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# Donovan 's Reef

By Frank S. Nugent

- Is that the island of Haleakaloha?

- Yep.

- We ain't stopping, huh?

- Nope.

When I signed on, you promised  
we'd be at Haleakaloha by the seventh.

Well, this is the seventh.

What do you know?

Me, Boats Gilhooley,  
six hitches in Uncle Sam's navy  
and here I get shanghaied, huh?

Imagine what they'll say at Pearl.

Yeah, when this news gets to Diego,  
that'll be a little bit funny, I'll bet.

Yeah. Well, good thing I got  
a sense of humour, huh?

Permission to leave the ship.

Man overboard!

Hey, I'll bring you before the mast!

I'll throw you in the brig,  
you little mutineer!

Daddy!

Hi, Dad!

Dad!

- Hi, Pops! I caught a fish.

- Hi, Dad! Me, too.

- Sit down in the boat.

- Ho, ho.

Sister Anglique,

Sister Mary Margaret.

- Doc.

- Sailor.

Sister Anglique, would you accept  
some nice fish from a sinner?

- Was that good or bad?

- Very good, Michael.

Thank you.

Get back in that boat, you little pirate.

Ready to take off, Doc?

- A few calls first.

- How long will you be gone?

A week, maybe two. Never know  
what'll happen on the outer islands.

Look in on the kids occasionally.

Don't I always?  
All right, Sam. Shove off.  
To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.  
From the Governor of Haleakaloha,  
French Polynesia.

**Subject:**

Transfer.

My dear cousin,  
Once again I appeal to you to be  
rescued from this wretched island.  
If you could see me living under  
the most primitive conditions.  
The food is deplorable.  
The heat unbearable,  
and the plumbing...  
...huh,  
the plumbing defies description.  
How can one bathe  
when there's no hot water?  
Let's see, where was I?  
Hot water, sir.  
In conclusion, my dear cousin,  
I respectfully request transfer to...  
- Miami Beach?  
- Splendid! Miami Beach.  
Or possibly Hollywood, California.  
Signed, Marquis  
Andr de Lage, Baron de Fienna,  
Officier de la Lgion d'Honneur,  
Chevalier de Marche, so forth and so on.  
Here we go.  
- Uncle Andy!  
- Mahalo Sam.  
- Hi, Uncle Andy!  
- Hi, Uncle Andy!  
Hello, Andr.  
How's the coffee holding out?  
Right over there, help yourself.  
- How was the fishing?  
- I caught one...  
- Luki!  
- ...that big.  
And to you, my dear Guns,

a very, very happy birthday.

- Birthday?

- You spoiled our surprise.

- And I baked a cake!

- With 100 candles.

- With 150!

- Oh, thanks, thanks.

Birthday! It's a real surprise.

I'll tell you what we'll do.

We'll have a nice quiet party tonight

and a big batch of lemon...

...ade.

- Gilhooley?

- Gilhooley.

Uncle Guns, please don't fight.

Don't spoil our party.

- You stay out of this.

- Go on, knock his block off!

I'll knock both of your blocks off.

Come on, you're going home.

Goodbye, Uncle Andy. Thanks.

Gilhooley! Gilhooley!

Come on, girls! Come on!

Aloha!

Oh, you lovely, lovely ladies!

Ah, the police. Well,

if it ain't my old pal Beau Geste.

- Your passport, Gilhooley.

- Naturally, and two bucks landing fee?

Hi, Padre. How's the roof

on the chapel holding up?

Gilhooley!

His first word and I am disarmed.

I have come to demand your

deportation, and you ask about the roof.

Why not? I paid for it, didn't I?

He gave the dough away, as usual.

And the chapel still leaks, as usual.

Even more, as usual.

But what could I do?

The hurricane had swept Rorangi.

There was great need.

But what is a roof against starvation?

Stop! Stop it!

Allez!

To the chapel with me.

Now, wait, Padre. You wouldn't want me to catch a cold in a leaky chapel.

- Uncle Guns, you promised.

- Everything'll be all right, I swear.

Take the kids and practise the piano.

Get a good thick frosting on that cake.

Luki! Sally!

Donovan!

Guns!

- Where is he?

- Gone fishing.

- Hey, you got a new mirror!

- I figured it up once.

Counting all the broken mirrors, you and Donovan got 63 years of bad luck.

Hey, that's mine.

It's busted.

That's still busted.

Come on.

- Where's Donovan keep his clothes?

- Same place.

Why not? The lug owes me one.

It's my birthday.

Pick out a nice black one.

One you could be buried in.

Tommy!

Fleur! Oh, baby!

Gangway, gangway. Come on.

Yeah, I know, Gilhooley.

Tommy,

you've come back to marry me.

You're the love of my life,  
the only dame that meant anything  
to me, but I already said...

...I got a wife in Hoboken.

And San Pedro and San Diego  
and Norfolk, Virginia.

- You want me on a bigamy charge?

- Pardon me, Fleur.

Gilhooley, no trouble.

Happy birthday.

Happy birthday. My suit!

You want me to look like a bum?  
I'm your guest.  
22 years, huh, Boats? Great.  
Pals, huh?  
No fights.  
Now, Guns, no fights?  
22 years. Tradition. Legion.  
- Legend.  
- And the crowd?  
Hey, Monk... Why don't you throw  
that guy in the brig, in the hoosegow?  
- I'm off duty.  
- You're always off duty!  
- Not the brandy, you dope!  
- Sorry.  
Watch his left, Tiger, watch his left!  
Oh, no!  
- Tommy!  
- Oh, shut up!  
They went that way.  
Doctor!  
Come on, knock it off, you two.  
As you were.  
You're worse than a couple of kids. As  
you were. You're at attention, Gilhooley.  
Now, what started this?  
Being born on the same day?  
Permission to speak.  
What started it was  
he pushed a hootchy-kootchy dancer  
off on me in Panama.  
Gilhooley!  
Well, what's wrong with that?  
Nothing, except a marriage licence  
and a wedding ring went with it.  
- Maybelle.  
- What?  
Pearl Harbor, sir. Dame named  
Maybelle. M-A-Y-B-E-L-L-E.  
- I never knew any Maybelle.  
- Right, her name wasn't Maybelle.  
That's enough!  
It's obvious neither of you remembers  
what started this ridiculous

annual birthday brawl.

- It'll come to me, sir.

- I'm sure. Get out of there!

- Cindy Lou?

- Betty.

Oh, sugar pie!

Here we are, the three of us, on one  
of the most beautiful islands on Earth.

It's the birthday of two men

I'm proud to call my friends.

We've been through war together.

Bad and bloody days.

Now let's put an end to this fight.

Fleur, break out the beers.

All right, now shake hands.

Yeah, the Doc's a great guy.

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday!

- Tommy!

- Happy birthday to you both.

Continue.

When there's dirt to be done,  
you hire me.

If it's some simple honest matter,  
you hire Pennyfeather,

Pennyfeather and Pennyfeather.

The fact of the matter is, with  
the death of your great-aunt Priscilla,  
this fellow out in the South Seas,

Doctor William Dedham,

your father, Miss Dedham...

I have never met my father. His  
name is not mentioned in the family.

Be that as it may,

unless you can keep him from  
inheriting this additional stock,

you'll find yourself mentioning  
his name, and quite often,

'cause he'll be the big he-bull  
in your shipping company.

I hope you ladies don't find  
my language too colourful.

There's a clause in the will,

it's in many of these Boston wills,

although civilised people don't put  
such drivel in wills any more.  
It says if anyone can prove that  
the heir is not of good moral character,  
according to Boston standards,  
he may be deprived of his inheritance.  
Now, if this Doctor Dedham has been  
living on some South Sea island  
with those native girls,  
the man has probably behaved  
in a way that wouldn't suit Boston.  
If you can prove that, you can cheat  
him out of his stock and his money.  
Anyone object  
to me using the word "cheat"?  
We are waiting.  
That is all.  
You'll have my bill in the morning.  
- Bon voyage, Miss Dedham.  
- Comments?  
- Great-uncle Sedley?  
- No comment. With reservations.  
Be pleased to take over.  
Gentlemen, you may go in now.  
"Miss Amelia Dedham, daughter  
of Doctor Dedham, is arriving ETA..."  
- Estimated time of arrival.  
- Thank you.  
"...ETA 14.00.  
Signed Captain Martin, ship Araner."  
There it is, gentlemen.  
This is for you, the citizens of the  
US, to decide. It is not my pigeon.  
The question is, does this Miss  
Dedham know about her father?  
You mean the kids?  
- Let her find out.  
- So you agree she doesn't?  
I can't see  
Doc Dedham hiding them  
like they were  
something to be ashamed of.  
I don't know.  
If I was in the Doc's shoes...



This dame's from Boston, remember?  
Meeting a father she's never seen,  
and being confronted by three children.  
- His children by some native woman.  
- We know who she was!

My dear Michael, of course, Manulani.  
We all loved her.  
But how can this girl help  
reaching all the wrong conclusions?  
I got an idea. You know how I am  
with broads. So I invite her up here.  
- Then what?  
- I slip her a Mickey.  
I have the solution!  
Gentlemen, I shall explain on the way.  
- On the way where?  
- To the house of Doctor Dedham.  
Well, you know these wily Chinese.  
- Well, you're a big...!  
- Shipmate!  
Polonaise!  
- Hi, Uncle Guns.  
- Hi, Uncle Guns.  
- Hi. Padre.  
- Michel.  
Sounds great, Lelani.  
- I'd like to talk to you.  
- Sure.

Two and two is four,  
four and four is eight. Keep it up!  
So you and the kids must move in  
with me and pretend you're mine.  
But, Uncle Guns, I don't understand.  
First you tell me  
I have a sister coming from America.  
- Then you say we're to leave home.  
- Only until your father returns.  
But wouldn't it be proper  
for me and my brother and sister  
to welcome her here  
in the absence of my father?  
The child is right.  
What you propose is monstrous.  
I hate this as much as you do, Padre.

But I'd cut my right arm off for Doc.  
You know when we was clobbering  
Nips in that delaying action?  
It's the same, only this time  
we're fighting for the Doc.  
We're trying to buy time,  
so he can tell her in his own way.  
I understand.  
- It's because I'm not white!  
- Lelani! Lelani!  
It's going to be all right.  
Don't worry, just...  
...just trust me here.  
It's going to be all right.  
Let go of your starboard anchor.  
Come on, look lively, blast your eyes!  
Step to it!  
Ahoy, Mike!  
Back water.  
I don't see your father here,  
Miss Dedham.  
He's not expecting me.  
He doesn't know I'm coming.  
I'm sorry. I took the liberty  
of sending him a radio.  
Thank you very much, Captain.  
Excuse me, miss.  
Skipper, hi! Have you a Miss Amelia  
Dedham from Boston aboard?  
Aloha. Name is Donovan.  
Welcome to Haleakaloha.  
Your father is out in the low islands.  
- We'll see you ashore.  
- Thank you, Mr. McDonough.  
The name is Donovan.  
- You'll have to take it careful...  
- I am quite capable of leaving a ship.  
Ease your duff  
onto that rail, now.  
Ah... Sit on the rail  
and swing your legs outboard.  
Limbs.  
Now take it easy, miss.  
All right, Sam, watch these swells.

Watch it, Sam.  
A little more starboard. Easy now.  
All right, Sam. All right.  
Give me your hand.  
Hard to port.  
Take your...!  
Of all the stupid...!  
- I don't need your help.  
- This is no place to argue. Get in.  
Of all the stupid, imbecilic oafs!  
I read you loud and clear!  
Thank you, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is.  
Please take me ashore.  
- Oh, my bag!  
- Kioki!  
Thank you.  
Will you please take me ashore?  
All right, Sam. Head for the beach.  
Mr. Eu, I do not believe this is the  
proper time to meet the very wealthy  
and marriageable Miss Dedham.  
- Get in.  
- Hey, the dame's all wet.  
And so are you.  
This gentleman  
is from Massachusetts, also.  
- One of the Gilhooleys from Fall River.  
- Fascinating.  
Ain't I met you some place before?  
Pango-Pango?  
Hong Kong, huh?  
I have not had the pleasure  
of meeting you in Pango-Pango,  
Hong Kong, nor Fall River.  
Please drive on.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
How much did you say she was worth  
according to Dun and Bradstreet?  
\$18 million.  
18? Well, always my lucky number.  
Wait here.  
Show legs, please?  
Very pretty. Very pretty.

- You've got a nerve!  
- Wear this until you're dry.  
Then here's a dress.  
- No, thanks.  
- No sale.  
Please take me to a hotel.  
You'll sleep at your father's place,  
or on the beach.  
My father lives here?  
Sure. Any complaints?  
- What is that building?  
- It's your father's hospital.  
He built it... if you're interested.  
Miss Dedham,  
this is Yoshi and Koshi.  
You'd better get out of those  
wet clothes. Give her a hot bath.  
I'm quite capable  
of giving instructions to servants.  
I'm quite sure you are. I'll go  
down to the beach and get your bag.  
Thank you very much.  
Thank you.  
Hey, there!  
Whoa, son!  
Looks like we'll have to face the music.  
Sorry we woke you up.  
I know this will sound fishy,  
but the kid forgot his Stan Musial cap.  
- His what?  
- My cap, that Stan the Man sent me.  
- He said he couldn't sleep without it.  
- Hi.  
- Hi, Luki.  
- Hello, Luki.  
Hi, Koshi. Hi, Yoshi.  
I bet you've never seen me up this late.  
Pipe down.  
Is this child your son?  
Oh... Yeah. He's... This is Luke.  
Everyone calls me Luki.  
And I have two sisters.  
I bet they don't even know I'm out, huh,  
Uncle Guns? I mean, Papa Guns?

- What about your mother?  
- Mother?  
- She's dead.  
- Oh, God, I wish I was in my own bed.  
It's high time you were in bed.  
- It's really none of my business, Mr.  
- Donovan.

You should be ashamed,  
taking a child out in a storm.  
Taking him out? I've been chasing  
him all over the island.  
Would you like to sleep here?  
In a real bed instead of the  
hard old cot he makes me sleep on?  
Why should you complain? I'm sleeping  
in a hammock. I ought to belt you.

Really, Mr. Donovan,  
must you bully everyone?  
- Take him up to the big room.  
- Sleep tight, Uncle Guns.  
I intend to. Good and tight.  
Mr. Donovan, why don't you go home?  
Or go to that saloon of yours?  
If you're a typical father,  
I realise how grateful I am  
never to have seen my own. Goodnight.  
Mademoiselle Dedham.

Why are you here?  
I slept here last night and I can come  
back any time I want, right, Amelia?

- Right.  
- May I present myself?  
Marquis de Lage,  
governor of this island paradise,  
- which finds in you its fairest flower.  
- Hot dog!  
- Well...  
- I intended to greet you yesterday.  
But, alas, the duties of office!  
But here I am, such as I am.  
I place myself and my automobile,  
and you will observe,  
it's an American automobile, 1944,  
complete with driver,

at your service. Mr. Eu.

- Amherst, '52.

- Mr. Eu.

If I may venture a suggestion,  
a scenic drive, a chilled aperitif?

- I have a picnic basket...

- That's very kind, Your Excellency.

But I promised to take Luki home.

Knock it off, Uncle Andy.

Quit horning in on my date.

Luki, your manners, remember?

Perhaps Your Excellency would be so  
kind as to drive us to Luki's father's.

The history of my life.

To reach towards the rose,  
only to be pierced by its thorn.

18 million bucks.

- Morning, Padre.

- Morning, Michel.

- Good morning, Padre.

- Captain.

That was a marvellous sermon  
this morning, Father.

La bote jukes...

The juke's box, there is no music?

It think it's busted, Father.

I don't understand.

Les Chinois, they...

I don't know anything about  
those things. I think it's busted.

Busted? No music?

C'est trop drle.

- Let's have another date sometime.

- Sure, but right now you get to school.

Ah, piano lessons!

Sorry, miss, but Mr. Donovan  
don't allow no ladies in.

Oh, really? That's all right, Sergeant.

I promise I won't start any rhubarbs.

Now hear this, now hear this.

Mayday. I repeat. Mayday.

- Good morning, gentlemen.

- Good morning.

My apologies, Mr. Donovan.

Really, no women?

- You're very welcome, Miss Dedham.
- Actually, I came here on business.
- Won't you sit down?
- Thank you.

I'd like to charter the Araner  
for however long it takes  
to find my father,  
and take me back to Honolulu.

- As to that...
- The Araner is not for charter.  
She has too much draught for the  
low islands. Reefs and coral heads.  
Thank you, Mr. Donovan.  
I was speaking to the sailing master.

- Captain...
- I own the Araner.  
And the Inishmore,  
the Inishfree and several others.  
You might say that we are rivals,  
competitors in the shipping business.

- Cigarette?
- Excuse me.
- Thank you.
- You smoke?
- Yes, I smoke.
- Well, then, perhaps...

Rain check?

Mr. Donovan,  
I was quite rude last night.  
Please accept my humble apologies.  
I also was rather abrupt. Pax?  
Pax.

- I was tired and frightened and...
- And wet?

Very wet. And to come halfway  
around the world only to be told...  
I wouldn't worry about your father,  
Miss Dedham. He'll be back shortly.  
He wouldn't want to miss Christmas  
with his patients in the hospital.  
On the house, huh?  
How was my boy Luki?  
How did he behave?

He was charming.

And entertaining...

Oh, and very educational.

I learned all about Mr. Musial's  
batting average, runs batted in,  
then he fell asleep in my arms.

- As Shakespeare said...

- Quite.

Drang, out of order and so forth.

Explanation?

Slot machine. Shipped in here six  
years ago. Busted. It is still busted.

But why?

I do not attempt to explore  
the depths of the oriental mind.  
Perhaps your Ivy League chaperone  
could explain to my clients again  
that it is busted.

That's reasonable. Mr. Eu.

I will try to explain it to them  
in their barbarian tongue.

Carriage trade.

Lunch. Kids. My children.

Chopin.

Mozart, perhaps?

Oh, Joe College?

Two years. Football. Broken ankle.

Navy.

Miss Dedham,

I'd like to have you meet the family.

Thank you.

Of course, you may find

Father Cluzeot somewhat of a bully.

- Hi, Amelia.

- Father Cluzeot, meet Miss Dedham.

- How do you do?

- Enchant.

- This is my oldest girl, Lelani.

- Lelani.

- You play beautifully.

- Thank you.

- This is my other girl.

- Well, you're a little doll.

- What's your name?



- Sarah, but they call me Sally.  
Sarah? My name's Amelia,  
but nobody ever called me Sally.  
No?  
- Father, it's Wednesday. Water-skiing.  
- No.  
- You promised Lelani.  
- One hour.  
- May I come?  
- Water-skiing is a very dangerous sport,  
particularly in these waters.  
I don't think...  
Perhaps you could teach me.  
Please let her come along.  
OK.  
No. Lesson is lesson.  
After the lesson. One hour.  
Hit it!  
Stop it, you monster!  
I would like a bathing costume.  
- Bikini, bikini. Number one bikini.  
- Very pretty.  
- Bikini!  
- I think that's a little little.  
Old-fashioned one.  
- Pretty.  
- Very.  
- Good morning, Miss...  
- Lafleur.  
What a beautiful gown.  
Are you contemplating matrimony?  
What young girl of my age  
doesn't contemplate matrimony?  
How true.  
Miss Dedham. Very proper.  
Very pretty.  
And pants.  
- Yes.  
- A looking glass?  
Thank you.  
Thank you,  
but I don't think this is quite...  
Baby, right up your alley.  
You know, I believe you're right.

- Holy Moses!  
- Amelia Dedham.  
- Ravissante, Amelia.  
- Thank you, Andr.  
- Let's go, Miss Bunker Hill.  
- Breed's Hill.  
Right, let's go.  
By the way, have you dispatched  
that application for transfer yet?  
Miami Beach?  
- Yes, sir.  
- Cancel it.  
Well, she made it.  
Faster!  
Let's go.  
Faster! Faster!  
Faster, huh? We'll give her something  
to write home to Boston about.  
Oh, no!  
No, Uncle Guns, no!  
Gee, Miss Dedham, I'm sorry.  
Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Donovan.  
- Fun?  
- Funny.  
- You mad?  
- Mad?  
The Araner's shoving off tomorrow  
morning, so I'll have to check her out.  
- Take the boat. I'm going to swim in.  
- I'll race you.  
- You'll race me?  
- Yes.  
Let's go.  
Ready?  
Let's... Let's go.  
One for the money, two for the show,  
three to get ready, four to go!  
Go, Amelia! Go! Go, go, go!  
Go, Amelia! Go!  
You're out of condition, Mr. Donovan.  
Match.  
Oh, gee. I'm sorry, Mr. Donovan.  
That's quite all right, Miss Dedham.  
- Pax?

- Pax.
- That's a pretty one.
- Last year we had it bigger.
- Let's tie it on.
- Let me help.

No. Stan the Man and I can get it,  
can't we, Stan?

Tie it off. No more grannies, now.

Why, Lelani, that was lovely.

What do the words mean?

I was thanking  
the goddess of the canyon for our tree.

Goddess? Do you believe  
in gods and goddesses?

I believe in the one God, as we all do,  
but I respect the beliefs  
and customs of my people.

- Uncle Guns!
- I tell you, it is a granny!

The monument.

"Princess Manulani.

"Commander William...

"...Dedham.

"Michael Patrick Donovan.

"Thomas Aloy-sius Gilhooley..."

Thomas Aloysius Gilhooley.

Does this mean  
there was fighting on this island?

Those gold stars  
don't stand for good behaviour.

- Tell me.
- Not much to tell.

We got blown off our can, that's a  
destroyer, and ended up on the island.

There was a big Jap base down there.

So we hid out here in the hills,  
down in those caves.

Tossed a few monkey wrenches  
into their machinery.

Threw 'em a few spitballs.

It's hard to believe  
war has been within 1,000 miles  
of a place as peaceful as this.

Frangipani and flame-throwers

don't seem to go together,  
but that's the way it was.

- We better get back down the hill.

- But...

- Who was the princess?

- We'd better go. It's a long drive.

All right, kids. Into the jeep.

- Up we go.

- OK?

How is this thing? On here solid?

You are late. Nobody listens to me.

We had to get a tree. What would

Christmas be without a tree?

- It's a long way up that valley.

- I've an idea.

Would you like to spend

Christmas at my house?

You mean that would be better than

putting a tree up in a saloon?

No. Naturally, you want to spend

Christmas with your father.

Thank you. It would be very nice to  
spend Christmas at your father's house.

Well, that settles that.

Father, not that way,

that's a saloon. The gate.

Michael, who was Manulani?

She was the granddaughter of the  
last hereditary prince of these islands.

- What happened to her?

- She died in childbirth.

I'm going to California

When I come back, we'll be married

What do you want me to bring you?

And this is what she said...

A hat with a crooked crown

Silver buckles for my shoes

A boa with feathers

A scalloped petticoat

And a short, tight dress

Well?

I have the pleasure

to inform Your Excellency

that your worst fears

have been realised.

- I knew he was up to something.

- Indubitably. In a canoe.

Canoe?

A canoe?

But I have a plan.

- Bravo!

- Are you trying to crab my act?

My apologies, mademoiselle. Boy!

A drink for mademoiselle. Champagne.

No, no, no. My voice.

A slug of gin, if you please.

- Your work permit has expired.

- And your tourist permit.

But we have a plan of Mr. Donovan's house. Here is his bathroom.

You're telling me.

Come on, Sally.

- Oh, those children.

- Yeah, it's the same thing every night.

You know, Michael Donovan, you're quite a fella.

Well, you know,

Amelia Dedham, you're quite a gal.

Cigarette?

- What's the matter?

- I thought you were going to kiss me.

- What?

- Well, I have been kissed before.

Well, I...

I thought I'd been kissed before.

- I wonder if those kids are really asleep.

- I'll sit this one out.

- I'll walk you home.

- No, I'll walk this off.

Goodnight, Michael.

Oh, the monkeys had no tails

In Zamboanga

Oh, the monkeys had no tails...

Have you a light, Michael?

It's a gag, Mike. That Chinaman, that Mr. Eu. It's all a gag!

You idiot. A hammock.

SOS. Go!

Let's have it.  
"Doc. Mayday.  
Your Boston daughter here."  
- Dotter. D-O-T-T-E-R.  
- That's right, two T's.  
"Insert name of"?  
Her name's Amelia, you dope.  
How would I know?  
I ain't shacking up with her.  
"Boston daughter Amelia here.  
"Your kids living at my house.  
Supposed to be mine.  
"Mayday, Doc.  
Watch your step. Guns."  
He's reading.  
His kids?  
Doctor Dedham, I presume.  
Amelia.  
Father.  
- Oh, Doctor-san.  
- Yoshi, Koshi.  
- Bath's ready, Doctor.  
- How'd it go?  
Fine. I'm no brain surgeon,  
but she'll be all right.  
I'm glad.  
- Do you like it?  
- Very much.  
I invited some children  
over for Christmas.  
Three of the sweetest kids  
in the world.  
Little half-castes.  
- Mr. Donovan's. You know them.  
- Yes, I know them.  
Look. The generator's working.  
- Do you mind?  
- No. No, not at all.  
I'll go shave and get cleaned up, huh?  
- I'll have tea ready.  
- Good.  
Thank you, Yoshi.  
Thank you.  
- No cream.

- It isn't cream.

- Rum?

- Shh.

Aunt Sarah

and Grand-uncle Sedley might hear.

That's right. I'd forgotten.

"The Dedhams have never traded in rum.

"We refer to it as West Indies goods."

To Aunt Sarah, Grand-uncle Sedley

and West Indies goods.

- Skol.

- Slainte.

Since when have you been

acquiring Irish?

Oh, Guns Donovan.

How do you know

it isn't Mr. Gilhooley?

Gilhooley?

No. I'd just like you to know that

I've signed all my shares over to you.

- No, I'd rather you kept them.

- Why?

Perhaps admiration for my father?

Thanks.

I couldn't care less about

the Dedham Shipping Company.

The very mention of it gives me cold

chills. That's true of Boston, too.

I remember how happy I was to

become the father of a fine baby girl.

That was early in the war.

The months went on. The years.

The letters got fewer and fewer.

Then none at all.

- You knew that Mother was...

- I didn't. And no one bothered to write.

Then we were torpedoed.

A lot of the men were killed.

A few of us managed to get to a raft.

Ten days later, we got here.

The sensible thing

would've been to surrender.

But the people hid us, fed us,

nursed us, and some even died for us.

We owed them something for that.  
They didn't have a doctor on the island,  
and God knows they needed one.  
I didn't know about your mother  
until five months afterwards.  
When I was discharged  
at Pearl Harbor  
I couldn't bring myself  
to go back to Boston.  
I wasn't needed there.  
But I was desperately needed here.  
I know I failed  
in my responsibility to you.  
But there were children here, too.  
Children I'd brought into the world,  
who might die if I wasn't around.  
- I understand all that, but...  
- Why couldn't I have gone back?  
- Even for a visit?  
- There must've been other doctors.  
That's very true.  
But, you see, by that time I...  
Isn't that sweet?  
They're bringing you flowers.  
That's "welcome".  
Of course, you know that.  
Why did they do that? Why don't  
they come on up? I'll go get them.  
Amelia.  
Yes.  
Well, "'The time has come,' the Walrus  
said, 'to speak of many things... '  
- "'Of sailing ships and sealing wax... '  
- 'And cabbages and kings.'"  
I've been here about...  
Well, horse and buggy time. Good old  
Doc Dedham. Excuse me, dear.  
- It's an emergency.  
- I understood. May I help?  
All right. Come on.  
Help me scrub up.  
Mes chers enfants, bon et joyeux Nol.  
Merry Christmas.  
My children, once again we've come



to that holy time of the year.  
Time for giving,  
for loving and for remembering.  
Tonight we have much  
to be grateful for.  
All of us. And I perhaps most of all.  
Because our chapel has,  
at long last, an organ.  
A magnificent organ.  
A gift of Miss Amelia Dedham.  
Mademoiselle, I weep for joy.  
Forgive me.  
A gift of \$150 for the repair  
of the chapel roof,  
donated by Messrs Donovan  
and Gilhooley...  
...has been crossed out.  
The poor are still with us.  
Before we proceed with the pageant  
that Mother Gabrielle has prepared,  
I'd like to say that the Royal Australian  
Navy has again sent a corvette  
to do honour to the hereditary  
princess of our island paradise.  
I would like to thank  
our brave and noble allies  
in the name  
of the Republic of France.  
We thank the Governor.  
"And thus it came to pass that the  
child was born in the city of David,  
"called Bethlehem.  
"And, behold,  
a star appeared in the heavens."  
Hi, Amelia.  
- Horse and buggy?  
- See Amelia gets home.  
Affirmative.  
"And then from the East  
came three wise men,  
"three kings bearing gifts,  
"to gaze upon the child and to kneel  
before him in adoration.  
"The King of...

"...Polynesia.  
"The Emperor of China.  
"The King of...  
"The King  
of the United States of America."  
Steady on, lads. Steady. Sing out.  
- Bonjour. Bon Nol.  
- Father Cluzeot.  
- I want the truth.  
- Ah, the truth!  
Who doesn't seek the truth?  
All of us. All men. Everywhere.  
You know what truth I mean.  
The Navy Cross,  
three Purple Hearts...  
No, no, no.  
Not there.  
Here. Where it is enquired situation  
de famille. Observe what he writes.  
Clibataire.  
Clibataire. A bachelor.  
Donovan is unmarried.  
Well, there is our Mike Donovan.  
Three children and not one marriage.  
He's not the first man  
to put the cart before the horse,  
but three carts and no horse?  
Unforgivable.  
When I think  
how he has deceived you!  
Playing upon your sympathies,  
pretending to be a fine father,  
I could tear my beard out by the roots.  
- And it's such a beautiful beard.  
- Yes, isn't it?  
You'd be amazed if I told you how many  
wom... Well, that's not important.  
Tell me, chre Amlie, hasn't this  
revelation changed your...  
...your affections towards Donovan?  
Indeed it has. And for reasons  
you would never suspect.  
The place is out of bounds.  
Quiet now. You're all going

to the garden parties.

- What about the beer?
- There's lashings of drinks.
- Orangeade, lemonade...
- Papaya-ade.
- Iced tea.
- Iced tea!

Now, shove off, like the nice little gentlemen you are. Go on, now.

Hey, look!

Oh, no, no, no!

- Let's have some service.
- How about some beer?
- Get a move on.
- How about some bottles of beer?

Come on, let's have some beer.

All right, the joint's closed.

Why don't you Limeys shove off?

Limeys?

I distinctly heard him say that.

Limeys.

"Limeys," he said.

I beg your pardon, did I understand you to say "Limeys"?

- I heard him.
- Gilhooley, where's my suit?
- Stay out of this. You might get hurt.
- You looking for trouble?

Tipperary born and bred. Limeys?

You're not going to allow three against one, even if it is Gilhooley?

I've seen it done.

- Three against two.
- Me?

It's the holidays.

Christmas. Have a drink.

- I will, then.
- On the house.

Look, we're noble allies.

Coral Seas, we were with you.

- He's got a point.
- A definite point.
- My apologies and a merry Christmas.
- Happy New Year.

Festus! My little brother.  
Festus, we're having a sporting event.  
Turn your hat around.  
You are now a Yank.  
Three against three.  
Hey, Guns!  
Festus! Festus!  
Oh, shut up.  
Gilhooley!  
- Festus, you're a Yank.  
- Festus! Festus!  
- Let's have a beer.  
- I'm sorry about the piano.  
Don't worry about the piano.  
- What's a piano amongst friends?  
- That's a good one.  
Peace on Earth and goodwill to men.  
Oui, free beer! Free beer!  
I told you Limeys to get out of here.  
Why aren't you at the garden party,  
you heathen?!  
Knock it off, fellas.  
It's a holiday. Peace on Earth.  
That'll get you a fat lip. Free beer!  
Hey, quit it! What are you doing?  
- Who started it?  
- I did, sir. Respectfully.  
- See you on the mat in the morning.  
- Aye, sir.  
- Carry on.  
- Left turn.  
Quick march.  
- Gilhooley.  
- Pardon me, Padre.  
- Is this yours?  
- Non, c'est la bote jukes.  
Juke's box. Music. Comme a.  
Regardez. Voil. Music.  
Charming. Lisette, Joanne,  
Annelle, Kalua, Nani, Lani.  
I am like a fath...  
I am like a father to them all.  
Put your hat on, you brat!  
Aw, shut up!

Andr, has anyone ever told you  
you're the biggest louse in the world?  
Heredity. My family was  
always known as the biggest louses...

- Lice.

- Lice?

On the Loire.

Pardon. Protocol.

- I'm sorry I'm late.

- Twins?

Tonsils.

Your Highness.

And a visitor to our island paradise...

Your sister Amelia.

Sally.

Amelia.

Sweet.

Well, brother of mine,  
what are you so unhappy about?

My pants are too tight. Look.

Thank you.

The Kennedys will be furious.

And as for the Donovans...

Oh, that man!

Mademoiselle, look. A miracle.

A new roof for the chapel.

I'm very happy for you, Father.

Miss Lafleur, merry Christmas.

- Oh, thanks.

- And this will amuse you, Mr. Gilhooley.

- And Mr. Donovan?

- He's dressing for the garden party.

- What's all the rush about?

- Mr. Donovan.

Of all the selfish, stupid,  
evil, poisonous people!

- Who?

- You.

- Me?

- Yes.

That's a fine how-do-you-do  
on Christmas Day.

How do you think those children feel,  
driven out of home

as if their father's ashamed of them?

- You've got this twisted.

- No, I haven't.

You're the one we were worried about.

We didn't know if some old maid...

You turned your nose up  
at everybody and everything

until I made

a human being out of you.

- You? Made a human being out?

- Yes.

May I ask how?

Let go of me!

- That's how!

- Oh, you! Old maid!

- Oh, Miss Dedham.

- You're quite welcome.

Tommy, now you've got to marry me!

Sure, baby, sure, sure.

Amelia, aren't you going  
to say goodbye to Uncle Guns?

- Mr. Donovan? No, I am not.

- No guts, huh?

Amelia.

Not again.

Michael! Michael Donovan! I...

Did you hurt your... self?

You know

I'm leaving for home today?

So I heard.

Michael, if what you said is true,  
and if I marry you,

I don't want our children growing up  
knowing their father is a saloon-keeper.

I gave it to 'em for a wedding present.

- Pax?

- Pax.

A marriage made in heaven.

- If I were to consent to marry you...

- If?!

And if we were to have a boy,

he will be called

Francis X Donovan, after my father.

He will be called Sedley Atterbury

Dedham, after my great-uncle.

- That's a hell of a name for a Donovan!
- Michael!
- We'll call him William, after my father.
- After the Doc?
- That's swell. I'll call him Bill.
- Pax?

Pax.

Amelia, you have a mean  
Irish temper, but I love it.  
From now on,  
I wear the pants in this family.  
Oh, you...!