

# Bridge On The River Kwai Script

Finish work. Hurry!

Go to hut.

Yeah, that figures.

Those new prisoners see us digging  
graves, they might all run away.

No time for jokes.

Finish work. Dig!

How about putting us  
on the sick list?

Have a heart, Captain.  
Put us in the hospital.

You no sick.

You never sick.

Why you always play sick, Shears?

Don't want one of these  
over my head.

Captain Kanematsu,  
how about a butt?

I give you butt this morning.  
Both of you.

That's what I mean.

I want to return the favor.

When a man gives me something  
from the goodness of his heart...

like you gave me that this morning,  
I remember it from the heart.

That's why I want you  
to keep this lighter.

Think I stole it?

It belonged to that English kid  
we just buried over there.

He willed that lighter to me  
for a favor I done him.

Before I pass on,  
I want to do the same for you.

You funny man, Shears.

You go on the sick list.  
Him too.

One day, Colonel Saito  
will catch you bribing him.

Then what?

Before that happens,  
we'll be far away from here, chum.

Let's knock off.

Here lies--

- Weaver, I've forgotten who we buried.

- Thomson.

Ah, yes.

Here lies Corporal Herbert Thomson...

serial number           ...

valiant member

of the King's own...

or the Queen's own

or something...

who died of beriberi  
in the year of our Lord ...

for the greater glory of--

- What did he die for?
- Come off it.

No need to mock the grave.

I don't mock the grave or the men.

May he rest in peace.

He found little enough of it  
while he was alive.

Battalion, halt.

End of the line.

Left turn!

Stand at ease.

Stand easy.

We're going to be a busy pair  
of gravediggers.

Well done.

That colonel doesn't know  
what he's in for.

- You going to tell him the truth?
- Of course not.

You're neither an officer  
nor a gentleman.

My name is Nicholson.

I am Colonel Saito.

In the name  
of His Imperial Majesty...

I welcome you.

I am the commanding officer  
of this camp...

which is Camp ...

along the great railroad...

which will soon connect  
Bangkok with Rangoon.

You British prisoners  
have been chosen...

to build a bridge  
across the River Kwai.

It will be pleasant work,  
requiring skill...

and officers will work  
as well as men.

The Japanese Army  
cannot have idle mouths to feed.

If you work hard,  
you will be treated well.

But if you do not work hard...

you will be punished!

A word to you about escape.

There is no barbed wire...

no stockade...

no watchtower.

They are not necessary.

We are an island in the jungle.

Escape is impossible.

You would die.

Today you rest.

Tomorrow you will begin.

Let me remind you

of General Yamashita's motto:

Be happy in your work.

Dismissed!

Battalion, stand at ease!

Fall out, Major Hughes.

Hughes, get the men to their quarters.

Tell Clipton to see to the sick.

- I'll have a word with this fellow.

- Very good.

I heard your remarks just now, sir.

My men will carry on in the way  
one expects of the British soldier.

Naturally, my officers and I  
will be responsible for their conduct.

You may have overlooked that the use  
of officers for manual labor...

is expressly forbidden  
by the Geneva Convention.

Is that so?

I have a copy  
of the Convention with me...

and would be glad to let you  
glance through it if you wish.

That will not be necessary.

Attention.

Sit down, please.

Yes, sir.

- I'll speak to Clipton. See you later.
- Very good, sir.

Clipton, don't let me interrupt.

- How's the arm, Jennings?
- Nearly healed, sir.

Sir, this is Commander Shears  
of the United States Navy.

- Good heavens.
- How do you do, sir?

We found him and an Australian  
in the hospital here.

They're all that's left  
of the prisoners who built the camp.

The U.S. Navy out here?

For a deepwater sailor,  
I am sort of landlocked.

- You lost your ship?

- The Houston.

I made it ashore, but I got separated  
from the other survivors.

And your group here?

Mostly Aussies, some Lime--  
some British...

Indians, Burmese, Siamese.

What happened to them?

They died...

of malaria, dysentery,  
beriberi, gangrene.

Other causes of death:  
famine, overwork...

bullet wounds, snake bites...

Saito...

and then there were some  
who just got tired of living.

Has Clipton looked at you?

Just about to, sir. Commander,  
you can finish that shave later.

All right.

You'll stay with the officers,  
and we'll find some decent clothing.

Don't bother about me, Colonel.

I'm not anxious  
to get off the sick list.

Besides, this is working kit.

It's the fashion out here.

The officers in your party  
did manual labor?

You could call it that.

Actually, I raised that very point  
with Colonel-- What's his name?

I think he understands  
the situation now.

- Is that so?

- Yes. He's seems a reasonable type.

I must be pushing on.

There's an officers' meeting at : .

Get me a list of your requirements.

Yes, sir.

- Anything we can do.

- Thank you, sir.

- What is it?

- Never mind.

Go on, say it.

I can think of a lot of things  
to call Saito, but ''reasonable''?

That's a new one.

Perhaps Colonel Nicholson  
defines the word differently.

Any other points?

- By your leave, sir.

- Yes, Jennings?

About the escape committee, sir.

I've talked with Commander Shears--

There won't be any escape committee.

I don't understand, sir.

Lieutenant Jennings has a plan.

Yes, I'm sure Jennings has a plan,  
but escape? Where?

Into this jungle?

Saito was right.

No need for barbed wire here.

One chance in a hundred  
of survival.

I'm sure a man of Commander Shears'  
experience will back me up on that.

I'd say the odds against a successful  
escape are a hundred to one.

- Right.

- But may I add another word?

Please.

The odds against survival  
in this camp are even worse.

You've seen the graveyard.  
There are your real odds.

To give up hope of escape,  
to even stop thinking about it...

is like accepting a death sentence.

Why haven't you tried

to escape, Commander?

I've been biding my time, waiting  
for the right moment, the right company.

I understand how you feel.

Of course, it's normally the duty  
of a captured soldier...

to attempt escape...

but my men and I are involved  
in a curious legal point...

of which you are unaware.

In Singapore, we were ordered  
to surrender by Command Headquarters.

'Ordered.'

Therefore, in our case, escape  
might be an infraction of military law.

- Interesting?

- Yes, sir.

- Interesting point.

- I didn't quite follow you.

You intend to uphold the letter  
of the law, no matter what it costs?

Without law, Commander,

there is no civilization.

That's just my point:

Here there is no civilization.

Then we have the opportunity  
to introduce it.

I suggest we drop  
the subject of escape.

Is there anything else?

I think we're all clear  
on the program.

I want everything to go off without  
a hitch starting tomorrow morning.

Remember this:

Our men must always feel  
they are still commanded by us...

and not by the Japanese.

If they have that idea to cling to,  
they'll be soldiers and not slaves.

Are you with me, Commander?

I hope they can remain soldiers,  
Colonel.

As for me, I'm just a slave,

a living slave.

Queer bird,  
even for an American.

He's been in isolation too long,  
poor chap.

Cut off from his unit.

It should be a lesson  
to all of us.

Attention!

English prisoners!

Notice I do not say,

' ' English soldiers.' '

From the moment you surrendered...

you ceased to be soldiers.

You will finish the bridge...

by the    th day of May.

You will work under the direction  
of a Japanese engineer...

Lieutenant Mioura.

Time is short.

All men will work!

Your officers will work beside you.

This is only just...

for it is they who betrayed you  
by surrender.

Your shame is their dishonor.

It is they who told you...

' ' Better to live like a coolie

than die like a hero.'

It is they who brought you here,  
not I!

Therefore...

they will join you  
in useful labor.

That is all.

Officer prisoners,  
collect your tools.

Bradley, back in your place.

I must call your attention,  
Colonel Saito...

to Article  
of the Geneva Convention.

' ' Belligerents  
may employ as workmen...

prisoners of war who are physically fit  
other than officers--'

- Give me the book.
- By all means.

You read English, I take it?

- Do you read Japanese?

- I'm sorry, no.

If it's a matter of precise translation,  
I'm sure that can be arranged.

The code specifically states  
that the--

Stand fast in the ranks!

Stand fast in the ranks!

You speak to me of code?

What code?

The coward's code!

What do you know  
of the soldier's code, of Bushido?

Nothing!  
You are unworthy of command!

Since you refuse to abide  
by the laws of the civilized world...

we must consider ourselves absolved  
from our duty to obey you.

My officers  
will not do manual labor.

We shall see.

All enlisted prisoners to work!

Sergeant Major,  
take the men to work.

Yes, sir.  
Battalion, take up tools.

What's he up to?

Looks like he doesn't want  
any witnesses.

Now you will be reasonable.

You will order  
your officers to work.

I will count three.

If by the third count...

you and your officers  
are not on the way to work...

I will give the order to fire.

He's going to do it.

Believe me,  
he's really going to do it.

One.

I warn you, Colonel.

Two.

Stop!

I've seen and heard everything.

So has every man in the hospital.

There are too many witnesses.

You'll never get away  
with calling it a mass escape.

- Most of those men can't walk.

- Shut up!

Is this your soldier's code,  
murdering unarmed men?

You see, there are certain advantages  
to being on the sick list.

I'll say this for the old man:  
He's got guts.

Into the valley of death  
rode the .

- How's that, sir?  
- That kind of guts.

Also the kind they had in  
when your officers went over the top...

with nothing but a swagger stick.

- I see what you mean.

- You don't see what I mean at all!

The kind of guts  
that can get us all killed.

Excuse me, sir.

I'd like to go along too.

Arm's almost healed, sir.

Really it is.

What about him?

He didn't actually order us  
not to escape. He only suggested--

Listen, when a man like your colonel  
suggests something, it's an order.

Here we go again.

Colonel Saito say,  
all officers to punishment hut.

Tell them to go.

Not you.

Come.

Leave him alone!

They're putting him in the oven.

They're putting him in the oven.

For he's a jolly good fellow

As so say all of us

Hurray!

Timber!

- One, two, three, pull!

- Hurry!

Let go!

You wish to see me?

I've been trying to see you  
for three days.

It's about Colonel Nicholson.  
He's been shut up in that hut--

I could have you shot.

Those prisoners who tried to escape  
were in your charge.

I knew nothing about the escape.

It does not matter.

One must even respect  
those who tried.

For a brief moment,  
between escape and death...

they were soldiers again.

But it is insane  
to try and escape.

Two soldiers shot...

the third drowned!

To what end?

It was an escape from reality.

Here is reality.

This shows the position work  
should have reached by noon today...

and this shows the position  
of actual progress.

Because of your colonel's  
stubbornness...

we are far behind the schedule!

That is not all.

Enlisted prisoners sabotage the work.

Yes, I have seen it.

I could have them all shot.

Then who would build your bridge?

Besides,

are you sure it's sabotage?

Perhaps the men don't work well without  
their own officers to direct them.

My officers will direct them.

Your officers will work beside them.

That's for Colonel Nicholson  
to decide.

As he pointed out,  
it's against the rules.

Do not speak to me of rules!

This is war!

This is not a game of cricket.

Your colonel is mad.

Quite mad.

Sit down, please.

I have decided to allow you  
one visit to your colonel.

Thank you.

Tell him that  
if his officers will not work...

I'll be forced  
to close the hospital...

and your patients will work  
in their place.

Many will die,  
and he will be responsible.

Go and speak to him.  
You have five minutes.

The doc's going to see the old man.

Sir?

It's Clipton, sir.

I brought you a few things.

- How are the men?

- Fine, sir.

We scraped together  
a little meat and a coconut.

And the officers?

They're not so good.  
They're still in detention.

And Lieutenant Jennings is dead.

- What?  
- Killed attempting to escape.

Two others were with him:  
Corporal Weaver and the American.

Poor, brave lad.

I warned him, didn't I?

Look, sir, we haven't much time.

I'd like to clean you up  
while I talk.

I've got something to tell you.

I've had a word with Saito.

That man's the worst commanding  
officer I've ever come across.

Actually, I think he's mad.

Carry on.

- Blackmail.

- I know, sir, but he means it.

It's a question of face,  
pure and simple.

- He can't give in.

- It's still blackmail.

Sir, you can't stand  
much more of this.

And wouldn't the officers be better off  
working than suffocating in that hole?

The men are going  
as slow on it as they dare...

but Saito's cut their food rations.

If he makes the sick men work,  
they're going to die.

- That's all there is to it.  
- Yes, I truly understand...

but it's a matter of principle.

If we give in now,  
there will be no end to it.

Sir, we're lost in the jungle  
a thousand miles from anywhere.

We're under the heel of a man  
who will stop at nothing to get his way.

' ' Principle''? No one will ever know  
or care what happens to us.

- Give in, sir, please.

- I'm adamant.

I will not have an officer  
from my battalion working as a coolie.

- Time.

- All right.

Please thank those concerned.

Everybody in the hospital  
contributed one piece.

Reynolds stole the coconut.

We'll be able to get you  
a little something from time to time.

We've bribed one of your guards.

Good-bye, sir,  
and good luck.

Many thanks.

Did you say  
that American chap was killed?

Yes, sir.

Shot and drowned.

It's insane to plan escapes.

Three men killed,  
and to what end?

Here is where  
we must win through.

The doc just looked at us  
and shook his head. What does that mean?

It means only one thing:  
The colonel won't give in.

It's like this: Colonel Nicholson  
won't give in to force.

It's a question of principle.

As medical officer, I must protest  
at the way he's being treated.

It's a wonder he's still alive.

Should a tragedy occur,  
it would be tantamount to murder.

He is responsible, not I.

You sick?

Are they both mad?

Or am I going mad?

Or is it the sun?

Attention!

Battalion, attention!

English prisoners...

let us ask the question...

' 'Why does the bridge

not progress?''

You know why.

Because your officers are lazy!

They think themselves too good  
to share your burdens.

This is not just.

Therefore,  
you are not happy in your work.

Therefore,  
the bridge does not progress.

But there is another cause.

I do not hide the truth.

With deep shame and regret...

I admit to you the failure  
of a member of the Japanese staff.

I refer to Lieutenant Mioura.

He is a bad engineer.

He is unworthy of command.

Therefore, I have removed him  
from his post.

Tomorrow we begin again.

I shall be in personal command.

Today we rest.

All work and no play  
make Jack a dull boy.

As a token of regard  
for your efforts in the future...

I give presents to you all.

Let us be happy in our work.

Company, dismiss.

Battalion, dismissed.

Take a look at this!

Red Cross?

He's given us  
our own Red Cross parcels.

Tomorrow we begin again.

Harry, look.  
They're letting the old man out.

Most likely going to give him  
another pasting.

Good evening, Colonel.

Do you mind sitting over here?

I am having rather  
a late supper.

English corned beef.

No, thank you.

Produce of Scotland.

I prefer it to saki.

I spent three years in London.

I spent three years in London.

I studied  
at the London Polytechnic.

- Cheers.

- Sorry.

- Later, perhaps.

- Perhaps.

I was not a good artist.

My father disapproved.

He felt I belonged in the army...

so I changed  
from art to engineering.

I must tell you, Colonel Saito...

I intend to make a full report  
of your activities in this camp.

I do not think  
you quite realize my position.

- I must carry out my orders.
- Quite.

My orders are to complete the bridge  
by the    th day of May.

- Time is short. I only have    weeks.
- No doubt.

Therefore, I am compelled  
to use all available personnel.

But no officers, except  
in an administrative capacity.

But officers are working  
along the entire railway.

You know it! I know it!

I'm not responsible for the actions  
of other commanding officers.

Personally, I'm appalled.

Let's not get excited.

- Will you have a cigar?

- No, thank you.

When I said all officers must work...

naturally, I never meant you,

the commanding officer.

My orders were only intended

for officers below--

None of my officers  
will do manual labor.

Please.

I was about to say, I have been  
thinking the matter over...

and decided to put majors and above  
on administrative duties...

leaving only the junior officers  
to lend a hand.

I'm afraid not.

The Convention's clear on that point.

Do you know what will happen to me  
if the bridge is not ready in time?

I haven't the foggiest.

I'll have to kill myself.

What would you do if you are me?

I suppose if I were you...

I'd have to kill myself.

Cheers.

I warn you, Colonel.

If I am to die,  
others will die before me.

Do you understand that?

Major Clipton did mention  
something to that effect.

That won't solve your problem.

I'm sure we can arrive  
at a proper solution.

Please sit down.

Now, tell me, Colonel...

do you agree that the first job  
of an officer is command?

- Of course.

- Good.

Take this bridge of yours.

It's quite  
an enormous undertaking.

I have grave doubts  
whether your lieutenant--

- What's his name?

- Mioura.

Is he capable of tackling a job  
of such importance?

On the other hand,  
my officers Reeves and Hughes...

have built bridges  
all over India.

The men respect them.

It's essential for an officer  
to have that respect.

If he loses it, he ceases to command.  
Then there's demoralization and chaos.

I would be a poor commander  
if I allowed that to happen to my men.

Perhaps you are not aware...

that the bridge is now  
under my personal command.

Really?

Are you satisfied with the work?

- I am not!

- You prove my point.

I hate the British!

You are defeated,  
but you have no shame.

You are stubborn,  
but have no pride.

You endure,  
but you have no courage.

- It's pointless going on like this.
- Stay there!

Stand down!

Battalion, attention!

Battalion, stand at ease!

Please.

- Do you know the date today?
- I'm afraid I've lost count.

It's the anniversary of our great  
victory over Russia in .

Throughout East Asia,  
we are celebrating this date.

In honor of this occasion...

I have given your troops  
a day of rest.

- Many thanks.
- I am declaring a general amnesty.

You and your officers  
may return to your quarters.

As part of this amnesty...

it will not be necessary  
for officers to do manual labor.

He's done it.

Somebody deserves a medal, sir.

How many men in your party,  
Corporal?

- I don't really know, sir.

- You don't know?

Twelve usually, but one of the men  
took sick suddenly this morning...

and it took three or four others  
to help him to the hospital, sir.

He took terrible sick, sir.

A corporal should always know  
exactly how many men he has under him.

Yes, sir.

Have you a nervous affliction?  
If not, stop making those faces.

It may be funny, and I'm sure  
it's done with the best motives...

but it's not military behavior.

No, sir.

We must put a stop  
to these demonstrations.

Yes, sir.

- Reeves.

- Yes, sir?

Have you ever constructed a bridge  
across a stream like the Kwai?

Yes, sir. Half a dozen of them  
in Madras, Bengal.

If this were your bridge,  
how would you get it underway?

Get it underway, sir?

First of all,  
I wouldn't build it here.

- Why not?  
- As I was trying to tell you, sir...

the Japanese couldn't have  
picked a worse location.

There's no bottom.

You see those piles?

They're sinking.

Our chaps could drive those logs  
till doomsday and they wouldn't hold.

Where would you build it?

Further downstream, sir,  
across those narrows.

Then we'd have solid bedrock  
on both banks.

Hughes, if this were your bridge,  
how would you use the men?

Not the way they're doing it.  
It's utter chaos, as you can see.

It's a lot of uncoordinated activity;  
no teamwork.

Some parties are actually  
working against each other.

Yes.

I tell you, gentlemen,  
we have a problem on our hands.

Thanks to the Japanese,  
we now command a rabble.

There's no order, no discipline.

- Our task is to rebuild the battalion.
- Yes, sir.

It won't be easy,  
but we have the means at hand.

- The bridge.
- 'The bridge,' sir?

We can teach these barbarians a lesson  
in Western methods and efficiency...

that will put them to shame.

We'll show them what the British  
soldier is capable of doing.

Yes, I see your point, sir.

It's going to be difficult  
in this godforsaken place...

where you can't find  
what you need.

- But there's the challenge.

- I beg your pardon, sir.

You mean you really want them  
to build a bridge?

You're not so usually slow  
on the uptake, Evans.

I know our men.  
You've got to keep them occupied.

If there weren't any work  
for them to do, we'd invent some.

- That we would, sir.  
- So we're lucky.

But it will be a proper bridge.

Here again, I know the men.

It's essential that they should  
take pride in their job.

- Right, gentlemen?

- Yes, sir.

Reeves, you're the key man  
in this situation as engineer.

Tell me what you want,  
and Hughes and I will organize it.

- Can we make a go of it?

- We'll do our best, sir.

Fine.

We must draw up our plans...

then arrange a conference  
with Saito...

and set him straight.

I think that takes care  
of all the procedural matters.

Now-- Oh, yes.

The next point is somewhat  
unpleasant for all concerned.

We feel the position of the bridge  
was fixed rather hastily...

and incorrectly.

Unfortunately, yes.

Major Reeves, our engineer,  
has made a careful study of the site...

and has come to the conclusion  
that the river bottom there is too soft.

Mud. All the work up to now  
has been quite useless.

- Reeves, carry on.

- Yes, sir.

- Reeves, carry on.

- Yes, sir.

Colonel Saito, I've made tests.

Those piles of yours could be hammered  
below water level before they'd hold.

That bridge would collapse  
under the first train to cross it.

Look, it's all here.

These are the pressure  
and soil resistance figures.

Just a moment, Reeves,  
before you get too involved.

Colonel, can we have a cup of tea?

Then we all agree  
that if we're to avoid disaster...

we build a new bridge at the site  
selected by Major Reeves...

yards downstream.

Let's proceed to the next point.

Let's proceed to the next point.

I've decided to alter  
the daily work quota of our men.

- Alter?

- Yes, I've increased it...

from a yard and a half  
of earth moved to two yards.

It's in the general interest,  
and I was sure you would approve.

Major Hughes has all facts and figures.  
Hughes, will you take over?

Major Hughes has all facts and figures.  
Hughes, will you take over?

Yes, sir. I've done a time study  
of the entire project.

As you can see, the available forces  
have been badly distributed.

I would strongly urge we revise  
the organization of the working parties.

Just a moment.

Colonel, it would save considerable time  
if we could carry on during dinner.

Would it be possible  
to have a meal served here?

Of course.

Carry on, Hughes.

If we increase the number of squads  
and specialize the functions of each...

I'm certain the total daily output  
can be increased by     percent.

Now, Colonel Saito,  
I have one more point.

There's another important decision  
that can't be postponed.

As most of the British soldiers  
will be working on the bridge...

only a small number will be available  
for railway work.

So I must ask you, Colonel Saito,

to lend us some of your own men...

to reinforce the railway gang...

so the final stretch of track  
can be completed as quickly as possible.

I have already given the order.

We must fix the daily work quota  
for your men.

I thought of setting it at a yard  
and a half, not to overtire them...

but wouldn't it be best if we made it  
the same as the British soldiers?

That would also create  
a healthy competitive spirit.

I have already given the order.

- We'll try to surpass that, won't we?

- Yes, sir.

That completes the agenda  
for this evening.

Thank you, Colonel Saito,  
for your kind attention.

Are there any other questions?

One question.

Can you finish the bridge in time?

Frankly, the consensus of opinion  
is that it's impossible...

but we'll certainly give it a go.

We mustn't forget  
that we've wasted over a month...

through an unfortunate disagreement,  
for which I was not to blame.

Is there anything else?

Thank you.

The meeting is closed.

Good night.

I hope these Japanese appreciate  
what we're doing for them.

For the moment, I'm not concerned  
with their appreciation.

Good night.

By the way, sir,  
I meant to tell you...

there are trees in this forest  
very similar to elm.

The elm piles of London Bridge  
lasted        years.

- Six hundred years?

- Yes, sir.

That would be something.

Good morning. I'm looking  
for an American named Commander Shears.

- Yes. Down on the beach.

- Thank you very much.

Kiss!

Too many eyes.

Too many eyes.

You give me powders, pills, baths,  
injections, enemas...

when all I need is love.

It's true.

All you really need is love.

What makes you so sure  
you'll get a medical discharge?

Because I'm a civilian at heart, lover,

and I always follow my heart.

Kiss.

How's that, Commander?

Don't call me Commander.

It's unromantic.

Look, you're an officer yourself.

How would you like it

if I called you Lieutenant Lover?

Let's be democratic.

Just call me sir.

Yes, sir.

Brass ahoy.

He wants to see you,  
and he's all yours.

- I'm going for a swim.

- Don't leave me.

- Commander Shears?

- Yes.

My name's Warden.

- How do you do?

- I'm sorry to intrude.

That's okay, Major.

I'm used to it by now. Like a martini?

- That's very kind, but I think not.

- Mind if I have one?

- How did you manage to get that?

- This is a hospital, Major.

Where there's a hospital,  
there's alcohol.

Of course. Jolly good.

I'll be as brief as possible.

I belong to a rather rum group  
called Force .

Our headquarters is up  
in the botanical gardens.

Protecting rare plants  
from the enemy?

Not quite.

- Are you sure you won't have a martini?
- No, thanks.

Among other things, we have a particular  
interest in that railway you worked on.

You could give us no end  
of very valuable information.

You know, Major, I'm leaving  
for the States in a few days...

and I've already told your  
intelligence people everything I know.

Yes, but you could help us  
in a rather special sense.

I know it's a terrible imposition,  
but could you come out and see us?

If you want to go over it again,  
I'll come.

That's very kind of you.  
Lord Louis will be most grateful.

- Lord who?

- Mountbatten.

- We're one of his special pigeons.

- I see.

Shall we say this evening then,

about : ? I'll send a car for you.

This evening?

Out of the question.

Tomorrow morning then,

about : ?

Thanks very much.

Cheerio.

Good luck.

Thanks.

I know. You're terribly sorry,  
but you're standing me up tonight

You couldn't be more wrong.

- May I see your pass, sir?

- Yes.

Carry on, driver.

Major Warden's bungalow  
is at the end of the pathway, sir.

All right. Thanks.

Good show, Jenkins!

Come along, Thomson!

Use your knife, man!

On your feet, chaps.

To the debriefing room quickly. Move!

On your feet, chaps.

To the debriefing room quickly. Move!

Very clumsy, Joyce.

Always use your knife

immediately, Joyce.

You see?

He's gained the initiative.

Wait a minute.

- I'm terribly sorry, sir.

- You're sorry?

So am I, sir.

I thought you were the enemy, sir.

I'm an American,

if that's what you mean.

- That will be all.

- Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

What can I do for you, sir?

- I was on my way to see Major Warden.

- Yes, I'll show you the way, sir.

He should be finishing his lecture  
at any moment now.

- That's the end of his lecture, sir.

- Thunderous ovation.

The major believes in keeping training  
as close to real life as possible, sir.

The major believes in keeping training  
as close to real life as possible, sir.

- Major Warden, sir?

- Yes?

Very good of you to come along.

Have they been taking care of you?

- They certainly have.

- Thank you.

Come along then. Colonel Green  
is looking forward to meeting you.

Fascinating place, isn't it?

Utterly charming. I didn't realize  
it was a commando school.

We're discouraging  
the use of that word.

It has such a melodramatic air.

- What do you do here?
- Sabotage, demolition.

We're using plastic explosives now.  
It's wonderful stuff.

We're using plastic explosives now.  
It's wonderful stuff.

That last little pop was made  
with a lump half the size of this.

It's twice as powerful as gelignite  
and only half the weight. Here.

It's quite harmless  
until it's detonated.

Thanks for telling me.

It's completely waterproof  
and actually plastic. See?

You can do what you like with it.

This is my place.

Go ahead.

I'm dying for a cup of tea.

- Would you care for one?

- No, thanks.

- A drink?

- No, thank you.

- A pot of tea for one, Peter.

- Very good, sir.

Do you read this?

I taught Oriental languages  
at Cambridge before the war.

I never congratulated you  
on your escape. It was a good show.

I was lucky. If your sea rescue plane  
hadn't spotted me, I wouldn't be here.

I suppose not.

Would you like  
to see where you were?

Would you like  
to see where you were?

All right.

Our information's rather scanty.  
It's mostly based on your report.

But we think the camp  
is about here.

Do your intelligence people have any  
idea what happened to Colonel Nicholson?

Do your intelligence people have any  
idea what happened to Colonel Nicholson?

He had the guts of a maniac.

They were about to shoot him,  
and he didn't bat an eye.

I suppose if you're about to be shot,  
there isn't a great deal you can do.

Here is the River Kwai...

Here is the River Kwai...

and here is the Siamese village  
where you were helped...

and here is the railway.

You must be fairly familiar  
with all this area.

Not really.

I was out of my head half the time.

Now then, the railway starts  
down here in Singapore.

Malaya, Bangkok, Rangoon.

Their idea is  
to drive on through into India.

Where was I picked up?

About here.

As you know, the Japanese aim to open  
the Bangkok-Rangoon section by mid-May.

Naturally,  
we'll try to prevent them.

Naturally,  
we'll try to prevent them.

It's too far for bombers  
to carry an adequate load...

so we shall have to go in  
and smash it up on the ground.

- How will you get there?  
- Parachute drop and then march.

- With demolition equipment?  
- Yes.

Our chief problem is lack  
of firsthand knowledge.

None of us have ever been there.

- I don't want to discourage you, but--
- It should be interesting.

Colonel Green has given me  
the Kwai bridge.

I'm taking a team in  
and blow it up.

Lucky you.

- Are you sure you won't have tea?
- No, thanks.

I don't want to be rude, but I have  
a luncheon date, and she's beautiful.

- So if there are any questions--
- Yes, of course. I am sorry.

There is only one question, actually.  
How would you feel about going back?

Come again?

I know under the circumstances  
it's a bit much...

but you do have a unique knowledge  
for our purpose...

and we'd love to have you with us.

You mean to tell me  
you brought me here to ask me this?

Frankly, yes.

Major, I just got out of there.

My escape was a miracle.

Now you want me to go back?

Don't be ridiculous.

- This is embarrassing.

- I can't go back!

I don't belong to you.

I belong to the American Navy.

Actually, Colonel Green has already  
taken up the manner with your people.

- With my people?

- Yes, your navy turned you over to us.

A signal arrived yesterday morning  
from your C in C Pacific...

authorizing your temporary  
transfer of duty to Force .

- They can't do this to me.  
- I'm afraid they have.

It was difficult  
to know how to break it to you.

They can't do this to me.

My navy's made a mistake.

Look, I'm not a navy commander.

I'm not even an officer.

Look, I'm not a navy commander.

I'm not even an officer.

The whole thing's a fake. I'm just  
an ordinary swab jockey, second class.

When the Houston sunk,  
I made it ashore with an officer.

Later, we ran into a Japanese patrol,  
and he was killed.

I figured I would be captured, so--

So you changed uniforms  
with a dead man.

So you changed uniforms  
with a dead man.

I thought officers would get  
better treatment in prison camps.

- Very sensible.
- Not that it did me any good.

At Saito's camp, the officers  
worked along with the rest.

Yes, there's always the unexpected.

I got used to being a commander...

so when I arrived here  
at the hospital...

I looked at the enlisted men's ward  
and the officers' ward...

and I said to myself,  
' ' Let's let it ride along for awhile. ' '

There were certain  
definite advantages.

Yes, I saw one on the beach.

Anyway, that's the whole story.

The point is that you can't use me.

You want an American commander named  
Shears, and he doesn't exist.

When the Navy brass learns  
the truth about me, they'll say...

'Ship him home in irons  
for impersonating an officer!'

Once that happens,  
I've got it made.

- Got it what?

- '' Made.''

- I'd like that drink now.

- Of course.

I'll apply for a medical discharge.

I'll say I impersonated an officer  
because I went crazy in the jungle.

I'm getting worse, you know?

Sometimes I think  
I'm Admiral Halsey.

That's a clever plan.

It's not only clever,  
it's foolproof.

When my navy finds out who I am...

those temporary orders won't be worth  
the paper they're written on.

Is this your photograph?

- Where did you get this?
- It took a bit of doing.

Naturally, your people couldn't  
identify you at first.

But finally your C in C Pacific  
sent us a copy of your service record:

the photograph, fingerprints.

It has everything.

Would you care to have a look?

We've known about your actual rank  
for nearly a week.

Your navy's in an awkward position.

In one sense, you're a hero  
for making an escape from the jungle.

In one sense, you're a hero  
for making an escape from the jungle.

But they can't very well  
bring you home...

and give you the Navy Cross  
for impersonating an officer.

I suppose that's why they were happy  
to hand you over to us.

- You see?

- Hot potato.

As far as your present rank  
is concerned...

we're fairly informal  
about those things in Force .

So you'll have  
a simulated rank of major.

A simulated major.

That figures.

As long as I'm hooked,

I might as well volunteer.

Good show.

Colonel Green,

this is Major Shears.

He has just volunteered to go back  
and help me blow up the Kwai Bridge.

Really?

Good show.

Jolly good show, Major.

Get up to sick bay, Baker.

This foot's infected.

The colonel might think

I'm malingering, sir.

I'm the medical officer.

Get cracking.

Will someone tell me why the old man  
wants us to build a proper bridge?

Don't worry about old Nick.

He knows what he's doing.

It's about time you paid a visit.

Fine job our chaps are doing.

Really first rate.

Yes. How's he behaving?

He's been most reasonable  
since we took over.

- I wonder what he's thinking.

- I haven't the foggiest.

- Thanks, Reeves.

- Right, sir.

What do you think?

Quite a challenge, isn't it?

Sir, are you convinced  
building this bridge is a good idea?

- Are you serious?

- Yes, sir.

'A good idea'?

Let's take another look.

You don't agree  
the men's morale is high...

that discipline has been restored...

that their condition

has been improved?

- Aren't they a happier lot?

- Yes, sir, but--

They feel better, and they are  
no longer abused or maltreated.

- That's all true.

- Well then?

Honestly, Clipton, there are times  
when I don't understand you at all.

I'll try to make myself clear, sir.

The fact is, what we're doing  
could be construed as...

collaboration with the enemy...

perhaps even as treasonable activity.

Are you all right?

We're prisoners of war.

We haven't the right to refuse work.

I understand that, sir,

but must we work so well?

I understand that, sir,

but must we work so well?

Must we build them a better bridge

than they could have built themselves?

If you had to operate on Saito,  
would you do your best or let him die?

Would you prefer to see this battalion  
disintegrate in idleness?

Would you have it said  
that our chaps can't do a proper job?

Don't you realize how important it is  
to show these people...

they can't break us  
in body or in spirit?

Take a good look.

One day the war will be over.

I hope the people who use this bridge  
in years to come...

will remember how it was built  
and who built it.

Not a gang of slaves,  
but soldiers.

- British soldiers even in captivity.

- Yes, sir.

You're a fine doctor, but you've a lot  
to learn about the army.

Hold it!

Use your boot.

Get your boot in there.

Good morning.

What on Earth

are you people staring at?

Get on with your jobs!

Get him with your boot!

- I'm sorry I'm late, sir.

- Four minutes late, to be exact.

You were in need  
of medical attention?

- Sir?

- I was referring to the nurse.

Yes, very ingenious.

Warden was right.

Sit down.

Now, the main reason

I asked you here today...

was to help us pick the fourth member  
of your team.

- Ask Mr. Joyce to come in.

- Yes, sir.

Chapman here wants Joyce,  
but I have my doubts about him.

I think he has too much imagination  
as distinct from cold calculation.

As I've told you before, in a job  
like yours, even when it's finished...

there's always one more thing to do.

He's the best swimmer in the school,  
sir, and we'll need a good swimmer.

Yes, I'm well aware of your evaluation,  
Chapman. I want Shears' opinion.

All right, at ease.

These gentlemen are thinking of taking  
you for a little hike into the jungle.

Yes, sir.

You were an accountant in Montreal?

Yes, sir. Not really an accountant, sir.  
That is, I didn't have my charter.

Exactly what did you do then?

Sir, I just checked columns and columns

of figures...

which three or four people  
had checked before me...

and then other people checked them  
after I had checked them.

Sounds a frightful bore.

Sir, it was a frightful bore.

How did you wind up here?

Sir, in ' I came over to London  
to enlist...

and about two years later,  
I volunteered for this work.

- You volunteered?

- Yes, sir. You see, the regular army--

Go ahead. You can be frank.

Sir, the regular army sort of  
reminded me of my job in civilian life.

They don't expect you to think.

Think about this.

Are you quite sure  
you'd be able to use it in cold blood?

I know how to use it, sir.

That's not what I meant.

Could you use it in cold blood?

Could you kill without hesitation?

That's a question

I've often asked myself, sir.

It's worried me quite a bit.

What was the answer?

I don't honestly know, sir.

I've tried to imagine myself--

I suppose I find it hard to kid myself  
that killing isn't a crime.

It's an old army problem.

I think that's all.

Thank you, Joyce.

- Am I to go with the team, sir?

- We'll let you know.

Now you see what I mean?

At least he was honest about it, sir.

None of us ever knows the answer to  
that question until the moment arises.

What's your opinion, Shears?

He's Canadian.

That's in keeping with the international  
composition of this outfit.

If he wants to go that bad,  
he can even take my place.

If you're all agreed on Joyce,  
he's yours.

Now then, I've had a report from  
air reconnaissance on that village.

There's sufficient clearing  
to make your jump at last light.

- You've had parachute training?

- No, sir.

Blast. This is awkward.

Silly, it never occurred to me.

- In that case, maybe--

- Yes, he's right.

We'd better arrange some practice jumps  
for him immediately.

I'll pop over and check with Freddy  
right away.

All right, Chapman.  
You can run along.

Yes, sir.

- Feel like a sniff of air?  
- Yes, sir.

You don't realize  
what a plum you are for us.

Your knowledge of the area,  
your making friends in that village.

It's almost as if your whole escape  
had been planned with us in mind.

By the way, here's something  
that will interest you: the new L pill.

- '' L pill''?
- L for lethal; instantaneous, painless.

Much better than the old ones.  
For capture of course.

In other words,  
you're telling me not to be taken alive.

I wouldn't recommend it.

You see, if any of you get hurt  
or wounded on the trek...

the others will have  
to leave him behind.

The objective comes first  
in our work.

Colonel, you want my honest evaluation  
of this team?

I didn't want to speak out  
in front of the others.

I understand. Go ahead.

Chapman will be fine.

Ice water in his veins.

Joyce is-- He'll be okay.

- It's Warden I don't get.

- Why not?

Cambridge don and all that.

It's one thing to play with explosives  
like a kid with firecrackers, but--

He's not without experience.

When we lost Singapore, he stayed behind  
and blew up a couple of bridges...

one or two trains and I don't know  
how many other installations...

before the Japs caught him.

- 'Caught him'?

- Yes. Fascinating story.

Sir, it's most annoying.

They say,

in view of the time element...

they don't think a few practice jumps  
would be worthwhile.

They say if you make one jump,

you've only got % chance of injury...

two jumps, % and three jumps,  
you're bound to catch a backache.

The consensus is that the most sensible  
thing for Major Shears to do...

is to go ahead and jump  
and hope for the best.

With or without parachute?

Very good, old man.

'With or without--'

He's in the trees.

Yai says we'll never reach the Kwai  
by the route you took.

There are too many  
Japanese patrols now.

We'll have to swing north  
through heavy jungle.

We'll have to swing north  
through heavy jungle.

- Who's leading?  
- Yai himself.

He hates the Japanese. They've taken

all his men for railroad work...

which means we shall have  
to use women bearers.

- Women bearers.
- They're very capable, I'm told.

- Women bearers.
- They're very capable, I'm told.

He says it's dangerous  
to spend the night in the village.

There's an enemy post  
about three miles away...

so we shall have to sleep

in the jungle.

- What about Chapman, sir?

- Yai's people will bury him...

and his chute.

Is there something wrong?

I was just thinking.

You speak Yai's language,

I don't.

He's leading you back

to the river Kwai himself...

by a route I never took.

Will someone tell me why  
I'm so indispensable to this outfit?

I know how you feel,  
but there's always the unexpected.

Tell that to Chapman.

Let's get cracking.

Go ahead.

You're lovely.

Be happy in your work.

Yes, sir.

Leeches.

She's telling you to hold still.

She wants to take the leeches off you.

What's a nice girl like you  
doing in a place like this?

I'll teach you to say that in Siamese,  
if you like.

That would spoil it.

Too much talk always spoils it.

- What's wrong with that thing, Joyce?

- I don't know, sir.

It's taken a beating.

I can't get a strong signal.

I'll tell you what's wrong with it.

It's wet, mildewed,  
corroded, rotten...

like everything else  
in this rotten jungle.

You might as well dump it.

This is Radio Tokyo signing off.

This is your friendliest enemy...

reminding you to take it easy...

and never volunteer for anything.

If we stay here much longer,  
we'll be up to our necks.

- I have it all decoded, sir.

- Right. Read it.

Yes, sir. 'One: Original bridge works  
reported abandoned.

New construction downstream  
from first site.

Two: Enemy intends to open railway...

with passage of special train,  
Bangkok for Rangoon...

with troops and VI P...

estimated to arrive target  
morning th.

Three: You should synchronize demolition  
with passage this train.

Four: Good hunting. Have fun.''

That's all, sir.

A train and a bridge

would be something.

Yes, sir, that would really be a show.

Can we get there in time, sir?

Yai says we're two to three days' march

from the Kwai.

If we set a faster pace, we could

make it before sundown on the th.

It's worth having a go for the train,

don't you think?

By all means.

Good hunting. Good show.

Jolly good fun.

If you hadn't fixed the radio,  
we wouldn't know about the train.

There's always the unexpected,  
isn't there?

Heave!

- Half a pint, sir.

- Quinine.

We'll complete this later.

- Clipton, we're facing a crisis.

- Yes, sir?

I've spoken with Reeves and Hughes,  
and we won't finish the bridge on time.

We just haven't the manpower.

I've asked the officers to help and  
they've agreed, but that won't do it.

The officers are working  
on the bridge?

Yes. I explained the situation, and  
they volunteered, but it's not enough.

- Ask Saito for some of his men.
- Wouldn't dream of it.

This is our show.

We must use our own resources.

I came to talk to you  
about the sick list.

Sir, there's not a man in this hospital  
who doesn't belong there.

Don't jump to conclusions.

No reflection on you, but there are  
always a few malingerers.

Be honest.

Keep an open mind is all I ask.

Come along. Let's see.

Don't move.

What's the matter with Haskins?

He has amebic dysentery  
and blackwater fever.

- His temperature was            last night.

- Right, I see.

- And this man?

- Leg ulcers.

I may be able to save the leg  
if I do some more cutting tonight.

Do you really want  
to send him out to work, sir?

Don't talk rot.

- And that man there?  
- His arm's infected.

Most of them are so run-down,  
their wounds won't heal properly.

Yes, but I wonder if fresh air  
and light duties...

might do him more good  
than being cooped up here.

It's not our policy  
to keep a man in the hospital...

just because  
he scratched his arm, is it?

- '' Not our policy''?  
- Is it?

A man may not be on the top of his form,  
but he can still make himself useful...

trimming and finishing jobs.

Stand easy, Baker.

Tell me, do you feel up to doing  
a little light work on the bridge?

- Anything you say, sir.

- Good show.

What about you?

Nothing difficult.

- I'll try, sir.

- Good man.

Look here, men.

It goes without saying,

I'm proud of all of you...

but we are facing a crisis.

For those who feel up to it,  
how about lending the others a hand?

Fetch and carry.  
A spot of paint here and there.

What do you say?

- Yes, sir.
- Good show. Follow me.

Ten minutes.

Make sure they're all dead.

Come on, Joyce.

Use your knife, man,  
or we'll be shooting each other.

Go that way.

I could have done it.  
I was ready.

Are you hit, sir?

Let's go.

It's superficial.  
There's nothing broken.

- It's my fault, sir.

- Shut up, Joyce.

I can walk on it.

That's all that counts now.

- Yeah, but how far and how fast?

- We won't know till I try.

What are you doing?

I didn't give orders for a halt.

We all need it.

We're still five hours fast march

from the objective.

Maybe six. Come on.

You keep walking on that foot,  
you'll bleed to death.

Yeah.

- You're going to leave me here.
- If you stop, we stop.

You can't study the layout  
of the bridge after dark.

You've got to get there  
before sundown.

Sir, when the job's done, who knows  
if we can return by this route...

or whether we could find you  
if we did.

If you were in my shoes, you know  
I wouldn't hesitate to leave you here.

He doesn't know it, but I do.

You'd leave your own mother here  
if the rules called for it.

You'll go on without me.  
That's an order.

You're in command, Shears.

I won't obey that order.

You make me sick with your heroics.  
There's a stench of death about you.

You carry it in your pack  
like the plague.

Explosives and L pills  
go well together.

With you,  
it's just one thing or the other:

destroy a bridge  
or destroy yourself.

This war is just a game.

You and that Colonel Nicholson  
are two of a kind.

Crazy with courage!

For what?

How to die like a gentleman.

How to die by the rules.

The only important thing  
is how to live like a human being!

I'm not gonna leave you here  
to die, Warden...

because I don't care  
about your bridge and your rules.

If we go on, we go on together.

Good old Yai.

I'm all right.

Come on.

Let's get closer.

Still sorry we brought you along?

- Feeling better?
- Yeah.

You're in command again.

Thank you, Major.

I can't understand it.

It's such a solid,  
well-designed job.

Not like the temporary bridges  
the enemy usually throws together.

Look.

Those poor devils down there.

Imagine being forced  
to build something like that...

in the condition they must be in.

They've got a British officer  
working down there on his knees.

The Japanese seem to be enjoying it.

If he knew we were here,  
it might boost his morale a little.

If it wasn't for the train,  
we could set a time fuse and leave.

If it wasn't for the train,  
we could set a time fuse and leave.

But since we don't know what time  
it will cross tomorrow morning...

we'll have to do the job manually.

We'll set the charges  
against the piles...

about three feet under the water,  
I should think...

and run the main wire downstream  
to the plunger.

The problem is  
where to hide it.

Our side of the river is quite  
obviously used by the Japanese.

They'd spot it at once.

Look.  
You see those fallen tree trunks...

and the gray rock just below them  
on that little beach?

Yes, sir, I see them.

That's our key position.

It's on the wrong side  
of the river...

but it's the only hiding place  
within feasible distance.

As soon as the bridge goes up...

whoever's there  
will have to swim back.

It's not likely  
to be a pleasant swim.

Sir, I was the best swimmer  
in my course.

Yeah.

- It looks like your line of country.
- Thank you, sir.

Shears, pick a spot on our side  
of the bank where you can cover Joyce.

Yai will be with you, so you two  
should be able to occupy the Nips...

if they make any trouble for Joyce.

On the theory that there's always  
one more thing to do...

I'll set up the mortar here to create  
an additional diversion if necessary.

I might even take a few potshots  
at the train.

All clear?

Any questions? Right.  
We'll start as soon as it's dark.

They're sure to have sentries  
on the bridge...

so you'll have to  
float the stuff down...

from upriver...

which means building a raft.

Yai will take three women  
to help you build the raft.

One will stay here with me.  
Get cracking.

If it wasn't for my ankle,  
I'd take Joyce's assignment.

I know.

Do you think he'll be all right?

I think so.

Want me to handle it?

I'd let you stay up here  
with the mortar if I could.

- I know.
- I'm sorry.

When it's over,  
I hope you get that medical discharge...

and not the hard way.

Thanks.

Load.

- Beautiful.
- Yes, beautiful.

A first-rate job.

I had no idea  
it would turn out so well.

Yes, a beautiful creation.

I've been thinking.

Tomorrow it will be      years to the day  
that I've been in the service.

Twenty-eight years in peace and war.

I don't suppose I've been at home more

than ten months in all that time.

Still, it's been a good life.

I love India.

I wouldn't have had it  
any other way.

But there are times...

when suddenly you realize you're  
nearer the end than the beginning.

You wonder...

you ask yourself...

what the sum total  
of your life represents...

what difference your being there  
at any time made to anything...

or if it made any difference  
at all really.

Particularly in comparison  
with other men's careers.

I don't know whether that kind  
of thinking is very healthy...

but I must admit I've had some thoughts  
along those lines...

from time to time.

But tonight--

Blast.

I must be off.

The men are preparing  
some sort of entertainment.

Lovely.

If you were the only

Girl in the world

And you were the only boy

Nothing else would matter

In the world today

We could go on loving

In the same old way

A garden of Eden

Just made for two

I'm sure I speak for all of us  
when I say...

this has been  
an enjoyable evening.

Most of you move on tomorrow  
to a new camp and new construction.

It's a pity you won't be here to see  
the first practical use of the bridge.

However,  
you'll be glad to know...

the completion of this link  
in the railway...

will enable us to transport  
the sick and the disabled...

to the new camp by train.

Colonel Saito  
has kindly permitted me...

to stay behind with Major Clipton  
and the sick men...

and we'll rejoin you  
in a few days' time.

Now that your work here  
is finished...

Now that your work here  
is finished...

I suppose many of you  
feel somewhat let down.

That's quite understandable.

It's a very natural reaction.

But one day,  
in a week, a month, a year...

or that day when, God willing,  
we all return to our homes again...

you're going to feel very proud...

of what you have achieved here...

in the face of great adversity.

What you have done

should be...

and I think will be...

an example

to all our countrymen...

soldier and civilian alike.

You have survived with honor.

That and more...

here in the wilderness.

You have turned defeat  
into victory.

I congratulate you.  
Well done.

The King.

You're in business.

You got everything? Stand,  
ammunition, pack, canteen, knife?

Yes.

I'll be directly across the river.

The professor says there's  
always one more thing to do...

but I can't think  
of what it could be...

except to wish you  
a long and happy life.

Thank you.

What's happened?

The river's gone down.

You can see the wire.

The charges.

Don't wait for the train.

Do it now.

If Saito's information is correct...

the train should be along

in five or ten minutes.

If you don't mind, sir, I'll watch  
the ceremonies from up on the hill.

Why? You'll get a better view  
from the bridge.

It's hard to explain, sir,  
but I'd rather not be a part of it.

As you please.

Honestly, sometimes I don't  
understand you at all.

As you once said, sir,  
I have a lot to learn about the army.

Good morning.

River's gone down in the night.

What's he doing?

Colonel,  
there's something rather odd going on.

I think we'd better have another look  
around before that train comes across.

He's gone mad.

He's leading him right to it.

Our own man.

I was right.

There is something going on.

You have to do it, boy.

You have to do it now!

Colonel Saito,  
have you a knife?

I just realized  
the bridge has been mined.

' ' Mined' ' ?

' ' Mined' ' ?

Good boy.

British officer, sir,  
here to blow up the bridge.

- Blow up the bridge?
- Yes, sir.

British commando orders, sir.

Look out.  
There's no time.

Help!

Kill him!

Let me go, sir.

You don't understand, sir.

Kill him!

You?

You!

What have I done?

Madness!

I had to do it.

They might have been captured alive.

It was the only thing to do!

Madness.