

«ZUGZWANG OF OBER LIEUTENANT BRUNO THEVS»

A FULL-LENGTH FEATURE FILM

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Genre: Action, Drama, History

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1. EXT. DZHAMBUL. GERMAN CEMETERY — DAY.

TITLE: DZHAMBUL. THE GERMAN CEMETERY.

BRUNO, a tall, broad-shouldered young man of 25 years old, of military habit, stands at a grave with a maroon marble tombstone with a photo of his father on it. At the top of the plate there are 2 Orders of the Red Star; an INTERNATIONALIST SOLDIER is written. In the center of the plate is the name Konstantin Oskarovich Thevs, below the date of birth and death (1966-1986).

Bruno is serious, his shoulders are straightened, his hands are stacked on top of each other.

The holy father in a pastor's shirt with a Roman collar reads psalms. The priest holds a Bible and a rosary in his hands.

Bruno listens in silence.

The pastor finishes reading the prayer.

Bruno puts flowers on the grave.

Bruno takes a black cellophane bag with a handful of earth out of the pocket of his leather jacket and pours it on the mound in front of the monument.

2. EXT. AIRPORT — DAY.

A large liner lifts off the ground and soars into the sky.

3. INT. BOARD OF THE PLANE — DAY.

Bruno is sitting in the middle row by the window.

The young slender stewardess carries drinks on a trolley and serves them to passengers. Bruno refuses mechanically.

Bruno is looking out the window, thinking about something.

FLASHBACK IN

4. EXT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE — NIGHT.

TITLE: CALV.KARLSRUHE COUNTY, THE LAND OF BADEN WÜRTTEMBERG, SOUTHWEST OF GERMANY. COUNT ZEPPELIN'S CASTLE.

A picturesque landscape, a large pond with century-old oaks, the facade of the castle is illuminated. A Mercedes executive

class car arrives at the castle, accompanied by a military SUV from behind.

Three commandos jump out of the SUV and open the back door of the Mercedes. The head of the KSK Brigadier General MARKUS NEUMANN steps out of it sedately.

5. INT. BUNKER — NIGHT.

TITLE: BUNKER.SPECIAL OPERATIONS FORCES CENTER. KSK
BUNDESWEHR.

The walls are painted in achromatic color, round lampshades shine dimly, a glass spy "gesella" is mounted in one of the walls.

Bruno with ten-day stubble is sitting in the center, his hands are handcuffed to the seat of a chair.

He is severely exhausted, blinded by the light of a powerful searchlight; two soldiers hose him down with a jet of icy water, deafen him with a loud rock and roll sound.

6. INT. BUNKER — NIGHT.

The observation room. In the center there is an oval elongated table for 8 people.

A little to the side, two officers are playing chess at a square glass coffee table.

From the observation room, three KSK military leaders sitting on expensive office chairs are watching the test. Bruno is behind the glass in profile to them.

Markus Neumann enters the observation room; the officers stand up. Markus Neumann nods his head in greeting, waves his hand, and invites the officers to sit down. Everyone sits down at an elongated table.

Markus Neuman addresses the KSK personnel officer, Oberst — Colonel KURT VOLLMER, without taking his eyes off what is happening behind the glass, where a military man is hosing down Bruno with a powerful jet.

MARKUS NEUMANN

How is he?!

KURT VOLLMER

(To Marcus Neumann)

He's holding up well, Mr. Brigadier

General.

Markus Neumann takes a pencil out of a cup, takes a dangerous "SHICK" blade and begins to sharpen the pencil.

MARKUS NEUMANN

Read me his file, Vollmer.

KURT VOLLMER

Yes, Mr. Brigadier General! Bruno Thevs, born in 1985. He arrived in Germany in 1989 from Kazakhstan, USSR, at the age of four.

Graduated from high school with honors, purposefully prepared for military service.

He speaks Russian and English perfectly.

After graduating from school, he served in the 26th Airborne Brigade in the city of Zweibrücken. From there, Ober Staff Corporal Thevs entered the higher officer school.

In 2008, he received the military specialty of an army intelligence officer and the rank of lieutenant.

In the same year he was selected for KSK.

He served as a group commander in the division of the rapid reaction forces in Stadtallendorf. The rank of Ober-lieutenant was awarded ahead of schedule. Athlete, winner of the Bundeswehr in boxing.

In early January 2009, he appealed to the KSK command with a request to send him to the Task Force-47 as part of the joint forces of the Western ISAF coalition in Afghanistan for further service.

MARKUS NEUMANN

(To officers)

What will be the opinions?!

KURT VOLLMER

In all disciplines and stages of testing, Ober-lieutenant Bruno Thevs is certified with the highest scores, Mr. Brigadier General. The level of professional training gives grounds to consider him one

of the best beginning army
intelligence officers of the
Bundeswehr and recommend him for
rotation in Afghanistan.

MARKUS NEUMANN
I agree with you, Kurt!

Markus Neumann signs a document on the castling of Bruno
Thevs in Afghanistan.

7. INT. RESTAURANT HALL- EVENING.

The restaurant is filled with people, the hubbub, the music
is playing loudly. Waitresses in Bavarian folklore costumes
glide briskly between the tables, carrying large mugs of beer
and snacks on trays.

Bruno enters the room dressed in a denim suit. Bruno
confidently walks towards a table with 5 friends, strong
young men who look like military men. The friends are in high
spirits, glad to see Bruno smiling, shake Bruno's hand in
greeting, hug him, and say something loudly in Bruno's ear,
trying to make themselves heard over the hubbub.

Bruno sits at the head of the table. One of the friends gets
up from the table and solemnly begins to make a toast to
Bruno, all the friends sitting at the table look at the
speaker and Bruno with a smile. At the end of the
performance, the friends laugh loudly, they stand up, clink
beer mugs, and sit down.

A panting, buxom WAITRESS with a low-cut folklore dress
deftly pulls herself up to the table with friends with a tray
of glasses of beer. The waitress is accompanied by her lanky
Asian assistant, MUSTAFA, with plates of pork rolls, French
fries and tomato sauce. Mustafa is hesitant. The waitress
begins to lay out glasses of beer in front of each of the six
young men. When the beer is served, the waitress turns and
addresses Mustafa.

WAITRESS
Mustafa, come closer.

Mustafa reaches for the waitress with a tray, but lets the
serving waiters pass between the tables. Mustafa suddenly
loses his balance with the tray and falls with it onto Bruno,
who is sitting in front of him, dumping all the plates with
the contents on him.

Bruno jumps up in a rage, plates clatter off him, drenching
his t-shirt, denim jacket and jeans. Bruno grabs Mustafa by

the front of his shirt, throws him over his shoulder, and slams Mustafa to the floor.

Bruno looms over Mustafa lying on the floor, glares angrily into the eyes of the terrified Mustafa, and swings his fist. the waitress screams wildly.

WAITRESS

Security! Security!

BRUNO

Mustafa! The ghoul!

MUSTAFA

(apologetically,
frightened)

Sorry, Herr, it just happened.

After a pause, Bruno restrains himself from striking. Friends grab Bruno by the shoulders from both sides and pull him aside. There is a commotion in the nearby tables. From the end of the hall, brave guys from the restaurant's security service rush to the place of the accident.

Bruno's friends, BROWN-HAIRED and BRUNETTE, point Bruno in the direction of the second exit from the restaurant, hurry him to leave.

BROWN-HAIRED

You have a big day tomorrow; you
shouldn't get into scandalous
stories!

Bruno comes out of his frenzy, starts hurriedly walking away, flashing between the tables of the large restaurant hall. The Brown-haired and the Brunette look after Bruno as he walks away.

BRUNETTE

Well, Bruno has a special love for
Asians.

BROWN-HAIRED

It's true.

8. EXT. A NARROW CITY STREET — EVENING.

Bruno hurries out of the restaurant's service entrance onto the street, shaking the leftovers from his jacket and jeans with a napkin as he goes, wiping the tomato sauce with a paper napkin. The street is deserted.

On the other side of the sidewalk is a heavyset Oriental woman in a black niqab, carrying bags of groceries.

Aggressive chanting shouts of skinheads can be heard approaching around the corner. Six skinheads appear from around the corner - with dyed long hair, earrings in their ears, black uniforms with metal chains with swastikas around their necks, and photos of Hitler on T-shirts holding flaming flares in their hands.

The skinheads, screaming wildly, run up to the woman, tear the grocery bags from her hands, and the contents of the bags fall to the ground.

The woman starts screaming in one of the oriental languages, crying for help. The young men get into a frenzy, laugh homerically, and begin to tear off the woman's black outer cape. The woman resists, swears, defends herself, swings her hand at the attackers.

Bruno looks at what is happening, he is alarmed, looks back at the door of the restaurant, waiting for the appearance of the pursuing guards of the restaurant.

Bruno dares. He walks briskly to the opposite sidewalk. Bruno starts pulling the skinheads away from the oriental woman.

The skinheads switch to Bruno and start attacking him together. Bruno defends himself skillfully with hand-to-hand combat techniques and puts four skinheads on the asphalt, while the other two skinheads run away.

Bruno looks around, begins to collect the food scattered on the asphalt back into the bags. Bruno passes the packages to a moaning oriental woman sitting on the asphalt.

BRUNO

Take it, calm down, everything is fine.

9. EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY.

TITLE: FREIBURG. THE CATHEDRAL OF HOLY VIRGIN MARY.

In the frame is a general plan of the view of the cathedral.

10. INT. CATHEDRAL PULPIT - DAY.

Bruno Thevs is sitting at the organ. The work of J.S. Bach sounds.

Bruno plays with inspiration.

Finishes playing and stands up. Closes the lid.

11. INT. THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY.

Bruno goes up to the HOLY FATHER, kisses his hand. The Holy Father baptizes Bruno.

HOLY FATHER

Please, Bruno, revenge and retribution are not the way of a righteous Lutheran. Take care of yourself, the church will pray for you.

BRUNO

Thank you, Father.

Bruno departs from the Holy Father.

Bruno approaches a 45-year-old woman sitting in the front row next to the pulpit - his mother ROSA. Rosa is pretty, with delicate facial features, exquisitely dressed in dark, and has a hat on her head.

Rosa comes out from behind the bench and heads for the exit with Bruno.

12. EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY.

Bruno and Rosa come out of the Cathedral. Rosa holds Bruno's arm and looks at him. Bruno looks ahead.

ROSA

I am very saddened by your decision. You're breaking my heart. It will be unbearable for me to lose my only son after the death of my husband.

Bruno looks at Rose.

BRUNO

(reassuringly, with a smile)

Everything will be fine.

13. EXT. AIRBASE - DAY.

TITLE: MAZAR-I-SHARIF, AFGHANISTAN. BUNDESWEHR AIR BASE. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REGIONAL COMMAND OF THE ZONE "NORTH" OF

THE JOINT FORCES OF THE WESTERN COALITION ISAF.

The sun is at its zenith. Hot air rises from the scorching earth. A military transport aircraft "S.160D Transall" lands on the runway. A group of German soldiers descends from the opening ramp. From the military, the camera highlights Bruno in a Gainsborough-colored officer's dress uniform with a branded backpack. Bruno throws his head up, looks at the cloudless sky and takes a deep breath of air.

A Bucher (MOWAG) Duro IIIP ambulance with a flashing beacon turns on smoothly to the aircraft parking lot, to the side of the Bombardier Learjet 55 medical board with a red crescent image and the inscription "Medecins Sans Frontieres" MSF. A group of doctors and orderlies in green uniforms is quickly unloaded from the ambulance and begins to evacuate 3 stretchers with patients to be sent to Germany.

The young girl SEETA, accompanying the last of them, under the force of the air flow of the liner's engine, releases a folder with sheets of "case histories" papers from her armpit. Documents are scattered to the side for several meters.

Bruno leaves his backpack in place, begins to catch up the papers carried away by the wind, helping Seeta to collect them.

Bruno picks up the last sheet, hands the whole stack to Seeta. Bruno looks intently into Seeta's eyes. Seeta is beautiful. Seeta blushes, looks down, nods gratefully.

Bruno and Seeta are distracted by the loud sound of two motorcycles approaching the airfield checkpoint. There is pandemonium at the checkpoint - a group of residents and accumulated civilian trucks. The military of the Western ISAF forces with weapons and service dogs do not allow Afghan civilian equipment to enter the airfield, strictly check documents, inspect cargo compartments of transport.

Bruno focuses on Afghan motorcyclists in turban and Afghan national dress. They both have backpacks on their backs. Both motorcyclists quickly conduct reconnaissance, their readiness for quick action is visible.

The Afghan motorcyclists sharply step on the gas and rush one after the other through the narrow space between the transport and the checkpoint gates, penetrate the airfield territory.

The guards try to stop the motorcyclists; but they filter through the crowd. The guards take aim, but do not use weapons on the motorcyclists.

Bruno and Seeta find themselves in the path of speeding motorcyclists. Bruno abruptly pulls Seeta by the arm, saving her from being hit by the first motorcycle. The motorcyclist drives on. Bruno grabs his GLOCK pistol from the holster with his other hand and shoots the first motorcyclist in the back, an explosion occurs. The motorcyclist is being torn to shreds.

The second motorcyclist directs his motorcycle at Bruno. Bruno abruptly steps aside and strikes the motorcyclist's neck with an outstretched hand, knocks him to the ground and fires a control shot to the head.

Seeta runs up to the ambulance, where a team of doctors is waiting for her. Seeta is quickly seated in an ambulance. The car starts moving.

Bruno remains at the scene of the collision with the motorcyclists; military personnel from the ISAF gather around him. Bruno watches the ambulance leaving the airfield.

14. EXT. AFGHANISTAN GARRISON "TASK FORCE 47" - DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ, AFGHANISTAN. GARRISON "TASK FORCE 47" (TF-47).

Bruno Thevs drives on an armored personnel carrier to the TF-47 headquarters. On the porch he is awaited by the TF-47 commander OBERST JUNG, a short, lean man of 40 years old, strict, secretive, distrustful, cynical, cruel, speaks with a characteristic "Nordic" accent.

Bruno waits for the dust to settle, jumps off the armored personnel carrier, dusts himself off, and walks to Oberst Jung to report. Oberst Jung greets Bruno with a smile.

Oberst Jung comes down from the porch, passes by Bruno. Bruno follows him a little behind.

OBERST JUNG

Welcome to Afghanistan!

The TF47 unit is served by the best officers of the Special operations forces and army intelligence units - about 200 people.

Oberst Jung walks between a row of armored personnel carriers and a fence with barbed wire, Bruno follows Oberst Jung, listening attentively to his speech.

OBERST JUNG

In a short period of time, we have

developed a good network of agents
in the "North" sector of
responsibility.

The Oberst stops. He stares intently into Bruno's eyes.

OBERST JUNG

I've read your personal file, Ober
Lieutenant. A good start.

Oberst Jung and Bruno continue their leisurely pace, stopping
at the site where the instructor officer demonstrates to a
group of special forces the technique of hand-to-hand combat
with an opponent armed with a knife. Oberst Jung looks from
Bruno to the commandos.

OBERST JUNG

Don't you want to show your
abilities?

Oberst Jung nods to the instructor officer.
The instructor officer frees the commando, waiting for
Bruno's approach.
Bruno approaches the instructor officer; a handshake takes
place.
Bruno and the instructor officer stood ready for battle.
The fight began with the use of punches and combat sambo
techniques.
Bruno gets the better of the instructor officer.
Bruno and the instructor officer shake hands.
Bruno returns to Oberst Jung.

OBERST JUNG

Not bad, not bad!
(pause)
Answer me, only frankly! Is your
desire to be in TF-47 somehow
connected with the death of your
father here?

Bruno fades away. Before Bruno could answer, Jung continues.

OBERST JUNG

Remember, Ober lieutenant!
(a little quieter)
The accomplishment of retribution
should not harm the career of a
promising officer.

Bruno nods in agreement.
Oberst and Bruno move along the barbed wire fence, behind
which there is military equipment.

OBERST JUNG

By the way, where did this happen?

BRUNO

In the province of Baghlan, Mr. Oberst.

(pause)

Their regiment was stationed here in Kunduz.

OBERST JUNG

I see.

(pause)

Baghlan is also our area of responsibility.

Oberst Jung sees a folio with a Russian title in Bruno's hand.

OBERST JUNG

(with curiosity)

What are you reading now, Ober-lieutenant??

BRUNO

"The Great game in Afghanistan."

OBERST JUNG

(suspiciously)

I see.

(pause)

Tell me, Ober-lieutenant.

(interestedly)

When and from what part of Germany your ancestors moved to Russia? Are you aware of this?

BRUNO

(statutory)

That's right, Mr. Oberst! During the reign of King Frederick II of Prussia, according to the manifesto of 1762 of the Russian Empress Catherine II, Princess Sophia Augusta Frederica of Anhalt-Zerbst. Among the first German families, my ancestors settled in the Volga region. They went to Russia from the South-West of Germany, Freiburg, where two centuries later we returned.

OBERST JUNG

Well! It's a long time!
The history of the family and the
people must be known! Commendable,
commendable!

(thoughtfully)

Okay, first solve all the
formalities at headquarters, and
then I'll introduce you to your
group. Tomorrow at 9.00 the meeting
of group commanders in the "Combat
Control Center".

Oberst Jung and Bruno Thevs are splitting up.

15. INT. BRUNO'S ROOM - DAY.

Bruno enters his room, there are two beds, both made up. His
roommate, counterintelligence officer Ober lieutenant Helmut
ZIMMER, is sitting at his desk.

There's a yellowed old photo on Zimmer's desk, framed on a
stand. In the photo, two officers are shoulder to shoulder in
the uniform of Abwehr intelligence officers.

Bruno looks at the photo, then at Zimmer, greets Zimmer with
a handshake. On the ring finger of Zimmer's right hand is a
ring with a black rectangular stone. Bruno puts his backpack
on a chair by the empty bunk.

BRUNO

Bruno Thevs!

ZIMMER

(haughtily)

Helmut, the counterintelligence
service!

BRUNO

Oh! I'm lucky, I'll be under the
protection of counterintelligence.

ZIMMER

(unfriendly)

Don't be pathetic, Ober Lieutenant.

BRUNO

As you wish, Ober Lieutenant.

Bruno continues to look at the photo with two officers from

the Abwehr.

BRUNO

And who are these officers in the photo, Ober Lieutenant?

ZIMMER

Abwehr officers who served in Afghanistan in the 30-40s of the last century. One of them is my great-grandfather.

BRUNO

(interested)

I see.

Bruno takes one of the beds, takes a book out of his backpack, and begins to read.

EVENTS FROM THE BOOK "THE GREAT GAME IN AFGHANISTAN"

FLASHBACK IN

16. EXT. THE BANK OF THE AMU DARYA RIVER — NIGHT, PREDAWN.

TITLE: SOVIET-AFGHAN BORDER 1929.

It is quiet, only the sound of gurgling water is heard. On an open, elevated place visible from everywhere on the northern bank of the border river Amu Darya stands the international formation of a special detachment of the Red Army (Workers' and Peasants' Red Army) 2000 fighters from national units of the Central Asian Military District (SAVO) - Uzbeks, Turkmens, Tajiks, Kazakhs, Kirghiz, Uighurs, Russians, Cossacks all dressed in Afghan military uniforms.

The commander of the detachment, Vitaly Primakov, with the call sign WITMAR, is dressed in the uniform of an Afghan officer, reading out a combat order.

WITMAR

(in a commanding voice)

The detachment is tasked with infiltrating the adjacent territory to perform a responsible government task. For the duration of the operation, in the presence of the Afghan population, address each other with distributed Muslim names.

17. EXT. THE BANK OF THE AMU DARYA RIVER - IT'S GETTING LIGHT.

The advance group of the Witmar detachment secretly swims through the water barrier of the Amu Darya River and silently removes the Afghan border outpost. The main forces of the Witmar detachment with 4 mountain guns, 12 machine guns, 12 light machine guns, powerful mobile radio stations, a supply of provisions are loaded onto motorboats, barges, kayaks, and force the river.

18. EXT. THE BANK OF THE AMU DARYA RIVER, DESERT - DAWN.

TITLE: SOVIET BORDER AREA, AFGHAN TERRITORY.

Six Soviet airplanes equipped with bombs and machine guns appear in the sky. Together with Witmar's detachment, they cross the Soviet-Afghan border and fly into Afghanistan. Part of the squad is in the water; some are still going down to the water. The camera is behind the squad.

Airplanes fly around the Afghan border post Patta-Gissar twice in a circle and, descending, make a fire raid. The Afghan border post, barracks, and most of the Afghan border guards have been destroyed. The shelling of the Afghan territory from the air continues. In response, the Afghan border guards occasionally shoot at Soviet planes with their rifles, but all in vain, only two of the 50 border guards remain alive.

19. EXT. MAZAR-I-SHARIF, AFGHANISTAN - DAY.

TITLE: MAZAR-I-SHARIF, AFGHANISTAN.

Witmar's detachment attacks the bastion, smashes the gates of the Mazar-I-Sharif fortress with direct artillery fire, and breaks into the city.

Witmar's squad has broken into Mazar-I-Sharif, rushes to the attack with the traditional Russian "Hurrah". Russian obscenities are heard everywhere on the streets. The defenders of the garrison are crowding in, fleeing.

Piles of motionless, bloody bodies lie near the Afghan guns. The losses of the Afghans are great. Torn fragments of bodies. The faces of the dead.

Soviet airplanes are raiding Mazar-I-Sharif from the air, dropping bombs on Afghan positions, and additional weapons to the Witmar fighters.

Afghan tribal formations dressed in national Afghan clothes - robes, turban - arrived to help the Afghan detachments in Mazar-I-Sharif. Tribal formations immediately engage in battle, trying to knock Witmar out of the city. Large in number, tribal formations are poorly organized, resume attacks in open terrain one after another, advance in a dense formation, but are cut off by oncoming gun and machine-gun fire from Witmar fighters.

FLASHBACK OUT

20. INT. TF-47 HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. TF-47 HEADQUARTERS, COMBAT CONTROL CENTER.

A room with many telephones, military maps, where the borders of provinces and counties are outlined, the names of settlements are marked. Oberst Jung gathers deputies and commanders of special forces groups for a meeting at the "Combat Control Center". The room is filled with officers.

OBERST JUNG

Our agents have revealed the plans of the Taliban leaders - Moulawi Shamsutdin and Mullah Abdul Rahman, to organize a series of attacks on columns of German military equipment and to commit a terrorist attack on the Bundeswehr garrison in Kunduz. Based on strategic expediency, TF-47 begins to develop an operation plan codenamed "Joker". The analysis of intelligence data with a high degree of probability indicates the appearances and permanent residence of the leaders Shamsutdin and Abdul Rahman. The objects are monitored around the clock.

(Jung suddenly turns to Bruno)

Despite your lack of practical experience in the participation and planning of special operations, for a speedy entry into the combat environment, I include you in the list of developers of Operation Joker. I hope it pays off! And now, Ober-lieutenant Thevs, read the intercepted fresh report.

Oberst Jung pushes a folder of documents towards Bruno. Bruno

doesn't hesitate to start reading.

BRUNO

"I, Moulawi Shamsutdin, the leader of the Taliban movement in Kunduz province, order the detachments under my control to attack the German columns in order to seize large-capacity trucks. We will stuff them with explosives and, by means of a suicide driver who will break through the security cordons, we will send them inside the Bundeswehr garrison in Kunduz, to the places of concentration of the German military, their living quarters. We'll blow them up there! The attack on the garrison will be continued by small arms and grenade launcher fire of our mobile groups that will invade after them."

21. EXT. KUNDUZ-BAGHLAN HIGHWAY — DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ-BAGHLAN HIGHWAY, ALIABAD DISTRICT.

On the highway near Kunduz, from both sides of the road, the Taliban launch an armed attack on the Bundeswehr convoy. Grenade launchers are the first to hit the head and tail of the column, igniting the first and last cars of escort. Intense shooting can be heard.

Bruno and his group on armored personnel carriers are cut off from other vehicles by heavy fire. The special forces dismount and engage in battle.

One of the commandos is wounded in the neck, blood is gushing from the wound.

Bruno, under fire, quickly crawls up to the commando, grabs his ammunition and hurriedly drags him to shelter. Bruno gives the commando an injection of the painkiller promedol, bandages the wound.

The Taliban capture two large-tonnage 50-ton tankers filled with diesel fuel. The Taliban shoot the drivers of the tankers and dump their bodies in a ditch. The Taliban hijack tankers from a busy highway to a country road in the direction of the nearest village.

The TF-47 group is blocked by Taliban deterrent fire, remains in place.

22. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — DAY.

TITLE: TF-47 HEADQUARTERS. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE

Bruno, in a dusty military uniform, with a dirty face, enters the office of Oberst Jung.

BRUNO

(to Oberst Jung)

Mr. Oberst, the Taliban attacked our convoy on the Kunduz-Baghlan highway. Part of the equipment was burned; the drivers were killed and there are wounded. Two large-capacity trucks full of fuel were stolen in an unknown direction. The attack confirmed the authenticity of the intelligence information. A wounded Taliban who took part in the attack on the convoy was detained in hot pursuit. According to his testimony, the organizers of the attack were identified, and they were taken into operational investigation.

OBERST JUNG

(to Bruno)

Ober-lieutenant! Urgently send a request to the headquarters of the North group in Mazar-I-Sharif for aerial photography of the area. It is necessary to establish the location of the stolen equipment!

BRUNO

Yes, Mr. Oberst!

23. EXT. KUNDUZ-BAGHLAN HIGHWAY — DAY.

When crossing the rapidly flowing narrow river Kunduz-dara, the tankers get stuck in the gravel-sand soil. The Taliban brought two Soviet tractors "Belarus" with cables from the nearest village of Omar Kheyl to pull out the tankers. They cling to the tankers with cables. The Taliban are getting rid of fuel in tankers, inviting Afghans from the village to replenish their personal diesel reserves.

A long queue of local farmers with cans and other containers has accumulated near the tanks.

24. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — DAY.

Bruno, in his field uniform, knocks on Oberst Jung's office.

BRUNO

May I come in, Mr. Oberst?

Oberst is sitting at the table.

OBERST JUNG

Come in, Ober-lieutenant!

What news?!

Bruno comes to the table.

BRUNO

(briskly)

We have received pictures from the location of the tankers. They got stuck in the sandy soil of the mouth of the Kunduz-dara River near the village of Omar Kheyl in Chahar-dara County.

(passes the pictures)

See, here they are. The equipment is surrounded by a crowd of civilians.

OBERST JUNG

(in a commanding tone)

Urgently send this to the aviation support headquarters, let them immediately strike at their location!

Bruno is slightly taken aback.

BRUNO

But there are civilians there, Herr Oberst! There will be great sacrifices!

OBERST JUNG

(dissatisfied, in a strict tone)

What kind of sentimentality Ober-lieutenant! There's a war here!

(pause)

You seem to have forgotten what

happened to your father?!
 (disgustedly)

Bruno takes the photographs and leaves Oberst Jung's office.

25. EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE — DAY.

TITLE: HOST-VA-FERENG, AFGHANISTAN.

A small adobe house on the outskirts of an Afghan village, three people are sitting on a carpet in the courtyard in front of the entrance to the dwelling, recording interviews. The interviewee is a former mujahid of the Afghan War (1979-1989), one-armed ISMATULLAH.

The interviewer, reporter OTTO Greenberg, holds a voice recorder and microphone in different hands and asks Ismatullah questions.

An Afghan translator from Dari and Pashto, SULTAN MUHADI, translates Otto's questions to Ismatullah and simultaneously records the interview on a video camera.

ISMATULLAH

(with importance)

I fought in the detachment of the field commander Kazi Kabir Marzban, an associate of Ahmad Shah Massoud.

(pause)

I will tell you the story of a dramatic battle in the mountain range of Mugulan, Cholbahir and Tali Gobang in June 1986. Our detachment inflicted significant damage to Soviet landing groups landed by helicopters at the heights closest to our positions. It so happened that our firing points were above the Shuravi landing site. This gave us a significant advantage in battle. For several hours we methodically hit them with fire. Despite their difficult situation, the Shuravi fought stoutly. At the place where the Shuravi stacked their dead and wounded, under boulders, I found this.

Ismatulla hands Otto a notebook stained with dried blood and two photographs enclosed in it.

ISMATULLAH

They belonged to a Soviet soldier.

Otto opens a brown leather notebook with sticky pages, takes out two photographs. On one, a beautiful girl, on the other - against the background of a Soviet combat helicopter, six comrades were standing in an embrace. Both photos are signed in Russian.

26. EXT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE - DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE.

Otto takes a taxi to the teahouse on the "Kunduz circle", the central square of Kunduz with a lot of shops, doucans, eateries and service points.

Positive one-eyed YAKUB KHAN with a black eye sling sees Otto at the entrance, breaks into a smile, fervently puts his palm to his heart, offers to enter with a wave of his hand.

27. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE - DAY.

Otto, entering the teahouse, loudly greets the visitors sitting inside - AsSalamu alaikum!

Otto makes an order to Yakub Khan on the move, follows him to the back of the hall. There he chooses a corner couch under the cooling air conditioner, takes off his shoes, climbs onto the couch covered with a felt mat, stretches his legs. Otto is very tired.

In the cramped oblong space of the hall, Otto sees three fans slowly rotating the blades from the ceiling, driving air flows. People in Afghan national clothes and traditional headdresses are eating and drinking tea on the couch, peacefully talking. On the wall is a large portrait of the smiling Mujahideen leader Ahmad Shah Massoud.

The guests are served by the son of Yakub Khan - ZALMAY, a sporty dark-skinned youth of thirteen with an embroidered kandahari (Pashtun skullcap with a domed slit in front), black wavy hair. Zalmay wears a patterned vest over a traditional Afghan shirt (perukhan, an Afghan national costume in the form of a knee-length shirt with trousers).

Otto sprawls on a wide couch resting and waiting for the order to be delivered. He is contemplating the street hustle, the noise of incessant street hubbub is heard. Otto takes out the notebook and photographs handed over by Ismatulla, looks

at a group photo with six Soviet soldiers. Then puts the photo back in the backpack. He leans back, enters a doze.

Zalmai brings Otto on a tray a sizzling lamb rib kebab, a hot tandoor tortilla, a pot of green tea. Otto does not react; he continues to doze.

28. EXT. THE SHORE OF A SMALL RIVER — DAY.

TITLE: OMAR KHEYL VILLAGE, KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

Two F-15ES fighter-bombers of the ISAF forces appear in the sky, fly over 2 German tankers hijacked by the Taliban and hundreds of civilians of the village of Omar Kheyl, who are waiting in line to fill the tanks with diesel fuel. They are bombing people and tankers.

Bloody human body parts and torn clothes are scattered at the site of the airstrike.

The dead and wounded residents of the village are lying. The groans of the wounded are heard. A swarthy, bearded Afghan is crawling with his legs torn off.

29. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

Otto's nap is interrupted by the loud noise of a low-flying pair of jet planes. The rumble of heavy bombs falling nearby can be heard, shaking the ground.

Sirens can be heard; dozens of ambulances rush along the central street past the Yakub Khan teahouse at high speed. Yakub Khan is alarmed, runs out of the teahouse.

30. EXT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

Yakub Khan looks after the cavalcade of ambulances.

31. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

Yakub Khan goes back into the teahouse, adjusts the radio to the news wave, turns up the sound of the radio, listens to the text of the emergency issue. Otto looks at Yakub Khan, Yakub Khan is stunned.

OTTO

(sensing trouble, he asks)
What happened?!

YAKUB KHAN

ISAF aircraft carried out an air strike in the vicinity of the village of Omar Kheyl.

(mournfully)
They reported many civilian
casualties.

Otto gets up from the cot and walks over to Yakub Khan.

OTTO
Where is Omar Kheyl?!

YAKUB KHAN
Nearby, from Kunduz, two kilometers
to the south, then the same amount
to the west.

Otto pays money for food, hurriedly leaves the teahouse.

32. INT. SPINZAR HOTEL. OTTO'S ROOM — DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. SPINZAR HOTEL.

Otto is sitting in an armchair in his hotel room, watching the news on TV. German TV channels broadcast: "As a result of NATO air strikes in the Chahar-dara district of Kunduz province, more than 100 Afghan civilians were killed."

Otto switches to an Afghan English-language TV channel, where it is reported: "ISAF aircraft carried out an airstrike on the village of Omar Kheyl in Kunduz province, as a result, 70 Taliban and 30 Afghan civilians were killed - there are women and children."

Otto calls the translator Sultan Mukhadi by phone.

OTTO
Sultan, I need you! We need to go
to the village of Omar Kheyl!

33. EXT. SPINZAR HOTEL — DAY.

A taxi pulls up to the hotel with Sultan Mukhadi sitting in the passenger seat in front, Otto gets into the back seat, the car hurriedly drives off.

34. EXT. A WASTELAND, THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN AFGHAN VILLAGE — DAY.

TITLE: OMAR-KHEYL VILLAGE, KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

Otto and Sultan Muhadi arrive at the site of the airstrike. Otto and Sultan Mukhadi get out of the car. Otto leans over to the window of the driver sitting behind the wheel and, handing over the cash for the trip, makes a request.

OTTO

Here's the money for the round trip. If we do not leave the village by 20.00, inform the administration of the Spinzar Hotel about it.

The taxi driver agrees.

Otto and Sultan Mukhadi leave. The taxi remains waiting for them.

Otto and Sultan Muhadi go away from the taxi towards the police cordon.

View of the overturned burnt 2 large German tankers, fuel spilled on the ground, fragments of human bodies and clothing fabrics scattered hundreds of meters.

Otto takes several pictures, looks for eyewitnesses to question, but is prevented by Afghan employees from the ISAF assistance force unit. They are pushing Otto and Sultan Muhadi away from the scene of the tragedy.

Otto and Sultan Mukhadi, bypassing the site of the airstrike, go deeper into the village of Omar-Kheil.

Otto and Sultan Muhadi pass by mud-brick dwellings, encounter oncoming Afghans, through Sultan Muhadi's translator Otto invites them to give an interview, but this only causes negativity and malicious remarks. Afghans look at Otto and Sultan Muhadi with hatred and do not want to communicate with them.

At the entrance to one of the dwellings, Otto and Sultan Muhadi find themselves trapped: three Taliban armed with machine guns point the muzzles of their machine guns at them, tie their hands, and capture them.

SULTAN MUKHADI

(To the Taliban men)

Do you know that this European is a professional journalist, a reporter for a German publishing house?! He's not a military man!

SENIOR TALIBAN

(ignoring the question, strictly)

Think about yourself! Pray to the Almighty that your children are not

orphaned!

The Taliban take the prisoners away.

35. INT.OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE - DAY.

TITLE: TF-47 HEADQUARTERS, OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE.

Oberst Jung is holding a meeting with a group of officers at a long table. Phones are ringing incessantly in the office; Oberst Jung is depressed.

OBERST JUNG

(with irritation)

The airstrike on Omar-Kheyl caused a wide response. The Bundeswehr High Command, the KSK command, Bundestag deputies, international humanitarian organizations, all want to know: "Who gave the order for the airstrike in Omar-Kheyl?!" "What were the targets of the strike?" "What is the actual number of civilian casualties?!" and so on.

Oberst looks into the eyes of Bruno sitting in the center of the table. Bruno looks away.

OBERST JUNG

(excited)

But this does not cancel the operation "The Joker"! The elimination of the organizers of the attacks on the Bundeswehr columns of Moulavi Shamsutdin and Mullah Abdul Rahman, who are hatching plans to attack the TF-47 garrison in Kunduz, remains a priority for us! Unfortunately, the intelligence data on the whereabouts of the Taliban leaders that flocked to the TF47 Combat Control Center for a month constantly vary. This does not allow us to act for sure. However, yesterday, intelligence sources gave similar information. Based on them, Moulawi Shamsutdin, accompanied by twenty-five Taliban devotees, should arrive at the

village of Khalazai at the appointed time.

We will start the operation early in the morning, an hour before the muezzin's call to the pre-dawn Fajr prayer. This will take the Taliban by surprise.

More!

(pauses)

The course of the operation is complicated by the fact that the point of arrival of Shamsutdin with a detachment in the village of Khalazai coincides with the place of detention of civilian hostages, among whom there is also a reporter of the magazine "Der Spiegel" Otto Greenberg, along with an Afghan translator.

(pause)

Our task is to eliminate Shamsutdin and his people, preventing the death of hostages. I entrust its execution to the group of Ober-lieutenant Bruno Thevs.

Oberst Jung gets up from his seat, goes to a large map hanging on the wall.

OBERST JUNG

(to officers)

I suggest we approach the map.

The officers leave the table, stand behind the Oberst in a semicircle.

Oberst Jung points a red ray at the map.

OBERST JUNG

The village of Khalazai.

(pointing the red beam)

The method of delivery of special forces by air. After the landing, it is necessary to urgently and accurately establish in which rooms the Taliban are located and where the hostages are being held. This will dictate the choice of fire density.

Work jewelry! The first thing the Taliban will do when you break into the premises is to start shooting hostages.

This will happen even if the Taliban did not plan to do it ahead of time. The key to success is in the factor of surprise, coherence of actions.

(to Bruno)

Do you understand, Ober-lieutenant?!

BRUNO

That's right, Mr. Oberst!

The officers leave the Oberst's office. Zimmer stays in the office and turns to Oberst Jung.

ZIMMER

Why did you assign the task to an untrained Thevs, Mr. Oberst?

OBERST JUNG

Thevs and Shamsutdin have their own scores. In a battle with his squad in 1986, Thevs's father died. Let him taste the sweetness of retribution.

36. EXT. HELIPAD — NIGHT.

TF-47 garrison helipad. Oberst Jung and Ober-lieutenant Thevs approach the helicopters. Bruno looks at his IWC-PILOT watch. The hands of the clock show 02.15.

Two crews of NHI NH90 helicopters and two groups of special forces — 20 fighters each — are waiting for departure for the operation with slight excitement.

Oberst Jung screams, trying to be heard by Bruno over the noise of running engines and rotating blades.

OBERST JUNG

Good luck, Ober-lieutenant!

BRUNO

(To Jung)

Thank you, Mr. Oberst!

Bruno jumps into the helicopter that has started to rise, stands at the edge, the flight technician pushes Bruno inside, slams the door.

37. EXT. KHALAZAI VILLAGE — EARLY MORNING.

TITLE: KHALAZAI VILLAGE, KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

2 helicopters hover over the roofs of the village, fighters land on the roofs by cables. They open fire on the Taliban running out.

Bruno and his group kick out doors with their feet and gun butts, break into the premises of adobe buildings, open fire on the Taliban. They receive a fierce rebuff from the Taliban. Hostages are rushing to the sides, huddling in corners, trying to hide from the crossfire.

Bruno breaks into one of the rooms, there are dead and wounded inside. A wounded Talib lies on the floor, looks at Bruno with a pleading look so that Bruno does not shoot him, Bruno comes closer, looms over Talib and, without hesitation, shoots Talib in the head.

The shooting stops.

BRUNO
(to special forces group)
Specify the losses!

Fighters are checking to see if there are any survivors among the killed Taliban. They turn over corpses with their feet, holding them at gunpoint.

Bruno, with his hands in leather mittens, takes a photo out of his breast pocket, approaches the corpses of the Taliban, turns them over with his foot, bends down, carefully investigates everyone's face, looks for leader Shamsutdin among the dead.
He understands that Shamsutdin is not among the killed Taliban. Annoyed.

BRUNO
(hissing with annoyance)
Gone!

SPECIAL FORCES MAN
Herr Ober-lieutenant!
We have two dead, three wounded.
"Der Spiegel" reporter Otto
Greenberg was wounded.

Bruno gets in touch with Robert Jung on the radio station.

BRUNO
(disappointedly)
Mr. Oberst, it's over!
(pause)

I have two dead, three wounded,
with varying degrees of severity.
The reporter of "Der Spiegel" is
also wounded... damn him!

OBERST JUNG
(serene)
What about Shamsutdin?!

BRUNO
He is not among the dead. But no
one left the perimeter.
(with anger)
I don't understand where we missed
him!

There is silence on the air.

OBERST JUNG
(critically)
Bad!
(pause)
OK, after returning to base -
debriefing! As for the evacuation
of our dead and wounded, load them
into a helicopter and into Mazar-I-
Sharif. Load the Der Spiegel
reporter onto an armored personnel
carrier and take him to the MSF
Doctors Without Borders (MSF)
civilian hospital in Kunduz-
there's nothing for him to do in
our military hospital!
He already broke our operation.

Oberst Jung comes off the air, a special forces soldier
approaches Bruno.

SPECIAL FORCES MAN
Reporter Greenberg's translator, an
Afghan, was found. According to the
documents, Sultan Mukhadi. In a
shootout, he was shot in the head,
died on the spot.

BRUNO
(to the special forces)
I suppose Oberst Jung is not
interested in this.

There are five ATF DINGO-2 armored personnel carriers at the
site of the operation.

TF47 special forces medics give Otto Greenberg an analgesic injection, the thigh stitched with a bullet is tightened with a tourniquet, bandages.

A helicopter has arrived. Bruno orders two commandos to load the bodies of 2 dead and wounded commandos on board. The board lifts off the ground, Bruno switches to Otto Greenberg.

BRUNO
 (with dissatisfaction to
 the commandos)
 Load the reporter into an armored
 personnel carrier! There is an
 order to escort him to the MSF
 hospital in Kunduz.

Bruno sits in the front next to the driver, Greenberg and two special forces men – in the back.

38. INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER ATF DINGO-2 – DAY.

Armored personnel carrier is moving, Bruno stares ahead with a glassy gaze, he rides silently, everything is boiling inside him. They drive into Kunduz. Bruno turns sharply back, grabs Otto by the collar and attacks Otto with a loud curse.

BRUNO
 (to Otto)
 What are you doing here?!
 Why didn't you stay at home?!
 You've disrupted our operation!
 Two fighters were lost because of
 you, two more were wounded,
 Shamsutdin was missed!

OTTO
 (pale from blood loss,
 pain shock, analgesic)
 You do your job, I do mine!

Bruno turns away silently.

39. EXT. MSF HOSPITAL – DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ.MSF HOSPITAL.

The ATF-DINGO-2 armored personnel carrier with the wounded Otto Grinberg drives briskly into the courtyard of the Doctors Without Borders MSF hospital. The accompanying commandos help Otto get off, put him on a stretcher, and bring him into the emergency room.

Bruno comes in after them.

40. INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY.

The reception room has snow-white walls, the staff in ironed clothes, everything is in turmoil.

BRUNO

(astonished - to the
commandos)

Well! After the heat of Kunduz,
this is a real paradise!
Here is an island of civilized
Europe in the medieval East!

There's a commotion in the waiting room. Doctors come running, then run away again - nobody cares about the wounded Otto. Bruno is very nervous, looking with his eyes for someone to get rid of Otto sooner. Bruno sees that the paling Otto is getting worse.

BRUNO

Where do you live in Germany?

OTTO

(peaceably)

In Munich!

BRUNO

(slightly delighted)

Great! And I'm from the south -from
Freiburg!
And what are you doing in
Afghanistan?!

OTTO

I am collecting material for an
article about the XX anniversary of
the withdrawal of Soviet troops
from Afghanistan.

BRUNO

To the anniversary of the
withdrawal of Soviet troops?!
(shows interest in the
topic)

OK! But the Soviet troops left
twenty years ago, and how is this
connected with the events in Omar-
Kheyl?!
How did you get there?!

Otto lifts himself slightly on the stretcher.

OTTO

I'm a journalist!
(unperturbed)
My place is where things happen!

Exhausted, he leans back.

OTTO

Ober-lieutenant, excuse me for
being tactless, can I ask you about
one thing?

BRUNO

(humorously)

I hope it's not to write an article
for you?! With all my desire to be
useful to you, we must remember
that I am a military member of the
ISAF group, and I have a lot of
responsibilities: a entrusted unit
and demanding superiors.

OTTO

The request is simple – you just
need to stop by the Spinzar Hotel,
where I rent a room, and pick up a
large travel bag from there. It
contains all my luggage: clothes,
change of underwear.
The room is paid for by the end of
the month, there will be no
problems with access.

(pause)

And here's another thing: there's
an old, battered notebook in the
top drawer of the bedside table.
Please put it in the bag.

A pleasant female voice speaking German is heard from behind
Bruno.

SEETA (V.O.)

Please put the wounded man on a
gurney so that the orderly can take
him to the operating room.

Bruno turns curiously, he is amazed – in front of him is a
tall, beautiful oriental girl, her large dark brown eyes,
long eyelashes, thick eyebrows against a light-skinned face,

a thick black braid twisted into a ring reminded the stunned girl at the Mazar-I-Sharif airfield with her beauty. The girl is wearing a neat green medical suit – trousers and jacket, emphasizing a thin waist, lean loins, beautiful breasts, a badge "Dr.Akhmadzai" is attached to her chest.

Bruno, leaning over slightly, reads the name on the badge.

BRUNO

Frau Akhmadzai, what a surprise!
You speak excellent German.
It's a pity that I'm only finding
out about this now. At the
airfield, to put it mildly, you
were quite terse.

SEETA

(shyly)

This is my second language.

BRUNO

(surprised)

Strange. And I was sure that the
first one.

SEETA

I was born, and until last year I
lived in Germany, Munich.

An Afghan orderly appears, rolls up a gurney, inadvertently pushes Bruno with it. Bruno pulls back slightly.

SEETA

Excuse me, I must go.

Seeta gives a low command to the orderly in Dari.

SEETA

Take the gurney to the operating
room!

Seeta swims alongside with a graceful, dignified gait. Bruno gets excited.

Otto, riding off on a gurney, shouts to Bruno, who is numb, watching Seeta go.

OTTO

Ober-lieutenant! What about my
request?!

BRUNO
 (mentally)
 I must definitely come back here!
 Perhaps Otto's request is God's
 providence that allows me to come
 here again.

Bruno, without taking his eyes off Sita and following her with his eyes, answers.

BRUNO
 Good! Warn the hotel administration
 by phone call, I will try to do it
 one of these days.

41. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — EVENING.

The commanders of the special forces' groups are leaving Oberst Jung's office. Oberst Jung passes by and sits down at his desk.

Ober lieutenant Zimmer sits in the chair at Oberst Jung's desk.

Bruno Thevs looks after the last person leaving and sits down in the chair opposite Zimmer. Bruno is confused by Zimmer's presence, looks at Oberst Jung and addresses him.

BRUNO
 (hesitating)
 I have a question, Mr. Oberst!

Bruno looks at Zimmer.

OBERST JUNG
 It's all right, Ober Lieutenant,
 tell me I have no secrets from
 counterintelligence.

BRUNO
 This reporter from "Der Spiegel",
 Otto Greenberg, you remember him,
 made a household request,
 requiring, if you don't object, two
 hours of my time.

OBERST JUNG
 Oh, I was thinking about him just
 now. This journalist may be very
 useful to us in the future.

(pause, Oberst thought)
 OK! I rely on your responsibility,
 Ober-lieutenant, you are free!

Bruno comes out of Oberst Jung's office.

ZIMMER
 (haughtily)
 What a Kipling's soldier! I don't
 like these Deutsch-Russians. You
 never know what's in their head.

Oberst Jung grins.

OBERST JUNG
 Take a closer look at him.

42. INT. SPORTS GYM — EVENING.

Bruno, dressed in a sports uniform, runs on a treadmill. Reduces the pace, looks at the clock, goes to a quick step, gets off the treadmill. Approaches the projectiles with a barbell, puts additional pancakes on the neck, proceeds to bench presses.

He finishes training, dries himself with a facial towel, drinks from a bottle of water.

Bruno goes to the locker room, takes a hot shower.

43. INT. BRUNO'S ROOM — EVENING.

Bruno enters his room with replenished forces. Helmut Zimmer is awake.

Bruno greets Zimmer with a nod of his head, lies down on the cot dressed, looks at the ceiling, thinks. He takes a book out of the bedside table and plunges into reading.

HISTORICAL EVENTS FROM THE BOOK "THE GREAT GAME IN AFGHANISTAN".

FLASHBACK IN

44. EXT. ALIABAD VILLAGE — DAY.

TITLE: ALIABAD VILLAGE, NORTHERN AFGHANISTAN. THE
 HEADQUARTERS OF KURBASHI IBRAHIM BEK, 1929.

On the outskirts of the village, near a large yurt a dozen horses are tied on a pole. A RIDER gallops up. Dismounts, passes the horse's bridle to the guard. He hurries

to a large yurt.

45. INT. BIG YURT — DAY.

Three dozen Basmachi are sitting in a circle inside the yurt, drinking tea, eating pilaf, boiled mutton with their hands, breaking off flat bread and passing it to each other.

In the back, facing the entrance, sits kurbashi Ibrahim bek, statuesque, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned with a black beard in a white turban and a national robe.

The rider enters the yurt.

RIDER
(loudly greeting)
"AsSalamu Alaikum!"

The rider disarms at the entrance, gives up his saber, goes inside, approaches Ibrahim bek, bends his knee, comes close to his ear, reports:

RIDER
Venerable Kurbashi!
A detachment of the Red Army
invaded Afghanistan this morning.
Their strength is up to 500 sabers.

46. EXT. AFGHANISTAN — DAY.

A large detachment of Uzbek kurbashi Ibrahim bek is moving to defeat Witmar's troops. Ibrahim bek himself prances importantly ahead of the squad.

47. EXT. AFGHANISTAN — DAY.

Two fighters ride up to Witmar, who personally leads the squad.

THE FIGHTER
A detachment of Basmachi horsemen
is two versts away. Five hundred
sabers.

Witmar orders an assistant.

WITMAR
Put up 8 artillery pieces in the
main direction!

Fighters begin to install guns and machine guns.

WITMAR (V.O.)

Install two machine guns on both sides of the road. Take the nearest section of road under the sights. Let the Basmachi cavalry get as close as possible. Open direct fire from artillery guns on my command. Hit the head of the approaching basmachs column with three guns, three - at the end, two - in the center. Complete the defeat with machine gun fire from the flanks.

Rows of Ibrahim Bek's Basmachi appears from behind the hill. Ibrahim bek calls his warriors to attack.

IBRAHIM BEK

Takbir! Allahu Akbar!

He rushes forward himself. The warriors follow him.

A Witmar detachment prancing 500 meters away puts its rifles in combat position and opens fire on the basmachs. After firing a couple of shots, the fighters turn their horses around and rush away from the advancing Basmachi.

The eyes of the galloping Basmachi sparkle with rage.

The Basmachi almost caught up with the retreating cavalry of Witmar. Suddenly, the Witmerians split into two groups, diverging to the right and to the left. In front of the galloping basmachs are the gun and machine gun positions of the Witmar.

Guns and machine guns open rapid fire, mowing down the ranks of the Basmachi. The Basmachi are fleeing the scene of the battle in panic. The Witmerians are catching up with them.

There is a saber fight going on.

Shooting back, only a handful of Basmachi with Ibrahim bek escape.

FLASHBACK OUT

48. INT. BRUNO'S ROOM - EVENING.

Bruno finishes reading the chapter, puts the book in the nightstand, muses.

He remembers the beautiful Afghan doctor Ahmadzai. (slow-motion footage from the scene of meeting Seeta in the hospital).

Bruno returns from his thoughts, extinguishes the floor lamp, falls asleep positively.

49. INT. HOTEL SPINZAR- DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. SPINZAR HOTEL.

Bruno walks up to the reception desk, nods, and says something. The administrator nods in response. He turns around, removes the key from the stand and gives it to Bruno. Bruno thanks and walks away.

Bruno climbs the marble spiral staircase to the second floor.

50. INT. HOTEL. OTTO'S ROOM - DAY.

Bruno enters Otto's room, takes a large travel bag out of the closet, puts it on the bed, goes to the bedside table where the notebook is, pulls the handle, takes out an old notebook in a brown leather binding with frayed edges, casually throws it inside the bag.

The edges of two yellow photographs with streaks of dried blood protrude from a notebook that has fallen on top of things.

Bruno opens the notebook, sees on one of the pictures his young mother, nee Rosa Schmidt, on the other, six Soviet soldiers standing in an embrace. His father, Konstantin Thevs, who died in Afghanistan, is standing on the left, smiling.

NOTE: A COPY OF THIS COLLECTIVE PHOTO IS FRAMED AT THEIR HOME IN FREIBURG ON THE SIDEBORD IN THE LIVING ROOM. KONSTANTIN SENT THIS PICTURE IN A LETTER TO DZHAMBUL HOME IN EARLY 1985, DURING THE FIRST MONTH OF HIS STAY IN AFGHANISTAN.

Bruno turns the photo over.

In the corner on the back of the photo it is written diagonally: "To my beloved wife Rosa and our son, whom we will call Bruno, from Dad. Kunduz. Afghanistan, February 1985."

Bruno is amazed.

51. INT. OTTO'S HOSPITAL WARD - DAY.

Frantic Bruno runs into the hospital Otto's ward. Bruno is holding an old notebook and photographs of his Father.

Otto is lying on a cot with a bandaged leg, peacefully having lunch, eating soup, thinking about something.

Bruno steps up to Otto, knocks him off the bed. There is a crash, the clink of broken dishes.

Otto is lying on the floor, terrified.

Bruno shoves photos under Otto's nose.

BRUNO

From where?!

OTTO

(indignantly)

Do you know, Ober-lieutenant, that it is indecent to rummage in other people's things?!

Seeing that Bruno is adamant, Otto responds.

OTTO

(sincerely)

From the Mujahideen!

BRUNO

(persistently)

Get ready! Let's go... and show the one who gave it to you!

OTTO

(serene)

First, it's not possible right now because I can't walk.
Secondly, I never disclose my sources, this is professional ethics!

Bruno's high-pitched speech startled medical staff and three Afghan civilians lying on nearby beds. The nurse on-duty and Doctor Seeta Akhmadzai enter the ward.

SEETA

(in a firm voice)

What's going on?!

BRUNO

(realizing the presence of the problem)

It's all right, Frau, we were clarifying service issues.

SEETA
 (in a firm voice)
 This is not a military hospital;
 official investigations are not
 conducted here!
 Please leave the ward!

Seeta pretentiously points with her hand to the exit.

BRUNO
 (resigned)
 Okay, I'll leave!

Bruno quickly leaves the room, walks down a long corridor.
 Otto jumps up from his bunk, leaning on crutches in a hurry
 to catch up with Bruno.

52. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR — DAY.

Otto comes out of the room, shouts after Bruno who has
 reached the end of the corridor.

OTTO
 (loudly)
 Wait, Ober-lieutenant!

Bruno stops. Otto hobbles towards him on crutches.
 Together with Otto they leave the corridor into the hospital
 garden.

53. EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN — DAY.

Otto and Bruno are sitting on a bench, having a conversation.

BRUNO
 (bitterly)
 These are the belongings of my
 deceased father.

Bruno's eyes fill with moisture.

OTTO
 (astonished)
 So, your father was a Soviet
 soldier and died in Khost Wa
 Firing?!

BRUNO
 Yes!
 (pause)

After his death, my mother and I moved to Germany.

OTTO

(with empathy)

There it is!

(pause)

I promise you, as soon as I switch to the cane, we will certainly go with you to the village in Khost Wa Firing to the Mujahideen who gave me these photos and a notebook.

(pause)

And now, as part of my promise, I have two reciprocal requests to you.

First, you need to go to the brother of the deceased translator Sultan Mukhadi, Yahya, and give his family money from me. At the same time, offer Yahya to work as a translator on our trip to Khost Wa Firing.

Second, I strongly ask you to change from a military uniform to a civilian one during the trip. Or better yet, in traditional Afghan clothes. My personal experience in the tragedy in Omar Kheyl has shown that it is not necessary to arouse anger among the Taliban and poor Afghans.

54. INT. OTTO'S HOSPITAL WARD — DAY.

Bruno is sitting on a chair next to Otto's bed in the hospital room. Otto takes a sealed envelope from a large travel bag and hands it to Bruno.

OTTO

The envelope contains money for the family of the deceased Sultan Muhadi and the address where you will find his brother Yahya Mukhadi.

55. EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN — FLASHES OF DAWN.

Otto, leaning on a cane, walks around the hospital garden, waiting for Bruno.

A taxi with Bruno arrives, Otto gets in, the taxi is leaving.

56. EXT. YAHCHAN-KHURD VILLAGE — DAY.

TITLE: YAHCHAN-KHURD VILLAGE, KHOST WA FIRING COUNTY, BAGHLAN PROVINCE.

The taxi stops at the home of the former Mujahid one-armed Ismatullah. The passengers are getting out. An excited Ismatullah appears at Yahya Muhadi's call "Ismatullah".

Otto turns to Ismatullah, who has approached.

OTTO
(positively)
AsSalamu Alaikum Ismatullah!

ISMATULLAH
(suspiciously)
Vaaleikum AsSalam!

OTTO
(pointing with his hand)
This is the son of one of the
"Shuravi" who died in the battle
that you told me about. His name is
Bruno.

Yahya translates Otto's words.

Ismatulla looks guiltily and sadly into Bruno's eyes and putting his right palm to his heart, bows his head.

Ismatullah is shivering with excitement, holding the stump of his left arm with his palm, hidden in the sleeve of a perukhan (Afghan long shirt) tied with a ribbon.

ISMATULLAH
(with empathy)
I am sincerely sorry. A lot of our
Mujahideen and Shuravi died in that
battle. You see...
(ostentatiously stretches
out the stump of his left
arm)
...in that war, I got badly hurt.

Ismatullah is shivering with excitement, showing the stump of his left arm hidden in the sleeve of a perukhan (Afghan long shirt) tied with a ribbon.

Yahya Muhadi translates Ismatullah's speech.

Sonorous children's voices are heard. A gang of children aged from seven to eleven years runs up. Three of them – two boys and a younger girl – are nailed to Ismatulla, take him in a tight embrace in the waist area.

BRUNO
(surprised)
Are these yours?!

ISMATULLAH
(proudly)
Al-Hamdu li-Llahi! My younger ones!

Bruno takes out hundreds of euro bills from his pocket, passes one to each of the children. The children take the money and, looking into Ismatullah's eyes, immediately hand it over to him.

BRUNO
Good upbringing!

Ismatullah is touched by the offering and puts his hand to his heart.

ISMATULLAH
Tashakur!
(with gratitude,
embarrassed)
It wasn't necessary at all.

Ismatullah gathers his thoughts, and with a wave of his hand invites Bruno, Otto and Yahya Mukhadi to go into the courtyard of his home.

57. INT. ISMATULLAH'S HOUSE – DAY.

Ismatullah, Bruno, Otto and Yahya Muhadi enter the courtyard of the house.

When they see outsiders, the women and girls who are busy in the yard around the house jump up from their seats and hurriedly leave.

Ismatullah and the guests take off their shoes, sit down on a colorful screen. One of the sons – a young man of eleven years old brings tea. Ismatullah pours it into bowls, begins the story.

ISMATULLAH
It was the middle of June 1986.

DOCUMENTARY SERIES WITH AFGHAN MUJAHIDEEN ATTACKING SOVIET
CONVOYS.

ISMATULLA (VO)

The Shuravi were pulling columns from Kunduz to Faizabad. Groups of Mujahideen attacked their columns and mined the highway. Our detachment was waiting for the order of Commander Kazi Kabir to descend from the mountains and strengthen these groups with weapons and additional manpower. In the early morning of June 16, 1986, we heard the sound of approaching helicopters and saw the landing troops. The confrontation was stubborn. There were dead and wounded on both sides. But Shuravi had a lot of them. The fight lasted all day. It continued at night. Then I was wounded and miraculously survived.

With his remaining hand, Ismatullah moves a fruit dish on the table closer to the guests.

ISMATULLAH

After two months of treatment in Pakistan, I returned to the squad. This coincided with the time when the Mujahideen were rebuilding the destroyed base. At the place where the Shuravi were storing their dead and wounded, under boulders, I found a notebook that had fallen out of the pocket of one of the Shuravi and two photos enclosed in it — six soldiers standing in an embrace and a Russian girl. The notebook was covered in blood.

(looking at Bruno)

The day your reporter friend came to Yahchan Khurd, promising to write the truth about the Afghan war, I told him about that dramatic battle and handed over these relics.

(pause)

The Russians were brave warriors,

not like these cowards from ISAF.

Otto and Bruno exchange glances.

BRUNO
(resolutely)
Can we get to that place?!

ISMATULLA
Why not?! It's not far from here.
(lifting a beige pakol -
Afghan headdress from his
sweating forehead, with a
reservation)
Unless, of course, you are ready to
spend the night in the mountains?!

BRUNO
(resolutely)
We are ready!

58. EXT. VILLAGE OF YAHCHAN-KHURD - MORNING FLASHES OF DAWN.

Ismatullah, Bruno and Yahya Mukhadi load blankets, a bag of provisions, leather bales with water on 2 donkeys and set out on their way. Otto sees them off and stays in the village.

59. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - TWILIGHT.

Ismatulla, Bruno and Yahya Mukhadi move along the bottom of a deep gorge, squeezed by mountain ranges at the mouths of narrow, rapidly flowing river.

60. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DARK.

The expedition stops moving, breaks up a bivouac. Ismatullah is lighting a bonfire. Bruno, Yahya Mukhadi, Ismatullah are warming themselves by the campfire. Ismatullah skillfully removes the kettle from the fire, pours tea into bowls for everyone, passes pieces of flatbread.

Everyone goes to bed.

Bruno is asleep. A venomous Gyurza snake crawls up to Bruno and stands ready to bite. With a sharp sound Ismatullah cuts the snake in half with his machete. Bruno wakes up to the sound, he is shocked.

61. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

The expedition approaches the village of Dekhmiran, which is located at the foot of the mountain with its back pressed

against a gentle saddle.

Ismatullah leads Bruno and Yahya Muhadi to a saddle lying between two mountains.

Ismatullah stops, looks around, gets visibly excited. He turns to face one of the peaks. Covers his eyes with his palm from the blinding edge of the sun from behind the edge of the mountain and begins the narration.

FLASHBACK IN

62. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

TITLE: KHOST WA FIRING, BAGHLAN PROVINCE. THE MOUNTAIN STAGE OF OPERATION MANEUVER, JUNE 1986.

To the mountain plateau (saddle) a pair of Soviet MI-8MT helicopters flies up and hovers between the mountains.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

Early in the morning, Soviet helicopters arrived and began landing troops here.

Rebels who came out of hiding are hitting helicopters from grenade launchers from the slopes of the mountains.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

The site was under the control of our firing points. We immediately opened targeted fire and burned two of their helicopters in a short time.

Two MI-8MT helicopters are engulfed in flames, burning.

The fire of the rebels is intensified by small arms fire.

KOSTER, MONGOL, SIDOR, STRELA, RUST, KOSTYAN jump out of 2 burning helicopters with heavy weapons, they immediately join the battle. There is a stubborn fire confrontation.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

Our snipers hit several of their commanders, who were giving orders in battle, fighters, and disabled all radio station.

Rebel snipers hit the officer giving orders, fighters, and aiming at portable radio stations.

FLASHBACK OUT

63. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

TITLE: OUR TIME.

Bruno is standing a meter and a half away from Ismatullah, attentively listening to his narrative from Yahya Mukhadi's translation.

Evidence of the battle has been preserved on the ground – rusted fragments of the blades and fuselage of burned Soviet helicopters, devastated rusty machine gun belts, scattered shell casings.

Bruno, breathing in air and closing his eyes, is mentally transported back to June 1986, feels like an eyewitness to the confrontation.

FLASHBACK IN

64. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

TITLE: YEAR 1986.

There is a stubborn battle, the crackle of bursts, the roar of exploding shells. The number of dead and wounded in "Shuravi" is growing.

Koster, Mongol, Rust, Strela and Sidor are active in battle. Kostyan selflessly hits with a machine gun, covers his comrades.

The "Shuravi" and the rebels are struck by fire.

Scouts are dragging wounded and dead comrades out of the zone of continuous fire into the natural folds of the terrain, behind boulders.

FLASHBACK OUT

65. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

TITLE: OUR TIME.

Bruno looks up. He closes his eyes. In his ears are the screams of fighters, the roar of grenade explosions, the crackle of machine gun fire.

FLASHBACK IN

66. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - NIGHT.

Scouts Rust, Sidor, Strela, Mongol, Koster, Kostyan (Bruno's father) stretch out in a long chain, wrap around the mountain from the adjacent saddle, set a distance, everyone sees the outlines of comrades ascending on both sides. They begin a silent hidden ascent.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

Night fell. The "Shuravi" decided to make a daring raid.

Kostyan follows in the center, Rust to his right, Strela to his left, and Mongol is even to the left.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

Then I just took up guard duty - I was a sentry. Suddenly in the darkness I heard a crumble of small stones.

Kostyan, rising from the side of the saddle, is discovered by the rebel sentry, Ismatulla, who is carrying guard duty.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

After a moment a sturdy "shuravi" appears in front of me. As powerful as you are. I immediately fired an automatic burst at him, hitting him on the spot.

Amazed by the "Shuravi" who came close, the rebel sentry Ismatullah bellows: "Allahu Akbar" - and immediately focuses a burst from a machine gun on Kostyan.

FLASHBACK OUT

67. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - NIGHT.

TITLE: OUR TIME.

Bruno is shocked by Ismatullah's story.

Ismatullah takes a few steps forward and, turning, stamps his foot on the edge of the height.

ISMATULLA

Here!

(pointing downwards)

It was here!

Bruno has a rapid throbbing in his temples.

FLASHBACK IN

68. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - NIGHT.

TITLE: YEAR 1986.

Kostyan falls, rolls down the slope, rests against a boulder. There is a hubbub of Dari at the top.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

Our whole squad woke up and took up
arms, starting to shoot at the
lowland where the "Shuravi" were.

The rebels open small-arms fire at the scouts from several barrels.

Strela is close to Kostyan. He crawls up to him and drags behind a boulder. Kostyan is no longer breathing.

Strela, without stopping, continues his rapid ascent, but is cut off by a short burst.

Rust, who is nearby, sees this, crawls up to Strela, hurriedly pulls him out of the affected area. Strela groans loudly. Rust quickly cuts a blood-soaked section of the mountain suit with a sharp bayonet knife, exposing the wound.

Strela is suffocating, trying to take a deeper breath to be able to say something.

STRELA

(barely)

Rust! I have a bad feeling about
this. Do my request with the guys!

(pause, gaining strength)

After the demobilization, visit my
mother in Leningrad!

RUST

(strictly)

Stop, Strela! We will come to
Leningrad for your wedding. Mongol
will build his tailagan in the Gulf
of Finland.

Strela turns pale after a moment, raises his chin high and, wheezing, sharply relaxing his body, stops breathing. Strela's blue eyes remain open.

Rust palpates the ray pulse of Strela, it is not there.

Rust takes Strela's machine gun and, filled with rage, thirst for retribution, opens non-stop fire from it, rushes to the top.

Mongol rises from the side of Rust. As soon as Mongol runs into the dome of the mountain, he comes face to face with the sentry who killed Kostyan. The rebel is momentarily ahead of Mongol, pulling the trigger of his AKM first. A short burst throws Mongol back to the slope.

Mongol falls backwards, upside down. 5 shamanic tholes are moving up his neck from his chest. Mongol goes into agony, dies.

A group of scouts continues to advance.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

"Shuravi" were advancing from different sides, and we were no longer able to stop them. They ran to the top; I was able to defeat someone else. But while we were shooting at those who were rising from the saddle, we suddenly saw several "Shuravi" behind us, who came to our rear from where we were not expecting them.

Sidor, Koster and other scouts run out to the top from the back, no one is waiting for them there; they furiously, with loud obscenities, throw hand grenades at the rebels, finish them off with small arms fire.

The rebels at the top of the mountain are brutally destroyed, only some retire in the dark.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

The "Shuravi" started throwing grenades at us and hitting us with machine gun fire. The explosion of one of the grenades cut off my arm. It was hanging by tendons.

The rebel sentry, Ismatullah, retreats from the place of fire contact, his arm dangling on a tendon.

ISMATULLA (V.O.)

But, despite being seriously wounded with outside help with a handful of Mujahideen, I was lucky

enough to escape.

(pause)

In the morning, helicopters arrived
and then planes - they began
bombing all the heights, and our
Mujahideen left the area.

69. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

Mi-8MT helicopters hover over the top of the mountain.

The survivors - Sidor, Rust, Koster, and other scouts load
the bodies of their fallen comrades in raincoat tents on
board of helicopters: Kostyan, Strela, Mongol, and the
wounded. They climb themselves.

The MI-8MT helicopter lifts off the ground and gains
altitude.

70. INT. HELICOPTER - DAY.

In the helicopter, Sidor, Rust, and Koster look with
bitterness at the dead lying on the raincoat tents - Strela,
Kostyan, and Mongol.

FLASHBACK OUT

71. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

TITLE: OUR TIME.

Ismatullah finishes the narrative, looks down.

Bruno stands silently, taking deep breaths of the mountain
air.

Bruno silently begins to collect the earth from the place
where his father died in a cellophane bag, puts it in a
backpack.

72. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

Ismatullah, Bruno and Yahya follow a narrow mountain path.

Ismatullah moves on foot, holding the donkey's bridle and
leading Bruno and Yahya, who follow on donkeys.

The noise of falling stones - one, another, turned into a
rockfall.

Ismatullah's donkey twitches, pulling Ismatullah towards the
abyss.

Bruno and Yahya abruptly dismount and lean their backs against the slope.

The rockfall intensifies, the one-armed Ismatullah cannot hold his twitching donkey, they both shift to a steep cliff, the donkey pulls Ismatullah with him and falls into the abyss.

Ismatullah, who released the bridle from his hands, falls over the edge himself, remains hanging over the cliff, clinging with a death grip to the trunk of a chasmophyte sticking out of a rock crack. The crunch of a tree being uprooted from a rock is heard.

Bruno rushes to help Ismatullah, clings to the back of his head with both hands, pulls him up, tries to prevent falling into the abyss. Ismatullah drags Bruno into the abyss with his weight.

Yahya, who arrived in time, clung to Bruno's belt, holding him from falling. All three are close to death.

Yahya shouts at Bruno in German:

YAHYA

Let him go, there's no way to save him!

Bruno suddenly imagines a picture of the distant past, as mujahid Ismatullah discharges a burst of machine gun fire at his father in the night, fatally wounding him.

FLASHBACK IN

73. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - NIGHT.

TITLE: YEAR 1986.

Kostyan jumps out from behind a boulder with a machine gun at the ready.

Ismatullah shouts "Allahu Akbar" as loudly as he can out of fear and fires an automatic burst at Kostyan; a long echo sounded in the night.

Kostyan's eyes remain glassy, his pupils dilate, his strength immediately leaves him, the soldier cannot resist and fall on the spot, and collapsing rolls down the slope, resting against a boulder at the end.

FLASHBACK OUT

74. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN REGION - DAY.

Bruno looks into the eyes of a confused Ismatullah, sees the horror of death. A moment later, Bruno pushes off from the rocky embankment with one hand and makes a dash with the other hand, pulling Ismatulla onto the path. Bruno, Ismatullah and Yahya lie exhausted on the path, coughing, inhaling air.

75. EXT. YAHCHAN-KHURD VILLAGE - EVENING. IT'S GETTING DARK.

Ismatullah, Bruno, Yahya Mukhadi in Yahchan Hard, say goodbye.
Ismatullah goes out to escort the guests out of the gate, passes Otto a package of goodies-fruits with persimmons, dried apricots. Otto accepts them.
Ismatulla, with a penitent look, extends his hand to Bruno to shake. Bruno holds out his hand in return. There is a handshake.

ISMATULLA

Forgive us, don't hold
a grudge. The years that have
passed since "Shuravi"'s departure
have opened our eyes to many
things. An epiphany, even if it
comes decades later, makes sense.

Bruno accepts Ismatullah's words without emotion. It is clear that Bruno's mind is in another place.
Bruno, Otto and Yahya get into a taxi waiting. Bruno is in the front seat next to the driver. Behind him is Otto, to the left of Otto is Yahya. The car is on its way.

Ismatullah remains standing by the road, waving after the departing taxi.

76. INT. TAXI - EVENING.

Bruno is sitting in the front seat, puts his hands into a weightless leather bag lying at the bottom in front of his feet and secretly screws a silencer into a GLOCK G46 pistol.

The taxi turns the corner.

Bruno suddenly turns to Yahya.

BRUNO

Stop the taxi!

Yahya translates the order to the taxi driver, who stops abruptly.

BRUNO
I'll be right back.

Bruno picks up his bag, abruptly gets out of the taxi and, leaving at a brisk pace, disappears around the corner.

Otto and Yahya are perplexed, they are at a loss.

77. EXT. YAHCHAN-KHURD VILLAGE — EVENING.

Bruno quickly steps towards Ismatullah, who is coming out of the gate with a donkey loaded with two flasks at the ready; the distance between Bruno and Ismatullah is rapidly closing.

Bruno takes the safety off the pistol in his bag.

Bruno is already approaching Ismatulla.

At this moment, a group of four of his younger children runs out from behind the gate to Ismatullah, they hug Ismatullah in their belt, drag him into the courtyard of the house.

Bruno is stunned. Ismatullah has figured out Bruno's insidious plan and, keeping his composure, holds out his hand to Bruno.

Bruno holds out his own in return. There is a handshake.

78. INT. HOSPITAL — MIDNIGHT.

Limping Otto and Bruno, helping to carry Ismatullah's gifts, sneaking on tiptoe so as not to cause unnecessary noise, are walking along the hospital corridor to the ward.

At the staff lounge, they suddenly come face to face with Dr. Akhmadzai, who is on duty at night. Bruno froze for a moment, immediately came to his senses.

BRUNO
Frau Ahmadzai, how glad I am to see
you! Since our previous meeting, I
have been reproaching myself for
not asking your name. I want to fix
this error.
(smiles)

Seeta accepts Bruno's words without emotion.

SEETA

My name is Seeta!

BRUNO

A beautiful name – Seeta!
Are your parents from Kunduz?

SEETA

Yes, from Imam Sahib, a county
north of Kunduz.

BRUNO

Are you a Tajik yourself?

SEETA

I am a Pashtun of the Gilzai tribe.
Our roots are from the southeast –
Paktia.
The ancestors moved to Kunduz
during the time of Emir Amanullah
Khan in 1925. Then there was a
state policy of Pashtunization of
the northern territories. The
peoples of the north – Tajiks,
Uzbeks, Hazaras – moved to the
south, southeast – to Kandahar,
Ghazni, Jalalabad, the places of
traditional residence of the
Pashtun tribes, and the Gilzai,
Karlani Pashtuns – to the northeast
to Katagan.

BRUNO

And how did you end up in Germany?

SEETA

In 1980, after the entry of Soviet
troops, my parents and my young
older brothers emigrated to
Germany, Munich, where I was born
years later.

Bruno is happy about the conversation that has started. The
hubbub in the corridor interferes with communication. Bruno,
wanting to question Seeta, barely grabs her by the elbow,
dragging her aside. Seeta pulls out her hand, looks accusing.

SEETA

It's not customary in Afghanistan!
This is not Germany!

BRUNO

(apologetically)

Excuse me, Seeta!

SEETA

(omitting the incident,
continues)

After school, I graduated from the Medical Faculty of the University of Munich. In 2008, after passing an interview, I got a job at the international humanitarian mission MSF "Doctors without Borders". That's all I'm ready to tell you about myself right now.

(smiles)

And now I must go.

Seeta goes to one of the wards.

HISTORICAL EVENTS FROM THE BOOK "THE GREAT GAME IN AFGHANISTAN".

FLASHBACK IN

79. EXT. AFGHANISTAN, CARAVANSERAI — DAY.

The city square of the "Kunduz Circle" is crowded, horses are tied to poles at the entrance.

TITLE: Kunduz. Caravanserai, 1929.

There is a gathering of elders, clergy, officials. Local elders sit on long benches in the first row. Next to the elders are large Uzbek, Turkmen kurbashi - Ibrahim bek, Ishan-Khalifa Kyzyl-ayak, Mahmud-bek, Utan-bek, and others.

There are armed people behind kurbashi - numerous guards, all in a turban, in dressing gowns, with sabers and rifles.

Vis-a-vis dignitaries are a crowd of people - all men, no women.

From the mouth of the HERALD, elderly, gray-bearded Afghan in an expensive robe and a black turban, an appeal sounds.

HERALD

People of Afghanistan! The Kafirs have set dirty feet on our holy land, captured Balkh, Kelif, Deydadi, Mazar-I-Sharif, and Tashkurgan, and are now heading for Kabul. All for holy jihad! To burn kafirs in hell!

80. INT. A LARGE ROOM. ORIENTAL INTERIOR WITH CARPETS — DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. THE HEADQUARTERS OF NAIBUL-HUKUM, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF KATAGAN-BADAKHSHAN PROVINCE.

A nobleman, the governor-General of the Katagan-Badakhshan province of NAIBUL-HUKUM, is sitting on a large cot, drinking tea, taking raisins from a menagerie on the table, thinking about something.

ADJUTANT

Your Highness, kurbashi Ibrahim Bek
has arrived.

NAIBUL-KHUKUM

(he climbs off the cot)

Let him in!

Ibrahim Bek proudly enters the hall, handing over a saber and a revolver with a holster to the adjutant at the entrance.

IBRAHIM BEK

Assalamu Alaikum!
(politely nodded his head)

NAIBUL-KHUKUM

Alaikum Salam, dear Ibrahim Bek!
(ingratiatingly)
Yesterday your squad was defeated
by the Red Army.
I am so sorry.

IBRAHIM BEK

(nodded his head,
accepting sympathy)
I lost most of my people.
(with excitement,
courteously)
I do not quite understand, dear
Naibul-Khukum, how it happened that
a detachment of the Red Army
crossed the state border of the
Emirate without meeting a worthy
rebuff from the Afghan government
forces?! Why are my soldiers
carrying out the mission to protect
Afghan sovereignty?!

NAIBUL-KHUKUM

Dear Ibrahim Bek!

I have to remind you: when the Red Army smashed your detachments and drove them from their homes, you found salvation here, beyond the Amu Darya.

We have accepted your families, given you shelter, and endowed you with land. Afghanistan is now your land!

It's time to repay the kindness! Stand up for protection!

IBRAHIM BEK

(reducing the fervor)

With all my desire, my army is not able to resist the Red Army! The forces and logistics are incomparable.

Naibul-Hukum listens calmly to Ibrahim bek, takes a dispatch with the royal coat of arms from the chest of drawers and hands it to him.

NAIBUL-KHUKUM

(in a calm tone)

This is a letter from Kabul.

(slowly)

His Holiness the Emir demands that you, dear Ibrahim Bek and other leaders of the Basmachia in northern Afghanistan, immediately send your detachments against the Kafirs!

Otherwise, you and other kurbashi should lay down all the weapons available to your detachments and, obeying the will of the Holy Emir, leave Afghanistan with your families!

IBRAHIM BEK

(with dignity)

Our weapons are not directed against Afghanistan! It's ours, we got it in battle! And while we're alive, we won't give it to anyone!

Frustrated by the pressure of Naibul-Hukum, Ibrahim bek stops the conversation, picks up his abandoned weapon at the entrance.

Naibul-hukum's face expresses dissatisfaction with Ibrahim bek's answer, he shook his head in disbelief.

81. EXT.NAIBUL-HUKUM HOUSE-DAY.

Ibrahim bek walks briskly out of Naibul-Hukum's house. The discontent on his face increases. He approaches the horse, takes the bridle from the groom's hands, famously jumps on the horse and retreats.

FLASHBACK OUT

82. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — DAY.

Oberst Jung, Bruno, and a group of officers are present in the office. Everyone is sitting at a large table; at the head of the table is Oberst Jung.

OBERST JUNG

Intelligence channels reported that on the night of October 18-19, a meeting of the Taliban leadership will be held in the Gundai village of Chahar-dara district of Kunduz province under the chairmanship of Abdul Rahman. The goal is to establish cooperation between the Taliban during the attack on the TF-47 garrison.

(to Bruno)

Your group, Ober- Lieutenant, will have an urgent flight by NHI NH90 helicopters to the area of operation near the village of Gundai. Hanging over the building where the Taliban leaders are scheduled to meet, destroy them with the fire of onboard machine guns.

83. EXT. GUNDAI VILLAGE — NIGHT.

TITLE: GUNDAI VILLAGE, KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

A special operation is underway. Active pockets of Taliban resistance are suppressed on the ground from NHI NH90 helicopters hovering in the air. The group of Thevs begins to disembark from helicopters and surrounds the building where the Taliban are entrenched, continuing the fight on the ground.

There is an active confrontation between the special forces and the Taliban.

Taliban leader Mullah Abdul Rahman and several other Taliban commanders come out with their hands up, surrendering. The group of Ober -Lieutenant Thevs escorts the Taliban into a helicopter.

The helicopters are taking off.

84. EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Otto limps around the hospital garden along the benches, talking on a mobile phone with the EDITOR of "DER SPIEGEL" from Hamburg.

EDITOR (V.O.)

(male voice)

Otto, we strongly recommend that you return to Germany for treatment!

OTTO

(adamantly)

Thank you for your concern.
The wound is already healing, I am able to work fully.
We will be in touch, goodbye!

EDITOR (V.O.)

Goodbye!

Otto ends the conversation.

There is a loud sound, two attack helicopters with the image of the national flag of Afghanistan fly low over the ground. Seconds later came the rumble of heavy explosions.

85. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Otto, with a quick limping step, leaning on a cane, follows to the middle of the hospital corridor, where the desk of the nurse on duty is located.

The phones rang, there is a commotion. The medical staff on duty runs along the hospital corridor to the exit, loads into ambulances, with loud sirens turned on, hurriedly leaves for a call.

Otto goes to the working TV in the hospital corridor, starts watching the news. In local TV news with English titles, the ANNOUNCER reports.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

At 11.00 a.m., the Afghan military

aviation, supported by ISAF forces, carried out an airstrike on the village of Daftani in Dasht-e-Archi County, northeast of the city of Kunduz. At the time of the airstrike, celebrations were held at the Daftani Madrasah following the results of the competition of Koran reciters - Hafiz children from 6 to 13 years old. At the time diplomas and gifts were being awarded.

86. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE - DAY.

Yakub Khan, standing at the entrance to the teahouse, makes excuses to Otto.

YAKUB KHAN

Don't get me wrong, in many ways I condemn the policies and actions of the Taliban, and I don't agree with the Honorable Shamsutdin in everything. That's why I stay away from them. I would also recommend you to take into account that during the release of hostages in the village of Khalazai, among whom were you, Mr. Otto, Shamsutdin's people were killed. And he himself, it is important to note, miraculously survived. Therefore, they are unlikely to be happy to see you alive.

OTTO

(to Yakub Khan)

And you explain that I am a journalist!
My job is collecting authentic material. I only ask you to allow me to the local population of the village of Daftani, to the victims who lost their children.

YAKUB KHAN

(pessimistically)

OK, I'll try.

Otto walks with Yahya Mukhadi deep into the teahouse, takes the usual cot, and makes an order. Out of the corner of his eye, he watches Yakub Khan remaining at the entrance. Yakub

Khan is calling on the phone to arrange a meeting with someone. Otto watches the visitors who come into the teahouse, at the same time, together with Yahya, slowly eats lamb kebab, flatbread, and drinks tea.

A gray-bearded man HALFUTDIN of about fifty in a blue perukhan and a light turban enters Yakub Khan's teahouse. Yakub Khan leads the man to the cot where Otto and Yahya are sitting, points with his palm at the man.

YAKUB KHAN

This is the one you need.

Otto and Yahya politely get off the couch, invite the guest to sit down together. Yakub Khan calls Zalmai, orders tea for the guest, returns to the entrance himself. The guest silently takes off his shoes, climbs onto the cot, sits down in a corner.

Otto turns to the guest. Yahya synchronously translates Otto's speech without hesitation.

OTTO

I am Otto Greenberg, a reporter for the German magazine Der Spiegel.

(nodding at the translator
Yahya Muhadi)

This is my translator Yahya Muhadi. His brother, Sultan Mukhadi, one of the hostages who died during the liberation in the village of Khalazai.

The guest-parliamentarian nods his head, putting his palm to his heart, expressing his condolences to Yahya.

Halfutdin, looking at Otto, asks dryly.

HALFUTDIN

(looking at Otto, coldly)

I am Halfutdin. What do you want?!

OTTO

I ask to be admitted to the village of Daftani so that I can interview residents, and if possible, the families of the victims.

HALFUTDIN

(with a pause)

Good!

(looks piercingly)

We will guide you to Daftani and are ready to ensure your safety. In return, we must receive truthful coverage of this outrage, without distortion. Exactly as it is.

OTTO

I promise you to shoot a report on photo and video cameras and send it to the editorial office along with the written material. This will complicate the falsification attempt.

HALFUTDIN

Tomorrow at dawn at 5.00 on the southern outskirts of Daftani.

OTTO

(excited)

Agreed!

Otto is pleased, climbs off the couch with Yahya, warmly thanks Yakub Khan for the meeting. At the exit of the teahouse, Otto claps in a handshake, leaving Yakub Khan a few hundred euros. Zalmai accompanies Otto and Yahya Mukhadi, calls a taxi.

87. EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Otto takes a taxi to the entrance to the courtyard of the MSF hospital. The courtyard is filled with ambulances and more than a hundred Afghans. Male hubbub is heard, female sobs. The MSF hospital is filled with children wounded in the village of Daftani.

88. EXT. DAFTANI VILLAGE - FLASHES OF DAWN.

TITLE: DAFTANI VILLAGE, KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

Against the background of the departing taxi, Otto and Yahya approach the waiting Halfutdin. Halfutdin greets them dryly, looks sharply into Otto's eyes. Muhadi translates everything.

HALFUTDIN

Do you confirm the fulfillment of our requirements?!

OTTO

(firmly)

I confirm!

Halfutdin leads Otto and Yahya through the narrow streets of Daftani. They approach the building of the village mosque. Its facade is riddled with a thousand fragments of bombs; from the edge you can see the sagging frame of the tent erected for the festivities, the roof torn off by the explosion, heaps of pairs of children's shoes left behind.

Otto takes the camera out of the bag, sets the current time, starts shooting. The place of celebrations, where the children were, is abundantly covered with blood. Scattered around are scraps of clothing fabrics, small fragments of human bodies. Otto leads the camera smoothly, misses nothing.

A large group of men gathered at the Daftani Mosque, passionately discussing yesterday's tragedy. Halfutdin brings Otto and Yahya, covers his face with a piece of turban against the background of the crowd, leaves only his eyes, points his thumb at himself, orders Otto to take himself off first in the report.

HALFUTDIN

(heartfelt)

Corrupt government officials said that the Afghan Air Force carried out a targeted air strike on the village of Daftani in Kunduz province, destroying a Taliban training center and thirty of its militants. Among those killed, Taliban leader Mullah Biryani, who allegedly arrived from the Quetta Shura, and nine field commanders. It was also said that none of the civilians were injured in the airstrike. Now you will see for yourself that there was no training center in Daftani, but there was a mass murder of children.

Halfutdin finishes, steps aside, makes way for an interview with a resident of Daftani, a lanky dehkan MOHAMMAD ISHAN in a brown perukhan, beige pakol.

MOHAMMAD ISHAN

When helicopters appeared in the sky, the children got scared and started shouting: "They will drop bombs on us! They will drop bombs on us!", and the adults calmed them down. "No, that's not going to happen! Don't be afraid!" However, it happened!

(emotionally, wiping his
tears with the sleeves of
perukhan)

More than 200 children attended the
ceremony. They were 11-12 years
old, a little older, even younger.
I was lucky, I was standing a
little further away, and I
miraculously survived. It's better,
instead of children, all the adults
who were on the holiday died!

A bony dehkan HADJI GHULAM holds a gray donkey with fascines
by the bridle - with a tremor in his voice, sorrow in his
eyes.

HADJI GHULAM

They do not spare us or our
children! O Allah, why do we have
this grief?!

Halfutdin leads Otto and Yahya through the narrow streets of
Daftani past the dwellings, women's wailing, sobbing, crying
can be heard from the courtyards. Parents and relatives say
goodbye to the dead children before taking the bodies to the
cemetery.

They enter the courtyards, Halfutdin raises his hand, makes
it clear to the residents of Daftani that kafirs (infidels,
not Muslims) Otto and Yahya are under his protection. Otto is
serene, continues to shoot everything that appears on camera.

A BLACKSMITH NAMED ABDUL KHALID

(sitting by his son's
body)

My son was only thirteen years old!
(wipes tears from his eyes
with cracked, crooked
fingers)

He learned the Koran by heart and
was invited to the awards.
On this day, he dressed festively,
was especially happy.

They leave the Blacksmith's yard and enter the neighboring
yard.

Women are sobbing over the bodies of two children. The men
are standing on the sidelines.

AN AFGHAN WOMAN DRESSED IN A BURGUNDY BURQA moans, stroking
the bodies wrapped in a shroud.

AFGHAN WOMAN DRESSED IN A BURGUNDY
BURQA

(moaning, sobbing)

My two sons have memorized the Quran. Finally, the long-awaited day of their awarding with diplomas, participation in the ceremony of tying the turban came. The sons wanted it so much. The day before they brought home two flower wreaths, they asked me to put them on them on my return from the celebrations. I went out to meet them on the street, holding in my hands the wreaths they had prepared, I was waiting, but they were still not there. Suddenly two helicopters flew low in the sky, and I heard four loud explosions, followed by screams. A little while later, their father returned, carrying the bodies of our two sons on his shoulders. When he entered the house, he told me: "Our sons learned the book of the Almighty by heart and immediately went to meet him."

HALFUTDIN

(covering his face with a
piece of turban – on
camera)

Among those killed in the airstrike in Daftani, 101 children were killed, more than 100 were injured. 37 children will be buried today in Daftani. The bodies of children from other villages have already been taken by their parents for burial in other places. I draw everyone's attention!

(raised his index finger)

There were no Taliban fighters among the dead and wounded in the airstrike in Daftani, but only civilians.

The sun is setting. Otto and Yahya come out of Daftani; they are depressed.

EVENTS FROM THE BOOK "THE GREAT GAME IN AFGHANISTAN".

FLASHBACK IN

89. EXT. AFGHANISTAN, ALIABAD — DAY.

TITLE: ALIABAD. KUNDUZ PROVINCE, 1930.

In the village, a group of military Afghan government troops and tribal formations with sabers and rifles break into the homes of local Uzbeks, Tajiks, Turkmens, and Hazaras. They rob, pillage, harshly push back the owners with weapons, take away their cattle, take away food, set fire to homes. They bring out the men. Women are crying, clinging to them.

90. EXT. AFGHANISTAN, KHANABAD — DAY.

TITLE: KHANABAD. KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

The city square is filled with people. There is a long pedestal in the center. On the pedestal is a row of a dozen pillars with gallows. A decapitation block is equipped on the side of the gallows.

The government is carrying out a public execution of 35 captured soldiers of kurbashi Ibrahim bek, their hands are tied behind their backs, they are brought in turn, executed. A cruel sight. With each execution - hanging, beheading, a hubbub grows in the crowd.

FLASHBACK OUT

91. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — DAY.

In the office of Oberst Jung, Oberst himself and Ober lieutenant Zimmer.

Oberst is sitting at the table; Zimmer is submitting documents for signature.

The phone rings, Oberst Jung picks up the phone. Brigadier General Markus Neumann is on the return line.

OBERST JUNG

Hello, Mr. Brigadier General.

Markus Neumann is talking on the speakerphone in his office. During the conversation, he sharpens a pencil with a blade on the latest issue of Der Spiegel. In front of him, a glass is filled with sharpened pencils.

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

Hello, Oberst!

Tell me, which of the German

journalists are hanging around
there now?

(pause)

Otto Kruger from "Der Spiegel", is
there?!

OBERST JUNG

Otto Greenberg!

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

Greenberg! Did we rescue him from
captivity?!

OBERST JUNG

That's right, Mr. Brigadier
General, him!

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

His article in "Der Spiegel" about
the airstrike in Daftani made a lot
of noise. In the Bundestag, ISAF,
Pentagon, Bundeswehr — everyone is
very nervous. He was wounded,
wasn't he, as I recall?

OBERST JUNG

That's right, Mr. Brigadier
General, he was!

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

And what is he still doing there?!

OBERST JUNG

He is being treated at the MSF
hospital, Mr. Brigadier General.

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

(raising his tone)

So, send him to hell to Germany!

OBERST JUNG

I can't, Mr. Brigadier General. MSF
Hospital is an international
civilian institution. I'm not
Greenberg's boss. He has his own
management in Hamburg. In general,
I suggest we think about whether we
should quarrel with Der Spiegel?
Journalists are scandalous people,
it's better not to fight with them.
They will begin to walk on our
heels, sniffing out fried things,

destroying the network of agents
built up over the years.

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

Oh well. Then block his access to
the places of incidents, contacts
with the local population when
collecting malicious information.

OBERST JUNG

It's impossible, Mr. Brigadier
General. Unfortunately, they have
their own sources of information,
and they are free to move.

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

(with annoyance)

Unfortunately! But we release them
from captivity, and often by
sacrificing our people!

OBERST JUNG

I'll think about it, I'll try to do
something, Mr. Brigadier General.

MARKUS NEUMANN (V.O.)

All right, Oberst! Keep me posted.

Oberst Jung hangs up, immediately calls the assistant.

OBERST JUNG

Urgently call Ober-lieutenant Thevs
to me.

There is a knock-on Jung's office. Bruno enters.

BRUNO

Mr. Oberst! Ober-lieutenant Thevs
has arrived by your order!

Oberst Jung comes out from behind a large table, offers to
sit down on a paired leather chair by the coffee table with a
gesture of his hand. Both sit down.

OBERST JUNG

Ober-lieutenant, as far as I know,
you are in contact with reporter
Otto Greenberg.

BRUNO

That's right, Mr. Oberst, I support
it!

OBERST JUNG
 (with a squint)
 And where is Greenberg now?

BRUNO
 Still recovering at MSF hospital.

OBERST JUNG
 (almost friendly)
 This Greenberg, with his material about the airstrike in Daftani, raised a big stir in society. The big bosses called from Calv; they are extremely indignant at the publication of his article in Der Spiegel.
 (pretentiously)
 I consider it necessary for you, Ober-lieutenant, to go to the hospital to Greenberg right now and, as he risked his own and the lives of his subordinates - in the name of his salvation, insist on an immediate departure to Germany.

BRUNO
 (puzzled)
 Yes, Mr. Oberst!

92. INT. HOSPITAL. OTTO'S WARD - DAY.

Hospital ward, a conversation between Bruno and Otto.

BRUNO
 (complacently)
 Otto! We managed to become friends with you. I sincerely don't want to spoil the relationship with you, but they expect a result from me.

Seeta enters the ward; she looks tired and depressed.

BRUNO
 (happily jumps up from his seat)
 Seeta!

OTTO
 (brightening up)
 Frau Akhmadzai! How convenient! Do you have a private room where

the three of us could retire for a while?

Bruno is discouraged. Seeta thinks a little, remembers something, goes to get the keys of the senior nurse's room.

Otto nods at the bedside table.

OTTO

Bruno, please take my video camera at the nightstand.

93. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR- DAY.

Bruno and Otto leave the ward, walk through the throng of the hospital corridor filled with many beds with wounded children from the village of Daftani, their relatives.

They pass on, they see a young Afghan woman with a blue burqa thrown back, standing at the door to the operating room. A European doctor comes out to the Afghan woman, removes the mask, informs her through the transfer of an Afghan nurse that her son has died. The silence is broken by the wail of the unhappy mother, which turns into a heart-rending sob.

Dumbfounded, Otto and Bruno approach the head nurse's room. Seeta is already in place, opens the room, turns on the light.

94. INT. HOSPITAL SENIOR NURSE'S ROOM - DAY.

Otto, Bruno and Seeta enter the head nurse's room. Seeta is going to leave.

OTTO

Seeta, please stay for a while, please.

Otto pulls up a chair and offers Seeta a seat. Seeta prefers not to sit down, looking at the clock.

SEETA

Okay, but not for long!

Otto takes the video camera from Bruno's hands, puts it on the table, and turns it on. On a small screen with the shooting date continuously flashing in the lower corner, the village of Daftani appears, the facade of a local mosque damaged by an explosion, the lopsided construction of a festive tent with a torn roof, a blood-soaked playground with many pairs of children's shoes left in place after the tragedy, small fragments of human bodies.

Interviews of residents at the mosque, parents sitting by the bodies of their dead children begin. Otto doesn't comment on anything. Bruno doesn't take his eyes off the screen. Seeta stands with her back against the wall, silently wiping her tears.

OTTO

(loudly)

Bruno! The ISAF coalition prefers to hide this inhuman crime, everything is clear with them! And what do you personally think about the cynical airstrike?! Do you also think that such crimes are permissible in the XXI century?! What is the difference between ISAF and the fascists of the Third Reich, who wiped out thousands of cities and villages in your Homeland of the USSR, exterminated 30 million people, branded the German people with curses and eternal guilt before humanity?!

Bruno is silent, shocked, dejected, depressed.

FLASHBACK IN

95. EXT. VILLAGE — DAY.

BRUNO'S MEMORIES

(Slow motion) Bruno breaks into one of the rooms; there are dead and wounded. A wounded Talib is lying on the floor, looking at Bruno with a pleading look that Bruno would not shoot at him. Bruno stands up, looming over Talib, aims his machine gun at Talib's head. It's getting dark.

FLASHBACK OUT

96. INT. HOSPITAL SENIOR NURSE'S ROOM — DAY.

Otto, Bruno and Seeta are in the room. Seeta stands with her back against the wall. Bruno and Otto are sitting at the table. Bruno turns to Otto.

BRUNO

Otto, how long are you planning to stay in Kunduz? I see a real threat to your life; you should seriously

think about personal safety.
 Scandalous journalistic activity
 displeases both the ISAF and the
 Afghan government. Eliminating you
 by the hands of ISAF specialists or
 bribed Taliban is an easily doable
 task.

OTTO

(sincerely)

I have to finish collecting
 material about the presence of
 Soviet troops here. I think it will
 take a month.

BRUNO

(with pessimism)

It is hard to believe in your
 willingness to leave Afghanistan.

97. EXT. THE GARDEN OF THE HOSPITAL - IT'S GETTING DARK.

Bruno and Seeta are sitting on a shady bench in the depths of
 the hospital garden, tenderly looking at each other, silent.

SEETA

Bruno, were you born in the Soviet
 Union?

BRUNO

(with surprise)

Yes.

(pause)

I was born in Kazakhstan, in
 Dzhambul. My ancestors came from
 Germany to Russia in 1762.

SEETA

(with sympathy)

Is it true that your father died in
 Afghanistan?

(pause)

Mr. Greenberg informed me about
 this.

BRUNO

Really!

SEETA

And where did this happen?

BRUNO

Here nearby, in the mountains of
Khost Wa Firing.

SEETA

(with empathy)

I'm sorry, Bruno!

(changing the subject,
smiling)

I imagine the astonished faces of
my relatives who found out about
the courtship of "Shuravi"'s son.

BRUNO

(with a smile)

Will it make things worse after I'm
an ISAF serviceman?

SEETA

You know, the attitude of Afghans
to Shuravi is different, ambiguous.
Yes, the war in the 1980s greatly
spoiled it. But there were a lot of
good things. My parents tell me
that the Soviet Union, before the
war in Afghanistan in the 1980s,
built factories, factories, a large
hydroelectric power plant "Naglu",
founded a Polytechnic institute in
Kabul, laid a tunnel on Salang.

Bruno takes Seeta's palms in his overworked hands with
protruding veins, looks intently into her eyes.

BRUNO

(with a smile)

So, I still have facilitating
circumstances?!

Seeta feels awkward, lowers her gaze, takes her hands away,
pays attention to the time of Bruno's watch.

SEETA

(anxiously)

Oh, it's time for me to run!

Bruno escorts Seeta to the door of the hospital, she
disappears into the crowd of the corridor.

98. INT. OFFICE SPACE — EVENING.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. TF-47 HEADQUARTERS.

Bruno passes by the window of the TF-47 duty headquarters, goes to the office of Oberst Jung, the DUTY OFFICER calls out to him.

DUTY OFFICER

Ober-lieutenant, Oberst Jung is not in place. In the morning, his son Alfred, a cadet at the Munich Military Medical Academy, came to see him.

Bruno is delighted with the postponement of the report on sending Otto to Germany.

BRUNO

(with joy)

At least one good piece of news!

99. INT. BRUNO'S ROOM — EVENING.

Bruno enters his room, sits down at the table, takes out the book "The Great Game in Afghanistan" from the nightstand, starts reading.

HISTORICAL EVENTS FROM THE BOOK "THE GREAT GAME IN AFGHANISTAN".

FLASHBACK IN

100. EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF ALIABAD — EVENING.

TITLE: THE OUTSKIRTS OF ALIABAD. THE HQ OF KURBASHI IBRAHIM BEK, 1930.

There are many bonfires in the night. Basmachi are sitting around the campfires in the dark, slightly illuminated by the flashes of fire.

A large hearth is burning, a crowd of armed Basmachi is sitting around, looking at the fire, drinking tea from bowls. In the center, the leaders of the Uzbek and Turkmen Basmatism, kurbashi Ibrahim Bek and ISHAN KHALIFA Kyzyl-ayak, are sitting and talking.

A cauldron with pilaf is installed on the hearth next to them. The cook opens the lid, puts the pilaf in the bowl and serves the kurbashi. He closes the lid and moves away.

Ibrahim bek addresses Ishan Khalifa.

IBRAHIM BEK

(bitterly)

The assistance of Central Asian

emigration and local tribesmen has been extremely reduced.

The people are exhausted, people are tired of the war.

Government troops break into houses, empty food supplies, rob, steal cattle, leave people without means of livelihood, burn homes. My detachments are drained of blood, they continue to suffer irreparable losses.

Most of the friendly detachments have been disarmed, some have transferred to the service of the emir.

Those who refuse to lay down their arms are exterminated and executed. In just a month, I lost 1300 warriors killed. The emir demands to witness to him the fullness of the royal authority, to dissolve my army of one and a half thousand, leaving only 200 soldiers.

ISHAN KHALIFA

(with empathy)

It is already obvious that it is no longer possible to stay in Afghanistan! We have to leave! You just must choose - to Iran or beyond the Amu Darya.

(pause)

If your proposal to join forces oppose the Soviets is still in force, I confirm my readiness.

IBRAHIM BEK

The best direction for us is the Soviet territory. Wherever we go, we are required to hand over our weapons everywhere.

In the worst case, there, in our native places, we will hand over weapons to the Soviet government... Let the Bolsheviks kill us rather than the Afghans!

FLASHBACK OUT

101. EXT. TF-47 GARRISON — DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. TF-47 GARRISON.

The Taliban from the nearest village are constantly monitoring the TF-47 garrison with binoculars.

On the territory of the unit, Alfred Jung and 2 special forces soldiers guarding him get into an ATF-DINGO-2 armored personnel carrier. Oberst Jung accompanies his son.

The armored personnel carrier leaves through the checkpoint. It is followed at some distance by a white ISUZU pickup truck.

102. EXT. AFGHANISTAN HIGHWAY — DAY.

An armored personnel carrier with a junior Jung and accompanying commandos drives into the "Kunduz circle", stops.

The younger Jung goes out to buy souvenirs. A group of Taliban raided the accompanying commandos and Jung from two sides. The Taliban shoot the commandos, push the youngest Jung into an inconspicuous car.

The car is hiding in an unknown direction.

103. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. TF-47 HEADQUARTERS.

Oberst Georg Jung walks around the office nervously, he is in despair, did not sleep at night waiting for at least some news about his son. There's a knock on the Oberst's office.

Bruno comes into the office.

BRUNO

May I come in, Mr. Oberst?

OBERST JUNG

(with longing)

Come in, Ober-lieutenant.

Oberst Jung points Bruno to an upholstered chair. Bruno sits down. Oberst sits down on the opposite side on the double chair.

BRUNO

Mr. Oberst, do you remember the scandalous article about the airstrike on Daftani in "Der Spiegel", which caused an international outcry?

OBERST JUNG

I remember how not to remember.

BRUNO

(excitedly)

So, I think it was impossible for reporter Otto Greenberg to collect that material without the help of the Taliban.

I am more than sure that he has contacts with the Taliban.

OBERST JUNG

(cheering up)

Think right, Ober-lieutenant!

This card in the deck may be useful to us.

BRUNO

(inspired)

May I go to the MSF hospital and persuade Greenberg to use these contacts to find your son?

OBERST JUNG

Of course, Ober-lieutenant!

I will be sincerely grateful to you!

Bruno, excited, leaves Oberst Jung's office and runs into Zimmer at the door. Zimmer casts a cursory unkind glance at Bruno as he leaves.

Zimmer stays in the office, goes over to Oberst Jung's desk, hands over a folder. Oberst Jung opens a folder containing photos of Bruno and Sita lovingly holding hands on a bench in the MSF Hospital Park.

ZIMMER

I never believed this Deutsch-Rusish. Who do you think this lovely lady is? None other than the niece of Taliban leader Mullah

Shamsutdin.

(pause)

Obviously, Thevs is directly involved in the abduction of your son, Mr. Oberst.

Oberst Jung turns purple. He puts the folder in his desk drawer.

OBERST JUNG

(with severity)

Keep this information private! You understand me, Zimmer!

Oberst Jung is looking out the window, thinking.

104. EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Bruno enters the hospital dining room; Otto is sitting at a meal.

Bruno sits down at the table with Otto.

BRUNO

Yesterday in Kunduz the Taliban shot two of our special forces and captured Oberst Jung's son, Alfred.

OTTO

(placidly)

I heard - an unpleasant story.

BRUNO

Otto, after the airstrike on Daftani, did you go to the place and did a voluminous report?!

OTTO

I'm a journalist, this is my job!

(pause)

And what?!

BRUNO

Reporting was impossible without the assistance of the Taliban, right?!

Bruno moves closer to Otto, begins to speak more quietly.

BRUNO

Who, if not the Taliban, took you to the village, provided security,

allowed you to film everything?

OTTO

Well, let's say.

BRUNO

I ask you, Otto: raise your contacts, find out about the location of the younger Jung and the conditions of his release.

OTTO

(without pause)

I won't do it!

(with negative)

Oberst Jung is responsible for the deaths of more than a hundred Afghan civilians, I'm not even talking about ordinary Taliban.

Bruno, upset by Otto's refusal, leans back in his chair, half-turned, looks out the window in despair.

BRUNO

(excitedly)

By the way, the operation to free you in Halazai was conducted under the command of Jung. Two of our fighters died in it.

OTTO

(with a pause,
reluctantly)

OK, I'll try. I warn you right away, this is unlikely!

BRUNO

(delighted)

Thank you, Otto! I was sure that you would not remain indifferent. While you're getting ready, I'll run over to Seeta and wait for you at the exit in 15 minutes.

In euphoria, Bruno leaves the dining room.

105. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Bruno walks up to the female doctors' lounge and, without knocking, pushes the unlocked door forward.

In the room, Seeta changes into medical uniforms from

everyday clothes – she takes off her skirt, blouse, and bra.

At the moment of Bruno's entrance, Seeta turns out to be naked, having managed to turn her back. Shouting "You can't!", Seeta covers her chest with her hands.

Bruno plays with his feelings and, omitting Seeta's words, rushes to her. Seeta stops Bruno with an outstretched hand, shuts off the screen.

SEETA

Quiet! Quiet, young man! Keep yourself in control.

(smiles)

BRUNO

(aggressively)

Seeta, let me breathe by you! I can't live without you anymore!

SEETA

(from behind the screen)

I believe it willingly.

(smiling)

But the immutable condition is still the observance of our ancestral traditions, which do not allow intimacy before entering the marriage bond.

(pause)

Are you ready for this, Bruno?

Seeta listens behind the screen, looks away, smiles.

Endlessly happy, Bruno emotionally throws up his hands.

Seeta, in a medical uniform, comes out from behind the screen.

Bruno beams with happiness, takes Seeta by the waist, lifts her high up. Seeta looks down at Bruno.

SEETA

A letter came from relatives in Munich. My father allowed me to date the German Bruno.

(smiles)

BRUNO

How happy I am Sita; how happy I am!

Bruno remembers something with annoyance, looks at his watch.

BRUNO

I have to run now. But when I get back, you'll tell me all the details, okay?!

Bruno is leaving.

106. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Otto is dressed in civilian clothes, standing at the exit of the MSF Emergency Room, calling the interpreter Yahya Muhadi.

OTTO

Yahya, go urgently to Yakub Khan's teahouse! Meet me at the entrance.

107. INT. TAXI - DAY.

Otto and Bruno are sitting in the back of a taxi, driving through Kunduz.

BRUNO

(with joy)

Otto! I have great news!

OTTO

(serene)

What great news there can be right now!

BRUNO

(happily)

On the personal front, Seeta's parents are ready to give her to me as a wife.

This is unthinkable, Otto!

OTTO

(with humor)

Really unthinkable!

This is a rare piece of luck for a German officer from the ISAF!

BRUNO

(without taking offense,
with a positive attitude)

I will invite Seeta to celebrate the wedding in two cities - Freiburg and Munich.

(pause)

Otto, give me a vow that you will
definitely be present!
Also promise to come with me to
Russia and find his friends
together at the addresses in his
father's notebook.

OTTO
(smiles)
I promise!

FLASHBACK IN

108. INT. THE HOUSE OF A WEALTHY AFGHAN – EVENING.

TITLE: Kunduz, southern outskirts, September 1941. Meeting of
the staff of the German diplomatic mission in Kabul, Abwehr
residents Karl Rasmus and Dietrich Witzel with Uzbek Kurbashi
Mahmud-bek.

The house of a wealthy Afghan. RASMUS and WITZEL are talking
in the room, both dressed in military uniforms of Abwehr
intelligence officers.

An Afghan photographer appears in the room with a tripod and
a thick velvet cape. Witzel adjusts his uniform, and on his
finger is a ring with a black rectangular stone.

WITZEL
(to the photographer)
My dear, just hurry up, we don't
have time.

The photographer fusses, puts the camera in front of Rasmus
and Witzel. The officers sit shoulder to shoulder in front of
the camera.

The photographer hides under his cape, Rasmus and Witzel
focus on the camera lens, and there is a flash.

The photographer reappears from under the cape, hastily
removes the camera and leaves the room.

(the photo of Rasmus and Witzel and the ring with Witzel's
black stone appear for the first time in scene 15.)

The handsome Kurbashi MAHMOUD BEK enters the room.

WITZEL
(grandiloquently)
Dear Mahmoud Bek. We appreciate
your long-term persistent struggle

with the Soviet government, and the presence of your own large detachment and authority among the kurbashi of the Uzbek and Turkmen Basmachia.

However, your extensive network of agents in the republics of Central Asia and northern Afghanistan is more important to us. Three months have already passed since the approval of you at the head of the "Union" organization in September 1941.

If you remember, at our previous meeting we outlined to you a list of the main tasks of the 1st stage of the Union's activity?

There were four of them.

Expansion of the agent network in the southern regions of the republics of Central Asia — the Turkmen, Tajik and Uzbek SSR.

The establishment of the exact number of Basmachi in northern Afghanistan on a national basis, the places of their concentration on both sides of the Amu Darya, the names of influential Kurbashi.

Creation of a stronghold of German sabotage groups near Kunduz for transfer to the USSR.

Preparation of sabotage groups from among the Basmachi.

It is also not superfluous to recall that you have received a tranche of 40 thousand Afghani for these purposes.

(smiles)

And that in addition to us, you successfully provide intelligence services of our respected axis allies — Italy, Japan and have made a solid fortune on this.

Mahmoud bek calmly listened to the patrons and starts from afar in oriental.

MAHMOUD BEK

The German attack on the USSR in the emigrant environment in the north of Afghanistan and in the

capital Kabul was met with deep enthusiasm.

The Mujahideen, all as one, are ready to stand up for the Amu Darya against the Red Army at the call of their hearts to step into their native firmament and return our shrines - Bukhara, Samarkand, Khiva, Ferghana!

Regarding the expansion of the agent network and the funds I received for this: the base of our agents in 3 Central Asian republics has increased significantly.

In addition to the local dehkans, it included figures of the executive, state power of the Soviets, military personnel from the national formations of the Central Asian military district of the Red Army of various levels. Regarding my contacts with the Axis intelligence services: as far as I know, this August, the German Ambassador in Kabul, Hans Pilger, not without your participation, dear Gentlemen Witzel-Rasmus, organized a meeting of the Japanese attorney Katsubi with the Bukhara Emir Seyid Alim Khan! Outwardly observing the commitment to King Zahir Shah, his policy of neutrality, Emir Seyid Alim Khan at this meeting evaded the proposed cooperation.

However, intelligence agents from Japan, Italy, and Turkey soon established cooperation with his inner circle, agreed on monetary and military assistance.

Their personalities are well known. I think it is useful to recall that at the stage of the "Union" organization, I was approved by the commander-in-chief of the Basmach formations in Afghanistan.

There is also an agreement that assistance to the Basmachs will be carried out entirely through me. But the precedent with the Emir of Bukhara suggests the opposite. My plans are transparent and known

to everyone — the seizure of the territories of the Emirate of Bukhara and the Khanate of Khiva, the return of the deposed rulers to their thrones!

Now about the report of funds for the creation of a strong point in Kunduz for the sabotage forces of the Third Reich: Instead of one, I created two.

The second one is in Baglan. Hamra Gul-bek, a former officer of the Afghan army under my control, has been temporarily appointed as their head until your approval.

Now about the true number of Basma formations in the north of Afghanistan. Based on the data collected from Kurbashi on ten Afghan cities and their districts, she compiled 22.300 Basmachi, only 15 thousand of them are properly armed.

Rasmus' question interrupts Mahmoud-bek.

RASMUS

Turkmen kurbashi Ishan Khalifa Kyzyl-ayak, in a letter to Afghan Prime Minister Mohammad Hashim Khan in August of this year, cited a different figure, it differs significantly from yours. Kyzyl-mayak writes about the readiness to put a 40-thousandth group of Turkmen alone under arms.

The same amount, according to him, will flow in case we supply additional weapons and funds.

Kyzyl-ayak, according to our data, has an army not exceeding 11 thousand Basmachi. Wanting to get more help, is he deliberately overestimating the figure by 4 times?

MAHMOUD BEK

(lamenting)

This is one of the pernicious consequences of my unity of command destroyed by you!

The total number of Turkmen

formations based on the left bank of the Amu Darya doubled from the beginning of 1939 to the autumn of 1941.

It should be taken into account that the Turkmen emigration is the most numerous, that's why it has large detachments.

On the issue of training sabotage groups from among the Basmachi, we have identified a list of the most combat-ready detachments, from where it will be possible to conduct a selection in a short time.

Their numbers and skills depend solely on your means!

In conclusion, I would like to note: the supreme power in Kabul is following the events on the fronts of the Second World War, waiting for the capture of Moscow and Leningrad by the Wehrmacht and the beginning of the fall of the USSR. If, or when, this happens, Kabul will not miss the historic opportunity to establish power over the territories of the Bukhara Emirate and the Khanate of Khiva with the bayonets of the invading Basmachi.

Therefore, King Zahir Shah is forced to tolerate our many thousands of troops in his northern territories, without taking steps to establish control over them. Unlike the Kabul authorities, the Basmachi have no other choice but not to count on the Reich. Only with him can we return to our homes! We are strangers here in Afghanistan! Kabul uses us all: you as a money bag, us as cannon fodder!

Mahmoud-bek has completed his report.

Rasmus pulls out a small leather suitcase from under the table. Mahmoud-bek comes over, puts the suitcase on the table, and opens it.

There are bundles of Afghan banknotes in the suitcase.

Mahmoud-bek grins with satisfaction and closes the briefcase.

FLASHBACK OUT

109. EXT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

The taxi stops on the other side of the road - opposite the teahouse. Yakub Khan, standing at the entrance to the teahouse, sees Otto and his friend getting out of the taxi, waving his hand in greeting. Otto and Bruno skip the flow of honking cars, cross the road.

Yahya Mukhadi is waiting at the entrance to the teahouse.

OTTO
AsSalamu Alaikum!

Yakub Khan nods back with a smile, puts his palm to his heart.

110. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

Yakub Khan accompanies Otto, Bruno, Yahya Mukhadi to Otto's usual cot, invites Zalmai to take the order.

OTTO
(addressing Yakub Khan,
who is standing next to
him)
Yakub Khan! You probably know that
a Bundeswehr armored personnel
carrier was attacked in Kunduz the
other day?
(pause)
Two soldiers were killed, Commander
Jung's son from TF-47, a young man
of 20 years old, was also
abducted?!

Yahya Mukhadi translates Otto's words, Yakub Khan nods sympathetically.

OTTO
I have a request for you: contact
Shamsutdin's people, they probably
know who did it.
We will transmit their terms to TF-
47
(Otto nods at Bruno, a
stranger to Yakub Khan)
I believe the parties will be able

to agree.

YAKUB KHAN

(cheerless)

I can't promise anything, dear.

(pause)

I suggest we meet tomorrow, at the same time. Maybe I can clarify something.

The conversation is interrupted by the efficient Zalmai, who is bringing the ordered dishes to the guests – a large plate of pilaf, mutton kebab, hot tortillas. The guests postpone the discussion and, under the sincere "Dast az talab nadara" of the Afghan singer Ahmad Zahir, which sound from the speakers, proceed to the meal.

Two guests are enthusiastically playing backgammon.

111. EXT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE – DAY.

Bruno hails a taxi parked on the opposite side of the road.

BRUNO

(to Otto Greenberg, Yahya Mukhadi)

You go, and I'll visit the store.
I need to buy a gift.

Bruno hurriedly heads to the jewelry store located 30 steps from the Yakub Khan teahouse with large panoramic windows and bright showcases.

112. INT. JEWELRY STORE – DAY.

At the entrance Bruno is met by the owner – an elderly Sikh Hindu in a black dastar (an Indian turban tied in a characteristic manner), a snow-white kurta (an Indian long wide shirt below the knees), churidars (narrow long trousers) made of expensive fabric.

BRUNO

(positive)

AsSalamu Alaikum!

THE HINDU

(with a smile)

Guten morgen!

Bruno goes inside the store, looks around and goes to the window with a lot of jewelry – with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, lapis lazuli. The Hindu walks along the inside of

the showcases and becomes a vis-a-vis.

THE HINDU

Do you want to choose something for yourself?

BRUNO

Not to me! To the bride!

THE HINDU

(with pathos)

Wonderful! We have everything to win the heart of a beautiful young lady! Is she German?!

(Pause)

How old is she?!

BRUNO

She is an Afghan woman of 25 years old!

THE HINDU

(astonished)

An Afghan woman?!

BRUNO

(hesitated)

It doesn't matter! I need a gift.
The ring!

The Hindu looks at the products, pulls on a tray under a glass case, pompously.

THE HINDU

Gold - white, yellow, pink?! You can choose from the best precious stones in Afghanistan- Pamir rubies, Panjshir emeralds, no worse than Colombian ones, I will note to you!

(looks intently at the
confused Bruno)

How much money do you expect?

Bruno is puzzled.

THE HINDU

(he calls out to the
assistant)

Raj! Bring us some coffee!

(without letting Bruno
come to his senses)

Here, the Afghan-Badakhshan lapis
lazuli from Jarm!

The Hindu takes out a silver set of elegant earrings and
rings with blue lapis lazuli ovals on a stand.

THE HINDU

Excellent quality of the stone. For
your information, Afghan lapis
lazuli is the best in the world.
During excavations, it was found
even in the tombs of the pharaohs!

Bruno becomes interested and imagines the decorations on the
Seeta.

BRUNO

(with confidence)

I'll buy it, maybe something else,
if you give in to the price.

THE HINDU

(with cunning)

If you buy this and anything else,
there will certainly be a discount.

BRUNO

(delighted, runs a glance)

OK! Show me this yellow ring with a
green stone.

The Hindu points his finger at the product under the glass.

THE HINDU

Oh! This is a great choice for the
future spouse - the mother of your
children!

Mister, a gold ring with an
emerald! Panjshir emeralds are
famous on world stock exchanges,
they are not inferior in quality to
Zambian and Brazilian ones.

BRUNO

(having studied the price
tags on the string tie -
strictly)

What will be the discount?!

THE HINDU

(expertly tapping his
fingers on the calculator)

25% is the maximum!

BRUNO
(categorically)
Not serious - 35%!

THE HINDU
(compromise)
30%!

BRUNO
(conciliatory)
Persuaded!

The Indian lit up with a smile and, taking a VIZA credit card from Bruno, rolls it in the terminal. Then, he puts the jewelry in a small advertising bag with an inscription in Arabic and passes it to Bruno. Bruno immediately takes them out again and puts them in his uniform backpack. The Hindu smiles. Bruno nods gratefully to the Indian and is about to leave.

THE HINDU
(after)
Young man!
(benevolently)
At the first opportunity - take
your passion and leave Afghanistan!
There will be nothing good for you
here!

BRUNO
(turning, intrigued)
Why is this all of a sudden?!

Bruno returns, stands up vis-a-vis to the Hindu.

THE HINDU
(putting his hand to his
heart)
My name is Iqbal Singh!

BRUNO
(with a smile)
You don't have to know my name!
Call, for example, Konstantin!

THE HINDU
(with cordiality)
Mr. Konstantin! My ancestors came
from Punjab to Afghanistan more
than two centuries ago. I was born
and grew up in Kunduz, where most

of them lived in my memory - Pashtuns, Uzbeks, followed by Tajiks, Turkmens, ethnic Arabs and, to a negligible extent, we are Punjabi Sikhs! I graduated from a school in Kunduz, then from a university in Kabul. Afghans and Hindus have always coexisted peacefully in Kunduz, as well as in Fayzabad, Jalalabad, Kabul, Gardez, Kandahar. In the Afghan society there was an absolute tolerance for religious traditions, the same-Hazaras-Shiites, Pamiris-Ismailis, Hindus-Sikhs. It should be noted that the Sikhs living in Afghanistan have been engaged in high-budget trade since ancient times and were not poor people. Their possessions included large shops and bazaars. The Sikh children studied at the universities of Kabul, Islamabad, Delhi, London and were highly educated! However, with the coming to power in Afghanistan of the radical Taliban movement and in the future, an evil intolerance began to manifest itself towards the Hindus and their traditions. Out of the 150 thousand Sikh community of Afghanistan in the 1970s, there are currently not even 4 thousand! Afghan children are forbidden to play together with our children, to study in the same school, in other educational institutions. Our children, the Afghan ones, are insulted, called names and humiliated, as well as adults. Sikhs respect their freedom, as well as the freedom of other people! On the day when my unforgettable wife Amrit Singh died, "May she have a better place in paradise", my grown-up children and representatives of the Sikh community and I saw her off on her last journey in compliance with our religious tradition.

FLASHBACK IN

113. EXT. EASTERN QUARTER — DAY.

There is a funeral procession of Hindu Sikhs. Sikhs are dressed in their national clothes, carrying the body of the deceased.

THE HINDU (V.O.)

On the way to the place of cremation of tribesmen that existed from time immemorial, we were met by a raging crowd. With obscene shouts, in front of the respectable citizens.

There is a crowd of Afghans shouting insults.

They pelt the procession with stones, rotten vegetables, and demand to get back to their India immediately.

FLASHBACK OUT

114. INT. JEWELRY STORE — DAY.

Raj pours Bruno's hot coffee from the cup.

THE HINDU

(emotionally)

We had no choice but to endure this humiliation, tame our pride and sacrifice our dignity.
The horror is that none of the elders who saw this outrage tamed and condemned them!

Bruno remembers.

FLASHBACK IN

115. EXT. AN ABANDONED WORKSHOP IN AN INDUSTRIAL AREA — DAY.

Bruno, a 13-year-old boy, is tightly surrounded by older boys beating him. He is punched and kicked from different sides, and name-calling "russish" sounds in his address.

Bruno's face is covered in blood, he fights back furiously, but the forces are not equal.

Bruno takes a large boulder and hits one of the offenders in the face with it.

The offender with a bloody face falls unconscious. The crowd makes way in fright.

FLASHBACK OUT

116. INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY.

Bruno ends the conversation with the Indian.

BRUNO
(nodding sympathetically)
Thank you, Mr. Singh, I'll take
your instructions into account!

Bruno leaves the jewelry store.

117. EXT.KUNDUZ CIRCLE-DAY.

Bruno goes out into the street, squeezes through the moving traffic and smartly jumps into a taxi standing on the opposite side of the road.

118. EXT.MSF HOSPITAL-EVENING.

The taxi flows briskly into the courtyard of the MSF hospital and drops Bruno off. He immediately draws attention to a variety stage mounted in the depths of the hospital garden, a farm with lighting devices, sound equipment and artists tuning musical equipment.

119. INT.MSF HOSPITAL-EVENING.

Bruno goes to the staff room and opens the door. He goes inside.

Seeta is sitting alone at the table studying the medical histories. She turns to the door at the noise.

Bruno fixes a loving gaze on Seeta, leans back and locks the door.

Seeta also looks lovingly at Bruno, waiting for his further actions.

Bruno approaches, without looking away, gently takes Seeta's hand and leads her out from behind the table. Turning his back and closing his eyes with the palm of his hand, Bruno slowly takes out boxes of jewelry from his backpack and puts them on the table in an open form. Bruno removes his palm, and Seeta beholds a silver set with lapis lazuli and a gold ring with an emerald.

BRUNO

Please try this on!

Seeta is stunned, shyly inserts the rods of earrings into the ear punctures, puts both rings on her ring fingers. Seeta changes her profile twice with a teasing smile, shows earrings in her ears. Seeta raises her fingers up, shows the outside of her palms, shows rings.

SEETA

Well?!

BRUNO

These are my pre-wedding gifts.
With a green stone-an engagement ring.

SEETA

(joking)

Is there any money left for the wedding?!

Bruno is inflamed with passion, leans forward to kiss Seeta. Seeta pulls back slightly, covers Bruno's lips with her palm.

SEETA

It's still early!

(pause)

My father agreed after long persuasions - mom and mine, to marry you.

But!

(smiling)

With the indispensable preservation of chastity before entering into the marriage bond.

Maiden honesty is the main wealth of an unmarried girl!

We'll have to be patient!

BRUNO

(shaking his head to the sides, sobering up)

Where to go!

(smiles)

Be patient, so be patient!

SEETA

In the evening, a charity concert of the beloved Afghan singer,

musician Shafiq Murid will be held at the hospital. I invite you to the concert program. Only it will be necessary to sit down among male doctors.

(sympathetically with a smile)

Otherwise, it will cause the indignation of my local relatives and local inhabitants. Afghan traditions are strict and unchangeable!

BRUNO

What can I do?!

(smiling)

To men, so to men!

120. EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN — EVENING.

The hospital garden is filled with people, aiding for the concert. It will start soon. On the chairs in front of the stage sit the MSF doctoral staff, divided by gender. Bruno is sitting in the center of the first row. Seeta is in the fourth from the edge. Her beautiful blue dress is in harmony with the stones of jewelry. The patients of the hospital are in the back rows, there are no women among them.

The illustrious Shafiq Murid, a short man in a black pakol and a flowered perukhan, comes out to the musicians who are playing on the stage. The audience meets the artist with applause. Murid begins to perform folk songs in a heartfelt way. To the beat of the tabla (an Afghan musical percussion instrument), the ensemble played rhythmic music, inviting active spectators to dance in front of the stage.

European medical staff MSF employees, who know about Seeta's Pashtun origin, push her to the stage, forcing her to dance.

Seeta is forced to enter the rhythm, dance incendiary and inspires the audience and artists who clap to the beat. Delighted with her grace, Bruno claps are the loudest.

121. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

Otto, Bruno and Yahya Mukhadi enter the teahouse. At the entrance they are greeted by a friendly Yakub Khan. The guests go into the hall, climb onto the usual cot. Halfutdin, the Taliban emissary, approaches Yakub Khan at the entrance. Yakub Khan leads Halfutdin to the cot where Otto, Bruno and Yahya are sitting.

HALFUTDIN
 (to Otto about Bruno
 without politesse)
 Who is this?!

Yakub Khan looks at Otto questioningly.

OTTO
 (through the translation
 of Muhadi)
 This is an officer of the
 Bundeswehr, authorized by Oberst
 Jung.

HALFUTDIN
 (looking unkindly at
 Bruno)
 Let him wait until we talk.

Muhadi translates Halfutdin's insistence.

OTTO
 (heeding the demand)
 Bruno, wait for tea while Yahya and
 I talk to Halfutdin.

Four people-Halfutdin, Otto, Yahya Mukhadi, followed by Yakub khan, go to the service room of the teahouse. Bruno remains sitting on the cot and curiously contemplates the street turmoil. Zalmay appears and skillfully brings a teapot of green tea.

Bruno pours it twice from the bowl back into the teapot and, having filled it in half, takes a sip.

A typical swarthy Afghan (Abdullo KODIROV) in a white turban and beige perukhan comes down from the cot opposite, comes close to Bruno, stands sideways. Kodirov addresses Bruno in good Russian, without taking his eyes off the door to the office room, where a conversation with Halfutdin is taking place.

KODIROV
 I advise you to avoid personal
 participation in the exchange of
 Jung's son for the Taliban leaders.
 And another thing: the Taliban
 knows about your close relationship
 with Shamsutdin's niece Seeta
 Akhmadzai. This is extremely

dangerous!

BRUNO
(surprised with
displeasure)
Who are you?!

The stranger skips the question, hurriedly goes to Zalmai, who replaced his father at the entrance, puts a bill in his hand on the move, disappears into a dense stream of passers-by.

122. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE — DAY.

The room: Halfutdin, Otto Greenberg, Yahya Mukhadi, Yakub Khan are talking at the table.

HALFUTDIN
Commander Jung's son is staying
with Shamsutdin.
The raid on an armored personnel
carrier, the abduction of Jung's
son was the response to the deaths
of children in Daftani.
The younger Jung is treated
normally — they give him water and
food.

Zalmai brings tea and flatbread on a plate.

OTTO
What are Shamsutdin's plans for
him?!

HALFUTDIN
Anything is possible, Shamsutdin is
magnanimous! We will not exclude
the exchange option.

OTTO
Who does Shamsutdin want in
return?!

HALFUTDIN
Shamsutdin is ready to exchange
Commander Jung's son for Mullah
Abdul Rahman, who was captured in
the Khundai village and five
Taliban leaders from Kunduz,
Baghlan, Takhar and Badakhshan,
arrested by TF-47!
The list of names is written here!

(hands Otto a folded piece
of paper, continuing)
The date and place where the
exchange will take place are also
indicated there.

Otto opens the crumpled sheet, sees the text in a clumsy font
in German. At the bottom, under the list of names of the
Taliban, the date, time, and place of exchange are written.

HALFUTDIN

The security of the exchange will
be guaranteed by your life and that
of someone close to Oberst Jung.
You and someone else from Commander
Jung will be taken hostage during
the exchange. This is dictated by
the fact that the exchange request
came from you.
In conclusion, I am told to convey
- it is not necessary to take any
steps to find the younger Jung!
The young man's life is in the
hands of Almighty and Shamsutdin!

The conversation is over; Yakub Khan escorts Halfutdin to the
exit.

123. INT. YAKUB KHAN'S TEAHOUSE - DAY.

Otto and Yahya Mukhadi join Bruno. Yahya pours tea for Otto,
Bruno and himself.

OTTO

These are the conditions of the
Taliban!

BRUNO

(categorically)
I think it's wrong to involve you
in this case! It will be me, and
the TF-47 officer!

OTTO

Have you forgotten?! The conditions
are set by the Taliban!

124. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE - EVENING.

Bruno knocks, enters the office of Oberst Jung, passes a
paper from Halfutdin.

BRUNO

The conditions of the Taliban are as follows: Otto Greenberg and I should be held hostage by the Taliban during the exchange at the request of the Taliban.

Oberst Jung turns to the window, looks into the distance, thinks, is silent.

125. EXT. KUNDUZ - DAY.

Kunduz, a loud sound of incoming planes is heard in the city, powerful explosions of dropped bombs are heard seconds later. Fiery explosions, smoke over the city.

126. INT. HEADQUARTERS "NORTH" ISAF - DAY.

TITLE: MAZAR-I-SHARIF. GROUP HEADQUARTERS "NORTH" ISAF.

Bruno is sitting in the conference room next to the German military commanders of different levels. The commander of the group, Brigadier General of the Bundeswehr HANS STRUCK, is conducting an instruction.

HANS STRUCK

In Kunduz, both in the city and in the province, the situation has deteriorated sharply. ISAF has decided to conduct raids by US forces to eliminate the Taliban underground.

Struk's adjutant enters the office and transmits a telephone message.

HANS STRUCK

(reads aloud)

Gentlemen officers, a moment of attention! 10 minutes ago, the US air force carried out an airstrike at the MSF hospital in Kunduz.

The horror is reflected on Bruno's face. The pen breaks in Bruno's hand.

VOICE (V.O.)

The US air force carried out an airstrike on the MSF hospital in Kunduz.

127. EXT. HEADQUARTERS "NORTH" ISAF — DAY.

Bruno quickly jumps out of the headquarters building, calls Seeta on her mobile phone, and the answering machine answers.

128. EXT. HOSPITAL — DAY.

TITLE: KUNDUZ. MSF HOSPITAL.

There is a fire and smoke at the place where the impact was carried. Two buildings are half destroyed; the other windows are broken.

129. EXT. HEADQUARTERS "NORTH" ISAF — DAY.

Bruno calls MSF headquarters in Geneva.

BRUNO
Good evening!

MSF OFFICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
(in a pleasant female voice)
The office of the international medical organization "Doctors Without Borders".
How can I help you?!

BRUNO
(alarmed)
Hello! I can't get through to my fiancée — your employee working at the MSF hospital in Kunduz. Her name is Seeta Akhmadzai. I'd like to make sure she's okay.

MSF OFFICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
I'm sorry, we have an emergency right now. The situation with the victims is still being clarified. Please stay on the line.

An MSF employee puts the call on hold, a melody started playing on Bruno's phone.

Bruno is nervous, he taps the wall with his palm in time to the melody.

The MSF office secretary returns to Bruno's call.

MSF OFFICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
 Thanks for waiting! A lot of calls,
 I'm sorry. Please repeat your
 fiancée's last name.

BRUNO
 (clearly)
 Akhmadzai! Seeta Akhmadzai!

MSF OFFICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
 Please stay on the line.

The secretary of the MSF office puts the call on hold, a melody starts playing on Bruno's phone.

The Secretary returns to the conversation in a faded voice.

MSF OFFICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
 I'm sorry, but I have bad news for
 you: Dr. Seeta Akhmadzai is listed
 as dead.

AN ECHO IN BRUNO'S EARS

«...Sita Akhmadzai is listed among the dead...»

MSF OFFICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
 Please leave your contact phone
 number, we will certainly call you.

Bruno already skips these words, he is crushed, hangs up the phone.

130. THE TRANSITION - EXT.THE RUINS OF THE HOSPITAL / EXT.
 HEADQUARTERS "NORTH" ISAF - DAY.

Otto stands on the ruins of the hospital in torn, burnt clothes, scratches bleeding.

Bruno has his forehead against the wall and is tapping the wall with his palm. Bruno's phone rings. Bruno answers. Otto is calling.

OTTO
 (mournfully)
 Bruno, do you already know?!

BRUNO
 (with longing)
 How did this happen?!

OTTO

I was in a dressing room. When the air raid began, we were urgently evacuated to a hospital bunker. I couldn't contact anyone from there. At the time of the impact, Seeta was in the main building at the meeting. The bomb exploded right under their window. The explosion knocked out all the windows. The fragments of the bomb hit everyone who was there. No one survived!
(pause)
I express my condolences to you!

131. EXT. MAZAR-I-SHARIF AIRFIELD - DAY.

TITLE: MAZAR-I-SHARIF AIRFIELD.

The Akhmadzai family descends the ramp - Seeta's parents, older brothers.

Everyone is depressed, the mother in a dark gray mourning shawl is broken. The father is wearing a black suit and a gray shirt.

132. EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN.

TITLE: IMAM SAHIB, KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

A large house near the mausoleum "Baba Hatim Ziyarat", adjacent to the cemetery. Bruno and Otto drive up to the open gate of a large house.

In the center of the courtyard is a body wrapped in a shroud. The camera pulls away to Wide Shot.

There is a large cluster of women around the body, sitting on benches on both sides.

Seeta's father, her brothers and male relatives stand aside.

Cars continuously drive up to the house, dropping off armed men.

The men line up, enter the courtyard, hand over their weapons at the gate to the man standing at the entrance. They approach the cohort of sitting men and express their condolences.

Halfutdin has arrived, passes by Bruno and Otto standing at the gate.

Abdullo, who arrived with him in the same car, follows Halfutdin. Abdullo does not recognize Bruno, goes into the

courtyard.

Bruno and Otto are standing at the gate of the house, not daring to go inside the courtyard, attracting the stern looks of men, curses of women who are moaning. The situation is heating up.

A group of elders and Seeta's father Ayub Ahmadzai, who is accompanying them, leave the courtyard outside the gate of the house. He is heartbroken, listens to the condolences of the elders and nods his head. He sees the Europeans, recognizes Seeta's fiancé, Bruno, and approaches them.

AYUB
(delicately in German)
It would be better if you left now!

Bruno and Otto, nodding understandingly, retire.

133. INT. BRUNO'S ROOM — EVENING.

Bruno is lying on the bed in his room, remembering Seeta.

THERE IS A VISUAL SERIES — Bruno gives Seeta pre-wedding jewelry, Seeta dances at a concert at the MSF hospital.

134. EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF KUNDUZ — EVENING.

An ATF-Dingo-2 armored personnel carrier drives up to the mud-brick houses of the Afghans; Ober lieutenant Zimmer is sitting in the front passenger seat. Through the front window, Zimmer arrogantly watches as two special forces soldiers hurriedly take translator Yahya Muhadi out of the apartment. Yahya Muhadi looks confused, his arms are pulled back. The commandos put Yahya Muhadi in the back seat of the second armored personnel carrier, and they themselves sit on either side of it.

135. EXT. KUNDUZ. TEAHOUSE — EVENING.

ATF-Dingo-2 armored personnel carrier; Ober lieutenant Zimmer is sitting in the front passenger seat. Zimmer watches as two commandos lead the one-eyed Yakub Khan out of the teahouse. The commandos put Yakub Khan in the back seat of the second armored personnel carrier. Both armored personnel carriers take off.

136. EXT. ALIABAD. KUNDUZ PROVINCE — DAWN.

TITLE: ALIABAD. KUNDUZ PROVINCE.

A wasteland, on the outskirts of a village, a taxi pulls off the highway onto a country road. Bruno and Otto get out of the taxi.

Three-armed Taliban approach Bruno and Otto. The Taliban tie Otto and Bruno's hands behind their backs, blindfold them, and take them behind the nearest adobe buildings. A column of 5 units of German armored vehicles appears on the horizon: four ATF DINGO-2 armored cars with special forces, an armored MUNGO truck in the middle.

The column decorously pulls off the highway, gets up. A group of special forces dismount from the lead armored car. They are followed by Oberst Jung, Ober-lieutenant Zimmer, and two TF-47 officers. They are immediately surrounded by guarding special forces. The fog is clearing. Oberst Jung is tense, looking at his watch.

2 motorcycles with 3 Afghans with radio stations leave the highway on a vacant lot. The TF-47 officer points the Afghans to the truck where the Taliban prisoners are. TF-47 officer with a hand gesture orders the special forces to lower the awning on the MUNGO body.

In the back of the MUNGO is Mullah Abdul Rahman, 5 Taliban leaders, TF-47 guards. Motorcyclists are convinced of the presence of Taliban prisoners.

Motorcyclists exchange phrases with Taliban prisoners, report to someone by radio that everything is in order, leave.

Halfutdin puts his hand reverently to his chest and greets the Taliban prisoners standing near MUNGO.

They all leave together and disappear behind the building.

Alfred Jung immediately appears from behind the building in traditional Afghan clothes - in brown perukhan, beige pakol. Alfred sees his father, beams with a smile, walks towards him with a quick step. Behind Alfred, Bruno and Otto step sedately behind.

Oberst Jung and Alfred with TF47 officers retire to the armored personnel carriers.

Oberst Jung turns to Zimmer on the move, nods silently, thus releasing the order to act.

EC-665 Tiger HAP attack helicopters appear in the sky; they begin to hit buildings behind which the Taliban barely disappeared. From the buildings, a group of Taliban, including Abdullo, return fire on helicopters. At the same time, directed fire is coming at Bruno and Otto.

Bruno and Otto duck and start running, leaving the affected area. A long machine-gun burst from the Taliban hits Otto in the back, his legs give way, he falls. Bruno run up, Otto is still alive.

OTTO
(with the last of his
strength)
It was impossible to believe Jung!

Otto goes into agony, death throes, dies.

BRUNO
(loudly, frantically)
Why?!

Helicopters are flying over Bruno's head.

Bruno remains sitting next to the deceased Otto.

Abdullo is lying on the building where the Taliban were, aiming a machine gun in front of him.

Ober-lieutenant Zimmer abruptly steps up from Bruno's back. He raises his machine gun and, pointing the barrel at the back of Bruno's head, prepares to shoot.

Abdullah shoots Zimmer in the head.

There is a soaring and screeching eagle in the sky above the scene.

The special forces load the bodies of Otto and Zimmer into the back of the Mango, Bruno sits forward in the cockpit.

137. EXT. GARRISON TF-47 — DAY.

TF-47 garrison checkpoint. There are civilian vehicles at the entrance and a group of Afghans — two men and three women in burqas.

Bruno looks excited. Bruno hurries past the Afghans, notices among them the son of Yakub Khan, Zalmay. Zalmay looks extremely upset. Zalmay looks after Bruno with an expression of entreaty.

Bruno passes by the barracks. There are two gurneys with human bodies in black bags at the entrance. Bruno opens the zipper of the first package, and the face of the dead Yahya Muhadi appears in front of him. Bruno opens the zipper of the second package; there is the one-eyed face of the dead Yakub Khan. Bruno's face is filled with rage.

138. INT. OBERST JUNG'S OFFICE — DAY.

Bruno resolutely enters the TF-47 headquarters, passes the duty officer, without knocking, bursts into the office of Oberst Jung.

Approaches Oberst Jung sitting at the table.

Bruno bends down, leans close to Otto's face.

BRUNO

(in a raised tone)

Why did you call the aviation?!

OBERST JUNG

(firmly)

Calm down, Ober-lieutenant!

It wasn't my decision! We are at war, and there are commanders above me!

BRUNO

(with pressure)

Did you want to kill us?! Otto Greenberg saved your son's life! Why did he pay for it with his own?!

(pause)

The cynicism and inhumanity of ISAF has no limits!

You, Mr. Oberst, are personally responsible for the victims of civilians in Omar-heil. The command of the US grouping and the army of the corrupt Afghan government — the MSF hospital and the children of the village of Daftani!

OBERST JUNG

You, Ober-lieutenant, have completely lost your temper with your Pashtun girl, have turned into a blancmange, and you desecrating the memory of your father!

Bruno is furious, immediately punches Oberst Jung sharply in the jaw. Oberst Jung falls off his feet.

Bruno slams the door loudly, leaving Oberst Jung's office.

139. EXT. SHEREMETYEVO-2 AIRPORT — DAY.

TITLE: MOSCOW, SHEREMETYEVO-2 AIRPORT.

A large civilian airliner lands on the runway.

140. INT. SHEREMETYEVO-2 AIRPORT — DAY.

Bruno goes out to the arrival hall of Sheremetyevo-2 airport. Takes out his father's old notebook, dials phone numbers. RUST answers him.

BRUNO

Hello! My name is Bruno Thevs.
I need Rustam Tukaev.

RUST (V.O.)

I'm listening to you.

BRUNO

Rustam, I am the son of your friend
Konstantin Thevs, who died in
Afghanistan. I'm in Moscow now, and
I'll be glad to see you.

RUST (V.O.)

(with amazement)

Guten Abend!

BRUNO

Guten Abend!

RUST (V.O.)

By what fates?!

BRUNO

I want to see my father's friends.

RUST (V.O.)

Laudable! We'll meet at the Black
Cat Inn. Head straight there. It's
on Taganka, the taxi drivers know.
There will be more people coming to
us.

141. INT. TAXI — DAY.

Bruno rides in a taxi in the back seat. He curiously examines the beautiful streets of Moscow. The car drives up to the Black Cat inn.

142. EXT. THE BLACK CAT INN — EVENING.

Bruno gets out of the taxi and enters the inn.

143. INT. THE BLACK CAT INN — EVENING.

At the entrance, stylized as the 1940s, Bruno is met by Rust and a long-bearded, uniformed typical cloakroom attendant. Rust - in a strict suit with the order bars of 2 orders of the "Red Star", medals "For Bravery". Rust warmly hugs Bruno tightly and invites him to pass.

The inn has a welcoming atmosphere, and music is playing. Rust brings Bruno to the set table. Cold appetizers and drinks have already been served.

RUST

(enthusiastically)

Well, let me see you — you look like your father! Like two drops of water! Is Mom okay?

BRUNO

Everything is fine!

(pause)

After the death of my father, she did not want to arrange a personal life.

Rust nods his head understandingly.

RUST

(softly)

Bruno, how are you doing with time? Would you like to accompany me on a trip to the Arkhangelsk region? Sidor, our friend, is being released from prison. He will be glad to see Kostyan's son.

BRUNO

I have plenty of time. I will also be glad to see my father's comrade.

RUST

(smiling)

That's settled. We're going together.

Two lean men with a military bearing enter the tavern. Seeing

Rust, they approach him.

RUST

(loudly, through the song
"Bessarabian woman",
pointing at the two
guests)

Bruno! This is our company
commander in Afghanistan, SEREDA
Grigory Semyonovich, and the
translator of our regiment from the
Dari language, Abdullo Kodirov.

Rust invites everyone to the table. Bruno looks at Abdullo, wondered where he met this swarthy Asian.

A girl with an armful of bouquets of white, scarlet roses swims briskly between the tables of the inn. Rust calls her and buys a bouquet, asks the waitress to put it in a vase with water.

Abdullo addresses Bruno with cordiality.

KODIROV

(looking into Bruno's
eyes)

Your father saved my life!
In June 1985, we were ambushed in
Panjshir.

FLASHBACK IN

144. EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE — DAY.

TITLE: THE UPPER REACHES OF THE PANJSHIR GORGE, PIRYAH
DISTRICT SOUTHEAST OF PISHGOR.

Senior Lieutenant Abdullo Kodirov and Kostyan (Kostya Thevs) are cut off by rebel fire and are in the same shelter. Single shots hitting them escalate into queues and heavy fire.

Abdullo and Kostyan are running to the nearest shelter 100 meters away.

The rebel fire reaches a high density.

Kostyan is the first to run behind the adobe shelter. He is waiting for Abdullo. Abdullo is still missing.

Kostyan looks out from behind the shelter and sees how the wounded Abdullo, lying on the ground, raises his hand behind

the clouds of settling dust.

Kostyan looks around, takes more air into his lungs and, breaking into short dashes, falling and turning over, crawls to the wounded Abdullo.

Kostyan loads Abdullo on himself, starts moving quickly with him.

The rebels are hitting at Abdullo and Kostyan, who are crawling into cover in the open area, from two sides, not allowing them to raise their heads.

Kostyan and Abdullo crawl behind a dilapidated adobe wall.

There is a short pause in the battle. Kostyan cuts Abdullo's camouflage with a bayonet knife, injects promedol, bandages the wound.

FLASHBACK OUT

145. INT. THE BLACK CAT INN — EVENING.

Abdullo looks piercingly into Bruno's eyes.

A waiter approaches the guest table, takes a decanter with red berry juice from the middle, begins to pour into the glasses of the guests.

Bruno is thinking about something.

KODIROV

I was wounded, stayed in the firing zone, and Kostya Thevs came back for me, dragged a decent distance to the shelter under bullets. Provided first aid, defended.

BRUNO (V.O.)

Where did I hear that voice?!

BRUNO

I know about that case!

(pause)

When my father died, his friend Koster wrote about it.

Mom still keeps all the letters.

SEREDA

Thevs was a good soldier!

We all left a part of ourselves, our souls in Afghanistan. War is the only thing we have -

good and bad!

RUST

(thoughtfully)

That's right! Grigory Semenovich and Abdullo continue to serve the Motherland.

(with pathos)

And Colonel Kodirov

(looks at Abdullo with a smile)

is constantly on the Afghan direction. As they were in intelligence, so they stayed in it!

Rust's words dawn on Bruno.

FLASHBACK IN

146. EXT. TEAHOUSE — DAY.

CAMERA, A HAZE EFFECT USED WHEN BROADCASTING MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Bruno is sitting on a cot in Yakub Khan's teahouse, curiously contemplating the street commotion.

Zalmai appears, deftly brings a pot of green tea. Bruno pours tea from the kettle into a bowl and takes a sip.

A typical swarthy Afghan ABDULLO (Kodirov) in a white turban and beige perukhan comes down from the cot opposite, comes close to Bruno, stands sideways. Abdullo addresses Bruno in good Russian, without taking his eyes off the door to the office, where Otto and Yahya Muhadi are having a conversation with Halfutdin about the Taliban exchange of Alfred, the son of Oberst Jung.

ABDULLO

I advise you to avoid personal involvement in the exchange of Jung's son for the Taliban leaders. And one more thing: the Taliban is aware of your close relationship with Shamsutdin's niece, MSF doctor Sita Ahmadzai. It's deadly dangerous!

BRUNO

(surprised with displeasure)

Who are you?!

Abdullo omits Bruno's question, hurriedly moves to the exit of the teahouse, thrusts a bill into Zalmai's hand on the move and disappears into a dense stream of passers-by.

FLASHBACK OUT

147. INT. THE BLACK CAT INN — EVENING.

Bruno is amazed with joy.

BRUNO

I remembered!
You are a swarthy Afghan in a white turban, beige perukhan, who came up in the teahouse of one-eyed Yakub Khan and advised in Russian to avoid personal participation in the exchange of Alfred Jung for Mullah Abdul Rahman and 5 Taliban leaders, and to stop courting Shamsutdin's niece, because it is deadly dangerous.

ABDULLO

Well, from intelligence, let's say, not just us.

(looks at Bruno with a smile)

As far as we know, the Thevs family is already a dynasty! So does TF-47 manage to successfully solve problems in Afghanistan?!

BRUNO

(embarrassed)

It happens in different ways.

(pause)

I no longer serve in this unit.

The tango "Blue eyes" is nearing completion. A young, tall, beautiful girl, MASHA enters the hall, begins to look for someone. She attracts the eyes of all those present. Slim figure, long blond hair, big blue eyes make an impression.

Rust sees the girl, gets up from the table, takes flowers from a vase, goes to meet her. Rust brings the girl to the guest table, sits her vis-a-vis Bruno. Rust holds the girl by the shoulders, introduces her to the guests.

RUST

Let's get acquainted! This is Masha

Kostrova, the daughter of our dear Koster, she is a student of the journalism faculty of Moscow State University.

(smiling)

In the near future, with a high probability, the head of ITAR TASS.

Masha blushes.

RUST

(looking at Bruno and the guests)

Masha, and this strong young man is the son of the equally dear for us Kostya Thevs-Bruno.

Bruno stands up and nods his head politely. Sereda, beaming with a smile, leans back in her chair.

SEREDA

(with joy)

The breed is felt. Gallant as a father.

RUST

Bruno lives in Germany, served in Afghanistan for two years, by the way, in the same zone as we once did.

(smiles)

SEREDA

(glancing at Abdullo)

Did I understand correctly?!

Abdullo nods his head smilingly.

BRUNO

(with a smile)

You can't say anything, Russian intelligence is working well!

SEREDA

(interested)

And what prompted you to serve in the army and even more so to go to Afghanistan?

(pause)

There has already been a tragedy with Afghanistan in your family.

BRUNO

When I began to grow up, not wanting to disturb my mother with difficult memories, I secretly took out, reread my father's and his friends' letters. At a certain point, I firmly decided that I want to become a military intelligence officer, like my father.

Upon reaching military age, I enlisted in the Army, the airborne brigade in Zweibrücken. At the final stage of my service, I entered officer courses; after graduating, I was selected for a special intelligence unit of KSK. After serving for some time in Germany, I turned to the command with a request to send me to serve in Afghanistan in TF-47 - the unit that Abdullo mentioned. That's all. But that's all in the past.

(with a slight smile,
sadness)

SEREDA

What are your plans?

BRUNO

(embarrassed)

I haven't decided yet.

KODIROV

(jokingly)

Or maybe... to us?!

SEREDA

Leave the guy alone!

(smiles)

Sereda changes his smile to severity, gets up with a glass. After him, everyone stands up in silence.

SEREDA

The third toast!

(with a glass,
grandiloquently)

Dear combat friends and children of our fallen comrades! The feeling of guilt that we are alive, and your

fathers are not with us, will
always oppress us. We firmly
believed in what we were doing,
that the sacrifices are not in
vain!

Draining glasses, sitting down. Pause.

RUST

(interrupting the silence)

Well! I have at random, two tickets
to the Bolshoi for "Giselle"!

(looks at Masha)

Masha, will you support Bruno in
his intention to take you to the
theater? It's time to get out, my
driver will take you to the place.

Masha is confused, Bruno stands up resolutely, looks at
Masha, certifying the offer. Bruno and Masha leave the table.
Sereda, Abdullo, Rust stays seated, follow the young with
their eyes.

148. EXT. BOLSHOI THEATER — EVENING.

TITLE: MOSCOW. THE BOLSHOI THEATER.

Bruno and Masha enter the Bolshoi Theatre.

149. INT. HALL OF THE BOLSHOI THEATER — EVENING.

The last minutes of the play "Giselle", the performance is
over, the artists come out to bow, standing ovation from the
audience.

Bruno and Masha get up from their seats and go to the exit.

150. EXT. MOSCOW, RED SQUARE — DAWN.

Moscow, Red Square, deserted. Bruno and Masha pass by Lenin's
Mausoleum.

BRUNO

(with a smile)

Again, I am not destined to visit
the Mausoleum.

MASHA

(smiles)

You'll have time.

Bruno and Masha leave against the background of Vasilievsky

Descent.

151. INT. SLEEPING CAR — DAY.

TITLE: MOSCOW. BELORUSSKY RAILWAY STATION, MOSCOW —
ARKHANGELSK TRAIN.

Rust and Bruno enter and sit down in the compartment. The train is moving, picking up speed.

The conductor serves tea. Rust and Bruno are sitting opposite each other at the table, Bruno is staring intently at Rust.

BRUNO

Rust, how did the six of you,
including your father, get together
in one team?

RUST

We met at the Kazan railway station
in Moscow, while being sent to a
training unit in Turkestan, and
later we never parted.

FLASHBACK IN

152. EXT. KAZAN RAILWAY STATION — DAY.

TITLE: MOSCOW. KAZAN RAILWAY STATION, 1984.

There are noisy festivities on the platform - soldiers' send-off. A crowd of relatives and friends, beloved girls and some conscripts. Wives are tipsy. People are quietly drinking, snacking on chicken legs, singing songs to the guitar. Nearby, drowning out the hubbub, a tape recorder loudly plays the song of the bard Alexander Novikov.

The order "Conscripts to the wagons!" is passed. Conscripts, wanting to take seats in the compartment from above, rush inside the train cars.

153. INT. SLEEPING CAR — DAY.

There is a fight in one of the wagons of a group of short-haired conscripts.

Rostov resident Sergey Sidorenko (SIDOR) drops a backpack and warm clothes of Buryat Darkhan Badmaev (MONGOL) from Ulan-Ude from the upper tier and takes his place.

Mongol pulls Sidor from above, the confrontation begins.

Herman Streltsov (STRELA) from Leningrad comes to Sidor's aid. Sidor and Strela are piling on Mongol. Rustam Tukaev (RUST) from Tatarstan, seeing this, jumps down from the opposite upper tier and begins to pull Sidor and Strela away from Mongol. In support of Sidor and Strela, Rust is tied by muscovite Ivan Kostrov (KOSTER). Konstantin Thevs (KOSTYAN) from Kazakhstan takes the side of Rust and Mongol.

The conflict grows into a fight on different tiers - at the bottom and at the top, three on three are fighting. A military patrol walking along the wagon with an officer, a senior lieutenant and two soldiers of the internal troops, abruptly stops the fight. Everyone is taking up empty seats. The train is moving quietly. The sound of the tape recorder is already drowning out the noise of the train gaining speed. The verses of Novikov's song are barely audible.

154. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN TRAINING CENTER (MTC) "SHERABAD" - DAY.

TITLE: THE MOUNTAIN TRAINING CENTER (MTC) "SHERABAD", TURKVO.

There is a formation of 200 newcomers at the one-story building of the military unit headquarters. In front of the formation are six friends recruits - Sidor, Strela, Rust, Mongol, Kostyan, Koster.

Three military men in camouflage uniforms without military insignia strut along the line. In front, an important man, obviously a senior in rank, walks with a long stride, hands behind his back. Two men follow him, standing on either side, apparently his subordinates.

The senior officer looks insinuatingly into the faces of the six friends, examining each one from top to bottom. He stops moving, turns around, and looks at all six of them.

RUST (V.O.)

Upon arrival at the training regiment in Turkestan, the six of us, as martial arts athletes, are selected for the regimental reconnaissance company.

155. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN TRAINING CENTER (MTC) "SHERABAD" - DAY.

There is a training session - working out the actions of scouts on a raid and an ambush. A reconnaissance patrol of the raid group is advancing along a narrow street between a high adobe fence. There are three comrades in it - Sidor, Strela, Koster.

The main group is moving behind the patrol at a distance of twenty meters - ten soldiers. The soldiers are quietly sneaking around, vigilantly looking, pointing the barrels of

their submachine guns and machine guns at a likely target.

Mongol throws a lasso from the roof of an adjacent low building at Sidor, who is walking in front, nailing him to the wall, not allowing him to leave his place. Rust and Kostyan jump from behind the fence at lightning speed on the heads of Strela and Koster and begin to strangle them with belts of machine guns.

156. INT. TENT OF THE TRAINING RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY - NIGHT.

TITLE: Tent of a training reconnaissance company. Before being sent to Afghanistan.

Mongol sits down with his friends - Kostyan, Rust, Strela, Sidor, and Koster, who are sitting apart on their bunks and talking.

MONGOL

The training period is already over, we are being sent to Afghanistan. (pause) That night, the six of us need to leave the unit and go deeper into the mountains so that I can perform the traditional rite of exorcism for good luck. This is so that we can return from the war alive.

157. EXT. MTC "SHERABAD - NIGHT.

A gusty wind is blowing, a fine, dank rain is drizzling. Mongol takes out an oversized bag rattling with contents and three fascines lying at the exit and distribute the load among friends.

Friends seep through the barbed wire and move away from the location of the military unit.

158. EXT. THE MOUNTAIN RANGE- NIGHT.

Friends are walking along a narrow mountain path. Mongol goes first.

Mongol stops the group, shows the place where the boards need to be stacked and a bonfire lit. Friends put fascines in a bonfire and light it. The wind quickly blows up the flames.

MONGOL

(with sincerity)

Now the border between the worlds is opening, and I am obliged to

facilitate the migration of the spirits of the dead, hovering among people in the underworld. In this regard, according to tradition, I need to perform tailagan, in other words kamlaniya - prayer services accompanied by ritual dances around a campfire with a tambourine.

Friends look at each other with a grin, watching the Mongol.

MONGOL

Tailagan is held in a place of worship - on the shore of a reservoir, at the foot of a mountain, in the desert. We have always believed that the mountain, the big water, the ancient tree and the desert have their own spirit.

Mongol takes out handmade "tonog" - items of shamanic utensils. The friends look at each other in silence and continue to watch.

RUST

(perplexed)

Good! This is an old tradition and ritual! But what are we doing here?!

MONGOL

(in a faded voice)

But we're friends!
And it is customary to perform the rite in the circle of relatives and friends.

Mongol puts on a "Bookhoyag" - a shamanic dress made from a brand-new raincoat tent with feathered wings. The wings give the shaman a bird-like appearance when wearing a "Bookhoyag". Bells and tambourines rattle and create noise when moving. Mongol wears a "mayhabsha" on his head - a metal crown made of a rim and two curved cross-sections, with jeyran horns attached to them from above.

Sidor, with a grin, is stirring the firewood in the campfire.

KOSTYAN

(with a smile)

Mongol, you've shocked us!

Mongol takes out of his pocket a harp, an oriental plucked musical instrument the size of a little longer than a matchbox, put it to his teeth and, rolling his eyes, with a light touch of the tip of his middle finger – back and forth, starts a fight on the thin metal tongue of the instrument, making a magical sound.

In the process, Mongol manipulates the lips, tongue and larynx, changing the tone of the bourdon sound and causing articulatory sounds such as: hey-ya, oh-ya, ai-ya, ai-ya. By stretching and interrupting the breath, he lengthens and shortens the sound. Pressing during the fight with the fingertips on the diaphragm causes it to echo.

Mongol takes a tambourine (Uzbek doira) in his hands and, before starting the ritual, undertakes to enlighten the ignorant in shamanic knowledge.

MONGOL

(with a serious look)

To expel hostile spirits and heal myself, first of all, I must infuse them into myself.

This is called "Ongod orood" – immersion in a state of frenzy.

Therefore, I ask you not to be timid in advance.

The friends, barely able to contain their laughter, look at each other and sit back comfortably.

SIDOR

(sarcastically)

Uh, no! This is not for me! You'll die, and we'll get a criminal charge!

MONGOL

(keeping serious)

Before I go out on a "yabdal" journey and start moving around the campfire, hitting the orb with a mallet in the "hese", I will cover my face with a bandage. This is necessary so that the evil spirits don't suddenly recognize me and take me with them. At this time, it is necessary that you stretch out your arms to the fire and, in the rhythm of the battle, waddling from side to side, exclaim: "wa, wa, wa! When I stop the movement, I will

stand in one place, I will raise
 the "hese" over my head and bring
 the fight to a fraction.
 (shows how it would be)
 At this moment you shout and stamp
 your feet.

He's showing his friends what to do again. Friends look at each other, laugh.

MONGOL

But before the "hese" – magic horse
 is in my reins, and I start hitting
 him, I must summon his spirit to
 descend to me and become my "ongon"
 ally. In the meantime...

Mongol holds out a "hese" and an orb with a fur tip and a curved handle to Koster.

MONGOL

It will be good if you, Koster,
 knock on it ahead of time. This is
 not my whim. Such is a necessity!

Friends chuckle, looking at Koster. Koster is slightly embarrassed, but he fulfills the request. Mongol stands in front of the blazing fire, turns his gaze to the sky, stands waiting for the spirit of the tambourine for a few seconds. Kostyan and the Strela throw firewood into the fire.

RUST

(strictly to Mongol)
 I will not participate in your
 tailagan!

MONGOL

(calmly)
 Good! Just sit here.

Mongol covers his face with a protective bandage and goes on a "journey". Mongol, rolling from one foot to the other and shaking his head, slowly moves around the fire, striking a tambourine and leading a throat singing.

SIDOR

(with chuckles)
 That's it! The parikrama has begun!

The rhythm of Mongol's battle in hese, identifying the clomp of the hooves of the magic horse, gradually increases, combined with the cries of "wa, wa, wa" and the rattling of

bells on the "Boo khoyag", creating a general background noise and allowing Mongol consciousness to unite with the spirits. At the climax, the spirit of the tambourine completely took possession of the Mongol's consciousness, controlling the speed of his movements and the rhythm of his strokes, smoothly plunging him into a state of "Ongod orood" – deep trance.

Having increased the fight to a fraction and loudly shouting inarticulate, Mongol falls near the fire and begins to convulse. This throws friends into confusion. Friends become numb. Rust holds Koster back by the sleeve, who jumps up from his place, wanting to bring Mongol to his senses. Seconds later, Mongol abruptly freezes.

RUST
(looking at Mongol)
Let's wait!

KOSTYAN
(with relief)
Flew away!

STRELA
(exhaling)
Yes, indeed!

SIDOR
That's all!

Friends look intently at the sprawled motionless body of Mongol. Rust and Strela are rampaging. Kostyan, Koster and Sidor amuse themselves in a friendly way.

The wind in the desert suddenly subsides. The embers of the fire, covered with gray ash, have already burned down. Mongol is beginning to show signs of life.

Mongol opens his eyes, moves, stretches, slowly gets up. As if nothing had happened and not remembering what happened, Mongol, beaming with happiness, silently takes ten cans of condensed milk out of the bag and, reinforcing gratitude with a strong handshake, begins to distribute two pieces to each. Mongol reaches Rust.

RUST
(indignantly)
Fuck you!

He turns away.

SIDOR
 (reassuringly)
 Don't worry, Mongol, the treat
 won't be lost! We will divide it
 among ourselves.

Sidor happily sings an old 1916 song:

SIDOR
 "Oh, why was this night so good?!
 My chest wouldn't hurt, my soul
 wouldn't suffer..."

Friends return in silence - they walk through the desert.
 Everyone thinks about his own. Ahead, Rust and Strela are
 climbing the mountain at a rapid pace, followed by Kostyan
 and Koster. Barely standing up, a blessed Mongol with a bag
 of tonog behind his back and a happy Sidor, humming, walk in
 an embrace:

SIDOR
 "Through the wild steppes of
 Transbaikalia,
 Where gold is washed in the
 mountains,
 The tramp, cursing fate,
 dragged himself with a bag on his
 shoulders."

FLASHBACK OUT

159. INT. SLEEPING CAR - DAY.

Rust and Bruno are talking at the table.

BRUNO
 What was your fate after the war?

RUST
 (sadly)
 The political events after the
 collapse of the Soviet Union have
 greatly complicated our relations.
 The armed conflict between the
 president and the parliament has
 separated Sidor and me on different
 sides of the barricades. At that
 time, Koster served in a special
 unit, whose task was to separate
 the warring parties.

(pause)

As a result, all three were
destined to go through the second
Afghanistan.

FLASHBACK IN

160. EXT. HOUSE OF SOVIETS - DAY.

TITLE: MOSCOW, HOUSE OF SOVIETS, SEPTEMBER 1993.

Rust with a group of Afghan veterans rushes on an armored personnel carrier BTR-80 along the facade of the House of Soviets. They are subjected to massive shelling, throwing Molotov's cocktails by the defenders of the House of Soviets.

The BTR-80 catches fire, Rust and his comrades jump off the armored personnel carrier engulfed in flames. The group spreads out, hiding behind the wide trunk of a century-old maple tree.

A sniper lying in the attic is firing at those who are trying to attack the House of Soviets. A bullet fired by a sniper enters Rust's chest from above and flies out of his hip. Rust's knees give way, he falls.

FLASHBACK OUT

161. INT. SLEEPING CAR - DAY.

TITLE: THE TRAIN "MOSCOW - ARKHANGELSK".

Rust, sitting opposite Bruno, stands up.

RUST

Do you mind if I change my
clothes?!

Rust silently takes off his suit, trousers, and remains in a white shirt and black boxer shorts. There are prostheses on the shins of both legs. Rust removes the prostheses, put them aside. Bruno freezes. Rust notices Bruno's reaction.

RUST

Herat memory, Afghanistan.
(smiles slightly)
I've been running around all day,
I'm sick of it.

Rust takes a tracksuit out of a large travel bag, puts the stumps of his shins into his pants, takes off his white shirt, and carefully hangs his trousers on hangers. Bruno

notices — from Rust's chest to his stomach — a huge, elongated scar. Bruno doesn't take his eyes off Rust's scar.

RUST

Yes, this is already the House of Soviets!

(pause)

I'm not lucky! Again, a serious injury, again hospital routine. The return to peaceful life failed.

(smiles)

BRUNO

(sympathetically, looking intently)

And Koster?

RUST

Koster carried the wounded Sidor out of the House of Soviets.

FLASHBACK IN

162. EXT. HOUSE OF SOVIETS — DAY.

T-80 tanks are hitting the upper floors with precision. The guns of the BMP-2 and BMD-2 armored vehicles and the pounding bursts of BTR-80 anti-aircraft guns join the gun volleys. A fire breaks out on the upper floors.

From different sides, army mobile groups are moving in short dashes towards the House of Soviets, which have entered close fire contact with its defenders.

The fire has temporarily stopped. Defenders of the House of Soviets carry out the wounded and dead from the back of the building.

Koster takes advantage of the moment to enter the building of the House of Soviets.

163. INT. HOUSE OF SOVIETS — DAY.

Koster runs up the stairs, rises from floor to floor, runs through long corridors past offices, looks at the charred, lifeless bodies frozen in various poses, looks for Sidor, but Sidor is not among the dead.

Koster climbs to the next upper floor, sees Sidor's silhouette through the haze of a smoky corridor. Sidor is sitting alone, leaning back against the wall, with his head down, and an AKS-74 is lying on his outstretched, riddled with shrapnel, bloody thighs.

Sidor regains consciousness, hears approaching footsteps, tries to focus his gaze and aims his weapon at the right person, but he does not have the strength to do so.

KOSTER
(to Sidor)
Stand down! It's me!

Koster puts the bleeding Sidor on his shoulder, hurriedly goes down the stairs with him.

164. EXT. HOUSE OF SOVIETS — DAY.

Koster takes Sidor out of the building of the House of Soviets, an ambulance briskly rolls up to him, the doctors who quickly pick up Sidor put him on a stretcher. The ambulance with the siren on is briskly moving off.

165. EXT. HOUSE OF SOVIETS — DAY.

The territory is adjacent to the House of Soviets. Koster and his comrades on the BMD-2 armor are heading for the House of Soviets. There is an increasing shooting; Koster sees a woman with a small child hiding behind a telephone booth, asks his comrades to cover him with fire, jumps off the armor himself, takes the woman and child out of the shelled area.

The BMD-2 with Koster resumes running. On the way, Koster sees a wounded soldier lying on the edge of the roadway. Koster jumps off the armor on the move and, grabbing his arm, begins to drag the soldier to the BMD-2 armor. A sniper shoots at Koster from the roof of one of the nearby skyscrapers. The wound is fatal.

FLASHBACK OUT

166. INT. SLEEPING CAR — DAY.

Rust sits opposite Bruno with a serious face, raises both palms to his face, begins to whisper a Muslim prayer — an excerpt of "dua" from the Koran, commemorating the deceased. Finishes.

RUST
The late Koster has a daughter,
Masha, whom I introduced you to.
(smiles sadly)

BRUNO
What happened next with Sidor?

RUST

After recovering from the injury received at the House of Soviets, Sidor began to build a diamond business. Back in the army, Sidor was not indifferent to precious stones.

FLASHBACK IN

167. EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE — TWILIGHT.

TITLE: UPPER PANJSHIR GORGE, PIRYAH DISTRICT SOUTH-EAST OF PISHGOR.

The group of Sidor, Rust, Koster, Mongol, Strela, Kapusta, the obnoxious misanthrope Lepecha and Lieutenant Vikulov descends at a rapid pace, noiselessly into the lowlands. There are less than 50 steps left, strips of glowing headlights of a white minibus are seen aimed at the wide entrance to the mine and five unarmed people loading something into the car. Three of them are dressed in European clothes. Vikulov shouts to Akhmedov.

VIKULOV

(loudly)

Shout to them to stay where they are!

AKHMEDOV

(loudly)

Dar joyaton biisted!

The Afghans turn around, but when they see the "Shuravi" coming down, they jump into a minibus and give it a go. The movement of the vehicle is stopped by shots at the wheels and at the back door.

The scouts approach the shot vehicle, pointing the barrels at the people sitting in it. Three Europeans hurriedly pour out of the cabin, shouting something in German, a very timid Afghan driver, a stately Asian (The PAKISTANI). The Pakistani is dressed in a traditional Afghan perukhan made of expensive dark blue fabric, a richly embroidered felt vest, a Pashtun headdress in the form of a cap made of silver caracul fur.

The Pakistani is cold-blooded, holds himself with dignity.

Lepecha approaches the TOYOTA and opens the trunk. In the trunk of the TOYOTA are stacked maps of the area, measuring

instruments, gemological microscopes, various geological instruments, portable Japanese radio stations "Yaesu".

VIKULOV

(loudly)

Fighters! Listen to my command!
Streltsov and Badmaev, direct the
barrels to the entrance of the
mine! Kostyan, stand behind me and
keep all the detainees at gunpoint!
Kostrov and Sidor you are
monitoring the opposite slope!
Rust, interrogate the driver!
Thevs! You're a German here?!
Translate what they say!

Kostyan briefly interviews the Germans and reports to
Vikulov.

KOSTYAN

They claim that they are surveyors
— mining engineers from West
Germany. They help the Panjshir
people to develop ore!

VIKULOV

(pretentiously)

Let them show their passports!

Kostyan translates, the Germans at once take out maroon books
with the image of an eagle, pass them to Vikulov.

Vikulov and Kostyan are dealing with the Germans. Rust is
interrogating an Afghan driver. Kapusta inspects the interior
of the mobile laboratory. Koster, Strela, Mongol, Rust and
Sidor hold the detainees at gunpoint, conduct surveillance.

Lepecha, sensing the Pakistani's agitation, leads him to the
open rear door of the car and, forcing him to put his palms
on the edge of the roof of the body, begins to search. The
Pakistani is fidgeting, firmly grabs Lepecha's hand squeezed
into the inner pocket of his vest, not letting him take
something out.

Lepecha, enraged by the resistance, hits the Pakistani with
the butt of an SVD rifle in the chest, forcibly pulls out a
thick leather wallet with a bright green book with the
inscription "ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF PAKISTAN PASSPORT" and,
putting the barrel of the SVD to his forehead, hisses.

LEPECHA

Ystad bash!

STAND STILL!

LEPECHA

(complacently to Vikulov)

Comrade Lieutenant, we have a Pakistani in our hands!

(continuing to hold the Asian at gunpoint)

Here's his passport!

Lepecha passes the document to Vikulov, keeps the wallet for himself. Lepecha loses interest in the Pakistani, pushes him aside, starts fumbling in the trunk of the minibus, throws out a geological instrument, measuring instruments, sleeping bags, other belongings.

Lepecha finds a small aluminum box 40/30/20 hidden in the corner, tied in loops with a thin cable, its tips are connected, sealed with wax. On the drawer is a large thick envelope with accompanying documents with a wax seal.

Sidor stealthily watches Lepecha, sees his profit. Lepecha smells a big jackpot, pierces the Pakistani with his gaze, sees his excitement, smiling cunningly reaches for the box. Lepecha rips off the seals, opens the drawer. It's filled with emeralds. Satisfied, Lepecha closes the drawer.

The Pakistani rushes at Lepecha, pushes him aside, lifts the dense felt flooring in the trunk, takes out the AKM-47 hidden under it. A struggle ensues between Lepecha and the Pakistani. The Pakistani pushes Lepecha to the trunk of the car, twitches the shutter, gives a short burst at Lepecha.

With the same automatic burst through the back door of the minibus, the Pakistani hits Kapusta in the cabin. Lepecha clutches his stomach and, moaning softly, collapses at the back wheel of the minibus, immediately entering agony.

Fire from several barrels of scouts is concentrated on the Pakistani, who is killed on the spot.

The Afghan driver can't stand the drama, breaks down the gorge, but is overtaken by a short machine-gun fire of Koster.

Mongol feels the pulse of Lepecha on the carotid artery, it is not there. Mongol reports to Vikulov.

MONGOL

(about Lepecha)

This one is ready!

Mongol proceeds to examine the Kapusta's wound. Kapusta is wheezing, breathing heavily. Mongol injects Kapusta with promedol, makes a dressing.

MONGOL

(to Vikulov)

The bullet passed a centimeter above the heart! The condition is urgent!

VIKULOV

(scurrilous)

Japanese transistor!

(to the scouts)

Tie the Germans' hands.

(orders to soldiers)

Let's go!

The scouts shift Kapusta and Lepecha onto the raincoat tents, let the Germans escorted ahead, start hurriedly lifting them up. Sidor wraps an aluminum box in rags and follows in the rear of a group of scouts and captured Germans.

168. EXT. THE DOME OF THE MOUNTAIN — IT'S GETTING LIGHT.

The scouts rise to the height, carrying Kapusta and Lepecha on raincoat tents. The condition of Kapusta is critical, the scouts are dejected.

Mongol sits down next to the motionless body of Kapusta. He removes the leather cord from the neck, holding 5 round five-kopeck copper "toli" - shamanic mirrors on the loops soldered on the reverse, wraps the cord to the limit, releases. While the toli's are spinning, he is ecstatically praying to the spirits, asking for the gift of life to Kapusta. He takes a flask of water out of his backpack, puts 5 "toli" on the obverse.

Pulls out the "toli", pulls the cord out of the loops, puts all 5 along the axis of the wounded Kapusta's body from the throat to the waist and, with the obverse of each copper circle, begins to apply it alternately to the wound, and, in the same order, folds the "toli" on the ground.

Takes out 3 slices of cedar bark rolled into a rag, each the size of a palm, ignites them with 3 different matches and, lifting Kapusta's head with the palm of his hand, begins to blow out clouds of acrid cedar smoke behind the neck.

Smoldering embers of cedar bark envelop Kapusta with smoke; at this time Mongol puts a harp to his teeth and, rolling his

eyes, with a light touch of his finger, starts a fight, making magical sounds: hey-ya, oh-ya, ai-ya, ai-ya.

He picks up one of the embers of the smoldering cedar, fanning Kapusta's body 3 times. The cedar is burning down, Mongol collects all the ashes, pours them into a flask of water, shakes it and, lifting Kapusta's head again, pours it into his mouth.

The sound of approaching helicopters is heard, the Mi-8MT themselves are shown; the scouts are firing flares with an orange smoke trail, indicating their location.

The scouts are loading the dead Lepecha, the wounded Kapusta, 3 captured Germans, a captured arsenal into Mi-8MT hanging in the air, barely touching the wheels of the mountain firmament.

FLASHBACK OUT

169. INT. SLEEPING CAR — DAY.

Bruno is sitting opposite Rust, drinking tea.

RUST

Sidor has a commercial streak, flair, and adventurism. He was the first in the country to open a Russian-American-Belgian-Dutch joint venture. He imported precious stones — diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. He mastered gemology, became an expert in cutting, cabochon. He spent a lot of time on business trips to Angola, Namibia, South Africa, Madagascar, London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and other places. In general, over time, Sidor began to be surrounded by specific types. The apogee was the case when Sidor shipped a substantial cargo of diamonds from the Cullinan mine in South Africa to his partners in Antwerp. They were engaged in cutting them for Sidor's company. In return, Sidor's company was to receive a certain number of cut diamonds worth \$100 million. But in a short period of time, three misadventures occurred.

FLASHBACK IN

170. INT. OFFICE SPACE — DAY.

TITLE: ANTWERP, BELGIUM. "DIAMOND QUARTER" MAY 1997.

The office is the workshop of a large diamond cutting company. The owner, Shmuel BRANDWEIN—a bald, pot-bellied man in round glasses, 50 years old, with a black pile on his head, quickly bypassing his workshops, hurrying his master cutters to complete the working day.

BRANDWEIN

Gentlemen let's wrap it up. Our families are waiting!

Brandwein takes the raw materials that are being processed from the master's tables, stores everything in the safe room. He sets the office alarm, closes the thick armored door with a code, and leaves.

RUST'S VOICE (V.O.)

Antwerp, Shabbat is approaching, the owner of the diamond cutting company Shmuel Brandwein, a Soviet emigrant of the 1970s, is rushing home to light the cherished Sabbath candles.

171. EXT. ANTWERP, PELIKAN STRAAT — DAY.

TITLE: ANTWERP, BELGIUM. PELIKAANSTRAAT STREET.

Brandwein walks briskly down a crowded street. A tall man in his thirties follows behind, trying not to lose sight of him, in a beige raincoat with long brown hair.

The man catches up with Brandwein, pulls out a pistol with a silencer and, calling out to Brandwein — "Shmuel!", shoots him at point-blank range. Brandwein falls to the cobblestones. The man takes a control shot to the head and disappears into the crowd.

RUST'S VOICE (V.O.)

On the way home, the poor fellow was shot dead on the square of the four diamond exchanges, in the very center of Antwerp in front of an astonished audience. It is known for sure that the raw materials were received in Antwerp. However, Brandwein, who usually made

shipments of diamonds from Sidor's company to Russia, will not explain anything anymore.

FLASHBACK OUT

172. INT. SLEEPING CAR — DAY.

Rust is sitting across from Bruno; they are having a conversation.

RUST

Sidor's business partner, Nahum Nudel, attracted tens of millions of dollars from large foreign investors into the trade turnover of their joint Russian-American venture.

FLASHBACK IN

173. INT. /EXT. AIRPORT — DAY.

The Sheremetyevo-2 departure hall is sparsely populated. At the check-in desk for the Moscow-New York flight there is a two-meter tall, large red-haired man of Jewish type.

RUST'S VOICE (V.O.)

On the same days, from Sheremetyevo-2 airport, unknown persons in black leather raincoats take away on the black car "Volga" in an unknown direction, an American citizen, a former Soviet citizen, Nahum Nudel, another partner of Sidor, who was going to fly to the United States.

4 men in dark coats with stern faces approach Nudel. They show official identification cards, take him by the arms, and lead him to the exit.

Nudel is put into the black Gaz-3102 Volga waiting outside. The car leaves the airport with a bang of the doors, quickly taking off from its place.

174. EXT. MOSCOW. THE RIVERBANK — NIGHT.

Powerful floodlights illuminate a section of the Yauza River.

RUST'S VOICE (V.O.)

For a long time, Nahum Nudel's

whereabouts were unknown. The family even put Nudel on the wanted list. But three months later, Nahum Nudel's relatives were called to the Police Department. The day before, the swollen, half-decomposed body of a large man was removed from the bottom of the Yauza. The relatives recognized Nahum Nudel in the deceased.

A crowd of people. Employees of the city service and criminologists remove the swollen body of a man from a Yauza with a truck crane.

RUST'S VOICE (V.O.)
Nudel's death was not the last - in the days of his disappearance, a double murder was committed in the Moscow apartment in the Last Lane.

175. INT. ITKIN'S APARTMENT MOSCOW - EVENING.

Three people call the apartment on the top floor of the Stalin house, owned by businessman Yakov Ilyich ITKIN.

Itkin's wife, KIRA Weissman, opens the door, escorts the guests into the hall to Itkin, who is sitting in an armchair watching TV, and herself retires to the kitchen.

The visitors sit down around Itkin and start a conversation.

Kira is carrying a tray with cups of coffee from the kitchen. Through the open door of the hall, she sees one of the visitors abruptly stand up and shoot Itkin in the forehead with a silenced pistol. Kira is shocked, drops the tray, screams loudly, covers her face with her hands. At the noise, the visitors turn around, the killer quickly approaches and shoots Kira twice.

RUST'S VOICE (V.O.)
Unknown persons killed Sidor's main partner, Yakov Itkin and his wife. The bodies were found by employees of the company who began to sound the alarm.

FLASHBACK OUT

176. INT. DINING CAR-COMPARTMENT - DAY.

Rust and Bruno are sitting at a table. Rust pours "Tarragon" drink into a glass. Bruno cuts the entrecote on a plate.

RUST

(sadly)

Sidor, unfortunately, visited Itkin's house a few hours before the murder. They discussed the death of Brandwein in Antwerp, the abduction of Nudel in Sheremetyevo-2, the fate of the missing stones and tried to link these events into a logical chain. They were looking for an explanation for everything. But for Sidor, it wasn't all bad news.

FLASHBACK IN

177. INT. SIDOR'S APARTMENT ENTRANCE - EVENING.

TITLE: MOSCOW. BRYUSOV LANE.

Sidor and Nina go up to their floor. Sidor starts to open the door to the apartment.

RUST (V.O.)

That evening, Sidor and his wife Nina were returning home from the theater. Nina was in the last month of pregnancy.

From the upper floor, you can hear a man's footsteps descending the stairs and approaching a married couple - a killer.

Nina arbitrarily obscures Sidor, turns to the noise, sees a pistol with a silencer in the killer's outstretched hand. Nina and the killer's eyes converge, Nina gets a good look at the killer's face.

The killer stands at the ready, fires the first shot at Nina. Sidor turns abruptly, picks Nina, who is falling backwards, and slowly lowers her to the floor.

The killer coolly points the gun at Sidor's forehead, Sidor is inactive, the killer pulls the trigger. The gun misfires.

Sidor, without hesitation, rushes to the killer, clings to his neck; unclenches his fingers, the killer is already dead.

Sidor returns to Nina; Nina is no longer breathing.

FLASHBACK OUT

178. INT. INT. SLEEPING CAR — DAY.

Rust and Bruno are sitting at a table opposite each other, having a conversation.

RUST

Sidor was arrested. The investigation was persistently looking for evidence of Sidor's involvement in the murder of Brandwein in Antwerp. During a search of Sidor's office, millions of dollars' worth of gems undeclared during the passage of Russian customs were seized. Sidor was convicted under the article "for the illegal trafficking of precious stones on a particularly large scale", having appointed an extremely long term. The real killers of the Itkin and Brandwein have not been identified. The stones also disappeared without a trace.

The MOSCOW-ARKHANGELSK train is approaching its destination, private houses and booths of country cottages are visible outside the windows. There is a knock on the door of the compartment.

The conductor enters.

THE CONDUCTOR

Will you order tea or coffee? We arrive in Arkhangelsk in half an hour.

Rust looks at Bruno, both refuses. The door closes behind the conductor.

RUST

How was your trip to the Bolshoi Theatre with Masha? I was getting worried about your long absence. I didn't call you. You're an adult now,

(smiling)

you can't get lost in Moscow.

BRUNO

(enthusiastically)

Wonderful! After the performance, we walked around Moscow all night. My childhood dream came true – to visit Red Square. It's a pity we couldn't get to Lenin.

(smiles)

We went to a restaurant in GUM. During the meal, we sincerely told each other about ourselves.

(pause)

As soon as I saw Masha in the Black Cat, I lost my head.

(pause, embarrassed)

Perhaps you will find me too naive?

RUST

(astonished)

On the contrary, I am extremely happy about this circumstance! Sidor will also be glad to your acquaintance.

The train is slowly stopping. Through the window there is a view of the train station. Outside the window, a 40-year-old man MUNIR waves hello to Rust and Bruno.

179. EXT. RAILWAY STATION PLATFORM – DAY.

TITLE: ARKHANGELSK.

Rust gets out of the train first, followed by Bruno. Munir takes the bag from Rust and leads them along.

In the parking lot of the railway station, Rust and Bruno get into a black oversized jeep, driven by Munir. The jeep starts moving.

180. EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF KOTLAS – DAY.

TITLE: THE CITY OF KOTLAS. ARKHANGELSK REGION, A STRICT REGIME COLONY.

A jeep with Rust and Bruno pulls into a parking lot in front of a barbed wire fenced area.

Soldiers armed with machine guns are standing on towers and checkpoints.

A bald-haired man with a trunk in a tracksuit and a leather jacket comes out from behind the gate. This is Sidor. He looks a little confused.

Rust and Bruno get out of the car, go to meet SIDOR.

RUST
(sonorously from a
distance)
From start to finish!

SIDOR
(positively, slightly
embarrassed)
I've been to the war, and it's
clearly fated to go to prison!

Rust and Sidor embrace.

RUST
(with a smile)
Fatalist!
(looking at Bruno)
Does he remind you of anyone?!

Sidor looks at Bruno, wondering.

BRUNO
(with a smile)
I am the son of Konstantin Thevs!

SIDOR
(to Rust, delighted)
But he looks like Kostyan, doesn't
he, Rust?!

RUST
(with a smile)
A son, after all, how can he not be
like his father?!
(pause)
I introduced Bruno to Masha
Kostrova!

SIDOR
(with regret)
It is a pity that their fathers did
not live to see this day.

A short silence.

RUST
(to Sidor and Bruno)
Well, shall we get in the car?!

Rust, Sidor and Bruno get into the car and return to Arkhangelsk.

181. EXT. HIGHWAY- DAY.

A black jeep in motion against the background of the forest. Munir is driving, Rust is in the passenger seat in front. Sidor and Bruno are in the back. They drive in silence, the radio sounds quiet in the cabin.

The wedding cortege, beeping loudly, overtakes the jeep at high speed. Young people wave their hands from the open windows of 4 white executive foreign cars.

The jeep shares the positive of the motorcade. Sidor, Rust, and Bruno are waving back.

182. EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - DAY.

A jeep with Rust, Sidor, Bruno and Munir approaches the railway crossing on the outskirts of the settlement. The barrier is down.

The wedding cortege is tightly lined up to the barrier.

Two decorative golden rings are fixed on top of the roof of the limousine standing last.

The second one behind the motorcade is a KAMAZ truck that has arrived, filled to the top with bags of concrete sand.

Rust's jeep stands third behind the KAMAZ.

While waiting for the train, festively dressed young people loudly pour out of the cars of the motorcade. The newlyweds get out of the limousine: a naughty young groom in a black tuxedo with a bow tie and a pretty young bride in a magnificent wedding dress with a veil.

Deafeningly shooting corks up and spraying foam on screaming girls with glasses, the guys open bottles of champagne. Young people dance to the song "WE WISH YOU HAPPINESS" playing from the car.

183. INT. RUST'S JEEP - DAY.

Rust turns to Sidor, both smiling.
Bruno falls into melancholy, remembers the deceased bride,
Seeta Akhmadzai.

FLASHBACK IN

184. EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN — EVENING. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING.

Seeta dances in slow motion at a concert at the MSF hospital
to the music of the Afghan singer Shafiq Murid, the audience
and Bruno cheerfully clap Seeta.

FLASHBACK OUT

185. INT. RUST'S JEEP — DAY.

Rust, patting on the shoulder and not noticing Bruno's
sadness.

RUST

Well! Maybe such a significant
event will take place on our street
too? Really, Bruno?!

Bruno is distracted, smiling slightly.

186. EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING — DAY.

There are still no trains.

The drivers of the wedding motorcade, tired of waiting, are
calling passengers to get into their cars with horns. The
passengers are getting seated.

The cars of the motorcade, one after another, begin to move,
go around the barrier, and move over the railway track.

A brisk attendant in an orange uniform runs out of the booth,
shouts, waving a baton.

A passenger train appears in the distance, rushing at high
speed.

The second car of the motorcade in the tail of the first
overcomes the railway crossing.

All four of Rust's jeep jump out of the car, anxiously
watching what is happening.

MUNIR

They're crazy, they're going to get
killed!

The rapidly approaching train begins to emit shrill horns.

Following the second car of the motorcade, a third one goes through the railway tracks.

Behind her, a limousine with the newlyweds is moving around the barrier.

As soon as the limo pulls into the wooden deck for the rail track, it stalls and becomes motionless.

The screech of metal on a braking train is heard.

SIDOR

Well, Rust, I guess I'm not
destined to be free!

Sidor jumps out of the jeep, rushes to the unmuted KAMAZ truck in front, the driver of which is smoking by the car, grabs the driver's door, makes a dash to jump into the cabin.

Bruno is ahead of him, slightly pushing Sidor away, and jumping into the cabin. Bruno abruptly steps on the gas and rams the car with the newlyweds off the railway track at speed.

Sidor, clutching his head in horror, remains watching what is happening.

The train sliding on the brakes hits the KAMAZ on the side of the body, turning it over. The train stops on the other side of the railway crossing. The limousine with rings with a flattened trunk and the KAMAZ truck that collapsed with cargo and a crumpled cabin are visible on the other side of the railway track.

Sidor and Munir run to the scene of the accident.

Rust watches as Sidor and Munir extract the wounded Bruno, who was cut by broken glass, from the KAMAZ.

A limping Bruno is loaded into the SUV.

187. INT. EMERGENCY ROOM — DAY.

The emergency room is crowded. In the office behind the screen, the doctor examines Bruno's wounds — there are no serious injuries.

Limping, with a bandaged head, Bruno goes out to Rust and Sidor, who are waiting in the hospital corridor.

Bruno is met by a police officer who submits the "Incident

Report" for signature.

188. EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM — DAY.

Bruno, Rust and Sidor come out of the emergency room.

BRUNO

(smiling)

I'll have to empty my holdings for
damages.

RUST

(smiling)

Don't worry, we'll figure it out!

Rust, Sidor and Bruno get into Munir's black jeep and
continue their way.

189. EXT. MOSCOW COURTYARD — EVENING.

Bruno limps into the archway of the old cozy city courtyard.
His face is cut, with red stripes of scratches, and his head
is bandaged.

Bruno has a large bouquet of scarlet roses in his hands.

Masha looks at Bruno sympathetically from the balcony of a
two-story house. Bruno does not see Masha, enters the
entrance.

THE END