

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

2/26/44

PART I

2ND REV. FINAL

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1 SCRIPT

2/26/44

Title "TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

PART I

2ND REV. FINAL

Signed _____

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

Screenplay

by

Jules Furthman

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (WARNER BROS-FIRST NAT'L)

Released..... January 20, 1945 (A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION)
Assoc. Producer..... HOWARD HAWKS
Director..... HOWARD HAWKS
Story..... ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Screenplay..... JULES FURTHMAN, WILLIAM FAULKNER
Photography..... SID HICKOX
Film Editor..... CHRISTIAN NYBY
Music..... HOAGY CARMICHAEL, JOHNNY MERCER

Cast..... HUMPHREY BOGART, WALTER BRENNAN, LAUREN
BACALL, DOLORES MORAN, HOAGY CARMICHAEL,
WALTER MOLNAR, SHELDON LEONARD, MARCEL
DALIO, WALTER SANDE, DAN SEYMOUR, ALDO NADI.

Foreword

It is in Fort de France,
the metropolis of Martinique,
in the French West Indies, a
few months after the signing
of the Armistice between France
and Germany.

--oOo--

FADE IN

FORT DE FRANCE DOCK CLOSE SHOT EARLY MORNING

Large poster of Marshal Petain on side of military hut. Somebody has neatly torn a large V out of it. CAMERA, DRAWING BACK, shows CHEF DE POSTE, a quartermaster in the uniform of the French navy, dozing in chair tipped back underneath poster. Two Negro urchins, passing by, see what has happened to poster and pause to remark upon it in their soft patois. The quartermaster sits up, turns to see what they are laughing at and notes V torn out of poster in great consternation. Furiously bidding the two urchins to begone, he rushes into hut, returns with a new poster. Tearing down the old one, he quickly replaces it with the new one, fastening it in place with thumb-tacks. Stepping back to survey his handiwork, he sees - to his amazement - that a large V still appears dimly in poster. Bewilderedly, he examines surface of poster and becomes aware that it is unmarked. Puzzled, he removes poster and looks at back of it. The V has been painted on the back. Crumpling up the poster in horror and rage, he rushes into hut, returning this time with a large framed portrait of Marshal Petain, which he hangs upon rusty nail to cover the place occupied by poster. As he steps back to look at it, MORGAN enters from street.

QUARTERMASTER:

Good morning, Captain Morgan. What can I do for you today?

MORGAN:

Same thing you did yesterday.

QUARTERMASTER:

You and your client wish to make a temporary exit from the port?

MORGAN:

Any objection?

Quartermaster looks very thoughtful and dubious, goes into hut, opens window, clears throat importantly, prepares to fill out form.

QUARTERMASTER:

Name?

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)

MORGAN:
(patiently)
Harry Morgan.

QUARTERMASTER:
Nationality?

MORGAN:
American.

QUARTERMASTER:
Name of ship?

MORGAN:
Queen Conch, Key West, Florida.

QUARTERMASTER:
Purpose of excursion?

MORGAN:
Game fishing.

QUARTERMASTER:
Period of sojourn?

MORGAN:
We'll be back tonight.

QUARTERMASTER:
Length of trip?

MORGAN:
I don't think we'll go more than
thirty miles off shore.

Quartermaster, writing this into form, signs it
with a flourish, stamps it and holds it out to
Morgan.

QUARTERMASTER:
Five francs, please.
(as Morgan pays money)
One thing more. You must return
by sunset.

MORGAN:
(surprised)
Is that a new order?

(CONTINUED)

QUARTERMASTER:

Yes. The decree was issued last night by his Excellency, Admiral Robert, Governor General of the French West Indies.

(sharply)

Any complaints?

Morgan shakes head, raises hand holding pass in Nazi salute to portrait of Petain.

MORGAN:

Vive l'Empereur!

Then, as he walks out on dock, rusty nail gives away and portrait falls to ground. Quartermaster hurries out in alarm. As he starts to pick up picture he sees a large Cross of Lorraine (the de Gaulle emblem) painted on the back.

2.

FORT DE FRANCE DOCK

The Queen Conch, of Key West, Florida, a thirty-eight foot fishing cruiser, is moored to the dock. The harbor in the b.g. is alive with early morning traffic. Morgan enters on the dock and sees that the Queen Conch has slipped her stern line and is swinging, well away from the dock, by her bow line. Eddy is asleep in the fishing chair, one leg up over the stern. Morgan jumps down on the deck and goes down toward Eddy. He sees half-a-dozen empty beer bottles lying nearby. Eddy clutches another empty one to his chest. Morgan pulls the ship into the dock and secures the stern line properly. Then, he lifts Eddy by the scruff of the neck lowers him over the side, dunks him briefly, and then sits him in the fishing chair again.

EDDY:

(grinning as he blinks
water out of his eyes)

Hello, Harry. How's everything?

MORGAN:

Fine. Do you know the ship almost drifted away?

EDDY:

(looking around)

No, it never, Harry. All the lines are fast.

MORGAN:

They are now.

He goes amidships and Eddy follows him.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.)

EDDY:

Where you been, Harry? Did you bring me a drink?

Morgan lifts the lid of the ice box, sees all the beer gone but one bottle. He picks that up, opens it. Eddy beams, reaches for it.

EDDY:

I was saving that.

MORGAN:

For me?

(puts bottle to his lips)

Thanks.

Eddy's face falls, and he watches Morgan with thirsty absorption. Morgan looks at him standing there, tall and hollow-cheeked, with his mouth loose and that white stuff in the corners of his eyes and his scant hair all faded from the sun. Morgan knows he is dead for a drink.

MORGAN:

(handing him the bottle)

Here.

EDDY:

(beaming again)

Harry, you're my pal. I sure got them this morning.

MORGAN:

You have them every morning.

EDDY:

(draining bottle)

You're sure swell, Harry. Sometimes I wonder why you're so good to me.

MORGAN:

I wonder all the time.

(nodding toward dock)

Give Horatio a hand.

HORATIO, the Negro bait cutter, enters on dock carrying a case of beer on his head. Horatio is a real black Martinique Negro, smart and gloomy, with blue voodoo beads around his neck under his shirt, and an old straw hat, which he now carries in his hand. What he likes to do ashore at night is to rhumba, and aboard ship he likes to sleep and read the papers. Aided by Eddy, he comes aboard and rests the case of beer on the side of the ice box.

2 (Cont.1)

HORATIO:
Good morning, Captain. That Chef de
Hoste took a bottle of our beer.

MORGAN:
That's all right, Mr. Johnson can
afford it.

EDDY:
(looking at the sun)
He's almost an hour late, Harry.
Maybe he isn't going out today.
MORGAN:
He'll be here.

HORATIO:
(looking toward street)
Here he comes now.

JOHNSON enters on the dock. Johnson is a plump, puffy-
faced business man of forty-five, clad in the sporting-
goods-store conception of a practical fishing costume
for the tropics. Pith helmet, etc.

EDDY:
Good morning, Mr. Johnson. How's
everything?

Johnson nods sourly. It is evident he doesn't think
much of Eddy.

JOHNSON:
(jumping down on deck)
Morning.
(to Morgan)
Well, are we going out?

MORGAN:
That's up to you, Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON:
(looking at the sky)
What sort of a day will it be?

MORGAN:
Just about like yesterday. Maybe
better.

JOHNSON:
(lighting a cigar)
Let's go out then.

MORGAN:
(to Horatio)
Cast off those lines.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.2)

HORATIO:

All right, Captain.

Eddy goes astern and starts throwing empty beer bottles over the side.

MORGAN:

I've got to put some gas in her,
Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON:

All right.

MORGAN:

(starting motors)
I'll need some money for that.

JOHNSON:

(taking out wallet)
How much?

MORGAN:

It's twenty-eight cents a gallon.
I ought to put in forty gallons
anyway. That's eleven dollars and
twenty cents.

JOHNSON:

(taking some bills out
of wallet)
Here's fifteen dollars.

MORGAN:

(taking money)
I'll get change for you at the gas
dock.

JOHNSON:

Never mind. Just put it down
against what I owe you.

He goes astern and sits down in fishing chair. Horatio
casts off stern line and jumps aboard. As Morgan takes
ship away from the dock and heads out into the stream,

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

3. EXT. OCEAN NEAR MARTINIQUE COASTLINE LATER THAT DAY

Big marlin leaping out of water and making vain attempt to free itself from hook.

4. EXT. MORGAN'S FISHING BOAT NEARBY

Johnson in stern holding rod. Horatio, the Negro baitcutter folds up newspaper and sits up to watch. Eddy, the rummy, is sleeping on deck. Harry Morgan at wheel yells:

MORGAN:

Sock him again. Stick it into him. Hit him three-four times --

Johnson obeys and hits fish pretty hard a couple of times more. Then the rod bends double, the reel screeches, and out jumps the marlin -- boom -- in a long straight jump, shining silver in the sun and making a splash like throwing a horse off a cliff.

JOHNSON:

I've got him --

MORGAN:

Ease up on the drag.

JOHNSON:

(as line goes slack)

He's gone ---

MORGAN:

No, he's not. Ease up on the drag quick -

(to Horatio)

Get those teasers in --

Horatio goes and pulls in teasers, while the fish jumps again and heads out to sea.

JOHNSON:

(as line slacks again)

He's gone --

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN:

(spinning wheel to follow fish)

Reel in on him. He's hooked good --

(CONTINUED)

HORATIO:

He sure is.

Then once, twice, the big fish comes out stiff as a post, the whole length of him jumping toward the boat, throwing the water high each time he lands.

JOHNSON:

(as line slacks
once more)

He's gone.

MORGAN:

I'll tell you when he's gone. Reel
in fast and keep the drag light --

Johnson (all thumbs) works at reel and all of a sudden his rod jerks and the line goes slack.

MORGAN:

(in disgust)

Well, he's gone now --

HORATIO:

Yes, sir -- he's gone now.

JOHNSON:

No, he's not -- turn around and
chase him --

But Morgan merely stares after marlin, which is still jumping and keeps on jumping until he is out of sight.

MORGAN:

Reel in your line --

JOHNSON:

I tell you I can still feel him pull --

MORGAN:

(leaving the wheel)

That's the weight of the line --

JOHNSON:

You're crazy. I can hardly reel it.
Maybe he's dead --

MORGAN:

Maybe -- but he's still jumping.

He feels the drag. Johnson has screwed it down tight.
You couldn't pull out any line. It had to break.

MORGAN:

(angrily)

Didn't I tell you to keep your drag
light?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON:

But he kept taking out line.

MORGAN:

So what?

JOHNSON:

So I tightened the drag.

MORGAN:

(patiently)

Listen, if you don't give them line when they hook up like that, they break it.

JOHNSON:

Then you ought to get stronger line --

MORGAN:

There isn't any line will hold them. When they want it, you've got to give it to them. And you have to keep the drag light as a feather --

JOHNSON:

I know - I know - you don't have to rub it in --

(to Horatio, the negro
bait-cutter, who is
fixing up a couple of
fresh mackerel)

Come on, you - hurry up.

HORATIO:

(cheerfully)

I'm hurrying, Mr. Johnson.

He deftly passes the hook through the mouth of the mackerel, out the gills, slitting the side and then putting the hook through the other side and out, tying the mouth shut on the wire-leader and tying the hook good so it can't slip and so the bait will troll smooth without spinning.

JOHNSON: (to Morgan)

Can't you put on a bait like that,
Captain?

MORGAN:

Yes - sure I can.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.2)

JOHNSON:

Then why do you carry this fellow
to do it?

MORGAN:

When the big fish run you'll see why.

JOHNSON:

What's the idea?

MORGAN:

Horatio can do it faster than I can.

JOHNSON:

(nodding toward the
sleeping Eddy)
Can't Eddy do it?

MORGAN:

No, he can't.

JOHNSON:

A dollar a day. It seems an un-
necessary expense to me.

MORGAN:

He's necessary -- aren't you, Horatio?

HORATIO:

I hope so.

Eddy wakes up -- comes back astern.

EDDY:

What's the matter?

Morgan knows he woke up dead for a drink.

MORGAN:

You'd better drink a bottle of beer.

Eddy goes to the ice-box.

JOHNSON:

(sourly, reeling
in line)
I don't see why you want that
rummy around for.

MORGAN:

Eddy was a good man on a boat once,
before he got to be a rummy.

JOHNSON:

Well, he isn't any good now. Is he
related to you or something?

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.3)

MORGAN:

Nope.

JOHNSON:

Then why d'you look after him?

Morgan looks out toward Eddy and grins.

MORGAN:

He thinks he's looking after me.

Eddy comes astern, polishing off bottle of beer with deep relish.

EDDY:

Mr. Johnson, d'you care if I ask you a question?

He tosses empty bottle into sea, and Johnson sourly looks after it.

JOHNSON:

Listen, Mister, it might interest you to know that I not only paid for that beer, but I also put a deposit on the bottles -

EDDY:

Was you ever bit by a dead bee?

JOHNSON:

A dead what?

EDDY:

A dead honey-bee?

JOHNSON:

(turning his back)

I never was bit by any kind of a bee.

EDDY:

(winking at Morgan)

Well, in that case, I'll just finish my nap. Thanks for the beer, Mr. Johnson.

As Johnson turns to glare at him, Horatio lets out a warning yip and Morgan yells at Johnson.

MORGAN:

Watch your line!

Johnson turns and sees a big marlin burst head and shoulders out of the water and smash at mackerel with his sword.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.4)

MORGAN:

(returning to wheel)
Slack it to him --

JOHNSON:

He hasn't got it --

MORGAN:

Yes, he has. And he's a big one.
I'll bet he'll go a thousand pounds --

JOHNSON:

I tell you he hasn't got it --

In reply, the marlin jumps straight up beside the boat, and Johnson rises up in his chair as though he was being derricked, and he stands there clinging to the rod for a second and the rod bending like a bow, and then the butt catches him in the belly and the whole works goes overboard, rod, reel, tackle, and all.

MORGAN:

(shutting off engine)
Well, I guess that's enough for
one day --

Johnson sits down, holding onto his belly where the rod butt had hit him.

JOHNSON:

(dazedly)
What happened?

MORGAN:

Nothing. You just had the drag screwed down tight again, that's all, and when the fish struck, it just naturally lifted you right out of your chair and you couldn't hold it.

HORATIO:

(chuckling)
You had the harness on, that fish'd've taken you along with him.

EDDY:

(slapping Johnson
on the back)
Mr. Johnson, you're just unlucky.
Now, maybe you're lucky with women.
Mr. Johnson, what d'you say we go out
tonight?

JOHNSON:

(rising enragedly and
hitting Eddy in the face)
I'll lucky you, you dirty rummy --

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.5)

MORGAN:

(grabbing him as he
makes a rush toward
Eddy)

Mr. Johnson, are you a good swimmer?

JOHNSON:

(struggling to get
at Eddy)

I've stood all I'm going to --

MORGAN:

So have I - so be careful you
don't slip out of my hand.

EDDY:

(interposing)

Take it easy, Harry -- that guy
owes you for sixteen days.

JOHNSON:

Fifteen!

DISSOLVE TO:

5.

EXT. MARTINIQUE DOCK

SUNSET

Quartermaster dozing in chair tipped back under
portrait of Petain. Morgan, coming up from dock
with Johnson, stops and leaves pass in quarter-
master's lap. Johnson does the same. As they
start on, Johnson indicates tricolor hanging from
mast on quartermaster's hut.

JOHNSON:

I thought everybody took down
their flag after sunset.

MORGAN:

Most people do.

JOHNSON:

That's Vichy for you.

MORGAN:

(indifferently)

It's their flag.

A slit-eyed civilian, leaning against kiosk, lowers
newspaper and looks after them.

EXT. FORT DE FRANCE WATERFRONT STREET

Morgan enters with Johnson. Negro beggar drinking out of fountain. Slit-eyed civilian, entering and hurrying after them, lifts his hat and speaks to them.

CIVILIAN:

Pardon me, gentlemen.

Morgan and Johnson stop.

CIVILIAN:

(taking out notebook)

May I have your names?

MORGAN:

What for?

CIVILIAN:

I heard this gentleman make a disparaging reference to Vichy.

He nods toward Johnson.

JOHNSON:

Me? I never said a word about Vichy.

(to Morgan)

Did I?

MORGAN:

I wasn't paying much attention.

JOHNSON:

I was just talking about the attitude of the American government. I said it was very wishy-washy.

CIVILIAN:

You are both Americans?

JOHNSON:

Yes.

CIVILIAN:

(raising hat)

Pardon me. I thought you were English.

He turns and leaves. Morgan and Johnson continue down the street toward entrance of combination cafe and hotel.

7. INT. CAFE

Morgan and Johnson enter and pause at bar, behind which hangs usual large portrait of Petain. At the piano in far corner sits Cricket, the piano-player, working on song. Two waiters on. Gerard, the French proprietor, is checking cash register behind bar, and as Morgan and Johnson give order to bartender:

GERARD:

Well, gentlemen - what luck today?
(to bartender)

That's Captain Morgan's bottle.
How many times do I have to tell
you?

MORGAN:

Not so good, Frenchy.

JOHNSON:

We lost the biggest fish I ever
saw.

GERARD:

(in sympathy)

Well, maybe tomorrow you hook him
again.

JOHNSON:

I give up. I'm through. I'm fed
up with this kind of fishing.

MORGAN:

I don't blame you. You fish for
sixteen days, hook into a couple
of fish any good fisherman would
give a year to tie into -

JOHNSON:

All right -- all right. Don't rub
it in.

(taking out wallet)

I haven't got enough here to pay
you off. I'll go to the bank in
the morning.

MORGAN:

Okay.

(finishes drink)

See you later.

He starts toward rear. Gerard follows him, over-
taking him as he ascends stairway, which leads
toward landing, thence into hotel section.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

GERARD:

Harry, there were some people
asking for you today.

MORGAN:

(pausing)

Fishermen?

GERARD:

No. Some friends of --
(looking around
cautiously)
-- of friends of mine.

Morgan looks at him, smiles shrewdly and shakes his
head. Gerard takes his arm and starts down hallway
in hotel section.

8. INT. HALLWAY HOTEL SECTION

Gerard walking with Morgan.

GERARD:

They only want to use your ship
for one night. They will pay
you very well, too. Of course,
nothing like you would get from
Americans.

MORGAN:

(shaking head)

I'd like to oblige you, Frenchy -
but I can't afford to get mixed
up in local politics.

GERARD:

It is a very urgent matter. After-
wards, when things are different,
it would be very good for you,
Harry.

As Morgan stops by door of room and starts to unlock
it, the door on opposite side of hall is opened and
Marie comes out with unlighted cigarette in her hand.

MARIE:

(seeing Gerard)

Have you got a match?

Gerard searches his pockets and turns to Morgan,
who has been doing the same.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

(opening door)

I think I've got some in here.

He goes in, followed by Gerard.

9. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM

Morgan enters, followed by Gerard. Marie pauses in doorway, looking into room. Morgan, opening drawer of table, looks at her as he takes out box of matches. He has placed her in this gaze, and his next movement confirms it.

MORGAN:

(tossing box to Marie)

Here you are.

She catches it, extracts a match, lights cigarette, then, closing box, she tosses it back to him.

MARIE:

Thanks.

Closing door, she exits.

MORGAN:

When did she get in?

GERARD:

This afternoon.

MORGAN:

On the plane from the south?

(as Gerard nods)

What's her racket?

GERARD:

What makes you think she has one?

Morgan shrugs, and pushes up the transom.

MORGAN:

Look, Frenchy. About this other thing. The Vichy crowd is on top here and if they catch me fooling around with the de Gaullist bunch, I'll be coked. Probably lose my ship to boot.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

GERARD:
(resignedly)
You know best, Harry.

MORGAN:
I'm all for you, Frenchy - you
know that.

GERARD:
Let's have dinner together.

He opens door to leave.

MORGAN:
(starting to remove
shirt)
Soon as I have a shower.

FADE OUT.

PART II. TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

10.

INT. CAFE

THAT NIGHT

Intimate group around piano, where Cricket is playing some nostalgic song. Marie, sitting at nearby table with Johnson, is singing. They have just finished dinner, and it is evident Johnson is making a play for her. Morgan, dining with Gerard at table across the room, is studying Marie. A colored boy enters and whispers something to Gerard. Latter, dismissing boy, utters an exclamation of concern. Morgan turns and looks at him.

GERARD:

I tried to head those fellows off,
but I can't get in contact with
them.

MORGAN:

(looking out at
Marie again)

The ones that wanted to hire my
ship?

GERARD:

It is dangerous enough for them
to come here at all - but to come
here for nothing -

Morgan is watching Marie as she finishes song.

MORGAN:

Why don't you go outside and keep
an eye open for them?

GERARD:

(nodding toward
Marie)

You like her voice?

MORGAN:

Not bad.

Gerard finishes his coffee, rises and goes out toward rear. As he exits, Morgan sees Johnson excuse himself to Marie and start unsteadily across floor toward Men's Room in hallway behind her. As he exits Marie finishes brandy, picks up bag and starts toward stairway in rear. Morgan watches her as she approaches. She sees him and as she passes she says pleasantly:

MARIE:

Good evening.

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

(same tone)

How are you?

Marie looks at him over shoulder as she ascends stairway, and Morgan, finishing his coffee, rises and follows her.

11. INT. HALLWAY HOTEL SECTION

Marie enters and comes down hall, taking key out of bag. Morgan enters, and Marie sees him as she pauses to unlock door. He walks up to her and holds out his hand.

MORGAN:

Let's have it, Slim.

MARIE:

What do you want?

MORGAN:

Johnson's wallet.

MARIE:

Are you drunk?

In reply he takes her by the arm, leads her across hall, opens door of his room and shoves her inside.

12. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM

Morgan, entering with Marie, closes door.

MARIE:

Say, mister, what's got into you?

MORGAN:

(holding out hand)

Come on, Slim.

MARIE:

Listen - nobody calls me Slim.
I'm too skinny to take it kindly.

MORGAN:

All right - if you want it that way.

He starts toward her, Marie backs away from him.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE:

What are you going to do?

MORGAN:

Quit that baby-talk.

Marie stares at him for a moment, then smiles.

MARIE:

You know, Steve - I wouldn't
put it past you.

She takes wallet out of bosom of dress and looks at
Morgan.

MARIE:

I thought you were a fisherman -
not a hotel detective.

MORGAN:

Johnson's my client.

MARIE:

He doesn't speak so well of you.

MORGAN:

He's still my client. Another
thing, I don't care for small
crooks.

MARIE:

I didn't take it from him. He
dropped it and I picked it up.

MORGAN:

Oh, you were going to give it
back to him?

MARIE:

No, I wasn't. I don't like him.

MORGAN:

That's a good reason.

MARIE:

Besides, I've got to have some
money to get out of here.

MORGAN:

That's another good reason - but
you'll have to pick on somebody
else.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.2)

Morgan takes wallet out of her hand, opens it on table and examines contents.

MORGAN:

(in disgust)

Humph! How d'you like that?
Sixty dollars in cash and fourteen
hundred dollars in traveller's
checks!

MARIE:

I'll settle for the sixty bucks.

MORGAN:

That bird owes me eight hundred
and twenty-five. "I haven't got
that much on me," he says. "I'll
go to the bank and pay you off
tomorrow," he says.

(looking at airline
ticket)

And all the time he's got this
reservation in his kick for a
plane that leaves here at day-
light.

MARIE:

He was going to slip out on you?

MORGAN:

(nodding)

Good thing you didn't give it back
to him.

MARIE:

Then I did you a favor?

MORGAN:

Sure did.

(picks up one of
the bills)

Here.

Marie takes bill and looks at it.

MARIE:

(as if amazed at
his generosity)

Twenty dollars!

MORGAN:

You can use it, can't you?

MARIE:

Sure I could. But I wouldn't

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.3)

MARIE: (Cont.)
dream of taking it. I couldn't.
I only saved you eight hundred
and twenty-five.

Morgan, staring at her, snatches the bill out of her hand.

MORGAN:
You saved it for me?

MARIE:
Well, you'd never known Johnson
was going if it hadn't been for
me, would you?

Morgan stares at her for a moment, then grins, starting to replace bills and things in wallet.

MORGAN:
That's right. What d'you think
is fair?

MARIE:
I'll leave it to you.

MORGAN:
What d'you say to fifty-fifty?

MARIE:
(startled)
Fifty-fifty?

MORGAN:
Sure. If I hadn't stopped you,
you'd have got away with the
whole works, wouldn't you? After
all, I'm entitled to something.

Marie grins.

MARIE:
Forget it. If I don't owe you
anything I'm satisfied.

She starts toward door, but pauses as somebody knocks.

MORGAN:
Who is it?

Door is opened and Gerard enters with three young
Frenchmen in civilian clothes.

GERARD:
Harry, these are friends of mine
who wanted to charter your boat.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.4)

Marie starts toward door again.

MARIE:

See you later.

MORGAN:

Sit down. We're not through yet.
(to Gerard)
I told you I wasn't interested.

GERARD:

That's what I told them - but
Beauclerc wants to talk to you.

MORGAN:

You fellows better clear out of
here.

BEAUCLERC:

We're not afraid.

MORGAN:

Well, I am.

Beauclerc shrugs resignedly and turns to one of the
others.

BEAUCLERC:

Go and see if the street is
clear.

GERARD:

I'll go.

He exits and the three young Frenchmen stand there
looking sad.

MORGAN:

I'm sorry, boys - but I can't
do it.

BEAUCLERC:

We will give you twenty-five
hundred francs.

MORGAN:

That's fifty dollars in American
money. I can't do it.

DE GAULIST NO. 1

A thousand francs a piece.

(Morgan shakes his head)

It is only a little voyage to a
place about forty kilometers
from here.

(CONTINUED)

BEAUCLERC:

We would give you more money -
but we haven't got it.

MORGAN:

Don't make me feel bad. I tell
you true I can't do it.

DE GAULIST NO. 2

Afterwards, when things are chang-
ed, it would mean a good deal to you.

MORGAN

I know. But I can't do it.

BEAUCLERC:

I thought all Americans were
friendly to our side.

MORGAN:

Look - they send you fellows to
Devil's Island. I'm not that
friendly to anybody.

BEAUCLERC:

They wouldn't dare do that to an
American.

MORGAN

They would if I was caught with
you fellows.

There is a moment of silence. Beuclerc looks at
Marie.

BEAUCLERC:

Is she your sweetheart?

MORGAN:

No.

Then the door opens and Eddy breezes in.

EDDY:

(brightly)

Hello, Harry - how you been keeping?

BEAUCLERC:

(unbuttoning his coat)

Who is he?

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.6)

MORGAN:

A friend of mine --

EDDY:

How'd you come out with Mr. Johnson?

MORGAN:

Fine. Who's looking after the ship?

EDDY:

(smiling)

I am. But I got a little thirsty waiting by myself.

MORGAN:

Go on back. There's a bottle in the tool chest.

EDDY:

Thanks, Harry. You're a good boy. You're a credit to me. Who are these guys.

MORGAN:

I don't know.

EDDY:

(pointing to Beauclerc)

He was hanging around the dock for a while after you left --

BEAUCLERC:

You've got a good memory for a drunk --

EDDY:

Drinking don't bother my memory. If it did I wouldn't drink. I couldn't. You see, I'd forget how good it was. Then where would I be? I'd start drinking water again.

BEAUCLERC:

Maybe you'd forget about water, too.

EDDY:

No, I wouldn't. I see too much of it. Was you ever bit by a dead bee?

The three young Frenchmen laugh.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.7)

BEAUCLERG:

(after a moment)

I have no memory of being bit by
any kind of a bee --

MARIE:

(to Eddy)

Were you?

Eddy beams at her in great delight.

EDDY:

Say, lady, you're all right. You
and Harry are the only ones that
ever --

MORGAN:

Don't forget Frenchy.

EDDY:

That's right. You and Harry and
Frenchy. You've got to be careful
of dead bees when you're going
around bare-footed. If you stop
on them they can sting you just as
bad as if they were alive. Espec-
ially if they were kind of mad when
they got killed. I bet I've been
bit a hundred times that way --

MARIE:

You have? Why don't you bite them
back?

EDDY:

(grinning at her)

That's what Harry always says.
But I haven't got a stinger --

DE GAULLIST NO. 1:

(to Morgan)

Does he always talk so much?

MORGAN:

Always --

(to Eddy)

I'll be down to the dock in a
little while --

EDDY:

Okay. So long.

Eddy gives them a wave and exits.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.8)

MORGAN:

Sorry, gentlemen. Where were we?

DE GAULLIST NO. 2:

You would have three thousand francs
and it could mean a great deal to
you later. All this will not last,
you know.

BEAUCLERC:

If you take us on this small journey
I can almost promise it will not
last.

MORGAN:

Listen. I don't care who runs France
or Martinique. Or who wants to.
Please get somebody else.

(to Marie)

Come on - we've got some unfinished
business of our own.

Morgan nods to Marie and starts towards the door.
Beauclerc bows courteously to Marie as she passes.

BEAUCLERC:

Good night.

MARIE:

Good night.

Morgan opens door and they exit.

13. HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF MORGAN'S ROOM

Morgan and Marie come out of his room.

MARIE:

Do you have to take me along?

MORGAN:

Wouldn't you rather do your own
lying?

MARIE:

Let's go.

They exit.

INT. THE CAFE

Morgan and Marie come down the steps and meet Johnson near the bar.

JOHNSON:

(to Marie)

Where have you been? I've been looking all over for you.

(to Morgan)

You're a fine one - running off with my girl.

MORGAN:

She's got something she wants to tell you.

(he leans
against the
bar)

Go ahead, Slim.

MARIE:

(extending the wallet)

Here's your wallet.

JOHNSON:

(missing the wallet
for the first time)

Where did you get it?

MARIE:

(with a look
at Morgan)

I stole it.

JOHNSON:

Well - that's a fine thing.

(he is a
little confused)

What are you going to do about it?

MORGAN:

(who has been
watching this)

The question is - what are you going to do, Mr. Johnson?

Johnson looks at Morgan, realizing for the first time that maybe Morgan has examined the wallet.

MORGAN:

(continuing)

Maybe you had better take a look and see if it's all there.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON:

(stuttering)
Oh, I'm sure it's - it's all
right.

MORGAN:

Check it over. She might want a
receipt for it.

Johnson gives contents of wallet a hasty, perfunctory
glance.

JOHNSON:

It's all right. Nothing missing.

MORGAN:

You sure?

JOHNSON:

(trying to chance
the subject)
Yes. Now, young lady, I don't --

MORGAN:

(interrupting)
You had better count those
travelers cheques.

JOHNSON:

(reluctantly obeying)
Fourteen hundred.

MORGAN:

(getting quiet and taking
out a cigarette)
But you had to go to the bank tomorrow.

Johnson is scared.

MORGAN:

What's the time on that plane
ticket you've got there?
(he is starting
to move)

JOHNSON:

Six-thirty.

MORGAN:

(on the move)
In the morning. And the bank
opens at ten.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.1)

Just then, Marie strikes a match and holds it in front of Morgan and lights his cigarotto. He pauses and after a moment grins at her.

MORGAN:

I don't like him any more than
you do.

JOHNSON:

Look, Mr. Morgan. I'm going to --

MORGAN:

(interrupting)

Going to cash some of those cheques,
weren't you?

JOHNSON:

Why, surely. I --

MORGAN:

(to the Bartender)

Got a fountain pen?

As the Bartender looks for the fountain pen, the three DeGaullists come down the stairs headed for the door.

MORGAN:

(waving to them)

Good luck.

Morgan hands the fountain pen to Johnson, and as the latter starts to sign the first of the cheques, Morgan, glancing toward the front door, grabs Marie and shoves her out of the way.

15. INT. CAFE SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT DOOR AND WINDOWS

Three young De Gaullists, standing on sidewalk, are drawing revolvers and cucking behind ice-wagon as big sedan lurches by with a machine gun spitting fire through open window in back. The staccato blast riddles cafe windows breast high on that side and smashing bottles all along wall behind bar and knocking chips of ice out of ice-wagon. Beauclerc, climbing up on wheel of ice-wagon, fires over driver's seat at sedan.

16. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CAFE

Sedan, swinging sharply to right, jumps over curb, crashes into collonade and stops in shop window. Two big fellows crawl out of rear door. One has a Thompson gun and the other has a sawed-off shotgun.

(CONTINUED)

16. (Cont.)

The one with the machine gun is Captain Renard of the Surete Nationale. The one with the sawed-off shotgun is Lieutenant Coyo. Driver of ice-wagon runs out of Cunard Bar and goes to heads of plunging horses. Coyo knocks him over with a blast from sawed-off shotgun. DeGaullist #1 behind rear of ice-wagon fires and bullet ricochets off street and hits rear tire of car. You can see dust blowing up from street as the air comes out. Renard gets down almost on face and starts to fire a burst under ice-wagon.

17. INT. CAFE

Morgan, on floor, is dragging Marie behind bar.

MARIE:

(dazedly)

Say, what on earth - ?

MORGAN:

Lie down.

He puts both arms around her and holds her close to him as bullets whizz behind to riddle cabinets and bar fixtures just above their heads.

18. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CAFE

DeGaullist #2, shot, is lying on sidewalk behind ice-wagon. DeGaullist #1 stoops to lift him up, and is cut down himself. Beauclerc, standing on wheel and firing over driver's seat, sees this, grabs reins and climbs inside wagon, driving horses down the street. Renard and Coyo run after wagon, firing into rear filled with ice. Chips fly and huge hunks fall out as horses break into a gallop and wagon lumbers around distant corner with Renard and Coyo following on foot.

19. EXT. HAVANA SIDE STREET

Ice-wagon enters and Beauclerc pulls up horses by alley. He climbs out and dives down alley as Renard and Coyo run around corner, pausing cautiously as they see abandoned ice-wagon.

20. INT. CAFE

Gerard, who has been near the door watching what is going on in the street, comes running back to Morgan and Marie.

MORGAN:
Did they get them all?

GERARD:
(excitedly)
One got away at least. I think it was Beauclerc. Look, Harry, this is bad. But no one but me knows that you two saw them. And Eddy.

MORGAN:
He probably won't remember.

GERARD:
(continuing)
When the police come, you know nothing.
(turning to Marie)
Nothing. Do you realize, Mademoiselle?

MARIE:
Yes.

MORGAN:
She won't talk.

They are interrupted by the Bartender's voice.

BARTENDER:
Monsieur Gerard! Monsieur Gerard!

They turn and see the Bartender bending over the body of Johnson. Morgan comes in and rolls him over. Johnson has been shot neatly through the head. Marie stares at Morgan. Morgan takes the travelers cheques and the wallet out of Johnson's hands. He removes the bank notes from the wallet, puts the cheques into the wallet, and puts the wallet into Johnson's pocket and the money into his own pocket.

MORGAN:
He couldn't write any faster than he could duck.
(Marie stares at him)
Too bad they couldn't have put off saving France for a while. Another minute and those cheques would have been good.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

There is the sound of a police whistle, and they turn toward the door. A Sergeant of the Gendarmes comes in followed by half a dozen French sailors.

GENDARME:

Keep quiet everyone. Stay right where you are.

(Note: Do this two ways - in English and in French)

In the silence that follows, we see three menacing looking men in plain clothes come quietly in, stopping in the center of the open space and looking over the people. They are Renard, Coyo, and Renard's bodyguard. At the bar, Morgan whispers to Gerard.

MORGAN:

Who are they?

GERARD:

(alarmed)

Surete Nationale.

MORGAN:

The Gestapo, huh?

They look back at the men, who then start to move around staring at the faces.

RENARD:

(followed by his
bodyguard, sees
Johnson)

What happened to this man?

GERARD:

A stray bullet. His name is Johnson
- an American.

RENARD:

(speaking quietly)

Unfortunate.

(to a couple of
sailors)

Take him away.

He leans against the bar and takes his time and speaks softly to the entire group.

(CONTINUED)

RENARD:

All this is regrettable. There is no cause for alarm. We are only interested in those persons who have broken the rules laid down for their behavior. I will pick out certain individuals. Those I do not designate will leave immediately. This place will then remain closed for tonight.

Renard then commences walking, pointing out various people, among them Gerard, Morgan, Marie, etc. As Renard points to Marie and passes on, she whispers to Morgan.

MARIE:

Was you ever hit by a dead bee?

At this point, past the sailors guarding the door, we see Eddy sailing serenely in. Suddenly, he stops, takes note of the bristling military situation, turns around and leaves with the same enthusiasm which brought him in.

FADE OUT.

PART THREE TO FOLLOW

21. INT. POLICE OFFICE

NIGHT

Morgan, Marie and Gerard are being questioned. Renard sits behind the desk and the bodyguard stands beside him. Coyo questions Gerard first.

GERARD:

I tell you again. I didn't know those men. They came in for a drink. That's all I know.

COYO:

You never saw them before?

GERARD:

No.

COYO:

That's all. You may go.

As Gerard turns to exit, Renard speaks.

RENARD:

What are your sympathies, Monsieur Gerard?

GERARD:

I am for France.

RENARD:

That is well. Try to remain so.

Gerard moves on again. As Renard speaks to Coyo, Gerard pauses to listen.

RENARD:

Let us suggest to Monsieur Gerard that the next time suspicious characters enter his place, that he notify us. By that means, he may prevent bloodshed at his doorstep.

GERARD:

I run a public place. How am I to know who is suspicious and who is not?

RENARD:

I think you will know. Goodnight.

Gerard exits. Renard speaks to Coyo.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

RENARD:

(to Coyo)

Continue.

COYO:

(to Morgan)

And you did not see these men at all while they were in the cafe?

MORGAN:

That's right.

COYO:

What was your connection with the dead man?

MORGAN:

He rented my boat to fish from.

COYO:

You mean he had rented it. According to this ticket in his wallet, he was to have left Martinique at daylight.

RENARD:

There was no money on him or in his wallet, only some American travelers cheques. Was that customary with him, Captain Morgan?

MORGAN:

He had sixty bucks in it.

RENARD:

What became of it?

MORGAN:

I took it.

RENARD:

Why?

MORGAN:

Because he owed me eight hundred and forty dollars.

RENARD:

So at least you didn't kill him, did you?

MORGAN:

So it would seem.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont. 1)

RENARD:

But unfortunately for you, someone did. As a result of which, you took it on yourself to collect a part of the debt. You have this money now?

MORGAN:

Yes.

RENARD:

(extending his hand)
If you please.

Morgan takes his whole roll from his pocket, not only the money he took out of Johnson's wallet, but his own roll too. He begins to count the sixty dollars onto the desk. Renard continues to hold his hand out.

RENARD:

(with more emphasis)
If you please, Captain.

MORGAN:

Some of this is mine.

RENARD:

How do we know that?

Morgan stares at him a moment, shrugs, tosses the money across the desk. Renard takes it and puts it into the drawer.

RENARD:

Thank you. Do not be concerned. This money is impounded by a government which, like your own, is at peace with the world. If your claim is just, it will be discharged.

He turns to Marie.

RENARD:

Miss -- ?

COYO:

(opening Marie's passport
and comparing Marie with it)
Browning. Marie. American, age 22.
How long have you been in Fort
de France?

(CONTINUED)

CHANGES
"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

3/11/44
39.

21 (Cont.2)

MARIE:
Since this - this afternoon.

COYO:
Residence?

MARIE:
The Hotel Marquis.

COYO:
You come from where?

MARIE:
Trinidad. Port of Spain.

RENARD:
And before that, from where,
Mademoiselle? From home,
perhaps?

MARIE:
No. From Rio.

RENARD:
Alone?

MARIE:
(hesitates)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.3)

RENARD:

Why did you get off here?

MARIE:

To buy a new hat.

Coyo steps forward and slaps Marie. Morgan is watching all this. He sees Marie take the slap without turning a hair. She is smoking a cigarette. She turns and puts the cigarette into an ashtray on the desk, takes her hat off and holds it out for Renard to see the label.

MARIE:

Maybe you'll believe me now.

RENARD:

I have never doubted you, Mademoiselle. It is only your tone that was objectionable. I'll ask you again. Why did you get off here?

MARIE:

I didn't have money enough to go any further.

RENARD:

That's better. Where were you when the shooting occurred?

MORGAN:

(to Marie)

You don't have to answer this stuff.

COYO:

(to Morgan)

Shut up, you.

MORGAN:

(to Marie)

Don't answer him.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont. 4)

Coyo takes a step toward Morgan, threateningly.

MORGAN:

(to Coyo)
That's right. Slap me.

RENARD:

Come, come, Captain. This is not a brawl. We merely wish to get to the bottom of this affair.

MORGAN:

You won't do it by slapping Americans. That's bad luck.

RENARD:

An American who interferes with the police of a foreign government is already in bad luck. That will do now. If we need to question you further, you will be available at the hotel?

MORGAN:

I'm not likely to go anywhere as long as you have my money and my passport both.

RENARD:

Your passport will be returned to you. As for the money, if it is yours, that will arrange itself in good time.

MORGAN:

Maybe I'd better see the American Consul and get him to help you arrange it.

RENARD:

That is your privilege. By the way, what are your sympathies?

MORGAN:

Minding my own business.

RENARD:

May I suggest -- ?

MORGAN:

-- And I don't need any advice about continuing to do it either.

(to Marie)

Come on. Let's get out of here.

Morgan and Marie exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXT. NARROW STREET

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sound of music from little bistro in basement. Morgan and Marie come around corner. Marie stops and looks into cafe.

MARIE:
I could use a drink.

MORGAN:
So could I.

They exit.

23. INT. BISTRO

Place crowded with Martiniquais and sailors. Couples dancing in small space surrounded by tables. Morgan and Marie enter and make their way to bar in rear.

BARTENDER:
(in French)
What are you going to have?

Morgan, putting hand in pocket, grins and shakes his head.

MORGAN:
Just looking around.

MARIE:
No money?

MORGAN:
Those cops cleaned me out.

MARIE:
Guess we'll have to wait till
we get back to the hotel.

MORGAN:
They're closed up tight.

MARIE:
I forgot.

She turns to survey room, putting arms on bar.

MORGAN:
Picking out somebody?

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

MARIE:

This has been a pretty large day
for me. I really need a drink.

(as Morgan looks
at her)

You don't mind, do you?

MORGAN:

(taking out cigarette)

No. Go ahead.

Marie, putting hand on his shoulder, pushes him back a little so she can look at other end of room, then walks out, taking cigarette from Morgan as she passes. Morgan, taking out another cigarette, watches her as she strolls among the tables. Several men give her the eye, but she pays no attention to them, until she passes a handsome young French naval ensign, giving a light to a friend. Marie, stooping, lights cigarette from extended match, and continues on her way to dance floor. Young ensign, looking after her, rises with a grin at his companion and joins Marie. He asks her to dance. Marie looks him over, then accepts, and as they dance away she looks at Morgan over her partner's shoulder. Morgan, lighting cigarette, walks toward door. As he exits, we

DISSOLVE TO:

24. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM HALF AN HOUR LATER

Morgan opening door, looks at Marie, who stands in hall with a bottle under her arm.

MARIE:

Hello.

MORGAN:

Hello.

He walks back and sits down at table. Marie, closing door, leans back against it and looks at him.

MARIE:

You're sore, aren't you?

MORGAN:

Why should I be?

MARIE:

(coming over)

I didn't behave very well, did I?

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.1)

MORGAN:

You did all right. You got a
bottle, didn't you?

MARIE:

(starting to open
bottle)

You're sore, aren't you?

MORGAN:

Look. Get this straight. I
don't give a -

MARIE:

I know. You don't give a whoop
what I do. But when I do it,
you get sore.

(smiles)

You told me to, you know.

MORGAN:

I told you?

MARIE:

You said go ahead, didn't you?

MORGAN:

You were pretty good at it, too.

MARIE:

Thanks.

(goes to wall-
cupboard, returns
with two glasses)

Would you rather I wouldn't?

MORGAN:

Wouldn't what?

MARIE:

(pouring drinks)

Do things like that.

MORGAN:

Why ask me?

MARIE:

I'd like to know.

MORGAN:

(picking up drink)

Of all the screwy dames -

MARIE:

All right. I won't do it any more.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.2)

MORGAN:

Look, I didn't ask you -

MARIE:

Don't worry. I'm not giving up
anything I care about. It's
like shooting fish in a barrel
anyway.

MORGAN:

What?

MARIE:

These men -

(laughs)

They're all a bunch of -

(laughs again)

I'm a fine one to talk. The pot
calling the kettle black.

She picks up glass and walks out door.

25. INT. HALLWAY

Marie crosses hall, unlocks door of her room and
exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

26. INT. MARIE'S BEDROOM

A LITTLE LATER

Marie sitting at dressing-table, brushing her hair.
She has changed to negligee. She hears somebody
opening door in sitting-room.

MARIE:

Who is it?

MORGAN'S VOICE:

Me.

MARIE:

What's on your mind?

27. INT. MARIE'S SITTING-ROOM

Morgan, closing door, takes bottle out from under
arm.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

I brought your bottle over.

MARIE'S VOICE:

Thanks.

Morgan, setting bottle on table, looks around room. There are several framed snapshots on walls. Morgan goes and looks at a couple of them. In one, Marie, wearing a bathing-suit, stands beside a shapely brunette who wears bathing-suit marked Miss Miami. In the other, Marie stands beside another shapely blonde who wears bathing-suit marked Miss Palm Beach. On the other walls hang snaps taken by professional photographers on the beach at Rio, Buenos Aires, Trinidad, etc. Marie and an Argentine girl sitting in a wheel-chair. Marie sitting under an umbrella, with a handsome young escort.

28. INT. MARIE'S BEDROOM

Marie, leaning back in chair and looking through doorway, sees what Morgan is doing.

MARIE:

There's a scrap-book on the table.

Morgan picks it up, looking through album as he comes through doorway.

MORGAN:

(looking at clippings)

You've been in quite a few of these contests.

MARIE:

(nodding)

Always a runner-up.

Morgan walks over and looks down at her, studying her with a thoughtful eye.

MORGAN:

What are you going to do, Slim?

MARIE:

I was just going to ask you the same question, Steve.

MORGAN:

How long have you been away from home?

(CONTINUED)

MARIE:

(brushing her hair)
This is about the time for it,
isn't it?

MORGAN:

What?

MARIE:

The story of my life. Where shall
I begin?

MORGAN:

(sitting down on bed)
I've got a pretty fair idea already.

MARIE:

Who told you?

MORGAN:

You did.

MARIE:

Go on.

MORGAN:

That slap in the face you took.

MARIE:

What about it?

MORGAN:

You hardly blinked an eye. That
takes a lot of practice. Yeah, I
know a lot about you, Slim.

MARIE:

Hm-m. Next time I get slapped I
better do something about it.

Morgan, rising, picks up bottle of perfume from dress-
ing table, smells stopper.

MARIE:

Remind you of somebody, Steve?

MORGAN:

(putting bottle down)
A little.

Marie, picking up bottle, puts some of the perfume
behind her ears, touching stopper to her throat.

MORGAN:

(drawing a deep breath)
It's nice.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.1)

He sits down on bed and looks at her with a frank, appreciative eye.

MARIE:

(after a moment)

I'm tired, Steve. Think I'll turn in.

MORGAN:

(rising)

Not a bad idea.

He exits into sitting-room.

MARIE:

Take the bottle along if you want.

MORGAN'S VOICE:

(in sitting-room)

I'll just take a night-cap.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM

TEN MINUTES
LATER

Morgan, sitting at table, is finishing drink. There is a knock at door and Marie enters in doorway.

MARIE:

Steve.

MORGAN:

I thought you were going to bed.

MARIE:

Are you going to see the American Consul in the morning?

MORGAN:

Sure.

MARIE:

(coming in)

Think it'll do any good?

MORGAN:

Not for now.

Marie, sitting down on couch, starts to take off her slipper.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

MARIE:

Who was the girl, Steve?

MORGAN:

What girl?

MARIE:

The one who left you with such pleasant memories. You don't think much of women, do you, Steve?

(Morgan doesn't answer, and Marie starts to remove stockings)

She must have been quite a gal. I guess we're both in the same boat - only I don't feel so bad about it.

She takes some bills out of foot of stocking and goes over to Morgan.

MARIE:

You can use this, can't you?
(holding out bills)

Here.

Morgan looks at money and shakes his head.

MORGAN:

Thanks just the same.

MARIE:

I thought they cleaned you out?

MORGAN:

I thought you said you were broke?

MARIE:

Oh, I always try to keep enough to be independent of certain situations. Sure you can't use this?

MORGAN:

You need it more than I do.

Marie, looking at him, turns and walks over to door, where she pushes up transom.

MARIE:

(lowering her voice as she returns)

Going to take that de Gaullist job?

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.1)

MORGAN:
I don't know. Depends.

MARIE:
We flew over Devil's Island.
Doesn't look like such a high-
class resort.

MORGAN:
That's what I hear.

MARIE:
I wouldn't take a chance on it
for fifty dollars.

MORGAN:
You'll be taking a chance on it
for nothing if you don't keep
your nose out of it.

He walks over to door and pulls down transom again.
Marie, watching him, smiles.

MARIE:
(studying him)
You don't like to take favors,
do you?

MORGAN:
Not any better than I like doing
them.

(lighting cigarette)
Anything else you like to know?
I'm not much for keeping photos -
or scrap books.

MARIE:
You're not very hard to figure,
Steve - only at times. Sometimes I
know exactly what you're going to say
- most of the time. The other times -
(sitting down in his lap)
- the other times, you're just a
stinker.

MORGAN:
What's all this for?

MARIE:
Well, somebody has to make the
first move.

She kisses him.

MORGAN:
Why did you do that?

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.2)

MARIE:
I've been wondering whether
I'd like it.

MORGAN:
What's the decision?

MARIE:
I don't know yet.

She kisses him again and this time Morgan puts his arms
around her and returns the kiss.

MARIE:
(rising)
I thought you wouldn't take any-
thing from anybody?

MORGAN:
That's different.

MARIE:
(holding up money)
Changed your mind about this, too?

MORGAN:
No.

MARIE:
I can't figure it.

MORGAN:
What?

MARIE:
(looking at money)
This belongs to me - so do my
lips. I don't see any difference.

MORGAN:
Who was the fellow?

MARIE:
What fellow?

MORGAN:
The one that left you with such
a pleasant viewpoint. You don't
think much of men, do you? He
must have been quite a guy.

MARIE:
We live and learn - but slow.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.3)

She puts money away, walks over and picks up foot-gear, starting toward door.

MORGAN:

(grinning)

You're sore, aren't you?

MARIE:

(leaning against door)

I've been sore ever since I met you. One look and you had me placed. You didn't see me take Johnson's wallet, but you knew I had it. I brought that bottle up here to make you feel cheap. But I haven't made a cent in you. I'm the one who feels cheap. I've never felt so cheap in my life.

MORGAN:

What did I do?

MARIE:

(ironical--titter)

Nothing. That's the whole trouble. What's more, you don't have to do anything. Not a thing. Oh, maybe just whistle.

(opening hall door)

You know how to whistle, don't you, Stove? You just put your lips together and blow.

She smiles and walks out, closing door behind her.
As Morgan looks after her, we

FADE OUT.

PART IV TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

30.

EXT. NEGRO CABIN IN OUTSKIRTS FORT DE FRANCE
NEXT MORNING

Little colored boy sitting on oxcart in front of cabin. He sees automobile coming around bend in road. He looks toward cabin and pretends to call chickens.

COLORED BOY:

Chick - chick - chick -

It is a signal to his mother, who opens door of cabin and looks out as automobile stops in front. It is a French command-car, and contains four armed sailors.

SAILOR:

(in French)

Did you see two white men
pass on this road?

COLORED WOMAN:

(in French)

Not today.

SAILOR:

(in French - to boy)

And you?

Boy shakes his head. Sailors exit in car. Mother smiles at boy, and closes door of cabin.

31.

INT. CABIN

Negro woman closing door. We see Beauclerc lying on cot, his rudely bandaged right leg resting on pillow. Mrs. Beauclerc sits on edge of bed, fanning away flies above her husband's face. Gerard standing nearby. Morgan turning from window in relief. Gerard wipes forehead and throat with handkerchief.

BEAUCLERC:

(to Morgan)

Yesterday you very definitely
refused to have anything to do
with us. Why have you changed
your mind?

MORGAN:

Yesterday I had eight hundred
and twenty-five dollars in sight.
Today - thanks to you and your
Vichy friends - fifty dollars is
fifty dollars.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BEAUCLERC:

I wouldn't trust him.

MORGAN:

(without resentment)

I usually do what I'm paid to do.

Gerard silently nods head to Beauclerc behind Morgan's back.

BEAUCLERC:

I'm sure of that, Captain Morgan.

MORGAN:

Where is this place you want me to take you to?

GERARD:

It is the little islet of Angilla - about forty kilometers on the way to Guadaloupe.

MORGAN:

I know where it is.

(to Beauclerc)

Who you running out there?

BEAUCLERC:

Nobody. We want you to pick up two people there and bring them here.

MORGAN:

I can't land anybody after dark. The port closes at sunset now. They'd nail us all.

GERARD:

We've arranged that. A bateau will meet you outside the break-water and take them off. Then you can wait till daylight to come on.

MORGAN:

Okay. You be in that bateau.

(to Beauclerc)

Where'll these people be?

BEAUCLERC:

I'll show you when we get there.

MORGAN:

You're not going with that leg.

MRS. BEAUCLERC:

Of course not. He can't put his weight on it.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN:
You'd only be in the way.

BEAUCIERC:
(making gesture of
resignation)
You come along the lee shore
of Angilla from the south.
They'll be watching for you,
and when you put on your run-
ning lights, they'll answer
it. You'll see two flashlights -
one held above the other.

MORGAN:
There's a little jetty in there,
isn't there?

GERARD:
That's where they'll be. The
password is "Norlarie."

MORGAN:
"Norlarie."
(to Beauclerc)
Can you pay me now?

MRS. BEAUCIERC:
You see how much he trusts us?

Beauclerc takes out packet of paper francs and
counts them into Morgan's hand.

GERARD:
Harry, if you knew what this
means to us -

BEAUCIERC:
Not only to us - but to France.

MORGAN:
(going over to light
to recount money)
I don't want to know.

GERARD:
We won't forget it.

BEAUCIERC:
I knew you were on our side.

MORGAN:
Sure I am. I'm on any side
that pays me.
(indicating Beau-
clerc's wounded leg)
Had a doctor look at that?

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.2)

BEAUCLERC:

(shaking head)

They know I'm wounded. They're watching all the doctors who are friendly to us.

MORGAN:

Who told you to put this pillow under it?

MRS. BEAUCLERC:

I did! What's wrong with it?

BEAUCLERC:

It doesn't hurt so much that way.

MORGAN:

(removing pillow)

You'll have to grin and take it. Unless you want gangrene to set in.

MRS. BEAUCLERC:

Are you a doctor?

MORGAN:

No. But I've handled quite a few gunshot wounds.

He starts out with Frenchy.

BEAUCLERC:

Bon voyage!

MRS. BEAUCLERC:

(as they exit)

Bon voyage to our money!

DISSOLVE TO:

32. INT. CAFE

AN HOUR LATER

Morgan eating lunch. Gerard enters with pot of coffee. As he pours it into cup, Morgan sees Marie descending stairway. He waves to her.

MARIE:

(coming over)

Hello, Frenchy.

GERARD:

(bowing)

Mademoiselle!

(CONTINUED)

He exits and Marie stops by Morgan's chair.

MARIE:

(shoving finger
inside his collar)
How are you, Steve?

MORGAN:

(pulling out chair)
How'd you sleep?

MARIE:

(stretching lux-
uriously)
Wonderful!

Waitress enters as Marie sits down.

MARIE:

(to Morgan)
Can I start with a rum swizzle?

MORGAN:

Too early.

MARIE:

Just enough to fill an elephant's
ear.

MORGAN:

(to waitress)
Bring her some breakfast, Rosalie.

ROSALIE:

(as she goes)
Yes, M'sieur.

MORGAN:

Could you get packed in time for
the afternoon plane?

MARIE:

Why?

Morgan takes out envelope and gives it to her.

MORGAN:

There's a ticket to San Juan.

MARIE:

San Juan? What'll I do in
Puerto Rico?

MORGAN:

Better town than this any day.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.1)

MARIE:

(after a moment)

Where did you make the raise?

MORGAN:

No fooling, Slim. This is a
good place to be from.

MARIE:

So you took that job?

MORGAN:

I got the dough from Frenchy.

MARIE:

Funny, San Juan is just fifty-
eight dollars as the crow flies.

Morgan finishes his coffee.

MORGAN:

(rising)

Drop me a card if you get stuck
there.

MARIE:

Sure. X marks my room. Send
fifty more.

MORGAN:

May stop by and pick you up on
my way home.

(stoops and
kisses her)

Keep your nose clean.

MARIE:

You do the same.

(draws his head
down and kisses
him)

Thanks, Steve.

MORGAN:

So long.

He rumples her hair and starts out toward front.
Marie looks after him, her eyes slowly filling with
tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN

33.

EXT. PORT DE FRANCE DOCK

LATE THAT AFTERNOON

Morgan's ship, the Queen Conch, tied up. Morgan is working on engine. A plane passes overhead, the Pan American for Miami. Morgan looks up, watches it pass, believing that Marie is on it. Eddy enters on dock, longer, blearier, drunker than ever. He jumps down on deck and almost breaks in half.

EDDY:

Hello, Harry. How's everything?

MORGAN:

Fine. Didn't I tell you to stay at the hotel until I got back?

Eddy sits down in fishing chair and stretches out his legs.

EDDY:

I knew you were going out.

MORGAN:

Who told you?

EDDY:

You can't fool me, Harry. I can tell it just as plain.

MORGAN:

(coming out of engine hatch)
Well, you're not going.

EDDY:

Can I have a little one, Harry?
Just enough to fill a hen's ear?

MORGAN:

Come on - get off.

EDDY:

You can't go without a mate.

MORGAN:

(coming aft)
Do you think having a rummy on board makes any difference?
(jerking Eddy out of chair)
Get off of her. You're poison to me --

EDDY:

What's the matter, Harry? There's no sense getting plugged with me.

MORGAN:

Get off of her --

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

EDDY:

Aw, take it easy --

Morgan hits him on the face. Eddy sags down against dock then, holding his face, he rises and climbs up onto dock.

EDDY:

I wouldn't do a thing like that to you, Harry.

MORGAN:

You're darn right you wouldn't. I'm not going to carry you. That's all.

EDDY:

Well, what did you have to hit me for?

MORGAN:

So you'd believe it.

EDDY:

You aren't treating me square.

MORGAN:

Who did you ever treat square, you rummy? You'd double-cross your own mother. You told me so yourself.

EDDY:

I was only kidding.

He starts to walk off down the dock looking longer than a day without breakfast. Then he turns and comes back.

EDDY:

Say, Harry - will you let me take a couple of dollars?

MORGAN:

(handing him a bill)
Here.

EDDY:

(brightening)
Okay. I always knew you were my pal. Harry, why don't you carry me?

MORGAN:

You're bad luck.

EDDY:

You're just plugged. Never mind, old pal. You'll be glad to see me yet.

Morgan looks after Eddy as the latter walks off down the dock, then goes back into engine hatch.

DISSOLVE TO:

34. EXT. QUEEN CONCH AT SEA

LATER THAT NIGHT

She is drifting in a heavy fog off islet where Morgan has a rendezvous. Morgan has just shut off motors and is throwing hook overboard.

35. INT. WHEEL-HOUSE

Morgan enters, opens locker and takes out a twelve-gauge pump gun and a Winchester thirty-thirty and hangs them up in their cases right over the wheel where he can reach them. Taking pump gun out of case, he works her a few times, then fills her up with shells and pumps one in the barrel. Then he puts a shell in the barrel of the Winchester and fills up the magazine. He shoves Winchester back in the case. He hears something in the direction of the cabin. He takes thirty-eight Special out of waistband of trousers and walks forward.

36. EXT. DECK QUEEN CONCH

Morgan enters and stops as he sees cabin hatch is opening. He cocks six-shooter.

MORGAN:

All right. Come on out.

Eddy cautiously sticks his head out of hatch.

EDDY:

Don't shoot, Harry. It's only me.

MORGAN:

(putting gun away)

How did you get back on her?

EDDY:

Well, I walked up the street, bought a couple of bottles and sneaked back in here when you were working on the engine.

Morgan grins in spite of himself.

MORGAN:

Come on out of there -- and bring the bottles along.

EDDY:

(grinning)

I knew you would carry me, Harry.

MORGAN:

Carry you nothing. You're not even on the crew list. I have a good mind to make you jump overboard now.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY:

(laughing)
You're an old joker, Harry. Us
Key-Westerners ought to stick
together when we are in trouble.

MORGAN:

How d'you know I'm in trouble?

EDDY:

You can't fool me. I always know.

MORGAN:

You with your mouth. Who's going to
trust your mouth when you're drunk?

He walks into wheel-house and Eddy follows him.

37. INT. WHEEL-HOUSE

Morgan enters with Eddy.

EDDY:

I'm a good man, Harry. You just
put me to the test and see what a
good man I am.

MORGAN:

(sitting down on locker)
Give me those bottles.

Eddy reluctantly hands them over. One is open. Morgan
takes a drink from it and puts it forward by the wheel.
Eddy stands there and Morgan looks at him.

EDDY:

(looking around)
What's the matter, Harry? What are
you looking at me like that for?

MORGAN:

Nothing. Just a joke that neither
of us knows the answer to.

EDDIE:

What joke?

MORGAN:

Whether you'll hold together or not.

EDDY:

(quickly)
I'm a good man. You know I am.
(suddenly sober)
Say - what's goin' on? What're we
gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

I don't know, yet. Haven't got it
all figured out, yet.

Takes another drink out of bottle. Stands looking at
the fog on shore.

EDDY:

(after a moment)

Harry --

Morgan doesn't answer.

EDDY:

Why don't you ask me if I've got
a mouth on me?

MORGAN:

(without turning his head)
You've had enough for now. I'll
give you one later on.

EDDY:

(wetting his lips)
Can't I have just a little one now?

MORGAN:

No. I don't want you to be rum-dumb
-- I want you to be rum-brave.

Then Eddy sees rifle and shotgun hanging over whool.

EDDY:

What the dickons is the matter?

MORGAN:

Nothing.

EDDY:

What's all the darn guns for?

MORGAN:

In case we see a shark or something.

EDDY:

A shark! At night? Look - what's
goin' on here?

MORGAN:

(taking another drink)
I always carry them on board to
shoot birds that bother the baits,
or sharks, when we are cruising
along the keys.

EDDY:

What's the matter, darn it, what's
the matter?

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.1)

MORGAN:

Nothing.

(takes another drink)
 We are going to do a little job.
 I'll tell you what to do when
 it's time.

EDDY:

(excited and happy)
 You couldn't have anybody better than
 me, Harry. I'm the man for anything.

Morgan looks at him - tall, lanky and bleary, and he
 doesn't say anything.

EDDY:

(after a moment)
 Listen, Harry - would you give me
 just one? I don't want to get the
 shakes.

Morgan hands him the bottle.

MORGAN:

I don't want you rum-brave until I
 tell you. Make it a short one.

He looks toward shore.

38. INT. WHEELHOUSE QUEEN CONCH OUTSIDE COVE

Morgan flashes on his running lights, then turns them off.
 There is an answering signal from shore - two lights -
 one held above the other. Morgan turns to Eddy, who
 sits on locker.

EDDY:

(excitedly)
 Okay, Harry?

MORGAN:

Get the hook aboard, you big brave man.

Eddy goes forward and Morgan starts his motors. Then he
 goes forward.

39. EXT. DECK OF QUEEN CONCH

Eddy is vainly trying to get anchor aboard. He's too
 weak to do much good. Morgan enters and gives him a hand.

MORGAN:

Listen, we are going in to pick up
 two guys. You take the wheel when
 I tell you to and do what I tell you
 to. Come on. Get that hook up.

(CONTINUED)

59. (Cont.)

EDDY:

(as they get anchor on board)
Harry, can I have one of those now?

MORGAN:

(starting back toward
wheel-house)
I'll give you one in a minute.

EDDY:

I'm a good man. You'll see.

MORGAN:

You're a rummy.

40. INT. WHEEL-HOUSE

Morgan enters with Eddy at his heels. He takes a drink from bottle and hands it to Eddy. As Eddy drinks, Morgan shoves in clutch and starts in toward shore.

MORGAN:

(jerks bottle from
Eddy's mouth)
Listen to me. When I give you the word, cut her and put the wheel over and let her drift stern first in toward the jetty. As soon as she comes around, put her in gear and keep your hand on the clutch. Two people are to come aboard. When I give you the word, hook her up quick, and get out of there. If more than two people try to board us, or anything happens to me, hook her up and head out to sea. You can hold the wheel-house against them with the shotgun until you can make a deal, or at least find out what the score is.

EDDY:

Alone? If anything happens to you?
Then what do I do?

MORGAN:

How do I know? You invited yourself on this trip. I didn't.

EDDY:

(trembling, but trying to
pull himself together)
All right, but you better give me another drink.

MORGAN:

(handing him the bottle)
Here.

Eddy takes the bottle and drinks. Morgan snatches it away, strikes the cork in with his palm and puts the bottle away.

41. EXT. THE JETTY

The boat drifts up to the jetty, where three dim figures are waiting. They are Paul, Helene, and a guide.

GUIDE:

(in French)

Who's there?

MORGAN:

"Norlarie."

GUIDE:

(in French)

Throw me your line.

MORGAN:

(catching hold
of the jetty)

Never mind that. Put your
people aboard.

GUIDE:

(to others -
in French)

They have sent an American.

MORGAN:

(impatiently)

Come on. Come on.

Two of the dark figures reluctantly approach the boat. Helene starts to get down into it. She will have to jump, and hesitates. Morgan does not yet see that she is a woman. He holds out his hand. She takes it and jumps down into the boat. Only when he touches her hand does he realize she is a woman.

MORGAN:

(in surprise)

Say, what's this?

HELENE:

(in English)

Thank you.

MORGAN:

(to the guide)

They didn't say anything
about a woman.

GUIDE:

(in French)

I don't speak English. Here is
Monsieur de Bursac.

MORGAN:

All right, jump in.

(CONTINUED)

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

41 (Cont.)

Paul jumps down into the boat.

MORGAN:

(over his shoulder
to Eddy)

Hook her up. Let's get out
of here.

The boat starts to gather speed.

42. GROUP SHOT

Morgan, Helene and Paul at the stern. The boat is
going fast.

PAUL:

(in English)

Permit me, Captain. My wife,
Madame de Bursac. She is an
American, too.

MORGAN:

I don't care what she is. What
did you want to bring your wife
here for? What kind of a war are
you guys fighting, lugging your
wives around with you?

HELENE:

(bristling)

What business is it of yours?

MORGAN:

An American, huh? Well, nothing
like a little cheesecake for a
touch of color. How come you
didn't bring along a photographer?

PAUL:

(angrily)

Who are you?

HELENE:

Where is Beauclerc?

MORGAN:

He got in a little trouble. Come
into the wheel-house. It's blow-
ing up outside.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

HELENE:

There'll be some more blowing up
when we get to Fort de France, too.
Of all the insolence!

PAUL:

(stiffly - to
Morgan)

We will stay here. We will be
quite comfortable, thank you.

MORGAN:

(as he goes forward)
Suit yourself.

DISSOLVE TO:

43. INT. WHEEL-HOUSE

Morgan is steering. Eddy dozing on seat. Morgan sees
something ahead, reacts in alarm, cuts the switch. The
SOUND of the engine STOPS. The boat drifts on.

EDDY:

(sitting up)

What's wrong?

Morgan crouches over the wheel, tense, staring ahead
into the darkness, Eddy beside him. As they listen,
the SOUND of another boat, moving slow, comes from
ahead.

EDDY:

Did you get a sight of it?

MORGAN:

I didn't have to. Don't you know :
that engine? It's the patrol boat.

As they listen tensely, the SOUND of the other engine
STOPS. Morgan quickly takes the rifle from the rack
on the bulkhead.

EDDY:

Here! You can't fight those guys.

MORGAN:

(jacking a shell
into the rifle)

What's the matter? This is
where you ought to be telling
me how good you are.

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

EDDY:

(pulling himself
together)

All right. What do you want me
to do?

MORGAN:

Just what you did before. Put her
in gear and be ready to pour the
coal to her when I give you the
word.

EDDY:

(trembling)

Maybe I'd better have that other
drink now.

MORGAN:

(about to exit)

What other drink?

Morgan exits. Eddy stares ahead into the darkness,
fumbling around for the bottle, trembling, frightened,
but trying to hold himself together. He cannot find
the bottle.

44. GROUP SHOT AT STERN

Paul and Helene have risen as Morgan enters with the
rifle.

PAUL:

What is it?

MORGAN:

It's the patrol ship.

PAUL:

What shall we do?

MORGAN:

(staring into the
darkness toward
the invisible ship)

Nothing. Get down below the
gunwale and stay there.

PAUL:

(indicates the rifle)

And you will try to resist with
that? You'll get us all killed.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

Look - will you get down there
and shut up? Both of you. You
just save France. Let me save
my ship.

Paul and Helene crouch below the gunwale. Morgan
crouches, staring into the darkness, the rifle ready.
The patrol boat's searchlight comes on, moves across
the water toward them, stops, swings back in the other
direction, stops, then moves again across the water
toward them, drawing nearer and nearer until it picks
up the boat. As it does so, Paul springs up and stands
on the coaming with his arms raised above his head.

PAUL:

(in French)

We surrender. Don't --

Morgan knocks Paul down into the boat. Helene starts
toward Morgan with tigress fury.

HELENE:

You big bully!

MORGAN:

(shoving her away)

If you want to surrender, jump
overboard.

(to Eddy)

Hook her up.

The boat surges forward. Morgan fires at the search-
light, misses, jacks another shell into the rifle.
Paul tries to rise. As he does so, a burst of fire
comes from the patrol boat. Paul is hit and cries out.
Morgan shoots out the searchlight. As he turns to run
to the wheel, he sees Paul sprawled on the seat with
Helene bending over him.

HELENE:

(in alarm)

Paul! Are you hurt?

Morgan stoops to examine Paul's wound. He has been shot
in the right shoulder.

MORGAN:

So that's how you're saving France -
by surrendering to the first Vichy
cop that yells 'stop' at you.

PAUL:

(weakly)

Please do as I say. It is for the
best.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

(to Helene)

You see what happens when you lug women around?

(pointing to Paul)

Get him off the seat. He's bleeding all over my cushion.

HELENE:

What kind of a man are you - talking about your silly cushion? Why don't you do something for him?

MORGAN:

(as he goes forward)

I haven't got time right now.

DISSOLVE TO:

45. OFF SHORE

DAWN

The Queen Conch has stopped. Gerard and another man pull up beside it in a bateau. Aboard the Queen Conch, Paul lies on the floor of cockpit, a crude bandage around his shoulder. Helene is beside him, looking wan and dazed. Morgan enters and catches painter.

MORGAN:

Hello, Frenchy.

GERARD:

(anxiously)

What happened?

MORGAN:

Your friend got shot up a little.

HELENE:

(rouses)

Who are these people?

MORGAN:

(to Helene)

This is Frenchy Gerard, the guy that hired me to bring you here.

(to Gerard)

All right, Frenchy. Take them off.

HELENE:

I don't understand.

MORGAN:

This is all of it. The end of the line.

(CONTINUED)

HELENE:

(looks about at
the desolate shore)
Here? Like this? Aren't you
going to take us any farther?

MORGAN:

This is as far as I go.

HELENE:

But you can't. You can't -

MORGAN:

(to Gerard)

Look. Get them out of my boat.
And you better talk to them.
If this is the sort of people
you are hoping to save Martinique
with, no wonder the Vichy cops run
you ragged.

(over his shoulder
to Eddy)

Come here.

Eddy enters, a little wobbly in the legs.

EDDY:

Hello, Frenchy.

MORGAN:

Give us a hand here.

Morgan, Eddy and Gerard lift Paul into the bateau.
Helene is dazed. She stumbles as she tries to follow
Paul. Morgan catches her by the hand before she falls
and helps her into the skiff. Gerard and the other
oarsman row away.

MORGAN:

(to Eddy)

All right. Hook her up.

Eddy goes to the wheelhouse. The boat starts. Morgan
turns away. He pauses, sniffs, as if he had suddenly
smelled something, turns his head from side to side,
sniffing, raises the hand with which he had helped
Helene into the boat, sniffs at it, smells the faint
scent which she had left, dips hand in water to wash
it off.

FADE OUT.

PART V TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

46.

INT. CAFE

LATER THAT MORNING

Place is practically deserted. Morgan, coming in with Eddy, pauses blankly as he sees Marie standing by piano, listening to Cricket rehearse a number with orchestra.

MARIE:

(seeing him)

Hello, Steve.

EDDY:

(turning to Morgan)

I thought you said she pulled out?

MORGAN:

Why didn't you take that plane?

MARIE:

I decided to wait for you.

She puts hand in his pocket and takes out package of cigarettes.

MORGAN:

(angrily)

I went to a lot of trouble to get you out of here.

MARIE:

That's why I didn't go.

As Morgan looks at her, she takes some bills out of pocket.

MARIE:

I got a refund on the ticket. Want me to keep it for you?

EDDY:

(seeing money)

Listen, Harry. Could I -- ?

MORGAN:

You've had enough to last you a week.

(to Marie)

Don't buy him nothing but beer.

As he turns to go Frenchy enters.

MORGAN:

Have any trouble getting them ashore?

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

FRENCHY:

No. But Madame refused to let us take them to that place in the country. She said it was too far. He would die before he got there.

MORGAN:

What does she know?

FRENCHY:

He is very badly wounded, Harry. Anybody can see that.

MORGAN:

I looked at it. The bullet hit the gunwale first and was practically spent. All you have to do is to get somebody to take it out.

(to Marie)

Had your breakfast?

MARIE:

(nodding)

But I'll have a cup of coffee with you.

Morgan starts toward table in rear, but Frenchy follows him.

FRENCHY:

Couldn't you do it for us?

MORGAN:

Me? Listen, I'm hotter right now than any doctor. Don't you think they recognized my ship? Why, the minute I walk out of here they'll be right on my trail -

FRENCHY:

I thought about that. That's why I brought them here.

MORGAN:

(stopping in horror)

You what?

MARIE:

You brought them here?

MORGAN:

(pointing to big gold-fish bowl)

Why didn't you stick them in that and be done with it?

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.1)

FRENCHY:

I know it sounds crazy, but what could I do? If that man dies, our only hope of saving Martinique is gone..

MORGAN:

Listen, I don't owe you anything, Frenchy. I did what you paid me for, didn't I? I pay for everything I get around here, don't I? Ask her.

(he gestures at old cashier behind grill; turning on Marie)

You see what you got into by sticking around?

MARIE:

I'm willing to pull out any time you are.

MORGAN:

(turning to cashier)

Make out our bills.

(to Eddy)

Go upstairs and get our things packed.

EDDY:

Where we going?

MORGAN:

Never mind. Hurry up.

CASHIER:

(looking at ledger)

Your bill, Captain Morgan, being somewhat in arrears, amounts to six thousand three hundred and fifty-six francs.

MORGAN:

(to Marie)

We haven't got half that, have we?

Marie shakes her head, whereupon the cashier smiles.

CASHIER:

I think M'sieur Gerard will be glad to dismiss the whole matter if you will --

FRENCHY:

(eagerly)

By all means.

Morgan motions at Marie.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.2)

MORGAN:

Throw her bill in with it?

FRENCHY:

Sure thing.

MORGAN:

All I have to do is to get the
bullet out and put a dressing on
it?

FRENCHY:

That's all.

MORGAN:

(to cashier)

Put some water on to boil. I'll
give you a probe to sterilize.

OLD CASHIER:

(as she exits)

Voila, mon capitaine.

MORGAN:

(starting toward
stairway)

I'll go up and get my kit.

MARIE:

What can I do?

MORGAN:

Go up and pack your things.

(as she exits up
stairs he turns
to Frenchy)

Where are they?

FRENCHY:

(pointing to the floor)

Down in the wine-cellar.

MORGAN:

You poor sap. That's the first place
they'll look.

FRENCHY:

I know. We all crazy except you,
Harry - and I think you are a little
crazy, too.

MORGAN:

(as he goes upstairs)

You said it.

DISSOLVE TO:

47. INT. WINE CELLAR OF CAFE

A LITTLE LATER

Frenchy and Morgan descending stairway. We can HEAR Cricket at piano OVERHEAD. Morgan carries a ship's medical kit. Frenchy, lighting a candle, leads him through aisle in wine-racks to far end of cellar. Here he pushes aside an old sideboard, disclosing door. He opens door, motioning Morgan to precede him.

48. INT. BEDROOM NO. 1 OLD SERVANT'S QUARTERS

The room is empty. Morgan looks around curiously as he enters with Frenchy.

MORGAN:

What's this?

FRENCHY:

Some old servant's quarters.

He leads Morgan through bathroom into another bedroom.

49. INT. BEDROOM NO. 2

Paul lying unconscious on cot. Helene sitting on chair nearby, fanning him. She rises as Frenchy enters with Morgan.

HELENE:

(recognizing Morgan).

What do you want?

MORGAN:

Hello, Cheesecake.

HELENE:

Where's the doctor?

FRENCHY:

Please be patient, Madame. We will get one as soon as -

HELENE:

Patient! You think I can sit here and watch my husband die - just because of a pack of cowardly -

MORGAN:

Quit that yelling.

(starting to remove
crude bandage from
Paul's shoulder)

He's not going to die.

(CONTINUED)

HELENE:

(jerkling him away
from cot)

Don't touch him -

FRENCHY:

Really, Madame, Harry is very good
at this sort of thing -

HELENE:

(scornfully)

I've seen a sample of his work -
and I wouldn't let him touch my dog!

MORGAN:

I stopped the bleeding, didn't I?
That was more than you could do.

HELENE:

(almost beside herself
- to Frenchy)

Once and for all, are you going to
get a doctor or do you want me to
go and do it?

MORGAN:

Go ahead.

FRENCHY:

Madame, I've told you it is impossible.

HELENE:

All right - I'll show you how im-
possible it is.

She starts for door, and Frenchy stops her.

FRENCHY:

(pleading with her)

Please, Madame. Control yourself.
It will mean ruin - not only for us
all - but for our cause.

HELENE:

(scornfully)

The cause! The cause! That's all
you think of. Paul is nothing to
you. Well, he is to me, and if I
haven't got something to say about
this thing I'd like to know who has?
Who put up the money for all this?
Where would you be if it wasn't for
me?

And she struggles like a madwoman to release herself
from Frenchy's grasp.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.1)

FRENCHY:

Madame! Please - I beg you -

HELENE:

Let me go! I'm an American citizen -
and I'm not afraid of anybody!

MORGAN:

Why don't you sing "The Star-Spangled
Banner"?

(to Frenchy)

Let her go, Frenchy.

FRENCHY:

(amazedly)

Let her go? You know what it means
if she appears on the street?

MORGAN:

She won't go anywhere. She's just
sounding off.

He pulls Frenchy away from Helene, who stands there and
stares at him infuriatedly.

MORGAN:

You see?

Helene suddenly hits him in the face. Morgan grins at
her and introduces her to Marie, who has entered at
this juncture with pan containing probe he gave cashier
to sterilize.

MORGAN:

Miss Browning, this is Madame
de Cheesecake.

(taking pan from
Marie he says to
Helene)

Don't get tough with Slim. She's
apt to slap you back.

MARIE:

(to Helene)

Is there something I can do?

HELENE:

(icily)

Don't ask me. Your friend seems
to be in complete charge here.

MARIE:

(looking toward
ceiling)

Listen.

(CONTINUED)

OVERHEAD we HEAR Cricket softly beginning to play plink-plink prelude.

MORGAN:
(opening medical
kit)
What is it?

MARIE:
I told Cricket to play that if
Renard came in.

Morgan looks at Helene.

MORGAN:
(lowering voice)
That's the Gestapo.
(taking out can of
ether and a packet
of cotton, he hands
it to Helene)
Get over there behind your husband's
head, and if he comes to while I'm
probing, pour some of that stuff on
a hunk of cotton and give him a whiff
of it to keep him quiet.
(to Frenchy)
Bring that lamp over here so I can see.

HELENE:
(unscrewing stopper
from can)
What is this?

MORGAN:
(preparing to go
to work with probe)
Ether. Be careful you don't get
too many whiffs of it yourself,
Cheesecake.

HELENE:
(brandishing can
in a frenzy)
If you call me that again, I'll
throw this can clear through you!

FRENCHY:
(in alarm)
Hush!

MORGAN:
You better save it for Mr.
Cheesecake.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.3)

As Helene glares at him, speechless with rage, Marie reaches for can.

MARIE:

I'll do it.

HELENE:

(haughtily)

Are you a nurse?

MARIE:

No. Are you?

HELENE:

Yes. I took a course in Paris.
That's why all this seems so horrible to me.

She goes and stands behind Paul, preparing to give ether to him if he needs it. Morgan looks at her, and motions to Marie.

MORGAN:

You better get out of here. You might not like this.

MARIE:

I'll be all right.

She picks up candle to give Morgan more light. Helene, watching Morgan shove probe into wound, suddenly keels over on the floor in a dead faint.

MORGAN:

(seeing this)

Look at our nurse.

MARIE:

(going to her aid)

Oh, you poor thing.

MORGAN:

Let her alone - and pick up that can - quick.

Marie obeys - but it is too late.

MARIE:

It's all spilled.

MORGAN:

(in disgust)

You dames! Pull Nursie away from it - and fan those ether fumes off me.

He continues to probe, and Paul, coming to, begins to groan and writhe in agony. Frenchy gazes fearfully at ceiling.

FRENCHY:

You better stop.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.4)

MORGAN:

I can't.

(to Paul)

Take it easy. I'll be through in a minute.

(to Frenchy)

Put that lamp down. You and Slim'll have to hold him.

They obey, Marie gripping Paul's good arm, Frenchy clutching his legs. Paul's groans become louder and louder. Helene dazedly sits up on floor.

MORGAN:

(to Marie)

Put your hand over his mouth.

HELENE:

Stop it. Stop it. Can't you see you're killing him?

MORGAN:

It's your fault - spilling all the ether. See if you can find something for him to bite on. Then he won't make so much noise.

Helene looks toward ceiling, recalls Renard, rises and goes around other side of bed. She evidently finds something for Paul to bite on, judging from muffled SOUND of his groans.

MORGAN:

(after a moment)

Here's the bullet.

He holds it up and Paul sinks back with a gasp of relief, his teeth relaxing their grip on the object Helene gave him to bite on. It was nothing less than the knuckle of the index finger of her own right hand, and blood is slowly welling up in the teeth marks.

MORGAN:

(seeing this)

Are you crazy?

HELENE:

It was my fault he was suffering so much. Why shouldn't I share it?

Marie, staring at Helene, makes a sudden rush for the bathroom, her hand clutching mouth.

MORGAN:

You dames! If it isn't one thing it's the other.

Then, as he starts to put bandage on Paul's wound, we

DISSOLVE TO:

Changes
"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

50. INT. CELLAR ROOM

THREE OR FOUR HOURS LATER

By candle light Morgan, weary with a long vigil, sits by cot, watching Paul. On opposite side of cot Helene sits in a chair, watching Morgan. Latter, feeling Paul's forehead, takes hold of his wrist for a moment, then, blowing out candle and rising to feet, he stretches luxuriously in morning sunlight from dingy window.

MORGAN:

Guess I'll get some sleep.

HELENE:

Is he worse?

MORGAN:

(shaking head)

No. Fever's all gone and his pulse is coming back strong.

HELENE:

(her face lighting up)

He's going to be all right?
Are you sure?

MORGAN:

I'm no doctor - but he looks pretty good to me.

Helene suddenly breaks down - her eyes fill with tears - and she walks out of room.

51. INT. CELLAR

Helene enters, sits down on chair and sobs brokenly
Morgan enters and looks down at her.

MORGAN:

You better get some sleep yourself.
You've had a pretty tough time.

HELENE:

(broken and incoherent)

I didn't want to come with Paul.
But our people made me. They
said no man was much good if he
left somebody behind. The fear
is too much. But I did my best
to get out of it. I said I'd
be in the way, but that wasn't
it. I was simply afraid. More
afraid to go than I was to stay

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

51 (Cont.)

HELENE: (Cont.)

But Paul wouldn't leave without me. I thought he was very brave. But now I know he was afraid, too.

MORGAN:

Well, he didn't invent it.

HELENE:

But we have so much to do, and so little to do it with. You must tell those people what we are. It is only fair. You have risked everything to bring us here.

MORGAN:

Not me. I got paid for what I did.

HELENE:

You got no pay for saving Paul. And I tried so hard to stop you. I did my best. If I had something in my hands I would have killed you.

MORGAN:

(impatiently)

Quit that baby-talk. You aren't sorry at all. Nobody is. You're just sorry you made such a mug of yourself.

Helene stares at him for a moment, then smiles at him through her tears.

HELENE:

You can't make me angry at you any more. I don't know why. You could do anything to me. I wouldn't care.

MORGAN:

(grinning at her)

Of all the screwy dames -

(after a moment)

What's your name?

HELENE:

Helene. Yours is Harry, isn't it? Harry. I never knew anybody by that name.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont. 1)

MORGAN:
(holding out hand)
Same here. Glad to meet you,
Helene.

As she puts her hand in his, palm down, French fashion
somebody speaks behind them.

MARIE'S VOICE:
You're supposed to kiss it.

They turn and see Marie standing behind them with a tray
of food in her hands.

MARIE:
I hate to break this up, but -

MORGAN:
But what?

HELENE:
(in surprise)
Oh, hello.

MARIE:
Oh, hello.
(to Morgan)
How's your patient? Or haven't
you seen him lately?

MORGAN:
Lay off Helene. She's okay.
(nodding in Paul's
direction)
So is he.

HELENE:
(to Marie)
I'm sorry I was so rude to you.

MARIE:
I'll get over it.
(setting down tray)
Here's some breakfast for you.

MORGAN:
(turning to go)
Listen, Helene, if anything goes
wrong, don't be afraid to send for
me.

HELENE:
I won't. Thanks.

Morgan starts toward stairway. Marie looks at Helene.
The two women measure each other. Then, without a word,
Marie turns and follows Morgan. And as Helene looks after
them, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

51-a. INT. UPPER HALLWAY

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Morgan and Marie enter, but instead of going toward her own door Marie waits beside Morgan while he unlocks his door.

MORGAN:
Why don't you go to bed?

MARIE:
I could use a drink.

MORGAN:
(opening door)
You're out of luck. Eddy finished that bottle.

He walks into room, and Marie follows him.

MARIE:
I didn't want one, anyway.

51-b. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM

Morgan looking at Marie as she closes door.

MORGAN:
Is there something you want to talk about?

MARIE:
No.

MORGAN:
(sitting down
on couch)
Well, I wish you'd get it over with as soon as you can. I'm dead for sleep.

MARIE:
So am I.
(kneels down and
takes off his shoes)
That feel better?

MORGAN:
Nopo.

Marie, rising, starts toward bedroom.

MORGAN:
Where you going?

MARIE:
Run a tub for you.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN:

(rising)

No use. I'd only go to sleep in it.

MARIE:

(returning to him)

Isn't there something I can do for you, Steve?

MORGAN:

Yeah.

There is no mistaking his meaning, and Marie smiles at him.

MARIE:

(imitating Helene)

You can't make me angry at you any more. I don't know why. You could do anything to me. I wouldn't care.

As Morgan looks at her she turns and starts toward door.

MORGAN:

Wait a minute.

(as she pauses
he motions to her)

Come back here.

(as Marie obeys)

Walk around me.

MARIE:

(puzzled)

Huh?

MORGAN:

Go ahead. Nobody's going to bite you.

Still puzzled, Marie slowly obeys. But by the time she has walked around him she isn't so puzzled..

MARIE:

You're right, Harry. There's no strings tied to you.

(starting toward
door)

I'm glad you brought it up..

MORGAN:

It was getting me down.

He follows her to door, and as she opens it and goes out, Frenchy hurriedly enters.

MORGAN:

(seeing Frenchy)

What's the matter?

FRENCHY:

Renard's downstairs. He want to (CONTINUED)

51-b (Cont.)

FRENCHY: (Cont.)

see you.

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN:

I'm too woozy to talk to him now. Tell him I'm in bed - see him in the morning.

FRENCHY:

Harry, you better come down. I think he suspects something.

MORGAN:

Sure he does. That's why I don't want to talk to him.

MARIE:

(entering from hall)

Talk a cold shower. You'll be all right.

(starting toward bathroom)

I'll fix it.

MORGAN:

Okay.

(to Frenchy)

Go down and entertain him.

FRENCHY:

Eddy's doing that already.

MORGAN:

(in alarm)

Eddy! Holy mackerel!

(sitting down and putting on shoes)

Never mind the shower, Slim.

He jumps up and exits into hall, followed by Frenchy and Marie:

51-c INT. UPPER HALLWAY

Morgan, coming out of room with Marie and Frenchy, says to Marie:

MORGAN:

See you later.

MARIE:

I'm going with you.

MORGAN:

No, you're not.

He shoves her toward door of her room. Key is in the lock. Morgan opens door, pushes Marie inside in spite of her protests, and, locking door, starts down hall with Frenchy.

52. INT. CAFE

Eddy sitting at table with Renard and Coyc. Bodyguard stands behind Renard. Place is deserted except for early morning help getting things ready to open up for business.

EDDY:

(taking a drink)

He must have weighed nine hundred
if he weighed a pound. You never
saw such a marlin in your born days.

Morgan, entering on stairway with Frenchy, hurriedly comes down to table.

RENARD:

(seeing Morgan)

Good morning, Captain. Won't
you join us?

MORGAN:

(as he sits down)

I don't seem to have much choice.

FRENCHY:

Anything I can get you gentlemen?

RENARD:

Not now.

(to Eddy)

Continue, Mr. Eddy.

Frenchy goes about his business.

EDDY:

(beaming)

Did you hear that, Harry? He
called me "Mister".

(to Renard)

Well, sir, this fish was so big
Harry and me could hardly budge him.
We pumped on him till we was all
wore out.

(taking another drink)

Long after dark we was still
playing him. He must have weighed a
thousand easy.

RENARD:

(turning to Morgan)

I'm glad you arrived. Every time
Mr. Eddy takes a drink this fabulous
fish grows later. How did you
finally manage to land such a
leviathan?

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

(pouring self
a drink)

We had to cut him loose around
eight o'clock.

RENARD:

Why? Was he so big?

MORGAN:

No. We ran into a German submarine.

RENARD:

(startled)

A German submarine?

MORGAN:

Well, whatever it was, it turned a
searchlight on us and opened fire.
So I didn't stick around to make
any further inquiries.

Renard smiles admiringly.

RENARD:

You are very shrewd, Captain Morgan.
I don't think anybody could give a
more logical explanation for refusing
to obey the challenge of our patrol ship.
Not to speak of shooting out their
searchlight.

MORGAN:

The patrol ship? Is that what
it was?

(turning to Eddy)

You were right, after all.

EDDY:

I'm a good man in the dark. I
always was.

CCYO:

There's one thing very hard to
understand.

MORGAN:

What's that?

RENARD:

Why a professional fisherman goes
fishing for his own amusement?

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.1)

MORGAN:

I don't as a rule. But Johnson lost my heavy tackle, and I figured the fish that took it might be drowned if he couldn't get shut of it - so while I was trolling for the line I got hooked on to another one.

RENARD:

(looking at Coyo)

That seems reasonable. Quite reasonable.

(pouring drink)

Sorry to bother you, Captain.

MORGAN:

That's all right.

RENARD:

You are a very practical man, and I'm quite sure you have no special sympathies.

MORGAN:

That's right.

COYO:

There was only one possibility that might effect your judgment.

(pause)

Your financial condition.

MORGAN:

Why don't you do something about it?

RENARD:

That's one reason I came here. To rectify that mistake.

(taking large envelope out of pocket)

Here are the passports of yourself and Mademoiselle. Eight hundred and twenty-five dollars in cash, representing your claim against the Johnson estate. And thirty-two dollars of your own money.

(as Morgan stares at him, flabbergasted)

Will you see if it is correct and sign this receipt?

As Morgan hastily checks contents of envelope Renard and Coyo rise to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN:

It's all here.

Coyo hands him fountain pen. Morgan signs receipt.

MORGAN:

Thanks a lot. There's just one thing.

REWARD:

(taking receipt)

You're quite free to do as you like. Stay or go. As you please.

So saying, he walks out, followed by his men. As they exit Morgan picks up envelope and looks after them, deeply puzzled. Frenchy enters from rear, beaming.

MORGAN:

Did you hear the same thing I did?

FRENCHY:

Most of it. We did very well. It is clear they suspect nothing.

MORGAN:

(rising)

I'm not so sure of that.

He walks over and looks out crack in shade.

MORGAN:

That watchdog is still out there.

FRENCHY:

He always has been there.

(looking down at

Eddy, who is dozing
in chair)

That big fish of his was an inspiration. That and the German submarine.

EDDY:

(sitting up)

What fish?

FRENCHY:

I think it deserves a small libation.

MORGAN:

Wait till he sleeps this one off.

(pulling Eddy to
his feet)

Go on back to the ship.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY:

Okay, Harry.
(turns to go,
then stops)
Say, Frenchy.

FRENCHY:

Yes, Eddy.

EDDY:

Did you ever know a fellow by the
name of Juggins?

FRENCHY:

Juggins?

EDDY:

Who?

Frenchy stares at Eddy bewilderedly, and Morgan grins
as we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

53.

INT. CAFE

THAT EVENING

Place is crowded. Cricket doing Hong Kong Blues number. Marie, standing by piano, sees Morgan coming in entrance from sidewalk. He looks around room, and goes to bar.

MORGAN:

(to bartender)

Has Eddy been in?

BARTENDER:

(shaking head)

I haven't seen him, Captain.

Morgan comes over to Marie.

MORGAN:

Hello, Slim. Are your things all packed?

MARIE:

(nodding)

Have a good sleep?

MORGAN:

Plenty. You look pretty good yourself. Seen Eddy around?

MARIE:

(shaking head)

Wasn't he down at the ship?

MORGAN:

No. Buy him something to eat if he comes in. I'll be back in a little while.

MARIE:

Give her my love.

Morgan looks at her over shoulder as he exits behind her

54.

INT. CELLAR ROOM

Paul is sitting up in bed. Helene is feeding him from tray as Frenchy looks on. They HEAR SOUND in other room and Morgan enters.

MORGAN:

Hello, folks.

(to Paul)

How you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

PAUL:
Much better. We are very grate-
ful to you, Captain.

HELENE:
More than grateful.

MORGAN:
Forget it.

Morgan feels Paul's check and takes hold of his wrist.

MORGAN:
You're doing fine. You ought to be
able to get out of here tomorrow.

PAUL:
We were just discussing that. I
hear you're going to leave us.

MORGAN:
I haven't gone yet.

PAUL:
You look for trouble?

MORGAN:
I don't know what to look for.
This guy Renard has got me guessing.

FRENCHY:
I think you're wrong. Harry.
Believe me.

MORGAN:
I hope so.
(turning to go)
Well, folks, if I don't see you again -

FRENCHY:
(stopping him)
Harry, before you go - please give
us some advice.

PAUL:
No - No. We have bothered Captain
Morgan enough.

FRENCHY:
But he knows about these things -
much more than we. I think he has
even fished in those waters.

MORGAN:
Where's that?

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont. 1)

FRENCHY:

Off Venezuela. Around Devil's
Island. Didn't you tell me?

MORGAN:

I been around there. What about it?

PAUL:

It is a long story. We have no
right to trouble you with it.

HELENE:

It is not a long story. We came
here to free a man from Devil's
Island - a man who can do more than any
other to free this island. It is
quite simple.

MORGAN:

Yeah. Sounds very simple.

FRENCHY:

We are going to steal the patrol
ship.

MORGAN:

Is that a fact?

FRENCHY:

Everything else has been arranged.
We are not planning a jail break
at Devil's Island. Nothing so
foolish. There is a high Vichy
official there who has agreed to
simplify the whole matter of the
escape.

MORGAN:

For France?

FRENCHY:

No. For five thousand dollars.
Our ship merely needs to enter
the mouth of the river. There
a boat containing the prisoner and
the high official will come out to
meet us. Then we will exchange the
money for the -

MORGAN:

Wait a minute. Where is this money?
Or are you going to steal that, too?

PAUL:

(smiling)

No. That is one thing that we have.
We brought that with us.

(CONTINUED)

FRENCHY:

What d'you think, Harry?

MORGAN:

Listen, Frenchy, let's don't get in an argument.

HELENE:

You don't think we have a chance?

MORGAN:

(frankly)

I don't know what to think. I never heard anything so crazy in my life. In the first place, how are you going to steal the patrol ship?

FRENCHY:

We thought you might suggest something.

MORGAN:

I can't. I never stole a patrol ship.

HELENE:

We'll manage it somehow.

PAUL:

(smiling)

Helene is like you, Captain. She is not afraid. I sometimes wonder why they chose me for this mission. As you know, I am not a brave man. The contrary, rather. I am always frightened.

MORGAN:

Who isn't?

PAUL:

Yet when you meet danger you never think of anything except how you will circumvent it. Obviously, the gestures of failure do not exist for you. While I - I think always - "suppose I fail?"

MORGAN:

Are you thinking that now?

PAUL:

Yes.

MORGAN:

I don't blame you.
(holding out hand)

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN: (Cont.)
So long - and lots of luck. You're
sure going to need it.

PAUL:
Same to you, Captain. And thanks.

MORGAN:
(turning to Helene)
Goodbye.
(as they shake hands)
I wish there was something I could
do for you people.

HELENE:
(smiling)
There's one thing.

MORGAN:
What's that?

HELENE:
Send us back some cooler weather.
(opening dress at
throat)
Is it always so warm here?

She picks up fan and starts to use it.

MORGAN:
(examining texture
of her frock)
You'll die in this kind of stuff.

HELENE:
It's all I have with me.

MORGAN:
I'll have Slim get you something
lighter.

He walks out. There is a moment of silence, which is
broken by Frenchy

FRENCHY:
(glumly)
Well, here we are.

HELENE:
Are all Americans like this? Have
they no feeling, no pity?

PAUL:
They are hard to arouse, but once
it is done, their anger is terrible.

FRENCHY:
Harry has no feeling for anyone -
except Eddy.

CUT TO:

55. INT. CAFE

Marie sitting at table near piano and doing card tricks for Cricket and orchestra. Morgan, entering from behind bar, comes over to table, looking around room for Eddy.

MARIE:
He hasn't come in yet.

MORGAN:
(worried)
I'll break his neck.

MARIE:
Maybe he went up to your room.

MORGAN:
Yeah. I'll go up and see.

Marie raises deck and riffles it in front of him.

MARIE:
Decide on some card.

MORGAN:
Okay.
(leaning over her and lowering voice as she shuffles cards)
Go out and buy Helene a couple of light dresses and things.

MARIE:
(taking card out of his pocket)
Is this the card?

MORGAN:
(grinning)
Huh! You're pretty good.

MARIE:
Going to take her along with us?

MORGAN:
(startled)
Say, that's not a bad idea.

He starts out toward rear, presumably to see if Eddy is up in his quarters. Marie, picking up handbag, rises and starts toward street entrance.

CRICKET:
Where you going?

MARIE:
(as she goes)
Down the street a ways.

56. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM

Door opens and Morgan enters. As he turns on light he
HEARS SOUND in bedroom. His face lights up.

MORGAN:

That you, Eddy?

HELENE'S VOICE:

(in bedroom)

No. It's me.

Amazed, Morgan walks over to half-open door.

MORGAN:

What are you doing up here?

HELENE'S VOICE:

Frenchy brought me up the back
way.

MORGAN:

What for?

HELENE'S VOICE:

I'd like to take a bath - if you
don't mind?

MORGAN:

Why pick on me? Why didn't he
put you in Slim's place?

HELENE'S VOICE:

May I use your bathrobe?

MORGAN:

Help yourself.

He walks over to table, lights a cigarette. Helene
enters from bedroom, wearing his bathrobe.

HELENE:

I wanted to talk to you.

MORGAN:

It's no use. I wouldn't take
that job if you offered me the
whole five thousand.

HELENE:

We'll give you more than that when
this island is free.

MORGAN:

I'm through working on the cuff.
Once was enough.

(grins)

Now I'll make you a proposition.

HELENE:

56 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

Slim and I are pulling out of here tonight. Why don't you come along with us?

HELENE:

(blankly)

What?

MORGAN:

You heard me.

HELENE:

You believe I would leave my husband?

MORGAN:

Nobody would blame you.

HELENE:

It's nice of you to feel sorry for me. I feel sorry for you, too.

MORGAN:

Why?

HELENE:

You look down so much upon Paul. You think you are so brave and that he is so weak. Well, I wouldn't have him any other way. I wouldn't have him like you if I could. I love him just the way he is, and I shall never leave him, no matter what happens.

MORGAN:

(grinning at her)

Never?

HELENE:

Never.

MORGAN:

(kissing her)

Never be too sure.

As she draws back and stares at him there is a SOUND OF RUNNING FEET in hall. Then door is burst open and Marie breathlessly rushes in. She carries paper-wrapped parcel in her hands.

MARIE:

(taking in tableau)

I hate to interrupt you two so much, but -

MORGAN:

But what?

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont. 1)

MARIE:

Renard is on his way up here -

MORGAN:

(closing door)

Did he see you come up?

MARIE:

I don't think so.

Morgan points toward bedroom.

MORGAN:

Take her in there.

Marie grabs Helene's arm and starts toward bedroom.

MARIE:

(as she goes)

Better wipe off that rouge,
Steve.

As they exit Morgan takes out handkerchief, wiping
lips and going to hall door. He opens it and sees
Renard approaching in hallway with Coyo and Bodyguard.

MORGAN:

(affecting surprise)

Hello, there.

RENARD:

Hello, Captain.

MORGAN:

You want to see me?

RENARD:

Yes.

MORGAN:

Let's go below. It's much cooler.

RENARD:

Yes, but it is much more private here.

He walks in, his two henchmen bringing up the rear. Coyo
closes door.

MORGAN:

Well, what's on your mind?

Renard looks around, sniffs the air.

RENARD:

Very nice perfume. Sorry if we
interrupted you.

Morgan grins and turns toward bedroom. (CONTINUED)

56 (Cont. 2)

MORGAN:

Come on out, Slim.

In reply bedroom door opens and Marie enters.

RENARD:

(seeing her)

Well, now we are all here - except
Mr. Eddy.

MORGAN:

(after a moment)

Humph! So that's where he is.

RENARD:

(seating himself)

Yes. We picked him up shortly
after he left here this morning.

MORGAN:

What did he do?

RENARD:

Nothing. But knowing your affection
for him, we decided to make use of it.

MORGAN:

Is that a fact?

He slowly starts toward Renard, but Bodyguard blocks his
path, putting hand under coat with a menacing gesture.
Morgan pauses, and Bodyguard, using free hand, motions
Morgan to return to other side of table.

MORGAN:

Don't you ever talk?

BODYGUARD:

Not unless it is necessary.

RENARD:

Please sit down over there, Captain.

He indicates chair on other side of table. Morgan, look-
ing at Bodyguard and measuring distance between them,
thinks better of it and obeys Renard's injunction.

MORGAN:

(sitting down in chair)

What are you going to do to Eddy?

RENARD:

Well, your friend seems to be in a
delicate condition, so instead of
plying him with liquor and getting
stories about a larger fish I have
decided to withhold it for a while
and see what happens -

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN:

You can't do that. You'll kill him.

RENARD:

You should know.

MORGAN:

He can't stand it. He'll go crackers.

RENARD:

You can easily prevent it.

MORGAN:

Yeah.

COYO:

(suddenly)

Please put your hands on the table, Captain.

Morgan looks at him, but makes no move to lift his hands, which are out of sight below level of table. Bodyguard starts forward, pulling revolver out from under coat. Morgan sees this, and as Bodyguard aims weapon at him Morgan fires at him through compartment in table. Bodyguard, dropping gun and clutching stomach, falls face down on table. Marie screams at the shot, while Morgan, rising to his feet, gun in hand, throws it down on Renard and Coyo, both of whom sit as if paralyzed by the murderous suddenness of it all -- until they both realize that Morgan is going to give them the same. For as the latter slowly rises to his feet, the hammer of the weapon also rises.

RENARD:

It won't do you any good to kill us. That won't save Mr. Eddy.

MARIE:

(getting up)

That's right, Steve -

Morgan, trembling with ungovernable rage, snakes his head.

MORGAN:

I don't care. They've pushed me around all I'm going to be pushed -

MARIE:

Wait, Steve -

MORGAN:

Don't get in front of them -

MARIE:

Steve! Listen to me!

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.4)

MORGAN:

(shoving her
toward door)

Go downstairs and tell Cricket
to play real loud for a few minutes -

MARIE:

(in desperation)

Steve! Why don't you try to make
a deal with them?

MORGAN:

Hurry up. Do what I tell you.

MARIE:

(turning to
Renard)

Look - there's a phone out in the
hall -

RENARD:

(coolly)

I know that, Mademoiselle. But
we have Mr. Eddy. If any deal is
made, it will be made on our terms,
not yours.

Morgan turns and looks at him.

MORGAN:

Is that a fact?

He starts toward Renard, gun in hand. Renard slowly
rises to his feet. So does Coyo..

MORGAN:

You're going to tell me what to do,
huh?

RENARD:

Yes.

MORGAN:

I guess you fellows have whipped a
lot of people with rubber hose,
haven't you?

RENARD:

Yes, Captain.

MORGAN:

Did you ever whip anybody with a
pistol?

RENARD:

No, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.5)

MORGAN:

You must try it sometime -
And using trigger-guard like a brass knuckle he hits
Renard in the stomach. As the latter doubles up and
reels against the wall Coyo makes a leap at Morgan,
who hits him in the jaw. As he goes down Renard
pulls himself erect.

MORGAN:

(socking him again)
All right - let's see which one of you
boys is the toughest.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. INT. UPPER HALLWAY

A LITTLE LATER

Coyo talking into wall-telephone near doorway of Morgan's
room. Morgan and Frenchy watching him. Maybe Frenchy is
holding him up.

COYO:

That's right. Let him go.

MORGAN:

(prompting him)

We will explain later.

COYO:

(into phone)

We will explain later.

As he hangs up Marie sticks her head out of door.

MARIE:

Renard's coming to.

Morgan, supporting Coyo, speaks to Frenchy.

MORGAN:

Make him fill out those passes
we found in his pocket.

58. INT. MORGAN'S SITTING ROOM

Renard, dazedly lifting head from table, looks at Helene
who has been pouring water from pitcher over his head.
Morgan enters with Coyo, Frenchy and Marie, who closes
door. Frenchy puts passes in front of Renard and gives him
fountain-pen.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

FRENCHY:

Fill in the names of Harry
Morgan; Marie Browning, and
(turning to Morgan,
who is tying Coyo
to chair)
What's Eddy's first name?

MORGAN:

Eddy. Eddy James.

FRENCHY:

(to Renard)

Eddy James.

MORGAN:

Make out one for Paul and
Helene while you're at it.

FRENCHY:

That's a good idea.

(to Renard)

Paul de Bursac and Helene de
Bursac.

RENARD:

Who are these people?

MORGAN:

(coming over)

The two passengers I brought over from
Angilla.

(as Renard stares at him

Morgan turns to Helene)

Go down and get your husband ready
to travel.

HELENE:

Where are we going?

MORGAN:

Down to my ship for a starter.

HELENE:

(staring at him)

You're going to do it?

MORGAN:

(tying Renard to
chair)

Not if you stand there gabbing all
night.

HELENE:

(her eyes filling
with tears)

You'll never be sorry.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.1)

MORGAN:
(grinning)
Never?

HELENE:
Never.

She turns and goes out into hall, making exit to left to get over back way.

MARIE:
Say, what is this? Where are you going?

MORGAN:
(gagging Renard)
Get your bag out of your room.
(to Frenchy as Marie exits)
Give her a hand with it. And take along one of mine.

He points to two suitcases by door.

FRENCHY:
(indicating Renard and Coyo)
What about them?

MORGAN:
I'll talk to you about that downstairs.

FRENCHY:
Okay, Harry.
(pausing by door)
Are you really going to take them to -- ?

He makes gesture toward south with head indicating Devil's Island.

MORGAN:
Not if you can think of some better way.

Frenchy smiles, tries to say something but chokes up, then goes and picks up both of Morgan's suitcases, looking at Morgan in dumb happiness as he starts out into hall.

MORGAN:
Don't strain yourself.

Frenchy exits and Morgan carefully examines bonds and rags of his two captives.

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.2)

MORGAN:

Well, boys, I guess that'll hold
you for a while.

(as Renard tries to
say something through
gag)

Be careful - you'll swallow it.

He turns and sees Marie standing in doorway, holding
cigarette in her hand.

MORGAN:

All set?

MARIE:

Where are we going?

MORGAN:

(looking at Renard)

We're going to Devil's Island
and get a man that'll set this
place on fire.

(to Marie)

Any objections?

MARIE:

What are you taking her for?
What can she do?

MORGAN:

What can you do?

MARIE:

(after a moment)

Got a match?

Morgan, taking box out of table drawer, starts to toss
it to her, pauses, opens box and walks over to her,
striking match and lighting her cigarette. As they
stand there Eddy lurches up.

EDDY:

(beaming)

Hello, Harry. How's everything?

MORGAN:

Fine. How are you?

EDDY:

Fine. How are you?

MARIE:

Fine. How are you?

Eddy looks at her and chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.3)

EDDY:

Say, haven't I met this young lady before?

MARIE:

Was you ever bit by a dead bee?

EDDY:

(his face lighting up)
You?

MARIE:

(nodding soberly)
You've got to be careful of dead bees. If you step on them they can sting you just as bad as live ones. Especially if they were kind of mad when they got killed. I bet I've been bit a hundred times that way --

EDDY:

(delightedly)
You have?
(to Morgan)
You hear that, Harry?
(to Marie)
Why don't you bite them back?

MARIE:

I would - only I haven't got a stinger --

Eddy looks at her a moment, rather puzzled.

EDDY:

(feeling his forehead)
I guess I better lay off for a while. I got a feeling I'm talking to myself. I never do that unless I'm pretty bad, do I, Harry?

MORGAN:

That's right.

EDDY:

(feeling forehead and starting down hall)
See you down at the ship.

MORGAN:

Okay.

(as Eddy exits Morgan looks after him and says to Marie)
You keep that up and we'll have that guy on the wagon in no time.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.4)

MARIE:

I'll do my best.

Morgan, taking key out of lock, prepares to go and waves to Renard and Coyo.

MORGAN:

Goodbye, gentleman.

(as they try to
say something
through gags)

Same to you - and many of them.

As he closes the door and locks it from outside, we -

CUT TO:

59. INT. CAFE

Frenchy waiting by bar. He sees Morgan entering with Marie in rear and goes to meet them as they come down stairway.

FRENCHY:

I sent your bags down to the ship.

MORGAN:

What about Paul and Helene?

FRENCHY:

I took them down there myself.

MORGAN:

(preparing to go)

Well, Frenchy, I'll be seeing you -

FRENCHY:

But, Harry -

MORGAN:

(to Marie)

Wait for me on the sidewalk, Slim..

MARIE:

So long, Frenchy.

Frenchy nods at her mutely as she walks out.

MORGAN:

What is it, Frenchy?

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

FRENCHY:
Those fellows up there - what shall
I do with them?

MORGAN:
That's up to you, old boy.

FRENCHY:
Me?

MORGAN:
You've got to do something. They
know where we're going.

FRENCHY:
Who told them?

MORGAN:
I told Slim in front of them.
Accidentally on purpose.

FRENCHY:
(after a moment)
You don't leave me much choice.

MORGAN:
It's time you fellows started on
the offensive, Frenchy. No fooling.
(as Frenchy stares
at him Morgan
indicates orchestra)
All you got to do is to tell Cricket
and the boys to play real loud for
a few minutes.

Frenchy nods dumbly and Morgan walks out front door and
joins Marie. Frenchy looks after them for a moment,
and as they exit he pulls self together, walks across
to Cricket and speaks to him. Cricket nods understanding,
turns to orchestra, tells them what to play, then, setting
crescendo tempo, we hear the music roar out full blast
and see Frenchy returning across room to go and do what
he has to do.

FADE OUT.

THE END

64 (Cont. 1)

Eddy looks at her a moment, rather puzzled, slowly rising to his feet.

EDDY:

(feeling his forehead)
I guess I better get some more
shut-eye, after all. I got a
feeling I'm talking to myself.
I never do that unless I'm
pretty tired, do I, Harry?

MORGAN:

That's right.

Eddy starts toward door.

MARIE:

Give my regards to Mr. Juggins.

EDDY:

(pausing)
Juggins?

MARIE:

Who?

As Eddy stares at her Marie rises.

MARIE:

I'll get that half-pint for you.

EDDY:

(starting out)
Never mind. I'm going to lay off
for a while -

As he worriedly exits into hall Morgan grins at Marie.

MORGAN:

You keep that up and we'll have
that guy on the wagon in no time -

MARIE:

(looking after Eddy)
Poor fellow! I'm sorry I --

She breaks off at SOUND of knock on bedroom door, which
is opened by Helene, who enters clad in Marie's light
frock, carrying her own discarded one over her arm.

HELENE:

May I come in?
(to Marie)
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont. 2)

MORGAN:

(laughing)

I forgot all about you -

MARIE:

What was she doing in there?

HELENE:

Captain Morgan was kind enough to
let me use his bath.

(to Morgan)

You were wonderful. It's nice to
see those people get a taste of
their own medicine for a change.

MORGAN:

We aren't out of the woods yet.

HELENE:

Listen.

There is a SOUND of hurrying footsteps in hall and a
knock at door.

MORGAN:

(going to door)

Who is it?

FRENCHY'S VOICE:

(outside)

Me - Frenchy.

Morgan unlocks door and Frenchy bursts in, excited and
frightened.

FRENCHY:

Harry, you've got to get out of
here.

(to Helene)

You and Paul, too.

MORGAN:

Now wait a minute, Frenchy. Don't
get excited.

FRENCHY:

But, Harry -

MORGAN:

(shaking head)

We don't need to change our plans..
Renard can't do anything.

FRENCHY:

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont. 3)

MORGAN:

He's after that money for himself.
That's why he didn't put Eddy in
the clink. You don't think I'd
have shot Coyo if I wasn't in the
clear?

FRENCHY:

That is true, but -

HELENE:

(intervening)

I think you better let Captain
Morgan handle this.

MARIE:

(suddenly)

Say, isn't that my dress?

MORGAN:

I borrowed it for her.

HELENE:

(holding up old frock)

I was roasting in this. I'll
be glad to pay you for it.

MARIE:

Never mind.

FRENCHY:

(to Helene)

You better go downstairs.

HELENE:

(nodding)

Paul will be worried.

(to Morgan as Frenchy

softly opens door

and peers into hall)

When will I see you?

MORGAN:

I'll be down later on.

FRENCHY:

(to Helene)

It's all right.

HELENE:

(to Marie)

Thank you ever so much.

MARIE:

You're welcome.

(CONTINUED)

As Helene exits after Frenchy there is a moment of silence as Marie stares at Morgan with a very thoughtful eye.

MORGAN:

(uneasily)

What are you looking at me for?

In reply Marie takes handkerchief out of his pocket and unfolds it. She sees rouge on it.

MARIE:

I'll say one thing for you,
Mister. There's nothing slow
about you.

MORGAN:

(snatching handker-
chief away from her)

You think she's the only one who
wears rouge around here?

MARIE:

You're not satisfied just to steal
that poor guy's money?

MORGAN:

I won't have to now.

He picks up revolver from table, takes box of shells from compartment in table, removes empty shell from gun and reloads it.

MARIE:

Why not?

MORGAN:

The money is hers, too.

Then, shoving weapon down inside waistband of trousers, he buttons coat and exits into hall.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

65. INT. CAFE

Marie sitting at table near piano. Cricket is fooling with song that has no lyric. Morgan enters.

MORGAN:

(sitting down)

Hello, Marie.

(to waitress)

Bring me a highball.

MARIE:

There are a lot of other tables.
Why do you have to sit here?

MORGAN:

Stop that baby-talk.

(takes out some
money and gives
it to her)

Buy her a couple of light dresses
and some stockings and things.

(as Marie looks
from money to him)

What's the matter? Isn't that
enough?

MARIE:

Plenty.

MORGAN:

I'd do it myself - but it might
give Renard some ideas if he's
having me tailed.

MARIE:

(putting money in
bag)

How's her husband?

MORGAN:

Fine. We're going over to Angilla
tonight.

MARIE:

Where do they think you're going
to get the gas?

MORGAN:

I've got enough to go over there
and back.

MARIE:

I mean to Devil's Island.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

Those dopes haven't given it a thought. I guess they think my ship runs on air.

He takes out handkerchief to wipe forehead, but as he unfolds it we see rouge on it. Marie sees it, too.

MORGAN:

Why do women have to wear all that junk?

He wipes forehead with fresh side of handkerchief. Waitress enters with Morgan's drink.

MARIE:

(as waitress exits)
What if somebody told him?

MORGAN:

Who?

MARIE:

Her husband.

MORGAN:

About what?

MARIE:

Quit that baby-talk.

MORGAN:

She may save you the trouble. We were just talking about it. I think we ought to wait till later on.

MARIE:

Till you get the money, huh?

MORGAN:

Why not? It's all she's got left.

As Marie looks at him Cricket leans over and speaks to her.

CRICKET:

How's this?

(singing softly)
I've got a right to be loved.
I've got a right to those tender moments.
We loved so well -

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.1)

MARIE:

(looking at Morgan)

I don't like people who complain.

(sardonically)

"I've got a right to be loved." I
don't know. Maybe it happens that
way.

Cricket picks up the last phrase.

CRICKET:

(singing)

Maybe it happens this -

Maybe it happens that way.

Maybe -

MARIE:

(throwing him a line)

Maybe we really belong together.

CRICKET:

(continuing)

Maybe we really belong together.

But after all -

MARIE:

(looking at Morgan)

How little we know.

CRICKET:

How little we know -

Maybe it's just for a day -

MARIE:

Love is as changeable as the
weather -

CRICKET:

Love is as changeable as the weather,

And after all,

How little we know.

(to Marie)

The rest will fit.

MARIE:

Try it from the beginning.

MORGAN:

(finishing drink)

You and Cricket ought to make a
good team.

(rising)

See you later.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.2)

As he exits toward door Cricket begins to sing lyric.
Marie, looking after Morgan, joins in.

MARIE & CRICKET:

(singing)

Maybe it happens this way
Maybe we really belong together - but after
all
How little we know
Maybe it's just for a day
Love is as changeable as the weather -
and after all
How little we know.

Who knows why an April breeze
Never remains?
Why stars in the trees
Ride when it rains?
Love comes along - casting a spell
Will it sing a song,
Will it say farewell?
Who can tell!
Maybe you're meant to be mine
Maybe I'm only supposed to stay in your
arms a while
As others have done
Is this what I've waited for?
Am I the one?
Oh, I hope in my heart that it's so
And in spite of how little we know.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

66. EXT. SEA OFF SHORE THAT NIGHT

This is same location we used for Scene 45. The Queen Conch lies at anchor, and a bateau appears out of mist, rowing toward the ship. It contains three men.

67. EXT. QUEEN CONCH

Morgan enters on stern and peers at bateau. He has a rifle under his arm.

MORGAN:

Who is it?

EDDY:

(standing up in
bow of bateau)

It's me, Harry. How's everything?

He tosses painter to Morgan, loses balance and almost falls overboard.

MORGAN:

(in disgust)

What did you bring him for?

FRENCHY:

(climbing aboard)

We couldn't get rid of him.

PAUL:

(following Frenchy)

We tried to make him stay on shore,
but he made so much noise we had
to take him along.

EDDY:

I knew you needed me, Harry.
These fellows don't know any-
thing about ships.

Morgan, chuckling in spite of himself, hauls Eddy on board.

MORGAN:

You're going to shove yourself
into my lap once too often.

EDDY:

(explaining to
others)

Harry's bark is worse than his
bite. He knows I'm a good man.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

(making painter
of bateau fast
to tow it)

You're only good for two things.
Nothing and nothing else.

He heaves anchor up, goes forward to wheelhouse, takes
bottle of beer out of ice-box and hands it to Eddy.

MORGAN:

Here.

He starts motors.

EDDY:

(to others)

You see - he bawls me out with
a bottle of beer.

MORGAN:

(swinging ship
out to sea)

Help yourselves, gentlemen -
if you're thirsty.

FRENCHY:

I don't care if I do.

Eddy, starting to drink, lowers bottle in surprise.

EDDY:

Why, Harry, you didn't take
the cap off.

MORGAN:

What d'you wear that opener
for - a luck charm?

EDDY:

(opening shirt and
taking out opener)

I don't know what's happened to my
memory. I put this opener on a
string so I wouldn't forget it.
Now I've got to put a string around
my finger to remember I've got it.

MORGAN:

Take these gentlemen down in
the cabin.

EDDY:

(leading the way)

Follow me, gents.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.1)

He exits, followed by Frenchy. Paul remains behind and smiles at Morgan.

PAUL:

I'd like to talk with you,
Captain.

MORGAN:

We may run into the patrol
ship again.

PAUL:

You did very well to get away
from her the last time.

MORGAN:

No fault of yours.

PAUL:

You think I was afraid for
myself?

MORGAN:

I was.

PAUL:

You believe that is why I
wished to surrender?

MORGAN:

It was on account of your
wife, huh?

PAUL:

No, it was on account of this
money we're going after. No
one knew where I hid it but me.
Not even Helene. So if I were
killed - you see. It would have
been ridiculous. All our trou-
ble would have been for nothing.

MORGAN:

I can't see what difference it
would have made -

PAUL:

If I'd been captured? Well, at
least there was a chance that I
might communicate with our friends
here. So I had to take that chance.

MORGAN:

You didn't care about me or my
ship or your wife? Or Eddy?

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.2)

PAUL:

How could I? It was for France.

MORGAN:

(with a grin)

Oh, I see.

He shuts off binnacle light and peers into darkness ahead.

PAUL:

(resentfully)

What's wrong with that? Isn't that the way it is in America? The individual is nothing - the State is everything?

MORGAN:

(chuckling)

I don't know. I've been away quite a while. But there's a rumor going around that's the way it is in Germany.

Paul stares at him - a revolver suddenly appears in his good hand.

PAUL:

(thickly)

I have no objection to you laughing at me. But you cannot laugh at my Cause. It is sacred to me. I do not care what happens.

He raises weapon menacingly, and Morgan laughs again.

MORGAN:

You call yourself Free French? What's free about you? Can't a man laugh if he feels like it? Or is it unpatriotic like it is in Germany? I thought you guys were fighting against all that smear-case? Or are you? What's the use of going to all this trouble if you both believe in the same thing?

Paul stares at him, slowly lowering revolver.

PAUL:

I never thought of that.

MORGAN:

Don't strain yourself.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.3)

PAUL:

You are right. Absolutely right.
 What are we fighting for? How
 can we truly defeat them unless
 we are their spiritual enemies?

(putting revolver away,
 he smiles at Morgan)

You are a strange man, Captain.
 I thought you were a mercenary,
 but you are not. You see too
 clearly for that. I wish you
 were on our side.

Morgan grins and shakes his head.

MORGAN:

I've got troubles of my own.

DISSOLVE TO:

68. EXT. JETTY ON ISLAND FOUR OR FIVE HOURS LATER THAT NIGHT

This is same location as Scene 41. The Queen Conch is
 tied up to jetty. Morgan, sitting in fishing-chair, is
 smoking a cigarette. Eddy, entering from cabin,
 stretches himself.

EDDY:

Am I tired!

MORGAN:

I don't see why you should be.
 You haven't been doing anything.

EDDY:

That's the whole trouble. You don't
 get a chance to rest up from it.

(looking around)

Where those fellows gone?

MORGAN:

They went ashore. They ought to be
 back pretty soon.

Eddy, stretching himself again, sees rifle and shotgun
 hanging over wheel.

EDDY:

(worriedly)

Say, Harry.

MORGAN:

What?

EDDY:

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

MORGAN:

Nothing.

EDDY:

What's all these darn guns for?

MORGAN:

In case we see a shark or something.

EDDY:

A shark! At night? Look, Harry -
You're up to something.

MORGAN:

I always carry them to shoot birds or
sharks that bother the baits, don't I?

EDDY:

What's the matter, darn it? What's
the matter?

MORGAN:

Nothing. We're going to do a little
job. I'll tell you what to do when
it's time.

EDDY:

(excited and happy)

You couldn't have anybody better'n
me. I'm the man for anything.

At this moment, on the island, there is a SOUND of
distant shots - then the rattle of a machine-gun.
Eddy turns to Morgan in horror.

EDDY:

(terrified)

Harry! Did you hear that?

MORGAN:

Yeah. I heard it.

EDDY:

Let's get out of here.

He runs to untie line, but Morgan stops him.

MORGAN:

I'll tell you when to cast off.

He goes into wheelhouse and starts motors. Eddy
follows him. Morgan takes rifle out of sling and
jacks a shell into it.

EDDY:

Listen, Harry - would you give me just
one? I don't want to get the shakes
on you.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.1)

Morgan raises cushion and brings out bottle.

MORGAN:

Make it a short one.

EDDY:

(drinking)

I'm a good man. You'll see.

MORGAN:

(taking bottle
away from him)

Listen to me. When I give you the word cast off that line. Frenchy and that other fellow are coming aboard. If anybody else tries to board us, or if anything happens to me, hook her up and get out of here.

EDDY:

If anything happens to you? Then what do I do?

MORGAN:

How do I know? You invited yourself on the trip. I didn't.

EDDY:

(trembling)

All right - but you better give me another drink.

MORGAN:

(handing him bottle)

Here.

(as Eddy drinks deep he
jerks bottle away from him)

Now go and get ready to cast off that line.

EDDY:

(obeying)

Don't worry. I'm all right now.

MORGAN:

Don't be too brave.

Eddy goes astern. Morgan picks up rifle.

EDDY:

I hear somebody coming.

MORGAN:

Shut up.

Two dim figures enter on shore and start out on jetty.
Morgan raises rifle.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.2)

MORGAN:
Is that you, Paul?

PAUL'S VOICE:
(in darkness)
Yes.

MORGAN:
Everything all right?

PAUL'S VOICE:
Yes.

Paul and his companion, coming out on jetty, jump on board astern.

MORGAN:
(putting rifle
back in sling)
Cast off, Eddy.

EDDY:
Harry!

MORGAN:
(starting astern)
What's the matter?

EDDY:
There's something wrong.
(pointing at Paul's
companion)
I can't see his face - but that
guy's too skinny to be Frenchy.

At that instant a sheet of flame leaps from figure indicated by Eddy, and we see that it is Renard's bodyguard, holding a Thompson gun. He is firing it point-blank at Eddy, and the bursts are so close to the latter's chest that the bullets whock like three slaps.

MORGAN:
(catching Eddy
in his arms)
Eddy!
(slowly lowering
him to deck)
Eddy!

Bodyguard, searching Morgan, takes revolver out of waistband of trousers. Eddy opens his eyes and looks at Morgan.

EDDY:
Don't go away, Harry.

MORGAN:
I won't.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.3)

EDDY:

(after a moment)

You were right, Harry. I'm no
good. Never was.

MORGAN:

Don't you care.

EDDY:

(closing his eyes)

Don't go away.

MORGAN:

I won't.

Eddy's jaw slowly sags. A shadow crosses his face.
Morgan looks up and sees Renard standing on the jetty.

RENARD:

I am sorry, Captain. Your friend
was a remarkable character.

(stepping aboard)

Would you mind taking us back to
Fort de France?

Bodyguard prods Morgan in back with muzzle of weapon.
Morgan rises and starts toward wheelhouse.

MORGAN:

Somebody better cast off that line -
unless you want to take the jetty
along.

Bodyguard motions Paul to do it. Paul obeys, weakly
lifting loop from pile as he slacks off. Then, as ship
pulls away and swings out to sea, Paul goes forward to
wheelhouse in response to gesture from bodyguard who sit
down in stern with Renard.

MORGAN:

(to Paul)

What happened to Frenchy?

PAUL:

(dully)

They shot him. But he killed two
of them first.

MORGAN:

Frenchy was a good boy.

(pause)

Who's got the money?

PAUL:

(nodding toward
Renard)

The fat one.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.4)

MORGAN:

(after a moment)

Too bad you didn't tip me off.
I could have cleaned up on them.

PAUL:

I couldn't. He would have shot
me in the back.

MORGAN:

I didn't think you minded.

PAUL:

(smiling)

You converted me, Captain. I saw
that where there was life there was
hope.

MORGAN:

I never know when to keep my trap
shut.

Bodyguard comes forward and looks at them suspiciously.
He sees rifle and shotgun hanging over wheel. He motion
to Paul to throw them overboard. Paul starts to do it
and Morgan grins at bodyguard.

MORGAN:

Don't you ever talk?

BODYGUARD:

(in good English)

You wouldn't be asking me that if
somebody else had not talked too much.

MORGAN:

Is that a fact?

PAUL:

Who was it?

Bodyguard looks at him, then turns and rejoins Renard in
stern.

MORGAN:

(to Paul)

Why didn't you give it to him with
one of those guns while I was gabbing
with him?

PAUL:

I thought of that, but on second
thought, which is always best, I
realized you would think of some-
thing far more practical for us both.

Morgan grins in spite of himself.

(CONTIUED)

68 (Cont.5)

MORGAN:

Paulie, you're going to be the death of me.

PAUL:

After all, we were going to Devil's Island, anyway.

MORGAN:

Yeah. But now we aren't even going to get back to Fort de France.

PAUL:

Are you serious?

MORGAN:

Renard's going to keep that money for a nest-egg.

(as Paul stares at him)

They'll probably give us the business when we get in sight of land. Sink the ship and row ashore.

PAUL:

(after a moment)

The thing is impossible. Then again, it is just possible.

(smiling)

Yes, it is quite clear we must do something.

MORGAN:

(nodding toward
bodyguard)

I got one of those things myself.

PAUL:

Where?

MORGAN:

Down in the engine-room.

As Paul stares at him bodyguard comes forward and indicates that Renard wishes to speak to Morgan.

MORGAN:

(to Paul)

Take the wheel, Paulie.
Steer 220.

PAUL:

(obeying)

Okay, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.6)

Morgan goes astern, followed by bodyguard.

RENARD:

Captain, will you do me a favor?

He glances deprecatingly in Eddy's direction.

MORGAN:

Want me to throw him overboard?

RENARD:

If you please.

Morgan, kneeling beside Eddy, opens the dead man's shirt takes out bottle-opener, lifts string over Eddy's head, and, putting it around his own neck, he looks up at bodyguard.

MORGAN:

Come on, Dumbo - give us a hand.

Bodyguard hesitates, and looks at Renard.

RENARD:

What are you waiting for? Put your gun down.

(taking automatic out of shoulder holster)

I will watch him for you.

Bodyguard carefully lays the Thompson gun down on the wide stern and, leaning over, lifts the body by the shoulders.

RENARD:

(watching them)

The heaviest thing in the world is a dead man. You ever lift a dead man before, Captain?

MORGAN:

I wouldn't mind lifting you.

Surprisingly, bodyguard sets down body and laughs in great amusement.

BODYGUARD:

You're a tough fellow, Captain. I never saw such a tough fellow.

MORGAN:

Dumbo, you look almost human when you laugh.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.7)

BODYGUARD:

I am sorry I killed your friend.
When I kill you, I will feel worse.

MORGAN:

I bet you will.

BODYGUARD:

(taking hold of
Eddy again)

Come on - over he goes.

As they lean over and slide the body up and over the stern, Morgan kicks the machine-gun over the edge. It splashes at the same time Eddy does, but while Eddy turns over twice in the white, churning, back-suction on the propeller wash, before sinking, the gun goes straight down.

BODYGUARD:

That's better. Make it ship-shape.

(then, as he sees
the gun is gone)

Where is it? What did you do with
it?

MORGAN:

With what?

BODYGUARD:

You know what.

MORGAN:

I didn't see it.

BODYGUARD:

You kicked it off the stern.

RENARD:

That is correct, Captain. I saw
you do it quite distinctly.

BODYGUARD:

(to Renard)

Why don't you shoot him?

RENARD:

Because I am very grateful to him.

(as bodyguard
stares at him)

It makes this so simple.

And raising automatic he coolly blasts bodyguard off stern with a single shot. It is so sudden and unexpected that Morgan is stunned for a moment. So is Paul, standing at wheel. Renard, looking at Morgan, gestures toward wheelhouse.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.8)

RENARD:
If you please, Captain.

MORGAN:
Not enough to split two ways, huh?

RENARD:
(shrugging)
Not only that. But I never would
feel safe with him.

MORGAN:
Will you do me a favor?

RENARD:
Of course.

MORGAN:
Who told you about this thing?

RENARD:
It came as a great surprise. I
thought Mademoiselle was very much
in love with you.

MORGAN:
(staring at him)
Humph!
(going forward)
I didn't know she cared that much.

Then, suddenly, the motors stop. Morgan looks at Paul.

MORGAN:
(in surprise)
What did you do?

PAUL:
Nothing.

RENARD:
(rising to his feet)
What's the matter?

MORGAN:
I don't know.

He goes to wheel, heading ship into wind. Renard follow him.

RENARD:
Are you out of gas?

MORGAN:
The gauge doesn't say so.

PAUL:
You think it could be the motors?

MORGAN:
It wouldn't hurt to look.

He glances at Renard.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.9)

RENARD:

If you please.

He steps back, alertly watching Morgan as latter lifts hatch and climbs down into engine-room.

69. INT. ENGINE ROOM

Morgan stoops over the motor, feeling the water manifold. He puts hand on stuffing-boxes and tightens the glass cups a turn each as he looks at Thompson gun hanging in sling over cylinder heads.

RENARD:

(looking down into hatch)

Find anything wrong?

MORGAN:

Not yet.

He continues to stall, trying to figure out a way to get machine-gun out of sling and bringing it into action before Renard can knock him off. It is practically impossible with Renard standing over him this way.

70. EXT. WHEELHOUSE

Renard looking down into engine-room. Paul starts over to look.

RENARD:

(alertly)

Stay where you are, please.

PAUL:

Perhaps I can help. I know something about motors.

RENARD:

There isn't room down there for you both.

(to Morgan)

What do you think it could be?

MORGAN:

I don't know. The carburetor seems to be all right.

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

PAUL:

(after a moment)

I think I can tell you what the trouble is.

RENARD:

(angrily)

You think you know more about these motors than Captain Morgan?

PAUL:

(smiling)

No. But it was I who turned off the switch.

RENARD:

(blankly)

You what?

This gives Morgan his opportunity. For as Renard stares at Paul we see Morgan taking machine-gun out of sling and rising out of hatch with it. Renard turns at the same instant, stepping back and firing at Morgan as latter opens fire with machine-gun. Renard only fires one shot, but Morgan's weapon flares three or four times, blasting Renard back against the coaming. The automatic falls out of his hand, and he slowly sags down into a lifeless hulk.

MORGAN:

(staring at him)

You big-faced sow.

He puts hand against left side, where his shirt is swiftly darkening with blood.

PAUL:

(going to Morgan)

Harry! Are you hit?

MORGAN:

(leaning against hatch)

Yeah.

(opening shirt and feeling over heart)

He was a pretty good shot.

He takes out Eddy's bottle-opener and looks at it. The metal shows deep gouge where it deflected bullet.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

71.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM

NEXT MORNING

Morgan, wearing trousers but no shirt, is standing in front of mirror and cutting gauze pad to cover flesh wound in his left side. He turns as he hears somebody open door in sitting room.

MORGAN:

Who is it?

Helene enters worriedly.

MORGAN:

Hello, Cheesecake.

HELENE:

Darling! Are you badly hurt?

MORGAN:

No. Just a little gash. Hold this pad for me.

He puts it over wound, and as she holds it in place he fastens it with strips of adhesive tape.

HELENE:

What did you do to Paul? He talks like you were the sun and the moon and the stars all put together.

MORGAN:

He's kidding you. We never would have made the grade if it hadn't been for him.

HELENE:

He says he's going to Devil's Island with you.

MORGAN:

(nodding)

I better take him. He's such a goof he's apt to get himself caught or something.

HELENE:

Then you're not going to tell him?

MORGAN:

About us?

Helene nods her head, and he shakes his in reply.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

HELENE:

Why not? What's happened?

MORGAN:

I don't know. Guess I like him
better than I do you.(as she stares at
him)He's all right, Cheesecake. You
better stick to him.

HELENE:

(after a moment)

You don't need to lie to me, Harry.
I've been around the corner, you
know.

MORGAN:

I'm not lying.

HELENE:

It's that blonde.

MORGAN:

Who?

HELENE:

That -

She breaks off and suddenly hits him in the face.

MORGAN:

What's that for?

HELENE:

I had a feeling you were going to
do it to me.(kissing the place
she struck)

I'm sorry.

MORGAN:

(taking her in his
arms)

Friends?

HELENE:

(kissing him)

To the end.

MORGAN:

(kissing her back)

This is it.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.1)

MARIE'S VOICE:

I thought it was just the beginning?

They turn and see her standing in the doorway.

MORGAN:

Hello, Slim.

MARIE:

Have you got enough gas to get to Cape St. Pierre?

MORGAN:

Why?

MARIE:

Madame Beaclerc just came in. She says they can fill your tanks if you can make it up there.

MORGAN:

Nice going. Tell her okay.

HELENE:

I'll tell her.

She looks at Marie. After a moment Helene slowly removes pearl necklace.

HELENE:

This is the last of the Mohicans.

(putting necklace
around Marie's neck)

I hope you have more luck with him than I did.

MARIE:

(bewilderedly looking
at necklace).

What's this for?

HELENE:

(kissing her)

The robbed who smiles steals something from the thief.

(starting out door)

Shakespeare.

She exits.

MARIE:

(starting to remove
necklace)

I can't take this.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.2)

MORGAN:
(sitting down on bed)
Why not? It's the real thing.

MARIE:
Why did she give it to me?

MORGAN:
(lying back across bed)
What d'you want me to do - figure it
out for you with blocks?
(closing eyes)
Where's Eddy?

MARIE:
(in surprise)
Didn't he go with you? I haven't
seen him since you left.

MORGAN:
Oh, yeah. I forgot.

MARIE:
What happened, Steve? Where is he?

MORGAN:
I don't know. I guess he's around
somewhere.

A sudden breath of air lifts the curtain, blowing it
across Morgan's face. Then it dies away, as suddenly
as it came. Morgan picks up bullet-marked bottle-opener
lying on his chest and clasps it in one hand.

MARIE:
(in sudden realization)
Yeah. And it had to be me.
(pause)
Frenchy, too?

MORGAN:
(abstractedly)
Huh? What did you say?

MARIE:
Look, Steve - I tipped off Renard.

MORGAN:
I know it. Wake me up in half an
hour, will you?

MARIE:
Listen. You didn't hear me, Steve.
I said-I tipped off Renard.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.3)

MORGAN:

I don't blame you.

MARIE:

Huh?

(pause)

Are you kidding?

MORGAN:

Quit that baby-talk. I would have
done the same thing myself.

(closing his eyes)

Don't go away.

His hand clasps hers.

MARIE:

I won't.

She lifts his hand and kisses it. Then, as she looks down at him, her eyes filling with tears of happiness, a sudden breath of air lifts the curtain again. It blows across Morgan's face, and under its gentle caress the hard, tired lines relax in content and sleep.

FADE OUT.

THE END