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# De Haas in de Marathon

By Joost de Haas

Sure, I'll hold.

Yes, go and get him.

- Geer, we'll be starting in a minute.

- Be right there.

Thanks.

Guys, there's this douche of a Turk who doesn't want to pay up.

Still, better than getting a douche from a Turk.

Is that car ready?

That woman is picking it up tomorrow.

- It just needs a new header.

- I wouldn't mind giving head.

Your wife wouldn't mind either.

Come on, deal.

One game can't do any harm.

Hey, Yous, could you finish that car?

Keep working. At your pace, the pyramids wouldn't have been finished yet.

- Pass.

- Me too.

- This one can go.

- And the ace.

Guys, it's my birthday on Sunday.

So, coffee and pastry at 11 am.

**And beer at 11:**

- Good plan. Who's dealing?

- Kees? Coming too?

- Why wouldn't I?

Because Jolan might...

I'm not going to let her decide where I'm hanging out.

Right. Course not.

- Diamonds.

- You wear them on your fingers.

I pass.

Hey, Harry.

Grow up, man.

Hey, grow up!

There...

- ...delicious stew.

- Great, babe.

Stop that!  
Moron.  
Lord, bless this food. Amen.  
It's Gerard's birthday.  
On Sunday.  
He asked if we...  
Meatball?  
Aniet?  
Aniet?  
What's wrong with my big,  
brown crybaby? Huh?  
Where's your soother?  
Here it is. Look.  
Where's mommy? Huh?  
Where's mom?  
Let's see if there are some  
chicken nuggets in the fridge. Huh?  
And maybe even a nice, naughty beer.  
You've reached Mrs. Witteveld and Nico.  
We're not home right now.  
Please leave a message after the beep.  
Hi, it's Anneke.  
I can't make it.  
I don't know whether you counted on me.  
It might be better anyway  
if we don't...  
It's better that we don't  
see each other anymore.  
I don't want to make you feel bad.  
And it's certainly not you...  
...but me.  
You're a great guy.  
I just don't know  
what I want right now.  
Hey Lee, I didn't know  
you were still awake.

**Aniet, it's 1:**

- A friend of mine had some problems.
- You left Jayden home alone.
- He was asleep.

You shouldn't do that, sweetie.

Anita...

There, let's go to sleep.

I'm exhausted.

Hey, Harry!

Harry. Hey!

Just stay for a while, man.

Grandma's here too, right?

Damn...

Goddammit.

Long may he live

long may he live on high

hip hip hurray!

Beautifully sung.

Anita, do you want a cream puff,  
or mocha or cream cake, or fruit pie?

Anita, do you want a cream puff,  
or mocha or cream cake, or fruit pie?

- I don't care.

- It's your choice.

I really don't care.

I'm not fussy.

- How about a nice cannoli?

- No, then I'll have fruit pie.

Don't give ma any.

She's so messy.

- I'll have apple crumble, if you have it.

- Sure.

- And cake, cannoli, pie.

- I'll have fruit pie. I'm on a diet.

Where's Harry?

Doing his homework at a friend's house,

I think.

Hey, ma?

Ma, want a pastry?

- Who are you?

- Who are you!

- I'm Gerard.

- Gerard?

Gerard. Your son.

Remember? My brother.

Oh, Gerard!

Now I recognize you.

But what are you doing here?

Well, I'm at home.

And you are visiting me.

Nice, isn't?

Sure. But it's a big surprise to me, son.

Gerard, I love your suit.

It's his birthday.

I've said that ten times already.

- She's completely out of it, right?

- Right.

- Put a drop of chlorine in the water.

- Gorgeous. I'll do it later.

- Enjoying yourself?

- Yeah.

- Did you say fruit, Nel?

- I'm not sure...

- She'll have fruit and give Joop a cannoli.

- Want a cannoli, Joop?

So this woman goes to the doctor and says:

I think one of my boobs is bigger.

- The doctor says...

- Is yours sweet, Joop?

My coffee is.

That doctor says...

I thought I had a cannoli?

- Need a hand?

- I'll manage, Nel.

- Who's that?

- Nel. Your neighbor.

The neighbors from number 40.

With Herman.

Nel and Herman.

"Boobs can be different, ma'am.

Take off your clothes."

**She says:**

That doctor says:

I'll prick into that too.

I have my eye on this new car.

A Range Rover.

A four wheel drive, you know.

With an 8-speed automatic transmission.

The nice thing is that you can buy

it as is, or have it customized.

I'll have that done, of course.

A raised exhaust.

- Mudguards front, mudguards back.

- Right.

And waterproof seat covers inside.

Can't do without them.

- Nel gets rather sweaty, so it leaves stains.
- Not at all.
- How fuel efficient do you think it is?
- I don't know.
- 31 mpg.
- Herman, she doesn't care.
- I don't mind. It doesn't bother me.
- If it does, just say so.

Here, eat your pastry.

Why would she be interested in your car?

Watch my soul Thou art almighty

Kees doesn't know what he's missing.

Look at that.

- Where did you used to work?
- On the Keile Road.
- At a company, or...?
- Yeah, sort of a company.
- But I also acted in some movies.
- Oh, lovely.

Well, it wasn't really about love.

The pay was all right.

It's all over and done with, though.

I got pregnant,

so they didn't want me anymore.

Because then they can't

get their fist in anymore.

No pickles on Joop's sausage.

- Gives him heartburn.
- Any beer left?
- Is your mom in a retirement unit?
- No, in a psychiatric facility.
- Flip that one over.
- Yeah, yeah.
- Did you hear about Marie?
- No.
- Everything taken away.
- At Marie's?
- By Moroccans?
- No, by the doctor.

Look, there's beer again.

Joop, you can have the first.

- The entire henhouse removed.

- Just awful.  
It's bad for your femininity.  
Guys, boiling hot satay.  
A few are a bit burned,  
but just scrape that off.  
- What kind of meat is it?  
- Halal pork, I think.  
You'd think that a car like that  
is a gas guzzler.

**But A:**

**and B:**

- So it's two birds with one stone.  
- Herman, that's enough.  
Hannie, your mom is spitting it all  
into her purse.  
Ma, that's gross.  
So the doctor cranks that speculum.

**He says:**

is longer than the other.  
Joop? No, stay, stay!  
- Joop, look after ma, dammit.  
- She's not going anywhere.  
- Isn't that baby lying too much in the smoke?  
- Nah, he's sleeping. Just leave him.  
- 170... 180. Nice haul, right?  
- Very nice.  
Aw look, from Nel and Herman.  
- Two times professional tanning.  
- Classy.  
There.  
Nelis, you can go to Paris again.  
Ten is fine.  
Have a good trip.  
Go on, take that baby out on the road.  
- Jesus, Lee, been banging away all night?  
- I wish.  
That baby bawls all night.  
Drives us crazy.  
Put some banana liqueur in his bottle.  
He's an Ambonese, isn't he?  
Cape Verdean.

Or squish that stuff and put it on his soother. As long as it's banana.

- All those blacks love bananas.

- True.

- Are you stuck with the trump nine?

- Yeah.

The son of my brother-in-law Joop comes home one day and says:

"Pa, I need to talk to you."

**So Joop says:**

**So he says:**

Joop says right away: "That's fine, son, but you can't ever sit on dad's lap again."

Good morning, little lady.

- What can we do for you?

- All of a sudden a red light came on.

- I have no idea what it means.

- Time to go to work?

We'll have a look.

- A coffee while you're waiting?

- No.

Niek, get the lady a coffee.

Sugar and milk.

- It's ready for the junkyard.

- You're kidding, right?

It just needs some brake fluid, honey.

Yous!

- You scared me.

- Top it up.

It's my husband's car.

It means everything to him.

Then he's overlooking two important points.

- Do we still have milk cups?

- In the office.

- Kees.

- Hi.

Allow me too.

Cups, cups, cups... cups.

Right. Go on.

Stop! Put it in reverse.

Good thing your husband isn't here.

Go on, that way. Bye.



What is this, Geer?

I don't get that you  
let it run up like that.

Sorry guys, I just didn't want  
to bother you with it. OK?

- Can't you request a delay in payment?

- He already did: 7 times.

- Jesus, Gerard.

- Business was slowing down.

You guys know that too.

So at some point I started hiding  
those envelopes. Ignorance is bliss.

Hey Hans, I'll have another beer.

For these grumps too.

If this continues,

they'll come and board the place up.

Jesus.

What do I tell Jolan?

Goddammit, we'll all be without a job.

I have some savings,

but it's supposed to be for the baby.

Didn't your mother just die, Nico?

- Didn't you get an inheritance?

- The apartment. I live there.

- I might be able to get a bank loan.

- No! Don't, Geer.

You'll just have to pay off the interest.

It's down to all of us.

We'll solve the problem together.

- Can't we fire Youssoef?

- Good idea. Kick out the Egyptian.

- Saves a month's salary.

- He can't play cards anyway.

Listen, guys, Youssoef earns us money.

OK? He's an immigrant and disabled.

He's heavily subsidized.

So where do we get 40,000 euros?

Ma...

...think carefully.

Is it in a cookie jar?

Or an old shoebox, or...

Yes.

Soup with meatballs.

Goddammit.

But I scooped those out, you know.  
I said to that nurse: No way  
I'm going to eat that boiled mess.  
I used to make soup.  
A big marrow bone and let it simmer.  
But, well...  
...no one is capable of that anymore.  
Grandpa used to throw an entire pig's head  
in a pot of water.  
With the eyes still in it.  
He simmered it for days.  
- Kees, are you in the attic?  
- Yeah.  
- Don't stay up too late.  
- No.  
And don't sneak a cigarette, OK?  
Got it.  
Hey. What's wrong with my big fellow?  
Did your soother fall out?  
Look...  
Don't you want it?  
Look...  
Yeah, that's the good stuff.  
Let's sing a song.  
Strong in Rotterdam  
strong in the Netherlands  
nothing is stronger  
than that one word  
Feyenoord  
yes, Feyenoord  
What are you reading there?  
I see shorts.  
Is it a gay magazine?  
- Fellow choco dippers.  
- Our Muslim came out of the closet.  
It's a runner's magazine.  
- What use is it to you and your club foot?  
- I may have a limp now.  
- But I used to run marathons.  
- With the police chasing you, I guess.  
Ran New York, Berlin  
and Rotterdam, of course.  
Marathons, that's walking.  
No, running.

Just a bit further than the fridge.

It was before my accident,  
but I made a good living at it.

- Living? What do you mean?

- I had a sponsor.

- What kind of money are we talking about?

- 5000-6000 euros.

Sometimes 10,000.

When is that hike? I'll go on it.

- Well...

- In six months.

- Here in Rotterdam.

- Seriously, though...

...suppose we'd run and get a sponsor.

I'd do it. In our own city.

No travel expenses.

Well, all kidding aside, Geer.

Seriously, though.

I know enough people

who'd be willing to be a sponsor.

Store owners, for instance. So...

- Get rid of those taxes in one fell swoop.

- That we didn't think of it sooner...

I didn't know you could earn that much  
with a hike.

I think it's a great idea, Yous.

Thanks, man.

Will we also carry paper lanterns?

You don't stand a chance.

- Why?

- You have to train for it.

And you need character.

Are you saying we don't have character,  
gimpy leg?

With all due respect, but all I see  
are four badly-wrapped mummies.

- Hold on.

- Yeah, this is getting weird.

Guys, just stick to playing cards.

I'm getting back to work.

That Tutankhamen is  
getting cheekier by the day.

- Good evening.

- Evening, guys.

Hi, hi.

- Hey, Hans?

- Yes?

Question for you. Listen...

If we were to run the marathon...

...would you sponsor us?

My ass.

You have six unpaid tabs.

Let me add those first.

Imagine you giving away  
something for free.

- I think I know someone.

- Sure, we'll easily find someone.

We happen to ask Rotterdam's  
biggest grump.

- But it can't be that hard.

- Exactly.

- If that Egyptian could do it, we can.

- Of course.

Downstairs from me there's that  
Chinese take-out. I'll ask him.

- Hans? Can we have four beers?

- Your own pace is fine.

Had a haircut, Hans?

Or are you getting chemo?

Look at him.

Just kidding, Hans.

Look, it's actually one long...

...running advertisement

for your restaurant.

And you come up with your own slogan.

**Something like:**

Den Blijker's food is good.

**Or:**

Whatever. It's your choice.

The thing is that we will run  
our butts off...

...and you will be up to your ears  
in customers.

And all that for only 5000 euros  
apiece.

You'll be sitting pretty,

hiring chefs from all over the world.  
And we do the heavy work.  
What do you think?  
Who do you think you are?  
Shrimp peeler!  
With your meat stew face!  
I'll mop the floor of your soup kitchen  
with your lobster face!  
Even though he's filthy rich,  
with his fat cigar.  
- But he's got a nice joint, though.  
- Know what? I'll never eat there.  
Him and his mussels for brains!  
- Are you OK, Geer?  
- Yeah. Fine.  
Be right there. Start the car.  
Fish bone in his throat.  
Goddammit.  
Right.  
Keep your hands in the middle.  
Breathe in deeply and hold it.  
And breathe out.  
It's in your esophagus  
and has metastasized...  
...to the lungs.  
Unfortunately, it's at such  
an advanced stage...  
...that isolating the carcinoma  
and combating it...  
...is no longer possible.  
So, again, Mr. Groteboer...  
...we suggest that you start  
chemo therapy immediately.  
And... how long...  
...how long?  
That's hard to say.  
Three, four months.  
Six months.  
Again, it depends a lot on  
the aggressiveness of the growth.  
Can I keep working?  
Some people continue daily life  
for as long as possible.  
But with your therapy...

You'll feel very nauseous,  
experience hair loss.  
And at some point, the pain  
will become too intense.  
You'll receive morphine, of course.

- Any questions?

- No.

No. No more questions.

I see you're married.

- Do you have children?

- Yes. A son.

I think it will be best if you make  
an appointment at the desk right now.

That way the treatment can begin  
as soon as possible.

- Sure. I'll do that.

- Good luck.

- September 30.

- Thank you for the info.

Thanks a lot. Bye.

Could I get an appointment  
for the end of October?

- There you go.

- Thank you. Bye.

Hello.

Camping.

- Camping...

- No. Zelten.

Fernsehen.

- Looking far.

- No, Harry. Watching TV.

- Verschwunden.

- Wounding.

No. Disappeared. Harry, go and study.

You don't know it.

- Fucking cancer German!

- Hey! Stay here.

- What?

- Yes, what? What?

I don't want to hear that kind of language.

Your mother is trying to quiz you  
and all I hear...

...is cancer, cancer, cancer!

Could you stop that?

**I'm asking you:**

- Yeah.

Good. It's up to you.

But if you fail your final exams  
you'll end up without a diploma.

Just try and get a job then.

- You'll be one big loser.

- You should talk.

You hang around in that fucking garage  
with your fucking ass.

Excuse me?

- It's true.

- Leave it.

I won't.

I'm not at all happy  
with your behavior of late.

You know quite well what I mean.

Look at me when I'm talking to you,  
dammit!

Go to your room and study. Don't you dare  
fail that German test.

If you show up here with an F,  
I'll mop every inch of this house with you.

Did you fucking hear me?

Got it?

- Yes.

- Upstairs with you.

Shithead.

Come on.

Here...

- ...have your pastry.

- He'll be a big failure.

No he won't. It's just puberty.

- You'll see, once he has a girlfriend...

- He won't get a girlfriend...

- ...with his shitty character.

- Come on.

I work my butt off  
to keep my head above water...

...and to support Mr. Slacker!

Well, I'm done.

- Stop worrying. It'll be fine.

- I'm not so sure.

It will be.  
He can always go and work in the garage.  
Right?  
Geer! Let's play cards.  
Yous, who sponsored you?  
My uncle. He's a dealer.  
You were sponsored by a drug dealer.  
Typical.  
He's a car dealer.  
He owns a huge showroom:  
Houssein's Used Cars.  
Would your uncle be interested...  
Not a chance, guys.  
Houssein wants to advertise  
that he sells classy vehicles.  
The only thing you advertise  
is that you're fat and ugly.  
- You're right about that.  
- With all due respect. OK?  
It can't hurt to ask.  
Just ask him.  
A sponsor is important to us. Look...  
...Geer is in it up to his neck.  
Financially, as well.  
Right, Geer?  
Right.  
And... it's not just about our job...  
...but yours as well.  
Yous, do you take sugar in your coffee?  
- Have a Twinkie.  
- I'll stir it for you.  
Yous? Hey, Yous.  
Just a phone call.  
Uncle Houssein, these are my friends.  
I work in the garage with them.  
Some problems have come up.  
The garage owes taxes.  
They now want to run the marathon...  
...and need sponsors.  
How much would you like  
to sponsor them for?  
Listen Youssoef, you're my nephew.  
I'm sorry about what happened to you.  
I wasn't insured properly back then.



I offered you a job, which you refused.

You were angry. I understood that.

But what you're asking me now  
is impossible.

Have a good look: These guys  
will never finish the marathon.

Yous, is this over soon?

I'm developing hemorrhoids.

- Silence. My uncle's talking.

- Silence, guys. The uncle's talking.

Not very clearly, though.

If the Grand Mufti is finished  
could we receive some money?

Listen, Youssoef...

...I'll take a risk.

I'll give them 500 euro each. OK?

He's willing to give 500 euros.

- What use is 500 euros?

- Cheapskate. He's got 60 Mercedeses.

- Camel turd.

- Let me. Yous, you translate.

That's not necessary.

My Dutch is excellent.

Right.

We were thinking of 5000,

That's a little bit too much.

- You're fat, ugly.

- Told you.

You'll never finish and that's  
bad advertisement for my business.

Maybe we can come down a bit: 2500...

- ...2000.

- That's an option.

- You people like bargaining, don't you?

- 40,000 euros.

We want 40,000 euros.

All four of us will finish the marathon...

...and you pay my tax debt.

If we don't finish...

...the garage is yours.

Good for you, son.

Come on, guys, let's go. Move it.

Jesus Geer, what did you do?

"Then the garage is yours."

- Who does he think he is? Allah himself?  
- It will take care of our problems at once.  
I'll never, ever work  
for some carpet flyer.  
Goddammit Geer, that garage  
was your father's.  
He built it with his very own hands.  
Why fritter it away on some oil sheik?  
We won't lose the garage.  
We'll run that marathon.  
Because I'm sitting here  
with a bunch of hotshots.  
Right?  
How long is that marathon, anyway?  
And 195m.  
That's already far by car.  
Goddammit.  
OK Tut, we're off for some training.  
- Could you install a new exhaust?  
- He will.  
- Guys, go. Come on.  
- Let's go.  
- I kinda liked it.  
- Fuck off, man.  
Maybe it's the thin air.  
How high up is Rotterdam?  
Unbelievable. We've only been at it  
for a few minutes.  
I won't do it.  
I really won't do it.  
You have to build it up.  
You're training your metabolism.  
You got stuck in your phosphate system.  
You need to go to the lactic acid system  
and then the oxygen system...  
...for aerobic breakdown.  
Watch your nutrition.  
A lot of carbs beforehand.  
Monosaccharides during running  
to maintain your glucose level.  
Every kind of running  
has its own energy system.  
For running the marathon,  
you have to train the right engine.

Become an efficient diesel engine,  
not a turbo injection engine.  
Maybe it's me, Yous, but for an Egyptian  
with a club foot you're talking too much.  
About this topic, I mean.  
No...  
...he's right.  
I think.  
You'll be our trainer, camel.  
THE COMPLETE RUNNING STORE  
Marathon. There you go.  
Jesus Aniet, where are you?  
I asked you to be home on time.  
Ah, well.  
Hush.  
Nico, you idiot.  
- Here he is.  
- Sorry, guys.  
Aniet was going to babysit.  
Let's go.  
OK. Everyone ready?  
I marked a track. Two minutes of running  
and then a minute of strolling.  
Running for two minutes,  
strolling for a minute.  
- At intervals?  
- That's right.  
Intervals?  
Come on, go, go.  
Guys, we start with running, not strolling.  
Keep it up. Come on.  
Good. Pick up the pace, guys.  
A while longer. Gerard...  
- ...move it.  
- I am, aren't I?  
No, walk.  
Very good, guys.  
Breathe deeply.  
Hands behind your head.  
Water, Leo.  
Come on. Run, guys. Go.  
Keep up the pace. Come on.  
Knees up. Come on, Gerard. Good.  
- One, two. One, two. Rhythm, Gerard.

- Yes, rhythm...  
He can't do it.  
Come to daddy.  
Good job, guys.  
A two-minute break.  
Hi, Lee.  
Where were you?  
Oh, first at my mom's. She'd...  
...bought something that didn't fit.  
So I had to go into town to exchange it,  
because she doesn't dare.  
- And then I went to...  
- You're lying, Aniet.  
I just saw you get out of a car.  
You don't need to lie to me, do you?  
Well, I... was still owed some money.  
By Tony. I wanted to meet him somewhere,  
but he said he was still working.  
So I went to his place  
and he drove me back. Here...  
...look...

**Here:**

Well, call him if you don't believe me.  
It's the truth, Leo,  
but I didn't dare to tell you.  
I was afraid you'd get angry.  
I don't pick up customers anymore.  
Honest.  
I stopped doing that.  
I love you now, Lee.  
Leo...  
You don't believe me.  
You don't believe me.  
I do believe you.  
What's this?  
Well, I meant to tell you.  
We're training.  
For the marathon.

**Do me a favor:**

Be home in time for dinner from now on.  
Bless this food. Amen.  
- Hey.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- Hey.

How may I help you?

These shoes, I'd like to try them  
a size bigger.

Is that right?

Well, let's do it.

- Same ones?

- Yes.

But a half size bigger.

They pinch a bit.

Oh. You don't want that, right?

Pinching.

- I'll go and have a look.

- OK.

I run marathons.

When your shoes are half a size too small  
they'll pinch.

You don't want that.

There, an 8.5.

- 8.5?

- It's a British size.

Oh right, I see.

- How much do I owe you?

- Nothing. It's fine.

Well, thank you.

- No problem.

- Thanks.

Good morning. Are we ready?

- There.

- What's the plan, Yous?

Nico's mentality will be our example.

He'll be at the finish with a medal...

...and you'll be hyperventilating

in a field somewhere.

So, starting today,

no more cake, beer and smokes.

- There's training to do.

- **Look at him:**

He's the first Egyptian

who tells me what to do.

- He's a bit right, though.

- Traitor.

"He's a bit right."

- One more hand and we're off.

- Get me a new beer.

If we want to save this garage,  
we'll have to run the marathon.

That means only one thing:

We're going to train.

See you outside in five minutes.

Come on, tempo.

Jump, Leo.

Guys...

Good. It's going well.

Get lost with your Smurf juice.

- Pick it up, guys. Come on.

- Yeah, pick it up...

- I have to take a leak.

- Me too.

Me first.

OK guys, that's it.

These are your numbers.

Pin it to your T-shirt.

Be there by 12 o'clock

and do your warming up.

You're going to practice in Amsterdam

and you start at 1 pm on the dot.

I think I'm speaking for everyone,  
but...

...we do have a problem.

- What?

- Well...

...it's in Amsterdam

and we weren't aware of that.

There must be a run somewhere else.

Bleiswijk, Berkel Rodenrijs...

Schiebroek, for all I care.

If Lee runs past the Ajax Arena,  
shit will be running down his legs.

Guys, don't whine and complain,  
just run.

No way I'm going to Amsterdam.

It's overrun by vibrating gay tools.

**Important tip:**

PARKING GARAGE FULL

- Goddammit.
- Sure.
- Oh, it's Youssoef, guys.
- Don't answer.

If he hears we're not there yet,  
he'll go crazy.

Now he's calling me, of course.

Jesus Christ, what's taking so long?

Honk, Geer.

**Look at him:**

- So now he's calling me.
- Don't answer.

What the heck are you doing, man?

Honk all you want,

but I have to unload these boxes.

Why don't you help? We'll get home  
early to the old ball and chain.

Help? Good luck to you, sir.

Got a chromosome extra, towing goat?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, cockroach.

It's no use, Geer. He's from  
a sheltered workshop. Better reverse.

Goddammit!

This bloody city!

Should I call him?

- Yes.
- No, no, no.

Don't call, Geer.

- Here, here, here!
- Yeah, I see it.
- It started already.
- It's nearly finished.

I can't believe this fucking city.

- Now what?
- Now what?

My liver is starting to act up.

- A beer, I say.
- Beer.

We can't do this.

We are the champions!

Guys, phone call from Youssoef.

- Keessie, Keessie!

- Quiet, please. Shut up.

The next song is for Marjan.

A romantic song from Rotterdam.

Stamp your testicles into mash

stamp your testicles into mash

stamp your testicles into mash

and your dick into stew

Niek, here's 50 euros,

go and have a good fuck.

- We'll wait here for you.

- That's OK. Let's just go.

Come on, man. Hurry.

You're not gay, are you?

- Screw.

- Off you go.

Show them.

Go and polish that German helmet.

- I was waiting for you.

- Were you?

By the way, how's your whore, Lee?

I can still see her there.

Last year December. Freezing.

Short skirt, high heels.

And two black eyes.

Her pimp gave her those.

- You shouldn't have taken her in right away.

- I didn't know she had a son.

Every night she fell asleep beside me  
crying with fear.

- Feel that?

- Yeah.

Good, isn't it?

You don't get that at home, do you babe?

And now for some Chinese  
acupuncture points.

I still don't know how he found out  
where I live.

- Did he come and see you?

- I didn't know that.

OK...

...please keep your lips sealed  
about this, guys.

I was standing behind the door.

Anita opens it.



I pulled him into the hallway...  
...and I killed him with a crowbar  
from the garage.  
We wrapped him up in a carpet...  
...and dumped him in the river.  
He still hasn't been found.  
When we were rolling him up,  
he started whimpering.  
I had to hit him three times again.  
The hallway was covered in blood.  
We spent two days hosing it down.  
- Just kidding.  
- Goddammit.  
Jesus. Jesus, man,  
I'm sobering up all of a sudden.  
There, I gave her a good time  
sliding her up and down my Euromast.  
Nice work, Niek.  
Goddammit.  
Goddammit.  
Well, that was the shawarma.  
- Geer.  
- Lee.  
- Friend. Do you mind me calling you friend?  
- Course not.  
- How do you think...  
- Right.  
...we'll get home now?  
Hello, this is your captain speaking...  
...we're leaving for Rotterdam  
in a few minutes.  
So please get in now.  
It's working. Come on.  
We're going to Rotterdam!  
Man, we laughed our heads off.  
Know who's laughing the loudest?  
Uncle Houssein, who's coming to renovate.  
It's your own fault.  
No mentality at all.  
Bunch of losers.  
I went there early with schedules,  
sponges, bananas, everything.  
And I'm standing there like a fool.  
You treated it like a fishing trip.

**I told you:**

But, no, what does that camel know?

Start at 1 pm on the dot.

But, no, what does that camel know?

But who was the only one here

who knew how to save this garage?

The camel.

I'm leaning over backwards for you.

You're a disgrace for marathon running.

- Take it easy, all right.

- I won't. We were working on something.

- It's about my job too.

- You're only here for the subsidy.

- Kees!

- It's true, isn't it.

- Which subsidy?

- On your clubfoot and your descent.

Other than that we didn't need you.

You don't have a job,

you earn us money.

Is that true, Gerard?

Well...

Well, congratulations, Kees.

Wonderful. Just great.

- Yous, stop.

- Get lost, man.

Wait up. Goddammit, Yous,

stand still.

I haven't been receiving subsidy for you

for a year. Do you hear me?

You're on the payroll.

Like the others.

The guys don't know,

but there's a lot they don't know.

The garage is just as much yours

as of the others.

What's wrong, man?

Cancer.

I've got cancer, Yous,

of the esophagus.

It spread to the lungs.

I won't get better.

I've got a few months left. Maximum.

- Since when?  
- It's been going on for a while.  
No one knows, apart from you.  
I'd like to keep it that way.  
- Jesus, Geer...  
- I want life to continue...  
...normally for as long as possible.  
Got that? OK?  
Leentje will be desperate. OK?  
I want to spare her this.  
And Harry.  
And...  
...the guys.  
Look, everything would change.  
Stop it with that marathon, goddammit.  
And then what? Get chemo?  
You guys come by with a cake  
and give the garage to your uncle.  
What about Leentje then?  
Right?  
And my Harry?  
And what about the guys?  
Well?  
So, goddammit, I will do this, Yous.  
I can't participate in this, Geer.  
Sorry.  
- I can't be guilty of...  
- Guilty? Oh, man.  
Oh Yous, you bear no guilt, man.  
Running makes me feel good.  
Look. It makes me stronger.  
Hey Yous, listen, man...  
I might have six months left.  
This is my last chance  
to do something with my life.  
So, goddammit, I will do this.  
For myself...  
...and for you guys.  
And you're going to help me.  
You have to help us.  
We can only do this with your help.  
- Jesus, Geer.  
- Hey!  
Look at me.

Look at me.

Promise me you will train us.

Promise.

- OK, come on.

- Right.

Yous...

That subsidy thing just slipped out.

I didn't mean it.

You're our friend, man.

That's it. Honest.

About that running:

We've done some thinking...

- ...and we're sorry.

- Right. That we didn't turn up.

We'd like to offer our sincere...

- ...well, apologies.

- To you.

And Amsterdam is not exactly

our strong suit.

That's why we've decided that from now on

we'll train very hard with you.

- And running too.

- We'll work with you.

So, again, sorry.

- For everything.

- Sorry, man.

Asshole.

Come here.

OK...

What should I do?

I just finished that other one.

Just work on something.

I'll take care of that tire for you.

OK, guys. Ready?

- Geer?

- Certainly.

And go!

CLOSED FOR A WHILE

It's not what it seems.

Weren't you training, goddammit.

No, it's not...

It's not like that. I love you.

I love you a lot.

I'm taking Jayden with me.

- And when I get back, you're gone.  
- No!  
- You can't do this, man.  
- I'm talking to my wife, piss stain.  
After that, you can fuck her again.  
- Jesus, Leo.  
- What are you doing?  
You shut the fuck up, retard,  
before I beat your brains out.  
Junkie.  
- When I get back, you're gone.  
- No, Leo...  
Forever.  
And if you're still here, I'll kill you.  
Leo...  
Leo, no!  
What's going on with you?  
Why don't you just get a beer?  
You've changed so much.  
You don't eat, you don't drink,  
you don't want a pastry anymore.  
It's just running, running. Every day.  
And I'm home by myself.  
I feel something's wrong.  
You're right.  
I have to tell you something.  
It's not going so well.  
With the garage.  
It's...  
Let's go and sit down.  
THEY'RE VERY COMFORTABLE!  
CHEERS, NICO  
You could have told me.  
Now I was worried for nothing.  
- I thought you might have someone else.  
- Someone else?  
Well, you were out every evening.  
- Oh, honey. You're my everything.  
- I know.  
- You know that, right? For real, right?  
- Yes, for real.  
My baby.  
You know what it is?  
That marathon is our last chance.

If we don't make it...  
...I lose the garage, you know.  
But you know, sweetheart,  
I always support you.  
If need be, I'll work a few days extra  
in the bakery. You know, Geer...  
Look...  
Then we won't go to Spain.  
Oh, Leentje...  
It's a start.  
It'll be fine.  
Right.  
You're going to run the 30km.  
If you can handle that...  
...you can handle the marathon.  
You never train the last 12km.  
Then it's down to your character.  
Some people say that during the marathon  
you meet yourself.  
That's bullshit.  
During the marathon you determine  
who you are.  
With every meter, every step,  
you determine who you are.  
Go-getters. Hotshots.  
You fight for every meter.  
You fight for every centimeter.  
You turn the asphalt to dust.  
Leo... Kees...  
...I'm proud of you.  
You came far.  
You'll just do it.  
Nico, our biggest talent,  
you have the biggest responsibility.  
You lead the team.  
Gerard...  
...it's now or never.  
Are we going to do it?  
- Are we going to do it?  
- Yeah.  
Are we going to do it?  
We're going to do it!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
For sure. Right?

Put that back.  
Put that back.  
Sit down.  
I just don't know what to do  
with you anymore.  
But you're my son.  
I raised you. Brought you up.  
You have to take care of yourself soon.  
And then you do something like that.  
Stealing.  
That's savings, man.  
Of your own father and mother.  
Why?  
I just don't get it, Harry.  
- You don't get a lot of things.  
- Like what?  
Tell me. Do you owe people money?  
Or are you gambling or doing drugs?  
Just tell me.  
Why don't you come running with us?  
Come along tomorrow, man.  
It might make you feel better.  
- No.  
- No?  
I'll look ridiculous  
with four old geezers.  
- All that running shit.  
- What do you mean 'running shit'?  
So you finish the marathon. Big deal.  
And then it's back to that garage.  
Listen...  
Look... you don't need to be proud of me.  
I'm not asking you to.  
But can I at least be proud of you?  
Go and do your homework.  
Upstairs with you.  
Hey, Har...  
Give your old man a hug.  
- I'm going upstairs.  
- I'm proud of you, you know. Hotshot.  
I love you.  
What do you think you're doing?  
Vacuuming.  
- Vacuuming.

- I made coffee and spilled some sugar.  
So I thought I'd vacuum it up.  
- Mr. Vacuum.  
- So I thought I'd do the whole room.  
So the gentleman makes coffee himself  
and puts sugar into everything.  
Goes and vacuums  
and decides to do the whole room.  
Sure. Do the windows  
and the laundry while you're at it.  
- Jolan, what's the matter?  
- Well, I'll tell you, Kees de Bree.  
Since you've been running,  
a lot is the matter around here.  
You're not sneaking a smoke anymore,  
or play with your trains.  
You're only thinking about running  
that stupid marathon.  
I have to train, don't I?  
It's this coming Sunday.  
Excuse me?  
If you think you're going running  
on Sunday...  
God spoke to us.  
You know that as well as I do.  
He punished us.  
We've had to make a huge sacrifice,  
Kees de Bree.  
And if you think  
you want to run on Sunday...  
- ...you might as well pack your bags now.  
- Just for once...  
Sunday is the day of the Lord.  
And you'll be in church.  
Next to me.  
Loosen it up in a while...  
- ...and see what happens.  
- It's full of holes, man.  
Oh man, those fucking Japanese.  
Come and have a look.  
Come and have a look.  
Join us.  
First your numbers.  
One each.



They're all lucky numbers.

- And then...

- 4813.

Here they are.

Yes!

Great, man. That's an incredibly wonderful color yellow. Right?

Nearly canary.

If you want to cross the finish line as an egg yolk...

OK, they're yellow,

but these are the pants.

- Pink pants?

- Yes. And this is the total picture.

It's fantastic.

- That pink and the yellow...

- The combination.

- It's just awesome.

- I like it too. Right?

Kees, what do you think?

What are you doing?

- You're smoking!

- Yes, I'm smoking.

- Since when?

- Since now.

What's wrong?

I quit.

"I quit"?

- Why?

- I'm through. My legs hurt like crazy.

I'm longing for a smoke all day long.

And for what?

I'm the worst runner, anyway.

Look at my times.

You go and run.

I'll start living again.

We're nearly there. Next week

you can do everything again.

Goddammit! I said: I quit. Jesus.

I know what I want.

I don't need you for that.

Goddammit!

Goddammit. Yes, goddammit!

I'm sorry.

What are you doing, man.  
Goddammit.  
I'm sorry, but what the fuck is this?  
"I quit."  
"I quit." Did I hear you right?  
Goddammit, man, you can't do this.  
We've been running  
our fucking asses off for six months.  
And now the gentleman says he's quitting.  
You can't do this!  
You can't just quit like this, man!  
We're in this together.  
We've all got a job.  
It's not just your job.  
Fucking egotist!  
You're going to run that marathon,  
goddammit.  
- Niek, Niek.  
- You're going to run.  
Even if I have to kick you  
all the way down there.  
- Calm down.  
- I am calm.  
I am calm.  
Kees, quitting at this point really sucks.  
Listen Kees, it's really tough,  
I'm aware of that.  
But we're all hurting like crazy.  
We'll pull each other through. OK?  
- This coming Sunday...  
- Yes, coming Sunday!  
All those retards who'll be running  
their asses off.  
And for what?  
I said I'm quitting, didn't I? It's over.  
I don't give a shit  
about your stupid jobs.  
- Oh?  
- No! It's easy for you to talk.  
But I'll lose everything.  
Jolan, my house. Everything!  
I'm through. It's not worth it to me.  
I'll take a few days off.  
Leave it, Yous. Let him be.

He was asked to go to the extreme.  
And yet his faith was greater  
and stronger than his desire...  
...for his most prized possession.  
Without our faith in God  
we don't have the right to live.  
God demands sacrifices.  
Yes, God punishes.  
But always with loving mercy.  
God works in mysterious ways.  
Who are we human beings  
to doubt even the least little bit?  
To even think...  
Sorry, Jolan.  
Yous... Hey...  
Come here for a sec.  
I...  
I need to tell you something.  
OK...  
Are we going to do some running or what,  
goddammit?  
Leentje, it's me.  
It's on after all.  
Yes, we're going to run.  
Sorry, ma'am.  
Good luck.  
Lee, hurry up, man.  
My muscles are turning cold.  
- I didn't know it was on, did I?  
- This ain't the time for a leisurely shit.  
Hello! Park it right there.  
- I dropped an entire kilo, guys. Jesus.  
- It stinks here, man.  
Why don't you watch The Marathon?  
The Kenyan finishes third...  
Come on, run.  
Lots of women, right?  
You're doing great. Water.  
Keep it up, guys.  
Are you OK, Kees?  
Are you OK, Keessie? OK. Great.  
Come on, guys. Let's go.  
Get back into you rhythm. Very good.  
Come on!

Are you OK, Geer?  
I'm fine. I'll...  
I'll catch up with you later.  
- Come on, man. Go!  
- You too, OK?  
Come on!  
- Where's Geer?  
- Back there. He's coming.  
Have some. It's good.  
Bye!  
- See if Uncle Gerard is coming.  
- I don't see him.  
It's for your woman, son.  
Keep it up.  
Come on.  
Yes! There he is.  
Gerard!  
- Here, a cream puff.  
- Later, Leentje.  
Bye, honey.  
See you at the finish.  
- How's it going?  
- If I stick to my own pace, I'm fine.  
I see a T-shirt with a pyramid on it.  
Do you have a shawarma restaurant?  
No, used cars.  
It's a car dealership.  
We have a sponsor.  
It's actually a kind of bet.  
My own garage is the stake.  
If I don't get to the finish line...  
- ...I'll lose it.  
- Gosh.  
If I run the whole marathon,  
we get the money.  
You're at the back.  
- Wouldn't hurt to pick up the pace.  
- I'll make it. Don't worry.  
- Good. Thanks. We support you.  
- Thanks, guys.  
Goddammit. Asshole.  
Asshole. Come on.  
It's for Leentje, for Harry, for my garage.  
Geer!

- You have to stop. You're bleeding.  
- I won't stop, son. I'm gonna make it.  
It's over. We'll stop.  
I'll make a deal with Houssein.  
- You did great.  
- Fuck off, Yous!  
I want to do this, goddammit.  
I'm nearly there. Got it?  
I'll make it, goddammit.  
Goddammit, I'll make it!  
Hey, Jolan. Jolan!  
- How good of you to come.  
- Yes.  
Oh, this is so good.  
Nico!  
There they are. Kees!  
Kees!  
Kees!  
Oh, honey.  
It's fine. OK? It's fine.  
We showed some character.  
...at the Coolsingel, where the number  
of participants is dwindling substantially.  
These runners want to make it to the  
finish line to receive a hero's welcome.  
But it is a tough  
Look at that!  
- There he is!  
- Geer!  
Accompanied by police...  
...he is on his way to the finish and he is  
the very last participant in this marathon.  
Isn't that your dad?  
Yes, that's my father.  
- What's going on?  
- Easy.  
Why isn't he getting up?  
Take his blood pressure.  
We've got an image.  
Oxygen. Start at 150.

**Clear:**

- Hannie.  
- Oh, sweetie.

Ma, sit over there.  
- Joop, look after ma.  
- Yes. Ma...  
Sweetie.  
This is quite something.  
You can say that again.  
Why run that whole stretch right away?  
I said from the start that I didn't  
like the idea of that marathon.  
You all got hyped up by that one...  
...from Egypt.  
It's easy for him to say.  
He's still young.  
But you guys should have known better.  
He was never ill.  
He never spent a day sick in bed  
in all the time I've known him.  
OK. A few weeks ago after that 30km  
he came home not feeling well.  
Didn't want to eat anything.  
Well, I thought it was because  
of that running.  
That he got the flu.  
I see all these medals.  
Did he finish?  
Almost.  
Except for 300 meters.  
He has no clothes.  
What if he has to stay?  
He can't be in hospital  
in his sports outfit.  
I'll go get pajamas.  
I'll buy some Eau de Cologne too.  
That's nice and fresh for on the ward.  
- If you wouldn't mind.  
- There must be a shop around.  
No, ma, stay. Sit, sit, sit.  
- Joop, watch her.  
- She won't run away.  
Thanks, OK.  
So this woman goes to the doctor  
and says...  
...I've got a mushroom in my cunt...  
I'm going to get coffee.

Sorry, we were in the wrong elevator.

- Here, I brought the baby.

- Thanks. Come here, buddy.

- Hey, sweetie.

- Oh, Nel.

- How's he doing?

- Not so well.

This isn't very good, is it?

- What's wrong with him?

- We don't know.

- So that woman shows her...

- Joop, shut up.

OK.

Sorry.

- I'm going to pick it up tomorrow.

- Huh?

- My car. It's being delivered tomorrow.

- What?

- My car.

- Herman!

Stop that.

Stop that.

We're in a hospital.

OK?

- Sorry about that.

- It's OK.

- What happened?

- Oh, sweetheart.

I'm so glad you're here.

Sweetheart, they're still working on him,  
but it'll be fine. Don't worry.

It'll be fine.

When he's done running  
he can have a nice pastry.

A cream puff. But not right now.

He's in surgery now,  
but he'll be up and running in no time.

- It'll be fine.

- Of course.

Mrs. Groteboer...

...we couldn't save him.

- Can I give this to you?

- Fine.

You can stay as long as you want.

- Sorry for your loss.

- Thank you, nurse.

So here we are.

Looking like fucking idiots.

Why didn't he tell us?

I don't get that either.

I mean, we were his mates after all.

He did tell, guys.

He did tell.

I knew it.

He told me.

You?

He didn't want you to know

he was ill.

He didn't want you...

- ...to worry.

- You knew and you let him run?

- That's how he wanted it.

- Jesus, he could have gotten chemo.

Or radiation or whatever.

You should have told him that.

He didn't want that, Kees.

He did it in his own way.

He could have had surgery, man.

They gave up all hope.

Six months ago.

You just heard what the doctor said.

Who runs a marathon

with full-blown cancer?

He wanted to save the garage.

For Harry and Lenie.

For us.

It's an incredible achievement.

That makes you a hotshot.

That makes you an incredible hotshot.

The finish line in sight.

But he didn't make it.

No... We can't do that, guys.

- What's it to be?

- I pass.

Your partner plays.

No, Yous, your partner plays.

So what do you do?

- Trumps?



- Very good, but which trumps?
- From the middle of your list. Good.
- So a queen or a ten. OK?
- Exactly.
- Look, guys. A nice cream puff.
- Delicious.
- Good, huh?
- I'll have a beer.
- Sure.

And then it's my turn.

- Here you go, Lee.
- Harry?
- Coffee.
- You have a good hand.

I'll put one back. Look.

- How's it going with that car?
- It needs a new V-belt.
- I wouldn't mind a new V-belt.
- Your wife wouldn't mind either.
- That's a good one.
- Throw it in.
- That's good too.
- Look at that. There we go.
- He's already better at cards than Geer.
- Everyone is.

Except for Nico.