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Guernica

By Barney Cohen

GUERNICA:

The war for freedom continues
whilst heroic deeds are done
throughout our territory.
Our magnificent loyalist militia have
expelled the fascists from Madrid.
The defeated totalitarians head north
with the aid of the enemies of freedom:
the Italian fascists
and German Nazis,
aiming to attack the impenetrable
North Democratic Belt.
From the Basque Country barricades,
tireless militia will defend democracy,
prepared to sweat blood.
A frightened Franco
seeks help from Hitler
and his Condor Legion,
led by Von Richthofen,
cousin of the Red Baron himself.
To stop them, the Soviet Union has sent
their bravest to fight for democracy
on the battlefield with a message
of death to the fascists.
We will not allow fascist
fallacies to poison our spirit.
We won the battle in Madrid.
We shall win!
Really?
I despise propaganda, pal.
I don't care who's slingin' it.
Comrade,
may I have a swig?
-Sovietski?
-Da.
Can't share it, pal.
Cough syrup. Sore throat, see?
American.
It is not your war.
Right.
But I'm still here, anyway.
Hello?
Hello, Fran?ois, how are you?

Good, good. Just arrived
a couple of days ago.
Yes, getting in touch
with the city.
You know, you can't see
a single soldier here.
No. I'm sure. I'm sure.
Yes. No tanks, no weapons.
They're all in the border
trying to defend here, but...
Yes, somebody told me. Yes...
Fran?ois?
Hello?
Hey, what are you doing?
I was transmitting my article.
I work for a French newspaper.
You know the rules.
If you tell your paper we're
losing the war, we cut you off.
It's better than
canceling your permit
or arresting you,
which we can also do.
Please...
-I'm just trying to do my job.
-So am I.
Carmen, I want a copy of his articles
one hour before transmission.
It's the first time
he's been sent as a journalist.
How are you feeling?
You don't look too good.
I didn't sleep well.
I've a lot on my mind.
Vasyl is waiting for you
in his office. Go on.
Good morning.
Teresa. How are you?
Good.
One moment.
This is for you.
No. You shouldn't.
Well, I missed you. Come.
How was Madrid?

Well, dangerous.
And I'm glad to be here.
They're beautiful.
Beauty attracts beauty.
I forgot one more thing.
Here you go.
-Too heavy for chocolates?
-It is.
Vasyl...
Do you like it?
Thank you.
You'll pay for it.
Hit him, hit him.
-What's going on?
-He'll be hanged.
-He's lucky if that's all.
-His plane was shot down.
He's one of the
German bomber pilots.
Hey, don't you dare!
Hey, Marta.
Hey, Henry. I've been
waiting for you outside.
So, now you're drunk.
Not drunk enough.
Come on. Let's go.
Wait, sir!
Wait! Do you want an apple?
Sure.
There you go.
Thank you!
Take a tip. Never
eat the local food.
Come on. It takes an hour
to get to the front.
Now, wait a minute, because...
What do we want to go to the
battlefield for, anyway?
I got a better idea. Look. Look.
This morning's troop movements.
Where did you get that map?
I drew it.
You drew it?
I figure we'd just, you know,

add a few details, like...

-What?

-My name.

In big letters.

And we take a nice photo of it.

You know?

There, in front of
those sandbags.

Henry...

What kind of journalist
have you turned into?

A wise one.

Henry!

Hey...

Are you really going to
lie to your paper like that?

No. Not a lie.

It's the truth.

I've seen war, Marta.

I know the truth of war,
and I know how to tell it.

So, the truth is whatever
I choose to write.

Now...

-Cheese.

-No.

You know you adore me. Come on.

Guess who has tickets to the
Bach concert next weekend?

It's me.

I pulled strings.

-I would love to go.

-Good.

Bach is wonderful.

Although I prefer Shostakovich.

But now the Soviets have
sent him to prison.

Yes, but you know,

I don't support these methods.

But I can tease you, can't I?

Of course.

Teresa,

if you and I were

together again, I...

Vasyl, I...
Look here, from the
Danish reporter.
She was trying to
smuggle this out.
I'll deal with it.
Thank you.
Come on.
Poor people.
Looks like fascists are
winning positions.
They have snipers.
They've shot two of our men.
We'll rescue them.
Those two guys are history.
This fog is impossible.
Marta. Get back here.
Look, when I was in Ethiopia, my
interpreter tried to do something brave.
The newspaper turned
its back on him.
He's in prison now. They won't
even pay for his lawyer.
What the hell do you wanna
risk your life for?
Make the newspaper
owners even richer?
Take the picture
that will turn the world around.
Marta, no! Come back here!
Come back here!
Are you out of your mind?
Marta!
Don't do that!
It's dangerous!
Well, what about her?
She can't stay out there!
Marta!
Marta, don't!
Help me.
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.
Please.
Help!
Do something.

Marta!
Marta, leave it!
Go! Now!
What the hell were you thinking?
I don't know. What
were you thinking?
That picture is important.
Publish it.
I put some brandy in it.
Thank you.
Please. Eat.
Thank you so much.
Pretty good?
-You don't want anything?
-Nyet.
Why don't you
become a fashion photographer?
Or sports?
I want my Capa.
Robert Capa is overrated.
Hemingway, too, isn't he?
Everybody is overrated,
but not you.
I didn't say that.
You've had your glory moments.
Now leave room for us.
That was close.
German?
It's coming back.
Go!
The papers! The camera!
No, wait!
Shit.
-You okay?
-Yeah.
Stupid picture!
Something like that.
Hey, Henry.
Marco.
I wondered when you'd show up.
Like a bad penny.
Yes.
I heard your car was bombed.
But I thought it was you telling

your usual stories, but now...
And I heard that you've been secretly
writing articles for the fascists.
Yes.
It's dangerous
when you cross the lines, Marco.
You get yourself shot.
If you write what they want,
you never get shot.
Didn't know you were here.
Hey, Marta.
I'm so glad to see you again.
Glad to see you, too.
George!
How's New York?
Where is my check?
Henry, we have
cheaper journalists, you know.
Yeah, but none of them
is named Henry Howell.
They'll have names of their own
if I give them a chance.
Listen, child star Shirley Temple
released a toy collection with her face.
And all the papers
opened with that.
-There's a war on, Henry...
-All right. Here's what we can do.
I've got a hand-drawn battle map.
Make a great illustration. But...
Speaking of illustrations,
how about a week
in Paris, George?
Picasso is preparing
a new exhibition.
Let's do Picasso.
Together.
He'll talk to me, you know.
Nothing about Paris.
Bergara. Do you
remember that article?
That's war. And
war sells, Henry.
I want war! I...

Absolute perfection.
Come in.
Teresa?
These are the new journalists.
Marco Navas. He works for
a Portuguese newspaper.
And these two are the ones
with the car that broke down.
No, it didn't break down.
It was bombed.
Marta Vonier, photographer
from Le Figaro.
And Henry Howell, from the
New York Herald Tribune. American.
I studied your writing
at college. I...
I think I've read it all.
Short. Sharp.
Very inspiring.
Your style has evolved
over time, hasn't it?
Well, I'm still a growing boy.
I just read this article
of yours about Bergara.
You write of a
battle at a castle
where our soldiers were
firing from the battlements.
I think it was a
pretty good piece.
It's quite interesting because
there are no castles in Bergara.
Why? Why did you write it?
Is it even about
the truth anymore?
Well, maybe I
got the name of the town wrong.
There's so many.
Don't play with us.
For you, it's a story.
But for us, it's life and death.
Obey the rules, Mr. Howell.
They're simple
enough even for you.

I'm sorry. You are?
We've got a question.
We lost everything
in the explosion.
So, we need new papers.
We will let you
know your status.
And you have to wait.
In the meantime, we can provide
you with a camera and some films,
so you can continue your work.
But the freedom of movement
is restricted in this area.
Stay away from the border.
So, please...
Thank you.
Here it is.
That's all we have.
Gentlemen, your results!
Thomas is first with 16 hits,
Matthias is second with 12
and Wolfgang is third with 9.
So this week's bonus
is for Thomas Selber.
Are you saving up
for the wedding or a house?
No, I came here to
buy this truck.
-These Spanish girls would be cheaper.
-Attention!
Lieutenant Colonel
Von Richthofen!
Stand to attention!
Discipline.
Gentlemen, discipline!
We have lost men
through pilot error.
One was saved by his parachute,
but he was taken to Bilbao.
Two others died
in a car accident
coming back
from one of those parties.
Don't forget,

we lost the Great War
but today might be
our second chance.
Don't take it too hard.
Well, she's just doing her job.
I'm just doing mine.
Yeah.
This old piece of junk.
I can't work with this.
Are you crossing
the lines again?
Don't you need a photographer?
Are you offering yourself
to the fascists, Marta?
Or to me?
Hey, you're American?
Yes.
They sold me a car.
It's not good.
All Yanks know how to
fix cars, don't you?
I don't do auto repair.
Okay.
Thank you.
-Hey!
-Yes?
-Does anyone know how to fix a car?
-Yes.
He gets under your
skin, this Mr. Howell?
No, not really.
I suppose he's charismatic.
Well,
this is undeniable.
But is he on our side?
He's on nobody's side.
Look, he made a mistake.
But he can still be useful to us
with Americans.
Americans don't care
about anything.
Don't forget.
Here you are, Mr. Howell.
Thank you, Nicolie.

Henry! Henry?
Pierre.
Pierre.
-Still in the white suits.
-Yes.
When was the last time?
-Chaco War, '32.
-Yes.
How is Spain looking to you?
It's worse.
Exactly.
It's fantastic for us.
Great.
I'm told we can get
the best photographs.
Would you excuse me?
Who is that?
A literary genius, so called.
Wrote a book about some Negro soldiers
who fought in France in The Great War.
The Harlem Hellfighters?
Is that the famous Henry Howell?
Room service.
Marta?
Look, I've been asking around,
and I found you a Leica.
It's going to do what you're looking for.
It's got a real high-speed lens on it.
It'll get you a Capa.
Marta?
Do you think he heard us?
Vasyl. The Consul is waiting
for you in your office.
Take the profiles
of the journalists.
I didn't expect you, Mr. Consul.
We will return these files.
Might I have a moment to discuss
something of a personal nature?
Are you referring
to your brother?
Yes, sir.
Come.
Your brother will find that Siberia

becomes more gentle at this time of year.

He's a poet.

Poets sometimes write things
they're sorry for.

Comrade Stalin has not forgotten
that you were with the Trotskyites,
and that you publicly expressed
your remorse. But Nikolai...

No. Please, sir. Wait, wait.

Nikolai doesn't deserve this.

-Do you want to solve this?

-Yes.

Perhaps you could bring me
an enemy of the revolution.

Find this person,

and I will find a crime

to fit him with.

Thank you very much.

Mr. Howell.

Hi, Mar?a.

Look, I...

I need to get something out of the
country without the censors seeing it.

I heard you could fix that.

Sure... But it is expensive.

Okay. So, charge it

to Marco's room.

And prepare my

bags for checkout.

Are you leaving?

Paris.

-You are not staying for the tour?

-Tour?

Yes, the Press Office tour.

No, I'm not staying for

the Press Office tour.

Hey, Henry.

Are you running away again?

Come on!

They're buying us lunch.

Come on.

Don't worry.

I have the right connections.

-I should give it to you now? Or...

-Yes.

Mr. Howell, are you sending some
of your fiction to New York?

No, no. It's a birthday card.

Grandmother.

Fancy a little sightseeing?

I...

Please. You will
be our star guest.

I'm on my knees.

What is he doing here?

Calm down. I invited him.

I don't trust him.

These people work for newspapers that sell
millions of copies all over the world.

We should look after them.

No.

Please, Vasyl. I know
how to do my job.

Please come with me.

My brother, he's...

I thought the great Communist Party
was obsessed with schedules.

We wouldn't wanna be late.

Let's talk later.

Thank you.

-Where's the journalist from Madrid?

-No idea, he's always late.

Let's go.

You have one hour
to take photos.

Enjoy the food, the views,
and write nice things about us
if you can, okay?

If somebody wants to go to the
top, there are 241 steps.

Good luck. The
views are amazing.

We meet back at the bus.

I'll come up shortly.

Are you coming up?

Absolutely beautiful.

Yes, it is.

You wanna start over?

Why not?
Bit early.
More for me.
All right. You just live once.
There you go.
So, what's your life's story?
I wanted to be a writer.
But when the war happened,
the loyalists needed people
who spoke languages,
and knew how to deal
with journalists.
So you're dealing with me?
Well, in my way.
And because you didn't
become a writer,
you deal in editing what
other people write.
Well, circumstances delimit
one's choices, don't they?
To be honest, I'm like you.
I don't fit in many places.
You're a Communist?
Loyalist.
I wish to see a
democracy for Spain.
-Morning, my Lieutenant Colonel.
-Good morning, Wolfgang.
Berlin wants better air
and land coordination.
With the Spanish?
Impossible.
The engine is fine but
check piston two.
The Spanish aren't the
only ones, Wolfgang.
The Italians are
pretty much the same.
We learn something
new every day.
Meanwhile our men are holding out
against syphilis and diarrhea.
Minister G?ring wants to bomb a city
as a birthday present to Hitler.

Fine. It's a nice
present for our F?hrer.
He will see what the German
Air Force is capable of.
Hey, what's that?
Revolutionary pin?
No.
It's a football pin.
Athletic club.
From Bilbao, my city.
I wear it because my father gave
it to me when he played for them.
What's he do now?
He passed away.
I'm sorry.
You must miss him.
Yes. Yes, I do.
I wasn't a daughter
that he hoped for.
He arranged my marriage
to a family friend,
and I ran away.
Here, in this country, a lot of people believe
that women can't have their own opinions.
Come on.
Everybody to the bus, please.
Let's go.
Next up, a government hospital.
Supplies are generously provided
by the Soviet Union.
You have to talk to your paper.
I mean it.
-Hello.
-Hello.
Hi.
Your cow needs a tail.
How did this happen?
Was it from the fighting?
Better story for
you if I said yes?
I'll get the truth for you, but
the real truth is on her face,
no matter what happened to her.
She needs your help.

Marta, please.

Thank you.

No. The government is dead
but behaves as if it isn't.

The Basque front is
about to collapse.

The thing is, the retreat may come right
through my position here in Bilbao,
by Gernika. So...

Shit!

-What?

-You know the rules.

-You are all such cynics.

-You have something for me?

Yeah.

-You'd better go home, it's late.

-Right away. See you tomorrow.

We have a report that a
journalist has been in Burgos
and now moves
freely in our area.

-Name?

-Not yet.

Not acceptable.

It isn't good?

No, it's shit.

Dig deeper.

My young lady found it.

Bookstore. Just on the street.

Antique bookstore, but...

You want me to sign it?

Keep it.

In fact, read it.

This is a Tree of Gernika.

An ancient symbol
of Basque identity.

Oak trees symbolized traditional freedoms
for Bizcayans and for the Basque people.

Many centuries ago, under
this tree, laws were enacted,
prohibiting torture and arresting
people without court approval.

You have five minutes to take photos,
okay? We'll meet back at the bus.

This is off the record,
but do you wanna taste
the real Basque country?
Wonderful...
-Let's do it.
-Let's do it.
Teresa, where are you going?
I'm gonna take them somewhere.
Can you wait for me
in the front door, please?
Sure.
Give me a second.
They must stay with the group.
And you'd better be careful.
I owe you one.
Why are you here?
You know you're not welcome.
Go away!
Are you driving us out?
You?
When my son returns,
you'll be the one
to be driven out!
We all know which side your son
fights on. On the fascists' side!
Leave it!
I won't sell you anything.
No beetroots,
no leeks, no carrots,
no cauliflowers.
Nothing!
You'll change your mind
when ours come along,
when it's too late!
-Are you sure?
-Come on.
What's all that about then?
Well, she supports
the other side.
Here, everybody knows
everything about everyone.
Yeah?
We are 35 kilometers
away from the front.

It's about to break.
The Spanish have asked us
to attack with full force.
They will retreat through the
mountains, along that road.
Franco wants to stop them here.
He'd better make sure we get the
ammo and the fuel we were promised.
They must make sure
our bills are paid.
I've spoken with General Mola.
He wants us to bomb
all of the Basque factories.
Really?
His own factories?
The Spanish don't think
about the future.
Soon there will be no
tomorrow for them.
What is going on?
We stopped his car. He was
about to cross enemy lines.
I took the wrong road.
They pulled out all
the traffic signs.
Are you a spy?
No!
No, for God's sake, I
don't know the area.
I just...
I just wanted to meet
with the journalist tour.
Vasyl, I'm watching you.
Show me what you can do.
Please.
Please, sir. I
have two children.
Have mercy.
Have mercy.
Teresa!
What a joy!
It's been so long.
This is Bego^a, my
mother's sister.

The Coloma family isn't as
stuck up as my father's one.
Nice girl!
This is Henry, Marco and Marta.
-Foreign reporters.
-Welcome.
Look at you, you look exhausted.
Auntie...
She doesn't sleep.
-She's too sensitive for this job.
-Stop it.
It's none of their business.
Answering back, just like
she did with her father.
She said that when Teresa was a
little girl, she was pretty feisty.
Yeah, I bet she was.
Teresa!
Isabel.
What a surprise!
You look lovely.
This is my cousin, Isabel.
What a joy! Just in time
to see my wedding dress.
Yes.
She's so excited. She's
getting married.
Congratulations.
-What did he say?
-Congratulations.
Thank you.
May I take a picture of you?
A photograph.
-Yes.
-Yes?
That's uncle's car.
It's always broken down.
-That's my uncle's car. It never works.
-Really?
Well, maybe we can help out.
Come on, Marco.
I'll show you my dress.
Automobile repair? I thought you
didn't do automobile repair.

Hello?

Can we give you a hand?

-American?

-Yes, American.

If you want to buy me a new car.

Not good...

You wanna get in the car,

get ready to start it up?

It's the carburetor. It wouldn't
happen with a Spanish car.

Bad times for everyone. We're
better here than in the city.

We grow vegetables and exchange
things with neighbors.

But in Bilbao...

All right. Crank it.

No. Wait. Hold on.

We need it,

our daughter is getting married
and we'll have to visit her.

Or if we have to leave
here in a hurry.

Is it better to send Bego?^a
and my daughter to Bilbao?

If I were you,

I'd leave as soon as possible.

Yeah, okay.

Give it another go.

Yes!

God, help me!

Why?

Why do you insist on
breaking the rules?

Life is so much easier
if you just listen.

Please don't do it.

I'm innocent.

I'm innocent.

I've never shot a man.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Makes me angry to have to
do your work, Mikiavich.

I asked you to bring me

an enemy of the people,
and all I get is
this fascist pig.
And I have to do
it all by myself.
-I understand.
-No!
Clearly you do not.
In Moscow, the party denounces
someone every day.
Why?
Because it keeps the
proletariat in line.
You have to do it
better, Mikiavich.
Bring me an enemy
of the revolution,
or some big prize
and then we can continue this
most enlightening conversation.
It's Teresa, as a child.
That's Teresa?
Her father, a football player.
Football!
Ferocious, like Teresa.
My cousin wants to know the opinion
of a famous writer about her dress.
Do you like it?
I don't know why...
I drew it myself.
Yeah, I...
It's at the dressmaker's.
My boyfriend hasn't seen it yet,
he's at the front.
I wanted a man's opinion.
Well, I think it's...
Very pretty.
Really?
Do you think it's pretty?
Yeah, sure.
Very, very pretty.
Guess I said something right.
Come on.
Lunch is ready!

Lunch.

Yes, we agree to the plan.

Please, inform Franco
that after the operation
he must advance
quickly to Bilbao
or he will miss a
golden opportunity.

The General always
advances slowly,
he prefers to shoot his enemies
house by house.

Yes, but delays cost money.

There's no Republican aviation
in the area.

They only have one plane in
Bilbao and it's being repaired.

Splendid.

-Where's the ten of hearts?

-Here you are.

No, it hasn't come up.

Thank you.

Fold a card.

Perhaps she has it.

It's magic.

No.

You are a big cheat.

You two are in it together.

He's a big cheater.

A toast!

Cheers.

For the magician!

American, cheers!

Uncle will play a song.

I hope you like it.

-Yes!

-We can dance, if someone teaches me.

-Can I?

-Yes.

Let's see.

-I've no idea.

-It's very easy.

You want to dance?

Come on. You can't...

You know, I'm actually
a very good dancer.
Start like this?
Is that one of ours?
No.
It's German.
German.
Let's go inside.
-Isabel!
-Isabel!
Go, go!
You see.
Let me be clear.
Okay, I'm not sure
I believe this.
You invite journalist
to your family home,
and then the American...
He tries to send this?
-Maybe he was...
-Don't lie to...
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Don't lie to me.
-As I was...
-Just...
-What's happening to you?
-Just go, okay?
Just go!
Please, come in.
I'm sorry, Mr. Howell,
but I cannot authorize this.
I'm sorry?
It says the Republic
has lost its morale.
You criticized the hospital,
and what about the burned girl?
You gave her too little space.
Well, the article isn't
about a burned girl.
It's about the horrors of war, and the
people trapped in the middle of it.
Well, we are not demoralized.
It is true what they say.
They use a pretty face

to push me to tell the truth.
But what you really mean is you
want me to push your propaganda.
You know, this whole
office is a story!
I should send a photo
of you to New York.
You're not sending anything.
I'll handle this, Teresa.
I am not some Italian
journalist, you know.
I'm the New York Herald Tribune.
I know exactly who you are, Mr.
Howell.
What's that supposed to mean?
Why don't you come to Russia?
You will be a hero
of the revolution,
as soon as you put a sheet
of paper in a typewriter.
In your dreams, comrade.
Don't play tough guy with me.
We know you left your
interpreter in Ethiopia.
The Italians, they came to
your hotel, and then what?
Tell me.
You ran away.
No!
Gentlemen,
thermite!
In just a few seconds,
it reaches 1,000°C
and melts anything
it comes into contact with.
During the 8 minutes it burns,
it can't be put out
with water nor sand.
First, we shall bomb
their water supply systems,
so they cannot put out any fire.
Then we'll incinerate
everything with thermite.
German efficiency at its best:

minimum intervention,
maximum destruction!
Meeting someone?
No.
Good. I need something
translated.
I'm afraid you'll have to stay.
It can't wait until
tomorrow morning?
No.
Tired?
I have some pages left,
but I can't read any word.
I'm exhausted.
There's a reception at City Hall
tomorrow night.
Will you come with me?
I'll be glad to.
No, thank you.
Thank you.
I'm sorry I couldn't meet you.
Vasyl kept me working
until very late.
I think he knew.
Is that all?
You're hurt because I
censored your article.
Well, you were the one who wanted
me to write the damn thing.
Well, I had no option.
I'm sorry.
You don't understand.
Right.
Henry, I did love your article.
You must keep writing
with the same feeling.
What you are doing is important.
Not just for Spain, but for you.
How is it important for Spain
if no one gets to read it?
We'll find a way.
Maybe it doesn't make sense, but
I was inspired by your writing.
Let's dance.

What's on your mind?
I don't know, Marta. I...
I don't know how to explain in
English, but, you know, this war...
I know this war.
-You know...
-Yeah, but tonight's a party...
Communiqu? from your Consul.
Just now.
He says, "Do you have
someone for me yet?"
He wants to make an
example of someone.
He doesn't care who.
No. He does.
You know I suppose I
actually should thank you.
I really liked writing
that article.
I liked it a lot.
I need to get back to that
sort of writing, and I will.
But perhaps not in Spain.
Are you leaving?
Of course you are.
Teresa.
We both want the
same thing, Henry.
The problem is, one
of us is not free.
Teresa.
Teresa.
It's late.
There's a foreign delegation
coming tomorrow.
I'm sorry, Vasyl, but
tomorrow is tomorrow.
Welcome to my hiding place.
This place reminds me
of why I do what I do.
Here, we preserve art
and beauty from the war.
This place is so
emotional for me.

Wait.

-I can't.

-Yes, you can.

Please.

Come with me to Paris.

Good morning, everybody.

Carmen.

Do you think I can get a line
to New York, please?

Okay.

Hold it!

Don't move! Hands up!

Your attention.

An official stamp belonging to the
censor's office has been stolen.

All shipment of articles will be
suspended until it is recovered.

Search this room.

What? Why?

-Do you know something?

-No.

Hey, what are you doing?

This is your coat, Mr. Howell?

APPROVED:

Who is the owner of this coat?

Who?

It's mine.

Look at the other pocket.

It's my lipstick.

What are you doing?

The pin on the lapel,
it's also mine.

You know that's my
coat, Mikiavich.

You know it's mine.

-Teresa...

-I can handle it.

I'll be all right.

You come with me.

No. Where are you taking her?

You're wrong.

This is not a game, Teresa. Do you
understand? Do you understand?

The sacrifices we've
made in Spain,
the savings on
ammunition and fuel
have not been in vain.
Blitzkrieg
They've been talking about it
in Berlin for months.
A three-day air raid carried
out in just one afternoon.
As fast as lightning.
We've received orders
to put it into practice
during our attack today.
Therefore, gentlemen...
enjoy your flight...
to Gernika.
Where is Teresa?
I don't have that information.
You liar!
What happens in her life
is no longer my business.
Now get out. And take your coat.
Get out.
Carmen.
Where is Teresa?
I don't know.
How should I know?
-You're her friend, aren't you?
-I don't know anything!
Go away. Leave me alone.
Please!
Help me.
Don't you get it?
For God's sake, leave.
Please.
Henry.
Bad news.
They found the body of
that Spanish journalist.
My contacts say
Teresa didn't leave.
She's in a cheka.
-A what?

-Soviet prison.

They use it to make their
enemies disappear.

-It is in Gernika.

-Let's go.

She was working right
under your nose, was she?
Excellent work, Mikiavich.
Stalin will be pleased.

-And?

-And what, Mikiavich?

I delivered you an
enemy of the people.

My brother, Nikolai.

Unfortunately,
too late.

I will need your...

I will need your signature
on the death certificate.

Stalin does not
forgive, Mikiavich.

You continue your work, or you
will have to come back to Moscow,
with some explanations.

A magnificent day.

Ideal for a drive along the
beach, don't you think?

Good luck, boys!

Everything will be OK!

No.

Please.

-Can you stop this?

-We have to follow the orders.

Take your clothes off!

-No.

-Undress!

Vasyl, why are you doing this?

Vasyl!

Have mercy, please!

Out of the way!

It's lovely, how much is it?

-Yeah, this is the street. Don Tello Street.

-Don Tello, okay.

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Calle Don Tello?
Marco, this way.
Now, don't make this
more difficult.
Please.
Just sign it.
"I, Teresa Azcotia,
"confess that I'm a traitor,
"and that I sabotaged
the revolution."
Please.
Please. Please.
-This can't be happening.
-I'm sorry.
-This can't be happening.
-I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.
You ask this woman.
Excuse me, sir.
I don't speak Spanish.
I need to find Calle Don Tello.
You know what that is?
We have to go to the shelter!
Come on!
Henry, come on.
Henry, come on!
I'm gonna go this way. I'll
meet you here in an hour, okay?
In an hour!
Isabel!
Where are you going?
To the tailor's!
-Have you gone mad?
-My wedding dress!
Come back!
Isabel!
Planes!
Get to the shelter! Come on!
To the shelter!
To the shelter!
Come on!
Quickly!
Let's go to the bomb shelter.
Take him!
No, no, no!

Come on!
Hurry up!
To the bomb shelter!
Hurry up!
Come on!
To the City Hall!
To the shelter!
Come on!
Leave that!
Go to the City Hall shelter.
My car!
Hurry up!
Marta, we have to go.
Yeah.
Okay. Wait, one second.
One second. Okay... Okay.
Isabel!
I'm looking for your
cousin, Teresa.
-Henry...
-Calle Don Tello.
-I need your help.
-Over there!
This way?
-No, Isabel.
-No.
No, you can't!
My dress!
It's my dress!
Help me.
Help, I've no strength!
Are you okay? Are you okay?
Teresa.
-Isabel, you have to help me find Teresa.
-Teresa.
Teresa!
Teresa.
Teresa.
Yes, come on, let's go.
Bastards!
Bastards!
Come on, let's go
to the shelter.
I need to find Calle Don Tello.

Calle Don Tello.
-Cheka?
-Go with him!
Young lady, don't!
Stay here!
Isabel?
Let's go.
I have to go back.
The Italian Legionary Air Force
awaits orders.
The three Italian SMS
are awaiting orders.
This way!
Freeze!
This is a restricted area!
-Open the damn door! The mayor sent us!
-You've no jurisdiction here!
Open the fucking door!
Open the door!
Stop!
Why are you here?
Okay.
Get out!
Get out!
Just calm down.
-Drop the gun, boy!
-Drop it.
I have orders to shoot!
Put the gun down.
Okay.
Teresa!
Help!
Help!
Please!
Open the door, please!
Help!
Let us out!
Let us out, please!
Please, let us out.
Teresa. Teresa!
Get the keys!
On the wall!
Get the keys! Get the keys!
Get out!

Come on, let's go!
Teresa!
Henry.
-Teresa!
-Henry!
Teresa!
Okay.
I got you. I got you.
Henry.
-Don't leave me alone.
-Never. Never.
There's a step. There's a step.
There, there.
This way.
Shit.
Planes again!
-Murderers!
-Run, they're coming back!
Help!
Open the door!
-Open up!
-You can't come in, it's full.
You can't come in.
You can't come in.
-Have you seen my mum?
-Don't worry. She's coming.
-And my dad?
-Yes, don't worry.
-My God!
-It hurts.
Don't worry, calm down.
Look.
Bite this, okay? Bite it hard
so your eardrums don't burst.
I've got enough for everyone.
Bite it.
Bite it hard.
Good, bite it.
Little guy!
Bite it, that's it, hard!
-And for me?
-Wait, I think I've got another.
-Will this do?
-Yes, perfect.

-Thank you.
-There, bite it hard.
Teresa!
Teresa!
Go with your side.
Sit down.
Teresa.
Teresa, I need you
to listen to me.
We have to get out of here.
It's too dangerous out there.
This ceiling could
collapse at any moment.
If we're gonna die,
let's at least die in the light.
Come on.
Don't look.
Shut your eyes.
-What happened to them?
-Nothing, they're asleep.
Marco! Marta! We have to
get out of this city.
Come on. Go!
Marta.
This way. This way.
Come on!
Come on. Hurry up!
Help!
Come on!
Teresa, are you all right?
We have to keep going.
Yeah. I'm okay. I'm okay.
Henry, are you all right?
Promise me you won't give up.
Don't speak. Just
save your energy.
Okay, I got you.
All right, I'm gonna
pick you up. Okay?
I'm gonna carry you.
You'll follow your heart?
I will. I will.
Tell the story to the world.
Henry.

We need help.
Sorry.
There's nothing I can do.
I'm so sorry.
They will take care of her.
Henry. Henry.
Are you fine?
I heard on the radio.
I need you to take us
to the Press Office.
Yes. Yes. Come on.
-You have to go.
-What are you doing?
I don't know.
Go.
Stop!
Don't move!
One more step and I'll shoot.
I need a line to New York.
Whatever they need.
Listen, George.
Here's your damn war story.
Twenty-six April, 1937. Gernika.
Don't give a damn if you use my name
or you have someone else sign it.
But it's the story
I want printed.
Ready?
A very small town in the north of
Spain is about to become very famous,
but for all the wrong reasons.