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# Flammen & Citronen (Flame & Citron | Tage des Zorns)

By Unknown

Freely based on actual events  
Do you remember when they came?  
Do you remember April 9?  
I believe you do.  
Everybody does.  
They were suddenly everywhere.  
Gestapo, Wehrmacht, Abwehr, SS.  
All the German units.  
German Nazis.  
Danish Nazis.  
They all came out of the darkness.  
They had just been waiting for this day.  
Did you go out to look at it?  
What did you think?  
You must be deliberate.  
Execute your plan.  
If you're calm,  
nobody will discover anything.  
People look at the dead.  
Not at anything else.  
They don't see you disappearing.  
They cannot remember  
that you have been there...  
...at all.  
I know I'm doing the right thing.  
There is nothing else to do.  
Do you understand?  
Yes.  
Yes?  
Flowers from Dagmarhus.  
A birthday bouquet, I think.  
- stergaard Petersen?  
- That is correct.  
Should I sign?  
No.  
You often asked why.  
Why we do this.  
Why?  
- Don't provoke them.  
- Yes, yes.

**One good reason:**

The Schalburg Corps.  
Good morning.

Papers.

No, I don't think so.

Have you seen the paper?

Danes in German uniforms.

Traitors.

Some are trained soldiers

from the Eastern Front.

Brutal pigs.

Impossible to get close to them.

Always in groups.

They are... pests.

Drive!

The ambulance crews help.

The police help.

Anyone who dares helps.

They have raised the reward to

- For both of of us?

- Only for you.

- What do they know?

- They know that you have red hair.

Get the hair dyed, Bent.

Or put a hat on.

- Hat?

- Yes, or a cap.

It's him.

Another good reason:

Nazi editors who spread

their propaganda in the newspapers.

Editor Gaust?

Everybody has their reasons.

On April 9 Jrgen watches

the Germans march into the city.

The endless ranks of soldiers

make him throw up.

He is nauseous.

He keeps on being nauseous.

Until the day last summer when he

goes into a store to buy a radio for his wife.

In the back room they

are printing illegal newspapers.

Jrgen finally finds somebody

who feels like him.

Before long, they start illegal actions.

Jrgen and a few others are the

only ones left from that group.  
All others have either fled to Sweden,  
or they're dead.  
Executed.  
But Jrgen...  
Jrgen keeps going on.  
Smuggles English pilots over the sound at night.  
Helps with explosives.  
Taking pills to stay awake.  
Organizes weapons.  
Everything.  
And then he drives with me.  
Time?  
Shoot in the neck.  
Aksel Winther. Police lawyer.  
The most important of us.  
He has access to virtually all  
confidential channels at the Police House.  
He has his own contacts with the English.  
Receives orders directly.  
Last autumn he organized  
the escape of the Jews.  
Without him, there was nothing.  
As far as I know,  
we have a clear chain of command.  
- I had not approved the execution of Gaust today.  
- We decided that it was safe.  
- And we were just nearby.  
- Oh, really.  
A signature for the gentlemen in Stockholm.  
There are some things coming up.  
It requires discretion...  
...and the strictest discipline.  
- You'll like it.  
- When it's Winther,...  
- It's big.  
- ...everything is big.  
Fatherland.  
Who else would celebrate three assassinations  
in a liquor store with the Germans.  
Then you're cool.  
We are not many.  
It is difficult to say who does what.  
Sometimes we work together.

Other times we work separately.  
That is Bob,  
veteran of the winter war in Finland.  
The teacher, the Wise, an expert in  
finding information on everything and everyone.  
Big Bear, an expert in women,  
Always ready to party.  
And Little Bear,  
good with weapons.  
Rumors say that when they must shoot a  
man, they also shoot his woman.  
The wine merchant exchange information.  
Sells them to us and the Germans.  
Banana, a former boxer joins  
in all the actions he can get.  
Carl, a nervous guy,  
but hard when it matters.  
Heinrich and Teddy,  
students, the youngest.  
Smalle, he talks and talks,  
never shuts up, especially about food.  
Cap, a former nun in Belgium.  
Has her own group in Kastrup.  
Banana protects her.  
And Jrgen, my friend.  
We have talked about that.  
You stay away from him.  
Karl Heinz Hoffmann.  
The Gestapo chief.  
It is he who chases us.  
Hoffman wants to talk to you.  
Make no mistake.  
Denmark has never had  
a greater mass murderer than him.  
But you know about already.  
May I offer you a glass?  
Sorry.  
Svend Christensen, detective.  
- What's your name?  
- Ketty... Ketty Selmer.  
- Cheers, Svend Christensen.  
- Cheers.  
It's excellent.  
Are you married?

Yes.

- I haven't seen you here before.

- I travel a lot.

- Exciting. What do you do?

- I am a fashion designer.

Photographer. I just made  
a series for Women of Today.

- Who are you?

- Thank you for the wine.

I asked you about something.

You ask too much.

Goodbye, Bent.

"Goodbye, Bent."

It may be one of the boys,  
who have talked too much.

They would never give her my name.

There she is.

Bent, it is a German hotel.

It is packed with them in there.

- I'll just go in there.

- Here?

If you're not back in half an hour,  
I'll go in there.

Criminal Investigation.

Ketty Selmer?

What do you want?

May I come in?

Who do you know?

I design fashion  
and do fashion photography.

- I see.

- Why did you call me Bent?

I thought that was your name.

What do you really do?

- I cannot say.

- You must.

I am a courier. Stockholm - Copenhagen.

I deliver messages.

- I know the wine merchant.

- He just passes on information.

He is a middle man.

Nobody works for a middle man.

I also know Winther.

What do you do for Winther?

I cannot say.  
You know that, too.  
- That's not why you came.  
- Isn't it?  
It is something else you have come for.  
I don't sleep with married women.  
My husband is gay.  
My marriage is a sham.  
He is Swedish,  
so I can travel back and forth.  
Are you attracted to me?  
Yes.  
Why?  
Because you're beautiful.  
How old are you?  
You're young.  
Age means something.  
Now go.  
- Selmer, is it your real name?  
- Yes.  
Go.  
This is my landlady, Lis.  
And her husband, Helmer.  
This is where I live.  
I live in their basement.  
It's a good place.  
It's good to wait.  
That's the way it is.  
Most of the time is spent waiting.  
This is Horst Ernst Gilbert, editor  
the Scandinavian Telegrambureau.  
He spits out German propaganda.  
Political refugee from 1934.  
He is a spy and colonel in the Abwehr.  
Closest collaborator is  
Hermann Seibold.  
SS-Obersturmbannfhrer.  
Chief of Espionage in Scandinavia.  
The last one is  
Mrs Elisabeth Lorentzen.  
From Schleswig-Holstein. Author.  
Highly placed in Abwehr and Gilbert's secretary.  
Have some cake.  
This is real coffee.

- They're Germans?

- Yes, they're German spies.

Yes, but still Germans.

Doesn't the Freedom Council ban us  
from liquidating Germans?

It is rather a recommendation.

That we don't follow.

- London wants to eradicate Abwehr.

- Have I misunderstood something?

Are we not trying to get rid of  
Danish informers and Nazis?

Yes, but you're now assigned to Special Forces.

You do as you're told.

Fine.

- What do you say, Bent?

- Perfect.

- But I don't shoot women.

- You don't?

Then you do it, Citronen.

Or do you also have  
a problem with women?

No, I don't.

If we're going to shoot senior German officers.

Then I think we should take Hoffmann.

Then we can paralyze the entire Gestapo.

- There is no order for that.

- You can give that order.

I will not!

You stay away from Hoffmann.

Both of you.

Bent, you must not engage  
in a conversation with Gilbert.

He has a great personality and has a...  
significant intellectual potential.

- You knock on the door and shoot him.

- Yes.

Good evening, Mr Nielsen.

I met a woman yesterday.

Ketty Selmer.

Did you?

She's not someone  
you should get mixed up with.

- Are you waiting for me?

- Yes.



- What do you want?  
- How do you know my name?  
- Someone has talked too much.  
- Yes. The only question is who.  
Don't be afraid.  
We're on the same team.  
Are we?  
Is it Winther?  
You must not ask me.  
And don't ask me to do anything for you.  
And don't come here.  
That is the last thing I need.  
Good night.  
I was going to shoot this woman.  
She who betrayed Finn.  
I come up the stairs.  
I knock on the door. She opens the door.  
I am going to pull the trigger...  
She manages to tell me  
that she's not really an informer.  
She informed on him,  
because he has betrayed her.  
He had promised to marry her,  
but he was already married.  
She was a lonely, abandoned woman.  
She stood there and stared at me.  
I couldn't pull the trigger.  
She wept and wept.  
I couldn't.  
I peed in my pants and ran.  
The next week she informed on two more.  
I have sworn,  
it must not happen again.  
Why couldn't you?  
I forgot that it's not people we shoot.  
It is Nazis.  
She is yours, Jrgen.  
We must go.  
If you don't come back within  
five minutes, I come up. Ready?  
I couldn't.  
I only hit her in the shoulder.  
I have never killed anyone before, Bent.  
Sorry.

- Who are you?  
- I come from Winther.  
I'm here to deliver  
some legal documents.  
- May I see your badge?  
- Yes, of course.  
You have to be careful.  
My husband is resting.  
Do you want a cup of tea?  
"Thanks, Bud Jonny."  
The famous Soviet general.  
I trained him myself, Mr...?  
Christensen.  
Svend Christensen.  
After the First World War many German  
officers tried their luck in the Red Army.  
Germany was poor and lay in ruins.  
The Russian officers who  
are now fighting against the German army...  
...were trained by us.  
But you know that already.  
You come from my friend Winther?  
Yes. I was asked to deliver  
these documents to you.  
Thank you.  
Is there something wrong with your hand?  
You speak excellent German,  
Mr Christensen.  
Thank you.  
I have lived in Germany.  
My father sent me there.  
You are in the resistance movement.  
I mean you come from Winther.  
You can relax.  
I have no particular sympathy  
for Hitler or National Socialism.  
But you have taken an oath to Hitler.  
- That I will decide with my conscience.  
You are a partisan.  
That's very interesting.  
A soldier without a front.  
Are you also a good soldier?  
Are you prepared to pay the price?  
- What price?

- What do you think?

Life.

You see, there are only three reasons  
to fight in a war.

The first is career.

It is very common, but it  
doesn't make for a good soldier.

People are scared of dying  
and only think about the time afterwards.

The second reason is ideology.

Love of the fatherland.

It is more interesting,  
but the dreamer cracks up.

He is not strong enough.

He is too superficial.

Youthful irresponsibility,  
youthful arrogance.

Unless he is burning.

Fanatic, if you like.

Then he will be a good soldier.

- And the third reason?

- Hatred of the enemy.

Hatred seduces you,  
get you to do things...

...you never would have thought,  
you were able to.

Something else is hatred  
caused by a personal neurosis.

What do you mean?

The neurotic is intelligent,  
and he is a doubter.

If he is betrayed,  
his hatred fades.

And the doubt wins.

War does not cater to  
the neurotic.

The gentle, good father  
is not found in war.

Your struggle, Christensen,  
is warranted.

Now just be a good soldier.

Are you leaving already?

It had to come to this.

You make a serious mistake.

Our Father, which art in heaven...  
hallowed be thy name...  
There is something wrong.  
- What happened?  
- Drive.  
Stop it.  
Quiet. Breathe.  
Bent, we will take you to  
a private clinic.  
An order must be followed. Do you understand?  
It is not for discussion.  
- Seibold was a hard nut.  
- He is a trained soldier.  
Mrs Lorentzen is dead  
and Seibold is seriously injured.  
One out of three,  
it's not good enough.  
Then you must do it yourself next time.  
I choose to ignore that.  
You shouldn't have engaged  
in a conversation with Gilbert.  
- He's not a Nazi. He admires our struggle.  
- You think so?  
He will say anything.  
Gilbert is incredibly gifted, isn't he?  
He knew who you were,  
and why you came. He played you.  
He has been laughing with his wife  
since you left. He and Hoffman have laughed.  
It must not happen again.  
Sorry. Sorry.  
Just make sure you survive.  
I'm meeting Hoffmann in half an hour.  
Bent left the papers with Gilbert.  
Now Hoffman would  
like an explanation.  
Jrgen... You have visitors.  
- Where is Anne?  
- She is waiting outside.  
We've been looking for you. You promised,  
you would come and fetch us.  
It is from you.  
It is a book she wanted.  
- It is only on Monday.

- No, it is today.  
Should we have a party?  
We usually have a small celebration.  
We can't afford it.  
You don't come with anything...  
...and my dad will not help,  
as long as I'm married to you.  
Wait a moment.  
I must borrow some money.  
Now. Come on.  
Cough up.  
It's my daughter's birthday.  
Come on.  
There is a merchant out of Runddelen.  
He is a Nazi pig. Swims in cash.  
I'm not a criminal.  
Stay away from him.  
Even you, Little Bear.  
Run out and play with the yoyo  
your father gave you.  
Sorry.  
She has learned to whistle?  
Much has happened.  
I don't know how long I can  
handle this. Do you understand?  
- Bodil, I'd like...  
- I don't want to go to Sweden.  
- It is safer.  
- It is safe here.  
I can't visit you here.  
I can visit you in Sweden.  
I love you.  
You know that.  
It's just war.  
It has nothing to do with war.  
Before the war you were not at home either.  
I sat and waited.  
It has nothing to do with the war.  
You're just not able to do it.  
You're not such a man.  
- Are they coming?  
- I suppose so.  
- You should know if they come.  
- I should know, but I don't know.

Finally.

Spex from the secret service.

Flammen and Citronen.

- Welcome to Stockholm.

- Thank you.

- Welcome.

- Thank you.

Three days ago Gestapo took revenge  
for some attacks on German officers.

They stopped a tram and threw  
grenades at the 29 passengers.

You can imagine the consequences.

If not, look inside the folder in front of you.

Gestapo threatens more attacks  
if the assassinations continue.

It is pure terror.

Terror, which could have been avoided  
if you had not attacked the Germans.

What are you talking about?

You may make Hoffmann  
believe you're innocent...

...but we know that you ordered  
the attacks on Gilbert...

...Mrs Lorentzen and Seibold.

I don't know what you're talking about.

- I am subject to English command...

- English command?

...and not accountable to either  
the Freedom Council or the army.

What the hell are you talking about?

- Are you giving me crap?

- What is all this about?

This is an order: Any reaction  
to the tram attack is ruled out.

All the killings, all the sabotage  
must cease immediately.

Communist cells

have received the same order.

At least 50,000 armed men  
are ready to fall the Germans in the back...

...if the allies land troops  
on the West Coast. This is big.

We need absolute peace

to form these secret groups.

I need to listen to  
the 29 victims. They say only one thing:  
Revenge.

From your national service in the fleet  
and the army, Mr Faurschou-Hviid...

Yes, please.

...you may be aware of  
the consequences of refusing orders.

- Is that a threat?

- You could interpret it as you will.

We are doing a great military effort.

Neither we...

...or England are interested in it being  
destroyed by resistance groups.

Our goal is to win the peace,  
not to escalate the war.

I am bound by issued orders.

- Which was to execute Gilbert?

- Among others.

I will contact London and  
find out who you work for.

Until then follow the orders  
issued from here. Understood?

- Fatherland.

- Fatherland.

- Yes?

- It's Winther.

Spex doesn't get it. He thinks he can  
sit in Stockholm and determine everything.

Is it us, they're watching?

- Yes.

- Spex's team from the army?

No. Spex is an idiot. It is the Swedish  
security police. They're afraid of you.

- What are they afraid of?

- That you will shoot someone in Sweden.

They don't want trouble with their  
German friends. You're famous here.

It will be difficult  
to come close to Gilbert.

Gestapo have put bodyguards on him.

I can be ready in two weeks.

I will do what you come up with.

- London wants action now.

- Now?

Gilbert expands his operations.

He has become a big threat.

- Can the Bears do?

- They're too noisy.

This requires precision,  
discretion and a little brain.

I might hit him from the car.

If we can get close enough.

- It's too risky.

- I'll do it.

Shut up, Jrgen.

- Cheers for Jrgen.

- Cheers!

I have closed.

I have closed.

All right... what do you want?

Would you like to live?

You Nazi pig.

Fill it up.

Eggs, flour, yeast, sugar...

Everything.

I see you have real coffee  
for your friends in the party.

The apples look good.

- Is it real chocolate?

- Yes.

What the hell is that?

Who the hell do you think I am?

Do you think I have come to steal money?

Do you think I am a thief?

- Are you saying I am a thief?!

- Sorry.

Thank you...

- Good evening, Jrgen.

- Good evening.

- You come home late.

- Yes.

Hello, darling.

Now see what Daddy bought for you.

- Isn't it beautiful?

- Thank you.

And there're some dresses  
you can just put on.



And this is for you.  
That should last for a couple of days.  
Thank you.  
Anne, go in and get ready for bed.  
I will come and put you in bed  
in a moment.  
Jrgen, there is something  
I must tell you.  
I have met somebody else.  
You hear what I say?  
It shouldn't have happened.  
But it did.  
I'm sorry.  
Jrgen.  
Don't.  
- Who is it?  
- It doesn't matter who it is.  
- Who is it?  
- You don't know him.  
Who is it?!  
God damn it, answer me.  
Who is it?  
Are you afraid of me?  
Why the hell are you afraid of me?  
I've never done you any harm.  
Have I done you any harm ever?  
You'll kill him.  
If I tell you, you'll kill him.  
It's the only thing you know how to do.  
Why do you say that?  
Why do you say that? What?  
It's not true.  
Why do you say that?  
I love you.  
Where did you go?  
I was...  
I was...  
- Can I try this one?  
- Yes. Of course.  
You get more out of it  
if you use single shots.  
Aksel asks  
if you want a trip to Sweden.  
- To calm the nerves.

- Does he?  
- Tell him my nerves are doing well.  
- Keep it. It's a gift, Jrgen.  
I'll get another.  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
We can take it to Japan.  
When we're done with the Germans.  
We can go with the Americans to Japan.  
- Flammen and Citronen in Japan?  
- Precisely.  
- And then?  
- There is no "afterwards".  
Not here. Not for us.  
I think we should proceed.  
Up! Come on!  
Up!  
Up!  
Fatherland!  
A short while ago Gestapo executed  
three of our comrades.  
Bob, Carl and the teacher;  
were gunned down in front of Dagmarhus.  
There is a traitor  
very close to us.  
They were betrayed.  
There's no doubt about that.  
An hour ago there were  
eight executions in Ryvangen.  
My contact says,  
there will be eight more tonight.  
Hoffman strikes back hard  
after the assassination of Gilbert.  
The Communists have  
sabotaged Riffelsyndikatet.  
And an hour ago The Schalburg Corps  
bombed Tivoli in retaliation.  
Everything suggests several attacks,  
more retaliations and more executions.  
I will ask for a minute's silence  
for our fallen comrades.  
Sren, are you a bigamist?  
What?  
Do you sleep with others?

No. No, damn it.  
I could never.  
They were my friends.  
We were in Finland together.  
- Friends betray friends.  
- Should I shoot him?  
- I don't know yet.  
- It wasn't me, damn it.  
What actually happened  
at Lauritz Betjent?  
We were out to celebrate  
the invasion of France.  
We stand by the bar.  
Me and Little Bear and Big Bear.  
We turn to see  
that Bob and Carl and the Wise...  
...have been surrounded  
by the Gestapo.  
There was nothing  
else to do than...  
...to just sneak out, right?  
What do the Bears say?  
It is true what he says.  
About being at Lauritz Betjent.  
It is right.  
All right, Sren. Sorry.  
But you know how it is.  
Yes. You know how it is.  
I need more time, but I will find the traitor.  
Keep a low profile.  
There's an uprising in Vesterbro.  
Where were you?  
Where were you,  
when the popular uprising broke out?  
Where were you on 26 June...  
...when Copenhagen rose?  
Finally the people had had enough.  
Finally, they did something.  
Now we are close.  
War.  
There are 32 dead...  
...and it has just begun.  
The Communists are fighting.  
We just wait.

Hello, Ketty.

How did you come in?

- It's my birthday today.

- Should I sing for you?

No.

I would like to invite you to dinner.

- Who sent you?

- No one.

Hoffman has just declared you to  
to be the German's enemy number 1.

The reward is 20,000 kroner,  
and you break into my room?

There is trouble and insurrection out in the street,  
and you want to eat.

- Are you crazy?

- All right. Sorry. I will come.

You must be careful.

We have to cover your hair.

Here.

- What did you do before the war?

- All kinds of things.

- I danced at a time.

- You danced?

Where?

At the Apollo Theater.

It was fun.

It was not pretty,  
but it was fun.

And I met many people.

It was there, I met Winther.

Winther has helped me.

He got me a place to live and work.

He is a great man.

- Do you think so?

- Yes.

- Why do you do it?

- Do what?

Kill so many.

- Someone has to do it.

- Yes, but why kill?

What can we do?

I was sent to Germany  
in 1940 by my father...

...to learn to

serve and cook.

The director of the place  
where I worked, was a Nazi.

The chef was a Nazi.

Several of the servants were Nazis.

Each day I served them.

Everywhere.

A girl who worked at the hotel,  
she was a Jew. Nobody knew it.

She kept it secret.

The chef found out.

He informed on her.

She was beaten to pulp by the time  
the police came to fetch her.

It must not happen here.

Sabotage means nothing.

The only thing to do

it is to remove them. One by one.

Until there is no one left.

Was she your girlfriend?

What happened to her?

- What about you?

- I don't know.

I was very happy when the war came.

It was a relief.

Because finally one

could do something right.

I worked for Winther.

Delivered letters and got  
information and passed it on.

It was fun in the beginning.

But now it's different.

Everything is gray.

I just want to survive.

Do you know what I think?

I think we should leave quietly.

There is one thing you must promise me.

You should never use me to  
to obtain information.

You should never ask me about that.

It should not come between us.

- Promise me?

- Yes.

I wish that the war would stop soon.

Why can't I get out of this?

I wish I could just go away.

Where would you go?

To Stockholm.

The war doesn't stop.

- Don't be afraid.

- Should I not?

I will look after you.

- Will you?

- Yes.

My name is Jrgen.

Do you have time to talk to me?

What is your name?

Morten.

You must take good care  
of my wife and my daughter.

- Yes.

- Do you have a job?

- Do you make money?

- Yes.

Morten,

you must be good to my daughter.

If I ever hear anything else...

...then I will return.

- Is that clear?

- Yes.

Here is coffee.

You have gotten a hat.

That's good.

- The reward for you is 20,000.

- I know.

It may tempt many.

A wise move by Hoffmann.

- Give me the order to shoot him.

- No.

I have something else for you.

The traitor.

Unfortunately it is from our own ranks.

Madam Ketty Selmer Sjberg.

She must be liquidated.

- You're wrong.

- Am I?

I know her.

She is a courier.

- Former dancing girl.  
- Yes. I know all about Ketty.  
She is my courier.  
She knows everything there is to know.  
We must strike now.  
Why has she not betrayed Bent?  
Why betray Carl and the Wise,  
when she could get 20,000 for Bent?  
You should ask Bent about that.  
She is a double agent  
and feels no loyalty.  
Hoffman has caught her,  
and then she has given him information.  
She has gone too far.  
Should I do it?  
No.  
Bent?  
What are you doing here?  
It's nice to see you.  
Sit down.  
Who do you work for?  
- Winther, of course.  
- Try again.  
- Who asked you to draw me?  
- Nobody.  
Why this?  
I sat and thought of you.  
- Why do you go to Dagmarhus?  
- I must have my passport stamped.  
So I can travel.  
See here.  
- There. Visa.  
- Who are you working for?  
- I can't say.  
- Who are you working for?  
I work for  
the army's intelligence service.  
And Winther.  
I bring documents back and forth.  
I solve tasks for them.  
I am under orders.  
You betrayed them.  
Didn't you?  
Why did you betray them?

- Why did you betray them?  
- What's this?  
- How much did you get for it?  
- Who says so?  
Is it Winther?  
He is a trickster.  
He is a swindler.  
Be careful what you say.  
He is subject to London.  
- London? They don't want him.  
- It's not true.  
- He receives orders...  
- Yes, but not from the English.  
Let me show you something.  
These are copies of contracts  
Winther made with Gilbert.  
I also have copies of them  
in Stockholm.  
Winther was Gilbert's  
legal adviser for years.  
They did business together  
and earned a lot of money.  
A lot of money, Bent.  
Winther must have realized that...  
...his business with Gilbert  
would be considered treason.  
Gilbert was a senior German officer.  
When the war ends, Winther would  
be accused of profiteering.  
His relationship with Seibold  
would also be examined.  
He would go to prison. He  
had to get them out of the way.  
Both Gilbert and Seibold.  
And he used you for that.  
- These are forgeries.  
- No, the papers are genuine enough.  
Winther is a gangster.  
I know too much.  
- Now, I must also be eliminated.  
- They were German spies.  
German spies? No.  
Gilbert and Mrs Lorentzen  
were German resistance fighters.



Seibold was a spy.

But you never got him, did you?

Gilbert was an expert at fooling people.

He had bodyguards from the Gestapo...

It wasn't bodyguards.

Gilbert was under house arrest,  
suspected of anti-Nazi activities.

If Hoffman wanted to protect Gilbert,  
you would not have come near him.

Is Hoffman sorry for Gilbert's death?

- No. you have done him a favor.

- And Mrs Lorentzen?

She was Gilbert's secretary and knows  
about his business with Winther.

She was committed

to the resistance against Hitler.

But most of all, she was just a sweet,  
little lady who got caught between two men.

And Winther...?

Does Winther work for the Gestapo?

No.

He just cleans up his tracks.

- Is Winther here?

- Go away!

Winther has fled to Stockholm.

They have exposed everything.

Go away, damn it!

He was right. Winther is gone.

He has bolted.

We have shot innocent people.

Aksel never worked

for the English.

Anyone who knew anything, they should  
be executed. He lacked only Ketty.

- We have shot innocent...

- Shut up!

Shut up.

I have not killed innocent people.

I've shot a German officer,

and a German officer is not innocent.

You tell me that he was a

resistance man? Are you an idiot?

Winther! What did you expect?

That's the way rich people are.

In a nutshell. They grab and  
are full of crap.

You should have killed her  
when you first met her.

What are you talking about?

- She messes up your head.

- Beware!

A slut knows the real names,  
and you're completely lost.

You fuck her, and she turns into  
the Oracle of Vesterbro.

- Shut up.

- I say what I want to say.

And I have not killed any  
innocent people. Do you understand that?

Why didn't I see it?

Why didn't I see it happen?

Now he sits in Stockholm...

...while we're being chased  
throughout the city by the Gestapo.

Is that fair?

There is nothing that is fair or unfair.

This is war.

We find the ones we want to go after,  
and then we go after them.

- Hoffmann.

- Yes.

Come. Come!

Come on, boys.

- Quiet.

- Where is he?

- Where is he?

- Back room.

Flammen?

I have an offer for you.

You leave this place,  
so do I.

I stop the hunt for you  
for 24 hours.

You go to Sweden and remain there till  
the war is over, and this conversation...

...has never taken place.

Have you thought about  
the consequences?

If you liquidate the Gestapo chief.  
Do you want to survive the war?  
- I will survive.  
That would surprise me.  
Survival is not part of your character.  
You are a fanatic and a terrorist.  
They always die.  
Tell me...  
...do you really believe that you can  
change anything with all your shooting?  
Can't you see, you are just a tool  
for others with not so noble motives?  
I thought you were the brain  
behind all these heroic actions.  
But no, it was Winther!  
How could you take him seriously?  
He is completely untrustworthy.  
And now you will take over.  
You were betrayed, and now  
the Gestapo chief must suffer for it. Why?  
What would it change?  
We two are alike.  
I love Denmark.  
You love Denmark.  
The beautiful landscape  
in the North of Zealand.  
Why don't we collaborate?  
You are right. The National Socialist  
idea was nice, but impossible.  
Too many emotions.  
Like an infatuation.  
See what the idea  
has done to the world.  
But consider me as a possibility.  
I have abandoned my ideals.  
I must survive.  
And I also want you to survive.  
What do you say?  
I understand you.  
Excellent.  
I count to three.  
One.  
Two.  
Now comes the police...

...or what is worse for you,  
German soldiers.

Will you wait  
till you are surrounded?

What happened?

What happened?

- You got my message?

- Yes.

- You have brought people.

- So have you.

Yes. It is Spex.

He doesn't trust you.

I have a message.

I need an answer back.

There's a meeting in Stockholm  
the day after tomorrow at 10 a.m.

- What do they want?

- I don't know.

Who is coming?

Spex and a representative  
from the Freedom Council...

...and Winther.

- Aksel?

- Yes.

His problems have been sorted out.

I'm not coming.

You will, Bent.

You must go and talk to them  
and hear what they have to say.

It is important. Do you understand?

I asked for permission to  
give you this message.

Because I wanted to see you.

- I wanted to see that you're doing well.

- I'm fine.

I will tell them you're coming.

- Good evening.

- You're back with Winther, Bears?

No, we're in the army now.

They pay well.

We must unfortunately  
confiscate your equipment.

It's an honor.

I represent the Freedom Council.

You can call me Raven.

You know Spex

and Aksel Winther.

The police lawyer is representing  
the U.S. armed forces.

Interesting.

I will begin with something pleasant.

We are close to a breakthrough  
in negotiations with the Germans...

...for a termination  
of the popular uprising.

It will be a major victory for the people.

The curfew will be repealed.

- The Schalburg Corps will be pulled out...

- If law and order is maintained.

Are you listening?

Is everyone here aware of  
what police lawyer has done?

He has ordered us to liquidate  
innocent people. Old friends.

- They got in his way.

- What are you talking about?

I have worked hard to get the  
nation on the Allied side.

- Old friends, Flammen?

- Gilbert, German resistance man.

- Ketty Selmer, Danish courier.

- A German opposition man?

Bent, my boy. The allies do not recognize  
any German resistance movement.

It doesn't exist.

Madam Selmer was a regrettable error,  
as the police lawyer explained.

A simple misunderstanding...

A misunderstanding... Excuse me.

A misunderstanding?

So when I shoot you in the head  
in a minute...

...it will be a regrettable error.

Do we agree on that?

I...

...admire you, Flammen.

But the war can be confusing,  
as you may have discovered.

It's filled with rumors.  
The only sensible...  
...is to keep a cool head.  
The Freedom Council knows nothing  
about the killing of innocents...  
...so if you allow...  
...can we continue the meeting.  
- Are you a Communist, Faurschou?  
- No.  
We can offer you  
an officer's commission.  
You can get command of  
the Copenhagen resistance unit.  
- And the rank of captain.  
- Captain.  
Exactly, Bent. Think about it.  
You will either fight  
side by side with the English...  
...or you will fight against  
the Red Army, if they comes first.  
Democracy must survive.  
We would like to make use of your name.  
- My name? How?  
- We'll need heroes.  
Lectures in schools and associations.  
Public speaking  
to crowds of thousands...  
...to understand the  
unselfish sacrifice during the occupation.  
Which both of you are  
outstanding exponents of.  
- What about Jrgen?  
- Deputy Commander. Lieutenant?  
- What were you going to be?  
- Captain.  
Then I would also like to be a captain.  
No, thanks.  
We will no longer tolerate the disruptive  
violence that the two of you engage in.  
When there is war,  
you kill your opponents.  
I want Hoffmann. Then we can  
talk about an officer's commission.  
- Impossible.

- I respect your position.

But Hoffman...

- That won't do any good.

- We will see.

We have the means and powers to stop you in other ways.

I apologize on Spex's behalf.

That was inappropriate.

The file contains the name of an informer in your organization.

- How far are we going?

- Asserbo.

Consider it an expression of our good will.

- Do you have a picture?

- No. We have his name and address.

- I must pee.

- Yes, me too.

Sorry.

What will happen now?

I will speak with my father.

- When were you here last time?

- Three years.

Just wait here.

Hello, Dad.

A glass of wine?

- What are you here for?

- To visit my father.

Let's not exaggerate.

What do you want?

You have many German guests.

Guests choose the hotel.

Not vice versa.

- We heard Hoffman comes here.

- The Gestapo chief?

- I can't tell.

- I want to talk to him.

He is said to be very nice...

- And a murderer for an occupying power.

- Yes, that, too.

- You like them?

- Them?

German culture and everything wonderful, it has generated, I admire.

But "them"? No.  
It must disappoint you,  
that the war is turning.  
Don't you listen to what I say?  
I'm just trying to scrape through.  
You are too young to understand.  
With your background and your head...  
...you could have gone further  
than shooting people down.  
But then you became a hero.  
Listen.  
If you talk nicely about me  
to your Communist friends...  
...and don't shoot Hoffmann here,  
then I will tell you what I know.  
Is that a deal?  
Hoffmann comes here with his family  
and his mistresses.  
There are always four bodyguards,  
who keep watch at the room.  
I don't know in advance  
when he arrives.  
Army Intelligence  
asked me to get close to him.  
I just follow orders.  
My dear Ketty. Thank you for yesterday.  
You were lovely.  
Your laughter makes me so happy.  
Your Karl Heinz.  
You're on first names.  
This is not about you and me.  
This is bigger. My work requires  
sacrifices. They ask for something. I'll do it.  
Did they ask you  
to go to bed with me?  
No.  
Of course they didn't.  
- You and me just happened.  
- Did it?  
Bent, listen here.  
Hoffmann means nothing.  
It is you that matters.  
Do you understand that?  
Now tell me which car he



drives and the route he follows.

- And the car's license plate.

- You must not ask me.

You promised you would not  
ask me about anything.

You promised me.

Bent...

I love you.

Do you understand that?

No one has an interest in this.

If I tell you...

...will you take me with  
you to Stockholm?

We go to Stockholm,  
and we never return.

Promise me?

Promise me that.

He drives a small, black  
Opel Cadet. In odd weeks.

In even weeks, it is a big Mercedes.

The route changes.

Sometimes Roskildevej...

...and sometimes Vigerslevvej.

It's not Hoffmann.

Oh, no!

You'll be fine.

You'll be fine.

Don't be afraid.

You'll be fine.

Dear Bent,

Hoffman has exposed me.

I'm going to Stockholm now.

I hope and believe

that you will come to me.

He is dead.

He looked at me all the time.

He looked at me,

while I ran with him.

I could see,

he wanted to say something, but...

...he could not.

I didn't even get there

before he died.

Do you still have the police uniforms?

We go to Dagmarhus  
and ask for a meeting with Hoffman.  
We must.  
We will never get in.  
If we get in, we will never come out again.  
Come, come, come.  
Thank you. Go on. Come.  
Damn it.  
I thought they had  
been pulled out of the city.  
Stop! Stop!  
Out of the car!  
Come on out. Can't you hear?  
On the ground. Come on!  
On the ground!  
Up in the cart.  
Turn around.  
Come on.  
Get up.  
Come on!  
Come on, damn it.  
Move on!  
Put these two down at the end.  
Get up against the wall.  
Look at the wall. Everyone should have  
a meter between your feet.  
- What's going on?  
- They have taken the entire corps.  
We going to the concentration camps.  
It's the goddamn thanks.  
- Do you still have your baby Browning?  
- In the boots.  
- And you?  
- Yes.  
In a while I will jump over  
the fence, and then you run.  
See you, Bent.  
Back in line down there!  
Get an ambulance!  
Get him out of here!  
Water.  
- Water.  
- Shut up.  
- Water.

- Give him some water, for Heaven's sake.

It's in the back.

How are you?

Fine.

Damn, I have to be shot in the lung  
to be cared for by you.

So...

- I'm going to prison, Marie.

- In prison?

- I don't think so.

- Yes.

I must go to prison for the things  
I have done.

When this is over...

Do you know what I have done?

No.

You'll be fine.

I'll be back tomorrow.

Take care of yourself, Jrgen.

No, no, no.

Down in the basement. Hurry up!

Hurry up.

Open up now.

Get out!

Open up!

Can't you hear?

Open up!

You must open the door!

Flammen?

Is it Flammen? Speak!

Get some milk.

Stop!

What are you doing?

Have you no shame in life?

Cover them.

- Yes!

Here's the money order

for the 20,000 kroner.

You can cash it tomorrow.

We also found a letter on him.

It's for you.

Do you remember when they came?

Do you remember April 9?

I think you can.

We all can.  
I've thought and thought...  
Whatever they say,  
I don't believe it was you.  
That's not how you are.  
Where will we be afterwards?  
When this is over.  
I don't know.  
Is there a way back?  
Is there a way forward?  
Maybe.  
Maybe not.  
Right now there is only Flammen.  
After the liberation Flammen  
and Citronen were buried in Copenhagen.  
After the funeral their coffins stood  
side by side in Holmen's Church.  
A few months later Flammen's father passed away.  
Citronen was in 1951 awarded the U.S. president's  
distinction for heroism in war: The Medal of Freedom.  
Citronen's mother received the Medal  
on behalf of her son.  
Flammen later received the same honor.  
Bodil fled to Sweden,  
where she gave birth to her daughter Lene.  
After the liberation she lived in a house outside Copenhagen,  
where she for many years lived alone with her daughters.  
Citronen's fate marked the family forever.  
After Flammen's death  
Ketty Selmer moved to Stockholm.  
She later settled on Mallorca,  
where she lived until her death in the mid-1990s.  
She never talked about Flammen.  
Helmer Aslaksen