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The Knot

By Noel Clarke

Okay, can you give me a level?
Just talk into the mic,
Say something about life.
I grew up in London
and one of my best friends
thinks marriage is an illness.
Well, he sounds
like a smart chap, doesn't he?
Right, uh, we're set.
This is all very professional.
Did Jeremy see all this?
Hold on, is this how it's gonna work?
You ask me a question
and then interrupt me?
Sorry, do you want me
to do my job or not?
Well, I was hoping it might be
a little bit more fun.
The big day!
- I know!
Why are you doing it?
That's a weird opener, but, okay, um...
This is the way I do it, Jeremy.
Look, you are welcome, of course,
to find whole host of amateurs
that will, uh, charge you through the roof,
if you want it done the normal way.
This is beneath you, isn't it?
Asking me, as a local community TV,
award-winning, documentarian
on the life of garden insects,
to film your wedding video means,
I presume, is out of respect,
and not because I work in television,
therefore I can hold the camera
whilst everybody else enjoys the day.
Which means?
Yes, Jeremy, it is beneath me.
Marriage is more than just a commitment,
it's...
a declaration of love to the whole world.
So you're not worried
about a loss of identity?
Mrs... What will it be?

Giddings.

I'm not here to justify myself, am I?

You are Jeremy.

it's called a documentary.

It's a wedding video!

I knew I should have just booked
someone online.

- Ah, so you don't respect my work?

- Oh...

This is going to be
an expensive lesson, isn't it?

It'll be our wedding gift.

Was Helen this mean to Alex?

- Her normal professional self.

- Oh, God.

Doesn't it feel like society,
the media, politicians,
they're all pushing you towards this
for their own agenda?

Um...

No.

Can we take a break?

No, Jack, that's too far, no.

Come on, wait! Where are you...

Where are you going?

Wound-up and unsettled
at exactly eight minutes.

Nineteen minutes! Damn!

I know if you've won,

I will never hear the end of this, will I?

Here we find the creatures

known as the Ralphus, sleeping

with his adopted brother, the Albert.

Collectively known as the dimwits.

What the fuck!

- Jacky. Oh, Jacky boy.

- All right, Albert, all right. Just a joke, yeah?

- All right, listen... All right, fine.

- I'm gonna kill you.

I'm gonna take you down to Chinatown.

Come on. Do you feel that?

- Do you feel that, Jacky?

- Ahhh!

Do you submit, Jacky?

- Jacky! Do you submit?
- All right. All right.
Okay. Look, I submit. I submit.
Just get off, get off!
Stupid.
Two out of three!
Ahhh! Off the ropes!
You think you can win without the elixir of life
and challenge me in my own domain?
I will be champion!
Come on!
The man in the chequered pants
is taking you down!
Oi! Oi! Oi! What the hell are you guys doing?
Sports entertainment, wrestling for the title.
WWE, WWE,
WWE... Oh!
UFC.
Who wants coffee?
All right.
Yeah, I'll have some
of that fresh-ground stuff.
Got any soya milk?
Good morning!
What are you doing in my room?
We, uh, made you breakfast.
You're getting married.
I'm getting married.
My perfect day is here.
You're getting married!
You're getting married!
Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Ahhh!
- What is it?
- I think you broke my toe.
What...
Okay, let's start your perfect day...
HOW.
Mum! Dad! I'm up!
it's a great day.
My baby getting married.
There's so much to do. Eloy, get up!
Get up!
Woman, this is my house.
I get up when I'm ready to get up!

Okay, okay, I get up.

Neil!

I don't know who you are,
but you are about two seconds away
from getting a serious pounding!

Out!

- That's it, we're even, yeah, Pete.

- No, no, no.

No, you still owe me money,
so until I'm paid back...

All right, dear?

If it's any consolation, you do look very nice.

- Oh, give my love to Suzanne.

- Oh, fuck off!

- All right.

- Oh, you fucking...

Yeah, go on, laugh.

Ha!

Peter, what the fuck was that?

Don't worry, man, I'm not gonna say a word.

I didn't.

I swear I didn't.

Mate, she's never, ever,
going to hear it from me, okay?
So you just have a drink, relax.
I'm just going to go downstairs
and give you a minute.

{SHUSHES}

Soy sauce! Yeah, very mature, guys!

Jesus!

Good... Oh!

- Morning.

- Yeah.

Do it, baby, yeah!

- Hey, bitches!

- Hey, Sarah.

Hi.

- Today's the big day! Are you excited?

- Yep.

By the end of today, I am gonna be
Mrs Alexandra Christina Fernandez-Giddings.

I know it'll make us cousins,
but if I weren't in it by blood, I don't know
if I'd marry into this family, so good luck.

- Thanks.

- Just kidding.

Or maybe I'll be Mrs Giddings-Fernandez.

Yeah, do it. Rock on.

It's a bit New Age, isn't it?

Where's Anisha?

- I thought she was with you?

- No. I thought she came here.

- Great.

- Well, when did you last hear from her?

- At the hen night.

- Do you think she's okay?

Yeah, she'll be here. She's been looking forward to this as much as you, trust me.

- I'm just going to check my phone.

Yeah, me too.

Great. It's the morning of my wedding and one of my bridesmaids is missing.

Oh, God.

Okay, she might miss it,

but I guess this explains where she is.

I mean, really, Anisha?

Okay. Just relax, I'm gonna go tell everyone.

Whee.

That looks really tasty.

I bet Alex had a cooked breakfast this morning.

The girls probably cooked for her, though.

What?

Did you, you know, with the guy in your bed?

Alex, I did nothing.

He's just a stupid man with a stupid name, Ralphus, making stupid comments.

Now, now, hold on.

You know how sensitive I am about my name.

My mum's mind was going through some things at the time...

What? Her arse?

Killer shot!

Well, okay, so you think I'm stupid?

At least I didn't turn down candy-lips last night.

Marriage is not

just a "once the ring is on the finger" thing.

Okay, well, what about
that bloke in your bed this morning?
All right, I'm a little bit confused about that.
Anyway, last night wasn't even that
type of night. I thought it was pretty tame.
You're right, it wasn't.
- Shouldn't you two be getting ready?
- Yeah.
Delicious. Mmm.
I have good news and bad news.
- Why is there never just good news?
- What is it?
Well, I guess it kind of started
at Alex's hen night.
That party was so awesome.
It had absolutely everything.
We really outdid ourselves.
But you know Anisha,
she's just never satisfied.
Then what happen?
I mean, I'm shock.
This is hen night?
I'm sorry,
what exactly are you trying to tell us?
Anisha and that stripper
have run off together.
She would send video to you?
Yeah, Anisha would.
- Oh.
Yeah, I'm sure it's her.
God, Anisha, come on.
So what's the good news?
Oh, yeah. Prada sale, 50% off.
Ooh, really?
A bond between two people
that love each other,
and the day they become
more than just a couple.
A couple of what?
Why won't you marry Helen?
I'm asking the questions.
So, do you think marriage is just vanity?
Obviously you do.
You see it in your mind 1,000 times over.

Perfecting every little detail.
The flowing white dress,
and horse-drawn carriage, huge cathedral...
So how close
will this be to the dream?
Well, I know I'm getting the white dress.
I love her and I'm proud to say that
to the whole world,
and if that's vain,
well, book me in for a pedicure.
As for the other stuff,
the church, dress, cake...
I just want it to be right for her.
The day itself is a bigger deal for the guy.
Are you serious?
That's ridiculous.
Come on. A big open display of emotion?
How often do men do that?
Guys might think about being married,
but girls dream of a wedding.
Emotion?
Aren't most men driven by their dicks?
Yeah. Maybe.
But Jeremy's different.
My God, you stink, man.
What do you eat? Rhino?
- Why have we got to smoke in here?
- Because he doesn't like it,
so we always smoke in here.
Say it's coming through the vents,
he'll blame the neighbours.
I think I've done a double-flusher.
Something's turning in my stomach.
It must be nerves.
What are you nervous about, anyway?
I don't know.
This time tomorrow, it's all over for Jeremy.
You're right, actually.
You know, we'll be free, single,
getting the ladies, and he'll be done.
No more one-night stands.
No more sneaking out in the morning
before the nagging.
No more telling them, "I'll call you",

and not calling.

In theory, no more lies. Full stop.

- Yeah, I couldn't handle that.

- I would hate it.

Never getting married, me.

I'll tell you what, though, Alex is a nice girl.

- Looks after him well.

- Gets on with all his mates.

- Dynamite in the sack, he says.

- Got a good job.

- Hope I get a girl like that.

- Yeah, I'd marry her in a heartbeat.

Me, too.

Well, I'd give her one anyway.

What? What did you say?

- What?

- Alexandra?

- What?

- Jeremy's girlfriend, you'd give her...

Unbelievable... You are unbelievable.

Something's wrong with you, man.

You're unbelievable.

- What have I done?

- Just...

Sorry, I was just...

I know what you mean, though.

Get those legs right over her head.

- Have you got the rings on you?

- Yeah.

Show me the rings.

I haven't seen them, show me.

Rings? They're just silver rings.

- This one.

- That is a silver ring.

It is. A very nice one as well.

Oh...

- What are you two doing in here?

- Nothing, mate.

Just throwing your ring in the toilet.

Is that weed I smell?

No... Oh.

Must be that neighbour again.

Listen, I don't care if you got glaucoma,
stop smoking weed!

All right, I'm getting ready.

Get it.

- Did you just have a shower?

- Yeah.

I don't have showers, I have baths.

Are you gonna live with Jeremy
when you're married?

Yeah.

Are you gonna sleep in the same bed?

- Yeah.

- Yuck! He's a boy!

- Are you gonna do it and make babies?

- Where did you hear about that?

Jenny at school says

the man puts his penis in...

Okay. You know what? I need to get ready.

Why don't you go talk to Papa
or something, okay?

What now?

oh, man.

- Couldn't you answer the door?

- it's not my house, mate.

Ah, my brothers, my brothers.

What is this funny, funny business?

What?

- Are you Jeremy Deadman?

- Jeremy Giddings.

- No, no, no. This is 69 Pat-Graf Street, yes?

- Yeah.

Yes! I am Ujay Utaka,

you are Jeremy Deadman. Here you go.

- But my name's Jeremy Giddings...

- My friend,

I don't care what your name is.

If you don't take this package,

I'm going to throw it in the River Thames.

And, you, stop filming me with that camera,
before I shove it in your bum-bum.

- Just sign here.

- Must be a wedding gift.

Oh, you're getting married? Congratulations.

My cousin is getting married today as well.

Have a nice day, Jeremy.

- Who was that?

- Package for Jeremy Deadman.

Jack, get the boys.

- What do you think of Julie?

- Julie's married.

- Yeah, but, I mean, if...

- No buts. Married.

You found it yet?

Oh, God, I thought I had it then,
but I think it was just sweetcorn.

Why the fuck am I looking in here?

You dropped it in here!

It was safe in my pocket
until you asked to see it,
so, technically, it's your fault.

- What am I even saying? it's your shit.

- it's your shitting fault.

Just get the ring.

Pete?

- What are you doing?

- Albert's not feeling well.

Jeremy just got a package
addressed to "Deadman".

Oh, shin

What the fuck!

You sicken me.

Are you nervous yet?

No.

It's three years since Steve and I got married.

- Yeah, I know. That was a great day.

- Yeah.

You know wearing sexy underwear
gets a bit redundant, right?

Okay. Uh...

Why is that, Julie?

One, they're uncomfortable.

Two, he'll barely notice.

Three, if you do get any action,
he'll probably just pull them off,
thrill himself for a couple of minutes,
then go out drinking with his mates,
coming back the next day smelling
of some other girl's fanny
with a half-full pack of condoms,
which you'll discover in a pocket

while you're washing the grass stains
out of his trousers.

Sorry, I'm only joking.

Okay.

So...

- Do you think he'll like?

- Mmm-hmm.

Jeremy, baby, this is all for you.

Work it, baby.

Whoo-hoo!

- Darling, we bring things for you.

- Mama.

- Do you not knock?

- We see all before.

Don't be silly, girl.

Hello again!

When you watch this, you married.

I very proud.

Shut up, don't embarrass her.

We bring traditional things,
something new, borrowed, blue and old.

- Something new!

- Mama!

I told you they're amazing.

- Let me see, let me see.

- Aw, Ma, thank you.

- Thank you, Papa.

- Oh, wow!

- See.

Hey, they look wonderful.

Something old, borrowed, and, uh, blue.

We borrow them from Aunt Delia,
but she needs them back, because your
cousin, she get married next month.

We kill three cats, one rock.

No. There's no way

I'm wearing somebody else's knickers.

Especially not those.

It's tradition.

All women in our family get married in these.

I got married in these.

Plus, the luck of this
bring a good bedroom life.

Come on, baby, for me.

For Mama. Please, please, please.

So beautiful.

Well, I can't reach Anisha,
her phone is still off.

Why are you wearing granny panties?

No.

I say no.

Am I the only one?

- None of you guys sent this?

- No.

No.

What the fuck is that? Shit!

Deadman.

Think someone's trying
to send you a message.

Oh, you think?

They can't be human, can they?

It's obviously a gesture of goodwill.

it's a virility gift, innit?

- Albert, what's that on your face?

- What?

There.

Jeremy, look, man,

there's probably an ex-girlfriend
who heard about the wedding
who's all pissed off.

You know how girls get all schizo, so just...

Or worse, could be the ex,
old redhead herself.

- She never did get over you.

- Mandy.

Oh, well, this is all I need.

You all right, mate?

I can't believe he actually came.

- Well, we paid enough for him.

- Yeah, that's true.

I'm fed up of being filmed. Already.

Ooh,

this decor is marvellous.

Remember the celebrity hair stylist
we booked?

Well, he's here.

Alex, meet Voller.

I don't see much right now,

but I do see potential.

Pollyanna! Potential?

- I see lots of potential.

- Hmm.

I'm sorry, but who are you?

Alex, he's that celebrity
from that reality show,

- Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow...

- No.

For the next hour,

I am the puppeteer and you are my work
in this cruel theatre of life. Hmm.

Everybody out!

Out! Out!

- Bye.

- Except you. With the camera.

My art must be captured.

Good luck.

Right now you are a lump of coal,
but when I am finished,
you shall be a diamond.

Yes.

Uh, please, please don't go crazy.

Some of the greats were crazy, hmm?

Apparently Walt Disney was a Nazi,
and look what he achieved.

I don't know what her problem is.

It's just a bit unusual, all being in one item.

Yeah, it's not that she doesn't appreciate it.

Well, she should. Because it's old,
borrowed, and blue, like it says.

You wash, right?

Hmm.

- It suits you.

- Thank you.

I'm shooting a make-over show.

This would be so much more interesting
if you were a bitch.

Yeah, I really, really... I love it.

My regular guy said this style
wouldn't suit my face shape.

The man is a buffoon.

You guys are both welcome

to come to the wedding, if you'd like.

Part of the service is that
we do your hair, and make-up,
or anything at the event, so, thank you.
I can't attend. I'm exhausted.
My creativity is drained.
But remember everything, Pollyanna,
and immerse me in the nuptials
of the proletariat.
I depart.
I love it!
And has marriage
ever come up before?
You know, like, in a previous,
uh, relationship?
You know it has.
So you're doing this for him?
We're doing it for us.
It's not the 18th century.
Women don't get married
because they have to,
they get married because they want to.
We said "honesty". it's for the film.
So put yourself back then.
You didn't want to get married,
she did, and... action.
I didn't love her.
I think you can think you're in love,
but ask yourself if you wanna spend
the rest of your life with that person
and you might just reassess.
Him promising himself to me,
and my belief in him.
That means everything.
What's the difference with Alex?
Me.
With a beautiful face
With beautiful eyes, beautiful eyes #
it's the only way he's gonna learn.
Why are we using these cups?
Couldn't find the mugs.
I think I'm getting
quite nervous, actually.
It's not that hard, Pete.
I just had my face in shit...

Yeah, yeah. Not about the organisation.

I mean, at the end of the day,

he's gonna be Mr Giddings.

What if he turns into his dad?

- Jeremy?

- Jeremy!

Jeremy,

you getting married today, you big old fool?

One of us could be next.

No.

I don't see any of us getting married soon.

- We're real men.

- Mmm.

Ah.

I mean, parents always go on

about gaining a daughter or a son.

- I mean, what do we get?

- Nish.

Or lame excuses about why

they can't go out with the boys,

because them and the missus

need some quality time.

I mean, why don't people just say,

"Not tonight, I'm shagging the missus. "

Twenty years, us boys. We're like The Beatles.

Now Alex has come along

and taken our Lennon.

There were four of them.

Well, you're like the fifth one that died

of a brain haemorrhage or something,

but is still here.

To Jeremy, still being a man.

- Pete.

- Hmm.

To Jeremy and Alex. The smart ones.

Do you think he's gonna change?

Nah. He'll always be the one helping us out.

Good point, and today we have to help him.

'Cause if Mandy did send those balls

in the jar, she's probably gonna turn up.

We have to be on the lookout.

I don't want any more problems today.

Do you hear me? No more pranks.

Wasabi? Yeah, funny, you pricks!

No more pranks.

Wow, you do really great work.

Thank you.

So, I called Anisha's boyfriend,
and he hasn't seen her in three days.

But she picked up her dress,
so that's a good sign.

Oh, I'm gonna kill her. it's my wedding day.
She's run off with a bloody stripper.

"The chap":

She's probably being fucked
by "the chap" right now.

She needs to stop thinking with her pussy
and start thinking with her brain.

Slut.

Well, I'm jealous.

Really?

Jules! If there's anything
you wanna add on tape
about marital sex, or the lack thereof,
I think it would fit in nicely
with the wider brief.

No.

- Beautiful.

You look amazing.

Jeremy's a lucky guy.

You make sure he knows how lucky he is.

What else can we say?

Sluts get fucked

'cause they think with their pussy.

- The car is here.

- Shut up. Baby, car is here.

Come on, vamos!

I'll see you later.

Bye.

Okay, have we got everything?

Old? New? Borrowed? Blue?

- Sorry. Er, ah, bouquet!

- Yes.

- Uh, veil?

- Yes.

- Garter?

- Yes.

- Vows?
- In my head.
- Tiara?
- On my head.
- No, it's not.
- Where is it?
I don't know. We'll find it.
Come on, we gotta go.
Oh, you okay?
- Whoa, you all right?
- Sorry, I just feel like I'm gonna be sick.
Hey, it's just nerves, you'll be fine, okay?
- Okay.
- Right. Let's go!
Oh.
This is more than just nerves.
I gotta go.
Sandra?
I think she's going to be sick.
From the nerves.
Okay.
Mmm.
Hello, my name is Sandra.
Bye.
- Start again.
- Why are you touching my elbow?
- Start again.
- Why are you touching...
- Restart, no, restart...
- Don't touch the...
- ... because that is not... No.
- Just focus on the game.
So how do I look?
You look fine, man. You look fine.
What? I don't look good? Yeah, leave it to me
to look normal on my wedding day.
- You slapped me?
- Because you're moaning
like an old lady.
Everything is sorted.
All you need to do is turn up at the church
and remember your lines.
I'm gonna go downstairs and give you
a minute to yourself, all right, man?

- Are Ralphus and Albert ready?

- Yep.

- And you got the rings?

- Uh, yeah.

What about the car? Is he here?

Yeah. Yeah.

Have you driven an actual car in your life?

Oh, my God! Why are you two not ready?

He's gonna come down, he's gonna kill you.

Relax, guy.

I just took the suit off to beat his ass.

Yeah, I just feel

a lot more comfortable like this.

- Peter!

- What time is the car due?

Car?

- What time's the car here?

- What? I said I'm checking, go sit down.

- All right, mate?

- Relax.

- What's going on?

- What's going on?

Nothing's going on.

Erm, you're acting a little strange.

Everything's fine. I will just go check,
so you sit here, have a cup of tea.

I'll be back in a sec.

Oh, honey,

I thought you were going to throw up.

I mean, this is really testing the limits
of our friendship here.

I'm sorry. I couldn't hold it in.

- Don't get any on my dress.

- I'm not wiping your ass.

Will you two stop?

This is embarrassing enough as it is.

Yuck!

Out! Out! Get her out! Get her out!

Get her out! Get her out!

- Are you done?

- Yes.

Ugh.

Thank you.

Is Alex angry at me?

No. She just wants it to be a nice day.

Oh, Sandra, I'm so sorry I yelled at you.

- You know who my favourite girl is, right?

- Me?

- Yes.

- Will I get flowers like yours today?

You'll definitely get flowers like mine today.

- You'll get your own special flowers.

- Yes!

- That wasn't on, was it?

- Uh, no.

Guys, thank you so much for being there for me.

Yeah, well, I have to change the batteries, so you guys go down

- and I'll catch up with you.

- Yeah.

- You didn't have to wipe her arse, did you?

- Never speak of this again.

I asked you to order that car.

- I honestly don't remember that.

- Yeah? Well, I've got a list.

Well, it's too late now, just get ready.

- Pete?

- Hmm?

- What's the matter?

- I may have been mistaken,

- but I think on the list...

- What? Hmm?

So where's the car?

Jeremy, you're not gonna believe this, but, uh, Albert forgot to order it.

Albert didn't...

I knew you lot would mess it up.

So I took the liberty of ordering one myself.

You see, babe, you are marrying a smart man.

So you ordered one, even though you asked me to delegate...

- Do you really wanna go there?

- No.

Actually, saying that, he should be here by now. I'll give him a call.

I can't believe you'd grass up Albert like that. I didn't.

- No memory, that boy.

- None.

Hi, it's Jeremy Giddings.

I'm getting married today. I've a car ordered.

I am so sorry.

You got another one though, right?

I don't want a refund!

I'm getting married in two hours!

How am I supposed to get there?

A message? Yeah, well, what message?

Yeah! I will check,

and I will check you if there isn't!

Shit!

"I'll check you"?

- Good one.

- What am I supposed to do now?

Look, hang up the phone again,

I'll get a cut-away,

- we're gonna push in. This is a killer shot.

- Jack, you're a prick.

But...

- Listen, about the car...

- Ah, no one blames you, mate.

Yeah?

Well, then who is willing to take me on
for the championship?

Will it be you, King Ralphus, or you,
Tiny Pete?

- Ralph, Ralph...

- Have you learned nothing from this morning?

- I will take you down!

- Uh-oh.

- Off the ropes!

- And a miss!

- Okay!

- To the head!

- Oh!

- To the head!

- Oh!

- Guys.

- And again!

- Ahhh!

oh, shin

I don't believe this!

What's wrong?

The car I ordered, it crashed.

Oh, mate, listen,

you are getting married today,

I understand that, but you are worrying

about things that in the big scheme of things

means nothing.

Is it too much to ask for a good day?

- No.

- No, no.

From now on,

this day is gonna continue without a hitch.

- Absolutely.

- it's gonna be the perfect day.

Absolutely.

- Yeah?

Right.

Now, has anyone seen my phone?

They said they left a message.

Er, don't you remember,

when we came in drunk last night

you said your phone looked like a goldfish?

What's your point?

Oh, mate.

It's only a phone. You'll be all right.

- Oh.

- Um...

Oh, my God.

It's just, uh... Big scheme of things...

- Don't have to...

- First of all...

- Yeah?

- ... there was a man in my bed.

- Okay.

- Then soy sauce.

- Yeah, but that was...

- A threat!

- Testicles in the post!

- I'll give you that.

- Wasabi! The car! My phone!

- Yep.

And now this! Come here!

- No, no, no, no...

- Jeremy, Jeremy?

Not the face! Don't! Get off me!
I will sort a car right now!
- If you're...
- Don't say a word.
He looks friendly.
Shut up, man!
You're a good driver, aren't you?
It's a nice car.
It's a lovely car.
J, you're very lucky.
Just shut up!
Well, this is it,
it's only two more hours to marriage town.
Another one bites the dust.
You and Julie down,
there's only three of us left.
- I guess you're next.
- I think not.
Well, it's whoever catches the bouquet.
That thing will land in hell
before I ever try to catch it.
- I'm so over relationships.
- Yeah, I know how you feel.
Ugh, God! Need some air.
Whoo!
Hi!
Whoo! I'm getting married today!
I love you, Jeremy!
Hi!
Oh, my God! isn't that Anisha?
Anisha!
- Anisha! That's my bridesmaid!
- Oh, my God!
Look at my hair!
Anisha!
Meet us round the corner!
Oh.
That was hilarious!
- Hey, girls!
- Hi!
Oh, where the hell have you been?
We've been worried sick.
Oh, my God! Remember that stripper, Steelo?
I've been with him for three days. He is a god!

What about your boyfriend?
Oh, I called him and said,
"Baby, welcome to Singlesville,

population:

- That's so mean.
- How much of a god?
Like, actually, really, all night, no break.
I'm so glad I booked him.
No offence, but if it wasn't for him,
your hen night would have
been totally uninteresting.
Yeah, it would have
been totally uninteresting.
- Agreed.
- Anyway, I got you a gift from him.
They're called love drops.
They vibrate when you tense
and emit little pulses -
instant orgasms.
- Gross.
- Relax, I didn't use them.
What do you do with them?
Use your imagination, prissy.
Oh.
Well, we shouldn't leave them lying around.
What?
Oh, champagne!
I'll get it.
Take those. And here's a fresh bottle.

Oh:

Oh, my God! Oh, my God,
I sat on the glasses!
My arse!
My bum-bum!
Hello?
I'll be there in a sec.
So, Peter,
what do you think
about Jeremy falling in love?
Well, you know,
since his last relationship with Mandy
ended quite badly,

you know, it was amazing
that he found love at all.
What? Exes not entitled to their say?
Probably not, but go ahead.
Just because I'm no longer part
of the famous Jeremy and his entourage...
How do you feel about the wedding?
Good. You know,
I introduced the two of them.
Sort of.
More or less. Well, I was there, weren't I?
This should have been my seat.
- She's an imposter.
Right, that's...
No, look, I'm just having my say.
Still sporting the Doc Martens, I see.
They complement each other like...
Like a fine Beaujolais and a good Brie.
Or like bangers and mash.
Saltfish and ackee.
You haven't eaten today, have you?
It was always us, you and me
against the rest of the world.
Your cat dying was a terrible accident.
You and your friends are total...
- Shit!
What?
Alex and I agreed the car I got
would be the one to leave in.
Her's is only booked to take her there.
When she sees this waiting to whisk her away,
she'll divorce me
before she's even left the church.
And when she sees your jacket...
Well, the tailor could have made them better.
These are pecks, not moobs.
- Stop the car!
- Are you serious?
What are you doing?
The wedding starts in an hour,
finishes in two.
You've got until then to find a suitable car.
How am I gonna get a car in two hours?
Where are you going?

Tell someone who cares!
All I wanna do today is get married.
What? Where's the church?
Notts Road! And fix that jacket!
You fix your face!
Right, come on, mate.
Is he for real?
I tried calling Jeremy. His phone's off.
This was supposed to be my perfect day.
It's gonna be okay. Let me call Peter.
My wedding day's always going
to be remembered for Julie's arse.
- Pete...
- Sorry, it's the suit trousers. Sorry, sorry.
Sarah? Hello?
- What?
- What's happened?
- Julie's had an accident.
Well, is she okay?
Is she okay?
Tell Alex I love her.
Jeremy says he loves Alex.
Tell Julie I hope her... I hope she's okay.
- Okay, we'll see you soon.
- I don't think I can do this.
- What?
- it's nothing. it's fine.
Jeremy says he loves you.
Look out!
Sorry.
- Oh, my God, how are you feeling?
- How do you think?
Helen, you keep that camera
at this end of me, okay?
Did you get through to Steve?
No. Voicemail.
But Peter says hi.
- He's hot for you, you know?
- What about the dress?
- The tears are small, it'll be fine.
- Oh, thank God...
...you're okay.
- Where's the nurse? What did she say?
- She?

Hi.

So we gave her a tetanus shot,
and she needs to take it slow for a while.

Just a few more stitches
and then we're done, okay?

Oh, let's see.

Oh, no, no, no. Please, guys, come on!

Oh, my God!

- How many stitches?

- Twelve.

Four there, one there,
three there, three there,
and one... right there.

I didn't know you were pierced.

Mmm.

You know these trousers,
they supposed to dry-clean?

Yeah, I know, mate.

it's, uh, my mate's wedding.

I've only got five minutes.

- So...

- Mate, huh?

Right, I'm not being racist,
but you lot are really freaking me out.

- We're late, where's the driver?

- In the toilet.

- Got you a cushion.

- Oh, thanks.

So is Jeremy a sprayer or a lifter?

- What?

- Does he pee on the toilet seat,
or does he lift it and leave it up?

Will you get your mind
out of the gutter, please?

Seriously. Cosmo says

you can tell the type of man by what he does.

If he pees on it,

then he's rebellious and controlling.

If he leaves it up, then he's unreliable
and lazy. It's one or the other.

it's rubbish.

it's true!

- Julie?

- Uh, Steve pees all over.

- Helen?
- He leaves it up.
- Sarah?
- Hello? Single.
- Well, Alex?
- it's always dry and down.
Wow, a guy that doesn't pee
all over the toilet seat. Impressive.
It's almost unheard of.
But if that's what he does, then he's a rarity.
Or he's gay.
Oh, God!
Wait, whay are we talking about
how my future husband goes to the loo?
- And he's your cousin!
- Gross!
So, Sarah, what's with the single thing?
Hate men?
I don't hate men, I've just had my fill.
Excuse the pun.
Plus, the good ones are taken.
Hey, that's not true. They're not all taken.
I mean, Peter's nice.
Average at best. But I guess we all like
the taste of a bit of chocolate now and again.
God! You're such a dirty pig.
We all know he and Julie have sexual tension.
Excuse me, I don't think so.
Have you ever thought about, you know,
drinking from the furry cup?
- Anisha?
- I don't know.
No, women are crazy.
Yeah, we are. Totally crazy.
Yeah, we are.
- Excuse me!
- Finally!
- Yep?
- Do you pee on your toilet seat?
Crazy.
So, Jeremy?
Who do you think sent you the balls?
Man, if I'm late, you lot are taking the blame.
What? why?

Think about it.

If she thinks I've ruined her big day,
there will be no consummating
of the marriage.

You want us to take the blame
for not getting to the church on time,
- and with a man down?

- Yeah.

And you've been with her for ages.

The fanny won't be any more special.

Can you not talk about her like that?

This is my wife.

Future wife.

- Shut up!

- Shut up!

Next time I'm best man, I want a contract.

- Here.

- Good luck, my friend.

You have balls turning up late, innit?

What did you say?

- What do you know about the balls?

- Huh, what?

The testicles I got this morning.

Get off me, man!

- You don't touch a man...

- How would he know? Let's go.

They're already here.

They're supposed to arrive after us.

I'm so sorry, babe.

- It's all right, mate, it's all right.

- I'm ready.

- Ugh!

- What do you mean, "ugh"?

Deadman! You are a dead man now!

- Run?

- Yeah.

Peter, what was that?

Keep moving!

They're still coming!

There's loads of them! Run!

Should've seen your face, man!

They are very angry.

Finish them!

No problem!

Ralph, Ralpus? Let's have you up, come on.
Come on, get up.
What are you doing?
Let's go back to the wedding, indoors.
My glasses! Oh! What the hell was that?
- What road was that?
- Notts Road.
Oh, shin
We're supposed
to be at St Mary's on Notts Avenue.
That's the wrong church.
What idiot denomination
would build two churches so close...
Don't even answer that.
I just wanna find the church and get married.
But I don't know where we are.
You don't know where you're getting married?
Well, it's the church her mum goes to.
You were at the rehearsal, you should know.
Well, the directions are on the...
Oh, I've lost the iPad.
Oh, you've lost the iPad.
Oh, well, it was a wedding present,
so technically it was your iPad.
Today was a demo about how good
it was going to be, Jeremy.
Can this day get any worse?
I just wanna find my wife and get married.
Future wife.
- Shut up.
- What?
Let's go.
Yeah?
What happened to, "Welcome to Figarude,
how may I help?"
- Do you want something?
- Yeah, I wanna rent a car.
- For when?
- Now. I want a limo or something posh.
All of our cars are out,
most of them ain't due back till later today.
So why did you ask me what I wanted?
I never. I asked when you wanted it.
Listen, you little fanny, could you stop being

smart with me and go get your boss?

- You wanna speak to the manager?

- Yes, dumbbo, thank you.

Dad! There's a bloke here
that wants to speak to you!

Who is it?

Guys, the limo! Ah, fuck!

Okay, we need to go before she sees us.

Go, go, go!

- How's your, um...

- Fine.

Are you still feeling sick?

Listen, when I got married,

I was as nervous as hell.

Mind you, if I'd known the outcome,

I might not have bothered.

Okay, Julie, you know what?

You've been saying stuff like that all day.

Is there something

going on with you and Steve?

Yeah, he's been cheating on me.

Oh, God, Julie, hon, I'm so sorry.

Shit! I missed it! Can you say

that again with the same intensity?

- Oh, God!

- No!

- Yeah, she's a 19-year-old gymnast.

- Ugh!

- Fucking asshole!

- Imagine that.

Someone else that would take

that wanker other than me?

- Why didn't you say anything?

- I don't know. What is there to say?

Anyway, at least I've got these

to look forward to when I get home.

- We'll talk about it later, okay?

- Okay.

- it's your day.

- Are you okay?

- I love you.

- I love you, too.

Come on.

That reminds me,

I've invited Steele. He should be in there now.

But don't worry, he's lovely.

- The stripper?

- Not now, honey. Showtime!

- Alex, Alex!

- You invited a stripper to my wedding?

How could you do that...

- Great, just great.

- Oh, Alex, I'm so sorry.

I'm wearing stupid blue knickers,
one dress is covered in blood and glass
and the other one's torn! it's...

Someone up there

does not want me to get married.

So maybe I just shouldn't get married?

We made it. Nothing can go wrong now.

I'm getting married and we're

in the safest place young men can be,
the Catholic Church.

See you up there.

Come on, Alex. You're here. We're all here.

Jeremy loves you,

and I promise there will be no more mishaps
for the rest of the day.

Oh, come on, it's your wedding day!

Where the hell have you been?

You're 20 minutes late.

Mum. Aunt Claire. Dad.

I thought I brought you up better than that.

- Yeah, well, we had to make a couple of stops.

- The Giddings are never late.

You must get that

from your mother's side of the family.

Or those hooligans you muck around with.

Will you two stop rambling?

- Darling, you look great, I'm so proud.

- Thanks.

- Granddad having a good time?

- Yes, he's loving it.

Jeremy, you've made an old spinster
very proud today.

- Thank you. You still single, Aunt Claire?

- Yes, but on the prowl.

Seen some lovely young men here today.

A Jamaican friend of mine
calls them "stamina daddies".

I need me a stamina daddy.

I don't wear panties any more,
so I'm always ready.

- Can I, uh, borrow the groom for a second?

- Yes, of course.

Um...

Forget all of them, that's what I say,
I mean, I love Alex.

Well, I mean, I did till now.

But it's always been Jeremy and Peter,
and it always will be.

What are you talking about?

I'm sorry, man, but I don't think Alex
is going to turn up.

What?

I heard her say
that she didn't want to get married.

I'm sorry.

Just one last joke as a single man.

You get up there. I'll see you in a second.

- Oh, hi.

- Here!

Where have you been?

I'm the maid of honour. I've been with Alex
all day, like I should've been.

Why are you walking like that?

I fell on some glass.

Twelve stitches.

- I did try to call you from the...

- Glass?

Are you stupid?

- Is Julie okay?

- Yeah, she's fine. it's, uh...

Just been one of those days.

You, uh, you look absolutely amazing.

Awesome. All of you look great.

- Thank you.

- No problem.

- How is he? Is he okay?

- Yeah. I've never... never seen him happier.

Uh, can we start? I'm late

and I have another wedding at 2:00 pm.

- Okay, guys.
- Good thing this is a church, man, I tell you.
This is it!
I have had a right old time.
I have been to every single car rental,
every cafe, every pub, every restaurant
in this area. Honestly, mate.
I'm desperate.
Customer of mine, outside.
He's got a pretty fancy car.
What's he look like?
- You'll know.
- Cheers!
Cheers, mate.
Oh, shit.
Uh, excuse me, sorry to interrupt,
are you the bloke with the fancy car,
and if so, could I borrow it?
Yeah, I'm the G with the fancy vehicle.
- Okay.
- No, you can't borrow it. You feel me?
Okay, I... Yeah, I feel you.
Could you try and feel me, right?
My mate's getting married
and there's no car to pick him up.
I'm missing the wedding,
'cause it's my fault.
You can drive the car and I will...
I've got money, I will pay you. I've got...
- Give me that!
- I've got, like... That's, like, 250 quid,
- and you can get more later from the groom.
- How much?
A lot, he's fucking loaded.
Where's this car, then?
- Right there.
- Oh, Christ!
Peter and I were at a bar...
I was at this dodgy bar with Julie and, um...
She turned, raised her glass...
Lifted my glass up to see if it was clean and...
I sauntered over, all 007...
He came stumbling over like a hobo...
Slipped her the number smoothly...

Dropped a piece of paper in my lap
with his number scribbled on it...
And the rest...
And then he just shuffled off
without getting my name.
...is history.
So he asked you
to marry him?
Yes. it's very unempowered of me.
- But isn't that the real power?
- The vagina.
A woman, you cynic.
What do you love about her?
Well, what's not to love?
And that's the real truth about love,
it's not...
some big thing.
It's all the small things
that make you so much more
than when you're alone.
Anyone can make me laugh,
but Alex makes me smile.
Who'd wanna get married anyway?
- You should read more romance.
- Where's Albert? What do we do?
- Walk!
Come here, quick!
- Who's he?
- I don't know.
Please be seated.
Ladies and gentlemen, before we start,
can I just say how happy I am
to see two young people
who still believe in the institution of marriage.
And I think we should applaud them.
- Where's Albert?
- Long story.
Almost makes me want to do it, man.
I mean, who wouldn't want a girl
that beautiful to be in love with you?
Well, she's definitely better
than the girl that was in his bed this morning.
Jeremy, what the fuck?
No...

- Wait till I get my hands on you!

- You absolute prick!

- Oh!

Let go of me!

Gosh! Fiery people, these Spaniards.

Alex?

Who was in your bed, Jeremy? Who?

Look, I know how that sounded and...

Look, last night was a bit hazy, right?

- Who the fuck was in your bed?

- It wasn't...

Uh, before anything else is said,

Alex, I just want you to know

that there wasn't a woman in Jeremy's bed,
it was a man.

And wait, wait, I know how that sounds.

Um, what I mean is the boys and I,

- we just set it up as a, uh...

- Stag night.

...stag-night prank.

Please understand, because I would never
do anything ever, or let him do anything,
to jeopardise what you two have,
because you are just the best.

Could this get any more emotional?

Thank you, Peter.

Move, man, move!

You all right?

I wasn't upset

'cause I thought you'd done something,

I was upset 'cause I didn't know.

- What?

- I just don't know if I wanna be...

one of those angry wives at home. I want you
to be with me because you want to be,
and if you'd had to be with someone else
one last time to figure that out,

- I just wish you could've told me.

- Alex,

I haven't lied to you.

What Peter says sounds likely.

But for the sake of honesty,

have you ever been unfaithful?

From the moment I saw you,

you have been the only woman in my life.
No one's been in my bed, or my mind,
because you
are in my heart.

The only confession I have to make
is that I love you with my entire being.

- Okay?

- Okay.

Look, I'm not qualified
to make this kind of sweet melodrama,
but we could keep going
and make a fuck tape.

Just saying.

Walking back.

- All right?

- Yeah.

- Shall we go?

- Yeah, let's get married.

Anything to confess?

Um...

I got really drunk at Helen's birthday party
and snogged some random guy.

Oh, and,

um, that weekend you were away in France,
this doesn't really count

'cause we were just mucking around,

but I slept with your cousin Sarah.

Yeah, go on with you!

Well?

Yeah, we're getting married!

- Go get my money, yeah?

- All right.

Balabushka, Balabushka

Start the car! Start the car!

Shit!

Start the fucking car!

- Go, go, go.

- Oh, what the fuck are you doing?

- Jesus Christ! Shit.

- Stop pushing buttons, stop pushing buttons!

- Stop pushing buttons!

- What the fuck! Drive! Fucking drive!

- Drive. Go, go, go.

- What the fuck? Look out!

Bloody hell!

Jesus!

What the hell is going on?

One minute you say I'm going to get paid
and the next minute

your friends wanna kill you!

That wasn't them, this is the wrong church.

Get your arse out of my car now.

Or I'm gonna drive back round that corner
and let them have you.

I promise you'll get paid.

Give me something now or no deal.

What else do you want?

Oh...

Maria, what can I say?

Except that you look absolutely ravishing.

- Just thought you should know.

- Thank you.

Keep your mouth shut this time.

At last.

Right.

If anyone knows any reason why these
two people should not be married, speak now!

He doesn't wanna marry you, fucker!

He loves me! Me!

It's a lie, it's a lie.

I don't know her, I've never...

Oh, I'm so sorry.

To love and to honour...

...until death do us part.

I will.

I will.

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

You may kiss the bride.

Baby, I'm so...

You remembered the car
and it plays a Spanish song?

- Why am I not surprised?

- Shut up.

- Hmm?

- But you...

Seriously, do not...

How brave are you, getting that car?

Not many men would have the balls to do that,

but that's why I love you.

- Balls, yeah.

- Hmm?

Shall we do the speech? I'll do the speech.

Ladies and gentlemen,

can I have your attention, please?

it's all right.

I can get a set of these at 2.99 from Homebase.

I told you they're hooligans.

Bear with me, I've not brought my glasses.

Uh, first, I would like

to thank you all for coming. Thank you.

And especially I'd like to thank

the beautiful bridesmaids.

Yes, yes, for doing a... Thank you,

thank you... For doing a wonderful job

of putting one foot in front of the other,

and Julie, Sarah,

Helen, you're all beautiful and...

Anisha, great legs.

And, of course, the wonderful Sandra...

...who has been outshining everyone today.

Um, so...

I first met Jeremy when we were in college

and immediately I thought,

"What a well-groomed,

"wonderfully articulate,

good-looking young man. "

So I thought I would set him up

with a friend of mine.

Imagine my surprise

when we found out he wasn't gay.

You boys remember that.

But, hey, if the guy says he's not gay,

he's not gay.

I stand by him, not in front or behind,

but shoulder to shoulder.

Yeah, um...

We always knew Jeremy would be

the most successful out of all of us.

He was the first one to get a full-time job,

he was the first one

to get his own place,

which I can tell you, comes in very handy

between Thursday and Sunday,
when you need to have a little liaison
with one, two,
or, at one time, three ladies.

Anyway, anyway, I've realised that, again,
Jeremy is the first of us to do something
amazing, and that is to settle down,
and he has found the beautiful,
absolutely stunning Alexandra,
so I think we should all...

The truth is, I didn't ever really think Jeremy
could get much better than he is, but you...
you have made him a better person.

Um,
and I know that he's going to spend
the rest of his life
making sure that you come first,
in and out of the bedroom.

Thank you. In all seriousness,
um,

Jeremy's a man of honour
and integrity.

But the truth is, when he met you,
he became a whole lot better,
and, uh, I was really honoured
when you asked me to be the best man,
because he's the best man I know.
And you are... You are the best woman.

Um,
I didn't ever really believe, to be honest,
that two souls could be meant for each other,
but, you know, you two really prove
that love is real.

And, you know, I don't really know
what else I can say after that, except...

To the bride and groom.

To the bride and groom.

Sorry, Alex.

- I love you, man.

- I love you too, man.

Jack? Is it on?

Haven't I done enough filming for you?

Can't I just enjoy the day?

It won't be a big Festen speech or anything,

but I thought I'd give you
the heads-up on the big finale.

My speech.

- It better be good.

- Yeah, it will be.

All right, everyone,

can I have your attention, please?

Uh, first of all, thank you all for coming.

The whole point of all of this, for me and Alex,
was to celebrate "us" with all of you.

Because there's no other way
to get this many people you know and love
in one place and...

shout from the rooftops,

"I love this girl!"

Now,

my good friends Jack and Helen
have been documenting this day,
trying to get to the bottom of what
all this wedding business is all about.

Now,

I look at these two,
sweet, nihilistic lovers,
and I think to myself
there is nobody better suited.

Even though you two
are never going to get married.

There's something about
your dark, twisted souls
that are going to need each other forever.

And it's this intimate madness
that gels you two.

And that's what Alex and I
are celebrating with this.

So,

for the record,

- here's to the madness!

To the madness.

I'll see you in a sec.

- Hi.

- Hey, Julie. How's your, uh...

- Oh, yeah. it's getting better, thanks.

- Oh, good.

- Oh, well, we'll speak later. Hey, Sarah.

- Hey, Peter.

Hey, I know you're upset.

But just in case your husband

hasn't told you,

I just wanted to say

that you look really beautiful today.

Thanks, Sarah.

What are you doing here anyway? I thought

you didn't want to catch the bouquet.

Yeah, yeah, I don't.

I just thought it'd be fun to be part of the chaos that is bouquet-wrestling.

- Why are you here?

- Exactly.

- Are you trying to embarrass me?

- No.

People know you're married to me

and you're standing out here

waiting to catch the flowers?

It's just a bit of fun, Steve.

Go and sit down.

I know this is supposed to be at the end,

but I couldn't wait. Are you ready?

Yeah!

Get ready for your John Woo moment.

We put this in 3-D, we got a seller.

- I don't know if I want to see that in 3-D, mate.

- You're sick!

Hi.

Oh, Julie.

- Are you okay?

- Yeah. Sorry.

Yeah, I'll take it from here, babe.

Jules, he's a prick, not worth crying over.

- Don't let him control you. Take charge.

- No, it's not just that.

It's everything.

My arse hurts. My heart hurts.

And I'm completely ruining Alex's day.

No, you're not!

I just want something to take the pain away.

Anything.

Well...

If you can avoid the stitches.

Remember to...

Well...

What are you doing?

Oi!

Please. From what I've heard, I'd have to piss on you so you could find it.

- Did you get a chance to tell Jeremy?

- Yeah, yeah, I did. Shh.

- I'm going to steal my wife.

- Congratulations!

Love youse.

Jeremy, I love you, but I need my daughter.

Come on.

- I love you more.

- Love you more!

Ah, so that's it, man.

How does it feel?

I feel better

than I have ever felt about anything.

I can tell, man. And you know what?

You've made me think about a few things, too.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- So thank you.

- I love you.

I love you, too.

Sorry, I'm not in the mood.

Look at Anisha.

I wish I could take charge like her.

How does she do it?

I mean, do you think she's happy?

- Yeah, if she's in control, she's happy.

- True.

- Come on, dance with me.

- Aw, really?

So, um, do you think we should ever tell them about Vegas?

And lose the high ground?

Never.

I cheese-sandwich you, monkey.

I cheese-sandwich you, flatfoot.

I like your clothes. So brave.

Yeah, I was sort of going

for a, uh, wrestling motif.

I'm actually quite a trend-setter.
This time next year
everyone will be wearing this.
We love wrestling.
But it's not really the fashion side
that interests me.
You love wrestling?
So do we.
Going to show me
some of your special holds, then?
Yeah, I would love to. Uh, I could show
you a counter on a figure-four leglock.
- Ooh.
- Yeah.
I could hit you with a chair.
Hey.
- You okay?
- Mmm.
Yeah, I'm fine.
It's funny, you know, it takes one hour
and a vicar to get married.
And a divorce takes months
and a whole load of money and lawyers...
Ugh, God, this is such a mess.
- I just feel like such a failure, you know?
- No, you're not.
If there were one decent person here,
they'd notice us.
Two beautiful, sexy, young women
sitting here, and they'd come right over,
look you dead in the eye,
tell you how great you look and say...
Would you like to dance?
Who, me?
I saw you sitting here and thought
you looked like you could do with a dance.
Yeah, but why would you think that...
Oh, sorry, I thought...
- Well, Alex said...
- Look, she is, okay?
Look, Sarah, we know.
And we love you
and we just want you to be happy.
Thank you.

We love you, too. A lot.

Oh, Mandy! How did you get in here?

- Through the front door.

- There was a guard.

- Punched him in the throat.

- What's going on? Are you guys okay?

I'm sorry, J, but I tried to stop the wedding like you wanted, but I was late.

I think you should leave, love!

- Wait, wait, wait.

- See, he needs me.

Jeremy, what is going on?

Um, when you think about it,

I tried to let you know in my speech.

- "To the madness. "

- In your speech?

- Oh, right, yeah, you said...

- Said he still loves me.

What?

- What?

- Jeremy!

Please tell me this is some kind of sick joke!

Mandy, I owe Alex an explanation.

So just give me a minute
and I'll see you outside.

See?

You can't fight against true love.

Mandy.

Okay, um, now what

are you going to say to her?

- I don't know.

- Okay, what the fuck is going on?

Why are you going to speak to her?

"To the madness. " Keep up, Pete.

- I love you, Alex.

- I love you, Jeremy.

Just try not to get stabbed in the throat.

- Yeah.

- All right.

Good luck.

Why does he need luck?

Why is he going to go and speak to her?

- I really need a drink, Pete.

- No, no. I love this song. Let's dance.

- To the madness.

- To the madness.

Mandy...

Thanks for back there.

Not making me feel so crazy

as I sometimes do.

Part of me knew you weren't

going to leave her today.

- So I got you something...

- Whoa! Mandy, no!

What?

It's a gift.

I wrapped it in tinfoil because I couldn't

find any wrapping paper.

A boomerang?

It's symbolic, you knob.

You might not leave her today,

but one day you'll be back.

Come here.

You'll be okay. You'll find someone.

Hey, you didn't happen to send a package

to me at home, did you?

- A pair of balls? In ajar?

- I wish I had.

You need a pair.

Why am I having to look for you

amongst all these strangers? Huh?

Are you trying to make me

look like some sort of cock today?

- Show me up like this again and I'll...

- There won't be a next time, Steve,

because I'm leaving you.

I'd like to see that.

Who's going to love you,

with all your whining and crying?

My friends love me, and you know what?

I'm starting to realise I'm not that bad

and I deserve a lot better than this.

Yeah.

Why don't you leave her alone?

Why don't you stay out of this, mate?

Come on, then.

Wanker!

Yeah, really?

- Um, you okay?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

Sure?

Do you have somewhere to stay,
like with one of the girls or something?

Yeah, I'll be fine. Thanks.

Okay. 'Cause you know
you can stay at my place

- if you want to get out...

- Peter, not all of us need saving, okay?

Okay.

What's your place like?

Oh, uh...

One bedroom.

But I can sleep on the couch, or you can.

There's a cinema down the road. I cook.

Might make a difference from that twat.

But, you know,

if you don't want to, it's cool...

No, actually that would be amazing.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Great!

Good, good, yeah.

Um, good.

- Um, just have one question.

- Yeah?

Please answer honestly. Um...

Do you pee on the toilet seat?

What? No, no, no. I don't...

No, I lift it up, I do my thing,
and I put it back down again.

That's a really bizarre question...

Welcome to family, son!

If you ever hurt my daughter, it's not
going to be pig's balls in ajar or box,
it's going to be yours, entender?

Of course! You sent them!

Family!

- Shall we go? Okay.

- Yeah.

Why is Julie snogging Peter?

And why the fuck is my cousin
kissing that girl?

Baby, don't worry about it.

- Right! We're off to consummate marriage!

- Whoo!

I want what every single man
wants from marriage...

Sex on tap.

I'm joking. Mostly.

No, I'm not bothered about all the stuff
that goes with marriage...

- The house, car...

- Dinner plates...

Who needs all that crap?

I just wanna spend
the rest of my life with someone...

...I can reach out for and have them
find my hand without thinking.

Someone that I can look across
a crowded room for...

...and see them staring back at me, smiling.

- Someone to finish...

- ... your thoughts and sentences.

Someone I can just...

...connect with.