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To Live and Die in L.A.

By William Friedkin

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I believe that in both
spirit and substance...

...our tax system has
come to be un-American.

Death and taxes may be inevitable,
but unjust taxes are not.

The first American revolution was
sparked by an unshakable conviction:

Taxation without
representation is tyranny.

Two centuries later,
a second American...

- you're pushed.

- We got a game going.

- What kind of stakes?

- Five and ten.

- Is the man gonna play?

- After the speech.

Outstanding.

Post three. I got a shake.

Right there, fella!

I'm ready to die!

Nobody's gonna die.

Look, you and I are going
to go downstairs and talk.

Death to Israel and America,
and all the enemies of Islam!

I understand. Look, I'm gonna
put my gun away, all right?

We're gonna go talk.

I am a martyr!

I will bomb myself on you
and all the enemies of Islam!

Let's get out of here, Jimmy.

Go play some cards, get drunk.

I'm getting too old for this

Get the 50s ready, guys.

Gilbert. Booze. Free for me.

- Did you bet with me or against me?

- Against you.

- You blew it.

- Against you.

Okay, you guys! It's

the moment of truth here.

Come on!

I told you guys, never bet against me.

Come on, Petievich, get
a half a yard in here.

To my partner, Jimmy Hart...

...whose skill in spotting bad paper
is only exceeded by his expertise...

...in rigging a safety line. Hear, hear!

How about a speech, boss? Speech.

You know, I've been in this
racket 25 years, you guys.

And I don't think anybody...

...has been put in harm's
way more than I have...

...by this hotshot over here. But...

don't know how you work with him.

Seriously speaking, if I'm
going in to bag somebody...

...there's nobody I'd
rather have backing me up.

All right! Hear, hear!

Later, Alvarez. Next time
you can make a jump with me.

- Come on. It's the same thing in your work.

- What?

You push too hard. You take it too
personally. You'll never reach retirement.

- I'm not interested in retirement.

- Such a hot dog. See you later.

Come here. Got something for you.

Alvarez trying to pass a funny 50 on us?

Your retirement present.

- You trying to get rid of me?

- It was burning a hole in my truck.

That's a beauty, Richie.

They tell me the trout jump all over it.

- You gonna let me use it?

- Come and see me, you can use it.

I'm gonna miss you, amigo.

Yeah. Me too.

Listen, I know you got
something going tomorrow.

- You reading my mail again?

- Masters, right? Where?
You ain't going out there alone.
I got three more days on the job.
I want to make the most of it.
What's the point of the two
of us running down one lead?
The point is that we're partners, right?
Sure we are. And when
the bust goes down...
...you're gonna be there with
me, like always. Okay, partner?
Yeah. Thanks.
You give me a call when you get back.
You're in the wrong
place at the wrong time.
Come on, come on!
- Do you know what we got?
- Nothing.
- Anything around back?
- Check the trailer.
Trailer's clear.
Anything around back?
Clear over here.
Who is it?
- John Vukovich.
- What do you want?
I'd like to speak to you if I could.
I'm sorry about Jimmy Hart.
Jimmy was more than my partner, pal.
He was my best friend for seven years.
He was the most
righteous guy I ever knew.
He had two days to go, and that was it.
I can't understand why somebody would
waste him over a counterfeit beef.
Rick masters killed him.
See, Jimmy got too close.
We had a tail on him and his mule for six
months, but we couldn't make the plant.
Jimmy went to check that
warehouse near Lancaster...
...because he found out it
was rented under a phony name.
But I don't know.

For some reason he wanted
to go out there by himself.
Now you need a partner.
Let me tell you something, amigo.
I'm gonna bag masters, and I
don't give a shit how I do it.
I hear you.
Can I talk to you for a minute?
You must be a mind reader.
I was just gonna call you.
I've decided to let
Vukovich work with you.
- Do I have a choice?
- Is there someone else you'd prefer?
You're welcome to fill out a form 19...
...list all the reasons you'd
rather not work with him.
Your input would be
strictly confidential.
Yeah. Forget it.
What is it you wanted to talk about?
One-way ticket to San Francisco,
Mr. Cody. How would you like to pay?
- In cash.
- That will be \$45 one-way.
All right.
Federal agent. Excuse me. I'd like to
see the bills that man just handed you.
You wouldn't have a pencil with
an eraser I could use, would you?
- Sure. Here you go, sir.
- Thank you.
U.S. Secret service!
Hold it, man! Where you going?
Get out of the way!
Excuse me, miss.
What the hell! You some kind of freak?
Freeze, asshole!
U.S. Secret service.
You're under arrest for
possession of counterfeit...
- you're making a mistake!
- Get up there and shut up!
- I'm a businessman. I'm a businessman.

- Put your hands back here!
Stop it, asshole! I'll
blow your head off!
U.S. Secret service. I'm arresting
this guy for counterfeiting.
Freeze!
- Who are you?
- Secret service!
I just came in to take a leak.
Morning. Let's go!
Get the bag, John.
You got balls coming here.
How you making it?
Like every other swinging
dick in this place makes it:
Day by motherfucking day.
Ulcer acting up?
I want to know when
you're gonna get me out.
I want you to be patient
a little longer, Carl.
I got caught carrying for you.
Now it's my turn for some consideration.
You have my word, you
won't do the whole nickel.
- What does that mean?
- Grimes is the best lawyer in the state.
It'll either be an appeal
bond or a sentence reduction.
And the check is in the mail and I love you
and I promise not to come in your mouth.
I'm doing everything I can.
Carl...
...we gotta talk about Waxman.
Well, what about him?
He was your last stop
before the airport.
What are you saying?
He said you never delivered the package.
What do you mean? He says
I...? He never got it?
I counted out 600 grand
right there on his desk.
I had it wrapped in \$10,000

packages like you told me.
He put it in a safe
right behind his desk.
He said you called,
postponed delivery...
...and the next thing he
heard, you were busted.
He's a lying son of a bitch!
He's probably the
motherfucker who did me.
He ratted me to the feds.
I'll kill him when I get out.
I'm gonna give that
scumbag a serious headache.
May god strike me dead
if I don't waste him.
Your visit's over.
Don't forget about me.
I won't. You have my word on that.
Hell, I've done everything
humanly possible.
At this point, I don't
see any alternative.
Your friend Cody's gonna
have to do some time.
Why is he being held without bail?
He wants to know and I
can't give him an answer.
Suspicion of murdering a
federal agent named Jim Hart.
You told me you could
arrange an appeal bond.
Even if the judge granted
it, it's only a postponement.
- I can't tell...
- the guy got caught holding 40 grand.
What does he expect?
He'll have to do a little
to keep the prosecutor happy.
How much time?
Say, three.
No. He can't do it.
He'll cave in on me.
What can he give them?

Everything.

- So, what's up?

- Can you give me anything on masters?

There's a guy in Pasadena.

He's a lawyer or something.

Used to represent hippies.

What's his name?

- Max Waxman.

- Waxman. What's his story?

I think he's moving paper for masters.

Good. Is there anything

I can do for you?

My kid's coming in this

weekend from Las Vegas.

- You got a kid?

- Yeah. His name's Christopher.

He lives with his father down there.

- Five hundred okay?

- Well, I was kind of hoping...

there's more if there's

a bust. You know the game.

- I had a bad dream last night.

- Tell me.

I was on-stage, and people

were burning me with cigarettes.

Serena once told me she

writes her dreams down.

- She keeps them in a little book.

- Who's Serena?

What did Carl say?

He says max ripped us off.

Do you believe him?

Looks that way.

What are we going to do about it?

Take care of our problem.

Surveillance log, U.S. Treasury

field office, Los Angeles.

Office of attorney max waxman...

...corner of walnut

and Los Robles streets.

This is day three,

January 11th, 2200 hours...

...reports of agents

Vukovich and Chance.

Looks like he's got a guest.
He must like tall women.
What a guy.
What is happening?
Long time, no see.
Heard you were on stage again.
What does ricky-boy think about that?
- Quantity?
- 125 grand.
I've seen better.
I'll give you 10 points for the package.
- Twenty points is the price.
- Where am I gonna get 20 points?
Off the back of a turnip truck?
Tell Rick he can kiss my ass.
Twenty points or I'm out of here.
What do you hear from Cody?
Problems.
I know you and Rick had your doubts
about me on this Cody thing...
...and I want to tell you
I hope that's over with.
I am straight with Rick. I
would never fuck with Rick.
He never talks to me about his business.
He told me to tell you if you like
the paper, he wants your order. Now.
No problem. That's cool.
I'd love to make a jump in the rain.
You ever do any base-jumping?
It's great.
I used to jump off
garages when I was a kid.
Can I bring you something else?
- No, thanks, father.
- It's great.
Listen, why don't you make
a jump with me sometime?
- Yeah?
- Yeah, you'd love it. It's fabulous.
Once you get over the first
fear, it's a piece of cake.
It's the greatest feeling you'll ever have.
Float out, your balls go into your throat.

I think I'll take a pass, partner.
You know, I could help you...
...if you ever get in trouble.
- You know what I mean?
- No.
Not here.
I love the rain.
Yeah. It's groovy.
Come on.
Take off your glasses.
Come here.
How you doing, max?
First you rip me off,
then you set up Carl...
...now you want to fuck my lady.
She came on to me, man. I swear it.
What a tragedy.
I want my 600 k.
I didn't have anything to
do with getting Cody set up.
Do you know that your
house is under surveillance?
You know you're living
like an animal in the zoo?
Get up!
Open up, max. Make good
and we'll be friends again.
- Rick! Look out!
- Come here.
He's looking for something. Rick!
18th-century Cameroon.
Yes...
...your taste is in your ass.
Police!
Police officer!
Open the door!
Police! You inside, open the door!
Open this door! Police!
What's going on?
Get up!
The whole caper's gone. Come on!
- What's that?
- I took it out of Waxman's office.
It's some kind of dealer's code.

John, he's got all his
delivery dates in here.
He's got no names, but
he's got amounts, initials.

Look at this:

R. M." Every other page.
It's a crime scene. The book is evidence.
What if the cop remembers it's missing?
That rookie couldn't remember what he
saw. He wasn't in there long enough.
You shouldn't have done it.
What are you trying to tell me, amigo?
If you feel strongly about
it, I'll hand it over.
That's not what I'm saying, okay?
That's not what I'm saying at all.
Just don't put words
in my mouth, all right?
So you won't carry your
weight if something goes down?
We could've got shit-canned
for this little trick.
If you expect me to take
heat, tell me before you do it.
If I had asked, what
would you have said?
That the cops would have let us
copy the diary after it was booked.
I wouldn't have done it if I
was with somebody I didn't trust.
Look, I'm no snitch.
John, waxman just gave us
Rick masters on a plate.
Who's that?
It's me.
Too bad about max.
If you'd have caught him dirty, he'd have
done anything to keep out of the joint.
Like you?
How much do I get for the
information I gave you on waxman?
No arrest, no money.
It's my fault he's dead?

It took me six months
to get next to him.
I've got expenses, you know.
Uncle Sam don't give a
shit about your expenses.
You want bread, fuck a baker.
Someday, some guy I set up
for you is gonna snuff me.
It isn't too hard to figure
out who an informant is.
You gonna stay a while?
No. I gotta go.
I got something for you.
I'm here.
A dealer from San Francisco's
coming into I.a. Next week...
...with 50 grand to buy stolen diamonds.
The stuff that was lifted
from the Bel air hotel.
He's a chinaman connected
to people in Hong Kong.
I told you. I'm only
interested in play dough.
I was reading about the stars.
It talked about how the
stars are the eyes of god.
I think it's true, don't you?
No. I don't.
If you had any real balls,
you'd jump off that bridge.
The same thing happened to max
could happen to me, you know.
Did you hear what I said?
Nothing's gonna happen to you.
Can I ask you something?
Sure.
What would you do if I
stopped giving you information?
Why?
I'd just like to know.
I'd have your parole revoked.
You mean that?
You'd do that?
Man, why are you chasing me?

Why are you running?
Because you're chasing me, man!
What do you want?
U.S. Secret service!
- Get over there!
- Okay, okay!
- Against the fence!
- Be cool, man.
Hands over your head,
shitbag! Come on, come on!
Get your hands behind
your head! Turn around!
What the hell is this?
I swear to god, I don't
know nothing about it!
I want to know where masters prints!
I'm gonna throw your
ass over the bridge!
Talk to me or I throw
your ass over the bridge!
I don't know! I don't
know where he prints!
Nobody does!
He was in terminal
island when I met him.
He was doing time for armed robbery.
That was, 1978.
I was asked to give a
talk to the inmates...
...look at some of their work.
Masters had talent. You could see that.
I went to his studio one time, and he
was burning a couple of paintings...
...that I thought were quite beautiful.
Do you think you might know
where that studio was...
...remember what it looked like?
That was downtown past
the rail road tracks.
There's an old warehouse...
...and there's a
Chinese character on it.
- Come on!
- Shoot it!

Take your shot!
Not taking any of that man.
- How did that last stuff go?
- Hell, man, I had it sold within a week.
Needed more, but you
changed the phone numbers.
- I had people begging for them 20s.
- Had to lay low for a while.
That's what I heard.
Heard someone popped
your mule at the airport.
That's what I wanted
to talk to you about.
He's up in Obispo, and I think
he may try to deal his way out.
- How much of a problem would that be?
- Ain't no big thing.
But ain't nobody gonna work for free.
- What would it take?
- It'll cost you 100 k in 20s...
...if they're as good as the last ones.
Fifty thousand in 100s. It's
all I have on hand at the moment.
Big bills ain't popular in this
neighborhood, brother. It's gotta be 20s.
Well, I might be able to find...
...50,000 or so in 20s
lying around somewhere.
Can I ask you something?
As long as you print that yourself...
...what the hell do you care
if I make 25, 50 or 100 grand?
It'd be nothing but
motherfucking paper to you.
All right, I'll tell you what.
I'll take 75 k in 20s, and I'll
personally guarantee the job.
You still driving that piece of shit?
- What they showing tonight?
- It's that galactical warrior movie.
- I hate that space shit, man.
- It's nothing but science fiction, man.
What's going down, Reuben?
They're gonna move on somebody.

- Yeah? Somebody getting whacked out?
- Yeah.
Don't know who?
Could be anybody.
Just keep an eye out.
- Am I being hit, man?
- I don't know. It's someone over here.
- Cody!
- Son of a bitch.
You're mine, motherfucker.
- Come here, I got something for your ass.
- It's for you!
Come here! Get him!
Shag his ass!
Hold it! Lay low!
Get off me!
Help me!
- How you doing?
- Hello. Room three.
Thanks.
Pretty girl, Carl.
Actress?
- Stomach problems?
- Ulcer.
Remember me?
Football game at the airport?
They want me to have an operation,
but I can't stand the thought...
...of one of those prison
butchers slicing me open.
I'd rather drink this shit-pink cement.
I want to get Rick masters.
I've taken four falls. I never
ratted anybody in my life...
...and I've had plenty
of chances, believe me.
Masters is your friend.
I don't blame you.
I would never hang up a friend.
Anybody who would is a piece of shit.
The thing is, your friend
tried to have you iced.
That doesn't mean I'm gonna
roll over and play informer.

If you're looking for a pigeon, go to the park.
Look, I'll tell you what.
You help me, I'll get to a judge, have your sentence reduced to a parole...
...get you out of here.
What would I have to do?
- Like, exactly.
- Simple.
Show me where you print and testify against him in open court.
I'd rather stay here the rest of my life than testify in open court.
Then you better lock your cell door and throw away the key...
...because I cannot take care of you in here.
I got all it takes, brother.
Hello, Jeff.
What are you doing in my crib?
You sent two assholes to do Cody, and they blew it.
I paid you half. I want it back.
Yeah, well...
...i'm trying to get that money back myself.
I had to front the whole purchase to get my people to do their thing...
...so I ain't got any more.
Well, then you better try and shit 40 grand, because I ain't leaving without it.
I owe you, Cody.
Next time, there'll be no fuckup.
What next time?
He's in protective custody.
Hell...
protective custody don't mean shit to me.
The man's dead.
In a pig's ass.
I want my paper, Jeff.
I can't afford to have it circulating right now.
And I told you I don't have it.

Get it.

Now, look, my man...

...i told you I don't have
what you're looking for...

...so why don't you make
it easy on yourself...

...and just shag your
ass out of my crib.

Now, you be a printer.

Go get some ink...

...and start printing
some more of that shit.

What's happening, fella?

Yeah, you, asshole!

What are you gonna do now, motherfucker?

You broke your contract with me, Jeff.

Now, I don't know

whether you're into it...

...but you're gonna have to suck on
this until you give me back my paper.

- How much are you gonna burn?

- All of it.

Why?

No good to me after they handled it.

- What do you want?

- I got a writ I need you to sign.

What kind of writ?

I need the release of a prisoner
from San Luis to help me in a case.

- Must be a big case.

- The target's a major counterfeiter...

- ...involved in the murder of a federal agent.

- I never sign such writs.

Why are you still here?

I spent all morning on this.

I would appreciate it if you
would be kind enough to look at it.

Okay. Now I've looked at it.

Look, I gotta have this guy out.

Didn't you come in here about a week
ago and ask me to hold him without bail?

Yes, and I'll assume full
responsibility for getting him back.

I don't need the headache.

Cody is an associate of Rick masters.
Masters has been making a mockery
out of you, me and this whole system.
That doesn't change the fact that he's
on a no-bail hold awaiting arraignment.
He killed my partner, man.
The answer is still no.
If I was one of your cronies...
...you'd be spread-eagle on
your desk to do this for me.
Don't say something you'll regret later.
Come back here!
Let me look at it again.
If this prisoner escapes from custody...
...i'll make you testify in open court
about how he made a fool out of you.
Now get the hell out of here.
If you cross me, I will dedicate my
life to putting you back in here...
...and I will make sure you
do all five. You got that?
You have my promise.
I wanna know where masters prints
and I want you to take me there now.
Then we're going downtown
to swear out your statement.
- Can I ask a favor?
- What?
My daughter's in the
hospital. She's pretty sick.
Do you think we could
stop by Santa Fe hospital?
It's on the way to where I'm taking you.
- You're pulling my dick.
- I swear, man. Check it out.
- What's your daughter's name?
- Rozanne Brown.
Lincoln 14-3-1 to Los
Angeles base, over.
Go ahead, 3-1.
Yeah. Request you
phone Santa Fe hospital.
Find out if they have a patient
named Rozanne Brown, please. Over.

Roger.

You have any kids?

Well, I tell you, it changes
the way you look at things.

Yeah?

I'm not looking to screw up anymore.

Rozanne Brown is in room 306.

The elevators are over there.

Thank you.

You have to come up to the room with me?

Come here.

- What happened to your daughter?

- She was in a park, and this little monkey...

Rozanne Brown is a black woman.

She's recuperating from a fall
she took from a bicycle near USC.

She's married. Her husband
is listed as serving time...

...for armed robbery at
San Luis Obispo prison.

Thanks.

I think you ought to let
us take a look at you.

I don't have a lot of time.

I'm in the middle of a trial.

- What kind of trial?

- It's a dope case.

A client got busted smuggling
50 pounds of cocaine.

I should be able to get him
off. The search warrant's weak.

Weak?

The color of the house is
listed as Brown on the warrant...
...when, in fact, it's beige and yellow.

You should be ashamed of yourself.

I don't make any apologies
for being an attorney.

If I didn't accept the case,
somebody else would without a doubt.

Without a doubt.

It's too bad about Jim Hart.

Masters has been calling me
in the middle of the night...

...trying to order me around
like I was one of his mules.
The other day he even had
the balls to threaten me.
The man's an animal.
Frankly, being house
counsel for Rick masters...
...doesn't sit very well with me.
I've had it up to here,
as a matter of fact.
Good for you.
How bad do you and your friend want him?
I don't have to explain
what would happen...
...if there was even a hint that
I set up one of my own clients.
Aren't you afraid you'll
wind up on his hit list?
- It crossed my mind.
- Your name will never come up.
- You never met Rick, have you?
- No.
I'll set up a meeting.
Mr. Masters?
How you doing? Ben Jessup.
- My associate, Dr. George victor.
- A pleasure. How do you do?
Cut yourself shaving, Mr. Jessup?
No. As a matter of fact,
I got hit by a tennis ball.
- You're in from palm springs?
- Yeah.
- What's the weather like there?
- It's really nice.
We've been up here the last few days.
I've got a friend in
palm springs, Lenny green.
He owns the oasis. Do you know him?
I got a friend in Hollywood,
Donald duck. You know him?
I understand you gentlemen
do some island banking.
- That's right.
- Where?

Cayman islands.

- Good business?

- Not bad.

What sort of banking?

We're a dutch Antilles company.

We loan money to various enterprises here in the states.

Loans aren't secured by real estate or anything else down there.

Rick, you got a phone call, man.

Which one is it?

There's nothing in there.

Some tennis rackets in the trunk...

...men's clothing with

palm springs store labels...

...some business letters with return addresses in the cayman islands.

What did the letters say?

Something about " please forward the stock we discussed," or something like that.

Who were the letters addressed to?

Caribbean banking

unlimited, dutch Antilles.

Did you notice the names Jessup or victor on any of the letters?

- No.

- Okay.

Thanks.

What kind of paper are we talking about?

Hundreds and 50s paper. We need at least 10 different serial numbers.

- How much?

- A million dollars.

How you going to use it?

What business is that of yours?

It's always my business, Mr. Jessup.

Nothing will be passed up here.

Our play involves a gentleman who wishes to launder bonds, protect his tax position.

My end is 20 percent.

We never pay more than 10. we have limitations that we have to abide by.

Different serial numbers are a real pain in the ass for me.

I gotta make different plates and wear rubber gloves during the whole operation. Have you ever tried to work with rubber gloves on? Fifteen percent. I don't negotiate. I might if I knew you, but I don't. And I don't like what I see. All right. I start as soon as I get a down payment. In this case, I'll take 30,000 up front... ..and the rest on delivery. What? Everybody knows Rick masters won't go near a job without front money. You should also know that I've never fucked a customer out of his front money. I've been coming to this gym three or four times a week for five years. I'm an easy man to find. My reputation speaks for itself. The fact is, that if you can't come up with the front money... ..you're not for real. No way I can get you 30 k to make a buy. You'd hear laughter all the way from Washington. Masters beats the government out of that much in a day. We've got a chance for a hand-to-hand buy which he cannot beat in court. You're not the first agents to get next to masters. He always asks for big front money. Nobody ever approves it, and he stays on the street. The limit for buys is 10 grand. I don't make the rules. Look, you could get this approved if you wanted to. 302.5.
- What?
- 302.5.
You violated section

302.5. The manual says:

" the agents must notify
the agent in charge"...

...that's me, " of all
ongoing investigations."

You violated this section, and
I'm not gonna cover your ass.

- Yeah, well, I'm not asking you to.

- You lost a federal prisoner!

And I want Cody back!

Where the hell were you?

- He wasn't with me, all right?

- Why not?

Look, I lost him. I'll get him back.

Thank you, Gilbert.

I think we should have
offered masters the 10 grand.

I think we should have
offered masters the 10 grand.

- I bet he'd have gone for it.

- Never happen, Johnny.

Let me try something on you.

Yeah, what?

Ruth tells me there's a guy coming
in Thursday to buy stolen diamonds.
He's gonna be carrying \$50,000 cash.

So?

So, what do you think?

What do I think about what?

The guy comes in

Thursday, union station.

No muss, no fuss.

If everything doesn't look like a
piece of cake, we just walk away.

- You gotta be kidding.

- When you came to me, I told you...

...that I was gonna get masters and
I didn't give a shit how I did it.

- So now you want to commit a robbery?

- I wouldn't call it that.

What would you call it?

Taking down a douche bag
who's trying to break the law.

- If it turns to shit?

- We say, " fuck it," walk away.

The front money is the only way to get masters to print.

I don't give a shit. I won't pull a heist. I don't care.

- He's a fence.

- Who do you think I am?

If he gets ripped off, he can't call the police.

Why don't you just blow his brains out? That's what you want to do anyway.

All I'm asking you to do is drive the car.

Steal real money to buy counterfeit money? How's that gonna look in court?

- His word against ours.

- His lawyer is bob Grimes.

- It's masters' word against ours.

- You got a couple of screws loose, pal.

Listen, I say we go to Bateman one more time.

He's a pencil-neck.

He's out to save his ass.

I think you're pushing it too fast. We can...

it's happening Thursday. We gotta go down in 24 hours.

My father was a cop, brother's a cop. You're ask... give me a break!

You got the wrong guy, okay? You got the wrong guy.

You're right I got the wrong guy, pal. You ain't my partner.

You ain't even my friend. Let me give you a piece of advice:

You better get into protection... ..because you ain't shit on

the street, you understand?

You ain't got the nuts!

Kiss my ass!

Pussy motherfucker.

How sure is this thing tomorrow?

- You said you weren't interested.

- Well, now I am interested, okay?
All I know is what I told you.
He's on the number 11 Amtrak leaving

San Francisco 7:

...getting into union station at 4:35.
How do you remember that?
You wrote it down or what?
Who's the seller?
A guy I know.
What did this guy you know tell you?
That a chinaman comes
down from San Francisco...
...buys diamonds, gold, whatever.
What's his name?
Ling. Thomas Ling.
What's your end?
- Nothing. Just a guy I know tells me things.
- A guy you know.
A guy you know actually gives you
the train the buyer's coming in on?
Of course not.
I called Amtrak and got his reservation.
Why?
Why did you do that?
ID and \$1.50.
You were planning on having someone
else take him down, is that right?
Thought about it.
- Why are you suddenly interested?
- It fits some other shit that's happening.
- You gonna bag him?
- I might.
How you gonna do it if he's carrying
real cash and hasn't committed a crime?
I can do whatever I want.
How much is in this for me?
How much of what?
Don't shit me. I know
what you're gonna do.
And they're gonna think I set it up.
- All right. I'll give you 5 g's.
- Not enough.
And my promise not to

throw you back in the joint.
Mr. Thomas Ling, please
come to passenger services.
Passenger Thomas Ling,
arriving on Amtrak 708...
...please come to passenger services.
I'm Thomas Ling.
- You know what this is?
- What's the game?
- It's no game. Just walk.
- Why?
Why? Because if you don't
I'll blow your heart out.
- Where's the key?
- I don't have it.
He doesn't have it. What a guy.
Over the chain.
Come on, get over the chain!
Grab the wall. Right there.
Hold him.
Come on, man.
We got people all over the place!
That's very funny.
Look, he doesn't have the
money! Let's get out of here!
Where is it?
Son of a bitch, move one more
muscle and I'll blow your brains out!
You got that? Freeze!
Get down on your knees!
Put your hands behind your head!
You're wearing it, ain't you?
Get your clothes off.
Come on, two hands! Take your shirt off!
That's great.
- That's it.
- Get your pants down.
- What?! Let's get out of here!
- Get your pants down.
You all right?
Let's get out of here. Come on.
- You hit?
- I don't know. I don't think so.
- Look out, for god's sake!

- Get them out of there, Johnny!
- Move the truck!
- What are you doing? Trying to hurt...
shut up! Whose ever truck that
is, move it out of the way now!
Back it up, Steve, back it up!
Look out!
Get out of there!
Go left!
Hold on.
- I think we lost the mothers.
- I don't see them, man.
I don't see them. You did it, man!
- We made it, baby!
- We did it!
You had me scared out of my mind, man.
You had me scared out of my...
sons of bitches!
- Is it the same guy?
- It's two different guys.
It's two Chevys!
What the hell is going on?
- Who are these guys?
- They're all over the place.
Hang on, Johnny!
Piece of cake? You son of a bitch!
Cap one off, Johnny. Get them off of me!
They're all over the place.
We're going this way.
Get out of here!
Look out!
Hold it!
Shut up!
Get out of the way! Get out of there!
Get out of the way!
There's a minor tie-up on the north
long beach right near Henry ford.
A couple cars tangled there. Shouldn't
take too long to get this to the shoulder.
It's a very simple affair,
no injuries involved.
It shouldn't cost more than a few minutes
if you're heading north on the 710.
I'm Stacey Binn for

metro traffic control.
What are we gonna do?!
We're going to an auto-parts
store and get a new window.
If we'd have totaled it,
we'd have been screwed.
We'd never have gotten
it back to the motor pool.
We lucked out, Johnny!
Listen, I'll have to
get back to you, okay?
- What happened? I called you all day.
- Clockwork, baby.
Like clockwork.
Did you hear anything?
My friend called. He said
the chinaman never showed up.
He sure didn't.
50,000 bucks.
Quintin Dailey got 30 points, they said.
That guy's unbelievable, man. Say all you
want about Michael Jordan. Great player.
They'll know somebody
set the chinaman up.
Quintin Dailey's got a
gun like a howitzer, man.
Thirty feet. Boom, boom, boom.
He gets hot, he's fabulous.
Orlando Woolridge...
I'm worried.
The stars are god's eyes.
What's the matter with you?
The last item on the agenda
is a bulletin from the FBI.
" On January 24th, FBI
special agent Raymond Fong...
...of the bureau of San Francisco
field office was kidnapped and robbed...
...of \$50,000 in government funds.
Fong, who was acting in
an undercover capacity...
...as part of a bureau-sponsored
sting operation...
...was abducted and murdered shortly

after arriving at union station.
The suspects are described as
white males, 30 to 35 years old...
...one with black, the
other with brown hair.
They eluded Fong's covering agents and
fled in a beige, late-model Chevrolet.
Anyone having information...
...contact the special agent
in charge, FBI, San Francisco."
- Is there a license on the vehicle?
- There's no plates on the vehicle.
This is what happens when proper
covering procedures are not followed.
We got an FBI agent
killed. You hear that?
- What do you want me to do about it?
- It's just a matter of time before they id us.
- They got a good look.
- A face is shit without a name.
They got a make on the car!
They wouldn't have sent it out if they
had anything. They're grabbing at shit.
So, what are we gonna
do about the 50 grand?
We'll make the buy from
masters, just like we planned.
Are you out of your mind or something?
Ray. I want a standup ashtray.
These guys are stealing
all of my ashtrays.
Just like we planned, amigo.
Over here.
Who are they?
Who are you?
This is Mr. Jessup...
...whose name isn't really Jessup.
He says he's from palm
springs, but doesn't have a tan.
You're not wired, are you?
Is this my package?
Look okay?
You're beautiful.
When do I get delivery?

How about Friday night?
If I don't hear from you by
Friday I'm coming back to get this.
That's understandable.
Mr. Jessup...
...like your work?
Your only defense is to say
you were working undercover...
...without the knowledge
of your supervisors.
You were trying to get next to
masters and things got out of hand...
...and you intended to return the money.
The problem is, you'll
have to take the stand...
...and the prosecutor can
ask you anything he wants.
Frankly, I don't think you
can beat the case in court.
Because I represent masters I can't
get deeply involved in your case...
...if you see what I
mean. So, what should I do?
You beat them to the punch with the
U.S. Attorney and you make a deal.
What kind of deal?
You offer to plead guilty and
to testify against your partner.
The FBI's not gonna want
a lot of publicity on this.
I suspect they'll go
along with a guilty plea.
How much time would I have to do?
I could probably get
you off with seven years.
You won't have to do seven, of
course. Probably a year and a half.
- But you can't get involved, right?
- Not directly.
What would it cost for
your indirect involvement?
Fifty thousand dollars.
I know it's a tough call...
...but it's one you're going

to have to make rather quickly.
I can't hand up my partner.
I can't do it, even if I
have to go to the joint.
Who is it?
Who's there?
Honey?
You okay, Carl?
- Guess we all screw up, Carl?
- How did you find me?
Your bimbo girlfriend's listed
in the screen actors directory.
- Carl, I swear I never saw this guy!
- Sit down, Claudia, and shut up!
You know, you're a lucky man.
I didn't tell the judge
you played hooky on me.
Now you're gonna help
me, aren't you, Carl?
Come on, asshole, let's go. Move!
Is Chance there?
I want to talk to Chance.
Is this 471-4421?
This is John Vukovich. Where is he?
There's no one here by that name.
Who is it?
John Vukovich.
John.
Listen, I got Cody back.
I know where the plant is.
We gotta talk. We gotta go to Bateman.
I can't live with this any longer.
I talked to masters. We're on tonight.
- What are you talking about?
- We're on with masters tonight.
- Do you need me tonight?
- No, I don't think so.
What time do you get off?

- **About 12:**

- Okay.
I got a few things to do, and then I'll
drop by and pick you up at the club.
All right?

You look beautiful.

I got a little surprise for you.

You packing?

Check and see if you got
a wire on there, brother.

- Let's see that bag.

- You don't touch me.

- Look, dickhead!

- Keep your hands off me.

If you want to get up them
stairs you gotta go through me.

You go tell your little friend
that if he thinks I'm a fed...

it's okay, jack.

Well, go on up, tough guy.

So, what's in the briefcase, doctor?

We're the ones who fronted the 30 grand
and agreed to do this on your turf.

Before you touch shit, I
want to see the funny money.

Locker 38.

Okay?

You're beautiful.

- You're under arrest! Turn around!

- Right there, asshole!

Hands on top of the locker!

Go on, grab the top of the locker!

That's right! You're
under arrest, moron!

Go on, cuff the ape.

- Don't move!

- How you doing, pal?

This is from Jimmy Hart. From the desert.

Remember this? Suck on that for a while.

Freeze it up, pal!

Talk to me.

You can't do this to me!

Why didn't you take the
deal Grimes offered you?

Wouldn't roll over on your partner?

Get up.

You might want these.

They're very personal.

Yes.

I can't seem to find
any of his paintings.
He told me he did two
large portraits of you.
They might be worth a lot of money.

He used to burn a lot of
things. Maybe he burned them.

I can't understand how you
stayed with him so long.

Why did you work for him?

It was just business.

- Who is it?
- John Vukovich.
- What do you want?
- Chance was my partner.
- I know who you are. What do you want?
- Did you know he was dead?
- I'm busy now.
- Open it.

You going somewhere?

I'm leaving the city.

Well, there's a little matter of 20 grand
that belongs to the federal government.

Chance said he left it
with you. We want it back.

Look, part of that money was mine.

I had debts, people leaning on me.

- I got ripped off for the rest...
- you set us up, didn't you, Ruth?

You knew that chinaman was FBI.

What? Are you crazy?

Come on. Don't shine me on.

If you're gonna start by bullshitting, we're
gonna get off to a very bad relationship.

What are you talking about?

You're working for me now.