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# Wyrnwood: Road of the Dead

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Ready?

Let's do this!

Come on, you fuckin' zombies!

Yep!

I'm out!

Same!

Come on!

Come on!

I've got a story to tell.

Yesterday I went pig huntin'

with my brothers

Mulla and Tony.

I drove the car.

Tony brought his blues guitar.

Mulla brought

his favorite rifle.

And I brought

my mean little sawed off

pistol grip 12 gauge.

We went bush.

There was a strange feelin'

in the air.

Dead silent.

That night I... I...

we made a fire.

Like I usually do.

We just sat there

barely talkin'.

Then Mulla sees it.

Shooting stars.

Everywhere.

I look up and I see them

lightin' up the sky.

And I'm scared.

I get a feelin'.

I get a feelin' right..

Here.

That night..

It took me ages to go to sleep.

And when I did..

I dreamed bad things.

I woke up in the morning..

Mulla and Tony were gone.

Then, I saw blood trails.  
I followed them.  
I saw Mulla.  
He was dead.  
I look out into the bush  
and I see Tony.  
I called out to him.  
Tony!  
Then he turns.  
That's not me brother.  
Then he came at me.  
And I just run.  
Yellin' at him to stop.  
But he just keeps comin'.  
After a while I get tired  
and I just start walkin'.  
I must have went like that  
for hours.  
Me walkin' and him chasin'.  
Then I turn, aim the gun.  
I took out his legs.  
I blew his kneecap off.  
Then he starts crawlin' at me.  
I aim for his head.  
I couldn't do it.  
I should have shot him.  
Barry.  
You got any stories?  
This morning I shot my wife  
and child with a nail gun.  
I don't know how to make that  
into a story.  
Uh-uh.  
Get rid of it.  
Wash your hands.  
So I told Kaytlin that kissed Jason  
but Jason's not officially  
going out with Kaytlin.  
Like they're just friends,  
but he also told Angie that  
they were friends  
with benefits type deal.  
So I don't know what to believe.  
Jason told Max that

they were like going steady.

Come on, Meganne.

Hang up the phone.

One second.

So like Tea's like, "Oh, my God,  
everyone thinks I'm a slut."

- Meganne!

- And I was like..

- Oi!

- ...no, they don't.

But they so do.

Watch your language, please.

- Put your phone away.

- I'm talking to Lisa.

I don't care

if you're talking to Jesus.

Off your phone

or you'll lose it.

- Do as you're told.

- I gotta go, Lisa.

Mum's having a hissy fit.

Okay. Later.

- Oh, Barry.

- You're a full grub, dad.

Can you not be a barbarian

just for 3 minutes?

I'm sorry, babe.

Meganne, come on.

Eat properly.

Night, hon.

Stop it.

You're crazy.

Yes.

Yep. Nice, Charlie.

Yes, nice.

Do that one more time

for me, babe?

- Charlie! Shh!

- Oh, God.

Hon, what's the matter?

What... the fuck is that?

Charlie! Charlie!

Fuck!

Charlie, don't..

Aah!  
Yeah.  
Oh, Barry! Thank fuck!  
Fuck! Are you okay?  
- Is Annie and Meganne safe?  
- Brooke?  
Listen, I don't know  
what the fuck is going on.  
Everyone is turning crazy.  
Sherri and Charlie just turned.  
Their eyes..  
Their eyes went fucking white.  
Just slow down.  
I had to chop off Sherri's  
head with a God damn shovel.  
Whoa whoa whoa!  
Calm down. Where are you?  
I'm in the studio  
in Bulla Bulla.  
Barry, listen to me, you gotta  
get somewhere safe, man.  
You gotta get  
out of the city... like fuck!  
F..  
Chook?  
Daddy.  
There's someone in the kitchen.  
Barry.  
No, just... Barry, just stay  
here. Just call the police.  
Call the cops.  
A little help!  
Get this thing off me.  
Get the axe!  
Get the fucking axe!  
Hurry up.  
What are you waiting for?  
Meganne! Get back  
in the bedroom! Go! Go!  
- Straight to the car.  
- Uh-huh.  
Barry, come on!  
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!  
Meganne, get in the back, honey.

Keep your seatbelt on.

Come on, Meganne.

Hold on.

Shit.

- Daddy!

- Close your eyes, honey.

Clear.

What the fuck are you doing?

Oi! We can ball gag ya

or you can shut up.

Just relax.

This is for your own good.

See this? This is going

to go into your neck.

And if you keep struggling

you're gonna rip up

your own veins.

- Okay?

- Mm-hmm.

Keep still.

Good. Good. Good.

There's a good girl.

Is she good?

She's good.

Let's put her out.

What the fuck

did you do that for?

Looks like we're gonna have to put

her out the old fashioned way, sarge.

Wait. Wait.

Wait. Wait. Wait.

Meganne, put your mask on.

Get her mask on.

Meganne, sweetie,

you have to put your... Meganne!

Barry, stop... Barry stop

the car. Stop the car!

Meganne! She's not breathing!

- Honey?

- Meganne! Meganne!

How could it possi..

Honey?

Barry.

- No, keep that on.

- No.  
- Keep it on.  
- No!  
I can feel it.  
No.  
No!  
Here, quick..  
I love you so much.  
I love you.  
I'm sorry.  
Aah!  
Stay back!  
Stay back!  
Stay back!  
I'm sorry, baby.  
Ooh!  
No. No. No!  
No.  
Hey!  
Turn around.  
Turn around, prick.  
- Fuck it!  
- Hey, hey, hey don't move.  
Fuck.  
You're fuckin' normal.  
Shit! Come on.  
Mate, they are coming.  
Hey, hey, hey, put it down.  
Put the gun down.  
Mate, it's just us. Don't..  
Mate, just put it...  
put it down.  
Fuck!  
What are you doing, mate?  
Give me the gun.  
Mate, I don't wanna hurt ya.  
Just give me the gun.  
No.  
Give me the gun.  
Then fucking shoot me.  
You wanna kill yourself?  
Alright.  
You do it. Hmm?  
Ay, ay, ay, put the bat down.

Alright? Put it down.  
Look, mate,  
it's just... you're not gonna...  
Don't hit me with that. Alr...  
just, mate, just put it...  
Alright, here we are, okay.  
See, I've got one.  
Mate, I don't  
wanna do this. Okay?  
Just put it down.  
See, look, I'll put mine there.  
Look, nothing.  
Okay? You don't need it,  
it's just us.  
Who are you gonna kill? Who?  
Out here, eh?  
Put it down, mate.  
Put it down. Yeah?  
I need you to get me  
to Bulla Bulla.  
Alright. Let's go.  
Look at this.  
Look, look. Look.  
Fucking zombie, eh?  
Zombies, you know?  
Just fuckin'..  
Just fuckin' can't get used  
to it in my head, you know?  
Fuck it! I'm fighting it!  
Oi! Oi!  
Where the fuck you're goin'?  
Oi! Get back in the car!  
Oi! Get back  
in the fucking car!  
Oi! Get back! Let's go! Get up.  
There's one coming!  
Get in.  
- Get in the car.  
- I swear it..  
Get in.  
Around 'em or through 'em?  
Through 'em.  
Fuck! Alright.  
Whoa. Whoa. Fuck. Whoa.



Try now.  
No. Nothing.  
Try now.  
No.  
What is it?  
Fuck!  
Hey!  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Was he not a zombie?  
No, he's not a fucking zombie!  
Oh, shit! Oh, fuck me!  
Is he alright?  
Is he okay?  
What do you fucking think?  
He's pretty fucking dead to me!  
Oh, his head's fucked!  
Whoa! Hey, try this.  
I'm keeping this.  
You comin' or what, mate?  
Lead the way.  
Boo-ya!  
Why are you awake?  
Ah! They're playing  
my song.  
Will you excuse me?  
Good morning, sir!  
Ah!  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
I'm just fucking with you.  
No, you're just due  
for another top up.  
Now, you are one lucky, lucky,  
lucky little girl.  
Because you've stayed up  
past your bedtime  
you get to see  
what the adults do after dark.  
Now hold still.  
Hold still!  
If I get this wrong, you could  
go into a seizure and die.  
Huh?  
Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.  
That's a good girl.

We only have to do this  
five more times.  
I want that truck.  
Oi! Oi!  
Can we come inside?  
There's fucking zombies  
everywhere.  
Yeah, okay.  
How do we get in?  
Alright. Let them  
get close to ya  
then run around 'em.  
Okay.  
Just make sure  
that door comes up.  
Run ya bastards!  
Nice shootin', mate.  
Thanks, mate.  
There's a lot of good shit  
in here we can use, ay?  
What's that, mate?  
That Hilux out in the front.  
Which one of you...  
That Hilux ain't goin' nowhere.  
Yeah? Why's that?  
You drove from the city, right?  
- Right.  
- Where's your car?  
Broke down.  
Engine trouble?  
Yeah, right.  
I need to show  
you boys somethin'.  
Petrol. Metho.  
Kero.  
Right?  
Last time I checked they were  
flammable liquids, weren't they?  
How old's that stuff?  
Brand spanking new, mate.  
We bought it last week.  
So your car just stopped, ay?  
I guess that would explain it.  
What the fuck!

Who's that?  
That's Neville.  
Oh!  
That's fucking rank.  
He's farting out of his mouth.  
Weird, eh?  
Oh, fuck him.  
Night, Neville.  
- Whoa! Shit!  
- What the fucking fuck?  
The blood is flammable!  
Oi, wake up, Neville.  
Come on.  
We need petrol, right?  
- Right.  
- Wrong. We need fuel.  
There's no way that could work.  
There's one way to find out.  
Let's get him out of there.  
Alright, Kel,  
give it a crank now.  
Oh, fuck!  
Come on!  
You beauty.  
Good on ya, Neville.  
If we can get that truck inside,  
we can definitely hook him up.  
Drive the fuck out of here.  
That's gonna be  
a mission but, eh?  
And it's doable.  
We need to armor up.  
Big time.  
Fuck ya.  
They're goin' for it!  
Ready?  
- Born ready.  
- Alright. Let's do this.  
Come on you fuckin' zombies!  
I'm out!  
Same!  
Fuck! It bit it off! That  
thing bit me fucking nose off!  
Frankie, how does it look, mate?

Is me nose gone?  
Is it bit off? Tell me, Frankie.  
Yeah, there's not much  
nose left, mate.  
Kel!  
- What is it?  
- Your fuckin' eyes, mate!  
What... what about me fuckin'  
eyes, Frankie? What's up with 'em?  
Move out of the way, Frank.  
Wait! Wait!  
What're you fuckin' doing?  
- He's gonna turn any second.  
- He's a mate!  
Get some fucking rope, Frank!  
This is bullshit.  
What the fuck is that?  
Well, this my friend,  
is a gas-powered harpoon.  
I built it for a mate,  
so he can hunt sharks in Perth.  
Is that thing legal?  
Don't be stupid.  
Does it work?  
I'd move out of the way  
if I were you.  
Fuck me! Bull's eye!  
Once that door goes up,  
that's it. We're on our way.  
Has everyone got  
everything they need?  
Yep.  
- Ready as we're gonna be.  
- Righto.  
Wait a minute!  
Frank?  
Yeah, mate?  
Did you turn the stove off?  
Right.  
Let it rip, Benny.  
Hey!  
What the fuck do you think  
you're doing?  
He fucking kicked me

in the balls!  
Get him up on the wall and  
get out of my lab, you moron!  
You call me a moron again,  
I'll fucking drop ya.  
By which you'll be demonstrating  
your superior intellect.  
Good comeback!  
These people!  
Honestly!  
Oi!  
Should we stop for petrol?  
I need to piss.  
I need to piss.  
You're gonna have to wait, mate.  
Barry..  
That means pull the truck over  
so I can urinate.  
Can't you hold on?  
We're nearly there.  
Just be quick.  
Mate, take the rifle.  
Frank, I'm just taking  
a piss, mate.  
Take the fuckin' rifle.  
Fuck.  
I can't hold the rifle  
and my massive cock  
at the same time, Frank.  
But if you want to come out and hold  
one of 'em, I'll be flattered mate!  
Fuck off!  
Come on, Benny. Hurry up.  
Don't pressure me, Barry.  
It's getting dark out here.  
Whoa.  
Hurry up, Benny.  
What the fuck!  
Get back in the truck,  
you fucking idiot!  
So what did you learn?  
- Never get out of the truck!  
- Let's get out of here.  
Are you, uh, gonna put

your cock away first?  
No!  
Alright.  
Oh, you're fucking joking!  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.  
They're not making any gas.  
He's empty you reckon?  
Nah, he's not empty.  
Have a look at him.  
Last night was Neville  
breathing the gas?  
Nah, that only really  
started up this morning.  
It's getting dark, ay.  
Yeah.  
They stop breathing  
the gas at night.  
That's why they're faster.  
They're using it themselves.  
We're fucked!  
Boys! Get in  
the fucking truck!  
Get in the truck, Frank.  
Get in the truck.  
Get your helmets on.  
Oh. Fuck me!  
It's gonna be a long night.  
What do ya reckon, Frank?  
This is the worst fuckin'  
nightmare of your life or what?  
No fuckin' way, mate.  
What the fuck  
could be worse than this?  
About 15 years ago  
the doctor told me my son  
had brain cancer.  
He was only 7-years-old.  
Talk about shitting yourself.  
He died in my arms.  
That was way worse than this.  
This is fuckin' nothin'.  
Sorry to hear about that, Frank.  
Yeah, well.  
These things happen, ay.

Baz?

So what I've been  
wondering is...

How come we're not like them?

How come we never turned?

Wyrwood.

What?

You never read the Bible?

Nah, man.

I don't read that shit.

In Revelations  
when the third angel  
blows his trumpet.

A star called Wyrwood  
falls to the Earth  
bringing a disease that kills  
a fuckload of people.

That's pretty much the beginning  
of the end Biblically speaking.

When I seen those  
meteor showers last night..

And then in the morning all these dead  
bastards come running outta the bushes  
I figured we were pretty deep into  
that final judgment, you know?

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

When the end comes  
all the good folks go upstairs, and  
all the bad folks go downstairs  
and there's a bunch of poor  
bastards left in the middle.

What happens to them?

They undergo a trial by fire.

They get tested by God.

So you reckon  
we're being tested right now?

Yeah.

I reckon we are.

I fucking hate tests.

I'm gonna try  
and get some sleep.

If one of them bastards gets in here  
and kills me, wake us up, will you?

Aah! What the fuck...

what the fuck's going on?

- Fuck!

- Is that fire?

- What happened?

- I don't know.

I shot one of them in the face  
and the fucker lit up.

What?

What did you do that for?

- Fuck. - If that fire reaches  
the compressor, we're stuffed.

You think

I don't know that, Frank?

- I'm going up there.

- No, you're fucking not.

There's a shitload of them  
things out there, mate.

What else am I gonna do?

Look, I'm gonna go out there  
and put the fire out.

Fuck those things!

Take the helmet.

Put it on.

Let's do this.

Fuck you!

You ugly fuckers!

Barry!

What the fuck's going on?

Fuck.

Barry!

Ah!

Lock it!

Fuck!

Frank, did it bite you?

Frank! Did it bite you, mate?

- The medical box.

- Ay?

The fucking...

The fucking medical box  
at your feet!

Oh.

You want some bandages?

Open it.



Oh, beers.  
- You want a beer, Frank?  
- What do you fucking reckon?  
Take a drink.  
Take a fucking drink!  
Gimme some.  
I can't do it.  
I'm Catholic. I can't do it.  
Come on, mate!  
It's okay.  
It's alright.  
I've had a good life.  
Just make sure  
you do it  
while I'm still me, yep.  
I'm really sorry, mate.  
Fucking do it!  
Mind if I finish this?  
Oh, oh, oh.  
Oh, fuck man.  
Fuck off, meathead.  
Oh, I think I'm gonna spew.  
I've got a pounding hangover.  
Oh, nice one.  
Gimme a hand with Frank.  
Come on.  
Nice one!  
Let's get  
the fuck out of here, ay!  
Yeah.  
Let's do it.  
You gonna say something?  
What's there to say?  
What was that?  
He's safe now.  
That crow will come  
and take his spirit.  
Nice.  
Come on, let's go.  
You boys military?  
Yeah.  
You guys know  
what's been going on here?  
- You fellas A negative

- What?  
- 'Course they're fucking A negative,  
Thommo. - What's he talking about?  
All we know is there's something  
in the air that's changing people.  
Anyone with an A negative blood  
type is unaffected.  
That's obviously you, fellas.  
People with any other  
blood type..  
Not so lucky.  
So where are you boys headed?  
North.  
- We're going to Bulla Bulla.  
- Bulla Bulla? Why?  
To get his sister.  
That's a pretty bad idea. We've  
just come from Bulla Bulla.  
It's not looking good  
there's infected everywhere.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, easy, fellas!  
Alright, look,  
we're all friends here, okay?  
We got a call from our captain  
about 10 minutes ago  
and now, he's in a roving unit,  
just down the road, okay?  
Now, he said, he picked up a  
couple of A negative blood types.  
Survivors just like you two.  
What was your sister's name?  
Brooke.  
Yeah, right.  
I'm pretty sure  
one of them was Brooke.  
Well, how about I go and radio our  
captain and confirm that for you, huh?  
Yeah, you do that.  
Well, they've definitely  
got a Brooke.  
Well, I wanna speak  
to whoever's on that radio.  
Listen, now you hear me out.  
Just relax, hop back in your car and

I will take you to your sister.  
Just tell me where she is.  
Look, mate, I don't even have  
time for this shit, alright?  
There are about a million things  
that I have to do right now.  
And you boys, you're pretty low  
on my priority list.  
So hop back in your car,  
and you follow me or don't.  
You're choice.  
Thommo, we're rolling.  
Well, what's it gonna be?  
We'll follow you.  
They seem like nice blokes..  
...or not.  
- I don't like it.  
- Don't like what?  
Don't know.  
That guy's full of shit.  
Fuck.  
It's time.  
You!  
What the fuck?  
Those lying fucks.  
That's Brooke!  
Brooke!  
Barry?  
Oh, shit!  
Quick!  
Jump!  
Jump!  
Quickly!  
- Shit!  
- They're shooting at us!  
Go! Go! Go!  
Hold on!  
Woo-hoo!  
- Fuck!  
- What's that sound?  
- Come on!  
- What's the problem?  
I don't know.  
You okay?

What happened back there?  
Oh, fuck me dead, Barry!  
They blew this joker's head off.  
Shit.  
We need to find a zombie fast.  
Zombie? What do  
we need a zombie for?  
This truck runs on zombies.  
No zombies, no truck.  
Come on, you dead bastards!  
Come and get it!  
Where are ya?  
You want a zombie?  
Yeah.  
I'll get you a zombie.  
Fuck!  
Brooke, what the fuck's  
wrong with your eyes?  
Don't shoot him.  
Shit!  
Alright, what the fuck  
just happened then?  
Where do you want him?  
Back of the truck.  
She can control fucking zombies!  
What?  
Come on.  
- What are we waiting for?  
- We need mask on that thing's mouth.  
- What mask?  
- The mask! The blue fucking mask!  
Okay. Go!  
The joke's on me now, bro.  
You okay?  
Nah I'm fucked.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Putting pressure on the  
wound. It'll stop the bleeding.  
Just fuckin'  
warn me next time, ay?  
Sorry.  
You're better-looking  
than your brother.  
So are you.

I'm Brooke.  
I know.  
I'm Benny.  
Thanks for helping  
me out back there, Benny.  
No problem, darling.  
Nice to finally meet ya.  
I wish I could say  
I'd heard a lot about ya.  
But your brother there is  
a bit of a tight-lipped bastard.  
Yeah.  
I guess it runs in the family.  
Hey, Barry?  
Where's Annie and Megan?  
They're dead.  
My brother Mulla  
he's up there in the trees  
laughing at me the bastard.  
Barry, we're gonna have  
to pull over. Benny's not good.  
Fuck.  
Alright, I'm gonna  
pull off road.  
There you go, mate.  
It's a nice day for it.  
Oi! I want you  
to leave me here, bro.  
Don't be stupid.  
Listen to me.  
Just give me a gun  
and plenty of bullets.  
I can take care of meself.  
I know you can, mate.  
There's no bloody way  
I'm leavin' you here.  
Let's take a look  
at this thing, ay?  
Shit.  
You two gotta  
keep moving, you know that.  
Fuck that bullshit.  
We're gonna patch you up and  
we're all leaving here together.

No, I'm not getting  
back in that truck.  
Yeah, you are.  
Brooke?  
Brooky!  
Brooke!  
You alright?  
Oh, God! Fuck me! No.  
Something's happening to me.  
Come here.  
I killed them both.  
Could you do it for me?  
I don't know if I can.  
Give me the gun.  
Will you hold my hand?  
Give me the gun.  
Run! Go! Come on fuckheads!  
Wakey, wakey.  
Call to your sister.  
Go fuck yourself!  
Thompson.  
Rubber bullets.  
They pack quite  
a punch though, don't they?  
You wanna know what  
the real one feels like, mate?  
The real one  
feels like shit, Barry.  
Call to your sister.  
Nah, she'll be right.  
Go and get the pliers.  
Call to your sister.  
Fuck you!  
Fuck me!  
You ever seen 'em move that fast  
in the daytime before, boss?  
McLaughlin.  
- Yes, boss.  
- Take another nail out.  
Stop!  
Oh, shit.  
Put 'em on.  
Ah, fuck this shit!  
Come on!

Leave her alone,  
you fucking bastards.  
Shut up, dickhead.  
Easy, easy.  
Sorry about him.  
Listen up.  
They want us to take the girl's head off  
and chuck it in the icebox for later.  
Fuck yeah.  
Actually, boss, I've got  
just the thing for this.  
- It's over in the truck.  
- Go and get it now.  
Hey, Benny.  
You got those matches  
on you mate?  
Yeah.  
Gimme 'em, ay?  
Why?  
I'm gonna take us all out.  
Ay?  
See that compressor up there?  
I'm gonna blow it up.  
Be like a fucking  
atom bomb went off.  
Can we talk about  
a possible alternative?  
We got no time, mate.  
We're dead anyway,  
you know that.  
I got a better idea.  
Fuck's sake, what?  
I let him up there bite me.  
What the fuck  
are you talking about?  
I've got a number 7 killer  
boomerang hidden under the truck.  
Sharp as fuck.  
- A boomerang?  
- Yeah.  
Your sister,  
she can control zombies.  
Yeah, so?  
So, I'll be a zombie.

That bloke she killed  
over there..  
His gun.  
What?  
Benny, give me  
the fucking matches. Now.  
You want a head taken off?  
You use a fuckin' sword.  
Where the fuck did you get that?  
Who cares?  
Let's get this done.  
Fuck yeah, boss.  
Leave her alone,  
you fucking bastards.  
Fuckin' touch her...  
Benny they're about to chop  
my sister's fucking head off.  
Now give me the fucking matches.  
What about my idea?  
What about your idea?  
You're rambling.  
You're not making  
any fucking sense, mate.  
I'm rambling, am I?  
Give me the  
fucking matches, Benny.  
McLaughlin, you help me  
hold her down?  
Thompson, you're cutting.  
With pleasure, boss.  
- You want the matches?  
- For fuck's sake, now.  
Here's the matches.  
Fucking wanker.  
Come on.  
Come here, you bastard.  
You're going down, ball buster.  
One.  
Two.  
Three.  
Drop the gun or they attack.  
No!  
No!  
No!



No!  
You fuckers!  
Ah, fuck!  
I'm guessing you're not  
an A negative blood type, mate.  
You're done, son.  
Just a matter of time.  
Well played.  
There's more at stake here  
than you know, mate.  
It's not about you,  
or you sister, or your mates.  
It's about the survival  
of the human fucking race, mate!  
Do you understand?  
You're a piece of shit.  
You wanna fight me, mate?  
I wanna rip  
your fucking head off.  
Fuck it.  
You and me go round and round.  
Come on then,  
take a fucking swing.  
Come on.  
Come on, mate. Don't you fucking  
pussy out on me now. Stand up.  
Good boy.  
Now, I could snap your fucking  
neck in half, right now.  
Oh, you...  
Oh, fuck!  
Never... never ever..  
Grab a man's balls  
in a fist fight.  
It shows low character.  
What about using a gun?  
You're a fucking dog.  
Dog, am I?  
You're the fucking dog, mate.  
Jesus Christ.  
Fuckin', this shit is over,  
mate, alright?  
I'm telling ya, some blokes..  
Just don't know..

When..  
To quit.  
Well, there you go.  
You're right back  
where you started.  
Didn't exactly rip my fucking  
head off did ya, mate?  
Fuck, hey.  
Shit.  
They are fucking disgusting.  
Where are you going mate?  
You were doing so fucking well.  
Now what are you  
going to do with those?  
Oi!  
What the fuck?  
Get on the fucking ground  
and put your hands on your head.  
So, what's in the truck?  
Get down  
on the fucking ground now!  
Wrong answer.  
You mother fuckers.