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Liberty Stands Still

By Kari Skogland

Man:

Hey, Daddy, look at me!
I'm not wearing any underwear.
Are you going | to be able to concentrate?
Not if you aren't here.
(laughs) | I'm on my way.
We hit some weather | in Washington,
so I just got off the plane.
I don't think | I'll make curtain,
but I won't miss | your entrance.
Have I ever missed? | (laughs)
What's wrong?
Today is the last show.
Aw. Are you sad for us | or for the show?
For us.
Oh, I'm touched.
(phone beeps)
Hold on.
Hang on, Victor.
Hey, what's up? | Client doesn't like London now.
Is Paris set up? | Yeah.
I just have to talk to Brian. | Already did, he's fine with it.
Looking forward to seeing us | in New York for a champagne toast.
I said, | "Friday would be okay?"
Sounds fine. | I'll call you later, okay?
(phone beeps) | Russell?
Sorry, baby. | Russell: That your husband?
Uh. Huh. | Now where were we?
Oh yeah, my underwear.
Look, I didn't want to tell you | this over the phone, but...
I've fallen | in love with you.
(phone beeps)
Shit, hold on.
What is it, Victor?
I am counting on you | for dinner, you know.
Why?

Victor:

George is dawdling | on this thing.
He desires you and I think he can | close it tonight, that's why.
You know, I don't think | I can make it.
But I'll try | to make dessert, okay?
Don't wait for me.

George?

Thanks for holding. | Listen, 9:00 might be better
if it's not too late. | Good.

(phone beeps)

Russell? | Yes.

We had a deal, remember?

So you're just going | to have to deal
with me pining and moaning over | what we might've had together.
You didn't hang up.

Woman:

So what does that mean?

I can't do this.

If you're going to bail, | you'd best do it now.

(phone beeps)

Sweet.

But you didn't | scare her away.

Sounded too much | like you meant it.

I did.

Man:

Here we go, folks. | Last night.

Well, then I feel | like Cupid.

Please, don't hurt her | if that's what this is about.

Do you believe in God?

Russell:

Life's a walking shadow,
a poor player, that struts
and frets his hour | upon the stage
then is heard no more.

It's a tale told | by an idiot
full of sound and fury
signifying...

nothing.

If you move or speak, | this blows.

It's very sensitive.

For the next few moments
you're going to be closer | to your God
than you've ever been.

Don't waste it.

Man:

Let's get going. | (sighs)

(whispering) | Help.
(whistling)
What, motherfucker?
Jeez, | say something, fool.

Man:

Dwayne:

I got kosher, man. | I got turkey,
100%beef, you know, | and all that good stuff.
What, no vegetarian? | I got vegan, best on the market.
Can't tell | the difference.
Forget it. | Me, I'm going to go all the way.
100%beef. | And lips.
It's true. What do you think | they do with the lips, man?
Anus and spleen | and all that stuff.
It's all 100%cow.
Very funny.
I'll see you | next week.
Give my regards | to your boss.
(Dwayne chuckles)

Man:

Has any one seen Russell?

Woman:

He told me he'd be back by now. | Have you seen him?
In the carnal sense?
No, not yet.
Hey, find the ice queen | rich bitch and you'll find him.
Russell. | Help.
(jiggles knob) | Russell?
Please don't do this | to me again.
Russell you will personally | be responsible for my heart attack.
Five minutes, every one.
(breathing heavily)
She's still not | in her seat?
He left a message on my cell | 10 minutes ago
saying he would be here | 10 minutes ago.
Shit. Okay, | five more minutes, every one.
Should I be getting dressed? | Fuck off.
Okay.
I'll get dressed anyway,
just in case.

(beeping)

So you want to spot me | another gram?

It's the weekend. | Can't do that, Mel.

I got a big day, bro'.

Look, I'm going to tell you | something, man.

My boss is a mean | son of a bitch, all right?

I got kids, you know?

A hundred. I'll give you | the rest Monday... end of day.

Don't be waving that shit | around here, man.

Jesus.

Hey. | I swear.

You the man, Dwayne. | Whatever.

Hello, Dwayne.

Hey!

Has it been a week already? | Yeah.

Last performance tonight. | We're having a big party.

Yeah?

Well, they got some big numbers | coming in from New York next.

Oh, yeah. | Yeah.

Big deal.

(snorting)

Oh.

Wow.

You take care | of yourself, huh?

Got a good thing going on, | you and me, huh?

(cell phone rings)

Liberty Wallace.

Man:

My name's Joe. | What could I do for you, Joe?

Stand still.

Excuse me?

I'll need you | to pay attention.

Look, I'm late for a play. | Who is this?

Joe:

Asshole.

(phone beeps, rings)

(cell phone ringing)

Look, asshole, whoever you are, | if you call one more time...

Joe:

But then again, I guess you | didn't expect to like him either.

About a half hour?

Joe:

(gasps)

...so he needs you | to step in.
What do you want?

Joe:

Walk over | to the hot dog stand.
You need to be closer.
Aah!

Joe:

onto your cell number.
There's a bomb,
a really big bomb,
in that hot dog stand.
I'll shoot | innocent people.
We've got | a bit of ground to cover,
so I don't want | to have to kill you.
Walk closer
to the stand.
If your cell phone | goes dead
or you touch the mute button | for any reason, it'll blow.
It's irreversible translation.
No off switch.
There's enough | explosive in there
to take out | the whole block.
So...
you have a little problem | on your hands.
Now take a breath.
Liberty, could please | check your battery?
'Cause we need to know | how much time we have.
It's half charged.

Joe:

There's a pair of cuffs | hanging on the cart.
You've got quite | a decision to make.
Tell me what you want.
Your soul.
Fine, name a price.
Do you really think | I'd go through all this trouble
for cash?
You're going to have | put on that ankle cuff.
Then we're going | to have a talk.

Do it.

Do it. | No!

Okay, okay.

Joe:

On your ankle, please.

Tug. | Show me it's secure.

Good.

Okay, now I'll make | an honest man of my self.

Open the top left door | of the cart.

Liberty:

Joe:

I take it you have | some political affiliations.

Joe:

That's the problem.

I need yours.

Look, we could just cut | to the chase here.

I'm guessing you have a 223. | It's sophisticated.

You mean expensive. | That too.

Which means you're connected. | Yeah.

All right, you've got me | standing still. What's next?

Easy.

I get to decide | how this goes down.

(phone beeps) | Joe: I know it's not Russell,

because he's backstage | thinking about your future.

He's wondering whether you | put your panties back on

and are making | a run for it.

I'm sure you're wondering | if I'm working for your husband.

I'm not.

If he knew about Russell | he'd take it hard

and he's a very | violent man.

Hey, is Dwayne around?

No, he stepped away.

Is he going | to be back soon?

Did he leave anything | for Frank?

Tell him something, | he looks desperate.

No. | What?

No, I don't eat meat.

(Joe laughs) | Thank you.

He thinks you warned him | about the cops.

You having fun, Joe?

Yes.
But not like you think.
How much do you want?
Nothing. | It's not about cash.
It's about you.
You have two choices...
First, you die | an American hero.
Second...
you die still working | for the fat man.
Look, I have accounts | all over the world.
I have unlimited resources. | Tell me how much you want.
Is it all champagne | inside that pretty head?
I don't see | where this is going.
Ah, Liberty.
Memory lane.
The former you.
Life before | the Bulgari handbag.
What happened?
You know my husband... | Can't pin this on him.
He's just a thug | working on any side of the law
that'll give out | a check.
By the medals he earned during | his stint with the military,
some would say | he's a hero.
And what would you say, | Liberty?
I don't think | this is about
what I think | of my husband's track record.
Do heroes pray for war so that | they can sell their bullets?
We never discuss | our business.
Okay, Liberty.
You're in my sightline,
you're standing | next to a bomb,
and you're not at liberty | to discuss
that you and your husband | manufacture guns
and sell them | to any fucking country,
or street asshole,
or all. American kid | who'll pay you the cash.
(scoffs)
Hooray for | the American dream.
If you want something, | ask for it,
otherwise, | I'm just going to hang up.
Go ahead.
Is this about | the sale to Poland?
Serbia. | Poland.
(sighs)

Denial is a curious thing.
The shipment | never made it to Poland.
Serbians, Croats...
kids on both sides...
all died.
What's the fucking difference?
So you were there?
(beeping slowly)
(beeping fast)
(beeping slowly)
Go on, honey.
Hot dog, please.
Sure. Sure.
No mustard.
I said no mustard.
Cute. Don't make me | pull the trigger.
He's just a kid. | I have nothing to lose, Liberty.
Or haven't you figured | that out yet?
Go.
You know, | you know a lot about me.
What I'm thinking, | who I'm fucking...
just amazing, Joe.
And I'm your only friend | at this moment.
My final confessor. | That too.
So you whacking off | right now, baby, hmm?
Working out some | domination bullshit?
Tread carefully, | dear heart.
Why? In this game of yours, | the way I see it,
I die either way. | May as well have some fun.
VP Marketing, McCloud, | standard in American weaponry.
Kind of like Beretta is | to the Italians.
Ah, so that's | what this is about.
Your dilemma is...
when to pull the plug... | pull the plug...
Who are you going | to take with you?
And who are you going | to take with you?
Aah!

Man:

Now...
you've just been shot at | by your best. Selling rifle.
How does it feel?
How's it supposed to feel?
Real.

Fine, I'm terrified. | Is that what you want me to say?
Well, it's a start.
And you've got | a little over an hour
to sound like | you really mean it.
(sighs) | You want to know what makes me
so twisted?
Crazy?
The why of it all?
It's kind of funny. | Right now I feel absolutely sane.
But I know what it's like | to be twisted and crazy.
Something I don't think
that you've | ever experienced.

Liberty:

Don't compete.
You're right, you're probably | crazier than I've ever been.
(Joe laughs)

Man:

I mean, I don't have to...
Good God, he sucks.
I can't go out there.
(beeping)
So, you're quite a shot.
Yeah. I started | with BBs and squirrels.
You're a pretty | crack shot yourself.
Well, you know, my father wanted | a competition kid,
so I went for the medals.
You know what he did to me | the first time he took me
out in the bush?
He shot this deer. | The deer had a fawn.
You know | what he made me do?
He made me shoot it.
Close range.
And you pulled | the trigger.
I hated him | for making me do it.
I had nightmares. | How ironic.
Yeah.
Come on, let's get back | to the point.
Why are | you doing this, Joe?
You must meet | all kinds in your business.
Why do they? | Come on, I sell corporately.
It's not like I deal | with every asshole
who wants to wave | a big dick at something.

So it's about my dick?

(applause)

What if Russell | slit his wrists?

We should call | the police.

Slit his wrists?

Russell's the happiest man | I've ever met.

Happiness is the best cover | for clinical depression.

What? Did he tell you | he was depressed?

The man is dating a barracuda. | What's not to be depressed about?

You know, we're in a bit | of a time jam here.

This guessing game's | getting a bit tiring.

Why don't you just tell me | what's going on?

Fair enough.

I want you | to understand loss.

You lost someone...

to a gun accident?

No accident. | A willful act.

Premeditated.

Liberty:

Son?

(Liberty sighs)

Your daughter.

Look, I'm really sorry | for you and your family,
but is this how | she'd want you to act?

She's not alive to ask.

Liberty:

Misery needs company.

The blood is going | to spill into your hands,
where it belongs, | Liberty.

There's hundreds of people | who trade weapons.

I'm just one tiny speck | in all of this...

That's all it takes.

Presidents | and three. Year. Olds die
all in the name | of the Constitution.

They have metal detectors | and cops in schools.

Is that what makes | America great?

Okay, | I get where this is going.

I'll denounce | my involvement in weapons,

I'll denounce | the industry, fuck,

I'll denounce death | in general, okay?

We'll get the press here, | we'll cause a big scene.

Is that what you want?!

You're so full of shit.

Liberty:

but I'm standing next | to a goddamn bomb,
and it's going to cause | some serious damage.
So if you want coverage, | come on, let's get it going.
What were your father's | last words?
He has nothing to do | with this.
Yeah, I guess blowing | your brains out is...
is about as much | as any one person can ever say.
(laughs)
You seem to know a lot | about me and my family, Joe.

Joe:

And I get to atone | for the sins
of every cheap. Suit | fucking gun salesman?
Yeah, and your father.
He has nothing | to do with this. Fuck you!
This has nothing to do | with my father.
This is about you | going postal!
He's part | of the family legacy.

Liberty:

He is not! | You were an impressionable kid.
His money bought you | into a society
on both sides | of the law.
He's definitely | a part of this.
No he isn't.
(wolf whistles)
Try that \$5, 000 watch | you're wearing.
Fine. | Oh, better yet,
that \$25, 000 | wedding ring.

Liberty:

Say, honey...
(police radio chatter)
Where's Dwayne, | Ms. Liberty Wallace?
Oh, he had to step away. | I'm watching the stand.
You doing this | for a reason?

Joe:

It's hot today.

Joe:

Put your clothes on.
Yeah! I'll take whatever | you're selling.
Beat it.
A hot dog for the road.
Oops.
Good for sales. | I said beat it!
All right.
Whatever you're on, lady, | get more of it.
You're pissing me off.
I'll be right back.
Uh. Huh.
You're signing | his death warrant.
Is that what you want?
It's show time.
(officer grunts)
Your actions | have consequences.
You shot him? | God, you shot him.
He's dying as we speak.
(gasping)
Tell me what you want.
For one, | your company just made
a deal worth | several million dollars.
You're not going | to deliver.
(officer groaning)
Officer, | are you all right?
Oh my God.
(phone dialing)
Hello?
Yeah, there's an officer here. | He's bleeding.
I don't know, I think | the corner of 9th and Grace?

Joe:

That dick did it | on the take.
My name?
It's George.
McCannister. | I'm just standing here,
I don't really want...
Yeah, I'll wait.
I guess.
A fucking lot of people | are about to arrive.
This is your window | of opportunity, Liberty.
Let's call your husband. | No, don't.
I'll three. Way you. | Don't!
(phone dials, rings)

Secretary:

Yes, is he there, please? | May I say who's calling?
Liberty. | Excuse me?
His wife. | I'm calling for his wife,
who asked me to call
because she's | in a bit of a jam right now.

Secretary:

Make a copy | and distribute it
to code red | level security.

Secretary:

(clears throat)
What's up, Lib? | Joe: She's on the other line.
We're conferenced.
And who is this?
I'm Joe. Your wife's cuff ed | to a bomb wired to blow
if the cell phone dies.
I've also got one of your rifles | pointed at her
so I can shoot her
or any one else I figure | isn't working out.
Liberty?
(phone hangs up)

Joe:

He probably thinks | you're a terrorist.
Terrorist?
Why is that?
Because of the deals | you cut with Senator Tollman?
Government involvement | is classified.

Man:

J ust hold on a second.
Your husband | just hung up on you.
That's because he thought | he was protecting me.
We signed a no. Deals policy | so we wouldn't be vulnerable
to every... | every fucking terrorist.
It was a condition | for the military.
Oh, please. | What does signing a contract
really have to do with it?
(cell phone beeps)
Don't answer.
(cell phone beeps)

Victor:

It's for real. I'm at the corner | of 9th and Grace.
I have about 45 minutes | left on my battery.
(gunshot, screams)
Liberty, talk to me. | Any idea who we're dealing with?
No.
He said something about us | bailing on a deal.
I don't know | what he's talking about.
The only one big enough | is the one going through Paris.
Nothing more specific? | No!
I don't get it.
How did you leave it | with Washington?
Done. | The money's wired.
What does he want? | Hijack the shipment?
What does he want?
(screams)
I don't know what he wants!
He won't tell me.
This could be goodbye. | Don't get dramatic.
If they wanted you dead, | you would be.
I'm hanging up now. | I'm on it.
I don't fucking believe you. | If you do that again...
I'll shoot innocent people | on your behalf.
Oh, he didn't even | say goodbye, did he?
Well, he's got | a lot at stake.
International arms dealing | is tricky business.
No loyalties.
Call Brian.
I already did. | Oh, good boy.
Very good boy.
This is a hostage situation. | Your hands are tied.
(sighs)
What am I supposed | to do now,
go and sip tea | in a safe house
while my wife is | chained to a bomb?
Calm down.
You're a target too. | She knows the drill.
You both signed | the security agreement.
The machinery just kicked in. | I'm calm. I'm very calm.
(siren wailing)
Shit.

Officer 1:

Officer 2:

I didn't see anything.
1986 request backup. | Request immediate backup.
Shots fired, officer down, | possibly dead.

Officer 2:

Do you have | an open marriage,
or is it all just pretend | from the beginning?
I'm sure this isn't | about our marriage.
But I'm the last person you're | going to speak to on this Earth,
so might as well | tell me everything.
He'll hunt you down. | He might hunt you down.
You just became | a security risk.
You know, they took out JFK | over the price of oil,
so I'd say your chances | of being a military target
are pretty high.
Like you said, | the stakes are high.

Joe:

Am I right? Is that what | you tell yourself every day?
I'm only a cog | in the great wheel of misfortune.
That's the way it is.

Joe:

How the fuck | did that happen?
I can make a deal | or break one.
I have my own connections.
Get back to your | little theater gig,
backstage every Thursday...
body guards, off limits, | of course.
Do you pretend, | it's passion,
or is it like | taking Prozac?

Liberty:

(bleeping)
(Russell inhales)
He better be dead, or I swear | to God I'm going to kill him.
Call his publicist.
She'll know where | he's hiding.
You're on, folks.
(clapping)
(clapping)
Name your terms, Joe.

This is about dignity.
My daughter's death | robbed her of hers,
You're going to dredge up whatever | little nobility you have left...
and give the world a little | of what she had.
Can't believe | she'd want this.
She was a fighter.
Unlike you,
I wasn't.
I had to make a choice.
Jump out the window,
or live by the rules | that she died by.
What happened to her?
A boy in her school.
Armed and fucked up.
Headlines that make every | mommy and daddy in America
cross their fingers...
Ah, but for the grace | of God go I.
So...
now I'm using the same right | to bear arms that he had.
It's an all. In package, | I was told.
And you can't fuck with freedom...
to quote a phrase.
How do you know that?

Joe:

Ah. Brilliant.
Brilliant way to go out, | I thought.
In fact, it's...
it was what made me choose | you as the spokesperson.
Nobody knew what | my dad's note said.
(clinking)
Just fucking shoot me.
Get it over with, | I'm sick of your bullshit.
How do you know | so much about me?
I'm good with details.

Liberty:

Only the cops, | it was a long time ago,
the files are filed.
Unless you're a cop. | Is that it?
What makes you think | you should do this?
You don't have kids, | so you don't know.
God...
Bless America,

J ust give us a minute, | stay there.
(loudly singing)
What do you make of that?
Stand beside her...
Psych ward.
She may have seen something.
I'll check it out.
(loudly singing)
Hey, get back here.
I don't want them | getting any closer.
What do you got | your hands in the air for?
Don't come any closer.
Looks like your husband | sent some goons
to protect you | and your relationships.
He has Washington, | the Middle East,
the Mayor's office, | the police, the mob.
You guys work on | all sides of the fence.
Must be hard to keep track.
Did you see what | happened over there?
This is really about Victor.
You're a package.
What?
Now it's time | to make your deal with God.

Officer:

His walkie signal | is a bad thing
for sensitive explosives | detonators.
Get back!
There's a bomb | in here.
Did she say bomb?
So...
The chick's a looney.
Now what?
Well, thank you,
for getting | the ball rolling
but improvise again | and everything goes boom...
She said there's a bomb.
Let's call the Henry guys, | just in case.
Dispatch 1 1, 1986, | requesting Henry unit
into the alley | of 10th and Grace, ASAP.
Request DL T traffic control | between 7th and 12th,
Olive and Bay.

Dispatcher:

It's gang turf. Could be something | he stuck his nose into.

Dispatch:

Code three, responding | from Valencia to downtown.

Officer:

Should we clear the area?

Dispatch:

wait for H unit | and supervisor.

Paramedic, ETA, | seven minutes.

Officer:

Gentlemen, you're in a bit | of a grizzly situation here.

Bill, | you're here early.

Give us some space, | all right?

You know I'm always | on the hunt for that Emmy.

Yeah. We've got | nothing for you, yet.

Family hasn't been informed, | no names yet.

What happened?

Bill, we've been | here five minutes.

Just back off, you'll be | the first to know, I promise.

Okay. Yeah. | Promises, promises.

Dispatch:

(cell phone rings)

Repeat. One Adam 9 7, | please respond.

Bill Tollman.

Look at the hotdog stand.

She can tell | you the story.

No cameras yet.

Stay on the phone.

I want to know who you are | before I get any deeper into this.

You were happy to get | a tip 20 minutes ago.

Why all the sudden | the change of heart?

Because a cop is down.

Joe:

You're the only one | I'll let her talk to.

She saw it all.

Dispatch:

ETA, 12 minutes.

Bill!

Jesus Christ Bill. | Get back here.
The bomb squad's | on the way.
I got a guy on the cell phone, | tells me she's got the whole story.
Son of a bitch.
Wait until he gets back here.
No one... not you, not us... | goes over there.
I swear to God | I'll take you down, Bill.
Now get back here.
(sirens wailing)

Joe:

We're conferenced.
A. Team, Liberty Wallace,
please let me introduce | you to Bill Tollman.
We're lucky to have | Bill join us.
He's ambitious, smart, | and for the most part...
honest.
I'm sorry.
And you are?
I'm Joe. | I'm out for vengeance.
Liberty needs forgiveness.
And we both need publicity.
Why me?
Your lucky day.
Why don't you bring | him up to speed, Liberty?
He's got a military. Issue, | sniper rifle pointed right at you.
He's an excellent shot.
There's a bomb | in the hot dog cart.
It's set to blow, if my cell phone | battery dies, for any reason.
The bomb's big enough | to blow up this entire block.
Think Oklahoma.
That theater's going to let out | in less than an hour.
I have less than an hour | left on my battery.
I die either way.
Unless you get out | of here soon, so do you.
Aren't you | the Liberty Wallace of...
Yes.
Any demands?
He wants...
He wants somebody to pay | for the death of his daughter.

Joe:

Joe's daughter, died...
from a fucked up kid | with a gun.

It was a gun manufactured | by my company.
He wants me to die, | knowing I have blood on my hands.

Bill:

This is crazy.
There's a real gun | pointed at you.
What I mean is, | there are other ways,
Uh. Huh.
That's where you | come in, Bill.
You want me to use | my influence as a journalist,
to debate the right | to bear arms with you,
because you've got | a gun pointed at me?
I'm standing next to a bomb | that's on final countdown.
Yeah.
What happens when | all this is over?
I blow my brains out.

Bill:

Your Emmy.
And your quest.
I'm sorry, Joe. | What do you want me to say here?

Liberty:

No. Say that you're | accountable.
Say yes.
There are plenty | of causes, Joe.

Joe:

She's going to die.
It's her choice when,
it's my choice how.
You have a similar dilemma.
Now,
Look around.
(Liberty gasps)
Jesus, shit.
(Liberty screechs)
He shot me.
I'll do whatever | he wants.

Joe:

Get ready.
Watching someone die...
changes you forever.

19.86...

to Dispatch. | We have a female with a gun.

I'm not dying.

Joe:

He's also | a constitutional lawyer.

He lobbied for the NRA,

so we know which side | his bread is buttered on.

He's proud of his son.

And now like me,

has every reason | to switch sides.

Hey.

(gurgling)

How many times | do I have to tell you?

Turn that fucking | thing off.

(crying)

J ust hang on. | Help's coming.

No. It's not.

Camera man:

Get him out of here.

Can't buy this | kind of press.

10:

Call my father for me.

(gurgling)

Why are you doing this?

Why?

Why are you doing this?

Liberty:

Your dick is the size of | the little trigger on that gun.

That makes you | nothing, Joe.

You're less | than nothing.

You probably didn't | even have a daughter,

if you did, | she's better off dead.

I'll forgive you | for that,

given the circumstances.

(gunshot)

J ust kill me.

Liberty:

I'm not the one shooting.

I can't take anymore.

I'm going to hang up.
That asshole's shooting | with a.9 millimeter,
He hasn't got a hope | of hitting you from that distance.
Ah, Victor.
You have made my day.
Hello.
It's kind of ironic,
me saving your life.
(sirens)
They're here.
(sirens)
The officer went down | over there.
The lady with the bomb | is across the street.
It's time to do something.
Bill has a tape recorder, | in his suit pocket.
Name names, | Liberty.
Blow the lobbies wide open.
Pay offs are always | good news breakers.

Liberty:

No. No. No. Don't tell me that | you're worried about the fallout.
Your husband, or someone | he works for,
has ordered the CIA thugs | to put a bullet in you.
Is that the world | you want to live in?
What do you think | you can accomplish
by me babbling about Senator. This | and Senator. That?
That's not going | to do anything.
It's a start.
It's an end, Joe.
Let me do what | I can really do.
Let me work | from the inside.
I can... | I can...
(sobs)
I can do something.
So that's what | you tell yourself every morning?
Joe, I can really | change things.
I promise you | I'll do it.
I promise.
(gunshot)
Police. | Put them down.
Come on.
Come on.
We can always count on our nation's | finest to serve and protect.

Officer:

Looks like a shooter.

Senator Libby

took at least | three payments in cash.

Senator Lipton, Crick, | Congressmen Gomez...

Check Geneva bank accounts,

Swiss Union bank accounts,

Cayman Islands, Bahamas.

My husband.

Liberty:

among others.

Presidents...

or wives?

Humph.

Liberty:

Nothing. | You're on a roll.

Keep it going.

Joe:

Victor's mobilized | every senator I've just mentioned.

The police chief is | in his back pocket.

He supplies the gang that controls | this corner, for Christ's sake.

Joe:

Okay. I.

We.

I.

I'm in this, okay?

Is that what you want me | to say, "I'm in it"?

Yes.

Now, who are you | going to trust?

Nobody.

Keep talking. | No.

I'll name names, | I'll bury every one who deserves it,

but you have to shut | this bomb off.

Uhh... can't.

Liberty:

Joe:

You've done | your job anyway.

Now we can depend | on Bill's dad, the senator,

and his newfound quest.

Joe:

It was a life well spent.

In the big picture.

Have a hot dog.

You don't want to go out | on an empty stomach.

Let them take | him away.

Officer:

Come with me, ma'am.

Over here.

Woman:

they meet backstage,

go into Russell's dressing room, | and lock the door.

They order in.

Bastard changed | the lock.

Fuck.

Woman:

and we don't see Russell again | until the next performance.

Oh. Except for tonight.

He's probably in there, | fucked to death.

Uh. Oh.

Time to call a locksmith.

Back up's coming in from 53.

Look's like we've got | ourselves a sniper.

There's no I.D. | on the woman,

no trace on her cell phone yet.

If she's chained to the stand...

She told officers | there was a bomb, all right?

We believe she's working | with the sniper.

The man on the ground out there, | is a reporter with KNBS.

Bill Tollman, | the senator's son.

We believe shot.

We have a confirmed fatality | in a parking structure back here.

We don't have enough | information on that yet,

but we can't rule out terrorists, | militia, or just a basic nutcase.

We're going to block | 5th to 10th, Olive to Berry.

We've got at least 20 buildings | to evacuate.

We're thin on manpower.

Use uniforms to back you up.

All right? | Be safe, gentlemen. Let's go.

Swat member:

We've got no location | on the shooter,
No I.D. on the woman. | We've got backup coming in.
We're set up in the garage | back here.
Somebody shut them down. | Jesus.
Clear the media back, please.
We are live.
The drama continues | in downtown LA,
where we apparently have | a fatal shooting of an officer,
here at the corner | of Grace and 9th.

Liberty:

(laughs) | No.
But I guarantee | your husband's watching.
Back to you, Dennis.
(laughs)
My husband.
My husband's on the way | to the airport by now.
He will be unreachable | for comment.
Why'd you marry him?
I thought he could save | my father's company.
It was a bad idea.
I even thought I loved him.
Should we do a shield rescue | for the guy on the ground?
No. It's too risky until | we find out where the shooter is.
Poor bastard's gonna | bleed out.
I want all traffic locked down
from 5th to 9th.
Yeah, that's done already.
Who's the negotiator on call?
John's going to be here | in 10 minutes, Captain.
Joe, more death isn't going | to make the guns disappear,
it's not going to bring | your daughter back.
I'm begging you.
Oh. Liberty.
Tiananmen Square | boiled down to one man,
standing in front of a tank, | that couldn't move or shoot.
Because human dignity | was stronger
than steel or bullets.
It changed a nation.
That was a completely | different situation.

Joe:

We've got gated communities,
security systems, and kids | carrying combat weapons,
all because most people
haven't even | read the 2nd amendment.
So,
our freedom of speech,
is protected,
as long as we don't piss off | a guy with a gun.

Liberty:

Joe:

The one thing | that guarantees our freedom,
and independence, | is responsibility.
We lost that somewhere between | Vietnam and presidential blowjobs.

Joe:

had slaves, | but they wrote a document,
about freedom.
Go figure.
So you see, | things are meant to change.
We're all grown up now.
So are you, Liberty.
I think you've figured out
there's no such thing
as a politically correct gun.
I'll say all | that to the press.
But please turn | this bomb off, Joe.
I don't know what to do next.
It feels like | this whole thing was a dream.
I should have told | you before, but I...
What do we do now?

Joe:

The cops have...
G.36's.
Did you make that deal too?
It was more of a donation.
I'll bet that you were a hero.
We got a big luncheon,
key to the city, | may or in my pocket,
You make it sound so easy. | If you've got the cash flow,
a little planning | goes a long way.

Joe:

P.99's that went | straight to the streets?
I guess it was one of those | an. Eye. For. An. Eye deals.
It's easy to get lost | in a deal.
I know it's not an excuse.
This is a perfect | fucking nightmare.
127 locations | for an asshole with a gun.
We've got a cell phone | we can't bust into,
and a bomb next | to a theater.
Anybody picking up | in there yet?
J ust voicemail. | Fucking voicemail.

Joe:

the shooter is back.
Who's he work for?
Your husband | or the CIA?

Liberty:

(helicopter)
Who's the cowboy | in the chopper?
Get him higher, | he's surveillance.
I don't want him | landing on the fucking rooftop.
Okay, you guys, | let's get in here.
Let's get | into the theater.
I should have told you | before, but I...
What do we do now?
It's up to you.
Do you still love me?
Of course I do.
How about you?
Of course.
It won't make | a bit of difference.
(clapping)
How full is the theater?
It's the last performance.
(clapping)
I figure 10 | to clear the building,

Officer:

Hold until we've cleared | all rear exits.
(sirens)
Senator Tollman's son | was just shot,
by the same guy | who's got Liberty.
I'm calling your husband.

Why?

(cell phone rings)

Yeah.

Who called the militia?

I want to talk | to Liberty.

Touching.

It's not one of yours?

That's not good, | Victor.

Liberty are you there?

Such a sweet name, | don't you think?

Her parents | were Republican.

I want to talk | to my wife.

I'm here.

Alive.

And on TV.

I... uh...

I know, you're doing | what you have to do.

You know who's calling | the shots?

The president's wife?

Come on.

Liberty:

I'm doing what I can, but...

You know the rules, right?

Aw, honey,

fuck you.

Liberty:

No, what she meant is,

why don't you let her die | with some dignity?

Get the car.

Mr. Wallace is leaving. | Yes, sir.

Man:

Through here.

Liberty:

Classified.

Keep moving this way. | Come on, let's go!

Copy that. | Who the fuck is she?

We just I.D. 'd her, | Liberty Wallace...

the VP of McCloud, | married to the CEO,

connections up the wazoo.

Jesus Christ. | I know him. Victor.

Yeah, we're trying | to track him down right now.
Then there's no way she's | with the shooter, she's a hostage.
So I'm bait.
No, more like...
more like a showpiece.
I like your reckless side.
You travel without your body guar d,
five hours every | week and sometimes twice.
You're a little bit more | accessible and predictable
than the president's wife.
So, who's pissed off | at Victor, the president?
(sighs)
No.
It's all me this time.
I was a dad.
I'm not anymore.
Somebody's pulling your string. | Who is it?
No one.
Not now.
Never thought my skills from | my former life would ever pay off.
CIA?
Well...
that too.
Come on, | if I'm gonna die
I have the right to know | my assassin a little better.
(sighs) | I worked covert...
covert operations for the CIA.
I was in China | during Tiananmen Square,
Cuba, Panama, | and I was in Columbia...
when my daughter was killed.
(police radio chatter)
This is Captain Hank Wilford.
Could you tell us | what this is about?
I don't want any one else to die | because they're talking to me.
So, what's it gonna be?
Huh. Uh. Uh.
It's your show, baby.
J ust leave me out of this for now.

Liberty:

It's set to blow | when my cell phone dies.
In about 15 minutes.
I'm chained to the cart.
What are the demands?

A public debate | of the 2nd amendment.
Hmm... | Liberty: Heard of it?
Go, girl.
I'd like to understand,
are there any other demands?
Can I come closer?
Any other demands?
No.
No!
Liberty,
I will kill any one who comes close.
We have no confirmation yet,
but it appears that | KNBS reporter, Bill Tollman
has been seriously hurt.
And that Liberty Wallace | of McCloud Guns
is demanding a public debate | about the constitution,
and its role | in our violent times.
She's grandstanding, | got to be militia.
Sir.
Yeah. | Yes, sir.
Yes, sir, Liberty Wallace.
You were good | under the pressure.
And the whole world | will applaud you.
Or laugh at me.
The press is the least | of my concerns at this point.
I'll try to move them back, but...
Yes, sir. | I'll move them back right away.
Thank you, sir.
Get rid of the press. | Tell them it's a safety issue.
Uptown doesn't want this thing | under a microscope.
They're gonna make a move, Joe.
They'll never disarm that bomb.
They probably already guessed that.
You won't be alone | in the final moment.
(sighs)
Status on the theater?
Somebody welded | all the side exits shut.
We've got an | entering team coming in,
but the fire department... | Is stuck in traffic.
All exits? | Yeah, our cutters won't work.
The only exit is onto the street, | and through the front door.
So in effect they're hostages.
Tell me about | your daughter again.
(sighs)

A boy at school | put a gun to her head,
and asked her
if she believed in God.
What did she say?
I don't know.

Liberty's voice:

Joe's voice:

Is that robot ready to go?

Officer:

Wilford:

We've got one coming in from the | 48. ETA... 30 minutes.
General evacuation?
We've got a full retreat going.
We'll find this son of a bitch. | It'll just take a little time.
Tell me about your father.
My father...
He was my hero.
(sniffles)
He was.
After he...
you know...
I had to leave school | to earn a living.
One thing led to the next.
I found my self working | in the family business
that was no longer family. Owned.
Captain, I've only got 10 guys.
We should be fine | once the 53 squad shows up.
That should be another | 10 or 12 minutes.
We're not gonna make it.

Liberty:

he was brilliant, thought he could | save my father's company.
Our first big deal | was with the Saudis.
But the Iraqis were shooting | us with our own guns.
What do people think the government | does with all those used weapons?
Melt them down? | Make little sculptures out of them?
Once we took the company | international,
suddenly we were | in a different league.
It got complicated.
Here I am.

And Russell made you feel | human again.

Liberty:

You know, | my great. Great. Grandfather,
he designed the gun that changed | the outcome of the Civil War.

(chuckles)

I grew up thinking that's | what we were still doing.

(chattering)

Officer:

(officer speaking Spanish)

I'm really sorry | about your daughter.

Liberty:

One less breathing | to help us tell our story.

We've got the shooter | on the roof of a building at 8 X

Victor:

or the Pakistanis, | or the Girl Scouts,
that guy's voice is American.

This is an internal thing, | get on it.

I want to know who the fuck else | is shooting at my wife.

(phone beeps)

Yeah.

Joe:

Why?

(chuckles)

The bereaved husband.

Victor:

and tell me what this | is all about?

You're doing it by the book:

go on a business trip;

be unavailable for comment;

touch down in Washington

for a little face time | with the client;

check the temperature.

I don't really have a whole lot | of choice, now do I?

Joe...

We know each other don't we?

Victor:

You do any time | in South America?

Well, who didn't?

Victor:

with our mental health intact, | did we?
God knows, | it took me a while
to pull my shit together | when I got back.
Yeah...
Yeah,
it's a mental health thing.
You talk like a company man.
Or at least, well, | you were a company man,
because they'd never go for | this kind of theatrical bullshit.
What is your beef with me?
That you'd run away | and let them take Liberty.
That you're not man enough | to stand up for your wife.
Hope you're impressed | with your life.
Grace and 9th.
Sure about that, sir? | Grace and 9th!
You've got it.

Officer:

The sniper is shooting | at our guys on the ground.
How many down?
No report yet.

Over headset:

We've got the guy on the roof.
Nobody moves until we get | more information. Understood?
Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee,
blessed art thou amongst women,
blessed is the fruit | of thy womb Jesus...

Mac:

It's not the sniper.
Well, who the fuck is he? | Why is he shooting?
No report yet.
...pray for us sinners, | now and at the hour of our death.
Amen.
Chuck says he's talking | the gold star clearance.
CIA?
Jesus, get him down here | if he's still breathing.
Joe,
what is enough?

Are you begging for lives?

Yes.

Where are the shots coming from?

My guys are thinking the brick, | maybe the concrete.

I'm thinking higher than the...

Way too much information. | Status on backup?

Woman:

I think it has something | to do with her husband.

Russell's been playing with fire.

Now, don't be jealous, dear.

Woman:

Victor knew your voice.

Is this some kind of setup?

Come on, now think hard | and you'll get it all figured out.

What the fuck do you mean, think?

Liberty:

You've taken my life, | you owe me that much.

If I'm CIA or FBI,

then I went through all of this

because someone very high up | wants a lot of visibility.

Liberty:

Look, you can't write this off | to be some big conspiracy.

That's gonna confuse | the fuck out of all of them.

Think. Think about how | you're doing on the scoreboard.

It's not like I woke up | one day and said,

"Wow, it's great to be | in the lethal weapons business."

It's like the guy on the corner

who sells newspapers, | it's what I do.

What else am I gonna do? | Be the boss!

It's your life, isn't it?

If the idea was | for me to see God,

you've achieved it.

I mean, I pray ed, for Christ's sake.

To the parking garage. | Let's assemble in there. Let's go!

When my daughter was killed, | my wife came apart.

We met the parents | of the kid who did it.

His father...

cried.

And he told us that | he had taught his son

how to use a gun safely.

Never saw it coming.
I wanted to kill that kid.
Then I wanted to kill the father.
But...
here I am instead.
I like you.
This is no way to die.
For us there's | no other way out.
I thought about this | for a long time.
Bomb squad wants us | to move further back.
Captain, it's Victor Wallace | on the line.
Nobody move.
Victor, Hank here.
Hank?
Jesus Christ.

Hank:

I was hoping you'd tell me.
I don't believe you.
We found a guy on the roof | shooting at her. He looked CIA.
Did you get him? | No, somebody else shot him.
The guy we've got is not the sniper | or maybe he's one of them.
My ass is | hanging out here, Victor.
I need you to tell me | what's going on.
What's going on? | We're dealing with a nutcase.
That's what's going on.
Yeah, or terrorists buying time.
It's only been half an hour | and the press is still stacking up.
I'm five minutes away.
This action may be connected | to the recent lawsuit
filed by seven | of the largest gunmakers,
alleging that efforts | by government to impose
gun safety measures, | amounts to a conspiracy
that violates constitutional | guarantees of free trade.
Wallace's company, McCloud Guns,
is at the center of this controversy
by refusing to become signatory | to any government proposal
that legislates more controls.

Man:

Now on the international...
31 cities and countries | have brought charges against
manufacturers claiming | they're not doing enough
to keep guns out of the | hands of children and criminals.

Apparently, Wallace is | staging a high. Stakes protest
against the very industry
that made her family | famous in America.
Back to you, Dennis.
We're in the final stretch, Liberty.
So,
what's your plan?
I don't want to die.
I don't want to die.
I don't want any one else | to die because of me, Joe.
Me neither.
You know,
the NRA is just gonna | spin this and say it's because
of people like you | that we need to be armed.
Well, I was an honest | law. Abiding citizen.
By that definition | I deserve to be armed.
And I was acting | out against the oppression
of our freedom.
There it is.
(car horns honking; | helicopters overhead)

Joe:

About three y ears ago.
You must have made | a hell of a deal.
'Cause they were | kissing your ass.
Did I meet you? | Nope.
I did business | with Victor, though.
On behalf of the Saudis.
It seems he likes | to sell on all sides.
We met in our early days.
Seriously flawed | mission to Columbia.
I saved his life.
(chuckles)
How funny.
I saved the life of the man | that killed my daughter.
Joe...
(car horn blares)
Thanks, Barry.
I don't feel good about this.
(deep exhale)
Death isn't as ex citing | as I thought it would be.
Excuse me, please.
Excuse me.
Excuse me, | I'm Victor Wallace.

Sir, you can't | come through here.
I'm the husband, | you fucking moron.

Woman:

Don't talk to me.

Woman:

on gun safety legislation?
This has absolutely nothing to do | with McCloud Industries.
These are the actions | of an insane man.
And my wife | is a wonderful woman.
She's a wonderful woman.
Victor, you can't go out there. | I just want to let her see me.
Why?
'Cause I think I know | who this guy is.
And I think I can | get her out of this.
Whatever you're thinking,
I can't let... | This is my problem.
Don't make me | make problems for you.
Be good to the car.
I said the car.
Liberty!
Victor.
(cell phone rings)
Hey, Alex.
Well, here we are again,
in the kill zone. | What can I do for you?
I remember the day | you wept like a baby
while I promised | not to let you die.
Okay, okay, | you saved my life, yeah.
Wasn't I thankful enough then?
Well, thanks again.
I mean it.
Victor... | But I have a feeling that...
what's really expected of me
is some sort of big, | public confession.
Am I right? | What am I supposed to say?
Joe, don't do it.
That...
that really shiny one | that I have is actually for...
for leading a bunch | of men to their death?
Is that what | I'm supposed to say?
Come on.
Alex, it's a war.

That's the kind of stuff | that happens.
You think I'm proud of it? | I didn't ask for the medal.
Your death is gonna | mean something.
But my daughter's...
won't.
Joe, don't do it.

Liberty:

Liberty:

Officer:

Get him inside fast!
Come on, pick him up! | Move!
Let's go! Let's go!
(sighs)
(explosion)
(screaming)

Liberty:

Joe:

Liberty!
It's time. | What?
Time for you to go.
The keys for your cuffs
is in a box taped to the underside | of the cart near the corner.
Okay, guys, it's got to be this one | right here, 7th and Alvarado.
Move on it! | 7th and Alvarado!
(sirens wailing)
Aah!
Bring the chopper | into the back,
or this guy will | blow it out of the sky.
Must be some kind of shooter | if he's holed up that far.
In the theater, | officer needs backup.
There's people panicking. | Smoke everywhere.
A fire's been set | or something.
Hey!
Stop! Get away!
There's a bomb!
Guys, all eyes out | for the Wallace woman.
Run! Run! | There's a bomb!
Run!
There's a bomb!

(screams)

Joe:

it's up to you now.

Time to choose.

(sirens wailing)

Officer:

Computer:

Senator Libby took at least | three payments in cash.

Senator Lipton, Crick, | Congressman Gomez,

check Geneva bank accounts.

Wilford:

once we secure the area.

Where's Russell?

Where's Russell? | I haven't seen him.

Liberty:

Russell!

Get out of here!

Don't!

Get out of here! | There's a bomb!

Get out! Run!

Get out of here!

(exhales)

(deep sigh)

Computer:

(sirens wailing)

As you can see, | the area has been contained.

The situation is under control.

Now, if you'll excuse me.

All right, | everybody into the alley, now!

All right, get the fire hose.

Find that motherfucker!

No, sir.

No other civilian casualties | from the explosion.

We've had a fire reported | in the back of the theater, sir.

No damage. No casualties. | All noise and smoke.

He made me shoot it.

Close range.

Who are you? | I was looking for my wife's purse.

It's not safe in here. | Get out of here.

Liberty's voice:

he designed the gun that changed | the outcome of the Civil War.

(Liberty chuckles)

(sirens wail)

Where exactly were you when | the first explosion took place?

Umm... that's funny | that you would ask.

Excuse me. | Mr. Perry! Mr. Perry!

Liberty's voice:

doing.

Officer:

I'm really sorry | about your daughter.

My father...

he was my hero. | (sniffles)

He was.

(sighs)

Liberty's voice:

Let me work from the inside. | I can...

I can do something.

Joe, I can really change things.

I promise you I'll do it.