The Siege of Jadotville

By Kevin Brodbin
I once heard a man say that, in Africa, 
the sun is like a furnace
that either melts you...
or forges you.
Everything...
that is underneath this earth
belongs to all our people.
Does not belong to the Belgians.
Does not belong to the Americans.
Does not belong to you, mon Frre.
That's one way to look at it.
Here's another.
The Congo is a provider of over half of...
more than half of the world's copper
and cobalt to the USA and the USSR.
Both of these minerals essential...
Both of these minerals necessary to
the superpowers' weapons-guidance systems.
We should not stand idly...
No. We cannot stand idly by...
while General Tshombe
colludes with the mining companies
to control the province of Katanga.
And with the assassination
of Prime Minister Lumumba,
we now have a moral imperative
to send in more peacekeepers.
The United Nations,
in deference to the Congo's wishes,
has asked that, once again,
these peacekeepers come from Ireland.
Apart from serving as head
of the United Nations' Congo Division,
I'm an Irishman myself.
Therefore, I am very proud
that we've been asked to serve.
You see Caesar, he knew.
I'll be the first to go.
- Are you lads in the Congo mission?
- We are, yeah.
Sit down.
- Do you want a drink?
- Yeah, Guinness.
P? Four, please.
Everyone else was cracking.
That's why you get 200,000 people
surrendering to 60,000.
That's the difference.
Now, the thing is,
politicians,
they don't understand tactics.
And soldiers,
they don't understand strategy.
But Caesar, he understood both.
Julius Caesar in the corner.
He's read it all.
He knows every battle ever fought.
- Does he know about the real thing?
- None of us do.
Remember who's in charge.
He's your commanding officer.
Yes, sir.
You could have said something.
You're a fucking idiot!
Commandant.
Sure only my wife calls me that.
One for my friend, please.
- Are you looking forward to it?
- Looking forward to the challenge.
- The men are looking forward to it, too.
- And I hope they're ready for it.
What do you think?
Will we see any action?
Who knows? I don't think any of us
have a clue what's going on out there.
Your dinner's in the dog.
I was being delightful and witty company.
Ah, that's a nice change for you.
A lesser man
might take that the wrong way.
Might he?
Well, I would only be guessing.
I love this song.
Come here. Come here.
- Can we dance to this?
- No.
For me, for me
Cupid, please hear my cry...
That'll be them.
Making it official.
My lover's heart for me...
Now, I don't mean to bother you...
Hold that thought.
There's danger
Of me losing all of my happiness
For I love a girl
Who doesn't know I exist
And this you can fix...
Jadotville.
In the Katanga region.
Yes, General. I understand.
Report 0600 hours.
Okay.
Straight to my lover's heart for me
Nobody but me
Cupid, please hear my cry...
Aren't you excited as all hell to go?
Don't you want to see
if you're as good as you think?
Now, Cupid
Don't you hear me calling you
I need you, Cupid
Hey. Hey. Hey, yes, hey.
Hey. Hey.
Donnelly.
Trousers.
Everybody, young and old
Learn how to rock 'n' roll
Listen here, something new...
Sweet Jesus!
Foot stompin', foot stompin'
Foot stompin', foot stompin'
Foot stompin', foot stompin'...
Is it going to be sore?
I can't watch.
This won't hurt.
Hi.
My fiance is a nurse.
She said this will be all right.
Fuck.
Is that it?
You know I'm shipping off to war, yeah?
I might die without knowing the love
of a good Irish woman.

Foot stompin', foot stompin'
Foot stompin', foot stompin'
Foot stompin', foot stompin'
Foot stompin', foot stompin'
Foot stompin', foot stompin'
A good time
I'll be all right.

Do you have your coat now?

Ma, we're going to the feckin' equator.
Better watch your feckin' language
in Africa!
So, you are on your way.
Yeah.
Your mother will miss you.

Dad?
Yeah?

I had a dream I'm going to die over there.
There's no chance of that.
Your mother will pray for you.
You know she's got a direct line to God.

Company!
Attention!

The UN was established
to ensure that the nations of the world
would never again engage
in another world war.

We are the second wave of Irish soldiers
to be sent into the Congo.
So far, it has cost nine Irish lives.
So this is where it gets serious
for every single one of us.

Nobody has shot at you,
tried to kill you before.
You are war virgins.

The UN has given us this great honor,
to serve as peacekeepers.
And we are proud to accept.

We are a country
that has never owned or tried to conquer
another sovereign nation.

As a neutral country,
Ireland has chosen
to never be the aggressor.
That's why they have asked for us.
And if anybody thinks
we're to be taken lightly...
we'll show them
that they are very sadly mistaken.
Am I right, soldiers?
Yes, sir!
Carry on, Company Sergeant.
Yes, sir.
Company!
Left turn!
Quick march!
Hey. Hey.
Hey, yes, hey.
We welcome the forces
of the United Nations here with open arms
but with some confusion.
We don't know why you are here
in Africa...
as we are quite capable
of looking after ourselves.
However, we will be thoughtful hosts.
Unless you come here to start trouble,
in which case
you will force us to tutor you
on how things are done here in the Congo.
- General Tshombe!
- Gentlemen, that's it. We're done.
I had a call from Khrushchev earlier.
He reminded me
of the UN's refusal to send in troops
when Lumumba asked me to.
It's amazing how good an atheist is
in inflicting guilt.
Meanwhile,
they're building a wall in Berlin.
I know.
Kennedy called.
What did the Sun King of Camelot
have to say?
We can't do anything
in Berlin, Vietnam or Cuba,
but we can defuse the Congo.
And I want you to go. 
Put an end to General Tshombe's antics. 
- Send him a message. 
- Excuse me? 
I want you to be our man on the ground. 
But this thing, this... could lead to another world war. 
Yes, and everybody sees that. 
So the man who stops it will get a lot of credit. 
We'll make up a plan. 
What kind of plan? 
One with a lot of moving parts that requires a man astute and hard-headed enough to pull it off. 
We each have our part to play in history. 
Yours is happening right now, Conor. 
I believe I can... accomplish the mission, sir. 
Good, Conor. 
Good. 
The United Nations are going to send more peacekeeping troops, so I need your assistance, General De Gaulle. 
And what will you give in return? It's in all our interests that the mining companies continue their operations. 
My old rival would have nationalized everything you own. 
If I lose power, it might still happen. Your American friends wouldn't like that. 
Okay, I will send you 1,000 of our best former legionnaires. The mining companies will hire them as security officers, but you will give the orders. Katanga thanks you for that. Tell Katanga it's a pleasure. All right, lads. Everybody out. Boys, you're supposed to rehydrate. It will be fine.
Lads.
Picture.
Cheese!
You're gorgeous.
Calling it a compound is a joke.
We've got exposure on three approaches.
Overlooked from the south.
And there's a road splitting it in two.
We're wide open.
Okay.
Do we have shovels?
We do.
Have the men up for drill at 0600.
Yes, sir.
Dr O'Brien, how was your flight?
Very pleasant, thank you, General.
We have a lot to talk about.
We do. May I introduce General Raja?
- Welcome to the Congo, sir.
- Good to meet you.
Tshombe has crossed the line.
We need to stop him.
We're beyond the point of no return.
You are therefore authorized to implement
Operation Morthor immediately.
I have decided
we should take aggressive action
to reclaim key buildings held by Tshombe.
There's a time for talking,
a time for being tough.
This is the latter.
Your soldiers have the distinction
of being the only troops
with any real military experience.
The others will be looking to them
to set an example.
Show them how decisive you can be.
This place is amazing.
This is some job.
Yahoo!
Wakey-wakey!
Rise and shine, boys! Whoo!
Up and at 'em! Come on!
Get off, Cooley, will ya?
Keep digging.
Fuck! Fuck! Jesus! Oh, Christ!
What? What?
It's a fucking snake!
Snake!
These ones aren't poisonous.
Did you not read the info packs?
With all due respect, boss,
are you sure they're not poisonous?
- Get out.
- Look out!
Out, you fuckers!
St Patrick himself.
Back to it.
Weapons are state of the art.
For World War II, anyway.
These things... plastic.
Useless.
COMS says we have food provisions,
enough for two days.
The men have their own rations, but mostly
biscuits you wouldn't feed to your dog.
Time to hunt and gather.
Let's go.
Yes, sir.
How can I help you?
I'll take as much
as that truck outside can carry.
Yes, sir.
Where's the best bar in town?
At the end of the street.
I don't think you will find
any of the bars here to your liking.
Why is that?
I don't mean to be rude,
but you do know
that you're not welcome here, don't you?
I'll take one of these.
The people around here
are not particularly happy
with how things are working out.
They didn't like Lumumba taking over.
But he was elected by the people.
Who didn't put a lot of thought
into what would happen to the mines when he took over. Nationalizing the minerals, throwing out the mining companies. What did he expect to happen? I don't suppose he expected to be assassinated. I love this country, but you don't tell the companies that have been making money here for decades that they're suddenly out of business. I didn't tell them anything, madame, but... sorry that we're not welcome here. Thank you for your time. Let's get a drink. Three beers. Won't you have a real drink? What would that be? French cognac. Perhaps you'll have one with me? Why are you here, Commandant? To protect the locals from a man who stole power from the legitimately elected prime minister. Why are you here? To protect the interest of the mines. Plus Paris is freezing this time of year. To Paris. To Paris. These people you're here to protect... are you sure they want you? I have my doubts. But I also have my orders. You follow all orders? I'm a soldier. That's how it's done. I looked up the Irish army to see how many wars they have been in. You know what I found? None. And as for you, Commandant...
you have never been in battle.
I'm not sure about that.
I've been married for ten years.
Do you have a plan?
Just to pray there's no need for us.
Because no plan
survives contact with the enemy.
That's a Rommel saying.
I never liked Rommel.
Not many Frenchmen like German tacticians.
It only took them two weeks
to take over your entire country.
You work your men too hard, I think.
All of this digging.
Nobody else felt the need to dig trenches.
Thank you, Commandant, for your visit.
Thank you for the drinks.
His mercs look good.
I'm not sure why he'd have such good mercs
here in the middle of nowhere.
Finish and get back to the compound.
Are you worried, sir?
I'm worried about a lot of things.
I need a house with a working phone.
There's a big house beyond the compound.
Things are hotting up in Africa.
Civil war is raging
in the new Republic of the Congo.
But United Nations peacekeeping troops
show they mean business.
Here they are
moving in on rebel-held
government buildings in Elisabethville...
capital of the province of Katanga.
The world waits
to see what General Tshombe will do next.
Madame.
Would it be possible to use your phone
to place a call to Ireland?
I'll pay, of course.
I'm afraid my phone
is not for military use.
It's a personal call.
I need to speak to my family.
Of course.
Everybody's been talking about you.
It's been on the news.
We're so proud of you.
I'm very happy to hear that.
How are you?
I'm well.
It's hard to know what's going on here.
There are a lot of unknowns.
Don't worry, love. You'll figure it out.
You always do.
You're right.
I must go.
I love you.
I love you, too.
Goodbye.
How is your family?
All fine.
I'm glad to hear that.
Do you have any?
I have two daughters.
But I'm a widow.
This place killed my husband.
Radiation.
The two bombs that America used
on Hiroshima and Nagasaki
came from the mines here in Jadotville.
Uranium.
The largest seam in the world.
That explains a lot.
Nice to meet you.
And you.
Take the jeep to Elisabethville
and tell McEntee in person
there's a strong force of mercs here.
Tell him to find out how many we're
dealing with and send reinforcements.
Be nice about it.
Sir. Reporting from A Company.
Commandant Quinlan.
Thank you, Sergeant. Take a seat.
Yes, sir.
Sergeant.
So your commandant's
getting nervous, is he?
Sir, he believes that, strategically,
Jadotville is very important
to General Tshombe,
and it's certainly more isolated
than any other UN compound.
Might it be fair to say
that Commandant Quinlan is overreacting?
Well, sir. The presence of mercenaries
would suggest that a plan is underway.
A small number of mercenaries
hired as security by the mines.
They would never dare attack
a United Nations company.
This will all be over
before your commandant gets a suntan.
I'll go and tell him that right now, sir.
Thank you, Sergeant.
As you were, Sergeant.
Well, look at all of you.
Oh-ho!
Fuck.
There's this girl at chapel.
Mary Brannigan.
I swear, she was built on springs.
You should see her at Communion.
Taking the Holy Ghost
between those sturdy lips.
Oh, Jesus, it's amazing!
Cooley, that's a sin.
It's all right,
we're going to Mass tomorrow.
Yeah, this is worse than
my mother making me go.
Reidy...
what's your mother like?
She's nice, yeah. Loves a good Mass.
I mean what does she look like?
Oh. Uh...
Oh, blonde hair, blue eyes.
Oh, no! Fuck off, Cooley!
To the escalating civil war in the Congo.
UN peacekeeping troops
are deployed into the Katanga region.
With heavy fighting
in the city of Elisabethville,
the thoughts and prayers of a proud nation
are with our soldiers
serving the UN in the Congo.
Do you think O'Brien
believes his own bullshit?
One hundred percent, boss.
What?
Operation Morthor, sir.
Something went very wrong.
- Sir.
- What happened?
A security detail opened fire.
Return fire eliminated the troops.
Then they barricaded themselves inside.
We couldn't afford a siege, so...
So what?
We finished them with grenades through
the windows and eliminated the enemy.
- Used grenades on unarmed civilians?
- We didn't know they were unarmed.
- What about ones climbing out of windows?
- They might have been armed.
- So you killed innocent people?
- Yes, sir.
Fuck!
Fuck.
This didn't happen.
No mention of this in UN dispatches.
We didn't just murder
30 men and women at work
because the troops
lost the run of themselves.
Is that clear?
Yes, sir.
They have just taken Radio Katanga
and the government buildings
in Elisabethville.
We need to retaliate.
Well, since you're paying our wages.
Hail, Queen of Heaven
The Ocean Star
Guide of the wanderer here below
Thrown on life's surge
We claim thy care
Save us from peril and from woe
Get the fuck ready!
Star of the sea...
Attack!
Pray for the wanderer...
We're under attack!
Wake the fuck up!
Somebody get out here!
We claim thy care...
Come on. Come on.
Save us from peril and from woe...
Star of the sea
Get to the trenches! Man your positions!
Move, move!
Go! Go!
You four, to me! Come on, move!
Weapons ready!
Check your ammo!
Fire!
I want fire superiority!
- Corporal, get the Bren up front, now!
- Mortar men, man your posts!
- Open fire!
- Hold down the left flank!
Sniper! Catch me up.
Fuckers came out of nowhere
and started shooting!
You're caught up, boss.
Move, move, move!
Man your trenches!
Sir.
They'll approach from high ground,
south.
Get ten of our best out there
to refuse the flank.
The south flank? Sure, sir?
Yes. Now, go!
Yes, sir. Sniper, on me.
Reidy, follow me! Now!
Go now!
Let me look at you.
Get the Bren back up! Let me look!
It's a scratch. You'll be fine.
You'll be fine. You'll be fine.
You're fine, all right?
- I'm fine.
- Get back up. Get back up.
Charlie Alpha Juliet to Control.
Sir!
Charlie Alpha Juliet to Control.
We're under heavy attack.
Send very strong reinforcements immediately. Very urgent.
Operation Morthor has led to the suspension of the Katangan government.
We seized Katanga radio station and all communications at 0400 hours today.
You attacked the enemy without telling troops in the field?
The operation has been completed successfully.
If the operation was a success...
then why are they shooting at us?
Fuck!
Sniper.
Go up to the trench now.
Give us some cover. Go on.
The rest of you, follow him. Go, go, go.
Sir, there's nobody here.
Because they're only coming from the east.
Right, three of you stay here.
The rest of you, pull back on me.
Let's go.
As we were.
They are wide open!
Use cover.
Pair off.
Fuck!
Reidy!
Magazine!
Quinlan doesn't know what he's doing.
He's gonna get us killed!
I hope to fuck you're wrong!
I'm going back for Reidy.
- Am I dying?
- No, you'll be grand.
Start her up!
Bring her forward! Go!
Cover that mad bastard!
Faulques!
Faulques, come on!
Cease fire!
Cease fire!
Cease fire!
- Hegarty, check positions.
- Send runners, one per trench.
Yes, sir.
Get me Battalion HQ.
Sir.
General McEntee's staff
said he's unavailable.
Did you tell him we got attacked?
Yes. They said,
"God bless and hold tight."
"God bless"?
What's that supposed to mean?
Um... I suppose he means,
"May God's blessings be upon us," sir.
Start a radio log. From now on,
everything that's said goes on record.
Yes, sir.
I'll run position one.
North flank.
Company Sergeant, you run position two.
East flank.
Hegarty.
Position three, south flank.
We were told the enemy were unprepared.
We were misinformed.
They got lucky,
but that only happens once.
Remember,
none of these men have seen battle.
On our next engagement, we will
overrun them with 20 times their forces.
Where are we in logistics?
FNs to the best marksmen.
Gustafs to the officers and the NCOs.
Each platoon splits the Brens and Vickers. Donnelly is on the mortars. But, sir...
they never sent us the heavy 81s. We'll finish this in one all-out victory. All right? So let's go!
Let's go!
The real problem's the ammo. We've only 13,000 rounds. It's not gonna last long.
Company A, Jadotville has been under mortar and machine-gun fire. Expect a heavy attack any moment. I sent a man. I told you this was coming. Watch yourself, Commandant.
General...
I'm in a bad situation here and I need your help. From the dead they left, I'd say we're looking at a force of about 1,500. I need you to send reinforcements right now. Send as many as you can. There's a negative exercise outcome if we don't get them. Is that him? Mm.
Commandant, this is Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien. I urge you to stop panicking. Panicking? With respect, sir, are you aware of the realities on the ground? I assure you I'm very well aware of them. These are the final death gasps of Tshombe's government. I'm not sure he knows that. Hold your position. Allow our plan to play out.
The plan is two days old
and didn't include Tshombe's mercs.
What went wrong with your plan, sir?
Sounds like you're looking for an excuse,
Commandant.
We each have our part to play in history.
Yours is happening right now.
Rely on us to make sure it all works out.
Sir, I don't understand
what you just said to me,
and in tactical terms
I don't understand what you're doing.
I have 150 boys here
and we need reinforcements.
No, you listen to me, Quinlan.
There are larger things at play
than you can possibly imagine.
I don't give a damn
about the larger things!
We're a company under siege
and we require your assistance!
Discuss the details with General McEntee.
Jesus Christ!
General,
does he have a clue what he's doing?
All our troops in the field
are on Operation Morthor, Commandant.
We don't have any reinforcements.
Exactly.
Nobody thought this was a possibility,
did they?
When do our men come back in?
A heavy-weapons battalion's
expected here within 12 hours.
They'll be sent out to you immediately.
Thank you, sir.
One more thing.
We could do with some whiskey.
I'll see what I can do.
Follow me.
What exactly did he mean
by "negative exercise outcome"?
It means that without reinforcements...
we're fucked.
The aggressive action
of the United Nations
in Elisabethville is unacceptable.
It is unfortunate for my beloved country
that the United Nations peacekeepers
have now become aggressors.
Or, should I say, peace enforcers.
Desmond!
The international community
needs to realize
that this type of imperialist intervention
is nothing new.
But we, Katanga...
Sir.
I want a private meeting with Tshombe.
Somewhere neutral.
Just the two of us.
They're coming! Get ready for it!
Into your trenches!
Pick your targets!
Get ready!
Cover up and pick a target!
Stand to!
Cooley, you are snatching the trigger!
Slow down!
Breathe, squeeze, kill!
Breathe again!
Good man, Cooley! Keep it up!
Over here!
Sniper!
- Boss?
- Can you hit the schoolhouse?
Yeah.
Bren in a single shot.
I need the Bren!
Go on!
The man in the white suit.
Do you have his heart?
Yeah, boss.
Take it.
Do you think he was important?
If he was... we won't
have to wait too long to find out.
Hey!
Retreat! Retreat!
Pick your targets!
Cease fire!
Hold your fire!
Cease fire!
Cease fire!
Cease fire!
We've got to clear
that whole area.
Cover me.
Commandant Quinlan.
You're a good drinker,
but not such a good soldier.
And I believe I can be of help to you.
That's nice of you.
How do you aim to do that?
By making you see sense.
You do realize that you are outnumbered
by a factor of 20?
I see a lot of dead men here.
None of them are mine.
Yet you must see
that your position is untenable.
The only way to survive this
is to let the politicians sort it out.
We were attacked without provocation.
We responded.
We will continue to respond
if you continue to attack.
I'm afraid I have orders to follow.
I require your surrender.
You're not formally recognized
to accept surrenders.
But I am.
I'll accept yours.
That's not an option.
Nevertheless,
we would like a cease fire...
to send in ambulances
and remove the dead and wounded.
Tell your men we have a cease fire.
Use that flag as a range marker.
Joyce, get the Vickers ready.
Set up a position in the chapel.
Yes, sir.
Murphy!
Hold your fire.
Boss! Boss!
It's a trap!
Move!
Open fire!
Get the mortars ready!
Donnelly!
Take those fuckers out!
I'm on it!
Get down!
Incoming!
Sergeant!
Sergeant!
Cover fire!
Hegarty, get in the trench!
Come here! Come here!
Come on.
Grab hold of my belt and don't let go.
I can't see! I can't see!
I'm blind! They hit my head!
You're fine. You're fine.
We're going for the trench, all right?
Don't drop me.
Yeah, boy. Fuck, okay, come on.
We have to move.
Go!
Go! Go! Go!
X-ray four.
Two thousand two hundred yards.
Fire one!
Dud. Timer blew.
Bag it.
Fire two!
Right in the red ring!
That's their mortars going off.
Pick your targets!
Retreat!
Cease fire!
Cease fire!
You acquitted yourself well out there.
What?
Nothing.
It was something.
I felt scared.
- It's only natural.
- No, that's not it.
I was scared.
But then... I liked it.
The killing.
It's what you're trained to do.
You didn't like it.
Each man reacts differently
to killing another man.
None of us have done this before.
Talk to me in a few days.
Oh, you think we'll last that long?
How many dead at Radio Katanga?
Thirty, sir.
This will negate a vast reserve
of goodwill towards the organization
and show that we cannot behave any better
than any single country.
Sir, these things happen in war.
Not in my war.
What was O'Brien's role in all of this?
He's a smart man, sir,
but he's an academic
who thinks that everything stands still
while he thinks about what to do.
We are a new thing.
Sometimes new things stumble.
But we pick ourselves up...
instead of pretending
that we didn't fall.
So we're going to say that,
in our first military intervention,
we got it all wrong?
We acknowledge the action...
but we distance ourselves.
It's our plan, our forces.
How do we distance ourselves?
By applying blame.
Dr O'Brien.
General Tshombe.
I would say, "Welcome to my country."
Make yourself at home," but it appears you already have. Well, there are those who might say you're a little premature in taking command of who you welcome. Would you rather my predecessor was still in charge? The only people he welcomed were the communists. Or perhaps you would rather we send all our cobalt, copper and uranium to the USSR? Of course not, General. It's just you haven't been elected to the office you claim to hold. I am merely saying that Katanga, my province, is no longer part of the Congo... and I am its president. Yes, well, that's a little like Texas saying it's no longer part of the USA, that its oil gives it the power to do that. Factually, that would be correct. They were part of Mexico. America land-grabbed Texas. Sir, I would like to see an end to the conflict between the United Nations and those loyal to you in Katanga. Then recognize Katanga's legitimate government and president in a United Nations resolution. That's... simply not being realistic. Do you think we did not hear the rumors about the Radio Katanga massacre? Rumors? Well... - They're inaccurate. - I don't think so. I think the United Nations, this paragon of virtue and fairness... executed my loyalists. Hm? Sir, I'm sure we can find a way
to draw ourselves back from the brink.
Then recognize Katanga's
legitimate government and president
in a United Nations resolution.
That's simply not going to happen.
Then enough of this, Dr O'Brien.
The United Nations went from peacekeeping
to peace enforcement.
And your mission has failed.
Did you forget about your fellow Irishmen
left out in the field?
What do you mean?
Because I didn't.
I didn't forget about them at all.
My boys are giving everything they've got,
but there's just not enough of us.
I give you my word, you'll have
reinforcements with you tomorrow.
We'll hold out
until our last bullet's spent.
We could do with that whiskey.
They're going after the ammo hut!
Go, move!
Get this out of here! Go!
- Go!
- Run!
Grab this one.
That will be blowing up all night.
We'd better get our reinforcements
tomorrow.
We'd fucking better.
Mr Secretary General,
in view of your failure
to prevent civil war in the Congo,
President Kennedy
has personally told me to insist
that the United States play a larger part
in your mishandled military adventure.
Please tell President Kennedy
that I appreciate the offer.
You are aware
that if you had responded sooner
to Prime Minister Lumumba's
request for UN intervention,
we would not be where we are today. We might well have arrived here by other means. Has General Tshombe even accepted a cease fire yet? He has not. That's my first priority. Thank you, gentlemen.
- Sir?
- Call Tshombe directly. Tell him that the Secretary General of the United Nations is flying to meet with him in the Congo. See if that gets his attention. Would you like to say a few words? They poisoned the water. Take what you can from the barrels. It's all we have. Do it now.
- Cooley, get more buckets.
- Yes, sir. Radio! That'll be our reinforcements. What are you hearing? Nothing of ours, if that's what you mean. Let's go! Is that my reinforcements I hear? Kane's platoon are at the bridge. Thirty men? What happened to the battalion? It's all we could get. They're under heavy bombardment. They may have to pull back. Our only hope is that you reach us! I'll try to get through to them. We're facing bigger numbers than we were advised! We have to pull out! Pull back! Pull back! Sir. McEntee. Back to your positions.
- Quinlan.
- They can't break through, Pat. The Gends have shored up with the big guns. Don't we have a load of big guns, Sean? Don't the United-fucking-Nations
have a load of big guns?
Not that we can get to you.
Get ready!
You're hanging us out to dry.
Tell me you're not.
They're splitting
into platoons! Target their heavy guns!
Open fire!
Tell me what I'm supposed to do, General.
General!
Carry out your orders, Commandant.
Hold your ground.
Defend Jadotville.
With what? A firm tone?
Ammo!
We need more ammo over here!
Make it last!
I'm going to start charging you
for every fucking bullet that misses!
Stick to your positions!
Last magazine!
Go and find out where our fucking ammo is!
I have to round up more ammo!
Fucking... little bastards!
Get off! Get off!
Hold fire!
We didn't do that.
Incoming!
Cooley!
Find his head!
There he is!
Get him some air.
We're running out of supplies.
Some of these lads won't last much longer.
Any dead?
Not yet.
Medic!
Eyes on the south flank!
Let's get him inside.
And we're out of morphine.
Oh, fuck.
What's it like, getting shot?
I wouldn't recommend it.
Dr O'Brien,
you have made a very bad thing much worse.
Sir, I made my decisions
based on conditions in the field.
Your decisions have led to more bloodshed.
Sir, Operation Morthor
has still been successful in the main.
But you allowed a massacre
at the radio station.
You expect me to defend that?
What am I to do
if a commander chooses to go in hard?
You're the man on the ground.
Not every square inch of it, sir.
General Tshombe
was willing to negotiate before this.
Now he's broken all relations.
And I am told there is an Irish company
stuck in the middle of nowhere under siege
as a result
of your Radio Katanga disaster.
Dag... you more than anyone understand
I couldn't control every circumstance.
You're attached to it, Conor.
Best leave you unattached to me.
It's about protecting the organization.
Secretary General,
I believe I made the correct decisions.
If you disagree, when you're here...
I'll tender my resignation.
I'm quite sure you think you're right,
Conor.
But facts on the ground says different.
And I will have to accept
that resignation.
Unidentified aircraft.
Hello?
Get out.
- Conor, this is a highly volatile...
- Get out!
Sir, the crow is incoming.
Get that gun up!
Sergeant!
Help me flip it.
Corporal Donnelly!
Bring your sections!
One, two, three!
To your stations!
I need directions immediately.
Your message
will be conveyed to Dr O'Brien.
What's he doing that's so important?
Does he have any other
United Nations units under siege?
Your message
will be conveyed to Dr O'Brien.
Fuck!
- We're gonna have to leave them out there.
- We're not abandoning them.
If we engage a battle for air-superiority,
it could lead to full-out war.
Sure you're not trying
to reinforce a failed operation?
Look, we cannot be held responsible
for the radio station.
Quinlan's company was a mistake on
a chess board, leaving a pawn vulnerable.
You don't sacrifice a queen
to save a pawn.
What?
"UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjld's
plane went down."
"There are no reports of survivors."
Oh, my God.
The tragic death
of the Secretary General
of the United Nations
on his way to the Congo.
Everything now teeters in the balance,
which has increased the stakes
for the United States
and the Soviet Republic.
In Washington,
President Kennedy voices his tribute.
Dag Hammarskjld's cause
of dedication to the cause of peace,
his willingness
to accept all responsibility...
in trying to strengthen
the United Nations
and make it a more effective instrument
for the aspirations of the hundreds
of millions of people around the globe
who desire to live out their lives.
Those efforts of his are well known.
It is tragic and ironical
that his death came
during a mission he was undertaking...
in order to bring about cease fire
in Katanga.
Let's see what everybody does now.
Recognizing...
Come on.
Turn around.
You'll be all right, Reidy.
We'll see you at home.
Clear! We need to go now!
Get out of there! Get out!
- Get them!
- Don't let it get near us!
Get them pilots out!
What the fuck do we do now?
The mission now is to keep men alive.
Charlie Alpha Juliet to Control.
No response.
Sir, the radio's working,
they're just not answering.
Try it again.
I require an immediate decision
on our last request.
This is Charlie Alpha Juliet
awaiting further instructions.
This is Company A, Jadotville calling.
I require immediate contact
with anybody there.
They can hear us, boss.
If they were gonna help,
they would have by now.
Sir!
You need to see this!
You come with me!
Control your positions, lads!
If they get close enough, we're fucked.
Gather up all the shells.
Now.
Sniper!
Vickers on the roof!
Yes, sir!
Man your trench until they get close.
Donnelly, take explosives into the chapel and outer houses.
- Yes, sir.
- Stack them against south-facing walls.
Joyce, grab those boxes!
Yes, sir!
Grab that box! Grab that box!
Sniper, cover the north flank.
Let's go!
Every shell you find,
put it in the box.
Get ready for it!
Get ready!
Stick to the plan and wait for my signal!
- Joyce, with me.
- Yes, sir.
Get those mortars out of there.
Keep moving!
Get ready for it!
They're almost there!
Open fire!
O'Driscoll's trench, fall back!
Wait for it. Wait for it.
Fall back!
Hold.
Hold. Wait for it.
Flank's down!
Now!
Get back in your trenches!
Man your trenches!
Grab the guns!
They're coming!
They're coming from the east as well!
Boys on the left flank!
We need more men over here!
Williams, with me.
You, too, now!
Yes, sir.
Man the north flank!
Fuck!
This is the spot!
Fuck it. I'm out.
Platoon, fall back!
Fall back!
Go! Go!
Incoming!
Gorman!
Get the fuck out of that trench!
Are you all right?
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
Run!
Fucking run!
Ammo's out, sir!
Fuck! I'm dry clicking.
I'm done, gents!
Hold!
Quinlan!
Let's finish this!
Are we done now?
We've used every bullet twice.
What do we do now?
I want your honest answer.
Should we surrender?
- No.
- No.
No.
No, boss.
- No, boss.
- No way.
Well said.
Good job
I'm the one making the decisions.
It's over.
As General Tshombe
continued to play games with the UN...
we sat in jail,
under sentence of death, and waited.
Finally, about a month later,
word came that we were to be sent home.
Right, come on. Let's go.
I wanna get out of this tip.
Come on. Hurry up.
Come on.
We were too relieved
to care what deal had been done,
and traveled back
knowing that we'd held our own ground...
and done Ireland and the UN proud.
Commandant Quinlan.
Welcome back.
It's a poor reception, I know.
I'm putting them all up for medals.
For a virgin army... hell, for any army...
They were magnificent.
It's not the right time.
What do you mean?
There's not going to be
any mention of this.
It's a complicated situation,
and frankly,
you've made it more complicated.
How?
By surrendering.
You made us look bad.
Look, it's not just me, you understand.
The whole United Nations has been judged.
If we treat your men like heroes,
then we damage the institution.
Is this coming from you or O'Brien?
That's an impertinent question.
Lads.
What kind of a soldier are you?
We can make it a lot worse.
There's talk of a court martial
for cowardice.
Do it.
I don't care.
Not just for you.
For them.
You can have him court-martialed for that.
No, it would only kick up too much dust.
Anyway...
I think he owed me that one.
I was right to do it.
If I hadn't,
the world would be at war now.
Well, he doesn't understand how the world works.
Carry on, lads.
His eyes, they closed
And his last breath spoke
He had seen all to be seen
A life once full
Now an empty vase
Wilt the blossoms on his early grave
Walk away, my boy
Walk away, my boy
And by morning we'll be free
Wipe that golden tear
From your mother dear
And raise what's left of the flag
For me
Then the rosary beads
Count 'em, one, two, three
Fell apart as they hit the floor
In a garb of black
We must pay respect
To the color we're born to mourn
Walk away, my boys
Walk away, my boys
By morning we'll be free
Wipe that golden tear
From your mother dear
Raise what's left of the flag for me
From the east out to
the western shore
Where many men
and many more will fall
But no angel flies with me tonight
Though freedom reigns on all
And curse the name
For which we slaved our days
So every man chose kingdom come
But sure as night turns day
It's the passion play
Oh, my God, what have they done?
With madman's rage
Well, they dug our graves
But the dead rise again, you fools
Walk away, my boys
Walk away, my boys
And by morning we'll be free
Wipe that golden tear
From your mother dear
Raise what's left of the flag for me
Walk away, my boys
Walk away, my boys
And by morning we'll be free
Wipe that golden tear
From your mother dear
And raise what's left of the flag
For me