



Scripts.com

Gay

By Tom Six

Filter.

OK, are you ready?

- I need something white.

Stephanie, hair.

- It's OK.

Sure?

- Just a sec.

Are you rolling?

- We're rolling.

Welcome to the new

programme, Ultimate Makeover.

During the coming weeks we'll

be picking people off the streets...

and turning them into a success.

Was that OK?

- Fine.

Steph?

- Couldn't have been better.

I'm going to do it again.

You're from Star Magazine, right?

- Hi, Pascal. Yes, I called you.

That's right. So, here I am.

- Indeed, and rather late at that.

Yes, I had a photo shoot,

you know how it is.

No, I don't actually.

- What would you like?

A still mineral water, please.

- Cappuccino, no cacao.

Let's get straight down to it.

- That sounds like a good idea.

Pascal, four years in a

top soap, a fantastic role...

Absolutely.

- And suddenly you're gone.

What happened?

- **Very simple:**

I'd had enough. I mean, soap is nice

enough, but I'm going to Hollywood.

Great, but before you make it there...

- You have a scoop here, you know.

Yes, I realize that

and I can write it all down...

but before you make it to
Hollywood... You quit, you say?
But I heard from a reliable source
that you'd simply been written out.
End of role, end of Pascal.
- That's a load of rubbish.
Ah, nice. Do you have a light?
- Sure...
Lots of froth.
- Of course I have a light for you.
There you go.
- May I have your autograph?
Of course. What's your name?
- Katja.
Let's see, I think I have
a nice picture for you.
For Katja...
Right, here's your pen, and
this is for over your bed.
OK, thank you.
- No problem. There, you see?
Yes, I see. But what will they
see of you in Hollywood?
Lots. I have contacts there.
Besides, I've won three soap awards,
so there won't be a problem.
Three soap awards... I've seen many
Dutch actors leave for Hollywood...
but I've also seen most come back.
When will we see you back?
I won't be. I'm at a completely
different level, you see.
A different level... I guess
Hollywood can't wait.
This is pathetic. There are hoards
of tramps here every day...
but when you need one,
there are none.
Couldn't you have arranged one?
Sorry, I thought there'd be one.
- Christ, go and find one.
I can't work like this.
Do those editing tarts do anything
besides powdering their noses?

Come on, boys, stand by.

- I've found one...

but he really stinks.

- Who cares? Bingo.

Jesus Christ, what a stench.

OK, are you rolling?

I think we've found someone. Hello,

who are you and why are you here?

What do you want?

We're making a show about

returning someone into society.

It could be you. What's your name?

- Nol.

Nol, in the coming ten weeks we can

offer you a complete makeover...

by stylist Tom Sebastiaan. A

luxury house, insurance, a job: -

in short, a future.

And something with alcohol in it?

- And something with alcohol in it.

OK, cut. Did you get that? Would you

take care of the rest, Stephanie?

Christ, what a stench.

OK, sorted?

- Sorted.

Listen, Steph, this programme

has a tight budget...

so everyone in the team has to

put Nol up for a couple of nights.

So he'll be going home

with you later on.

You can't be serious?

Sure I am. And then with Tanja or

Tessa, until we've found him a place.

That's disgusting.

But it's impossible. My house is too

small and I don't have a spare bed.

And you like working in television?

- Yes.

There you go. It's not all

fun and games, you know.

Next week we'll tart him up.

Tommy-boy, we've got it

on film. Yep, no problem.

Hey, listen, that assistant:

Can we switch her?

Being a star, you can't keep everything private, can you?

And, I mean, a lot has gone on between you and Max.

As I said, I don't want to talk about it.

Well, I do want to talk about it.

- And I don't.

Enough has been said about it already.

- Yes, by Max.

As I said, I'm not talking about it.

- Well, that may change.

When another photo of Max and some other guy comes out, for instance.

I think we're finished here.

- Finished?

Yes.

- Sure, if you say so.

Thanks.

I want you. X Max

Here.

Here's to three years of us.

And to things getting back to the way they used to be.

Open wide.

Yes, three years, Max.

Darling, shall we import a child now that everything's OK again?

Don't be silly.

- Yes, you're right.

I won't mention it again.

Here, girl. Come on, darling.

- Well, look at you...

Yes, we already have an epileptic problem child, don't we?

Has she had her medicine?

- Darling, have I ever forgotten?

How was your interview?

I wonder what she'll print this time.

I don't trust the bitch one bit.

Oh, journalists, they're all so two-faced.

And how was your day?
Did you give them all hell?
We found a tramp for
my Ultimate Makeover format.
Good. One of those
really dirty blokes?
Yes, but they like my format and
they're paying very good money, so...
Yes, that's true, my
rich little businessman.
All day I've been so...
horny.
- Really?
Yes.
- What did you have in mind?
S... e... x.
Darling...
I love you.
Max, do you think I should
have my eyes lifted?
Pascal, don't be silly.
Oh, come on, for just 6,642 euros
I'd look so much better.
Please.
- No, you're dishy enough as you are.
I bought the gossip magazines today,
and we're in them again.
Yes, so I heard. It drives me crazy.
Maybe we should sue them all.
- Don't worry. We're hot, that's all.
I hate those hacks and
I think it's horrible for you.
Darling, I forgave you, didn't I?
I just don't want it to happen again.
I've told you a thousand

times:

OK. Now stop it.
It makes me so insecure.
OK, deal. I'll never mention it again.
Over, finito, schluss.
You belong to me and
no one else, understood?
So, little Cher, Daddy will look

good in his ironed shirt, won't he?
I'll iron yours, too, in a minute.
But first, musica di tango.
Lift up your paws.
May I have this dance?
Who's that? Who is that?
Daddy. It's Daddy. Yes.
Don't you think that this
makes me look far too sexy?
Darling, you've got
shaving cream on your ear.
And I'd better help you with those
buttons. If you didn't have me...
Then I'd be completely lost.
- That's right.
Don't you want to wear the other one?
- No, this is just fine.
Yes, you're right, it is.
Yes, but I don't know what to wear.
- Darling, what you have on is perfect.
I see Beverly Hills, a large,
heart-shaped swimming pool...
I'm a film star,
you're a top producer.
And Cher sitting on Cher's lap.
And mega-contracts each week,
champagne parties, Madonna...
Well-filled swimming trunks...
- L.A. Here we come.
Yeah. I feel like going out.
- Yes, it's been a whole four days.
That's far too long.
- Yes.
I'll give Snoes a call.
- Poor little Snoes.
The poor thing. Let's
find her a man tonight.
Yeah, right, in a gay bar.
Snoes speaking.
- Hello, my little fag-hag.
Hello, darling. You always call when
I'm doing something rather private.
Always? What on earth are you doing?
- Well, I'm shaving my bush.

I'm shaving it all off.

No more hair for me.

That's disgusting, Snoes.

- What do you mean?

I'm not too keen on mussels.

Are you coming to April tonight?

April?

- 11 o'clock. And look sexy.

See you later.

Three tequila rose, please.

- Sure.

What are you doing now?

- Listen, Val...

I'm editing a wonderful programme
about starving Africa.

Great. You know, Mickey, I wish
I was as thin as the people there.

Come on, Val, please...

- Well, why not?

You'll get there.

- Hey, Max.

Hi, Valerie.

- What a coincidence.

I tried to reach you,
but it's impossible.

Well, the least important people
are always reachable, I say.

You're looking good.

- Thanks.

Are you here with Pascal?

- Yes. Listen, I'm off over there...

Remember me when
you do your next production.

Of course, darling.

- OK.

What did that bitch want?

- They all want their faces on TV.

Turn your phone off tonight, darling.

- You are being strict.

I think this will be a wonderful
evening. How about you, Snoes?

Yes, but I've got an itchy twat
and I can't scratch it here, can I?

Serves you right for shaving

that flesh wound of yours.

Hey, I know that you think women are dirty down there.

I've met a man.

Ken.

- Who would call himself Ken?

Ken... Sounds nice.

- True. Has he got a big cock?

Is he bisexual?

- He teaches at my school.

And he's not bisexual.

Strange really.

When is he coming for a meat inspection?

Have you fucked him?

- What kind of a question is that?

It's a perfectly normal question.

- Well, have you fucked him or not?

And he can't get enough of it.

Only he keeps wanting to re-enact sex scenes from films.

Lassie, no doubt.

- That's disgusting.

I'd hang on to Ken, if I were you.

Otherwise, send him over.

We could Nine-and-a-Half-Weeks him.

- Let's hope it works out...

because Snoes and men: -

- Hopeless.

Hey, who's the sexiest man on earth?

- Jude Law, lovely.

Yes, he is gorgeous. What about you?

- Let me think.

John Malkovich.

- Who?

Max, he's really ugly.

- Yes, but then I like ugly men.

I see, thanks. Snoes, do you think I should have my eyes lifted?

What? Don't be silly. Max, why do you have such a strange boyfriend?

Sorry, but I need some more booze.

God, what a show stopper.

- He's got a pretty face for head.

He's called Roderick. He gave me his number, but I had to turn him down.
All the boys just love you, Pascal.
- It's such a hard life.
Tarzan, I'd better leave you alone for a minute.
I need to shake a big friend's hand.
- With an emphasis on 'big'.
I heard a funny one the other day:
To cry from your wig.
I've got a really good sex tip.
- Tell me.
Get someone to suck you off with cola in their mouth.
The fizz feels fantastic, apparently.
- Really?
Yes, really.
- Girls, this is Guy from the toilet. He's from L. A. And here to photograph the gay scene.
I thought I'd bring him over.
- I should go to the toilet more often. What do they say about photographers?
- Long lenses. They have long lenses.
Hello there, little one.
Come to Daddy. Come to Daddy.
I bet you were thinking about Guy.
Don't be silly. I was thinking about you.
Though Guy is rather nice, too.
- There, you see. I knew you liked him. You have a jealous boyfriend, but you already know that.
How could I have missed it?
And by the way, if anyone is going to cheat on anyone, then it's my turn.
OK? So, you'd better be ready for it.
I'll tell you what, let me help you.
Max, that's disgusting.
If you really love each other, then it shouldn't be a problem.
Hey...

dirty old man.

Darling?

- Yes.

Will you really come to Hollywood
and leave everything behind?

You know I will.

- Really?

I'm getting up.

I'm just going to cry from my wig.

It's Stephanie.

I'm sorry to call you...

Calm down, darling.

What's the matter?

I can't take it any more.

That guy is driving me crazy.

What guy?

- Well, Nol.

Come on, it can't be all that bad.

He's raided my fridge, he's
thrown up in my laundry basket...

I see. It's like that, is it?

And he tried to fondle me.

Steph, have you called

Tanja or Tessa yet?

Yes, but no one wants to
come and pick him up.

OK. I'll come and get him.

He can stay here for a night.

I'm really sorry. I'm sorry.

This will have consequences
for the renewal of your contract.

It's OK, darling. Just kidding.

See you soon.

There we are, Darling, look at this.

I know, piss-proud peeing
isn't easy, little Cher.

Cher, come here.

Here's your medicine. Yes, you
have to take it, or else you'll die.

Would you like an aspirin, darling?

- No, don't worry.

Those damn menstrual TV bimbos
are going to give me migraine.

What are you going to do today?

- That's a surprise for tonight.

I'm off to the office. I'll get some extra champagne, too. And sushi.

Oh, and don't forget to pick up that dog milk stuff from the vet.

OK.

Here, uno espresso, maestro.

Would you like a fried egg?

- No, I'll get something on the way.

Have we forgotten to invite anyone?

- No, I don't think so.

Oh yes, Jamai cancelled.

I picked up some

travel brochures for L.A.

Good morning, guys.

- Morning, Ger.

Hello, Gerda. You're late.

- Yes...

my cat has had the shits all week, so I took him to the vet.

I took forever, you know how it is.

- Gerda, I'm about to have breakfast.

Right, I'm going to get dressed and then I'll be off.

Bye, Max.

- Bye, Gerda.

I am a bit nervous, you know.

- I don't think it hurts too much.

You don't?

- No, it shouldn't be too bad.

If you say so.

Hello.

- Hi.

I have an appointment.

Put that down.

Pascal, you're not really going to get a tattoo, are you?

Yes, it's the ultimate gift of love.

Max will know I want him forever.

But it's so in-your-face.

It's nice, but in-your-face.

We are in-your-face.

So, how's Ken?

When you're doing it with Max, then

you both know what you like, right?
Well, I never have that. And I wish
he'd finally really fall in love.
I read something the other day:
Sex without love...
is like ingesting caviar
through a gastric tube.
Now let me have a moan about Max.
Every time I tell him I love him,
he says 'ditto'. It's infuriating.
You don't have to go through with it.
- Snoes, I want to, OK?
Isn't it beautiful?
- What if your relationship ends?
Christ, Snoes, it's not going to.
One should take care not to
let the sauce thicken too much.
Add a little oleander,
and, ladies and gentlemen...
make sure that
the pasta is al dente.
You can read this recipe on our
website. Thanks for watching. Clao.
Are you cooking for me again?
- Nothing's too much for my prince.
You'd better believe it.
I've organized something
really nice for you today.
Really? What?
- I'll tell you over dinner.
Tell me now.
- Later, when I've finished with this.
OK, I'll go and powder my nose.
Pas, I need to
introduce you to someone.
Hi.
There's a disgustingly filthy
man in our bath.
I see you've met our guest.
- Who on earth is it, Max?
Sweetie, it's our tramp, Nol.
He's staying with us for the night.
In our house? Why in our house?
He was with one of our production

bimbos, but it didn't work out.

Have you never heard of hotels?

- Pascal, don't be silly.

We'd lose him. Besides, my format is money for your eye-lift, get it?

So he'll be at our champagne party,

too. And that doesn't matter: -

he's entitled to a bit of fun.

It's just for one night. Please...

Pascali...

- Well, I think it's horrible...

but OK then.

- I knew you wouldn't mind. Come here.

I love you.

- Ditto.

Champagne.

Nol...

I'm glad that the two of you get along so well.

This food is wonderful, Maxie.

Ravioli filled with beluga caviar in an oyster sauce.

Well, I bet you never eat this kind of thing.

Pascal...

You're a bit like a broad.

- I beg your pardon?

You're a bit like a broad.

Darling, tell me what you've organized for me.

Well, I called some producer colleagues of mine... and tomorrow you're invited to...

- What?

Audition for a role in a new film.

- No. Really?

Really?

Yes. Justice at last. Thank you, Max.

I'm auditioning for a new film...

You're playing a nightclub killer in drag.

In drag?

- Don't ask me who dreamed it up.

I'll ask Snoes to

turn me into a real diva.
Don't screw it up, I had to beg.
- I won't screw it up, honestly.
It means we'll have to stay here. I
mean, I'll get the part, of course.
I'm sure you will.
I'm sorry, but he makes me sick.
- Calm down. Come here.
Come on, give me a kiss.
That's disgusting.
Listen, Nol, let me explain
our house rules to you.
We're gay and if we want to
french-kiss, then we will, OK?
Got any more beer?
- No...
just lots of exquisite Montaudon
champagne. What a shame, eh?
Is it on ice, by the way?
- Of course, my dear.
Darling, calm down.
Nol, you will behave,
won't you? Please?
Do you have a dessert, too?
- I do.
Don't choke on it.
Darling?
- No.
It's your favorite.
- No.
Dessert.
- I don't want any.
Don't be such a sissy.
- No.
And if I feed you?
- No.
Max, stop it. No.
There, everything's OK.
- OK.
To an evening of debauchery.
- You bet.
It's certainly an evening
of debauchery.
Max, I said I had a surprise

for you this morning, didn't I?

Well, we've been together for three years, I want only you in my life... and I wanted that set in stone, so to speak.

What is it?

- I don't know what to say.

Well, that we'll always stay together?

- Yes. Yes, it's beautiful.

Hello. I'd like to introduce you both to Ken.

Snoes, this is a private moment.

- Nice to meet you. Champagne?

Yes, please. I've heard and read a lot about you.

Yes, and I bet most of it was lies or worse.

Yeah, I know what you mean.

The things they say about me...

Isn't he nice?

Snoes, could I have a word? Now?

Hey, Ken, I heard that you have a big cock.

I don't know, Snoes, but I don't think he liked my tattoo at all.

Sorry, Pascal, but Snoes is a tiny bit drunk. What did you say?

Snoes, this is serious.

Is the tattoo too much?

He'll feel differently about it tomorrow when he's sober.

Do you think so?

- Yes.

I'm going to get some more champagne.

- Bye.

I love you, I lost you, I am lost...

this is the last bottle, but I'll drink some more.

I don't care if everybody hears about it...

I want to drink and I'll drink till I'm sloshed.

Hey, Ken, you go to Snoes' hair-dressing school, don't you?

Well, yes, I teach there actually.
- I see. And you make her wet do you?
Yes, like a sponge.
You know what I'd like to do with you?
- No, I don't think I do.
Have you ever done it
with a man, Ken? A real man?
No, fortunately not.
Do you know that sex scene in
Last Tango In Paris? With the butter?
Yes... no, sorry. I'm off.
- Bye-bye, Ken.
Shit. Damn it, Ken, this is a
very expensive dress. Fuck...
Oh, shut up, you bare beaver.
- Damn it.
It just winds you up, don't you think?
- Shall we go soon?
I'll see you downstairs.
- OK. See you.
Damn, damn, damn.
Here, let me
give you a hand, honey.
I don't know if it'll come out.
Do you know that you're
a very beautiful woman?
Thank you.
- Have you ever kissed a woman before?
Shall we go downstairs?
Together, you and I?
Keep your grubby hands
off my champagne, man.
Hey, hey, hey...
I'll see you in a minute, OK?
What's got into you
all of a sudden? Hey, stop it.
What is it? Hey, you don't know this
yet, but tomorrow... Give that here.
I'm auditioning tomorrow.
- Fantastic.
I have to dress like a woman
and you're going to help me.
Here, I'm going to
take a look upstairs.

Are you enjoying yourself?

- Yes.

Good.

- It's a great party.

Bastard.

Darling...

Hang on a minute.

- What are you playing at?

What are you playing at?

- Sorry, I couldn't stop myself.

You're vile.

- Darling...

Ladies and gentlemen, I just caught
this bastard kissing someone else.

Pascal, please, not here.

- In our own house, damn it.

Don't touch me. Go and
touch that horny queen.

Not here.

Sorry, everyone, he's drunk.

Here, damn it. So that everyone knows
you've cheated on me a second time.

Calm down.

- Mind your own business.

As if you're so perfect.

You act as if I'm your property.

You suffocate me. You even have
my name tattooed on your belly.

Because I love you, you asshole.

Your pathological jealousy is
driving me crazy. I can't breathe.

It's love, Max. Love, and not ditto.

I've really had enough of you.

- Well, bugger off then.

And take that bitch with you.

- OK.

I'm sorry, everybody.

Well, you now all know

how much we love each other...

have some more champagne

and enjoy the party. I'm off to bed.

Pascal, you can't just

let him go like this.

Do something, you fool.

Hello, Roderick,
this is Pascal Verlinde.

Hello.

- You remember me, don't you?

Of course.

You're a nice guy, so I thought you
might like to come over for coffee?

Now?

- Yes, now.

OK, I will.

I'll give you my address,
but keep it to yourself.

OK.

- 33, Kennedylaan, apartment 9.

See you in a minute.

Jesus Christ, this is so disgusting.

- Pansy.

One more remark like that, Nol,
and I'll kick you out. Got it?

Why don't you do that?

Your boyfriend would be pleased.

Roderick? I'll open the gate.

Listen, there's someone
coming up who I'm going to fuck...
so make yourself scarce.

- Why?

Because I say so. And leave
my things alone. Get out of here.

My goodness, I do find
all this rather special.

Being invited to the home
of a soap actor...

Yes, very special. A soap actor
without the love of his life.

You know what? I don't
fancy fucking you after all.

You know what? I will fuck you.

Then you can tell all your friends
you've had it off with a soap actor.

Would you like a drink?

- A soft drink, please.

Why don't you have a cola?

But first I want you to give me
a blow job with this in your mouth.

And don't swallow.
Damn it, Nol, piss off.
Who's that?
- No one, no one. Piss off.
Stop, forget it.
- What?
Go away. Go away.
- Why?
Hey, you. Two more Irish coffees.
Hey, two Irish coffees.
Hey, boy, I just shouted
'Two Irish coffees' Are you deaf?
Ever heard of the word 'please'?
- Do you realize who I am?
You're Max Phallus.
- Gallas.
Two Irish coffees coming up.
- Good.
Hey, Max.
- Oh, no.
What a coincidence.
You're looking good.
Are you here with Pascal?
- No, with Jos Brink.
You're such a dumb bitch.
Do you really think sucking up to
me will get your trashy face on TV?
I'll take them myself, cutie.
He's gay. You know...
Bitch.
'Are you here with Pascal? '
Oh, no.
Ouch, careful.
- Stop moaning.
You have to use that one, too.
Feeling better?
- I don't want to do this.
Of course you do,
it's a part in a film, man.
I know that, but all
I want to do is cry.
What do you want?
You two are like a couple of whores.
- Hey, put a sock in it, OK.

I'm going for a piss.

- That guy is driving me insane.

Calm down. You just need to be strict.

- OK.

Do you think I'm too possessive? Max

says that I'm too possessive. Well?

I don't know what got into Max, but

you wanted Guy, too, remember?

Oh, come off it.

He's an asshole. What?

Why does just me not satisfy him?

You're a very beautiful woman.

- Thank you.

Come on, carry on.

I have some news for you.

- What?

What? What's the news?

I kissed a woman in

your bathroom last night.

Who?

- I don't know.

What do you mean, you don't know?

- It was a very tall woman.

You're terrible. You're

a real slut, aren't you?

It was great. And it felt really

natural somehow, I don't know.

Yes, damn it.

Do you think I'm bisexual?

My poor thing, I'm sorry.

- It's OK.

I'm OK.

Dear me, your mascara is smudged.

Well, Snoes, welcome to the club.

I love you, sweetie.

- I love you, too, silly.

Now go and get your dress on.

Next.

Hello.

- You're that soap actor, right?

Yes, that's right.

OK, introduce yourself

and then we'll get started.

I'm Pascal Verlinde and I'm here...

- Speak up.

I'm Pascal Verlinde and

I'm here to do an audition.

Oh, you're the one added
to the list at the last minute?

Well, you must be very, very good.

Let's get started. You're
playing a singer in a nightclub...
so I'd like you to sing a song.

- A song?

Without any music?

- Yes. Does that sound strange to you?

Well, what shall I sing?

- Choose a song yourself.

Just a moment.

Well, I suppose
that was to be expected.

Next.

What's going on?

How old are you?

Do you know the one about the two
faggots who went to the doctor?
Don't worry, darling, I'll take him
home and teach him some manners.

Teach me manners?

We'd best get started then.

You just wait and see. It's all right
darling, I'll explain to Max, too.

Are you sure?

- Yes.

Besides, I quite enjoy
helping non-starters.

Snoes, I've made
an important decision.

I'm going to go to L.A. On my own.

You can't be serious.

Why not? What do I have left? My
life is a mess. I may as well opt out.

Oh, darling...

- That damn audition, and that prick.

This was one audition.

There will be others.

- You're not listening.

You never listen to me.

It's crap. My whole life is crap.

Honey...

And I've lost Max, too.

I don't know what to do.

Why don't you call him? I'm sure
that you two can work things out.

There's no point, Snoes.

- You just need to call him. Call him.

Guess what? My

horoscope today said that...

Snoes, just shut up. It's not
going to work out. Don't you get it?

Please.

Shall I go and get you
a glass of water?

Cher...

Quick, we've got to go
to the vet. Get me a towel.

Max, it's Snoes.

- No, don't.

Cher is in a very bad way. We're on
our way to the vet. You must come.

Why are you doing this? Why?

- Because Max should be there, too.

What happened?

- A seizure. I forgot her medicine.

She's in shock.

She's bitten off her tongue.

- Is there anything you can do?

She'll never be able to eat again.

I'm afraid that I'll have to
put her down. I'm sorry.

Is there nothing you can do?

- I'm sorry.

Do you want to stay with her?

I can't Snoes. I can't.

- I'll stay with her.

No...

She went to sleep very peacefully.

Would you like to

pay your last respects?

No, I can't.

I'm sorry.

What's wrong with Cher?

- Piss off, Max.

Calm down.

- Pascal, please.

And you keep your mouth shut.

- What's happened?

Cher didn't survive this time.

What?

Pascal, what went wrong?

What went wrong? Because of you
I forgot to give her her medicine.

Because of me?

- Stop it.

Perhaps I should leave you to it.

Hey...

- I can't take this any more.

If you ever hurt Pascal again...

then I'll have your guts for garters.

What should I do, Snoes?

Go after him, you prick. And
buy some roses or something.

What are you doing?

- Piss off, Max.

Max, let me past.

- Where are you going?

Let me past, damn it.

You're confused.

- Just let me go, you bastard.

Let me...

- Over my dead body.

If I had a gun right now, then I'd
shoot you without hesitation.

You don't know

what you're saying, Pas.

Go on then, hit me.

Let me past. It's over
between us. It's finished.

It's over. It's finished.

Let me go. Let go of me.

I love you.

I... I love you.

I love you.

Ditto.

Why do I love a prick like you?

Because you're just as

much of a prick as I am.
Do you remember, when
we'd just moved in together...
and you gave her to me?
She was so small...
just like a little rat.
She made those strange noises, too.
And that time she
peed all over your new suit.
I was livid.
- She wasn't house-trained yet.
No, but the suit couldn't
even be dry-cleaned.
And when we had a fight,
she'd start barking.
I feel so guilty.
- You don't have to, darling.
We knew that she was ill.
I'm just as much to blame.
I know that I'm not the easiest
person to live with either.
I'll never let you go again...
Do you mean that?
Do you think that Cher
wanted to be cremated?
I have an idea about
what we could do with her.
This is a really beautiful spot.
Cher always loved the beach.
I wish I could dance the tango
with you just one more time.
Yeah.
You know, she
brought us back together.
Well...
off you go, baby.
Hello.
- Guys...
Sorry I'm late. Nol wanted to wear
a tie, but he didn't know which one.
I have a present for you.
- Thank you.
It's meant to compensate
a little for the loss of Cher.

Isn't she cute?

- Beautiful, eh?

Look what her name is.

- She's so cute.

Look.

Kylie?

- Kylie?

What do you think? I thought,

Kylie, Cher - also a gay queen.

You're going to have two daddies.

- Oh, Snoes, thank you.

Hey, why don't the two

of you get married?

Hopeless.

Translation:

The Service Station

SkyFury