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To End All Wars

By Brian Godawa

Ernest:

and the sea.
The sea.
There's nothing like it
in all the earth --
salt in your face,
the wind at your back,
and all the world before you,
and you're freer than a bird in
the air or a fish in the ocean.
To be free --
i reckon that's why I joined
the second war to end all wars.
I was at the university
studying to be a teacher
when the call to arms occurred.
I was only too eager
to put aside my studies
for the glory of action.
I stopped reading history
and became a part of it.
I joined the proud ranks
of the argyll and sutherland
highlanders
and became
captain Ernest Gordon.
My commanding officer
was lieutenant colonel
Stuart mclean,
the finest commander
the 93rd battalion ever had...
A man of deep loyalties
to his country, his duty,
and his men --
a loyalty
that was soon to be matched
by his own second-in-command,
major Ian Campbell,
a man of passionate devotion
to the colonel,
as well as the cause.
And it was our loyalties that
would eventually be tested.

The argylls had a legacy of
being the last line of defense,
and we were to prove
that legacy once again
in the face of defeat
and capture by the enemy.
You look the devil in the face
with pride, boys!

Man:

Quite!
And try not
and shit your kilts.
Come on, then!
Bastards are just playing
with our minds.
When you surrender in war,
you're stripped
of your dignity as a soldier.
All you've got left
is your fellow comrades,
many of whom you've just met.
Lieutenant Jim reardon,
merchant marine,
one of the few Americans
in the area,
attached himself to the argylls
during the allied surrender.
We called him "yanker,"
'cause he was both an American
and a bit of a wanker.
Parade halt!
What's
that stench?
That'll be death,
major.

Man:

Parade right!
Parade halt!
Left, hut!
Stand at ease!
Stand easy.
Tenko!

What the hell
does "tenko" mean?
Must be roll call.
Today you will count off
in English.
But tomorrow and forever,
in Japanese.
Start counting!
One!
Two!

Man:

Man #2:

Man #3:

Man #4:

Big-eared nip.
Bastard.
This is
a shame culture.
You make them lose face,
you'll pay.
Stand easy.

Stuart:

This is an outrage!
I am a senior officer,
and I will not tolerate
this barbaric behavior!
This man has rights!
Are they...

Takashi:

Attention, prisoners.
You are now captives
of his imperial majesty,
the emperor.
Behold the extreme penalty
for those who try to escape.
This is
for your own sake.
You will sign these papers,

promising not to escape.
No escape,
my yankee ass.
This is against
the Geneva convention.
They don't care
about the Geneva convention.

Takashi:

will bring these signed papers
from all prisoners.
You are dismissed.
Go.
Go.
What did you
just say?
I told him
you were stupid.
Don't know whether to thank you
or kick your ass.
Ian Campbell.
Dusty Miller.
Where'd you learn
to speak Japanese?
What about
the colonel?
You want
your colonel back?
I owe the man
my life.

Man:

the more lice.

Man:

A word of advice --
stay close
to your cobbers.
But when it comes
right down to it,
it's survival
of the fittest.
Every man
for himself.

Barter is the name
of the game, gents.

Doctor:

the death house.
You don't want
to end up in here.
Relish your health now,
gentlemen.
It's the last
you'll see of it.
There are
thousands more prisoners
in camps
all along the river.
Not too much skinny here
from the outside.
Japs keep us
in the dark.
No radios.
They catch one,
they'll kill you.
Officers, try to keep
your shirt on.
It'll distinguish you
from the grunts,
which is about
the only thing
that's keeping us
from degenerating
into a bloody anarchy.
Ernie, where you going?
To find out
about the colonel.
You're just asking
for trouble!
Doc.
Get him down here.
Easy.
Easy.
It's my back.
My back, my back.
Ah.
Oh, what the bloody hell

happened?

Uh, looks like
you didn't bow.

What?

Always bow before a guard,
Korean or jap.
And never look them in the eyes
when they pass you.

That's pure defiance.

Always look away.

Rules of bushido.

Bushido?

Yeah, their kind
of chivalry.

Respect and obligation.

If you don't respect them,
they feel obligated
to bash you.

Nothing personal.

Well, it sure as bloody well
feels personal.

Yeah, it works both ways.

They do the same
to their own.

That's a comfort.

Now, listen.

You must understand,
these monsters
truly believe
we're an inferior race --
less than human.

Now, beating a prisoner
to them
is like beating
a disobedient dog,
and the fiercer
the beating,
the fiercer their dedication
to the emperor.

You'll be all right,
son.

Make space

for the colonel.

You're buggers for punishment,

you lot.
Get him down here.
Get him down.
Listen, listen,
you should have let them take me
instead, sir.
Anything we can do for you,
colonel?
Ah.
Start preparing.
Preparing for what?
Escape.
What else,
you towheaded yank?
Dusty.
Thank you.
Colonel, I've been watching
these nips.
There's never more
than a handful of them
guarding the perimeter
at any given time,
and they're not watching
very closely.
It just doesn't make sense
to me, unless --
unless what?
Well, unless every prisoner's
been caught or died
in a thousand Miles
of hostile jungle.
Unless the local villagers
are willing
to turn in a p.O.W.
For a bowl of rice.
Unless escape
is impossible.
Excellent.
Yanker...
You find
the best escape route, hmm?
Ian.
Yes, sir.
You should start getting

survival gear together.
Ernest, get things together.
We can trade
with the locals.
Yes, sir.
And as soon as I'm well,
we're on our way.
Yes, sir.
Okay?
Yes, sir.
Good.
Sir.
Good boys.
They're good boys.
That's my boys.
Hey, how about some extra
for my colonel?
He's in
the death house.
If your colonel can't make it,
it means he can't work.
If he can't work,
he can't eat.
Nip rules.
Move along.
Come on, pal.
I'll owe you one.
Hey, you heard him.
He said, "move along"!
Bloody
sheep-humping highlander!

Man:

Get up!

Man #2:

Man #3:

Man #4:

Man:

bloody chicken?
I'll kick your ass!

Come on, you English!
Come on!
Well, come on, then,
wanker!
Well, come on!
Fight...
It's enough.
What does it take
for a man to lose his dignity?
Come on, you English!
Come on!
How far can he fall
to pay the price of survival?
Dusty built a sanctuary
just outside the camp
called
the church without walls.
We were allowed
to visit it freely.
They knew we had nowhere to go.

Ian:

what I'm gonna do
soon as I get back
to Glasgow.
Gonna visit
my favorite pub.
I'm gonna sink
And I'm gonna spend
the night
in the arms
of my tender, loving wife.
You married, sir?
No, but if you got a sister,
I'm available.
What about you, Ernie?
Probably teach.
I've always fancied teaching.
I thought I'd see the world
first, though.
You got that wish.
Aye.
When I get out of here,
I'm gonna go into business

for myself
and get stinking rich.
What kind of business?
Black market.
Prostitution.
I'll tell you what,
mate.
You're not gonna make much money
as a prostitute,
I'll tell you that.
What about you, sir?
What are you gonna do
after the war?
Start preparing
for the next war.
In the bushido code,
the nation is everything.
The individual is nothing.
Conformity is how they gain
their sense of purpose,
and they expected us
to fall in line, as well.
What are we saying,
dusty?
Loyalty, politeness,
frugality.
Soldier's duty.
Well, isn't that
just dandy?
Carry on,
sergeant major.
Parade!
Parade!
About face!

Man:

for honorable
lieutenant colonel nagatomo,
chief of Thailand
p.O.W. Administration.
I think she fancies me.
It is great pleasure for me
to see you at this place.
You are few remaining skeleton

of our victory
and are pitiful victim.
You should weep
with gratitude
at his imperial majesty,
the emperor,
who pity you
for being coward!
What's he talking about --
cowards?
Rules of bushido.
They believe the losers
should kill themselves.
You will give me
great pleasure
to build a railroad
through the jungle
to the glory of his imperial
majesty, the emperor!
Savior of Japan!
Savior of Asia!
We will build this railroad
if we have to build it
over the white man's body.
It is your purification.
Railroad to be
from chungkai base camp
to thanbyuzayat in north.
You will build the railroad
in 18 months.
How will my men
manage that on the rations
you're feeding them, hmm?
Officers work,
as well.
Royal engineer
will oversee building.
Where are
the signed papers?
Gentlemen...
...as you have violated
the Geneva convention,
the hague convention,
and every human right

for properly supervised
prisoners of war,
may I respectfully recommend

Stuart:

your fascist monkeys
stick your head
up your ass,
because we will not sign
your bloody paper!
Now translate that!
I am sick
of this drivel!
Gentlemen.

Man:

Look after my boys, Ian.
It is regrettable,
but we take each of you
and shoot one by one...

Man:

Let's go.
Sir!
...until you respect
emperor!
Come on.
Out of here.
Out of here.
Come on!
Sir!
Come on, man!
Come on out of here!
Come on, man!
Out of here!
The bastard!
Out of here!
The bastard! Bastard!
Let me go.
Major, what happened?
What happened?
Bastards!
Major, where's the --
where's the --

it's the colonel's blood!
It's the colonel's blood.
It's the colonel's blood!
The colonel's blood!
It's the colonel's...
The bastard!
Major.

Man:

No.

Man #2:

Don't let him go!

Man #3:

There's nothing
you can do.
There's nothing
you can do.
How can he die?
What are we gonna...
What are we gonna do?
It's all right.
What are we gonna do now?
Shh.
What are we gonna do now?
"Verily, verily,
I say unto you,
"except a corn of wheat
fall into the ground and die,
"it abideth alone.
But if it die,
it bringeth forth much fruit."
there is suffering
before glory.
There is a cross
before the crown.
Outward turn!
Slow...
March!
Cheers.
I'm not leaving.
What?
I said,

"I'm not leaving."
What about our plan?
I owed the colonel
my life,
and I watched him die
in front of my eyes,
and I just stood there,
doing nothing.
You think you're
the only one suffering here?
You think
you're the only one --
now waken up!
There's a reason
why every escape has failed,
and there's a reason
why the japs
don't give a toss
about security.
We were fools to think
we even stood a chance.
I've got
my own plans now.
You are
a selfish bastard.
Come on, Ernie.
Ernie!
Fine!

Ernest:

wait a minute!
Yanker, wait!
You'll never make it
on your own in that jungle.
It's suicide!
Take a look around you!
Take a look
in the eyes of these men.
You tell me
what you see.
That's right, Ernie.
They're dead already.
You know it,
and I know it.

At least with escape,
it gave us one thing --
hope.
Hope, Ernie.
Because without that,
we might as well be
sitting in there
with our thumbs
up our asses,
waiting for the end
to come.
Is that what you want?
Let me tell you something
about me.
I am not a stupid man,
and I am not a kamikaze.
If I can't escape,
I'll do the next best thing.
I will take care
of myself,
and that's exactly
what I plan on doing.
Yanker!
We are all in this --
all of us together!
Sure, kid.
Every single one of us.
The Japanese
were preparing to invade India.
The railway would be
their supply line.
We would be the means
to their end.
When you're living to die,
every minute is an eternity.
Days are lost.
Months blend into one another.
And the only reality you know
is in the moment,
and the moment hangs over you
like death.
It's difficult to describe
what it's like
to live with permanent hunger

in your belly
and the stench of disease
and death all around you
with every breath you take.
Malaria, diphtheria,
pellagra, dysentery
sucks every ounce of fluid
right out of your body.
Your muscles cramp up,
and your circulation collapses.
Major!
He's burning up.
Ernie.

Doctor:

who could survive that lot.
Oh, Ernie, son.
You are a good soldier...
...and a good friend.
So, this is death...
...dark...
Cold...
...all alone.
No more reason to fight,
so they give up on you.
In death,
there is no second chance.
So that's what you think about
when you're dying --
the real value of all that
you've done with your life,
and all that
you might have done,
if only you'd had
a second chance.
Bloody hell.
These nip bastards are eating
like the prince of wales.
Life doesn't wait
for the individual,
especially life
as a prisoner of war.
If you want to survive,
you need a bit of luck,

a quick wit,
and a mate to pick you up
when you fall.
Where am I?
You've been unconscious
for days.
I thought if I could get you
out of the death house
and into some fresh air,
you'd have a better chance
of surviving.
I don't know
if I want to survive anymore.
Open up.
How did you get the food
away from the line?
I have my connections.
Come on. Open up.
Why are you doing this?
Hey, Ernie.
Uh, me and the coppers,
we've been chewing it over,
and, uh, we got thinking.
What's the purpose
in what we've been suffering?
I mean, where's the justice
in -- in nips bashing us
and working us to death?
And what's worse,
we're killing each other
to save our own skins.
What exactly
are you asking me?
You said you wanted to be
a teacher.
Yeah.
We thought that you might have
some answers, sir.
Would you like me
to take a lecture
on the meaning of life?
Oh, that's
a bloody fine idea, sir.
Please...

Just leave me alone.
That's what I figured.
You know, a man can experience
an incredible amount
of pain and suffering,
if he has hope.
When he loses his hope,
that's when he dies.
All right.
Bathroom.
Benjo.
Come on.
Reardon managed to make
a connection
to the local thai
black market.
Let me see.
He wouldn't share it
with the others,
for fear of being discovered
by the nips.
At least,
that's what he told us.
Good God, yanker,
that's stinking.
Right there,
major Campbell --
this is
the scent of happiness.
Nectar of the gods.
Our ticket to numbness.
Fermented rice alcohol.
This one's
on the house.
Bastard.
That's done it.
Of course I've done it.
Oh, nice one, yanker.
Let's have a swig.
Whoa, whoa, gentlemen.
You want charity,
go to church.
As for me, I'm bartering my way
to happiness,

so pony up with some cash.
Anything you got.
Don't be shy.
Line starts right here.
Two cigarettes.
Come on.
Walk.
Ernie, you bastard.
You're still alive.
Hey, Lazarus.
Back from the dead, my son.
Well, I kind of wish
I'd stayed there, sir.
Bollocks, soldier.
We need you alive.
Oh!
Hey!
Come on.
Come on.
What's wrong?
He hasn't eaten.
He's been able to get me
extra rations.
He never got you
extra rations, Ernie.
He was giving you his.
Help me with his legs.
I learned that while dusty
was taking care of me,
the major was preparing
his own plans.
Just what, I couldn't tell.
No, no, no.
Where did you
get the food?
Multiple anonymous donors.
Eat.
I've decided to start a school
for the jocks...
...a jungle university.
I already made
my own blackboard.
Yanker rustled me up
a textbook

for no small price.
First class
is this evening.
I've got
six students already.
I know it's small,
but, um...
It's a start.
I don't want to be
the skeptic here, Ernie,
but how in the hell
do you expect
to engage in a group activity
without the nips
seeing you?
In the one place that the nips
will never go near.
This stench
is intolerable.
Shut your cake hole!
We're doing the best
we can.
Get used to it.

Ernest:

Uh, make yourself
as comfortable as you can,
and let's get started,
eh?
I'd like to speak to you
about Plato.
Um...
Right.
What...
...is...
Justice?
Excuse me, sir.
Sir.
Is it true you're giving
educational classes?
We'd like to help teach.
Well, what's your story?
Roger primrose,
trained in the fine arts.

Lieutenant foxworth here
used to teach Shakespeare
at Cambridge.

I'm his platoon sergeant.
Poor blighter's at a loss
without his books and the bard.
I figure if I can keep him busy
long enough,
he won't end up
killing himself.

I'm not joking, sir.
Well, unfortunately,
we don't have any Shakespeare.

"To die, to sleep,
no more."

"And by a sleep to say
we end the heartache
"and the thousand natural shocks
that flesh is heir to.

"'Tis a consummation devoutly
to be wished.

"To die, to sleep.

"To sleep,
perchance to dream.

"Ay, there's the rub.

"For in that sleep of death,
what dreams may come

"when we have shuffled off
this mortal coil,

"must give us pause.

"There's the respect

"that makes calamity
of so long life.

"For who would bear the whips
and scorns of time,

"the oppressor's wrong,
the proud man's contumely,

"the pangs
of despised love,
the law's delay,
the insolence of office"...

Mm.

Looks like we do have
the old bard after all, sir.

Looks like we do.
He'll handle it.
Come on, foxworth.
"The oppressor's wrong,
the proud man's contumely,
"the pangs
of despised love,
"the law's delay,
the insolence of office,
"and the spurns that patient
merit of the unworthy
"takes when he himself
might his quietus make
with a bare bodkin?"
That's nice, David.
"Who would fardels bear,
"to grunt and sweat
under weary life,
"but that the threat
"of something
after death,
"the undiscovered country
"from whose bourn
and no traveller returns,
"puzzles the will
"and makes us rather bear
those ills we have
than fly to others
that we know not of?"
In the second book
of "the Republic,"
Plato says, "what will happen
to the just man,
should he enter
this world?"
Well, the just man will be
scourged, racked, chained.
Then after every kind
of misery,
he will be crucified on a pole
for all to see.
Any questions?
I've got a question.
Do you mind?

Sure.

My question --

if the just man

is treated as you say,

then what's

the just response?

Roll over and let evil

have its wicked way?

Well, what would

you recommend, major?

Oh, I'd recommend

defiance.

Justice

for the captors.

An eye for an eye.

At what price mercy?

Yeah, mercy --

the last bastion

of traitors and cowards.

So, you would take a man

and crucify him on a pole

for all to see?

I would seek justice.

Any of you?

Sergeant major?

Blood transfusions.

Donations

gratefully accepted.

Why are you here?

What do you mean?

You don't seem to fit.

Why am I here?

That's a good question.

Before the war...

...I had a fight

with a man in a pub.

It was

a pretty nasty fight.

He was, uh, paralyzed.

When he came to the police,

he refused to press charges.

He...

Just forgave me.

I couldn't understand why.

Then he told me.
He'd been forgiven a debt
in his past.
He wanted to do the same
for me.
He gave me my Bible.
Told me my punishment
was to read it.
Some punishment.
He was an army officer.
That's why I'm here.

Man:

Heave!
Heave!
Major Campbell was
a natural leader amongst men.
He seemed to draw them from
all nationalities and groups,
and he had a way with uniting
them in a common cause --
his common cause.
Better get
two more hours.

Ian:

between 5:

every single day,
so we have to be there, men.
Sorry, major.
Are we interrupting
a church service?
So, what's the story?
Major, let's say
your plan works, right?
You've confiscated the guns,
captured the guards,
taken over
the whole camp.
What then?
You have
still nowhere to go.
And when the nips

find out,
we'll have a regiment
descend on us
with a vengeance.
You can't possibly hope
to survive.
Who's talking
about survival?
So that's what this is --
a suicide mission.
Come here.
Come here.
So, what are you
gonna do, eh?
What are you gonna do?
You're gonna throw yourself
at the mercy of bushido?
Aye, now,
that would be suicide.
Save us the crap, major.

Ian:

Oh, didn't he tell you?
Some of his best trades
are with the japs.
Well, how'd you think
they get such good medicine?
Ain't that right,
yanker?!
You tell them, yanker,
eh?
Huh?
You are endangering the life
of every man in this camp.
I don't think they agree
with your idea of justice.
So, what, are you the voice
of the people now, eh?
Or you may be
just a wee bit too jap happy
for your own good.
Ernie...
We argylls
have got to stick together.

And you know that's what
the colonel would say.
Good boy.

Dusty:

hath no man than this,
"that a man lay down his life
for his friends.
"You have heard
that it was said
that you shall love your
neighbor and hate your enemy."
"But I say to you,
love your enemy, and pray
for those who persecute you."
"For what shall it profit a man
if he gains the whole world,
but loses his soul?"
"Or what will a man
give in exchange for his soul?"
You're making
a terrible mistake.
I can get you
anything you want --
American chocolate, whiskey,
American cig--
how about a watch?
The major imagined reardon
a threat.
To him, a man
without a sense of duty,
loyal to no one but himself,
is already a traitor.
Please.
Please!
It's my school.
It's -- it's my school!
Major Campbell
struck a deal with the japs.
I was to be left alone.
In his mind, this was not
considered betrayal.
The school had delayed
his plans.

Men were changing their minds.
And dusty had been
the catalyst.
This book
teaches to turn
the other cheek.
We read these books,
and we become better slaves
for the emperor.
You did ask for it,
Ernie.
Well, maybe I should have quoted
something
from the song of songs,
eh?

Takashi:

the book is superstition.
Captain noguchi says
the railroad progress
is too slow.
He received orders
from headquarters,
requiring us to finish
six months earlier
than it was scheduled.
Honorable sir, that's --
that --

takashi:

You are dismissed.
Superstition.
I'm a yankee doodle dandy
yankee doodle, do or die
a real live nephew
of my Uncle Sam
born on the fourth of July
I've got
a yankee doodle sweetheart
she's my yankee doodle joy
yankee doodle came to London
just to ride the ponies!
I am that yankee doodle boy!
I'm still alive,

you jap bastards!
You can understand that,
can't you?!

They could take away
our books and classes,
but we were determined
they couldn't take away
what we had learned
in our university.

Dusty led some of the men
out of the death house
to help trawl water.

His example
of what we were learning
inspired us to work
like never before.

And our captors noticed.
As for the major, we refused
to get even with him,
to pay him back in kind.
And it began to eat at him.

Captain noguchi says
he gives you your books back
for you
to keep learning.

Captain noguchi graciously
gives you these gifts
for being good workers.

Man:

We're back in business,
lads!
Oi, these
are three years old.
Yeah,
Japanese import laws.
There's mail in here!

Man:

Let me see it!
From that day on,
yanker never spoke much.
Something had changed
inside him.

It was hard to tell whether
it was for the better...
Or the worse.
Chip chip, muckers.
Graduation ceremonies
are coming.
I want a tip-top performance
out of you.
Continue.
Gentlemen, let's continue.
"...marked to die, we are enough
to do our country loss.
"And if to live, the fewer men
the greater share of honor.
"He that shall live,
and see old age,
"then shall he strip his sleeve
and show his scars
"and say, 'these wounds I had
on crispin's day.'
old men forget,
yet all shall be forgot."
But he'll..."
Meat! Meat!
Beef!
Yanker decided to join us.
A bit late in the term,
but eager to catch up.
You're a good teacher.
What's your name?
I'm nagase --
takashi nagase.
Hello, takashi.
I'm Ernest.
I've actually been wondering
where you learned
such excellent English.
I was educated
at Cambridge.
To be a good translator,
I thought one must understand
the culture.
So, what do you think
of the British?

I think there is a lot
to learn from them.
And can I ask you,
honorable takashi,
what you're doing here
in this camp?
I-I was classified
low physical fitness.
Prisoner-of-war camp
is not honorable place
for a Japanese soldier.
It is
more like punishment.
Shame
for his entire family.
Well, what about
sergeant ito?
Surely he's
the consummate soldier.
He accepted the blame
for the bad decision
that his superior made.
It resulted in the deaths
of most of his squad.
Right.
So that's why he's so bitter?
No.
In bushido, it is an honor
to be punished
in place of your superior.
According to
our imperial rescript,
in the emperor's army,
a single life
weighs less than a feather.
No matter how good things got,
we were still slaves
building a railway,
being starved to death.
Thousands of us in a dozen
other prison camps, as well.
And as if that weren't enough,
the major
and his dangerous plan

seemed ready to explode
at any moment.
It was a sobering thought
when we realized
we weren't the only slaves
being used
in the name of the emperor.
They called them
"comfort women" --
spoils of Japanese conquest.

Man:

A conquest
whose original intent
was to purify the spirit...
Where the true warrior
deems his sword
the soul of bushido --
the key of heaven and hell...
A symbol of what he carries in
his heart -- loyalty and honor.
We finished the railroad
in October of 1943...
...six months
ahead of schedule.
A real cause for celebration.
Like we were told
in the very beginning,
they built it
over the white man's body.
Those damned yellow
mongoloid nips,
acting as if they built
the bloody thing.
Bloody railway of death.
That's the least
of our concerns.
What do you mean?
We built the railway.
Don't need us anymore.
Those of you
to the right of me
will be immediately transferred
to another camp.

It seemed like the final
hindrance to the major's plan.
Half of his men
were split apart that day,
sent away, never seen again.

Takashi:

Attention, all prisoners.
There is a shovel
missing from the toolshed.
The one who has taken
the shovel, return it now.
If the shovel
is not returned,
the entire camp
will suffer punishment.
You will respect us.
The shovel was found.
There was a miscount --
a simple, bloody miscount.
You are dismissed.
What would compel a man
once so selfish
to sacrifice himself
for others?
Boys, I can't feel my legs.
I can't feel my legs.
Tonight's
the graduation ceremony.
Japs have all been invited.
That means
a slim to zero chance
of anyone
being left in the guardhouse.
Major, you're not still planning
on going through with this?
There's only six of us.
We lost six men.
I thought
it was near impossible with 12.
God in heaven knows we haven't
got a chance with six.
Now you're privy to the mind
of God in heaven?

Well, no, but...
I will not tolerate
double-mindedness.
I'm staying.
Well, that leaves five.
Don't worry, boys.
You don't worry, boys.
We'll have
our justice.

Ernest:

language.
Sergeant bingo Johnson,
philosophy.
And last,
but by no means least
private Wallace Hamilton,
ethics.
Gentlemen...
The graduates
from our jungle university.
Well, let the festivities
begin.
The music we heard that night
was less than perfect.
In fact,
it was bloody terrible.
But we didn't care.
In our hearts,
we heard what it could be.
We heard the true spirit
of the music,
and that was pure freedom.
Drawn by thee,
our souls aspiring
soar to uncreated light
word of God,
our flesh that fashioned
with the fire of life
impassioned
soaring, dying
'round thy throne
"If we are marked to die,
we are enough

to do our country loss."

Man:

Down, down!

Man #2:

Come, now.

Glad you could make it.

The bloody music
was bloody awful.

"He that shall see this day
and live old age

"shall stand at tip-toe
when this day is named.

"Then shall he strip his sleeve
and show his scars

"and say..."

Man:

in this thing!

Ian:

"Old men forget,
yet all shall be forgot."

Shh, shh, shh!

It's a b-24.

It's liberators.

How can you be sure?

It's unmistakable,
that.

Sweet music.

It's liberators!

Allied aircraft.

They couldn't see us,

but we could sure hear them,
and we knew

that the war was turning.

Me arse!

Takashi:

Attention, prisoners.

These men are guilty

of murdering two guards

who represent the imperial

army...
Give us
this day our daily bread.
...and conspiracy to commit
insurrection.
They have violated
the mercy of the emperor
and his venerable sergeant.
Such deeds must be punished.
Honorable sergeant ito
will now dispense with the
prescribed and just punishment.
Thy kingdom come,
thy will be done.
Give us this day
our daily bread.
Major.
Amen.
Bastard.
Ito.
Dusty?
What are you saying?
What are you saying?!
Dusty?
No!
No!
No!
No! Dusty!
Major!
Major, what did he say?
Major, please,
what did dusty say?
Major!
Oh.
My boys.
Sorry.
No, no, no!
No! No!
No.
Superstition.
Do it.

Ernest:

Dusty!

Dusty!

When dusty Miller died,
something in the hearts
and minds of every man
died with him.

What we had somehow managed
to hold on to
for years of survival
now seemed utterly meaningless,
like God himself was playing
a cruel joke on us all...

...until I remembered dusty's
words so very long ago --

"except a corn of wheat
fall into the ground and die,
"it abideth alone.

But if it die,
it bringeth forth much fruit."

I never found out what dusty
said to ito that day,
but I knew I had witnessed
the power of forgiveness.

Takashi:

Soon all inferior races
will bow before the majesty
of the emperor
and the knights
of the bushido.

When we heard the planes again,
we thought our deliverance
had finally arrived.

And then it happened.

Hail,

knights of bullshitto!

Our own allies

thought we were the enemy.

Give me your hand.

Go! I'm fine!

Help the other men!

Help! Somebody!

Help me, Ernie!

Just don't look at it, man!

Don't look at it!

It's nothing.
It's nothing!
Don't look at it, man!
They thought
we was nips, Ernie!
I almost made it!
I got killed by my own side,
Ernie!
You're not killed.
You're wounded.
They thought
we was nips!
Don't leave me, man.
Don't you leave me, man.
Don't you leave me, man.
Don't you leave me, man.
Don't leave me, man.
Stay with me, man.
Stay with me, man!
Stay with me, man!
Stay with me, man!
No!
An enemy location
was also hit nearby.
The wounded had abandoned
their posts, looking for help.
Their arrival at our camp
would compel us
to make the most important
decision of our lives --
a decision that would defy
the bushido code
of honor and shame.
Hai.
Ernest.
Captain Gordon,
I forbid you
to give comfort and aid
to the enemy.
Major, those are
wounded, dying human beings.
They're no harm to us.
Ernie, get back
to your own men.

Can someone
please get me some water?
Could someone
please get me some water?!
We were left alone
by our captors.
Nowhere to go.
Nothing to do.
An uncertain future, with only
a makeshift radio left behind,
hoping for any word
from the outside.
"To all allied prisoners
of war.
"The Japanese forces have
surrendered unconditionally,
and the war is over."

Foxworth:

that sheds his blood with me
shall be my brother."
"Be he ne'er so vile, this day
shall gentle his condition."
"From this day
to the ending of the world,
"but we in it
shall be remembered.
We few, we happy few,
we band of brothers."
Where are the guards?
Th-they left.
Fled into the jungle...
From us.
Which direction?
I have no idea.
You're a man
of true principle and devotion.
And, you know,
I want to be just like you.
Just like you.

Ernest:

Hey, Ernie.
You're just in time.

You're making
a mistake.
No.
I'm making justice, man.
Making justice.
Don't you think
I want this?
Eh?
Eh?
We all deserve
to see him suffer,
but this is not right.
Hmm?
Hmm?
Aye.
Oh!
You stupid,
stupid wee boy!
Stupid wee boy!
God forgive me!
Oh, God forgive me!
Oh, God forgive me, son!
Forgive me, son.
No!
What is the consequence
of a single life
weighing less than a feather?
Bastard!
Bastard!
War is the final destination
of hatred.
When you look
in the eyes of the enemy,
and you see yourself...
Come here.
Come here.
...at what price mercy?
Who is my neighbor?
How many times
shall I forgive my brother?
What does it mean
to love one's enemies?
What can a man give
in exchange for his soul?

These are the questions
that I faced in my prison camp.
The answers
changed my life forever.
Find the place
where the swords cannot go
where the guns
can no longer be heard
find the place
where the flames cannot burn