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The Odessa File

By Kenneth Ross

Hannah, would you mind?
What I am going to tell you is,
of course, top secret.
The Egyptians have rockets
based at Helwan.
The targets are Acre, Haifa, Tel Aviv-Jaffa.
That would be the first strike.
The second strike would straddle
the whole country.
The rockets will have special warheads.
They will contain bubonic plague
and strontium 90.
If it succeeds, it will be the end of Israel.
All they are waiting for is completion
of a teleguidance system...
...without which
they can't target the rockets.
I have received this.
Scientists are working
on the teleguidance system...
...somewhere in Germany,
under the cover of a legitimate factory.
They're blameless because they don't know
they are working for the Odessa.
They have nearly completed the job.
David, we must find that factory, quick.
I'll fly back tonight.
This is the West German
Broadcasting Network.
We are interrupting our programme
to take you direct to the United States...
...for a further report
on the condition of the President.
This is Washington.
We have just received confirmation
that President Kennedy is dead.
President John F. Kennedy
died at the Parkland Hospital...
...following a shooting
at Dallas earlier today.
Mrs. Kennedy was at her husband's side...
...while surgeons administered
an emergency blood transfusion.
But it was not possible

to save the President's life.

We will be...

Events that can change history
sometimes hang on tiny chances.

If I hadn't pulled to the curb

I wouldn't have caught the traffic light...

...nor seen the ambulance...

...never have heard of Salomon Tauber
or Eduard Roschmann.

Nor got involved with the agents of Israel...

...or with the sinister and deadly men
behind the Odessa.

That night I was just a reporter
with a nose for a possible story.

Press!

Sorry, you can't go in there.

- What's going on?

- Ask at the police station.

- Hello!

- Put it away. It's nothing.

What happened?

Suicide. An old man gassed himself.

It's not worth two lines.

Did you hear about Kennedy?

Yeah.

Just a second.

All right.

- What have you got there?

- Some of the old man's rubbish.

- Put it on my desk.

- Right.

People are dying

all over the world tonight...

...but all anyone will want to read about
tomorrow is Kennedy.

I'd better be going, Peter.

Keep out of trouble.

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.

Mrs. Kennedy still wore

the bloodstained dress...
...in which she had held
her dying husband in her arms.
That's so terrible.
You know what you could get
for the photograph...
...of the man firing those shots?
With syndication rights,
maybe two million marks.
What a thing to say at this moment.
You're a very scary person.
What did I say?
You don't know what you said?
You're a parasite!
You live off other people's troubles.
It's the old job conversation once again.
Is that what it is?
- Come on, Sigi.
- I'm tired. I've been working all night.
And what is it, your work?
Dancing around half-naked
in front of a lot of old men!
I earn more in a week
than you do in a month!
Anyway, they're not old.
Some of them
are much more attractive than you are.
I am sincerely happy for you.
I'm not sure anyone would pay you
to dance around half-naked.
You should have taken
that regular job at the Komet...
...then maybe I wouldn't have to work
at the club.
You want to turn me into a cabbage?
You are a cabbage.
I'm a freelance.
It's not regular work,
but when I make money...
...I can make a lot of money.
I like my work.
I'm conscientious and I'm ambitious.
But I'm a freelance,
and I'm not giving that up.

You know, Monika and I
are very fond of Sigi.

- I'm very fond of you and Monika.

- Don't you want children?

You're very good with children, Peter.

Other people's children.

Do you have some reason

for asking me to this lunch? Because...

...if we continue any further
with this marriage talk...

...it may be the end
of a wonderful friendship.

I wanted to give you this.

- What is it?

- Something to read.

It was lying beside the body
of that old man who gassed himself.

- What's so special?

- You'll see.

But it's police property.

I really shouldn't give it to you,
so keep it to yourself, huh?

I always do, Karl.

Thanks.

My name is Salomon Tauber.

I have lived this long only because
there was one more thing I wished to do.

The friends I have known, the sufferers
and victims of the camp, are long dead...

...and only the persecutors
are still around me.

I see their faces on the streets
in the daytime...

...and in the night

I see the face of my wife, Esther.

And I remember how she clung to me
on the train...

...as we pulled into the station at Riga.

We had been three days and three nights
in that cattle truck from Berlin...

...without food or water.

The dead, and there were many of them,
were crowded in among us.

It was there I first saw him.

Captain Eduard Roschmann,
the SS Commandant of the camp.
The "butcher."
Every day brought another trainload
of prisoners.
Roschmann had many of the women,
children and elderly...
...exterminated on arrival.
They were more valuable dead.
Their clothes, their hair,
their teeth were a cash asset.
But Esther and I survived
through that year.
I had been an architect before the war...
...and knew enough of carpentry
to get skilled work.
We laboured 12 hours a day
in the camp workshops...
...or else at the lumber mills
in the damp frozen woods near the coast.
Several times during the following winter,
I thought Esther would die.
The hunger, the cold,
the constant brutalities...
...seemed to have broken her spirit
and her will to live.
Yet, compared to some, we were fortunate.
Many of the prisoners
were given no food at all...
...until they died of starvation.
Roschmann had a hobby.
He liked to destroy human beings.
First their soul, then their body.
Sometimes Roschmann amused himself...
...by kicking those about to die
as they huddled together naked...
...stripped of dignity and of all hope.
He liked watching the dogs feed on them
while they were still breathing.
We had seen a strange van...
...grey coloured,
waiting near the gates of the camp.
It had false windows painted on it.
There were drawings

of people laughing and picnicking.
To the workers in the fields
outside the camp...
...when the van went by...
...it must have looked like there was
a holiday party...
...eating and drinking inside.
Some prisoner musicians
were made to play...
...to add to the festivities.
But we soon found out
that the van had a very different purpose.
Roschmann had converted it
into a gas chamber.
The exhaust pipe
had been fed back into the van...
...so that everyone inside
was suffocated by the fumes.
The expression in Esther's eyes
has stayed with me always.
After her death, my soul died inside me.
But my body and mind remained alive.
I was determined to survive...
...and one day tell the world
what Roschmann did to our people here.
Peter?

It's after 8:

- Aren't you supposed to be at the club?
- I tried to call a taxi, but I couldn't get one.
A taxi? What do you need a taxi for?
Don't I always take you?
Between 1941 and the end of the war...
...over 200,000 German Jews
were brought to Riga.
400 came out alive.
In late 1944, we began to hear
the crump of mortar fire.
There were rumours that the Russians
had taken the suburbs of Riga...
...and that the German army
would be forced to retreat.
On October 11,
50 of us survivors were taken to the docks.

We were helping wounded soldiers
to go on deck...
...when Roschmann drove up
in a staff car...
...and gave instructions
that they should be brought ashore again.
He intended to commandeer the ship
for the SS.
The Captain was dead
before he hit the ground.
The medal that fell from him
into the snow...
...was the Knights Cross
with the oak leaf cluster.
Early in 1945,
a few weeks before the liberation...
...Captain Roschmann of the SS
made up his mind to disappear.
He slipped quietly away in a car
with two other officers.
He was wearing the uniform
of an army corporal.
I saw him go and I was determined
one day to bring him to justice.
But now I know I never will.
I bear no hatred nor bitterness
towards the German people.
Peoples are not evil.
Only individuals are evil.
If, after my death,
this diary should be found and read...
...will some kind friend
please say Kaddish for me?
Still awake?
Yeah.
Are you all right?
No.
I have a job to do.
You don't even know
if this Roschmann's still alive.
But if he were, say,
hiding out someplace and I found him...
...that would be worth your investment?
Dead Jews don't sell papers.

These people Roschmann killed...
...they weren't Russians or Poles,
they were Germans.
German Jews.
- But still Germans.
- Tragic.
It's a sick world, isn't it?
These are the best we can get
on Lady Bird Johnson.
And you think that's why
I should give you a commission...
...because the victims of Riga
were German Jews?
Yes.
People don't want to know, Peter.
It's a dead duck.
- Not to me it isn't.
- Take my advice. Drop it.
But, Peter, why?
Why do you want to do this suddenly?
It's over.
Nobody wants
these dreadful trials anymore.
It upsets people.
People shouldn't be upset by the truth.
What is the truth?
What do you young people really know?
You were too young to understand
what it was like.
I'll go and make the coffee.
Mother...
...what was it like for you?
For me?
We lived in Perfallstrasse then.
You were about that size.
There were bombings every night.
One night, we left the cellar
and the whole street was gone.
There were firebombs everywhere.
All I tried...
All I tried to do was hide your eyes...
...so you couldn't see
people burning like torches.
When your father came back on leave...

...it took him three days to find us,
because we'd moved.
We'd moved in with a family
on the other side of town...
...in Altona. You probably remember that.
What was my father like?
Was he something like me?
He was always...
...very sure of himself.
Maybe he was a little more secure.
Well then, I'll tell you something.
Father would have been
the first person to say, "Go ahead."
I don't like the press.
It won't be any trouble.
It's just a sort of story...
...human interest, you know?
You can't go up. I've re-let the room.
Did he have any possessions?
Possessions?
- They're out the back.
- Can I see them?
Possible.
Is this his wife?
I don't know.
Did he have any friends?
- Never saw anybody except old Marx.
- Marx?
They used to pick up
their old-age pension together.
Can you make a description of him?
Old. Thin. Long white hair.
Always wears a grey scarf.
Herr Marx?
May I sit down?
I'd like to talk to you about your friend,
Salomon Tauber.
- He's dead.
- Yes, I know.
Are you an official?
No.
Not from the authorities?
- The police?
- I'm a journalist. Peter Miller.

Before your friend took his life...

...he set down his experiences
at Riga Concentration Camp.

A diary.

You were at Riga, too?

Auschwitz.

In the diary, your friend
wrote about an SS officer...

...named Roschmann.

Captain Eduard Roschmann.

I want to find out anything I can about him.

Maybe even he's still alive.

Something.

Roschmann is still alive.

- How do you know?

- Salomon saw him.

Yes, I read that. That was in 1945.

That was three weeks ago.

Here in Hamburg.

Are you sure?

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

Why didn't he go to the police?

He did. He reported it.

But the police said he had no evidence.

That's why he killed himself.

You see, he'd come up against the Odessa.

The Odessa?

He should have been like me.

All I care about is getting a boat to Israel,
that's all I want.

Odessa? I don't know

what you are talking about.

Come on, Karl.

It's a secret organization of some sort.

How much have you heard about it?

Just stories, whispers, rumours.

Leave it alone, Peter, please.

Where is the diary?

- I've got it safe.

- I want it back.

What's the matter?

You're sorry you gave it to me?

I gave you it because I thought

it might make a human interest story...

...not an investigation.

You gave me the diary because you were moved, and you thought I'd be moved by it.

- I am.

- It's police property.

You don't want me to follow it up or to go after Eduard Roschmann?

Monika, we are busy.

The children just want to say good night to Uncle Peter.

- Say good night, then. But quickly.

- Good night, Erik!

Good night, Uncle Peter!

- Good night, Uncle Peter.

- Good night, little Gretel.

Now, straight to bed.

I'll be up to put the light out.

Why are you so scared?

I'm telling you, don't get involved.

It's not your affair.

War criminals are a police matter, but the police won't do anything about it...

...so I'm going to.

- State Attorney General's office.

- Which department?

- War Crimes.

- Second floor. Room 223.

Thank you very much.

Riga, and the name was?

Roschmann, Eduard.

What's going on here?

- This gentleman wanted...

- I heard him.

Who sent you here?

I'm a journalist.

Come into my office.

Can I see your card?

Why are you so interested in Captain Roschmann?

Is there some investigation of him?

- Why do you want to know?

- It's a matter of public interest.

We investigate many things...

...but we cannot give information concerning the progress of our inquiries. I'm simply asking if there is an inquiry. The matter is confidential. I can't discuss it. Yes? Put him through. Herr General. What a nice surprise. And it's good to hear you, sir. Of course I'm coming. I've got the invitation right in front of me. The one evening in the year I wouldn't miss. I'll pick you up, sir. How about that?

7:

Fine. I think I ought to warn you, Miller. It's a serious offence to interfere with the machinery of justice. In 13 years your office has managed to bring to trial three SS men... ...all of them privates. In 13 years! - Now, listen... - Justice.

ANNUAL MEETING - DIVISION SIEGFRIED

It's been a good evening, men, and good to see you. They can't kill us off, can they? Never, Herr Oberst! And there is Major Krantz. Not a year older, by the look of it. There's a lot of us left. I welcome you all to our 18th annual reunion. Now a few words from someone who has not been with us... ...for several years. Your attention, please, for General Greifer, our general. 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!
We'll be as mighty again as we ever were!
It'll take time...
...but the ideals will be the same.
When the drums beat and the bands play...
...and our flags wave again...
...and our whole nation
will be united once more...
...then we'll march together
to the ends of the earth!
One people. One Germany. One leader!
It's good to be back,
even if only for a few hours.
Greifer went too far tonight.
Very unclever.
He'll get himself into difficulties again.
Warn him.
Yes, Herr General.
- Take off your coat, Werner.
- Thank you.
- Whiskey?
- A small one, please.
- Ferdinand?
- Nothing, thank you.
- Nothing. Ice?
- No, thank you.
What was that incident at the rally?
A young journalist.
We know all about him.
What did he want?
He's been asking questions about Eduard...
...but he's not getting anywhere.
- It's being dealt with.
- I hope so.
The only reason for my visit
is to protect this project.
- Sit down, gentlemen.
- Thank you.
The deadline for Nasser's rockets
has been brought forward...
...to March 1.
It is essential...
...that the teleguidance system is finished

at least six weeks before that date.
Rest assured, Herr General. It will be.
I had hoped Kennedy's death
would give us more time...
...but it looks as though
President Johnson...
...will force the German arms deal
with the Jews.
So we have three months
to keep our promise to Egypt...
...if the rockets of Helwan are to fly...
...against Israel.
You should have seen them.
The same old mentality.
I thought it was over, but it still goes on.
- Have you told the police?
- Told them what?
About getting attacked.
Having your camera smashed.
They'd just say
I shouldn't have been at the rally.
They'd be right.
I'm sorry for the old man,
but since you started this story...
...you've had nothing but trouble.
Who cares?
I care!
I'm feeling a responsibility.
Responsibility for what?
Something new for me, huh?
Let's forget it now.
Tomorrow I'll get up early.
We'll go Christmas shopping together.
Erik, Monika, and Karl.
- Anybody else?
- There's still your mother.
- Yeah. Mother.
- I think we should've bought the earrings.
She'd never wear them.
She never wears anything that I buy her!
I should get her something
I could use myself.
Okay, so we buy the earrings.
They'd suit you.

I'll get her another nightgown.
I'm all right. I'm all right.
Maybe it was an accident.
It wasn't an accident.
You know that as well as I do.
He pushed you!
I don't care. I've had enough.
You've had enough?
I was pushed under a train,
and you've had enough?
Peter, please, don't go any further.
I'm scared.
I can't stop now!
All right.
If you're going somewhere tomorrow
then I'm coming with you.
You're not going anywhere!
Peter, why are you doing this?
Please, don't ask me that.
I must do this and I must do it alone.
I don't know if I'll be here
when you get back.
Please, be here.
A lot of people
want Simon Wiesenthal's address...
...but we don't give it to anybody.
- I must see him. It's urgent.
It always is. I'm sorry.
But, you see, apart from Eichmann...
...Wiesenthal has brought
a thousand war criminals to justice.
That's a thousand reasons
why we have to take precautions.
Look, you see those?
They're all addressed to Wiesenthal.
But they won't be delivered
until they've been checked.
Checked for what? Bombs?
We leave that to the police.
They know what to look for.
Perhaps you want to see my credentials.
Credentials?

PRESS:

Herr Bichler,
this gentleman wants to leave.
Will you escort him
from the building, please?
Be careful, before the police
start taking an interest in you.
Of course nobody will tell you!
What did you expect?
What do you want from Simon Wiesenthal?
I have to see him urgently.
Have you got his address?
I can get it.
But, Peter, this is the last time
I am going to help you.
Ring me back at 3:00,
and remember, it's confidential.
What was all that about?
My journalist friend calling from Vienna.
Yes? Put him through.
I'll finish it later.
Yes, I'm listening.
No, you were quite right to phone me.
Stay close to Braun
until I can make arrangements.
Give me Dr. Schultz's number in Vienna.
The code is 432, Herr Deilman.
The number is 5-1-7-2-6-5.
O-D-E-S-S-A.
The organization
of former members of the SS.
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.
This war's been over for 20 years.
But the Odessa's grown,
like a spider's web.
It stretches to many countries:
Argentina, Egypt, Spain, Paraguay.
And the centre is in Germany...
...today.
After the war...
...they set out to infiltrate

every facet of life.
Commerce, the judges, the lawyers...
...local government, even the police.
That takes a lot of money.
Money?
They have millions!
The SS smuggled out
most of their gold and art treasures...
...just before Germany collapsed.
A large part lies in vaults...
...under the pavements
of Zrich, Switzerland.
Yes, they have got plenty.
Recognise these?
The members
of the Hamburg Police Department.
Now spread the paper out.
SS, SS, SS, SS...
...and those two, Odessa.
Interesting, huh?
There are thousands
of these people at large.
So what is so special about Roschmann?
Herr Wiesenthal...
...you read the diary.
Roschmann, Eduard. Blue file.
Criminal at large.
Roschmann was captured by the British...
...on December 20,1947, in Graz.
He was put under escort
on a train for Munich.
He escaped from his guards
when he went to the lavatory.
They broke the door down,
but the window was open...
...and Roschmann gone.
They found his tracks in the snow.
He had evidently injured himself.
But he got away
and made contact with the Odessa.
They would give him one of these.
- Passport?
- Not an ordinary passport.
A forged passport

for someone in the Odessa.
And with it, a new identity.
A new birth certificate,
a new job, a new life.
By the way, this one was caught.
Find the man
who deals with these things...
...and you will be closer
to finding Roschmann.
I don't even know
what Roschmann looks like.
Roschmann.
- When was this taken?
- Nine years ago. In South America.
The man who took the photograph
said he had a limp.
Probably the result of his fall
from the train.
May I borrow this?
I will make a photocopy.
312, please. And I'll be leaving today.
Herr Miller? Herr Peter Miller?
- Yes.
- I wonder if we could talk somewhere?
- Your room, perhaps?
- We can talk here.
Of course.
My name is Schmidt. Dr. Schmidt.
- What do you want?
- Perhaps we can sit down.
A very pleasant hotel, this.
- A little too solid for me.
- What is it that you want?
You're a journalist, I am told.
With a reputation for being very thorough,
very tenacious.
Some friends of mine heard
you are making an inquiry...
...into events that happened
a long time ago.
- You mean Eduard Roschmann, don't you?
- I do.
- I most certainly do.
- So?

Eduard Roschmann is dead!

- I didn't know that.

- Of course not.

There's no reason why you should.

I thought I'd mention the fact because

I didn't want you wasting your time.

Tell me something, Dr. Schmidt,

when exactly did he die?

In May, 1945,

fighting the American advance.

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?

Drop this inquiry!

Roschmann was seen alive

in Hamburg this year.

It was never confirmed.

You just confirmed it.

Good day, Herr Dr. Schmidt.

- Stay where you are!

- Car keys.

For the last time:

What do you know about the Odessa?

Only just what Simon Wiesenthal told me.

So, why after you spoke with Wiesenthal...

...did you contact Ferdinand Schultz?

Dr. Schmidt. He represented himself to me

as Dr. Schmidt...

...and I didn't contact him.

He contacted me!

David, give us 15 minutes

and we'll get the truth.

I'm telling you the truth.

I've told you the truth.

You say he threatened you.

Yes.

Why?

I don't know why.

Because of your interest in this diary.

Yes, yes!

Peter Miller was last seen in Vienna

two days ago.

One of our Kameraden talked to him
at his hotel.

Then we lost him completely.

Who was in charge?

I am in charge!

Here's the information.

The address of his girlfriend,

Miller's flat in Hamburg.

There's also a list of the people
who are at your disposal.

Let me know where you are, every move.

We wouldn't have called you
if it were not of maximum importance.

And when I catch up with him?

Kill him!

What are you running for?

- Why are you scared?

- Leave me alone. That hurts.

Just tell me where your boyfriend is.

- I don't know.

- Don't give me that.

Where is he? Where is Miller?

- In Vienna.

- He's not.

He left there five days ago.

- Where's he gone now?

- If I knew I wouldn't tell you!

I don't want you to misunderstand me.

Now, where is Miller?

Stop! Let me in, quick.

What happened?

A man attacked me.

Where do you live? I'll take you home.

Thank you.

I have told you

we are members of Israeli intelligence.

I must also tell you we have tried twice...

...to infiltrate the Odessa.

The question is:

How far would you go to find this man?

Would you risk your life?

I already have.

Your best chance of finding him...

...would be to get into the Odessa yourself,
of course.

You would have some advantages
over the other two.

What are they?

In the first place, you are not a Jew, and...

What happened to the other two?

The first we found drowned in the Elbe.

The second disappeared without a trace.

But we've learned a lot from our mistakes.

Our contacts are better
than they used to be.

One of them is an expert
on all SS procedure.

He would brief you very thoroughly.

Can you trust him?

As much as we can trust you.

- What would you be gaining from all this?

- Information about the Odessa.

All the information
you could supply us with.

All right, I'll do it.

You made the right decision.

Let's get started. There's a lot to do.

We'll begin with Hartstein
at the Bremen General Hospital.

RECORDS OFFICE:

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

Arcadia Clinic - Delmenhorst

When will Inspector Braun be back?

Maybe next week. He's away on a case.

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

There's Peter's mother,
but she lives in Ahrensburg.

Anyway, I don't want to upset her.

You really shouldn't be alone, you know?

I could arrange for someone to come
and stay with you.

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

- A girl. A policewoman.

You'd feel safe with her.

- Do you really think it's necessary?

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

I'll get her to you as quickly as possible.

Don't go out more than you have to.

Stay away from the nightclub

and keep in close touch with us.

And if you hear from your boyfriend,

let us know.

- Name?

- Rolf Gunther Kolb.

- SS number?

- 6-2-1-8-0-2.

- Rank?

- Unterscharfhrer.

- Unit?

- 22nd SS Special Battalion...

...attached to

Flossenbrg Concentration Camp.

Tell me, Unterscharfhrer Kolb,

what is an Aryan?

An Aryan is invincible!

Nature's chosen ruler!

What is the life expectancy

of a concentration camp inmate?

From one day to nine months.

- What was your date of enlistment?

- January, 1944.

Who was your commandant

at Flossenbrg Concentration Camp?

Major Max Koegel.

- What is the SS motto?

- "My honour is loyalty."

- Camp motto?

- "There is a road to freedom.

"Its milestones are obedience,

hard work, honesty, orderliness...

"... cleanliness, abstinence,

truthfulness, readiness...

- "... to sacrifice, love for the Fatherland."

- Good, Unterscharfhrer Kolb.

How can we show a profit margin

on a prisoner's death?

By commercial utilization of the corpse.

Gold fillings, clothing, hair.
But every corpse
means the loss of two marks...
...due to the cost of cremation.
If make-up will be detected,
we can't have make-up.
- But we've got to age him ten years.
- Peter, please come into the light.
You see, he has that young face,
young skin.
Well, no make-up,
but I can do something around the eyes.
- I'm sorry, but as I told you...
- The moustache is good.
Kolb was tattooed
with an SS blood group...
...and he would have had it removed
if he was on the run...
...so you must have the scar.
- I understand.
- Oster, we'll do it now.
Take off your jacket.
Put up your arm.
Close your fist
and grip as tightly as you can.
The first thing they look for is the scar.
Exactly as I did it.
Why do I have to learn this so precisely?
Kolb hasn't been in the SS
for over 20 years!
He's a baker now, not a soldier.
Pick up that gun.
He's a 40-year-old man
recovering from a tumour.
This is crazy!
I'm finished with this. I'm tired.
What I am trying to teach you
may save your life.
Pick up that gun.
I need two more weeks.
- He's not ready.
- We don't have any more time.
- He's ready.
- But, David...

- May I come in?

- Here's our new man.

- How does it feel?

- Frightening.

- This is it.

- Prosit!

So now, here's some money.

Driving licence

and the watch you asked for.

This is a letter written

by your employer Eberhardt...

...at the bakery, on his own stationery.

He's away on holiday for three weeks

and they can't contact him.

So, that's what you've got.

Three weeks.

You know your contact in Munich,

but Ackermann is shrewd.

Remember the Iron Cross

and don't forget to pick up the dagger.

- May I help you?

- I see you sell war decorations.

I'm interested in an Iron Cross,

Second Class. An original.

For a souvenir?

For my collection.

Second Class.

There's no swastika in the centre.

They are the only ones

we are allowed to sell.

Except to friends, Herr Ackermann.

I was asked to give you this.

One moment, please.

American tourists buy them

for paper knives.

I think perhaps I can help you.

Would you come in?

Yes?

My name is Kolb.

Please, come in.

Describe your uniform, Kolb.

Grey-green tunic and breeches.

- Jack boots, black leather belt.

- 22nd Battalion?

Yes, sir. Attached
to Flossenbrg Concentration Camp.
Remain at attention, Kolb.
This letter says you have been in hospital.
I had a stomach tumour, sir.
Go on.
I was having tests
and this ward orderly kept staring at me.
I knew his face.
I remembered he had been a prisoner
at Flossenbrg.
Well?
He was one of the Jews
we'd instructed to burn the bodies of...
...Admiral Canaris and the others...
...we'd shot for their attempted
assassination of the Fhrer.
You were one of those
who executed Canaris?
I commanded the firing squad, sir.
Then the orderly saw this,
my SS blood group letter.
I've since had it burnt off.
Let me see.
I didn't take any precaution about it
because I didn't think...
...anyone would be interested
in a sergeant.
Now they're talking about Canaris
and the others...
...as though they were heroes.
- They were traitors, all of them, swine.
- That's enough!
At which hospital were you?
Bremen General, sir.
Ward?
Princess Louise.
This orderly, what was his name?
Hartstein.
I was at Flossenbrg several times.
I knew it quite well.
I don't remember you, sir.
No.
You seem nervous.

Are you nervous?

I've been worried these past weeks.

All right. Then what happened?

I was transferred to a convalescent home.

Which one?

Arcadia Clinic at Delmenhorst.

Then I received an anonymous phone call...

...very official sounding...

...warning that this Jew had informed
the Attorney General's office who I was.

- I had to disappear.

- Your employer Eberhardt?

He came to visit me at the nursing home.

When I told him what had happened

he offered to help.

- He gave me that letter.

- Why didn't he contact us himself?

Maybe he didn't want to use the phone
in a matter like this.

He was going away on his annual holiday.

Yes, we checked.

A cruise to the West Indies
is very pleasant this time of year.

Yes, sir.

I want these telephone numbers.

Put your jacket on.

Bad luck, wasn't it?

I'm sorry, sir?

16,000 inmates at Flossenbrg.

Only 700 survived.

You have to be spotted by one of them.

Yes, sir. It was bad luck.

Unterscharfhrer Kolb,

turn round and face me!

Did you receive your dagger?

Yes, sir. From Major Max Koegel.

There is an inscription on the blade.

"Blood and honour," sir.

Tell me, what were the amenities like
at Flossenbrg?

- Amenities, sir?

- Accommodation.

Two barracks, a gymnasium,
a garrison shop, a whorehouse...

Which everyone shared?

No, sir. Officers had their own.

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

The sky.

Don't be stupid!

When we looked up?

You mean the ruined castle
on top of the hill, where we kept the dogs?

Come and sit down.

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 your staff by the name of Hartstein.

Yes, we have a Jacob Hartstein.

Thank you.

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

Yes, Rolf Gunther Kolb.

His tumour responded to treatment.

He was transferred
to a convalescent clinic.

Could you tell me which one?

Of course. Arcadia Clinic in Delmenhorst.

Thank you.

Arcadia Clinic.

Kolb?

Oh, yes, one moment, please.

- Is there any trouble, sir?

- We'll soon find out.

Hello, this is Dr. Reitlinger here.

Can I help you?

I am inquiring about a patient
called Gunther Kolb.

Is he still with you?

He discharged himself last week.

He was very much better.

It was a pleasure. Goodbye.

Your tumour seems to have improved.

I don't have much pain now, sir.

You'll need a new identity.

And a new passport.

I'm sending you to one of our people
in Bayreuth.

His name is Klaus Wenzer.

He's a specialist at this kind of thing.

Probably the best.

After he's fixed you up with documents...

...he'll pass you on to someone
who'll tell you what to do next.

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

- We'll buy your ticket for you.

- You've been very kind, sir.

Don't worry, Kolb.

One day we'll ask you to help us.

- We must help each other, mustn't we?

- Yes, sir.

The Bayreuth train leaves in half an hour
from platform three.

- I'll wait with you.

- Please, don't bother. I can manage.

Thank you.

Yes?

Sigi?

- Is that Peter?

- Who is this?

One moment, I'll get her.

Sigi, it's Peter on the phone.

- Why didn't you call me?

- That's what I am doing.

- Peter?

- Sigi?

- Peter!

- Sigi, is that you?

Of course it's me.

Where are you? It's a terrible connection.

I'm fine. It's wonderful to hear your voice.

Who was that girl?

Listen, I was attacked in the Elbe tunnel
and I went to the police.

I can't hear you.

- Are you all right?

- No, I'm not all right.

I'm angry and frightened

and I want you to come home.

- Where are you?

- I'm at Munich Station.

I've a few more things to do,
but it won't take long.

What are you doing at Munich Station?

- I want you to come home.

- Sigi, who was that girl?

I can't hear you.

- Peter!

- I have to go now.

Sigi, I love you.

Are you certain this girl got it right?

From Munich Station an hour ago?

That's very helpful. Thank you.

Yes?

This is Werner.

We have a problem and I need your help.

We are looking for someone called Miller,
Peter Miller.

He was at Munich Station
about an hour ago...

...making a telephone call to Hamburg.

Just a moment.

Fredrich?

Yes, sir?

You said Herr Kolb made a telephone call
from the station?

Yes, Herr Bayer,
just before he got on the train.

- Excuse me, Herr Wenzer?

- Yes?

Rolf Gunther Kolb.

Yes, I've been expecting you, Herr Kolb.

They just telephoned me
to tell me you were coming.

But I didn't expect you to be here
quite so soon.

- You don't like to read the letter?

- Of course. The letter.

Come into the office.

- How long have you been here?

- I came directly from the station.

Good. Do you have a driving licence?

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

I think smoking is very bad for the health...
...so I don't smoke and I don't drink.

- I don't smoke either.

No, no, of course not.

I shall have to keep this.

Excuse me, please.

Please, make yourself at home.

It's my mother. She's very ill.

She should be in the hospital,
but you know what they're like.

- They can't give the attention like I can.

- No, of course not.

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

How long will it take for the documents?

It depends. First of all I need photographs.

- The man I use is away for the weekend.

- It is urgent.

Yes, naturally.

But there are also various
technical preparations.

No, you must stay at the hotel
until Monday.

The Excelsior, it's not very far from here.

It's nothing much, but it is comfortable
and you will be safe there.

- You must be patient.

- You do all your printing here?

- Here, yes, all here.

- When shall I see you again?

On Monday morning at 10:00.

Perhaps we could meet over the weekend.

- Discuss old times.

- I'm sorry.

It's very difficult with Mother.

I'm sure you understand.

It's just 300 metres down the road
to your left.

Until Monday, 10:00.

- Has he gone?

- Yes, Mother. He's gone.

One of these days, they will do to you...

...what they did to your father.
It wasn't them, Mother.
They killed him
when he was no longer any use to them.
They killed him.
- Father died in a car accident.
- And they will do it to you.
You know too much. Just like him.
Do you still do what I told you?
Yes, Mother. Always.
And I wouldn't hesitate to make use of it
if there was any trouble.
So do stop worrying.
- Hello?
- Kolb?
This is Wenzer.
I've managed to get hold
of the photographer.
He can be here in an hour
and take your picture tonight.
Tonight?
After all, you said it was urgent
and I've gone to a lot of trouble.

It's after 12:

We are lucky,
he is not leaving until tomorrow morning.
He's on his way here now.
I really think you should come.
All right, I'll be there.
Good. Then I'll see you in an hour.
What happens now?
I don't want you here when he comes.
- But I can't leave Mother.
- I'll look after Mother.
I'm very good with the sick.
- Come back in the morning.
- Why can't I stay in the house?
There might be a little blood.
What if something should happen to her
while I'm away?
Don't argue, Wenzer.
All right.
I'll just go up and see her

to tell her not to worry.
You've got 15 minutes.
Excuse me?
I'd like to make a phone call.
May I have the phone book, please?
- Local or national?
- Local.
Turn out the light.
Leave the door open.
Thank you.
"Hail Mary, the Lord is with you.
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..."
Who is that?
Father, a Mass must be said for my boy.
They killed Viktor
and now they're going to kill my Klaus.
I know it, Father.
Who is going to kill Klaus?
The Odessa.
- Where is Klaus?
- Hiding. Hiding from them.
- Where?
- He wouldn't leave me. He will come back.
If they threaten him, he will use the file.
What file?
In the safe. I told him, for protection.
- Klaus will need the file.
- Yes, yes.
- They won't harm him then.
- I can take the file with me.
Klaus needs protection.
What's the number to the safe?
Tell me. I'll get the file.
- The telephone...
- No, not the telephone.
The safe.
Last four numbers telephone...

NEW IDENTITY:

- Hello?
- Sigi, listen, don't ask any questions.
I want you to do something for me.
Something very important.
But you mustn't tell anybody,
do you understand?
Not Mother, not anyone.
Yes, I understand.
Yes, I shall look forward to it.
We'll have a lovely day together.
You should have let me answer.
Who was it?
Only Peter's mother.
She's coming up to see us next Thursday.
Sigi, what do you think you're doing?
Open this door!
This is one of fifty.
- And I have them all.
- How did you get them?
Wenzer didn't trust his comrades.
He kept the file for protection,
to use if they ever turned against him.
Yes, and where's the rest of the file?
I have it safe somewhere.
If I gave it to you now,
you wouldn't need me anymore...
...and you might go after Roschmann
by yourselves.
It was our agreement that I would deal
with Roschmann on my own.
Yes, and if you fail?
That's taken care of.
If anything happens to me,
you'll get the file.
But if you are not going to give it to us
now, why have you come here?
I want my car, my own clothes,
1,000 marks for expenses.
And I want Tauber's diary back.
Who's there?
It's me, Sigi.
Is there anyone with you?
Only the porter. Open the door.
Thank you.

Perhaps you had better unpack your things.
Yes, I'll do that.
Well, now you know everything.
Everything, I promise.
Why couldn't you have told me
in the first place?
Why couldn't you have trusted me?
I wish I had.
What time is it?
It's late. I have to go now.
So soon?
The official opening
of the Kiefel Electric Trade Fair...

...is at 10:

- Peter, I'm scared.
- Don't worry.
Just listen carefully.
If I'm not back by tomorrow morning...
...if for some reason I'm delayed...
...I want you to take a train to Munich.
Here's a key to one of the lockers
at the station.
There's a number on it.
In the locker you'll find the file.
I want you to go straight to Vienna
and give it to Simon Wiesenthal.
Here's a letter for him.
The address is on the envelope.
Also there's some money.
Don't look so anxious.
It's just a precaution.
On behalf of Kiefel Electric,
Hans Josef Kiefel welcomes you...
...our special guests and members
of the press, to a demonstration...
...of our advanced electronic equipment.
First we are proud to welcome
our distinguished guests of honour...
...who will declare this trade fair open.
Raimond, if Herr Deilman arrives,
send him up immediately.
Very well.
Put the phone down!

Step away from the desk!
Further.
All right. There.
Yes, the police are outside,
but don't try to call them.
I have no intention of calling them.
What do you want?
My name is Peter Miller,
and yours is Eduard Roschmann.
Close the curtains.
Now the others.
You got that limp escaping from the British
in 1947, didn't you, Roschmann?
When you jumped from the train.
I don't really know
what you're talking about.
I am Hans Josef Kiefel,
and who was the man...
Riga, I'm talking about Riga...
...where you were responsible
for the murder...
...of 80,000 men, women and children,
Herr Commandant!
Do you mind if I smoke?
Please, don't make the mistake
of not taking me seriously, Roschmann.
I do take you seriously.
There were never
80,000 disposed of at Riga.
Not even 70,000.
70,000,60,000. Does it really matter
how many you killed?
Move away from there.
That's just the point.
It doesn't matter. Not now. Not then.
Look, young man, I don't know why
you've come after me, but I can guess.
Someone has been filling your head...
...with a lot of sentimental claptrap
about so-called war crimes and such.
That's all nonsense, absolute nonsense.
How old are you?
Have you done your military service?
You must have.

You know what the army's like?
A soldier is given orders.
He obeys those orders.
He doesn't ask if they are right or wrong.
You know that as well as I do.
All I did was to obey my orders.
Don't compare yourself with a soldier.
You were an executioner.
To put it more plainly,
a mass-murderer, a butcher!
- Don't call me a butcher!
- Don't compare yourself with a soldier.
How dare you call me a butcher!
I was a soldier. We all were.
Just like the rest.
You young Germans don't realize,
don't want to understand, what it was like.
So tell me.
I'm interested in your point of view.
- You are interested?
- What was it like?
What was it like?
It was like ruling the world.
Because we did rule the world,
we Germans.
We had beaten every army
they could throw at us.
For years they'd looked down on us,
and we showed them...
...yes, all of them,
that we were a great people...
...and we still are a great people!
And we of the SS were the elite.
Of course, they hunt us down now.
First the Allies and now the wishy-washy
old women of Bonn.
They want to crush us, they want to crush
the greatness of Germany...
...which we represented and still do.
That's why they divided the country.
You youngsters today...
...don't realize what it means
to be proud of being a German.
You don't speak for Germany,

not anymore.
No? Look around you at today's youth.
Strong and healthy.
Virile. A new generation.
And who created this new generation?
We did, by weeding out
the sickly and the inferior.
Look at yourself.
Strong and healthy.
Virile. Blonde, blue-eyed.
That's what we were working for.
And we succeeded!
You shouldn't be critical of us.
You should be grateful.
Sit down in the chair.
You can point that gun at me,
but we're really on the same side.
Same destiny. Same people.
Why should it matter to you
what happened to a few miserable Jews?
Put your gun away, young man,
and go home.
I said, "Sit down."
Put your hands on the armrests.
Look, Germany was crushed to pieces
in 1945.
And now we are rising again.
Slowly and surely.
And what brings all this about?
Discipline! Discipline and management.
Harsh discipline and harsh management,
the harsher the better.
You see all this?
The house, the estate, Kiefel Electric...
...churning out power
and strength each day.
My factory and hundreds of others like it.
Who do you think did all this?
We did!
You should be more practical, young man.
You should be more realistic.
You should acknowledge the facts of today.
Whatever prosperity there is
in Germany today...

...has to do with millions who work hard
and never murdered anyone in their lives.

That's nonsense, absolute nonsense!

Do you remember a man
with the name of Tauber?

- Who?

- Salomon Tauber.

He was German and Jewish.

One of your prisoners at Riga.

Try to think, Roschmann.

I can't remember all the prisoners' names.

He died in Hamburg last November.

He gassed himself. Are you listening?

If I must.

Yes, you must.

All right, I'm listening.

- He left behind a diary.

- Is that why you came?

Because of the diary of some old Jew?

A dead man's diary is no evidence.

There was a date in the diary

I want to remind you of.

Something that happened at Riga docks...

...on October 11, 1944.

So what? The man struck me.

He disobeyed my orders.

I had the right to commandeer that ship.

Was that the man you killed?

- How should I know? It was 20 years ago.

- Was that the man?

All right! So that was the man. So what?

That was my father.

Your father.

So you didn't come about the Jews at all.

I understand.

No, you don't understand!

What you and your kind did

to all those people...

...sickened the whole of mankind.

- But I'm here for my father.

- But how could you know?

How could you possibly know

from that diary...

...that man was your father?

October 11, the same date, the same place.
The Knights Cross
with the oak leaf cluster...
...the highest award for bravery in the field.
Given to very few of the rank of captain.
The same rank,
the same decoration, the same man!
I don't even remember.
You're not going to kill me. You can't.
You called me a butcher.
Wouldn't killing me
make you a butcher, too?
What's the difference?
I wouldn't be killing a man.
- I'd be killing a...
- Look, I was only Commandant...
...until November '43.
Then another man came.
Krause. He took over, Kurt Krause.
- He did all the killing. It wasn't me!
- I know what you are, Roschmann.
Look, I agree with you.
That was horrible, but...
...I didn't do it,
I couldn't even shoot straight.
If you kill me,
you'd be killing the wrong man.
You're disgusting.
But I tell you, it was Krause!
You can tell that
to the German people, Roschmann.
- I will tell them.
- You're not even worth a bullet.
I even have evidence to prove what I say,
a woman wrote to me from New York.
I was only in charge there 11 months,
not one hanging or shooting at that time.
But why?
I was held in custody for three weeks
and then released.
I was confused that no serious charge
was ever brought against me.
I didn't know how much had happened
during the time I was detained.

As a result of Wenzer's meticulously
accurate record of the Odessa...
...immediate action was taken to bring
many Nazi war criminals to justice.
In the first week of February, 1964...
...the research laboratories at Kiefel
Electric were burned to the ground.
Arson was suspected,
though it was never proved.
But Nasser's rockets of Helwan never flew.
Finally, in the spring,
old Marx found himself...
...in the Hall of Remembrance in Jerusalem,
saying a prayer...
...for the soul of his good friend,
Salomon Tauber.
I bear no hatred nor bitterness
towards the German people.
Peoples are not evil.
Only individuals are evil.
If, after my death,
this diary should be found and read...
...will some kind friend
please say Kaddish for me?