The Lives of Others

By Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck
TEMPORARY DETENTION CENTER
MINISTRY FOR STATE SECURITY
Stand still. Eyes to the floor.
Walk on.
TEMPORARY DETENTION CENTER
MINISTRY FOR STATE SECURITY
Address him as 'Captain!' 
Enter.
Sit down.
Hands under your thighs, palms down.
What do you have to tell us?
I've done nothing.
I know nothing.
You've done nothing, know nothing...
You think we imprison people on a whim?
No...
If you think our humanistic system
capable of such a thing,
that alone would justify your arrest.
We'd like to jog your memory, prisoner no. 227.
On September 28th, Dieter Pirmasens,
your friend and neighbor, fled to the West.
We believe that he had help.
I know nothing.
He didn't even tell me he wanted to leave.
I first heard about it at work.
Please recount what you did on September 28th.
- It's in my statement.
- Tell me again.
I was at Treptow Park memorial with my children.
Where I met my old friend Max Kirchner.
We went to his place
and listened to music until late.
He has a telephone,
you can call him to confirm this.
I can give you the number.
The enemies of our state are arrogant.
Remember that.
It takes patience. About 40 hours worth.
(STASI COLLEGE, POTSDAM-EICHE)
Fast forward...
I want to sleep.
Please, let me sleep!
Hands under your thighs.
Tell me again what you did on September 28th.
Please, just one hour, just a little... a little sleep.
Tell me again what you did on that day.
Why keep him awake for so long?
It's... inhuman.
An innocent prisoner will become more angry by the hour, due to the injustice suffered.
He will shout and rage.
A guilty prisoner becomes more calm and quiet...
Or he cries.
He knows he's there for a reason. The best way to establish guilt or innocence is non-stop interrogation.
...school friend Max Kirchner.
We went to his place... and listened to music until late.
He has a telephone, you can call him to confirm this.
Do you notice anything about his statement? It's the same as at the beginning.
Exactly the same. Word for word.
People who tell the truth can re-formulate things, and they do.
A liar has prepared sentences, which he falls back on when under pressure.
We have two important indicators, and can increase the intensity.
If you don't give names, We'll have to arrest your wife.
Jan and Nadja will be put into state care.
Is that what you want?
Who was the person who helped him flee?
- Glaske...
- Again! Speak clearly!
Glaske... Werner Glaske.
Werner... Glaske.
Quiet!
Quiet!
Listen!
Does anyone know what that is?
It's the odor sample for the dogs.
It must be collected at every
interrogation. Never forget it!
Your subjects are enemies of Socialism.
Never forget that! Goodbye.
That was good, really good.
You remember
how we sat there 20 years ago?
They've offered me a professorship.
Life's not about good grades, though
mine weren't that bad, thanks to you.
So what's up?
Why do you always think I'm scheming?
- I wanted to invite you to the theater.
- The theater?
I heard that Minister Hempf is going.
As head of the Culture Department,
I should show my face.
It starts at 7 p.m. We should get going.
THE LIVES OF OTHERS
Minister Hempf at one o'clock.
He used to be in State Security, you know.
He really cleaned up the theater scene.
Georg Dreyman, the writer.
An arrogant type, the kind I warn my students about.
But he's loyal.
If they were all like him, I'd be out of a job.
He's our only non-subversive writer
who is also read in the West.
He thinks the GDR is the greatest country on earth.
It starts.
What's wrong, my child? A new vision?
Speak, Marta! Speak!
Your Arthur...
is dead.
Arthur? Can't you be wrong, just this once?
No, sister. Believe me.
He fell to his death.
Crushed by the mighty wheel.
I see it,
though I'd rather see any other horror.
Why am I not spared these visions?
Elena! Go home... and mourn.
I'll finish your shift.
Did you like it? Dreyman's good, eh?
I'd have him monitored.
Monitored? All that teaching
is ruining your instincts.
I could oversee it myself.
He's clean, I tell you. Even Hempf likes him.
We'd be shooting ourselves in the foot.
I'm going down.
"Faces of Love"
I hear a lot about your work.
They say culture's in good hands.
Your name is mentioned in Party circles.
We're the Party's 'shield and sword'.
I'm aware of that at all times.
What do you make of him?
Of Georg Dreyman?
Maybe...
Maybe what?
Maybe he's not as clean as he seems.
Grubitz! That's why you and I are on top.
Your average Stasi chump would have said,
"One of our best! So loyal!" etc.
But we can see more.
You're heading to the very top, Grubitz.
There's something fishy about him.
I can feel it in my gut.
Dreyman's having a party next week.
Some dubious types are going, Hauser and that rabble.
Try to wire the place discreetly by then.
Measures A and B.
Only in his rooms. Nothing conspicuous.
He has powerful friends.
No one is to know about this
until we've found something.
But if you get something on him,
you'll have a good friend in the Central Committee.
You understand what I'm saying?
Have a nice evening, Comrade Minister.
Why is he staring at us?
What's he doing here, anyway?
I think he's got a crush on you.
I can't let the evening pass without raising a toast to our artists. A great Socialist, I can't recall who it was, once said: Writers are engineers of the soul. So Georg Dreyman is one of our country's greatest engineers. - What charming bed-fellows you have. - Paul! And to Christa-Maria Sieland, the loveliest pearl of the GDR. I believe that nobody contradict my opinion. Let's raise our glasses to Christa-Maria Sieland: Three cheers to her. Someone like him doesn't even deserve to address you. Stay with me! And now something for the soul... May I? - How did you like my speech? - Many thanks. I liked your play too. Really, it was good. "Engineers of the soul." That was a Stalin quote. Really? I, too, like to provoke, Mr. Hauser. But unlike you, I know how far I can go. I'm more like our dear Dreyman. He knows that the Party needs artists, but that artists need the Party even more. If you're going to talk politics, I'll find another dance partner. - I'm willing. - Too late! I follow our theater with interest. It used to be theater people... - Paul! - It's okay, I've known Mr. Hauser for years. Comrade Schwalber! You did a good job tonight too.
Dreyman, I'm glad you're working with such directors. It wasn't always so. You're referring to Jerska? I think you judged him too harshly. Sure, he went too far in what he said. Without a doubt. But put yourself in his shoes for a moment. You, as a man of honor. He can't remove his name from that statement. He could work for any theater in the West. But he wants to stay here. Because he believes in Socialism and in this country. - His black-listing is... - Black-listing? We don't do that here! You should choose your words more carefully. Comrade Hempf, just between us: My plays are not strong enough to survive Schwalber's direction. I need Jerska, and I think you judged him too harshly. Well, I don't. But that's what we all love about your plays. Your love for mankind... your belief that people can change. Dreyman, no matter how often you say it in your plays, people do not change! How is he, by the way? He hopes that his black-... that he can work again soon. Is he right in hoping? Of course he is. As long as he lives, and even longer. Because as you know, Dreyman, hope always dies last. The team will be ready to wire the place as of tomorrow. It needs to be finished by Thursday. You should plan everything carefully.
Think you can do it?
Good night.
I'll get in trouble if I don't go.
- With who?
- My girlfriend.
Twenty minutes.
Yes?
Frau Meineke... One word of this to anyone, and Masha loses her spot at the university.
Is that understood?
Yes.
Send Mrs. Meineke a gift for her cooperation.
It must be Thursday again.
Time passes so quickly...
Perhaps that's a good thing.
- How are you?
- Not bad.
It's not always this noisy.
Only on Thursdays, I know.
Yes.
We missed you at the premiere.
Did Schwalber do a good job?
His good bits were stolen from you.
That keeps my ideas alive.
Don't bear it.
I can't bear those fat, dressed-up people at premieres anymore.
Doesn't sound like me, does it?
But maybe this is the real me, not the old Jerska.
He was friendly and caring, nourished by success...
all thanks to the grace of the bigwigs.
But I won't complain much longer.
In my next life, I'll simply be an author.
A happy author
who can write whenever he wants.
Like you.
What is a director if he can't direct?
He's a projectionist without a film,
a miller without corn. He is nothing.
Nothing at all.
Albert, the Minister was at the premiere.
Minister Hempf.
I spoke to him about your blacklisting.
It looks promising.
He gave me hope, concrete hope. Literally.
Really?
That's great.
Cheap Georgian wine. Chateau Jerska.
So is our holy drinker coming?
I forgot to ask him.
You're strong and forceful.
That's how I need you.
Don't let this blackness into your life.
- Albert is my friend.
- And you're my boyfriend.
Looks like a 50th.
But I'm going to be 40, right?
Don't forget, you promised
to wear a tie for your birthday.
I would, but I don't have one.
Bon anniversaire!
Atie?
You said you didn't want any books.
Or can't you tie a tie,
you old working-class poet?
What?
I was born wearing a tie!
I had to "fight my way out
of my middle-class fetters".
Then put those fetters on again, just for me.
Alright... It's no
big deal to tie a tie.
Frau Meineke, would you come in for a moment!
Can you tie a tie?
You've no idea how thankful I am.
- Are you feeling unwell?
- No... I'm feeling fine.
Finished?
Wonderful. It's perfect.
It couldn't be better.
It'll be our secret.
You can keep a secret, right?
Of course.
I'll be damned! And I thought you couldn't do it.
You don't normally hide your talents.
You've no idea of the things I can do!
The first guest.
Our dear neighbors locked the main door again.
- Can you go?
- Yes, I'm going.
Maestro! Our humble offerings.
- I expressly said no books!
- But thanks.
Would you like a drink?
- A soda.
- Vodka for me.
I'll get it.
Why the hell's Albert sitting all alone?
He won't talk to us.
He sent us all away.
I brought you something too.
- Did you really come here to read?
- It is Brecht!
I feel like a fraud among these people.
A fraud?
Come off it, Albert!
You're losing your grip on reality.
You know how we admire you,
how everybody admires you.
For something I did 10 years ago...
and could probably never do again.
My favorite director! Wait!
I need to talk to you a moment.
Tell me again how you got into this position.
Pure talent.
Of course!
But what else did you have to do?
Everyone knows you're with the Stasi!
- What an outrageous insinuation!
- Don't forget it!
- Paul!
- What?
Excuse my friend, he's had too much to drink.
But you know he's with the Stasi!
No, Paul. I don't know that.
You're such an idealist
that you're almost a bigwig.
It was informers and conformists
like that who ruined Albert.
Spy, betrayer!
If you don't take a stand, you're not human!
If you ever want to take action, call.
If not, we don't have to meet again.
Your friends don't have much taste.
That's really unfair.
Here! Look at this beautiful backscratcher.
That's a salad fork!
Still, it's beautiful... And look at this.
I'll write my new play with this.
You have no taste either!
I do in some things.
- It's from Jerska.
- So he did give you a book!
"Sonata for a Good Man"
"'Lazlo' and CMS unwrap presents,
then presumably have intercourse."
You're late.
Sorry, Captain.
Those red lights made me
lose all of four minutes.
You know how it is.
They're already at it! Unbelievable! These artists!
They're always at it!
That's why I prefer monitoring artists
to priests or peace activists.
See you tomorrow at 11 a.m.
Albert Jerska, operation 'Engerling'.
Systematic as usual, Wiesler.
The files will be sent. Let's have lunch.
The BSG Volleyball team will meet at 7 p.m.
Did you forget? Bosses sit over there.
Socialism must start somewhere.
About the license plate of the car
that brought Ms. Sieland home...
It's Minister Hempf's car.
Wiesler,
we can't monitor top officials.
I removed the entry in your report.
Nothing written from now on,
just oral!
So we're helping a Committee member
ger a rival out of the way.
You know what this could mean
for my career. And for yours.
If we find something...
Is that why we joined?
You remember the oath we took?
"We are the Party's shield and sword."
What is the Party, if not its members?
And if those members are highly influential, all the better!
I've got a new one.
Honecker comes into his office, opens the window, sees the sun, and says...
What's wrong?
Oh, excuse me... I just...
No, carry on, colleague!
No harm in laughing about the Party Chairman, is there.
I probably know the joke anyway.
Come on, tell us!
Well... Honecker...
I mean, the Comrade General Secretary sees the sun and says,
- "Good morning, dear sun!"
- More like, "Good morning, dear sun!"
The sun replies, "Good morning, dear Erich!"
And at noon, Erich goes to the window and says, "Good day, dear sun!"
The sun replies, "Good day, dear Erich!"
In the evening, Erich says again, "Good evening, dear sun!"
and the sun doesn't reply.
"Good evening, dear sun..."
"What's wrong?" he asks.
And the sun replies, "Screw you, I'm in the West now!"
Name?
Rank? Department?
Me?
Stigler.
I don't have to tell you what this means for your career.
Please, Comrade Lieutenant Colonel, I was just...
You were just deriding the Party!
That's incitement, and likely just the tip of the iceberg!
I will report this to the Minister's office.
Just kidding! Good one, huh?
But yours was good too.
I know a better one though.
What's the difference between Honecker and a phone?
None at all.
Hang up, try again!
- No, I have to get home.
- Bye.
Cold?
Christa, you forgot our meeting on Thursday.
Or did your poet have two birthdays in a row?
Come on, get in.
Get in!
You don't know what's good for you.
Don't worry.
I'm looking after you.
Tell me you don't need it too.
Just say so, and I'll let you go.
I'm meeting someone.
Where do you think we're going?
I'm taking you to him!
You'll be there even quicker.
Time for some bitter truths.
Yes?
Those idiots!
Next Thursday at the Metropol.
Drive!
Christa?
Just hold me.
Good evening, comrade!
You're 5 minutes late again.
Evening. 11th floor, right corridor.
I'm already up here.
How did you get into the building?
A bunch of you guys live here.
I don't think I've been here before.
No, I don't think you have.
Well? Was that nice?
- Stay awhile.
- I can't,
my next customer is at half-past.
I work on a schedule.
At one-thirty?
You won't make it.
Sure I will. Don't you worry.
Book me for longer next time.
Bye.

Georg? Did you hear about Hauser?
No, what happened?
He can't get a travel permit for his lectures in the West.
Are you surprised?
If he acts so arrogantly, he should expect it.
Would you let him go, if you were in their position?
"CMS comes home. 'Lazlo' approves of Hauser's foreign travel ban."

Have you seen my Brecht book?
- What?
- My Brecht book.
I don't know where it is.
Strange. I could've sworn...

One day in blue-moon September, silent under a plum tree, I held her, my silent pale love, in my arms like a fair and lovely dream.
Above us in the summer skies was a cloud that caught my eye. It was white and so high up. And when I looked up, it was no longer there.
- Yes?
- Georg? Wallner here. What's up?
Georg, it's about Jerska. He hanged himself last night.

Georg?
I'm going to hang up, okay?
"Sonata for a Good Man"
You know what Lenin said about Beethoven's 'Appassionata'. "If I keep listening to it, I won't finish the revolution."
Can anyone who has heard this music, I mean truly heard it, really be a bad person?
Are you really with the Stasi?
Do you even know what the Stasi is?
Yes. They're bad men
who put people in prison, says my dad.
I see.
What's the name of your...
My what?
Ball! What's the name of your ball?
You're funny! Balls don't have names.
It's all in place, Minister.
The latest technology.
Behind every light switch, even in the toilet.
- Measure C in the hall...
- You said you'd find something!
Find something!
I'd advise even my worst enemy
not to disappoint me.
Now get out of here!
Nowack, you're to watch Christa-Maria.
You'll report on every minute
that she's not with me.
We revoked Hauser's travel permit
for the culture conference.
Maybe that'll lead to something.
The two of them are very close.
How's it going between CMS and the Minister?
They're meeting tomorrow night, I think.
That's good! Very good!
We have a lot to gain from this love story.
Or a lot to lose.
Don't forget that.
I used to be afraid of just two things:
Being alone, and not being able to write.
Since Albert's death,
I don't care about writing
or about other people.
All I'm afraid of now is losing you.
You needn't be afraid tonight.
I'm just going out for a few hours.
Where to?
An old classmate's in town.
Really, Christa?
- Really?
- How dare you!
I know.
I know where you're going.
And I'm asking you not to go.
You don't need him.
You don't need him.
I know about your medication too.
And how little faith you have in your talent.
Have faith in me, at least.
Christa-Maria.
You are a great artist.
I know that.
And your audience knows it too.
You don't need him.
You don't need him.
Stay here.
Don't go to him.
No? Don't I need him?
Don't I need this whole system?
What about you?
Then you don't need it either.
Or need it even less.
But you get in bed with them too.
Why do you do it?
Because they can destroy you too,
despite your talent and your faith.
Because they decide what we play,
who is to act,
and who can direct.
You don't want to end up like Jerska.
And neither do I.
That's why I'm going now.
You're right about so many things,
and I want to change so much.
But I ask you,

**I implore you:**
Well, boss, am I on time?
Let me guess what those two are doing...
Come on, I'll take over.
I don't want you
to do overtime because of me.
"Don't go through that door."
Where's she going?
To meet an old classmate.
You'll have my detailed report tomorrow.
I can manage.
Good night.
What are you staring at?
Soda water.
No, uh... Vodka.
Double.
Another one.
Can I have a cognac, please?
Madam?
Go away, I want to be alone.
Ms. Sieland.
Do we know each other?
You don't know me, but I know you.
Many people love you
for who you are.
- Actors are never 'who they are.'
- You are.
I've seen you on stage.
You were more who you are...
than you are now.
So you know what I'm like.
I'm your audience.
- I have to go.
- Where to?
I'm meeting an old classmate. I...
You see?
Just now you weren't being yourself.
No?
No.
So you know her well,
this Christa-Maria Sieland.
What do you think...
Would she hurt someone
who loves her above all else?
Would she sell herself for art?
For art?
You already have art.
That'd be a bad deal.
You are a great artist.
Don't you know that?
And you are a good man.
"When I begin my shift, 'Lazlo' and CMS
are arguing about whether CMS
should meet her classmate.
Eventually, she leaves.
'Lazlo' seems unhappy about this.
But after about 20 minutes, CMS returns,
to 'Lazlo's' surprise, and mine.
He seems very happy about this.
Vigorous acts of intimacy follow.
She says she'll never leave again.
He says repeatedly: 'Now I'll have the strength,
now I'll do something.'
This likely refers to writing a new stage play.
In recent weeks, 'Lazlo's' playwriting
had been plagued by difficulties.
What she means by her statement is unclear.
Perhaps she intends to
take better care of his household.
The rest of the night was peaceful."
Oh, comrade... uh... It's just because...
He's sleeping too...
Good report.
Really?
I didn't know he was in such a bad way.
Neither did I.
"On One Who Made it to the Other Side:
The statistics office on Hans Beimler Street
counts everything, knows everything.
How many shoes I buy a year: 2.3.
How many books I read a year: 3.2.
And how many pupils graduate
with straight A's every year: 6347.
But there is one thing they don't count,
maybe because even bureaucrats find it painful,
and that's suicides.
If you call Beimler Street to ask
how many people between the Elbe and the Oder,
between the Baltic Sea and the Ore
Mountains despair drove to their death,
our numbers oracle is silent.
But it may just note your name
for State Security...
Those grey men
who ensure safety in our land... and happiness.
In 1977, our country
stopped counting suicides.
They called them 'self-murderers'.
But it has nothing to do with murder.
It knows no bloodlust,
o heated passion,
it knows only death, the death of all hope.
When we stopped counting,
only one country in Europe
drove more people to their death:
Hungary.
We came next, the land of
'Real Existing Socialism'.
One of the uncounted
is Albert Jerska,
the great director.
It's him I want to talk about today...
I tried to get statistics that show...
...that State Security operates more
effectively than we think!
I foolishly rehearsed
my speech for the West in here.
Since then, I've become very musical.
We can meet at my place.
"3 p.m., Pankow Memorial"
Well? Is this safe enough?
My own 'bodyguard'.
I call him Rolf.
That's probably his name, too.
Fire away.
Here.
You want to publish this?
In the West, with your help.
Will you help? Have you told Christa?
No.
I'll help you,
as long as you don't tell her anything.
What?
Georg, it's for her own protection.
This could be right for the 'Spiegel'.
I'm friends with an editor there.
Gregor Hessenstein. Know him?
Not personally.
You have to meet him.
But you can't publish using your real name.
Unless your idea of fun
is a 48-hour interrogation.
I'm cold!
We could go to my place?
There's no State Security at my place!
A friend of Margot Honecker,
winner of the National Award...
Second class!
My apartment is clean, I tell you!
If only we could be sure...
I have an idea
how we can check your apartment.
You know my uncle Frank,
who visits from West Berlin every Saturday,
with his big gold Mercedes.
It seems a bit risky to me, Mr. Hauser.
Yes, I agree with Georg.
Hiding your nephew under the back seat?
I'm really not sure.
Come on, they won't search under the seats.
They'll look under the axles, tap the exhaust,
then I'll be across. Paul too.
The border guards aren't very bright.
You've got the wrong idea there.
- Which border will you cross?
- Heinrich-Heine Street.
Good old Henrich Heine.
They know me and my gold Mercedes.
I'm friends with the guards.
Trust me, I'll call you in 2 hours,
a Schultheiss beer in my hand,
and report the news:
Paul's across.
No! What about Paul's Stasi man?
Rolf! Rolfy, Rolfy...
He'll think that Paul's at home.
Okay, I have to go.
We wouldn't want him to suffocate, would we?
Another beer?
Border control, Heinrich-Heine Street.
Who is this?
Who is this?
No reply.
Just this once, my friend.
- Dreyman.
Okay,
Paul's plan worked!
No border control at all?
No, no special checks.
Those boys aren't so bad.
It worked as planned.
Thanks for doing this, Mr. Hauser.
Forget it, it wasn't all that dangerous.
- Yeah, true.
- Yeah.
See you soon, and thanks a lot.
Bye.
What do we do if they ask
what we're doing together?
Then... we'll say
We'll say we're writing a stage play together.
For the GDR's 40th anniversary.
Yes!
And it's kind of true.
Who'd have thought our State Security
was so incompetent?
Who'd have thought they were such idiots?
Just you wait...
"7.32 p.m. No further noteworthy incidents."
Hello, comrade. Listen to this here!
Sure, in 1967 there were many suicides.
You must describe
the social conditions more clearly.
It should remain literature,
not political agitation.
The text is great.
I just want to be sure people
understand it in the West.
It'll cause a sensation either way.
- That's Hauser!
- Of course it's Hauser.
He's not in the West!
They're writing a play together.
For the 40th anniversary.
It doesn't sound like a play to me.
No? Then what?
I don't know... but not a play.
You think a lot, Sergeant Leye.
You're not an intellectual, are you?
Me? No... I'm not one of those.
Then don't behave like one.
I chose you because you know
the equipment
and don't ask questions.
Leave the thinking to your superiors.
Yes, Captain. I'll be off, then.
Have a nice day...
of work... I mean, I hope you enjoy your work.
Maybe I can re-write this part.
I'll send you
all the material we have.
Can you do it in two weeks?
Then I could run it as a cover story
for the first week in March.
It's Christa.
Georg?
Christa, this is Gregor Hessenstein.
- Christa Sieland.
- Of course, I know that!
So, what conspiracy are you cooking up?
Hauser and I are writing a play
for the GDR's 40th anniversary.
Together?
The 'Spiegel' may do an article on it.
- And who'll play the lead role?
- We planned to ask you.
Christa, who would you rather play:
Lenin or his dear old mother?
You can choose.
I see I'm not welcome here.
I'll go for a nap.
Your caution is praiseworthy.
The fewer people know, the better.
The Stasi is not to be toyed with.
On that note, I brought something for you.
I'd have preferred the whole pie.
I already have a typewriter.
The Stasi can identify its typeface.
If they intercepted the text at the border,
for your typewriter using,
you'd end up in Hohenschonhausen.
And that's no fun,
as Paul can confirm, right?
I'm afraid I could only get
a red ink ribbon for this model.
Do you mind writing it in red?
That won't be a problem.
Is there somewhere you can hide it?
- Yes, I'll find a place.
- Don't take it lightly.
I don't want my next article to be about
your disappearance!
Nobody may know that this typewriter exists!
Is this apartment really safe?
Yes.
It's the only place left in the GDR
where I can say what I want.
Fine, then let's drink to that!
This is the real stuff.
To you! To letting all of Germany
see the true face of the GDR!
Cheers. It's better than the Russian stuff!
To your success!
I must see Comrade Grubitz.
Tomorrow at 2.30 p.m...
Tell him that if he blows the cover,
we'll shut down the entire parish!
It's easy!
He can call the Pope and complain!
Okay, I've spent enough time on this nonsense.
Wiesler, I'm glad you're here.
I have to show you something.
"Prison Conditions for Subversive Artists
Based on Character Profile."
Pretty scientific, eh?
And look at this:
"Dissertation supervisor: A. Grubitz."
That's great, isn't it?
I only gave him a B...
They shouldn't think
getting a doctorate with me is easy.
But this is first-class.
Did you know that there are just 5 types of artists?
Your guy, Dreyman,
is a type 4. A "hysterical anthropocentrist."
Can't bear being alone,
always talking, needing friends.  
That type should never be brought to trial.  
They thrive on that.  
Temporary detention is the best way to deal with them.  
Complete isolation and no set release date.  
No human contact the whole time, not even with the guards.  
Good treatment, no harassment, no abuse, no scandals... nothing they could write about later.  
After 10 months, we release.  
Suddenly.  
That guy won't cause us any more trouble.  
Know what the best part is?  
Most type 4s we've processed in this way never write anything again! Or paint anything, or whatever artists do... And that without any use of force... Just like that! Kind of... like a present.  
What brings you here?  
Developments with Dreyman?  
That's why I'm here.  
I think the time has come...  
For what?  
For us to slim down the operation. I don't want to run day and night shifts for such an uncertain case.  
Uncertain, eh?  
You don't think we'll find anything for the Minister?  
Maybe if we're more flexible... If we watch 'Lazlo' outside his own four walls.  
Shall I give the case to Udo?  
I'd like to continue it myself.  
Why? It could produce results.  
I just need to plan more flexibly, when I come and go, days and nights... Maybe he's up to something outside. Something doesn't feel right here. There's something you're hiding. Alright, I'll take Udo off the case.
I can use him for this church case.  
Give me a request in writing.  
Write as a reason:"Lack of suspicious acts."  
And, Wiesler!  
A piece of advice for you:  
We're not at school anymore.  
Projects aren't about grades,  
but success.  
"The state statistics office  
counts everything, knows everything.  
How many shoes I buy a year: 2.3.  
How many books I read a year: 3.2.  
And how many pupils graduate  
with straight A's every year: 6347."  
"5 p.m. Lazlo reads the first act of  
his anniversary play to Hauser and Wallner."

DENTAL PRACTICE:  
We're not writing a play, Christa.  
You don't have to tell me.  
But I want to. It's a text...  
Don't tell me.  
Maybe I am as unreliable as your friends say.  
But I... I'm with you now...  
No matter what.  
Minister Riesenhuber, author of the report,  
said there is no quick fix  
for saving damaged forests.  
East-West German relations under strain.  
'Spiegel' magazine today published  
a text by an unnamed East German author  
about suicide in the German Democratic Republic.  
This follows a series of suicides by prominent  
East-Berlin artists, the latest being Albert Jerska.  
After being blacklisted for 7 years,  
Jerska committed suicide on January 5th.  
In 1977, the GDR ceased publishing  
any data relating to suicides.  
That year, Hungary was the only country  
in Europe with a higher suicide rate.  
Yes, Sir...  
But we...  
General, our man at the 'Spiegel'  
got us a photostat of the original.
Congratulations! So who wrote it?
He doesn't know, but using the typeface, we'll...
You're hopeless! Get me names!
I will, as soon as we get the results.
If not, you'll be put against the wall.
Andrea, where's the graphologist?
Thus I conclude that it is a domestic
typewriter produced for export,
most likely a 'Kolibri' travel model,
made by the VEB Groma.
If the ink were black, I could be more precise.
Who owns such a typewriter?
There are none registered in the GDR.
What does that mean?
What does Hauser use?
Paul Hauser uses a 'Valentino' typewriter,
made by Olivetti.
- That model has a more horizontal...
- Yes, yes! And Wallner?
He writes on an Optima 'Elite'.
Georg Dreyman?
He writes his first drafts by hand,
then types them up
on a Wanderer 'Torpedo'.
He's never used anything else.
How big is this 'Kolibri' typewriter?
It's one of the smallest available:
So it's as easy to smuggle as a book.
Thank you. You may go.
Goodbye, comrade.
"The Secret Suicide Statistics"
Andrea, put me through to Wiesler.
"4 p.m. The group is exhausted
from so much writing."
- Yes?
- Have you heard about this article?
- In the 'Spiegel'? Yes.
- How so?
Hauser called Dreyman
and told him about it.
Wiesler, this is very important.
Both for my career and for yours.
Did he mention who may be behind it?
Or do you have any ideas?
I don't think he mentioned anything.
No... nothing at all.
A 'Spiegel' editor crossed the border
using a false name on the 27th,
and spent four hours here.
Dept. VI followed him to Prenzlauer Berg,
then lost his trail.
Did he have contact with Dreyman?
- Wouldn't I have noted it in the report?
- Yes, of course.
But I smell a writer behind this text.
I'd be astonished if I'm wrong.
So keep your ears open!
Shit!
Get in.
If one of your staff deceives you,
you punish him, right?
Sure, sure!
Even a woman? Right?
But of course!
Isn't everyone who serves a great man
part of his staff?
You could see it like that...
Indeed, you'd have to see it like that.
This is where she gets her illegal medication.
Christa-Maria Sieland.
You should know this, it's your department.
It's up to you whether you ruin her or not,
but I never want to see her
on a German stage again.
Now get out.
Shut the door!
Ms. Sieland? Please follow us.
We have some questions.
Come along.
So...
Comrade Sieland, a beautiful career you had, hm?
A pity really. You were good.
You were very good indeed.
Just too short-lived.
Do have a seat.
What do actors do when they can't act anymore?
Please...
Isn't there anything I can do for you?
- For... State Security?
- It's a little late for that.
I know nearly all our artists.
I could find out a lot.
I believe you.
But it won't help you now.
Maybe there's something else I could do?
Something we might both find agreeable.
Unfortunately,
you've made an enemy
of a very powerful man.
Therefore, I have less freedom
than would normally be the case.
Is there no way I can save myself?
I'm sorry, madam.
There is one possibility.
Since you spend so much time
with writers and artists...
You don't know anything about an article
from this week's 'Spiegel', do you?
An article about suicide.
State Security! Open the door!
Open up!
He's turned on the light in his study.
Go in before he destroys any evidence.
Crowbar!
I don't think that'll be necessary.
- What's the matter, comrades?
- We have a warrant to search the premises.
Warrant is here.
- What are you looking for?
- It's confidential.

Boysen, Muller:

Greska:
Heise and Thomas: living room, study.
Go!
What do you burn in here?
Substandard texts.
A lot of Western literature, eh?
That book was a gift from Margot Honecker.
- Status?
- All according to plan.
We found nothing, except Western books and newspapers.  
- No trace to be found!  
- Did you search thoroughly?  
Yes, Comrade! What's our next move?  
- Comrade?  
- Pull out your men!  
In the unlikely event that damage has occurred, you may claim compensation.  
I'm sure everything's in perfect order.  
Yes?  
Wiesler, I'll be expecting you  
in Hohenschonhausen at 9 a.m. tomorrow.  
Okay, I'll say what we're all thinking:  
It was Christa-Maria.  
The Stasi got her, and she ratted on you.  
It wasn't her.  
How can you be so sure?  
You yourself said she wasn't home last night.  
She knows the hiding place.  
Yes, she knows.  
So if you're right,  
and the search was due to her,  
then she's our guardian angel.  
I'm here to see Lt. Col. Grubitz.  
Captain Wiesler.  
Interrogation room 76.  
Yes! Come in.  
Sit down.  
So?  
What was that about?  
You're asking me what that was about?  
What do you suspect Dreyman of?  
He wrote the 'Spiegel' article.  
Who alleges that?  
Come with me!  
Here.  
I don't know how you could be  
so sloppy as to miss all of this!  
But I know you differently,  
especially as an interrogator.  
So I'm giving you one last chance.  
Bring in prisoner 662, now!  
Are you still on the right side?
Yes.
Then don't screw it up again.
Shall I restrain the prisoner?
No, she's an informant now. You may go.
So you're my commanding officer?
Write.
Then command me.
In another 10 hours...
No, in 9 and a half,
Mr. Roessing will tell the audience that
you, for health reasons, cannot appear.
And that will be your last mention
in the acting world.
Is that what you want?
Tell us where the evidence is hidden.
There is no evidence,
and no typewriter. I made it all up.
I hope not.
If so, we'll have to keep you here.
A false statement is perjury,
which carries around 2 years in prison.
Dreyman will go to prison anyway,
on account of your statement...
and the material
we've already found in the apartment.
Save yourself, at least.
You have no idea how many people
are in jail here for senseless heroics.
Don't forget your audience.
"Don't forget your audience!"
He has some funny ideas!
Don't forget what the state has done for you...
Your whole life long.
Now you can do something for the state.
And it will thank you.
Tell me where the typewriter's hidden.
Dreyman will never find out.
I'll let you go immediately,
and we'll strike only after you're back with him.
You'll manage to feign surprise, I'm sure.
And tonight you'll be back on stage.
In your element.
In front of your audience.
Tell me where the documents are.
Where are they?
They're in the apartment...
Under the doorsill,
between the living room and the hallway.
You can remove it.
Is this where you mean?
Mark the exact place with a cross.
You look worn out.
Remember, you're an informant now.
That means responsibilities,
like conspiracy and confidentiality,
but also privileges...
Guard!
Call Wiesler for me!
Col. Wiesler has left the premises, comrade.
I see!
Alright. Stand down.
What does a rider do when he's thrown?
He gets back on again.
Go inside. Sleep it off.
What happened has nothing to do with the house.
No, but with the whole country.
Christa!
Stop, I was at Kerschner's and they had no water.
I need a shower.
You were in a hurry to get here!
- Operation 'Lazlo' is still in progress!
- Are they both inside?
Yes.
Here's today's report.
The last report for Operation 'Lazlo'.
Why didn't you call me?
What?
Why didn't you call me?
I was out in the country.
Can you hand me the nail brush?
The Stasi was here.
They searched the apartment.
Who was here?
State Security! Open up!
Stay here.
Hello, Comrade Dreyman.
I'm Lt. Col. Grubitz from State Security.
I just wanted to make sure
they did a thorough job last night.
Your study? We'll start there.
Men, search carefully
for notes hidden in the books.
Oh, what do we have here?
This doorsill doesn't look kosher to me.
Could it be... a secret compartment?
Let her go. She's not a suspect.
The actress...
I was too weak.
I can never put right what I've done wrong.
There's nothing to put right!
You understand? Nothing.
I moved the ty...
Forgive me, forgive me... Forgive me, forgive me...
Take your men back to headquarters.
This mission is over.
I've concluded the mission, Comrade Dreyman.
We must have received an erroneous tip-off.
Sorry.
Come on.
There's one thing you should understand, Wiesler.
Your career is over.
Even if you were too smart to leave any traces.
You'll end up in some cellar,
steam-opening letters until you retire.
That means the next 20 years.
That's a long time.
"Mikhail Gorbachev elected as leader
of the Soviet Union's Communist Party."
The Wall has come down!
Yes, the Wall has come down!
The border guards have opened the gates.
The excitement is enormous!
People are streaming out in thousands!
It's unbelievable!
Dear listeners, November 9th, 1989,
will go down in history!

TWO YEARS LATER:
What's wrong, my child?
Your Arthur is dead.
Arthur... Can't you be wrong, just this once?
I saw him this morning!
No, sister. Believe me.

He fell to his death.
The loyal men surround him, as you do me, and despite the high sun, cast seven shadows on his noble dead body. Crushed by the mighty wheel. I see it, though I'd rather see any other horror.

Why am I not spared these visions?

Elena! Go home and mourn.
I will finish your shift.
Too many memories, eh?
I couldn't stay in there either.
But what's this I hear?
You've not written since the Wall fell?
That's not good.

After all our country invested in you.
Although I understand you, Dreyman.

What is there to write about in this new Germany?
Nothing to believe in, nothing to rebel against...
Life was good in our little Republic.
Many people only realize that now.
- There is one thing I do need to ask you.
- Whatever you want.

Why was I never under surveillance?
Everyone else was. Why not me?
You were under full surveillance!

We knew everything about you.

Full surveillance?
Every inch was bugged. The full program.
Impossible!
Take a look behind your light switches.

We knew everything.
We knew that you couldn't give our little Christa what she needed.
To think that people like you once ruled a country...

RESEARCH SITE AND MEMORIAL
It'll be a moment, there should be more than one file in your case.
I ordered them chronologically.
Old ones at the top, and the newer ones underneath.

My respects!
Operation 'Lazlo'. Operation 'Lazlo', subject:
Georg Dreyman, code-name 'Lazlo', is launched. The lead came from Minister Bruno Hempf. 'Lazlo' takes delivery of a daily Western newspaper without official permission. I suggest not taking any action so as not to arouse suspicion of surveillance. 'Lazlo' and CMS unwrap presents, then presumably have intercourse. The visitor was Paul Hauser's uncle from West Berlin. They tell him about a play that Hauser and 'Lazlo' will write for the GDR's 40th anniversary. We expect further information on the play, a plot summary etc. Contents of act 1: Lenin is in constant danger. Despite increasing external pressure, he sticks to his revolutionary plans. Lenin is exhausted.

I, Christa-Maria Sieland, freely commit myself to work unofficially for State Security. This decision is the result of my conviction that... Georg Dreyman wrote the 'Spiegel' article "One Who Made it to the Other Side." His accomplices were the journalist Paul Hauser... Christa Sieland was arrested on March 10th for drug abuse, on Minister Hempf's indication. She was released at 1.50 p.m. on March 11th, having revealed 'Lazlo's hiding place and signing up as informant 'Marta'. So when did she... After the unsuccessful house search of March 11, 1985, and 'Marta's' fatal accident, Operation 'Lazlo' was terminated.

**Note:**
takes effect immediately.
Transfer to Dept. M,
with the recommendation not to entrust him with missions under his sole responsibility. outside 'Lazlo's' house.
At 3.10 p.m., 'Marta' comes directly from Hohenschonhausen to his apartment. House search and report to follow. End of Operation 'Lazlo'. HGW, 3.15 p.m.
Who is HGW XX-7? Stop.
Back to Hufeland Street.

TWO YEARS LATER:
"Georg Dreyman"
"Sonata for a Good Man"
"A Novel" "Dedicated to HGW XX-7, in gratitude."
Shall I gift-wrap it?
No, it's for me.