

One Way Passage

MAIN TITLES

over an ocean liner anchored in a harbor.

DISSOLVE TO

IMAGES

of the cast with their names and roles SUPERIMPOSED, over which we hear the film's love theme.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. HONG KONG - DAY

A couple of shots from stock footage of the city.

SUPERIMPOSED text reads: HONGKONG

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SALOON - DAY

Swinging doors open as the CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH them and into the crowded barroom. It's lunchtime on November, 21, 1932, and the place is full of Westerners, mostly civilians but also some scattered sailors. We hear a trio singing "If I Had My Way," a pop ballad from 1913. We have missed the first line of the chorus ("If I had my way, dear, forever there'd be") but it hardly matters:

TRIO
(singing lustily)
A garden of roses for you and for me ...

We PAN OVER to a piano keyboard where a burning cigarette is balanced upright on the next-to-last key. The pianist, accompanying the singers, snatches the butt and takes a drag.

TRIO
A thousand and one things, dear, I would do ...

We PAN OVER to the trio standing in a corner by the swinging doors -- three ugly, heavyset Westerners, two men and a woman. Someone tosses them a coin from off screen and the guy in the center fails to catch it. He has to bend over to pick it up off the floor.

TRIO
Just for you, just for you, just for you.

Another coin is thrown. This time, the guy on the left fails to catch it. The coin falls toward the floor with a loud metallic clank. The singers look down at the floor. We PAN DOWN just long enough to reveal a spittoon near the

singers' feet, then PAN BACK UP to the singers who reluctantly decide not to retrieve that particular coin. Never once during all this do they miss a note.

TRIO

If I had my way, you would never grow old,
And sunshine I'd bring every day ...

On the word "day," a female patron approaches the heavy woman and whispers a question in her ear. Conveniently, there is a pause in the song, just long enough for the singer to reply:

HEAVY WOMAN

(brusquely)

First door to your left, dearie.

The female patron departs. We TRACK DOWN the crowded bar and see: two sailors and a bartender toasting one another with huge glasses of beer; a bartender pouring drinks for other sailors and their "dates"; various civilian men and women wearing the latest styles; uniformed chauffeurs; ship's officers and crew of various nationalities; etc. At one point, we briefly glimpse someone carrying away the spittoon to retrieve the coin.

TRIO

You would reign all alone
Like a queen on a throne,
If I had my way.

The song ends. Patrons applaud. We PAUSE at a middle-aged American bartender mixing a complicated drink. He grins and speaks to an unseen patron who sits at the bar, just off screen.

BARTENDER #1

I haven't made one of these since
the Fourth of July.

In the background, we hear the trio begin a new song, another standard, this one from 1918: "Till We Meet Again." The bartender takes a long whiff of the drink's aroma and adds some more ingredients.

BARTENDER #1

I was makin' one when the quake hit
'Frisco.

The bartender stirs the drink expertly and glances around.

BARTENDER #1

Believe me, friend, I wouldn't go to
all this trouble for any of these
foreigners.

With great pride, he adds a few finishing touches, pours the contents into a glass and tops it off with an olive. The unseen patron's hand reaches in to pick up the glass but the bartender raises a finger at him.

BARTENDER #1

Uh uh. Gotta wait a minute to let

the oil sink in.

The patron withdraws his hand. Tossing a lemon slice behind his back and catching it in midair, the bartender twists it with a flourish over the glass.

He inspects the drink closely, glances at the patron, then gives the lemon slice another grand twist before proudly sliding the glass away. Simultaneously, we hear the trio conclude their song to much applause.

BARTENDER #1

There you are, partner. You can tell
your grandchildren about that one.

Finally, we catch our first sight of the patron, DAN HARDESTY, a handsome thirtyish American man, as he puts the glass to his lips. But before he can drink he's bumped into from behind by a woman with her back to him. Half the drink spills out and ends up on the floor. Dan turns angrily to the woman who wears a big floppy hat.

DAN

Say, what in the name of--?!

The woman, a dark-haired American beauty named JOAN AMES, also turns and the two come face to face. She, too, has spilled some of her drink and is wide-eyed with anger. But as soon as their eyes meet, their attitudes change.

Both are somehow instantly smitten.

And both realize they are holding the same obscure cocktail.

In the background, we hear the pianist play the film's bittersweet love theme.

After a pause, Joan finds her voice first.

JOAN

Why, I'm so sorry.

DAN

(a slight grin)
I'm so glad.

JOAN

(off his glass)
Such a beautiful drink, too.

DAN

Yes. Paradise cocktail.
(glances at his)
Seem to be a few drops left.

JOAN

(steadily)
Always the most precious, the last
few drops. That's luck.

DAN

(surprised)

Yes.

(beat)

Uh, my name is Dan.

JOAN

Mine's Joan.

DAN

Hello, Joan.

JOAN

Hello, Dan.

They shake hands like old friends.

DAN

May we, er, drink to our meeting?

JOAN

We should.

(raises her glass)

Here's... Here's "hail and farewell."

DAN

Oh, that seems a bit ruthless.

Let's say, uh--

Abruptly, two German voices drift in from the crowd -- apparently a couple of sailors saying "till we meet again" to each other -- "Auf wiedersehen!" "Auf wiedersehen!" -- Dan glances in their direction, then turns back to Joan and raises his glass, inspired.

DAN

Auf wiedersehen.

Joan looks at Dan sadly for a beat and then agrees:

JOAN

Auf wiedersehen.

They swallow their drinks, never taking their eyes off one another. Dan holds his empty glass by the stem and slowly turns it upside-down. Joan watches, puzzled, as Dan smashes the top of the glass against the side of the bar and drops the stem on the countertop where it rolls back and forth for a moment.

He grins at Joan who promptly responds in kind, smashing her glass and placing her stem on top of his, much to his surprise and delight. We get a CLOSE VIEW of the crossed stems. Dan gallantly tips his hat to Joan.

DAN

And so.

Dan appears ready to leave but Joan puts an arm on him.

JOAN

Please. Shall I introduce you to my friends?

Joan gestures to some people crowded behind her at the bar. Dan glances at them and thinks it over but decides against it.

DAN
I think not. Luck has allowed us a few drops of a Paradise cocktail--

JOAN
And that would destroy the charm.
You're right. Let's trust luck will come again.

Joan puts her hand in Dan's. They stare into each other's eyes for a long moment. A dark look crosses her face. Her eyes waver and, with a slight grin, she abruptly turns her back on him, as if he were suddenly a total stranger.

Dan looks thoughtful and puzzled but takes it in stride. He turns and heads for the swinging doors. Joan turns and stares, watching him walk away. One of Joan's friends notices her interest and watches, too.

JOAN'S FRIEND
Known him long?

JOAN
Ever so long.

JOAN'S FRIEND
Where?

JOAN
I - I can't quite remember.

JOAN'S FRIEND
(wryly)
Better skip a few cocktails, darling.

Joan watches sadly as Dan exits out the saloon's swinging doors. He pauses just outside and turns back to look over the tops of the doors at Joan. After a moment, he raises a hand in farewell.

At the bar, Joan forces a smile and waves at Dan, just as the pianist strikes up a happier tune and her friends crowd around her.

JOAN'S FRIEND
Come on, everybody. How about a little drink to Joan?

ANOTHER FRIEND
(hands Joan a drink)
Joan, we're drinking to you.

JOAN'S FRIEND
To Joan, dear.

Joan, distracted by her friends, turns her back on Dan -- and fails to see any of the following:

At the swinging doors, Dan - his hand still raised - suddenly freezes with fear. His face clouds over, his eyes lower -- and he slowly, cautiously, raises his other hand. It looks as if he's surrendering.

And he is.

We PAN DOWN as one of the doors swing open briefly to reveal an automatic pistol pointed into Dan's side.

We PAN UP to show the guy holding the pistol: a tough-looking, square-jawed man named STEVE BURKE.

BURKE
It's been a long chase, Dan.

DAN
(never losing his cool)
Yes. What detained you?

Burke leans in to pat down his captive.

BURKE
Never mind the wisecracks.

Dan catches a whiff of Burke's breath.

DAN
Still on the garlic, huh?

Burke, insulted, backs off a little.

BURKE
Well, nevertheless, it looks like you're out of luck this time.

DAN
(nods)
Apparently.

Dan desperately knocks the gun out of Burke's hand.

FLASH CUT
of the gun hitting the pavement outside the saloon.

DAN AND BURKE
struggle momentarily but Burke is the bigger man and Dan is no match for him -- one punch in the jaw from Burke knocks him silly and drives him backwards.

EXT. SALOON AND STREET - CONTINUOUS

Burke easily pushes a stunned Dan into a nearby wall like a rag doll. Burke handcuffs himself to Dan, then shakes his captive violently to wake him up.

BURKE
Come on! Come out of it!

Dan regains consciousness, blinks at Burke, looks down at the cuffs unhappily, and nods, reluctantly accepting the situation.

DAN
Okay, you win.

BURKE
I always win. If you try to pull another break like that on me, I'll deliver you in a basket. Let's go.

The two men pull their sleeves over the cuffs in a vain effort to look inconspicuous as they start walking away from the saloon. While Dan casts a brief, backward glance at the swinging doors, Burke stoops and retrieves his pistol, pocketing it. As they walk leisurely down the street, various passersby gawk and point at the two handcuffed men.

DAN
Well, now what?

BURKE
The boat. And then, uh, San Quentin.

DAN
Can I get my clothes?

BURKE
Oh, they're on the boat.

DAN
Considerate.

BURKE
Yeah.

DAN
(rubs his sore jaw)
You know, I thought I ditched you way back in Berlin.

BURKE
When I left 'Frisco, the chief said to me, "Steve, don't come back alone." And he knew I wouldn't.

Burke abruptly stops and stares at something off screen. Dan, still walking forward, is jerked back.

BURKE
I'll be a son of a sea cow.

Dan and Burke watch as SKIPPY, a tipsy little American man in a straw boater

and bow tie, waits for a Chinese shop owner to turn his back. Skippy instantly snatches an alarm clock from a display and smoothly hides it in his jacket. But, just as instantly, the alarm clock goes off, ringing loudly. The Chinese shop owner turns to look at Skippy who rolls his eyes in disgust, sighs, and returns the clock to its proper place, giving it a light tap. It stops ringing as Skippy staggers drunkenly out of the shop and encounters Dan and Burke.

BURKE

Well, if it ain't the light-fingered Skippy.

SKIPPY

(a happy drunk)

Hello, Dan!

DAN

Hello, Skippy.

BURKE

(to Skippy)

So this is your hide-out. Hong Kong must be pretty soft.

SKIPPY

(nods)

I like it fine.

BURKE

Yeah, well, ya better walk around that U.S.A. of America like it was a swamp.

SKIPPY

(to Dan)

It's gettin' so a guy can't go nowheres nowadays without bumpin' into all sorts of people.

BURKE

Duluth wants you, Detroit wants you, Sacramento wants you.

SKIPPY

I'm wanted everywhere and welcome nowhere. I'm just a vagabond.

(spots the hand-cuffs, to Dan)

Ohhh, that's too bad.

DAN

You can't win all the time.

BURKE

(to Dan, leading him away)

Come on.

SKIPPY
Anything I can do for you here, Dan?

DAN
(off Burke)
You might poison him.

Dan and Burke walk off down the street. Skippy calls after them.

SKIPPY
Hey, flatfoot!

Burke looks back at Skippy with annoyance.

SKIPPY
Tell those bulls I'm an alien! Ha ha
ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha.

Skippy's laugh is even more irritating than he is. The handcuffed men walk on
-- Burke peeved, Dan understandably glum.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. OCEAN LINER - THAT AFTERNOON

A loud boat whistle blows. A sign reads:

SAILING TODAY

3 P.M.

S. S. MALOA
TO
SAN FRANCISCO
"STOPOVER IN HONOLULU"

We DISSOLVE TO a brief glimpse of the railing on the liner's DECK, then
DISSOLVE TO Dan and Burke, still cuffed, as they approach the railing and
lean
against it.

DAN
Stateroom is like a Turkish bath.
Thanks for the outing.

They mop their faces with handkerchiefs.

BURKE
Oh, I couldn't stand it myself.

DAN
Thanks anyhow.
(off the handcuffs)
Say, how long? The cuffs?

BURKE

I'm takin' no chances. They broke
five of my pals when you escaped.

DAN

Well, that wasn't right. They did
all they could. They were shooting
at me for three blocks.

BURKE

Yeah, well, it's lucky for you I
wasn't among 'em.

DAN

Yes ...

Dan's attention is caught by something: a sailor on the opposite side of the deck, locking the railing into place.

DAN

... undoubtedly.

Dan glances around and finds that his hand rests near the locking mechanism of
the railing they are leaning against. He looks thoughtful, then glances at
Burke.

DAN

I may as well tell you now, I'm not
such a good sailor.

BURKE

Hmph! Get seasick, huh?

DAN

Mm.

BURKE

Well, ya better enjoy everything
while ya can, good or bad.

DAN

I suppose that includes being
harnessed to you, garlic and all.

Stung again, Burke is about to say something, then changes his mind.

BURKE

Well, anyway, you better stand it
and like it.

DAN

'Fraid I can't agree to like it.
Suppose this ship were to sink.
Imagine my embarrassment to be found
dead anchored to you.

BURKE
This ship ain't goin' to sink.

DAN
Oh? They've been known to.

BURKE
Well, listen, sucker, when it does,
I'll make you a little present of
this.

Burke pulls the handcuff key out of his vest pocket, shows it to Dan, then pockets it again.

DAN
When I was a kid, I used to swim
around a pier like that. Remember
your kid swimming days?

BURKE
(increasingly irritated)
No.

DAN
Didn't you ever have a boyhood? Can't
you swim?

BURKE
No.

DAN
Ha!

BURKE
What's so funny?

DAN
I was wondering what you'd do if you
were a cop in Venice.

BURKE
Is that supposed to be a funny crack?

DAN
Well, it has its humorous side.

Without Burke seeing, Dan rapidly unlocks the railing mechanism, pushes the railing hard to make it swing free, then jumps backward off the deck, dragging Burke with him as he falls. The two disappear over the side.

CUT WIDE as Dan and Burke fall backward into the water below, still cuffed together. They hit the surface with a splash and disappear from view again.

IN THE WATER
Dan and Burke bob to the surface. Dan forces Burke's body under the water and

digs around in Burke's vest pocket for the handcuff key. Somehow, he is able to find it and unlock his cuff as the two men struggle. Burke tries to come up for air but Dan forces him down again. Somewhere above, a whistle blows and someone shouts, "Man overboard!"

ON DECK

Officers and passengers rush to the ship's side to see what's happening.

IN THE WATER

Dan looks up to see:

ON DECK

A crowd gathering at the railing, peering down at him.

IN THE WATER

With all those people watching, Dan has no choice but to haul Burke out of the water by his hair.

ON DECK

An even larger mob gathers.

IN THE WATER

Dan reluctantly puts an arm around Burke and starts swimming for shore.

DAN

(to the crowd)

It's all right, I've got him!

ON DECK

Among the passengers watching with concern is none other than Joan. She peers down at the two men in the water, failing to recognize Dan.

IN THE WATER

Dan struggles toward shore with an unconscious Burke in tow. Peering up, he sees:

ON DECK (TELEPHOTO ZOOM SHOT FROM BELOW)

Joan, wearing her big floppy hat, leans over the railing.

IN THE WATER

Dan sees Joan (and her hat) and smiles in recognition. He keeps swimming.

ON DECK

The crowd of onlookers, grouped near a raised anchor, watch with interest.

IN THE WATER

Dan reaches a wooden pier and helps Burke on to a floating log lashed to it.

DAN

Here ya are. Reach for the log.

Hold on.

Burke, regaining consciousness, grips the log as Dan pulls himself atop it. Straddling the log, Dan helps Burke out of the water.

ON DECK
The crowd at the anchor watches in relief.

IN THE WATER
Dan and Burke sit on the log. Dan rises.

DAN
Lucky for you I knew where that key
was.

BURKE
(still dazed)
Yeah. Thanks.

Dan helps Burke to a nearby ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAN AND BURKE'S STATEROOM - LATER

Dan puts on dry clothes as Burke, already changed, sits behind him, checking and holstering his pistol.

BURKE
Hey, you know, somebody must have
left that rail unfastened. Leanin'
there and, all of a sudden, we're in
the ocean.

DAN
(dryly)
Yes. We ought to sue the company.

BURKE
I still can't see why you saved my
life with what's facing you.

DAN
Ah, suppose we don't discuss that.

BURKE
Well, anyway, I - I kind o' feel
like I ought to do you a little
favor.

DAN
What? For a little thing like your
life?

Dan hears the click of the handcuffs behind him and glances in Burke's direction. PAN OVER TO Burke holding the open handcuffs in his hands.

DAN
I'll tell you what you can do.

BURKE
What?

DAN

Those are not particularly becoming
to the well-dressed man. 'Sides,
once this ship's at sea, there's no
chance for a getaway. Kind o'
tough on both of us to be ironed.
What do you say?

Burke looks at the cuffs and thinks it over. After a beat, he pockets them.

BURKE

All right, Dan.

DAN

(surprised but pleased)
Thanks.

BURKE

But if you try to pull a fast one on
me, I'll knock you off cold. Is that
understood?

DAN

Obviously.

BURKE

I ain't kiddin'.

DAN

Well, I couldn't suspect you of that.

Burke gives Dan a double take. Dan looks amused.

DAN

Well, it's kind of stuffy in here.
All right if I go on deck?

BURKE

(casually)

Sure.

Dan grabs a cap and heads for the door. Burke rises and follows, grabbing a jacket.

BURKE

But I'll go along with ya.

Dan nods in reluctant agreement and the two men exit the stateroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

A NEON SIGN
shaped like an arrow. It reads: "To gangplank"

We PAN OVER AND DOWN from this to the PURSER'S STATION where Dan is in the middle of a conversation with the uniformed purser.

DAN

I have an important message to
deliver to her and, like an idiot, I
forgot her last name. Her first name
is "Joan."

PURSER

I'm sorry, sir, but--

DAN

(gesturing)

She's about, uh-- Oh, she's about so
tall. Jet black hair and large brown
eyes.

PURSER

Well, without her last name, it'll be
awfully hard for me to find her.

During this conversation, we PAN OVER to Burke who watches and listens from under the gangplank sign, shaking his head in disbelief. Burke looks in the direction of the gangplank as he hears a noisy crowd.

THE GANGPLANK

is being unhooked from the ship. A huge crowd of well-wishers fill the dock, waving to passengers on deck and chattering noisily. Running through the crowd

is Skippy who races up the gangplank just as it is pulled away and jumps onto the ship ahead of the two Hong Kong policemen who are chasing him. Skippy, relieved, sits in the doorway where the gangplank was anchored a moment ago and waves to the policemen who, left stranded at the dock, wave their nightsticks at him angrily.

SKIPPY

(salutes the police)

You must come and see us sometime!

Skippy, sitting in the gangplank doorway, laughs his inimitable, irritating laugh and waves good-bye. As he does, a man comes up to Skippy from behind and

pauses next to him - at first, we see only the man's legs. The boat's whistle blows ominously as Skippy looks down to see the two flat feet beside him. His face falls as he looks up to see Burke, hands in his pockets, towering over him grimly.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

This map will reappear throughout the film to mark the ship's progress.

Three points on the map are identified: Hong Kong, Honolulu and San Francisco.

A superimposed text reads: 1st DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears in the center of the map, heading east on the high seas.

DISSOLVE TO:

CABIN DOOR

A brief glimpse of the door to cabin B-55 upon which hangs a PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SIGN

which allows us to see a handwritten addition: "By Doctor's Orders"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOAN'S CABIN - DAY

A TRAY

loaded with medicines, powders and pills -- the sort of things taken by terminal heart patients.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

No more parties. No more cigarettes.
No more dancing. And no more
cocktails.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOAN AND HER DOCTOR

Joan sits glumly as the doctor stands over her, trying to be gentle.

DOCTOR

You're cutting your months into
weeks, your weeks into days--

JOAN

And my days into hours. Is that it?

DOCTOR

It is.

JOAN

What you really mean -- and you're
too kind to say -- is that if I stay
in my stateroom, lie in bed, deny
myself everything, even the - the
mildest diversion, I may live to
arrive at that charming sanitarium.

DOCTOR

You state it very cruelly.

Joan rises and crosses to her cabin's window. She looks out.

JOAN

It's not a pretty picture, is it?
(reluctantly)
All right. All right, doctor. I'll
do what you say.
(chuckles)
Funny how we cling to life even
after it's worthless.

Joan hears the sound of Dan's voice drifting in through the open window.

DAN'S VOICE
She's about so tall, black hair,
large brown eyes. Her first name is
Joan.

Peering through the window, Joan sees Dan walking the deck with a steward.
Delighted, she watches them pass and then turns back to the doctor.

JOAN
Oh, no. No, I was wrong. I know now
what I want. I want to crowd all the
intense, beautiful happiness possible
into what life I've got left. That's
all living's for. If it's only for a
few hours, I want to have it. And I'm
going to have it -- all I can get my
hands on.

Joan leaves the window, moves toward the door. The doctor tries to stop her.

DOCTOR
Joan, I--

JOAN
Now, doctor, I am going on deck.

DOCTOR
But, Jo--

JOAN
Goodbye!

With a huge smile, she breaks away from him and is instantly out the door,
slamming it shut behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

DAN
sits at the bar as a young bartender mixes him a drink.

BARTENDER #2
(to Dan)
I don't know, she might've been in
here, but I didn't notice her.

JOAN
enters the lounge and looks around anxiously. She spots

DAN
who is busy lighting a cigarette and fails to see her.

DAN
(to the bartender)
Mm, then she wasn't here. You'd've
noticed her.

JOAN, smiling radiantly, checks her hair and then moves toward Dan.

AT THE BAR

Joan joins Dan at the bar, approaching him from behind so that he doesn't see her. The bartender, having just poured Dan's drink, now looks up from his work
and notices her. He raises his eyebrows and smiles in recognition.

She indicates with a gesture that he should pour her the same drink -- which he promptly does, with a grin. The bartender watches with interest as Dan puts
his glass to his lips at the same moment Joan speaks to him:

JOAN
Hello, Dan.

Dan turns and looks at her, pleased and surprised. We hear their love theme.

DAN
Hello, Joan.

JOAN
The luck's come back.

Dan nods, noticing that, once again, they both hold the same drink.

DAN
This time, in full glasses.

JOAN
We mustn't lose a drop, Dan.

DAN
(toasts her)
Health.

A dark look crosses Joan's face. She recovers with a smile and corrects him:

JOAN
Luck.

Once again, they swallow their drinks, never taking their eyes from one another. They exchange grins.

The bartender smiles warmly at this.

Joan, holding her glass by the stem, smashes it against the bar.

The bartender's eyes pop in surprise.

Joan places her stem on the countertop. Then, Dan smashes his glass.

The startled bartender flinches.

As before, Dan crosses his stem with Joan's. They smile at each other as we TRUCK FORWARD for a CLOSER VIEW of the crossed stems on the countertop between them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - SUNSET

Dan and Joan stand at the railing together watching the sun go down.

JOAN

The day knows how to go out. In a
blaze of glory. Forgive me if I'm
going poetic on you. But life is
wonderful, Dan.

DAN

And its best moment is when we
find it out.

Joan thinks about this a moment and then turns to look at the ocean.

FADE OUT

IRIS IN

EXT. S. S. MALOA - NIGHT

The ship sails east under a night sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Dan and Burke, in dinner clothes, stand outside the ship's lounge, peering in through the well-lit windows. Classical piano music. The two men enter through a nearby door.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

A smartly-dressed crowd listens as an attractive, aristocratic woman elegantly plays a grand piano. We get a CLOSE VIEW of the woman, known to her fellow passengers as Countess Bettina de Barilhaus, but whom we shall call BETTY for short.

Dan and Burke arrive as Betty concludes her number. The crowd applauds. Betty rises and catches sight of Dan and Burke. Burke stares at her with interest. Dan lowers his eyes and tries to look bored.

Betty, carrying an expensive fan, joins her stiff British date -- a tuxedoed, monocled nobleman named SIR HAROLD.

BETTY
(pleasantly, with a vaguely European accent)
Now, we must be going.

Sir Harold nods and the two begin to walk off together. Members of the crowd groan and protest, "Aw, Countess ..." "Please!" -- but she waves them off politely.

BETTY
No, no, no, no. You'll forgive me.
I'm very fatigued. Some other time.

But before she can get away a bejeweled dowager stops her.

DOWAGER
Oh, Countess, are you of the Bavarian Barilhauses?

BETTY
(coolly)
Mm, the elder son.

DOWAGER
I had the pleasure in meeting them last summer.

BETTY
(unenthusiastic)
Delightful. We must have tea together some time.

Betty moves off. Sir Harold follows like a puppy dog.

SIR HAROLD
Countess, you play divinely.

As she passes, Betty ignores Burke but pauses ever so slightly to get a good look at Dan who pointedly shows no sign of recognizing her. Burke watches Betty, struck by her beauty.

Betty and Sir Harold stand apart from the others.

SIR HAROLD
Shall I see you ... later, Countess?

BETTY
Not tonight, Sir Harold. Tomorrow night, I promise you.

Betty puts her hand in his.

SIR HAROLD
I shall live ... in anticipation.

Sir Harold kisses Betty's hand grandly.

Burke jealously watches all this with interest -- it's not the sort of activity a Frisco cop sees much of.

DAN
(amused, to Burke)
Don't let the royalty get you down.

Dan moves off as Burke smiles self-consciously and gives him a dismissive wave.

Fanning herself, Betty watches Sir Harold walk away. He pauses, turns, and delivers a courtly bow to her. She nods in reply and they turn from one another. As they do, Skippy abruptly enters and nearly bumps into Betty. His face lights up with recognition:

SKIPPIY
Well! If it ain't--

Skippy offers a hand in greeting. But Betty ignores this, instantly dropping both her voice and her European accent:

BETTY
(American accent)
Play dead, chump. Tail me to my joint.

Skippy watches with surprise as Betty, fanning herself, briskly walks off. He puts on his hat and nonchalantly strolls after her.

AT THE BAR
Burke joins the same young bartender who waited on Dan and Joan earlier.
Self-conscious about his garlic breath, Burke screws up his face and glances in Dan's direction while deciding what to order.

BARTENDER #2
Something I can do for you, sir?

BURKE
(unhappily)
Buttermilk.

BARTENDER #2
Yes, sir.

Bartender pulls out a tall glass and a pitcher of buttermilk.

BURKE
Say, pal, will ya do me a favor?

BARTENDER #2

Yes, sir?

BURKE

What do you call a countess when you
wanna speak to her?

BARTENDER #2

Hmm.

(unconvincingly)
"Madame la Countesse."

We PAN DOWN the bar to another bartender who assembles an elaborate tray of bottles, glasses, ice, and other mixings. A steward takes the tray and carries it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BETTY'S CABIN - LATER

The steward arrives at the cabin door with the elaborate tray and knocks. After a moment, he opens the door and enters, placing the tray on a table. Also visible on the table are Skippy's feet which are propped up on the edge. Skippy tosses a coin onto the tray -- a tip for the steward.

SKIPPY

Thank you!

The steward takes the coin and departs, closing the door behind him. Skippy takes his feet down off the table, reaches over and grabs a bottle of gin from the tray. We see his smiling face for the first time as he opens the bottle and brings it to his lips. He chugs the contents. And chugs. And chugs.

We CUT WIDE to reveal that Betty is lounging nearby on a sofa, watching him. After a moment, she speaks to him -- not with her fancy European accent, but with her tough American one.

BETTY

Say, don't you ever breathe?

Skippy stops drinking, exhales deeply, and hands Betty the bottle. She wipes the mouth of the bottle and takes a fairly long swig herself -- much to Skippy's surprise. Skippy looks over the tray with all its mixings.

SKIPPY

What's the idea of all the landscape
gardening?

BETTY

(haughtily, using her
fake European accent)

Oh, straight gin is so vulgar, my
dear --

(instantly lapsing

into Americanese)
Oh, boy! Are my pups growling!

Betty leans over and rubs her sore feet.

SKIPPY
(amused)
Betty, don't they ever get on to
you? You've been gettin' away with
this for years. Who are ya supposed
to be now?

BETTY
Sucker...
(strips away
her bangs)
... meet Bettina, la Comtesse de
Barilhaus.

She tosses her fake bangs aside.

SKIPPY
Oh, Barilhaus. Oh, I get it!
"Barrel House" Betty! Barilhaus,
sure. Have you got anything lined
up?

BETTY
Mm, did ya get a load of that
Englishman with the single cheater?

She means, of course, Sir Harold and his monocle. Betty dabs a cloth with gin and scours her forehead.

SKIPPY
I did. Full face, he looks like the
Bank of England. Look, I had an
idea--

BETTY
Now, lay off! No petty larceny in
this one. Say, if I make this touch,
I'm through. Sick of jumping every
time there's a knock at the door.
You know, this sticky stuff's bad
for my scalp. Hm. Guess I'm just
tired.

SKIPPY
You hustlers are all alike. Spend
all your time in the twilight sleep.
What've ya got on your mind?

BETTY
Say, I'm a sucker, just like the
rest of them. I want a chicken
ranch.

SKIPPY

Oh, sure, I know that one, too. All you need is five thousand hens and one rooster.

BETTY

That's the set-up.

SKIPPY

Stop kiddin' yourself, Betty. You'll be ridin' these tubs till they count ten over ya.

BETTY

I may fool ya.

SKIPPY

I hope ya do.

She takes a swig of gin and hands him back the bottle.

BETTY

Spray your throat.

SKIPPY

Here's to the rooster. Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck.

Betty chuckles as Skippy drinks.

BETTY

Say, uh, who's the mug with Dan Hardesty?

SKIPPY

He's a copper. The toughest one out of Frisco.

BETTY

Pinch?

SKIPPY

Nothin' else.

BETTY

Tough rap?

SKIPPY

The toughest.

BETTY

(stunned)

Murder?

SKIPPY

If you can call it murder for croakin'

the dirtiest heel that ever lived.

BETTY

Well, any chance to beat the rap?

SKIPPY

No, no. He's already been sentenced.

BETTY

Well, then, how's he--?

SKIPPY

He broke. He broke when they were
takin' him to San Quentin.

BETTY

(realizes what that means)

The rope.

SKIPPY

(soberly)

The rope.

BETTY

Whew.

Shaken, Betty rises in disbelief and ends up at the cabin window.

BETTY

He's a swell guy, too. Gee, he came
to the front for me in Singapore
when I was in wrong.

(with emphasis)

And I was in wrong.

(shakes her head)

Took a long chance for me.

(sighs)

Certainly wish I could pay him back
the same way.

Betty sees something out the window and draws back the curtain for a better look. She glances over at Skippy, motions with her eyes for him to join her, then continues to stare out.

BETTY

Look.

We hear Joan and Dan's theme as Skippy joins Betty at the window. The two crooks stand together and see:

DAN AND JOAN

standing at the ship's railing.

BETTY'S VOICE

He's got everything. Strength,
youth, courage. ...

BETTY AND SKIPPY
watch Dan and Joan glumly.

BETTY
... Everything that makes life fit
to live.
(beat)
It's just a ghost.

Skippy nods solemnly.

DAN AND JOAN
stand at the railing and look out at the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON DECK - CONTINUOUS

Joan stares out at the water. Dan smokes a cigarette.

JOAN
Is it late?

DAN
Does it matter?

She turns to him with a smile.

JOAN
Not any more.
(dreamily)
The world and time seem somewhere
else.

Dan moves in warmly to give Joan a kiss but before they do, we CUT TO:

BETTY AND SKIPPY
watching at the window. Betty shuts the curtain and looks thoughtful.

BETTY
Death ain't tough enough.
(beat)
He's gotta fall in love.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN
A dotted line, marking the ship's progress, stretches from Hong Kong part of
the way to Honolulu. San Francisco seems very far away at the moment.

A superimposed text reads: 3rd DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears in the center of the map.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - DAY

Dan and Burke, casually dressed, stand at the rail.

BURKE
Let's take a turn around the deck.

Dan shows no interest, calmly puffing a cigarette.

BURKE
I do forty laps a day. Keeps you in shape.

DAN
(dryly)
What's the percentage of me keeping in shape?

BURKE
Why, it's, uh, better than, uh, mooning around the deck all night.

A smiling Joan appears in a doorway and heads for the men. Dan chuckles his cigarette over the side and tips his cap as he takes Joan's hand.

DAN
Oh, good morning.

JOAN
Hello.

DAN
May I present Mr. Burke? Miss Ames.

JOAN
How do you do?

Joan and Burke shake hands.

BURKE
How do you do?

DAN
Mr. Burke is an old friend of mine.
We're ... traveling together.

JOAN
How nice.

BURKE
Yeah, we're together all the time.

DAN
Practically inseparable.

JOAN

(pleasantly, to Burke)
Well, I'm taking him for the
afternoon.
(drags Dan away)
Come along, Dan.

BURKE
That's all right.

Burke watches them go, then takes a few deep breaths and starts his first lap around the deck. Farther down the deck, we see

BETTY
sitting in a lounge chair with a book in hand. She grins at

SKIPPY
standing nearby. He readies himself and then adopts a drunken attitude, staggering forward.

WIDE SHOT
Skippy staggers down the deck and pretends to lose his balance, collapsing on top of Betty who screams. Skippy, sitting on her legs, tips his hat to her apologetically as Burke strides into view, grabs Skippy's collar and hauls him to his feet.

BURKE
Hey, you little tramp! I ought to
throw you overboard!

Burke shoves Skippy who wobbles away.

BETTY
sighs, whimpers, and employs her European accent, pretending to be a damsel in distress to engage Burke's sympathy.

BETTY
Isn't it possible for a lady to go anywhere nowadays without bumping into all sorts of people?!

SKIPPY
peers around a corner at Burke and Betty.

BURKE
hollers at Skippy.

BURKE
If I had you on shore, I'd--!

BETTY AND BURKE

BETTY
(whimpers, clutches her throat)
Oh, I'm so frightened.

BURKE
(tips his cap)
Nobody's gonna harm you.

BETTY
Ah, you are good. So brave. I am very, very grateful.

BURKE
(genuinely pleased)
Aw, don't mention it, eh, Madame la Countess.

BETTY
Oh, you know me, huh? Who I am? I have not the pleasure to know you.

BURKE
Oh, uh, my name's Steve Burke.

BETTY
Delighted. Monsieur Burke.

Betty offers Burke her hand. He is about to bend over to kiss it when he looks around self-consciously and decides instead to shake it vigorously. She invites him to sit in the lounge chair next to her.

BETTY
Now, come, you sit down with me for a few minutes, hm?
(Burke sits)
Oh, that terrible man, he might come back.

BURKE
Aw, nobody's gonna bother you -- not with me here.

BETTY
You know, I could not feel safer if I thought you were a policeman.

BURKE
Say, now, listen, lady ...

Burke takes her hand.

SKIPPY
watching from around the corner, laughs his irritating laugh to himself and heads off to the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - DAY

At the bar, a patron downs a drink and then walks away, just as Skippy arrives. Seeing that the bartender at the cash register has his back turned to him, Skippy, left alone with the patron's empty glass and a nearly full bottle of liquor, pours himself a drink. He knocks it back rapidly, holding onto his hat to keep it from falling off. He quickly sets the glass down and tries to look nonchalant.

Seeing that the bartender is still busy at the register, Skippy pours himself another shot, downs it fast, and resumes his nonchalant pose. Finally, Skippy ignores the glass and simply grabs the bottle to chug down even more alcohol. Satisfied, he exhales deeply, grins, hiccups, buttons his coat and starts to move off.

At last, the bartender, hands full of money, turns from the cash register and sees Skippy trying to leave unnoticed.

BARTENDER #2
Hey...!

SKIPPY
Oh, yes. Almost forgot. My change.

The bartender raises his eyebrows in surprise and squints in confusion.

BARTENDER #2
I beg your pardon, sir? What was it
you gave me?

SKIPPY
I gave ya a five dollar bill.

The bartender counts out the change.

BARTENDER #2
Yes, sir, I'm - I'm sorry, sir.
Sorry, sir.

SKIPPY
Oh, oh, wait, you only took off
for one drink. I had three.

Skippy shoves some of the change back.

BARTENDER #2
Oh, thank you, sir, thank you.

SKIPPY
Think nothing of it, my good man.

The smiling bartender watches Skippy walk off with the money.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A drunken Skippy bumbles down the hallway toward a full-length mirror, mistakes his own reflection for an oncoming passenger, and backs up a little to let the person pass. He takes off his hat and bows apologetically.

SKIPPY
I beg your pardon.

After a pause, he straightens and heads toward the mirror again. And, exactly as before, he mistakes his own reflection for an oncoming passenger, backs up a little, takes off his hat and bows.

SKIPPY
After you, sir.

Another pause. Skippy straightens and again heads toward the mirror, spots his reflection, and backs away. This time another passenger actually does walk by.

Skippy looks up at the man.

SKIPPY
(annoyed, to the man)
Say, how long is this parade gonna last?

Puzzled, the man looks at Skippy for a moment, says nothing, then walks off.

SKIPPY
(to the man)
Oh, you won't talk, huh?

Skippy snaps his fingers with contempt at the departing man, then turns and heads back toward the mirror -- where he once again runs into his reflection. This time, he raises a hand in protest.

SKIPPY
No, you don't! No, you don't!

NEW ANGLE - SKIPPY (MIRROR NOT VISIBLE)
Skippy beats his chest.

SKIPPY
It's my turn now!

Skippy adjusts his jacket, barges forward and smashes into the mirror, shattering it with a crash.

SKIPPY AND THE BROKEN MIRROR
We discover him on hands and knees amid broken shards of glass, talking to himself.

SKIPPY
Well, you got away with it that time. But I know what you look like.
And it won't happen again.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

The dotted line, marking the ship's progress, stretches from Hong Kong almost to Honolulu.

A superimposed text reads: 16th DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears in the center of the map, heading toward the camera on a foggy night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

A couple of VIEWS of sailors dressed warmly, sporting binoculars, peering into the fog-enshrouded night as a fog horn blows.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Starting with a tuba (matched to the fog horn), we PAN OVER the ship's orchestra as it plays dance music. Then, we PAN OVER to the numerous dancers in the lounge. Betty dances with Sir Harold but smiles at Burke who stands to one side watching her. He scowls a little, annoyed and puzzled that she's dancing with another man.

We PAN OVER to Dan and Joan, also on the dance floor, in utter bliss. The song ends. Nearly everyone breaks and applauds the musicians. But Dan and Joan stay in each others' arms and regard one another lovingly.

The next number begins, a livelier uptempo piece. Sir Harold attempts to dance with Betty but Burke muscles in, brusquely grabs Sir Harold's wrist and pushes him away, showing no regard for etiquette. Betty merely hands her elegant fan to Sir Harold who nods politely and watches as Burke grabs Betty and dances away with her.

Betty and Burke turn out to be the best rubber-legged dancers on the floor.

Skippy, hat in hand, watches the couple from the sidelines.

Burke puts a lot of energy into his eccentric dance moves.

Skippy points and laughs his irritating laugh.

Burke and Betty pause at the sound of the laugh to stare at Skippy.

But he just keeps laughing at them.

Betty smiles as Burke gives Skippy a long dirty look. They dance even more

energetically.

A grim Sir Harold watches all this unhappily, fanning himself with Betty's fan. After a moment, he peers down at the fan, realizes he looks ridiculous and folds it up.

DAN AND JOAN, meanwhile, are also still on the floor.

On the sidelines, Joan's doctor watches the two of them with concern. She is clearly overexerting herself.

Joan looks stricken, pauses, and leans on Dan for support.

JOAN

Dan. Dan, wait.

DAN

Oh, my dear. What is it, sweet?

JOAN

I'm all right. Let's - let's go out
on deck.

DAN

Yes, of course, dear.

As the music ends and the crowd applauds, Dan helps Joan off the floor. The doctor, seeing this, shakes his head sadly and moves off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

As the ship's orchestra plays their love theme, Dan and Joan sit together in the fog.

DAN

Better?

JOAN

Much better. Out here.

DAN

It is rather nice to get away from
people, isn't it?

JOAN

Oh, Dan, I'm so happy.

Dan kisses Joan's hand affectionately.

JOAN

Tomorrow, Honolulu. I have the whole
day planned. First, we'll hire a car.
Drive across the Pali. Just we two,
hm?

DAN
Yes.

JOAN
You don't sound very enthusiastic.

DAN
Only because ... There's something
that may prevent my going ashore.

JOAN
Oh, Dan. And I'd counted on it so.

DAN
Oh, don't worry, I'll get out of it
somehow.

JOAN
Sweetheart.

Betty and Burke emerge on deck, laughing.

JOAN
Think you can lose friend Steve?

DAN
(wryly)
I'll make it my supreme effort.

Joan laughs. Betty and Burke approach Dan and Joan.

BURKE
(to Betty)
I can't dance with everybody -- but
with you, Countess--

BETTY
(amused, to Joan)
You know, Steven dances like a gigolo.

BURKE
I wouldn't say that exactly. You two
ain't so bad yourselves. Why aren't
you going at it?

JOAN
I'm saving my strength for tomorrow
in Honolulu. Dan's taking me for a
long drive.

Burke doesn't like the sound of that.

BURKE
(to Dan)
Oh, so you're going for a long ride,
huh?

Dan averts his eyes. Betty senses the need to intervene.

BURKE
That's swell.

BETTY
I think I need a lemonade. Come,
Steven.
(to Joan)
We'll see you later.

JOAN
Au revoir.

Dan politely rises as Betty and Burke move off.

BETTY AND BURKE
stroll down the deck. Burke is moody.

BETTY
What's the matter, Steven?

BURKE
I wonder if that guy back there
thinks he's pulling me.

BETTY
Why? What about?

They pause. Burke decides to level with her.

BURKE
I may as well tell ya now. We ain't
pals. He's my prisoner.

BETTY
Wha-at? You are a police officer?

BURKE
Sergeant, First Grade.

BETTY
(pretends to be impressed)
Oh! Ohhh.

BURKE
And I know what's going on in that
guy's mind like I can open it and
look in it.

BETTY
Oh, you're wonderful! You know, I
always wanted to meet a detective.

BURKE
Honolulu's the last stop. That means
it's his last chance to make a get-

away. And that's what that guy's thinkin', thinkin' every moment. But he's only wastin' his time.

DAN AND JOAN

Joan tells Dan her plans for the next day.

JOAN

Cross the island, I - I know the most divine spot. I'll take you there. Have you all to myself.

Dan and Joan kiss, deeply, passionately.

BETTY AND BURKE

continue their conversation farther down the deck.

BURKE

Let him once get near the shore and he'll risk his life to make a getaway. But if he makes one phony move ...

Burke shows Betty his holstered pistol.

BETTY

(laughs nervously)

Oh, you frighten me. What are you going to do?

BURKE

I'm gonna put him in the brig.

BETTY

Brig? What is "brig"?

BURKE

That's what they call a jail on a ship.

BETTY

(understands)

Mmmmm.

The two stroll off, arm in arm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHIP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dan sees Joan to her door. She opens it and they regard each other lovingly.

JOAN

Good night, Dan.

DAN

Good night, Joan.

We hear their theme again briefly as Joan starts into her room. Dan takes her hand and kisses it as she goes.

DAN
Until tomorrow.

Joan closes her door and Dan heads off down the hall, lost in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - LATER THAT NIGHT

A fog horn blows as Dan, in coat and cap, walks the deck, thinking. A passing officer salutes him but he pays little heed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Betty opens the door for Skippy who enters and looks around puzzled. Betty closes the door behind him and crosses to a table. Skippy follows.

SKIPPY
What's the matter?

Betty scoops a half dozen bullets off the table into her hand and gives them to a delighted Skippy.

SKIPPY
From the copper's gun? How'd you get
'em?

Betty merely glances over to a nearby chair. Burke's bow tie is draped over it. In the background: an unmade bed. Skippy starts to laugh but Betty covers his mouth to hush him.

BETTY
Now, get this. You go to Dan
Hardesty...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - LATER THAT NIGHT

A fog horn. Skippy, concealed between some lifeboats, steps out to peer down the deck and sees Dan approaching. As Dan nears, Skippy emerges, taps him on the shoulder and instantly retreats. Dan looks around to make sure he's not being watched and joins Skippy between the lifeboats.

SKIPPY
You're slated for the brig, any
minute.

DAN
I was afraid of that.

SKIPPY

But, look.

Skippy shows Dan a handful of bullets.

DAN

From Burke's gun?

SKIPPY

Yeah. Betty pulled his teeth.

DAN

That gives me a chance.

Skippy whips out a wad of bills and hands it to Dan.

SKIPPY

Hey, here's a bankroll. You'll need
it. Compliments of Betty.

DAN

English money?

SKIPPY

Well, that's the only kind Sir
Harold had.

DAN

What a girl.

SKIPPY

Come on, Dan, get goin'.

DAN

Thanks, Skippy.

SKIPPY

All the luck in the world, pal.

DAN

I'll need it.

Dan hurries off.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

The dotted line, marking the ship's progress, stretches from Hong Kong to Honolulu.

A superimposed text reads: 17th DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears in the center of the map,
heading east.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHIP'S BRIG - DAY

Early morning. An officer shows Burke a cell in the brig.

OFFICER
He won't get out of there.

The officer hands Burke the key. Burke looks the cell over.

BURKE
That's okay.

OFFICER
Can I help you bring him down?

BURKE
No, no, I don't need any help. I can handle him myself.

The officer salutes and walks off. Burke gives the cell door a hard tug and, satisfied, starts to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN AND BURKE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Dan sits at a desk, writing a letter which reads:

Joan-

I am running away -
a fugitive condemned to
death. I've tried to tell
you but couldn't. I will
attempt to reach Mexico.
If you can forgive me,
come to me there. If not,
know that I understand
and love you always.

He signs it "Dan" and blots it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Swimmers approach the ship as it motors toward the shore. Divers jump off the ship and into the water.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP - DAY

IN DAN AND BURKE'S STATEROOM
A British-accented steward stands by as Dan sits at the desk, sealing the

envelope and issuing instructions.

DAN

I'd like you to deliver this to Miss
Joan Ames in stateroom B-fifty-five
-- about an hour after the ship
docks in Honolulu.

STEWARD

Yes, sir.

DAN

(hands over the
envelope)

You understand? About an hour after
we dock, not before that.

STEWARD

Very good, sir.

DAN

(rises)

And ... don't disturb me for a
couple of hours. I think I'll take a
nap. I'll ring you if I want you.

STEWARD

Very good, sir.

Dan watches the steward exit, then quickly grabs a heavy glass water decanter from a nearby table and dumps it out in the bathroom sink. Spotting a towel, he grabs it and carries the decanter and the towel to the rear of the cabin. He places the decanter strategically on the table, then opens the towel, twists it into a gag and places it against his mouth for measure. Satisfied it will gag Burke effectively, he hides it under a bed sheet.

IN THE HALL

outside the cabin, Burke arrives. He pauses at the door, looks around. Then, taking no chances, he draws his pistol and checks it. No bullets. He takes out the clip: empty. He casts a suspicious look at the door.

IN THE ROOM

Dan readies a rope with which to tie Burke.

IN THE HALL

Scowling, Burke nods in understanding, guessing that Dan has stolen his ammunition. He takes a fresh clip from his pocket, loads and reholsters his gun.

IN THE ROOM

Dan hears Burke opening the door and stuffs the rope under his pillow. Then, smoothing his hair, moves to a bureau and grabs a cigarette. He turns to see Burke staring at him grimly. Dan lights his cigarette.

DAN

Well, pal, you look pretty smooth.
Going ashore?

BURKE
Yeah, but, I'm sorry, pal. You're
goin' in the brig.

Burke moves casually into the bathroom. Dan, just as casually, moves in his direction.

DAN
That's a bit tough but ... I can't
say I blame you.

Burke, in the bathroom, keeps an eye on Dan in the bathroom mirror.

BURKE
Yeah, you know how it is. A guy's
gotta do his duty.

Burke watches in the mirror as Dan sets down his cigarette and picks up the heavy glass decanter.

Burke reaches for his pistol.

Dan raises the decanter and moves forward rapidly.

Grinning, Burke spins and fires.

The decanter shatters and Dan freezes, staring first at Burke and then at the broken glass in his upraised hand. Dan looks stunned and puzzled, then lowers his hand and sighs at Burke.

DAN
Not bad.

Burke covers Dan with his pistol.

BURKE
And now, if you've no serious
objections, pal, let's get going.

DAN
No objections.

Dan sets what's left of the decanter down. The two men move to the door and exit.

IN THE HALL
Passersby murmur noisily, having heard the sound of a gunshot. Burke holsters his pistol.

BURKE
All right, pal, across the hall and
down through the engine room.

Ignoring passengers and officers, the two men walk off.

Watching all this from a corner is a worried Skippy.

BELOW DECK

Noises from the engine room reverberate as Dan and Burke walk down several flights of narrow stairs. They pass a good deal of machinery, deep in the bowels of the ship. Occasionally, Dan must pause to get directions from Burke who stays behind him at all times. Finally, they arrive at the brig.

Skippy trails behind, peering around a corner.

Burke unlocks and opens the cell door, then points for Dan to enter. Dan enters and Burke locks him in. Burke starts to leave but then decides to say something to Dan through the door.

BURKE

Listen, sucker, the next time you take the shells out of a smart guy's gun, remember to put some blanks back!

Skippy overhears this and watches closely as Burke pockets the key in his left-hand jacket pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Passengers disembark and file down the gangplank.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP - MINUTES LATER

Betty stands near the purser's station reading a brochure when Skippy wobbles past her and speaks rapidly out of the corner of his mouth.

SKIPPY

Dan is in the brig. The copper's got the key here.

Skippy pats his his left-hand jacket pocket. Betty shows no emotion whatsoever.

BETTY

Oke.

Skippy wobbles off and takes up a position down the hall. Joan, wearing a gorgeous white dress for her day in Honolulu, joins Betty.

JOAN

Good morning.

BETTY

Good morning. I, er, I was just waiting for Mr. Burke to take me ashore.

JOAN

Seen Dan?

BETTY

Uh, no, no, but he'll be along soon.

Burke joins Betty and Joan.

BURKE

Good morning, ladies.

JOAN

Good morning, Mr. Burke.

Betty immediately coos over Burke and runs her hands over him.

BETTY

(to Joan)

Oooh. Doesn't he look handsome?

Betty easily picks Burke's pocket and palms the key. Skippy, watching this from a distance, laughs his annoying laugh.

JOAN

Have you seen Dan anywhere?

BURKE

(uncomfortably)

Why, er-- No, I - I haven't.

(to Betty)

We gotta go.

JOAN

See you ashore.

BETTY

Au revoir.

BURKE

Sure.

Burke and Betty walk toward the gangplank.

BURKE

Gee, that was a tough spot.

BETTY

Mm, poor kid--

(catches herself,

switches to French)

Le pauvre enfant, hm?

As they pass Skippy, Betty hands him the key, then puts her arm around Burke. Skippy looks at it with delight and hurries off to free Dan.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Burke and Betty are among the passengers filing down the gangplank.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP - DAY

IN THE BRIG

Skippy unlocks and opens the cell door. An amazed Dan appears in the doorway.

SKIPPY

The cop and Betty have gone ashore.
Give them plenty of time for a head
start.

Dan is speechless. He grips Skippy's shoulders warmly and rushes off without a word. Skippy watches him go, then shuts and locks the cell door.

BELOW DECK

Dan strides past the heavy machinery and climbs the narrow stairs to the deck.

AT THE GANGPLANK

Joan looks around with concern for Dan.

BELOW DECK

Dan hustles up the stairs, then slows to a walk as he reaches the deck.

AT THE GANGPLANK

Joan moves off in search of Dan.

Dan rounds a corner and sees the empty gangplank. He puts on his hat and heads for it.

But Joan spots Dan as he starts down.

JOAN

Dan!

Dan, startled, stops and turns. Joan joins him.

JOAN

Oh, Dan, oh, I've been looking all over for you.

DAN

I'm so sorry, but I--

JOAN

It's all right now that you're here now. Well, come on. Let's go, shall we?

DAN
Of course.

They start down the gangplank. Joan opens her parasol.

JOAN
Wait'll I get this up. There we are.

They descend the gangplank. Dan's eyes shoot around nervously. At the bottom, they meet Joan's doctor.

DOCTOR
Good morning, Mr. Hardesty.

DAN
Good morning, Doctor.

Dan looks around uncertainly.

DOCTOR
(to Joan)
Now, please be careful. Not too strenuous today.

JOAN
(cheerily)
Don't you worry about me, old dear.
(taking Dan's arm)
Come along, Dan.
(to the doctor)
Bye!

The doctor watches them skeptically as they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Burke and Betty stroll along, chatting amiably. Skippy runs up from behind and blunders into them. In the process, Skippy separates them momentarily, just long enough to pass the key to Betty who, sobbing and clinging to Burke in a pretense of fear, stealthily returns the key to Burke's pocket.

BURKE
(angrily, to Skippy)
When you get to Frisco, I'll bounce
you in the can so fast, you won't
come out till Chinese New Year!

SKIPPY
Buddy, when I get back to Frisco,
you'll be trippin' over your beard!

Skippy laughs his inimitable annoying laugh and walks off.

FADE OUT

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Dan and Joan park a rented car in front of a spectacular collection of flags which fly in the stiff tropic breeze. Dan climbs out.

DAN

Now, if you don't mind waiting for just a couple of moments, I have a little surprise for you.

JOAN

I'll wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATERFRONT DIVE - MINUTES LATER

Dan speaks to an ape-jawed bartender.

DAN

So I've got to get out of here today.

BARTENDER #3

(nods)

I see.

(thinks)

I've got the man. Have you got plenty of money?

Dan shows him his wad of English bills.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATERFRONT DIVE - MINUTES LATER

Seated at a table, Dan shows the wad of bills to another man, a tough-looking ship's captain. Dan passes him some cash under the table and the captain pockets it. The two men rise and Dan follows the captain to the rear where the captain gestures.

CAPTAIN

There she is. You can't miss it.

Dan looks and sees: a steamship at anchor.

CAPTAIN

What time do we sail?

DAN

Just as soon as it's dark.

CAPTAIN

We'll be ready to shove off the minute you step aboard.

DAN
(nods)
Good.

The two men go their separate ways.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

Joan, still seated in the parked car by the flags, smiles as Dan rejoins her. She sighs in delight at a giant lei, dense with flowers, that he carries and presents to her as he climbs in next to her.

DAN
Gardenias, [pekakee?] and camillia.

JOAN
It's too beautiful.

Dan puts the car in gear.

JOAN
Now, over the Pali. [?]

DAN
We're off.

They drive away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - LATER THAT DAY

Dan and Joan sit together in some sheltered spot with beautiful island scenery for a backdrop. Dan, pensive, smokes a cigarette. Joan, dreamy and contented, lounges against a tree, wearing the lei. Hawaiian guitars play their theme.

JOAN
I could stay here forever.

DAN
I wonder.

JOAN
I know it.

DAN
Would you be content to spend the rest of your life with me in some ... far-away place?

JOAN
Anywhere, Dan.

He looks at her, wondering how to break the news to her. She removes the lei

and sits up to question him more closely.

JOAN
Why so serious?

DAN
Joan, dear, I've got to tell you
this.

JOAN
Dan, if it's serious, I don't want
to hear it.

DAN
But I must tell you, dear.

JOAN
Not today.

DAN
But, my dear--

She puts a finger to his lips and shushes him.

JOAN
May I have a cigarette?

He reluctantly breaks eye contact with her and fishes out his cigarette case.

DAN
You're incorrigible.

She takes a cigarette. He taps some ash off the end of his butt and lights hers. As she exhales, they stare into one another's eyes for a long moment and then slowly draw in for a passionate kiss. After a moment, Dan lowers his cigarette and flicks it away. We PAN WITH the half-smoked butt as it lands in the nearby sand. After a pause, Joan's barely-smoked butt lands next to it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET IN HONOLULU - DAY

Skippy stands in a shop doorway, looking around. He sees Sir Harold approaching him on the sidewalk. Skippy looks thoughtful for a second, then pulls out a half dollar, which he flips in the air like an expert. He gives the coin a kiss for luck, then drops it on the sidewalk in front of him. He instantly turns his back to Sir Harold, assumes a nonchalant pose, and starts whistling.

Sir Harold approaches, sees the coin, pauses, steps on it, looks around smugly, then bends to pick it up. As he does, he exposes the wallet in his back pocket. Skippy, whistling, turns casually, plucks the wallet out of Sir Harold's pocket and strolls away with it. Sir Harold, not realizing he's been robbed, straightens with a satisfied smile, pockets the coin, and walks off.

Skippy, chuckling his inane laugh to himself, pauses in a doorway to inspect

the contents of the wallet. He opens up the wallet expectantly -- only to find it empty.

SKIPPY
Oh, boy, it's dark in there.

He throws the wallet down on the sidewalk in disgust. Angry and upset, Skippy counts to ten to hold his temper.

SKIPPY
Two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight, nine, TEN!

As he reaches ten, Skippy rounds a corner and spots Sir Harold buying cigars.

CLERK
Four dollars, please.

Skippy watches Sir Harold pull out a wad of cash from his other back pocket. Skippy keeps counting, through gritted teeth, as he stalks angrily away.

SKIPPY
Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen,
FIFTEEN, SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Twilight. Hawaiian guitars play. We open on the two cigarettes lying in the sand, then PAN OVER to a deeply satisfied Dan and Joan. He sits against the tree and holds her in his arms as she lies in his lap, looking at one another, very much in love. Joan sighs a little.

JOAN
This is living, isn't it, Dan?

He leans his head against the tree and shuts his eyes.

DAN
Could we ask for more?

JOAN
(apprehensive)
Only ... that it would never end.
It won't end, will it, Dan?

DAN
(reassuring)
My dear, whatever happens, we belong
to each other, always.

JOAN

Hold me closer.

They embrace. And kiss. And kiss. When they break, she runs her hand over his cheek. He takes her hand and kisses it. They look out at the sea: a spectacular sunset. Dan notices Joan's moist eyes.

DAN
What's this? Tears? Oh ...

JOAN
Can't help feeling a little bit sad.
It's been such a happy day. I guess
we ... we ought to go back, shouldn't
we?

DAN
I suppose so.

Reluctantly, he rises and helps her to her feet. They walk off as the evening sun sinks down into the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEAR THE DOCK - NIGHT

The ship's horn blows as Dan and Joan drive up in their rental car and stop.

JOAN
The dock's over there, Dan.

DAN
Yes, it's still there.

JOAN
The gangplank's there. We can - we
can make it if we hurry.

They climb out. Dan takes Joan in his arms.

DAN
Joan, dear.

JOAN
Dan, we have to hurry.

DAN
I've got to tell you this.

JOAN
What?

DAN
You must go the rest of the way
alone.

JOAN
What do you mean?

DAN

I've been trying to tell you all day. I'm not going back on the ship.

Joan's face falls, devastated.

JOAN

You're ... not going back on the ship?

DAN

(shakes his head)

I can't go back, dear. Because I'm--

Joan's heart gives out -- she faints, collapsing into his arms.

DAN

My dear? Joan? Dear?

But she is unconscious. A ship's horn blows. Dan looks up to see his chartered steamship anchored nearby.

He glances down at Joan in his arms, then turns to see the S. S. Maloa in front of him.

Joyful Hawaiian music plays. Passengers line the deck, tossing streamers and waving "Aloha!" Also on deck: Joan's doctor, who peers at the shore, worriedly.

Dan glances at his steamship, and at Joan who clearly needs medical attention, then makes a decision. He hoists Joan up and starts to carry her toward the Maloa just as a friendly Hawaiian man approaches.

HAWAIIAN MAN

Might I help you?

DAN

Yes, will you turn that car around?
And -- keep the engine going!

HAWAIIAN MAN

Yes, sir.

Dan rushes off toward the gangplank with Joan in his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MALOA - CONTINUOUS

On deck, Burke and Betty lean on the railing, watching the festivities. Both suddenly spot Dan on the dock hauling Joan in his arms. Incredulous, Burke feels in his pocket for the brig key, pulls it out and looks at it. Betty, fully aware of what's happening, keeps a stone face.

Dan carries Joan up the gangplank which is festooned with streamers. The doctor meets him and they hurry off to Joan's cabin.

Burke, grim, pockets the key and rushes off -- without a word to Betty who, after a moment, follows him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALOA - CONTINUOUS

The doctor opens the cabin door for Dan who carries Joan inside and sets her on the bed. The lively Hawaiian melody gives way to the more somber "Aloha Oe"

as the doctor quickly examines her.

DAN
Is she all right, Doctor?

After a moment, the doctor looks at Dan and nods.

DOCTOR
I believe so.

Dan starts to withdraw. Joan looks like death warmed over. Dan takes a last look and turns to go.

But Joan, without opening her eyes, regains consciousness and calls out to him.

JOAN
Dan ...

He pauses and reluctantly returns to the bed, leaning over her.

DAN
Yes, dear?

She can't open her eyes but somehow has the strength to put her arm around him.

JOAN
Dan ... Don't leave me ...

The ship's horn blows noisily. Dan looks around, realizing he can't get off the ship. He strokes her hair and presses his cheek to hers gently. She manages a smile.

The doctor, pleased at this, withdraws.

Dan pulls away from her, seeing that Joan has fallen unconscious again.

Burke brusquely enters the cabin but pauses at the sight of Dan at Joan's bedside. Clearly, Dan isn't going anywhere. Joan's hand falls limp at her side. Burke turns away thoughtfully and slowly exits, taking one last look at the couple before quietly closing the cabin door behind him.

IN THE HALL

Burke fails to see Betty standing behind him as he shuts the door, turns and talks to himself, sadly.

BURKE

Poor guy.

BETTY

What did you say?

Startled, Burke turns to see Betty. He is immediately self-conscious.

BURKE

Oh, I didn't say nothin'.

Betty watches as Burke, flustered, walks off. After a moment, she follows him down the hall.

IN THE CABIN

As Dan watches over an unconscious Joan, he notices an envelope on her night stand: the farewell letter he had written to her early that morning.

Somewhere

off screen, a chorus of singers croons "Aloha Oe" as Dan takes the envelope and pockets it.

ON DECK

Streamers fly as a sour-faced Burke leans against the railing and watches the crowd. A sympathetic Betty joins him and takes his hand affectionately. She maintains her European accent even as she tells him:

BETTY

Ah, you're a swell guy, Steve.

She rests her head on his shoulder. Burke gives her a puzzled look, then brightens a little and straightens up. The two look down to see:

THE GANGPLANK

being unhooked from the ship. A huge crowd of well-wishers fill the dock waving to passengers on deck and singing "Aloha Oe." Bursting out of the crowd

is Skippy, wearing a lei. He races up the streamer-clogged gangplank just as it is pulled away and jumps onto the ship, well ahead of the two Hawaiian policemen chasing him. Left stranded at the dock, they shake their fingers and

yell for him to "Get out!" and "Don't come back!"

ON DECK

Burke rushes away from an amused Betty to join Skippy at the gangplank doorway. Skippy points to the policeman.

SKIPPY

Don't forget to write now, will ya?

Skippy laughs his annoying laugh as a grim-looking Burke, hands in pockets, strides into view behind him. Skippy turns to see Burke and stops in mid-laugh. Smugly, Burke nods and gives Skippy a sneering smile.

BURKE

The next stop, sucker, is San Francisco.

Without a word, Skippy adjusts his jacket and wobbles off.

THE SHIP
pulls away from the dock as the crowd waves and finishes singing "Aloha Oe."

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN
The dotted line, marking the ship's progress, stretches from Honolulu in the direction of San Francisco.

A superimposed text reads: 19th DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears in the center of the map, heading northeast.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAN AND BURKE'S CABIN - MORNING

Dan lies half-asleep in bed. Joan's doctor sits at his bedside.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry to disturb you.

Dan awakens and sits up, with concern.

DAN
It's you, Doctor--

DOCTOR
Oh, nothing's happened. I just want to have a little talk with you.

DAN
Well?

DOCTOR
You're the only one that can help me.
(shakes his head sadly)
Her condition is desperate. She must have absolute quiet and rest if she's to reach the mainland alive. She survived this attack but it isn't humanly possible for her to survive another. The slightest excitement might kill her. A shock surely would. Can I depend upon you?

DAN
Of course.

DOCTOR

Thank you. Now, try and get a
little more rest.

The doctor rises and heads for the door. Dan reaches a decision and climbs
out
of bed.

DAN

Oh, Doctor.

Dan rises and the doctor rejoins him.

DAN

I've got to tell you this. There IS
a shock coming. And I don't know how
to avoid it. When we reach San
Francisco, I'll be met by the
police. They're taking me to San
Quentin ... for murder.

The doctor stares at him, speechless.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

The dotted line, marking the ship's progress, stretches from Honolulu to
about
three-quarters of the way to San Francisco.

A superimposed text reads: 22nd DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears in the center of the map,
heading northeast.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY

We PAN ALONG a row of lounge chairs to discover Dan and Joan seated together,
dressed warmly against the chilly ocean breeze, a shared plaid blanket
covering their legs. Joan, recovering but restless, is in a playful mood.

JOAN

I'll play you a game of pegs.

DAN

I think you'd better rest.

JOAN

(chuckles)

You're beginning to even look like
my doctor.

We PAN FARTHER DOWN the deck to discover Sir Harold asleep and snoring

noisily. Skippy, sitting beside him, sees this, then chuckles and rubs his hands greedily as he sidles up to his sleeping victim, preparing to pick his pocket.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BETTY'S ROOM - LATER

Skippy, cautiously looking around, walks to Betty's door and knocks a secret knock.

Inside, Betty, brushing her hair, pauses, goes to the door and opens it, careful not to be seen from the hall. Skippy enters, looks to see her behind the door.

SKIPPY

Oh.

Betty closes the door behind Skippy and goes back to brushing her hair as he pulls out a wad of money and counts out some bills.

BETTY

Shouldn't come here.

SKIPPY

Nobody saw me. I came to pay you
the money I owe you.

Betty inspects the bills: English pounds.

BETTY

Sir Harold?

SKIPPY

(chuckles)

Uh huh.

BETTY

Uh huh. Thought I told you to lay
off him.

SKIPPY

Well, what was the use of lettin'
him go to waste? You weren't usin'
him.

BETTY

I've been busy.

SKIPPY

Oh, sure. With that copper.
(wags a finger at her)
You know, I think you're falling
for him.

BETTY

Not such a bad guy.

SKIPPY

Ah, sure. Copper-lover! Falling for
the Law. The fox falling in love
with the hounds. I'm ashamed of ya.
I tell ya, that guy's no good.

BETTY

Now, wait a minute. His racket's on
the other side of the fence but he's
playing it on the up and up. He's
one hundred percent copper just the
same as you're one hundred percent
thief. And, you know yourself, a
hundred percent puts you at the
head of the class.

SKIPPY

I wonder if I'm hearing all this
right.

Betty pointedly folds up the bills and stuffs them down her front.

BETTY

Scram.

Skippy tips his hat as he retreats and exits.

SKIPPY

Good night, Countess.

Left alone, a smiling Betty brushes her hair even more vigorously.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - LATER

Skippy rushes up to the bar in great excitement.

SKIPPY

Quick, bartender, give me a drink,
quick!

BARTENDER #3

Yes, sir.

SKIPPY

Quick! Before the fight begins!

BARTENDER #3

Yes, sir. Here you are, sir.

The bartender rapidly pours a shot which Skippy knocks back just as rapidly. Agitated, Skippy looks off, then back to the puzzled bartender.

SKIPPY

Good. Gimme another, another one,
quick. Quick! Before the fight
begins!

The bartender pours another shot.

BARTENDER #3

Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What
fight?!

Skipper knocks back the second drink.

SKIPPY

(suddenly calm)

The fight between you and me. I
can't pay for these drinks.

The bartender watches with amazement as Skipper laughs his obnoxious laugh and staggers away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

The dotted line, marking the ship's progress, stretches all the way from Honolulu to San Francisco.

A superimposed text reads: 24th DAY

A superimposed image of the S. S. Maloa appears over the map, heading into the
San Francisco Bay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - DAY

Dan and Joan stand at the deck. Bells ring.

DAN

The Golden Gate.

JOAN

I remember an old hymn. How'd it go?
"Keep those golden gates wide
open ..."

DAN AND JOAN

"Keep those gates ajar ..."

DAN

Yes, I remember that. I was born
here in San Francisco. And when I
was a youngster, I used to think
they were singing about this Golden

GATE. I thought it was the only one.

JOAN
I hope you were wrong.

DAN
(nods)
I hope so.

A FORWARD TRACKING SHOT
of the city as seen by Dan and Joan from the bay. Whistles and horns blow.

DAN AND JOAN
taking in the view.

JOAN
Lovely, isn't it?

DAN
lost in thought. VISIONS of SAN QUENTIN and a silhouetted GALLows are
SUPERIMPOSED across his face.

DAN AND JOAN
stand silently together at the railing, both lost in thought.

BURKE AND BETTY
emerge on deck, walking side by side to the railing in another part of the
ship.

BETTY
Voila! Your San Francisco, hm? Home.

BURKE
(unhappy)
Yeah.

RADIO ROOM - THAT MOMENT

A headphone-wearing radio operator hands a newly-received wire to the British
steward.

RADIO OPERATOR
Here, get a load of this.

As an ominous horn blows, the steward reads the telegram:

S6 KPH 26 HONGKONG 312 PM DEC 15 1932

STEVE BURKE

SS MALOA HONGKONGRADIO

WOMAN MASQUERADING ON SHIP AS COUNTESS
BARILHAUS POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AS
BARREL HOUSE BETTY NOTORIOUS
CONFIDENCE WOMAN STOP INVESTIGATE

CHIEF OF POLICE

The steward hands the message back to the radio operator who puts it in an envelope for delivery.

STEWARD

I've seen some royalty in my time
but I thought she was the grandest
of the lot. I hate to deliver it.

Amused, the radio operator hands the envelope to the steward who promptly exits the radio room with it and heads off grimly down the deck.

BURKE AND BETTY

standing together at the rail.

BURKE

You know, I'm sort of tired of bein'
a copper.

Betty looks at him, puzzled.

BURKE

Oh, I don't know. I - I just sort of
feel that I won't enjoy being the
Law any more, after what's happened.
And I was wondering if you'd be, well,
I sort of - I sort of thought that--
Well, anyway, I got a ranch half
paid for.

BETTY

A ranch?

BURKE

Sure. I got a chicken ranch in
Petaluma.

Betty is, of course, stunned. She reaches a decision.

BETTY

Oh, I'd love it, Steven, but--
There's something I have to tell
you, first.
(drops her phony accent)
Aw, you're a right guy and I'm gonna
come clean with ya.

Now, it is Burke's turn to be stunned.

BETTY

In the first place, I'm not a
countess--

Abruptly, the steward arrives and hands Burke the envelope.

STEWARD
Beg your pardon, sir.

Betty turns away in embarrassment. Even as he stares at her, Burke accepts the envelope and waves off the steward who departs. Burke opens the message and reads it. He looks up and squints at Betty, then crumples the message in his fist.

BURKE
(darkly)
You were sayin'?

Betty turns back to him, bluntly.

BETTY
I was sayin' I'm not any of the things you think I am. I've been a long way. And I've left a wide trail.

BURKE
If it's your past, mine ain't been no bed of violets.

Burke takes Betty's hand and smiles.

BURKE
What do you say we forget about it?
Let's start from scratch.

BETTY
You on the level, Steve?

BURKE
On the level. What do you say ...
"Countess"?

BETTY
Don't smear my bangs.

They kiss. Behind his back, Burke drops the crumpled telegram overboard.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - LATER

DAN AND JOAN
Smiling into each other's eyes, they stand at the bar, holding drinks.

JOAN
Remember our first?

DAN
We thought it was our last. You never can tell.

JOAN

Four glorious weeks. So many happy hours. And there's so many more, too. Aren't there, Dan?

DAN

Of course, dear.

JOAN

Mustn't miss one of them.

Dan offers his hand.

DAN

We won't, dear.

Joan takes his hand. A pause.

JOAN

Where shall we dine tonight?

DAN

Does it matter?

JOAN

Not as long as we're together but ... it's fun to plan ahead. Let's see. I'd like to ... to be in Caliente for New Year's.

DAN

That's just a month, isn't it? Well, then.

(a toast)

Here's to Agua Caliente, New Year's Eve.

They are suddenly serious.

JOAN

Nothing can keep me away.

DAN

Nor me.

They clink glasses gently and drink, never taking their eyes off one another. They drain their glasses and break into smiles again. And they smash their glasses on the side of the bar -- simultaneously.

THE BARTENDER, nearby, winces.

DAN AND JOAN

cross the stems on the countertop.

THE BARTENDER, frustrated, snatches up two glasses in front of him and throws them to the floor with a crash.

BURKE
sits reading a magazine nearby. He looks up to see:

DAN AND JOAN
exiting the lounge, arm in arm.

BURKE
nods to Dan, making eye contact.

DAN
looks at Burke, knowing his time is up. Dan turns to Joan.

DAN
I'll finish packing and ... join
you.

DAN AND JOAN
holding hands.

JOAN
All right, sweet.

Joan smiles and exits. Dan watches her go, then turns and moves off to join Burke.

CUT TO:

EXT. S. S. MALOA
Passengers line the deck as the ship pulls up to the noisy, crowded dock.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN'S CABIN

Joan checks her wristwatch and looks out the window at the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN AND BURKE'S STATEROOM

Burke, holding the handcuffs, confers with Dan.

BURKE
Sorry, Dan.

Dan peers down unhappily at the cuffs.

DAN
You have to use those?

Behind the two men, the British steward appears in the doorway -- he overhears:

BURKE
I've got to deliver you according to
Hoyle. You know, this ain't any petty
larceny rap, it's murder.

The steward raises his eyebrows at the word "murder." He watches in amazement as Dan pulls up his sleeve and Burke puts on the cuffs. Quickly, the steward turns and walks off, unnoticed by either Burke or Dan.

DAN
If we could get off the boat without
her seeing us--

BURKE
I'll do my best.

DAN
Thanks. Let's go.

The two men head for the door. Dan picks up his overcoat and drapes it over their arms, concealing the cuffs. He picks up his hat and pulls the cabin door open wide so that they may leave. After a pause, the men exit, with Dan leading the way.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP

JOAN
stands in her cabin, looking unwell. She turns and exits into the hall. We TRACK WITH her as she walks nervously along, glancing around for any sign of Dan. She heads down a stairwell.

DAN AND BURKE
arrive at a purser's station on their deck, preparing to check out.

JOAN
descends the stairwell and arrives at Dan's door. She's just about to knock when she hears the voice of the British steward coming from inside the room.

STEWARD'S VOICE
You could have knocked me down with
a belaying pin. And then, as nice as
you please, he put the handcuffs on
him.

Joan, confused, knocks.

IN DAN AND BURKE'S STATEROOM
the steward turns from the maid he is speaking to and opens the door. Joan enters and looks around in surprise.

JOAN
Where's Mr. Hardesty?

STEWARD
I was just telling her, Miss. Right here, in front of my very eyes, his friend, his best pal, as you might rightly call him, takes out a pair

of handcuffs and -- snap, snap! --
and he's a prisoner. With their
hands at their side, out they goes.

Growing pale, Joan stares at the steward in disbelief.

JOAN

Dan?

STEWARD

The very same, Miss. And a nicer
gentleman you wouldn't wish to meet.
And him, a red-handed murderer. And
here's me, bobbin' in and out of
here, with no thought of me own life,
turning me back on him. Why, he
might have cut my throat from ear to
ear.

Before the steward can finish, Joan, breathing hard, staggers back to the door
and leans in the doorway, eyes shut. After a moment, she opens her eyes in
horror, then desperately rushes back to the stairwell and rapidly climbs the
stairs.

DAN AND BURKE

still at the purser's station. Dan glances around uncertainly.

JOAN

having reached the top of the stairs, looks up and down the hall worriedly,
then we TRACK WITH her as she rushes in the direction of the deck.

DAN AND BURKE

still at the purser's station.

TRACKING WITH JOAN

who struggles through the crowd of passengers, searching for Dan. But there's
no sign of him. She clutches a hand to her head, then presses forward through
the mob.

DAN AND BURKE

still at the purser's station.

TRACKING WITH JOAN

through the crowded deck. She pauses and puts a hand to her head again. She
grows dizzy. The CAMERA MIRRORS her dizziness but she presses on,
disappearing
into the mob.

DAN AND BURKE

finally depart the purser's station.

AT A STAIRWELL

The hallway is empty. Joan rushes into view and climbs the stairs. A brief
moment later, Dan and Burke emerge from the lower deck and head toward the
gangplank.

JOAN ON UPPER DECK
apparently lost. She ducks in a doorway.

DAN AND BURKE
stuck in the line at the gangplank which has apparently not been hooked up yet. They look around unhappily, unable to disembark right away.

DAN
fails to see Joan appear several yards behind him.

JOAN
sees Dan. She pauses, relieved.

DAN
still hasn't noticed her.

JOAN
raises a hand to him.

JOAN
Dan!

DAN
hears her but doesn't want to look in her direction. Finally, he does. We hear
their theme.

DAN
Joan!

He puts out his free hand to her.

JOAN
presses forward.

DAN AND JOAN
hold hands and stand together.

JOAN
peers into Dan's face, knowing she will never see him again. She smiles.

JOAN
Goodbye, Dan.

DAN
shakes his head, with a slight grin.

DAN
Not goodbye, dear. Auf wiedersehen.
Until New Year's Eve.

JOAN
glows happily. In the background, we hear the gangplank.

JOAN
Auf wiedersehen.

DAN AND JOAN
kiss deeply. Passengers begin to file out behind them, down the gangplank.
They break the kiss.

JOAN
watches, smiling, as Dan, too, retreats toward the gangplank.

JOAN'S POV - DAN
Nearly lost in the crowd. He looks back at her over the top of the crowd and waves, just as he had over the saloon's swinging doors way back in Hong Kong.

JOAN
delighted, returns the wave.

DAN AND BURKE
on the gangplank. Dan turns away from Joan. He and Burke descend. We TRACK WITH them for a moment and then PAN BACK UP, past the other departing passengers, to

JOAN
who smiles and waves. She pauses, her hand in the air. A strange look crosses her face. She stares into space for a long, long moment as the passengers press forward all around her. Her eyes close. Her head tilts back. She leans backward into a passenger behind her ...

DISSOLVE TO:

A TOY BALLOON
upon which is printed:

AGUA CALIENTE
HAPPY NEW YEAR

A crowd roars and hollers, "Happy New Year!"

A band plays a lively version of "Auld Lang Syne."

Someone sticks a cigarette in the balloon and we hear but do not see it burst.

Instead, we CUT TO a fast TRACKING SHOT that runs parallel to a nightclub -- part of the Agua Caliente resort in Tijuana, Mexico. The place is packed with well-dressed revelers: tuxedoes and evening gowns and party hats. Streamers and balloons and noisemakers are everywhere. They dance, they drink, they sit at tables and order food, they make merry.

We SWOOP PAST them all to the far end of the club which is nearly deserted. Two bartenders stand together, polishing glasses at a bar. At one end of the bar, a lone figure sits on a stool. We don't recognize him at first.

But then we abruptly leave our parallel track and RAPIDLY GLIDE IN and PAST the man for a brief, seconds-long glimpse: it is Skippy as we have not seen him before -- well-groomed in a black tux, nursing a drink but looking very sober, lost in thought.

In a moment, he is gone and we catch a short view of the partying mob behind him as we PAN OVER to the two bartenders, wiping their glasses nearby.

BARTENDER #4
I'll be glad when this thing's over.

BARTENDER #5
You're telling me? These holidays
are dynamite.

They hear the sound of glasses shattering.

BARTENDER #4
Hey! Look out for them glasses with
your elbow!

BARTENDER #5
(indignant)
I never touched any glasses.

Confused, the bartenders turn in the direction of the noise. We hear Dan and Joan's theme as we PUSH FORWARD and between the bartenders to discover the stems of two broken glasses crossed on the countertop, dancing couples visible in the background.

After a moment, the broken glass vanishes, ghost-like, into nothingness.

FADE OUT

END TITLE

Till We Meet Again

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you

Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in Lover's Lane, my dearie,

Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Ev'ry tear will be a memory

So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again

Where Was I?

[Dan and Joan's love theme became a #1 pop hit in 1940 with Al Dubin's words set to W. Frank Harling's music. The song was introduced in "'Til We Meet Again" -- the 1940 remake of "One Way Passage"....]

Oh, where was I
The night that you surrendered to a sigh?
Where was I?

The moon was high
The night that you first listened to a lie
Where was I?

I always felt that you would melt
In someone's arms some night
And I was right

The moment came
But what a shame that someone else came by
Where was I?