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# Without Reservations

By Andrew Solt

America on the March...  
...brings you a special event.  
When war ended last year,  
numberless plans were proposed...  
...for the advancement  
of peace and prosperity.  
But from among them has emerged one...  
...which has captured  
the imagination of the world.  
It's popularity enhanced by the fact...  
...that it's presented  
in the form of a novel.  
Here is Tomorrow  
by Christopher Madden...  
...is a blueprint of the future  
which offers a daring concept...  
...of how man  
can shape his own destiny.  
Mark Winston,  
the hero of this unusual book...  
...has become the center  
of controversy...  
...which could not be greater were he  
a living, breathing leader of the people.  
Says fortunate publisher,

**Philip Jerome:**

Here is Tomorrow has led the best  
selling list for 16 consecutive weeks.  
It has been translated  
for worldwide distribution.  
As with all bestsellers...  
...Here is Tomorrow goes to Hollywood.  
To be produced by Henry Baldwin.  
With Cary Grant as Mark Winston.  
And Lana Turner as the girl.  
Says Producer Baldwin:  
I am proud of the honor and privilege...  
...of bringing  
Here is Tomorrow to the screen.  
It will be the most important picture  
of my career.  
Beautiful speech, Mr. Baldwin.  
Later, Charlie, later.

People in every walk of life  
have been influenced by the book.  
From the highest...  
For my money, this book offers  
the best answer yet to all our problems.  
...to the lowest.  
I've come to America 32 years ago.  
It's great country.  
And Here is Tomorrow will surely  
get us out of the hole.  
And in the Senate of the United States:  
Everyone should read this book.  
It is a blueprint for happiness  
politically, socially and spiritually.  
It gives me great pride  
that it was a member of my own sex...  
...who pointed the way.  
Christopher Madden is a woman.  
A girl in shining armor.  
An American Joan of Arc.  
And now, the authoress herself,  
Ms. Christopher Madden.  
As she parries questions  
from journalists...  
...representing the press of the world...  
...prior to her departure for Hollywood  
to adapt her book for the screen.  
Ms. Madden, how does it feel  
to be called America's Joan of Arc?  
Well, I only wrote a book,  
I didn't intend to head a movement.  
So did Harriet Beecher Stowe,  
and look what happened.  
Did you model Mark Winston  
after an actual person?  
Any resemblance between  
Mark Winston...  
...and any living person  
is purely coincidental.  
But he's very real to me.  
You see, I lived with him for two years.  
Morning, noon and night  
as I wrote the book.  
I know everything about him:

His tastes, his habits...  
...the books he reads,  
the music he likes.  
It's an experience I'll never forget.  
Whether Christopher Madden  
and her Mark Winston...  
...will make American history,  
only time can tell.  
America on the March.  
- Jack, you've done a wonderful job.  
- Thanks.  
This reel will be in every theater  
in the country.  
Wonderful. Get Ms. Madden  
in New York on the phone.  
It's too late. It's 4:00 in New York  
now. She's about to get on the train.  
Potter, did you send the invitations  
to the reception?  
Oh, yes, Mr. Baldwin.  
The mayor will speak at the station,  
the governor at dinner.  
- Fine, and I want everyone to be there.  
- We've invited everybody.  
Did you wire Madden about Grant?  
Yes, Mr. Baldwin, I sent it to the train,  
Grand Central Station.  
- She should be receiving it now.  
- Fine.  
The whole office was terribly upset.  
We didn't even tell Mr. Baldwin.  
We just couldn't get anything  
better.  
But from Chicago,  
you'll have a drawing room.  
That's all right.  
I like traveling on the Pullmans.  
- You meet the people.  
- Nothing but the people.  
Our man will wait for you.  
He has the tickets for the room.  
- His name is Louis Burt.  
- Fine.  
- Let me know if you need me.

- Ms. Madden?

- Yes.

- Yes.

Telegram.

- Here you are, son.

- Thank you, sir.

All aboard.

Thank you.

Anything else?

I'd like to ask Ms. Madden a question.

- What is it?

- Well, sir, it's about my girl.

Since she read Ms. Madden's book...

...she keeps telling me that all she feels for me is a glandular attraction.

Well, what I want to know, sir, is, what is a glandular attraction?

Oh, it's from Baldwin.

"With deep regret, Cary Grant informs me he cannot be Mark Winston...

...due to conflicting commitments.

This would've been a serious setback but it came to me...

...how wrong it would be to have a known actor play this role.

Stop. It should be a new face. Stop.

My staff is already organizing a night and day search for the right man.

This will be an even bigger search than Scarlett o'Hara. Stop.

Anyway, don't worry, we still have Lana Turner.

- Stop. Regards. "

- All aboard.

Lana Turner?

Lana Turner?

Oh, boy.

And that, my son, is a glandular attraction.

Do you realize what this means?

I sold the story to Baldwin because he promised me Cary Grant.

Oh, wait a minute.

I won't have an amateur playing

Mark Winston.

You call him up

and tell him I insist on Cary Grant.

- Better get on if you wanna go with us.

- Right.

- Call and tell him and be firm.

- I will, Kit. Take care of yourself.

He'll be waiting at the station,

Burt, Louis Burt.

Oh, Phil, never mind calling Baldwin,

I'll send him a wire. Goodbye.

- Goodbye, Mr. Klotch.

- Goodbye. Good luck.

Oh. Oh, I'm so sorry.

An intellectual.

- Here you are.

- Thanks.

- Rusty, you know what?

- What?

- You were right.

- Yeah.

Chase around. Look for what you want  
and you find it in your own backyard.

That's right.

Three times we walked through,  
we didn't see a thing.

There's no use knocking ourselves out.

You said if we only relaxed,  
everything would be lovely.

Like that French fellow wrote...

...about the kids who went out  
looking for the bluebird.

They chased around all night  
trying to find it, but they didn't.

- So they came home and guess what?

- What?

They found that bluebird  
in their own backyard.

What happened then?

Bluebird flew away.

- This bluebird won't fly away.

- That's right, Dink.

You gonna do something about it?

Well, sure, I'm gonna do something

about it.

Hello.

Hello.

Hello.

You up there?

I'm down here.

He sleeps over there.

- Maurice Maeterlinck is Belgian.

- Do we know him?

- Well, apparently, you were...

- Does he know us?

He's the author of The Blue Bird.

The story you were telling.

- He got the Nobel Prize for it.

- He deserved it.

Yes, well, he's Belgian, not French.

This girl is repeating herself.

It's certainly nice the way  
things turn out.

You sleep up there, Rusty down here.

I sleep over there.

Everything's very chummy.

Yes, that's what I like about traveling.

People are more friendly, more relaxed.

Rusty can relax practically anywhere.

I know.

Oh, no. I mean...

I mean, he seems the sort of person  
who is naturally friendly.

Oh, if everybody could be like that.

If everyone in the whole world could  
get together with that relaxed spirit.

If people could brush aside suspicion  
and selfish differences...

...and let down their back fences.

Don't you think

it's getting a little crowded in here?

- Oh, I guess I talk too much.

- No, you're a good talker.

But doesn't all that yakking  
make you a little thirsty?

Come on, we'll buy you a drink.

Thanks. I'll see you later. There are  
things I wanna get out of my bag.

Good deal.

A beetle.

Yup.

A beetle.

Dear Mr. Baldwin:

After mature consideration...

...I subscribe to your plan of  
having unknown play Mark Winston.

Stop.

But search is not necessary.

As I have met Mark Winston in the flesh.

Stop.

It's incredible...

...but it's true.

I instinctively feel this...

...dark-haired...

...deep-voiced Marine flyer is our man.

Stop.

I am thrilled.

Stop.

How shall I proceed?

Regards...

...Madden.

Oh, porter.

Porter, would you take care  
of this wire for me?

- Yes, ma'am, at the next stop.

- Thank you.

Where are you going?

Hollywood.

Got a job?

You got a boyfriend in Hollywood?

Why do you wanna go to Hollywood  
for? It's full of dames.

You want to come to San Diego  
and get a job waiting tables.

Twenty-five bucks a week,  
tips and two meals.

And the union takes care of you.

- Oh, are you a union member?

- Oh, certainly.

This fellow I go with is an organizer.

That's why I joined the union.

You know how it is.



You're interested in a guy...  
...you gotta be sympathetic  
with what he's doing.  
That's where a lot of girls lose out.  
Oh, you're so right.  
You know, a relationship without  
purpose or mental accord is sterile.  
You bet.  
How's that again?  
I mean, so many girls choose a man  
for the excitement...  
...or social security it gives them.  
Now, according to Professor Metcalf's  
last book, a woman...  
No, there's nothing in books  
that will do you any good.  
The way I see it, you give into a fellow  
on the unimportant things...  
...and you get what you want.  
Now, does it hurt me if I encourage  
him with his union work?  
Does it cost me anything?  
No. And it makes him feel good.  
I can fix it for Joe to feel  
so good that...  
...when I say why doesn't he relax by  
taking me to the Ritz Roof, he says:  
"I don't like that place. It's full  
of reactionaries. " But he takes me.  
And Joe doesn't like reactionaries?  
No, so I agree with him.  
Sure, the Ritz Roof is expensive,  
but does a fellow have respect...  
...for a girl who's satisfied  
with anything?  
Will he thank the girl who lets him  
hang around...  
...because he brings cheap wine  
and hamburger?  
Will he praise the girl who lets him save  
his money and burn holes in her sofa?  
He's gonna do no such thing.  
Instead, he's gonna find a blond.  
And she's different?

Oh, you bet she's different.  
What about the girl he jilted, the one  
who let him burn the cigarette holes?  
She's spending nickels calling him up.  
Does he say he likes someone else  
much better?  
Someone's who's costing him  
too much money? He does not.  
He's saying he's too busy.  
He's saying he's doing overtime.  
And he's also worried about his mother  
who hasn't been feeling so good.  
And if she calls again,  
he gives her the Ko.  
You mean, hits her?  
No, the brush-off.  
That's when a fellow tells a girl  
she's too good for him.  
She's too high type a character.  
She should try to find somebody  
else who'll really appreciate her.  
Honey, when a girl gets that routine,  
she knows she's through.  
She's washed up.  
But completely.  
Well, I'm sorry for her.  
I am not. She's a dope.  
A girl has to look into the future,  
doesn't she?  
Well, she's gotta keep an eye  
on that pitching.  
Oh, brother.  
Will Joe get sore when he gets  
a load of that.  
Right away he'll start worrying  
about who bought it.  
Nothing like an orchid  
to give a girl prestige.  
Set me back five bucks...  
...and I'm not gonna waste it on Gls.  
I see what gives.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
- Have a seat.

- Thank you.  
- What will you have?  
- Orange juice.  
Beetle's at it.  
- Who?  
- The beetle.  
What's a beetle?  
They're cute to look at  
but gotta keep your eye on them.  
They make out that everything is  
all right. They have no angles.  
- They want a good time.  
- That's them.  
Then you find them crawling around.  
They get in your hair, climb in  
your pockets, give you mental fatigue.  
You can't take up Uncle's planes.  
You're grounded.  
That's what the psychiatrist in  
Jacksonville always said.  
So beetles are out.  
- Not exactly.  
- Two bourbons and an orange juice.  
Yes, sir.  
- Oh, I'm sorry.  
- Oh, I beg your pardon, sir.  
That book sure gets around.  
Are you familiar with it?  
We picked it up in a bed in Jacksonville.  
Yeah, it was in sickbay.  
The fellow right next to Rusty  
was sure giving that book a hard time.  
He was handling it like he had  
no respect for it. He was Army.  
That's how we got these Jap medals.  
Jap medals?  
Lovely in a necklace.  
Would you like some?  
No, thanks.  
Would someone mind telling me what  
the book has to do with Jap medals?  
Dink's getting this thing all fouled up.  
I was reading Esquire and Joe  
in the next bed wanted to trade.

And Rusty said, "No. "

He said no?

Well, Rusty kept right on reading  
and the Army got desperate.

A dollar 35.

We were at the point  
where the Army got desperate.

That's right.

Then he offered Rusty a genuine Afrika  
Korps helmet with the Rommel insignia.  
That's practically a collector's item.  
So Rusty couldn't resist that.

I had to save the book from a fate  
worse than the Army, didn't I?

Perhaps it would interest you to know  
they're going to make a picture...  
...out of that book  
with Cary Grant and Lana Turner.  
Cary Grant is gonna play the part  
of that pilot?

For what reason would he do that?

He seemed like a pretty sharp fellow.

Well, they're probably giving him  
a lot of bananas.

A fellow like Grant  
already has a lot of bananas.

Then why shouldn't he play it?

- Why? Because it'd make him look silly.

- Silly?

Certainly.

But why?

Because Lana Turner keeps chasing him  
for 400 pages and he keeps saying no.

- To Lana Turner?

- He does.

Was there something wrong  
with this pilot guy?

There's nothing wrong with him...  
...except he's busy fixing up  
the world for everybody.

But can't he take care  
of Lana Turner first?

He'd like to, Dink,  
but this pilot is a Progressive.

And Lana Turner, according to  
the book, is a reactionary.  
That's it, exactly.  
Oh, I know Rusty, but this reactionary  
is not a fellow, he is Lana Turner.  
What difference does it make?  
- Well, that's what makes it so silly.  
- I just don't understand.  
Gentlemen,  
you've missed the point entirely.  
The characters that Lana Turner  
and Cary Grant play are symbols.  
He of the future and she of the past.  
The clash between them  
is purely ideological.  
- Look, he's a man?  
- Well, yes.  
- She's a woman?  
- Yes.  
That's all.  
I know what you're thinking,  
both of you.  
You're thinking  
that I know nothing about men.  
Well, don't let that worry you.  
Neither did the character  
that wrote that book.  
Well, what would you do  
if you were Mark Winston?  
Well, I'll tell you what I'd do  
if I were Mark Winston, Miss...  
Say, what is your name?  
Oh, Kit.  
Kitty Klotch.  
Klotch?  
Is that Polish?  
Lithuanian.  
Very old Lithuanian.  
Well...  
...Ms. Klotch...  
...if I were Mark Winston...  
...I would behave  
like Lana Turner was a woman.  
And argue with her afterwards.

But suppose you've just come back  
from the war and you're sick of it all.  
You're tired. Tired.  
Honey...  
...no pilot gets that tired.  
I'm so sorry.  
That's all right. Go ahead.  
Thank you.  
How are you doing?  
So far, so good.  
What you need is six weeks  
basic training.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
I'll give you a hand.  
Yeah.  
- Can you make it?  
- Yes, thank you.  
- Are you sure?  
- Yes.  
Say...  
...where are you going?  
- To my berth.  
I mean, where you heading for?  
- Oh, California.  
- Oh, good.  
- We're going to San Diego.  
- Oh, that's fine.  
You know what?  
You're much lighter than I thought.  
You're much stronger than I thought.  
I bet I can hold you like this  
for 20 minutes.  
I'm sure you could,  
but I wanna go to bed.  
Am I holding you up?  
- Yes, please.  
- Oh, okay.  
Thank you. Thank you.  
- Good night.  
- Good night.  
Good night.  
Chicago.  
Chicago is next.  
The next stop is Chicago.

Chicago.

- Oh, for you, miss.

- Oh, thank you.

How much time have I got  
to make the Chief?

Enough to make it over to the  
Dearborn Station if you hurry.

- Thank you.

- Next stop is Chicago. Chicago.

**Dear Ms. Madden:**

I am enthusiastic  
over description of Marine...

...you instinctively feel can play  
Mark Winston. Stop.

He sounds perfect.

Bring him to Hollywood for test. Stop.

Don't let him get away.

Regards, Baldwin.

Excuse me.

I'm sorry.

Pardon me.

Excuse me. I'm sorry.

Stay back in the car  
till we get the baggage off.

- Have you seen those Marine flyers?

- No.

You think they might be in the club car?

- I doubt it. The bar is closed.

- Oh, dear, I have to find them.

If you see them, will you tell them  
I'm looking for them?

- Yes.

- Thank you.

Chicago. Chicago.

Oh, my coat. Pardon.

- Rusty. Dink.

- Ms. Madden?

- Yes.

- My name is Burt.

I'm from Arrowhead Pictures.

I had your drawing room on the Chief.

Better go this way, my car's outside.

I have something important to do

for the picture.

- Can I be of some help?

- No. Oh, yes, you can. Here.

Take my baggage checks,

put my things on the Chief...

...and give me my ticket.

Yes, I'll be waiting for you

in your drawing room.

No, just put my things on the train.

You should be in bed anyway.

- You've got a bad cold.

- Yes, Ms. Madden.

Pardon me, aren't you

Christopher Madden?

Yes, I am.

- May I have your autograph, please?

- Certainly.

Would you mind putting,

"To Jack Benny"?

Jack... Ben...

Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you very much.

Hello.

- Ms. Klotch.

- Well, hello.

- We're so happy to see you.

- Oh, thank you.

We'd like you to make

a little purchase for us.

Would you go

and buy us a bottle of Scotch?

Scotch?

Isn't that a little out of character?

We decided to switch to something

older than last week.

There's a sign in there saying,

"one bottle of Scotch per customer.

Sorry. " Sorry is right.

But our train. We're late.

Get a bottle. We'll get a cab.

And if you get more than a bottle,

we'll get you a bus.

Bet it's only gonna be one bottle.

Yeah.



Ms. Klotch is an amateur.  
I gotta keep everybody happy, miss.  
Scotch is still scarce.  
Take it or leave it.  
Don't you think you're being unfair  
after what I've done?  
You could give me three bottles.  
- And what have you done for me?  
- I wrote the book you're reading.  
You?  
Christopher Madden?  
You're kidding.  
I can prove it to you.  
Read me the last line you just finished.  
"Mark Winston looked about him.  
The land seemed lonely and abandoned...  
...its wartime usefulness ended. "  
"Lts wartime usefulness ended.  
But in this vast and empty land,  
his eyes saw something else.  
A vision of construction.  
A land that would turn into factories  
and communities.  
A frontier of bright new hopes...  
...where men like himself might turn  
free opportunity into accomplishment.  
It was all there for him...  
...a target for today,  
a realization for tomorrow. "  
- Ms. Madden, will three be enough?  
- That's fine.  
- Would you autograph my book?  
- Certainly.  
- What's your name?  
- Timothy Helgeland.  
But write T. Helgeland.  
I can't stand that Timothy.  
Planning to do some writing,  
Ms. Madden?  
Some rewriting.  
- Let me put those in a bag.  
- No, thank you. I'm in a hurry.  
- Goodbye.  
- Bye.

- Well, here you are.

- What happened?

Nothing. I just smiled.

Don't give us that. You got a cute smile, but not a three-quart one.

- What'd you write?

- He's reading Here is Tomorrow.

I said I was Christopher Madden and I autographed it.

- And he fell for it?

- Hook, line and Scotch.

You're pretty sharp, you know that.

- Oh, you promised me a bus.

- Dearborn Station.

- Sunrise Limited.

- Yes, sir.

Sunrise Limited?

Yeah, Section 5, Car 62. What's yours?

Mine? I think I'm in Car 62 too.

Well, never mind,

put all the bags on my seat.

Say, where are your bags?

Oh, I sent them on ahead.

They're on the train.

Oh, well, good.

The Chief. Kansas City.

Albuquerque. Los Angeles.

Leaving on Track 7.

- What's the matter?

- Yeah, what's the matter?

Nothing.

Wish we were on the Chief.

I wish we were too.

Sunrise Limited. All aboard.

Your tickets, please.

It's gonna be nice, three of us together.

- It's getting to be a habit.

- Some habits can be healthy.

Your ticket, please?

Oh, yes.

Oh, I seemed to have misplaced it.

Perhaps you have some other identification, Miss... Miss...

Klotch.

Now, isn't that funny?  
I just don't seem to have a thing  
with me with my name on it.  
Where's your luggage?  
Maybe it's on the wrong train.  
Very funny, Ms. Klotch.  
You should understand that  
there's a penalty for riding trains...  
...without tickets and with servicemen.  
We still have a job to do, you know.  
Yes, I know.  
I really did have it,  
but something just happened.  
Something always happens.  
Well, I can vouch for Ms. Klotch,  
conductor.  
I can vouch for him, conductor.  
I suppose you can vouch for him.  
I should stop the train  
and have you put off here.  
You know that, don't you?  
I'd be very glad to buy a compartment  
or a berth.  
- No compartments. No berths.  
- You mean she'll have no place to sleep?  
We'll try and find her a place  
up in the coach.  
But remember, if there's any trouble...  
...any trouble,  
you'll go right off the train.  
- Is that clear?  
- Yes.  
Come with me up to the coach, miss.  
I'll see what I can do.  
Well, goodbye.  
You'll hear from us.  
Candies, cigars, cigarettes.  
Candies, cigars, cigarettes.  
Candies, cigars, cigarettes.  
Ms. Klotch.  
Ms. Klotch.  
Ms. Klotch.  
Yes?  
The Marine gentlemen

are waiting for you.

Oh, thank you.

Klotch?

One single?

One single?

Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- We're very happy to have you with us.

- You bet.

Oh, thank you, gentlemen.

- Oh, for me.

- We thought it would look nice on you.

Oh, thank you.

- This makes me feel very grand.

- Freddie's right.

There is nothing like an orchid  
to make a woman feel good.

Psychiatrist from Jacksonville?

Oh, no, he's a barman on the club car.

Oh, you gentlemen certainly get around.

For two.

I'm sorry, we only have a single now.

Well, give him a tip.

Haven't you ever been around?

Here you are. Thank you, sir.

Thank you.

Oh, excuse me. I see some friends.

Oh, I'm simply starved.

Trains always make me so hungry.

I get an appetite

from the darnedest things. Hello, dear.

Hello.

I don't think I've met your friends.

Oh, I'm sorry. Captain Rusty...?

- Thomas.

- I'm sure.

- And Lieutenant Dink...?

- Watson.

- Miss...?

- Oh, Consuela Callahan.

I come from a very old Spanish family.

I see you took my advice.

My orchid's on ice.

So is your friend, the admiral.  
Oh, what are you drinking?  
Wine.  
Wine.  
I haven't seen you all afternoon.  
Do you have a compartment?  
No, I'm in the coach.  
Oh, that's tough.  
I'm right next to your officer friends.  
They're 5 and I'm 7.  
Lucky 7, huh?  
You're 7?  
But we're still 5.  
Oh, well, you're too young for me.  
- I have a two now.  
- Oh, fine. Fine.  
They asked me to stay,  
but I told them I was with you.  
Oh, that's nice.  
It never fails to surprise me there are  
still vast lands in the United States...  
...literally uncultivated.  
Well, it won't be this way long.  
Come the private airplane,  
people will start spreading around.  
Wouldn't it be wonderful  
to be part of a new world?  
Well, I don't think it will change  
as much as some people think.  
- Oh, but it must.  
- Why?  
For too long we've had that laissez-faire  
attitude toward executive operation.  
We must educate ourselves  
to share the responsibilities...  
...as well as the advantages  
of citizenship.  
Oh, I read that book too.  
It certainly made an impression on you  
what that writer had to say.  
But it's a lot of hooey.  
Fixing everybody up  
when they let out their first squawk.  
Giving them pointers on good

government between bottle feedings.  
Teaching them  
to be good ladies and gentlemen...  
...and not smack each other.  
Oh, it's very easy to make fun  
of everything.  
Listen, Ms. Klotch.  
Have you ever heard of the fellows  
who first came over to this country?  
You know what they found?  
They found a howling wilderness.  
Where summer's too hot  
and winter's freezing.  
And they also found some unpleasant  
little characters who painted their faces.  
Do you think these pioneers,  
filled out form number X6277?  
And sent in a report saying the Indians  
were a little unreasonable?  
Did they have insurance  
for their old age?  
For their crops, for their homes?  
They did not.  
They looked at the land and the forest  
and the rivers.  
They looked at their wives, their kids  
and their houses.  
And then they looked up the sky

**and they said:**

"Thanks, God. We'll take it from here. "  
They were rugged fellows.  
They were men.  
You and I are talking  
about two entirely different things.  
- Dink, you know what?  
- What?  
This girl is stubborn.  
- Oh, it's lovely.  
- What's lovely?  
The "Blue Danube. "  
I love Strauss waltzes.  
How can you think of a waltz when  
they're playing the "Cow Cow Boogie"?

It sounds to me like a waltz.  
Well, if she says it's a waltz,  
it's a waltz.  
Take it easy, Ms. Klotch.  
I love Strauss waltzes.  
There she is. And that's my orchid.  
Oh, no, no, it isn't. This is mine.  
I would be little more careful  
if I were you.  
You know, you can get into all sorts  
of trouble accusing innocent people.  
Where did you get that orchid?  
My friends gave it to me.  
Who? Who, us?  
We didn't give anybody any orchid.  
She got that from the president.  
For heroic conduct.  
Yeah. That's right. That's not  
really an orchid. It's a medal.  
It's called a Distinguished Flying orchid.  
You can't take that away from her.  
Aren't you gonna do  
anything about it?  
I can't do anything about it.  
She got it from the president.  
Are you sure  
I got this from the president?  
Not exactly. But we couldn't let  
Freddie take the rap...  
...after he was nice enough  
to give it to us.  
Even though we did have to give him  
those Jap medals for it.  
That's lovely.  
Say, this girl's saying  
some pretty silly things.  
Looks to me  
like she's in some kind of a tail spin.  
No, it's not a tail spin.  
I know.  
What do you know?  
I know about tail spins.  
I had four and a half hours  
once in a cub plane.

And if you can fly a cub plane,  
you can fly practically anything.  
My instructor told me.  
Oh, you should have told us.  
You didn't ask me.  
Well, I'm asking you now.  
You know how to make  
a three-point-landing?  
Oh, sure.  
This girl doesn't want to fly.  
You've got other things on your mind.  
Yes, I do.  
What do you wanna do?  
Fly.  
All right, Dink, let's let her fly.  
We'll give her a C-47.  
- Isn't that a little too big for this car?  
- That's part of the problem.  
- I'll have another drink first.  
- Not while you're on the job.  
- Okay, where's my plane?  
- That's easy. Come on, Dink.  
- Pardon me, will you hold this?  
- Certainly.  
Grab a table. Get it?  
- Got it.  
- What are you doing?  
We're getting a plane out of the hangar.  
- What?  
- Come in over here.  
Come on.  
Oh, it's kind of high up there.  
- Sure it's flying. You're in a C-47.  
- Gentlemen. Gentlemen. Gentlemen.  
Gentlemen. Gentlemen.  
Gentlemen. Gentlemen.  
- Be careful. You might get in trouble.  
- Government business.  
Oh, it's awful high up here.  
What's that?  
Compass, gyro,  
air speed indicator, altimeter.  
- She should be in a Hellcat?  
- Why should she be?



I just got to thinking she should be.

Why are you so one way?

The girl's ready to take off.

- She's in a C-47. Where's the copilot?

- He's buckling his belt.

- But why does he do that?

- So he won't fall out.

- You want him to fall out?

- Well, it depends. Is he interesting?

The man has 1400 hours flying time,  
she wants to know if he's interesting.

You're horsing around  
and you haven't left.

- All right.

- Very well.

Our objective is 500 miles to the south.

Oh, I can see it from here.

You'd better take this plane back  
to its hangar.

You're cluttering up the aisle.

- Take your complaints to administration.

- But...?

- You got a pass to get on these grounds?

- Didn't you hear what he said?

- You're obstructing an important flight.

- I am?

Clear the runway. Clear the runway.

All right, you're rolling down the runway  
at 60 miles an hour.

- Seventy.

- Eighty.

- Ninety.

- What am I waiting for?

- Get off the ground.

- Lift the gear.

- Get off the ground.

- The landing gear.

- At the right-hand corner. No, no, right.

- Left, left rudder. Left rudder.

- Come on, get it to work. Hang on.

- Hit it, hit it. Hit it.

- I hit it.

- You crashed.

I crashed.

- The beetle's got herself an idea.

- Let's go.

- Come on.

- What?

Here she is.

Here she is. I know she's here.

Where is she?

Where is she?

Come on.

Coach will be the first place  
they'll look.

I hear you.

A beetle and two bogeys  
approaching at 12:00.

I hear you.

- Emergency landing field, our berth.

- Roger.

Conductor, I think I can be  
of some help to you.

But that's their berth.

Come on, we'll find her.

Oh, my orchid.

I'll have you thrown off  
the train for this.

I don't see how they could do a thing  
like this to you.

Well, I'm just an immoral character.

Kicked off a train for conduct  
unbecoming to a lady.

Consorting in a vulgar way with the  
troops and stealing one white orchid.

You be real careful now  
that you're going off alone.

You know, it isn't like you had us  
looking out for you anymore.

I'll be all right. Will I hear from you?

Sure. You can write us  
and tell us how you make out.

- Where to?

- The Ritz Hotel in San Diego.

They know me there.

Will you be in San Diego long?

You'll have to ask the Navy Department.

They never tell us anything.

Oh, give my love to Dink.

Well, what about me?

- I'm awfully happy I met you and...

- And what?

- And... Well, your train.

- Yeah, I know.

- Goodbye.

- We never say goodbye.

Oh, your train. You missed it.

Fancy meeting you here in La Junta.

- Dink.

- It's La Junta, you dope. Come on.

Well, what's gonna happen now?

- Well, we'll put you on the next train.

- What about you?

We gotta get to San Diego. We'll ask over at the base, see if we can catch a plane.

We have a date.

- A date?

- Yeah, with a couple of swell...

Sisters of a friend.

Oh, yeah, that's right.

Friends of the family, you know.

I'm afraid I do.

- Thanks.

- Thank you.

- Thanks, pal.

- That's okay. Good luck.

You two stay out here...

...and I'll see what's up.

Do you think there's a chance of getting on a plane?

Sometimes is, sometimes isn't.

Rusty and I usually play on luck.

What's the matter?

Sore or something?

Oh, no, I'm not sore.

Oh, listen. Don't take him seriously.

He's all right.

As a matter of fact,

he's a pretty kind-hearted guy.

He can't pass a stray dog or a cat without petting them.

You mean,

that's how he feels about me?

It's hard to tell

how Rusty feels about any woman.

We expect a B-32 from Kansas City  
within the hour.

- We can get you and your friend on.

- Within the hour?

It goes straight to San Diego.

Straight to San Diego.

You want me to put you down?

I don't think so.

You see, we're really not  
in such a hurry.

Well, thanks a lot, lieutenant.

You're welcome, captain.

And good luck.

Sure beats everything.

Our flaps are down.

What's the matter?

Well, there's storms over the Rockies  
and flights are canceled indefinitely.

Oh, that's too bad.

Well, what next?

I guess we'll just have to go back  
to town.

It says bus stop.

Oh, let's walk.

We've been sitting for days.

You know,

this girl has a mean streak in her.

Because she's glad we're stuck?

- Guess what?

- What?

- You're right.

- You're right.

How do you like that?

Rain.

You said, you felt

there was gonna be a storm.

Uncle Sam spends millions to build  
highways, not a single car in sight.

Why does this always have to happen?

I never had such a time in my life.

Oh, this is terrible.

Hey, look.  
Hey, watch out, you'll get wet.  
It's too much, I tell you.  
I can't stand it.  
- Something wrong?  
- Wrong?  
I'm loaded with misery.  
Well, unload it on us, brother.  
Oh, what's the use?  
Maybe you could help me push it?  
We not only push troubles,  
we make them vanish.  
Oh, this one, gentlemen, won't vanish.  
Sometimes I wish it would.  
I'm afraid it's still down the road  
just where I left it.  
What did you left?  
The Isotta, gentlemen.  
- What's that?  
- It's a car. Italian, I think.  
You've got a car down the road,  
we're standing sweating out a routine?  
- What are we waiting for?  
- You give me heart, gentlemen.  
I'm afraid it will take more than  
good wishes to get that car going.  
We'll find out.  
Well, it all started when that actor  
got a contract to go to Hollywood.  
That darned ham decided to ride there  
in grand style.  
He got as far as La Junta  
and broke down in front of my door.  
He was a nice fellow, my wife's  
a hospitable woman. We took him in.  
It was pleasant to talk to someone  
from the East. I'm from New Jersey.  
Came out West  
because my wife wanted altitude.  
I didn't like the West, I hate altitude.  
And I was unhappy.  
And that actor came into my miserable  
life with his miserable Isotta.  
He stayed a week and when he left,

he left by train.  
But he sold me the car first.  
I only bought it because my wife told me  
I should. She liked the upholstery.  
She didn't care about transmission,  
connecting rod or clutch.  
Every time something happens to  
this car, it's special and expensive.  
Something always happens  
and now it's raining.  
Something's the matter again.  
I don't care what it is,  
I never want to see that car again.  
There it is, the ingrate.  
Come on, I'll take a look at it.  
- I'll try to start the engine.  
- An optimist.  
Get out of the rain.  
Sure is a beautiful job.  
- What's the matter?  
- Oh, I'm cold.  
I have a heater. This car has  
everything except an engine.  
Are you three together?  
I guess so.  
Maybe you would like  
to buy a car together?  
- A car without an engine?  
- Anyway, we couldn't afford it.  
It isn't a question of affording.  
It's a question of the pleasure  
it'd give you.  
- Pleasure?  
- Who's better entitled to pleasure...  
...than fellows like you.  
You're those who won the war for us.  
If we wanted to buy a car,  
we'd go to a secondhand lot.  
Now, why would you do that?  
What have they got today?  
A bunch of lemons?  
A lot of hopped-up wrecks.  
If they had a decent car,  
what do you get out of it?

But anxiety, contracts,  
finance companies, headaches.  
Say, how much do you want  
for this car?  
How much would you offer?  
I have \$300 in traveler's checks.  
Traveler's checks  
are good enough for me.  
What would you want with this car?  
I'm going to Hollywood. It would  
be nice to make a great big splash.  
I can assure you it will make a splash.  
But I can't let it go for 300.  
I spent that much on hotel bills waiting  
for parts to arrive from Chicago.  
You have a valuable item.  
What item?  
- A genuine collector's item.  
- The helmet?  
A helmet. Well, what's that to me?  
Well, I was offered \$ 150 for it  
and turned it down.  
The longer I keep it,  
the more valuable it gets.  
It has the Rommel insignia.  
An antique.  
Could I perhaps see the item?  
I'm not saying I'll take it  
but I'd like to see it.  
Dink, come here.  
Yeah?  
- What is it?  
- Give me that helmet.  
Well, what do you say?  
You can't buy a thing like that  
for a 150 bananas.  
Oh, I'm not interested in money.  
A real souvenir from a real hero  
of the Marines.  
I can't resist it.  
Friends, the car is yours.  
- You know what, boys?  
- What?  
We bought a car.

- You're right.  
- You're right.  
You know, it's really a nice car.  
With me driving.  
Better than the train.  
- Cozier.  
- I think so too.  
Next town we hit,  
I wanna make a phone call.  
- Who do you wanna call? A friend?  
- Dink.  
Well, I just don't want her  
talking to strangers.  
- Hello, folks. Gas?  
- Hello. Yup.  
- Do you have a telephone?  
- Sure. Right in there.  
Thank you.  
- Can you reach it?  
- Oh, you're doggone right I can.  
Yes?  
Who?  
Christopher Madden?  
Oh, sure, we'll accept the charges.  
Put her on.  
Hello, Ms. Madden.  
Yes, just a moment, Ms. Madden.  
Just... Mr. Baldwin.  
Mr. Ba... Mr. Baldwin,  
Ms. Madden is on the phone.  
Ms. Madden.  
What's happened to you?  
Where are you?  
I am in Raton, New Mexico.  
Where in heaven's name  
is Raton, New Mexico?  
In New Mexico.  
Oh, but that's impossible.  
We expect you this afternoon.  
I've arranged a big reception.  
I've sent out notices to the press.  
You can't do this to me.  
How did this happen?  
I missed the Chief, so I took



the Sunrise Limited as far as La Junta.

Why La Junta?

Because that's where I was taken  
off the train.

Taken off?

What do you mean taken off?

They thought I was a beetle.

A what?

B like in Boston, double E-T-L-E.

Oh, I'll tell you all about it  
when I see you.

That doesn't sound so good.

Don't worry. I'm not traveling under  
my real name. Nobody knows who I am.

Not even the Marines.

The Marines? How many have you got?

Only two.

Rusty Thomas, he's Mark Winston,  
and his pal Dink.

Dink's driving my car.

Oh, yes, I bought an Isotta.

A what? Never mind. Just tell me  
where I can get in touch with you.

You can't. I don't want  
to take the chance.

Rusty mustn't find out who I am yet.

You're sure you're not letting  
personal feelings run away with you?

Of course I am.

Because Here is Tomorrow is all  
my personal feelings bound together.

That's why I can tell you  
he is Mark Winston.

Just as I dreamed of him.

We'll be there

late Friday or early Saturday.

I'll call you as soon as we get there.

Bye.

Ms. Madden? Ms. Madden?

Ms. Madden... See if you can get

her back. She's in Raton, New Mexico.

Raton, New Mexico.

Look, Mr. Baldwin,

She made the front page.

Both papers,  
right next to Stalin and MacArthur.  
To make the early edition, I had to  
give them the story ahead of time.  
- She won't be here.  
- What?  
She missed the Chief, kicked off a train.  
She's in Raton, New Mexico.  
Call the mayor, call the governor,  
call everybody, call everything off.  
Yes, Mr. Baldwin.  
I hope Dink can fix it.  
Oh, sure. Dink's a first-class mechanic.  
But it'll take a little time.  
How long do you think it will take?  
Well, if he's half the man I think he is...  
...it'll take him a couple of hours.  
Say, what made you offer  
to buy a car like that?  
Maybe I just wanted to show off  
that I could buy it if I wanted to.  
- You know what?  
- What?  
I don't think  
that's why you bought it at all.  
- You don't?  
- No, I don't.  
You want me to tell you  
why you bought it?  
No, I don't think so.  
Maybe I won't like why I bought it.  
- Hello.  
- How do you do?  
- Am I crowding you?  
- Yes.  
Do you mind?  
No.  
Are you warm enough?  
Yes.  
Oh, what's the joke?  
Nothing.  
Well, come on. Tell me.  
What made you laugh?  
Just you and me.

Well, what's so funny about us?  
I laughed because I knew...  
...you were going to put  
your arms around me and you did.  
I didn't exactly expect to surprise you.  
I know.  
I guess you have a pretty good idea  
what I'm gonna do now.  
Any objections?  
Did that mean anything to you?  
Yes.  
What?  
Nice.  
Just nice?  
Very nice.  
You mean it could have been nicer?  
How?  
If it had happened  
under different circumstances.  
You kissed me because we're  
out here in a hayfield...  
...with the moon shining above  
and a lot of stars winking at us.  
You see, if we could know  
each other better...  
...if we could be sure  
of what's inside of us...  
...our tastes, our interests,  
our objectives.  
- That couldn't have made it any better.  
- Yes, it would have.  
- You're wrong and I can prove it.  
- You can?  
I told you I could prove it.  
Oh, you're unfair.  
Things like kisses  
shouldn't be discussed.  
You make them sound  
like they were laboratory tests.  
I? You're the one who wants  
to analyze everything.  
I'd be perfectly willing  
not to say another word.  
Well, that's all right with me.

You're a little crazy, you know it.  
- Oh, no, please.  
- Oh, why don't you stop thinking.  
No, stop it.  
Oh! No. Rusty, it's just...  
It's not good enough  
to be carried away like this...  
...by an errant impulse.  
You know I like you.  
I'm fond of you, I'm very fond of you...  
...but I believe that you should...  
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera,  
and can we be friends?  
I wish I'd met you  
before you read that book.  
All finished?  
All finished.  
Come on.  
Aren't you getting tired?  
You've been driving almost 10 hours.  
No.  
Well, I am.  
Wanna stop?  
- No.  
- I think the Isotta needs a little water.  
We'll stop at the next ranch.  
Oh, what's the matter with you?  
Nothing.  
Well, then why sit there  
looking like...? Like...?  
Like what?  
I don't know but it's depressing.  
Well...  
...nobody says you have to look.  
Something tells me it's time for me  
to show off my tenor.  
Do you know "It Must be Jelly  
'Cause Jam Don't Shake Like That"?  
No.  
Well, do you know  
"I'll Buy That Dream"?  
Imagine me with my head  
On your shoulder  
And you with your lips growing bolder

A sky full of moon  
And an old mellow tune  
I'll buy that dream  
Why don't you shut up?  
Well, I'm just trying to be the life  
of the party.  
What's it all about?  
They're happy to see us.  
They're telling us their names.  
Yes, we all have nice names.  
Remedios, Chucho, Espacion,  
ocotlan, Rosa, otelo.  
Rusty, Kit, Dink.  
Aviators. I, too, seores,  
will be an aviator.  
Mi padrecito says, "No, too young. "  
But already, seores,  
I have constructed a plane.  
Oh, that's a pretty good start.  
Perhaps, you would like to look  
at the plane I constructed.  
- Sure.  
- Gracias.  
We are not long in the Estados Unidos.  
The Presidente Roosevelt,  
he wished us to come from Mexico.  
We grow the crops and raise the sheep.  
- You?  
- I watch.  
Only Dolores. She doesn't like it.  
I know why she not like this.  
Not enough caballeros  
to take her out, that's why.  
Please, for me you will forgive  
the bad manners of my brothers.  
You are Dolores, I presume.  
Seores...  
...seorita.  
Perhaps you will grace  
our poor and simple hacienda.  
Oh, we had a beautiful hacienda  
in Mexico.  
Many rooms, much wine,  
many beautiful flowers...

Not so...  
oh, we... We are now prepared  
with dinner.  
Mi padrecito will be very proud...  
...to have as his guests,  
officers of the Estados Unidos.  
He's a very patriotic man, padrecito.  
Oh, thank you very much,  
but I'm afraid we must be going.  
Oh, I'm sure we can spare the time.  
On behalf of our good neighbor policy.  
Si, Si, Si.  
Then come in, seores.  
What is ours is yours.  
Yeah, I see, see, see.  
It is a P-38, seores,  
as you will easily recognize.  
- I made it back home.  
- Good lines.  
Gracias, seor.  
- A high-class job.  
- Muchas gracias.  
- And made in Mexico.  
- Si, si, si.  
Otelo. Have not the bad manners  
to seat yourself before the guests.  
Seores, seorita, please sit down.  
Are the hands of the little ones clean?  
Good. You will show our guests  
not only hospitality...  
...but manners befitting the ortegas.  
Seores, seorita...  
...it is only a humble meal  
we have to offer you...  
...but from our hearts,  
we are happy to have you here.  
- Thank you.  
- Thank you.  
Arroz con pollo?  
Any time you say.  
She means,  
do you want chicken and rice.  
Are you sure?  
The seorita looks a little pale.

Our peppers will warm her blood.  
In a Mexican family,  
she will thrive and grow nice and fat.  
Don't let it worry you, Seor ortega.  
Ever since we've known her,  
she always been a little thin.  
Papa, you see the guests are flyers  
and they are big and strong.  
Perhaps you'll allow me to become  
a flyer for the Estados Unidos also.  
It is not in the spirit of hospitality...  
...to discuss private matters  
when guests are present.  
Please, seor,  
don't let me make you inconvenience.  
Not at all.  
There's plenty of room.  
You must pardon me, seorita,  
for that forwardness of my offsprings.  
As you can see,  
they lack the firm hand of their mother.  
Papa speaks much nicer  
about Mama since she's gone.  
You do not look happy, seorita.  
Perhaps it's Dolores has been making  
big eyes at the seor aviador.  
Of course not.  
The seor aviador  
is only a friend of mine.  
Dolores says not.  
Dolores says  
the seorita loves the aviador...  
...the one who has the blue eyes  
and the dark hair...  
...which is pleasing to women.  
Dolores assumes too much.  
Dolores is 18.  
Dolores know all about caballero.  
She knew lots of caballeros  
back in Mexico.  
I'll bet.  
Rusty says we have time for me  
to do these shirts.  
Rusty seems to have forgotten

he has a date in San Diego.  
- We'll make it all right.  
- Here, seor, I'll take them.  
- Fine, thanks.  
- Say, would you mind telling me...  
...just when you two gay caballeros  
contemplate leaving?  
Well, Dolores figures  
we should wait till it cools off.  
That Dolores.  
Besides, her girlfriend is coming over.  
Oh, what does she figure for me to do  
in the mean time?  
Well, Rusty thought  
you needed a little siesta.  
You look awfully tired.  
Come, I give you my bed.  
Seorita.  
That was a very short siesta.  
It's a little warm, isn't it?  
- Sit down, please.  
- Thank you.  
You have very nice children,  
Seor ortega.  
Oh, yes, only for Dolores do I fear.  
She has too much rich blood.  
She'll calm down when she finds  
something to do that will keep her busy.  
I hope so.  
And you, seorita,  
with what do you occupy yourself?  
I'm a writer.  
Oh, an artist. That is good.  
And of what does the seorita write?  
Well, I've written only one book.  
It concerns a man...  
...who can't reconcile  
his ideals with the woman he loves.  
That is indeed a story of importance.  
But has the seorita the experience  
to attempt so deep a philosophy?  
Well, I've kept my eyes open.  
And I've read a great deal.  
You will pardon the observations,



seorita, but to a man of my years...  
...it would seem best to first live  
and then write a book.  
To live appears to me to be full  
of confusion and very little else.  
Confusion, yes, but it is better to live  
and make the confusion...  
...than to burrow and not live.  
Seor ortega...  
...it's obvious you're a man of the world.  
You flatter me, seorita.  
It's that...  
I seem to have the wrong idea  
about love.  
Love.  
You see, I always thought that love...  
...when it's real, should be...  
...gentle and considerate.  
It should have a great deal of dignity.  
Seorita, the reverse.  
It is brutal, selfish and turbulent.  
To be young again.  
To feel the primitive urge of conquest.  
Seorita...  
...I can remember as yesterday,  
a little dancer in Guadalajara.  
Her skin the color of ripe corn,  
long hair thick and black as the night.  
Constantly, she put me to torment.  
Never could I be certain she was mine.  
She scorned me, hurt me, humiliated me  
before my friends. She was wonderful.  
- Wonderful?  
- Yes, seorita.  
This she gave me when I attempted  
to arouse her jealousy with another.  
Seorita, she was a woman.  
And that's what a man wants?  
That's what a man remembers.  
Seor ortega.  
You've honored me  
with your confidence.  
I feel I owe you the same sincerity.  
I noticed the seorita appears disturbed.

You've been so kind and gracious.  
You've treated us with respect.  
Seor, we don't deserve it.  
You mustn't be too modest, seorita.  
It's an admirable trait  
but not very practical.  
The tall aviator and I...  
We've been friends for years.  
I knew that from the first minute.  
You did?  
Oh, no,  
I don't think you understand, seor.  
We should have been married long ago.  
It's wrong. It's very wrong, but not new.  
I love him, seor,  
but he treats me like a slave.  
He drinks, he stays out late  
with other women...  
...and when he comes home,  
he beats me.  
Love and violence walk hand in hand,  
seorita.  
Well, all right, but that's not all.  
- I know.  
- No, you don't.  
Those two men out there,  
they're not Marine officers.  
They... They stole their uniforms.  
- Not officers of the Estados Unidos?  
- No.  
Remember your children.  
Don't shoot, no, no.  
Okay, Ms. Klotch, come clean.  
- I have nothing to say.  
- I said come clean.  
- But I didn't do anything.  
- I'm asking you for the last time.  
Oh, you're wasting valuable time.  
Now, come on. Let's go.  
That's exactly what we're gonna do.  
- Come on, Dink.  
- What?  
What are you doing?  
- Goodbye, Ms. Klotch.

- Goodbye.  
Oh, no.  
Oh, Rusty.  
Dink.  
Rusty... Now don't.  
Oh, come on now, stop that.  
Come here.  
Rusty.  
All right, I confess.  
I told him that you and I were  
an old story...  
...and should have been  
married long ago.  
So I thought that would do the trick,  
but it didn't.  
So then I embellished it a little.  
I told him you came home late at night  
and beat me when you were drunk.  
That's when he took to the gun?  
No, he said love and violence  
work hand in hand.  
So then I got a little desperate.  
And what came up?  
I'm afraid you're not gonna like this.  
Never mind that.  
You and Rusty are not in the Marines.  
- What?  
- We aren't?  
No, you stole those uniforms.  
That's when he got the gun.  
Oh, now, what would make you  
do a thing like that?  
This girl should be locked up.  
- Rusty, you know what?  
- What?  
The reason Ms. Klotch told Seor  
ortega we aren't in the Marines...  
...was because she didn't want you  
to have anything to do with Dolores.  
You don't say.  
Ms. Klotch...  
...I am about to present you a decoration  
I thought no girl would wear.  
Do you take this man

to be the fellow you're involved with?

Oh, Dink.

Do you, Rusty Thomas, take this woman  
to be the beetle you're involved with?

I now pronounce you all involved.

Imagine me with my head

On your shoulder

And you with your lips growing bolder

A sky full of moon

And an old mellow tune

I'll buy that dream

Fellows say there are more beautiful  
beetles here in Albuquerque...

...than any other place

in the United States.

Not that it would interest you.

I'm interested in anything  
that interests you.

Yes, sir?

I guess it'll take 35 gallons or so.

Oh, a hotel.

Would you like to stop overnight?

Wouldn't it be wonderful

to sleep in a bed?

Well, let's see how much we've got.

Let's see.

Four dollars, 35 cents and 6 yen.

Oh, that's just enough to keep us going.

- Where is it?

- What are you looking for?

My bag.

Well, are you sure you didn't lose it?

- Oh, I left it at the ortega's.

- Oh, that's fine.

I know just where I left it.

That's all we'd have to do

is go back there.

But all my papers are in it.

Maybe you wanna go back

and face that shotgun. Not me.

Say, couldn't I cash a check

at the hotel?

Sure, if you're registered.

Boys, you're my guests for the night.

- Good evening.

- Yes?

Do you have three rooms with baths?

I have three rooms

with a bathroom on each floor.

That'll be all right, I guess.

- Three dollars a room, dollar for a bath.

- Fine.

Will you sign the register, please?

You have some baggage?

Yes, in the car, at the station.

My two friends are out there.

- What is it?

- Bring the bags from the car.

Oh, but first, see if we have three rooms ready for Miss...

Ms. Christopher Madden.

Not the Christopher Madden?

Harry, Harry,

this is Christopher Madden.

Who's Christopher Madden?

Why, she's the girl who wrote that book, Here Is Tomorrow.

Oh, that one.

I gather you didn't like it.

I don't read books.

She didn't use to either until she joined that club.

Don't listen to him, Ms. Madden.

I'm so honored to have you with us.

The girls will be thrilled.

Oh, I'm sorry, I'll have to ask you to keep my identity a secret.

I'm traveling under the name of Kit Klotch.

Not even my companions know who I am.

See? She's ashamed because of that book.

Not exactly, but I have certain reasons.

You know, you're the first real celebrity to stay in this hotel.

There is a legend that Buffalo Bill once spent a night here...

...but he wasn't registered.  
Oh, Ms. Madden,  
I hope you'll be comfortable.  
Is there anything I could do for you?  
Oh, yes, would you cash  
a \$50 check for me?  
Of course, I will.  
- Have you a blank check? Thank you.  
- Yes. Right here.  
- Christopher Madden.  
- Isn't that wonderful?  
- I hope you'll never cash it.  
- I hope not.  
In 10 years, her signature alone  
will be worth \$50.  
I'll get her autograph in my book.  
Please, I told you I promised her  
not to tell anybody.  
But, of course, if you girls happen  
to be in the lobby...  
...and one of you recognize her.  
- That's different.  
- She might even make a speech.  
Maybe, but don't all be standing around.  
Act casual. Sit down, sit down.  
Mr. Gibbs.  
- Hello, Mrs. Randall.  
- Hello, Gibbs.  
I hear you're telling everybody that  
Christopher Madden is staying with you.  
I'm sure I don't know  
what you're talking about, Gibbs.  
It must be a rumor. I'll thank you  
not to put it in your paper.  
Oh, don't worry, I wouldn't.  
Not even if you said she was here.  
Well, I didn't say she was.  
But why wouldn't you if I told you?  
Don't you think our town  
should be proud of Ms. Madden?  
I certainly do.  
But I wouldn't publish it...  
...for the reason Ms. Madden  
couldn't be in our town.

Well, I didn't say she was.  
But why do you say she couldn't be?  
Because I already put it in the paper  
that she arrived in Hollywood.  
But why did you do that?  
Because there are news services that  
send little wires around the country.  
That's how I happen to know, here.  
"Hollywood, California"  
"Christopher Madden, the author  
of the bestseller, Here is Tomorrow...  
...arrived in Hollywood today.  
Henry Baldwin  
who bought the rights to the book...  
...has given a reception  
of the Hollywood tradition.  
Among the celebrities present  
was Lana Turner. "  
It can't be. It can't.  
Really, Bertha, you're something  
of a fool.  
I should say so.  
And I cashed her check. I gave her \$50.  
- Who's check?  
- Ms. Madden's. I mean...  
- Well, she's obviously a fake.  
- What should I do? What should I do?  
I wouldn't do anything.  
I'd leave it to the police.  
Yes, leave it to the police.  
I'll call them.  
"Flash. Albuquerque, New Mexico.  
The police arrested  
an unidentified woman tonight...  
...who cashed a check under the name  
of Christopher Madden...  
...famous authoress.  
The real Ms. Madden  
happens to be in Hollywood... "  
Charlie, Christopher Madden  
has been arrested in Albuquerque.  
Get me a plane, anything.  
Well, charter one.  
I'll be ready in 10 minutes.

Arrested, what...?  
Beautiful morning, ain't it?  
Will you listen to me?  
Why can't I make a phone call  
or send a wire?  
Sorry, miss, not till you appear.  
But it's all a ghastly mistake.  
My, that sounds familiar.  
Well, will someone believe me?  
I am Christopher Madden.  
- You are?  
- Yes.  
Well, in that case you ain't got nothing  
to worry about at all.  
Okay.  
- Hi, Bob.  
- Hi.  
Here's the receipt signed by the judge.  
Okay.  
Open up.  
Hi, Kit.  
Oh, Rusty.  
- Rusty.  
- The Marines have landed.  
Everything is fixed, we paid the bond.  
- Sorry, we took so long.  
- Oh, I've been so lonesome.  
- Oh, I know how you feel.  
- Come on, let's go.  
Oh, wait a minute, my shoes.  
Say, you shouldn't do things like this.  
In Chicago, swell,  
a smart trick to get a few quarts.  
Signing somebody else's name  
to a check is a crime.  
We gotta get out of Albuquerque  
and get out fast.  
- We'll take the first bus west.  
- Well, I've gotta have a bath.  
I feel all crumpled up.  
- Goodbye. Goodbye.  
- You can get crumpled in a bus too.  
- What difference does it make?  
- Look, how can I leave, I'm out on bail?



That's adding felony to felony.  
If we stick here longer, we'll be adding  
a long stretch of anything you suggest.  
But you're not involved in this.  
Yes, we are. How do you think  
we got the money for that bail?  
- I forgot to ask.  
- We sold the Isotta.  
We sold it to a lady who thinks  
we'll be around for sometime.  
And is planning a fancy social  
entertainment for us.  
Unfortunately, we won't be around.  
The reason is because the little  
pink slip isn't showing.  
The certificate of ownership was  
in your purse...  
...the one you left some place.  
When the lady finds out,  
I don't think she'll be so sociable.  
Smile, please.  
Forgive me, Ms. Madden,  
it's all Charlie Gibbs' fault.  
I shouldn't have listened to him.  
The club will send you a memorandum  
with our formal apology.  
Is there anything you want to say?  
I reserved the front page for you.  
- Ms. Madden has nothing to say.  
- Who are you?  
He's my assistant.  
And who's he?  
He's my boss.  
Oh, hello, Mr. Baldwin.  
- Hello.  
- Look what you've done.  
How did this happen?  
How could this happen?  
I don't know, all I did was tell them  
I was Christopher Madden.  
Don't worry, she won't do it again.  
Papers are giving us a million dollars  
worth of publicity we don't want.  
But I didn't do anything.

You hear what she said?  
She didn't do anything.  
She's sharing headlines with MacArthur,  
Stalin. She didn't do anything.  
These people bothering you?  
- This the flyer you wired me about?  
- Yes, it is.  
Wired about me?  
Look, I... I think  
I'd better introduce everybody.  
This is Mr. Henry Baldwin,  
the Hollywood producer.  
Charlie Potter.  
Yes, and Captain Rusty Thomas,  
Lieutenant Dink Watson.  
Now I know who everybody is but you.  
Who are you?  
I'm Christopher Madden.  
He does look like Mark Winston,  
I see your point.  
We're gonna make a test with you, son.  
You should look wonderful  
in Technicolor.  
- Rusty, you know what?  
- What?  
They're trying to make an actor  
out of you.  
An actor?  
Come on, Dink.  
Ms. Madden,  
do you like homemade calf's foot jelly?  
Rusty.  
- Rusty.  
- Yes, Ms. Madden?  
- You can't leave me.  
- Who says so?  
Not after what's happened between us.  
You mean, you've been lying to us,  
trailing us...  
...and deliberately hanging on to us.  
And I almost fell for it.  
- I was gonna believe you're on a level.  
- But I was.  
- I'm getting my wings back.

- Oh, no. Rusty, why?  
I don't wanna have  
anything to do with you.  
I don't want a woman  
who's telling the world what to do.  
I don't even want a woman  
to tell me what to do.  
I want a woman who needs me.  
A Ms. Klotch who's helpless...  
...and cute, and...  
oh, forget it.  
Come on, Dink, let's join the Marines.  
To do a thing like that,  
after what we've done for you.  
"Now here she is, your Hollywood  
reporter Louella Parsons. "  
What's the news tonight, Louella?  
"Hello to all of you from Hollywood.  
Exclusive.  
Here's our latest Hollywood feud.  
Christopher Madden known as Kit is  
battling with producer, Henry Baldwin.  
Fight is over the script of her  
bestseller, Here is Tomorrow.  
She thinks she now had a lot of nerve...  
...to try and tell the world  
how to cure itself.  
Why only yesterday  
she admitted to me...  
...there are parts of her book  
she doesn't agree with anymore.  
Henry would like to stick to the book...  
...but alas, Kit, the author mind you,  
wants to make changes.  
Here's more about Kit. "  
She's not one bit upset  
over her recent smear publicity.  
She still turns her head  
to look at handsome Marines.  
Kit sleeps in pajama tops  
with all the windows open.  
She detests the cream puff  
school of fiction.  
She loathes pink dresses

and tuna fish...  
...but she's crazy about babies,  
Beethoven and badminton.  
All in all, she's a pretty swell gal.  
Here's a note...  
Boy, she is a swell gal, isn't she?  
I said, she is a swell gal, isn't she?  
- Who?  
- Kit. You know who.  
Oh, come on, Rusty,  
let your flaps down and drop her a line.  
I don't belong to that cream puff  
school of fiction.  
Well, I do.  
Come on, give me a little desk space.  
How do you spell Kit?  
With a J like in La Junta.  
Dear Kit, I'm not very good  
at writing letters.  
But Rusty won't write,  
so I'm stuck and you are too.  
You sure are giving us a bad time  
with all those reports on the radio.  
Especially the one you told about  
the pajama tops and open windows.  
And anyway, you might catch a cold.  
Rusty can say this a lot better...  
...but what can I do  
if he doesn't feel like writing.  
As ever, Dink.  
P.S. Have you met Dolores Moran?  
I saw her in a picture,  
and boy, she's a kind of a girl...  
...I wouldn't mind calling long distance  
and not reverse the charges.  
Dear Dink, I was surprised  
and very pleased to get your letter.  
I'm sorry you don't like  
what they say about me.  
Surely, Rusty doesn't care.  
Remind him, worrying about women  
will give him mental fatigue...  
...and then he'll get grounded.  
Hollywood is a lovely place to live in.

If you get leave for the weekend,  
come and see me.  
I'll arrange that you also see Dolores  
Moran. You have good taste.  
Will write soon. Love, Kit.  
P.S. I'm enclosing the pink slip  
on the Isotta...  
...which Rusty can send  
to the lady in Albuquerque.  
It's from Kit.  
Yeah?  
Want to read it?  
No.  
Okay.  
Well, guess I'll take a shower.  
"Well, here's a surprise.  
Last night, attractive Kit Madden was  
with a certain well-known director...  
...who is rumored engaged  
to one of our glamour girls. "  
I must say, Kit looked perfectly lovely  
in black lace...  
...and a small-feathered hat.  
She dined at a cozy table for two  
at the La Rue.  
And later, she was seen dancing  
with a handsome escort in uniform.  
That gal is certainly getting around.  
That's Hollywood.  
A letter from Kit.  
Wanna read it?  
Well, I think I'll check up in the back.  
Dear Dink,  
it was lovely hearing from you.  
But what do you mean  
I'm running around with just anybody?  
The French Major  
was fascinating and 32.  
He speaks seven languages.  
And in three of them he asked me  
if I'd like to see his place...  
...in the south of France.  
As for the director,  
he can only speak English...

...and says I'm the one thing that's saving him from being a misogynist. That means a gentleman who doesn't like beetles. I don't see why Rusty should find it so difficult to write. As ever, Kit.

P.S. Come up this weekend. We could make it a foursome with Dolores Moran and Cary Grant. The boys at the base will never believe this. Oh, Dink.

It's amazing how these boys make themselves feel at home. At home? I never do things like that at home. Come on, let's try it. Attaboy, Cary.

Oh, attaboy, lieutenant.

Dear Kit, I wanna thank you for a wonderful time. I certainly enjoyed your house, especially the breakfast in bed. I was saying to Rusty how swell you were... ..but I still don't know why he got so sore. All I said was about your house... ..and how you looked in that thing with the slit. But like I told you, he's been very touchy lately. Yep, Rusty certainly has changed. Maybe I should talk to a psychiatrist. What do you think?

As ever, Dink.

P.S. Would you tell Dolores that you've known me for sometime... ..and I'm not hard to get along with. Kit Madden is seen everywhere these days with handsome Paul Gill... ..who's been selected to play the lead in Here is Tomorrow. And Kit tells me, he is the movie

Mark Winston...  
...she's been dreaming about.  
They seem to have a lot in common...  
...and there are rumors  
that Paul will soon be a benedict.  
- Hello, Kit.  
- Hello, Mr. Baldwin.  
You're not going to marry that actor,  
are you?  
- Are you worried?  
- It would break my heart.  
But it's your hearse.  
It isn't going to be.  
Attagirl.  
Do you ever hear from that fellow  
who'd look good in Technicolor?  
No. Why?  
Passing thought.  
You know, he's the kind of a character  
I'd like to know better.  
So would I.  
I'm working on it.  
I see.  
You know I met a girl once on a train...  
...she told me something  
I hope I'll never forget.  
She said, "You gotta keep a fellow  
on his toes.  
You gotta keep him worried and upset,  
and make him jealous. "  
There's something in that.  
Well, so long.  
And thanks for not marrying that actor.  
"Kit Madden and Paul Gill. "  
Kit Madden and Paul Gill.  
Getting to be like Abbott and Costello.  
Who knows? Maybe he's a good Joe.  
Sure. Sure, he's a good Joe.  
At least he does something.  
He's not like you  
growing sourer and sourer every day.  
What's it gonna be, boys?  
Oh, it's you. How are you?  
How did you know I was working here?

- We didn't.  
- How are you, Ms. Calhoun?  
It's not Calhoun, it's Callahan.  
I mean, it used to be Callahan,  
but I changed it.  
I changed it to Ms. Shaw.  
- Ms. Consuela Shaw.  
- Why did you do that?  
Why not? If Kit Klotch can change  
her name to Christopher Madden...  
...I can do it too.  
She sure has done all right.  
Changes her name, writes a book  
and what happens?  
She's in every gossip column  
in the country.  
Two ham and eggs, two coffees,  
and toast.  
You know,  
this is my last day as a waitress.  
Why? You getting married?  
No. I'm gonna write a book too.  
Have you heard from her lately?  
Who?  
Who? You know who. Kit.  
Oh, sure.  
Sure, I got a letter this morning.  
Wanna hear it?  
Oh, I know you're dying to read it,  
go ahead.  
"Dear Dink, a number  
of very fine-looking beetles...  
...have applied for your next weekend,  
but I... "  
This is a little personal right here.  
"Forgive me  
if we don't make it a foursome.  
I was very sorry to hear about Rusty.  
He really sounds quite dull now.  
Can't you encourage him  
to get out a little more?  
There must be some nice beetles in  
San Diego. Are there any good books... "  
"Are there any good books



Rusty would like me to send him?"

- You're gonna write her.

- Sure, I'm gonna write her.

You're gonna write

what I tell you to write.

She's got a nerve

pulling that USO routine on me.

Tell her I can get all the girls I want.

I know where to find them.

You know where to find them?

Yes, I know where.

And I also know something else.

Everything she's doing,

she's doing to make me jealous.

- Make you jealous?

- You know what I'm gonna do?

- Get jealous.

- I am. Take a letter.

Yes, captain.

Dear Ms. Madden.

Scratch out the dear.

Ms. Madden, I...

- I'll see you later, Dink.

- Where you going?

Where do you think I'm going?

I'm gonna send her a wire

to tell her what I think of her.

- Really?

- Really.

Well, when you tell her

what you think of her...

...maybe you'll need these.

What for?

Well, you know,

sometimes wings get lost.

Shut up.

I'll get it.

Hello.

This is Western Union.

I have a message

for Christopher Madden.

- This is she.

- The message reads:

"Nobody asked me, but I'll be there

**at 4:**

Signed, Rusty. "

Have you got it?

Have I got... No. No, I haven't got it?

I mean, say it again.

- What?

- The name.

Rusty. R-U-S-T-Y.

Oh, thank you. Thank you so much.

Alma. Alma. Alma.

- Yes, Ms. Kit?

- I have a guest coming at 4:00.

Will you get the guest room ready  
and fix some cocktails...

...and come and help me get dressed.

- All right.

Information? Please, would you get  
me the phone number...

...of the Sunset Florist  
on Sunset Boulevard?

Oh, I know it's in the phone book,  
but I'm too excited.

I mean, I'm too nervous. Thank you.

Fairfield 8204. Thank you very much.

Sunset Florist, have you got any orchids?

No, no. No. White orchids.

I've got to have a white orchid.

Yes, thank you.

Yes, Christopher Madden.

Alma. Alma, would you get me  
my new black dress?

And white orchids.

Alma, there's nothing like orchids  
to give a girl prestige.

Thanks, God. I'll take it from here.

- Hello.

- Hello, Ms. Klotch.

I've brought you back your wings.