min.
I'll go there.
To Washington.
Talk to them.
Maybe they won't have me,
I don't know.
If they don't have you, Spig...
...I will.
Well, that's all I need.
That's all I've got, Spig.
I said that's all I've got.
Bye, Spig.
Min...
... well, goodbye, sailor. I...
Stop. Stop. Stop.
And you want active duty?
- Combat?
- I've never been under fire.
You know that, sir.
- Are you looking for a thrill?
- Just a fight.
Spig, let's talk like what we are,
old friends.
Old, I said.
Even a sailor must do it, get old.
Like Nimitz, Halsey and Pete Mitscher?
Spig, you know better than this.
A war gets fought at a desk
just as hard as it does on a flattop.
It gets won and lost by logistics.
And I'll let you in on something.

Every plan that we ever had is down
at the bottom of Pearl Harbor.
Yeah, we lost our Sunday shirt.
- That bad?
- Yeah, that bad.
Now, you see this?
Well, this is sort of a flattop.
I'm sticking my neck out.
You want one, you can have one.
I'll try it for size, admiral.
And thanks.
The name's still Jack. Farrington,
get him a uniform, a desk and a drink.
He's going to work
for the first time in his life.
Aye-aye, sir.
I'm all right.
The carrier Hornet.
Notice the hits by enemy action.
Three kamikazes.
Two hits.
One forward...
...one midship.
Not a chance.
Notice the abandon-ship drill.
Morale excellent.
We have only one carrier left, gentlemen.
Repeat, one carrier left.
Enterprise.
And more on the way.
Well, they won't help...
They won't help now.
Every battle we fight
depends on the big carriers.
Yeah, but there's a limiting factor,
planes and crews.
Can't carry enough. There ought to be
some way to keep them in action.
- Yeah, but how?
- Well, it's a simple thing.
It keeps going around in my head
like a forgotten name.
What do you do when you're
stuck like that, Levi?

Well, I go through
the alphabet backwards, sir.
I take a long cold beer.
Back in Hollywood,
we cut to the seventh cavalry.
Attention.
Johnny.
I've been looking
high and low for you.
Well, what do you know?
- Yeah, my uncle got re-elected.
- You got your command.
- Task force.
- Combat, you lucky dog.
Say, and you...
I have been calling your hotel...
...you haven't checked in
for three days.
What are you doing,
sleeping on this deck?
- Well...
- I've got three hours to kill...
...and I got a jeep outside.
I'll buy you the tallest, coldest beer in...
- You got a what outside?
- A jeep.
That's it. That's the forgotten name.
Jeep. Jeep carriers.
It was there all the time.
I knew it'd be simple.
Hand me that Liberty ship.
Give me a chair. Drag up a chair.
That's it, Johnny.
Jeep carriers.
That's the limiting factor.
Spig, I haven't got
too much time, I...
Yeah?
- So long, partner.
- So long.
That's what we've been needing.
Johnny.
John Dale.
Attention.

At ease.

- Soryu, Akagi, Kaga.

- I know all that.

- Wead?

- Yes, sir.

Let's have it.

Well, these big combat carriers
are still the spearpoint of battle.

But now, backing them up,
we have jeep carriers...

...loaded with planes and crews.

If the big carrier loses
a plane, she radios back...

...and a replacement
is immediately underway.

The big carrier stays in action.

- You can get this on paper?

- Yes, sir.

I like it. Write it up.

Eureka.

Cut me some orders, boy.

- Welcome home, sailor.

- Hello, Jock.

- How are you feeling?

- Like an old fire horse.

- Thanks for everything.

- Thanks for nothing.

Well, there she is. She's all yours.

Oh, I want you to say hello
to an old pal of yours.

- Doc.

- How are you, fella?

Oh, half-man, half-worm and half-wit.

Well, I got the last chapter
of the book.

Come on, Spig, I'll show you
to the royal suite.

Knock it off.

- Sir.

- Jughead.

I don't believe it.

How'd you wangle this?

Same as you. Drag, pull, juice.

- I know where the bodies are buried.

- You buried them.

Thanks, Jughead.

So you finally made it.

Come on, let me show you around.

- I got the crap game.

- And everything else.

- You look a little beat up to me.

- Yeah, too many soft chairs.

- Living off the fat of the land?

- The sea will bring it out.

Well, don't worry.

I'll make a man out of you again.

And the next time you walk

in that door, sailor, salute.

- Aye-aye, sir.

- Hey, wait. This is pretty nice, huh?

You and me

and old Jock and the doc.

All we need now is Pincus.

Whatever happened to Pincus?

He made it. Back to the old Arizona.

- Pearl Harbor?

- Yeah.

- Hey, you know where we're going?

- I got a general idea.

You're gonna see some action.

All hands, man your battle stations.

Pilots, man your planes.

Yep, plenty of action.

You're gonna see island grabbing
the hard way.

Step by step on the Tokyo road.

See us pounding away
with everything we've got...

... and them pounding back at us
with everything they've got.

Crash on the flight deck.

Crash on the flight deck.

There's one in on the deck.

They haven't got any release...

Then we'll see if your jeep carriers
can send replacement planes fast enough...

... to keep the big carriers
in there slugging.

Because the big carriers are it, sailor.

High, low, jack and the game.

Nine minutes, 56 seconds.

You owe me a sawbuck.

Good job, Spig. Swell show.

We'd had your plan at Tarawa,
we could've saved casualties.

When you gonna sleep?

You've been going for 54 hours.

- I'll sleep after the party.
- The party's over.
- I'm as good as asleep here.
- Captain, make him go to bed.
- Go to bed.
- No, sir.

Here's the Oscar, sir.

We've got them now.

Listen to this, Jughead.

"Formal resistance has collapsed
on all fronts as of 12:42.

Vigilance against die-hard individual
action will be maintained...

...but your commander is signaling
Washington that Kwajalein is ours...

...and signals each of you 'well done.'"

- A clear path to the Marianas.
- And a clear path to bed for you.
- Haven't even got under fire.
- Get under the sheets.
- Captain, make it an order.
- That's an order, Spig.

I'll fix the coffee.

No cream, no sugar.

All general quarters.

All hands, man your battle stations.

I guess I forgot to stick out my hand.

Jug.

Jughead.

Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. This is
a game you have to think, you know.

- Use my brain a bit when you play...
- Ten-hut.
- Relax.
- Hi.

Hi.
Well...
...I had to get to battle.
Pretty near got you killed.
I'm a Gemini. You can't kill me until
after the 17th of the month.
Anyway, Frank Merriwell Jr.
Had to see action.
Oh, you did me a favor.
I'm a wounded hero.
They're even gonna give me a medal.
I got a month at Waikiki...
...in the sun and the surf.
Gin rummy. Gin.
Those beautiful nurses.
Hey, do you remember the nurse
you had in San Diego?
Miss Crumley.
- I want you to meet her son.
- The name's McGuffy, sir.
McGuffy Crumley.
Put the black king on the red ace.
- He even cheats when he plays with me.
- Is there anything you need?
- Yeah, but you ain't got it out here.
- Well, look, Jughead.
- I'm trying to say is...
- You don't look so good.
- You want I should move over?
- Yeah.
- Well, I...
- Drop in and see a guy, will you?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Jug.
There it is, Spig.
Looks like a drunken grasshopper.
- No good?
- Lousy.
How long does it say?
Three days,
three months, three years.
Okay?
Why not?

Like to have you
do me a favor, Johnny.
- If I can.
- Even if you can't.
Try me.
A lot of people went to some trouble
to get me out here.
- I know.
- I don't want them to blame themselves.
Why should they?
I don't know why. I just don't want it.
What do you want?
You to snip a little red tape.
Go on.
I'd like to go over the side quietly.
Retire.
Fatigue?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Let them think I was beat up.
All right, Spig.
- Will you get a load of all the brass?
- Yeah.
Army brass too.
Present arms.
- Well, Spig.
- Thanks for the ride, Jock.
Good luck, fella.
That'll do at the side.
Order arms.
Johnny.
Thank you, sir.
- Shorty.
- Hiya, Spig.
- No cake?
- No cakes.
And no swimming pools.
Good luck, fella.
Salute.
So long.