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Sleepless

By Andrea Berloff

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Come, come, come on.

Hit it!

Watch it! He cuttin'
through third!

Trouble!

I got the driver. Shut your ass!

Get to runnin'! Open the door!

Get your dumb ass out the car!

Get your ass out!

Get your ass out the car!

Get your ass to the back!

I said get to the back!

Open that motherfucker up.

Get the bag out!

- Come on! Let's go!

Let's get out!

Motherfucker!

What the fuck is this?

- Fuck!

- Downs!

Watch out!

Cass!

- I'm out!

- Stay down!

Shit!

Shit. What do we do?

Forget about the bag. Let's get
out of here. Come on, man.

Get in. Let's go.

Let's move. Let's go.

Come on!

Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go!

Come on!

Damn it!

What the fuck was that?

Shit. What the fuck was that?

Not sure.

Fucking couple guys,
couple kilos.

No, man. That was reservoir
dog shit back there.

I didn't know they was
gonna come in hot like that.

How much is in there?

That bag is heavy.

Shit. Just from my eyes, got to be 25 or better in here, man.

- Oh, god, there ain't no 25.

- Yeah. Got to be 25 or more.

Man, listen. I ain't got my calculator with me, but they got to be seven or eight million on the streets.

Enough for plastic surgery, fix your face.

- My face is beautiful. Why change that?

- What you mean?

- Your mask came off. They saw you, nigga.

- It don't matter.

- I like my face. It's a work of art.

- Whatever you say.

It's your life, bro.

It's me. I got called for a double.

So you got to take Thomas to his game.

Just come get him from the hospital at 3:30 and, vin, don't fuck it up again.

Bye.

Dr. Sorenson.

- Ruby.

- Ruby.

You missed our appointment this morning.

I cannot approve your return to the workplace until we talk.

Guys at the department are concerned about your recent behavior.

The guys at the department?

The whole damn department is gossiping about me.

Well,

how does that make you feel?

How's that make me feel?

Fucking fantastic.

Why don't you
tell me what happened
in your own words?
Okay.
Say it out loud,
or I'm gonna keep this.
Thought I was walking into
a controlled situation.
Instead, I found myself in the middle
of a meth lab with a pissed-off junkie.
- He assaulted you?
- He kicked my ass.
Okay?
Okay.
Meth labs aren't quiet.
Meth labs stink.
Someone knew the lab was there, and
someone was paid to look the other way.
I hear you.
Good. Good. So you know
I have to get back to work.
I have to figure this thing out.
'Cause this city is
crawling with dirty cops.
Do you hear that?
Bryant.
Okay.
So this is my partner
on the other line.
They found government-issued
bullets at a crime scene.
So can I go do my job, or do you
want to keep talking bullshit?
I'm on my way.
Thank you. I feel
so much better now.
Jennifer.
Morning, lieutenant.
So at 0427, a squad car
got a shots fired call
about the same time
we got a report
about a late-model sedan
speeding near old downtown.

The unit checking out
the shots fired
went into an alley off of third street
where they found two dead bodies.
These responding officers
report casings everywhere.
And I mean everywhere.
Oh, we'll take that.
Me and Cass.
No. I'm giving it
to Emerson and Flannigan.
You want Cagney and Lacey to take
it or you wanna get it solved?
All right, hotshot.
It's yours.
Yeah.
Let's go, partner.
Hey, say, nigga, is you high?
What the fuck are you doing?
Yeah, a little bit. We got
to control this case.
We control the case,
we control the evidence.
That might be smartest shit or
the dumbest shit you ever did.
It might be. The dumbest
shit was this morning.
Looking for this?
I'm looking for everything.
Mm. It's police-issued,
and there's more of 'em.
Looks like the same gun
killed the big guy.
Vincent downs, homicide.
Jennifer Bryant.
That's my partner,
Doug Dennison.
We're internal affairs.
Okay. So that's all you got, huh?
Government-issue?
This one's got an employee
ID from the Luxus casino.
The big guy?
He's a special snowflake.

Arrest records

going back 12 years.

- What happened to your face? -Why don't you take a closer look?

It's just everybody's been talking about your situation.

Talk of the town.

- What happened to your face?

- Nothing happened.

This is a face that pays attention to details.

Speaking of details, I thought Emerson and Flannigan were assigned to this case.

No, no. Maybe you shouldn't think, Bryant.

- Me and my partner got the call.

- You did?

Anyway, I was just looking out for a fellow officer. Mm.

You should put some ice on that.

Yeah.

Yeah. I'll get some for you too.

Ladies and gentlemen,

Nevada's finest.

I feel like I need a shower.

- What'd that guy want?

- He lied to me

when I asked

why he was on the case.

Vegas pd fucking

with an la investigation.

- Got a bulldog.

- Yeah. Love it.

We should look

into that, Sherlock.

Clinical nurse specialist, 613.

Available clinical nurse specialist, stat, 613, please.

Blood gas tech to CCU, stat.

- Blood gas tech to CCU, stat.

- Hey.

Hey.

I said 3:

to be there by 4:00.

Sorry. I was grabbing you some flowers.

That's why I was running late.

Thank you.

What's that?

- I was gonna tell you, but you kept canceling. -What is this?

What kind of ring is this?

It's an engagement ring.

- It's from Dave? -Yeah, it's Dave.

Who else...

What are you doing?

What am i...

Is this who you want to spend the rest of your life with?

- Have you thought this out?

- Yeah. Dave shows up.

Dave takes care of your son. I don't care how many times he shows up.

- He ain't his father. I'm his father.

- I know you are.

You gotta respect that, d. Yeah.

So what am I supposed to do?

- He's just supposed to... -just supposed to come in and take care of your family?

That?

Okay, d.

All right. All right.

Look, he's got to go.

His game is now.

You got to pick him up, 'cause I got stuff I got to do... no, no.

Not again.

Not again. Not again.

I have to work a double.

You figure it out.

All right, baby, enjoy your dad.

Drop him off by 9:00 pm. Okay?

Give me my flowers back.

9:

Bye.

Hey, son.

Want some flowers?

How come you didn't
tell me about Dave, hmm?
How come you ain't tell me
he coming around more?
You should have told me. Supposed
to be man-to-man on that.
You supposed to let me know what's
going on. Why the hell you care?
Because it's my business
to care.
He's moving in next week.
No, no.
No, ain't nobody doing that.
Not doing that. Not doing that.
You need a place to stay, stay with me.
I got plenty of room.
You got room.
Yeah, I got room.
What am I, a piece of furniture?
You don't care where I live,
who I live with.
You were never home
when mom and I lived with you!
You see now...
I love your mom.
I love you.
It's just, I mean, things
that... that I can't explain.
It just gets complicated.
Radio don't work.
Take it out.
Remember what I told you
to do with that.
You pull that trigger, you better have
your mind made up. You can't take it back.
And whatever you aiming at...
Make sure
you prepared to kill it.
Yeah?
Mr. downs,
this is Stan Rubino.
I learned you have
something that's mine.
The 25 kilos of cocaine

you stole.
Listen, that was a mistake.
I'll get you your product.
Look, if you hurt him...
You know what it is.
Mr. downs, let's not
get carried away.
I guess you know
what kind of man I am.
Okay. Okay. I'll get your stuff
and I'll bring it right to you.
In three hours, rob Novak's
coming to pick up 25 kilos.
If I can't deliver,
I'll give him your son instead.
Please.
He's only 16.
He's 16.
Yes, I know.
Sheri, how's your mom?
She's better. Thank
you for the flowers.
Ah, it's the least we could do.
Hey, this is Bryant. I need a file
on an officer... Vincent downs.
Contact information,
license plate, family info.
What can you give me
without approval?
Thank you.
Aaah. Whew.
Aaah.
What's up with you?
You all right? Man, where
all this blood come from?
You messed up, Cass.
What you mean?
Stan Rubino got Thomas.
Stan Rubino got Thomas?
- The manager from the Luxus?
- The manager from Luxus.
- You fucked up.
- What the fuck...
We weren't stealing from Rubino.

You were stealing from Novak.
You got us fucked up
in Novak shit!
- I didn't know...
- How you not know?
They said it was
gonna be an easy grab.
It ain't no easy grab!
They got t!
Man, we gotta... man, they
gonna kill... they gonna...
I know what they doin'!
I need that bag!
You know I wouldn't do
that shit on purpose!
- Then why'd you do it?
- Hey, man, I didn't know!
Man, I love Thomas like he my own!
Had one day with him!
Hey, listen.
I understand you upset.
Man, I'll fix it.
Calm down.
Get the bag.
I can't believe you thought I'd
do some shit like that, man.
I hit you
when I'm on the way back.
Oh, god.
Rob.
You don't have to do this.
We're family, man.
You don't do this
to family, okay? Please!
Please. Please. Okay.
I am sorry, okay?
I am so, so sorry.
You don't... please.
Please don't do this.
Please don't do this!
Aaah!
Friend of mine gave me
some cell phone records.
Three weeks ago, two calls.

And five calls Thursday
and four more yesterday
from your phone to the DEA.
- Th-that wasn't me.
- Listen, you dumb motherfucker.
You think that we don't have
people who we pay to tell us
when our relatives
call the fucking DEA?
I'm sorry. Uh, I was with this
girl in agua Prieta, all right?
And-and the DEA, they busted us, and
they asked me all these questions.
You know what my father always said
about your side of the family?
You only think with your dick.
It's always this fat girl
and that fat girl.
And that's why you
turned out so stupid.
'Cause your daddy married
your mom and fucked her.
Sweet lady. But not the kind of face you
want to look at for the rest of your life.
DEA bust.
My cut house raided last week.
The position I'm in,
I got to go begging
a fuck-nut scumbag
like Stanley Rubino
for 25 kilos.
It's embarrassing.
Even worse,
the whole goddamn world
knows I'm vulnerable.
I'm sorry.
Yeah, I know you are.
Cut off his tongue.
Make sure he doesn't
ever use it again.
No, no. Rob!
Rob, come back!
You can't do... please! Please!
Please, don't do...

Please don't do this to me!
No, no, no, no, no, no.
N-n-no, please...
Come on. Let me out!
Anyone!
Help!
Shit!
Shit.
- Hey, d.
- Where's Thomas, vin?
It's okay.
His coach called, said he missed the game.
Where is he?
Yeah, yeah. He took off
a little while ago.
I think I know where he is.
I'm gonna get him now.
Took off?
He'd never miss a game.
Look, d, t and I
had a little fight.
So, uh, I think he's just
punishing me right now.
- What kind of fight, vin?
- I don't know.
He was just being him.
- And I'm sure you were
just being you. -Yeah.
Look, at the end of the day, I told
him no, he couldn't do something,
he got pissed off, he took off,
so I think I know where he is.
- I'm gonna go get him right now.
- Find him.
First floor.
There.
What the hell's he doing?
First floor.
It's Novak.
Hey, rob.
Yeah, and we're finally
all set here. Right.
Meet you on the floor. Bye.
Follow me.

Police. There was a man
in here a few minutes ago.
- He had a duffel bag.
- I didn't notice.
It was a big duffel bag.
And I'm telling you
I didn't notice.
What are you doing?
This is the men's room.
Okay. Okay.
Okay.
There was a guy banging around
just like you in that one.
You should have said
he was black, six-feet-tall,
banging around in the stalls.
- Then I would have known who you
were talking about. -Thanks.
I'll work on my descriptions.
Oh.
Motherfucker.
I knew it.
Where are my drugs?
Where's my son?
Dad!
Thomas.
What's goin' on?
It's gonna be okay.
Come on, man.
You steal from me...
And you kill my guys.
Let's just figure it out.
You stupid shit.
This is the biggest
amount I ever moved.
You think I wouldn't protect
it with everything I've got?
Look, we didn't know
the drugs was yours.
You have no idea what kind
of mess you've made here.
That cocaine is supposed
to go to the Novaks.
You know what

they're capable of.
How am I supposed to
explain this to rob Novak?
Or his father?
If frank gets involved here...
I got your drugs.
I got the rest stashed.
I'll get it to you
when I get my son.
I don't get you, downs.
There's a right way to do things
and a wrong way.
I just don't think that you
respect the established protocol.
Yeah.
The right way is how
I usually do things.
Ten minutes.
I'll bring it back
in ten minutes, get my son.
- No, where am I going? Dad!
- Ten minutes.
How do I know if I bring you that
coke, you don't give my son back?
Shall we?
Hello?
I followed Vincent downs
to the Luxus.
What do you mean you
followed Vincent downs?
We discussed it. You said
he was worth looking into.
Yeah, looking into does not
mean tailing, Nancy drew.
He hid 23 kilos of coke in the
ceiling of the men's bathroom.
So I'm saying he's
worth looking in to.
Okay, seal off the bathroom.
I'm on my way.
- I took it out of the bathroom.
- You moved evidence
without properly conducting
an investigation?

I moved evidence
because it needed to be moved.
I'm waiting out front for you.
Oh, ho, ho.
Oh, you are getting a roll of
police tape for your birthday.
Totally tagged you
in that photo.
Here you go.
Get the stuff now. Meet me in my office.
Five minutes.
Rob.
Stanley.
Good to see you.
- Oh, hey, how's the old man?
- He's good.
Ten...
Here we go again.
Whatever you're looking for, that
lady cop was already in there.
Shit!
What do you mean she was
already in there? Huh?
She have a garbage bag?
You don't hear me?
No, huh?
Did she have a gar...
All right, listen.
Listen.
Listen. I need to get
that garbage bag.
You take this.
It's my father's watch.
I need your help.
Please.
Let's get a drink.
No. No.
I'm in a bit of a hurry.
I just want to get
my stuff and go.
My guy's bringing the stuff to my office.
Just be a few more minutes.
Something wrong?
No. Everything's fine.

I got a great 25-year-old
bottle of Macallan up there
with your name on it.
What do you say?
Now, you know I don't drink.
- But sure.
- Let's go to your office.
Hey.
This is yours.
Thanks.
Yeah.
Stanley,
how much longer?
A few minutes.
A few minutes?
Here's the thing.
You know my family.
And we got our fingers
in a whole lot of pies.
I mean, shit,
who doesn't love a hot,
steaming slice of pie?
Delicious.
But my father, he's a...
He's a big thinker.
We got a new pie
getting baked up.
Canada.
What can I say?
He likes snow.
Listen, rob...
No, Stanley, it gets better.
It was supposed to be
a small deal this week...
25 kilos, you know,
just to give them a taste.
Then my idiot cousin decides
to become a DEA informant,
and we lose an entire...
Shipment.
But me, I step up
and I promise my father that
our Canadian pie is safe,
and that I could cover

the shortage
with an extra...
25 kilos.
Your 25 kilos.
I was just trying to help.
No, Stanley.
When you made me the offer,
you were helping me out.
But when I promised my father
that I had it all covered,
then you became obligated.
So,
where is my goddamn cocaine?
Okay.
Can you hold one moment,
please? Thank you.
I'd like to rent
a locker, please?
I'm sorry. Lockers are
reserved for spa guests only.
If you'd like to book a...
I'd like to rent
a locker, please.
Thank you.
First floor.
- Did you check every monitor?
- Yes. I lost him.
Goddamn it.
We got his kid.
He's gonna bring us
our drugs. Stan...
Hey, I thought you said
you'd meet me outside.
I knew he was dirty.
Where is he?
I stayed with the evidence.
Jesus Christ.
First of all, we got a
dead guy who worked here.
Right?
I followed downs here
and see him talking to the
casino manager, Stan Rubino.
Then rob Novak and his guys turn up,

and they're meeting with Rubino.
Clearly, this ties in to our
crime scene this morning.
Why? Because we've got a police-issued
bullet at the crime scene,
and because downs comes here
and shoves a ton of cocaine
into the bathroom ceiling?
Then he killed the guy.
Yes.
Okay, he's our guy.
Where'd you put the drugs?
I put them
in a locker in the spa.
Oh, my god. This is nuts.
This is nuts.
We got to get a judge in on this.
No.
If we hang around waiting for
paperwork, we'll miss it. This is big.
We can bring down the Novaks and have
an internal bust at the same time?
- Jennifer...
- I'm right about this.
- Jen...
- I'm fine.
Okay. What do you want to do?
I want to give downs a poke.
Shit.
Hey, d.
Do you have him?
Yeah. Got a text from him.
- Said he was going to meet some shorty
at the Luxus casino. -What girl?
You know, the... with the girl. The
girl, uh... the girl he always with.
The girl...
He doesn't have a girl.
Maybe he don't want you
to know who the girl is.
I know you, vin,
and I know your voice.
You're not telling me
the whole story, are you?

Don't start that right now. When I
get him, I will call you, okay?
I'll call you
when I got him. Shit.
Look, vin...
Hey, downs.
You know what they say
at the airport.
Never leave your bag unattended.
Bryant, I need that bag.
- Why don't we meet up and talk about it?
- Fuck you!
Okay.
Oh, I gotta get out of here.
Excuse me.
Mr. Rubino has requested
a bottle of cristal
sent to his office, immediately.
- Put it on his personal account.
- Okay.
To his office, okay?
Nice of you to finally join us.
What the hell took you so long?
Who the fuck is this?
This is Vincent downs. He's the
man who's got your product.
And why have we been
sitting around waiting on you?
There's a lot
of cops downstairs.
Cops all over the casino.
We need to get out of here.
Casino's always full of cops.
- They follow you?
- Think so.
And, uh, it's narcotics.
They know we're up here.
How do you know
they're narcotics?
'Cause I'm a cop.
Easy.
There something
you want to tell me?
Never a dull moment.

But I didn't know this.
I don't know what's going on.
Truly.
Yeah. I know, Stanley.
You never do.
Looking for Mr. Rubino.
I think that's them.
We gotta go.
Gotta get you out of here.
Come on.
These stairs lead to the garage.
Vincent downs.
I'll remember that.
You should.
Yeah, get the kid. Bring him
down to the front of the club.
Go on, get your son.
Get the fuck out of my casino.
He's waiting on you.
Damn it.
He must still be here.
Did you check with security? No.
All right, I'm on it.
Stop the fucking car.
It's sugar.
All right, call everyone. I want
everyone here in ten minutes.
You come with me. You go to the front.
Goddamn it!
Dad.
Hey, son.
You all right?
Yeah.
It's over.
Let's get out of here.
Hey, rob.
What did you think?
'Cause you and my father
partied together when you were
kids that I wouldn't kill you?
What's your problem? I was
just trying to help you out.
You needed some product.
You didn't give me product.

You gave me sugar.
- What?
- Your cop.
He fucked you!
I... i... I have his kid. He'll
bring the drugs. I'll just...
I'll just...
Just give me some time.
Huh?
Then what are you waiting for?
Yeah?
- Do you still have the kid?
- No. I just let him go.
Well, get him back!
Shit.
What's goin' on?
Don't worry about it. What do
you mean don't worry about it?
Shit. Why is he
coming back?
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
Um, yeah.
Come on.
Let's go this way.
Which way?
Fuck!
What? What?
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
What?
Oh, shit!
It's just a cut. It's just a cut.
I'll be okay.
Just give me a minute.
You stole drugs from them?
What you talking about?
That's why you're never home.
This your overtime?
Thought you out
doing something good,
and you over here
fucking selling drugs.
It's a case.
Listen,
I'm telling you, t,

I'm undercover.
I've been working this case for
two years, and I'm almost...
I almost got it done. That's
why I haven't been around.
That's why I haven't been able to take
you to your games or whatever that is.
And I apologize for that.
You're the only one
that knows. Okay?
So you got to stay close,
and we gonna get out of this.
You just gotta trust me.
Yeah.
Come on. Come on,
come on, come on!
Come on, dad! Come on!
Get up!
Watch out!
Come on, dad!
Dad! Dad!
Oh, shit!
Dad. Come on, dad.
This way.
Yes, sir. I understand.
I appreciate that.
Yes, sir.
Any sign of him?
I spoke with my father.
If we don't have the coke
in the next four hours,
he's cutting his vacation
short and coming home.
I want you to tell
every cop on our payroll
that I will pay to see Vincent down
and his partner on their knees.
Move!
Get the fuck outta the way!
Come here!
- Thomas!
- Dad! Dad!
I swear to god, you little shit!
If you make a scene,

I'll fucking kill you!
Thomas! Move.
Move. Thomas!
Thomas!
Good news.
Got his son back.
I expect this will all be
wrapped up momentarily.
What are you
doing here, Stanley?
You have a job.
A good one.
Yeah.
Looks like you've done
pretty damn well for yourself.
Let me have a water, please.
From what I buy from you
for the clients here,
I, uh... i save a little
back every month.
That 25 kilos was
my... safety net.
And why do you need
a safety net?
When you hang with scumbags...
You need a safety net.
Good answer.
What's that?
Open it.
Is that a...
Tongue?
Yeah.
Jesus.
My cousin's.
So look.
Mmm.
My family...
We have a lot of friends.
So there's gonna be
nowhere that you can go
that we won't be able
to find you.
So I'm giving you one hour.
One.

Hang on to the box.
I want you to keep it
so it'll remind you
of what happens when people think
that they're smarter than me.
Fuck! Fuck!
You get him?
No.
And the product
ain't here either.
- Shit! -Just come down and
meet me at the Luxus.
Just get here now.
- What the fuck?
- Who are you?
Ain't nobody.
Ho. You can't be
in here.
Right. You're right.
I'm not even here.
Hmm. Right. Looks official.
You're not coming in here.
Look, you got three options:
Either you let me pass,
or I'll whup your funny-looking
ass or I can arrest you.
Hmm.
Arrest me... oh!
John Travis.
I'm going to the garage, see if I
can find something in his car.
Check the front desk.
No.
Maybe they saw him.
We're done.
We have searched
every inch of this casino.
Vincent downs is long gone.
All right? He beat us.
Are you okay?
You know, a guy
gets beat up on the job,
and everyone congratulates him
on the size of his balls.

If I get hit, everyone acts like
I need tape and a shrink
to get put back together.
No, you know what?
This isn't about this.
It's about your state of mind.
You missed things that
were right in front of you
and put yourself in the wrong
place at the wrong time
and almost got yourself killed.
I am in the right place
at the right time.
We've got a dirty cop in the middle
of a deal between Rubino and Novak,
and they're associating in public,
which means they are not afraid.
Okay.
Someone is protecting them.
Okay. Point taken.
And in the morning, we will
start a formal investigation.
But tonight, I am gonna take
the labs to the precinct
and then I am going
to call it a night.
Fine. I'll take the drugs
into evidence.
Jen.
Go home.
Get some sleep.
Fine.
Get some rest, honey.
First floor.
Going up.
I'll wait.
Twenty-seven.
Back off! Police!
-Twenty-seventh floor.
Come on, come on.
Twenty-seventh...
What the fuck
are you doin'? Aaah!
Fuck! Aaah!

What are you doing?
I'm trying to get to my son.
- You dirty son of a bitch.
- You put a gun on me...
I knew you were a dirty cop!
- You don't get it.
I'm internal affairs.
I know everyone in la.
You don't know shit.
You thought you were busting
a captain from Bolden command.
Instead, you ran into a cutter
with a nasty right hook.
Someone takes a dump in my
department, I know about it.
They're shittin' all over it.
I'm off the books.
I've been working undercover for
two years... two fuckin' years!
You know what that means?
Two fuckin' years!
Ain't seen my wife, my kid!
They don't know about it!
Father of the year.
Yeah, I'm the father
of the year.
My partner, Sean Cass,
he is a courier for the Novaks.
He's giving somebody
in the department kickbacks.
Somebody higher up. That's
what I'm trying to figure out.
You're not convincing me.
Then why did
your bust go bad, huh?
You did all the right shit, all the
right police shit, and it all went bad.
Why? Because somebody at the
department tipped them off.
I don't believe a word
you fucking say!
Don't have to fuckin' believe
what I'm sayin'.
But you're gonna learn today.

Come on! Get over here!
They've got my son, Thomas.
He's 16 years old.
If I don't give 'em the drugs,
they'll kill him!
Someone kidnapped your son.
Why don't you call for backup?
Because I can't trust anybody!
Where are them drugs?
- Fuck you!
- I'm gonna kill you, Bryant!
I'll kill you! Tell me
where them drugs are!
Where they at?
Huh?
The women's spa.
Where?
Locker 32,
but I don't have the key.
Fuck!
I'm sorry!
Fuck you!
Fuck. Fuck!
Are you in on this
with your father?
Hey, man, it ain't my fault you
assholes ain't think this through.
Us assholes.
Us assholes?
All right, all right.
Oh, okay.
That's it. Okay.
Oh-oh-six...
Yeah?
- Downs is still here!
- What?
He's headed to the locker in the spa.
Go now. Get that motherfucker!
Goddamn it.
Come on, come on, come on!
I need the key to locker 32.
I need the key to locker 32.
Thank you.
Shit!

Freeze! Police!
Hands against the lockers!
Shut up!
Get your fuckin' hands
against the lockers!
I don't have time for this.
Shut your mouth.
Eyes front.
Shut your mouth.
I know what to do. Keep
your goddamn mouth shut!
Fuck. That's how you do it? Huh?
That's how you do it?
Oh, my god!
Fuck.
Oh, fuck.
Hey! Dad!
Thomas. Where are you?
I got away.
Stole this phone.
Look...
Look, you need to wait.
- Just tell me where you are.
- I'm in this club.
Thomas, I want you to stay there.
I'm on my way.
- Dad, I'm scared.
- I know, I know.
There's a lot of things I gotta
explain to you. I apologize.
Dad?
- Thomas?
- Dad?
- Hello?
- Thomas?
Shit! Shit.
Fuck. Fuck.
I'm only right
if downs shows up.
Sc.
- I'm pullin' in.
- Yeah, you got a uniform?
Yeah, I got one. Good.
Meet me in the garage.

I'm on my way.
Yeah, I know.
I know.
Ugh. Hey, Bryant.
So I got, uh,
good news and bad news.
Security?
Damn.
Look like shit, partner.
I know.
You got the uniform?
Yeah, uniform in the car.
Front seat.
- Tell me you're not
internal affairs.
Got the gun. Ain't in there. Give
me some answers, you'll get...
What difference does it make?
They got Thomas.
I'm fucked anyway.
We been friends 20 years.
You gonna rat on me?
What do you mean rat on you?
I got all the information on you
and could've took you down.
I'm protecting you.
You're protecting me?
You internal affairs, nigga!
That's what I'm trying
to make you understand.
You gotta rock with me. I'll get Thomas...
and I'll fix all this shit.
But you gotta help me.
Downs!
Put the fucking gun down!
Sean! Sean!
Stay with me! Sean!
Come on!
Stay with me, Sean.
Stay with me.
Shit.
Stay with me.
Look at me. Sean.
Sean!

Damn it!

Fuck!

First thing anybody says when they go down is, "I'm undercover."

The guy hid 23 kilos of cocaine in the ceiling of the bathroom, he assaulted me and he tied you up.

This sound like the actions of a straight shooter to you?

I agree. Still, there's something more.

He knew things about me, my case.

Even if he's lying.

You never checked the garage.

What, you... you okay?

You wanna talk to someone?

Oh, fuck you!

- Hey. -What the hell is going on?

- It's all good. -I've been calling Thomas's phone for an hour.

I didn't want

to worry you, okay?

Where are you? I'm still at the Luxus casino.

What the fuck is going on, vin?

Listen.

Everything I do is about you and him.

You know it's always been that, right?

I would never let anything bad happen to either of you.

Please, you gotta trust me, d.

Baby, you're scaring me.

Yeah. Uh, listen.

I gotta call you right back.

Vin?

What the fuck?

Dena?

You have one new message.

Yeah, it's Dennison.

I have the product.

Stay in the garage. I'm coming.
Vincent downs
is internal affairs.
He's five degrees
from fingering us.
You created the mess this morning.
Now you clean it up.
Take downs out.
Now!
Fuck!
Motherfucker.
Shit, there's another one.
Dennison.
Shh, shh!
It's gonna be okay.
Everything's gonna be okay.
Does Vincent downs
know who I am?
Go fuck yourself.
It's Bryant here.
We've got a 187.
Parking garage
at the Luxus casino.
- How's your guy?
- He's gone.
You see any shell casings
over there?
No.
Mine's dead too.
It's, uh, Sean Cass.
Vincent downs's partner.
You called it in, right?
Yeah.
Okay. Um...
Stay with the bodies.
I'm gonna lead 'em in.
You trying to take me down?
Look, you go down,
I go down, all right?
If I go down,
you'll be dead in a week.
Listen.
Got a folder on my desk.
It's got every name

of every cop,
every detail of every job
I did for you.
Now, if I die, that folder...
You...
Your daddy,
your fuckin' family,
you're done in Vegas.
You can't touch me.
Yeah.
But we're paying you a lot
of money to protect us.
And you're not doing your job.
Just do your fuckin' job.
Or I think you're gonna
realize there's a lot of ways
that my family can touch you.
We clear?
First floor.
Look, I have everything
under control.
So do I.
Now, I'm tired of running
around this goddamn casino!
Where are my fucking drugs?
Thomas.
- Stay right there!
- Dad!
The cop's son, we have him.
Yeah, Mcferrin's
gonna bring the dope.
- Okay.
- Okay?
Please.
Aaah! Aaah, no! No!
Stop!
Aaah!
Aaah!
Go!
Motherfuck!
- Go! Go!
- Move!
Get back!
- Come on! Come on!

- Get those guys!
Get back! Get back!
Hold on.
Get back! Get back!
Go! Let's go!
Freeze!
Aaah!
Stanley Rubino,
you're under arrest.
You have the right
to remain silent.
Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.
They're headed to the garage.
Got it.
Well, keep 'em busy.
All right, meet me downstairs.
Don't let 'em leave the garage.
I'ma jump out, all right?
I'ma jump out. What?
No matter what happens,
keep drivin'.
Oh, shit!
Aaah!
Oh, shit!
Hey, dad. Dad.
You all right?
All right, get up.
Ow!
- We gotta go.
- Son.
- Wait, wait.
- Oh, shit!
Wait, wait!
D!
D! What the fuck
are you doing here?
- Thomas, are you okay?
- He's fine! You stay down!
Vincent!
I want my fucking drugs!
I got 'em!
Shit!
Novak!

I'm comin' out.
Don't do that, dad. Don't do that!
I'm comin' out.
I'm comin' out.
Don't have anything on me.
I know where the drugs are.
Okay?
It's been a fucked-up day,
I know it.
I can take you there.
Get the drugs
and have it all solved.
Vincent downs.
I told you I was gonna
remember that name.
Dad! Dad. Dad, dad.
- Shh, shh.
- Okay, okay, okay.
We're here.
T, put pressure here and here.
Where? Here?
Here. Yeah.
I'll be right back.
Hang in there! Hurry up, mom.
Hurry up!
Be right back!
Come on, dad. We gotta get outta here.
All right?
You're gonna be all right.
Hang in there.
All right, everybody, stay back.
Thomas, there's
another towel in the back, okay?
- What? -There's another
towel back there!
Get it.
- All right.
- Put it on your dad.
- Okay. Got it.
- Hold it steady.
Got it.
Steady, Thomas.
Give me the phone.
- Give me the phone.

- A phone, phone.
- Stay with me, vin.
- Okay. All right.
Got it.
This ain't yours.
It's Cass's.
- Put it on voice mail.
- Okay.
What a night.
Yeah. What a night.
- Hello.
- Don't hang up.
Just listen.
Okay? Just listen.
Yeah, it's Dennison.
I have the product.
Stay in the garage.
I'm coming.
Vincent downs
is internal affairs.
He's five degrees
from fingering us.
You created the mess this morning.
Now you clean it up.
Take downs out. Now!
Freeze!
Aaah!
Keep driving.
It's okay.
Don't worry.
I work for the Novaks.
Novak ever mention my name?
No.
No? Good.
Wait! No!
Keep driving.
Requesting immediate help.
444, officer needs assistance.
Got movement.
Easy now.
Be careful.
444, to my location.
Rubino.
He went crazy.

Grabbed my gun.
Started shooting everybody.
I think I got him.
But Bryant didn't make it.
What the fu...
Arrest that fucker!
Oh, shit.
Pressure is 160 over 90.
Heart rate is 110.

Pulse ox:

Actually, 15 liters.
Iv established. TKO.
Got it.
Eta nine minutes.
You all right?
It's okay.
Stay here, Thomas.
Hold on to this, okay?
He's gonna be all right.
BP is thready.
Looks like she's losing consciousness.
Five's clear.
Come on, hon.
Stay with me.
- Hard right.
- Door.
Respiratory shallow.
What we got?
Listen to my voice, hon.
We're almost there.
- Stay with us.
- Come on.
- Hey, mom.
- Hey.
So, uh,
hey, you good?
Sorry.
What happened to your face?
What happened to your face?
I think you kicked
the hornet's nest today.
Yeah, we did that.
Bryant.

I'm a good cop.

I know.

So... about the ring.

Coordinate with DEA on-site.

Mr. Novak,

it's Anderson, sir.

We've got a problem.

Run.

Run, run, run.