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The Inbetweeners Movie

By Iain Morris

So, you see the thing is, Dad,
I could reapply next year,
but if I defer and try again for Oxford,
I'll probably lose my place at Bristol...
Mm...

which is a good university
but not my dream.

Do you think
it matters in the long term,
or is the subject and standard of degree
more important?

So, I got married.

- What?!

- To Suzy, we got married.

You mean remarried.

This time it's for keeps, though.

- When did this happen?

- A few weeks ago.

I was going to invite you,
but I know how you are around people.

How am I?!

Awkward. Weird.

I don't live in a cave.

I live in suburban London.

I spend my entire life around people.

Much as I'd like to,
it's almost impossible to avoid them.
See, this is what I mean.

Well... Was it a big wedding?

No. Couple of hundred close friends
and family.

- And it was perfect.

- Mm.

I can't believe you didn't invite me
to your wedding.

So, what are you up to this summer?

Oh, you're changing the subject?

- Mm-hm.

- Fine.

I dunno.

I guess I'll be going on holiday.

Oh, this should be good.

What have you got planned?

Trans-Siberian Express?

Fossil-hunting in Dorset?
Or maybe something even weirder.
No, actually. Something normal. I'm going
somewhere normal, with my normal friends,
to a place full of normal people.
And you, of course.
Wahhhhh
Gimme love, gimme love, gimme love
I really need it
Gimme love, gimme love, gimme love
Just set me free, yeah... #
In case you were wondering,
that was me with my father.
And this is where I live -
not with him, but with my mother.
It's a long story. Well, not that long.
He shagged the work experience girl
and then left us.
So, just clichd, really.
Plus, it only happened two years ago,
so I don't even get the luxury
of blaming my various personality defects
on their divorce.
Anyway, that's how I ended up here -
the very definition of suburbia.
Safe, comforting, stifling, boring -
and I couldn't wait to fucking leave.
Maybe that's unfair, as they do say
that you never know what goes on
behind the net curtains of suburbia.
Although, in my friend Jay Cartwright's
case, you can have a pretty good guess.
Are you ready to have some fun, big boy?
Mmm.
I'm feeling sexy!
Take off mask, baby, let me see you.
Nah.
Do you promise this'll be
properly filthy, yeah?
Oh, yes, like bomb explode from in penis.
Sexy like... mmm...
finger up bumhole.
Christ, you make me so erect.
Oh, yes, you also make me erect.

Now, put in card details.
Oh, I'm so horny.
Don't forget security number and bank.
Mm! Come on, hurry up.
All right, Jay's mum! Where's Jay?
Oh, hello, Neil.
He's at home, updating his CV.
Ooh, excuse me.
Hello?
Ohh...
It's a bit over, is that OK?
Not really.
- Excuse me! My prawns?
- Sorry, mate, I finish at six.
Cheers for that.
- You don't have to thank me every time.
- Oh, right. Cool.
You're so fit.
Simon, we need to talk.
Oh, not talking!
- Look, it's been great so far...
- It's been amazing.
Literally the best year of my life.
My spots clearing up,
not moving to Wales,
and now you.
And I'm definitely getting better
at kissing, aren't I?
I think we should break up.
What?
We're both going away to uni soon,
and it'll be too hard to keep it going
long-distance.
- It won't be fair on either of us.
- I don't mind.
You will mind, though. You will.
I bloody won't!
Plus, I'm going on holiday soon,
so there's that.
Why? What are you planning to do
on holiday?
Maybe you should just go home.
I just need some space to think
at the moment.

OK, fine. So, I'll see you later, yeah?

Or whenever?

Mum, I'm back! When's tea?

- In a minute.

- It had better be delicious!

Ohhh...

- Ooh!

- Oh, oh!

Tell me you love me. Tell me you love me.

Oh, yes, I like you. Oh, I like you.

Get out! I'm just looking at holidays!

It's just holidays!

Jay, can you come downstairs, please?

Your grandfather's died.

Ooh, you've got a lady there,

you bad boy!

Has she got nice titties? Suck on

the lady's titties. Suck them, go on!

It was our last ever day of school,

something my new stepmum had

experienced only four years ago herself.

So the head of Sixth was going to say

a few inspirational words.

And if ever there was a man for the job,

it wasn't lunatic giant Mr Gilbert.

I will forget each and every one of you

almost immediately.

So, if you do find yourself

at a loose end next year,

and think it might be nice to pop in

and see how we're getting on,

don't. This isn't the Dead Poets Society

and I'm not that bloke on BBC Two

who keeps getting kids to sing in choirs.

I especially don't want to hear about

how well you're settling down at uni

or how much growing up you've done

in the past 12 months.

At best, I am ambivalent

towards most of you,

but some of you, I actively dislike,

for no other reason

than your poor personal hygiene

or your irritating personalities.

I hope I've made myself clear
on this point.
And in case any of you think
I'm joking... I'm not.
I assure you
that once my legal obligation...
to look after your best interests
is removed,
I can be one truly nasty fucker.
Good luck with the rest of your lives
and... try not to kill anyone.
It reflects very badly on all of us here.
Slightly more upbeat
than I was expecting.
They say your school days
are the best days of your life.
But the only way
that would be true for me...
would be if I went straight from school
to prison and stayed there until I died.
How many times is that
she's caught you now?
Four. But this was the worst.
Mask, snorkel, ham.
OK, one last one for luck.
Ooooh!
Good. Old-school wedgie.
To be admired, in a way.
Squashing the balls now.
Ooh! That does not tickle!
Argh!
Mark! What the fuck
do you think you're doing? Put him down.
All right, calm down.
Just saying goodbye to Bender Squad.
- Have a nice life, dickheads.
- Oh, grow up! God!
- Are you OK, Will?
- Fine! Slightly chafed arse crack,
- but, no, basically fine, thanks.
- Hi, Simon.
OK, well, bye, then.
Fucking bitch.
Is she?

No.

Oh, God... I just really miss her.

It's all right, mate. I understand.

Anyone would miss those tits.

- It's not that, Neil.

- Is it her lovely snatch?

- No.

- I know it feels rough now, Si,
but you just need to give it some time.

I'm just worried I'll never get over her.

- I can help you with that!

- Can you?

Yeah! From now on, every time
you mention the Moanatron 5000,

- you get a slap in the balls.

- Do you mean Carli?

Ow! For fuck's sake, Jay!

- You were warned.

- How's that helping?!

Stopped you from crying like a baby,
for one.

So my life is still ruined,
but now my balls ache too. Thanks, Jay
No, your life is just about to begin,
mate!

Now you've been dumped, we can all go
on a mental holiday together.

Two weeks of sun, sea, sex, sand, booze,
sex, minge, fanny and tits.

And booze.

And sex!

He's put it horrifically,
but he's probably right.

A holiday would definitely
take your mind off her.

Plus, it's the perfect time to go.

Yeah, they say the summer is
the perfect time for a summer holiday.

Come on, Si, what do you say?

The lads on tour!

- And you.

- Yes, and me! One of the lads.

Yeah, fuck it, go on, then.

Maybe it will help.

Course it will!
And, I promise you, Si,
we'll go somewhere
so full of fit birds,
it'll be like shooting
clunge in a barrel.
What a lovely image
So, that was it.
We were no longer schoolboys.
And to prove our independence,
we were off on the holiday of a lifetime
without our parents...
after we'd made them pay for it.
I know this is the first time you've ever
been away from me, but don't go crazy.
When have I ever gone crazy?!
That time you drank all that shandy
at Debra's wedding. You went pretty wild!
- I was seven years old!
- He was running round, his pants down,
shouting, "I've got a white slug!"
- Mum!
- Oh, hello, Kevin!
Looks like just Jay
we're waiting for, then.
Yes, it does "look like" that,
doesn't it? God! Sorry about her.
Are you all right, Neil?
Your face is a bit weird.
Fine! Just popped a bit of my sister's
fake tan on, get it started, you know.
Just on your face?
Well... It's on my hands now too.
All right? Who's this, then, the vicar?
Me? No, no, I'm Kevin. I'm Neil's father.
Nice to meet you.
Where's Neil been hiding you, then?
The church?
- Looks like a bloody vicar, don't he?
- No, no, I'm not a vicar.
No, I know that. But you look like
a vicar and you talk like a vicar.
A bloody gay vicar, or something!
Well, I'm not a vicar and I'm not gay.

No, I'm saying you look gay.
But you can't be, can you? Cos old
soppy bollocks here come out your pipe.
Right, I see.
Well, gotta get going.
Don't want you to miss that flight.
Bye-bye, Pookie Petal. Love you, mwah!
Oh, and Jay? If you're gonna spend
your grandad's money chasing skirt,
two things. One, make sure she's not
a hound like the last one.
And two, try to be a man when she dumps
you for someone with a bigger cock...
...which is everyone!
Dad!
Dads are like arseholes.
Everyone's got one, yes,
but also, they're arseholes. Which is why
they make excellent cab drivers.
Takes me back, all this -
cheap flights at ungodly hours.
Where is it you're headed to again?
Simon never tells me anything.
- Malia, Mr Cooper, in Greece.
- Can't say I've heard of it.
Of course you haven't,
it's a cool place to go.
And it's got a Subway's.
Oh, right. In my day,
it was all about Spain.
Me and my mates went to Magaluf
this one time.
Shagaluf, we called it!
Should've called it Shagalot. And hard.
Anything that moved.
We had a system.
Always left a hat on the bedroom door
when one of us got lucky.
Was usually me.
Oh, Dad, please shut up!
I don't know what it is,
but you'll find girls just seem to
let themselves go a bit more abroad.
It's like as soon as they smell

the sun cream, they get wet.

- Your mother's the same, even now.

- Oh, God, just drop us here!

I was learning a lot
about holidays.

And not just what they did
to Mrs Cooper's front bottom.

I was also learning
that on a lads' holiday,
it's compulsory to wear
"hilarious" matching T-shirts.

Here y'are.

Nice!

Right, you owe me 12 quid each.

Except for you, Will, you owe me 20.

Right, so I've got to pay more money
for a T-shirt I didn't ask for
and I'm not going to wear, cos it carries
a nickname I didn't know I had?

- Yes.

- Great

Come on, come on, come on, come on

Got my peeps standing with me
at the bar doing shots

Cos now we're so fucking plastered
we don't know when to stop

I got my peeps standing with me
and I'm having a blast

I'm feeling so fucking good right now
I want it to last

I'm at the bar and I see this chick
checking me out

From afar, yes, she wants my dick
There ain't a doubt

Now I'm in a lift, getting lips
How dumb is this girl?

But do I care? Do I fuck!

I'm on a roll! Yo! #

Malia flight?

Yep.

Delay, seven hours.

And please remove those T-shirts,
or we won't allow you to board the plane.
Despite Neil offering... twice,

they didn't let him drive the plane.
Finally, though, we'd made it on holiday,
and Jay's thoughts on the beautiful isle
of Crete, birthplace of Zeus,
were as insightful as ever.

- I'm hot.
- It is well hot.
- Might be too hot.
- Might be.

Oh!

Carli! Carli!

Carls!

Oh.

Sorry.

Oi, Jay, Jay...

Tidy minge, ten o'clock.

Jay? Jay!

Didn't you see them girls?

Why don't you chirps 'em?

- I can't handle that many at once, Neil.
- Really? What about that netball team?

Yeah, that was all right,
cos that was a luxury caravan.
But this coach is way too small
for my moves.

Ah, course.

Right, so, the plan is
get to the apartment, unpack,
get some sleep,
then head out fresh tomorrow.
First up, the Minoan Palace at Knossos.
Have you come on a lads' holiday
by mistake?!

We haven't come
halfway round the world...
to look at some boring fucking
Greek ruins.

Yeah, you can see that shit
anywhere.

We go there, drop the bags off,
then go straight out and get spasticated.
Simples.

But I've not slept for 37 hours.
Shut up and try and get

some sleep on here, then.
Fine, good idea.
We love you Burnley, we do
We love you Burnley, we do
We love you Burnley, we do
Oh, Burnley, we love you!
- # Oh, Burn-a-ley
- # Oh, Burn-a-ley
- # Is wonderful
- # Oh, Burn-a-ley is wonderful... #
Can you hear the Preston sing?
I can't hear a fucking thing... #
When people ask me if I like
football, I say yes. I do like football.
But not Burnley.
Burnley can fuck off.
Come on, Burnley!
Oh, Burn-a-ley is wonderful! #
It was a tense moment.
Someone was obviously staying here.
Right, then, McKenzie party.
This is you.
Good one, fellas! Don't worry,
it'll look nice when it's finished.
- # Oh, Burn-a-ley!
- # Oh, Burn-a-ley!
Is wonderful... #
This don't look like the pictures.
I still don't know
how the dog died.
I can only presume it threw itself
in the well, rather than stay here.
You Willy?
Yes.
Your key. You have fun.
But not too much fun.
You shit on floor - 50 euro fine.
Each time!
All right, lads!
- Are you stopping here?
- Yes. We are.
Bad luck. I've just come back
from Afghanistan,
and conditions there

are better than this shithole.

I can't wait to get back to lying
in a dusty trench,
being shot at by some raghead.

Are you married?

- No.

- Don't get married.

The wife booked this, but somehow,
it's my fucking fault.

Anyway, pop down for a beer if you fancy.

I'll see youse later.

Hey!

You owe me 50 euros!

As we entered our new home,
wondering...

if our human rights
had been breached,
I couldn't help thinking
a shit on the floor...

might have
cheered the place up a bit.

- Shotgun this room!

- Shotgun the sofa bed!

Well, where am I gonna sleep, then?!

Not really my problem.

What's that? Is that the bath?

Course it's not the bath,
you fucking idiot. There's the bath!
That's the... kids' toilet.

- Is it?

- Yes!

Why's it got a plughole and a tap, then?

Cos it's for checking your kid's shit
before you flush it.

- Urgh, that's grim!

- Yeah, I know.

That's the Continentals, innit?

They're dirty.

See? That looks nice!

I'm not sleeping in a fucking bathtub
for two weeks, Simon!

We'll have to share the sofa bed.

Ooh, 'ello!

Right, well, while you two decide

who gets first go on each other's cocks,
I'm getting ready and getting out there.
The gash isn't gonna fuck itself,
you know.

Charming

Finally, smelling like an
industrial accident at the Lynx factory,
and looking like the world's
shittiest boy band, we hit the town.

- Ooh, heads down, boys.

- Shit.

What? Why? We haven't done anything!

- Foreign police, innit?

- So?

Don't you even know about foreign police?

What, short-sleeved uniforms?

Chunkier truncheons?

- Oh, fucking hell!

- Mate, they're all corrupt.

Basically, if you misbehave
and don't have the money to bribe 'em,
they take you up
to these shepherds' huts in the hills,
beat you up and bum ya.

And if they don't kill ya,
you kill yourself,

cos of the shame of getting a boner
whilst you was being bummed.

Right, couple of things. Firstly,
the hills here are full of timeshares,
not deserted shepherds' huts.

Secondly, Crete's in the EU,
so I think the standard of policing
probably goes beyond bumming
and forced suicide.

Believe what you want. I'm keeping
a bribe up my arse just in case.

You're gonna spend the whole holiday with
It's been up there since
the seatbelt signs went off, mate.

All right, lads! Holiday, is it? I'm out
here on my own, having a mental time!

Can I have a beer?

- Oh, here you go, mate.

- No, you can't!
All right, which is it?
You say yes, he says bloody no.
He's not your boss, is he? Eh?
Well, it's been great talking to you,
but we've really got to get a move on.
Can I come round yours for a shower?
Um, no.
No? Cool beans. See you later, lads!
Richard, yeah? Richard!
Well, Richard was clearly mental.
But as we were about to discover,
so was everything else here.
This place about to blow
Blow
This place about to blow
Blow
This place about to blow
This place about to blow... #
While Simon was seeing
Carli everywhere,
- Jay was seeing some very lucky ladies.
- She'd get it.
Most definitely!
Oh, and that one. She'd get it!
- And that one! And that one.
- And that one. She'd get it.
Right in the bumholey.
I can't believe I've already got a bird.
Gutted.
So fucking what?! All birds know -
what goes on tour stays on tour.
No, I couldn't do that to Nicole.
I think I love her.
And I never loved anything before
apart from a car or a sandwich.
All right, lads!
Are you up for a good time?
Yeah, we're always up for a good time.
We're the Pussay Patrol.
All right. Well, if you really are
the Pussay Patrol...
- Which we are.
- You're obviously going to Marco's.

It's the most
buzzing bar out here.
Always packed
with a chilled-out, sexy vibe.
- Know what I mean?
- I don't really know what you mean.
When you say "sexy vibe",
do you mean girls?
Course! Loads of girls.
I'll sort you out half-price drinks
and a free fishbowl.
Cool, cool, cool.
So, will you be in there,
with your sexiness,
making the vibe all... sexy?
Being all sexy, and that, sexy?
Say "sexy" more.
Well, I will be if you're gonna be there,
you saucy bugger!
Come on, then!
Here you go, these four. I'll see you
in a bit. Mine's a Bacardi and Coke.
Large one?
Saucy! See you later.
Fucking hell, you're well in there, mate!
Yep! He shoots, he scores.
Right up the vag.
Oh, my God, if she's outside,
imagine the birds inside!
Ah. Interesting.
Well, it must get going a bit later.
She did say it was amazing.
And why would she lie?!
All right, mate. Four pints, four
Jgermeisters and a fishbowl, please.
Hello.
- When it good here?
- Sorry?
Er, when here party good?
In normally about an hour or two.
Oh. Well, as we've paid,
maybe we should hang on, then?
But this year... never.
- Thanking you, very much.

- OK, let's go.
Fuck off! My bird'll be down in a minute.
Do you mean the woman who's clearly
on commission to trick people
into this empty bar?
No, I mean the little hottie outside
that I was flirting with.
I'll take that as a yes, then.
I'm going nowhere
till she's sucked me off!
- So you're going nowhere.
- Jay, we're on holiday!
I'm meant to be out there, trying to
hit on girls I think are beneath me
but who, for their part, won't give me
the time of day! So, let's go!
Ooh! Hello, hello! It's those little
lovelies from the coach!
- That one's not so little.
- I think they're looking at us.
And not in a weird, terrified,
"leave us alone" way. Amazing!
Jay, you're drunkest.
Go over and talk to them.
Nah. Not me, mate. None of them
are as fit as my one outside.
Why go for hamburgers
when you've got steak at home?
If, like you, you have neither anywhere.
It's up to you, then, Si.
Oh, shit, really?
I don't know if I'm over Carli.
- Ow! Fuck! Can you stop that?!
- Yes, I can.
When you stop being
such a pussy about your ex.
It's time to get back
on the horse now, Si.
And those little ponies need feeding.
Feed the pony.
Yeah, OK, I'll introduce us,
but we've all got to go over together.
- Great.
- You fucking sad cases.

You don't just walk up
to a girl in a club...
and introduce yourself!
That's creepy.
Clubs have different rules,
you dick.
Look, you dance over near them, make
the eyes, then get 'em to dance with you.
Really?!

- Annoyingly, that does sound right.
- Thank you!

And then, after a bit,
you stand up behind them,
pretend to slap 'em
and fuck 'em up the arse.

- That might be a bit much.
- Yeah, I dunno...
- Oh, fucking hell, I'll do it.
- - What about Nicole?

It's only dancing,
she likes my dancing.
Stick with me,
you'll be fine.
Right, then, Si.
Looks like the holiday starts here.
We No Speak Americano)
Am I doing it right? Am I in time?
Maybe a bit out, but not so you'd notice.
Copy Neil.
Sorry. Do you mind
if we come and talk to you?
Cos you look nice, and, frankly, this is
just humiliating for everyone involved.
Um...
Sit down, Specs.
Hello. I'm Lucy.
Hi, I'm Diamond... Simon!
I'm Simon.
I'd better not get stuck
with the fat one.
So, when Alison
initially suggested Malia,
we all thought,
yeah, why not?

It'll be ironic.

Then we had a reality check
and we thought, do we honestly wanna
spend 2 weeks somewhere being ironic,
and obviously the answer was no,
so then we looked at other places,
but we realised, actually,
we just wanna have a laugh
and go clubbing and get drunk...
and be silly, and that this might
genuinely be a good place to come,
so fuck it, here we are.

Just so you know, I've met a really
fit bird, and she'll be along any minute.
OK. She won't mind you talking to me,
then, will she?

If our dancing was bad...

and it was bad...

then our small talk was even worse.

They were useless. It was up to me, and
so I dived in with my best chat-up line.

- I'm Will, by the way.

- Alison.

So, do this place hire you out as
some sort of avant-garde dance troupe
to scare the customers off?

No. I lost my mind and agreed to come
here on holiday. What's your excuse?

Sort of similar.

I came out here earlier this summer and
fell crazy in love with a gorgeous local,

- so now I'm back.

- Hilarious. Course you did.

What was he, a barman or a waiter?

- Waiter.

- Brilliant. Was he called Stavros?

- Nicos.

- Too good.

I bet he's different to all the boys
back home!

Yeah. He understands women, for one.

I'm sure he does.

Must get enough practice.

Not only had Jay not offered

to buy Jane a drink,
he'd now stopped paying for his own.
Meanwhile,
Simon had finally found a subject
he was sure Lucy would love.
It was devastating cos she's definitely
the most beautiful girl I've ever met.
She's so fascinating,
she's really funny, you know.
Oh, right. In what sort of way?
Just like, you know when something's
funny and people get it?
Yes?
So in that way. And also in a comedy way.
Neil was a man of few words.
But even for him, this was ridiculous.
Luckily, he had a trump card to play.
D'you wanna dance?
Meanwhile,
Alison didn't seem to be enjoying...
my hilarious Greek waiter impression.
So, I presume he wooed you with the old,
"Hh'I love you, hh'I love you!
"You hh'only girl for me!
There's no hh'other girl hh'in my life!
"Oh, wait, here comes the next plane
from Newcastle. I've gotta go, baby".
Sorry, you do realise
I'm not playing along with the joke.
I do genuinely have a Greek waiter
boyfriend called Nicos.
No, of course you do.
Brilliant. Nicos.
You've really nailed the clichés.
- You are joking, aren't you?
- No.
His grandmother has a moustache
as well if that makes the stereotype...
even funnier.
I'm sorry. I'm sure he's not like
every other waiter out here.
It's fine. You don't know
what you're talking about.
Your accent was pretty good, though.

Oh, I've gotta go. Don't want to miss my stereotypical Greek boyfriend. He might get angry and smash some plates. Or commit atrocities in Anatolia. You're not normal, are you? So then Carli said we needed some space. And uni's coming up,
- so maybe she's right.
- Sorry, who's right?
- Carli?
- Who?
Carli, my ex?
You went out with a girl called Carli?
You should've said
What? I did!
That's all I've been talking about.
Oh!
Yes, I was joking!
Sorry for going on about her. I usually get a smack in the balls to stop me.
What?!
Um, nothing.
You all right, Lise?
Where's that bloke you were dancing with?
I've got nothing but love for you
I've got nothing but love for you
I've got nothing but love for you... #
Luce, we should go. Nicos finishes soon, and I don't want to miss him.
So, shall we all hang out again sometime?
Yeah. You lot don't seem too bad.
If I hear another bloke out here refer to women as "gash", I'll scream.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah. No that is horrible
- It's awful...
- when men do that. Disgusting.
- Really bad.
Do you fancy coming to the all-day boat party, Friday?
I know it's meant to be sold out, but our rep reckons he can still get tickets.
All-day boat party - what's that?
Well, it's a party.
OK.

- All day.

- Yep.

- On a boat.

- Oh, right.

Well! Now that's been cleared up,
we should go.

See you later, Will.

Amazing.

Do you realise, we just danced over,
chatted up some girls,
they loved it and you didn't fuck it up!

- Me?!

- Are we players?

I'm starting to think that here, unlike
at home, we might actually be players.

Maybe. I'm not really sure
what that means.

However, cos I've not slept now
for two days, I'm going to bed.

Yeah. My eyeballs feel like
they've got paper cuts.

- Jay, are you coming?

- Fuck that!

There's a fit bird up there
who's so wet for me,
I can hear the waves breaking
in her fanny.

I'm gonna down this, then take her down
the beach and fuck her brains out.

Right, well, we've established
that isn't happening.

Fine. Watch me.

Mm. Classy

We'd better get Neil.

- Neil...?

- Oh, God! We're off.

Right. Won't be a minute,
I'll just finish up here.

Christ, Neil, what about Nicole?

Oh, she won't mind, we're not kissing.

Nah. It's just fingers, in't it, lover?

Right.

Yeah. I'll catch you lot up. One second.
He's definitely picked up the pace.

While Neil picked up
his finger-banging speed,
we picked up Jay - and he had
a chilling prediction to share with us.
She's gonna suck my knob-knob dry.
You watch.
I'd rather not watch,
if it's all the same to you.
Shit, is that Carli?
Look, Si, it's normal
that after a break-up,
you'll think you see her everywhere,
but she's not here.
Yeah. I suppose.
- Could be her.
- What?
Could be her.
She is out here at the moment.
What?!
Well, we weren't sure where
the best place to go was,
and her and her mates are pretty cool,
so I asked them where they was going
and when, and that's why I booked Malia.
You fucking idiot!
I came away to try and get over her!
- Did ya?
- You know I did!
Oh, yeah, course.
Oh, God, look at her.
Do you think this is fate?
Her being here, me being here.
No. I think Neil asked her
where she was going
and then booked the same place,
like he just said.
Let's go before she sees us!
No, no. I've got to go and talk to her.
If there's even the slightest chance
of us getting back together,
I've got to take it.
Carli!
Carli?
Simon?!

Oh, my God! What are you doing here?
Stalking you abroad.
No. The opposite, actually.
Just a mix-up by my friends.
My stupid fucking idiot friends.
Well, whatever. It's great to see you.
Is it?!

Yeah, it is. Course.
Course.
So, as we're here, why don't we hang out?
How about right now?
Now? Oh, I can't now. But you'll be
at the boat party on Friday, right?
The boat party? I was literally
just talking about the boat party.
It's gonna be amazing. The best way
to round off our holiday.
What? Why are you going? Don't go.
I've got to go.
My flight leaves on Saturday.
The boat's our last chance to party.
Right. Well, I'll definitely be there,
then.
For total, one million per cent.
Definitely.
Cool. It'll be great to hang out again.

- I've missed you.
- Hmm?
Argh, Jesus!
- Fuck it!
- Sorry, mate.
- James! Are you all right, Simon?
- Yeah, fine. Argh!
I'll walk it off.
Cool, yeah. Carls, come on,
we've gotta go.
Oh, do you two know each other?
Yeah, James is our rep.
Rep, unofficial rep. I sort out club
nights. A bit of party organising, PR...
Just make sure everyone's having
a good time, you know what I mean?
- Are you sure you're all right, mate?
- All good...

Cool. Carls, come on.
Bye, Simon. See you on the boat.
See you, mate. Mind that leg.
I'll sort you out a free fishbowl.
Oi, baby, you stood me up!
Ah, didn't wait long enough, sweetheart.
Come on, kiss me.
I'm working, darling.
I love your boobs.
What?!
What gives you the right to touch me,
you fucking prick?
Wha...?
Sorry, I think he might've had
a little too much of the old drink.
I am sick of every dickhead
thinking he's got touching rights,
just cos I smiled at him.
It's my fucking job, you cretin!
Are you on the blob?
Sexy. I like it.
- No, Jay. Time for bed.
- Fuck that!
You two can bum yourselves to death
on the sofa bed.
I'm going to get another drink.
Jay, don't be insane.
You're too drunk already.
I'm on fucking holiday.
You can't be too drunk!
- You coming, Neil?
- Nah, I like it in there.
And not sleeping for two nights is pretty
much the same as not sleeping for one.
Right, fine.
Fucking knobheads.
How was your chat?
Amazing. Carli is here, Will. That's what
she was worried about, us being apart.
That's why we split up.
But we're not apart,
because we're both here.
I just need to get on that boat.
Actually, can one of youse help me?

I think she might be a two-man job.
What happened to your leg?
- Oh, I got a little bit run over.
- "A little bit run over"?!
The next morning,
I was woken up...
by what sounded like
Bigfoot having an asthma attack.
Simon...
Simon!
Christ, it's like a sauna in here.
Have you got any water?
What the fuck is that noise?
I think it's Neil.
Oh, no, not the dinner lady
from last night!
I cannot understand a thing you say.
Spunk all over me bastard tits.
Well, it's her or Johnny Vegas.
Fucking smack it!
Smack it, you little prick!
Is that all you've got?
- Shall I bite it?
- Interesting question.
This is beyond creepy.
Twist it right fookin' off!
OK, I'm getting out of here!
Harder!
How can I have spent 100 euros?
Holy shit,
I only budgeted 15 euros a day!
Great,
so I spunked all my money...
- in one night.
- All right!
Oh, Jesus, Neil!
Oh, don't worry about that.
It's on the way down.
- Don't you feel bad about Nicole?
- Who?
Nicole, the girlfriend
you've just cheated on?
Oh, no, no, cos we weren't kissing
and only the tip went in.

Any more than the tip is cheating, and I would never do that, cos I've got ethics.

- Right...

- Anyone want breakfast?

No, I'm going to go to the Palace Hotel.

It's where those girls we met are staying.

Well, at least you've found someone to stalk, other than Carli.

Ow! Not me, Neil!

Lucy reckons their rep can still get boat party tickets, actually.

Yeah, I'll come. Alison was nice. Neil?

Can't, I had a nightmare.

I left my trunks in England, didn't I?

Wear your Calvins.

They're practically the same.

- Can I, Will?

- Um, yeah, I suppose.

- And can I bring a ball?

- Yes, Neil. Yes, you can.

Cool. Oh, have you guys seen Jay?

Shit, no, not since last night.

No, I mean have you seen him?

He's over there.

So Jay had slept face down in the dirt.

But I'd woken up listening to Neil getting sucked off.

As far as I was concerned, he won.

Urgh, ohhh!

Face...!

Yeah, you've got something on your face.

It appears Jay's slept in an ants' nest.

Argh! Pain!

Tongue...

It's all right, boys. Kitty don't bite.

Not now she's been fed.

Hey, lover?

What the fuck was that?!

Unsurprisingly, the girls' hotel was nicer than our hotel.

There are North Korean prison camps
which are nicer than our hotel.

But, like a North Korean prison camp,
it was overcrowded,
so we had nowhere to sit.

- What about there?

- They've got towels on them, Neil.

- So?

- That means people have bagsied them.

- We can't take those.

- Fuck that!

- No, Jay, we can't!

- Watch me!

It's probably just a load of Krauts
that got down early in the morning
to reserve 'em.

That towel's got Finding Nemo on it.

What, so Nazis can't like Disney too?

- Jay!

- Besides, I really need a lie down.

My head's more fucked
than Neil's dad's asshole.

Jay, please!

Jay and Neil were off to,
as they put it,

"check out the chicas".

But I had a serious problem.

In the absence of my mother,
or a teacher,

I needed help with my sunblock.

Simon, will you do my back?

- No.

- No?!

- I don't want to touch you.

- Unbelievable.

Fine, I'll do it myself.

Look all right,

I'll do it with one finger.

Thank you.

You've got too much here.

And here. I'll scrape it off.

OK, but don't try and be funny and draw
a cock on my back or something.

No, course not.

Right, all done.

See, that wasn't so bad, was it?

No, that was fine.

I was really enjoying my book,
blissfully unaware of the crudely drawn
phallus burning itself onto my skin.

Meanwhile, Jay was having trouble
with his emergency funds.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, it's just that 20 euros.

Ay-oh, Jay, here we go,
we've been spotted.

Seen 'em.

Look cool.

Manchester.

Manchester!

- Who's this little twat?

- You from Manchester?

You like Manchester?

- Yeah, yeah. Near Manchester.

- No, you aren't.

Shut up, Neil,
the birds are loving it.

- Goal!

- Goal!

Goal to Manchester! Yeah!

No. Manchester, down.

Yeah, hilarious.

Now, get out the way.

Whoa!

Right. You're fucking dead,
you little shit!

Mate, just leave it, the chicas
are looking, just laugh it off.

No, I'm fine for drinks, thanks.

Oh! Alison. Hello!

Hello. You know you've got
a spunking cock on your back?

What?

Oh, no.

Thanks, Simon, very funny,
very mature. So I've been lying here
with a cock on my back, have I?
Not for the first time.

I'll burn a muff on my tit if it makes you feel less self-conscious.

It would, actually.

We'd make quite the pair.

You've got a really good spot here.

Yes, Jay, um...

sort of, um...

Did he use some of his boyish charm?

In a way, yes.

I think I might start drinking again.

Anyone fancy joining me?

Um, yes, I will!

Oh.

Lucky me

Oh, I'm knackered.

- Fishbowl hangover?

- No. Nicos was over last night.

Does not stop talking.

No, we were having sex.

Right.

Sorry, does it make you uncomfortable when I mention sex?

No! No, it's good,

it's great that you're so...

sexually active.

Yeah, I suppose it is.

- What's the best sex you've had, Will?

- Well, um... hard to say, really.

Come on, you can tell me.

Oh! I don't like to sex and tell.

Don't be boring, just tell me.

Look, I'm going to level with you, I have never...

put my penis in a lady.

That's all right, you're a virgin, that's cool.

It's definitely not cool.

If anything, it's famously uncool.

Well, it's cute, then.

Oh, God, that's even worse.

- You're funny, Will.

- Well, that's something.

Can I get a girl into bed for sex just by making her laugh?

Course you can.
Wow! Great.
If she's a clinical moron.
Lucy, it's so amazing to see you.
What a welcome.
Nice to see you too.
Yeah. Good. Now, can you
still get boat party tickets?
I'd have thought so,
I'd just have to go and find the rep.
So are you coming along, then?
Yeah, course. It'll be amazing.
Great.
Cos Carli's here. In Malia.
And she's going to be
on the boat tomorrow.
If I can just get five minutes
alone with her,
I know we'll fix things up, it's fate.
So, can you go and get those tickets?
You really know how
to make a girl feel special, don't you?
Yeah. Yeah, I know.
Carli is going to love it.
Can you hurry up?
Simon's plan was coming together.
Meanwhile, Jane was about to experience
the full force of Jay's boyish charm.
Can you move? You're blocking the sun.
Charming!
What's happened to your face, Jay?
It's a food allergy.
I could do with one of those,
maybe an iced-bun allergy.
Yeah. You could.
Meanwhile, Neil had
a surprise in store for Lisa.
Forgot my trunks.
Fancy a swim?
Oh, leave it out, you little prick.
Right, that's it!
I'm going to fucking kill ya,
- I'm going to fucking kill ya!
- Oi!

Those are our sunbeds.
And where's our towels?
Oh, good.
Well, there weren't any towels
when we arrived
and we've been here for the last hour.
I didn't ask to read your fucking diary,
love. I said, "Where's our towels?"
Now, there's no need to be abusive.
If you look around,
there are signs everywhere
saying you can't reserve sunbeds.
So you moved our towels?
The point I'm making is,
whatever the fate of the towels,
these cannot be your beds.
What have you done
with my fucking towels?!
Sir, I get you nice other beds.
Please, take up your stuff.
Me?! What?
Why should we move?
Because he's made a scene?
Because his family are too lazy
to walk 20 feet to the pool?
Seriously, mate, I am warning you.
Why have a rule
if you aren't going to enforce it?
The signs are redundant.
My towel!
Disabled. Course she is.
Here you go.
- Happy now?
- Well, obviously not.
And that isn't helping.
You lot have got five seconds
to get off my sunbeds.
Right, come on, Will,
we'll just find somewhere else.
But I still don't see
why we should move.
Yes, his daughter
has a serious condition,
but it's not like the whole family

are therefore entitled
to pool-side seats for life.
Plus, strictly speaking,
she doesn't even need another chair.
Are you guests at this hotel?
Ah! No! I no swim!
Please, mister, I no swim, I beg you.
Not pool!
Argh!
All right. All right.
It's just a joke! We're... We're mates!
So little, so little!
Ah!
Great.
And with a rough grab
from a BO-ridden security guard,
Simon's perfect plan came crashing down.
- Thanks a lot, Jay.
- Me?! What have I done?
Oh, I don't know... Oh, yeah!
Fucked everything up for me,
like you always do.
I had to teach him a lesson, Si,
he was mugging me off.
He was nine years old and couldn't swim!
- Now my life is ruined. Thanks.
- Is this about the tickets?
Oh, boo-hoo-hoo!
So, you don't get to go
to the boat party, so what?!
So I don't get back together
with the woman I love!
Look, it's not my fault
Carli thinks you're a prick.
You want to watch me more closely, mate,
- you might actually learn something.
- Oh, yeah?
And what would I learn?
How to bullshit about having sex?
How to sleep in an ants' nest?
- How to be scared shitless of my dad?!
- Oh, come on, Si, calm down.
Maybe you'd learn not to be such
a massive tool over that miserable cunt.

Don't call Carli a cunt!

- You had enough yet?!

- Have you had enough yet?

- I asked first!

- Ah...

- Uh!

- We should do something.

Yeah, do you want to go
and get a Subway?

No. I meant about the fight,
we should break it up.

Yeah.

All right, come on, you two.

No!

Uh!

I'm sick of his bollocks,
I'm going to fucking do him.

Oh, you're hard, Si,

I didn't see you do me just now.

- Come back here, then, you prick.

- Let's go for a walk!

- Don't cry, Si.

- I'm not crying!

- You're crying!

- Don't look like it, you're crying!

- Come here, then.

- See you later, then, Will.

Honestly, I'm done with that arsehole.

I mean, why do I even
hang round with him?

Well, yeah, obviously
we all wonder that at times.

Look, it's been a tough couple of days,
the Carli thing is weird,
but just cos you were

in a fight with Jay,

- you don't have to leave.

- I'm not leaving.

But you are aware
you're packing your suitcase.

- I've never liked him.

- You've been mates since primary school.

He's a little crybaby poof.

And his hair,

everyone took the piss out of that.

But not me, I didn't.

Fucking wish I had now.

- You did a bit.

- Well, no, course, a bit.

But... not enough.

He's a total twat!

Oh, that's harsh, mate.

He can be a knob, but he's not a twat.

- I'm going to sell my clothes.

- Oh, you're having a breakdown.

She means so much to me, Will,

I don't care about anything else.

If I can get enough money together,

I can buy a ticket

for the boat party off someone,

somehow, whatever it costs.

Money is all I need.

I agree with you on money,

but who's going to buy your clothes?

No offence, but you dress appallingly.

Are you going to help

or just constantly undermine me?

- Bit of both, I'd imagine.

- Fine.

Do you think Alison likes me?

Well... fuck him.

- What's that?

- Boat party tickets,

I bought four the other night

before I passed out.

Cost a fortune.

I thought I'd surprise him.

Well, here's his fucking surprise.

- Oh, no, Jay, don't.

- No, fuck him!

And fuck that dick Will too.

What shall we do now, then?

Now we have the best holiday ever...

- and do what we came here to do!

- Get better at swimming!

No.

Go on Pussay Patrol!

Unfortunately for him,

Simon wasn't the only person in Malia trying to sell shit no-one wanted.

- Looky, looky. Hello?

- Hello!

- Looky.

- Nice lady, good price. Clothes? Looky, looky.

Top clothes for sale.

You want clothes? Good price.

I think you'd have more luck selling the big glasses.

Isn't that Carli's friend?

He's a rep,

I don't think they're really friends.

All right, mate?

What's this,

the world's shittest boot fair?

Ha! No, just selling my clothes for some money.

I need money, desperately.

All right! Well, as luck would have it, I've got a mate who's had his apartment broken into. Fuckers nicked all his clothes.

I reckon he'll be interested, I'll call him.

That'd be amazing, thanks so much.

No problem, mate.

All part of the service, yeah?

- See?

- All right, mate?

Yeah, yeah. Got some clothes.

Yeah. Um...

got some girls T-shirts.

- These are girls', right?

- No.

Hoodies like your mum would buy you.

The sort of jeans Jeremy Clarkson wears.

Oh, yeah, yeah!

It's all shit, yeah. Hold on.

He says he'll give you

Amazing! Totally! Cool!

Coolio! Oh, my God, oh, my God, oh, my God. Thanks so much, man.

Including what you're wearing now.

- Really?

- Yeah, yeah, that's the deal.

Obviously he's not going
to take his clothes off.

Oh, nice one.

Oh!

He's going to need your pants too.

What, these?

Fuckin' thieves stole everything.

Gimme your pants, I'll be back
before you know it with your 100 euros.

Sorry, this has gone too far.

Simon, do not take your pants off.

Stop always telling me what to do, Will,
I'm an adult!

James is doing me a favour,
what are you doing, eh?

Here you are.

- You'll be right back, yeah?

- Course I will.

I'll see you very soon.

Thanks, James.

Thanks so much, man!

Yeah. Cheers, Abdul, good luck, mate.

James isn't coming back, is he?

Don't think so.

Brilliant.

So we made Simon some makeshift pants
and headed home to get changed.

Simon,

- please, don't fart in my T-shirt.

- Sorry.

In just 24 hours, Malia had pretty much
broken me and Simon,

so in a way I had to admire
Jay and Neil

as they rolled up the sleeves
on their offensive T-shirts
and dived straight back in.

This place is mental.

It's decadent, Neil,

that's what they call it.

This is what we came here for.

You wouldn't find those other
two muppets in a place like this.
They'd just shit themselves
and run away.
And now all the way
from Privilege in Ibiza,
we have a very, very special act.
It's probably some fit dancer
who'll take one look at me...
and wanna bang me all night.
Yeah, and we've got the best view.
I bet you'll be able to see
right up the snatch from here.
This is it, Neil,
this is a fucking holiday.
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome...
Fernando!
Must be like a cage fighter
or martial-arts type thing.
Whoa!
Is this a bit gay?
No, it's decadent.
Let's have a big cheer for Fernando,
the master of self-fellatio!
I don't know if I like decadent things.
Jay and Neil never told us
how close they came to Fernando's cock,
but they did say they could smell it.
And they were still having
more fun than us.
Last two, shall we pretend
they're pudding?
All right, fellas?
Romantic dinner, is it?
I've just had a 'mare, right?
Some massive body-building geezer
came running out the bushes at me,
God knows why. Anyway,
I've lamped him, he's gone flying...
I think I might
have killed him.
OK, well, it's been lovely
to chat, Richard...
- Can you lend us 50 quid?

- Um, no.
Simple and clear. 30?
- No, we're going.
- Are we? Where?
Terrible bar I know.
See you later, Richard.
Here, look, it's that James bloke
Carli's sucking off.
Oh, yeah.
See, now that looks like a proper laugh.
Neil, I think it's time the Pussay Patrol
recruited some new members.
You all right, mate?
Do I know you?
Yeah, we're mates of Carli's.
Ah, yeah.
Carli Cling-on.
Nice girl, bit keen.
Yeah.
Our mate's in love with her,
- the fucking dick.
- Oh, is he?
Well, tell him he can have a sniff
on these if he's lucky.
Yeah, well, no, he's not really a mate.
We ditched him, yeah, he's too tragic.
It's a wicked place, this. Nice vibe.
What, you think a bloke
sucking his own cock is wicked?
Are you bent?
No, course not.
We're the Pussay Patrol.
Pussay Patrol?!
More like the Bumming Brigade.
The only pussy you'll get will be a cat.
Oi!
I said, the only pussy they'll get
will be a cat.
You know, like one of them stray cats
you get round here.
- Oh, good one!
- Fuck you, you lanky prick.
You two are fucking me off.
Get out of my face.

Oh, no, come on, we're having a laugh,
we're all right here.

You're not fucking all right anywhere,
you scrawny little shit.

Now fuck off before I put
a glass in your throat.

You all right, Jay?

Yeah.

Are you crying?

No, it's just the smoke in here.

There isn't any.

Yeah, that's what I mean.

Do you want to go somewhere
not decadent?

So what happens now?

It's probably a bit far
for my dad to come and pick us up.

- Oh, great.

- Be nice,

maybe he's come to apologise.

All right?

We were just leaving, actually.

- Oh, don't cry, Simon.

- I'm not crying.

No, Jay, it was you that was crying,

- remember?

- Neil!

Come on, Si, sit down,
let's all share a fishbowl.

- We're totally out of cash.

- Yeah.

We're not all lucky enough
to have had a relative die.

Well, you're clearly fucked without me,
so I was going to offer

to pay for your drinks,

but if you're going

to be a baby about it,

- then fuck it.

- Were you really?

Well, I'm not arsed either way,

but if I have to... yes.

Si?

All right, thank you, Jay.

Shake.

Group hug?

Oh, go on, Neil,
just one more suicide shot.

Fuckin' hell.

Right. Tenner, please.

- Sorry, mate, had my fingers crossed.

- Oh, not again!

Oh, my God!

I never expected to see them again.

Doesn't matter, though, does it?

Cos even if Lucy
can get a ticket for the boat party,
I now can't afford one.

Yes, but incredible as it may seem,
Simon, I wasn't thinking about you.

Hi, guys.

Taking a break from drowning children?

We are.

And welcome back to Malia's
least-cool bar.

We're regulars, obviously.

Surprised to see you here again.

Well, it's the only place we've been
where the blokes weren't total animals.

I'll take that as a compliment.

Hello, by the way.

Hello, Spectacles.

Still going to get shit-faced, though.

Shots only?

- Are you man enough, Jay-bo?

- Course.

Thought you would be.

Clearly, Alison was out of my league.

But then all girls I like
are out of my league.

Look at me. Imagine my league.

It had to be worth a go.

So I've been thinking, about us...

- What, the four of you?

- No, me and you.

Well, there is no "us",
so that must have been a weird
thought process, but go on.

- I'm not sure Nicos is right for you.

- Interesting.

Why wouldn't my sexy, charming,
caring boyfriend,

who is also a sensational lover,

- be right for me?

- You'd say sensational, would you?

- Mmm.

- Mmm.

It was nice of Richard Branson
to lend you an outfit.

It's Neil's. Is it really that bad?

Well, at least you look fantastic.

Right, there's only one thing for it,
we're going to say "fuck it"

and do shots until one of us is sick
through our nose. My money's on me.

Four monkey brains, please.

I like this Simon, he's fun.

Thanks very much.

- Cheers!

- Cheers.

Oh, actually, can you pay?

Right, next!

No, no. I can't have another one.

I'm sorry, didn't realise
you were a lightweight.

- What?

- Lightweight. Light-weight.

You're one to talk about lightweights.

What do you mean?

Oh. Cos I'm fat?

No.

What I... mean, Jane, is...

I'm gonna drink you under the table.

You're trouble, aren't you?

You're funny.

That is why I know you don't have
to worry about getting laid.

Um, did I say I was worried?

No, but it's obvious that you are,
and you think

that somehow I'm the answer.

Well, I am not, and you will be fine.

I think you might be, though.
Nonsense.
You know, in fact, I am so confident
I will make a pact with you.
If you still haven't had sex
by this time next year,
I'll have sex with you.
As long as I'm not with Nicos,
of course.
Of course.
Um...
this is a joke, right?
A handshake's good...
is it possible to get it in writing?
See? Funny.
Yes, ha-ha-ha. Hmm.
You all right, Lise? Where's Neil?
He is literally incredible.
Come on, Lise,
we're getting out of here.
Let's go for a swim. Come on, you.
You coming swimming?
Oh. I can't cos I haven't brought
my swimming costume.
Oh, no! I haven't brought mine either.
Really? What are you going to go?
Well, I'm going to go in naked. Are you?
Oh, right. Yeah, me too.
Totally naked.
Are they really going skinny dipping?
- If I know Jane, probably, yeah.
- Really?
- Fucking hell, really?!
- Yes.
And...
...what about you?
Well, I'm meeting Nicos in half an hour.
Course.
So I reckon I've got time
for a quick dip.
Obviously, Alison and me
was never going to happen.
And yet, and yet...
No, I had no fucking chance.

Come on. What are you doing?
Get it off.
No, yeah. Good. I will.
Go on, then.
All in good time.
I'll look away, if you like.
Um, yeah, that would be nice, thank you.
OK, so, I'm looking away now.
And so, for only the second time today,
Simon was tricked into getting naked.
Further along the beach,
for the first time ever, Jay was close
to seeing some naked women
not on a computer screen.
Come on, Jay, don't be shy.
I'll take it all off if you will.
Um, all right, just...
give me a minute.
Are you scared that you won't be able
to control yourself?
She's a big girl.
She is a big girl.
Can't take it any more,
just give us a snog.
Um... all right.
But... let's go somewhere secret.
Secret?
Just give us a snog here.
Nah.
Let's go somewhere
people can't see us.
- OK?
- Fucking whale on the beach.
Actually... forget it.
I've already seen your cock,
and it wasn't pretty.
All I'm saying is that, logically,
we might not have to wait
a year to have sex.
- Oh, really?
- Yeah.
I mean, once you remove Nicos from the
equation and think, as I say, logically,
it really makes no sense

to wait that long.

Do you find that your logic
talks a lot of girls into bed?

Well, no.

I was just curious to know
whether this kind of relentless, pedantic
chat is a big hit with the other chicks.

- Well, obviously it isn't.

- Thought not.

What are you waiting for?

Um... I don't know.

OK.

Take your clothes off.

That's it till next year, I'm afraid!

I've lost my glasses.

I've lost my glasses!

God, it's freezing in here.

Don't be such a wuss.

Ah!

That's right,

let's get someone's hair wet, shall we?

It always looks wet anyway, gel-boy.

Right, how's this for a wet look, then?

Oh, shit, sorry.

Carli!

Carli, over here!

Carli, over here! Carls!

Carls.

Come on, Will, it feels amazing!

Just getting my glasses!

You're not wussing out on me, are you?

Nope! As soon as I'm not blind,

I'll be right over with you

and the other naked ladies.

Well, hurry up or I'm getting out!

Jesus Christ, come on! Where are they?

- What the... fuck are you doing?

- I'm really sorry,

I tripped. I've lost my glasses.

You've got a big problem now, mister,
a big fucking problem.

Oh, God. I'm so sorry,

I didn't know

you were down there, doing that.

Help!

I'm really sorry, mate. Help me!

Nicos?

Alison?

What are you doing?

How does she know

your fucking name, Nicos?

Donna, I just need you to be a little
bit quiet for five minutes, please...

Who the fuck is that?!

Come and sit down with me,

I want to talk to you.

We're supposed to be meeting up
in 15 minutes,

- you utter, utter scumbag!

- Glasses?

- Glasses?

- It's OK, it's OK.

Glasses? Ooh!

There they are.

Alison, I love you, I love you,

you are the only girl for me,

there no other girl in my life.

Now, where have we heard that before?

Oh, just shut up, Will!

Baby, you know this weirdo?

I am not your fucking baby!

Alison, wait!

Simon.

Are you swimming naked?

Hell, yeah.

- That's not like you.

- Well, I'm on holiday,
so who knows, maybe it's a new me?

Oh, right.

I like the old you.

Hmm.

OK, well, I'm off to bed.

Can I come?

To bed?

- No, sure. I'm all wet anyway, so...

- Look,

I'm knackered, I've had a shitty night,
I just want to be alone.

But I'll see you at the boat party.

We can catch up properly there, OK?

Yeah, course.

- See you at the boat party.

- Great.

See ya!

- I miss you too.

- Sorry?

You said it the other night?

Oh, yeah.

Lucy! Lucy!

Alison, wait! I'll come with you!

- I want to be on my own!

- Um...

You're not expecting me

to hit him or anything,

- are you?

- No!

- Good.

- I don't expect

anything from anyone

but disappointment.

You'll love me, then.

And I will never have sex

with anyone again for as long as I live,

and certainly not with you.

So just fuck off!

All of you, just fuck off!

Does this affect our deal?

Fuck your deal!

Ahhhh!

Lucy.

Oh! Are you getting out?

- Yes.

- That was Carli, did you see her?

Yeah.

It was dark, but I saw her.

Isn't she beautiful?

Yes, she's very beautiful.

I'm going now.

Oh. OK!

- All right?

- I've been better.

- What are you doing?

- I'm thinking.

About how shit the holiday is?

Partly that. Partly I'm thinking about putting stones in my pockets and chucking myself in the pool.

Oh, I wouldn't swim in that, it's rank.

Right.

Also, if you put stones in your pockets, you'll sink, so... better to not have the stones, really.

I'll bear that in mind, Neil.

I stopped believing in God when I realised it was just "dog" backwards.

What?

Well, when you think about it...

G/O/D, D/O/G.

It's like an anagram, but a backwards one, innit?

Right.

And then, after that,

I just stopped worrying about stuff.

You only get one go round, I reckon.

When you're dead, you're dead.

So you can spend your time thinking about how things haven't gone perfect or you can just get on with it, have a laugh and that.

That's what I do, I'm pretty happy.

You are, aren't you?

Yeah!

Thanks, Neil. Thanks for that.

Just remember, it's D-O-G backwards.

No, not that.

No offence, but that's moronic.

No, thanks for coming to cheer me up.

I didn't come to cheer you up,

I come to say I did a shit

in the children's toilet

and I can't get rid of it.

Oh, God!

Cos I thought I'd try something different, you know? As a treat.

- Oh...

- Oh!

Oh!
Neil, what the fuck has gone into that?
Have you been eating tear gas?
No, it's just a bit beery.
And that meatiness
is probably the kebabs.
OK, that's it. Neil, you were right.
It may not be paradise,
but we can at least try and enjoy
this place for exactly what it is.
A shithole?
Yes, but it's our shithole,
so let's get out there
and get royally fucked up
on Jay's dead grandad's money.
It's what he would have wanted.
If we get fined 50 euros, Neil,
you're paying it.
- But it's not on the floor.
- Some of it is on the floor.
Well, yeah, some of it.
I know youre there
I know youre there
I know youre there
I know youre there
I know youre there
I know youre there
It's my sound
It's my sound
It's my sound
It's my sound
It's my sound
It's my sound
It's my... It's my...
It's my... #
Is this normal enough for you?
Probably a bit too normal.
I'm almost going to miss him
when I'm at uni.
When he's at uni, you mean.
- Yeah, but I'll be at uni too.
- Will ya?
- What, this year?
- In a few weeks.

Oh, what? Just cos Will's going?

- No. 'Cos I want to.

- Well... what about me?

What?

Well, what am I gonna do?

Um... I don't know.

Look, I thought you knew

I was going to uni.

Yeah, course. No, but...

it's just that I was going to use

my grandad's money

to set us up in business,

selling car stereos

to Premiership footballers.

Neil was going

to work in the depot, but...

me, you and Rio Ferdinand are on sales,

like, having a laugh and that.

Oh, right.

Yeah, I'm going to do sociology.

Fuck.

I'm sorry I ripped your tickets up now.

Could have had a bit of a send-off.

- What tickets?

- Boat party ones.

I bought them when I was pissed the other night. I thought I'd surprise you.

- Oh, well.

- You what... You tore them up?!

- Yeah.

- What, after we had the fight?

Yeah, I... I was angry

'cos you had a go, and that.

Yeah, no...

Makes sense.

You two go on,

I'm just going to have

a little recovery snooze.

Come on, mate,

you can have my bed tonight,

this one's a bit bitey.

Did I tell you I touched a boob tonight?

Like... Like a real boob.

A girl's one.

I didn't get to lick it, though.
This has been the best night of my life.
It was the day of the boat party,
and it looked like literally
everyone in Malia had a ticket.
Well, everyone except me and Simon,
whose mood was now bluer than his balls.
If I could, I'd give you my ticket, Si.
You can, just give me your ticket.
Yeah, but I really want to go,
so you see, actually, I can't.
- Take Jay's ticket.
- No, I think he needs it.
What, cos of Jane?
No, in case the captain dies
and they need me to drive the boat.
Eased up on the vomiting,
mainly retching now.
For the record, they don't clean
that toilet floor very often,
lots of pubes on hands, knees...
and my face
when I had a little lie-down.
I cannot believe we've been eating here.
Wow, they look hot!
- Bit young for you, ain't they, Neil?
- Behave.
Lucy. Lucy!
Alison! Aliso...
Oh. I give up.
All right, boys? Who killed Will?
- What's up with Lucy?
- I don't know.
If you ask her rather than
talking about your ex the whole time,
- you might find out.
- Oh, God, really?
Fine.
- You coming to the boat party, then?
- You try and stop me.
We just saw two hot fellas
dressed as firemen getting on board.
Might need a hand with their hoses.
Might have to set fire to my knickers.

- I'll come with you, if you like.

- No, thank you.

Come on, Lisa.

You look as bad on the outside
as I feel on the inside.

Oh, don't worry,

I feel like shit on the inside too.

Although...

I don't have a pube on my cheek.

Oh, God.

Anyway, seeing you in such a mess
has at least cheered me up a bit.

Glad to be of service.

You know I have a penis
sunburnt on my back too.

Must be reassuring to know
that however bad life gets,
you're not me.

It is.

Good. That means every time you're down,
you have to come and hang out with me.

Yeah, I think I might.

Starting with today.

I've got Nicos's ticket for the boat
party. Do you fancy joining me?

Um, yes.

More than anything.

Great. On one condition, though.

Anything.

At no point are you allowed
to say, "I told you so".

Ooh, not sure I can guarantee that.

So it's not that I'd rather go
to a party that infinitely heightens
my sense of being out of kilter

with the rest of the world,
it's just that Alison is sort of
the fittest girl I've ever met

- and maybe...

- It's fine, Will, honestly.

Go for it, I'll just find a quiet spot
and hang myself.

Great. Lucy, make sure
he doesn't hang himself.

I'm off. Look at me,
following my cock like a normal person.
Sorry for saying cock.
I didn't realise
I was being such a dick.
You were.
- I'm trying to say sorry.
- Well, say it, then.
Sorry.
For being a dick.
Sorry for being a dick.
And for having too much gel
in your hair.
I don't think I've got that much...
OK, I'm sorry for having
too much gel in my hair.
You should probably get going.
I'm not that bothered.
Really?
Yeah.
If you like, maybe we could hang out,
the two of us.
I quite fancy just staying by the pool.
Yeah, I mean, why spend the day
having unbelievable fun on the party boat
when you could be taking a depressed man
swimming at a family hotel?
I'm serious.
I don't mind.
I might even cheer you up...
if they let you back in.
I honestly don't think
I'll be very good company,
but thanks for the offer.
You go, I'll be all right.
Look...
it's obvious how much
Carli means to you.
She's lucky...
I think.
I'm sure you'll sort it out.
She goes back tomorrow.
I can feel her slipping away.
Simon...

if she really means that much to you,
I want you to take my ticket.
Lucy...
If you really want to go, take it.
If you really want to go.
God, you'd do that for me?
Yeah.
Thanks!
I'll see you later,
enjoy the pool! Will!
Will! I got a ticket, I got a ticket!
Will!
I got a ticket, I got a ticket!
We are go!
The time has come to leave this place
Leave it all behind
There's so much more here to envision
Out of your mind... #
The boat party
was Jay's promised land...
sun, sea, booze, and who knows,
maybe even some sex, minge,
fanny and tits... and booze... and sex.
Mental!
- Cheeky shot to get us started?
- You are kidding.
Oh, come on, it's the best cure.
Fair enough, what are we toasting?
To the Pussay!
The Pussay!
Neil?
To being playas!
Playas!
Si?
To me and Carli!
- No, you're all right, mate.
- Fuck off.
Fine. Well, I'm going off
to find her, anyway.
- Oh, Si, I forgot something.
- What?
Ah! For fuck's sake.
You know I should probably find Jane,
I promised her a dance.

- What?
- Well, no, just a dance.
And then we can get
some proper fit gash.
But Jane's all right, you know.
She's a laugh.
The fat ones are always jolly.
Neil, what a horrible thing to say.
- Just you and me, then, Will.
- Oh, no.
Oh, God.
What was I thinking, tequila?!
Shit, sorry!
Sorry!
Make your bloody mind up, you wally!
Richard! All right, mate?
- All right!
- How's it going?
Yeah, not too bad.
Anyway, the other day, right,
I started crying and couldn't stop,
so yeah, my mum and dad have flown over
to take me home. Pretty cool.
Yeah...
Come and say hello?
All right.
Dad, Mum.
Hiya.
Back off, bitch!
Not this time.
Jane?
- Jane!
- Oh, hello.
Sure you want to be seen with me?
Yeah, I do. I really do.
Can we have that snog now?
What? Now? Here?
Right in front of everyone?
Um... yeah. Yeah.
Yeah? Well, I'm not that kind of girl.
Oh.
So, I suggest
we find somewhere a little more private.
- I don't mind.

- I told you,
I do. And, to be fair, in private
you might get a blow job out of it.

- Simey!

- Oh, hi!

Carli!

Where have you been?

- I've been looking all over for you.

- I need to tell you something.

Ssh! I know.

Get it all up.

Little easier
on the sunburnt cock, please.

Sorry.

It's fine.

I mean, what a total twat!

Me?!

No, Nicos, the total
and utter Greek twat.

Did you see her?

She was hideous,
she must have been at least 30.

I told you so.

You asshole, you had to say it,
didn't you?

Even in the fucking state you're in,
- you couldn't resist.

- Sorry. But at least I'm consistent.

Yes, you are, aren't you?

OK, so I think I'd like
to revise my offer.

How about instead of having sex
with you in a year,
I have sex with you all year?

What?

- It's a one-time offer.

- To confirm,
do you mean like a girlfriend
or like a prostitute?

I was thinking more like a girlfriend.

- Could you write it...

- No! I am not going to write it down.

Look, what I'm trying to say is,
I like you.

Despite myself, I really do like you.
If you like me too, then we're on.
Um... but not till you've
brushed your teeth.
Oh!
- That should do it.
- You know we could do this for ever.
Yeah, I know, yeah.
Oh, God, Carls, I thought I'd lost you.
I thought I'd lost you!
And no matter how many times they hit me
in the balls, I knew I was right.
And I've worked it all out,
it was so simple.
I'll just get a job near your uni
for three years,
four if you do an MA,
and then we can be together for ever.
For ever.
Just like we should be.
Carli...
...what's wrong?
Did you hear what I said?
Something about being hit in the balls?
Well, yeah, but...
mainly about being together for ever.
Sorry, Simon,
could you just kiss me again?
Sorry, Carls, this is wrong.
What?
I've made a bad choice today.
I honestly wish you
all the best with your life,
but right now, I have to leave.
I don't think you'll ever see me again.
But I'll see you at your mum's birthday
in two weeks' time.
Well, yeah, but then after that.
And then your brother's 16th
the following week.
Yeah, it was more
of a metaphorical thing.
- Anyway, I'll see you around, Carls.
- Yes,

- at your mum's.

- Please, can I just...

Thank you.

Below deck, Neil was being as faithful as ever to his girlfriend...

by aggressively dry-humping Lisa to within an inch of her life.

Neil...

Neil, stop.

What's up? Is it my zip?

I can undo it, if you want.

No, it's not that.

I just think this is wrong.

I feel bad for your girlfriend.

- No, it's fine, we aren't kissing.

- Yeah, but...

look at what we are doing.

I mean, how do you think you'd feel if you saw her doing this with a guy?

I wouldn't want to be treated like this.

- I've got ethics.

- Yeah.

Yeah, you're right,

it's just that, um...

...Nicole dumped me

before we got out here

and I didn't want to say anything to the others cos I was embarrassed.

- Oh, Neil...

- Yeah.

She sent me this text, saying like,

"You dance like a twat, you are dumped".

It broke me up.

So... this is fine and, if you want, we can even kiss.

Oh, Neil!

Is that true? Really?

Yeah, course.

If you like.

That was just... I mean...

Did it not taste funny?

Cos it looks funny.

All right, mate, who's this, then?

Hi, I'm Jane.

- She's my girlfriend.
- Oh, is she?
Fuckin' hell, you want to be careful
she doesn't fall overboard
- cos...
- Cos I'll get harpooned?
Cos they might think I'm a new island?
Cos all the water will splash out
onto the land?
I've heard them all, take your pick.
Fuckin' 'ell, tubs, all right,
it was only a joke.
Anyway, seeing as you're coming
out there like a naughty boy,
how about you do me a favour?
I need a note for the old toot.
We weren't doing drugs, actually.
Christ! For his sake, I hope you were.
There are laws against fucking cow,
mate, even in Greece.
Now, I'm going to need to take that note
off you. Well, you're a mate.
You don't mind, do you?
Give.
No, no, not at all.
There you are, mate, already rolled.
Cheers. I'll keep this, yeah?
No problemo.
I think the Government's
anti-drugs campaign
would be more successful
if they pointed out
that every now and again,
there's a small chance you might
accidentally snort some poo.
Simon?
- Are you all right?
- Yeah.
Yeah, for the first time in my life,
I think I actually am.
I'm clear, anyway.
How'd it go with Carli?
Long term - good. Short term - horrific.
Have you murdered her?

No, but I am starting to think that maybe Carli's not all that. Well, it's taken a while.

- Better late than never.

- I think Lucy might be the one.

Yes, obviously.

Lucy's much nicer and actually likes you.

But I'm worried I might have been a bit of a dick to her.

You've been more than a bit of a dick to her.

You've been a massive dick to her.

- She still likes you, anyway.

- Good, that's really good.

Does he always strip when he's happy?

Yeah, normally.

Simon!

You can't go up there, there's a sign.

Oh, sign

Alison, will you text Lucy and tell her I'm coming to get her?

Course I will.

Brilliant!

All right?

Yeah.

What are you doing up there, then?

I'm going to swim back to shore and tell Lucy how I feel.

How romantic.

It is, isn't it?

Is it a bit far?

Nah, bollocks. You can see the shore. I've swum further than that underwater.

Do it! Just swim there and show her what she means to you and then kiss her.

On the fanny!

- Jay!

- Sorry, darling.

Right, fuck it, you only live once.

Jump, jump, jump, jump,

jump, jump, jump, jump!
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump!
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump,
jump, jump!
I think he might be drowning.
Simon!
Oh, I think I've shit myself.
Lucy, it's normally bigger, it was cold.
One of us should probably have
gone to hospital with Simon.
But, to be perfectly honest,
we had more important things to do.
We like to sleep all day
and party all night
This is how we like to live our life
I got a feeling
everything is gonna be all right
So come on, come on, come on
We like to sleep all day
and party all night
This is how we like to live our life
I got a feeling
everything is going to be all right
So come on, come on, come on
Let's party tonight
Intoxication, yeah
The feel of liberation, yeah
We goin' like a rebel with a cause
and we breakin' the laws
And we rock it, rock it, rock it
Whoa-oh
No hibernation, no
No, not until the day comes, no
We gonna paint the town red
till God knows when
Cos we rock it, whoa-oh
And we don't got a worry in sight
and until it gets bright outside
We breakin' all the rules that we know
We outta control, we rock and we roll
Ain't nothing gonna ever stop the party
You know we go, we all
We like to sleep all day
and party all night

This is how we like to live our life
I got a feeling
everything is gonna be all right
So come on, come on, come on
We like to sleep all day
and party all night
This is how we like to live our life
I got a feeling
everything is gonna be all right
So come on, come on, come on
We gonna rock until the night is done
We ain't gonna stop
until we see the sun
And we don't ever have a problem
No need for solutions
We starting up a revolution
We like to sleep all day
and party all night
This is how we like to live our life
I got a feeling
everything is gonna be all right
So come on, come on, come on
We like to sleep all day
and party all night
This is how we like to live our life
I got a feeling
everything is gonna be all right
So come on, come on, come on
Let's party tonight, whoa-oh. #
Going to the racetrack
To try and get your money back
Got caught trying to break in
But just laughed and said
It couldn't have been me
She shaved off her hair
Said that she didn't care
That life is so unfair
Oh, but all she wanted
Was to be left alone
He said he missed bliss
Smiled and left a kiss
And I said this isn't it
But, baby, please come home
And start again

Cos all you've ever wanted
Has gone up in flames
And all you've ever wanted
Can never stay the same
Oh, no, this can't be happening
I said oh, no, this can't be happening
Going to the racetrack
To try and get your money back
Got caught trying to break in
But just laughed and said
It couldn't have been me
She wore lip gloss
Cried when she got cross
And all that she had was lost
Yeah, she sold it all
All for pearls
He said he missed bliss
Smiled and left a kiss
And I said this isn't it
But, baby, oh, please come home
And start again
Cos all you've ever wanted
Has gone up in flames
And all you've ever wanted
Can never stay the same
And all you've ever wanted
Has gone up in flames
And all you've ever wanted
Can never stay the same.