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9th Company

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Word Corporation
Federal Agency for Art and Cinematography
STS TV Station
Ukrainian Media Group
present
invasion of Afghanistan.
Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, 1988, Day 1
Please, don't cry.
It's only for two years.
A mere two years.
- Chougainov!
- Yes.
I must go now.
- Is Ryabokon here?
- There he is, getting a ride!
Sleep tight, people!
The enemy won't pass!
Mama!
Well, time to say goodbye.
This is for you.
Brothers! The border is on a lock
and the key is in my pocket!
Go! Quickly!
Put your stuff on the table! Now!
Put your bags here!
Beer, vodka, moonshine - on the table!
Is she your girlfriend?
Did you screw her for one last time?
What? She didn't let you?
Easy, everyone!
C'mon, it'll be all right.
Don't sweat it.
Lots of nice guys out there
who'll take care of her.
- What's this?
- Paint.
Whattcha you gonna draw there, warrior?
Tank tracks?
Why didn't you drag
the easel along, painter?
Gioconda.
Next!
You think she'd wait for you?
She'll have it in both holes

while you write her love letters.
What do you want from me?
Oh, you can talk!
C'mon, wanna punch me in the face?
Come on! Come here, jerk!
Relax, son.
I'm gonna make you a real soldier.
You know the first rule in the army?
Soldiers must endure all hardships
and adversities of the army life.
Why are you wearing a suit?
You think this is some kind of party?
I have no other clothes.
Let's switch, huh?
I'll give you mine, plus cigarettes.
You won't need it any longer. But I could
really use it - nightclubs, girls...
- You know what I mean?
- Yeah. You're all set here.
You bet. It's like a sweet dream
you don't wanna wake up from.
So, deal?
- Of course.
- That's my boy!
- Take the cover off, will ya?
- Sure.
- Sweet dream, you say?
- Yeah.
- Hey you! What the...
- Don't move, you mother...
I said don't move!
- Relax, son.
- Let go of me!
What did you say about
enduring hardships, huh?
Got it?
Got it?
Finish your haircut yourself now.
Guys, is this the 6th Unit?
Where you think you're going, Rambo?
Piss off!
- Chill out, Chougoun!
- What?
Nothing!

What's your name?
Volodya Vorobyov.
Lyutayev, Oleg.
Lyuty (Eng. "Fierce"), for short.
- This is Ruslan the Gioconda.
- Volodya.
Stas, "Sery" (Eng. "Gray").
- Hi.
- Volodya.
Ryaba (Eng. "Pocky").
Chougoun (Eng. "Pig-iron").
That's all for now.
Move, mate.
Sit down, Vorobey (Eng. "Sparrow").
Continue, Ryaba.
So, I wake up in the morning.
My head is exploding.
Unzip my eyes open with my fingers.
Take a squint-around.
What the heck is this house?
Hell knows how I got here.
Now, there's this girl right next to me.
Smiling.
- Naked.
- Woo-hoo.
And her father, standing right over me.

Says:

"The girl is underage.
Now you either marry her..."
"or I'm reporting you to the police".
And the slut just sits there with
her tits covered, with downcast eyes...
like she's got nothing to do with it.
And ugly... like a bulldog.

So I say:

"I'd rather lie under a tank
than with her."
Next second I grab my feet
and start running...
hoping I get here first
before he gets to the police.
And I got married yesterday.

The wedding and the send-off all at once.

What? Congratulations.

Pretty boy.

"All right", she says. "Now I am
your wife, you can have me".

She thinks I'm stupid. Like she's
not gonna cheat on me while I'm away?

She wept all night long.

"Married and he didn't even touch me."

So I tell her:

I will check it down there..."

"and if you ain't a virgin no more,
I'll kill you, bitch!"

That's how I left her!

It's him! That one!

Wearing the suit!

Who are you pointing
your finger at, sucker?

Take it easy!

I'll crop your dumb head myself now.

They're the Afghan unit, dickhead.

Come here, asshole!

The 9th Company

Fergana, Uzbekistan, Day 3

Hey, where are you from?

- From Grozny (Chechnya).

- Where?

- Grozny.

- From Grozny.

So you'll be called Pinochet

from now on.

- What?

- Pinochet.

- Why Pinochet?

- I don't know. Why not Pinochet?

Is he coming for us?

What an ugly mug!

- Where are you from, clowns?

- From Siberia, Comrade Commander.

- I am First Lieutenant Dygalo.

- What?

Are you hard of hearing?

Get up!

Get up quickly!
Fall in! Now!
Put your hats on in formation!
Dress right! Ready front!
I believe none of you is blind here.
Over there is our mountain.
Beyond it is Afghanistan.
And for you not to get killed
the first day you get there...
I will drill you for 3 months
without pulling out, 24/7.
From this minute on.
Any questions?
No questions.
Right face!
Follow me to the camp.
Double-time it.
Bend your arms at the elbows.
March!
- Name?
- Private Ryabokon.
- Name?
- Private Chougainov.
This belt is not for
holding the balls, Soldier.
- Name?
- Private Bekbulatov.
- N...
- Private Stasenko.
Private Petrovsky.
- It's you, our painter?
- Yes, Comrade First Lieutenant.
What are you doing here, son?
Should've stayed home...
to draw them naked women
and garden flowers.
You see, Comrade First Lieutenant,
according to Dr. Freud...
any painting is a sublimation of
subconscious human instincts...
including the instinct of violence.
But you can disagree with this...
because Soviet science does not recognize
the bourgeois doctrine of Dr. Freud.

Very clever, huh?
Sorry, Comrade First Lieutenant.
I'll fix it. With your help.
Rule number one!
A paratrooper must always be
ready for a sudden attack.
- Very good. Name?
- Private Lyutayev!
Rule number two!
Brighter than a Lieutenant
is only a First Lieutenant!
Forget who you were
and what you knew!
Remember, clowns!
Here, you're neither good nor bad...
nor bright, nor stupid. Not even painters.
Here, you are nothing!
You are not even humans.
Here, you are shit!
And I'm the one who will make humans of you
with these very hands!
- Clear?
- Yes, sir.
- I couldn't hear it!
- Yes, sir!
- Louder!
- Yes, sir!
Fill it up!
Comrade Lieutenant, why does
the first unit run with light equipment?
With light equipment, you can run
with your girlfriend to the bushes.
Here, the more ammo you bring,
the more chances you have to survive.
Here's your mission.
Dislodge the enemy from the hilltop.
Secure your position.
Readiness report?
Comrade First Lieutenant.
The second unit is ready for the mission!
Stand up!
Forward, march!
Charge!
You've failed the mission.

You are all corpses.
You, you, and you!
Cargo 200 in the Black Tulip.
A piece of shit in a zinc casket.
The convoy that will pass here
will get ambushed.
You know what a single machine-gun
means? Up there, on that hilltop?
Do you have any idea?
Get up, you dead men!
Put your helmets on! Run downhill!
I said run! Now!
I wish we were in Afghanistan already.
- Sparrow.
- What do you want?
Take my dick for a piss.
I'm so tired I can't get up.
Him? Nah...
He'll overstrain himself.
Look. Snow White!
Come over here!
Snow White!
Come on sit with us!
Come over here! Don't be afraid!
Dammit, now I'll have the hard-on
till morning.
- Who's she?
- Were you born yesterday?
She is Snow White,
the paramedic's daughter.
All the draftees have slept with her.
She's fucked half of Afghanistan.
They say she's hot.
You don't fuck her, she fucks you.
There's this disease - whattcha you call it?
Get lost, smart-ass.
Ryaba, could you arrange it with her?
Why arrange?
She's dependable like an AK-47.
Just grab her and go.
The question is how to get her
through two sentinels.
No, guys. Forget it.
The previous draft leaves for war in 2 days.

No punishment worse than that for them.
But we will have to linger here
for another three months.
We get caught -- we're in deep shit.
Listen, Lyuty. You'd sleep with her,
after 40 men?
No.
Me neither.
Rather starve than eat from the garbage.
Yeah?
But I ate. I ate.
Ever starved so bad that
you couldn't sleep?
Shut the fuck up! You got no clue
what it's like...
to have carpenter's glue for dinner,
to have to dig through trash for food...
to watch you rich bastard dining
your bitch in the restaurant...
waiting for leftovers from your plates.
Get it?
And the bitches I had were all like her.
And I won't have any other, fuckface.
- Guys, that's enough.
- Shut up, feather boy!
Smell a woman first, then you can talk.
- Calm down!
- Calm down?
Don't you even touch what's mine!
And I won't touch yours! Got it?
"Eating from the garbage..."
She may be better than
all of your rich sluts!
Utter one more word, bastard,
and you'll eat shit. Understood?
What is a Soviet Paratrooper?
A Soviet Paratrooper is the glory,
power, and pride of the armed forces!
What is a Soviet Paratrooper?
A Soviet Paratrooper is the example
and envy of all other units!
And what the hell are you?
We are a disgrace of all units
and you personally!

Listen. Listen, he is an idiot.
Nah, all is not that bad.
I just don't get one thing.
Why does the first unit
always get a slack?
Light equipment, an hour for a smoke.
While we work our butts off.
It's a piece of cake for them
to throw us off the hilltop.
We should take turns.
One time for them, one time for us.
It is because their Lieutenant is sane.
And us, we have this idiot Dygalo.
The bastard is making rank on us.
No, he's got combat stress disorder.
Got hit in the head.
He lost all his men in Afghanistan...
was the only one left.
That's why they reassigned him here.
He keeps writing to the minister,
wants to go back.
But with his head injury,
who needs him there?
That's why he's going mad on us.
So, guys, we are in deep shit.
Company, get up!
On a count of 40, fall in!
What are you? Pregnant women?
I don't get it!
Ten...
What's taking you so long?
You are not Soldiers,
but pregnant cockroaches!
Fifteen...
What's the matter, girls?
Too hard?
Got trapped in your skirts?
What's the holdup?
Company, dismissed!
C'mon, help your bulimic comrades!
Company, get up!
What are you gonna do, warrior?
Get back, clowns!
Ten...

Help Chougainov up!
Move it!
Fifteen...
Go!
Company, dismissed!
Lower, lower!
Keep your ass down, dammit!
Company, get up!
Keep your head down, dammit!
Ten...
Raising your head like this
is a gift for the sniper!
A death notice
in your mother's mailbox!
I said faster! Faster!
Fifteen...
Company, dismissed!
About face!
You're screwed, Soldier.
In my office, after the midnight clear.
Company, get up!
Stay in formation!
Don't break up!
Keep your weapons up!
Faster!
Second squad! Get back!
Lyutayev, Ryabokon, pick up the Soldier!
Remember once and for all,
never leave your comrades behind!
Move forward! I said move!
Ten minute rest.
Take it!
Asshole!
Tell me, Sparrow, do I need to
carry you like this every time?
I got enough shit of my own.
So, kill me! C'mon, kill me!
Sod off!
I can't stand it anymore!
Go back if you can't. Step forward
and say so tomorrow at the ceremony.
I will! What?
You despise me?
I don't give a shit!

I spit on you!
Olya's waiting there for you,
she can't wait anymore.
Tomorrow I quit too, guys.
Got a letter from my mom.
It's been a while already.
She is very ill.
If I die, she'll have no one left.
I didn't want to be the first to quit.
Ok, guys. Anyone else who wants to quit?
The guys from the other call-up say that...
in Afghanistan, one week you're
on a combat mission in the mountains...
then two weeks enjoying
yourself at the base.
But here, with Dygalo, you won't
survive till war, you'll perish sooner.
So what, Ryaba?
So, Sparrow, agreed then?
Tomorrow we quit together, ok?
Dress right dress! Ready... front!
Comrade Colonel, the regiment
is ready as ordered.
- Good day, Comrades Paratroopers!
- Salut, Comrade Colonel!
At ease!
Each one of you, voluntarily...
made the decision to serve in Afghanistan.
Now I must ask you one question.
Is there anyone who changed their mind?
I will not ask why.
You will be merely reassigned
to another division back home.
Who doesn't want to go to Afghanistan?
- I thank you for your service!
- For the Soviet Union!
Harder!
Faster!
It ain't no girl but a machine gun!
Harder!
Kill him! Don't fear!
Kill!
You only have one strike
to save your ass!

Crush the ribs, rip the guts!
Give it to me, son. Look.
Do it like this!
Like this, kill him!
Take it, Soldier, kill him!
- Vorobyov!
- Yes.
- Come here!
- Yes sir.
Stasenko. Come here.
Take off your backpacks,
put your weapons down. Quickly!
Warriors! Move their stuff away!
Hit him! Punch him in the face!
You are going to war, son, do it!
You will caress your girlfriend
like this back home!
Hit him, in the mug!
Come on, full contact, both of you!
Go! Quick!
Hit first, Sparrow! Come on!
Hit him in the face!
- Go on!
- Come on, Sparrow!
Don't be spooked, come on! Hit him!
- Get up! Get up!
- Get up, Warrior!
Come on Sparrow! Hit him!
- Come on, come on! Hit him!
- Come on, Sparrow! Finish it!
- Get up Soldier, come on, Sparrow!
- Get up!
- Come on, come on!
- I said, get the fuck up!
Come on, come on!
- Don't fear! Come on!
- Finish him, Stas!
Get up, Warrior!
When he falls down, finish him!
Only a dead man won't shoot you
in the back! Got it?
Sorry Sparrow, forgive me.
Forgive me, Sparrow.
Let's continue.

It looks like modeling clay.
Go ahead and squeeze it, everyone.
Touch it, feel it. There you go.
See how soft it is?
It can take any shape and form...
like a harmless toy each of you
used to play with in boyhood.
Every one of you used to mold
little squirrels, little rabbits...
Yet, in fact, you're holding
a very powerful and effective weapon!
A plastic explosive!
- Or, plastique, for short.
- Stas!
It has its own chemical formula
but you do not need to know this.
Plastique is an irreplaceable thing.
Therefore it is an important
piece of ammo of every paratrooper.
The question is why?
First, when it's not in the active state...
it is absolutely safe, easy to store,
and always handy.
As they say, it doesn't stretch your pocket.
But in action, it is extremely effective
and exerts enormous destructive power.
But you got to have skills
to properly use it.
Specifically... Warrior.
There are two simple rules
you must know...
First, the harder you squeeze it,
the bigger the explosion.
Rule number two.
Don't stick it everywhere!
But by itself this thing won't work...
- For it to blow we need what?
- A detonator.
Exactly. We need to insert a detonator.
- Your name, Soldier?
- Private Petrovsky!
You're screwed, Soldier.
I'll have to report this to your Commander.
Yes.

- Comrade Lieutenant, Private Petrovsky.

- Come on in.

Well molded, very true to life.

- You can paint, right?

- I did study painting.

- A portrait, this big?

- I could.

I... I got a letter from this girl...

We met before the war...

She wants my picture...

Should I send her this?

Can you, like... without... the scar?

Sure, but with paint, it won't be quick.

Will need more than one day.

Of course, I won't go

to see her after the war...

Just want her to keep writing...

Attention!

Go!

Them tractors, dammit.

Eat this!

Look!

He pissed his pants!

It's funny to you?

My bed is under his!

What, Sparrow, do I have

to sleep with an umbrella now?

I don't get it, Soldier.

Did you see anything?

- Nothing, Comrade First Lieutenant.

- And you?

My mistake, Comrade First Lieutenant.

Then tell me what's so funny?

I also want to share your joy.

You can swallow your snots,

call your mother, piss you pants...

...but you must accomplish your mission!

Die but get it done! And he did.

About, face. March.

Some basic knowledge on how

to communicate with the locals...

you'll get from this handbook.

But...

the main thing you should remember

when you cross the border...
is that you are in a Muslim country.
Islam is not merely another religion.
It's a different world with its own laws.
It's a different notion of life and death.
A true Muslim isn't afraid to die in battle.
And when he dies fighting the infidel, that is...
us...
he instantly gets in paradise...
where all he was missing in this life
awaits him...
water...
gardens full of fruit...
and full-breasted virgins - "houris".
How Muslims treat women is
quite another topic.
The most sacred object for a Muslim
is his house... or "haram".
Which is also the root of the word "harem".
The other meaning of the word: "forbidden".
Looking at a Muslim woman - "haram".
Anything that has to do with sex - "haram".
It's "haram" to show a Muslim
indecent gestures...
those you are all so used to...
You can get a bullet for that
even from a common peasant.
On the other hand, a Muslim will never
desecrate his house with blood.
That means once you enter their village,
you are their guest.
To kill a guest, even if he's an infidel,
is "haram".
Therefore, remember...
as long as you're in the village,
you are safe.
But once you exit over the village's border...
the very host who drank tea
with you 5 minutes ago...
may shoot you in the back just as well.
Because to kill an infidel is an act of glory.
It is the stairway to heaven.
I'm telling this for you, Soldier.
So...

Afghanistan is a multinational country.
Over 20 different nations live there.
Tajiks, Turkmen, Uzbeks.
Pushtuns along the Pakistani border.
Along the west border...
Khazars - the Mongoloids, who have
settled here since the Mongol invasions.
In fact, the word "Khazar"
in Turkic languages means "thousand".
Am I boring you, Soldier?
Comrade Captain,
does it matter who you shoot?
Over the entire course of history...
no one ever succeeded to conquer Afghanistan...
No one, ever.
Squad, stand up!
What are we doing in Afghanistan?
Fulfilling our international duty
to help our Afghan brothers...
fight the aggression of imperialism!
Fire!
(All shouting "Done!")
Too low to the right.
You pull on the trigger too sharp.
Closely-grouped, but still too high.
Breathe more slowly.
That'll do.
- You ever shoot before?
- No, Comrade Lieutenant. It's occupational.
I've got an accurate eye.
- Get me a sniper rifle!
- Yes sir!
Give it to him.
- Private Vorobyov!
- Yes.
- Leave the gun at the point. Come here!
- Yes sir!
- Here. Set it at the target.
- Yes sir.
Move it!
- Beautiful, Gioconda!
- Way to go, Gioconda!
Look, Gioconda. Honestly.
Why'd you wanna come to Afghanistan?

You could just stay
at the headquarters and draw.

- You won't understand.

- Explain plainly then.

Plainly?

Over there, can you see that tank?

Beautiful, isn't it? So powerful.

And nothing superfluous,
not a single unnecessary line.

Weapons are the most beautiful things
mankind has ever created.

So?

In the Renaissance, there lived
an artist named Michelangelo.

Someone asked him once

how he creates his sculptures.

He simply said:

and cut off the superfluous".

You see? Beauty has only the essential.

Nothing superfluous.

War is where there's only life and death.

And nothing superfluous.

War is beauty in itself.

Look, Gioconda, I don't get you.

Are you stupid or just mocking at us?

What's so beautiful? When tank tracks
are greased with your guts?

You wanna play war out of boredom?

- I knew you wouldn't understand.

- Get lost, you freak!

Guys, mail!

- Easy. Easy.

- Give it to me!

- Stasenko!

- Here!

- What day is today?

- Wednesday. The third.

- Sparrow.

- Yes!

- Lyutayev.

- Here!

- Suvorov.

- Here!

Ryabokon.

- That's it.
- What do you mean "That's it"?
- Give it back!
- "My friends asked me out but I said no..."
- "...because I love you."
- Give it back.

But then I picked up two cool guys...

- Did you guys see that?
- Get up, Chougoun!

What the fuck do you think
you're doing, you jerk...

- Come on, Sparrow!
- Come on!

Come on, Sparrow!

Finish him!

Break off, soldiers!

Stand up! You're screwed, soldiers!

Both of you in my office, after the clear.

- Well done, Sparrow!
- That's a real man!

Dress right! Ready, front!

About face! Forward, march!

Listen, guys. Hold the line.

Disperse right up the top.

Sparrow, Stas, Ryaba.

Grab their legs and pull them down.

I don't give a fuck how.

Bite if you have to.

Pinochet, Chougoun, Gioconda.

You come with me.

- I said, move!
- All right, guys, let's go.

Hold the line! Steady!

Hooray!

Company, get up! I said, get up!

Come out! Down on the floor!

Crawl! That's an order!

Move it! What did you say?

Stand up! All of you stand up!

Who just spoke? Who? You?

Who? Was it you?

What the...?

Who? Who said it? Who?

Come here, you!
You wanna say something? Say it!
Whisper it in my ear!
I'm asking you!
Come on, all of you!
I'm alone!
C'mon, you and me!
No one will ever know!
Are you normal people or
just fucking freaks?
Did he just have a bad dream?
It sure looks like it.
- He must be having a relapse again.
- Wait a sec...
I overheard today at the headquarters...
he had resubmitted his request...
wanted to come with us to Afghanistan...
It just got rejected today...
- Halt. Who's there?
- Don't ask, don't tell.
Keep moving.
Quiet. Quiet.
Hold it. Come on, faster.
- Is there any pot left?
- Quiet.
- Listen. She's moaning again.
- That a girl, comes like a machine gun.
Guys, won't Dygalo be looking for us?
Nope, he won't!
Why?
Because...
Lyuty! Some nice large-caliber
fireworks you had going there.
- Got anything of that thing left?
- Here.
I've fucked so hard, this boy
will keep quiet for a whole year.
- Guys, let's smoke another one?
- Ah, Sparrow, you birdy!
You know how we used to smoke
in the orphanage?
- Like Gypsies, one joint for all. Wanna see?
- Show me.
Look at what they're doing!

Guys, you are all right.
I love you all so much.
You've no idea how cool you are.
For you, I'd do anything.
Birdy's had enough!
Don't give him any more.
Or, we'll have to haul him back again.
Here I come.
Tell me, Vova, are you a man?
No, really, tell me,
are you a man or what?
Don't, Oleg. Quit talking about it.
- Why?
- I got my girl, Olya. Know what she's like?
So, keep loving your Olya. It's not the point.
Everyone has an Olya.
Me, him - ask anyone.
Everyone has an Olya.
Remember what you used to be, Birdy?
Now you've become a real man,
and only one last test to pass.
You must do it, Birdy. You must.
We are not going to a resort,
maybe it's your last chance.
You can't go to the war as a virgin.
It's every man's thing, understand?
- Come on, Sparrow!
- Go for it, come on!
Maybe she doesn't want me.
Are you a fool?
Of all, she likes you the most!
- You kidding me!
- I swear, ask the guys!
She always asks about you.
C'mon, c'mon, go!
She looks at you all the time and
you keep ignoring her, she feels hurt!
- No, I can't, like this, in front of you all.
- Hold it. Have a drink, I'll be right back.
What the... Is he so special?
Better than others? I don't get it!
Shut up! We'll sort it out later.
Sparrow, maybe you need help?
Want me to hold her legs?

- Sod off. Sparrow, just go!
- I'm going.
- VDV! (Eng. Russian Airborne Troops)
- Bear for action! Swords out!
If I don't come back, write home:
"He died a noble courageous death."
VDV, forward!
- Stas?
- What?
- What's the matter?
- Just miss my family... Give me one.
It's a bit scary, isn't it, guys?
Honestly, without any of this bravado?
It is scary.
Not everyone gets killed.
If it happens quickly,
it's not that scary.
Worst thing is if you get crippled.
When I was in the Tashkent hospital,
I saw these guys, a whole ward.
Each on half the bed as that was all
that was left of them.
I knew a guy who'd come back from the war.
He had all the limbs but...
his bladder got busted by shrapnel.
He's got a tube sticking out his belly...
and a container tied to his leg.
They call him "The Moonshiner".
What's up with your Sparrow?
Fell asleep? Or reading a book to her?
Wait, I'll check them out.
You are all brutes!
Get it? Animals!
You are like animals,
don't care with whom and where!
I'm not like you!
I can't, like this!
Animals! You are all animals!
I thought it'd make you some good...
What are you staring at?
Did anyone ever tell you
that you are very beautiful?
Are you in love with me? Marry me then.
And they all will pay us visits.

You must know it.
You are very beautiful.
Are you an idiot or what?
I'm an artist.
Aphrodite, born from the sea...
Aphrodite! Born from the sea!
Goddess of beauty! The sea
washes away all the sins!
Eternal pure temptress!
Goddess! Everyone worship her!
On your knees, you ugly creatures!
Guys, I love you!
Formation!
- Comrade First Lieut...
- As you were.
Try...
Left face.
Board the plane. Go!
Bagram, Afghanistan, Day 153
. .
Hey, young people!
Krasnoyarsk?
Anyone from Krasnoyarsk? Krasnoyarsk!
- I am!
- You? What part?
- KrAZ!
- And I am from Yershovka! Homeboy!
- Just stay cool. Don't sweat it.
- Yes sir!
I'm flying back,
and you'll fly back too!
Look, take this amulet. Take it!
And not a scratch.
- Wear this and never take it off, will you?
- Yes.
- Wear it and never take it off, homeboy!
- Understood.
Pass it on to others from Yenisei!
Only those from Yenisei!
Will do.
- What's your name?
- Oleg. And you?
What? Can't hear you.

Never mind. Take care!

Look, guys.

Commander! Starboard!

C'mon on, guys, quickly!

- Quickly! Move it!

- Go!

- Pitch, 46 by 49.

- Switching to manual.

Apply emergency brakes!

Got it!

Steady, steady!

- Melkumov.

- Yes.

- Stroilov.

- Yes.

- Ryabokon.

- Yes.

- Vanifatiev.

- Yes.

- Demtchenko.

- Yes.

- Bekbulatov.

- Yes.

You've been assigned to the 4th company.

Follow me.

- Bye, guys.

- Take care.

See you, guys!

So long.

And you, junkies, alcoholics,
and sex maniacs...

...you are the 9th Company.

Follow me.

Look, the brutes are here.

Hang yourselves, Ghosts

(a Russian nickname for Mujahideen).

Formation!

Atten-hut!

Warriors, congratulations and
welcome to the Valiant 9th Company!

I don't get it, Warriors.

Congratulations and welcome
to the Valiant 9th Company!

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Sod off, Khokhol (pejorative for Ukrainians)!

Go wank 'em outside at the drill square.

I am Lieutenant Pogrebniak.

Forget who you were and what you knew.

Here you're neither bad nor good.

You are nothing here.

- You're nobody.

- We've heard this elsewhere before, bros.

I will drill you day and night
until you become real Soldiers.

- Got it?

- Yes, Comrade Lieutenant.

- Huh?

- Yes, Comrade Lieutenant!

That's better.

Private Chougainov.

Why is it such junk?

This machine gun belonged to Samylin.

He died a heroic death.

He killed 8 Ghosts with this gun.

Got a medal for it.

Yeah, it has some scratches
because he died of a grenade.

It's not such a big deal.

Just glue it together.

The barrel is all bent.

How am I gonna shoot?

I'm doing you a great honor, butthead.

This gun is special.

You should feel proud
instead of bitching about it.

- Comrade...

- Soldier! Sign here!

Left face. March!

- Who was your bootcamp officer?

- First Lieutenant Dygalo.

Sashka?

I thought they'd written him off.

He used to sleep right over there.

Gritting his teeth all night,
dreaming combat. None of us could sleep.

Then he was taken to hospital,
in Tashkent, right?

He was a good guy, cheerful,

always smiling.

He had this illness.

- Hey, Doc?

- What?

It's called contusion.

I thought you'd say something clever.

You churka! (derogative for Central Asians)

Shut up!

Is Snow White still there?

Snow White is still there.

Good girl.

- Tell me, painter. Look like her?

- Close.

A guy I knew made it from memory.

Listen, Khokhol.

That son of a bitch, Tomato, gave
this guy the junked gun of Samylin's.

The new gun - he must have written it off
and then sold it.

What? He trades weapons?

In war, some get killed,
others get rich.

Comrade Lieutenant, is it true
that we go into combat in 3 days?

Not combat, just a combat patrol.

Our objective is to secure a defensive
position on a ridge, protect our convoys.

Is that all?

That's all.

You thought it was Stalingrad here?

Convoy, go!

What a monumental dude!

He should be cast in bronze.

- Kagraman!

- What?

Kag-ra-man!

That's what the Mujahideen call him.

Means "wicked giant".

Our commander is one of a kind
in the whole Afghanistan.

Was up 3 times for decoration
as Hero of the Soviet Union.

But each time he'd get drunk and
beat some brass hat back home.

So, they can neither court-martial him nor award him his stars now.

- Afanasy, what are they?

- The green. The Afghan army.

Fucking allies.

Nothing's worse than

working with them.

They run away as soon as it gets hot.

You think they're covering your flank,

but you find them 3 kilometers behind.

Once we got encircled by the enemy

because of these assholes.

- Where is the Mujahid territory?

- Right behind this checkpoint.

There they are.

They say "Shuravi (Afghan name for Soviets) is our friend and brother."

But at nightfall, they dig out their guns.

Then Allahu Akbar and all that other shit.

So don't be in a hurry to get into action.

You'll get it anyway.

I'm sure you already made a bet

who'd be the first to kill a Ghost.

Yes, we did.

- What's the prize?

- A pack of Marlboro.

Make that two!

And who won the bet in your unit,

Comrade Lieutenant?

Samylin was the first to kill a Ghost.

Also was the first to fly back in a coffin.

Whatever pieces were left of him, that is.

Outpost at Anava, Day 164.

There are the savages.

.

.

The Frontier Garrison.

We'll just drop off some ammo

and food, then move on.

- Is it gonna tag along?

- Of course.

- And when it grows big?

- I'll take it back home.

- And eat it?

- I'm not them Koreans.
- Bite him.
- Will this work?
It'll work. Misha.
Fermented yet?
C'mon, Seryoga, with this sun,
it's like Crimean wine.
Let's get 5 liters.
Give the boys a real treat.
- So, guys, welcome shots?
- All right.
- Look, what do girls wear now?
- It's been 6 months since he was home.
- Dresses and jeans.
- I know it's not armor and helmets...
I'm asking what kind of dresses.
Describe in detail, ok?
This past summer, they wore skirts,
all see-through...
against the sun, you can see
everything.
There she walks... with legs like those
of a weight-lifter... and she still wears it.
- This short?
- No, a bit longer...
and wider...
flying in every direction.
A little breeze, and they all
catch at their fly-up skirts.
What about Gorbachev... I've been
listening to the radio...
I don't get a thing... this "perestroika"
and all... what do people say?
Will you ever shut the fuck up?
Can you see I'm talking here?
So, she's walking in that skirt...
waving to and fro... to and fro...
- Yeah.
- Walking just like that?
- Walking just like that.
- I'll be damned.
How long have you been sitting here?
- A year and a half.
- 15 months.

Listen, I can count without your help,
you filthy Khokhol.
We should eat shit with you,
you'll just keep our mouths shut.
Quit calling me Khokhol.
Look who's talking, half-ass mountain jerk.
Just barely climbed down the tree,
seeing the toilet for the first time.
- Now you've pissed me off, I'm gonna...
- Calm down! Hands off.
Quiet down. Let us better have a drink
to demob. Break it off!
Moscow time is 22:00 hours. We begin
our listeners' request program!
So, guys, up for some shooting practice?
Hush, hush.
Keep your heads down.
Hey.
- Hey, guys.
- Hey.
- Are they up there yet?
- Yup.
- How many of them?
- Five. Or six. Can't tell.
Above the Turtle, 30 meters
left to the Big Tooth.
Right under the Elephant.
There they are.
Dear listeners, make yourselves
comfortable by your radio sets.
Looks like it's five of them.
Ahmed.
- Ahmed, is that you?
- Lyosha! As-Salamu Alaykum, my friend!
Ahmed, you still alive,
you damned shit eater?
You trashbag whore, fucking fart sniffer!
I'm gonna be killing you now!
Lyosha, me your guts cut,
your throat strangle!
Me your mother "fuk", your father "fuk"
brother, sister "fuk"!
Your "dik" hasn't grown yet...
Fire.

And now your favorite tune by AC/DC!
Get that goin'.
They are retreating.
This ends the listeners' request program.
Until we meet again. Let's go, boys.
Freeze! Freeze! Freeze!
Lyosha?
Volodya.
Volodya. Salam, Volodya.
Are you Ahmed?
Ahmed, yes.
Me go soon. You is wait not long.
Much soon.
You live Tashkent?
Papa, mama - Tashkent?
- Krasnoyarsk, Siberia.
- Oh, cold.
You has girl in Siberia? You love?
- How name?
- Olya.
- Olya? Pretty?
- Yes, very.
Me too has pretty Fatima.
Love very much.
- Your bride?
- Yes, bride. Next village.
Bride, wife, to love.
Volodya.
Me go.
Soon, to go.
Volodya.
Volodya.
Volodya.
- Did you shoot?
- How did he get here?
These Ghosts got some nerve
to come here like this.
- Sneaking up in broad daylight.
- It's Ahmed.
- Hey, Gramophone, it's your pal!
- Really? Lemme see his ugly mug.
He killed three of our own. Asshole.
Congrats on your first one.
Cut a notch on your butt now.

It's yours, Sparrow!
Farewell, dear friend.
We will never see you again.
But your memory will carry on
in our hearts forever.
Let's go, guys.
Convoy! Stop!
Unload! We've arrived.
The train has reached its final destination.
Please clear the cars.
Watch out for the rock.
Careful.
Take my hand.
Secure your position on the height!
Secure your position on the height!
Come here.
One. This is Niner.
One. This is Niner.
We're in position.
Freeze! Two steps back!
You think it a promenade with your girl, idiot?
Can't you watch your steps?
You see? It's a Petal.
The most foul mine of all.
One of ours.
The Ghosts don't have these.
What we sow is what we get blown up on.
You step on it,
say good-bye to your feet.
Step back everyone.
Province Khost, Height 3234, Day 181.
Fetch another one.
Put it here.
C'mon.
C'mon.
I said put it over there!
Movement on the right!
Fire in the hole!
Hold your fire!
It's a friendly!
Salut, Comrade Captain!
Look, it's our Ryaba.
Guys, take the warrior.
The Frontier Garrison was attacked.

He's the only survivor.

Ryaba.

- One?

- One, affirmative!

- Two?

- Two, affirmative!

- One?

- One, affirmative!

- Two?

- Two, affirmative...

Brothers. Brothers.

- Brothers, I didn't mean to.

- What's up, Stas? A nightmare, huh?

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to.

Get up, asshole!

You know how it happens, huh?

They sneak in right here and
slay 30 of our boys!

They cut us one by one.

They cut us like this, Stas,
from ear to ear, like pigs...

...because of one motherfucker like you
who dozes off on watch, Stas!

This is not training, it's war!

You don't get grades! You get killed!

Take this piece of shit away!

- Vorobyev!

- Aye!

- Take his place.

- Yes sir.

Afanasy. Kurbashy. Follow me.

Province Khost, Height 3234, Day 210.

.

.

Motherfucker.

- Cool.

- Listen, will you get me one too?

Shall we?

Gioconda!

- What?

- Khokhol is calling for you!

Will finish it when I'm back.

Comrade Lieutenant, Private Petrovsky
has carried out your order.

Look. This card's covered.

And this is for your cockades.

Cough it up, Churka.

- You're two minutes late. You get it?

- Yes.

I don't get it.

- Are you trying to insult me?

- No one's had any, Comrade Lieutenant.

- This is all that is left.

- You know when the next supply'll get here?

In a day? Two? In a week? How long

are we gonna stick around here?

You've one hour to get 2 full match boxes.

(writing "5 Rubles")

- Where am I supposed to get them?

- I don't give a shit!

Find, steal, give birth to it.

Is my order understood, Soldier?

- Yes sir.

- Dismissed! Let's continue.

C'mon, blockhead.

Guys, do you have any matches?

Bacha!

Bacha!

Halt!

I said halt, bastard! Halt!

Hey, bacha!

Bacha. Halt!

- (speaking Dari)

- Matches. Understand? Matches.

Matches.

I... for you... this...yummy...

This... me... for you... yummy.

You... for me... matches...

(speaking Dari)

(speaking Dari)

Forbidden.

Forbidden.

Haram.

Haram.

Haram.

Forbidden.

You goes. You goes.

Come here.

Who let you leave your post?
Wanna play a hero, fucking Picasso?
You're punished with three Extra Duties.
Copy, Comrade Captain.
Three Extra Duties, sir.
Fucking Da Vinci.
What took you so long?
We almost stormed the village.
Were gonna take it to pieces.
Did you get it?
Look at this. They got all sweat.
Way to go.
Motherland will never forget.
They're coming!
So many of them...
Ghosts! Engage!
- Where is it coming from?
- Get down!
Fire!
Company, engage!
Arrow, Arrow! This is Falcon!
Do you read me? Over.
Arrow, Arrow! Do you read me?
On the left! Cover the left!
No! Don't!
No!
There they are!
- Kurbashy, cover the Captain!
- They hit the Captain!
Behind that rock!
No! Don't!
Stas, grab the Captain. Sparrow,
Gioconda, Lyuty - you go with me!
Kurbashy, get him out of here!
Get out of here!
Guys, get behind me!
Get down! Get down, guys!
Sparrow, get down!
Move!
Duck!
Halt! Halt.
Ah, Sparrow. Where's your
machine-gun, cut-throat?
Pull back.

They're already back in the village.
Khokhol, you take the center.
I'll go around on the right.
Got it.
Let's move.
Chougoun, Kurbashy.
Check the house on the right.
Stas, Lyuty.
The house straight ahead.
Where was that?
Stas. Where the hell did you go?
What were you thinking?
Hold you fire! Hold your fire!
Let's go. Easy. I know, it hurts.
Of course, it hurts.
Easy. Easy.
Khokhol, we're pulling back!
They're gonna shell this place!
Where the hell did you go, kid?
Hang in there.
Kurbashy! Kurbashy! Over here!
Stas got shot! Hurry!
C'mon, get the hell out of here!
Stas. Just don't close your eyes.
Stas. What is the matter?
Stas.
Just don't close your eyes, Stas.
Look at me, Stas.
Afghanistan, Day 237.
Let's go.
Catch.
Look what they're doing, dammit.
Enough, pull back!
What the fuck are you shooting at?
Take cover, guys!
Fucking freaks, eh!
A box of canned meat can get you killed
by friendlies, 6 months before discharge.
Your discharge is as far as
walking to China backwards.
- It's me and Kurbashy who'll pack soon.
- Guys, we shouldn't have. It's not good.
They may be hauling it
for the Frontier Garrison.

He wants to teach us how we should live.

Guys, do you know what our Sparrow is?

Tell us, Birdy!

Why should I be embarrassed?

Yes, I studied education and philology.

Ha! Our Sparrow is a teacher.

- What is so funny?

- Teachers like you were scared of us in school.

- How many guys studied with you?

- Three.

And how many girls?

You must have dated all of them.

Or, did you save them for later?

C'mon, guys. He's got his Olya.

I swear I'll come visit Sparrow
just to meet his wonderful Olya.

So, Sparrow will stand by the classboard
with a pointer like some woodpecker.

As for Gioconda, we know what he'll be.

- Kurbashy will be slicing people.

- No, I won't. Had enough of that crap.

Rather be a vet.

Horses, sheep, and such.

What about you, Khokhol?

What will you do after Afghanistan?

Drink.

It's a given. You'll drink one week,
and then what?

Drink again.

- And then what?

- Drink again.

Until I forget all of this.

Then I'll wake up... wash my face...
and start a new life...

If I'm able to...

Province Khost, Height 3234, New Year of 1989, Day 267.

.

.

Move it, Birdy!

.

.

We missed the New Year by

Kransoyarsk time because of you.

Thank God. Look at the Vladivostok.

Stone drunk since the afternoon.

- Hey, Chougoun!

- Ah?

I don't get it. Where did you squirrel away the fruit compote?

- What makes you think I did?

- Where is it then?

- I simply forgot.

- Yeah right. You forgot.

You just wanted to drink it all alone under the blanket.

Brothers.

- Brothers!

- Pinochet!

- Pinochet!

- Pinochet! Bro!

Hey man!

- How's it going?

- Just put it right here.

- How did you get here?

- They re-deployed me here.

- What for?

- Just crushed one SOB's teeth.

Says "You chomp like a pig".

To us, Muslims, a pig's a dirty animal.

We kill for such insulting words.

Lemme have a drink.

It's 100 percent alcohol!

Go ahead.

Let me introduce Afanasy...

the Dreadful...

Kurbashy the Doc...

And this... is Khokhol...

For some, it's Khokhol...

- For others, it's Comrade Lieutenant.

- C'mon, Seryoga. It's one of us. Dygalo's.

Hey man.

So, guys. Let's sit.

- Pour it.

- Guys, Gorby's speaking. Crank it up!

Let's drink to this passing year.

To the passing year!

- Hear, hear.

- Let all the bad stay behind.

- Pour the second one right away.
- Here.
To the coming discharge.
- Hooray!
- Hooray!
This is the discharge year, guys.
Pour it.
Brothers.
The third toast.
To our fallen comrades.
To Samyla... to Nikita Balashev...
To Potap.
- To Ryaba.
- To Lysy.
To Kostyan. For all those
who've not lived to see this moment.
To Stas.
To Stas.
- VDV...
- Forward!
Don't sleep.
Or you'll turn into a goat.
Guys! Ghosts!
- Company, engage!
- Guys, engage!
- Company, engage!
- Guys, engage!
Pinochet, come here!
Come on!
- Get Falcon on the hook, fast!
- Get the ammo here, Chougoun!
We're in deep shit, guys!
These bastards will fight to the death!
Come on, assholes!
Eat this!
Don't let them close!
Get down!
- Keep firing!
- Casualty report!
We've got two!
All the sentries are down!
Gioconda is down!
- Assholes!
- Hold your positions!

They are retreating, guys!
Mortar shells! Get down!
Take cover, guys!
Falcon! Falcon!
Falcon!
Where is the Captain?
Sparrow!
- Sparrow!
- Aye!
Check the Captain in the dugout!
Get the mortar ready!
- In the gully between the rocks, 150!
- Aye, 150!
Fire!
Well done, fellas! We got 'em!
- Get the wounded here!
- We got no radio contact!
- They killed the Captain!
- Any of the officers alive?
Any one?
Company! Attention! Engag...
Allahu Akbar!
- Approaching!
- Company! Bear for action!
Come here!
Sparrow! Chougoun! Target the center!
The center!
- Don't let them get any closer!
- Allahu Akbar!
How many of you bastards are there?
Listen, guys! Time for hand-to-hand!
Allahu Akbar!
It's no use. There's nobody.
Don't waste the flairs.
We might need them later.
Sooner or later they should come,
since we haven't contacted them all day.
- Seryoga.
- Ah?
Why are they using machine-guns now?
They must have run out of mortar.
But they've got plenty of RPG's.
They're saving it for our convoy.
They don't wanna waste it on us...

yet...
Hey, Russians! Come out.
We let you live!
I'm cold... cold...
Hang in there for a little while...
It won't take long...
Our troops will come soon...
The choppers will come here...
They'll take you...
to Tashkent...
It's safe there... warm...
and a nurse in a gown...
- How long have we been sitting here?
- Three hours.
They'll start it again soon.
Get down!
- They're throwing grenades!
- Khokhol!
Kurbashy! Kurbashy, over here!
They shot Khokhol!
Kurbashy!
Allahu Akbar!
Sparrow! Crawl over here!
Crawl over here, Sparrow!
Go! Vova, go!
Vorobyev, go!
Chougoun! Get back!
Chougoun. Easy. Easy.
Sparrow!
- Anyone alive?
- Here!
Guys, any Ghosts left?
- None on this side!
- All clear here!
You bastards!
Bastards! I hate you!
Enough! It's over! Enough already!
Are there any officers left?
- Are there?
- No!
Attention everyone!
Count off from the far end!
In order!
One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Six.

Seven.

Gather whatever ammo is left.

I've got two grenades.

I got half the magazine
and two hand grenades.

We're finished. It's barely
enough to fight off one attack.

- They're getting restless.

- They'll be coming soon, we're done.

Company, bear for action.

Attention.

VDV...

Forward!

Our choppers!

Comrade Colonel...

...the 9th Company has
accomplished the mission.

The convoy may pass now.

There will be no convoy.

We're leaving.

Comrade Colonel. The height is ours.

The convoy may now pass.

Can you hear me, son?

Why have you been off the air?

Why was there no radio contact?

Can you hear?

Afghanistan, Chaugani, February 9, 1989

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We were leaving Afghanistan.

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We, the 9th Company, won our war.

Back then, we didn't know
many things yet to come.

We didn't know that, two years later,
the country we'd fought for would vanish.

That wearing medals of a non-existent
country would become unfashionable.

We didn't know that Lieutenant Dygalo
would stay on in active service...
and his bootcamp would be re-deployed
somewhere under Tula...
...that he would die of a stroke a year
later during a night forced march.
We didn't know that Snow White and her
mother, along with other families...
would stay in the abandoned military
camp on the Afghan border...
and vanish...
We didn't know that the new life
would ruthlessly toss us around...
some to the very top...
and some to the very bottom...
Back then, we didn't yet
know any of those things...
We didn't even know that...
in the rush of withdrawing the huge army,
they'd simply forgotten us...
on that far height...
We were leaving Afghanistan.
The 9th Company.
We...
We won.
Based on real events
that took place on January 8, 1988,
in the Khost Province, on Height 3234
In memory of my Father.