

FEATURE
THRILLER

U K /
W. H. W. W.

THE ODESSA FILE -

Screenplay by
KENNETH ROSS and
GEORGE MARKSTEIN

based on the novel by
FREDERICK FORSYTH

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14th November, 1973

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1 THE CITY OF HAMBURG LOCATION NIGHT.

It is a few weeks before Christmas. The streets are brightly lit, crowded with Xmas SHOPPERS and rush hour traffic. Ferryboats carry COMMUTERS across the lake towards the distant lights on the opposite shore.

Superimpose:

HAMBURG November 22nd 1963.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN to pick out one particular car, a slightly flashy right-hand drive Jaguar XK 150 S. In the driving seat sits a fair-haired young man of about thirty, PETER MILLER.

Superimpose MAIN STAR CREDIT, followed by TITLE:

THE ODESSA FILE

CREDITS continue over MILLER driving through city, occasionally impeded by passing streetcars or sudden flow of SHOPPERS. WE CUT AWAY and observe local seasonal customs. CHILDREN gape at toys in shop windows, ride rocking horses on the merry-go-round in the churchyard fair. A canopied stall sells knackwurst by the ton. FATHER CHRISTMAS ho-ho-hos under the glare of street decorations.

CREDITS END

A CLOSE SHOT of MILLER's car radio. After a few seconds music cuts off. An ANNOUNCER's voice breaks in, tense, urgent.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

Here is further information from Dallas.
The President of the United States is dead ...

MILLER listens intently as the news comes through.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

... President John F. Kennedy died at the Parkland Hospital following the assassination attempt earlier this afternoon when a marksman shot into the car in which the President and the Governor, John Connally, and their wives were sitting ...

MILLER continues to listen grimly.

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Continued

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

... Mrs Kennedy was at her husband's bedside while surgeons administered an emergency blood transfusion but it was too late to save the President's life ...

From the distance we hear a siren. MILLER pulls up at traffic lights.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

... We are cancelling our scheduled programme for this evening and will report immediately any news we receive from Dallas ... Stay tuned to Nord Deutscher Rundfunk.

As solemn music swells forth from the radio, the siren identifies itself as that of an ambulance.

It approaches rapidly on the opposite side of the road from MILLER, passing the cars behind him, then cuts across the front of MILLER's car, down an intersecting street.

It is followed immediately by a police car, its blue light twirling, its siren rising and falling.

As the traffic lights go green, another police car follows the first, also cutting across the front of MILLER.

MILLER is immediately interested. He swings his car into the intersection and follows the second police car.

He leans across to glove compartment and withdraws camera with flash attachment, placing it on seat beside him. He manoeuvres car through traffic until he is close behind the tail lights of the police car.

2. EXT. LODGING HOUSE FISCHMARKT 42 HAMBURG NIGHT 2

The ambulance turns into a sleazy dockland street and draws up before a crumbling tenement building where a third police car is already parked its blue rooflight sending a ghostly glow across the faces of about 40 BYSTANDERS. The two other police cars pull up nearby. A POLICE SERGEANT is on duty. He is joined by a SERGEANT from one of the other cars.

MILLER's car stops about twenty yards from the ambulance, just as the AMBULANCE MEN ease out a stretcher and hasten inside dilapidated building.

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2

Continued

Taking the camera, MILLER pushes his way through BYSTANDERS and flashes press card. The POLICE SERGEANT is not impressed. He shakes his head and motions MILLER to get back to where BYSTANDERS are grouped.

MILLER is about to join them when police car light swings across face of man in civilian clothes emerging from doorway. MILLER recognises him, crosses towards him.

MILLER

Hey, Carl.

The man, DETECTIVE INSPECTOR CARL BRANDT, sees MILLER's camera.

BRANDT

Put it away, it's nothing.

MILLER

What happened?

BRANDT

Suicide.

MILLER

(hopeful as always)

Girl?

BRANDT

Some old man. Not worth two lines. Sorry.

MILLER

(eyeing all the police cars)

Big turn out.

BRANDT

Waste of time.

The AMBULANCE MEN emerge with their burden. BRANDT follows them with MILLER at his heels.

MILLER

How did he do it?

BRANDT

Cheapest way. Gas.

MILLER

Just my luck.

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2

2 Continued

BRANDT

Shouldn't think any story has a chance tonight, anyway. What about Kennedy, eh?

As AMBULANCE MEN lift stretcher onto ambulance, BRANDT leans across and flicks back the corner of blanket covering face.

The dead man has dull, mottled skin; a bluish tinge at the lips, eyes closed, two jagged scars prominent, one down each cheek.

BRANDT

Poor old bastard.

BRANDT flips the blanket back. The AMBULANCE MEN slide stretcher into ambulance as Brandt's assistant, KUNIK, joins them, carrying a bundle of papers and a parcel crudely wrapped in brown paper and tied with string.

BRANDT

What's all that?

KUNIK

Some of the old man's rubbish, papers.

BRANDT

Put them on my desk. We might find a relative or something.

KUNIK moves off to police car.

MILLER

(to Brandt)

Why can't you fix a decent murder for me. Blonde call girl, black address book.

BRANDT gives MILLER a friendly pat on the arm.

BRANDT

Bloody vulture. Just keep out of trouble.

He moves towards the police car. MILLER watches BRANDT as he dri off into the night, then turns up collar of his coat and moves towards his

3 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG MORNING 3

The winter sun creeps through a gap in the bedroom curtains, inching it way across the floor to the bed. As we PAN across the room, we hear the latest news bulletin coming from a transistor on the bedside table:

3

Continued

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

On board the plane taking John Kennedy's body to Washington, the new President was sworn in. In a voice shaking with emotion, a woman judge from Dallas gave him the official oath to speak, in the presence of Jacqueline Kennedy. Mrs Kennedy still wore the blood-stained dress in which she had held her dying husband in her arms.

As the bed comes into SHOT, we see a pretty girl, SIGI, nestling in MILLER's arms. He reaches out his other hand to turn off the transistor.

SIGI

(with feeling)

Poor Jackie!

MILLER

(pensively)

You know what I want more than anything in the world?

SIGI

Tell me.

She snuggles up expectantly.

MILLER

A picture of the man shooting Kennedy. Just imagine. The moment he actually fired the shot.

SIGI

That's what you want most in the world?

She's disgusted.

MILLER

(still dreaming)

With syndication rights, that could be worth - who knows, two million marks.

SIGI

Is that all you care about? You're a parasite. You live on other people's trouble.

MILLER

Oh come on.

He tries to move closer to her, but she disentangles herself and turns

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3

Continued

SIGI

I'm tired. I've been working all night.

MILLER

You call that work? Stripping in a club full of dirty old men?

SIGI

They're not old. And some of them are more attractive than you.

MILLER

I'm glad you think so.

MILLER gets out of bed. He tries to find his bathrobe. SIGI eyes him through the wardrobe mirror. Mischievously and partly to make amends:

SIGI

I'm not sure anybody would pay you to take your clothes off. It's your turn to make the coffee.

4

INT. KITCHEN OF MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

MILLER pours out two cups of coffee, carries them over to the table. SIGI comes in and sits down.

MILLER

(after a moment)

Sigi, give up the club.

SIGI

I'll make a deal with you. I'll give up the club, if you take a regular job. What about that staff offer on Komet?

MILLER says nothing.

SIGI

You don't want to talk about it. All right, have it your way, and I'll have it mine.

MILLER

You want to turn me into a cabbage?

SIGI

I want security. My job isn't worth a million dollars - but I'm still earning more in a week than you get in a month.

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Continued

MILLER

Not when I get a winner. You don't understand - I'm a freelance.

SIGI

(shrugging)

I know.

MILLER

You don't know. Not really.

Agitated, he begins walking up and down.

A freelance is - a state of mind. A pirate.
A mercenary. A lone wolf. A - freelance.
I'm not going to give it up.

SIGI

Then neither am I. I'll stay with the club,
and I'll stay single.

5

INT. HAMBURG HARBOUR FRONT RESTAURANT DAY

MILLER and BRANDT sitting at a table, having had a fish lunch. We see the harbour through the window.

BRANDT

Somebody once said journalists and policemen should never marry.

MILLER

Well, he was damn right, whoever he was.

BRANDT

You know, I always wanted to ask you. What made you become a journalist?

MILLER

I liked chasing police cars, like all schoolboys. Only I wanted to be paid for it.

BRANDT

That's why I became a cop. I wanted to ride in police cars -- and get paid for it.

MILLER

And look where it's got us:.

Then laugh

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5.

5

Continued

BRANDT

Well, we're better off than that old man.

MILLER

What old man?

BRANDT

The old boy who gassed himself.

MILLER is instantly alert.

MILLER

You said it's nothing.

BRANDT

I know I did. He was a Jew. Spent the war in a concentration camp.

MILLER

No story.

BRANDT reaches under the table, withdraws a parcel from his briefcase. He hands it to MILLER.

BRANDT

This was lying beside the body. You should read it.

MILLER

What is it?

BRANDT

A diary. Read it.

MILLER

What's so special about it?

BRANDT

You'll see.

The WAITER brings them coffee.

But don't tell anyone where you got it.

MILLER

I never do.

A ferryboat signals with its horn in the distance. It's almost like a

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6

INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG AFTERNOON

MILLER stands by living room window wrestling with the string around the brown paper parcel. He opens it. Inside is an old ledger filled with account numbers, written in a spidery hand down all the columns.

Frowning, MILLER turns a page. On the back there's a different handwriting - very neat, very precise - only it's upside down.

MILLER flicks through the ledger, then turns it over. On the back cover he reads:

THE DIARY

of

Salomon Tauber

MILLER sits in the nearest armchair. He turns over to first page and begins to read:

NOTE: TAUBER's diary will be told in a combination of genuine concentration camp newsreel material, and dramatic still photographs, intercut with short matched sections showing the sadism of ROSCHMANN, the horrifying death of TAUBER's wife in the gas van, and finally the shooting of a young Army officer at Riga. The following scenes are an abbreviated guide, and in no way complete or final.

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

My name is Salomon Tauber. I have stayed alive this long only because there was one more thing I wished to do, but now I know I never shall. The friends I have known, the sufferers and the victims, are all dead and only the persecutors remain. I remember them, friend and foe alike, as I remember the train finally pulling into the station ...

7

INT. BOX-CAR CATTLE TRUCK BLACK AND WHITE DAY

7

TAUBER, dark-haired, unscarred, good looking, aged about thirty, stands next to a YOUNG WOMAN, amid FIFTY JEWS packed together in a box-car with flashes of bright light crossing their faces as train slows down.

TAUBER'S VOICE (Cont. OVER)

... after six days and seven nights in a cattle truck from Berlin. By then Esther could scarcely stand, but somehow we managed to cling together.

Continued

The train scrapes to a halt. VOICES shout outside, and almost immediately bolts are drawn back and the door is lowered by SS GUARDS. The YOUNG WOMAN cries out and buries her head in TAUBER's shoulder as the sun sweeps over the filthy, half-starved creatures. He shields her protectively.

8 EXT. RIGA RAILWAY STATION BLACK AND WHITE DAY 8

The cattle train disgorging the bedraggled JEWISH MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN onto the platform as SS GUARDS club them into some sort of line.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN over heads of deportees to GROUP OF SS OFFICERS standing in the shade of station awning. One officer aloof on a packing crate, surveys the human wreckage with a thin but satisfied smile. He is SS-CAPTAIN ROSCHMANN. On awning above his head a sign reads RIGA. ROSCHMANN taps his riding quirt on his jackboot and signals to his men to hurry things up.

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

He was tall and lanky, with fair hair and blue eyes. Later I was to learn he was a dedicated sadist. It was my first sight of SS-Captain Eduard Roschmann ...

9 INT. MILLER'S FLAT, HAMBURG DAY 9

9A. LIVING ROOM: MILLER curled up on armchair, reading. He is now in stockinged feet and the sleeves of his polo-necked sweater have been pushed up past his elbows. He reaches out for a cigarette. Lighting it, he turns page and goes on reading.

9B. BEDROOM: SIGI dressed in a bathrobe vigorously drying her hair. She crosses to wardrobe, and takes out her dress for the evening. Laying it on the bed, she continues to dry her hair.

9C. LIVING ROOM: DUSK has settled outside window. MILLER reads on. Without averting his gaze, he reaches up behind him and switches on standard lamp.

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

Between 1941 and 1944 almost two hundred thousand German Jews were shipped to Riga. Four hundred came out alive ...

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10 EXT. RIGA GHETTO BLACK AND WHITE EARLY MORNING 10

A van, about the size of a single-decker bus, with crudely-drawn figures where windows should be. These figures depict people on an outing: eating sausages, quaffing beer, nibbling at apples.

CAMERA FOLLOWS van's exhaust pipe. We see that it has been fed back into the rear of the van. The doors of the van are open and JEWISH PRISONERS in striped tunics stand inside. The pipe sticks menacingly through the rear wall. STRIDENT MUSIC over this.

A sickly column of JEWISH PRISONERS are climbing into van. ROSCHMANN stands watching nearby. Other PRISONERS are lined up watching in total silence, guarded by SS-GUARDS with Alsatian dogs.

The young TAUBER and the YOUNG WOMAN are part of the column. She is limping badly. They hold hands like lovers, their bodies so close to each other as to appear inseparable. The YOUNG WOMAN is too weak to get up to door of van.

With loving tenderness, TAUBER helps her, all the time watched by ROSCHMANN. As TAUBER is about to follow, ROSCHMANN steps forward briskly and orders him back with a tap of his quirt. He gestures to TAUBER to slam doors of van. TAUBER stares at him incredulously. ROSCHMANN lashes at TAUBER's face with his quirt, causing blood to flow. TAUBER obeys. The YOUNG WOMAN looks down at him, tears coursing down her cheeks as he shuts van doors.

ROSCHMANN turns grinning to his fellow SS-OFFICERS for their approval. They enjoy the joke while TAUBER stares in horror as van rolls away, heading out across barren countryside beyond prison wire.

During this:

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

I have spent twenty years trying to understand the look in my wife's eyes. Was it hatred or love, contempt or pity, bewilderment or understanding? I shall never know.

11 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG NIGHT 11

MILLER is still reading the diary. By now the ashtray is filled with cigarette butts.

SIGI (OVER)

Peter.

At first he is too engrossed to notice. He just grunts. SIGI gets a little impatient.

11 Continued

SIGI

Peter. It's after eight.

MILLER looks up. SIGI is sitting in the armchair opposite. For the first time he notices that she is dressed to go out.

MILLER

You're supposed to be at the club.

SIGI

I know. You were miles away. I tried to call a cab, but I can't get one for half an hour.

MILLER

(irritated)

A cab? Don't I always take you?

12 EXT. ELBE TUNNEL HAMBURG NIGHT

12

MILLER's car drives into the lift that takes pedestrians and vehicles down to the tunnel under the river Elbe. The gates close and the lift starts to descend. MILLER is silent. His thoughts are obviously elsewhere. SIGI looks at him once or twice, but he doesn't even notice. During this sequence we continue to hear TAUBER's voice telling his story.

At the bottom of the shaft the lift gates open and MILLER drives out into the tunnel itself.

The tunnel is crowded at this hour with WORKERS from the docks walking home. They spread from the narrow sidewalk on to the road itself. Several other cars are also driving through the tunnel.

Suddenly the figure of a PEDESTRIAN looms in front of MILLER's car.

SIGI

Peter!

MILLER desperately slams on the brakes. He screeches to a halt only just in time, missing the PEDESTRIAN by inches. SIGI is thrown forward. TAUBER's voice cuts out.

SIGI

For God's sake, Peter, what's the matter with you?

MILLER

Idiots. Why don't they keep to the pavement.

SIGI stretches herself out.

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12

12 Continued

SIGI

You nearly killed him.

MILLER starts up the car again.

MILLER

I didn't even touch him!

Now SIGI is irritated.

SIGI

You really should wake up, Peter. What
is that book anyway?

MILLER

The most horrifying thing I've ever read.

SIGI

Well, come down to earth, will you?

13 EXT. THE CERCLE CLUB REEPERBAHN HAMBURG NIGHT 13

MILLER's car draws up outside the gaily neonised facade. SIGI opens the door, turns and gives MILLER a quick peck on the cheek.

SIGI

Now drive carefully.

She shuts the door, and hurries inside. MILLER starts up the car and drives off without even looking after her.

14 INT. BEDROOM MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG NIGHT 14

A bedside clock reads midnight. In an armchair opposite the bed MILLER is back with the diary. He has a drink by his side and is in his bathrobe.

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

We arrived at Riga docks on the eleventh of November, 1944.

15 EXT. RIGA DOCKS DAY SNOW BLACK AND WHITE 15

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

The end was in sight. The German armies were retreating.

Along the quay, GERMAN ARMY WOUNDED on stretchers are being loaded into a freighter by MEDICAL ORDERLIES.

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15

15 Continued

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

The fifty survivors from Riga were helping
German wounded on to the ship ...

A German staff car screeches to a halt by freighter's gangplank.
ROSCHMANN storms out and orders the unloading of the ARMY
WOUNDED from the ship.

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

... when Roschmann in a staff car drove up
with other SS officers and gave instructions
that the wounded should be brought ashore
because he intended to commandeer the ship
for the SS.

TAUBER and a fellow PRISONER are helping one of the wounded.
On ROSCHMANN's instructions, they turn and come down the gangway
again.

A WEHRMACHT CAPTAIN runs down the quay. He orders MEDICAL
ORDERLIES to load GERMAN ARMY WOUNDED back on freighter.
ROSCHMANN, quivering with rage, slaps the CAPTAIN's face. The
CAPTAIN takes blow, then lands a right-fisted punch on ROSCHMANN's
jaw. ROSCHMANN flies back several feet and falls on his back in the
snow, blood trickling from his mouth. The CAPTAIN moves among his
MEDICAL ORDERLIES.

ROSCHMANN draws his Luger and fires. As the CAPTAIN staggers and
turns, ROSCHMANN fires again. The CAPTAIN spins over backwards,
clutching at his throat. A medal around his neck flies off as bullet
strikes. CAMERA MOVES to large CLOSE UP of the medal. It is the
Knight's Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, lying on the bloodstained snow.

16 INT. BEDROOM MILLER'S FLAT PRE-DAWN

16

MILLER stands gazing out of the window at street below. Hands are
plunged deep in his bathrobe pockets, his expression is tense. After
a moment's silence, he turns away from the window and moving over
to the bed, lies on top of it, staring up at ceiling.

A CLOSE SHOT of the diary. It is lying on the bedside table. The clock
now reads 4.15.

MILLER stares pensively up at ceiling. He half-closes his eyes in
concentration.

16 Continued

16

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

I bear no hatred nor bitterness towards the German people. Peoples are not evil; only individuals are evil.

CAMERA TRACKS slowly into diary.

TAUBER'S VOICE (OVER)

By the time this diary is found I will have taken my life, but if ever these lines should be read in the land of Israel, will some kind friend there please say Kaddish for me?

A CLOSE SHOT of diary shows that a section towards the end has been marked with a strip of paper.

MILLER still stares up at ceiling as bedroom door is heard opening.
CAMERA CUTS BACK to include SIGI as she enters room quietly.
She stops on seeing him deep in thought.

SIGI

Still awake?

MILLER

Hm hm --

SIGI starts to undress.

SIGI

Still cross.

MILLER

No.

SIGI

What's the matter then?

MILLER

-- Just thinking.

SIGI hangs up raincoat in wardrobe.

SIGI

About that book?

MILLER turns full face to her direction. CAMERA ZOOMS to large CLOSE SHOT.

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16 Continued

16

MILLER

(more serious than
usual)

I'm going to track down a man.

17 EXT. THE KOMET MAGAZINE BUILDING HAMBURG DAY 17

A modern glass and steel building with a red neon sign against a smoky grey sky reading: DEUTSCHLANDS FUHRENDE ZEITSCHRIFT.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Take it elsewhere, Miller, I'm not interested.

MILLER (OVER)

(Imploringly)

Herr Hoffmann --

18 INT. HOFFMANN'S OFFICE KOMET MAGAZINE BUILDING 18
HAMBURG DAY

HOFFMAN (OVER)

The answer is definitely no.

Relations very strained in the luxurious office decorated with objets d'art and circulation graphs. HANS HOFFMANN sits in a swivel chair behind large desk. He is in his late forties, boyishly handsome with carefully styled greying hair, cut in the latest fashion.

HOFFMAN

My magazine only prints stories of human interest -

MILLER is pacing up and down, flushed and angry. He holds up diary.

MILLER

(hotly)

What do you think this is, then? Eduard Roschmann was responsible for the death of eighty thousand Jews - Eighty thousand!

The intercom on HOFFMANN's desk buzzes.

HOFFMANN

Excuse me.

(he picks up intercom phone)

What is it? ... No, no. He's got it wrong.

I want some different pictures of Jackie Kennedy. Everybody's got the same, even Don Segel. Now if you could get one of her

18 Continued

He puts down the intercom.

HOFFMANN

(to Miller)

You don't even know if this Roschmann's still alive.

MILLER leans over the desk at him. Quickly, excitedly:

MILLER

But if he were - If he were, say, hiding out some place and I found him, it would be a story.

HOFFMANN

Dead Jews don't sell papers.

MILLER

Herr Hoffmann, these people Roschmann. killed, they weren't Poles and Russians, they were Germans.

HOFFMANN

German Jews.

MILLER

(insistent)

But still Germans.

HOFFMANN

Tragic, it's a sick world, isn't it?

There is a knock on the door. A MAN comes in with some huge blow-ups of photographs.

MAN

These are the best we can get on Ladybird Johnson.

HOFFMANN studies them. MILLER stands, exasperated.

HOFFMANN

Not bad, let's have a dummy spread made up.

The MAN leaves.

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18 Continued

18

HOFFMANN

(to Miller)
And you think that's why I should give you
a commission? Because the victims of Riga
were German Jews.

MILLER

Yes.

HOFFMANN sighs.

HOFFMANN

Peter, nobody wants to know. It's a dead
duck.

MILLER

Maybe for you, but not for me.

MILLER stares at him darkly, tight lipped. HOFFMANN rises.

HOFFMANN

Take my advice, leave it alone. Drop it.
You couldn't have picked a story that people
in Germany want to read about less.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM FRAU MILLER'S HOUSE HAMBURG DAY 19

FRAU MILLER sitting at lunch table, her expression grave.

FRAU MILLER

Peter - Why do you want to do this thing?

CAMERA SHIFTS POSITION to include SIGI and MILLER eating at the
table. MILLER ignores question, and gives his attention to the food
on his plate. SIGI notices his reluctance to reply to FRAU MILLER's
probe.

FRAU MILLER

It's over now, over and done with.

MILLER attacks his food, anger seething inside him.

FRAU MILLER

Nobody wants those dreadful trials any more,
with everything dragged out into the open. It
upsets people. Besides, it's none of your
business.

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19

19 Continued

MILLER

It's everybody's business.

SIGI rises from the table.

SIGI

(tactful murmur)

I'll put on the coffee.

She goes into small kitchen off.

FRAU MILLER

(emphatically)

It's police business. I don't know what your father'd say, God rest his soul, if he knew you were digging up the past. There's enough sadness in the world without you adding to it.

A pause.

MILLER

Tell me something. What was my father really like? Was he like me?

FRAU MILLER

No. He was more sure of himself. More secure.

MILLER pushes his plate to one side and, leaning over, says gently but firmly to his mother:

MILLER

Well then, I'll tell you something: he would have been the first person to say go ahead.

20 EXT. LODGING HOUSE FISCHMARKT 42 HAMBURG DAY 20

Tauber's middle-aged LANDLORD wearing a pair of stained trousers supported by string, a collarless shirt open at the neck and three days' stubble round his chin, stands by the front door regarding MILLER sourly

LANDLORD

You can't go up; I re-let the room.

MILLER

What happened to his things?

20 Continued

LANDLORD

They're out the back.

MILLER

Can I see them?

Slight pause: LANDLORD stares at MILLER. MILLER gives LANDLORD a five-mark note. LANDLORD opens the door fully and gestures with his head for MILLER to enter. MILLER obeys.

21 EXT. BACKYARD LODGING HOUSE FISCHMARKT 42 21
HAMBURG DAY

LANDLORD pulls an oilcloth table-covering off a pile of junk lying in a heap in the filthy backyard. A light rain is falling.

The heap reveals two scuffed pairs of shoes, an assortment of clothes, a pile of musty books, a fringed white silk scarf. MILLER turns it over with his foot, revealing underneath an old framed photograph of Tauber's wife.

MILLER

Who's this?

LANDLORD

How should I know?

MILLER

Is this the lot?

LANDLORD nods. MILLER picks up the photograph. The rain speckles the glass.

MILLER

Did he have any friends?

LANDLORD

Never saw anybody - except old Marx -

MILLER

Marx?

LANDLORD

They used to pick up their old age pension together.

MILLER

Can you describe him?

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22 INT/EXT. POST OFFICE ABOVE FISCHMARKT . HAMBURG DAY 22

A QUEUE OF PEOPLE, mostly old folk, is slowly moving up to the counter, collecting their allowances and pensions. Near the top is an OLD MAN in a check scarf.

LANDLORD'S VOICE (OVER)

... old, thin, long white hair. Always wears a check scarf -

The OLD MAN in the scarf comes up to the counter. It is his turn. The CLERK checks his pension book.

CLERK

Herr Marx.

The OLD MAN nods. The CLERK pays him his money. MARX shuffles away from the counter, carefully counting his money as he goes into the street.

CAMERA PANS with him, centering on a window that looks out into the street. MILLER has been waiting outside, leaning against a guard rail. He watches the OLD MAN as he moves past him, recognises him from the Landlord's description, and follows him.

23 EXT. WATERFRONT ELBECHAUSSEE HAMBURG DAY 23

MARX is sitting on a bench.

MILLER (V.O.)

Herr Marx?

MARX turns. He takes in MILLER's blond, Aryan appearance. He is wary, perhaps a little afraid.

MARX

You know me?

MILLER

May I sit down?

He does so.

MILLER

I'd like to talk to you. About your friend, Salomon Tauber.

MARX

He's dead.

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23

23 Continued

MILLER

That's why I want to talk to you.

MARX studies MILLER cautiously.

MARX

Are you an - official?

MILLER

No.

MARX

Not from the authorities? The police?

MILLER senses the MAN's anxiety, almost fear.

MILLER

I'm a journalist, Peter Miller. I want to help.

The OLD MAN is silent. He watches a giant dry-cargo ship ease down-river on the tide.

MILLER

(carefully)

Before your friend - took his life, he set down his experiences in Riga concentration camp. A diary.

(he looks at Marx)

Were you at Riga too?

In answer MARX draws back the sleeve of his left wrist. On the forearm is tattooed a number in blue ink.

MARX

(simply)

Auschwitz.

Silence.

MILLER

In the diary your friend wrote of an SS officer called Roschmann. Captain Eduard Roschmann. I want to find out if he's still alive. Do you understand?

MARX

There's no point in talking about it.

23 Continued

MILLER

Why? What are you afraid of? What harm
can I do you?

Pause.

MARX

Roschmann is still alive.

MILLER

How do you know.

MARX

Salomon saw him -

MILLER

I read that. But that was in 1945.

MARX

That was three weeks ago. Here, in Hamburg.

MILLER

Are you sure?

MARX

He saw him coming out of the opera with some
friends.

MILLER

Why didn't he go to the police?

MARX

He did. He reported it. But nobody cares.

MARX faces MILLER.

MILLER

(quietly)

I care.

MARX

The police said it was unimportant. They
refused to help! That's why he killed himself.

The OLD MAN is silent for a moment, before saying very quietly:

MARX

You see, it was then he knew he'd come up
against the Odessa.

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24

24 INT. SITTING ROOM BRANDT'S HOUSE HAMBURG SUBURBS
EVENING

24

BRANDT's expression is a mixture of fear and anger. He faces MILLER in the freshly painted sitting room with its new furniture and knick-knacks brimming with suburban chic.

We hear his TWO SMALL CHILDREN squabbling in the hall outside.

BRANDT

Odessa? I don't know what you're talking about.

MILLER

(spelling it out)

O-D-E-S-S-A. It's an organisation, isn't it?

Pause.

BRANDT

(reluctantly)

How much have you heard about it?

MILLER

Just stories, whispers, rumours..

BRANDT

Leave it alone, Peter, please. By the way, where's the diary?

MILLER

I've got it safe.

BRANDT

You weren't supposed to keep it, you know. You'd better give it back.

MILLER

Oh? What's the matter suddenly. Are you sorry you gave it to me?

The playing CHILDREN outside have become more noisy. BRANDT shouts at them through the sitting room door:

BRANDT

Will you two shut up and go to bed!

There is temporary silence from the CHILDREN.

24 Continued

BRANDT

(to Miller)

Peter, I gave you the diary as something that might interest you. A relic of the past. I thought it might make a human interest story. But not to start an investigation.

MILLER

You gave it to me because you were moved by it. And you thought I'd be moved by it, too. I am. I'm going to keep it.

BRANDT

It's police property.

MILLER

You don't want me to follow it up. You don't want me to go after Eduard Roschmann. Why are you so scared?

BRANDT

I'm telling you, don't get involved. It's not your affair.

MILLER

No. War criminals are a police matter. But the police don't want to do anything about it. So I'm going to.

There is another interruption from the CHILDREN outside. BRANDT storms to the door and flings it open angrily to confront the LITTLE BOY and LITTLE GIRL fighting in the hall.

BRANDT

How many times must you be told - 1?
Now get to bed!

He slams the door again. Then turns to MILLER.

BRANDT

(quietly)

Peter, I'm talking to you as a friend. Keep away from the Odessa. Just give me back the diary and let's forget the whole thing.

MILLER

Sorry, Carl.

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26

25 EXT: MINISTRY OF JUSTICE HAMBURG DAY

25

MILLER ascends from Underground station directly across from Ministry building. He dodges nimbly through busy noonday traffic as Ministry clock strikes twelve, and climbs the imposing stairs to building entrance.

26 INT. RECEPTION HALL DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
HAMBURG DAY

26

The magnificent reception hall with its columnated galleries to the courtrooms and offices. MILLER enters through glass-fronted doors and crosses to PORTER's lodge.

MILLER

State Attorney General's office - ?

PORTER

Which department?

MILLER

The one investigating war crimes.

PORTER

Third floor -

MILLER walks quickly up the stairs.

27 INT. WAR CRIMES DIVISION STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S
OFFICE, HAMBURG DAY

27

A pretty YOUNG WOMAN rises from behind her desk and looks at MILLER, uncertain what to do. A further door leading to what looks like a plush inner office is ajar.

YOUNG WOMAN

You should have an appointment, you know ...

MILLER puts on the charm.

MILLER

Go on; it won't take a second. All I want to know is whether you're investigating an SS Captain called Eduard Roschmann. Commandant of Riga.

The YOUNG WOMAN decides. She gives a big smile.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'll see what we've got.

27 Continued

She crosses to filing cabinet and opens it. Half-turning:

YOUNG WOMAN
Riga. And the name was - ?

MILLER
Roschmann.

VOICE (V.O.)
What's going on?

MILLER turns. In the doorway of the inner office stands a middle-aged
LAWYER. He looks angry. The SECRETARY is flustered.

YOUNG WOMAN
This gentleman only wants to know ...

LAWYER
I heard him.
(to Miller)
Who sent you here?

MILLER
I'm a journalist.

He flashes his Press Card. The LAWYER takes it.

LAWYER
Come into my office.

The inner office is obviously the place of work of a very important State
Official. MILLER stands by the desk as the LAWYER follows him in,
closes the door and jots down MILLER's details from his Press Card.
Then he hands it back to MILLER.

LAWYER
Why are you so interested in Captain
Roschmann?

MILLER
Are you investigating him?

LAWYER
Why do you want to know?

MILLER
It's a matter of public interest.

14.11.73

28

27

47 Continued

LAWYER

We investigate many things, Herr Miller.
Sometimes even journalists.

MILLER does not rise to the dig.

MILLER

What about Roschmann?

LAWYER

The matter is confidential. I can't discuss
it. You might influence witnesses. People
are entitled to a fair trial, you know.

MILLER

As long as there is a trial.

The phone rings. The LAWYER picks up the receiver.

LAWYER

Yes? ... Put him through ... General, what
a nice surprise ... and it's good to hear you,
sir ... Yes, of course I'm coming ... I've
got it right here in front of me ... It's the
one evening in the year I wouldn't miss ...

During the above, MILLER has noticed the invitation card lying on the
desk. It carries a Regimental Crest. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a
CLOSE SHOT of the card. In German we read:

ANNUAL REUNION - SIEGFRIED REGIMENT
NOVEMBER 25TH 1963

LAWYER

(still on phone)

I'll pick you up, sir. No, it'll be a pleasure.
Seven p.m. Then we could go together ...
Good.

He puts the receiver down, notices MILLER's interest in the invitation,
puts it in his pocket.

LAWYER

I think I ought to warn you, Herr Miller. It's
a serious offence, to interfere with the machinery
of justice. Journalists have to be careful.

27 Continued

MILLER

In thirteen years, your office has managed to bring three SS men to trial. In thirteen years. See you in court sometime.

He leaves, slamming the door behind him.

28 INT. BEER HALL HAMBURG. NIGHT

28

A large banner stretched across the hall announces 'ANNUAL REUNION SIEGFRIED REGIMENT'. The hall is big, noisy, smoky, a spacious cellar with long wooden tables. At one end is a German brass band, playing lively, tuneful military marches. Crowded closely together at the tables are the OLD COMRADES. Nobody is much under forty, most are in their fifties, some in their sixties. All wear their Sunday-best. Some are clearly middle-class, some quite prosperous.

Tonight they are united in a bond which sustains them through the years.

There are no women guests present, but a number of MALE GUESTS and ONLOOKERS are seated at smaller tables around the periphery. Everybody is drinking huge steins of beer supplied by WAITRESSES bustling through the crowded hall.

The rally, an annual affair, is well under way. The atmosphere is loud, masculine, merry, the lads are enjoying themselves.

At the top table the men are older, stiffer. They drink their beer with restraint. They sit rather like officers at a sergeant's mess party. They approve, but they are just that little bit aloof. Among these is the LAWYER from the Attorney General's Office.

A NUMBER OF PEOPLE stand chatting at the entrance doors. Then MILLER appears, and slips unobtrusively into the hall. He moves to one of the small tables on the periphery and sits down.

Suddenly the BAND stops. Somebody bangs on a table, and a MAN in his fifties, not well dressed, stands up. Immediately he is greeted by shouts and applause. There are cries of "Prosit, Herr Oberst", "Cheer for the old man," "Good to see you, Herr Oberst".

The COLONEL (OBERST) looks around. His suit may be shabby but he was the last Divisional Commander and they love him. He raises his hands.

COLONEL

It's been a good evening, men, and good to see you.

28 . Continued

More cheers and shouts of "And you". The COLONEL looks around the sea of faces. They are all turned to him.

COLONEL

They can't kill us, off, can they?
(he spots a scarred face)

Eh, Tiger?

SCARRED-FACE, overjoyed at being recognised:

SCARRED-FACE

Never, Herr Oberst.

COLONEL

(spots somebody else)
And there's Major Krantz. Not a year
older, by the look of it.

There are shouts of "Krantz", "Krantz".

KRANTZ, who looks prosperous, waves his hand and toasts the assembly.

COLONEL

Yes, there's a lot of us left. I welcome
you all to our seventeenth annual reunion.
Now, Gentlemen, I have a surprise for you.
Someone who has not been with us for
several years. Your attention please for
General Greifer. Our General.

As GENERAL GREIFER stands the GUESTS go wild. Feet are ramming
on the floor, MEN are standing up all over the hall shouting "Greifer!"
"Greifer!" "Greifer!"

GREIFER looks at them with pleasure. Then the BAND strikes up. This
song is something special. As soon as the stirring notes are heard,
everybody comes to attention, and begins singing the words.

It is the Badenweiler March. It is magic.

During the song THE CAMERA ZOOMS from a LONG SHOT slowly upwar
and in to a small shadowed gallery overlooking the hall. Standing in the
semi-darkness looking down at the ASSEMBLY is a tall, thin-faced MAN
of about sixty. He wears dark glasses. There is no expression on his
face.

The song ends to a tremendous cheer, and again the cry is "Greifer!",
"Greifer!"

28 Continued

The COLONEL bangs the table for silence and GENERAL GREIFER speaks:

GREIFER

Comrades. Tonight we're together here..
But when are we apart? For us, nothing
changes. Germany believes she doesn't
need us now, but one day she'll know that
she does.

Cheers raise the roof. MILLER watches GREIFER with interest.
So does the MAN with the dark glasses standing in the gallery.

GREIFER

We'll be as mighty again as we ever were.
It will take time, but the ideals will be the
same. When the drums beat and the bands
play, when the flags wave and our whole
nation is united, once more, we'll march
together to the ends of the earth. One people!
One Germany! One leader!

There is a roar of frantic applause following the speech. Then suddenly
a flash bulb goes off.

MILLER has been unable to resist the temptation of taking a photograph.
The BAND strikes up again as THREE MEN move quickly towards him,
pulling him to his feet.

There are shouts in German from around MILLER. "Throw him out",
"Get rid of him".

The THREE MEN take MILLER by both arms and march him out. The
EX-SERVICEMEN are singing again, a rousing, beer-drinking song.
Apart from those close to MILLER's table the only person to notice is
the MAN standing in the gallery.

29 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BEER HALL HAMBURG NIGHT 29

MILLER is being savagely beaten up by the THREE MEN. He has no
chance at all. One holds him from behind and the other belts into him.

30 INT. BEER HALL HAMBURG NIGHT 30

In the hall the singing continues. WE CUT TO several GROUPS of
people. In the gallery the STRANGER with the dark glasses is talking
quietly to another MAN. We do not hear what is said.

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- 31 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BEER HALL HAMBURG NIGHT 31
MILLER, half-conscious, bloody, hurt, lies helpless on the ground as the THREE MEN destroy his expensive 35 mm camera.
- 32 INT. BEER HALL HAMBURG NIGHT 32
In the beer hall the singing and merry-making continues.
- 33 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG NIGHT 33
The darkened hall of the flat. The key is turned in the lock and dishevelled MILLER limps in. He crosses the hall into the bathroom and turning on the tap bathes his bruises and blood-stained face with cold water. Then, taking a towel, he moves across to the bedroom and sits down on the bed.
- 34 EXT. FACADE OF THE ATLANTIC HOTEL HAMBURG NIGHT 34
CAMERA PANS UP the façade and ZOOMS IN to one of the lighted windows.
- 35 INT. HOTEL SUITE ATLANTIC HOTEL HAMBURG NIGHT 35
A CLOSE SHOT of the MAN with the dark glasses from the Rally. He's looking out of the window, across the city of Hamburg. He is GENERAL GLUECKS.

GLUECKS

It's good to be back, even if only for a few hours. One can get tired of the Spanish sun.

As he turns from the window, we see, standing respectfully facing him, TWO MEN. One is WERNER DEILMAN, aged about forty-eight, dapper, with clean-cut features and coarse fair hair, blue eyes. We will later find him to be a high Government official. The other is DR FERDINAND SCHULTZ, aged 55, grey hair, sleek, sallow skin, with an intellectual appearance.

GLUECKS

(as he takes off his dark glasses)
I don't think I need these among friends.

He indicates to the other TWO to sit down. They do so, and he himself si

GLUECKS

I've come back to Germany because the situation is critical.

They both look at him..

35 Continued

GLUECKS

We're running out of time. The deadline for Nasser's rockets has been brought forward. To March the first. The pressure is on..

DEILMAN

General, we can meet that date. The teleguidance system will be complete in two months. I've just seen the report.

GLUECKS

I thought Kennedy's death would be good for us. But Johnson may force the German arms deal with Israel. So, we have three months before the Israelis get American arms.

SCHULTZ

Yes, General.

GLUECKS

Three months to keep our promise to Egypt.
(pause)

What was that incident tonight at the rally?

SCHULTZ

A young journalist. We know all about him. Just a nosey free-lance.

GLUECKS

What did he want?

SCHULTZ

He's been asking questions. But he isn't getting anywhere.

GLUECKS

What questions?

DEILMAN

A lawyer friend tells us he's been asking about Eduard.

GLUECKS

You'll have to tighten security. You know how important Eduard is to us now.

He gets up, and the others also get up respectfully.

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34

35

35 Continued

GLUECKS

Remember, three months is all we have,
for the rockets of Helwan to fly against
Israel.

36

INT. BEDROOM MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG NIGHT

36

SIGI is sitting on the bed, a basin of water beside her. MILLER is in
bed. SIGI gently dabs at his face with a cloth. She has her street
clothes on.

SIGI

What would you do,, if I really walked out
on you?

MILLER

Sigi, you should have seen them - and
heard them. The same old mentality. I
thought it was finished, but it's still going
on.

SIGI gets up and crosses to a chest of drawers on which she places the
basin.

SIGI

Have you told the police?

MILLER

Told them what?

SIGI

About getting attacked. Having your camera
smashed.

MILLER

I don't think there'd be much point.

SIGI has crossed to the wardrobe. Now she unzips her dress and begins
to take it off.

SIGI

It's that damned diary. Who cares? I'm
sorry about the old man, but who cares?

MILLER

It's not only the old man. It's made me aware
of things. I've started to feel responsible -
(a smile)

Something new for me, eh?

36 Continued

SIGI
Responsible for what?

MILLER
Oh, let's forget it. Tomorrow we'll get
up early and go and buy that coat I promised
you.

SIGI isn't wearing very much now. MILLER looks at her appreciatively.

MILLER
Not that I see why you need to wear anything.

SIGI
Isn't that what you're always complaining about?

MILLER
In the club, not with me.

SIGI, now naked, slips into bed beside him. She turns out the light and
moves over to him.

MILLER
Ouch. Sorry, but I'm rather fragile tonight.

She holds him to her. They are very close.

37 EXT. A SMALL AIRPORT NEAR HAMBURG DAWN

37

A private executive jet, near one of the airport buildings.

Two cars, their headlights cutting through the morning mist, pull up
alongside. The one in front is a black limousine, the second a small BMW

A YOUNG MAN in overalls gets out of the passenger seat of the smaller
car and crosses to the jet. He could be Spanish. He is the pilot.

Out of the limousine steps GLUECKS (dark glasses on again), and
DEILMAN also gets out. They stand for a moment or two, waiting for
the PILOT to ready the aircraft.

DEILMAN
It's a pity your visit's so short.

GLUECKS
Never mind. When this project is completed,
I'll get our friend Winzer to make me a nice
new passport and I'll come home for good.

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37

37 Continued

He smiles.

The PILOT crosses to them from the plane.

PILOT

Everything's ready, General.

38 EXT. UNTERGRUNDBAHNSTATION HAMBURG DAY

38

COMMUTERS stream into underground station entrance. SIGI and MILLER appear amid the crush. His face looks a little better. SIGI has her arm linked in MILLER's, while he carries a large cardboard parcel. She is animated, full of fun. MILLER only pretends interest in what she is saying; his mind is clearly elsewhere.

They enter the underground station.

39 INT. UNTERGRUNDBAHNSTATION HAMBURG DAY

39

The station platform is packed with PASSENGERS waiting for the next train to arrive from the tunnel. SIGI and MILLER stand next to each other at the platform's edge.

The PASSENGERS jostle forward as the sound of a train is heard from the tunnel and an announcement is made:

ANNOUNCER (OVER, IN GERMAN)

This train.. only goes as far as Wilhelmsburg...
Let them off first. Thank you.

The train appears from the tunnel. The PASSENGERS all start pushing forward to gain a favourable position. Just as the first and second compartment clear the tunnel, SIGI and MILLER are suddenly thrust apart and a MAN's elbows shoots out and stabs MILLER savagely in the side, causing him to over-balance and fall headlong into the shallow pit beside the tracks.

The DRIVER of the underground train sees MILLER fall and applies the brakes - the train skids along the rails going past MILLER and over the cardboard box which has also fallen on to the line.

SIGI screams as the PASSENGERS surge forward with one great cry of alarm. STATION GUARDS push their way through the mass of gaping PASSENGERS as the underground train backs slowly down the tunnel.

39 Continued

ANNOUNCER (OVER, IN GERMAN)

Please stand back - let the guards through -
please!!

The underground train returns to the tunnel and we see MILLER lying face down in the pit. GUARDS jump down and help him up. We see that he is alive, but badly shaken.

Meanwhile, SIGI has been helped to a seat and is being attended to by TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

A MAN has been watching everything closely. The MAN who pushed MILLER on to the line. He wears a white raincoat. We shall later know him to be GUSTAV MACKENSEN, the Odessa's professional assassin.

After a moment, MACKENSEN turns and moves quickly away from the scene.

40 INT. BEDROOM MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG 40

A suitcase lies on the bed. MILLER has wardrobe open, the cupboard drawers out, and is throwing clothes fiercely onto bed. SIGI stands by the door, watching.

SIGI

Peter, maybe it was an accident.

MILLER punctuates each line by flinging an item of clothing on the bed.

MILLER

Oh sure.

SIGI is very worried.

SIGI

Peter!

MILLER

I don't care. Understand? I've had enough.

SIGI

Then stop being stupid. Don't go on with it.

MILLER

How much more do you want me to take? I get kicked around. Doors close in my face. I'm beaten up. I get pushed under a train.

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38

40

40 Continued

SIGI

All right. If you're going I'm coming with you. Who are we going to see first?

Her tone is no longer pleading. Now she is cool, business-like.

MILLER stops flinging coats on the bed, turns to face her.

MILLER

You're not going to see anyone.

She goes to the back of the wardrobe, pulls out another suitcase.

SIGI

Peter, you know how useful I can be. Remember when I chatted up that customs man at Bremen? And the time I helped you at Wiesbaden? With the American major?

She is wheedling. MILLER knows it's true but won't give in.

MILLER

Not this time.

SIGI

You're so stubborn. Why not?

MILLER

Because I say so.

He looks towards her and sees she is upset. Going over to her he takes her in his arms and kisses her.

MILLER

I've got to do this on my own, Sigi. Believe me.

SIGI

Don't count on my being here when you get back.

But she doesn't really mean it.

41 EXT. MONTAGE TRAVEL SHOTS TO VIENNA DAY/NIGHT

41

1. MILLER in his car approaching CAMERA at full speed. He switches on his headlights as he passes us.

41 Continued

2. Autobahn cafeteria. Very large, soulless, and empty. MILLER carrying a tray of food across the deserted floor. He sits by the huge window, gazing out to the darkness beyond.

3. Panoramic view of city as winter sun rises gradually from behind St. Stephen's Cathedral. CAMERA PANS DOWN to MILLER's car crossing the Ring as the first of the tramcars trundle by.

Superimpose:

VIENNA December 7th 1963

42 INT. CENTRAL SORTING OFFICE GPO VIENNA

42

A bustle of activity. Trolleys with mail being pushed past. Letters being sorted. Machines moving packages along. Parcels being checked.

In the middle of it, MILLER is with the SUPERINTENDENT of the sorting office, an alert, intelligent official. MILLER is not getting anywhere with him.

SUPERINTENDENT

You're not the first one. A lot of people want Simon Wiesenthal's address, and we don't give it to anybody.

MILLER

I have to find him. I've tried everywhere else. It's urgent.

SUPERINTENDENT

It always is. I'm sorry. Apart from Eichmann, Wiesenthal has brought a thousand war criminals to justice. And that's a thousand reasons why we have to take precautions. Look.

He guides MILLER to a section where several parcels are standing in a sorting bay.

SUPERINTENDENT

They're addressed to Wiesenthal. They won't be delivered until they've been checked.

MILLER

Checked for what? Bombs?

42 Continued

The SUPERINTENDENT shrugs his shoulders.

SUPERINTENDENT
We leave that to the police experts. They
know what to look for.

MILLER has the SUPERINTENDENT in a corner. Now he pulls out his
press card.

MILLER
Obviously you want to see my credentials.

The SUPERINTENDENT takes the press card, and finds that he has
also taken two currency notes which MILLER has slipped to him in passing
the card. The SUPERINTENDENT freezes. He thrusts the card and the
money at MILLER.

SUPERINTENDENT
I think you'd better go. Before the police start
taking an interest in you.

MILLER
Look here, I ...

The SUPERINTENDENT turns to a passing official.

SUPERINTENDENT
This gentlemen wants to leave. Will you escort
him from the building?

And he turns his back on MILLER.

43 INT. BRANDT'S OFFICE HAMBURG POLICE HQ DAY 43

BRANDT is seated at his desk, speaking into the phone. He looks
worried.

BRANDT
Of course nobody will tell you. What did you
expect? And what the hell are you up to now?
What do you want with Simon Wiesenthal?

Behind him, in the frame of the open door, KUNIK, his assistant has
appeared, and stands listening. He reacts to the name WIESENTHAL.
CAMERA zooms to CLOSE SHOT of KUNIK.

Continued

Yes, I can. But no more. I have to ring me back.

BRANDT from KUNIK's point of view.

BRANDT
And remember, it's highly confidential. Keep it to yourself.

BRANDT puts down the receiver. Simultaneously, BRANDT enters an entrance into the office.

KUNIK
What was all that about?

BRANDT
A reporter; asking me for a story.

KUNIK
Oh? What did he want?

BRANDT
A contact. In Vienna.

KUNIK
What for?

BRANDT
Listen, Kunik. Not a word of this to anyone. Right?

KUNIK
Carl, you can trust me.

41 EXT. FACADE OF POLICE H.Q. DAY

Sidewalk in front of the building is crowded with SHOPPERS. A man is seen coming down front steps. He dodges through the traffic to a public telephone box some distance up the street.

5 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE CONT. DAY

The office is ultra-modern. A world globe and a desk.

1
2
C
1
11

45 Continued

Superimpose: BONN DECEMBER 7th 1963

WERNER DEILMAN is seated at his desk. A SECRETARY opposite is taking dictation. The phone rings.

DEILMAN

(picking up receiver)

Hallo? ... Put him through.

(to Secretary)

I'll finish it later.

The SECRETARY gets up and leaves.

DEILMAN

(into phone)

Yes, Kunk, what is it? ... Yes ...

No, you were quite right to ring me ...

I see, well stay close to Brandt, and phone me again this evening.

As he speaks, WE CUT to CLOSE SHOT of the interesting features of the office, the items which give it its unusual character.

DEILMAN puts down the telephone, and buzzes through on the intercom to his SECRETARY.

DEILMAN

Give me the number of the Intercontinental Hotel, Vienna.

There is a momentary pause, then:

SECRETARY (V.O.)

The code is 432, Herr Deilman, and the number is 517265. Shall I get it for you?

DEILMAN

No, thank you. I'll use my private line.

He dials, and a moment later:

... Dr Schultz, please ... Ferdinand?
Listen, that journalist, the one who nearly fell under the train -- he's in Vienna, trying to see Simon Wiesenthal. Since you're also there this week, I want you to contact him ...
Yes, take any action you feel necessary.
Phone me at home.

46 EXT. RUDOLF PLATZ VIENNA DAY

MILLER crosses the square to the building in which WIESENTHAL has his office. MILLER stops at the narrow entrance, to check the number, then goes in.

47 INT. WIESENTHAL'S OFFICE RUDOLF PLATZ VIENNA DAY 47

SIMON WIESENTHAL, a burly man of over six feet tall, sits behind the desk of his cramped office. One wall lined with books, another contains a long sofa. The wall opposite is decorated with illuminated testimonials. A window looks down on a courtyard. WIESENTHAL is leafing through the Tauber Diary.

MILLER sits facing him.

WIESENTHAL

Why are you so interested?

But he says it rather more kindly, more puzzled than hostile.

MILLER

Does that matter, Herr Wiesenthal?

WIESENTHAL smiles.

WIESENTHAL

I'm just curious. You make a nuisance of yourself with the authorities in Hamburg. You get beaten up at a reunion of the comrades. Then you try to bribe a post office official. I wonder why?

MILLER

You seem to know a lot about me.

WIESENTHAL

I seldom talk with anyone without knowing about them first. That's why you had to wait three days for this appointment. You didn't really expect to get away with taking pictures at the Siegfried Reunion, did you?

MILLER

Why not? Germany's a free country.

WIESENTHAL rises and goes to the window. He gazes out of it before asking quietly:

WIESENTHAL

47 Continued

MILLER

That's one of the things I've come to ask you about. People seem afraid of it. They shut up quickly, whenever I mention it.

WIESENTHAL

That's safer.

MILLER

Go on, please.

WIESENTHAL

Organisation der ehemaligen SS - Angehörigen. It was formed at the end of the war to help SS men to disappear. To get them out of Germany, set them up with new identities. Thousands were given forged documents.

MILLER

That was nearly twenty years ago.

WIESENTHAL

It's grown, like a spider's web. It stretches to many countries, Argentina, Egypt, Spain, Paraguay. And the centre is here. In Germany. Today.

MILLER

I wouldn't have believed it. But then, I'm a different generation.

WIESENTHAL

Yes, these are the old ones. After the war, they set out to infiltrate every facet of life in West Germany. Commerce, the judges, the lawyers, local government. Even the police. They're everywhere.

MILLER

That takes money.

WIESENTHAL gets up, and crosses to a small table on which are a heap of files. From one of these he takes out a sheet of paper.

WIESENTHAL

Money?

(he laughs dryly)

They have millions. The SS smuggled out

47 Continued

WIESENTHAL (Cont)

most of their gold and art treasures just before Germany collapsed. A large part lies in vaults under the pavements of Zurich. Oh yes, they've got plenty.

WIESENTHAL folds the sheet of paper neatly down the centre and lays left side in front of MILLER.

WIESENTHAL

Recognise these?

There are four photographs, one under the other, on the sheet of paper.

MILLER

(pointing)

They're senior officers in the Hamburg police force.

WIESENTHAL

Now ... spread the paper out.

MILLER's hands as he does so. We see, on the sheet fully expanded, the SS number, rank and promotion date of each police officer.

MILLER looks up with complete astonishment.

WIESENTHAL

(quietly, tilting his head)

See what I mean? I received this information yesterday. There are thousands of these people at large. So what's so special about Roschmann?

Pause.

MILLER

You've read the Diary, Herr Wiesenthal.

Silence. WIESENTHAL gives MILLER a final summing up. Then he goes across to a filing cabinet. He unlocks it with a key on a bunch he takes from his pocket, and which is chained to him. He opens a drawer labelled 'ROA-ROZ' and withdraws a blue file. There are also green, pink and buff files.

WIESENTHAL

Eduard Roschmann. Blue file. Criminal at large.

47 Continued

47

WIESENTHAL opens the file.

WIESENTHAL

Roschmann was captured by the British, on December 20th 1947, in Graz. He was put under escort on a train for Munich.

He pauses, eyes MILLER.

MILLER

And?

WIESENTHAL gives him a thin smile.

WIESENTHAL

He escaped. His two guards turned their back when he went to the lavatory. They broke the door down, but the window was open and Roschmann gone.

MILLER

What happened to him?

WIESENTHAL

He made contact with the Odessa.

WIESENTHAL opens a desk drawer, takes out a German passport.

WIESENTHAL

They'd give him one of these.

He hands it over to MILLER, who looks at it. He sees that it has been cancelled with a large perforation.

MILLER

Passport.

WIESENTHAL

Not an ordinary passport. A forged passport, for someone in the Odessa. With it goes a complete new identity. A new birth certificate, a new family, a new job. Sometimes a new country, a new life.

(slight smile)

By the way, this one was caught.

He takes the passport back.

47 Continued

47

WIESENTHAL

Find the men who make these arrangements and you'll be a big step closer to finding Roschmann. If I were you, I'd start with the Z-commission in Ludwigsburg. They're a special branch of the German police who investigate war criminals.

MILLER

If I knew what Roschmann looked like.

WIESENTHAL smiles. From the blue file he takes a photo, pushes it over to MILLER.

WIESENTHAL

Roschmann.

CU of ROSCHMANN's face.

MILLER

When was this taken?

WIESENTHAL

Nine years ago. In South America. He'll look older now. But look at the eyes. You'll know those eyes when you see them.

MILLER

May I keep this.

WIESENTHAL

Certainly.

48 INT. DREI LOEWEN HOTEL VIENNA DAY

48

MILLER comes through revolving doors from street, and goes up to the reception desk.

MILLER

312, please. And I'll be leaving today.

The RECEPTIONIST gives him the key.

RECEPTIONIST

There's a gentleman waiting for you, Herr Miller. Over there.

MILLER turns. SCHULTZ has got up from the armchair where he had

48 Continued

been waiting, and comes up to MILLER, smiling.

SCHULTZ

Herr Miller?

MILLER stares at him warily.

Herr Peter Miller?

MILLER

Yes.

SCHULTZ

I wonder if we could talk somewhere ...
your room, perhaps?

MILLER

We can talk down here.

SCHULTZ is in no way dismayed.

SCHULTZ

Of course. My name is ... Schmidt.
Doktor Schmidt.

MILLER

What do you want?

SCHULTZ looks round.

SCHULTZ

Perhaps we can sit down.

He indicates a couple of the armchairs.

A very pleasant hotel, this. A little too
modern for me, perhaps. But -

MILLER

(cutting in)

What is it you want?

SCHULTZ sits down, waits for MILLER to do so too.

SCHULTZ

You are a journalist, I'm told. With a
reputation for being very thorough -

SCHULTZ (Cont)

(clenching his fist very tight)

Very tenacious - right?

Relaxes fist, instant bright smile. MILLER gives nothing.

SCHULTZ

Some friends of mine heard you're making
an enquiry into events that happened ... a
long time ago. Mmmm?

Slight pause. MILLER looks at him warily.

MILLER

(slowly)

You mean Eduard Roschmann, don't you?

SCHULTZ

(brightly)

I do. I most certainly do. Eduard Roschmann.

MILLER

So?

MILLER watches him without expression.

SCHULTZ

Roschmann is dead.

Slight pause.

MILLER

I didn't know.

SCHULTZ

Of course not. There's no reason why you
should. But I thought I'd mention the fact
because I didn't want you wasting your time.

MILLER

Tell me something, Doktor Schmidt. When did
he die?

SCHULTZ

In May 1945. Fighting the American advance.

MILLER

Really?

48 Continued

His tone makes SCHULTZ stare at MILLER.

MILLER

I'm sorry. You'll have to try harder.
Roschmann was captured by the British in
December 1947. Didn't your friends brief
you properly when they gave you this errand?

SCHULTZ gazes at MILLER with narrowed eyes.

SCHULTZ

Miller, you're not stupid. Take my advice.
Drop this enquiry.

MILLER stands up.

MILLER

Roschmann was seen alive. In Hamburg.
This year. It was never confirmed. You've
just confirmed it. Good day, Herr "Doktor
Schmidt".

MILLER walks off to the lift. SCHULTZ watches.

49 INT. DREI LOEWEN HOTEL VIENNA DAY

49

MILLER at the reception desk, paying his bill, getting his change. He
moves off towards the front door, followed by a porter carrying his suit-
case.

50 EXT. DREI LOEWEN HOTEL VIENNA DAY

50

MILLER and the PORTER emerge from the hotel, going to his car, which
is parked nearby. As he tips the PORTER, CAMERA cuts to a van
parked across the street. Sitting in the van are FOUR MEN, two in the
front seat, two at the back in shadow. They watch closely as MILLER gets
into the car, and when he drives off they follow him.

51 EXT. AUSTRIAN-GERMAN FRONTIER POST DAY

51

MILLER pulls up at the barrier, shows his passport, drives through from
Austria into Germany. Close behind, the van with the FOUR MEN passes
the barrier, and continues to follow him.

52 EXT. AUTOBAHN CAFE DUSK

52

MILLER pulls up in the car park of the autobahn service station. He
gets out of the car and starts walking towards the cafe.

14.11.73

51

52

52 Continued

The van pulls into the car park. The men in it are watching MILLER. He is not aware of them.

53

53 INT. WASHROOM AUTOBAHN CAFE DUSK

MILLER is washing his hands. Another man comes to the basin next to him and washes his hands. It is the VAN DRIVER. He takes no notice of MILLER, and neither is MILLER aware of him. MILLER goes to dry his hands on the roller towel. The DRIVER gets there almost simultaneously, but politely indicates that MILLER was first. MILLER dries his hands.

Another MAN comes into the washroom, ignores them both.

MILLER finishes drying his hands, steps aside to let the DRIVER take his turn.

Suddenly MILLER stiffens. A SECOND MAN is standing behind him, with a gun in his back.

The DRIVER turns to MILLER.

DRIVER

Car keys.

MILLER hesitates:

Quick.

He snaps his fingers. MILLER hands over his car keys.

Now you come with us.

The DRIVER leading, they leave the washroom. MILLER is in the middle. The Man with the gun (which is now hidden) stays at his back.

54

54 INT. AUTOBAHN CAFE DUSK

The TWO MEN and MILLER walk through the cafe. People are sitting at tables, there is the hum of conversation, a juke box plays. MILLER is clearly thinking of trying a break, and his two kidnappers are aware of it. MILLER is very conscious of the Man with the gun.

55

55 EXT. AUTOBAHN CAFE CAR PARK NIGHT

They come to MILLER's car. The DRIVER, who has the keys, gets in, starts the engine. He nods to MILLER's escort.

55 Continued

55

MILLER is marched over to the van. A couple of other men are waiting there. MILLER hears his car engine start up and the car slowly gets ready to move.

MILLER

Hey ...

Somebody hits MILLER on the back of the head, and it all goes black for him.

56 INT. VAN NIGHT

56

MILLER is lying on floor of van. His hands are bound and he is watched over by TWO of his captors. MILLER recovers a little and stares up at the indistinct figures in the darkness. Hunched, smoking cigarettes, they make no move.

57 EXT. A COUNTRY HOUSE OUTSIDE MUNICH PRE-DAWN

57

The van lurches along dirt-road, turning sharply into the overgrown drive of a large country house. Its headlights flash impatiently. A MAN, accompanied by an Alsatian dog, hurries down the steps from the house and crosses to the van, which has stopped outside.

Before MILLER is taken out of the van, a woollen sock is pulled over his head to prevent him from seeing where he is being taken. THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

58 The next few CUTS give us an impression in sound of MILLER being taken into the house. We hear the sounds of footsteps as they go down stone steps, the front door slamming, the dog barking, a number of MEN's voices, the squeak of another door opening, the sound of a chair being pulled back. More footsteps, the hum of an extractor fan.

When the woollen sock is removed from MILLER's head, WE SEE through his eyes.

59 INT. BASEMENT ROOM COUNTRY HOUSE PRE-DAWN

59

A windowless room, a vaulted ceiling and oaken casks set in stone walls.

Seated opposite MILLER at a trestle table is a bony, hawk-faced man, DAVID PORATH, and a bronzed young man, LEON SHAPIRA. Another YOUNG MAN stands by a powerful spotlight.

MILLER finds himself in a chair, his wrists tied firmly to the arms. His feet are being lashed to the chair by a FOURTH MAN.

59 Continued

PORATH indicates to his COLLEAGUE to switch on the lamp. The light shines directly into MILLER's eyes, temporarily blinding him. Silence. PORATH studies MILLER keenly before rapping out:-

PORATH

We've brought you here to ask you some questions. If you tell us what we want to know, you'll come to no harm. But if you don't, we'll kill you. Is that clear?

(he draws himself up
in the chair)

Begin by telling us your name.

60 EXT. ISRAELI ARMY FIELD CAMP IN THE DESERT DAY 60

A CLOSE-SHOT of a jet screaming at low level above the desert camp. There are tents, marquees, tanks, jeeps, radio masts, radar equipment, etc., and an Israeli flag.

Superimpose: ISRAEL DECEMBER 11th 1963.

61 INT. FIELD TENT ISRAELI H.Q. DAY 61

In a small tent sits an ISRAELI GENERAL who is chief of Military Intelligence. In a corner, a GIRL is quietly doing some paper work. She is the GENERAL'S SECRETARY. And in the shadows sits a silent MAN, who throughout watches everything and says nothing.

The GENERAL is at his field desk. Opposite sits a MAN of whom, initially we only have a back view.

GENERAL

Show me the photo.

The MAN opposite him hands across a photo.
C.U. of the photo: PETER MILLER.

GENERAL

You had him fully checked?

The MAN nods. We see it is PORATH.

PORATH

Thoroughly. His job, his social interests, his girl friend, his whole background.

GENERAL

Politics?

61 Continued

PORATH

He doesn't have any. He isn't a member of anything.

GENERAL

Every man has his politics.

PORATH

We thought he was Odessa. That's why we picked him up.

GENERAL

And?

PORATH

You had my report. Wiesenthal and our own people cleared him.

GENERAL

And you say he wants to find this SS man.

PORATH

He's obsessive about it. We're still not sure why.

For the first time the GENERAL looks at the MAN sitting in the shadow. They exchange a look. Then:

GENERAL

(to NCO)

Leave us.

The NCO understands immediately. She knows when something hush-hush is about to be discussed.

NCO

I'll be outside, sir.

She exits.

The GENERAL faces PORATH.

GENERAL

What I'm going to tell you is the top secret.

The GENERAL gets up, moves over to a large-scale map of Israel on an easel.

61 Continued

GENERAL

The Egyptians have rockets poised at Helwan.
Their targets are

(he points)

Haifa. Tel Aviv. Acre. Jaffa. That's the
first strike. The second strike will straddle
the whole country.

The SILENT MAN is watching the effect this has on PORATH.

GENERAL

The rockets will have special war heads. They
will contain bubonic plague, and strontium
ninety. If it succeeds, it's the end of Israel.

The GENERAL goes back to his desk.

All they're waiting for is the completion of the
teleguidance system. Without it, they can't
target the rockets.

(beat)

Now we have received this.

He hands PORATH a pink sheet of paper from a file on his desk. PORATH
reads it.

GENERAL

Scientists are working somewhere in Germany
under cover of a legitimate factory. And they've
nearly completed the job.

The GENERAL stands up.

David, our time is running out. We must find
that factory. We must find it, or we die. Look.

He goes to a huge folder and pulls out a large reconnaissance photograph
of a rocket site.

GENERAL

That's some of them. Range between three
and five hundred kilometres. This was taken
yesterday. The warheads are ready. Once they
have the teleguidance ...

He puts the picture away.

61 Continued

PORATH

I'll fly back tonight.

GENERAL

No one knows what I've told you. There'd be panic in the streets. But now you see what's at stake. You must take every risk. Grab every opportunity.

62 INT. STUDY DEILMAN'S HOUSE BONN LATE EVENING

62

A CLOSE SHOT of the MAN, GUSTAV MACKENSEN, who tried to push MILLER under the underground train.

DEILMAN (V.O.)

Miller was last seen in Vienna three days ago. One of our people talked to him at his hotel, and then we lost him completely.

CUT BACK to reveal DEILMAN's comfortable study.

DEILMAN

But you could begin your enquiries with his girlfriend in Hamburg - she should know.

DEILMAN rises and moves towards the door. MACKENSEN, picking up his white raincoat from a chair, follows, carrying a buff-coloured envelope.

MACKENSEN

What's her address?

DEILMAN

Miller's flat, 116 Simonstrasse.

(indicating envelope)

You'll find all the details in there.

MACKENSEN

And when I catch up with him?

DEILMAN

Kill him.

63 INT. BASEMENT ROOM COUNTRY HOUSE OUTSIDE MUNICH DAY 6:

Silence. MILLER stands before teatime table. PORATH sits facing him, with SHAPIRA standing slightly in the background. PORATH is gazing thoughtfully at MILLER. Shortly:

63 Continued

PORATH

How far would you go to find this man?

MILLER

What do you mean by how far?

PORATH

Would you risk your life?

MILLER

I already have.

PORATH

Your best chance of tracing Roschmann would be to get into the Odessa yourself. Become one of them.

SHAPIRA

It's dangerous but it could be done.

PORATH

I must tell you, that we're members of Shin Beth - Israeli Intelligence. We've tried twice to infiltrate the Odessa, and failed. But this time there's a better chance.

MILLER

(ironically)

The law of averages?

PORATH

No, because you're not a Jew. You're their kind. It's a big advantage.

MILLER

(suspiciously)

Why should you want to help me?

Slight pause. PORATH makes a tight apologetic smile, and spreads his hands out flatly on trestle table.

PORATH

We need more information about the Odessa and their plans. We're working against time.

MILLER

What happened to the other two?

PORATH

The first man we tried to infiltrate was found with an eight-inch nail driven into his head. The second was fished out of the Elbe - without fingernails.

MILLER

Not exactly encouraging.

He gets up and moves away. PORATH and SHAPIRA watch him closely as he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

PORATH

Those are the dangers. You'd also have advantages.

MILLER

What are they?

PORATH

We've learnt a lot from our mistakes. Our contacts are better than they used to be. One of them is an expert on the SS. He'd brief you very thoroughly.

MILLER

Can you trust him?

PORATH

(shrugging)

As much as we can trust you.

MILLER

(pause)

All right. I'll do it.

PORATH smiles slightly and rises from the table. SHAPIRA moves up alongside.

PORATH

Think it over carefully. Once you're committed, we can't let you turn back. You'll know too much about us.

A pause. The TWO MEN wait and watch.

MILLER

I'm still with you.

63 Continued

63

PORATH crosses to him and puts out his hand. MILLER shakes it.

PORATH

Good. Now let's get to work. There's a lot to do.

64 INT. MEN'S WARD GENERAL HOSPITAL BREMEN DAWN

64

PORATH (V.O.)

... We'll start with Hartstein.

HARTSTEIN is a middle-aged orderly. He noiselessly draws back the curtains on a winter dawn. The hospital grounds outside are covered in a heavy coat of unmarked snow.

HARTSTEIN turns, removing a pencil-thermometer from his top pocket. Shaking it vigorously, he approaches a tall screen that shuts off the occupant from rest of ward.

He enters screened-off area and checks PATIENT's pulse. There is none. HARTSTEIN gazes down without expression at the ravaged face of PATIENT. Then he lifts the dead man's arm out of the blankets. A number is tattooed inside the PATIENT's armpit.

HARTSTEIN covers PATIENT's face and glances inside the drawer of the bedside table. He routs quickly through various personal possessions before withdrawing a driving licence. He opens it and reads:-

CLOSE UP INSERT: HARTSTEIN's hand holding licence made out to ROLF GUNTHER KOLB, date of birth June 18, 1925.

HARTSTEIN slips the driving licence into his pocket and leaves.

65 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR GENERAL HOSPITAL BREMEN DAY

65

A YOUNG MAN in a white coat strolls along corridor with a stethoscope round his neck. He is carrying papers. He enters glass-panelled door on which there is a sign in German reading REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.

66 INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE GENERAL HOSPITAL BREMEN DAY

66

The RECEPTIONIST looks up as the YOUNG MAN enters. He consults the sheaf of papers in his hand.

YOUNG MAN

I want the medical file on a Rolf Gunther Kolb ...

66 Continued

The RECEPTIONIST runs through the names in the filing cabinet, withdraws the Kolb dossier, and hands it to YOUNG MAN.

CAMERA SHOOTING OVER YOUNG MAN's shoulder as he sits down with his back to RECEPTIONIST and flicks through dossier to the last page. He eases out final page and replaces it with another from his inside pocket. The YOUNG MAN rises and, with a bright smile, returns the file to RECEPTIONIST. He leaves as RECEPTIONIST puts dossier back in the filing cabinet.

67 INT. BASEMENT ROOM COUNTRY HOUSE MUNICH DAY 67

SHAPIRA is leaning on trestle-table watching PORATH with interest as the latter replaces telephone. PORATH leans back in his chair and looks up at him.

PORATH

They've made the switch. The file now reads that Kolb's stomach ulcer subsided, and he was fit enough to be transferred to the Arcadia Clinic, Delmenhorst, for convalescence.

He looks pleased, and picks up receiver.

I'd better warn our friend Doctor Reitlinger.

68 EXT. CERCLE CLUB REEPERBAHN HAMBURG NIGHT 68

The Reeperbahn is packed with the usual PLEASURE-SEEKERS. The neon-sign over the Cercle Club is switched off as SIGI appears dressed in an unglamorous duffel coat and carrying a beach bag. CAMERA TRACKS with SIGI walking along Reeperbahn looking for a taxi. She passes a Sex Shop a couple of doors from club where a man is looking in the window. As SIGI walks by, the man turns to watch her pass. The man is MACKENSEN. He proceeds to follow SIGI up the street.

69 EXT. TAXI-CAB RANK REEPERBAHN HAMBURG NIGHT 69

SIGI under the Taxi rank sign looking in vain for any sign of a cab. Nothing doing. She moves away. As she does, MACKENSEN steps out of the shadows and follows her.

70 EXT. OUTSIDE THE ELBETUNNEL HAMBURG NIGHT 70

SIGI crosses deserted road towards Elbetunnel. A foghorn sounds on the Elbe river. The lift gate of the tunnel is up and the interior brightly

70 Continued

Lift. SIGI stops for a moment to re-adjust the hood of her duffel coat, and realizes that footsteps behind her have stopped too. Her expression tense, she turns her head slightly and sees MACKENSEN standing a little way down the deserted street. She walks quickly into the tunnel lift.

71 INT/EXT. LIFT ELBETUNNEL HAMBURG NIGHT

71

Inside the lift SIGI looks back to see if she is being followed. She stands on the pedestrian platform and waits for the lift to descend. There is a slight delay, then the gates begin to slide down. Just as they reach half-way MACKENSEN steps inside. The gates fall and the lift descends. SIGI grips tightly on her beachbag as if she is prepared to use it as a weapon. MACKENSEN watches her.

The lift stops as it reaches the tunnel, the gates go up and SIGI hurries out, shortly followed by MACKENSEN.

72 INT. ELBETUNNEL HAMBURG NIGHT

72

SIGI hurries up the long and empty river tunnel followed by MACKENSEN whose pace quickens with every stride. SIGI breaks into a run. MACKENSEN catches up with her and grabs her arm.

MACKENSEN

What are you running for? Why are you scared?

SIGI struggles to get away. MACKENSEN grins and tightens his grip.

SIGI

(looking round for help)

Let go!

MACKENSEN

I'd have thought you'd be used to it in your job - strange men accosting you. No?

SIGI

You're hurting me!

MACKENSEN

Just tell me where your boyfriend is -

SIGI

I don't know!

73 Continued

73

of coffee by her elbow. Plainly she is still upset from her experience with Mackensen.

KUNIK watches her, his expression one of sympathy for what she has gone through. Shortly:

KUNIK

... Your coffee's getting cold.

SIGI

I don't really want it. When will Inspector Brandt be back?

KUNIK

I couldn't say exactly. He's away on an assignment..

KUNIK leans forward in his chair.

Is there someone who could stay with you for a few days?

SIGI

There's Peter's mother, but she lives at Ahrensburg. Anyway, I wouldn't want to upset her.

KUNIK

I see. Is there anyone else?

SIGI

Not really. I haven't any family myself. But I'll manage. It's just that I thought I should tell you about it.

KUNIK

(a thoughtful look)

Just a moment - I have an idea. I could arrange for a girl to come and stay with you.

SIGI

(doubtfully)

I don't think I'd like a stranger ...

KUNIK

(cutting in)

She's a young policewoman, but warm

73 Continued

73

KUNIK (Cont)

and friendly. You'd feel safe with her.

SIGI

Do you really think it's necessary?

KUNIK

If I didn't, I wouldn't suggest it.

KUNIK stands and moves round the desk to her.

She's on another case at the moment, but I'll get her to you as quickly as possible. Don't go out more than you have to. Stay away from the Club, and keep in close touch with us.

SIGI gets up.

SIGI

I'm sorry to be such a bother. If I get my hands on that Peter Miller!

KUNIK

(a smile)

I'm sure he knows what he's doing. But if you do hear from him, tell us. We're as anxious about him as you are.

74 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE NEAR MUNICH DAY

74

The cottage is set prettily among pine trees on a quiet by-road. The van Miller was captured in is parked outside.

SUPERIMPOSE: DECEMBER 18TH 1963.

75 INT. LIVING ROOM COUNTRY COTTAGE NEAR MUNICH DAY 75

MILLER stands at attention before ALFRED OSTER, a big bluff man with blue eyes and a fuzz of ginger hair spreading over the top of his cranium. PORATH is also present, keenly watching, as MILLER, who has the beginnings of a moustache, recites the details of his new identity. We notice that his bearing has become stiffer and more military, and this change in his manner and in his way of speaking, becomes more pronounced in the subsequent scenes of his indoctrination.

OSTER

Namo?

75 Continued

75

MILLER
Rolf Gunther Kolb.

OSTER
Serial number?

MILLER
79321802.

OSTER
Rank?

MILLER
Sergeant.

OSTER
Unit?

MILLER
Ninety-second SS Special Battalion attached
to Flossenbürg Concentration camp.

OSTER
Date of enlistment?

MILLER
January 1944.

PORATH
(to Oster)
We'll have to age him by ten years.

OSTER
Regimental motto?

MILLER
Death before Dishonour.

OSTER
SS motto?

MILLER
My Honour is Loyalty.

OSTER
Who was your commandant at Flossenbürg?

MILLER
SS-Major Max Koegel.

PORATH
(to Oster)
Not too bad, for the first week.

OSTER
He's been working hard.

PORATH glances at OSTER. Short pause.

PORATH
All right, Oster. Let's get it over with.

OSTER takes a small cigar from a packet on a table nearby. The others are silent as he lights it. MILLER is tense as he watches.

OSTER
Take your shirt off, Miller.

As MILLER removes his shirt,

PORATH
(to Miller)
I'm sorry, but, as I told you, the real Kolb was tattooed with the SS-blood group - and would have had it removed if he were on the run. So you must have the scar.

MILLER
I understand.

PORATH takes MILLER's right arm and holds it firmly in both hands.
OSTER crosses to MILLER.

OSTER
Close your fist and grip as tightly as you can.

The cigar glows red as it comes nearer and nearer to MILLER's arm.

OSTER
The first thing they'll do is look for this scar.

MILLER
(wryly)
It'll be a hell of a waste if they don't.

75 Continued

OSTER applies the red-hot end of the cigar to the upper part of MILLER's arm, near the armpit.

The pain is excruciating. MILLER suppresses a cry of agony.

MILLER

God, it hurts!

MILLER holds his right arm. Sweat pours down his face.

OSTER suddenly snaps at him:-

OSTER

Stop snivelling, Sergeant Kolb. You're an SS man!

MILLER pulls himself together with an effort, and springs to attention. It doesn't come easily. PORATH watches MILLER with approval.

76 EXT. A FOOTPATH THROUGH A FOREST SNOW DAY

76

The winter sun breaks through the snow-laden trees onto the footpath, which is laid out as an obstacle course, with hurdles, bars, ditches, pipes to crawl through, set at intervals: all the paraphernalia of an Army training course. (There is one of these courses open to the public near Munich). TWO FIGURES come towards us in track suits. MILLER and OSTER are keeping fit. As they come up to CAMERA WE TRACK with them. MILLER's moustache is noticeably thicker. His hair has been cropped short. Each time they negotiate an obstacle, OSTER fires one of these questions at MILLER.

OSTER

Tell me, Sergeant Kolb, what is an Aryan?

MILLER

An Aryan is invincible, nature's chosen ruler - the world belongs to the true Aryan.

OSTER

What is the life expectancy of a concentration camp inmate?

MILLER

From one day to nine months.

OSTER

How can we show a profit margin on a prisoner's death?

76 Continued

76

MILLER

By rational utilisation of the corpse. Gold fillings, clothing, hair. But every corpse means a loss of two marks due to the cost of cremation.

OSTER

Very good, Sergeant Kolb. By the way, I forgot, Happy Christmas.

MILLER

(grins ruefully)

Thanks very much.

CAMERA PANS with them as they continue to jog round the obstacle course and out of sight.

77 INT. LIVING ROOM COUNTRY COTTAGE NEAR MUNICH DAY 77

MILLER looks older but not yet by ten years. The moustache is fully grown and he now has a receding hairline, but the hair is not yet grey. PORATH is giving him his last briefing, as OSTER looks on.

PORATH

Are you completely sure of all the details of your trade? Remember, the smallest error could give you away.

MILLER

I can even bake bread.
(he smiles)

PORATH hands MILLER an envelope.

PORATH

Here is a letter, supposedly written by your employer, former SS-Colonel Eberhardt. We've written it on his bakery notepaper, of course. We've told you about the contact in Munich. You know the right questions and you know the responses. We have it confirmed that Eberhardt's away for three weeks on a winter cruise so they can't check with him.

78 INT. SMALL SHOP IN MUNICH DAY

78

PORATH's voice continues over, as the CAMERA PANS slowly across a display of various kinds of militaria - helmets, swords, daggers,

78 Continued

78

drums, etc. It is very martial, but not at all Nazi. Not a swastika in sight. CAMERA stops PANNING as it centres on window.

PORATH (V.O.)

I hope we've covered everything. If they should check on your story, we have people to back it at every point. But from this moment, you're on your own. If anything goes wrong, we won't be able to help. I wish you luck.

CAMERA ZOOMS in to a figure of a MAN looking into the shop window. He looks about forty, with close-cropped grey hair, receding slightly at the forehead and temples, and a moustache. He wears a white polo-necked sweater and over it a black pullover with a turtle neck; and over the sweaters a black blazer. He is PETER MILLER/KOLE.

After a moment or two he moves across the window and enters the shop. It is empty. MILLER raps on the counter. The curtains at the back open and the owner, a SMALL MAN, appears.

MILLER

I see you sell war decorations.

The SMALL MAN indicates various displays.

I want an Iron Cross, second class. Not a reproduction.

SMALL MAN

For a souvenir?

MILLER

For my collection.

The SMALL MAN gives him a look.

SMALL MAN

Have you earned it?

MILLER

I'm a German.

This short exchange of dialogue is spoken very distinctly, almost as though it is a code of some kind. The SMALL MAN opens a drawer and brings out a tray with Iron Crosses. He hands one to MILLER.

78 Continued

SMALL MAN

Second class.

MILLER takes the Cross, examines it closely. Then he shakes his head.

MILLER

There's something missing.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN to the centre of the Cross. It is blank.

SMALL MAN

(carefully)

It is the only kind we are allowed to sell.

MILLER

Except to friends - Herr Ackermann.

The SMALL MAN nods at the use of his name. MILLER hands him a letter.

MILLER

I was asked to give you this.

The SMALL MAN studies MILLER again. Then:

SMALL MAN

One moment.

He takes the letter and disappears through the curtains behind the counter leaving MILLER on his own.

THE BACK OF THE SHOP is a veritable little museum, including a life-size dummy dressed in the silver and black uniform of a Waffen SS NCO. Many SS relics abound. The SMALL MAN opens the letter and reads it.

FRONT OF THE SHOP MILLER moves around inspecting the various objects.

THE BACK OF THE SHOP The SMALL MAN finishes reading the letter and replaces it in the envelope.

THE FRONT OF THE SHOP MILLER picks up a dirk with the German eagle. An SS dirk. He weighs it in his hand.

SMALL MAN (V.O.)

American tourists buy them for paper knives.

78 Continued

The SMALL MAN has reappeared. He holds the curtains apart.

SMALL MAN

I think perhaps I can help you.

MILLER follows him into the back of the shop. He looks around him at the various objects.

SMALL MAN

You appreciate most of this is not for sale.

MILLER

I'm not a tourist.

SMALL MAN

No.

(he holds out an Iron
Cross)

Is this the kind you want?

MILLER looks at the Cross. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to it. In the very centre is the angled swastika.

MILLER

That's better. How much?

SMALL MAN

This one is not available. I have to get one for you specially. It will take a few days.

MILLER

It's urgent.

The SMALL MAN nods.

SMALL MAN

Be at the Golden Ox, 59 Bahnhofstrasse, at ten o'clock on Friday evening.

MILLER

Who shall I -

SMALL MAN

Ten o'clock. By yourself. I'll keep the letter. It'll help me to make the arrangements.

79 INT. THE GOLDEN OX MUNICH NIGHT

79

MILLER is sitting at a table by the wall in The Golden Ox, a hang-out for GIs and their frauleins. There is a juke box blaring away, the atmosphere is raucous and cheap. MILLER is drinking a beer and waiting for - who? He is wondering what the contact will look like.

The door opens and THREE AMERICAN MPs come in. The chatter stops, but the juke box goes blaring on. The MPs start going from table to table, asking GIs for their papers.

Suddenly a GIRL comes over and sits down at MILLER's table. She is blonde, attractive in a hard, flashy way.

BLONDE

Buy me a beer.

MILLER

I'm waiting for somebody.

BLONDE

I'll keep you company till she comes.

MILLER hesitates, then signals the WAITER. The MPs are coming nearer.

BLONDE

What's her name?

MILLER

Who?

BLONDE

The girl you're waiting for.

MILLER

(coldly)

Just somebody.

BLONDE

Oh.

(miffed)

Alright. Be like that.

The WAITER brings the beer. The MPs come up to MILLER's table.

MP

ID, soldier.

79 Continued

79

MILLER

I'm not one of your soldiers.

The FIRST MP gives him a sharp look.

MP

You sure, buddy?

MILLER

I'm a German civilian.

MP

Name?

MILLER is about to say. Then he stops himself, just in time.

MILLER

Kolb. Rolf Gunther Kolb.

The MPs look at each other. The OTHER nods.

MP

OK.

They move to the next table.

BLONDE

You don't like them, do you?

MILLER

Sometimes I wonder who's going to protect us from our allies. Now if you'll excuse me --

BLONDE

That's alright, Rolf. I have something for you.

She pushes a little brown box over towards him. MILLER reacts. This he did not expect. He opens the box. Inside is an Iron Cross. In the middle, the angled swastika. And there's a note.

BLONDE

Thanks for the beer.

She gives him a big smile, and gets up.

Good luck.

79 Continued

79

She disappears in the smoky dimness of the joint. MILLER looks at the note. It has a name and address on it. He puts some money on the table, gets up and leaves.

Through the cigarette smoke, the BLONDE watches him depart. Then she goes to a wall telephone and starts dialling a number.

80 EXT. WALHALLASTRASSE NYMPHENBURG MUNICH DAY 80

SUPERIMPOSE: NYMPHENBURG JANUARY 7TH 1964.

Very quiet, very select, the houses speak for the riches within them. MILLER carrying his battered suitcase, approaches one of them. He consults the piece of paper in his hand, checking the number. Then he goes up drive to front door.

MILLER rings the bell. After a moment an AIDE opens the door.

AIDE

Yes?

Tiny pause.

MILLER

My name is Kolb.

AIDE

Please come in.

He opens the door fully, and ushers MILLER inside across the elegant hall, leaving his suitcase there, and into study, where he leaves him.

81 INT. STUDY BAYER'S HOUSE NYMPHENBURG MUNICH DAY 81

Pillared walls, floor-to-ceiling leather-bound books, a great oaken lectern in the tradition of Cranach and Dürer. MILLER stand in the centre of the room. After a few moments he sits uneasily on the edge of a chair.

The door is suddenly swung open by a tall man of over six feet, not exactly handsome, but of prepossessing appearance. He has a thin sun-burnt face with sunken cheeks; his eyes are blue. We will know him as FRANZ BAYER.

MILLER immediately stands to attention.

MILLER

Gunther Kolb, sir.

BAYER

I have your letter. Show me proof of your identity.

MILLER reaches in his pocket and hands across a driving licence.
BAYER glances at it.

BAYER

I said proof! Where's your passport?

MILLER

It's at home. I couldn't go back there after the warning I had.

BAYER

That's your story.

He looks again at the letter, and then across at MILLER.

BAYER

92nd Special Battalion, eh?

MILLER

Attached to Flossenbürg Concentration camp.

BAYER

Indeed.

Their eyes meet.

Isn't it a small world?

MILLER smiles nervously.

MILLER

I - suppose it is.

BAYER

I was at Flossenbürg.

He isn't smiling. It's the last thing MILLER expected. He has to bluff it out.

BAYER

You don't remember me?

81 Continued

MILLER

I'm afraid not, sir.

BAYER's eyes narrow.

BAYER

You seem nervous. Are you nervous?

MILLER

I've been worried - these last weeks.

BAYER

When were you at Flossenbürg?

MILLER

August 1943 to June 1944.

BAYER

I was second in command at that time.

Silence. BAYER waits for a response.

In charge of the Experimental Section.

MILLER is saved by his indoctrination.

MILLER

Oh, you mean the extermination squad.
It was a separate unit, wasn't it? I expect
that's why I didn't recognise you.

BAYER

Perhaps. This letter says you've been in
hospital.

MILLER

I had a stomach ulcer.

BAYER

Well?

MILLER

I was having tests. There was this Ward
Orderly. A Jew. He kept staring at me.
Then I realised why. He'd been a prisoner
at Flossenbürg. He spotted this.

MILLER touches his right arm.

81 Continued

BAYER

What are you talking about?

MILLER

I have a scar, where my SS blood group was.

BAYER

Let me see.

MILLER takes off his blazer, rolls up his sleeve and shows BAYER the scar. BAYER reaches out for a writing pad.

BAYER

Which hospital?

MILLER

Bremen General, sir.

BAYER

Ward?

MILLER

Princess Louise.

BAYER notes all this on the pad.

BAYER

And this Jew? What was his name?

MILLER

Hartstein.

BAYER makes a note.

BAYER

Go on.

MILLER

I was transferred to a convalescent home.

BAYER

Which one?

MILLER

The Arcadia Clinic. At Delmenhorst.

BAYER scribbles it down. He presses a buzzer.

81 Continued

MILLER

Then I got an anonymous phone call. Very official sounding, warning me that this Jew had informed the Attorney General's office who I was. I had to disappear.

BAYER

(glances at the letter)

Your employer Eberhardt ...

MILLER

He came to see me in the nursing home, and when I told him what had happened, he agreed to help me. He gave me that letter.

The AIDE comes in.

BAYER

(to Aide)

I want the telephone numbers on this list.

The AIDE takes the paper, and goes out again.

(to Miller, ironically)

Bad luck, wasn't it?

MILLER

I'm sorry?

BAYER

16,000 inmates at Flossenbürg. Only 700 survived. You have to be spotted by one of them.

MILLER

(with apparent confidence
to cover his nervousness)

No more surprising, sir, than you being second in command.

BAYER is not amused.

BAYER

Tell me, what were our amenities like, at Flossenbürg?

MILLER

Amenities?

81 Continued

BAYER

Yes, accommodation.

MILLER

Two barracks, a gymnasium, a garrison shop and -

BAYER

Yes?

MILLER

... A whorehouse.

BAYER

Which everyone shared.

MILLER

No, officers had their own. Prettier girls. Sir.

BAYER

When you looked up, from anywhere in the camp, what did you see?

Pause. MILLER's brow glistens. He chews nervously on his lower lip. BAYER watches him closely.

MILLER

... The sky?

BAYER

Don't be stupid.

MILLER

(thinking)

When we looked up ... You mean the ruined castle on the hill? Where we kept the dogs.

BAYER

Ah yes, the dogs.

(then sternly again)

All right, put your jacket on and sit down.

As MILLER complies, the AIDE returns, hands BAYER the list of telephone numbers and goes out again.

81 Continued

BAYER

(to Miller)

I'm going to check the rest of your story.

BAYER goes to the desk, picks up the telephone, dials. Through the following telephone calls, he continues to watch MILLER narrowly.

BAYER

Bremen General? ... Princess Louise Ward, please ... This is the Department of Social Security, Pensions Section. I want to confirm that you have a ward orderly on the staff by the name of Hartstein.

Silence. MILLER attempts nonchalance, but is clearly still under considerable strain. BAYER suddenly returns to the receiver.

BAYER

Thank you. Would you please transfer me to the Registrar's office?

82 INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE BREMEN GENERAL HOSPITAL DAY 82

The RECEPTIONIST we saw earlier is pulling out a file from the cabinet. She consults last page and picks up phone lying on desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Rolf Gunther Kolb - Kolb's ulcer responded to treatment, he was transferred to a convalescent clinic -

83 INT. STUDY BAYER'S HOUSE NYMPHENBURG MUNICH DAY 83

BAYER

Can you tell me which clinic he went to?

A slight pause.

I see ... thank you.

Making a note on his pad, he puts down receiver. MILLER eyes him anxiously. BAYER starts dialling again.

84 INT. HEAD OFFICE ARCADIA CLINIC DELMENHORST DAY 84

A NURSE answers phone.

NURSE

Arcadia Clinic ... one moment, please.

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81

84

84 Continued

She covers mouthpiece with her hand and whispers to a white-coated DOCTOR nearby.

NURSE

It's an enquiry about that Rolf Gunther Kolb.

The DOCTOR nods and takes the phone.

DOCTOR

This is Doctor Reitlinger. Can I help you?
... Gunther Kolb? Yes, that's right, he
discharged himself last Friday. He was very
much better.

85 INT. STUDY BAYER'S HOUSE NYMPHENBURG MUNICH DAY 85

BAYER

Your stomach ulcer seems to have improved.

He dials again.

MILLER

I don't have much pain now, sir.

86 INT. EBERHARDT BAKERY BREMERHAVEN DAY 86

CAMERA TRACKS with young BAKER as he leaves work surface where a line of BAKERS are kneading bread and hurries to a little glass-panelled office at the end of the room where a telephone is ringing. After wiping the flour off his hands on his apron he picks up phone:-

BAKER

(slightly breathless)

Eberhardt Bakery ... I'm afraid Herr
Eberhardt is away on holiday ... That's
right, a winter cruise ... Gunther Kolb?
Don't know him.

87 INT. STUDY BAYER'S HOUSE NYMPHENBURG MUNICH DAY 87

Silence. BAYER gives a glance of steely suspicion to perspiring
MILLER before saying sharply into phone:-

BAYER

I was told he once worked for your company -

14.11.73

82

88 INT. EBERHARDT BAKERY BREMERHAVEN DAY

88

BAKER

(on phone)

I suppose it's possible. I've only been here a month or two. I'll get the book keeper. Maybe she knew him.

89 INT. STUDY BAYER'S HOUSE NYMPHENBURG DAY

89

BAYER holds on. He is looking at MILLER, giving nothing away.

MILLER is plainly worried by the delay.

MILLER

Anything wrong?

BAYER's eyes are hard.

BAYER

We'll soon find out.

90 INT. EBERHARDT BAKERY BREMERHAVEN DAY

90

The phone has been taken over by a severe looking WOMAN with glasses. She has a ledger in front of her.

WOMAN

Kolb. Just one moment.

Her finger traces a column. She turns back a couple of pages.

WOMAN

Ah, yes. I thought I knew the name. He worked here until ten weeks ago. On the night shift.

91 INT. STUDY BAYER'S HOUSE NYMPHENBURG MUNICH DAY 91

BAYER on phone.

BAYER

Thank you.

He puts the phone down. He says nothing. MILLER looks at him.

BAYER

Why do you think we should help you, Kolb?

91 Continued

91

MILLER

I've always been loyal to the brotherhood.
Who else could I turn to?

BAYER

Herr Eberhardt is a good friend of ours.
You were lucky to have been working for
him.

BAYER rises, presses buzzer, crosses to his desk and starts writing
a letter.

BAYER

(as he writes)

I'm sending you to one of our people in
Bayreuth. You'll need a new identity and
a new passport. This is his speciality.
He's quite brilliant. His name is Klaus
Winzer. After he's fixed you up with docu-
ments he'll send you on to someone in the
south who will tell you what to do next.

The AIDE comes in.

(to the Aide)

Take Herr Kolb to the station and see he
gets the train to Bayreuth.

(slight smile; to Miller)

We'll buy your ticket for you.

MILLER

You've been very kind.

BAYER

Don't worry, Kolb. One of these days you'll
be asked to do something for us.

92

INT. HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY

92

The AIDE turns away from the booking office and walks over to MILLER
who is standing with his suitcase amidst the horde of TRAVELLERS wait-
ing for trains. The AIDE hands him a ticket.

AIDE

The Bayreuth train leaves in half an hour
from platform three. I'll wait with you.

MILLER

Please don't bother, I can manage.

92 Continued

MILLER turns and moves away into the main station. The AIDE remains watching him.

93 INT. BUFFET HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY

93

MILLER at the counter which runs along glass-panelled wall, eating knackwurst and drinking draught beer with other TRAVELLERS. He sips at his beer while watching a PRETTY GIRL at a kiosk. She leaves kiosk and walks smartly across the station, passing a line of telephone booths. MILLER follows her with his eyes - but stops on seeing telephone booths. He ponders for a moment, then drinks remaining beer in one gulp, and crosses to booth.

94 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

94

CLOSE SHOT of phone ringing. A GIRL'S HAND picks up the receiver. PAN UP to a large CLOSE UP of the girl, GISELA. She is the young policewoman Kunik has sent to stay with SIGI.

GISELA

Yes?

95 INT. PHONE BOOTH HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY

95

MILLER is puzzled.

MILLER

Sigi?

96 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

96

GISELA

Is that Peter?

MILLER (V.O.)

Who is that?

GISELA

I'll get Sigi.

She puts the phone down.

MILLER (V.O.)

Who's that? Who's speaking?

97 INT. BATHROOM MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

97

SIGI is having a shower. She hasn't heard the phone. GISELA knocks

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85

97

97 Continued

on the door. SIGI cannot hear. Finally GISELA pops her head in.

GISELA

Peter's on the phone.

SIGI shuts off the shower.

SIGI

What?

GISELA

Peter - on the phone.

SIGI

Why didn't you call me?

GISELA

That's what I'm doing.

SIGI grabs a bathrobe, wraps it around her and rushes to the phone in the living room. Grabbing the phone:

SIGI

Peter - where are you! I've been frantic!
Can you hear me? It's a terrible line.

98 INT. PHONE BOOTH HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY

98

MILLER

I'm fine. But listen, who is that girl?

99 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

99

SIGI

She's staying here. Never mind that.
Are you coming home?

100 INT. PHONE BOOTH HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY

100

MILLER

Not yet, but don't worry. I just wanted
to hear your voice and let you know I'm
alright. What are you wearing?

101 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

10

SIGI

Nothing! I was in the shower.

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80

102 INT. PHONE BOOTH HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY 102

There is a noise of a station announcement over the loudspeaker.
MILLER strains to hear what SIGI is saying.

MILLER

(shouting)

What? What did you say? I can't hear.

103 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY 103

SIGI

(shouting)

I said, nothing. Where are you? What's that noise? Are you in a station? ... What are you doing in Munich?

104 INT. PHONE BOOTH HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY 104

MILLER puts his hand to his ear to cut out the station noise.

MILLER

(shouting even louder)

Sigi, listen! I love you! I'm sorry, but my train's about to go. I love you, Sigi!

He has to hang up.

105 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY. 105

SIGI

What?

But MILLER has gone. As SIGI puts down the receiver WE CUT to GISELA, who is standing nearby. She has heard every word.

106 INT. HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY 10

MILLER emerges from the phone booth and hurries towards the platform. In the shadows among the crowd, the AIDE is still watching him.

107 INT. LIVING ROOM DEILMAN'S HOUSE BONN DAY 10

DEILMAN is on the phone:

DEILMAN

Are you sure this girl got it right? ...
From Munich station an hour ago ... I see.
That's very helpful. Thank you.

107 Continued

He puts the phone down and looks thoughtful. Then he takes out a little leather covered address book from a drawer. He opens the address book at "M" for MUNICH. CAMERA PANS down a list of names, then ZOOMS into one of them:- BAYER - Franz. CAMERA PANS to telephone as DEILMAN's finger starts dialling.

108 INT. BAYER'S STUDY NYMPHENBURG DAY

108

BAYER picks up the phone.

BAYER
(into phone)

Yes?

DEILMAN (V.O.)

Franz?

BAYER

Speaking.

DEILMAN (V.O.)
We have a problem. We're looking for someone called Miller. He was at Munich station an hour ago...

109 INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE DAY

109

MILLER, unsuspecting, sits in corner seat reading newspaper.

110 EXT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH DAY

110

The printing works has a glass roof. It has been built on to a large rambling house and stands on a street corner, with a railway bridge in the background.

Superimpose:-

BAYREUTH January 7th 1964.

111 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH DAY

11

TWO MEN stand over-seeing the clattering printing machines. The machines are on both sides of a central aisle at the far end of which is a glass-panelled office.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN to the office. Through the glass we see TWO MEN in conversation. One is WINZER, a slightly plump man with a round

111. Continued

babyish face, a little button of a nose and fair, close-cropped hair. He has a rather prissy mouth, his eyes are small and shifty. The other man is RITTER, tall with a grey face. He wears a thick overcoat and has a chillingly quiet manner and voice.

RITTER

This man Kolb is probably an imposter.
When he arrives you will tell him nothing.
Make an excuse to keep him waiting in town.
Get him to take a room at the Excelsior.

WINZER

What if he's suspicious?

RITTER

You'll have to reassure him.

WINZER

(nervous)

Is he dangerous?

RITTER

That's not your problem. Just keep him
in town until tonight ...

112 C.S. MACKENSEN IN HIS CAR NEAR BONN DAY

112

RITTER (V.O.)

Someone will be coming to deal with him.

Entry lane to autobahn. CAMERA PANS with MACKENSEN's car as
it speeds past and races off into the distance.

113 EXT. WINZER'S HOUSE AND PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH
EARLY EVENING

113

MILLER approaches building. He stops for a moment, looking vaguely
for the works entrance. The streets are still wet, with more rain to
come. The lights in the works are on.

MILLER follows the building round until he faces a rough drive to the
entrance door. Over the drive a sign reads: KLAUS WINZER, PRINTE
AND STATIONERS, in German. Parked in the drive is an old van simil
inscribed. As MILLER passes the vehicle and walks up the drive to the
double-doored entrance of the works, Winzer's TWO ASSISTANT PRINT
emerge. They show little interest in MILLER as they pass him, headin
for home.

114 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH
EARLY EVENING

114

MILLER enters, still carrying his battered suitcase. WINZER stands overseeing one of the three printing machines.

MILLER approaches him. WINZER doesn't hear MILLER because of the racket. MILLER taps him on the shoulder. WINZER jumps back, startled by the sudden interruption.

MILLER
Are you Herr Winzer?

Pause. WINZER blinks owlishly.

WINZER
... Yes.

MILLER
I've been asked to give you this.

WINZER watches MILLER withdraw Bayer's letter from his breast pocket. WINZER, nervous, turns off the master switch of the press.
Silence.

WINZER
I've been -- expecting you, Herr Kolb.

MILLER is slightly cautious.

MILLER
Hadn't you better read the letter first?

WINZER
The letter. Yes ... yes of course ...

He takes the letter in his pudgy hand. He opens it and reads the contents. But half the time he eyes MILLER. He clears his throat.

WINZER
Come to the office.

MILLER follows WINZER as he crosses into the glass-panelled office section.

WINZER
How long have you been in town?

MILLER
I came straight from the station.

114 Continued

WINZER

Good. Good.

They have reached the office desk. WINZER turns to face MILLER.

WINZER

Please. Make yourself at home.

MILLER sits down. WINZER laughs nervously.

I'm sorry, I should offer you a cigarette,
but I don't smoke.

He is trying small talk. MILLER cuts through it.

MILLER

I haven't come for a cigarette, Herr Winzer.

WINZER

No. Of course not.

He looks at the letter again. A sudden pleuritic ringing sound is heard from a battery-operated bell on a chair in the corner of the office. WINZER glances anxiously at the bell. He gives a quick, nervous smile, puts the letter into a drawer in his desk, and starts up the stairs.

WINZER

Excuse me, please ...

MILLER frowns as WINZER disappears, hurrying up the stairs two at a time.

115 INT. BEDROOM WINZER'S HOUSE BAYREUTH EARLY
EVENING

115

FRAU WINZER sits in an ornate cane-backed bath chair, propped up by several pillows, her shrivelled form wrapped in numerous blankets. She is pressing feebly on the bell button, up-tilting her head as WINZER enters the bedroom.

WINZER

Mother - what is it? What do you want?

FRAU WINZER

I'm thirsty.

WINZER crosses to a chest of drawers, pours a glass of water from a
takes it across to her. She sips, then in a half-whispered croak:

14.11.73

91

115 Continued

115

FRAU WINZER

... Who's downstairs?

WINZER

Just a man. Herr Bayer sent him.

116 INT. PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH EARLY EVENING

116

Meanwhile MILLER is glancing around the office. He takes in the wall safe and filing cabinet.

117 INT. BEDROOM WINZER'S HOUSE BAYREUTH EARLY EVENING

117

FRAU WINZER finishes drinking, then:-

FRAU WINZER

What does he want?

WINZER

Nothing important - he won't be here long.
Then I'll come up and put you to bed.

He wipes the corners of her mouth with a napkin.

118 INT. PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH EARLY EVENING

118

MILLER looks up as WINZER descends the stairs and returns to the office, looking apologetic.

WINZER

(by way of explanation)

It's my mother.

MILLER looks at him blankly.

She's very ill.

MILLER

Ah.

WINZER

She should be in hospital but you know what they're like. They can't give the attention like I can. Oh no.

MILLER

118 Continued

WINZER

We've always been very close, Mother and I.

MILLER nods.

MILLER

How long does it usually take for the documents?

WINZER

It depends. First of all, I need photographs. The man I use is away for the weekend.

MILLER

What else do you need?

WINZER looks apprehensive.

WINZER

Oh - we'll go into that later. If I were you, I'd stay at a hotel, until Monday.

He tears off a sheet of paper from a pad, scribbles down a name and address. He hands it to MILLER and starts to move him towards the door. As he does so the Old Lady's bell starts ringing again.

WINZER

It's called the Excelsior. Nothing much, but you'll be safe there. You must be patient.

Somewhat reluctantly MILLER crosses the printing works towards the door.

MILLER

If I don't hear from you this evening, when shall I come back?

The bell rings again, more emphatically. WINZER glances anxiously back over his shoulder.

WINZER

Ten o'clock on Monday.

MILLER

Perhaps we could meet again over the weekend - talk about the old days.

118 Continued

WINZER

(nervously)

I'm sorry - it's difficult, with Mother -
I'm sure you understand.

MILLER leaves. WINZER closes the printing works door quickly and rushes back down the aisle towards the office and the stairs.

119 INT. BEDROOM WINZER'S HOUSE BAYREUTH EVENING 119

Pick up WINZER as he enters bedroom. FRAU WINZER still sits in the chair, her chalky old face merging with the white pillows behind her. Her eyes are closed and yet she continues to press the bell. WINZER approaches her and during the following dialogue helps her out of the chair and into bed.

FRAU WINZER

Has he gone?

WINZER

Yes, he's gone.

FRAU WINZER

One of these days they'll do to you what
they did to your father.

WINZER sighs and busies himself with the pillows. He's obviously heard this a thousand times before.

WINZER

It wasn't them, Mother.

FRAU WINZER

They killed him. When he was no longer
any use to them, they killed him -

WINZER

(cutting in)

Father died in a car accident -

FRAU WINZER

And they'll do it to you. You know too much -
just like him.

WINZER puts two pills on a spoon. He pours a glass of water.

WINZER

Open wide.

119 Continued

FRAU WINZER does so, like an ancient cuckoo. She swallows the pills and drinks a mouthful of water. Silence. WINZER puts the top back on the pills bottle and runs glass under bedroom wash basin tap. Then:

FRAU WINZER

Do you still do what I told you?

WINZER

Yes, Mother, always. And I wouldn't hesitate to make use of it if there was any trouble - so do stop worrying.

He returns to her bedside, drying the glass.

120 EXT. THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH DUSK 120

It certainly doesn't live up to its name. Seedy, run down, with a number of letters on the neon sign fused, and the ghostly glow of a naked bulb through glass panel above the front door. MILLER enters with his suitcase.

121 INT. THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH DUSK 121

MILLER crosses the narrow entrance hall to the CLERK, a fat, unshaven man, who sits behind the counter reading a paper.

MILLER

I want a room, please. Until Monday.

122 EXT. MACKENSEN'S CAR TRAVEL SHOT DUSK 122

MACKENSEN's car speeds towards us on the autobahn. CLOSE SHOT of MACKENSEN. He glances through windscreen, as he passes sign reading - among other places - BAYREUTH 74.

123 INT. BEDROOM EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH NIGHT 123

The room is in darkness. MILLER is in bed asleep. After a few moments the phone rings. MILLER wakes and gropes for it. He half rises as he picks it up and murmurs groggily:

MILLER

Hello ...?

124 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH NIGHT 124

CLOSE SHOT of WINZER at his desk on phone.

124 Continued

WINZER

(a nervous whisper)

Kolb? I've managed to get hold of the
photographer. He can be here in an hour
and take your picture tonight.

125 INT. BEDROOM EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH NIGHT 125

MILLER switches on overhead bedside lamp and looks at his watch.

MILLER

Tonight?

126 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH NIGHT 126

CLOSE SHOT of WINZER.

WINZER

After all, it is urgent, isn't it, and I've gone
to a lot of trouble.

127 INT. BEDROOM EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH NIGHT 127

MILLER pushes back bedclothes and sits up on edge of bed.

MILLER

It's nearly midnight.

128 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH NIGHT 128

WINZER

He's not leaving town till tomorrow morning.
He's on his way now. I really think you should
come ... Good. Then I'll see you in an hour.

As he hangs up, CAMERA CUTS BACK to reveal MACKENSEN standing
next to him. WINZER turns to him.

WINZER

What happens now?

MACKENSEN

I don't want you around when he comes.

WINZER

(aghast)

But I can't leave Mother!

128 Continued

128

MACKENSEN

I'll look after Mother. I'm very good with the sick. Just make yourself scarce till the morning.

WINZER

Why can't I stay in the house?

MACKENSEN

(enjoying it)

There might be a little blood ... You wouldn't like that, would you?

WINZER

But what if something should happen to her ... while I'm gone?

MACKENSEN

(raising his voice)

Don't argue, Winzer. Just get out!

WINZER

(jumping with fright at
Mackensen's sudden anger)

Alright - I'll just go up and see her -- Tell her not to worry ...

MACKENSEN

You've got five minutes.

MACKENSEN looks at the departing WINZER, who goes upstairs. He removes a chair from the office area and carries it to the centre aisle so that it is directly in line with the double doors. He settles down in the chair, takes a revolver from one coat pocket, a silencer from the other, and proceeds to attach them together with loving care.

129 INT. BEDROOM WINZER'S HOUSE BAYREUTH NIGHT

129

WINZER sits at FRAU WINZER's bedside, holding her hand and earnestly whispering:

WINZER

It'll only be for a few hours.

FRAU WINZER

They'll kill you -

129 Continued

WINZER

No no no, you've got it wrong - they're
here to protect me -

FRAU WINZER

It's not true. They're out to trick you -

WINZER sighs, giving in to the feeble old lady.

WINZER

Yes, all right, they want to trick me - now
I must go -

130 INT. RECEPTION THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH NIGHT 130

The unshaven CLERK is slumped in his chair asleep as MILLER descends stairs dressed to go out in his blazer, white nylon polo-necked sweater, and black pullover. He seems slightly worried. At the desk he stops suddenly, and leans in. The CLERK raises his eyes wearily in question:

MILLER

Could I make a phone call?

CLERK nods and plumps receiver on desk top.

Phone book -

He signals to a small pile of tatty-looking phone books by the side of the switchboard. The CLERK reaches out, then stops and looks at him.

CLERK

Local or national?

MILLER

Local.

131 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS BAYREUTH NIGHT 131

WINZER with a small suitcase is just leaving. MACKENSEN gives him a curt nod as he goes.

MACKENSEN

Leave the door open.

WINZER obeys. He leaves.

MACKENSEN settles down in the chair directly in line with the doors. The only light on in the entire works area is the one over the entrance.

131 Continued

Some of the light escapes into the small forecourt outside.

MACKENSEN is quite immobile. One would scarcely think he was as he sits patiently waiting for MILLER. We hear Winzer's van driving away.

Suddenly, the telephone in the office area rings. MACKENSEN turns in his chair, reaching out involuntarily for his revolver - which rests on a printing press nearby. He glances back at the ringing telephone in the glass-panelled office,, his hand poised over the revolver. But other than that, he doesn't move.

132 INT. RECEPTION THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL BAYREUTH NIGHT 132

CLOSE SHOT of MILLER with receiver to his ear listening as phone continues to ring. His expression is one of puzzlement.

CAMERA CUTS BACK as MILLER replaces phone. He leaves, looking slightly suspicious.

133 EXT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS AND HOUSE BAYREUTH NIGHT 133

Outside the printing works MILLER turns up the collar of blazer. The night is clear and the moon full. The evening drizzle has stopped but the streets are wet.

The yard gates have been left open. As MILLER enters the small forecourt the first thing he notices is the absence of Winzer's van. A dry patch remains where once the van stood. MILLER pauses, wondering what the reason could be for its removal. Then he notices the double-doors are ajar. A thin ribbon of light streaks across the entrance invitingly. MILLER approaches the doors with great caution, straining hard to catch any sound from within. Then he stops, instinctively sensing danger.

Silence. Now, instead of going through the door, MILLER moves stealthily round towards the back of the building. A sudden gust of wind causes wood shavings to flurry amidst the packing crates and empty cardboard boxes that litter the yard. Parked in the far corner, almost hidden by a mountain of tea chests and printing fluid bottles, is MACKENSEN's car.

MILLER takes in the car, rather too grand to be WINZER's. Then he crosses silently to the back of the works. One of the glass-panels running round the building has been left open for ventilation. MILLER looks round, then selects a rubbish bin. He carries it over to the wall and puts it down. Very gingerly he climbs onto bin and peers through half-open

133 Continued

From MILLER's point of view: MACKENSEN is seated in chair directly facing the double-doors. Resting close at hand is the gun with silencer attached. The light from the single naked bulb illuminates the entrance. The rest of the works is in shadow.

MILLER climbs down. The rambling old house attached to the works has one light burning steadily at an upstairs window. MILLER clambers over the low wall which separates the house garden from the backyard, careful not to be cut by jutting pieces of broken glass cemented in the top. He moves across the garden to a coal shed, climbs up, and eases himself gradually to a window ledge. He then swings out to a first floor outside landing which has been decorated with numerous window boxes - all now empty because of the winter.

By humping one window box on top of another, he manages to reach the half-open lighted window. The curtains are drawn, but by a gentle motion of his hand through the window, he is able to make it appear as if the wind has rocked the curtains. This allows him to view the room for a brief moment.

From MILLER's point of view: a night light burning at the bed-side; and an indistinct figure asleep in the bed. Nothing stirs.

MILLER gradually raises window and climbs inside.

134 INT. BEDROOM WINZER'S HOUSE BAYREUTH NIGHT

134

MILLER climbs into room, making sure that the curtains do not open wide enough to allow the moonlight to flood the room and awake the sleeping figure. As he eases down the window again, he suddenly freezes ... The sleeping figure of FRAU WINZER is muttering to herself. He listens, straining to catch the garbled low incantation, but it's impossible to understand. Very cautiously he tiptoes closer to the bed.

FRAU WINZER is sleeping fitfully, her hands joined as though she were clasping a rosary; her long, tapering fingers moving the beads. She mutters away in a state of near-delirium:

FRAU WINZER

Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women and Blessed is
the fruit of thy womb Jesus.. Holy Mary Mother
of God pray for us sinners now and at the hour
of our death Amen Hail Mary full of grace the
Lord is with thee ...

MILLER moves closer to FRAU WINZER and peers down at her.

134 Continued

134

From FRAU WINZER's point of view: momentary darkness, then a thin shaft of light as if the eyelids were beginning to open. Then MILLER's form. The praying ceases. Silence. MILLER becomes clearer. We take in the white nylon polo-necked sweater under the black pullover with a turtle neck; we stare at the black blazer. MILLER is just about to step back when FRAU WINZER announces in a tired, dull monotone:

FRAU WINZER

Father, a mass must be said for my boy ...

MILLER freezes. FRAU WINZER's scrawny white hand flutters vaguely in his direction, attempting to grasp his hand. Her voice is urgent, plaintive:

FRAU WINZER

They killed Viktor - and now they're going to kill my Klaus - I know it, Father - I

MILLER allows her to take his hand. Beads of perspiration form on his forehead. He leans closer and asks in a dry whisper:

MILLER

They? ...

Silence. FRAU WINZER's skinny hand seizes him fiercely by the wrist. She moves her mouth a few times before finally saying:

FRAU WINZER

The Odessa ...

Silence. MILLER's eyes widen.

MILLER

Where is Klaus? Where has he gone?

FRAU WINZER

Hiding, Father. He's hiding from them.

MILLER

Where?

FRAU WINZER shakes her head in distress. Her eyes mist over, and tears course down her cheeks. After a moment's hesitation, MILLER pats her hand comfortingly.

MILLER

(softly)

You can tell me.

FRAU WINZER lets out a stifled cry of anguish.

FRAU WINZER

He wouldn't leave me - He'll come back - If they threaten him, he'll use the file! He told me he would.

MILLER narrows his gaze. FRAU WINZER's head slumps back on the pillows, exhausted. Her eyes close, and she begins to incant feverously again. MILLER sits down on the edge of the bed, very close.

MILLER

What file?

FRAU WINZER stops praying and is silent for a moment. It's as if she has passed into unconsciousness.

MILLER

What file?

FRAU WINZER

In the safe. All of them - I told him - for protection.

MILLER

Klaus will need the file -

FRAU WINZER

Yes, yes - they won't harm him then - I knew all along -

MILLER takes both the old lady's hands in his and whispers intensely:

MILLER

I can take the file with me -

FRAU WINZER

Klaus -

MILLER

To Klaus - I can save his life -

FRAU WINZER

Protection -

MILLER

What's the number to the safe - ?

134 Continued

134

FRAU WINZER

Safe -

MILLER

Tell me - and I'll get the file to your son -

FRAU WINZER

Telephone.-

Slight pause. MILLER hesitates in puzzlement.

MILLER

Telephone?

FRAU WINZER

Telephone number ...

MILLER

No - no. Not the telephone, the safe - to help your son -

FRAU WINZER

... Last four numbers - telephone.

FRAU WINZER's breathing becomes heavier. She stares up at MILLER, her frail shoulders rising and falling with painful difficulty. MILLER looks down at her with sympathy. When she speaks, the voice is imploratory, the eyes filled with dread:

FRAU WINZER

Bless me, Father.

Silence. MILLER sighs, not knowing if he should or not. The old woman gazes back at him beseechingly. MILLER raises his right hand and makes the sign of the cross.

MILLER

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti ... Amen.

FRAU WINZER closes her eyes. She is calm now and sleeping. MILLER eases her hand off his wrist and rises from the bedside.

135 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS STAIRS AND LANDING
BAYREUTH NIGHT

135

MILLER closes the bedroom door and crosses a short landing to a window. It is closed. Through the window he can see the glass roof of the printing works and through the roof he distinguishes the figure of MACKENSEN

135 Continued

still sitting in his chair watching the half open door

MILLER slips quietly back past the bedroom to the office then creeps down to the office below. He crawls into the main building.

MACKENSEN's backview is not more than fifteen feet in front of him. Still without making a sound MILLER manoeuvres himself towards the master switch of the printing presses.

MACKENSEN remains in his chair. This is a man of professional endurance, dedicated to the task he has been set. Almost as though sensing something he reaches out towards the gun.

MILLER wipes the sweat from his brow. Watching MACKENSEN's back all the while he puts out his hand to the master switch. He pulls it down. Immediately the presses charge into action.

The sudden sound causes MACKENSEN to leap up, his mouth open in alarm. He spins round as MILLER springs at him from his crouching position on the floor.

MACKENSEN fires and misses. MILLER grabs MACKENSEN by the lapel of his raincoat, pulls him forward and down, at the same time bringing his knee up to crash into MACKENSEN's face.

MACKENSEN yells as the skin splits open and blood pours down his jaw.

The revolver goes spinning out of his hand, behind one of the presses.

Both men swing punches before diving for the gun. Kicking and struggling they wriggle away behind the printing press, which chatters on, demonically printing handbills.

Finally, MACKENSEN recovers the gun. MILLER is forced to release his hold, but manages to reach the protection of the inner office before the gun comes up to fire. He kicks the door shut and bolts it, moving quickly out of shot.

MACKENSEN fires into the glass panels and through the door itself, then hurls himself towards it. After a few seconds the door bursts open.

The inner office appears to be empty. Cautiously MACKENSEN moves around the desk. Nothing. His eyes go to the stairs, up which MILLER must have gone. With the gun at the ready, MACKENSEN creeps quietly upwards.

The landing is empty. He cautiously opens the door to FRAU WINZER's bedroom. The OLD LADY mutters, disturbed by the noise, but there is no sign of MILLER.

Back on the landing, MACKENSEN looks towards the end of the passage. The window overlooking the glass roof is open and the curtains are blowing inwards.

The floorboards creak as MACKENSEN creeps along the wall towards the window. He looks out across the slanting glass roof. Still no sign of MILLER, but clearly he must have gone this way.

From outside WE SEE MACKENSEN climb carefully out of the window onto the girders that support and separate the glass panels of the roof. He moves slowly forwards and upwards towards an area of brick that could easily hide his assailant.

Suddenly, from another recess MILLER hurls himself forward, bringing MACKENSEN down.

There is a crash of glass as MACKENSEN's shoulder goes through one of the panels. The gun falls through the gap onto the floor of the printing works below.

The fight continues, culminating in MACKENSEN's fall between the girders through the shattered glass. MILLER struggles to keep his balance.

A large, jagged piece of glass breaks away from its frame and falls.

Like a dagger, its sharp point pierces MACKENSEN's chest as he lies on his back between the printing machines.

Keeping carefully to the girders, MILLER climbs back onto the landing and hurries downstairs, through the office, towards MACKENSEN. He kneels over him. MACKENSEN's chest, with the jagged piece of glass deep into it, is suffused in blood. His eyes are dilated, his mouth sags open. MACKENSEN is dead.

MILLER's hands and face are also cut. After staring down at MACKENSEN for a few moments, he turns off the master switch of the presses and hurries back into the office. There is complete silence now.

Switching on the desk lamp, MILLER swings it so that it shines directly onto the safe, then he crosses to the telephone, memorises the last four digits of the number and goes to the safe door. Feverishly he spins the dials to match the telephone numbers. There are four. The safe opens silently.

135 Continued

135

The interior of the safe contains several bundles of banknotes, odd Jewellery and insurance papers. But on the top shelf there is only one object - a buff manilla folder. MILLER pulls it out. On the front cover are written in capital letters the initials O.D.E.S.S.A. MILLER takes the file, crosses to the desk and sits down. He goes quickly but carefully through the file.

Inside are a number of single sheets of paper. Each sheet has pasted to it a photograph and below the photograph are several lines of type.

Suddenly MILLER stops, concentrating on one particular sheet. CAMERA ZOOMS in to a CLOSE SHOT of the photograph.

Underneath it is printed the name:

EDUARD ROSCHMANN

coupled with an SS rank and number. Directly to the right of it is another name: HANS JOSEF KIEFEL, Chairman and Managing Director of Kiefel Electric, Landschluterstrasse, Heidelberg. The sheet is in German.

MILLER separates this sheet from the others. He closes the file, folds the sheet and puts it in his breast pocket. He switches off the desk lamp, and the centre light. He crosses the printing works, stopping to pick up Mackensen's gun which is lying by the body.

Then, still carrying the file, he hurries down the centre aisle. As he goes out of the door, he turns off the remaining light and closes it.

136 EXT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS AND HOUSE
NIGHT

BAYREUTH 136

MILLER quickly crosses the yard to Mackensen's car. He tries the door, but finds it locked. Cursing, he hurries back to the works entrance

137 INT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS AND HOUSE BAYREUTH 137
NIGHT

MILLER enters and without putting on the light goes over to the dead body of MACKENSEN. Kneeling down, he rummages through his pockets until he finds the car keys. He takes them and hurries out, again shutting the doors behind him.

138 EXT. WINZER'S PRINTING WORKS AND HOUSE BAYREUTH 138
NIGHT

MILLER climbs into the driving seat. He switches on ignition, slips into gear, accelerating as the car moves out of the yard, into the street, and disappears into the night.

139 EXT. AUTOBAHN BETWEEN BAYREUTH AND MUNICH 139
DAWN

MILLER in Mackensen's car comes towards CAMERA, its headlights still on.

MILLER can hardly keep his eyes open. The strain of the previous day and night has taken its toll. He has a struggle to keep himself awake.

Through the windscreen he sees a sign which reads: Parking 500 metres.

140 EXT. PARKING AREA AUTOBAHN DAWN 140

MILLER drives into the parking area and brings the car to a halt, turns off the ignition and rests his head wearily on the steering wheel. He seems to be already asleep.

141 EXT. PARKING AREA AUTOBAHN SUNRISE 141

A winter sun filters through the bare branches of the trees that line the side of the road. In the car MILLER stirs in his sleep, then his eyes open. He becomes aware of the daylight. Pulling himself together, he looks at his watch; then, remembering what he has to do, he starts up the car, moves out of the parking area and on to the autobahn.

142 EXT. HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY 142

A LONG SHOT of the interior of Munich station during the busy rush hour period. It is 9.30 a.m.

C.S. MILLER as he closes and locks the door of a left-luggage locker. Then he pushes his way through the crowds, to a telephone kiosk. He enters.

143 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY 143

SIGI, already dressed, is preparing the breakfast table with two cups and saucers, etc.

In the KITCHEN, the young policewoman, GISELA puts toast under the grill, and fills the kettle to make the coffee.

Back in the LIVING ROOM, the phone rings. SIGI hurries across to it, and picks up the receiver.

In the KITCHEN, the noise of the water filling the kettle has prevented GISELA from hearing the telephone ring.

144 INT. TELEPHONE KIOSK HAUPTBAHNHOF MUNICH DAY 144

MILLER is on the phone. WE SEE the activity of the railway station going on behind him.

MILLER

Sigi ... listen, everything's all right but I'm in a hurry, so don't ask any questions. I want you to do something for me. Something terribly important. But you mustn't tell anybody. Not anyone. Do you understand? Not even Mother.

145 INT. LIVING ROOM MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY 145

In the KITCHEN, GISELA has now heard SIGI talking on the phone. He crosses quickly into the LIVING ROOM.

SIGI

(into phone)

I understand. What is it?

She realises that GISELA is listening to everything.

SIGI

(partly for the benefit of Gisela)

Yes ... yes ... yes, I see ... I'll do that. I promise. Goodbye.

145 Continued

She puts down the receiver.

146 INT. TELEPHONE KIOSK

MILLER is puzzled.

147 INT. LIVING ROOM MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

GISELA

You should have let me answer. Who was it?

SIGI

Only Peter's mother. She wants me to get something for her in Hamburg.

(gaining confidence)

She may come up and see us on Tuesday.

In the KITCHEN, the toast starts to burn. GISELA hurries back to attend to it. SIGI crosses quickly via the SMALL HALLWAY into the BEDROOM. She puts a small suitcase onto the bed and opens it. Then moving quickly into the BATHROOM she gathers up toothpaste, toothbrush, etc. and shoves them into a sponge bag. She then makes certain that the other door to the KITCHEN (the one leading from the BATHROOM) is locked.

Returning to the BEDROOM, SIGI hastily begins to pack the suitcase, throwing in a dress from the wardrobe, a few undies from the chest of drawers.

GISELA

(calling)

Your coffee's getting cold.

SIGI shuts the case, and then in no hurry walks back across the HALL into the LIVING ROOM and joins her companion for breakfast.

148 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR MUNICH DAY

MILLER's car comes up the overgrown drive to the front of the house. MILLER gets out, goes up to front door and knocks.

149 INT. MILLER'S FLAT HAMBURG DAY

SIGI and GISELA are finishing their coffee. After a moment, SIGI gets up and begins to collect the cups from the table. She carries them into the kitchen. GISELA picks up the remainder of the breakfast things and follows her.

149 Continued

In the KITCHEN, GISELA puts the crockery into the sink and begins to wash-up. SIGI slips back into the living room, quietly closes kitchen door and locks it. She runs quickly across the hall into the bedroom, grabs the suitcase and an overcoat from the hall chair and hurriedly leaves the flat.

As she does so, GISELA starts banging on the kitchen door:

GISELA

Sigi, what the hell do you think you're doing!
Unlock this door!

150 INT. BASEMENT ROOM COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR MUNICH DAY 150

CLOSE SHOT of Roschmann's photograph on the sheet from the Odessa File. CAMERA PULLS BACK a little to reveal the details of his identity.

MILLER (V.O.)

That's one of thirty. And I have them all.

CUT BACK to show PORATH with the other ISRAELIS studying the sheet. MILLER stands opposite.

PORATH

How the hell did you get them?

MILLER

This man Winzer didn't trust his comrades.
He kept the file for protection - to use, if
they ever turned against him.

PORATH

Where's the rest of the file?

MILLER

It's somewhere safe. I haven't brought it
with me.

SHAPIRA

Why not?

MILLER

Because if I gave you the file now, you
wouldn't need me any more. You'd take
over. The last time you kept me for
three days, remember? And I want to get
Roschmann.

150 Continued

PORATH

(to the others)

Search him.

MILLER stands impassively as the other ISRAELIS frisk him.
SHAPIRA finds the gun. They all look at it.

PORATH

(rises and moves round
to Miller)

What are you up to?

MILLER

I've told you, I want to deal with Roschmann
before you move in.

PORATH

And if you fail?

MILLER

That's taken care of. If anything happens
to me, your people will get the file.

PORATH

If you're not going to give it to us now, why
did you come here?

MILLER

Because I want my car back, I want my own
clothes, and I want a thousand marks for
expenses.

They look at him impassively for a moment. MILLER smiles.

MILLER

You're going to have to trust me, aren't you?

151 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR MUNICH DAY

151

MILLER, wearing one of his own suits, throws his suitcase into the
back of his own car, gets in and drives off.

152 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR MUNICH DAY

152

PORATH is thumbing through a large industrial directory. The
OTHERS are with him.

152 Continued

PORATH

Here we are. Kiefel Electric, Heidelberg.

(he looks up)

They make - what? ... Transformers,
dynamoes, computers, radios, television,
tele-communications

(eyes narrowing)

... tele-guidance?

Silence.

PORATH

(decisively)

We'd better move quickly.

153 EXT. CITY OF HEIDELBERG DAY

153

Superimpose:

HEIDELBERG January 9th 1964

154 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM AND SITTING ALCOVE HEIDELBERG DAY 154

MILLER, suitcase on the bed, is unpacking. He takes out a small flask of brandy and crosses into the bathroom. He pours a good measure of brandy into a tooth-glass over the washbasin, adds a drop of water, and drinks.

He stares at his un-shaven face in the mirror, fills the basin and douses himself with water. He reaches for the soap.

In the BEDROOM, the outer door opens and SIGI, followed by a PORTER carrying her small suitcase, comes in. The PORTER puts down the case. SIGI gives him a tip and he leaves.

She glances around the empty room, sees MILLER's suitcase. Hearing sounds coming from the BATHROOM she hurries across to the half-open door.

MILLER has his back to her as he dries his face. He removes the towel and in the mirror sees SIGI standing in the doorway.

SIGI looks at his reflection in utter astonishment. From her VIEWPOINT the CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a CLOSE SHOT of MILLER in the mirror, still looking like KOLB.

154 Continued

SIGI

154

(flustered)
I'm sorry - I must have got the wrong room.

She backs away hurriedly, turns and heads for the door. MILLER rushes after her.

MILLER

Sigi! Sigi! It's alright. It's me.

SIGI stops in her tracks and turns to face him.

MILLER

Thank God you've got here!

SIGI

(still astonished)
Peter, what's happened to you? You look awful!

MILLER

(seeing the funny side)
I'd forgotten. I'm an ex-SS man.

MILLER comes to attention. He clicks his heels.

MILLER

Sergeant Gunther Kolb. At your service!

SIGI

I don't think that's funny.

MILLER

(genuinely puzzled)
What's the matter?

SIGI

Do you know it's been more than four weeks since I saw you? Do you know I've been frantic with worry? Do you know -

MILLER

(cutting in)
I think you look marvellous. Sigi! I've found him!

He crosses to her suitcase, picks it up.

154 Continued

154

MILLER

It's been the most incredible experience
I've ever had. I've learned all sorts of
things - about Germany - about myself.

He puts her suitcase down on the bed, beside his.

MILLER

And tomorrow I'm going to get him.

He opens her suitcase.

SIGI

Congratulations. I know how much it means
to you. And thanks for a lovely Christmas.
Two miserable phone calls in four weeks.

MILLER

There were reasons. I'll tell you all about
it. That's why I asked you to come.

SIGI

And I'm such a fool I run to you the moment
you call - well, this is the last time.

MILLER goes towards her, but she shoves him away.

MILLER

Sigi, it's going to be different -

SIGI

(over-riding this)

It'll never be different - you'll never change.
You get these stupid obsessions and nothing
else matters. It didn't occur to you what it
was doing to me, - and your mother. Maybe
she's used to it, but I'm not. I'm not going
to take any more.

She crosses to the bed, grabs her make-up bag from the top of the open
suitcase, hurries into the bathroom and locks the door.

MILLER stares after her in astonishment. He has seldom seen her so
angry.

Silence. Then he crosses over to the bathroom door and knocks.

154 Continued

154

MILLER

Sigi.

No reply.

Sigi!

SIGI

I can't hear! I'm going to have a bath.
Go to hell!

MILLER

Turn off the taps for a minute. I want to
talk to you.

The taps are turned off.

SIGI

What is it?

MILLER

Have you eaten?

SIGI

No, I haven't, but what do you care!

MILLER

Sigi - have your bath and calm down. Then
I'll explain everything.

SIGI

Don't try to get round me.

She turns both taps full on, drowning out his next remark.

155 INT. HOTEL SITTING ALCOVE HEIDELBERG NIGHT

155

A bottle of champagne is up-ended in a bucket. MILLER and SIGI are seated at a trolley-table finishing a dinner by candlelight. SIGI wears a pretty housecoat. MILLER is in his shirt sleeves. He has shaved but still has the Kolb moustache.

MILLER

Well, now you know. I haven't kept back
anything. I promise.

SIGI

Why couldn't you have told me in the first

155 Continued

MILLER

I wish I had. It was stupid, not to.

SIGI

You know, when I went into that bathroom I really hated you. I really did hate you. Do you believe that?

MILLER

(wryly)

I think you made your point. Come on, we're tired. I'll get rid of all this stuff.

They both get up. SIGI moves out of shot as MILLER pushes plates and glasses to the centre of the table. He lets down the side flaps and wheels the table out of the door into the corridor. Then he shuts the door and locks it.

MILLER turns and comes back into the bedroom just in time to see SIGI slipping out of her gown and getting into bed. She pulls the sheet over her body and sits up, smiling at him.

Silence. They look at each other.

MILLER

Sigi - will you marry me?

SIGI

And go through this agony for the rest of my life.

MILLER

That's right.

SIGI

Come over here.

MILLER moves across to her and sits on the bed.

SIGI

You're a bastard, but I'm stuck with you, and there's nothing I can do about it.

She pulls his face towards her.

SIGI

And for tonight I'll even put up with that moustache.

156. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM AND SITTING ALCOVE HEIDELBERG 156
MORNING

The bedroom is in darkness but daylight streams through from the bathroom.

The silhouette of MILLER comes through the door. He looks much more like PETER MILLER now. The moustache is gone. He crosses to the dressing table, at the same time putting on his jacket which he picks up from a chair. From the dressing table he collects his various belongings, keys, cash, etc. and puts them in his pocket.

He crosses to his suitcase which sits open on the chest-of-drawers. From it he takes out MACKENSEN's gun and opens it. There are still three bullets in the revolving magazine. He puts it into his jacket pocket. He also takes out a small photograph, which he places in his breast pocket.

He moves to the bedroom window and very quietly draws back the curtains, letting in the daylight. Then he turns towards the bed and looks down at the sleeping SIGI for a moment.

SIGI

(drowsily)

What time is it?

MILLER

Nine o'clock.

SIGI sits up, becoming aware of her surroundings. He goes to her, and sits on the edge of the bed.

MILLER

I have to go now.

Her face registers concern and anxiety.

SIGI

What - already?

MILLER

The Heidelberg Trade Fair opens today. Roschmann's going to be there. Don't worry - I know what I'm doing.

MILLER kisses her gently.

MILLER

But there's something I want you to do for me.

156 Continued

156

Despite herself, SIGI smiles:

SIGI

Again?

MILLER

If by any chance I'm not back by tomorrow morning - I mean - if I'm delayed - I want you to take a train to Munich.

He holds out a key to her.

MILLER

(continued)

This is the key to a locker in Munich station. The number's written on it. In the locker you'll find the file I told you about last night. I want you to go straight on to Vienna and give it to Simon Wiesenthal. All right?

Puzzled, SIGI takes the key. MILLER gets up and moves across to a small writing desk. He scribbles on the hotel note pad.

MILLER

I'm writing his address here. I'm also leaving you some money.

(he smiles at her)

Don't look so anxious, it's just a precaution.

He crosses back to her and sits on the bed.

SIGI

If you get yourself killed, Peter Miller, I'll never forgive you.

MILLER

I'll be back, and this time I won't rush away again.

He gets up quickly, hurries to the door, and leaves.

157 EXT. LONG SHOT HEIDELBERG TRADE FAIR DAY

157

The Trade Fair is held in the Exhibition Grounds. There are large public areas with kiosks where one can buy food and drink. Also a large car park

Several thousand PEOPLE mill around the many industrial pavilions housing the products of the numerous companies participating.

157 Continued

157

One of these pavilions carries a large banner:

"KIEFEL ELECTRIC"

158 INT. KIEFEL ELECTRIC PAVILION DAY

158

All the various products of this important corporation are displayed on separate stands - Televisions, Radios, Telephonic equipment, Computers, etc.

The whole of the large area is crowded with ONLOOKERS.

We are witnessing the arrival into the fair of the opening party. Among the party, but well in the background, is DEILMAN.

OFFICIALS make a pathway through the CROWD as the dignitaries are guided towards the central and largest stand. Amongst the interested spectators is MILLER.

A leading GOVERNMENT MINISTER moves up three steps onto the stand where he is met by a RECEPTION COMMITTEE. MILLER watches closely as the MINISTER is introduced to one of the committee, a tall, middle-aged, fair-haired man.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a LARGE CLOSE SHOT of the MAN as he turns (facing camera for a moment) and guides the MINISTER to one of the large computers.

THIS MAN IS EDUARD ROSCHMANN.

MILLER continues to watch ROSCHMANN as he explains the complicated electronic mechanism of the computer.

WE INTERCUT several SHOTS of the GROUP as the MINISTER examines with interest the various exhibits. MILLER never takes his eyes off ROSCHMANN.

After a while the MINISTER and his PARTY begin to move to another stand, but DEILMAN, who until now has remained discreetly out of sight, moves quickly towards ROSCHMANN.

MILLER sees the TWO MEN in earnest conversation.

ROSCHMANN nods his head as DEILMAN rejoins the MINISTER'S PARTY. MILLER sees ROSCHMANN moving discreetly but quickly in the opposite direction, heading towards the pavilion exit.

He moves through the CROWD, grimly determined.

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159 EXT. TRADE FAIR HEIDELBERG DAY

159

ROSCHMANN emerges from the pavilion, crossing between the several large limousines and police escort of the MINISTER's entourage towards his own large Mercedes parked amongst other VIP cars.

His CHAUFFEUR, who has been chatting with other CHAUFFEURS in the area, sees ROSCHMANN and goes to join him. MILLER comes out of the pavilion just in time to see ROSCHMANN stepping into the car.

MILLER hurries across the crowded public area to the Press car park, which happens to be closer to the exit.

When ROSCHMANN's car noses its way out through the main gates into the public highway, MILLER is no more than six seconds behind.

160 EXT. SCHLOSS ALTE, LUDWIGSHOHE, NEAR HEIDELBERG DAY 16

An almost unbelievably beautiful castle set in the centre of a small lake, surrounded by trees. The only way to reach the building is across a bridge that stretches from the shore to an ornate porticoed entrance.

This is ROSCHMANN's home.

161 EXT. MAIN GATEWAY AND ROAD TO SCHLOSS ALTE DAY 161

ROSCHMANN's limousine approaches down the country road towards us, and turns into the open gateway, beyond which a private road leads around the lake to the bridge and castle.

A car close behind ROSCHMANN's moves straight on past the gates, but behind the second car is MILLER's.

MILLER turns into a narrow, tree-lined area on the opposite side of the road. He jumps quickly out of his car and hurries across to the still open gateway.

From inside the gateway WE SEE MILLER approach, enter the grounds and conceal himself behind large trees.

He is just in time to see ROSCHMANN's limousine turn from the private road onto the bridge and cross to the main entrance of his home.

MILLER remains concealed, watching while ROSCHMANN, assisted by the CHAUFFEUR, gets out of the car, moves towards the doorway and enters.

MILLER's attention is distracted by the sound of two other vehicles entering the main gateway. They are both Police cars.

161 Continued

One drives straight past MILLER, along the private road towards the bridge, the other pulls into an area at the side of the main gates.

As the first comes up to the bridge, A POLICEMAN from the second car closes the big gates. It is quite clear that DEILMAN has sent a protective guard to watch over ROSCHMANN.

MILLER moves stealthily further away from the main gates, deeper into the forest of trees - and waits.

162 EXT. KIEFEL ELECTRIC FACTORY COMPLEX HEIDELBERG 162
DAY

A huge sign reading "Kiefel Electric" dominates the roof area of one of the modern factory buildings of the Kiefel plant. Television antennae and revolving radar equipment are also prominent.

CAMERA ZOOMS BACK and PANS DOWN to a full LONG SHOT of the complex.

An outside parking area in the foreground is filled with workers' cars. Beyond the car park is one of the several imposing entrances to the factory. The barrier is electronically controlled by a uniformed OFFICIAL, who sits behind a glass-panelled gatehouse.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN to one particular car, a Volkswagen. Sitting in the car are two men. SHAPIRA, PORATH's young assistant, and another MAN whom we haven't seen before. SHAPIRA has a walkie-talkie in his hand. They both concentrate on the main road which in turn leads to the gate.

After a few moments a blue car turns into the service road, The MAN spots it first.

MAN

That's the one.

SHAPIRA

(into walkie-talkie)

Porath? Can you hear me? It's entering the service road now. A blue BMW coupé. Licence number 48621EL.

They watch as the car drives up the service road and stops in front of the barrier.

162 Continued

SHAPIRA (V.O.)

The barrier's up. It's going in ...
turning left behind the executive block.

163 EXT. A TALL BUILDING OVERLOOKING KIEFEL ELECTRIC PLANT HEIDELBERG DAY 163

CAMERA ZOOMS IN from a LONG SHOT of the building to a CLOSE SHOT of one of the windows.

164 INT. ROOM TALL BUILDING OVERLOOKING KIEFEL ELECTRIC PLANT HEIDELBERG DAY 164

Standing in the window looking down into the inside area of the Kiefel complex is PORATH. Next to him is a MAN we haven't seen before, middle-aged, grey-haired. In the background stands another ISRAELI. THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN holds a pair of binoculars. PORATH, like SHAPIRA, has a walkie-talkie.

They stand watching in silence for a few moments. Then PORATH speaks into the walkie-talkie:

PORATH

Got it. It's just swung into the yard.

CAMERA shoots over their shoulders into the Kiefel lot below. The BMW comes towards us and stops in front of a square building rather smaller than those that surround it. The car door opens and TWO MEN start to get out.

PORATH

Take a look.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN lifts the binoculars and focuses them on the MEN below.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(after a moment)

Yes, I know that man's face. That one's Dr Lampert, and the other - I think that's Dalbusch, his assistant.

The TWO MEN through the binoculars are seen walking towards the locked main door of the building.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (V.O.)

He works on tele-guidance, all right. And he worked on the V-2. He's a bright boy.

164. Continued

PORATH and the MIDDLE-AGED MAN continue to watch as LAMPERT unlocks the door to the building. He enters, followed by DALBUSCH. The door closes behind them.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN lowers his binoculars.

PORATH

That's it.

165 EXT. SCHLOSS ALTE, LUDWIGSHOHE, NR. HEIDELBERG
LATE AFTERNOON

165

The bleak winter day is drawing to a close. The schloss is silhouetted against the darkening sky.

The first police car still guards the bridge, TWO POLICEMEN standing close to it. The other car remains at the closed entrance gates.

MILLER, his coat collar turned up against the cold, has managed to get closer to the schloss, now using the protection of a small building, from where he can see but not be seen. He blows into his hands in an effort to keep warm, then becomes alert. Lights in the schloss have started to go on.

MILLER concentrates on two big windows with a turreted balcony that overlook the bridge and the car on the far side of it. Now there are lights in these windows. MILLER sees the silhouetted figure of ROSCHMANN as he stands looking out for a moment towards the police car. Then ROSCHMANN's figure moves away.

It is almost dark: the moment has come for MILLER to make an attempt to get past the GUARDS and into the schloss. There is no way of walking across the bridge unseen, but it is possible that he could climb from the shore across the underneath structure of it and reach the castle walls above the waterline.

From MILLER'S P.O.V., CAMERA shows us his intention, by PANNING in CLOSE SHOT along the underneath of the bridge, across a part of the stone wall to a small arched entrance which is probably hidden from the police car.

The difficulty is to reach the bridge itself without being seen because there are several yards of open space between him and his destination.

Lying flat on the ground, MILLER moves slowly forward towards the water's edge. The height of the dead reeds that line the shore give him a certain amount of cover. After an unpleasant few moments of anxiety, he does manage to reach the bridge, but has to take immediate cover.

165 Continued

One of the POLICEMEN leaves his COMRADES and walks across the bridge to the main entrance of the schloss. He rings the bell.

MILLER waits. A MANSERVANT opens the door to reveal a lighted inner courtyard beyond. The POLICEMAN has a few words with the MANSERVANT, then goes through the door, which is closed behind him.

Now MILLER climbs carefully up to the supports under the bridge. With difficulty he climbs along them. To increase the hazard, the structure has been made slippery because of recent snow and ice which has formed. After a struggle he manages to reach the far side and the castle wall.

Glancing back over his shoulder, MILLER is unable to see the police car or POLICEMEN, so presumes they cannot see him.

MILLER edges his way along the stone wall, at one point nearly slipping into the water. Finally he reaches the arched opening on the waterline, which he manages to get inside.

166 INT. STONE BOATHOUSE BENEATH SCHLOSS ALTE DUSK 166

The arch leads to a small boathouse. There are two rowing boats inside. MILLER crosses them and finds a small jetty and an iron gateway.

There are stone steps on the other side of the gate that undoubtedly lead up to the castle. But the gate is locked.

MILLER is frustrated but not defeated. He looks at one of the boats for a moment, then makes a decision. He gets into it, unhooks the rope from an iron ring set in the stone wall and, using the edge of the small jetty, pushes himself out of the arched doorway.

167 EXT. WALLS OF SCHLOSS ALTE DUSK 167

Once outside, using his hands MILLER carefully manoeuvres the boat round the edge of the castle walls. He is now completely out of sight of all POLICEMEN.

Finally he reaches the underneath of an arched terrace he has noticed earlier in the day. The low wall of the terrace is approximately twelve feet above him.

In the bottom of the boat there is an anchor and thin anchor chain. MILLER manages to swing the anchor up and over the wall of the terrace. The first attempt fails, but the second time the anchor holds, pulled against the inside of the wall.

With his feet pressed up against the horizontal stone parapet, MILLER pulls himself up, until he can see across the terrace.

168 EXT. INNER COURTYARD AND TERRACE, SCHLOSS ALTE NIGHT 168

It is a kind of inner courtyard, doors and windows to the castle opening on three sides. There is no one in the courtyard.

MILLER cases himself over the wall and moves past a large piece of traditional sculpture towards the building.

Suddenly there is the sound of a door opening and voices. MILLER gains temporary refuge behind an ornate fountain.

From the lighted doorway, emerges the POLICEMAN, seen entering the courtyard earlier. He carries mugs and a large can of coffee. The POLICEMAN moves across courtyard to the main doors of the castle, and lets himself out.

MILLER decides to risk the door. He slips quietly towards it, opening it very gently and slides inside the building.

169 INT. PASSAGE AND STAIRCASE SCHLOSS ALTE NIGHT 169

MILLER finds himself in a small passage with an open door to a kitchen, and a second open door to the hall and main staircase. There is the clatter of dishes from the kitchen, and SERVANTS' voices.

MILLER moves quickly into the HALL, looks up towards the landing area, making certain no one is there, then hurries up the stairs.

170 INT. UPPER LANDING SCHLOSS ALTE NIGHT 170

MILLER is about to move along the landing to what seems to be the main living area, but a door halfway along opens and Roschmann's MANSERVANT comes out.

MANSERVANT

I'll see to it, Herr Kiefl.

He closes the door and comes towards us. A two-foot recess is MILLER's only immediate protection. The MANSERVANT moves past it. One glance back and he would undoubtedly have seen MILLER, but fortunately he doesn't look.

As soon as the MANSERVANT begins to descend the stairs, MILLER emerges from the recess and moves silently towards Roschmann's room. As he does so, he takes Mackensen's gun out of his pocket.

171 INT. ROSCHMANN'S STUDY SCHLOSS NIGHT 171

ROSCHMANN looks up from his desk in surprise as he sees MILLER standing in the doorway holding a gun.

171 Continued

171

MILLER

Stand up!

ROSCHMANN rises.

Move away from that desk - Roschmann.

ROSCHMANN complies slowly. MILLER locks the door, keeps the gun pointed at his belly.

ROSCHMANN

You're making a mistake. My name is Kiefel.

He glances towards the big window overlooking the lake and bridge.

MILLER

Yes, the police are out there. But don't try to call them.

ROSCHMANN

What do you want?

MILLER examines ROSCHMANN as if he were a curious exhibit.

MILLER

The face is the same. And the eyes. They told me about the eyes.

CU of ROSCHMANN's eyes, a little afraid.

MILLER

Go and draw the curtains.

He motions with his gun. ROSCHMANN goes over to the window.

MILLER

You still have the little limp. And the bullet wound in the chest? And the scar? You know the scar under the left armpit, Roschmann.

ROSCHMANN is drawing the curtains on the big window.

172 EXT. BRIDGE NIGHT

172

Two POLICEMEN beside their parked radio car. They are on alert for the MILLER they assume to be somewhere around. They are watching the castle. They see ROSCHMANN's figure, silhouetted against the window, drawing the curtains.

173 INT. ROSCHMANN'S STUDY NIGHT

173

ROSCHMANN turns back to MILLER from the window.

ROSCHMANN

I don't know what you're talking about.
I told you, my name is Kiefel.

Silence.

MILLER

Riga. I'm talking about the camp at Riga,
Roschmann. Your camp.

ROSCHMANN

Rubbish. What camp?

MILLER

Where you were responsible for the murder
of eighty thousand men, women and children,
Herr Commandant.

ROSCHMANN

Oh, come.

MILLER

I remember reading that 'Skin was whipped
off bodies like peeling paint of a wall.' And
that the camp dogs ate some of them before
they were dead. Eighty thousand you murdered.

ROSCHMANN

That's a lie. There were never eighty thousand
in Riga.

MILLER

Ah - so you remember. Seventy thousand?
Sixty? Does it matter how many you killed?

Regaining confidence, ROSCHMANN crosses from the window to the
fireplace.

ROSCHMANN

That's the point. It doesn't matter, and it
never did. Someone's been filling your head
with a lot of sentimental crap about so-called
war crimes. Lies!

MILLER just watches him.

173 Continued

173

ROSCHMANN

You must have done your military service. You know what the Army's like. A man's given orders, he obeys them. He doesn't ask whether they're right or wrong. You know that as well as I do. All I did was to obey orders.

MILLER says nothing.

ROSCHMANN

I was a soldier. And proud of it.

MILLER

You were an executioner. You murdered. You were a butcher.

ROSCHMANN

You young Germans today make me sick. What do you think a soldier does? He kills.

MILLER

But you did something worse. You stripped people of all human dignity.



For a moment, ROSCHMANN is brought to a halt. Then:

ROSCHMANN

You don't want to understand what it was like.

MILLER

So tell me, what was it like?

ROSCHMANN faces MILLER confidently.

ROSCHMANN

What was it like? It was like a rebirth. Germany became great. We suddenly ruled the world, we Germans.

As he talks, a quick glimpse of a concentration camp scene and its victims.

ROSCHMANN

We beat every army they could throw at us. You youngsters don't realise what it felt like, being proud again of one's country. To be proud of being a German. And we the SS were the elite.

173 Continued

Another glimpse of a concentration camp.

ROSCHMANN

Of course they hunt us down now, first the enemy and then the useless old women of Bonn. They hunt us down because they're afraid of us, because we're the real Germany.

MILLER

You don't speak for Germany. Not any more.

ROSCHMANN

No? Oh you can point that gun at me, but you know we're really on the same side. A generation between us, but on the same side. Why should it matter to you what happened to a few miserable Jews? Put your gun away, young man, and go home.

MILLER

Sit down. In that chair.

He indicates an upright armchair. ROSCHMANN sits.

MILLER

And put your hands on the arm rests.

ROSCHMANN obeys.

MILLER

You a patriot? You and your kind betrayed Germany. You SS bastards used Germany and the German people until they couldn't be used any more. And then you fled. You were cowards. You ran away from the Russians, hanged and shot our soldiers to keep them fighting, and then disappeared with your loot.

Pause.

Have you ever heard of a man called Tauber?

ROSCHMANN

Who?

MILLER

Salomon Tauber. One of your prisoners at Riga.

173 Continued

(shrugs) ROSCHMANN
I can't remember. It was a long time ago.

MILLER
He died in Hamburg in November. He gassed himself. Are you listening?

ROSCHMANN
Yes, if I must.

MILLER
He left behind a diary.

ROSCHMANN
Is that why you've come here - because of the diary of some Jew?

MILLER ignores him.

The diary of a dead man's not evidence.

MILLER
Maybe not for a court, but it is for me ...
There was a date in the diary I want to remind you of - Something that happened at Riga on November the eleventh 1944 ...

174 EXT. RIGA DOCKS NIGHT SNOW BLACK AND WHITE

174

MILLER (V.O.)
... A ship was being loaded with German wounded. Army men who'd been fighting for their country on the Eastern front. You gave instructions that the wounded should be brought ashore because you intended to commandeer the ship.

Now we see once more the vital section from Tauber's Diary. TAUBER and a fellow PRISONER carry one of the stretchers back down to quayside. A shout makes them glance up.

A WEHRMACHT CAPTAIN runs down the quay. He orders MEDICAL ORDERLIES to load GERMAN ARMY WOUNDED back on freighter. ROSCHMANN, quivering with rage, slaps the CAPTAIN's face. The CAPTAIN takes blow, then lands a right-fisted punch on ROSCHMANN's jaw. ROSCHMANN flies back several feet and falls on his back in the snow, blood trickling from his mouth. The CAPTAIN moves among his MEDICAL ORDERLIES.

174 .Continued

174

ROSCHMANN draws his Luger and fires. As the CAPTAIN staggers and turns, ROSCHMANN fires again. The CAPTAIN spins over backwards, clutching at his throat. A medal around his neck flies off as bullet strikes. CAMERA MOVES to large CLOSE UP of a medal of the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, lying on the bloodstained snow.

175 INT. ROSCHMANN'S STUDY HEIDELBERG NIGHT

175

ROSCHMANN

So what? The man attacked me. He disobeyed orders. My orders!

MILLER takes a photograph out of his pocket, passes it across to ROSCHMANN.

MILLER

Is that the man you killed?

ROSCHMANN looks at it and shrugs.

ROSCHMANN

How should I know? It was twenty years ago.

MILLER

Was that the man!

ROSCHMANN looks at the photograph again.

ROSCHMANN

All right. So that was the man. So what?

MILLER

That was my father.

There is a pause. ROSCHMANN is shaken, for the first time appears frightened.

ROSCHMANN

(slowly; almost in a whisper)

So you didn't only come about the Jews.

MILLER says nothing.

ROSCHMANN

(eagerly)

What if you're making a mistake? Have you thought of that? How do you know it was your father?

175 Continued

175

MILLER

No mistake, Roschmann. The same date.
The same place. The same rank. The
same decoration. The same man. No
mistake.

ROSCHMANN's eyes go down to the gun, and then back to MILLER's face.

ROSCHMANN

You're going to kill me.

MILLER

Yes, Roschmann, I'm going to kill you.

ROSCHMANN

Wouldn't that make you a butcher too? What's
so different about you.

MILLER pulls back the trigger with a click. ROSCHMANN has his back
against the fireplace.

MILLER

I'm not killing a man. I'm killing a disease.
You and your kind were the filthiest scum
that ever rose from a gutter. In twelve years
you smeared my country - my country - with
your dirt in a way the world will never forget.
What you did sickened and revolted the whole
of civilised mankind, and left my generation
a heritage of shame to live down that's going
to take us the rest of our lives.

MILLER fires.

ROSCHMANN staggers.

MILLER fires a second time and then a third. ROSCHMANN falls.

MILLER walks over to the body, then crossing to the desk picks up the
phone.

176 INT. KITCHEN OF SCHLOSS HEIDELBERG NIGHT

176

The MANSERVANT whom we saw earlier answers the phone in the kitchen

MANSERVANT

Yes, Herr Kiefl.

176 Continued

176

MILLER (V.O.)

This is not Kiefel. Go and tell the policemen
waiting outside that Peter Miller ... Miller ...
is coming out to talk to them.

The MANSERVANT, puzzled and alarmed, puts back the receiver,
and hurries out towards the front door.

177 INT. ROSCHMANN'S STUDY HEIDELBERG NIGHT

177

MILLER replaces the receiver. He has put down his gun on the desk.
Now he goes across to take a last look at ROSCHMANN. Then he slowly
walks out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

178 INT. CORRIDORS OF SCHLOSS HEIDELBERG NIGHT

178

MILLER walks through the corridors and down the stairs, out to the
courtyard.

179 EXT. COURTYARD OF SCHLOSS HEIDELBERG NIGHT

179

MILLER opens the main door and steps out into the night. At the same
time the beams of a police-car headlights cut through the darkness,
illuminating his figure. MILLER blinks, shutting his eyes against the
glare for a moment. A POLICEMAN'S VOICE blares out through a
loudspeaker:

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Put up your hands!

MILLER puts up his hands and stands, dazzled by the glare, his back
against the door.

MILLER

It's all right. I have no gun. I don't need it
any more. I'm content to accept the judgement
of my country for what I've done.

EPILOGUE

As FLAMES ENGULF THE SCREEN, we hear a NARRATOR'S VOICE
(OVER):

VOICE (OVER)

On January 5th 1964, E-block at the Kiefel
Electric Plant was burnt to the ground. Sabotage
was suspected, but never proved ...

179 Continued

179

VOICE (OVER Cont)

As a result of disclosures in the Odessa File, the West German Government took steps to bring many highly placed Nazi war criminals to justice. One of them, Werner Deilman, a Security Chief, was found hanged in his cell in Bonn Prison on January 18th 1964 ...

... The rockets of Helwan never flew.

THE END