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No Man 's Land

By Dick Wolf

We're all waiting for you.

- Hand me that ratchet, will you, uncle Mike? | - Yeah.

Your mother wants you to cut the turkey.

Have Jimbo do it.

She wants you. You know how she is.

You got your hands full with this one.

That's for sure.

Had my eye on one of these, | a long time ago.

- Yeah? | - Yeah.

Did some plumbing work for a guy | who couldn't pay.

No kidding.

Yeah, he wanted to trade me | his burgundy Porsche.

Should have done it.

Come on, you give me a ride | when you get this thing running.

Gotta get yourself cleaned up.

Yeah.

Yeah, I got me a fuckin' | Oldsmobile instead.

- Rhea, where are the cranberries? | - I put 'em on the table, Bea.

Somebody make sure the cat | doesn't get into them.

Mary Jean, will you keep an eye on Prowler?

- Where is Benjy? | - He's taking a shower.

- Listen, we're gonna eat without you. | - No, you wouldnt.

- Nice gravy, Mom. | - Hotshot!

- Peggy! How you doing? | - Good!

- Gonna give me a nephew? | - Hope so, I'll name it after Dad.

Great.

- Who's that? | - Colleen.

Colleen, what happened?

- Somebody swiped your tooth. | - I lost 'em.

No. You know what? | Tooth Fairy asked me to give this to you.

- Thanks. | - You got it.

How you doing? | Come on. I want to talk to you.

Benjy, will you put this on the table, please? | Watch the cat.

- How's business? | - Good.

They keeping you busy?

City full of criminals. | A lot of tickets to write.

- So you like it? | - It's okay.

If you change your mind, | there's a lot of money to be made in poultry.

Your brother-in-law loves it.

Yeah, but he loves Peggy. | What does that prove?

That's my wife you're talking about, there.

It may not be cops and robbers, | but it's a good business.

People always gonna be eating chicken.

It's not cops and robbers. It's just a job. | Uncle Mike, will you help me

out?

- Why don't you leave Benjy alone. | - I'm talking to Benjy, all right?

What does he need with chicken?

- Who's going to say grace? Benjy? | - How about Mary Jean?

Bless us, lord, and these, they gifts...

which we are about to receive | from thy bounty.

Through Christ, our lord, amen.

- Amen. | - All right. Good job. Okay, let's eat.

You made me look bad.

That's what I'm saying, okay?

I didn't mean to. | I thought he was going to hurt her.

You want to get your butt sawed off, | that's your business.

But if I'm standing there, | I gotta do something.

And I don't want to do nothin.

How are you, Ace?

- I get half the money on that. | - No, you dont.

What do I do with this?

Put it up here.

Mara.

- Lock these up for us, will you? | - You got it.

I'll have the usual.

Bring the shooters in here, will you, Ben?

Heath.

- What took you guys so long? | - We're driving down the street.

The kid sees this guy | kicking his ladys butt in the parking lot.

He wants me to pull over. We're off duty!

What? Them two on Washington?

- Yeah, you know 'em? | - Them's two at it all the time.

Beats the shit out of her once a week.

How was I supposed to know that?

So the kid, here, | he makes me pull over to a stop...

and he jumps right in the middle of it.

Here. Now, I got to do something.

Kid, you're off duty. | You see something, call a cop.

I am a cop.

Here it comes.

No, that's Braceey. Hey, man.

Jaws.

You're a long way from home, Lieutenant.

I'm looking for a guy named | Benjamin Taylor.

- That's me. | - That's me, sir.

That's me, sir.

Want to step over here?

I hear you're pretty good | with German cars, Porsches?

I'm okay.

You hear about Nick Grazziola?

- He's the detective that was killed last week. | - Yeah.

I want the guys who got him.

You know who did it?

I can't prove it.

I think it's a local outfit stealing Porsches.

They're operating out of a repair shop.

My moneys on the owner, | a guy named Ted Varrick.

I got a snitch working in the place. | He can get somebody in.

Me?

Maybe.

Why me?

'Cause you're a mechanic...

and you're a rookie.

You won't act like a cop.

Grazziola.

He was a friend of yours, wasn't he?

How old are you, son?

22.

You still living at home?

Yeah.

You don't have to prove anything...

not to me.

I'll do it.

Okay.

Okay. Bill Ayles.

Hi, I'm Bill Ayles.

How you doing?

Don't forget, asshole.

You guys make sure I know | what you do with the tire gun.

Right.

- Danny, how you doing? | - Bill.

You better have your shit together.

I promised the customer's car today, | so I want it.

I'll be back by 4:00.

You're a smart guy. Right answer.

- What? | - This is Bill Ayles.

- Good for him. | - This is the mechanic I was talking about.

How you doing?

How long will it take you to change | the fuel distributor on this SC?

Book says four hours. | I can do it in three. Maybe two.

You charge by the book or hours worked?

Depends on the customer.

This guy says it's running rough, | getting lousy gas mileage.
Says he wants a tune-up. | You got a couple hours?
How about a couple minutes?
Just reach in and adjust the sensor plate. | Sounds a little low.
Try it for a couple days.

8:

\$14 an hour to start.

- When? | - Right now. Give him a jumpsuit.

Okay, now, no loud music.

No open-door parties.

Last thing I need is the cops.

You'll love it here.

We've got a real family atmosphere.

The sofa was just re-covered.

Carpets less than a year old.

You the decorator?

I got a real eye for color.

- Here are the keys. | - Thanks.

Ayles!

You deaf, or you just dumb?

It's called concentration.

- You wanna concentrate on pleasing me? | - By doing what?

Guy stuck in the hills in a dead Cabriolet. | Want to go fix him up?

- Nope. | - No?

- How about I take that 930? | - You're a dreamer.

Do yourself a favor. Get in your car. | Go out there and pick him up.

He owns the place. | Give yourself a little job security.

How about some gas money?

You got a sense of humor.

You a car thief?

Malcolm sent me.

I know. I'm just joking. I'm Ted Varrick.

Bill Ayles.

- How you doing? | - Nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you. You're the new guy? | - Yeah, I just moved up from San Diego.

What's wrong?

If I knew what was wrong, | I guess you wouldn't be here, right?

Right. I'll take a look.

- Fixed many of these down in San Diego? | - A few.

Gonna have this car raced?

Not professionally.

You oughta pick one up for yourself.

That's what I keep telling my loan officer.
You let it out much?
As often as possible.
Hold this for me, will you?
Sure.
That should do it.
Fire it up.
Nice work.
I'm thinking maybe | I should take it for a test spin.
You wanna drive my car?
Just to make sure.
Just to make sure.
What do you think?
I think maybe we fixed it.
Yeah?
Sounds okay.
Just to make sure, | why don't you open her up a little bit.
- Faster. | - We're doing 65.
Then there's plenty left, right?
Go on. Do it.
I should have warned you | about that hairpin back there.
No problem.
It's kinda like you said. | It's good to let it out, right?
I think we definitely fixed it.
Were you scared?
No.
Me neither.
Danny, what are you? | Too good to eat with us anymore?
Yeah, I got to be careful | who I hang out with.
- How much money do you think I have? | - Yeah.
- What do you want? | - I'd like a word with you.
Come here.
- So, how's it going? | - What are you doing?
Never answer a question with a question.
I asked you, how's it going?
It's going good.
Well. Say, it's going well.
It's going well.
A little too well. Don't you think?
I'm not doing nothin to you.
That's a double negative, Danny.
- Try again. | - I'm not even stealing cars anymore.
You and your friends | stay out of my territory.
- Who were those guys? | - Insurance salesmen.

- You got a great sense of humor. | - I got a great sense of survival, too, cop.
See how you survive | in county lockup, snitch.
Who the fuck do you think they were?
They're the competition.
Thank you.
That looks like Bill.
It is Bill.
How you doing?
Mr. Varrick.
- Nice to see you. | - Good to see you.
Wanted to thank you again for | helping me out. I appreciate that.
- No problem. How's that car running? | - It's running great.
Say, could you hand me the...
Thank you.
What are you working on?
Replacing an alarm. Putting in a new one.
Something wrong with the old one?
Factory installed.
Cut two wires, and you're home free.
Even the lady who owns this car could do it.
You know a lot about alarms?
- Enough to know a good one. | - Yeah, talk to me.
I'll see you in a few.
Okay.
Bill.
- Yeah! | - What are you doing tonight?
- I don't know. Nothing special. | - Great.
I'm heading out with friends to a club | and I thought you might like to come.
- Love to. | - Great.
Address is on there. | I'll see you, say, like 1:00, 1:30?
- A.M.? | - A.M., yeah.
Just give that to the guy at the door, okay?
- Okay. | - See you tonight.
- All right. Thanks. | - Sure.
Excuse me.
- How you doing? | - Okay.
- Good to see you. | - How are you?
Good.
A guy could get lucky in here.
- Luck doesn't quite cover it. | - Yeah.
- Hey, Suzanne. | - Hey, Ted.
- You're looking exceptionally lovely tonight. | - Thank you.

- Hi! | - Hi!
- How are you? | - Good.
Who was that?
A nice girl with some bad habits.
Fuckin' drugs, I hate 'em.
- Cheers! | - Cheers!
Take a look around, Bill.
Welcome to the lifestyles | of the rich and aimless.
I was about to call | the bureau of missing persons.
- Business, you know how it is. | - Not really.
- I'm sorry. Bill Ayles, my sister, Ann. | - Mr. Goodwrench.
Pleased to meet you.
Come on, we're this way.
- Your sister? | - Yeah.
Everybody, this is Bill. | Bill, this is everybody.
- Scoot over, Frenchie. | - Hi.
Bill, meet Margot, she runs this place. | That's Bill.
- Hello. | - Pleased to meet you.
There's somebody at that table | who's been looking for you.
- Do you want to be found? | - Yeah, sure.
Do me a favor. Keep this group fed and | watered while I'm gone, okay?
Excuse me.
How's it going?
It's not going so bad. | How's it going with you?
Great.
- Come here often, do you? | - No. All the time.
Funny, I've never seen you here before.
Yeah, this is a big mechanic's hangout.
- You're a mechanic? | - Yes.
If you'll excuse us...
we're going to make a pit stop.
Used to be, | it was girls who powdered their noses.
Morning.
- Don't ever be late for me. | - 10 minutes. What's the big deal?
Every minute you're late, | I got to re-evaluate.
Is he in trouble? Is his cover blown? | You got it?
Sorry. It won't happen again.
- What do you got for me? | - There's another car ring.
A guy named Martin runs it.
- Yeah. Frank Martin. | - You know about him?
He was under arrest the night | Grazziola was murdered.
Stick with the program. Varrick.
I met him, I don't think he's the guy.
- Yeah, why is that? | - He's rich.

- You think crime doesn't pay? | - No. I mean rich, rich. Family money.
Took me to this fancy club.

- What happened? | - Nothing, we hung out.
Talked to his sister a little bit.
I guess what's important here | is that you're having a good time.
Look, I...

I don't even think he's a thief. | I can't see him killing anybody.
How many killers have you met | in your life, exactly?
Look, I gotta go to work.
You are at work.

Look, maybe I can try the girl again.
I don't give a shit about the girl.
You think he tells his sister | that he kills people?
I want Varrick.
Now, you concentrate on Varrick.

- Are you taking inventory? | - Damnedest thing, boss.
Brand-new water pump here | with 15,000 miles on it.
Come on. | Are they switching the boxes on me again?
These guys.
Let me ask you something.
You interested in picking up | a little extra cash?
Stolen parts business?
No, I was thinking more along the lines | of some repo work.
You ever done any?
Some. You a car thief, too?
I'm a businessman.
Sometimes I sell parts, cars, might as well | fix an old car up, sell it
out the back door.
Maybe I should get some plaid pants, | do late-night commercials.
Seriously, somebody took one of our | consignment Porsches a few nights
ago.
And it seems like we should take it back.
This ain't exactly repo work.
This ain't exactly work, period.
But it's all part of the fight | for truth and justice.
You game?
- You know where it is? | - I'll drive.
Check it out.
That's our girl.
You're out of your mind. | What about the valets?
Come on, those guys never pay attention.
Besides, I have the key.
There's two of us, right?
- Fuck it. I'll do it. | - No, I'll do it.

I got a better idea. You do it.
Look, Malcolm got the spares | all screwed up, but...
it is definitely one of these.
Great.
That's reassuring.
Shit.
What's that guy doing with the Porsche?
Randy, Travis! Send somebody...
Stop him!
Look out!
- You okay? | - Damn it! I almost had it!
Yeah. No shit.
I want to go back and get that car.
Come on, are you out of your mind?
Obviously.
I feel good
I knew that I would, now
- So good | - So good
So good 'cause I got you
Why don't you use the Porsche | till tomorrow? You earned it.
- What do you mean? | - Drop it off at the shop.
I'll have someone pick it up in the morning.
Have a cigar.
Don't mind if I do.
- Something to cool your engines? | - Sure, why not?
Too bad about this place.
Yeah, it is kind of seedy.
- Guess I'll have to suffer. Great hat. | - Thank you.
Cheers.
What are you celebrating?
- Hi. | - How are you?
Not as good as you, from the sound of it.
- You heard that? | - No. No.
So, what are you two up to?
Bill was just teaching me | a little stunt driving, that's all.
Is that true?
Sure, why not?
She likes to imagine that I lie a lot.
Makes me sound more exciting.
You're exciting enough.
These college girls, they're so boring.
- Where do you go to school? | - Chicago.
She's staying with her so-called parents, | who are on vacation.
Only they're not here...

as usual.

Didn't they know you were coming home?

They're off in France or Libya | or some other foreign paradise.

Ann has all 5,000 rooms to herself.

She likes to be alone.

Is that true?

Not always.

Maybe you should take that as an invitation.

Maybe it is.

They must have laughed | after they almost caught me...

'cause I just walked through a store, | out the back, into the car, gone.

I couldn't believe I did it.

You're really hating this.

You told me to get close to him.

Look, just don't go native on me, all right?

- What's that supposed to mean? | - You know exactly what it means.

You want results, right?

What I want is something that | I can take into court.

What I don't want is some | smart-ass lawyer getting a cop killer off...

because somebody crossed a line. | You got it?

What about the sister?

She wouldn't date the help.

At least she's got some common sense.

Hi.

You been standing there long?

Just came around.

The gate was open | and nobody answered when I rang.

I guess I don't hear anything back here.

Would you like the grand tour?

And last but not least...

this is the tennis court.

This is a basketball court.

It depends on how you look at it.

Let me guess, Ted's into basketball | and you play tennis?

Wrong.

Introducing Number 32 for Sacred Heart...

Varrick!

Sacred Hearts in trouble this year. | Do you want to play Horse?

I want to play Duck.

- How do you play Duck? | - Duck!

- Let's play one-on-one. | - Is it easier than Horse?

Sure, you just take the ball and you try | and score. It's like basketball.

Your game. You go first.

Okay.

Is that the phone?

- That's completely unfair. | - Whatever it takes.

Is that as close as you're gonna get?

Your brother teach you this?

I taught him.

- Are you okay? | - That's okay, no blood, no foul.

So humor me.

Foul on Number 32, Varrick. Cmon.

I figured you for a heartbreaker. | I didn't know my nose was in jeopardy.
You'll be fine.

- How long do I have to keep doing this? | - Till I tell you to stop.

Here, have a seat.

Put your head back.

How long have you and Ted been friends?

- Since 1... | - Put that head back!

- Since I helped him out of a jam. | - Yeah? What kind of a jam?

His car wouldn't start.

That's not much of a jam for Ted.

- He's been in bigger, has he? | - You could say that.

Maybe he's learning.

Learning what?

How to choose his friends | more carefully.

Okay, sit up.

- Stopped? | - Yeah.

You're good.

Blood brings out the mother in me.

I already got a mother.

Einstein.

You just dropped three years | of your salary here.

Danny Millers on Line 4.

Come on, Malcolm wants you.

Bill. Malcolm wants to see you.

Showtime, bro.

- You really like this shit? | - Yeah!

What are you, my father or something?

Just drive.

A bunch of Mercedes.

A couple Rollses.

A Ferrari. I don't see no Porsches, man. | I got tickets to the Lakers.

You're not going anywhere | until we get a car.

Clifford. Too tough.

Just got lucky.

It's awful close to the elevator. | Let's look some more.

What, you want one with keys in it, too?

Just keep your goddamn eyes open.
Get your hands up!
Get out of the car! Get over here!
Got him?
- Go downstairs and call the cops. | - Right.
Keep moving. Back off.
Move it out.
Keep moving. Back off.
Keep your hands off our cars.
Sure took your time.
Can I have my personal property, please?
- Thanks. | - Shut up.
Malcolm gives all the orders. I've got | nothing to connect Varrick to any
of it.
Just because he's smarter than you, | doesn't mean he's innocent.
There's a telephone in there and I want you | to go in there and call
Malcolm...
and tell him in your own words | exactly what went down today.
Let him use the phone.
What, you want me to dial it for you?
Malcolm, it's Bill.
You heard.
He's what?
He's sorry?
That sorry fuckin' kid took me off, | and left me hanging!
It was fucking amateur night! Wait. | Sorry? Sorry isn't good enough!
Find yourself another fool, 'cause I'm out!
Shit. I just quit.
Means he'll come to you.
So, it's okay?
Kid, you sent chills up my spine.
Hi.
Ann, I'm sorry.
- You must be angry. | - Not really, I was angry two hours ago.
I knew this was a bad idea.
Should I go?
What happened to your hand?
A self-inflicted wound.
Is it bad?
If a little blood | brought out the mother in you...
I'd try a lot of blood, see what happened.
Make my bacon extra crispy, please.
- You're just in time. | - Hello, Ann.
- Morning. | - Ann, you shouldn't have, really.

Thank you. You got any coffee?

- Sure. | - Great.

All right.

This is terrific. Thank you very much.

- Long night? | - Yeah.

Morning.

Nice robe, chief.

Where can I get a mug?

Looks better on you than it does on me.

Sit down. Eat.

- Have you tasted her crepes? | - No.

Ann, give Bill a crepe. | This shit will melt in your mouth.

You sleep okay last night?

Yes, I slept pretty well.

Is there any milk?

I like this.

I really like this. It feels very domestic.

But good domestic.

Maybe you guys should go | work in the 3.2 kids.

Uncle Ted could visit on the holidays.

- It's 2.3 kids. | - I think it's 3.2 beer.

Take it easy, uncle Ted.

I always hated this | fuckin' house at Christmas.

Let's do something different this year.

Let's have a party.

We'll hire a band. Fill this place up. | Put some life in this morgue.

- What do you think? | - Sounds great.

You're invited. What do you say, Ann?

Okay.

All right, I'll fix it up.

I've got to make a few phone calls.

Meet me outside when you're done.

- Okay. | - Okay.

Thanks for the grub, kiddo.

- Sure. | - See you later.

You okay?

I have to get dressed.

I'll call you later.

Yes, do.

No, absolutely not.

It just doesn't work that way. | Okay? You tell him that.

Okay, good-bye.

Ready?

What the hell happened to your hand, man? | She didn't bite you, did she?

No, one of Martin's people cut me yesterday.
Son of a bitch.
The backup man | Malcolm stuck me with split.
- Could have been a lot worse. | - Did you get busted?
No, I managed to get away.
You got my word | this is not gonna happen again.
I'm gonna partner you | with the best guy I got.
- Yeah, who's that? | - Who do you think?
- Merry Christmas, gentlemen. | - Thank you, sir.
- Did she say \$9,300? | - \$93,000.
- Let's do it. | - All right.
- You look terrific. | - Thanks.
Yeah.
The shopping bags the ticket.
You can stand there all day long | if you hold the right bag.
- Makes sense, right? | - Sure.
What about this one? Not too shabby.
Italian trash.
Besides, I only steal Porsches.
Like that one.
Come on.
All right, this ones on me.
Hello.
Be my guest.
One. Two.
Three.
This baby handles!
What is this shit? Noise.
Good Lord. Definite trash.
I can't believe people still listen to this shit!
Answer it, man. It's probably for you.
Hello.
No, Ricks not here.
Who am I?
I'm the guy stealing Ricks car.
You know, those guys said to back off.
Fuck 'em.
There! The elevator!
Go!
Come on!
Don't you think were pushing our luck?
No such thing.
I nabbed seven of these in one day.
Your turn.

Dubious.

This guy deserves us.

So, who picks up the cars?

Malcolms got a guy on it.

Where's he take 'em?

- Stop. This is too good to pass up. | - Terrific, just great.

There!

What now?

Buckle up.

Come on!

Come on! Get the fuck in here!

Come on! Go!

Come on! Go! Shit! Move it!

Back up, back up. Now. Go!

Any ideas?

- Yeah, head for the hills. | - I'm serious.

Punch it!

What happened?

Shit.

Terrific idea you had, here.

Relax.

I met this girl, not too long ago...

with blonde hair, the greenest eyes.

Christ, you should have seen her.

Yeah?

She's so fucking beautiful.

Sounds like it.

You got a big responsibility here.

I do?

Yeah, she told me that...

it really hurts her | when a guy says hell call...

and he doesn't.

Come on, go. Come on.

They're over there!

- These guys ever give up? | - They do this for a living.

Showtime, folks.

Boss-man.

Ted. How you doing?

- Kinda slow day. | - A little bit, yeah.

Breaking in the new guy.

Malcolm.

Were doing our Christmas | shopping a little early?

Absolutely. Got to be a step ahead | of the competitors.

- Look familiar? | - Jesus!

Watch out, guys.

Horton, here, can chop up a car in about | two hours. There's nobody faster.

Duncan's a surgeon with switching | numbers. Every car gets a new life.

- Junkyards, right? | - Yeah. Junkyards, impound lots.

We even got a guy at the DMV.

What's up?

I want to talk to you about | some security problems.

- How about tomorrow at the shop? | - Sure. First thing.

Is everything cool?

It's gonna be.

All right.

- See you tomorrow. | - See you tomorrow.

- Problems? | - No.

Nothing this won't fix.

- What's this for? | - A little bonus for the stunt driving.

Good help's hard to come by, these days.

Come on, bro. | I got something to show you.

Remember your first repo?

You painted it.

She's yours.

Clean, clear, and legal.

Yeah. Looks good on you.

Bill?

- Jesus, what are you doing here? | - I wanted to see you.

Whered you get the car?

It's a customers car. | Ted's letting me drive while I fix it.

Is Ted letting you wear his clothes, too?

No, he's... It was a fancy party | that I had to pick up a car at.

He didn't want me to go looking like a | mechanic, so, he gave me some cash and...

You like it?

I don't like it on you.

I'll take it off.

Same old Bill.

You asked for it.

Have a seat. I'll get us a couple beers.

I'm getting rid of that couch. Do not despair.

There's only one. We have to share it.

It's okay.

Tell me I'm being paranoid.

You're being paranoid.

- What are you being paranoid about? | - You.

This place.

- You don't like this place? | - It's like no one lives here.
Ann, I just moved in.
I haven't had a chance to hang my art.
Have I made a mistake?
What mistake?
I thought you'd be good for Ted.
I am.
I thought he'd finally found someone...
- who he couldn't lead around by the nose. | - Yeah.
Don't lie to me.
- If you guys are involved with something... | - We're just friends.
I don't like Ted's friends.
I'm different.
- Are you? | - Yeah.
- I'd like to believe that. | - Yeah.
Believe it.
Malcolm.
You hiding?
What? Did you fall in?
Boss-man, I got a cookie for you.
Shit.
Cut the bullshit insinuations. | I called you guys, remember?
No. You didn't.
One of your mechanics saw you dragging | a body out of the bathroom. He
called us.
I wasn't gonna leave him dead | in the goddamn toilet.
Where were you taking him?
To lunch.
I was trying to give him | some fucking dignity.
What were you worried about?
You're afraid we might find something?
I'm never worried about guys like you.
If you destroyed or altered any evidence, | I'm gonna find out and charge
you.
Fine.
You got a real clear conscience, don't you?
You tell me, cop.
Listen to me, you little asshole.
Rich boys like you turn my stomach.
You know the difference between right | and wrong, and you don't give a
shit.
You know what they do to boys like you | in the joint, do you, smart mouth?
You better get yourself an education, | because that's where you're
headed...

and I'm gonna send you there. | I guaran-fuckin'-tee!
You finished?
Get lost.
Who's next?
Bill Ayles, mechanic.
Bring him in.
You okay?
What?
You okay?
I don't know.
Bill Ayles?
Look, man, I gotta get out of here. | I'll call you, okay?
Lieutenant, I think maybe | I got a tie-in to some stolen parts, here.
- Run it down for me, will you? I'm busy. | - Sure.
Are you Ayles?
Cut the crap now.
You gonna interrogate me, Lieutenant?
The first thing you're gonna do, punk, | is sit down and answer a few questions.
Who the hell do you think you're talking to?
Sorry.
How long have you worked here?
About three, three-and-a-half weeks.
What time did you get to work this morning?
I was a little late. I got here about 8:45.
Don't you ever blow your cover like that | in front of anybody.
- They were cops. | - I don't give a shit.
You're who I say you are | until I say otherwise.
I figured with Malcolm dead, it would be...
Nothings over until I pull the plug. | Understand?
Why don't you do it | before somebody else dies?
Because I want Varrick!
He didn't kill your guy.
- What, he confide that in you? | - That's not who Ted is!
Ted!
What are we, best buddies now?
- How involved are you? | - I don't know. Involved.
Look. I'm sick of lying. | I can't do this anymore. I feel dirty.
I don't even know when I'm lying anymore.
I want you to take a few days. Back off.
What do you mean?
Just what I said. | Go home for Christmas, see the family.
You taking me off?
No.

I'm just telling you to take a break.
We'll talk in a few days.
- Go on. | - Okay.
And stay away from Varrick.
Merry Christmas.
It's open.
I'm really sorry about Malcolm.
How are you?
I'm fair at best. Thank you for coming by.
I appreciate that.
Why don't I call Ann? | We'll cancel this thing.
No. I've got to deal with all this | on a business level, you know?
Listen, I have to ask you a favor.
Sure.
I need you to watch my back tonight.
No, I'm not into this.
We're just going to talk.
Then what do I need this for?
Because it would enhance | my sense of security.
- This is stupid. | - No, it's not stupid!
I know who had Malcolm popped.
It was Martin. He's trying to shut me down | and I'm not going to let that happen.
See, if I increase my visibility, it won't work.
Shit.
Come on.
Think of it as an ICBM.
You're never gonna use the fucker, but you | sleep better at night knowing you have one.
What, that's it?
Yes. Do you think I'm gonna | take somebody out on Christmas Eve?
Give me a break.
I will never ask you for anything else again. | Just do me a favor, man.
Just watch my back tonight.
Just talk?
Piece of cake.
Ted, this is crazy. They could be anywhere.
I know he's in one of these fucking clubs.
We'll just be a second. Don't park it, okay?
I don't see him.
- What? | - I don't see him.
Why don't you check the bar downstairs. | I'll meet you outside, by the car.
- This is for Malcolm. | - What?

This is for Malcolm.

Ted, good to see you.

Ted! Boy wonder. Merry Christmas. | Good to see you.

Is someone having car trouble?

- Is that your white convertible? | - That's mine.

- There's a cop out there. | - I hope there's no drugs in there.

- Suzanne, you seen my sister anywhere? | - She's upstairs. You can't miss her.

All right.

- Hi. You want to dance? | - Not yet.

- Let's get you something to drink. | - Okay.

Eric, something wet for my buddy, here.

Champagne'll work.

Not bad.

- Hello. Merry Christmas. | - Merry Christmas.

Who do I kiss first?

I was afraid you weren't going make it.

Last-minute Christmas shopping.

Here you go, Ann.

- Can I open it? | - Yes, please.

- What is it? | - It's a bowling ball. What do you think?

It's beautiful.

Let's see how it looks.

You know, somebody called. | Somebody's been trying to reach you.

- Really? | - Yeah.

Okay. Let me take care of that | for two seconds.

You look fantastic.

- You sound surprised. | - I'm not.

Could I speak to Mr. Loos, please?

I left three messages. | Where the fuck have you been?

I'm on the phone. What's the problem?

Listen, hotshot, I'm out as of now.

I want \$20,000.

I want it tomorrow.

Look, if you're getting scared, quit. | Why should I finance your old age?

I put that cop away for you.

But I can get immunity...

tell them that you ordered it.

You'll go down for murder one, | you'll be away for a long time.

Okay.

This is for the \$20,000.

They got an undercover in your shop, | a mechanic.

That blonde kid, Ayles.

You sure about this?

You know I'm sure.

Son of a bitch.

Lt. Bracey put him on you.

The guy's got your balls on a platter.

Okay.

Fine.

- How about some champagne? | - Sure.

You're really stuck on him.

Something wrong with that?

No, I'm just looking out | for my little sister, that's all.

What's up?

We got a little business.

Open it.

Am I supposed to ask who it's for?

Do you care?

Yeah.

Some guy on Martin's payroll. | It's a goodwill gesture.

We're buying a truce.

The guy's a cop.

No shit?

Big surprise.

Know the guy?

I never met him.

- All right. | - Let me make the drop.

Then I can wait around | and get a look at the guy.

That's not necessary.

It can't hurt to know who he is. | Might come in handy later.

You catch on pretty fast in this game, | don't you?

Got a good teacher.

Where is he?

He's right through there. | Just behind that freight car.

What the fuck are you doing here?

Spread 'em!

- Take it easy! | - You take it easy. Shut the fuck up!

- I didn't know you were working on this. | - I said, shut up! You wearing a wire?

- No! | - Hold still.

It's not what you think! | Listen! Let me tell you!

It's not what you think!

Hands behind your head! | Put 'em back! Get down on your knees!

- What are you gonna do? | - Open the bag!

Let me see it!

Count it!

- Listen... | - Hurry up!

Here, it's all packets of \$2,000 in \$20s!
You don't have to do this. | We can take him in together!
Kid, you are so far in | over your fuckin' head!
Put the money back in the bag! | Throw it here.
Down on your face! | Hands behind your head.
Shit!
Listen, you don't want to kill me.
Lieutenant! You don't wanna kill a cop!
I already did.
- Get the money! | - You killed a cop!
We had no choice! Get in the car. Come on!
You saved my life.
What'd you expect?
- You all right? | - Hard to breathe.
The fuckin' cops.
They're all dirty.
Goes all the way up. | Captains, lieutenants...
They've all got a price.
A guy who crosses the line like that...
he can't go back.
Who can he talk to?
Who can he really trust?
Nobody.
Not like us.
We're family.
We own each other.
Bill.
Let's meet tomorrow night, | at that shopping mall. Same place.
Be the day after Christmas. | People will be taking shit back.
Be plenty of cars.
Be good for you.
Fuckin' Loos was on the take, | tried to kill me!
What are you talking about?
Your guy Loos, he's dead!
- What? | - He was gonna kill me. Ted ran him over.
- What's going on? | - Nothing, honey, just go back to bed.
Don't worry about it.
- The kids... | - I know.
What are we going to do?
What do you mean? | We're gonna roll up Varrick.
You don't understand! Ted saved my life!
- Yeah, he's also killed two cops! | - No, he hasnt!
It was Loos killed Graziola, | Ted didn't do it!
- What? | - It was Loos, he admitted it to me!

- What we're you doing with Loos? | - Ted took me.
A payoff he was making, | part of a deal he made with Martin.
Yeah? Let me tell you something | about Martin.
He got his ass shot off last night | in some disco.
Who do you think did that?
We can bust Varrick now.
You can testify that he killed Loos.
I'm not some fuckin' snitch! | I told you, he did it to save my life!
Bullshit. He set you up.
You're a cop.
Another cop was killed, and you we're there.
Maybe Loos was dirty.
Maybe? What is this maybe?
Whose side are you on, anyway?
Careful.
Why, were you in with Loos or something?
You get the hell out of my house right now!
Call me tomorrow.
We'll work it out.
- Are you okay? | - Hi.
You sounded so upset when you called.
Upset?
I need to say something. | It's important you believe me.
I never wanted it like this. I never...
I never meant for us, for me to come | on to you, for us to get involved.
It just happened.
And I'm glad it did.
Me, too.
Now things have gotten out of hand.
I don't know how it's gonna turn out.
I just wanted to tell you...
whatever happens...
it's nothing to do with me and you.
What can I do?
Just believe me, no matter what.
I believe you.
Where are you going?
I'm gonna make you some breakfast.
Stay put.
Hey, Grease.
Yeah, there he is.
Hi, Benjy.
We just had the damnedest time | trying to figuring out who you were.
I figured, I was at the wrong | apartment altogether.

She's going, there's no Benjy here.

I'm saying, yeah.

Benjy Taylor, blond kid, so high...

Anyway, I figured I'd, you know, | bring you your Christmas presents.

Thanks.

You didn't pick them up. | Your mother was worried.

Thanks, uncle Mike.

So...

I guess I'll run along.

It's nice meeting you.

- Bye. | - Yeah.

It was Ted, wasn't it?

Ann...

You're a fucking cop.

- Ann... | - Don't touch me!

Wait.

- Wait, will you listen to me? | - What could you possibly say?

How could you lie to me like that?

I never lied about us.

Us? There never was an us.

I never even knew your name.

I don't even know who you are.

I can't even imagine who you are.

I need Lt. Bracey.

This is Deputy Taylor.

Where?

Crime Impact.

Sheriff's deputy. It's my fault. | Crime Impact, Taylor.

- I got to see this guy. | - It's all right, let him in.

- Why are you here? | - We were supposed to get together.

I need to talk to him.

It ain't gonna happen now, is it?

Go home.

Your assignments over.

Okay, so, Flight 147, first class, beautiful.

I'll pay at the terminal. Thank you.

Hi.

Hi.

Are you going somewhere?

Yeah, something came up, | and I got to leave town for a while.

When?

Tonight.

- What have I forgotten? Shit. | - What came up?

You know, just business.

- Shit. Where are my keys? | - What kind of business?
Just business, you know?
Does Bill know you're going?
No. Why?
Just wondering.
- Where is Bill? Have you seen him? | - No. I don't know where he is.
Goddamn it! Where are my keys?
I wanna know if you're | gonna see Bill tonight.
What are you asking me?
You know something that I dont?
Yeah?
So, we working tonight, or what?
Bill. I've been trying to | get a hold of you all day.
I've been out.
Seen Ann?
No. No, I havent.
So what's the scoop? Are we on?
Ted?
Yeah, fuckin' A. Sure. Same place or...
Okay. I'm on my way.
You're going to see him tonight.
Yeah, he's gonna drop me off at the airport.
I'll call you tomorrow.
Be careful.
You be careful.
He's a cop.
- You're right on time. | - Yep.
- Should we go pick ourselves out a car? | - Sure, why not?
- Wanna get a shopping bag? | - Fuck the shopping bag.
Fuck the shopping bag.
Come on.
Let's take the stairs.
Why not?
- So, how's your day been? | - Okay. How about yours?
Kind of bizarre.
- Saw a great 911 up there. | - Yeah?
Yeah, it's got one of those car phones in it.
You like car phones, don't you?
- After you. | - You first.
You know, | you can't keep doing this forever.
What makes you think so?
You'll get caught, eventually.
You'll go away.
Wrong.

Law of averages.

Fuck averages.

I'm never going to jail, | I'll tell you that much.

Here she is.

What would you do to stay out?

I'd do what I had to.

No alarm.

Can't have more than 10,000 miles on it.

You want to do the honors?

You're the expert.

What's the matter? Don't you trust me?

Should I?

I don't know. | You're the unknown here, Benjy. Not me.

I am?

Who the fuck are you?

- You killed Bracey, didn't you? | - Look, I did what I had to, okay?

If we're all so corrupt, | why didn't you just buy him?

I saved your life, man.

Did you? Or was Loos a setup for me?

Look, you're alive, right?

I fuckin' trusted you!

Yeah.

We were friends.

Yeah, we were.

You know, I keep thinking that | maybe we can get past all this.

- We cant, can we? | - Nope. I got to bust you.

- You're gonna bust me? | - Yeah.

No.

I'm gonna walk away now.

If you want to stop me...

shoot me in the back.

I'm not letting you go!

You can't kill me.