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Boxer a smrt

By Unknown

SLOVAK FILM INSTITUTE

presents

THE BOXER AND DEATH

Screenplay:

Music:

Setting:

Edited by:

Sound:

Cast:

Executive Producer:

Director of Photography:

Directed by:

Made by the Film Studio
in Bratislava

You have been fantastic.

Fantastic...

The fantastic training.

You can't complain!

No other boxer has such
opportunities.

Opportunities?

They are but flies!

Better than nothing.

Train with them. You'll keep
yourself in trim.

My manager is also so naive.

He asks me if I train hard.

That's just like you.

Be glad he counts with you!

You'll come back to the ring
and have a good name again.

The only thing that matters.

If that was so simple...

Will it last long?

No.

- Nine escaped?

- Three of them were Jews.

Do away with it!
You wanted to say several words.
Right!
Flies!
You knew what would happen
if you escaped.
The camp life has its rules.
You have broken them.
You have fouled.
Liquidate!
The commander said it in plain
language.
There is nothing to add.
For amoral people,
for the enemies of the Reich there
are only two ways to freedom:
Through the chimney and through work.
You have chosen the first one.
Yet, one must be inwardly prepared
also for the fair death.
Asshole! Always patronising me.
You were in a hurry,
you can wait until morning.
Down! Up! Down! Up!...
Faster!
Down, you bastard!
Quiet!
Are you tired?
Such an escape is tiring, isn't it?
How is that possible...?
Psychologist!
- A boxer?
- Yes, sir.
Welterweight?
No.
Middle?
Cruiser.
- You lie.
- No... I... looked differently.
Name?
Amateur?
Come!
Stop staring!
Take off the clothes!

Come on!
What's going on here?
Commander prepares a tragedy
with a convict.
It's a rehearsal for a comedy.
I am so delighted!
Holder will be more.
Really? The better!
What row do you prefer
the tickets for, gentlemen?
Unfortunately, I am both
the referee and the timekeeper.
And I am objective audience.
Here's the rival!
Willie, tie his gloves!
The first match without a penny.
Finished!
Referee!
The commander won K.O.
in the first round.
You are in great form!
What a rival he was!
He had fought for one minute
and 35 seconds.
It's a pity I didn't examine him
before the match.
Holder, he is yours now.
Must you do that?
Look how thin he is!
What could you have expected
from him?
He is at least 15 kilograms lighter
than his original weight was.
I am also useless when I am hungry.
I even can't polish my boots.
Though you are not trained
you withstood enough.
Do you think...?
Willie, you'll feed him up!
He must put on four kilograms
in three days.
Four? Is it possible?
Yes, it is.
It could be interesting

as an experiment.
We shall try it in three days again.
We shall see then what he'll be good for.
Come here!
What's the rush?
All in good time.
Up to the scales!
Seventy-five.
Eleven less now.
Eat!
That's all I needed!
I have but trouble with you.
Do you enjoy the German food?
Yet, you always complain, gourmets!
By the way, where are you from?
- Hjniky...
- Is it in Europe?
In Slovakia.
Do you know a Gabika there?
She lived in Pressburg.
It's a pity. A great girl.
I would travel every month to see her.
She used to dress very nicely.
I don't know why I dumped her.
It was the scent.
I hate it.
You wouldn't say that, would you?
Well, enough!
Come to the scales!
You will overload,
die in the most pleasant way
but I will pay for that.
Such is life!
There is no justice in the world.
Kraft gets loads of money
for half an hour of boxing.
Do you also say loads?
And what for?
Any knife is better than
the strongest blow.
You ate almost a kilogram.
I'll fatten you up like a pig,
don't worry.
The commander must have something

what to beat.

Have some of this and come
for supper!

- All right.

- **You must say:**

- Yes, Sturmmann!

- Mr. Willie!

Up!

Get up, man!

The convict number 65...

You're sleeping and forgetting
your duties.

You must think of them even
while sleeping.

That's it.

You won't put on four kilograms
in this way.

Shall I eat instead of you?

You live like a spa guest here.

You have all the luck.

Do not forget again!

Attention!

Komnek is in your block again.

I understand.

You understand shit!

He mustn't be hurt at all!

The commander wants you to leave
the convict in peace.

Since when do runaways get bread?

It is not for nothing.

I had a match with Kraft.

He beat me.

Did he? You don't say!

Let him rot!

I was beaten yesterday but
they forgot the bread.

I was a sack for him.

What did you get the bread for?

I say...

Do they bother you?

To beds, bastards!

Komnek, do you hear?

I really fought with Kraft.

I can't stand it longer.
I still have three days.
The others can have a rest
after work.
I have a match in three days,
he may let me live.
You're my friend, you can help me.
You are well in with them.
Get me some poison!
Please, get it!
Is it him?
The morning walk.
To Kraft's place.
Bastard.
Time?
Two minutes ten.
That's bad for you.
First he'll play with you and then
'circum dederum'.
Do you also say 'circum dederum'?
Rat!
Hang yourself!
Swine!
Aristocrat!
Spy!
I am not a spy!
I box with Kraft!
What do you want from me?
Shall I go to the gas chamber?
I try to protect my life
as you do yours!
Do you hear?
Wait!
Stance!
Guard.
Now jab, clear...
hook... side step...
Cover up!
- A new Joe Louis.
- Shit. The champion of narks.
Cover!
Gentlemen having a good time?
- Did he beat you?
- No.

Do you know how this work is paid?
Let's say... with cigarettes.
Let's say.
I am Venlak.
Such are not mentioned
in the sports news.
But I have all the good world
boxers in this file.
Venlak. Remember! Block 6.
Komnek, did you bring it?
Maybe you didn't believe me
last night but I am serious.
Stop talking about poison.
I can't bear it any longer.
Who is the thief?
Who stole my bread?
Is it morning?
Gannet!
Selfish egoist!
One, two, one, two...!
Faster!
Come on, bastards! Faster!
Gestapo... camp... transport.
Not that. Something human.
Nostalgia... sadness... anger...
hatred... friend...
Why did you call me?
... baby... Sit down!
Eat!
Thanks. Sit down!
Did he beat you much?
I felt like in a thresher.
I have never experienced anything
similar in my life.
It had nothing to do with boxing.
He signalises punches, doesn't he?
That all was like one huge punch.
- And then?
- Nothing.
Speak!
What about?
When do you box with Kraft?
The bread is for you only.
When do you fight?

- In two days.
- Gosh, two days!
They are doing exercises.
Have you trained today?
I tried to.
That was not good.
First you must get your strength.
When you look like a human
you can fight again.
We'll train a little tomorrow
in the evening.
He will tear me to pieces.
Take it easy, we are still alive.
Are you given enough food?
Eat then.
Nutritious food. Meat, sugar.
As for bread, be cautious.
And don't think of the box.
Were you the national team trainer?
Just imagine, I was not.
But in our club at Wola...
it is a suburb in Warsaw...
I was in charge of the hall
and gloves...
I saw many good trainings.
If this is not enough...
Not to train, you say?
Not before the evening.
All right.
I will come tomorrow.
Do so.
Don't worry, it will be
a good lesson.
Down, up, down, up...
Enough!
- One night only, Venlak.
- A little shadow box now.
Punches with the left... right...
left... right... hook...
Right hook now, left, right...
bobbing and a step aside.
Enough, enough.
It will be better 'przyszło'.
Przyszło?'

Then, later.
- I see, next time.
- Yes, next time.
You have a pretty good reflex.
But improve your cover up.
will knock through it
with a single punch.
When he hits you try to slip.
Step aside all the time...
What would you like to do?
To knock out Kraft?
I wish I could...
This is not a stadium, convict!
The factory in Dsseldorf was not
a stadium either.
But when my foreman said I was
a Slovak bastard...
That's why you are here!
I escaped, was caught and closed here.
I ran away again.
And you are here again.
Through no fault of me.
The others could not run.
I wish I had one more chance!
But I would leave alone.
Stop dreaming! Use your head!
Kraft mustn't hit you tomorrow.
When you're not able to go on,
go down!
What?
Go down?
You'll bear more than last time!
I bet.
But don't let him ruin you
completely.
- What's wrong with him?
- He is losing memory.
He is lucky.
Moss, grass... What's the use of it?
Have you forgotten?
Why do you escape then?
When my hair began falling
we were promised a blitzkrieg.
You seem to be in great shape.

Do you doubt?
I thought you had a match today.
You have a nice leotard.
You look like a human being.
How much will you stand?
One round?
Man, what an idea!
In Schlssburg... have you been there?
A poor hotel but a perfect
chambermaid.
Komnek, help me.
I'll bet ten marks on you.
What do you say?
How much did you gain?
Well done, Willie!
Well?
Interesting.
I hope the conditions are met.
Preliminary round!
Willie, you are expert
on human souls.
Will you have some, Commander?
The sportsman does not drink.
Cheers!
Dear Holder, the life is
unpredictable.
What about a toast
to the rival's health?
Quite witty, Doctor.
To your health!
I am burning with impatience.
Sit down. We are about to finish.
Commander forgot I was his trainer.
I beat he will stand one round.
Two rounds.
Helga, bet.
Ten marks against a day off.
What do you need a day off for?
My aunt in Schlssburg is ill.
I haven't seen her since I was born.
It's a deal.
You are ten marks to the bad.
Shall we bet too?
Come on! What can you win here?

Let's begin!
Kraft is to attack!
Left... right... missed!
Another Kraft's attack!
Komnek jumped aside, Kraft loses
his balance.
Komnek could have used
the situation.
He has not. Strange!
Kraft attacks enthusiastically,
all his punches are a miss, though.
Perhaps he drank too much.
The convict may have a more
accurate eye.
Who knows!
This is broadcasting of the Reich,
Berlin!
We broadcast the first round
of the box match Kraft - Komnek.
Komnek has just been hit!
Willie, it looks badly, my friend!
Your poor aunt will stay alone tonight!
Other punches hit Komnek!
He defends himself clinching.
Ladies and gentlemen, a rare view!
The commander and convict hugging
like father and son!
Break!
Bell! Pause!
Walter, you are fantastic!
Get out!
I don't need it.
Lemonade, sweets, chocolate...
Second round!
Carefully, Commander!
One, two, three... seven, eight...
Box!
Break!
One, two, three, four...
Get up!
... five, six, seven, eight...
You won the bet.
You are making progress.
My school, Commander.

It will drive my aunt crazy!
Why didn't you punch me
when you could?
You were... out of the ring.
You deceived me three times
setting aside.
You won't succeed again.
You gave him time in the clinch.
Third round!
One, two, three...
eight, nine, ten.
You won, Commander!
You were quite good already but
the last punch was not good.
I know what it was like.
May I examine the convict?
Give him back in good order!
We have another match
in three days.
Of course!
Shall we bet three rounds, madam?
Your aunt again?
Attention! Take off your caps!
Stop!
When did you have a wash?
In the morning.
Morning?
I can't see. Put the blouse off!
Nothing but dirt.
Have a bath!
Bath, I say!
You're still dirty!
Why didn't you kill him?
That would be very simple.
Seeing my arm, he might laugh like
a stupid villager seeing a camera.
What should we do?
Rehearse dying with the convicts
like in the stage?
When speaking about the theatre...
You've directed the operetta
with Komnek for three months.
The convicts will soon
send him flowers to the ring.

A nice speech, Holder.
There are conditions for that.
- Do you know what they think?
- No, I don't.
That one of them hits us back
here in the camp.
Jews, communists, all that mob
raise their eyes.
Do you think we are threatened?
I only see the change of mood.
Mood has not changed.
Mood has not changed.
Well, what happened?
- Kraft got it.
- No!
He doesn't use the peek a boo.
Did he lower the left hand?
I forgot everything.
It is a perfect feeling not to be
frightened.
I hit his chin, he covered up
and I hit his stomach.
Did he go down?
I caught him in my arms.
But if I did two more steps...
If I want I can beat him very fast.
That is not true!
It is, everybody saw it.
But that is not true.
Remember, that is not true.
Kraft must forget your punch.
The commander mustn't lose.
I am better than he.
Your life is in stake.
I can't bear it any longer.
Shall I go to the gym like
to a slaughterhouse?
Well, what shall I do?
As is usual. You'll lose.
You'll stay in bed to ten,
think about the better world
and have a rest.
I know who told them that.
A girl...

- What did she tell you?
- Something about the spring.
It was warm... some colours...
Rain...
storks...
a streamlet...
rocks...
lambs...
Easter...
the sky...
the family...
Can't he be helped?
In the camp?
I shall see the doctor.
He won't refuse to help me.
Leave Gluch in peace!
Gluch in peace, Kraft too...
On, two, three...
eight, nine, ten.
The commander won!
Nothing will come of him!
Some people are useless
all their lives.
He has a nice gym, enough food,
anything he wants.
He is afraid of risking.
Look at him!
Now, he wants to box,
although he'd been in the kingdom
come for ten second!
Such a type...
What's wrong? How do you feel?
Well... but sometimes...
when the match is KO...
I... pains...
In your head?
Yes... I can't ... words
- ... remember?
- Yes.
What words?
I don't know...
Compatriot, you're a fool!
What's wrong?
He is losing memory.

One could envy him.
That is the result of your punches.
KO every third day.
That must have led to concussion.
Yes, he must have counted
with that.
It's a pity you didn't warn me.
If I was malicious...
I would congratulate you now.
Look!
What can be done?
When a day off... I better head...
All right.
In that case he must go
to mental hospital.
Not so fast.
I restored also other cases
to health.
Use one a day
to strengthen your nerve system.
Don't worry, I use it too.
You could have been dead.
You really must have problems
with your sense.
Two pills a day.
You'll be a genius in a month.
Get out!
You will remember all what
your father forgot,
even before you were born.
Do you live or did I cross
the Great Divide?
Are you here?
- I am, Willie.
- Mr. Willie.
I hoped not to see you again.
- But... Willie.
- Why that friendly talk?
Did you forget who I am?
I must punish you.
Punish?
You look chirpy.
Can you see the wood?
Chop it... all!

Yes, sir... Willie!
How are you feeling?
Well now, Commander.
Go on.
You know what is good for muscles.
Years ago, I cut half
of Schwarzwald.
Hand me them!
Is something wrong?
Commander...
Get out!
Two convicts escaped again.
Stop mumbling!
Can't you report? Number!
Twen...
Add him to the list of the dead.
Leave!
Do you want all the line to go
instead of you?
I love red roses!
They grow wild in our place!
You flies, you mob!
You broke the rules of the game again!
You deserve punishment
for the foul.
But I want to be high-minded.
You will either stand at the roll
call place for 24 hours,
or as long as we catch the deserters.
You can freely decide.
I don't like procrastinators.
I order to do a retributive exercise.
Clear off!
I'll punch his face in!
Train!
Pack it in.
Train!
Why don't you train?
I didn't send you away yesterday
to dream.
Didn't I tell you?
Flies! You'd like to fly!
Funny, Commander!
You're quite good now.

Why do you punch me so hard
during training only?
Are you afraid? Of me?
The boxer who is frightened,
is done for.
In my opinion twice as much.
I am out of condition.
I saw.
I mean... my legs...
Legs this time?
Train, nobody prevents you
from doing so.
I can't.
Why not?
I can't train here.
Shall I build a stadium for you?
I can't train here.
You are right, in fact.
Shall we go in?
Gentlemen, be my guests!
Doctor, I can't accept that.
To wash away dust wouldn't do
any harm.
Keep an eye on him!
Halina, guests are here.
Stand!
Sit down!
Komnek! Commander asks you
to come and have beer!
And what about me?
Keep the eye on the car!
Running was good.
The day after tomorrow
we shall run again.
We must be prepared for ten rounds.
Ten rounds?
Of course!
You will see something now.
Commander, the flies are not
exhausted so much.
Thank you.
What was the run like?
Fine... I overtook Kraft
over thirty metres.

Provoking him again?
He knew when and where to stop.
He paid me beer.
Beer? Was it good?
I wonder!
A pretty girl tapped there.
I have never seen such eyes.
Not talking about the rest.
I would become a marathon runner
because of her.
Do you know her name?
Halina... Why?
Will you go running again?
By the way, I almost forgot.
Kraft plans a ten-round match.
What do you think of it?
We'll talk about that
in the evening.
I am glad
you are so keen on sports.
I was serious.
I suppose you are always serious.
Go on.
Commander, I ask you not to take
Komnek outside the camp.
You ask!?
Convicts only may leave the camp
when they work outside.
It is the commander who decides
about the convicts' work.
Komnek's work is running.
We could inquire in Berlin
if it is a useful work.
They have other problems in Berlin.
Walter will think about
your opinions.
Asshole! He has no idea about
what boxing demands!
You shouldn't have talked to him
in this way.
It's better not to heckle Holder.
I think mine are stronger.
Is it clear?
We must take a decision.

That must be her!
As for Komnek, I vouch for him!
Yet, I worry if we can ask
such a risk from him
when the box itself...
Stop it! He is the only one
who can get to her.
I know but...
Attention!
Continue!
I am sorry I couldn't come sooner.
It doesn't matter.
Come on.
These are my friends.
What's the matter?
We talked about the girl
in the pub, Halina.
We want you to go and see her.
What about her?
Bend down, under water!
Listen, boxer.
Halina is our messenger.
We are organising escape.
We must let her know and ask
how many people they can hide.
Will you do it?
Will you take me with you?
Yes.
And Venlak?
You'd better think of yourself.
Do you know what you go at?
Old chap, now I can... also for you.
I agree.
Wait, let's train a little.
What shall I do when she doesn't
believe me
thinking I am a provocateur?
I love red roses.
They grow wild in our place.
Stako's words.
Our password. Halina will
understand.
Bend your knees... Come on, bend!
Are we going alone?

Are we going alone?

No.

Commander...

Willie, translate please.

It's a perfect weather for running.

Nonsense. It's too hot!

Willie, translate it, please.

He says it's a perfect weather
for running.

Go!

We must get kilometres to our legs!

He says you must get kilometres
to your legs.

Ten rounds... fitness...

Go now!

Do you want to run?

Do run then!

Run!

What an asshole, to run in such
a hot weather.

Komnek! Come and get ready!

Time of important tests has come.

I am coming.

Colonels are waiting for you.

Beautiful women... come!

Come on, man!

Help yourselves. I baked myself.

Ladies and gentlemen! You can bet.

Tip how many rounds the convict
will bear.

Six!

Four!

One!

Five!

Three point fourteen.

I know Walter. He won't bear more
than two.

- How are you feeling?

- Well.

- And you?

- I have a match.

How many rounds can I bet?

How many would you like?

About six, seven...

Bet!
Would you be able to knock
Kraft out?
Once at least.
I have a new girlfriend.
I love her.
She costs me much money.
These are the mysteries
of human lives.
Well, will you do it for me?
Don't tease the devil, Willie!
All right, you devil of mine.
Is he a convict?
He should be shown to
the international commission.
I am always saying work is
ennobling.
I introduce you the camp champion,
the convict Komnek.
Shall we applaud him?
Sport is sport.
Shall we have a bet, madam?
Again?
One hundred marks that Komnek
will stand seven rounds.
And another hundred
that the commander will go down.
I need money.
Let's begin!
It's a deal but you will lose today.
Ready!
The first round!
Komnek, no false modesty.
He doesn't attack at all.
Why don't you attack more?
What for?
You are better.
Does it matter?
Think of my bet.
Why are you slacking?
Do you expect to eat for nothing?
He thinks if he is a friend
of Komnek...
Friend of Komnek? He?

Komnek? I know him.
Let's see if you deserve such
a powerful friend!
Move!
Up to the pile!
Faster!
To the very top!
Come on!
The sixth round!
Ready! Box!
The KO now, and I win.
One, two, three... six, seven...
Box!
One more!
I lost.
How are you feeling, Walter?
Well.
Isn't he presumptuous?
It's a sport!
Really very well, boy!
But you don't attack enough.
It is not possible all the time.
You must attack!
Otherwise I forget to defend myself,
you counter-attack, and I look
like stupid!
I'll try to.
I should think so.
The seventh round!
Ready! Box!
Come on, Walter! Cross!
Keel over, young one!
What punches!
Give him his due!
Well, Komnek.
Very well!
I am losing springiness.
I feel my feet are swelling.
Go down at last! Our stake is
in the bag.
The eighth round!
Ready!
One, two... six, seven... Box!
Come on!

The ninth round!
What was the use of it?
I don't know if I am able
to stand it.
Asshole! We could have had
time off now.
After the match, Willie.
Don't say you want to win!
The last round!
Ready!
Walter Kraft won seven rounds,
the convict Komnek three.
The winner is the commander.
Your punch starts being harder.
Congratulations.
But don't think you would have won.
I would have been on my feet
at nine.
Let's have a shower now, boxer.
Commander, I'd like... to ask...
What do you need?
It is hard... to fight with you.
I need kilometres in my feet.
I need kilometres in my feet.
Don't you feel fit?
No, I don't.
You will run.
Here?
With me. Equal conditions.
Old chap, I'll go running.
What?
Where is Venlak?
When?
- He was down three times.
- Was he?
I could have won.
And I will.
I'll show what I can once at least.
- And what then?
- I must sleep now.
Mom, don't beat me!
Training?
Yes, sir.
Will you join me, Commander?

Frankly speaking, I won't.
I had a trainer, he is dead.
He used to say three rounds after
a difficult match would do no harm.
What does he say?
Three rounds after a difficult
match will do no harm.
Helga, what do you say?
You'd better have a rest.
The sportsman should supply
his heart with blood a little.
Three rounds?
Everything in moderation.
Two?
Therefore one round only.
One round?
Do you plan to become
the world champion?
One round, not more!
Will that be enough for you,
Commander?
Absolutely.
Good.
- Good morning.
- Morning, Doc!
Don't you fight too much?
Oh no! One round only.
It is good for the heart
after a strenuous match.
You seem to know a lot about
everything!
Even in medicine.
Thank you, Doctor.
- No bet today?
- We can.
No! A friendly match.
Stop it, Doctor! He will kill him!
Who will kill whom?
Shall we finish?
Shall I blow the final whistle?
No. It is but sport.
Release me! Bastard, he hit
below the belt!
I shall teach you the rules!

I let you live but you hit
below the belt!

- The punch was by the rules.
- Shut up!

The punch was fair.
Holder, he's yours.
I thought the convict would be mine
when you don't need him.
You have the whole camp
for experiments.
This is an extraordinary case.
I examine the impact of boxing
on living organism.
I am not interested
in your problems!
I have devoted myself to him
for a long time.
He who fouls has no right to live!
As a referee I am almost sure
the punch was fair.
What do you say?
Holder, take care of the convict!
Thank you, Mr. Willie.
It was nasty.
I don't know if it's a good idea.
What?
You shouldn't have left him
to Holder.
He's a bastard. He hits
below the belt.
Sure, you are right.
But there are also other opinions.
- Like?
- Like that of Gluch.
If you send Komnek to the gas
chamber people will say
it is because of the knock-out.
I don't care.
Now.
But when you come back to the ring
after the war
you'll be pointed the finger at.
Don't you understand?
He hit below the belt!

Be high-minded! You're a sportsman.
Nobody can suspect
you have behaved badly.
Shall I appear in the call place
with such a face?
It is not so important now.
To come to the ring after the war
with untarnished reputation is what matters.
Do you think some people are
so mean
they could blame me
for my decision due to unfair
behaviour?
People are even worse. Much worse.
He did beat Kraft!
Commander, let me give him a lesson.
You will see a punch now, boxer.
The commander orders to bring
the convict back now!
Come closer, Komnek.
Your name is Anton Lipinsky now,
is it clear?
These are documents about
his release.
He is free now... in a way.
You are Lipinsky now.
You must be behind the gate
in five minutes, is it clear?
Yes, sir.
There are your clothes! Put them on!
Willie, will the alarm sound?
What?
Will 40 people from my room be sent
to the chamber for my escape?
Oh God, why do you care?
Translate it!
What does he say?
He asks whether there will be
usual measures.
Asshole! I am giving you life!
Get out!
I want justice.
I don't translate.
I want... fair play, Commander.

He who hits below the belt has
no right to use that word.
Will there be alarm?
I want to be sure in one thing.
The punch was below the belt,
wasn't it?
Here, your papers.
Willie, see Lipinsky out,
behind the camp gate.
There will be no alarm.
Holder, frankly, was it
a fair punch?
Komnek knocked you out fairly.
He was better than you.
But that does not matter.
May I have a call?
To Berlin?
Exactly.
Don't bother, Holder.
We shall do so ourselves.
Give my regards to Gabika!
You?
Good morning.
Good morning.
I love red roses.
They grow wild in our place.
Follow me!
Daddy!
Dad, he came from that place.
Welcome. We've been waiting
for a year but nobody so far.
Everything is ready.
Halina is to walk you.
Rest in peace...
Don't worry, we have
a good shelter.
Hurry!
Come on! Let's not waste time!
I came to tell you, the escape
is being prepared,
be ready and wait.
Will you come too?
I'll try to.

THE END: