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# Gunga Din

By Joel Sayre

"Now, in Injia' s sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
"A-servin of Er Majesty, the Queen  
"Of all them black-faced crew  
"The finest man I knew  
"Was our regimental bhisti "  
Detail, halt!  
What was that all about?  
They are pilgrims, sahib,  
going home to the hills.  
They beg to follow us for safety.  
Tell them not to fall too far behind.  
Detail, walk. March!  
Jadoo, the sun is going down.  
Expect we'd better bivouac  
at Elephant Rock, as usual.  
Yes, Markham sahib.  
I don't like it, Mitchell.  
I don't like it. Silence is unhealthy.  
No word from Markham in 48 hours.  
Blast it, an officer and his patrol  
don't vanish into thin air.  
- Telegraph just got through, sir.  
- Good.  
What have you got?  
Wires apparently down  
for the last two days.  
I thought it was something like that.  
Emergency signal, sir.  
Why doesn't he go on?  
Wire's gone dead, sir.  
I don't like this.  
Can't have the wires down.  
Things start too quickly up there.  
Higginbotham.  
Find Sgts. MacChesney, Cutter,  
and Ballantine, and bring them here.  
That's a bit difficult,  
as they're all on leave.  
On some mysterious mission, they said.  
It'll be a mystery  
if they come back right side up.  
Bring them here at once.  
- What do you want?

- Where's Sgt. Ballantine?

- Here.

- Where's Sgt. Cutter?

He's busy.

Buying a map for a buried treasure.

You ought to have your head examined.

- I didn't know the map was a swindle.

- You and your emeralds.

You ought to be put in a padded cell.

If we'd found them emeralds,

we could've left the army...

and lived like dukes. See?

That's the fellow that sold me the map.

Just a minute.

Let me take care of him, will you?

Take your hands off that man.

I'm waiting for an explanation.

Speak up, MacChesney.

Speak up!

We were swindled, sir.

- We?

- Who swindled you?

We don't want to make any charges

until we have further proof.

Further proof?

You practically wrecked a village.

You surely didn't do that,

MacChesney, without proof?

Sir, we had our suspicions.

Suspicions of what?

Come on. I've no time

to wheedle the story out of you.

We bought a map.

Go on.

From a private

in a certain Scottish regiment, sir.

No, I did it. I bought the map myself, sir.

Now, listen. Don't you

try to shield your friends, Cutter.

And it won't do you two any good

to hide behind Cutter's generosity.

Out with it. A map of what?

Of Lake Singali, sir.

Yes, sir. And the privilege of diving into it

to our heart's content.

Diving for what?

- For emeralds, sir.

- A barge full, sir.

According to the information I bought,  
it was sunk in the year 241.

I can hardly believe it.

Ballantine, a man of your intelligence...

MacChesney, at your age...

They was the spoils of a maharajah, sir.

Thank you, Cutter. That will be sufficient.

As for you two...

I ought to take away your stripes,  
not only for insubordination...

but for idiocy.

Sheer, childish, soft-brained idiocy.

But fortunately for you,

I need all three of you at Tantrapur.

We're going out on a job, sir?

Of the most vital importance.

You leave for Tantrapur...

with a detachment in the morning...

to repair the telegraph and keep it open.

Left turn! Left wheel, quick march!

Left wheel! Attention!

Eyes forward!

Party, halt!

Sergeants, dismount!

Cold.

Stale.

I don't mind saying the whole thing

fair gives me the creeps.

Creeps or no creeps,

we've got to get in touch with the Colonel.

We can't until we get them poles up

and this wire strung.

Naik, detail 10 men for guard duty.

The remainder will pile arms

and prepare for work.

Halt!

Gunga Din, water.

Gunga Din, bring water!

Bring water!

Whoever's been playing tricks

with this village is blinking clever.  
I couldn't find a trail  
or a single footprint leading in or out.  
So the village isn't quite deserted, eh?  
- Salaam, sahib.  
- Who are you? What are you doing?  
My name is Pandu Lal.  
I'm a miserable seller of trinkets.  
Last night a band of dacoits  
raided this village, looted my shop...  
and stole off with my poor wife  
and six children.  
The children are looking bonny.  
Come on, everybody, in the other room.  
Go on, get up. On the double.  
Get in there. You heard me!  
Quick! That's right. Go on.  
That's better.  
- What's that?  
- Trinkets, sahib.  
Only what I could save  
from my pitiful stock.  
- Worth hardly a few annas.  
- Go on, open them up.  
Who are these playful subjects here?  
I don't know, but young Toad Face there  
seems to be leader.  
Get them all out of here.  
Come on, get out of here. On your feet.  
Hold them there.  
Naik, detail eight men for escort duty.  
Bring them here on the double.  
Listen, you.  
What became of Burgess sahib?  
- Come on, spit it out.  
- He can speak, but he won't.  
- He doesn't know.  
- Here.  
You never saw one of these things before,  
did you?  
It's for growing daisies, isn't it?  
- Or for planting lilies for people's graves.  
- No, sahib.  
What became of these people here?

- He doesn't know.  
- That's good.  
We'll take them back with us and let  
the Colonel put them through the mangle.  
No. Will not go with the white sahib.  
You will never leave here.  
Already your graves are dug.  
By nightfall, Ma Kali will be smiling.  
Never mind the second chorus. Come on.  
Party, form a square!  
Under cover, everybody! Get in there!  
Take cover in the courtyard.  
Close the gates.  
Climb the wall, everybody!  
Come on, men, on the roof!  
Look out, Mac!  
Take cover behind the wall.  
Volley firing. Ready?  
Ready? Get set. Fire!  
Here you are, Cutter.  
Get in there. Come on.  
Ballantine, come up!  
Let's go.  
Here's a present for you.  
Bal, catch!  
Come on, let's go!  
Charge!  
Everybody under cover!  
Get behind the wall. Come on. Hurry up.  
- Panee, Sergeant sahib?  
- No!  
How did you get here?  
You're a funny bloke, Din...  
but I'll admit you're a good bhisti.  
- Could be first-class soldier, sahib.  
- Don't make me laugh.  
Get to the river!  
- Come on, you savage, over you go.  
- Over you go.  
All right, give me that.  
What's the matter, Bal?  
You've been woolgathering  
ever since we crawled out of the river.  
- You know, my time is up on May 14.

- What of that?  
You can sign on  
for another nine years, can't you?  
Make a man out of him.  
I'm leaving the service.  
- Leaving the service?  
- That's right.  
I'm getting married,  
and I'm going in the tea business.  
- Married!  
- Tea business!  
Why, you're mad if...  
March to attention, everybody!  
Let's march in in good style, men.  
- Fall in up there.  
- Left, right, left.  
Tell the Sergeant  
to report at the office immediately.  
Yes, sir.  
Party, right wheel!  
Halt! Left face!  
Sergeants to the front!  
The wiring party's  
returned from Tantrapur, sir.  
Eight killed, three wounded.  
Otherwise all correct.  
Very well, Sergeant. Dismiss your men...  
and report at the office immediately.  
Very good, sir.  
Party, dismissed!  
- Identical, Mitchell.  
- Good heavens, a Thug pickaxe.  
It's incredible,  
but that's what happened to Markham.  
I'm afraid they've done away  
with poor Burgess, too.  
There's been none of this for 50 years.  
Thuggee. That's what it is, Mitchell.  
What's Thuggee, sir?  
A murder cult Col. Sleeman crushed  
50 years ago.  
The Thugs were the most fiendish  
band of killers that ever existed.  
There were at least 10,000 in India,

and they murdered 30,000 people a year.

Thuggee was practiced  
from the Himalayas to Ceylon.

The order was religious and worshipped  
Kali, the goddess of blood.

The Thugs were stranglers,  
weren't they, sir?

Stranglers. They dug the graves  
of their victims in advance.

Mitchell, we must stamp this out  
immediately.

The Lancers will scour the country  
west of Tantrapur...

- you will search the regions to the east.

- Right.

- What do we do, sir?

- You're dismissed, Ballantine.

MacChesney, you and Cutter  
will leave tomorrow with a stronger...

Ballantine, you're dismissed.

You and Cutter will take  
a stronger detachment tomorrow...

into Tantrapur, to finish your work.

Maj. Mitchell and I will be in close touch  
with you at all times on either flank.

Keep your eyes open for Thugs.

Ballantine would be a great help, sir.

If I may remind you...

the three of us have always  
brought off things very well together.

Yes, sir. He's indispensable.

Ballantine's leaving the service in six days.

He's getting married.

Couldn't you put your foot down?

Forbid the banns? Something like that?

When the parson says, "Speak now  
or forever hold your peace"...

couldn't you give him a roar, sir?

You know what I mean?

Higginbotham will replace him.

Dismissed.

- Tommy, I've got you back again.

- And I've got you.

I'm here to stay, forever and ever.



Forever and ever.  
That's horrible.  
- She's charmed him like a snake.  
- The siren.  
Wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it  
with my own eyes.  
Me, neither.  
I can't stand it.  
Me, too.  
Left! Right! Center!  
As you were!  
Company, attention!  
Right turn!  
Two paces forward. March!  
Head up, chin in.  
Get those thumbs  
behind the seams of your trousers...  
Get them back.  
Lower that left shoulder  
an eighth of an inch. That's much better.  
Otherwise you're looking  
very regimental, Din.  
Thank you, Sergeant.  
- Was salute satisfactory?  
- That's the idea...  
only you want these fingers  
to fan the eyebrows, more like this.  
The breeze from them fingers  
ought to almost blow this eyebrow off.  
Now try it again.  
Very good, indeed.  
That one almost blew your turban off,  
didn't it?  
Very regimental, Din.  
Keep them at it, Subedar sahib.  
They may need it.  
Tell the Subedar to drill the men  
till sundown.  
- Where did you get the bugle, Din?  
- Please, sahib, I find when nobody looking.  
Don't you know that's very naughty?  
Please, sahib, don't take away.  
Bugle only pleasure for poor bhisti.  
Thank you, sahib.

- Sahib care to hear new call?

- Not now.

Very regimental, Din.

Company, attention! Company, dismissed!

Let me see your tongue, Annie.

I'd like to try it, Sergeant sahib.

Very old Indian remedy.

All right, go ahead. But be careful.

If anything happens to her, I'll...

Understand? Cry my eyes out.

No, sahib!

Very little bit goes very long way.

Gulp it down quick.

Then you won't taste it.

I know. You want your daddy

to give it to you, don't you?

Daddy will give you the medicine.

Give it to me.

There. Be a nice girl, now.

Or you'll never be strong and big  
like Daddy.

If Daddy took a spoonful first himself,

Baby might do a patty-cake for him.

This is delicious.

This is...

All for a nice little elephant girl.

This is lovely.

You ain't so stupid as you look.

That's better.

Annie, don't ever worry me like that again.

There you are, you two.

I've got letters for both of you.

There. Sgt. MacChesney  
and Sgt. Archibald Cutter.

Look what it says here.

"Miss Emaline Stebbins  
requests the pleasure...

"of Sgt. Archibald Cutter's company  
at a"...

What's that?

"...betrotal dance preceding her marriage  
to Sgt. Thomas Ballantine.

"8:

I worried so about you, dear,  
while you were away.  
Perfectly awful things  
must have happened at Tantrapur.  
It was rather touch and go there for a bit.  
- You haven't told me yet about it yourself.  
- No, I haven't, have I?  
I had to give my undivided attention  
to the repairing of the wires.  
Cutter and MacChesney  
should have watched out for the enemy...  
but they were off chasing butterflies  
or something like that.  
I finally got the detachment to the river,  
and we dived in and escaped.  
Tommy, you're so marvelous.  
That's all there is to it, I suppose.  
On the last roof  
we almost lost MacChesney.  
His great elephant hoof  
crashed through and stuck.  
- How did you get him out?  
- We had to saw his leg off at the hip.  
If you don't believe me,  
just look behind that shrub.  
Save some for the elephant.  
Destroy the evidence.  
- Stand guard, will you?  
- Yeah.  
Never mind that, Sergeant. Stand easy.  
- Good evening, Colonel.  
- Evening, Stebbins.  
- Good evening, Major.  
- How are you?  
No formality.  
We just dropped in  
to wish little Emmy the best of luck.  
That's very nice of you, sir.  
I'll bring Emmy to you.  
- Looks like a jolly party, Sergeant.  
- Yes, sir. Very jolly, sir.  
Is that a punch bowl you're shutting out?  
Is that punch?  
Some peoples calls it a punch, sir,

but I calls it swill.

Nonsense. Stebbins is famous  
for his punch. Have a spot?

Rather.

Excuse me, sir.

I wouldn't touch it if I were you, sir.

Too watery, sir. Besides,  
it'll rust in the lining of your stomach.

- We'll be the judge of that.

- Wait, sir. There's a fly.

- I don't see a fly.

- Neither do I.

There it is, sir. It just dove under the ice.

I'll get the little nipper in half a jiffy.

I got him.

Hear him? Humming like a beehive.

He's gone.

Ain't that a shame? There he goes.

Come along, Mitchell.

I think we'll forget the punch.

Tommy, you know we have

Sgt. Higginbotham to thank...

for your being let out of the expedition.

That's right.

The Colonel says I'm the only man  
sharp enough...

- to replace Sgt. Ballantine.

- That's very flattering.

I'm only glad to be so some help in,  
shall we say, Cupid's service.

One thing I can promise...

with Cutter and MacChesney about,  
you won't have one dull moment.

I've got a feeling they don't like me  
very much. It's just as well.

- The army's no place for sentiment, I says.

- That's right.

Excuse me.

I've got a pebble in my left boot.

Hello, Higginbotham.

- How would you like to come with me?

- What?

I'd like to discuss

a few of my military theories with you.

I'd like to have a little chat,  
get to know each other better.

- How about a bit of a drink, Bert?

- Thanks, Cutter.

- Where's Ballantine?

- Never mind that civilian.  
I got Bertie Higginbotham,  
his replacement.

Bertie's got a thirst like a derby winner,  
haven't you, Bertie?

We can look after that, old boy.  
Take a plunge into this punch.

Punch? That stuff's for drummer boys  
and old ladies.

- Not that stuff.

- That would knock a horse down.  
Swill that down, me boy...  
and you'll think all the Thugs in India  
is a bunch of missionaries.

That's right, Bert.

That's a funny thing.

The punch tastes all right.  
It's all right.

Bert, how about having another drink?  
To the new comradeship, Mac and you  
and me and the regiment forever.

- That's it, Bertie, my boy.

- I'll drink to that.

All right.

Here's to good old Bertie Higginbotham...  
the finest soldier since  
William the blooming Conqueror.

Down the hatch, boys!

Which of these two do you prefer?

I don't know. Try them both.

One for each window.

Don't be silly, darling.

It's as much your problem as it is mine.

- I know.

- These curtains are for your den.

My den?

What's this, Sergeant?

Buying a trousseau?

We're buying curtains.

I thought it was for underpants,  
the kind civilians wear in the tea business.  
Will you two leave  
and stop annoying Tommy?  
I'd like to oblige, but we're marching off  
to Tantrapur in 20 minutes...  
and Tommy's marching with us.  
But Higginbotham's replacing him.  
The Colonel said...  
Higginbotham's in hospital, Miss.  
I grieve to say, Miss,  
that the man is a tower of pain.  
- Something he must have ate.  
- Or drank?  
Sgt. Ballantine, fall in!  
- Tommy.  
- It's the Colonel's orders, Miss.  
Tommy, these friends of yours  
have engineered this behind your back.  
Don't cry, darling.  
Goodbye.  
This is May 9.  
I'm going with you for five days,  
and good company I'll be...  
but at sunset on May 14,  
when my time is up...  
wherever we are, I'm going to knock  
you two apes' heads together.  
Now come on.  
- Pardon me, madam.  
- Fall in!  
Your petticoat's showing.  
Ek Number! All's well!  
Do Number!  
All's well!  
Teen Number! All's well!  
Chaar Number! All's well!  
Paanch Number! All's well!  
Swing those picks there.  
You think this is a strawberry festival?  
Shake a leg with that pole.  
Come on, get it up there at the double.  
This is a fine time for things to go quiet.  
Blast them Thugs.

Why don't they come  
and give us a good fight?  
Then Bal will be a pipe to re-enlist.  
Come on, hurry up, I told you.  
How can we get a nice little war going?  
What if I were to blow up the Taj Mahal  
or one of them sacred tombs?  
What do you want to do,  
start the Indian Mutiny again?  
Annie, get your back into it! Hurry up!  
He's even snarling at poor little Annie.  
You can't work 24 hours a day, you know.  
In another 24 hours, my time will be up.  
I don't want to leave anything undone  
that might detain me.  
Get it up, hurry up.  
He's tired.  
It just goes to show you  
what a piece of dry goods will do.  
A brilliant bloke like him, too.  
Cutter, we got to do something.  
Come here.  
- What now?  
- Look, Mac...  
for four days we've been waiting  
for them Thugs to start something.  
Four days in this cruel heat  
and horrible tension.  
- What's that to do with Ballantine?  
- I'm coming to that.  
Go on.  
Three hours from where we're sitting,  
by a secret trail...  
there's a gold temple  
waiting to be sliced away and carried off.  
Have you started after  
this buried treasure again?  
Just a minute, Mac. This one ain't buried.  
According to Gunga Din,  
it's standing right out in the open.  
According to Gunga Din, eh?  
I thought he might have been  
at the bottom of this.  
What's the idea of this lushing?

- Give me that bottle.

- Wait!

Just a minute.

MacChesney, I'm here to speak,  
and I'm going to have my say.  
You want Ballantine to stay with us,  
don't you?

- Of course I want him to stay.

- All right. Just a minute.

It's as easy as parting your hair.  
We take Bal to the temple,  
show him the gold...  
and the moment he starts slicing at it...  
marriage and the tea business  
will whiz from his mind.  
MacChesney, versus that,  
you can't think of a single argument.  
Cutter, I'm warning you.

- What's the matter with you?

- What's the matter with me?

I'm sick of it! Now shut your trap.

- You mean you won't go?

- No!

And if you mention  
gold temples again to me...  
I'll tear the back right off you  
with a shovel.

Very well, MacChesney,  
you made your choice.  
I offered you the chance  
to be a millionaire...  
and you turned it down.  
All right, I'm going alone.

Wait a minute!

Cutter, you ain't leaving this village  
without my permission.

Give me that bottle.

I've been a soldier for 14 years.  
I know my duties as well as you do.  
But you're not talking to a soldier now,  
you're talking to an expedition.  
I'm an expedition. Out of my way.  
Cutter, sit down before I throw you down.  
Make way for the expedition,



if you know what's good for you.  
Goodbye forever.  
Stand back.  
I'll throw you in the clink  
if you make a move.  
Out of my way before I split your jaw.  
- Cutter, I'm warning you.  
- Come on, put 'em up.  
Come on, out of my way.  
I'll bash your ugly face in,  
that's what I'll do.  
Come on, put 'em up.  
I'm afraid I have to do it.  
Sgt. Ballantine.  
- What?  
- Come here.  
Poor fellow's taken with a dizzy spell.  
Lock him up safely until he comes to.  
I'll lock him up. I'm only sorry  
you didn't have a dizzy spell, too.  
Then I'd lock you both up  
at the same time.  
Good old Din. What's up?  
Tonight, when everyone sleep,  
Din go back again.  
- See gold.  
- You did?  
Where is it?  
Didn't you bring any with you?  
Bhisti cannot carry whole temple.  
- Whole temple?  
- Din see it. All gold.  
Here, now.  
We've got to get out of here now.  
Get me some tools  
that I can rip these blinking bars out with.  
- Already bring all tools could find.  
- Yeah.  
Is this satisfactory, sahib?  
Think I want  
to break out of a blooming pudding?  
Go on, get something big. Jaldi!  
Up, Annie. Please, Annie.  
What are you doing, Din?

A large tool you asked for, sahib.  
Annie, come on,  
pull these blinking bars out for me.  
Work for me. Get me out of here, Annie.  
Come on, Annie. Be a good girl.  
Whoa, Annie! Just the bars!  
Alert the guards!  
- Wake up!  
- What?  
The Thugs are here!  
Why didn't you say so?  
I'd like to get a crack at them.  
What happened?  
- Dacoits slipped in and stole elephant.  
- What's that?  
Thugs stole Annie.  
Stole Annie? They'll stoop to anything.  
How many were there?  
- Couldn't see.  
- Where did they go?  
- The hills.  
- Sound assembly.  
Sgt. Ballantine,  
pick 16 men and follow me.  
MacCheesecake, if this is  
another of your tricks...  
Fall in the remainder!  
Put every man on guard duty!  
- Very good, sir.  
- Steal Annie, will they?  
I'll break every Thug's back in India!  
Din, are you sure you're on the right trail?  
Yes, sahib. Here is the bridge, sahib.  
- Is this bridge safe?  
- It's safe, sahib.  
Safe? What do you mean, safe?  
Make her stop that.  
She's making me nervous.  
Get out of my way.  
It's no time to do a thing like that!  
Annie! Take your foot off.  
Annie! Take your trunk off.  
Annie, please go back!  
That's gold, bugler.

Look at it, bugler.  
That's yours and mine.  
Archibald Cutter, the blooming duke,  
look at me, and Rajah Gunga Din...  
pouring diamonds  
out of that there blinking water bag.  
Bugle will be very satisfactory.  
Come on, Din. The world is ours.  
Kali. Sahib, come quick.  
Thugs, lift up your faces...  
to the light that shines from Kali's throne.  
Brothers in Thuggee...  
we are the friendless of this earth.  
Every man's hand is against us.  
We have been kicked, spat upon...  
and driven to the hills like wild things.  
My father was a Thug, and he was hanged.  
His father was blown  
from a cannon's mouth.  
And what of your kinsmen,  
your fathers and their fathers...  
and their fathers' fathers before them?  
My brothers, a new day is at hand.  
I have read the omens, and they are good.  
Three nights ago,  
a jackal screamed upon the left.  
Another answered from the right at once.  
What does that mean, my brothers?  
It means that Mother Kali,  
with all her arms outstretched...  
hugs us to her bosom,  
welcoming us back as Thugs...  
Thugs awakened from a sleep...  
of 50 years.  
Let the neophytes  
and their teachers draw near.  
Where are the stranglers?  
Give them their strangling cloths.  
Give them their burial picks.  
Swear by our Mother Kali...  
to be thrice faithful to her  
and to me and to our order...  
and to all of us.  
Rise, our new-made brothers.

Rise and kill.  
Kill, lest you be killed yourselves.  
Kill for the love of killing.  
Kill for the love of Kali. Kill!  
It's them all right, Din,  
the whole blinking lot of them.  
Very bad men.  
The Colonel's got to know.  
You must get there, Din.  
The Colonel's got to know.  
The Colonel? I run quick.  
Since mighty roast beef  
is an Englishman's food  
It accounts for the freedom  
that runs in his blood  
For generous living  
Does it do all good  
Excuse me, mates.  
Oh, the roast beef of England  
And, oh, the old English roast beef  
Sing us a song, will you?  
You're all under arrest.  
The whole bunch of you.  
And you, too. You know why?  
Her Majesty's very touchy  
about having her subjects strangled.  
I can't waste any more time.  
Come on, wrap up your gear.  
You're coming with me. Hurry up.  
Guruji.  
If it ain't young Toad Face.  
Fancy meeting you here.  
Vile dog.  
For that insolence,  
you shall grovel before my son.  
You shall grovel, I say!  
Look here.  
I'm a soldier of Her Majesty the Queen,  
and I don't grovel before any heathen.  
Kabul, take him to the tower...  
and teach him the error of false pride.  
Take him away!  
In those drear gray hours before dawn,  
just go out and chase elephants.

Beats counting sheep a million miles.  
What do you mean, elephants?  
This ain't elephants.  
This is Annie, my Annie.  
I'll find her if I have to turn out  
the whole British Army.  
What the blazes is this?  
Good morning, gentlemen.  
Good morning.  
What the blazes are you here for?  
I've come to replace Sgt. Ballantine.  
Higginbotham,  
I could just fall on your neck.  
I got a better neck than mine  
you can fall on.  
That's a good one. Hello, there!  
Tommy, hello!  
How wonderful of you to meet us.  
I came here to surprise you,  
and here you are, surprising me.  
- Good morning, Sgt. MacChesney.  
- Good morning, Miss.  
Here are Tommy's discharge papers.  
Cutter will be very pleased about this.  
- Column of threes!  
- Eyes front!  
Sit up straight there!  
Who do you think you are,  
a lot of blinking nursemaids in Hyde Park?  
Walk march!  
Forward!  
Party, halt!  
Sgt. Ballantine, take charge.  
Go inside, dear. I'll be right with you.  
All right, but do hurry,  
so we can leave soon.  
- Naik, what about this?  
- He just came back, Sergeant sahib.  
Come here, you.  
Din, I knew you was at the bottom  
of all this.  
Didn't you knock down the shed  
and take off Sgt. Cutter?  
You'll answer to me.

We'll have a court-martial here and now.

- Line up a firing squad.

- Please, sahib.

You stole the elephant, didn't you?

Answer me!

You knocked down a building  
and liberated Her Majesty's prisoner...

Sgt. Cutter, didn't you?

- Yes, sahib.

- That's all! Take him away!

You Lazarushian beggar,  
it'll be the firing squad for you this time!

Wait a minute, Mac. Where's Cutter?

Din, where is Sgt. Cutter?

- They catch him.

- What's that? Who?

In the gold temple, they catch Sgt. Cutter.

Who's they? Priests or what?

Very bad men. They'll give him torture.

Go help, quick.

- How many men?

- Don't know.

- I run away quick to bring help.

- I'll bet you ran away quick.

And you'll run back just as quick, too.

Show me the way.

- I'll pick a dozen men.

- You'll pick nothing! I'm going alone.

You haven't a chance.

I'm not killing Cutter by riding in  
with a troop.

They'll cut him up  
if we have a rescue party.

- Right. We'll go together.

- No.

Tommy, what's the matter?

Cutter got himself into a mess,  
and Mac and I are going to get him out.

Don't worry, I'm not taking him.

I'm going as a sergeant  
in Her Majesty's service.

- I'm not taking any civilians with me.

- Who's a civilian?

It says here,

"Thomas Anthony Ballantine...  
"is restored  
to the rank of citizen of Great Britain...  
"and his duty to Her Majesty's service  
is over and done with."  
Try and keep me out of this.  
I'm saying goodbye, Bal,  
and I wish you luck in the tea business...  
and your matrimony both.  
Wait a minute, Mac.  
Wait right here. I have to talk to him.  
- But he said you can't go.  
- He'll change his mind.  
- I won't let you go!  
- Darling, I have to go. I owe it to Cutter.  
- He's saved my life time and again.  
- You don't love me.  
Do you want me to go through life  
remembering that I ran out...  
on one of my two best friends?  
After what they did to Higginbotham,  
and dragging you up here again?  
That's just the way of showing  
their friendship.  
I hate the army, I'm through with it,  
but friendship, that's something else.  
But we're wasting valuable time.  
You have to understand. I'll be right back.  
- I want to talk to you.  
- You? I don't want to argue...  
I'm going if I have to shoot you  
and go alone.  
You know as well as I do why you can't go.  
If anything happens to you,  
I'd be in a fine mess.  
Your girl would prefer charges.  
- She wouldn't.  
- I don't trust her.  
There's only one way I'll risk it.  
- What's that?  
- For you to sign up.  
When we get Cutter,  
we'll tear up the papers.  
It'll be according to regulations.

Is that fair enough for you?  
You're getting clever again.  
Do you want me  
to get kicked out of the army?  
All right, I'll sign, but on one condition.  
That I hold the blank in my hand  
and I keep it after I'm through.  
You don't trust me.  
That's right.  
All right.  
What are you doing  
with that in your pocket?  
I always carry one. In case.  
No, you don't.  
Not a word of this to Emmy,  
you understand? Shake on it?  
Hurry up.  
Excuse me, miss.  
Sgt. Ballantine and I are going out  
on a reconnoitering expedition.  
- Yes, sir.  
- If we're not back by morning...  
inform the Colonel,  
and you follow our trail.  
- Come this way.  
- Excuse me, Miss Stebbins.  
- I'm going, Emmy. He's changed his mind.  
- Who made him change it?  
- Reason and common decency.  
- You're lying.  
Would I lie at a time like this,  
just before our wedding? Be reasonable.  
You didn't sign anything?  
Why ask a question like that?  
Do I look that stupid?  
Just pretend I'm going off on a picnic.  
That's all it'll amount to.  
We'll get Cutter out of that gold temple  
without firing a shot, just by strategy.  
We've done things like this before.  
It's just a lot of fun.  
- Fun? You want to go.  
- Darling...  
- Sgt. Ballantine, fall in!



- Right, sir.  
He called you sergeant.  
Why? You're not in the army.  
It's just an old habit, hard to break.  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
Why don't you come right out  
and say you don't want to get married?  
You'd rather be with him.  
Why fool me by telling me  
how you hated him and his ugly face...  
and all the ugly faces in the army?  
- I didn't say quite that. Be fair.  
- Please, sahib, hurry.  
- Come on, Sergeant!  
- Can't you wait a minute?  
Sure, I can wait,  
but I'm not so sure about Cutter.  
- Can't you trust me? Kiss me goodbye.  
- No, never.  
They're probably  
slicing Cutter's ears off by now.  
- I'm coming, Mac!  
- Darling, please don't go.  
You don't want a man for a husband.  
You want a coward  
who'll run out on a friend in danger.  
That's not me, and never will be.  
I don't care how much I love you,  
and I do, very much...  
I'm a soldier... I mean, I'm a man first.  
All right, MacCheesecake,  
get that silly smirk off your face.  
- Come on.  
- Let's go.  
Surely Mother Kali is kind.  
One Englishman fly walks in,  
and now our web is baited.  
More will follow.  
Two more have crossed the bridge.  
It is well. Prepare.  
You said this place was full of priests.  
- Sahib do not give Din chance to say.  
- You've got a mouth, haven't you?  
Quiet. It's Kali.

A Thug temple.  
Why didn't you tell me they were Thugs?  
I've a good mind to split you in two  
and stuff you up an elephant's trunk.  
MacChesney roar so loud...  
poor bhisti cannot get a word sideways  
between roarings.  
Enough of that. We're here to find Cutter.  
We should have brought every man  
in the regiment.  
I only wish you had, sahib.  
Hello, Din.  
Fine work, bugler. I knew you'd do it.  
Thank you, sahib.  
- Hello, boy.  
- Hello, mate.  
You're alive, anyway. What's this?  
I'll chop you down right away.  
So there you are, you white-livered  
elephant-stealing treasure hunter.  
Look at you, hanging there  
like a lamb in a butcher's shop.  
Where's the troop?  
There's no troop, and the Guru has us.  
We right walked into it.  
You mean to tell me  
you didn't bring the troop?  
What a brain!  
I round up every Thug in India,  
and you mess it up with that pygmy brain!  
I couldn't face my own men  
if I brought them to witness your shame...  
disgracing Her Majesty's uniform.  
Shame? They're doing this to me  
to find out where the column is.  
They plan to ambush and massacre  
the Colonel and the whole troop.  
- You didn't tell them, did you?  
- Not me.  
So I suppose you think you're a hero?  
- That's right.  
- A hero. Don't make me laugh.  
Every man at the post  
looking for these blighters...

and I reconnoiter adroitly  
and encounter them...  
while you cowards hide behind  
your telegraph poles in Tantrapur.

Who's a coward?

- Untie him, will you?

- Yes. Untie me.

I said untie him!

Sgt. Ballantine, untie that man!

You displease me greatly,  
and I ignore the both of you.

- I'll untie him myself.

- Yes, that's right.

Only one hand, that's all I need at you.

Just one hand.

- Hurry up about it.

- I'll take all day, if you order me around.

I owe you one, anyway.

Mate, look at your back.

- Never mind that. Untie my hands.

- Just look what they did to you.

I'm sorry, mate. The fiends!

- The Guru.

- Filthy scum.

- Dog.

- Maniac.

- Let's get him.

- Here we go.

Grab him regardless how many  
are with him. It's our only chance.  
He's sacred, so they won't shoot us.  
Why, you hairless dog.

Look what you did to that man's back,  
you filthy...

A lesson

in the error of false pride, Sergeant.  
You're talking very proudly yourself.  
Perhaps you're not too proud  
to give a little information I seek.

- I want to know about your army.

- Why don't you enlist, mate?

Lash.

For a beginning, this is not bad.

Three soldiers to be given to Mother Kali...

three soldiers and a slave.

- Who is slave? I am a soldier, too, please.

- You're what?

Regimental bhisti.

Proud ox, where is your army?

How soon are they to follow?

Wouldn't you like to know?

Why don't you look in your crystal ball?

Make the ox talk.

You dirty pack of cowards!

Never mind him. Now. He's next.

- I'm waiting. Will you speak?

- I don't know.

Hold on, Mac, old boy!

Stop.

Look. See them down there...

coiling and wiggling,

sticking their pretty tongues out?

Are you going to speak?

Throw him in. He'll talk from there.

- No, I can't stand it!

- Will you speak?

All right.

If I ain't kissed

by one of them snakes, I'll tell you.

Take me outside.

- Be a man, Mac.

- I can't go it, mates!

Come back, Mac, old boy!

- Well, Sergeant?

- All right, guvnor.

I don't know

the exact position of the troops...

but in Ballantine's pocket there's a paper

with all the troop movements in it.

- You're sure of that, Sergeant?

- As sure as taxes, guvnor.

- I wouldn't fool you.

- I hope not.

If you have, there'll be worse than lashes.

Please don't lash me any more.

I'll relieve you of these.

Cut him down.

"Sgt. Thomas Ballantine hereby reenlists."

That's you, MacChesney,  
always hiding behind regulations...  
you Brummagem turncoat!  
Be gallant in defeat, Sergeant.  
You're simply  
a victim of superior strategy.  
Quiet, you Whitechapel scum, or I'll  
cut your slaggedy hands off at the wrist!  
- I'll pay you back with horrible interest!  
- I command you to shut up!  
Tell your men to lay down their arms and  
get out of here, or you're a dead kipper.  
Lay down your arms and leave.  
- Where do those stairs lead to?  
- Not to freedom.  
- We'll see about that. Ready?  
- Right.  
- Sgt. Cutter, guard that door.  
- Right. Mac, take your coat.  
Right. Get up.  
It's young Toad Face blazing up the Thugs.  
I'll start with him first.  
No, you won't.  
Gentlemen, what do you think  
of your freedom now?  
All right, my friend,  
if we've got to die, you've got to die, too.  
As long as I'm alive, you live.  
- What did he say?  
- He says he'll be unharmed.  
He says to keep order,  
be confident, and wait.  
Congratulations, Sergeant...  
on your knowledge  
of our humble language.  
That's enough. Get under the shade...  
before you get sunstroke.  
Go on. Get on back.  
Wounds feel satisfactory, sahib?  
I ain't had a more satisfactory set of welts  
since I ran away from home.  
- Thank you.  
- Fall in.  
Come on.

- Get down. Look out.  
- Watch your head.  
- The gold!  
- Yes, sahib, gold!

Look at it, mates! Gold! That's what it is!  
- Real solid sunshine!  
- Sit down, you fool!

See that hand sticking out?  
I bet that little hand's worth 3,000  
if it's worth a farthing!  
Who's a blinking idiot now?  
We're rich, mates. Come on!  
All right, Mr. Wise Man,  
here's my last offer.  
You order your men  
to get in behind them rocks...  
and you see us down as far as the bridge.  
We'll let you loose,  
and there's no harm done.  
How's that?  
Speak, you ape, or I'll kill you.  
You would throw away your shield,  
brave soldier?

- Do you hear something, Bal?  
- The bagpipes, Mac?  
I've been hearing them for hours,  
but it isn't them.  
It's the blistering heat  
screaming in our ears...  
that makes it sound like it.  
They'll pull us out, old boy...  
if they can find the blasted place.  
Don't waste any of your guff on me, Mac.  
Here we are, and this is it.  
It might have been worse, though.  
I might have left a widow.  
Eight feet away from where I'm sitting,  
right here...  
there's enough gold  
to make me sole owner and proprietor...  
of a pub as big as the Crystal Palace.  
Best pub in Hampshire. And here I am.  
You torturer!  
Setting that in front of my eyes.

Is there no limit to the torture  
an Oriental mind can think up?  
So help me, if you mention gold again,  
I'll tear the tongue out of your head.  
Here it is. Get it.  
Brave soldiers,  
can it be that your nerves are tightening?  
We can stand it up here  
as long as you can, Mr. Wise Man.  
Preserve your courage, gentlemen.  
You are not forgotten.  
They will come to save you.  
That's right, mate.  
You're going to see more soldiers  
than you ever saw before.  
Gentlemen, good news.  
Here's a sight that should  
make your hearts pound faster. Look.  
The Lancers.  
Look at the Black Watch out in front.  
Those beautiful Scotties.  
I'll buy them all a beer apiece.  
Your comrades' coming  
chokes you with emotions.  
Seeing them this way recalls to you  
all manner of pleasant things.  
The gaiety of barrack life, old friendships...  
even England...  
even home.  
You bet it does, mister.  
Save your voices, gentlemen.  
They're coming here to your rescue.  
You tormenting fiend.  
- You're so sure, aren't you?  
- Quite sure. It is my plan.  
Two come to rescue one...  
then the others follow.  
If you planned it right, mate...  
you'll be hanging by your filthy neck  
by nightfall.  
You think so, Sergeant?  
I'm not so sure.  
You seem to think warfare  
an English invention.

Have you never heard of  
Chandragupta Maurya?

No.

He slaughtered all the armies left in India  
by Alexander the Great.

India was a mighty nation then...  
while Englishmen still dwelt in caves  
and painted themselves blue.

Look.

Don't be afraid, gentlemen.

I am still your shield.

It is very simple.

Your army will enter by that gap.

Then they'll proceed  
halfway down this gorge.

Those are my infantry.

The best mountain fighters in the world.

At a given signal,  
they will open fire on your troops...  
driving them forward into the trap.

That is my artillery.

Rather neatly concealed, don't you think?

My gunners greet them with a full salute.

And finally, in come my horsemen.

This is, gentlemen,  
my household cavalry...

similar to that which guards  
the person of your Queen Empress.

Each man is mounted  
on a valiant charger...

and eager to slay for his guru.

The honor of the thunder in  
and slaughter of your army falls to them.

I see it in your faces.

Who is this ugly little savage...  
to snarl so boldly at the British lion?

Prime generals, friends, are not made  
of jeweled swords and moustache wax.

They're made of what is there,  
and what is here.

- You're mad.

- Mad?

Hannibal was mad. Caesar was mad.

And Napoleon



surely was the maddest of the lot.  
Ever since time began...  
they've called mad all the great soldiers  
in this world. Mad?  
We shall see what wisdom lies  
within my madness...  
for this is but the spring freshet  
that precedes the flood.  
From here we roll on,  
from village to town...  
from town to mighty city,  
ever mounting, ever widening...  
until at last my wave engulfs all India.  
My soldiers! March!  
- Toad Face, if you make a move...  
- Stop, or I'll slit his throat.  
Obey me, my son!  
Beloved guru, our men will not move  
if it is to cost your life.  
What is my life  
to the life of our cause? Go!  
- No! They will not let you die.  
- Go!  
No, you don't. We need you.  
Wait a minute.  
You have sworn as soldiers,  
if need be, to die for your faith...  
which is your country, your England.  
India is my country and my faith...  
and I can die for my faith and my country...  
as readily as you for yours.  
Go, chota.  
India, farewell.  
You have warned the English.  
You must die.  
Our guru has given his life  
for our cause. We must not fail him now!  
We must get up there and warn  
the Scotties before they're trapped.  
We may not warn them,  
but we've got to try.  
Come on, mates. Let's go.  
- Good work, soldier!  
- Thank you, sahib.

Look.

Before I have your faces  
tied to bags of hot ashes...  
I want you to watch as though  
you were rajahs at an Imperial Durbar...  
while your comrades  
are slain to the last man.

Bonnie Charlie's now awa '  
Safely owre the friendly main  
Mony a heart will break in twa  
Should he no' come back again  
You see, soldiering isn't all war,  
Mr. Journalist.

Will ye no' come back again  
They're coming in.

- The Colonel's got to know.  
- Yes.

Trumpeter, sound off.

Shoot him down!

- You take the left flank, I'll take the right.  
- Yes, sir.

They're getting away! Fire!

Good work, bugler.

Fire! Charge!

Cut their heads off.

- Poor old Din. What a mate.  
- Mac, look! Here they come!  
- Come on!  
- Hit them again!

Get them off!

Speak to me, Bal.

They've killed him!

You'll pay for this.

I'll make you pay for this.

Take that. And that!

That's right. I don't trust you.

Why, you dirty, scheming scum.

You rotter.

Charge!

- Everything cleaned up, sir.  
- Nice work, Mitchell.

Thank you, sir.

Firing party, halt.

Inwards, turn!

Fire three volleys in the air. Ready!

Present. Fire!

Ready!

Present. Fire!

- Very good, my boy.

- Thank you, Colonel.

- Not half bad.

- Thank you, Colonel.

Let's take a look to the men.

Stand easy, men.

We've all done enough soldiering  
for one long day.

You were fine today. Particularly fine.

I'd sooner hear that from you, sir,  
than get a blooming medal.

Thank you, sir.

Perhaps you'd take care of this for me, sir.

And here's a man of whom the regiment  
will always be proud.

According to regulations,  
he had no actual status as a soldier.

But those who had the privilege  
of serving with him today...

know that if ever a man  
deserved the name and rank of soldier...

it was he. So I'm going to appoint him  
a corporal in this regiment.

His name will be written on the rolls  
of our honored dead...

and I...

Let me see that last part again,  
will you, Mr. Kipling?

Present arms!

"So I'll meet 'im later on

"At the place where 'e is gone

"Where it's always

double drill and no canteen

"He'll be squatting on the coals

"Giving drink to poor damned souls

"And I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din

"Yes, Din, Din, Din

"You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din.

"Tho' I've belted you and flayed you

"By the living God that made you

"You're a better man than I am,  
Gunga Din!"  
Forward turn!  
Straight march!  
English