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# Get Smart

By Tom J. Aistle

[IN RUSSIAN]  
[IN KOREAN]  
[YELLS]  
[IN ARABIC]  
[IN ARABIC]  
[ABBA'S "TAKE A CHANCE ON ME"  
PLAYS ON HEADPHONES]

**WOMAN:**

of CONTROL, a secret spy agency...  
...which once battled against  
the criminal syndicate known as KAOS.  
CONTROL was disbanded  
at the end of the Cold War.  
Okay, up next, an exhibit...

[BEEPING]

Judy, the elevator is still doing that thing  
where it drops really fast.  
Are you sure Maintenance fixed that?  
Let me check.  
Yep, they fixed it.  
See you later.  
- Hey, Max.

**MAX:**

[FLY BUZZING]  
how'd a fly even get in here?  
- Hey, Max.  
- Max!  
Hey, Larabee, 91.  
Yeah, big day. Could be  
your last chance to push a pencil.  
Field-agent test results are due.  
Oh. Is that today?  
I wasn't really thinking about it.  
Can you imagine Max as an agent?  
Little suit, little shoes.  
[LAUGHING]  
Uh-oh. Two-nerd pile-up.  
[IMITATES CARS CRASHING]  
- Move!  
- Ow!  
- Move!  
- Ow!

- Move!

- Ow!

Pretty boys. Nothing but empty suits.

- Good morning, Bruce, Lloyd.

- Why would you wanna be an agent?

I mean, lab guys like us, analysts like you,  
we're the real soldiers.

**BRUCE:**

of freedom and democracy.

And I hear we're getting

a new cappuccino machine.

No, that's only for agents.

Oh.

**MAN:**

Hey, Agent 23 is back.

Thank you. Thank you, thank you.

- Welcome back, 23.

- Maxie.

So how was the assassination?

Maxie, you know assassinations

are specifically prohibited...

...by executive order 12333.

[ALL LAUGHING]

- I could if I wanted to.

- Yes, you... Oh. Oh!

Did you see that face he made? Scary.

Six months' work. 18 million dollars.

Fucking agents, man.

**MAN:**

Come on, let's see it.

**MAX:**

involves nuclear material.

You may remember

from page 627 of my last report...

...that there has been an uptick

in KAOS interest in nukes.

[BEEPING]

To wit, I offer

the following conversation.

What are you doing? Are you texting?

Yeah, letting my fiancée know  
we won't be able to get married in June.  
I'll still be in this meeting.

**AGENT 23:**

- Yeah.  
That's great.  
[CRACKING]  
That's weird. You lost your signal.  
Sorry to interrupt, Maxie, go ahead.  
Next time use your own damn phone.  
Good morning, men. No, offense, Karen.  
Snappy tie.  
Sorry I'm late, but I just came out  
of a budget meeting...  
...with our incredibly abrasive, dismissive  
and sarcastic vice president.

**MAX:**

It's no problem.  
I have obtained a snippet,  
at great risk to a busboy in Balahd.  
[MAN SPEAKING IN PUNJABI  
ON RECORDING]  
"Aftab, how is your coffee?"  
"Good, Dalip, it's decaf.  
How is yours?"  
"It is good also.  
How is your muffin?"  
Powerful stuff.  
So "muffin," then, is a code word?  
No, it is comfort food...  
...and quite frankly, more  
fattening than most people realize.  
Which begs the question...  
...why would two  
hardened KAOS agents...  
...risk the carbs?  
Because they are under  
a great deal of stress.  
- Hence the decaf.  
- For Aftab, yes.  
Dalip takes his full-strength. Why?  
Because he has been sleeping

on the couch for three days...  
...because he called his sister-in-law  
a "leathery hag."  
People often say things  
in anger they don't really mean.  
People often say things  
in anger they don't really mean.  
Leathery hag, fat cow, ungrateful whore.  
Just words, really, that shouldn't  
be used against you in a custody hearing.  
Let it go, man. Those kids  
don't even look like you.  
Can we put a pin in this, please...  
...and go back to Max's  
extraordinarily detailed report?  
Thank you, Chief. All I'm saying is...  
...that until we understand  
that our enemies are also human...  
...we will never defeat them.  
Yes, they are bad guys, but that  
is what they do, not who they are.  
Let's continue listening...  
...and bear in mind that the next 100 pages  
can get a little bit dry.

**MAN:**

Come on...  
Easy, Durat! This stuff is radioactive.  
One slip-up, and it's "ka-fricking-boom!"

**MAN:**

Shtarker.  
This is KAOS.  
We don't "ka-fricking-boom" here.  
Sorry, Mr. Siegfried.  
Get it in the truck,  
and let's burn this place to the ground.  
But if we have what we want,  
why burn the building?  
Any more questions?  
Missed me!  
[LAUGHS]  
All right! All right! I'm out!  
He was lying, Max. It was a good shot.

Thanks.

I am so sick of training.

I wanna get out in the field.

**AGENT 91:**

and Maxi-pad against the six of us.

Oh, gee, Maxi-pad,

I've never heard that one before!

I never have actually heard that before.

[YELLS]

It's a knife wound from the last mission.

My blood gets pumping, it seeps.

**LARABEE:**

Hey, Maxine!

Come over here

and we'll play a game I like to call:

"Let's Go to the Dog Show."

I put a collar on you

and make you my bi...!

[GUNSHOT]

[LARABEE GRO ANING]

I think I really got inside his head.

I am not proud of what I just did.

I am not proud of what I just did.

Game over, Chatty Cathy.

[GRUNTING]

Game over when I say it's over.

- Okay.

- Wet willy.

Okay. Who wants lunch?

Well, excellent work, 23,

but I could've handled it my...

[MAN GRUNTS]

[EARS RINGING]

- Max, the Chief wants to see you.

- It is nice to see you too!

You wanted to see me, Chief?

Yes, Max, yes, please, sit down.

Your field-agent test results

just came in and...

- Something wrong with your ear?

- Absolutely not.

Would you like me

to wait while you answer that?

Answer what?

Nothing. You were saying?

I was saying the results  
are quite extraordinary.

In fact, your essay on existentialism  
was quite amazing.

I left that section blank.

Blank? Brilliant.

Brilliant, Max.

- You passed with flying colors.

- Yes!

You know what, sir?

I can't say that I am shocked.

I felt good about this year's test,  
in light of the fact...

...that in previous years,  
my fitness has been an issue.

Personal best.

But not anymore. I'm ready for duty.

I know how hard

you've prepared for this...

...and how much this means to you...

...but I'm afraid I can't promote you.

- What?

- I can't afford to give up my best analyst.

I mean, the amount of chatter  
you get through, and the reports...

...I mean, they go way beyond  
the raw data.

So to be clear, you're not promoting me,  
because I do such a great job.

Max, the way you and I work  
is becoming a lost art form.

I spend half my days  
trying to convince the vice president...

...that intelligence comes  
from humans and not satellites.

Men with hunches,  
that's where the real work gets done.

I'm very proud of you, Max...

...very proud of you...

...but I need you where you are.

**MAX:**

I am sorry, but we can never be.  
Despite today's setback,  
I will at some point become a field agent...  
...and when that happens...  
...one phone call could take me  
to the other side of the world.  
Who am I kidding? I'm a middle-aged  
man who's missed the train.  
You don't deserve this.  
I don't deserve you.  
You're so young and so full of life.  
Don't do it, Fang.  
Don't love me.  
[GRUNTING]

**MAX:**

Here.  
- Oh, great.  
- Sorry.  
That was my last mile.  
I have no idea how fast it was.  
You were moving.  
It's not easy to knock me down.  
I have a low center of gravity.  
Pretty solid.  
I'm just gonna call that one a 4:50.  
Impressive. I once ran a 5:16.  
Oh, really? That's, uh, slower.  
Not everything's a competition.  
Well, if it were, I'd win.  
Ah. Are you flirting with me?  
Not at all. Are you flirting with me?  
That depends. Is it working?  
Not at all.  
Well, nice meeting you!  
I admire your focus!  
[YELLS]  
Am I invisible?  
[ALARM WAILING]  
Bruce, Lloyd, what happened?  
And what is that ungodly smell?  
Fear.  
I'll be back.

[ELECTRICITY BUZZING]

**AGENT 99:**

Freeze.

Freeze.

- No, you freeze.

- You freeze.

- I told you to freeze.

- Freeze times infinity.

Oh, my God.

- You.

- You.

- Are you CONTROL?

- I'm Maxwell Smart.

I am a CONTROL analyst. Who are you?

I'm Agent 99.

Oh, my word. You are Agent 99?

- I am a huge fan!

- Thank you.

[CLATTERING]

What are you doing?

I'm right here, just talk to me!

I'm going to cause a diversion.

You run and get help.

- I really don't think that that's a...

- Shh.

- Did you just...?

- Shh!

Go, go, go!

**MAN 1:**

Wait!

**MAN 2:**

Somebody shut it off!

**MAX:**

I think I got one of them.

Is that the Chief?

**AGENT 99:**

Yes, it is.

Sorry about that, Chief.

Is that a dent in his head?

[WHISTLES]

Hi. Hi.

Agent 13, you are in a tree.

Yeah, communications got knocked down,  
so they put me in a tree.

- Old-school stuff.

- Glad to see you're okay.

Yeah, yeah.

Well, I have to get going.

Would you raise up the walkway, please?

You don't have to get going.

You don't have to go.

Yeah, I've got a meeting.

- How you been?

- I've been well.

- Everything good?

- It's great. Well, I gotta...

Could you come back this way?

Yeah, yeah, I think I will.

What time?

Well... Mm.

I get it.

Who wants to talk to a guy in a tree?

I get it.

Hang in there.

Don't cry, don't... Please don't cry.

[BEEPING]

**CHIEF:**

Okay. Let's get started.

You'll have to bear with me,

I'm still a little fuzzy.

I got a pretty good

hit in the head yesterday.

Yes, it was dark in there.

You probably tripped.

I hurt my knee. It was smoky too.

**CHIEF:**

All right, here's what we know.

Wait. Chief, I request

the cone of silence.

Max, not the cone of silence.

We're in a safe room, for God's sakes.

We thought CONTROL was safe.

Okay. Lloyd.

**CHIEF:**

that our security was breached by KAOS.

- You have to speak up.

**CHIEF:**

- I'm not hearing anyone.

- What?

**CHIEF:**

**AGENT 99:**

- Bruce, it's not working.

- It's not working!

Chief! I hit you in the head

with a fire extinguisher!

No, no, no, we're not ready yet.

**LARABEE:**

Okay. All right.

- It doesn't work, get rid of it.

- Turn it off.

This thing is no good.

It's a useless piece of garbage.

- Turn it off!

- Larabee, you all right?

Larabee wants out!

[YELLS]

Today's the day, and we're gonna

get rid of this damn thing.

**LARABEE:**

**AGENT 91:**

**CHIEF:**

All right, are we done?

Yep. I can hear now.

Sorry, Chief, someone led me to believe  
the cone was ready.

For the record, I never actually  
used the word "ready."

"I'll show them the cone.  
The cone's the shizzle."  
- You said that to me.  
- All right, shut up.  
Listen up, people.  
There's been a rash of thefts  
of nuclear material...  
...especially yellowcake,  
over the last three months.  
Now, based on Max's intel, we were  
able to get Agent 38 inside KAOS.  
We must've been close  
to uncovering something...  
...so KAOS hit us and they hit us hard.  
They hacked our system...  
...and learned the identities  
of all our field agents.  
...and learned the identities  
of all our field agents.  
Around the world  
our people are under attack.  
[DARTS WHIZZING]  
Our only lead is the maker of the bomb  
KAOS used against us.  
Vladimir Krs...  
- It's pronounced "Krstic," sir.  
- Yes...  
[MUMBLES]

**MAX:**

Krstic.  
[MUMBLES]  
Yes. He is a Bosnian national, and one  
of KAOS' favorite munitions suppliers.  
Unfortunately, we have no idea  
where he is.  
Actually, sir, we do. He is in Russia.  
- How do you know that?  
- It was on page 482 of my report.  
Doesn't anybody read my reports?  
All right, our mission is clear, people.  
Find Krs...  
- Krstic.  
- Yes. Find him!

- Kris Kringle. Fish stick.

**CHIEF:**

- Okay, I got it, I got it.

**MAX:**

Use him to get to KAOS,  
then recover the stolen nuclear material...  
...before they can do something  
less than friendly...  
...and maybe, if we're lucky,  
we can apprehend the man behind it all...  
...Siegfried.

Pictured here with his  
number two man, Shtarker.

How are we gonna do that  
when our agents are compromised?

Put me out there, Chief.

I'm not afraid to expose myself.

Do you ever think before you speak?

No, I just whip it out there.

It's what's best.

Fortunately, we have other options.  
surgery, so her new face is not known yet.

We also have a new agent, Agent 86.

Who's that, sir?

It's you, Max.

All right, Maxie.

You did it.

Lloyd, may I have the C.O.S. Please?

I'm so happy!

I'm so happy!

This is the best day of my life!

Max, you didn't push  
the button hard enough.

- So you could hear me?

**BRUCE:**

- Right.

**AGENT 99:**

- I'm not questioning your judgment...

**MAX:**

If you have something to say to me,  
I wish you would just say it.  
Max has no experience.  
I don't want him as my partner.  
Well, that is a sucker punch  
to the gonads.  
Hey, Max. We got you a lovely  
parting gift for your first mission.  
Oh, a pocketknife.  
Not just a pocketknife, Swiss Army knife.  
Comes with tweezers, pliers,  
a tiny magnifying glass.  
Fish scaler, a saw, a flamethrower,  
chisel, a wire-crimping tool.  
- What was that thing you said?  
- Chisel?  
Before that.  
Did you say flamethrower?  
- Yeah.  
- Check it.  
We also added a crossbow  
that fires harpoons...  
...connected to spider-silk nano-thread.  
Has the strength of steel cable.  
It's a time-consuming,  
labor-intensive technology.  
The spiders  
have to be individually milked.  
And they do not like it.  
No, they don't.  
Gentlemen, you're the best.  
Thanks.

**WOMAN:**

while you are in your seats...  
...please keep your seatbelts fastened.  
I feel really good about us as partners.  
"Trust is a must." That's what 23 says.  
Does he?  
You and I share a bond, I think.  
We both know what it feels like to look  
in the mirror and not like what we see.  
You with the surgery,  
me with the weight loss.

I wanna show you something.

That was me.

**AGENT 99:**

Wow, impressive.

Congratulations.

Thank you.

This is me.

**MAX:**

Wow.

Very impressive, 99.

You were truly hideous back then.

Since we are going

to be portraying husband and wife...

...maybe we should get our story set.

Okay, good idea.

We met at a marketing convention in Vegas.

Married a year later. No kids.

I like your parents, but you hate mine.

Do we want kids?

Well, you do,

but I'm concentrating on my career.

I don't know if that's fair.

I mean, I'm older than you are.

- Well, not by much.

- Really?

When they gave me a new face,

I had them...

...take a couple years off.

You know, why not?

Well, if that's the case, then you are  
at an advanced age, and you should be...

Well, no. I was never...

I'm just saying that your eggs could dry up  
and fall out of your uterus.

So time is of the essence.

- That's your opinion.

- No, that is a medical fact.

There is a lot of time

for me to make this decision.

I will not be rushed into it

by you or my mother.

- You don't have much time.

- Where is the drink cart?

Uh-oh.

- What?

- Six o'clock.

Don't turn around, don't turn around.

Use your peripherals.

Do you see him?

I'm just widening my eyes.

I'm not actually seeing anything more.

The big guy that might as well

be holding up a sign:

"I'm an assassin, here to kill you."

Okay, 99, you know what?

That is profiling.

Just because he is large doesn't

necessarily mean that he is a bad guy.

Oh. Wow.

That's a bad guy.

That's a really bad guy.

- You don't say.

- Did you see his face?

Yes.

His head looks like

one of the Easter Island heads.

You know what?

I'm doing the same thing.

That's profiling,

and I will have none of it.

Darn it, I have gum on my new shoes.

- He's trying to light his shoe.

**MAN:**

- Get him!

- It's gum.

- He's got a gun!

- Not... Gum! Not... No! Gum!

[PEOPLE SCREAMING]

Gum!

Federal marshal, you're under arrest.

Sir, I believe you just shattered

my coccyx.

MAN [O VER SPEAKER]: Folks, we may

be experiencing a little turbulence.

The "fasten seatbelt" sign

has been turned on.  
Well, you were no help whatsoever.  
How could I help?  
I'm just a woman with a dusty old uterus.  
I never said dusty.  
We're close to the drop site.  
I'll go first.  
- Gonna be all right with your cuffs?  
- No cuffs can contain me.  
Excuse me, violent sky marshal.  
What do you want?  
I have to squeeze the lemon.

**MAN:**

Ugh.

**MAX:**

You heard me.  
Squeeze the lemon.  
- Do you work out?  
- Occasionally.  
Yeah, I'm big on protein. Protein's great.  
[GRO ANING]  
I gotta get it out. I gotta get that out!  
[MAX GRO ANING]  
That's in there, that's in there.  
No time for pain.  
Over the drop zone.  
[YELLS]  
Ball sack!  
Son of a hamster.

**MARSHAL:**

- Yeah. Yes, I am.  
Everything's fine.  
Mother of pearl!  
That burns!  
Last chance.  
WOMAN [ON RECORDING]:  
Airlock activated. Three, two, one.  
[SCREAMS]  
First package away.  
Absolutely, I love cats.  
- Really?

- Yeah.

Damn.

Second package away.

[MAX YELLING]

Oh, good, you heard me.

Third package away.

Third package?

[YELLS]

[FABRIC TEARS]

- I'll be right back!

- Where could you possibly be going?

[YELLING]

Okay, never do that again!

**AGENT 99:**

**MAX:**

**AGENT 99:**

Do something!

[LAUGHS]

That would have definitely  
worked on me.

Are you crazy?

If I can't pull my chute, you'll die too!

**MAX:**

**AGENT 99:**

- Aim for the haystack, it's softer.

- Stop talking!

**MAX:**

You missed it.

[IN RUSSIAN]

**MAX:**

Okay, not to keep dwelling on this...

...but that was some kiss.

How did you know that would work?

Have you kissed other men

who plummeted to their deaths?

Okay, you know what?

So far, our entire partnership has consisted

of me getting you out of trouble.  
Do you know why?  
It is because you keep leading.  
So here's how we stop that. I lead now.  
I'm the one with experience.  
You know nothing.  
I beg to differ.  
I looked up your field agent exam,  
and I scored...  
- My what?  
- Your field agent exam.  
I scored eight points higher than you.  
This is not a classroom.  
That's the difference between  
an A plus and an A minus.  
- You'll get us killed if you don't listen!  
- A minus!  
Okay, you're faced with an assassin.  
What do you do?  
- I take out my gun, and I would shoot...  
- You don't have a gun.  
- I did until you took it.  
- Bang. You're dead.  
- No, I'm not.  
- Bang. You're dead.  
- Stop shooting me.  
- You are dead.  
- I don't like it when you shoot me.  
- Bang. Bang. Bang.  
- Stop it.  
- Bang. Bang.  
Stop shooting me more.  
You already said I was... Hey.  
Throw out your manual.  
Out here there are no grades,  
there's only dead, and not dead.  
You know, I am not completely  
incompetent without a gun.  
I am a master in the art of Hwa Rang Do.  
[GRUNTS]  
- I was not ready.  
- That's my point.  
Yeah, you know what? That...  
Hey, what was that?

Max is halfway to Moscow. Don't tell me you're still translating that Russian. They talk fast, it's hard.

**BRUCE:**

to do what Max did.  
I can't wait till we finish the Hymie project.  
All these stupid agents will be obsolete.  
- Bye-bye.  
- What's a Hymie?  
Hybrid Mechanical Intelligence Entity.  
Basically a robot.  
It's a stolen KAOS technology.  
Being reprogrammed. Top-secret.  
Need-to-know.  
And you don't need.  
I'm a trained killer.  
I can kill you with anything in this office.  
You wanna die by Post-its?  
Because I could make that happen.  
And that's a slow death.

**AGENT 23:**

- Yeah.  
- Were you the last one to use the copier?  
- Yeah.  
You left it jammed.  
So? Why don't you...  
...unjam it?  
- Just open the door, read the instructions.  
- This your stapler?  
- Yeah, want me to show you how to use it?  
- No.  
Unjam that.  
- 23.  
- Yes.  
- Can I have a moment, please?  
- Sure.  
Yes, Chief.  
Let me tell you about a pattern that's beginning to emerge.  
As a former field agent,  
I'm very much aware...

...of how difficult it is  
to make the transition to office life.  
He didn't unjam the copier.  
We have rules here. If you don't  
follow the rules, then what are we?  
I'll tell you what we're not. We're not  
people who jam staples into people's heads.  
That's CIA crap.  
All right, look, Chief, I'm your best guy.  
I don't belong in an office making copies.  
I should be out there with Max.  
Look, 23, no more stapling today.  
[LARABEE GRO ANING]  
Just hold on.  
So how do you know this place?  
Well, as an analyst,  
I like to keep my ears open.  
It's amazing what you learn...  
...listening to chatter.  
In fact, Ladislav Krstic loves this place.  
As do many KAOS agents.  
Cafe Minsk-Pinsk in Smolensk.  
It doesn't get any better than "thinsk."  
You see what I just did?  
I added an "insk" at the end,  
made it sound Russian.  
Should've smacked you harder.  
Is that your default setting?  
Do you just punch people  
in the face willy-nilly?  
"It's Tuesday,  
I'll punch Max in the face."  
"A box of kittens,  
time to punch Max in the face."  
"I'm having bread,  
time to punch Max in the face."  
You know, I love bread...  
...and I know bread  
has a few carbs, but...  
...I've never really been afraid of carbs...  
...because it seems like no matter  
how many I eat, I stay "thinsk."  
[IN RUSSIAN]  
I'm sorry, are you talking to me?

No sprechen Sie Russian.

[URINATING]

[IN RUSSIAN]

[STOPS URINATING]

[URINATING]

[TOILET FLUSHES]

**MAX:**

I love your country.

No more Communism.

No rules of any kind, really.

I'm filling my suitcase with steroids  
and art from ancient Mesopotamia.

Ran over an old woman yesterday.

Best vacation I've ever had.

[WATCH BEEPING]

Time to take my pill.

There was a guy in the bathroom  
who's really hot.

Okay...

No, no, no. Radioactive hot.

Although he did have a certain  
rugged quality that some find appealing.

How did you know he was radioactive?

My watch is a Geiger counter.

You don't have one of these? Huh.

Listen, I think he was part  
of the nuclear theft in Chechnya.

We should follow him.

**AGENT 99:**

I gotta say, Max...

...you picked a good restaurant.

**MAX:**

Of course.

Tripe soup.

- This must be Ladislav Krstic's house.

- What?

Tripe soup is his favorite dish.

It was in the mission dossier.

Let's just see what we're

up against, okay?

[WRAPPER CRINKLING]

I didn't get to eat at the restaurant.

And if you skip a meal,

the next meal you overindulge.

- Well, let me. I've got nails.

- It's a recipe for...

[SPLASHES]

You owe me \$3.

**AGENT 99:**

We'll have to figure out a way in.

Miniature blowgun.

You don't have one of these?

These darts are tipped with a tranquilizer

derived from the skin of a lizard...

...known as los zapatos de la muerte.

"The shoes of death."

Excuse me.

They're 40 yards out,

that's definitely the edge of my range.

I'm going to have to give this one

a little something extra.

[BREATHING DEEPLY]

[CHOKES]

[THUDS]

Wow.

You look spectacular.

Thanks.

You don't look too bad yourself.

Is that a wig?

Yeah, it came with the dress.

- How did I get into these clothes?

- That's not important. Let's go.

Am I wearing boxers?

For future reference,

I usually prefer briefs...

...for their security and peace of mind.

Going free-bird is not exactly ideal.

I don't like it.

[BAND PLAYING WALTZ]

There must be 200 people here.

Finding Krstic will be like  
finding a needle in a haystack.

[IN RUSSIAN]

[SPEAKS IN RUSSIAN]

I'd love to dance.

English? But you understand Russian?

Very impressive.

Shall we?

I hope your date doesn't mind.

**AGENT 99:**

Oh, he's not my date.

He's just a local horse groomer

I hired to drive me around.

It's a tragic story. He's quite deaf.

Really not bright.

I am going to dance now.

You go get yourself some punch.

Okay.

I don't even know

how much gets through.

Chief, I need your help.

You're on. Go ahead.

**MAX:**

We have found Krstic.

I searched his house.

I can't find his computer network.

Get me an infrared satellite scan.

Get me an infrared satellite scan.

I have to get back to 99,

she is in grave danger.

Your house is so beautiful.

It must be difficult to go to work.

I don't have to go very far.

[CLEARS THRO AT]

[IN RUSSIAN]

I don't think so.

I wasn't talking to you.

Me?

[SPEAKS IN RUSSIAN]

I don't know.

It'll be fun.

Trust me.

[WOMEN LAUGHING]

You are so light on your feet.

I recently lost 150 pounds.

So did I.

Isn't it great?

I have so much more energy now.

Me too.

- Thanks for jumping.

- No problem.

Thank you for the lovely dance.

Did you see anything

while I was dancing?

Just once, but I don't think you expected  
him to lift you so high.

Anyway, I found out that the office  
is in the guest house.

Really? How'd you do that?

Show him a little décolletage,  
cleavage, bat your eyes?

I'm not judging, just detecting a pattern.

- Ready to work?

- I'm ready to work. You ready?

- Oh, my God.

- You're just having fun showing your:

[GRUNTING]

Six guards.

We are going to need another way in.

Stand by, Max. Larabee, let's go. Move it.

- What'd you do?

- I can't find the right screen.

It was here a second ago,

then it went away.

- What did you hit?

- Don't yell at me. It's not helping!

If you don't find that screen...

...I'm gonna have you hunting

for land mines, with a hammer!

**AGENT 23:**

Got it, Max. There is one other entrance.

What kind of entrance?  
The kind where you'll wanna  
throw your shoes out afterwards.

**MAX:**

It's not enough that there's poop.  
You know what, I never saw James Bond  
in rats or poop, let alone rats and poop.  
Look, a rat riding on a piece of poop.

**AGENT 99:**

Stop it. It's just a storm drain.  
Here it is.  
Exploding dental floss.  
You don't have this? Hm.  
Three, two...  
...one.  
Right.  
Come on.  
Are you staring at my butt?  
No, I am not.  
I might have been before, but I am...  
Now I am again. All right, I'm stopping.  
Pay attention to what I'm doing,  
so that you can follow me exactly.  
Yep.  
Okay, Max. Little heads-up.  
High-intensity lasers. Whatever  
part of you does touch gets sliced.  
One more reason  
why boxers were a bad idea.  
All right, so do I have to do it  
exactly like that?  
Just come on.  
That's impressive. Wow.  
Careful, this one's tricky.  
Good.  
Very good.  
Okay, it's not that good.  
[GASPS]  
Max. Max.  
Stay calm.  
Max, keep it together. Keep it together.  
Max. Max.

Careful! No, no.

He's nibbling. That's not cheese!

[MAX GRO ANING]

Max, be quiet!

Okay, shall we?

[BEADS RATTLING]

Did I hear something?

Yes, there were some

tap dancers in the hallway.

Damn it. I can't get into their system.

Biometric security.

If you don't mind, 99...

The old "steam sticks to everything

but the oil from the last thumb print" trick.

Here we go.

- Shipments of explosives.

- Your boyfriend is a very bad man.

- And a really good kisser.

- Ignoring that.

Look at that shipment of detonators.

It's a little odd.

Well, he is a bomb-maker.

No. What is odd is that it was shipped

to a bakery in Moscow.

These detonators can also be used

for nuclear bombs.

I think this is our connection to KAOS.

[CREAKS]

I set that up.

Let her go.

No.

[SPEAKS IN RUSSIAN]

I'm not totally incompetent

without a gun, you know.

**AGENT 99:**

Thanks for the help.

**KRSTIC:**

That's enough. Pity.

I'm about to shoot beautiful woman

and her retard stable boy.

And yet...

...I will sleep like baby.

- Not bad for a rookie.
- Not bad for an old lady.

[PLAYING BEETHOVEN'S

"ODE TO JOY"]

[PHONE RINGS]

**SIEGFRIED:**

Siegfried here.

MAN [ON PHONE]:

How could you possibly screw this up?

Krstic was a fool.

- And they got lucky.
- Who's that? Who's speaking?
- And they got lucky.
- Who's that? Who's speaking?
- And they got lucky.
- Who's that? Who's speaking?

That's no one, sir.

They're heading towards you.

Don't disappoint me again.

Don't worry, sir. They won't get pa...

[DIAL TONE HUMS]

Why does he do that?

Don't look at me. I'm no one.

And don't you forget it.

Everyone here can be replaced.

I even have backup for you.

It's called a rhinoceros.

I think it's time to find new wheels.

Pull over.

I feel good about the mission so far,  
don't you?

So far, sure.

I think we work very well together.

Like at the mansion.

The way I held that guy's hair  
while you punched him in the throat.

That was nice.

Nice?

Yeah, well, good teamwork.

What are you doing?

I'm just saying that I think  
we're very compatible.

I think that you are confusing adrenaline

with, I don't know...

...some other kind of hormone.

- No. That's not...

- Know what, Max? Just stop it.

Let me give you a lesson

that I had to learn the hard way.

You can't trust anyone out here,  
not even me.

I mean, you know,

I could be a double agent.

The break-in at CONTROL  
was probably an inside job.

It happened just as I got back.

How do you know that it wasn't me?

- What are we talking about here?

- Let's just find a car.

Which one's gonna attract  
the least attention?

All right, well, we have  
a couple Soviet-era sedans here...

...we have that tractor, that cart...

...and... That'll work.

- No.

- Yes.

No.

Yes.

- Oh, yeah, we are really under the radar.

- Will you relax?

Since the fall of Communism,  
everybody has one of these here.

[IN RUSSIAN]

[SHUTTER CLICKS]

**AGENT 99:**

There's our little KAOS bakery.

I don't have to remind you,

but this isn't like the last place.

There's no party, there's no dancing.

Everyone in there is a trained killer.

Do you understand? Okay.

Did they explain to you

how your belt buckle works?

No, but the technology for holding  
up pants hasn't changed much.

- Max.

- Hey, what?

This one has a compartment.

Inside there's a pill.

If captured, it would cause death  
in nine seconds.

Great.

But how exactly do I get them to take it?

- Not much of a laugher, are you?

- Here. Put this on.

- On what?

- On your molar.

It's a tooth radio. It sends sound  
up your jawbone, into your ear.

I can't hear anything outside your mouth,  
so if you get in trouble, you have to say so.

Is it working?

[FEEDBACK SQUEALS]

- [WHISPERS] Is it working?

- Yes.

Good.

Okay.

Well, you know what to do.

Good luck in there.

You too.

[BELL RINGS]

Free rugelach?

No, thank you.

I am here for something else.

Bread?

- Something hot.

- We have rolls that just came out.

Even hotter. Much, much hotter.

I already have boyfriend.

- All right...

- Although, I could make exception.

No, that's okay.

Sure? Flour sacks in back,  
very comfortable.

I don't think we are on the same page.

I'm here because Ladislav Krstic sent me.

Ah. Take number.

But I'm the only one here.

Oh.

Who are you?

My name is Nudnik Shpilkes.

Who are you?

- I am Siegfried.

- [LOUDLY] Did you say Siegfried?

[FEEDBACK SQUEALS]

Max!

Yes.

I understand that you're  
the man to see...

...if someone is interested in acquiring  
items of a nuclear nature.

- How do I know you're not CONTROL?

- Lf I were CONTROL, you'd already be dead.

If you were CONTROL, you'd be dead.

Well, neither of us is dead,  
so I'm obviously not from CONTROL.

That actually makes sense.

Follow me, Mr. Shpilkes.

Test. Test.

**MAX:**

from Beethoven's Ninth.

Stone deaf when he wrote it.

Syphilis. Fun stuff.

Yes, a personal favorite.

A bit familiar, but it ends with a bang.

You're doing great, Max.

What I'm about to show you is  
the inner sanctum of our entire operation.

[LOUDLY] The inner sanctum  
of the entire operation?

[FEEDBACK SQUEALS]

Yes.

This is it?

Of course not. I lied.

He does that.

I'm going to kill you,  
and then I'm going to kill your partner.  
I don't know who you're talking about.

**MAX:**

Ah. Mrs. Shpilkes must be lost.

I think it's only fair to warn you,

this facility is surrounded...

...by a highly trained team

of 130 Black Op snipers.

- I don't believe you.

- Would you believe...

...two dozen Delta Force commandos?

- No.

- How about Chuck Norris with a BB gun?

Goodbye, Mr. Smart.

[DOOR SLAMS]

Well, Mr. Shtarker,

I think you've underestimated me...

...and the element of surpr...!

COMPUTERIZED VOICE:

Access denied.

[GRUNTING]

[MAX GRUNTING]

[GRUNTING]

Access denied. Access denied.

Access denied.

**AGENT 99:**

Max, where are you?

Of course you did, it's a bakery.

No, not yellow "cake" cake,

yellowcake uranium.

Although there is yellow "cake" cake

here as well.

Oh, Max.

Max, do you read...?

What happened to your radio?

I swallowed it. I can get it back,

but you may not want it.

- Good Lord.

- Listen...

...I've placed charges

at points all over the building.

...I've placed charges

at points all over the building.

What? Max, you can't blow up a building

full of radioactive material!

I know that, 99. I've placed only enough

charges to safely bury the weapons lab.

Max, that's brilliant.

Wow. That's maybe the nicest thing  
you've ever said to me.

[GUNFIRE]

[BEEPING]

[GRO ANING]

- I don't get it, I thought he was dead!

- I will say this, he is not a quitter.

This is just ridiculous!

Wake up, 99.

Maybe you should kiss him again.

[IN PUNJABI]

Wait, I know that voice.

The chatter! Dalip.

[IN PUNJABI]

[YELLS]

Ow! That was me!

- Max?

- I'm... Yep, still fighting.

Now, Dalip, I can prove that I know you.

Your favorite dish is chicken tikka!

Like me, you enjoy

American Top 40 with Ryan Seacrest.

[GRO ANS]

Ow.

Ow.

Ow.

Wait, wait, Dalip,

there's something else that I know.

Max. Max.

Your marriage is in trouble.

Your darling wife, Zeenat, is leaving you.

But there is still hope.

Do you love her?

- Wha...?

- Then show her. Go home for lunch.

Take her with you the next time

you go to kill someone.

She just wants to be with you...

...and that means

less time with her sister...

...who we both know is undermining

your relationship.

Kick the gun to me.

Big people feel pain too.

What are you doing?

Oh, no. Oh, no.

Max!

Okay. Okay. That's all right. That's okay.

[DALIP SOBBING]

Her sister's such a bitch.

- You all right?

- Yeah. That was amazing.

Thank you.

We gotta go.

- What was that?

- I cramped up.

Come on. Come here.

Good idea.

We will climb up with you,  
and we'll all go... together.

[IN RUSSIAN]

**MAX:**

He left us here.

What a douche.

Missed it by that much.

Well, that's convenient. Shoot them.

Whatever you do, 99, don't look down!

I'm gonna try to get us over to that ledge!

We can do this, 99!

Max.

Right.

**AGENT 99:**

Thanks, Chief.

Okay, no problem.

The Chief is thrilled.

He sent 23 out to observe the cleanup.

Great.

Listen, is it possible that you could  
answer a personal question?

It's possible.

Why did you change your looks?

Oh. Um...

That's not really a personal question.

Things from my non-work sphere  
spilled into my work sphere.

Facts became known, identities were

compromised, and I became a brunette.  
Wow. That is a great story...  
...in which you revealed  
absolutely nothing about yourself.  
I blew a mission.  
I was involved with someone from work.  
I lost focus. The mission blew up.  
I broke it off with that person,  
but my identity had already been revealed.  
So I had two choices.  
I could either spend the rest of my life  
behind a desk...  
...which would be like  
eight hours a day...  
...of scraping a cheese grater  
against my forehead.  
- Oh, you know.  
- Yes.  
Or I could change my face,  
so that's what I did.  
And it was painful,  
but it needed to be done, and s...  
- I don't wanna talk about this anymore.  
- Okay.  
I used to look like my mom.  
I used to look like  
two of my moms put together.  
Sir, if I may ask...  
...how did you choose the target?  
- Why Los Angeles?  
- Major city...  
...Lots of media attention...  
...and the president will be there.  
Still, it's too bad  
about all the dead movie stars.  
Yes.  
What will we do without  
their razor-sharp political advice?  
Oh, my God, have you eaten the crew?  
Oh, look, it understands.  
Get back to work.

**AGENT 99:**

No, no, no. Max said that...

No.

That doesn't make any sense.

Yellowcake uranium, warheads,  
an entire production line.

There's nothing here

but what used to be a bakery.

There are no weapons?

No radioactivity of any kind?

Nothing. I've swept the entire area,  
and it's clean.

- But Max said that he s...

- Did you see the evidence yourself?

No.

No, every time he found something,  
he was alone.

What do you want me to do with Max?

- Do with Max?

- Max?

You were right when you said

I shouldn't trust you.

Give me the phone.

And who might this be? Siegfried?

Hello, Max.

Chief?

Knockout gas, 99?

Please. I have trained my body  
to be impervious to...

That's new stuff.

Oh, Max.

**CHIEF:**

I'm very disappointed, Max.

I thought you and I were supposedly  
cut from the same cloth.

How can you think

that I am a double agent?

You lied about finding evidence  
of radioactivity.

Killed Krstic before  
anybody could question him.

There's a matter of your  
stoving my head in with a fire extinguisher.

I said I was sorry. You just didn't hear me,  
because you were in a mini coma.

I said I was sorry. You just didn't hear me,  
because you were in a mini coma.  
You've made CONTROL a laughingstock.  
The vice president wants to shut us down,  
you know.  
This whole week...  
...last night...  
...you know me.  
Apparently not.  
Oh, my God!  
You two? You and Max?  
You said we had to break up  
because we work together.  
Oh, my God! You and 23?  
I am so sexually threatened right now.  
[LINE RINGING]  
MAN [ON RECORDING]:  
You have reached...  
... the United States  
Department of Homeland Security.  
For threats against  
the continental United States, press 1.  
For threats against Hawaii, press 2.  
For threats against Puerto Rico...  
[SHTARKER BREATHING NOISILY]  
You know, you're the only human being  
I know who snores when he's awake?  
If you're calling from a rotary...  
Okay, today's threat assessment.  
- There are 72 threats on the list. Mike?  
- Thank you, Mr. Vice President.  
Okay, we have a deteriorating situation  
in Venezuela.  
We have a deteriorating situation  
in Afghanistan.  
What about the deteriorating situation  
in North Korea?  
- I was getting to that.  
- When? Next week?  
Yes, next Tuesday,  
right after I kick your ass.  
Gentlemen, when we argue,  
the terrorists win.  
Anyway, last night at a private dinner...

...President Kim Jong-il  
made a very odd threat to, and I quote:  
"Make a pudding from the bones  
of Americans."  
That guy's insane.  
Doesn't he know bones are crunchy?  
Who'd want a crunchy pudding?  
[PHONE RINGS]  
War room.  
Finally. My name is Siegfried,  
and I represent KAOS.  
Over the past few months, we have  
assembled a stockpile of nuclear weapons...  
... which we have distributed  
to 20 unfriendly, unstable dictators.  
For the moment, KAOS retains  
the bomb activation codes...  
...but we will release the codes  
unless our demands are met.  
What are your demands?  
You seem a bit slow.  
- Is there someone else I can talk to?  
- Good one.  
Look, Siegfried,  
we don't negotiate with terrorists...  
...and you're obviously bluffing.  
Take a hike.

**CHIEF:**

What? Are you kidding me?  
You spent the morning talking about  
pudding, and you ignore a credible threat?  
Credible? Come on.  
KAOS has been defunct for 20 years.

**CHIEF:**

the CIA knows nothing about KAOS.  
CONTROL has to be in charge here.  
- Like when you bombed that bakery?  
- Muffins of mass destruction.  
[MEN LAUGHING]  
That's it!  
I've been waiting for this since Nixon.  
- Here we go.

- I got a new pacemaker, I can go all day!

- Okay!

- Okay! Come on!

It seems like they don't believe you.

Which is why we've arranged

for a little demonstration.

Chief, you wanted to see me?

Yes. You and 23 are coming with me

to see the president.

- Can't you call him?

- Vice president won't let me through.

I can't believe we have to go

all the way to Los Angeles.

Why is the president never here?

I'm sure whatever he's doing

is vital to the nation.

"Good night, moon.

Good night,

cow jumping over the moon."

Actually, I think you would suck

as my teacher.

Well, from wh...

Hey, Smart. Happy birthday.

I'm fat!

[BEEPING]

Gentlemen.

Oh. Good, the itchy kind.

My favorite.

Does this one also have smallpox?

[CLINKING]

And that was a human tooth.

MAN 1 [O VER RADIO]: American Top 40.

**WOMAN:**

**MAN 2:**

from a little lady named Dalip.

It's to her boyfriend, Max.

"Meet me in L.A.

Things will be very hot. Nuclear hot. "

I don't know, if I were Max,

I would get myself to L.A.

[MADONNA'S "4 MINUTES"

PLAYS ON RADIO]

Hey! Dumb guards!

Why don't you come in here so I can  
make you my pretty little girlfriends.  
You'll have to shower for weeks!

[BEEPING]

But you will never get the smell off...

You two seem very angry.

Thank you, sir, may I have another?

I was kidding.

[BEEPING]

[DOOR CLICKS]

**BRUCE:**

Turn around slowly.

Guys, you have to believe me.

I am not a double agent.

- We never thought you were.

- Yeah, we love you, man.

Then what's with the firearm  
and the freak-show expressions?

For the security cameras.

If it looks like we let you go,  
we'd totally get fired.

Got it.

So where are the Chief and 99?

They flew to L.A.

To talk to the president.

I need to get out of here  
before someone stops me.

- Overpower us.

- Good idea.

Bruce, I will smash you in the face.

- Thank you.

- Lloyd, I'll simulate your disembowelment.

Ready? One...

Not yet! I haven't punched yet.

React when I punch.

- Oh, yeah.

- One...

...two, three.

- Wrong way.

- Okay, wait.

- Sometimes I faint.

- I'm not going to hit you.

No, but when I see blood, or when  
I talk about blood, or think about blood...  
There will be no blood.  
Hang in there. Hang in, buddy.  
[ENGINE SPUTTERING]  
What are you doing, dummkopf?  
Running out in the middle of the road!  
You could get hit by a car!  
Well, that was ironic.

**PRESIDENT:**

Chief, I'm not buying it.  
With all our satellites,  
there's no way anybody could possibly...  
...have nuclear bombs  
that we wouldn't know about.  
"Nuclear!"  
- What's that?  
- Sorry.

**AGENT 99:**

please show you some data, you'd agree...  
Well, just back up here a second.  
First thing I'd like to know is...  
...what did the vice president  
say about this?  
I'm afraid the vice president and I had  
a less-than-cordial encounter yesterday.  
- Less-than-cordial, you say?  
- Yes, sir.  
I'll say.  
The chairman of joint chiefs  
sent me this little movie.  
Put it right here on my cell phone.  
Let me share this with you.  
This is my favorite part.  
VICE PRESIDENT [ON VIDEO]:  
I got a new pacemaker, I can go all day!  
[GRO ANING & CLATTERING  
ON VIDEO]  
Oh, Chief.  
Very sweet tackle.  
Look. Look at the surprise on his face.  
I probably owe you an apology

for that, sir.  
No. Please, just save your breath.  
But I have to agree  
with that son of a bitch.  
We cannot respond to every threat.  
Case closed.

[PHONE RINGS]

Max?

MAX [ON PHONE]:

Hello, 99.

Trace 99's call, now!

- Where are you?

- That's not important.

What is important is that KAOS has planted  
a bomb somewhere in Los Angeles.

We got him. He's still in Washington.

Listen, while I was in my cell,

I had some time to think.

I realized that even though I was accused  
of something I didn't do, I was happy.

Because at least for a little while,  
I got to live my dream of being an agent.

And I got to be with you.

I learned that you have  
a mean right cross...

... you are almost as good  
a dancer as me...

- ... and you used to look like your mom.

- Max.

Please, 99. All I'm asking is for you  
to look me in the eyes...

... and tell me that  
you don't feel something too.

**MAN:**

Freeze!

Oh, Max. How could I look in your eyes?

Just turn around.

Why are you talking into your shoe?

The old "call forwarding  
from the shoe phone to the cell phone...

...so you don't know where I am,  
then I appear on the roof behind you...

...and surprise everyone" trick.

- Don't move.  
- What are you doing?  
How did you get here?

[VOMITING]

Do you have another one of these?

It doesn't matter.

What matters is that there is a bomb,  
and I'm here to find it.

- How do you know this?

- I'd rather not say.

**CHIEF:**

Max, there are millions of lives at stake.

If you have credible information  
from a reliable source...

...I wanna know it,

and I wanna know it now.

I heard it from America's sweetheart,  
Ryan Seacrest.

- Whoa.

**AGENT 23:**

It was a coded message.

**CHIEF:**

What are you talking about?

I received a tip from a KAOS agent  
who I befriended at the bakery.

I think we should trust him, Chief.

**AGENT 23:**

I'm with 99 on that one.

Every time I look at Max's puppy eyes,  
I'm a goner.

Oh, my God. You've really never  
had anyone break up with you, have you?  
Chief, you said that you and I are alike.

That we are both old-fashioned men.

Well, I have an old-fashioned hunch.

I have a hunch that you have a hunch  
that I am telling the truth.

Max...

Any double agent who escapes  
from a high-security holding situation...

...only to fall into the arms of  
the people that got him in the first place...  
...is either an idiot or not a double agent,  
and I don't think you're an idiot.  
Thank you, Chief.

Now, we know that the president  
is in town.

- But what exactly is he doing here today?

- Max.

- Yes. We need to find out his itinerary.

- But, Max, the...

I know, 99. I need to go get a paper.

We're in position. More or less.

Roger. I have the whole  
security system online. Just remember...

Yes, we know.

How about a little radio silence?

I wanna quit, but what can I do?

He's married to my sister.

I wanna quit, but what can I do?

He's married to my sister.

By the way, I reviewed the security tapes  
from the explosion at the bakery...

...and I know that you let those  
CONTROL agents get away.

So unless you do your job today...

...your lovely wife, Zeenat,  
will have eaten her last kebab.

Blue team, check for access violation  
at quadrant three, sector seven.

Copy that.

Go.

**SHTARKER:**

That's it. You're there.

Door secure.

We need to get everyone out  
and shut this place.

We've swept the building.

The Secret Service doesn't make mistakes  
like the fabulous bakery boys.

Who told you about that? Who told you?

Take it easy.

You'll give yourself a heart attack.

And this day will not include  
me blowing into your mouth.

- You want a piece of me?
- Come on, Chief! He's not worth it.
- Hey.
- I'm shaking. I'm shaking.  
You better watch it.

**CHIEF:**

Let me at him!

[CROWD APPLAUDING]

[CROWD APPLAUDING]

[CROWD APPLAUDING]

MAN [OVER RADIO]:

From Los Angeles, California...

... we welcome you to a live broadcast...

... we welcome you to a live broadcast...

... of our concert for the president.

Dignitaries from around the world  
have gathered.

We will be broadcasting from the Walt  
Disney Concert Hall throughout the evening.

**MAX:**

There has got to be another way in.

Why are we even still here?

There are 50 other perfect targets.

The Golden Gate Bridge, Space Needle.

There's no chatter to support this.

And you know what,

I'm done with this. Stop!

Wait a minute, 23.

You're radioactive hot.

When were you exposed to radioactivity?

I just got back from Russia.

Half the people there are radioactive.

The bakery.

You said you swept the area  
and everything was clean.

- I did, and it was.

**AGENT 99:**

Was there anyone else there,  
or do we just trust you?

Your knife wound is seeping.  
Sudden rise in blood pressure?  
Perhaps you're nervous because  
there is a bomb here and you know it.  
And what is with the briefcase?  
Could that actually be the football?  
You mean the computer  
containing the bomb activation codes?  
Exactly. I have no interest in a real football  
unless it is signed by Joe Montana...  
...and I don't believe that's the case.  
Well, 23?  
You know what? We're out of time.  
You follow us, she dies.  
Stop this car!  
Max! You idiot!  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
You don't just slap your hands  
on a government vehicle!  
All right, that's it! When we get back  
to Washington, you morons are through!  
Damn it. How have you gotten  
away with this for so long?  
I can't believe none of us saw it,  
especially me.  
Don't beat yourself up.  
You'll be dead soon anyway.  
Chief, he's heading  
southbound on Grand.  
Thanks, Bruce. Keep us posted.  
AGENT [OVER RADIO]: Hey!  
CONTROL assholes who just stole my vehicle!  
I know you're listening! You two dickwads  
put one scratch on that car...  
What was that?  
Sorry, I'm losing you.  
What the?  
All right, fellas.

**MAX:**

this whole thing really steams my clams.  
I cannot get over the fact  
that 23 is a traitor.  
Sand trap!

Now I know how you felt  
when you thought I was a traitor.  
Tractor!  
I don't know how I missed it.  
I'm usually very observant.  
Swordfish!

**MAX:**

**CHIEF:**

Were you thinking, "Holy shit, holy shit,  
a swordfish almost went through my head?"  
If so, yes.  
Come on.  
On behalf of the United States Government,  
I hereby commandeer this plane.  
The device is armed.  
I hope you're moving.  
Don't worry, sir. I'll be well clear.

**BRUCE:**

southbound on 1-47.  
Thanks, Bruce. I got them!  
I need to get down to that car!  
No, no good. If I get too low,  
he'll hear me coming!  
I have another idea.  
What are you doing?  
Get back in the plane!  
You're gonna kill yourself!  
Hang on!  
Hang on! We're going in!  
[MAX SCREAMING]  
Sorry, Max.  
Tuesday's not gonna work.  
Cannot do Tuesday, I'm already...  
- Mom! Mom! Mom!  
- Sean! Sean! Sean!  
See how annoying that is?  
See, this is your problem.  
Some men like women more feminine!  
See, this is your problem.  
Some men like women more feminine!  
- I'm not feminine?

- No.  
I'm not feminine?  
Freeze!  
That was so cool.  
Max!  
Damn it to hell.  
You know, I might be more help  
if you untie me!  
There's a knife in my right front pocket!  
[MAX LAUGHING]  
Stop it! Stop it!  
What?  
That's not my knife! That's not my...  
I got it!  
No, 99, don't touch that!  
Oh, my Lord.  
Yeah! The kid's still got it.

**AGENT 99:**

Max, hurry!

**MAX:**

Hold on, 99!  
Chief, we can't stop the car! We have  
the football, but we do not know the code!  
We need to figure out something!  
These tracks are taking us back downtown,  
towards the bomb!  
We gotta get you out of there,  
and you won't survive the jump!  
I'm coming to get you!  
[AGENT 99 SCREAMS]  
- Oh, God!  
- Hold on, 99!  
It's not over, Max!  
I'll take that briefcase!  
If you want it, you'll have to take it!  
- That's what I just said!  
- I know, I'm just trying to annoy you!  
[GRO ANING]  
Unusual but effective.  
[TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS]  
- You all right?  
- I'm fine!

Max!

Max, your foot!

- I wish we had more time!

- What?

- Max!

- No!

Oh, Max.

[SQUEAKING]

No. No!

I wish we had more time too.

**MAX:**

So you did hear me?

Max?

But the train...

Missed it by that much.

"Operation Joy"?

The "Ode to Joy" will end with a bang.

[PERFORMING BEETHO VEN'S

"ODE TO JO Y"]

- Chief!

- Yeah, Maxie! Are you okay?

Listen, I think the final notes

of the "Ode to Joy" trigger the bomb!

We have to stop the concert!

I'm on it.

[CLEARS THRO AT]

My buttocks are really stinging  
from being dragged.

Hey, grandpa, I already told you...

Speak up, son.

I'm an old man, you know.

[CLATTERING]

I like that tackling part.

**MAX:**

I am so, so sorry about that.

Wait! No, no, let him go.

- There is a bomb.

- Where?

Would you believe in the piano?

Whoa. How did we miss that?

That is huge.

- Max. Was that...?

- A total guess, yes, it was.  
That old son of a gun  
can take a hit, huh?  
- Do you think I should tell him?  
- No. Let's just savor the moment.  
He's a funny son of a bitch, isn't he?  
This is the proudest moment of my life!  
Bomb not go off.  
Oh, really, bright-eyes?  
What alerted you?  
Was it no "Boom, boom," or the lack  
of a mushroom cloud?  
It was the mushroom cloud for me.  
Well, you did your job,  
so I suppose I can't kill your wife.  
Although to be honest,  
I'd be doing the sighted world a favor.  
[SCREAMS]  
What good hang time, huh?  
Yes, Mr. President.  
Thank you and goodbye, sir.  
to convey his personal thanks...  
...and to tell you how impressed he was  
with that dragged-by-a-train thing.  
Well, sir, as an agent, I have trained  
myself to be impervious to pain.  
[DOG BARKING]  
Ah! Hey, it's Fang.  
I wanted him to be a surprise.  
knows that we're dating.

**CHIEF:**

Yes, they do.  
On the cheek.  
- Let's go.  
- Maybe a little one?  
Hey, new guy. Hold up a second.  
Welcome to CONTROL.  
We have a tradition called "pick on  
the new guy." Here's how it works.  
- We pick on the new guy.  
- And you can't do anything about it.  
Let's try one.  
- You dropped your pencil.

- Did you hear the man?  
I don't see a man, I see two little girls.  
I think I'll call you Maureen,  
and you Brittany.  
- New guy did not.  
- New guy did.

**AGENT 91:**

**LARABEE:**

And I'm going to enjoy it.  
That will make me happy, Maureen.  
Maureen.  
[DINGS]  
Ow! What's in there?  
- And just for the record.  
- What's in there?  
[LARABEE SCREAMS]  
My name is not "new guy."  
My name is Hymie.  
Now, if you ladies will excuse me.  
This is gonna be so fun.  
Make him high-five me.  
Max, we're gonna be late.  
Oh, Max. Let Maintenance  
take care of it.  
Ah!  
You've gotta be kidding me!