



Scripts.com

Arise, My Love

By Charles Brackett

Turn left.
Halt.
About face.
Father, you're building tens.
Yes, building tens.
You lucky stiff!
You've got Big Casino again.
I have that, my son.
But don't forget that I play
with the greatest reluctance.
With an extra deck
up your cassock.
Prepare arms!
Aim!
Fire!
That was Oviedo.
Flew in my squadron.
Take it lightly.
Oviedo never heard that volley.
Lead travels faster than sound.
There's nothing I can touch.
Let's stop this foolish game.
You know what will happen

at 17:

Father, where's your tact?
I couldn't sleep last night
trying to choose my last words
for when I stand out there.
I wavered between
"Death to tyrants"
and "Long live liberty".
I finally decided
to say it with music.
What do you think of this:
- Lookie, here goes cookie.
- Please, my son.
In these last hours,
can I do anything for you?
Yes. Give me some better cards.
I'm not of your religion.
I do not speak
your American language well.
But in a few hours,

you must face your Creator.
It is my duty to prepare you.
As a volunteer in a fight
which was not your own,
you have shot down seven planes.
Seven, my foot!
It was 12.
The official communique said 19.
Son, examine your heart deeply.
Don't you find repentance there?
- No regret?
- No regret?
Nothing else but.
God be praised.
I had one life
and what did I do?
Wasted it in some
palooka preliminaries in Spain,
just before Hitler and Chamberlain
warm up to the main event.
Those Nazis know how to fly
and when I think of the fun
I'd have taking pot shots
at those monkeys...
Let's set aside the question
of repentance.
There are still other matters.
Any final instructions?
Any last messages?
Well, there's my will.
And here's the menu
for my last meal.
Green turtle soup,
quail with wild rice
and a bottle of good Burgundy.
For dessert, a bubble dancer
served with some soft music.
Did you ever see
a bubble dancer, Father?
Let's put aside the question
of instructions.
I wish I were more competent
to deal with your situation,
but I was only brought here

because I speak English.
This is my first execution.
Don't worry, Father,
it's mine, too.
Let's play Casino.
- It's about a pardon.
- It concerns a pardon.
Who's been pardoned?
The prisoner's wife has met
with authorities
this morning.
What's he saying?
- What was the result?
- A full pardon was signed.
The wife awaits her husband
in the prison Governor's office.
God be praised!
- Is he talking about my pardon?
- Yes, my son.
An interview was granted
by the highest military authority.
- Your wife has...
- My wife?
Yes, they have listened
to her entreaties.
It's a full pardon. She's waiting
in the prison Governor's office.
- My wife's waiting there?
- This way.
Go at once.
Let us go, please.
What a blessed outcome!
This is a glorious miracle.
It sure is, because between us,
I haven't any wife!
Wait here.
I will call you.
- Can you see her?
- Yes.
- She's not your wife?
- I've never seen her before.
Then they sent for you
by mistake.
We had a nice walk from my cell.

We'll have a nice walk back.
Come in.
Tom, it's you!
Tom, it's you!
It's your funny old face.
Let me look at you.
You look pale.
You've lost weight.
Darling!
He's completely dazed.
Darling, don't you understand?
You're free, pardoned.
Your wife is here.
How about a kiss?
Darling! It's been so long.
One moment, Mrs. Martin.
A certain point must be settled.
Despite your grave offenses
against Spain, Mr. Martin,
my superior has seen fit
to show you clemency.
He did so because of
your wife's pleadings
and as a gesture of friendship
to your native land.
Before the pardon takes effect,
you must pledge to leave Spain
and never take up arms
against her again.
Once he's out of here,
he'll never come back,
I can guarantee that.
- You promise, don't you?
- Me? Sure.
We'll have the papers drawn up.
Governor, look at his passport.
- What?
- Look what it says.
Isn't that strange?
Is this your passport
Mr. Martin?
- Your photograph?
- Looks like it.
It says "Thomas Fuller Martin,

born June 22, 1906 in Ohio".

- That's me.

- It also says...

"Unmarried".

Does it?

That's how you got abroad!

That's how you managed
to enlist!

They never would've taken him
if they'd known he was married!

- That's why he did it.

- Yes, that's why I did it.

Tom...

Leaving me in New York
with back rent,
a child and another on the way.

- No...

- Tom, I hate you. I hate you!
Maybe I shouldn't have come.

We'd be better off
if they shot you.

Senora, he's a young man.

When I was his age, I ran away
to service in Spanish Morocco.

You were engaged,
but he was married.

When I think of those months,
the tears I've shed.

You can see why I ran away.

Always crying,
always hysterical.

Baby, with your bawling
I'd rather face the firing squad.

- You don't love me!

- Sure I do.

Salvador,
bring the prisoner's belongings.

I'm sure the Martins
are in a hurry to leave.

- Thank you.

- Pardon, Governor.

I'd prefer not to assist
at this scene.

Perhaps we'd better go and see

if the papers are drawn up.

Darling!

- Who in blazes are you?

- Tom, darling!

Careful, if you don't want
two people shot instead of one!

- They may be listening.

- But what is this?

- You're doing me a favor.

- Doing you a favor?

I'm Augusta Nash,
from the Associated News.

- This'll make a great story.

- A what?

A beat, a headline.

- You're pulling this stunt just...

- For an exclusive story.

But why pick me?

It had to be an American
for the American papers.

- You can see that.

- Sure.

- I hope you don't mind.

- No, I'm glad to be of service.

Darling!

Sorry. I hope we haven't
come back to soon.

- It's alright.

- Yes, I've forgiven her.

You've forgiven her

after all she's done for you?

An amazing girl, my wife.

- Amazing!

- Sign here.

"...to never, under any circumstances,
engage in any activity
connected, however remotely,
with Spain".

I'm a music lover.

Can I listen to "Carmen"?

Tom, aren't you cute.

- May I lend you my car?

- Thank you, I hired one.

We're catching a plane

for Paris at 14:

Paris. Pleasant feeling to be
in Paris instead of a pine box.

I hope heaven can wait, Father.

Your chances of heaven

seem remote to me, my son.

- You have everything, Mr. Martin?

- Yes, I think so.

I'll leave the playing cards.

Have them cleaned before

you play with the Father.

- He has them all marked.

- Come now, Tom.

Thank the Governor and tell him

- you had a lovely time.

- Yes, thank you, Governor.

- Goodbye. Take care of Adolf.

- Adolf?

Yes, I've shared my cell

for six months with Adolf.

He's a rat, but he's very smart.

I taught him to hold out his paw.

That'll be enough, Tom.

He never knows what he's saying.

Goodbye and thank you.

- Goodbye, Padre.

- Goodbye, senora.

Goodbye, Father.

Good luck, my son.

You're alright.

Fine couple.

Good looking, these Americans.

- A very inventive people, too.

- Yes, Ford, Edison...

He's left this behind.

It's addressed to me.

"I, Thomas Martin,

of sound mind...

It's interesting what a man

will write before he dies.

"I hereby devise and decree

that my entire monetary estate,

consisting in \$29.87,

be distributed among the soldiers
of my firing squad,
50 cents to the drummer
and 17 cents to the commander,
with the compliments
of the corpse".

- Light-hearted devil!

- Incurable!

"Finally, I direct that there be
no melancholy
among these, my heirs,
as I die an orphan
and a bachelor,
leaving no parents, no widow,
no offspring,
and no hard feelings.

Thomas Martin".

If the firing squad learns
they've lost this legacy,
they'll shoot me!

"A bachelor", "no widow".

Damn it!

We've been deceived!

She's not his wife!

I've been tricked!

They must be stopped!

The telephone!

Where's the telephone?

You're holding it.

- Where?

- In your hand.

Give me the Captain of the Day.

Give me the Chief of Police!

Give me the airport!

How'd you get away with it?

That was all the makeup I needed.

Of course, my passport
had to be corrected a bit.

How'd you get past
so many guards?

- They carried me in to the couch.

- The what?

After three days waiting
for an interview,

- I whip up a faint.
- Then a few hours of crying.
Yes, sir.
His Excellency cried like a baby.
I had to blow his nose
while he signed the pardon.
That ought to tickle
the readers of...
- What's the name of the paper?
- Associated News.
400 hundred of them.
New York to Honolulu.
Tell you what? For six months,
I'll subscribe to each one.
If you take 300 of each,
I could get 400 scooters.
You don't want me to read
three Wichita Gazette's a day.
What kind of church
makes a sound like that?
- That's the prison alarm bell.
- What?
Don't tell me something
slipped up
after all the trouble
I've taken!
What's the matter?
All cars must stop
when the alarm sounds.
- Why?
- Regulations.
Maybe some prisoner escaped.
Excuse me, Madame.
Sorry.
That way!
They went that way!
I don't care.
You'll have to pay for this!
That way!
That way!
It's that way!
We'll never make it.
The roads will be blocked!
- Thought we were going by plane?

- The airport will be covered.
- Where'd they go?
- That way, to the right!
- Why didn't you listen to me?
- Which way did they go?
That way.
On that turn.
- Soldiers!
- I see them. Hold tight.
There's one!
What's going on?
What do you want?
Come on, get in!
- My typewriter!
- For the love of Pete!
They went that way!
They stole a car!
- Here comes my little prayer.
- What prayer?
Always when I take off.
Song of Solomon, Chapter 2,
Verse 13.
"Arise my love,
my fair one and come away".
Back home again!
You can sit up.
Get up, don't be so scared.
- You think I'm scared?
- Yeah.
Well, I was. I was scared
the story was petering out.
You know, this comes in handy.
I needed a good climax.
I'm delighted.
And a great climax, at that.
We've got 47 gallons.
At two miles to the gallon,
that's 94. It's 120 to the border.
We have to land in Spain!
If we get a tail wind,
maybe we can glide the difference.
"Gliding between life and death".
- That'd make good reading.
- Yeah.

I probably would've thought
of that, anyway.

- Are they after us?
- They're not looking for birds.
- They're pursuit planes!
- They'll be on us in 10 minutes.

Maybe this is too much
of a climax!

As for me, I'm living
on velvet, anyway.

Don't stop pitching!

I want to write that story.

There's a little cotton wool
we can hid in for a while.

"We hid in the clouds,
a whipped cream sanctuary".

Is that the sort of stuff
you write, Augusta?

Why don't you rewrite your name?

Augusta! It's like a battleship.

They call me "Gusto".

"In Paris with Gusto".

- Haven't I seen that somewhere?

- No.

It's a fashion column.

"Chiffon makes a comeback".

"Suzanne scoops skunk corset".

Don't tell me this story will be
what the fugitive was wearing!

No. From now on,
its front page features for me.

With a by-line.

Syndicated and copyrighted!

- You're going to write right now?

- Right now is right.

I want to be ready for the first
French telegraph office.

Now, "Thomas Martin",
what's your middle name?

Thomas Fuller Martin,
often known as Thomas Fuller,

"Marlakey".

I'll bet.

What's that for?

Just wanted to hear
if they're around.
With those planes after us
and a weak gas supply,
there's a 50-50 chance
of making it to the border.
Do you mind if I write
"one chance in a thousand"?
Why not be practical?
Either we're caught and
you've written that for nothing
or we land in France and you've got
all the time in the world.
Well?
If it's going to be our last hour,
let's spend it like sensible people.
For instance?
You could kiss my earlobe.
It's funny you're sitting beside me.
You're precisely my type.
- How long were you in prison?
- Ten months.
Yeah.
The first girl I was crazy about
was like you.
Or take Hazel,
the hostess on the line I flew
from Fort Worth to New Orleans.
One April night, no passengers.
Just Hazel and I.
I lost my commercial license.
What I was saying was she looked
a lot like Gusto. Same hair,
like what I said,
precisely my type.
Honey, after 10 months in jail,
anything would be your type,
even a Saint Bernard.
Ever since you kissed me
I've been...
- Hungry. You're just hungry.
- No, it's you. Really it is.
There are three ways
of approaching a woman.

The first one winds between
rose bushes and forget-me-nots.
It takes about six months.
The second is dusty,
deep understanding and fellowship.
That takes about six weeks.
But the third way's a shortcut.
The last time a man tried
a shortcut with me, I bit his nose!
Why, Gusto!
There they are!
- Right upstairs.
- Can they see us?
No, but if they swoop,
they could dent our fenders.
- Can't you do something?
- Well...
Let's go up and say "hello".
Put your belt on.
- You alright?
- Yes.
- How are you feeling?
- I left my stomach in the cloud.
What's the matter?
Are we hit?
That's what they think, I hope.
Now, if we can only locate
your stomach.
Don't bother.
How soon before they find us?
They'll lose an hour
looking for our wreckage below.
- You're pretty clever.
- I was trying to tell you that.
Now, back to those three ways...
Come on. The train's in.
They're in Car 8.
Hold it, Gusto! Stay where you are.
Come on, boys, step on it!
Smile, Monsieur Martin.
Ready, you squirts?
Miss Nash, as European head
of the Associated News,
it is my privilege to welcome you

after your brilliant exploit.
You've thrilled millions
with your story which appeared
exclusively with the Associated News
in 400 papers around the world.

- Congratulations, Miss Nash.

- Thank you, Mr. Phillips.

I'm glad to do my bit for
a fellow American and Associated.

What you did will go down
in the annals of journalism,
side by side with the story
of Stanley's rescue of Livingston.

The legend of Tom Martin,
the captured eagle,
and Augusta Nash,
who set the eagle free.

Released exclusively
by the Associated News.

- I congratulate you, Mr. Martin.

- Thanks.

We hope your injury
is not too serious.

- No, it's nothing.

- Will you tell us about it?

Sure. I ran into an iceberg.

Now, if you don't mind,
I'll bow out of this circus.

Miss Nash, thanks.

Whatever thanks life is worth.

Mr. Martin!

What's the matter with him?

Martin! Tom!

Hello, Pink! Shep!

I'm glad to see you.

Me, too.

So they didn't get you, after all.

I thought you were dead,
buried and eaten by Spanish worms.

- They shot us down near Barcelona.

- A boat took us to Marseilles.

- There, there was a vice Consul...

- Isn't that one of my suits?

- Yeah.

- So is this.

We didn't think you'd use it,
so we claimed your trunk.

- A token to remember you by.

- How about some shorts?

- We're wearing those, too.

- You are?

- Can I have an autograph?

- Sorry. Let's get out of here.

I'm the one you're writing for.

Go on, get out of here!

Now, why did Martin

walk out on us?

- It's just his nose.

- Nose or no nose, we need him.

New York called.

They're hot for more on him.

I wired a thousand words.

They want 50,000

and a color photograph

for their Sunday supplement.

We had a misunderstanding.

He tried a shortcut.

Judas H. Iscariot, woman!

First you yammer that you want
to write more than fashion drool.

Finally, an idea creeps into
your bird brain and

you get a break.

Do you put your teeth in it?

I see where they finally found
someone to play Scarlett O'Hara.

Looks like the Yankees
are in the league this year.

If we miss that World Series again...
that all depends on the rabbits.

- Those rabbits!

- What rabbits?

Shep's mother runs a rabbit farm
in New Jersey
and promised to send passage money,
if the rabbits cooperate.

Ma's pretty cute.

Listen to this!

"My heart overflows with thanks
that you are alive, Buddy.
I want so much to see you".
Here it is!
"I read your letter to the rabbits
and told them to hurry up".
Nice. Two grown men walking
in the Place de la Concorde
waiting for some rabbits
in New Jersey to multiple.
- You guys really want to go home?
- You bet!
Back to mama.
Back under the old stove
like a pair of wet galoshes.
We figured we might hook up
with Jiggs Jackson.
He's starting an airline
out in New Mexico.
Sounds like a riot!
Why'd you come in the first place?
Because you read about Spain.
"Democracy is Doomed".
You got all steamed up
like a Turkish bath.
You said a lot of big guys
were kicking around the little ones,
and it wasn't fair
and it was up to us to stop it.
- Take it easy, Shep.
- I guess that's why we came.
I came over because I'm a hero.
Flash Gordon, college graduate.
Superman rescuing the senorita
with a rose in my teeth.
All over your best suit!
There were 150 American flyers.
Just because 100 got bumped off
you want to go home?
What do you want to do?
The war is over.
- The first round's over.
- The whole thing, doggone it.
You heard what Hitler said

over the radio:

peace, peace and peace."

And the next day

he took Czechoslovakia!

Tomorrow it'll be Poland,

Hungary, Romania!

We'll get another crack

at those boys.

War is coming,

I can smell it.

Romania.

That reminds me, Shep.

Do you think Tom would like

the Romanian gal on the first floor?

I'm not interested.

- She's got the cutest lisp.

- She left for Bucharest yesterday.

She did?

How do you know?

Shut up and stop talking

about women!

Self control.

That's all they think about.

They're nothing but a bunch

of stuffy, chilly, self-centered...

They bore me.

I don't ever want to see one again!

What happened to you

while you were in prison?

- Nothing.

- The desk for you.

- That's how people got killed.

- Hello.

Who? Where?

Well, send her up!

It's about an interview!

Miss Nash is with a photographer.

Hello? Hello?

- Alright. Room 417.

- Thanks. Come on, Mr. Botzelberg.

Joe isn't here.

I can't photograph without lights.

Alright. When he comes.

You never know with women.
After what happened,
I figured she was as human
as a mermaid on a fountain.
Half cast iron and half fish.
"Forget it", I said. "You can
sit there 'til your fins rust".
Then she phones and wants
to kiss and make up.

- It's that newspaper woman?
- Get out of here!
- Keep your nose down on the turns.
- Good fishing.

Both of you, out!
That's a nice pair of fins.

- Augusta!
- Hello.

Come in.
What a pleasant surprise!

- I had to come.
- You did?
- We had unfinished business.
- That's how I feel.

I've got to know everything
about you, every detail.
I'm at your complete disposal.
It's important I get
the right picture.
Yes, I wish you would.
We've had enough misunderstandings.

- Let's get down to business.
- Now?

There's no use wasting time.
What about that light?
Maybe we should pull the shade down.

- How about a drink first?
- No, I want my mind clear.
- A little music?
- Come on, Tom. Let's concentrate!
- Why, Gusto!
- There. You look cuter like that.

This has to come off.
The swelling's all gone!
I want you to look your prettiest.

- What's the best setup.
- Don't be so scientific.
How about that chair?
Well...
Maybe that's too conventional.
What would you suggest?
I'm going to get that drink.
- I never thought you'd be so coy.
- This is a bit too fast for me.
- Now sit right there.
- I won't like it.
You'll love it when you see it
in the Sunday supplements.
What's happened in America
since I've been in jail.
- In full color.
- What?
- Is this is, Gusto?
- Come in, Mr. Botzelberg.
Joe, this is it!
Joe! Come on!
You're the flyer up in Spain.
They say you get great photos
up there in the cavalry.
Hi.
- Who is this oddment?
- Mr. Botzelberg, the photographer.
Miss Nash!
I owe you an apology.
I said you were half iron, half fish.
You're all iron and all fish!
We'll take one profile
and one full face.
Alright, and that's all you get.
How many times have I told you...
Now try it again!
Can't you see it's in the way
of the cavalry. Move it.
Now, wait.
The hair.
- Gusto. No.
- Alright.
Okay, now don't get nervous.
This is better than being

with the cavalry, isn't it?

Smile!

- Let's have a nice smile.

- Come on, smile.

- Big smile.

- Come on, smile.

That's it, perfect teeth.

Fine. Now a profile.

- I said one is enough!

- Be a good boy.

The profile.

It'll only take a minute.

When it's over, we'll get some facts about your life. Just an outline.

- A what?

- Smile. That's it. Hold it.

Come on. We can't have you looking like the great stone face.

- Hold it. That's fine. Now perhaps...

- That's enough!

That'll be all.

He's the nervous type.

- It's a shame because...

- Alright, that's all!

How can that be.

You'd think we were torturing him.

Joe, watch where you're going.

Cameras are delicate machinery.

I'll keep saying it.

Never mind him.

He's a bit crazy. Come sit down.

Now, about your early life.

My mother was a manic depressive and my father was homicidal.

I'm not surprised.

If you think I'll going to tell you the story of my dull life, you're...

- You were born in Cleveland?

- Yes, Miss Nash.

But today I'm in Paris

and they have a guillotine here

for people who work at this hour.

It's ten of eight.

Alright.

But on the Champs Elysees,
the lights are bursting in bloom,
the restaurant wines
are growing cold,
orchestras are limbering up
their fingers,
and women are putting
perfume behind their ears.

And you want me to tell you
about when I was in diapers?

Anything of interest?

- Have you ever been to Maxim's?

- Tourist stuff.

That doesn't mean anything to you?

Red plush and gilt,

women's shoulders, a waltz,

crepes suzette

and a wine card so big

you could hide behind it.

- L'amour.

- Alright, I'amour.

I'm devoting my first evening to it.

Also my second, third and fourth!

- That's a lot of amour.

- I was in jail a long time.

- I reserved a table for 21:00.

- I won't go, Mr. Martin.

You won't go! Who invited you?

I'm meeting somewhere there.

With perfume behind her ears?

In fact, she's a Romanian.

And she's got the cutest lisp.

- Really?

- That's enough. I'm getting dressed.

- I'll be back tomorrow morning.

- I'd better warn you.

Last time I stepped out in Paris

I left Monday and came back Thursday.

Tom, come on. This is no joke.

I've a deadline to meet.

And I have to meet life and love

with outstretched arms.

When we were in that plane,

I knew you were a stinker.

Just when I was about to make
a soft-hearted suggestion.

What?

- Do you know about Romanians?

- No.

They have no sense of time.

The lady I'm meeting
is notoriously late.

She always keeps me waiting.

You can come to Maxim's with me
until she arrives.

I take notes between
the plush and crepes suzette?

When the lady comes, I expect you
to run along quickly, okay?

Don't worry. There'll be
no Balkan entanglements.

Martini?

Emil, two Martinis.

When the hot dog stand got
tangled up with your landing gear,
was that your only serious accident?

- Except when I broke my legs.

- When was that?

When I jumped off the barn
with my mom's umbrella as parachute.

That's wonderful

That goes way back here.

Rather unusual that,
isn't it?

Undoubtedly, Your Lordship.

A secretary taking shorthand
in Maxim's.

I wonder what they do
in the office.

Monsieur's table has been ready
for 15 minutes already.

Excuse me.

- Did you ever meet Lindbergh?

- No.

Sir, your table's been ready
for some time.

I'm waiting for a lady.

- Then you will be three?

- No.

No, he's waiting for the feature.

I'm the newsreel.

Very well, Monsieur.

You never met Lindbergh, but where were you when he made his flight?

Hunting in Canada.

Didn't hear about it for two months.

No... No.

No. You were in New York, one of the million cheering throats waving flags as he rolled up the avenue.

That's where you decided to "fly or die", right?

- You don't mind a little embroidery?

- No, not a bit.

Thanks Consider the word "stinker" withdrawn.

Chasseur!.

- Get me the flower girl.

- Yes, Monsieur. Thank you.

Gusto.

Do you believe in give and take?

Within limits.

How about me asking you a question? For some advice?

Shoot.

The last time I saw the Romanian, we had quite a row.

It was my fault. She thought I was abrupt and out of control.

Not you.

How can I erase a footprint that looks like it was left by a heel?

That sounds almost human.

You see, I'm crazy about her.

She's swell, but has standards and I'm kind of heavy handed.

And I don't know how to handle the situation.

- The flower girl, sir.

- Thank you.

- The gentleman wants flowers?

- Yes, please.

Roses, violets?

I don't know one from another.

What shall I get?

- Nothing routine.

- No.

- How about that jasmine?

- Those little bitty things?

Smell them.

- Wonderful. Chasseur!.

- Sir?

- Put these on my table, please.

- Yes, sir.

- How much?

- 50 francs.

- That's alright.

- Thank you, you're very kind.

- Thank you.

- That's alright.

Let's see. Commercial aviation,
stunt flying...

- Were you ever a test pilot?

- No, that was Gable.

Isn't that your lady?

- No, mine's much more attractive.

- Than?

Frankly, I don't think the flowers
are enough to change things.

- What do you suggest for drinks?

- I'm not an expert on alcohol.

I remember once,

on the le-de-France,

I met a beautiful London doctor.

A woman's specialist,

and that's just what he was.

He told me I was pale and prescribed

something for my blood pressure:

champagne with a dash

of creme de menthe.

Any good?

After two glasses,

I was taking his pressure.

I wanted to be his nurse.

I begged him to remove my tonsils.

- Fortunately, a storm came up.

- Champagne and creme de menthe?
- Emil!
- Yes, sir.
- Two champagne and creme de menthe.
- Yes, sir.

About what proportion?

Fill the stem and then
a little of the base.

About right?

Check that.

- Too much mint.
- More champagne. Mine, too.

That's perfect. Try it.

- Here's to your success.
- Here's to yours.

Tickles the spinal cord.

I was thinking, when she comes,
after dining and dancing,
why hide behind the wine card?

What do you suggest?

Change of pace.

Take her out of here,
where there's a breeze
and some stars.

Fine an old fiacre and drive
up a cobbled street to Montmartre.

Don't talk. Not a word.

Just sit and wait.

Count the clops of the hooves
on the cobbles.

Count to a thousand.

Then, just possibly,
kiss her.

- Chasseur!.
- Sir?
- Call me a fiacre.
- Yes, sir.

The Romanian lady may loathe horses
and jasmine and get sick on creme.

Do you think the dancing
is absolutely essential?

My waltz is bad but my rumba
is a public scandal.

Just hold her tight

and let the music tell you.

Would you help me
brush up a little?

- Sure, but if she comes?
- I'll watch the door.
- You're not bad at all.
- Wait 'til I hit an air pocket.
- Ask them for a waltz.
- Any particular one?

There's an old one I love,
but I don't think they'll know it.

Let's ask.

"Dream Lover".

Do you know an old tune
called "Dream Lover"?

"Dream Lover"?

How does it go?

Is this it?

- That's right.
- We call it "Ma Chrie".
- Number 22.
- They call everything chrie.

You want some good advice?

There's nothing like the sentiment
you get from an old song.

I've loved this one for years.

My big sister's beau
used to sing it.

He had a terrible voice
but a lot of feeling.

They used to dance
out on the porch.

There were fireflies
and hydrangea bushes.

- Wish I knew the words.
- If I remember, they were awful.

Dream lover,
your romance has found me.

I...

No.

Dreams never tell.

We two can leave the world
behind us.

Nobody indiscreet can find us.

- **It's 22:**

- Is it?

She's late,

even for a late Romanian.

- Maybe she isn't coming.

- Maybe.

- Maybe she doesn't even exist.

- Maybe.

Maybe I walked into a trap.

Gusto...

Maybe I even helped build it.

Are you sure?

You bet I am!

We could've eaten an hour ago!

You cheated!

I only made it 910.

I couldn't wait.

Do you mind?

No. Hold me tight.

- Until we get to the corner.

- What's at the corner?

- Taxi stand, where I get out.

- Like fun you do.

No, Tom. I'm sorry.

I've had a grand time.

Not just this evening,

ever since I met you,

ever since you gaped at me when

they brought you from your cell.

And then in the plane,

you conceited lug!

And in the hotel and at Maxim's,

with your cheap Romanian tricks.

I've loved every second of it.

No.

You tell me you like it

and then you walk out.

- What kind of woman are you?

- A career woman.

I've got my foot in a door

I've been pounding at for years.

I won't let anything

turn me away from it.

What's all this got to do
with us?
I know me.
Some people get
a light case of love.
All they need's an aspirin
and a hot water bottle, but not me.
Remember when you said you start
Monday and get back on Thursday?
If I fall in love in January,
I'm still miserable in December.
Really!
Temperature of 105,
chills, fever...
It knocks me out.
I flunked geometry twice because
I was in love with the professor.
Tom, I want my mind free!
Darling, it's too late now.
Your pulse is unsteady.
No. Driver, stop!
Alright. Go ahead.
It won't do you any good.
You'll go up to your room,
sit at your typewriter,
mess around with some words,
thrown them away,
lie on your bed, put the light out,
then put it back on again,
go back to your desk.
You won't be able to stand it.
You'll dash out of your room
straight into Caf Magenta.
Why Caf Magenta?
- Isn't that opposite your hotel?
- What if it is?
I'll be waiting for you there.
That's fine. That gives me
a fade out on your life story.
"He lived happily ever after
in Caf Magenta".
- Hotel Descartes.
- Au revoir, Gusto.
Don't speak bad French.

You mean "adieu" .

Caf Magenta.

- May I have this chair?

- Sorry. I'm waiting for a lady.

Garon, a chair, please.

Yes?

I thought so.

Thank you,

it's going beautifully.

I know it's across the street,

but I'm not coming.

Tom...

Don't say those things.

Tom, you're making it

tough for me!

Tom, this is a public phone.

Please!

No, you idiot, no!

Hello. Will you please send

a boy upstairs?

Come in.

- Madame?

- In here.

- Good evening, Madame.

- Good evening.

- Do you have a safe downstairs?

- Yes, Madame.

- What time is it closed?

- Between midnight and 8:00.

- Here, put this in.

- The shoes?

- **Yes, it's 23:**

- Okay.

Wait a minute. Here!

Put this in, too.

No calls.

If a man wants to see me,

don't let him up.

Tell him I'm sick, I'm dead!

- Madame...

- Tell him I've left the hotel.

- Something more convincing.

- Tell him what you want.

Come!
Madame,
that man's downstairs.
Did you tell him
I'm not here?
We told him everything.
Even that we'd call the police.
- Don't let him up here!
- They're trying to stop him.
We're defending the stairs
but he may get into the elevator.
- He says it can't wait.
- Do something!
I'll do my best.
Alright, alright!
Tom, pull yourself together.
- Alright!
- Calm down!
Phillips!
Why must I fight my way
through the entire staff
- of a second-rate hotel?
- Calm down.
Why'd I have to punch the clerk
to get an audience with Miss Nash?
No!
You've knocked him out.
Bring him in.
He's a friend of mine.
Madame, I'm sorry,
it was the only solution.
- Here.
- I hope it's not serious.
It's alright.
Thank you.
Yes.
- Excuse me, Madame.
- Yes.
Come, come now.
You're alright, aren't you?
Just a slight skull fracture.
I'll deduct it from your salary.
I wasn't expecting you.
Who were you expecting?

Jack the Ripper?

I was just trying to work.

Never mind.

Gusto Nash, you're fired...

- as of right now.

- It's not true.

I know it's not true!

I just wanted to taste the words.

Sheer rapture!

Alas, it's my duty to hand you
the best assignment in Europe.

What's that?

I told them in New York
you were an inexperienced jerk,
but they seem to have gone crazy.
They say anybody who pulled
that Spanish stunt's good enough...

What's the job?

Associated News correspondent
in Berlin.

They want you to get intimate
stuff on Hitler and his gang.

Say it again.

Special Berlin correspondent.

God...

Wait a minute!

What happened to Stanley Kirk?

What happened?

He's leaving Germany on request
of the Nazi government.

First he sends a dispatch about
how 10,000 German tourists
come to Danzig every day
with butterfly nets in their hands
and machine guns in their bags.

They warned him right then.

So next he went to a reception
at Herr von Ribbentrop's
and yelled for gefilte fish.

Mr. Phillips,

- do you think I can handle it?

- No.

I know you can't,
but you get a crack at it anyway.

Of all the breaks
a fumbling female ever had!
I'm not happy.
I'm not happy at all!
- When do I leave?
- Saturday.
That's three days.
That'll give you time
to get your eyebrows plucked.
- How about Tom Martin?
- What?
What about the stuff?
Did you see him?
I saw him.
- Did you get what you wanted?
- Enough.
Bat it out before you go.
Mr. Phillips, about Berlin,
I don't want to go Saturday.
- Got cold feet?
- No.
I want to go tomorrow,
on the first train.
Don't tear yourself to pieces!
Please let me go,
Mr. Phillips.
I've got a running start,
I'm in my stride.
I don't want to fool around
in Paris. It's not good for me.
I want to throw everything
I've got into it.
Berlin sounds absorbing
and tough, just what I need.
Listen to the swish
of that new broom!
I'll finish the Martin story
on the train and send it to you.
- Excuse me, sir.
- Thanks.
Telegram.
Are you the one that broke
the vase over my head?
Don't worry, sir.

It was already cracked.

Bad news?

What?

No, no.

Alright.

There's a train at 11:00.

- I'll reserve a ticket.

- I don't know how to thank you.

- Forget it. Good night.

- Good night.

- Mr. Phillips!

- Yes?

Where do you live?

Out in Neuilly.

That's pretty far away.

Yes.

And it's getting late.

Yeah...

I just thought maybe you'd like...

What are you driving at, Gusto?

Wouldn't you like

to spend the night here?

Right here?

I don't feel like sleeping.

I want someone to talk to.

I'm too excited about Berlin.

You're not sleepy, are you?

Not now I'm not!

Garon,

a cognac.

Pardon me,

have you seen Miss Nash?

How did you know?

Journals, magazines...

The latest news.

- Good.

- Thank you.

Thank you, Madame.

- Hi there.

- Hello.

Let me wish you

a most delightful journey

and offer you

a small bon voyage gift.

Thanks.

How'd you know

I was on this train?

I saw Phillips last night

and we exchanged some confidences.

I told him how to take care

of a swollen nose

and he told me about

your new job.

- Congratulations, Correspondent.

- Thanks.

What's this?

Something to wind around

your heart with my compliments.

- It's typewriter ribbon.

- That's right.

That's what's ticking inside you,

a typewriter.

With 26 letters from A to Z,

with numbers,

a question mark

and an exclamation point.

Thanks anyway,

from the bottom of my typewriter.

All aboard, passengers!

- Goodbye, Tom. Take care.

- So long, career woman.

- May I help you?

- Thank you.

Ever notice how European trains

always smell of cologne

and hard-boiled eggs?

Thomas Martin, you're crazy!

Crazy? How?

Running after me.

I'm not running after you.

We're just on the same tack,

on the same train,

going in the same direction.

- It was pure coincidence?

- That's right.

I see.

- Tickets, please.

- Yes.

Berlin.

- Warsaw.

- Thank you.

So you're going to Warsaw!

Volunteer Tomislaus Martinofski

reporting for duty

with the Polish Air Force.

- When did you enlist?

- Before breakfast.

You don't believe me?

My credentials.

The Polish Consulate

is signing up flyers.

It looks like any moment now.

It certainly does.

You don't intend

to wade through it?

It's my homework for my new job.

Well...

wake me up when you come

to when he claims Milwaukee.

It you're counting my eyebrows,

I can help you.

There are two!

I was doing no such thing.

- What do you see, Gusto?

- A wood, trees.

That's the Forest of Compiegne.

Look at it,

like a grandmother dozing

in her rocking chair.

Old trees practicing curtsies

in the wind

because they still think

Louis the 14th is king.

In the shade, woodpeckers

and crickets hardly break the silence.

- Who said that?

- Why?

It doesn't sound like you.

I was quoting a French boy

who was with me in Spain.

He grew up here.

He used to talk about it

when the bullets got thick.
I feel like I know every tree,
every glade, every old inn.
He really wanted to see it again,
to wade in the brocks,
pick wild strawberries.
- His name was Andr.
- He sounds like a sweet boy.
He was.
It'd be a nice gesture
if we could step off the train
and take his memory back
to the crickets and strawberries.
It's a pretty thought.
You're sure Andr is no relation
to your Romanian lady?
You always think the worst of me.
I wonder why!
Listen, Miss Willpower,
you're as safe as a church.
You're worried about your career.
Nothing can stop you now.
You're traveling toward it
at 70 mph,
next stop Berlin!
There's no danger.
Now that nothing can stop you,
you stubborn little...
You may as well admit that
you feel how I feel!
Exactly.
Alright, I admit it.
There's no danger now.
Not at all.
Even if took you in my arms.
Even if we got off this train
and stole 3 days for ourselves,
three quiet, innocent days
before we say goodbye,
perhaps never
to see each other again,
perhaps never to see
a forest again,
or a brook

or a sky of peace.

The train doesn't stop.

I know. No stops for us.

70 mph.

- No danger...

- Tom, stay over there.

I said there's no danger.

Not now.

Please, Tom.

You might be generous enough
to say "Kiss me, you idiot!"

Tom...

I said no danger.

Got anything on the Embassy
in Warsaw, something modern?

I'm not happy.

I'm not happy at all.

- Here, drink this, Mr. Phillips.

- Leave me alone.

Belgrade, Naples, Copenhagen,
Budapest, Bucharest...

- Where in blue brimstone is Berlin?

- There it is, Mr. Phillips.

The Propaganda Ministry feeds
our Berlin office a lot of pap.
Goebbels wrote every line of it.

What happened to Gusto Nash?

Why did she think I sent her
to Berlin?

We're trying to get
the Berlin office on the phone.

Shut up!

I'm not happy.

I'm not happy at all!

Please, drink this, Mr. Phillips.

Has anything come from Berlin,
from Nash?

Just a paragraph, a sentence?

A slight indication that she knows
Hitler is at war?

Not a thing.

- I'm not happy.

- Hello?

- I'm not happy at all.

- Yes, Mr. Phillips!
Berlin's on the phone.
Berlin?
What is the matter
with your office?
I've been trying to get this call
for four hours!
Where's the stuff from Gusto Nash?
Tell that incompetent female
amateur I'll tear her apart.
N-A-S-H.
You tell her I'll kick...
Why can't you tell her?
What do you mean
she's not in Berlin?
Who are you kidding?
She must be in Berlin,
she left two days ago.
Check every hotel in Berlin,
every train that's arrived,
every beauty shop!
Maybe she thinks Hitler's waiting
for her to get a permanent wave.
The only possible excuse is if
you find her in the morgue.
I'm not happy.
Tom.
Tom, darling.
It's dawn.
Hello.
We should get back to the inn.
What will they think?
Nothing. It's a French inn.
They get up early
in the country.
Stay, darling.
Just one more minute...
There's dew in your hair.
And there's an ant
strolling up your cheek.
I wish it were your lips.
Such a little kiss.
- Such a little ant...
- I wish it had been an elephant.

It's as though you had
a brand new set of senses.
As though you'd been tone-deaf
and color-blind before.
- As if you'd never laughed or cried.
- No tears, please.
No tears,
even if it is our last day.
But it's a long day, darling,
and it's still early.
- Maybe the sun will stop.
- Maybe...
In Spain, when there was one day
before dying, I didn't care a hang.
I wasted hours like a spendthrift.
Now I feel like a miser.
- Counting the minutes, the seconds...
- Darling...
Look.
Aren't they adorable!
Look at those!
The Seven Dwarfs must be
giving a party.
Doesn't look like a party to me.
- Those are scared animals.
- Scared of what?
I don't know, but they've
got instinct. They're running.
- It's begun.
- Let's go to the inn, the radio.
With six German armies pushing
towards the heart of Poland,
and Nazi bombs falling
on important Polish towns,
French and English governments
await an answer to their ultimatum.
In both countries, general
mobilization has been ordered.
General mobilization?
Robert...
- Robert...
- There, there.
There, dear.
- When is there are train for Paris?

- At 8:

Agnes! Agnes!

We'd better take the same train.

My wife will help you pack.

Go, Madeleine.

- Yes, Robert.

- I'll get the carriage.

- I can take you to the station.

- Fine.

It's like waking up

and finding the house on fire.

Yeah, only quicker.

How will this affect your job?

It'll be alright.

Phillips is probably wild,

but once I'm in Berlin

and send some stories...

War Correspondent,

Gusto Nash.

That's climbing your ladder

two rungs at a time.

Yeah, it's a break, isn't it?

- Tom, you can't go to Poland.

- Who says?

A detour through Switzerland,

Yugoslavia, Hungary...

I'll take an extra crack at them

for robbing us of 12 hours.

They cheated us, didn't they?

Maybe it's easier that way.

I was afraid of those last moments.

They say you don't feel the pain

so much if you're cut quickly.

Gusto.

You're the best.

- I always said you were my type.

- Come on, let's get going.

Are you going to change?

I left the suit out for the train.

Thank you.

You are lucky to go back

on a boat like this.

You and Monsieur back to America.

I have a sister there,
she's a chambermaid
in the Waldorf-Astoria.
She married an American barber.
The letters she writes!
You can see peace in every word.
Beds have to be made every night.
Whiskers they grow
and must be shaved every day.
That's their life.
So simple.
So safe.
We in Europe,
we are sick.
We think we've cured one war
and it starts all over again.
But worse.
Our men have to die.
And their sons,
and their sons!
You are very lucky, Madame.
Good luck.
Conditions beyond our control
make it impossible for us
to bring you
the Cambridge Crew Trials.
- Any more news?
- No.
The world is falling apart and
my wife wants to hear the trials.
We have a boy up at Cambridge.
Slight youngster.
He hopes to be the coxswain.
- John. John!
- I can't get it.
Don't forget the sponge bag
and my two pipes.
Where'd you leave
the pivot tooth?
In the... on the...
Agnes, excuse me.
We interrupt this broadcast
for an important announcement
concerning all Americans

residing in France.
They're paging us Americans.
This is the Embassy in Paris
with instructions from Washington.
Due to the grave
international situation,
all American nationals in France
should return to American urgently.
For more information...
Panicky bunch there in Washington.
"Run, do not walk,
to the nearest exit!"
Yes.

I guess they have to do it
for the old men and lady tourists.
Don't you think it's foolish
to beat it now the race is on?
I suppose so.

Imagine being in Cleveland,
seeing the war from a newsreel
in the little Nemo Theater,
watching the bombers dive
and all you can do is hiss.
And you, reading war news
instead of writing it.

- That's for idiots, right?
- Yes.

We stay.

We won't turn back now.

We're not running because
we got sentimental for a day.

We make great gestures.

We're gallant and reckless!

We're the new lost generation.

You, flying 'til it happens,
'til they smash you to bits;
and I, writing and wri...

I wouldn't care
if I never wrote another word!
That's female and middleclass.
To think our lives are worth more.

- Gusto.

- Tom...

You laugh at little Nemo Theater

in Cleveland.
To me, it sounds like heaven.
Sorry, the le-de-France
is sold out.
Aquitania, sold out.
Washington, sold out.
We don't insist
on a private bath.
This is war. We'll be lucky
if they fit us in the boiler room.
I can give you these,
on a freighter from Lisbon.
Anything, just get started
before the cannons roar!
Don't panic.
We'll go somewhere
until the storm blows over.
Holland, for instance,
watching windmills.
Nothing left on the De Grace,
but some cots in the ladies lounge.
- That's okay by us.
- That's alright.
- The boat leaves at 4:00.
- Good.
- Plane in an hour.
- You won't be able to see Phillips.
It's okay. The harm's already done.
I'll send him my resignation.
Sure you want to take this boat?
It sounds crummy to me.
It's headed for American
that's all that matters!
When panic dies down in a week,
they'll be better.
Tom, it's this boat and today!
Aren't those tickets ready yet?
- I'm afraid she has the jitters.
- I understand. Here you are.
- Thank you.
- Come on.
Please! One at a time!
Gusto, you're as hysterical
as those old hens in there.

- Don't tell me you're afraid.
- I'm scared to death.
- The war's 1,000 miles away.
- Those headlines aren't,
nor the radio,
nor all those bugles blowing
Honey,
I'm not looking
and I'm not listening.
You're itching all over
like a reformed drunk
on Main Street on Saturday,
every bar beckoning
with a Scotch and soda.
- I've taken the pledge, sister.
- Hallelujah!
- Tom! Tom!
- Martin!
Shep! How are you?
Hello, Pinkie.
- Where have you been?
- I thought you were in Poland.
I started out that way,
but never quite made it.
Gusto.
- This is Miss Nash.
- How do you do?
I'd like you to meet
my wardrobe.
The blue one is Pink O'Connor
and the brown is Joe Sheppard.
How are you?
I take it the rabbits
came across seeing you here.
- Just like the Johnstown Flood!
- Look what comes this morning.
A cable from Ma with two tickets
on the New Amsterdam.
- Congratulations. Just in time.
- We're not going.
What do you mean?
- We'll trade them for a later sail.
- We'll go when we're ready.
You think we'll leave you here

to have all the fun
while we're back spraying bugs
in New Mexico?
You mean you changed your minds?
Did you think we were heels,
folding up now the show's on?
You can get in
the Royal Air Force now.
I wish the whole gang of 150
who started out where sill here.
Now that they're getting
real plans, we may have a chance.
We flew kites compared with
Hurricanes, Spitfires... 400 mph!
Let them come now.
We're ready for them!
I always wanted to bomb Hamburg
since I got sick from hamburger.
- Funny guy, Pink.
- Yes, I can see.
They may send us to Poland.
Imagine meeting in Warsaw?
Miss Nash will come as a mascot
or first aid, naturally.
One minute.
I want you to know something.
I'm the one folding up.
We just came out of there.
That ain't possible!
- Tom, who're you kidding?
- I'm not kidding.
- We're going back to marry.
- And settle down. In Cleveland.
Tom can get back
his commercial license
and I'll write for
"American Housewife",
a quiet life.
It's my fault.
I begged him not to break his neck.
I like it too much.
Alright boys, come on.
Tell me I'm a yellow-belly
and a big mouth, at that!

Who thinks you're yellow?
Did you hear what he said?
A guy that got the nerve
to get married?
That's more than Flash Gordon did.
You're the hero.
Don't worry. We'll give the Nazis
a special kiss for you.
- But first a kiss from the bride.
- Yes.
You bet!
- More along.
- Just a minute.
- Yes, sir.
- Goodbye, you lugs.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye.
- Call Ma. Tell her I'll be home soon.
- You bet.
If the girls at home knit sweaters,
I want one like Dorothy Lamour.
Okay.
All the time
we were talking to them,
I was saying your prayer:
"Arise, my love
and come away with me".
- Here you are, sir.
- We'd given you up for lost.
Sorry, but I had an argument
with the barman.
He said champagne and mint
don't mix well.
It's a secret formula.
- Shall I wait for the others?
- There are no others.
- I understood four glasses.
- That's right. Fill them up.
- That much mint, the rest champagne.
- Yes, Madame.
- Expecting a storm tonight?
- No, sir
Just a precautionary measure
for the night,

so the lights can't be seen.

The Admiral has ordered
a complete blackout.

There's not cause for alarm,
but we are at war.

So we've heard!

- Does this look correct?

- Fine.

- It's a sort of ceremony.

- Yes, sir.

- We'll throw some people overboard.

- Of course, sir.

Ready, Augusta?

Let's drink to those two dizzy fools,
those show-offs with ideals.

Tilting at large windmills
with very small knitting needles.

Alright. Here's to Augusta Nash,
career woman, foreign correspondent,
news hawk, queen of headlines.

Goodbye, Augusta Nash,
career woman.

Here's to Thomas Fuller Martin,
crusader,
champion of the underdog,
avenger of the oppressed,
standard bearer of good causes.

Goodbye, Tom Martin, crusader!

Let's be merciless.

No life preservers thrown,
not even a thought.

I might've known. Every time I see
"The Magic Flute, something happens.

I have yet to get a peek
at the third act.

Last time, King Zog lost Albania
in the middle of the opening Aria!

What's come through about
this confounded boat?

There it is, Mr. Phillips.

It's a rehash of earlier news.

That's all, six lines?

- Six and a half.

- Why are you still sitting?

The first boat sunk in the war!
We've got to build a story.
Call the steamship company.
Find out how many passengers.
Describe the sinking boat,
describe the sea at night.
- Meet with the survivors in London.
- Yes, sir.
Compare it with the Lusitania.
I'm not happy.
I'm not happy at all.
- Where are the Hebrides?
- Off the coast of Ireland.
Get a line over here!
Here come some more boats!
Come on!
Tom! Tom!
- Tom!
- Here, give me a hand.
Tom!
Are these the last?
No. Some people were picked up
by two British destroyers.
Other lifeboats are coming in
down the beach near the village.
Gusto! Gusto!
Gusto!
Gusto Nash!
Gusto Nash! Gusto!
Augusta!
Augusta!
Darling!
- Darling, is it really you?
- Are you alright?
I am now. Oh, darling!
It's so good to feel you.
- You looked so little in the boat.
- Don't talk to me about that.
I wanted to jump out and swim back
to tell you you're a liar.
That was a low trick saying
you'd come, too.
- I'd have thrown you in.
- What happened to you?

I put to sea in a lifebelt.

I was in the water 40 minutes.

- Your eyes are bloodshot.

- From trying to see through the fog.

- We were flying all night.

- Flying?

Yes. Three seaplanes came.

One picked me up.

We flew around looking for
other survivors.

Those English flyers
really know their stuff.

We had a kid from New Zealand.

How he handled that 25 ton plane!

He set it down to choppy sea
to pick someone up two dozen times.

And that takes it out of you.

The last time, he fell forward,
laughing, crying...

- So you took over.

- I had to!

The first time I brought her down

I thought I'd split the bow!

- Mr. Martin!

- Yeah.

- Mr. Martin!

- Here!

Beg pardon, sir.

The Commander says it's alright.

- I'll be there in a minute.

- Yes, sir.

I was trying to tell you.

I asked if they could use me.

We're going after that submarine.

They spotted it.

- Swell.

- We'll get those babies!

It's a chance I wouldn't miss
for anything in the...

Gusto, I can't pass it up.

I'm here, they need me!

Please don't look at me like that.

- Like what?

- Like I'm walking out on you.

It'll only be a few days.
There are many boats going home.
Home! Who wants to go home?
You think I do?
Now that I've got a story,
a great exclusive?
No. Look at me.
You see the light in my eye?
I'm Augusta Nash again.
All I think of is where's
the telephone and the next story!
Yesterday we thought
we could throw two people overboard,
their ambitions, their big dreams...
God knew better.
- He threw us back after them.
- Yeah.
- I've never loved you so much.
- That's the best time to say goodbye.

Gusto! Gusto!
- Are we ready, sir?
- Yeah.

Let's go.
- Have you a telephone?
- Sure,
if you're going to tell people
you're alive, glory be to God!
- Where is it?
- Around here, Miss.

Just there.
Hello, operator.
I want to speak to Paris,
the Associated News.
Here's something.
The Athenia was launched
March 13, 1913;
13,000 tons,

torpedoes at 7:

Send it through. To mark time
until we get one solid fact.
I can't see straight after a day
and night in a boiled shirt.
Telephone, Mr. Phillips.

- Important?
- It's Miss Nash.
- Who?
- Miss Augusta Nash.
You don't say...
Hello. Hello!
Miss Augusta Nash?
Delightful of you
to think of us again.
We thought you had
a case of amnesia.
You're not in Berlin, are you,
or with the army in Poland?
Where are you, Miss Nash?
In Ireland, Miss Nash?
How's the weather?
Will you listen to me?
I was on that boat!
A little boat trip.
How refreshing, Miss Nash.
The Athenia, Miss Na...
The Athenia!
Judas H. Iscariot,
why didn't you say so?
Gusto Nash was on the Athenia!
You sweetheart!
You darling!
I always knew you had
a nose for news! What a break!
Yes, wasn't it?
A break like this doesn't come
once in a thousand years.
- Put on the stenographers.
- Sure, darling.
- Get on the phones, you slugs!
- Let's go!
Bring back all the photos
you can get.
And come back as soon as possible.
There's a bonus waiting for you!
Okay, Gusto, give out, baby!
Everything you know.
After the first explosion,
a huge water spout

jumped 70 feet above ship,
came down over the lifeboats,
washing half away.

While the remaining lifeboats
were filled with women and children,
another shell carried away
the mainmast.

It was aimed at the wireless room,
but missed its mark.

Susie.

- Susie!

- Yes, Mr. Phillips.

Get me a bicarbonate of soda!

Yes, Mr. Phillips.

That flyer's outside.

Paris,

city of lights,

so gay,

so full of charm,

home of three lovely sisters:

libert, galit,

fraternit.

- What flyer?

- This flyer.

Hello, Phillips.

Quite a parade out there.

I hope when they get to the tomb
of the unknown soldier, he spits.

- Where did you blow from?

- I'm looking for Gusto Nash.

- Thought you were flying somewhere?

- I was sent to the showers.

Little souvenir of Norway.

They shot the plane from under me.

Rather, from under both of us.

Broken just above the elbow.

Not much use trying to men
the other guy.

His name was Sheppard.

Would you print a nice piece on him?

Something that would read

to a bunch of rabbits?

- Join me in a bicarbonate?

- No. Where's Gusto?

Listen,
get out of the occupied zone
before the Germans take inventory!
I'm taking the last refugee boat
from Bordeaux tomorrow.
Before I leave, I'd like to say
goodbye to Gusto,
- even if only for a moment.
- She's not here and you should go.
It's alright. I have a passport.
I'm an American tourist.
- Now, can I see her?
- You can't!
She's at German Headquarters
with the Official Press.
Nobody can get there,
nobody!
- Except a newspaper man.
- Exactly.
So, I'm a newspaper man.
- Who'll swallow that?
- They will,
when they see the credentials
you're going to write!
Come on, give me a press card.
You didn't fall on your elbow,
you fell on your head.
Gusto Nash is too busy to breathe.
You can't drop in on her
with flowers for a goodbye
when she's at Compiegne
covering the Armistice.
The Armistice!
- Did you say Compiegne?
- Exactly.
The Forest of Compiegne.
I guess that settles it.
Yes, I guess it does.
- Hello.
- Madame!
I can't believe it's you!
I didn't expect to come back here
under these circumstances.
What news of your husband?

Nothing.

He was with the Ninth Army
in Sudan.

- And Monsieur?

- Not a word.

Your attention, please.

Gentlemen of the press,
and lady.

In a railroad coach
one kilometer from here,
the terms of Armistice will be
handed to the French government
and signed some time
this afternoon.

We will give you official bulletins
of the negotiations process.

You will be able to visit
the coach in groups of five
after the conference begins.

As the Fuhrer will be present,
smoking will not be permitted.

With regard to you Fraulein...

My name is Miss Nash.

Miss Nash, considering
the importance of the occasion,
I suggest you dispense
with all lip rouge.

Don't worry. My lips will be
as white as chalk.

You have an hour until then.

The time is yours
to do with as you please.

Thank you.

Does anyone feel like
a rubber of bridge?

- Is it okay to take a walk?

- As you please, Fraulein.

Hello, Gusto.

Hello, Tom.

It's been a long time.

A long time.

I love you, darling.

Don't let's count to a thousand.

Turn around.

I'm right behind you.
It's not done with mirrors.
It's me!
Tom.
Tom...
Darling...
None of that scared look!
They won't shoot me.
Phillips gave me a press card.
I can't believe you're here,
of all places!
They robbed us of 12 hours here.
I came back to claim them
before I say goodbye.
- Can you get to England?
- They wouldn't want me.
I have a compound fracture.
- Darling...
- I couldn't break a match.
They've clipped my wings.
All I can do is crawl aboard
a refugee ship
and find some cushy job
in America.
Flying instructor, maybe,
teach kids what wings are for.
That's a fine end!
End?
You don't think this is the end!
Just because in that coach later
they'll be clicking their heels
and saying that freedom is a sign
of weakness and incompetence,
and that slavery is a badge
of pride and patriotism.
No.
That can't be the end!
You're not crawling back.
We're marching back. Both of us!
- You're coming along?
- Of course I am.
Tom, I've been watching them
for 10 months now.
There are things I've got to say.

My voice isn't much, but I want
to use it without a hand on my mouth.
And you, what a job you've got!
Making thousands of pilots
for thousands of planes.
Remember your prayer?
This time we have to say it
to America.
"Arise, my love.
Be strong so you can stand
and say to anyone
under God's heaven:
'Alright, who's way of life
shall it be, yours or ours?'''.
Gusto, I always said
you were the best.