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# Inside Man

By Russell Gewirtz

My name is Dalton Russell.  
Pay strict attention to what I say  
because I choose my words carefully  
and I never repeat myself.  
I've told you my name. That's the "who."  
The "where" could most readily  
be described as a prison cell.  
But there's a vast difference  
between being stuck in a tiny cell  
and being in prison.  
The "what" is easy.  
Recently I planned and set in motion  
events to execute the perfect bank robbery.  
That's also the "when. "  
As for the "why,"  
beyond the obvious financial motivation,  
it's exceedingly simple.  
Because I can.  
Which leaves us only with the "how. "  
And therein, as the Bard would tell us,  
lies the rub.  
So, your mother tells me about  
a certain young lady who's helping you  
with the Triborough Bridge project?  
- Okay?  
- All right, okay.  
He's crazy.  
- Now? On 51st? 50...  
Yeah, that's where he is right now.  
He's on 40, he... No, he's still on 47th Street,  
but it's a much smaller space.  
What do I have to...  
Yeah, we'll get lobster.  
I'll put it on Mr Ansinori's card.  
Whatever. It's a meeting  
with one of his clients or something.  
Because it's been like over a year now.  
Yeah.  
I want to snap this guy's neck,  
I swear to God.  
So what?  
So what? They're flowers.  
They could've been to his grandmother.  
They could've been to me.

It's my birthday, so...

Okay, so maybe it's a client's.

Okay. This is funny.

I got this guy in front of me  
that thinks I don't see him looking at me.

Fantastic. God damn it.

- Excuse me.

- Yeah.

Can you lower your voice  
just a little bit, please?

You're getting a little loud on your phone.

Please.

Yeah. Fine.

I don't want you  
disturbing the other customers.

- Sorry.

- All right?

- Yeah, you got it.

- Thank you.

It was a security guy.

I didn't know I was in a library.

It's a fucking bank.

Manhattan Trust.

...from Yale.

And this fucking rich prick I work for.

Thank you.

Excuse me. Sir?

Easy.

Everybody get down on the fucking floor!

Now!

Get down on the ground!

You have four seconds!

Anyone still standing gets shot!

One! Two! Three!

Back away from that counter!

Get your hand away from that button!

Put your hands on the floor! Now!

Oh... What the... What is this?

- Todd, what are we gonna do?

- What the fuck do you want me to do?

Keep your head down, fat man!

- All right!

Get your fucking face on the floor!

You get the same treatment

as everyone else, Rabbi.

Get down.

Now, my friends and I are making  
a very large withdrawal from this bank.

Anybody gets in our way  
gets a bullet in the brain.

Lie down, old man!

Put your fucking hands down!

Get your face on the floor.

All right, I'm down! I'm down!

Hey, Officer,

there's smoke coming out of there.

Possible 10-30. Manhattan Trust.

I have got hostages.

You fucking cops come near this door,

I start killing people.

I not fucking kidding, man.

Central. Give me an 85.

Back up, sir! Back up! You!

Shit!

- Back up! Back up!

Stay around the corner!

Central, give me an 85.

Perp with a gun. Possible hostages.

I repeat, possible hostages.

Baby, I'm fighting for my life over here.

Keith, every time we have this conversation,  
it's the same thing.

- "Not now. "

- Listen. Listen.

Do you know what kind of thin ice

I'm on right now

with this cheque-cashing thing?

They want to lock me up.

If this \$140,000 doesn't show up  
somewhere soon,

- things gonna get rough for me.

- But you didn't take it.

Of course I didn't take it, baby.

It's just some lying drug dealer  
trying to save his own ass

by fucking me over.

- Eventually, it'll go away.

- Then what?

- What about us?  
- Then, you know, I'll make First Grade  
and we'll have enough money  
to buy a bigger place and then, you know...  
Why we got to have this conversation  
every time your brother gets locked up  
- or gets caught stealing a car?  
- He's the only family I've got.  
All right, I'm sorry, baby. You okay?  
- You still love me?  
- I'm sorry, too.  
- You still love me?  
- I love you, baby.  
All right. Big Willie and the twins for you  
when I get home.  
- I got the handcuffs.  
- I got the gun.  
Bye, Big Daddy.  
- Big Willie and the twins, huh?  
- That's correct.  
Her lowlife brother, he's got three priors,  
one for armed robbery.  
Doesn't have an honest bone in his body  
and he's too fucking stupid  
to amount to anything. Even as a criminal.  
- Can't you get rid of him?  
- I could, couldn't I?  
No, she loves him. What am I gonna do?  
Put him out in the street?  
- How's he feel about you?  
- Oh, he's thrilled.  
To have a detective  
sleeping in the next room,  
banging his sister.  
Then she tries to bring it all back on me.  
You know, "If we had a bigger place,  
we wouldn't have this problem. "  
Of course, if we got married  
then things would be different.  
- And what's wrong with that?  
- A wedding. Furniture. Kids.  
You know what a diamond ring costs?  
- Come on, man. You've been married.  
- Please. I was 21.

- Yeah, but you give her a ring?  
- Yeah, but she won't call me back.  
- You guys cops?  
- Oh, shit! He made us!  
Christmas came early for you this year.  
Bank robbery. Hostage situation.  
- What?  
- Grossman's on vacation. You're up.  
What about the Madrugada thing?  
The cheque-cashing thing?  
- I thought I was in the doghouse.  
- I just threw you a bone.  
As far as I'm concerned, you still work here,  
- but if you don't think you're ready...  
- No, no, he's ready!  
Oh, good. Good.  
I'm giving you a break, here.  
Don't make me look like a fool.  
- This is it, baby. The show!  
- Yeah.  
You got the call, man. God damn!  
I guess I should be happy.  
I might get to put off I.A.B.  
Here's all you need to know.  
You walk in unarmed.  
Head bad guy puts a gun to your head  
and makes you get on your knees.  
You look around. There are five armed men  
pointing Uzis at you.  
Just picture them in their underwear.  
How about orange jumpsuits and shackles?  
- There you go, Keith. You can do this, man.  
- Look out, bad guys. Here I come.  
Get back around the corner!  
Get back!  
I told you, move it! Move it!  
Get those people back!  
Get them the hell out of here!  
All right, guys, as soon as we pull up,  
I want everybody out.  
The second floor window. Now.  
- Let them in there!  
- Let's go! Go now!  
Sarge, what do you got?

I got a perp in the bank.

Possible hostage situation.

Who's on today? Who's your boss?

- Sergeant Hernandez. I'll get him over here.

- Get him down here.

- Sergeant Hernandez, you on the air?

- On the air. Go.

Sarge, I got Sergeant Collins over here.

He called this in.

Can you come over to the other side?

Redirect, on my way. Let's go.

Back up! Go around,  
around the corner.

Pull back. Pull it back.

We got to keep this secure.

- Collins? What you got?

- Hernandez.

I got a perp inside with a gun.

He claims he's got some hostages in there.

Everyone, heads up! Let's clear the way!

Let's go. Set them up. All right.

We've got it under control.

Step back, please!

- Step back!

- Get back! Thank you.

There's nothing going on.

You'll see it on the news tonight.

Step back, please.

Mr Case?

Oh, good morning, Katherine.

What can I do for you?

Sir, there's a robbery in progress  
at one of our branches.

Oh, my.

- Has anybody been hurt?

- I don't think so, but there are hostages.

Oh, how awful.

- Which branch is it?

- Number 32. 20 Exchange Place.

- Which one?

-20 Exchange Place.

Thank you, Katherine.

I'm sorry, Mr Case.

Oh, dear God.

Get these people out of here.  
Come on, open these gates. Back up.  
Up on the sidewalk. Come on in.  
Sergeant Collins, first on scene.  
Are you the hostage negotiator?  
That's right. Detective Frazier.  
This is Detective Mitchell. What do you got?  
Not much.  
Saw the bank was filled with smoke.  
The door was locked.  
I tried to take a look inside  
and one of the gunmen opens the door,  
sticks a .357 in my face,  
screaming in some foreign accent  
about killing hostages.  
- See any other gunmen?  
- No, sir. I couldn't see anything at all.  
- You hear anything inside?  
- No, sir,  
but with that .357 sticking in my face,  
I can't really be sure. I'm sorry.  
Okay.  
Good, good. Good, good, good, good.  
You did a good job, Sergeant.  
You ever had a gun  
stuck in your face before?  
- Yeah, once.  
- Really?  
Yeah, by a 12-year-old.  
- What was that like?  
- Not one of my better days.  
I bet. All right, well, look.  
As soon as we get this thing cleared up,  
we'll cut you loose, all right?  
If you don't mind,  
I'd rather hang around a while,  
at least until we make contact.  
That's what I like to hear, Sergeant.  
What? Come on. Why you doing this?  
Why you doing this to me?  
Pop, what's going on? Yo.  
All bank employees,  
raise your hands!  
Bank employees, this side!



Everyone else, over there!

Now, I need everybody  
to take your cell phones and your keys  
out of your pockets and handbags  
and hold them in the air.

- What's your name?

- Peter.

- Peter what?

- Peter Hammond.

- Where's your cell phone, Peter Hammond?

- I left it at home.

Peter, think very carefully  
about how you answer the next question  
because if you get it wrong,  
your headstone will read,  
"Here lies Peter Hammond, hero,  
"who valiantly attempted  
to prevent a brilliant bank robbery  
"by trying to hide his cellular phone,  
"but wound up getting shot  
in the fucking head. "

Now, Peter Hammond,

where is your cell phone?

I'm telling you, I did. I left it at home.

Okay, I fucked up. I'm sorry. Please.

Hey. Don't worry about it.

Just let me talk to you!

Please, please, listen to me.

Let me explain.

Help! Help me.

Stop!

Stop!

Anyone else here smarter than me?

- And you are?

- Vikram Walia.

Vikram Walia. Thanks, Vikram.

Hey, mister.

Keep it.

Men here. Women here.

Move!

I need all of you  
to strip down to your underwear.

Now.

Lady?

Believe me. This is the only situation where I'd ask you to do this.

- But take off your fucking clothes.

- No.

You should be ashamed of yourself.

What's with you mishegoyim?

Go ahead. Make my day.

- Take your fucking clothes off, lady.

- No!

Stevie?

Let's go!

Now, I need all of you to put on one of these suits and these masks.

I'm Shon Gables, with CBS 2 News, outside Manhattan Trust Bank, where we have just been told by investigators, the bank has been robbed.

The suspect or possible suspects are inside, holed up with an unknown number of hostages.

- Captain Darius?

- Yeah.

I'm Detective Frazier.

This is Detective Mitchell.

Hey.

You may remember, we worked that hospital thing on 93rd, during my training?

Oh, yeah. That was a real shame.

Yeah, it was. It was.

So, what do we got?

I got an unknown number of suspects and an unknown number of hostages, and a bank, and about a million spectators, and I can't see shit inside there,

- so I'm kind of busy.

- I understand.

The way this works, Mr Frazier, is I deal with Mr Grossman.

So if you need anything, you can speak with him, okay?

No, it's not okay, Captain.

Detective Grossman is away on vacation,  
so Detective Frazier  
is the big dick today, all right?  
Now, if you need anything,  
you can speak to me, all right?  
I guess it'll have to be.  
That's the way it's gonna be.  
You got vests for us?

- Berk!

Yo!

- Get these guys some vests!

- Okay.

- And check them into the command log.

- Okay.

You know what?

I'm gonna get out of your hair  
and let you get control  
of this crime scene, okay?

You'll let me know when you're ready  
with a detailed briefing?

- Okay.

- We're gonna take a walk down to the diner.

Don't go in the bank without calling us first,  
all right? Okay?

- All right.

- Good to see you, Captain.

Shouldn't we be in there?

Let's give him some time. See what he does.

Come on.

Until he secures his position  
and gets the physical layout,  
he'll only dump on us.

If the show starts, he'll call us.

Trust me. I've seen him work.

Your call, Keith.

Can you get that for me?

I guess it is, isn't it?

That's the one thing I learnt  
from Grossman,

is these guys don't have much respect  
for what we do.

- How do you mean?

- Well, to them it's a tactical situation.

Us being here means there's

a mental side to it that they don't get.

- Told you, you could handle this.

- Yeah.

I keep waiting for someone higher up  
on the food chain to show up and say,  
"Here's what we do. "

What happened at the hospital?

Guy shot himself, shot his girlfriend.

Thank you.

I told you, I've got  
a heart condition.

Get up.

Put down

your fucking weapons!

- Don't move! Don't move!

- Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

- Don't move! Don't move! Come here!

- I haven't got...

- Come here, come here, come here!

- I work in the bank!

On your knees! Down on your knees now!

- They sent me out here!

- Now!

- He said stay away!

- Cuff him.

If you come near the bank,  
he'll throw out two dead bodies!

- Who said this? Who?

- I don't know who!

The guy with the big fucking gun!

- That's who!

- All right, get on your feet. Let's go.

- There's four of them in there!

- Come on.

Christ!

- Calm down!

- Let's go!

- Am I gonna be on TV?

- Yeah. A big star. Let's go. Come on.

Was it a time when I thought

I might not see my family again? Yeah.

Yeah, I thought about it.

I mean, at first, I wasn't...

It was too much to think about at that point.

You know, with a gun in your face,  
but after a while I...

You know, I thought about...

Yeah.

My wife, you know,  
not seeing my wife again.

My kids. I got a 10-year-old son,

Yeah, I thought about it, man.

What do you think?

Those are my babies.

Beautiful.

Go ahead.

Miss White, I want you to rest assured  
my only intention is to spend time  
in your wonderful city  
and to enjoy all that it has to offer.

And no business with your uncle?

In truth, I have very little  
to do with him these days.

I'm told you haven't seen him in nine years.

Is that right?

- You are extremely well informed.

- I have to be. Yes?

I have a Mr Arthur Case  
on the phone for you.

We'll need to end this here.

I'm gonna need

a copy of your purchase agreement,  
your mortgage application,  
and the other documentation,

- and I'll be in touch.

- Thank you, Miss White.

Right this way, sir.

Arthur Case? You sure?

- That's what he said.

- He said his name, just like that?

It wasn't his secretary  
saying he was on the line?

- No, ma'am.

- All right. Put him through.

Okay.

- This is Madeleine White.

- Miss White, I'm Arthur Case.

Oh, good morning, Mr Case.

- Have we met formally?  
- No, sir, I don't believe we have.  
Yet, you're always turning up  
at my July 4th parties in Southampton.  
Yes, we know some of the same people.  
It seems.  
I'll come right to the point.  
I have a small problem  
which requires someone  
with very special skills  
and complete discretion.  
Are you such a person  
or have I been misinformed?  
Go on.  
Can I pick you up in front of  
your office building in five minutes?  
- I'll be downstairs.  
- Thank you.  
They had a kind of genius plan  
for throwing us out of whack  
and depriving us  
of any kind of way of controlling ourselves.  
They were... They were very  
insistent, and yet, strangely detached.  
All I know is that they called each other  
a variation of Steve.  
Steven, Steve-O, Stevie.  
And they called you what?  
They didn't call me anything.  
They just told me...  
You're lying to me. Tell me the truth, now.  
You're lying to me.  
Tell me the...  
Look at me and tell me the truth.  
They had AK-47 s out. Four of them.  
- You know a lot about guns.  
- No.  
- I don't know anything about guns, except...  
- But you know they had an AK-47.  
- Everybody knows what an AK-47 is.  
- Everybody?  
Anybody who's ever watched  
a decent action movie would.  
- You ever rob a bank before?

- Are you kidding?  
Me rob a bank? No.  
- Never stole a dollar?  
- Never.  
- Never?  
- Not ever.  
- You know what?  
- That one time. That one time, that one time.  
I stole a nickel  
from my grandmother's pocketbook once.  
She was Polish.  
I used to go up to her and say,  
"Mama, toh nicklah, toh nicklah. "  
One day, I opened her pocketbook  
and there was a nickel.  
I took it.  
That was the only thing I ever took.  
Look, Detective, I didn't mean  
to give you a hard time back there.  
Forget about it. What's the story, Captain?  
Well, the hostage they let go  
was Herman Gluck, 73.  
He was having chest pains.  
Paramedics have him.  
They told him to say  
that if any cops came near the door,  
they'd throw out two dead bodies.  
He thinks there's four perps.  
Says they came in dressed as painters.  
There's a video system in the bank.  
We're working on getting a download  
from Manhattan Trust's  
central security office, but it'll take a while.  
We got the block locked up.  
I got men in the windows.  
We're checking on the sewers with D.E.P.  
What about the phones?  
Cut and diverted into M.C.C.  
We're the only ones they're gonna call.  
Cell phones are monitored  
and we can jam the air whenever you say.  
But we like to leave it clear  
in case a hostage is able to get through,  
but so far nothing.

-911?

- It's up on the screen.

Any call about a bank

gets routed straight to us.

Well, that's my end of it, Detective.

Yeah.

Yeah, I'm not calling them yet.

Beg your pardon?

Doesn't feel right yet,

you know what I mean?

I'm not gonna call him

and ask what I can do for him.

Let's see what he does.

Your call.

Now, Mr Case, why don't you

let me explain to you how I work?

Please. That would be nice.

Well, you say that there are family heirlooms

inside your safety deposit box.

That's fine.

But in my experience, people like you

have people working for them

that handle these kinds of things.

And when they can't,

well, they don't call me.

Their people call me.

So, immediately, I know

that there's something in that box

that you don't even want

your closest aides to know about.

No problem with me.

You tell me I don't need to know

what's in that box and I don't need to know.

But if you tell me

that it's a bunch of old baseball cards

and I find out that it's the launch codes

for a nuclear missile,

then let's just say

we no longer have an agreement.

- Have you finished?

- Yes.

What's inside that box, young lady,

has belonged to me

since before you were born.



It's very valuable  
and poses no danger whatsoever to anyone.  
Except you.

Okay. Well, first,  
there are men with guns in there,  
so I can't guarantee any results. Agreed?

- Of course.
- All right.

Now, what makes you think  
that they want to rob your box?  
I don't.

Well, why don't you tell me  
how you would like this to end?  
I'd prefer that nobody  
ever touch my safe deposit box.  
Not them, not you, not the authorities.  
And the sooner this situation ends,  
the happier I'll be.

- Is that specific enough for you?
- No.

The contents of that box  
are of great value to me.  
So long as they remain my secret.  
And if they're exposed?  
I'll face some difficult questions.

- So, it stays locked or it disappears.
- Precisely.
- Can you make that happen?
- Yes.

I hope so.

I have to say, I can't help but be sceptical.  
Whoever gave you my number  
got the same deal.  
Clearly, they must have been satisfied.  
Steve?

It's time for Steve-O.  
I came out here to take a look  
at the perimeter they laid down.  
Guess what I found?  
That hostage they let out said these guys  
came in dressed like painters, right?  
Yeah.  
Probably stolen.  
Have them run it and check it for prints.

- Everybody on?  
- Yep, I'm there.  
- Sure you got the right number?  
- Absolutely.  
Okay. Nothing yet.  
We got video.  
Let's have it.  
What happened to that camera  
right there?  
Wait. Hold on, hold on, hold on.  
Yeah, there it is.  
That guy right there.  
It's like he blinds the camera  
with the flashlight.  
It's weird, isn't it?  
It's like nobody else sees it.  
- You'd think it'd be pretty bright, huh?  
- It could be infrared.  
- What's that?  
- Infrared bulb.  
See, humans can't see it,  
but a video camera will pick it up.  
He could knock out the cameras  
without no one knowing.  
Right, right, right, right.  
He knocked out  
the cameras about 10:00.  
So, for approximately two minutes,  
we got no evidence of people  
leaving or entering the bank. That's great.  
Miriam, how long were you there  
before it began?  
It was just a few minutes.  
Well, can you tell us what happened  
after the explosions and the smoke?  
They just told us to put our heads down.  
And then close our eyes.  
And then I just remember one of them  
telling the others to just go down  
and fix the cameras.  
- The video cameras?  
- I don't know.  
Anything else you want to share with us?  
No, just...

- You sure?

- Yeah, I...

Could you give us

the names of the bank robbers, maybe?

I'm just messing with you, sweetheart.

- You okay?

- Thank you.

Okay.

- It was pretty awful.

- Was it bad?

I mean, they made us strip.

They made us take off our clothes.

I don't understand why they had to do that.

I really just thought...

I thought I was gonna be killed.

Well.

- All right, my dear.

- Okay.

- I can go?

- No.

- No?

- No, you got to stay.

- You got to stay.

- No, you can go.

No, stay. No, go.

Did you rob the bank?

- You did.

- Did you rob the bank?

- No.

- You sure?

There's movement at the front door.

- Let's go.

Put down the fucking weapon!

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Don't move! Don't move!

He's got a device on him there.

I said put your hands on your head  
and get down on your fucking knees!

I said put your hands on your head  
and down on your knees now!

Hands are tied!

Hands are tied.

- Jesus, pat him down.

- All right.

I'm one of the hostages!

- Careful.

Easy, be very careful,  
now. Easy.

I can't see him from where I'm at.

I can see him. I got a clear shot.

Any weapons?

- Who are you?

- Vikram Walia. I work in the bank.

Okay. Vikram? Is this a bomb?

- Oh, shit! A fucking Arab!

- What? No. I'm a Sikh!

- Is that a bomb?

- No.

- Answer me, Vikram. Is this a bomb?

- No.

- Are you booby-trapped?

- No, fuck, no.

Okay, Vikram, I need you to relax.

- Jesus, give me a hand.

- I don't know.

Just watch.

There's a lot of movement in that bank.

- Team, take him down.

- Mike, now, get him.

What the fuck? Easy, easy.

Get off my... That's my turban. Get off. Easy.

Get... My turban!

Look, fuck, give my turban back!

Come on, shut up. Relax.

What the fuck are you doing?

Give me my turban back.

- You can't fucking rip my turban.

- Shut up, already.

- What the fuck?

- Come on, move it.

Get your fucking hands off me!

### **And the 11:**

And don't forget about your 1:00  
with Chancellor Joel Klein.

- Oh, Madge. What a day...

- Your Honour.

Madeleine! How are you?

I'm just fine, but thank you for seeing me on such short notice.

- Sure. Madge, are we through here?

- Yes, Mr Mayor.

This way, Miss White.

I always have time to put on a tux and eat free food for a good cause.

Who are we saving this week?

Well, I'm doing a round of support for the Joseph Freidkin Memorial Fund for Spinal Cord Research and we're having our annual fundraiser next month.

If you could attend, it would give us such a boost.

It would be my pleasure.

Is there anything else I can do to...

- What the fuck do you want?

- A favour.

- No shit. Which kind?

- The last one I'll ever ask of you.

That's the kind I had in mind.

You know about this hostage situation.

On my way. What's it to do with you?

All right, well, I need to keep an eye on it.

So, I want you to bring me down there and tell whoever's in charge to extend me every courtesy.

You're out of your fucking mind.

If it was easy, it wouldn't square us, would it?

- It's impossible.

- Nothing's impossible.

You just have to call in a few markers, that's all.

I may have to give out a few.

Then that's exactly what you'll do.

You're a magnificent cunt.

Thank you.

It's been a very tense situation for several hours now.

It's unclear how many hostages are inside and how many robbers police are dealing with.

Officials say this all started out  
as a robbery at Manhattan Trust,  
but has turned into this hostage situation.  
Negotiators are here on the scene,  
working very hard  
and it's still unclear  
on any possible injuries.  
Of course, we'll keep you up to date  
with the very latest  
and we will remain here on the scene  
as this all unfolds.  
That's the latest from here  
in lower Manhattan.  
Reporting live, I'm Sandra Endo.  
Back to you.  
"Protect and serve" my ass.  
Where's my turban?  
I'm not talking to anybody without a turban.  
It's part of my religion, to cover my head  
in respect to God. I'm a Sikh.  
Okay, we'll find your turban.  
Not an Arab, by the way,  
like your cops called me outside.  
Now, no, I don't think you heard that.  
There was a lot going on.  
You were probably disoriented.  
- I didn't hear that.  
- I heard what I heard.  
I'll give you all the information you want.  
I don't need this. I need my turban.  
It's part of my religion.  
- We'll get you your turban.  
- We'll find it for you.  
No, no, no. Not "get me. "  
I want my turban now.  
You just got to start thinking  
about the people inside the bank now.  
It's a dangerous situation.  
You got to start telling us  
about what's going on inside the bank.  
We can talk about this later.  
We'll get an officer to come down.  
You can write a formal complaint.  
But for now,

we got to deal with this situation.  
First you beat me,  
and now you want my help.  
You need to start thinking  
about your coworkers.  
I could apologise on behalf of the NYPD,  
but that was not us. We are detectives.  
- We're gonna try and find out...  
- What do you want to know?  
- How many were there?  
- I think there were about four.  
- How many hostages?  
- I don't know how many hostages, 20, 30.  
I'm fucking tired of this shit.  
What happened to my fucking civil rights?  
Why can't I go anywhere  
without being harassed?  
I get thrown out of a bank.  
I'm a hostage. I get harassed.  
I go to the airport.  
I can't go through security  
without a "random" selection.  
Fucking random, my ass.  
I nearly lost my job...  
I bet you can get a cab, though.  
I guess that's one of the perks.  
Put the ice on your face.  
"Two buses with full gas tanks.  
One jumbo jet with full gas tank  
"and pilots at JFK,  
parked at the end of runway. "  
They give us until 9.:00 pm to do this,  
then they kill one hostage every hour  
in front of TV cameras.  
"Bank is secured with Semtex.  
We will demonstrate if necessary. "  
- Whatever you do, don't give them a jet.  
- There's no plane. Maybe a bus. Maybe.  
Till I talk to them, they get nothing.  
Not even a cup of coffee.  
For now, we wait.  
Let's let them wonder  
what we're doing, okay?  
Excuse me, Detectives. This is Arthur Case.

- He's the...
- I'm Chairman, Board of Directors.
- Of the bank. You wanna talk to him?
- Absolutely.

Mr Case, how are you?

I'm Detective Frazier.

Anything in particular  
you think we should know?

No. I just wondered  
if I might be of some assistance.

- Have they made any demands?
- They want a jet.

Oh, I see.

Would you like me to arrange one for you?

I'm so sorry. I must have misunderstood.

That's quite all right, Mr Case.

Where can we reach you  
if we need anything?

Well, those are my people in there,  
you know,  
and I would like to stay here for a while.

And I won't disturb you.

I'll be very quiet right down...

Sergeant Collins!

Mr Case, we'll try and keep you posted  
as best we can,

but you're gonna have to excuse us  
for now, okay?

Right this way, sir.

Thank you very much.

- Absolutely.
- This way, sir.

Thank you very much.

- And thank you all so much.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.

This way, sir.

"Fifty hungry people need food now. "

All right.

Are we ready with the listening devices?

I'm gonna need 15 minutes  
once we get the food.

Pizza's the best. No sandwiches.

Is she for real?



Are you for real?

Well, if we send in, say,  
maybe we'll get some conversation  
if we give them something to group around.  
Give them each a sandwich, it's hit or miss.  
They can move around  
and I don't have 50 transmitters.

- What's this?

- It's a digital recorder.

You click it, and it'll record for half an hour.

- James Bond shit.

- Well, you can get them on Amazon.

- You gonna ask for a hostage?

- He already gave us one, didn't he?

I ask for another one,

he says no, then what?

No, he knows what he's doing.

He gave us a hostage.

We'll give him some food.

I don't want to get caught bluffing this guy.

Fuck this shit. Look, they want to shoot me  
for taking off my mask, they can go ahead.

Do you wanna get us all killed?

You wanna relax?

What the hell is the difference?

They're out there robbing the bank!

- Can't you see they fucked him up?

- Shut up.

You think they dressed us like this for fun,  
puneta?

- I have no idea

- Please shut up.

...why they made us put on all of this crap.

Probably so when the cops break in  
and try to rescue us

- we all get fucking shot.

- Oh, my God!

It's a great plan, but, no, thanks.

I told you to shut up! Leave him!

No! Don't do this to me! Please, don't.

I'll do as you say! No! Help! Help!

Please, don't! Don't!

One guy did most of the talking.

He told everyone else what to do.

- So they were talking amongst themselves?

- We couldn't hear them.

They had us in these rooms.

The doors were locked all the time.

We didn't know what they were doing.

- Did you hear anything they said?

- I have problems with my hearing.

- I see.

- I wear hearing aids.

- Where are they?

- They're in my ears.

- Let's see.

- Let me see them.

- Yeah, let's take a look at them.

- Yeah, it's a hearing aid.

That's your other one, there?

What's the red part, there?

What does that do?

They're different colours.

You need two different...

And to distinguish right from left, also.

- Distinguish right from left?

- Yeah.

Right from wrong.

I don't understand.

- Steve?

- I'm sorry?

- I didn't say anything.

- Oh.

Steve. Is that your name? Steve?

Stevie? Steve-O?

- How much are they gonna pay you?

- I'm sorry?

- You heard me.

- No, I didn't.

- How much are they going to pay you?

- Who's gonna pay me?

- Were you involved in this robbery?

- Absolutely not.

Were you involved in this situation?

- What situation?

- Don't lie. Don't lie.

If he gives us a tip, I'm keeping it.

- Put that gun down!

- Check that weapon!  
All right, everybody, relax.  
Calm down. Calm down.  
Calm the fuck down!  
How you doing?  
I'm Detective Keith Frazier,  
Hostage Negotiation Team.  
How's it going?  
Okay. I hope the pizzas are okay.  
They might be a little cold.  
Listen, you pick up the phone  
anytime you want.  
It's a direct line to me.  
I would love to talk to you.  
Nice talking to you.  
Shit. Fucking Russians.  
Call Operations. See if they can get  
a Russian translator over here ASAP.  
And get some fucking body bags.  
I hope you know what you're doing.  
Because if my guys got to shoot it out  
with those fucking savages...  
Okay, okay, okay. Mitch?  
Check with either one of the hostages.  
Find out if they heard any Russian  
or Russian accents when they were in there.  
We'll be all right.  
No!  
Down on the floor!  
Come on, sweetheart. Let's go. Let's go.  
Stop crying! Shut the fuck up!  
Get in there! Sit down! Put your masks on!  
Come on, let's go. Come on, boobs.  
- "Boobs"? Who the fuck you talking to?  
- Let's go. You heard me! Shut the fuck up!  
- Why?  
- Move that fat ass! Let's go! Come on!  
"Fat ass"? Are you kidding me?  
If you don't shut the fuck up,  
I'm gonna put my foot up your fat ass!  
Put your masks on!  
Put your hands on the ground!  
Okay, okay.  
On the floor. Hands are on the floor.

Masks on!

Put your hands on the ground!

Come on, boobs, let's go.

Oh, shit. Sit down! Sit down!

She was on line in front of me.

He was the teller on my line.

This guy was to my right

and his kid was in front of him.

He was playing with a video game.

I remember her.

- Why do you remember her?

- Great tits.

- You remember seeing any of them after?

- Yeah, I saw her one time afterwards.

- How are you sure you saw her again?

- I could see under the suit.

Can't hide quality like that.

This guy, he almost got us all killed.

How?

They put eight or nine of us

in an office for a while.

This guy took off his mask

and was talking like he wasn't afraid.

"I don't have to wear this damn mask,"

you know?

So, they come in, pull him out of the room

and smack him around a little.

- You see him again after that?

- No.

- Was he okay?

- Seemed fine.

You...

- You recognise anyone else from that room?

- I can't be sure about the others.

No one?

- Why don't you keep looking?

- You know, I was terrified.

What about before it began?

You didn't look around

while you were waiting in line?

I was talking to my girlfriend on the phone.

You wanna take another picture?

I could bend over and pick up a pencil.

Whatever.

This guy.  
Asshole.  
What the fuck? This ain't Russian.  
No? What the hell is it?  
It's not Polish. Not Hungarian.  
Bulgarian, maybe.  
It's Central European. Sort of.  
That's it?  
I mean, you're the language expert.  
What? No.  
- What do you think?  
- Well, okay.  
Well, this is New York City.  
Somebody on the street  
must know what it is.  
Probably the hot-dog man.  
Berk, play that over the speaker for me.  
Excuse me.  
Excuse me!  
Does anybody know  
what language they're speaking? Anybody?  
Yo, my man.  
Hey, Phil, let that guy through. Come on.  
- You know what language they're speaking?  
- Yeah, they're speaking Albanian.  
- Albanian?  
- Albanian. From Albania.  
What am I doing here?  
Yo, am I getting arrested for something?  
No, you're not getting arrested.  
Come on. Come on.  
Whoa.  
- Okay. What are they saying?  
- I have no idea what they're saying.  
You got no idea?  
I thought you said you spoke Albanian.  
No. I never said I speak Albanian.  
You said you spoke Albanian.  
I never said I speak Albanian.  
Well, how do you know it's Albanian?  
My ex-wife and her parents are Albanian.  
Her parents couldn't speak English for shit.  
I have no idea what they're saying,  
but I'll tell you right now

that the language is 100%% Albanian.

-100%%?

-100%%.

Call the Albanian Consulate.

See if they can get somebody over here  
to translate this for us. Make it happen fast.

Okay, you hang out  
in the back for me, okay?

Oh, man, not again.

Van was stolen two days ago, but it's clean.

No prints.

- Nothing?

- Nothing.

Albanian?

My man, like I told you, 100%% Albanian.

Undeniable.

- Hey.

- Thanks.

Yo, yo, yo.

There go that motherfucker right there.

Hey, yo, you thought you was gonna  
get away with that shit, didn't you?

How does this game work?

You get points for doing dirt,  
like jacking a car or selling crack.

And you lose points  
if someone jacks your ride or shoots you.

Come on, baby.

Take that! Take this! What? What? What?

Talk shit now! I don't hear you!

Eat this! Eat that! Eat this! Eat that!

You're gone, baby! You're dead! Bye-bye!

Jesus!

What's the point of this?

Like my man 50 says,

"Get rich or die tryin'."

Yo, you'd get mad points  
for knocking over the bank.

- You think that's cool?

- Hell, yeah. You trying to get paid, too.

Finish your slice.

I'll take you back to your father.

I got to talk to him about this game.

- Is it good?

- No doubt.

It's gonna be okay.

Cool.

You'll be home soon.

That's whassup.

- Sir?

- Yeah.

- No luck with the Albanian Consulate.

- What do you mean?

I couldn't tell what the guy

was talking about. I think he wanted money.

And I tried the State Department.

That takes a month.

Okay.

- Call her.

- Are you crazy?

- I hate that bitch. Come on.

- You said she speaks Albanian, right?

- Yeah, she was born there.

- Call her.

I'm gonna regret this.

- Who's Detective Frazier?

- Right here.

- I have lлина Maria over here.

- Miritia.

- Oh, how you doing?

- Hello.

How you doing?

- What's this?

- Parking tickets. You can fix them?

Yeah, I'll see what I can do.

Can you listen to this

and tell us what they're saying?

You can't smoke in here.

Shit. Go ahead.

What's so funny?

What, you know what they're talking about?

I know what they're talking about.

I even know who it is.

You know who it is?

You mean you know their names?

- Who? I mean, who is it?

- Parking tickets?

- They're taken care of. Who is it?

- It's Enver Hoxha.

- Who?

- He was the president of Albania.

Wait.

You're telling me the former president of Albania is in there robbing a bank?

Enver Hoxha's dead.

That's a tape of him discussing

how Albanian people are great people.

They are immortal people. I wouldn't worry.

It's a tape. You're sure about that?

I had to listen to all this nonsense in school.

"Communism is great. Capitalism is evil.

Lenin, Marx, blah, blah, blah. "

It's Enver Hoxha. It's a tape.

Okay. Okay, well,

Officer, you can take her home.

And do me a favour, huh?

Watch where you park next time, okay?

So, they're playing tapes for us now.

They knew we were gonna bug them.

Yeah, you're damn right they knew we were gonna bug them. And they knew how.

What makes it even worse, they wanted us to bug them

so they could send us

on a wild goose chase.

Last time I had my johnson

pulled that good, it cost me \$5.

\$5?

Yeah, Tijuana. Don't ask.

Look at the... Oh, fuck that.

- Detective Frazier. Nice to meet you.

- My pleasure.

This is Madeleine White.

- How do you do, Miss White?

- It's an honour, Detective.

Miss White may be able to assist you.

Good. Good. What do you have in mind?

She has a certain amount of influence in these matters

for reasons which I can't share with you.

What are you trying to say, sir?



What the Mayor means  
is that there are matters at stake here  
that are a little bit above your pay grade.  
No offence.  
And he's offering to help you.  
Well, why don't you just tell the Mayor  
to raise my pay grade to the proper level  
and problem solved.  
From what I hear, that would have happened  
a long time ago  
if you'd been a little bit more diplomatic.  
But we can certainly discuss it.  
Look, I'm kidding. I mean,  
I make First Grade when I make First Grade.  
You want to speed that up,  
I'm not gonna talk you out of it.  
Then there's also the matter of \$140,000  
that seems to have walked away  
from the Madrugada cheque-cashing bust.  
Oh, I see.  
Well, I had nothing to do with that.  
Yeah, Collins, we got snipers  
in the windows here.  
We got guys in the building next door.  
Guys up on the roof.  
We're trying to get the blueprints  
for the bank  
so we can figure out the ventilator shaft.  
Maybe we can come down.  
Well?  
Is this the President of Albania?  
- Speaking.  
- Pretty funny.  
- You shouldn't eavesdrop on people.  
- Well, you better get used to it, pal.  
There's not gonna be much privacy  
where you're going.  
You're damn right.  
This time next week,  
I'll be sucking down pia coladas  
in a hot tub with six girls  
named Amber and Tiffany.  
More like taking a shower with two guys  
named Jamal and Jesus,

if you know what I mean.

And here's the bad news,  
that thing you're sucking on,  
it's not a pia colada.

- Maybe you like that kind of thing, huh?

- You really want to piss me off.

All right, here's where we stand.

I don't need

your fucking status report, Serpico.

I tell you where things stand.

- Sure, sure. I just meant...

- Here's where things stand.

You're getting me what I asked you for.

You'll have it ready in the time I gave you

or you'll sit by and you'll watch me do

just what I said I would do. Clear?

Very clear.

I'm trying to get you what you want.

But you got to understand this.

You know, it's not like the City of New York  
has 747 s waiting around for days like today.

I understand that if you don't get  
my plane ready,

- then you might as well send a hearse.

- Please.

Let's focus on how we can both  
get what we want, all right?

Hey! You're not listening.

You get me what I want, I won't kill anyone.

All right. I'm on it. I'm on it.

Let's just try to keep everybody calm, okay?

- Don't I sound calm to you?

- Yeah, you do.

Yeah, you do.

- So, Mr Damerjian...

- Damerjian.

- Damerjian. Is that Albanian?

- Just call me Kenneth.

- Kenneth?

- Is that Albanian or...

It's Armenian.

What's the difference?

Detective, I was born in Queens.

I've never been to Armenia, Albania.

I went surfing in Australia once.

Can I have a glass of water?

- Are you thirsty?

- My throat's parched.

- I'm not nervous.

- Your throat's parched?

- My throat's parched.

- His throat is parched.

- I just want a glass of water.

- Oh, shit!

When you start telling us  
what really happened...

- I just want a glass of water.

- His throat is parched.

- Here. You want some coffee?

- No, that's all right.

- I don't drink that stuff.

- No, go ahead.

Did you know they were robbing the bank?

I didn't know they were robbing the bank  
until they pulled a gun in my face.

Is that why you held the door open  
for them?

How do you know they robbed the bank?

Because they pulled a gun in my face...

That doesn't mean they were  
robbing the bank.

Did they take money?

Did you see them take money?

I was in a bank and I was locked up  
for who knows how long.

- Okay.

- Tied up in a room. I saw you see me.

You saw me see you?

- Is that what you just said?

- Yeah.

I was locked up in the room.

You saw me gagged when you came in.

Listen, I can't work miracles over here.

I'm gonna need more time.

Well, perhaps if you'd use the time  
that I gave you more efficiently,  
you wouldn't be having this problem.

- What do you want me to say?

- That my plane is ready.

Okay, listen.

I promise you, as God is my witness,

I'm working on it as hard as I can.

It's just gonna take a few more hours.

Why should I give you any more time?

Well, it's simple. You give me more time,

you get what you want.

You don't give me the time,

you don't get what you want.

You got nothing to lose.

Meanwhile, we'll send in some more food.

I got a question for you.

You get it right, I give you more time.

- And?

- You know what happens if you don't.

Which weighs more?

All the trains that pass through

Grand Central Station in a year,

or the trees cut down to print

all US currency in circulation?

Here's a hint. It's a trick question.

What the hell is that? Playing games now?

It's the trains.

US money isn't printed on paper at all.

It's cotton.

- Yeah, I heard that.

- Yeah, that's right.

- Okay.

- So no trees were cut down.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah. 100%%.

Okay.

I got it.

- Wait a second. Wait a second.

- I'll call you back.

It's a trap. They both weigh the same.

Tell him they both weigh the same.

They both weigh nothing.

They both weigh nothing

or they both weigh the same?

Tell him they both weigh the same.

Tell him they both weigh the same.

Do it now.

They both weigh the same. Got it.

- Well?

- They both weigh the same.

This time, send sandwiches.

That's pretty good. This guy's nuts.

He said, "Grand Central Station. "

Grand Central Terminal is the train station.

- Grand Central Station is the post office.

- Is the post office.

He's wrong.

Who's wrong?

Perp One.

Trains don't pass through Grand Central.

It's the last stop for every train.

- What about the subway? They run through.

- Metro-North goes there.

- How the fuck do you know?

- Metro-North goes there!

No. Metro-North starts there.

What are you guys talking about?

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

- Metro-North goes through!

- Let's just get the sandwiches.

- Metro-North...

- Deal is, he said, "Passes through. "

Yeah, but the Metro-North goes up there, though.

Look, shut up. It doesn't matter, anyway.

I know what he meant.

What he said is one thing,

but what he meant is another.

Yeah.

That's always a problem, isn't it?

Sandwiches.

I'm on it, I'm on it.

You know, right now I could go for a nice kosher hot dog and a beer.

I had Met tickets tonight.

And Pedro's pitching!

They're gonna get their asses kicked anyway.

Tell me about it. I'm better off here.

I'm glad they didn't separate us.

- Do you think they're terrorists?

- They're robbers, not terrorists.  
How do you know? They could be Al-Qaeda.  
Trust me. I've studied these things.

- What are you, Mossad?  
- No. I was a lawyer.  
Now I teach courses at Columbia Law  
on genocide, slave labour,  
- war reparation claims.  
- Mira.  
- Can I sue anybody when this is over?  
- Oh, sure. Go nuts.  
Go meshuga.  
Now that's a good looking shithole.  
- Hello?  
Hey, baby, how you doing?  
Baby, I'm worried about you.  
You coming home?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Soon.  
It's gonna be a long night, though,  
so don't wait up for me.  
Why don't you let me come down there?  
Because I don't want to be  
distracted by you, that's why.  
Well, if you're still there when I come  
on duty in the morning, you will see me.  
- I cannot wait. I cannot wait.  
- So, how you doing?  
It's all right. We got a couple  
of the hostages out. Thanks a lot.  
- No, no. How you doing?  
- I'm doing okay. I'm doing all right.  
Oh, I saw the Mayor on TV. He said  
you're doing a great job. I saw you, too.  
- You saw me on TV?  
- Yeah.  
- How'd I look?  
- You looked good, baby. Real good.  
- All right, listen. I got to go.  
- All right. Hey.  
- Keep your head down.  
- All right, I will. Love you.  
Come on.  
So, are we clear about the ground rules?  
- There's no need to worry, Detective.

- I get paid to worry, okay?

I just need you to look me in the eye  
and make me believe that you understand  
everything we talked about.

- I understand.

- Okay.

Someone here wants to talk to you.

- Hello?

- Who is this?

Let's not get into any names.

- What matters is what I can offer you.

- And what's that?

Well, if I can be assured  
that certain interests are protected,  
I might be able to help you get  
what you came for.

I doubt that.

Tell me about these interests  
that you are trying to protect.

Why don't you let me worry about that?

Now, what is it you were hoping to get out  
of all this?

- Rich, of course.

- Of course.

But you may have bitten off  
more than you can chew.

- How?

- I can't discuss that on the phone.

- You work for the bank?

- No.

And you're not a cop.

That's right.

Come on in.

You got 10 minutes. No more.

If you're not out  
before the lights come back on,  
you can stay inside until this thing is over.

- You don't need to threaten me.

- That's not a threat, lady, but this is.

I know this game is a mile over my head,  
but I'm telling you, if you fuck me over...

I got where I am by collecting friends,  
not enemies.

Trust me, okay?

You're on your own.  
What makes you think  
I need help?  
Well,  
the hundred people outside, for starters.  
It's not a problem.  
And they're fuelling  
your jet right now as we speak.  
Come on. You're not that stupid.  
Here's what I'm thinking.  
If you give up now,  
I can ensure that you'll serve the minimum.  
I'm thinking three years,  
four years at the most.  
You can arrange that?  
Well, you haven't hurt anyone  
or stolen anything,  
so yes, as a matter of fact, I can.  
- It's not good enough.  
- Well, I wasn't finished.  
When you get out, you'll have \$2 million.  
Will I? How?  
We'll put it someplace safe and it'll be  
waiting for you when you get out.  
Thanks.  
But no, thanks.  
Oh, come on. I made you such a sweet offer.  
I really don't think you have much  
in the way of alternatives.  
Why don't you talk to me about these  
interests that you're in here to protect?  
- I'm afraid I can't.  
- I can.  
Let me tell you a story.  
During World War II, there was an American  
working for a bank in Switzerland.  
Now, I don't need to tell you  
that this period in history  
was rife with opportunity  
for people of low morals.  
People like this man.  
He used his position with the Nazis  
to enrich himself while all around him  
people were being stripped



of everything they owned.

Then he used his blood money  
to start a bank.

Now,

does this sound like

it might be the man you work for?

Or am I just whistling Dixie out of my ass?

- I believe we understand each other.

- Good.

So, what the hell can you do for me  
since I clearly know more than you do,  
and I've planned this to perfection?

Believe me, if I need to,

I can change your entire programme.

So, the sooner

that you stop being my problem  
and you start becoming my solution,  
the better off you'll be.

- What is it you want?

- Two minutes.

The safety deposit box room.

I just need to go to one box.

Looking for this?

This could be very embarrassing  
to your employer.

He should have destroyed this  
a long time ago.

He didn't, so now it's mine.

Now, if the day ever comes  
where I have to stand before a judge  
and account for what I did here,  
you and your boss

will do whatever it takes to help me.

You get out of here with that envelope,  
and we'll pay you a lot of money.

I'll keep that in mind.

You're not gonna tell me how you're  
planning to get out of here, are you?

I'm gonna walk right out the front door.

Anything else?

- How did you know about all this?

- Doesn't matter.

Fact is, all lies, all evil deeds, they stink.  
You can cover them up for a while,

but they don't go away.

- Murder will out?

- Precisely.

Well, I still don't get what you're doing here.

Really?

Good.

So, we spoke.

Oh, no. You're gonna have to give me more than that.

- Let me have this window, fellows.

- Yes, sir.

I told him that, well, since he hadn't killed anyone, it wasn't too late to surrender and get off with a lighter sentence.

And?

And that was basically it.

You know, I don't ordinarily get offended the first time somebody treats me like an idiot, but you are pushing it.

Now, I know you did not go in there to tell this guy something he already knew.

Talk to me.

Look, Detective.

Our arrangement doesn't include me giving you a detailed explanation.

I say it does, okay?

Okay, you don't own me.

This cheque-cashing thing, this coke bust, I can face that on my own.

I know what I did and what I didn't do.

- Talk to me.

- Off the record?

"Off the... " Everything about you is off the record. Just talk to me.

- Well, I gave him an incentive.

- Okay.

- Did he go for it?

- No. But I'd say he's considering it.

He's smart, isn't he?

- He thinks he is.

- Yeah.

One of your types, like the Ivy League type?

- Clearly well educated.  
- That's what I'm talking about.  
That's exactly what I'm talking about.  
You talk like him, so think like him.  
What do you think he's gonna do?  
- Well, he's not gonna kill anyone.  
- How do you know?  
- Because he's not a murderer.  
- How do you know?  
I got news for you.  
Most of the guys up in Sing Sing  
weren't murderers  
until they killed somebody.  
You never know what a person will do  
until you push him into a corner.  
But it doesn't seem  
like you've pushed him into a corner.  
It doesn't, does it?  
Seems more like he chose the corner.  
You're right.  
So, you through?  
- I guess. Are you saying I'm dismissed?  
- Yes, I am.  
You got a card, in case I need to call you?  
Please don't take this personally, but no.  
I don't think you can afford me.  
Well, don't take this personally, Miss White.  
Kiss my black ass, okay?  
Careful, Detective Frazier.  
My bite's much worse than my bark.  
- So, how old are you, Brian?  
- Eight and three-quarters.  
Eight and three-quarters. Big boy.  
- Were you scared in there?  
- No.  
- No? Not at all, huh?  
- Nope. I'm from Brooklyn.  
You're from Brooklyn, huh? I understand.  
- Guns don't scare me.  
- They don't scare you?  
- Brave, too, huh?  
- Yeah.  
So the guys that had the guns,  
do you remember them saying anything?

- Yeah.

- What'd they say?

They asked me about my game.

- Who did?

- The guy that robbed the bank. Duh.

Son, be respectful.

Okay, Brooklyn.

But it... Was he the one in charge?

- Uh-huh.

- Okay.

And you don't remember anything else?

He was kind of tall.

He had a mask.

Brian, you think you can recognise him  
in any of these pictures?

Take your time. Have a good look.

Let's keep that over there. Just take a look.

- With the mask, they look all the same.

- It's true.

With the mask, they all look the same.

That's right, Brian.

Attempted robbery. Liquor store.

Well, this was a real step up  
for a small-timer like you, huh?

I got to hand it to you, Pablo.

First of all, it's Paul. Not Pablo, okay?

Excuse me.

- You want some gum?

- No.

And second, I didn't do it, all right?

What? I made a few mistakes  
when I was a kid.

I was out with some friends  
and they held up a liquor store.

What was I supposed to do?

Where'd you grow up, you Wassa Wassa,  
Park Avenue?

- What's that? Wassa what? What'd you say?

- Wassa Wassa.

You know, a person  
that don't come to your neighbourhood.

How do you say "Rikers Island" in Spanish?

What about these two?

That ring a bell?

These two? No.

- Nothing?

- Nothing.

Don't they look suspicious to you?

I mean, I would think that you would want to know who they are.

No.

- Well, thank you very much.

- Thank you.

Hey, just out of curiosity

do you know anything about diamonds?

A bit. What do you need?

What do you think a guy like me should pay for a diamond ring?

Depends. How many carats?

If you'd like, I could give you my nephew's number.

- Okay.

- You'll get a very good deal.

What do you have on underneath?

- Excuse me?

- Underneath your painter's coat?

- What do you have on underneath?

- Clothing.

Could you show us, please?

You see, there's just you and one other woman

that fit the physical description of the female suspect.

What's that?

It's your height, your age, and your...

Your cup size.

So, I violated Section 34 double-D?

That's what you're telling me?

How dumb do these morons have to be to think they're gonna get a plane?

This guy's no moron.

I don't just mean him. Any hostage taker.

Those ragheads at the Munich Olympics.

Who the fuck ever got a plane?

Shit, and these days?

This guy doesn't know that?

The area is flooded

with law enforcement right now.

Snipers are on rooftops...

What you doing there, Keith?

He wants a plane.

I'm gonna give him a plane.

- What happened to playing it by the book?

- That's what's bugging me.

It's like the other team read the book, too,  
and they know exactly what we're gonna do.

This whole time,

we're trying to stall him, right?

Wrong. They're the ones that are stalling.

Think about it.

The bullshit questions, the Albanian thing...

So, you're saying he what?

I'm saying that he wants

to give us more time. He makes demands.

He gives us deadlines. We stall.

Then he gives us more time.

I don't think he's in a rush.

- Why?

- That's what I'm gonna find out.

- Yeah.

- Your plane is ready.

Is that a fact?

That's a fact, but I'm gonna need something  
from you first.

I'm gonna need to come in there  
and make sure the hostages are okay.

You'll see them when they get on the bus.

I just need to make sure  
you're not leaving any bodies behind.

Meet me at the front door.

- What the hell just happened?

- You got to be crazy to go in there.

Down the stairs.

- Gum?

- Excuse me?

- Would you like some gum?

- No, thank you.

Let me take the kid.

No.

Any more?

There are some who misbehaved.

Please help me!

Please help us!

Please help us! Please!

We're gonna get you all out of here.

I promise you.

Tour is over.

- Can I ask you a question?

- There is nothing to talk about.

What were you planning on doing

if you actually got

the plane and the pilots, huh?

- Excuse me?

- You don't want a plane. You never did.

Who ever heard of bank robbers

escaping on a plane with 50 hostages?

You saw Dog Day Afternoon. You're stalling.

Why? I don't know.

What's the matter?

You can't get into the safe?

Perhaps.

There's two ways out of this.

The easy way, we walk out the front door  
together, or the hard boys cut the power,

hit you with the tear gas,

and come in strong through the glass.

It's your choice. You don't want that.

I don't want that.

And, you know, they'd like to do it tonight.

You got night vision?

- You got gas masks?

- Maybe.

- I'm this close to ordering it.

- Let's cut the crap.

First, you don't order an assault  
when no hostages have been killed  
and there's no immediate threat.

Second, if it ends that way,  
whatever happens,

you don't get to be the hero.

You want to bullshit me, try harder.

Let's go.

Okay.

I tell you what. My ass is covered, sport.

But I would not get too comfortable  
in here if I were you.

No? I got the cable guy  
coming on Wednesday.

- Why don't you just walk out the door?

- I will.

I'm gonna walk out of that door  
when I'm good and ready.

Can I get you to do that today?

I didn't think so.

Any other proposals?

Oh, please. Do not say "proposals. "

My girlfriend, she wants a proposal from me.

- You think you're too young to get married?

- No, I'm not too young. Too broke.

Maybe I should rob a bank.

You love each other?

Yeah. Yeah, we do.

Then money shouldn't really matter.

Thank you, bank robber.

I'm just saying money can't buy love.

Thank you very much. I'm...

I'm learning so much today, you know?

Look, why don't we go across  
the street to the Killarney Rose, huh?

Forget about  
this dangerous hostage situation.

- I'll buy you a beer. My treat.

- Thanks, Detective,  
but I'm trying to stay away from bars,  
if you know what I mean.

Well, if you change your mind  
there's still a standing offer, all right?

Cellblock or the graveyard?

Prison whites or a toe tag?

- Make up your mind. Tick tock, tick tock.

- Hey! Hey!

We done?

You just crossed the fucking line!

Buses, Kojak, parked outside.

You think I'm bluffing?

You roll the dice and see what happens.

All right. Now get the bunker up.

- So, what's up?

- Got him right where I want him.

Yeah? Where's that?



Right behind me with my pants  
around my ankles, but it's a start.

Jesus Christ.

- What the fuck, man?

- How long?

- He got the drop on you!

- Two.

- How long?

- What if he saw your face?

- Two.

- What if I didn't have my gun?

Two, maybe three hours.

You know, you're letting this cop  
get too fucking close.

What happened?

I gave him every excuse  
to blow my brains out.

Yeah.

He doesn't bite. Why? He ain't the type.

Let's just step back

and think about this for a second.

We know that they planned this whole thing.

The tape, the cameras, the costumes.

There was a game plan,

but it never included aeroplanes.

He's up to something but it ain't violence.

I'm listening.

How's the reception?

- Excuse me?

- The camera on the truck.

Give me a close-up

on the second-floor window.

- Rourke?

- I'm on it, I'm on it.

No, no, no, no, no, no! Fuck!

Oh, shit.

Keith! Keith! Keith!

What are you doing?

What the fuck are you doing?

You mean beyond the obvious?

That's what I mean.

Come on, this ain't no bank robbery!

This is your fault.

I told you to get the buses.

Fuck you! I didn't kill anybody.  
I got 50 more people in here.  
You fuck with me again,  
I'll give you two  
of the longest days of your life.  
All right, look, just tell me what  
it is you really want and I'll get it for you.  
- I promise.  
- I've told you. Two buses, a plane.  
Right, right. And box seats  
behind home plate at Yankee Stadium.  
Come on, don't bullshit a bullshitter.  
You planned every inch of this thing  
right from the start.  
You got everybody marching to your beat,  
including me, and I'm through buying it.  
You're too damn smart to be a cop.  
Now get the fuck out of here.  
What? You going to shoot me?  
Do it. Shit, you got nothing to lose.  
I damn sure ain't got nothing to lose,  
so shoot me.  
Do it.  
- Shoot me.  
- Fuck you.  
Tell them to send someone sane over here.  
We got a big problem.  
Hey, Detective, this ain't your day.  
How you doing, Captain?  
Look, I know you  
put your trust in me and I just...  
Well, you're a good cop.  
Frazier, I need more like you.  
But if you're going down on this one,  
I can't go with you.  
You got to understand this, though, sir...  
No, no, no. Let me just tell you  
what my problem is, okay?  
I go to bed, everything's hunky-dory.  
I get a call at 3:15, and there's what?  
A dead hostage.  
- Right, right, right. But I can end this...  
- It is ended.  
See, you think I got options.

I got to answer to the Chief of D's.  
Darius is calling the shots on this. That's it.  
Hey, Sarge.  
- What'd he say?  
- That's it.  
Shit.  
It's a tactical nightmare.  
I know.  
Well, first, this is the only way in.  
Then we got to make it up the stairs blind.  
Once we get up there,  
we're right out in the open.  
They have the advantage of cover.  
They can pick us off like sitting ducks.  
Then if we make it across the floor  
and down the stairs,  
we still can't tell the homies  
from the good guys until they shoot at us.  
Even if it isn't rigged with explosives,  
it's still a fucking nightmare.  
Move! Move! Move!  
Open the door!  
Keep moving.  
To the right.  
Watch the hands,  
watch the hands.  
And let's not forget the possibility  
of hostages being killed.  
Right now! Put the gun down!  
Back off or I shoot! I said back off!  
Well, our best hope  
is to separate them from the hostages.  
If we can get two or three upstairs  
and take them out?  
Kill them?  
Gun! Gun! Gun!  
What if there's more than four?  
Yeah, well, that's what's so nuts about it.  
Anybody in a painter's suit could be a perp.  
Maybe we should dress our guys up  
like a bunch of painters.  
And we should use rubber bullets.  
Take head shots. Put their lights out.  
Not a bad idea.

Yeah.

Rubber bullets it is, baby.

If this goes down wrong,  
they're going to dump this whole mess  
in your lap, you know?

- I'm making First Grade.

- What?

I'm making Detective First Grade.

Things ain't all they appear to be.

- What the fuck does that mean?

- Detective First Grade Keith Frazier.

- Are you fucking kidding me?

- Yes.

Thank the Mayor

and our mystery guest for that.

You cut a deal with those guys?

Never make First Grade? Shit.

Worked too hard to let that happen.

Everybody's getting theirs.

I'm gonna get mine.

I'll be outside.

What a day, what a day.

Detective, they're gonna storm that bank  
without you? It's not right.

So, tell me about the kid

who pointed the gun at you, the 12-year-old.

- Now?

- Yeah.

Last year, up in the 33rd,

I was breaking up a fight

about a half a block from the high school.

This one little spic is getting

his clock cleaned by another one.

Do me a favour, Sergeant.

Just tone down the colour commentary.

So I bust up the fight,

I turn around

and this kid is pointing a .22 at my chest.

- Is that right? Now, which kid was this?

- Another kid, an African-American.

- An African-American, right?

- Yeah.

Came out of nowhere. I didn't see him.

So, what'd you do?

What did I do then?  
I'll tell you what I did then.  
I got shot in the fucking chest.  
That's what I did then.  
Yeah, so you'll pardon  
my euphemisms, Detective,  
but I would rather wind up an old bigot  
than a handsome young corpse.  
Now, no offence, Detective,  
but I'm just trying  
to keep them away from us.  
Now, what do you say we just  
get these people safely out of the bank?  
I hear that.  
And I'll try and watch  
what I say in the future.  
You never know who's listening.  
What are you doing?  
Jesus. Shit.  
They bugged us.  
They bugged us.  
Darius!  
Darius, don't make a move!  
- What?  
- It's all fucked up!  
Do not make a move! Keep your men back!  
What are you talking about?  
They heard everything we said in the M.C.C.  
- What?  
- Stand down! Stand down!  
The drawer with the demands in it!  
They heard everything we said!  
They put a transmitter in it!  
They bugged us!  
No, no, no. I'm going in.  
Shit.  
Get everyone together.  
Steve! Steve-O!  
They're coming in.  
- Everybody good?  
- Yeah.  
All right! Everybody out!  
- Put your masks on!  
- Everyone out! Out!

- Go now!  
- Go!  
Go! Go! Go!  
Now!  
Get the fuck out!  
Move!  
Everybody up the fucking stairs!  
Move!  
Move!  
- Don't shoot! Don't shoot!  
- Don't shoot!  
- Get down! Get down on the ground!  
- Don't shoot!  
Cease fire!  
Cease fire! Cease fire!  
Cease fire! Cease fire!  
Let's go, people.  
Put your hands on your head!  
Get down!  
Put your hands on your head.  
- Will somebody stop him?  
- Get down!  
Put your hands on your head.  
- Put your hands on your head.  
- Get them down!  
- On the ground!  
- Put your hands on your fucking heads!  
Do not move!  
- Get down, put your hands on your head!  
- Put the cuffs on them! Let's go!  
What's going on?  
Don't take any chances!  
It wasn't me! I'm not a criminal!  
Cuffs!  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!  
- Don't move!  
- I'm not moving!  
- Don't move!  
- Do not move!  
Check them. Make sure they ain't got  
no weapons on them and shit.  
Hernandez!  
Right here.  
E.S.U. team, line up!

Door to the left, door to the left.

- Clear on the right.

- Clear!

- Left side clear.

- Clear!

- Clear.

- Clear.

- All clear!

Check under the desk.

- Clear.

- Checking the office. All clear, Sarge.

- Clear.

- Clear.

Clear.

Clear.

All clear, Sarge.

All clear. E.S.U. on the stairs.

Line it up!

Let's go, guys.

Team in, team in. Let's go.

Clear!

- Clear.

- Clear.

- Clear.

- Clear.

Clear.

- Clear, Sarge.

- Clear.

Give me a bunker up here.

I need a bunker up front.

Bringing the bunker up.

Clear, Sarge.

Clear.

- We're almost clear down here.

- Make sure you're sure.

- I'll keep looking.

- Stay on it.

Roger that.

Ready? Let's go.

This is the last door.

- Clear, Sarge!

- Come on down.

Did you find a dead hostage?

- Negative.

If it ain't here,  
you must've missed something.  
Maybe, but I'm pretty sure we're  
the only ones moving around down here.  
Check this out. They forgot to rob the joint.  
Holy shit.  
And you didn't find anybody?  
We're still looking,  
but there are no bad guys,  
no booby traps, no tunnels, no damage.  
- And nothing missing.  
- Great, great, great.  
We'll put out a city-wide description  
for David fucking Copperfield, then, huh?  
Listen, I'm not trying to tell you  
your jobs, Detectives,  
but unless they swam out  
through the toilets,  
whoever did this  
is upstairs sucking pavement.  
All right, good job.  
What's that?  
Cell phones.  
- Hey, guys! You need to see this.  
- Okay.  
Collins! Grab a uniform, make a quick count  
of that money in there, all right?  
- Yes, sir.  
- And stand by, all right?  
Don't let anybody get tempted,  
including you!  
Yes, sir!  
Right here, Detective.  
- What do you got?  
- You're going to love this one. Toy guns.  
Fake guns. You got to be kidding me.  
- Toys.  
- As if it wasn't weird enough already.  
Cap,  
come to the ladies' room.  
On my way.  
Check it out.  
We can stop looking for that body.  
Fake guns.



Fake execution.

Nobody goes home

till we get everybody's story.

Cap, we got something else  
in the storage room.

- Porcario?

- Yo.

- Where's the men's room?

- Down the hallway on the left.

Pick them up, pick them up. Toss them.

I'm a hostage.

Stop pushing.

Female hostages to be searched  
by female officers only!

All right, listen,

let's get these people up.

- I can't hear you. What?

- Valerie Keepsake.

Valerie Keepsake. Go, go, get on the bus.

- Kenneth Damerjian.

- Yeah.

Person one.

- I'm Peter Hammond.

- Eric Dodge.

- Wait!

- Chaim. My name's Chaim.

Fucking cocksucker.

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Just give me your name.

Just give me your name.

Say your name.

I work in the bank!

I'm the bank security guard!

Nobody's listening!

Okay, we'll straighten it out.

Everybody's saying listen!

Nobody's listening!

We'll straighten it out. Come on.

- Listen, I'm not getting on the bus!

- Yes, you are.

Move! Move! Move!

- I am not! I work at the bank!

Collins, you got this?

Listen, I work at the bank!

All right, just get him on the bus.  
Get him on the bus.  
- Nobody's listening!  
- All right. Calm down. Get on the bus.  
Come on, guys, guys!  
Over this way. Over this way.  
Officer, take her over to Sarge. Come on.  
Come on, let's get going  
with these people off that line over there.  
Come on.  
Captain, I'm telling you,  
this thing is a mess.  
They thought this one out, soup to nuts.  
So, lay it out for me.  
We photograph everybody  
that came out of the bank.  
We sit them down, we question them,  
we show them the photos.  
Most of them can't point to anybody  
that's guilty of anything.  
We ask them if they could recognise  
anybody who was not one of the bad guys.  
Even if we considered someone  
as a possible suspect,  
there's one or two or three other people  
that would rule them out.  
It's like the thing never happened.  
- What about prints?  
- Everywhere. So what?  
- All it shows is that these people were there.  
- Alibis?  
Just about everyone.  
Even if their alibi was weak,  
a hostage would identify them  
as being one of the good guys.  
There we are, back to square one.  
Priors?  
We got one employee who had  
some juvie stuff. One customer had...  
Excuse me.  
One customer had an out-of-state warrant  
for child support.  
Another one had a couple of priors,  
G.L.A. mostly.

Again, same problem.

Plus, he was a fucking idiot.

- Bank cameras?

- Useless.

I'm telling you,

they thought of everything. Almost.

- Sounded like everything to me.

- But this.

We haven't found that. 357

or the perp that was holding it.

If you did, there'd be no prints on it anyway.

- Bury it.

- Bury it?

What the fuck do you expect me to say?

Captain, this thing stinks to high hell.

I mean, somebody did something here.

You said it yourself.

You got no robbery. No suspects.

Nobody's breathing down my neck

to come up with answers.

I'm not gonna breathe down yours. Bury it.

I wasn't expecting this.

I promise you,

I'll find you guys more cases to solve.

Okay.

Oh, here's something

that you probably did expect.

- They found that missing Madrugada money.

- No shit.

Yes, you want to know where it was?

- In my bank account?

- No.

- My summer house in Sag Harbour?

- No.

- My wallet?

- No.

Then, no. I don't want to know.

This is bullshit, man.

I mean, we're the only ones left

trying to catch the bad guys

and they're gonna come after us like that?

I'll tell you what.

Every one of your accusers, man,

I say we go after them all, Keith,

Michael Corleone style.

"Michael Corleone,  
do you renounce Satan?"

"Yes, I renounce him. "

There's no 392.

- Huh?

- Safety deposit box number 392.

According to these records, it doesn't exist.

Pinstriped, mayonnaise, lying motherfucker.

- Didn't Coughlin say we should move on?

- Let's go.

Thank you, again, Your Honour.

I'll come pick it up tomorrow?

- Yes, you're welcome.

- Thank you.

What are you doing, Detective?

Now, what business do you have  
with Judge Pasqua?

Police business.

- Weren't you told to bury this?

- I got a job to do, Miss White.

And since when is your job

more important than your career?

- Or did you forget our arrangement?

- We didn't have any arrangement.

Let me tell you how this works. You...

No, let me tell you how this works.

You press here to record

and you press here to play.

There's

also the matter of the \$140,000

that seems to have walked away

from the Madrugada cheque-cashing bust.

I didn't have anything

to do with that, so...

We'd like to be

in your corner on that.

In exchange for what? I mean, what,

do you want me to do something unethical?

I mean, no disrespect to the both of youse

but I don't need you

to be in my corner, Mr Mayor.

Look, I'm innocent.

Innocent or guilty,

you're still going down.  
Give Miss White whatever  
she needs, or your career is over.  
Done.  
Kaput.  
So? You gave me what I wanted.  
Your career is blossoming  
and all is right with the world.  
What was Case hiding?  
You know, there's a famous saying  
by the Baron de Rothschild.  
"When there's blood on the streets,  
buy property. "  
I think Mr Case  
really took that sentiment to heart.  
But he is no different  
than half the Fortune 500.  
Let it go, Detective.  
You're a good cop.  
This city needs you.  
- Lady! Lady, you're in the wrong place.  
- I have an appointment.  
Arthur.  
- Good morning.  
- Miss White.  
Have a seat.  
Thank you, Vincent. That's all for now.  
Thank you.  
Well. What did he say?  
Well, Detective Frazier  
turned out to be quite sharp.  
But I just fast-tracked his career a little  
and he's under control.  
I hope so. Tell me about the envelope.  
Where is it now?  
Well, the gang leader  
is going to hang on to it,  
as an insurance policy  
to keep you from seeking revenge.  
Clearly, he has a very low opinion of you.  
And what might that be?  
Well, let's see.  
In a nutshell, that you got rich,  
doing business with the Nazis

during the Holocaust.

Yes.

It was 60 years ago.

I was young and ambitious.

I saw a short path to success and I took it.

I sold my soul.

And I've been trying to buy it back  
ever since.

But you and this mystery man,  
you have an understanding?

I think so. And he managed  
to get out of there with that envelope.

If someday  
he comes back to blackmail you, well,  
you'll pay him. And you'll get it back.

- So, I guess that's it.

- I suppose so.

- Bullshit.

- I beg your pardon?

He didn't go through all that just to stick  
your envelope under his mattress.

Look, they left money untouched, Arthur.

So?

So, he had to have walked out of there  
with something else.

The bank says  
that there was nothing missing.

So, there had to have been  
something in that box

that was worth more to him  
than your envelope.

You don't have to tell me.

There's only one thing it could be anyway.

Diamonds.

And then there's the ring.

Cartier ring.

It belonged to the wife of a Parisian banker.

Wealthy family of French Jews.

And when the war came along,  
the ring and everything else they owned  
was confiscated and they were shipped off  
to concentration camps. None survived.

We were friends.

I could have helped them.

But the Nazis paid too well.  
Can I trust that you will keep  
what you've learnt  
here today confidential?  
Despite whatever you may think?  
Yes, Arthur.  
Well, I'd love to tell you  
what a monster you are,  
but I have to help bin Laden's nephew  
buy a co-op on Park Avenue.  
If that were true, you wouldn't tell me.  
We're listing you as a reference.  
My name is Dalton Russell.  
Pay strict attention to what I say  
because I choose my words carefully  
and I never repeat myself.  
I've told you my name. That's the "who. "  
The "where" could most readily  
be described as a prison cell.  
But there is a vast difference  
between being stuck in a tiny cell  
and being in prison.  
The "what" is easy.  
Recently I planned and set in motion  
events to execute the perfect bank robbery.  
That's also the "when. "  
As for the "why, "  
beyond the obvious financial motivation,  
it's exceedingly simple.  
Because I can.  
Which leaves us only with the "how. "  
And therein, as the Bard would tell us,  
lies the rub.  
He's gonna smell like shit.  
What do you expect after a week?  
Yeah.  
Why do you think I rolled down the window?  
Oh, shit.  
That cop, Frazier, and his partner  
are walking into the bank.  
- Are they coming for me?  
- Can't say. It's just the two of them.  
Yeah, everything's going great today.  
No.

**Yeah, about 5:**

Sounds like fun. Okay.

Talk to you later.

- Sorry.

- Excuse me.

Mr Hammond?

Good morning, Detectives.

Just like he planned.

I got a court order here  
to open a safe deposit box.

Number 392.

Oh, thank God.

Where is it?

I left it in there.

This way, Detectives.

Why did you do that? You left the ring.

Trust me.

I left it in good hands.

I'm no martyr.

I did it for the money.

But it's not worth much  
if you can't face yourself in the mirror.

Respect is the ultimate currency.

I was stealing from a man  
who traded his away for a few dollars.  
And then he tried to wash away his guilt.  
Drown it in a lifetime of good deeds  
and a sea of respectability.

- Let me get that.

- Let me.

It almost worked, too.

Okay.

But inevitably,  
the further you run from your sins,  
the more exhausted you are  
when they catch up to you.

And they do.

Son of a bitch.

Certain.

It will not fail.

What do you think that's worth?

If you got to ask, man,  
you can't afford it.



Thank goodness my girlfriend ain't here.

"Follow the ring"?

- Detective Frazier.

- Mr Case.

- How are you?

- I am great.

Nobody got killed at the bank.

Everybody's happy. My kind of day.

That's wonderful. Wonderful.

- Detective Mitchell.

- Mr Case.

- Be seated, gentlemen.

- Thank you.

- Can I offer you anything?

- No.

I must say

I was most impressed

by the way you handled that business.

Thank you, Mr Case.

Whenever I hear the term

"New York's Finest"

you're who I think of.

You keep the rest of us safe

and make it look easy.

- Pardon me.

- Well, what's so amusing?

When you say "the rest of us," Mr Case,

I mean, you got to look around.

"The rest of us" is a category

that you haven't qualified for in a long time.

Touch, Detective.

I won't deny it. I've done well.

Yes, you have. But I'm very confused.

You see, I got a case

where armed robbers

laid siege to your bank.

It is your bank, right?

Well, I'm Chairman of the Board of Directors.

Then ita-zita-vene-gazoo.

The robbers disappear. Poof.

And they don't take a nickel, right?

- You're asking me?

- Yes, I'm asking you.

I mean, it's your bank. You own it.

I'm asking you.  
It's a tiny part of our organisation.  
No robbers. No real victims.  
No loot missing.  
It's got to be the first time  
in law-enforcement history.  
I never heard of it before.  
So, you got to ask yourself, "What the fuck  
happened?" Don't you, Mr Case?  
I'm not quite sure I like your tone, Officer.  
You don't like my tone?  
Then give me a straight answer.  
It's the founding bank of your empire.  
You built it. It's your baby.  
Give me a straight answer.  
What do you think happened?  
- I have no idea.  
- Oh, come on, now. Come on.  
I'll tell you what I think happened.  
I think you sent that woman in there  
to patch things up.  
Miss White. I think you paid her.  
What was she doing in there?  
Look, this is absurd.  
Are you implying that  
I had anything to do with it?  
Safe deposit box 392.  
What's the story on that?  
- I have no idea what you're...  
- Don't lie to me, Mr Case.  
- I don't lie.  
- I looked at all the records.  
All the bank records  
for safe deposit boxes at your bank.  
At first glance, everything looked fine,  
but there was one safe deposit box  
that had no records.  
I mean, going all the way back to 1948.  
So I started thinking.  
Who would have the answer to this riddle?  
Probably the man who forgot to mention  
that he built the bank  
in the first place in 1948.  
It doesn't add up, Mr Case.

It does not add up.  
I'm afraid I can't be  
of any further use to you, Detective.  
It's something really bad, isn't it?  
Mr Frazier, I have spent  
my whole life serving humanity.  
You can ask anyone who knows me.  
They'll vouch for me,  
and for the things that I've done.  
You think they'll vouch for you  
after I find out the truth about this ring?  
I don't think so.  
Oh, by the way, that thing you said  
about us being New York's finest?  
I want you to know,  
we really appreciate that.  
How gracious.  
Let's go. We're gonna follow that ring.  
- Hey, Keith, let me see your shoe.  
- What?  
- Let me see your shoe.  
- Why?  
'Cause I have never seen anybody  
put their foot that far up a guy's ass.  
Yeah, I guess I did, didn't I?  
Oh, man. You cut him an ass  
the length of the Lincoln Tunnel.  
We're gonna need a traffic cop on that shit.  
Good afternoon, sir.  
- Do you have a reservation?  
- Looking for the Mayor.  
- May I have your hat, please?  
- No, you cannot. Get your own.  
They're looking to invest  
\$4 billion over the next four years.  
And that's all in place.  
Sorry to interrupt you, Mr Mayor,  
but there's an old American saying,  
"When there's blood on the streets,  
somebody's got to go to jail. "  
Edwin, could you please excuse us  
for a minute?  
What's this about, Detective?  
I believe Detective Frazier

is looking for some closure?  
That's a good word. Closure.  
Case closed, you know what I mean?  
This is the number  
of the War Crimes Issues office  
in Washington, D.C.  
How'd you like to be on the front page  
of the New York Times?  
That'd be great.  
Make sure they spell my name right, though.  
That's Frazier with a "z".  
You can keep the pen.  
You made copies?  
Please.  
We got to keep the real criminals  
off the streets, Your Honour.  
All right, well, thanks for lunch.  
War crimes, huh?  
What have you got me into this time?  
Mama?  
- Did you bring Big Willie?  
- And the twins.  
Slow down, girl.  
I'll get my gun off  
before I get my gun off, okay?  
Pow, pow.  
- Sorry.  
- Excuse me.  
Why don't you  
just walk out the door?  
I will.  
I'm gonna walk out of that door  
when I'm good and ready.  
Son of a bitch.  
Come on, honey.  
The handcuffs are getting cold.