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Outrageous Fortune

By Leslie Dixon

I just met you
Yet I'm feeling
It seems that somehow
we met somewhere before
I think I loved you
In my dreams 100 times or maybe more
What a connection
I just can't conceal it
There's a kind of magic in the air
Ooh, I can feel it
Something special
Is gonna happen tonight
I want you to know that
Something special
Is gonna happen tonight
I promise I'll be good to you
What a connection
I just can't conceal it
There's a kind of magic in the air
Ooh, I can feel it
Something special
Is gonna happen tonight
I want you to know that
Something special
Is gonna happen tonight
I promise I'll be good to you
Something special
Is gonna happen tonight
Oh! All right. That's it.
- What's the matter, Marie? What happened?
- She tried to kill me.
- Well, isn't that the point?
- No, Lauren.
This is theatrical fencing.
This isn't an autopsy. All right?
All right.
Damn it! I don't even know
why we have to do this.
If you want to do Shakespeare,
Shakespearean people have duels.
- Not the women.
- It's my ambition to play Hamlet.
Oh, that'll pack 'em in the aisles.
Yes.

Paulette.

Lan.

Good. Lauren.

Excellent.

Naomi.

Bitch.

- Lauren.

- Hi, George.

- Have dinner with me tonight.

- What?

- Say, "Yes."

- George.

- Say, "Yes."

- Why are you acting like this?

Because I wanna be with you.

Well, that's nice.

This is so funny, George.

I thought you were gay.

Oh, I am. It's just, I play
so many heterosexual roles...

I feel I really need to
do some serious research.

Mm-hmm.

And just when you think
there's no greater depth...
to which an actor could possibly sink.

- That's nothin'. Remember Fred?

- Fred.

I've got a 50 percent
hearing loss in this ear...
from him yelling "Stella" in bed.

I tell ya, I swore
off actors a year ago.

I said if that's the only
subspecies of men available...

I'd rather not date at all.

And I haven't. But
there are other things.

My work, I perfect my craft.

L... Kor... Korzenowski!

- Yeah.

- He's taking students.

- Hey, but where you gonna get that kind of money?

- L...

I gotta use that phone.
Come on. You're up.
Who is it?
It's your sister-in-law. Hurry
up. My feet are falling off.
Well, hi, Shirley.
I'm glad you finally...
Wait a minute.
Get in front of the camera.
- I knew it.
- Come on, Mom. Let me in.
No, we can't afford it.
Mom, please.
- Is that my baby?
- Daddy!
Yes, but she can't come
in. She wants a loan.
Daddy, can I come in, please?
Please, please, please,
please, please, Daddy? Daddy?
- Daniel, what are you doing?
- Oh, yes.
- You don't know she wants money.
- Of course she does.
- You don't know that.
- That's right, Mom.
Can't I just drop in to see my parents?
Okay, I need \$5,000.
- But it's to study with Korzenowski. -
\$5,000. - She might have a good reason.
- Daddy! Stanislav Korzenowski.
- \$5,000, Daniel.
- I'll pay you back.
- What did you say?

W:

- What was that?
- I know I owe you some money.
- You owe us \$3 2,000.
But it's the Korzenowski.
Lauren, we sent you to Yale
and London and the institute.
You have been at this acting thing for
years, and you haven't earned a dime.

You are still working as a salesgirl!

- Honey, face it. Maybe it's time for you to give it up.

- Daddy.

- Daniel. Hey, what did you do? - Oh. Oh, Daddy. - Nothing.

- You gave her that money? - Oh, Daddy.

- I cannot believe that you did that.

- She is our only child. - Oh. Oh, Daddy!

- I can't believe it. She is sucking us dry.

- \$5,000. Thank you, Daddy!

- She isn't. Well, I just got another bill from Bloomingdale's.

- Oh, thank you.

- Drop that now. Don't you dare start talking about that. Give me back my fuckin' quarter! Damn!

Well, good luck.

I'm Lauren Ames.

There's my application,
your board, your pen.

- Thank you.

- And my down payment.

Keep that for now. You still have to audition.

- Right.

- Sit down. Mr Korzenowski will call you.

Thank you.

You nervous? Sorry. I'm sorry.

- I mean, I'm sorry.

- It's okay. It's okay. No, I'm... I'm not... It's fine.

I guess we're all a little bit, uh...

Don't talk. Right.

Oh, boy. I don't blame you.

This is so intense. Shut up, Weldon.

- I'm sorry. Sorry.

- Holy Mary!

Isn't there one fucking phone in this whole town that works?

You got a phone I can use?

Yeah, hi. This is Sandy Brozinsky. Who's this?

Howie. Okay, Howie. I'm holding in my hand this thingee... says you're gonna turn off my phone at noon.

Oh, yeah? Well, I wanna

tell you somethin'.
I just got out of the hospital.
I get home after two
months of intensive care...
they wheel me into my
building, I open my mailbox...
I find your thingee screaming at
me I have till 12 noon today...
Hey, no, you listen. You listen!
I just opened the damn thing. I just
now laid eyes on it for the first time.
What was I supposed to do?
Have 'em unhook the life-support
machine so I could pay my bills?
Oh, really? Yeah, so now I have
three... No, make that two minutes...
to write a check and wheel
myself down to your office?
Howie, is that the drill?
24 hours?
24 big ones?
All right, Howie. You're
a prince among men.
I mean it. I wanna have your child.
Yeah, bye.
No, stop!
Please, do not screech at anyone else.
I am trying to prepare
for an audition here.
Thank you.
Oh, yeah? What for?
A workshop with Stanislaw Korzenowski.
Who's that?
Only one of the great
geniuses of the theatre.
Now if you don't mind.
Hey, maybe I should audition
for him too. I'm an actress.
Hey, no, I'm a pro. I bet
I'm more of a pro than you.
Uh-huh. Well, I just made
2,500 bucks doin' a movie, yeah.
That's where I've seen you.
It has been driving me crazy.

- You saw Ninja Vixens?

- I, uh, must have.

Huh. Well, this whole acting thing's been goin' pretty good.

I mean, it's all just bullshittin', right?

Actors are just bullshitters who get paid.

Where do I sign up?

Just exactly what do you think you're going to do in there?

I don't know. I'll make somethin' up.

You're going in to Stanislav Korzenowski and wing it?

Jesus, you'd think I was gonna go in and pee on him.

Listen to me.

You do not audition for a man of Korzenowski's reputation... without a prepared classical monologue.

That means Shaw, Ibsen, Shakespeare.

I'm doing Ophelia's mad scene. I'm not waltzing in off the street...

saying, "Gee, I think

I wanna be an actress."

You know what I bet?

I bet you haven't been laid in about a year.

- Ames, Lauren.

- Ah, ah.

Yes, I'm coming. I'm...

I'm... I will be co...

I'm... I'm... I'm ready. I'm... I'm...

- I'm ready.

- Quickly, Miss Ames.

I have a good mad scene.

It's really great. I just saw it.

Hmm.

I will not only wish you to absorb everything that I say.

I will also wish you to keep notes of everything that I say.

And I will wish to look at those notes.

Now if you say this

is like high school...
I do not apologize.
I am an old egotist...
and I want to know that
you record my ideas.
If you do not, you're
gone from the class.
All right. We begin.
We begin with vowel groups.
Vowel groups.
Mr Weldon...
do you know the difference
between a Texas diphthong...
and a Georgia diphthong?
Sorry I'm late.
They made me fill out all these
dumb-ass financial aid forms.
You want 'em?
You want 'em?
I cannot believe... I absolutely
cannot believe he let her in!
And on scholarship!
I just bet I know what
she did as an audition.
The woman has no
training, no experience.
I mean, correct me if I'm wrong.
I really thought if you
worked at your craft, maybe...
just possibly, you'd get to
work with one of the greats.
It's \$2.95, not \$295.
I knew that.
Something's seriously
wrong with my life.
Excuse me.
- Are you all right?
- Better.
L-I w... I was just, um...
- Who cares? May I help you?
- Yeah.
- Have you got something in a pumpkin?
- The shade pumpkin?
- No, a pumpkin costume.

- Oh.

God, I sound like an idiot.

The reason is that I
teach grammar school.

- You're a
schoolteacher? - Uh-huh.

- You're not an actor?

- Oh, God, no. I'd be awful.

Why do you ask?

Oh, well, there's just so many
actors who come in here. Please go on.

Well, we're putting
on a little pageant...
and there's a kid in my
class who's very insecure.

You know, the other kids pick on
him and his mother doesn't sew...

and I think it would
give him such a boost...

to have the best darn
costume in the place.

So I thought a professional costumers
would have an incredible pumpkin.

But I can't go more than \$50...

because this is coming
out of my own pocket.

I'm really sorry. I don't
think we have a pumpkin.

What about a squash?

We don't have any vegetables as such.

I'm sorry.

Well, this is the
last place on the list.

But I'll just throw something
together myself, huh?

I really appreciate your time. Thanks.

Um, uh, listen. I don't know,
maybe, uh, maybe someone...

Maybe I could, uh... I've
made a lot of my own costumes.

I'm sure it wouldn't be that
difficult. If I could help out, I'd...
like to.

That would be fabulous.

- I hope you'll forgive me, Lauren.
- For what?
L... I don't usually
lunge at women like that.
- Oh.
- But you just, uh...
I just had to kiss you.
L-I really am sorry and I hope
that you'll want to see me again.
Oh, where in the world
did you come from?
- New Mexico, originally.
- No, no, I mean...
how can a man so delightful as you...
be just wandering the
streets of New York?
Single, single, yeah.
I can't believe it.
Well, that's not by choice.
I'd like to be married.
- This isn't happening.
- Why not?
Well, there must be something wrong
with you. Don't you have any faults?
I smoke.
You smoke? That's it? Call the police!
No, no, no. It's an addiction.
Colton's tobacco. New Mexico's finest.
I hope you don't mind.
Well, I'll struggle through somehow.
Good. Very good.
Because, uh, I'd like
to see you again...
tomorrow night.
Well, yes.
Mmm, thank you.
What's this?
"Ooh, eee, ooh, ah, ooh, eee, ah, ooh."
- That's what you do in acting class?
- Those are vowel groups.
Mmm, sorry. "Wowel" groups.
- Ooh. -
Ooh. - Ooh.
- Ooh, I feel the same way.

- Ooh, ooh.

Will you please kiss
me hard on the lips?

That was tender, but tasty.

- Bite my face.

- Okay.

Bite my leg. Now bite my other leg.

- You get her two 1 X legs and...

- Going over the fence gymnastics?

Oh, oh, I'm sorry.

Oh, my. That kind of evening, huh?

Not the kind you're used

to. No money changed hands.

No, no, no, no. Reveal, reveal.

You have killed your father.

You have married your mother.

Na, no words, remember.

Na, reveal.

Here we have a sick sea lion. Go.

- Miss Brozinsky.

- Okay.

You will now perform for
us, also without words...

Hamlet's soliloquy.

Who's that?

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet.

Ah, well.

Uh, for her, we get the comic book, huh?

Taxi!

Hey!

Hey!

Oh. Ooh, that creep

Korzenowski is driving me nuts.

Ooh.

I know what I need.

Oh, God!

Oh, God!

Oh, God! Oh, God!

Oh, God!

Oh, God! Oh, God!

Ooh.

To die on the stage...

is perhaps the greatest
single challenge...
an actor can face.
The audience must know,
must absolutely believe...
that the breath, that the very life...
is going out of your body.
Now...
You! You will die now, please.
No, no, I don't believe you.
Maintain your focus.
Na, I don't believe you.
- Maintain your focus and lean forward.
- Stop, stop, stop. Stop it. Stop it.
- Are you all right?
- Fine.
Perhaps you would like to
die for us now, Miss Ames.
You, I think, I will shoot.
You will feel the
bullet enter your body.
You will lose all muscle control.
You will fall down dead.
Bang.
This can only be the achievement...
of years of training.
No other way would we ever
see so false a performance.
So mechanical, so thought-out.
Never for one moment truly felt.
Here, you must reach
deep inside yourself.
You must go beyond the
safety of what you know.
We know you can act, Camille...
but can you be a person
of flesh and blood?
Ah, time.
We die again tomorrow.
And, uh, please, give me your notebooks.
I wish to see them.
You can't walk there!
Hey, Ed, you want the delivery or not?
The man is a Nazi.

I have never been the
dumbest in any class before.

I haven't seen you for nine hours.

Taxi!

Taxi!

Mmm.

- You know what today is?

- No.

It's our third-week anniversary.

- Stop on the next corner.

- You got it.

- I think you need some roses.

- Oh, no, no, you can't afford any more flowers.

- Right here.

- No, don't stop.

- Half... Half a dozen.

- No, don't stop. I know what teachers make.

Don't stop.

Michael!

A crowd is gathered here. Traffic
is backed up for two blocks.

Killed in the explosion are Lee
Veran, the owner of the flower shop...

and Michael SanTERS, a teacher
at Holmes Elementary School.

Two terrorist groups have claimed
responsibility for the blast.

It's all right, Miss Ames. We've
got a positive ID from his wallet.

You don't have to see him.

I want to see him.

I warn you, there's
very little left to see.

Particularly in the,
uh, upper body region.

I wanna see him.

I'm very sorry you
feel a need to do this.

Just leave me alone with him, please.

What are you doing here?

- Me? What the fuck are you doing here?

- I beg your pardon.

- I am in mourning.

- Well, so am I!

- For my lover.
- Well, so am I!
- Who?
- Michael SanTERS.
- No, no, you little witch! No!
- You bitch, you didn't know him!
- Oh, he loved me.
- How could you lie, little bitch?
- Oh, get away from me! Oh!
- Get out of here right now!
- I'm gonna bitch-slap you! I'm gonna break every bone in your body! - Oh, you are?
- Oh, you are?
- Yes, I am!

How dare you! How dare you!

- Oh. Ooh.
- He loved me.

He loved me!

Loved you? Loved you?

- Damn right he did!
- Ha, that's obscene.

No, that's reality, baby, 'cause no way did that guy give a shit about you!

I refuse to believe for one second that he would lower himself.

Oh, he lowered himself, all right.

This is all a lie. You are psychotic. Yes, that's right.

I've known from the first time I saw you sleaze into that office.

You lied to that phone man...

you lied your way into the class and you're lying now.

- I'm gonna get you for this!
- Whoa!

Whoa, my... Oh!

Well, what the hell?

- Well, that's not his...
- No way. Look at that.

- It's too small.
- It's a fuckin' pencil.
- Where's the appendix scar?
- And that little mole?

It's somebody else! He's alive!

He's alive! He's a...
Well, thank you. Wait a minute,
wait a minute. This was my idea.
I don't care, I'm gonna handle this.
You don't have the dimmest,
dullest notion how to handle this.
You can't just walk in and bluntly
announce this kind of thing.
Thing, thing. What kind of
thing are you talking about?
You can't even say it. You
sure as hell can't tell 'em.
And just what do you think the
response is going to be when you do?
You suggest...
You suggest...
You suggest that on the basis of
this little nugget of testimony...
we spend tax dollars
on an investigation?
Have you been listening to us?
The man in the morgue could
not possibly be Michael Santers.
All you have to do is look at his...
If you were to look...
in the region...
If you were to look down.
Michael was not a guy other guys would
have made fun of in a locker room, okay?
- I think he's got the big picture now.
- Well, I don't think he does.
This guy in the morgue, whoever he is...
he's got, uh...
Does the phrase "needle dick..."
"the bug fucker," mean anything to you?
- I beg your pardon!
- You big lunkhead!
Now get outta here and don't come back.
The model of tact and decorum.
Oh, who gives a shit?
He wasn't gonna help us.
Well, of course not! You sounded insane.
Oh, it is insane.
If he's alive, where is he?

He's probably back at my house,
wonderin' where the hell I am.
- Taxi! - Your
house? - Taxi!
- Oh. - Taxi!
- Wait a minute.
- W-W-Wait just a minute
here. - Come here! Taxi!
I don't believe for one minute
that he's at your apartment.
Oh, boy, are you gonna shit cement!
Taxi! Taxi!
If Michael is anywhere, I
assure you he is at my place.
- Taxi, taxi!
- Oh, you believe that?
I believe that he loved
me, that he barely knew you.
And you're... you're fantasizing
a relationship that is probably...
- an isolated, drunken encounter.
- Isolated? Isolated?
Hey, this girl does not
have one-night stands.
Every guy I have ever slept with...
and we are way into double digits
here, has come back for more.
Every single one!
- You wanna hit me, right? - Oh, wouldn't
I just love it. - Okay, give it a try.
Give it a try. Let's go, let's go.
Bob and weave, honey. Bob and weave.
- Who dresses you anyway?
- Okay, okay. Try it. Okay.
Stand still, you little bitch. I'm
gonna bash your little WASP brains out.
I'm gonna hit you. I'm gonna murder you.
- That's what I'm gonna do.
- Talk about dingbats.
They'll lead us right to him.
- Nine... Nine years of ballet!
- You're too weird to hit.
- Taxi! - Oh, taxi!
- Taxi! - Taxi!

Taxi! Well, now wait just
a minute. Wait just a...
All right, all right. Okay, okay. You
insist Michael is at your apartment.
I think he's at mine.
So we'll go to both.
If he's at your place, which I doubt...
then I will tell him
goodbye and good riddance.
If on the other hand he's at mine...
you will find yourself a nice
biker and compare tattoos.
Oh!
You see, he's here.
Now don't make a scene.
Try to be adult about this.
- Oh, my God.
- Relax, it's just thieves.
Russian thieves?
He was here.
- Colton's?
- They're looking for Michael.
Let me see.
Hi, Mrs Hardy.
- Who are these morons?
- I don't know.
Stop! Come back!
Oh, oh. Oh, God.
- Oh, my God.
- Help me.
Come on!
Pretty baby.
- Oh!
- Put it down. This isn't supposed to be up.
Oh, damn! You messed up the thingee!
You crazy bastards.
Mr Atkins, these girls are
bimbos. They know nothing.
- What do we want 'em for?
- They know he survived.
They may know where he is. We
gotta get back on the trail.
So we're gonna cover every
airport, every bus depot...

every train station, every
car rental out of this city.

- Oh, God.

- Oh, my God.

Well, so much for your
apartment. You wanna try mine?

They've been here. Oh, my God.

Wait a minute. Nobody's
been here. This is normal.

- Come on. Geez!

- Oh, no.

Michael? Michael?

Michael? Michael? Mi...

- He's not here.

- I'm going to find him.

- Oh yeah? -

Yeah. - Where?

Well, he... he could be hiding,
he could be hurt. I don't know.

But I know that he needs
me. Now if you'll excuse me.

Where you gonna look? His apartment?

You think he's gonna be hangin' out at
his apartment, someone wants to kill him?

Oh, well, I'm not
going to his apartment.

- Then where are you going?

- Isn't that my business?

Okay, look. Hold it, okay?

All right, if you have an
idea, you might as well tell me.

And we'll both go. We'll go find
him and we'll help him out of this.

And then we'll make him choose.

- Choose?

- Yeah.

- Between us?

- Yeah.

- I doubt that he'll know your name.

- Then we're on.

I mean, you're so goddam sure it's
gonna be you, what do you care?

I'm confident, yes.

Well, so am I. So let's go.

- Good.

- Oh, wait. I gotta fluff.
Could you fluff a little faster?

- What is that?

- I got it off a Christmas tree at Saks.

- You defiled a Christmas tree?

- No one saw.

What, nothing for the nose?

Oh, Lady Di, explain this to me.
The man's afraid for his life.
He's not gonna stop and buy tobacco.
Oh, you obviously didn't spend the
kind of time with Michael that I did.

- He... He couldn't last a day without his Colton's.

- I knew that.

Uh-huh. Did you also know this is the
only place in town that carries it?

- I didn't know that.

- No, no, you didn't.

Now, listen. This time,
let me handle this.
Your simplest exchanges with
people become pornographic.

- That is a fucking lie.

- Need I say more.

Excuse me, sir.

Yeah, I know the guy.
Have you seen him? Was he here today?

Yeah, maybe.

Maybe not.

When do you think you
might arrive at a decision?

Uh, over a drink?

Mm-hmm. Wouldn't you feel
better, as a person...
just unselfishly helping somebody find
out something she really needs to know?

No. How 'bout dinner?

- How 'bout a blow job?

- How 'bout a...

- What did you say?

- Right here. Right now. Both of us.
Kind of, uh, taking turns.

- He was in here this afternoon.

- This afternoon?
- You sure it was this afternoon?
- Yeah, right at my lunch break.

1:

- What else?
- Nothing. He was kinda in a hurry.
He used the phone and then
he ran right out of here.
He used the phone at 1:00? Is that it?
That's all she wrote, baby.
Here or in the back?
I think I can take care of it from here.
Couple of floozies!
Oh, my God.
- That is the most disgusting, unscrup...
- What is your problem now?
Promising sexual favours? That
sends us back to the Dark Ages.
It's something you simply do not do!
You do if you're lying.
Besides, it worked.
Excuse me, but I must
have missed something.
How exactly did it work?
We're at a dead end.
- You'll see. - I'll see?
- Howie Rinker, please.
- Oh, Howie.
- How! San!
- Great, how 'bout you?
- Hey, Frankie, wanna paper?
Yeah? How's your fish?
Uh-huh. What'd the vet say?
- What does a diseased fish have to...
- Stop it. It's in the bag.
Listen, cutey.
Seeing as how you're my main
man over at the phone company...
I wanna ask you just a
teensy favour, all right?
Can you tell me what number was called
out of Wally Frank Tobacconist at 1:00?
- This afternoon. Yeah, yeah, I'll hold.

- This is good.

It's probably one of those guys
with polyester pants and hips.

- Yeah, I'm
here. - Uh-huh.

- Good boy.

- All right.

That's a cab company, right?

Got it. Oh, you're a catch, How.

Our kids are gonna be
gorgeous, you know that?

- See you.

- Okay, don't gloat.

Taxi!

Is that all the money
you walk around with?

Well, where's yours? I thought you
were the working pornographic actress.

I went to the Bahamas.

Hi. Can you help me? I,
uh... I'm such a ditz.

L-I left my, uh, tennis racket
in one of your cabs today.

Uh, I was picked up around,
uh, uh, 77th a-a-and Broadway...

at 1:

- Is there a
reward? - Yes. - No.

Ooh! Ah!

What the hell is goin' on? What
the hell you gonna do to me, huh?

- What's wrong with you?

- Yo!

Dipstick! There's your man.

What?

- Your turn.

- Come on, Rico. Back to work.

- I don't wanna go back to work.

- Oh, no, no, no, no.

No, I can't talk to him.

I went to a private school.

Hey, he looks like a
prince. He's gonna love you.

Hi.

I'd like to ask you a few questions about a fare...

you might've had earlier in the day.

A very attractive Cauca-ca...

Just "person" will do nicely, won't it? Why differentiate?

You would have picked him up, uh, right outside a little smoke shop.

Does that ring any bells of any kind?

Whatsoever? Hello?

- Tall dude? -

Yes. - Tweed coat?

Yes, yes. A tweed coat, right.

I don't remember a thing.

- No, no, you just said a tall dude...

- I didn't say nothin'.

Oh, come on now. Don't give me a big song and dance.

Oh, no.

Yeah. Oh, my God.

- He's going to hurt us.

- What the hell is the matter with you?

Why should he help us with nothin' in it for him?

All right, you tell me. What should I do?

You're an actress. Bullshit him.

I don't use my training to tell lies to people.

Well, what do you use it for? Geez, it's so simple.

Hey, how'd you like to make a quick 200 bucks?

- Say what?

- 200 bucks, cash...

to take us to where you, uh, took the guy.

Are you out of your mind? We don't have \$200.

Ah, chill out, would ya?

Where are we?

We've been going for miles, and I haven't seen a single white person on the street.

There's one. Oops, they got him.

That's not funny.

- Oh, my God.

- You sure this is it?

Hey, keep your pants on. We're coming right out, all right?

Look, you know and I know I'm never gonna get another cab to come out here to Vietnam, cue ball.

So get real, all right?

All right, I'll give you 300 bucks.

Three hundred bucks just to sit here till we get back.

Three hundred?

You're a real pain in the ass. You know that?

- Gonna break his neck. I'm gonna break his neck.

- Beyond belief.

- You're really determined to have us killed, aren't you?

- Hey, get over yourself.

- He's not gonna kill us.

- Oh? Why not?

- 'Cause we're gonna be raped and murdered in this building.

- Oh!

Oh! Ohh.

Oh, no. Oh. Is that urine on the floor?

- What's a little urine?

- Freeze!

- Oh, my God, he's just a child.

- Well, at least rape's out.

Let me do this. Do you really think you should be playing with your daddy's...

Shut up! Where's your money? Credit cards!

- Revoked. Where do you think?

- Your bags.

- Throw 'em over here.

- Oh, I love this bag.

Ohh! Oh! Oh.

I'm not hit. You little...

Give me that, you little thug.

- I'll be damned. -

What? - It's a fake. - Oh.

- Where'd you get this?

- Santa.

Oh, yeah? Well, if you want to see another Christmas, you're gonna have to help us find someone. Shh.

- Come on, man, stop begging.

- This was a mistake.

Not any more.

Police! You're under arrest!

Don't even think about it. Don't even fuckin' think about it, or I'll blow your fuckin' nuts off!

Do we understand each other? Okay, turn around.

Face the wall. Do it.

Do it! Do it! Do it!

- Okay, frisk 'em.

- Frisk 'em?

Damn. Busted by two broads.

Nice buns, boys. You been working out?

Read 'em their rights.

You have...

the right to remain silent...

because anything you say can...

and will be used against you.

You, uh...

Attorney. You have, uh, you have the right to an attorney.

- Shit.

- Yeah, yeah, yeah. I heard it, I heard it.

Hey, look, look, what do you want? You got it. Just talk to me.

You know, he's right. We could make you a real sweet deal, baby.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, we heard it.

Wait a minute. Maybe they can help us find Santers.

- They don't know Santers.

- Michael Santers?

The hell you say! He was just here.

He was just here a few hours ago.

- Rat fixed him up with a passport.

- Ah, fuck you, Gilroy.

- What the fuck you want me to say?

- Oh, we're in the phoney ID business as well. Ain't that nice?

- What name was the passport under?

- I wanna talk to a lawyer.

Oh, yeah? It's gonna be
kind of a short conversation.

They'll have to squeegee
your brains off the wall.

Yeah. You, uh, you
better tell her the name.

- She's kinda cranky.

- Yeah. I got my period.

- John Strauss.

- John Strauss.

- Where'd he go?

- Hey, look, he's leaving town. That's all I know.

Hey, look, I'm bein'
real nice here, huh?

Why don't you be nice and,
uh, open that box on the table?

Go on.

- Now, look, why don't you just keep it?

- You givin' them the money?

- Forget that we ever met.

- Are you sick?

- Turn around!

- Yeah. Happy to.

Well, I hate to give it to
you, but that was pretty good.

Yeah, it was, it was.

Yeah, yeah.

Well, a deal's a deal.

And now, my man, we
wanna go to the airport.

The airport.

- Eastern Airlines flight 501...

- They don't give out passenger lists.

- You have to be police or FBI.

- You are such a dip.

This is all the FBI we need.

His luggage was totally
over the weight limit.

Can you imagine the gall, trying
to bribe an airline official?

He offered me \$ 100
to let it go through.

- Ah, what a world. I tell ya.

- This is the final boarding call for Eastern Airlines flight 501...

- Watch and learn.
- To Albuquerque, now boarding at gate 4 2.
Excuse, please. I was
hoping you would to help me.
Uh...
how... how do I to say?
You say it quickly. I'm
off in three minutes.
My father, he's coming here. We...
No, I tell you from the beginning.
My name is Anna. This
is my sister Elona.
My half-sister. She
does not speak English.
My father, we have not seen him
since we was babies in Prague.
He send us here in suitcase on train.
We, uh, escape, you see?
- No, I'm afraid I don't.
- Now we get letter.
He escape.
He is here.
But we do not know where.
We do not know which plane.
Could be any plane. Please,
you tell us which plane. Please?
Absolutely not. I'm sorry.
That was the single biggest crock...
I've ever had the privilege to
hear in my 19 years at this airline.
I think that deserves something.
What was the name?
- Strauss. John Strauss.
- John Strauss.
- Here we
go. - Uh-huh.
Flight 501 to Albuquerque.
- Looks like you just missed him.
- Oh, no!
Wait a minute, wait a minute. He took another
line through St Louis, and it's delayed.
If I can put you on our flight
225 through Kansas City...
- you can beat

him. - Yeah! - Aha!

- But it's leaving in one minute.

- You get the tickets, I'll hold the plane.

Oh, good, good. Two tickets

to Albuquerque, please.

The white zone is for the immediate loading and unloading of passengers only.

- Oh, thank you.

- No parking.

The white zone is for the immediate loading and unloading of passengers only. No parking.

The white zone is for the immediate loading and unloading of passengers only.

No parking.

- Hey, what's your hurry?

- Come on, over there, you jackass!

Officer, those men are bad!

Hold it right there!

Hold it! Come back here!

I swear to you, she'll be here any second.

Her ivy got caught in the luggage rack.

Sandy, where are you?

She's a sick woman. She's gotta get on this plane.

There's a kidney in Kansas City that's not gettin' any fresher.

Sandy! Excuse me. Look out. Wait, Sandy. Sandy.

- Here you go.

- Hold up there!

- Anyone care for some money?

- Money! Money!

What have you done? Oh, my God!

- That's all our money. What are you doing?

- Hey! Hey!

Albuquerque, honey, Albuquerque. Thanks.

I gotta get on that plane!

I sell cars in Albuquerque.

Give us a call if you can.

- Wanna apprehend?

- No. We'll pick up surveillance.

I had this old Cadillac, see? We couldn't get rid of it. I said, what the hell...

Oh, my God, there they are.

- And I played it big. No use playing it little. I'm just sorry it was so...

- Look.

Fan out.

- Why don't you get your car the same colour as your...

- Come on.

Hey, hey, hey. Hey, where you gals scootin' off to, huh?

- Panansky!

- Bobby, this way!

Ow!

Hey, buddy! Hey, where do you think you're...

Throw something.

Go!

And I thought coach was bad.

Panansky! Panansky!

Excuse me. Sir.

- Has flight 501 arrived? - Yes, ma'am. Right there. - Uh-huh. Yeah.

Panansky!

Where's he going?

No, no, ladies. You know better than this.

- You're right. - That way. - You're right, of course. Thanks for your help.

Panansky! Where the hell have you been?

- Michael! - Michael!

- There he goes!

Wait! No, no, wait!

Oh, no, no!

Oh! Yes, okay.

- Hey! Stop!

- Go through that next light! Go through the yellow! Through it! You can take the bike back.

Michael and I will be spending the night in that motel we passed.

Dream on. We'll be on a plane to Hawaii.

- I can't believe it.

- He's really in there.

Yeah.

What's the matter? You afraid?

Why should I be?

Then why don't you go rushing

into his... into his arms, huh?

Well, why don't you?

It's a long way to come to get bad news.

Yeah.

Well...

- Oh, God!

- Oh, I know.

- Let me see.

- Oh, no! Oh!

- Rat woman! Oh!

- Oh, it's not that bad.

- Oh, I'm...

- Oh, no!

- Could we share the mirror?

- Oh, Christ!

- What is it?

- I would be getting a zit.

I don't see anything.

There's nothing there.

- No?

- No. You're worse than I am.

- At least you have eyelashes. Geez.

- Oh, what do you want? You're a natural blonde.

- And you tan. - I want

eyelashes. - You make me sick.

Oh, natural? You think this is natural?

"Oh, my dear, you too

can have this colour."

- No shit? It looks great.

- Oh, thanks. It's just a rinse and a cellophane toner.

- Yeah? - You want a Tic

Tac? - Yeah. - Okay. L...

Well, I'd say good luck, but...

Yeah.

- Whatever.

- Yeah, whatever.

Hello.

Michael, no!

You.

- Oh, Michael!

- Michael!

- He's all right.

- Oh! Let's get him out of here.

- Michael? Oh!

- Michael. Oh!

Oh!

You're okay. It's just a bump.

- Yeah.

- My God.

- Michael! - Michael! - I feel that we are entitled to an explanation here.

- What is your relationship with this woman?

- Did you make it with her?

Do you even know this person?

- That's why you're

here? - Yeah! - Well...

I know you're in some sort of trouble, but I'd like to discuss this first.

- Please.

- Right now.

- W-Wait a minute. -

Please? - Oh, Michael. Here.

- Darling, let me help you up.

- Oh! Easy.

- You mean you did this on

your own? - Yeah. - Yeah.

- There's nobody with you?

- No.

- He changed the subject. Did you see how he did that?

- Yes, you did.

Now, look here, Michael, there's an issue at stake and I'm sorry, you're just not going to get out of it.

- How did you follow me here? - L-l... Well,

we... we knew you weren't dead at the morgue.

- And you told them?

- Of course we told them. We...

- Shit.

- Bad idea, huh?

Wait a minute. You mean

you wanted to be dead?

It would have been useful.

Russell, abort the rendezvous. There's a chopper out there, and this could be trouble.

- Get out of here. I'll meet you in Tres Crucas.

- Screw 'em. You got the stuff.

No, we don't have the advantage here.

I'll meet you in Tres Crucas. Acknowledge.

You're the boss. Over and out. Let's go.

You're not a schoolteacher,
are you, Michael?

Michael, what's going
on? What's in Tres Cruzas?

- I'm sorry you heard that.

- Who cares what I heard?

What was I to you?

- What was I?

- Convenient.

Moderately enjoyable...

largely forgettable...

and a lesson to me not
to leave loose ends.

I can't go on. I don't wanna go on.

Oh, Mother told me about men like
this. I hate it when she's right.

Oh, loose ends!

That's all I was to him? A loose end?

What are you doing worrying about your
love life going to shit? We're gonna die!

That's comforting.

- Who the hell are they?

- Well, how am I supposed to know? He's after Michael.

They're the good guys!

- Help us! Take us!

- Down here! Here! Please! Help us!

Down here!

Get into the light! He won't
go for us if we're in the light!

- But it won't hold still!

- It's moving too fast!

Sandy! Oh!

Come on, Sandy!

Hurry!

Oh, how do they ever catch criminals?

- He's going to cut us off!

- I'll get you. I'll get you!

Come on!

Looks like these ends are gonna stay loose
just a little longer, you big shithead!

Come on! Down here!

- Hello!

- Weldon?

Hello! I guess you know Mr Atkins!

- Oh, my God!

- No, it's all right!

We're CIA!

CIA?

Uh, can I offer you ladies
coffee, or, um, a Coke?

- Weldon!

- Weldon! What is going on?

I'm not authorized to debrief you at...

You're not authorized to debrief me?

After I saved you from
being throttled? Weldon!

Who is Michael Santers?

He was one of our best.

Very high clearance.

Access to everything.

And then...

we began to suspect that he was a
double agent working for Korzenowski.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

Korzenowski, our teacher?

Our teacher and, I'm sorry to tell you,
a key undercover man for the Russians.

Oh, please! The man has a reputation.

He was the definitive Lear.

He is the definitive KGB.

That's why I was in that class.

I was supposed to keep an eye on him,
see if he and Santers were in contact.

- And they were?

- We still don't know how.

I never saw them come
within a mile of each other.

But somehow Korzenowski hired him.

What did Michael do?

He stole the prototype
of an experimental virus.

It's called floratoxin. It's,
uh, an airborne defoliant.

A few drops destroys all vegetation for
hundreds and hundreds of square miles.

Like grass and trees a-and
the... and the whole shot?

- As in California.

- Oh, my God.

- As in the entire wheat belt.

- He would do that?

All he has to do is spill a couple of drops, and the wind'll do the rest.

Don't try to bargain with me. I want \$20 million cash.

And please don't insult my intelligence by trying to mark it.

All right. Only it's going to take a couple of hours. Where are you?

Don't be ridiculous, Weldon.

They're his accomplices.

- Oh, please! - They're professionals. - Oh, no, sir!

- I believe them.

- What?

- You believe that a couple of two-bit actresses... - Oh, l...

- Where are they taking me? - Could have tracked down Michael Santers? - Yes.

It was a rendezvous. They helped him to escape. I was there. You remember?

Yeah, what did we know? He was just some guy we happened to be boffing.

Damn it, I don't boff.

I have never boffed.

Okay, had sex with. Is that white enough for you?

- Move it.

- Sir, if you'll just go over their statements...

That's what I intend to do at Fort Morgan in a nice underground cell until we get Santers' whereabouts.

You want to know his whereabouts? Fine. He said he was going to Tres Crucas, New Mexico.

That's a little bit too easy, isn't it? Get in the van!

That's a little bit too easy, isn't it? Get in the van!

Okay, okay, here's an idea. Why don't we all go to Tres Crucas and see if Michael is there?

I'll prove it to you.

I kn... I know, I know. Your head hurts, and it's our fault. I understand that.

- But if you'd only identified yourself...
- Oh, I see.
- You want me to walk up to enemy operatives and hand over... - Oh, come on! - Ah, who's an enemy operative?
- Hey, Steve, why the hell are we slowing down?
- Wait just a...
Who the hell are you?
Oh, my God!
Some of us who teach can also do.
What do you want?
- Where is Michael Santers?
- Hey, you should know.
You're the ones he's working for.
This is last time I will ask you.
Where is Michael Santers?
Come on, come on, come on! Go. Go!
I think you'll stay.
I never died better, did I, teach?
Okay, let's go up, real easy.
That a boy. That a boy.
Yeah, you're a good
actor, but a lousy shot.
Please, look, we can make bargain.
- Uh, the KGB is very generous.
- Oh... Oh, stop with the KGB.
How dare you defraud the entire
New York theatre community?
- Lauren. - I've
never... Hi. - Lauren.
- I've never heard such behaviour in my
life. - Lauren. - These people are artists.
- Lauren. - What is it? -
Th-That's not the hot issue here.
The... No. No.
Okay. Okay, here it comes, Stan.
You're gonna tell us right now
what was going on in that class...
or Sandy's gonna shoot you.
I'll shoot it off, Stan.
We needed couriers.
- How? -
Yeah. - Uh...
your notebooks.
I left microdot for him in yours,

and he sent back reply in yours.

Well, if he stole the toxin
for you, why don't you have it?

He screwed you too.

He screwed me too.

Ladies, I admit I've made a big mistake,
but if you'd just put yourself in my hands...

you can walk away from here right
now with full federal protection.

Complete clearance of
all conspiracy charges.

I will give you free acting
lessons for the rest of your life.

- We'll pay all the expenses you've incurred.

- Oh, stop it.

The both of you, you're so
full of it. Come on, let's go.

It stinks around here.

Thanks for trying.

- We'll find you.

- Not if the coyotes find you first!

- Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, oh, oh.

- Please!

Please!

Blood is on your head, you putz.

- This is the worst day of my life.

- Yeah.

- We're a couple of chumps. You know that, don't you?

- Oh, we're worse than that.

- Mmm, well, okay, yeah.

- I can't believe I didn't see it.

- I am so humiliated.

- I know.

He hit on us for those notebooks.

"Hit on"? He got me to pick him up.

Tell me! I attacked
him in a Burger King.

I worked all night on his
fucking pumpkin costume.

- For a mythical student, if you will.

- No!

- Yes!

- No.

Hey, I baked cookies

for his entire class.

- Oh, no!

- Could you see me baking?

Icing... Icing these little
happy faces on every one of'em?

Well, I paid \$5,000

to study with the KGB.

The KGB. Oh, my God!

Oh, he trashed me much

worse than he trashed you.

- Oh!

- Really. Hamlet. How am I gonna know Hamlet?

You really should if you're
going to be an actress.

Oh, pardon me...

but, you know, we can't all of us study at the
London School of Shakespearean Weirdness, you know.

Some of us had to schlepp
drinks for a living.

I'm sorry, Sandy.

Oh, God.

So, where you wanna go now?

I don't know.

They'll be after us.

- I was thinking...

- Yeah. So was I.

What?

That we go find Michael
and rip his face off.

- That, and get the toxin back.

- Oh, the hell with the toxin.

- I just wanna rip his face off.

- No, we need the toxin.

We don't want the CIA on
our backs all our lives.

- Just so I get to rip his face off.

- I promise we'll rip his face off after we get the toxin.

Hey! Hello, honey! Hello!

No, no, you idiot!

My shoes!

- Hey, Stan.

- What?

Looks like you're gonna
be facing KGB tribunals.

Unless, of course, you'd
like to make an arrangement.
Would such an arrangement include, uh,
unlimited expense account?
Condo on the Potomac?
Redskins season tickets? Huh?
Aw, nuts!
Thanks, Humphrey. It was sweet of you.
Oh, it was my pleasure, Lauren.
Well, what should we do first?
Get a little sushi? Take in a show?
Now, why do they do that?
Has there ever been one woman in the
history of the world who actually said...
"Yes, fellas, please, take me now."
For a bed and a bath,
I'd... I'd consider it.
- Bite your tongue.
- Hey, turisto. Welcome.
Hey, you're lookin' for a guide, right?
Native Indian to show you the hidden
wonders of this great Chicatacawa nation?
Well, ladies, you have found him.
Special price, today only... \$20.
I don't want to be the first to break
this to you... you are not an Indian.
That's a technicality.
I've been a blood brother to
the Chicatacawa since 1968.
I got a tan. What do you want for \$20?
Honey, I'm an actress. I love to dress
up and pretend. And the hat is fabulous.
But what we need right
now is to find a man.
Well, okay, but it's
not gonna be that great.
- I'm a little bombed.
- What?
And it's still \$20.
No. No, no. No, no, no.
- We're looking for a specific man...
- So we can kill him.
Oh, then you need a witness. Hey,
I'll stand up for you in court.

I saw the whole thing. It was an accident. The axe slipped out of your hand. It's a wonderful scenario. When we find the guy, we're gonna let you know.

- Thanks.

- Find him?

Find as in "locate"? "Track down"?

Hey, now we are rollin'. We have hit the nail right on the hammer.

I'm a tracker. That's my vocation... a tracker.

A guy who tracks down other guys. That's my main gig!

Genuine Indian shit.

- What do you think?

- He's a bum.

But he might have good instincts.

Should we ask for references?

Hey, you wanna find this guy or not?

- Ah, ancient Indian techniques.

- Oh, those could be anybody's.

Yeah, they could...

anybody about 185 pounds...

dragging his right leg a little like it's injured.

And...

smoking one hand-rolled Colton's...

every three minutes.

Admit it. The man is cool.

- Yeah, come on.

- Oh, baby.

Yeah, why you do this to me, huh?

Oh, my God.

Wow! That is some major ill repute happening there.

- Come on, let's go.

- No, no, don't try it.

You'll never get past Gert. It's customers only.

Come on, let's get out of here. Come on. Hey.

- Let's go, will ya. Come on.

- Customers?

Customers! You get his

shirt, I'll get his pants.

What? Come on! You had your chance at me, and you lost it. Come on, now!

- Oh, I want the hat.

- Will you stop it!

Who do you think you're kiddin', huh?

How old are you boys?

Thirteen? Fourteen?

Hell, you're just babies.

Why, you can't even shave yet.

- Your daddy know you're here?

- Hell, yes. He told us where to come.

Come. Get it?

Oh. First time.

Oh, no way!

- It's his first time.

- What'd you tell her that fer?

- You chickenshit, huh?

- I ain't! I done it plenty!

- You chickenshit. You chickenshit.

- Oh, you always tell my secrets. I'm gonna get you.

Chickenshit... Oh, lordy, don't do that.

That ain't no way to act in a whorehouse.

Be a man. Be a man!

This is Tina and Maria. Have fun.

Yeah, now tell me how we're gonna get it up.

Definitely not.

Oh, God.

Oh, God. Oh, God.

- He's there.

- "Oh, God, oh, God."

- Won't be long now.

- Oh, God. Oh, God.

Oh, God. Oh, God!

Oh... Oh, God!

- That was it.

- He'll be asleep in three seconds.

Did you ever think you'd be glad men roll over and pass out?

- Okay?

- You've gotta be...

Have a nice day.

- I've come to a definite conclusion.

- What's that?

You can have him.

Oh, God.

Was it good for you too?

H-H-Hurry!

Hey, baby!

Help me up!

You guys are the sweetest,
most gorgeous creatures.

You're sweet.

Yikes!

- Hey, wait a minute. Guys!

- Wait a minute. We're not supposed to stop.

Why... Why are we

stopping? Why did we stop?

- Oh. Sorry. - Uh, w-we

have to get to a phone.

- Yeah, uh, uh, phone. - We have to...

Oh, God. - Phone. Phone. - Oh, my God.

- What are you doing here?

- Trying to get back to the reservation...

before one of these guys hits

on me for my phone number.

- Oh, come on, you don't look so bad.

- Except for prints don't work for him. He should stick with solids.

- Wait a minute. Did he say phone?

- Phone!

- Frank! - Leave me alone!

- Frank, you have to listen!

- No, I don't!

- Yes, you do!

- Oh! Oh. Oh. Oh.

- Oh.

- I'm sorry, Frank, but this is really important.

- Oh, leave me alone.

- Just leave me alone!

- Look, we gotta use your phone.

Forget it! You stiffed me for \$20.

You leave me in drag. You got some

maniac with a knife chasing you.

These things do not tempt me

to wanna team up with you guys.

- Ah, what's wrong with my head?

- Are you okay?

No! I think I'm gettin' sober!
Look, listen, Frank, we're
not just jerking you around.
Some guys are chasing us 'cause
one of them stole a virus...
that's gonna kill and destroy all the plants and all
the trees for thousands of miles all the way around.
We stole it back, so now they're
trying to kill us. You get it?
Jesus, the '60s were
good to you, weren't they?
Frank, that's right.
Think back to the '60s.
- People did things for each other.
- They were wasted.
Listen, Frankie, get us
to a telephone, all right?
I swear to you, you're
gonna be showered with money.
Showered with money.
Okay, ladies, this is it.
This is it, Frank? It's not exactly
the hub of the reservation, is it?
- Hey, it's off season. What do you want?
- We wanna use the phone, Frank.
Hey, five minutes. That's it.
If you guys stay more than five minutes,
you'll bring down a goddam tornado.
We have no intention of hanging around.
- Fine.
- I just wanna make this call... I must have that blouse!
- That shirt has my name on it.
- Oh! Oh, I love this.
- I wore one of these when I did Oklahoma.
- Oh, that'll be cute on you.
- You think? Not too short-waisted? - No! You get
a little snakeskin belt, give it a little texture.
- Oh, that's a good idea. I like this too.
- Hey!
Will ya? Come on, now. Just take the
blouse. Keep 'em. They're on the house.
- Now, you gotta make this phone call. - Oh, thanks,
Frank. - Get on the phone, and let's get going here.
Right. Right, right, right. Okay, who are

we gonna call? The New York Times. Huh?

- No. We'll call the president.

- Oh, yeah! That's really a call he's gonna take.

"Hi, we're two struggling actresses.

We're saving the world." Get real.

He was an actor.

Okay, the FBI.

We're gonna call the FBI, we're gonna

turn this in, we're gonna save our country.

Uh-huh. Do you have a changing room?

This doesn't work.

They must have cut me off.

- I owe 'em a little money.

- Don't you know how to deal with those dorks?

- You don't have to pay them anything.

- You don't?

- No, all you have

to do... - No! - What?

No, not that again.

Frank, how do we get

to a phone that works?

Frank, how do we get

to a phone that works?

Okay, ladies, this here's Frodo.

He'll take real good care of ya.

Now, you're gonna ride across those hills

till you come to the edge of a cliff.

Don't go off there.

That's a 700-foot drop.

Now, if you do get down, you're gonna come to the

rattlesnake area. Be real careful goin' through there.

Now, take a left at the rattlesnakes

and you'll come around to a dirt road.

Take you right into the taco stand.

They got a phone in there. Huh?

It couldn't be just a block and

a half to the corner store, Frank?

Not around here.

- Hey, Frank, thanks.

- Oh, okay, all right.

- Now, come on, we gotta... - We

won't forget you. - Yeah, yeah, yeah.

- We're gonna see you get something out of this, Frank.

- Oh, yeah, sure.

I'll be showered with money. I can hardly wait. Come on, let's get outta here.

- Come on.

- Wait, wait, wait. I don't have the toxin.

- Wait a minute.

- Oh, hold on a second there.

Give me the vial.

Slowly.

- Let go of me!

- Go!

Whoa! Asshole! Come on!

Well, of course.

Russell! Boyd!

- Where's the other one?

- She got away.

- Now you're gonna make yourself useful.

- I don't know how to drive a stick shift.

- Get in the back.

- Oh.

Let's turn around, okay?

Let's just go this way.

Holy shit.

Go away!

- Frank?

- Go away!

- What happened? Where's Lauren?

- They took her.

- We gotta go find her.

- Oh, no!

Frank, I can't track her without you. Now, please, come on!

- You go! I'm busy bleeding!

- Frank!

You don't give up, do ya? You think I'm gonna go chasing a pack of psychos for some dumb blonde?

She's not dumb, and she's not a blonde.

- Well, good luck, lady.

- Frank!

Frank!

Okay, okay, the truth.

Lauren and I pulled a bank job. Those guys were feds, and Lauren buried the money...

- Spare me, will ya?

- Well, what about revenge?

I mean, these guys trashed your house. Don't you want to get even? I'm insured. No deductible. Save your breath. I'm running out of bullshit, Frank. They're gonna kill her. I know it's not your problem... but this person and I, we've been through a lot of disgusting things together. This person and I are... This person's a friend... and I don't have that many friends. I do. I do. Hello, Michael. This is Atkins. Hello, Joe. Do you have the money? Yep, it's here. Fine. Here it is. You'll get into the chopper and fly to Mesa Azul Cliffs at the Four Fingers. Don't even think about ground support because I've got lookouts. Now, if I see a plane, a tank, a chopper other than your chopper... I'll get very nervous and I'm gonna dump this stuff in the first stiff wind blowing east. You got it? You will not land the chopper. You'll come level with the mesa and you'll lower the money down to me...

at 5.:

And now you're gonna make the exchange. I knew you wouldn't keep your end of the bargain. This is your big moment. Don't you wanna do it yourself? Atkins is a crack shot. Like I said, I'm doing the exchange. - I see somebody. It's Lauren. - Now you wanna tell me how much you believe them? No, don't shoot. Sir, she's being coerced. - Will you land this damn thing!

- He's trying!

Throw down the bag.

- Throw it down.

- You'll shoot me.

I'm really sorry about this.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

- Aren't you dead yet?

- Not till I play Hamlet.

- Boy!

- Oh, you came back.

- Sure!

- I can't believe it.

- And look at you. You made off with the works.

- Yes.

- I got the toxin and \$20 million.

- Wow!

This time l... l-I think

I'll hold the money.

- You don't mind.

- Oh, look, there's Weldon.

Maybe we can hitch a ride

with those guys. Hey, handsome!

- Go! Go!

- Go where?

I will never...

date a man again.

- Sandy.

- Getting laid just isn't worth it.

Oh, Sandy!

Get it! Get it!

Pull!

Pull! Oh!

There is no God.

- Hey, look!

- Hey, look!

Yes. Let's go.

- Let's go.

- Oh, fuck.

You son of a bitch! En garde!

- Yes!

- Go!

- Where is it? Shit.

- I don't have it!

I have it. Let her go.

No! You...
Shit.
Ah, nuts.
Oh, shit!
Nine years of ballet, asshole!
You did it! You did it!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
That is the best Hamlet ever.
Except for mine.
Wow! Yeah!
Oh, this is the happiest
moment of my life.
- They bought that shit.
- Sh... "Shit"?
You're calling my Hamlet shit?
He's a wimp. I mean, look at him. He
can't make up his mind about anything.
He stands around all night and says,
"What'll I do? What'll I do? What'll I do?"
Give me Romeo or Henry the Fifth.
Now, there's a guy I could boff.
Boff? Oh, we're back to boffing, are we?
- I see. That's... That's the criteria for your great...
- Absolutely!
Right, whether you would boff the hero.
Well, who will you go to
When there's no one to betray
And I said
Who will you go to
When your best friend turns away
Hey, hey
Last time you're gonna let me down
Last time you're gonna
fool around with me
It's the last time
Last time you're gonna let me down
Last time you're gonna
fool around with me
It's the last time, baby
Last time you're gonna let me down
Last time you're gonna
fool around with me
It's the last time
Last time you're gonna let me down

Last time you're gonna
fool around with me
It's the last time, baby
There's a garden full of roses
There's a necklace full of pearls
You have come to take the roses
To give to other girls
Well, I'm just a pretty thing
You wanted for a day
There is nothing left between us
There is nothing left to say
Hey, hey
Last time you're gonna let me down
Last time you're gonna
fool around with me
Last time you're gonna let me down
Last time you're gonna
fool around with me
It's the last time