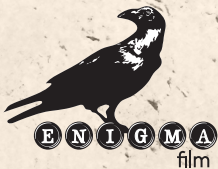




# TANIA

Script English

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WRITING ON BLACK:

**Let's be realistic, let's demand the impossible!**

*Ernesto Ché Guevara*

We fade out of the black...

1

**EXT. PLACE - BUENOS AIRES - DAY**

1

... into the close up of a girl, dark hair, alert eyes, cheeky features. It is the NINE-YEAR-OLD TAMARA. She seems to be waiting for something...

DANCE TEACHER (OFF)  
Starting position!

Now we see that Tamara, together with several other children, is in a sunlit square. Around them: old colonial townhouses. We are in Palermo, a noble district of Buenos Aires. The children form couples, girls and boys proudly face each other, have gathered here for dance lessons. But Tamara is the only one here whose features, a little paler, more northern European...

/INSERT: Buenos Aires, 1946/

DANCE TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Upper body upright! Be relaxed,  
breathe deeply, be with yourselves.  
Remember, you beauties, you can be  
so proud of yourselves.

Tamara takes this self-confident stance, she is good at it.

The DANCE TEACHER has set up a mobile record player at the edge of the square, places the needle on the record.

Warm, emotional tango music kicks in. A catchy melody.

Tamara and her young partner put their arms around each other, begin the dance. Just like the other pairs of children around them around them. And as Tamara begins this emotional dance to the music, she seems to be to the music, she seems completely in her element. She does not appear not at all like a stranger, she is simply one of the Argentine children in this dance class.

And we can see from her expression, her movements, how she enjoys it here - not only the music and the movement, but also the sun that the sun above her, the vibrant colors of the sky, the house, the laundry hanging out to dry in the side alleys between the hanging to dry in the side alleys, the exotic plants growing planted at the edge of the atrium.

Again and again we switch from her face briefly to her POV, to show how intensely she perceives everything, her visual her optical sensations merge with the rhythm of the music to an enthusiastic feeling of life, making her blossom. This is her paradise, her home, the place where she feels more feels good, like nowhere else.

NADJA (OFF)  
 (shouts, but we hear it  
 with Tamara only muffled)  
 Ita!

From Tamara's gaze we see, at first blurred and that a woman is approaching her from some distance: Tamara's mother Tamara's mother NADJA BUNKE, an agile appearance in her late 30s...

NADJA (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
 Tamarita!!

Tamara forcibly gives her more attention, the mother becomes clearer, we recognize her combative features.

NADJA (CONT'D)  
 (even more urgently)  
 TAMARA!!!

Tamara realizes that her mother is serious and reluctantly ends the dance, leaves her partner standing, although the music continues to play and the other couples the other couples continue to swirl around her. She goes disappointed to her mother.

TAMARA  
 Really? Already?

NADJA  
 (almost apologetically)  
 I've explained it to you, haven't  
 I? Be glad that you went at all,  
 right?

Tamara nods, but still doesn't look happy. Nadja hands her a jacket, helps her put it on, tucks it in once more.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Come please

She puts her arm around her daughter, pushing her with her. Tamara follows, but not without a last regretful glance back at the couples at the couples still dancing so harmoniously together.

2 **EXT. STREET IN BUENOS AIRES - DAY**

2

Tamara and her mother are walking down a street, Nadja is in a hurry. We are now in a poorer, but tidy neighborhood. Here, too, music is coming from a fruit vendors offer fruit, a few CHILDREN playing tag. The sun makes everything seem bright, luminous and intense, light and shimmering. Only Nadja seems serious.

NADJA

Dad and I will pick you up we are ready.

TAMARA

Finished with what?

NADJA

(defensively)

Ita, please.

TAMARA

Why can't I come with you?

NADJA

You can't.

TAMARA

And why not?

Nadja does not answer anymore. Tamara looks curiously into the closed face of her mother, who quickly pulls her further.

3 **INT. APARTMENT ISABELLE AND HALLWAY - DAY**

3

One last wave, and then Nadja is gone and Tamara is alone with ISABELLAS MOTHER.

ISABELLA'S MOTHER

Isabella is picking up something for me from the market. I baked a cake. I baked a cake, would you like a piece?

Isabella's mother goes into the kitchen and cuts cake.

The apartment door is ajar. Quietly Tamara disappears outside.

4

**EXT. STREET IN BUENOS AIRES - DAY**

4

Unnoticed, Tamara pursues her mother.

At one point Nadja turns around, but Tamara quickly ducks behind a dumpster.

In front of a warehouse in a dirty neighborhood with garbage on the street Nadja stops in front of a warehouse in a dirty area with garbage on the street. Attentively she looks the surroundings again. Then she opens the front door.

Tamara watches as the building swallows her. She walks to a basement window of the warehouse and sees her parents, together with other MEN, at a printing press printing leaflets.

Several police cars stop there, uniformed POLICEMEN storm into the warehouse from all sides. A POLICEMAN grabs Tamara and sets her down a few meters away, smiling.

Fearfully Tamara looks at the house. She hears: noise, screams, blows. Shocked, she sees the first men and women being and women are taken away. A POLICEMAN drags Nadja out of the entrance and entrance and wants to handcuff her. She resists, The policeman beats her brutally. Nadja screams in pain.

A somewhat introverted man with horn-rimmed glasses, in his early 40s, wants to come to her aid - ERICH BUNKE, Tamara's father. But two policemen hold him.

Anger is written on Tamara's face, she breathes heavily, hesitates, then she runs and lunges at the policeman who is beating her mother. With all the strength in her small arms she clings to the policeman.

ERICH  
(helplessly)  
Ita, no...

But the daughter does not listen to him.

TAMARA  
Let go of my mom!

The policeman tries to shake her off. When he almost she bites his arm. The policeman now actually lets go of Nadja and grabs his truncheon.

Wide-eyed, Tamara sees the cudgel come crashing down on her.

Fade. Black.

Pathetic music.

Slowly we are blending in...

5 **EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS - DAY**

It is the Cuban national anthem that we hear.

A window fogged up by cold is wiped free, the face of a young woman tries to catch a glimpse of the outside: Tamara, now 23 years old.

Through the veil of moisture of the window we realize with her that we are no longer in sunny Argentina, but in the but in the political center of a cloudy GDR.

/INSERT: East Berlin, March 28, 1961/

Outside, she sees the 10-member delegation of the GDR Foreign Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Economic Affairs, all parted men in suits, declining through all shades of gray. Freezing, they wait outside the entrance.

Finally - a convoy of three Soviet-built state carriages type drives up.

Tamara wipes the glass, desperate to see everything better.

It gets out the Cuban Minister of Industry and Director of the National Bank gets out: ERNESTO CHE GUEVARA, 33, curly, auburn hair that falls to his shoulders. He wears olive green drill trousers, has a scar on the back of his left hand back of his left hand and a missing molar. The beret he casually pushes it back into his neck.

With him get out some MEN in revolutionary look.

A man, HEINRICH RAU, Minister for Foreign Trade of the GDR, late 50s, horn-rimmed glasses, pale complexion, little hair, emerges from GDR delegation, embraces Che Guevara somewhat awkwardly and gives him a socialist brotherly kiss.

Two worlds that collide.

NADJA (OFF)

Tamara!

6 **INT. FOREIGN MINISTRY/ HALL - DAY**

6

In the hall inside, we see the subordinate staff of the conference of the conference are waiting, forming a trellis for the politicians and their and their guests. Among them Nadja. The only one who is Tamara at the window, dressed as a waitress.

Nadja notices the angry glances of her superiors, who go over to the girl, now quickly marches over to her.

TAMARA

(fascinated)

Che is here!

NADJA

Yes, and you're right back out. You promised me you wouldn't cause any trouble.

A look between mother and daughter. Tamara seems to remember Tamara seems to remember, rolls over to the other waiters waiting with trays beside the hall door with trays, picks one up.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, STATE ROOM - DAY**

7

A fountain pen - Che Guevara signs a trade agreement. Applause rings out. Flashing lights. The hall is well Che's state visit is the social event, DEFA cameramen document everything.

A little diagonally behind the politicians we see Nadja who is translating for the GDR representatives. And Nadja observes critically...

...like waitress Tamara, who is in the general crowd, purposefully pushes her way with her tray full of drinks to three Cubans wearing the same revolutionary uniform as Che Guevara:

One of them is tall, stocky, has red hair, mid-20s, his name is RUBIO.

The second, ULISES, is in his late 20s, dark-skinned, tall, well-trained, open handsome face, casual attitude.

The glances of the two Cubans from the entourage of Che Guevara roam boredly through the room.

JOAQUIN is the third Cuban, a quiet, gaunt man, late 30s with a stern aura.

As Tamara approaches them, the voice of Heinrich Rau. He now stands at a podium and gives a short speech.

HEINRICH RAU

Comrades, dear Commandante Guevara, for more than five months now the United States of America with its imperialist imperial trade embargo on the Republic of Cuba with its imperial trade embargo.

Rubio, Ulises and Joaquin, who apparently do not have their own translator, look at each other questioningly.

ULISES

(Spanish with UT)

I was afraid of this. He will talk for hours now... in this language that sounds like a traffic accident.

Tamara, who has arrived next to them, simply begins to translate to translate quietly. The Cubans look at her surprised.

HEINRICH RAU

Even if this embargo other capitalist states - like the FRG - have joined this embargo, Cuba will not give in. The just signed trade agreement with our brother state is our first step, to be followed by many more...

Tamara tries to keep up the pace. But she gets lost has to start a sentence again. Her head is now red with excitement, which the two Cubans don't really notice at first.

TAMARA

Excuse me.

Ulises and Rubio look at her.

ULISES

What is it?



TAMARA  
I am a little...

She does not finish the sentence.

RUBIO  
... nervous?

ULISES  
No problem if you stutter a  
little... stutter.

Tamara looks at him puzzled.

TAMARA  
I don't stutter. I have...

RUBIO  
Yes, a little bit.

ULISES  
But it sounds very charming.

Tamara seems a little taken off guard by the remark, the  
blush remains.

TAMARA  
Shall I continue now?

ULISES  
Is it anything of consequence, or  
just the usual lying gossip?

A smile briefly creeps into Tamara's face.

TAMARA  
The usual.

There she feels the gaze of one of the German suits, FALK  
BARTSCHKE, 51, friendly face, accurate haircut, probably an  
official on Rau's staff. He watches them from a distance. And  
not only he feels disturbed.

JOAQUIN  
(groans annoyed)  
A little more respect.

ULISES  
For the bang batch?

He points in the direction of the speaker. There also Che  
seems to be bored next to the GDR minister.

Slowly he lets his gaze over the crowd and lingers on his boys and Tamara, who somehow seem to be having a better time with each other than with are having a better time together than he is. Charming, and self-confident, Tamara whispers with her companions.

Rubio is taking a sip of the sparkling wine, shaking his head himself.

RUBIO

This tastes awful. Can Can't you get us some beer? Or rum?

ULISES

Now leave them here! I think..., it's getting really exciting...

Ironically, he points to Rau. Rubio looks at him incredulously.

That's when Tamara catches a critical glance from her mother, who is still stuck with Rau's committee.

TAMARA

Leave it, I'll go...

She turns away.

Ulises looks after her. He likes her. Very much.

Tamara grabs two beers from another waiter's tray, returns with them to Rubio and Ulises. She is about to hand Rubio grins at her demandingly.

RUBIO

Now smile! Just once for me.

Tamara looks at him without a movement. To Ulises:

RUBIO (CONT'D)

You see, it's just as I thought... She probably does it only if the guy back there...

... he points to Bartschke, who is still watching them from the corner of his eye ...

RUBIO (CONT'D)

... allows it. Your lover or Stasi commanding officer?

TAMARA

Neither.

RUBIO  
Or both together.

Tamara looks at him. Then her hand comes out and she pours the beer into his face.

Ulises snorts, has to laugh uproariously.

For a startling second, Rubio is quiet. Beer runs down his face dripping from the tip of his nose. The conversation around the three falls silent, everyone looks at them. But then Rubio also has to laugh. He wipes his face dry with his sleeve and also seems a bit impressed by Tamara's sudden outburst of emotion.

Che, who has been watching everything from a distance, grins to himself.

Tamara also laughs softly now, a bit out of relief.

For this, Bartschke rushes to the three.

BARTSCHKE  
May I speak to you for a moment,  
please?

It sounds sharp. Tamara is about to turn away, but Che intervenes. Che intervenes. He puts himself between Tamara and Bartschke.

CHE  
I would be happy if Miss...

Excitedly, she calls her name.

TAMARA  
... Bunke. ... Tamara Bunke ...

CHE  
... if Fräulein Bunke could  
translate for me could translate  
for me.

Tamara translates Che's words for Bartschke.

BARTSCHKE  
Is something wrong with Mr. Wagner?

He points to the officially appointed interpreter ROLF WAGNER, around 40.

CHE  
No. Nevertheless, I prefer Miss  
Bunke is better.

Bartschke hesitates, then nods wordlessly. With a stern look he disappears again. Tamara looks after him anxiously. To Che and Rubio:

TAMARA

Sorry.

Che smiles at her.

CHE

No-no-no. Every now and then my friend here with radical methods to bring him to his senses.

He hits Rubio on the back of the head with the flat of his hand.

Tamara laughs.

TAMARA

Thank you

Che looks at her in amazement.

CHE

Say that again.

TAMARA

Thank you

Che looks around the room.

CHE

She sounds like my little sister Ana Maria.

He muses at her.

CHE (CONT'D)

You are from Argentina, aren't you?  
So the way you pronounce the "yo".  
You are a Portena.

Tamara beams across her face. And Che smiles delightedly at Rubio and Ulises delightedly. Rubio laughs. Only Ulises, who is suddenly who is suddenly not even glanced at by Tamara, looks a little disappointed.

That's when the interpreter Wagner, 40, approaches HANNA JABLONSKI, late 30s, a self-confident, sympathetic journalist. Behind her a film crew in tow.

WAGNER

The comrade Hanna Jablonski from the DEFA newsreel "Der Eyewitness" would like to do a short interview with you.

CHE

Good. ... Mr. Wagner, take a take a break. Enjoy the evening. Ms. Bunke here will represent you represent you.

Wagner looks at Che and Tamara in amazement. Then he nods more peremptorily than approvingly. He steps aside and disappears into the crowd.

Hanna looks at Tamara with interest, seems to see immediately, that something special is happening between the young woman and the Cubans. Something special is happening.

CHE (CONT'D)

(to Hanna, but also to all others)

But don't you think it's a bit a bit noisy?

He tells his entourage, but especially Tamara, to follow him with a wave.

As they leave the conference room, Tamara catches one last a last critical look from her mother, who is still standing next to standing next to Rau in the crowd. But Tamara has to keep up with the keep up with the commandante.

8

**INT. LUXURY HOTEL EAST BERLIN, LOBBY - DAY**

8

Che chats with Hanna as the troop moves through a hotel lobby in the direction of the elevator, sets the tempo to which everyone has to conform.

HANNA

...is it true that they will soon resign from state business in order to work with Fidel Castro in the Dominican Republic to start a new adventure start?

CHE

Isn't it adventure enough in Cuba to start a new state?

HANNA

So the revolution in Cuba a one-time event?

Che smiles silently, they have reached the elevator.

CHE

Have a good evening.

The doors open, Che steps inside. Ulises tells Tamara to follow him and Rubio inside, Joaquin slows Hanna and her team down and her team with a stern gesture. They have no to be with them anymore. Disappointed, perhaps also a bit Hanna looks at Tamara when the closing door breaks their eye contact.

9

**INT. LUXURY HOTEL EAST BERLIN, SUITE - NIGHT**

9

Boots, many pairs of boots. They walk across a noble hotel corridor. Women's legs at the very back. A door to a suite opens. Cheers erupt.

QUANTITY

Commandante! Che! Finally! Here!

Cuban guitar sounds are heard. Everyone sings along.

Tamara's cheeks are flushed with excitement. She is the last to enter the spacious hotel suite and looks up at...

... Barbudos. They dance, sing, drink rum from bottles, smoke cigars. German girls are laughing in their arms. Everything seems heated, sweaty, drenched in alcohol. Rubio, who plays the guitar, stops for a moment, points to Tamara.

RUBIO

Careful people, the woman loves it,  
Cubans in beer.

Interested looks. Che pushes them into the center with a Che pushes her into the middle with a presenting gesture and nods appreciatively. Tamara smiles flattered.

A waitress hands Tamara a glass of champagne. sipping it, when her...

... Ulises holds out a Cuba Libre and takes the champagne flute from her hand from her hand with a displeased shake of his head.

ULISES

Cheers!

Tamara toasts with him.

ULISES (CONT'D)

Cigar?

Tamara considers, then nods. He hands her a Havana, a little uncertainly, she bites the end piece.

Rubio stands in the middle of the room with his guitar and sings an old Cuban folk song.

RUBIO

Muchos te han cantado Benny, con  
respeto y simpatía, unos con  
sinceridad y otros con hipocresía

...

Gradually, everyone joins in: even Che sings along - despite the cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. And Tamara also sings along - she seems to feel very comfortable in this company.

CUT TO:

Later:

Rubio continues to pluck a few soft notes on his guitar, hums a melody, and it is noticeably quieter in the room. Beer and rum bottles lie overturned and scattered around.

Tamara and Ulises are sitting together on an armchair. Quite close. She looks at him furtively. For all the strength and clarity that he radiates, he has something vulnerable and sad sadness in his features.

The phone rings, no one responds. Only GONZALO, with the youngest Cuban (more fluff than Barbudo) in the room, seems to notice it in the room, seems to notice it, picks up. For a moment he listens he listens, then...

GONZALO

I ask for...

He turns to Ulises.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

Commandante, the Germans. They ask  
where Che is?

Ulises groans. Tamara looks around, suddenly notices, that Che is no longer in the room.

ULISES

Tell them... Che has ... Khrushchev  
in the line...

Gonzalo understands and leaves.

TAMARA

Commandante? This... You...

She is insanely embarrassed. Ulises smiles to himself inside.  
Awe-struck:

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Yes, of course. You are Commandante  
Ulises Estrada Lescaille, born in  
... in ... wait don't say anything  
... in ... Santiago de Cuba, 1934?

Ulises grins, nods.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

You were aboard the Granma, which  
'56 from Mexico to Cuba. One of the  
12 survivors left after the first  
after the first battle.

Ulises seems flattered and also a bit perplexed.

ULISES

How do you know that?

TAMARA

Newspapers, newsreels, books... Do  
you work in the government?

ULISES

At the Ministry of Economy. -  
Foreign Trade.

She looks into the faces of the revolutionaries. Suddenly she  
realizes that these people have written history.

TAMARA

You are all still so young...

Rubio intones a melancholy song on his guitar.

Tamara reaches for Ulise's hand, pulls him up.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Come!

A smile flits across Ulise's face.



Tamara snuggles up to him and begins to dance.

Little by little, Ulises gets involved. He likes it, to feel her. For a brief moment, we notice again Tamara's face of the first minutes of the film. No one speaks. Almost by chance, Ulises and Tamara's gaze meet. Hold on to each other. Silently. Spellbound by each other. Fascinated.

Slowly, very slowly, her lips approach. But before they touch each other, a shrill laughter tears apart the guitar melody...

... It comes from one of the other German girls in the room. She dances exalted with a Cuban. It has something cheap, obscene, ingratiating.

At the sight of the two, Tamara and Ulises become thoughtful. thoughtful. All this is a bit arbitrary. Suddenly the magic that lay in this moment is gone.

The two continue dancing, but with much more distance.

10

**EXT. BEFORE HOTEL - DAY**

10

The diffuse light of dawn covers the forecourt in a milky gray.

Tamara steps out of the hotel alone, looking a little tired, exhausted, overwhelmed by the impressions and events.

There she sees Che, who stands alone in front of the entrance of the hotel smoking a cigar.

He gazes pensively at the cloudy sky. Without looking at them:.

CHE

You often think of Buenos Aires,  
hmm?

Tamara nods in surprise.

CHE (CONT'D)

You also want to go back home  
country?

Tamara hesitates, nods again, melancholy creeps into her facial expression.

CHE (CONT'D)

So why are we both standing around  
waiting for the for the revolution  
to break out break out on its own?

Tamara sighs. She wants to say something, but Che beats ahead of her. With a certain severity:

CHE (CONT'D)  
Close your eyes!

Tamara looks astonished, but there is no question of contradiction. She obeys.

CHE (CONT'D)  
Imagine Buenos Aires. The Avenida  
de Mayo. Spring sun. Do you see  
Avenida de Mayo?

11 **EXT. BUENOS AIRES/ AVENIDA DE MAYO - DAY**

11

*We are in Tamara's thoughts. Her colors are just as and saturated as in the scenes at the beginning of the film.*

The camera floats around, airy and free as if in a dream, capturing impressions of Buenos Aires.

People chat merrily in small groups, Street vendors trade their wares. The warm light refracts in the camera, immersing everything in soft, warm forms. Music underscores the scenery. The tango from the beginning...

... It comes from two laughing street musicians. Some people dance spontaneously. This is the home, the paradise, which Tamara would like to reclaim.

TAMARA (OFF).  
Yes.

CHE  
Thousands of people. They cheer.  
Celebrating.

12 **EXT. BEFORE HOTEL - DAY**

12

We are back at Tamara's, eyes still closed, dreaming. The sounds of the tango of her childhood resound, accompany Che's incantatory words...

CHE  
Indescribable chaos. Trucks drive through the streets. Bearded men sit on them. They wave. Soldiers of the revolution. Victorious. At the end of a long battle. Can you hear them cheering?

Tamara nods with her eyes closed.

CHE (CONT'D)

Buenos Aires! The last bastion of capital has fallen! To Santiago. To Lima. To La Paz. Latin America, after a thousand years, free at last. Now tell me: Where are you?

Tamara does not need to think.

TAMARA

On one of the trucks!

CHE

We can make it real reality!

He sounds evocative - almost like a guru.

Tamara nods, opens her eyes, looks at Che, who is still standing next to her, looking at her with sparkling eyes. A long look. Silent. Silent. They are connected by a common dream.

13     **INT. LOBBY / HOTEL - DAY**

13

Ulises has followed Tamara and is watching her encounter with Che from a distance. He seems to sense the fascination between them.

14     **EXT. BEFORE HOTEL - DAY**

14

In front of the hotel, Che smiles at Tamara...

CHE

See you in Cuba?

Tamara nods, taken.

He lowers his eyes, lights a cigar, breaks the spell. She can tear herself away, disappears into the night.

As she moves away we are GROSS on her face. Guess how it works inside her.

NADJA (OFF)

Tamara, wake up immediately...

15

**INT. APARTMENT BUNKE, TAMARAS ROOM - DAY**

15

Tamara lies in bed, fast asleep. Above the bed: Photos, posters, articles about the Cuban Revolution. Guerrillas marching into Havana, Che and Fidel in victory pose victory pose with cigar. Wild and sexy.

Slowly Tamara's eyes open.

NADJA

... What have you done?

Her mother sits on her bed and shakes her.

TAMARA

All right, all right. What's the matter?

NADJA

(alarmed)

You have to undo this immediately.

Slowly, Tamara realizes what her mother is up to. Sleepily, she shakes her head.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Why do you apply to leave the without discussing it with us?

TAMARA

Mom, I would have talked to you talked to you... How do you know about it?

NADJA

I was approached by my superiors to me. You must withdraw the application immediately.

Decisively, Tamara straightens up.

TAMARA

Out of the question

Nadja's gaze wanders over the photos.

NADJA

But Cuba has been liberated for a long time. And who tells you that you are not needed you're not needed here...

TAMARA

For what? To defend that?

She stands up, pulls the curtain aside, points outside. A gray environment with prefabricated buildings.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Is this really the end of your  
fight?

Nadja thinks for a moment. She seems sad, but also understanding:

NADJA

Yes, there is still a lot to do.  
But... at least here we are safe...  
Here is our home.

Tamara understands. And yet: it's not her plan.

TAMARA

Mom, I have to go where the burns!

Yes, Nadja has probably been feeling that for a while.

Determined, Tamara stands up...

We see the worry on Nadja's face.

16      **EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

16

Tamara walks across the cold campus of the university - past a few freezing German students.

17      **INT. UNIVERSITY, SEMINAR ROOM - DAY**

17

Tamara looks for a place, puts down her bag, takes off her coat.

PROFESSOR SCHUHMACHER, late 50s, bald head, glasses, steps through the door to his desk, looks into the hall.

PROFESSOR

Comrade Tamara Bunke?

Tamara looks up in surprise.

TAMARA

Yes, here.

PROFESSOR

I'd like to ask you to come to  
Lecture Hall 3. administrative  
matter...

Somewhat confused, Tamara packs up her things again.

18

**INT. UNIVERSITY, HALL, AUDITORIUM 3 - DAY**

18

The hallway in front of lecture hall 3 is empty. Tamara pauses - no lecturer, no student to be seen. Unusual for this time of day.

She steps through the door and looks at two men in suits. They are sitting at a table in the front of the otherwise empty hall.

One of the men - it's Falk Bartschke, the suit, who watched her during Che's state visit - offers her a chair.

BARTSCHKE

Comrade Tamara.

Tamara sits down.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)

Falk Bartschke. We know each other from the signing of the trade agreement.

There is a certain severity in his words.

Tamara nods somewhat irritated.

Silence falls between the three for a moment.

SCHERNER

The revolution in Cuba is still ... young. There is still a lot in motion.

TAMARA

Yes?

BARTSCHKE

We would like to know where it is going it is moving.

SCHERNER

Fidel - so they say - is a advocate of the Moscow line. Che is said to be more in tune with the with the Chinese.

TAMARA

What did you say again... - where you come from?

Bartschke examines her silently.

BARTSCHKE  
(impatiently)  
Has Comrade Guevara actually spoken  
to talked to Khrushchev?

TAMARA  
(dry)  
You are from the Ministry of State  
Security.

Bartschke returns this statement with a cold look.

SCHERNER  
Let's stay with Khrushchev...

Tamara almost shakes her head in amusement.

TAMARA  
That was an excuse. The Cubans  
simply wanted their peace.

Bartschke reaches for a document and holds it up briefly.

BARTSCHKE  
What is it?

A bit defiant:

TAMARA  
My request to leave the country.

Bartschke nods, then demonstratively tears up the  
application.

BARTSCHKE  
So you want something from us. ...  
What can you offer us in return?

Tamara thinks about how she should answer.

SCHERNER  
Our Soviet brothers do not manage  
not succeed in gaining direct  
access to Commandante Che Guevara  
get. If we should succeed, we would  
strengthen the position of the GDR  
in Moscow enormously.

Now Tamara understands what this is all about. A little too  
naive:

TAMARA

You don't think that Che will take me into his confidence. For Cubans, I'm just another student from Berlin.

SCHERNER

You knew that he did not talk to Khrushchev.

Tamara inhales and exhales deeply, hesitates, then:

TAMARA

So what do you want?

BARTSCHKE

If Mr. Guevara does not revolutionary activities with Moscow, he must know where he will strike, when and how.

Now Tamara has to swallow. A job that weighs heavily on Tamara's shoulders at this that weighs heavily on Tamara's shoulders at this moment.

SCHERNER

We organize you a flight over Prague. It will look like you have left against the will against the will of the official authorities.

Determined, Tania looks into the distance.

CUT TO:

19

**EXT. BUS PARKING LOT EAST BERLIN - DAY**

19

Nadja Bunke - she tries to hold back her tears.

Tamara hugs her, then Erich, who also looks upset.

The three are standing at the bus station. In the background, a bus driver is urging them to hurry:

BUS DRIVER

The Cuban State Ballet to the Prague Airport... please now get in! We want to leave.

About 15 young women get on an omnibus, giggling. Nadja looks at them, then at Tamara in amazement. Whispering:



NADJA

I hope you did not have to promise too much for this trip.

TAMARA

You can promise a lot.

Not the answer Nadja wanted to hear. She looks worriedly at Tamara.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

You were not afraid before either. fear.

NADJA

Yes, it was always there. Keep it the fear. It protects you. You are brave enough.

Once again they embrace.

Then Tamara gets loose and gets in. Through the windows she sees her mother reaching for Erich's hand. Now she has to cry after all.

Tamara quickly turns away, looking for a place.

HANNA (OFF)

Here is still free.

Tamara pauses, looks into the friendly, radiant face of a woman she knows: It's Hanna Jablonski from DEFA.

20

**INT. BUS - DAY**

20

Outside, forests and fields rush by.

Tamara and Hanna are sitting next to each other and are conversation.

HANNA

(full of enthusiasm)  
... and in the end it becomes a documentary film. I want them to the Cuban revolution Cuban Revolution. And besides, I heard there's over there in the Caribbean it's supposed to be a a little warmer.

Tamara laughs.

TAMARA

This is it

HANNA

And how did you get your exit permit?

TAMARA

I have been annoying the right people long enough.

Hanna laughs merrily.

HANNA

And... do you already know someone?

TAMARA

Not really.

Tamara smiles to herself.

Hanna smiles, too. Playfully:

HANNA

They already have great guys there! Not as stiff as our tri-tops. Why do you think I have to shoot on location?

She suggests a salsa dance in her seat. Tamara has to laugh.

Cuban rhythms resound...

21

**EXT. HAVANA, OLD TOWN - DAY**

21

... to which a handsome Cuban man moves laughing. He dances in front of a restaurant with an attractive woman.

We see Tamara's enthusiastic, longing look over to them. Tamara and Hanna get out of a taxi right in front of them. On a spontaneous whim, the two of them start to laugh with joy. Happy, Tamara looks around.

/INSERT: Havana, April 25, 1961/

The cab driver puts her luggage in front of Tamara's feet. Hanna pays him.

HANNA

Where do you have to go now?

TAMARA

I still have to find something!

HANNA

Is that so? ... You're welcome stay  
with me. DEFA got me a big a large  
apartment here.

22           **INT. APARTMENT HANNA - DAY**

22

Tamara puts down her bag, takes a quick look out the window -  
a great view over the enticing city.

Hanna steps next to her...

HANNA

Do we want to leave right away?

Tamara just nods, overwhelmed.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I'll just get my camera.

23           **EXT. STREET HAVANA - DAY**

23

Tamara and Hanna happily wander through the busy streets,  
Hanna repeatedly points her Pentacon AK 16 at the impressions  
(which we see in the grainy film footage of this of this  
time):

Two old men playing chess.

Intense rays of the sun breaking in the fan of a palm leaf.

People waiting at an improvised stall and being bought by  
from two women in revolutionary uniforms shoes and boots.

Children playing on the beach.

And then she even films Tamara, who stares very still and  
stares fascinated at Che. Not him personally. He is painted  
on a wall in a heroic pose. Suddenly Tamara notices that she  
is being filmed and, laughing, waving to Hanna to please  
stop.

The 16mm image pans away, blurred.

24           **EXT. MINISTRY OF INDUSTRY AND SUGAR CULTIVATION - DAY**

24

The two women are standing in the square in front of the  
building. Hanna looks a bit tired, wipes the sweat from her  
forehead...

HANNA  
I need a drink...

But Tamara only has eyes for the ministry.

TAMARA  
Do you really think Che is here?

HANNA  
At least that's his ministry, yes.  
Come on, let's find something by  
the sea.

TAMARA  
You go ahead. I'll be right there.

Hanna looks at her briefly, but then nods wearily and leaves.

Tamara goes to the entrance, wants to enter the building. A  
SOLDIER stops her. They gesticulate.

Tamara sits down on a little wall and writes.

TAMARA (V.O.)  
When the trucks roll down the  
Avenida de Mayo, I want to be there  
- Yours, Tamara, from Berlin.

She folds the letter and gives it to the soldier.

HANNA (OFF)  
You what? ...

25

**EXT. MALECON (COASTAL BOULEVARD), HAVANA - DAY**

25

Tamara and Hanna are sitting in a café on the coastal  
boulevard and look out over the sea. Again and again, the  
spray of the high waves splashes right up to their feet.

Both of them have taken something to drink with them, and are  
toasting. Hanna looks at them with an amused smile at her:

HANNA  
... Come on, you can't really have  
believed, you say: Tamara Bunke for  
the Commandante Che Guevara. And  
then they let you in and you drink  
together a Mate tea ...

TAMARA  
You know, I met him in Berlin. We  
...

She leaves the sentence hanging in the air. Curious:

HANNA  
You - ... Aha?

Tamara looks at her in consternation: "It wasn't like that!"

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Sorry. That was stupid.

Hanna is a little embarrassed. She pulls out the *Noticias de Hoy*, a Cuban newspaper, points to an article.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Here ... next week the sugar cane harvest begins with a competition: a volunteer brigade of supporters from abroad against the veterans from the Sierra Maestra. Che was also there last year.

Tamara's eyes light up, she likes the idea Hanna gives her.

A shot is fired...

CUT TO:

26

**EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD, CUBA - DAY**

26

... a whole volley of shots. They come from the rifle of a man in a straw hat. It is the starting signal for the harvest competition.

Immediately Che Guevara beats sugar cane with a machete.

At his side: Rubio, Gonzalo, Joaquin and some other Barbudos we already know from Berlin.

A little further to the right: Tamara. She belongs to a group of European harvest workers. They also beat sugar cane with their machetes.

Again and again Tamara tries to make eye contact with Che but he is too concentrated on the task at hand. Frustrating.

On the sidelines: applauding spectators, mainly campesinos, a few journalists and ...

... Hanna, who is filming the event with a cameraman and a sound man and

Filming the action and waving encouragement to Tamara.  
Message: It's working!

Later:

The field is now almost completely harvested. Tamara stretches the last plants. Che Guevara and his men have long since finished. Tamara, sweating and panting, looks around for them...

... and sees Rubio stand in front of Hanna's camera.

RUBIO

Now film the hardworking comrades  
from abroad!

He points in Tamara's direction.

Hanna tells the cameraman to turn off the camera.

Now you can see why Rubio sent them away: Che is standing in front of one of the uniformed veterans and his car, a small, fancy, and above all expensive Alfa Romeo.

Tamara can't understand what Che is saying to him. She goes closer.

CHE

... Do you know how I celebrated my wedding? After the ceremony there was a some pollo in a simple restaurant. Aleida understood that understood. She knew that it was not about splurging. What was important was how valuable we felt. And not how valuable our possessions are.

The uniformed veteran looks down at the ground, concerned. Meanwhile, Che's words are attracting some attention. More and more campesinos are joining the two, observing what is happening.

CHE (CONT'D)

I don't want men from my staff  
drive cars like that.

He turns away and now looks into the faces of the audience and spectators.

CHE (CONT'D)

(full of passion)

We all have to work hard on ourselves. We must become new people! It is not about a new motorcycle, a new house.

(MORE)

CHE (CONT'D)

It is about us, our self-image. We  
work for our pride, our dignity.  
For the country. And socialism.

The men and women applaud.

Then Che gets into a jeep. Hastily, Tamara runs after him. Rubio is at the wheel. He has already turned on the ignition and is just starting up. Tamara reaches the passenger door, walks alongside the car.

TAMARA

Commandante!

Now Che has seen them. He tells Rubio to stop. He looks at her in a distant manner. The car brakes, but the engine continues to run. Rubio nods to her joyfully.

CHE

We know each other?

Tamara is out of breath, looks at him in confusion: Can he really not remember her? She struggles to force out a few a few words.

TAMARA

From Berlin, Tamara Bunke. I have a  
I have a message for you... (stops  
short) The Avenida de Mayo in  
Buenos Aires... the truck... You  
were in front of the hotel... We  
are...

She is still gasping for air, and looks at him. He can no longer hold back a smile. Of course he knows who is standing in front of him.

Now Tamara has to laugh, too.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

It's like this... You ... Buscon!  
(Crook)  
Rubio glances uneasily at his  
watch.

CHE

So you really made it to us made  
it?

TAMARA

Did you ever doubt it? So, what can  
I do?

CHE

The literacy campaign is looking  
for People like you. I have to on.  
See you around.

He nods to Rubio, and the car moves on. He looks back to Tamara, waves to her. Then he is already gone. Deep disappointment at this quick farewell appears on her face.

HANNA

Aleida, his wife, is said to be  
very jealous.

She suddenly stands next to her and looks at her.

Tamara just turns away determinedly.

She doesn't even notice the second jeep that swings in next to Ches and Rubio's. Joaquin is at the wheel, Ulises in the passenger seat. And he looks at Tamara in surprise. He seems to have recognized her immediately.

TAMARA (OFF)

A like Agilidad...

CUT TO:

27           **INT. TOBACCO FACTORY - IMPROVISED CLASSROOM - DAY**           27

29           A capital A - it is written on a board pushed into the room  
A hand begins to write a second letter with chalk..

TAMARA

And B for Bravura.

The hand belongs to Tamara. She turns around and looks into the faces of about 30 women and men from their early to mid-60s, obviously all workers at the tobacco factory. They are sitting on chairs, boxes and stools that have been brought in. Somewhat awkwardly, they draw the two letters in notebooks.

Tamara strides through the rows with an encouraging look and controls, seems to focus her commitment entirely on the task at hand.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Very good.

Suddenly she stops. "Tamara is a good teacher," one of the notebooks says.



Tamara looks up in irritation. Ulises is sitting in front of the notebook in the middle of the students. He smiles mischievously at her.

Tamara has to laugh out loud. Everyone looks at her, then at Ulises, understand. A little awkward and complicated in the round:

TAMARA (CONT'D)

It's just... the Commandante... we  
have already met in Berlin ...  
um...

She doesn't know what to do...

ULISES

(confidently)

And I realized right away that such  
a particularly clever woman belongs  
to us in Cuba. So listen to her  
well to her!

(to Tamara)

So C as in...?

TAMARA

(jokingly)

Capullo (pop head)?

Ulises and everyone else have to laugh. But Tamara seems flattered.

28 **EXT. TOBACCO FACTORY/ BEFORE - DAY**

28

Tamara leaves the old tobacco factory with her students, says goodbye. Then she notices Ulises, who is just getting in his jeep, looking over at her.

ULISES

Have you seen the Playa Las  
Coloradas, where Fidel and Che  
arrived and everything began?

Tamara shakes her head. Ulises beckons to her. She hesitates - but can she really resist this invitation and this smile?  
resist?

Tamara jumps into the jeep.

29 **EXT. STRAND - DAY**

29

Seaweed, algae, a rusty old tin can washed up by a wave.

We are on a wild but idyllic beach. Apart from Tamara and Ulises, there is no one to be seen.

The two squat in the sand, Tamara hums a melody lost in thought.

It is the tango of her childhood.

ULISES

This is beautiful. What is it?

Tamara only now seems to realize that she has let herself go by the atmosphere here.

TAMARA

Just a reminder...

ULISES

Did Che actually help you with your exit permit?

She shakes her head proudly.

TAMARA

What makes you think that?

ULISES

Well... wouldn't be the first state visit after he arranged.

An awkward formulation that he does not mean reproachfully.

TAMARA

Something like that? What do you mean?

He hesitates, but then:

ULISES

Never mind.

Tamara needs a moment to understand, then looks at him with a smile, shakes her head softly.

TAMARA

You saw us in front of the hotel didn't you?

(she grins)

We were just talking a little bit about home.

ULISES

Home?

TAMARA  
Argentina. The liberation.

ULISES  
Yes, that's his big dream....

TAMARA  
Many have this dream.

He nods, but you can see doubt and melancholy in his face.

Tamara doesn't seem to notice. She stands up and takes her blouse and pants. Underneath she wears a 60s years bikini.

Ulises can not help but let his gaze glide over her exciting figure. Tamara points to the sea.

He understands. But before he has undressed, she has already run off. Right into the waves. She jumps into the water, cheering with joy. Then, after a few seconds, he is with her, also cheering. Together the two of them frolic in the water.

30

**EXT. BEACH / IN FRONT OF COTTAGE - NIGHT**

30

Tamara and Ulises walk along the sea in the dark. The Cuban music blows to them from a transistor radio. Ulises looks up, over to a...

... small, more improvised hut from. Two children, six and nine years old, romp around. A woman, CAMILLA, late 20s, rather a homely appearance, sets a table. Her husband, OSWALDO, in his early 30s, is at a grill with fish sizzling on the grill.

ULISES  
Oswaldo! (to Tamara:) Come!

He laughs with joy, runs off.

Tamara sees from a distance how the three fall intimately into each other's fall into each other's arms. Talking to each other. Slowly she approaches.

CAMILLA  
Welcome! Oswaldo... - throw some more fish on the grill!

Oswaldo also greets Tamara like an old acquaintance.

OSWALDO  
What would you like to drink? Oh, what I ask you. You'll get a rum!

And with these words he reaches for two more plates.

31 **EXT. BEACH / IN FRONT OF COTTAGE - NIGHT**

31

Oswaldo, Camilla, the two children, Tamara and Ulises are now eating now together at the table.

TAMARA

How do you know each other?

OSWALDO

We grew up here together grew up here together.

He points to a few faint lights in the background, a village.

Tamara understands.

TAMARA

Beautiful here.

Ulises nods. He seems to like that she likes it.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Did you fight together in the Sierra in the Sierra?

OSWALDO

Unfortunately not everyone is as brave as Ulises.

He looks at Ulises with respect and appreciation. Tamara notices.

TAMARA

Must have been hard to leave here...?

ULISES

(nods thoughtfully)

But something had to be done. The girls went whoring in Havana in Havana, the boys died for the mafia, the old people were hungry.

Now something creeps into Tamara's eyes again. Tentatively and rather shyly, Ulises returns her returns her gaze.

32 **EXT. BEACH / TABLE - NIGHT**

32

The two are now walking towards Ulises' jeep. It is parked under two parked under two trees, somewhat off to the side.

Tamara beams - she likes the surroundings.

Briefly, their hands touch as if it were an accident.

TAMARA

Do you come here often?

ULISES

As often as possible.

TAMARA

Because of your parents?

It is only a brief flicker in Ulise's eyes that Tamara notices at this moment. Just like in Berlin, a reflex in him that he quickly fights.

Tamara has to swallow. It touches her to see him like this. But Ulises gets a grip on himself again.

ULISES

I'll take you home now.

He opens the door of his jeep, suddenly turns to her, looks at her.

Tamara's breathing quickens. He brushes a strand of hair from her forehead. Again, as in Berlin, the kiss seems to be in the air. But this time Ulises suddenly turns away and gets into the car.

ULISES (CONT'D)

I'll take you home.

Tamara seems surprised, but she also simply gets on board.

33

**INT. APARTMENT HANNA - NIGHT**

33

A glass - Hanna fills it to the top with rum and hands it to Tamara.

HANNA

Really, Commandante Ulises  
Lescaille has backed out back down?

TAMARA

He probably already has a girl  
somewhere. A chick.

Hanna laughs.

HANNA

Then why does he throw himself at you?

TAMARA

He didn't. He was in my class He was in my class by chance finally learn to write...

Hanna laughs again.

HANNA

Tamara, you are... The man who the agricultural plan for next for next spring?

Now Tamara understands how naive she was.

TAMARA

Oh man, I'm so stupid. Sure, he even told me once that he was in the Ministry of Economics.

Now she laughs, too - at herself. Then she takes a big sip from her glass.

34                   **INT. TOBACCO FACTORY - IMPROVISED CLASSROOM - DAY**                   34

A new school day. Tamara is teaching in her classroom, but doesn't seem quite as focused. Her gaze wanders to the chair that has remained empty today. Ulise's chair.

TAMARA

Who would like to read aloud today?

35                   **INT. APARTMENT HANNA, ROOM TAMARA - DAY**                   35

Tamara comes in the door and drags a basket full of fruit, rice, meat into the kitchen. At the kitchen table sits a young man, HECTOR, a Cuban in revolutionary uniform. He is drinking a small coffee.

Hanna is cleaning parts of her film equipment, which is lying on the table, looks up...

HANNA

You seem to have a new admirer. a new admirer. He's been waiting for you for two hours. He's been waiting for you for two hours.

Hector did not understand her German, but now he simply rises now simply and examines Tamara sternly.

HECTOR  
I have to take you with me!

TAMARA  
Where to?

Hector smiles inscrutably.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Do I need to pack anything?

He shakes his head and just goes ahead....

Hanna has also stood up, and now seems a bit astonished and worried.

HANNA  
Tamara...?

TAMARA  
(quickly)  
It's all right, I... let's talk  
about it later, hmm?

36        **EXT. STREET HAVANA - DAY**        36

She walks with Hector directly towards a closed jeep, where two soldiers are waiting.

Tamara sits down in the car.

37        **INT. JEEP - DAY**        37

One of the soldiers blindfolds her with a cloth. Then the jeep drives off.

Tamara, who can now no longer see anything, can only perceive the sounds and is completely at her mercy. She hears her own compressed breath. Sweat beads on her upper lip. She is afraid. What is happening to her?

38        **INT. LUXURY VILLA - DAY**        38

Hector leads them into a house. Their footsteps echo off the walls. Someone takes off her blindfold. At first everything is bright, blurred.

Then Tamara recognizes the outline of a face, it is Che. He is standing right in front of her, close, very close, like back then in front of the hotel in East Berlin.

The two stare at each other for a moment until Che offers her a seat in an armchair.

Tamara sits down and looks around: A stately furnished villa. Expensive furniture, paintings on the walls, carpets on expensive stone floors, even a fireplace.

CHE

We seized the house over a year ago. Year ago. It was the representative office of an American beverage company.

He sits down opposite her. Silence falls between the two of them. A strange atmosphere: What does Che want? A woman comes with a silver tray, silently puts coffee and water on the table. Then leaves again.

TAMARA

Why the blindfold?

CHE

Why did you come to Cuba?

TAMARA

(a little confused)  
Because I ... You know that. The revolution... I want...

CHE

(cuts her off)  
Why exactly?

The confusion may not leave Tamara. Does Che or does he want to test her?

CHE (CONT'D)

Did you ever have contact with the Ministry for State Security or the KGB?

A shock goes through Tamara's limbs. But then she has herself again.

TAMARA

No.

CHE

Then why did they let you leave let you go?



TAMARA

I am out over Prague. A dancer from the Cuban State Ballet left me her place. She stayed in Berlin in Berlin.

He gazes into her eyes for a long, silent moment. Tamara stands up to him.

He takes a piece of paper out of the inside pocket of his uniform, stares at it for what feels like an eternity.

CHE

We have you and your background check. Communist parents, bilingual, trained in dealing with the with the class enemy and ... if you want something, then you not be dissuaded from it.

Finally he gives her a smile. Slowly she manages to relax a little.

CHE (CONT'D)

I want you to work for us work for us!

TAMARA

You mean ...for ... the government?

CHE

The secret service, yes. The DGI. We will train you!

Now Tamara beams all over her face. She jumps up...

TAMARA

The DGI. ... Yes.

... turns around, back again, seems overwhelmed and euphoric.

He smiles at her in wonder, has to grin. It is obvious that he likes the young woman.

CHE

You have to become more rational, more controlled. You must not be by your feelings, but by your goal.

TAMARA

Yes, I will. Rational and controlled. No problem.

She obviously finds it very difficult to conceal her youthful enthusiasm and joy.

He smiles briefly, then something serious and soberness in his eyes.

CHE

What do we do with you if we that  
you are playing a double playing a  
double game with us?

Tamara takes a deep breath in and out. Without thinking:

TAMARA

You put me up against the wall.

She looks him - suddenly also hard - in the eye.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (OFF)

In view of the aggressive of the  
reactionary forces of the Federal  
Republic and its Nato allies ...

39

**INT. APARTMENT HANNA - DAY**

39

A radio - on short wave you can hear the clattering voice of a German newscaster. He sounds like a messenger from a distant, inhospitable world....

Hanna sits in front of it and shakes her head in disbelief.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (OFF)

... the Warsaw Treaty States cannot  
fail to take the necessary measures  
to ensure their security and above  
all the security of the German  
Democratic Republic in the interest  
of the of the German people  
itself... ensure...

HANNA

They are building a wall in the  
middle of Berlin!

Tamara hesitates briefly, seems caught off guard.

TAMARA

Oh.

Hanna notices the travel bag in her hand.

HANNA  
What's the matter?  
(mischievously)  
You don't want to go back to the  
GDR?

Tamara shakes her head.

TAMARA  
Nonsense. No, of course not ... The  
Ministry of Education is sending me  
to Cienfuegos, where I'm supposed  
to teach teach the peasants.

Hanna looks at them curiously and a touch sadly.

HANNA  
They're taking you away for that?

TAMARA  
You know those revolutionistas.

HANNA  
And for how long?

TAMARA  
For longer... a few weeks.

HANNA  
And who do I drink my rum with now?  
rum?

Tamara has to grin, then raises her shoulders apologetically.

TAMARA  
Well, at least you finally have  
free place!

HANNA  
Cienfuegos. This is supposed to be  
beautiful. ... Maybe I will come  
visit you.

Tamara nods, even though she knows that she will prevent this  
from happening.

TAMARA  
Gladly.

Hanna laughs, extends her arms warmly. The two hug each other  
tightly. A bit sentimental:

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
I will miss you too.

HANNA  
Get back to me!

Tamara detaches herself and leaves.

40 **INT. JEEP - DAY**

40

Tamara is sitting in the passenger seat of a jeep. Hector, the revolutionary who brought her to Che's villa, is at the wheel.

She looks at the sea, the lonely beach and the wide horizon.

TAMARA (OFF)  
Dear Mom, I hope you are well. I heard the news and I thought of you...

41 **EXT. LONELY HOUSE - NIGHT**

41

The jeep stops in front of a lonely house in the countryside. Further back: A barn in front of a sprawling compound. Tamara gets out and goes inside with her luggage.

TAMARA (OFF)  
... And I thought maybe it would help you to hear that things couldn't be going any better for me. The whole wide world, here lies at your feet. A good, great feeling. I embrace you.

42 **INT. LONELY HOUSE, SOCIETY ROOM - DAY**

42

In a large social room sits Joaquin, the serious, haggard Barbudo, who had already caught Tamara's eye in Berlin.

Next to him is TAMAYO, a somewhat younger, stout man. Opposite them, Tamara and three young, good-looking women. They are sitting on simple wooden chairs.

TAMAYO  
Today your life so far - as it was - comes to an end. You belong to the revolution. All your strength, your courage, your needs are all needs are to be subordinated to the revolution.

JOAQUIN

What my friend Tamayo in his  
flowery in his flowery way is  
trying to make clear to you: You do  
what we say! You don't talk to  
anyone about what's happening here.  
And from now on: No men's stories!  
Also no harmless flirting. If we  
find out that there is something  
going on, you're out!

Tamayo points to Tamara.

TAMAYO

Let's start with you: What do you  
want be called?

TAMARA

- Tania.

JOAQUIN

Why Tania?

TAMARA

In honor of a Russian agent, who  
died fighting the Nazis. She was an  
acquaintance of my mother.

JOAQUIN

Well, if you think that's a good  
omen for a good omen...

He points to the yard...

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

Your instructor is already waiting.

43      **EXT. YARD IN FRONT OF BARN - DAY**

43

Tamara walks across the yard. She stops in front of the barn,  
breathes in and out deeply and...

44      **INT. SHOULD - DAY**

44

... goes inside. Searchingly, she looks around, but  
recognizes only shelves with ammunition boxes, uniforms,  
books, etc. She walks a few steps, but there is no one there.

TAMARA

Hello?

She calls into the barn. No response. So she walks a few steps further. Between two shelves she sees a shadow flitting by. A man who is gathering together.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Hello? I am looking for...

She tries to recognize more, continues walking in the direction, where she perceived the shadow. Suddenly he stands behind her, taps her. She flinches and then turns around: It's Ulises.

ULISES  
Hello.

With a quiet smile, he pushes books, a package of clothes and other clothes and other utensils into her hand.

She can hardly carry it all. Astonished and confused she looks at him.

He acts as if it's the most normal thing in the world to meet here.

TAMARA  
Ministry of Economy - Department  
Foreign Trade?

He merely smiles.

In quick succession, a montage of settings and images:

45 **INT. LONELY HOUSE - DAY** 45

Tamara with headphones in front of a radio. Ulises shows her how to operate the device.

46 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY** 46

Tamara walks through a village, looks around inconspicuously, tries to lose a pursuer.

47 **INT. LONELY HOUSE - DAY** 47

Ulises explains to her how a mini camera works. He shows her how to insert the film and hide it in a bag with a false bottom. Tamara follows his explanations his explanations with curiosity. Then she practices herself. Ulises doesn't look at her hand movements, but at her hair, her cheeks, her mouth. Suddenly she smiles at him.

48         **EXT. STEPPE - DAY**

48

Ulises instructs Tamara how to detonate a hand grenade. Tamara seems eager to learn, euphoric. He hands her the grenade. Their hands touch casually, but a moment too long. Tamara pulls the fuse of the grenade and throws it onto the field. The two jump for cover. Their shoulders touch.

Che observes the two from a distance with a critical expression.

49         **EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

49

Tamara practices shooting under the supervision of Ulises, several bullets miss, then she shreds the ear of a cardboard the ear.

ULISES

Not bad.

TAMARA

But not really good yet either.

She reloads, fires again. Hits him now with the third bullet in the forehead, throws satisfied.

Unlike Ulises, who looks at her almost a little sadly.

50         **INT. LONELY HOUSE - DAY**

50

An older lady shows Tamara how to put on a wig so that the so that you can't see the fake hair. Tamara puts on makeup.

51         **EXT. YARD / GARDEN - DAY**

51

One of the trainees plays the guitar, Tamara sings. The others laugh and drink a beer. An exuberant Tamara in the middle of it all. Like a family. Her eyes shine, she is very happy. Ulises looks at Tamara in love.

Joaquin notices.

52         **INT. LONELY HOUSE, SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT**

52

Joaquin is talking familiarly with Che, who is lounging in his armchair, seems to be reporting to him.

End assembly.

CUT TO:

53

**INT. LONELY HOUSE, SOCIETY ROOM - DAY**

53

An elegantly dressed lady, mid-50s, good figure, well-groomed appearance. Her name is DARJA, comes from Russia.

DARJA

... Grab her by her sexual dreams,  
by her secret, un-lived desires. You  
will nowhere you will learn more  
about them than in bed. They are so  
easy to manipulate when they are  
aroused.

She confidently taps back and forth as she speaks. Behind her are Che and Joaquin. She speaks to Tamara and her colleagues.

DARJA (CONT'D)

You must sell them a perfect  
illusion. Give them the Make them  
feel that you see them differently,  
that they are experiencing  
something here with you now, a once-  
in-a-lifetime adventure.

Darya takes a step forward. In her hands rest three envelopes.

CHE

Today we will return to Havana  
today. There you will prove to us  
prove to us if and what you have  
learned you have learned in the  
last few days.

Darja hands the women an envelope. Tamara looks at her envelope Tamara looks at her envelope. She feels a little queasy.

DARJA

In it you will find your target  
person and a concrete task for  
tonight. And Attention: The men do  
not know that they are part of an  
exercise.

Tamara nods, more to encourage herself.

54

**INT. LONELY HOUSE, ROOM TAMARA - DAY**

54

With shaky hands, Tamara opens the envelope. She is sitting in at a simple desk in her room. Very slowly she pulls a photograph and a piece of paper out of the envelope. We don't see it, only her face, which hardens more and more.



After a few seconds, she puts the photo and the paper aside, and looks out of the window in irritation.

Close up desk: someone has written on the paper -. "Why does he blame himself for his parents?" is written on it. Above it is the photo - it shows Ulises.

Tamara seems to be struggling with how to proceed now. She closes her eyes.

55 **EXT. BUENOS AIRES/ AVENIDA DE MAYO - TAG** 55

*In Tamara's mind...*

Again she sees her vision of paradise, her goal in front of her - the happy, celebrating people on her native Avenida de Mayo.

56 **INT. LUXURY HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT** 56

Ulises is sitting in the lobby of a luxurious hotel reading a newspaper. Again and again he glances at the clock, obviously waiting obviously waiting for someone.

TAMARA (OFF).

Rubio is not going to come.

Ulises looks up: There is Tamara standing in front of him. She smiles at him in a tight-fitting dress, her face lightly made up. She looks good, a bit lascivious.

ULISES

How do you know that?

She sits down next to him. Her smile becomes a little wider.

TAMARA

Because I told him that you don't have time.

Ulises understands where this might be going. He laughs briefly.

ULISES

But what did you tell him?

Tamara looks at him with wide, mischievous eyes. Is that important?

Ulises shakes his head in amusement.

CUT TO:

57      **INT. LUXURY HOTEL, BAR - NIGHT**

57

Two glasses toasting. With one swig, Tamara empties her Cuba Libre. She is now standing with Ulises at the hotel bar.

Ulises sips his glass a little more cautiously.

In the background, an old, wrinkled man with a guitar sings a Cuban love song. Tamara looks at Ulise's eyes.

TAMARA

It's time I learned more about you!

ULISES

For example?

TAMARA

Why is there no woman in your in your life?

Ulises grins challengingly at her.

ULISES

Maybe there is.

TAMARA

I see.

Ulises nods and strokes her hair, putting his arm around her.

Tamara barely flinches - her guilty conscience.

ULISES

(smiles)

Don't worry. There's no one here from the DGI.

Uncertainly, Tamara nods. And then Ulises kisses her. Passionately. She hesitates for a moment before returning the kiss.

CUT TO:

58      **INT. LUXURY HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT**

58

Stormily Ulises gets rid of his shirt and ...

... does not see how Tamara's gaze glides uncertainly through the room. Her eyes flicker guiltily, linger on a mirror.

Then Ulises throws her onto the bed. He has skilfully pulled down her dress tore his pants off his legs.



TAMARA  
Absolutely!

Ulises remains silent, smiling to himself.

She tickles him, he laughs up. With mock severity:

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Talk to me!

But he only laughs louder.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
My money is on your parents!

He is now getting a touch calmer:

ULISES  
What should be with them?

With slight irony:

TAMARA  
They take care that the wrong the  
wrong one comes too close.

Ulises is now increasingly serious silent. Tamara notices it but continues in her light tone:

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Suppose ... theoretically ... you  
could imagine invite me to them one  
day ... I would of course also  
dress properly dressed and we could  
...

Ulises interrupts them:

ULISES  
They are dead. Killed. During the  
revolution. By Government soldiers.

His words hit her like a fist blow. All at once the lightness is gone.

ULISES (CONT'D)  
You came to our village without  
village without warning.

It is not easy for him to talk about it....

ULISES (CONT'D)

You said that my parents know where we are hiding. And that they support us.

He speaks clearly, distinctly, with a certain anger in his voice.

ULISES (CONT'D)

But they knew nothing, nothing anything. I never talked to them about the I never talked to them about the revolution. I never even said say goodbye to them. I just wanted to keep them out of it.

Tamara puts her hand on his leg, almost as if he had said enough. But Ulises continues to speak.

ULISES (CONT'D)

You probably think: There are times when you can't keep anyone out of it. That's what you think, don't you?

Tamara looks uncertain, is again aware of the mirror.

ULISES (CONT'D)

There are always ways. You just have to try. I could have hidden them at my Uncle in Trinidad. in Trinidad. I didn't. I believed I was invulnerable.

Ulises nods to himself. One senses a certain self-hatred.

ULISES (CONT'D)

They were driven through the village through the village. They had to line up in front of the in front of the church. Then they shot at them shot at them, one after the other, two shots, to save ammunition. My father was killed immediately. My mother lived for hours for hours. She slowly bled to death. Since then...

He falters. Tamara strokes his hair comfortingly. Then looks at the mirror again.

63                   **INT. LUXURY HOTEL, NEXT ROOM - DAY**                   63

In the next room, Che retreats into the darkness, looking satisfied that Tamara has disciplinedly fulfilled everything that he expected of her.

64                   **INT. LUXURY HOTEL, ROOM - DAY**                   64

In bed, the situation seems to make Tamara more and more...

                          TAMARA  
                          (nervously)  
                          I... I have to go...

                          ULISES  
                          Already?

                          TAMARA  
                          They are waiting for me at the  
                          training center.

She slips out of bed and quickly begins to get dressed. Ulises looks at her in love. But she avoids his gaze.

65                   **INT. LUXURY HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT**                   65

With a depressed expression, Tamara walks alone through the lobby to the exit. She spots Darya in a hidden corner, who nods appreciatively at her. Ashamed, Tamara nods back.

She already wants to leave the hotel, then she comes to her senses, turns around, goes straight to Darya.

                          TAMARA  
                          Why Ulises?

Amused, Darya looks at her.

                          DARJA  
                          You question orders?

                          TAMARA  
                          Yes. I want to understand them.

Darya groans. Does she really have to say that?

                          DARJA  
                          Because we had to see who your  
                          loyalty! And how much you against  
                          your own feelings you can do.

She rises to leave. Tamara steps into her path. Pleading:

TAMARA

Ulises won't find out, will he?  
Please.

She almost has something unusually pleading in her eyes.

DARJA

As long as you do what you are you  
are asked to do, there will be no  
problem.

Then she goes.

When Tamara can no longer see them, their tears run  
unchecked.

66

**INT. APARTMENT HANNA, KITCHEN - DAWN**

66

Tamara still has tears in her eyes. She is sitting at the  
kitchen table in Hanna's apartment.

Hanna puts two cups of coffee on the table, looks at Tamara  
sympathetically.

Hanna nods, waits...

... but Tamara remains silent. She succeeds more and more to  
bring herself back under control. Playfully:

HANNA

Let's just start from the beginning  
from the beginning: Where are you  
from now?

Tamara just shakes her head: That-will-not-say.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Does it have something to do with  
Ulises?

Again Tamara does not answer, but it is obvious, that Hanna  
has hit the bull's eye.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I can only help you if you tell me  
what happened.

TAMARA

I'm just confused... I don't  
know...

She takes a sip of beer.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
 ... which game you play with me.

HANNA  
 But who is playing with you?

But Tamara is silent.

Hanna first looks at her appraisingly, then she seems to accept that then she seems to accept that she will not get an answer.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
 Maybe this can cheer you up cheer  
 you up. This arrived for you a few  
 days ago. A few days ago...

She pulls out a letter, hands it to Tamara.

67 **EXT. HAVANA, OLD TOWN - DAY**

67

Tamara walks down a street, opens the letter. It comes from Berlin, from her parents. She opens it, looks at a few photos. The pictures show her parents.

NADJA (OFF)  
 It made us very happy to hear that  
 you are well. ... We hope that you  
 will not dangerous adventures. ...  
 We also miss you very much. When  
 will you visit us?

Tamara puts the letter back into the envelope. Uncertain she looks at the life around her...

CUT TO:

68 **EXT. HAVANA, SQUARE OF THE REVOLUTION - DAY**

68

Fidel Castro. - Maximo Lider, 35 years old, stands on a tribune and gives a speech.

Not far away, on an elevated position: Hanna. She films the event, looks through the viewfinder of her camera and recognizes in the crowd directly below the grandstand...

... Tamara. They wave to each other, then Tamara follows Fidel's speech in the stands.



FIDEL CASTRO

Yes, I am a Marxist-Leninist. Cuba stands ironically by the side of the Comrades in the USSR. And those who push for the isolation of Cuba are traitors to the all-American cause.

Tamara hangs on his lips.

Suddenly someone puts his hand on her shoulder. Tamara wheels around: It's Ulises.

All at once she feels trepidatious.

ULISES

Hello.

TAMARA

Isn't your place up there?

ULISES

My place is where I stand.

He watches her. Tamara avoids his gaze.

ULISES (CONT'D)

Why are you so restless?

TAMARA

Am I?

Still he watches them.

ULISES

Is it because of Che?

Tamara stares at the bleachers, seemingly not knowing what to answer.

Above...

FIDEL CASTRO (CONT'D)

Together we will confront the criminal blockade of the US imperialists...

Suddenly a white dove descends from the sky and lands on Fidel's shoulder. A murmur goes through the crowd.

Tamara is also moved. Then she looks at Ulises sincerely.

TAMARA

All that connects me with Che is  
the common goal.

A cautious, turned towards smile. And it can be grasped that  
Ulises is at least a little relieved by this statement.

69

**INT. LUXURY VILLA - DAY**

69

Once again, Tamara is sitting in the stately furnished villa  
where she was recruited by Che for the DGI.

Next to her on the wide sofa: the three colleagues who  
trained with her.

Che, Ulises and Joaquin are also present. Che steps in front  
of the women, addresses them directly.

CHE

... You can not know today know how  
hard, sneaky, and brutal your life  
can be. You will have to leave  
Cuba, you will live a lie. And you  
will have to believe it yourselves.  
You will be alone, lonely. You will  
have to treat your enemies like  
friends. And your true friends,  
your loved ones, you will no longer  
see them. And all this can take  
years.

He lets his words fade away strangely, looks at Tamara and  
the other women seriously.

CHE (CONT'D)

We can stop all this right now  
right here and now. Without  
consequences.

Ulises looks at Tamara. For a moment it looks as if he were  
inviting her with his eyes to accept Che's offer to quit.

She seems to be thinking. But she remains seated.

Rubio enters the room, approaches Che and whispers something  
in his ear. Che seems displeased by the news, but he tries to  
hide it. Then he quickly turns back to the to the women.

CHE (CONT'D)

Good. You will receive your  
deployment orders in the next few  
days!

Tamara nods.

He waves to his people, quickly leaves the room with them, as if there was something to discuss.

Briefly, Tamara seems to feel a little left alone.

70 **EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE - DAY** 70

Tamara is sitting on a rock. The waves thunder waves thunder against the cliffs. Spray flies around her ears. Far and wide, there is no one to be seen. Tamara gazes thoughtfully. Tamara looks out to sea. Has she made the right decision?

71 **EXT. STREET HAVANA - DAY** 71

Tamara walks down the side street that leads to Hanna's apartment.

She passes a car. Suddenly its doors open and two men jump out. With their blond hair and skin reddened by the sun, they look like Germans. The two point pistols at her....

STASI MAN

Get in!

72 **EXT / INT. FISH CUTTER - DAY** 72

... and lead them across the deck of the rusty old fishing cutter, pushing her into the driver's cab. Behind her the door slams shut.

BARTSCHKE (OFF)

A beautiful island.

Tamara drives around, and sure enough, there's Bartschke. He smiles.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)

(ironically)

Miles of beaches, palm trees, salsa... and first of all the men. In front of especially the blacks. Really muscular, attractive guys!

Tamara needs a moment to classify this.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)

It's easy to forget that that you actually have to report.

Tamara glances over at the door.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)  
(dry) Completed.

Bartschke smiles.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)  
What is the situation? What is Che  
planning?

Tamara interrupts him.

TAMARA  
How should I know? I work for the  
Literacy Campaign.

BARTSCHKE  
UNFUG!

It is now really loud.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)  
We know that you are meeting with  
this Ulises.

Briefly, Tamara is surprised.

TAMARA  
From where? ...

Bartschke looks at her hostilely and silently.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Yes. But he works in the Ministry  
of Ministry, coordinates foreign  
trade. He has no...

Bartschke interrupts them again. He takes a step closer, now  
seems increasingly aggressive.

BARTSCHKE  
Che and Fidel have fallen  
quarreled. Allegedly Fidel had him  
killed.

TAMARA  
(surprised)  
No... That can't be.

BARTSCHKE  
Yes? Because?

TAMARA

Because... I can't imagine that.

He is now very close to her face:

BARTSCHKE

You will find out what happened to Che happened to Che... I want to know what's going on here!

He takes out a key and unlocks the door.

BARTSCHKE (CONT'D)

48 hours or we inform the Cubans that you are working for us.

CUT TO:

73

**EXT. / INT. JEEP / LAND ROAD - DAY**

73

The tires of a jeep. He drives at high speed over a Cuban country road.

Tamara sits tensely on the passenger seat, Ulises at the wheel.

ULISES

Fidel can no longer stand by Che publicly criticize the Russians. Che is to leave Cuba in the Cuba in the next few days.

TAMARA

(worried)

Do you know where he is? I haven't heard from him in a week.

ULISES

Yes. If he wants something from you he'll get in touch with you.

Tamara nods, looks at him.

TAMARA

What are you going to do? You will hardly join Che and fight with him with him in a foreign country?

ULISES

No, I won't.

Tamara looks at the landscape rushing by.

TAMARA  
Where are we going anyway?

CUT TO:

74 **EXT./ INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY**

74

A small courtyard with a view of the sea. Faded fishing nets lie around, a rotten boat, the grass is as tall as a man. Ulises is full of thoughts.

Tamara wanders through the dilapidated house, startles a bird of prey bird of prey and is frightened herself. It disappears through a hole in the roof.

Ulises steps up to Tamara, hugs her affectionately.

ULISES  
Do you like it?

TAMARA  
Yes, very.

ULISES  
There stood my bed, back there of my parents...

He has a vulnerable expression on his face, glares at her.

ULISES (CONT'D)  
I want to renovate all this, and then...

He falters, looks at her, has a lump in his throat.

Tamara understands now. She knows what is coming and it moves her.

TAMARA  
No, don't say that now.

ULISES  
... we can be here together... You and I ... We can build something together...

Tamara hugs him. Then, quietly:

TAMARA  
I can't do this

Ulises looks at her sadly.

ULISES  
So it absolutely has to be  
Argentina be?

Tamara hesitates.

TAMARA  
Some things are different than you  
think.

Now he is irritated.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Many things are different.

She fights a tear, loses.

Ulises affectionately presses her against him.

Now she must really cry.

CUT TO:

75

**EXT. LONELY BEACH - DAY**

75

Waves breaking on the beach. In the background the dilapidated family home of Ulises.

Tamara and Ulises are sitting opposite each other in the sand. Ulises leans against the trunk of a palm tree. Apart from them, the beach is deserted.

TAMARA  
... then Bartschke will say that I  
I was spying for the Stasi.

ULISES  
Have you?

TAMARA  
No.

Ulises looks at her penetratingly.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
NO! ... I never delivered a  
delivered a report.

There is still a trace of uncertainty with Ulises.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Don't you believe me?

ULISES

But.

TAMARA

I needed him to get here to come here...

Then Ulises stands up resolutely.

76 **EXT. FISH CUTTER - DAY**

76

Tamara is standing on the deck of the fishing cutter - visible

Some distance away, she sees Bartschke and the two men who have overpowered her, approaching.

CUT TO:

The three men come on deck, step toward them.

Then Ulises and six men emerge from the hull. They point weapons at Bartschke and his men.

77 **EXT. MOTORBOAT - DAY**

77

The bottom of a motorboat. We see it from below: It glides over the camera through the clear Caribbean water.

We jump on board: There sit Bartschke, his companions, hands tied, guarded by Tamara and Ulises' men. Ulises steers the boat. In the wake, just behind the boat: a small, unpowered lifeboat, more like a nutshell.

CUT TO:

78 **EXT. OFF COAST - DAY**

78

Bartschke's hands - Ulises frees him from his bonds. Then Bartschke has to board the small lifeboat. His companions are already sitting in it, also freed from their shackles.

In some distance you can see a coastal strip.

Ulises reaches for a radio.

ULISES

Mayday. Mayday. SOS. Does anyone hear me?



VOICE (OFF)  
 Yes. - This is the Coast Guard in  
 Key West speaking. Where are you?

While Ulises gives the coast guard the coordinates, the exact  
 Bartschke hisses at Tamara:

BARTSCHKE  
 You can't just hand us over to the  
 to the Americans!

Determined, Tamara looks at him for a moment, then turns  
 away.

Ulises starts the engine and the boat starts moving.

Once again Tamara looks back at Bartschke. He sits forlornly  
 with his men in the lifeboat, looking confused, lost.

79

**EXT. MOTORBOAT - DAY**

79

The motorboat leisurely sails back towards Cuba. Tamara and  
 Ulises sit at the stern, out of earshot of the others. Tamara  
 struggles with herself, finally she gives in:

TAMARA  
 Thank you

Ulises presses her against him. She looks at him guiltily,  
 takes a deep breath.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
 There is one more thing.

Ulises looks at her with interest.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
 The night when ... we stayed at the  
 Hotel... before we had the Training  
 with Darya...

She doesn't know how to say it.

ULISES  
 Darya, the Russian?

Tamara nods.

TAMARA  
 Didn't you know?

Slowly the connections become clear to Ulises. His face  
 darkens.

ULISES  
Yes, and?

TAMARA  
(meekly)  
It was ... an exam. She had me...  
on you. I had no choice.

ULISES  
You have...

He does not speak further.

ULISES (CONT'D)  
The evening in the bar. ... All  
this was not real?

He becomes increasingly angry.

TAMARA  
You know how the DGI works!

ULISES  
But not against your own people. I  
was your instructor!

Tamara looks at him, sincere, honest, humble.

TAMARA  
I am sorry

Ulises stands up, turns away. He is angry:

ULISES  
That was Che. He wanted this moment  
no longer belong to us.

TAMARA  
If he knew about Darja's planning  
about Darja's planning.

ULISES  
(flaring up)  
Of course he knew about it! Do you  
think anything happens at the DGI  
without him knowing about it?

Tamara searches his gaze. Guilty:

TAMARA  
It was a mistake. Sorry.

ULISES

He pitted you against me. He wanted you to be his.

Tamara remains silent.

Ulises finds it hard to stay calm.

ULISES (CONT'D)

(imploring)

Don't you see how Che meanwhile completely over the target beyond the mark? How dangerous he can be he can be, now that he's lost Cuba?

Tamara sits there, thinks...

TAMARA

But wasn't he always about more than Cuba?

ULISES

True. We were just a means to an means to an end for him. And you will be ...if you continue to follow him... follow him. A means to his purpose. Is that what you want?

Tamara looks at him helplessly.

She closes her eyes.

We are BIG on her face. Listening with her, like back then the night with Che in Berlin, the familiar sounds of tango...

80      **EXT. BUENOS AIRES/ AVENIDA DE MAYO - DAY**      80

... see again the short impressions of the Argentina of their dream...

81      **EXT. MOTORBOAT - DAY**      81

... see the pain and the brokenness that now reigns in her face.

ULISES

Tania?

TAMARA

I can't stay, I can't not...

She opens her eyes.

Ulises rises.

ULISES

I never want to see you again!

Tamara sinks down, a heap of misery. Ulises looks at her coldly.

82 **EXT. MOORING - NIGHT**

82

The motorboat has docked at a lonely jetty.

Tamara leaves the boat like a whipped dog.

In the background, Ulises is talking to his men. No one looks over - as if it were air.

She does not look back either, walks straight ahead, further, always on, as if she were marching. When she turns a corner she suddenly stops and throws up.

83 **INT. LUXURY VILLA - DAY**

83

A forged passport with Tamara's passport photo and the name Laura Gutiérrez Bauer. Underneath, a detailed vita of several pages, also airline tickets, a travel itinerary.

Tamara looks at it. The last encounter with encounter with Ulises is still in her bones.

Che examines them skeptically.

CHE

Are you scared now that it's starting?

TAMARA

No, it's just goodbye to my friends here.

She avoids eye contact with him.

CHE

Ulises?

Tamara swallows, but does not answer.

CHE (CONT'D)

I know it's a big sacrifice we are asking of you.

(MORE)

CHE (CONT'D)

But I also know how proud you will  
be of yourself one day of yourself  
when you live in the world for  
which they were.

Now she has to look at him after all, looks into those  
convinced, determined eyes that know no doubt.

Tamara reads in the vita.

TAMARA

A language teacher who is  
passionate about Latin American  
folk music...

Che smiles.

Tamara reaches for the plane tickets glances at them.  
Surprised:

TAMARA (CONT'D)

West Berlin?

CHE

Your real destination is Bolivia.  
But you cannot enter from Cuba. You  
have to cover your tracks!

TAMARA

Natural.

Tamara nods, a little too unconcerned - in Che's opinion.  
Insistently:

CHE

You have to do this very carefully!  
Your life depends on it. In La Paz  
you will prepare for us for us. I  
will leave Cuba today, by the way.

Tamara understands, grabs the passport, the tickets, the  
vita, puts them in a bag.

Tamara stands up.

TAMARA

Thank you for everything.

Che gives her an encouraging farewell hug, an almost fatherly  
hug that does you good.

84 INT. APARTMENT HANNA - DAY

84

Hanna's red eyes indicate that she has been crying.

Tamara sits down with her in the kitchen and reaches for her hand.

TAMARA  
What's the matter?

Hanna pulls her hand away.

HANNA  
Nothing.

TAMARA  
Stress with a guy?

Hanna stares blankly past her.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Was it that serious?

No response. Regretful:

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
A lot must have happened while I  
was gone. Is there anything for  
you?

HANNA  
I would rather be alone.

Tamara does not understand her friend's caginess, but must accept it.

TAMARA  
Is good. Sorry.

She turns to leave, not seeing that Hanna is glaring after her. Then she turns around again...

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
I am leaving. Today.

Hanna suppresses her resentment.

HANNA  
All the way? Away from Cuba?

Tamara nods.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
But where to?

Tamara is silent a little too meaningfully.

You can see how it works in Hanna.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
And you wonder why I don't tell you  
I don't tell you anything?

Tamara hesitates. But then she leaves the kitchen without  
kitchen without an answer. Again pursued by a nasty look from  
Hanna.

85 **EXT. WEST BERLIN - DAY**

85

The glitter of the Kudamm: glowing advertisements, expensive  
displays behind the shop windows, the curved lettering of the  
CafeKranzler. Passers-by push their way along the sidewalk  
and enjoy the enjoying the almost spring-like sunshine.

/INSERT: West Berlin, February 27, 1964/

Among them Tamara alias Laura Gutiérrez Bauer. She looks like  
an outer office lady with a grotesque black tower hairdo,  
black tower hairdo.

Your view of a headline in the Bild newspaper. Close Up: "USA  
bombs Vietnam!". Below: "Che Guevara disappeared. Did Castro  
have him killed because of his criticism of Moscow killed?"

Tamara buys the newspaper...

86 **INT. WEST BERLIN / HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

86

... and looks inside her hotel room. The light of a neon  
advertisement directly in front of her window immerses her in  
an artificial, almost toxic tone.

Directly next to the lurid and completely out of the air  
article about Fidel and Che, there is a series of picture  
series about East Berlin behind the Wall.

Tania looks at it wistfully. Looks at the streets and the  
people. For a moment she struggles with herself. Troubled she  
looks out of the window, sits down on the bed, and  
immediately gets up again. Then she makes a decision. -

87 **EXT. BORDER CROSSING FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - DAY**

87

- Strained, Tamara tries to hide her nervousness. Her hand  
trembles slightly, she slides it into her coat pocket. The  
man in front of her is waved through.

She approaches the counter, slides her forged passport through the glass slot and passport through the glass slit and looks tensely at the sitting opposite her. The man's gaze rests endlessly on her man's gaze rests endlessly on her and compares her face with the passport photo.

GRENZER

Mrs. Laura Guiterres Bauer?

Tamara nods. One last look, then he lets her through.

88 **EXT. IN FRONT OF BUNKE RESIDENCE - DAY**

88

The Karl-Marx-Allee. The HOUSE MASTER calmly sweeps the sidewalk. From a distance, Tamara tries to assess the situation. Who is the woman reading the *Neue Deutschland* in front of the house? The two men waiting in a Trabbi for something?

No, it's too risky to enter the family home in a Western outfit. Tamara steps back into the shadows and waits.

But then Tamara is startled when Nadja suddenly leaves the house. She has to force herself not to call out to her. At a safe distance, she takes up the pursuit.

89 **EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CONSUMER MARKET - DAY**

89

Nadja reaches a consumption and goes inside.

90 **INT. CONSUMPTION MARKET - DAY**

90

Tamara also enters with her throat tightened. She stands behind her in the back corner.

TAMARA

(softly)

Mom, stay calm.

Nadja freezes.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Keep shopping as if nothing is...

Tamara, for her part, takes a jar of mustard pickles and looks at the imprint. Nadja dares a look, confused.

NADJA

How you look...



TAMARA

This is ... I can't explain this to you.

Even Nadja can't hold back the tears now. Tamara wants to touch her.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

(normal loud)

Here, take the... the taste better.

She gives Nadja the mustard pickles, so she can touch her hands.

An unspeakable look between mother and daughter.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Let's meet in the park under the Lenin statue. In two hours.

Nadja shakily puts the cucumbers back and leaves the store.

Tamara reaches for another glass and takes it to the cash register. Suddenly she pauses, something is bothering her. Is she being watched? She turns around, but there is no one there. Apparently.

91

**EXT. LENIN MONUMENT - NIGHT**

91

Nadja is sitting on a bench with her daughter.

TAMARA

And then I go to South America. I can't tell you anything for sure but I'm looking forward to the task.

The way she says it, it sounds exuberantly euphoric, forced, played.

Nadja examines them critically.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

(with affected euphoria)

I continue what you have begun. We liberate Argentina. And then you can visit me there, maybe you might even want to stay...

Suddenly she tenses up, puts her hand on her stomach.

NADJA

Is everything all right with you?

TAMARA

Yes...

NADJA

Why don't I believe you?

Tamara raises her shoulders and remains silent. Her gaze falls on shadow that disappears behind a ledge in the distance.

TAMARA

Did someone chase you?

NADJA

No. ... You have put on a little  
put on weight...

Cautiously Nadja smiles, watching her daughter closely. Who avoids her gaze, still struggling with nausea.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Can it be that you are pregnant?

Her question unsettles Tamara. Can this really be? Inwardly, she begins to calculate ... and the longer she the more she realizes that Nadja has hit the mark.

NADJA (CONT'D)

(gentle & motherly)

Congratulations! ... Who is the  
father?

Agitated, Tamara avoids her gaze. Almost stammering:

TAMARA

I ... I... this is difficult...

Nadja quickly seems to understand what is going on in Tamara's mind.

NADJA

You know. You can stay. ... We can  
take care take care of the child  
together...

TAMARA

No.

She puts the glass aside, jumps up.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

I have to go now. ... Take care,  
Mom!

Nadja also rises.

NADJA  
Now wait! We will find a We will  
find a solution.

She tries to hug Tamara, but Tamara gets all stiff.

TAMARA  
I'll get back to you. I'll... Bye.

She untangles herself and trudges away. In some distance, the shadow emerges from the darkness and follows her.

92

**EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - DAY**

92

Thoughtfully, somehow absentmindedly, Tamara trots down the busy Friedrichstraße, already approaching the border crossing to the West.

When suddenly...

HANNA (OFF)  
Tamara?

Surprised, Tamara looks around. Not far from her stands Hanna is standing not far from her and seems just as surprised as she is about the reunion.

TAMARA  
(unsure)  
Hello...

Hanna steps toward them.

HANNA  
(in a chatty tone)  
Great to see you. You've changed quite a bit.

There is something Tamara doesn't like about this somewhat too coincidental

TAMARA  
Yes, I... after Cuba I just needed  
I just needed a change.

Hanna smiles amicably, almost like old times.

HANNA  
I understand only too well. There's  
a nice café a nice café around the  
corner. Do you have want to?

Tamara hesitates briefly...

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Just for a minute.

Tamara seems uncertain, still doesn't know what to say.

93

**INT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE/ CAFÉ - DAY**

93

So Tamara and Hanna are sitting in a small, gray, café in a side street. There are hardly any other guests, and a few men sit at a few tables. Hanna talks in a whisper.

HANNA  
(loosely)  
Looks like my movie film is about to become a short film. I have to leave out all the shots of Che from Che... and those were the best, as you can imagine...

TAMARA  
Yes, too bad...

HANNA  
(smiles)  
I really thought for a moment that you ran away with Che with Che.

Tamara seems slightly alarmed, but plays loose.

TAMARA  
Nonsense.

HANNA  
Sure, then you wouldn't be here.

An amused look.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
But I tell you, the few times I've seen I saw Ulises Lescaille he didn't look good.

TAMARA  
What do you mean?

HANNA  
Like a lovesick bull.

Tamara merely nods, no longer in the mood.

TAMARA

You... I really have to go on...

She wants to grab her jacket, get up.

HANNA

Or was there a fight because of Che?

TAMARA

Oh come on, give it a rest.

HANNA

I am neither stupid nor blind,  
Tamara, even though you may think I  
am.

TAMARA

Hanna, sorry... I'm going now ...

Then Tamara sees that two of the men in the café have risen up have risen, stepped in front of the door, and are demonstratively blocking it.

HANNA

(sharper)

We are neither stupid nor blind.

Tamara sees, all the other men are now looking specifically at them, watching them closely, seem to be here only because of her.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Please sit down again.

Tamara tries to assess the situation, sits down, looks at Hanna grimly.

TAMARA

So you are from the State Security?

A slight nod from Hanna, a sarcastic smile.

HANNA

So: where is Che?

TAMARA

I do not know. You kept me in  
Havana all the time spying on me?

Hanna exhales deeply.

HANNA

And you? Did you come here on Che's  
behalf?

Tamara stares at her and remains silent. Hanna's expression  
has become, bitter.

HANNA (CONT'D)

What happened to Falk Bartschke in  
Cuba? happened?

TAMARA

(quietly)  
Who is Bartschke?

Hanna becomes more restless, anger seems to rise....

HANNA

Your commanding officer.

TAMARA

I have informed him that I have I  
have no contacts and he  
disappeared...

HANNA

(sharply)  
Ah yes!? Just like that?

TAMARA

Just like that.

Slowly Tamara understands.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Did you cry for him then?

HANNA

(more emotional)  
Again, what happened to him? Did  
your friends from the DGI killed  
him?

TAMARA

No. Were you a couple?

Hanna gives her a nasty look and remains silent. And says  
enough with that.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Maybe he has gone off. Couldn't  
stand you and your foul play.

Hanna explodes. Her hand shoots forward, slaps Tamara hard, once, twice, so that Tamara slides off the chair. And Hanna is already above her, strikes again.

HANNA  
Where is Falk?

There an older Stasi officer gives one of his people a wave. He approaches, grabs Hanna and pulls her away from Tamara.

Tamara rises while the older officer briefly talks to Hanna. We see that Hanna pulls herself together because of his words. Signals with her eyes: It's all right fine. A nod from the officer, Hanna is released.

Controlled again, she approaches Tamara.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
That was a nice Reunion with mom?  
But just think we can make people  
disappear.

Tamara knows this threat is serious and thinks about it for a moment.

TAMARA  
(trying to be matter-of-  
fact)  
You'll leave her alone if I tell  
you where Che is?

HANNA  
Sure.

TAMARA  
Let me go back to the west then  
I'll tell you.

HANNA  
And lie to me.

TAMARA  
I love my parents

A sidelong glance at the older officer. He leans over Hanna's shoulder, whispers something in her ear. Hanna sighs in frustration.

HANNA  
Good. Come!

She points to the door.

94      **EXT. BORDER CROSSING FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - DAY**

94

The counter at the border crossing - this time in the other direction.

Another GRENZBEAMTER pushes Tamara her forged papers back. She turns away, walks a few meters further, past Hanna and the older past Hanna and the older Stasi man until she reaches a sign with the imprint "Welcome to West Berlin". A policeman in a West German uniform is within reach.

TAMARA

He is in the Congo, Africa.

Then she finally turns away and leaves the GDR behind her.

CUT TO:

95      **EXT. DOCTOR PRACTICE OUTSIDE - DAY**

95

The exterior facade of an old building in Charlottenburg. A sign next to the entrance - the building houses of a gynecologist.

Tamara comes out. She seems confused, agitated. Slowly along the sidewalk, looking at a phone booth that is only a few meters away. Indecisive she looks at the little house, steps from one foot to the other inhales and exhales deeply.

CUT TO:

The dial of a telephone booth. Tamara dials a long number. Listens. A dial tone. Someone picks up.

OSWALDO (OFF)

Hello?

TAMARA

Oswaldo?

OSWALDO (OFF)

Yes?

TAMARA

Here is the German.

IN ALTERNATING  
CUT WITH:



96

INT. HOUSE IN CUBA - DAY

96

Oswaldo stands by his phone, listening in surprise to the receiver.

OSWALDO (OFF)  
The German?

He looks to someone we don't see.

TAMARA  
Yes. Oswaldo, I need to talk to him!

OSWALDO  
I don't think he's...

TAMARA  
I'll call again tomorrow - at the same time. Can you order him to you? ... Please believe me, I wouldn't do this if...

A strange hand reaches for Oswaldo's receiver - it is Ulises.

ULISES  
I am here. Don't call again.

Tamara's breathing quickens.

TAMARA  
(incredulous)  
Ulises? Please don't hang up!

ULISES  
Everything has been said!

TAMARA  
East Berlin knows that Ramon is in the Congo.

ULISES  
What? From where?

TAMARA  
It doesn't matter. Ulises, I just came from...

Anger rises in Ulises.

ULISES  
You told them. ... Obviously you have a problem being loyal.

TAMARA

No, it wasn't like that. I just  
came from the doctor. I am....

A toot. Ulises hung up without a word of farewell. Angrily, Tamara slams the receiver against the phone. Then she dials the number again.

But no one picks up the phone anymore.

In the house in Cuba, Ulises stands there, stubbornly listening to the and feels Oswaldo's critical gaze on him.

ULISES

What is it?

OSWALDO

I'm just looking at the biggest  
fool I know. Why do you want to  
forget a woman who loves you and  
whom you just can't forget you  
can't forget?

Ulises looks at him grimly, even though he unconsciously suspects, that Oswaldo is right, he cannot allow this.

ULISES

What do you know?

Oswaldo shakes his head, turns away, leaving a brooding Ulises behind.

97        **INT. WEST BERLIN / HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

97

Tamara lies curled up in bed. She cries. At first tentatively, then more violently. Again, the light of a neon advertisement bathes the room in a poisonous hue.

98        **INT. DOCTOR-PRACTICE - DAY**

98

Tamara is sitting in a chair in a rather dingy practice. She has spread her legs and seems tense.

The older doctor (in his late 50s) looks for a pair of not very instruments, a pair of pliers that do not inspire much confidence and approaches her.

Tamara closes her eyes.

Fade. Black.

A melancholic, Cuban song resounds....

99           **INT. TAMARAS APARTMENT IN LA PAZ - DAY**

99

Fade in

The naked silhouette of Tania in a mirror. We bathroom of a small, simply furnished apartment.

Tamara stands in front of the mirror. Her long wet hair hangs in front of her face, covering her features. It is no longer as dark as it was in Cuba, more like dark blond.

/INSERT: La Paz, January 18, 1967/

Tamara hums along softly to the melody coming from the radio. It is a Cuban song that is now fading out. Tamara puts on a blouse.

RADIO VOICE

You are listening to Radio Havana  
on shortwave. The following is  
now...

100           **EXT. STAIRCASE TO TAMARA'S APARTMENT IN LA PAZ - NIGHT**           100

Tamara now has a 60s hairstyle. She has put on make up, elegant and seductive at second sight.

She pulls the warm coat over the beautiful dress that is necessary in the cold of the Andean city.

She locks the apartment door. She looks around to see if anyone is watching her, but everything is quiet. Then she routinely a match and sticks the stub into the crack between the door and the head height into the crack between the door and the door frame. Runs purposefully down the stairs.

101           **EXT. STREET IN LA PAZ - NIGHT**

101

An American-built jeep - Tamara steers it through the traffic. In the background, the lights of the terraced city rise in the background. Above them, as shadows, the eternally snowy, eternally present mountain peaks that tower over La Paz.

A badge in the window identifies the car as a government vehicle.

A small group of happy young people with flags, banners and whistles march along the roadside. A megaphone voice blows from afar, followed by the cheers of thousands of voices cheering.

Tamara stops, looks at them, a glow crosses her face.

She briefly steps out of the car to get a better view of the young to get a better look at the committed young people. She hears someone from the crowd chants loudly...

YOUNG DEMONSTRATOR  
Hasta la victoria siempre!

And the crowd joins in, repeating again and again in a louder, more in a rousing chorus that grows louder and louder: "HASTA LA VICTORIA SEMPRE".

Yes, these are the people Tamara is fighting for. We feel, she would like to join them right now.

TAMARA  
(whispers softly with)  
Hasta la victoria siempre.

Then she sees soldiers with their weapons drawn close to her. They push the demonstrators away, and some of them cordon off the end of the street with rolls of barbed wire. They wear old-fashioned helmets, reminiscent of German Wehrmacht helmets from World War II.

Tamara quickly gets back into her jeep. When two soldiers approach her car, she points to the plaque in her window, they lower their submachine guns. Carefully they study the special badge she holds out to them, they wave her on.

Tamara steers the car away from the demonstrators, but keeps glances in the rearview mirror again and again, seems to not actually want to leave the place where her fight is taking place. But she has to.

Music, laughter, the clinking of glasses....

102

**EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT**

102

... leads us into a colorfully lit garden. A reception. In the background, the guest house of the Ministry of the Interior.

Confident and sexy Tamara moves between guests, staff, and the local band, which plays corny English songs with a strong Spanish accent.

The guests: ambassadors, ministry officials, generals, top wives. They try to appear European, but the impression is sadly provincial. Only the devout staff, made up entirely of Indians, adds a unique touch.

Tamara smiles friendly, charming, almost naive, nodding in many directions. Everyone seems to know her.

She reaches for a glass of wine, sips it cautiously when a guest addresses her:

MAN WITH BOW TIE

Good evening, Mrs. Bauer. Always a pleasure to see you.

TAMARA

Good evening, Mr. Embassy Secretary.

MAN WITH BOW TIE

Meet: Laura Bauer, German-Argentinean, a leading researcher in the field of Latin American folk music ...

Tamara looks at the man next to the embassy secretary, a Catholic priest in a cassock. Strong shoulders, good, clear face.

MAN WITH BOW TIE (CONT'D)

... Leo Schwarz from Bavaria, yesterday just arrived here. He will represent the Catholic Mission in the in the south. If the... situation allows, of course.

LEO SCHWARZ greets Tamara with a strong handshake. He seeks her gaze, but she withstands him only briefly. Her eyes wander incessantly over the party.

LEO SCHWARZ

Don't buses go to the highlands?

Tamara has to laugh.

TAMARA

No, you have to go there with an off-road vehicle. But Mr. Cattle...

With a nod, she points to the embassy secretary.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

(playfully flirting)

... is just the man to organize something for them. Excuse me, I have to find to find a colleague.

Black's curious, attentive gaze follows her as she approaches a group of officers and their stout, stuffy wives, square-jawed wives. In the middle of the group: HERMANO CRISTALDO, the minister of the interior. Everyone is listening to him.

Tamara searches his gaze and finds it. He falters only very briefly, then continues talking, but he is no longer fully thing. She stands slightly behind him.

CRISTALDO

... Washington fully underestimates  
the combat readiness of our troops.  
We could sweep this We could sweep  
this rabble off the street right  
now.

Tamara nods into the round, the men greet friendly back the ladies ignore her. Inconspicuously Tamara manages to brush the general's hand with her fingers.

Suddenly it gets restless: the music stops, all the guests look at a makeshift stage. There, in his Barrientos stands there in his shiny gala uniform. The Kapellmeister steps up to the microphone.

CHAPEL MASTER

And now our president, General  
Barrientos, would like to propose a  
toast to raise:

The company applauds. Barrientos reaches for the microphone.

BARIENTOS

Good evening, to our international  
guests and to la rosca, the core:  
the best forces Bolivia that will  
lead the country the future... and  
will not be and will not be swayed  
by anyone.

Spontaneous applause. Cohesion in the crisis.

He gives a sign to the bandmaster. The band begins to play a tango. Barrientos draws his officer's saber and single-handedly decapitates a magnum bottle of magnum bottle of champagne.

103

**EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT**

103

Tamara heads for the inside of the villa with a champagne bottle and two glasses the inside of the villa, but just before she reaches the German priest Leo Schwarz, who is standing in the half-light, catches his interested glance. He suddenly coughs.

TAMARA

Pastor... are you all right?

LEO BLACK

Yes, thank you...

She leads him closer to the door and has to support him a little.

TAMARA

You will get used to the thin air up here. Everyone, who comes to La Paz will feel dizzy...

Black looks into the hall.

LEO BLACK

If anything makes me dizzy, it's from this decadent fuss, this provincial pomp... and in the People are demonstrating in the city, in the countryside the children are dying...

(looks at them  
scrutinizingly)

Or do you also get used to it?

Again he coughs.

Tamara withstands his questioning look.

TAMARA

You have to learn to deal with it. Or rather quickly leave.

LEO BLACK

I guess the champagne helps?

TAMARA

Would you like a glass?

For a moment, they sparkle at each other, seeming to assess what they have to think of each other.

LEO BLACK

Thank you, no.

Tamara nods, then turns away and disappears inside the villa. The priest looks after her.

A little later Cristaldo comes by. Alone.

104

**INT. OFFICE IN THE VILLA - NIGHT**

104

Semidarkness. Colored light falls through heavy dark wooden slats. From afar, the sounds of the party.

Cristaldo is sitting in a leather armchair, Tamara is squatting on him. She has pushed up her dress, his uniform pants hang on his ankles. She moves quickly, dominantly, her face concentrated, one could also say calculating. An agent who fulfills her mission.

He, too, moves to a fast, twitching rhythm.

While she rides on him, she loosens a key from his waistband behind his back.

Cristaldo groans, comes.

Tamara realizes this part of the job is done.

CRISTALDO

Since a few days you are really wild...

He laughs. Tamara smiles back, faking a yawn. She snuggles into a blanket. He holds out a glass of champagne to her. She toasts with him.

CRISTALDO (CONT'D)

I like that.

He pulls up the zipper of his pants.

CRISTALDO (CONT'D)

I don't feel like it, but I have to get back down there.

Tamara nods and yawns again, looking straight at him.

TAMARA

Can I rest here a little longer?

Cristaldo nods proudly, closing the door behind him. Immediately Tamara is wide awake again, picks up her bag, takes out the stolen key she has stolen, stands up. We follow her to another office, which she unlocks with a bunch of keys. She turns the wooden shutters in front of the windows.



Party noises can still be heard from downstairs. Hectically, she opens cabinets, searches in drawers, leafs through files.

Finally, she found what she was looking for: a box of passes.

105      **EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT**      105

A road that winds through the mountainous outskirts of La Paz into the rugged and fascinating landscape of the Andes.

Tamara drives them up in her jeep. The vastness, silence, it also has an effect on her, lets her breathe deeply.

106      **EXT. HIDDEN HUT - NIGHT**      106

The jeep stops in front of a hut that looks uninhabited. We are now in the mountains above La Paz, down below we can see the lights of the city. Tamara gets out.

107      **INT. HUT IN THE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**      107

At first it is completely black, then a kerosene lamp is lit. The cone of light dimly illuminates Tamara's tense face dimly. The wind rattles the shutters of the hut are quietly rattled by the wind.

Tamara turns on a small radio - Radio Havana. A melancholy melody sounds. She moves a stone slab in the floor to the side and shines a light into the opening below. There passports, documents, a folder with stained black-and-white photos, even an black-and-white photos, even an official-looking folder with the words with the inscription "Secreto." She puts the passports inside.

At that moment, her eyes fall on several photos. They show her with her father and mother. The three hug each other Nadja seems very maternal, Erich, the father, more like a buddy, more like a buddy.

Tamara stares at the photos for a while, almost seems to disappear into them. Then she accurately puts them aside. Her face now suddenly looks angry and sad at the same time.

108      **INT. STAIRCASE TO TAMARA'S APARTMENT IN LA PAZ - DAY**      108

Tamara takes off her shoes, barefoot and without a sound she walks up the dimly lit wooden stairs to her apartment. She stops in front of the door.

Her eyes search for the stub of a match she has stuck in the door jamb for safety, but she can't find it. She pauses. Turns around looks into the stairwell, to the right, to the left. She is nervous.

Silently she creeps down the stairs, her eyes always on the closed door. Behind her, a shadow from a dark alcove and glides silently behind her.

Suddenly a hand in her face. Strong, hairy, an arm wraps around her waist. Tamara wants to scream, but the sounds suffocate in the strong paw. A half-sounding word. Tamara does not understand it. Everything happens very quickly. Her apartment door is torn open. A streak of light falls through the stairwell. The strong arms that hold her captive carry her into her own apartment.

109

**INT. TAMARAS APARTMENT IN LA PAZ - DAY**

109

Tamara sits rigidly on a chair, her eyes narrowed lurking narrowed, ready for anything. She looks into the face of a face of a bald man with horn-rimmed glasses, of medium height, with very sharp looking eyes. Obviously the leader. He looks at her scrutinizingly.

It is dark in the apartment, and the men are difficult to recognize. Behind her are two other men, whom she cannot see, only hear. The two men are in an inexplicable good mood. They talk about Tamara as if she were not there.

VOICE FIRST MAN

Let's see how long it takes the situation correctly.

VOICE SECOND MAN

It depends on whether their instructors were any good.

The two speak softly, but the second man laughs loudly. The laughter sounds familiar to Tamara. Very familiar. It comes from the red-bearded Rubio.

Tamara lets out a cry of jubilation. She jumps up into the arms of Rubio, hugging him tightly. The first man, young Gonzalo it is the young Gonzalo, is also embraced. At this moment she has something of the young Tamara again, the once so spontaneous girl.

Rubio points to the bald man.

RUBIO

I'm sure he will be happy when you greet him.

Tamara looks at the bald man indecisively. Now even has to smile. Nevertheless, Tamara can't quite place his face. He takes off his glasses. A realization dawns.

TAMARA

Che?

The bald man nods, smiles. Now he, too, is embraced.

CHE

We are so proud of you.

He embraces her. Tamara digs her chin into his shoulder very familiarly. Che reaches for her head.

CHE (CONT'D)

We did not come alone.

He leads them to the next room, opens the door. Sitting there at a table: Ulises and Joaquin.

Irritated, Tamara looks back and forth.

ULISES

Hello.

Joaquin nods - habitually taciturn - in greeting.

TAMARA

(trembling)

Hello.

Che seems to read her mind.

CHE

You wonder why Ulises is here? He couldn't stand it in Fidel's Cuba either. in Fidel's Cuba. I happy that he will help us to help us build the guerrilla.

Tamara just nods.

CHE (CONT'D)

We have cleared things up between us clarified.

Tamara's gaze briefly wanders again to Ulises, who looks at her steadfastly. But Che also looks at her attentively.

CHE (CONT'D)

We have a lot to talk about. And we need your full concentration.

TAMARA

Safe.

She seems glad that he is distracting her from Ulises.

CUT TO:

A large map. Tamara, Ulises and Che squat in front of it. Che points to the highlands in the south, circles a larger area with a finger.

CHE

This will be our battle zone! There we build our base camp.

ULISES

In the next few weeks many men will be arriving from Cuba.

CHE

We have to get them there! Do we need papers?

TAMARA

Passes. I have some in the depot.

CHE

We also need to know where which bases there are. What armament? How many men?

TAMARA

Will find out.

Che looks at her, stern and warning.

CHE

We will leave today for the to the combat zone today, set up our camp.

Tamara nods, a little sadly.

CHE (CONT'D)

Ulises stays here, takes care of the incoming Cubans. Avoids any unnecessary contact.

Tamara looks at Ulises, who is watching her, but nothing is read from his face.

Tamara nods at Che.

TAMARA

Natural.

CHE

You continue to work as usual.  
 (an encouraging smile)  
 Without your work this revolution  
 would not exist!

He says it with all the authority that is his.

Then he hugs her warmly goodbye. But Tamara looks back to Ulises, who is now whispering with Rubio. He nods to her nods to her before he leaves with Che and the others.

110 **EXT. PARKING LOT IN FRONT OF MINISTRY OF INTERIOR - DAY** 110

Tamara comes out of the Interior Ministry and gets into her jeep, pulls up, turns the corner and hits the brakes with all her might on the brakes...

... because Ulises is standing in the middle of the street. Hectically Tamara turns around. No, the soldiers securing the ministry are already out of sight. She pushes open the passenger door from the inside. Ulises gets in.

TAMARA

Are you insane? Do you want all of  
 us to be found out?

He has barely sat down when she starts up again.

He looks at her melancholically. Even if he tries to hide it he still carries her in his heart.

Tamara notices his look.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Didn't you say that you never want  
 to see me again?

ULISES

The revolution is more important.  
 We must combine all forces in order  
 to quickly form a powerful...

She interrupts him.

TAMARA

Stop it. I don't believe word. Why  
 are you here?

She looks at him scrutinizingly. He avoids her gaze.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
 Che's orders are no contact. You  
 break it on the first day. day.

ULISES  
 He sent me. He needs ...the letters  
 of transit. And do you know more  
 about the bases?

Tamara reaches for her bag, takes out a small camera, hands  
 it to and hands it to Ulises.

TAMARA  
 The pictures should show everything  
 about her.

Carefully, he takes out the film.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
 I have to get the get them first.

Ulises nods appreciatively. Tamara examines him.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
 Tell me honestly: When did you  
 stopped despising Che?

ULISES  
 He already told you: We've cleared  
 everything up.

He looks at the film.

ULISES (CONT'D)  
 How did you get it so quickly so  
 quickly?

Tamara does not answer. Ulises understands anyway.

ULISES (CONT'D)  
 I have to go to Muyumpampa  
 tomorrow, to set up a weapons  
 depot. I don't know the road. Are  
 you coming?

TAMARA  
 Is this also a wish of Che's?

Ulises shakes his head.

ULISES  
 My wish.

Uncertain looks. Then...

TAMARA  
I come with

111 **EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TAMARA'S APARTMENT - DAY** 111

Tamara walks alone to her apartment. She is only a few meters away from the front door, when she spots a woman a few trees in the distance... Is that Hanna? Inconspicuously, Tamara tries to see more out of the more out of the corner of her eye, but the woman has already disappeared.

She quickly runs to the trees, but the woman is gone.

ULISES (OFF)  
When did you see her last?

112 **EXT. BEHIND RUIN - DAY** 112

An old picturesque ruin far outside of La Paz, in the nowhere.

Together with Ulises, Tamara loads boxes onto the back of her jeep.

Ulises tries to hide how alarmed he is.

TAMARA  
In Berlin. After I left Cuba I left  
Cuba. I had visited my visited my  
parents.

Ulises groans.

ULISES  
You what?

A guilty look from Tamara.

TAMARA  
Since then I have no contact  
anymore. Neither to my parents nor  
to the state security. ...

ULISES  
Hanna Jablonski is from the State  
Security?

TAMARA  
Major of the MfS, engaged to Falk  
Bartschke.

Ulises looks up, understands, writes all this down on a piece of piece of paper.

113 **EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

113

A long plume of dust - it comes from Tamara's jeep, which is driving over a sandy, bumpy country road. Tamara is sitting at the wheel Ulises next to her.

It is a lonely area. Some distance away, the two distance, the two spot a car parked on the side of the road, the hood is open. A man who is not recognizable has bent over the engine block.

ULISES

Careful, slow down. Maybe it's a trap.

Now the man turns around - it is Father Leo Schwarz.

TAMARA

No, it's okay.

Tamara stops, gets out. Ulises follows her.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Her faith must be really deep if they dare to drive such a car on this road here.

LEO BLACK

Just make your jokes, Mrs. Bauer. I almost made it. Or isn't the next place isn't Muyumpampa?

TAMARA

Yes, yes.

She notices Bauer's curious glances, which scrutinize Ulises.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

By the way, this is Carlos Lopez Echegoyen, a colleague from Venezuela...

LEO BLACK

(ironically)

You also study folk music?

Ulises smiles invitingly.



TAMARA  
 (quickly)  
 Do you need a ride?

LEO BLACK  
 You're welcome. Thank you very  
 much.

Then he shakes Ulise's hand, closes the hood and gets into the car with the two of them. Tamara drives off.

114 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

114

A village, more like a small town, located on a slope. Everything seems poor here, the houses are more huts, there is well from which the inhabitants, indigenous people, draw water. People wear simple clothes.

Tamara and Ulises stand by their car and look at a map. Just a few meters away, the priest is talking to Pedro, the village chief.

LEO BLACK  
 But it has been clear for weeks  
 that I've been coming for weeks.  
 Hasn't anyone tell you  
 anything?

Pedro shakes his head. He looks at the German priest skeptically.

PEDRO  
 We are always the last to know what  
 happens here.

Suddenly you hear screams. They are children. Not far away. It sounds like fear and danger. Pedro runs off in the direction from which the screams are coming.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
 (in the race)  
 Well, I guess they're starting now.

Tamara, Ulises and Leo Schwarz follow him.

TAMARA  
 Who? With what?

PEDRO  
 The army. Half the village is to be  
 to be demolished. An American  
 American company wants to to grow  
 fruit.

(MORE)

PEDRO (CONT'D)

But the farmers do not want not  
want to go. They hardly get  
compensation. That is not enough  
for something new.

The screams become louder and louder, more and more terrible. From a distance, Tamara sees a bulldozer, construction workers, two soldiers. They are dragging a small family out of a house.

The mother stands protectively in front of her screaming children. A soldier strikes her down with the butt of his rifle.

Without thinking for long, Tamara begins to scream:

TAMARA

NO!

She runs to the soldier, grabs his rifle, pulls it down, holds it by the barrel.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Leave her! ... Stop it!

The soldier wants to shake them off, but he does not succeed. A shot goes off, but goes into the ground.

The other soldier wants to come to his aid, puts on. But before he can shoot at Tamara, Ulises, Pedro and Leo Black are there. Unarmed, but brave, they stand in his way.

Tamara has snatched his rifle from "her" soldier, throws it far away, blocking the way to it. The soldier seems to be afraid of this determined woman, backs away, runs to his comrade.

Ulises and the others circle around the two soldiers and the bulldozer. The soldier with a rifle is still laying into them.

SOLDAT

Back! Or I shoot!

There are more inhabitants approaching from the village. They have tools in their hands - hammers, pitchforks, sometimes just brooms, wielding them like weapons.

They join the group around Ulises, becoming more and more a threatening wall of solidarity.

The two soldiers look increasingly intimidated into the faces of the angry faces of the angry people ready to fight.

Tamara observes the events closely. Happily she understands that people do not put up with anything here and now.

Ulise's eyes also sparkle. Recognizing, even admiring, he looks at Tamara, who has triggered all this.

Who now courageously steps in front of the group of assembled villagers steps forward, facing the rifle.

TAMARA

Give up! Get out of here! Or are you want to die?

The soldiers look at them fearfully. See the grim, angry expressions of the villagers. The raised tools.

Then the second soldier also drops his weapon, and flees with his comrade. Pursued by the villagers, who are storming off, hooting loudly, they jump into their military jeep and speed away.

The curses and maledictions, but also the cries of triumph of the Villagers resound after them. The happiness of the victory is written all over their faces.

A successful revolt on a small scale, a feeling of happiness about Tamara's own strength, which can also be seen in her face. The this time, together with Ulises, who lets herself go because she feels - I am where I always wanted to be. And my dream is coming true!

After a moment of unbridled joy, her gaze falls on Leo Schwarz, who observes her closely and seems to see through her true who seems to see through her true self.

Tamara quickly becomes quiet, plucks her dress straight again, tries to restore the old facade.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

We have to go. Goodbye.

She tries to sound sober, but can hardly get the smile off her face. She quickly walks, followed by Ulises, back to her car.

Quickly they set off.

But the priest is still looking after her, his face astonished, but also serious, filled with doubt.

115      **EXT. JUNGLE IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY**      115

A lonely dirt road that leads through the Bolivian jungle. Tamara steers the jeep quickly and daringly over the humpy road.

Here she can laugh liberated - it has done her sooo good to fight for to fight for these campesinos. Ulises also laughs and looks at her admiringly.

CUT TO:

116      **EXT. WATERFALLS IN THE JUNGLE - DAY**      116

The jeep is now parked under a shady tree. In the background a waterfall roars in the background. A picturesque place. Tamara opens the tailgate and is about to reach for one of the crates, when Ulises embraces her from behind and kisses her neck.

Tamara hesitates briefly, then turns around, kisses him, rips his shirt off. Unbridled, ravenous, but silent. Not a word is spoken.

CUT TO:

117      **EXT. REMOTE SITE IN THE JUNGLE - DAY**      117

A deep, freshly dug hole - well hidden behind a rocky outcrop a rocky outcrop under two trees.

Tamara and Ulises are putting in the last box from the jeep. Tamara grabs a spade and shovels earth onto the crates.

ULISES

I have been worried for the last  
two I've been worried for the last  
two years you will be able to do  
this.

Tamara stops, looks at him curiously.

He unscrews a water bottle and takes a big sip.

ULISES (CONT'D)

I was afraid that you would become  
cynical paranoid or that you would  
break.

TAMARA

(incredulous)  
Break?

ULISES

Yes. It's certainly not easy, to sleep with men who deserve to be shot in the head deserve.

Silence. Tamara exhales. So Ulises really knows everything? She holds back the sudden tears, tries to say something, but cannot.

TAMARA

Ulises, I... do we have to talk?

Ulises shakes his head.

ULISES

No. Only... ..the way you fought... for this family. That was so brave and... so careless. Soon enough, government officials government officials will be investigating who this rebellious woman is.

He grabs a second shovel and shovels earth onto the boxes.

ULISES (CONT'D)

If you are honest with yourself, then you know it yourself: The days of Laura Gutiérrez Bauer in La Paz are numbered!

A smile crosses Tamara's face again.

TAMARA

Finally!

Without a word, Tamara turns away and goes to ...

118

**EXT. WATERFALLS IN THE JUNGLE - DAWN**

118

... the waterfalls. Thoughtfully she crouches down at the waterline. She struggles with herself and her feelings - a mixture of melancholy and euphoria.

Ulises comes up behind her, sits down with her, looks at her.

Tamara avoids his gaze, catches her breath.

TAMARA

When I called Oswaldo from Berlin from Berlin... I was... pregnant.

Still she does not look at him. Ulises swallows, looks at her, touched.

ULISES  
If I had listened - would you have  
come back?

TAMARA  
Yes.

We see the pain in Ulise's expression.

ULISES  
We can still go back...

TAMARA  
Now? Didn't you see the eyes the  
eyes of the people in the earlier?  
They were just waiting for someone  
to help them to free themselves.  
Here we go, Ulises! Nothing was  
free! It's really going!

Ulises smiles and takes her in his arms.

We look at Tamara's face - she is enjoying this moment,  
actually seems optimistic, even happy.

119

**INT. MINISTRY OF INTERIOR, MEETING ROOM - DAY**

119

The camera approaches the meeting room through a corridor. It is Tamara's POV. She sees how some generals, secretaries of state and Interior Minister Cristaldo excitedly discussing in front of a map.

Tamara is just about to stand there when a soldier gets in the way.

SOLDIER  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Bauer.

Tamara is unsettled. What does that mean?

But Cristaldo looks up, sees Tamara, smiles and gives the soldier a sign: Tamara may enter. Again relief.

One of the generals points to Muyumpampa on the map.

GENERAL  
That was here. The woman was about  
...about 30, a foreigner. She put  
the whole village into an uproar.

Tamara tries to hide how much this statement worries her.

A secretary of state points with a ruler to an area not far away - the combat zone!

SECRETARY OF STATE

The secret service reports that in more and more strangers in this area, probably foreigners, have been observed. It seems that they are living in the forest. Nobody knows what they are up to.

CRISTALDO

Well, all this can mean a lot or nothing. The CIA is sending more advisors tomorrow. Present them with everything you have!

With this, he dissolves the round.

With difficulty, Tamara manages to hide her concern.

Only when she looks at Cristaldo in the hallway does she force herself to smile. In a whisper:

CRISTALDO (CONT'D)

Where were you yesterday? I missed you here.

TAMARA

In the Altiplano. Music research.

SECRETARY (OFF)

Laura?

A young secretary hurried after the two.

TAMARA

Yes?

SECRETARY

There is a woman who desperately wants to talk to you.

She points behind her, then leaves.

CRISTALDO

I would be free tomorrow evening.

Tamara just nods. He continues walking.

Tamara goes in the direction that the secretary has indicated: Hanna is standing at a pillar and waves over.

Slowly Tamara walks towards them.

Hanna smiles, friendly almost.

HANNA

Laura Gutiérrez Bauer. - Nice name!  
I'm sorry to have with the ...  
work. We need to talk urgently.

TAMARA

(softly)

I have nothing to discuss with you.

Still smiling, Hanna turns to three uniformed police officers. They are standing a few meters away, engrossed in a conversation.

HANNA

Excuse me. Do you have a moment?  
moment?

The three men look up.

TAMARA

Never mind.

Hanna looks at them with satisfaction, then back at the policemen.

HANNA

Thank you. Now Mrs. Bauer has  
remembered.

For three-four seconds she says nothing.

HANNA (CONT'D)

In the Valle de Luna. Tonight at  
eight.

Suddenly she turns away.

Tamara looks after her thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

120

**EXT. IN VALLE DE LUNA (MOON VALLEY) - NIGHT**

120

A bizarre rock formation like a tower of clay.

Nervously, Tamara follows a trail below through the Valle de Luna. She runs a curve, another one, everywhere stones, rock stelae, cliffs. Like a lunar landscape. Tamara increasingly loses her orientation.



HANNA (OFF).

Here.

Tamara drives around. Hanna is leaning against a wall. She has been waited for her. The two stare at each other silently for a while.

She looked coldly and directly at Tamara.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Where is Che? We know that he left Africa!

Tamara just looks at her, shows no reaction.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Where is he hiding?

TAMARA

Nowhere, he is dead.

HANNA

Bullshit. Where does he want to strike he wants to strike?

TAMARA

Fidel had him assassinated. At orders from Moscow.

Hanna reaches for Tamara, overpowers her and puts her in a chokehold, holding the barrel of a pistol to her head. Dangerously whispering:

HANNA

I also have contacts at the DGI. I know that Che is alive and here is.

Tamara begins to gasp. Her head turns red.

HANNA (CONT'D)

If you don't tell me right now what you're planning here, I'll shoot.

Then something seems to occur to her. She takes the pistol from her forehead.

HANNA (CONT'D)

No, better I rat you out. to Cristaldo tonight. The will think of so many amusing things he'll think of to do with you.

Glances. Tamara thinks about it, then...

TAMARA  
 (gagging)  
 Falk...

For a moment, Hanna loosens the stranglehold so that Tamara can speak again.

HANNA  
 What about Falk?

TAMARA  
 Drop the gun and I'll tell you.  
 you.

Immediately Hanna tightens the stranglehold, tighter than before. Tamara can hardly breathe.

HANNA  
 You're going to tell me the same  
 way! Go!

Steps. Pebbles rolling off a rock.

For a brief second, Hanna is disoriented. -

- A weakness that Tamara immediately takes advantage of and twists her arm behind her back and knocks the weapon out of her hand. Then throws the Stasi agent against the rock and shows her training.

Hanna remains lying dazed.

Ulises and Joaquin approach - he has a gun in his hand, pointing it at Hanna.

TAMARA  
 Where have you been for so long?

Ulises looks at her seriously, then like Joaquin at Hanna.

Gonzalo can now also be seen in the distance. He is standing on one of these cliffs, looking around: Is one alone?

Something oppressive, the foreboding of inevitability creeps into Tamara's face.

Hanna looks up, understands.

HANNA  
 (calmly, professionally)  
 Now you can tell me what you've  
 done with Falk.

TAMARA

In a boat off Key West then alerted  
the Coast Guard alerted. He is  
probably in an American prison.

HANNA

(reassured)  
But he is alive.

Tamara nods.

TAMARA

(occupied)  
Alive.

JOAQUIN

We are losing time.

Tamara nods. She looks at Hanna one last time. She sits pale and haggard on the rock, looks into the nothingness, whispers mantra-like...

HANNA

He lives.

Tamara can't stand it, turns away. Her features are as if frozen, she looks, as she walks away, simply to the exit of the valley.

A shot is fired. A second one follows. For a few seconds the rocks and stone formations throw back an echo. Then it becomes quiet.

Only a breeze passes through Tamara's hair.

121 **EXT. STREET IN LA PAZ - NIGHT**

121

Tamara's jeep speeds through a few side streets in La Paz. Ulises is at the wheel, Tamara in the passenger seat.

She still looks battered, as if in shock.

Ulises puts his hand comfortingly on her leg. Only slowly she becomes calmer.

TAMARA

I have always known that ... it ...  
would happen. But that it...

She does not speak further. Ulises looks at her sympathetically.

ULISES

You can't go back to your apartment. We don't know who she's has already told.

Tamara nods.

122      **INT. HUT IN THE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**      122

The stone slab - Tamara pushed it aside. Outside raindrops patter on the roof of the hut. From the opening under the slab, she glances through them...

123      **EXT. IN FRONT OF COTTAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**      123

... and throws most of them into a barrel made of rusty iron. In the meantime, she seems to have regained her composure, to concentrate on the tasks at hand. Ulises comes out of the jeep with a can of gasoline and pours it over the documents. Tamara lights a match and throws it into the barrel - the flames leap up brightly, transforming the papers from her old life into ashes.

As they both look into the flames....

TAMARA

I leave after sunrise. Maybe I can make it to Che's camp in the afternoon in the afternoon... And you bring the new the new men from Havana from Havana?

Ulises thoughtfully watches further documents, including old pictures of Tamara, as they disappear. Then he looks at her firmly...

ULISES

I don't want to remind you of to this damned revolution.

Tamara looks at him questioningly.

ULISES (CONT'D)

The Americans will not allow a second Cuba. The Russians are staying out of it. With Fidel, Che had a falling out with Fidel. And I still don't believe that the people here will want to die for him.

Tamara seems puzzled by these words.

TAMARA

In Cuba, the farmers were also skeptical... But then they believed you. Whole villages have joined Fidel and Che, didn't they? Remember the village where we were...

ULISES

This was a village, isolated in the jungle. In Cuba - that was a different atmosphere, a different situation, a different history. Here they strike in the mines, demonstrating in La Paz. But what does Che do? Moves to the highlands, to the peasants who want to have their peace.

TAMARA

If you think that: Why are you here at all?

ULISES

To take care of you.

TAMARA

What.

ULISES

You wanted to know why I I came to Bolivia? Just that. Because of you.

Tamara needs a moment to process this revelation. She is shocked and moved at the same time.

Ulises looks at her tenderly.

ULISES (CONT'D)

We can still try to the border, to the coast...

Tamara stands there, torn.

TAMARA

And all the sacrifices were for nothing? Everything I did to my parents, our child, or us? The years in La Paz with these.... these...

She stares into the flames, where the documents of her past burn, silent.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

The others fight, but we take ourselves to safety? Betrayed Che, Rubio, Joaquin and all the friends?

Ulises stands there, also looking depressed.

ULISES

Tamara, this is all about that a failed hero wants to hero wants to create a monument. Che will die here! And with him...

She cuts him off:

TAMARA

No. No! Stop it!

Tamara becomes quiet, then speaks in a low voice.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

I will stay here and fight.

She looks at him piercingly.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

But if you want to go...

ULISES

Without you? Never.

TAMARA

(imploring herself)

After we win, Ulises, we'll take care of your house.

Melancholic looks. One last kiss. Then she turns and trudges to her jeep.

Ulises goes after her, looking at her lost and sad. He feels he can do nothing more.

Before Tamara gets in, she pulls an envelope from her jacket and hands it to jacket and hands it to Ulises.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

If you pass a mailbox you pass by. For my mother...

Ulises accepts it with a smile, pockets it. A last glance, then Tamara drives off.

Sadly, he looks after the departing jeep.

Tamara's hands clench tightly on the steering wheel. She inhales and exhales quickly and deeply, trying to stifle her tears.

CUT TO:

124      **EXT. BOLIVIAN HIGHLANDS - DAY**      124

A vast, hilly jungle landscape interrupted only by a distant river.

Clouds move over the slope, do not let any sun through, provide the gray, cold dampness of the rainforest. A green hell.

125      **EXT. HEIGHT / BEARING - DAY**      125

Tamara squeezes through a seemingly impenetrable wall of leaves, wet twigs hitting her in the face.

Suddenly she is standing in a clearing with a series of hastily built shelters camouflaged with leaves. No human being is to be seen.

Tamara steps closer and looks around searchingly. The camp seems deserted. But she sees clothes, field gear, even weapons. Slowly she walks further out into the clearing.

Now she hears an engine noise. It comes from the sky and quickly gets louder.

She stares strained over the treetops - but suddenly she loses her balance and she loses her balance and hits the ground lengthwise.

Someone has pulled her feet away from behind, dragging her by her feet into the undergrowth.

At this moment a small plane flies quite close over the camp.

RUBIO

Sorry.

Tamara turns around and now sees a row of guerrilleros lying on their stomachs in the undergrowth, among them the red-bearded Rubio, who has pulled her into cover, and Che.

126      **EXT. STORAGE - DAY**      126

Hectically, the guerrilleros pack their backpacks and cover their tracks. The plane can no longer be heard.

Tamara is now wearing uniform trousers and has just buttoned a uniform jacket. She strokes the fabric with fascination and smiles to herself.

He looks at her demandingly. Tamara returns his gaze.

CHE

We could bring you out through Gutierrez out. A contact man with new papers can pick you up and put you on a plane to Havana.

Didn't she just hear a similar idea?

TAMARA

Don't you trust your own education? Why do you want to take the woman out of the country when the men are fighting? I want Cristaldo Barrientos and his cronies to realize that I used them. And not they me.

He is a little surprised at the vehemence of your arguments. He has to smile.

CHE

I have no doubt about that right now. doubt.

TAMARA

I have a suggestion where we can recruit new fighters. In Muyumpampa. Not far from here. The people there are angry with the government.

He is about to ask when Joaquin's voice rings out.

JOAQUIN

We have to leave right away. Gonzalo has spotted a squad of soldiers - 3 kilometers away.

127

**EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY**

127

Sea level 1700 meters. Rock walls, thorn bushes - an inhospitable landscape on which a downpour falls, rivulets form between the roots and seek their way to the river. Only now do we see shadows of people struggling forward, freezing: the guerrillas.



You can tell Tamara is trying to fill her new role as a soldier. Her hair is loose, cut shorter cut, but with the remnants of the bleaching it looks unnatural. The rain slaps it in strands across her face. Without makeup and with a tan, she looks more authentic and beautiful beautiful than in La Paz, despite her exhaustion, dampness drenches her to the skin and makes her shiver.

128      **EXT. MUYUMPAMPA - DAY**      128

The guerrilla men are standing in the middle of the mountain village. It is deserted, not a soul to be seen.

Che enters a small grocery store; Tamara and Gonzalo follow him.

129      **INT. SMALL VILLAGE STORE - DAY**      129

The store seems deserted. Tamara and Gonzalo stuff canned goods into various backpacks. Che checks a back room Che checks a room in the back, looking through the window at the street, no one here. Only gravel and dust. Then he takes out a bundle of dollar bills. He counts out 50 dollars and puts them on the counter.

Rubio walks in the door.

CHE  
Where are the people?

RUBIO  
They are hiding. I think they fear they're afraid of anything that looks like a soldier.

130      **EXT. MUYUMPAMPA, VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**      130

The German priest is standing in the middle of the square with Pedro, the in the middle of the square, with Tamara and Che next to them. The rest of the guerrillas stay in the background.

PEDRO  
(shouts in a loud voice)  
Don't worry! These men mean nothing bad. They want food and medicine from you. They pay with dollars.

The first poor villagers come out of their hiding places, curious.

LEO BLACK

(to Tamara)

I have thought about her for a long  
about her. Why you as a government  
a government official would attack  
a soldier.

She smiles at the priest, as more and more people gather in  
the village square. Tamara points to Che, who steps forward.

TAMARA

He will explain everything.

CHE

I have come to warn you of a of a  
beast. This beast is imperialism.  
It is a beast that we have already  
seen in another in another country  
called Cuba, called Cuba. But the  
beast knows no borders. It  
transforms the people who come too  
close who are not strong enough,  
into bloodthirsty, ravenous beasts.  
destined to murder, to subjugate,  
exploit.

LEO BLACK

(quietly to Tamara)

Is that really Che Guevara?

Tamara nods. The priest seems only moderately impressed.

Che continues to speak powerfully, but the effect of his  
words cannot be seen on the is not visible on the unmoved  
faces of the indigenous people.

CHE

Therefore: Join us! Let us fight  
together. It is better to die  
standing than to live on our knees!  
Long live the revolution!

As he talks, Tamara looks for any reaction among the farmers.  
But there is nothing but empty silence.

TAMARA

(to Black)

What's the matter?

LEO BLACK

I am afraid these people have no  
idea who he is.

TAMARA

Then help us. Tell them. Explain to the peasants that our struggle is just and that they must fight with us.

Black looks at her pityingly.

LEO BLACK

These people know themselves what is right for them. Have you ever thought that you could easily make things only make things worse?

TAMARA

They would rather do nothing although they know the grievances? God will certainly not help them.

LEO BLACK

But her Che, just because he presents himself like the Savior himself?

(he sighs)

If you would ask me for food ... or medicine ... I would see what I could do. can be done. But you want me to to send these people into a a hopeless battle?

He shakes his head in disbelief. Tamara looks at him with a disappointed face, then looks over at Che, who still does not want to give up.

CHE

You can come right along. Every of you can make a difference!

But the villagers' gaze is directed to the ground. Even Pedro is dismissive.

Tamara steps forward.

TAMARA

You know me. Do you remember the last time we chased the soldiers we chased the soldiers away? You were so brave! We will help you with this courage the soldiers and the Americans and the Americans from your land, they...

She approached the men, but they backed away from her, scattered.

Pedro steps up to her.

PEDRO

Almost all the men who helped you are dead. The soldiers have come back. But not only two, many. And where were you, you and your friends?

Tamara stares at him, seems helpless, has no answer.

131      **EXT. EDGE OF THE VILLAGE CAMIRI - NIGHT**      131

Ulises, dressed in torn farm worker clothes, gets off the bus with a few Indians from the bus.

Military everywhere, controls. Ulises understands. As inconspicuously as possible, he threads his way into a loamy side alley...

... and finally disappears in a forest.

132      **EXT. CAMP / JUNGLE - DAWN**      132

Rubio jiggles the sleeping Tamara until she wakes up. He holds a rifle in his hands.

RUBIO

Fast.

Tamara gets up from her hammock. She sees Rubio, Che and two other men rush off at dawn.

Gunshots can be heard not far away.

Now she is standing completely alone in front of her hammock and the rifle leaning against the tree. She looks at it. Breathes out deeply. Then she reaches for it.

CUT TO:

Tamara stands tensely in the thicket next to Rubio. In the distance, wild gunfire can be heard. The sounds are getting closer.

Tamara gets ready, the so suddenly approaching fight has a strange effect on her, makes her has a strange effect on her, makes her concentrated, releases adrenaline in her, too. This is no longer a drill, no longer training anymore.

RUBIO (CONT'D)

You have discovered Inti's unit and shot it right away. Now they are they are looking for us.

He runs, jumps over a boulder.

RUBIO (CONT'D)

Spread out in this direction.

(to Tamara)

Shoot anything that moves. Watch our backs.

Then Rubio disappears into a green wall of plants.

A few meters further on, Che is standing with a few more men. He also turns off with them.

Now Tamara is alone.

Cautiously, she takes a few steps toward the green wall.

The sounds of the shooting suddenly fade away. Instead there is a crackling in the thicket. Tamara is startled and raises her rifle, but it's just a squirrel.

Almost silently she climbs over roots, is completely guerrilla fighter, soldier, bends branches aside with the barrel of her bends branches to the side and looks behind tree trunks. Concentratedly searching for any sign of her opponent her eyes wander back and forth.

CUT TO:

Tamara is now standing behind a boulder. Here the plants are not quite so dense. She breathes in and out, is completely with the matter. Again you can hear rifle volleys, they are now much closer than before. Leaves and branches around her are are shredded by the bullets, making the threat close and real.

She peers over the boulder down into a hollow. There Rubio crouches, firing into the green thicket.

Further back are Che and the others.

Suddenly, only a few meters away, the silhouette of a steel helmet of a steel helmet becomes visible. A soldier looks out from his, he does not spot Tamara.

Hastily, but silently, she slides behind the boulder again boulder, tries to get the soldier in her sights

Further down, it continues to bang. Very slowly, Tamara looks down through a crack into the hollow. Rubio is still firing still firing, but he himself is covered by bullets. Then he notices her.

RUBIO (CONT'D)

Can you see them?

TAMARA

Yes. At least one.

RUBIO

Can you get him off my from me?

Tamara must now act to protect Rubio. She looks for a position, lays on. Through the viewfinder she can only make out the helmet of the soldier, which disappears into the bushes, appears, disappears, does not give a clear target.

She shoots, but only hits foliage.

RUBIO (CONT'D)

(demanding)

Tamara?

Then she sees the muzzle flash of the soldier from the bushes. Rubio cries out.

Tamara looks through the crevice. Horror on her face. In the hollow, Rubio has collapsed, screaming. The soldier has hit him in the back, the blood is flowing, He's twitching in a death spasm.

But the soldier, whom the hit makes careless, can be seen better. He leaves his cover to give the Rubio another bullet. Furious Tamara lays on.

She shoots. Not once, over and over again. Hits the soldier several times in the stomach, shoulder, neck, until he is lying on the ground.

She quickly darts out from behind the rock into the hollow, over to Rubio, feels his pulse. In her face you can see her pain.

Suddenly a movement - the enemy soldier is not yet dead. She quickly puts on the rifle and runs over to him before he might become a danger again.

But as she approaches, she sees that the soldier is also dying. She sees the very young face, younger than blood oozing from his mouth, his eyes looking at her shakily and almost looking for help.

Suddenly she seems uncertain, is shocked by the crushed boy, lying in front of her.

The young soldier's gaze becomes fixed, the flow of blood stops, he is dead.

And Tamara stands there shaken, seemingly lost in the disillusioning, cruel reality of armed combat.

133

**EXT. LIGHT - NIGHT**

133

A clearing. Torches flicker around the body of Rubio. body of Rubio.

Che is sitting in front of him, wake. He coughs. No one dares only Tamara stands at some distance from him. She is trembling.

All of a sudden Che turns to her. He beckons her to come closer. She hesitantly crouches down next to him, but avoids looking at the dead Rubio.

CHE

The old bastard always went a bit further than was necessary.

Che looks at Tamara. She looks upset.

CHE (CONT'D)

It's not your fault. It was his It was his order and he knew you're not battle-hardened.

Tamara looks around, some of the men are watching her, others seem to have turned away.

TAMARA

You think I should have left?

She struggles to keep her composure. Che looks at her - it is hard to what he is thinking right now.

Suddenly Joaquin appears.

JOAQUIN

You should hear this.

He points to a transistor radio around which most of the guerrilleros have gathered.

## RADIOSPRECHER

In the case of the bandits who are in the with the army in the Camiri with the army in the Camiri area. a gang of anarchists expelled from Cuba anarchists who were expelled from Cuba notorious Che Guevara. These dangerous criminals are planning raids in the highlands...

Gonzalo waves it off contemptuously.

## GONZALO

As if people believe these lies these lies...

A glance at the faces of some of the other guerrilleros on the other hand, reveals quiet uncertainty.

## RADIO SPEAKER

... President Barrientos has more troops into the area. deployed. The Bolivian army has drawn a closed ring around the soon the terrorists will be isolated.

Marching music follows. Che turns off the radio. He senses the insecurity of the men.

## CHE

You doubt because yesterday those frightened people in the village yesterday. But these people here in the highlands are no dumber than the Cubans were. were.

Tamara looks at him: Does he still believe what he says? Or are his words just a tired attempt to motivate his men? Unnoticed by the others, she turns away...

## CHE (CONT'D)

We just have to show them with the with the same confidence, the same courage as we did back then! Then the courage of these people will grow when they see what we do, how we fight for them!

... and timidly sits down next to Rubio's corpse. Sadly, her gaze glides over Rubio's face into the distance.



134 **EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**

134

Tamara uses a machete to make her way through the dense jungle at the end of Che's guerrilla unit, Tamara laboriously makes her way through the dense jungle.

Her exhaustion is plain to see. You reach a plateau, look into a plain hidden by bushes. What we see through Tamara's eyes leaves her breathless. The Bolivian army has just been joined by about 2000 US SOLDIERS, armed to the teeth.

The guerrillas look at each other: this is their death sentence.

Ché makes a sign to retreat. Silently, the guerrillas disappear into the forest.

135 **EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY**

135

Tamara - just like some of the other men - is only dragging herself laboriously through the mountain landscape.

Ché and the larger part of the guerrilla are clearly faster - 200-300 meters ahead of them. Tamara sees him give a sign and stops his group.

CUT TO:

Now Tamara reaches Che. He has been waiting for her.

CHE

You are too slow. We have to split up. Joaquin will lead the rear.

Tamara looks at him tiredly. He is just about to turn away, then:

TAMARA

How are you going to fight against this against this superiority?

Che looks at her in surprise.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Not one has joined us in the in the last few weeks. We have failed.

A moment of truth, Che feels it too. But he goes over it.

CHÉ

We will lead them astray, then we meet again, regroup.

Joaquin, meanwhile, begins to select people. Che coughs, then walks up to Tamara, hugs her.

CHE (CONT'D)

We are closer to the goal than it  
than it looks, just don't give up.

TAMARA

(whispers)

It will never be like in Cuba.  
We'll never be in our victoriously  
down the Avenida de Mayo -

Tamara has tears running down her face. Ché has to take a breath and himself loose.

Ché waves to his men. Tamara sees him and the guerrillas disappear into the jungle, which swallows them up, as if they had never existed.

She looks at the remaining Companeros: an image of hopelessness.

136

**EXT. TAL - NIGHT**

136

Tamara lies on the floor, feverish, cold sweat on her forehead, she is also coughing.

El Negro, one of the guerrillas, sits with her, feels her forehead takes a syringe out of his backpack, opens it, and pushes the needle into her arm.

She means him to bend to her....

TAMARA

(whispering)

You can leave me here, I can manage  
on my own...

EL NEGRO

Nobody leaves you behind.

Enraptured, Tamara smiles.

TAMARA

How far is it to Argentina?

The radio crackles. Tamayo turns it up.

ULISES (V.O.)

Rearguard please report, Rearguard  
please report!

Tamara startles - Ulise's voice suddenly gives her strength. New life spirits. As if by magic, she crawls to the radio.

TAMARA

Yes, hello, Ulises - is that you?

IN ALTERNATING  
CUT WITH:

137

**EXT. JUNGLE/ CAMP CHE - NIGHT**

137

Ulises crouches by a burned-down fire, not far behind him Che and other weary guerrillas, fearful, guns at the ready.

ULISES

Yes, it's me.

TAMARA

But -

ULISES

I was able to get through to Ché to Ché. Where are you?

TAMARA

Above the Rio Grande, near Vado the Yezo. Tomorrow we try to cross the river.

ULISES

In the area there are everywhere troop movements.

TAMARA

Joaquin heard from a farmer about a ford that is supposed to be safe. is supposed to be safe.

ULISES

Among the peasants are many traitors ...

TAMARA

(exhausted)

Ulises, we have no choice.

A short silence. Ulises also knows she is right. Then...

She bites back tears, takes a breath. Ulises lowers his head as if in pain. The radio signal weakens and stronger again.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Ulises, we can't get out of here  
out of here...

Ulises knows that himself. But he tries to comfort her.

ULISES

Yes, we will. And then we will live  
in our house by the sea. Or do you  
still have other plans?

TAMARA

(smiles)

No, this time I'm coming with you.

Tears roll down Tamara's cheeks, but she tries hard, to keep  
her voice clear.

ULISES

(completely helpless)

Tamara...

Now it is too much. The tears flow unhindered, Tamara's  
Tamara's voice is choked...

TAMARA

You are in my heart Forever...

The radio signal becomes weaker again. Even Ulises can barely  
hear it anymore. The Cubans around him have an embarrassed  
look on their faces, he leans further and further over the  
radio and presses his hands helplessly around the microphone.

Again only spherical crackling. Tamayo turns the radio. His  
look says it all: The connection is broken. Tamara lowers the  
mike.

138

**EXT. JUNGLE/ CAMP CHE - NIGHT**

138

In Che's camp, Ulises quickly packs his backpack, grabs his  
rifle. That's when he catches Che's gaze.

Does he know what he's up to? Will he stop him? But Che just  
smiles, makes a curt, military farewell military farewell, as  
was customary among his Cuban comrades.

Ulises greets us back, then disappears into the thicket of  
the jungle.

139 **EXT. RIO GRANDE - DAY**

139

A bright, sunny, warm day.

Joaquin, Tamara and the other guerrilleros of the rearguard trudge toward the Rio Grande. At the waterline they stop, looking for the ford.

After a few seconds, Joaquin found them.

He leads the way.

Once again Tamara stops, looks around...

... and discovers a bird. It chirps to itself, then rises then takes to the air, turns a corner and flies away.

One after the other, the guerrilleros cross the river. Everything seems quiet and peaceful.

Joaquin has already almost reached the other shore when Tamara is one of the last to enter the water.

That's when she hears the voice...

SOLDIER (OFF)  
Fire at will!

A proud smile appears on Tamara's face.

BLACK.

In the sound: shots crack, whip through the water. Screams. Painful.

140 **EXT. FIELD NEAR RIO GRANDE - DAY**

140

Ulises is crossing a field when he hears the shots from afar.

He realizes what is happening, quickens his pace.

BLACK AGAIN.

Silence. Only the lapping of the water.

UPDATE IN:

141 **EXT. RIO GRANDE / DOWNSTREAM - DAY**

141

Tamara's backpack. It floats on the surface of the water, giving gives her buoyancy. Slowly she drifts downstream.

Only with difficulty to breathe. Blood comes out of the bullet holes in her upper body.

She looks up at the sky. Smiles when she discovers the bird again the bird again in front of a white cloud.

TAMARA (OFF)

Dear mother, I am afraid. I don't know what will become others will become...

142 **EXT. RIO GRANDE / FORD - DAY**

142

Ulises reaches the ford. There is nothing left of the bloodbath no other human being in the vicinity. There is only the river, the trees, the wind.

And this bird that moves across the sky and that for some for some reason attracts his attention.

But you can see from his shaken face that he knows what happened.

TAMARA (OFF)

The fear that everything was in vain, ...is deep inside me. I try to remember ...to remember what courage.., ...what courage is. I am not a guerrilla, I'm not a woman, I'm just a small, scared child. I would like to run away run away and hide, if I only knew where...

143 **EXT. APARTMENT BUNKE EAST BERLIN - DAY**

143

The bird lands.

Only at second glance do we realize that it is on the balcony railing of the Bunkes' Berlin apartment.

144 **INT. APARTMENT BUNKE EAST BERLIN - DAY**

144

Nadja is standing in the kitchen, making soup, when she notices the movement on the balcony.

She looks out of the window, wondering: Where does this strange, South American bird come from?

And yet a strange foreboding seems to assail her.

Her expression suddenly shows an incredible sadness.

The doorbell rings.

Nadja looks over at her for a moment. When she looks back at the balcony, the bird is gone.

CUT TO:

Nadja opens the door. In front of it stands a tired-looking Ulises.

CUT TO:

Ulises is sitting opposite Nadja in the living room, handing her the letter that Tamara has entrusted to him. She reads.

TAMARA (OFF)

I don't know what will remain of me  
of me. Will people remember our  
ideas? Are they strong enough?

Nadja lowers the letter and looks at the grieving Ulises. She takes his hand, squeezes it. Here are two people trying to comfort each other.

145      **EXT. RIO GRANDE/ DOWNSTREAM - DAY**      145

Tamara, floating down the river with her eyes wide open. Blinking one last time....

146      **EXT. STRAND - DAY**      146

Tamara and Ulises are nestled together on the beach in Cuba, full of longing, hope and confidence, the distance that lies ahead of them. She hums to him the tango melody that has driven her all her life...

Fade

147      **TITLE SPAN**      147

- in a window next to the titles are shown historical photos are shown: Pictures of children standing in front of all the "Tamara Bunke" schools, kindergartens and youth centers that have been named in her named after her in her memory. And who have carried on the memory of her life.