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# Zaman: The Man from the Reeds

By Joëlle Alauzet

- I'm so sorry. I got stuck in road work.

- No. Don't even worry about it.

It's cool.

Too early in the morning for me, man.

I ain't no farmer, I'll tell you that much.

- What happened to the Volkswagen?

- It died. Sorry.

- Did you kill it?

- Yes. Yes, I did.

Bad driving.

Who's this Nick guy, as well, by the way?

- Who is he?

- He worked at The Long Room, at the bar.

He's traveling up with Laura.

Oh, my God!

- What?

- You're doing it again.

Yeah, matchmaking.

Matchmaking!

- More like hell-making.

- I'm not matchmaking!

Do you know what happened the last time  
you set someone up?

- Helen.

- Yes?

The last time, the man was gay.

Yes, but...

We've got some beers,  
so we'll have a laugh.

Hey! Who is this here?

That's the third time he's done that.

You'd think he'd get bored.

Yeah. I'm afraid Chris doesn't do bored.

The best that you can hope for  
is a low bridge.

There's not much chance of that  
around here. This place is sparse, mate.

Apart from that dude I saw back  
at the petrol station.

Like his parents were first...

Sorry.

Jesus, Laura, a tape?

I mean, what century are you living in?

Thank Christ for that.

- What?

- They're still open.

We're not that late, are we?

- Well, we're pushing it.

- I'm sorry, guys.

Bladder the size of a bloody walnut.

- I don't know yet. Depends on...

- Say hi to these guys.

- Hey, how was your journey?

- Yeah, it was good.

- Apart from the odd yellow shower, and...

- Yeah!

- Laura's dodgy taste in music.

- Watch it, or you're walking home.

Listen, you guys chill out here a little bit while me and retard-boy go

- and find out about the boat.

- Retard-boy's gonna stay here

and just fondle your fiancée

for a bit, if that's all right.

Yeah, how about you fondle

my right fist while we're at it, yeah?

Baby, he's actually quite good at this,

I've got to say. Gotta give it to him.

- Helen! Helen, please don't encourage him.

- Sorry.

Come on then, lad.

All right, later, me, you, Mel on the boat.

Bang, get right at it.

Save yourself 10 seconds each.

- Both of you.

- See you in a bit, girlies.

See you in a bit.

Get me a nice big boat, baby.

- The biggest one.

- There you go.

A yacht.

Looks like she's not the only one with a secret admirer.

Yeah, I should be so lucky.

Yeah.

What do you mean, it's out of service?

I'm sorry, sir, but the boat that you booked, someone had it away last night.

I got it back this morning.  
It was in a right nasty mess.  
You are joking?  
No joking about this, sir.  
No, it's all right. It's all right.  
We'll just get the girls to clean it,  
won't we?  
Not that kind of mess, sir. Trust me, sir.  
Worse than animals.  
Gypos, you see.  
Come down here for the harvest.  
Kids all run amok.  
Spoke to the council about it.  
Well, what can you do?  
Look, I don't know about  
the boat hire business, Mr. Croker,  
but in the pub trade,  
when the bitter's gone off,  
we generally offer the customer a lager.  
What's he on about, boy?  
I think he's suggesting  
you give us another boat, man.  
It's the weekend, lads.  
They're all out.  
Fuck.  
I love this.  
Never had you down as a country girl.  
No. No, I'm not.  
My family's actually from around.  
Is it?  
I mean, I don't know them all.  
I was taken into care when I was three.  
- For real?  
- Yeah.  
You don't have to get weird about it.  
It's fine.  
No, I'm not weird.  
This is my normal face.  
There's no weirdness.  
- Yeah.  
- Nice. Nice face.  
This is bollocks.  
What are we gonna do, drive back?  
- We're not driving back.

- Well, what do we tell the girls?

No boat.

- Though there is the Corsair Star, of course.

- The Corsair Star?

It's down in me other boatyard.

But I got to wait here where the police  
are coming, you know?

That's fine.

Just give me the directions and the keys,

- and I'll go and pick her up myself.

- Yeah, we can grab it.

What about a safety tour?

Are you sure this is right, Joe?

Yeah, it should be.

Just round the other side of that shed.

Hey, guys. Here it is, the Corsair Star.

She's a '70s classic.

And by the looks of it,

- she's already got a crew.

- Oh, my God.

- You all right?

- Hey!

Funny-looking reception committee.

What are they doing?

Look at these, here.

- What's going on?

- I don't know.

- Is there a double-booking?

- Yeah, I think so.

Listen, guys.

We've hired this thing for the weekend,  
so if you don't mind, you know,  
shoving off.

Come on, you heard the man.

Get off the boat.

- Hey. Hey.

- Sling it. Move.

Joe. Joe, just don't get all...

No, it's all right. It's cool. It's cool.

Listen.

How about I bung you guys a few beers  
and you get on your way,  
and everyone's happy?

Right?

You should be careful on those roads,  
you know.  
You can get yourself killed.  
What, is she a friend of yours?  
- What was that about?  
- Shits.  
Yeah.  
- How's the boat?  
- Cabin door's locked.  
Nobody's shat in the cockpit,  
so we're doing fine.  
All we've got to do now is learn  
how to drive the bastard.  
Well, there's nothing here.  
It's just amazing. Look at that.  
This woman...  
This woman is leaving the singles' market.  
Men, you are doomed and you've lost.  
Check the rock!  
He fancies her, you can tell.  
- She fancies him.  
- Go on, ask. You take it. Go on, ask.  
You've taken lovers, but how many lovers?  
- Are you taking any lovers right now?  
- I wish. I wish I had a lover right now.  
- Do you?  
- No, I... Not like that.  
You guys...  
You guys are actually ridiculous.  
Man overboard!  
Chris! What are you... What are you doing?  
- Chris, what are you doing?  
- I'm washing me bollocks.  
- Come on, get in here. It's beautiful.  
- Don't be a twat.  
We've got to be at the pub by 6:.00,  
or we'll lose our overnight mooring.  
I'm melting. I'm melting!  
- Jump on in. It's beautiful. Come on.  
- No way.  
How about you, Nick?  
Gonna sit there and read your brochure?  
What's the matter?  
You scared you might pull your pants off

and she'll see your little pecker?

No, mate.

I just don't fancy catching Weil's disease.

What the fuck's Weil's disease?

According to this, it's a

"potentially lethal bacteria that originates  
in rat's piss. "

It's very common in these waters,  
apparently, so don't swallow.

He's just winding you up, baby.

You ignore him.

I'm kidding. I'm joking.

I'm messing with you, mate.

Yeah, nice one.

Make sure it's your fucking last.

So where's this pub, then?

About two miles that way.

- It's all reeds.

- Exactly.

It seems this map's a bit out of date.

Yeah, about 25 years out of date.

That's a bummer.

Maybe we should go back, get a new one,  
start again.

No, that'll take forever.

See, why can't we just go down  
one of these?

How are you gonna get this through there?

They seem to be doing all right.

- What?

- Look. Over there.

The white cruiser, just the same as our one.

It's already going through the reeds.

I don't know that's such a good idea.

Now, listen. Listen, I'm not standing here  
drinking this red all night.

It's fucking minging.

I say we follow them to the pub.

If it all goes tits-up, we'll blame him.

- Push left.

- I am pushing left.

Go the other side, mate.

Food for the workers.

Here we go, this should help

keep the flies off.

- Couple of shots.

- Now that's what I'm talking about.

- Has someone farted?

- It stinks.

It's methane, from under the mud.

- Methane?

- Yeah.

Yeah, this whole area used to be a peat bog, and then in the Middle Ages, they dug it up for fuel, and then I think it was the 16th...

- No, it was the 17th century.

- Yeah.

It all flooded 'cause the sea level was rising.

Right, but this is the most diverse wildlife area

- in the whole of Britain.

- All right, bore off.

Stick that brochure up your ass. Mel!

Stop filing your nails

and get your fanny up here.

Did somebody mention cocktails?

That is class.

- You're not going to eat all of this.

- What do you think?

- Grab your glass. Here, grab your glass.

- Okay. Thank you.

Okay, could you all

raise your glasses, please?

To Joe and Hels, the nicest people I know.

- The only people you know.

- Thanks, love.

Just congratulations.

They do love you, too. Thank you.

We're sharing the love.

- You're joking.

- Yeah.

Guys, there's people over there.

Maybe they can help us.

Hello? Excuse me?

- Excuse me?

- Hello!

We're trying to get through



to the main waterway.

No, no. No, guys, it's those kids again.

Speak up, you fucking glue-heads.

What's the matter with you?

- Chris!

- No, but look at them.

- Sorry, just ignore him.

- No, don't bother.

- I'm going to have a word with these kids.

- Chris!

- Babe, get back on.

- Chris! Chris!

- Chris!

- Chris!

If you want to get laid again this year,

you're gonna get your arse

back on this boat.

- Fuck.

- Shit.

- Sorry.

- Bloody Chris.

He goes so over the top sometimes.

- Babe, listen.

- Chris!

Right. You take care of him.

I'll check her out.

God.

Where'd they go?

Must have legged it.

Yeah, but where to?

Fucking reeds.

Fucking...

What sort of fucking barbecue is that?

Chris!

Chris, can you hear me?

He better not be pissing around.

Chris!

- What?

- Did you see the kids?

Just a dead dog.

- Nice.

- Yeah.

Little bastards tried to burn it.

There must have been a bunker somewhere,

they heard me coming.

I did... I did see to see through a bit,  
and it seems to widen out, so...

- Well, that's a relief.

- Yeah.

Jesus, mate, your finger's all cut.

Yeah, it's them reeds.

Sharper than you think.

Yeah, well, why don't you let Laura  
take a look at it? She's a first-aider.

All right.

Yeah, I mean, it looks pretty deep.

Go downstairs, wash it with some alcohol,  
and I'll come down in a minute  
and bandage it up.

That it?

Well, you know,

if you really want to make it better,  
you can try and apologize to Helen.

She is pretty upset.

Whatever you say, Doc.

Thanks, Laura.

Listen, why don't you guys go down?

Looks like it's gonna rain anyway.

What a bloody disaster.

Thank you.

Joe! Joe, why don't you come down here  
and have a glass of wine?

It's freezing up there.

It's okay. I think it might be easing slightly.

I'll just see what's out the other side  
of this lagoon.

Another fucking lagoon, if I'm any judge.

Come on, you.

What happened to the fun-loving guy  
we started out with?

He's just lost 20 quid to the lowest straight  
a man's ever seen, that's what.

Do you want to call it a day, champ?

What do you think?

- How about a change of game, guys?

- Yes.

I think that's such a good idea.

I have Scrabble.

- Great.  
- Scrabble?  
- Yes.  
- Brilliant.  
- I love Scrabble.  
- Yes.  
Mel, you can't even spell Scrabble,  
let alone play it. Shut up.  
Come on. Let's have this.  
All right, well, I roll 20.  
God, if my cards were any better,  
I tell you, I'd cry.  
- Just stop with the crap.  
- Here's 20,  
and here's another 20.  
And why don't you match it?  
Let's see how big your balls are.  
I know you got naught.  
Come on, guys.  
Just make this the last hand, yeah?  
Shut up. You're not his mother.  
All right, don't fucking talk to her like that.  
I'll talk to her... Who the fuck  
are you talking to, by the way?  
I've had enough! That's it.  
Helen!  
- What was that?  
- What is wrong with you?  
You really are a fucking prick.  
Love you, too.  
Let's call it a day, mate.  
I think this game's over.  
You having a laugh?  
Okay, listen. Listen. Hey.  
Listen, you want to call it a day,  
you fold, right?  
Otherwise, you pay me. Come on, big man.  
Did you hear that?  
What, are you fucking arse twitching?  
You're the dealer. Come on.  
Shut up a minute. I heard something.  
Hey, guys!  
Can someone bring me up a flashlight?  
Yeah, sure. I'll get it.

Does anyone know where it is?  
What are you up to, you little pot-head?  
Sit down and...  
Shut up, seriously.  
Jesus! Shit!  
- I think I saw something.  
- Yeah, I think you did. My cards.  
You know what? I told you.  
I told you today,  
- don't try and take the piss...  
- Chris, don't.  
He's joking,  
will you calm down?  
- Don't touch me.  
- Don't!  
Fuck's sake! What's going on down there?  
Jesus!  
Is everyone all right?  
Are you all right?  
We must...  
Must have hit a rock or something.  
- Guess again.  
- You okay?  
- Oh, my God.  
- What's wrong?  
- Mel, stay where you are.  
- What's wrong?  
- What's up?  
- Don't...  
- No, no. No, Mel! Mel!  
- Stay.  
No, Mel. Stay!  
God! God!  
We're not moving.  
Stop moving. You're making it worse.  
- All right! All right!  
- Calm down!  
Mel, edge back towards me.  
- Edge back towards me!  
- All right. All right!  
- Keep going.  
- You're gonna be fine, Chris.  
Laura, slide in there. See what you can do.  
I'll balance you out. Go on.

Hels, you need to find a phone.

- Okay.

- We need to get some help out here.

- I've got one.

- What?

Thanks. Just chuck it over.

Stay where you are, yeah.

Stay where you are.

Shit. Babe, I don't know what to do.

I can't get any reception on this phone.

- No. No. Don't.

- It's all right.

Has anyone got a handset?

Another handset?

In my cabin, Helen. There's one.

There's a phone in my cabin.

Stop fucking moving!

Don't fucking move!

I've got a signal! I've got a signal.

Well?

Fuck! It's gone.

- Is that you again, Doc?

- Yeah.

How are you feeling?

I feel like a fucking kebab.

- Can you get it out of him?

- No. I don't think we should try.

We don't know what this thing hit

on the way through,

and right now, it could be the only thing  
restricting the bleeding.

Besides, whatever it is,

it's still attached underneath the boat.

Shit. I'm gonna have to go over the side.

Do you still need that flashlight?

No, it's fine. Mel, we need some towels.

- Towels.

- Helen, towels! Towels!

Listen, Chris,

I promise you,

I'm gonna get you out of here.

Laura! Laura, take these.

It'll be okay, won't it?

- It'll be okay?

- Of course.  
- God, no.  
- Keep going.  
Go on, go up.  
Just keep calm.  
I feel I might be... I'll be okay.  
Just inch back.  
- You stay here and point at the water.  
- Okay. Okay.  
- Okay. Take that.  
- Okay.  
Just one second. Nice and slow.  
- What about the radio?  
- What radio?  
The radio. Boats have radios. Wait.  
Let me go. Stay here.  
Balance with me.  
Hello?  
Yeah. He's good.  
No, the boy is good. That's for sure.  
Mayday! Mayday! Hello? SOS.  
We need help.  
Mayday!  
- Come on.  
- God.  
- You all right?  
- You all right, mate?  
- Did you see anything?  
- No, not much.  
It felt like some sort of rusted metal cage.  
- Like a crab pot or something?  
- No, bigger. Much bigger.  
Now the whole weight of the boat  
seems to be resting on top of it.  
How's Chris?  
I've got Mel trying to brace the spike,  
stop it from moving.  
Hopefully he'll pass out,  
but if he goes into shock...  
Look, we don't have long.  
- Shit.  
- Basically, someone needs to go for help.  
Nick?  
- Me? No, I can't.

- Why?

Look, I'm sorry. Look, I would if I could.

I just...

I can't swim.

You can't swim? Are you serious?

I was a fat kid.

I went to, like, a rough school.

- It's okay. It's fine. Listen.

- They didn't have swimming.

- I'll go.

- Joe, no. No.

Please, don't go.

Look, we need you here, all right?

- I need you here.

- Somebody's gotta go. I'll do it.

- Joe.

- Listen, babe, it's gonna be fine.

- Please, listen to me.

- Listen, Nick.

Nick, if I'm not back in 20 minutes,  
switch to plan B.

- What's plan B?

- You'll think of something.

Joe, Joe. Joe, you don't even know  
where you're going.

I do know where I'm going.

Look over there. Toward the light.

Hello.

I saw them.

They're coming.

What is it, exactly,  
that we're meant to be doing?

- I'm not sure...

- We're just trying to find anything of use.

Have a look over there.

Okay, we need to find a way to cut through  
on this side of the hull.

At least... At least then we can move him.

If we could just block up this hole  
and get this boat moving again.

Hello.

Shit.

Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay.

- Jesus!

- We're nearly there. We're nearly there.

This boat'll sink

or this prick's gonna kill me.

Here, let me try.

- All right, all right. All right.

- Okay.

Jesus!

- Okay.

- It's working.

- It's not really appreciated.

- Wait, wait, wait, wait.

- Got it.

- There, she's moving.

- Okay.

- One, two, three.

Fuck! Oh, my God!

Jesus! Get away from me!

- All right. Watch you don't roll him.

- Okay.

Want me to start the engine, yeah?

Laura, get this thing moving

as fast as possible.

- Do you want me to use the pole?

- Yeah, from the front.

Hels, are you set?

Okay, go for it.

One,

two,

three!

Hels, hit it!

Don't move. Don't move. It's all right.

It's all right.

- Mel, rock.

- What?

- Rock the damn boat!

- Okay, don't move.

Fuck!

Nick!

Nick!

Come on, Nick. Over here.

Over here, come on. Laura, come on. Laura!

- Come on!

- Give me your arm.

- Get him on the boat.



- Come on, give me your arm.  
I'll pull you up. Come on.  
- Up. Come on.  
- You all right? Are you all right?  
I don't know.  
Just let him breathe.  
What the bloody hell's that?  
Okay. Don't move, baby. Keep still, okay?  
Joe will be back soon.  
Don't leave me here.  
Whatever happens, don't leave me here.  
Promise me.  
Laura.  
- Jesus, Nick! What are you doing?  
- Fucking hell. Sorry.  
What did you see downstairs?  
- What?  
- Out of the window earlier.  
You saw something.  
It was dark.  
There was reflections and shit, so...  
For God's sake, Nick, just tell me!  
I saw a face  
coming out of the reeds.  
It was my face.  
Did you hear that?  
What?  
Sounded like an animal or something.  
Joe? Joe, is that you?  
Have you seen Joe?  
- I don't think that's him.  
- No. Joe!  
- Helen, that's not him.  
- Let me go! Joe!  
- That's not him.  
- Joe!  
That's not Joe.  
Nick! Close the door!  
What is it?  
I don't know, but it's not getting in here.  
Here it comes.  
What the fuck?  
Fuck, no! No, no!  
He's coming!

Chris.

Chris!

Chris! Somebody... Come on!

Somebody help me get in!

- Chris!

- Righto, love.

Don't move. Get him on the bed.

- Put him down.

- Okay.

Baby?

He wants to move.

Just push him up a little bit more.

Okay, baby.

Chris.

Wake up, baby. Wake up. Please.

No! No!

They've gone.

Yeah. So is that body.

I think it's about time we went, too.

I thought you said you couldn't swim.

Well, maybe I just needed

the right motivation.

Mel.

Mel, we're leaving, hon.

Do you know where I can find

any fuel for this?

No.

- Ask Helen.

- Okay.

Come on, Hels. We're going.

What? What about Joe?

Look, we'll leave him a note

and we'll go back the way that we came.

Do you think you can get

your head together

and find some fuel for this lamp?

- Yeah.

- Yeah?

Yeah, yeah.

Okay, two minutes, yeah?

- Laura, I think I found it.

- Okay, good. Get up here and let's go.

It's stuck.

Wait, I'll give you a hand.

- Nick, there's a fire.  
- Shit.  
- Let's move.  
- Get these things off.  
Don't leave me.  
No matter what happens,  
don't leave me here.  
Helen, where are you?  
Helen, come towards the door.  
Promise me.  
Promise me.  
Helen.  
Helen!  
Come with me!  
He won't let me go.  
Laura!  
Take her, take her.  
I'm gonna go back for Mel.  
Laura!  
Mel!  
Mel, come on!  
I can get you out, come on.  
- Nick, I'm stuck.  
- What's the matter? Keep going.  
I can't move my legs.  
Shit, just... Just keep calm. Laura!  
Shit, Mel, it's gonna blow.  
He won't let go of me.  
It's gonna blow up, come on!  
I can't reach you.  
Laura!  
Laura!  
Helen!  
Come on, Helen.  
Nick, Nick, are you with us?  
Come on, Helen.  
- Nick!  
- I'm all right. I'm all right. Go.  
- Helen, stop.  
- Hells.  
Nick, help me put mud on these wounds.  
It'll cool them down.  
Okay, girl.  
Now, what are you trying to do to us?

Joe.

Joe.

Joe's dead.

Joe's dead. I saw him.

- Shock, it's just shock.

- He's dead.

- Take small breaths, Helen.

- Where the fuck is he, Laura?

Sounds like a boat.

It is. It's a frigging boat.

Joe, you fucking diamond. Hey!

I told you, Hells. He's back.

- No, no, he's not.

- He came back for us.

- They're turning around.

- Hey!

Over here!

Don't worry about it. I'm gonna get him.

I'm gonna catch him. Don't fucking move.

I'm gonna be right back.

Hey! Joe, come back!

Fuck!

Over here! Over here!

Hey!

Wait.

What are you trying to do, boy?

Lose me my license?

- Helen, breathe.

- Laura.

- This is my fault.

- No.

- This is my fault.

- No.

Joe... Joe didn't want to come.

- He didn't want to come here. It's my fault.

- Look at me.

Look at me.

It's not your fault.

Helen, Helen.

Oh, my God, they're everywhere.

Fuck, fuck.

Fuck.

Laura.

- You sure this is the right place, boy?

- Yes.

Yeah, I think so.

It's just the reeds, well,  
they sometimes play tricks on you.

How do you mean?

Well, we could be drifting around here  
all night, just chasing our shadows.

Look, mate, I don't think you understand.

We were attacked, yeah?

There's something out there.

I've got two friends out there.

One of them's burnt to fuck.

I'm not leaving this place for any reason.

Look, son, I want to find your friends  
just as much as you do,

- but right now, you're not thinking straight.

- Laura!

They've got an old boatyard across there  
with a telephone line.

Take about 10 minutes, we'll have  
every copper in the area around here.

Helicopters, boats, the lot.

'Cause if we don't,

God knows it could be too late, son.

God knows.

- Keep running!

- Where the fuck is he?

- He's right behind us!

- We're fucking lost!

I can't see him.

We're fucked!

We're fucking fucked!

Wait! I can't keep up!

Where's the key?

Break the fucking window.

Help!

Help!

Help me!

He's coming!

Help!

I'm just trying to...

Something spooked the birds.

Right here, boy. Grab hold of there, son.

Good boy. Good boy. There we go.

- What is it?

- It's nothing.

The phone's over there on the desk.

Fuck.

You're shivering cold, boy.

You want some tea?

No, you're right. I wouldn't mind something  
a bit stronger, if that's all right.

Tastes like someone pissed in it.

Someone probably did.

Afraid it's more than boats  
get broken into around here, boy.

Mate, I thought you said this thing worked.

It is, isn't it?

No, it's just... It's just clicking.

I'm not even getting a dialing tone.

That's funny. It was working fine  
the other day.

I'll go and check on the adjunction box,  
check on the old fuses.

If you get a line, give me a shout, yeah?

Mr. Croker?

Mr. Croker?

Mr. Croker?

Fucking hell. This is very un-fucking-good.

What do you want from me?

Now is the end.

What are you running for, boy?

We're all done running.

It's him, isn't it?

The one that did this to you.

If you want me to stop him,  
you've got to help me find my friend.

Didn't have to be like this!

I didn't choose it.

They did.

I warned them.

I told them,

"Leave me alone!"

They wouldn't have it.

No need to run, boy.

I warned them.

They killed my dog,  
stole my boat!

We're all done running!  
You can't escape, boy.  
No more than they could.  
Death ain't nothing to be afraid of.  
Trust me, boy.  
Death's a blessing.  
It ain't over, you fucking prick.  
It ain't ever gonna be over.  
Get in the cage, boy.  
Nick. You're alive.  
Don't talk. Okay, okay.  
You'll be okay.  
Twenty years, I've waited.  
Felt more like a thousand.  
What are you gonna do with that, girl?  
Make us all a sandwich?  
Stay away from him.  
It's not him I'm interested in.  
It's me, isn't it?  
'Cause I saw what you did to those kids.  
They drove me to it.  
So you shot them,  
and you sank them into the mud.  
Not nearly deep enough.  
See, the truth is, girlie,  
I'm not the real monster here. They are.  
That's not how it looks to me.  
Maybe you should come  
and take a closer look.  
You see,  
out here in the reeds,  
the past haunts the present  
and makes ghosts of us all.  
I don't understand!  
I tried to end it myself, plenty of times.  
But they're not having none of that.  
You were not just a witness.  
Go on, boy. Tell her.  
You read the fucking papers.  
The girl. The girl with the red hair,  
she's your mother.  
You see?  
Revenge is reserved for you, girl.  
Laura, shoot him.

Now the nightmare stops.  
You're the witness,  
judge,  
and the executioner.  
Now is the end.  
Shoot him!  
You came back for me.  
You've got nice eyes.  
Sorry.  
Jesus, Laura, a tape?  
I mean, what century are you living in?  
Well, there's nothing here.  
It's just amazing. Look at that.  
This woman...  
This woman is leaving the singles' market.  
Men, you are doomed and you've lost.  
Check the rock!  
He fancies her, you can tell.  
- She fancies him.  
- Go on, ask. You take it. Go on, ask.  
You've taken lovers, but how many lovers?  
- Are you taking any lovers right now?  
- I wish. I wish I had a lover right now.  
- Do you?  
- No, I... Not like that.  
You guys...  
You guys are actually ridiculous.  
Man overboard!