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# Good

By John Wrathall

Dr Halder, Reichsleiter

Bouhler is waiting.

- You don't know what this is about, do you?

- What?

Uh... The letter I received...

It was marked "Reich Committee For  
The Scientific Registration... "

"Of Severe Hereditary

Ailments. " That's correct.

It's just I have no idea what that  
could possibly have to do with me.

Are you suggesting

there's been a mistake?

Heil Hitler.

Doctor Halder.

- Have we caught you at a bad time?

- Yes.

No, I did have to shuffle

a few tutorials, but...

Not every day one is summoned

to the Chancellery of the Fhrer.

Indeed.

Sit.

As Chairman of the Party's

Censorship Committee,

it's my job to keep a vigilant

eye on modern literature

to ensure that it embodies the

proper spirit of National Socialism.

I've asked you here to clarify your views on

a matter of personal concern to the Fhrer.

Your novel.

It raises controversial questions

on the theme of the right to life.

Some of your conclusions

are quite revolutionary.

Are they?

Well, I take it the views expressed

here are ones that you yourself hold?

It's been some years since I wrote it.

Of course, it's a work of fiction.

- Give it back!

- Give it back. Lotte! It's Eric's homework.

- But I know the answer, it's easy.

- Give it back to him.

You're an angel for cooking again.

Hm. Yes, I know I am.

Are you sure you don't mind?

No

- When I get going I can't seem to stop.

- Shh!

No, it's fine.

- Stop it!

- John!

God! Lotte, come here.

John!

Keep stirring this slowly, all right?

That's my girl.

- Johnnie!

- Coming, Mother!

There's someone at the door!

Theodore.

- Didn't you hear me knocking?

- Yes.

A mathematician! Just  
the fellow we need.

Helen, your father's here.

- Oh.

- It's you I wanted to see.

- Hello, Father.

- Now, John... John!

Eric?

Help has arrived.

Now, John, I have told you this before.

- You have to shake yourself  
out of this apathy. - Right.

I have just come from the Rector...

What are you making?

- Er... Some kind of vegetable...

- Goulash!

Yes.

There are changes coming at the  
university sooner than you think.

Promotion will automatically  
go to party members.

If you're not careful,  
you'll be out of a job.

John!

Yes, Mother!

Mind the onions.

Coming!

- I'm here.

- Where were you?

- No, don't let them take me, Johnnie!

- It's Theodore.

You remember

- Helen's father.

I was sorry to hear you'd

been back at the sanatorium.

Helen, can you please come up?

- You need to go again?

- I couldn't hold it.

Oh, Mother.

"Dans une langue que nous savons,

"nous avons substitu I'opacit

des sons la transparence des ides. "

Transparency of ideas,

relativity of perception.

Music and faith.

Memory and guilt.

The most potent memories are

those we recapture involuntarily.

A chance sound...

the tap of a spoon against a plate

as he waits there in the library...

and suddenly happiness

floods through him.

He is transported back in time to a train

stopped in the middle of the countryside.

He is watching the sun light up a

little row of trees in the distance.

Outside, a railway man

is tapping a wheel with his hammer, and

it is an echo of this precise sound...

Lovely.

Better leave it there for today.

Go on, have a look.

Off you go.

Ah, Professor Mandelstam, we really should

do something about this, shouldn't we?

Go to the Rector?

Please, John, I don't

think that's a good idea.

For either of us.

In fact, I'm afraid I must go further.

As Head of Department

it is up to me to ensure that the works  
of the proscribed authors are removed.

Not only from the library...

but also from your curriculum.

- Which authors did you have in mind?

- Proust for a start.

- Because he's French?

- John, please, don't be obtuse.

What if I refuse to comply?

Then I would have no  
option but to dismiss you.

Shit!

Yes?

I saw your light was on. I was just coming  
out of the library. I need your advice.

I'm Anne, by the way. Anne

Hartman. I come to your lectures.

Yes, I've noticed you...

but you're not on my course.

Probably wondering who I was.

Or maybe you weren't.

History... that's what I'm supposed  
to be doing but I don't know why.

I just can't see what it  
has to do with anything.

Sitting all day in some stuffy lecture  
theatre listening to some boring old...

That's not what I mean. Your lectures

- that's why I'm here.

You make them all come alive.

I heard what you said  
to Professor Mandelstam.

I wish more people would stand  
up for what they believe in.

- And what do you believe in, Miss Hartman?

- That's just it.

I know what I like, I know what's  
good, I feel it passionately.

But when it comes to ideas,  
they just don't seem real.

Maybe that's why you're

here. At university, I mean.

- To try and connect that passion.

- Did it work for you?

I hope so.

Yes, I think so.

This is what I believe in.

Books?

Does make me sound

rather fusty, doesn't it?

Perhaps you're right. What do a load

of old books have to do with life?

Who knows? It might be liberating

just to chuck them all out.

Make a fresh start.

And here I am writing another one.

Adding to the pile.

- What's it about? Your novel.

- Oh.

- A man who kills his wife.

- Oh!

Because he loves her,

you understand? Erm...

- She's incurably ill.

- How awful.

Yes, I know, really. Whoever is going

to want to read something so depressing?

How awful about the poor woman, I mean.

Of course people will want to read it,

it sounds so romantic. To kill for love...

# I crop by the

Neckar I crop by the Rhine

# Now I have a sweetheart

# And now I have none

- # What use is cropping if none is mine

- I love this song.

The problem is I'm imagining it.

Really?

It's not funny, Maurice.

How long has this been going on?

Don't know.

- A few months.

- Three months, six months?

I don't know.

Could it be the end of January, say?

Thereabouts, I suppose.

Why? Do you think there  
is some connection to...

Well, we put the country  
in the hands of a lunatic...

Taking refuge in fantasy might be a  
rational response to an irrational world.

- Why singing?

- I don't know.

No idea?

Why not?

To be honest, John,

I'm all out of ideas.

I've been cooped up in this little room all  
day listening to the twisted sexual fantasies  
of a bunch of the most unattractive  
housefraus you could ever wish to meet.  
Desperate for a cold beer and a nice shallow  
conversation I don't have to read anything into.

The point is, Maurice, I'm her  
teacher. It's a position of trust,

- like yours with your patients.

- Ah.

Or should I say, most  
doctors with their patients.

That's not the point. The  
point is, have you fucked her?

The question isn't whether or not I've slept  
with Anne... which, for the record, I haven't.

- For Christ's sake.

- The question is why,  
when the idea even crossed my mind,  
I started hearing bloody Mahler.

- That's interesting you should choose  
a Jew. - What gave you that idea?

She's as Aryan as they come. Not that  
I don't find Jewish women attractive...

Mahler was Jewish.

- He converted.

- Still makes him Jewish.

- The thing is... - Please, do me  
a favour, change the subject.

Don't drag me into your neurosis.

I get it. You're terribly troubled, you hear music. Some of us out here in the real world have plenty to worry about ourselves. You never seem to worry about anything... much. Don't I?

I mean, as a study in pathological narcissism, the man's quite fascinating. Trouble is, instead of strapping him to the nearest couch and frying his fucking brains out, everyone is taking him so literally.

Give it time, Maurice.

Hitler's a joke.

He'll never last.

Would it surprise you to learn that the Fhrer himself had examined your book?

- The Fhrer?

- Mm-hm.

I'd like you to read this.

One of our tasks here at the Chancellery is to process the huge volume of letters addressed to our leader by ordinary citizens.

They give, as you can see, an unrivalled insight into the spirit of renewal alive in our country today.

- It's very... affecting.

- Isn't it?

The Fhrer has received several such letters from the relatives of... unfortunates with incurable handicaps, requesting his special permission to ease their suffering.

- Hm.

- Which is where you come in.

- Me?

- We need a paper from you, Halder, arguing, along the same lines as you do in your novel, the case for an enlightened approach to mercy death on the grounds of humanity. That's why you asked me here?

Why else?

I'm hardly an expert.



My mother has been  
chronically ill. Tuberculosis.  
Yes. Well, the Fhrer himself  
said it was written from the heart.  
- Dr Goebbels was also very impressed.  
- Huh.  
In fact, he thought it might make an excellent  
basis for a motion picture on this theme.  
Ah.  
As for myself, I was very impressed  
by the humanity of your writing.  
Thank you.  
So, that's really all  
you want from me, a paper?  
You will, of course, be  
very well paid for your work.  
But more than that, your  
participation would be, for me,  
a guarantee that the question  
of humanity remains...  
central to our whole approach.  
Uh-huh. Yes.  
I could perhaps draft  
something out by next week.  
Excellent. Er, just one more thing.  
Before inviting you here we did, of  
course, examine your record very thoroughly.  
Er, front-line service in 1918,  
your work at the university...  
Everything... more or less in order.  
Except for one oversight.  
You never joined the Party.  
I did discuss it, on several occasions,  
with my father-in-law, Dr Brunau.  
He's a prominent member  
i- i-in our district.  
But at the time...  
You see... I've already  
mentioned my mother's illness...  
And my life was a little...  
complicated.  
I feel such an idiot. Ineeded to  
talk to you, but you'd already left,  
so I thought, "Why not come

here? You wouldn't mind. "

- The tram took forever and I started thinking... - Give us your wet things.

..."I can't just turn up uninvited at this hour. "

You probably didn't even know I had your address.

So, I started walking up and down the road trying to decide what to do and then...

Well, now that you're here...

Do sit down.

Oh.

Sorry.

There you are.

I'm sorry it's such a disaster.

Er...

We'd get a maid... if we could afford one.

I'll just dry these here.

Maybe if that book of mine ever gets published.

Want something to warm you up?

We should have a bottle of sherry around here... somewhere.

Unless my father-in-law's polished it off.

- I'm afraid we only have brandy.

- Yes, please.

My wife's gone to bed.

That's not to say it's late.

She-she... She likes to go to bed early.

Catch up on her reading.

- Too much?

- Uh-uh.

Right.

Mm. Ah!

I've been thinking about what you said about finding something to believe in.

And have you... found something?

- Yes, I think I have.

- Mm.

It hasn't solved my problem.

- Problem? With history?

- People. That's what I've realised.  
People are what matter. They're so  
much more fascinating than ideas.  
Well... y-y-you could think of changing  
course to something more vocational.  
I want to be with you.  
Hm.  
Um, I wish all my students  
were so... appreciative.  
You couldn't get it up? Fuck!  
- Shh! Maurice!  
- What? Not at all? Not even a twitch?  
Not... entirely.  
Maurice! Maurice!  
- Look, look, you'd had a lot  
to drink, right? - Yes.  
You're under a lot of pressure.  
- I was a bit... overwhelmed.  
- Well, there you go.  
It's been a long time since  
I'd done anything so...  
impulsive.  
- And there was Helen...  
- Ah, yes, the lovely Helen. How is she?  
I couldn't sleep. I  
wanted to play something.  
- Well, I was just on my way up.  
- All right.  
- It's... It's another one of my students.  
- Ah.  
She... Soaking wet, poor thing.  
Can't very well go home on a night  
like this. I've made up a bed.  
Oh, will he be warm enough?  
"She. " I gave her a blanket, so...  
Erm... Who'll make breakfast?  
I'll make her breakfast!  
Are you all right?  
- I've... I've had some brandy.  
- Mm. Come here.  
What is it, John?  
Your father...  
told me I'd never get anywhere  
unless I joined the Party.

Normally, my father saying something  
would make you do exactly the opposite.

What if he's right?

I hate to see you  
agonise like this, John.

Have a little faith in yourself.

You'll do the right thing.

You always do.

Do I?

Look...

I can't deny it, I do find  
myself attracted to you.

But in my circumstances as a  
lecturer and a married man...

I simply can't.

What was that?

- Must be the start of the parade.

- Parade? What parade?

Isn't that why we're here?

No, this was the most  
discreet spot I could think of.

They have to go and have another  
one of their bloody rallies.

- Let's go and watch. - No, I really  
can't stand that sort of thing.

- I'd rather slip away before we  
get caught up... - Oh, come on!

What if someone sees us?

We'll say we bumped into  
each other in the crowd.

- Why would we even be here? - To see  
what all the fuss is about, of course.

Oh, everyone looks so happy. Anything that  
makes people happy can't be bad, can it?

Well, I do find some of it rather offensive.

The ideas behind it... or lack of them.

But feel this energy!

All it needs is a few good people to  
help channel it in the right direction.

- Do you really believe that?

- Yes.

Burning all those books

- of course it's shocking, but then,  
you said so yourself, wouldn't it be liberating to

just chuck them all out and make a fresh start?

Come on!

There's a considerable difference between talking about something and actually doing it.

Exactly, men like you shouldn't be shut up in their studies reading books.

They should be out there, helping to build a better country for our children.

Come on, please. Please?

All right, just for a bit.

I did give serious thought to joining the Party, but somehow I just couldn't quite see myself marching around and waving banners.

What I mean is...

I...

Perhaps you're right.

A man of your talents would be wasted in the rank and file.

Sturmbannfhrer Dorbisch?

Bouhler here. There's someone I'd like you to meet.

It's not every day we get a call from the Chancellery of the Fhrer.

I don't work there, you understand?

I'm really just an academic.

Just an academic? Don't be ridiculous.

You served with the 24th Brandenburg!

I never saw much action, I'm afraid.

I was only called up in 1918.

Ah, just in time for the last big push.

Great times.

- I hope you're hungry?

- No... Yes, yes.

Well, the Kaiser, as you know, had his elite regiment, the Imperial Guard.

Well, now we have the Schutzstaffel.

Hm. The Fhrer's bodyguard?

It's rather more than that.

I'm not suggesting you have to ride around on a running board with a revolver.

No. No.

We're interested in recruiting the better type of person.

The specialists in their field, such as yourself. Well, I wouldn't exactly call myself a specialist. See, that's what I like about you, Halder - no showing off, no bragging, just a quiet determination. That's exactly the type we're looking for. I... I am flattered by your high opinion of me, but my worry is that... with my work at the university, I might not be able to contribute... The last thing we want is for you to be distracted from your valuable work, shaping the minds of our next generation. No, your position would be an honorary one. The greatest minds in the land with us in spirit. Helen, something rather extraordinary has happened. It's all because of the book, would you believe? They really seem to love it, for some unknown reason. Helen... I'm trying to tell you something. Sorry? What did you say? John! Is that you, John? Yes! Come back to bed. Maurice? There you are. I was beginning to think she was playing a practical joke on me.

- Who?
- Helen. Sending me here.
- What's this all about?
- I needed somewhere I could work in peace.
- Who is it?
- Shh!

Sorry, I'm a bit distracted.

Right, come on! You've got time  
for a quick drink. I've had a...

- I've had a lot of cancellations. Come on.
- I'm afraid I really can't.
- Just one. There's always time for one.
- I can't, Maurice.
- You're not coming down?
- No.
- All right, let me in for a minute.
- No! I mean...

I'm... I'm working.

Jesus!

- You all right?
- Why shouldn't I be?

Well, you're here and Helen's... more  
than usually abstract, shall we say?

My couch is free.

You know I can't afford you.

But you can afford the  
rent on a bachelor flat?

Well, that depends if I ever get  
to finish this paper I'm writing.

All right.

I know where I'm not wanted.

Maurice...

We'll get together when things have  
calmed down a little. I promise.

Don't do me any favours.

I'd like you to meet Anne.

Delighted, Frau Professor, delighted.

- Oh no, we're not... Anne and I...
- What a wonderful place for a party.
- Freddie.
- Cheers.

John here is working on a secret assignment  
for the Chancellery of the Fhrer.

It's a... brief paper that...  
that had to be drafted.

I teach at the university.

Then you must know Theodore.

Of course.

Once it would have given me great satisfaction  
to see you at a gathering such as this.

But accepting your duties as a National Socialist

is no excuse for shirking them as a husband!

I worry for the movement when it embraces men of such moral weakness.

I should explain. Doctor

Brunau is my father-in-law.

- My wife and I are separated. - To think you abandoned Helen for this whore.

There's no need to bring Anne into it. The fault is mine.

If you'll excuse us. Anne?

Why should we leave? You're not the one who's drunk.

- Bastard!

- Where do you think you're going?

Elisabeth, darling, would you mind taking care of Anne for a few moments?

I need to have a quiet word with John.

- You don't have any children, do you?

- Not yet.

No, you're much too young.

If I have to listen to

one more proud mother

gushing about the orienteering

prize the little horse won at camp...

- I'm sorry... - I don't know about you, I could do with a drink.

No need to apologise. If you're in with us, John, the old rules no longer apply.

Himmler...

He might look like a bank manager, but you've got to give the man one thing - very advanced views on sex.

He wants us to go out, he wants us to knock up girls left, right and centre so that they can... donate a child to the Fhrer.

- Well, it's our patriotic duty, for God's sake. -

So long as it's the right sort of girl, that is.

Not that you've got any problems on that score.

She looks like a bloody Rhinemaiden.

She does, doesn't she?

Really, mother!

- I'm unpacking. No... - It's not time



to unpack. We haven't left yet.

But I've only just arrived.

No, Mother. You woke up

here this morning, remember?

You've been here a long time

and now you're going home.

The house is on fire.

The house isn't...

Oh, my God!

Carry on.

- What are you doing?

- I was going to fry the onions.

Do you have to do it this minute?

I want to do it while you're

here so you can put me right!

There was a time when I wouldn't have felt it so

much, you saying that you loved somebody else!

But a few weeks ago I started falling

in love with you all over again.

- It was as if you'd-you'd suddenly  
come alive! - Yes, that's how it felt.

I spoke to Father.

- Did he make an awful scene?

- I had it coming.

Oh! I can't bear the idea

of him thinking badly of you.

He has every reason to.

But he doesn't know what I'm like,  
what you've had to put up with!

Helen! Don't...

Please, don't be nice to me.

I'm not being nice to you.

Mother, what happened?

I was trying to come downstairs.

Ow!

- Are you all right?

- Yes.

- What have you

done? - Oh-oh!

- Couldn't you have waited for me?

- I can't wait around all day.

The piano is driving me mad!

- Wait, Mother, wait!

- Come on, come on.

Come on. Come on.

- Are you sure you are all right?

- Yes, I'm all right.

You scared me.

- We're on our way.

- At last!

You're really leaving?

Helen, please...

Chat, chat, chat. Don't

know what you've got to talk about.

- You told me you were finished with her.

- Stop it.

Look, if I asked you one more time,  
please stay, would it make any difference?

I'll come back tomorrow. We'll  
talk about it then, I promise.

If we don't get Mother to  
the car now, we never will.

- He won't come back.

- Please, stay out of it!

If you'd have been a proper wife to him

- this wouldn't have happened.

- How dare you?

She's a wonderful wife in  
ways you'll never understand!

So, why are you leaving?

I need to go to the toilet.

Bloody hell!

Good idea, Mother.

Before we get going.

What is this place?

You said you were thirsty.

A glass of water to take my pills.

I'm sure they serve water.

There we are.

Erm... A glass of beer for me.

And for you, Mother?

Mother?

Water.

Now that we've sat down, at least  
have a cup of coffee, a little cake?

Remember what the doctor said

- you've got to build yourself up.

Beer and water, please.

That's all. Thank you.  
Lovely here, isn't it?  
Give me all of them.  
Put me out of my misery.  
- Don't talk like that. - Why not?  
There's nothing left for me but pain.  
The doctors say your lungs are  
clear. That's why we're going home.  
You just want us out of the way.  
- Me and the children.  
- They're at camp.  
Anne and I will have them for  
the weekends. It's all arranged.  
Oh, of course, you don't  
want me in your love nest.  
I've told you a hundred times, Mother. Come  
and live with us, if that's what you want.  
You expect me to live under  
the same roof as your whore?  
No, not if you don't want to.  
We can find you an apartment nearby.  
I've got my own house,  
thank you very much.  
I always thought this  
would make a nice bedroom.  
You won't have to worry about stairs.  
Thank you.  
Thank you for all you've done.  
Don't say that.  
Perhaps I don't say it enough.  
I can come as often as you like.  
I've spoken to Frau Troller,  
- she'll be in every day to make you  
lunch... - Always a good boy, Johnnie.  
Such a good boy.  
- What are you talking about? - Just  
reliving our glory days, dodging bullets.  
- When were you dodging bullets?  
- In the war. We were in the army together.  
- When?  
- About 20 years ago now.  
You'd have been what, three, four?  
- I didn't know you'd been a soldier, John.  
- Johnnie!

- Just for a while.
- You should have seen him in a uniform.
- Very, very sexy.
- Stop it.
- Very popular with the ladies.
- Maurice...
- I'm going to go and get changed.
- We can hold towels up, if you like?

Hm!

So how is domestic

bliss with the student?

- Anne. Can we call her Anne, please?
- Anne.

And she's not my student any more.

Very upright of you, Dr Halder, to wait until she graduated before doing the dirty.

Don't think I would have restrained myself so long.

- Oh, you approve?
- Very nice.

She obviously has a terrible "father figure" complex.

- Are we jealous?
- Absolutely.
- Think she needs a good psychoanalyst?
- No.

You're not getting anywhere near her.

- Don't take this the wrong way but, erm...
- Hm?

I didn't think you had it in you.

Neither did I.

So what happened?

What made you... seize the day?

I don't know. I just...

have a spring in my step lately.

I suppose the promotion didn't do any harm. I mean, I'm just happy, you know?

What promotion?

Didn't I? Oh.

- Oh, it's nothing really...
- No, no, no. Come on, come on.

You can tell Uncle Maurice.

They've made me head of department.

- That is fantastic. Congratulations.

- Yeah.

I thought you said there was no way they would promote you unless you...

Oh, fuck.

- Not you too, Johnnie?

- Well, it's just...

Tell me it was pure self-interest.

That I can understand.

Please, don't tell me

you agree with them.

It doesn't matter if I agree with them.

The fact is they're in power.

At least I'm doing something.

If we want to change anything,

steer them in the right direction,

we can't stay sitting on the sidelines.

We? Who the fuck is "we"?

I don't think I'll be steering anyone in the right direction because I don't get a vote any more.

In case you haven't noticed, I'm

not a citiz... Actually, legally...

I'm not a full fucking human being.

So I'm stuck on the sidelines!

What are you gonna do? Give 'em a

list of edifying fucking books to read?

Look...

if you're really so pessimistic, why don't you go

abroad for a year or two until things settle down?

There are many countries where you

could practise. You've no ties here.

No ties?

I was born here.

I fought for this fucking

country! I am as German as you.

How dare you?

Why should I leave? That's

exactly what those bastards want.

Sorry... you bastards.

Maurice!

Here's something to

help you sleep, my love.

It tastes so bitter, my darling.

Take my hand.

I love you.

I love you.

Cut!

- Right, gentlemen, that's...

- Bravo!

Without your vision, none of us would  
be standing here, Professor Halder.

Or, do you prefer "Hauptsturmfhrer"?

- "Professor" is fine, Reichsminister.

- So much of what we make here is fluff.

Pretty daydreams for the masses.

I should know - I vet every script.

But Halder here really

has a message for us.

You're very kind. Allow me

to present my wife, Anne.

Truly the picture of Aryan motherhood.

- My compliments.

- Thank you.

We must find another outlet  
for your talents, Halder.

# The two bluest eyes

- # Of my dear love

- What?

- # They now have sent me away  
into the world -

Darling?

- That was beautiful.

- What are you talking about?

Come on.

- Didn't you?

- No.

The song...

I always knew you were brilliant, but to hear  
such praise from the Reichsminister himself...

- I can't believe I shook his hand.

- I'm so proud of you.

- Please take my wife home.

- Where are you going?

I promised I'd drop in  
on Helen and the children.

- Now?

- Just for a moment.

- Eric's having trouble at school.

- John, you're not going to see...

No, no.

- Look, I've got to go.

- Please!

Anne...

Good, you got my note.

- You shouldn't have gone to  
all this trouble. - It's no trouble.

Sit down. An old favourite.

Ah!

Amy's night off, is it?

- Amy's long gone, I'm afraid.

- Oh.

- If it's money you need...

- It wasn't that.

Please, tuck in.

- So what was it then, with Amy?

- I can't employ Aryans under 45.

Of course, yes.

Don't worry, I didn't get  
you here to harangue you.

There's no point.

Some of the petty stuff is  
almost funny, it's so ridiculous.

They just took my typewriter.

I don't know how they expect me to manage.

You know what my handwriting is like.

Totally illegible. Even for a doctor.

It's been a long time.

I didn't think you'd come.

If I'd known you were making  
dinner, I might have reconsidered.

Sorry, it's fucking awful, isn't it?

- No, no, no. I'm joking.

- No, no, no. Don't.

Let me get rid of it.

I don't know what I'm doing.

But...

I have something you  
won't be able to resist.

Are you ready?

- Epstein's? - Is there any  
other cheesecake in the world?

Pass your plate.

Little bit of plum

brandy to wash it down.

Enjoy.

Good?

Mm.

Heaven.

What do you want?

I need exit papers.

- Trust me, you don't have to leave the country. - It was your suggestion.

Well, if you've made

up your mind to do it,

- there are proper channels...

- They'll strip me of everything I have.

Do you know how much they'll let me take out of the country? Do you?

Have you any idea?

Ten marks.

Ten marks to show for

everything I've ever worked for.

Now, if you pulled a few strings...

It's a bit... different now...

- If I could, I would.

- You're in the fucking SS, for fuck's sake!

It's purely an honorary rank.

They like to have a few academics around to give them a veneer of sophistication.

Put it like that, I'm a

purely honorary fucking Jew!

Why don't you try telling

that to your comrades?

Jesus, you're fucking incredible!

- This is hard for me, you know?

- Yes.

I can put up with any of the

shit I get thrown at me daily,

any of the inhumanity, but this... this

is very hard to take, you understand?

Johnnie...

I am...

begging you now.

- You've every right to ask.

- Oh, don't be so fucking reasonable!

I can't bear to listen to any

more of your rationalisations.



Just get me a ticket to Paris.  
- It's not quite that simple.  
- You think it's simple for me?  
I'll pay whatever it costs.  
Keep your money, Maurice.  
Allow me...  
just a shred...  
of dignity, please.  
You can put your ring  
back on now if you like.  
Hey, you! John Halder!  
Johnnie? What the hell  
are you doing here?  
You know Johnnie Halder? He's  
our top man at the university.  
You see, this is typical of him... such humility.  
Just queues up with the rank and file.  
But, really, this is taking it too far.  
- Stand aside. Please stand aside.  
- No, it's all right, Freddie.  
Hauptsturmfhrer Halder is travelling  
on urgent business with the Reich.  
Please give the man a ticket... wherever he'd  
like to go - and I will sign for it, first class.  
- I don't mind paying.  
- We all do it.  
You're part of the elite, you don't  
have to pay like everyone else. Where to?  
Paris, please.  
Excuse me?  
Is it possible to buy a ticket  
to Paris? Leaving tomorrow.  
Well, I'd have to see the  
appropriate exit papers.  
You've seen the travel  
warrant. That should suffice.  
- As I said, a single to Paris, please.  
- You're not planning to return?  
- No, no... Yes!  
- You had me there.  
That's another thing I love about  
this fellow, it's his sense of humour.  
Y... Yes, a r... return.  
A return to Paris, please.

- I can pay cash.  
- You joke about deserting the Reich?  
Johnnie...  
Johnnie, this isn't clever.  
No. No, I-I meant Brandenburg.  
Return to Brandenburg, please.  
What takes you there?  
My mother.  
Mother?  
Frau Troller?  
Mother, it's me, John.  
How long have you been like this?  
Where's Frau Troller?  
On... On holiday.  
On holiday? For God's sake,  
Mother, why didn't you tell us?  
- Bloody hell!  
- You don't want me any more.  
Don't say that.  
There you are.  
Let me come back and  
live with you and Helen.  
I'm not with Helen any more.  
- When did this happen?  
- Six months ago, Mother, you know that.  
No! Don't go...  
You need to drink something.  
- Are you going to put me in a home? - I'm  
not going to put you in a home, I promise.  
- You need to see a doctor.  
- No, I just need my pills.  
You'll have to let me go if  
you want me to get them for you.  
I'll fetch you some water.  
Damn.  
Ugh!  
I'll see about that  
light in the kitchen...  
Mother!  
No.  
No, Mother, no!  
No! I won't let you...  
Maurice, please!  
Please, take it.

- I'm... I'm sorry, I...

- You look like shit, you know?

You really look terrible.

Mother tried to kill herself.

- Is she OK?

- Luckily, I was there.

Actually, it was my fault. I shouldn't have left the pills in her reach.

Yeah. And if you were there, she didn't really mean it.

Mm.

You don't know what she's been through.

Memory gone, dignity gone, everything... gone.

- She can hardly breathe.

- Hm!

At least she isn't Jewish.

It's... It's all right, it's all right.

You missed a bit.

There you go. This was for you.

Thank you.

Ah!

Where are you gonna get proper Jewish cheesecake when you've locked up all the Jews, eh?

Unless you give a special dispensation to Epstein's.

I can't stand them in there.

Go in every day, give them my money.

Don't get a "hello", "thank you". Nothing.

Fucking Jews, eh?

No one's talking about locking anybody up.

We probably met him, you know?

When we were at Ypres,

October of that year.

the line next to us.

He'd have been running dispatches back and forth.

Hm!

- You may have sent him on an errand.

- Hm!

"Oi, you. Lance Corporal.

"Yes, you, short arse. Get over here. "

- And he'd have saluted you. Imagine that.

- Hm!

So, that's it. You're  
not getting me a ticket?

- I can't.

I tried. - Mm-hm?

- You'll be all right. You're a war veteran.

- That doesn't help any more.

- Look...

- It's OK.

I'm a Jew, you're a Nazi.

End of story.

I don't think Mother  
appreciated what you did for her.

Well, I wasn't a very good nurse.

Sometimes I used to play mazurkas all afternoon,  
just so that I couldn't hear her yelling.

I don't know why I put her  
through it. Now that she's... gone.

What...

What good did it do?

What are you saying, John?

I made her suffer until the end.

Why?

Because you're her son.

Because that's too much to ask of a son.

Of a husband, perhaps.

- I'm sorry.

- Oh no, I'm fine.

You don't need to worry about me.

- Busy giving piano lessons.

- Are you?

Mm. Everyone wants to learn classical  
music again, for some reason.

- Hm.

- I even learned to cook.

Yes, the children told me.

I don't know  
what but they eat it all up.

No, no, they...

They say it's quite good.

They tell me all your news, too.

They're very proud of you.

- I let them down.

- No, you didn't.

- Yes, I did.

- No.

Perhaps they don't always allow themselves to show it but they are proud of what you're doing.

We all are.

So, we'll start off with a general tour.

You can get an idea of our facilities here.

I read your paper, by the way.

- What did you think of it?

- A competent grasp of the ethical issues.

I'd assumed, of course, that the inspector would be a medical man, but your field is literature?

The Reich Committee approached me after they chanced upon a book I'd written on the subject.

A work of fiction, was it?

A novel, yes.

On the strength of it, I was invited to draft the paper you've read.

Which led, in due course, to my current role.

Which is?

Not so much an inspector, more of a... consultant.

Consultant?

Consultant in humanity, I suppose you could say.

Well, you do have to ask yourself, what sort of life is this?

Don't you?

Lis and I finally had some tests.

We hardly needed to redecorate at all, did we darling?

- No, the house goes with the job.

- Where did you get this furniture?

It was here. Poor Mandelstam left in such a hurry he hardly took a thing.

Come and see the bathroom.

It's bigger than our old flat.

Cheers.

Please.

Tests?

Do you want to hear the verdict?

Well, the verdict is...

we can't have kids.

Oh, Freddie, I'm sorry.

They keep on at me at headquarters.

"When are you going to start breeding?

Perfect Nordic pair like you and Lis. "

They're obsessed with fucking breeding.

At this rate I'll be stuck

a Sturmbannfhrer forever.

That's not why we want kids, of course,

but it doesn't make things any easier.

No.

I had to go to Lis's uncle's doctor in  
Wiesbaden in case they tracked my records.

Maybe... that doctor's wrong.

I haven't slept for weeks.

I lie awake all night. I imagine

all sorts of crazy things.

Well... we all imagine things.

With me it's music.

I can just be sitting

there talking to someone...

Excuse me.

Heil Hitler. Urgent communication  
for Sturmbannfhrer Dorbisch.

Freddie.

You're to report to

headquarters immediately, sir.

If you were desperate for

your wife to have a kid...

would you get someone?

You know, like that lad there?

What is it? What's happened?

Oh, the Jews have shot Vom Rath.

Who the hell is Vom Rath?

Some third fucking secretary in the Paris  
embassy with a bullet in his abdomen.

Poor sod.

- Well, he's ruined my evening.

- Why?

Well, put it this way, if Vom Rath dies,

I wouldn't want to be a Jew tomorrow night.

I'd better go and make my apologies.

Shit! I haven't had duck for ages.

Well, alas, duty calls.

I must tear myself away from  
the most delightful of hostesses.  
Oh, Freddie... I'll  
just smell that duck. This is torture.  
No peace for the wicked.  
Is it all right if I  
leave Lis here with you?  
- Of course. - You didn't say  
where you were going, Freddie.  
Oh, I've got to burn down a few  
synagogues. I could be all night.  
You said they'd stopped all  
that stuff with the Jews.  
Yes, that's what I thought.  
Not really going to burn down  
synagogues, are you, darling?  
No.  
No, first thing is a briefing  
to organise a spontaneous demonstration  
of popular indignation for tomorrow night.  
Cheerio.  
He can take care of  
himself, you know he can.  
It's just that... poor Freddie,  
he hasn't been sleeping.  
I...  
I just realised... I  
- I've left something at work.  
Papers I need...  
for my lecture tomorrow.  
I'm so sorry.  
Heil Hitler.  
Return to Paris, please.  
I'll need to see some exit papers.  
I'm sorry, I have to follow procedures.  
- Your name, please?  
- Beckermeier.  
Tell me, Beckermeier, do you  
enjoy working on the railways?  
Yes, sir.  
Then would you like to further  
your career in transportation?  
Say, digging autobahns?  
One return ticket to

Paris coming up, sir.

Maurice!

"Come home tomorrow. "

No! No, no. Thank you.

Hello.

Halder speaking.

Understood.

What is it?

- Vom Rath died.

- Who?

- Secretary at the Paris embassy.

- Did you know him?

What? I've been ordered

to report for duty tonight.

- But I thought your rank was honorary?

- All reserves have been mobilised!

- I've never seen you like this.

- I know, forgive me.

- I just... I don't know what to do.

- I know what you're thinking.

You're a man of letters, you shouldn't

be out there patrolling the streets.

- I never thought it would come to this.

- Of course you didn't.

Just think about it, what exactly  
are you going to be doing tonight?

- Yes.

- Keep the peace.

Stop the mob from

getting out of control.

- Is that really all it is?

- Yes.

You're not going to be in any danger.

It's not me I'm worried about,

I'm thinking about Maurice.

- I promised him he'd be all right.

- It's not your fault.

- Any Jew with any sense left years ago.

- Exactly!

- I should have helped him while there  
was time. - He can take care of himself.

He hasn't got a family. Would you  
risk everything we have for him?

- He may come here while I'm gone.



- John...

If he does, give him these.

- What have you done?

- You must... You have to do this for me!

Are you all right? Did I hurt you?

Look at yourself.

Just look at yourself.

Anne...

Maurice!

Please! Help me!

Wait!

Maurice!

Gluckstein!

- Is there a Maurice Gluckstein?

- Don't worry, sir.

- None of them will slip through the net.

- I have orders to bring him in.

- What did you say the name was?

- Gluckstein.

Gluckstein. Do we have a Gluckstein?

Gluckstein!

I am Gluckstein.

That him?

Yes.

OK, move them out!

# The world

#Is deep

# And deeper

# Than the day

Anne?

Anne...

Has he been here?

Who?

Maurice.

No.

No, come to bed.

There is a reference here to your friendship  
with a Gluckstein. Maurice Israel Gluckstein.

Mainly a professional  
relationship, as my doctor.

A psychoanalyst, it says here?

- Yes.

- According to our records,  
you continued to associate with him

after he was prohibited from practising.

Did I?

This would have been 1938.

He did approach me. Now I remember.

To ask for my help in  
leaving the country.

I, of course, referred him  
to the proper authorities.

You've written on the Jewish question.

- My field is literature.

- Oh, I mean from a racial point of view.

We have reports on your lectures.

Your work at the university  
is valued by the leadership

but in times of war, you understand,  
we all have to give that little extra.

Of course.

Now, we're currently engaged in a major  
resettlement programme in the East.

Resettlement? Of the Jews?

Among others. Transports are underway.

We need to ensure that reception  
facilities are fully operational.

We need reports we can trust.

When would you like me to start?

With immediate effect.

Was there something else?

This... resettlement...

obviously it's a colossal undertaking.

I was just wondering, is it still  
possible to keep accurate records?

I'm rather proud of this.

I had a special punch card  
and sorting system designed.

State of the art.

Everything's there. Cross-indexed.

Very impressive.

Can you find anybody?

Might... Might we try a little exercise?

By all means.

Say that doctor you  
mentioned... erm, Gluckstein.

Would your records be able to tell  
us where he ended up, for instance?

- We need to check a record.

- Yes, sir.

Gluckstein.

The full name's... Maurice Israel.

- Year of birth?

- 1899.

Or thereabouts.

Well, I wish I could wait and see the outcome of our little experiment, but you wouldn't believe the paperwork that ends up on my desk. Good luck.

Thank you, sir.

Gluckstein, M.I.

Evacuated to Silesia.

Does it say when he was picked up?

Thank you.

Aren't you going to say goodbye?

- I know what you did.

- What are you talking about?

- He came to the house that night.

- Who?

You turned him in.

How can you think that?

One thing you can say for the Gestapo, they keep extremely thorough records.

Drive on.

Oh, John... John! Please!

Please!

Heil Hitler.

- Heil Hitler.

- Hauptsturmfhrer Halder?

I prefer "Professor".

Step this way, Professor.

Thank you.

I trust you'll find everything in order.

Obersturmbannfhrer Eichmann

will be pleased to hear it.

In fact, he asked me to carry out a little experiment.

To check that his records office is fully operational, he wanted to see if it is possible to locate a particular individual.

A fascinating exercise,

I'm sure you'll agree.

The name, selected at random, is Gluckstein.

Maurice Gluckstein.

Our records show that he should be here somewhere.

Sorry to disappoint you, Professor, but at any given time we've got up to 30,000 items here.

And the turnover is considerable.

Moreover, on arrival, each item is allocated a number, which becomes its sole means of identification.

So all we have to do is find Gluckstein's number?

- In theory, yes.

- But?

Let me put it this way, Professor, I'm sure from Head Office everything looks neat and tidy,

- but out here...

- Can you find this man or not?

Frankly, not a chance in hell.

Nine out of ten are processed on arrival.

No one is here for more than a month or two.

I see.

Stop!

Move!

Come on!

Keep moving!

It's real.

Move it! Come on, there!