The Good German

By Paul Attanasio
Congressman.
- General.

Herzlich Willkommen in Berlin.
Who is that guy?
It's Breimer. He's a congressman.
- You're here for the peace conference?
- To write about it.
- You ever hear of The New Republic?
- No.
The uniform is the Army's idea of a joke.
You see any action?
I was in London when Franz Bettmann aimed his Roman candles...
... about a hundred feet away from me.
Broke all my martini glasses.
Who is Franz Bettmann?
Bettmann, Von Braun.
The Kraut brain trust, the guys who built the V-2s.
I actually wrote a column about it.
I wish I could write.
I have some great stories I could tell.
No sense beating up on the Germans.
The Russians are the enemy now.
They're godless people. Go down to the rail yard and see for yourself.
Anything's not nailed down, they're taking it, sending it to Moscow.
Well, why not?
They took most of the bullets.
We've been teaching the Ivans to play ball. Some of those fellas can really hit.
I bet you can't wait to go home, huh, soldier?
Yes, sir. You know the Germans.
They make excellent Danish...
... but they can't bake apple pie like my mom.
Nothing wrong with the Germans.
Plenty of good German folk back in Schenectady.
Oh, excuse me.
Let me help you with that, sir.
I got it, Tully.
-Being helpful is all.
-You know who's driving me tomorrow?
Got my trip ticket. I'm your driver
for the duration of your stay in Berlin.
And I got you...
... a little housewarming present.
Thanks, Tully.
-See you in the morning. Say, 0800?
-0800.
I wouldn't myself have sized him up that
way, you know? Just meeting the guy...
... you wouldn't think of him as a patsy.
That's what I loved about Berlin:
Even a guy who wasn't a patsy back
home turned into one. It was inevitable.
The city spread its legs.
All that ''eat, drink and be merry''
bullshit, ''seize the day. ''
It sure didn't make anyone smarter.
And the best part of it
was no one got hurt.
There was too much money around
for anybody to fall...
... without a nice soft cushion.
Occupation marks printed just for us.
Funny money.
It didn't feel like losing it
when they lost it.
The Russians, they had to spend it
before they went home.
Which was all anyone talked about:
Going home.
Everyone, even the Russians.
God, who would ever want to?
Say what you want about the war.
I would never wish
for all those millions of people to die...
... but the war was the best thing
that ever happened to me.
When you have money, then,
for the first time in your life...
... you understand it,
what money does for you.
Where before all you understood
was not having it.
Money allows you
to be who you truly are.
So you like your job?
What?
Your job.
Sure.
Yeah?
What are you doing
with that cigarette?
Waste not, want not.
It is a job, right?
How do you like your job?
How do you like working
in the motor pool?
What the hell does that mean?
-Nothing.
-That doesn't even follow.
Perhaps my English.
Like you should be fucking Dwight
Eisenhower, Countess Roundheels?
-I was making conversation.
-No, you weren't.
That's what I was doing.
Don't tell me my business.
Two thousand yards of silk
in the Russian zone.
I get in and out anywhere.
The British zone, the French.
I got the vehicle. The motor pool's
the best job in the fucking Army!
I'm sorry.
I thought you were going to help me
get out of Germany.
It's gonna get harder,
not easier. Watch.
They put your name on a list,
and then that's it.
I forget sometimes
what a boy you are.
Such a boy.
-A sweet little boy.
-No, cut it out.
Does that bother you?
Why should it?
My husband was a boy too.
A little boy
who saw numbers in his head.
I'm your fellow, okay?
I'll get you out of here.
You watch.
My gill,
she's not just a pretty face, no, sir.
She won first prize last year with her
rhubarb pie, and second with her gourds.
-That's terrific, Tully.
-Oh, she's pretty terrific, sir.
Any luck, I'll be home
for the harvest dance.
Well, at this rate
we'll still be driving to Potsdam.
Somebody got up
on the wrong side of the bed.
-Some son of a bitch stole my wallet.
-No kidding.
It must have been
in that crowd at the airport.
I can loan you money if you need it.
Thanks, Tully.
Don't want you to miss
all the great things Berlin has to offer.
I used to live here before the war.
-Really?
-Ran the AP bureau.
They're not really gonna put
the country on trial, are they?
Do you think they shouldn't?
Doesn't seem American
to lock a person up...
... for something they didn't
have anything to do with.
Somebody you know, Tully?
I'm just saying.
Well, there's a piece that would sell:
''Fallen Women of the Third Reich.''
That's pretty raw, sir.
Millions of people didn't disappear
because the elves came out at night.
Your Fraulein knew exactly
what Hitler was doing. They all knew.
-Did she lift a finger?
-You don't know a thing about her.
And you do?
Just because you're a German
doesn't make you a Nazi.
You heard Breimer.
It's on to the Russians.
The next war.
They'll leave your girlfriend alone unless
there's some special reason not to.
It's gonna cost me
to get her out of Germany...
... I can tell you that right now.
I wish I could help you out, kid.
You want an hour with her?
Beautiful day, huh?
Are you looking for an argument?
I'm sorry I broke your tooth.
It was an honest disagreement.
What do you need?
Papers.
To get someone out of Germany.
- A Nazi?
- Not a Nazi. A friend of mine.
With what I've been through, you'd
ask me to help a Nazi escape Germany?
Hey, cry me a river.
Fuck, everyone in this town's
got a hard-luck story.
You gonna help me or not?
I'll see what I can do.
Great. Just don't Jew me on the price.
Lena?
- Where's Emil Brandt?
- Who?
- Emil Brandt.
- Who the fuck is Emil Brandt?
- Where's Emil Brandt?
- Fuck you!
Fuck!
Who's Emil Brandt?
-Emil?
-Who is he?
They were looking for him
in your place, Lena. Where is he?
-He's dead.
-Don't lie to me!
He died.
He died in the war.
Like you fucking know! Who is he?
He was my husband.
Lena?
-Emil Brandt. That's your husband?
-Yes.
I'm Lena Brandt.
-A last name. What a cozy feeling.
-Tully--
He must have done something
if they're hopped up to find him.
I'm gonna find out sooner or later!
He was a mathematician.
He saw numbers in his head?
It's bullshit! They broke my fucking arm!
He was a nobody.
-Somebody's secretary.
-Whose secretary?
What does it matter who?
My husband brought him his coffee
and took steno.
When's the last time you saw him?
Three-- Three years ago.
I'm with you now, Tully.
How am I supposed to help you, Lena,
if you won't help me?
I would never hurt you, Tully.
Never.
You can get anything
on the black market.
I talked to someone.
A little lop-cock, no legs...
... but he can run down anything.
He can get you on a train out.
That's what you want, right?
They told me he was dead.
One more dead, or not dead.
Who would know?
Poor, fucking stupid Lena.
You don't know fucking nothing, do you?
Hey, Sikorsky.
What happened to your arm?
Scotch from Scotland. Forty cases.
Good?
They flew it in for Churchill.
Can't afford it.
Hey, who's your comrade?
Don't worry, I'll give you a price.
I got something else for you.
Really? What's that?
Emil Brandt.
Remind me who that is.
You should know.
You've been looking for him.
Have I?
Names, names, so many names.
Maybe I should just turn him over to the Americans.
Why don't you?
Because when everyone else pulls up their tents...
... you Ivans will be the only game in Berlin, and the fact is...
-... I like it here.
-That's it?
A favor?
Two hundred thousand marks.
It's not like I'm asking for real money.
Have the printing press work overtime.
Plus papers, so I can get my girlfriend on a train out of here.
The trouble is, Tully...
... I have seen Emil Brandt's death certificate with my own eyes.
I thought you weren't looking for him.
Now, let me do you a favor.
You remind me of my son, a little bit of a buffoon, but good-natured.
Suit yourself.
I just gotta figure out how to get my girlfriend on that train. What's your girlfriend's name? Mrs. Emil Brandt. Imagine her surprise when he turned up like that. And mine too. Hey, Tully. I'll take your offer. Two hundred thousand marks. A lot to arrange, getting him out of the American zone. You follow? Come back in two hours. I'll advance you half. And bring Mrs. Brandt. I'm not going with you to the Russian zone. Lena, half up front, Have you checked the exchange rate lately? What happens when they find out you don't have Emil? What happens is, we're in London with 10,000 fucking dollars. You're out, I'm out. It's a perfect plan. I won't go to the Russian zone. I won't. He just wants to see you. What's the big deal? He wants to know I have him. -But you don't have him. -You're out selling love you don't have. Hey, fish. I had to hitch a ride from the conference. What happened? Blow. I hate to pull rank on you, but you are my fucking driver. I'm off the clock, sir. Lena? I'm off the clock too. I'll pick you up in the morning. I'm in the middle of something. -We know each other.
-I'm in the middle of something.
-What happened to you?
-I need a minute to think, Tully.
You can think on the way.
-Hey, don't push her around like that.
-Fuck you!
Move!
Get in.
Hey!
-Tully, stop.
-Shut up!
Stupid fuck!
They gave me a choice:
London or Berlin.
For me there was no choice.
The minute it came over the wire
that the war in Europe was finally over...
... all I thought of was Lena.
I didn't expect to run into her.
Not that way.
Not my first week in town.
But that was just like Lena.
She always kept me off balance.
Tully wouldn't be a problem,
or not anything I couldn't figure out.
I just had to find her again.
I knew the bartender would help.
Tell a bartender you're looking for
a friend, and you have two friends:
Him, and the girl he steers you to.
-What the hell is she doing with him?
-Who?
-Lena.
-Tully?
He's not a bad sort.
Just a bit of a cunt.
Yesterday he tried
to pimp her to me.
Well, she and her friend Hannelore
come around and cheer up the GIs.
We're all trying to get by.
This whole goddamn country,
she winds up fucking my fucking driver.
Oh, you knew her?
I hired her as a stringer.
Her husband was never home.
There were no kids.
She got tired of rattling around
the house all day.
She was good at it too.
She could get people to do things,
and they didn't know how she did it.
-You were screwing your secretary.
-Stringer.
Sorry.
What the hell does it mean
she's with him, anyway?
She seems to have made
quite an impression on you.
I just didn't expect
I'd find her like this.
I didn't expect I'd find her.
When you say to yourself,
"That's the worst thing I've ever heard"...
... stick around.
That's Berlin. Now it is.
There's always something worse.
-Yes, yes, I understand.
I'm sorry, The New Republic
is not credentialed for today's schedule.
-We can't have you without a press card.
-I told you my wallet was stolen.
I have a line of people behind you.
You should speak to General Sikorsky.
He's in charge of security.
Where's Charlie Ross?
I played poker with him in St. Louis.
If I could just talk to Charlie Ross.
Oh, fuck a duck.
General, over here, please.
Welcome.
Wonderful, wonderful.
Congratulations.
General.
General, I'm with the office
of the military governor.
I'll be escorting the captain
back to the American zone.  
Were you with Corporal Tully  
last night?  
I was in a club up till dawn  
drinking with the bartender...  
... if your girl Friday  
had bothered to check.  
Checkpoint recorded Jacob Geismer  
crossing into the Russian zone...  
... just after midnight.  
-Fucking Tully.  
-What's that?  
My wallet was stolen at the airport.  
-Did you report it?  
-It's not exactly a war crime.  
Where did you get those bruises?  
I got in a fight with Tully.  
-Over... ?  
-He rode the brake.  
Wasn't over a girl, was it?  
He was supposed to pick me up.  
He didn't show. I got pissy about it.  
The Russians want this to go away.  
An American serviceman turns up dead  
in Potsdam...  
... on the eve of the peace conference?  
It's pretty damn embarrassing.  
Good news for you, frankly.  
We want it to go away too.  
Well, maybe I should talk directly  
to the MG.  
He won't wanna bother with this.  
He doesn't wanna know  
what Tully was doing in Potsdam?  
We're doing a hell of a job in Berlin.  
Is there a black market? Sure there is.  
Are some of our boys involved in it?  
Yes, they are.  
-If the Russians killed Tully--  
-Then he deserved whatever he got.  
And his poor family  
doesn't need to know anything more...  
... than that he crashed his jeep  
trying to avoid a bunny rabbit.
We're not gonna start World War III over some dumb GI...
... who got his dick stuck in a pitch pot.
You stay out of the Russian sector for the rest of your time here.
Now, we can't protect you over there.
Thanks.
And if you find that girl...
... we'd like to talk to her.
Kids. Two months ago, they were shooting at us.
If it isn't Jake Geismer.
Who did you insult this time?
-You got a second? I'll tell you.
-Yeah, why don't we catch up?
-How's 1946?
-You mean you're not interested?
I know you, Jake. We're a long way from South Street.
That's funny. I haven't met a DA yet that could resist a murder.
Nothing better for a prosecutor than a criminal with a sense of history.
Everything got written down.
Who they killed and what it cost.
Meticulous record keepers.
--forces from the west are poised to strike the final blows upon Japan.
This military power is sustained and inspired by the determination...
... of all the Allied nations to prosecute the war against Japan...
-... until she ceases to exist.
-It looks like you're putting...
-... the whole country on trial.
-These are just the active cases.
The rest are kept under lock and key at Kransberg.
They want me to decide who the ardent Nazis were.
Truth is, it was the whole country.
Nobody's hands are clean.
Twenty-hour days
just to get my arms around it.
So, what's the murder
you wanted to tell me about?
What, Gunther?
He used to be a cop here in Berlin.
Don't worry, he doesn't
speak a word of English.
My driver, a kid named Tully,
turned up dead in Potsdam.
Potsdam? Potsdam's closed
for the conference.
Whoever wanted him dead
had access to the delegations.
-That's somebody high up.
-Why haven't I heard about it?
Muller didn't want you to.
He ordered me to leave it alone.
Nobody around here's
acting like the war is over.
Not the Russians. Not the MG.
-What's your angle?
-Why should I have an angle?
It just doesn't sound like you.
You came home, all you talked about
was what a great lay your secretary was.
-Stringer.
-Stringer. Sorry.
A bullet through the chest, in the river.
It's like it never happened.
Isn't that what we fought a war about?
Even a louse like Tully?
Okay.
Okay.
What?
The Russians will have to do
a police report. Can you get me a copy?
This guy drove one of the gas vans.
They would load the Jews in back,
run the exhaust inside.
By the time they got where they were
going, they were dead. Very efficient.
Driving to work he killed more people
than Al Capone in all his years.
But if you asked him,
he isn't a murderer, he's a truck driver.
And he still thinks that.
Thanks, Bernie. I owe you one.
Thank you, Danny.
I can't be out after curfew.
Would you walk with me?
You live here with someone?
Big man.
You want two girls?
You know a girl named Lena?
Who told you about Lena?
I'm not trying to get something for nothing.
Aren't you going to offer me a cigarette?
I didn't see her at the club.
Skinny Lena.
A big Yank in the saddle,
you'd break her in two.
Can I look in your bedroom?
Come. Fuck me, Dutch.
The princess,
who knows where she is?
Lena was raped by the Russians.
You'll get yourself a good dose.
I apologize if I hurt your feelings.
She's not so special.
They raped everyone:
cripples, children.
How did you find this place?
Five hundred just to talk.
That's what I call a real pervert.
Take a couple hours off, would you?
I have nothing to be ashamed of.
-I didn't say you did.
- The war, it's convenient.
We can all blame everything on the war.
Isn't that why you left?
The war?
I found that blue dress I bought you.
All the old things. All the old times.
This is my life now.
Tully at least understood that.
What was Tully doing
in Potsdam last night?
-I don't know.
-You weren't with him?
Potsdam is in the Russian zone.
I don't go to the Russian zone.
Lena, if I can find you, so can they.
As if I'm the only one
who needed help.
-Look at you.
-What is it you're not telling me?
It couldn't be that I loved him?
You don't need
to be afraid of him anymore.
You don't need
to protect him anymore.
I think if you hadn't left, Jacob...
... nothing would be any different.
Nothing.
lf.
lf you want to stay, it's 500 marks.
Make up your mind.
I'm going to sleep.
Did you get the report?
I had to get it from a friend of mine.
Even Muller hasn't seen that yet.
-Interesting reading?
-They found 50,000 marks on him.
So figuring they stole half, 100?
They found a slug lodged
in his backpack, .32 caliber.
Our guns are .45.
Thanks.
Now, listen,
I'm the first to recognize...
... there were excesses
in the Nazi leadership.
But if we besmirch an entire people
because of a few bad apples...
... we're no better than Hitler.
Then it's not about war crimes at all.
It's about revenge.
Revenge. Right. Got it.
Exactly. Revenge.
I found that in the dirt where Tully's body washed up. The little dash that you'll sometimes find near the serial number? It's not there. -That's meaningful? -It means Tully had something to sell. Something that our side badly wanted... ... and you very badly didn't want us to have. You solved it the way Russians know how to: You put a bullet in him. In Potsdam. Where he thought he'd be safe. All that from a mark of punctuation. No dash means that it's American. You could check it against the money you stole from him... ... if you felt like it. I was expecting Tully that night. Here. Not in Potsdam. He never showed up. Instead of the usual Scotch and cameras, he was selling... ... for the price of 200,000 marks, a man... ... named Emil Brandt. What's so interesting about Emil Brandt? The Americans were looking for him. That made me curious. We pack up entire factories and ship them back to Moscow. Now the peace conference... ... Poland, Romania, half of Europe, a windfall. Something for the sacrifice and suffering. Now ask yourself: What do the Americans get? Sounds to me like we're getting a good fleecing. You may not be as safe on the American side as you think.
Hannelore, Lena.
Even radar couldn't find you here.
Of course, you won't be earning...
... but Jacob here volunteered
to carry you girls on the cuff...
... till things have settled down.
I'll check in on you when I can.
As long as it's on the cuff
and not on my back.
He gives me the creeps.
Fixing your mouth,
with where it's going, sweetheart?
Let's give them a minute.
I don't want you to go out anymore.
It's a good thing I wasn't there,
don't you think?
-I went for a loaf of bread.
-I can bring you anything you need.
Stare at the same four walls.
I'd go mad.
You wanna tell me why Emil would be
worth 100,000 marks to someone?
There'd be no reason.
That's how much money
they found on Tully's body.
That doesn't make any sense.
Might have been nice to know,
Mrs. Brandt...
... that Tully was auctioning off
your husband.
We never talked
about Emil, remember?
One of our rules.
An affair has more rules
than marriage.
The Americans are looking for him,
and the Russians. Why?
-I don't know.
-Where is he, Lena? Where's Emil?
Emil's dead. He died six months ago
in the bombing.
Tully found out the Americans
were looking for Emil...
... so he offered him to the Russians.
One of his schemes. Stupid.
A way to get money to get me
out of Germany. Sell them a dead man.
Now he's dead too. Maybe you next,
if you don't watch yourself.
This isn't gonna go away
because Tully's dead.
-That's all I know.
-Emil was with the SS?
Two years ago they all got uniforms.
-Who knows why?
-Stop lying to me.
I'm a Nazi myself, did you know that?
It's true.
-You're not a Nazi.
-No, not a Nazi. None of us.
Just something to join,
like a sport club.
How could you fuck someone
for all those years and not know them?
-Stop it.
-Did you ever fuck a Nazi?
-Cut it out.
-How about a Jew?
-Why won't you let me help you?
-A Nazi and a Jew both, better yet.
-You did nothing wrong!
-I survived.
What happened
to the rest of your family?
They got sent to the camps.
Everyone. My mother, uncles, cousins.
Everyone dead.
As the wife of an SS man...
... I was exempt.
''A Jewess is not a Jew,''
that's the way they used to put it.
It's not something
I have ever told anyone.
And at the end...
... no one was exempt.
Hannelore told me
that you were raped by a Russian?
Hannelore can't tell a joke.
I didn't realize it was funny.
-Hannelore's funny.
-She always leaves something out.
-Why?
What did she leave out?
And then I met Tully.
God in heaven, I never thought
I'd eat real ham again.
Aren't you gonna have any?
-None for me.
-No?
Is that a Jewish name, Jacob?
The way you're eating that ham
could turn anyone kosher.
It's easy now to say Hitler
was wrong about the Jews.
Let me tell you something.
Nobody said he was wrong at the time.
You're up early.
I went down to the PX first thing
and stocked up.
Do you want some coffee?
Real coffee.
No wonder you won the war,
eating like this.
The little girl in the photograph,
is that Dora?
The notebook said ''Dora.''
What do you think you'll find in here?
It's all I have left of him.
Very dramatic, the princess.
Don't believe her.
She didn't give two shits for him,
avile or dead.
Dragging around that shrine
of crap and papers.
Meanwhile, fucking with you
the whole time before the war.
She'd make you a good wife, Lena.
She knows all the tricks.
At ease.
Jake, come on into my office.
It takes two MPs to invite a friend over?
No wonder you don't get many dates.
You haven't been home
the last couple of nights. How come?
-Keeping tabs on me, Bernie?
-Those are classified.
I can keep a secret.
What the hell happened between you
and Sikorsky?
Who's asking, you or Muller?
Don't be stupid.
Muller thought I should arrest you.
Like you just did?
What happened to your ear?
Sikorsky says it's safer for me
on the Russian side than on ours.
-I'm starting to think he's right.
-What else did Sikorsky say?
Come on, I show up in Berlin,
and the driver assigned to me...
... is running around with my old
girlfriend? That's a coincidence.
I knew it was a mistake
to try to help you.
You put me in a car with Tully
because you want Emil Brandt.
-Why?
-My apologies, Jake.
But I'm spending my days
trying to find Adolf Eichmann...
... not filling out trip tickets.
Why don't you get some sleep?
You look like shit.
Thanks for coming in.
We're speaking to you from the end
of a long, smooth runway of an airfield--
-Hi.
-Can I help you, sir?
I need a trip ticket.
That's form 48.
Thank you. Now, if I wanted
to request a specific driver--?
-The same form. Just fill in the name.
-It's a fella I used a few days ago.
Could you pull that trip ticket?
-What's your name, sir?
I wouldn't want it to go to waste.
-Size of the bubbles. Smaller the better, that's the key to champagne.

This time last year I was in Anzio, up to my balls in mud. Six months ago I was freezing my ass off in the Ardennes. The good old days.

When you could tell who the bad guy was by who was shooting at you. Something on your mind? You're hiding someone in a safe house in Kreuzberg. Who is it?

Lieutenant Schaeffer should be more careful about who follows him. I wouldn't blame Schaeffer. His name was on the trip ticket. It could be I'm just a very attentive host. Either that, or you thought I could lead you to Emil Brandt.

What do you think this peace conference is really about, who gets Poland? The future. That's why everyone's come to Potsdam. What do the next hundred years look like? All those V-2 rockets that hit London during the war. Well, you were there. If it lasted another year, that would have been New York... -... Chicago. What's this got to do...
... with the peace conference?
I thought you might have
recognized him.
Our friend in the safe house...
... is Franz Bettmann.
The Russians get Poland...
-... and we get the brains.
-In a perfect world...
... doesn't a man like Franz Bettmann
wind up building rockets for our side?
But it's not a perfect world.
It doesn't surprise you
that there are those...
... who don't wish
America well, does it?
And Emil Brandt?
Brandt was Bettmann's secretary.
Like a son to him. Bettmann
wants to bring him along to America.
Awfully sentimental. Hundred thousand
marks for somebody's secretary?
All of them.
As many as we can track down.
Split-level with a Ford in the garage.
Kids in the back yard
playing in the sprinklers.
Strange if you wanted
anything different.
Wives too.
I wouldn't put too much stock
in that SS stuff.
When I was at West Point,
we put a uniform on a mule.
Look at these sleeves
and all this ruching.
Nobody wears
anything like this anymore.
I thought we weren't gonna reminisce.
Your rules. Not that we'd have time.
-Why? What's going on?
-Why didn't you tell me Emil...
-... was with the rocket program?
-I didn't think it mattered.
He worked directly under Bettmann
and it didn't matter?
-Who told you about Bettmann?
-Muller.
They graduated
from the same polytechnic.
That's why Bettmann hired him.
Why did you talk to Muller?
He has Bettmann in a safe house,
on his way to America to make rockets.
That's why they're looking for Emil.
They're all going, including the wives.
Why didn't you tell me, Lena?
-You know what Bettmann did.
-Everybody knows who he is.
He was famous before the war.
Now, you can either tell me or Bernie.
-He'll be here in two minutes.
-No.
What was Tully selling that was worth
so much money? Some rocket secret?
-No.
-Lena.
-How the rockets were built.
-Is that what's in here?
How they were built?
Lena, please.
A factory inside a mountain.
Tunnels where the American bombs
couldn't reach.
What were once sulfur mines.
Someone had to take them out.
Slave labor. Prisoners, detainees.
That was how they built the rockets.
Emil was asked to calculate
how much to feed them...
... to keep them alive just three months
until the tunnels were completed.
It's here, in his notebooks.
Eight hundred calories a day.
After that, let them die
and bring in new workers.
The correct answer, it turned out.
It was more efficient.
They called it Dora. Camp Dora.
Thirty thousand died in that camp.
Bettmann ran it.
Every detail.
He hanged people from a crane
right outside his office window.
Take the back stairs. Find Danny
and tell him we have to move again.
And, Lena?
Make sure he knows
where I can find you.
She's playing you, Jake.
You have no idea
what you're dealing with.
Muller paid Tully
... because he worked for the rocket
program. One big happy family.
They're all coming over
to our side now.
Muller's hiding Franz Bettmann
in a safe house.
Of course he is. The Russians
want them worse than we do.
-They're kidnapping them.
-Not from the Russians...
... you dumb fucking cheesehead,
he's hiding him from you.
They built the rockets
in concentration camps.
Slave labor. Bettmann ran it.
I don't wanna call
your girlfriend a liar.
Let's just say I've met 12 people
who swear on their mother...
... they can deliver me Adolf Hitler
if I'll cut them a deal.
Her husband was Bettmann's secretary.
I've seen the notebooks.
Be honest with yourself
for a change, Jake.
Has anything good happened
since you came back?
Can I help you?
A watch, perhaps?
-No, thanks.
How about a cigarette case?
What happened to you?
An experiment
to see if you can transplant...
...a bone from one man into another.
It turns out you can't.
Always something worse.
You can get such stories anywhere.
I have plenty of those.
The Russians trade them for Lugers.
No, thanks.
How about a camera?
Rolleiflex.
The old ones used to turn the image upside-down in the viewfinder.
Little mirror sets it right.
To set things right,
a thing to wish for.
The woman who was just in here,
what did she want?
Nothing. She bought nothing.
I know her. Lena Brandt.
I know she was here for a reason.
Why?
Papers.
She wanted papers
to get out of Germany.
A Persilschein, like the soap.
That's what they call it.
To wash the sins away.
Papers for who?
For herself.
What did she do
that she has to wash away?
Better to ask why I would help her.
Me, with what I survived.
I wanna know.
At the Little White House
in Potsdam...
...Generalissimo Stalin of Russia is one
of the first to welcome the president.
As the meeting is recorded
by Signal Corps and newsreel cameras.
Next to join the group
is Prime Minister Churchill...
... who meets
an old conference friend.
The Big Three meetings are held in
Kaiser Wilhelm's former palace.
And President Truman is selected
as chairman of the conference.
Here, the fate of Germany and the end
of Japanese aggression will be settled.
Under the flag
that flew over the White House...
... when we declared war on the Axis,
the president states our aims.
We are here today
to raise the flag of victory...
... over the capital
of our greatest adversary.
Let's not forget
that we are fighting for peace...
... and for the welfare of mankind.
There's not one piece of territory,
or one thing...
... of a monetary nature
that we want out of this war.
We want peace and prosperity
for the world as a whole.
If we can put this
tremendous machine of ours...
... which has made this victory possible,
to work for peace...
... we can look forward to the greatest
age in the history of mankind.
They have a file on her.
I thought Bernie's golem broke into...
... her place looking for Emil,
but it was Lena they were looking for.
That's why she had to get out.
Something she did during the war.
Tully wasn't killed in Potsdam,
he was killed at Muller's.
The body floated with the current.
It didn't have to be someone...
... with access to the conference.
The Russian gun? Get it at a pawnshop.
-It could have been anyone.
-Always something worse.
-Did she ask you?
-What?
-To get her out of Berlin.
-She asked Tully.
You want my advice?
You'll forget all this.
You'll only get hurt here.
Or hurt someone.
-Where is she, Danny?
-Jake.
-Where is she, Danny?
-Jake.
-Where are you going?
-I have someone to meet.
-Who?
-Stop following me.
-What about the curfew?
-Life is inconvenient sometimes.
-It's not safe.
-And always, it seems not safe.
-Who?
-Someone who can get me out of Berlin.
-I'll go with you.
-No.
Tully tried to get you out,
now he's dead.
-Someone is waiting.
-Why is it so important for you to leave?
-Please.
-What are you running away from?
You should never have come back
to Berlin.
Why didn't Jake follow me?
Why didn't he try?
He was scared.
Scared I'd really do it.
That I'd shoot him...
... just like Tully.
All these men...
... they want you to cry in their arms.
I had no more tears.
I knew what I had become.
I had to kill Tully.
He was getting
too close to the truth.
Which was that the only way
out of Berlin for me...
... was to do one thing good.
One thing noble.
Otherwise,
Berlin would just follow me.
A wife should help her husband.
Isn't that noble?
Isn't that good?
Emil.
I'll be candid. I'd think I'm the last
person you'd wanna contact.
Sometimes people surprise you.
Then your husband is alive?
We're going to have to decide
to trust each other, Mrs. Brandt.
To ask to meet me here
in the Russian sector is not a good start.
I'm frightened.
That's not so difficult to understand.
When our GIs liberated Camp Dora,
they found bodies stacked up in a room.
Stopped counting at a thousand.
That was the first thing they found.
There's nothing.
Nothing to link Bettmann to any of it.
Not one sheet of paper,
not one witness.
Your husband sat in
on every single meeting and took notes.
If he were alive...
... it would be extremely significant.
Yes. He's alive.
He's a good German.
He wants to tell the truth
about Camp Dora.
What is it you want, Mrs. Brandt?
I want to get out of Berlin.
Without my husband.
Does he know that?
No.
If I let you go,
I'm part of the same hypocrisy as Muller.
But you'll do it.
Bring him in. Bring your husband in.
We'll talk about it.
Why'd you leave the money on him?
Tully. Did you panic?
I don't know
what you're talking about.
You sure you wouldn't be better off
staying put?
I'm nervous
someone followed me here.
I'm close, Danny,
really close to getting out.
That's when people get careless.
Because you can trust Jake,
if that's who you're worried about.
Have you got somewhere
you can put me?
I've got a Kino
I bought in the French sector.
You know how they are about cinema.
Matinee only until the curfew's lifted,
but it still turns a dollar.
After that,
I'm fresh out of places to park you.
I'm going to need some money
when I get to London.
You got a john for me? A rich one?
I've got a bloke in the club
who'll give you a thousand marks.
Thinking about it?
When I met you,
you'd have a go for a can of tuna.
Hello?
Don't let me interrupt you.
A thousand marks.
That's the deal, isn't it?
You want it straight
or something special?
What's special?
Whatever you want.
--How did Tully like it?
You going to take off your clothes?
You do it.
Forget it.
You keep the money.
No. I want to.
I would have gotten you out.
I still would.
You can never really get out of Berlin.
I followed you.
It's a good thing too.
Go down to the Zoo Station.
Find Danny and wait there until I get enough money to get both of you out.
Pal, I'm the one sticking my neck out.
We're supposed to meet Hauptmann Teitel.
Do I have to draw a picture? Someone got to him. Even Bernie they got to.
Stand over there like you're waiting.
You answer the door.
Mrs. Brandt.
And this must be the famous--
Go!
Help him.
Go.
How's your shoulder?
The nurses are very kind.
We were told that, if we found you, your husband would follow.
That he was devoted to you.
Now I understand why.
You're a lovely woman.
Remind me of the gals back home.
Schenectady.
You'd like it there.
Lots of good German folk.
The Sauerfleisch would make you forget Berlin.
Forgetting would be better than the Sauerfleisch.
Well, forgetting's a two-way street.
There are things you wanna forget and things we wanna forget.
Where are your husband's documents, Mrs. Brandt?
We can't seem to find them.
Oh, they're not with my other things?
You know they're not.
I don't know,
I can't remember anything.
The medicine they've given me, it's making me feel all dizzy.
Most important thing right now...
... is for you to get well.
Mrs. Brandt.
-What the hell are you doing here?
-Why, Mr. Geismer.
It's after visiting hours, but I guess some people just can't follow the rules.
Leave her alone. I mean it.
I came here to make sure she makes the right decision.
You really wanna push me?
I wouldn't.
You don't have those documents, do you, Jake?
You've seen what months of bombing can do to a city.
Imagine one bomb could do the same thing.
One bomb.
Stick it on the end of a rocket, press a button here, goes off over there.
Anywhere, halfway around the world.
That's the future.
The future of mankind's in our hands.
It's our destiny.
Hell, don't you read the papers?
-How'd you get in here?
-Who got to you? Was it Muller?
-Do I need to call an MP?
-Not just yet.
What's ''Overcast''?
-Who told you about Overcast?
-Is it a code name?
What's it got to do with Lena?
Come on, Bernie, trot out one of your
atrocity stories to get me off your back.
I had nothing to do with what happened
to Emil Brandt.
You're the only one that knew
about me and Lena.
So what? They got to me.
Least I got something for it.
I get to hang a half dozen Nazis
they wanted to just send to jail.
Not like your girlfriend, though.
She got everything she wanted,
didn't she?
She's good at that.
Well, you can tell your boy Gunther
that he left one big, swinging loose end.
Lena doesn't have Emil's documents.
I do.
-Don't do it, Jake.
-I'll call you later for your quote.
You never saw Lena's file, did you?
Yeah. You get me those documents...
... or I'll put her in jail
for the rest of her life.
I have everything I need
and then some.
Don't think I won't do it.
If I give you those documents,
then she leaves with me.
-Breimer's already taken care of that.
-Not with Bettmann. With me.
Anyplace she wants to go.
Anyplace I wanna take her.
You've been wrong every step
of the way, Jake. Why stop now?
What's in her file, Bernie?
Why don't you ask her?
-You have your papers?
-They won't stop me. I'm with you.
-Where are they?
-They're in my purse.
There's something wrong.
Jake?
Why was it so important
to get Emil out of Berlin?
And why does Bernie have a file on you?
He had a file on everyone. I told you,
I was the wife of an SS man.
Hitler put the rocket program
under the SS two years ago.
That's what you told me. That as the
wife of an SS man, you were exempt.
That's true. I told you the truth.
How many Jews were still in Germany in 1943?
By the time Emil could help you,
you should have been deported or dead.
There were not so many.
You are right.
So when they caught me,
I turned that to my advantage.
I used the skills you taught me.
When I worked for you, for the newspaper.
Watch, observe.
The stupid risks they would take--
Lunch at Aschinger's. --just to remind
themselves they were still human.
I found 12.
I turned 12 people
over to the Gestapo.
That's how I survived.
It was all to survive.
Everything.
Now you know.
The last piece in your puzzle.