

TAKING SIDES

by Ronald Harwood

adapted from the play by  
Ronald Harwood

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FADE IN:

INT. BERLIN CONCERT HALL (1944) - NIGHT

A man conducting Beethoven. Air raid in progress. Bombs falling nearby. The orchestra continues to play. Suddenly the lights go out. The music stops.

INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR, CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A beam from a torch, bouncing, making shadows. An ATTENDANT, carrying the torch, hurries down the corridor. The air raid continues.

He comes to a door, knocks, opens it and looks in.

ATTENDANT

(agitated)

Dr. Furtw,ngler, the Reichsminister.

The sound of heavy footsteps approaching. The attendant turns his torch to light the way for three men in Nazi uniform, also with attendants and torches, marching down the corridor.

The attendant bows deeply as the REICHSMINISTER and his aide go through the door. The other man remains in the corridor on guard.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Candles light the room where the conductor shakes hands with the Reichsminister.

REICHSMINISTER

Dr. Furtw,ngler, I want to apologise personally for this power failure. I was so enjoying the performance. In times like these we need spiritual nourishment.

A bomb explodes nearby.

REICHSMINISTER

But I welcome this unexpected opportunity of talking to you.

(with great care)

When you came on to the platform tonight, I thought you weren't well. You looked tired,

(a warning)

Get away from this bombing.

Away from the war. Yes, you look tired...

(a crooked smile)

Even in this light.

INT. RUINED CINEMA - DAY

Dark. ON A SCREEN: scenes from Leni Riefenstahl's triumph of the will. Over this:

A MAN'S VOICE

Look at them. Men, women, kids. Boy, did they love him. You see, Steve, Adolf Hitler touched

something deep, real deep and savage and barbaric, and it won't just go away overnight. It's got to be rooted out. You know what I think? I think they were all Nazis. And let's face it, their leaders, those bastards now on trial in Nuremberg, couldn't have done it alone. It's these people, they gave all the help that was needed. Willingly.

The film changes with a scratchy music soundtrack - Wagner. SHOTS of high-ranking Nazis in an audience including Josef Goebbels, listening. And they're listening to and watching Wilhelm Furtw,ngler conducting. At the appropriate moment:

THE MAN'S VOICE

That's him. Furtw,ngler. Wilhelm Furtw,ngler.

The Nazis applaud. Goebbels shakes hands with Furtw,ngler. The film ends.

Sitting in the ruined cinema are two men: GENERAL WALLACE, with files on the table, and, beside him, MAJOR STEVE ARNOLD. A PROJECTIONIST is standing in the door of the projection room.

WALLACE

So, you never heard of him.

STEVE

Nope.

WALLACE

Do you know who Arturo Toscanini is?

STEVE

Sure.

WALLACE

He's as big as Toscanini, maybe even bigger. In this neck of the woods, he's probably Bob Hope and Betty Grable rolled into one.

STEVE

Jeez, and I never heard of him.

Wallace glances at the file.

WALLACE

You were in insurance before the war.

STEVE

Right. Claims assessor.

WALLACE

Conscientious, determined, dogged.

STEVE

(amused)

They said I was dogged?

WALLACE

Well, they say here that when you went on a case, you stayed on it.

(looks up at Steve.)

Now we can't take every Nazi in this country to trial, although I would like to; it's an impossibility. So we're going for the big boys in industry, education, law, culture.

STEVE

Like this bandleader.

WALLACE

(a smile)

Well, he's more than just a bandleader, Steve. He's a great conductor, a gifted artist. But we believe that he sold himself to the devil. Your number one priority from this moment on is to connect him to the Nazi Party. Don't be impressed by him. I want the folks back home to understand why we fought this war. Find Wilhelm Furtwangler guilty. He represents everything that was rotten in Germany.

Steve wants to rise, but Wallace puts a hand on his shoulder to make him sit again.

WALLACE

Stay put, Steve. There is some other stuff that I'd like for you to see here. Background.

He nods to the projectionist, then starts to go, but stops.

WALLACE

Oh, one thing that may be a problem. Our Occupation Authorities in Wiesbaden have a duty to help these poor unfortunates with their defence. They keep repeating: 'We

must be just, we must be seen to be just.' Well, I've only one thing to say to the liberals in Wiesbaden: fuck 'em.

(as he goes)

You answer to no one but me. Is that understood?

(to the projectionist  
in the door)

Show him the film.

PROJECTIONIST

Yes, sir. Roll it.

Wallace goes. The projectionist starts the next reel.

ON THE SCREEN: a Berlin sequence. Bombs falling. Ruins, a city devastated, empty. Flags of the four allied nations. Posters of Truman, Stalin, Churchill.

ARCHIVE FILM VOICE

That is the hand that dropped the bombs on defenceless Rotterdam, Brussels, Belgrade. That is the hand that destroyed the cities, villages and homes of Russia. That is the hand that held the whip over the Polish, Yugoslav, French and Norwegian slaves. That is the hand that took their food.

Steve watches expressionless.

WALLACE

Next reel, please.

ON THE SCREEN: SHOTS of camp survivors. Then SHOTS of emaciated corpses being bulldozed into mass graves.

ARCHIVE FILM

Sanitary conditions were so appalling that heavy equipment had to be brought in to speed the work of cleaning up. This was Bergen Belsen.

The moment this appears, Steve rises and goes quickly.

ON THE SCREEN: piles of cadavers.

INT. MAJOR STEVE ARNOLD'S BEDROOM (1945) - NIGHT

Steve having a nightmare, twisting, turning, moaning. He wakes with a cry. He is sweating. He turns on the light, looks at a clock, reaches for a cigarette, lights it. He smokes. He stares at the ceiling.

Later:

Early morning. Cold. Steve is at the basin in his small room, shaving. A radio on a shelf.

AMERICAN RADIO VOICE

Remember, men, no fraternisation.  
In a German town, if you bow to a  
pretty girl or pat a blond child,  
you bow to all that Hitler stood  
for. You bow to his reign of blood.  
You caress the ideology that meant  
death and destruction. You never  
know who was a member of the Nazi  
Party. Don't be fooled. Don't  
fraternise.

EXT. STEVE'S OFFICE BUILDING, BERLIN - DAY

Steve's car swerves round the corner and comes to a halt. A small crowd watch workmen on ladders hammering away at a stone swastika above the portico. American soldiers supervise. Steve gets out of the car, carrying an attache case, and he, too, watches as the stone swastika falls and crashes into pieces on the road. One or two people clap, most just stare.

The American soldiers immediately hoist the Stars and Stripes. Steve goes into the building. The sentry salutes.

The driver of the car goes to the trunk and takes out a labelled duffel bag, cans of film, a case which holds a 16-mm projector. A small BOY sidles up to him:

BOY

Cigarettes, chewing gum?

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Steve and Sergeant Adams ascending a grand, winding but damaged staircase to the rear of a spacious entrance hall. A once impressive building. Signs of bomb damage everywhere. German workmen doing repairs. American military personnel coming and going, saluting Steve, who barely acknowledges them.

They reach the landing. Adams opens double doors and they go through.

ADAMS

We're gonna have the heating fixed  
by tonight.

A few gilt chairs, a workman trying to repair the stove. Adams opens another door for Steve.

INT. STEVE S OFFICE - DAY

EMMI is hanging the standard photograph of President Truman on the wall. She turns to see Steve and Adams and is covered with confusion. She gives Steve a little curtsey.

ADAMS

Fr,ulein, this is Major Arnold.  
Sir, this is your secretary,  
Fr,ulein Emmi Straube. Her file's  
on your desk. They sent her over  
from Admin. I'll leave you to it.

He goes. Steve scrutinises Emmi. She's embarrassed, keeps her eyes downcast. Steve goes to his desk, opens a file, reads.

STEVE

You live here, in Berlin?

EMMI

Yes.

STEVE

You do shorthand and typing?

EMMI

Yes.

He nods, goes on reading.

STEVE

Okay, let's see. How long were you  
in the camp for?

EMMI

Three months.

STEVE

Says here because of your father.  
What's that mean?

EMMI

My father was one of the officers  
in the plot against Hitler. They  
arrested the plotters and their  
families.

STEVE

Your mother, too.

EMMI

Yes. She suffered longer. She was  
in Ravensbruck.

STEVE

And your father was executed.

She nods, keeps her eyes averted. He smiles sympathetically.

STEVE

I'm gonna call you Emmi, you're gonna call me Steve. Okay?

No response.

STEVE

I got a list of stuff here I'd like you to get for me.

He searches his pockets.

ADAMS

If you need anything, let me know.

EMMI

Major...

STEVE

Steve.

EMMI

There have been messages for you.  
(She consults the  
pad.)

A Lieutenant David Wills called from the Allied Kommandatura Cultural Affairs office in Wiesbaden. I don't know who he is.

Steve starts to unpack his attache case.

EMMI

Then there have been three calls from Dr. Furtwängler wanting to know when you wish to see him. I did not speak to him personally...

She hands Steve a typewritten sheet. He ignores it, finds a list which he hands to her. He waits for her to read, then:

STEVE

Think you can get me any of that?

EMMI

(pleased)

Oh yes, Major, I have recordings of all his symphonies. I kept them safe during the bombing. My favourite is the Seventh Symphony.



STEVE  
Mine's the Eleventh.

EMMI  
(puzzled)  
But... he only wrote nine, Major.

STEVE  
I'm kidding, Emmi. What about a  
record player? You have that, too?

EMMI  
No. Ours was damaged.

STEVE  
(surveys the room)  
What's in those files?

EMMI  
The names of the members of the  
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra since  
1934 together with their  
questionnaires. Major, what am I  
to tell Dr. Furtw,ngler?

STEVE  
You tell him nothing, Emmi. If he  
calls again, you say you know  
nothing. We're gonna keep him  
waiting while I get acquainted  
with his case and with the  
witnesses. And, God help me, with  
Beethoven.

He smiles. She tries to smile back.

EXT. FLEA MARKET, BERLIN - DAY

Freezing weather. A narrow street, crowded, busy, noisy.  
Some makeshift stalls set out, trestle tables, open  
suitcases, people buying and selling every imaginable  
commodity.

Emmi wanders through the crowd, passing a violinist, Helmuth  
Rode, wrapped up against the cold, playing Handel's Air on  
a G String, a bowl for money at his feet. A passer-by drops  
a cigarette butt in it. Immediately, Rode retrieves the  
butt.

Emmi comes to a stall selling piles of gramophone records.  
She asks the stallholder a question. He points to another  
stall across the way.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve at his desk, paging through files. A knock on the door.

STEVE

Yeah.

Lieutenant DAVID WILLS, aged twenty-four, enters, comes to Steve's desk, stands to attention, salutes.

DAVID

Lieutenant Wills reporting to Major Arnold. Sir.

STEVE

For Chrissakes I hate that shit, cut it out.

DAVID

I'm very sorry.

STEVE

I'm Steve. What's your name?

DAVID

David. David Wills. I'm your liaison officer with the Allied Kommandatura Cultural Affairs Committee. Sir.

STEVE

Sounds a lot of run.

(studies David.)

So they sent the big guns to check up on me. We recruiting children now?

DAVID

(smiles')

I guess so, sir.

STEVE

You call me sir again and I'll make you listen to Beethoven.

David half-smiles.

STEVE

Where you from, David?

DAVID

was born here, in Leipzig. I escaped in '36. My parents, they sent me to my uncle in Philadelphia. They were to follow. But they delayed and...

Breaks off. Nothing from Steve.

DAVID

Our family name was Weill. But  
that doesn't sound well in English.  
My uncle changed it to Wills and...

The door opens and Emmi enters carrying a record player,  
sees David and starts to back out.

EMMI

I'm sorry.

STEVE

Come in, Emmi, this is your office,  
too. Emmi, this is Lieutenant David  
Wills.

They nod briefly.

STEVE

He is here to watch over us.

A flick from Emmi.

STEVE

I guess you admire musicians.

DAVID

Some.

STEVE

Don't. This is like a criminal  
investigation, David. Musicians,  
morticians, doctors, lawyers,  
butchers, clerks. They're all the  
same.

For Emmi's benefit too. She becomes still, listens.

STEVE

We have a duty, a moral duty.

David takes a few files, sits and starts to look through  
them. Steve returns to his files. Emmi, by now, has put on  
a record and starts to play it: the opening of Beethoven's  
Fifth Symphony blasts out.

The two men look up, startled. Emmi beams:

EMMI

It works! Hallelujah!

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Emmi at the door. Steve at his desk. David present.

EMMI

Herr Rudolf Werner.

WERNER enters, bows to Steve and David. Emmi goes to her desk.

STEVE

Sit down, Werner.

Indicates the upright chair; Werner sits.

STEVE

I want you to understand why you're here. This is an investigation into Wilhelm Furtwängler, former Prussian Privy Councillor, banned from public life under Control Council Directive No 24 and who's applied to come before the Tribunal of Artists of the Denazification Commission. I'm interested in what he was up to from 1933 to the end of the war, understood?

Werner nods.

STEVE

Rudolf Otto Werner. Wind section since 1936. What instrument did you play?

WERNER

First oboe.

STEVE

I have your questionnaire here. It says you were never a member of the Nazi Party.

WERNER

Absolutely not.

Long silence; Steve watches him. Werner is made more anxious. At last, in a rush:

WERNER

No, I was never a Nazi, I have no interest in politics, I'm a musician -

STEVE

Hey, hey, slow up, Fraulein Straube has to take down what you say.

Werner swivels round to look at Emmi.

WERNER

Straube? Any relation to Colonel Joachim Straube?

EMMI

My father.

WERNER

It's a great honour to meet you, Fraulein. Your father was a great patriot.

Brief silence.

WERNER

Dr. Furtw,ngler is a great musician. He actively opposed the Nazis and later on he helped many Jews to escape.

STEVE

Then how do you explain him being made a Prussian Privy Councillor?

WERNER

It was Hermann Goering. I was told he just made the maestro his Privy Councillor, no questions asked. Although Dr. Furtw,ngler stood up to him. And to Dr. Goebbels.

STEVE

He also conducted for Hitler, didn't he?

WERNER

Yes, that's true, but he refused to give the Nazi salute. He kept his baton in his right hand. In Hitler's presence. That was a brave act...

STEVE

Brave? To celebrate Hitler's birthday with some heroic piece by Wagner but without the Nazi salute? Bravo.

WERNER

It was Beethoven's Ninth.

STEVE

Do you really think it was brave? Didn't he bow to him and shake his hand?

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Another man, SCHLEE, is in the chair. Only Steve and Emmi now. Pale, yellow electric light. Silence. Schlee, too, is very nervous. At last:

SCHLEE

No, no, no, I give you my word. I was never a member of the Nazi Party. Never. I am in the percussion section. I play the timpani.

Steve just stares at him.

SCHLEE

Anyway, they would never have allowed it. My brother was married to a Jewess, may she rest in peace. And Goebbels said...

(to Emmi)

...please take this down carefully, because it's most important, Fraulein?

EMMI

Straube.

SCHLEE

(acting surprised)

Straube? Are you by any chance related to Colonel Joachim Straube?

EMMI

My father.

SCHLEE

He was... he was a great hero.

Steve lights a cigarette.

SCHLEE

Goebbels, yes, Josef Goebbels said, 'There's not a single filthy Jew left in Germany on whose behalf Dr. Furtw,ngler has not intervened.' No, no one could have been less of a Nazi than Dr. Furtw,ngler.

STEVE

But this was the same guy who conducted for Adolf on his birthday.

SCHLEE

He was forced to do that. But he refused to give the Nazi salute in front of Hitler. He kept his baton in his hand, you can't salute with

a baton in your hand.

DAVID

And what about the Nuremberg Rally?

SCHLEE

No, we...we played on the evening before the Rally.

STEVE

(straight-faced)

Oh! The evening before, I see...

SCHLEE

Yes, Dr. Furtwängler was absolutely clear about this: politics and art must be kept separate.

STEVE

Politics and art must be kept separate. I'll remember that. But let me see if you can help me with something I just don't understand. I'd really like to know why all you guys are so crazy about him. What's his secret?

Schlee tries to find words.

SCHLEE

Well, it's hard to explain. I can only tell you from my own experience. Soon after I joined the orchestra, we were rehearsing the Third Symphony of Beethoven, the Eroica. There are several rather difficult passages for the timpani. One particular crescendo. During the break, I asked how he wanted it played. He was studying his score. He didn't look up. He said, 'Just watch me.' So, of course, I did. I never stopped watching him. The moment came. And suddenly, he turned to me and our eyes were locked. There was something in his look that... that simply demanded the crescendo. I shall never forget his look. It was a moment of... of magic.

Steve nods, thinks for a moment. Then:

STEVE

You ever seen Adolf Hitler's eyes when he was making a speech? I've

seen 'em on films.

SCHLEE

Yes.

STEVE

Was looking at Furtw,ngler like that?

SCHLEE

I don't know what you mean, Major.

STEVE

When you got to the crescendo.

Schlee looks at him bewildered.

INT./EXT. CAR (TRAVELLING), LAKESIDE AND MANSION - DAY

In the back, David and Steve. Military driver. The car's making its way along a road that skirts a lake towards a grand mansion from which fly the four Allied flags.

STEVE

You think a whole orchestra, what, a hundred and forty or so guys, could be orchestrated?

DAVID

I guess it's possible.

STEVE

So, what does the Russki want?

DAVID

Colonel Dymshitz asked specially to see you.

STEVE

'Dim-shits'?

INT. THE MANSION - DAY

A huge, cavernous room, once the ballroom.

In the centre, a table with four chairs. To one side, antique furniture, objets d'art, paintings. Four Allied officers are surveying the treasures: COLONEL DYMSHITZ, COLONEL GREEN (American), MAJOR RICHARDS (British) and CAPTAIN VERNAY (French). What they say is barely audible, low mumbles. They're accompanied by aides with clipboards, taking notes.

Beyond, and some distance away, a row of gilt chairs for observers where David and Steve take their seats.



STEVE

What the hell are they doing?

DAVID

(whispered)

They're trying to sort out some of the works of art the Nazis stole from occupied territories. Who really owns what? That's Colonel Dymshitz, on the far side.

Dymshitz, small, intelligent face, cunning eyes.

DAVID'S VOICE

art historian, head of the famous Leningrad Museum of Art. He is an expert on German culture.

Green, correct, formal, precise, immaculate. Richards, bespectacled and nondescript. Vernay, upright, proud.

VERNAY

(suddenly raising his voice)

Je suis navr., Colonel, cette peinture n'est pas la propri., de l'union sovi.,tique mats bien cette de la France.

GREEN

What's he saying? Henri, what is you saying?

AMERICAN AIDE

He's saying that picture is the property of France

VERNAY

C'est un Braque qui avec Picasso ,tait un des pionniers du cubisme.

DYMSHITZ

(in French)

I know who Georges Braque is, Captain.

AMERICAN AIDE

(almost simultaneously)

It's a Barque.

FRENCH AIDE

We can produce the provenance of this Braque, you say provenance?

INT./EXT. SALON OFF THE BALLROOM AND TERRACE - DAY

Outside the club room for the participants. Buzz of conversation, clink of glasses, cups. The terrace is deserted.

A waiter carries a tray with various refreshments to a quiet corner where Dymshitz, Green, Vernay, his aide LIEUTENANT SIMON, Steve and David sit in comfortable armchairs. The waiter serves them. During this:

DYMSHITZ

Hello, Major, my name is Dymshitz.  
I'm glad to see you.

STEVE

Colonel. Pleasure.

DYMSHITZ

So, Major, tell me, have you questioned Dr. Furtwangler?

STEVE

Not yet.

DYMSHITZ

I've had two meetings with him.  
He's a great musician. Maybe the greatest conductor in the world.  
His Brahms, Beethoven, Schubert - unequalled.

Steve makes a non-committal gesture.

DYMSHITZ

I'll come straight to point. I've offered him a very attractive position. Conductor of the Staatsoper Unten den Linden. He refused. But I want him. I want him badly. And I want your help.

GREEN

Hey, just a moment, you should have discussed this with me first.

DYMSHITZ

I'm discussing it with you now. Major, I want you to drop your investigation, save everybody time and trouble.

GREEN

We can't drop a case just like that.

DYMSHITZ

I'll give you another conductor in exchange or writer, musician, actor what...what do you care? But I like Furtw,ngler. He's my favourite conductor.

(chuckles.)

Mine and Hitler's. He's our favourite conductor.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Rode is seated, waiting. Nervous, tense. The sound of laughter, David's laughter from the office. It makes him even more uncomfortable.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Emmi and David laughing.

DAVID

I clicked my heels, saluted and bowed at the same time.

He demonstrates. She laughs again.

EMMI

That's because you had a proper upbringing.

DAVID

That's right. I was raised very strictly. So don't speak before you are spoken to!

EMMI

Oh! And don't wave your hands about!

DAVID

Respect your elders and your betters!

EMMI

And no elbows on the table!

DAVID

Eating is eating... and...

EMMI

And talking is talking! Well, I think we better get on.

DAVID

Right. So, this is going to be very formal, too, now. Lieutenant David Wills requests die pleasure of die company of Fraulein Emmi

Straube at dinner any night she  
cares.

She smiles just as Steve bursts in. He's in a bright,  
cheerful, energetic mood.

David draws back guiltily. Emmi, embarrassed, hesitates  
then turns to the typewriter and types furiously. Seeing  
this, Steve stops, but just for a brief moment. Then, as  
he goes to his desk:

STEVE

David, need to ask you something.  
You heard this rumour the British  
found something called the Hinkel  
Archive?

DAVID

Yes.

STEVE

So what is it?

DAVID

The British occupy the building  
where this guy, Hinkel, ran the  
Nazi Ministry of Culture and it  
seems they've... they've discovered  
his secret archive.

STEVE

What's that mean?

DAVID

I don't know, but the British are  
excited about it, I know that. The  
rumour is Hinkel kept a file on  
every artist working in the Third  
Reich.

STEVE

Jeez. And you think the British'll  
share it with their Allies?

DAVID

Major Richards said he'd call to  
let us know.

STEVE

That's big of him.

He looks from David to Emmi as if trying to work out  
something. Then:

STEVE

Okay, better question the next

witness. I bet you a bottle of French champagne he tells us the baton story inside ten minutes.

DAVID

Five minutes.

STEVE

It's a bet. You're the witness, Emmi.

Later.

Rode in the witness chair. Steve studying the file. David and Emmi ready to take notes.

STEVE

Helmuth Alfred Rode. Second violinist since 1935. What's it mean, second violinist?

RODE

It means I wasn't good enough to be a first violinist.

He chuckles, looks around for approval. Steve grins encouragingly.

STEVE

Good, and according to your questionnaire, Helmuth, you never joined the Nazi Party.

RODE

Me? Never. Never.

Long silence.

RODE

I... I know everyone now says they were never Nazis but in my case it is absolutely one hundred per cent true. I am a Catholic, it would have been totally against my conscience.

Silence.

Steve lights a cigarette; Rode eyes it hungrily.

RODE

Is it true you're going to interview Dr. Furtw,ngler today?

STEVE

I'll ask the questions, Helmuth.

RODE

Excuse me. Did you know that he refused to give the Nazi salute when Hitler was present in the audience?

Steve flicks David a glance, waggles his finger like a baton.

RODE

The problem was how could he avoid giving the Devil's salute when Satan was actually sitting there.

(modestly taps his chest with his thumb.)

And, I said, 'Dr. Furtw,ngler, why not enter with the baton in your right hand? Hitler will be sitting in the front row. If you give the salute with the baton in your right hand it'll look like you're going to poke his eyes out.'

Chuckles. David mouths I win to Steve.

RODE

He was...He was really grateful to me for that. After the concert, I... I stole that baton as a memento of a great act of courage. I still have it. I should have brought it to show you. I hope I'm not going too fast for you, Fraulein?-

EMMI

Straube.

Steve and David exchange a brief look.

RODE

Straube. Any relation to Colonel Joachim Straube?

EMMI

My father.

RODE

(standing)

I am deeply honoured to be in your presence, Fraulein Straube. Your father was a true patriot, a man of God.

He crosses himself. Silence. David raises a discreet finger.

STEVE

You have a question for Helmuth,  
David?

DAVID

Yes. What was the orchestra's  
reaction when they asked you to  
play for Hitler's birthday?

RODE

Oh, we didn't play for his birthday,  
we played the evening before - it  
was the 19th of April not the 20th.

STEVE

Do you know Hans Hinkel?

RODE

(alarmed)

Do I know Hans Hinkel?

STEVE

That's what I asked.

RODE

Do I know Hans Hinkel?

STEVE

You seem to understand the question,  
now how about answering it?

RODE

Hans Hinkel was in the Ministry of  
Culture; how could I know such a  
man? I

Brief silence; a smile.

RODE

I hear the British have his... his  
archive, files, records.

STEVE

Do you know what's in this archive?

RODE

How could I know what's in the  
archive?

Steve nods, smiles.

STEVE

Okay, you can go now, Helmuth. Get  
out.

Rode stands and bows.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The final bars of the Fifth Symphony. Snowing. Dim light. There is more furniture now: two chairs, one comfortable, the other upright. A sitting area by the window with the telephone extension. The 16-mm projector set up in another corner.

Steve, at his desk, wrapped up against the cold, going through files, making notes. He stops, seems to listen, then goes to the window, looks out.

The music ends. The record hisses. Steve just stares out at the night and the snow. The record continues to hiss.

INT./EXT TRAM, BERLIN (TRAVELLING) - DAY

The tram packed to overflowing. Then, a sudden stir among the passengers as people push through trying to find space. One of them is FURTW,NGLER. He's recognised. Whispering. He stares ahead or keeps his eyes downcast. An elderly man tugs at his coat, half-rises, offering his seat. Furtw,ngler manages a smile and shakes his head. The tram rattles on.

INT. HALL, STEVE'S BUILDING - DAY

Furtw,ngler approaches Adams at his desk.

He crosses to the stairs. German workmen stop what they are doing to let him pass. One of them bows.

On the upper landing, Emmi is making her way to Steve's office.

She stops, sees Furtw,ngler on the stairs and then dashes to Steve's door.

FURTW,NGLER

Furtw,ngler.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Emmi bursts in on Steve and David. She's overawed:

EMMI

Major, Major... he's here ...

STEVE

Shut the door, Emmi. Sit down,  
Emmi. We're going to keep him  
waiting, too.

Emmi glances out again and reluctantly closes the door,



Steve sits calmly, relaxed.

STEVE

Emmi, get us some coffee, will you? And, Emmi, don't offer him coffee. Don't even greet him, okay?

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Furtw,ngler sits, waiting. Emmi, deeply embarrassed, hurries through.. Furtw,ngler is about to ask her something, but she's gone. He waits.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve and David preparing papers.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Furtw,ngler waiting. Emmi enters from the landing door carrying a tray and three mugs of coffee. She hurries towards the office door, eyes downcast.

FURTW,NGLER

Fraulein?

Emmi stops.

FURTW,NGLER

How long am I to be kept waiting?

Emmi bites her lip and, without looking at him, disappears into the office. Furtw,ngler closes his eyes, breathes deeply.

He stands, goes to the window, looks out.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Silence. Steve studying his notes. David watching him. Emmi staring forlornly into space.

STEVE

Okay, Emmi, go get him.

Emmi rises, opens the door, nods, turns back to Steve.

EMMI

Dr. Furtw,ngler.

Furtw,ngler enters. As he passes her, Emmi gives him a small curtsey. David nods. Steve doesn't look up. Furtw,ngler waits a moment, glances round, sees the more comfortable chair and sits in it. Steve looks up.

STEVE

I didn't hear anyone invite you to sit down.

Furtw,ngler stands. Steve points to the other chair.

STEVE

Sit there.

Furtw,ngler sits.

STEVE

I want you to understand why you're here. You're automatically banned from public life under Control Council Directive No 24. We're here to look into your case before you appear in front of the Tribunal for Artists of the Denazification Commission. You understand that?

FURTW,NGLER

I have already been cleared by a Denazification Tribunal in Austria.

STEVE

What they do in Austria doesn't interest me one little bit. Okay? I have your questionnaire here,  
(reading)

Gustav Heinrich Ernst Martin Wilhelm Furtw,ngler, born Berlin, January 1886. Orchestral conductor. And you say here you were never a member of the Nazi Party.

FURTW,NGLER

That is correct.

A very long silence. When the silence is unbearable Steve speaks.

STEVE

Could you tell us about being made a Prussian Privy Councillor. How did that happen to a non-Party member?

FURTW,NGLER

I received a telegram from Hermann Goering informing me that he had made me a Privy Councillor. I was not given the opportunity either to accept or refuse. After the dreadful events of November 1938, the violent attacks on the Jews, I stopped using the title.

STEVE

What about Vice-President of the Chamber of Music, you used that title didn't you? But then I suppose you had no choice there either, because I suppose Dr. Goebbels just sent you a telegram saying, Dear Mr. Vice-President.

FURTW,NGLER

I don't think Dr. Goebbels sent me a telegram. I was simply told. In a letter, I believe. I don't remember exactly.

STEVE

Goebbels and Goering were sure heaping honours on you. One makes you a Privy Councillor, the other makes you Vice-President of the Chamber of Music, and you weren't even a member of the Party, how do you explain that?

FURTW,NGLER

Well, there was a constant battle between Goering and Goebbels as to which of them would control German culture. I was simply a pawn. Anyway, I resigned from the Musikkammer at the same time I resigned as Musical Director of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1934.

David puts up a hand. Steve nods.

DAVID

Why was that? Why did you resign, Dr. Furtw,ngler?

FURTW,NGLER

I wrote an open letter to the newspapers condemning what they were doing to music, making these distinctions between Jews and non-Jews. For my part, the only divide in art is between good and bad. Eventually, Goebbels summoned me and told me I could leave the country if I wanted to but under no condition would I ever be allowed to return. I always believe that you have to fight from the inside not from without. I asked myself,

what's the duty of an artist, to stay or to leave? And then Goebbels demanded that I acknowledge Hitler as solely responsible for cultural policy. Well, that was a fact and it seemed pointless to deny it. I simply acknowledged that Hitler and the Minister of Culture appointed by him were solely responsible for the cultural policy of the Reich. What I wanted to express was that I, personally, had no responsibility whatsoever for their cultural policy. I have always had the view that art and politics should... should have nothing to do with each other.

STEVE

Then why did you conduct at one of their Nuremberg rallies?

FURTW,NGLER

(flaring)

I did not conduct at at the rally, I conducted on the evening before the rally.

STEVE

That sounds like the small print in one of our insurance policies, Wilhelm. And what about April 19, 1942? The eve of Hitler's fifty-third birthday, the big celebration; you conducted for Hitler, didn't you? Was that in keeping with your view that art and politics have nothing to do with each other?

FURTW,NGLER

(flustered)

That... that was a different matter, I... I was tricked.

STEVE

How come?

FURTW,NGLER

Could I have a glass of water, please? Please, Fraulein?

EMMI

Straube.

Steve looks expectant but Furtw,ngler remains silent. Steve nods to Emmi, who gets the water. Furtw,ngler drinks.

Steve waits.

FURTW,ANGLER

Thank you. I was in Vienna, rehearsing the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, when Goebbels called and said I had to conduct at Hitler's birthday. I'd always managed to wriggle out of such invitations, pleading previous engagements, illness, having my doctors state I was not well and so on and so on. I was also fortunate that Baldur von Shirach, who controlled Vienna, hated Dr. Goebbels and would do anything to thwart his wishes. But this time Goebbels got to my doctors before me; they were frightened off, and von Schirach was threatened, bullied and gave in. So, I had no alternative but to conduct for Hitler. Believe me, I knew I had compromised, and I deeply regret it.

STEVE

(playing with him)

Doesn't sound much of a trick to me. Sounds like you made a deal.

FURTW,ANGLER

I made no deal!

STEVE

I don't buy that.

FURTW,ANGLER

It's the truth.

Silence. Steve paces. Then suddenly turns on Furtw,ngler.

STEVE

I keep hearing you helped a lot of Jews to escape. How did you do that?

FURTW,ANGLER

I don't remember in detail, there were so many.

STEVE

Did you call someone you knew?

FURTW,ANGLER

I may have, as... as I said, I

simply don't remember.

STEVE

Let me me help you, then. You picked up the phone and made a call -

(Mimes a telephone.)

'Hello, Adolf? Wilhelm speaking. Listen, old pal, there's a Jew-boy musician I want you to help. He needs a permit to get to Paris.'

Emmi sticks her fingers in her ears and shuts her eyes tight.

STEVE

Or maybe you called Goebbels or Goering? You were so close you were in the same shithouse as them.

FURTW,NGLER

May I ask a question?

STEVE

Sure.

FURTW,NGLER

When will my case be heard by the Tribunal?

STEVE

Your guess is as good as mine.

FURTW,NGLER

I need to work. I need to make my living. I live off the generosity of friends...

STEVE

Tough, tough!

FURTW,NGLER

(now more and more agitated)

Then why is it, please, that another conductor who was actually a member of the Party, who used to play the Horst Wessel before his concerts, has already been cleared and is working again while I have to wait and wait and wait?

STEVE

I don't know, he wasn't my case. Why did you escape to Switzerland just before the war ended?

FURTW,NGLER

It was because I learned that the Gestapo was about to arrest me.

STEVE

Why were they going to arrest you?

FURTW,NGLER

I believe it was because of another letter I'd written to Goebbels lamenting the decline of musical standards due to racial policies.

STEVE

You didn't complain about the racial policies, just about the musical standards, is that right?

No response.

STEVE

So, how did you learn that the Gestapo was out to get you?

FURTW,NGLER

During an enforced hour-long interval because of a power failure at a concert here in Berlin, Albert Speer, the Minister of Armaments, said to me, 'You look very tired Dr. Furtw,ngler, you should go abroad for a while.' I knew exactly what he meant.

STEVE

You sure knew a lot of people in high places.

FURTW,NGLER

It would be truer to say, I think, that a lot of people in high places knew me.

STEVE

You were real close to all of them, to Adolf, to Hermann, to Joseph, to Baldur, and now Albert,

(flaring)

So, let's hear the truth, let's come clean. What was your Party number?

FURTW,NGLER

If you are going to bully me like this, Major, you had better do your homework. You obviously have

no idea how impertinent and stupid  
your questions are.

Steve is stung. His eyes narrow dangerously.

STEVE

David, you remember I said I had a question that he wouldn't be able to answer? Well, I'm gonna ask it now. You ready for this, Wilhelm? It's a tough one. Why didn't you get out right at the start when Hitler came to power in 1933? Why didn't you leave Germany?

No response.

STEVE

I have a list of names here, people in your profession, who got out in '33. Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Arnold Schoenberg, Max Reinhardt...

FURTW,NGLER

They were Jews, they had to leave. They were right to leave.

(He breathes deeply,  
summons strength.)

I could not leave my country in her deepest misery. After all, I am a German. I... I stayed in my homeland. Is that my sin in your eyes?

STEVE

See, David? He can't answer the question. I'll ask it again, Wilhelm, and don't give me any more airy-fairy, intellectual bullshit!

The telephone rings. No one moves. Then Emmi picks up the telephone.

EMMI

Major Arnold's office. Yes, he is.

Offers the phone to David.

EMMI

It's Major Richards for Lieutenant Wills.

David takes the telephone.

DAVID



David Wills. Yes, sir.  
(listens.)  
Well, you want me to tell him?  
Okay,  
(to Steve)  
Major Richards wants a word with  
you, sir.

Steve indicates he'll take the call on the extension.  
Furtw,ngler stands. As Steve crosses to the extension:

STEVE  
(muttering)  
Why can't he just ask for me? Why  
does he have to ask for you first?  
Goddamn British, so correct!

He picks up the extension. Emmi puts down her receiver.

STEVE  
Steve Arnold...

FURTW,NGLER  
I've had enough of this, I'm  
leaving.

He goes quickly. David dashes after him.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY Furtw,ngler is at the door when  
David reaches him.

DAVID  
Dr. Furtw,ngler! Dr. Furtw,ngler!  
Please, please...  
(a warning)  
Don't. It's not advisable.

The sound of Steve laughing with delight. Furtw,ngler  
hesitates.

Emmi comes to the waiting-room door, watches, as if on  
guard.

David comes round to face Furtw,ngler.

DAVID  
(he gathers courage)  
When I was a child, my father, he  
took me to... he took me to one of  
your concerts. I remember you  
conducted Beethoven's Fifth  
Symphony. I was deeply moved. And  
I've loved music ever since. I was  
grateful to you. And I've admired  
you. How could you... how could  
you serve those criminals?

He falls silent.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Emmi, at the open door, has been listening. She's shocked, turns away to see Steve, on the extension, chuckling, grinning from ear to ear.

STEVE

How many? Jesus, that's dynamite!  
Okay.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

David and Furtw,ngler haven't moved. Both are looking towards Steve's office and Emmi in the doorway.

Again the sound of Steve's laugh. Then Emmi steps into the room, approaches Furtw,ngler.

EMMI

Dr. Furtw,ngler.

He gives her a wonderful smile. And, suddenly, Steve stands in the doorway, smiling.

STEVE

Well now. Aren't we all sociable?

The others are made awkward.

STEVE

I've got to hand it to the British, David. You know what those guys are? Decent.

(He sits, crosses  
his legs.)

Tell me, Herr Dr. Furtw,ngler, do you know Hans Hinkel?

FURTW,NGLER

Yes, a despicable human being. He was in the Ministry of Culture. His job was to get rid of Jews in the arts.

STEVE

Yup, that's him, that's the guy. You know what else the little creep did? He kept files, close on 250,000 files. And you know what's in those files?

FURTW,NGLER

Certainly not, but I knew he had

informers everywhere. Even in my orchestra there was someone

STEVE

Who?

FURTW,NGLER

I wasn't told. I just knew it.

STEVE

How?

FURTW,NGLER

(uneasy)

I was warned.

STEVE

Who warned you?

FURTW,NGLER

(lowering his head)

Goering. Because Hinkel was working for Goebbels.

STEVE

What did Goering say?

FURTW,NGLER

He told me to be careful as one of Goebbels' men was watching me. He read a report on me - everything I said was quoted word by word.

STEVE

Oh boy, you're gonna love this. Take your time with this now. Those files contain the details of every working artist in this country. Those files are gonna tell us who joined the Party, who informed and who was helpful.

Furtw,ngler goes to the door. David opens it for him. Furtw,ngler nods, then turns to Emmi, bows to her and smiles. He goes.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HQ, ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

SECURITY

Your name, please.

DAVID

David Wills.

SECURITY

Over there.

There is a long trestle table running the length of the room, with chairs, as if in a library. A notice requests 'Silence'.

British and American servicemen, a Russian and a French officer studying papers, making notes. At the furthest end, Steve, David and Emmi.

STEVE

Fantastic! The only condition is we have to do the work here. I want you to collect all the files on the boys in the band.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HQ, ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT

David discovers that the archive room was originally a synagogue. He is moved. He lays stones on the rail of what was once the ark.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HQ, ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

Emmi and David surrounded by files, sifting through, making notes. They examine the Hinkel Archive.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HQ, ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

Another day.

Sunshine pouring in. Steve seated as before, but Emmi and David again in different places.

Emmi rises, goes to Steve, shows him something.

EMMI

Maybe you can have a look at this.

He reads. He is not pleased. He writes furiously. Emmi returns to her place. Suddenly, a movement causes Steve to look up.

STEVE AND HIS POV: David slides a note across to Emmi. Emmi reads the note. David watches her. She looks at him. She almost smiles, nods surreptitiously.

DAVID

(a whisper)

Schubert.

She feels Steve's eyes on her, and returns quickly to her work.

Steve is displeased and even more suspicious.

EXT. PARTLY RUINED CHURCH - EVENING

Summer evening. The first movement of Schubert's String Quintet in C Major, D956, played by three men and two women to a large audience packed into the ruins, partly open to the sky, Dymshitz among them.

At the rear of the church, Emmi and David, enraptured, seated side by side.

The first movement ends and the Adagio begins. After the music gathers momentum:

Rain. Thunder and lightning. The musicians continue to play, unperturbed. They are coming to the end of the Quintet.

David and Emmi huddled together. Some umbrellas up and then movement which catches David's attention. He nudges Emmi, I indicates with his chin.

People have moved to reveal Furtw,ngler: seated, wearing a hat, still I' as a statue, soaked, listening, expressionless.

Much applause. The musicians bow. The audience start to leave.

Emmi and David emerge from the ruins. Furtw,ngler passes them.

They nod awkwardly. He doesn't respond but is about to walk on when Dymshitz pushes through, nods to David, who salutes. Dymshitz catches up with Furtw,ngler. They are near to Emmi and David.

DYMSHITZ

Dr. Furtw,ngler -

Furtw,ngler stops.

DYMSHITZ

Moving, you agree? Whenever I hear Schubert I am moved. You agree?

FURTW,NGLER

The tempi were a little too correct for my taste. But I expect that is because of the rain.

He nods politely, is about to go -

DYMSHITZ

(also for David's benefit)

Wait, Doctor, I understand you have difficulties with the

Americans. I want you to know, I  
am your champion. We can help.

Furtw,ngler allows himself a faint smile, tips his hat,  
and then hurries off into the night. Dymshitz goes, too.  
David and Emmi watch them. Then:

EMMI

(frowning, worried)

What does he mean, too correct?

DAVID

I don't know.

Huddled under their umbrella, they dash off.

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM, GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Steve, fully dressed, lies on the bed in his small, shabby  
room, staring into space. He is suddenly startled by a  
loud roll of thunder and then a fierce crack of lightning.

He goes to the window, watching the rain. He stands  
motionless for a second, then makes a decision. He grabs  
his cap, a raincoat from the back of the door. Another  
loud thunderclap.

INT. US OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT

Dancers jitterbugging and jiving. Among them, David and  
Emmi also dancing, imitating the others and having a good  
time. The music ends. Scattered applause. The band leaves  
the platform. The dancers return to tables or the bar.

Later:

David and Emmi at their table, eating. She eats voraciously,  
eyes glazed, all her concentration on the food in front of  
her. David is fascinated, can't stop watching her.

Steve enters the club, makes his way to the bar, orders a  
drink.

Steve turns to survey the room, almost at once spots David  
and Emmi, their backs to him. He observes them.

David and Emmi at their table: They have finished their  
meal. Emmi is silent now, staring at her empty plate.

Steve is suddenly at their table.

STEVE

Well, what is this, the office  
party?

David and Emmi are frozen with embarrassment.

STEVE

May I join you?

(sits down, beams.)

So, what have you two been up to tonight? Hey. Don't I owe you a bottle of French champagne?

Tries to get a waiter's attention but fails. . No response.

STEVE

You know, David, you're a lucky guy. I invited Emmi here but she turned me down. You must've hidden depths, David...

he band starts to play; he stands, holds out a hand.

STEVE

C'mon, Emmi, let's dance. I'll teach you how to jive.

She is horribly embarrassed, doesn't move. David suddenly stands and takes Emmi by the arm.

DAVID

I'm very sorry, Major, but I promised her mother, we have to go.

They leave quickly.

Steve watches them. He sinks down, angry and jealous.

INT. HALL, STAIRWAY, STRAUBE APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

David and Emmi enter the hall, each locked in their own thoughts. They reach the foot of the stairs and pause. They want to kiss but both are too awkward. She starts up the stairs.

EMMI

Don't see me to my door, there's no need.

DAVID

But I promised your mother.

She stops, turns.

EMMI

Well, sleep well.

She continues on her way.

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

Steve and Emmi at work on the files. One or two BRITISH OFFICERS present, and David, who is working at the far end of the table. He has a cold.

Emmi, who also has a cold, opens a file and is immediately alert. She reads. She blows her nose. She is uncertain. She looks up at Steve. She makes a decision. She rises, takes the file to Steve.

EMMI

Excuse me, Major. I found this on Helmuth Rode. You remember? The second violinist? Look, he's Austrian not German. But it's this that's more important, I think...

She points to something. Steve laughs loudly.

AN OFFICER

Sssh!

David looks up at them, puzzled. Then a British SERGEANT comes into the doorway.

SERGEANT

Lieutenant Wills, telephone -

David rises and as he goes:

THE OFFICER

(exasperated)

What is this, a railway station?

INT. LOBBY, ARCHIVE BUILDING - DAY

In a booth near the front desk, David is on the telephone.

DAVID

(into telephone)

David. Wills. Hello? Who? Who in Wiesbaden?

Irritated, he taps the receiver but the line's gone dead.

EXT. LAKESIDE, BERLIN - DAY

Steve lies, shirt off, taking the sun. Children playing. Noise behind him of someone in the bushes. Steve doesn't move.

Rode, carrying a slender leather case, pushes through to Steve, who remains with his eyes closed.

RODE

Major.



STEVE  
(eyes still closed)  
Helmuth.

RODE  
Guess what I am holding in my hand.  
You like guessing games?

STEVE  
Love 'em, Helmuth. I give up. What  
are you holding in your hand?

Rode takes from the case a conductor's baton. Steve opens  
one eye.

RODE  
It's Dr. Furtw,ngler's baton, which  
I stole.

STEVE  
The one he kept in his right hand.  
Yes, you remember.

RODE  
Yes, you remember.

STEVE  
How could I forget?

Sits up, takes the baton. Somewhere a child laughs; suddenly  
Steve thrusts the baton at Rode.

STEVE  
Show me.

RODE  
Show you?

STEVE  
Yeah, show me, I want to see you  
do it. Pretend I'm Adolf. You're  
the maestro, and you have the baton  
in your right hand, but you give  
me the salute just the same.

RODE  
Not here, Major, there are people,  
if anybody should see... please,  
please, Major...

STEVE  
Do it, Helmuth.

After nervous looks over his shoulder Rode, salutes half-  
heartedly.

STEVE

Do it right.

Rode thrusts his hand out in the Nazi salute.

People by the lake:

Mostly elderly, but some younger ones see Rode saluting. Some turn away. Others stare.

STEVE'S VOICE

You look great doing that.

Rode and Steve:

Rode looks around nervously, lowers his arm.

STEVE

And I see what you mean. You nearly poked my eyes out.

RODE

Exactly. Replaces the baton, gives Steve the case.

STEVE

Don't worry, Helmuth, it'll be our secret.

A ball comes bounding towards them. Steve catches it. Then a BOY runs in, looks hopeful.

BOY

Mister, mister, here, here, mister!!!

Steve tosses the ball back to him.

STEVE

Great catch, kid. The boy runs off.

RODE

So. You wanted to see me.

Steve pats the spot next to him and Rode sits.

RODE

You usually don't work on Sunday, Major?

STEVE

All in the cause of humanity, Helmuth. Or should I call you one-zero-four-nine-three-three-one?

RODE

What?

STEVE

One-zero-four-nine-three-three-one. Or d'you mind if I just call you 'one'?

Rode makes an attempt to go but Steve grabs him.

STEVE

You know what I say you are, Helmuth? I say you're a piece of shit.

Rode suddenly starts to retch.

RODE

That bastard!

People by the lakeside:

Faces turning at Rode's sobs. Impassive. Blank.

Steve and Rode:

STEVE

Who's the bastard, Helmuth? Hinkel?

Rode nods.

STEVE

Why? He promised to remove your file?

Rode vomits.

STEVE

And what about before that? What were you a member of in Austria?

After a moment:

STEVE

Was a member of...? Speak up?

RODE

(barely audible)  
I was a member of the Communist Party. I was a communist. That's what Hinkel had over me. He knew everything. He held that over me. That's how he made me co-operate.

STEVE

Oh, I see, he made you co-operate.  
And now are you a communist again?

RODE

(angry)

You don't know what it's like to  
wake up every single morning of  
your life terrified, you don't  
know that -

(he stops.)

Brief silence. Steve stands.

Further along the lakeside:

Steve and Rode walk. People about. Boats on the lake.

RODE

I would never, in my wildest dreams,  
have ever been a second violinist  
in the Berlin Philharmonic. When  
they got rid of the... the Jews in  
the orchestra, it gave people like  
me a chance.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Rode rowing Steve in a small boat. Rode, exhausted, stops.  
The boat drifts. Steve watches him for a moment, then:

STEVE

Helmuth, you ever heard of plea-  
bargaining?

Rode, trying to catch his breath, shakes his head.

STEVE

Talk about power, I have the power  
to give you work, make your life  
easier. Your past won't be  
mentioned. I could give you a job  
tomorrow but I have to get something  
in return. See, Helmuth? That's  
plea-bargaining.

No response. Rode keeps his head bowed.

STEVE

I can give you freedom of movement,  
freedom to work, freedom, Helmuth.  
But I need something in return.

RODE

Major, we're discussing a man of  
genius, I don't want...

STEVE

Fuck that, Helmuth. You want to discuss symbols here? This guy was a front man. He was the piper, but he played their tune, you get my philosophical meaning? I'm not interested in small fish, I'm after Moby Dick. Come on, Helmuth. Hard facts.

Silence. Then Rode slowly raises his head.

RODE

The only thing I know is he's an anti-Semite.

STEVE

Of course. You, too. Like everyone else in this goddamn country.

EXT. WOOD, LAKESIDE - DAY

Rode and Steve walking. Rode suddenly turns to him:

RODE

I've remembered something else...

STEVE

Yeah?

RODE

Furtw,ngler sent Hitler a telegram for his birthday.

STEVE

He did?

RODE

One of your people told me.

STEVE

One of my people?

They start to walk away from the water.

RODE

Yes. A corporal. US Army. A Jew. He said he'd seen the telegram in the Chancellery.

STEVE

Son-of-a-gun. We'll find the corporal and we'll find the telegram.

He stops, takes out a cigarette, offers one to Rode, lights

them both, gives Rode the packet. They smoke for a moment.

STEVE

But I need documentary proof. You know of anything like that?

RODE

No. But that's why we hated him. We admired him as a conductor but we all hated him too because he didn't have to join the Party and yet he had a better life than any of us. He didn't have to go and deliver a report after every trip abroad. He got everything from them, everything. He was filthier than any of us Party members.

The sun is setting. Rode stops suddenly.

RODE

There's a rumour... I don't know if it's true or not...but ask him about von der Null.

STEVE

Never heard of him, who is he?

RODE

Edwin von der Null. Music critic. He gave Furtw,ngler terrible reviews while he raved about Herbert von Karajan.

STEVE

Who's he?

RODE

Also a conductor. Very brilliant. Young. Von der Null called him 'The Miracle von Karajan'. Furtw,ngler was outraged and they say he had von der Null conscripted into the army. The same thing happened to another critic. True or not, it's not such a bad idea. Critics give you bad reviews, you have them sent to the Russian front.

(Chuckks.)

But if you really want to get Furtw,ngler, ask him about Herbert von Karajan.

STEVE

The Miracle Kid.

RODE

Yes, yes you may notice that he cannot even bring himself to utter his name, he... he refers to him as K.

Rode tries to make up his mind about something, then decides. He reaches into an inside pocket and takes out a small black notebook.

RODE

And ask him about his private life.

STEVE

His private life?

Rode hesitates, then he hands Steve the black book.

RODE

Yes, it's all in here. His women.

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - DAY

Steve going along the shelves filled with files. He's at the H, then I, then J. He stops at the letter K. With his forefinger, he runs down the files. He stops, pulls out a fat file:

'KARAJAN,H.VON'

He opens the file.

INSERT: - the file:

ID PHOTOGRAPHS of an energetic-looking young man and two Nazi Party membership booklets.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

David makes his way from the counter. He carries a tray with two cups of coffee. He goes to a table where CAPTAIN MARTIN sits, papers and files spread before him. David gives him his coffee, then sits across from him, blows his nose.

Silence while they sugar and milk their coffee. David aware of Martin's eyes on him.

MARTIN

Where do you stand on all this?

DAVID

On all what?

MARTIN

On Furtw,ngler.

DAVID

I don't know.

He breaks off.

MARTIN

You represent the United States now. We have a moral duty to be just and we have to be seen to be just.

DAVID

Major Arnold believes he has a moral duty, too.

MARTIN

Our duty is to help Furtw,ngler with his defence,

(carefully)

That's why I want you to look at this...

(he selects papers from the table.)

These are part of the transcripts of the trial at Nuremberg. We can't get them translated fast enough. But I guess you understand German, right?

Passes papers across to David.

MARTIN

That's the evidence of a guy named Dahlerus. He's a Swede. Friend of Hermann Goering. I want you to study it. And I want you to use it.

David tries to sneeze but fails; he starts to read.

MARTIN

We're going to find more stuff to feed you. We'll have some other suggestions. We need to build a case for the defence - based not on feelings, not on prejudice, but on facts.

He watches David read. David is engrossed. Almost imperceptibly, he shakes his head.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

A half-ruined caf, with tables on the sidewalk. WERNER, the timpanist, SCHLEE, the oboist, and two others seated



at one of the tables, drinking coffee.

David carries an attaché case and walks towards the café. He scans the people at the tables, sees the musicians and approaches. They stand.

WERNER

Lieutenant Wills.

David nods

WERNER

Herr Schlee, timpanist, Herr Romer, cello and Herr Schmidt, viola. They are willing to help. We have already ordered ourselves coffee. I hope you...

DAVID

Yeah, of course.

WERNER

The whole orchestra will vouch for him. He was always there to support us.

DAVID

We need names, if possible with addresses, because it's urgent. Names of musicians saved by Dr. Furtwängler, people he helped to escape abroad. Let's go somewhere public.

David leaves money on the table and then walks off with the four men. They talk as they make their way down a side street.

INT. DYMSHITZ'S VILLA - NIGHT

Steve and Dymshitz sit opposite each other and clink vodka glasses. They have been drinking but are not yet drunk.

DYMSHITZ

To co-operation.

They drink. Dymshitz pours more vodka.

STEVE

I was in Vienna. I had with me an Austrian chauffeur, Max his name was, he spent time in the camps. We were looking at these Viennese cleaning up the bomb damage, scavenging for rotting food, butt ends, anything. I said, 'To think

a million of these people came out to welcome Adolf on the day he entered the city, a million of 'em, and now look at 'em.' And Max said, 'Oh, not these people, Major. These people were all at home hiding Jews in their attics.' You get the point, Colonel? The point is they're all full of shit.

DYMSHITZ

Furtw,ngler's in a different category.

STEVE

We're dealing with degenerates here.

He is still for a moment, then grabs the bottle and pours himself a drink, downs it. Dymshitz watches him, then:

DYMSHITZ

Degenerates?

INT. ANOTHER ROOM, DYMSHITZ'S OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

German modern paintings stacked untidily.

Dymshitz, carrying a vodka bottle and his glass, shows Steve the paintings. Steve, too, has a glass.

DYMSHITZ

A great artist will have great privileges in a Russian zone.

STEVE

That's why he didn't get the hell out of here when he had the chance! I put that to him, he couldn't answer. Why didn't he go and direct in America, like that Italian, Toscanini.

Dymshitz pours vodkas, raises his glass, drinks. So does Steve. Now, their moods swing with the drink.

Dymshitz drinks; then sits, sinks into his own world.

DYMSHITZ

(lost for a moment)

Perhaps... perhaps he believed he could at least try to preserve something important, things like an orchestra, a school. That's his country. Maybe he has an old mother who can't be left alone. Maybe he

has brothers, sisters... you  
can't...

A forlorn look at Steve. His eyes are misty, he is visibly drunk.

STEVE

(a wry smile)

Colonel. He had no sisters, no  
brothers, only a lot of love  
affairs.

DYMSHITZ

Anyway, Major, why should he leave  
his country, his mother tongue,  
his family, his history, his past,  
his future, just because now,  
suddenly, there is a dictatorship?  
Why?

STEVE

But what... before that turns  
rotten... What if they surround  
the space with barbed wire, Colonel?

DYMSHITZ

(suddenly exploding)

Don't talk about things you know  
nothing about. He was in a  
dictatorship!

STEVE

(dismissive)

Yeah, yeah, art and politics, yeah,  
yeah, I heard all about that.

DYMSHITZ

(angry)

In a dictatorship, art belongs to  
the Party. If you want to be a  
conductor, you have to have an  
orchestra. And you can only get an  
orchestra if you have contact with  
the power. All over the world you  
need the right contacts and you  
have to make the right compromises.

STEVE

This is what I'm saying. He must  
have had Party contacts.

DYMSHITZ

There are good Party members who  
help, and there are dirty non-Party  
members who inform on you. Of  
course, they gave him privileges.

Pause.

DYMSHITZ

And suddenly, Steve, suddenly you notice that they like you. They honour you, suddenly you are the director of the best museum in the world, for example.

STEVE

What museum?

DYMSHITZ

I'm sorry. Museum? Not... I said orchestra. Sorry. Believe me.

(another sudden  
change of mood to  
earnest, intimate)

Help me, Steve. You say you answer for someone from high up. I, too, have orders from high up. Very high up. We want Furtw,ngler. I'll give you in return the whole orchestra, four, five conductors. I need him, Steve.

STEVE

No can do.

DYMSHITZ

Let Furtw,ngler go. Please.

STEVE

I have a duty.

DYMSHITZ

(flaring)

Duty? I am sorry, duty? Duty fucking duty. Trouble is, you Americans want everybody to live like you. We liberated Berlin, Major Steve, not you. Our duty also is to bring back the best of German culture.

Dymshitz bursts out laughing.

Stung, Steve advances on him, almost as if he's about to attack him physically. He stops, sways a little, then, after a moment, drops down in a chair near to Dymshitz. They drink. Intimate:

STEVE

I'm gonna get that fucking bandleader, Colonel. No deal. No fucking deal.

DYMSHITZ

Then you're going to kill me.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drunk, Steve is clumsily, almost frantically, threading film into the 16-mm projector.

He switches off the lights then stumbles back to the projector, turns it on and directs its beam towards a blank square of wall.

It's an American military propaganda film.

ARCHIVES

You'll see ruins, you'll see flowers, you'll see some mighty pretty scenery, don't let it fool you. You are in enemy country. The Nazi party may be gone, but Nazi thinking, Nazi training and Nazi trickery remain. Somewhere in this Germany are two million ex-Nazi officials. Out of power but still in there and thinking, thinking about next time. Remember that only yesterday every business, every profession was part of Hitler's system. Practically every German was part of the Nazi network. They believed they were born to be masters. Don't argue with them. You are not being sent Germany as educators. You're a soldier on guard. You will observe their local laws, respect their customs and religion and you will respect their property rights. You will not be friendly. You will be aloof, watchful and suspicious.

Steve, swaying slightly, watches, with the film continuing.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Bright summer's day. Emmi pushing her way through the crowded market. She comes to the stall with gramophone records.

David is with her, staying behind a little so as not to disturb her.

She starts to look through the records, blowing her nose from time to time. Then she finds a box of records, opens it, is delighted. She bargains with the stallholder, and

she hands over money.

She shows her purchase to David happily. They struggle on in the crowd. David suddenly stops. He has spotted a tandem. The bicycle with two seats is old and rusty but seems to be in working order. David steps up to it, touches it.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Two persons, Emmi and David, riding the tandem. Emmi in the front, pedalling, David behind. The road going up into the hills is full of potholes. They change seats. David is in the front, Emmi at the back. Suddenly the road begins to descend. They change again, Emmi sits in the front, David at the back. They speed down the hill.

INT. BURNT-OUT DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The tandem, ridden by Emmi and David, rolls into a huge building, black and burnt out.

In the middle of the vast hall, surrounded by the staircase, there is a Christmas tree, almost burnt to cinder. Emmi and David stare at it, mesmerised.

DAVID

Yesterday I read that Furtwängler was asked to lead the New York Philharmonic back in '36, Toscanini suggested it. Had he accepted, he would have become the most celebrated conductor in America.

EMMI

When he made his decision, he couldn't have known everything. Especially not the way people like you do, who've returned from exile and feel that you have a right to pass judgement. Because you are blameless, you think you know best who is a sinner and who deserves forgiveness. But you have no idea how people lived here.

DAVID

When he met Hitler at his birthday and shook hands with him, was he pleased?

EMMI

I don't know. But you and I already know that he has saved lives.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve and David studying files in silence. Furtw,ngler's baton is on Steve's desk. Steve drinks black coffee.

Emmi enters. Curt nods of greeting. She goes to her desk, then takes the Bruckner record to Steve. Steve looks at the record, then glances up at Emmi. He does his best to exclude David, who tries to hear what is said.

Emmi glances at David. She's embarrassed.

EMMI

Bruckner's Seventh, Major.

STEVE

Do you know where the Adagio begins?

EMMI

Of course.

STEVE

Put it on ready to play, and I'll tell you when to play it.

He returns to his desk. Emmi looks through the album for the appropriate record.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve by the open window, looking at his wristwatch, smoking a cigarette. David and Emmi both watch him. The door opens and Furtw,ngler bursts in.

FURTW,NGLER

It is now nine o'clock precisely.  
I do not intend to be kept waiting again.

STEVE

(dangerously calm)

Don't talk to me like I was a second violinist. Go back into the waiting room. Miss Straube will come and get you when I am ready to see you.

Furtw,ngler goes out.

STEVE

Jesus God, who the hell does he think he is? Who the hell does he think he is?

David and Emmi gaze at him as he tries to regain control.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The door to the landing is open and Rode is there pretending to sweep. He looks in to see Furtw,ngler sitting, holding his handkerchief over his nose and mouth.

RODE

Would you perhaps like to have a glass of water, Herr Professor?

Furtw,ngler doesn't seem to hear. Rode hesitates, then continues to sweep.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

David and Emmi look at him, puzzled.

She goes to the door, opens it, nods. Rode quickly disappears. Furtw,ngler looks at Emmi.

FURTW,NGLER

What is this man doing here?

Emmi doesn't answer. All eyes on the door. Furtw,ngler enters.

STEVE

Dr. Furtw,ngler! Come in, come in, sit down.

Furtw,ngler, deeply suspicious, goes for the uncomfortable chair.

STEVE

No, no, take this one, it's more comfortable

He holds the other chair for Furtw,ngler, who sits.

STEVE

If it's too hot, open your tie.

FURTW,NGLER

(interrupting)  
I wish to say something.

STEVE

Go ahead, be my guest.

Furtw,ngler takes from his pocket a piece of paper with notes. He blows his nose. The room is warming up. It will become like an airless court room, a pressure cooker.

FURTW,NGLER

When I last saw you, I was unprepared. I did not know what to expect. In these past weeks, I have been thinking more carefully



and making some notes.

(glances at the  
notes.)

You have to understand who I am  
and what I am. I am a musician and  
I believe in music. I am an artist  
and I believe in art. Art in  
general, and music, in particular,  
has for me mystical powers which  
nurture man's spiritual needs. I  
must confess, however, to being  
extremely naive. I insisted for  
many years on the absolute  
separation of art and politics. My  
entire life was devoted to music  
because, and this is very important,  
because I thought that I could,  
through music, do something  
practical.

STEVE

And what was that?

FURTW,NGLER

Maintain liberty, humanity and  
justice.

STEVE

Gee, that's a thing of beauty,  
honest to God, a real thing of  
beauty. I'm going to try to remember  
that. Liberty, humanity and justice.  
Beautiful. But you used the word  
'naive'. Are you now saying you  
think you were wrong? That art and  
politics can't be separated?

FURTW,NGLER

I believe art and politics should  
be separate, but that they weren't  
kept separate I learned to my cost.

STEVE

And when did you first learn that -  
when you sent the telegram? Was  
that the surrender signal, the  
waving of the white flag?

FURTW,NGLER

What telegram?

STEVE

'Happy birthday, dear Adolf, love  
Wilhelm.' Or words to that effect.  
That sounds to me like you were  
dropping on your knees and saying,

'Okay, Adolf, you win. You're the number one man. Have a swell party.'

FURTW,NGLER

I have no idea what you're talking about.

STEVE

The birthday greetings you sent to your old pal, Adolf Hider.

FURTW,NGLER

I never sent him any birthday greetings or any other kind of greetings.

STEVE

Think carefully, Wilhelm... maybe not in your own name, but as Privy Councillor or Vice-President.

FURTW,NGLER

I don't have to think carefully. This is utterly ridiculous.

David and Emmi exchange the briefest of looks. David raises his hand.

STEVE

Yes, David?

DAVID

Why not show Dr. Furtw,ngler the evidence. It may refresh his memory?

FURTW,NGLER

You won't find it because no such telegram exists.

STEVE

Well, I tried, you got to admit I tried. I thought I might just trap you there, Wilhelm, but David here was too quick for me. Smart move, David, smart move. No, I don't have the telegram, but I know it exists. And I want you to know, Wilhelm, we're going to keep looking for it because I believe you sent it.

FURTW,NGLER

Then you are wrong.

STEVE

Art and politics, yeah, art and

politics. Let's look at that. You and the Berlin Philharmonic toured the Third Reich, played in countries the Nazis had conquered. Are you saying that conducting in occupied territories from 1939 on wasn't a commercial for Adolf and all he stood for?

FURTW,NGLER

We never, never officially represented the regime when we played abroad. We always performed as a private ensemble. As I think I already told you, I was a freelance conductor.

STEVE

You know something? You should've written our insurance policies for us because you got more exclusion clauses than Double Indemnity. What do you imagine people thought? The Berlin Philharmonic's taken over by Doctor Goebbels and his Propaganda Ministry but Wilhelm is a freelance, so art and politics are now entirely separate? Is that what you believed ordinary people thought?

FURTW,NGLER

have no idea what ordinary people thought.

STEVE

No!

FURTW,NGLER

No, because I had only one intention. My only intention whatever I did was to show that music means more than politics.

STEVE

Tell me about von der Null.

FURTW,NGLER

(taken off-guard)

Von der Null?

STEVE

Yes, von der Null.

FURTW,NGLER

Von der Null?

STEVE

How long's this going to go on, Wilhelm? I say von der Null, you say von der Null, I say von der Null, you say von der Null, we could go on all day. You know who von der Null is, don't you? Edwin von der Nuell, music critic.

FURTW,NGLER

Yes, I know who he is.

STEVE

Isn't it true that because he gave you bad reviews and praised this young guy, Von Karajan, called him a goddamn miracle, said he was a better conductor than you, then you had von der Null conscripted into the army and no one's heard from him since?

FURTW,NGLER

That's an outrageous lie!

STEVE

You sure you didn't call one of your close buddies and say, God in heaven, did you see what that guy von der Null wrote about me? The greatest conductor on earth. I want him out the way. He had the nerve to accuse me I am not playing enough modern music. Send him to Stalingrad. Isn't that what you did? You don't like criticism, do you, Wilhelm? You surely didn't like them saying there was another conductor who was better than you... Are you saying the name von der Null was never mentioned in your talks with Goebbels?

FURTW,NGLER

(uncomfortable)

Well. Once he said he'd read what this man wrote about me.

STEVE

And what did he say?

FURTW,NGLER

He said, 'Don't mind him. His job is to criticise, your job is to conduct.'

STEVE

And what happened to Von der Nul?

FURTW,NGLER

I have no idea.

STEVE

You've really no idea? I'll tell you what happened. He died in Stalingrad.

FURTW,NGLER

I'm sorry.

STEVE

Now, that young conductor what's his name?

(playing with  
Furtw,ngler)

That miracle kid, you know who I mean. Von Karajan! But you called him something else. C'mon. What did you call von Karajan?

Silence.

STEVE

Say it.

Silence.

STEVE

I'll say it, then. 'Little K.' Is that right? You couldn't even bear to say his name!

Furtw,ngler rises angrily and starts to pace.

FURTW,NGLER

Please stop playing these games with me. Why you should bring up the name of another conductor is beyond my understanding.

STEVE

I'll tell you why. You remember we talked about you playing for Hitler's birthday? And you told me that Goebbels got to your doctors first, that you were tricked?

FURTW,NGLER

Yes, that's what happened.

He sits heavily, wipes his brow. He is sweating now.

STEVE

I have a different story to tell. I don't think you were tricked. Not in the way you describe. I believe something else happened. I've seen the Hinkel Archive, I've seen records of phone calls, and putting it all together, this is what I think happened. I think Goebbels said, 'Wilhelm, if you won't conduct for Adolf's birthday, we'll get the Miracle Kid, the guy that critic, von der Null, thinks is the greatest conductor in the world. He's not just willing to conduct for Adolf, he's offered to sing "Happy Birthday" as a solo.'

Silence.

STEVE

Come on, admit it. K worried you, didn't he? He always worried you. In 1942, he's thirty-four years old, you're already fifty-six. And Goebbels and Goering keep saying to you, 'If you don't do it, little K will.' Never mind art and politics and symbols and airy-fairy bullshit about liberty, humanity and justice because I don't care how great you are. It's the oldest story in the book,

(a wry look at David)

The ageing Romeo jealous of the young buck. The real reason you didn't leave the country when you knew you should have was that you were frightened that, once you were out of the way, you'd be supplanted by the Miracle Kid, the Party's boy twice over, flashy, talented little K.

FURTW,NGLER

This is absolute nonsense!

STEVE

Well, I'm just beginning to develop my theme. Isn't that what you call it in classical music, developing your theme? Okay, so they played on your insecurity. That's human, understandable. But, there is one guy who doesn't like little K as

much as he likes you - yeah, the number one man your old pal, Adolf. He thinks you're the greatest, and when he says, I want Wilhelm for my birthday, boy, they better go out get Wilhelm. So, Josef calls and threatens you with little K. And you said to hell with the Ninth in Vienna, I'll give it to Adolf as a birthday present in Berlin. That's the trick they played, they got you by the balls and they squeezed. Hard. Why did you stay? Why did you play for them? Why were you the flag-carrier for their regime? Jealousy?

FURTW,NGLER

(interrupting)

Of course there was a conspiracy against me, a campaign - even abroad.

Brief silence; all eyes on him.

STEVE

You see, Wilhelm, I'm talking about ordinary, everyday reasons. Which is why I want to discuss your private life. How many illegitimate children do you have?

DAVID

Major, I don't see how this line of questioning could...

STEVE

David, what are you Counsel for the Defence now? (

(to Furtw,ngler)

Did you hear the question?

FURTW,NGLER

(barely audible)

I have illegitimate children.

STEVE

What?

FURTW,NGLER

I said I have illegitimate children. I don't know how many.

STEVE

You like the women, don't you, Wilhelm?

No response.

STEVE

Isn't it true that before every concert you got a woman in your dressing room and gave her the old conductor's baton, isn't that true?

DAVID

(indicating EmmI)  
Major, this is deeply offensive and repugnant!

STEVE

You bet.

DAVID

and totally irrelevant.

STEVE

(continuing to Furtw,ngler)  
Not so, Counsellor. That secretary of yours, she wasn't just your secretary, she procured women for you, didn't she? As many and as often as you wanted.

FURTW,NGLER

Stop this, please, stop this now!

STEVE

No, I'm not going to stop it. Hitler himself offered you a beautiful house and a personal bomb shelter.

FURTW,NGLER

I absolutely refused the house and the bomb shelter.

STEVE

But you see what I'm getting at? You get a gorgeous house, you're highly paid. What are you gonna do, stay or leave? One voice comes back at me: stay!

DAVID

Major, that's not a good argument. If Dr. Furtw,ngler did indeed enjoy all these... these privileges, he enjoyed them because of who he is and what he is. That's true of any leading artist in any country in the world.



STEVE

But it still doesn't make them saints. They still have to get up and piss in the middle of the night, don't they? They can still be vindictive and envious and mean just like you and me. Well, just like me. Can't they?

No response. To Furtw,ngler:

STEVE

Okay, Wilhelm, go home now. Go home and think about these past twelve years.

FURTW,NGLER

I don't understand what you mean.

STEVE

No, that's your problem, Wilhelm. You understand nothing. We'll call you. Go!

Furtw,ngler leaves.

DAVID

Major.

Steve goes to his desk and, as Furtw,ngler rises uncertainly:

STEVE

What?

DAVID

Your manner.

STEVE

My manner? Why don't you go downstairs, get a cup of coffee and calm down? What's the matter, Emmi? What's going on with you? What's wrong?

EMMI

I'm sorry but I have to leave. I'll find other work. You'll have to get someone else, that's all.

STEVE

What is this, Emmi?

EMMI

I can't do this. It's not right.

STEVE

What's not right?

EMMI

I have been questioned by the Gestapo just like that. Just like you questioned him.

STEVE

Emmi, stop! I want to show you something. Let me show you something and then if you want to leave, you can leave, please please. His friends, they did this. And he gave them birthday concerts.

EMMI

But he had no idea, a lot of people had no idea. I only realised what was really going on when I got arrested.

STEVE

If he had no idea, why did the Jews need saving? This is the question, Emmi, to all Germans: Why did the Jews need saving in this country? Why, if people had no idea?

EMMI

I would like to go now, please.

But Steve turns on the projector and the Bergen-Belsen film flickers into life.

INT. US OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT

Band playing. Couples dancing. David and Steve at the bar, each with a drink in front of them, lost in their own thoughts. Then:

Steve signs to the barkeeper to fill their glasses but David puts a hand over his glass. Then:

DAVID

Can I ask you a favour, Major?

STEVE

Yeah.

DAVID

When you question him again, could you treat him with more respect?

STEVE

With more what? More what?

DAVID

Major, he may just be the greatest conductor of this century and that merits respect.

STEVE

(flaring, hissing)

David, I don't understand a thing about you. You're a Jew. Are you a Jew?

DAVID

Yes, I'm a Jew. But I like to think first I'm a human being.

STEVE

A human being, oh, good, I'm relieved, I thought you were going to say you were a music lover. This man, this great artist has made anti-Semitic remarks like you wouldn't believe. I got letters.

DAVID

Major, show me someone who hasn't made an anti-Semitic remark and I'll show you the gates of paradise.

STEVE

(over-reacting and overlapping)

What is it with you, David? Where are your feelings? Where's your hatred, your disgust? Where's your fucking outrage, David?

He starts to go, then comes back to them.

STEVE

Think of your parents, David, and then think of him conducting 'Happy Birthday, dear Adolf'. I mean, for Chrissake, whose side are you on? Grow up! Just grow the fuck up!

The customers stare at him as he stalks out. The band plays.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAUBE APARTMENT - EVENING

David and Emmi, sitting.

DAVID

I want you to come back to the office. May I come in? If you are there you can influence what happens. What good can you do by leaving. If you go, you are giving up and how can you help Furtw,ngler or me? Don't think about leaving. Stay.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Hot, Windows closed. Furtw,ngler seated. David and Emmi present. Steve looks up from his notes.

STEVE

Everybody says what a great benefactor you were to the Jews. But--

(holds up a sheaf  
of papers.)

I have things here you said and wrote. Listen to this: 'The Jew composer Schonberg is admired by the Jewish International.' And what about this: 'Jewish musicians lack a genuine affinity with our music.' 'Jewish musicians are good businessmen with few scruples, lacking roots.' You deny you said these things?

FURTW,NGLER

Those attitudes do not exist in me.

STEVE

I believe that. But just answer the question, don't give me explanations.

FURTW,NGLER

Speaking to Party members I used their language, of course I did, everyone did.

DAVID

(with some irony)

Major, sorry to interrupt, but maybe we have to... maybe we have to balance those things against his assistance to his Jewish colleagues.

Steve tenses.

DAVID

This is a transcript of the proceedings at Nuremberg. A Swedish businessman, Birger Dahlerus, testified in cross-examination that he had several meetings with Hermann Goering. 'I first saw Goering,' Dahlerus testified, 'embroiled in a stormy interview with Wilhelm Furtw,ngler, the famous conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, who was vainly seeking permission to keep his Jewish concert master.

Holds up his package of letters and dumps them on Emmi's desk.

DAVID

Emmi, pick one of these, any one, read it out loud.

Emmi is uncertain. Steve shrugs indifferently.

She picks an envelope and takes out the letter.

EMMI

(reading)

'Please remember that Dr. Furtw,ngler risked his life to help anyone who asked him. I personally testify to having seen literally hundreds of people lined up outside his dressing room after concerts to ask for his help. He never turned anyone away. After he heard me play... I am a violinist... he gave me money because I was unable to feed myself or my family and then he helped me to escape to Sweden. He helped countless people in similar ways.'

DAVID

And this, only one of these letters, Major. I have lots of them.

STEVE

(smiling)

How many times have I got to tell you I was in insurance? You think I can't smell a phoney policy when it's shoved under my nose? Sure, he helped Jews, but that was just insurance, his cover, because all the while he was maestro of all he

surveyed,  
    (turning on  
    Furtw,ngler)  
See, Wilhelm, I think you're their  
boy, their creature. You were like  
an advertising slogan for them:  
this is what we produce, the  
greatest conductor in the world.  
And you went along with it. The  
truth of the matter is, Wilhelm,  
you didn't need to be a member of  
the Party. I made a mistake when I  
asked you for your Party number. I  
should've asked you for your non-  
Party number. Just like some other  
well-known artists.  
    (suddenly, to Emmi)  
Emmi, put that record on.

Emmi puts on the record of the Adagio from Bruckner's  
Seventh Symphony. After a moment:

STEVE

Do you know what that is?

FURTW,NGLER

Of course I know what that is.

STEVE

Okay, so what is it?

FURTW,NGLER

Bruckner's Seventh. The Adagio.

STEVE

Who's conducting?

FURTWANGLBR

I am.

STEVE

You know the last time it was played  
on these air waves?

FURTW,NGLER

How can I know such a thing?

STEVE

I'll tell you, then. The last time  
this music was played on these air  
waves was after they announced  
that your pal Hitler had shot  
himself. Listen to it. They listen.  
Did they pick little K's recording?  
Did they pick some other conductor?  
No, they picked you, and why?

Because you represented them so beautifully. When the Devil died, they wanted his bandleader to conduct the funeral march. You were everything to them.

The music plays.

FURTW,NGLER

(near to breakdown  
but struggling for  
control)

I have always tried to analyse myself carefully and closely. In staying here, I believed I walked a tightrope between exile and the gallows. You seem to be blaming me for not having allowed myself to be hanged.

David takes the record off.

FURTW,NGLER

I didn't directly oppose the Party because I told myself, that was not my job. If I had taken any active part in politics I could not have remained here. But as a musician, I am more than a citizen. I am a citizen of this country in that eternal sense to which the genius of great music testifies. I know that a single performance of a great masterpiece was a stronger and more vital negation of the spirit of Buchenwald and Auschwitz than words.

An uncontrollable surge of anger wells up in Steve, causing him to pace alarmingly. He grabs the baton from his desk, stands trembling before Furtw,ngler, and snaps it in half.

He pushes his face close to Furtw,ngler, who recoils, terrified. David half-stands, ready to intervene physically. During this Emmi puts her fingers in her ears.

STEVE

(quiet, terrifying)

Have you ever smelled burning flesh? I smelt it four miles away. Four miles away, I smelt it. Have you ever seen the gas chambers, the crematoria? Have you seen the mounds of rotting corpses? You talk to me about culture, art and music? You putting that in the scales, Wilhelm?

You setting culture, art and music against the millions put to death by your pals? They had orchestras in the camps. They played Beethoven, Wagner. The hangmen were playing chamber music at home with their families. I don't understand the Germans' relationship with music. What do you need music for? Your pals you could call to save a few Jews when millions of them were being annihilated? Yes, I blame you for not getting hanged, I blame you for your cowardice. You strutted and swaggered, you fucking piece of shit, king-pin in a shithouse. You talk to me about walking a tightrope between exile and the gallows, and I say to you, lies!

FURTW,NGLER

(breaking down)

I love my country, I believe in music, what was I to do?

STEVE

Look around you. See the country you served. Look at people who had real courage, who took risks, who risked their lives. Like Emmi's father.

He sees Emmi has her fingers in her ears, yells at her.

STEVE

Emmi, take your fingers out of your ears!

She does so.

STEVE

I'm talking about your father.

She screams. Stillness. All eyes on her.

EMMI

My father only joined the plot when he realised that we could not win the war. She cries quietly.

FURTW,NGLER

(desperate)

What kind of a world do you want, Major? What kind of world are you going to make? Do you honestly believe that the only reality is



the material world, so you will be left nothing, nothing but feculence... more foul-smelling than that which pervades your nights...

(near to breakdown)

How was I to understand, how was I to know what they were capable of? No one knew. No one knew.

He breaks down, buries his face in his hands, weeps.

FURTW,NGLER

I don't want to stay in this country. Yes, I should have left in 1934, it would have been better if I'd left...

He is suddenly overtaken by nausea and faintness, stands, a hand to his mouth. Emmi goes to him.

STEVE

Get him out of here.

Emmi helps Furtw,ngler out. Steve strides to the window, opens it, puts his head out into the fresh air.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Emmi helps Furtw,ngler to a chair. She watches him solicitously. He breathes deeply.

FURTW,NGLER

Thank you, Fraulein. You have been most kind.

(he rises.)

He smiles at her. She is embarrassed.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve is trying to get a number on the telephone. David is packing up his papers.

David turns to the records, starts to son through until he finds what he's looking for. He removes the Bruckner and puts another record on the turntable.

STEVE

(into the telephone)

Major Arnold. Get me General Wallace. General? Major Arnold, about Furtw,ngler. I don't know if we've got a case that'll stand up, but sure as hell we can give him a hard time.

At full volume the sound of the subdued opening of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

STEVE

(to David)

Hey, turn that down, would you?

Can't you see I'm on the phone?

(into the telephone)

Never mind, we got a journalist who'll do whatever we tell him.

But David ignores him, sits, implacable, listening.

INT. STEVE'S BUILDING - DAY

Furtw,ngler walks slowly down the stairs, a broken man struggling to regain his composure. Emmi watches him.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

The music at full blast. David, at an open window, keeps his back to Steve, still on the telephone.

STEVE

Turn it off!

EXT. STEVE S BUILDING - DAY

Furtw,ngler, on the stairs, stops, hearing the music echoing through the building.

Furtw,ngler left hand begins to tremble, but it is only his way of sensing the tempo.

Furtw,ngler slowly continues down the stairs.

STEVE'S VOICE

We handed Wilhelm Furtw,ngler over to the civil authorities and he was charged with serving the Nazi regime, with uttering anti-Semitic slurs, performing at an official Nazi Party function and with being a Prussian Privy Councillor. Dr. Furtw,ngler was acquitted. I didn't nail him. But I sure winged him. And I know I did the right thing. Furtw,ngler resumed his career but he was never allowed to conduct in the United States. He died in 1954. Little K succeeded him as head of the Berlin Philharmonic.

INT. CONCERT HALL (ARCHIVE)

Furtw,ngler conducting. Goebbels and other high-ranking Nazis in the audience. When the music finishes, Furtw,ngler turns and bows. Goebbels rises and shakes hands with him. Furtw,ngler takes his handkerchief and wipes his hands. The film replays this gesture several times - Furtw,ngler wiping his hands.

FADE OUT:

THE END