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# Sabotage

By Skip Woods

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- Tell John to come.

- John, please! John!

He won't come for you!

John!

Come find me, John!

Please!

No! Find me! Find me!

Help me! Help me!

He's not coming.

He's not coming. He's coming.

No!

He's not coming for you.

Please stop! Please! Please! Please!

He's not calling,

he's not coming!

Why isn't he coming?

He doesn't love you.

Please, John.

Bitch, you're all done.

John.

John, John...

Tell him to come right now.

Come get me, John.

No!

No!

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Three out. Arm the charge.

Don't blow your balls off, okay.

Hey, don't worry.

They're made of brass.

Are they as big as your wife's?

Who the fuck dropped ass?

That was me.

Better check your fucking drawers.

I think that was brisket, wasn't it?

Wasn't that brisket?

Open a fucking window!

Hey, shut the fuck up!

Concentrate! It's payday.

Hell, yeah.

Look at you.

Done a roll call?

Breacher and his men

are all accounted for.  
How much is in there?  
We're about to find out.  
DC will be very happy.  
Okay, be ready.  
Acknowledge.  
Roger.  
Fuck that! No!  
I'm going to hit you fucking raw.  
Okay. Come here, baby!  
Come on.  
All right, come on.  
Lizzy, radio check.  
Do you copy me?  
I hear nothing!  
What are you talking about?  
I can only hear your  
heartbeat. Come on!  
God damn it, Lizzy!  
Do you copy me?  
Bad call, boss, sending her in.  
Oh, relax.  
She knows how to take  
care of her business.  
I got movement.  
Second story, front window.  
Center lock.  
I'm taking the shot.  
- Here we go!  
- Let's move, let's move!  
Come on! Move it!  
Stack it up. Stack it up.  
Put a!  
Shots fired.  
Delta side.  
- Neck, stay close with me!  
- Already out!  
Hey! Hey, where's my shit?  
I'm going in!  
You're not going in!  
I know where the money is! Do you?  
Let's go long!  
Fuck, Lizzy!  
You look hot, baby! Whoo!

Stack up.  
Pyro, get the window!  
On it.  
Let's go.  
Tripod, clear.  
Breach. Breach!  
Get in there!  
Move it!  
- I got high!  
- Okay, I got back!  
Come on, y'all!  
Clear right!  
Cut the lock.  
Lizzy, there's a fucking gate!  
No shit. Take this.  
Got it.  
- Anybody hurt?  
- I'm good.  
Tripod! Demo!  
Aw, shit,  
I think I broke a nail.  
- Double up!  
- Give me the charge.  
- What are we doing, boss?  
- Demo set.  
Three, two, one!  
Pyro, shoot the fucker!  
Target down!  
Good shot! Dead.  
Get moving!  
Get inside!  
- Breaching shotgun!  
- Pop it!  
Move it!  
Lizzy, where's the money?  
Down that hall.  
Spider hole in the ceiling.  
Target down!  
Move it!  
- Watch your head.  
- Good shot.  
- Popped his gray.  
- Meat shower.  
Target.

- Down!  
- Let's move!  
Saw shit like this in Iraq.  
Door is on the right.  
Stand clear!  
Moving up.  
Everyone, get out of my fucking way!  
Kick it, Tripod, let's go!  
- Keep it tight!  
- I'll take the back.  
Pyro, I'm behind you.  
- Cover your sides!  
- You got it, boss!  
Clear.  
Let's move.  
Clear. Clear.  
Move it up.  
Look what Mama did for you.  
Holy shit. Uncle Sam gets his.  
It's time to get ours.  
Come on, kids, let's get paid.  
I guess you blew  
the right scumbag.  
I guess I did.  
You're going to make me sick.  
Let's go.  
Come on, Monster, let's go!  
On it, boss.  
Neck!  
Bags, some rope!  
Yeah. Bags over here.  
Rope, bags!  
We've got three minutes.  
Rope!  
Smoke, cut that shit!  
Really? Really?  
Breacher, it's Watcher.  
What's the delay?  
Well, we're cutting  
through an obstacle, sir.  
It's going to take a while.  
Roger that.  
Incoming.  
Need any help? Negative.

We have active shooters.  
So just hold back  
until it's all clear.  
Who wipes their ass  
and puts the toilet paper  
on the outside of  
the fucking bowl?  
Hey, get the water  
line off the toilet.  
- Hurry the fuck up!  
- We're working on it.  
- Today, Monster.  
- Come on, hurry up, guys. Let's go.  
Incoming.  
Three, two...  
Two mikes and we're through.  
Two minutes.  
Oh, God!  
What's taking you so fucking long?  
Go, go, go.  
Let's go, I want more money.  
You're getting somewhere now.  
Here you go, babe.  
Fuck!  
- Fuck!  
- What happened?  
- Man down!  
- Who's down?  
Smoke's been hit!  
God damn it!  
How'd that happen?  
Smoke Jennings is down!  
Taking fire! Son of a bitch!  
Medical, stand by.  
We may have a problem.  
Neck, render aid.  
I got it.  
- Get his head down.  
- Get your man out of there.  
Tripod, get in the rig!  
Stay with me.  
- Got it!  
- Monster, hurry up.  
Monster! MONSTER: Let's go.

We need more money!  
Breacher, the dude's fucked up!  
Not getting paid  
ain't gonna help him.  
Yeah? Now we're  
just like them!  
Shut your fucking mouth!  
This isn't what we fucking do!  
I'll take your cut.  
Shut the fuck up!  
Do your job!  
Hang in there.  
Just a little hickey, baby.  
Keep the money coming!  
Come on, Breacher.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
- One mike!  
- Fuck, open your eyes!  
- How's he doing?  
- He's cleaned up.  
We gotta move him, boss!  
Get him out of here now. Get him up.  
A little help, Grinder!  
Breacher?  
Breacher, give me status.  
Stand by.  
I have men coming out.  
Call up Medical.  
Are you in the money room?  
Let's go!  
Come on, come on.  
Get some more, get some more.  
Lizzy, how much money do we got?  
About \$10 million.  
That's enough.  
Go and help Monster. On it!  
Okay, Tripod.

**Moving. FLOYD:**

Come on, come on, come on.  
Moving it in.  
Last spark.  
Our man is out.  
Let's go.

- It's in. It's in.  
- Go, go, go! Move!  
God damn it, John!  
Talk to me.  
We're through.  
All right, stack up.  
Team, move.  
Monster, stay left.  
Heads on the swivel.  
Coming out.  
All right, who dropped ass?  
Holy shit!  
Fuck!  
Stop splashing!  
Here we go.  
Come on, boys.  
This better be worth it!  
Fucking nasty.  
Fuck.  
- Shit.  
- What?  
Where's the fucking money?  
Are you fucking  
kidding me right now?  
- What?  
- We should check in the water.  
- What'd she say?  
- Check in the water.  
The fucking money's gone.  
What the fuck you mean,  
check the water?  
Right behind you.  
What happened with the money?  
What do you mean  
there's no fucking money?  
Look at the rope.  
It's been cut.  
Just check down there.  
Check down here.  
Oh, fucking shit.  
Who the fuck else  
knew about this shit?  
Come on.  
It's not in the fucking water, man!



It's not in the fucking water!  
No fucking way!  
Who fucking cut the rope?  
Why don't you all just  
shut the fuck up and let's go?  
Hold up, you guys.  
Hold up.  
What the fuck is that?  
Bullet.  
We just wasted  
our whole fucking career  
for this shit and  
there's nothing here?  
This ain't good.  
Let's walk.  
Check the water.  
We sold ourselves out for this.  
We got a little problem.  
\$10 million is missing.  
Now listen.  
You all did a fine job in there.  
We're not arguing that you've  
got a good record with the DEA.  
None of that matters right now,  
'cause all we need to do is find  
out where that \$10 million is.  
And that's why you're here.  
It was a big, giant  
fucking stack of money.  
How do you know, exactly down to the dollar,  
how much was in that room?  
Well, the FBI was  
carrying on  
a parallel investigation.  
Did you ever see  
the \$200 million?  
Did you guys hear me  
say I want my lawyer?  
You know what would clear your ass?  
If you'd take a polygraph.  
No poly.  
No poly?  
That's weak.  
That's sad.

Your ass is going to prison.  
When money is supposed to  
be there and it goes away,  
and it looks like to us,  
it was a setup.  
It may not be,  
and we're going to find out.  
And I know you had  
a friend who died.  
And that's awful,  
and it's going to be more awful  
if it was because of money.  
My friend did not die  
for fucking \$10 million.  
We lost a man,  
we lost a brother.  
And you don't give  
a shit about that.  
It was Wharton's idea,  
wasn't it?  
You were just following the  
lead of a respected supervisor.  
I mean, John is like your daddy.  
You were doing  
what you had to do.  
Fuck you.  
You don't know my daddy.  
This agency saved your ass.  
You were going nowhere.  
You were a question  
mark coming in here.  
And you have been better  
than any of us ever dreamed.  
And you've always outperformed.  
We're trying to  
save that career.  
This is your family, Joe.  
This is your family.  
See, I'm not a thief.  
If that cartel finds out that  
you took \$10 million,  
they're going to slit your  
throat from ear to ear.  
I gotta pee, man.

Say what?  
I gotta piss.  
Then go pee.  
Man, he got cameras all over.  
There's no way I can go.  
Oh, dude, really?  
Piss, man. What the hell?  
What you think?  
I'm not going to stick my dick  
where your dick been sticking in, man.  
I ain't putting it in there.  
Yeah, the problem is,  
your shit probably fit in there.  
My shit don't fit in there.  
I need a thermos or some shit. Look at this.  
You threw a bottle  
of piss in my lap.  
Man, it's got a cap on it.  
Morning, Breach.  
Morning.  
Hey, good morning.  
Oh, man, thanks, Breach!  
Breakfast of champions, huh?  
Here's your DVD, man.  
Appreciate it.  
And don't piss in  
my bushes anymore, okay?  
I have a surveillance camera.  
I see it all.  
No, that was him.  
I've got a bottle.  
I'm not using that bottle.  
I ain't sticking my dick nowhere  
your dick has been, damn that.  
You didn't say  
that about Rebecca.  
When you fuck Rebecca?  
I fuck them all.  
Bro.  
Just follow that truck.  
I'm gonna deal with you.  
So you think he did it?  
I don't know if he did it. I just  
know I hear stuff, that's all I'm saying.

They're looking for something.  
But they haven't found anything,  
or else we wouldn't be  
following him around like this.  
Yeah.  
Why don't you just  
pull the pin on this?  
You're never going to be able to  
spend that blood money anyway.  
Do it for your team.  
Do it for your country.  
Do it for yourself.  
Retire. End it.  
End the pain.  
Fuck you, Breacher.  
I hate it as much  
as you do, sir.  
Tactical god.  
Why don't you wash  
your fucking hands?  
That's a new suit?  
Why do you rock that off-the-rack,  
cheap-ass JCPenney shit  
when you can afford Armani?  
In fact, why aren't you  
on a yacht in the Caymans?  
I know what you're trying to do.  
The jabs, the jokes.  
But tell them  
I'm not going to bite.  
What'd you tell  
Smoke Jennings' wife?  
That he died for a good cause,  
making you rich?  
Tell them you let me disarm you.  
Give me the fucking gun.  
Come in.  
Have a seat, John.  
It's over.  
I'll go and clean out my desk.  
I'm not firing you.  
The investigation is over.  
No one's been exonerated.  
DC just lost their appetite.

Who do you know  
in Washington, John?  
Got a picture of a senator  
fucking a goat, maybe?  
The only thing anyone in law  
enforcement has is their credibility.  
It's like virginity.  
Once it's gone, it's gone forever.  
When did you lose yours?  
What if I gave you  
your team back?  
Don't fuck with me.  
No one wants you, John.  
I've got nowhere  
else to stick you.  
Mind showing some  
leadership this time?  
Gun.  
Badge.  
Creds.  
There you go.  
You're back in the game.  
They don't fucking let us train.  
They don't let us shoot.  
I mean, I can't even carry a  
fucking gun in here, dude.  
We're sitting on  
our asses, rotting.  
It's punishment, bro.  
Don't let it get in your head.  
Just deal with it. I am.  
Who's winning?  
Get down.  
Get the fuck out of the way!  
- In the middle of my goddamn game!  
- Fuck me!  
Country-ass motherfucker!  
Why you acting all Jethro on that shit?  
You gonna play?  
We're reduced to a  
fucking rubber gun squad, bro,  
I feel like a fucking parolee.  
Why is he tattooing a dick  
on your back, Pyro?

You know what, bro,  
this is a fallen soldier. Fuck you, man.  
Will you fucking dial it down?  
I just lost a buddy down range!  
Easy, easy,  
killer. Hell!  
It does kind  
of look like a dick.  
The expert has spoken.  
Bro, if I turn around  
and see a fucking dick  
in the mirror, you're dead.  
It doesn't look like a dick.  
Get off my ass, man!  
You might wanna listen to this.  
- It's a fucking piece of shit.  
- Fuck you.  
'Cause all the company she  
keeps is rubbing off on her.  
All the fucking  
piece-of-shit-ness...  
Man, you need a Xanax or something.  
Why don't you go home  
and fuck your mama again?  
Come on, man.  
You were slightly amusing in the field.  
Here, you just suck.  
I will out-fight,  
out-fuck  
and out-work you  
on my worst day.  
See, I don't  
wanna fuck you, Lizzy.  
Crack whores are not my thing.  
Hey! That's my wife, yeah?  
Bro, you bought a fucking cow  
when the milk was free.  
Let's do it, pussy.  
Come on, let's go bareback.  
Wear a mouthpiece and  
head guard if you want.  
I'll still fucking  
dismantle you!  
Okay, now I want to fuck her.

Out cold, bitch!  
- She got you.  
- Yo!  
What the fuck is going on here?  
This place looks like  
a fucking crack house!  
You shouldn't be here.  
What are you doing here?  
The investigation is over.  
- We're back in business!  
- No shit?  
Yes!  
Whoo!  
Here are your credentials.  
Fucking finally!  
Whoo! Gimme!  
- How'd you manage this, boss?  
- Ain't that pretty?  
I told you!  
I told you motherfuckers!  
- And you, put a shirt on.  
- Here we go.  
You're just jealous.  
Good to have you back, boss.  
Is that a dick?  
Dude!  
It's a self-portrait!  
Where's the fucking mirror?  
It's not done.  
Let's go!  
Morning, boss.  
Morning!  
Boss!  
Morning, Daddy.  
Good to be back.  
What took you so fucking long?  
I'm embarrassed  
you don't have decent shit.  
Who's got coffee?  
Knock the dust off!  
Are you fucking kidding me?  
You promised you'd use the  
down time to work on yourself.  
I'm fine.

Give me the weapon.  
No.  
I can train...  
Lizzy.  
Breacher.  
I'm training.  
Why don't you go play daddy  
somewhere else, huh?  
Come on.  
Slow the fuck down!  
Shut the fuck up!  
- Hurry the fuck up!  
- You're moving too fast.  
- Sweetheart, shut up!  
- So slow.  
You need to skinny up,  
motherfucker.  
Get that chicken wing out of the way.  
Fucking get in your own lane.  
Y'all seriously  
taking giant-ass steps.  
Give me room.  
Give me room!  
Little room.  
Little room!  
Contact right!  
Hi! We're home!  
Thank you!  
Fuck, y'all didn't  
even stutter, man!  
Slowest fucking pie  
I've ever seen in my life.  
Whenever you're ready!  
Come on,  
open the door, let's go!  
Make a decision!  
All fucking day.  
Let me pie this fucking door.  
If there's pussy in there,  
you'd already be in there.  
Dead.  
It won't kick itself.  
Punch it!  
Breaching the fucking door!



What the fuck are you doing?  
Seriously!  
Fuck you!  
First in the room?  
That's the way to wait for the team there.  
Very nice. Very nice.  
That's not how you fucking do it.  
You going to get in  
my fucking way every time?  
All right, secure from exercise!  
This one is down.  
Yeah, I got him.  
What about him?  
Fuck!  
And who is that?  
Somebody's got to dig that fucking corner.  
No shit!  
- Yeah, second guy in the room.  
- It was you!  
I was number three!  
You got this guy.  
- That's your fucking corner!  
- Be quiet.  
- He's dead!  
- I was third one through!  
Guys, shut up!  
- You should have dug the corner.  
- Shut up!  
Shut up. Grinder.  
You have to take that corner.  
You breached.  
You immediately turn  
and you go for it.  
That's your responsibility,  
and you cover that corner.  
There's no argument here,  
so let's run it again.  
- Fucking asshole.  
- Told you.  
Come on, guys.  
Fuck it!  
Why don't I run it by myself?  
I'll show you  
fuckers how to do it!

Oh, fuck off!  
So what happened?  
You used to be good at this.  
Yeah, well, six months of finger  
pointing and recrimination happened.  
You weren't around.  
You didn't have our backs.  
Well, not by choice.  
That's your fucking excuse?  
When did you ever  
listen to the rules?  
We're not a team anymore.  
Just a gang.  
And there is no trust.  
There is no trust.  
We're going to  
get it back. I know.  
We're still a family.  
Yeah, I wish  
I could believe you.  
So now we don't trust each other?  
In what we do,  
there is only trust.  
I trust you!  
Each and every one of you.  
With my life.  
And I'll prove it to you.  
Kick the door.  
Kill the bad guys.  
Don't kill me.  
What the fuck  
did you say to him?  
Target!  
How did we do, boss?  
Good. Good job.  
I guess we don't suck.  
It's time to do the Lord's work.  
Shots! Beers! Come on!  
All right,  
who's gonna get this round?  
I'll get the fucking round!  
Why they call you Pyro, honey?  
'Cause I hooked a flashbang  
in a meth lab,

burned down the whole  
fucking apartment building.  
That's why we don't let  
him have the bangs no more.  
You about burned my  
ass up, you bastard.  
We call him Pyro  
'cause his ass burns.  
Yeah, whatever, asshole.  
Get of here.  
Get out of here.  
I would hit that.  
Fuck yeah!  
To Lizzy,  
my favorite evil bitch.  
Evil bitch!  
No, fuck that!  
Let's drink to Smoke Jennings.  
That motherfucker  
died for our sins.  
Fuck yeah.  
Smoke Jennings!  
Smoke!  
Smoke!  
Smoke!  
Yeah!  
Smoke!  
This is one for the  
homie that can't be here.  
Smoke Jennings.  
You know, we missed you.  
You're the heart and soul of us.  
Don't ever forget that.  
They almost won.  
It's fucking bullshit  
and you know it.  
We're here, aren't we?  
We held out  
as a team.  
It's just that,  
that thing that we did  
was for nothing.  
Let it go.  
You hear me?

Let it go.  
Okay.  
You know what?  
I can do this shit better than all y'all.  
Get the fuck off the stage!  
Get the fuck off the stage!  
Relax!  
Let's go, motherfucker!  
Get the fuck back!  
Good night, motherfucker.  
All right, let's go.  
We gotta roll, we gotta roll!  
Whoo!  
Sorry about your bouncer, man!  
Thanks for the lap dance!  
Have a nice night! GRINDER:  
Son of a bitch with a weak-ass right.  
Fuck!  
What the fuck?  
What the fuck?  
No! What the fuck?  
Fuck! Fuck!  
Miss.  
Hi.  
Tom worked for me.  
John Wharton.  
Caroline Brentwood.  
Homicide.  
Can you help me  
with next of kin?  
There's some ex-wives.  
So, what happened here?  
Train versus Winnebago.  
Train won.  
So why is Homicide involved?  
Well, some sucker's got to write it up.  
Guess that's me.  
Anything else I can do?  
Start sweeping for body parts.  
Caroline, hey,  
I found the torso.  
Coming to you!  
Oh, geez.  
Look at this.

You can smell  
the alcohol from here.  
Yeah, right.  
Your man's been drinking.  
We did have a team celebration.  
As soon as I get  
this place locked down,  
I need a statement from you.  
You know who that is, right?  
Some Fed who thinks  
his shit don't stink.  
That's John Wharton.  
He's a drug war god.  
What... He looks  
a little down, Darius.  
Why don't you go suck his dick?  
That ain't right.  
Well, you're making cow eyes at him.  
That ain't right.  
- Stripper's here!  
- Whoo! Ooh, yeah!  
Aren't you a little  
old for this shit?  
Investigator Caroline Brentwood.  
I'm looking for Eddie Jordan.  
Neck!  
Yo!  
I brought you a present.  
Oh, shit.  
Look at the water.  
No, thank you.  
Have a fucking drink for my friend.  
We buried him today.  
That's why I'm here.  
You wanna go somewhere private?  
Private?  
Fuck that.  
This is family time.  
You just get the fuck over here  
and make it clap for Uncle Daddy.  
Look at you,  
got the whole FBI getup.  
You got your badge.  
You dumb fuck,

that's the lead investigator  
in Pyro's accident.  
Am I right?  
It's a fucking stripper!  
She's not the stripper.  
She's an APD investigator.  
- Damn.  
- We'd welcome you.  
But I just want to know what the  
fuck you doing here right now.  
Well, I'm sorry to  
rain on your bro down.  
I just need to get  
a quick statement.  
Neck, lawyer the fuck up!  
Don't say shit!  
You know it, Sugar!  
Neck hates cops  
because the Columbian police  
beat the living shit out of  
him for not paying a tranny.  
Dude, you fucking gotta bring  
that up every fucking time!  
I got worse PTSD  
from a dude in heels  
than anything I got  
in that fucking place.  
I'll strip for you, honey bear.  
Get her, Grinder.  
I'm good, thank you.  
Pull your fucking panties out of your ass,  
sweetheart, and take the beer.  
It's a party.  
Well, since you  
put it like that.  
I like the way you play.  
Now lick it off.  
One step closer,  
I rip your fucking balls off.

**Whoop! NECK:**

Get her!  
Hey! Shut the fuck up!  
Boss, come on!

Come on, settle down, shut up.  
This is my fucking house,  
okay? She's a guest!  
Guest, my ass.  
Come on. Let's go inside.  
Hit that, Breach, get some!  
Investigate  
the shit out of that.  
Whose round it is?  
Pyro's!  
I've been chasing your man three  
days for a five-minute interview.  
Can you do something about that?  
You some kind of a big deal?  
Yeah. I've been around.  
I speak to him tomorrow,  
or I go over your head.  
I will make it happen.  
Your friend's here.  
I wouldn't bother.  
Tips are lousy.  
Liquor store's  
cleared by arrest.  
- We present to Nichols on Tuesday.  
- No.  
Suspect has taken a plea.  
Who says?  
Nichols' office.  
Funny how they do that when  
they're on video. Mmm-hmm.  
Train versus RV.  
It's ruled accidental,  
so I'm thinking this  
is not our problem.  
I just have one interview to do on that.  
I'll knock it out tonight.  
It's accidental.  
Who cares?  
Right, so no one should interview  
the last guy who saw him alive?  
Perfectionist.  
Breacher. Gotta go.  
Breacher. Damn.  
He's sexting me.

All right, man, just go.  
Go ahead. Want to see?  
Get out of my face  
with that, man.  
He's a natural blond, you know.  
Get out of my face.  
Oh, yeah.  
I don't want to hear  
nothing about that.  
You are dirty.  
Jezebel.  
I've known some cops in my time,  
but your people  
don't seem like cops.  
Good.  
They're the best undercover  
agents in the DEA.  
Work hard, play hard, right?  
Look who's talking.  
You enjoy your cups.  
Why do you say that?  
Your skin.  
Wow.  
Just...  
Wow.  
Wow.  
Neck!  
It's me!  
Shit, no light.  
Come on.  
You don't need that.  
I'm a cautious girl.  
Neck!  
Wake up, you drunk fuck!  
You got right. Move.  
Clear.  
Clear.  
Sorry.  
Let me clear this.  
Move.  
- Clear.  
- Okay.  
Where the fuck is he?  
Oh, fuck!



Would you help me up, please?  
Can you help me up, please?  
Thank you very much.  
Well, we found him.  
You smoke?  
Only when I find my witnesses  
nailed to the ceiling.  
Right. I'm gonna leave.  
No, you're not.  
You're not fucking leaving!  
You're in this now.  
What are you talking about?  
I'm a Fed.  
See you.  
You're an asshole.  
All right, let's cut him down.  
From a preliminary investigation,  
I have a cause of death.  
Massive hemothorax.  
From a right  
ventricular stab wound.  
This, where my finger is...  
Uh-huh.  
That's how far the knife  
went inside his chest.  
- Okay.  
- And they gutted him like a pig.  
Hey, Doc,  
this guy's a trained guy.  
Who could walk up on  
a trained guy like that?  
Somebody that had  
better skills than he had.  
He knew exactly  
where he was stabbing.  
Boo-yah! Got some hairs.  
Not the victim's.  
Show me.  
Right here.  
And here's some more. Here.  
Can you bag those?  
Sure.  
I'll take them  
to the lab myself.

Okay.

- Thanks, guys.

- Sure.

- Thanks.

- You got it.

You know, in Northern Ireland, the IRA  
nailed snitches to the kitchen floor.

How do you know shit like that?

Some research I was doing.

Okay, so you put out a BOLO  
for Lucky Charms guy.

Hey, take a criminalist  
and sweep the RV's cab.

For what?

What am I looking for?

Linkage.

They're dead and we're not.

What are we doing?

We D-up and  
present a hard target.

Like taking showers  
with full body armor.

Well, we need fucking intel.

Who'd they send up?

Well, who do you think, sweetheart?

Check the board!

Could be Soto!

Could be fucking Romero!

It could be fucking...

They could be...

They may be... Fucking...

Any of this a surprise to you?

Just let it go, huh?

Surprise to you, Sugar?

I don't really know  
what you're talking about.

Guess I'm the only one  
with any fucking balls here.

It's the goddamn money.

Just let it go, all right?

No!

We had to go fingering  
the devil's pussy.

It's an occupational hazard

when you fight the cartels.  
Oh, really?  
You see any other  
Feds getting smoked?  
It could happen to anyone.  
Bullshit!  
You believe that, chief?  
Or is that just some shit you're  
spitting in case this place is bugged?  
Always assume that  
someone is listening.  
So shut the fuck up.  
I ain't gonna fight you, boss.  
Where the fuck are you going?  
Out.  
I'm bored.  
You're not going out.  
It's not safe.  
They're hunting us.  
I can take care of myself.  
Give me that fucking...  
No!  
Give that back to me.  
Give that back to me! Monster!  
What's this, huh?  
Is this chewing gum?  
Huh?  
Yeah.  
What the fuck you need this for?  
What the fuck do  
you need this for?  
Get out of my way.  
No, Lizzy.  
It's the stripper.  
Can we talk inside?  
What the fuck do you want?  
Just some background  
information on your unit.  
So I can develop some suspects.  
You know what we do, right?  
This special operations team?  
Well, to be honest,  
I have no idea.  
Why don't you tell me?

We covertly  
penetrate  
drug organizations.  
I guess that would make you some enemies,  
huh?  
Any one come to mind?  
Any particular guy  
that might nail Special Agent  
Jordan to a ceiling?  
Are you really this stupid?  
Ma'am, I'm not your friend,  
and I'm not your colleague.  
So don't bully me.  
Or I'll slap you  
with a 48-hour jail hold.  
And by the looks of things,  
you can't hack a day without your  
favorite controlled substance.  
So let's keep it nice, shall we?  
And yes, assume I'm stupid.  
Paint me a picture.  
Please.  
I took these in Juarez.  
They're friends of mine.  
And this is what  
the Rios-Garza cartel does  
to indicate that  
you've pissed them off.  
Sweetheart,  
you're so in over your fucking head.  
You need more than a  
Glock and sensible shoes.  
Walk away.  
Walk away.  
I'll show myself out.  
Thank you for your time.  
It's our pleasure.  
We're gonna have to each get two jobs  
just to put him through school.  
Have you  
considered prostitution?  
Hey, what's up?  
More black hairs.  
And look.

A beautiful thumbprint we got off  
the steering column of the RV.  
It's not the vic's.  
Boo-yeah! Linkage.  
You just said  
"boo-yeah."  
That's my thing.  
Don't jack my thing.  
I heard the lab tech say it.  
I didn't hear it.  
Bullshit, you heard it.  
Well, if she said it,  
she got it from me.  
Due to the staging of  
Special Agent Jordan's body,  
we believe there's a connection  
to the Rios-Garza cartel.  
DTO. Rios-Garza Drug  
Trafficking Organization.  
We don't use  
the term "cartel."  
Thank you, sir.  
It seems that Special Agent  
Roberts' death  
was not an accident.  
We have recovered physical evidence  
linking the two crime scenes.  
I would like to have  
a copy of those files,  
if you could make  
those available for me.  
Yes, sir.  
Today, would that be all right?  
Yes, sir.  
Thank you.  
Investigator Brentwood,  
what exactly do you want from us?  
Well, learning about the victims  
helps me find the suspects.  
Maybe these murders are blowback  
from cases they worked on.  
You want access  
to DEA case files?  
It would help.

Are you asking for investigatory support or access to our records?

Both.

Look, maybe there's someone I can liaise with, someone who...

Investigator Brentwood, your agency needs to draft a formal letter requesting assistance.

Any documents you want access to will need to be specifically cited. Specifically cited.

What information do you need?

Incident report numbers.

File numbers.

Right.

And how are we going to know those numbers if we don't know those numbers?

If you don't know really what you want,

what are you doing here?

Two murders of DEA agents have happened on my watch.

And it's my job to investigate them, and I'm asking for your help.

Just have the chief fire off a letter, and we'll see what we can do.

Thank you for coming in.

Have a nice day, y'all.

Fucking US Attorney and their own general counsel?

These guys are scared.

Hey. You're Brentwood, you're Jackson, right?

Yeah.

You working the agent nailed to the ceiling?

What do you know about that?

The DEA is a dysfunctional family, all right?

No one's going to talk family business with you.

Who are you?  
Got a card?  
Ask yourself why it happened.  
Everything happens for a reason.  
Think about that.  
Stop leaving your  
shit on my seat.  
That's not mine.  
It's not some porn you're  
hiding from your wife?  
That's not mine.  
It's not mine.  
You're out here saving  
these adrenaline junkies  
that mean absolutely nothing  
to this department.  
I would take  
a bullet for those guys.  
Hmm. You'd take a bullet.  
Would you take 10 million bucks?  
Would you take \$10 million?  
Where's the money?  
Don't fucking scream at me!  
Where's the money?  
You dumb fuck, you!  
Look at you!  
With your fucking 48% body fat.  
And, you, scrawny  
little bastard!  
- Fuck you guys!  
- Go to the gym, John.  
Fucking liar.  
Fucking liar!  
He's a fucking liar.  
What? Caroline,  
where you going?  
Why the fuck didn't you tell me  
you were under investigation for  
stealing from the Rios-Garza cartel?  
Get in.  
I need a drink.  
I need you to be  
straight with me, John.  
No, you be straight with me.

Why do I have to find out  
through the grapevine  
that you linked  
the deaths of my people?  
They're linked,  
I'm sorry. My turn.  
Did you steal the money?  
No.  
And fuck you for asking.  
Don't be such a girl.  
Your agency thinks you did.  
So does the Rios-Garza cartel.  
Why do you think  
they're killing your guys?  
Spend enough time on the job,  
the job bites back.  
That's bullshit.  
You going somewhere?  
One of my guys quit the team.  
He's off the grid.  
I gotta warn him.  
Okay, grab your stuff  
and I'll drive.  
They're going to continue  
to fucking kill people,  
and kill fucking innocent people  
and women and children in  
Mexico and the United States  
- unless you have guys like me!  
- Son!  
That's a fact.  
Son!  
Motherfucker, I quit.  
Last fall, an 8-year-old girl  
vanished from her bed.  
No leads.  
Only her daddy's bullshit  
about hearing black voices.  
And he's a drinker.  
Joins AA the week after she disappears.  
He profiles, too.  
Domestic abuser, all that.  
And I can't find enough  
for the DA to file.



Do you see where this is going?  
Just because you're not in jail  
doesn't mean you didn't do it.  
You're awesome on a road trip,  
you know that?  
Yeah, I've heard that before.  
That's it, right there.  
It's beautiful.  
Watch out for booby traps.  
Bullshit.  
I'm serious.  
This could take  
your leg right off.  
Here's the trip wire.  
Why is he so paranoid?  
Maybe he doesn't want to  
get nailed to a ceiling.  
Tripod!  
McNeely?  
It's John!  
There's something off.  
Fuck.  
Unit 2150.  
Send me two units  
and an ME to my location.  
AK brass.  
The guy hit the trip wire.  
Right there.  
Looks like he bled out.  
Here, hold this.  
What's that?  
They're world-class assholes.  
Give me the weapon.  
I don't trust you.  
Well, you know,  
it was getting heavy anyway.  
Hey!  
How you feeling?  
I'm sorry?  
Well,  
now that you got sucked into our world.  
They're Kaibiles.  
Kaibiles?  
Guatemalan Special Forces.

Okay.  
Rios-Garza Organization loves to  
use them for high-power hits.  
You know, McNeely was  
a fucking Navy SEAL.  
He was 10 times the  
operator that I'll ever be.  
What chance do you think I got?  
See, they're the best  
assassins that money can buy.  
Honey, I worked gangs  
for eight years.  
Streets have rules, okay?  
You steal money,  
doesn't matter who you are,  
you can be a cop,  
you could be God,  
they will get you.  
I came here to help you.  
No, you did not.  
To help you understand.  
You came here 'cause you  
think you're gonna be next.  
You came here to steer me, okay?  
If you want to help me,  
and if you don't want to  
get nailed to a ceiling  
or run over by a train,  
you need to break  
free from your buddies  
and tell me something I don't  
know about John Wharton.  
Because I can't read him.  
Tell me something I don't know.  
Two years ago,  
we arrested  
Edgar Rios in Juarez.  
He was an old-school drug lord,  
ran all their operations.  
It was a big deal.  
We're handing him  
over to the Mexicans  
when some broad pulls  
her shit and dumps him.

Cartel didn't want him  
debriefed by our intel people.  
Problem solved.  
But they had a bigger problem.  
They wanted the man who can get  
the man that nobody can get.  
John gets a call  
from the bad guys.  
They snatched his wife and kid right  
out of his house on Lake Lanier.  
They're holding them in Juarez.  
They make him an offer.  
"Surrender yourself to the  
cartel and your family lives."  
John's family is everything.  
John was married forever.  
His son Jacob was  
his best friend.  
Love you, Dad.  
They tortured Karen  
and Jacob to death.  
There's video.  
Evil shit.  
No! No! No!  
They mailed pieces of  
them to his home for weeks.  
Oh, my God!  
Oh, my God!  
So John  
went down there. Alone.  
Hunting the man  
who killed his wife.  
John, we're coming in!  
He didn't find him.  
We're here to  
bring you back home.  
This isn't going  
to bring them back.  
Come on.  
Let's go home.  
John is obsessed with  
finding his wife's killer.  
It's like a cancer in his soul.  
Caroline, we lost John

when they died.  
Go home.  
Go home now.  
I was just trying to help.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
John.  
Wait up. I didn't know about your family.  
John, I'm sorry, I...  
Now you know.  
They sent me her face.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
So this isn't creepy.  
Someone else get killed?  
I brought a peace offering.  
Let me show you something.  
Your shooters.  
They're Guatemalan Special Forces.  
They came in through  
Juarez with stolen visas.  
ICE alerted, ran surveillance.  
But lost them  
outside of Atlanta.  
Now, you said you had prints.  
Yeah. We got one  
at the RV,  
and one outside McNeely's cabin.  
But no NCIC hits.  
See if these match.  
Pretty please.  
ICE took them off some beer  
cans inside their hotel room.  
Should I have these?  
No.  
Then why'd you give them to me?  
I don't want anything  
to happen to you.  
Holy shit.  
No way.  
Don't say a word.  
Mmm-mmm-mmm.  
What happened to  
"I'll never date a cop"?

Who said anything about a date?  
Evil harlot.  
I can't believe you said that.  
You dirty, dirty girl.  
So I got a present for you.  
Check that out.  
Oh!  
Bad guys.  
Dude looks like Mario from Donkey Kong.  
Mmm-hmm.  
Who's the metrosexual  
with the... You've got...  
Prints, records, everything.  
Did he leave it on  
your night stand?  
You don't want to know.  
Shit.  
Get in the car. You all right?  
'Cause you walking funny.  
You're just jealous.  
Is he a big dude?  
Like, is he big?  
That's inappropriate.  
Was it good?  
Shut up. Shut up.  
Is he ripped,  
like a six-pack?  
Shut up.  
Just wondering.  
'Cause he's, like, a legend.  
You're good to go.  
It's a match.  
Thank you, Tish. Okay,  
I'm going to write out a warrant-affidavit.  
You put out a BOLO,  
armed and dangerous.  
Yeah, and what you  
gonna tell the judge?  
That we got slipped some  
Secret Squirrel ICE file?  
That's exactly what  
I'm going to tell him.  
Once they're in custody,  
we can get as many print cards as we want.

Doesn't matter how we get there,  
as long as we get there.  
Do we know where they are?  
Negative.  
So we still got no target?  
What the hell are we doing sitting here?  
We could be drinking beers,  
throwing dollars at something naked.  
We're standing by.  
For what?  
Apparently, the boss got that  
investigator lady working for us now.  
Ain't that right, boss?  
Is that true?  
Hey. Grab a vest.  
What's up, partner?  
That ICE file your boyfriend  
gave you had a credit card.  
I linked it to a cell phone.  
That cell phone is live  
in an apartment building.  
That apartment building,  
Narco knows about it.  
It's a Rios-Garza  
safe house.  
Okay, enough  
energy drinks, partner.  
While you've been saving mankind,  
I drafted an affidavit.  
I sent it to the clerk,  
judge signed it.  
You'll be needing that.  
Yes, you're right.  
I need that. Okay.  
You're right.  
I'm sorry. I was excited.  
Try and arrest  
him without it, huh?  
I got excited about it,  
but we gotta go kick some doors, baby.  
Multi-level residential.  
Four units.  
Brick and masonry.  
Fortified with barred windows.

Steel security doors.  
You got an iron fence around three sides.  
All right,  
what's the plan, boss?  
We blue angel up the back.  
Single point dynamic entry.  
Explosive breach.  
We don't know  
what unit they're in,  
so we clear the whole structure.  
All right, let's smoke these motherfuckers  
and get us some dinner then.  
Two mikes out.  
Two out, copy.  
We're at the railroad tracks.  
Here we go, stand by.  
Roger that.  
We're not here to  
make arrests, right?  
Breach!  
They killed two federal agents already.  
They're not fucking around!  
No matter what, we all go home  
tonight at the end of this mission.  
You know what you're  
doing with that thing?  
I was in the Army.  
It's the wrong way up.  
It's not the wrong way up.  
You got to rack it  
all the way back.  
Come on.  
I know how to rack a gun.  
Heading right.  
Keep your hands up.  
Let me see your hands.  
Stay right there.  
Stay on the bed, kid.  
Shitty closet!  
Clear!  
Clear!  
Good! Let's go!  
Ready to go!  
Don't stop!

- Going left!  
- Right!  
Got your back.  
Got a bathroom! Clear!  
All clear!  
Clear.  
- We're all set, boss!  
- Keep moving!  
Stay tight!  
- One on the couch!  
- I got left.  
- Put your hands up!  
- Going left, boss!  
- Closet, clear!  
- Let me see your hands!  
Anyone else in here?  
Coming around.  
Anyone else in here?  
Just my kids.  
Kids in the back!  
- There are kids.  
- Door!  
Stay right where you are!  
Just keep them up.  
I got high.  
Get low!  
- Don't move.  
- Clear.  
Checking for mice.  
Clear!  
We're clear!  
Moving.  
Just stay on the bed.  
Stay on the bed.  
- We're clear!  
- Keep moving.  
Stack up!  
Okay. Ready?  
Yup. Door.  
You get him!  
Go, go, go. Let's roll.  
Okay, move it!  
Fuck!  
We're tight, pop it!



Asshole down!  
We're clear!  
Fuck!  
Go! Go! Go!  
Target down.  
Move! Move! Move!  
Clear!  
Clear!  
Sugar, let's go.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Whoa!  
Calmate! Easy! Easy!  
- Good kill, baby.  
- Come on!  
I got the hostage.  
Clear!  
Going right!  
- Clear!  
- Clear!  
- We're clear!  
- Clear!  
Good fucking gunfight!  
God damn!  
- Hello.  
- Hey, boss!  
You might want to get in here!  
What?  
Ta-da!  
You got your kit, babe?  
Right, we're secure.  
I'm gonna ID these guys.  
So which asshole are you?  
Lizzy, don't fucking do that!  
Liquid meth! Hell yeah!  
You're one fucked up bitch!  
Yeah, it's meth.  
This is one for the books.  
Breach.  
It's not them.  
- It's not the Kaibiles!  
- What do you mean?  
What are you talking about?  
You mean we killed six  
motherfuckers and it ain't them?  
Well, check again!

Okay.  
No! Still not them!  
Dead man walking!  
Fuck me!  
Fucking shit.  
Stay tight.  
Behind you, brother.  
All right, it's clear.  
Get EMS in here.  
There's a lot of bodies.  
What the fuck  
are you doing here?  
It's my job.  
You used me.  
Breacher, God damn it!  
What the fuck is going on here?  
Clean up, aisle three.  
God almighty!  
What's wrong?  
Son of a bitch is snagged!  
Gimme a knife.  
I'm gonna cut the son of a bitch.  
The hell you are.  
That's a new anchor.  
Damn, it is heavy, though.  
Yeah, it is!  
All right, keep pulling.  
What the hell?  
Jesus Christ!  
Stay back, son!  
Turn around.  
Don't look.  
How'd they die?  
Looks like a gun fight.  
Can you give me race and sex?  
Male Hispanics, all three.  
Why the chicken wire?  
As their bodies bloat, the wire cuts them,  
releasing the decomp gas.  
They never float to the surface.  
Yeah, great tip.  
I gotta remember that one.  
Okay, how long they been dead?  
A week.

You sure?  
A what?  
At least a week.  
If it's the guys  
that we think...  
They've been dead more than a week...  
Wait, are these the...  
The military guys from the cartel?  
Yeah.  
You think this is them?  
The Guatemalans.  
I think it's them.  
He said they've  
been dead for a week.  
It can't be the Guatemalans.  
That's why  
we need to find these tattoos.  
The guy at the cabin had a  
tattoo on his left shoulder.  
And if we have a match,  
then they're part of the same gang, right?  
The killers are the victims?  
It just can't be that, Caroline.  
Tattoo, left shoulder.  
Have we got anything?  
Ah, nice!  
We got it.  
Darius, come see this.  
This is our guy.  
That's it?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Who the hell killed them?  
Nice.  
Here we go.  
What you got?  
Thumb's missing.  
Right here.  
Right.  
Okay, so that explains how we got  
thumbprints in Roberts' RV, huh?  
Looks like we're working late.  
Look, if they've been dead  
a week already, right?  
They sure as hell didn't

nail Jordan to that ceiling.  
Or drive Roberts  
over the train tracks.  
The Guatemalans  
killed Tripod McNeely, okay?  
Then somebody kills them,  
uses them for cover.  
Come on, Darius, think about it.  
Who killed the cartel hit men,  
sprinkles their DNA over  
two separate crime scenes,  
wants us to think they're alive?  
Who do we like for this?  
Everybody! We like  
everybody for this one!  
John, please! John!  
Tell John to come for you!  
John! Please, John!  
Tell him come for you!  
John!  
Come find me! John!  
Please!  
Oh, no!  
We had a good time, didn't we?  
I love you, John!  
Who the fuck is hunting us?  
Who do you think, Breach?  
It's one of us.  
It's you!  
Or it's Grinder!  
Or Sugar!  
Or my dear loving husband!  
Is it you, bitch?  
No, I keep track  
of the people I whack.  
Neck and Pyro ain't on the list.  
See, I think that she's right!  
I think she's fucking right.  
Nailed it.  
So which fucker is it, huh?  
Fucking crazy!  
I mean, why?  
You know why, Breach.  
It was the fucking money.

Amen.  
'Cause some of us  
are getting paid,  
and the rest of us  
are just getting dead.  
Oh, bullshit!  
Keep your hands  
where we can see them.  
This has been fun,  
but I'm out of here.  
I see any of your fucking  
faces and I'll kill you!  
Ammo's cheap.  
My life ain't!  
It's over.  
Where'd you bury it, Grinder?  
Now we fall apart?  
We scatter to the wind?  
Yeah, I like that idea.  
Honey.  
Yes, sweetheart?  
I've been fucking Sugar.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
That's not what we talked about!  
Look, man.  
Look, it is what it is, dude.  
What do you want me to say?  
You want me to say I'm sorry?  
Is it gonna make it any better?  
You fucker!  
I'm going to kill you!  
Monster! No!  
I thought you were  
my fucking friend!  
Boss, I'm gonna kill him!  
I'm gonna fucking kill him!  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Why the fuck would  
you do that shit?  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Fucking have a nice life,  
you fucking cunt!  
You deserve each other!  
I warned you.

We fucked up.  
We fucked up, didn't we?  
What do you want?  
Can we talk?  
We stole the money.  
It was Breacher's idea.  
We thought it  
would make him happy.  
It was \$10 million in cash.  
Went back for it that night,  
but when we got there,  
it was gone.  
DEA,  
they wanted to throw us in a hole  
and throw away the hole.  
Crawled up our asses with a  
microscope for six months.  
Nobody broke.  
So who has the money?  
It's Lizzy.  
Or Monster or Sugar.  
I don't know.  
She's playing one  
against the other.  
What do you want to do?  
Fuck them all.  
Let them hang.  
After I lost my family,  
I asked myself what  
was I fighting for.  
The answer was simple.  
My team.  
I wanted them to get  
something out of all of this.  
But instead,  
I destroyed them.  
Agent Phillips is  
going to the DEA.  
I'm not telling you  
it's gonna be okay.  
Because it's not.  
Not for you.  
Hey, John.  
Hey.

I'm sorry.  
Don't apologize.  
I would have stepped  
up if you didn't.  
You're doing the right thing.  
I ride this ship down.  
I ride it down.  
But you,  
you could still  
have a life after this.  
Doing what, John?  
Where?  
This is all I do.  
And it's over.  
We can protect you.  
Get down!  
Stay down.  
Tell me again.  
We were up the block,  
heard gunfire.  
We made contact with  
a female DEA agent.  
Female DEA agent?  
She left in a vehicle  
with a black male.  
A DEA agent.  
You heard gunfire!  
Sir, she badged us.  
She was legit.  
She left.  
Is this the woman you saw?  
Yeah. That's her.  
You said "black male"?  
Yes, sir.  
A red vehicle.  
Sugar.  
That's your guy, too?  
Clear.  
What's all this?  
She's bailing.  
She'll never make it.  
Every cop in Georgia's looking for her.  
She won't get far.  
Yes, she will.

Do you think that he loves you?  
What do you think the plan is?  
To just go run off and make babies?  
Well, you're gonna  
be needing this.  
Just give me my shit  
and quit fucking around.  
Don't do it! Monster!  
Fuck you!  
Oh, fuck.  
Baby, I'm sorry!  
Baby. Oh, God.  
Lay down.  
I'm sorry, Monster.  
I'm sorry.  
Oh, Jesus!  
Jesus!  
I'm going to kill her.  
Yeah?  
Hey. I fucked up.  
I didn't mean for this to happen.  
I don't know what to do.  
Where are you?  
Midtown.  
Are you alone?  
Yeah, I'm alone.  
Who would I be with?  
Can I see you?  
Meet me inside the parking structure on 4th.  
Thanks, Breach.  
I'll see you soon.  
That motherfucker!  
Parking garage?  
Mmm.  
This ain't his first rodeo.  
Since he wants to be a hero,  
let's give him somebody to save.  
Federal agent! Get out of the fucking car!  
Did you hear me?  
Open the fucking door!  
Open the fucking door!  
Get out of the fucking car!  
There she is. Get down.  
He's down!



He's down!  
Who the fuck is that in the car?  
Shit!  
It's that bitch!  
Go, go, go!  
Hold your ass, sweetie!  
Here we go!  
Jesus Christ!  
Take the vest!  
Put it on the dash  
and stay down!  
Fuck me!  
Lizzy, handle that motherfucker!  
Oh, fuck!  
Oh, baby, I fucked  
that bitch up!  
Jesus Christ!  
Fuck!  
Get the fuck out of the way!  
We lost them, Sug!  
Oh, shit.  
We're gonna make it, baby.  
We're gonna make it!  
Fuck, he's still coming!  
Let's give him a 180!  
Shit!  
Turn around!  
Turn around!  
I can't make it!  
Baby,  
kill that motherfucker!  
Fuck!  
Shoot the fucking engine!  
Fucking die!  
Watch out!  
Now, get us  
the fuck out of here!  
Fuck!  
I got no eyes!  
I can't see shit!  
Drop the weapon, Lizzy!  
Okay. Okay.  
Hey, Breach.  
You killed my team.

Why, Lizzy? Why?  
Because they stole  
my money! Huh!  
They fucking robbed me!  
After everything I put up with!  
It was my money and they took it,  
and I couldn't find it!  
I said, "Fuck them."  
I took the money.  
I took it.  
You took the money?  
What does that mean?  
Why?  
Mexico.  
This is about fucking Mexico?  
Your family is  
never coming home!  
What is she talking about?  
And nothing you do  
will ever change that!  
You hear me?  
What the fuck was that?  
Just be a good  
girl and walk away.  
Hey! Hey!  
What the fuck...  
I can't.  
Pull it together.  
You okay? CAROLINE: Yeah.  
Okay, you hurt?  
Anything? No, I'm okay.  
All right, just take it easy.  
Where's Breacher?  
He's right there.  
Where the fuck is he?  
He was right there.  
We've got three vics.  
We've got to find him.  
Shit!  
Find Breacher!  
You heard her, spread out!  
- Check the truck!  
- On it. On it.  
No! Nothing!

I don't see him.

I don't see him.

What the fuck happened,  
Caroline?

What the fuck did you do?

Mmm.

You're mine.

Your wife.

I was the last to have her.

You can't take that back.

I can take your family.

But I'm not like you.