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De vierde Man

By Unknown

The Fourth Man
Old drunk.
I'm off. To give a talk in Vlissingen.
- Be back late.
- Bye.
Can I... Give me the car keys.
It's my turn to have the car this week.
Then drive me to the station.
You've got healthy young legs,
haven't you?
The paper, please.
What's with the magazine?
Put it back.
Stuff it!
Coffee, rolls, beer, sherry!
Care for some beer or sherry, sir?
- Coffee... please.
- Just coffee?
There's wine... red wine.
I said coffee, damn it!
Take it easy, it's coming.
One coffee, sir.
- That's just right.
- Yes, so you don't have to think.
Can't you shut the damn door!
Oh, don't cry.
Is my little darling teething...
JESUS IS EVERYWHERE
Want Mom to peel you an apple?
Look at the pretty long peel.
Oh, no! The tomato juice!
The carton's bust... what a mess!
Hush, Mom will clean it up.
Easy, darling, it'll be alright.
Hello, my little man.
Good evening, I'm Gerard Reve.
Have you come for me?
Come for you?!
I doubt it, sir.
You still look pretty healthy.
This can hardly be you!
Hey, stop! Stop!
But it is me!
It says Gerard.

My name's Gerard too.
That's me.
This one died in Spain, in Benidorn.
A beautiful way to die.
Is there such a thing as
a beautiful death?
Dying in bed,
that's what I call beautiful.
On top of some Senora that is.
It's like you were there.
A young fellow too, about your age.
Mr. Reve!
Luckily I know your face from TV!
I'm De Vries.
Sorry I'm late, they needed me.
You're here, that's the main thing.
My car's out there.
I thought they had come for me,
to get me.
Do your thoughts often
relate to death?
Constantly.
Thinking of death I cannot sleep and
not sleeping I must think of death.
And life flees as it fled and
all being was once created to unbecome.
Bloem! 1887-1966.
You know your poets, don't you?
You're not addressing
barbarians tonight.
Have you ever appeared for us
in the past?
- Not that I recall.
- You recall only pleasant things.
Well, our members are all
very interested in literature.
Many old fraternity members,
from Leiden largely.
Old?! And deaf?
Will I have to speak up?
No, the hall has excellent
sound equipment.
I've presented the odd thing
there myself.

- A bit of a writer yourself?

- Off and on.

For pleasure?

- I wrote for the alma mater annual.

- And then you keep doing it, eh?

One is bound to reflect on life and death, especially in my profession.

Not as profoundly as a creative artist, of course.

No...

Shall I take your coat?

I'll introduce you to the Board at intermission.

Can we start right away?

Recovered?

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to our 6th presentation this season. Tonight, we have a well-known and controversial author in our midst. Gerard Reve.

Thank you for accepting our invitation, Mr. Reve.

It's going to be great.

Ladies and gentlemen, I give the floor to Gerard Reve.

When I arrived at Vlissingen Station tonight...

...they were unloading a coffin from the train.

A gigantic coffin.

So large that it didn't fit into a regular hearse...

... but had to be loaded on a truck.

There were some thirty dwarfs standing around it...

...they were no taller than this.

They were members of a circus act...

...who were going to bury their colleague, the world's tallest man.

A grotesque tragedy, don't you think?

But why am I telling you this?

What is so special about this story?

That there is no circus in town.

Exactly... I invented most of it.

Yes, there was a coffin,
but an ordinary one.
Of a man who died in Benidorn
of an overdose of...
... love.
No dwarfs, no giant, nothing.
But...
.. if I tell the dwarf story often enough,
I'll start to believe it myself.
And that, I think,
is the essence of my writing.
I lie the truth.
Until I no longer know whether
something did or did not happen.
That's when it gets exciting.
What you make of reality...
... is infinitely more interesting
than reality itself.
The cards, ladies and gentlemen!
To note down your questions
for after the intermission...
... so Mr. Reve can answer them
one by one.
Have you had a drink yet?
No, not yet. Who is the lady
that keeps filming me?
Oh, our treasurer.
May I introduce you?
Christine Halslag.
She'll give you your fee afterwards.
Get Mr. Reve a drink,
I've got to collect the cards!
Waiter!
You flatter me. All that film footage...

Yes, I thought:

is not going to escape me.
Celebrity...
...that doesn't buy you
a square meal in Holland.
- Is it that bad?
- Worse.
The 250 you're paying me for this
is a windfall.

- Would you autograph your book?
- Sure.
I'll get you a drink.
I loved your talk.
- Good. Buy my other books too.
- I certainly will.
This is on the house.
Tomato juice?
A bloody Mary with lots of vodka.
The bartender has a liberal hand.
But I'm not a drinker,
the odd glass of wine...
- I'll get you a soft drink.
- Leave it, I'll make do with this.
Are you going back to
Amsterdam tonight?
Depends on the number of questions,
if I can catch the train.
We've booked you into a hotel,
just in case.
I hate hotel rooms,
they're like torture chambers.
But it's the best hotel in town.
Look.
There it is.
Anything wrong?
It's first class.
VI P's always stay there.
A hotel to hang yourself in.
What else can you do there?
You can read the Bible of course...
... or jack yourself off, right?
As you like.
You could also stay with me.
Depends on the number of questions.
If I can catch the train.
Exactly.
You always write in first person :
I this... I that...
Are you at all interested
in your fellow man?
I...
Fellow men are so vague.
A writer, like anyone, is involved

with only a few people.
Yet even them I can't encompass...
... and I project things into them
that don't exist. Next question.
You always call yourself
a Roman Catholic.
How can a sensible person in this day
of modern technology be a Catholic?
How can you be sensible
and not be a Catholic?
Catholic doesn't equate with stupid.
Being Catholic means
having imagination.
Scientific discoveries are
the product of imagination.
So all science is Catholic.
Next question.
Do you agree that every creative
artist is basically a bit disturbed?
The questioner wonders if
I'm a bit crazy?
Not me, I'm very normal.
My madness is limited to
reading the paper.
For when it says "boom"
I read "doom".
And for "flood" I read "blood"
and for "red"... "dead".
Is that crazy?
Just poor eyesight, that's all.
Next question.
That was the last question.
DONATE YOUR BLOOD
TO THE RED CROSS

SPI DER:

The sign's on the blink.
Has been for a while.
They're slow at fixing things
nowadays.
What is it?
I know nothing about perfume,
but this is sublime.
- It's my own brand.

- Delicious.
Life is great!
Come.
Look at the moon.
You can always see it
beautifully from here.
Not it.
- She.
- She?
Moon is feminine.
The moon is our mother.
She protects us, guards over us.
You really believe that, Gerard?
- Whiskey?
- Just a drop, with lots of water.
Nice.
Shall we sleep together tonight?
Of course, Gerard.
Well...
...you seem to have a thing
about my bra.
Take off the robe.
Lovely.
- You look a bit like...
- Like who?
The way you're standing there,
you resemble...
Resemble what?
A very beautiful boy.
A boy?
So slim and delicate.
Do you think?
And these?
They're not a boy's, are they?
No...
... but when I do this...
Then I'll have this.
Alright this way...
or will I lie down?
No, stay where you are.
He slipped out...
I guess I'm a bit awkward.
Come.
Aren't you married?

I was, it didn't work out.
Is this okay though?
It's like skating,
you never forget how.
...through Mary to Jesus...
What did you say just now?
That you're marvelous.
What's wrong?
Had a bad dream?
A nightmare.
What was it about?
I can't remember.
I was afraid.
Come here. No need to be afraid.
Come.

SPI DER:

Sphinx Beauty Salon.
Yes...
... if you come right now...
... it's a date.
Shall I do upstairs, Madam?
Forget about upstairs.
Do the bedroom next time around.
Good morning.
My sweet Christine...
Did you sleep well?
I had a wonderful night.
Guess why?
- What do you want for starters?
- You.
Later. For dessert.
Look at your shirt!
Your collar is torn.
Have you got some super glue?
Super glue? Why?
To glue it... I always do.
We Dutch writers have to be thrifty.
Obviously you don't have a wife
to take care of you.
Could you use some shirts?
I won't say no,
there might be another war.
Try this.

If it fits, it's yours.
Very nice.
Suits your type.
My type? What's my type?
A writer who needs daily care.
I've got lots more.
They're just wasting away.
Here, this one for odd jobs,
one for casual wear...
... and this one for Sunday best.
Your husband's not short of clothes.
What's up? What is it?
I don't have a husband anymore.
He's dead...
... an accident.
I'm sorry, I always
say the wrong thing.
Doesn't matter.
I'm going downstairs,
if you want coffee...
Big shot.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
Old drunk! There's coffee!
Ah, coffee!
Good morning.
- Good morning. Sugar?
- Two lumps, please. You're wonderful
I just love taking care
of someone, Gerard.
You're making this
into paradise for me.
For paradise, there needs to be
two people.
But there is two of us.
For how long?
I'm not the right man
for you, Christine.
Marriage and me don't mix.
The woman who wants me
gets a lemon. It's been proven.
I know what to expect
from you, don't I?
Do you?

You are so sweet.

Yes. But I'm going back to
Amsterdam, all the same.

So we were just two small ships
that passed in the night.

We had a nice collision, didn't we?

I'm wanted in the salon.

Come along and see the work I do.

Remind me to give you
last night's fee.

Oh, later.

- What's up?

- That lady is getting impatient.

Delilah, my own brand of cosmetics...
a goldmine.

Another few minutes, Madam.

It's hot but it helps the skin to
absorb the vitaminizing elements.

Are you comfortable?

What about my hair, Christine?

They say it's very difficult.

Difficult hair doesn't exist,
just bad hairdressers.

Could you cut a man's hair?

Mine, for instance.

Sit down, Gerard.

That's what you want, isn't it?

You have blessed hands, Christine.

You could cure people
by laying on hands.

Don't make fun of it, Gerard.

Those things do exist, you know.

Laying on hands, magic, hypnosis,
it all exists. Telepathy, the lot.

Ah, Madam, what's the difference.

There'll be a war on soon.

Have you ever had a
mystical experience?

Yes, recently.

A girl in my ward is
married to a jet pilot.

A great guy.

And for the first time in his life
he has a real scary dream.

He gets frightened and reports sick.
One of his colleagues
flies his plane that day.
And crashes.
Just like that, plop!
Dead!
That's real telepathy for you.
Man is a frail vessel.
It's not telepathy, though.

Whatever it is:

you must listen.
Yes you should, but where do you
find people who listen nowadays?
What did this man
dream about, Madam?
That's a curious story, actually.
He dreamt that something
of his was cut...
- Sit down. I'll give you your fee.
- Great.
A bit much, isn't it?
You shouldn't keep it
at home, Christine.
There's so much ruffraff
out and about nowadays.
They'll beat your head in for a
Mars Bar, half a Mars bar.
Come in.
The lady is leaving
and wants to thank you.
I'll be right back.
"Your dearest Gerard"... ?

Oh no :

So there's competition,
called Herman.
"Dearest Christine...
I long for you my little rabbit."
Christ almighty!
What a body...what a piece!
I've got to have you
even if it kills me.
Where were we? Oh yes, your fee.

How much?
250 plus expenses.
1, 2, 3...
... 4, 5 hundred. Alright?
- That's too much.
- Oh, but we're a very rich society.
I got a train ticket here.
You'll have to account for this.
I don't have to account to anyone.
They trust me.
Why shouldn't they?
Me, with all my money.
I inherited the salon and the
brand name from my husband.
I'm rich, but...
... he's gone.
Money and being alone does not
add up to happiness.
And when the last customer is gone...
... and you've gone home...
... and I'm all by myself again
the whole long weekend...
Terrible!
My little Christine...
...what if I stayed?
You mean that?
I didn't want to burden you, but since
you really want me to, I'll stay.
How sweet of you.
For you, Christine...
... as a human being.
Miserable bitch!
One ream of paper. Anything else?
Three pen holders.
There you are.
- Twelve dozen brass nibs.
- Twelve dozen?
Yes, I've got a lot to write.
I'm going to write about you.
About you're past.
I want to know about the men
in your life, it's essential.
Why? It's all past.
Without the past you can't

understand the present.

Nibs. They're not much
in demand anymore.

Two small bottles of ink.

One bottle is for when
the other breaks.

And a quarter pint of the same ink.

That's to fill up the small bottles.

And a receipt, please.

No, I'll pay.

Thank you.

- Then I'll dedicate my novel to you.

- It's a deal.

- Come here!

- Fuck off!

What's up?

- You scared me to death.

- What's wrong?

- My husband was drowned.

- But it was a joke!

It was a joke.

A joke...

Happy?

Perfectly.

I just need to write the
best novel of all time now.

You're bound to succeed.

With you.

Here.

What an interesting palm
you've got, Christine.

Can you read palms?

A bit.

This line here, for instance,
means lots of love...

... but not every love is a happy love.

So?

Tell me.

I don't know enough about it.

I might frighten you.

Why? Is it scary... or dangerous?

I see more loves in your
present life than just me.

There's someone else...

Tell me...
... I don't mind.
Yes.
I see a young man.
He's beautiful.
Yes.
He lives in...
I see letters.
K, and O with dots on top...
Is that German?
Yes, Koln, or Cologne
is where he lives.
You're really good at it.
If you want me to go on,
I need something tangible of his.
Something tangible?
- A key or a lock of hair or...
- A letter.
- Could work. You got one?
- I'll get it.
- Here.
- No, I don't want to read it.
Or you'll think it's all a trick.
Then I'll hold it. What do you see?
I sense something else.
A picture? His?
He's not wearing much. He's not
into the sex industry, I hope?
No.
I see him on the beach...
...waves and...
What's up? What did you see?
I drifted off, I think.
His name was there, letters.
H and E, HENK... HERBERT...

HERMAN:

Herman!
Gee, I didn't know you were
so good at it. Look...
Is that him?
Well now...
You're going to tell me
all about this Herman.

I've known Herman for years.
From when I first met Johan.
Johan? Who's this Johan?
- My dead husband I told you about.
- Oh, yes.
Herman wanted me,
but I married Johan.
That's life.
Sure. But tell me about this Herman?
I'd rather not.
Why not?
Is it problematic?
Come on, Christine,
we're both adults.
Herman is so... savage.
He doesn't beat you?
No, in bed I mean.
What does he do?
He just pounds away.
And he comes at once.
No wonder, that boy
is crazy about you.
Yes, but there's nothing in it for me.
Zilch!
Doesn't he repeat the exercise?
Falls right asleep.
Tough.
Perhaps I can help you.
How?
I'm psychic as you've noticed.
Get that boy down here.
I'll apply my gifts to see
why he comes so quickly.
- I could possibly cure him.
- That would be wonderful.
- Oh, but he's in Germany.
- I'll go and get him...tomorrow.
Tomorrow? Good girl!
Up and at it!
You're lying on something sharp,
look!
Didn't you feel it?
No, there's a numb spot on my back.
Strange...

Clean sheets? Is that necessary?

Herman will see you've slept with me.

- Is he jealous?

- You better believe it.

- And where'll I sleep from now on?

- I'll show you.

He's staying all next week.

It'll give me lots of time
for the treatment.

What'll you say about me?

That you're a writer in
need of some peace.

He knows I'm a member
of the Literature Club.

Isn't it a bit perverse, Christine...

...taking in two lovers at once?

Perverse?

You're going to help me
with Herman?

You care about as much for Herman

as for me :

A great deal.

Take the keys, so you
can come and go as you like.

We'll be back late. Bye...

Give Herman my regards.

I will, and you start your novel!

Drive carefully!

Chapter One

When I arrived at V. yesterday...

Damn...

I'm wearing your shirt, Johan!

Home movies?

Johan.

Henk.

Ge?

Snip, snip, snip...

Do you take Christine to be your
lawful wedded wife?

What is your reply?

I do!

I do!

All gone!

That's all... the next one!
Ge!
That's for Gerrit of course!
A real clodhopper's name.
Damn it! Christine, my girl...
She's had...
She's been married twice!
She's been fucking married twice!
Why didn't you tell me?
What a god awful movie...
I don't like nature films...
Ge...
I've had Ge...
I'll try Henk.
Hello Henky!
I'm the first talking goldfish.
Another one!
Another wedding?
She didn't tell me!
Why didn't you tell me?
Three times...
...why didn't you tell me?
Married three times...
What a mess!
I'd prefer porn!
I'm in there too...
Tiddle-dee, tiddle-door,
who is number four?
Christine, darling...
What's this?
What are you doing here?
Sorry, I thought you were Christine.
The back's the same.
How do you know what Christine
looks like in the nude?
Because we went swimming
and I was in my bikini.
This is Gerard, the writer I told
you about. He's here to work.
Well...
Working with the whiskey bottle,
by the smell of it.
Let's go to bed, I'm dead-tired.
Tomorrow morning...!

Look at it this way...
In Germany they're in need
of plumbers too.
So I set me up a business
with Dutch labor.
Pour me some more.
And I got 5 chaps there now,
all working black...
... and drawing welfare in
Holland besides.
A lot of sugar, baby.
And they give me no trouble,
'cause if they did...
... I would report them to Labor
Inspection.
Those ham and eggs are just the
thing especially after last night.
Really, Herman.
I mean the long drive.
Don't be shy, Gerard's a writer.
- He's used to a thing or two.
- Stop it.
Damn, it's empty.
I'll get a fresh pack.
The world of Peter Stuyvesant...
... so much more to enjoy.
What do you think of him?
He's really got something.
How was it last night?
- Zilch.
- Zilch?
We hadn't met in weeks... and oopla!
He came and zonk! Fell asleep.
Tough...
You'll find out what's wrong,
won't you?
- You said you could.
- Sure, my love.
And you've always got me,
in case of need.
Or did you want us both?
No, I'm not like that.
Not the one and the other.
- It's more either/or.

- Either/or?
What are you two either/or-ing?
Gerard asked me about my morning,
and I have to work.
It's either working,
or neglecting the salon.
Working? Today?
I've taken the whole
damned week off for you!
It's just this morning, sweetheart.
Monday mornings I have to see my
salesmen. I'll be free this afternoon.
That's great! I'll be bored
to tears meanwhile.
- Do something with Gerard.
- He's here to work too!
So I don't work this morning.
Yes... show him around.
Or talk to him.
Perhaps he'll write about us.
Then we'll be in a book.
What's the use of being in a book?
You know what? Take the car.
I don't need it anyway.
Shall we?
I have to get to the meeting.
Leave the dishes,
I'll have Adrienne clean up.
- They're here, Madam.
- Ah, gentlemen!
I've seen you before.
At Amsterdam Central.
That's possible.
Or someone else.
- I have an ordinary face.
- It was you.
I don't forget a bod like you.
So we're going to tour around?
Whatever you like.
You wanted to, didn't you?
For your work.
I don't have to tour for my work.
No.
I wanted to have a chat with you.

A long chat.

- Privately.

- With me?

There's nothing I can tell you.

I'm just an ordinary boy.

I always write about ordinary people.

As I said on TV, the ordinary man
is my central theme.

All of him.

Above...

... and below the belt.

Yes... you've been on TV,
haven't you?

And on the radio and
in the papers, sure.

- Is it true what they write?

- What?

- All the goings on in the studios?

- What do you mean?

About everyone screwing everyone.

What you read in the tabloids.

It's even worse.

- I could tell you stories.

- Tell me.

There's one bigwig

when he throws a party...

...the neighbors secure their kids
behind locks this big.

Kids six or seven years of age.

Girls, but boys too.

What do you think of that...

... little boys?

- Hello sir. Hi, Herman.

- Adrienne...

Madam told me to clean up.

Won't you join us?

Funny bunny.

Tell me more, Gerard.

Later in the car.

- Coming?

- Good morning.

- What the hell are you doing?

- For later! You with a famous writer!

Who cares... Bye!

Now tell me, do these TV people
go at it all the time?
They slow down in their 80's.
Can't we find a quiet place in the
dunes? I'm a nature lover.
Ah, I like touring.
And are those showgirls
an easy lay, too?
- You revel in such things, don't you?
- I love sex.
Sure, but do you ever
do anything about it?
I lay them by the dozen if need be.
Don't you?
What do you think I did
with Chrissy last night?
But Christine has often
walked down the aisle.
Never had any luck.
Take me to the studios some time.
Stupid bitch!
Wait... stop!
Stop!!
You got something going with her?!
I saw that woman in a dream!
Ma'am!
Nothing, I guess.
Probably screwing
on some tombstone.
I read about them : cemetery whores.
- Damn weather!
- There!
We'll get soaked.
- That one's open!
- I n that tomb?!
Dead men don't bite,
only live ones do.
Do you want to get hit?
It wouldn't be the first time.
- But you won't.
- Won't l?
No.
Do you think I'll like it?
I'm gonna try...

Keep going, Gerard.
I saw you at the station...
... and your picture later on...
... such a beautiful boy.
I thought I've got to have him,
even if it kills me.
I like your spiel...
... nobody's ever told me that before.
Spieling is my profession.
I kept lobbying with Christine...
and hoping that you would come.
I like you going for me, Gerard.
I, dirty old man.
LOVI NG HUSBANDS OF
CHRISTI NE HALSLAG
- My God!
- Hey, what's up?
Three dead!
Look at those urns!
I'll be damned!
Chrissy's family grave.
She had all three of them cremated.
A fourth and they can play bridge.
- Did you know they were dead?
- Of course.
The whole town knows,
and even pities her.
Pities her? She let them die,
and I know how!
- Oh, come off it!
- She had one crash with a parachute
She fed one to the lions and sank the
other at sea. Bet she didn't tell you!
Bullshit! One of them had to
show off in the Safari Park...
...the second one's parachute
didn't open and the third...
And who'll be the fourth?!
- Get your hands off me!
- You or me! Get that?! One of us!
I don't get it. I'm stupid to
get it Mr. Writer, sir.
I say be an ordinary plumber,
but you, you're a raving lunatic!

That woman is deadly!
Three husbands, three dead bodies!
One of us will be the fourth,
can't you see that?
Deadly?
You just want to scare me so I'll split!
So you'll have Chrissy for yourself
and all her money! Forget it!
You can't rattle this boy,
this boy's staying with Chrissy!
- You stay and you're dead!
- Bullshit!
One of us will croak!
Scram!
Fine! I'll read the headlines
about your death!
Raving lunatic!
- Get in!
- No!
I'm leaving for Amsterdam!
Get in and I'll take you to the station.
Just don't take me anywhere
near that woman.
Okay. She's mine then.
- Can't you pass them?
- Grouch!
You're driving beside
your own funeral, Herman.
Watch out!
First him, doctor, first look at him.
Cover him, Ria.
Mr. de Vries... you're a doctor.
Mr. Reve! Calm down.
What a shame we have to meet here.
Tension gauge.
Life takes strange turns.
I didn't know you were a doctor.
That's why matters of life and death
interest me. Bloem!
Thinking of death I cannot sleep,
remember?
How is he? How's Herman?
- He's in very bad shape.
- Dead?

Yes.
A friend of yours? A relative?
The fourth man!
I told him but he wouldn't believe me.
Doctor, the liver.
Now Herman can go into
a vase too, he can...
- Enlarged but intact.
- Normal reflexes.
- She's done it again.
- You've had a lucky escape.
But she's done it again...
...the fourth man.
She takes him like a spider...
... a spider also fucks her mate
and then devours him... dead!
Quite a shock for you. Keep on
talking, it'll settle you down.
She's a spider, a witch.
She leads men to ruin.
She seduced me
with Herman's picture.
Who are you talking about?
About Christine, doctor.
Christine Halslag.
She's a witch.
Everything checks. She even has
a numb spot on her back...
... like the witches in the middle ages.
It all connects.
Keep on talking... about witches.
She killed them all!
Don't scoff at the poor girl's
misfortunes. I've known her for years.
Those were tragic accidents.
Especially for her.
But these things happen!
Four accidents in a row
is damn strange!
Use your head!
One plus one is still two!
Alright.
Then let me tell you how
a physician sees you.

You turn a dead tourist into
a giant with 30 grieving dwarfs.
You're a compulsive liar.
You lie the truth! I heard you say so!
I diagnose an enlarged liver
due to mild alcoholism...
... and you're in shock.
Otherwise you're as
healthy as a horse!
No! She fucks you
and finishes you off!
Okay, I'll go along with you.
He slept with her,
you slept with her.
He is dead.
Why are you still alive?
- Because Mary helped me.
- Mary?
Mary who?
Mary, the Mother of God.
She, in person...
... she helped me.
The woman in blue.
Mary helped you.
It all checks, it does.
She was on the train,
with the blood on that picture.
She wanted to warn me.
And later in the Beauty Salon...
... she was lying beside me.
"When you're warned,
you must listen... "
And she was at the
cemetery this morning.
Mary is with me.
Mary is among us.
Mary is among us... in Vlissingen?
I'm a Catholic myself, Mr. Reve.
I've got six kids and my
third name is Maria...
... but that Mary would be
among us in Vlissingen...
...to help you against Christine,
beauty specialist and witch!

Lie down!

There she is!

The Godforsaken witch!

Godforsaken witch!

I'll kill you!

Nurse! Injection! 10cc!

Mary...

Easy, it'll be alright.

Easy...

This one to the morgue, the other
to neurology for now, Ria.

And your prognosis, doctor?

No alcohol, then prolonged
psychiatric treatment.

I'll take him some time
to collect his wits.

- Unless Mary helps him, of course.

- Of course.

Rotten for you, Christine.

I got the fright of my life.

Did you see him come after me?

Writers can do fine things...

... but when they crack up,
they're a menace.

Here, dry your tears.

An emergency.

Sit down here, I'll phone you a cab.

I'll come back and tell you
what Gerard said about you.

- Feeling sad?

- Yes.

Where do you live?

Let me take you home,
I'm going that way.

- No, they're getting me a cab.

- That'll take ages. Come on.

- You wind surf? Any good at it?

- Yes, out at sea and in the harbor.

- Among the big tankers.

- Isn't that dangerous?

It's child's play.

Want me to teach you?

No, it's not my sort of thing,

but I'll come and film you some time.

Oh, any time.