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Fuck and Dance Vol. 62 - Sperma für Jeannie und alle anderen Partyluder!

By Unknown

No?

Come on, it's fun.

- Add some yogurt to it.

- No!

Hello.

You woke up...

- No playing Game Boy!

- Yes!

- Come on, we're making ice cream!

- No!

- Everything alright?

- Yes.

What?

It suits you very well.

Maybe your uncle

will call you more often now.

What's so awful about me?

Listen, if you can't stand someone,
me for example, it's not all that bad.

It's only bad if you don't tell me.

Because then I don't even know if...

if it's something I can change or not.

Answer me,

I want to know why you think I'm so awful.

- You know what?

- What?

Just say,

"I hate you."

I hate you.

Louder!

You can do it much louder, "I hate you!"

- I hate you!

- And now,

- "I detest you."

- I detest you!

And now quietly and really mean,

"Never call me again."

Never call me again.

Right, and now shoot me dead.

EVERYONE ELSE:

I forgot to strip your bed,

those sheets are ours.

Come on, I'll take them with me.

Who knows when I'll see you again?

Rebecca will flip out.

Sorry.

- Bye.

- Bye.

We have to discuss our sex life.

I can't manage it anymore.

So I've called for reinforcements.

Hi, who are you?

- You sure are small!

- "So that's Gitti..."

"She's as hot as you said, Chris, really."

Stop groping me!

What?

Hey, he's...

He's saying something.

Can you hear him, too?

Schnappi wants to know

what a penis actually is.

Because he'd like to be one,

but needs a bit more information.

I told him that he's much too small

in the first place,

and that he shouldn't be so dirty.

Do you hear him, too, or is it just me?

I hear him, too.

- But he said something else to me.

- What?

That you should shut up when I'm reading.

- No, he didn't say that.

- Yes, he did.

Don't move.

Hello!

Yoo-hoo!

What are you doing?

- Who was that?

- "Wine-Heinz," our neighbor.

Man, for a second I thought...

Hans had found out where we are

and I look like a transvestite...

- It's not a vacation if I have to see him.

- Who?

- Hans.

- We don't have to see anyone.

That would've been so "him."
Hans is such a "coincidental guy."
He coincidentally comes by
when something coincidentally happens
and he coincidentally meets someone
who introduces him...
Like with "documenta,"
when he was called by accident.
Did you see his work there?
Yeah, it was really good.
It's very "in" without being stupid.
"Rebellious architecture."
Pity.
That's how you like me, as a girl.
Yes...
it somehow suits you.
Do you think I'm masculine?
- Yeah.
- Right.
No, I'm laughing at the question.
I always thought it'd come naturally,
with age.
But nothing's happening.
- Except for my hair falling out.
- Your hair's falling out?
No, I think you're completely beautiful.
And sexy.
You don't have to be masculine!
What do you mean by that?
Then do something masculine
and see if I notice.
God, I can't think of anything.
- I just have to win the competition.
- Exactly.
You just feel a bit unsuccessful.
Man, I never wanted to be unsuccessful.
You're not unsuccessful.
- Did I tell you that I called them?
- No.
The guy knew our proposal right away.
I promise it'll work out. I know it.
- Why are you laughing?
- Because you're such a terrible actor.
What?

With your arm.
You've never done that before.
But I wasn't acting!
And did they announce the runners-up?
Same old story...
it wasn't too complicated.
Philip, that isn't true.
It wasn't too complicated.
Hey, don't be sad.
Yes, see you, bye.
And?
Hasn't been decided yet.
They need more time.
Pity.
But maybe that's a good sign, right?
- It's no sign at all.
- How's Philip?
Good.
My TV time's over, right?
You don't even understand anything.
You're just staring!
Are you crazy, forbidding me to watch TV?
Are you sad? Hey.
No, just tired.
You looked sad.
- Can I ask you something?
- No.
Do you hate me sometimes?
What kind of question is that?
For example, in the living room just now.
There was something in your eyes.
That was hate.
- I hate you sometimes...
- I didn't ask you.
- But I hate when you...
- I didn't ask you!
Please lie on top of me.
With all of your weight.
So, are we going to a disco? Please?
- No.
- Please, please.
It's Friday, please, let's go dancing.
I'll take you to a disco.
- Please!

- No, everything's closed.
Everything's open.
- Please, come dancing.
- No.
- Please, please, please...
- No, I don't want to...
Please, Chris, please.
Are you nuts?
What?
What does that mean?
I said you look great.
You don't want to go.
Can you please speak German?
- Your mother is really quirky.
- Look, disco!
Lots of action here...
it's usually packed.
Maybe we're too early.
And how is the music?
Great, let's go straight to the dance floor.
Come on, show me what you've got!
Be the dancing bear!
Come on.
- This sucks.
- Do it.
You're so stupid!
Can't we do it without one? It's much nicer.
It's much nicer without one.
I love you.
I love you.
No, don't always answer like that.
You make me so happy, Gitti.
I'm so lucky to have met you.
You were the most beautiful woman
in the whole disco.
I love you.
What's there to reconstruct here?
It's already perfect.
I don't think I'll reconstruct anything.
This is a renovation, not a reconstruction.
I'd do it. It'd be fun, something different.
You can't really mean that.
So...
The owner wants a lounge area here

with a curving bar.
All with a Japanese touch.
No more country style.
And I'll rent an SUV, drive up to the site
and yell at the Italians.
And if you really earn so much money,
I'll come and help you.
Get serious. You don't want me
to pick out curtains for this place.
No, I just thought
you could really make it great.
- Why not try something new?
- Because it has nothing to do with me.
I would do it.
- Let's take a nap.
- I don't think I can get a hard-on here.
My father thinks I could
make some contacts.
If you win the competition,
you won't have the time to do it anyway.
Or could you do both?
Let's go hiking before it gets too late.
They should just
knock down the whole thing.
My God.
Shit, you're bleeding all over.
Shit, I bled all over.
Grab something to wipe it up.
Who closed the door?
- We're going to the hospital.
- I want to go hiking.
You're crazy, we're going to the hospital!
Right.
Have a nice flight.
Yes, have fun. Bye.
- Still feeling sick?
- Yes, a bit.
- Who was that anyway?
- The guitarist from The Shames.
The Shames...
Why do you let them depend on you?
Anyone can book a flight.
Well, I guess they like me.
What a Schnappisaster.

A Schnappilemma.

A...

Schnapptastrophe.

- One Schnappucino, please.

- Schnappussy!

Are you schnapped up?

You're the Schnappussy.

- You're still lying there!

- Where have you been the whole time?

We're invited on a motorboat trip.

By whom?

Two Germans. I met them in a caf.

But why?

Because they have a boat
and I said we'd like to go for a ride.

And who are they? What do they do?

I don't know what they do,
something normal. They're really nice.

Nice?

"Authentic people"

like Ingrid and Rainer from the ferry,
whose mobile home

you found so very fascinating?

Don't be so arrogant!

Pretending to be like them is arrogant, too.

Look, I brought you a piece of pie.

And then,

I bought something for myself.

Which I don't really like.

Stand up straight!

I don't like it, I feel so bourgeois.

Looks good, you can wear that.

What happened to Schnappi?

We banged heads.

What did you do the whole time?

Lie there?

In that tragic pose...

I was thinking.

About what?

About everything.

About myself.

About yourself?

- What's there to think about...

- Can't we talk normally?

Yes, sorry.

What were you thinking about?

I don't know what to do.

Everything seems so silly to me.

- Us?

- I'm not talking about us, now listen!

- You're not listening!

- Yes, I am.

What's so silly?

What we all do.

How I live.

My work.

Were you thinking about the villa?

I think you have to take a risk.

You're too afraid.

You're so afraid of

committing to something.

Maybe that's idealistic,

but it's not very brave, either.

I don't mean just your work.

I mean everything, you don't even notice it!

You can't take 14 days for one decision.

Or endlessly consider

inviting two people to dinner.

That's total standstill!

You're so desperately intent

on not letting anything restrict you

or distract you from your ideals.

Sure, theoretically you're free

to go anywhere you want,

but then you really have to do it.

It's always, "I should do this or that,
no, this, no, that..."

Then you don't do any of it!

Because you're attached

to your studio, bikes and books

like people are to their children.

Then you show off your independence,

forcing Philip to tell you

how much he misses his freedom

because of his family.

But what you don't see,

and he probably doesn't admit,

is how nice it is to come home

to where his children are sleeping.
He's free to leave the apartment again.
But maybe he'd rather just
lie in bed with his girlfriend.
Why not take a risk?
If it doesn't work out, so what?
I'd like to live with you.
We could try it out.
You can have your room with some hay
and a light bulb so you feel at home.
Sorry that I talked so much,
but I've wanted to tell you that
for a long time.
Why do you think you know me so well?
I wanted to talk
about something completely different.
Set the table.
Will I never find out
what you wanted to tell me?
Sometimes I want so badly
to be different for you.
Why? How do you want to be?
Sometimes it could be a woman
in the street or in a restaurant.
Then I picture you two being a couple
and it seems to fit better.
The women are mostly
very different from me.
Then I can't stop thinking
I should be different for you.
Or at least I'd wish to be,
because I think
I'd make you much happier
if I were different.
And sometimes I think
I should show you more often
that I admire you.
How much I love you.
Because I love everything about you.
- You don't have to.
- But I do.
And then I think that if I were different,
I could get to know you in another way.
That's my saddest thought,

that I can't get to know you in that way.
Sometimes I'd really like to be different.
That's pretty immature, I guess.
No, I've had such thoughts, too.
I always think I'm too boring for you.
When I first met you,
I always pictured myself
entering a room where you are
and you'd say something to me
and I'd just jump out of a window
to surprise you.
But that's sad.
Yes, no, I wouldn't die,
I'd just casually fly out like Batman.
That's not very consistent.
You should die for me.
- What's that? We don't need that.
- Schnappi needs it.
Schnappi eats what Schnappi gets!
There.
Sorry, can I pass?
Sana, wait, they have light beer here.
Are you out of your mind?
Come here!
- What is it?
- It's Hans.
What should we do?
Oh, God, Hans! What should we do?
Over there!
Hi.
Quietly!
Wondrascheck!
I got you!
I can't believe it. Hans!
What a coincidence!
- Look, Gitti, I coincidentally ran into Hans.
- No, how funny!
What a coincidence! Hello, I'm Gitti.
- Has your vacation turned that bad already?
- Yes, right.
Sana, come here!
- Look who I caught up with.
- What a coincidence!
- Nice to see you!

- My wife.

Nonsense!

What happened to you?

It's not that bad.

I hit myself with something.

The glass door wouldn't see it like that.

At last we meet!

I always bore Hans so quickly.

- We definitely would've called you.

- I doubt that.

Definitely. We didn't know

you were already here.

I don't believe a word.

But you can't escape me.

I instinctively strolled around the corner.

- We've never met, right?

- No, we haven't.

Sorry, I meet so many people.

Good that you know for sure.

Now to my offer.

We bought some great lamb, you'll come

right over and we'll barbecue.

Oh, yes.

Actually, we're going on a boat trip.

Maybe we can miss that.

- We could bring them, too.

- We don't know those people.

Come over!

It's pretty impolite of us not to show up,

isn't it?

- Are you still talking?

- Yes.

I didn't know you knew him so well.

The way you hugged...

He's always like that.

I thought they'd be even worse.

Why are you taking that off?

It hasn't even healed.

Are you taking it off because of them?

Let's secretly turn around

and go on the boat trip!

Relax.

- No, no!

- I'm not sick!

- Here.

- You want me to get really fat, right?

Right.

I have to tell them.

Sana is pregnant.

- Congratulations!

- Yes, congratulations.

- Can't even see it.

- Yes, you can!

- I hope I don't become too fat.

- We've been playing "parents," too.

Chris' sister was here with her children,
but we weren't very successful.

- Really?

- Yes.

It belongs to a painter friend of ours,
Ulrich Wulff,

- the guy with the noses.

- I don't know him.

Take a seat.

And over there she picked the apple naked.

- You can open that.

- Okay.

Your parents chose a very special island.

- You'll have to give us some tips.

- Yes, sure. No problem.

Is Hans reading that?

No, Hans wouldn't. I'm reading it.

This is from a nearby farm, really delicious.

- Delicious.

- Come on...

- Have you been to Sardinia often?

- No, it's my first time.

It's a great island.

I always say, "Great, great, great.
"Great island. Great in Sardinia..."

- We opened the champagne for you?

- Yes, I thought we'd have a toast.

You're the first ones we've told.

Really? Great!

- Then here's to you.

- Yes, good luck.

My girlfriend has a dress by you.

She guards it with her life.

I also think your stuff is great.

I just can't afford it.

I can't either.

Sana is so successful, I had
to impregnate her to balance things out.

Finally the truth comes out!

You think that suits me, being a father?

- Sure, it suits everyone.

- I don't know...

Well, we don't know each other that well.

We don't? We know each other pretty well.

Sure we do, but we're not really...

A friend of yours could judge that better.

- Gitti, he talks about me a lot, doesn't he?

- Yes, every single night!

- Just what I imagined.

- Just what I thought...

You're my only friend.

Maybe you could become friends.

Exactly.

Am I just pregnant

or do you two have crazy dreams here, too?

- I don't dream much.

- I had such a funny dream.

Last night, I dreamt that Larissa,
the artist, and I had adopted a giraffe.

We were sitting on a little hill,
drinking coffee, waiting for the giraffe.

And when they brought the giraffe to us,

I realized the hill

was exactly as high as the giraffe.

We were so stressed out

and I was so afraid!

Suddenly, Hans showed up.

And he touched the giraffe confidently,
like a pro,

as if he'd never

done anything else in his life!

That was so comforting.

Hans greeted the giraffe so calmly.

He was the only one

who could really handle the giraffe.

What could that mean?

I don't think it's very subtle.

That's what's so embarrassing!
It's not embarrassing
not to have profound dreams.
You're right.
Chris, tell us what you're doing.
Don't be so secretive.
All kinds of things.
I might do something here on the island,
reconstruct a villa.
And? Something good?
It could be. We'll see.
And what are you up to?
I've been working too much.
I need to collect my thoughts.
We worked for the "documenta"
for 18 months.
Built a new orangery.
I'm a bit clueless right now.
I'm here to recover and lose weight so I
don't look so bad when the baby arrives.
- But was it fun?
- Of course, it was great.
- That guy should do something like that.
- What guy?
Your boyfriend.
- He's really good, but he's a romantic.
- Why's he a romantic?
Because he believes in
a world that doesn't exist.
That's a bit too mystical for me.
I don't know what you mean.
If you win a cool competition
and don't see it through
just because your design
is combined with another,
it's not idealistic, it's stupid.
It bothers me, too, but I have some red wine
and cheese with the people,
act like my ideas are theirs,
and in the end I have my way.
Why are you talking to me
when he's sitting here?
Because I'm talking to you.
Chris knows what I think

and that I'd always help him.

With old-fashioned clichs and lectures?

He doesn't need them.

- He didn't mean it like that.

- Of course he did. You're annoyed, too.

- Come on.

- "Come on!"

- I find you a bit too patronizing.

- Well, that's how I am.

- I don't care how you are!

- Stop it now!

- That's enough!

- Hello, this is silly.

We all think, especially Hans,
that Chris does great work.

I'll get you all a grappa
to calm things down.

I've never called anyone but Chris a genius.

It's true. I don't know anyone
who can design such complex things

- in a simple, intelligent way.

- You're doing it again.

What?

You judge everything so generously!

I don't need to talk to you about this.

- You really are a Brunhilde.

- Yes.

Constantly defending her man.

I'm not a Brunhilde,

I just don't want to listen to everything.

We don't have it easy, do we.

You're so embarrassing.

Voil.

- You're not angry, are you?

- Nonsense!

I just want to see you do something.

What are you up to?

Still working with Philip?

Yes, that's really good.

We complement each other perfectly.

But he's getting nervous. He thinks our
designs are too expensive and complicated.

He has two children...

I recently saw your cool row-house design.

Yes, unfortunately it wasn't built either.

Do you know the Iowa Competition people?

Yes, they all used to work at Hausmann.

Totally conservative assholes.

We submitted something in a rush,

but it didn't work out.

Yeah...

We submitted something, too,

but unfortunately it didn't work out either.

Our design was really good.

They just give each other awards.

You didn't tell me that.

No.

I don't even want to know

who's going to do that cool museum.

You failure.

Thanks.

- What is that?

- What?

This? My new backpack.

- You're not taking that.

- Yes, I am.

- What's inside?

- I can't say.

- No!

- I'm not walking with that.

You don't have to.

I won't carry it.

Oh, Chris.

It's a surprise.

Tell me what's in it.

It's a paraglider.

You don't know everything about me.

I used to do it a lot.

I want to fly into the valley with you.

Really, I want to do it with you.

Really!

Sorry.

Sorry,

but you totally believed me!

Not at all.

Yes, you did.

Sorry.

Sorry, I'm really sorry.

- Stay on the path.

- Why?

They converge up ahead.

- Is it still far?

- What?

The spot you're looking for.

- Are we even on the right mountain?

- Yes, I know that.

Great...

Don't look!

Champagne?

I think I know where it is now,
up there a bit.

We can go there if you're sure.

I'm sure, but let's just stay here.

Look at all that stuff.

I'm not getting drunk here.

I'll make you a plate.

Why didn't you tell me
about the competition?

I don't know, there wasn't the opportunity.

The whole week?

Sorry it didn't work out.

I understand that people
don't want to say things sometimes.

I just wanted to say
that you're doing everything right
and it's great how you think about things...

Yes, and I don't care
if you're successful or anything.

You know that, don't you?

Let's move on.

It's great that we can still get lost.

We're not lost.

- Why don't you trust me?

- Because we're lost!

I can't walk another five hours.

Do you have to run like a maniac?

You're such an asshole!

Haven't you noticed
that I can't walk anymore?

Do you need to be faster than I am?

There you are.

Thanks.

I'm driving to the city
to have a drink with Hans.
But I can't stay here alone.
Why can't you stay here alone?
- Because I'm afraid.
- Right.
Why don't you take me with you?
I want to come with you.
- But I don't want you to come with me.
- Why not?
Because you can't behave normally.
What does that mean?
I don't want to relive a situation
like the other night.
Then just tell me what you want
and how you want me to be.
- Just watch how other people act.
- But I don't want to act like everyone else.
Do you want a Sana?
"Oh, the giraffe only trusted Hans."
All you do is exaggerate.
I'm much more normal.
- Let me go.
- No, I'm much more normal!
Oh, I'm so normal, unbelievably normal!
Yes, I'm much more normal!
Are you insane?
Think someone's going to strangle you?
Why are you awake so early?
I woke up.
Was it that bad?
I didn't sleep very well.
Why are you so wet?
- Drunken Hans threw me into the pool.
- Into which pool?
I spontaneously showed Hans the villa.
Thanks.
What did Hans think of the villa?
Interesting.
Possibly...
Are you going to do it now?
Yes, maybe.
I'm going to meet the owner first.
I made it clear to him

that I won't make any compromises.

Good.

I'm going to bed, I'm tired.

Do you still like me?

But you do still love me?

I'm going to the villa tomorrow morning
to measure something.

Okay.

I can do something else.

What a coincidence!

I was just thinking.

I know him from somewhere...

What are you doing here?

I wanted to exchange the dress.

Then I suddenly liked it.

Then I took a walk.

Take a seat.

Sure.

- I didn't know you were meeting in the city.

- We weren't, I was just hungry.

- Did you buy something?

- Yes.

For your mother.

Why?

To thank her for the house.

You'll think it's ugly.

Show it to me.

It's cute, she'll definitely like it.

- The meeting was really nice.

- Yeah?

You might have a very rich boyfriend soon.

He was really excited about my work.

And he's interested in architecture,
or at least he acts like he is.

I considered trying to get him
to build something new.

Really?

I'm really happy for you.

No, thanks.

Is it good?

I want to meet Hans and Sana again.

I can meet them alone

or we can invite them over.

No, let's invite them over.

Think you can handle that?

Yes.

I think it's a good idea, too.

I told them Saturday.

I can cook something.

Hello, Gitti?

I wasn't sure it was you.

My boyfriend...

- Hi, I'm Sandra.

- Hi.

Hello, we're the Petersens.

Yes, I'm sorry. We didn't show up.

- Yes, we noticed that.

- I'm sorry.

I forgot we had a previous engagement.

- Oh, you're the ones with the boat.

- Exactly.

We're sorry, we coincidentally ran into
a fellow student of mine

- and just couldn't say "no."

- The offer still stands!

Definitely, but I have so little time,
I'm working on the island, a reconstruction.

- Chris is an architect.

- Interesting!

- I really didn't recognize you, nice dress.

- Thanks.

- Maybe it's just the makeup.

- No, it's everything.

I really wasn't sure of myself!

- The offer still stands!

- That's totally nice of you.

I would've loved to go on a boat trip again.

Well then...

- Bye.

- Bye.

What are your ideas for the villa?

I have 1,000 ideas.

I thought I'd tear it down

and ask him afterwards how he wants it.

I'll be finished in a minute.

I'm so afraid of losing you.

Don't answer like that.

How should I answer?

I love you?
I'd do anything for you.
I'll never leave you.
Something like that?
Yes.
What are you doing?
I want them to be afraid
of what we're going to do with them.
What's that?
It's spooky.
Nobody would understand this.
But we understand it.
It's somehow not funny.
Please.
I don't think it's funny.
Hans wants to name her Basmati
if it's a girl.
Brunhilde!
We were thinking
of inviting the neighbors...
We're so sorry, we just couldn't find it.
You look good!
- Here's a small gift.
- Thanks.
That looks just like the other bunker.
Nonsense, it's a hillside location.
I'm worried about you.
It's nice to see you again.
Yes.
It suits you well.
Thanks.
Man, was I drunk! If you told me
we were here, I'd believe you in a second.
- Did you talk to him again?
- Yes, we're negotiating.
I hope I gave you good advice
in my drunken state.
Make sure you don't get lost
in the architecture scene here, okay?
- It could be really interesting.
- Really?
The guy's not that bad.
It's totally cute here.
You went to a lot of trouble.

That looks really good.
Thanks.
It's really good!
A perversely good sauce!
You can really cook!
Come into my wigwam, wigwam
And relax with me!
Rainbow Johnny, Rainbow Johnny
Let's be happy together!
Rainbow Johnny, Rainbow Johnny
Don't ever leave me again!
That's why I love him!
Enough!
Sure, a little piece.
This is our official reconciliation.
You've done well.
It tasted great.
Where did you learn that?
Maybe I can send Sana there, too.
What's your profession? We didn't ask you
and have been speculating for days.
I work for Universal, the music label,
in public relations.
I mediate between bands and journalists.
- Gitti's dealing with The Shames.
- Who?
- The Shames, a young band.
- Shames...
Right, you told us about that...
Sana bet you're a photographer.
I bet "kindergarten teacher"
after my experience with you.
Gitti would be
an unconventional kindergarten teacher.
Do you want to tell it? About Rebecca?
How should I tell that?
Gitti taught my sister's daughter
how to shoot someone.
Rebecca wanted nothing to do with us,
but we had to take care of her,
so Gitti was fed up and told her you have to
tell someone when you hate them.
First she taught her to say,
"I hate you."

Then Gitti let Rebecca shoot her.
She told her to use a pistol
and then fell dead into the pool.
My sister was totally horrified.
Cute.
Unconventional indeed.
Now what have you been hiding from us?
Wow, it's totally wild here!
- I want a tour of the house!
- Hans...
What are you doing?
And this is your pleasure grotto?
Your parents' bedroom?
And you sleep here?
Yes.
I always wanted one of these.
Gitti changes behind that.
My therapist told me not to overdo it
and said that I should use a sheet
for the hard stuff.
What in heaven's name is that?
My mother collects this crap.
Don't be so mean.
What's mean about that?
- Not that, Chris.
- Why? My mother loves showing this.
My mother's paradise!
Wow, how enchanting!
Crazy.
- They're made of glass, right?
- That's perverse, isn't it?
Hans, come over with your ax some day...
Goodness, how sweet!
No!
- My God!
- Don't touch!
Open it up.
There's something in every one!
Read it aloud.
"Life isn't enough," said the butterfly.
"You need freedom,
sunshine and a little flower."
- Hans Christian Andersen.
- I'm going to throw up.

It's so touching, I feel like crying.
It's so full of yearning here.
- And what does she do here?
- Daydream...
Cool stereo.
Oh, no, come on.
It's Grnemeyer!
I used to be a total Grnemeyer fan!
Goodness.
I just thought of you
tenderly
Of you carefully and gently
driving me totally crazy
You came whenever you wanted
left at eight in the morning
A thousand and one
nights
I love you so much, so much
more than you realize
I love you so much, so much
even when you're not on my side
You didn't want to be attached to me
to keep me for too long
I dreamt of having a family with you
but for you it was much too early
There are certainly better guys
different from me
You want to look around first
one never knows
I love you so much, so much
more than ever before
I love you so much, so much
I take it with a sense of humor
Call me again...
I'm sorry, people, but this is torture.
- Can I help you?
- No.
Are you crazy?
- I have the feeling you'll fly in tonight.
- I don't think so.
You'll see, my love.
You haven't swum all day.
You'll fit in there perfectly.
I didn't know your parents were so rich.

They're not.
They just chose the wrong pool size.
I'm a bit envious that you can work here.
Yes, you've said that already.
Pregnant women are so boring!
- Don't you dare, stop it.
- Here's dessert.
You're overdue, honey.
Come on, let's eat dessert.
No, stop it... I'm pregnant...
No, Chris. Please don't!
You're assholes.
What assholes.
So, do you have a towel for me?
Know what?
Go upstairs and tell them you're sick
because you're pregnant
and you want to go home.
Well, Gitti, thanks for the delicious roast.
You definitely have
to give Sana a cooking class.
Bye, see you soon.
Take care.
Thanks a lot for the nice invitation.
Sure. Thanks for coming.
I'm sorry.
I'm going inside.
There you are.
- Aren't you cold?
- No.
Wait.
I love you so much.
I don't want to go to the beach, I'm tired.
You can sleep on the beach.
Go ahead, I'll be there in a bit.
Come on, it's beautiful there.
No, I'm going back.
Yes, he told me that, too.
Right.
Just call me later a couple of times
and say you need me urgently next week.
I'll tell you later.
Yes, you'll have to tell me all about it.
Then call me tomorrow

when you know more, okay?

Bye.

- Who was that?

- Daphne.

They're stressed out

and will probably need me sooner.

They'll call me back tomorrow.

That's not what you just said.

I don't love you anymore.

I'm flying home.

Can you talk to me?

What were you trying to pull on the phone?

Why don't you love me anymore?

No reason.

I don't believe you.

Because you're a weakling.

That doesn't hurt me.

Then why did you sleep with me

without a condom?

Don't worry, I won't have a child with you.

You want me to pretend

to be a guy who reconstructs villas and

invites you to dinner? How courageous!

You want your life to be easy and fun!

You tell me to take risks?

You sit there in your damned sweatpants

and give me clever advice!

What are your ideals, anyway?

You only watch me

or change your clothing style.

Don't you think you're desperate, too,

when you hop about like Sana?

- I just wanted to see if you liked it.

- I don't like it.

I know you love me.

I'm sorry that you think that.

There are tears in your eyes.

Because I feel sorry for you!

- You really think I'm that ridiculous?

- Yes.

If I'm such a pitiful guy,

you should really leave.

What is this?

Gitti, is everything alright?

What's wrong?

Stop jerking me around.

I don't know what you're trying to tell me.

Yes?

Hi, Daphne, this is Chris.

No, she's not here. She's at the beach.

Yes, I'll tell her.

Yes, she will.

Bye.

That was Daphne, she wants a return call.

But you already know that.

Can you please stop?

Can you stop this show?

What is this crap?

Look at me.