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A Bridge Too Far

By William Goldman

It's hard to remember now,
but Europe was like this in 1944.
The Second World War
was in its fifth year...
and still going Hitler's way.
German troops
controlled most of Europe.
D-Day changed all that.

D-Day:

when the Allied forces, under
their commander General Eisenhower...
landed on the northern
coast of France.
By July they were able
to begin their own offensive.
By August, Paris was liberated.
Everywhere the Germans retreated.
But with the Allied victories
came problems.
Supplies still had to be driven
from Normandy, over 400 miles away...
and became dangerously short.
The Allied advance
began to come to a halt.
Another problem
facing Eisenhower was this:
his two most famous generals...
Patton, who was in the south...
and Montgomery in the north...
disliked each other intensely.
The longstanding rivalry
had never been more fierce.
There simply were not
enough supplies for both armies.
Each wanted to be the one
to defeat the Germans.
Each wanted to beat
the other to Berlin.
In September, 1944...
Montgomery devised
a new and spectacular plan...
given the code name
"Market Garden."

Eisenhower, under great pressure
from his superiors...
finally sided with Montgomery...
and Operation Market Garden
became a reality.

The plan, like so many plans
in so many wars before it...
was meant to end
the fighting by Christmas...
and bring the boys back home.

What is that noise?

- Can I look out?

- No, they might shoot us.

The Germans have collapsed.

Then the war is over?

Soon.

But what is that noise?

Panic.

You may begin.

May I first be permitted to say,
and I think I speak for all of us...

how pleased we are,

Field Marshal Von Rundstedt...

that you have been reappointed
commander of our forces in the West.

Speeches are for

victory celebrations.

Let's get to the point.

Air power?

Air power, Field Marshal?

Briefly, please.

- Air power is minimal.

- Ammunition?

Also minimal.

Tanks... Troops...

Replacements?

- Minimal.

- Morale?

Nonexistent.

What do you think

we should do?

End the war, you fools.

- Why in the world are you laughing?

- Excuse us.

We have such confidence in you.
Everyone knows you have
never lost a battle.
I'm still young.
Give me time.
The first thing we must do...
is to turn this rabble
into something like an army.
Anything at all on when
they plan to invade Holland?
They seem to have
paused in Belgium.
Most likely supply problems.
Otherwise we can't imagine why.
I think it's because
we're retreating...
faster than they can advance.
How many vehicles
in the past hour?
Fifty-four.
And for the same hour yesterday?
Ninety-eight.
Last week your mother and I
could have captured Holland alone.
Already the panic has stopped.
It isn't over yet
and those idiots don't realize it.
- War takes time.
- Listen to the expert.
I was nine when they got here.
Next month I'll be 14.
I ought to know something.
Father, the Allies will come?
But when?
I've just got back to England
from Brussels...
where I had a meeting this morning
with Field Marshal Montgomery.
There was an earlier one
with General Eisenhower.
They both feel, as I do...
that when the Field Marshal's plan
has succeeded...
we should be able

to end the war by Christmas...
in less than 100 days.
Actually, the plan
is really very simple.
We're going to fly 35,000 men 300 miles,
and drop them behind enemy lines.
It'll be the largest
airborne operation ever mounted.
Quite frankly, this kind of thing's
never been attempted before.

- Where's this all going to take place?
- Holland.
- And when?
- I'm coming to that now.

Right.

The ground forces: 30 Corps, commanded
by General Horrocks, 20,000 vehicles.

And this, as you know,
is the German front line.

Now we're going to lay a carpet,
as it were, of airborne troops...

over which 30th Corps can pass.

We shall seize the bridges...

it's all a question of bridges...

with thunderclap surprise...

and hold them until

they can be secured.

Now first of all,

General Maxwell Taylor...

Eindhoven.

You take and hold

the bridges there with 101st.

General Gavin,

with your 82nd...

you get Nijmegen.

You take and hold the bridges.

And Roy, you get the prize:

Arnhem.

Arnhem Bridge.

- And you hold it.

- For how long?

Monty assures me that 30 Corps...

will do the 63 miles

in two days.

Sixty-three miles in two days.

- They oughta be able to handle that.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

General Sosabowski, you go with
your Polish Brigade with Roy Urquhart.

I'm so sorry.

Roy...

when you've secured

your bridge...

and 30th Corps have got across it,

we can turn east...

right into the industrial heart

of Germany... the Ruhr.

Once we control their factories,

there's not much they can do about it.

And that is the plan.

And we go next Sunday.

Seven days?

Why not?

The sooner we go, the better.

We've got them on the run.

Is something troubling you,

General Sosabowski?

- I've said nothing.

- Precisely.

Your silences are thunderous.

General Browning, I...

I am a Pole...

considered by some

to be smart.

If that is so...

it makes me member

of a true minority group.

Minority groups

are more comfortable in silence.

I should have thought the opposite

was true. But you do disapprove?

I am thrilled that your great Field

Marshal Montgomery has devised a plan.

I promise you, I'll be

properly ecstatic if it works.

When it works.

Of course.

When it works.

Thank you.

Well, now let's

get down to the details.

First we shall have to have...

From which direction will their
attack come, and who will command?

Montgomery or Patton?

- Model, what do you think?

- Patton.

He is their best.

Patton will lead the assault.

I would prefer Montgomery...

but even Eisenhower

isn't that stupid.

Bittrich's panzer troops

need some rest...

if they're to stop Patton.

We should pull them back

somewhere safe.

Safe, quiet, out of the way.

But where?

Arnhem?

Arnhem.

- I'll be in touch.

- That'll be fine.

Why the emergency meeting?

- Keeping abreast of the little changes.

- How big are the little changes?

I'll answer you with typical

British understatement: gigantic.

They can't get us

all in at once.

Too many men, too much equipment,

not enough planes.

It's going to take three days to get the

men into Arnhem, Poles and the British.

- How about us?

- We'll be all right.

Aside from the fact that we'll parachute

in daylight, we have no worries.

Daylight?

- Has it ever been tried before?

- Not in a major drop.

-Think there might be a reason for that?

-Let's hope not.
- What do you think?
- It'll be all right.
It's a "no moon" period anyway.
We have to go in daylight.
Just so they get us over
the target area, half a mile away.
Three-quarters of a mile...
I'll settle for that.
I don't want to hear anything else.
- Is there anything else?
- Well, you're my Dutch advisor, Harry.
I forgot to tell you something?
Only that the Germans first tried
to take Nijmegen Bridge themselves...
back in 1940,
and got slaughtered.
Go back!
Go back!
Do as I say!
But my friend lives
down the road.
It's my birthday
and she has a present for me.
Please let me through.
All right. Be quick.
Are you sure about the colors?
I'm sure, Father.
Believe me.
Model?
A field marshal in Arnhem? Why?
The British will have
an explanation.
Did you pass on
the message about the tanks?
Of course. But Model is
something more important.
You're a good boy
and a wonderful spy.
Now go and help
your mother with supper.
- Sir?
- Yes, Fuller?
- We've got some information on tanks.

- What?

Dutch Underground reports
from the Arnhem area.

- Established their strength?

- No, sir, but I've got...

- Have they been identified?

- Not by our intelligence, sir.

So it's the same rumors
as before, right?

- I believe these rumors, sir.

- Why?

The general consensus of opinion
is that our opposition...
will consist entirely of Hitler Youth
or old men on bicycles.

I don't really know why, sir.

Perhaps because no one
in Intelligence does.

I just want to be sure
our airborne carpet...
consists of live troops,
not dead ones.

I know everybody thinks
I'm overanxious, sir...

but I would like to order another
low-level reconnaissance of the area.

If that's all right
with you, sir.

Very well.

All right, Wilson.

Very well.

I wouldn't be too concerned
about what people think of you.

You happen to be somewhat
brighter than most of us.

Tends to make us nervous.

Naturally we'll do our utmost
to meet your tactical requirements, sir.

But please keep in mind...

the one factor which is
crippling all our plans.

It may seem improbable to you...

but we are desperately short
of transport aircraft.

I am aware of that.

I was surprised that nobody mentioned it to Monty when he dreamed up this plan.

I need drop zones as close as possible to the bridge.

This area's no use at all.

Can't have my chaps landing on chimney tops, but this looks inviting here.

- What's the terrain like?

- Sorry, sir.

Our reports indicate that this terrain is too soft for glider landings.

The nose digs in first on touchdown, the thing goes ass over tip.

Total write-off.

All right.

- What about there?

- Afraid not, sir.

You see, after the drop, when we bank for our return...

we run into

a whole lot of flak...

from this Jerry airfield up here at Deelen.

Presumably you're intending to let us land somewhere?

Oh, yes.

Hopefully, sir.

But as I was saying, we cannot afford to lose a single aircraft.

That is the problem.

My problem is,

I don't just need drop zones.

I need drop zones

I can hold and defend.

The rest of my division arrives with the second drop...

and General Sosabowski's

Polish Brigade with the third.

I understand, sir, but we really think we've found the right place.

It's large enough for your needs, it's flat and firm.

- It's also easily defended.

- Where the hell is it?

Well, it's not actually
on this photograph.

It should be...

Excuse me, sir...

It would be about here,
I think.

That could be
ten miles from the bridge.

It's just under eight actually, sir,
if you'd like to have a look at this.

You see, the terrain
is easy to traverse.

All our information
substantiates that.

Yes, sir?

Just making sure
whose side you're on.

Now, a drop zone
eight miles from Arnhem Bridge...

might be thought by some
to present problems.

My God, he can't mean it.

I'm afraid he does.

Must know what he's doing.

That's more than I know. Why should
he have a corner on the market?

...cannot under any stretch
of the imagination be considered ideal.

But the gliders will be bringing in
a reconnaissance squadron of jeeps...

specially fitted
with twin Vickers machine guns.

The instant we land,
they will race ahead to the bridge...

and hold it...
until the other battalions

arrive on foot.

And they'll be quick enough
to secure both ends of Arnhem Bridge?

- Most certainly.

- Good.

My headquarters will be
in the center with 82nd.

Now, just you remember that
we're all totally interlocked.
This is a bottom-to-top operation.
on to 82nd.
to British Airborne.
If any one group fails,
it's total failure for us all.
All we need now
are three days of clear skies.
Thank you, gentlemen,
very much.
Only the weather
can stop us now.
Weather! Cristos!
What of the Germans?
Don't you think that since we know...
that Arnhem is so crucial to their
safety, they might know that too?
Now look here.
The few troops
in the area are...
second class.
They're not front-line caliber.
Not at all.
Do you understand?
You ought to have more faith
in Montgomery's intelligence reports.
He's done pretty well for us
in the last three or four years.
I will tell you
the extent of my faith.
I'm thinking of asking
for a letter from you...
stating that I was forced
to act on your orders...
in case my men are massacred.
I see.
Yes, I do see.
Do you wish such a letter?
Of course not.
In the case of massacre,
what difference would it make?
- You don't believe me, sir?
- Clearly not.

All right, boys, Naafi's up.
Take your break.
God Almighty!
Sorry about that, sir.
But what then?
I just don't believe these
damn radios are strong enough...
to carry the eight miles
from the drop zone to Arnhem Bridge.
Don't happen to have
any cigarettes, do you, sir?
They're perfectly okay.
I've used them God knows how many times.
You've already told me that
God knows how many times.
Well, I didn't have any problems
with them in the desert.
Yes, I know,
but you see, Cole...
what genuinely and truly has me more
than a bit disturbed is that Holland...
being half underwater, is soggier
than most deserts you're apt to find.
Tends to have
a lot more trees.
- Any biscuits?
- Your biscuits are in your tin, sir.
Shouldn't you tell the general
if you're so certain about it, sir?
If I were,
believe me, I would.
- What if they really don't work?
- What difference will it make?
The general will be on
the bridge himself by nightfall.
He won't have to make contact with
the bridge if he's on it, will he, sir?
Well, if anyone
rocks the boat...
it's not gonna be me.
The regular projector chap's at lunch,
sir. I'll have it in a moment.
You're doing splendidly, Fuller.
Don't worry. I don't need lunch.

Damn. Nearly there, sir.
It's really worth your time, sir.
Believe me.
There.
Splendid view of the Dutch countryside.
Can't see any tanks.
Wait a moment, sir.
It's a lot clearer in the next picture.
If I can just...
Now.
- Next.
- Yes, sir.
I've had this one enlarged.
I shouldn't worry about them.
But, sir, you see
that they are tanks.
I doubt if they're
fully serviceable.
- Still got guns.
- So have we.
But, sir...
if they weren't serviceable,
why would they try to conceal them?
Normal routine, Fuller.
But, sir, we keep getting reports
from the Dutch Underground.
I've read them!
And so has Field Marshal Montgomery.
Now look here.
There have been thousands of photographs
from this sortie and from the others.
- How many of them have shown tanks?
- Just these, sir.
And you seriously consider
asking us to cancel...
the biggest operation
mounted since D-Day...
because of three photographs?
No, sir.
Sixteen consecutive drops have been
cancelled in the last few months...
for one reason or another.
But this time
the party's on...

and no one is going
to call it off.
Is that fully understood?
Yes, sir.
Thank you, Waddy.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Do sit down, gentlemen.
Please sit down.
Look after these.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Thank you.
Gentlemen, this is a story
that you will tell your grandchildren...
and mightily bored they'll be.
The plan is called
Operation Market Garden.
Market is the airborne element,
and Garden the ground forces...
That's us.
Now this is our position
on the Belgian border here.
Tomorrow, three airborne divisions
will begin landing in Holland...
thirty-five thousand men
taking off from 24 airfields...
in troop-carrying planes
or towed in gliders.
The American 101st here...
around Eindhoven...
the American 82nd here...
south of Nijmegen...
and our own 1st Airborne boys
and a Polish brigade...
here at Arnhem...
sixty-four miles...
behind enemy lines.
Now, their job
is to take and hold...
all the bridges
in these three areas.
Our job is to punch a hole...
through the German
front line here...
and then drive like hell

up this road...
linking up with each
airborne division on the way up.
Speed is the vital factor.
The plan is to reach Eindhoven
in two to three hours...
and Arnhem in two to three days.
That, gentlemen,

is the prize:

the bridge over the Rhine...
the last bridge
between us and Germany.
Kickoff will be at 1435 hours
tomorrow afternoon.
The Irish Guards, under the command of
Colonel Vandeleur, will take the lead.
- Christ, not us again.
- What do you say to that, Joe?
Delighted, sir.
Truly delighted.
I've selected you to lead us...
not only because of your
extraordinary fighting ability...
but also because...
in the unlikely event
that the Germans ever get you...
they will assume from your attire that
they've captured a wretched peasant...
and immediately
send you on your way.
Now, maintaining
the speed of our advance...
will no doubt be tough going,
as it's a single highway.
But no matter what...
we must reach those
Now, gentlemen...
I'm not saying that this
will be the easiest party...
that we've ever attended...
but I still wouldn't
miss it for the world.
I like to think of this...

as one of those
American Western films.
The paratroops,
lacking substantial equipment...
always short of food...
These are the
besieged homesteaders.
The Germans...
well, naturally they're the bad guys.
And 30 Corps...
We, my friends,
are the cavalry...
on the way to the rescue.
Do you want me
to pack that as well, sir?
No, thank you, Wicks.
I'll carry it.
You haven't forgotten
my golf clubs, have you?
They'll be coming later
in the staff car, sir.
And what about...
Sorry, sir?
What about my dinner jacket?
Are you sure you'll be
needing that, sir?
Well, let's hope so.
Why don't you quit that?
Chock-full of vitamins.
Here, Eddie.
Have a little strength.
Hey, where'd you put that?
- Damn it, Eddie, give it back.
- Right.
There you are.
I wish you hadn't done that.
My problem is, I'm not totally crazy
about the prospect of dyin'.
So don't die.
Drinkin' that garbage
isn't gonna keep you alive.
What is?
- Not gettin' shot.
- And what can guarantee that?

Nothin', for sure.
- You will.
- I will what?
You tell me, Eddie.
You tell me I won't die.
All right, you won't die.
No, no. Guarantee me.
I want you to guarantee me
I won't die.
I guarantee you.
Come on.
Let's get some food in you.
I wasn't kidding.
Hey, Eddie,
were you kidding?
Major Fuller.
My name is Sims.
Mind a bit of company?
Of course not, sir.
Busy times.
You must be exhausted.
Are you exhausted?
Who isn't?
We've been getting reports
from a number of your friends.
They're worried about you.
They think perhaps you need a rest.
We all need rest.
Why are you saying this to me?
Is it because
I rocked the boat?
I'm a doctor.
I'm only concerned with your health.
I think perhaps you ought
to take a bit of sick leave.
But why?
I'm not ill or anything.
I haven't done anything wrong.
Of course not.
You're just a little tired.
I am tired.
I think perhaps we might go.
Can't it be stopped?
I don't want

to be left behind, please.
It's out of my hands, laddie.
I didn't want to miss the party.
Move it, buddy.
That's the way.
Home, sweet home.
When you think we only had seven days to
get everything organized, it's quite a...
Bloody miracle.
It took six months
to set up the D-Day drop...
and that was only
half as big as this.
- How do you feel?
- Fine.
I'll feel even better
when we're in Holland.
Do you remember when I was
appointed to this command...
I told you I had never jumped,
but thought I ought to give it a go?
- Well, you did me a big favor.
- Really? What?
You said, "Roy, you're far too old for
that kind of thing, and much too large."
Did I?
What was the favor?
Well, I didn't quite tell you
everything at the time...
but I'm prone to airsickness.
Good gracious.
What, every flight?
Well, we'll soon find out,
won't we?
Go on! Get that
goddamn jeep outta here!
Who would true valor see
Let him come hither
One here will constant be
Come wind
Come weather
There's no discouragement
Soon be home, Harry.
- Better than the desert, eh, sir?

- What was that?

Easier than walking, sir.

If you say so, Hancock.

Yeah, fine, sir.

The artillery should be able to clear
the way very well. Your initial advance.

Yes, we'll move off as soon
as their barrage has got going.

- Yes, that's absolutely fine.

- Follow behind it as close as we can.

But you know...

this isn't gonna be the pushover
that everybody seems to think it is.

No, I didn't think so.

Morning, Alan. Your sleeping beauties
know there's a war on, do they?

Absolutely, sir.

Is it true that the Germans have put
more troops into the line ahead of us?

Yes. They obviously don't intend
to just let us walk in the front door.

Hello, Bob! Hope that's not
my funeral they're going to.

And I'm still
desperately worried...
about having them throw
everything up this road.
But there's no alternative.

Morning, Tom.

So I've decided to run
the road like a railway.

Nobody, repeat,
nobody will be allowed...
to put any vehicle on that road
without my permission.

- Including me?

- Good luck to you!

You too!

Especially you, Joe.

Morning, Derek!

Glad to see somebody
knows where we're going.

Time, Joe.

That's the killer.

We can't afford
to drop behind schedule.
So for God's sake,
keep your tanks on the move.
Good God Almighty.
That's just the 101st.
The other two groups
are on the northern route.
H hour in 90 minutes.
- I'd better be going, sir.
- Right you are, Joe.
- Any last-minute changes, Bob?
- Yes, sir.
If the advance runs into difficulty, we
call in the Air Force with purple smoke.
First class.
And good luck, Joe!
Thank you, sir.
Think you'll be able
to manage it?
I've got nothing else planned
for this afternoon.
I told you you should have had
the bloody thing out.
What the hell's that?
It's flak.
General Bittrich!
In here, Matthias.
Fantastic, isn't it?
Just once to have
such power in my hands.
Red on.
Come on, move yourselves!
If there's no more opposition than this
on the road, we should be all right.
Where the hell
do you think you're going?
B Company, to me!
A Company, over there!
Excuse the interruption,
Field Marshal, but...
British paratroopers
have landed...
three kilometers from here.

Why should they do that?

There is nothing
important here.

Me! I am important.

They must all be coming
just to capture me.

Call my chauffeur and car.

Evacuate the headquarters.

And don't forget my cigars.

General!

- You all right?

- Yeah.

Okay, you guys,
gather your stuff and move!

- This is it, Jim.

- Okay, sir.

You okay?

Right! Let's go!

Then keep trying.

There must be someone there!

My apologies.

I can get no sense from anybody.

They say thousands of troops
are dropping over Holland.

- Yes, west of Arnhem.

- Right on top of Field Marshal Model.

I can't get through
to his headquarters.

A strong force has landed
south of Nijmegen.

Nijmegen?

They're after the bridge.

That doesn't matter.

Perhaps they've landed
in the Field Marshal's soup.

Yes, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

Now listen.

I'll take care of Arnhem.

You get to Nijmegen
as fast as you can.

Take anything that'll move...

every man that can walk,
and hold the bridge.

No. Field Marshal Model.

Nothing must cross it.

Is that clear?

You must hold that bridge
under any circumstances.

- Understood?

- Clear.

Ryan and Ross,
come with me.

Cover the right flank.

How far away is headquarters?

Half a mile.

Maybe more.

Brigadier Lathbury's
just left, sir.

Johnny Frost and the 2nd Battalion
are on the river road.

Good.

Thank you, Baker. Any news of
Freddie Gough's jeep squadron?

- It's unconfirmed...

- It's rather bad luck, sir.

Considering how few gliders
we lost on the way in.

It appears that a lot of
the special jeeps failed to arrive...
and those that did have been
badly shot up in an ambush.

So no one's going to get
to Arnhem Bridge except on foot.

Splendid.

They must be from the lunatic asylum,
located on the far side of the wood.

They escaped when
it was bombed this morning.

Do you think they know
something we don't?

All guns, commence firing!

Right, get moving.

Get moving.

Driver, advance.

Start the purple!

Start the purple!

Take cover!

- Loading!

- Fire!

Get the wounded down the line.

Get that wreck off the road.

Joe, how the hell...

How the hell do they expect us
to keep to schedule on a road like this?

You don't know the worst.

- This bit we're on now...

- Yes?

It's the wide part.

Peter, the general's coming in.

- How's it going now?

- Not too well, sir.

We haven't been able to make contact
with General Browning...

So no one knows
we've arrived safely.

Not as far as we know, sir.

What about those VHF sets?

Well, sir, it appears the sets have
been delivered with the wrong crystals.

- So they're quite useless?

- Yes, sir, I'm afraid they are.

Are Brigadier Lathbury and Colonel Frost
aware of what happened...

- to the special jeep squadron?

- Not as far as we know.

At the moment we're unable to contact
any of the units moving into Arnhem.

Not a very satisfactory
state of affairs.

We can't quite understand it.

It's perfectly good equipment.

Then for God's sake,

get it sorted out...

before we have a bloody disaster
on our hands.

Sir.

Hancock...

I've got lunatics

laughing at me from the woods.

My original plan has been scuppered
now that the jeeps haven't arrived.

My communications

have completely broken down.
Do you really believe
that any of that can be helped...
by a cup of tea?
Couldn't hurt, sir.
Forgive me for returning,
Field Marshal.
I must press for permission...
if it becomes necessary...
to blow up the bridges
at Arnhem and Nijmegen.
That is out of the question.
Never.
Is that clear?
We need them
for our counterattack.
Counterattack?
With what?
Paratroopers cannot fight long.
They are too lightly equipped.
Isolated they are lost.
I have spoken
to Von Rundstedt.
All reinforcements
come to us first.
Every hour we get stronger
and they grow weaker.
- But if we blow the bridges...
- They don't want the bridges.
Do you really think
if they wanted the bridges...
they would have landed
It's ridiculous.
Thank you for the tea.
Our lightning-like assault
on Arnhem Bridge...
is certainly a smashing success.
I've an aversion to apples.
I'm so sorry.
I'm sure the Germans will
be thunderstruck with surprise.
- Are there many of you?
- Yes, there are thousands of us.
- Thank you for coming.

- Thank you.
Look here, this isn't
a victory parade.
Come on, sir,
enjoy the moment.
I will enjoy the moment
when we reach the bridge...
and when we find the bridge intact.
It will be.
Things couldn't be going better.
- Nothing's wrong.
- I know. That's exactly what is wrong.
Jesus Christ!
Stay down!
Shit.
There's still no contact.
Then keep at it.
I shall be back shortly.
Brigadier Lathbury can't have gone
that far. All right, Brown.
I'm sure we'll have them fixed
by the time you get back, sir.
Can you get a message down
to 30th Corps on that dingus?
Yes, sir. We just got word
from the 82nd up ahead.
They've captured the Grave Bridge
completely intact.
That's terrific,
except 30th Corps...
ain't about to reach
the goddamn intact Grave Bridge...
until the goddamn Son Bridge
gets fixed.
Tell our British cousins
to hustle up some Bailey stuff.
I'll meet 'em in Eindhoven
when they get there.
Tell those schmucks to do this right and
have their Bailey stuff at the front.
Got that?
And be sure to say please.
Joe, I make it just over six miles
to Eindhoven.

We won't make it tonight.
It'll be dark shortly.
Well, I hope to God the 101st
can hang on till tomorrow.
Giles, remember what the general said:
"We're the cavalry."
It would be bad form
to arrive in advance of schedule.
In the nick of time
would do nicely.
These plans should have
been left in England.
They're top secret.
And now we have all we need...
units, defense plans,
objectives...
and the schedule
for further drops.
I have prepared Nijmegen Bridge
for demolition...
if I blow it up tonight.
This Operation Market Garden
must fail.
Why do all my generals
want to destroy my bridges?
Come, Ludwig.
We'll have dinner.
Dinner?
But what about these plans?
These plans?
They are false.
Just a trick.
We were supposed to find them.
White wine or red?
We're still getting nothing from Colonel
Frost's battalion on the river road.
- Thank you, Cole.
- Dog-Charlie-Fox. Over.
Let's hope Johnny's meeting
less resistance than we are.
- We must break through to the bridge.
- We're completely blocked ahead of us.
There's a good deal more resistance
than we've been led to expect.

I must see for myself how he's doing.

All right, Cole.

- What is their strength?

- I can't estimate yet.

Some Dutch Underground people were here earlier trying to explain the situation.

I'm not sure how much they know.

Stretcher bearer, bring that stretcher over here to these men!

- What about Brown?

- They've both had it.

Christ Almighty!

They've gone round behind us.

I think it might be safer if you spent the night with us.

- I've got to get back to H. Q.

- Yes, but alive, sir.

If we can reach them, there are some houses in that direction.

We can get ourselves organized and try and find out what's happening.

Pull him out!

- Right.

- Sergeant Major.

Come on, lads.

Get a move on.

- Something just occurred to me.

- What's that, sir?

We're wearing the wrong camouflage.

It's all very well for the country, but we won't fool anyone in the towns.

Come on.

I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid we're going to have to occupy your house.

- All right, chaps, we're in here.

- The house on the other side.

- Section Two, over here.

- Dick.

Now, take your men, occupy that house across the road.

Make sure you can cover the bridge from your side.

Sergeant, follow me.

Hello, Dog-Charlie-Fox.

Rip down those curtains,
pile this furniture against the window.
We've reached our objective.
What is your position? Over.
There's nothing.
I can't contact Brigade
at all, sir.
Tried the other battalions?
Any luck?
Keep trying.
- Order them out.
- Please, Mother.
- This is my house.
- Perhaps by tomorrow.
Tomorrow?
Yes, Mother.
Shall we have a go
at the far end now, sir?
"Having a go" is hardly
textbook terminology, Harry.
But you'll let us try, sir?
Down! Take cover!
Cover fire! Quick!
Smoke!
Come on, lads!
Come on. Keep going.
Give us a hand.
Roll back!
Hurry.
- Are you all right?
- Yes, I'm fine.
We'll deal with them later...
when it gets dark.
- Made it so far, Doddsie?
- Aye.
Better hit that slit first time.
Hey, Corp, I said you'd better
hit that slit first time or...
I heard you, boyo.
Oh, great.
After you, Corp.
Come on.
Let's get on with it.
Now!

Now we're in trouble.
You bloody missed it!
You knocked my arm,
you clumsy bastard.
Now we'll never get out of here.
We've hit an ammunition dump,
a bloody ammo dump. Shit!
Fool's courage.
She says you are much too noisy.
She does realize there is something
of a war going on, doesn't she?
She has never liked noise.
She hates it.
They're coming.
Excuse me.
Many of them?
Can't tell, sir.
We can only hear them at the moment.
Hold your fire!
Hold your fire!
Fire!
Command. Wait for the command.
Over there with it.
Look after that man.
Open fire! Fire!
Keep firing. Come on.
Cease firing.
Sorry, ma'am.
Try and rustle up
some more bandages, will you?
Lad, you'll be all right.
See you later.
Get him patched up, Doc.
I'm terribly sorry about all this.
- Wicks.
- Sir.
Right, off you go.
Get that bloody stretcher inside!
All right. Here we go.
Good morning. Mr. Cornish
is straight through there.
Right. Thank you.
Hello, Dick.
It's all right. Sit down.

- You all right?

- Fine. It's only a flesh wound.

- How are things?

- Not too bad, sir.

What is bad is this.

- Careful.

- Sorry.

We hold the north end of the bridge.

The Germans hold the south.

But now they probably control

most of the town...

including the church tower.

What you're saying is

that we're surrounded.

Yes, something like that.

- What else?

- Sir.

I was a bit surprised to find

Bittrich's panzer troops here, sir.

Yes, well, surely you didn't believe

all that nonsense they told us.

I mean, about the enemy being

made up of old men, children.

We'll have to risk it.

It's halfway through the morning,

and things aren't getting any better.

- Sergeant, how is it?

- Sir.

We can't clear the streets.

Enemy strength keeps increasing. It's

impossible to get through to the bridge.

Thanks, Sergeant.

It's imperative I get back to H. Q.

before the situation gets out of hand.

If it's all right with you, Cleminson

and I will come part of the way.

- All right, Jimmy?

- Let's move.

End house,

bottom window, sir.

Cleminson, get over here.

Hang on, Gerald.

In here. Come on.

Can't you move your legs?

Must be the spine.

Can you help us?

- How?

- Don't you know a doctor nearby?

We can take him to the hospital.

You go. He will be fine.

Go, sir.

You go.

Go up.

They're certainly at the back.

What's it like at the front?

We're surrounded.

Yes. Quite.

I was rather expecting to see you again, General Sosabowski.

Do please sit down.

The Polish drop has been cancelled again. I would like an explanation.

Well, I expect the fog has a certain amount to do with it.

I'm told there are aircraft flying

Explain to me why my men and equipment cannot be moved from here to there...

and then fly to Arnhem.

That's a very reasonable question.

I don't want to bother you with a lot of meteorological mumbo jumbo...

but the fact is, you see, whether we like it or not...

fog... it moves.

Of course it moves. Where?

That's very difficult to say, General.

It's very slippery stuff, fog.

You think you've got it, then it reverses itself...

and leaves you behind.

Won't you please sit down?

What I'm trying to say, General... is even if we move your troops the 50 miles...

I grant you,

now the sun is shining...

the chances are that

by the time we get there...

the fog could quite easily
have preceded us.

- So we simply have to wait.

- And do nothing.

I think that puts it rather well.

Hey, you! You Vandeleur?

- Yeah.

- I'm Bobby Stout.

How do you do?

Hell of a day, huh?

Look at 'em... wild.

Have you ever been liberated?

- I got divorced twice. Does that count?

- Yes, that counts.

Hey, that Bailey crap.

You got it amongst this stuff?

When you refer to Bailey crap...

I take it you mean that glorious
precision-made British-built bridge...

which is the envy

of the civilized world.

- Yeah.

- The trucks are down there somewhere.

But how you're going to get them
through this crowd, I don't know.

No problem. I got a side road
pegged out that'll avoid all this.

- American ingenuity.

- Oh, really?

Actually I was born in Yugoslavia,
but what the hell.

Yes.

Okay, I'll take it, sir.

- Where the hell have you been?

- With some Dutch friends at Nijmegen.

Look. This is why

we can't take the bridge.

The Germans have moved in

S. S. panzer troops.

You'd think they didn't want us

to get across or something.

They've sealed off the whole area.

Here. You can see on this map.

Every street leading to the bridge
is blocked.

Every house around it is occupied.

The Dutch Underground people say
it's just impossible to break through.

They could be right.

- Where's the captain?

- Dead.

I didn't ask you how he was.

I asked you where he was.

Orderly, we're all out
of bandages over here.

- Sir.

- Not now.

- I'd like you to look at my captain.

- I'm sorry. Put him down.

What in the name of hell
do you...

- You told me to put him down.

- I'm in no mood for crapping around.

If you don't look at him right now,
he's going to die.

He's dead now.

It'd mean a lot to me
if you'd check him out.

Come on, Sergeant.

For Christ's sake, get him out of here.

Would you look at him,
please, sir...

right now...

or I'll blow

your fuckin' head off.

Right now.

I can give him a quick examination,
if you like.

Thank you very much, sir.

Son of a bitch.

Orderly!

Well, I got the bullet
out of his skull.

-He's gonna live though, right?

-He's gonna have one hell of a headache.

Guess you can turn me in now, sir.

That was a court-martial offense.

You understand that?

- Yes, sir.

- Hope to hell it was worth it.

Guess only time

will tell on that, sir.

My response is strictly limited,
regardless of my personal preference.

- You understand that too?

- I do.

Like somebody cheating in school.

Once word gets out that you can behave
any way you goddamn please...

discipline's gone,

forget about getting it back.

So you're gonna have to be arrested,

over and out. Lieutenant Rafferty.

Yes, sir, Colonel.

Lieutenant Rafferty,

this is Sergeant... What's your name?

Eddie Dohun.

Sergeant Dohun pulled a gun on me

and threatened to kill me...

unless I did precisely

what he ordered.

- I want you to put him under arrest.

- Yes, sir.

I want you to keep him there

for at least ten seconds.

- I'm not all that sure I understand.

- Count to ten, Lieutenant, fast.

One, two, three, four, five, six,

seven, eight, nine, ten. Like that?

Thank you, Lieutenant.

This is yours, I think.

It sure looks like mine.

You scared the shit out of me,

you stupid bastard.

You did a fine job yourself,

if it makes you feel any better.

Goddamn right it does.

- Eddie?

- Sir.

You wouldn't really

have killed me, would you?

Thank you, sir.
Right!
Let's haul a little ass! Go!
Hold! Hold!
Move it. Come on, soldier,
you're not building a sand castle.
Come on, boys.
Use your muscle.
Heave.
Come on, heave!
Unload quickly.
- It's all right, sir.
- Come on, move yourself.
We haven't got all day.
Come on, push!
Altogether, lift!
Come on, soldier, pound it.
We've got a schedule to meet.
Steady.
Hold it.
- How much longer now?
- About another four hours, sir.
Shit.
Come on, boys.
We're not doing this for fun.
- Hey, soldier, get over here.
- Yes, sir.
- Pull on this rope.
- Yes, sir.
Didn't you ever build
a Bailey bridge before?
Neither did I.
Clear the way! Clear!
We haven't got all day.
Roll it, fellas!
Right. Come on. All aboard.
Let's get moving again.
- Thanks, fellas.
- Be seeing you.
- What's wrong, sir?
- They're 36 hours behind schedule.
Lieutenant.
Sir.
We'll be turning you over

to the 82nd now.

They're good soldiers, the 82nd.

Just be sure you keep your hand
on your wallet at all times.

Yes, sir.

They're here.

It's 30 Corps.

They're here, chaps.

You're late, you lazy bastard,
but we'll forgive you!

That was gracious of me.

Take cover!

Bring up the Piat.

Make sure it's within range.

Come on! You'll miss him.

Right, lads! Go, go!

Corporal!

I need a jeep.

Well done, laddie.

- We thought you were dead.

- I can assure you it was an error.

That was the bleeding general.

- Good morning, gentlemen.

- Good morning, sir.

Carry on, thank you.

Good morning, Baker.

Good morning, James.

Harry. Apologies for
my enforced absence. Dennis.

- Sir.

- Lathbury's been put out of action.

I'd like you to go into town,
take over the brigade.

- How soon can you leave?

- Right away.

Pull them together and keep
pushing forward to the bridge.

Did the rest of the division
arrive safely?

Yes, but we've run into
all kinds of trouble.

It would seem that we've landed
on top of two S. S. panzer divisions.

Good God.

As you can imagine,
it's hard to stop tanks...
- with rifles and machine guns.
- Show me.
You can see what we're up against.
Johnny Frost and some of his chaps have
managed to get as far as the bridge.
But the Germans are driving
down here towards the river...
and may even now
have cut them off completely.
Now the entire division is here, we
should be able to break through to him.
It certainly gives us
more of a chance.
Sosabowski's Polish brigade

is due in at 12:

If it arrives.
Yesterday's airlift was three hours late
due to fog in England.
The gliders bringing the Poles'
equipment didn't arrive at all.
- Now give me the good news.
- I'm afraid there isn't any, sir.
As you can see,
we're more or less surrounded.
So far we're holding our own, but we're
desperately short of food, medicine...
and above all, ammunition.
- Are we getting our daily supply drop?
- Oh, yes.
The Royal Air Force
are flying in on schedule.
The trouble is, the Germans
have overrun the dropping zones.
- Don't our pilots know that?
- I'm afraid not, sir.
In heaven's name, why?
It's the radios, sir.
We still haven't been able to make
contact with anyone outside Arnhem.
Fools!
Bloody fools, this way!

We're over here!
We're here!
- It's wide.
- Drop 'em over here.
What the hell are they doing?
They must be able to see us.
They can see us all right, laddie...
but they're under orders
to ignore signals from the ground.
For all they know,
we could be Germans.
They're giving it all
to the bloody Germans.
Charles.
Poor bastard.
Oh, well, maybe tomorrow.
Here.
He'll never make it.
Those bleeding snipers will get him.
Come back!
Come on, Ginger mate.
- He'll never lift it.
- Come on, mate!
Bring it back, mate.
Come on.
Come on!
Run, laddie, run!
Oh, Jesus Christ!
Taxi!
- Do you get all that?
- She wants somebody to call her a taxi.
Taxi.
- Doctor.
- Good evening, Kate.
May I introduce Mrs. ter Horst,
Colonel Weaver.
Is your husband
not returned yet?
He should have been here by now.
He must be having difficulties
coming through the German lines.
Well, in that case...
we will have to ask you
for a decision.

Colonel Weaver
has a request to make.
What we've done is
we've set up...
a defensive pocket,
more or less thumb shaped...
with the river as the base.
Mrs. ter Horst speaks
surprisingly good English, Colonel.
Then you understand that we're
in quite a strong position...
for holding out
until 30 Corps reaches us.
But we have to make
certain arrangements.
The words come through. I don't know
if I follow the military strategy.
We have the main hospital, of course,
but it is full to bursting.
Perhaps you understand
that we have great need...
of additional space.
Our house would seem suitable.
It's just for the slightly wounded.
You know, we'll patch them up,
send them back... that sort of thing.
I feel it will need
a little more than that.
We're wasting time. Come.
- Doctor.
- Thank you, Kate.
I will see you.
I will come back.
You come in. Let's see.
Please sit.
Come take this chair.
- Come over here with me, lads.
- Thanks very much.
Sit down.
Let me help you.
Oh, Colonel,
the major wants you upstairs, sir.
Okay. Thank you.
All right?

Thank you.
Still in one piece, Dodds?
Good. All right, Potter?
That's far enough!
We can hear you from there.
Rather an interesting
development, sir.
My general says there is no point
in continuing this fighting.
He is willing to discuss
a surrender.
Tell him to go to hell.
We haven't the proper facilities
to take you all prisoner!
Sorry.
What?
We'd like to, but we can't
accept your surrender.
Was there anything else?
All right.
And now?
Flatten Arnhem.
- Any movement at Nijmegen?
- None.
No way of blasting through
to the bridge?
I'd lose all my men for nothing. There's
God knows how many out there already.
You mean it's over?
I didn't say that, did I?
We've paid for that bridge,
and we're going to collect.
But to do it,
I need tank support.
You've got it, Jimmy.
The Grenadier Guards will be happy
to oblige. Is that all right, Alex?
Absolutely.
It's not just tanks.
I need boats.
If 30 Corps were American, we would
have boats. Did you bring any?
- Mike?
- We might have a few about somewhere.

- Can you get them here by tonight?
- It won't be easy.
We've got one road,
ten-mile traffic jams on it...
and Germans throwing shells at us.
-I don't know quite what we can do...
-Except try. You can do that, can't you?
Thank you, gentlemen.
Now, look here.
About these boats...
What is your opinion?
How many?
The general's a bit scratchy today,
but it's nothing personal.
When we dropped on Sunday...
I think he cracked his spine.
- How many boats have we got then?
- About six in each truck.
Where's Major Cook, soldier?
- I think over there, sir.
- Thank you.
Julian, where the hell are you?
Here, sir.
We're going to take
Nijmegen Bridge tonight.
- What's the best way to take a bridge?
- Both ends at once.
I'm sending two companies
across the river by boat.
I need a man with
very special qualities to lead.
Go on, sir.
He's got to be tough enough
and experienced enough to do it.
Plus one more thing.
He's gotta be dumb enough to do it.
Start getting ready.
What was all that about?
Well, someone's come up
with a real nightmare.
Come on! Keep moving!
We just got word from
the Dutch Resistance people at Arnhem.
- And?

- It's not going well for the British.

Their main force

never reached the bridge.

Those that did are hanging on

by their fingernails.

- And General Urquhart?

- He's got his back to the river.

The Germans trapped his men in a pocket

and they're squeezing it smaller.

How long can he hold?

Where are those goddamn boats?

Just keep it clear.

Right.

They're no further

than we thought. Julian.

- Sir.

- There's been a change in plans.

We're gonna make the crossing

in daylight.

- Daylight.

- Traffic's all screwed up for miles.

By the time we're ready,

it'll be 0800.

- That's when we go.

- Fine.

I'd like to wait and go tomorrow night,

but the British can't hold.

Better by daylight.

Much.

- Any news of the boats?

- No. We're switching...

- You want some?

- No, thank you.

We're switching the start to 9:00

just to make sure.

You start laying smoke

just before we go.

Fine.

They're going to get creamed

from the far embankment.

Your smoke screen's gonna be

their only protection.

Don't worry.

We'll cover you.

Please.

Okay, can I have
your attention, please?

I'm pleased to inform you that our 9:00
departure has been postponed till 10:00.

So you can all have
an extra hour's fun and relaxation.

- Major?

- Yes.

We got any more information
on those boats?

We're reliably informed that they float.

Outside of that, we don't know squat.

Not how many, not how heavy,
not how big.

We are sure that the river is wide
and that the current is strong.

As any more cheery information comes
my way, I'll be happy to pass it along.

In the meantime, just think of this
as on-the-job training.

What's the matter?

No sense of humor?

Goddamn it!

We go at noon.

Come on. Clear those roads!

You men are probably wondering
why I've called us here together.

I've reached a decision
that I'd like to share with you all.

I intend to go across
like George Washington...

standing on the prow.

You guys can do the rowing.

- That's it! Move 'em out!

- Here we go!

Get up there, guys.

It's heavy.

What the...

What'd you expect, destroyers?

Come on, put it together. Unload 'em.

Easy on them, guys.

- How many more?

- Get those sides up.

Fire!
What else can you see
besides smoke?
Nothing yet, but they are
going to try a river assault.
It will fail.
Of course it will fail, but...
what do we do
if it doesn't?
I ask your permission
to blow up the bridge.
Out of the question.
I understand, Field Marshal.
They will not cross the river
and we will blow no bridges.
Have all demolition charges
been checked?
Yes, sir.
Everything is wired and ready.
Captain Krafft
is standing by as ordered.
The bridge will not
fall into enemy hands.
As soon as the first
British tank starts to cross...
I'll blow it sky-high.
- Let's get going!
- All right! Go, go, go!
Go on. Don't wait. Go.
Jump in, boys.
If you don't have an oar,
use your rifle butts, anything.
Row!
One, two.
The current's taking us down.
Stay to your right.
- Support fire ordered, sir.
- Right. Thank you.
Get down!
Hail Mary, full of grace.
We're drifting!
Pull to your left!
Pull!
Keep it going, boys.

Keep rowing.
Stay down.
Come on, boys.
Thy will be done.
Come on. Let's go.
Let's go!
Snipers!
Help me.
Go up the side.
Second platoon!
- Can we make it through the tunnel?
- No way, sir.
Up the bank.
Cover.
Come on.
Sergeant.
Take four across, draw fire.
Harry and I'll go up the side.
You cover.
Go, go, go!
Come on.
Let's go!
Are you ready?
Yes, General.
Goddamn it.
My God, they're only
Who can stop them now?
No one.
Oh, hell.
Any chance, Whitney?
No, sir, not unless we're relieved
in the next few hours.
Harry?
- Try and get him down to the cellar.
- Very good, sir.
It's working.
I'm through to H. Q.
Where's the colonel?
- Down below.
- Get him.
- Colonel Frost!
- What is it?
Up top.
It's Headquarters, sir,

on the radio.
Coming.
Sunray on set.
Pass your message. Over.
What's your situation, Johnny?
Over.
I hadn't expected
the pleasure, sir.
We are holding out.
We need reinforcements
and above all, ammunition. Over.
I'm not sure if it's a case
of us coming for you...
or you coming for us.
Well, we'll just wait
for 30 Corps then.
That would probably be best.
Very reassuring
talking to you, sir.
I'm sorry, Johnny, getting stuck
on that bloody bridge...
four days on your own.
Have you anything else for me?
No, sir. I'll give you a call
when our friends arrive. Over.
All right.
Good luck. Out.
- Sergeant Tomblin!
- Here, sir.
I'm coming over.
Sergeant Taylor!
I don't understand.
Why aren't you moving?
What's the matter with you guys?
Those are British troops
at Arnhem.
They're hurt bad.
You're not gonna stop,
not now.
I'm sorry.
We have our orders.
We busted our asses getting here.
Half my men are killed.
You're just gonna stop...

and drink tea?
We're now facing a completely
different situation.
We can't lead with tanks up that road.
Jerry'll pick us off like sitting ducks.
Our infantry is fighting in Nijmegen.
When they get here, we'll move on.
For Christ's sake, must you
do everything by the book?
Our orders are to wait
for the infantry.
I'm sorry, but there it is.
It's Major Carlyle, sir.
All right. I'm all right.
Things are not so good, eh?
I've been meaning
to ask you something...
and I haven't because I know
you were so anxious that I should...
and I wouldn't give you
the satisfaction.
Why the hell do you always carry
that bloody umbrella?
- Memory.
- What?
Bad memory.
Always forgot the password.
I knew no Jerry...
would ever carry one.
I had...
to prove I was an Englishman.
Get back!
Back into the houses.
- Nothing, sir.
- All right. Thank you, Corporal.
It's no use in any event.
Take my boot off, will you, Wicks?
Hello, 30 Corps.
Oh, God!
We're out of ammunition anyway.
Right. Off you go, Wicks.
Join the rest of the lads.
Try and get back
to the main force.

- What about you, sir?
- I'll be all right.
We just didn't make it
this time, did we?
Calling 30 Corps.
Come in, please.
My general says
please take it.
It's very good chocolate.
Your planes dropped it to us
yesterday.
English.
Action stations!
God bless
Field Marshal Montgomery.
Would five minutes
be too much?
Just five minutes respite.
Dear God...
grant these young men...
die in peace and quiet.
I'm sorry, lads,
but you're going to have to move.
Please.
Take my hand.
We're a bit late
with this one, mate.
"Surely He shall deliver thee
from the snare of the fowler...
and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee
with His feather...
and under His wings
shalt thou trust.
His truth shall be
thy shield and buckler."
There you go. Head back.
You'll be all right now, chum.
Can it get worse?
Oh, yes, much worse.
Bring up the bulldozer.
Stretcher bearer!
Help me!
Stretcher.

Easy, now. Take it easy.
Morphia. I must have morphia.
Morphia is only for
the people who are really hurt.
I thought I was really hurt.
Well, you're wrong.
I asked him to come over,
but Dr. Spaander does agree with me.
- We've got to do something about them.
- Yes, what? Good day, Doctor.
General Urquhart, we have no more space
and we have no more supplies.
And since a prisoner of war...
has more chance
than no chance at all...
I have a mind
to ask the Germans...
to accept our wounded
into their hospitals...
if we could arrange evacuation.
- Have I your permission to try?
- Certainly.
If Weaver agrees.
But I hardly think the Germans will.
Those are our guns out there.
That's 30 Corps.
I don't think my permission
is going to be your major problem.
I've come with a message
from General Urquhart.
How you manage that?
I swam the Rhine, sir.
I'm afraid the radios
are all up the spout.
The general asks if you'll
get your men across the river.
We've been holding out
for six days now.
Any help at all would be
of considerable assistance.
You swim back with reply?
Yes, sir.
Well, we can't swim...
not with equipment.

We have small rubber boats,
that's all.
I'm afraid rubber dinghies
may be a bit flimsy for the Rhine, sir.
I agree.
Tell the general we're coming.
We're coming tonight.
Yes, sir.
Not possible.
If you would just say yes,
it would be very possible.
Forgive me,
but there is a battle...
and we are in the process
of winning it.
Winning and losing
is not our concern.
Living or dying is.
Cease fire...
one more hour, two...
just to evacuate our wounded.
Afterwards you can kill us
as much as you want to.
General Ludwig.
- Will you thank him, please?
- I just did.
Please, you can go.
How short are we? A mile?
Why don't we just try
to bash through?
For God's sake,
it must be worth it.
They're trying to force Urquhart
away from the river.
Now, once they do that...
once they've got him surrounded,
he'll be annihilated.
Not in Monty's plan at all.
Have we replaced the boats
we lost at Nijmegen?
Yes.
Well?
Well, then?
Well, that's it then.

We're pulling them out.
It was Nijmegen.
It was the single road
getting to Nijmegen.
No, it was after Nijmegen.
And the fog...
in England.
It doesn't matter what it was.
When one man says to another,
"Today let's play the war game"...
everybody dies.
"Withdraw"?
Two days, they said.
We've been here nine.
One bloody mile. You'd think
they could accomplish that.
- Hancock, here are another two.
- All right. Thank you.
They're the last two
I could find.
Charles?
We've been given
our marching orders.
If they discover we're leaving,
they'll go all out to destroy us.
So we must take every precaution.
I've designed this
like a collapsing bag.
Macdonald here has agreed
to man the wireless...
in order to give the Germans
something to listen to.
All the padres and medical staff
have volunteered to stay behind as well.
Now, the wounded
who are too bad to move...
will replace the men firing...
so our defense
will seem as before.
By the time the Germans
find out what's happening...
we should all be safely
across the river.
- Pleasant journey.

- Thank you, sir.

- Are you all right, laddie?

- Thank you, sir.

I'm beginning to believe
we're actually going to make it, sir.

I thought everyone knew
God was a Scotsman.

Come on. Don't hang about.
General Browning will be down
right away, sir.

He wondered if you perhaps
might like to change.

- Change?

- Your clothes, sir.

No, thanks.

Hello, Roy.

How are you?

I'm not sure
that I'll know for a while.

But I'm sorry about
the way it worked out.

You did all you could.

Yes, but did everyone else?

They've got a bed for you upstairs,
if you want it.

I took 10,000 men into Arnhem.

I've come out with less than 2,000.

I don't feel much like sleeping.

Quite.

I've just been on to Monty.

He's very proud and pleased.

- Pleased?

- Of course.

He thinks Market Garden
was 90% successful.

But what do you think?

Well, as you know, I've always thought
we tried to go a bridge too far.

Mind his head.

Thanks, Taff.

Abide with me

Fast falls

The eventide

The darkness

Deepens
Lord, with me abide
When other
Helpers fail
And comforts flee
Help of the helpless
O abide
With me
Hold Thou Thy cross
Before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom