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5 Days of War

By Mikko Alanne

Based on actual events

More than 500 war reporters|were killed in the last decade.

This film is dedicated to their memory.

Iraq - 2007

He can't talk, so he just films things.

Yeah, basically.

He's even named his camera Dave,|which I find kind of sad.

And we're taping.

Anders. Miriam.

Say hello to the folks at home.

Say, "Greetings from hell."|Come on, guys.

What are you doing back there?|Planning a date?

We're speculating about al-Safi's|motives on giving us this interview.

Yeah. Let's talk about something|that really interests people.

Like sex.

Sebastian, you are|such a fucking pervert!

Why don't you turn that off, and|save the battery for the real stuff?

- Yeah, stop filming us!|- This is the real stuff.

People don't care about boring old war.

They need something juicy|to break away from "American Idol".

Like emergency sex among reporters.

Anders, would you care to explain|that concept to TV audiences?

Why don't you explain it?

You can explain the emergency|sex you have at night,
alone with the internet, you know.

Cos we don't want our sex lives|on your emergency sex show.

Whoa there, missy!|Did you just say, "Our sex lives"?

Ah, does that mean you guys|are finally doing it?

When we get home we're gonna have a talk
about your lack|of journalistic standards, OK?

You'll be severely disciplined.

- I see something.|- Where?

- I see someone on the road!|- I don't see anything!

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Fuck! Jesus! Shut the door!

- Is everyone all right?|- Yeah! Get down!

Get this car in reverse!

Back off! Get us out of here! Press!

Press!

Put the car in reverse!

Move it, motherfucker,|or we're all dead!

Get us the fuck out of here!

- Are you all right?|- Yeah. I think the vest caught it.

Is she OK? Is it bad?

She's been hit through the side!|She's bleeding pretty bad!
Stay with me! You stay with me!
You keep listening to me! You keep|listening to me! Say my name!
- Oh, shit!|- You're gonna be OK. I got you.
Get us the fuck out of here!
We're gonna get you out of here, OK?|Just stay with me!
- Fuck!|- Jesus!
Don't you go...|Don't you go anywhere! Miriam!
Fuck!
Miriam!
Defensive positions!
Hey, you have to help her first, OK?
Call for medevac! Two urgent surgicals!
Let's go! Come on!
- Where are you guys from?|- Georgia! Coalition forces!
Look out! RPG at 12 o'clock!
This saved my life once.
Los Angeles - One year later
These days,
has continued to escalate,
to peace in our region.
where violence harms everyone.
the Russian Federation,
and the people of Georgia,
let's return to the negotiating table.
Mikheil Saakashvili,
his country closer to the West.
has already sent troops
in Iraq and Afghanistan,
in both NATO and the EU.
aspiration to integrate with the West
Russia's desire to regain influence
of the Soviet Union,
Russia's leader, Vladimir Putin,
catastrophe of the 20th century.
So, what's going on?
There's no one here.
but me Zoe and Stilton.
a police truck, got lit up.
under fire on the border.
That's the border...
with South Ossetia.
backed by the Russians.
Both sides have had peacekeepers here

in the early 90s.

No one'll fucking insure me. | I can't.

I got a special reputation | after Iraq and...

Apparently, I was a loose cannon before.

- You are a loose cannon. | - Thanks.

Listen, I don't care what you do.

and get over here.

I know Sebastian's ready | to rock and roll.

I will dance for you!

Tbilisi, Georgia - August 6, 2008

It looks nice.

Then again most places do | before war tears 'em up.

In the end they all look the same. | And the world barely blinks.

There's that cheer I was missing!

I'm just laying out the facts.

There could be genocides | on five continents,
people don't give a fuck.

God forbid their cable goes out, though.

So what's Russia's | big beef here, then?

They just don't want | to see this place go west?

It may have more to do | with the oil pipeline here.

It goes direct to Europe which makes | the Russian pipe irrelevant.

They're also playing tug-of-war | with a couple of Georgian provinces.

- Welcome to Cold War, the sequel. | - Exactly!

Wanna give Dutchman a call? | See where the others are at.

Yeah.

And with Wolf Blitzer,

I think you should mention | the shelling of the villages...

Mr President, | your cabinet members are here.

- Would you like me to go? | - No. Please stay.

Gentlemen, you all know Chris, | my US press adviser.

- Hello. | - Yes, please come in.

- Good morning. | - Come in. Tell me news.

Mr President, the latest intelligence

indicates the separatists are firing | from the Russian positions,
using their peacekeepers as shields.

That can only mean willing cooperation.

That could be another attempt | to draw us into wider hostilities.

- Just like in '04. | - We believe this to be different.

Russian fighter planes and tanks | are moving towards the conflict zone.

A Russian fleet in the Black Sea | is also on the move.

So you all believe war is certain?

We... we pray not.

But the Ossetians, they are refusing | all our efforts in diplomacy.

Our troops are|at their lowest level of readiness.
Several ministers|are also out of the country.
We have no contingency plan...
We'll call them back.|Yes, call them back. Everyone.
And I want no response yet|to these provocations. Understood?
The question is what do you wipe|your arse with in Tajikistan?
There is no toilet paper anywhere.|Ever.
There's no newspaper, no leaves|on the trees. I had the runs!
I had to slide along the grass,|wipe my arse like a dog.
That's a lovely visual, Stilton.
That's why I drink whisky, my dear.
Whatever it is, tummy bugs,|even memories, this kills it.
- Cheers.|- Cheers.
This stuff has put more experienced|drinkers than you in a coma.
Don't worry about this man, Zoe.
He can drink anyone under the table.|Yours truly excepted.
You got pretty fucked up in Bosnia.
- Me? Never!|- Most definitely.
- Never! You were in Bosnia, too?|- See what I mean?
- What were you? 12?|- 19.
Everything's easier in a miniskirt.
Speaking from personal experience,|are you, Stilton?
Bosnia's pretty fucked up.
Not as bad as Rwanda, though.
Families hacked and stacked in churches.
Imagine the attention that would|have got if they'd had oil there.
Yeah, war is like|an old toothless whore.
- Dutchman!|- Disgusting mainly. But then...
Every now and again...
...she gives it to you|like nobody's business.
I mean, special.
The old whore!
Oh, yes, Mommy!
- So, you guys got a... a plan yet?|- We're trying to get hold of Rezo.
Captain Avaliani.|You know, my guy from Iraq?
Thought he might have some leads.
But so far all we know|is his unit's back.
Well, let me know.|I got a guy in Variani.
He can hook you up with a guy|if you need it.
- Where you headed?|- Tskhinvali.
- What?|- What?
My dear chaps,|that's the separatists' capital.
I just go where the man tells me,|and point the camera.
OK. All set.

Dutchmans guy will meet us|near the village square at midnight.

Oh, God!

What do they put in this shit here?|Maybe I'm just getting old.

Roll down your window, will you?

It's no good, mate.|You're gonna have to pull over.

Really?

You all set? Lightweight.

Yeah.

Actually, I feel kind of hungry now.

- Have we got any snacks?|- No!

And if we have to stop|every five minutes for you to puke,
we are never making it to the border.

Fuck you!

- Sounds like shelling.|- Things are heating up.

Attacks are growing.

Both villages and peacekeepers|are under fire now.

We have casualties. Dead and wounded.

- We must respond.|- I agree.

If we respond, we are at war.

We cannot risk it.

Mr President,|if our troops cannot return fire,
they cannot evacuate the wounded.

We will maintain ceasefire|as long as we can.

Mr President,|there is visual confirmation
of Russian tanks|amassing for an invasion.

I must address country|and world press tonight.

I think that would be|a good idea, Mr President.

- OK, let's do it.|- OK.

There's local colour.

Besides, we've got time to kill|before Dutchman's guy shows up.

Are you making wedding videos now?

Shut the fuck up.

Stop checking out the chicks.|The president's coming on.

of the peacekeeping forces

that they have lost control

over the actions of the separatists.

In response,

maintain a unilateral ceasefire

the escalation of hostilities.

Nearly midnight.

Dutchman's guy will be here soon.|I'm gonna take a piss.

is urgently needed

to restart this peace process.

Fresh memory cards.

That must be our guide. |Giorgi? Thomas Anders.

- Hi. |- Hello.

We have to hide the car |at least half a mile from the border.

A lot of troops are on the move, |and roads are being closed.

You picked a good night |to cross through the buffer zone.

It may not be possible tomorrow.

- You can get us to Tskhinvali? |- Yes, very close. But...

Those are Sukhois. On a bomb run!

Hey! Everybody!

Everybody get under cover! |Get inside now!

- Are you OK? OK? |- I'm OK. You're bleeding really bad.

- Sebastian, are you OK? |- Yeah.

- What's your name? |- Tatia.

Tatia, I'm Anders. |Can you help me, please?

Hold it up.

I need you to rip a piece of this |for a bandage, OK?

Sofi! That's my sister!

All right. You go, you go.

Sir! Come here! |You need to hold this up.

Tatia! Tatia!

Tatia, Tatia, listen to me.

Get me another piece of tablecloth. |I need another bandage, OK?

We have to get the wounded out of here.

Good. Now sit behind me. Hold her hand.

Tell her she's gonna be OK. |We're gonna get her to a hospital.

I need to get this woman |and that man to a hospital,
or they're not gonna make it.

The nearest hospital in Gori.

- She's scared. She wants me to come. |- All right.

You know the way to Gori? |Good. You guys, careful now.

Careful with her. Careful.

- Are you American? |- No. I just studied there.

Turn left at the next intersection.

No fucking way!

No, no, no! Press!

- Use your eyes! |- Press! Press!

We got wounded people here. Come on. |Let us through.

OK? OK?

OK. Thank you very much!

Your father and sister will be OK. |They're behind us.

This is the scene |outside the Gori Military Hospital,
the only one in the area |where wounded soldiers and civilians
injured in last night's shelling |are all being treated.

heavy fighting remain hotly disputed,

the Georgians attacked unprovoked.

claims their troops...

...fired at Russian tanks entering|illegally into Georgian territory.

Sovereign Georgia.

Both sides have a dramatically...

...different account of this escalation.

This is Thomas Anders,|reporting in Geor...

This is Thomas Anders|reporting in Gori, Georgia.

OK.

Well, that might get us on CNN.

We can rock and roll that.|I'm gonna call our producer.

reporting from Gori, Georgia.

Very gory it is, too. I need a drink.

Karin?

Independent News Center New York|August 8, 2008

- I can't hear you.|- No bites. I'm sorry.

The networks are|all covering the Olympics.

The opening ceremony started today.

Did you mention a war started here?

taking the Kremlin line.

Medvedev is saying|the Georgians fired first,

and their troops|are just protecting their citizens.

in South Ossetia

suddenly have Russian passports.

Protecting them|by cluster-bombing villages

miles outside the conflict zone!

I know, Anders. I'm on your side.|You know what these people are like.

They barely find the time|to cover the war we're in.

You need to just... Hold on.

Putin's on from Beijing.

Actually, there is no secret about it.

We had considered all scenarios,

by the Georgian leadership.

about how to provide

and of Russian citizens

who are residents of South Ossetia.

neighbours, with all of our partners.

they can come and kill us,

that our place is at the cemetery,

such a policy will have for them.

What?

I said I wonder|what that will look like!

- Wait. That's it?

Where's the Georgian side?|No questions even?

Fucking unbelievable! Karin?

The networks|want something more personal?

Hey, Tatia! Everyone make it out OK?

I can't reach Sofi or my father.

The phones are not working in Variani.

- Look, I mean...|- Hey.

I think you need to take five.|Come on. Let's get some air.

Thank you.

- So, you studied in the States?|- Yeah.

Where?

New York. Political science.

Thought about staying,|but came back here to teach.

What is this? An interview now?

OK.

Where's the US?

We were there for you with Iraq,|and you're nowhere to be seen.

No. I... I agree with you.

My aunt and her husband got out OK|before the army closed the roads.

She said everybody else had to go|to nearby villages for shelter, so...

I gotta get back up there.

- We're going back north.|- Really?

Thanks for the offer.

I'm gonna go to my cousins|and see my aunt.

Call us later.

What the hell was that?

Seriously, man, you mind|fucking consulting me next time?

I don't want her coming north.|For her own good.

We need her. She needs us.

This is exactly the kind of story|the networks care about.

Missing family, reunion.

I don't want someone along|I gotta protect.

What, you believe|in your own reputation now?

Why? Because of Miriam? Giorgi?

Hey, check out this living hotness.

You've been the best|life insurance policy I ever got.

You are also a crazy motherfucker,|but we always come out OK.

And that's the way I like it.

I don't want complications and|entanglements. That's what I'm saying.

Tatia is not Miriam.

Anders, you've gotta let that go.

We came here to cover a war.

If we don't get a story,|this will all unfold unseen.

Yeah? OK.

You really think this is gonna work?

I've seen her work bigger miracles.
Thank you. You know what?
I'm going to write you down|my numbers, OK?
Thank you. See you guys.
So, guys, mission accomplished.
He's gonna get in touch|with Avaliani's unit.
They're headed this way.
You're gonna need to ride with them,|or you won't get far.
The main roads are still shut down.|Checkpoints every single mile or so.
You're amazing!
You know what they say.|Everything's easier in a miniskirt.
Heard you guys had|a rough night last night. Sorry.
Where did you end up?
Stilton sent me to the capital|to get some... government shit.
bombing an airstrip 20 clicks from here.
Sometimes that toothless whore is...
...unkind.
Give me the cash!
My name's Sebastian Ganz.
I'm trying to get a hold|of Captain Rezo Avaliani.
Up in the mountains. Entertain us all.
Like a crazy sexy Santa Claus.
Listen, I just wanted to say|thank you for taking me up north.
And I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier.
It's just this is all... really hard.
Sofi's wedding was supposed|to be a new beginning for all of us.
What do you mean?
My father and I|have never really gotten along,
and my going to America|was just one of many things.
His side of the family is Ossetian,
and we've had...|more fights about politics
than I care to remember.
No, listen, we're trying|to get to Variani,
and we wondered if we might be able|to hitch a ride along with you guys.
We haven't spoken|to each other in years.
How about your family?|They must be worried sick.
No, no. I don't have one.
Sorry.
OK. Finally connected with Avaliani.
His convoy will pass here|at first light,
and we can ride with them|to about a mile from Variani.
But then we're on our own.
Great. Thank you. Both of you.
Hey, guys! The president's back on!

My fellow citizens and world leaders.
by Russian forces
who now control Tskhinvali.
to all our friends in the West,
this aggression to continue.
to prevent all military vehicles
from entering Georgian territory,
any position attacking us.
that a universal mobilisation
is now in effect,
must report in.
May God save Georgia and all of us.
Sit down.
- Think the world heard me?|- I hope so.
You hope so?
The Americans?|Bryza at the State Department?
Mr Bush has make it very clear|that they will not intervene. Can't.
Not militarily, anyway.
That's just what the Russians want.
The Americans must know|that I had no choice.
If I'd stood by, the Russians|would be here by now,
and my whole country would be lost!|Another Chechenya!
If the Americans won't help,|then Europe must come to our aid!
But someone. Someone has to come.
That's gonna be tough, Mr President.
Medvedev is already playing this|as a Russian 9/11.
Oh, please!
He's having press conferences|accusing your soldiers
of killing innocent civilians|in Tskhinvali.
- He's calling this Kosovo!|- But it's outrageous!
We did everything we could|to minimise civilian casualties
while defending ourselves!
Let's try and keep this car|in one piece?
Otherwise Hertz will never|rent me anything ever again.
It's good to see you, my friend.
You, too, Rezo. I wish it were|under better circumstances.
- Sebastian explained everything?|- Yes.
- Do you mind if we film?|- No.
OK.
Captain, this is Tatia,|whose family is missing.
Thanks for the escort.
Yeah, I hope they are safe.
Anders, you ride with us.
Sebastian, you will follow.

So, what's the situation at the front?
Our intelligence indicates that|not only the Russians are coming,
but volunteer militia and mercenaries
to help the Russians|cleanse the villages.
You see men with white armbands|and black masks,
you don't take pictures.
You don't try to hide. You run.
Understand?
Your friend, Anders, is pretty cold.
Listen, he doesn't mean it.
He just has a hard time|relating to people.
You know, he's been through|some really bad shit.
Iraq and before.
But he's a good guy.
He cares about you and your family.
He just wants to keep you safe.
- What's that?|- It means "God willing".
Yes! That's good!
That's nice.
You know, Rezo, thank you|so much for this, but...
...I think I should|give it back to you.
No. I give to you for reason.
Do you know the story of St George?
The patron saint of soldiers.
Yes. His image is in all churches.
He was a Roman soldier
martyred for refusing|to abandon the truth.
You were trying|to tell the truth in Iraq.
This is as far as we can take you.|God be with you, my friend.
Thank you.
No?
This is the fifth village.|How are we supposed to find them?
What's she saying?
She thinks she can help us.|She wants to see the pictures.
What are they saying?|What did they say?
Her cousin owns an inn in Avnevi,|5 km from here,
and he took in a bride seeking shelter.
A bride and her father.
Let's check the registration.
Sofi!
Hey.
Hey.
- What's he saying?|- Jets! Jets!
Guys, we need to get to a shelter. Now!

We do not have much down here,
but you are welcome to have it.
You must be hungry.
Russian tanks are crossing|into undisputed Georgian territory.
The air force is bombing airfields|all across the country.
Battleships are moving in|to block our ports.
- My God.|- We leave at first light.
Avaliani told me volunteer militia|are coming with the Russians.
We should try to get some rest.
Sebastian? Sebastian, wake up!|Quickly! We've gotta go! Come on!
We can't. There's choppers. |Tatia, hiding places!
Bridge over this way!
- We have to go another way!|- We have to see this.
Come on. This way. The river. Come on.
Not a sound! No matter what happens.
What did he say?
He said he wants the chief|of police and the mayor.
No! We have to do something!
There's nothing we can do.
They'll kill us all!
Jesus!
Let's get the fuck out of here,|Sebastian.
Just one sec.
Clear them out!
- Shit! Let's go!|- Let's go! Go!
My God! This can't be happening!
Stay calm! Stay calm!
Everybody, in here. |Tatia, hide everybody.
We'll find a way out!|Come on! Quick! Quick!
Please have pity.
In the name of God.
It's all clear.
You idiot!
Come out or we'll kill you all!
Stop, stop, stop! All right, stop!
Press, press!
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!
We're Ossetian!
We are friends!
- Don't!|- Don't touch her, you fuck!
OK, OK!
No. These are foreigners.
This is all they had on them.
We found a second camera in the car.

What are you doing in Avnevi, |Mr Anders and Mr Ganz?
We were filming|in a neighbouring village
when the fighting broke out.
Filming her wedding.
And are Georgian weddings|a common passion for war reporters?
This is amazing,|what a simple Google search can find.
Look. You are Thomas Anders|and Sebastian Ganz.
Ambushed by Shiite militants|on the road to Samarra.
Miriam Eisner, American reporter,|was killed.
The memory card is security coded.|Give me the code, please.
Nice wedding.
I can make the women talk.
You will not touch my daughters!
They are Ossetians like me.
We are like you.
I am a Cossack, old man.
And the next time|you raise your voice at me,
I will cut you open|while your daughters watch.
Daniil. Daniil...
Take the father first.
No, you can't do this!
If there is a video recording,|we have to find it.
We don't need a PR nightmare|like the Americans in Iraq.
Don't worry, we'll find it.
Sir, we just received word that|the second invasion front has launched.
Good.
Mr President, we now face|a massive assault on two fronts.
We estimate the total size|of the Russian force at 40,000 men.
More than three times than our own army.
- How long can they hold?|- We cannot fight a two-front war.
Our troops in Abkhazia must retreat,|or they will be wiped out.
Pull them back.
What's the news, Christopher?
Any news from the Americans|on our ceasefire proposal?
I was told that President Bush spoke|to Medvedev and Putin personally.
They're not interested.
Putin left Beijing yesterday and said|he would command this personally.
He told Sarkozy he would not quit|until I am hanged by my balls!
There is some good news.
The EU ministers have agreed|to an emergency meeting.
Oh, thank you, EU!|An emergency meeting!
Oh, let's bring cocktails!|Champagne! Let's celebrate!
Meetings. More meetings! And|more meetings. No more meetings!
Every time some people sit|in meetings, more of our people die!

The EU representatives|have to come here!
They have to stand with us!
What did you do with the real card?
It's in the ground where you fell|after that guy hit you.
I buried it|when I came over to help you.
I swapped the cards in the orchard.|We have to get that footage out.
Papa, are you alright?|Did they hurt you?
I'm alright, I'm alright.
Anders!
Where are you taking him?|Sebastian!
Beautiful church.
Do you know that Georgia has some|of the oldest churches in the world?
At least they will be left|when this is over.
My leaders in Moscow|have decided they don't want to risk
the church's condemnation|of this project.
Do you play?
In English.
Are you sure they didn't hurt you?
Yes, yes.
So, what did they do to you?|You were gone a long time.
You didn't tell them anything,|did you?
Oh, Christ!
This board was a gift from my son,|Sasha. He died in Afghanistan.
Not bad, Mr Anders. Not bad.
My Sasha was only 21 when he was killed.
He was captured by enemy soldiers.
You can imagine the things|they did to him.
That doesn't excuse what you did here.
Of course it doesn't.
I just say so... you know I understand.
Understand what?
That look in your eyes.
The emptiness that comes|from burying your family.
You lost your parents.|Car accident, wasn't it?
Drunk driver. Head-on collision.
You know what is interesting?
That we both asked for combat|after family death.
And if people asked us,
I'm sure we'd give them many reasons|for why we did it.
But if we are honest...
...I think we just sought noise,
to drown out all other thoughts.
To forget.
Then after a while, in that noise,

you start to feel... immune.

Am I right?

Unfortunately, such an attitude|makes one prone to taking risks.

Really careless sometimes.

Like accepting|a Shiite cleric's invitation

for an interview,|driving straight into a deadly trap.

- You shut your mouth.|- What?

You feel your privacy has been invaded?

But isn't that what you do?

Capture people at their most vulnerable?

Enough!

Russia hires us, because|their own army is not motivated.

They pay us well for... special jobs.

Like, we catch deserters sometimes.

The lucky ones would get trial.

But the worst men...

...they give to me.

How could you have told them?

They will kill them now! All of us!

They already know everything.

Where is the recording? Tell me!

I don't know!

Tatia, do not play games with me!

These men may be Ossetians,

but they will not wait forever.

Tell me the location|of the memory card,

and I will let you all go.

You have my word.

I don't know what you're talking about.

Let's not do that.

Your friend doesn't have|that kind of time.

What are you doing to him?

May I begin, Colonel?

Hold on.

We must think of ourselves now.

Not two strangers!

You think they wouldn't leave us?|They will abandon us like the world has!

Tatia, tell me where the recording is?

You Americans!

Saakashvili started this war!

You understand?

We are here just to protect|our people in South Ossetia!

I can't give a fuck who you think|you're trying to protect!

But I would love to know how shooting|an old woman helps you to do it.

I'm only a soldier. I have my orders.
Georgia already lost this war.
- You didn't listen to me.|- How the hell did you...
We had to fall back.|- Then we heard the attack here.
- They got Sebastian.|- Yes. We are on it.
And they got Tatia and her family.
- Which way?|- The jail in the basement.
- Are you all right, bucko?|- Yeah.
Yeah?
We can use them as shields!
Keys!
You came back!
- Yeah. You hurt?|- No.
OK. Let's go.
Tatia!
No, I can't trust you.
Tatia, I'm your father...
They need my help.
No. You'll be safer with your friends.
Medic!
- Are you okay?|- It's nothing... just my arm.
Medic I said!
Get them!
You stay close to me.
Get the vehicles started!
We need to get the memory card!
I know!
Cover us!
Come on! Get in!
Get in! Quickly!
Tank coming, Captain!
- Captain!|- I know!
Stay down!
I have to get out!|- We have evidence of a war crime!
Meet you where the road|- comes around the orchard!
That guy's crazy.
Slow down! Slow down!
Come on! Come on!
- Did you get the memory card?|- Yeah.
- Are you all right?|- Yeah, I'm fine.
We're almost out.
Papa!
Get down!
Medvedev has refused|- new peace proposals.

Which parts?

All of them.

He told Sarkozy that|they have their own demands.

- What possible demands?|- They're sending them over tomorrow.

I am reinstating unilateral ceasefire.

- Mr President...|- All our troops, ceasefire.

Fall back to Tbilisi.|We must defend our capital.

If the world does not respond|to this gesture, it is suicide!

It is the only chance|we have for survival.

We should reach Gori by noon.

It is the nearest city|with broadcast centre.

Isn't there a faster route?|We need to get this footage out now.

No. We must stay off road.

I'm... sorry for your loss.

I don't mean to offend. It's...

It's just I've lost|many people in my life.

But I believe that|all the trials that we face...

...lead us to our purpose.

Thank you.

What do you believe, Anders?

I don't know.

You're abandoning your post?

By order of the President.

All troops are to fall back
and report to defend Tbilisi.

Gori is going to fall.

I'm sorry. I have my orders.

What did he say?

- They're abandoning the city.|- We've got to get in there!

- What do you wanna do?|- I will not run.

I will not lose my country!

I've fought in too many wars|to keep Georgia free.

- Which way to the broadcast centre?|- That way! East!

I'm sorry. We must leave you here.

I need to attempt a defence. As soon|as you can, you must leave the city.

It will become very dangerous.

- Take care, Rezo.|- God be with you.

- You got the card?|- Yeah.

First, we need an upload code
from a network willing|to accept the footage.

Shit! They've gone!

- What do we do now?|- We need a phone.

- International operator.|- I need to make a collect call to the USA.

I need to eat something.

I got water!
- Thank God!
- Yeah. We're in Gori.
Gori? It's been bombed!
- You need to get out.
Got coins!
No. We have something we need|to upload. I need a network!
- Karin, I know! Will you shut up and listen to me?
We witnessed something.|Killings. Executions in a village.
Sebastian got it all on tape.|We have to get it out.
- Now.|- Yeah, but how?
There's a media centre building here|with a satellite upload capability.
We can get in, but we need for a network
to accept the feed|and give us... an access code.
She'd better hurry!|The bombing's winding down.
Which means the ground troops|are getting ready.
- Yeah, but Anders...
I have already tried everyone.|No one cares.
If anyone can get it on, it's him.
Yeah, yeah. OK.
Here.
Give me those coins.|Let's try the Dutchman.
Yeah.
Friendlies!
Hold your fire!
Have you seen ground troops?
Hear that?
The bombing's stopped.
Defensive positions!
Move out!
- He won't do it.
Fuck!
All right. Thanks for trying, anyway.
- What are you gonna do now?|- I don't know.
Fuck!
We're OK. I'll call you once... Karin?
- Now what?|- We've gotta leave town. Come on.
Jesus!
Let's go! Come on!
They're doing a final sweep.
We've got to find shelter|before the ground troops get here!
Fuck!
Hey! So glad you guys didn't die!
How are you?

Hey! How did you find us?
Your message. I tried calling you back.
- You still need a SAT upload?|- Yeah.
I got one. Stilton and I have|an upload vehicle. Come on.
I would've driven it here,|but I didn't feel like blowing up.
Listen, I need you|to sit this one out, OK?
- Anders, I can take care of myself.|- Well, we can't risk this. Please!
Where am I gonna be safer?
My station will take yours. Come on!
Hold on. We've got to make a detour.
Demidov told me|they spared the churches, so...
Everybody, get close. Get close.
- Now be happy.|- For fuck's sake!
It's only a war.
Anders... I don't like this at all.
Would you do it for me?
We'll come right back and then|we can all leave the city together.
Fine.
Thank you.
How do I get in touch with you|if something happens?
That's Dutchman's cell. Tell these...
Ask these people|if anybody has a cell phone.
OK. What's the number?
There.
I'll call you on this phone|as soon as the upload is done, OK?
OK.
You know, I hope...
- Anders, come on! Let's go!|- Come on!
I can't reach Stilton.|The signal keeps coming in and out.
Stilton!
- What's up?|- Zoe's with him.
She knows what she's doing.
Align the dish!
Link us back up! Hurry!
Wake up, Romeo!
It's all we got. The people have got|to see this footage! Now!
Here.
Hope it still works.
- Data's intact.|- Oh, yes!
How long for the uplink?
- Come on.|- About two minutes to transmit.
- Can I offer you a drink?|- I'll wait till the footage is out.
But I will take a cigarette.
They've targeted us!|Get under cover! Go!

Go, go, go!

- What are you doing?|- Saving our footage. Go!

- Almost there!|- Gotta go!

Come on!

Come on!

- Get out!|- Come on! Come on!

- We're not gonna make it!|- Get out!

Get up now! Come on!

Dutchman? Stilton?

Sebastian!

It's bad, isn't it?

I can't feel shit!

You're OK.

Hey.

Oh, fuck. Shit.

- Go, go.|- I'm not leaving you.

- You have to go.|- I can help you.

No, no, no. Listen to me. |You need to go. Now.

- I'm not fucking leaving you!|- Shut the fuck up, OK?

I can't move.

You have to get our footage out.

Go back to that church. |Hide the card until it's safe.

I'll be fine.

Life insurance policy. Remember?

Listen, you have to do this for me.

Promise me. Promise me |you'll get the footage out.

- Promise me!|- I promise!

Here. Take this.

I'm coming right back.

Go!

Tatia?

Tatia? Where is the girl I was with?

Come on, guys. Somebody must know. |Where is the girl I was with?

Where's the girl? |There was a girl with me.

I don't need a phone this time. |I need the girl I was with.

Remember the girl?

Oh, Jesus.

- If you have hurt her...|- Come to the Stalin Square.

Bring the memory card.

I need you to do something |very important for me.

Do you understand? OK.

Did you bring what I wanted?

Let her go.

Thank God!

- You all right?|- Yeah.
I thought I'd never see you again.
Did you make the broadcast?
No.
Sebastian?
No.
Everything will be OK.
I would have liked to know you better.
I don't understand.
Now I need you to run.
- Anders...|- Go. Go.
Go!
The code is 1216.
You missed a card|when you searched me Avnevi.
The real one's on its way|to a human rights group,
courtesy of a brave little girl.
It's over.
And how did you think|you could survive this?
I didn't.
I thought I told you to run!
I wanna see him one last time, OK?
This...
This is where I left him.
I fucking left him.
Anders!
- Hey, Rezo!|- We need your help.
- OK.|- Right.
- Anders.|- Sebastian?
Sebastian! What the fuck?
- I played dead.|- Are you OK?
- Can we move you?|- Yeah.
Let's get him out of here.
- You all right, bucko?|- Yeah.
Hold on, we gotta stop. Put him down.
Don't resist, Captain.
- Anders?|- There's nowhere to run.
Even if we could.
Understood.
Sir, they're not resisting.
Stop.
Get away from here!
Go!
There's been enough killing.
Today the forces of occupation|have gathered at our gates.

And we know that this empire|is very powerful.
They have lots of tanks.|They have lots of planes.
But we have something|that is more precious.
We have the love for freedom,|and we have the love for independence!
We stand here today|as one proud independent nation.
Just like the Finns,|just like the Czechs,
and just like the Hungarians before us.
And we tell them today,|in front of the whole world,
that freedom will not retreat,|freedom will not surrender!
We may be besieged,|but we are not alone.
Standing with us here tonight|are six European presidents
who have travelled thousands of miles
in defiance of fear and threats!
These six men are here
because they know|the issue of independence
is being decided here tonight!
May God bless the Georgian people!|Long live a free Georgia!
Georgia! Georgia! Georgia!
They say you're gonna|make a full recovery.
Yeah? Six months!
And... our footage?
It's out. Human Rights Watch has it.
It's getting a lot of hits and|people are starting to pay attention.
Not bad for a loose cannon.
Thanks, bucko.
and pledges to withdraw,
remain in Gori,
and in much of central Georgia.
I am standing at the military hospital
continue to arrive.
People with nowhere else to go,
of violence, looting and killings.
The war lasted five days.
have lost their homes...
Several hundred people were killed,|including five reporters.
just nine days ago.
how can this still be happening...
An estimated 50,000 people|were made homeless,
their villages permanently|destroyed or occupied.
Many still live in refugee camps.
Despite demands from Europe|and the United States to withdraw,
the regions of South Ossetia and Abkhazia|remain occupied by Russian
forces.
This nation is right now|fighting for its survival.

Georgia continues its quest|to integrate with the West.
reporting in Georgia.

My husband, Mikheil Taboshvili.|Killed in Eredvi village.

My father.

My mother-in-law, Natalia Okropiridze.

My mother, Natalia Okropiridze.

As my parents were being evacuated|and they were crossing the road,
a mine exploded in front of their car and|shrapnel hit her straight in the
temple.

She died on the spot.

Zambakhidze Tamar, my mother.

My wife.

Our grandmother.

My parents were tortured.|Their throats were slit.

They were buried in our backyard,|and that's all we know.

This is Nodar Otiashvili, my father.

We used to live|in Kvemo Achabeti village.

I am the son of Socrate Gogidze.

I was told by the Red Cross
that he was buried in our garden.

He had been hanged.

I am Marina Kakhbiashvili.|I used to live in Kehvi village.

On August 8th, we left.

My husband stayed there.|My son and my husband.

My son left that night.|My husband stayed in the house.

Ekaterine Papelishvili, my grandmother.