

BARCELONA.



--when she'd deign to be *joining* us?

Since when has she stuck to a *timetable*, Book?

Unless it's *business*, she sets her *own* schedule. Always *has*.

Work?

Copley reached out.

He's the one with British intelligence? MI-6 or what it's called?



It's SIS, and no, Copley *was* CIA. He's independent, now.

We did that thing for him in Surabaya, remember?



You can tell Copley we *pass*.



Look at you.
Didn't even bother
with the *shower*,
did you?

May we
conclude from this
that last night's *lay* will
not be making it into
Andy's Hall of
Fame?

Joe, you
know I *love* you,
but so help me if you
say another word before
I've had *coffee*, I will
cut your *throat*.

Then
I'll do it
again.



Well,
it wouldn't
be the *first*
time, Boss.

Or
the *fifth*.



Hah
hah.

Copley
just wants
to *meet*,
Boss.

He's in
Paris right now.
You could see
him *tonight*.



We don't do
repeats, especially
not these days, Booker,
you know that.

It's
too *risky*.



He's
saying it's
urgent.

He's
offering a
lot of money,
Andy.



Men like
him, it's *always*
urgent.



Nicky's right.

He says it's a *hostage* situation.

He says there are *kids* involved, Andy.

Kids.



Tell him to be at Le Tambour at midnight. Nicky and I will meet him there.

If he's late, we walk.



I'm going to find a shower and someone to *share* it with.