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TINA MODOTTI...

was a young Italian beauty who ventured from Italy to America alone at 14 wearing a big straw hat upon her arrival at Ellis Island. Next, she joined her father in San Francisco before moving to Mexico. Later, she lived in Europe before returning to Mexico once again where she died a tragic and suspicious death at age 46.

But it was in her few years living in Mexico in her twenties where she became the enamored, unique and generous photographer and political activist. Her photographs were indigenous of Indian women and children of that region: of peasants, protest marchers, flowers and buildings. Lovers first with Edward Weston, then Xavier Guerrero, Diego Rivera, and finally, Julio Antonio Mella, she chose to never marry. Instead, she followed her art and using it for good, then gave it all up for the party that embraced her for her sacrifice for others. In Tina's 46 years, she loved more, shared more, gave more than most do in a life time.

TINA MODOTTI

An original screenplay inspired by truth and the seeking of justice.

FADE IN:

SUBTITLES: MEXICO CITY, 1932

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Sirens winding down, crowds of people and cars. A growing group of people is surrounding a police carriage as three powerfully built FEDERAL POLICEMEN climb down helping TINA MODOTTI, our stunning young gorgeous Italian protagonist, whose dark, silky hair is short and unkept. Her conservative dark clothes are wrinkled. Physically exquisite yet fragile at this moment, she looks defiant despite being exhausted; in her eyes we recognize intelligence and grace, strength and resolve. And sadness.

Well known and familiar to our audience are the communist revolutionary personalities there to support her: DIEGO RIVERA, FRIDA KAHLO, MANUEL ÁLVAREZ BRAVO, JOSÉ OROZCO, LUPE MARÍN, ROBELO, NAHUI. They're vehemently shouting and holding signs "FREE TINA MODOTTI!" Off to the side, VITORRIO VIDALI, balding, stocky and calculating Italian man, watches with a keen eye. His eyes hold untold evil. He smokes in short, deep inhaleds trying to blend into the sidelines but watching intently.

A young female Mexican journalist holding a side profile photo of a handsome twenty something man (portrait of Julio Mella by Tina). She finds a gap of silence, grasps the moment, yells with intensity:

REPORTER

Miss Modotti, is it true you were part of the plot to murder Julio Antonio Mella -- Cuban Communist leader and that this photo is the last one ever taken of him?

She then holds up the newspaper photo of JULIO ANTONIO MELLA, the latest lover of Tina, whose recent murder Tina is blamed for. Tina is moved by seeing the photo. She stares at it. Julio was sleeping on the grass when she took it. Her eyes cloud over with tears.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

And what of being accused of plotting to assassinate the president? Your photo of a protest was found on a flyer at a grave site, and in the church.

The crowd quiets. Reporters and bystanders look on expectantly. Tina shakes loose the hands that are holding her and she speaks louder than is customary with determined yet measured tone.

TINA

I am the scapegoat because I am a woman and because I am a Communist who supports the poor. (She yells to the crowd now). Your government, is corrupt.

The guard reacts, takes her shoulders and pushes her forward toward jail. Enea reaches out a hand to her in warmth. Enea shows a rare moment of emotion while watching Tina get pulled away.

DIEGO

Be careful with her, cabrones! You don't have to treat her that way.

Officers push the angry crowd back. They people chanting her name, "TINA!" The frame freezes by pulling back on the street crowded with activity and MATCH CUTS TO an almost frivolous time/place in comparison.

SUBTITLE: "HOLLYWOOD - 1923"

HOLLYWOOD STREETS, Edendale, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES (WHAT IS NOW SILVER LAKE AREA IN THE EARLY 20s, the breathing, vivacious river, street cars, shanty towns, horses, dirt roads. The city has sprinkled farm lands seen in the distance; distinctively different than the Mexican street atmosphere in our first scene.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DUSK

Raining. Tina runs from the studio up a steep gravel road, dodging motor cars and some horses, to a trolley is just departing. She jumps onto the sideboard, out of breath. A MEXICAN WOMAN makes room for her, looks her over sizing her up. Tina sits down beside her and instantly, feverishly looks through her bag.

WOMAN

(in Spanish)
Late for dinner like I am?

TINA

(exasperated, in Italian/broken Spanish)
No. I'm just hungry-- and late as usual.

A brochure falls from Tina's purse as she digs through it. She produces an apple and takes a large bite. The woman eyes the brochure and Tina hands it to her.

TINA (CONT'D)
 (mouth full)
 His name is Edward Weston. He takes beautiful photographs. That's where I'm going. (under her breath..."to find some beauty").

She takes the apple out of her mouth and holds it up.

TINA (CONT'D)
 He could make a beautiful photo of this apple!

WOMAN
 Really? An apple is to eat; there are too many hungry people to make art from it.

Tina is stumped for an answer. She takes another apple from her bag and hands it to the woman. The streetcar moves on. The woman smiles faintly, and puts the apple in her bag.

The trolley jolts to a stop and Tina disembarks quickly, forgetting about her pamphlet. The woman looks at it more closely and puts it down on the seat beside her.

CLOSER: The flyer with a photo of Edward Weston, looking intense and artistic behind his camera stares out at us.

INT. ART GALLERY (LATER)

The crowded room bustles with a Bohemian excitement. Everyone is drinking, chatting, laughing, hardly looking at the photographs, except Tina, who stands quite alone and very serious, first studying 'Armco, Ohio,' (1922) and then 'Breast,' (1920) by Weston.

EDWARD WESTON (35), whom we recognize from the brochure, nervous, slightly balding prematurely, thinly handsome in an artistic, serious way is wet from the rain. He looks less dashing but more charming in a ruffled, sweet way than his picture suggests. He does an obvious double take of Tina and slowly follows her as she looks over his photos and reads the small descriptions below each.

He comes up behind her and whispers seductively to her.

EDWARD
 What do you think?

TINA

I like the photos of the factory.
The light contrast, the fear shows
in the shadows.

Edward points to the photo "Breast." She frowns slightly.

EDWARD

Does it bother you?

TINA

He's made her almost-- unreal.
Detached.

EDWARD

Ah, but she was real to me.

He takes in her chest and looks into her eyes. Edward turns and points to "The Towers".

EDWARD (CONT'D)

But these, are they real enough?

TINA

Yes, here it seems he has found the
thing itself and lost his ego - if
that's possible for any artist.

EDWARD

Hmm. And what would you make a
photograph of?

For the first time she truly looks at him, a little unsure of where she has seen him before.

TINA

I met a woman on the bus just now -
I showed her your still of the
apple. She couldn't understand
taking a photo of one. She said it
is for eating, not glorification.

EDWARD

Is that what she said?

TINA

Almost.

She takes Edward's hands in hers.

TINA (CONT'D)

- May I?
(she turns his hand over)
(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

- The woman, her hands were bent and wrinkled with age, but strong with work and sun. The people in this room should see hands like that. I would photograph her hands instead of what was in them.

Edward has just melted in her touch, her words. But then, ROBO RICHEY, Tina's husband (24) tall, handsome, a curled mustache, hyper, and quite dramatic in his black cape, swoops in on the conversation, kissing Tina's neck from behind. Edward quickly lowers his hands to his side.

ROBO

Darling, I see you've met Edward Weston, the star of this show. Edward, my wife, Tina Modotti.

EDWARD

(with judgement)
The actress?

TINA

Your photo doesn't do you justice.

They exchange a slight smile. Robo leans in toward Edward and confides in him-- too much.

ROBO

I hope Tina hasn't been too hard on you. She's got me in a terrible way. She is my worst critic of my latest portfolio and simply hates the message from the latest film she's in. We men can never measure up I'm afraid-- except...

TINA

Ay! Robo.

ROBO

She she's been talking of this exhibit all week. I'm insanely jealous.

Robo leans toward "Breast".

ROBO (CONT'D)

Oh, I like this one, quite poetic, and abstract. Brilliant-- one feels as if the artist was so connected to the subject.

Tina smiles at Edward, their secret theirs alone. He cannot pull his eyes away.

EDWARD

Weren't you both off to Mexico?

ROBO

I am, tomorrow in fact. You must come sometime, too. Excuse me, there's Ricardo Gómez Robelo. Tina, do convince Edward to come to Mexico for a visit.

Robo glides in his flamboyant, crusader way to a loud crowd across the room where he talks to RICARDO GOMEZ ROBELO, a Mexican intellect of around 30. Tina and Edward watch him. Their stark reserve counters Robo. Edward turns to Tina. The rain outside the window is romantically noticeable. Tina looks toward the crystals on the window.

EDWARD

I deplore the rain.

TINA

I love it. The sounds it makes. The glass behind it.

Their expressions bounce back on them through the glass and crystals of rain drops on the glass.

EDWARD

You are a tempest, aren't you?

(Pause)

TINA

You're flirting with me. Where's your wife?

EDWARD

I thought you were flirting with me.

Tina turns to him.

TINA

You did?

EDWARD

Weren't you?

TINA

I 'd like to go out on the balcony.

They turn and head toward a series of french doors leading out to a covered patio. The rain is abundant.

EXT. PATIO/BALCONY

There is a view. They are very much alone under the eave, staring at lights. Tina turns staring into Edward's eyes. She surprises him as she leans up and kisses him long and deep; Edward is caught off guard. She walks back toward the door.

TINA
I was. Flirting.

Edward is floored and watches her go through the doors.

INT. CAB - THE NEXT DAY

Tina stares out the window as the cab drives through the streets. Next to her, holding her hand, is Robo. He is more restrained now. The cab pulls in front of the UNION TRAIN STATION. Tina and Robo fumble for items on the seat, coins, etc. And exit. Standing on the sidewalk with others bustling past and into the station, she kisses him, sweetly.

ROBO
Don't be long. I need you down there. I love you more than life itself you know.

With tears in his eyes, he kisses her with all of his heart. Then watches her get back in the cab. It pulls away. He picks up his luggage and heads inside the train station.

CABBY
Back to your home, Mrs..?

TINA
No, actually, can you take me to this address in Glendale please?

Inside the cab while moving: From her pocket, she pulls a worn news-clipping about Edward and hands the cabby the paper. He sees a line underlined and pulls off into the busy street. A sign of "Welcome to Glendale" and on the bridge coming from Hollywood, she sees Edward, pointing his camera at some isolated storm clouds amidst blue heavenly ones just before he climbs under a blanket over his head.

TINA (CONT'D)
Stop here!

EXT. GLENDALE BRIDGE

Edward is trying to load his camera while hidden under the dark blanket. Tina steals up beside him silently. She clears her throat loudly. He jumps up, from under his cover. His hair is ruffled and he is embarrassed. He smooths his limited head of hair.

EDWARD

Ahh. The tempest. Tina Modotti.
How did you find me?

She looks up at the clouds.

TINA

Alone on a bridge. You couldn't be missed.

EDWARD

My favorite days are those after the storm. Perfect light. Here, look through this lens.

TINA.

Yes, you said, as I recall, that you deplore the rain.

EDWARD

But I love the day after the rain.
The air. The clouds.

TINA.

I have lots of questions.
(Pause)
Can you teach me to shoot during a "day after" like today?

EDWARD

It's difficult.

TINA

Someday, you will see, I will shoot in the rain because there will be a reason important enough to do so.

He nods, obviously taken in by her spirit and gumption. But especially, her beauty.

EDWARD

I am right there, at the base of the bridge.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

On Edward Weston's studio in Glendale. A small detached building with a sign in front announcing portrait photography.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Edward, holding his equipment, leads Tina in. The room is pretty bare yet perfect: photos on the walls, a couple of chairs, a tripod and a camera. A cot toward the rear that serves as a sofa. He lights his pipe. Tina stands clutching her coat near the door, afraid to fall in. Edward quickly sets up his camera.

EDWARD

May I?

Tina nods and he snaps a picture of her like this. (Picture caption) He moves and breaks the silence to a far corner where there is a bookshelf, smoking and watching her.

TINA

What?

He doesn't answer. Tina holds up a book by James Joyce lying on the table beside her.

EDWARD

(changing the subject, re:
the book)

Oh you'd like that one. It'll ruin
your world.

Edward holds up a book by Oscar Wilde.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You ever read this?

Tina nods yes.

TINA

(reciting as she takes pins
out of her hat and
removes it)

"There are only two tragedies in
this world: One consists in not
obtaining that which you desire;
the other consists in obtaining
it."

He makes his way towards her.

TINA (CONT'D)

The last is the real tragedy. You do know that, don't you?

EDWARD

You are too young to be so wise.

He kisses her. Edward slips her coat off her shoulders.

TINA

Photograph me like you do the others.

She nods toward nudes hanging on a line.

EDWARD

But you aren't anything like the others.
Come stand in the light over by the window. Have you ever modeled?

TINA

Only hats.

The light from the window plays on her face. Edward moves his camera in front of her. He undresses her slowly until she is standing naked. Her exquisite physique is a silhouette of lights and shadows.

EDWARD

Look out the window.

Tina looks out. Edward clicks the shutter of his Graflex. He does it again and again until, tired, Tina sinks to the floor, curling up on a rug and stretches her arm up over her head.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Turn your face toward me.

He is crazed with inspiration and clicks more photos. He bends over her and moves around, circling her. Finally, he pulls her up, pretending he is going to position her for another photo, but instead he kisses her. She opens her eyes and kisses him more.

EXT. GLENDALE CAFE - DAY

Tina runs up a street and spots Edward at a table outside a cafe, with a group of era appropriate, excited young flappers and Bohemian artists. One has a camera on the ground beside her. She is MARGARETHE MATHER.

Tina waves at him and he waves her over. The table is buzzing with a vibrant chatter; but there is an air of pretentiousness in the atmosphere.

WOMAN ARTIST

What do you mean you haven't heard of Georgia O'Keefe? Do you live under a rock? She does the flowers that are...

ANOTHER WOMAN

Oh just say it. She paints cunts disguised as flowers. Anyway, I hear Tosca, the opera, is coming here soon. The poster says it is about two lovers pulled apart by the malevolent desires of a corrupt man.

WOMAN ARTIST

Ah. A tragedy. A beautiful romance, and a tragedy.

As Tina approaches behind them, she imitates the women behind their backs. Edward cannot help but smile.

MARGARETHE

It is better to have loved and lost, remember?

Margarethe shoots Edward a look, they have been more than casual friends. Tina recognizes her from a photo in the studio. She takes a drag of her cigarette. Tina inches over next to Edward. He takes her hand. The group quiets and stares at her. Her radiance outshines all of the others at the table.

TINA

Hello. I'm Tina Modotti.

ANOTHER WOMAN

The actress?

EDWARD

Tina, meet my friends. This is Gladys, and Eloise. And this is Margarethe Mather, the photographer.

They nod, act mildly interested and return to their chatter with unspoken judgement. Tina looks at Edward with eyes only for him.

TINA
 (whispers in his ear)
 You've ruined my world.

Edward throws some coins onto the table, tips his hat to the ladies at the table and pulls Tina along the street.

WOMAN ARTIST
 Another one bites the dust in the arms of Weston. Poor Flora.

MARGARETHE
 Poor Flora? She knew who Edward was long ago and still married him.

ANOTHER WOMAN
 But, Margarethe, look at this young beauty. Why do I think it is Edward who will be biting the dust now, not the other way around.

MARGARETHE
 It's about time.

INT. STUDIO - DUSK

Edward lights a candle. He has on a robe. There are two glasses on the table. He pours wine.

Tina awakens and sits up. She pulls the blanket over her shoulders. Edward hands her a glass of wine. He lights a cigarette, inhales and passes it to her.

TINA
 What time is it?

EDWARD
 It's late-- almost 6.

TINA
 I should go.

EDWARD
 Will you come in the morning? I want to photograph you on the bridge.

TINA
 In the film I am a Spanish dancer in the morning. It seems worthless to me.

EDWARD

So quit.

TINA

I have a contract and I can't get out of it.

EDWARD

What's the film called?

TINA

"Tiger's Coat." It's about a Mexican peasant girl who is mistreated by some racist aristocrats. It doesn't suit me.

EDWARD

Tell you what - be my new assistant.

TINA

You mean you will teach me as I assist?

He looks into the air.

EDWARD

You inspire me. I am doing better work than I could have hoped.

INT. TINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tina is lying on her batik draped bed writing a note. The room is simple: a bed, dresser, a wedding photo of her and Robo on the bedside table. She turns it downward and picks up her pen.

TINA (V.O.)

My dear Edward,
I close my eyes and find the flavor
of wine on my lips, the impression
of your mouth on mine.

She looks dreamily out the morning light window. Full of romance.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LATER, THAT NIGHT

FLORA CHANDLER WESTON, a large framed attractive Irish woman, walks out of the kitchen just as Edward walks in. She has an apron on; he's grumpy.

FLORA
You're late.

EDWARD
I had a lot to do today. Where are
the children?

FLORA
Doing their lessons.

She hands him a letter from her apron pocket.

FLORA (CONT'D)
Margarethe came by. She was upset.
She says you owe her for her
modeling hours.

Edward opens the letter and quickly reads it.

EDWARD
I will be sure to compensate her.

Flora lifts her eyebrows at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
What?

FLORA
Magarethe said you are in love.

EDWARD
You know I've tried to be the man
you needed --

FLORA
-- Stop, please. I had almost
convinced myself that my love for
you has been worth something.

EDWARD
Of course it has...

FLORA
Do you know how I justify your
affairs? I tell myself that if you
didn't have me to run away from,
you would have never become the
photographer you are. That your
misery drives you to be more, more
artistic.

EDWARD
Flor--

She turns from him.

FLORA

-- The boys have been asking for you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tina walks quickly toward Edward's studio. Her head is down and she wipes tears from her face periodically. She crosses the street and a car hits the HORN just missing hitting her.

Edward is sitting on the doorstep examining some prints in the daylight. He sees her and jumps up.

EDWARD

What's the matter? God, where have you been? I've been mad with worry. You never called me last night. I waited here for hours.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Tina, pulls a telegram from her purse.

TINA

It's Robo. I got a telegram yesterday. He's gone.

EDWARD

What are you saying? Where to?

TINA

He's dead, Edward. Dead. I have to go there.

She paces distraught, he lights a cigarette for her.

EDWARD

To Mexico?

TINA

There's a train in the morning. My God, I can never forgive myself.

EDWARD

He was a young man.

He sits down.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

How?

INT. TINA AND ROBO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tina packs for her trip. Tony, her often-closeted actor friend, drops his macho act so perfected on the sound stage. He sits across from her, his legs crossed, shirt open showing his chest, drinking tea.

TINA

I should have been there.

TONY

Thank goodness you weren't. It could have been something so ghastly you would have fallen ill as well.

TINA

I abandoned him.

TONY

You're leaving Edward, then?

TINA

(packing emotionally)
I'm not sure what I'm doing.

Tina wraps some photos in cardboard.

TONY

Do we ever know what we're doing?
What are those for?

He takes a drag of his cigarette.

TINA

They're Edward's photos. I'm taking them with me. Robo was the one who told Edward he should try to sell his photos in Mexico.

Tony lifts his eyebrows knowing where her heart lies.

TONY (SOFTLY TO HIMSELF)

Oh my lovely Tina. I hope you know what you are doing.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Tina and Edward stand in the middle of Union Train Station. Edward looks at his watch. Their hands linger in each other's.

EDWARD

You didn't forget my photos?

TINA

No. Does it even matter to you that he is gone?

EDWARD

I have to admit; no.
I'm sorry. I'm relieved.

TINA

Why is it that every time you start to be decent you end up horrible?

EDWARD

Why do you think? I love you. I was jealous of Robo. But I didn't want him dead. I am just being honest. I moved into my studio this morning. Flora wanted me to and I didn't fight her. She knows I love you.

TINA

Come with me.

EDWARD

Even if I'm an ass?

She pulls him to her.

TINA

Yes.

They both glance in the distance as a young family walks past. The father is pulling along a defiant 4 year old son who is screaming.

EDWARD

Now?

TINA

(still holding his hand)
No. Let me go first and see to his burial.

Should you decide to come, it has to be me. Me alone. No other women, Edward. I saw the nudes of Margarethe and the others. That cannot happen in Mexico.

EDWARD

What are we then? Teacher and student? Partners? Lovers?

Tina looks him in his eyes.

TINA

All of those things.

He takes her into his arms as a train whistle sounds loudly as the train pulls up in the distance.

INT. (*Back to location of the first scene*) MEXICO CITY
POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ROOM - DAY

Tina, now seated at captain's table after her tumultuous arrest, is questioned. He is QUINTANA.

QUINTANA

Would you state your name for the record, please?

TINA

I'm sorry. Who are you?

QUINTANA

I'll ask the questions, you answer, please. My name is Valente Quintana and I am the Captain of police as well as the prosecutor assigned to this case. And you?

TINA

I am Rose Smith Santarini.

Tina sits back.

QUINTANA

You are involved in political activities, tolerated by this government, but questionable nevertheless. Maybe for that reason you do not want to give us your real name, Ms. Tina Modotti.

Tina does not reply. Finally, in a soft voice:

TINA

Is there a question?

QUINTANA

Oh, I have a lot of questions. To start with, what is your name and how is it you came to Mexico?

TINA

I came here following my husband Robo who was an artist. But he died before I arrived.

The policeman is reading his notes, ponders.

QUINTANA

Then, who, may I ask, is Edward Weston? Why do I not know of this artist named Robo?

TINA

Edward Weston is a renown photographer from America. I learned photography from him. He came here to join me and we started a studio together.

EXT. THE JAIL - NIGHT

Her other Communist friends, led by Diego, and supporters outside try to pressure the armed guards at the door of the jailhouse.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - SAME TIME

Magrinat is led into the same room where Tina was questioned. He sits down and Quintana stares at him.

QUINTANA

Your name, please.

MAGRINAT

What kind of game are you playing here? You know my name; just ask him.

He sticks his chin out at Quintana. A woman at a desk outside the office looks in with edgy curiosity.

QUINTANA

Please shut the door.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Tina awakes. Baja countryside rushes past outside the reflective window. Scenes of Mexican culture/colors/country flash past the window.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The train pulls into the station in MEXICO CITY. Several passengers get off and finally Tina does too with her heavy suitcase. RICARDO GÓMEZ ROBELO, the diplomat we saw at the reception for Edward initially, rushes over to meet her and help with the luggage. He is obviously moved by her beauty as he motions to one of his ASSISTANTS to take the suitcase. As they pass through a stucco shelter outside the station, Tina eyes a poster of the upcoming opera, Tosca. She reads the caption as he embraces her: "Lovers' lives destroyed by tragedy."

TINA

Ricardo. How did this happen?

RICARDO GÓMEZ ROBELO

Smallpox.

TINA

Did he suffer long?

RICARDO GÓMEZ ROBELO

No, it was only a few days for him to succumb to it. I wrote to his mother immediately. We buried him the next day because of the law here. I can take you.

EXT - DAY - continuous

The sun is now setting and Tina and Robelo visit a freshly dug grave with a modest headstone. Tina picks a flower and throws it onto the dirt.

INT. ROBO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tina looks around guiltily at all of the photos of her that Robo had already placed on dressers. She pulls Robo's BLACK CAPE out of his closet and puts it over her shoulders, the hood coming over her face. She lies on his bed and tries to sleep. A candle burns low near the window. It is raining hard outside. She goes to stick her head out in the open air.

Her face glistens with rain. The wet wind blows the candle out.

EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

Tina climbs out on the flat tiled roof top. Drenched in rain she sits down and is surrounded by pots of red and white geraniums. The rain increases and she pulls the cape around her. The full moon highlights her in her beauty. She buries her head in her hands, then takes out a cigarette and lights it. She has to try several times to light it with the rain around her.

What Edward said resonates in her head: "I deplore the rain."

INT. THE BEDROOM AT ROBO'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun is shining now amid gorgeous Mexican clouds. Tina, in bed naked, stretches and stands. The cape from the night before is on the floor looking like the wicked witch of the east has melted under it. She goes to the window, pokes her head out and sees the geraniums are still there, bright red and vibrant.

MONTAGE Series of shots:

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREETS

Wandering around Mexico streets, listening to ranchera or Mariachi music at a cafe by herself, potting geraniums on the front porch of Robo's apartment. Federales patrolling in a relaxed way. But one can see it is the peasants begging that affects her most. She gets an old man some water from a well in the plaza. She gives a child pesos for his roasted pumpkin seeds. She is disturbed by the poverty and imbalance of money and power when she sees a dignitary go by with wasteful ways.

INT. "THE BOAT" or " EL BARCO" - TINA'S NEW PLACE - DAY

Subtitles: "Six weeks later."

Tina stands in the middle of her new apartment with suitcase, boxes and items by her side. In the doorway is the LANDLORD who hands her the keys and bows out closing the door behind him. There is a knock on the door. Tina opens the front door.

Edward appears in the doorway, luggage and equipment in hand. They look deeply at each other restraining their desire to embrace each other as their eyes speak volumes. Edward, hungry with missing Tina grabs her and kissing her passionately lifts her, carrying her toward a bedroom.

INT. EL BARCO BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tina and Edward are lying in bed, after sex. They share a cigarette. Smoke fills the air above their heads.

EDWARD

What is the address here?

TINA

Avenida Veracruz #42. Colonia
Condessa.

EDWARD

That's complicated.

TINA

Just call it El Barco- it means
boat. It looks like one, don't you
think? Maybe it will sail me home
someday. Wherever home is, that is.

EDWARD

Is there a decent darkroom?

TINA

Of course, Do you really think I
would plan a photography studio
without one? It has a phone, too.
Just no cot in the dark room; I
made certain of that.

EDWARD

You knew all along I would come.

There is a GUNSHOT from outside. Edward jumps.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Jesus! What was that?

Then, a KNOCK from downstairs.

TINA

Everyone carries a gun here.
Remnants of the revolution; which,
by the way is one reason there are
a few more rights for women here
than at home.

There is a distant knock. She pulls her robe around her and
descends the stairs.

EXT. EL BARCO - CONTINUOUS

A dark, Indian looking young woman, around 20, stands at their front door KNOCKING. Tina opens the door.

TINA
(in Spanish with English subtitles)
You must be Elisa. Come in. We are
so happy you are here-- I've been
expecting you.

Edward walks into the room, only in his pants. He lifts his eyebrows upon seeing the pretty young maid.

TINA (CONT'D)
Edward, meet Elisa. She'll be
working for us-- cooking and..

EDWARD
Grand. I'm starved.

Tina laughs. Elisa gives him a flirty look that he understands and he looks the other way. She doesn't speak English.

TINA
(in Spanish)
Here, Elisa, let me show you your
room. We would love lunch but then
we are leaving for an outing for a
couple of days. Feel free to get
settled in. We'll go to the market
when I get back. There is enough
food here for you.

EXT. EL BARCO - DAY

Tina and Edward are coming out of the front door of their new apartment building. They have camera equipment in hand. Tina is dressed in the bright colors of Mexico. She has embraced the culture.

EDWARD
Where are we going? Why have we
left as soon as our cook arrived?
What is this place called again?

TINA
Tepotzotlán. It is Indian. (anger
rising) We left because you have
eyes for her and she for you.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

Plus, I had no idea when you were arriving. Remember, Edward, remember what we said.

EDWARD

I thought everyone spoke Mexican here. Now you are saying it is Indian.

TINA

Spanish, Edward. Anyway, many of the Indians don't even speak Spanish. It is not "Mexican."

INT. BUS

Tina and Edward are sitting together among peasants. Tina takes notice of them and smiles while Edward seems impatient and preoccupied. Many get off the bus at the same place, a large farm land. A few are young boys, too young for that work. The road is bumpy and dusty.

EDWARD

I barely arrive and you pull me off to go somewhere. Where is this place?

TINA

North. Be patient.

EXT. STREET

They get off the bus in front of a towering church in Tepotzotlán. It is so breathtaking they stop and take it in. Against blue and white spring clouds, it is a magnificent day scene.

EDWARD

Wow.

TINA

I knew you'd love it.

The doors of the church are closed. They walk toward the side where the convent is and enter.

INT. CONVENT

They go down an outside corridor. To the side are some gardens. They meet a WOMAN in conservative STREET CLOTHES, long skirt and blouse, with SHORT HAIR: a NUN.

NUN
 (in Spanish)
 Make yourselves at home.

They continue on and find some stairs leading down. At the bottom they find a series of arches. Tina strokes the walls.

TINA
 God I love these arches.

EDWARD
 The question is how to photograph them. Since we're staying a couple of days, we can try it in different light.

They walk around searching out an angle. Tina walks through a doorway and turns to look back toward the stairs. She carefully sets up her camera on a tripod. Takes the photo.
 (FREEZE FRAME ON PHOTO)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 See if you can frame this arch.
 Come over here.

Tina goes to him, studies the little aqueduct through his lens from various angles, then sets up her camera again. He looks through her lens.

TINA
 What do you think?

EDWARD
 You have a good eye.

Tina takes the photo. (FREEZE FRAME ON PHOTO, see photo next page)

She pulls him toward a window sill.

TINA
 Sit here. I am going to the garden.

She takes her equipment sets up her camera outside. She can see Edward sitting in the arched window. She looks through the lens and she snaps her photo. Joining him, they wander the halls.

EDWARD
 The shadows of these walls and the texture fascinate me. I prefer this over portraits--

TINA

But people show their worlds in
their eyes. Buildings can never do
that.

He glances at her, impressed, but she has turned away. He works to capture the essence of the arches with his lens; Tina watches the gardener who is cutting a rose with the beautiful arch of another building behind him. She sets up her camera. Takes the photo of him tending to his craft. Edward sneaks looks at her with competition in his eyes.

INT. CONVENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward climbs into bed beside Tina in the convent room. He lights a cigarette and hands it to her.

EDWARD

I never would have thought of
including the worker in the shot.
You have your own style Tina.

TINA

That sounds condescending.

EDWARD

I am just saying, your art needs no
direction from me. (pause)
I liked it when that nun thought we
were married. I liked the sound of
it.

TINA

That was the only way they would
rent us a room.
Marriage is not one of your success
stories and not a goal I have at
the moment.

EDWARD

And honesty is not one of your weak
points, now is it?

TINA

No, but you are.

The screen goes to BLACK.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Tina and Edward descend from a trolley in front of El Barco. They are tired from their trip and seem worn down with their luggage and cameras.

little URCHIN, CARMEN (6) runs over to them. Her dress is wrinkled, hair uncombed, face dirty, but she is cute. She buries A her face in Tina's skirt.

TINA.
 (in Spanish)
 Carmencita, how are you? I'm sorry
 we were gone for a few days.

Carmen shyly takes Tina's hand trying to lead her away. Edward is surprised. Tina doesn't move and instead squats and puts her hands on Carmen's shoulders, looking her in the eyes.

TINA
 (in Spanish)
 This is Eduardo, Carmen. He lives
 here with me now.

Carmen looks from him and back to Tina. Edward, somewhat bald and squinting against the sun appears a lot older than lovely Tina.

CARMEN
 Is he your papa?

TINA
 Come on. You need to eat something.
 (Spanish) After, we'll finish the
 marionette we were doing together.

Edward looks put out, Tina stifles a smile.

TINA (CONT'D)
 And no, he isn't my papa, he is
 just a friend. Come on.

She smiles brightly.

INT. EL BARCO - CONTINUOUS

Tina takes Carmen to the table. Gets a damp cloth to wipe her face and hands. Elisa puts a pot of beans on the stove. Edward, gives Tina a "what's up?" look.

TINA

Her mother is the cleaning lady for a building down the street. They live in Colonia Bolsa.

EDWARD

So you adopted her.

TINA

Not exactly.

EDWARD

In a country of so many poor people you can't save everyone. Not even one.

TINA

Who says so?

Edward looks skeptical.

TINA (CONT'D)

Here, let me show you some photos I took of Carmen before you arrived. I hope her parents love them as much as I do.

She hurries from the room and Carmen shrugs her shoulders at Edward. Tina returns with beautiful up close 8 X 10 photos of Carmen. Anyone can see she has captured the child's spirit.

Edward looks them over closely and nods his head.

EDWARD

Amazing. Before I even came.

TINA

Edward, I was watching you. I learned something.

EXT. EL BARCO - MOMENTS LATER

LUPE MARIN, Diego's wife, tall, attractive and vivacious, stands on the El Barco step with a huge bowl of "mole." She KNOCKS on the door. Tina scurries to the door swinging it wide open shifting Carmen's photos into one hand.

LUPE

Tina. Hello. I am Lupe Marin, Diego Rivera's wife. Although I've never been sure why.

She sticks her hand out and Tina takes it in both of hers and smiles at her honesty.

LUPE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I can't stay. I made some extra mole for you and the famous Mr. Weston. I just wanted to say hello and that I hope you are coming to our masquerade party next week, and of course, perhaps... I would love to have lunch together. I have heard so much about you. And, your beauty does live up to the rumors.

Tina looks perplexed. She hasn't been able to squeeze in a reply. Lupe glances at the photos in Tina's arms.

LUPE (CONT'D)

May I?

She takes them and looks them over smiling.

LUPE (CONT'D)

Will you take some of my children? These are the best child portraits I have ever seen. You have a way.

Tina is struck by this act of thoughtfulness.

TINA

Of course, thank you so much. I would love to. And, that goes for the party as well.

With that Lupe turns and runs down the walk. She turns.

LUPE

Don't forget to wear costumes to the party. We can chat more then.

She squints at Tina.

LUPE (CONT'D)

Usually I am not that interested in Diego's potential models. Wait until Diego sees you, I won't see him for days.

TINA

But...

LUPE

Oh you will model for him. I am certain. He has a way.

Weston returns to the living area just as Tina is shutting the door.

EDWARD
Rivera is sketching you?

TINA.
Well, to be honest, he did send a messenger yesterday to inquire if I would be willing. It pays. We need the money.

EDWARD
Not that badly.

TINA
Yes, we do.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

DIEGO RIVERA is doing a sketch. Tina, magnificent, is reclining, nude, on a stand covered with a cloth. Her lower arm is raised above her head and her head is resting on her hand. A large sketch in charcoal serves as a model behind them. He takes his charcoal and traces over one of the female figures on the drawing.

DIEGO
(tracing and not looking at her)
Do you have any idea how gorgeous you are, Tina?

TINA
I met Lupe.

DIEGO
I don't have to report to her about every thing I do.

As he says this, he moves to Tina and adjusts her pose... there is a knowing flirtation here.

TINA.
Nor her to you, I assume? I don't imagine she's attempting to caress the thighs of a male model as we speak?

DIEGO
You two are not so different. She is a modern woman as you seem to be.

TINA
Really? Is that so?

DIEGO
Yes, it is.

TINA
I wonder if you know how powerful
your murals are?

DIEGO
In fact, I have been told such
things.

TINA
I'd like my photos to tell such a
message. Tell me about the
Communists.

DIEGO
There is great change happening.

TINA
What can you tell me?

DIEGO
(as he sketches)
We work for the common good.
Mainly, for the farm workers to get
decent treatment. Right now they
have no rights. There are rumors of
massacres in remote parts of the
country to satisfy the landowners--
when they do not want to pay, they
kill. The peasants live like
animals, cardboard homes, no heat,
no running water. Have you seen the
Colonia La Bolsa yet?

He moves the charcoal to her thigh and traces it upward.

TINA.
How can I help?

DIEGO
We can publish stories, we can
paint pictures, we can take
photographs. The world needs to
know about the atrocities.

*The screen changes to rural small town Italy, circa turn of
turn of the century.*

TINA

(VOICE OVER)

My father was a socialist in Italy. When I was a small girl, he would carry me on his shoulders during the rallies and marches. I miss that view, sitting higher than the tallest men, seeing the mass of people chanting for change. I still remember it. And I long for it.

INT. CHURCH - UDINE, ITALY

Singing from a choir permeates; procession of young girls dressed in white lace dresses/veils proceeds to the altar where a statue of Mary is. The girls place calla lilies at her feet. Tina and her father squeeze into a crowded pew. A PRIEST appears; mass begins. A young woman appearing somewhat impoverished, sits beside Tina. Tina stares at her and is affected. Her father takes a few coins from his pocket, fingers them a moment and gives them to the woman who looks at him gratefully.

FLASH FORWARD AN HOUR--

Bells chime as Tina and her father head down the street.

INT. UDINE PHOTOGRAPHY STORE -

PIETRO, Tina's uncle and Guisepppe's brother, sets up his camera. Photographs hang on the walls; a sign on the front window announces the photography studio. Tina and her father enter to a bell on the door.

GIUSEPPE

(forcefully)

Pietro, watch Tinisima for me, will you?

PIETRO

Where are you going? I have work to do.

TINA

I'll help you, uncle

GIUSEPPE

(he looks out the shop window anxiously)

The "sindacato" is marching today.

PIETRO

Ah, you and your socialist friends!
Bah.

BACK TO THE PRESENT: DIEGO'S STUDIO - DAY

DIEGO

I think it is no accident fate has
brought you to my city, Tina.

TINA

I understand something now that I
am talking to you. I couldn't put
my finger on it until this moment.
It is that I have never felt so
close to my childhood home as I do
here.

DIEGO

There is a march tonight. Come to
it. We must fight for our homes,
wherever we find them, no?

Tina nods, inspired.

INT. EL BARCO - NIGHT

Tina serves soup to Edward and little Carmen seated at the
table. Edward is looking at Carmen. He tickles her in her
side and she giggles. They are friends now. Carmen looks up
at him with big eyes, not understanding his English.

TINA

You're growing fond of her.

EDWARD

Where are her parents every day
while she is trying to sell her
pumpkin seeds?

TINA

I posed for Diego today. He did a
sketch of me to use in one of his
murals.

EDWARD

In the nude?

TINA

I was modelling, Edward. Then I
marched with the party in front of
the government building. With the
Communists.

Edward gets up and throws his napkin down on the table.
Carmen looks frightened.

EDWARD

God damn it. What else happened?

She walks behind Carmen and places her hands on her shoulders
to comfort her.

TINA

You're scaring her. And me.

Edward slams the front door as he leaves. Tina strokes her
fingers through Carmen's hair. She looks up at her reflection
in the mirror. Her hair is down much the way it was as she
posed for Diego. Her blouse is just a bit off, not tucked in
completely. A sneaky smile turns the corners of her lips. She
leans in and whispers to herself.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tina and Carmen walk down the street hand in hand. They stand
in front of an OFFICE. A large sign above the entry door that
says EL MACHETE. Next to the sign is a smaller sign that
contains a quote by Lenin.

Just as they arrived another protest march is organizing.
Diego, Lupe, Vittorio Vidali, the short, stocky party leader
feared by many for his secretive ways, and others are holding
signs protesting the Sacco & Vanzetti murders. Tina and
Carmen watch. Tina and Diego exchange waves. A seemingly
uptight woman around 40, ENEA, steps out of the line and lays
down her sign by the front door. Enea is a contrast to Tina,
unconventionally attractive but not pretty, she is all
business without much graciousness.

ENEA

May I help you?

TINA

Diego recommended that I come by to
offer my services.

ENEA

Ah yes. You marched with us one
night recently. Are you a party
member?

TINA

Not yet.

ENEA

I see. Then what can you do for us?

TINA

I'm a photographer. I can write. I am not formally educated, but I can formulate stories. My name is Tina Modotti.

ENEA

Come inside. We can have a talk.

INT. MACHETE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Tina and Carmen enter EL MACHETE, newspaper office. There are several desks, strewn with papers, all empty. Enea sits at one. On her desk is a New York Times article about the Sacco and Vanzetti protests going on in New York. Tina looks at it.

ENEA

There are marches all over the world for them. And is this your daughter?

TINA

No, she is a neighbor. I am just taking care of her.

ENEA

This is not a nursery, you know. We are very busy with deadlines to meet.

TINA

I understand. I just brought her today.

A tall, good looking young man, around 25, with curly dark hair and green eyes, JULIO ANTONIO MELLA, enters. Tina looks at him discreetly, but she is interested. He throws his hat on one of the desks and looks around with confidence. Enea greets him with a nod, then turns back to Tina.

ENEA

We can't pay anything.

Julio notices Tina with interest and stands waiting for an introduction. He eyes Carmen and smiles at her.

JULIO ANTONIO

Hello. And what can we do for you and your mother?

Enea recognizes the energy.

TINA

I'm not her mother. I am a friend.

ENEAS

I'm sorry, Julio Antonio, this is Tina Modotti. Tina, Julio Antonio Mella, a transplant comrade from Cuba. And this is her friend, Carmen.

He appraises Tina up and down without a smile. Their eyes lock. She nods politely but only addresses Eneas. He extends his hand and they shake.

TINA

(to Eneas)

I want to be of help.

ENEAS

All right, comrade. Report here on Monday at eight. I will have things for you to do.

TINA

I'm sorry. At least for now, I can't be tied to a regular routine or an obligatory schedule right away. I have a business trip.

Eneas, slightly annoyed, turns her back on Tina.

JULIO ANTONIO

We all have other work to do, Señora.

ENEAS

Come when you can then.

Tina turns. Julio busies himself with papers. He looks up as she gets to the door.

JULIO ANTONIO

Nice to make your acquaintance Señora Modotti.

TINA.

And you, Señor Mella.

As she opens the door to go, she overhears Eneas talking to Julio.

ENEAS

I give her a week.

He goes to the window and watches her walk down the street holding Carmen's hand. Carmen stops to fix her sandal and Tina glances over seeing Julio watching her. We enter his imagination as he recalls his wife and daughter in Cuba. The match-cut of his thoughts becomes Cuba recognizable to the audience.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - CONTINUOUS

A woman with long dark hair, mid twenties is pulling along a small girl of three; she resembles her mother. She turns around and waves to Julio who we can now see stands across the street. The child blows a kiss to her father.

BACK TO HERE AND NOW:

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Tina waves good-bye to Carmen as she boards a trolley. She walks quickly down the darkening street away from El Machete. Edward doesn't see her as he comes out of a random apartment building directly ahead of her. Tina stops, unseen. Elisa, the 20 year old housekeeper, hurries out of the building toward him with his sweater.

ELISA
(in Spanish)
Senor Edward! You forgot this!

Edward takes it and kisses her long on the lips. Tina stays unseen.

EDWARD
Mañana?

Elisa nods at him, then turns to run back inside. He pulls on his cardigan and hurries down the street. Tina waits before continuing on.

EXT. PARK - SAME HOUR

CONTINUOUS -

Tina sits down on a park bench looking out at a pond. A large family walks past and sets up a dinner picnic on the ground.

Tina, has a FLASHBACK, imagines her Italian family, this MEXICAN FAMILY BLURS INTO HER ITALIAN MOTHER (ASSUNTA, HERSELF, HER BROTHER AND TWO SISTERS IN A UDINE, ITALY SETTING UP A PICNIC.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TEXTILE FACTORY, UDINE, ITALY - 1910

Tina, a stunning brunette (14), works at a manual sewing machine surrounded by women of varying ages; around her neck she wears a blue silk scarf. The cracker-box room with few windows is oppressive -- Tina's hands are calloused; her finger is blistered/bleeding. A co-worker opens a napkin and eats a meager portion of cheese. Tina stops what she is doing and pulls the scarf from around her neck. She gets up, walks to the front of the room and waves the scarf in the air. Little by little the women stop machines & the noise ceases:

TINA

I am raffling this beautiful scarf
my father sent to me from America!
If you want a chance in my raffle,
come to my table!

She picks up a piece of paper from the floor tearing it into pieces. One by one women walk over to her & give her a coin for a ticket. Each writes her name on her ticket.

INT. MODOTTI UDINE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS MEMORY

Tina empties bag of food onto a table. Her siblings, two younger brothers and two sisters, one older and one younger, run over and hug her. Her mother, ASSUNTA MODOTTI, catches her eye and is emotional.

ASSUNTINA MODOTTI

The post just arrived. Your father
has finally sent your ticket for
America. You're to leave next week.

YOLANDA, her sister, runs up and holding onto Tina's leg, begins to sob.

ASSUNTINA MODOTTI (CONT'D)

Yolanda, don't cry. You'll be next.
And seeing Tina soon. Then,
eventually, we will all follow.

EXT. MEXICO CITY PARK - DAY

BACK TO THE PRESENT:

A familiar voice from behind startles her:

JULIO ANTONIO (O.C.)
 Are the rumors true that you are
 modeling for Diego?

TINA
 News gets around fast here, doesn't
 it? Señor -- it is Mella-- from
 Cuba.
 Funny, you don't look Cuban.

JULIO ANTONIO
 Part Irish.

TINA
 Ah. That explains it.

JULIO ANTONIO
 Explains what?

TINA
 Why you look like a gringo but with
 a Cuban accent.

She gets up, gathers her things and stops suddenly from a few feet away.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Ahh. Now I know where I have heard
 your name before. Exiled from Cuba,
 aren't you? For an assassination
 attempt?

He nods. She stares seriously into his eyes.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Incidentally, Enea was wrong. I'll
 last more than a few days at El
 Machete. I have already started
 taking photos for the upcoming
 issue.

She has put him in his place and he reacts. She turns and is gone. He smiles slightly to himself.

She passes some artists helping Diego and XAVIER GUERRERO, small handsome Mexican man, artist of the times. He is there assisting with the mural. Diego is in his overalls leaning over a paint can. Tina sneaks up behind him and kisses his cheek. Xavier is not lost on how beautiful Tina is.

DIEGO
 Ah. My muse. How is the photography
 going?

She smiles.

TINA
It is going.

DIEGO
Stand there.

He grabs a thick black pencil and begins to sketch her into the revolutionary mural. Xavier keeps stealing glances at Tina.

TINA
I didn't give you permission to do that

DIEGO
No. But you gave me inspiration.
That is much more important.

She kisses his cheek and continues on her way. The sun is setting and she hurries away. As she does, Xavier watches.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Hurrying back to that idiot
boyfriend she has.

XAVIER
So, she has a boyfriend.

DIEGO
Yes. But she won't let him stop
her.

INT. EL BARCO - NIGHT

Tina has just entered. Edward sits at the table smoking. The ashtray is full of cigarette butts.

EDWARD
Where have you been? It's dark
outside.

TINA
El Machete. I've started to do some
work for them. Then, well then, if
you must know, I sat and watched
ducks.

Diego says my photos could raise
some money for the Communist cause.

EDWARD

I thought you wanted to be a
photographer!

TINA

Who says the two can't mix?
I know about you and Elisa.

He shoots her a look, surprised.

There is a KNOCK. Tina opens the door. A WOMAN stands there.
She is thin and poorly dressed. She addresses Tina.

MARIA

(fast, in Spanish with
English subtitles)

Señora, I am Carmen's mother. My
name is María, María López Ugarte,
a sus órdenes. I want to thank you
for these photographs you gave her.
But I need to tell you that her
father says we can give her
everything she needs. We cannot pay
for these, but thank you. And here
are the coins you gave her as well.

She puts a large envelope in Tina's hand.

EDWARD

I agree. We won't interfere. Tina?

María looks at him confused. She doesn't understand English.

TINA

(also in Spanish, but with
difficulty)

Nice to meet you, María. Carmen and
I made a marionette. It was quite
lovely. She has a talent for art.
She sold it, so she earned the
money.

MARIA

Gracias, señora, gracias.

María backs away. Tina closes the door. Edward gives her an
"I told you so" look.

EDWARD

Tina's going to save the world.

TINA

You can be so cruel.

He grabs her and pushes her against the wall and kisses her hard with intensity.

EDWARD

Did I come here to be political?
Did I come here to sleep around? Or
did I come here because of you?

TINA

(struggling to get free, raises her voice)
I want to create work that changes the way people act not just how they think. Look at Diego's murals and what they accomplish.

EDWARD

These new friends of yours care more about themselves than the poor. At least I'm not phony.

He leaves, shutting the front door hard.

INT. BREAKFAST AREA - DAY

Elisa, dark and striking and seems to have come into her own more now, places breakfast in front of Tina. Edward seems calmer. Tina sees that Elisa flirts with Edward ever so slightly. Their affair is ongoing. Tina's mood is terse and they are at odds.

TINA

We have that party to go to at Diego's house tonight. We're to wear costumes.

Edward holds up one of Tina's skirts in front of him.

EDWARD

I'll wear one of your skirts. I will go as you and you can be me.

TINA

That should be interesting. I have never dressed up as an ass before.

INT. DIEGO'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Taco party night. There is a table piled with food including a mountain of tortillas, punch bowl and bowls of things to fill the tortillas. Tequila, beer, saki and more are abundant.

A noisy, bustling small crowd with Edward, dressed like a woman, dancing with a pretty young lady. Tina wears a man's dress shirt with tie and a hat and pants. Big, sloppy Diego, wearing suspenders, comes up and whispers in Tina's ear.

The ultimate showy *artists* are all there.

Exotic NAHUI OLIN, co-party member and artist, stands out with short auburn hair and her fitted, pretty dress over her shapely figure. Her eyes are bright blue and her lips are thick with rose lipstick. She stands nearby taking them in.

DIEGO

(to Tina)

Edward's having fun. I thought I'd never see him smile.

TINA

He loves a party.

Artist JEAN CHARLOT, 24 years old, good looking & intelligent, slightly drunk, approaches Tina in a boisterous manner.

JEAN

I saw your latest movie before I left New York.
You were good.

(slightly drunk, picking at the buffet food)

But they don't like Mexicans in Hollywood, do they? It was.. how do you say it... dee--roga--tory.

TINA

I am afraid so.

DIEGO

How could you, Tina?

TINA

I'm here now, aren't I?

Charlot continues munching. The music comes to an end. Edward saunters over toward them. He, too, is slightly drunk and he hugs Tina too tightly.

EDWARD

Yes... you're here now.

DIEGO

(taking the cue)

Edward, I have a new tequila I want you to try and I have friends I want you to meet. All the artists are here.

EDWARD

(slurring his words)

You mean all the communists.

A KNOCK at the front door. Lupe goes to answer it; Julio Antonio Mella standing there looks beyond words handsome; Lupe welcomes him in. He instantly looks over Lupe's shoulders with eyes only for Tina. Edward takes it all in. Edward speaks louder than necessary to Diego.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Tell me how is Tina doing as your newest nude model?

Julio Antonio walks over toward Tina who is now alone at the food table. Edward observes Julio.

We enter into a snippet of their chemistry filled conversation.

JULIO ANTONIO

All I am saying is we can work together.

TINA

Me taking photos, you writing the story?

JULIO ANTONIO

I would be humbled and honored if my writing accompanied them.

TINA.

Señor Mella, I can write my own pieces to correspond with my photos. Thank you.

JULIO ANTONIO

Will you dance then?

TINA

I think... another night, maybe.
(excusing herself)
Señor.

She shuns him.

EXT. EL BARCO - THAT NIGHT

Tina, with her arm around his waist, guides Edward into the apartment. He is now beyond drunk stumbling and trying to kiss her.

EDWARD

So you're going to be a communist,
eh? You and the Cubano?

TINA

Let's talk when you're sober.

EDWARD

(slurring words)
They're using you.

TINA

They're using me? I am your
mistress, your manager, your agent.
Who is using whom?

She helps him lie down on his bed and removes his shoes. On the bedside table is an older photo from Glendale he took of her; in it, her face reveals her grace and her fire. He grabs the photo and holds it to his chest and kisses her lips.

EDWARD

Tina, where have you gone?

He rolls over, drunk, and closes his eyes. The photo falls to the floor.

EXT. AZOTEA - DAY

Tina appears out of the little room, formerly the maid's quarters, on the VERANDA that is really the roof of the apartment building. She spreads out a blanket and removes her robe. She is nude.

Edward is setting up his camera in the background but is so out of sorts with a hang over he drops one thing after another. He rubs his temples.

TINA

Too much tequila last night?

EDWARD

I've done my best work still drunk
the next day.

TINA

Yes, well, you look and smell
ghastly. The alcohol is seeping
from all your pores.

EDWARD

And anger from yours.

She stretches toward the sky.

TINA

I love the Mexican sun. My mother
says sun is better than any
medicine.

Tina lies on her stomach on the blanket. She faces her face
into the sun and smiles with her eyes closed.

TINA (CONT'D)

How do you want me to pose?

She opens her eyes and shifts a bit. He snaps the photo. She
turns over onto her back, stretches and arches her back.

FREEZE FRAME ON BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO.

EDWARD

Roll over again.

He walks around her so that her head is close to the camera.

He takes a second photo. FREEZE FRAME ON BLACK AND WHITE
PHOTO. He stops, leans over and they begin to kiss.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(whispers to her)

You don't understand. You will
sacrifice everything if you are not
careful.

Tina clings to him.

CLOSE UP of her face looking out over the street far below.
Here eyes glisten with fresh tears.

TINA

It's too late.

EXT. VERANDA - LATER

Edward and Tina, now in her robe, are leaning against the railing looking out on the city. They share a cigarette. FOOTSTEPS. Elisa appears.

ELISA

Señora, There is a man at the door with a telegram. He needs your signature.

Tina drops her cigarette on the floor and Edward puts it out with his shoe. She heads to the door to follow Elisa down.

INT. APARTMENT

The two quickly climb down the steep stairs. Tina gets in front of Elisa and goes to the door. A somewhat uniformed man is standing there with a telegram and a clip board in his hands.

DELIVERY MAN

Señora Richey?

TINA

Ah. Yes, Modotti now.

DELIVERY MAN

I have a telegram from San Francisco, California. It is marked urgent. Please sign here.

He hands her the telegram. She starts to turn but he stands there.

TINA

Oh! Sí.

She reaches in her pocket and pulls out a couple of coins. She hand them to him and he touches his cap. She closes the door and opens the telegram, reads. She pales. Clumsily she reaches for a chair and sits down.

Tina lays her head on the table and begins to sob. She clutches the letter to her chest and goes down the hall to her room, lies down and curls into a ball crying.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Edward appears at the bedroom door. He is completely unaware.

EDWARD
What is it?

TINA
My father.

She waves the telegram unable to speak. He reads it.

EDWARD
I am so sorry.

He sits beside her and embraces her as she sobs.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You need to go. I'll go with you.
You shouldn't make the trip all
alone.

She nods.

TINA
If you book the tickets for us we
can leave by tomorrow's train. I
have somethings I must do now.

He nods.

Tina heads into the bathroom. She splashes her face with water from a cool basin and combs her hair back. She gets dressed, grabs a shawl and a bag sitting on the table and leaves the house.

EXT. CENTRAL AMERICA - (FILM SUPERIMPOSED OVER A MAP OF CENTRAL AMERICA WITH MEXICO ABOVE IT) NIGHT

SUBTITLES, "HONDURAS"

Julio has a blanket around his shoulders and a large sombrero on. He walks down a street trying not to be noticed. People ignore him. He looks up at restaurant signs and finally ducks inside one and sits in a dark corner booth.

A stocky man sits across from him. His build seems similar to Vittorio Vidali. From a distance we see the man hand him an envelope and leave. Julio takes cash, places it in his wallet and leaves.

VIDALI
This is enough to get you as far as Mexico. We can assist you more once you are there.

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
I had no idea the party in Mexico
was so willing to assist me. I
could have used your help a few
weeks ago.

VIDALI
We all have the same goal.

He stands and goes to a waiting cab.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREETS - SAME TIME

Under lights in the plaza, music blaring and people enjoying
a fiesta, Tina rushes up to meet Xavier Guerrero on a corner.
Xavier puts a hand on her arm.

XAVIER
Are you all right?

TINA
Of course, why?

XAVIER
I was worried. You're late.
Have you heard about Diego?
He keeps making the party angry at
him.

TINA
Why?

XAVIER
He has accepted money from the
government, another big commission.
He doesn't seem to know which side
he is on.

TINA
If it is true we should distance
ourselves from him. He has a way of
rationalizing his actions.

XAVIER
It's good timing. We have Julio...

TINA
Julio Mella.

Xavier reacts.

XAVIER

Do you know him?
He will be organizing Cuban party activities using our offices, our resources. But Enea is worried about the classified documents being accessible to him. After all, we really don't know him. Vidali seems especially interested in assisting this new comrade.

TINA

Does this Mella have anything to do with why are we meeting Vidali so late?

They arrive at the front door of the Machete office and enter.

INT. EL MACHETTE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tina and Xavier sit at table with a candle in-between them. Xavier lights the candle. Papers are lying around; on top is large print of one of Tina's politically representative photos. Tina looks at her watch.

TINA

How long should we wait?

XAVIER

He isn't coming.

TINA

You lied?

XAVIER

Yes. Tina, are you going to marry Edward? I need to ask you this question.

Tina looks into his eyes.

TINA

I don't plan on marrying anyone. But, I think I will always love Edward.

XAVIER

You talk as if he is gone. Has he left?

TINA

Not at all. But in some ways I already have. My father passed away and together we leave for America tomorrow evening. He will stay there. But I will return.

XAVIER

I count the hours until that time.

Tina reaches out and strokes his cheek.

EXT. MEXICO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Tina next hurries down the dirt lane to a large home surrounded by a fence. As she approaches the gate, 4 little girls run up yelling her name.

A nun opens the gate and hugs her. Tina pulls some puppets from her bag and hands them to the children. They hug her legs. She squats and whispers to them, showing them how the arms and legs bend of the puppets.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, LITTLE ITALY, HOME - DAY

Guests dressed in dark colors are leaving the home after Giuseppe's funeral reception. Tina's family resembles her strongly: her MOTHER, ASSUNTA, around 45, her sisters, MERCEDES AND YOLANDA (later twenties), her brother, BENVENUTO, in his late twenties. All stand at the door thanking the guests.

INT. HOME

The Modotti women sit around a coffee table full of photos. Edward is in the nearby kitchen with her mother.

TINA

Edward, come and look at these.

YOLANDA

These are of papa in Italy. That's a protest with the workers behind him. He liked to take you along and explain the world to you.

TINA

Yes, I remember.

MERCEDES

Here is one of Tina in front of our
uncle's photography studio.

She holds up the photo and Tina is standing under the sign in front of the shop. She has a big bow on the side of her head and appears to be about four. There is another one of her on her father's shoulders. Edward walks up and looks down at the array of photos. He picks one up of Tina in a protest march with her father. He saunters over to the food table.

Tina holds up another of the tiny apartment filled with cots and one big mattress on the floor her parents shared. The room holds her whole family in the picture.

TINA

(whispers to Yolanda
reflectively)

There we were, all in one large
room and mama was so beautiful, so
full of grace.

YOLANDA

I have never understood modesty
because mamma never was so.

TINA

(looks at her sister incredulous)
Yes. I find the human body lovely.

EXT. MODOTTI HOME

FROM A DISTANCE

On the front steps of the house Edward is taking a family portrait photo of Tina, her mother, her sisters, and her brother. He follows that with one of Tina alone with her mother.

THROUGH HIS LENS-- THE CLOSE SHOTS OF TINA, HER SMILE, HER
LOOKING TOWARD HIM.

CLOSER

Tina and her mother are walking inside, arm in arm. Tina's mother stops and watches Edward as he packs up his camera on the sidewalk.

ASSUNTINA

Do you love this man, Tina?

TINA

Yes. But, we seem to be growing in different directions. Besides, I influenced him to leave his family to come to Mexico and for that I feel horribly. I am afraid I was impetuous.

They step inside the house and Tina takes in the flowers.

ASSUNTINA MODOTTI

Well, best to end it then. Don't you want your own family?

Tina looks off into the sky and takes a breath.

TINA

My answer might make you sadder than you already are.

ASSUNTINA MODOTTI

Ahh, but that's not possible. Might as well tell me now.

TINA.

I can never have children. I saw a doctor. I have to just love the world's children.

Her mother hugs her and stands back looking at her daughter

ASSUNTINA

Well then, the world is quite fortunate.

Tina steals a glance at Edward who seems more himself here in the U.S. He smiles at her naturally, unaware of their conversation.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

EXT. - MEXICAN SCHOOL AND ORPHANAGE - DAY

Tina KNOCKS on the door. Children can be seen playing. A nun greets her warmly. Tina hands her her marionettes, taking one out to show it to her. Two little girls run up to the gate close to where Tina is.

GIRL

Señorita, señorita. Gracias.

Tina smiles at them, blows them a kiss and turns to go. She turns and looks at the two; pauses.

TINA

Tell me, what are your names?

YESSICA/JOSEFINA

Yéssica/Josefina

Yessica claps with excitement saying "yes!"

The sister comes up to Tina.

NUN

Please, Senora. We need donations-- anything will help.

TINA

I would like to help in some way.

The sister looks at her in a wise glow.

She takes Tina's hands in her own.

NUN

Senora Modotti, the coins you have given us have given us food for a week. You can come anytime to assist us, you are always welcome here. The children missed you while you were gone. And know, we pray for your family.

Tina nods.

EXT. EL MACHETE - DAY

QUINTANA, Mexico City Police Chief and man who we have seen interrogating Tina, sits in his police car down the street watching as familiar party members (Frida, Tina, Diego, Enea, Xavier, Julio) exit the Machete building. He notes it when Tina and Julio Antonio turn down the street walking close to one another.

INT. MEXICO CITY POLICE OFFICES - DAY

Quintana is pacing/smoking, glancing out his window nervously. His face seems taxed, lined with few wrinkles. He has brown, tanned skin, a distinguished manner of walking, and he seems more like an intellectual than a man of this profession.

He picks up blown up photos of Julio Antonio, Tina, Enea, Xavier, Frida, and Diego and shows them to his assistant.

QUINTANA

Why they all come here to stir things up with the farmers, and the peasants I do not understand. What was wrong with staying in America?

ASSISTANT

Maybe we've made it too easy for them?

QUINTANA

We need to watch them. Someday they will go too far. Then we make a move. In the meantime maybe they need some motivation to move on.

He stands at the window smoking. The camera turns to a new angle. Vittorio Vidali sits across from the desk nodding.

EXT. COLONIA DE LA BOLSA, MEXICO - LATE NIGHT

A man runs in the shadows and places a bag at the foot of a hill near some tin sheds which serve as homes for peasants.

The explosion is muffled and can barely be heard. But it causes a hillside to erode and fall onto the backs of these shacks used as homes; a few collapse.

An echo of the debris resounds in the hills. There is a long pause, some isolated noises. Then suddenly and almost simultaneously there are human shouts and crying. Clouds of dust and dirt. Some women come out of the shanties, holding onto the hands of small children, all covered with dust and dirt. Despairing sobs, some running. One silhouette against the moon, an old man arches his back which is on fire, and falls forward. Lots of speaking and emotion.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Tina and Julio Antonio sit at a table in a small cafe with coffee cups in front of them. They are engaged in a philosophical discussion.

TINA

We aren't here to create havoc, just to help. In America, union leaders have caused deaths without meaning to.

JULIO ANTONIO

Sometimes it takes havoc for change
to come about. (pause) Sometimes it
even takes death for change.

She plays with a spoon in her coffee. Just then Enea rushes
into the restaurant and over to them.

ENEAS

There's been an explosion, at La
Bolsa. They think federales did it
to break up the squatters. They've
been threatening to drive them out.

Can you get up there and get some
photos? But be careful you don't
get arrested!

Julio and Tina jump up, throw coins on the table, and follow
her out. The three have a common mission.

EXT. LA BOLSA STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tina and Julio Antonio rush/descend from a BUS. The area
looks like an earthquake has hit. People wander aimlessly.

TINA

My God, I think this is where
Carmen lives.

JULIO ANTONIO

Who is she?

TINA

The little girl I was with the day
we met, remember?

An OLD MAN approaches. He has a cane made of a long piece of
wood, to support him. His shirt is caked with mud as is his
face.

JULIO ANTONIO

Abuelo, what happened?

OLD MAN

The federales say it was a mud
slide.. but there was no rain.
Someone did this. These people,
they have nowhere to go. We need
doctors.

Julio Antonio looks around and sees a government car. He
grabs Tina by her free hand.

JULIO ANTONIO
This could be a set up. Let's go.

DISTANT VIEW

A police car with two officers inside are watching Julio and Tina. One holds binoculars up to his eyes.

EXT. FIELD

Tina and Julio Antonio run along the dust laden chaos of ruined homes; they come upon a small open field surrounded by a dilapidated concrete fence with an opening where part of the fence looks blown up and knocked over. Families are huddled together. Carmen's mother sits on the ground holding Carmen, bloodied, completely wrapped in a blanket. Carmen's father, with a bleeding face, squats next to her. The mother calls to Tina pleading. Tina rushes over seeing Carmen up close.

TINA
My God! What happened?

MARIA
(wails)
She's dead. Mi hija.

Tina pales and looks as if she is going to faint. Julio Antonio steadies her; then he holds her to him. She reaches out and she and Carmen's mother cling to one another.

MARIA (CONT'D)
They've beat my husband.

Tina bends over her HUSBAND, JOSÉ GUADALUPE.

TINA
Who? Who did this?

She takes a handkerchief from Julio Antonio. She dabs his wound to stop the bleeding.

TINA (CONT'D)
Hold this here. I need to get this documented.

She quickly sets it up to take these photos that are so emotional. WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES THROUGH THE LENS. Children sitting on the street, huddled together with no parents.

JOSE GUADALUPE
Mi hija.

He drops his head in his hands and wails. Someone from outside the wall yells amid sounds of alarms and sirens. Tina shoots with her camera blindly, in a frenzy, crying in anguish.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
They're coming back. Hide.

JULIO ANTONIO
Come on, we can't help them now.

Tina dashes across the street, authoritatively finishes shooting. She turns to look for Julio and is touched by what follows. He has picked up a BABY and is cradling her in his arms. He rocks her gently until she stops crying. More POLICE ride up on HORSES, others arrive in POLICE TROLLEYS and roughly begin to disperse the peasants. One pushes a truncheon in the face of an OLD MAN.

POLICEMAN
What happened here, old man?

OLD MAN
You know what happened here.

Julio hands the calmed baby to a young woman who is hurrying along looking desperate; she takes the infant, full of relief, and runs to hide. He runs to help Tina. Quintana has now gotten out of a car and takes out some binoculars looking at Julio and Tina. He nods at a man with a camera, who sets it up and takes a photo of the pair. The situation is getting more chaotic by the minute. Tina looks around.

TINA
They are headed over here.

POLICEMAN
(to Quintana)
The woman, she is leaving by way of a back trail. I can detain her.

The detective shakes his head slowly.

QUINTANA
No, I got what I needed. Now we can prove they are here to stir up trouble. Just as we thought.

Tina and Julio run downhill through COLONIA LOMAS DE CHAPULTEPEC. They come out onto a highway where both are out of breath and perspiring. Their clothes are matted against their bodies.

An open-air trolley pulls up and they onto it. A pregnant INDIAN WOMAN with a CHILD gets on board. Tina starts to get up but Julio Antonio places his hand on her leg and stands up to give the woman his seat.

The child smiles at Tina. Julio Antonio wipes his forehead with his handkerchief and then hands it to Tina who uses it. He watches her. For a long moment the trolley rolls along. Her eyes are brimming with tears.

TINA

How could that hill suddenly collapse?

The trolley stops. They climb down off the trolley in front of CAFÉ CHINO DE ALFONSO. There is a sign on the sidewalk -- COMIDA CORRIDA.

JULIO ANTONIO

It didn't.
Did you see the police car hiding when we first arrived? Things are changing fast around here.

Two police cars rush past headed up to the scene they've left.

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You got some good shots.

TINA

I will never forgive those who did this.

JULIO ANTONIO

You did what you could.

She looks at him through her sorrowful eyes. Julio Antonio takes her hand and shoulders her equipment. She seems so small. They walk a short distance and enter a small run-down café.

INT. CAFE

They sit down at a table.

JULIO ANTONIO

Two coffees, please.

WAITER

Sí, señor. En seguida.

Tears stream down Tina's face.

TINA.

We fueled the fire. Edward was right-- we can't save this world. I couldn't even save one child.

JULIO ANTONIO

I am exiled from my own country, I cannot even see my daughter. But I know it is for a reason.

She reaches and closes her hand over his.

INT. JULIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tina is lying on his bed and wakens slowly. Julio Antonio is sitting on the side of the bed with his head in hands. Her hair is pulled very tightly back into a pony tail giving the appearance it is cut short.

JULIO ANTONIO

Have you cut your hair?

TINA

No. It's just pulled back.

He comes over to her and begins to kiss her for the first time. She hesitates and then kisses him back.

JULIO ANTONIO

I'd like short hair on you.

She begins to sob all over again.

TINA

I cannot stop thinking of Carmen.

He rubs her shoulders until she closes her eyes and falls asleep. He looks at his watch and quietly steals out of the apartment.

INT. MACHETE OFFICES - SAME TIME

Xavier sits across from Enea as a printing press rolls on behind her.

XAVIER

Are you certain she is all right?

ENEAS

Yes. They are resting and will bring photos in shortly.

Xavier goes to look out the windows.

XAVIER

I am leaving.

ENEAS

See you tomorrow?

XAVIER

I mean I am leaving. Mexico.

He exits the door.

EXT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Xavier watches him leave and crosses the street. He climbs the stairs and enters the apartment. Tina is asleep. He sits beside her.

XAVIER

Tina.

She stirs. Groggy and confused.

TINA

Xavier, what are you doing here?

XAVIER

I have come to say good bye. I am leaving for Spain. I cannot stay here any longer and watch you with other men. I love you too much

Tina sits up.

TINA

Xavier. I'm sorry. I didn't know.

XAVIER

Yes. You did. You do. You are just choosing him.

He gets up and leaves as quietly as he came.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

Julio Antonio slips back inside and kisses Tina urgently until she slowly wakes.

He pulls her to him with emotional passion, begins to caress her under her slip, and they begin to make love. She stops before it goes too far.

She turns on her side.

TINA

I'm sorry. I can't. My head is too full--

JULIO ANTONIO

It is Edward, isn't it?

He turns away and closes his eyes frustrated. Time moves ahead until he falls asleep. Tina gets up and goes to sit at a table and stares at him. She begins looking through his stuff on the table. There is a small, old leather-bound photo album full of letters, articles, and photos. One is of a beautiful woman and a little girl around three years old. A "MOST WANTED" poster of Julio Antonio which had been folded into a tiny square also spills to the floor.

Julio Antonio stirs; Tina blows out the candle, puts his things away and climbs into bed. She strokes the hair of her lover. He sleepily turns to face her. The moon shines on their faces.

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)

What were you doing?

Tina looks down, shrugs her shoulders.

TINA

Tell me about your family.

JULIO ANTONIO

They are in danger because of me.
It was necessary for me to leave.

TINA

What are you going to do?

JULIO ANTONIO

I don't know.

TINA

We should go to Machete. We have to get our story out.

JULIO ANTONIO

You should rest. It's late.

TINA

I'm not tired anymore. Let me take a portrait of you.

She positions him against the wall. His side portrait is stunning. She kisses him. As she painstakingly sets up her equipment, he stares jealously out the window, smoking hard, with a vengeance. (see photo next page)

JULIO ANTONIO

Leave Edward. I want you here. With me. He comes between us.

TINA.

Things take time.

JULIO ANTONIO

Must you have to conquer us all to be satisfied? I have seen Xavier look at you. He is in love with you, too. We all are.

TINA.

That's not true. Give me time so I can sort this out. I have things I need to do. Choices to make.

JULIO ANTONIO

I had no choice. You possessed me from the moment I saw you.

The phone rings. Julio answers it, faces away, acting secretive.

He hangs up.

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I have to go out. I will be back shortly.

He goes to the door and looks at her once more. He leaves.

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Julio rushes along a private lane and into a door. Inside it is pitch black. He shuts the door behind him and waits. There is a slight rustling sound and the door reopens then closes again softly. After a moment:

MAN

All right. No one followed you.

A single match ignites and invades the darkness. It quivers for a moment. A dimly lit hand brings the rest of the pack to the match. A plume of yellow-white flame flares of match lights the middle of the room and sitting there are three Cuban men around a table. A map of Havana is spread out on the table. Other documents are there too. The men are young, dirty and passionate about their politics.

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
What's the emergency?

MAN #1
Elias says three men have gone missing.

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
I need to go back. They are paying the price for my actions

MAN #2
You can't go back.

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
Let's just stay the course then. We have to do the work from here. We have no choice.

MAN#1
You do know, don't you, Julio-- the party here may not want you involved. We might be making things worse for them.

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
Stay the course, men. It will work.

The men nod. Julio gets up and leaves.

MAN #1
You didn't tell him about the death threat.

MAN #2
He'll find out soon enough.

He takes out of his pocket, spreads it out on the table and then fingers the newspaper paper article spread out in front of the two of them. "Young Mella plants a bomb in the Payret Theatre in an attempt to kill Machado." And the second paper, "Julio Mella goes on a 19 day hunger strike in defiance of the accusation." Next, "Julio Mella becomes the Interim National Secretary of the party."

MAN # 1
Why did you bring all that?

MAN # 2
To remind myself why we are doing
this for him.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT

Julio enters, hangs his coat. Tina's voice startles him.

TINA
If I wanted to have a child, would
you stay with me Julio?

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
I have a daughter, Tina. I had to
leave her. I don't want to leave
another child.

TINA
I see.

JULIO ANTONIO MELLA
Why haven't you had a child before
me? You must have considered it.
Tina, I would do anything for you,
you know that. I will never leave
you. I just don't want to abandon
another child.

TINA
Sometimes I think life is terrible.
So many suffer. There are just a
few crystal moments in life.

She turns to him.

TINA (CONT'D)
Like now.

Tina kisses his forehead and moves on to his mouth.

EXT. JULIO'S APT. - DAWN

Tina and Julio rush out the front door laden with folders and
camera equipment.

EXT. BUILDING

Tina, on a high up veranda of a building faces the PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. Below her is a sea of white SOMBREROS of the workers. She takes a photo.

THROUGH HER LENS we see what she sees. The workers, Julio, Edward, Diego, then the federales coming toward the march with weapons drawn.

She stops, shocked as Edward is walking toward her.

FREEZE FRAME ON PHOTO

Diego, with his loud voice and huge presence, addresses the audience of workers.

DIEGO

Workers, comrades, we are here today to protest the treatment of our jailed leaders by this government.

Tina listens to him, then looks down below her to a ground floor veranda where a man sitting on the ground is begging for money. She searches her pockets for a coin. Edward appears at her side and watches as she throws her last coins at him.

EDWARD

I see nothing's changed.

Tina throws her arms around his neck and hugs him to her. She looks ruffled and breathless. Her eyes are still swollen from crying.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure if I should come back. But I have been so worried.

He pulls her hair over to look into her eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Have you been crying? What's the matter?

TINA

Can you help me set up the tripod?

As he assists, she begins crying all over again.

TINA.

Carmen is dead. The government is responsible. We are certain. I got photographs.

Edward, affected, holds her to him. Over her shoulders he watches the protest and his eyes land on Julio, Vidali, and Enea. Xavier is stopped staring at him with a fierceness in his eyes.

EDWARD

I'm sorry about Carmen. She was a sweet little thing.

He pulls away.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Tina. I do have news. We finally have a date for the exhibit next week. Just one night, but still, quite a venue. Did you hear? It is what we have been wanting and waiting for.

TINA

Of course. Next week.

This time when she looks at the crowd of friends and comrades it is Julio who stares at her and Edward.

INT. MACHETE OFFICES - ANOTHER DAY

Tina is developing photos from the march in a back darkroom. The side portrait of Julio is hanging by a clip to the line as well as protest photos and other shots.

Julio enters the room. Pulls curtain back. They fall into one another's arms and kiss.

JULIO ANTONIO

How long is he here? When did he come back? I can't stand to be apart from you.

TINA

He is here for business and I am helping. We have an exhibit and a possible trip. Paid, Julio. I need the money. I cannot keep working for free.

Julio hits the desk in anger.

JULIO ANTONIO
Are you sleeping with him?

TINA
Yes.

JULIO ANTONIO
How could you?

TINA
I love him. But I love you more. I told you once before I needed to sort things out. I am doing that.

JULIO ANTONIO
By making love to another man.

Julio storms out into the outer office. Enea watches as he leaves angrily.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE MUSEUM TYPE BUILDING - NIGHT

Edward and Tina, ravishing but all business, hang their photos for an exhibit in a room in Bellas Artes.

EDWARD
We could alternate them to give more balance to the show.

TINA
We could, but I think yours would be more powerful separate from mine.

Diego Rivera appears at the door and for once he is out of his overalls and in a suit with a bow tie. Tina smiles at him.

DIEGO
Ah! Getting ready for the big show? How are my favorite photographers tonight?

EDWARD
(condescending)
Doing fine.

DIEGO
And you, comrade-to-be?

TINA.
Oh Diego. How nice you got all cleaned up for our show.

She kisses him on the cheek.

EDWARD

We can do without the comrade bull
shit, Diego.

Diego ignores him and sweeps over to her photos, a few of which are still leaning against the wall on the floor. Included are new ones from the explosion at La Bolsa.

DIEGO

Tina, perhaps these photos of the devastation at Colonia de la Bolsa, and corruption will help the cause.

EDWARD

I think the cala lily and the geranium go better under the light.

TINA

Right now we have to get this exhibit set up.

DIEGO

I'll leave you two alone to make these decisions. The initiation is next week, Tina.

Diego leaves.

EDWARD

What the hell does he mean by that?

TINA

The Party, Edward.

INT. PHOTO EXHIBIT - NIGHT

A sign reads: NATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS AUDITORIUM. (see photo of Auditorium next page)

Full, humming room of the Weston/Modotti photographic exhibit.

Edward is surrounded by a few admirers. He is enjoying the attention, oblivious to Tina. Tina's photos are her political shots and women and children, and her wall is jam packed with observers. Edward keeps looking over his drink at Tina's popularity.

A woman of high society looks over her spectacles from her brochure to "the Tina" sitting at the welcoming table then onto the provocative nude photo of Tina illuminated under a light on a prominent wall. The contrast is strong. In the flesh Tina appears all business, whereas the photo is erotic.

Two sides of Tina as the world sees her.

A small group of men, including JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO, intellect, with his black thick glasses, the serious artist and spectator, surround Gómez Robelo. Gómez Robelo nods to where Tina greets people. Lupe Marín enters with a flourish, she hugs Tina. Julio Mella is a noticeable presence with the group. Diego approaches Gomez and a journalist friend warmly. They are admiring a nude of Tina by Edward. (see photo collection)

JOURNALIST

Ah yes. The model is also a
photographer now I understand.

At the door Detective QUINTANA wanders in alone. Diego notices and whispers something to Orozco who is beside him.

RICARDO GÓMEZ ROBELO

Please, gentlemen, let's continue
on. Señora Modotti isn't the only
part of the exhibition.

DIEGO

Just the best part.

Lupe looks around and watches Edward. She wanders over to Tina fanning herself with a brochure.

LUPE

Ah, Tina. Look at Edward. Has he
even remembered this is your
exhibit as well?

José Orozco, clinks his glass of champagne, holding it high.

OROZCO

Ladies and gentlemen, please.
Please. (beat) (He waits for
silence) Let's congratulate our
premier photographer, Sr. Edward
Weston. Never before have we seen
such exquisite photos here at our
own National School of Fine Arts.

The people begin to APPLAUD, but José Orozco isn't finished.

OROZCO (CONT'D)

And... to señora Tina Modotti, the other fine contributor to our exhibit and a great photographer in her own right.

CAMERA ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS taken by Tina. Mother and child, hammer and sickle, worker protests, etc.

APPLAUSE for Tina is much greater. Edward looks uncomfortable and Lupe gives Tina a knowing look of lifted eyebrows, flicking the brochure open and laying it down on the table. Quintana picks up a brochure; leaves the exhibit.

INT. EL BARCO - THAT NIGHT

Tina and Edward are alone. Edward is going over receipts while Tina pours wine for the two of them. Their photos are on the table and leaning against the wall.

TINA

I just don't get why we had to take them all down so quickly.

EDWARD

It's booked for another show tomorrow. We sold very little. Are they paying you at Machete yet?

TINA

You know I am not getting paid.

He makes a gesture with his hands of disapproval. Tina gives him a glass.

TINA

I've made a decision. I am joining the Communist Party and my swearing in is Friday night. I want you to come. It means the world to me.

EDWARD

Ay, Tina. Are you sure?

TINA

It's in my blood.

EDWARD

They may never let you back into the U.S. Even here... The government is fickle, Tina.

TINA

I want to be part of a movement that helps those who can't defend themselves... It has become more important to me than anything else.

EDWARD

So where does that leave us?

TINA

I love you. But at the same time.

EDWARD

But at the same time... you have fallen in love with someone else.

Tina looks away.

TINA

Come to my ceremony, Edward. It means a lot.

EDWARD

(angry)
I am not going to anything of the sort. And don't act like it is your politics driving a wedge between us. I could have learned to live with that.

It's him. He has destroyed us. I plan to leave as soon as our work is done.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Edward is hanging prints in the bathroom and checking his watch, looking out the window anxiously. Tina bustles in.

EDWARD

Did you forget we have that meeting with Anita Brenner? As it is I have to win her over; she thinks you are the supreme ruler of the communists.

TINA

Ruler? How did I get pegged as the ruler? And you call it an issue? Julio has been murdered and you give it a label? I've been arrested, Edward. I might go to jail-- or be deported.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

My friends are being killed and jailed and all you can think of is our photo business?

EDWARD

Christ, am I insane? Why did I come back here? Photo business? That is my livelihood, Tina. This is your dead lover's home and here I am; it is completely insane.

She puts her camera down, leaves the room. He bangs his fist on the table. Julio Antonio's portrait rattles.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Tina, looking ravishing in a black fitted dress and black shawl, Edward, ANITA BRENNER and PEPE QUINTANILLA, are having dinner. There is a MEXICAN BAND playing and a few couples dance in the outdoor patio. It is a lovely, serene evening. but there is tension at this table. Tina pushes her chair back and leaves the table for the rest room. We have settled in at a terse moment.

TINA

Pardon me.

EDWARD

(he leans in)

We are already planning the route, Anita. But we definitely need two fares. I insist on this point.

ANITA

Her name is tainted. I am scared of her association with the book. She has a radical reputation now, Edward.

EDWARD

This is a lot of ground you want us to cover. Two hundred photos means many, many stops, many locations. Tina assists me in every aspect of the job.

Anita looks upset but places a fake smile on her lips as Tina returns to join them. The group is silent now. Tina looks around them, reads the tension still in the air and picks up her glass of wine. She takes a sip, picks up her purse.

TINA.

Anita, it was very nice meeting you. I will leave Edward to discuss the rest of the business. I have a meeting I must attend.

The men stand politely, each man kisses her cheeks and she leaves. Anita looks after her with scorn.

INT. A HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tina pretends to be asleep when Edward climbs in bed beside her. He speaks softly.

EDWARD

I can be gone for months and come back and somehow you have the same effect on me as you always have. Why can't I move on from this place, from you?

He turns to his side and closes his eyes. Tina opens hers and they are emotional. She thinks he is sleeping but he speaks quietly.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You have ruined my world.

TINA.

Did we get the job?

EDWARD

Yes. We leave on Monday.

EXT. MEXICAN CAFE - DAY

People are enjoying themselves. It is a colorful, musical, family setting here. Lupe Marin and Tina are eating. A waiter comes over.

MEXICAN WAITER

Can I get you anything else, señoritas?

TINA

Mas cafe, por favor.

LUPE

As usual Diego is waiting to get paid for one of his murals-- that one everyone got so angry with him over. And who knows what his arrangement is with Frida.

TINA

We've gotten a job traveling all over Mexico taking photos. I miss Julio. How is it I can love more than one man? I always say I detest hypocrites, but I am one.

An older couple strolls by who look content.

LUPE

Women should do more of what they want, just as men do! I told you that first day I met you-- you're different. Now I know why. You do what you want, as they do. As the men do.

Tina squeezes her friend's hand.

LUPE (CONT'D)

I'm 4 months pregnant; my timing is off. Diego is getting ready to leave me for Frida for once and for all. Which, by the way, I never know if I should thank you or kill you for introducing those two.

TINA

Oh, Lupe, no matter what happens, you are a glorious mother. Besides, won't it be nice to be free of him finally?

Pigeons have landed on the balustrade. A toddler is throwing bits of tortilla at them. Both Tina and Lupe watch. The birds fly away when the little boy tries to catch them.

LUPE

The big elephant. He will hurt her, too. Mark my words. I envy your freedom, my friend.

TINA

Then, I even convinced myself it was for the greater good.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

I've made choices which have hurt another man's family, Lupe. You can't say that, can you?

Lupe puts her hand over Tina's.

LUPE

You have also exposed corruption, helped families with money you've raised with your photos.

Besides, no matter how much soul searching you are doing now, it is nice to know that at least one woman I know has power over men. *And you do.* You have this hold over every man you come in contact with.

TINA

If men don't have to change for us, why should we change for them?

EXT. REMOTE PART OF MEXICO

Tina is setting up her Graflex camera on the outskirts of a river where a young INDIAN WOMAN is bathing her little BOY. Edward sets up other equipment on a little hill that has a view of the village nearby. Their DRIVER is helping him. He accidentally bumps against a small tree that has a bee hive hanging on it. In an instant he is agitated with some bees that are buzzing around.

EDWARD

Damn it.

Edward flails his arms around his head grabbing his bag on the ground when a bee lands on his arm. It stings him. He flicks it off violently.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Ouch, damn it! Tina! Let's go.

Tina, meanwhile, has inched up closer to the MOTHER and INFANT BOY she is breast-feeding (see photo next page) and is quietly taking a photo. She looks back, shades her eyes from the sun, sees them, and ignores him.

The woman turns around to see Edward. Then she sees Tina and at first looks stunned and confused. Tina reaches her hand out to her.

TINA

Excuse me, señora. Please let me take a photo. What is your boy's name? (Spanish)

WOMAN

Luis.

EDWARD

Let's hurry. I was stung by one of those bumble bees.

DRIVER

It wasn't a bumble bee, señor. It was a honey bee.

Edward stops short and the driver almost runs into him.

EDWARD'S POINT OF VIEW -- OF TINA.

EDWARD

How does she do it? That woman is allowing her to photograph them both...up close.

DRIVER

She is Mexican, señor. She understands us. She is the first one to photograph the real us.

EDWARD

She isn't Mexican.

DRIVER

Si, she is, señor.

Tina says good-bye to the two, kisses the infant on his head, gathers her things and approaches the two men with a broad smile on her face. Edward is putting mud on his elbow where he has been stung. Tina looks concerned. THUNDER CRACKS in the sky.

TINA

What? Where is our sun?

EDWARD

(agitated)

I told you it might storm today. Besides, I remember once you said you wanted to photograph in a storm.

TINA

And I shall. But not today.

The rain begins. She piles her things into the trunk, climbs into the front seat, leans back and closes her eyes.

TINA (CONT'D)

(To the driver:)

Take us to the train station.

INT. TRAIN

CONTINUOUS SOUNDS OF THE TRAIN MOVING. Edward moves to their opulent coach area/comfortable seats. A porter puts down their luggage; among their things are their cameras. Edward motions to Tina to sit next to him.

TINA

I changed my ticket for a seat in second class. It's a waste of money. I'll get my things out of the cabin later.

Edward leans up, shocked, and Tina walks away.

INT. TRAIN CAR

SECOND CLASS CAR - Tina heads toward second-class car where the seats are crowded and uncomfortable. Then she heads to the rest room that is rustic. She splashes water on her face and looks into the mirror. She fishes inside her tote and takes out some scissors. She lets down her bun and attacks the long dark brown, pretty hair with the scissors cutting it off above shoulder length. She throws the hair into the trash can. Then she abruptly exits the rest room and returns to her seat next to an Indian woman.

TINA

Buenas tardes.

Edward's shadow covers the bench they are sitting on.

EDWARD

(spitting angry)

I wish you had told me you'd be moving seats. The extra fare you've wasted could have gone to supplies. Your hair. Here are your things.

He throws her tripod and camera case at her feet.

TINA.
Please calm down.

He stomps away as she stares ahead in defiance. Edward returns to his seat alone and closes his eyes in frustration.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The clock says midnight.

Tina with her shorter, cropped hair and wearing dark colors. No matter if she is changed, she is still striking. She goes through some photos while sitting at the table. Off to the side are some art supplies, wood and paper. Edward comes into the room sleepily and goes to stand by the living room window; he peeks out from behind a curtain. He is angry.

EDWARD
Somebody across the street is
taking an interest in this place.
Another lover perhaps?

Tina gets up and walks to where Edward is. She looks out the window. As she appears in the window the figure across the street quickly disappears.

TINA
That has been happening to me for
weeks now.

EDWARD
Have you noticed that the
government is getting more
aggressive by the day? God, at
least they dropped the murder
charge against you.

TINA
They took out their disgusting
politics on poor little Carmen and
her family. Doesn't that anger you?

EDWARD
It does anger me. You anger me
more; you are doing things that
will be irreversible Tina. And I
deplore your hair.

TINA
Like the rain.

He turns, confused and furious.

TINA.

I remember when I first met you.
You told me you deplore the rain.

EDWARD

And now I deplore you.

INT. SOVIET EMBASSY - MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

The large auditorium is decorated with FLAGS, FLOWERS, and a PORTRAIT OF LENIN, another of STALIN. The GUESTS are conservatively dressed. The AMBASSADOR, a gentleman of 50 or so, addresses the crowd. Some familiar friends of Tina's are there- Diego, Enea, Nahui, Julio, Vidali, always with a severe look in his eye, and the exotic, colorful FRIDA, who stands out.

AMBASSADOR

We want to welcome the newest member of the Party into our fold. Let us raise our glasses to her with the hope that she will bring glory to our leaders and the Soviet people. And in turn, let us share this affiliation with our comrades here in Mexico City.

CROWD

Que viva! Viva!

Tina walks up to the podium. The audience APPLAUDS loudly.

TINA

Thank you, comrade Ambassador. I, will work hard to help those less fortunate and bring down the tyrannies that oppress the masses.

They stand and APPLAUD as she accepts a certificate from the Ambassador. The audience sits, so again she scans the audience and instead of Edward applauding with enthusiasm for her, Julio claps proudly longer than the others. She catches his eyes and leaves the stage to go behind some theater curtains where she is emotional.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Tina and Edward sit silently in the back of a TAXI. Edward's luggage is on the seat beside them along with his camera equipment. Tina is choked up. Tears running down Tina's cheeks, they embrace for a long kiss.

TINA.

I will write. I promise.

He kisses her long and romantically. Tina is beside herself with emotion. Edward gets out of the taxi and the driver retrieves his things from the trunk. He looks at Tina once more and turns toward the train. The driver starts to take off but Tina stops him.

TINA

Wait! Let me sit a moment.

Edward climbs up into the train without looking back.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Tina searches for him and watches him sit down next to a window. He is looking out. The train pulls out. As it does a little girl resembling Carmen holds up a tray of roasted pumpkin seeds to a gentleman on the platform. Edward sees her, too, and finally looks over at Tina. They exchange a look for all that has passed between them. The pain and love is there.

He drops his head and closes his eyes.

INT. EL BARCO - DAY

Tina enters the apartment. She takes off her hat and coat. Boxes are packed up, luggage is sitting on the floor.

TINA

Elisa, where are you?

Elisa appears in the doorway to the hall. She is dressed in a simple dress that is not a maid's uniform.

ELISA

I'm here, señora.

TINA

Come, I want you to help me with something.

Elisa lets her lead the way. The two disappear into the hallway.

EXT. ROOF TOP

Tina comes out on the roof top followed by Elisa. The two are about the same height. They walk to the door of Tina's room located on the roof.

INT. BEDROOM

Tina opens the door to her closet. There are a few clothes hanging in the closet of different colors. A few are black or grey. Tina begins to pull out the clothes with bright colors.

TINA

I have left a few clothes for you.
I no longer need them.

Elisa holds reverently a colorful dress across her arms.

ELISA

But, señora, they are so beautiful.
Why would you give them away?

TINA

I can't wear them anymore. They
will look nice on you.

She takes Edward's cardigan off of her bedpost.

TINA.

Edward's sweater. How horrible that
he's left it.

At the mention of Edward's name, Elisa's hands cover her eyes. She sobs.

TINA

Now, don't be so sad. He'll return.

ELISA

No, senora. No, he will not be
back.

INT. EL MACHETE OFFICES - NIGHT

Enea and Frida are finishing up with some printing. Two candles flicker in the back of the shop. They gather the papers and rush toward the door as Tina enters.

FRIDA

Someone is going through our mail. Things are missing Xavier says he sent that should have been here by now. Keep the door locked. Don't open it unless it is someone you know. If anyone unfamiliar comes around, try to be discreet.

They leave. Anxious; Tina looks up at the clock TICKING. The screen goes BLACK and only the sound of the clock TICKING remains.

Still TICKING, but the scene opens on Tina still sitting in the chair having smoked ten cigarettes in her ashtray. It is dark outside and Tina gets up and begins pacing the offices and chain smoking. From time to time she pulls the drapes back to look out. Two cars full of federales are parked down the street and four officers get out pointing in the direction of the office. Tina looks startled; she closes the drapes tightly. Someone tries the door. She runs in the back and begins to remove papers from a file cabinet.

Her frantic eyes land on the small wood-burning stove in the corner. She puts out her latest cigarette on the floor with her foot and begins to gather the papers. She stuffs them in the stove that can't keep up with her efforts. They light up. Soon there is more smoke than fire and the room becomes darker. Tina begins to cough, but she continues to gather up papers and put them in the fire. There is so much smoke that one cannot see across the room. Tina covers her mouth with a handkerchief, but her eyes are burning and tears stream down her cheeks.

There is a noise of KEYS behind her; Tina loses her balance and falls to the floor. An arm lifts her up and draws her to a window. The window is opened and she leans across the sill to catch her breath. She looks up at Vittorio Vidali.

TINA

Where has everyone been? There are police everywhere.

Upon looking outside they see the federales who have just arrested two drunkard banditos who were disorderly.

VIDALI

They weren't coming here! I don't know whether the smoke is from the stove or from your head. My God! What did you burn?

ENEAS

What is going on here?

TINA

I saw the police. I thought they were coming here. I burned some documents. I'm sorry.

Tina looks at them remorsefully. At that moment a letter is shoved under the door. Vidali goes to get it. He opens the door and looks outside both ways; there is no one there. He puts the note into his pocket.

TINA/ENEAS

What is that?

VITTORIO

A threat. Tina was more on the mark than we thought. It is for Julio Mella. "Go back to the country you came from. Leave Mexico to Mexicans."

ENEAS

Carleton says he is being followed.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Tina sips coffee, Vidali sits across from her.

TINA

I think you know who was trying to break into Machete, don't you?

VITTORIO

Why do you say that? I am as much a part of our party as you.

TINA.

Have you never heard of woman's intuition? I know you play two sides of the card.

VIDALI

There is important work that needs to be done and it needs to be kept confidential. I'm not sure we can trust everyone in the Party and at times the Federales can be useful.

TINA

Who do you mean? Who can't we trust?

Vittorio lights a cigar and looks over the flame at her.

VITTORIO

There are people who desperately want your boyfriend Mella to leave the country or they want him dead. He's a Trotskyite. His government thinks he is planning another assassination, only from here.

TINA

That is absurd. Cuba just needs someone to blame; Julio is working for Mexican goals, not Cuba's.

VITTORIO

He did it once before, so they feel he could do it again. But there is something you can do to help him. I have the power to protect him.

TINA

I understand. What is it?

Vittorio looks at her dress and blouse. Tina purses her lips and nods to him with a determined look.

TINA (CONT'D)

I am in love with Julio. I will do whatever I must do.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Tina enters EL MACHETE office. People are bustling around. Enea is at her desk talking to Julio.

ENEAS

I'm glad you're here, Tina. Julio Antonio and I are going through some of your photos. We were thinking of making some flyers about the party using the photo of the marchers wearing hats.

Julio comes up behind her and holds her from the back affectionately.

JULIO ANTONIO

Enea also likes the one of the hats for the front page.

TINA

And you?

JULIO ANTONIO

The one of Diego Rivera leading the crowd is more dynamic. People know him; they can relate. Plus, I am not so sure the government is ready for a front page of the worker protest. Rivera is no surprise to them. They already have a love/hate relationship with him.

TINA

Did you want to read the article I wrote to go along with the photo?

Enea and Julio exchange looks.

TINA (CONT'D)

What is it?

JULIO ANTONIO

Enea has decided to use my story instead.

ENEAS

You two make a great team. Julio writes just the right story to accompany your pictures, Tina.

The office resumes to working and the sky darkens outside. Tina leaves, pulling shades down. Julio waits for her to finish like the protective mate.

TINA

I have an appointment - I can see you in a couple of hours.

JULIO ANTONIO

(he corners her alone)

What's the matter? You're acting different. I'll go with you.

TINA

No, this is something I need to do alone. Please, Julio. Trust me.

JULIO ANTONIO

Is Edward gone for good?

She nods.

They turn off the lights and lock up, turning in separate directions.

EXT. EL MACHETE STREET - NIGHT

Without her seeing, he changes course, and follows her unseen.

EXT. NEON SIGN, MEXICAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Tina walks up to the hotel and enters. Julio hunkers down in the darkness across the street and watches. In a window on the second story there are two shadows. One is Tina taking off her sweater while the other is a short, bullish man with a wide black hat. She reaches up and removes his hat. Julio watches sadly and leaves.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julio bathes Tina sensuously with a sponge. Tina is preoccupied; she sips on wine.

JULIO ANTONIO

I was worried. Please don't walk home so late at night again after a meeting. I can always come to meet up with you.

He leans in to kiss her. She looks away, pondering what she has just done. He pretends to not know.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tina sits the table in her apartment organizing and preparing papers strewn all over the table. The phone rings and Julio gets up to get it.

JULIO ANTONIO

Hello. (pause) Yes. I see. Yes. I will be there.

Julio hangs up the phone.

TINA

Who was it?

JULIO ANTONIO

José Magriñat. He wants to meet me tonight. He must be all right. I saw him and Vidali in a corner booth at a cafe just last week. They didn't see me; but he has to be in our camp if they were together.

(MORE)

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You can go to the telegraph office and send a message for me. Meanwhile, I'll go meet him at El Indio. It's a little bar and it is on our way. I can meet you afterwards.

TINA

I don't know. Perhaps we should just stay inside. Let them stew at your not showing. It is freezing outside, besides.

He pulls her up and wraps a muffler around her neck, kissing her.

JULIO ANTONIO

It will be all the warmer inside when we return. Let's go.

INT. STREET - NIGHT.

It is very dark in the alley, then A MALE VOICE...

QUINTANA

This is the ONLY idea, Magriñat. Vidali has assured me Modotti will be with Mella. In this way we can say she had a hand in it. That is the only way we can force the expulsion later.

The two men's bodies are black silhouettes against a moon lit night. Smoke rises in circular puffs.

Quintana takes an envelope out of his breast pocket, slips it to MAGRINAT, who takes it, quickly stomps his cigarette out and leaves.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

El Indio is a noisy men's bar. There is music, loud conversation, and drinking. Julio Antonio and Magrinat arrive almost simultaneously and sit at the bar. Magrinat wears a broad brimmed TEXANO.

JULIO ANTONIO

So, you wanted to speak to me, amigo?

MAGRINAT

Seems everyone does, especially
your government.

JULIO ANTONIO

Why would the Cuban government want
me? I am here now and no trouble to
them.

MAGRIÑAT

They know what you're up to, mi
amigo.

JULIO ANTONIO

I don't need this. You don't know
what you're talking about. Who sent
you?

Julio Antonio pushes his chair back angrily and gets up. José Magriñat follows him to the door. Julio Antonio pushes his way through the door and Magriñat lifts his hat, signaling, while looking in a different direction.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Julio Antonio enters the TELEGRAPH OFFICE determined. A second later he emerges rushing with Tina in tow. She tightens her scarf, locks her arm in his.

TINA

What did he want?

JULIO ANTONIO

I don't know. There was something
strange about the meeting. It was
suspicious; like he just wanted me
to be there.

They look in both directions but seem to be the only two
people on the street.

TINA

He must have said something.

JULIO ANTONIO

Just what we've heard before. He
just wanted to get me out in the
open.

TINA

The bus may not come right away.
Let's walk. You're scaring me.

JULIO ANTONIO
Let's go the short way.

They walk quickly and reach AVENIDA MORELOS. They turn on AVENIDA ABRAHAM GONZALEZ. Tina walks close to Julio Antonio on his right side with her arm in his.

A SHOT rings out startling the quiet of the night. Julio Antonio grabs his arm. Tina stands paralyzed in the middle of the street as Julio Antonio staggers away. Another SHOT rings out and he grabs his stomach. He staggers and falls to the street. Tina moves quickly to him, drops to her knees and cradles his head in her lap. She tries to stop the bleeding from his chest. The blood gets all over her blouse.

Down the street, A MAN, the ASSASSIN, standing in the shadows, turns and briskly walks away. He puts a PISTOL in his pocket as he does so. NEIGHBORS run out of their houses to see the spectacle.

UP CLOSE ON JULIO

JULIO ANTONIO
(Spanish, Cuban accent)
Tell them that the government
killed me.

Tina looks desperately around.

TINA
(Spanish)
He needs an ambulance. Hurry!

A short woman from inside a bakery comes outside and screams.

The opera house is just behind Tina and the CLOSE UP on a poster clearly reads : "Tosca, the opera. Two lovers are pulled apart by the horrible acts of one evil man." The distant sounds of opera can be heard.

TINA (CONT'D)
(looking around
beseechingly)
Necesita una ambulancia. ¡Apúrense!

SIRENS PIERCE the street and a hospital van pulls up. The medics come and put Julio onto a stretcher and take him away. The baker comes and helps Tina to her feet and has her sit down on a low wall there. Quintana and assistant arrive via government car. He comes over and lights a cigarette observing the crying Tina. Tina raises her eyes toward him.

QUINTANA

You need to come with us.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ROOM - DAY

We return now or go back to the questioning/interrogation scene: Tina, we repeat a scene we have watched earlier at our glimpse into the future.. She is sitting at a table looking a wreck-- her blouse covered in blood. Diego, like a force of nature, stands beside her.

QUINTANA

Would you state your name for the record, please?

TINA

I'm sorry. Who are you?

QUINTANA

I'll ask the questions, you answer, please. My name is Valente Quintana and I am the prosecutor assigned to this case. And you?

TINA

I am Rose Smith Santarini.

QUINTANA

You are involved in political activities, tolerated by this government, but questionable nevertheless. Maybe for that reason you do not want to give us your real name, señorita Tina Modotti.

Tina does not reply.

QUINTANA (CONT'D)

To start with, what was your relationship with this Julio Antonio Mella?

TINA

We were good friends.

QUINTANA

You were lovers?

TINA

Yes.

QUINTANA

But you were married, no?

TINA

My husband is dead. He is buried here in Mexico.

QUINTANA

You are also a photographer?

TINA

Yes.

QUINTANA

And the photos we took from your apartment. Did you take those?

TINA

Most of them. Some were taken by others.

QUINTANA

Others?

TINA

Workers for El Machete, the periodical. Please can you tell me how Julio is doing.

QUINTANA

Ah-- the Communist paper. I should have known. So-- a lot of the photographs were pornographic?

As the tension builds, Tina pulls out a cigarette. Quintana lights it for her; her hands shake.

QUINTANA (CONT'D)

Don't you think it is time to tell us the truth? We know all about the pornography.

TINA

Pornography is in the eye of the beholder.

QUINTANA

And the nude one of you?

TINA

Edward Weston took that.

QUINTANA

Who was he? One of your lovers?

TINA

He is a world famous photographer.
I would have thought you would have
heard of him.

QUINTANA

(UNDER HIS BREATH)

Pornography, murder, communist
party...

The imposing Diego Rivera steps forward.

DIEGO RIVERA

This has gone far enough. Don't you
have any decency?

QUINTANA

That isn't the question here. The
real question is, does she?
I am finished with you... for now.

He turns to some officers standing by and nods for them to
take her. He looks at Diego.

QUINTANA (CONT'D)

Get out of my office you pig.

The officers handle Tina roughly toward the inner jail area.

EXT. THE JAIL

Vittorio, many stories in his eyes, stands outside the jail
among spectators as he puts out his cigarette and leaves.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - SAME TIME

Magrinat is led into the same room where Tina was questioned.
He sits down and Quintana stares at him.

QUINTANA

Your name, please.

MAGRINAT

(leans in angrily)

What kind of game are you playing
here? You know my name.

The clerk at a desk outside the office looks in with edgy
curiosity. Quintana nods at his assistant and toward the
door. The assistant closes it.

INT. CARMEL CALIFORNIA, EDWARD WESTON'S HOME - THE NEXT DAY

Edward is mesmerized as he reads one of several newspapers sprawled over the table. They all have Tina's political photos on the covers showing her rising notoriety. His coffee and his pipe wait for his attention. On the walls are his photos.

CLOSE UP: One newspaper: "LOS ANGELES ITALIAN ACTRESS WITNESSES ASSASSINATION" and "EX-PASADENAN NAMED IN PLOT: Mexico City. Edward Weston returned to California, but his assistant remained here. She became Mella's friend, and is now being held for the crime of his murder."

INT. EL MACHETE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Tina sits at her desk wearing the same clothes as the day before. She looks bad. Diego, Nahui and Frida approach.

TINA

Thank you, Diego. I know you had a hand in getting me released.

DIEGO

Actually, Vidali had more pull. The corrupt sons of bitches.

He pounds his fist on a desk.

FRIDA

They get paid, amiga, for everything.

NAHUI

What are you going to do, Tina?

TINA

I need to send a telegram to Edward. If he sees this in the paper he will worry.

NAHUI

Tell me what you want to say and I'll send it for you.

Tina looks up at her with wide, sad eyes.

TINA

Tell him I'm all right.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment has been ransacked. Her photos of the hammer and sickle and one of Julio's typewriter remain on the wall. Tina and Frida rummage through the mess.

TINA

They took most of my photos.

She suddenly gets panicked and runs into the bathroom. The side portrait of Julio is still there, and the one of Carmen, both were hidden behind the shower where she had hung them to dry. Beside it is the other famous one of Julio, of him lying asleep in the grass.

FRIDA

The police gave copies of most of your photos to the reporters and the scandal has begun. Before you know it you'll be blamed for something else. Just watch.

TINA

They even took a .45 calibre pistol that Vidali lent to me. They accused me of killing Julio Antonio with it.

Frida and Diego exchange glances.

INT. EL MACHETE - DAY

Enea looks up from some papers she is working on as Tina walks up to her desk. She rises and comes around to hug Tina.

ENEA

Diego has been kicked out of the Party. He decided it is more important to accept money from the government than respect his affiliations here. That's not all. Some foreigners, including some Americans, are being expelled from the country under Article 33 of the constitution. We have more work now than ever. We can't let them win.

Tina goes to the window and stares out.

TINA.

I have always loved the Mexican sun.

(MORE)

TINA. (CONT'D)

Hard to believe it shines over a government that is so dark. Are we still going to the countryside today?

ENEA

Tina, did you hear me?

Tina turns to her slowly.

TINA

You know what I wish, Enea? I wish I would have taken more photos of Carmen and of Julio-- I don't have the opportunity any longer. Or my father for that matter.

Enea comes around the desk over to the window.

ENEA

Tina, I think you should get away for a little while.

EXT. MEXICAN FARM LAND - DAY

Tina and Enea get off a bus and trudge over a long dirt path to see peasants bent over working on farm land. They begin passing out Tina's "worker hats" flyers to them. Tina has her equipment with her.

Walking back to the trolley, Tina posts one of the flyers on a telephone pole. The trolley pulls up, they climb on board.

It stops in front of the newspaper offices.

ENEA

Aren't you coming back to the office?

TINA.

No, I have an errand.

Tina stays seated as the trolley pulls away.

EXT. THE ARSENAL - MEXICO CITY

Diego Rivera is finishing the painting of the same mural we saw earlier: In the Arsenal. The extreme right of the mural shows Tina Modotti holding a belt of ammunition. Vidali's face, partly hidden, stares suspiciously from under a black hat, as he peers over her shoulder, while Modotti gazes lovingly at Julio Antonio Mella. Tina walks up with her camera equipment and looks at the mural closely.

TINA

Diego, this is a dangerous painting. It wouldn't have been so a year ago, but now it is. You perplex me. Vidali's part here, is that conjecture or truth? The way he looks at Julio. What do you know that I don't? It is frightening. And is what Enea tells me the truth- - you took money from the government?

Diego, covered in paint and wearing overalls keeps painting without looking up.

DIEGO

Ah Tina, the world is one of conjecture, is it not? And here you, the famous female leader of the party now with your flyers everywhere and your photos as far away as Europe.

Besides, what are you doing here? I thought you were one of those who voted to not speak to me. That is the thanks I get, eh?

TINA

I did not partake in the dramatic vote. But, are you with us or not? By the looks of this painting, you are.

Diego sticks his brush in the black paint and swirls it around, then he does the same in the white on his pallet.

DIEGO

I speak volumes with my art. I have my reasons for what I do. Remember, this is my country. In some ways I can reach more with my message.

TINA

I have grown to love "your" country as my own. Now they betray me, must you as well?

DIEGO

Art can do the work of politics, after all. Yours has.

TINA

The philosophy of the party is that we work as one. We don't work with the government. Period. You are either one of us or you're not.

DIEGO

I am not one to scorn. Vidali is the one to watch out for, not me.

She turns and leaves. He turns to touch up her face on his mural.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edward sits at the table and smokes. He is looking at the side portrait of Julio Antonio that now leans against the wall. Tina opens the door and enters. She stops and takes him in.

TINA

Why didn't you send word?

EDWARD

What about? That I learned through the news of your young lover. That you now live in his apartment? The one who you chose over me? Do you always leave the door unlocked?

TINA

You might have let me know.

EDWARD

I had to come once I saw the news.

TINA

Sometimes I hear your words in my head. That it isn't my country. That I think I can save the world. I couldn't even help Carmen.

He walks over to her and embraces her.

EXT. EL MACHETE - DAY

Tina and Enea hurry along the street. A man follows at a distance. Tina turns her head around and sees him. They duck into El Machete.

TINA

Would there be any reason we might be followed? My trial is weeks away.

ENEA

Why would you say that?

TINA

See? There he is across the street-- behind the pole. He has been there since we arrived.

She nods slightly across the road.

ENEA

We can't do this now. Red Aid will have to wait. It has to go into the vault. It's too risky.

She takes some papers and locks them up in a safe in the back of the offices.

EXT. EL MACHETE OFFICES - DAY

Quintana and three officially dressed policemen try the front door, when it is locked they knock down the front door of the newspaper facilities. They rush in and with crowbars open file cabinets, confiscate photos and read the new material waiting for morning workers at the press.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tina is hurrying toward the office of El Machete but a few doors before Enea pulls her off the street under an awning. Enea looks around and pulls Tina into a doorway.

ENEA

They raided the offices earlier today. There was an assassination attempt on the president. They think we had something to do with it. Or Julio had something to do with it when he was alive.

TINA

No.

ENEA

They even arrested Carleton Beals, and Jean Charlot.

(MORE)

ENEA (CONT'D)

Both will probably be kicked out of the country.

TINA

I'm an American citizen and Carleton is too. Can they do that?

ENEA

Under Article 33 they can kick anybody out of the country whom they deem to be against the government.

TINA

But I haven't done anything.

ENEA

The president was wounded and you were accused of Julio Antonio's death. They'll tie it all together.

TINA

Do we dare go to the office?

ENEA

Stay away.

TINA

It might be too late for that.

ENEA

Oh, and Tina?

Tina turns and looks at her.

ENEA (CONT'D)

Julio's wife had short hair. I met her once. You remind me of her today.

Tina leaves, reaching up, touching her hair.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Edward writes in a his DAYBOOK. His pipe and a cup of coffee are in front of him. Tina approaches.

TINA

I wasn't sure if you'd still be here.

EDWARD

I ordered you chorizo and eggs. I spoke to the embassy.

TINA

My office has been raided.

EDWARD

Tina, I spoke with the Consulate. They will let you leave the country. *If you renounce the party.*

She looks outside and sees signs of Christmas. She becomes lost in memory.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

INT. RESTAURANT -

EDWARD

What are you thinking about?

TINA

My little brother passed at Christmas. He died of scarlet fever. His name was Ernesto. From then on, my mother always set a place at the table for him so we wouldn't forget him.

EDWARD

Come on. I have a surprise for you. Come with me.

He pays, pulling Tina out of the restaurant.

EXT. XOCHIMILCO - ON A BOAT GOING DOWN A LIT UP CANAL - NIGHT

Edward and Tina, radiant wearing a tailored white blouse and black skirt with her short hair, are on the deck of the boat with other customers. The water sprays them and her hair gets wet. It is Christmas season and there are reds and greens and a Madonna alter. They stare out at the water. Christmas lights also adorn the homes along the canal. A POSADAS march can be seen in the distance, candles lighting the way. It is a quaint, spiritual sight.

TINA

Let's pretend we are in Venice.
 (She hums an Italian opera melody)
 I have always wanted to visit Udine
 again, especially at Christmas, and
 see my home.

EDWARD

Maybe once the fascists leave you
 can. But right now Europe is in
 horrible turmoil. So is America,
 for that matter. The stockmarket
 has crashed, the banks have closed.
 I heard from Flora this morning.
 Her assets are gone.
 Tina. This is my last time back to
 Mexico. My final time begging. If
 you just say the right words, this
 ticket to California with me is
 yours.

He holds out an envelope. She looks away and shakes her head
 as the Posadas marchers can be seen in closer view.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I have something for you. I'm not
 sure if your "Party" will like it.

He goes over to his leather bag on the floor, takes out a
 package wrapped in tissue and hands it to her. Tina opens it.
 It is a simple and elegant white lace shawl. Tina gets
 emotional and puts it around her shoulders.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You remind me of when we first met.

Tina is so affected that she walks away from him to the edge
 of the railing. She is crying. She pulls it close around her
 and Edward comes up behind her and holds her from the back.
 The boat docks and they stand there, close together. Some
 other passengers gather their things, but Edward and Tina are
 too engaged in conversation to move.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Please. Return with me.
 You know the terms.

TINA

I won't do that. It is the only
 party working for the poor.

BOATMAN

Sir, we are disembarking now. I hope you have enjoyed the trip.

Edward ignores him.

EDWARD

Then they won't. Simple as that.

TINA.

If I did what you ask all of this work is for nothing. I just have to believe that there is a place where I can be useful.

EDWARD

I can't stay and watch you. It is torture.

The captain waits patiently. Finally, they are aware of him, and look around to see the boat is empty. Embarrassed, they climb down and head up steps to a short pier and onto the road. The stars and the moon shine on them. On their shoulders, as always, are their cameras.

EXT. ROAD - MINUTES LATER

She stops and nods at the moon. Thunder sounds and it starts to rain. They look at each other and laugh.

TINA

May I?

He shrugs his shoulders and leans against a tree, sheltered from the storm. She sets up her camera and hiding under a blanket she has pulled from canvas bag, she snaps his photo. The rain is behind him. He runs over and assists her cleaning up. They start down the dark street. It is cold and wet out and Edward hugs her to him. Her head is down. As they near a corner a police car pulls up beside her and three large, imposing agents jump out.

MAN #1

Señora Modotti?

TINA

Sí.

MAN #2

You must come with us. You are under arrest.

EDWARD

Who are you? You can't arrest her.
What are the charges?

MAN #3

Assassination attempt on President
Ortiz Rubio. Come on, señora. Now.

EDWARD

Are you insane? She has been with
me.

Edward holds her and tries to block them from her. One of the men pushes him onto the ground. His camera spills into pieces. They pull Tina into the carriage. Her beautiful new shawl ends up on the muddy ground. Edward crawls over and picks it up as the carriage takes off.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Back to the beginning mayhem of our original first scene.

Crowds of people are surrounding a police carriage as three powerfully built FEDERAL POLICE climb down helping Tina whose dark, silky hair is short and unkept. Her conservative dark clothes are wrinkled. Physically fragile, she looks defiant and exhausted.

Well known communist revolutionaries are there to support her: DIEGO RIVERA, FRIDA KAHLO, MANUEL ÁLVAREZ BRAVO, JOSÉ OROZCO, LUPE MARÍN, ROBELO, NAHUI. They're vehemently shouting "FREE TINA MODOTTI!" to be heard. Off to the side, again, Vidali watches with a keen eye.

A young female Mexican journalist holding photos yells out:

REPORTER

Miss Modotti, is it true you were
part of the plot to murder Julio
Antonio Mella -- Cuban Communist
leader and that this copy of a
photo is the last one ever taken of
him?

She holds up the newspaper photo of Julio Antonio Mella. Tina is moved by seeing the photo of the love of her life. She just stares at it. It is of Julio sleeping on the grass. Now they have all of her photos. Sadness fills her eyes.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

And what of being accused of
plotting to assassinate the
president?

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Your photo of a protest was found on a flyer at a grave site, and in the church.

The crowd quiets. Reporters and bystanders look on expectantly. Tina shakes loose the hands that are holding her. Tina speaks with determined yet measured tone.

TINA

I am a woman and I am a Communist who supports the workers and the poor... and because this government is corrupt.

The guards push her forward toward the jail. Our old friend Quintana is waiting. She stops and yells out.

JUXTAPOSE:

On the crowd. The reporters and bystanders look at her from the first scene.

TINA (CONT'D)

(new determination)
Rise up and fight them. Fight them!

The guards grab her again and push her roughly toward the door that leads to the jail. The crowd yells but above it all Diego Rivera can be heard. Then, she sees Enea; she reaches out a hand to her in warmth. Enea shows a rare moment of emotion while watching her pulled away.

DIEGO

Be careful with her, cabrones! You don't have to treat her that way.

Officers push the angry crowd back. They retreat chanting her name, "TINA!" and calling for her freedom with anger and force.

BLACK SCREEN

ENEA

(voice over)

I knew she had been framed, she knew it, Rivera knew it. But we were all powerless over the government's forcing her to leave Mexico. I looked over and saw Diego with tears. Big, strong, Diego. Powerless to help Tina.

That is the power she had.

(MORE)

ENEAS (CONT'D)

We loved her. But to see her
treated in such a way...You see,
the government used her to punish
the rest of us.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Tina is led down a passage way to a cell that the JAILER opens. Quintana follows smoking. The door clangs shut. Tina stands there looking around. The cell is dark and dingy. To one side is a dirty mattress with a folded blanket at the end. There is also a bucket in one corner. High above is a small barred window that lets in a ray of light. Outside the chanting can still be heard but little by little it dies away. Slowly she sits on the edge of the cot. She looks up at the window and the light and shadows play on her tired face. She sighs and starts tear up. Suddenly she gags and runs over to the bucket where she throws up into it. She stands and washes her face in the dirty sink. When she sees her face in the cracked mirror, she hardly recognized herself.

Quintana remains outside her cell looking in, staring.

TINA

(angry)

What are you looking at?

QUINTANA

Now your cell will stink like you
and all your filthy friends do.

TINA

Go away.

He finally turns and walks away. Tina takes the blanket to use as a pillow and lies down. A short time later the jailer passes by and Tina has covered herself with the blanket. Tina opens her eyes and stares at the high ceiling despairingly.

INT. US EMBASSY- SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Edward waiting at the U.S. Consulate's office, the time ticking by. Again and again with a secretary shaking her head at him. He rises and leaves.

SUBTITLES: TWO WEEKS LATER

EXT. PRISON - DAY

A PRISON OFFICIAL closes the door as Tina, even thinner and more frail, steps outside into the sunshine, alone and blinded by the sun. Arms crossed, she appears drawn. She looks anxiously around. A car pulls up and Lupe jumps out. They embrace and get into the car. It pulls away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tina looks out the car window at people. She watches a young couple, arm in arm, walking down the street. Her eyes tear up.

LUPE

Are you all right?

TINA

It was horrible. Filthy, cold, smelly. I cannot believe they keep prisoners in those conditions.

LUPE

You're safe for now. Why don't you come home with me?

TINA

Thanks, Lupita. I appreciate all you have done, the food, the blanket. But I have to see Edward. Surely he must have tried to see me, but I never got any word at all from him.

Lupe is quiet first, then hands her a note.

LUPE

Edward gave me this for you. He left right after your arrest. He felt he could do more in the states.

Tina unfolds the cleaned shawl. Some pesos tumble from it and she reads the note. She breathes deeply.

EDWARD (V.O.)

My beautiful Tina,
I am leaving on today's train.
Know I will do what I can from
California. I will love you always.
Edward

TINA

He's gone. Like Elisa said he would be.

LUPE

He was very distraught. He plans to keep tormenting the embassy from the states.

They drive in silence.

TINA

Lupe, promise me. If I am arrested again, please let my sister Yolanda know, and Edward as well.

INT. JULIO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tina is cleaned up. Her hair is cropped better and she looks more rested as she writes a letter. She has coffee in front of her. She is dressed in work clothes. It is after midnight and she works under the light of a candle. There is a KNOCK at the door. Tina opens. It is Enea.

TINA

Hello. Thank you for coming. I know it is late. I am sorry. Please sit down.

Enea sits down and stares at her.

TINA (CONT'D)

I saw you there, on the steps of the jail. Both times I was arrested. I called you because I may not be here much longer. I need help.

ENEA

I am very sorry, Tina.

She looks at her with sincerity.

TINA

I would like to leave my cameras and equipment with Alvarez Bravo what prints I have left. You would be doing me a favor if you would see that he gets them.

ENEA

Your things will be in good hands for you when you return.

TINA

I know. That's why I asked you.

She gets up and goes to retrieve a large canvas bag full of cameras, photos and equipment.

TINA (CONT'D)

I am eternally grateful to you.

Enea

At first I wasn't so sure about you. You are young. And so stunning. But you are our most loyal member. Our most loyal friend.

Enea takes the bag and they look at each other. She turns to go. Tina stops her. Softly, she kisses her cheek.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tina leaves the apartment and heads to a park across the street. Two men in business suits approach.

AGENT

Senora Modotti?

TINA

Sí?

AGENT

I have these papers to give you. Under Article 33 of the Mexican Constitution you have 24 hours to leave the country. We will be here tomorrow at this time to accompany you to Veracruz where your ship awaits.

TINA

Where are you sending me?

AGENT

To the United States, if they will accept you.

TINA

And if they don't?

AGENT

That's not our problem.

INT. ENEA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Enea has emptied out the photos and things onto her table next to her typewriter. There are periodicals, news articles about her, photos of her. She closes her eyes and hanging her head, she starts to vehemently cry. The tears drip onto her lap. She has loved this woman Tina Modotti.

EXT. SHIP -- DAY

Tina is on the deck of a ship. The place is NEW ORLEANS, 1930. In front of her are two American customs agents looking at her passport. Jazz can be heard beyond the Jackson Cathedral. She is looking out at the shore much like she did when she was only 16 looking out at Ellis Island. But she is so very different now.

CUSTOMS AGENT

(Southern accent)

I am sorry, Miss Modotti, you will not be permitted to stay in the United States. In response to your request, we have orders to detain you nearby until this ship is loaded and ready to head out to sea.

TINA

But I've lived peacefully in this country for many years. I'm a citizen. I've done nothing wrong!

CUSTOMS AGENT

I believe the destination of this ship is Europe.

TINA

I might have someone waiting for me.

She shelters her eyes searching for anyone she knows.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Sorry, ma'am. Now if you will please follow us.

INT. SMALL SHIP BEDROOM - DAY

The room is small and bare. There is a cot and a table. Tina sits writing a letter.

TINA (V.O.)

Edward: I'm locked in a small room aboard a ship docked in New Orleans. Imagine, they won't let this dangerous communist into the country, this lady who loves to photograph babies and flowers.

Tina gets up and goes to lie down on her cot. She starts to cry. She gets up and paces then looks out the porthole at the deck of the ship outside. A young brunette girl resembling her many years ago walks past. There is a KNOCK. The sound of keys and a guard places a tray of food on a small tray in Tina's room.

TINA.

Please take it away.

INT. SHIP - NIGHT

Tina is sitting on a bunk in a small cabin. Vidali is standing in the middle of the floor.

VIDALI

We will share a cabin now, Tina.

TINA

What are you talking about? I don't want to share anything with you, Vidali! You lied to me. You knew Julio was in trouble. For all I know, you were behind his murder.

VIDALI

Tina, sometimes we must do things for the greater good. That was a choice I made for the party. He was risking our progress. So was your big friend Rivera.

He sits on a second bunk. He crosses his arms in a determined way

VIDALI (CONT'D)

You have made strong choices and now you must live with the results.

TINA

Get out of here.

VIDALI

We are on the same side, my dear. You are alive and going to Berlin because of me. We must appear married; it is part of who we are now. Your new name, by the way, is Carmen Maria. Are you prepared to be totally committed to the party? If not, you can go back to jail.

He stands now and comes up behind her. He kisses the back of her neck. She pushes him away and he laughs meanly. Then, he throws a newspaper at her. It lands on the floor.

She ignores it, climbing into bed.

INT. HER CABIN - DAY

Tina writes.

Tina
(V.O.)
Dear Edward,
I leave now for some other life --

Now her voice becomes his... and we see him now sitting at his desk in Carmel reading the letter finally received.

INT. EDWARD'S CARMEL HOME

EDWARD
(reading aloud)
It truly is almost as if I was always part of a bigger scheme I didn't understand. And now I head to some place so different from Mexico. I feel ignorant in some ways. I am not sure all of this sacrifice made any difference at all.

He puts down her letter on top of a gorgeous photo of her face that he took. He then picks up a newspaper and we close in on the words:

"On May 14th, 1929, the Mexican government killed 14 members of the party including a peasant named Jose Guadalupe Rodriguez. That same month 30 farm workers were massacred and buried in a mass grave. Rodriguez had just gone to see Tina in prison. The fact that Tina Modotti was allowed to leave the country was fortunate."

SUBTITLES: "1942"

INT. OLD MACHETE OFFICES - PRESENT DAY

ON ENEA, older and dignified sitting at the desk once occupied by Tina.

Photos flash by the screen of war torn Spain, a hospital for children, nurses, scenes of despair. Tina is in a distant photo carrying a child.

ENEAS

The fact that Tina Modotti was allowed to leave the country was fortunate. It is still not understood why she was allowed this privilege. Tina landed in Amsterdam. Then she went on to Berlin, Moscow, then Paris and Spain. She went there and began working to help refugees, translating letters and important papers, later being a nurse. She and Vittorio Vidali feigned a marital relationship for the good of the party. But it was Spain which had the most profound effect on Tina. There she cared for the helpless. It was the children Tina strove to protect. For after being a prominent spy and translator for the Red Aid Society which assisted refugees from the Spanish Civil War, she helped many orphans as a nurse. I have waited a decade to see her. Her ship is due to arrive in a few hours time.

EXT. MEXICO HARBOR - NIGHT

Tina gets off the boat and Enea is there. She helps her with luggage and kisses her cheek. Tina looks so much older than her 46 years.

INT. ENEA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tina leans in close to the mirror and looks at her pale, lined face. She grabs her bag of art supplies, turns off the light.

TINA.

Are you sure it isn't out of the way to bring me to this gathering tomorrow night?

ENEA

Of course not. I am happy you're home.

INT. HOUSE - NEXT NIGHT

Tina, Lupe, Enea, and Frida, all a bit aged, and other women are sitting at a table preparing dolls and puppets to give to children. Diego and one other man are sitting at the back of the room talking quietly.

FRIDA

You don't look well, Tina. Do you feel all right?

TINA

I was just remembering a little girl that I made a marionette with once. Years ago.

FRIDA

Can I get you something?

TINA

No, thank you. I think I should retire early and rest.

FRIDA

Tina, tell me, are you still close to Vittorio?
I haven't seen him since you both arrived from Europe. Diego saw him at the market yesterday.

TINA.

I had a glass of wine with him this afternoon. He is the same Vittorio. We went through a lot together, too much. We are comrades, that is all.

FRIDA

I never trusted him.

Enea shares a look with Tina, knowing this conversation isn't what Tina wants now.

ENEAS

Tina, shall we make our exit? I can call a taxi for you.

TINA

My friend, why don't you stay? I am going to just go to sleep. We can have coffee in the morning before delivering the marionettes to the orphanage.

Eneas smiles, nods.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Tina sits in the corner of the back seat of the taxi. As it moves down the street the street lights play on her face. She does not look at all well. Her face is drawn and pale. As she stares out she sees a young handsome man walking past who so resembles Julio. Tears well up in her eyes.

DRIVER

You don't look well.

TINA

I'm okay. Just tired.

Christmas carollers are marching along the street holding candles lightly singing.

DRIVER

How the children love this time of year.

Tina coughs. The driver looks at her in the rear view for a moment. She begins to wheeze. The driver looks back frantic. He speeds up the car and in a few minutes they arrive at the General Hospital.

By this time Tina is slumped over, dead. A doctor comes out after her and checks her vital signs; he backs away shaking his head. An attendant is by his side.

DOCTOR

We'll have to contact the family.
I'm sorry. (Pause)

She looks familiar.

ATTENDANT

Ah, I know who she is. The photographer and a revolutionary Communist.

(MORE)

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

I remember when she was arrested.
My father was mesmerized by her
plight. And her beauty.

INT. HALL - DAY

Enea, Diego Rivera stand at one end of his studio. He is surrounded by several Party members and Ricardo Gómez Robelo.

In an adjoining room the walls are covered with photos of women and children, protesters, farmers... by Tina; a huge crowd walking past Tina's coffin never ends. Diego stands beside a white haired Ricardo Robelo.

DIEGO

People have lined up all day to view her casket. It is a testament to who Tina truly was. She had no idea how many people admired and loved her. And remembered her.

ENEA

The damn fascists won't allow her in their part of the cemetery or the artists' section.

RICARDO GÓMEZ ROBELO

She will be buried with the poor. I think that's what she would want anyway.

EXT. MEXICAN CEMETERY - DAY

Edward Weston, gray, older, and his son, Brett, who resembles him, are standing in front of Tina's humble grave. Lupe, Nahui, and Enea stand nearby. Many spectators are wandering away, leaving the service.

BRETT

That was a beautiful poem. I would like a copy of it.

EDWARD

Pablo Neruda composed it. I have a copy.

Edward rummages through his pockets.

Images of her wearing the white shawl, reds and greens of Christmas lights bounce off of water.

"Tina Modotti, sister,
you do not sleep,
no, you do not sleep.
Per chance your heart hears
yesterday's rose growing,
yesterday's last rose, the new
rose. Rest sweetly, sister.
Pure is your sweet name,
pure your fragile life: with bees,
shadow, fire, snow, silence, foam,
from steel, line, pollen,
was made your firm,
your delicate frame."

The paper in his hand drops to his side, he bows his head crying. Brett holds him by the arm and tries in vain to console his father.

THE END