



Scripts.com

The Charge of the Light Brigade

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

How do you fellows manage
to look so comfortably, Vickers?
We may look it, Sir, but we're not.
They say the first 40 years are about
the hardest up here on the frontier.
-After that, you get used to it.
-Really?
Troop, halt!
Excuse me, Sir.
What's the matter, Pearson?
One of the lead horses of the supply cart
has broken a leg, Sir.
Oh, you know what to do. Carry on.
Give me the gun, quick.
-Sorry, Sir.
-What, of all the impertinence...
-That vulture--
-Happens to be a royal falcon.
Almost certainly belonging
to His Highness Surat Khan, Sir.
Oh, forgive me.
They look alike in the distance, Sir.
-Quite a natural mistake to make.
-Well, a devilish awkward one.
Hardly an ingratiating way
for a home-government man...
...to present himself on a delicate mission
to the Surat Khan.
Oh, I don't know, Sir.
After all, you might have missed him.
Oh, yes, yes.
Troop, walk, march.
His Highness is awaiting you.
His Highness Surat Khan,
amir of Suristan...
...offers a prayer of gratitude that you have
been preserved in your journey.
And places his household and all in it
at the disposal of the illustrious envoy...
...of her most gracious majesty,
Queen Victoria.
May I extend Her Majesty's
warmest greetings, Amir Sahib.
Permit me to present

Captain Geoffrey Vickers...

...Cornet James Randall,

Cornet Charles Barclay...

...Cornet Lawrence Pearson
of the 27th Lancers.

Vickers.

It's good to see the face
of an old friend again.

One of the best marksmen it has ever been
my good fortune to entertain, Sir Humphrey.

Your own hunting skill, Amir Sahib...

...compels me to deplore
my poor marksmanship.

You British...

So adept at diplomatic graces...

...that even my own race
bows to your finesse.

Gentlemen.

I would be inconsiderate indeed
to insist on any lengthy court formalities.

-Shall we dispense with them?

-Delighted.

You're welcome, Vickers.

Thank you, Your Highness.

I regret as deeply as you,

Sir Humphrey...

...that so far, the negotiations
should have proven barren of results.

While it is regrettable,
we must remember...

...that the treaty by which your foster father
received annually a sum of money...

...from my government
for his extraordinary services...

...ceased automatically to exist
on the occasion of his death.

For myself, I shall do my humble best
to accept with grace...

...this sudden withdrawal
of financial support.

And may I not add further...

...that my government
looks forward hopefully...

...to continued friendship

with its neighbors, the tribes of Suristan.
Of course, I shall endeavor to convince
the nawabs and maliks of Suristan...
...that the action of the British government
is not to be construed as unfriendly...
...calm their natural resentment
and curb any active reprisals...
...they might so easily contemplate.
I'm confident that Your Highness'
praiseworthy efforts...
...will be rewarded with success.
Let us hope that your confidence
is justified.
You know, Sir Humphrey,
confidence is an admirable quality.
We so seldom appreciate it fully
until it is withdrawn.
You know,
the first time I was in Bengal...
...I saw a falcon break a lamb's back.
Beastly birds.
I'll send one back to my family,
just the thing for a Mayfair drawing room.
Ancient sport of kings, falconry.
The appeal lies in its cruelty.
I'd take a potshot against the tiger
in long grass any day.
They're man-eaters, you know.
Only a savage
would prefer this sort of thing.
-Says who?
-Quite so, Vickers.
Your Highness, I meant, of course--
No, no, no,
I daresay you're perfectly justified.
However, the Suristanis
are an ancient race of people.
They cannot so easily forget
their ancient tribal ways of life.
-I trust you'll accept my apologies.
-Oh, please, please, please.
Gentlemen, let us go into dinner.
By the way, Sir Humphrey...
...you would do me the honor if you

and your gentlemen...
...would join me tomorrow
in a leopard hunt.
We start at sunrise, the traditional hour.
Fine fellow, the khan.
There's a man who can take a loss
with good grace.
Yes, I don't think I could lose
150,000 pounds a year with grace.
Great Scott, Vickers.
Nobody but the home government
was supposed to know anything...
...of the real reason
behind this diplomatic visit of mine.
Sorry, Sir, but up here on the frontier...
...there aren't many secrets an officer
in my position doesn't get to know.
Besides, I've come
to know the khan pretty well.
Then you must know the situation
has been a devilish delicate one.
However, I'm quite confident
that he won't trifle with our friendship.
Besides, the man's a gentleman.
Anyone can see that.
Yes, of course, Sir, yes.
Anyone can see that.
You have the honor, Sir Humphrey.
The khan wants you
to take first shot, Sir.
Thank you. Splendid.
Missed him by a hair, Sir. Bad luck.
-Fine shot, Sir.
-Excellent marksmanship, Sir.
-Are you hurt, Your Highness?
-No, not at all.
Brilliant shot, Vickers.
It was worthy of you.
It was a lucky one.
I shall never forget it.
My gratitude will be eternal.
-Well, goodbye, darling.
-Goodbye, dear.
You must be back early if we're to be ready

for the governor-general's ball tonight.

Oh, the ball, yes.

I suppose you feel quite capable
of taking care of yourself among all these--
How silly.

A responsible lady of my years
is perfectly safe anywhere.

Yes, I suppose so.

Well...

-Elsa, I'm glad you were able to come.

-Your message said it was urgent.

It is.

What's the matter?

My brother arrives in Calcutta today.

-How do you know?

-Word came through from headquarters.

Now you'll understand
why it was so urgent for me to see you.
Geoffrey's coming here.

Elsa, there's something I must know.

-You do love me, don't you?

-Oh, Perry.

I know we both try to be loyal to Geoffrey
by hiding our real feelings...

...but now he's coming back
and we can't go on pretending.

You do love me, don't you?

Oh, Perry, I've tried so hard not to,
but I do love you.

-I knew it.

-But I'm still engaged to him.

We must tell him when he gets here.

I must tell him, it's my responsibility.

When he knows how we feel,
he won't stand in our way.

-Suppose he doesn't understand?

-He will.

Darling, I know him better than anyone.

I've got to tell him.

It's the only decent thing to do.

Yes.

Yes, it is.

I must be getting back.

Father will be worrying about me.

Yes, you're right.
Will I see you tonight at the ball?
Yes, Perry. Tonight.
It's only now that the strategic importance
of the situation becomes apparent.
The safety of the northwest
hinges on Lohara...
...the base for the three advance garrisons,
of which Chukoti is the most important.
Therefore, two of our ablest officers
must command at Lohara and Chukoti.
I'd have to transfer Woodward...
...because I'm afraid he's too well on
in years for an active command.
With the Surat Khan
just across the Suristan border...
...in the position to make the approach
to the pass uncomfortable...
...I feel confident that with you,
Campbell, at Chukoti...
...and you, Warrenton, at Lohara...
...we should be able to handle
any aggressive complication that may arise.
-Captain Vickers, Sir.
-Show him in.
-Yes, Sir.
-Just a moment.
-Captain Vickers reporting for duty, Sir.
-Been expecting you, Vickers.
The War Office is sending you
on a very important mission.
Oh, splendid, Sir.
You're going on an expedition to buy
cavalry horses in the Tartar countries.
Does that mean
we're preparing for war?
Whatever it means, you are
to deliver the horses you purchased...
...to our fleet at Batum,
on the Black Sea.
From there they are to be shipped
to the Crimea.
-That clear?
-Yes, Sir.

Oh, Warrenton, Campbell,
you know Vickers.

Yes, of course. Geoffrey, my boy,
how very nice to see you.

Glad to see you too, Sir.

-How do you do, Vickers?

-How do you do, Sir?

-Have you seen Elsa?

-No, not yet, Sir. How is she?

-She'll be very happy to see you, I know.

-I can hardly wait until I see her either.

-Good morning, Sir.

-Good morning.

-Oh, Captain Vickers.

-Yes?

Your brother is here, Sir,
inside with Sir Charles.

-Oh, yes, thank you.

-Yes, Sir.

Geoff.

Perry.

By Jove, I'm glad to see you,
you old diplomatic globetrotter you.

Must be more than a year
since we last met.

Come in here,

I have something important to say.

I have a million things to say to you.

Every one of them of importance.

-Well, let's go inside.

-No, I can't.

I have a very urgent appointment.

Tonight and tomorrow we can talk our
heads off, but just now, I'll see you later.

So you see,

it depends on you gentlemen.

And I thought I was well-acquainted
with the situation.

I don't quite understand

Surat Khan's presence in Calcutta, Sir.

And this dance that the governor-general's
giving in his honor...

...at the Government House tonight.

Flattery is the food of fools;

But now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit-
Actually, flattery and friendship,
so to speak.
Yeah, it is.
Surat Khan, deviling us up
on the frontier...
...seems to be doing precisely what
the Russian czar is doing in the Balkans.
You've read the news dispatches
about the Cossacks...
...plundering outlying Turkish villages.
It's an old trick, you know,
deviling your neighbor into a war.
One would think that there's Russian
influence at the back of Surat Khan.
What with Russia's vital need for
open-water seaports, amongst other things.
You'll act only on orders
from Sir Benjamin.
-I understand, Sir.
-I want you to understand also...
...that it's imperative
there should be no incident...
...that could cause a frontier war
at this time.
We must maintain peace at any cost.
Major Gordon and Mrs. Gordon.
Sir Archibald MacMurray.
Lady MacMurray.
Miss Veronica MacMurray.
Sir Charles Miller and Lady Miller.
You remember Major Barrett, my love.
-Oh, Major Barrett.
-And Lady Pellum, my wife.
Lady Pellum, good evening.
This is Colonel Campbell,
who leaves tomorrow...
...to assume command
of the Chukoti garrison.
Colonel, I am pleased
that we have met at last.
-Benjy, kindly stay here.
-My dear, I was just going to--

To the refreshment room to get a drink,
I know. Then you'll be upset.
Here, take a pill.
Life with you is just one blasted pill
after another, my love.
Just like a child, Benjy,
no idea what's good for him.
I hear you have a beautiful daughter.
You must let me take her
under my wing at once.
About to be married, isn't she?
That's splendid.
You must let me choose a trousseau.
You're a widower, are you not?
-I am, Lady Warrenton.
-Well, I always say--
Benjy?
Yes, I know. Take another pill.
Elsa, darling, you look so lovely.
I'm sorry I missed you at the house.
I'm sorry too, Geoff.
Why, it's been so long,
I hardly know what to say to you.
We'll have plenty of time now, though.
I hate these separations.
You didn't tell him, did you?
I haven't had a chance.
Oh, I hate this deception.
Elsa, darling, they're watching.
His Highness Surat Khan,
amir of Suristan.
Count Igor Volonoff.
His Excellency the wazir of Suristan.
The nawab of Dargul.
-Take charge, my friend. I'm on duty.
-Take charge of what?
My, how you've changed.
For the better, I hope.
I always liked the cavalry.
-May I have a word with you, Sir?
-Certainly.
-Surat Khan's just arrived.
-Well?
He's got a Count Igor Volonoff with him.

Volonoff. That's a deuced clever gesture.
Ostentatiously flirting with Russia, eh?
Two strings to his bow. Well, we'll see.
-Of course, it might be just a coincidence.
-The sun might rise in the west.
Well, I'll finish my drink.
I have a cowardly aversion
to meeting reptiles socially...
...till I've had
at least one sherry and bitters.
-Good evening, Sir Charles, Captain Vickers.
-Good evening, Your Highness.
Sir Charles, may I have
the pleasure of presenting Count Volonoff.
-Captain Vickers, Count Volonoff.
-How do you do?
-How do you do?
-How do you do?
It's very pleasant, Your Highness,
to find you in these frivolous surroundings.
Well, since your kindly government...
...has spared me the burden of dispensing
its annual appreciation to my countrymen...
...I am blessed with more leisure.
Well, come with me. I'll present
some really amusing people to you.
-There's my daughter now.
-She's entrancing.
Elsa is a fine gal.
And the gallant young cavalier
who holds her so tenderly in his arms.
-Her fianc, of course?
-Oh, certainly not.
-But she is engaged, you said she--
-To Captain Geoffrey Vickers of the 27th.
This lad's merely his brother,
a diplomat of sorts.
Seconded from his regiment for duty
with the Political Department.
Oh, dear, how silly of me.
They do seem to be enjoying
each other's company.
Let's get away from here, Elsa.
Charming and motherless.

Well, as I always say, colonel,
it's never too late.
I must start looking around right away
to find a suitable wife for you.
-Really, you must be more guarded--
-Keep quiet, Benjy.
Colonel Campbell has just been
begging me to find him a wife.
Now, what particular quality
do you most admire in a woman?
The quality of silence.
Now, colonel, you're flattering me,
just as dear Lord Melvourne did...
...once when we sat next to each other
at an intolerable banquet.
"Lady Warrenton," he said,
"You have the power to drive men mad."
I can believe that.
Forgive me.
What a dull dog the colonel is.
Hasn't a word to say for himself.
Benjy.
I love you so much, Elsa.
You look so beautiful.
I can't stand this any longer. We've got
to find a way to tell Geoffrey tonight.
Yes, yes, I know, I know.
We shouldn't be seen here.
This place is full of scandalmongers.
But I had to see you alone. We can't go on
deceiving Geoffrey like this.
I know he'll understand.
He's a great fellow, he's human.
It's because of that we mustn't
hurt him any more than we can help.
Let me tell him in my own way.
After all, it's my responsibility.
When he knows how we really feel,
he can't think that we're in the wrong.
Wrong? It's only wrong
if we don't tell him.
Let's face the truth. We're in love
with one another, we always will be.
Elsa.

You will return to the ballroom at once.
-May I say, Sir--
-I'm not interested in what you have to say.
There is no excuse
for a man who is so disloyal...
...as to trifle with the affections
of his brother's fiance.
I forbid you to see or speak
to my daughter again.
I am not being disloyal, Sir.
Elsa and I love each other.
Love? Cheap infatuation.
You deserve a good thrashing.
Perry, please go.
As I doubt that you have the courage
to inform your brother of this treachery...
...rest assured that I shall tell him.
My brother knows me too well
to accuse me of treachery, Sir.
Elsa, I'll see you again
before you leave for Chukoti.
One moment, Captain Vickers.
Even though you've been seconded
for the political service...
...you still retain your army rank.
-Well, Sir?
-Therefore, you will do as I say.
If not, I shall have you recalled to England
for gross insubordination.
Very well, Sir.
Elsa, I am at an absolute loss
to understand your attitude.
Father, I love him.
You really believe you love?
I see.
Now I understand the strangeness
of your behavior for some time past.
But you must remember...
...that you loved Geoffrey
when you accepted him.
He's been away a long time.
Now that he is back, you must realize that
that love is still there...
...and this is merely

a passing infatuation.

I wish you were right, Father.

I fought and fought against it,
but I love him.

Elsa, my dear, I've taken care of you
ever since your mother died.

Let me know what is best for you.

Geoffrey is a splendid fellow,
loves you with all his heart.

You can't wantonly hurt him.

Oh, I don't wish to hurt Geoffrey.

Of course you don't, my darling.

There, now, dry your eyes.

And let's forget this little incident.

And promise,

when you meet him tonight...

...you'll treat him as though
nothing has happened.

I'll try, Father.

That's a dear. Now come.

Will Your Highness excuse me?

Why, of course.

Some beautiful lady is waiting, no doubt.

Yes, no doubt. Excuse me, Sir.

My good friend, the gallant Captain
Vickers, once saved my life.

And as you know,

in my country, Sir Charles...

...friendship can be claimed

by friendly actions alone.

Yes, in this treacherous life, it's difficult
to know which is friend and which is foe.

But in the end, one finds out,
and the wise man acts accordingly.

-Yes.

-Yes.

Are you staying long in Calcutta,
Your Highness?

A few days, I fancy.

Unless of course, say...

Unless what, Your Highness?

I sometimes think, Sir Charles...

...that a great government
resembles a beautiful woman...

...who, intoxicated with
her own beauty...
...is apt to withdraw from a sincere suitor
the favors she's always granted.
And when she finds her suitor
console himself with another beauty...
...regrets her coldness.
Interesting. And what does she do then?
She claims the privilege of any
beautiful woman and changes her mind...
...before she's lost her suitor forever.
Do you not agree?
The only great government I'm
acquainted with is singularly masculine.
It makes up its mind.
And once having reached a decision,
adheres to it.
I'm afraid we're losing ourselves
in a flight of fantasy.
Yes, perhaps, yes.
-Oh, Geoff.
-Perry, have you seen Elsa?
-Lady Warrenton, my brother, Geoffrey.
-How do you do?
You're the fianc
of that exquisite child, am I right?
-You are right.
-Capital, I congratulate you.
Keep an eye on this attractive
brother of yours.
I saw Miss Campbell
and him dancing tonight.
The look in his eye
was anything but diplomatic.
Benjy.
Mr. Vickers, never marry a man
with an Indian liver.
Lady Warrenton, I won't.
Benjy!
Thank heavens.
There's something I want to talk to you--
Oh, there's Elsa now,
wait a minute, old boy.
Elsa, darling,

I'm sorry I missed so many dances.

You know how

these diplomatic affairs are.

-Shall we dance now?

-I'd love to.

-Do you mind, Sir?

-Not at all.

Look around you.

Why?

Here in this one room, you can see
everything that makes the world go round.

Riches, intrigue and all the seeds
of mutiny, war and hatred.

-You know what it all means to me?

-What?

Nothing. Just nothing.

You're the only thing that's real here.

All I know is that I'm holding you
in my arms again.

And that you're so lovely.

Oh, Geoffrey.

Elsa, I love you.

-Hello, lad. Glad you came in and waited.

-I had to.

Might have missed you.

I'm off again tomorrow.

-Going with the Campbells to Chukoti?

-No, worse luck.

I'm going up on the Arabian frontier
to buy a pack of horses.

We need plenty of them, good ones.

-Sounds like trouble on the Balkans.

-That's what I thought too.

I tried to sound out old Macefield
about it, but he closed up.

However, it must be that.

He told me to hurry.

And will I, you can imagine why.

Geoffrey, I--

I never thanked you
for all you've done for me.

Oh, nonsense, old lad.

You've been a success. I'm proud of you.

But something's happened.

I know you'll understand.
Well, what?
I've fallen in love with Elsa.
I'm sorry, old lad. How rotten for you.
Yes, but Geoff, Elsa's in love with me.
-I don't think you know what you're saying.
-I do.
We tried not to. Honestly, we did, Geoff.
I see.
Might I ask what you
intend doing about it?
Has Elsa told you that she loves you?
That she promised to marry you?
Yes, but not in so many words.
I don't believe it, you're lying.
This is splendid. After sniveling to me
about how grateful he is...
...my brother tells me
he's stolen the affections...
-...of the one person I love most.
-But, Geoffrey--
Not content with that,
you've got the effrontery to lie.
-You can't believe that--
-And lie and lie.
Listen, you better get out.
Take your dirty intrigues somewhere else,
but get out of my sight and stay out.
Very well.
But let me tell you this.
I've always looked up to you,
worshipped you as a kind of god.
I find you are rather a little man.
As far as I'm concerned,
you and old Campbell...
...and the whole blasted army
can go to blazes.
-Oh, good morning, Sir.
-Oh, Geoffrey. Early visit, huh?
I just had my orders and I'm setting out.
I thought I'd come along and say goodbye.
-Just to me?
-Well, should we say, the family?
Elsa's still in her room but I'll call her.

Tell memsahib she's wanted in the study
immediately. Captain Vickers is here.

-You have a very difficult job ahead of you.

-Yes, I think so.

-But I'm sure you're equal to it.

-Thank you, Sir.

-So goodbye.

-Goodbye, Sir.

Come back to us safely and soon.

Thank you.

Oh, Geoffrey, what's this I hear?

Are you leaving us so soon?

Yes, I'm afraid so.

I suppose this is what's known
as the luck of the army.

They show you a brief glimpse of paradise,

and then:

Take it away.

I suppose in time, I'll learn to be grateful
for even a few hours with you.

-How long will you be away?

-Oh, a month, two months, hard to say.

There's so much trouble going on...

...we've gotta be ready for it
when it comes.

But as soon as I come back this time...

...we're not gonna let anything...

...interfere with our happiness,
our marriage. Are we, darling?

Of course not, Geoffrey.

Right, it's a bargain.

Goodbye, my love.

I'll hurry back so fast.

Elsa, there's something...

...I think I ought to tell you before I go.

It's rather silly.

But last night after the ball,

Perry came to see me.

He's in love with you.

You know, he's quite impulsive and
he seems to be taking this pretty seriously.

I was very stupid about it
and I lost my temper completely.

Now, of course, I could kick myself.
But I don't want him to be hurt
more than necessary, you know?
You needn't worry, Geoff.
I shan't be seeing Perry in any case.
Father is being sent to Chukoti and,
of course, I'll go with him.
And Perry will soon forget.
Yes, of course he will.
That's just like you, Elsa,
to understand it like that.
I must go now.
Think of me a little while I'm away.
I will.
Goodbye and good luck.
Goodbye, my love.
They're moving along fine.
Hope we miss that storm behind us.
Hope we miss any other sort of trouble.
I don't understand, Sir,
why these northern tribes are so hostile.
Since Turkey's declared war on Russia...
...they know that England
will side with Turkey.
Yes, it's all very cozy.
These tribesmen are going to
sympathize with Russia.
That's it, so if we want horses,
we've gotta pay their prices, and like it.
Troop, going left!
Randall!
Round out that herd,
let's make a stop for Batum.
Sixty miles to Batum.
We hand the herd over
to the transport fleet there...
...and then back to India.
That's nothing to be so chirpy about,
you're doomed to be married soon.
No more pleasant doom ever faced
one of the queen's men.
This thick sentiment. You ought to be
drummed out of the service for that remark.
-Don't mind him, Sir.

-I don't.
Where did you come from?
I'm glad you came along.
This is the sort of thing you'd enjoy.
A real picnic with everything but red ants,
and I'd rather hope for some action.
Troop, halt!
Here's your action.
Randall, stampede the herd
through that gorge.
Troop will march. Go!
Troop, dismount! Take cover!
Get into position! Independent fire
as soon as you're under cover!
We're outnumbered.
We can't hold on much longer.
Randall, take command.
If I'm not back in an hour...
...try to break through for Batum.
Keep firing.
-What are you gonna do?
-Never mind about me, you do as I say.
-Brunson, you and Burke follow me.
-Yes, Sir.
Here, fasten this to your pommel.
Ride down there and drag
this bush behind it, understand?
Raise enough dust to make them think half
the British army's coming to relieve us, hurry.
All right, boys.
Pull up your army.
They're running, they're running.
Look, they're running.
That's something you'll tell
your grandchildren about...
...if you live long enough.
There's a fat fellow.
-It's my turn.
-Let me have a shot.
-Wait until he gets around the rock.
-Now, hold it, wait.
Captain Vickers.
Geoffrey? Am I seeing things?
What happened?

They think there's a force
coming to support us.

I'm terribly sorry, Sir.

Thank heaven I missed you.

Yeah, lucky for me,
you were aiming at me.

Good morning, gentlemen.

I'm more than pleased with
the brilliant success of your expedition.

Congratulations, Major Vickers.

Major? Why, thank you, Sir.

-I haven't seen it in notice yet.

-You will tomorrow.

-Congratulations, Captain Randall.

-Captain?

-Thank you, Sir. Shall I see notice too, Sir?

-Yes, of course.

I'm afraid you have to wait a bit, Pearson,
but good work all the same.

Now, what do you all say
about going back to Chukoti?

-We need seasoned officers up there.

-I'd like it immensely personally, Sir.

-He's gonna be married soon, Sir.

-So I understand.

We'll see what we can do about
getting you an extended leave later on.

-Why, thank you, Sir.

-Well, thank you, gentlemen.

Perry.

-You sent for me, Sir?

-Oh, Perry, yes. Sit down.

-Make yourself comfortable, won't you?

-Thank you, Sir.

-The Vickers are an old army family.

-Yes, Sir.

I knew your father at Sandhurst, Perry.

You and your brother, Geoffrey,
have come along admirably...

...although as brothers,

I expect you've had your little differences.

You know, brothers rarely avoid
these little things.

-But they're usually trifles.

-Trifles, Sir?

-Certainly. Don't you think so?

-Well...

That is, it's difficult to explain,
but don't you think, Sir...

...we're entitled to settle our own problems
in our own way?

Yes. Yes, perhaps so.

Governor General Dalhawsie
requires the presence...

...of a political man on the frontier
to handle the Suristani situation.

-I've selected you.

-You mean I'm to go up to Chukoti, Sir?

No. You'll be stationed at Lohara.

Chukoti will be the spearhead
of any possible military maneuvers.

But your duties will be those
of an official observer.

Is that final, Sir?

-I mean, that I'm to go out to Lohara?

-Final.

You have so much work to do there...

...that you won't have time
to think of anything else.

You'll leave with the caravan
in the morning.

That's all.

Yes, Sir.

I understand, Sir.

Perry.

I'm sorry about the way
things have gone, old lad.

Elsa can't love both of us, you know.

-I'm aware of that.

-Well...

We might as well get this thing settled
once and for all.

We're not friends
so why pretend we are?

All the cards are stacked on your side.

Old Campbell's for you, the fact that
you got there first, everything.

I've only one claim,

Elsa happens to love me and only me.
And as long as that's true,
I'm going to fight anyone.
Perry, I know you're wrong.
We can't let something like this
come between us.
-Besides you--
-I'll get over it, I know.
Well, get this into your head.
I'm old enough to know
my own mind and Elsa's.
I wouldn't hang on to anyone
who didn't love me.
This is where we turn off for Chukoti,
Vickers.
Coming.
-Perry, old lad--
-There's nothing more to say.
Troop, column left!
Halt!
Reporting our return from Calcutta, Sir.
Good, Major Vickers. Any casualties?
Yes, Sir. One man wounded.
We were fired on several times,
but we expected that.
-Did you return fire?
-No, Sir.
I'm glad you didn't.
Sir Benjamin's orders
are to maintain peace.
Pretty difficult orders to follow,
particularly when they're firing on us.
Yes. When you've been soldiering
as long as I have...
...you'll understand it's best
to follow instructions regardless.
Yes, Sir.
By the way, it would be disgraceful
for an officer...
...to appear before his commandant's
daughter in such a condition.
Run along and clean up
and come back to my office.
Yes, Sir.

Troop, face left about.
Forward march.
Ask Miss Campbell
to come to my office immediately.
Halt!
Pull out the officers.
Prepare to dismount!
Dismount!
Dismiss.
-Captain Sahib.
-Prema.
-Up you go.
-Thank you, sahib.
Look, I brought you back a new salute.
Watch.
-How do you do it?
-Like this.
Try it on the general.
Well?
Miss Campbell left with the first patrol
this morning, Sir.
Confounded.
Well, yes. That's all. That's all.
Why didn't Elsa tell me of this?
That girl's a complete mystery to me,
outrageous.
She knew perfectly well
you were arriving today.
-Pardon, Sir?
-Elsa left for Lohara this morning.
Lady Warrenton might be ill, Sir.
Might have sent for her.
Not that I'm aware of. What if she were?
That's no excuse.
You don't need to tell me.
Well, well, you must have had
a long and tiresome journey.
A nice cup of hot tea
will really refresh you, my dear.
I'll never forget my appalling
honeymoon trip with darling Benjy.
You remember, dear? Benjy?
Yes, dear, be with you in a minute, dear.
Here's some nice cold water

to take with your pill.
I thought I might drink a little toast
to our delightful guest.
Keep me awake all night?
Well, you're wrong again.
I hope you and Sir Benjamin didn't mind
my coming uninvited like this.
-Certainly not, delighted.
-Mind? We're enchanted.
By the way, how is that
ravishingly handsome fianc of yours?
Young Vickers. Due here today.
No, Benjy, you're all muddled.
Elsa is engaged to the other brother,
Godfrey.
Geoffrey, dear.
-Some cake?
-No, thank you.
So the brother is coming.
Well, well, well.
That is a coincidence.
My dear, you remember
the appalling ball in Calcutta?
Well, I was convinced
that you and he were...
So to speak.
Pay no attention to my wife, Miss Campbell.
She has two obsessions in life:
Giving me pills and scandalous intrigue.
Captain Vickers, Sire.
Thank you. Lady Warrenton.
-Glad to see you, Vickers.
-Sir Benjamin.
Elsa. Why, this is a surprise.
-How are you, Perry?
-Good trip, my boy?
Don't be absurd, Benjy.
No such thing as a good trip in India.
One either travels in comparative
discomfort or in complete discomfort.
Mine was complete.
You two children want to be alone, I know.
You must tell Elsa all about Godfrey.
Geoffrey, dear.

All about your brother. Why you're not
green with jealousy of him...
...for annexing this adorable creature,
I can't imagine.
Come, Benjy.
Please don't disturb yourself,
Lady Warrenton.
Elsa and I will take a stroll.
-Shall we?
-Yes.
No, no, no.
Not out there, not on the veranda.
There. In the summerhouse.
Where the birds are singing
and the flowers are burgeoning.
Across the veranda
and down the hall.
Really, Octavia,
your constant innuendos are intolerable.
You thoroughly embarrassed young Vickers
and the Campbell girl, not to mention me.
Why can't you resist poking your nose
into other people's private affairs?
-Is nothing sacred to you?
-Yes, Benjy, dear, your liver.
It's wonderful of you
to come here like this.
When I saw you just now,
I couldn't believe it possible.
Why did you take such a risk?
I had to.
I've tried to force myself to forget you.
I've even tried to hate you.
But I love you.
-I always have and I always shall.
-Darling.
Poor father.
You see, he's right
from his point of view.
He made me promise to try to get over it.
I did try for three months.
But I failed.
So I threw away all common sense
and came here to you...

...to make sure that you're ready
to face everything with me.
My love for you is even stronger,
more part of me than ever.
I was sure of it.
Tomorrow, I must go back to Chukoti
and tell father and Geoffrey...
...that whatever happiness
there is in me to give...
...must be given to you.
Face left.
Troop, halt.
Randall, coming?
Face left, column left, march!
-Report the return of the convoy, Sir.
-Very good.
-Sir Benjamin's compliment, Sir.
-You've had a scrap.
We were fired upon by Suristanis
in Kohat pass.
-Well, you had your orders.
-Yes. My patrol withdrew in good order.
We lost a man, Lancer Wentworth.
Wentworth?
That's all, Barclay.
-Anything else?
-Well, Sir, the khan--
-Well, that is, if I may.
-Yes, go on.
Well, you see, Sir, we ran across
a caravan coming down from the pass.
There was a Hindu merchant. He'd
just been to visit to the Suristanis...
...and he has it on good authority that
the Suristanis are preparing for an attack.
-An attack?
-Yes, Sir, on Chukoti.
Oh, come, come now, Barclay.
Khan wouldn't dare.
You must be mistaken.
That's all.
Yes, Sir.
Soldiers. Old women, that's what.
I feel that Barclay's information

is accurate, Sir.
What? You also?
All right, presuming it is,
why this garrison? Why Chukoti?
Now, answer me that, Vickers.
The khan's wise enough to know...
...that an attack on Chukoti now
will ignite the entire frontier.
Why, the infernal scoundrel.
He must know the home government's
feelings about a war.
That's it exactly, Sir.
Also the fact that England's about
to go to war with Russia.
Attack now, Sir. Strike the first
blow and you'll crush him.
Vickers, you will parade your men in full
marching order ready to move off at once.
Yes, Sir.
Goodbye, Mary.
Company, march!
-Troops are ready to move out, Sir.
-Stand at ease, gentlemen.
I have received the following
from General Headquarters.
"To the officer
commanding Chukoti garrison:
Upon receipt of this order you'll dispatch
all available men under your command...
...to Brigade Headquarters Lohara
to take part in maneuvers."
Maneuvers? At this time, Sir?
Sir Benjamin's orders, Vickers.
He knows more of the situation than we do.
Major Jowett, you'll be
in command of the troops.
Captain Carrey, Cornet Gordon,
Cornet Barclay will go with you.
The rest of you will remain
in the garrison.
Those are my orders from Sir Benjamin.
That's all, gentlemen.
-I beg your pardon, Sir.
-Yes, what is it?

Sending the men off to Lohara
on maneuvers now...
...leaves us with hardly
one company of infantry here.
Obviously it's strategic to put on a display
of force for the Suristani tribe.
More effective than bullets.
But that leaves Chukoti
almost entirely undefended.
Boldness. That, my boy,
is the essence of strategy.
But the women and children, Sir.
Jowett's wife and child.
-Elsa, the sepoy's families.
-Nothing to worry about.
-We have plenty of men left to defend them.
-We haven't enough men left. You can't--
Major Vickers, you've had your orders,
I've had mine.
That's all.
Yes, Sir.
Face right.
Face right.
-Face right.
-Face right.
Forward march!
Elsa.
Oh, it's you, Geoffrey.
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you.
You looked very far away just then.
What were you thinking of?
Of a peaceful countryside.
Of soft green downs
rolling to a blue sea.
I know, England.
No hot, burning sun.
No eternal treachery,
waiting for the unknown.
England.
In early springtime...
...Ascot, cricket,
punting on the Thames.
We'll see all that together one day.
Just now it--

It seems rather like an intangible dream.

A little like you, Elsa.

You see...

...I was rather hoping you'd be here
when I got back.

I was at Lohara.

Yes, I know. Your father told me.

There was something I had to find out.

Something I had to be sure of
before I saw you.

You found out?

Yes.

Geoffrey, you want to make me happy?

More than anything else in the world.

Then you must know everything.

I came back from Lohara
determined to tell--

Tower guard, shot.

Sound the alarm.

Turn out the guard, double quick.

-What's happening?

-We're being attacked.

-Suristani? Man the walls.

-Yes.

-I've sent all the available men there.

-Concentrate on the main gate.

Send 15 men to the east wall.

Orderly.

Open fire as soon as you're
within range!

-Colonel.

-Yes.

-Take 15 men to man this wall.

-Yes, Sir.

Cannon rapid fire.

We're losing too many men, Sir.

We're hopelessly outnumbered.

Better abandon the wall before it's too late.

The back,

we can hold them off from there.

Give orders to abandon the wall.

Bugler, sound the retreat!

Take cover in the back, men!

Take cover in the barracks, quick, men.

Get all your wounded
to the medical officer.
Get in there. Don't open the window.
We're under attack.
Barricade the doors and windows.
Get the women and children away
from the line of the windows.
Quick.
Prema--!
Mama!
-Spence?
-Yes, Sir.
Take six men and reinforce the rear.
Issue more ammunition, quick.
Yes, Sir. First six men, follow me.
This way, hurry. Hold these windows,
cover an attack from the stables.
Make every shot tell, you understand?
Ammunition here.
Ready to interchange rifles.
-How much ammunition have we left?
-Plenty, that's the least of our problems.
Water is the main problem, Sir.
Water in this heat.
We've got to reach Jowett at Lohara.
Someone's got to get through to them.
Now's your chance.
The moon's going behind some clouds.
Don't forget, when you reach the river,
cut a native boat loose.
-The current will take you to Lohara.
-That's easy enough.
-I'll have the troops back in no time.
-That's the spirit.
Now, with any luck, you should get over.
There's very few marksmen holding the wall.
-It looks pretty clear.
-Yes.
Geoffrey, look.
You wouldn't mind
giving this to my family.
Just in case.
Looks like a pretty cheap one.
Does it go?

If you wind it up.
You're an idiot.
All right, I'll give it back to you
tomorrow.
Thanks, old boy.
Good luck.
Come, my boy. Over you go.
-God be with you.
-Thank you.
-You ready?
-Yeah.
He's over the wall.
With this changing moon, the khan
won't dare to make another attack.
Thank God for his everlasting mercy.
You look as though you could do
with a few hours of sleep.
Oh, yes, perhaps you're right.
Sun's up, Sir.
We can't hold out much longer, Sir.
Major Vickers, Sir.
Look.
They're gone.
They're gone, Sir.
-Hicks, what are you doing? Are you mad?
-Can't you see them coming?
Coming through the compound.
I can't stop them--
-I must--
-Shut up!
-I--
-Shut up!
That's all right, old fella.
-Pull yourself together.
-I'm sorry, Sir.
Walls are all deserted, Sir.
That's very strange.
It's possibly some sort of a trick.
Run upstairs and look around carefully.
White flags, Sir.
-What?
-They're coming towards us now.
-What the devil are they up to now?
-We'll soon see.

Remove the barricade. Open that door.
His Highness Surat Khan,
amir of Suristan...
...sends greetings to His Excellency,
the commandant of Chukoti...
...and humbly proposes a truce.
We do request that you will send
Major Vickers to discuss the terms.
Excellent, he's probably missed
a boat from its mooring...
...and suspects our man got through
and is ready to treat with us.
-I'd better go, Sir.
-Yes, of course, of course.
We accept His Highness' suggestion
only on the condition...
...that we hold you hostage
pending Major Vickers' safe return.
I'm sure His Highness
will be graciously pleased.
And will understand
your natural caution.
Very well.
-You'll accompany me as orderly.
-Yes, Sir.
I welcome you, Major Vickers.
May the gods of courage and wisdom
continue to bestow blessings on you.
-I suggest you come straight to the point.
-Really?
You probably know by now
that word has reached Lohara.
-The entire brigade's on its way here.
-How interesting.
Oh, it pains me deeply
to have to disillusion you on that score.
-If it's that sepoy--
-Captain Randall.
Oh, so it was Captain Randall...
...who so imprudently attempted
to penetrate the lines.
Poor fellow. He paid the penalty
for his foolishness.
He's-- He's dead?

Oh, my friend, life is sweet and dear
when one cannot have it.
That's why I sent for you.
I'm offering you your life.
My life? Why?
You saved mine
and I shall never forget it.
-You will be given a horse and safe--
-Your Highness.
The home government
has chosen to disregard...
...sundry unfriendly acts of yours.
By withdrawing your forces,
you'll be making a friendly gesture...
...which will almost certainly lead to
the reopening of negotiations in Calcutta.
You're not fighting one outpost,
you're fighting the entire British army.
You're logic, my dear major,
is overwhelming.
No, my friend.
I do not think you seriously believe
that I'll accept your optimistic suggestion.
After all, have you not
an English proverb to the effect...
...that possession
is nine-tenths of the law?
-I take it there's nothing more to be said.
-On the contrary.
If we're open and honest with one another,
this matter can be settled reasonably.
Any suggestion must guarantee
the safety of the women and children.
Then the obvious solution
would be an evacuation.
Evacuation? You mean surrender?
Hardly.
I am perfectly willing to grant the garrison
a safe escort to Lohara.
Why, I have every reason to suppose
that will be perfectly satisfactory.
When I went to school in England, I learned
your charming custom of shaking hands.
Signifying the completion of a bargain

between two gentlemen.

The garrison will have to lay down its arms.

-What? Why?

-As a friendly gesture.

That's utterly impossible.

Places us entirely at your mercy.

We understand their feelings,
Your Highness.

Very well, then. With arms.

I'm sorry. I won't agree to your terms under any conditions whatever.

Take my offer to your commandant.

The decision is his.

If my terms are acceptable,
instruct your colonel to raise the white flag.

You should know

the British never surrender.

Yet their guns will be useless to them,
if I may advise Your Highness.

I suspected you had a plan.

Precisely. If Colonel Campbell accepts our terms...

...and he would be
exceedingly unwise not to...

...it would be very simple.

We should think it over again, Sir.

We're making a grave mistake
accepting the khan's terms.

-It puts us entirely at his mercy.

-We're at his mercy already.

I'm sure you're quite mistaken
in your suspicions.

-Can you give me an intangible reason?

-No.

Except that he offered me
a horse for myself only.

No, I see no reason to mistrust him.

I've got to think of the women and children.

-That's just it, Sir. We can't trust him.

-We've got to go through with it.

All right, get through just
to the first or the second boat.

-Get the people loaded as soon as you can.

-Yes.

Then you take to leading them

back to Lohara. Off you go.

Put that stretcher on the rock there.

Careful. Don't overload that boat.

Out of the way, quickly now.

Mercy.

He's safe.

My debt to Major Vickers is paid.

Ride the rest of them

back into the garrison.

Does it feel better now?

Yes, much. Thank you.

We shouldn't have trusted him.

Those poor little kids. Horrible.

What's going to happen to them?

He can't murder them all.

No, that would be too much,

even for the khan.

He'll hold them as hostages.

That's why we've got to get to Lohara,

for help. It's our only hope.

Look!

It's our chance.

"--our refuge from one generation
to another.

Thou turnest man to destruction,
again thou sayest:

'Come again, ye children of men.'"

"The days of our age
are three-score years and ten.

And though men be so strong
that they come to fourscore years...

...yet is their strength then
but labor and sorrow...

...so soon passeth it away
and we are gone.

Turn thee again..."

Major Vickers!

What on earth are you talking about?

-When did this happen?

-Just now, Sir.

-Down by the river at the north gate.

-What's the meaning of all this--?

Miss Campbell! Geoffrey!

Ali, tell Lady Warrenton Miss Campbell needs her help at once.

My dear, go with Kitara.

She'll take you up to my wife at once.

Kitara.

Geoffrey, my boy, this is terrible.

-How on earth did it happen?

-Chukoti, Sir. The Suristanis attacked.

Hot water and clothes.

Get smelling salts.

My poor, poor child.

I thought the best thing we could do was reach here for help.

-Chances are, would we get there on time?

-Yes, if we hurry.

Captain Barnes, request Major Jowett to report to me at once.

-And sound assembly.

-Very good, Sir.

The count must be holding them.

Yes, as hostages, of course.

We have no time to spare.

Pack the sepoy's in their own transport wagons. We'll bring them along.

Geoffrey, you get your arm attended to at once. I'll be with you in a minute.

-Do you mind if I come along?

-No, my lad. We'll need you.

Halt!

That's strange, the white flag's still flying.

There are no sentries about.

Shows every sign of being deserted.

-What do you make of it?

-Don't know.

-Major Jowett.

-Sir?

-Take four of the detail in skirmishing order.

-Very good, Sir.

The last six sections, dismount, and advance in skirmishing order!

I wonder if this is another of the khan's tricks.

Fire a shot.

No sign of life.
Follow me.
Troop, forward gallop.
There she is on the steps, Sir.
Marian.
Jowett...
They're dead!
-They're all dead.
-Come on, now.
Can't you hear me?
They're dead, I tell you!
They're dead!
Prema!
Prema!
Prema.
Prema.
My little boy is gone.
He wanted a gun to kill Suristani.
Suristani kill him.
Prema, my baby.
Do you hear me, Prema?
Prema.
Colonel Campbell, Sir. Over by the wall.
-So that's why they abandoned Chukoti.
-We've got to follow Surat Khan.
-He can't be far off.
-Impossible.
They're mountain fighters. We don't
stand a ghost of a chance against them.
But we can't stand here doing nothing!
My heaven, we'll never rest
till he's been made to pay for this.
India will be too small to hold him.
These books want to be stored,
and the cases made ready for transport.
And all the official papers
in this box here.
You'll report to the commander in chief
on arrival to Balaklava.
-Good luck, Watson.
-Thank you, Sir.
Major Vickers, Sir.
Oh, Geoffrey, my boy.
The replacements from the 27th

have reported for duty.
Good, then you're ready to embark.
Never been to the Crimea, have you?
They tell me it's a pestilential hole.
Seems strange to me, Sir,
that the War Office...
...should be sending the 27th to Sebastopol
to fight the Russians.
Haven't they been through enough
at Chukoti?
The Russians. Peoples don't wage war
against other peoples, Geoffrey.
England is fighting the tyranny
of the czar.
The 27th Lancers
are fighting Surat Khan.
Surat Khan?
It may interest you to know that after
the Chukoti massacre, Surat Khan fled.
I knew that, Sir.
India was too hot hold him.
The War Department happens to know
that he took refuge with the Russians...
...and is with their forces at Sebastopol.
This is worth knowing.
Now you understand why the 27th Lancers
have been ordered to Sebastopol.
Every man will have a chance
for vindication.
Not only for himself and for his regiment,
but for every sepoy in India.
Now, you better get along, Geoffrey.
You haven't too much time
to get kit your ready.
Yes, come in.
Why, Elsa.
Geoffrey, I had to come.
Now, what's the matter?
Perry's gone.
-Gone, what do you mean?
-To the Crimea.
He was ordered back to his regiment.
He sailed two days ago
with Sir Benjamin on the first transport.

Geoffrey, he'll be killed, I know he will.
You love him, don't you?
I do.
I can't help it.
A long time?
I think since the first day I met him.
I tried to tell you that day
when I came back from Lohara.
You needn't explain.
I think I've known it, really,
in my heart for some time.
-I'm sorry, Geoffrey.
-That's all right.
It can't be helped. Quite a natural thing.
He's a grand lad, Elsa.
He'll make you very happy.
-You'll be going back to England, I suppose?
-Yes, I think so.
Oh, good luck. Wish I could go too.
Well, I must finish this stuff up.
Geoffrey, are you going
out to the Crimea too?
Yes, leaving almost immediately.
-May I help you pack?
-Oh, no, thanks.
I've been giving myself a crick
in the back all morning as it is.
Elsa, don't worry about Perry.
He'll be all right.
I'll see that he is.
Goodbye.
God bless you.
Both of you.
Geoffrey, will you take him a message?
Why, yes.
Tell him...
...that I think his brother...
...is the finest man I've ever known.
"Sir Charles Macefield's compliments
to Gen. Scott." No new orders.
-Soon as the council's over, I'll notify him.
-Yes, Sir.
We must attack Sebastopol.
General Canrobert's anxiety

is perhaps prompted by the fact...
...that their supplies are running low.
Lord Raglan understands perfectly.
Can't you see, Lord Cardigan?
The Baltic fleet is useless.
The Turkish fleet, I regret to say, has been
destroyed by the Russians at Sinop.
The recent storm has wrecked
not only the Russian fleet...
...but the largest
of the French man-of-war.
You underestimate our resources,
general. See for yourself.
We have Sebastopol under siege...
...and our forces have the Russians
at bay, so to speak.
Besides, so far, no real opportunity
to attack Sebastopol has presented itself.
All right, captain. I'll make a note of it.
Lord Raglan can't be disturbed
while the war council's in session.
-Take it up with Sir Charles Macefield.
-Yes, Sir.
Wait.
All right. Carry on.
Yes, Sir.
My plan to withdraw the Light Brigade
is perfectly clear to all of you gentlemen.
Be good enough to issue the orders,
Sir Charles.
-Very good.
-I think that's all we have to discuss.
Papers for your signature, Sir.
These are not important.
Presently will do.
Sit down. I want you to take a dispatch.
General Headquarters,
army of the Crimea.
From His Excellency Field Marshall
the Earl of Raglan, K.C.B. commanding.
To Major General
Sir Benjamin Warrenton...
...K.C.B. number 1174.
On receipt of this order

you will withdraw the Light Brigade...

...to a point 3 kilometers southwest
of its present position.

By order.

-Light Brigade's moving back, Sir?

-Yes.

What's surprising about that?

Volonoff commands

the Russian artillery...

...on the heights above

the valley of Balaklava.

-Surat Khan's with him.

-We know that.

Don't you think the men of the 27th
ought to be given a chance to attack them?

I know how you feel.

Every British soldier would give his life
to avenge the Chukoti massacre.

But at this moment, it's impossible.

May never be another chance, Sir.

You must know that the Russians...

...have their strongest batteries

situated above the valley.

It would take at least five regiments
for the assault.

Vickers, it's suicide.

That valley, under the circumstances,
is a valley of death.

It would be worth it, Sir.

Six hundred men attacking the center
would keep them occupied...

...while the combined French, Turkish,
British forces attack Sebastopol.

Sebastopol taken,

the czar must sue for peace.

Yes, the entire Crimea situation hinges
on Sebastopol.

But this is no time to consider
personal feelings, Vickers.

Your plan is admirably daring,
but that's just it, it's too wild.

Now, I want you

to deliver this order personally...

...to the commander

of the Light Brigade.

-Is that clear?

-Yes, Sir.

Why, what's up, Vickers?

What? Nothing.

You do look rather odd, you know.

Confound you, Bentham,

mind your own business, will you?

I'm sorry. Yes, Sir.

Gentlemen, these batches are
the finest of two and a half months.

We've lost hundreds of men...

...apart from those who died
from the cold and sickness.

-It is therefore imperative that unless--

-Orders from General Headquarters.

-You will excuse me.

-His Excellency's compliments.

Thank you. Well, how are things
over at headquarters?

-They've been pretty dull here.

-I beg your pardon, Sir.

That's from the commander in chief,
it's important.

"Upon receipt of this order,
the Light Brigade will advance...

...and take the enemy position
on Balaklava Heights."

It's come at last.

-You expected it?

-For weeks, Vickers, for weeks.

You thought General Headquarters
were the only ones in the know.

I too knew that Surat Khan
was with Volonoff at Balaklava.

-The 27th, do the men know, Sir?

-No, there would be no holding them.

-Do you mind if I tell them?

-You're coming with us?

Of course, it's my regiment.

Besides, this is more
than just a fight for me.

And to me too, my boy.

You think I've been able to sleep

since that awful day at Chukoti?
And now, at last.
Would you mind
if I spoke to my brother here, Sir?
Certainly not. Orderly.
Go to Captain Vickers,
request him to come here at once.
-Yes, Sir.
-Gentlemen, we have action at last.
Come with me.
Oh, I thought Sir Benjamin sent for me.
No, I sent for you.
Take this dispatch
to General Headquarters...
...and wait there until further orders.
Wait at General Headquarters? But
I've heard the regiment's moving forward.
If I wait at General Headquarters,
I'll be out of the fight.
You will deliver it personally
to Sir Charles Macefield, you understand?
I believe you're trying to keep me
out of this deliberately because of Elsa.
No. No, Elsa's got nothing
to do with this.
You're not in the diplomatic service now.
You're with your regiment at the front.
You'll obey my orders immediately.
If I refuse?
You'll be court-martialed.
I see. Disgraced either way.
Very well.
Bugler, sound assembly.
Men of the 27th...
...Surat Khan is on the field
with the opposing Russian forces.
The same Surat Khan who massacred
the women and children of Chukoti.
Our chance has come.
Show no mercy.
Let no power on earth stop you.
Prove to the world that no man could kill
women and children...
...and live to boast of it.

Men of the 27th,
our objective is Surat Khan!
Forward!
Thirteenth Platoon, face left.
Forward march.
Eleventh Hussars, forward walk, march.
-Captain Vickers, Sir.
-Show him in.
-Dispatch, Sir. Personal. Urgent.
-Thank you.
"And attack the Balaklava Heights."
This is insanity.
General Warrenton
is attacking the Russian artillery.
-They'll be slaughtered, all of them.
-Orderly!
I must issue orders at once...
...for the Heavy Brigade to support them.
-Let me take it, Sir.
-Take your fastest horse.
The lives of 600 men
are in your hands.
Yes, Sir.
Twenty-seventh Lancers, forward.
Eighteenth Platoon, forward.
Eighth Hussars, forward.
Seventh Hussars, forward.
-Last platoon, forward.
-Forward march!
The British light cavalry are
advancing against our position.
We'll cut them down before they cross.
No doubt, instruct battery commanders
at positions 37 and 22...
...to fire when they come within range.
Your Excellency.
They're deploying to charge.
See for yourself, Your Highness.
What a tactical blunder. Fools.
Why, they're riding to certain death.
Charge!
They're charging. What madness.
Onward, men, onward!
They've broken through

the first line of batteries.
It's unbelievable.
Stay, men! Hold your line!
Onward, men, onward!
Instruct Colonel Pratel
to prepare to counterattack.
Your Excellency.
Ready, men, forward!
-Instruct 14th Cavalry to attack.
-Your Excellency.
Gentlemen, everyone believes
the 600 went to their death...
...at an order from me.
Confounded, man,
it must have been a mistake.
I'll stake my life,
you never issued that order.
It was a magnificent blunder.
That one insane clash
turned the tide in our favor.
But there was a misunderstanding,
wasn't there?
-The orders you gave--
-Were received and carried out.
Believe me, gentlemen, I fully appreciate
what you're trying to do for me...
...and I'm sorry I have to disappoint you.
You're shielding someone.
You're a blasted fool.
God bless you.
For conspicuous gallantry...