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The Man with One Red Shoe

By Francis Veber

Yeah, yeah, mac. Whatever you say.

There she is. That's the car.

You look like a zebra.

I forgot the waterproof makeup.

- Everything set?

- It's in the car. Take the keys.

Give me the money.

The cocaine's in the tires.

We sail in an hour.

I'll be back.

Carson!

- Sir?

- Now.

- Cocaine!

- Cocaine!

- Cocaine!

- Cocaine!

The arrest of a CIA agent
in Morocco has the capital buzzing today.

A special Senate committee
has been called to investigate.

The facts are incontrovertible, Mr. Ross.

One of your agents was
involved in drug smuggling.

Caught red-handed.

As director of the CIA,
what have you to say about this?

Mr. Ross?

Mr. Ross, as director of the CIA,
what have you to say about this?

Mr. Chairman, I...

Excuse me.

Mr. Chairman, I haven't had the opportunity...
to review all the facts yet.

Mr. Ross, I am going to order
a full inquiry into this nefarious activity.

I will expect you to appear before
this select committee in 48 hours,
with the proper answers.

Yes, Senator.

- Mr. Ross, did they demand your resignation?

- No comment.

- Will Burton Cooper take your place?

- No comment.

Please! Ladies, gentlemen, please.

Mr. Cooper, will you replace Ross
as director of the CIA?

I think that anything that I might say
at this time would be premature.

The director's been given 48 hours.

By the end of that time there will be no doubt
what that man is made of, what he stands for.

- What does he stand for?

- I have nothing more to say.

- How'd it go, sir?

- Great.

I haven't felt this good
since I overthrew the government in Chile.
I thought Ross was gonna have that coronary.
He never should have gotten the job in the
first place. Should have gone to you, sir.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Maddy, I need a transcript
of that Senate hearing.

- You got him yet?

- He just pulled up to Ross's house.

Turn it up. I want to hear this.

I'm sorry, sir, but I can't imagine
Cooper being director of CIA.

- Brown, I don't want to talk about it.

- You taught him every trick he knows!

Brown, will you change the subject?

Come in, Brown, come in. Wipe your feet.

I can never get over
how beautiful it is here, sir.

Clean air, quiet. Boy, must be nice.

Yes, the country is wonderful. A haven.

You might say there's only one drawback -
the, uh... bugs.

You get them in the country?

We have them in the city - cockroaches.

Yes, but the bugs here...

are more of a nuisance.

They can cause quite a serious problem...
if they're not controlled.

But that's enough about bugs.

Let me show you my latest painting.

There's not a lot of
this particular artist's work around.
You notice the brush technique - the accented
strokes which give great energy to the form?
What's most interesting to note is that in his
earlier work he still emphasized drawing.
You can pick out the outlines
and contrasts of tone...
... this one. Notice how everything
becomes dissolved in a dazzle of light?

- We can talk now.
- Wow, what a character Cooper is.
- He's bugged your house, your garden.
- Brown!

I'm sorry, sir, but Cooper's
such a professional. He always has been.
I really thought we had him this time.
The marked money, the cocaine.
Cooper's smart, you gotta give him that.
He put it right back on you.

- Maybe you'd rather work for him.
- No, no.

I didn't think so.

Anyway, Cooper had his fun.
Now it's my turn.

- But I didn't ask you here to discuss art.
- No, sir.

There's someone arriving
at 5.30 this afternoon at Dulles Airport.

- I want you to meet him.
- You can depend on me, sir.

He'll need protection. Take Agents Virdon
and Reese with you. I trust them.

Brown,

we've got to nail Cooper.

I need this person to testify
on my behalf at the hearing.

He can clear up everything about Morocco.
I can't hear anything.

- Sounds like he knew he was being bugged.
- Maybe, maybe not.

We don't have much time.

Exactly 46 hours and 18 minutes
to find out who this guy is.

Sir, this man I'm meeting, the one at the airport? Who is he, please?

- Pick anyone.

- I'm sorry, sir. What?

Don't ask me!

Brown, pick anyone.

Someone out of the crowd.

The more anonymous, the better.

Who you choose isn't important.

He'll be used to bait the hook.

All that matters is that Cooper swallows it.

United Airlines flight 179

from Denver now arriving gate 22B.

Brown, pick anyone.

It doesn't matter who.

Where's this guy coming from,

Mr. Brown?

Flight 800 from Chicago now arriving...

- He's coming from Chicago.

- He's coming in from Chicago.

- What's this guy look like?

- That's none of our concern.

The rabbi.

Brilliant! He ain't here

for no Bar Mitzvah, right?

One of the Sony softball team?

What if he doesn't show?

What if he got lost? What if he's sick?

What if you shut up?

The black dude?

The yuppie?

The nun with the shades?

She's a narc, right?

There he is.

Which one?

The man with one red shoe.

Hello. It's been a long time.

Excuse me. I, uh... I thought I knew you.

Richard!

- Richard!

- Honey, he can't hear you.

Richard!

- I just want to ask him something.

- Why can't you ask him tonight?

- Please, Morris?
- All right, all right, all right, all right.
I'm sorry. Oh.
Excuse me.
Uh... excuse me.

Subject:

Buttock right, wallet - five dollars in change.
Quadriceps, left - bag of nuts.
Foot, left - one red shoe.
Over.
- He made a call from the airport.
- To whom?
His dentist, a Dr. O Reuben. 872-1501.
Edgar?
FBI, KGB, M15, Interpol -
all negative.
None of our contacts
has ever heard of Richard Drew.
- Who are the guys following him?
- Ross's men, Virdon and Reese.
We don't know which is which.
- How about the case?
- A violin. What difference does it make?
Why don't we just kill him?
No, Carson.
There's a Senate inquiry, remember?
The last thing we want to do is kill him.
What we do want to do is find out
who he is and what he knows.
- Yes, sir.
- Now then, anybody, why the one red shoe?
Wait a minute. Wait. Dickie!
Dickie...
how old are you? Six? Seven? What?
You're 12 years old? Hm.
Being 12, you haven't really experienced
much of the pain or the suffering
or the anxiety of life - which you will.
But in the meantime,
you see what this says?
This says "with passion".
Now, that means
"con amore, espressivo". Oomph!

I know you wrote it, Mr. Drew,
but can I go back to Schubert?

Sure.

You play it conservative, fine.

Schubert it is.

OK, fine. Just slow it down a little bit.

I personally like to hear each and every note.

What time is it?

- Ten.

- Hm, ten o'clock.

You wanna quit?

Nnnrrrgghh!

Just keep practicing, remember.

Yeah, you too, Mr. Drew.

Give my best to your mom and dad.

- OK.

- Walk tall, you're in the string section.

- Richard Drew.

- Heh-heh, Mr. Drew.

I believe we have some business to discuss.

Some shoe business?

Some red shoe business? If you ever want
to see your other shoe alive again...

Yeah, Morris. This is very funny. You're
slaying me here with hysterical laughter.

I had you going.

Like you did with those fake peanuts.

I have to see my dentist today.

Not today. We're counting on you,
and so are the Senators.

- All right, I'll be there.

- Dammit!

I would never wanna disappoint the Senators.

Senate inquiry. I knew it!

- Want me to kill Morris?

- No.

We can't kill him. We don't even know
who he is yet. Just get a car and a team ready.
Stemple. Hulse.

Keep a tap on that telephone 24 hours a day.

Maddy, take the sweep team.

When he goes to that dentist, go to his
apartment and check out everything. Let's go.

Come on.

What?

- What?

- Sounds like another Morocco to me.

Oh, honey, will you give me a break?

Morocco was Morocco, was... Morocco.

I just don't want any cars

dropping out of the sky.

Maddy, I'm not gonna hurt this guy.

I have no reason to hurt him, right?

- I guess not.

- OK?

- OK.

- Good girl.

Sam, call the motor pool.

Don't let Carson go before I talk to him, OK?

Come on.

I don't buy that peanut crap for a second.

It's a little strange

the first person he calls is a dentist.

Maybe he has microfilm concealed in a tooth.

- That old trick?!

- Right.

So take one of our dentists

and get that tooth for me.

How do I know which tooth?

Yeah.

Well, better... better just yank 'em all.

Let's go!

Subject in transit.

Has changed his shoes.

Riding a bicycle. Ten-speed, I suspect.

No, that's a 12-speed.

Peugeot Grand Prix.

How does he do that?

I can't do that. Can you do that?

Now, where is he?

There he is. Stop the car.

What do you think you're doing?

His dentist is in 312.

Your target is the noon appointment.

I know what to do.

- Hi!

- May I help you?

Hi.

Uh-uh.

- Speak to Cooper?

- Yeah?

Bad news. He's changed his mind. He's left the dentist. Looks like he's heading home. Get ahold of Maddy.

This guy's nobody's fool. Keep following him, but change surveillance vehicles.

What is it?

He's on his way back.

He's on his way back.

He's on his way back.

Got 'em all.

Get me some aspirin.

- He's here!

- It's too late. He's back.

Pro butte. Third strain.

Welcome home, Mr. Drew.

I hope you don't mind, your landlady was kind enough to let me in.

I know you.

You're the woman from the airport.

You've got a good memory. Yes.

I'm with Landmark Tours. We're conducting a survey of historic homes in Georgetown. Congratulations. You happen to live in one.

- That's the reason that you're here?

- We hope to include this home in our tour.

I don't think so. I think you're here because of a much bigger reason.

I think it's fate.

Destiny.

Kismet, say.

It's a confluence of energies... and powers far beyond those... of mortal men.

Something wrong, Mr. Drew?

No.

No, Mom! I'm not watchin' TV.

I... I'm practicin'.

I'm practicin'!

Amazing!

Usually one is sufficient.

His name is Richard Harlan Drew.

Born March 28, 1954, Altuna, Pennsylvania.

An only child.

Mother, Marion Rice.

Father, Gerald Drew. 60.

Schoolteacher.

Typical childhood.

His mother gave him his first taste for music.

At 16, Drew developed severe bronchitis.

Spent a year in a sanatorium.

Lost his virginity to a student nurse.

Joined the Juilliard School of Music,
full scholarship.

Continues to teach underprivileged children.

- Might as well have made him an archbishop.

- They must think we're stupid.

- He do anything besides play the violin?

- No. He's an artist. An eccentric.

Doesn't even know how to drive a car.

He's played with the Washington Symphony
for the past five years,
and it takes him out of the country
on extended tours.

He's played in Russia,
Morocco, Berlin, China.

- The perfect cover. Professor, um...

- Chermenko.

Chermenko, what about that handwriting?

Ah.

Richard Drew is a very complex man,
filled to the breaking point
with personality conflicts.

His violin is a substitute
for severe anger and repression.

Sexual repression.

Yeah.

Yeah, you can see it in the eyes.

Hello?

Hello?!

Oh.

What the hell is that?

- The mike in the toilet is too loud.

- Turn it down.

If I do that, I'll have to lower all the others.

Why is he flushing the toilet? There's gotta be
a reason why he's flushing the toilet, Carson.

I'd say he's getting rid of evidence.

Clever.

OK, put a man in the sewer.

- Come on!

- Let's go!

- What am I looking for?

- Find out where the pipes lead.

He may be sending messages to someone.

- But why does it have to be me?

- Because that's a direct order, Stemple.

Go.

Ow!

All the alligator holes are marked.

All the what?!

Let's get outta here.

Who is it?

- What?! Who is it?!

- It's me!

"Me" who?

Richard, come on. It's me!

- Oh.

- Why did you avoid me at the airport?

Uh...

Hello, Paula. I, uh...

Paula, I'm glad... I'm glad you came by.

I think we need to have a little talk.

I wanna talk, too. After.

Here's the thing, Paula.

It's Morris. I can't do this to Morris.

All he cares about is his practical jokes.

I know, I know, I know, he's a percussionist.

But that doesn't mean he's not a nice guy.

He may be a nice guy,

but you are a terrific Tarzan.

Paula...

I don't wanna do Tarzan.

I'm doin' Jane.

- It's just Tarzan. What's the big deal?

- No.

Come on. I'll play all the other parts.

Sure. Are you gonna do Cheetah, too?

- If that's what it takes.

- Let me hear it.

I'm sorry, but I can't. I just can't.

- Why?

- Well...

I think it's because of Morris, Paula.

Remember Chicago?

Fate? Kismet?

No, I don't remember Chicago, Paula.

You got me drunk.

So that's your final answer, then?

Yeah... yeah.

Well, I can respect that.

I can't condone it, but...

No! Paula, will you...

Come on, listen to what...

Are you expecting someone?

Only your husband Morris,
to take me to a baseball game!

- Where's your purse?

- In the living room.

Yo, Richard! Come on, open up!

Morris, hold on... pal. I'll be done
in just a second - getting dressed.

- We gotta go!

- You gotta get outta here.

- I gotta get outta here.

- Yes. Go, go, go, go.

- Call me. Tuesday.

- Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Do you see what I see?

Wonder what goes on in there.

That's the trouble with surveillance -
you don't get to see nothin'.

- One. Two.

- What is... I should have known.

- Here, quick. Think fast.

- What is this?

It's a box of cigars. To make up for
all the stupid jokes I've been pulling.

- Thank you.

- It's all right. These are very good cigars.

I want you to smoke one after you get a little.

You do get a little, don't you?

Uh, yeah, a little.

- OK, come on. Let's go.

- All right.

- Give me five minutes.
- Six players are waiting for us!
Second time around in this sewer
and I haven't found shit!
Get ahold of yourself. Get ahold of yourself.
What would Gordon Liddy do?
I can't do that, I'm not hungry.
- Yo.
- Carson. Hulse, what the hell's happening?
It's the bottom on the ninth.
Senators are leading 1-0.
No, you idiot.
Where's the fiddle player? Is he there?
Yes, sir.
Keep your eyes open. I wanna find
out just how sexually repressed this guy is.
- Richard! Wake up.
- What?
- The ball!
- Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
What's going on?
Concentrate, will you? Concentrate.
Break for time.
Ow.
- Are you OK?
- Hi.
Come on, the game's almost over.
Tough it out, huh?
This man has been badly beaned.
You'd better come with me.
- Come on, Richard.
- Hey, this is out of my hands.
I wanted to apologize for
all I said about fate in my apartment.
And for passing out-
it must've been the heat.
Hurry up.
You've got to get something on that.
I think she's bringing him in.
Let's go in.
Virdon.
Sorry, Reese.
Let's hear that tape again. Maybe we missed
something back at his apartment.

- It's just Tarzan. What's the big deal?

- No.

Come on. I'll play all the other parts.

Sure. Are you gonna do Cheetah, too?

- If that's what it takes.

- Let me hear it.

Paula?

Paula?!

- OK. OK, OK, so you're a great Cheetah.

- Paula, is that you?

Paula!

Quit stalling. Please. Do Tarzan.

- Paula!

- Paula, I can't.

- The other guy's behind us.

- What?

- I know you can. I'll help you.

- Paula, don't do it!

This always worked with Morris.

Ow! Ouch! Paula!

Paula!

He's breathing down my neck!

Ow! No.

- Ow! Ow!

- Paula!

Paula!

Paula! Paula!

It's never really been proven,

but that's what they say.

- Beautiful house.

- Thanks. Would you like something to drink?

- Some orange juice would be nice.

- I don't have any orange juice.

Oh yes, you...

- No, I'm not thirsty.

- OK.

I'm just gonna go get cleaned up a little bit,

so make yourself as at home as possible.

I'm in.

That's it!

Yuck!

Tastes like shampoo.

- You don't read sheet music, do you?

- No, I never learned how.

Oh.

Well, there's... there's nothing
you'd really be interested in here anyway.
I was just looking at them.
I hope it doesn't... You're not angry or...
Richard!

Paula's in love with an ambulance driver.

Hey, Morris.

I'm a little busy right now.

Paula is making love
in the back of an ambulance right now.

- I'd better go.

- No! No, no, no, no, no!

Wait a minute. Wait.

When will I see you again?

- What is this about Paula?

- I heard her making love in an ambulance.

- What was she doing in an ambulance?

- She was playing Tarzan...

- She was playing Tarzan.

- Tarzan?

That Tarzan thing, I told you about that.
She puts on these little leopard things...

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

- Hey, do you do Tarzan?

- The yodel? No, I can't get that high.

Cos that ambulance driver
sounded a lot like you.

- What, may I ask, are you doing?

- Calling your wife.

Don't call her, she's not at home.

She's in the back of an ambulance.

Hi, Paula. This is Richard.

I'm here with your husband,
and he wants to talk to you.

Very funny.

Who's speaking?

Paula?

Yes, yes.

No.

I'm sorry.

You want me to pick you something up?

You know how I hate buying those things.

All right, I'll pick it up.

Right.

Bye.

- Who was that?

- Paula.

- Was she with an ambulance driver?

- No, she's at home with her mother.

Yeah.

Well, I guess you just must have
been hearing things, huh?

My bike! It's broken.

How am I gonna get home?

Why don't you take mine?

Take my bike.

- Can I?

- Sure.

- Sorry about that chair.

- That's OK. It was... really old.

- Maddy, is he coming in?

- I don't think so.

Did you offer him money?

Did you try to finesse him?

It's difficult to finesse someone when
he's got bubbles coming out of his mouth.

Look, in exactly 19 hours and 59 minutes
this guy is gonna bury me.

- You're telling me you drew a blank?

- I didn't say I drew a blank.

- What are you saying?

- There was something.

- What?

- He tried to hide a piece of music.

- What music?

- Looked like something he was writing.

Something he was writing.

Wait. Let me think about this.

Musician. Music. Hiding music.

Wait a minute.

Isn't he playing a concert tonight?

- Yes.

- Edgar, let me ask you something.

Is it possible for a musician to vary the music
just enough to pass a coded message?

Enough to make a difference,

but so that nobody else could tell?

It's possible, but he'd have to be a virtuoso.

Uh-huh? Mm-hm.

OK. Hulse, I want you to put
a special mike on him tonight.

One that isolates everything he plays
from the orchestra.

Carson, hook it into the GBLX-1000 computer.

- GBLX?!

- That thing will break any code.

- But it controls our missile defense system!

- Honey!

What are the odds of the Russians attacking
on a Thursday night? Come on!

We've got a 24-hour wiretap on his phone, sir,
and two men in a surveillance vehicle.

- Excellent.

- But I think he'll catch on to your scam.

Cooper's smart, all those years in the field.

That's exactly why he won't smell anything.

He loves this type of operation.

He made the mousetrap himself.

All we did was feed him a piece of cheese.

About this piece of cheese, sir.

What's going to happen to him?

What?

Wouldn't it bother you to send
an innocent man to his grave?

Are you serious?

We're talking about my career.

But I'm the one who picked him, sir.

Don't tell me you're having
a guilty conscience.

It was his shoe.

I could have picked a black man
with a green raincoat.

There was a Japanese guy with five cameras.

I could have picked him.

But I preferred the guy with the red shoe.

Brown, you're not being paid
to be a philosopher.

Wait until you retire.

Tell Virdon and Reese to clear off and
take a well-earned rest. They must be tired.

But what am I supposed to do

with the Red Shoe?

Save him for your memoirs.

Damn!

- Go ahead.

- Oh, may we?

What?

- What?

- This evening we are playing Scheherazade.

Would you care to join us?

- Oh.

- Thank you!

Idiot. And...

Here's where he varied

from the programme.

That has to be the message.

We fed the notes into the computer.

"Ardy bekko, inyo see far ogle."

- What the hell is this?

- I don't know.

- He's rubbing our noses in it.

- Wait.

Let's just pick him up and put an end to it.

- Maddy.

- Maddy.

Maddy.

What is this?

"See far ogle" or "see far oggle"?

- "Ogle."

- "Ogle"?

Could be "oggle".

- Thanks. Keep it.

- Thank you.

I got this... note... from you.

Please come in.

Well, thank you.

All this...

Did you say something?

Uh... all this on just a tour guide's salary?

I'll let you in on a little secret.

My uncle - Burt...

... owns the company.

Adorable.

That would explain it.

Why don't you come down here

and sit with me on the couch?
- I think you'll be more comfortable.
- Thanks again.
Are you OK? You seem tense.
Oh, no. No, no.
I'm not... I'm not tense.
No. Well, I did pass out today,
and got hit in the head by a baseball
and brushed my teeth with shampoo,
then butchered Rimsky-Korsakov
in front of 1500 people,
but no, I'm not... I'm not tense.
No, no.
You need to relax,
and I'm going to help.
Now, close your eyes.
- What?
- Close your eyes.
Let all your thoughts run free in your mind
and your blood flow.
Relax.
Give up control.
Relax.
Give yourself room... to breathe.
Now... isn't that better?
Uh, well, I am a little hungry.
Oh.
Let me get you something.
- Ow!
- What?
You're hurting my hair.
- Oh! Oh, jeez.
- Ooh!
- Ow!
- Oh, jeez. Hold on.
OK, I got to cut...
It's caught in my zipper.
I'm sorry, it's stuck.
Ow! You're hurting me now!
Do you have a pair of scissors around?
- In the bathroom.
- OK, well...
Agh! We have to go together.
All right, you don't get up.

You just lead the way and I'll follow, OK?

- OK, ready? Slowly, and up.

- Slowly, slowly.

- This guy's right out of a circus.

- No, that's what he wants us to think.

Step.

- Step. Not on my hand!

- Whoops, sorry.

- Where is the bathroom again?

- Step up and to the right.

Oh! I didn't see that when I first came in.

Step. Agh!

I'm sorry. I thought you were with me.

OK. All right.

OK.

What in the name of God? What are you doing? You're supposed to be out there.

No, there's been a mistake.

This man is not an agent.

- What does that mean?

- Does he look like a professional to you?

Of course he doesn't.

If he did, he wouldn't be a professional.

Get out there and finish the job.

He's no good - look at those eyes.

- This is ridiculous!

- Take the pants and put...

- Richard?

- Yeah?

- Come into the bedroom.

- Sure!

- Come sit with me on the bed.

- Sure.

Oh!

- Before we kill each other, please.

- Sorry about that.

No!

"No"? What does she mean, "no"?

I'm sorry. What's the matter?

I just don't want this

to be just a one-night stand.

Believe me, Maddy, neither do I.

No.

Richard,

I feel...

I feel as if you're keeping something from me.

- Are you?

- Good girl.

Here it comes.

- You're amazing, you know that?

- Uh-huh.

- Yeah, I've been hiding something from you.

- Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.

I've been meaning to tell you about it,
but I haven't had chance.

But I guess now's

as good a time as any, hm?

Wait right here.

He's coming back with a banjo or something.

All right.

This is it. I'm not just a musician, but I'm...

Well, I'm a composer too, of sorts,

and I'd been having problems with this one
piece until you and I bumped into each other.

I'd like to... to play it for you
and dedicate it to you.

Just push the green button there.

He played that same music in the concert.

Really?

No, no, no, not the lights!

Thanks a lot, Maddy.

- Yes, sir?

- Virdon, what's going on over there?

He played the violin twice,

and now they're making love again, sir.

- I see.

- What do you want us to do, sir?

- Huh?

- What are your orders, sir?

I'll have to call you back.

He's calling me back.

Carson.

Liquidate?

I think so.

Hey, Maddy, look at this.

I don't believe it!

He's always one step ahead of us.

Shit!

Good morning, sir.

I told you to call off Virdon and Reese.

Really? I must have misunderstood you.

I told them to tighten up their surveillance.

- You did misunderstand.

- I'm sorry. I've always obeyed orders.

I presumed you'd want

to protect the innocent, though.

You presumed wrong, Brown.

Things have gone too far.

The Man With One Red Shoe

is of no use to me any more.

It's Cooper's turn to come on stage.

This affair will have to end in a shooting
match, just like all good spy stories.

Maddy, dear, these just came for you.

Oh.

- What's that?

- They're from him.

- Probably bugged.

- These candies also arrived, sir.

Candy, too? Hulse, check these out.

Do you know how long it's been
since I got flowers?!

Don't have 'em delivered here. We might as
well have a sign: Spies, enquire within.

- I think you're falling for this guy.

- That's just absurd!

- I don't think so.

- Sir, no bugs in this one.

Good. Keep checking.

- I'm picking something up at Ross's house.

- Let me hear it.

Give me one of those.

Good work, Brown. Cooper missed
the violinist again. As you know,

- I have an appointment at the Senate.

- I see.

The violinist has finished his report.

He'll fill us in at the hearing.

Some people are in for

a most unpleasant surprise, Brown.

Well, we've got to work fast.

Now then, does anybody here

remember how to kill a man?

- Hello. Maddy?

- No, it's Paula.

Oh. Hi... hi, Paula.

Who is Maddy? Maddy is that other girl
at the concert. You're seeing this other girl.

No. No. Well...

I'll do anything you say.

I'll... I'll leave Morris.

You don't even have to play Tarzan.

You can just...

I can explain everything.

I'm getting too old for th...

Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.

Don't even think...

- Paula, I'm really sorry, but...

- Richard?

Maddy? Hey!

Look, I've got to leave the country
and I can never see you again.

Wait a minute.

Maddy, this is crazy. Where are you?

I'm around the corner.

I'm in the coffee shop.

Maddy? Hey, Maddy!

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh!

Come on, guys. We're all professionals.

- Easy.

- What are we gonna do, shoot each other?

- Take it slow.

- You have a pension plan?

- We have full hospitalization.

- I don't know what you mean.

Here's some cigars.

You guys smoke cigars?

- What, are those Cuban?

- Forget it, Hulse!

Smoke a cigar.

We'll talk it over like gentlemen.

See? I'm smoking a cigar.

She's blonde, lyrically beautiful.

She used your phone.

- Oh, yeah, she was here. But she split.

- She split?

All right!

There's no problem. Great!

Mr. Brown will really be pleased.

I mean, he'll definitely
make us permanent partners now.

See, what I do in a gunfight, Reese,
is I stay loose.

We'll work together for years.

I'll have a chance to teach you how to do this.

It'll take a long time for you to learn.

Weeks, months, maybe even years.

Just shut up.

- What do I owe you?

- This one's on me, pal.

I was headed this way anyhow.

Thanks.

Richard!

- Morris, are you OK?

- I was just in your apartment.

I was gonna blow your brains out.

I heard you and Paula on the phone.

I'm sorry.

This is not the time to talk about this.

But there are three dead men
in your apartment.

Yeah, sure. Good.

Three dead men are in your apartment.

All right, Morris, enough of the jokes.

This is not the time.

Three!

Come on.

You gotta see this.

Look.

They're gone. They're gone!

Yeah.

Richard, I swear, there was someone here.

- Maybe they're under the rug.

- Richard! I swear, there were three...

...dead men. And yesterday Paula
was making love to an ambulance driver.

Looks pretty bad, huh?

You should have a drink.

You'll feel a lot better.

Yeah.

I'll get it.
- I'm not thirsty.
- Morris, come on.
You're pale, you got the shakes...
I'm not thirsty, Richard.
Don't go in there, Richard!
I'm not well, you know. I'm not well at all.
- I have to pee.
- Fine.
- Will you come with me?
- Oh, come on, Morris!
- Get in the car, Maddy.
- Edgar, you're making a mistake.
Get in.
- Hey, Maddy!
- Get into the car!
Maddy!
Hey, Maddy!
We've got her.
She was trying to warn Drew.
I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, dammit!
He turned her around.
I'll take care of the fiddle player.
You... better get rid of Maddy.
She's too dangerous now.
Oh, come on!
Richard!
Come here.
Stop.
Turn around.
Edgar, that damn fiddle player's
right behind us.
Uh-oh.
Excuse me, folks.
- Out of the way.
- Hey, watch it, buddy!
This could be my lucky day.
Scratch one fiddle player.
Yes.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
I think we've lost your young man.
I say good riddance to bad baggage.
- There he is!
- What's he doing?

- I believe the boy intends to ram us!
- Waste him!
We're gonna hit!
Maddy?! Maddy!
- Are you OK?
- Let's get out of here.
Look, let me just ask one thing. Never mind.
Oh, no.
No. No...
No!
Is there something that I should know about?
Richard, tell me. Are you an agent?
- No! But I used to have an agent.
- No! No...
Do you work for the government?
Are you a spy?
No, of course not.
I'm no more a spy than you're spy.
Richard...
I am a spy.
You're a spy?!
Whoa, whoa! Wait a minute, honey.
Maddy, all I want is the fiddle player, OK?
Hey...
Excuse me, sir, would you mind turning
that down for a second, please? Thank you.
He's dead anyway. I have no bone
to pick with you. Really, honey.
- Maddy, dear, don't be foolish!
- What do you think?
What do you say, honey?
What do you say? Huh?
Jump!
OK!
OK. OK.
OK!
Maddy. Maddy!
- Oh, shit!
- That's the man you're after.
Burton L Cooper.
No! I'm a civil servant!
Morons! Don't you understand? I'm with you!
He's doing so much better.
They're giving him less tranquillizers.

- Well, that's good news. That is.

- Yeah.

Um... Richard,

I wanted to talk to you about something.

OK.

- Morris needs me now, and...

- Mm-hm.

I... I just wanna do the right thing.

I... I gotta go.

You're gonna be all right, aren't you?

Yes.

Bye.

Bye-bye.

And the Man With One Red Shoe -

what's going to happen to him?

- He'll be just fine.

- And the girl?

The deal was her testimony for her freedom.

- I think it was a fair exchange.

- Well, I don't think so.

Well... since you're no longer

director of CIA, and I am,

it doesn't matter what you think.