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# Burn After Reading

By Joel Coen

CIA HEADQUARTERS  
LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

- Ozzie, come on in.
- Palmer, what's up?
- You know Peck, and Olson?
- Peck, yes, hiya? Olson, by reputation.
- I'm Osbourne Cox.
- Yeah, hiyah.
- Are you with..? Is he..?
- Yeah, that's right. Have a seat.

Look, Oz,  
there's no easy way to say this.  
We're taking you off the Balkans desk.

What?

Why?

In fact we're moving you out  
of Sight entirely.

- Just---no discussion, just---you're out?
- Well, we're having the discussion now.

Look, Oz,  
this doesn't have to be unpleasant.  
Palmer, with all due respect,  
what the fuck are you talking about?  
...and why is Olson here?

Ozzie, look...

What the fuck is this?

I know it's not my work?

- Ozzie---
- I'm a great fucking analyst...
- Ozzie! Ozzie!
- Is... Is he..?

Things have not been going well,  
as you know.

You have a drinking problem.

I have a drinking problem?

This doesn't have to be unpleasant  
We found something for you in State.

It's a... Um...

Well it is a lower clearance level, yes.

But it's not...

Look, we're not terminating you.

This is an assault.

I have a drinking problem?

- Fuck you Peck, you are a Mormon!

- Ozzie!

Next to you,

we all have a drinking problem.

What the fuck is this?

Whose ass didn't I kiss?

- Let's be honest!

- Okay.

I mean let us be fucking honest.

This is a crucifixion, this is political  
and don't tell me it's not!

I have a drinking problem!

Are you home?

Honey, hang on to your hat.

I've got some news.

- Did you pick up the cheeses?

- Huh?

- The cheeses, were they ready?

- The cheeses?

I didn't know that

you could be home so early.

Yeah, I left a message for you

to stop by Arno's.

The Magruder's and The Pfarrer's  
are coming this evening.

The Pfarrers. Ugh.

What did Kathlyn say?

- What?

- When you left the message?

- That she would give you the message.

- Well, I don't know.

I guess we have a bigger news today.

My day didnt revolve around...

You mean you didn't

pick up the cheeses?

Well, If I didn't get the message,  
then I didn't pick up the cheeses.

Oh for fuck's sake! And you wanna

I have to go to pick them up?

But honey, hang on to your hat,

I've got some news to...

- Stay here and get dressed!

- Honey, we have to talk.

But not now. I mean they might be here  
in less than an hour.

- Is that a goat cheese?  
- Chevre. Yes, that is a goat cheese.  
Because I have a lactose reflux  
and I can't...  
You are lactose intolerant?  
- Yeah, but I can...  
- Or you have a acid reflux?  
- They're different things.  
- I know what they are.  
- So you misspoke.  
- Oh, thank you for correcting me.  
You should try the Chevre, Harry.  
it's very good.  
Oh, yeah. I can eat a goat cheese  
I was telling to your husband here,  
I have a condition will go into  
anaphylactic shock when I...  
Harry works in  
the Marshall service, Doug.  
Oh, I'm on the legislative side.  
I work with Senator Hoddy.  
I was in the Treasury, in  
Department of Homeland Security.  
I'm with the Marshalls now.  
If you want he'll show you  
his great big gun.  
That's been funny.  
Guns no big deal.  
Twenty years of marshall service  
I've never discharge my weapon.  
That sounds like something you  
should be telling your psychiatrist.  
I ain't have a psychiatrist.  
Boy, I guess my job is pretty undramatic.  
I'm on the legislative side.  
Mrs. Pfarrer, what you do?  
Do you also carry the big gun?  
- No, I write.  
- She writes children's books.  
You know.  
Oliver The Cat who lives In The Rotunda.  
Those are wonderful!  
My nieces and nephews just love them.  
Oh yeah. it's a beloved series.

You should see the fan mail she's got.  
Look... you sure this is a goat cheese?  
Why don't you let your wife tell them  
about her and her own books, Harry?  
You come with me. Come in the kitchen,  
help me with the crudits.  
Goddamnit! He knows, doesn't he?  
These are nice floors!  
- He knows what?  
- About us. He knows about us, little prick.  
Don't be such an ass.  
He doesn't know a thing.  
What is that, Forbo?  
- What a horse's ass!  
- I don't know why we see them.  
- She's alright.  
- She's a cold, stuck-up bitch.  
- You quit?  
- Uh-huh.  
- Oh, thank you for telling me.  
- Look, I tried to tell you this after...  
You tried? You tried?  
And then--- what, the Aphasia kicked in?  
- No, then our guest came and then...  
- Why?! For fuck's sake, Ozzie!  
I don't know.  
I've just got so tired.  
- You're tired.  
- Yes, I'm swimming against the current.  
Uh-huh.  
Independent thought  
is not valued there.  
They resist it. They fire it.  
The bureaucracy...  
They gave you a pension,  
or severance or something or..?  
I didn't retire, I quit.  
I don't want their benefits.  
But my benefit stay will do you, right?  
They'll at least see you through, is that the idea?  
It's not like that's the only way  
to make money.  
- Yes? And what you're gonna do?  
- I'll do some consulting.

- Consulting?

- Yes.

To help health...

Well, I always wanted to write.

Write?

Write what?

I've been thinking about writting a book  
or you know a sort of memoir.

You okay there, Dad?

Dad, I left my job at the agency.

I'm sorry, Dad.

Government service is not the same  
as when you were in State.

Things are different now. I don't know,  
maybe that's the Cold War ending:

Now it seems like it's all bureaucracy  
and no mission...

I'm writting a memoir.

I think that can be pretty explosive.

But I don't think you'd disapprove.

I don't think you'd disapprove.

Katie has trouble accepting it.

But sometimes there is  
a higher patriotism, Dad.

We've seen this...

I know this kind of men.

We've seen this.

Mrs. Cox, you can't let this man take  
advantage of you. And he will. He will.

Yes, this is my fear.

Thought he's trying-what he says-he's  
trying to put himself together, but---

Yeah. Look. Sure I'm obliged to  
tell you to try to salvage things.

And you should. It's not-unheard of.

People turn themselves around.

But you haven't broached  
the possibility of divorce yet?

- No.

- Well, that's good.

Because first you should get his  
financials. Before he's forwarned.

Because here's a man,  
here's a man practised and deceit,

this is almost, you could say,  
it's his job.  
And there's no reason,  
it's not improper,  
there's no reason you shouldn't get  
a picture of the household financials.  
Paper files, computer files, whatever---  
it's your prerogative.  
You can be a spy too, madam.  
Do this before he's put on alert.  
Before the turtle can draw in his head  
and in his, uh...  
- Feet.  
- ...Feet.  
And hopefully everything will work out.  
He will reform.

**But! If not:**

We were young and committed,  
and there was nothing we could not do.  
We thought of the Agency less...  
less...  
Um...  
The principals of George Kennan-  
a personal hero of mine-  
like the fabled "Murrow's Boys"  
at a time of...  
You've reached the Cox group.  
We can't answer your call right...  
Hello?  
xxx  
No, she is at number 5719.  
This is the Cox group. You can reach  
her on her portable or at her office.  
SHE'S MARRIED  
Number 4!

**HAS BOYFRIEND:**

And number 6!  
SHE'S PREGNAN  
Yes, yes!  
I should try to get a run in.  
Ozzie?  
Ozzie!

Honey, at princeton reunion Dinner  
See you later  
Library Closed for  
Private Party  
We take all the chicken fat  
off your buttocks, here...  
And the upper arms.  
- And a little of your tummy...  
- Yeah, great.  
Now, we do breast augmentation  
with a tiny incision here.  
- Oh, the marker tickles!  
- ...and here.  
And what about the upper leg,  
the higher inside body area?  
Well, we can do liposuction there as well,  
but that area will respond an excercise.  
The buttocks upon arms  
begin to store more fat  
once you get up around fourty,  
the body just tells it to go there.  
But the thighs will respond  
to tonight excercise.  
Yeah. I can work out on my arms till  
the cows come home, but...  
Uh-huh. Well, also there are  
of course genetic factors.  
- But the Litzke's have always been big.  
- Well, everyone's got a...  
- My mom had an ass that could pull a bus.  
- Wow. Well that's a predispo---  
Yeah. Father's side too. Although Dad  
tends to carry his weight in front of him.  
- Uh-huh. Okay.  
- In the gut area. Deriere, not so much.  
And what about the face, you know,  
the window to the soul.  
Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Very well put.  
Well, your eyes are one  
of your best features.  
But we can do something about  
the incipient crow's feet.  
Baby crow's feet. Little chickling's feet.  
I mean chicks. Chickie chickie chickie.



Ha-ha, yes, again, well put.  
You have a way with words.  
We make a small incision  
and then pull the skin tight,  
like stretching the skin over a drum,  
not too tight, though.  
We don't want that "worked-on look."  
You need sufficient slack  
for the face to remain expressive.  
Yeah.  
I don't want to look like Boris Karloff.  
- So you don't want a sex change!  
- No. I'm all woman!  
So Linda, what we're talking about here  
is four different procedures.  
The liposuction, the rhinoplasty,  
the facial tuck,  
which I would strongly recommend  
over the chemical peel---  
Yeah, I don't want to  
burn anything off.  
Why should you. With that lovely skin?  
And lastly the breast augmentation.  
Now, we can also do something  
about that vaccine scar---  
I don't know if you wear  
sleeveless dresses much---  
- Not with these ham hocks!  
- Yes, well.  
Once they're nice and svelte, post-op,  
you may change your mind about that.  
I wanna talk about the vaccine thing.  
I mean can you counsel me on this?  
I mean is it really that unsightly?  
I see it a lot, a bunch of people have them.  
Absolutely! Some women don't mind it.  
It's a personal taste.

H A R D B O D I E S

**FITNESS CENTERS:**

f i t n e s s o f f i c e

Chad!

Exhale. Deep breath. Exhale.

- Hold it. Hold and release.

- Chad!

And release.

- Ow!

- Too much?

I just felt a straining...

a tightness in the front of my ass.

Well you are pretty tight down there.

You have...

Something snapped in my ass!

Chad Feldheimer to the office,

please.

I'll check on my office, I'll be right back

and we'll do work on opening those hips.

I just got a batch from "bewithmedc.com"

- Oh no! Anything good?

- I don't know, I'm just looking.

- How do I open..?

- Click on that... Click on that...

Omygod! Okay, loser.

Loser. Loser!

They should call this "mr.loser.com"

- Did you have to send a picture?

- No, only the guys do.

I had to fill a verbal profile.

What turns-me-on, what turns-me-off...

I'm really looking for a guy

with the sense of humor.

That guy---wait---that guy wasn't bad.

- Him?

- No, before.

- Him?

- Yeah, he might not be a loser.

- How can you tell?

- That's a Brioni suit.

- Oh, yeah?

- Shit yeah!

Does he look like he would

have a sense of humor?

Looks like his optometrist

has a sense of humor.

- What is he do?

- State department.

Oh, that's cool.

His hair is... what is that?

Plugs?

This is our cardio area  
and we have a lot of machines  
and believe me there's never a wait.  
I mean what you see now,  
it's like the busiest time  
and there's a lot of machines open.

- Hey, Chad.
- Hey, Linda.
- You call that guy?
- No, not yet.

Chad Feldheimer,  
he's one of our trainers.  
I've been doing  
this internet dating thing and I'm...

- What service?
- bewithmedc.com?
- Nice
- Have you used them?

No. Two friends did, they both got  
hooked up with really special guys.

That's fantastic!

If you're an english speaker,  
please say "yes" or "english."

Yes.

I'm sorry I didn't understand what  
you said. If you're an english speaker...  
English.

Would you like to speak to  
the willing department or to an agent?  
Agent.

I'm sorry I didn't understand  
what you said.

Agent.

Agent.

Hello. Can I help you?

Yeah, hi, this is Linda Litzke,  
should i give you my account number?

- You did it there... I have it here.
- You have it up? Okay.

I was told that I need a pre-approval  
for these surgeries, but

Yes, I'm sure that this procedure  
was not approved.

Yes, I was denied.  
This operation of selective procedures  
is not covered by...  
No, those are four different operations.  
It's very complicated.  
I'm reinventing myself, it is whole  
new look, so It's not just one thing.  
But they're all approved  
by my doctor.  
Your doctor's approval  
is not that issue, madam.  
- Our guides for selective surgeries are...  
- But this is not ... Madam...  
My job involves public interface.  
This is not...  
I don't really think you understand.  
The guides might not...  
Oh, I understand.  
Put your supervisor on, please.  
Hold the line.  
Alan?  
Linda?  
Yeah.  
C o m i n g U p D a i s y  
text 261  
text 262  
We've been over and over and over this.  
First you say you can't commit  
and then...  
Would you come down from there!

**Please pick up:**

Honey Nut Cheerios.  
We married when I was what,  
in my mid-twenties,  
A kid, we were kids. Twenties.  
And you think it's forever.  
You get older,  
start to feel your mortality,  
say there's no more time  
for dishonesty.  
Subterfuge, say I'm not the person.  
The choices you made, you...  
I'm thinking of divorcing Ozzy.

Frankly, I'm thinkig, Whoa.

I guess that's what I should be thinking too. With Sandy.

- That's what you were just saying.

- Absolutely. Yes.

You're right. You should dump that bozo.

No question about that. I agree.

- So, if I were divorced---

- Yes.

That should settle things. With Sandy.

Because of you and me.

It's... you know.

It's hard to inflict that kind of pain, you know,

of course that would be

easier for you.

Why's that?

I don't see that.

Well, because he is a dope and so...

But Sandy'is a good lady.

- A very special lady.

- She's a cold, stuck-up bitch.

- Well that's a little---

- You and I should get things sorted.

I've always told you

it's more than just frivolity.

That's right. That's understood.

You've been very straight.

- I think I've been loud and clear.

- Absolutely.

Not just fun and games.

Absolutely.

Pipe A Fittings Power Tools

Agent.

I'm sorry I didn't understand

what you said.

Agent.

Your call is important to us. Please stay on the line for the next available agent.

Ted, can I talk to you about

our Mickey Mouse HMO?

- Uh-huh. Hang on.

- This is some heavy shit.

- Is that my date list?

- No... fuck...  
You know, I'm trying to reinvent myself  
and these procedures,  
which are so incredibly not cheap...  
What is that?  
I can't believe this...  
This is like... intelligence shit.  
- I'm not comfortable with this.  
- What is it?  
This is, like, I can't believe  
this shit I'm seeing!  
- Manolo found it.  
- On the floor there.  
Yeah. Manolo found this, like, CD,  
just lying in a locker.  
- Locker floor. Ladies' locker.  
- Jus lie-een there.  
And I'm like, Whoa, someone's music  
or what. And I come in here  
- ...and it's these files, man.  
- I'm not comfortable with this.  
Talking about SigInt,  
and signals and shit and...  
- Signals means code, you know?  
- It was jus lie-een there.  
Talking here about department heads  
and the names and shit  
and these other files are just,  
like, numbers Arrayed.  
Numbers and dates,  
and numbers and numbers,  
and dates and numbers, and  
I think that's the shit, man.  
The raw intelligence!  
I'm not touching this.  
I want this out of here.  
- Throw it out?  
- No, you can't do that.  
You should put up a note  
in the ladies' locker room.  
Put up a note?  
Highly classified shit found?  
Signals intelligence shit, CIA shit?  
Hello! Anybody lose their secret

CIA shit? I don't think so!  
I don't know you figure it out,  
but I'm not comfortable with this.  
And I want this out of Hardbodies.  
We're running a gym here. God!  
Manolo, you didn't find this!  
- I found it on the floor there.  
- Yeah, I know, but...  
Right there, on the floor there.  
Just lie-eeen there.  
- Harry?  
- Yeah, it's me.

xxx

- Absolut Saketini, please.  
- Just a tab.  
But if I get any advance  
on my salary  
I could at least  
get the surgery ball rolling.  
Whoa, there's a payroll company,  
you know?  
They don't just advance people money.  
They just don't do that.  
I mean, sure, I could say, yes,  
I authorized it,  
but that's not going to mean  
anything to them.  
Well why do they have us on  
this Cockamamie health plan?  
I need these surgeries, Ted!  
You're a beautiful woman.  
You don't need---  
I have gone just as fas  
as I can go with this body  
I think it's a beautiful---It's not  
a phoney-baloney Hollywood body.  
That's right, Ted.  
I would be laughed out of Hollywood.  
I have very limited breasts and  
a gi-normous ass and I have this gut  
that swings back and forth in front of me  
like a shopping cart with a bent wheel.  
You know there's a lot of guys,  
whou'd like you just the way you are.

Yeah---losers!

- I don't know, I mean am I a loser?

- Oh, Ted.

You know I wasn't always a manager  
at Hardbodies. Lemme tell you...

Let me show you something.

Is that you?

Fourteen years a Greek Orthodox priest.  
Congregation in Chevy Chase.

That's a good job.

What happened?

It's a long story.

Anyway, many ways i'm a lot happier now.

My point is...

My point is... it's a journey.

That's my point!

I don't wanna stay where I am!

I want to find someone

to share my journey!

You know, sometimes, if you don't look  
in your own backyard, you're never---

I Know. That's why I've started  
this internet dating.

Uh-huh, but what I'm saying is maybe,  
you know, you don't have...

Look, Ted, I know that you can't  
authorize an advance on my salary,  
but you could put in a request,  
can't you?

It's not going to do  
any good, Linda.

Oh, Ted, have you ever heard of  
the power of positive thinking?

Harry?

It's Monica.

Well, hello.

Maybe I can get a run in.

Hello.

Omygod!

- Omygod!

- Shh!

- Omygod! Oh my god!

- You know what time it is?

Uh-huh. So, like, I couldn't call you



on your totally unsecure phone,  
but I know who the guy is.

- The guy?

- The guy. The secret guy.

So is he high up?

I don't know if he's high... probably!

I mean, I got his name, not his rank.

- So what's his name?

- Osbourne Cox.

Never heard of him.

Oh, like you're so plugged in to  
the intelligence community.

I'm just sayig

to the layman---

I think the quality of the intelligence  
dictates how high up he is.

- Okay.

- Not what we know.

I also---do you have any water?

I gotta hydrate.

- I've got tapwater.

- Are you kidding?

- How do you know who he is?

- Sources.

- What do you mean, "sources"?

- You have like Gatorade or..?

Anything besides,

like Mariland swamp water?

- You know how far this is from my...

- How do you know his name?

I got this geek friend, Ernie Gallegos.

He does computer stuff,

hooks up people's computers

and programs their VCRs'n' shit.

So he examines the files and

he pulls off a digital watermark,

which tells you what computer

was created on.

- Fucking child's play for Ernie.

- Uh-huh.

And...

- I got his number! I got his number!

- Omygod!

That was a bit more difficult.

Shall we give him a tinkle?

Omygod...

Why?

Cause he's gonna wanna know  
that his shit is secure.

He's gonna be relieved. He might even be  
so relieved, that he gives us a reward.

I would be very fucking surprised  
if he did not.

- Oh, wow.

- Very surprised.

Like that, you know, Good Samaritan tax.

It's not even a tax, really,  
since it's voluntary.

Hello?

Osbourne?

Osbourne Cox?

Yes.

Who is this?

Um... This...

Is this Osbourne Cox?

Who is this? What time is it?

Who are you?

I'm a Good Samaritan.

I'm sorry I'm calling at such an hour,  
but I thought you might be worried.

Worried?

About the security.

Of your shit.

What on earth are you talking about?

Who am I speaking to?

I got your files---the documents.

I know these documents are sensitive.

but i'm perfectly willing to give  
back to you your sensitive shit.

You know at a time of your choosing.

What documents are you talking about?

Osbourne Cox?

Yes, yes, this is... Hello!

It's Osbourne Cox. Who the fuck are you?

What documents are you talking about?

Okay.

The bureau chief in Belgrade,  
we all call Slovak the butcher.

He had very little report  
with his staff, and his dispatches---  
Ra-por, very little rapport...  
with his staff, fucking moron!  
How did you get this?

- Don't blow a gasket, Osbourne. I...
- Who the fuck are you? Listen...
- We have... It's not important where...
- You are in a way over your fucking head!

I don't know who the fuck you are,  
but you have no idea what you're doing!  
Oh! Why so uptight, Osbourne Cox?  
I'm just a Good Samaritan,  
a traveler on the road, who...  
Tell him, we're gonna get it back,  
we just thought he would like to maybe know,  
- and tell him about the Good Samaritan tax.

- Hello! Who is that?
- And tell him he's inconveniencing us.
- Hello, hello, hello!
- Who the fuck is this?
- Ozzie, what's going on?

You know this is the major inconvenience  
for us and we just thought of a reward.  
Uh! So it's money! So it's money!

- You want money, okay, listen to me.
- You... Yeah, why not?
- Am I out of line here?
- Let me... Listen to me you two clowns.

Listen to me very very carefully.  
You have no idea what you're doing.

- And I warn you most emphatically...
- You warn us?
- You warn us? You warn us?
- Yes, yes. And I... Yes.

Let me tell you something  
Mr.Intelligence!

- Let me...
- We warn you!
- Listen!
- We will call you back with our demands!
- Hello?
- Hello.
- Chad!

-Listen to me.  
- No, shut up! Don't play his game!  
-Let me explain how this will work.  
Sorry.  
- Geeze...  
- The nerve of that guy.  
I'm very fucking surprised  
he did not give us the reward.  
What on earth is going on?  
Some clown---two clowns...  
have got a hold of my memoirs.  
Your what?  
Stole it or---  
I have no idea how they got it---  
- Your what?  
- My memoirs, the book that i'm writting.  
Why in Gold'name would anyone think  
that's worth anything?  
Doesn't sound like  
he's gonna play ball.  
Oh, he'll play ball!  
We just have to show him who's boss.  
Well that's---he sounds very senior.  
I think this is some senior guy  
who's screwed the pooche, big-time.  
Yeah, that's why  
we got him, you know,  
We've caught him with his thing  
caught in big fat wringer.  
- Yup.  
- ...and us in the driver's seat.  
Yeah.  
This is our opportunity.  
you don't get many of these.  
You slip on the ice outside of  
you know, a fancy restaurant,  
- something like this happends.  
- Right.  
- Right now this has happend.  
- Yup. It sure has.  
This could put a big dem in my surgerys.  
Big time.  
Honey?  
Honey!

- Huh?  
- My cab is here, I'm off. Mystery man.  
What is that thing?  
Top secret, baby.  
How many cities?  
Seattle, San Francisco,  
Los Angeles, Chicago.  
Why do they always send you to Seattle.  
Not a big market.  
I don't know,  
lots of independent bookstores.  
Rains all the time,  
what else are people gonna do?  
- I can think of couple of things.  
- You can think of one thing.  
- Where did they put you?  
- Of course, It better be the Peninsula.  
The money I make for them.  
- You gonna be okay?  
- Be sad. But I'll be okay.  
- Not too sad...  
- Just the right amount.  
I'm crazy about you, baby!  
Hey!  
Tommy Bennett, Tony Morrison,  
Zoe Caldwell, it was marvelous.  
First time I've ever attended  
the Kennedy Honors,  
Jane Alexander is a client,  
Old friend with Zoe's.  
Anyway...  
- Connie?  
- Yes, sir.  
Could you bring in your copy  
of the Cox financials?

**Tommy sang:**

Tommy Bennett.  
I thought I had it here on the disk,  
I don't know where the disk is. I'm sorry.  
- I have to run another off my harddrive.  
- Alright, okay.  
So, we've drawn up the papers and are  
prepared to execute service on Osbourne,

if you so elect, Mrs.Cox. But since we are at the point of no return. I always urge my clients at this juncture to give it one more day of reflection. Harry?

Linda.

Well, hello.

I did the whole bodyguard thing for years, but my guy was in State, the Secretary in fact, so I a lot traveled "Ironside just left the building."

We called him Iron Ass.

Not to his face, of course.

Not to his ass, either!

Ah, he was okay. Personal Protection that's a young man's game.

These are really good.

Wanna try one?

- Is that shelf food in it?

- Shelf food?

I've got a sensitivity and go in anaphylactic shock, my legs swells up and close up...

Ah, what the hell. Live dangerously!

- Can't always wear a condom, right?

- That's right! Not always!

Yeah, I've got now mostly administrative.

Not so much PP, personal protection.

- Though I still carry the gun.

- Omygod!

No big deal. Never discharged it, twenty years service.

Security blanket now.

I don't think about it---

course, you're not supposed to think about it:

In a situation your man is threatened the training kicks in. Muscle memory Just like the reflexes.

it's... Those are outrageous.

- You wanna swap?

- No way!

- There you go.

- No way!
- Let me touch.
- Let me go away.

Sake?

...but there was just a hell  
of political infighting, and...  
petty, petty, shit, and basically  
the old man stepped on Goldberger's throat.

- Nice... Wide-plank pine?

- Yeah, I guess so.

Yeah, listen, Linda,

full disclosure here...

Yes, i'm not wearing a wedding ring,  
but I'm married.

Took the ring off, what, 18 months ago,  
when we agreed to separate.

Agreed to disagree. That's about  
the only thing we ever agreed on.

Thanks for telling me, Harry.

I really appreciate it.

You know,

full transparency is my motto.

- That's not gonna go off, is it?

- Let's get to another room to find out.

That's great,

that's exciting.

Yeah. He's very very communicative.

Very accesible. His sense of humor?

And he agrees 100%

about my surgeries.

- Well, I...

- He agrees my ass can be smaller.

I mean, not in mean way,

he comes with a piece of humor.

That's good, but Linda,

what you really know about this guy?

I told you, he's in

a treasury department.

But, no, I mean, you know, he can be  
one of these guys who cruises internet.

Yeah, so am I!

What's wrong with this?

No, you cannot wear that,

you have to wear suit.

- You mean home change?

- Yes.

I was gonna ride my bike.

Osbourne Cox?

- And you, I take it are "Mr. Black?"

- Yes, I am.

- You have the money?

- 50,000 dollars.

That's what was agreed upon,

Osbourne Cox.

All right. Let me explain something  
to you, "Mr. Black."

- You know who I am: I know who you are.

- Perhaps.

- But appearances can be---deceptive.

- Yeah.

What you're engaged in is blackmail,  
taht is a felony, that's for starters.

Appearances can be---deceptive.

I'm a mere Good Samaritan who...

Secondly, the unauthorized dissemination  
of classified material is a federal crime.

if you ever carried out

your proposed threat,

you would experience such a shitstorm

of consequences, my friend,

that your empty little head would

be spinning faster then the wheels

- ...of your Schwinn bicycle back there.

- You think that's the Schwinn?

Now give me the fucking floppy or

the CD or whatever the fuck it is!

As soon as you give us the money, dickwad!

- You fuck!

- Give it to me, fuck!

- You fucker!

- I know who you are, fucker!

You're the fucker!

- Where is the money?

- He hit me!

- Where is the money?!

- He didn't give it to me---

Oh for---Get in the car!

What are you doing?



Shit!

Fuck it!

Fuck!

Fucking Loonies!

- Holy fucking---you fucking morons!

- Shit!

That'll give him something  
to think about.

- Yeah.

- Knew this would happen.

- Wait, wait! We gotta go back! My bike!

- It's on to plan B.

It's just Kryptonite lock---You can't  
open those fuckers with a bic pen.

Some people...

- What is this?

- Russian Embassy.

I told Mr. Krapotkin

I might be stopping by.

Is there a man's room?

Madam, you are mistaken.

I'm assistent cultural attach.

The organs of state security  
are not allowed to function  
within the borders of your country.

- Organs?

- Yes.

But whait If I had, oh, say,  
secrets of higly, um,  
secrets that might interest  
the organs of this...

Yes?

That's just the taste.

- May I ask you the source of this material?

- No you may not.

- Very high up.

- Chad!

I'm just saying he's high up.

- PC or Mac?

- PC.

- Could you wait, please?

- I'll do have a date.

The fish. Has bitten.

Oh yeah, he seems cool.

Chad.

Could you accompany me please?

- It is more material?

- It is a lot more.

But we want to be paid first.

You are not idealogical.

- I don't think so.

- Look, I have a date, so...

Date.

- A line to check in, towels pilling up.

- I'm sorry, Ted.

And Manolo running around like crazy.

What happened to your nose?

This is not acceptable in Hardbodies.

You two know better than that.

- Yes we do, Ted. I'm really sorry.

- This is no way.

It was unavoidable, Teddy.

Won't happen again.

- But you won't tell me what's going on.

- No, we can't.

I know this is really terrible, Ted,

But I have to go. I have a date.

You're changing, Linda.

It's very sad.

...which to my mind is all the more  
reason to lower to boom on Ozzie.

- Hm

- Is that it, "hm?"

Wondering if it's the right time. I mean...

Look, of course it's the right time.

Why wouldn't it be the right time?

- Does it threaten you?

- No, you and me are rock solid.

This is... I think that's what  
we can afford to be big.

We can think about Ozzie, and whether  
we could give him a chance to  
get himself together a little before  
you hammer hell out of him.

Is that how you see me?

"Hammering" him?

- Of course not...

- No, that was your word...

- Yeah.  
- I don't "hammer."  
No, of course not, listen...  
I'm no friend of the guy, you know that.  
I think he's arrogant little geek.  
But, you know, we have all the time in  
the world, and he just lost his job.  
He didn't lose it, he quit.  
Yeah, most of people in this town  
who quit, were fired.  
I feel sorry for him.  
I think it will be a lot easier to deal  
with, when he don't feel cornered.  
Maybe. Just as long as we're talking  
about Ozzie here, not you.  
Of course we're talking about Ozzie.  
I'll do whatever you want, baby.  
I adore you.  
Get the check.  
Yup?  
Yes?  
Is the blood in his stool?  
Later, I'm running home.  
I love you, baby.  
Ozzie?  
Goddamnit Ozzie,  
what have you done to the car?!  
All right.

**CAMERA AIM:**

Katie Calling

**ANSWER IGNORE:**

- Omygod, I'm sorry--am I late?  
- No, doesn't start for five minutes.  
- You haven't seen this, have you?  
- This one no. No I have not.  
- I hear it's terrific.  
- Great.  
We've been over and over and over this.  
First you say you can't commit  
and then...  
Would you come down from there?  
- ...would.

- Pardon our dust.

The Ex is in the process of moving out.

I told her to expedite this.

Yeah.

Yeah, you know,

you try to act like an adult.

Oh, it's never easy.

You wanna come downstairs?

Like surprises?

Well, I'm always open

to new experiences.

I gotta tell ya--I saw an ad for this  
in a gentlemen's magazine. 1200 bucks.

I'm lookin' at this thing and I think,

Jesus, you gotta be kiddin' me

I'm a hobbyist, thing's basically

nothing but speed-rail,

I think I'd go down to Home Depot and

whip this up myself for a hundred bucks.

- What is it?

- What is it.

You sidddown there,

make yourself comfortable,

put your feet in the stirrups, and...

Omygod!

- That's fantastic!

- It's something, isn't it?

Hundred bucks all in - not counting  
my labor, and the cost of the dildo.

- Those things are not cheap.

- Uh-uh.

See, I lack the...

Not set up to mold hard rubber.

- The Russians?

- Uh-uh.

- The Russians?

- Uh-uh.

Russian Embassy, yeah.

- Are you sure?

- Hey.

The guy was not hard to follow,  
as you know.

Why the FUCK would they go  
to the Russians?!

Why the FUCK...

- I'm sorry. Thank you, Hal.

- Hey. No problemo.

Look, Ozzie, I hate to be  
the paranoid old spook, but...

those two guys seem  
very interested in you.

You haven't gone poofy on me, have ya Oz?

Can I help you?

I'm sorry about we're starring,  
but your face looks familliar.

- It's a Princeton, '73?

- Yeah.

- I can't remember your name.

- Osbourne Cox.

I thought so.

Served and witnessed.

Wish you all nice evening.

Ouch.

What the fuck?

Fuck!

What the fuck?

Fuck!

Fucking!

J a m b a J u i c e

Why did you tell him we could get more stuff?

Well maybe we can.

That's all Manolo found!

It was everything!

What're we gonna tell Manolo to scoop some  
more secret spy shit off the locker floor?

- Hey!

- What.

I don't like the snideness!

And the negativity!

- I'm sorry.

- I'm just trying to work this thing.

If I'm going to reinvent myself

I need these surgeries.

And those surgeries cost money!

This is not just fun and games!

- I'm sorry.

- So let's figure this thing out, okay?

Chad, your Berry Blast is ready.

- We know who he is.

- **Right:**

- So we can find out where he lives, right?

- I'm... I guess.

- You should change. Into your suit.

- Why?

So you don't stand out  
in his neighborhood.

- There are certain elementary things.

- His neighborhood?

Yes. We should take out the labels  
and laundry marks.

- Laundry marks?

- Deniability

- What's the odometer say?

- Five.

About five or approximately five?

I mean...

For fuck's sake, Harry, it's five miles,

Okay, I got to do at least five.

Five and a deuce is okay.

I'm surprised you have any energy.

You kiddin'---pull around the corner,  
we'll do it again in back!

You are so coarse.

No, back of the car,  
not the rear entry situation.

For fuck...

I'm late.

So close,

so close and yet so far

I worked my fingers to the bone,  
made myself a name.

Funny, I seem to find that,  
no matter how the years unwind,  
Still I reminisce of the girI miss  
And the love I left behind...

I worked my fingers to the bone,  
made myself a name.

Though I never laid a hand on you,  
My eyes adored you

Like a million miles away from me  
you couldn't see

As free as the grass grow  
or you could find your home  
Live free  
when no one is around you  
As free as the wind blows  
As free as the grass grow  
Hello?  
Omygod!  
Omygod!  
Omygod!  
What the fuck!  
What the fuck!  
What the fuck!  
Fuckin!  
Oh!  
Oh my fuck!  
I killed the fucking spook.  
What the fuck you're doing here,  
you fucker?  
You...  
Olson, what's up?  
- Palmer? What's up?  
- Not quiet certain sir, but it's... messy.  
Kolyma2 tell us that  
they have computer files  
from an ex-analyst of mine,  
Osbourne Cox.  
- Kolyma2?  
- Our man in the Russian Embassy.  
They were brought in to them  
by a woman who---  
- The Russians?  
- Yeah.  
It was brought in by a woman  
named Linda Lietzke,  
an associate of a guy named Harry Pfarrer.  
Picture's in the file. With Pfarrer's.  
- The Russians!  
- Yeah.  
- And who's Pfarrer?  
- Treasury guy...  
who has been screwing Mrs.Cox.  
That must be how they got the files.  
Or maybe Ozzie knows about it,

they all seem to be sleeping with each other.

- All right. Spare me.

- Yes, sir. But this treasure guy---  
it's become complicated.

He just shot somebody in Ozzie's house.

- Shot---your analyst?

- No, Ozzie wasn't there.

Our man surveying hears a gun shot,  
sees the guy wrestles something  
into his car, follows him:

he dumps the body in the Chesapeake Bay.

- What'd he did that for?

- Don't know, sir.

Oh for fuck's sake!

Anyone fish the body out?

- And Russian. American?

- Don't know. Scrubbed of ID.

- And this... Linda..?

- Linda Litzke.

- Yeah. She's Treasury?

- No... we're... fuzzy on her.

So we don't really know

what anyone is after?

Not really, sir.

- And this analyst, ex-analyst...

- Cox.

- Yeah. What's his clearance level?

- Three.

Okay, no biggie...

For now, just keep an eye on everyone  
to know what they do.

Yes, sir. And we'll interface  
with the FBI on this, dead body.

No! No. God, no! We don't want  
those idiots blundering around in this.

Burn the body.

Get rid of it.

And keep an eye on everyone,  
see what they do.

Report back to me when...

I don't know, when it makes sense.

Yo! And then...

Hop! Hop!

- And then...Hop! Hop! And up!



- I'm bigger... I'm bigger... I'm back.  
I'm bigger... Then ever...  
I'm bigger... I'm back...  
I'm better... I'm back...  
Then ever... I'm back...  
You fuckers... I'm back...  
Fuckers... I'm back...  
And last time...

- Linda. You okay?

- Yeah, I'm fine, Ted. Sorry.

- You don't look fine.

- No no. I'm... I'm...

What you won't tell me what's wrong?

You never let me in, Linda.

Oh, I know you're trustworthy, I just...

I don't want to endanger other people.

I mean, this is a path that I've chosen,  
it's not...

you have to isolate,  
you know, a firewall.

Well, I don't know what to think.

You both go AWOL on friday: and today  
Chad doesn't even bother to come at all.

- I know, Ted.

- I can't run a gym this way.

- I know, Ted.

- I'm going to have to fire him.

- No! No no no! Just, just...

- What?

- Give me twenty-four hours!

- To what?

- I don't know, just give me 24 hours!

- Linda---

Just give me twenty-four hours  
to solve this thing!

Linda. I have to tell you. A man was  
in here earlier asking about you.

Are you in some kind of trouble?

Is Chad running away from something?

We know what we're doing, Ted.

Let me ask you this:

- Did he know my name?

- Yes, he was asking about you.

Employment history, et cetera.

Real jerk... I told him get lost.

Oh, thank you, Ted.

Well, we just don't give that out at Hardbodies.

Linda, Mr. Krapkin on line two.

Omygod!

Mr. Krapkin?

- Linda?

- Yes.

Yes, this is Ilan Krapotkin.

Russian Embassy. Returning your call.

Yes, yes! Hang on---

I'm sorry, Ted. This is private.

- Mr. Krapotkin?

-Yes?

Is this a secure line?

Mr. Krapotkin?

Is this a secure line?

- Are you joking?

- No.

I'm very worried about my associate, you know... Chad.

- Do you have him?

-Do we have him?

Is he---I don't know what the term is, did he "go over?"

I don't understand.

Is he not at Hardbodies?

No. Good, look, it...

Could I come in and discuss this?

- I'm very busy at the moment.

- I'm coming anyway.

- You seem distracted.

- Do I?

- Very distracted. Last few days.

- Mmm. Work.

You think that might be enough carrots?

- What?

- For the salad.

**You know:**

a negative person.

- What? - I've tried.

To ignore it. To remain upbeat.

- Harry, stop the foolishness.  
- Stop the foolishness?  
Yes. And behave. You're not speaking  
to one of your shithole buddies.  
Hello?  
Honey.  
It's so good to hear you voice.  
-Something wrong?  
- No. Yeah.  
Can you come home. Baby needs you.  
Can you please come home?  
Harry, you know that I can't  
just leave the Booktour.  
I can show you your present.  
It's finished.  
Oh, Harry. I can't just leave. There are  
two days left. There's still Seattle.  
- Yeah.  
- I love you, Harry  
Yeah.  
I love you too.  
Hey! Fucker!  
Fucker!  
Fucker!  
Fucker, who do you work for?!  
Who do you work for?!  
Who are you?  
Hey, who are you?  
- Who do you work for? CIA, NSC?  
- Tuchman Marsh!  
- What?  
- Tuchman Marsh!  
- Tuchman Marsh?  
- Yes.  
Your name is  
Tuchman Marsh?  
Tuchman Marsh Hauptman Rodino!  
I work for them!  
- You work for Tuchman Marsh?  
- Yes.  
- It's a law firm?  
- No! A rock band! Yes, it's a law firm!  
- Why're you following me?  
- Divorce action, numbnuts!

- My wife hired you?!

- No. Your wife hired Tuchman Marsh.  
Tuchman Marsh hired me.  
I work for Tuchman Marsh.  
You're...  
What...  
Sandy...  
Jesus---grow up, man!  
It happens to everybody!  
...At the midnight of the third day,  
GOOD MORNING SEATTLE  
even the sergeant at arms fell asleep  
and it was just then at that very moment  
that Oliver sneezed.  
Can we just---

I'm sorry to interrupt you to let folks  
at home to see this illustrations!  
Can we just get a shot of that...  
There---there it is...  
It's Oliver interrupting  
the fillibuster with...  
- That's wonderful.  
- It's wonderful.

The book is "Point of Order, Oliver!"  
and the talented author is Sandra Pfarrer.  
Chill, stay with us for the next segment  
when we meet the Sultan of Salad.  
And then it's Part Two of our very  
special interview with Dermont Mulroneey.  
So keep it where it is!  
That was way out of line, we were  
so unbelievably clear with them:

- It's just an Oliver segment.  
- It's fine.  
- Del and Connie are such a putzes.  
- It's fine. Thank you. Loser.

Huh. Okay. Great---

- Thought that would never end.  
- Me too.

Let me get this crap off my face.  
NOTICE OF INSUFFICIENT FUNDS  
What the fuck?  
Yes, madam.  
Can we help you?

What kind of Micky Mouse Embassy  
you're running?!

Anyway...

I've been waiting for 45 minutes!

- I'm so sorry, madam. An urgent matter.

- Maybe this is an urgent matter.

Since, you know,

Chad has been missing for 48 hours...

I do not know the whereabouts  
of Mr. Chad, madam.

He was gathering information for you  
when he was taken.

We're not interested in  
such "information."

- It was drivel.

- Dribble!

- Would you like your disk back, madam?

- Dribble!

I will give you dribble!

You listen to me, Mr. Krapkin!

I am a US citizen and

I will not take this kind of treatment.

My check was returned  
for insufficient funds.

No! No no, m'dam, no.

There're over \$40,000 in that account.

The account is not overdraw.

When?

But how could she have access with..?

What about our savings---

what about my savings account?

No no I'm sorry I don't know the number  
to my savings account,

because believe it or not, I don't  
spend my intire days sitting around  
trying to memorize the fucking  
numbers to my fucking bank account!

Moron!

No way. No no way. Whoa.

Now way. Linda...

- No.

- I can't do it, Ted.

- I don't know anything about computers.

- Linda, this whole thing is crazy.

It was a crazy the first time,  
and you want to do it again?  
Break in to the man's house?  
What?  
You said the Russians  
didn't even want this stuff.  
My world is bigger then that, Ted.  
There are other people.  
There are the Chinese.  
- Linda, these surgeries...  
- No, it's not just the surgeries, Ted.  
We can use it as leverage!  
To get Chad back!  
- What you mean "get him back!"  
- Information is power, Ted! Hel-lo!  
What you mean "get him back!"  
You don't know where he is!  
Somebody has him, Ted.  
We can use it to...  
Call the police if you wanna get back  
the missing people. And you...  
I can't take it! I can't take it!  
I can't take it! I can't do that!  
We're operating off the map here, Ted!  
This is higher then the police!  
- It's higher then that!  
- Linda...  
I need a can-do-person, Ted!  
I hate your negativity!  
I hate your reasons why not!  
I hate you! I hate you!  
- What'll it be?  
- Seven and Seven.  
- Hello?  
- It's Harry.  
You think a marriages is...  
and then it's...  
But this was a long time coming.  
Was it?  
Well, yeah... right.  
I'm just depressed and ...  
I gotta excercise.  
I didn't run in three days.  
Butt-crunches... anything...

You think maybe I could stay here  
for a little while.  
Omygod!  
No no no.  
It can't always come from me!  
I'm not that strong!  
You're not here for me, Harry.  
I need a can-do-person.  
You are all... defeted!  
Chad is the only can-do-person I know,  
and he's gone. He's gone.  
I'll be good, I'll be better.  
I just gotta excercise.  
Are there pedestrian paths or something?  
Who the fuck is Chad?  
He's my friend from work.  
You can help me find him?  
You know law unforcement people.  
Could you make them call unofficialy?  
Hold up. What happend?  
What's his name?  
Chad Feldheimer.  
He just disappeared.  
He hasn't been at work  
or at home for two days.  
Okay. You know his  
social security number?  
- Huh? No! I...  
- Okay.  
- What's the last place you saw him?  
- No, I don't know. He just disappeared.  
The Jamba Juice on K street.  
And now he's gone.  
No, okay, okay, okay.  
We're gonna find your little buddy.  
No. It's okay.  
Piece of cake.  
- Okay.  
- Harry is here.  
Open your mouth, open it.  
Do as the doctor says, come on.  
Open your mouth, come on.  
Open your mouth!  
And look here, young man.

You do as I say,  
or I'm gonna ask your mother  
to leave the doctor's room  
and you and I are gonna  
sort it out between us.  
Hello?  
I'm with a patient.  
And is it the same fucking patient  
she's been with since yesterday?  
You tell doctor Cox  
I have the new keys.  
Hello, Sunshine.  
You seem better.  
I snuck a little gym time this morning.  
and our excercise last night didn't hurt.  
Harry!  
Boy. I tell you, I'm through  
banging my head against the wall.  
I'm gonna start doing  
what's right for me.  
I believe that also. I think you  
have to do what's right for you  
Yeah! Hell yeah! You know  
I had a shock, recently,  
and I realized that life is not infinite.  
And no one's immortal.  
I think that it's very important  
to make a positive attitude.  
- Always up. Always ebullient.  
- Don't swear the small stuff...  
- ...and it's all small stuff.  
- ...and it's all small stuff.  
xxx  
Just for starters.  
Hey boy.  
- This is where we first met, you remember?  
- Of course I do.  
It's hard to know what the important  
days are untill you...  
Now I told myslef that I was gonna be  
paranoid, but is that guy looking at us?  
No. Have you find out  
anything about Chad?  
No, nothing yet.



I've made a couple of calls.

- It shouldn't take too long.

- Really?

Oh yeah, there's so many data bases  
now it's a joke...

Back when I was in PP

there was still an art to finding people.

But not anymore. And the cell phones?

I mean...

Pretty soon, everybody's gonna know  
where you are. At any given moment.

Any given moment.

Did he---all right...

when you left the Jamba Juice,

did Chad give you any idea

where he might be going?

- I know where he was going.

- You do?

Georgetown.

Olive Street. 160 Olive street.

It's the residence of this guy...

...Osbourne Cox

Who are you?

What?

Who are you?

The CIA, NSA, the Millitary?

Who do you work for?

Who do you work for?

Who are you?

I'm just... Linda Litzke.

You...

Harry!

Oh for Pete's sake!

And you are my wife's lover?

- No.

- And what're you doing here?

I know you.

You're the guy from gym.

- I'm not here representing Hardbodies.

- Oh yes.

I know very well what you represent.

You represent the idiocy of today.

I don't represent that, either.

Yeah. You're the guy at the gym,

when I asked about that moronic woman?

She's not a moron.

You're in league with that moronic woman.

You're part of a league of morons.

- No no.

- Oh yes.

You see, you are one of the morons

I've been fighting my whole life.

My whole fucking life.

But guess what. Today I win.

- No! Intruder! stop!

- No!

Intruder!

Stop!

Wait. Wait a minute.

Where is the treasury guy? Pfarrer?

- Right now?

- Right now.

Um. He's in a detention room

at Washington Dallas.

Why?

He was trying to board

a flight to Venezuela.

We had his name at hotlist,

CB people den him.

Uh. Don't know why he was trying

to go to Venezuela.

- You don't know?

- No, sir.

- We have no extradition with Venezuela.

- Oh... So what should we do with him?

For fuck's sake, put him on

the next flight to Venezuela!

Yes sir. Okay.

- Okay. So the gym manager is dead?

- Yes, sir.

- The body is---

- Oh, that's gone, sir.

- Okay.

- But there was a... snag.

What?

Well, this analyst, Cox,

was attacking the gym guy.

And it was broad daylight,

on the street.

Our man did not know what to do.

He felt he had to step in.

- Yes?

- He shot the analyst. He shot Cox.

- Good. Great. Is he dead?

- No, sir. He's in a coma.

Uh. They don't think he's gonna make it.

They don't think...

They're pretty sure that

he has no brain function.

Okay, okay. If he wakes up we'll worry  
about it then. Jesus, what a clusterfuck.

So that's it then.

No one else really knows anything?

- Well sir, there is...

- What?

- Um...

- What?

There's the woman, The gym woman.

Linda Litzke.

Oh fuck yeah! God!

Where is she?

- We picked her up. We have her.

- We have her?! To do what with?!

She says she'll play ball

if we pay for some...

I know this sounds odd---

some surgeries that she wants.

Cosmetic surgery.

She said she'll sit on everything.

How much?

There were several procedures,

all together they run to...

- Pay it.

- Yes. Okay. Yeah.

- Jesus fucking Christ!

- Yeah.

- What did we learn, Palmer?

- I don't know, sir.

I don't fucking know either.

- I guess we learnd not to do it again.

- Yes, sir.

- I'm fucked if I know what we did.

- Yes, sir. It's hard to say.  
Jesus fucking Christ!

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