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Salt and Fire

By Werner Herzog

Please, you must
drink some tea.
Here. Take it off.
Here.
Could you move your head forward
please?
A little.
There we go.
Nice meeting you again.
I demand to be set free.
Now... now!
Please drink.
No, thank you.
It may taste strange,
even bitter,
but it will help you adapt
to the altitude.
I do not care.
The tea is brewed
from Coca leaves, that is it.
I want my handcuffs removed.
You have scratched one of
my men and bitten another.
I am proud of that.
Well, that is why
you are wearing handcuffs!
Can I take them off now?
Look at me!
Look at me.
Can I take them off now?
Yes, you can!
Please put the cup down.
Put the cup down.
Your hands...
Ah! Ah!
Is that better?
I demand an explanation.
Everything will fall
into place.
When will I get
my passport back?
I'm not sure.
When will I be able to leave?
Of that, too, I am unsure.

I'm hungry.
I haven't eaten
since I was on the plane.
30 hours ago.
Thank you.
Here.
Please, take the tablecloth.
Thanks.
Would you like me to get you
something else?
No, I get terribly jet-lagged
when I eat too much
on overnight flights.
Just leave me
the apple juice, please.
- Okay.
- Thank you.
Sweetheart.
Can I have another
glass of champagne, please?
Your fourth?
I like that you keep count
on what's good for me.
And another glass for
my most attractive companion.
Professor sommerfeld.
L-a-u-r-a sommerfeld.
Merci.
Let's celebrate.
Celebrate what?
Can we get another glass
for Dr. meier,
who's right there,
across the isle?
We are all on the same...
Journey together.
We need to warm up
for the journey ahead.
Make mine a double bourbon.
Straight, no ice.
And, uh, what, if I may ask,
is your joyful party all about?
We are a scientific delegation.
Ah.

She's professor
Laura sommerfeld,
our fearless leader.
We come
with the united nations.
To look into
an ecological disaster.
The diablo blanco
disaster.
Diablo blanco?
I hadn't heard of that.
Diablo blanco will soon be
a household name.
Dr. cavani.
Fabio.
You can call me fabio.
Sorry.
Is there anyway
i could change seats?
I am so sorry.
The plane is completely full.
I'm so sorry I can't help.
Professor sommerfeld.
Sleep well.
Call me Laura.
What's the local time?
- I don't know.
- Let me do it for you.
Thank you.
What's our greeter's name?
Helmholtz.
He's from
the ministry of agriculture
and the environment,
and he's coming
with two people, um...
...which, uh...
Uh...
I can't seem to read this.
It's...
It's my own handwriting. I...
I don't even understand it.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Hm, no. No signal.

Mine's dead, too.
We will ask them to provide us
with local phones.
You know but, my apps
can become very useful.
Such as?
My diary.
April 14th...
Arrivals hall,
immigration line.
The line is, uh...
...lethargic.
It's, uh, listless...
...torpid...
...moribund.
I think I put that quite well,
didn't I?
Right?
And, uh, we're waiting.
And staring.
Staring.
People staring at us.
As if they were competing
for the world championship
of slow looks.
Dr, meier,
why are they staring at us?
When I stare back at them,
they don't look away.
where is my luggage?
Mine is not coming out either.
Oh, fuck, I forgot
to pack my toothbrush.
I didn't bring
a toothbrush with me.
Mierda.
No? Bueno.
Gracias.
Let's just go.
Yeah.
It happens.
well...
I'm sure they'll come
any minute now.

Sure thing. Oh, yeah.
Where are they?
You confirmed
our arrival plans, cavani?
Right?
Right-o! Yeah.
I did.
Shall I check at the curb?
No, no, no.
Let's stick together.
Someone will show up
sooner or later.
Hello, hello.
I'm sorry I'm late.
It's me. Welcome.
Oh, professor sommerfeld.
Welcome, welcome.
Hello!
- Doctor cavani, welcome.
- Yes.
You must be Dr. meier.
Welcome to you, too, sir.
Welcome.
Did you have a good flight?
Yeah. Good.
We are just
a little bit jet-lagged.
Of course, I can understand.
Oh, I'm sorry,
i haven't introduced myself.
I am aristides
from the ministry.
Aristides?
Yes. Aristides.
Now...
...the minister
and his group apologize.
There has been
a change of plans.
The minister is already
in oruro,
and he asks that you
take his plane directly there.
"Forgive us, kind gentlemen,

but we are forced to meet you
in oruro later today."

The letterhead
says internal security.

Isn't our liaison
the minister of agriculture
and the environment?

Oh, there's been a mistake.
This shouldn't be here.

A mistake?

Yes. This is a mistake. Uh...
Uh...

I wasn't supposed
to let you know,
but I am obliged to now.
The minister is, in fact,
also associated with
the security establishment.

It shows
his increasing importance
within the government.

But we don't
have our luggage yet.

Oh, don't worry about that.
Don't worry about anything.
My boys will take care
of everything.

In fact, they'll see you
through security.

No inspections, no passports.
I just need your luggage tags
and we'll have your luggage
taken directly to the plane.

Great.

Sounds like a treat.

Okay. Let's go.

I'm afraid

I'll have to leave you here.

- And our luggage?

- It's already loaded.

How did you load it so quickly?

This isn't a German airport
or New York.

We are much more efficient.

It's just my instruments.
I don't care about my shirts,
but my equipment.
Let us worry about all that.
Bon voyage.
Please, come aboard.
I'm kind of hungry.
My apologies.
I ate half.
Thank you.
"For one, too much.
For all, too little."
Sounds familiar.
Who said that?
Alexander the great.
One day his army
was perishing from thirst...
...and a foot soldier came by
with a helmet
filled with water
he had collected drop by drop
for weeks.
He gave it to Alexander,
who spilled it on the floor.
And he had said that.
He said, "for one, too much.
For all, too little."
It's not going to be easy
out there.
As long as I have my equipment
everything will be fine.
As long as we have some
pasta al dente
and some white truffles...
...and a buxom wench
serving wine.
And some vineyards
in the mountains...
...and the lusty cheers
of the vintners...
Cavani, you are a poet.
...everything will be fine.
Please come out.
What is this?

Who are these men?
I am not going to get out here.
Where-where is the minister?
Please. Please step out.
Ay. No, no, no.
No, no, no, no,
no, no no.
What is this?
You are under our protection.
We have a security problem.
Who are you?
- I know who I am.
- Who sent you?
I'm not gonna tell you.
I am professor sommerfeld
and leader of this delegation.
We are under the protection
of the government.
Yes, yes. And?
And we are under the protection
of the united nations.
I know, I know, I know.
Come outside, please.
We have cars waiting for you.
Hey, and our luggage?
Hey... don't touch me.
I'm not going.
I'll stay here!
I'm not going with you!
Don't touch me!
You are my prisoners!
All of you are my prisoners!
Hold this motherfucker!
Ah! Dr. meier!
Ah! Ay, ay, ay, ay.
Okay, okay.
Okay, okay, okay.
Okay, okay, okay, okay.
- Vamos!
- Ay!
No!
Dr. meier, don't fight.
They'll hurt you.
Stop fighting back!

We give up!
Stop!
Ah!
Meier? Meier?
Vamos, vamos!
Get him away.
Come on.
Get this motherfucker away.
Don't touch me.
So...
This was all a plan
from the beginning?
In a way, yes.
Why have you abducted us?
What's your plan now?
Everything will fall
into place.
It depends on you.
There is no question
that our embassy
has been alerted
to our disappearance.
They are already
in crisis mode.
But it is irrelevant,
because there will be
no negotiations.
And the delegation
who was supposed to meet us
upon arrival?
Have you taken them, too?
No. They were easily bribed.
I take no pride in this.
I don't approve of pay-offs
to anyone.
Do me one favor!
Do not try to come
to the rescue...
...of a tired world.
I'd like to know your name.
As long as I wear this mask
i have no name.
But I know the face
of this gentleman.

Krauss, why don't you
remove your mask?
You are compromised,
aren't you?
Krauss? You said your name
was aristides.
In fact, if facts count here,
it isn't aristides.
So it is krauss.
Yes, and no.
And how were you able
to get here so quickly?
- We have our ways.
- And who is "we"?
I would like to know.
"We"... that is basically me.
I am the brain.
I am leading a delegation.
I am responsible
for its members.
Where are they?
Are they all right?
I can assure you they are fine.
I accept no assurances
from an unidentified man
with no name and no face.
I want to see them, now.
Well, hopefully...
...the time will come when there
are no more secrets between us.
Dr. Arnold meier
and Dr. fabio cavani
are both here at the compound.
How is Dr. meier?
I saw your men hurt him.
He is bruised,
but otherwise subdued.
Meaning what?
As Dr. meier
proved to be so combative,
we had to calm his heroism
a little bit.
Krauss, why don't you
show professor sommerfeld

the food she should avoid.
Go on, have a look.
Please do not eat these,
even if offered
with every indication
of warm hospitality.
You gave this to my delegation?
We did nothing.
Our guests ate it...
...and then they came down
with a local form of...
- What's happened to them?
Say it.
Diarrhea.
Krauss...
...why don't you show our guest
to her quarters?
life in a wheelchair
has its comforts,
but not all the time.
I see.
It's okay.
One day I shall walk again.
Dr. meier, Dr. cavani,
please come to the window.
I... I'm dying.
- No, you're not.
- I'm dying, I'm--
- no, you're not.
- I'm dying.
- No, you're not.
- I'm dying!
The dumplings, it must have
been the dumplings.
Are you hurt?
Yes, but I am going to be fine.
It's just my stomach.
I've got
the dresden of diarrhea.
It's a horde of protozoans
swirling around
my intestinal tract.
I may be dying.
I may be dying.

The noblest place
for a man to die
is the place
he dies the deadest.
This is
the mother of all diarrhea.
Take care.
Keep yourself hydrated
and get some rest.
Professor sommerfeld,
I wish I could help you.
Please abstain from gossiping
in that ugly language.
I'm fine,
i can take care of myself,
of my situation,
of our situation.
Let me try.
- Madame...
...please follow me.
Your quarters
are in the adjacent courtyard.
this way.
Ay, ay...
Ay, ay...
Laura, you look a mess.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Rest assured.
This food is safe to eat.
Thank you, krauss.
Half for you, half for me.
You choose.
Excuse me
for taking your share,
but I'm hungry.
And I'm sure...
...you didn't abduct me
to poison me.
Not at all.
I'm glad to see you eating.
I would like to see Dr. meier
and Dr. cavani.

Be assured...
...they are my respected guests.
Why are you holding me hostage?
Is it for money?
I can contact some officials
to negotiate.
No.
Tell me what you want.
You must be secret service.
Are you enjoying the massive
support of the government?
I am no secret service,
no government,
no plot of the CIA,
or anything of the sort.
Who are you, then?
Professor, I expected more
of you.
Matt Riley.
The ceo of the consortium.
The consortium exists
only as a legal entity today.
As you may know, after the
ever-opportunistic Swiss
sold their majority stock,
the Chinese,
the Americans,
the south Koreans...
...all ducked into the trenches
and became invisible.
But they're still there.
They are all responsible
for the diablo blanco disaster.
Despite that the disaster
had already begun
when I took over as ceo,
i personally feel responsible.
But you must have known
it was not a singular event.
It has evolved over decades.
We have measurements,
data and statistics
since the '70s.
Data.

Statistics.

I see another side to it.

Public relations.

Don't belittle yourself.

I'm not prepared

to speak about it now.

Because you are trying to hide

a big conspiracy, mr Riley?

Ah, I find that silly.

There is no reality...

...there are only views

of reality.

Only perceptions.

All collective anxieties

condense into

conspiracy theories.

My data is real.

There is a disaster.

Yes, and there are

three million Americans

who claim they have had

encounters with aliens.

Among them,

three hundred thousand women

who claim

that they have been abducted

and gang-raped by aliens.

Now this leads me

to two questions.

One...

Why do all these women

weigh over 350 pounds?

And, two...

Why have we never heard

of a single abducted woman

in Ethiopia?

Hm?

Of course the diablo blanco

disaster exists.

And it is not static.

It is spreading.

And my delegation has been sent

to determine at what rate...

...and make our findings public.

What prevents me from doing so
is that you have
taken me prisoner.
I am prepared to accept
the consequences.
Even go to prison
for what I am doing.
I demand to be released!
Don't pressure me!
This could end very badly
for both of us.
Do you want to be a martyr?!
I'm Laura sommerfeld.
I've been abducted.
I have been in a car...
...at least two or three hours.
I do not know where I am,
but I will play their game
to figure out
what Riley wants.
Hola.
Remember now thy creator
in the days of thy youth.
This magnificent specimen,
Mr. mcmurphy, speaks.
What did it just say?
"Remember now thy creator
in the days of thy youth."
You know what nostradamus said
about talking birds?
No. I do not read nostradamus.
Hm.
He foretold what sounds
like science fiction today.
He said, "household pets
finally communicate with man.
Life then possible
outside the planet.
A new tyrant sows terror.
Events to come."
A world run by big data
and predictive analytics
doesn't care
about renaissance predictions.

I want to know
how meier and cavani are.
It's not so much
the predictions themselves
that fascinate me, it's...
...where they come from.
Are they true?
Is it possible that there
is something all-pervading
around us
which we
are incapable of seeing,
that your data can't analyze...
...which only the prophets
and birds can express?
He has the habit of saying it
at the oddest moments.
"Remember now thy creator
in the days of thy youth,
while the evil days come not,
nor the years draw nigh,
when thou shalt say,
I had no pleasure in them."
Ecclesiastes.
You have done research
at the institute
for developmental biology
in tubingen?
I worked with model organisms,
such as the zebra fish,
fruit flies,
and a form of cress
from the cabbage family.
Interesting.
It has been shown that genes
which influence development
work in a similar way
in different organisms,
be they flies, or people,
or cress.
And you are currently
doing research
at the Max planck
institute of biochemistry

in Munich.

Technically yes.

But here, you are thrown back
into biochemistry.

Sometimes you do step back
in your life.

You don't seem pleased by this.

- Well--

- your life...

...as I have observed it,
seems to be a happy one
for you.

There is someone's future
to care for.

What do you know about my life?

Are you not blessed
with a beautiful daughter?

Eight years old?

I'm... I'm sorry.

What a clumsy fool I am.

I find your treatment
of my colleagues and me clumsy.

Accepted.

But for that,
i shall not apologize.

I've given up part of myself,
but not that.

How are meier and cavani?

If you have harmed
meier or cavani,
you will be tried before
an international tribunal
and you will suffer
severe punishment.

Can we finally talk business?

Mr. krauss,

do I see you walking?

Yes, you do.

Is this a miracle?

No, I only use the wheelchair
when I am tired of life.

This is not the way
we should do it.

I propose we finish it now.

The moment of truth.
Not the entire truth.
If that moment is to ever come,
it will depend
on professor sommerfeld.
And on time.
How much time?
Truth...
...is the only daughter of time.
I somehow feel a threat
out there.
I'm glad I have the distraction
of my data.
There is something strange
and potentially dangerous
about Riley.
I need to keep him talking.
we have a lot of documentation
on the court proceedings
against animals.
Oh yeah, see.
A sow was sentenced to death
for killing and eating
a toddler.
The pig was burnt at the stake.
And here.
The salamander?
Oh yeah,
the salamander was...
...believed to originate
from fire,
being a companion of the devil.
See, here it says,
"this salamander was exorcised
with a bucket of holy water.
Then burned."
I think I was meant
to live a different life.
Look in this silver column.
Wow.
I see, it's anamorphic art.
Yes.
And this is
the descent from the cross.

You see,
this is what your situation
must look like to you,
unclear, contorted.
But if you move
one step further,
everything falls into place.
Everything makes sense.
At least, that's what I think.
It's a question of which angle
you choose to look from.
This sounds like a banality,
like-like...
Like what?
I am open to criticism.
Well, I don't want
to sound insulting,
but it sounds
like a shallow pseudo argument,
like "all africans have rhythm
in their blood."
I bow to you.
May I be more precise about
different angles, perspectives?
Yes.
All my life... I've wanted
to see this in person.
Where is this cloister?
In Rome.
In the convent of
the santissima trinit.
Now, just look
along this corridor.
Completely normal.
A Saint sitting under a tree.
But...
...the nearer one approaches,
the more...
...incomprehensible
the forms become.
Until...
Look at this.
The folds in the Saint's cowl
become this vast

stretched out landscape.
The folds, in fact,
elongated like this,
become the strait of messina,
which the Saint
wanted to cross,
but the boatman
would not take him.
So he threw his coat
onto the water...
...and surfed to sicily.
Just imagine yourself
walking along this cloister.
I have always dreamed of this.
you know, the truth is
I don't really wanna be ceo
of the consortium anymore...
...or anything else,
for that matter.
That's why I live here.
It's a different life.
I'm trying to bring
who I really am into focus.
You see?
I would have offered you
these quarters
for your comfort,
but I couldn't.
Why is that?
Well. A hundred years ago...
...the President of the Republic
died in this bed,
and it has to be kept this way
for all time.
There are so many
ancient things here.
May I be straightforward?
What do you want from me?
I kind of like you.
Me, as a person?
No.
As a woman?
I find you very attractive,
but there is something

beyond that.
I know I act
as if I know everything,
but allow me to ask
about your daughter again.
My apologies.
If you do not wish to speak,
i fully understand.
I only took this assignment
because of my daughter.
In what sense?
I had to divert my thoughts.
I had to be occupied
by something.
I had to have a job
far out in the field.
This makes me curious.
My daughter
has not been with me
for four years now.
Where is she?
She is in Morocco.
- Morocco?
- Yeah.
She's with
her biological father.
But I know that
you've never been married.
Her father took her back
to his country...
...and he refuses to return her.
I have sued ever since,
but the Moroccan legal system
is very slow.
I'm sorry to hear that.
Having children
invites tragedy.
You have children?
Are you afraid of something?
Do I look like it?
No. I apologize.
I used to be afraid
as a little boy.
Children who aren't afraid

scare me.

A little boy who isn't afraid
would cease to be a boy.

Hmm.

I used to be
afraid of the dark,
but my grandmother told me
something that stuck with me
ever since.

She said,
"it's okay to be afraid
of the dark,
but the real tragedy in life...
...is when men
are afraid of the light."

Get your bag.

- Where are we going?

- Get it now.

I demand to know
where we are going.

Get in the car.

No, I'm-I'm not leaving
without my colleagues.

Where are they?

Please do not embarrass me.

Tell me what's happened
to Dr. meier and Dr. cavani.

They are safe.

- And me?

- You are not.

I am your prisoner,
but as such, I would like to--
as much as you are,
i am a prisoner myself...
...of my plans.

There is no way back now.

Where are we?

Only a short distance
from the very place
you traveled ten thousand miles
to see.

Lake diablo blanco.

Although these trains
were abandoned here

a hundred years ago...
...time has
propelled them somewhere,
maybe even into the future.
Is there such a thing
as science fiction
that looks back in time
instead of ahead?
Certainly.
See, these trains,
they never had a purpose.
They had nothing to transport,
nowhere to go.
Aliens must have
left them here.
Sure thing.
Can I take a picture?
Yes, as long as you keep my men
out of the frame.
Please do it quickly,
we have to move on.
- But the railroads...
- They are senseless.
They only allow us to go
from where we already are
to where we're no better off.
This is uturuncu.
I thought it was important
you see it.
Uturuncu. The dormant volcano?
I know what your
field of study is, professor,
but there is something
much bigger looming
than the
diablo blanco disaster.
The entire area of uturuncu,
thousands of square miles,
is lifting,
and the volcano itself
is rising and expanding
all at a rate that exceeds
any previous measurements.
In fact it is rising so rapidly

that we
are experiencing permanent,
round-the-clock tremors.
And what could happen?
You should ask
how fast it could happen.
It might happen
in 200 thousand years,
maybe in 20 thousand...
...or maybe in twenty.
There's no point in asking
about nearby population.
When uturuncu erupts,
our entire planet
will be obscured for decades.
It won't matter if you live
in the arctic,
or the himalayas, or Australia.
We will disappear as a species.
I am more concerned about
what we have created here.
Here and now.
A gigantic salt flat
that is expanding rapidly.
So am I.
But what may overtake it all
is the fire lying underneath.
We must face both.
Salt and fire.
Here lies a monster,
on the verge of waking.
My guess is one day soon
everyone will know
how to pronounce uturuncu...
Uturuncu.
This is my goal.
To bring you here.
But this is exactly where my
colleagues and I were heading.
What's the point of all this?
I only had an abstract idea
how vast this is.
Just numbers.
The alarming thing is the speed

of its expansion.
Almost 800 square miles
per year.
If it continues to grow,
the salt will cover
the entire continent one day.
I'm inclined to think
it could cover
all land mass on the planet.
Science fiction.
I'd love to think that way.
Well, you know,
speaking of that,
this is the ideal landing site
for aliens.
Nothing on the planet
is so totally flat and so vast.
Even our satellites use it
to calibrate their distance
from the ground.
- So, this is incahuasi island.
- Put it on the ground.
Put it all down here.
I know it from maps.
I thought the world might see
the depth of this place
if you experience
something new.
Meaning what?
What are they doing over there?
Hey!
- Drive! Go!
Stop the car! Hey!
Open the door!
No, you can't leave me here!
Stop it!
Hey!
There are children there!
Are you mad?!
Are you crazy?!
You left children behind!
What am I supposed to do
with these kids?!
Who are you?

Huh?
Do you know why we are here?
Who are you?
Do you know those men?
Riley?
Do you know Riley?
Have you been here before?
You know this place?
Huh?
Can you see me?
Can you see me?
Do you understand me?
Can you understand me?
Huh?
Who are you?
I am Laura. Laura.
And you?
What is your name?
Laura.
Your name.
Huascar.
Huascar.
Huascar?
And the other boy?
The other boy?
Is he your brother?
Huh?
Laura.
- Laura.
And what is your name?
Atahualpa.
Ata-atahualpa?
Huascar. Laura.
Are you brothers?
Huascar? Atahualpa?
The royal inca brothers?
Have you been here before?
Do you know this island?
Hey.
Do you know this island?
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.
That's all the water we have.
Come here.

Smell.
Onion.
In your language?
Do you like onion?
And now?
What do we do, huh?
We have to build a camp.
Let's do this together.
So, please, help me with this.
Unroll it.
Good.
And now unfold.
Very good.
And... one, two... three.
Very good.
give me your hands.
Hold this.
Hold. Okay?
Hold still. Good boy.
Good job.
Thank you.
I need your help, too. Okay?
Come with me.
Atahualpa, hold it, please.
Stay here.
Stay here.
Stay here, stay here.
Don't move, don't move.
This is good now.
Don't move.
Good job.
Stand still. Good.
Now...
This is our home now.
All we have is food
for about a week.
I worry about the water.
The salt absorbs
all the humidity.
We have blankets,
toilet paper,
kitchen utensils,
and a stove.
We are trapped here.

In a vast expanse of salt.
No fences, no locked doors.
Getting away from the island
is impossible.
Returning to the shore
would mean a three day trek
across salt.
okay. Rice.
How do you call it?
Hm?
- Sal.
- Sal...
Salt.
How about rice...
...and some of the dried fish?
Hm?
Wow, you did a nice job
with the stove.
So...
- Laura.
- Yes?
- Laura.
- Hm?
Ah, I'm supposed to hold
my hand like this?
Wow!
Wow!
This is magic!
A magnet.
Wonderful.
Considering the circumstances,
the night was good.
One of the boys
talked in his sleep.
Why are we stranded here?
Why is Riley doing this to us?
How can we hold out?
Huascar.
Ah, hm.
Is it good?
Hmm, yes.
Si.
Ja?
Ja.

Come here.
Like it?
Hm?
Atahualpa.
Atahualpa.
Huascar. Huascar.
Come here.
It's good. Huh?
Like it?
Yeah?
Is it good?
We better save the water
for drinking.
Come here.
Huascar.
Atahualpa!
Huascar!
Atahualpa, you stay here.
You stay here, okay?
What are you doing?
Hm?
You should hold
your brother's hand.
Are you okay?
Give me your hand.
Let's go.
Good.
One step to your right.
Big step there.
Do you hear anything?
Uturuncu.
I can hear something.
Very distant.
Like a faint grumbling.
The salt plain
obviously behaves
like a gigantic membrane.
Are we sitting on a fire
that is moving beneath us?
My wish to have my scientific
instruments with me
is vanishing.
The ocean of salt around me
changes my way

of seeing things.
I find myself in a maze
of lines I do not comprehend.
Just like an alien planet.
This is not of our world.
I wish the boys could see
what I see.
If I stretched out my hands,
I could harvest the stars.
Good.
Uno.
Ooh!
- Laura.
- Laura.
Wow. Six.
Oh!
Feel. Feel.
Six.
One, two, three,
four, five, six.
Huascar.
Wow!
- Seis!
Feel it.
Burry.
Uno, dos, tres, cuatro.
Aqui. Cuatro.
- Mm-mm. Mm-mm.
- Uno, dos, tres...
Oh, oh.
Atahualpa.
Did you cheat?
Ja?
You go back with this, huh?
Four.
One, two, three, four.
Huascar.
Huascar, what did you do?
Hm?
- Si, si.
- Ja, ja, ja, ja.
You like cheating, huh?
You like cheating.
Si.

Oh.
Congratulations.
- Laura.
Come here.
You are two cheaters!
You are two cheaters.
I saw that you were
cheating on me.
Is that true?
Did you cheat on Laura?
All the time you were
cheating on Laura, huh?
You were cheating on me, you...
Hm?
I can't believe
it is already Tuesday.
Time makes no sense anymore.
Here I am, stranded
with two blind boys.
my former life has almost
completely disappeared.
I feel that I'm changing.
But how, I do not know.
No...
No.
What if nobody
comes to our rescue?
What do I tell the boys
when we run out of water?
They are totally unaware
of the impending danger.
What are you doing?!
There's such little water left!
Hey!
What did you do, huh?!
Hey!
I'm sorry.
Sorry, boys.
I'm sorry.
I hear nothing.
Nios!
Here I am!
Here I am!
My boys.

Atahualpa.

- Hola, papa.

Huascar. Hey, hey.

- Papa!

- Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh.

Come closer.

You are part of the family now,
so to speak.

Are you kidding?

Are you kidding me?

Good to see you again,

Dr. sommerfeld.

Nice to see you again, krauss.

I want an explanation.

Accepted.

And an apology.

I will not apologize.

I deserve an apology.

You are with a man

who is accepting

he is going to prison.

How are my companions

you have so kindly kidnapped

and poisoned?

They are in excellent shape...

...professor.

Thank god.

Well, there is one grave

concern with Dr. cavani.

He is grown slightly pale

and needs to be sent

to a tanning salon.

These boys...

...they are my sons.

Their mother died

shortly after she gave birth

to the younger one, atahualpa.

She died because of the

toxicity of the environment

around the town.

She was a local woman

from colchani.

These boys are mine now.

I adopted them
after their mother died.
And in three years
they will be completely blind.
Blind children have no stake
in any regime.
What does it have to do with
my report on diablo blanco?
This disaster is man-made.
- Of course it is.
- No.
Let me speak.
You see, I am the ceo
of the consortium,
which is responsible
for all of this.
The toxins,
the desiccation of the lake,
the transformation
of a whole landscape...
...into salt.
The failure of a "glorious"
irrigation system
which diverted
two large rivers.
Both of which
are now beyond repair.
And the salt here is expanding.
There were fish here...
...a few decades ago.
Boats. Fishermen.
Hard to imagine, isn't it?
But I was prepared
to report on this.
Why did you take me hostage?
I wanted a report
back to the united nations
that contained something more
than scientific data,
graphs and lifeless statistics.
A report with
something different in it.
A report of a lake
so poisonous...

...that two boys who grew up
near its shores became blind!
They will never see
a world like this again.
And now, before I turn myself
in to the authorities...
...please allow me two things.
And this is number one.
Number one.
Laura, can I call you
by your first name?
Of course.
Please bring me...
Your tablet...
...a toy, and a spoon.
My tablet...
...a toy, and a spoon?
Yes.
Okay.
Okay, Laura,
take a step to the left.
Tiny. Right. Good. Okay.
Hold your arms up.
Okay, now, elbows to hips.
- Like that?
- Right, and your hands flat.
Like this. Okay...
One... two...Three.
Okay, crouch down.
Crouch down.
Okay, now hold still.
Perfect, perfect.
Laura, a little bit
to the left.
That's good, okay.
Put your back foot up!
Ah, that's good.
Okay, scream!
These photos will
keep me company in prison.
That's why I wanted them,
you see.
And here is the second thing
i wanted to do.

- It's for me?
- Yes.
A ticket to Rome?
First class?
Have you forgotten
santissima trinit?
The Saint under the tree?
Right.
but what if you do not
turn yourself in?
I'll be caught anyway.
Then go on the run...
...To Rome.
I guess that's where
I'm going to be.
I don't know what to say.
Why are you standing here?
Book yourself a ticket.
Guys, guys, I have
a premonition about this.
We have to celebrate
with champagne.
All that's missing
are alien astronauts
from a faraway galaxy,
traveling for centuries
through the eternal darkness
of space.
They see
this white heaven below,
and they descended
their space craft
with flickering lights
in a cloud of salt.
Wonderful.
But how do we attract them?
We need some kind
of satellite transmission.
Nonsense.
The champagne will be the bait.