Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle

By John August
Get off the babysitter.
Daddy's home.
What is an Angel doing so far from Heaven?
I'm no Angel.
This is hostel, yeah?
I'm good at the bull, no?
Marshal Ray Carter? I'm Alex Munday.
I'll be your rescuer today.
I didn't think you'd find me.
How many men do you have?
I've got two girlfriends in the bar.
They have 50 armed men.
I know. It hardly seems fair.
Come on.
- What is it?
- My ribs.
Dylan? Dylan,
we need to get out of here.
I'm on top of it.
- They got my ring.
- I'm sure your wife will understand.
Kill them!
Kill them all!
Plan B.
Just once, I'd like to walk out of a bar.
Let's go!
Now!
- Get in!
- You got him?
Dylan!
Go for it!
- Dylan!
- I'm trying!
I'm afraid I underestimated you guys.
Yeah.
That happens a lot.
It was three girls!
Three crazy beautiful girls.
But we have the ring.
I always knew this day would come...
Let's go to plan B.
Once upon a time, there were three
very different little girls.
Come on, Alex. This is the last pass.
You can do it!
Harder! Harder! Harder!
I want you! I want you now!
Who grew up to be three very different women.
No.
Okay.
You, hot water.
Here it goes. Here it goes.
There we go.
Now they work for me.
My name is Charlie.
Perimeter secure.
We're ready for takeoff.
Well done, Agent McDowell.
Hey, check this out.
Our first piece of mail.
- Your 10-year high-school reunion.
- It'll be a fun night, Nat.
- Isn't that cool?
- It's great.
I still can't believe Nat and Pete are moving in together.
- Our little Angel's growing up.
- It's wild that Natalie owns property.
The most expensive thing I own are these boots.
- Excuse me. Those are my boots.
- Whatever. My point is--
I forgot my point.
You're broke, horny and wearing my boots.
Thank you.
So you thought you could escape my fortress.
Not so fast.
- Oh, my God! Jason.
- Surprise.
- Are you okay?
- Yeah.
That was fun.
Fun. Yeah.
- What are you doing here?
- I miss you. Look--
What are you doing later, after this?
Later on?
Jason, I thought we were on a time-out.
What? We can't fool around at all?
Hey, Jason.
I didn't think you'd make it.
Yeah, the photo shoot ran late. Plus, I wanted to miss all the heavy stuff.
- Hey, Jason.
- Hey.
- How's the sequel going?
- Great.
We had, like, 13 writers, so it should be pretty good.
- I loved the first one.
- Yeah, it was great.
Sorry. We got a great title for this

one:
The premiere's Friday, so I brought you tickets.
I love tickets!
- Hello?
- Yeah?
- Be right in.
- Thanks.
Sorry.
- Thanks for helping out, Jason.
- Yeah, yeah.
Charlie.
Bosley!
What's happening, Angels?
How y'all doing?
- Hey.
- Hey, Bos.
Look here. I see my brother ain't checked the books in a while.
We have a book?
Look here, lovelies, I only been here a few days, but will you explain...
...what the hell is this?
Now, what--?
Careful with that, Bos.
I'm all right.
And I also see y'all being played.
Five G's for a Kevlar vest?
- We need those.
- They're made especially for us.
What? You all fine, but you crazy.
What?
Bosley, come here.
- Have a seat, Bos.
- Okay.
- Bos.
- What?
B.
Your brother didn't sweat the details.
- We do what it takes.
- Right.
So, what does a Bosley do around here?
- He does the most important job of all.
- What's that?
He connects us with Charlie.
Okay. All right. All right.
- Good morning, Angels.
- Good morning, Charlie.
Bosley, I hope the Angels aren't being too rough on you.
Man, please. I date fat women.
What are you talking about?
Great work in Mongolia, Angels...
...but I'm afraid the case has taken a new turn.
Goddamn! What the f--?
Look-- Look--
I know where I'm watching
the game at tonight. Look at that.
Angels, I'd like to introduce Roger Wixon, senior director of the FBI.
- Pleasure to meet you.
- Pleasure.
- Hi.
- Hello.
Over the years, the Townsend Agency...
...has worked on projects for the bureau...
...but never one with so many innocent lives at stake.
Hey, I'm busy watching that doggone screen.
Good job, Bos.
Angels, you're aware of the Federal Witness Protection Program.
People who testify against major crime figures... are relocated and given new identities. The identities of these witnesses are protected by a program called HALO: Hidden Alias List Operation. The list is encrypted on two titanium rings. The data on each ring is indecipherable on its own... ...but when they are read together, their codes unlock each other.

Who wears the rings? The head of the U.S. Marshal Service was wearing one.
- Ray Carter.
- Good morning.
- Hey, how are you feeling?
- Couple of fractured ribs, but I'll live.
Who wears the other ring? The head of security for the Justice Department, William Rose Bailey. Unfortunately, he was killed this morning.
- Now both rings are in the open.
- So the list is out.
Someone's contacted the major crime families offering to sell the list. One of our protected witness, Alan Caufield... ...was found dead at home in the Valley.

Angels, we need to get the HALO rings back before the list is sold.
- We'll start at the Caufield house.
- See if that leads us to HALO.
Hey, Charlie, we could really use Bosley's help on this one.
- Get to drive the racecar?
- Not today.
- Blow up a castle?
- Not yet, Bos.
Well, what do y'all need me to do?
- Read some body language.
- Hell, yeah.
I'm not going nowhere near no dead body.
Freeze, ladies. If you're not a dead body, other side of the ropes. We got a serious situation here. My men have the area secure. I have to ask you to evacuate immediately. We got a 211, a 183, believe it or not, we got an 11-350, and it ain't pretty. An 11-350? You found an illegal chinchilla ranch on the premises? It's a chinchilla farm. But you're good. Negatory to orders to relinquish locality. Circumspect to your observation... ...we'll proceed to the interior of the dwelling with your accompaniment. Well, I do not copy. Repeat, do not copy. I'll have to ask my sergeant. Your sergeant is here. Hands off. If you had your game faces on at the academy, you ought to figure this out. Simple caf coronary. Freak show choked to death. Questions? Examination of soft palate reveals porcine byproduct... ...lodged in vestibule. Okay, let's do this. Come on, baby. Caufield shows no signs of trauma to the larynx. His struggle pattern indicates that he didn't choke. He was smothered. Ladies, we got some carnauba residue. Pineapple. Oh, it's Sex Wax. Best for your stick. Pardon me? - The killer's a surfer. - How do you know? He used the credit card he uses to scrape wax off his board... ...to gain entry into the house. Thrasher scumbag surfers. Freeze! I found a foreign print. He was wearing
reissued 1989 Air Jordans.
A limited promotional version sold...
...only at the Foot Locker
in Fontana, in the summer of 2002.
There's a discrepancy in weight distribution...
...between the left and right sides.
An anterior cruciate ligament
that was repaired in the last year.
All right, who did it?
A killer with a scar on his knee who surfs.
Did he stink?
There's a hurricane off Baja. That
means good swells for south beaches.
Was there a lot of blood?
Offshore winds, Third Point.
Malibu's pumping.
- Alex, surfboards are at your house.
- Share it with me, Angels.
Freeze!
Daddy? Daddy!
Darling! I was meeting your mother
in Bali, and they canceled the flight.
Some sort of monsoon.
So how is my favorite little ferret?
Do the face.
No, come on. Do it properly.
That is so cute.
I do the whiskers with my dad.
Mr. Munday, it is such a pleasure
to finally meet you.
I'm Dylan.
That's Natalie.
I assure you, none of the stories are true.
Well, some of them are.
So you work with Alex at the hospital?
Yes! Natalie works
in the psychiatric ward...
...and Dylan is the head
of gynecology.
Really?
- So young.
- I know.
We were just on our way out. We have
a major procedure coming up, so...
- Duty calls. Sorry.
- I've got to prep.
Scrub up.
- Bye-bye.
- Bye.
See you in a minute.
It's just a tiny emergency.
Make yourself at home.
We'll talk later.
Go save lives.
Love you.
Head of gynecology?
Wait a second.
Bos? There's a waxer on your 6.
Is that you, Lord?
Get in there and see
if he uses pineapple Sex Wax.
Dylan, check it out.
I got sand in my ass.
I can't hardly walk.
Just blend in. Be cool, Bos.
Got any wax?
Great job, Bos.
Is that grape? It's grape.
It's grape!
Yes, sir!
Suspect four eliminated.
What's up, Angel?
- Madison Lee?
- Natalie Cook?
Oh, my God.
How did you know?
- I get the newsletter.
- Of course.
Wow. I've heard so many stories
about you. You're my favorite Angel.
She won the Nobel Prize for her
research on flying mammals.
And predicted Carmine DeSoto's every move...
...by using the Cosmo
Bedside Astrologer.
I also set the clock on Charlie's VCR.
And she invented the molar mike.
- Dylan and Alex?
- Yeah.
- God, how I miss stakeouts.
- I know. Aren't they the best?
Bring it on Bitch!
Only one waxer left.
Wait a second.
Subpatellar scar, left knee.
Check it out. Brown shorts, red board,
11 o'clock. What do you think?
- Yummy.
- That's what I thought.
Case closed. Nat, move in.
Dylan thinks he's hot.
What do you mean?
You always fall for the bad guy.
Then this guy must be really evil.
You should see the new agency.
It's beautiful.
Maybe I will. Tell Charlie hello
for me when you see him.
You know.
There she goes.
Who do you think will be
the first of us to leave?
You, me or Natalie?
- What are you talking about?
- I think it'll be Nat.
Why? Did she say something?
Nat and Pete live together now.
Soon they'll be engaged...
...and you and I will wear
pink dresses...
...at the wedding
of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Kominsky.
Yeah, but even if she got married,
she'd never leave us.
Sooner or later, you and I are gonna
have to break in a new Angel.
Good morning, Angels.
Good morning, Charlie.
- Good morning, Angels.
- Good morning, Charlie.
Good morning, Angels.
Good morning, Charlie.
I mean, you didn't think it would be the three of us forever, did you?
I think I lost my nuts.
Your nuts ever get small?
When I get in water, they just shrink up. They become like one marble.
Killer, huh?
I just got so excited.
When it's big like that,
I love to ride it hard and rough.
Sorry.
The way I was getting pounded,
I'm gonna be wet for hours.
Catch you later.
Randy Emmers.
- Pineapple Sex Wax.
- "The Coal Bowl."
Hey, check it out.
"Leo," that could be his next target.
This is it.
The Coal Bowl.
Let's get dirty.
- I'll buy in.
- I'll find Leo.
I'll look for Emmers.
- I'll look for Emmers.
- Yeah.
All right, Leo, you're mine.
Good luck.
- You in charge here?
- You know it.
- I want in.
- It's a two-G buy-in. Winner takes all.
- Rules are, there are no rules.
- I'm down.
Three out of four don't cross the finish line.
I'll take those odds.
Hey, how's it going?
- Metzger's at the far double.
- Is this your first time--?
Carmichael's at the finish line.
I was thinking may--
You and Pete moving in together is a big deal.
- Yeah, it's great, isn't it?
- So where do you see this going?
Going? I'm confused.
Okay, say someone was to come up to me and say:
"Hey, Dylan, do you think
Natalie wants to get married?"
What? Did Pete ask you to ask me
if I wanted to get married?
- No.
- Because we just moved in together.
Heads up, I've spotted Emmers.
I'm on him.
Red bike, red helmet.
Nat, number 25. Check it out.
The lion. That's Leo.
I got it. The guy in blue.
I got shut out.
- What was that?
- He's after Leo.
He just took out a guy in the front double.
- He's making his way up to Leo.
- I'm gonna get him.
That's it! Let's get in there.
I got him, I got him!
- He's gonna crush him!
- Look out, Nat!
What the hell are you doing?!
Nat, he's on your 6.
No, Natalie!
- Natalie!
- I'm okay.
We gotta take him out!
I'll get back in.
Let's go!
Get him at the double.
- You okay?
- Yeah.
Hey, what are you doing with my bike?
Dylan!
The Thin Man.
He's dead.
- What the hell is going on?
- Hey, you're just a kid.
I'm 15 and a half.
Photos. Alan Caufield.
Max Petroni.

How'd you know my real name?

What the hell's this?

Hey, this is a picture of Dylan.

The name on the back is Helen Zaas.

Helen Zaas.

My name before I went into...

...the Witness Protection Program

8 years ago.

And then I became Dylan Sanders.

When the FBI realized

the young lady's potential...

...they gave me a call.

- Okay, wait. Helen Zaas?

- Yeah.

- That's your name?

- Yeah.

Helen Zaas.

So where does that name come

from originally? Is that Ass-tralian?

Yeah.

Oh, my God, you must have been

the butt of every joke.

- Did you drive an Aston Martin?

- Alex, we're being asinine.

Yes, you are.

Don't worry, Dylan. We're still

gonna be your best butties.

Now, Angels, a rose by any

other name still smells as sweet.

Thank you, Charlie.

It's not that funny.

Yeah, it is.

- Bos, can I get a ruling on this one?

- You sure can.

You know what? Personally,

I'm not interested in Helen Zaas.

I'm more concerned about yours.

No matter what, you're still gonna be our Dylan.

- Thank you, Bos.

- You're welcome.

Let me guess, you fell for the bad guy.

I fell for the worst guy.

But he was so cute, and I liked him so much.
We had so much fun together...
...just driving around,
listening to metal and...
And then one night, things got really bad.
I love you!
I would die for you, Seamus!
O'Grady.
You got some balls.
He said he'd kill me if I told anyone,
but I had to put him away.
- Of course you did.
- You did the right thing.
- He was my first.
- Really?
- But you told me you never did it.
- My first bust.
- Yeah.
- Who was this guy?
- Seamus O'Grady.
- O'Grady?
- As in the Irish mob?
- I sent him to prison.
O'Grady.
You're out.
O'Grady, what about your belongings?
So if I have these, she'll find me?
- The O'Gradys killed my parents.
- What?
Sorry, Max.
I testified against them.
Wait a second. Alan Caufield.
He testified against the O'Gradys.
That's it. The O'Gradys must have
HALO. This is our one lead.
The Thin Man.
- Our favorite assassin.
- That's right.
- This needs to go get analyzed.
- Yes, let's get up in there and do that.
Let me see it.
Yeah, I know exactly what this is.
I have one.
The nuns gave it to us at the orphanage.
Orphanage.
- Good work.
- Max is in our protective custody now.
- It's up to us to keep him safe.
- Hey, I know the safest place in town.
  Listen, don't you worry about a thing.
No O'Grady ever set foot
in South Central. Can you dig it?
- Yeah.
- This is my mama house.

**Rule number one:**
her in the eye. Understand?
Or she'll pop. Can you dig it?
- Bosley.
- Yes, ma'am?
You get over here.
Hey, Mama.
- What kind of trouble you in now?
- I'm not in any trou-- Yes, ma'am.
- Come on.
- Yes, ma'am.
- Look at those knockers.
- Boys!
Mother superior will see you now.
Mother, do you recognize this man?
Of course I know who he is.
We called him Anthony,
after St. Anthony of Padua...
...healer of the mute.
Please come forward.
Please, girls.
But his real name, like so much
about him, was a mystery.
He came to us when he was 7.
He was found wandering in the hills,
living off roots and insects.
We believe his family was in
a Romanian circus troupe...
...who died in a terrible fire.
Although the doctors could find
nothing physically wrong...
...he never spoke a word.
And there were other idiosyncrasies.
He was a painfully shy child...
...until it came time
for his monthly haircut.
Then one morning, he was simply gone.
The Thin Man was protecting Max.
So you're saying this man is the sole
benefactor of your orphanage?
Yes, he really is an angel.
Mother, have you had contact with him since?
Well, not really that much...
...except for the odd haircut
now and then.
But he does send gifts.
Like this morning.
- Emmers' car.
- That is a nice ride.
An original 1967
numbers-matching GTO.
- Thorn Birds.
- I know.
Bird poo.
What order did you girls
say you were from again?
- Larus californicus.
- California gull.
Fecal matter consists mostly
of scaly clypeiform.
Sardines that fed on large brown algae, I'd say.
There's also traces of tanker fuel
and storm-water runoff as well.
Sea gulls, tankers, storm water.
San Pedro Harbor.
- Who are you?
- What?! Wait.
- What?
- Who are you?
Oh, Jason Gibbons.
The actor.
Maybe you've seen Maximum Extreme.
No.
- It was such a big movie.
- What are you doing here?
- I'm Alex's boyfriend.
- Alex's boyfriend.
Yeah. Well, technically,
we're on what she calls a time-out.
- What does that mean?
- Exactly. Thank you.
Yeah. I gotta say, you must be
the world's most understanding father.
- Why?
- All the wild stuff she does.
When I first met Alex,
I thought she was a bikini waxer.
It was months before I knew about Charlie.
Who's Charlie?
Merkin.
That was the name of Seamus' pit bull.
Armed guards.
Security looks pretty tight.
This dock is like a fortress.
ID badges.
I think cargo's our best bet.
- Townsend Agency.
- Bos, recon incoming.
- Got you, baby.
- Yeah, check the photo.
That's our man.
The Treasure Chest.
- Do a little dance.
- Make a little love.
Get down tonight.
- There he is, first table on the right.
- Yeah, baby!
Hold.
- Paddy O'Malley?
- Top of the morning to you.
You know, you just don't look much
like any Paddy I've ever seen before.
Ain't never heard of no black Irish?
- Black Irish?
- That's right.
Who do you think invented
the McRib, Lucky Charms, huh?
- Shamrock Shake? That's ours.
- Give me your papers.
- What?
- Your papers.
Let me tell you...
...you got nerve to ask me about my papers.
My family suffered, man, for lack of potatoes.
Foot-and-mouth disease.
Canker sores. Circumcision.
- Circumcision?
- Right, my wife just had a set of twins.
- Both leprechauns.
- Leprechauns?
Get a whiff.
Irish Spring.
You don't believe that,
wipe your ass with a four-leaf clover.
McGinty!
Get this stuff on the ship.
- Tough, eh?
- That was heavy.
I say we should take a break.
Wait a second.
I smell a rat.
This ring is pure platinum.
The HALO rings are titanium.
HALO data chips should be weightless...
...surrounded by a hollow core
that prevents thermal induction.
If the density of the object...
...is less than that of the substance
in which it is immersed...
It floats.
There they are.
I'm sure Helen Zaas was great,
but I just can't imagine life...
...without Dylan Sanders.
- Come on, let's get out of here.
- Cheers to that.
What's the rush, Helen?
You've only been here five minutes.
Now, I've waited for you before.
Matter of fact, I've waited for you 2920 days.
That's 417 weeks.
That's 96 months.
That's eight years.
Enough about me.
What about you, Helen?
How have you been?
Seamus.
I see you still got a nice arse on you.
You got a lot of nerve stealing from me.
- Stealing back's more like it.
- Give us the rings.
Give us the rings.
Give us the rings!
Don't lose those.
We'll be taking them back in about...
...48 seconds.
I've been dreaming one day
I'd get to see you again...
...and watch you die.
Keep dreaming.
Lights. Somebody get the lights!
Seamus.
You know I always like it with the light on.
- You don't know me anymore.
- I'm the only one here who knows you.
Wait, wait, wait!
I've got to say, Helen,
I've never wanted you more.
- Always wanting what you can't have.
- Yeah?
I'll have you any way I want.
I got the rings.
Let's get out of here!
Don't let them get away!
Got it?
Come on, now!
Let's go.
Dylan, let's go.
You can't hurt me anymore, Helen.
I'm gonna teach you and your friends about pain.
I'm gonna kill them
just so you can hear them scream.
Dylan!
I got the rings.
- Are you okay?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
Hit it.
I know who did it.
Hot damn it, I know who did it.
Col. Mustard,
in the dining room, with a lead pipe.
- Col. Mustard?
- Give me that.
- Col. Mustard?
- I said, Col. Mustard...
...in the dining room,
with a lead pipe.
- Go ahead and look in there.
- Why don't you look.
Col. Must--
- Col. Mustard?
- Right.
Col. Mustard? Col. Mustard?
It's Professor Plum...
...in the conservatory,
with a candlestick.
That's right. You got it right.
- Damn!
- How the hell you know that?
We took in one just like him
a long time ago, remember?
Yeah, Mama, I remember.
You gave my room away.
You were the cock?
I was the beaver.
What are the chances that we were both mascots?
- Unbelievable.
- Oh, God.
It's like we were made for each other.
The best I can figure it is,
the clients contact Charlie directly.
Okay, then he phones the girls.
They show up at the place and do their thing.
Now, I know, I know.
At first, I didn't think I could handle it.
The late nights, the never knowing
when she'd have to go out on a job.
Some of the men are pretty dangerous.
And the outfits. Oh, boy.
I'll be right back, Pete.
It's just number one. Have fun.
Hello?
I'm gonna say this. Our boy Pete has no idea what he's getting into. I don't think he really understands the responsibility.
- No, no.
- Pete?
- The commitment.
- Once they get into your house...
- ...you lose all spontaneity.
- Gone.
They do whatever they want.
- Pete's asking her tonight?
- That's what he said.
But Alex is a wildcat.
I mean, she gives as good as she gets.
Alex! Hey.
Jason, Daddy.
What are you doing here, Jason?
I was just explaining to your father here all about Charlie.
Charlie?
- Daddy...
- It's all right, Alex. I know.
I'm so sorry, Daddy, that I didn't tell you. I didn't think you'd approve. I know you wanted me to be a neurosurgeon. But I've discovered a whole new way to help people...
...that makes me feel so...
...alive.
Whatever makes you happy.
I am so relieved!
It's just been killing me, you not knowing all these years. I--
Daddy...
...Natalie, Dylan and I are a team.
And we just took on 12 sailors.
You can't even imagine the positions we get ourselves into.
Daddy, I wish you could watch us work. You'd be so proud.
I'm gonna take a shower...
...because I am covered in--
Well, you can only imagine what.
And then when I get back, I am gonna give you...
...a full blow-by-blow.
Ferret.
- Natalie?
- What, Pete?
- I've been thinking.
- Yeah?
- About what?
- Well, look...
...I know we just moved in together.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
And I know we agreed to take this kind of slow.
- But--
- Yeah?
There's just something I gotta ask.
- Oh, boy.
- Yeah. "Oh, boy" is right.
So here it goes.
- Twirl me first.
- Okay.
Yeah.
Hey!
- About that question, Pete?
- Let's talk about it later.
"Here's all your stuff back."
What's up with that?
She's gone.
She's not coming back.
She loved these boots.
She doesn't want us to get hurt.
Wait a minute,
you ladies risk your ass every day.
Yeah.
"I'll never forgive myself
if anything happens to you."
Where do we go from here, Charlie?
Natalie, Alex.
You need to keep your spirits up.
Any leads on the O'Gradys, Charlie?
Any word on how Seamus broke out of prison?
He didn't break out, Natalie.
He was released.
What? Who would have the power
to pull something like that off?
Johnnie Cochran.
The Justice Department,
the DA's office, the FBI.
U.S. Marshal.
That's Carter.
I never gave rings to a guy before.
The rings are secure, sir.
And we can all breathe a little easier.
- Well done, Angels.
- Thanks, Charlie.
HALO is safe, thanks to you.
It's been a pleasure.
I hope to work with you ladies again.
But not too soon.
Good luck with everything.
Your keys.
- What is it?
- My ribs.
These aren't mine.
That was a nice reach for a guy
with a couple of fractured ribs.
Good going, Bos.
- We got him.
- We got who?
Of course, he already had one ring.
He just needed the other.
He wanted to fake his own death
so he wouldn't be a suspect.
Who you all talking about?
He needed time for his plan,
so he set up Seamus.
Then turned him loose on Dylan.
I think you're onto something, Angels.
Damn! So Carter's the bad guy!
It's just speculation at this point,
Bosley. We need proof.
- Keys, Bosley.
- Let's hit it.
Punk.
Road's clear.
You're good to move in.
Almost there.
Oncoming.
Good job, Alex.
- Can we go yet?
- No, you can't, son.
I gotta make sure it's safe.
- We're gonna be late.
- You're not gonna be late, young ma--
You old grizzly bear!
Son, please work with me, young man.
A few more minutes and you'll be
in school. You'll never see me again.
Man, you do not mess with a black man's do!
I got the phone line.
I'm calling from my car.
Go secure.
My end of the deal's done.
The Angels are off the case.
I have the rings.
Dylan.
Alex! Alex!
Call buyer one.
Alex, are you okay?
Nat, the handle's broken.
I can't disengage.
The deal's on. Eight o'clock,
just as we discussed.
- Nat, plan B!
- I'm calling in Bosley.
We'll get you out of there, Alex.
Hang tight.
Follow the stars beyond the galaxy.
Take shore to hope.
Stop on a stair.
A stair?
Find a man with a map.
Bosley, can you hear me?
Bosley, we're going
to Bravo configuration immediately.
I'm on it. I'm on it. Okay?
Now, get back. We're going
to Bravo configuration. Get back!
Stop!
- Come on.
- Okay. Come on, hurry.
Skip. Run.
Get on out of here.
Come on. Get on out of here.
- Great job, Bos.
- Yeah, right.

Carter's working with a partner.
They're selling the list tonight.
We'll take care of them and then find Dylan.
- See you, Bos.
- Yeah, all right, all right.

This is some bullshit.
- Kelly Garrett.
- Hello, Dylan.

Don't you have a case to solve?
Well, I tried to outrun my past,
but it caught up with me yesterday.
And I put my friends in danger.
They're in more danger now without you.
Natalie and Alex are gonna
replace me with someone great.
A real Angel. Not someone who's
pretending to be something she's not.
Your past is what makes you who you are, Dylan.
Don't forget that Charlie chose you
for a reason.
Angels are like diamonds.
They can't be made.
You have to find them.
Each one is unique.
Sometimes we search too hard
for answers that are right in front of us.
The buyers are set.
We did it, partner!
You know, I never really got that partner thing.
Hello, Angels.
Madison Lee.

Why?
Why be an Angel when I can play God?
Looks like one of the three
amigos has gone adis.
Welcome back, Dylan.
You're such a typical rebellious Pisces.
Always out to prove how tough you are...
...and you couldn't make it
one day on your own, could you?
Someone reminded me that every Angel is unique.  
And I knew it was you.  
Who else had contacts in Mongolia...  
...could hack the HALO fail-safe  
and hire a surfer as an assassin?  
Same astrological phenom who would  
refer to a motocross rider...  
...with a lion on his helmet as "Leo."  
Very well done.  
Very impressive, really.  
You've got it all figured out.  
And now I'm gonna really enjoy...  
...knocking those halos right  
off your heads.  
But you're an Angel.  
No. You just don't get it.  
I don't take orders from a speaker box anymore.  
I work for myself.  
Well, your boss sucks.  
The Angels' ass-kicking pose.  
Seeing the three of you like that...  
...does give me this little twinge  
of nostalgia for the old days.  
But back then, it was a little bit different.  
You see, when I was an Angel...  
...we used guns.  
Sorry, Charlie.  
Hello, Angels.  
Good evening, Charlie.  
I love the new office.  
Madison, is that you?  
Where are the Angels?  
I'm sure there's three more  
where they came from.  
Madison, what have you done?  
We're just having a little fun.  
You shouldn't worry yourself, Charlie.  
You've never had trouble...  
...finding someone  
to give their life for you.  
Hurting the Angels doesn't prove  
you're the best. You know that.  
Do I?  
Madison, you were never able
to accept that this agency...
...is about teamwork.
We're a family. We do--
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know.
Angels forever.
I've heard the sales pitch.
It was very seductive...
...once.
Madison, you deliberately went
rogue on the DeSoto case...
...and put your fellow Angels
in danger.
When we finally got you out of there...
...you were wounded so badly,
we thought we might lose you.
You did lose me.
You see, being an Angel
wasn't fulfilling my destiny.
It was keeping me from it.
Your destiny is yet to be written.
Do not do this, Madison.
Taking the lives of innocent people
is not the answer.
There must be something
in you that's still good.
I was never good.
I was great.
Damn. What a bitch!
You guys, we have to outthink Madison.
No matter what we do,
she's always two steps ahead of us.
- She's selling the list off tonight, 8:00.
- But where?
- Nat, what else did Carter say?
- Okay.
"Take the stars beyond the galaxy."
It's safe to say it's on this planet.
"Take shore to hope
and stop on a stair."
- There's a Hope Street downtown.
- But no shore for miles.
A stair.
Astaire!
Astaire?
Astaire!
- Possible concussion.
- I'm worried.
Guys, the stars.
Hollywood Walk of Fame.
Beyond the Galaxy Theatre.
There's Dinah Shore, Bob Hope and Fred Astaire.
- Nice, Nat.
- Yeah!
I think she's trying to kill us.
I can't believe it.
We are here in Hollywood.
- Angels?
- I knew we were gonna do it--
- Shut up, damn it!
- What?
I mean, not you, Mama. Sorry.
- Have you lost your mind?
- Yeah. I mean, no.
We gonna talk about this later.
- Welcome to the Guinness World of--
- Shut it.
Give us the map.
Yahtzee!
Jason! Jason!
Jason!
I love you!
- I hear the sequel's insane.
- First one was a classic.
Button your jacket.
- What?
- Button your jacket.
The VIP gathering is on the top floor.
You're under arrest for conspiracy
to obstruct justice.
Freeze!
The Kleinhardt gambit.
- Classic.
- And apparently still effective.
We never used to wear Kevlar
till I took three in the chest.
On the DeSoto case! We know!
Don't tell me you forgot about...
...plan B.
I'd recognize that arse anywhere, you piece of sh--!
Bring it on, bitch.
Say something.
Mind if I cut in?
No!
The premiere should be a blast.
Bosley, plan B!
It's raining white women!
Plan B stands for "plan Bosley."
Yeah!
Get that bitch! Get that bitch!
Wow. They really went all out for this thing. Okay!
Dylan!
Alex!
This is it. You ready?
Are you?
Kill...
...or be killed.
Exciting, isn't it?
Who are you?
You want to know who I am, Natalie?
Then you look inside your own heart.
No, Madison.
I'm nothing like you.
I have something you'll never have.
And what's that?
Friends.
- Enjoy heaven.
- Go to hell.
She is so fired.
Party time.
- Angels!
- Bosley!
Angels!
- You all get that squirrel-flying lady?
- Yeah!
- Did you scratch her?
- Yeah!
You kick her? You kicked her kung fu ass? Mama, I told you!
I know it!
- We couldn't have done it without you.
Never!
- You hear that, Mama?
- I heard it.
I've always known my baby boy was a genius!
Why you give my room away, then, Mama?
I'll tell you why. Max?
Yeah? I'm a Bosley now!
- Max Bosley!
- I love Max Bosley!
- Boy, you did it!
- Hallelujah!
Daddy! One second. Daddy!
Darling! You made it!
We just got done.
Another satisfied client.
We finished her off sooner than we thought.
- Her?
- It was a woman this time.
We had to triple-team her,
but we finally got her on her back!
Well done!
No, no, no!
- Jason!
- Alex. You made it.
No, no, no! I know.
We're on a time-out, I know.
Time-out's over, baby.
We're back in the game!
Ferret.
I know you wanted to wait
and everything, but--
- You really look beautiful.
- Thanks, Pete.
I've been wanting to ask you this
for a long time.
So here goes.
Pete.
- Spike?
- Yeah. A puppy.
A puppy?
- Is that okay? I know it's a big step.
- Yes!
I already got him.
- You did?
- Yeah.
Dylan! Dylan!
Guess what.
Pete and I have something to tell you.
- Really?
- We're gonna get--
- You're gonna get what?
- A puppy!
- A puppy! That's great!
- Yes.
- I already got him.
- You did.
- Awesome!
- His name is Spike!
- So you're not leaving?
- No! Of course, you guys.
I get to kick butt with my two best
friends. You think I'd give that up?
No!
What about you, Dylan?
With O'Grady out,
you can go back to your old life.
Are you kidding? This is my life.
- What about you, neurosurgeon?
- It's a no-brainer!
I love our family!
God!
And I know we agreed to take things slow.
- Yeah?
- But...
- You--
- Sorry.
There's an ember in my ass.
We should get this to the lab and analyze it.
Yeah, just crawl right up in there.
I have.
I like the patch.
Let me see your patch.
Hello?
Is this Natalie?
Okay!
I'm on fire!
Look around.
Over your right shoulder.
Is somebody coming up behind me?
I am getting pelted.
Pelted by the--
- I literally--
- I have it in--