

**FIGHTING
for
BREATH**



screenplay
Cally Phillips

FIGHTING FOR BREATH

Original Screenplay by

Cally Phillips

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The original screenplay was commissioned in 1999 and completed in 2000.

In 2001 it won through to the finals of a Channel 4 script competition but it did not go through to completion because it was deemed too difficult/expensive a film to be made (and possibly too controversial!) It has never subsequently been produced.

Movies which have been made about Che Guevara since that date are:

The Motorcycle Diaries (2004)

Screenplay by Jose Rivera (from the books: Notas de viaje by Ernesto Guevara (in translation as The Motorcycle

Diaries) and Con el Che po America Latina by Alberto Granado. Directed by Walter Salles

Che Part One (2008)

Screenplay by Peter Buchman (from the memoir "Reminiscences of the Cuban Revolutionary War" by Ernesto 'Che' Guevara

And

Che Part Two (2008)

Screenplay by Peter Buchman and Benjamin A. van der Veen (from 'The Bolivian Diary' Ernesto 'Che' Guevara)

both films Directed by Stephen Soderburgh

It is significant that both these films are significantly in Spanish and consequently I believe that Fighting For Breath is the only English language published screenplay about the life of Che Guevara. It also draws from the above mentioned books and a plethora of other sources and covers the whole life of Ernesto 'Che' Guevara.

While screenplays do not provide the

easiest reading format (being primarily a working document for filmmakers) it is felt that this 35th anniversary of the death of Che Guevara is an appropriate time to publish this screenwork for those who may be interested.

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FADE IN:

EXT. YARO RAVINE, BOLIVIAN JUNGLE - 7TH
OCT. 1967. -- DAY

Noise of men, moving through the jungle.
Disconnected images. Dirty, battered
feet poking out of leather bindings
serving as makeshift boots. A flash of
khaki. A gun.

Che Guevara passes by, rifle in hand.
Pumping heartbeat. Becomes faster,
harder, building up to an uncomfortable
rhythm.

The images of the jungle begin to swirl
around.

Breathing, heavy, laboured. Che gasping
for breath. Still struggling on but the
jungle is beginning to fade from view,
the swirling turns into an alternative
reality.

The trees swimming in front of his eyes.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK. 1930. ARGENTINA - A
RIVER -- DAY.

A young child (Ernesto aged 2)
struggling for breath in the icy cold
water.

A distraught mother, pulling him from
the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK. 1938. ARGENTINA -
SWIMMING POOL -- DAY.

An older Ernesto, sits by a swimming pool, watching his pals larking around. Runs towards the pool. Jumps in, fully clothed.

Breathing, laboured, swirling..
pumping..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YARO RAVINE, BOLIVIAN JUNGLE - 7TH
OCT 1967. CONTINUOUS.

POV: Guerilla looking at Che.

Guerilla comes into Che's focus.

Che picks himself up from the ground, struggles to put one foot in front of the other. We notice how dishevelled he is. How hard he is working simply to breath.

He smiles at the guerilla - waves him on - signalling, no problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK.1938. ROSARIO, ARGENTINA.
STREET -- DAY

Young Che (Ernesto) playing football.

The rough and tumble of a team game.
The onset of an asthma attack.
Kids gathering round. One runs off
towards the house, returns with Celia
(Ernesto's mum)
She picks up her son. Carries him
inside.
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK. ERNESTO'S HOUSE --
MOMENTS LATER

The swirling, dissociated images
pinpoint to the focus of a needle.

CLOSE ON: The needle going into the arm.
Gradually the breathing becomes more
regular.

The effect of adrenalin. Ernesto sits
up, looks around him. He wants to get
back to the game.
His mother sighs.

RUN TITLES : FIGHTING FOR BREATH.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA 18TH OCT 1967 -- DAY
Fidel's speech to the masses at Che
Guevara's memorial service.

FIDEL

an extraordinary military leader. But when we remember Che, when we think of Che, we do not fundamentally think of his military virtues. No..

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK. MONTAGE OF SHOTS FROM CHE'S LIFE.

The Granma boat. A cabin cruiser incongruously overcrowded with sea sick revolutionaries. Pitching around on the ocean.

FIDEL. (V.O.)

*Warfare is a means and not an end.
Warfare is a tool of revolutionaries.
The important thing is the revolution.*

The Granma landing. Chaotic. Stuff dropped overboard. Firing from the beach.

FIDEL. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Che's extraordinary character was made

up of virtues that are rarely found together.

Che is faced with a choice between picking up a box marked medicine and one marked ammunition. The slightest moment's pause, and he picks the ammunition. Runs for cover.

FIDEL. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He united in himself the virtues that can be defined as the fullest expression of the virtues of a revolutionary:

Che and Camilo in the Sierra Maestra mountains. Comradship. Riding side by side on mules.

FIDEL. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

a person of total integrity, a person of supreme sense of honour, of absolute sincerity, a person of stoic and Spartan living habits,

Che in a jungle classroom - teaching the peasants.

FIDEL. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*a person in whose conduct not one stain
can be found.*

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA 18TH OCT 1967 -- DAY
Fidel continues to address the masses.

FIDEL.

*We are saddened at having lost a person
of virtue.*

The crowd responds with a roar.

FIDEL. (CONT'D)

*We are saddened at having lost such a
mind.*

Once again, the crowd responds.

FIDEL. (CONT'D)

*We are saddened to think that he was
only thirty nine years old at the time
of his death.*

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK. 9TH OCT 1967.
SCHOOLHOUSE, VALLEGRANDE, BOLIVIA--

MORNING

Che lies, injured in prison. Bleeding from a wound in his leg, dishevelled and helpless. A woman observer offers him a drink, reaching out, their hands touch. She moves towards the door. Looks back at Che and the two dead guerilla's lying beside him as she hears him speak.

CHE

These boys had everything they wanted in Cuba and yet they came here to die like dogs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The woman emerges from the schoolroom. We see the run down building which doubles as a prison. A nondescript, inconsequential looking place.

The woman walks away from the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.FLASHBACK. 8TH OCT 1967. YARO
RAVINE,BOLIVIA-- DAY

Gunfire.

CLOSE ON: Che's rifle is hit in the barrel and jams.

A voice calls out.

CAPT PRADO

Identify yourself.

A dishevelled Che emerges, hands on head.

CHE

I am worth more to you alive than dead.

The two men meet, face to face. We notice a bullet wound in Che's leg, and a hole in his beret.

CHE (CONT'D)

I am Che Guevara.

Capt. Prado reaches to tie Guevara's hands together with his belt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE, VALLEGRANDE - 9TH OCT
1967. -- MORNING

Che still lying wounded on the floor. His leg wound is a mess, his mud-caked feet twitch slightly. Beside him the

dead bodies of two other guerillas.
Rodriguez enters the room. Stands over
Che.

RODRIGUEZ

Why did you bring war to my country?

The only response is Che's laboured
breathing.

Rodriguez turns to his men. Waves at
them.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Don't damage the torso.

They open fire on Che. Shoot him dead
where he lies.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The woman we saw previously, begins to
cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA 18TH OCT 1967 -- DAY

The hysterical masses in Havana.

END TITLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK.1938 ARGENTINA -- DAY
10 year old Ernesto lines up for a
photograph with his barras gang. A
flash. A click. A quick montage of
familiar photographs of Che growing up.
Snapshot record of an icon.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE, VALLEGRANDE- 9TH OCT
1967 -- DAY

The familiar holding up of the corpse of
Che, pointing to the chest wound, the
head lolling back. A flashbulb goes off
and unseen..

..A woman's voice calls out "*Ernesto*"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK.OCT 1951 ALBERTO'S HOUSE
-- EVENING.

Ernesto (24) and Alberto (30) lounge
under a tree at sunset, drinking mate.
They are deep in fantasy.

ALBERTO

.. and if we go to North America?

Ernesto sits bolt upright, fixes Alberto with a firm stare.

ERNESTO

To North America? How?

Alberto points to the ramshackle Norton motorbike parked beside the wall of the house.

ALBERTO

How? With La Ponderosa, man!

Ernesto laughs, continues sipping mate.
CUT TO:

INT. GUEVARA HOME. OCT 1951 -- EVENING.
Ernesto and family round the kitchen table. There is an air of general untidiness about the place. Chaos might be more apt. All talk over each other, but we cut into Ernesto as he turns to his father.

ERNESTO

I'm off to Venezuela, dad.

Ernesto senior barely looks up from his paper.

DAD

How long will you be away?

ERNESTO

A year.

Now Dad looks up from his paper. The kids stop talking. This is news.

DAD

What about your girlfriend?

Ernesto shrugs.

ERNESTO

If she loves me, she'll wait.

Ernesto's mother crosses to her son, ruffles his unruly hair as we recognise her voice

CELIA

Ernesto..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUEVARA HOME. NOV 1951 -- DAY
Alberto and Ernesto pack themselves onto La Ponderosa. Behind Ernesto is a box, in which we can make out a very wriggly puppy.

Celia (Ernesto's mum)kisses him goodbye. The rest of the family wave as the overladen bike sputters off. This does not look like a bike that will make it down the street, never mind all the way to Venezuela - or North America.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD. NOV 1951 -- DAY
Alberto is struggling to keep the bike upright. He fails and in the confusion we see the bike in slow motion, skidding.

Also in slow motion we make out the box with the dog as it flies over the handlebars and lands at the roadside. Ernesto picks himself up, crosses to the box. Opens it. The dog, bewildered but still game, pops out, wagging its tail.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD -- EVENING

Alberto and Ernesto sit by the roadside. Alberto is cooking up some meat while Ernesto tries to feed milk to the dog. It is not interested. Ernesto bites into his meat. He pulls a face.

ERNESTO

Horse?

ALBERTO (sarcastically)

You want to travel like a first class tourist?

Ernesto throws a scrap of meat at the dog who wolfs it down. He throws another scrap. The dog wolfs this down too, tail wagging.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

The fearless aviator's not complaining!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICHINA'S HOUSE -MIRAMAR -- DAY
La Ponderosa chugs up to Chichina's house. Ernesto and Alberto look rather incongruous in this smart

setting. Ernesto hops off the bike, seemingly unaware of his out of place scruffiness. Alberto hangs back. Ernesto rings the doorbell. The door is opened by a strict looking servant. Ernesto beams at her. She gives him a glare in response. Ernesto holds the box with the puppy out in front of him.

ERNESTO

A present for Chichina.

The servant turns away..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHICHINA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dinner in progress. As we pan round the dinner table we see Chichina's father and mother, both dressed for dinner, Alberto, scrubbed up as best he can, and Ernesto, carefree in his dishevelled demeanour, holding court.

We see him through the eyes of CHICHINA.

ERNESTO

An expedition has two points: the point of departure and the point of arrival. If you want to make the second theoretical point coincide with the

actual point, don't think about the means..

He smiles and we switch focus to see, for the first time, the young, beautiful, Chichina.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICHINA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Ernesto and Alberto being shown the door. Ernesto kisses Chichina's hand as they leave - she is the focus of the scene, nothing else exists while he looks at her.

He whispers

ERNESTO

Till tomorrow Chichina.

POV: Chichina watches the young men walk down the path.

The puppy tries to run after them.

Ernesto stops, turns it round. Calls to Chichina.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Call your dog.

CHICHINA

"Comeback".. here boy.

The dog responds to its name. As Chichina scoops him up in the background Alberto turns to Ernesto.

ALBERTO

Two days?

Ernesto shrugs. Stretches out his hands.

ERNESTO

Elastic.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRAMAR -- DAY

Ernesto and Chichina sit in an open top Buick. He holds her hands in his. His fingers run over the gold bracelet on her wrist.

ERNESTO

..can I take it, to guide me, and remind me of you.

Chichina looks perplexed. Removes her hand from Ernesto's. Toys with the bracelet. Shakes her head. He pleads with her.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

I gave you Comeback.

She laughs.

CHICHINA

The girls say he's a scruffy mongrel. Like you.

Ernesto affects hurt.

ERNESTO

He's a purebred German Shepherd.

(beat)

A keepsake? Chichina?

He toys with her wrist, her hair, kisses her cheek.

We become aware of Alberto, sitting across the street on El Ponderosa.

Chichina shakes her head, then reaches into her purse. She pulls out fifteen

dollars and proffers them to Ernesto.

CHICHINA

When you get to North America.. buy me a scarf?

Ernesto takes the money, thoughtlessly sticks it in a pocket. It's clear he's hurt.

ERNESTO

Chichina?

El Ponderosa revs up across the street. Ernesto kisses Chichina hard, full on the lips, then leaps from the car, and jogs across the street to jump on the back of El Ponderosa.

The bike roars, or rather chugs into life and the young men leave Chichina behind, onto the open road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD -- LATER

The bike never looks like it's under control, and inevitably, goes spinning off into the sand, tipping off its riders. They pick themselves up. Another

few yards. Another spill.

The pattern continues as the sun begins to set in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD -- MORNING

Ernesto and Alberto on the bike, unsteadily weaving its way along the road. On the back, Ernesto starts shaking uncontrollably. Alberto turns round, reprovngly. Ernesto can't stop shaking. The bike skids and the two fall off. Alberto picks himself up. Ernesto lies on the ground, shaking and sweating. He brings up some green vomit.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE- NIGHTMARISH FEEL.

Alberto holds Ernesto in his arms

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT

Ernesto's face - shivering, sweating, trembling.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Alberto carries Ernesto through the hospital door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

A nurse shows Alberto where to rest Ernesto.

CUT TO:

ERNESTO'S P.O.V. -- DAY

Doctor's face closing in on his. The voice sounds like it's coming through water.

DOCTOR

Penicillin.

ERNESTO

I'm all right. We have to go on.

The doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR

For flu, bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ernesto tucked up in a hospital bed. Alberto takes a photograph of Ernesto. He looks appalling.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - SEVERAL DAYS LATER. --
DAY

Ernesto is still a bit wobbly on his feet as the two young men take their leave of the doctor.

They hop on the bike and roar off into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD, DEC 1951 -- EVENING

The bike, still progressing unsteadily swerves on a bend beside a lake.

Alberto and Ernesto tumble off. Pick themselves up. Look at the bike. It won't start.

They look at the bodywork - then round the back of the bike

CLOSE ON: A Punctured back tyre.

We see the scale of the problem. The whole bike will have to be stripped of luggage to get at the back wheel. Ernesto shakes his head. The two men begin the laborious task. Alberto takes a fishing rod and goes down to the lake.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Alberto fishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Ernesto taking his time fixing the
puncture.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER -- LATER

Alberto catches a trout.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE -- EVENING

Ernesto and Alberto sit at the riverside
with a fire going, cooking the trout.
Their tent is set up for the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE -- NIGHT

A storm blowing round the tent.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD -- DAY

The bike wobbling its way through the
countryside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A SHED -- AFTERNOON

The sense that despite its decrepit state, the bike is eating up the miles. Alberto and Ernesto stop outside the hut. Look at each other. Nod heads. A man comes out of the hut. Alberto and Ernesto walk towards him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHED -- LATER

The bike rests in the background, outside the shed as we see Alberto and Ernesto walking into the countryside. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE -- LATER

Alberto and Ernesto at the side of a lake. A duck flies overhead. Alberto points to it. Looks round suspiciously, then takes out his gun and shoot. He hits the duck, which falls slap bang into the middle of the lake. The two men hotly debating what to do.. Ends with Ernesto stripping off his clothes and plunging into the icy water. He swims out to the duck..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE -- LATER

A fire going - the duck cooking.
Ernesto drying himself. Shivering.

ERNESTO

So cold..

ALBERTO

Be a man about it.

Alberto and Ernesto laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE -- EVENING

In the dusk, the two men make their way back down the hillside towards the cabin. They are hopelessly lost in the undergrowth. It rips at their clothing. They emerge in the pitch black to see a faint light from the cabin. In the darkness, something brushes past them.

They pause.

ALBERTO (whispering)

A stag.

ERNESTO (whispering)

Tattered and torn, they run towards the cabin.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD -- DAY

The bike weaving its way along again. Ernesto gets off. Looks at the tyres. Both look flat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD -- LATER

Alberto walks alongside the bike, as Ernesto pushes it. They arrive outside a hut. A man comes out. He shakes his head.

MAN

Fine bike.

Ernesto kicks it.

ERNESTO

Both tyres are..

ALBERTO

Is there somewhere we can rest for the night?

The man scratches his head.

MAN

I haven't seen a Norton since.. I used to race motorbikes you know.. in the old days..

Alberto mimes knife and fork.

ALBERTO

Somewhere to get some food?

The man looks at Ernesto, who is very shabby - like a hobo.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

A place for a wash. My friend..

He waves his hand in front of his nose, makes pig noises..

ERNESTO

We've been driving for weeks.

The man finally gets the hint. Points to a house a short way off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE -- EVENING

A man and woman lead Ernesto and Alberto round the side of the house, to a dilapidated shed. They proudly show the men their sleeping accomodation. Basic is the only word to describe it. As they stand at the door the man speaks.

MAN #2

Watch out for the Puma.

Alberto looks a bit worried.

ALBERTO

Puma?

The man nods.

MAN #2

They are vicious. Not afraid to attack people, and they have a huge blond mane.

He accompanies his speech with actions. Ernesto and Alberto shake hands with the man, and then push their way into the empty shed.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED -- EVENING

Alberto and Ernesto falling about laughing.

ALBERTO

Beware of the Puma..

Ernesto ruffles up his dirty hair.

ERNESTO

They have a huge mane..

They collapse onto their sleeping bags laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHED -- NIGHT

Ernesto and Alberto in their sleeping bags. A scratching noise. They are both still, but we see their eyes. More scratching at the door. They rise, slowly. Ernesto cocks the gun.

Alberto opens the door.

THEIR POV: Another pair of eyes. Looking at them. As the shadowy figure springs forward, Ernesto instinctively lets the gun go off.

Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHED -- CONTINUOUS

Man and wife run out from house. Alberto calls out

ALBERTO

The puma.

Something is not right.

The man and wife crouch down over the dead body - of their pet dog. Alberto and Ernesto look at each other in horror.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

You shot their dog!

The woman's wailing is clearly heard in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SHED -- MOMENTS LATER

In the half-light Ernesto packs up his sleeping bag. Alberto looks like he's going to get back into his.

ERNESTO

Come on.

ALBERTO

What?

He yawns.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

I'm tired. It's four thirty in the morning.

Ernesto rolls up his sleeping bag - makes for the door.

ERNESTO

I can't stay here. I've murdered their pet.

Alberto struggles out of his sleeping bag to follow his friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER CROSSING INTO CHILE. FEB
1952 -- DAY

The bike arrives at the police station
on the border crossing.

Ernesto and Alberto hop off. They look
triumphant. They, like we, can hardly
believe they've got this far.

Ernesto waves his arms at the border
sign. Jumps for joy.

ERNESTO

Chile! Yeeehaah.

Alberto tries to act cool.

ALBERTO

*See man. I told you El Ponderosa would
get us here!*

They laugh and enter the police station.
CUT TO:

INT. POLICESTATION, CHILEAN BORDER --
DAY

Alberto and Ernesto approach the
desk. The policeman behind it smiles at

them. They look shockingly dishevelled. They hand over their papers. The policeman looks at them. Pauses. Reaches out to a shelf behind him.

POLICEMAN

I have something for you Senor Guevara de la Serna.

He proffers a letter. Ernesto takes it. Holds it to his lips. Turns to Alberto.

ERNESTO

Chichina!

His smile is broad.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BORDER CROSSING -- MOMENTS LATER
Ernesto sits on the roadside reading the letter. Alberto stands some way off. The mood is substantially different from a few moments previously. Ernesto reaches into his pocket for his asthma inhaler. Takes a few puffs.

ALBERTO

Trouble?

Ernesto doesn't respond. Alberto makes a swollen belly gesture.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

Trouble Ernesto?

Ernesto looks up, he's miles away. Tears in his eyes.

ERNESTO

She's dumped me.

He carefully folds up the letter, puts it in his pocket. Stands up. Looks at the border. Argentina - Chile - which way..? The policeman has come out of the hut and is babbling.

POLICEMAN

You'll get where you're heading.. you've got guts..

Alberto tries to shake off the policeman, more concerned with the

maelstrom occurring inside his friend.

ALBERTO

Ernesto. Do you want to.. If you want..?

Ernesto picks up the handlebars of the bike, motions to Alberto to get on the back.

Revs up and as they cross the border he releases one hand from the handlebar and waves backwards as he shouts.

ERNESTO

Goodbye Argentina.

The bike sputters on..

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE, CHILE -- DAYS LATER

Ernesto sits drinking tea and reading a newspaper outside a run down cafe in a run down village. He's taking in the sun. Suddenly, he jumps up, races off..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CHILE -- MOMENTS LATER

The sleeping Alberto, oblivious to the sun, streaming down over his face. The

door bursts open. Ernesto enters.

ERNESTO

Read this! Read this, Alberto man.

Alberto is shaken from his slumbers. Ernesto waves the paper in his face. Alberto reads it. He laughs as we hear his V/O reading while we get a FULL SHOT of the headline.

ALBERTO (V.O.)

Two Argentine Leprology Experts Tour South America by Motorbike.

Alberto laughs.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

Our fame preceeds us.

ERNESTO

We haven't even seen a leper yet.

He kicks Alberto, determined to get him moving. Ernesto begins to pack and Alberto half-heartedly rises as we CUT TO:

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD -- DAY

Once again the familiar noise of La Ponderosa. But it sounds sicker than ever. Ernesto and Alberto are battling with a hill. Half way up, the bike sputters its last. The men get off. Scratch their heads.

ERNESTO

Serious?

Alberto mimics drawing a knife across his throat.

ALBERTO

I fear, terminal.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHILEAN VILLAGE -- DAY

Ernesto and Alberto walk away from a garage where La Ponderosa has been left to die.

They swing their knapsacks on their backs. Begin to thumb a lift at the side of the road.

ALBERTO

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are no more (as if reading from a newspaper) Romantic Argentine leprologists tour South America by foot.

A car rushes past, ignoring them.

ERNESTO

Now we will really see the land, and the people.

ALBERTO

You mean now we're hobos like the rest of the people!

A truck slows down. The two men run to get a lift.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT- BUENOS AIRES. SEPT 1952.
DAY

TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER - ARGENTINA.

The Guevara family gather at the cargo airport, waiting for the arrival of Ernesto.

A few people get off a plane. The family crane their heads. They don't see

Ernesto.

Dressed in an overlarge raincoat, he shuffles towards them. Finally his brother Roberto notices him

ROBERTO

It's him. (calls out) Ernesto. Here.

Ernesto looks up. Celia rushes to enfold her precious son in her arms.

CELIA

You are so thin..

DAD

You look like a begger, son.

Ernesto shrugs.

ERNESTO

A month with no money in Miami, dad!

Ernesto senior looks stern.

DAD

Now you will study hard?

Ernesto nods his head.

ERNESTO

Now I will be a doctor, old man.
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNESTO'S ROOM, NOV 1952 -- EVENING
Ernesto hard at it with the books. A
knock on the window. Outside is CALICA,
a childhood friend of Ernesto's. Ernesto
waves him inside. Calica clambers
through the window.

CALICA

You are studying too hard man.

Ernesto laughs, only half-distracted.

ERNESTO

You think I should drop out, like you?

CALICA

*Tell me about Chile. Peru. The women? The
life!*

Ernesto shakes his head, he's not to be
so easily distracted.

ERNESTO

Later Calica. Later. I have to study now.

Then he remembers something. Jumps up from his desk. Reaches into a case - pulls out a scarf. He hands it to Calica.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Take this to her.

CALICA

Chichina? You still hope..?

Ernesto shakes his head.

ERNESTO

It was a promise.

Calica looks at the scarf. Ernesto pushes him towards the window.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

And when you come back, I will tell you all about the women of Chile and Peru.

Calico departs and Ernesto gets back to work. After a moment he buries his head in his hands as we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK - JULY 1952. CARACAS - A STREET -- AFTERNOON

Alberto and Ernesto are parting. They are both shadows of their former selves - almost like beggars.

ALBERTO

..And your asthma?

Ernesto shrugs.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

I don't like to leave you..

ERNESTO

This is where we part, man. I have to go to America. To get Chichina's scarf.

ALBERTO

With what? We ran out of money weeks ago.

Ernesto roots into his breast pocket, pulls out and holds up a grubby note. Alberto laughs. Shakes his head.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

You're joking man!

ERNESTO

It was a promise.

He hugs Alberto, then turns to leave.. Alberto calls out after him in a phoney accent

ALBERTO

Chee-ee-ee.

Ernesto turns back round.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

Say hello to Uncle Sam for me!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERNESTO'S ROOM, NOV 1952 --

CONTINUOUS

Ernesto studying. He mutters to himself.

ERNESTO

The women. The women of Chile and Peru!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK- ON BOARD A BOAT. JUNE
1952 -- NIGHT

Ernesto is struggling with
asthma. Alberto sits beside him, looking
worried. On the other side sits a girl
who can only be described as a cheap
tart. Ernesto waves Alberto to
leave. The girl strokes Ernesto's temple
as the asthma attack subsides. She
kisses him. Stokes his bare
chest. Ernesto is roused. They fall on
each other as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DECK -- LATER

Ernesto is alone on the deck. He looks
up at a starry sky. He mumbles under his
breath.

ERNESTO

This is life, Chichina. This.

CUT TO:

INT. A GROTTY ROOM - CHILE 1952 -- NIGHT
A dirty, dishevelled, dying peasant woman lies in a bed. We recognise the familiar sound of an asthma attack. She is suffering. The door opens. A man's voice is heard.

MAN (O.S.)

In here doctor.

Ernesto is led into the room by the worried looking man. The woman is still fighting for breath. Ernesto surveys the room. Hopelessness personified. He turns to the man.

ERNESTO

There is nothing I can do. She is..
[dying]

He gestures. It's clear that this is not the environment the woman needs. It's clear she's too far gone. The man looks desperate. Implores Ernesto. Wrings his hands.

MAN

Is there something?

Ernesto reaches into his own pockets. Pulls out a syringe. Pauses only for a moment, then crosses to the woman and administers the adrenalin. The effect, almost immediate, is to give some small relief. The man clutches Ernesto as he looks at the empty syringe.

MAN (CONT'D)

You are a saint Senor Guevara. A saint.

Ernesto shrugs him off as we
CUT TO:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM - LIMA 1952 -- DAY

The familiar sound of an asthma attack. This time it is Ernesto himself struggling for breath. He is trying to hold a conversation with Alberto at the same time.

ERNESTO

Her case was hopeless..

He has to give up talking. Motions to Alberto for the syringe. Alberto passes

the syringe.

As Ernesto is about to self-administer the adrenalin shot, the needle breaks. He looks distraught. The breathing becomes more furious. We just make out his words.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

It's the last one..

CUT TO:

INT. ERNESTO'S ROOM- JAN 1953 -- DAY
Ernesto has been disturbed studying by Calica. They sit side by side on Ernesto's small bed. Calica's eyes are wide with wonder.

ERNESTO

And we had to cross the desert. We had no money. Our water had run out..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK -APRIL 1952 PERU --
AFTERNOON

Ernesto and Alberto in the desert.

ERNESTO (V.O.)

We met a couple. Communists.They owned

nothing. Not even a blanket.

Ernesto and Alberto engage with the couple, who lie, huddled together against the cold.

Ernesto offers them his blanket. They accept.

ERNESTO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A living representation of the proletariat.

CUT TO:

INT. ERNESTO'S ROOM 1953 -- CONTINUOUS
Ernesto hugs his knees. Shivers at the memory.

ERNESTO

It was one of the times when I felt most cold, but it was also the time when I felt a little more in fraternity with this strange, human species. Calica is enraptured with Ernesto's speech. Ernesto shoves him away.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Now go. I have exams to pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING APRIL 1953 --
DAY

Calica stands outside the
building. Ernesto exits. He grins
broadly.

ERNESTO

Thirteen down, one to go!

Calica runs alongside Ernesto who is
striding out.

CALICA

What about the lepers? Tell me, Ernesto.

Ernesto turns to his friend.

ERNESTO

*Ha. You must call me Che. (he adopts an
accent) Chee-ee. (back to normal)
You see. Like that. They all call you
Che outside Argentina.*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1952. POLICESTATION,
BORDER CROSSING - CHILE -- DAY

Ernesto and Alberto are in the company of a drunken policeman.

DRUNK

Chee--ee. Chee-ee.

He waves the gun at them.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

Stand back twenty meters Che and I'll shoot the cigar from your mouth.

Ernesto and Alberto look at each other as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET -BUENOS AIRES APRIL 1953 --
DAY

Ernesto and Calica still walk side by side.

CALICA

The lepers. You promised to tell me..

Ernesto points to a streetside cafe.

ERNESTO

Mate first.

They sit down. Ernesto strokes an imaginary beard.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

The lepers. What can I tell you about them? (laughs) They give you a great game of football, man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK- LEPER COLONY 1952 - PERU. -- DAY

A game of football is in full swing. Ernesto is attempting a run down the wing. He breaks down, starts wheezing.

LEPER

Come on man.

The leper takes Ernesto by the hand, leads him from the pitch. Ernesto struggles a bit as they pass the goals. The leper shrugs. Ernesto has won. He ousts the goalie and takes over the position, still wheezing slightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - BUENOS AIRES 1953 -- DAY
Ernesto and Calica are drinking mate.

ERNESTO

The mines. The men in the mines. It is shocking Calica.

He shakes his head.

CALICA

Tell me, Ernesto.

Ernesto laughs.

ERNESTO

Tell you? I will do better than that. I will show you.

Calica looks surprised.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

You want to know. To see? So. Come with me.

CALICA

Come with you? Where?

Ernesto shrugs.

ERNESTO

Wherever. Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru. The world.

Calica is sitting on the edge of his seat.

CALICA

When?

Ernesto laughs. He's cool in comparison to the over-excited Calica.

CALICA (CONTD)

You mean it? Me and you? Travel? When?

ERNESTO

After the exams of course.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEVARA HOME- KITCHEN -14 JUNE
1953. -- DAY

The family are gathered for Ernesto's

birthday celebration. His father raises a glass.

DAD

*To my son. Ernesto Guevara de la Serna.
Twenty five today. The Doctor.*

The family join in the toast.

FAMILY

The doctor.

They down their drinks. Ernesto stands up.

ERNESTO

I have an announcement to make..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION- BUENOS AIRES JUNE
1953 -- DAY

Ernesto and Calica are boarding a train. On the platform stand Ernesto's family. His mother looks particularly upset. She turns to Ernesto's dad.

CELIA

Speak to him.

DAD

Consider your asthma. Your state of health..

Ernesto kisses his mother on the cheek and turns to board the train. She speaks at his back.

CELIA

My son is leaving. I won't see him again.

She breaks down into tears. The train pulls out with all the usual steam associated with train travel in those days. Celia runs along the platform, trying to keep up with the train, until she can run no longer, but like us, can only watch the train disappear into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOLIVIA 1953 -- DAY

The train crossing into Bolivia. The beautiful scenery of snow topped mountains, and in the distance, the town

of La Paz.

EXT. STREET, LA PAZ, BOLIVIA -- DAY
Ernesto and Calica walking the streets in La Paz. A man comes towards them. A moment of recognition.

NOGUES

Guevara? Ernesto?

Ernesto stops. For a moment can't work out who it is. Then hugs the man.

ERNESTO

Nogues. What are you doing here?

Nogues shakes hands with Calica and the three walk off together as we
CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LA PAZ -- EVENING.

We are with the smart set in a hotel. A contrast from the squalor we briefly glimpsed on the street in the previous scene. A group sit at dinner. We make out Ernesto, mainly because he is eating like a pig. As incongruous here as he was with Chichina's polite family in

Cordoba. He smiles at Calica.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL TOILETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Two men snorting coke in the men's room. Enter Ernesto. They don't even try to hide it. He goes into the cubicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL LA PAZ -- NIGHT

Calica making a big deal about kissing a girl goodbye. Waves and friendship from the well heeled set. Ernesto and Calica walk down the steps. Ernesto whispers as an aside

ERNESTO

In the toilets. Free as you like.

He is clearly shocked. Calica just laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. PENSION ROOM -- NIGHT

Ernesto and Calica are asleep. A loud rap on the door awakens them. Before they can do anything, a bunch of policeman have burst in. Sense of confusion as

Ernesto struggles to wake up.

ERNESTO

What is your problem huh?

The men rip the place apart searching.

POLICEMAN

A tip off. Revolutionaries?

Ernesto shakes his head, points at the tousled Calica.

ERNESTO

Does he look like a dangerous revolutionary to you?

The policeman gives Calica the once over, smirks, but they continue searching anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL LA PAZ -- DAY

Ernesto and Calica taking tea.

CALICA

This place. Barely an apology..

Ernesto looks rather more excited than annoyed.

ERNESTO

You cannot expect to remain untouched in the middle of a revolution Calica.

He peruses his paper.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

You wanted to see the Bolivian mines?

Calica looks up. He's hesitant. Ernesto waves his hand at the hotel.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Or have you gone soft?

CUT TO:

INT. BOLIVIAN MINE -- DAY

CLOSE ON: The light from a miner's headlamp, blinding us. The light illuminates Ernesto's face. We follow him in the semi-darkness and out into the light.

EXT. BOLIVIAN MINE -- DAY

A group of miners wearing red plastic hats and armed, stand around shooting into the air.

Calica turns to their guide.

CALICA

What are they doing?

GUIDE

Supporting the agrarian reform.

ERNESTO

By shooting at the sky?

Men hang round as Ernesto and Calica board a truck to take them back to town.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL LA PAZ -- DAY

Ernesto and Calica, once more taking tea. Ernesto stands up.

ERNESTO

It's time to move on.

Calica seems less certain.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

We've been here a month and most of our money is spent.

He waves at the hotel.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Like tourists.

Calica shrugs.

CALICA

You may prefer to spend time sharing lice with peasants than mixing with decent folk but..

Ernesto walks off in disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. PENSION - GUAYAQUIL, EQUADOR. SEPT
1953 -- DAY

TITLE: SEPTEMBER 1953 -
GUAYAQUIL, EQUADOR.

The sound of asthmatic breathing.

CLOSE ON: Ernesto's face.

A man looks at him, shocked. We see the

squalor of the room.

MAN

What should I do? Ernesto?

Ernesto waves him away.

MAN (CONT'D)

Shall I call Calica?

Jumbled images in a montage..

ERNESTO AND CALICA AT A BORDER CROSSING
- A POLICEMAN RIFLING THROUGH THEIR
BAGS. TAKING OUT A BOOK. WE HEAR THE
POLICEMAN'S VOICE, AS IF THROUGH WATER

POLICEMAN

Red Literature.

LIMA - THE STREETS - FAR MORE ATTRACTIVE
THAN LA PAZ, OR THIS PRESENT PLACE.

Ernesto speaks - he's half way between
the montage and reality.

ERNESTO

*Go back to Lima, Calica. This place
isn't for you.*

Calica is annoyed.

CALICA

Are you the only one who can debate archaeology with student radicals? Revolution with peasants? You NEED me here Ernesto, look at the state of you.

Ernesto hauls himself up and grabs Calica by the throat.

ERNESTO

I don't NEED you Calica. I don't need anyone.

He pushes him away.

CUT TO:

INT. PENSION, GUAYAQUIL 1953 -- EVENING
In stark contrast to the swishy surroundings of the Hotel La Paz, we are here in the company of a bunch of student radicals. Ernesto looks much more at home, Calica now out of place. The conversation is animated and heated. A youth enters with a letter. Gives it to Ernesto. Ernesto opens the letter.

ERNESTO

Ha. From Alberto.

He scans it.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

He has a job for me. At his leprologists..

Calica looks bothered. Another young man fills Ernesto's glass.

GUALO

And you will go there?

Ernesto shrugs.

ERNESTO

We've been hanging round here for months, no money, no prospects. No options.

GUALO

One option.

ERNESTO

What?

GUALO

Guatemala. Come with us to Guatemala. See the revolution first hand instead of talking about it.

Ernesto is phazed. The last thing he expected. Suddenly he's spoiled for choice. Calica shakes his head.

CALICA

Not for me. I'm for Alberto and Venezula.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, 1953 - NIGHT.
Darkness. White teeth shining in the darkness. A man's disembodied voice.

MAN

All of them, all the unadaptable ones, will die cursing the power we, with enormous sacrifice, helped to create.

We pull back to see a fire. The man's

earnest face in the firelight. He is old and hard.

His teeth flash once more. We make out Ernesto, sitting by the fire, enrapt.

MAN (CONT'D)

In its impersonal form, the revolution will take our lives..

Darkness.

Flickering light as the man moves in front of the fire. He squats down face to face with Ernesto. His face exhibits the zeal and pain of the true revolutionary. He points a gnarled finger straight at Ernesto. Their faces, close together, fill the screen as he offers his epochal prophesy.

MAN (CONT'D)

You will die with the fist clenched and jaw tense, in perfect demonstration of hate and combat, because you are not a symbol.. you are an authentic member of a society which is crumbling..

He reaches in to whisper to Ernesto and

we lose sound as we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE -- LATER
Ernesto stands looking at the stars. A
voice from behind. It's Gualo

GUALO

A Marxist. From the Stalinist purges.

Ernesto turns to Gualo, pointing at the
stars. A young man's sense of hyperbolic
destiny in his manner.

ERNESTO

*I see it, etched in the stars. I will
bathe my weapon in blood, and mad with
fury will slit the throat of any enemy
who falls into my hands..*

He breaks into a loud howl at the
moon. Gualo shakes his head, walks away.

GUALO

*Another Romantic revolutionary! Another
crazy Marxist in the making.*

Ernesto stands, his moment of destiny framed by nature.

EXT. STREET - GUATAMALA CITY 1953 -- NIGHT

TITLE: GUATEMALA CITY 1953.

In stark contrast to the previous scene, the hustle and bustle of life on the city streets.

INT. A PENSION -- EVENING

Ernesto and Gualo enter a room. We see the room from Ernesto's POV: He scopes the room for women. There are only a bunch of young radicals, and a rather unattractive, but serious young woman. Gualo drags Ernesto by the arm.

GUALO

Ernesto. This is Hilda Gadea. Hilda, Ernesto Guevara.

The two look each other up and down. Mutually unimpressed. They sit down amongst the group.

GUALO (CONT'D)

Hilda will get you a meeting with the

minister of public health.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Ernesto and Gualo leave the pension. Ernesto is unimpressed.

ERNESTO

When I said a woman I meant..

Gualo taps his nose.

GUALO

Ah, Ernesto. Which is more important. Women or revolution?

CUT TO:

INT. MINISTRY BUILDING -- DAY

Hilda introducing Ernesto to some political bigwig. Much shaking hands and small talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Hilda and Ernesto walking down the street in animated conversation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GROTTY PENSION -- EVENING

Hilda, still tailed by Ernesto, enters a room full of radicals. One of them, NICO crosses to embrace her.

HILDA

Nico.

She kisses him. Turns to Ernesto.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Ernesto. This is Nico. From Cuba.

There is an edge to her voice.

HILDA (CONT'D)

You do know of the revolution going on in Cuba?

Ernesto shoots her daggers.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Ernesto is from Argentina, Nico. A doctor.

Nico smiles.

NICO

The revolution also needs doctors.

He shakes hands warmly with Ernesto.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Ernesto and Nico walking the streets, selling to raise money for the revolution.

As they walk, Nico talks. He is animated and enthusiastic.

NICO

You see El Che Argentino, this stay will be short for me. Soon I will join Fidel in another country.

ERNESTO

And work for the revolution?

Nico points at their product.

NICO

Ah, El Che Argentino. This is all work for the revolution. Fidel says..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENSION -- NIGHT

A bunch of revolutionaries talking late into the night. We cut in as Hilda is talking to Ernesto.

HILDA

Fidel says that..

From the other side of the room we see a more attractive girl, trying to gain Ernesto's attention. Gualo speaks to the girl.

GUALO

Ah, Ernesto has only eyes for the revolution now Myrna. Give up on him. Politics is his turn on now.

Ernesto and Hilda certainly do seem to be hitting it off rather better than before.

Once more we catch a snippet of their conversation.

ERNESTO

And the Marxists say..?

Nico breaks up their discussion, offering Ernesto a cigar.

NICO

Hey, El Che, have a Cuban cigar.

Ernesto takes it. Holds it reverently. Rolls it. We focus on it as we hear Nico in the background.

NICO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fidel gave it to me.

INT. A PENSION -- EVENING

Ernesto struggling for breath. Hilda stands over him, she looks shocked, as all first timers do when they see his asthma attacks.

HILDA

Surely there is something.?

He shakes his head. Reaches for the syringe. He administers adrenalin and quickly, the symptoms dissipate. Hilda strokes his head.

HILDA (CONT'D)

You must live better.

ERNESTO

With what Hilda?

She takes off her ring, gives it to him. He refuses to accept.

HILDA

Take it. Pawn it like you did everything else. (beat) Go on. You have to be alive to be useful as a revolutionary.

His hand closes round the ring.

INT. A PENSION -- NIGHT

Che making love to a woman. We assume it is Hilda until the camera pans round and we see it is a blonde girl.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Che and Nico, taking a break from working.

ERNESTO

She is a pain in the neck.

NICO

Hilda? Or Julia?

ERNESTO

Everything is fucked up. I feel like flying the fuck away. Venezuela maybe.

Nico shrugs.

NICO

The revolution is nearly here, man. You can't leave now.

ERNESTO

Enthusiasm depends on health and circumstances. Both are failing me right now..

EXT. STREET, MEXICO, SEPT 1954 -- DAY

TITLE: MEXICO CITY - SEPTEMBER 1954

Ernesto, camera in hand is taking photographs of tourists.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL, MEXICO -- EVENING

Ernesto walks towards the hospital. Goes through a door..

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LAB. HOSPITAL, MEXICO --
EVENING

Ernesto in a rather grubby white lab coat, fiddling around with test tubes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, MEXICO, MARCH 1955 -- NIGHT
Ernesto walks, as if carrying the cares of the world on his shoulders, towards his pension on Calle Tigres. We can just make out a woman's figure in the shadows, moments before Ernesto spots her. It is Hilda. Ernesto effects surprise, not quite joy.

ERNESTO

What are you doing here?

Hilda smiles.

HILDA

We said..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK AUG 1954 - RESTAURANT,
GUATEMALA -- DAY

Hilda is eating alone. She looks up to see Ernesto smiling down at her. He is shabby, sticks out like a sore thumb in this company, but the rest of the diners studiously avoid acknowledging his existence.

ERNESTO

How was prison?

She smiles at his naivete.

HILDA

No worse than the Argentinian embassy I expect!

They laugh. She pays her bill and rises to depart the restaurant.

EXT. FLASHBACK AUG 1954. RIVERBANK --
LATER

Ernesto and Hilda, walking arm in arm.

HILDA

I have no choice. It is a visa problem.

I have to go back to Peru.

She is disconsolate. He attempts to comfort her.

ERNESTO

They sit down together, commence to fondle - obvious foreplay. She pulls away slightly.

HILDA

No. This is the last time..

Ernesto kisses her, beseeching her.

ERNESTO

You know Hilda, one day in Mexico we will meet and marry and you will laugh about..

They close together as we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET, MEXICO MARCH 1955 -- NIGHT
Hilda kisses Ernesto. They hold each

other, but we see that she's holding closer than him.
They break away.

HILDA

So? Are you going to invite me up?

Ernesto looks somewhat nonplussed. Then decides he may as well go with the flow.

EXT - STREET -- MORNING

Ernesto walks down the street, turns and waves at Hilda who gazes at him from the upstairs window. He seems less than pleased.

INT. HOSPITAL. APRIL 1955 -- DAY

Ernesto walks along the hospital corridor. Wearing a lab coat, he's lost in thought.
He literally bumps into Nico.

ERNESTO

Nico? Has the whole world come to Mexico? What are you doing..?

They embrace, this time the enthusiasm

seems genuinely reciprocal.

NICO

And you?

He fingers the white coat.

ERNESTO

Oh. Research. Mine's a dull life. No money. Revolution all around us and Hilda and I sit in nights reading. We've got a monotonous, Sunday-style rhythm. Tell me about you.

CUT TO:

INT. ERNESTO'S PENSION -- EVENING

Nico holding court at dinner. Ernesto and Hilda enrapt. The surroundings lend the truth to Ernesto's earlier comment on his life. A cosy middle class bookish room, messy but intellectually so. Ernesto sits back, replete and yawns.

ERNESTO

I was holed up in the Argentinian embassy. I could go in and out - for

asthma medicine. But..

NICO

Not quite the prison cell eh, Che?

HILDA

No. He's managed to avoid any real contact with revolutions, despite surrounding himself with all the trappings.

Ernesto looks less than pleased at her comment. Nico judges the mood and decides it's time to leave.

NICO

It has been a very pleasant meal. Thank you Hilda.

He gets up, kisses Hilda.

NICO (CONT'D)

When I get back from Cuba we must do it again. There is someone I want you to meet.

This last delivered to Ernesto. Ernesto

walks Nico to the door, while Hilda fusses about tidying up in the background.

ERNESTO (whispers)

Come back soon and rescue me Nico. Before I turn into my father. The last thing the world needs is another pipe and slipper revolutionary. But Hilda has plans..

CUT TO:

INT. ERNESTO'S PENSION JUNE 1955 --
EVENING

Ernesto opens the door to Nico and a blond haired, serious looking young man whom we will come to know as RAUL CASTRO. Ernesto embraces Nico enthusiastically.

ERNESTO

Nico!

NICO

I said I'd come to rescue you.

He introduces Raul.

NICO (CONT'D)

This is Raul Castro. Raul, this is El Che.

Raul shakes hands.

NICO (CONT'D)

Do you have enough in the pot for two hungry horses?

Ernesto leads them into the main room.
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICO'S PENSION -- SOME EVENING'S
LATER

Dinner in progress. We cut in and out of conversations as if we are an extra diner at the table.

NICO

It's good to be able to repay some of your hospitality Hilda.

She smiles. Nico comes closer, whispers.

NICO (CONT'D)

How is he really? The asthma?

Hilda shakes her head.

HILDA

He insists on going climbing. I don't know how many times he's failed to make the summit of Popacatapetl but he keeps going back..even the Cubans have given up putting him off.

We move across to cut in on Ernesto and Raul talking.

ERNESTO

The Bolivian militias were inspirational, but in Guatamala it all reeked of treason.

Raul nods his head.

RAUL

The rotten smell of the United Fruit Company. We know that smell in Cuba also.

Ernesto is excited.

ERNESTO

Yeah. We're like the Spanish Republic, betrayed from within and without, but we didn't fall with the same dignity.

Raul smiles.

RAUL

We have dignity in Cuba, Che. But we don't have freedom.

We become aware of Hilda pressing down on Ernesto. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

HILDA

Time to go. It's late.

He looks daggers at her. She points to the clock. It shows three thirty. He tries to ignore her, but she will not be deterred. He rises, shrugging, and throwing Raul a look which clearly says "WOMEN."

ERNESTO

Tomorrow?

Raul smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIA ANTONIA'S HOUSE. JULY 7TH
1955 -- EVENING

Hilda and Ernesto walking arm in arm.
She is complaining.

HILDA

*We just about live in Maria Antonia's
house these days..*

ERNESTO

*You would have us stay home every
night..*

Hilda wraps her coat round her, against
the cold as they reach the doorstep.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA ANTONIA'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS
LATER

Ernesto and Hilda enter. The place is
filled with familiar and unfamiliar
faces. All embrace, get drinks, a

general party atmosphere. Raul comes alongside Ernesto, takes his arm.

RAUL (to Hilda)

May I take him from you?

She shrugs.

RAUL (CONT'D) (to Ernesto)

Che. Come with me.

They walk across the room. We follow Che's POV towards a tall, handsome, moustachioed man who is the focus of the room.

RAUL (CONT'D)

This is my brother, Fidel.

As the men shake hands, Fidel fixes Ernesto with his trademark charismatic look.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Fidel. This is Che Guevara.

Fidel pumps Che's (as we shall now call

Ernesto) hand.

FIDEL.

Che.

He takes Che in his arms in a bear hug as if they have been friends all their lives.

FIDEL. (CONT'D)

My friend.

INT. MARIA ANTONIA'S HOUSE -- LATER
The guests are all seated for dinner. Fidel and Che are lost in each other so that we focus on them and everything else is so much wallpaper. We fix in and out on various stages of a conversation, like a guest picking up the fag-ends of someone else's talk.

CHE

I spent the revolution working in the kitchen in the Argentinian embassy.

FIDEL

Better than two years in prison my

friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALCONY -- LATER

Fidel and Che are smoking Cuban cigars on the balcony, looking at the stars.

FIDEL

There is a lot to do, to fight for, to plan. We have to stop crying and start fighting.

Che is hooked.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARIA ANTONIA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The guests are leaving. Hilda stands, looking bored on the sidelines as Che and Fidel make a meal of saying goodbye. Che leans into Fidel as they embrace.

CHE

Meeting you has changed everything. I see now. It is worth dying on a foreign beach for such a noble ideal. Let me be part of your revolution Fidel.

Fidel lets Che go.

FIDEL

There's time enough for that my friend.

Hilda is bugging Che to leave.

CHE

And you'll come? To the house? Next week?

Fidel nods. They part.

INT. ERNESTO'S PENSION. JULY 20TH 1955 -
- EVENING

Fidel, Raul, Hilda and Che having dinner. Once again Che is totally besotted by Fidel. Hilda shows her impatience. There is an edge to her tone as she speaks to Fidel.

HILDA

Why are you in Mexico if your struggle lies in Cuba?

Fidel smiles. Makes an expansive

gesture.

FIDEL

Very good question. I'll explain.

We sense that this is a man who is never brief in explanations as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FIDEL'S HOUSE. JULY 26TH 1955 --
NIGHT

Another evening. Another dinner party. Fidel comes through from the kitchen, bearing the dish he has lovingly prepared for his guests.

FIDEL

Spaghetti vongole.

He begins serving it out. Hilda and Raul making smalltalk which we cannot quite hear.

Che seems distracted as Fidel holds court.

FIDEL (CONT'D)

Hey Che! You're very quiet. Is it

because your controller's here?

The assembled crowd laugh, except for Che. Fidel comes and sits down next to his friend.

Che whispers to him.

CHE

I'm going to have a child, and I will marry Hilda in a few days.

He shrugs. His demeanour less than pleased.

CHE (CONT'D)

In the end she gets what she wants.

Fidel and Che exchange a glance which says - possibly not!

CUT TO:

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE. AUG 18TH 1955 -
- DAY

Che and Hilda getting married. Unknown people as witnesses, though we recognise Raul, lurking in the background.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION -- NIGHT

Che and Raul seeing Fidel on a train.

CHE

I wish I was coming with you.

FIDEL

Take that wife of yours on a honeymoon. I will be back soon, and with all the funds we need. Relax Che. There is much to prepare yet.

INT. CHE'S PENSION. DEC 24TH 1955. --
EVENING

TITLE: CHRISTMAS EVE 1955 MEXICO.

Che, Raul, Hilda and Fidel raise glasses in a toast.

FIDEL

In 1956 we will be free or we will be martyrs!

EXT. SHOOTING GROUND. MARCH 1956 -- DAY
Che, Fidel, Raul and a number of other men are practising their shooting at a range.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- DAY

Che and a bunch of Cuban's climbing. We sense this is a fitness exercise.

EXT. CHE'S PENSION -- MORNING

Che leaving Hilda and Hildita at the doorstep.

CHE

I'll be back from the ranch at the weekend.

He kisses Hildita.

CHE (CONT'D)

Ciao, my little Mao.

EXT. THE RANCH. JUNE 1956 -- DAY

A bunch of men practising their shooting. A van rolls up with police. They pile out. The men put down their weapons, no fight here. The policemen proceed to arrest Che and the others. Fidel is not amongst the group.

FULL SHOT

Che's Mexican prison mugshot.

WARDER (V.O.)

He says he's a tourist.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON -- DAY

Fidel sits across the desk from a policeman.

POLICEMAN

We found weapons in your Packard and some documents. What's going on?

FULL SHOT

Group photograph of the "criminals" Fidel and Che stand boldly side by side.

INT. PRISON CELL -- DAY

Fidel and Che in a messy prison cell. Books, papers everywhere. They've obviously been here a while. And obviously are using their time to it's best advantage. Che turns from the desk he is sitting at, reads out the letter he's writing to Fidel.

CHE

How's this? My future is linked with that of the Cuban revolution. I either

triumph with it, or die there.

Before Fidel has a chance to reply a policeman bursts in. He points to Fidel.

POLICEMAN

You're out Castro.

CHE

And me?

The policeman shakes his head. Fidel turns to Che before leaving.

FIDEL

Che. We'll get you out. Remember, I am a lawyer.

The door shuts. Che calls out after Fidel.

CHE

Don't waste your time with me. Get on with the revolution.

Fidel calls back.

FIDEL (O.S.)

We won't abandon you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON. AUG 1956 -- DAY

Che leaving prison. Fidel and Hilda are there to meet him. Hugs and smiles all round.

EXT. COASTLINE. NOV 1956 -- EVENING

Fidel leads Che to the berth of a cabin cruiser. We see it's name. Granma. Che looks disbelieving.

CHE

In this?

Fidel nods. He's proud.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COASTLINE -- NIGHT

In the darkness we make out eighty odd men packing themselves onto the cabin cruiser.

Che stands on the shoreline, taking his leave from Hilda and the baby. He takes Hildita in his arms.

CHE

You don't know what a difficult world you are going to have to live in my little Mao. You too will have to fight. I may not be here any more but the struggle will inflame the continent.

He kisses the baby. Passes her back to Hilda. He kisses Hilda in a perfunctory way. Puts his beret on, and without looking back, leaps on deck.

EXT. OCEAN. NOV 1956 -- NIGHT

The Granma pitching and tossing on the sea. Overcrowded. Men hanging over the side being sick.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH. DEC 2ND 1956 -- DAY

The Granma coming up, in broad daylight on a beach. Scene reminiscent of the beginning of the movie. It's all out of focus and confused. Men fall out of the boat, struggle their way to the shore. They are being picked off by rifle fire as they come. In the confusion we turn our focus to Che as he

arrives on the beach. He's faced with the choice of picking up a box of medicine or of ammunition. A bare moment's conflict. He picks up the ammo and runs for cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANE FIELDS. DEC 8TH 1956 -- DAY
Che struggling through the cane. Sound of rifle fire. He holds his neck.

CLOSE ON: Blood.

Che looks at his hand. Collapses to his knees. Crawls to a tree and sits under it. He's muttering to himself.

CHE

How to die with dignity?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANE FIELD -- EVENING

A man approaches Che. Squats down beside him. Listening hard he, and we, hear the familiar asthmatic breathing. Che opens his eyes. The man helps him to his feet and together they stumble towards a waiting band of desperate men. Together the bedraggled band fade into the depths of the jungle as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS. OCT. 1958 -- DAY

TITLE: TWO YEARS LATER.

Out of nowhere a group of men emerge. Hardbitten, bearded, an effective fighting guerilla unit they are worlds away from the desperate men we just saw fading into the jungle. A man waves to signal another.

We see Che. Older, certainly wiser. Bigger somehow. A beard giving him gravitas. The trademark beret with a star.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA, DEC 1958 -- DAY.

An armoured train rushes through a mountain pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA -- MOMENTS LATER

The guerilla's prepare their homemade rocket launchers.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA -- MOMENTS LATER

The armoured train still rushing on. We

see that the track has been removed -
the driver is unaware.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA -- MOMENTS LATER

The train comes under fire at just the
same time as it runs off the rails. A
spectacular derailment.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN -- LATER

Troops wave a white flag. The guerilla's
enter the scene with their weapons
pointing at the troops. Herd them to one
side. The feeling is one of great
victory.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN -- MOMENTS LATER

TITLE: DECEMBER 29th 1958. (Tapped out
as if on a telex machine)

Flash: Che Guevara takes a photograph of
an attractive young woman dressed in
guerilla fatigues and toting a gun,
standing in front of the derailed train.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAVANA -- NIGHT

TITLE: DECEMBER 31st 1958. (Once again tapped out)

The shadowy figure of Batista skulks onto a train. A crackly voice over, in the style of an overexcited newsreader.

VOICE (V.O.)

The rebel army has triumphed. Batista has fled in the night leaving..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAVANA -- DAY

TITLE: JANUARY 8TH 1959.

The triumphal entry into Havana of Fidel Castro, Camilo Cienfuegos and Che Guevara, riding on a captured tank. The immense crowds, waving flags, pushing to see their heroes, the bearded ones. The sense of a streetparty that has been, and will, run for days.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT, HAVANA -- DAY

TITLE: JANUARY 9TH 1959.

A plane touches down. We recognise Che's mother, father, sister Celia and youngest brother Juan-Martin walking from the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL, JAN 1959 -- DAY
Che Guevara, surrounded by bodyguards,
almost manhandled towards the doors of
the airport.

Celia madre (Che's mother) breaks from
the others and rushes towards her son.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1952. AIRPORT- BUENOS
AIRES-- DAY

Celia enfolding the much younger Che in
her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL, JAN 1959 -- DAY
The bearded Che steps back from his
mother. He looks a bit bemused.

Shakes his fathers hand. Ernesto Senior,
looks proud, in contrast to his earlier
demeanour in 1952. Che hugs his sister
and young brother. We see Juan-Martin is
totally transfixed with his famous
brother. It is a look we are becoming
used to seeing from all who look at
Che. The family turn and are captured by
a flashbulb photograph. This is

something else we are becoming used to - Che is now always the focus of flashing cameras and large, pushing crowds. We close in on Che and his mother, embracing once more. The rest of the world seems to disappear as she looks in his eyes.

CELIA

My son.. I thought I would never see you again..

She chokes her words through tears as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK. 8TH DEC 1956 CANEFIELD, CUBA -- DAY

Che sitting under the tree, blood pouring from his throat, waiting to die with dignity.

Che carried off into the sugarcane. Planes buzzing round overhead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK. JAN 1957 PEASANT'S HOUSE -- DAY.

A rag taggle bunch of men, including

Che, arrive at a rendezvous. They have about one gun between them. Fidel stands at the peasants door, watching them in anger. He is going to give the men no quarter. Before they have a chance to rest he is off in a tirade.

We pick up the middle of it, as if we are fly on the wall, or as dead beat as these men are, beyond full comprehension.

FIDEL

One must never abandon one's arms. It is a crime and a stupidity.

He looks particularly scornfully at Che, who begins the familiar wheezing of an asthma attack as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1957. LA PLATA, CUBA --
DAY

Guerilla's grouped together under the obvious command of Fidel, preparing an assault.

They go in, guns blazing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA PLATA -- MOMENTS LATER

Che looks through his telescopic sights. His breathing is heavy.

We share his POV: A lone soldier in a clearing. Then nine more figures cross his line of vision. Fidel opens fire. The first man falls. Through the heavy breathing and chaos of battle we still hear his cry, ringing in our ears.

SOLDIER

Ay.. my mother..

Che turns his sights to a house, not so far away from his position. He closes in on another soldier, who is pointing back at him. There is an incredibly loud crack, as if we are right beside Che's rifle. A second shot. The man falls. Che runs towards the house. He is covered by Calixto, with a grenade.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Che enters the house. Stoops down over the soldier's dead body. He removes the rifle and cartridge belt. Inspects the body. The bullet has gone in through the

heart and exited on the right side. Che has killed his first man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CUBAN MOUNTAINS 1957 -- DAY.

Once again we witness the following through the wheezing of Che's asthma. The guerilla's on the move. Che can hardly walk. Swirling montage of images, like a nightmarish dream.

CHE TEACHING THE PEASANTS TO READ IN AN ENCAMPMENT. THE CAPTURE OF AN INFORMER. THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE INFORMER. GIVING PROMISSORY NOTES TO PEASANTS IN EXCHANGE FOR FOOD.

CHE RIDING ON A MULE, UNABLE TO WALK. CHE LIFTED OFF THE MULE. CHE HELPING TEND THE WOUNDED, THOUGH LOOKING LIKE DEATH HIMSELF.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN ENCAMPMENT, SIERRA MAESTRA 1957 -- DAY

Fidel, Che and Camilo in a clearing, signing a letter. Che passes the pen back to Fidel.

Beside Fidel stands CELIA SANCHEZ. She will become a familiar figure, always at Fidel's side. She hands Fidel a small

token. Fidel hands the token, a star, to Che.

FIDEL

I want you to lead Column number four.
(beat) Commandante.

Che is clearly moved by the presentation and the informality of the situation in no way detracts from his pride. He hugs Fidel. Removes his beret. Attaches the star. Camilo salutes Che.

CAMILO

Commandante Che Guevara!
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIERRA MAESTRA LATER IN 1957.

Camila and Che come under fire. Che is shot in the foot. He looks, numbed at the blood.

Turns to see Camilo, also wounded. Camilo makes a sign and the two men begin crawling together away from the line of fire. The familiar pumping asthma sound as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM- HAVANA 1959 -- DAY
Celia Madre holds Camilo's hand. We hear
Che's voice, sounding decidedly chipper.

CHE (O.S.)

*We saved each other's lives time and
time again mama.*

Celia clutches Camilo close to her.
Kisses him.

CELIA

I love you.

Camilo looks at Che, who laughs.

CHE

*Will you kiss all the companero's who
saved my life?*

He is light, but she nods, serious as we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK. 1958 SIERRA MAESTRA --
DAY

Che and Camilo taking leave of each
other, like brothers.

FIDEL (V.O.)

You are to invade the centre of the island and split it in two militarily. Che will take the Escambray mountains and Camillo..

His voice fades as we focus on Camilo leaving..Che stands, alone, watching him go. Isolation amidst the Cuban jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA- NOVEMBER 1958 -- DAY

A confident, stern Che is holding forth to his troops. An attractive young woman whom we shall come to know as ALEIDA MARCH (and we may recognise from the photo by the derailed train at Santa Clara) enters the clearing. We see Che through her POV for a couple of beats. He seems old, skinny, dirty. He turns to her. As their eyes meet, her view of him changes - the dirty, old guerilla disappears and she is captivated by the charismatic rebel leader.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA -- NIGHT

A jeep screeches to a halt, catching Aleida in its headlights. A voice speaks. We recognise it as Che's.

CHE (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

ALEIDA

I couldn't sleep.

We see Che's POV of Aleida. He smiles.

CHE

I'm going to attack Cabaiguan. Want to come along?

She nods and gets into the jeep. It speeds off into the night.

EXT. SANTA CLARA -- DAY

Aleida and Che are side by side in a jeep, beetling round the captured town of Santa Clara. It's clear their relationship is transformed. They are an item.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DERAILED TRAIN -- DAY

We are back at the site of the train derailment. Che lines up to take the photo we've already seen of Aleida beside the train. This time we hear his words.

CHE

Aleida, I'm going to take a picture of you for history.

The camera clicks as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, HAVANA 1959 -- DAY

We are close on Celia Madre's face, which is less than enthusiastic as we hear Che's voice.

CHE (O.S.)

And she has not left my side since.

We pull back to see that Che is introducing Aleida to his mother. Celia is putting on an act of politeness but after the initial awkward embrace she

takes Che on one side and stage whispers

CELIA

And Hilda?

Che shrugs. He begins to speak in
Voiceover as we

CUT TO:

INT. LA CABANA, HAVANA 1959 -- DAY
Che is sitting at his desk, writing.

CHE (V.O.)

*The war transformed us completely. There
is no deeper experience for a
revolutionary than the act of war..*

We pull back to see Che's father,
watching his son. Che looks up from his
work.

CHE (CONT'D)

*Old man, we have demonstrated that a
small group of men who are determined,
supported by the people and without fear
of dying, can overcome a regular army.*

Ernesto senior shifts uncomfortably. His eyes are fixed on a pile of death warrants lying waiting signature on Che's desk. He picks up on his father's gaze.

CHE (CONT'D)

At Santa Clara we were 300 men - attacking two and a half thousand..

Ernesto senior shakes his head.

CHE (CONT'D)

In this thing you kill or be killed, old man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA CABANA -- DAY
Executions taking place.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LA CABANA -- CONTINUOUS

Ernesto senior is still pressing his point.

DAD

I understand the necessity of revolution

son, but you do not seem to care about killing now.. where is your humanity?

Che gives his father a glance that is halfway between disgust and reproach.

CHE

Not care? For life, old man?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1958 SIERRA MAESTRA --
DAY

A revolutionary execution is going on.
Two young men are tied to trees.

CHE (V.O.)

We learned perfectly that the life of a single human being is worth millions of times more than all the property of the richest man on earth.

A guerilla reads out the charges.

GUERRILLA

You are sentenced to death for the rape of a peasant girl.

The peasant stares, unrepentantly at his executioner, who turns to the other, Chinese looking victim.

GUERRILLA (CONT'D)

And you Chang, for robbery and murder..

Chang appears unrepentant. Shots ring out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIERRA MAESTRA -- DAY

A group of guerilla's moving out of a peasant camp through the jungle. With them we see a small puppy. Che notices the puppy which is virtually attached to the heels of a fighter.

He motions the man to send the puppy back.

CHE (V.O.)

In order to conquer something we have to take it away from somebody and it is good to speak clarly and not hide behind concepts that could be misintepreted.

The puppy keeps following. Che tries to shoo it away again.. it keeps trotting

on behind them. They take cover. Silence. In the distance the sound of the enemy. Suddenly the puppy starts howling. The men try to silence the dog. They cannot. Che and the guerilla whom the dog had attached itself to, exchange glances. Che motions - kill it. The guerilla ties a rope round the puppy's neck and slowly tightens it - choking it to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SIERRA MAESTRA -- MOMENTS LATER
The puppy lies, tragically dead on the ground. Che observes it, his asthma pumping and we go into a swirling montage of: COMEBACK FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. CHE'S FAMILY DOG AS A CHILD. CHICHINA HOLDING COMEBACK IN HER ARMS THE DEAD PUPPY.

CHE (V.O.)

So, old man, even the death of a dog is like a heart searing pain to me - don't lecture me on heartless killing- you.. you know nothing of life, or death. It is all romantic stories to you.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT, JAN 1959-- DAY

Che meeting Hilda and Hildita at the airport. He barely kisses Hilda but takes a much grown Hildita into his arms, stroking her hair as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK DEC 1956 MEXICAN
COASTLINE-- NIGHT

Che holding the baby Hildita in his arms. Passing her back to Hilda.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR, JAN 1959 -- DAY

Inside the large American car, Hildita sits, between her mother and father. Che is beginning to wheeze as he speaks.

CHE

The revolution must be honest at all costs Hilda.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - TARARA, JAN 1959 -- DAY

Che and Hilda in the throws of breaking up. We cut into the middle of the conversation.

CHE

I have another woman now..

We lose the conversation, drowned out by Hilda's tears. Che turns to her, looks her straight in the eyes.

CHE (CONT'D)

Better I had died in combat?

Hilda pulls herself together. Shakes her head.

HILDA

You have to live to build the new society..

Hildita crashes into the room as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LA CABANA, FEB 15TH 1959 -- DAY
Hilda's 3rd birthday party. Che is trying to play the father, but is obviously uncomfortable. Behind him, trying to keep in the shadows is Aleida. Hilda is fussing over her child.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR -- EVENING

Che puts Hilda and the sleeping Hildita into a car. He leans in to speak to her.

CHE

Friends and comrades?

She nods.

CHE (CONT'D)

Where will you go?

She looks him straight in the eye.

HILDA

We will stay here. Hildita will grow to be proud of her daddy.

Che exchanges a weak grin. He turns from the car as it drives off, reaching for his asthma inhaler. He turns right into a camera flash. He is not amused. A large man crosses to Che, brandishing an autograph book, waving at it for Che to sign. Che brushes the man aside.

CHE

I am not a movie star.

And walks towards La Cabana where we see Aleida standing, waiting for him to return to her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE- HAVANA - JUNE 1959 -- DAY

Another camera flash. This time it records the wedding of Che Guevara to Aleida March.

It is reminiscent of the wedding of Che and Hilda - he looks equally out of place. And Fidel is not at this wedding either. The happy? couple, cut the cake.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Che is working late into the night. Aleida enters.

ALEIDA

Fidel says we can make it a honeymoon.

Che looks up from his work. Scowls.

CHE

I am going to work, to talk of the revolution - how can we go as bourgoise honeymooners and keep our integrity?

Aleida looks disappointed, as if about to challenge. Che holds up a finger to stop her.

CHE (CONT'D)

That's how it is.

He returns to his paper work. She sits down at a desk across from him and reads off his itinerary.

ALEIDA

Spain, Egypt, India, Indonesia, Yugoslavia, Ceylon..

CHE

Selling sugar. Not sightseeing.

He smiles.

CHE (CONT'D)

If the Yankees don't want our sugar..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM CAIRO AUG 1959-- DAY

CHE (V.O.)

It is time to go fighting in the international arena.

Che photographed shaking hands with Nasser.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING, INDONESIA -- DAY

Che photographed beside Sukharno.

CHE (V.O.)

We are not men, we are working machines, fighting against time in the most difficult circumstances.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIROSHIMA, JAPAN -- DAY

And the photocall goes on.

CHE (V.O.)

The best form of saying is doing.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, INDIA -- DAY

CHE (V.O.)

*I do not pretend to be an economist..
The sense of whirlwind celebrity goes on
as Che is photographed beside Nehru.*

INT. HOTEL ROOM, INDIA -- NIGHT
Che, alone, writing to his mother.

CHE (V.O.)

*My old dream to visit all these
countries takes place now in a way that
inhibits all my happiness.*

He gets up, stretches, reaches for his
inhaler as his asthma begins to make him
wheeze.

Looking out of the window he sees a
party of tuxedoed officials enjoying
themselves by the pool. In stark
contrast to the utilitarian nature of
the buildings surrounding the hotel and
as he looks further out into the
distance of a beautiful sunset, we also
see the endemic poverty fading into the
horizon. He returns to his letter. As he
writes, we see a montage of shots from
earlier scenes in his life, punctuating
his total present isolation.

CHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am still the same loner that I used to be, looking for my path without personal help, but now I possess the sense of my historic duty. I have no home, no woman, no children, nor parents, nor brothers and sisters, my friends are my friends as long as they think like I do and yet I am content.

Che takes a puff on his inhaler. He reads the end of the letter out loud.

CHE (CONT'D)

I don't know why I am writing you this mama. Take it as it is, a letter written one stormy night in the skies of India..
CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT, HAVANA. OCT 1959 -- DAY
The crowds are out for the return of Commandante Che Guevara. He is rushed through them, like some superstar, hardly time to draw breath as he is bundled into a waiting car.
Che mutters to his bodyguard.

CHE

The bastards couldn't kill me in the Sierra Maestra, how do they think they will do it here, amidst all this?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NATIONAL BANK. NOV 1959 -- DAY
Che draws up outside the National Bank. He walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NATIONAL BANK -- CONTINUOUS
To be greeted with a bear hug from Fidel. Che looks around him.

CHE

You are sure this is not a punishment for not selling sugar?

Fidel smiles.

FIDEL

Who better can I trust as head of the national bank but a man who wishes to do away with money all together.

They laugh. Che turns to his now everpresent bodyguard, the negro POMBO.

CHE

A misunderstanding- he said he wanted a good economist and I volunteered - but I heard him say he wanted a good communist.

Che lights up a cigar, shrugs his shoulders.

CHE (CONT'D)

Well. Let's work here now.

Pombo smiles as he takes a cigar from Che.

POMBO

Don't worry Commandante. You'll piss off the Yankee's as much in here as you ever did in the mountains.

The laughter is cut short as we hear a plane buzz bombing overhead. Che turns to Fidel.

Fidel shrugs.

FIDEL

Oh yes. They are still trying this trick. Cane fields last week, this week the city. Next week..? Who knows.

He turns on his heel and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- EVENING

Che is working late. His secretary looks dead beat. The noise of a plane overhead.

It comes closer, closer. Che doesn't respond, but as a bomb drops really near, shattering the plaster, the secretary dives under the desk. As the noise stops, the secretary emerges from under the desk, looks at Che, who appears not to have noticed her antics. She gets back to her work. He speaks without looking up.

CHE

You tired? Want to go home to sleep?

She shakes her head, carries on typing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Che is working, head down. The door bursts open. Pombo enters. He can barely contain himself.

POMBO

Commandante. Camilo. Camilo.

Che looks up.

CHE

What is it Pombo?

Pombo begins to cry.

POMBO

His plane. It has disappeared.

Che jumps up from his seat. Grabs the phone. Dials furiously.

CHE

What's this.. about Camilo? What? Well find out..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAVANA -- DAY

Crowds gathered at a memorial for the death of Camilo Cienfuegos. Che and Fidel are on a platform, talking about their companero. We cannot hear their words, but are well aware of the sentiment.

CUT TO:

INT. INRA BUILDING, HAVANA, MAR 1960 -- DAY

Che, Fidel and others in a meeting. The usual stuff of politics, but we can't make out what they are saying, just that Fidel is holding court as usual. Suddenly he is silenced by a huge explosion. The men look at each other, then all leap up and run from the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAVANA HARBOUR. 4TH MAR 1960-- DAY

We see a French frigate LA COUBRE, on fire in the harbour. Che and Fidel rushe into the fray, straight towards the blazing vessel. They are about a hundred yards away when there is a second almighty explosion. All around, men fall

on top of Fidel to protect him. But Che is still running towards the ship. Men try to stop him. He wrestles with them.

CHE

Dammit, don't fuck with me! There's been two explosions. Anything that was going to explode has exploded.

He shakes them off and continues towards the carnage. There are nearly a hundred dead and maimed bodies lying around the ship.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MALECON, HAVANA -- DAY

Fidel and Che stand amongst others on a platform watching the funeral cortege for the victims go past. Fidel orates. We catch part of what he says amidst the seemingly everlasting procession.

FIDEL

We have to arm the people against the imminent invasion of the American imperialists... They have killed our brothers and sisters, blowing up a ship they know carried arms.. our new cry

must be Patria o Muerte!

The crowds ring out in unison.

CROWDS

Our homeland or death! Our homeland or death!

Fidel turns to Che amidst the chaos and speaks very quietly.

FIDEL

The Yankees have had their chance. Now we will get arms from the Soviets.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE 1960 -- DAY

Aleida and a brand new baby are leaving the office. She looks less than happy.

CHE

Take the bus. (beat) How does it look for us to be driving around using gasolene for pleasure when..

She shrugs and leaves the room, crossing the path of a suited man. Che looks at

the man in disbelief.

CHE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MAN

I have an appointment. Three o'clock.

Che looks at his watch.

CHE

Then you have another eleven hours to wait.

The man looks at his watch, perplexed.

MAN

That will be..

CHE

Three a.m. Yes. I will be ready to talk to you about petroleum at three a.m. Now please. I have work to do.

The man turns and leaves the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The man is back. He has a definite three a.m. look about him. Che appears to be unfatigued by the time.

CHE

It is very simple. The Americans have cut our sugar quota. They refuse to process petroleum supplied from the Soviets, who, by the way, will buy our sugar.. if you do not process our oil we we nationalise your company. Clear?

In a tone that states he doesn't intend to be dictated to by Che Guevara the man replies.

MAN

What do you know of the oil business?

CHE

Like everything else in this revolution, we will apply common sense. Sure we make mistakes,my friend. In this new situation, we are all learning.

He smiles at the man who is totally out of his depth now. It's hardball, and he has just struck out.

MAN

But..

Che dismisses him.

CHE

No buts. No excuses. No rubbish. We are a free sovereign nation and we will not be dictated to by imperialists. We also have a right to free trade I think?

The man rises as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Another unfortunate lamb to the slaughter of revolutionary progress. This one is LOBO. A well heeled Cuban. In fact the owner of the riches sugar plantation in the country.

CHE

I invite you to administrate Cuba's

sugar industry. I will pay you two thousand dollars a month.

Lobo doesn't know whether he dare laugh. It is ridiculous.

LOBO

You will pay ME a salary? But I own the..

CHE

Did own. The people own the sugar plantations now Lobo.

Lobo no longer has anything approaching a smile on his face.

CHE (CONT'D)

Let me tell you this is a good wage. They offered me one thousand dollars a month as National Bank president. Of course I turned it down. I take my two hundred and fifty as commandante - I am proud to earn that wage.

Lobo looks more and more uncomfortable.

LOBO

I need time to think about it.

Che stands up. Lobo's time has run out. He shakes hands with Lobo. Sees him from the room.

CHE

Don't think too long eh? The revolution needs men like you as well as men like me, you see?

Lobo leaves the room. Che turns to Pombo, standing in a corner of the room. Che gives Pombo a gesture- what do you think? Pombo shakes his head.

POMBO

I think that's the last we'll see of him Commandante.

Che nods in agreement, but a sense of real loss in his demeanour.

INT. FIDEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Fidel, Che, Raul, Celia Sanchez and Aleida gathered for a meal. It's quite

unlike the old days however, here we sense the bodyguards outside the building, the formality of the situation pervades. Private life is gone. Fidel and Che are in discussion.

CHE

We've done what had to be done. We have to work to build the socialist..

FIDEL

Economics is the key now Che. We cannot play around exporting revolution. Every country wants help from us, but each country does not help itself. Cuba comes first..

CHE

You say that with Russians roaming the streets.

Raul interjects.

RAUL

Better Russians than Chinese.

CHE

You think?(beat) Fidel. We have to build a new man - a new socialism.. I spoke to the students..

FIDEL

We have to give them jobs.

Celia crosses with coffee for all - trying to stop the discussion developing into an argument as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE. 1961 -- NIGHT

Silence in the sleeping household is broken by the sound of planes-gunfire. Che rushes out of his bedroom, almost bumps into the nanny who is rushing out of her room holding young Aliusha.

CHE

The bastards have come at last.

In the dark and confusion, a gunshot is heard. Aleida switches on a light. Che lies, blood on his face as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE -- DAY
Hilda is quizzing Aleida about Che.

ALEIDA

He was lucky, the bullet passed within a few inches of his brain.

HILDA

Why all these constant assassination attempts?

ALEIDA

This was an accident Hilda.. the gun went off..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- DAY
Che talking on the phone.

CHE

I tell you, it was the medicine that nearly killed me - brought on a toxic reaction.. can you believe, my friends nearly managed what my enemies long to do..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAVANA - A RALLY. 1961 -- DAY
Fidel holding forth to the crowds.

FIDEL

Kennedy has shown the same aggression to us and we have answered him in the same way..

Fade out his speech as we hear Che speaking -another crowd, another rally.

CHE

Our words come moist from the Cuban jungles. We have climbed the Sierra Maestra and we have known the dawn and our minds and our hands are full with the seeds of the dawn and we are prepared to sow it in this land and to defend it so that it flourishes..

The crowd go wild as we
CUT TO:

EXT. HAVANA -- DAY

Banner announcing Cuban Trade Fair. The streets of Cuba are populated by

Russians in cheap Soviet suits. Poster announcing Yuri Gagarin - first man in space.

INT. BANK HQ -- DAY

Che sits opposite Yuri Gagarin - signing a bank note for him. Hands it to him - it's hard to tell which of the men is more impressed. Then Che leans into Gagarin and asks, seriously.

CHE

How do you cope with all of this?

He waves at the entourage which we pull back to see - what we had assumed to be a private moment is in fact all part of the media circus. Gagarin shrugs his shoulders. Waits for the translator. Smiles. Has no answer as we CUT TO:

INT. OAS CONFERENCE URUGUAY- AUGUST 1961. -- DAY

Che walks past an American (Richard Goodwin) Stops. Looks straight at him. Offers his hand to shake. Richard Goodwin looks less than comfortable.

CHE

I want to thank you for Playa Giron.

Goodwin looks puzzled.

CHE (CONT'D)

The Bay of Pigs. Our revolution was on shaky ground before. But you have transformed us from an aggrieved little country to an equal.

Goodwin looks uneasy.

CHE (CONT'D)

Tell Kennedy what I say.

Che's bodyguard is chivvying him up. Che notices Goodwin looking at his large Cuban cigar, passes him one which Goodwin reluctantly accepts.

CHE (CONT'D)

A gift for your president. We'll talk later.

Turns from Goodwin and carries on

walking, leaving Goodwin watching the back of the Guevara entourage as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OAS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A group of suited politicians, bored, lazing, seated listening to various tedious spoutings of economic policy. Che stands out in his fatigues. And stands up to deliver his speech. We cannot hear it, but it is accompanied with his usual charisma and passion.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OAS CORRIDOR -- DAY

Che Guevara leaving the room, he marches out with dignity, but soon is racked with asthma.

His bodyguard passes him his asthma inhaler and after a moment he is calm. He returns to the room.

CUT TO:

INT. OAS HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Che Guevara and Richard Goodwin enter an empty room. They are accompanied by bodyguards. It's clear there aren't

enough seats for all. Che sits on the floor, cross legged.

Goodwin, not to be outdone, sits on the floor across from him. Che begins to speak.

CHE

I want you to tell Kennedy that we are a sovereign nation. We will do trade with anyone, sell our sugar to anyone and you..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OAS HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Che is in the bosom of his family. Celia madre watches her son proudly as he orates to his siblings.

CHE

So I told him..

Juan-Martin is captivated by his older brother. Roberto seems less sure.

CHE (CONT'D)

We cannot stop exporting an idea, because ideas know no boundaries..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OAS HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

It is clearly late at night, some members of the family are beginning to wilt.

He sits beside his mother.

CELIA

It is such a shame Aleida couldn't be here with you. How is the baby?

He shrugs. Turns to Juan-Martin.

CHE

Why not come and study in Cuba Juan-Martin?

JUAN-MARTIN

You mean it?

He nods.

CHE

At least until we bring the revolution to Argentina.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD, CUBA 1962 -- DAY
Peasants working in the field. We see Che amongst them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Hilda and Hildita stand on the doorstep. Aleida stands, Aliusha in arms at the open door.

There is clearly no love lost between the two women.

ALEIDA

You know Che. Volunteer work whenever he is not in the office..

Hilda turns from the door. Aleida softens somewhat.

ALEIDA (CONT'D)

Hildita can come and play with the little one if she likes..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE -- EVENING

Che is working in the office. The door opens. A man enters. He is older, but recognisably Alberto Granado, from Che's

early motorcycle trip. There is a moment's pause, then Che rises from his desk.

CHE

Alberto.

The two men embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK JULY 1952. CARACAS STREET-
- DAY

Alberto and Ernesto parting. They embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE 1962 -- CONTINUOUS
The two older men look at each other.

ALBERTO

You've come a long way, man.

CHE

We're just beginning my friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAVANA 1962 -- DAY

Che and Alberto are receiving the first shipment of Russian oil from a Russian captain.

As they walk away they are deep in conversation.

CHE

Not only a dictator has fallen here, but a system has fallen as well.

ALBERTO

It's certainly a long way from Venezuela.

Che smiles.

CHE

We're not so different you and me.

ALBERTO

But you, all this work, and fighting. It's so..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1952 HILLSIDE- ARGENTINA
-- NIGHT

The young Che (Ernesto) and Alberto
struggling back down the dark

hillside..accompanied by the noise of
Che's asthma.

CHE (V.O.)

Man, I was always fighting something.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S OFFICE 1962 -- DAY

Alberto and Che in his office.Che's
German Shepherd dog "WALL" is at his
side.

CHE

We just have more purpose these days.

ALBERTO

And a better dog.

Che strokes his dog.

CHE

*Ah, dogs. Well, he's no Comeback, that's
for sure.*

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alberto and Che having dinner. Aleida

serving them, but called away by the insistent wailing of a child.

ALBERTO

The economic wranglings must get you down though?

He leans in to him, confiding.

CHE

It all gets me down at times. But it is the price to pay for a new life.

He lights his cigar.

CHE (CONT'D)

I'm biding my time Alberto. Till the revolution in Argentina.

Alberto laughs.

ALBERTO

You've been too long away from Buenos Aires, (mocking tone) Che-e-e. Che, still conspiratorial.

CHE

That's where you're wrong. I gave them all the slip and went to see my aunt - this year!

Alberto shakes his head as we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUENOS AIRES 1962 -- NIGHT
Che looks at the familiar streets of Buenos Aires from the window of a car..
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET -- NIGHT
A quiet street - an explosion.

CHE (V.O.)

Caused quite a stir!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHE'S HOUSE 1962 -- DAY
Patajo, a close friend of Che's who we've become used to seeing in the entourage, is taking his leave of his chief.

CHE

How can I stop you from going. From your

own revolution. But take care in Guatamala Patajo. Remember what we have learned..

The men embrace and Patajo leaves. Che and Alberto watch him go. Alberto pats Che's increasing stomach.

ALBERTO

Leave the fighting to the young men eh?

Che pushes him away. Points to his stomach.

CHE

Aaah. This. It's the damned cortisone. Don't you worry Alberto. When the time comes, I'll be ready..

Alberto laughs.

ALBERTO

You have a family here - a life - why are you always moving?

CHE

You know, in order to win one must dare

to try, and in order to dare, one must have faith Alberto. I have faith in the people. In a new way of living.

ALBERTO (V.O.)

Are you sure you don't just want to die beautifully.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE 1964 -- DAY

A message is brought to a sober Che by Pombo. Alberto is also in the room. As is WALL.

Che reads the letter. It has moved him.

CHE

We don't want to die, Alberto. Did Patajo want to die - here - listen (he reads)

Take this, it is only my heart, Hold it in your hand And when the dawn arrives, open your hand and let the sun warm it.

As he reads we see a montage of images from his past. Che turns to Alberto.

CHE (CONT'D)

You see. We have to keep fighting, for this new dawn. I want to meet with Bustos.. Alberto?

Alberto nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM MOUNTAINS 1964. --
NIGHT

Che is holding forth to a group of guerillas. Amongst them is a young woman. We shall come to know her as TANIA.

CHE

I'm telling you - on this, Argentina's national day, we must stop talking and start acting.

He turns to BUSTOS.

CHE (CONT'D)

Bustos will spearhead the advance. You will go in through Bolivia. I will join you later on. For now, your training is over. The talking is over. The time is now for action. But from this moment on,

consider yourselves dead.

He looks at Tania, who returns his gaze steadfastly.

CHE (CONT'D)

Death is the only certainty in this. Some of you may survive, but all of you should consider what remains of your lives as borrowed time.

The men look solemn. File out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS 1964 -- NIGHT

Che looks up at the stars. Tania is beside him.

CHE

What am I doing here, waiting as a pawn in the game of Russia and America? I long to go as you are going..

Tania tenderly touches his shoulder.

TANIA

One day we will look up at this sky from another mountain together..

She kisses him on both cheeks and departs. Che watches her go.

CHE

If any of us live that long.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - GENEVA 1964 -- DAY

It is back to the usual round of politicians and conferences. Che stands to deliver his speech.

CHE

Cuba wishes to make one point clear at the outset: we are not begging for aid. We are demanding justice..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Che is in conversation with BEN BELLA

BEN

And Fidel thinks..?

CHE

He has his country. Mine is still not free.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1963.PRISON CELL-
ARGENTINA-- DAY

Celia madre is in close confinement in a squalid prison cell. She is writing a letter.

CHE (V.O.)

Last year, they imprisoned my mother.. a woman in her fifties.. just for being my mother. I have to do something..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANOTHER CONFERENCE ROOM - 1964 --
DAY

Che and Ben are in conversation again.

CHE

..something more than this talking which proves nothing and changes nothing.

BEN

I think it's already too late for the Congo.

CHE

If the Congo calls me, I'll be there. Look. Argentina is closed to me right now. I have lost many dear friends there, for whatever reasons..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOLIVIA 1964 -- DAY

A hail of bullets rains down on a small guerilla band. We recognise some of these as being the men Che has sent from Cuba.

CHE (V.O.)

..but the Congo, Vietnam, wherever. I am a revolutionary. I need a revolution not a life in hotels and conference suites.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM 1964 -- DAY

Che and Ben still talking.

CHE

This is not me any more Ben. You know it.

Che looks at him, revolutionary zeal in his eyes.

CHE (CONT'D)

It is never to late to strike a blow for freedom. Never a futile gesture.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1958 SIERRA MAESTRA-- DAY
Che with rifle in hand, looking confident.

CHE (V.O.)

All this talking, talking, talking. It has to stop. I talk best with a rifle in my hand.

CUT TO:

INT. FIDEL'S HOUSE, HAVANA 1964 -- DAY
Fidel is taking his leave of Che. There is a distance between them we've not noticed before.

FIDEL

We'll talk about it when you get back from New York.

Che turns to go.

FIDEL (CONT'D)

No point saying take Aleida?

Che shakes his head.

CHE

Children, wives and baggage. The UN is not a holiday camp.

Fidel shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK DEC 1964 --
EVENING

Che sits alone in his hotel room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1952 MIAMI BEACH -- DAY
The young Ernesto, looking every bit as alone as the older Che we have just seen, walks the beach. He looks at the note in his hand- his only money - and puts it back in his pocket. Taking a

coin, he buys a banana from a beach vendor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK 1964 --
CONTINUOUS

Che sits up straight, his memories haunting him.

CHE

As you say Fidel. The essential quality of a revolutionary is to know how to interpret reality.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, NEW YORK -- DAY
Che is holding forth to the conference room.

CHE

How can we forget the betrayal of hope that Patrice Lumumba placed in the United Nations?

His voice fades as we pan the delegates. They look like they've become inured to his rantings, some of them don't even bother to listen in their headphone

translators. Pan back to Che.

CHE (CONT'D)

All free men of the world must be prepared to avenge the crime of the Congo..

We lose it again as we pan round the congress once more. We focus on Ben Bella as we hear Che's voice again.

CHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The difference between men does not lie in the colour of their skin, but in the forms of ownership of the means of production..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM- DAR-ES-SALAAM, MARCH 1965 -- EVENING

Che is surrounded by a posse of Congolese "Freedom fighters." But these men look more like fat cats than freedom fighters. Chief amongst them is KABILA.

KABILA

And your speech at the UN was most

moving, but talk will not win us back the Congo.

CHE

Marti says "the best form of talk is action" - what do you want Cuba to do to help you?

Kabila considers for a moment.

KABILA

Train us some rebels. In Cuba. And money. We always need money.

Che shakes his head.

CHE

True guerilla fighters are made in the field, not in academies.

The "rebels" look dissatisfied.

KABILA

Ah. Like all the rest. Fine words but..

CHE

So what I propose is that we send you some of our finest fighters, to train in the Congo with your men.

Kabila appears slightly mollified.

KABILA

And money?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NASSER'S GOVT HOUSE --MARCH 1965
DAY

Nasser and Che drinking coffee.

NASSER

Money. Of course. They all want money to live their comfortable revolutionary lives in the hotels of Dar.

CHE

I admit, their revolutionary road is a long one. They are still..

Nasser breaks in.

NASSER

Don't get involved directly, huh? You would be like Tarzan, a white man

amongst blacks, leading and protecting them. It can only end badly.

Che turns on Nasser.

CHE

There are no frontiers in this struggle to the death.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1964 BOLIVIAN JUNGLE--
DAY

We see the guerillas coming under fire. The Cuban contingent is being wiped out.

CHE (V.O.)

We cannot remain indifferent in the face of what occurs in any part of the world. A victory for any country against imperialism is our victory, just as any country's defeat is a defeat for us all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NASSER'S GOVT HOUSE 1965 --
CONTINUOUS

Nasser smiles indulgently at Che.

NASSER

I know you feel the iniquity, the death of your comrades keenly, but I warn you..you will be a trophy to be hunted. And owned.

Che shakes his head.

CHE

But without me..
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAVANA AIRPORT - MARCH 1965 -- DAY

CHE (V.O.)

I don't want to sit around talking revolution like my father did..

Aleida, Fidel and Raul are there to meet Che at the airport. It is a pretty formal affair, low on smiles. As they march to the waiting car

RAUL

The Soviets are up in arms.

Che shrugs.

CHE

What do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - STREETS OF HAVANA -- DAY

The car bearing the leaders rushes through the empty streets of Havana.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIDEL'S HOUSE, HAVANA -- MOMENTS LATER

The men get out of the car. Aleida gets out. Fidel motions her to get back in the car. The three men stride purposefully into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. FIDEL'S HOUSE, HAVANA -- DAY

It looks like the end of a very long and heated conversation. A letter lies between Che and Fidel.

CHE

The main cause of our errors here was a lack of a sense of reality at a given moment. We have to put that right. But me, I have to put it right not just in

Cuba, but in my own homeland.

Fidel points to the letter.

FIDEL

And this?

CHE

This absolves you from it all. I renounce all claims on Cuba. We agreed Fidel - that one day I would move on?

The two men look at each other, sober - this is the end of an era and they both know it.

Che reaches out his hand to shake Fidel's

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK, JULY 7TH 1955. MARIA ANTONIA'S HOUSE-- EVENING

That first handshake between Fidel and Che.

FIDEL (V.O.)

Companero.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FIDEL'S HOUSE 1965 -- MOMENTS LATER
Fidel and Che in an embrace. They
part. Che leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE, HAVANA MARCH 1965 --
EVENING

Che sits, writing letters. Aleida leans
over his shoulder.

ALEIDA

*What about your children? Ernesto
doesn't even know his father yet..*

Che turns to her.

CHE

*A revolutionary has no wife, no
children, no life but the revolution.*

He turns back to his writing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Che, Aleida and the nanny Sofia sitting
to lunch. They are drinking coffee.

CHE

Sofia, what happened to the widows of the Cubans who died in the revolution?

SOFIA

A lot of them remarried.

Che turns to Aleida, pointing to his coffee cup.

CHE

In that case, this coffee you serve me, may you serve it to another.

Aleida begins to cry as we
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S HOUSE -- DAY
Che taking leave of his children.
CUT TO:

EXT. CHE'S HOUSE, MAR 1965 -- DAY
Hilda and Hildita on the doorstep.

ALEIDA

He's gone to cut cane. You know Che.

Always working for the revolution.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE, HAVANA -- DAY

Che sits in a chair. We have a back view. His hair is being cut. His beard is shaved off. He is handed a prosthetic for his mouth - puts it in. The chair turns round and we see a totally unrecognisable man. Osmany, the man cutting the hair, takes a photo.

OSMANY

It is good, Che.

CHE

Ramon. From now it is Ramon Benitez only.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- LATER

Che now dressed in civilian clothes. The transformation is complete. He looks at himself in the mirror. Pulls a face.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE TANGANIKA, APRIL 1965 -- DAY

Che's POV: The lake - expanse of natural

beauty. We turn to see Che, dressed in fatigues, but still short hair and no beard, standing next to some black Cuban guerillas. They are about to board a boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP - APRIL 1965 -- DAY
Che is trying to explain his presence to a raggle taggle bunch of Congolese whom it is hard to honour with the name soliders.

CONGO REBEL#1

White man. Mercenaries.

CHE

No. We are not mercenaries.

DREKE, Che's second in command here, intercedes to the translator.

DREKE

Tell them it is Che Guevara.

CHE

We are volunteers. No one is paying us.

The Congolese turn away in disgust. The Cubans stand looking very out of place.

TRANSLATOR

They want Kabila to send money, not volunteers. They say no money, no work.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- LATER

Che's men are building furniture.

CHE

We have to instruct them first.

DREKE

This is a joke. They are not revolutionaries. (mimics) No money, no work.

Che is short with his men.

CHE

Building a revolutionary force takes more than a week my friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP -- EVENING

Che in his hammock - his beard beginning to grow back in is our indication to the passage of time. He is writing in a notebook.

CHE (V.O.)

There is a coldness between the two groups of men.

He looks up as Dreke approaches.

CHE (CONT'D)

Yes?

DREKE

Has the bleeding stopped?

Che wipes his nose, no blood.

DREKE (CONT'D)

The fever?

Che nods.

CHE

I think so. But my stomach - five days

and still..

DREKE

Ah. Colonel Lambert is here, Major.

Che swings down unsteadily from his hammock.

CUT TO:

INT. HUT -- EVENING

Lambert offers Che a drink of whisky, which Che declines. Lambert appears already three sheets to the wind.

LAMBERT

It is the Dawa you see.

Che looks bored.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Truly. It is protection against bullets. They've hit me several times.. and.. see.

He shows that he is unhurt. Che attempts to keep his humour.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

You will have to get a muganga. To give them the dawa.

He grins.

LAMBERT (CONT'D)

No dawa, no fight.

Che has had enough.

CHE

And do you have any news of when Kabila will come?

Lambert shakes his head.

LAMBERT

Ah. He's a busy man. Held up. Always coming but..

Che shakes his head. Lambert offers Che another drink, which he again declines and exits the hut as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHE'S HUT -- DAY

Cuban guerillas sitting with Che in heated debate.

CUBAN

We have built all the furniture, we do everything and they stand around doing nothing.. Nothing is happening..

CHE

We have to build our army before we fight. Do you want to go fighting with these men as they are now?

The Cubans shake their heads. Another man enters.

MESSENGER

Reinforcements are here Major.

The men leave the hut.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- DAY

Dreke stands watching Che read a letter. He is clearly distraught.

DREKE

Bad news Major?

Che toys with the letter.

CHE

My mother. She has died.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH, ARGENTINA- MAY 1965
+FLASHBACK+ -- DAY

Che's photograph on top of Celia madre's coffin as the family file past.

CHE (V.O.)

I couldn't be there. She never got my last letter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Che folds the letter and puts it inside his tunic. Turns from Dreke to the messenger who brought the letter. He resumes his authority.

CHE

And Kabila? News from him?

The messenger shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP, JUNE 1965 -- DAY
Che playing chess with Dreke. The camp looks a bit more ship shape but there is little sign of revolutionary activity.

CHE

He isn't coming.

DREKE

What?

CHE

Kabila. Mitundi said he isn't coming.

Dreke jumps up, annoyed.

DREKE

Shit. Two months in this hole and.. the Congos still can't shoot..

CHE

They won't take classes on weekends

DREKE

No dawa, no work.

He shakes his head.

DREKE (CONT'D)

Mitundi's drowned and he was the only person with authority.

He takes Dreke's bishop and smiles.

CHE

*Passivity is the beginning of defeat
Dreke.*

He takes a letter out of his breast pocket.

CHE (CONT'D) (reads)

Kabila wants us to attack. On the 25th.

Dreke snorts.

DREKE

With what? With this lot?

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- DAY

Dreke is trying to drill the men. The Congolese and Rwandans are just a disorganised shower. And an uninterested lot at that. They have NO concept of what to do with their weapons. One nearly shoots himself in the foot as he does drill, another points his loaded weapon at a Cuban, seemingly unaware of the danger. The Cuban ducks. Dreke is beside himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE "FRONT" JUNE 19TH 1965 -- DAY

We are thrown into the middle of the first action. The guerillas are lined up. A command is given to advance. Guns start firing. The Congolese and Rwandans turn tail and run back through their own lines - shooting as they go. The Cubans duck the bullets.

Then get up and continue on their way - the force diminished by at least half.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP, CHE'S HAMMOCK, JUNE 19TH 1965 -- DAY

Che is lying in his hammock, reading. Standing around him is an

assortment of "bodyguards." Pombo enters. Che leaps down from his hammock. CLOSE ON: The book he leaves behind. It is Homer's Iliad. Che and Pombo embrace. Pombo shakes hands with the "bodyguards" then turns to Che.

POMBO

They are looking after you?

Che effects a hollow laugh.

CHE

Enough ass licking. Having three comrades "looking after" me is a privilege I don't like very much.

He waves away the men. They go reluctantly. Che and Pombo go into a hut.

CUT TO:

INT. HUT -- MOMENTS LATER

They squat down inside the rough straw hut, drinking tea.

POMBO

The news has just come through that Ben Bella has been overthrown.

Che reacts.

CHE

And here we are faced with mass desertion. Even the Cubans want to go home. You have to help me here Pombo. We have to build a fighting force.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- DAY

Pombo and Che putting the "troops" such as they are, through their paces.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- NIGHT

The guerillas gather round the campfire. Che is orating.

CHE

I do not want this beautiful dream to disintegrate into chaos. We must all play our part.

A Cuban stands up, challenging.

CUBAN #1

How can we fight beside these men. (he mimics) I am not a truck. I am not a Cuban.

CUBAN #2

They don't respect us, Major.

He faces them down.

CHE

You want to leave? I accept. The situation is difficult. Things can only be fixed with a lot of work and a multitude of personal failures. I can't ask you to have confidence in my leadership ability, but as a revolutionary I demand you show respect for my honesty. I have not come to the Congo to win personal glory, and I will not sacrifice anyone for my personal honour. If you are unhappy with these terms, I will send you back to Cuba.

Silence descends.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- DAY

Che is drilling the Congolese. We hear his shouting in the background.

CHE

I will get grass skirts for you.. women would fight better than you..

The training is broken up as a Congolese fighter rushes into the middle of the training ground, oblivious to the danger of the guns all around him. He shouts out gleefully.

CONGO REBEL#1

Kabila is here. Kabila is here.

We follow Che's point of view as he turns to see Kabila - large as life. His attire is more like that of a tourist than a guerilla. Beside him sits a large crate of whisky.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HUT -- NIGHT

Che and Kabila in conversation. Kabila

is knocking back the whisky. Che is not.

CHE

The Rwandans desert at the first sight of gunfire. The Congolese refuse to dig trenches, or to go in them. To win a war with such troops is out of the question.

Kabila smiles.

KABILA

I told you we should train first in Cuba.

CHE

That's not the point Kabila.

The familiar sound of Che's asthma now fills the screen as it almost fades to black.

Back from the black we are CLOSE ON: Kabila. He smiles at Che indulgently.

KABILA

I am here now. You must rest.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HUT -- DAY

Che wheezing in his hammock. Trying to write. We can see he's in a bad way.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERRILLA TRAINING GROUND -- DAY

Kabila is running the Congolese troops through their paces. At last it looks like they are trying to get things right. They still have a long way to go, but their attitude towards their "Leader" at least gives us some hope.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HUT -- NIGHT

Che is still wheezing. Tossing and turning.

CUT TO:

INT. CHE'S HUT -- DAY

Pombo enters. Che seems a bit calmer. He is reading. He smiles weakly at Pombo. Pombo steels himself to tell the news.

POMBO

Kabila is gone.

CHE

Gone?

Pombo laughs.

POMBO

He says he only intended to stay a week.

CHE

With all that whisky.

Pombo nods.

POMBO

He left most of it behind.

He crawls out of his hammock, begins wheezing again. Pombo tries to intercede, to get his leader back to his hammock. He pushes him aside.

POMBO (CONT'D)

What are you doing Major?

CHE

This is enough. I'm going to the front.

Pombo looks uncertain. Che is determined.

CHE (CONT'D)

We'll get a witch doctor if that's what it takes. But I'm going to the front. To fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- DAY

Surrounded by whisky bottles, Lambert staggers to seated position. We see him from Che's POV.

LAMBERT

You go if you wish. I have all I want right here.

Che turns from him in disgust.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE AUGUST 1965 -- DAY

Che and his men filing through the jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW GUERILLA CAMP - OCTOBER 1965 --

DAY

Che in his hammock, writing his diary. READ: October 24th. Six months anniversary. Suddenly there is the noise of gunfire. Guerillas running around. Chaos.

POMBO

The government troops, Major. We have to leave.

Che springs into action. He grabs his diary, but a book he has been leaning on falls unnoticed to the floor.

CHE

Torch the buildings.

There follows the chaotic departure, with most belongings left behind. The straw huts are burning.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP -- DAY

Government troops, guns pointing, cautious, enter the deserted camp. It is a scene of desolation. We see them root through the detritus and we CLOSE ON the

book left behind by Che. It is Homer's
Odyssey.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAY

Che gathers his troops. One of the Cubans
is gibbering.

CUBAN

*They ran past us. The damned Congo's.
Firing at their own men.*

Che counts heads.

CHE

Thirteen.

His asthma begins to wheeze and we hear
his thoughts.

CHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*One more than Fidel had after the Granma
landing. But I am not the same leader.*

He motions the men to move on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN HILLSIDE -- EVENING

Che and his men are walking through the desolate countryside. They come across a wounded Cuban, lying by a tree. Che kneels down close to him.

CHE

Bahaza? Bahaza. We're here.

He looks round for medical backup. The man is bleeding profusely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN HILLSIDE -- EVENING

They are carrying Bahaza on a makeshift stretcher. He looks in bad shape.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN HILLSIDE -- NIGHT

The men are sleeping, apart from a couple on guard, and Che, nursing Bahaza.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN HILLSIDE -- MORNING

Che closes Bahaza's eyes. Motions "he's dead" to Pombo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN HILLSIDE -- DAY

They are burying Bahaza.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERILLA CAMP, NOVEMBER 2ND 1965 --
DAY

We are in a more established camp. Che, and the men around him, all look decidedly the worse for wear. The long months have taken a toll on them all physically and in terms of moral. Che is reading a telegram. We close on the end of it and read: AVOID ANNIHILATION and the signature FIDEL. He turns from the telegram.

MELL

We have to go to the Lake, Major.

ARAGONES

*Lambert is blaming you for the deaths..
Kabila is demanding you meet with him..*

CHE

We are not leaving until they ask us in writing to pull out.

MELL

Our job is to bring you out Major. And we will do it, if we have to tie you up to achieve it.

Che looks steely at Mell. He seems frail, yet determined. Not a man to mess with.

CHE

So. We have two alternatives. We can fight to the death, or we can make a breakout attempt. But I will not desert the Congo just because we are being betrayed.

Another guerilla wearing radio headphones crosses to Che.

GUERILLA

Major. The upper base has fallen.

The men jump into action. Clearing and packing away.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP -- LATER

The deserted camp. No sign of life. The guerillas have vanished.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE -- EVENING

Che stands by Lake Tangankia, watching the sunset. His mood is in stark contrast to the beauty. Dreke enters, breaking his reverie.

DREKE

Major?

Che acknowledges him.

DREKE (CONT'D)

I want you to know that I will stay with you as long as necessary. As many years as needs be.

Che nods.

CHE

I'm going to stay, with those who want to stay voluntarily.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE -- NIGHT

Round a fire, the band of guerillas are making their plans.

GUERRILLA

We would rather fight in Vietnam.. or somewhere else where they want us. Not here.

MELL

They have asked us to leave.

CHE

No country has the right to ask internationalists to leave. Cuba doesn't go back on its promises.

MELL

But they ALL want us to leave.

GUERRILLA

So why don't they send the boats.

The men look out over the dark and empty lake.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE 2AM -- NIGHT

A boat has arrived. Che is loading women and children on first.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS, LAKESIDE -- DAY

To the increasingly close sounds of air traffic and guns, the remaining men huddle in some cover on the hillside overlooking the lakeside. To cap it all, there is a thin, constant drizzle. It looks like they've been abandoned. Pombo hands Che a note.

POMBO

See this. I intercepted it from Azima.

Che begins to read.

CHE (reading)

Our position has no cover.. the Congolese say I'm holding them against their will.. There isn't any food..

Che turns to Pombo.

CHE (CONT'D)

Burn this. With the rest.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE 16TH NOV 1965 -- EVENING

The men are making heavy weather of scrambling down the hillside. We focus on Che - his asthma - heavy breathing which leads us into the past

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1952. HILLSIDE ARGENTINA
-- EVENING

Che and Alberto scabbling down the hillside. Something brushes past them - an unfamiliar noise which takes us back to the present.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE NOV 1965 -- NIGHT

Che points his weapon, waits. Nothing. He carries on. Pombo comes close to him, whispers.

POMBO

They have landed government troops on the hills. We are surrounded.

CHE

So we have to hope the boats are there tonight.

Pombo looks at Che, quizzically. Che nods.

CHE (CONT'D)

It's over.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE -- NIGHT

Che, alone, pacing the lakeside, waiting for the boat. He mutters to himself.

CHE

Who am I?

As we go into a montage of scenes from his life. Culminates with the moment on the mountainside in the firelight with the Marxist revolutionary.. "you will die with blood on your hands."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE - NOVEMBER 18TH 3AM -- NIGHT

Loading the boats. Che is the last one to get on the last boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOAT -- LATER

In the overcrowded boat we see Che standing on the prow, looking back at the Congo for the last time.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT -- DAY

Che sits in the boat, smoking a pipe and shaving. At the same time his hair is being cut.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAR-ES-SALAAM AIRPORT DEC 1965 -- DAY

Dressed in suits, Che and the Cuban guerillas get off a plane at the airport, looking somewhat shell shocked and out of place back in civilisation.

CUT TO:

INT. CUBAN EMBASSY, DAR-ES-SALAAM -- DAY
TITLE: DECEMBER 1965.

Che is cooped up in the sweltering heat of a small room. He is wearing only shorts and we can see the ravages that the Congolese war has had on his

health. He is typing furiously, his pipe hanging out of his mouth all the time.

CHE (V.O.)

I have emerged believing more than ever in guerilla warfare..

He leans back in his chair for a moment - thoughtful as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1955. ARGENTINIAN EMBASSY, GUATAMALA -- DAY

Che working in the kitchen at the Argentinian embassy all those years ago. It is the voice of the later Che we hear over the action.

CHE (V.O.)

But we failed. My responsibility is great.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBAN EMBASSY, DAR-ES-SALAAM -- CONTINUOUS

Che still plugging away unaware that behind him Aleida stands, watching.

CHE (V.O.)

I will not forge this defeat or its valuable lesson.

As he pauses from his typing, he becomes aware of the other presence. He turns and sees Aleida. It's all the encouragement she needs. She takes him in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL BEDROOM, CUBAN EMBASSY. JAN 1966 -- NIGHT

Che and Aleida in bed together, post coitus.

CHE

They treat the women there like property, but they have no concept of land ownership..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM, CUBAN EMBASSY -- DAY

Che back at his desk. Aleida beside him, reading. He talks to her without looking at her, or pausing from his typing.

CHE

They were almost tribal leaders..no respect for human life.. they need a great deal of education..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CUBAN EMBASSY -- NIGHT

Che and Aleida in bed again. He lights a cigarette. Watches the plume of smoke. He is serious.

CHE

You have to see how much a pack of cigarettes means to an individual..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1965 GUERILLA AMBUSH - CONGO-- DAY

Pombo sits smoking. The tension in the air is palpable.

CHE (V.O.)

..who is in an ambush without anything to do for twenty four hours at a stretch..

A file of guerillas on the move.
Supplies being taken down the line.

CHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*..and you have to see how little the
hundred packs that may be smoked in a
day mean in an overall budget.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CUBAN EMBASSY -- NIGHT
Che is back from his reverie. Aleida
strokes his hair.

ALEIDA

*Come back to Cuba, Che. The children
need a daddy.*

Che looks sternly at her.

CHE

I have left Cuba.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 3RD OCT 1965. PUBLIC
CEREMONY, HAVANA -- DAY

Fidel is reading out Che's letter at a
gathering of Communist party members. It

is also being transmitted over the radio.

FIDEL

Nothing legal binds me to Cuba. I have lived magnificent days..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK OCT 1965 GUERILLA CAMP,
CONGO -- NIGHT

He listens to a crackly radio broadcast from radio Havana. He hears his words read out by Fidel.

FIDEL (V.O.)

Other nations of the world call for my modest efforts..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CUBAN EMBASSY 1966 --
NIGHT

He turns to Aleida.

CHE

It is Argentina for me now.

She begins to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, PRAGUE MARCH 1966 --
DAY

TITLE: PRAGUE, MARCH 1966.

Che playing chess. His opponent is Tania. There is a comfortable easyness between them.

CHE

I don't know how you do it. Two years under cover. It is driving me crazy after four months.

She takes his knight.

CHE (CONT'D)

See! Concentration for shit.

He begins to wheeze.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, PRAGUE, APRIL 1966 --
DAY

Aleida and Che sit at opposite sides of the room. There is a more combative atmosphere now.

ALEIDA

Fidel says you should come back and wait till the time is right.

CHE

The time will never be right.

He stands up.

CHE (CONT'D)

I don't care. If it's not Argentina then Guatemala, Peru, Vietnam, or even Bolivia will do. But I'm not going back to Cuba.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ROAD, CUBA -- NIGHT

TITLE: AUGUST 1966, VINALES, EASTERN CUBA.

A car drives through the darkness, its headlights the only light.

CUT TO:

EXT. A VILLA, VINALES -- MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up outside a bourgeois villa.

The driver gets out. From the back of the car two men and a woman get out.

In the darkness we can just about make out the forms of Fidel, Aleida, and Che himself.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA, VINALES -- MOMENTS LATER

Fidel, Aleida and Che (who is in disguise) enter a room full of young hopefuls in combat gear. And some old faces - like Pombo. None of them bat an eyelid at Che, though they do sit up that bit straighter for Fidel. Fidel takes Che across to one particular man. This is MONJE. A member of the Bolivian communist party.

FIDEL

Monje. I want you to meet Ernesto Che Guevara.

Che reaches out his hand to shake. There is a ripple of surprise round the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VINALES TRAINING CAMP -- DAY

As Che and Monje walk past the pool, in the background we see the guerillas being put through their paces.

MONJE

Passage through Bolivia perhaps, but..

CHE

I have been in Bolivia. I know it is difficult to have a revolution there. I am talking five or six years - and my goal is Argentina.

MONJE

We will certainly support you in that.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINALES TRAINING CAMP -- NIGHT

Che training with the guerillas.

CUT TO:

INT. VINALES TRAINING CAMP -- NIGHT

Che is talking to some men who are obviously about to leave.

CHE

The farm is a necessary cover. Use your judgement though..we can't make mistakes in Bolivia.

He embraces the men as they leave.

CUT TO:

INT. VINALES TRAINING CAMP -- DAY
Che's disguise is being worked on. Hair plucked out by the roots with tweezers. He's clearly in pain. The hair puller apologises.

HAIR MAN

It's necessary - otherwise it will grow back in before..

Che waves him on through gritted teeth.

CHE

Get on with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE POOL, VILLA, VINALES -- LATER
A man dressed in a suit walks to the poolside, takes off his hat. He is virtually unrecognisable as Che, but that's who it is. CHE'S POV: His children, playing by the pool
Aleida, looking at him, tears in her eyes. They exchange a glance. She claps her hands, gathers the children to her.

ALEIDA

*Children. Children. Come say hello to
uncle Ramon.*

The children rush to their mother.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE -- LATER

Che sits on a deckchair, little Aliusha on his lap. She is eating icecream, wrapped in his arms and aware that he is totally besotted by her. She wriggles, gets up and runs over to her mother. She gives a loud stage whisper to Aleida that we overhear.

LITTLE ALIUSHA

*Mama. I think that old man is in love
with me.*

We see Che across the pool. Tears filling his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLA, -- EVENING

The family are leaving.

ALEIDA

Say goodbye to Uncle Ramon.

He holds each bemused child in his arms for the last time. He watches as they get into a car and are whisked away.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA, VINALES -- DAY

He sits on a log, some way away from the house. Fidel crosses. Sits on the log beside him. They are talking, but we can only see their backs. Fidel finally gets up. They give each other several slaps on the back. Then they hug each other firmly. They sit down again. This time we see them face on. They sit in silence. A moment that encapsulates all their lives. Fidel lets go. He gets up and walks off, without turning back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCHAUZU CAMP, BOLIVIA - NOV 1966
-- DAY

TITLE: NANCHAUZU CAMP, BOLIVIA, NOVEMBER 1966.

He (still in disguise) is escorted to the camp by a Bolivian man we shall come

to know as LORO. As they walk we sense it is just small talk. Then Loro nearly jumps out of his skin.

LORO

Commandante Che Guevara?

He nods. Loro is terrified.

LORO (CONT'D)

Don't tell them. Don't tell them you are here.

He looks him firmly in the eyes. He is framed by the raw beauty of the Bolivian jungle on every side of the farm property.

CHE

Well Loro. I've come to stay,
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1952 ARGENTINE/CHILE
BORDER -- DAY

Ernesto and Alberto crossing the border.

CHE (V.O.)

*and the only way I will leave here is
dead or crossing a border,*

In the background the drunken border
guard, shooting and shouting "Che-eee"
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NANCHAUZU CAMP 1966 -- CONTINUOUS
We are close on Che's face.

CHE

Shooting bullets as I go.

CUT TO:

EXT. NANCHAUZU CAMP -- DAY

Che is dressed in fatigues. He still
looks funny without the trademark beard
and long hair but he is back in guerilla
mode. There is a marked air of contrast
between the twenty four odd men who are
working together here than the chaos we
last saw of a guerilla camp in the
Congo. Neatly laid out weapons being
stripped. Che and Pombo instruct the men
who seem keen to learn and hang on their
every word. There is clearly great
respect for Che amongst these men.

CUT TO:

EXT NANCHAUZU CAMP AREA -- EVENING
Men carrying stuff to hide in
trenches. Covering over the trenches.
CUT TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP -- NIGHT
Storing stuff in caves. Men working
hard, late at night. Che working harder
than any, leading from the front. We
catch snippets of his conversation with
the men.

CHE

*Inti, borders are artificial concepts
imposed by imperialists to keep men
divided..*

CUT TO:

INT. BASE CAMP, 31ST DEC 1966 -- EVENING
Che and the men have a New Year's feast
laid out. Inti leads Monje into the
group.
Che gets up to welcome him. Monje looks
around, clearly surprised at the order
in the camp. Che strokes what is quite
an established beard now.

CHE

*The grass has grown waiting for you
Monje.*

He shakes hands. Then turns to Tania who is hanging behind. He kisses her on both cheeks.

CHE (CONT'D)

Happy new year Tania.

Monje doesn't look at ease.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE -- NIGHT

They are sitting round the fire at an advanced stage of the meal. Monje and Che are in heated debate.

MONJE

The guerilla movement must be led by the party.

CHE

Wait a minute. You just said you would resign from the party.

MONJE

I cannot remain second in command. When people learn this guerilla movement is led by a foreigner..

CHE

If you want I will get down on my knees every morning and swear alleigance to you Monje, but I MUST lead. I have the combat experience.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE -- NIGHT

It is much later. The end of the line. Monje stands and addresses the few Bolivians who are there amidst the Cuban contingent.

MONJE

I advise you Bolivians to leave with me.

No one rises to accompany him. He walks off, turning round only to say to Che.

MONJE (CONT'D)

You will die very heroically, but you

have no prospects of victory.

As he walks off Che looks into the
campfire and we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK 1953 MOUNTAIN VILLAGE--
NIGHT

The memory of the old Marxist from that
other fire, long ago.

MAN (V.O.)

The revolution will take our lives.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE 1966 -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Che's face. Older, wiser
perhaps, he turns from the fire and his
memories.

He looks up at the stars, then towards
Tania. Reminiscent of that other
mountainside.

He lifts his cup and turns to address
the men.

CHE

To the New Year.

The men respond. Spirits are high.

MEN

To 1967.

Che brings them back down to earth.

CHE

Perhaps many of us will not live to see the final victory. But to triumph one must fire the opening shot. And the moment for that has arrived.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER CAMP, JANUARY 1967-- DAY
Pombo and Che talking.

POMBO

But without Monje's help..?

In the background we see a fairly quiet and composed camp. Everything neat and tidy, but not much sense of revolutionaary activity.

CHE

We just need to get off our asses. It's

nearly February.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP FEB 1967 -- DAY

Men preparing to leave camp.

CHE (V.O.)

We need a long training march - get the men used to the real situation, to some hardships, realities.

They file out of the camp, a spring in their steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE, DAYS LATER

The men are struggling through the jungle.

CLOSE ON: Feet. Their boots are nearly ripped to shreds. Their clothes are in tatters.

Their faces drawn and dirty. Worn out. As they pause for a rest, looking out over the river, Che gives them a pep talk.

CHE

A guerillas main weapon is moral

strength and discipline.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE -- EVENING

The men prepare to cross the river. Suddenly, one of them Benjamin, falls right down the steep rocks, crashing against them and is swept away. The other men can only look on in horror.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

TITLE: SIX WEEKS LATER.

Men still wandering around - they look ill, hungry, depressed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP, MARCH 1967 -- DAY

He leads his bedraggled troupe of men back to the camp. He is met by Tania, Bustos and Debray- taking a photograph of him. He looks less than pleased at the arrivals.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP -- LATER

He is giving one of the left behind

guerillas a roasting.

GUERRILLA

But guerilla's don't defend fixed positions.

Che hits his head.

CHE

Idiot. We had to defend the zinc house - retreating just gave the enemy access to all our supplies.

The guerilla is chastened.

LORO

I killed a soldier!

He is enthusiastic. Che turns to Tania, and Loro sitting beside her. His voice is hard, sarcastic.

CHE

So, they know we are here now!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP - MARCH 23RD -- 7AM DAY

Men preparing for action. Taking positions. Gunfire starts. Chaos breaks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Gunfire. RUBIO, a guerilla, fires, but is shot. Keels over. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP -- LATER

Guerillas bring several army prisoners in at gunpoint. The soldiers see Che. He orders the soldiers to strip. They stand there in their underwear while their clothing and boots are distributed. Che sends them on their way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP -- LATER

The guerillas are celebrating - until the body of Rubio is carried into the centre of the camp by a couple of guerillas. A sense of reality descends on the camp.

CLOSE ON: Rubio's dead body.

A man makes to take a shovel - ready to bury him. Che motions him to stop. The

body lies in the centre of the camp as the night descends.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP -- DAY

Sun rises on the dead body of Rubio. The atmosphere is still. Men file past quietly. Che's message has done it's job. They are now aware of the reality of war.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER CAMP -- DAY

As they walk into the camp, Che is talking to Debray.

CHE

We have to get you out. We'll split the force in two and..

DEBRAY

And Tania?

Che shakes his head.

CHE

Dammit. Two years hard work gone for

nothing. Because of a few photographs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP -- DAY

Signs of movement. Men splitting into two forces, one led by Che, the other by Joaquim.

CHE (V.O.)

I wanted her in Argentina, but she'll have to stay here now.

Tania, feverish, lies waiting her orders. Che feels her forehead. She responds to his touch. He looks at Joaquim. Shakes his head.

CHE (CONT'D)

She'll have to stay with you.

She is clearly distressed - reaches for his hand. He shakes it off. Turns to Debray, Pombo and his company. Waves them into movement. Tania watches them leave the camp. She hears Che speak to Joaquim.

CHE (CONT'D)

*We'll get these out then meet up again,
okay?*

Joacquin nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - APRIL 1967 -- DAY

The guerillas make their way down to a small village. Gunfire. The soldiers have retreated from the village, leaving only the bemused peasants as the guerillas enter, victorious.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER VILLAGE - APRIL 1967 -- DAY

Once more the guerillas are victoriously entering a village - a sense of progress.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

Gunfighting. A guerilla is shot. Che retrieves the corpse. He motions the men to head for the mountains.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS -- EVENING

Che trying to reach Joaquim on the radio. Crackling, but nothing coming through.

Loro appears from the undergrowth.

LORO

Rolando is dead.

Loro hands Che a watch.

LORO (CONT'D)

He asked..

Che nods. Adds the watch to the one he's already wearing on his wrist.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAR CAMP - MAY 1967 -- DAY

The guerillas arrive at their camp. There is no sign of Joaquim, but there is clear evidence that army soldiers have been there, ransacked the place. Che's asthma begins to pump. He motions to the men, move on out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE PATH -- LATER

A disused jeep. The guerillas approach

it cautiously. Che gets in. Tries to start it. No joy. He goes round to the petrol tank. Looks in. Pisses into it. Lines the men up, they all piss in it too. Add whatever water they can find from their canteens. Che turns the engine. The motor splutters into life. The men are exuberant. Jump into the jeep, laughing and they sputter off down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - JUNE 1967 -- DAY

TITLE: JUNE 1967.

Che and his bedraggled group of men come under fire. Pombo is wounded. Tuma is killed. As he lies dying, he gives Che his watch. Che adds it to the others on his wrist. Che turns. A German Shepherd dog races towards him through the jungle. Che lines up to fire. Pumping of his asthmatic breath. As he looks down the sight and his breathing takes over we

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SHOTS: CHE'S GERMAN SHEPHERD WALL PLAYING WITH HILDITA. CHE SHOOTING "THE PUMA". COMEBACK FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. CHE KILLING THE PUPPY IN THE CUBAN

REVOLUTION. CHE GIVING COMEBACK TO CHICHINA. YOUNG ERNETO WITH HIS FAMILY DOG.

He looks down the sights once more and SHOOTs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - AUGUST 1967 -- EVENING

The pumping of asthma is everpresent now. Che is riding, or at least astride, a mule. He is clearly suffering badly from asthma. WE GO INTO A QUICK +FLASHBACK+ OF Che riding beside Camilo in the Sierra Mastra. Pombo lifts Che from the mule as they make camp.

As he is lifted up, Che sees Pombo's face change into Camilo's face, then back to Pombo. Che lies on the ground, wheezing. Pombo turns to a couple of guerillas.

POMBO

Go ahead to Bear Camp. Get the medicine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP -- LATER

Che lies wheezing. The men around him are obviously hungry. There is no water.

No food.

One guerilla begs Che to let him shoot a horse. Che shakes his head, just about with it through the asthma. The guerilla's sent for the medicine return. Their faces are grave.

GUERRILLA#1

The camp's been raided.

GUERRILLA #2

No medicine.

Che supports himself on his elbow. Talking is obviously difficult.

CHE

Any sign of Joaquim?

The guerillas shake their heads. Che goes back into his asthmatic wheezing.
CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - SEPT 1967 -- DAY

They are gathered round a crackling radio, unable to believe their ears.

RADIO VOICE

The body of a guerilla known as Tania..

It crackles away. The men look at each other. Che gets up. Orders men to break camp.

They struggle to their feet. Move off.
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIO GRANDE CROSSING -- DAY

The men struggling across the Rio Grande. Che goes across on his mule. Arrives at the other side and sees that his shoes have been taken by the current. He binds up his feet and carries on. He is clearly in a bad way, but determined to continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ALTO SECO -SEPT 1967 -
- DAY

The guerrillas enter the village. The villagers regard them suspiciously.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALTO SECO, 26TH SEPT 1967 -- LATER
A peasant is getting his tooth pulled by Che. Pombo stands by laughing.

POMBO

Ah. Fernando the toothpuller works his magic again.

The guerillas look to be more at home with the villagers now, who offer them food and water.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA HIGUERA, 30TH SEPT 1967 -- DAY

The guerillas enter another village. This time only women are there, but the welcome makes it clear that the guerillas were expected. As Che and Pombo share a drink they talk.

CHE

We'd best get the hell out of here.

POMBO

Why?

Che points at the smiling villagers.

CHE

If they were expecting us, then so are

the army.

The men turn and begin their weary march away from the village.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARO RAVINE, 7TH OCT 1967 -- NIGHT
Sihouetted against the sky, a small band of guerillas crosses the skyline, watched by a peasant. We hear the soft whispering of Che talking to Pombo.

CHE (O.S.)

We'll keep going and take Vallegrande.

CLOSE ON POMBO: His weary face registers - you're crazy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YARO RAVINE, 7TH OCT 1967 -- LATER
The men, still doubled under by the weight of their rucksacks, carry on. Suddenly gunfire.

They take positions, return fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YARO RAVINE 8TH OCT 1967 -- DAY
Gunfire seems to be coming from

everywhere. We follow the sounds and see that the guerillas have three positions established. There are a few dead bodies and as we watch, another guerilla is shot dead. We come back to Che's position, in the middle of the ravine. He is flanked by two guerillas. Che's gun is hit, rendering it useless. He tries to shoot. Can't. Pumping asthma.

FIDEL (V.O.)

..in this letter from Che Guevara. He writes..

MONTAGE OF CHE'S EARLIER GUERILLA ACTIVITY - PICKING UP THE AMMUNITION AT THE GRANMA LANDING. LYING IN THE CANEFIELD. SHOOTING HIS FIRST MAN. EXECUTING A DESERTER. OVER IT ALL WE HEAR CHE

CHE (V.O.)

If my final hour finds me under other skies, my last thought will be of this people and especially of you.

MONTAGE OF MOMENTS FROM FIDEL AND CHE'S LIFE TOGETHER. FIRST MEETING. IN JAIL.

FIDEL CASTIGATING CHE. GIVING HIM HIS STAR. TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO HAVANA. FINAL PARTING.

Che throws his weapon down to the ground, stands up, walks into a clearing with his hands held up and calling out.

CHE (CONT'D)

I am Che Guevara and I am worth more to you alive than dead.

Captain Gary Prado crosses to Che, takes off his belt and ties Che's hands together with it. Leads him from the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEGRANDE SCHOOLHOUSE- 8TH OCT
1967 -- EVENING

Rodriguez has his photo taken leading the bedraggled Che into the schoolhouse.
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VALLEGRANDE SCHOOLHOUSE -- EVENING
Che lies on the ground, twitching. On either side of him lie dead bodies. It's all too reminiscent of Christ on the cross - except much more squalid. He is

being questioned by Selich.

SELICH

Why did you choose to fight in Bolivia rather than your own country?

Che looks at him. Despite his position on the floor, he manages to give immense pathos and gravitas to his speech.

CHE

Can't you see the state in which the peasants live? The Bolivian lives without hope. Just as he is born, he dies, without ever seeing improvement in his human condition.

Selich turns away from Che, uncomfortable. Begins going through paperwork as he exits.

Leaving behind, in the doorway, a peasant woman, watching Che with silent pity.

She reaches in and offers him a drink as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VALLEGRANDE SCHOOLHOUSE, 9TH OCT

1967 -- DAY

Rodriguez enters the room. Che is in a bad way, leg twitching, caked in blood. He stands over Che, helps him to his feet.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm sorry but..

Che stands there with dignity. Rodriguez embraces him - like Judas kissing Christ.

Rodriguez turns to Teran, the man detailed to shoot Che.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Don't shoot him in the face.

He leaves the room. Teran faces Che. Teran shows fear. Che shows none. But Che is breathing, breathing heavily, the familiar pumping of asthma through which he speaks.

CHE

Shoot, coward, you are only going to kill a man.

As Teran stands stock still we
DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT: CHE'S FACE
MONTAGE OF SHOTS FROM HIS LIFE- LIKE ALL
THE HIGHLIGHTS OF YOUR LIFE RUSHING IN
FRONT OF YOU- ACCOMPANIED BY THE
ASTHMATIC BREATHING.
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOLROOM -- MOMENTS LATER
Che's POV: The terrified face of
Teran. We hear Che's voice as if
distant, muffled..

CHE

Shoot..

A GUNSHOT REVERBERATES. AND ANOTHER. THE
PUMPING BREATHING STOPS.
BLACK.
FADE OUT.

ANNIVERSARY EDITIONS

As well as *Fighting for Breath* (the screenplay) you can also buy a special anniversary ebook edition of *Another World is Possible* (2007) for Kindle and epub format from Amazon or Kobo and you can also view the 1999 short film edited by Cally Phillips CHE on YouTube via the link <http://bit.ly/LrzK7K>

Guerrilla Midgie Press exists to publish work that is seen as 'challenging' in some way. It deals with issues of advocacy or social justice across a range of writing styles.

Publications to date by Guerrilla Midgie Press in 2012 are:

A Week with No Labels (Cally Phillips) Omnibus editions in Kindle and epub format

Another World is Possible (Cally Phillips) Special anniversary edition in Kindle and epub format

Fighting For Breath (Cally Phillips) Special anniversary edition in Kindle and epub format

Tales from Tattybogle (Jack MacRoary) Kindle and epub format

More information about all of these is available on the guerrilla midgie site <http://guerillamidgie.wordpress.com>

Cally Phillips has been writing professionally since 1993 and has worked as a screenwriter, playwright and novelist. Through all these formats she has constantly pushed the boundaries and been involved in a range of inclusive creative projects.

For more about Cally and her performed and published work please visit her site www.callyphillips.co.uk



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