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The Sand Pebbles

By Robert Anderson

- You got orders?

- Yeah.

Check in on the double.

Stay off the streets. There's no liberty.

Right.

- Where's Mitch?

- He died a couple months ago.

- What happened?

- Just didn't wake up one morning.

I was a shipmate of his.

The name's Baxter.

Ex-chief signalman.

I took over.

- Everything?

- Yeah, everything.

Give me a U.B.

Of whiskey.

He was all right though.

They start liberty again?

Nah, transferring

to a new ship, the San Pablo.

You can have my part of that.

Them gunboats are nothing.

- They got engines, ain't they?

- Sure.

Then they ain't nothing.

- You likee me?

- Oh, much like. Oh, the sailor man.

The uniform gets them every time.

We can't threaten these people

into being our friends.

- Exactly.

- Then what's the point?

You can hate the gunboats and what they

represent as much as you like, Jameson...

but you missionaries are only tolerated here

because we have the gunboats.

- I question that.

- The Chinese would run you out otherwise.

They hate you and despise you.

Dare you know that?

I dare love them in return,

and I dare trust God rather than guns.

Yes, but when there are

anti-foreign riots and mobs...

how often have you fled
to the gunboat for protection?

To my shame, twice,
but never again.

- My name is Hamilton.

- Holman.

How do you do?

This is Miss Eckert and Mr. Jameson.

As you may have gathered,

Mr. Jameson is a missionary. Miss Eckert too.

- This is Mr. Outscout.

- How do you do?

British.

Where are you headed?

The San Pablo.

Gunboat.

If I were you, I'd jump overboard
while I still had time.

- Do you know anything about her?

- Uh-uh.

American gunboats in central China
are a painful local joke.

And the most painful
is the San Pablo.

Oh, yeah?

I think she's something
that you chaps inherited from Spain...
after the Spanish-American war.

Well, I missed that one.

They don't let her
on the Yangtze proper.

They keep her up
in some small river.

- You must know it, Jameson. She operates near Changsha.

- Yes, we know her.

Mr. Jameson

dislikes gunboats.

Whatever flag they fly-

English, French, American.

They're symbols of what the great powers
have done to this nation.

"Nation"?

Don't be ridiculous.

It's a patchwork quilt of bandits,
warlords, mobs, rape, loot and chaos.
China will be unable to put
her own house in order...
until she is free of your enslaving
and unequal treaties.
Foreigners
collecting her taxes...
placed in charge of her customs,
postal system.
Foreigners enjoying
immunity from her laws.
Would we tolerate
a Frenchman...
who had committed
a crime in America...
not to be tried
in our courts?
You know Chinese justice:
confessions by torture,
corruption.
Have you seen the executioner
of the warlords walk through the streets?
"Oh... you. Ah, you. "
- You think that's funny?
- Well, you do it kind of funny.
Yes, I know those things happen,
but they're trying.
Responsible Chinese leaders
are trying to put their house in order.
- From the south, the Nationalist Party-
- Mobs.
That's all I see-
mobs that threaten us.
Confusing, isn't it?
And painful.
I bequeath China and her agonies
to you youngsters...
with pity and with the hope
that perhaps...
you can understand what's going on,
can comprehend...
what so many people
are going to have to die for:

the good, the bad...

the innocent.

Excuse me, sir,

but you're talking rot.

Conceivably.

A firm hand- that's what's needed.

That's what you're doing here.

Hey, listen...

I run the engine.

All this other

is just look-see pidgin.

- I beg your pardon?

- To make a show- something for the officers.

I don't fool with it.

Oh, don't stop.

I can't do no more.

Just butterflies and rabbits.

Is this your first trip

upriver?

Yeah.

Did you understand what

they were talking about last night?

- Politics.

- I'd like to know more.

I'm not a missionary.

I'm a teacher.

If I'm gonna teach,

I ought to know more.

You gonna try to teach

the slopeheads?

Yeah.

I taught back home in high school.

Vermont.

Where's your home?

Well, I was born

in Grover, Utah...

but, uh... my home's

whatever ship I'm on.

You're an engineer, huh?

I would have thought that

the engine on a large ship...

would have been more interesting

than the engine on a gunboat.

Too many guys trying

to tell you how to run it.

- Ah.

- You see, on a small ship...

you haven't got any
of that military cra-

They-

they leave you alone.

I had a brother in the navy
during the war.

He was a lieutenant
in the reserve.

Uh-huh.

- How long have you been in the navy?

- Nine years.

- And out here?

- Seven.

You see...

most China sailors

don't go back.

They pull their 20, 30 years,
shack up with a Chinese girl, open up a bar.

I see.

I keep asking myself the same question
about what I'm doing here.

I'm kind of frightened.

It may be romantic,

but I wanted to be swept up by something.

Then one night, Mr. Jameson came and showed
colored slides in the basement of the church...

slides of his mission,

China Light.

How long you sign up for?

Seven years.

Well... those slopeheads

could use some teaching.

I hope you're good at it.

As long as you're good at something,

they can't bust you down.

Like me, you know,

with the engine.

The reverend will probably tell you
nice American girls don't talk to China sailors.

It's not your brother's navy.

I'm sorry

if I've embarrassed you.

No.

Good-bye.

I can't help feeling
a sort of sadness about his life.

It would be sad if
he wanted something else.

They don't.

They reduce life to a very simple point...
or no point at all.

As long as they obey orders,
the navy talks care of them.

It's a way of life
that appeals to a certain kind of man.

Go.

- I takee. I takee.

- I got it.

- I takee all gear, sailor man.

- Okay.

- Takee. Takee.

- Okay.

Okay. Okay.

- That guy sure likes to carry things.

- It's his rice bowl.

- You must be Holman.

- Yeah.

We was wondering
when you'd get here.

Shanghai slowed me up
a little bit.

Had a hell of time
trying to find you.

We only come down to civilization
every couple of years for overhaul.

Welcome aboard the Sand Pebble.

That's what we call her.

We're Sand Pebbles.

Frenchy Burgoyne.

Yeah. Hey, you got
an engineering officer?

No, just a skipper and the exec.

You'll be the senior engineer.

Yeah?

Wong will show you

your bunk.

I want to look
at the engine first.

All thing proper.

You makee look-see, master.

Any side proper.

All okay.

Hello, engine.

I'm Jake Holman.

Coffee, sailor man?

Ah, good boy, Wong.

Through with the butter?

Welcome aboard.

My name's Bronson.

- Hiya.

- What's your name, buddy?

- Holman.

- Stawski, machinist's mate.

- It's Farren, boatswain's mate second class.

- Howdy.

Redhead over there
is Shanahan, ship's writer.

Yeah, that's me.

Red Dog.

Red Dog "Bite 'em

In the Butt" Shanahan.

Cut it out!

Jennings,
pharmacist's mate.

Hey, Holman, when you meet those pigs
at the Red Cattle at Changsha...

the doc over there
is a man's best friend.

Right, Crosley?

Holman,

what was your last ship?

Flagship, Asiatic Fleet.

Harris, electrician,
foulest mouth in the navy.

Don't get me started.

What do you want for breakfast?

Tell Wong anything you want.

- Eggs.

- Sure. How many?

Half a dozen.

- You got 'em. Over easy or what?

- Yeah, over easy.

- Ham?

- Yeah.

- Okay, Wong.

- Okay.

The old Sand Pebble

ain't much to look at...

but she's sure as hell a home and a feeder.

She sure is, Frenchy.

Hey, Holman...

Clip-Clip here does all the shaving.

I like to do

my own shaving.

It's his rice bowl.

Don't want to break

nobody's rice bowl.

Okay.

- That a boy, Clip-Clip.

- Great breakfast this morning, huh?

Let's go! Come on!

Come on, come on, come on!

Move it, move it!

Fall in at attention!

Let's go!

Come on, come on, come on!

On the double!

Let's go!

Fall in at attention!

Dress right! Front!

Answer to muster.

- Holman!

- Here!

- Report!

- Deck and gunnery divisions all present or accounted for, sir.

Engineering and navigation

all present or accounted for, sir.

- Ship's company all present or accounted for, sir. Posts!

- Very well.

- The clock reads 8:00, Captain.

- Make it so.

Ten-hut!

Dismiss the ship's company.

Aye, aye, sir.
All right, Chief
dismiss the men.
Fall out and turn to. Holman.
Welcome aboard.
I'm Wellbeck, the chief petty officer.
Take a look at the new man's
records, Mr. Bordelles?
- Yes, Captain.
- What did you think?
He seems to be
a first-rate engineer, sir.
Did you take a good look
at his service record?
Yes, sir.
Nothing but 4-0 marks.
In everything
except leadership.
He's had seven transfers
in nine years.
Well, it's almost time
for battle drill, sir.
- What shall we run this morning?
- Repel boarders starboard.
Yes, sir.
Repel boarders starboard!
Repel boarders starboard!
On the double, Holman.
You help man the hose in the waist party.
I'm Chief Franks.
Okay. Grab this.
Waist party manned
and ready, sir!
Get back, you slopeheaded slob!
You slob!
Stand by on that hose.
All right,
cut her in down there!
- Secure from drill!
- Secure from drill!
Secure from drill!
You do this a lot?
Every day except Sunday.
What do you do Sundays?

Turn a machine gun on them?

Come on.

Master.

- You, uh, uh-

- Po-han, master.

Yeah, Po-han, I want
to look-see the bilge side.

- Take up the floor plates. Savvy?

- Me savvy.

Bilge pidgin no can do.

Today must washee portside.

Who the hell are you?

Chien, boss coolie.

No can do bilge pidgin.

Yeah?

I do bilge pidgin.

Look-see pipes.

Learn pidgin all pipes. Savvy?

This ain't

the Chinese navy.

Take it up.

- Master! Master!

- Hey, shut it off!

Shut it off!

Hey! Hey!

What the hell is wrong?

- That boss coolie is gonna get his head bent.

- What?

- He blew the glass on me in the bilges.

- Ah, take it easy.

We always blow the glass
when the watch changes.

- You do, huh?

- Yeah.

He probably didn't even know
you was there.

He knew.

We don't never go
in the bilges...

and if you want Chien's respect,
stay out of them.

I don't care whether
that slopehead respects me.

You better. We couldn't

get along without him.

By God, I can

get along without him.

- Who works for who around here?

- It's a system they got.

If you want something with a bilge coolie,
you go through Chien.

With a deck coolie,
you go through Pappy Tung.

The boss of all the coolies is Lop Eye Shing.

He's captain of the coolies...

- like Collins is with the crew.

- Yeah?

- How the hell did they ever get this thing started?

- Ah, a long time ago...

before I ever shipped on.

Sampan would gang around
the slop-chutes...

and the Chinese would fight each other
for the garbage.

That was no way, so finally the cook
gave one sampan the contract.

Hey, come on.

Relax, huh?

Pretty soon they wasn't only collecting it,
they was scraping dishes and washing them.

In a week, every sailor mess cook
had a Chinese helper to do all the work.

The next thing you knew,
they was sleeping in the galley passageways.

Then they was with the ship for good,
in all the departments.

Of course, it ain't official.

Hey, how do they get paid?

The squeeze- a little here, a little there.

Uncle Sam don't miss it.

- Hey, you got a minute?

- Yeah.

Come on, I'll show you.

They live in the old
crew's quarters.

We never come in here.

Captain don't even inspect it.

Ah, come on.

He's lost enough face
for one day.
If you want to hit one of them,
kick him.
Don't ever touch him
with your hand.
And don't get buddies with a coolie.
That's another kind of trouble.
- And they do all the work?
- Sure.
That leaves us free for standing
topside watches and our primary duty.
Black gangs ain't supposed
to stand topside watches.
On this ship, everybody.
- What is our primary duty?
- Fighting.
- Who do we fight?
- Nobody. Probably never will.
But, like the skipper said,
we're always ready.
Look, Jake,
we got it good here, huh?
I didn't come all the way from the fleet
to have it good. I'm an engineer.
Look, I told you,
let Chien handle the engine.
He'll keep it in shape.
He knows it inside out.
Relax, huh?
Today we begin cruising
to show the flag...
on Tungting Lake
and the Hunan Rivers.
I want all honors
rendered smartly.
At home in America, when today
reaches them, it will be Flag Day.
For us who wear the uniform,
every day is Flag Day.
It is said,
there will be no more wars.
We must pretend
to believe that.

But when war comes...
it is we who will take the first shock
and buy time with our lives.
It is we
who keep the faith.
We serve the flag.
The trade we all follow
is the give-and-take of death.
It is for that purpose
that the people of America maintain us.
And any one of us who believes he has a job
like any other for which he draws a money wage...
is a thief of the food he eats...
and a trespasser in the bunk
in which he lies down to sleep.
Mr. Bordelles, make all preparations
for getting under way.
When was the last time
that was overhauled?
About a month ago.
Captain.
- Yes, Holman.
- Got a bad bearing, sir.
I think it's burnt.
It could tear up the crankshaft.
I'd like permission
to shut down and repair it.
Holman, as long as we move
and smoke boils out of our stack...
we'll make the impression
I want to make to the Chinese.
Yes, sir.
It's still gonna give us trouble, sir.
It never has.
Yes, sir.
Here's a message, sir.
- Full speed ahead.
- Full speed ahead.
Full speed ahead.
Tell the captain she won't
take no more turns.
Holman, why aren't we
up to full speed?
She won't take

no more turns, sir.
We're under orders
to reach Changsha on the double.
She ain't gonna make it.
We've never had
to stop before.
Im just telling you.
That's right.
Tell the captain
we must stop and secure.
As soon as we get the L.P. up at the top,
we'll lock in the jacking gear. That'll hold it.
- A lot of slack in that damn thing, Jake.
- It sure as hell-
Okay, lock it in.
Jacking gear in.
Give me the wrench.
My takee wrench.
My takee wrench.
Okay, Chien.
Hammer.
- Watch it!
- The damn jacking gear gave way!
- Get Jennings down here!
- Aye, aye.
Floor plate down! If you pull him
through there, you'll tear him to pieces.
Frenchy.
Drain valves open?
Frenchy...
don't let no steam build up.
All right, come on.
Up! Out! Come on.
Easy, easy.
Jennings, grab his hands.
Easy.
Easy now.
Okay.
- Slow engine.
- Slow engine.
Stand by all lines!
Get cleaned up.
The captain's waiting for you.
A man has been killed on this ship

for the first time, Holman. I want to know why.

One of the keys in the jacking gear
that holds the crank jarred out, sir.

- Why?

- Vibration.

- Why the vibration?

- Because of the bearing knock, sir.

I guess one of them keys
has been missing for a long time...
and the other was just
being held in by rust.

Can you fix any personal
responsibility for this?

- For the jacking gear, sir?

- For the accident, Holman.

If there hadn't have been a knock in the L.P.,
there wouldn't have been vibrations.

Chien handled the overhaul.

He should have fixed it, sir.

Are you saying

that Chien killed himself?

I'll remind you that he worked
under supervision.

Can't supervise an overhaul and stand
deck watches at the same time, sir.

Black gangs should stand their
watches in the engine room, sir.

Lop Eye Shing, the number one coolie,
says that you killed Chien.

You threw the engine
in some mysterious way.

Now, that may be superstition,
but it's very real to them.

Your resentment of Chien
was well known.

The system you got on this ship
is what killed him, sir.

Holman, you will immediately train
a new coolie to take Chien's place.
Give it your full time. That's all.

Sir, they ain't got the brains
to learn about that engine.

- They operate it efficiently enough.

- It's all monkey-see, monkey-do.

They don't know what's happening
with that engine.
It's not necessary they should.
If you let me run that engine room
the way I'm supposed to, sir...
- I can give you up to 12 knots
and no breakdowns- - Holman...
I'm the one here who decides
what jobs will be done by whom.
The crew of this ship
is designed...
just like the machinery
that powers this ship.
Captains before me designed
the San Pablo for a special job...
that we have here
on the backwaters of China.
But men will not hold together
like brass and steel.
We have to refit ourselves
into the design every day.
That's the purpose
of all we do in San Pablo.
As part of that design,
you cannot be excused...
to do what you prefer to do,
no matter how well you do it.
You will train a new coolie
and then return to your military duties.
That's all, Holman.
Come on.
Red Dog!
Bring back- Bring our whiskey back!
Hey, Jake.
Jake!
- How'd you make out with the captain?
- One piece whiskey.
We ain't waltzing.
What happened?
- Collins says us Sand Pebbles is like machinery, only we're different.
- Huh?
We gotta keep changing 'cause we ain't
made out of brass. Think that one over.
Did he say nothing about Chien?

Yeah. Gotta train a new coolie.

- What?

- Yeah, one of them slopeheads.

I can't do it, Frenchy.

They think that engine's got ghosts in it.

- Sailor man.

- I'm broke.

Hey, Mama Chunk,

where's the new stuff?

You all the time

same Sand Pebble sailor.

What's the matter?

No like all the same girls?

- Hey, Frenchy.

- Hi, Mama.

What's the matter?

No takee girl topside?

Give me time.

- I think you too old a man.

- "Too old"? "Too old"?

Wait, you new sailor.

What you name?

- Holman.

- Holman. Holman?

Yeah, Holman.

Have got one piecee

new girl topside.

Brand-new.

She now makee pretty.

I supposee

she come see you?

- Well-

- Yeah, you send her over, Mama.

- Oh, nice Frenchy.

- Hey, Ski!

Your eyes are bigger than your-

Hey.

Okay. Right over here, loveyduck.

Best table in the house.

Right here, sit.

Clear out, you slobs!

Back to your pigs!

My name is Ski.

Ski. Savvy?

What name you?

My name is Maily.

- Say that again.

- My name is Maily.

Did you hear that?

A Vassar girl.

- Hello, Maily.

- Ski, I am your buddy.

- Shove off, Restorff!

- Hey, Ski, pal-

Come on. I'm sure you have
your own joy junks to go to!

Why don't you vamoose?

Come on, you guys! Beat it! Beat it!

Maily, what will
you have to drink?

I should warn you.

I get a commission on what I drink.

All I drink is cold tea,
but you'll have to pay for whiskey.

Oh, I see.

Yeah, sure.

Boy, catch

two piecee whiskey!

Relax. Relax, Maily.

- I keep books for Mr. Shu...

- Oh.

and act as hostess.

I'm very pleased
to meet all of you.

Yeah.

Where'd you learn
to talk English like that?

My secret.

- Where do you come from?

- New Jersey.

- Oh, yes. Trenton.

- Yeah, Trenton's in New Jersey.

That's where Washington
crossed the Delaware.

That was a little before my time.

As hostess, I'm supposed
to divide my time...

among all the tables.

It's been very pleasant meeting
all of you, but I must go now.
Oh, no, no. Not till we take
a little trip across the Delaware.
I don't go upstairs.
I'm only a hostess.
Ski, she don't love you.
Hey, Ski, go get some air.
Mr. Ski, please!
Please don't!
- Ski, let her alone!
- You go to hell!
Hold it, Frenchy.
This little girl's got duties,
just like sailors.
- Oh, please!
- Let her go!
Now, Frenchy, stand fast.
That's an order.
You know better than to mess with another
man's girl... till he's through with her.
What's the matter? Wait.
What's the matter?
You want to go topside her, pay money.
- Money.
- Money. Money. Okay.
- Come on, topside.
- Wait.
This girl a first time.
Must pay \$200.
\$200?
I'll give you \$10 Mexican.
Come on.
\$200.
- You think I'm an admiral?
- That be first-time price.
- Who say so?
- Victor Shu.
\$200.
- Nobody's ever gonna have that much.
- \$200.
I'll be damned.
- I'm still drinking with her anyway.
- No.

- She go other table now.

- Now wait a minute.

You can't change the house rules
just like that, damn it.

As long as I pay for her drinks,
I keep her.

What's a-matter you?

You crazy?

Come on, Mama.

Come on, Mama.

All right, break it up.

All right, break it up. Go back to your pigs.

You likee talk to pretty girl?

Yeah, sure, Mama.

Why don't you grab a table?

Yeah. Come on. Sit down.

- What's your name?

- Frenchy.

- And yours?

- Jake Holman.

- Mine is Maily.

- How do you do?

- Thank you very much for helping me.

- Oh, it was nothing.

Where are you from,

Mr. Holman?

- Utah.

- Oh, Salt Lake City.

- Uh-huh.

- I-I'm from Philadelphia.

- Yes, Liberty Bell.

- Uh-huh.

Is Utah nice?

For some people.

Well... I guess I better
get back to ship.

Yeah, thanks, buddy.

- So long.

- See you.

Now there's a guy who knows when to leave.

Where did you learn to speak

English this good, Maily?

My secret.

Oh.

Why \$200?
Is there something special about \$200?
Yeah, I know...
your secret, huh?
Well... what happens
when Shu gets his \$200?
I go to Hankow,
to Shanghai.
I'm free.
I wish I had 200.
I mean just to give you.
You would do that?
Yeah, sure.
- Look, I- I'll get it.
- Time's up.
Next table. You gotta work
fast around here, boy.
My name's Farren.
I don't come from nowhere...
and I don't want
to talk no geography.
Anybody want to shoot
a little craps?
You ain't getting
200 bucks from me, lover boy.
Next trip, Frenchy.
Next trip.
Hey... come here.
You-
You likee be boss?
All same
like Chien?
Like same who?
Chien, number one
engine coolie.
Him all die.
Yeah, him all die,
and that's too bad.
But I wantee new boss. Savvy?
Teachee all pidgin.
Oh... engine's not proper?
No, the engine's okay.
Teach you how to run it right.
Come here.

Now... the valve.
See that?
Belong same.
- Valve.
- "Wowel. "
- Valve.
- "Wowel. "
"Wowel. "
Yeah.
Okay. "Wowel. "
Now, main steam
stop valve.
Main steam stop "wowel. "
Where?
You find.
No, no.
No, not proper "wowel. "
Main steam stop...
"wowel. "
Main steam stop "wowel"?
- Yeah.
- Main steam stop "wowel"?
Main steam
stop valve.
But I don't know.
You, me...
can do... Jake.
Okay.
If you go that way,
then we're going reverse.
- Okay?
- Okay.
Huh?
The generator...
makes juice for the lights.
See?
Okay.
This is the boiler.
Inside belongs live steam.
Savvy?
Strong steam.
- "S-s-stim. "
- Steam.
"Stim. "

Live "stim"
goes through this pipe.
Live "stim" goes into the feed pump.
Live "stim" make pump go-
Live "stim", huh?
Live "stim. " Live "stim. " Live "stim. "
Exhaust "stim. "
Condenser.
Makee steam all dead.
You know, sleepy steam.
Live "stim. "
Dead "stim. "
Before live "stim. "
Now water.
Water belong dead "stim. "
All same dead "stim. "
"Stim" dead.
- Stim dead!
- That's right.
That's it.
Now you got it.
That's right.
That's the way it works.
That's the throttle.
I'll teach you
about that throttle one day.
Go ahead, grab ahold of it.
- Boo!
There ain't no ghosts
in that engine.
Hey.
- Who's your new throttle man?
- Out.
Why don't you ask the new throttle man
if you can have some coffee, Ski?
Maybe he'll let you
use his cup.
Yeah. Why, you slant-eyed bastard-
Holman, you better watch out.
Let that slopehead drink coffee down here,
touch the throttle.
You watch out, Holman.
Get you real good!
Pick up your coffee cup.

Looks like you ain't
runnin, this ship after all, Lop Eye.
Sir, do you think it's wise
overruling Lop Eye about the coolie?
That's not what I've done.
The crew wants Po-han off the ship.
They seem to believe Stawski
about what happened in the engine room.
- You believe Holman, sir?
- Not necessarily, but he makes more sense.
Yes, sir, but Lop Eye's
the one who fired Po-han.
He'll lose face if Holman
makes the crew change their mind.
Unlikely as that is,
it might serve a purpose.
Lop Eye has a tendency
to forget his place from time to time.
That's right.
That's what happened, Holman.
The slopehead hit me, and you jumped me
before I had a chance to kill him.
- Right, Perna?
- Just like that.
You're lucky
I busted it up when I did.
If he'd have hit you,
he would have killed you.
The slopehead would have killed me?
You never- You ever
see a slopehead fight?
- You guys saw a slopehead fight.
- Yeah.
He would have
put out your lights.
- Who says so?
- I got 50 bucks that says so.
- I'll take it.
- You got it.
- You got any more?
- Yeah, I'll take some of that.
Now wait a minute.
Hold it, hold it, hold it!
Just one minute!

Hold it!

Who's gonna do
the fighting here?

I don't go for it
unless you bet me 100.

- You holding 100?

- Yeah, I'm holding 100.

And I need 200 to buy myself
a very special present.

A hundred says
he'll take you.

- Oh, Maily, Maily, here I come!

Hey, hold it.

Beside the money,
if Po-han wins, he stays aboard.

That's my deal.

- Sure.

- It's a cinch.

He's not gonna win
anyway.

- Bets right here.

- You said 50, huh?

- You got any more, "Holmang"?

- I got an extra 50.

- I'll bet you 10 on the side the slopehead don't fight.

- He'll fight.

Put me down for 10.

Hey, Chief, when is it gonna start?

- Frenchy, you mustn't worry.

- How the hell can you say that?

- Excuse me.

- If Ski gets me, then-

- Then he's supposed to.

- That big ape?

It will only mean
that I'm being punished.

- For what?

- My secret.

Look, you quit
that "my secret" stuff.

Who'd want to punish you?

God.

- Who?

- God.

- What'd you do to him?
- I-
I stole some money...
from American missionaries.
They found me as a baby
and brought me up.
- Why did you steal it?
- To get away.
They wanted me
to be a missionary too.
Oh.
I meant to go to Shanghai and earn
enough money to send it back to them.
But I couldn't get there,
so I came to Changsha instead...
and Mr. Shu advanced it...
and now he must be paid.
And so must God.
You're bughouse, Maily.
What kind of religion did they teach you?
- Don't you worry about it.
- That Chinaman can't fight.
Yeah, he's big...
but he's blubber.
How can you fight
and drink beer?
Po-han, get him in the throat...
in the kidneys, in the gut.
- Hurt him.
- Too much cold this side.
Suppose cold this side,
any man no can fight.
You plenty time
fight Chinese man.
- How you no fashion fight Stawski?
- Ski no same.
Come on, boy!
Listen to me.
He's gonna try to hurt you.
Forget what color he is.
You want you come back ship,
you fight.
Fight.
Give me a bell.

- Come on out here.
- All right, let's go.
Come on, Po-han. Get out here.
Come on, come on, come on.
No kickee, no scratchee.
None of that stuff. You savvy?
- Me savvy. - All
right. - Me no savvy.
Wait you, wait you.
Give me a bell.
Okay, let's go.
Come on, hit me. Come on.
Come on. Hit me.
What's the matter? Your man
don't seem to fight, huh?
I'll give you even money
Ski don't knock him out in the first round.
You're gonna blow your dough, Harris.
Drop anchor, will ya?
Hit him!
What do I do now, Ma?
This is gonna be like
the Dempsey-Firpo fight.
Come on, fight! Fight!
Fight!
Hit him!
Break! Break!
- Hi. How are ya?
- Hit him!
Hit him!
Get up, Ski!
Get up there!
Get him, Ski!
Get him!
Get him! Break his head!
- Hit him!
- Get him!
One, two-
Finish him off!
One, two...
- three, four, five...
- He wants his mother, Ski! He wants his mommy!
- Get back here, you-
- six, seven...

eight-
Thanks for the 50, Holman!
Now listen...
he's getting tired.
You think
he tired hit me?
I'm telling ya,
he's running out of steam.
Now hit him, Po-han.
Hit him in the guts.
Hammer! Hammer!
Pack your bags for that trip
across the Delaware, baby!
Hammer!
Hammer!
Hammer!
Why you-
Get him, Ski!
- One, two-
- Get up! Get up!
Hammer! Hammer!
Come on, Ski!
Belt him!
Open his face!
Tear his head off!
Hit him! Hit him!
Hammer!
Hammer more!
This is what happens
when you train on beer!
Finish him this round.
You'll need your strength
for the main event.
Oh, yeah!
Hammer! He's ready to go down.
Hammer. Hammer!
Yeah, "hammer, hammer. "
Hit him in the gut. In the gut.
- Kiss your money good-bye, Holman.
- One...
- two, three, four...
- Jake, me lose fight, you lose money?
- five, six, seven...
- Yeah, I lose money, but you lose ship.

eight-
Come on, fight!
One, two...
three, four-
One, two, three, four-
Put him down!
Put him down!
Hammer!
Hit the bum!
Hammer! Hammer!
One, two, three, four...
- Get up, Ski!
- five, six...
- Get up, you slob! Get up, Ski!
- seven...
eight, nine-
- One, two, three-
- Get up, Ski!
Four, five-
Emergency recall!
Everybody, back to the ship on the double!
Finish the count!
- Six-
- Let him alone.
Eight, nine, ten!
Maily! I told you! What'd I tell you?
Me go back to ship?
You're damn right you do.
What's the matter, you sailors?
- Come on! Let's go!
- What the hell's going on up there, Waldron?
Who's blowing that whistle?
On the double!
On the double, there!
- Move it! Move it!
- What's going on?
Let's go! Let's go!
Come on, Chief!
Get 'em aboard! Look alive!
Come on! Come on!
Get steam up, Mr. Bordelles.
Stand by to cast off lines and drift
if we don't get steam up fast enough.
We'll anchor in the channel. Sober the

men up fast. We may have to repel boarders.
Aye, aye, sir. Chief make all preparations
for getting underway!

Now hear this! Make all preparations
for getting under way!

Holman, get steam

up to the engine on the double.

Just a moment.

Wait a minute.

Up on the bridge.

- Steam coming up on number two.

- Right, I'll get the steam pump.

Where you going?

You're boss now.

Look sharp on those lines!

- All hands are on board, Captain!

- Very well!

- Cast off all lines!

- Cast off all lines!

- Get 'em in! Get 'em in!

- On the double!

Last night at Wahnsien,
up the gorges of the Yangtze...

two British warships
fought it out with a local warlord.
200 Chinese were killed
and 150 British.

The Bolsheviks are now saying
2,000 innocent Chinese were slaughtered.

- We're up against a new strategy of lies, Mr. Bordelles.

- I see, sir.

The students of China
are supporting a new leader...

Chiang Kai-Shek
of the Nationalist Party.

He's leading an army north
to wipe out the warlords.

- What are we to do, sir?

- We have new orders, Mr. Bordelles:

- Not to fire back.

- Sir?

Not to fire back.

I don't understand, sir.

Apparently, we're being

blamed for everything.
"The foreign devils. "
It's an old trick, Mr. Bordelles.
To unify people by getting them to hate
something or someone. Well, we're it.
They all want to get rid of us:
Chiang Kai-Shek, peacefully-
the Communists in the movement, by force.
And we're supposed
to grin and bear it...
because if we fire back, we give them
new propaganda to use against us...
and, apparently, we play into the hands
of the Communist element...
who want us to start a real war
so that Russia can come to China's rescue...
and, in that way, take her over.
It is an accident of history
that we and the San Pablo...
are the first American armed unit
to come face-to-face with this new thing.
How we face it can be
our great honor or our dishonor.
I intend that
it shall be our honor.
Our government has decided
for the present...
not to treat this fighting between
Chiang Kai-Shek and the other warlords...
as just another warlord squabble.
We will treat it
as an authentic civil war...
in which we must remain
very carefully neutral.
The United States government
has ordered the evacuation of central China.
We should be making one last
trip to Paoshan...
to rescue the missionaries
at China Light.
Make all preparations
for getting under way.
- Stop engine.
- Stop engine.

Those are the China Light people,
but I don't see Jameson.

- Where's Jameson?

- He wouldn't come!

Take the motor pan
to China Light and get him.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Shove off at once. Damn nonsense.

Mr. Jameson is
in my custody.

- Yes?

- Mr. Jameson, please.

Come in.

He's down the hall.

Hi.

She's a schoolteacher.

- I met her on a steamer coming up from Shanghai.

- Yeah?

She's a lady.

They'd do great

on the San Pablo, huh?

Collins would have them
standing like that all day.

- Hello.

- Hi. Thanks.

- Oh, thank you.

- I'm Shirley Eckert.

- Oh, pleased to meet you.

- How do you do?

Those kids stand like that much longer,
they're gonna melt.

What's all the machinery
you got over there?

A lot of things

we don't understand.

I thought about you
the minute I saw it.

- How do you like your gunboat?

- It's okay.

- You like it teaching here?

- Oh, yes, very much.

That's to make beet sugar,
and this is for electric light.

- You ought to be running them.

- Cho-jen.
- How come you ain't running them?
- We don't know how.
Some wealthy man
from Philadelphia sent them.
Cho-jen.
That's Cho-jen.
He's a leader
of the students in this district.
I want you to meet him.
He's very bright.
Cho-jen, this is Mr. Holman.
He's an engineer.
- Hiya.
- Hello.
Where's your direction manuals?
Machinery like this usually has them.
I think Mr. Jameson has them.
That Cho-jen- he a Bolshevik?
Oh, no.
Chiang Kai-Shek is his god.
For all of them,
he's the hope.
How come he tied a can
to the reverend?
Mr. Jameson stood trial
in a Chinese court here.
He's under sentence of death.
Opium was found growing
on a remote piece of mission property.
He didn't know about it,
but, technically, he's responsible.
Why'd he go to a Chinese court?
He could have ducked that.
He didn't want to.
He's in Cho-jen's custody now.
We're going to Changsha to appeal
the sentence to a higher court.
We're sure it'll be changed,
and then we can return to our work here.
Changsha?
That's where we're going.
We heard you were talking the missionaries
all the way down to Hankow.

Changsha.

Shirley!

The San Pablo

is going to Changsha.

It'll be quicker

than going overland.

Cho-jen has agreed. We'll be leaving

as soon as you can get ready.

I'll go pack.

Now don't take too much.

I'm sure we'll be returning.

Steam is up. We'll get underway

as soon as the motor pan is secured.

Aye, aye, sir.

- Repel boarders port side, on the double.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Repel boarders port side!

Repel boarders port side!

Repel boarders port side!

- Don't shoot unless they attack! Await the word!

- Await the word!

It's the bilge coolie, Captain!

- Hold fire!

- Hold fire! Hold fire!

- What was he doing ashore?

- I send.

- Cho-jen?

- They're not ours.

What is he saying?

He says, "Watch what we do

to the running dog. "

Who is it, sir?

It's Po-han.

Offer ransom. Speak.

I pay money, \$100.

- No, sir.

- Speak!

- What?

- They dare ship to shoot.

Yes, they'd like another incident.

They'd like a war.

Tell them 200.

400!

- You dirty bastards!

- Stand clear of that gun!
- They're killing that coolie!
- Stand clear! Bronson, take over.
Hold station, Holman.
500!
Steady. Hold station, Holman.
- Offer 1,000!
- Holman, get back to your station.
- Do something!
- Get below or I'll have you shot for a mutineer!
- Well, shoot something!
Po-han say
somebody shoot him.
Holman!
Holman!
- Jake-
- Get out!
That man this afternoon-
Who was he?
He was a bilge coolie
I'd trained.
So you became
a teacher too, hmm?
Yeah.
That's good.
If you had killed one of the other Chinese,
there would have been a massacre.
We would have had to open fire, and it
might have been the war the Bolsheviks want.
You realize that, don't you?
As it is, in killing the coolie...
though I can understand your feelings,
I can't condone what you did.
However, I choose
to ignore it officially...
on condition
you request a transfer.
You're opposed to the whole spirit
aboard the San Pablo, Holman.
You've disrupted the morale
of the crew.
You've been directly
or indirectly involved...
in the only two deaths

this ship has ever had...

and the men consider you
a Jonah.

If you won't request a transfer to keep
your record clean, then I'll request it.
I'll request it, sir.

You want me
to keep running the engine?

Yes.

It will be sometime before
a replacement can get here.

That'll be all.

- Engine ahead one-third.

- Engine ahead one-third.

- Prepare to drop anchor out here.

- Aye, aye, sir. Stand by the anchor.

- Stop engine.

- Stop engine.

Let go the anchor!

Did you ever find out
what happened to them engine manuals?

Mr. Jameson says he has them.

Hit those boats with a hose
if they get too close.

Aye, aye, sir.

Get a fire hose up here.

Right.

The boatman's union has declared
a strike on your ship!

When the missionaries go ashore,
send an armed escort with them.

- With what orders, sir?

- The same orders the ship has.

Fire only to save

American lives...

and then only when

everything else fails.

We demand that

you permit us to take off...

the citizens of Republic of China

who you are holding against their will!

You can go to hell!

- Hit them with the hose!

- Aye, aye, sir.

Give us the water.
Your left, right, left.
Your left, your left,
your left, right, left.
Left, left, left, right, left.
Left, left,
left, right, left.
Detail... halt!
Mr. Jameson.
Miss Eckert, how nice to see you again.
How do you do?
Left... face!
Mr. Bordelles,
this is Major Chin...
of the Nationalist
Chinese Army.
What is your mission here,
Mr. Bordelles?
I ask you that,
Major Chin.
This compound
is American property.
It is Chinese soil.
I have authority under Chinese law...
to commandeer part of this place
for battalion headquarters.
You have no right
to be here under arms.
I will have you and your men
escorted back to your ship.
Let me warn you, Major Chin.
If your superior officers are not prepared
to go to war against the United States...
they will undoubtedly disavow
your actions and make amends.
Do you understand my meaning?
It has happened before.
All too often before,
but we've had enough now.
I will quote
your own history to you.
If you mean to have a war,
let it begin here.
Gentlemen, please. Mr. Bordelles,

we're perfectly safe here with Major Chin.
You may have your men
sling arms...
or you may have them
lay down their arms.
You may go under escort
or you may go under full arrest.
That is all the choice I will give you,
and you must make it now!
Sling... arms!
Right... face!
Right
and left about...
turn!
Detail...
forward march!
Don't wash it.
Burn it!
- Burn it.
- Throw that out.
Nobody could wash it clean enough
for me to wear again.
- What the hell happened?
- Shut up!
Wash this,
will you?
Will there still
be liberty, sir?
I have no instructions
to the contrary.
They'll tear
the town apart.
Restrict it to that place
they usually go.
Aye, sir.
- Where you been?
- Nobody would rent me a room for Maily.
- Did you get one?
- Yeah, finally. It cost me an arm and a leg.
- What's going on?
- She's been sitting with them since I got here.
I think they got her drinking.
- Did you tell her?
- I ain't had a chance.

Give me the dough, Frenchy.

- I'll talk to Shu, have him get her away from them.

- Yeah.

Shu... I got the 200 for Maily.

Let's do it quiet.

Just pry her loose from those guys
in a few minutes and bring her outside.

I got the 200.

Outside.

I'll say 210.

How about it, sailor?

210?

You said the price

was 200, Shu.

- I said 210.

- Butt out of this, mister.

- Break it up, you guys.

- You got no authority over me, sailor!

He's right.

Match it.

I'll pay 210.

- 220.

- Auction! Auction!

- How about it, Mr. Shu?

- Yeah, that's a good idea.

We haven't had an auction
here yet. Let's do it.

- Mr. Shu?

- Why not?

Keep clear!

Put her up on the block.

Put her on the block!

Ladies and gentlemen,
now just look at this merchandise.

What am I bid for this clean,
delicious piece of girl flesh?

- What am I bid?

- 230! - And 40!

Boys, that won't
even buy one leg.

Fresh new goods...

untouched

by human hands.

- Let's bid it up here.

- 250!

- 275.

- 275.

More, more!

Boys!

- What?

- Who'll say 300 and we see it all?

Come on.

All right.

Let's take a look at her.

- 300.

- 300. I got-

300!

Now let her go, damn you!

She ain't yours yet, buddy.

- 325.

- 325.

- Do I hear 350?

- 350!

- 350.

- Hey, hey, strip her. Strip her!

- What about it?

- Strip her!

- Go ahead and strip her!

- Strip her! Strip her!

- Strip her! Strip her!

- I said 350! That's it!

- Bid 400 and we strip her.

- Okay, 400!

Strip her!

Let's go.

Hey, come on!

Watch the steps. They're slippery.

It's down this way.

- Anybody after us?

- Nah.

- Let me go back.

- No.

- After all that?

- Please?

Hell, no!

If I get my hands on those guys-

You got enough troubles.

What happens now?

I guess I'll go back tomorrow,
pay Shu the 200.

That's all she owes him.

Okay.

- I'll see you.

- No. Hey, hang on a minute. I'll go with you.

You all right?

Sorry as hell about-

You'll be okay here.

I'm gonna go tomorrow and pay Shu
just what you owe him.

Then I'll get you
on a train to Shanghai.

If I can't get you
on a train right away...

you can stay here.

Maybe I'll, uh...

drop in.

I sure as hell apologize.

I don't know what to say
about those guys. They-

You all right?

Let me go away.

Just let me go away.

No, I want you to go to Shanghai
like you want, but not just away.

I'll do what you want.

You bought me.

No... I didn't buy you.

Sure, I-I'm gonna
pay some money...

but... I'm not buying you.

I don't want it to be-

Well, I don't want it to be...
like that between us.

I want it to be
something else.

It's gotta be
something else.

You'll be all right.

Please- please don't leave me.

- Jake.

- Yeah?

- I want to marry her.

- Hey, wait a minute.
I don't know
what I've been doing...
years with them dumb pigs.
They got a law.
You can't marry
no Chinese girl.
One of them missionaries
might marry us.
They ain't gonna do it.
Why don't you
just move in with her?
No. I don't want that.
Maybe we could get it done
in Chinese.
I just know
I want to marry her.
Okay.
Sounds kind of nuts,
but guys catch these birds...
so you'll buy one
and then set it free.
Just for the hell-
for the fun of it.
- Go ahead.
- It's a lovely idea.
It's supposed to make you feel like when
you help an old lady across the street.
Go, fella.
It does. It's ridiculous,
but it makes you feel marvelous.
- What happens if you make it?
- You get a wish.
Oh.
Jake, you made it!
You got it! You get a wish!
What do you want?
I don't know.
There must be
something.
I used to want an engine.
Isn't the engine
still important?
Not like it used to be.

Why don't you take my wish?

Okay.

Oh, Mr. Jameson said

I could lend these to you.

These are the booklets
for the machinery.

- Okay, I'll look them over.

- All right.

- Go ahead. Take your wish.

- Okay.

- Jake?

- Huh?

- Don't you want to know?

- Know what?

- Don't you want to know what I wished for?

- Okay.

I wished that someday you'd feel
like telling me more about yourself.

Sometime.

When you feel like it.

Okay.

So then what happened?

You just keep pulling,
don't you?

You cant just stop
in the middle.

Why not?

Because it's about you.

I'd like to know.

Okay.

- I graduated at the head of my class.

- Jake-

I got kicked out of school.

Oh.

"Oh"?

No, I mean it.

What happened?

Me and this guy got in it
at a class picnic.

He brought a couple bottles of booze,
and he was charging double for drinks.

I never liked him anyhow,
so I hung one on him.

The thing was, though, I was gonna

get my diploma in a couple months.
So I went to see the principal.
He was one of them
soft, smiley kind of guys.
He said, "If you'll sign this paper saying
you were the one that brought the booze...
that will be that. "
So, like a bonehead, I signed it.
Then he looks at the paper.
He smiles and says,
"I'll have to think about it. "
So I guess I started swinging.
I forgot he was wearing glasses,
and I put out his eye.
So anyhow, the judge says,
"You've got three choices:
army, navy, reform school. "
Why did you pick the navy?
Well, ain't much water in Utah.
Jake.
Wasn't there anybody
to stick up for you with the judge?
My mother.
She didn't count for very much
around there though.
But a good dame.
We're mixing
our lives together, Maily.
We'll never be able to unmix them again...
and we'll never want to.
I take you for what you are
and all that you are...
and mix you
with all of me.
And I don't
hold back nothing.
When you're cold and hungry
and afraid, so am I.
I'm gonna stay with you
all I can...
and take the best care
of you I can.
And love you... till I die.
Now you say it.

I will always love you...
and honor and serve you...
and stay as near
to you as I can...
and do everything for you...
and live for you.
I won't have any life...
except our life together.
I will just love you, Frenchy.
All of me
loving you forever.
Now we're married.
You want to put a hand
on ours for luck?
I hope you have luck, and I hope
it goes smooth and easy for you.
Thanks for coming.
They seem
very much in love.
- Frenchy is.
- Not Maily?
- Yeah, but she knows she's not fooling herself.
- About what?
Well, for one thing,
she's Chinese...
and, for another, one day
he's gonna get shipped out.
- She could follow him.
- Where?
What they got right now
ain't no good.
Frenchy says they got something called a block
committee trying to kick them out of their rooms.
Where are they gonna go?
Just running from hole to hole.
Still, I envy them.
Jake?
- It ain't gonna work, Shirley.
- Why?
'Cause you're going back
to China Light pretty soon...
and I'm going back
to the fleet.
Jake... come back

to China Light with us now.
You know how hard they look
for deserters, Shirley...
and what happens to them
when they catch them?
Well, I just thought...
knowing how you feel
about the military...
and that you
taught Po-han-
That ain't what
we're talking about.
Oh, it's good up there.
It can be a good life.
The court's agreed
to let Mr. Jameson go back.
You could come as a kind
of engineering missionary.
I shouldn't have suggested it.
I'm sorry.
I told you not to talk
to sailors, didn't I?
Go on!
Hey, look. I wonder what's the matter.
They're jumping all over.
Hey, it's our coolies.
They're jumping ship.
Bend off.
- Hey, what the hell happened?
- Shing planted opium on board and said it was ours.
Collins told Ski to handle it.
The bonehead dumped it in the furnace.
The captain told me
to get rid of it.
- We can't run this ship without coolies.
- We're gonna.
Shall we try to mask
the smoke with rubber, Captain?
It's too late, Mr. Bordelles.
It's too late.
The San Pablo is now in a state of siege
here and will be all winter.
The water level in the channel is already
too low for us to leave before spring.

There will be no liberty...
no contact with the shore except a guard
mail trip to the consulate once a week.
Each of you will get a chance
to make this trip once.
They have singled out
San Pablo for destruction...
using their new weapons
of boycott and propaganda.
They expect, in the end,
to haul down the flag...
in shame and disgrace.
We will not
let them do that.
When the time comes,
we will defend our flag with our life's blood.
They will watch us
every minute.
They will gloat over every
rust streak down our sides...
every sign of military slackness.
They expect to destroy us...
but it will only
make us stronger.
That's all. Carry on.
All right, Chief, carry on.
Ten-hut! Dismissed.
The next incident, they could
just as well turn on him and kill him.
Well, at least
he's off our necks, sir.
Our primary mission is still
to defend American lives...
even if they are
damned fools.
Pray for an early spring...
or permission to open fire.
Frenchy, you mustn't
come here anymore.
- You must stay on the ship.
- No.
Sometimes when I come here...
I think maybe you've gone...
they've chased you away

someplace I can't find you.
- Maybe it would be better.
- No, sweetie, don't say that.
I can't help it.
I'm nothing.
I'm not Chinese.
I'm not American.
And-And the child
will be nothing.
He'll be ours...
like you're mine.
That's all we need.
Hey, Harris, lay below and clean up your
stinking mess. I'm not gonna do your work!
I'm not gonna stand
any more of your watches.
- Listen, Harris, lay below! I said, lay below, Harris!
- Oh, who are you, Perna?
- Cut it out, you guys!
- Let 'em go!
Get the deck aids to help you.
What the hell's
the matter with you guys?
Ain't there enough trouble
with those slopeheads?
Take him down below
where he belongs!
You get down there yourself!
Get down!
I'll give you one more try!
Now get down!
The rest of you, what are you
standing around here for?
I want you to start
wearing sidearms. Franks too.
When the water
in the channel rises...
and we can get down to Shanghai,
everything will be all right.
Till then, the men
are not responsible.
They have to be protected.
- So stay clear of them.
- Aye, aye, sir.

There's never been a mutiny
aboard a United States ship of war.
I'm not gonna give them
the slightest chance on this one.
I understand, sir.
I told him to go back to the ship...
to see a doctor.
But he was afraid
they would lock him up.
How long has he been dead?
Last night.
You can't stay here.
I'll be all right.
You go back
to your ship.
I'm all through with that.
Come up to China Light with me.
I can't.
Listen. Listen.
Frenchy
would want you to.
It's gonna be
all different up there.
Nobody's gonna ask you
whether you're Chinese...
or American...
or where's your father
or anything.
Its just gonna be everybody,
all together.
You got your kid
to think about.
Shirley says
they grow vegetables...
and they got a milk goat.
What the hell happened?
Don't say nothing about this
on the ship, will you?
All right.
Captain! Mr. Bordelles!
Captain?
- Repel boarders.
- Repel boarders!
All hands to stations!

Repel boarders!
Repel boarders!
Hey, what the-
- Get Holman up here on the double.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Captain wants
to see you.
- What the hell they mean?
- Now what's going on?
I don't know.
- What's this all about?
- I don't know, sir.
You were ashore yesterday.
What happened? Tell me. That's an order.
I don't know anything
about no murder, sir.
He is a murderer! He killed a Chinese
woman who was carrying his child!
What is it?
What's he talking about?
Frenchy's wife, Maily-
I think they killed her.
What happened?
Frenchy's dead.
He got sick...
and he couldn't make it back.
While I was there,
they busted in, and they-
I didn't think they'd do that.
They say you killed her.
That's all that's important.
How do they know your name?
They must have found my hat.
Within two days, this will be
an international incident.
American gunboat sailor
kills Chinese woman.
Is the channel deep enough yet?
I think we could make it, sir.
We may have to fight
our way out of here.
Not for you, personally, Holman.
You only matter now
as a symbol of your country.

That's all.

- Secure from repel boarders.

- Aye, aye, sir.

We want to talk to you.

The word is, they ain't gonna let us
out of here till they get you.

Even if we did get out, as long
as you're aboard, they ain't gonna give up.
They got guns between here and Hankow,
blow us out of the water.

You ought

to turn yourself in.

Tell the captain you'll go ashore
and stand trial, so we can get out of here.

I didn't kill Maily.

Then you got no problems.

They'll let you go.

You give yourself up, Holman.

You've been a Jonah
since the day you come aboard.

Captain.

Looks like Nationalist
soldiers this time, Captain.

- Repel boarders. Get Holman up to the flying bridge.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Under just and equal law
of nations...

we demand you give up
murderer Holman for peoples justice.

Under the just law of nations,
you people are pirates.

I will not parley with you.

We will! Come and get him!

Come and get him!

Silence from the main deck!

Holman, come down.

Holman!

Come down!

Holman, come down.

Holman, come down.

Holman, come down.

Holman, come down!

Holman, come down!

If you make any effort to give yourself up-

Holman, come down!
You in the sampan, shove off!
Shove off or I'll fire into you!
Crosley, fire a burst into the water.
Crosley, damn you, fire a burst!
The gun is jammed, sir.
- Bronson, fire a burst!
- Guns jammed, sir.
Holman, come down!
Holman, come down! Holman,
come down! Holman, come down!
Holman, come down!
Holman, come down.
Holman-
Mr. Bordelles, make all preparations
for getting underway.
Take her out of rifle range
and anchor her.
Aye, aye, sir.
Captain?
Uh-
Make preparations
for getting underway.
Aye, aye, sir.
Here, wear this.
Come back up as soon as we secure.
Make all preparations
for getting underway!
Captain? Sir?
There's an urgent message.
Nationalist troops have taken Nanking.
They're killing American treaty people.
British and American ships
have been shelling the city.
The marines are landing
in Shanghai. Sir?
Treaty people are being directed to flee
to the coast for their lives.
Plan red will be put into effect
upon confirmation from Washington.
Mr. Bordelles, get Franks-
Come into my cabin, all of you.
What happened this morning
has not gone down on paper yet.

It is not history
unless it goes down on paper.
What is going down on paper
for the end of San Pablo is quite different.
Our radio communications
are out of order.
They're out of order.
We are, therefore,
on our own...
not hampered
by orders from above.
At dawn, we will get underway.
We will proceed into the lake, then instead
of turning downriver to Shanghai...
we will cross the lake
and turn up the Chien River to China Light.
Our objective will be to rescue
the missionaries at China Light.
After the slaughter at Nanking,
they will be desperate for rescue.
We will make one last
savage thrust deep into China...
and if the San Pablo dies,
she dies clean.
It is my responsibility
to the ship...
and to the men.
They've been put through
intolerable strain.
They rate this...
last chance.
Intelligence reports
indicate...
the Chien River is blocked by a boom
of junks linked with bamboo cable...
and defended by militia.
We will break that boom, and we will move
on to rescue the people at China Light.
All right, there's the boom.
About a dozen junks,
50 to 60 feet apart...
a cable from bow to bow.
- Half speed.
- Half speed.

Looks like sampans
are bringing more men from shore.
Drop the armor flaps.
Call general quarters.
All hands, general quarters.
Man your battle stations.
Let's go, let's go.
Look alive, look alive.
Minimum crew in the engine spaces.
All others topside.
Aye, aye, sir.
Minimum crew
in engine spaces. All others topside.
Coming up!
Stawski, take the throttle.
Perna and MacDonald, handle the boilers.
The rest of you, on deck.
Bronson.
Holman, set up a B.A.R.
Position forward.
- You others lend a hand.
- Aye, aye, sir.
I'll get it.
From the bulkhead over.
Battle stations manned
and ready, Captain.
Very well.
Run up the battle flag.
Aye, aye, sir.
Battle flag!
- Full speed.
- Full speed.
Holman, you and your men
lower the jackstaff.
Let's go.
Here you go.
Steer for the center
of the channel.
Steering for the center
of the channel, sir.
Prepare to concentrate fire
on the center junk.
Have Wellbeck
take the conn below.

- Chief, take the wheel.
- I got it.
They're within range, sir.
They'll have to fire first.
Half speed.
Half speed, sir.
- Main battery, commence firing.
- Main battery, commence firing!
Ready.
Ready.
Ready.
Ready.
Ready.
Sir.
Commence firing.
- Commence firing.
- Commence firing!
- Commence firing!
- Commence firing! Commence firing!
Magazine.
- Here you go.
- Ready!
How about that mast?
Ready.
Captain.
Ready.
Slow speed.
- Slow speed, sir.
- Main battery, cease firing.
- Main battery, cease fire!
- Cease firing!
- Boarding party, take arms.
- Aye, aye, sir. Boarding party, take arms!
Boarding party, take arms!
Boarding party, take arms!
First wave...
take boarding positions.
- Take her and lay her alongside.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Fix bayonets!
Prepare to grapple!
Grapple!
Boarding party, away!
You dirty-

Let's go.
Aboard, second wave!
Let's go!
Down!
Come on, Holman!
Come on!
Captain!
Return to the ship! Come on, Bronson.
Lend a hand with the wounded!
Return to the ship!
They'll try to repair the boom. We haven't
the strength to break it a second time.
If I'm not back by daylight, you must consider
our mission has failed and sail without me.
- Captain, I can't do that.
- That's all.
That's an order.
Whom do I have
for a landing party?
All of them are pretty badly cut up, sir,
but it's the best we can do.
Farren will handle the boat,
and Bronson and Crosley.
Holman will be
the senior petty officer.
- Remember your orders.
- Aye, aye, sir.
The men performed brilliantly,
Mr. Bordelles.
Yes, sir. Uh, Captain?
Good luck, sir.
Lieutenant Collins...
it would be much better for all of us
if you go away at once.
We have no intention of leaving.
Your lives are in danger.
- You shouldn't have come here.
- You're to come back with me.
You have five minutes
to pack whatever you need.
Our militia of students
went to fight you at the boom.
I was hoping to see them
come back victorious instead of you.

- You've heard about Nanking?
- Yes, but those events have no bearing here.
You alone endanger us.
I must ask you to leave now.
- My duty is to protect you.
- No longer.
Shirley, will you please get
that paper from my desk?
We've declared ourselves
stateless persons.
- We've sent our names to Geneva.
- That's impossible.
Read this.
- Jake- - I tried to get back
sooner. I couldn't make it.
- Are you staying?
- Yes. What happened at the boom?
With that signed declaration,
we have renounced nationality itself.
Your uniform now gives you no authority
over us and no responsibility for us.
- This is romantic nonsense.
- We've convinced most of the people here...
there is no connection whatsoever
between ourselves and the gunboats.
- Your presence only endangers us.
- We're at war. They'll kill you.
They will not.
Perhaps once this might
have protected you, but not now.
Now it is shooting and killing.
- It's too late for such fine distinctions.
- It will protect us.
This afternoon my ship fought its way
through down there at the boom.
People were killed
on both sides.
You are not going to make that
a futile and meaningless battle.
We will not serve
to give meaning to your heroics.
Our lives have their own meaning.
We have renounced nationality!
You have been sentenced

to death by their court!
I am free under the protection of one
of their students, who is a leader here-
They will not care who protects you now,
not after Nanking!
It will not be a student militia
who comes for you now, but regular troops.
Miss Eckert,
they will strip you and rape you.
Then this whole valley will be destroyed
when our country comes to avenge your death.
Do you want that?
You don't know them.
What have you ever cared
for Chinese women raped and butchered...
by the warlord troops you favor
with your unequal treaties?
- In heaven's name, leave us alone!
- That's enough!
Holman, help them
get their things together.
No, sir.
That's an order.
You better get back
to the ship, Captain...
'cause they're staying here
and so am I.
Do you know what this is?
Desertion
in the face of the enemy.
I ain't got
no more enemies.
Shove off, Captain.
Shirley...
he says Cho-jen is dead.
Oh, no.
No.
You killed him at the boom.
And now
they're coming for me...
because of you
and your blind pride.
Damn your flag.
Damn all flags.

It's too late in the world for flags.
Lights! Get the lights!
Wait. Wait.
Listen to me.
Wait-
No!
Is there another way out of here?
The hut by the back wall
has a door that leads to the open fields.
Show us.
Cover us. Come on.
Let's go!
Ammo.
- Which way?
- The doorway over there.
Holman, take charge
and get everybody back to the motor pan.
You're senior.
I'll stay and make them think
we're all still here.
Give me the B.A.R.
When I think
you've gotten clear, I'll follow.
You did well
at the boom today.
All of you.
Wait till I open fire,
then get 'em out of here.
All right, you cover the screen!
You other men,
take the walls.
What are we waiting for?
Fire at anything that moves!
Jake-
He's dead.
Get her out of here.
- Let's all get going.
- Somebody's got to slow them up.
They'd nail us before
we got halfway to the river.
If they get ahold of her,
you know what they're gonna do to her.
- Jake, for God's sake!
- Get going.

No! Jake!
Now go ahead. I'll be along.
Hold your fire, Bronson.
Don't shoot
till you see something.
How are we doing, Crosley?
Watch it, Crosley!
We're gonna get
out of here, Bronson!
Watch the walls!
Okay, everybody out!
Time to go, Holman. Right?
Right.
I was home.
What happened?
What the hell happened?