



Scripts.com

Marauders

By Michael Cody

[thunder booms]
[wrist computer beeps]
[indistinct chatter]
Hi, how are you?
[woman] You see what
I'm talking about here.
Mr. Hutchinson, could you please
look that over for me?
I have my own copy,
this is for you.
We can get going,
I'll look over what I have.
Let me help you outside.
I'll keep everything.
This is all your receipts,
it's all for the transaction
you did.
You're gonna hold onto this.
It's all right,
be careful in the rain.
Oh, yes.
[rain pouring]
Okay.
[thunder booms]
[screaming]
[groaning]
[yells]
[wrist computer beeps]
[computer voice]
Everybody down.
Put your palms on the floor.
Everybody down.
Put your palms on the floor.
Everybody down.
Put your palms on the floor.
Cell phones out.
Place them in front of you.
Cell phones out.
Place them in front of you.
Cell phones out.
Place them in front of you.
Open your drawers.
Do not hit the alarm or
we will kill your manager.

Open your drawers.

Do not hit the alarm or
we will kill your manager.

Open your drawers.

Do not hit the alarm or
we will kill your manager.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

Remain on the floor
or we will kill you.

If anyone leaves
or calls the police
within 15 minutes,
this device will explode.

If anyone leaves
or calls the police
within 15 minutes,
this device will explode.

If anyone leaves
or calls the police
within 15 minutes,
this device will explode.

[thunder booms]

I'm sure you'll be as pleased
with those reports as we are,
and trust you will enjoy
your business in Cincinnati.

Despite numerous attempts
to move our headquarters
to a larger city,
we have chosen to
stick with our roots,
give back to the community.

Hubert nationalists

played a great role
in the revitalization
of the queen city.
Something we're
actually quite proud of.
Would you like to add
anything else, Mr. Hubert?
What floor are we on, Andrews?
14th floor, sir.
Which in reality is the
dreaded 13th floor, is it not?
Yes, I guess it is, sir.
My friends, there is a spider
on the outside of
the window here.
Brown recluse if
I'm not mistaken.
A spider that has
climbed 13 stories
so far without falling.
Which, considering
today's lovely breeze
is most impressive,
wouldn't you agree?
Why does the spider
climb so high?
Is it striving to
get to the top?
Or does its spider brain have no
concept of there
even being a top?
Maybe she believes she can just
keep going up
and up and up forever.
That's what I choose to believe.
Only small thinkers
believe there's a top.
A plateau to reach.
We here a Hubert National Bank
will never stop climbing higher
to maximize your bottom line.
I give you my personal guarantee
as president of this bank
that like my friend

the spider here,
I will devour any little bugs
that get in our way.
Sir, Dagley's on the phone.
Excuse me, please.
Let me show you the rest of
our corporate offices, shall we?
How much?
I don't know yet.
Police have it all sealed up.
FBI?
[Dagley] They're
all over the place.
- Can you see Hutchinson?
- Yeah, I saw him.
- Are they speaking to him?
- No, they took him out.
He's dead.
What do you want me to do?
Welcome to the shit show.
Ready for you guys inside.
How long after the robbery 'till
the first officers
were on scene?
Twenty-five minutes.
Why?
Because they laid out a device
with prerecorded
instructions saying
it would explode
if the cops were
called within 15 minutes.
And?
And it was a car stereo,
but nobody moved for 20 minutes.
When your first action is
sending a shotgun blast
through the bank manager's chest
it sends a pretty clear message,
don't fuck with us.
- So the bank manager bled out.
- Nope.
- Just told he was dead.
- He is.

They executed him
on the way out.

- He resist?

- Negative.

Witnesses say everybody
fully complied.

Especially him.

[woman] Victim's name
is Steven Hutchinson.

How much was taken?

Three million from the safe
and whatever was in registers.

Let me see that
device they left.

What?!

Sargent Mims was the first
detective on the scene.

Motherfucker.

They tagged and bagged
it before he got here.

I was told they found a print.

- What print?

- We don't know yet.

They said Mims is
unreachable, I said bullshit,
I sent a guy down
to the station.

That shady cocksucker,
you find out where he is
before any of the cash evidence
goes missing too,
and next time please make that
the first thing you tell me.

[hip hop music]

We gonna burn
it down up in here

Baby we on fire

Let this motherfucker burn

We don't need no water

Burn it down up in here

Baby we on fire

[muffled music]

[whispers]

Mims, it's three doors down.

[Mims] Okay, follow my lead.
Shots after shots up
in this motherfucker
I can't feel my face
up in this motherfucker
She got a pad that's new
Race up
in this motherfucker
[gunshot]
[groaning]
Get your hands up!
Hands up, gets your hands up!
[man] Police!
- Hands up, don't move!
- Police!
Get the fuck outta here!
[screaming]
[chuckles]
Crack and wings?
When'd that chicken joint
change the number six?
Are you James Jackson?
Where the fuck's your warrant?
Warrant?
[laughing]
This is my warrant.
Man you broke ass cop, we know
you gonna skim that shit!
Broke ass, huh?
Broke ass?
Shit!
Just put a little Neosporin
on that, you'll be fine.
Good afternoon, everyone.
We have a robbery homicide.
Brutal, professional, yet
seemingly also very personal.
We have a print,
or at least we should,
but we have no fucking clue
where the hell it is! Chase.
They think the print
is from a James Jackson.
Do we have his jacket?

Possession, possession, petty theft, disturbing the peace.

Really?

Anybody else smell horseshit here?

This guy's a thug.

There's no way he pulled this off.

These guys are pros.

Agreed.

They operated with precision.

We need the evidence, and where is the evidence?

- Still with Mims.

- Why is it with Mims?

Anybody?

Because we allowed him to take it from my fucking crime scene!

- Excuse me sir, who's Mims?

- He's an asshole.

- And who the fuck are you?

- GI Joe?

Everyone, this is new Special Agent Wells, fresh out of Quantico with flying colors, decorated Special Forces, renowned sniper, blah, blah, blah, yadda, yadda, yadda.

Like I said, GI Joe.

All right, nobody takes anything from my crime scene unless it has been cleared, am I clear?

Now I wanna know where the fuck it is,

I wanna know where it is now.

That's it, go!

- GI Joe, my office.

- Yes, sir.

- Getting settled in nicely?

- Yes, sir, thanks for asking.

Close the door.

Like to smoke weed, Wells?

- What?

- Do you like to get high?

No, sir.

On your polygraph,
an abnormal answer
causes the needle to
jump as high as here.

Mine's beneath it.

But at a greater variance
than your other answers.

I figure with your Special
Forces training,
lying to beat a polygraph
is probably child's play.

I'm gonna ask you one more
time, for the last time.

Do you like the sticky icky?

No, sir.

Why the skip?

I smoked weed maybe
three times when
I was younger to
impress this hot chick.
How hot? Ass for days hot?
It was middle school.

When you applied,
you were asked whether
you did drugs, using
marijuana is grounds for
immediate disqualification
from the FBI.

I don't care if you
smoked last week.

What I care about is honesty.

If you lie, you withhold
facts to get ahead,
I'll cut off your
balls and bury you.

- [phone rings]

- Or fire you.

We work as a team, we clear?

- Yes, sir.

- Montgomery.

When'd she get in? Thanks.
Bank manager's wife just
arrived from vacation
with the kids, no one's
informed her, you wanna go?
I'll drive,
where does she live?
Indian Hill,
no you won't, I always drive,
you can regale me with
more hot chick stories.
[thunder booms]
[doorbell rings]
Yes?
- Mrs. Hutchinson?
- Who's asking?
Special Agent Montgomery
of the FBI,
this is Agent Wells,
may we come in?
Yes.
My husband isn't here,
but he will be shortly.
Are your children upstairs?
[Mrs. Hutchinson] Yes.
Please have a seat.
Thank you.
Mrs. Hutchinson,
your husband was killed during
a robbery at Hubert
National this morning.
I'm very sorry.
God, the kids.
Is there someone you
can call to come over? Family?
No, no, I...
[sobs]
I'll be all right.
Take my card.
Take care of your
family tonight.
If you can give me a call,
we'll have someone bring you in,
ask you a few questions

at a better time.
Do you work, ma'am?
What? No, why?
Your husband
the only source of income?
- Yes.
- Again, I'm very
sorry for your loss.
We'll see ourselves out.
What was that about?
Well, the average bank manager
makes 60K a year,
wife has expensive taste,
they live in a \$2 million house,
and both kids go to a
private elite academy.
I saw the pictures, so...
Interesting.
Next time show
a little more finesse.
Yes, sir.
She also wasn't
surprised to see us.
She wasn't confused until I told
her her husband was dead.
Yeah, I saw that.
You think she's dirty?
[phone rings]
Something is.
- Go.
- [man] How's GI Joe doing?
Jury's still out,
what have you got?
Cincinnati PD has
James Jackson in custody.
We're on it.
We just got a front row seat
to the shit show.
Can't wait.
[thunder booms]
[indistinct chatter]
Agent Montgomery,
good to see you.
No one paged you, captain.

Monty, how you doing?
I'm good, I'm good.
What the fuck are you doing?
Detective Mims had a lead on
a print discovered
on the fake bomb.
He followed up,
found weapons and drugs
at the suspect's residence.
So why didn't you wait for my
okay to go raid the apartment?
I'm Homicide.
It was a homicide.
Don't pull this
bullshit on me.
I allow Cincinnati PD to fully
partake in my investigations
at the end of the day,
don't make the mistake.
That money says
federal reserve now.
Well, you didn't do a very
good job of reserving it.
Wow, that's very clever.
[captain] Mims, calm it.
Captain O'Connell,
shut the fuck up.
Do you know how I'm able
to tell him that, Mims?
Because my official title
is Special Agent in Charge
which gives me the authority
over a Special Agent
who's over your
Captain who's over you.
You don't take evidence from a
crime scene until I get there.
You don't do a fucking raid
unless I tell you.
You got a print?
I want it.
- James Jackson?
- No.
The print belongs

to T.J. Jackson.
Say that again.
What, you don't know
who T.J. Jackson is?
He was a ranger.
Keyword there is was,
T.J. Jackson's dead.
James Jackson is
T.J.'s little brother.
We figured James
had some of T.J.'s
old stuff, T.J. was a
US ranger hotshot.
So maybe he had some of this
high tech shit and they used it.
That's what you two figured?
That they'd be that precise
but not take the time
to wipe it off?
- These are thugs.
- Did you see the tape?
These guys move better
than a SWAT team.
If I were looking for thugs,
my first suspects
would be you assholes.
This is not gonna hold up,
these guys will be
out in 15 minutes.
Sooner.
Jackson's lawyer
claims she has a
liquor store tape
of James making
a purchase at the
time of the robbery.
And who the fuck are you?
Number three on that list
of people who outrank you.
Well,
congratulations, gentlemen,
you've just been played,
it's called disinformation,
that print was put there

on purpose and you've given
our suspects a nine
hour head start.
Well done.
Hey, by the way,
how much cash
did you guys recover
from James Jackson's place?
No cash.
- Nothing?
- None.
That's strange 'cause I always
heard that there was a lot of
money to be had at a drug bust.
That's weird.
Okay, people, things just
got a lot more interesting.
The print that our
good buddy Mims found
is not that of petty
thug James Jackson.
It is the print of
his big brother.
His dead big brother
T.J. Jackson.
Does anybody here not
know who T.J. Jackson is?
Wells, tell those
pretending to know.
This young man,
Alexander Hubert,
was held for ransom in 2011
by a rogue group
of US Army Rangers.
One of those rogue
soldiers was a
Cincinnati based native
named T.J. Jackson.
Kidnapping went South,
Alexander Hubert died.
US Military swooped in and
killed T.J. and his accomplices.
I assume Alexander Hubert was
related to the

Hubert National family?
Exactly, he's the younger
brother of Jeffrey Hubert.
Sole heir, now runs the show.
They're brothers?
They look like they're
about a century apart.
- Theories.
- Let's talk motive.
Why did T.J. and his guys
kidnap Alexander Hubert?
Money.
It didn't work,
T.J. was killed.
Now we have his
print on the scene
of another attempt
to get Hubert's money.
Well, shit, Monty, you're right.
This has certainly
gotten more interesting.
[giggling]
[cell buttons beeping]
[electronic voice]
You have two voice messages.
Voice messages.
[woman] Hey, baby, don't forget
to stop and grab some wine.
See you soon.
[phone beeps]
[woman] I'm thinking how do you
have so many dirty clothes.
[laughs] I miss you.
[thunder booms]
[woman muffled singing]
[baby crying]
- [Chase] Hi, Martha Wallace?
- Yes?
Yes, I'm Special Agent
Chase with the FBI.
I was hoping to ask you
a few questions about T.J.
Thank you.
- That was you singing?

- Mmm-hm.

You have a beautiful voice.

Do you perform anywhere?

Yeah, every couple of
weeks I play a jazz club.

T.J. used to come hear me sing.

How can I help you, ma'am?

Do any of T.J.'s old friends
ever come by to visit?

- No.

- No military pals maybe?

According to the military,

T.J. was a traitor.

You know they still have never
really explained

to me what happened.

Wouldn't even release

his body to us.

We had to bury an empty casket.

Jeffrey Hubert of

Hubert International

attended the opening

of his newest

North coast branch yesterday.

It was just three days ago when

one of his downtown

branches was robbed

in what I'm told was a very

sophisticated operation.

In spite of initial

rumors of pending arrest,

the police have

released no real info--

[TV turns off]

[thunder booms]

[gasps]

[wrist computer beeps]

[computer voice] Drive to work.

Unlock the safety

deposit boxes.

We know the bank has

a secret access code.

Do exactly as

you are instructed

and no one will be harmed.
Otherwise, we will kill you.
But first, we will kill
your wife and your daughter.
No, no, no. No, no, no!
[computer voice]
Drive to work.
Don't do this, please.
[phone rings]
This is Dagley.
[muffled voice]
Hubert wants you at the
West Chester branch now!
Who is this?
Hello?
Put this in your ear.
We can hear everything you do.
Open the vault to the
safety deposit boxes.
Hit any alarm
or disobey in any way
and Patricia and Ava will die.
Hit any alarm or
disobey in any way
and Patricia and Ava will die.
Morning, Will.
Would you mind doing me a favor
and making sure that maintenance
stocked the bathroom
with toilet paper? Thanks.
- Hi, Mr. Teegan!
- Morning, Michelle.
- Hey Mr. T!
- Jared.
Hey, would you mind running next
door and grabbing me a coffee?
- Sure, I'll go.
- Actually,
everyone run next door,
grab a bagel and
some coffee, okay?
- It's on me.
- You sure?
Yeah, I'm sure, I can

handle any early birds.
[Michelle] Thanks,
what can I get you?
Just a coffee would be great.
[padlock beeps]
Strong feather.
[computer voice]
Open box 3-5-1-1-1.
Wait! Don't!
Will, get down!
[screaming]
[wrist computer beeps]
[computer voice] On the ground.
Cell phones in front of you.
Put your palms on the floor.
Hit the alarm or call the
police and we will kill you.
[choking]
...or call the police
and we will kill you.
On the ground,
cell phones in front of you.
Put your palms on the floor.
Get out.
[sobbing]
[whistles]
[grenade hums]
[loud pop]
- [ringing sound]
- [groaning]
No!
[gagging]
[phone rings]
- Yeah?
- [man] They killed Dagley.
They left his body
on the street.
Goddammit.
[police sirens wailing]
Excuse me, Special Agent,
can you tell us
if one of the victims
was a bank manager
like the last robbery?

I just got here.
So you're saying
it's not related?
I'm saying we don't know yet.
Well why else would
the Cincinnati PD
be investigating a
crime in West Chester?
I'll tell you what, Miss Adler,
I'll be back within an hour
to give you an update.
Okay, thank you.
Four suspects in Kevlar masks.
And we have another victim.
Bank manager again?
No, it was the
guy on the street.
His ID says David Dagley.
And he was legally armed,
but never had a chance
to pull his weapon.
You should know the gunman also
saved the guard's life.
[glass shatters]
[man] Sir.
What?
They didn't take cash.
They emptied the
safety deposit boxes.
Go.
[alarm buzzes]
Mr. Teegan, how are you?
I'm alive, thank you.
Glad to hear your
family's all right.
Not glad to hear
that you can open
safety deposit boxes without
the owner's keys or permission.
You'll have to explain
that one to me.
I'd like to wait for
my attorney please.
Well you're an

employee of a bank
that contains federally
secured currency.
You have to answer my questions
with or without your
attorney whether
- you want to or not
and you know that.

- Okay.

Okay, this is a still from
one of your security cameras
and the suspect is focusing on
a very specific folder
from a very specific box,
any idea who that
box belongs to?

You know I can't divulge that
kind of information,
it's a violation
of our privacy policies.

And that's okay
because I already know
the box is registered
to a Jan Martense.

How did...

How what?

Unfortunately,
that's about all I know.

- How's your marriage?

- What?

I mean are you happy,
do you love her?

Did you make a good choice?

Did you pick well?

You did, so you know how lucky
you are to have a wife.

Yes, very.

Thank God they didn't
hurt my family.

So you're all good.

Fuck the next guy!

Except for him, the cops show up
and these guys are still in the
bank and they kill his family.

Now I want you to
imagine that right now.
Soon as you leave here,
the first call you make
is to a funeral home to pick out
a casket for your wife.
Then they show you the special
caskets for the children.
And all the different
colors and pillows
and cushions inside
and you're sitting there
thinking what pillow
would make them more
comfortable fighting
the realization that
they're already dead
so they don't give
a flying fuck what
color they're buried in,
you motherfucker
your wife is alive!
But that's not your
problem, is it?

- Are we being recorded yet?

- Not yet.

How often do you think the owner
of a bank visits his branches?

I'm not talking about
the VP or anything like that,
I mean the man at the very top.

No idea, how many locations
does Hubert National have?

[Teegan] Almost 3,000.

Hubert probably doesn't
ever visit any of them.

No.

Only the large main branches.

And those maybe once, maybe
twice a year at the most.

But Hubert,
he visits ours a lot.

Usually after we're closed.

- Well, it's got a print.

- You run it?

It belongs to T.J. Jackson.

What the hell's going on?

Sir, I need you

to walk with me.

Can it wait?

I've been keeping tabs on all

large deposits in the

area since the robbery.

- And?

- And exactly \$3 million

was reported on the grid.

Why do you think it's

from the first robbery?

Because the serial

numbers match.

- What bank?

- It wasn't a bank.

They may be a charity,

but they certainly

don't fuck around

with their paperwork,

this better be in

the evidence locker.

- Shh!

- Don't shush me, motherfucker!

Follow me.

I hid it back here so

nobody would find it,

it's definitely the money

from Hubert National.

Yeah, I know.

Are you that big of

an asshole you think

I wouldn't find out

you took money donated

to the City Mission

from a bank robbery?

No!

Monty, look,

the City Mission runs all

donations through me,

I even signed it.

The reason why I

didn't report it?
Because the whole department,
they leak to the press.
Including you.
You're fucking right I do.
But I know a hustle
when I see one.
These guys are trying
to make themselves
look really fucking good,
a \$3 million donation
to a charity?
The press gets
hold of that it'll
look like the
Boondock fucking Saints.
You're right.
You still should've
reported it to me.
What, the FBI doesn't
have any press leaks?
I know you guys do,
it's not like you're
making any more
money than we are.
Guess again, I live up
in Akron next to LeBron.
I'm assigning an agent
to you and your team.
Fuck that!
Fuck you, "fuck that",
do you have any idea
how incriminating it
is what you just did?!

There's just no
pleasing you, man.
Well, you keep
trying, don't you Mims?
- Yeah.
- I got agents downstairs,
they'll be taking the money
off your hands.
[thunder booms]
[blender whirs]

[whispers] Hey.
I made you breakfast.
You're home so late.
How you feeling?
Better.
You're here.
So are you hungry?
I'm okay.
I can't keep anything down.
Can you just hold me?
I was having the best dream.
[indistinct chatter]
Are the security
measures in place?
Yes, sir, top of the line.
Staff was prepped this morning.
The fuck?
[man] Press is already
making their own assumptions.
For the first time,
they're probably right.
Vanessa Adler, she's a
reporter for Channel 12, right?
The one with big tits.
She's also a writer
for The Plain Daily.
I only know
about the big tits.
Look, Monty's assigned you to
Detective Mims and his crew.
What?
Gotta coordinate with CPD.
Cops hates Feds,
you're the newest.
Least amount of hate.
Don't take any shit
from those assholes.
Thanks for meeting me.
I felt bad for never giving you
anything at West Chester.
Do you think
this is political?
I don't know.
Apparently you do.

Seven of 16

Ohio Representatives
and one of our
Senators have accounts
at Hubert's West Chester branch.

I'm sure they have
lots of accounts.

Not with safety deposit boxes
where people keep their dirt.

Hubert lures these guys
in so he can spy on them.

That's interesting.

I don't recall reading
that in your article.

Oh, that's far too sensitive
a topic with not enough facts.

And beyond that,
papers don't usually
print stories of
conspiracy against
the bank they owe money to.

So the paper wouldn't go against
its funding for a story,
but with
solid evidence you would.

It would have to
be beyond solid.

- Hey.

- Hi.

At least drink the fucking wine
so I can send you
to AA or something.

Give me a Bushmills Black.

- [bartender] Here you go.

- Thank you.

What do you think
Velasquez is doing right now?

Oh, come on.

Getting high?

Remembering how
he killed my wife?

You wanna talk about it?

I just did.

[man on TV] Good Samaritan

bank robbers in Cincinnati.
In a Channel Five
exclusive, we have learned
that the suspects
in the two recent
Hubert National
bank robberies gave
a reported \$3 million
to the City Mission.
Are you fucking kidding me?
[thunder booms]
Shit.
You ready, let's go.
Where's the rest of your crew?
Why, you wanna
babysit them, too?
- No, I'm just asking.
- Where are we going?
We're gonna see a security guard
who works a couple blocks
from Hubert's in West Chester,
claims he saw a plate.
Wait, so no one's
interviewed this guy yet?
No.
I guess the Feds can be just as
slow and inefficient
as the cops.
[man reads indistinct]
[thunder booms]
Know who the VIP is?
Senator Cook.
Yep.
Any idea where
Senator Cook lives?
West Chester.
It would be
convenient enough for him
to do his banking
at Hubert National,
why, what are you thinking?
I'm thinking it's pretty fitting
that they're having
their little bitch fest

in a graveyard.
[camera clicks]
[sirens wailing]
[Mims] Heard you met
with Vanessa Adler.
Yeah, you know her?
Yeah, I banged her
a couple times.
No, we bounce information
back and forth once in awhile.
She actually went to
college with my wife.
Oh, yeah, you married?
How long?
- Almost 10 years.
- How'd she fall for you?
I don't know you,
I don't like you.
This is not about my wife.
Tell me about this guy.
Chris Hall,
he worked at Icon Jewelry
a couple blocks from the bank.
Private security, seems legit.
Ten bucks says he
asks about the Bureau.
Huh?
Eleven o'clock.
Chris, Agent Wells,
this is Detective Mims.
Nice to meet you guys.
Hi, can I grab you
anything to drink?
- I'm good, thanks.
- Okay, thank you.
- Thanks for taking the time.
- Where did you see these guys?
I didn't see them,
I saw a black SUV
racing off down
Oak Street after the robbery.
- As I understood--
- It could've been anybody.
It could have.

You just have a habit of
writing down license plates?

Well, I work security.

Oh, so you must see a
lot of action then, huh?

Mims.

I'm sorry for the
detective, Chris.

Please continue.

Look, I work
close to the bank,
SUV peels out, cop cars show up,
I wrote it down,
I mean, if you guys
aren't interested, it's cool.

Oh, no, no, we're interested.

We'd love to see
the plate number.

I wrote it down.

Address and the location
where I saw them.

- Thank you.

- So why didn't you come
sooner with that information?

I called right away,
you guys were just the first
ones to get back to me.

No, no, this is great.

Thanks for your time,
we'll be in touch.

Hey, guys, listen.

I was thinking about applying to
the Academy in the Fall
and I was just wondering if
maybe you'd put in a good word,
tell 'em I helped you out.

Oh, yeah,

we'll jump right on that.

Special Agent Wells
here will personally
inform the FBI Director.
Maybe even the President.

David Dagley,
our victim in West Chester.

He was in T.J. Jackson's Ranger Unit, Commanding Officer. He alerted the military about the kidnapping and was the only one who didn't go on the mission. Guess who hired him when he came back stateside?

- Jeffrey Hubert.

- [Chase] Exactly.

File for you, Agent Montgomery.

Thank you.

Senator Cook.

Now what would your pretty little wife think of these?

[Mims] What you got?

Plate's registered to James Jackson.

James Jackson, I knew it, my gut is never wrong.

Monty, he's not gonna fucking believe it.

Call it in.

Fucking hates me, that guy.

Derohan, you around?

[Derohan] Go ahead.

I need you and Leon to stake out 1-5-6-9-1 North Central.

Look for a black SUV, plate number Foxtrot Papa Tango Nine One Five Five.

The driver most likely will be James Jackson.

[Derohan] Okay, for how long?

Until I say so.

Until the babysitter says so.

[Derohan] Understood.

You good?

You want another pillow?

No.

I just...

I love you.
We're gonna go on a beach
and sleep on a hammock
just like one
of those beer commercials.
[chuckling]
That's so sweet.
My husband's ideal romantic
getaway is a beer commercial.
I'll go away with you on your
Corona commercial
if I can, baby.
Of course you can.
We're gonna go on
a long tropical
vacation sooner than you think.
[sirens wailing]
["Moonlight Sonata"
by Beethoven]
[distorted voice]
How are you this evening?
Who am I talking to?
Robin Hood.
I think it would be
more useful for both of us
if you didn't worry
about trying to trace this.
So I won't have to hang up
and we can have a conversation.
You're taking an
awful lot of risks.
Purposefully leaving evidence at
the scenes, sending me stuff,
now calling me at home.
Yet, you still
don't know who I am.
Oh, I assume you have theories.
Have you considered
the possibility that
I'm helping you catch
a greater criminal than myself?
Yeah, that's crossed my mind,
but I really don't give a damn,
your crew's killed two people.

I'm after you.
Both were bad men.
How do you know that?
Eye for an eye.
So this is revenge?
Was that a general
statement or are
we bringing God into
this conversation?
I mean do you believe in God?
I do, but I wouldn't go
so far as to say He'd approve.
Think He's gonna let
you get into Heaven?
Why does that matter?
If one believes in God isn't
that what it all comes down to,
where we end up after all this?
Probably not, but maybe.
I'll go to Hell so someone
else could go to Heaven.
- You got my package?
- I did.
Are you gonna do
the right thing?
So Senator Cook likes guys.
Doesn't bother me.
Don't be dense.
That's just the
salacious details
to make the public
pay attention.
I'm talking about
the documents with it.
Yeah, they're intriguing,
but I'm not about to start
justifying murder and theft
as a means to fight
public corruption.
How does it feel knowing
the man who murdered your wife
is still breathing
while your wife rots?
[thunder booms]

Does doing things the legal way really make it better?
[Montgomery] FBI.
Carrying a concealed weapon.
FBI, concealed weapon.
It's the only one I have.
Special Agent Montgomery.
Good to see you.
Thanks for being here.
Can I get you anything?
Coffee, tea?
No, thank you,
this is not too shabby.
These robberies
have been just terrible.
Money's one thing,
but the unnecessary
savagery disgusts me.
I noticed you beefed
up security downstairs.
Our customers deserve a sense
of protection, don't you think?
- Yourself as well, I'm sure.
- Yeah, everyone.
So, West Chester, you seem to
have some kind of relationship
with the man who
was killed there?
Dagley?
If you're referring to him
informing the military
about the kidnapping plot
against my brother,
then, yes, of course.
He was a hero.
Were you and
your brother close?
Very close.
You have any brothers?
I do actually.
I was 20 years older than him.
I loved him dearly.
Died far too young.
Twenty-four.

He didn't seem to follow in the family footsteps however. All of you with your Business and Law degrees and Alexander is a Philosophy major at Dartmouth?

What's your point?

Well, one of my agents came across a paper he wrote, it was published, about the corruption of government and the banking system and its negative impact on society.

[chuckles] Yeah.

He was a bright guy.

Quite the young liberal.

I take it you lean a little more to the right.

[chuckles] Not this year.

- I'm trying to stay out of it.

- Me too.

I never would've taken you as an enthusiast of the macabre.

I find it fascinating.

Lovecraft fan, huh?

This an original?

It's first collection.

- May I?

- Sure.

Books are meant to be handled and read, of course. Even incredibly expensive ones.

You a fan as well?

My wife was.

She loved all his ideas about a secret world existing beneath our own.

Me, I get enough of that every day at my job.

But I read my fair share and there was this one story in particular.

The Lurking Fear.

There was a character in
it named Jan Martense.
Which also happens
to be the name
of the owner of a
safety deposit box
that may have held
compromising information
on your friend Senator Cook.
Why would you be
holding dirt on him?
Do you know who
all my friends are?
I only ask
because I find it funny.
Why would you be
blackmailing a guy
that you're the main
campaign contributor for?
Thanks for coming by.
Have George come in please.
Security?
That's a first.
Not everybody needs a
gun to get things done.
What else can I do for
you today, Special Agent?
I'm asking you simple
questions, just answer them.
What's the difference between
a question and an allegation?
An allegation is the
one you don't answer.
A question's the one
you do answer.
I don't think I need to answer
any of your questions, really.
- Let's not do theater.
- Okay, Special Agent.
Look, why don't you cut the shit
and just tell me
who's behind this before
you wind up like
Hutchinson and Dagley.

Or you could make a
move and I'll shatter your face
against those floor
to ceiling windows.
That's one of the
things that could happen.
[sirens wailing]
[guns cocking]
[padlock beeps]
[indistinct chatter]
Everybody down!
Now!
[screaming]
[distorted voice]
Let's go, now!
[gunfire]
[distorted voice]
Get out of here! Keep moving.
Move, move, move!
Down!
[gunfire continues]
Move, move, move, let's go!
Move it out, move it out now!
Lower your weapons
and we will not harm you.
No, what are you doing?!
[grunting]
Down here!
I'll fucking kill her,
I'll fucking do it,
I'll fucking kill her!
Which one of you creeped up
on my computer last night?
Let him go!
I suppose these guards
deserved to die, too!
Maybe you boys are just
starting to unravel.
Give me the girl,
I give you your man!
Otherwise, I put one in
your skull and one in his.
Whoever's left gets a prize.
[distorted voice]

Let her go.
So you're the boss man, huh?
Turn around.
Take the money and go!
On the count of three.
One...
Two...
Three.
[sirens wailing]
Monty! Hey, fuck off!
Get that goddamn
camera away now! Move!
How can you not find
them, they peeled out
in the middle of downtown!
Ah, shit.
You okay?
Should've been me.
Hey. You see all those
people over there?
They're alive because of you.
Let's get these assholes.
[phone rings]
- What's up?
- [Derohan]
I got your plate match.
- How long has it been there?
- Just got here.
Sit tight.
So what made you
join the Bureau?
Fell into it.
You got that born on the 4th,
be all you can be look.
Special Forces.
What about you, what
made you become a--
Boy Scout?
I wasn't gonna say that,
but, yeah.
I can't remember, but I'm sure
it was something good and noble.
Yeah, I'm sure.
This is a photograph

of our dead white victim.
Well, besides him conveniently
not having his driver's license
on him,
he also didn't
have any fingerprints.
Burned off,
the molars pulled out, too.
Say what you want
about this motherfucker,
but he was dedicated.
Where else do we find
this kind of dedication?
- Military.
- Definitely,
absolutely military.
Which brings us back
to T.J. Jackson.
But we all know T.J. himself
can't be involved, right, Chase?
Because T.J. Jackson is dead.
His body never
showed up stateside.
Okay, so either these guys
want us to think they're somehow
connected to Jackson's unit,
which is unlikely
because they're
all dead, allegedly,
or they have some kind of point
to make about
T.J. Jackson's unit.
You think T.J. Jackson
had a small unit, sir,
or a big ol' large unit?
Stocky, you're a third grader
trapped in a grown man's body,
shut the fuck up.
All right, anyone else?
Any non-comedians?
Can you think of any point they
may be trying to make, anybody?
All right, daddy's turn.
Here we have an entirely

different platoon
not to be confused
with T.J. Jackson's.

Who is this?

[Stocky] Hutchinson, the manager
killed at the first robbery.

[Montgomery] What about him?
Senator Cook.

Before he was a senator,
Cook served in The Gulf War,
he was the commander
of this platoon.

Recognize him?

[Chase] Dagley.

He was in Cook's platoon.

[Montgomery]

Exactly, as was Hutchinson.

A very young David Dagley,
now let's fast forward to 2011
where Dagley is the commander
of T.J. Jackson's Ranger Unit,
the unit that we all know
went rogue and killed
Alexander Hubert.

Everyone in the unit
except for Dagley.

Except for Dagley. Dagley,
who is connected to Cook,
who is connected to Hutchinson,
who is connected to Hubert,
who coincidentally hires Dagley
after his time in the military.

[Chase] Jesus.

Are you guys saying what
I think you're saying?

What do you
think we're saying?

That Jeffrey Hubert,
what, that he somehow
staged the whole thing just to
kill off his little brother?

Agent Montgomery,
you told me to
let you know if PD

tried to release Hubert.
- Why are we holding Hubert?
- Because he's a witness
to a robbery,
I'm not done with him yet.
I want him to sweat a little.
They're letting
him go right now.
Officers, no one leaves
without my permission!
Oh, Senator Cook,
what a coincidence.
My colleagues and I were
just talking about you.
Is it customary to lock up
the victim of a bank robbery?
Can't remember ordering
anybody to be locked up,
but I'm sure if you give me time
I can find some reasons
to put you away.
They don't pay you enough
money to get a real suit?
Just go back to that shitty bar
that you hang out and order that
shitty wine
that you never drink.
Tell me something,
at what age was
Alexander supposed to
receive his inheritance?
'Cause my guess is 25.
Tragic he died two
months before then.
Fuck's the matter with you?
[thunder booms]
There it is.
No movement since I called you.
Okay, you guys hang here,
me and the stiff
will go check it out.
Copy that.
[baby crying]
[phone rings]

- Yeah.
- Jackson's headed your way.
Follow him, hold back.
See where he goes.
[knocking]
- CPD.
- Agent Wells, FBI.
- May we come in?
- Okay.
Thank you, we won't be long.
Was that James Jackson
leaving your apartment?
- Yes.
- Was he here long?
What's going on now?
Just gonna ask
you a few questions
and then we'll be on our way.
Wells.
Well, that's an
awful lot of money.
- Did James give that to you?
- Yes.
Since T.J. died, Jamie
helps us out when he can.
- Where'd he get it?
- I don't know!
Any other police come by,
don't mention us.
You might want to find
a better place to hide it.
I didn't take you for a softie.
I really was a Boy Scout.
[phone rings]
What you got?
We followed him to East side.
He's in a remote house
that looks abandoned.
We're gonna keep an eye.
For fuck sakes, man.
What's up?
They lost James.
Goddammit.
This came for you, sir.

Get the fuck out.
Every day Christmas around here.
I want you to take these.
Jackpot.
A single file that lays
out the whole conspiracy.
This was in this Hubert's
personal safety deposit box.
Now why the fuck would he
hold on to something
so incriminating?
I think of it as leverage.
If any single individual
in the conspiracy
wants to target Hubert
as a fall guy,
he simply connects the dots.
This is his currency.
That's the one thing
Hubert understands.
So what are we gonna do with
this?
[thunder booms]
I wanna shove it up his ass.
I love it.
[thunder booms]
I handed off
everything to Vanessa.
Good. Good, throwing this to her
should make things interesting.
I'm still trying to get
an arrest warrant for Hubert,
turns out all his bluster
about having friends
in high places,
it's actually true.
Sir, I just wanted to say
I think it's really honorable,
you handling
the case in this way.
What way's that?
Doing what you think is moral.
Doing what's moral. Meaning?
You made the right choice.

You refocused on Hubert.
You have no idea what
you're talking about.
I'm going after Hubert
'cause he's an asshole.
And my main reason
for going after him
is to shake out
these cowboys that
have turned this city
into the OK Corral.
But there's the greater good.
Are you suggesting that these
bank robbing assholes
are somehow doing the right
thing by leading me
to a bigger fish?
Maybe.
Yeah.
I don't know.
My wife had her eyes cut out
of her head while
she was still alive.
She was undercover
trying to bring
down a drug lord,
Mateo Velasquez.
He made her and he
tortured her to death.
He nearly walked when
Mims lied to the DA.
Why would Mims do that,
well, he was trying to help me.
He thought he was
doing the right thing.
By the way, Velasquez
gave money to charity, too.
Nobody ever thinks
they're the bad guy.
Leon's still out there.
Nobody's been in or out.
Jackson's inside,
maybe he's waiting
for somebody or maybe

he's guarding something.
What do you think?
Estimated take from the
robbery is around ten million.
Most of it is in there.
I think you know exactly
what I'm thinking.
[indistinct chatter]
[car honks]
FBI.
You decided to show up.
Paperwork,
someone's gotta do it.
Fuck paperwork.
I see you've had a couple.
I've had a couple.
All right, man, wake up.
You're home.
Nasty, you got napkins?
Yeah, sure, right here.
Right here in the glove box.
There you go.
You all right?
My wife has cancer.
Pancreatic.
Terminal, she's in stage four.
Oh.
I had no idea, I'm sorry.
Nobody knows.
I...
I can't let her go.
Then I wouldn't waste
my time here with me.
[door slams]
Hey.
Baby, what are you doing?
Where have you been?
I asked if you wanted
to go out with us.
Are you serious?
Does it look like I could
be hanging out in bars?
[sobbing]
- Brian.

- I'm so sorry.

Brian.

Please don't leave me.

Don't leave me.

I promise I'm gonna
get us away from here.

I don't need to go anywhere.

I'm right where I need to be.

I'm so sorry.

I have obtained
verified confidential
files that indicate
Jeffrey Hubert
of Hubert National was directly
related to the death
of his brother,
Alexander Hubert in 2011.

What was once believed to be a
deadly kidnapping perpetrated
by a rogue ranger team
now appears to be directly
linked to none other
than our very own Senator Cook,
who falsely informed
the ranger team
that weapons of
mass destruction were to be
found at the temporary
Costa Rican home
of Alexander Hubert
resulting in the
young man's death.

The soldiers were then
tragically killed on the scene
and falsely painted
as traitors.

[alarm buzzes]

[door shuts]

[alarms buzzes]

Do you know what

I think about a lot?

Your death.

I don't mean with
the lethal injection

that's probably, what,
a good 10 years away.
What I think about is...
Killing you with my own hands.
The way you killed my
wife with your own hands.
[thunder booms]
[phone rings]
Yeah, Jackson's still alone.
Keep me updated.
Derohan should be there
soon to relieve you.
You really think all
that money's in there?
Yeah, I really do.
Hell yeah.
I'll see you tonight.
You know how much?
Thanks.
Chicago office says one of their
Hubert National banks just had
two unauthorized vehicles
make cash pickups.
He's grabbing cash because
his accounts are frozen.
Could only get a
temporary freeze,
but he doesn't know that.
He's panicking. Two trucks,
that's gotta be upward
\$50 million or so.
Asshole like Hubert's gotta have
foreign accounts, fake names.
Greedy fuck wants his cash now?
Tell you what,
greed is what I'm counting on,
we find the money we find Hubert
hopefully with
a warrant in hand.
Yeah, how's that's coming?
I'm working on that.
Where'd the armored trucks go?
I have no fucking clue.
We know the trucks

left from here,
but where'd the money go?
I'm thinking he'd
head to a small
airport, right, fly South?
He's got three private planes.
One in Chicago,
two here in Cincinnati.
We have men with all of them.
So far nothing.

- Who killed T.J.'s team?

- What?

We know Dagley ratted him out,
who did Cook send
in to kill him?

- Is that relevant?

- Come on, Capt,
what are you thinking?

- Sir?

- Chase, are you sure that
you tracked down every one
of Hubert's planes?

Yes, they're all secure.

I want you to
start a new search,
every plane registered
under the name Jan Martense.

Right away. But sir?

Do you want me to do
that before or after
you go hear T.J.'s
girlfriend sing?

- Tonight?

- In an hour.

[gentle piano music]

La la la la

I live to say

That you were mine

I wish to say he cares

But I guess not this time

Can't fight the mood

Loving someone else

Sharing what I cherish most

[T.J.] You must think I'm

pretty foolish to be here, huh?
No, when you love someone life
just isn't life without them.
Didn't think our
love was ready
[applause]
Wanna stay for one more song?
That one's my favorite.
Subject is secure.
Let's go, T.J.
[thunder booms]
Where are you going?
I just gotta do this thing.
Hey.
Be here with me.
That's all I need.
I love you.
I know, so just...
I just need to do this thing.
Okay.
Wells, Wells. Chase got
a lead on a cargo plane.
It's at Lunken Airport,
it's registered under the name
Jan Martense.
She's also got a chopper
under the same name,
Martense, it's on
a rooftop downtown.
My guess is they're gonna use
that chopper to
get to the airport.
Let's go, come on.
Anyone else from your
platoon still alive?
Just me.
Then who did the
robberies with you?
I didn't have nothing
to do with the robberies.
All right, so you weren't
involved, let's go with that.
Sure as hell looks
like someone's trying to

frame your ass.
How could someone
frame a dead man?
You don't look so dead to me.
Look again.
I'm out.
- Pick up a tail?
- No.
I just think we should
do this one by the books.
This was your idea, man.
It's just...
I can't do this.
We shouldn't do this.
Fuck that. You don't want in
anymore, that's on you.
We'll send you a
coconut from Mexico.
Hubert National robbers are at
1507 East 31st Street.
They're armed.
Do you know what it's like not
to be able to see your
own kid, your girl?
Out of fear that something may
happen to them if the government
finds out you're still alive?
For five years I've been
watching them from a distance.
Still doesn't
answer my question,
why do I keep
finding your prints
all over the crime scenes?
Well, maybe they let them there
for you to find Hubert.
Who's they?
Why are you covering for them?
All right.
Forget it.
Let's go somewhere else,
take me back.
Tell me what happened.
[T.J.] Orders came

down from our CO.
The mission was to
go in to eliminate
a terrorist group reporting an
unknown quantity of
WMDs in Costa Rica.
Does she look like
a terrorist to you?
I don't see any weapons.
[T.J.] There are no
weapons, somebody fucked up.
Tell me this is a terrorist!
We just killed
innocent people!
- No, no, no,
I don't believe it!
- Fucking believe it, man!
Squad leader,
this is Alpha Six!
These look like dead
American college kids, man!
What the hell is going on?!
[gunshot]
[gunfire]
[mumbles] We're being attacked!
Fuck!
[mumbles] ...we're under attack!
Abort, we're under attack!
How'd you get out?
Whoever's behind the robbery
snuck you out, didn't they?
You know the parable
of The Good Samaritan?
Mm-hm.
This one's angry.
[thunder booms]
[sirens wailing]
Where the fuck
is the rest of it?!
Put the gun down!
Get down on the ground!
Get on your knees!
Put down the gun!
Don't do it!

[gunshot]
Get down on the ground!
Get on your knees!
I want it brought to me,
Cincinnati PD
does not take custody,
they do not book him!
I will take custody
from the state cops!
Look who it is, come on in here!
Hey, Mr. Lucky,
the escape artist,
how'd you get away?
- What are you talking about?
- Okay, explain this to me.
Why'd your boys
just get arrested
with some of the robbery money?
Some of the money?
Yeah, you look disappointed,
I thought you'd have the rest.
Are they okay?
No, Derohan is not okay,
he's less than okay.
- Monty, we had a lead.
- So why didn't you tell us,
why didn't you report it?
I'll tell you why,
because you were
gonna try and rip off the load.
Now one of your boys are dead.
Deny that, motherfucker.
How'd you find the house?
- From a tip.
- What tip?
From the security guard that
got the plate at the robbery.
[laughs] So you had a lead on
a plate and you
didn't notify us?
- Wells had the lead.
- What do you mean Wells?
Wells had the lead!
What do you mean

Wells had the lead?
Yeah, Wells
brought me the lead.
Sanders, get me
Wells' jacket now!
Connect me to Icon Jewelry,
it's in West Chester.
Yeah, I need information on a
Chris Hall, a security guard.
Wells was stationed
in Panama in 2011,
right next door to Costa Rica.
Son of a bitch was in the
country same time as T.J.
and he doesn't mention it?
You tell me you don't
have any security guards?
Units at the helm.
[gunshots]
[Stocky] No, stop!
The fuck is wrong with you?!
Trying to take a chopper off
in the middle of downtown,
are you fucking crazy?!
[sirens wailing]
You motherfucker!
Hubert got away!
We don't have to do this.
Yeah. We do.
[yelling]
[yells indistinct]
Stocky, are you all right?
You all right?
- It was the kid.
- Yeah.
Fucking GI Joe motherfucker.
I was just starting
to like that kid, too.
Yeah, me too, my friend, me too.
We lost Hubert.
Forget about him, we'll get him.
I'm just glad you're all right.
You're not gonna
kiss me are you?

Do you have breath mints?

Come on...

[thunder booms]

I saw your map.

I've been in these
tunnels many times.

Everyone else followed you,
but I came here.

Mims.

Go home, Mims.

I can't.

You know that.

You made two
smart choices today,
make one more
and get out of here.

Nobody knows I'm here,
you can go.

You just need to
leave the money.

I knew you were
half a bad guy,
don't come here and rob me.

I'm not
gonna take anything,
I just need to
turn the money in.

Bullshit.

I don't know how much my wife
knows about the man
that I've become.

I've done some really
fucked up things, man.
Really bad things.

But it ends here.

That's not how this
is gonna go down, Mims.

I need to do it for her.

This has nothing
to do with her.

Maybe it does.

Maybe the man that I've let
myself become is killing her.

Maybe...

If I do this I can heal her.
This can't save her,
but it might kill you.
I gotta try.
Are you kidding me,
I will kill you right now!
Put the gun down
and go home to your wife.
If I leave, I'm guilty.
If I've got dues
to pay, I'll pay 'em.
This has nothing
to do with you,
everything got fucked up.
Hubert is still out there.
I need to do something
good with this money.
I'm the one who has
something to make up for.
I can't let you get
in the way of that.
I need to take the money.
Put the gun down!
Walk away, Wells.
Don't make me do this!
I need you to drop--
[gunshot]
Officer down in the
old brewery tunnels.
[man on radio]
You're breaking up, repeat!
Officer down in the
old brewery tunnels, come quick!
Tell my wife...
I died good.
[phone rings]
[Stocky]
He hit the grid, Mexico.
Hey, Stocky, forget
this call ever happened.
[mariachi music]
[indistinct chatter]
I knew if I trailed him
long enough you'd pop up.

So it was you I was
holding at the bank, huh?
Mims picked a bad day
to go straight.
Ten dead, most of them
not on your list.
Well, 11 if you count Velasquez.
Which I mean I figured.
A couple inmates gouge
out his eyes with shanks.
That wasn't a
coincidence, right?
So was it all worth it?
I don't know.
No.
Well, T.J.'s finally safe.
He's back with his girl
and his kid, so there's that.
I know you and your boys were
sent in to kill
T.J. and his unit.
It felt wrong from the start.
Only half a team was sent in.
That's never done.
It was supposed to be clean.
No bodies, no evidence
left behind, clean.
They just kept telling us
that a group of soldiers
had gone rogue.
That's what I kept hearing,
rogue, rogue, rogue.
Didn't feel right.
I knew before we went in
this mission was bullshit.
Why didn't you speak up?
Are you kidding me?
I'm not gonna do
a job that I was
trained to do because
it didn't feel right?
With all due respect,
sir, I was a soldier.
Who was I gonna tell that to?

After we were done,
T.J. was the only one left.
He was scared, confused.
[gunfire]
I took one look in his eyes
and it confirmed everything
I had been feeling.
We, all of us,
had been set up.
How'd you get him out?
Snuck him out in a body
bag and a weapon's crate.
So you and your boys can blame
others for your
actions back then.
Who do you blame for them now?
We all lost
sight of the point.
All the security guards killed
at the last robbery,
it all got fucked up.
I just couldn't stop it.
What was that point,
that you were
gonna get your revenge
and a few million in cash
for your time and effort?
I don't know, maybe?
So what are you gonna do?
I'm gonna finish
what I started.
It ends with Hubert.
No, Hubert ends with me,
you lost that privilege
when you became a vigilante.
No, you don't get
out of this that easy,
you've got more debts to pay.
All that money
you and your boys stole.
It's not gonna
bring anybody back,
but I know a lot
of people who are

suffering because
of your actions.
I trusted you once,
you betrayed me.
I'm gonna trust you again.
Don't make me regret it.
Miss.
Can I have two glasses
of Pinot Noir delivered
to that table?
Thank you.
Is that, Hubert?
What are the fucking odds we
pick the same vacation spot?
[chuckles]
It's all right.
This one's all bark and no bite.
Would you excuse us?
You might have just
cost me a \$100 million deal.
Best news I've heard all week.
I took the liberty.
Thanks, hun.
Why not.
I guarantee you
whatever they serve
is better than that swill
you buy in your dive.
I prefer my swill.
I'd ask you why
you don't drink it,
but I don't give a fuck.
What now, Agent Montgomery?
Surely even your
little mind understands
this country's so corrupt,
what are you gonna do?
You can't touch me here.
Or else I could have you killed.
That, and it wouldn't
cost me the price
of one of your cheap suits.
You really don't
like my suits?

It's alright.

Well...

You're not drunk are you?

One sip of this?

[chuckles]

I'll go to Hell

so you can go to Heaven.

[screaming]