



Scripts.com

China Seas

By Jules Furthman

Stand by for the mail.
Stand by for the mail.
We know you're not a pirate.
You'll get your knife back
when we dock in Singapore.
Get on the phone
and call Scranton, PA.
- Ask about J. Wilberforce Timmons.
- Have you any arms, sir?
Just these you see
growing out of me armpits.
No excuses, Mr. Atkins,
your job is to look after this dock.
If I ever find it in this state again, I'll...
How's your wife?
She's very much better, sir.
And thank you very much for the flowers.
Don't thank me. My gardener has
to get rid of them somehow.
Who's the big shot?
Sir Guy Wilmerding,
managing director of the line.
This way, Sir Guy. Gangway, please.
Glad to have you with us again, sir.
None of that mush.
I know how glad you are.
Not bad.
Not bad at all for a synthetic stone.
You ought to know, Paul.
My lovely Olga!
- Hey, I bet that lug's tops in China.
- That's the insignia of Wing Yu-Lan.
Everything in the archipelago
pays dividends to him.
- Good morning, purser.
- Good morning, Miss Yu-Lan.
We've arranged to take your
chairs aboard in the after-gangway.
Thank you.
- Mr. Dawson, here comes the captain.
- Look at him, with a three-days hangover.
And watch him grouse.
Of all the ungrateful, brass-hearted
skippers of a rusty old teakettle...

...who thinks he's still strutting it
in the Royal Navy.

Captain.

Alan! Alan Gaskell.

I've got some last-minute cargo for you.

Ken, what are you doing up
in broad daylight?

Captain Gaskell, I want you to meet
Charlie McCaleb, the American novelist.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

Well, Hong Kong seems to have
taken you to her bosom.

I've seen your face before. Don't tell me.
It's right on the tip of my tongue.

- Remember Johnson?

- Johnson?

- Who?

- Johnson.

- Johnny, what are you doing way out here?

- Maybe you could tell me.

No, no, this is Captain Gaskell,
the master of the ship you're on.

- Aye, captain. Coming along with us?

- Yes. Yes, I'm afraid so.

He's over here gathering material
for a new novel.

I've dragged him through wars,
riots and revolutions.

He doesn't even know he's in China.

If you should stir up anything exciting...

...shove him in a front seat

and tie his eyes open, will you?

I'm not running a nursery. I'm not stirring
up excitement for the sake of literature.

- See you later.

- Don't you worry.

I'll be right there. I'm the old
Ringside Kid. Got an eye like an eagle.

Goodbye, Captain Griscol.

I had a marvelous trip.

Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

Ship ahoy.

- Are you all right, Charlie?

- I cover the waterfront.
- Steward!
- Good morning, sir.
- Is that clean brass?
- Sorry, sir...
- You haven't answered my question!
- No, sir, it isn't clean brass, sir.
- You've been sampling my whiskey again.
- Yes, sir.
- Not as good as the last lot, is it?
- No, sir.
- Do something about it.
- I will.
- Thank you.
- Thank you, sir. Sir Guy wants to see you.
- Good morning, captain.
- Good morning.

So there you are.

- Morning, Mrs. Aiken.
- We were just talking about you, captain.

Mrs. Aiken tells me you've been
sensationally blotto...

...ever since you went ashore.

- Sir Guy...
- Oh, she does, eh?

If you don't like my behavior ashore
or aboard ship, you can get a new boy.

- In fact, I wish you would.
- You wouldn't go if you could.

Wouldn't I? I'm so close
to being back in England...

...I can hear Big Ben chiming.
- I've heard that for 50 years.

Only the weak ones
sneak out of the China Seas.

It's the bullheads like you that stay on.

What about a little spot
to keep your brain from addling?

I haven't the time. I've got to get
the pride of your fleet underway.

Mr. Rockwell, go to the captain's saloon.
Check those chronometers.

- Good morning, sir.
- Good morning.

Third officer isn't aboard yet, sir.

I know. I've been looking him over
at the Sepoy Hospital.

Cleaned out

High Spade McQueen's last night.

- Bad, sir?

- Yes, knife in the kidneys.

Port captain's trying to find someone
to replace him.

- What have you got in your mouth?

- Chewing tobacco, sir.

Bad enough having a ship like this
and a captain like me...

...without having a chief officer like you!

Sorry, sir. I had it in my jaw when

I came on duty, and I forgot all about it.

Mr. Willet of the Royal Canada Bank
is waiting to see you, sir.

- Just down there at your quarters.

- Thank you.

- Hello, Willet.

- Good morning, captain.

- The gold come aboard yet?

- Yes, sir.

All stowed away as we agreed?

In the steamroller.

- Good.

- Thank you, sir.

Wipe that smile off your face!

Is that your idea of clean brass?

You haven't answered my question!

Did I ask you...?

Little too big for you,

isn't it, Mr. Rockwell.

I apologize, sir. Chief Officer sent me down
to check the chronometers.

- Well, I don't keep them in my cap.

- No, sir.

- What are you going to do with that button?

- Button it, sir.

I was just hoping you weren't too
angry with me, sir.

Well, carry on.

Thank you, sir.

Excuse me, sir.

Who's in there?

- China Doll, the gal that drives men mad.

- What the devil are you doing aboard?

Nothing alarming, just showering
the dewdrops off the body beautiful.

How many hours do we have to spend
saying goodbye before it takes?

That's just the trouble, toots,
it took too good.

Gee, you were sweet to me.

Say, maybe you could use all that money
you won at the Tai Fan last night.

- Then we were there?

- We had a million laughs.

- I made 17 passes myself.

- Get on your horse. We're shoving off here...

Why so anxious to get me out?

Is that hunk of caviar making the round trip?

- What hunk of caviar?

- That redheaded Russian princess.

She isn't a Russian or a princess.

I have my doubts about her hair being red.

If she was a Chinese sextet,
it'd be the same to me.

I'm trying to get through your numskull
that I won't stand by and...

Now, wait a minute, Dolly!

You and I are friends.

We've had a lot of fun together.

And as far as I'm concerned,
you're number one girl in the archipelago.

But I don't remember making
any vows to you...

...nor do I recall asking for any.

Don't you get polite at me. When you
start talking with your high-hat on...

...I know you mean it, and it scares me.

Who do you think you are?

If I had a nickel's worth of pride...

If that's the way you feel,

I'm not in your wake.

That's just the soup I'm in.

I don't feel that way at all.

You dog.

Well, that's more like it.

Come in.

- Pilot tug's alongside, sir.

- Stand by to single up your lines.

Aye, aye, sir.

All right now, nuisance, over shore.

Look, what am I gonna do with my ticket?

It's all paid for.

I knew something's up your sleeve.

We'll get your money back.

- I got a job in Singapore. Honest.

- I suppose they've elected you mayor.

It's on the level. Hoffman sent me
a contract for the rest of the season.

I know how you feel.

I won't come near you.

No.

All right, toots, you win.

I hope you have a good trip.

Goodbye.

All right, all right. If you've
got your ticket and a job...

...I don't suppose I've got...

- Lambie!

Stop wrestling me around!

You're turning this skiff
into an excursion launch.

Come on, snap into it

with that fore-hold loading!

So you just came down to say goodbye...

...with enough cigarettes

for a New York voyage.

I'll smoke a lot more cigarettes

than that, toots...

...before we ever really say goodbye.

Listen, I told you to...

Good morning, sir.

Davids, isn't it? Tom Davids?

Yes, sir.

Your port captain told me
to report for duty as third officer.

- Duty as what?

- Third officer.

These rocking-chair sailors ashore.
Here I am in the middle of typhoon season,
a tough voyage ahead.
I ask for a fighter.
They send a punching bag.
Give me a chance. It's the first
one I've had for over a year.
I know these waters better than most.
I've sailed them for over 10 years.
No one had a better record
on this coast than I had.
Then, just because of an accident...
I'm not a coward.
Stow it. You let pirates scuttle your ship.
You lost every white man except yourself.
- Board of Trade lifted your ticket. I didn't.
- Give me a chance. Please.
You got a uniform?
Nothing clean, sir.
I'll have the steward
give you one of mine.
- Yes, sir.
- Report to Mr. Dawson.
I'll have the uniform laundered
and returned.
No, that's all right, keep it.
You'll probably need it.
Thank you, sir.
Well, if it ain't old rough-on-rats himself.
How are you, Jamesy?
Dolly, you're looking just as pretty as ever.
Bidding the big boy goodbye?
- Goodbye nothing. I'm making this voyage.
- No, you're not.
Why, I'm just as happy as if I'd won
the Calcutta sweepstakes.
You ought to have the shekels piled up
to the roof by now.
I haven't done so bad, you know.
Dolly, I'm still willing
to share it all with you.
Say, there ain't enough dough in all
Asia to make me change...
...the way I feel about one guy.

Still crazy about that Gaskell, huh?
Whenever you get tired
of running around with an Airedale...
...and you want to run around with
a Saint Bernard, why, you let me know.
Sure. When I get lost in the Alps,
I'll whistle for you.
All right, I'll come running.
Goodbye, Dolly.
See you later.
You be easy with them there pigs.
Well, Kingston, you're a wonder.
How you've been able to sail
with sour-belly Gaskell...
...as long as you have, I don't know.
- Jamesy.
- Well, Captain Gaskell.
I was just telling Kingston
how happy I was to be sailing with you.
Hey, stow that on the port side!
You still carry that cargo
of soft soap, eh, Jamesy?
I mean it.
You don't know what a safe feeling it is...
...to be sailing with a captain
that's never been raided by the pirates.
There's not much profit for pirates
in this zoo of yours.
Who are you swindling
with this scrubby lot?
That's the finest lot of animals
I've ever shipped.
Well, they're not as noisy as that last batch
of sopranos you had.
Just between you and me,
what do you give them to keep them quiet?
I give them one of these little pills.
They sleep and dream
all the way across, never lose a pound.
I don't suppose you thought of
giving them gravel to add a pound?
Why, captain, that would be dishonest.
They got big feet for
singsong girls, haven't they?

They don't bandage their feet nowadays.

These are enlightened days.

Those feet are big

even for enlightened days.

- Captain Gaskell...

- Mr. Rockwell, what does a woman do...

...when you throw something at her?

She dodges it. A man catches it.

Here, catch!

Sergeant of the Guard!

Charge them with attempted piracy.

Ask the police to wireless me

anything they sweat out of them.

Go ashore. Tell Moray

to bail them out before they start to talk.

Tell Ngah I'll go through with the job

as agreed, but he'll need more men. Go on.

Hey, captain, that's good work.

You're the finest skipper on this coast.

Thanks.

- Goodbye.

- See you on the next trip.

- Goodbye and thank you.

- Take care of yourself.

- I will.

- So long, Sybil. Good luck.

- Thank you so much.

- B-29.

- Don't forget to write, Sybil.

- I won't.

- Sybil.

- Alan.

It is Alan.

So this is your ship.

My, I am lucky.

Yes. Yes, I'm captain of this tub.

Are you visiting out here?

- Just traveling. You might start to unpack.

- Yes, miss.

I've been just traveling for some time.

I heard about Bart.

I meant to write,

but it was so long after he died.

News is slow out here.

We spoke of you so often,
wondering what you were doing.
Getting into trouble,
then trying to get out.
Well, you're in for more trouble now,
looking after me for a whole voyage.
I'm in your hands again, Alan.
Look here, Alan, can't you get this boat...?
What's wrong?
You look as if you'd seen a ghost.
I have.
Gangplank secure, sir.
All clear forward, sir.
Cast off your bow lines.
Aye, aye, sir.
Good morning, captain.
Hi, neighbor.
The name is Timmons.
I can take it or leave it alone.
No, no. The name: Timmons.
T- I-M-M-O-N-S.
And I'm the guy that can do it too.
Who is it?
- Who is it?
- It's just me, toots.
I told you to stay out of here.
I wasn't shadow-boxing. I meant it.
- I just came in to borrow a book.
- I don't keep them in my bathtub.
I decided to improve my mind.
You'd better take two books.
Give yourself an even break.
Now, do about three turns
around the deck before dinner...
...just to work up an appetite.
Okay. Okay, toots.
I know you ain't got much time
to fool around with passengers.
- It's your own fault. You wanted to be one.
- Except maybe that English dame.
- You're becoming very observant.
- I saw her when she came aboard.
She looked like she was smelling
a dead fish or something.

Considering her surroundings,
that's highly possible.
I also got a load of you
when you moved her into the royal suite.
Why didn't you lay out
a red plush carpet for her?
That's just a throwback
to my old manners.
The lady knew me when I acted that way
for the sheer joy of it.
Oh, I get it, a hometown honey.
I knew her years ago...
...and her husband.
- Married?
Being married don't seem
to tie her down none.
- He's dead.
- So she's back in circulation again.
Well, maybe it's a good thing you didn't
get hooked up with nobody out here.
Thanks.
If I'd had a more definite tie,
I might have behaved a bit more decently.
If you ain't decent, you'll do
until something decent comes along.
Out here, maybe.
But anywhere else in the world,
we'd both be a little bit soiled.
Did you ever see an English river?
No, I'm dumb at geography,
just like I am at everything else.
Well, it's cool, clear and clean.
Put a stream like that alongside
any river out here...
...dirty, yellow, muddy...
...you'll see the difference.
That was only a few years ago.
The pirates killed
every white person aboard...
...except the captain,
and then scuttled the ship.
Better take care of these pearls
in case of a piracy.
Why? They're artificial.

They're not worth anything.

Twelve and a half bucks.

A bargain, I'd say.

Where did you get them, Mr. Timmons?

- She picked them up...

- I bought them myself, in Tokyo.

Well, you know, it's not always easy
to tell the real from...

- I'm sure you didn't pay too much for them.

- Bet your sweet life she didn't.

That little woman gets her money's
worth every time, huh, poopsie?

Hey, you see that chess game over there?

When I was 4 years old,

I played 10 people all at once, blindfolded.

I lost every game.

Pirates. Baloney.

- Where did you really get those pearls, huh?

- You won't tell Wilbur, will you?

Twelve and a half bucks to Wilbur.

That pirate hooey of yours is stuff
they always tell tourists.

I'll bet they don't rate

1-9 with our rumrunners.

Bosh. Your rumrunners learned the game
from our pirates, even to hijacking.

That trick of identifying each other...

...by matching the

halves of a torn \$ 100 bill.

- Here they use a 100 note.

- Sunday paper bunk.

- Hey, mate, come here.

- Yes, sir.

- How are you, Mr. Davids?

- How are you, Sir Guy?

Tell him that bunk about the ship
they held up and scuttled.

Get a load of this. It's terrific.

I don't remember saying anything,
Timmons.

You can't get out of it like that.

Tell him about the one white officer
who came out of it alive.

What's the matter with that boy?

Was I speaking out of turn?
I'm afraid you were. That's Tom Davids,
captain of the ship I was telling you about.
Say, don't look now, but I think
my stomach is full of butterflies.
Isabelle.
Isabelle MacCarthy.
- Yes?
- Would you say that I looked like a lady?
No, Miss Dolly. I been with you
all too long to insult you that way.
Say, what's the difference?
What's that snooty English dame got
that I ain't?
She's more refined-like.
She would never wear that dress
with all them shiny beads you got.
That dress is more my type.
You been hinting for that dress for a month.
Go on and take it.
You spoiled it for me, anyway.
You sure got the right feeling though,
honey.
I got to let this out a smidgen.
You sure is got the right instincts,
no matter what they all said.
What do they say?
It's just a mite of talk.
They say you's got yourself...
...so hooked onto that Captain Gaskell that
he's shaking himself like a wet hound-dog...
...and can't get you loose nohow.
Yes, miss, they do. Like a wet hound-dog.
He can't shake me off.
I hopped off, see?
And I'm glad I did.
Do you hear that? I'm glad. I'm happy.
Sure you is happy, honey.
But don't you worry. You'll get over it.
Twenty years on the China Seas,
and she never lost a spangle.
I had a spangle once,
it was a cocker-spangle.
She had a litter of field mice.

Good evening, Miss Portland.

I've got you the other side of Mr. MacArdle.

- Well, I get it. Where is the big guy?

- You mean the captain, miss?

He went... That is,

I believe he's escorting Mrs. Barclay.

Why doesn't she put a ring in
his nose to lead him around easier?

- Excuse me, sir.

- Ah Feng...

...bring me a double hooker of scotch.

- Yes, miss.

Well, Jamesy, you old tramp.

Long time no see, kid.

No fault of mine, Dolly.

You're the original one-man girl.

As long as I've got a one-gal guy.

I just saw Captain Gaskell upstairs
walking with Mrs. Barclay.

Very lovely-looking girl, isn't she?

She couldn't take me away
from a girl like you in 1000 years.

What makes you think
she's taking anything away from me, huh?

Get on the belt line
and keep them coming.

You know everybody, Sybil,
except perhaps Miss Yu-Lan, Mrs. Barclay.

- How do you do?

- And Miss Portland.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

You needn't be so
confoundedly possessive, Alan.

I knew Mrs. Barclay long before you did.

You had such a start.

I'm only trying to catch up.

You had your chance, Sir Guy,
but you spurned me.

At least Alan didn't meet me
till after I was married.

That ruins all my guesses.

I had such a romantic meeting arranged
for you two.

Squadron ball at Gibraltar.
Music, lanterns, uniforms.
Her husband was at sea,
so I claimed every dance.
We walked back to the hotel together.
- With or without moonlight?
- There was a harvest moon.
You've never seen a moon
until you watch one over China Seas.
- It'll be full when we get to Singapore.
- Oh, glorious.
Speaking of meetings,
remember that night...
...in that poo-tang joint in Saigon
when we met up with a certain party?
- Do I?
- There wasn't any moon.
He had a shiner that lit up the whole street.
And a cut on his leg. He'd have bled
to death if it hadn't been for Dolly.
- Oh, my, that was a romantic meeting.
- She saved his life.
Never got a word of thanks,
I'll be bound.
I wish I could tell you what she said.
You never used to be so particular
about your language.
That's right, Dolly.
This'll be an awful comedown
after the Royal Mail.
I don't know. There's something very
real and dramatic about this atmosphere.
You know, pirates and machine guns,
barricades...
Mr. McCaleb, I want you to meet
a literary rival, Mrs. Barclay.
Good evening, Mr. McCaleb.
Thanks,
I've got all the insurance I can handle.
Mrs. Barclay, I'm sure I saw you
in London two years ago.
Why, of course, Miss Yu-Lan.
It was at the American Embassy,
and then at the Gainsboroughs' in Sussex.

Peg Gainsborough

is the most amazing hostess.

- It was only two years before that I met...

- Too amazing for words.

There I was with a cinder in me eye

as large as a paving block...

...the duke on one side,

marquis on the other...

...both trying to pull my

top lid over my bottom.

- Miss Portland is a professional entertainer.

- Oh, I am.

- You'd like me to try something else?

- You haven't anything left for an encore.

So you think it's funny?

What are you grinning at?

- You must be very fond of him.

- What makes you think so?

To humiliate yourself like this.

I'll see you later, Alan.

Don't worry, he knows where

the royal suite is, and so do I!

I had it the first time I sailed

on this ship.

The more violent the storm,

the sooner it subsides.

When I want you to sound off,

Golden Bells, I'll pull your rope.

I apologize for this exhibition.

It's all my fault.

And as the man said when they were about

to hang him, "This will be a lesson to me. "

Madam Chairman and ladies

of this literary group...

...it is with sentiments of profound

respect that I address you this afternoon...

...because woman is the mother

of all literature. I thank you.

Hey, look, I'm awful sorry I blew up,

honest I am.

Hookers of Scotch and the fact

I'm so nuts about you, I...

You saved me a lot of trouble.

You painted the whole dirty picture

for her with a nice truthful brush. Thanks.
Toots, don't talk to me like that.
I get scared when you put the freeze on me.
I'll go apologize,
do anything you want...
You keep as far away from her as you can,
and farther away from me.
Come.

- Captain Gaskell, sir.

- What's wrong, Mr. Rockwell?

This navigation chart...

Excuse me, sir.

This navigation problem.

I'm having trouble with it.

- Trouble?

- Yes, sir.

Yes, I should say you are.

If your figures are correct, this ship's
in the middle of the Sahara Desert.

- Yes, sir. It has me worried, sir.

- Yes.

Well, suppose you try adding here
instead of subtracting.

Perhaps that will put us back
in the ocean again.

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

- All right.

- Excuse me, sir.

How's it, toots? Well, go on
and play dumb if you want to.

I just came in to tell you I'm not gonna
come around and pester you anymore.

Look...

...I'm taking all my cigarettes.

You know, it's moonlight outside.

Gee, it's pretty.

Ain't it funny we always fight
when it's moonlight...

...and make up when it's raining?

It's about time for the rainy season,
ain't it, toots?

Come on out of the trenches, I'm not
gonna throw any bombs. I'm harmless.

Yes, of course,

you're as harmless as a revolution.
Well, don't forget your cigarettes.
I won't.
I know an exit line when I hear one.
Well, anyway, it won't be so lonely
while Jamesy's aboard.
I hate to hear you talk like that.
A gal's got to do the best
she can with what's around.
You owe yourself more than that.
The trouble is, boyfriend,
there ain't any male Mrs. Barclays...
...so charming, so refine.
The real trouble is,
there aren't enough female Mrs. Barclays.
Don't give it another thought, Alan.
I once hoped you'd know me very well,
but not that well.
But when you once hoped,
you weren't in this part of the world.
No, that's true. But here I am.
- Yes.
- Captain Gaskell...
...Mr. MacArdle wants to go forward
to look after his animals.
No. MacArdle can't look at his animals.
I wouldn't let an admiral go forward
without a guard.
- You find it an exciting part of the world.
- Exciting?
Nursing leftovers
who are supposed to be officers?
Derelicts for a crew?
- But ashore, the glamour of...
- Yes.
You saw me this morning after a trip
ashore. Did I look particularly glamorous?
Well, I wasn't thinking of background.
That girl, she's glamorous, surely.
Sybil, I don't deny her.
But you know why I came out here.
Why I resigned from the service.
It was all I could do.
Yes, we...

I might have cracked up Bart's life
if you'd stayed.

Sybil.

If I thought
there was the slightest chance...
...I'd stumble out with everything...

...I wanted to say six years ago.

- Alan, I have a confession to make.

I'm not just traveling.

I've followed a memory, traced you here.

And now that I've found you...

...I don't care how you've lived.

I'll always be in love with you.

I'll jump ship at Singapore.

- We'll dig up a magistrate or a chaplain...

- A Buddhist monk.

- We'll go back together.

- Oh, England.

I've a place with a fireplace
you can stand in.

- Your cocoa, sir.

- Oh, yes. Come in, old man. Come right in.

What's the matter?

What happened to you?

The chef's been at the vanilla extract
again, sir. Went for me with a cleaver.

- The cleaver's a new matter, sir.

- Oh, yes.

Give him a brandy.

He'll be all right in the morning.

Sybil, I want you to meet the best
chief steward in the line, Ted Geary.

Honest as the day is long.

And he said to Mrs. Barclay

I was the best steward in the line.

"Honest as the day is long. " Never a word
about the last bottle of whiskey I pinched.

No doubt, the old man's going soft.

Relieved my watch

so I could have breakfast.

- Called me "Bertie. "

- I had a chew of tobacco in my mouth...

...as big as that. He never even noticed it.

- He said he'd take me to the races ashore.

That's the way it is with those
two-bottle men. I've never seen it fail.

- All of a sudden...

- I knew a man once in Liverpool who...

Dauids.

- Aren't you going to wait for your coffee?

- No.

- It's too stuffy here.

- And smelly too.

May I please have the sugar, sir?

Thank you.

Mark.

- Good.

- Lovely shot.

That's a lovely gun. I hope that they don't
leave them laying around loose.

Captain lock them up
all the time we no use.

- That's good.

- Mark.

- Hi.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

- Oh, good morning.

I guess she's still burned.

Mark.

I got it that time.

- I'm afraid you're too consistent for me.

- Not at all.

Mark.

I received your note.

Really wasn't necessary.

I'm sorry I acted so crazy.

Jamesy, how about you and me starting
a little competition for the common people?

- All right. I'll bet you a shilling.

- Okay.

Bring us a gun.

There you are.

Will you and Captain Gaskell make
your home in Singapore or Hong Kong?

I don't think we'll stay out here at all.

Did you hear what she said?

It's all over the ship that they'll get married

the minute they get into Singapore.

- That's why Gaskell's turned sunny-side up.

- Mark.

I think you're very wise not to stay in the Orient. We have a saying out here:

"After the cheap, strong wine,
the most delicate tea has little flavor. "

- Be careful.

- Oh, I'm sorry. L...

Quite all right.

You had no idea the gun was loaded.

You don't think I pointed it at you on purpose, do you?

There's nothing to think about,
Miss Portland.

The gestures of a woman like you simply do not exist.

Mark.

It's beautiful the way these ducks know how to throw the old harpoon. That's one of the advantages of a very fine cosmopolitan education.

Come on, Jamesy,
let's you and me take a powder.

Clay pigeons.

That's the thrilling sort of life you're headed for in England, Alan...

...shooting clay pigeons.

Exactly. And whether you believe it or not, I'll revel in it.

Greetings, boyfriend.

Well, I understand congratulations are in order.

I'd like to be the first to wish you the best.

You'll need it.

Someday you'll say something nice and never forgive yourself.

Look, toots, I...

Gee, I don't blame you for being sore.

I know I've done a lot of stupid gabbing.

But this is on the level.

I wish you all the luck.

That's one baby you'll never be ashamed of.

She's the real McCoy, and she'll make...

...a marvelous wife for you.

- I wish you meant that.

- I do.

Well, that's better.

Now, let's quit good friends instead of a couple of cab drivers after a drunken brawl.

I guess that's the way it ought to be done.

But I ain't been brought up to do the right thing like that English dame.

All I can say is what's down inside of me.

I don't care how long you've been carrying a torch.

You can't quit me anymore than I can quit you.

And you can kiss a stack of cookbooks on that!

Thank you.

Well, anyway, it'll be quieter in England.

- Wait till you get there, if you ever do.

- What's to keep me?

Well, I've been trying it for 30 years, but there's something about this place.

From my windows, I can see the whole harbor of Hong Kong.

Big ships coming, big ships going.

The China I know, the China I've helped to make.

On quiet nights, off in the hills, I can hear the sound of distant firing.

They were at it when I came, and they'll be at it after I've gone.

More guns won't stop them, too many of them.

And the only things they respect are courage and honor.

Yes, and England's power.

England's place here can never be any greater than the men who represent her.

They might be able to use an Englishman at home sometime.

I was hoping someday you'd take my place.

I had me eye on you for a long time.

Take it off.

I'm quitting as soon as we dock.

- Of course, if you're in earnest...

- Dead earnest.

I'd better be looking for
somebody to take your command, eh?

What about Dawson?

- Dawson? Take my ship?

- I've always heard you speak highly of him.

Yes. Yes, of course,

I speak highly of him.

Dawson's one of the best.

Absolutely. You couldn't do better.

Dawson.

I never forget a name or a face.

Now, I've seen you somewhere before.

- You've seen me a dozen times a day since...

- Now, don't tell me.

It's on the tip of my tongue.

The name is Timmons.

T- I-M-M-O-N-S.

How do you pronounce it?

Timmons! Timmons! Timmons!

T- I-M-M...

I thought he said "Timmons. "

My compliments to Mr. Dawson.

- Tell him I'll be up on the bridge shortly.

- I drink to the health of Admiral Puff.

Are you good, Jamesy!

Attaboy, Jamesy.

- Did you call, sir?

- What?

See that all staterooms and portholes
are secured. We're in for a blow.

Will it be a real storm, Alan,
and terrifying?

Oh, seasonal.

I can't tell much more.

I did hope, for your sake,
it'd be an easy trip.

That's too much to expect
from the China Seas.

Attaboy!

Anything else, sir?

What? Yes, you might tell them that anybody that can't hold his or her liquor...

...better lay off till this blow is over.

I'm afraid you're a good influence on him, Sybil, and I deplore it.

- All right, here we go again.

- I beg your pardon...

Here's to the health

of Admiral Puff, Puff, Puff, three times.

- Okay?

- Perfect.

I think you did one bounce too many.

She was all right.

I had my eye on her just like a hawk.

Dear fellow, what do you suppose

I was doing?

- That's two against one. Two against one.

- Captain says the weather's blowing up.

A word to the wise.

Tell him to look out for women

and children first.

Come on, Jamesy, we're off again.

Greatest game in the world that makes

man remember and woman forget.

I'll play this game until you can't remember anything but your little Jamesy.

Here's to the health of Admiral Puff, three times.

Oh, keeno. You forgot to say

"Admiral Puff, Puff, Puff. "

- Doggone it, anyway, I...

- Drink up, sir, and start all over again.

Come on, down the hatch.

Don't look so sad, toots.

You're doing swell.

Ever noticed, Sir Guy, that a man is never angry with a woman he doesn't like?

I had not, until now.

Me either. And I shall be more pleasant to her after this.

Shall we?

Good evening, skipper.

How's the barometer doing?
- Falling to a new low.
- Don't let that worry you, captain.
Where have you been
keeping yourself, stranger?
Have breakfast with me in the morning...
...if you can eat anything.
- I'll be there. Nothing takes my appetite.
Say, how about joining the game.
It kills all care.
I'm afraid it would kill me too.
Good night.
Kill nothing. All you need is a wooden,
hollow leg to play this game.
Here's to the health of Admiral...
- Prosit.
- Prosit.
Missed out again, Jamesy.
Sock it down, boy.
It's thickening like mud.
We're running into it.
Running into it? We're in it already.
Why don't you keep her on course. Are you
trying to write your name in the ocean?
Old man's getting back to normal.
Good thing, with this coming on.
Oilskins on. Get to your station.
- Stick her nose right into it.
- Yes, sir.
Tell the steward to look to his
passengers. Get lifebelts on them.
- Yes, sir.
- Exciting, sir, isn't it? My first typhoon.
Really? Well, if you live long enough,
you may see another one sometime.
- To your station!
- Yes, sir.
Excuse me, sir.
Chief, keep up a full head of steam.
We're in for a twister.
Good old Grandfather.
Don't get panicky, just stick by me.
Hey, stop showing off!
Come on up here.

Come on, lady, slip into this.

- I really shouldn't, with my figure.

- Tie it up the front.

Let me help you, miss.

- You've lost your pearls.

- I broke the string. Mr. Romanoff has them.

Yes, I will restring them

as soon as we get out of this.

I never want to see them again.

Throw them away. Do anything you please.

If we only come out of this alive.

Now, now, poopsie, don't let a
little wind blow you off your feet.

- Have you seen Miss Portland, sir?

- Isn't she in her cabin?

If she went out in the condition she was in...

You all don't suppose

she's been washed overboard?

Can't find Miss Portland, sir. Afraid

she may have been washed overboard.

- Keep your head into it!

- Aye.

- Where's MacArdle?

- His door was locked, sir.

- Why didn't you break it down?

- I was afraid to without orders.

That's the game, you old beachcomber.

I beat you. Do you hear that? I won.

Prosit.

Hey, that's a typhoon.

That's a typhoon, Jamesy.

Come on, give me the 20 you owe me.

Come on.

Now, quit stalling, Jamesy,
and give me that 20 you owe me.

All right, if you won't give it to me,
I'll take it.

What a twister that was.

Hello, Dolly.

- Well, where are you going?

- Winners always go home, don't they?

What's the idea of locking the door?

Caveman stuff, huh?

No, it's just a force of habit, Dolly.

You trying to insult me? Did I ever
take anything that wasn't coming to me?
Why, darling, you know that you could
have anything that I've got, anytime.
Now, come on, you, fork that over.
All right, well, sure, there's 200
that I won, and won on the level.
- Lf you ain't a good enough sport...
- No, you don't.
You know what I'm talking about.
You know what I mean.
I know it's pretty stormy out there...
...and you never know
when you might wash overboard.
- Are you threatening me?
- You seen it.
I haven't. I don't know
what you're talking about.
I'm talking about that half of the
100 note you just took out of my wallet.
I don't know what you're saying,
but I'll forget it.
It would do you no good
to double-cross me.
- This is a hanging matter.
- I don't wanna hear another word.
If it was anybody else but you,
I'd chuck you overboard.
I'm so crazy about you
it's eating my insides out.
- You're in with me.
- I don't wanna be.
You're in with me. There's a quarter
of a million pounds of gold on this ship.
Your share will make you a rich woman.
We can go anywhere, do anything.
- I'm no good. What do you want?
- You're smart enough to hide that note.
- Smart enough to know what it means.
- Smart enough to stay out of it!
Even as much as I love you,
you're in with me from now on, or else...
...I'm going to break
that pretty little neck of yours just like...

- The Marines have landed.

- I'm sorry to interrupt.

We were sealing a little partnership which

I hope she'll never have cause to regret.

You better do your sealing in the

main salon where there's witnesses.

Maybe you're right, captain.

Look out!

- Hold her.

- That was a narrow thing, Alan.

Collins!

- Get some lines, lash this down.

- Come here with that line. Hey, come here.

- Cold, darling?

- Yeah, cold, that's it.

You with me?

- That's a tough ocean to try and swim in.

- That's a good girl.

Now, you keep miles away

from that fella Gaskell...

...or I might think that you're trying

to double-cross me.

Captain Gaskell,

the steamroller's loose, sir.

- It'll mash those coolies like a lot of turnips.

- Oh, the poor devils.

Let it go overboard!

Come on!

Close up that rail!

Davids, lend a hand!

Go on, pop those winches!

All right, turn on the steam!

Go to your quarters!

You're under arrest.

- Well, what do you want?

- I want to thank you, sir, for saving my life.

Go to bed.

- Is it all over, sir?

- Yeah.

We'll stand regular watch from now on.

Mr. Kingston,

what time do you come on watch?

- Eight bells.

- You're one minute late.

I'm sorry, sir.

- Keep her at half for repairs on the engine.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Dauids is here, sir.

Yeah, all right.

I know what I'd do with him

if this was my ship.

Well, wait till you get a ship.

Mr. Davids.

Yes, sir.

For the rest of the voyage, you're relieved
of duty, confined to your quarters in arrest.

We reach port, I turn you in to the Board
of Trade for neglect and disobedience.

I don't blame you, sir.

But it's funny, during the year I've been
on the beach, I've prayed every day...

...for a chance. And then when I got it,
I couldn't make good.

I'm just a washout, that's all.

I'm sorry, Davids.

- Call me when you relieve the watch.

- Yes, sir.

This will cost you your ticket.

It's me. I've been waiting for you.

- Get out of here.

- I got a good reason for being here.

You've always got a good reason
for anything you do.

I don't know anybody who can think up
more good reasons...

...than you can on short notice.

- I took an awful chance coming here.

- I might've got heaved overboard.

- Don't run anymore risk.

- Get off on the rest of your rounds.

- Listen, I came here for one thing...

I'm quite aware of that.

You're always waiting
for a sailor to comfort.

Only a woman like you can comfort a man
who's too tired or drunk to care who it is.

Don't be like that.

You're gonna talk yourself right...

I hope so!
Oh, you hope so, do you?
Well, you've been begging for it,
now you're gonna get it.
You won't be high and mighty
when I get through with you.
You wait, I'll fix you. You'll be lower
than a coolie. You'll be lower than Davids.
You'll come crawling to me
on your knees!
I warned you not to double-cross me.
You said you could use the guns.
Well, darling, you're a marvel.
You're a real partner.
You know, I thought you was going...
What does it matter what you thought I was
gonna do? You got what you wanted.
Don't take it so hard, darling.
Take what too hard?
I got what I wanted too.
I guess.
Help!
Sparks. Sparks!
Look out, sir, Malays.
Don't shoot.
Here they come.
Look, they're bringing them all in now.
They've scuttled ships, you know, before.
What are they doing?
Got a cigarette, Jamesy?
I thought you said nobody'd get hurt.
You can't expect the boys to stand there,
take it after someone cuts loose at them.
I must have been crazy. Stark, staring crazy.
Take it easy. Take it easy.
Be careful.
Why hide those pearls?
They're not worth anything.
- I don't wanna lose them.
- You're right.
I've been through one of these things
before. They take everything in sight.
Something funny about those. I'll
appraise them when we get to Singapore.

Wilbur, don't be insane.

Every one of those guns
came out of our arsenal.

- Our arsenal, sir?

- Yes.

I don't see how they could have
broken down that steel door.

- Davids.

- Yes, Dawson.

No savvy Malay. Do you?

- Not enough. But MacArdle does, I'm sure.

- Look here.

- Don't any of you fellas speak English?

- No savvy.

Now, isn't that just too bad.

Oh, that's terrible. Yes.

Look here, whoever you are
in that lifeboat out there...

...there are some Mills bombs
in the seat locker in my quarters.

If you're not too badly hurt,
watch your chance and try and get them.

- I'll hold them here as long as I can.

- No savvy.

No savvy?

There is your chance, Mr. Dawson.

- Get those bombs.

- He's crazy.

- What's the use? I'd only be shot.

- Yes.

I understand, Mr. Dawson.

Get out of my way.

As far as I can make out,
he comes from a very royal family...

...and is very sorry to disturb you like this.

Why, no disturbance at all.

He wishes to assure you
that no one will be harmed...

...if you will open the strongbox.

He will willingly take the gold and depart
with only friendly feelings toward you.

- Open the safe.

- Yes, sir.

You haven't lost your ticket yet, old man.

If you want me to, I'll be only
too glad to put in a good word for you.
Where's Alan?
You don't think they'll hurt him?
No, no. Of course not, my dear. No.
No, they need the captain healthy.
I'm sorry, poopsie. Looks like
that guy did the appraising.
Why, that's sand.
You're pretty smart, Gaskell.
Well, apparently,
the bank patronized some other line.
You can't fool these Malays
with an old trick like the boxes of sand.
Whoever heads this gang's got brains.
They know when there's gold aboard a ship.
Their spies tell them about every shipment
of gold that leaves any bank in Hong Kong.
Make it clear to him. If there was
any gold aboard, he could have it.
Listen, man, I'm talking to you
as though I'm your own brother.
Save yourself while there's still time.
Look here, that's my skipper. You can't...
Looks as if the pardon came too late.
Why, it's the boot, the
Malay boot. Why, that's cruel torture.
The size is 9-C.
- You're not going to let them torture you.
- Have you any suggestions?
Is that the latest style?
Don't let him do that.
You'll never be able to use your foot again.
Listen, you're as fast a talker as anyone.
Tell him something, anything.
Tell him the bank
fooled me as much as it did him.
I've talked my head off, he won't listen.
Tell them where it is. It's killing me to
stand here and not be able to help you.
- I can't bear it.
- Put your fingers in your ears.
Stubborn half-wit.
Gaskell, my boy. Gaskell.

Don't start counting, I'm getting up.
Please tell them where it is, Gaskell.
Why, it's breaking my heart
to see you suffer like this.
There can't be any gold.
You would have talked.
Nobody could be that tough.
Clew out. Come on, clew out.
You poor boy, you.
I made them understand
there's no gold here.
It was Jamesy that saved
your poor feet for you.
- Have they gone?
- It's all right. They're getting into the junk.
Here, take it easy.
There's nothing you can do. Here, Gaskell.
Davids.
- Davids!
- Davids!
Shut your mouth.
- I got the bombs.
- Good, good. Let me have this one.
Keep clear till I blow my way out.
Thanks, Davids. Can you heave
the rest of them into that junk?
I'll try.
Davids, remember, after you pull the pin,
you only got five seconds until it goes off.
- You're crazy. You'll get us all killed.
- Get back!
One...
...two, three, four...
Hey, a little less noise, please.
Captain Gaskell?
- What did you find?
- Not even a scratch on the door, sir.
The arsenal must have
been opened with a key.
Tell the steward to bring
MacArdle and Portland to my cabin.
Listen, Dolly, where did you
put that half 100 note?
- I know it's safe, but I...

- I hid it.
- Where?
- In Gaskell's cabin, in a tin of cigarettes.
- Well, aren't you a wonder?
- It's safe.

He won't find it.

He doesn't smoke my kind.

- Quit worrying, I'll get it.
- No, you won't!

You'll stay right where you are
till this thing blows over.

Now, promise me that
you won't go near the place.

That's easy.

I wouldn't exactly enjoy looking...

Looking at his bandaged feet.

Well, that's too bad.

But what about us?

What about the poor devils he captured?

You know, I wouldn't put it past him
to use a Chinese boot on them.

- Lf he does, they'll talk.
- He won't use the boot.
- He'd never hit a man below the belt.
- We're not hung yet.

Gaskell may suspect the whole world,
but he's got to prove it.

- Let him prove it. Let him prove...
- Are you out of your mind?

All right, come in.

Captain Gaskell's compliments.

Will you come to his cabin?

And you, too, Miss Portland.

Just a minute.

- Jamesy, that...
- Wait a minute. It's a matter of routine.

If it comes to the worst, I'm the
only one he can prove anything against.

So you just sit tight
and keep a stiff upper lip.

All right, bozo.

Order me an upper and lower,
and I'll keep them both stiff.

All right, after you left

my cabin, where did you go?

- Back to my own quarters.

- What time?

- Half past 11.

- Was anybody there?

Isabelle. I told her to go to bed.

She said she was asleep

at a quarter after 9.

It's always a quarter after 9 to her.

It's the only time she knows.

- Anybody come to your cabin later?

- My dates are my own.

The deck watch saw a man

leaving your cabin after 1:00.

- That was you?

- Look here, Alan, that's not...

I'm conducting this inquiry, Sir Guy.

- That was you, wasn't it?

- You want me to blacken the lady's name?

- That was Jamesy?

- Supposing it was?

Why was he there?

He came to borrow a

hot-water bottle for one of his pigs.

- Got a cigarette, Jamesy?

- No, darling.

- Here, you better have one of your own.

- No, never mind...

No bother at all. I know

what these little attentions mean.

I don't want one now.

I guess it's just nerves.

I'm sorry you don't feel well.

You rode out the piracy in such good shape.

- Perhaps you'd like one.

- Well, thank you.

The captain is far more generous

with your cigarettes than you ever were.

Too generous. I guess I'll take them home

while there's still a couple left for myself.

- How many tins have you, Jamesy?

- One.

- Four and one are five. L...

- Lose any?

I thought I left six here.

Oh, yes. Yes, so you did. I almost forgot.

I don't understand this
cat-and-mouse business.

Is this the one?

Yes, that's it.

You won't find what you're looking for.

I have both halves of the 100 note.

What are you browbeating the girl for?

Just a minute, MacArdle. Your turn's next.

One half of the note was found on
a dead pirate. The other half was hidden...
...in her cigarette tin.

Hello.

- These Chinese characters look familiar.

- Yes, they're MacArdle's shipping symbol.

Well, that's queer.

If I wasn't sure of it...

...I'd swear that I wrote those characters.

- I'll swear you wrote them...

...before any admiralty court.

- What'll your oath prove?

Save your breath. Your men talked.

- You used the Chinese boot on them.

- No, I saved that for you if I needed it.

How did you get the ship's rifles? You
couldn't have done a thing without them.

You've answered all the
questions so far. Don't stop now.

All right, I won't. You gave him
the key to the arsenal.

- She gave me nothing.

- Only you knew where it was.

- You came to my cabin.

- Lots of times.

- Lifted the key, handed it over to MacArdle.

- That's a lie. I'll sue the line.

- Defaming a lady's character.

- Yes. Quartermaster.

- Yes, sir.

- Get the sergeant of the guard.

Send a radio message

to the police superintendent at Singapore.

- Tell him to meet us at the dock. Urgent.

- Urgent.

You better send for a squad of lawyers too,
if you're gonna pin anything on me.

- What a snake you are.

- What's that to you?

Getting into my cabin, waiting for a chance
to do your double-crossing.

Turning on your own people!

Sold out every man, woman and child!

All right, then I did.

I stole the key.

Yes, I stole it and gave it to Jamesy.

But I came to your cabin

to warn you about him.

Figure it out for yourself why I didn't.

I'd have stood and

fought back-to-back with you.

But you taught me something

I didn't even know myself.

When a woman can love a man

right down to her fingertips...

...she can hate him the same way.

Now, call your cops.

Call every cop in the country. I don't care!

If you can dish it out, I can take it!

You fool.

You hotheaded, crazy little fool.

And me thinking all the time

that my powers of fascination had won her.

Don't be so tough, Gaskell.

China Doll there had

nothing to do with it at all.

You think it's as simple as all that?

I'm not the judge, the jury and the law.

- You'll find that out soon enough.

- No, I won't.

I've fooled them many a time before,

and I've done it again.

I've cost you millions,

and I'd still be fooling them...

...if it wasn't

for the little yellow-haired lass...

...that wouldn't even give me

the time of the day.

- What's wrong, MacArdle?

- Nothing.

Nothing at all.

One of those pills will make a pig sleep the entire voyage.

- I'll sleep until kingdom come.

- Get a doctor, quick.

Jamesy.

I had a chance, darling,
to throw you overboard.

If I had, I'd still be safe.

Loving you is the only decent thing
I ever did in my life.

Even that was a mistake.

- You sent for me, sir?

- Take Miss Portland to her cabin.

- Keep a close watch until further orders.

- Aye, sir.

Well, he's out of it anyway.

He finished the game the way he played it.

Yeah, tough.

He didn't yell "no dice" when
they rolled against him. I won't either.

Good luck, toots.

Singapore.

So am I. Where are you from?

Lordy, lordy. Now I got enough
clothes to last me a million years.

I hope you have better luck in them than I.

Don't you worry, Miss Dolly,

I got me a conjure.

The left hind leg of a cat
that's been killed by a snakebite.

Nothing gonna touch me,
no matter what they does to you.

Yes?

Darling,

have you put your house in order?

No, it's in a worse mess than ever.

Sybil, I should have told you.

I'll be tied up for weeks at the hearing.

Now, Alan, dear,

what are you trying to tell me? Be frank.

That's just it. I want you to escape the

frankness thrown around the next weeks.
Everybody will know about it, read about it,
even at home, the people you know.
But you can live down a scandal
if you want to.
Yes, but this will have
an official stamp on it.
I'll have to get up in court,
tell the whole story.
I want to, Sybil, because I'm involved.
In fact, I'm as guilty as she.
Guilty? What nonsense.
How could you be, Alan?
I am, though.
She tried to warn me about MacArdle,
I wouldn't listen.
I nearly threw her out...
...with as dirty an insult
as a man could give a woman.
- That's not like you.
- I don't know why.
Except, I'd just seen her
in MacArdle's cabin.
I didn't think she could skid that far.
Then you're really in love with...
...this old tub, after all.
No. No, but it's that too.
After all, you can't pile up six years of
something, and then just leave it in a flash.
No.
No, of course not.
Well, I'm off to the hotel.
I'll take the next boat home.
You know, I came 15,000 miles
to find you, Alan.
Now you're further away
than you ever were.
You wouldn't like
that fireplace in Sussex.
I think that's what
I've been trying to tell you.
Sybil, aren't you clinging to something
that I could never be again?
Yes, perhaps I am.

And I think that's the only beautiful way
it ever could be.
Goodbye, Alan.
Goodbye, Sybil.
Come on, you old large, limping sea gull.
Come to the office and resign.
Don't worry, I'll resign soon enough.
All I've gotta do is
scratch my name on paper.
Around this madhouse, there's a million
things to do before you do what you want.
I'll make it up to you. Honest, I will.
Hey, you're just the guy.
Where can I pick up a string of
real pearls for the missis?
Yes, I'll be very glad
to arrange it for you.
That's a pal. I told you I'd
square it with you, poopsie.
You've squared it beautifully.
- Bank sent for the gold, sir.
- All right, turn it over to them.
But there isn't any gold, sir.
The boxes were full of sand.
Oh, yes, yes. So they were.
The shipment's in the toolbox
of the steamroller.
Steamroller? Tool box?
That stumps me, sir. I never would
have thought of looking for it there.
No. I was counting on that.
So you decided
to make the trip after all.
Yes. Yes, I just came along
looking for local color.
Local color, phooey. If anybody
could get local color, I can get it.
Old Ringside Kid with an
eye like a hawk. Old hawk-eye.
These streets are in deplorable condition.
Quartermaster, fish him out before he
soaks up all the local color in the harbor.
Aye, aye, sir.
Come in.

- Is the police superintendent ready?
- He'll be here any minute now. Come on.
- Goodbye, Isabelle.
- Goodbye, Miss Dolly.

You sure been mighty good to me,
even if they does hang you.

Well, there's the old Kin How.

Aren't they ever gonna paint
that smokestack?

Boy, how you used to crab about it
when you were first mate on her.

Seems like a thousand years ago.

You don't need to talk if you don't want.

I was doing it for those mugs back there.

That's what I thought.

Never seen you overlook an audience.

That's more like it. It's good
to have you barking at me again.

Always worrying about your performance.

You care about nothing except the act.

- What are you crying for?

- I can't help it.

Get in there,

and quit that blubbering.

- Now, listen to me.

- I'm all ears.

My job ends when I turn you over to
the police. From then on, I'm on your side.

What's the use? I'm gonna
plead guilty and take what's coming.

- You're going to tell the truth.

- Sure. That's the least I can do.

I'm going to tell the truth. That you
tried to warn me, that I was drunk.

- No, you weren't.

- I was dead drunk.

You big clunk, you'll gum up the works.

You'll ruin yourself.

You'll bust up your
whole career if you do that.

- There's nothing else. It's your only chance.

- Never mind me. What about her?

- She's going back to England.

- Back to England?

- But you love her.
- She's leaving on the next boat.
You can't let her.
You're still in love with her.
- Don't tell me what to do.
- You're still in love with her.
- Don't yell, I'm not deaf.
- You poor sap, you love her.
- Don't call me a sap.
- You love her!
Yes, I love her!
But not the way I do you.
Toots, you can't. That ain't fair.
It ain't right. A no-good dame like me.
- I'll always have you in trouble...
- No, you won't.
Married life will slow you down plenty.
You...
You'd marry me?
Well, no, not if you're gonna
make it such a blasted favor.
You poor sap.
Come in.
Good morning, captain.
- Good morning.
- Here's your receipt for the prisoners.
Yes, all right.
I'll be over as soon as I get through.
- Anything you want...
- Anything I...
Toots, I got everything.
Come on, superintendent,
let's get on the horse.
- What about a nip to cool that aching brow?
- No, no. Fix one for yourself.
I gotta get around to court.
Somebody'll have to protect that judge.
Those shoes are
disgraceful on a ship's officer.
- A hose coupling broke...
- Hose couplings shouldn't break.
Change the hose and
change your shoes, Mr. Kingston.
"Change your shoes, Mr. Kingston. "

Piracy, typhoon, a disabled ship swung into port, his sweetheart on her way to jail...

...and all he can say

by way of conversation is:

- "Change your shoes, Mr. Kingston. "
- That bark of his is all front.
- He's really pretty sick-at-heart.
- Sick? The man hasn't got a heart.

Perhaps not, Mr. Kingston.

But whatever it is he has,
he gets things done.