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# Bad Company

By Jason Richman

Your friend is late.

He'll be here.

Yeah? I do have other bidders.

I personally vouch for this man.

Well, I trust you, Michael,

but you see,

with each degree of separation

comes a degree of uncertainty.

Mr. Turner.

Mr. Vas.

The KGB once tried to set me up.

So I had to kill 3 of their agents

and then I hunted down their families.

The point is, if I sense

anything out of the ordinary--

No, the point is, I haven't

seen anything from you yet...

to justify a payment of \$ 20 million.

So, before I hand over a small fortune

and risk my life,

I want to know 100% that you can,

in fact, deliver a device.

That's the point.

Very well.

Michelle?

Owner's manual.

- This is your show of good faith?

- Well, you're still alive.

You consider that

a show of good faith.

Now, what do you have for me?

Down payment-- one million dollars.

So, when do I get the device?

Let's say 10 days.

Michael, you take that telephone,

and I will call you and tell you

how to proceed.

Keep it on you all the time.

As for you, sir,

the next time we meet,

I suggest you be on time.

Nice coat.

- Well done.

- See you around.

- So far, so good?

- Yeah, so far.

- Kevin's got a tail.

- Is it Vas?

No, they don't look Russian.

They don't look friendly.

We'd better go back for him.

You ordered us not to

jeopardize our cover, sir.

Hey, turn left.

Turn left!

Turn left.

Turn left!

Kill him!

- Ambush on the castle steps.

- Coming fast.

Let's go!

Get down!

Get down!

Get down!

Get down! Down!

There he is! Pull over!

You're jeopardizing the mission!

You are the mission.

God, that was close.

Did you see who they were?

Kevin?

Doesn't this all smack  
of extreme desperation?

A nuclear bomb that fits neatly  
into a carry-on suitcase?

Kevin spends 2 years getting close to these  
people in order to position you as the buyer.

Vas won't deal with anyone else,  
and we have 9 days to make this work.

I'd say desperation  
was the order of the day.

- Maybe Vas set Kevin up.

- My guess is it's a rival buyer.

Could be Pakistanis,

Chechins, North Koreans.

- Libyans.

- Try the entire Middle East.

I think Vas is a businessman.

He'll take anyone's money.  
So why kill Kevin  
if they could just outbid him?  
'Cause we have deeper pockets.  
He priced them out of the game.  
- Who do you think it is?  
- Well, the Cold War is over.  
These guys don't wave flags any more,  
and fanaticism, terrorism is global.  
Well, whoever it is decided  
to eliminate the competition...  
and force Vas to deal with them.  
So the future of the so-called  
free world may rest in this...  
young man's hands.  
Big Time Tickets.  
Whatever you want, I get you.  
Yankees, 3rd-base line.  
Knicks, court-side.  
Rangers, on the ice. Masters,  
I'll put you  
on Tiger's teeth, all right?  
No matter what you want,  
I got it for you.  
Big Time Tickets. What you need?  
Come on, man.  
You gonna call me 3 hours before  
tip-off against the Lakers?  
The Knicks sell out every game, money.  
Since I like you, for 850  
I can get you section 24, row 9,  
12 back from the bench right behind  
Woody with a good view of Spike,  
unless he's got that turban thing on  
his head looking like Yasser AraKnick.  
Check.  
Yo, hold a sec.  
What's up? Big Time Tickets.  
Jake Hayes. What you want?  
Checkmate. Lion King? I can't do that.  
Jake Hayes here.  
Big Time Tickets. Mr. Johnson.  
You gonna go to the game tonight,  
or you wanna do some business?

Shit, he's kicking your ass.

Hey, don't look at me.

You got to watch that castle  
about to bitch-slap your bishop.

You lose, Opie.

- Damn!

- Okay, so I give you 400 for the tip.

- Yo, Jake, let's get a slice.

- Hold a sec.

Hello. Big Time Tickets.

Hey. I can't-- I can't go, man.

You always workin'.

Hey, honey. What's up?

Okay, I'm gonna pick you up from work,  
then we'll talk all about it.

Okay, love you too. Bye.

I got to pick up my girlfriend,  
so check this out.

You're gonna do this, right?

Then I'm gonna do this.

Then you're gonna do this,

then I'm gonna do this.

But you're gonna wanna do this,

but I'm gonna do this.

And when you're thinkin' about doin' this,

I'm gonna do this, then the game's over.

So why don't you give me \$20 right now,  
and we'll save 20 minutes.

Screw you.

You didn't know chess was  
a contact sport, did you?

Hey, honey.

Julie Benson.

She's a nurse's aide.

They've been together 3 years.

She lives with her sister  
and brother-in-law in Jersey City.

- Amazing resemblance to Kevin, sir.

- Yeah.

Like seeing a ghost.

I don't-- I don't know  
how you're gonna react.

Come on! Wait a minute.

I should have known.

The mood swings, the weight gain--  
What weight gain?  
You're pregnant. You're pregnant.  
I want everybody to know.  
Hey, everybody! My woman's having a  
baby, and we're getting married!  
- All right!  
- I am not pregnant.  
We don't have to get married.  
Marriage is a big step.  
We should wait a while. We're young.  
I'm moving to Seattle.  
Seattle, like,  
Seattle SuperSonics, Seattle?  
- Baby, that's-that's pretty far.  
- I got offered a job there.  
What kind of job are you gonna get in  
Seattle that you can't get in New York?  
A friend of mine from  
junior college called, and--  
- Who?  
- Kenneth.  
- Your ex-man Ken.  
- Look,  
he's managing a company out there,  
and he offered--  
- So you're leaving me and  
going back to Ken. - No.  
- Are you leaving me?  
- Sort of, but it's not the way--  
So you're leaving me and going back  
to Kenneth. That's what I asked you.  
The Ken part is just business.  
And what's the "leaving me" part?  
Pleasure?  
Pain.  
Your sister put you up to this.  
She never liked me.  
- It's been 3 years, Jake.  
- I know it's been 3 years.  
And we're in the same situation  
that we were in when we met.  
Meaning, we're not married.  
We're not married, we can't

afford to get married.  
And it doesn't look like  
it's ever gonna change.  
You know, poor people do get married.  
I know, but I don't feel like fighting  
with you every day because we're broke.  
I mean, marriage is hard enough  
without being poor.  
Hey, what happened to the love?  
What happened to all that romance?  
You know I love you, but you are living  
in this fantasy.  
It's like you're waiting  
for some kind of miracle.  
I got to live in reality.  
I am not gonna be young forever.  
I see. You got to put yourself back on the  
market while the merchandise is still fresh.  
You act like there's a damn  
expiration date on your forehead!  
Come on, come on.  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
You think I like living like this?  
Moving tickets, hustling chess.  
Deejaying at these little clubs.  
I know I should have stayed in college.  
I messed up. I'll go back to college.  
I love you, Jake.  
I love you too.  
But I--  
So when are you leaving?  
Couple weeks.  
But we'll talk before then.  
Why?  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the monastery  
Go on, let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
Kickin' through the door  
Throw back vokal velour  
Matching Diadonas fresh off  
tour, head to the floor

Take it round, round  
Chickenhead breakin' it down  
- What's up, man? What's wrong?  
- Hey, what's up, man?  
-Julie left me.  
- Sorry. Um--  
I got to go,  
but I'll catch you tomorrow.  
There will be no extra space to waste,  
pick up the pace. See your heart rate  
And if you start to hyperventilate  
breathe in, breathe out  
Do the chickenhead  
Go and let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
I'm all out of love  
I'm so lost without you  
I know you were right  
believing for so long  
I'm all out of love  
What am I without you  
I can't be too late  
Hey, you get your shit together,  
or I'm gonna have to fire your ass.  
That's right.  
I want you to come back  
and carry me home  
Away from these  
long, lonely nights  
There's no easy way  
It gets harder each day  
Please love me  
or I'll be gone  
I'll be gone  
I'm all out of love  
I'm so lost without you  
I know you were right  
believing for so long. So long  
I'm all out of love  
Out of love  
What am I without you  
So long  
I can't be too late  
to say that I was so wrong



Julie, Julie, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

Big Time Tickets.

Yeah, for what game?

Well, how much you want to spend?

Yeah, I can get it.

So where you at?

Where the hell's that?

Thank you very much.

Now, take off.

Whatever.

- Hop out. Give me your phone.

- What's up? What's up?

- Hey, hey, hey. Come on, man!

- Relax.

- Come on, come on, come on.

- Relax.

You know how hard it was

to get a cab to come up here?

I hope y'all are giving me a ride back.

Come on. I know you're cops, man.

What do you want, money?

I understand. Y'all shot somebody,  
and now you need a suspect.

Mr. Hayes? Jacob Hayes?

I'm Officer Oakes.

That's Officer Seale.

Officer Swanson. Officer Carew.

What, CIA? What's that for?

"Crackers in my ass"?

You gonna arrest me

for scalping tickets?

We just want to talk to you  
about something.

About what?

About your brother.

You got the wrong guy.

I don't even have a brother.

That's just a picture of me in a suit.

Could have got that off the Internet.

I saw a picture of Bill Gates  
with 3 titties on the Net.

Okay, September 8, 1970.

Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

A woman registered as Mary Jeffries gives birth to identical twins... but suffers complications during labor and dies the next day.

- What about the father?

- Thomas B. Jeffries.

Presumed alive. Whereabouts unknown.

The state rarely separates twins, but one of the infants, Jacob, that's you, was diagnosed with a severe lung infection.

You still have the scar from the chest tube, the incision mark.

An administrator at the hospital altered the birth record...

to give the healthy child a better chance at adoption.

A week later, Roger and Glenda Pope... took in Kevin Jeffries.

The Popes never knew.

Kevin never knew.

So I have a twin brother. Big deal.

What's the CIA have to do with this?

- What, he couldn't send me a letter?

- Your brother's dead.

- How?

- A helicopter crash.

We need your help, Mr. Hayes.

Your brother was working on something with us.

- My twin brother with CIA?

- Yeah,

a clandestine operative.

Before he was killed, he set up a deal.

- What kind of deal?

- A very important one.

So we need you to stand in for him, um, just briefly.

- Pretend I'm him?

- Yeah.

- For how long?

- 9 days.

9 days? That's not standing in.

Standing in's like, an hour.

9 days, that's like going on tour.

Is this shit dangerous?

There is some risk.

What kind of risk?

Are we talking bad credit risk

or bullet in the ass risk?

- You'd be well compensated.

- For bullet in the ass risk?

I hope that's a lot

of compensation. How much?

- Throw out a number.

- A billion dollars.

You've overshoot.

I don't know what kind of

budget you're working with.

Well, we were thinking somewhere

in the region of, let's say,

\$25,000.

50. Yeah, 50.

I figure you started with 25,

so I know you got more.

You ain't gonna give me

all your money. 50,000.

This is what I'm thinking,

Mr. Hayes. With \$25,000, your

girlfriend Julie could go to college,

she wouldn't have to go to Seattle--

Or work with Ken.

Okay, here's what I'm thinking.

You're gonna give me \$50,000, tax-free.

Okay, 50,000 after tax,

after the job is done.

Half now, half after.

10 now, 40 after.

Unless my mother had triplets,

you're gonna give me 10 now,

90 after.

Okay, you got a deal.

- So when do we start?

- Now.

- See your brother's file? Study it.

- So there's homework?

- Preparation.

- Okay. Let's see.

"Dad sits on the board  
of the New York Stock Exchange."  
"Mom, co-artistic director  
at Lincoln Center."  
Must have been nice.  
In my foster house, we were so poor...  
we used to lick stamps for dinner.  
Let's see. "Prep school at Exeter.  
Then college at Dartmouth.  
Served in the Naval Academy."  
- That's right.  
- What did he serve, lunch?  
Man. "Rhodes scholar."  
- So my brother was real smart?  
- Yeah.  
Damn, the CIA is cheap.  
Y'all coulda at least got me  
a queen-size. What is this, jack-size?  
- What's that "Zazz-nod" mean?  
- It's Czech for "bathroom".  
You'll find the room labeled  
with phonetic translations.  
Why?  
'Cause the deal goes down  
in the Czech Republic.  
- Czech Republic?  
- Here's a dictionary.  
Hey, how do I get an outside line?  
I need somebody to feed my cat.  
You don't have an outside line,  
and you don't have a cat.  
Okay, so what am I  
supposed to be doing here?  
There's a tape in the VCR.  
It's a video of your brother.  
Watch it, the way he talks  
and the way he moves.  
I know there's a lot to deal with here,  
but we're all behind you.  
- We'll start in the morning.  
You got any questions? - Yeah.  
If my brother was such a genius,  
then how come he's dead?

- 5:

- Hey, I don't do 5:00 a. m.

- Bottom line, what are our chances?

- I'd say anywhere between...

nil and zero.

- Why do you say that?

- Well, I grant you he's got potential.

He's pretty street-smart.

In 6 months he could...

probably fool his brother's own parents,

but 8 days-- you got to be kidding.

Probably get himself killed on this mission,

and anyone else who goes along with him.

Would you like to be replaced

on the mission?

Why? Are you saying you're going ahead

with or without me?

Yeah, that's precisely

what I'm saying.

Well, sir,

when do I tell him

what this mission involves?

Well, if I were you, I would tell him

as little as possible.

Don't put anything

into his head he can't use,

and certainly nothing that could

pop out at the wrong time.

- Okay.

- What's he doing now?

He's studying. We told him to learn

a few key phrases in Czech.

Well, he seems dedicated.

- What's he saying?

- He said,

"I haven't had my period

in 3 months."

Now what?

"Where's the hospital?

I have a vaginal infection."

Yeah, this is gonna be

really interesting.

Can't wait to get started.

Rise and shine, Mr. Hayes.

5:

How about 3 more hours of sleep...  
and some breakfast?

How about a nice shower?

- What's wrong with you?

- Good morning.

Today we will be covering  
basic operations protocol...

for the acquisition of foreign assets,  
a procedure we like to call  
the 3 I's--

identifying the target,  
initiating the contact...

and infiltrating the network.

- Now you do it like him.

- Man, this is bugging me out.

I feel like Michael Jackson  
looking at old album covers.

I mean, look at this guy.

He looks like me, but it's not me.

- Yeah.

- So what did he like to do?

What kind of sports was he into?

What kind of music did he listen to?

- He liked music. Jazz and Classical.

- Classical. Like Run DMC?

- He didn't like rap.

- Come on, man.

What 29-year-old brother don't  
like a little bit of rap?

- He didn't listen to rap.

- What kind of sports was he into?

- Skiing.

- Okay, so you got skiing,  
the navy, no rap.

We'd have had a lot in common.

Sir.

What time?

Okay. All right. Thanks.

So what's up with you and Swanson?

Come on, man.

I see there's something going on there.

Y'all got a little something going on.

Come on, now. Look at you.  
You're blushing.  
Do you mind if I say something to you,  
Mr. Hayes?  
My friends, Officer Seale,  
Officer Swanson,  
they have faith in you.  
I don't. And that creates a problem,  
because you're in so deep with us now,  
we can never let you go.  
So you'd better learn this stuff,  
stone cold, by 0500 hours  
tomorrow morning.  
- Or what?  
- I'll kill you.  
Hey, could we start  
a few hours later tomorrow?  
- Get dressed.

**- It's 4:**

Little troubles that rock  
on every block  
Late for school, late for work  
but ahead of these cops  
My credit is shot  
In debt in the box  
Swirl. Checking for sediment.  
Sniff.  
And taste.  
- Morning, Mr. Hayes. 5:00 a. m.

**- No, 5:**

Pope. Kevin Pope.  
Look at this suit!  
Man, I've got initials on my cuffs.  
Normally the only thing I've  
had on my cuffs is steak sauce.  
- They say MT. What's that for?  
- Michael Turner.  
-But I thought I was Kevin Pope.  
-Kevin Pope is Michael Turner.  
Michael Turner is  
Kevin Pope's cover identity.  
He's a very successful,

very knowledgeable,  
very sophisticated international  
dealer in fine antiques.  
Well, if I'm Jake Hayes playing  
Kevin Pope playing Michael Turner,  
then I should get 2 checks.  
Cheers. This is a very  
rare, expensive cognac.  
What do you think?  
Dry, but never precocious.  
I love your shirt. Egyptian broadcloth?  
3 days. Pretty impressive.  
- Yeah. He's bright.  
- I think he can do it.  
- He's got my vote.  
- I said he was bright.  
I didn't say he was capable  
of saving the world.  
- Let's run a real test.  
- Like what?  
Send him up to New York,  
put him in Kevin's apartment,  
let the neighbors, the doorman,  
everybody get a look at him,  
- see if they buy him as Turner.  
- It might even serve a double purpose.  
Whoever tried to kill Kevin as  
Michael Turner  
probably doesn't know he's dead.  
- They might be looking for him.  
- So we dangle him,  
use him as bait, keep him in the dark.  
- He'll be protected.  
- What do we tell him?  
Tell him you're giving him a  
chance to practice being Kevin.  
That's all you need to tell him.  
You're the boss.  
Now, see the van in front of us?  
The one behind us?  
Those are our guys.  
Here's my cellphone number.  
Use it if you get into any kind of trouble.  
- What kind of trouble?



- Any kind.

Shark attack? Call you.

All right.

Could you pop the trunk?

Take this. Get yourself some shoes.

Little punk.

- Mr. Turner. Welcome back, sir.

- Thanks, Kent.

- How Was Europe?

- Like another country.

You could put this on MTV Cribs.

Man, this is dope!

So if I paid taxes,

this is where the money would go?

You could have

a Puffy party in here.

- What's that music?

- It's this hip-hop stuff.

It's terrible.

Jake, it's your downstairs neighbor,

Mrs. Patterson.

Don't forget the radio.

Hi, Michael!

Welcome back.

- Vera, how are you?

- Fine, fine, thank you.

- Hi, Annabella. - We just came in.

The doorman said you were back.

- Annabella missed you.

- You're far too kind.

I've been waiting desperately

for you to come back.

Why?

I bought a little treasure. Come on

down and tell me if I got a good buy.

- Okay.

- Hold your baby.

- Yes. My baby.

- How was your trip?

This is gonna be a disaster.

Yoo-hoo! Go see your nanny, baby.

What do you think?

Is it a good piece?

- It's exquisite.

- Do you think?

Go ahead. Pick it up. Feel it.

See how delicate it is.

Pick it up. Right, yes. Just  
grab it and pick it up.

Michael, that's what we keep  
the doggie treats in.

Of course. I knew that.

I'm just getting it out of the way  
so I could see the--

- The vase.

- The vase. Of course. The vase. Yes.

May I ask, how much  
did you pay for this?

- 150,000. - Good Lord!

What you gonna put in it, cocaine?

He fooled the doorman, he fooled the neighbor  
and he fooled the neighbor's dog.

- What more do you want?

- Oakes,

we need to know

who's after that bomb.

You're willing to sacrifice him  
to find out?

Don't be dramatic.

He's got plenty of protection.

I'll tell you when to pull him.

Hope ya'll are not watching this.

I don't have to watch this,  
do I, sir?

- No. Code red.

- Code red.

Code red.

Code red.

- Parish, McCain, cover the exits.

- Help! Help! Help!

- Sir, he's headed for the roof.

- We need him alive. - Yes, sir.

Drop the knife.

Hey, Elvis.

If you drop the knife and step down,  
no one is gonna hurt you.

So, who's got Jake?

Well, these last 10 minutes

will be used as a teaching aide...

- on how an operation can get totally--
- Screwed up, sir?
- Thank you.
- We'll find him, sir.

Yeah. Where are you?  
At the corner of Eat Shit  
and Fuck You!  
I'm not gonna let you trace me.  
Bye. I'll call you back.  
I'm stuck in traffic.  
I asked you one simple thing--  
Gimme that!  
Okay, run fingerprints, DNA, anything we  
can get on the guy who jumped off the roof.  
He looks Afghani, sir.  
Don't assume anything.  
Just find Jake. Jake?  
Kevin was murdered, like they  
were gonna murder me, right?  
- Let's meet someplace--  
- No more bullshit!  
We lost him because we lied to him.  
No, you lost him because you lost him.  
We treated him like an idiot.  
He had a right to know  
what we were doing with him.  
We're wasting time.  
Find him and bring him back...  
and spare me your conscience.  
Spare my conscience.  
- Take it easy.  
- Thanks a lot.  
Yeah.  
Hello? Hello. Hey, Pam.  
This is Jake. Can I talk to Julie?  
- She don't want to talk to you.  
- Who's on the phone?  
Hey, Pam, I need to talk to Julie.  
Please. Please. This is serious.  
- Is it Jake? Wait. Let me talk to him.  
- She is moving on.  
- Give me the phone.  
- We don't need no more trouble, Jake.

- Okay? And you ain't nothing  
but trouble. - Pam...

2 suits came around here today  
looking for you.

Give me the phone.

Hey, hey. Shit.

Your phone's tapped.

Okay, if Julie's there,  
tell her I love her,  
and Oakes, if you're listening,  
kiss my ass.

- You get a trace?

- No.

He hung up.

Mr. Hayes, where are you?

Where in the hell are you?

I'll see y'all next week.

- Ma. Ma!

- Help! Help!

- Ma, Ma, Ma--

- Somebody help!

- Help!

- It's me! Ma, it's me! It's me!

-Jakey?

- Yeah... You gonna break my arm.

What are you doing in the dark?

Some people are looking for me, and--

What did you do?

What did you do?

I didn't do nothin'!

I didn't do nothin'!

It's not what you think.

It's not the police.

-It's way too hard to explain.

- Look at this.

8 foster kids I've taken  
into my house over the years,  
and all of them made something of themselves,  
and not one of them had your potential.

- Come on, Ma.

- Sellin' and scramblin' and hustlin'.

Ma,

did you know I had a brother?

Stop talkin' crazy.

You had lots of brothers.  
How's that nice girl  
I met last Christmas?  
She left me.  
Hand me that umbrella  
so I can hit you again.  
- You know, mom, maybe it wasn't my fault.  
- You need money?  
No.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I need money.  
How much do you need?  
I won \$250 at bingo.  
It's just-- It's just for  
a little while. I'll pay you back.  
Yeah, I know.  
Want something to eat?  
You know what? I really got to go.  
I'm never giving up on you, Jakey.  
You're gonna do something  
to make me very proud one day.  
I know it.  
I owe you an apology.  
You hear me?  
I'm just wondering how many  
of your people are listening in.  
No, we're alone.  
No cameras, no wires. Just me.  
You got the floor.  
Your brother was assassinated.  
By the same guys who  
came after me, right?  
I guess so, doing  
the same job as you.  
Which is what?  
Your brother, as Michael Turner,  
was helping me buy something...  
off the black market.  
What-What, Cuban cigars,  
PlayStation 3, what?  
I can't tell you if you're  
not coming back in with us.  
I'm not coming back in  
with you if you ain't telling me.  
Your brother died saving my life.

Did you know that?

Wish it would have been otherwise,  
but that's the way it is.

How are his parents taking it?

- You didn't tell his parents?

- No. That's the way we want it.

How would you feel if you died  
and nobody told your wife?

I'm not married.

- What, there's no Mrs. Spy?

- Not any more.

Relationships and attachments  
are useless in this business.

So that's how this job is: Even if they  
don't shoot you, they take your life.

I know it sounds hokey,  
but I honestly believe...

our lives are about something  
bigger than ourselves,

and I'm offering you a chance  
to commit yourself to something.

You ain't offering me nothing but  
a chance at a bullet in my ass.

I don't see the higher meaning in that.

- Tell you what I'm gonna do.

Thank you. - No problem.

I'm going outside, sit in the car and count  
to 10, and if you want to join me, fine,  
and if not, I'll tell the agency

I couldn't find you.

We can't pull this job off without you.

We need you.

Think about it.

Well, that didn't work, did it?

No. What, "I'm gonna go  
outside and count to 10"?

Who the hell are you?

You'd have done better with,  
"Bitch, get in the car."

What's the matter with you?

Okay. Get in the car,  
bitch.

This is the man who tried to kill you.

We now know that he's a member of

an multinational terrorist organization,  
led by this man.

Meet the man who killed

**your brother:**

He's wanted by The Hague  
for terrorist crimes against humanity,  
so he's a fugitive everywhere  
in the world, including his own country.  
He calls his movement the Black Hand.

His members take a death pledge,  
becoming suicide soldiers  
to further their cause.

Last year the FBI caught 4 of his men...  
in a Washington DC motel  
with enough urea nitrate  
to level the Capitol building.

He doesn't like America,  
and he doesn't like you.

Wait. What did I do?

- He's your rival buyer.
- For the item this man has to sell.

This is Adrik Vas.

He's a Russian, ex-army colonel,  
kingpin in the Russian mafia.  
He's up to his neck in prostitution,  
drugs and extortion.

That sounds like anybody  
I went to high school with.

This is Vas's right-hand man.

His name is Michelle Petrov,  
Remember these faces, because  
you're gonna be seeing them soon.

Why do they call this guy

"The Hammer"?

Wha-- What?

Good evening. Isn't this fun?

This is an exercise known as Kim's game.  
It's meant to test your awareness.

So what can you tell me  
about your attackers?

They woke me up. Look, man,  
if you want me to spy,  
I'm gonna need my rest.

- How many were there?  
- Didn't I just say they woke me up?  
Yeah, that's the weird thing  
about an ambush.  
Next time we'll try and warn you.  
Do you understand what  
happened to you just now?  
- Yeah. I was jacked.  
- No, you panicked.  
When you thought you were  
in danger, your brain shut down.  
So what's the point of having a good  
brain if you can't keep it operating?  
My brain didn't shut down.  
I knew it was Swanson...  
'cause I could feel  
her tits on my back.  
I knew it was Carew,  
'cause his breath smelled like shit.  
Probably from kissing your ass  
so much.  
I knew it was Seale  
because I took his wallet.  
Hey, Seale, why's a married man  
need a condom? Your wife know?  
- You wanna know how I knew it was you?  
- Thank you. Game's over. Good night.  
Where you going?  
You're gonna leave like that?  
Come back. Y'all got me up.  
Let's do somethin'.  
Let's hit a club  
or somethin'.  
Based on our intelligence projections and  
the text manual provided by Agent Pope,  
this is a mock-up  
of what you'll be buying.  
- Does it play DVDs?  
- It's a portable thermonuclear weapon.  
- So that's a bomb?  
- It's a reproduction.  
Last year, a Russian suitcase  
bomb was stolen from...  
a dismantling facility



in the Ural Mountains.  
Your brother tracked it down.  
We need you to recover it.  
2 things you're gonna have to do.  
Would one of them  
be shittin' in my pants?  
Welcome to Prague.  
Looks like Newark.  
- Welcome back to the hotel, Mr. Turner.  
- Thank you.  
Mr. Turner, so glad  
to have you back sir.  
Thank you, Lampinka.  
Hope you haven't given out my room.  
Certainly not, sir.  
- This is beautiful.  
- Her name is Linka.  
You just called her "Lampinka, "  
which means cardboard.  
Man, it's gonna be hard  
to go back to Jersey.  
We'll be in the suite  
across the hall...  
at full video and audio surveillance  
of this room.  
All right, now, when I go to  
the bathroom, press the " pause" button.  
Just stay in the room.  
You got nothing to worry about.  
Except my date with a nuclear bomb.  
Okay, this is our lifeline,  
our only link to Adrik Vas.  
Nothing happens till he calls.  
Don't let it out of your sight.  
And remember, from now on,  
there's no Jake. There's no Kevin.  
Only Michael Turner.  
Man,  
I think I'm gonna like  
being Michael Turner.  
Pretty Woman  
I think maybe you want  
to take a look at this.  
Okay, what the hell's

he up to now?

Pretty Woman

Hey, fish egg?

- They're good, man.

- Beluga, sir.

- 12,000 crowns an ounce.

- Party's over.

No, the party just started.

Soon as y'all leave,

I'm gonna have my ass buffed.

Hey. This little piggy go to market.

Make sure you put

my initials on the big toe.

People need to know

whose feet this is.

That's Vas. Where's the cellphone?

Phone, phone, pho-phone.

Thank you.

Hello?

Yeah, we'll be there.

It's Vas.

The deal's on in an hour.

Now your eye.

Look right into the computer screen.

Wait for confirmation.

Okay, that's it.

All right, from this point on,  
only you will be able to access  
your computer.

It won't operate without  
your retinal signature-- your eyes.

So, when they show you the bomb,  
connect to your laptop,  
determine if the bomb is the real thing  
and take enough time doing it...

so Welles can download  
their arming codes,  
and hopefully, their disarming codes,  
into our computer.

Good luck, Mr. Hayes.

We have visual.

You'll do fine. Everyone's nervous  
their first day of school.

I always cut the first day of school.

Don't worry. We're covered  
from every angle.  
Can't wait to meet "The Hammer."  
These guys must be the toolbox.  
- Should we move in, sir? - No, not until  
we're sure they brought the bomb.  
There's too much at stake.  
Nice coat.  
Gentlemen, are we going  
to do business, or aren't we?  
Depends, Michael. Where have  
you been for the last 9 days?  
- I don't believe that concerns you.  
- On the contrary.  
It concerns me very much.  
We make a deal, you disappear.  
Doesn't look good, my friend.  
Head's up, McCain,  
be advised, targets are on.  
Maintain your positions.  
Everyone maintain your position.  
Copy that, sir.  
Do we have a problem?  
I don't know. You tell me,  
do we have a problem?  
Do We?  
Give me the cellphone  
I gave you earlier.  
Don't Worry,  
I only made collect calls.  
- Look, I don't know what this is about,  
but... - No, you don't. So shut up.  
Neither does Mr. Turner.  
You see, this cellphone has  
a global positioning system.  
In a moment it will tell me exactly  
where you've been the last 9 days.  
Fantastic?  
Well, haven't you been busy.  
You get around.  
Berlin, Rome, Zurich.  
And not one decent treasure  
to show for it.  
- Well, where's the money?

- Where's the products?

- Nearby.

- So, how do we do this?

I'm gonna call you on this cellphone.

Then you have one hour

to get the money, Michael.

Then I'll call you again and tell you

where to bring it to. You understand?

Well, I'm gonna have to

run some tests.

So make sure you bring

authentic merchandise.

Fair enough. I wouldn't buy a car

without checking under the hood.

- Are we agreed?

- Yes.

No. I'm not bringing money anywhere.

No?

I'll have someone transfer the remaining

19 million when Mr. Turner tells us...

we have a viable device;

it will be done by computer.

One of my men will be

standing by at this address.

You will send one of your brain trusts

to verify the money's in your account.

- And that's it.

- We'll give you a hostage?

Yeah, and you'll get one.

We'll call it a security deposit,

which neither of us will get back

if we screw up or if we leave a mess.

It's that simple.

Now we have an agreement, I think.

Agreed.

Don't you go disappearing

on me again, Michael.

Hey, you did real well, Mr. Hayes.

You knew they wouldn't bring it, right?

Standard procedure. Guys like him won't

risk getting screwed on the first date.

And what if you hadn't changed

the chip in the phone?

Well, it would have told him that the

phone had already traveled...  
to CIA headquarters in Langley, and  
they'd of shot both of us in the head.  
- I'm hungry, how about you?  
- I think I'm gonna pass.  
Goodnight.  
Even if I  
Forget why  
You'll always give me  
Another reason  
This is no empty promise  
I can depend upon it  
You'll always love me  
like that  
Michael!  
Hi.  
This place comes with everything?  
Could you... hand me a towel?  
Very funny.  
I knew you'd be surprised.  
I didn't think you'd be shocked.  
- You want some room service?  
- No, I'd like a good, stiff drink.  
Shit. It's Nicole.  
What?  
This isn't exactly  
the welcome I expected.  
What's up?  
Honey, I made dinner reservations  
at our favorite place.  
- I love that place.  
- Honey, aren't you happy to see me?  
- Yeah!  
- Good.  
I gotta get that.  
I'll be right back.  
- How are you doing?  
- Well, you see how I'm doin'.  
We have a problem.  
Yeah. Where I'm from, people pay  
a lot of money for problems like that.  
That's Nicole. That's Kevin's-- I mean,  
Michael's girlfriend.  
She works for CNN in Europe.

So how come you didn't tell me  
Michael had a girlfriend?  
Well, they broke up several weeks ago.  
They had a fight and she walked out.  
Well, it looks like she forgave him. What  
the hell did he fight with her fine ass for?  
Well, apparently he had  
intimacy problems. He was distant.  
Some kind of psychotherapy crap.  
Anyway, she went off to cover the Balkans.  
- Okay, so what do you want me to do?  
- Take her to dinner.  
She's CNN. If you handle this badly,  
she could blow your cover.  
- Okay?  
- Okay.  
Don't cheat, just eat.  
Don't cheat, just eat.  
That was Jehovah's Witnesses.  
Don't cheat, just eat.  
Michael?  
I hope you're hungry, baby.  
Yeah, I just gotta go brush my teeth.  
Hey, you've reached the residence  
of Pam, Marvin, Julie and the kids.  
- Leave a message at the tone.  
- Julie, this is Jake. Are you there?  
Okay, if you haven't left yet,  
please wait for me.  
Please, please. I got a new job.  
It's totally legit, and I've changed.  
I have totally changed.  
I'm a new man.  
I'm the man who loves you.  
I love you. I love you so much.  
I didn't even know how much  
I loved you till 2 minutes ago.  
- It's Jake. I love him!  
-Julie-- No, you don't!  
I'm ready to make big sacrifices.  
- Honey, what's taking you so long?  
- Big sacrifices.  
Please wait for me.  
Jake, I heard you.

I heard every word, baby.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
I'll be right here.  
I love you so much. Jake?  
If you'd like to make a call,  
please hang up and try again.  
If you'd like to make a call,  
please hang--  
I need to find a place  
My own space  
Thank you.  
So, you gonna make me grovel?  
No, not unless you want to.  
- Is this fish?  
- Yeah, of course. You love fish.  
That's right, I love fish.  
But that's before I became a vegetarian.  
Waiter. Waiter. I can't eat this.  
Can you get me something else?  
How about a steak, medium well,  
please? Thanks a lot.  
I thought you were a vegetarian.  
Vegetarian? I'll eat a pig's ass  
if they cook it right.  
But enough about me.  
How about those Balkans?  
I missed you, Michael.  
I'm sorry I left.  
- What's the matter?  
- There's somebody else.  
There is?  
When did that happen?  
- Right after you left.  
- I left you 2 weeks ago.  
I mean...  
did you meet her here in Prague?  
No, in Jersey.  
- New Jersey?  
- Yeah, I was in New York,  
and Jersey's right next to New York,  
and I just took a little day trip--  
Who is she? What does she do?  
Well, she's a nurse's aide  
at St Sebastian's Hospital.

Her name's Julie.  
She's got curly hair.  
I get it.  
You want me to jump through a couple of  
hoops before you take me back. Okay.  
I have it coming.  
But I'm willing to work for it.  
You're not here with me  
You're so far away  
Baby  
I-I-I  
Nicole, you hurt me really bad,  
and I can't just let you  
yo-yo with my heart, okay?  
You hurt me, and I'm never  
gonna let it happen again.  
Love don't live here any more!  
Michael, I've never seen you like this.  
So... open,  
so--  
so in touch with your feelings.  
Like you could really be in love  
with a nurse from New Jersey!  
You're just so much more--  
warm, and-- and--  
- and vulnerable and-- and funny.  
- Is that like--  
- You didn't used to be funny.  
- That's funny, "ha ha" funny, or  
- funny, "This milk tastes funny" funny?  
- See? That's funny!  
You're not Michael Turner.  
Jake and Nicole are back.  
Yeah, and they've got company.  
Okay, let's join the party.  
- I'm Michael! - I don't know  
who the hell you think you are,  
-but you're not Michael Turner.  
-C'mon. You gotta believe me. I'm Michael.  
- You're not Michael.  
- I'm Michael!  
Come on!  
- Who's shooting at us?  
- Rival antique dealers!



Down here.

I'm sorry, I haven't been  
totally honest with you.

So you're not Michael?

Well, we have the same DNA,  
which makes us kind of the same person.

- Where?

- Come on! In here!

Come on. Get down the laundry chute.

It's the laundry chute.

- Come on, come on.

- It's a laundry chute?

- It smells in here.

- It's just dirty drawers.

Quiet.

You trying to play footsie with me?

Will you shut that off?

With what? My ass?

- Reach in my pants.

- Hell, no!

You've reached in my brother's pants.

God!

- Hello?

- Mr. Turner?

Vas... you caught me  
at a real bad time.

- What are you doing? Just hang up!

- Would you shut the hell up?

- No, you shut up!

- Bitch, don't-- Can I call you back?

Don't bother. The Olsany Cemetery.

2 hours.

Shit.

There's people comin'.

There's people comin'.

Quiet, quiet.

I knew I couldn't trust Michael.

Always so secretive.

Just downright sneaky.

Never even told me

that he had a brother.

Some investigative reporter

I am...

This antique-dealing stuff,

this is just a front, right?  
You're drug dealers.  
You're not even denying it.  
I'm going back to the Balkans  
where I'm safe.  
- See, I told you I'd handle it.  
- Very smooth.  
Sir, those were  
Dragan Micanovic's men-- all dead.  
Well, obviously,  
he thinks you're still alive.  
By the way-- Vas called.  
We're on in 2 hours.  
Olsany Cemetery.  
As we speak, our field operatives are  
staking out their perimeter positions.  
They'll be with you all the way.  
So will we.  
Officer Welles has installed a G-4 satellite  
tracking device to your vehicle.  
That's all we can manage safely. Vas will be  
more worried about wire taps than weapons.  
You can expect him to check  
both your car and you.  
Seale is on his way  
to the money-transfer site at present.  
Obviously, we want you to connect  
the bomb and the computer...  
and begin the verification process  
as soon as possible.  
Most importantly, once you connect  
it to the bomb, a signal will be  
established via satellite between  
your computer and Welles here.  
We'll try to steal the arming codes  
while you check the bomb.  
So if they don't have the codes,  
they can't detonate the bomb.  
Right. But you may have to stall.  
You may need to buy them some time.  
You'll hear 3 short tones when the  
process is completed.  
Once you've heard the tones,  
you're satisfied the bomb is real,

Vas will give me the account number  
and I call Seale and authorize  
the transfer of money.

As soon as I get  
the word from Seale,  
I'll provide confirmation of  
the transfer of the \$ 19 million  
from the Midlands National Bank  
in Grand Cayman.

You gonna give this guy \$ 19 million?  
I thought you was my man! 19 million?  
Actually, it's all digital dollars--  
ones and zeroes, man.

See, we issue a wire transfer,  
the receiving bank seeks out...  
a GFX authorization sequence  
verifying the funds are available.  
It'll take his bank 48 hours  
to realize that the money doesn't exist.  
The shit hits the fan,  
you got that watch.

Well, then I'll know what time it is  
when the shit hits the fan.

What's this? Hey, hey! Hey, hey!  
Somebody just walked out  
with a sweater.

That's a panic button.  
You press that and the cavalry comes in.  
There are a lot of people  
counting on you, Mr. Hayes.

This is Olsany Cemetery.  
Almost 2 million people  
are buried here.

You think Vas is trying  
to tell us something?

Yes. It's Vas.

Yes, he's with me.

Graficka Road East.

Graficka Road East, people.

- Is that one of ours?

- It's one of theirs.

Why does he have someone  
following us if  
he's the one who's telling us

where we're going?  
He's following us to make sure  
no one else is following us.  
- But someone is.  
- Yeah, that's what makes it so much fun.  
They're headed for open country.  
Make sure they don't get too close.  
Dog One, this is Carolina.  
Be advised, we're on a loose leash.  
Roger that, Carolina.  
Here's Mr. Smiley.  
Get out of the car.  
Your coats, please.  
Thank you.  
You must be very trusting people  
to come out here all alone, unarmed.  
- What makes you think we're alone?  
- Straight ahead.  
- Parish, McCain, come in.  
- Okay, we're in position.  
Sir, we're in place outside  
Chotosov Monastery.  
Here they are,  
and my good friend Michael.  
Welcome to my church...  
where we worship money.  
- Okay, let's get started.  
- You wanted to look under the hood?  
So look under the hood.  
We're on-line.  
Let's go to work, people.  
Casing unit. Apex mirror.  
Detonating block.  
This is insanity.  
Just one electrical surge, and  
you'll blow us all to hell.  
Chill, Michelle.  
I mean, relax. Relax, Michelle.  
Downloading new authentication code.  
117 seconds to completion.  
As soon as I verify  
the uranium deflector is of weapons grade,  
we can all be on our merry way.  
Uranium deflector?

This is plutonium reflector.

Plutonium.

That's what I meant. Plutonium.

60 seconds.

Michael, why is this taking  
so long a time?

I'm running one last diagnostic test.  
If you stayed on top of things, you'd  
understand that the traditional checks...  
are not 100% foolproof.

This last test was designed by  
the head of nuclear science  
at Cal Tech, a Dr. Dre.

40 seconds.

Dr. Dre, along with Dr. Erving and  
Professor Griff and the rest of  
the Wu-Tang Clan,  
know that it is best...

when you have  
a baseline screen situation.  
to achieve a post-opular  
cataclysmic calibration,  
or something we like to call  
the "Shaq Attack."

- Shaq Attack?

- Yes, named after...

Dr. O'Neal of Los Angeles,  
formerly of Orlando.

All we need are the arming  
and the disarming codes.

I know, I know, but it's a mess.

I'm looking at it.

I don't know what's what.

We have to dump it all just  
to get the 2 codes, sir.

I hope we can stall long enough.

- There's so much information here.

- What we're doing right now...

can help not only in nuclear energy,  
but also medicine, food--

I believe everything is in order.

Sorry, sir.

- Have the codes been moved  
to Jake's computer? - Yeah.

All right. Let's get him, the bomb and the computer back here on the double.

You got the bomb, now where is my remaining \$19 million?

Yes, sir.

- Show them the money.

- Copy that.

Vas's account number received.

Initiating wire transfer from Midlands National Bank of Bullshit.

Man, is Vas gonna be pissed when he goes to an ATM.

Fantastic! It's working!

I love it. The American and Russians work together again with Swiss bank accounts.

Gentlemen, I hope to see you never again.

Dragan Adjanic.

You know any good prayers?

You got a lot of nerve showing your face in my church.

That's the guy who killed my brother, isn't it?

Michelle, what the hell is he doing here?

Hey, Michelle, I told you not to deal with him.

What's happening?

Somebody do something!

This is very interesting. Vas is being double-crossed by his own men.

Come on! Shoot him!

What time is it, Mr. Hayes?

Code red, code red.

Everybody move.

Kill him.

Here's the computer.

There's your bloody bomb.

Where's my money?

Triple-cross! Come on!

Having fun, Mr. Hayes?

Don't shoot the bomb, you fool!

- Don't shoot me either!

- Go, go! Take the bomb!  
I'm goin', I'm goin'!  
You drive! Go on!  
Hey, wait for me!  
- Drive faster.  
- I'm goin', I'm goin'!  
It's a bloodbath, sir.  
Vas and his men are dead.  
Come on, man! You're James Bond!  
Shoot the tires out or somethin'!  
- Can't get close enough!  
- Well, do somethin'!  
Throw out some tacks or somethin'!  
- Well, you got your wish.  
- I wish for Jennifer Lopez naked!  
We've looked everywhere.  
They're just not here.  
I have satellite position on them!  
I can assure you they're there!  
Wait a minute. Hold on, sir.  
They lost their tracking device.  
What the hell are you doing?  
- What, not smooth enough for your ass?  
- It's not my ass I'm worried about.  
It's the bomb in the backseat.  
There's a bomb in the backseat!  
We're gonna die!  
Have a little faith, Mr. Hayes.  
I'll have a little faith  
if you give me a little gun!  
Damn it!  
- You okay?  
- Here they come!  
Pull back! Pull back!  
- Shoot him! Shoot him!  
- Hang on!  
- I don't have any bullets!  
- What do you mean, there's no bullets?  
- Come on! Pull back!  
- I'm pulling!  
Hit it!  
Hit the son of a bitch!  
Get off! Off! Take a bus!  
No!

Whup his ass!  
Yeah!  
Get off!  
No, no, no!  
Get him! Kill him!  
Shoot him! Do somethin'!  
I got glass in my ass!  
I wanna go to Jersey!  
I wanna see my girl!  
I wanna watch Oprah!  
Put your head in the car!  
Put your head in the damn car!  
He's whuppin' your ass!  
Go, go!  
Take it!  
Back up!  
- Come on! Back up!  
- Okay, okay! I'm backin' up!  
Get the bomb! Get the bomb!  
- Faster!  
- Okay!  
No! No, no! Do somethin'!  
I want more money!  
I hate you!  
I hate you!  
I don't know about you...  
but I'm hungry.  
Can someone give me some good news?  
Yeah. He successfully downloaded  
the arming codes into the computer.  
But they still have the computer.  
True, but he's put  
his retinal signature in.  
"Welcome Michael Turner."  
Try again.  
So obviously,  
they can't access it without Jake.  
- And when they figure that out?  
- What do we do now, sir?  
- Have to make sure that Jake's eyes don't  
meet that computer screen. - Right.  
- Wrong.  
- Wrong?  
Sir, eventually someone'll break the lock



and access the code with or without Jake.

- So basically we--

- We must find them before that happens.

Well... there is the obvious way  
to flush them out.

- We dangle him?

- No. Give him a wire.

They pick him up. He gives us  
a signal when he sees the nuke.

Look, if his eyes get anywhere near  
that computer, we take everyone out--  
including him.

I need an executive finding from

- the president immediately.

- So he's expendable?

You need to get the subject on board.

You tell him whatever you want.

- "Subject."

- Oakes,

we both know this is the only way.

Yeah.

No! No! It ain't happenin'! No!

You want me to be

your little worm on a hook.

They never heard of Jake Hayes.

They don't even know I exist.

Just let me go back to Jersey,  
get my girl and disappear.

Hey, man...

I'm sorry I'm not Kevin.

But even Kevin didn't

make it out of this alive.

Will you let me

show you something?

No.

That's Jersey. So what?

Okay, let's look at

where you live, for example--

where Julie lives, your foster mother.

These people have a nuclear bomb, Jake.

The blast alone will kill thousands.

Then comes the shock wave, blowing

away buildings, tunnels, bridges.

And then comes our old friend radiation,

spread by wind and water,  
affecting the living and the unborn.  
I think we--  
just you and me might have a chance  
to stop it. That's what I'm saying.  
They've got us in check,  
Mr. Hayes, and...  
we can't let them  
get checkmate, can we?  
Look... the way I see it,  
you only got 3 moves--  
attack, retreat...  
or block.  
You can't attack,  
'cause you don't know where they are.  
Retreat? Boom.  
Then we block.  
You could block...  
but you only got one piece left.  
And that's a pawn.  
Sir, these gentlemen wish to see  
Mr. Turner's phone records.  
Mr. Turner's phone records are sealed.  
Mr. Turner made one phone call  
to the United States,  
to Jersey City, New Jersey.  
- Naw, not today, man!  
- Nest Week.  
All right!  
Hey-- What? No!  
Help! Help!  
- Go, go, go!  
-Help! Help!  
You-- W-What do you want?  
Just take whatever you want!  
Shush, shush, shush.  
What is your connection  
to Michael Turner?  
I-- I don't know a Michael Turner.  
I don't-- Who?  
- Him.  
- That's my boyfriend. That's Jake.  
Tha-- Did he sell you bad tickets?  
- Y'all still there, right?

- Yes, we're still here, Mr. Hayes.  
- Y'all got guns, right?  
- Yes, we have guns, Mr. Hayes.  
Okay. Make sure you got  
bullets in 'em.  
Lots of bullets.  
Answer the phone, Mr. Hayes.  
- Michael Turner Antiques.  
- Jake?  
-Julie! How'd you find me?  
- Michael Turner?  
Who-- Who's this?  
Or should I call you "Jake",  
Mr. Hayes?  
You have one chance of seeing  
this woman alive.  
Take the next plane to New York,  
return to your apartment...  
in New Jersey and wait till I call you.  
If you're followed, she will die.  
If you attempt to involve  
any authorities, she will die.  
Just let me talk to her.  
Hello? Hello?  
- Sorry.  
- You used Julie!  
-She was your pawn, right?  
- No.  
All this bullshit about something  
bigger than you and me...  
meant something bigger  
than me and Julie, right?  
Will you let me explain?  
Just get me on the goddam plane.  
Delta-0-Sierra, Delta-0-Sierra.  
This is Oscar-7-Tango,  
Oscar-7-Tango. Over.  
Let's go, let's go!  
Head it up in that corner!  
- It's gotta come up now. Now!  
- Notify all units--  
- All right.  
- Yeah.  
I'm injecting a spread-spectrum

transceiver behind your ear.

So we'll hear what you hear, and if they take you to the bomb we'll know it.

Hold still, please.

Come on, man! You can't put that in a flower or somethin'?

No, it'd be too obvious.

Now, I'll be linked to you the whole time.

- That's it. Good luck.

- Let's go.

- There's something I ought to tell you.

- I know.

If the situation gets out of hand, they could take me and Julie out.

Don't worry, son.

- There'll be extra money in this mission.

- First of all, I'm not your son.

Second of all, did it occur to you I might wanna do somethin' 'cause it's the right thing?

Hey, I'm the one with the dead brother.

I'm the one who misses his girl.

And I'm supposed to put up with your shit 'cause you're a spy? Big deal.

Every woman on the planet's a spy. Man, you guys can't even find Saddam Hussein.

You know, if you told a woman

**right now at 8:**

that her husband was sleeping with Saddam Hussein, she'd be able to find Saddam

**by 8:**

"Saddam, don't you ever come around my house no more!"

Hey, I did you a favor, okay?

You called me.

Now, if you ever

talk down to me again,

I'm gonna beat your ass so bad you'll be the only guy in heaven with a wheelchair.

You better act right

'fore you get smacked right, bitch.

All right, the show's over.  
Go back to work.  
A bomb on American soil. That's  
a nightmare we've always talked about.  
How do you think they got it here?  
You'd be surprised  
what you can send by air freight.  
Did we?  
Did we use his girlfriend?  
No, but I'm sure Yates would  
if he'd thought of it.  
Hello?  
Listen closely--  
No, no! You listen closely!  
I gotta hear her voice!  
I wanna hear her Voice right now!  
You are in no position  
to make demands, Mr. Hayes.  
But if it gives you pleasure--  
No, no! Don't hurt her!  
Tell me what you want!  
They want him to wait outside  
his apartment for a car to pick him up.  
We've initiated positions here,  
here and here to set up a tail.  
- How do they shake us? - We can assume  
that they think we're shadowing them.  
Right. So they may move him 10 or 20  
times before they think they've lost us.  
Okay, we got the grey Ford van.  
Grey Ford van.  
- I wish we didn't have to do it this way.  
- I'm sorry if my plan...  
lacks the perfect precision with which  
you've handled the case so far.  
Radiation detection units  
are scouring the city,  
and we've issued portable ABG  
spectrometers to all surveillance teams.  
We need to talk worst-case scenario--  
evacuation readiness.  
Let's have the National Guard  
standing by.  
National Guard,

this is Comm Centre 4.

Stand by for instruction.

Roger that,

Comm Centre 4. Standing by.

They're pulling into the  
abandoned St Francis Hospital, sir.

Take positions.

We have 6 viable entry points.

Move!

- Where's Julie?

- Quiet. Do as you're told.

Where's Julie?

- I hope you're going to play ball with us.

- That's Dragan.

Hey, man, I ain't doin' shit  
till I find Julie.

What the hell was that?

- We've lost the audio with Hayes, sir.

- Alright. Move to the contingency plan.

- Yes, sir. - We can't afford  
to take any chances here.

Hit your entry points hard on my command.

If it breathes, it dies.

- Hold it! I think we've got something!

- Entry teams, pull back!

- Entry teams, pull back!

- Here he comes.

Okay, they're moving him.

Everything's going according to plan.

Back on plan, people!

Keep your distance, folks.

They may do this dance all day long.

Get off!

Well, you're on your own now,

Mr. Hayes.

Sir! I'm getting  
the signal back with Hayes!

- See if you can clean it up.

- Will do, sir.

I'm heading down  
to communication central!

Looks like they're  
headin' back to Jersey.

I wonder what the hell

they're doing.

Sir, what are you doing?

Your eyes are going

to activate this computer.

The only question is,

will they still be in your head?

- Where's Julie?

- She's lovely.

And she will stay that way

if you cooperate.

- Open your eyes, Mr. Hayes, and

look into the computer! - No!

- Open your damn eyes, Mr. Hayes!

- No!

They're tryin' to scan his eyes.

Jesus Christ, the bomb is in the van!

Entry teams, the van is hot! Move now!

Cut away his eyelids.

Sir, they're gonna take out Jake.

What are we doing?

- It isn't Jake.

- How do you know?

They had to have a decoy.

Bring the subject out with

a bag over his head. You do the math.

Faster! Go!

Hold your fire!

Subject is down.

Repeat, Jake Hayes is down.

It's not him.

The bomb's not here.

It's done.

Thank you.

See you on the other side.

- Did you use the password?

- Password?

Hey, I don't speak terrorist,

but I only counted 8 number sequences.

You're gonna need the 7-letter password

to activate the mechanism.

Bullshit.

- No, see, that's-- that's 8 letters.

- There's no password.

The bomb is already armed.

Hi.

What took you so long?

I almost killed somebody.

- Did they arm the bomb? - Yeah, this one just called in the enabling codes.

I gotta find Julie.

Okay, the bomb's hot.

There's a fail-safe measure built into the detonator.

- Should give us a short countdown period.

- How short?

- On the outside, 20 minutes.

- What's the inside?

5 to 10.

- Did they say where the bomb was?

- No. She's not here.

When we find the bomb, we'll find her.

Did they say anything? Just think.

- Try to remember. Come on. Think.

- Redial!

- They called in the codes!

- Okay, hold on.

Give me the address

**to this number:**

I need this address.

Listen, listen.

Gimme this number. Gimme me that address.

I need it now! Not later, now!

- Right now. Yes, sir. - Okay.

It's coming, Oakes. It's coming, yeah.

-Listen up, Oakes.

-89 East 42nd Street!

- 89 East 42nd.

- Wait a minute.

- That's Grand Central Station!

- That's 3 blocks from here. Come on!

Support can reroute and be there in 20 minutes.

Get out of the way!

CIA coming through!

Out of the way! Move, move!

Get out of the way!



Get out!

Get out of the way!

Get out of the way!

Get out of the way!

Move it! Move it!

Out of the way! Move it!

Out of the way!

All right, the call originated  
from over there.

Could be anywhere.

This is one hell of a place to blow up.

Time Square's a few blocks away.

- Power grids, subway stations... - The whole  
infrastructure of the city could collapse.

- I'm getting something here.

-What's that?

This is a low-energy  
gamma scintillation probe.

- Yeah, I left mine's at home.

- The case is lined with lead.

We'd only get a hit if we  
were within 100 square yards.

- So we got a hit, right? - Yeah, well,  
the auto-range indicates it's here.

-In here? Where? Here, where?

-It's right here. The signal's constant.

It's under us! Come on! Let's go!

Please evacuate the building.

Proceed to the nearest exit.

- Signal's getting stronger!

- CIA! Need your help! Come on!

Out of the way!

Move, move, move! This way!

- This way! Come on!

- Out of the way!

Come on!

We're real close?

- What's in there? Open it.

- Lost luggage.

- This lock's been tampered with.

- Get away from the door!

Jake, get the bomb. I'll cover you.

Why don't you get the bomb,  
and I'll cover you?

Okay, I'll get the bomb.

Okay. Go, go!

-Julie!

- No, no. Hold on. Hold on.

Jake?

-Jake, where are you?

- I'm coming.

It's the final phase. 3 minutes, and  
it's goodbye to half of Manhattan.

I need you here

for the enabling code.

- You said if we found the bomb, we'd  
find Julie. - I need you now, Come on!

Jake, I'll find her.

You're bleeding, man. You're bleeding!

Now listen to me. When they scanned  
your eyes, you saw the codes.

- Try and remember them. - Whenever  
I hear numbers, my head converts 'em...  
into chess moves

or seats at the Garden.

- That's the only way I can remember.

- Take your time.

Just relax. You know the codes.

You can do it. I know you can.

Okay. Queen's bishop 3...

across from mezzanine section...

Okay. Let's see.

I saw a Queen's bishop 3.

Aisle seat in section...

142. 142.

- 2 more to go.

- Okay, I think I got 'em.

Did you find her?

- Touch that bomb, she dies.

- Keep going, Jake.

The bomb goes off, everybody dies.

2 more numbers.

You'll learn what death is.

Your country grows fat,

while people

all over the world starve.

You stay at home, you watch

our blood spilled on television.

- War is just video games.  
- He's stalling, Jake.  
Enter the codes... now!  
You take sides in conflicts  
you know nothing about.  
Dictating to other people  
how they should live.  
You're so keen on playing God.  
Well, now's your chance to meet him.  
I'll give you 3 seconds, then I'll kill her.  
Go ahead.  
1...  
2...  
No! I'll kill you!  
3!  
Move, move!  
-Jake, hold me.  
- Honey, I love you. Let me do this.  
Rook 6, 4, 3. Okay, okay.  
One more! One more!  
- Well, that's done.  
- That's it?  
That's all it does, beep, beep, beep?  
That's all we wanted it to do.  
-It's okay.  
- Clear, sir. Go ahead.  
- Go, go!  
Seale is down. We need a medic.  
- It's okay.  
- Who is that?  
- Where's the bomb? - It's right here.  
- How much time do we have?  
- Mr. Hayes diffused the bomb.  
- Don't Worry. I got ya.  
- Oakes has been hit.  
- Stay with me. I love you.  
- I missed you.  
- I missed you too.  
People, we did it.  
Which star is your brother's?  
There are no names, Ma.  
Agent identities are never revealed,  
even after they've died.  
But they're all honored right here.

Their names are written  
in this book, their families sign it...  
and then the pages  
are sealed forever.

- It's a book of forgotten heroes.

- No, they're not forgotten.

-Jake?

- Hey.

Thanks for keeping me off that wall.

Well, stay off of it.

Ma, this is from me and Julie.

I just hope it brings

a little joy in your life.

I knew you'd make me proud.

This is just su--

Good Lord-- \$90,000!

No, that's the wrong one, Ma.

Here-- This is yours.

This is for when we get married.

10,000's much more than I need.

Then give some back.

Hey, honey?

Can you walk Ma to the car?

- I gotta talk to Oakes.

- Yeah.

Congratulations on your engagement.

So, I'll see you at the wedding, right?

Goodbye, Mr. Hayes.

I see.

No personal attachments.

- Hey, what's up?

- What's up, man?

Congratulations, Mr. Hayes.

Oakes, you didn't RSVP.

I figured weddings weren't your thing.

I'm on a new assignment.

Well, if you're supposed to be

undercover at a black wedding,

I think you're the wrong guy

for the job.

An old friend of Kevin's

escaped from Rikers Island.

Hey, man, I don't care

if he escaped from Temptation Island.

I'm not going nowhere.  
I just got married.  
Can't a brother get a piece of cake?  
The guy who escaped is Carlos Palmeros,  
the world's foremost assassin.  
Car-- I don't care if it's Carlos Santana,  
the world's foremost guitarist.  
The world's foremost assassin?  
That's like the Tiger Woods of murder.  
Well, Kevin was responsible for  
putting him away. The problem is...  
he thinks you're Kevin,  
so he's coming after you to kill you.  
No, no!  
Th-That's not happening.  
That's not happening.  
I'm gonna go off with my wife.  
I'm gonna be happy for 2 years...  
then I'm going to be miserable for 90,  
just like everybody else.  
I got you. I got you.  
So, there's no killer?  
No. Not yet.  
So you just came here  
for my wedding?  
I wouldn't have missed it.  
Not for the world.  
- I get it. So you and Swanson are next?  
- Me? No.  
- I'm never gonna get married. Not again.  
- Never gonna get married again?  
First thing you gotta learn is,  
don't take your girlfriend to a wedding.  
We may need to call on you  
in the future.  
It's your wedding present  
from us at the agency.  
2 tickets to Hawaii.  
- I can't take this, Oakes.  
- Jake? Sweetie? Come on.  
- Your wife is calling you, Mr. Hayes.  
- Husband.  
Get in the car... bitch.  
Hey, Oakes!

Never say never.  
I'm all out of love  
I'm so lost without you  
I know you were right  
believing for so long  
So long  
I'm all out of love  
Out of love, yeah  
What am I without you  
So lost without you  
Feels so wrong  
Yo, Yo Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the chickenhead  
Go on and let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the monastery  
go on and let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
Yo, somebody move  
Nobody get hurt  
This is official, man  
only dance-floor experts  
And party animals  
and me being a rhyme cannibal  
Flammable Hannibal  
Why it's banging it's understandable  
Now back to somebody movin'  
and nobody get hurt  
My intentions on this one  
is the party wet his shirt  
Now go to work and do the chicken,  
do the chicken  
And once you do it it's stickin'  
Believe me, dirty  
You're stickin' to the door  
Throw back vokal velour  
Matchin' Diadonas fresh off tour  
Head to the floor  
Take it round, round

chickenhead breakin' it down  
Created by my town  
the monastery is found  
There won't be no extra space  
to waste. Pick up the pace  
See your heart rate  
If you start to hyperventilate  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the chickenhead  
go let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the monastery  
go on let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
First, ladies, put your drinks  
by your purse  
Fellas, tuck in ya shirt  
and put in belt buckle words  
Ladies, get ya dip right  
and ya hip right  
Fellas, you better find that  
and get behind that  
Third, you can do it  
shaken or stirred  
Show up per word  
and flap like a bird  
Four, do it some more  
Five, make sure it's live  
Six, ladies and fellas  
here we go now. Swing  
Seven, lay back like  
you're looking for heaven  
Let your body preach like we  
in church and you da reverend  
Eight. If we made it  
this far dirty, you straight  
If not, you better practice  
and get it 'fore it's too late  
Nine, is this the time

to prepare for the dime  
Ten, start all over again  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the chickenhead  
go on let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Do the monastery  
go on let it out  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Put your back in  
and let your knees bend  
[Fades, Ends]  
Six million ways to live  
We live lavish  
[Rap, Indistinct]  
Blanket, leave their scratches  
across the Atlas  
Built in above civilians takes two  
looks to recognize the villain  
Two blinks to make  
your heart sink  
360-degrees like a roller rink  
[Continues, Indistinct]  
Six million ways to live  
S-Six million ways to live life  
Boy, there's six million ways  
to live life  
[Indistinct]  
Six million ways to live  
Six million ways to live lavish  
[Indistinct]  
Six million ways to live  
[Fades, Ends]