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12 Rounds 2: Reloaded

By David Benullo

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Ugh.

I'm never eating popcorn again.

For the rest of your life?

Forever.

Do you know what I'm never doing?

- What?

Going to the movies with you,
because your movie selection is awful.

- Please! You loved it!

- I loved it? Come on.

One chick flick every 12 months
isn't gonna kill you.

Really? Because I feel like
I'm dying on the inside right now.

No, I literally feel
nauseous right now.

- OK. You know what?

- What?

Next time you get to choose.

Sounds good to me.

Oh, man. That's bad. Call 911!

Get my medical kit out of the car!

This isn't good.

Hello?

I got you.

I'm just gonna back you out.

There's been an accident.

I got you, sir. I got you.

Nice and slow. I got you.

All right. You're good.

My husband is an EMT.

He's checking.

Can you hear me?

Can you hear me?

- Nick?

- Just throw it. Throw it.

- Can you hear me?

- Help me.

Sir, you're gonna be OK. OK?

Help is on the way. Nick?!

The seat belt's stuck!

Yes.

I got you, buddy. I got...

- Get you away from this car.
- My name is Sarah...
Nice and easy. Nice and easy.
Where are you hurt?
Tell me where it hurts. I'm an EMT.
- We were coming back...
- I got you. I got you.
I'm gonna give you something here.
Don't move that. Keep pressure.
- This will help stop the bleeding.
- Help me.
Please, just hurry.
I'm gonna come back for you.
I have to go check on the other car.
- It's gonna be OK!
- Please, hurry!
She's stuck!
- Where's that ambulance?!
- Nick, they're on their way!
How far away are they? Ask them.
Nick!
Come on. Come on.
Charge ready.
She's gone.
Sorry. We did all we could.
The driver appears to be intoxicated.
Still no new information on the whereabouts
of Governor Thomas Devlin.
Devlin, who was elected
for his tough-on-crime stance,
has been missing since Thursday,
when he didn't return home from work.
Police are stepping up
their search efforts
and confirm that no ransom
demand has been made.
Local police Captain John Brady
had this to say.
We are pursuing all...
Sarah, where are the rest
of my work shirts?
Right here.
- Toothpaste stain on this one.
- Hmm.

- Wonder how that got there.

- Hm?

Don't forget we're having dinner
with my sister and her new boyfriend.

- Newer than the last one?

- Yes. Anyway, seven o'clock.

Thirty-six hours
of steady rainfall left many homes...
You know, I never fit in with these guys.
Yes, you do. You always do great,
and I want you there.

Hey.

You think they haven't
made mistakes?

But you're not that guy anymore.

Besides, I'll, uh...

...owe you one
if you come with me tonight.

I'm one lucky guy.

Yeah, you are.

Man, white people
do not lock their doors.

- Hi, Jay!

- Hi, Jay.

- Hey. Ooh! Just in time.

- Oh, yeah. Mmm-hmm.

- Don't mind if I do.

- Yeah.

Thank you. Come on, now.

Show some love.

- You gotta share with your partner.

- OK, OK, fine. Here.

- No, go ahead, go ahead, go ahead.

- Didn't your mama teach you no manners?

That was good.

All right. You guys are gonna be late.

Let's go.

- You gonna eat that?

- OK. Yep. All right.

- Seriously, bro?

- You go.

- Oh, yeah. Mmm.

- No, no, no.

- Hey! Everybody needs a little love.

- What is going on?
- What's going on?
- Have a good day.
- Come on, son!
- Let's get out of here, man.
Ten-five 01, Dispatch.
We have an adult male in need
of medical attention
Corner of Richter and Fourth.
Condition unknown.
Dispatch, this is Unit 01.
We are en route.
Hey, buddy. How you doing?
Oh! Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Hey, I got you.
Lean against me now.
- OK, buddy.
- One, two, three. Up.
Whoa, easy, partner.
There we go. There we go.
See that lip. Watch that lip.
OK, buddy.
His pupils aren't dilating.
He's definitely on something.
Yeah, maybe.
What'd you take tonight, kid?
Jesus Christ.
What is that?
Oh, man. Tell me that's not
the latest fad for kids these days.
You need to answer it.
Just take it easy, kid.
What'd you take tonight, kid?
- Who is this?
- He wants to talk to you!
Hey, hey, hey...
OK, OK, OK, OK.
I'll answer it.
I'll answer it. Hello?
Hello, Nick. Now we can begin.
I don't know how you got my number,
but I'm kind of busy right now.
The scales are off, Nick.
They need to be set right again.

Listen, whack job, I'm gonna
hang up and go back to work.
You hang up on me and Sarah dies!
That would be a drag, wouldn't it?
End our fun before it even begins?
Who the fuck...?

- What do you want?

- Your attention!

Which I am assuming I now have.

Nick, what I want you to do
is step out of the ambulance,
so we can have
a more private conversation.

- Be right back.

- Hey.

- What the hell, Nick?

- No! No!

- What the hell, man?

- Just one second, Jay. One second.

OK, I'm out.

A few more steps, please.

That's fine, thank you.

That's right, Nick. I'm watching you.

From this moment on,
everything you do.

Look, I don't know

what your issue is with me.

Let's meet face-to-face, talk this out.

We will, Nick, I promise,

but first we're gonna play a little game.

Is that what this is to you,
some kind of sick game?

Yeah, that is exactly what it is to me!

Now, this game has 12 rounds.

You win more than you lose,

I turn myself in.

You don't, a lot of people die.

A lot of people, including you.

- What the hell, Nick?

- No! No!

Nick, he's crashing!

Come on, I need some help here.

If you refuse to cooperate,
people die.

If you make any attempt
to contact the police, people die.
Nick! Come on, buddy.
I need some help here.
Nick, he's coding.
Why me?
Why does anything happen in life?
Maybe it's all just random.
Maybe you just happened to find yourself
in the right place at the right time.
Nick, the guy's crashing!
Now, let's start things off
with a bang, shall we?
Jay, get out of the ambulance now!
- Get out now!
- What?
Now! Get out!
Hang in there, buddy. Hang in there.
Well, that was round one, Nick.
You just lost.
You son of a bitch.
You just killed an innocent kid!
Oh, please.
Can we agree to disagree on that point?
At least you know I'm serious, yes?
- You're a fucking maniac.
- I assure you, Nick,
once you understand what I am doing,
you will see that I am very, very sane.
Look, I don't know
what this is all about,
but I can see you're angry. I get that.
But this isn't the solution.
You send that text and Sarah is dead!
And it would be a real shame
if something horrible were to happen to her,
and it was your fault.
Yes, Nick?
He's hurt. God damn it, he's hurt!
Oh, please. He'll live!
But, trust me, if I wanted him dead,
he'd be dead.
And just in case you have any doubts...
You're quite the snorer, Nick.

Anyone ever tell you that?
- Don't you hurt her.
- I won't...
...as long as you follow the rules.
My rules!
Rule number one, no fucking cops!
Well, there we go.
That's more like it. Any questions?
Yeah.
When do I get to see your face
so I know whose ass I'm gonna kick?
In time, Nick. In time.
Now, let's play.
OK, you just received
a message for round two.
Now, it is the address to a building
at the end of the block
where you will find a car
waiting for you.
If you reach it in time, you win.
If you don't, a lot of bad things
are gonna start happening.
Oh, oh, oh, oh! Hey, hear that, pal?
Those are sirens.
If you are still there when they arrive,
you're gonna have a lot
of questions to answer.
Round two started two minutes ago.
Tick-tock, Nick.
Jay, listen to me. Hang in there, OK?
Help's on the way.
It's gonna be OK.
It's gonna be OK!
Car, car, car, car.
Come on!
It's got to be it.
It's here. It's here.
Oh, you got to be kidding me.
Four wheels.
Two wheels. Two wheels.
Come on!
Come on, come on, come on.
That's not right.
Uh...

Don't blow up on me.
This is crazy.
Congratulations, Nick.
Cut it a little close, though.
I made it, didn't I?
Well, maybe next time you'll do better.
Now, listen very carefully.
Inside the car, you will find a clue
that will lead you to round three.
Your time begins now.
- Wait!
- Wait?
Sorry, Nick.
We've got a schedule to keep.
In fact, let me add
a little incentive for you.
Shit. Shit.
Round three.
- You're going the wrong way, Nick.
- Shut up!
It looks to me like you're headed for home.
You think you can get there before me?
I can damn try.
Hey, stop it!
You think I didn't plan for this?
Nick, you turn that car around right now,
or I'm gonna detonate the bomb
that you activated
when you started the engine!
Bullshit.
Try me!
Get out of the street, you idiot!
You get back in that fucking car right now!
You want this bomb delivered,
you're gonna have to do it yourself.
You turn that fucking car around,
or I swear to God,
I will blow that car up right now!
You wouldn't like that now,
would you, pal'?
You want to die today? What would happen
to your dear, sweet Sarah then?
She'd have nobody to protect her.
Listen to me.

If you complete the round in time,
I will deactivate the bomb!
And I'm just supposed to believe that?
Nick, if I wanted you dead,
don't you think I could have done it
the second you turned the key?
How do I know you won't kill her?
Because if I did that, you wouldn't have
any reason to play, now, would you?
Decide.
You have ten seconds.
Move it.
Move!
All right, I'm here. Disarm the bomb.
Disarm it, God damn it!
Wow. Nicely done, Nick.
Though I don't think you're
making too many friends today.
Who needs friends when I have you?
In one of the rooms of this hotel,
you will find something that will give
you all the answers that you need.
Of course, you have
to ask the right questions.
Which room?
Come on, Nick. That would make it too easy.
Hey, you better hurry.
Round four has already started.
Which room? Which room?
Round four. Which room?
What's up?
Welcome to the Fortune Palace.
How can I help you?
- Oh, shit! Did someone OD?
- No, no, no. No one OD'd.
- Thank God.
- I'm looking for a room.
You're in luck.
We have those here.
I'm not sure which room I'm looking for,
exactly. Something on the fourth oor?
Fuck. Come on, man.
Sorry, all ocupado.
- All of them?

- Yes.

Listen, it's real important I find out who's in those rooms on the fourth floor.

- I'm looking for someone.

- Aren't we all.

- Try Match.com.

- Lives are at stake here.

- Call the police.

- I can't do that.

I can't help you.

Have a nice night.

Listen, man, I'm sorry.

Sorry.

Keep pressure on it,
it'll stop bleeding in a few minutes.

Work in a grid!

What's the urgency?

You know I'm swamped
with the governor's case.

Well, I thought it was fairly important.

Uh... Paramedic's name is Jay Thompson.

Still unconscious.

Second-degree burns

and a pretty bad concussion from the blast.

Seriously?

You called me here for this?

You could've handled this on your own.

Well, I thought the same thing,

until they mentioned

the guy's body they found inside.

Initial sweep also picked up traces of C-4.

All right. Well, you got my attention.

- Paramedic's partner is missing.

- Missing, huh?

Yeah, the name is Nick Malloy.

Homeland Security's gonna be

all over this once word of the C-4 hits.

Well, then slow it down.

Get the geek squad down here.

I want to know what that saw.

Nobody saw that?

McKenzie.

Have you tracked down Governor Devlin?

Round four.

Four-six, four-three.

Forty-four.

Hey, dude, what the hell?

Can't you read the sign?

Who is he?

The guy on the phone!

What does he want?

- Easy, easy, man. All right?

- Who is he?

Uh, I have no idea

what you're talking about, man.

He said the answers would be here.

They got to be here.

- Tommy, get up.

- Shut up.

- Get him out of here.

- They got to be here. Where are they?

- Now I'm making you leave, OK, man?

- Is that right?

Yeah, that's right.

That hurt.

- Where is it? Where is it?!

- Get off him! Let go of him!

- What? Piece of shit.

- Get off of him!

Get off of him!

- Come here.

- Oh, my God. Oh, my God!

Tommy!

- Stay put!

- Hey, I'm right here!

- Are you part of this?

- Part of what?

- Are you part of this?!

- Yeah, I'm part of this.

The getaway van's parked out back.

Where is it?

Where...?

Answer it!

Answer the phone!

- Now, where is it?

- Hello?

- Where is it?

- Where is what?

If my wife is hurt, so help me God,
I will fuck you up hard. Do you hear me?
Hey!
It's for you.
My God, Tommy!
Hey, congratulations, Nick, you found
the room, but you're making a mess.
I hope you don't expect
me to pay for this.
But did you find the answers?
- There's nothing here.
- Of course there is, Nick.
Now, listen to me, when you find it,
bring it with you.
Now... the clue to round five
will be waiting for you
in the hotel parking lot
in the car parked
right next to Tommy boy's.
Tick, tick, tick.
Round five's about to start.
Damn it. What am I supposed
to be looking for?
What am I bringing to the parking lot?
Hey, you know, Nick, isn't it funny
how sometimes we can't see
the very thing that will help us,
even though it's staring us
right in the face?
Your tattoo.
Nice tattoo.
What's your name?
OK, OK, OK, it's Thomas.
- Tommy Weaver.
- Come on.
Come here. Let's go.
I'm not going anywhere with you, man!
You're coming with me whether
you want to or not. Now, get dressed!
- Whoa, whoa, whoa...
- Give me that!
Now, come here.
- Hey, easy. Easy, man!
- Move!

Hey, baby, do me a favor?

Call the cops.

- Let's go. Come on.
- I had a really good time.
- Hey, easy on me.
- Go!

Really? You want to do this again, huh?

No. I don't. But he does.

Come on!

Call the cops!

There's a silver sports car
in the parking lot with a bomb in it!

OK.

Come on! Come on!

Move!

OK, where's your car?

- My car?
- Yeah.
- My keys are back in the room, genius!
- I don't care where your keys are!
- Show me where your car is!
- This beautiful piece of...

Hi, little baby. How you doing?

Over here. Come on.

- That's my car, man.
- Get in. Stay put.
- But that...
- Yeah.

Hey, that looks like my tattoo.

We're definitely in the right place.

Come on.

- So, what are you looking for?
- I don't know, a clue.

You want a clue? Here's a clue:

you're fuckin' crazy, man.

- A clue to the next round.
- The next round.
- The clue to round five.
- Round five.

Oh, no, no, no, dude,

I am not into that.

Five fingers. Round five.

There's something in here.

What the hell is that?

I don't know,
it looks like coordinates.
Let's see.
Let's see, it's GPS.
Uh... Four-nine-one-two-oh-eight.
One-five-two-eight.
Enter. OK, come on. Come on!
Corner of Sherwood and Grant.
Hang on.
Come on. Hey, no, no,
please don't hurt me!
OK, let's see it.
All right, I cued it up
to when they find the bike.
That's great, this is a lot of help.
Scroll ahead.
Stop. Play it from here.
See, now what kind of an EM leaves his patient to take a call?
- Maybe it's important.
- Or convenient.
Stepping out right before it explodes?
- Let's find out who he's talking to.
- Yeah, I'm on it.
Well, that's Malloy.
At least now we know who the corpse isn't.
Do you see that?
The way he's looking at the camera?
Yeah. That's right, buddy,
smile for the camera.
That's not it.
That doesn't look like someone
who just blew up his own ambulance.
It does if he knows
he's being filmed.
Right there. He did it again.
No, it's like he's looking
at whoever he's talking to.
Like... the camera's watching him.
Check the signal, see if it's being tapped
- by any outside sources.
- Yeah, no problem.
You're serious?
One second.
Sykes.

Yeah. We'll be right there.

Someone fitting Malloy's description
just trashed a motel in Chinatown
and abducted one of their guests.

- Nice work.

- Thanks.

OK, here we go.

Monroe, do you want
to get on that? Make the call.

- Look, man, if this is about money...

- Is that what this is about, money?

That is why you kidnapped me, right?

- I didn't kidnap you.

- Really?

That's not what it looks like
from where I'm sitting!

I mean, what other
reason would there be?

I don't know, you tell me.

Wait, wait, I'm supposed to tell you
why you kidnapped...

Look, I didn't want to do any of this.

I didn't have a choice.

- I don't want money.

- Then what do you want?

I don't want anything, all right?

The guy that called your motel room
is behind all of this.

He's already killed one person,

he's threatened my wife,

and he won't stop

unless I play his crazy game.

And what does that
have to do with me?

I don't know yet.

But there has to be a connection.

Hey, hold on.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute.

You hear that beeping?

- That's my locator.

- Locator?

Yeah. I'm on parole, bitch.

Which I just violated because of you.

So thanks a lot, asshole.

What are you on parole for?

Congratulations, Nick.

That's another one in your column.

And we are almost at the halfway point.

Very exciting.

- Who is that?

- Ah! Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

Welcome to the game.

Now, I am sure your new best friend
has filled you in on the details.

And, Nick, I don't know if you've noticed,
but Tommy is wearing
an electronic tracking bracelet.

Now, because you've been
following the rules,
I'm gonna give you a little help.

I have blocked the signal
to Tommy's anklet,
so the police can't find you... yet.

We wouldn't want to end our fun
so soon, now, would we, boys?

But... let me leave you both
with a little reminder.

Are you the lead on scene?

- Yes, I am.

- What's going on?

- In position.

- Yes, sir.

We're missing something. We got to be.

He said 12 rounds. Why 12?

- I don't know, man.

- There has to be a connection.

Your anklet, why are you on parole?

It was a... a DUI.

Stupid mistake.

I got out two days ago.

And you don't think
that's a coincidence?

Man, I told you, I don't know
what any of this shit is about.

- Maybe someone you knew in prison?

- I wasn't in prison, I was in rehab.

- That was money well spent.

- Hey, I was celebrating.

And besides, you don't look like you're doing too bad, driving a car like this. Hey, fuck you. This isn't my car.

- Well, whose car is it?

- I don't know.

Why don't you check the glove box, see if there's any registration in there. The owner is Roberta Shaw.

Do you know her?

No. You?

Yeah, I do.

That was my lawyer.

Tell me we just got really lucky and it failed to go off.

It's deactivated. Get this, Malloy told the clerk about it. Told him to call the cops.

So we're dealing with the politest domestic terrorist ever?

Car is registered to a Donald Perlmutter. Lives out in the suburbs, in one of those gated communities. We're still trying to reach him.

Hey. Jensen.

- We all set?

- Yeah?

You were right, that traffic cam was being tapped.

- By whom?

- Uh, we don't know that. It's been encrypted.

Yeah, guys, the truth is, this signal's being rerouted all over the place. We can't trace it. Whoever's doing this clearly doesn't want us to find him. That sound like something an EMT could do to you?

- Guy's got to have a hobby.

- Figure it out.

Give me that briefcase back there. It's starting to ring a bell here. I think I remember...

All right.

Man, what am I supposed to be looking for?

The scales.

- What?

- The scales.

What about it?

When he first called,
he said something about scales.

That they were out of whack,
and I had to help him rebalance them.

I thought he was rambling.

But, um... maybe not.

Why don't you give her a call.

- Keypad right there, on the dash.

- Yeah, I got it, I got it.

- You hear that?

- Yeah.

- Dude, that... that's inside this car.

- Well, find it.

There's nothing here, man.

It's not in here.

- It's got to be.

- Not... it's not in the car, though.

Hey, hold on.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute.

- What are you waiting for, man?

- Whoa, whoa. This guy likes bombs.

Trust me.

Jesus!

Why is the car stopped, Nick?

What, you decided to quit on me?

- You see any cameras?

- What?

Let's look for cameras.

- Where'd you go, Nick?

- Uh... Kid's got a real small bladder.

- Had to take a piss.

- Hey! Don't you mess with me, Nick.

I don't care if that kid pisses himself,
you get back in the car.

The kid Malloy took was registered
under the name Iggy Pop.

Yeah, well, it's not exactly
the kind of place you use your real name.

Mmm. Paid in cash, too.

OK, I want to know
everything about Malloy.
See if there's a connection. Some reason
he'd have a grudge against this kid.
- Still think he's innocent?
- Put out an APB on Malloy.
Consider him armed and dangerous.
I want him found.
- Right away.
- See what you can find out about her.
- Get your hands off me.
- Take it easy.
OK.
- You got her?
- I'm ready. Thanks.
Uh... I'm just gonna ask
you a few questions.
Sarah. Oh, my God. Baby?
- It's not her.
- That's her.
- It's not her.
- That's her.
- What's going on?
- I don't know.
That's a lie. You know something!
This can't be random.
Talk to me. Talk to me!
I don't know, OK?!
I don't know!
I don't have a freaking idea
what's going on right now!
You like what you see, Nick?
Next time, that could easily be Sarah.
Now, you do as you're told
and get back in the car.
You son of a bitch.
Hey, I make the rules, you follow.
If people bent the rules to fit
their own needs, there would be chaos.
Laws need to be enforced, Nick!
You're about to find that out.
Go. Get in the car.
if it's the best you can do, yeah.
As long as you've checked everywhere.

It's right here. All clear.
OK, thanks anyway.
So I had them check
the name the girl gave us.
Tommy Weaver is for real.
At least now we know
who we're looking for.
He's the governor's kid.
Apparently, he's considered
the black sheep of the family.
He's been in and out
of trouble for years.
A real thorn in his
dad's side, politically.
When the governor's ex remarried,
Tommy took her new last name
to piss him off.
Governor pretty much disowned him
after his recent incarceration.
Tommy just got released
from rehab two days ago.
Which is exactly
when the governor went missing.
You think Malloy's involved
in the governor's disappearance?
Well, it's not a coincidence the governor's
grabbed the same day his kid's released.
Check with the rehab facility.
See who Tommy got chummy with.
Maybe he got in deep
with someone he met there.
This is their way of showing
him they're serious.
Hey, this better be good news.
Yeah, listen, we pulled a plate
off a traffic cam near the motel.
Malloy left the scene
in a 2012 Mercedes.
OnStar?
No, yeah, we tried, it's blocked,
so we can't trace it.
Also, Tommy's wearing a tracking device.
- That's the conditions of his parole.
- Great.

Well, yeah, not really.

We can't trace that either.

Yeah, guys, truth is, this is unlike anything we've seen before.

This is top of the line stuff, and it's way above our pay grade, so...

All right. Stay on it.

Call me when you get something.

- Doing our best.

- Damn it.

Come on.

We're here. We're here!

That was close, Nick. I was about to hang up.

What, and stop all our fun?

Sounds like you think we're gonna win.

Round six. Hey, we've made it to the halfway mark. Congratulations.

You know, I have to admit

I thought you'd be dead by now.

- Maybe I was just hoping.

- Feeling the same way about you.

Touch.

Now, to win round six, Nick, you have to figure out its significance.

Why I brought you there.

You wanted to know why you?

Well, Nick... here's your chance to find out.

I'm giving you the pieces to the puzzle. Put them together.

You got three minutes.

Look around, and see if you can find a clue. Anything.

- I know this place.

- What'd you say?

I said I know this place.

What do you mean, you know it?

This is the place I had my... my crash.

The DUI I'm on parole for.

- A year ago?

- Yeah.

I was here, too.

I was at...

...the right place at the right time.

This is about that night.
You were the driver.
I was coming home from a party, man.
I was at a club, and I was...
I was just coming home.
There was a woman
in that car you hit.
She was trapped.
She died.
Wait a minute, that wasn't just a DUI.
How are you out?
I told you, man,
it was just an accident.
No, no, no. Bullshit!
Bullshit! That's manslaughter.
How'd a manslaughter charge get reduced
to less than a year in rehab?
Look...
Answer me.
- Answer me!
- It was my dad, OK? My daddy!
He got my charges reduced, OK?
He pulled some strings.
He got a... a good judge,
he hired a great lawyer.
A great lawyer? The dead lawyer
in the back of the trunk?
- Oh, God.
- This is how the pieces fit.
You, me, the lawyer...
Him.
It was his wife.
You killed his wife, man.
You took something from him.
And rather than pay for what you've done,
you weaseled your way out.
You cheated justice.
Those were the scales
you threw off balance.
Man, this is fucked up.
This is fucked up!
How can a guy just take
the law into his own hands?!
But you could bend it

to avoid paying for your crimes?
You know what they would do
to me in prison?
They'd kill me in a freaking week, man.
At least then you could have
apologized to her in person.
- Yeah.
- It was an accident.
It was a mistake,
the worst mistake of my life.
- Right.
- I didn't do it on purpose, OK?
Is that right?
Am I supposed to just throw away
the rest of my life
because of one really bad choice?
What about the rest of her life?
You ever think of that?
What about the rest of her life?
This is all because of you.
All this shit that's going on
is because of you.
People are dead because of you!
My partner's barely alive!
My wife's in danger because you...
...you didn't want to pay
for what the fuck you had done!
You bloodsucker.
Come on.
I got it.
I know what this is about.
It's about that night, the accident,
the one Tommy caused.
You lost your wife.
I lost everything, Nick!
I'm so sorry. What happened
to her was awful, it's tragic.
- I'm sorry, but...
- Hey!
Don't you dare pretend
you're innocent in all this.
You saved him.
If you had just let him die,
none of this would have happened!

None of this would have been necessary!
She would've had the justice
that she deserved.
But no. No, Nick.
You had to be a hero.
I was doing my job.
Your job... was to save her.
The innocent.
Not those who needlessly
inflict suffering and pain!
- I tried.
- No, you failed!
Twelve jurors were supposed
to decide his fate.
They didn't,
so now I am gonna do it for them.
For all of them.
Round by round!
Him, his rich father,
the judge, the fat-cat lawyer.
You, Nick.
This isn't the answer.
It's the only answer that they're not gonna
be able to buy their way out of, Nick.
Looks like our friend
doesn't want to play anymore.
I think you better get him
back there, Nick.
What do you mean, you can't find him?
Did you try tracking his cell?
We did.
It's not giving off a signal.
Or he removed the batteries
so we can't find him.
That doesn't make any sense.
Is he OK?
We know he was fine
when he left the scene.
And when he abducted the governor's son.
My husband didn't abduct anyone.
Has he tried to contact you?
No. I haven't heard from him
since he left for work this morning.
Was he maybe acting weird before he left?

Did he say or do anything unusual?

No. Everything was fine.

Mrs. Malloy...

...anything you can tell us
about what your husband might be up to
- will only help us find him.

- Look, I'm sorry.

I don't know, but whatever it is,
Nick is not a part of it.

Just find my husband?

We'll do our best.

Call me anytime.

Looks like you're having trouble
hanging onto your new best friend.

Well, Nick, because of Tommy's antics,
you just lost round seven.

- No. Wait.

- Too late, Nick.

I just deactivated the block
that was hiding Tommy's anklet signal.

Oh, Shit!

Whoa!

Which means, you have got about
six minutes before every cop
in this city converges on your location.

- Hey.

- We've got a trace on Tommy's anklet.

- It's on the west side of the city.

- We're on the west side. Where?

Parking garage.

I want every available unit
on those two. Now!

I'd get moving if I were you, boys.

Hey! Hey! Help! Hey, guys!

- What the hell have we got here?

- Help me, please!

- Please, you gotta help me!

- Hey, hey, buddy.

- I'm turning myself in.

- What's the problem?

There's this guy...

Oh, shoot! That's the guy!

Officer? Hey, hey, hey, Officer?

- What's going on with this kid?

- I'm not armed.

I won't resist, either,
but you got to listen to me.

- He's trying to kill me!

- Let's get inside the vehicle.

- Now we're going to jail.

- All right?

- Come on, let's go.

- We're going to jail.

- Do you have any weapons on you?

- Oh, shit.

No, no, no...

No, wait...

What are you doing?

Freeze!

Tommy!

Ah! Jesus!

- Oh, no, no!

- Come on!

Come on!

You got to let me go, man. No, please.

You got to let me go, man. You...

Please! You got let me...

Come on, dude!

You got to let me go!

Sorry, guys.

You're part of this,
whether you like it or not.

More lives are at stake here than just yours.

Come on, dude.

Just let me go, all right?

I'm OK.

- But you're gonna help me.

- Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

Get out of the car!

Oh, shit.

Put your hands up now!

- Seat belts.

- Seat belts. Definitely seat belts.

Oh... shit!

Wait! You've done this before?

Go, go, go!

Come on, man!

Hang on!

What are you doing?

- Calm down.

- Calm down? I'm gonna calm down.

Oh, God! Oh, God! I'm gonna die!

- Hang on.

- What?

I don't have anything to hang on to.

Come on, Nick.

Oh, God!

Your anklet...

...we need to kill that signal.

- What?

- Find something to kill that signal.

Hey, hey, hey.

Really?

- Well, fuck, at least I'm trying things.

- You take showers in it?

We've located

the suspect going westbound on 7th.

Stay on it. Don't lose them!

Let's get there.

Oh, Shit!

Fuck!

Show me your hands!

Oh, no.

- Now, step out of the car slowly.

- No.

Come on, buddy. This is stupid.

Just turn yourself in, OK?

You're surrounded!

Step out of the car now!

It can't end now.

This can't end now, man.

What?

- We can't stop now, OK?

- What are you talking about?

What? What?

Oh, man. Oh, no, no, no. What? What?

What are you doing, OK?

- It's just a Taser.

- OK, good. Good, it's just a Taser.

Out of the car with your hands up!

This can't end now. This can't end now.

- What are you doing?

- The only thing I can do.
Thank God! I thought you were
gonna try and take these...
Oh, no!
They're gonna kill us! Oh, God!
Oh, God!
Hold your fire!
Secure the perimeter!
Stop! Cover all exits! I'll handle this!
Got to do something
about that anklet.
- We'll short it out.
- What are you, fucking insane?
- We got to deactivate this thing.
- Yeah, this thing is attached to me.
Damn it! You and you,
get on the north side!
You, take the south exit!
You, stay here with me!
Just trust me on this one.
I've gotten you this far, haven't I?
- Come on, man.
- Fine, just... just go do it, man!
- No, no, no, wait, wait!
- What?
Just whatever you do, don't move.
- On three. On three, OK?
- OK. OK.
- On three, on three! One, two, three.
- One...
- You're an asshole, Nick.
- It worked, didn't it?
McKenzie!
I want somebody up on that roof! Go!
Freeze!
Don't move! Don't move!
Over by him!
This isn't what it looks like.
No? OK, well, then you can
explain it to me down at the station.
- Can't do that.
- Actually, I'm gonna insist. Let's go.
- Let's go. Let's go!
- Just stop, OK? Just listen to me.

- That's not how this works, Nick.

- Look, lady,
I think you should really be listening
to this guy. He's had a really bad...

- You don't want to do this, Nick.

- I've been telling myself that all night.
Just give me two minutes.
That's all we have, anyway.
Please.
Just two minutes.
This is McKenzie. All units stand down.
Repeat, all units stand down.

- Copy that.

- Inside. Let's go. Move. Go, go, go.
Looks like we're good.
No cameras.
Come on!
Nick, where the hell did you go?
And you have no idea who this guy is?
I was hoping
you could help me with that part.
I do know that his wife died
in that accident. She was the only one.
Her name was Heller. Diana Heller.
This guy must have taken the governor.

- Wait, my dad is missing?

- Yeah. For two days now.

- And where the hell have you been?

- I've been busy.
Your dad's the governor.
That's how you got off.
It's him.
Very clever, Nick.
But even when I can't see you,
the game remains the same.

- We're still here.

- This round is for Tommy.

- Hand him the phone.

- No, say what you have to say.
Hey! You hand him the phone right now
or I'm gonna start doing things
you're gonna regret.

- What?

- How you feeling, Tommy boy?

- I'm feeling peachy. How are you?

- Round eight.

You know, it's easy to become governor
when you have lots and lots of money.

Too bad you forgot

where you came from, Governor.

Oh! And, Tommy, one more thing.

We both know it's gonna be

too late for your dear old dad,

but there still might be a chance

that you can make it out of this.

Just tell me what the fuck

you're talking about.

I need you to do

exactly what I tell you to do.

Here's my cell,

so I can contact you.

Great. My wife, Sarah?

I've seen her. She's safe at home.

There's a unit watching her.

Thank God. Thank you.

I know where we have to go.

All right, listen to me, I can help you,

but I need some time.

So until we have him,

I need you to keep playing his game.

I need you to see it through, both of you.

We can't risk him realizing we're onto him.

We may only get one shot at this.

You need to run, now.

Come on!

Come on! Hey, Nick,

the street's this way.

- McKenzie, I heard a shot. Are you OK?

- It's all connected.

Malloy, the governor's abduction, his kid.

And it all has to do with a DUI

Tommy was involved in a year ago.

Come on.

All the cars in this town,

why you stealing this one?

Then I wouldn't be able to do this.

Where the hell

did you learn to do that?

I was a stupid kid once, too, Tommy.
Round eight.
What is this place?
It's my dad's old sugar refinery.
He used this money
to get into government.
Money talks, right?
There's a back way in. Come on.
Name's Patrick Heller.
Was an engineer who founded
one of those private security firms.
They handled a lot
of government contracts,
elite military training,
counter espionage, hacking.
Soon after his wife died in the accident,
Heller quit the company,
cashed in his stock options
and disappeared.
Went completely off the grid, until today.
He's been busy planning
for Tommy's release.
The kid with the bomb in his stomach...
this morning was Derek Meyers.
He was the valet at the club where
Tommy partied the night of the accident.
Geez.
Here, man, I'll get your car.
Jesus. Nothing about tonight
was random.
He planned it all.
Well, his fun's about to end.
The geeks have traced the signal
he's been tapping into.
We got an address. SWAT's en route.
We're taking Heller tonight.
I used to play here as a kid.
Hey, watch out for the floor.
It gets really slippery, all right?
- Welcome to round eight.
Dad?
Dad!
- Thomas!
- Dad!

- Dad, I'm coming!
- Tommy, no. Tommy, no!
Tommy!
They're burying him alive!
They're gonna bury him alive!
Come on, let's go!
Dad!
Thomas, help me!
- Tommy, help me!
- All right, Dad, I'm coming!
Tommy!
Oh, God! I'm cuffed to a chair!
All right, keep digging!
I'm gonna try and find a way
to shut it down. Keep digging!
I'm sorry, Dad!
Nick!
Oh, Dad! Nick!
You didn't really think it
was gonna be that easy, did you?
You've got about 90 seconds
before our dear governor meets his sweet end.
Go, go, go. Move in.
Hold, hold.
Hold up.
Freeze, police!
Show us your hands!
Oh, Nick!
Nick! Come on, please!
Nick, you got to help me!
He rigged the belt.
I couldn't shut it off!
This isn't working, Nick!
Please! Nick! Do something!
Hey, hey. I'll be right back!
I got an idea!
Hurry, Nick!
Just keep breathing, all right?
Keep breathing. I got you.
Hurry, Nick!
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah!
Move in! Go, go, go!
- He's got a gun!

- Put the weapon down!
Hold your fire!
Stop! Cease fire! Stop!
Damn it! I said hold your fire!
Call the medics! Fuck!
Why? This is all my fault.
No, Dad, no, this is... my fault.
OK? You know,
I just need a second chance.
Come on.
- Yeah?
- You seem upset, Nick.
You were expecting someone else?
Shit. Gun's glued to his hands.
It's not him.
Who the hell is it?
Judge Perlmutter.
Well, it's just you and me again, pal.
No more distractions.
No more police either,
as a matter of fact.
- But, hey.
- No more police?
They went ahead and they took
care of round nine for you.
I think he's in here.
Hey, you want to punish me?
You want to punish me?
Stop hiding behind your phone like a pussy!
Come do it in person.
Nick!
Sarah!
All right, then!
Round ten!
" No!
God! No, no, no...!
- Oh, no.
- All right, not another step!
- Come on, Dad. Keep pressure on it.
- Goodbye, Governor.
No! Don't!
No! No, please!
See? Now, that's being tough on crime!
Hi, Nick.

Thought it was time you and I
got to meet face-to-face.

- Nick!

- Shut up!

- You psycho. Don't you touch her.

- What? Who, her?

Why don't you shut the fuck up?!

I'm giving orders!

- You better not put a finger on her.

- Of course I'm gonna hurt her!

I'm gonna hurt her,
and you're gonna watch!

- No.

- Hey, Tommy.

How does it feel to have someone
you love so dearly ripped away from you,
and there's not a damn thing
you can do about it?

You fuck!

I'm gonna fucking kill you!

You know, I have to admit,

there was never a chance
for you to win that round.

You think I was gonna let
your dad walk away from this?

- You psychotic asshole.

- Sorry, Nick.

This round is Tommy's to play.

Tommy. You know what they say
about karma, don't you?

Karma.

It's a bitch.

- No!

- Shut up!

That's a good boy.

Guess that explains why it was
his car that Malloy left at the motel.

Hello, Detectives.

Nice try.

- I know what happened.

- Oh, you think you know?

Why don't you ask your young partner?

Ask him what he had to do

to get out of that uniform so quickly.

Tell them.
What is he talking about?
What did you do?
Tell them how you were
the first officer on the scene that night.
Tell them how, in order to get the charges
reduced, they had to bury evidence.
Tell them what you got in exchange
for helping them betray the law,
young detective.
Is it true?
I'm sorry.
Fall back! Move!
-Everybody out!
- Let's go!
- Move now!
- You guys, move back!
Please. I did what you wanted.
I helped you, so...
If you let me go, I'll turn myself in.
I promise I'll pay for what I did.
So you remember?
A year ago? This place?
I'm sorry.
All right? I'm so sorry.
But I'll give you anything.
I'll give you anything you want.
- Anything?
- Yes, anything!
Anything. Money, justice...
anything in the world.
Fine.
I want my wife back!
I'm sorry.
Please.
Apology not accepted.
You said you would do anything.
Let's put that to the test.
Round 11.
This is your chance to prove
how far you'll go to live.
Both of these bottles contain
your beverage of choice.
You're gonna choose one,

and you're gonna drink it.

- That's it?

- That's it.

That's it?

That... that's all I have to do.

Oh! I forgot to mention, one of them
is laced with poison, so...

So, come on, Tom.

Choose. Pick your poison.

You said you'd do anything.

I am giving you the opportunity to prove it.

I can't.

I can't, I'll die.

No, you might die.

Then again, you might not.

Choose.

Or I swear to God, you son of a bitch,
I will choose for you.

- Fine.

- Wait, wait, wait, wait.

I am giving you a chance, Tommy.

That is something my wife never had.

Now, you choose a bottle,
or I will choose the gun.

Bottle gives you a 50-50 chance,
the gun gives you zero.

- OK. OK.

- Choose.

- OK, I'll do it.

- One...

Two !

That's it. Drink up.

Looks like my luck's changing.

Not quite.

What the fuck are you doing?

You said I had a chance!

You said I had a chance!

Nick.

Nick, come on. Nick!

Ah, damn.

- Are you OK?

- Hey, welcome back, Nick.

Just in time for the final round.

What the fuck?

We're taking a little ride
down memory lane.
A ride that ends the same way
that my dear Diana's did.
Heller, stop.
You don't have to do this.
Of course I do, Nick.
You know, you've been a really,
really good sport tonight.
Unfortunately for all of us,
the game's about to end.
None of us are gonna win this one.
You were never gonna turn yourself in.
Sorry about that, pal,
but justice must be served.
Justice? This is your idea of justice?
Killing an innocent woman?
Sarah has nothing to do with any of this.
Yeah, neither did my wife!
Tell you something, Nick.
The system is broken,
and it can be manipulated by those in power.
We are very, very lucky that your father
found a judge that will work with us.
Twelve months rehab.
You're gonna be a free man.
The scales.
He said something about scales.
That they were out of whack.
- Is it true?
- And I'd help him rebalance them.
The only justice that we have
is the ones we make for ourselves.
This isn't justice, this is murder.
Damn. This makes you
exactly like Tommy.
Hey! I am nothing like him!
I am not like him.
- Looks the same to me, man.
- Yeah? Well, let me prove it to you.
Emergency services, how can I help?
- Help!
- Shut the fuck up!
You listen very carefully to me.

In the next few minutes, there is going to be a rather horrific accident that's gonna take place at the intersection of Sherwood and Grant. I suggest you get ambulances there now.

- Help!

-Shut up! Huh?

See, Nick? Huh? I just gave you a better chance than my wife ever had.

- You happy now?

- Go fuck yourself!

Sweetheart, that is exactly what I intend to do.

Well, this is it, Nick.

Huh, the big finale.

And even though the ambulances are coming, I'd say it's time we end our game with a bang.

Look at you. How you feeling, Nick?

Diana!

You're about to lose everything, and you're powerless to do anything about it. But at least I'll give you a chance. A chance to say goodbye to your wife. You have three minutes.

You're pathetic.

You think this is the kind of man your wife wanted you to become? A murderer?

No, I think she would agree that this is justice.

The justice she never had.

Maybe you'll get lucky, Nick.

Maybe you'll get lucky, and there'll be a good Samaritan who just happens to be in the right place at the right time!

Fuck you.

No. Please, Nick.

Please.

One question. What would you have done to save your wife's life?

Anything-

Exactly.

Nick! Grab the gun!

Nick! Stop him!

No!

Stop, please!

No!

Duck, baby!

Nick!

Diana.

- You OK?

- I'm... I'm fine. Are you OK?

Yeah.

It's over. Thank you.

English - US - PSDH