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Top Coat Cash

By David Tittone

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- Ladies and gentleman
it is now time for the
main event of the evening.

Your current, reigning,
defending bfc champion,
Johnny Thompson.

He looks to be in trouble here.
He's down, I can't believe it!
This guys just come on cleaner.

Hey, drop the gun!

- Pick out a gun!
Get down on floor,
hurry up, hurry up.
Hurry the fuck up!

- Hurry up, hurry up, man
i said hurry the fuck up,
get down!

Who the fuck you think
you're looking at?
Keep your hands in the air.
Shut the fuck up, get
to the fucking ground.

- Hurry up!

Come on!

- We ain't got time for that.

Come on!

Get the fuck over there.

Or else I'll blow
your fucking head off.

Move it, move it,
move it, move it, move it!

- Where the fuck,
hurry up, hurry up.

Get down, get down.

Lay it on the ground.

On the fucking,
get your hands spread and
it won't be any trouble.

- 125.

Bank robbery in progress.

Arms out, everyone.

You, how we doing?

We got hurry back, let's go,

- the problem is not your jobs,
it's your credit.

It says here your home
was foreclosed back in,
let me see here, oh,
2009, and on top of that
Emily, it is Emily right?

- Yes, Emily.

- Okay, anyway, Emily,
you recently got back to
the workforce, it says here
that you've been having
trouble making payments
on your student loans.

- The only reason
being I was unemployed.

- Look, I understand.
We know it's not your fault,
but with a credit score of
415, there's just nothing
I can do for you at this time.
Have a nice day.

- Run a CSI in the lab, we
gotta make this priority one,
nobody shoots one of our
cops and gets away with it,
we're gonna find this guy,
we're gonna mess him up,
bad.

- Detective Lee.

How's your wounded officer?

- He's gonna be just find
Miller, now that he knows
the FBI's on the case.

- The last three robberies
they hit the tellers.
This time they hit the
vault, they're getting bolder
and they're breaking
their own rules.

- Who's the dead civilian?

- He was armed, tried to
take on the two bad guys,
bad guy number two got out

the door and engaged our
officer there in
the parking lot.
Wounded the officer
before he got away,
our civilian here is the
reason why dead bad guy
number one is a drt.
- It's a high price.
What do you have on the suspect?
- No ID, nothing on him yet.
But we'll have something soon.
- Get as much as you
can, as soon as you can.
I want criminal background,
work history, affiliations.
The sooner we get a positive
ID the sooner we can catch
his partner before
he pulls another job.
- Johnny?
Johnny Thompson.
- Just back into
town, figured hey,
why not stop by and have a
chat with the old trainer.
- Come in damn it.
It's close to my bedtime.
Want something to drink?
- You got a beer?
- I'm an old, single, black
man and you ask if I have
a beer?
- You still training?
- Until I die.
Mostly boxing though.
- You see my last fight?
- I sure did.
Live in Vegas.
Couldn't miss it.
- Came to ask you a favor.
I need you to train me again.
I've got a fight
coming up, a big one.

The payouts huge.

- What happened
to your trainer in Vegas?

- I dropped him.

- Because
of your last fight?

- In part.

- Jesus Johnny.

You have no one to blame
but yourself for that fight,
I mean you moved slow, your
jabs were inconsistent.
And you're looking like
an amateur with that crap.

- Yeah well, that's
why I'm here.

- That picture was
taken right before his death.

- You know,
you're the closest i
had to a real father.

- Your father was a good
man, Johnny, just couldn't
handle temptation.

Bank robbery is a
dangerous business.

- So is fighting.

- Be at the gym first
thing in the morning,

- seven A.M.

- Thanks for the beer.

- Johnny,
don't make me regret this.

- The deal was, you
provide the girls
and receive 40% of
what we bring in.

You're not listening.

That's not what I said.

We've got overhead, and
who do you think checks on
the girls to ensure
they're turning a profit?

You can point your fingers

and someone else takes
the risk, but I'm on the front
line so don't give me that
I'm taking all
the risk bullshit.

I got some other
business to attend to.

Do yourself a favor, be by
the phone when I call back.

Fucking prick.

What the hell happened to you?

You two guys are all
over the fucking news!

- Took too long, Brett
improvised and decided
to hit the vault.

Some cowboy with
a pistol shot him.

- Nice.

Looks like you got
the whole take.

I know it all went
to shit today,

but maybe we should hit
the vaults every time.

- Maybe.

But it's gonna take more
than two guys to pull it off.

- How many guys do you
think we need to do the job?

- At least three.

Two on the inside, one on
the outside as the driver,
four would be better.

- I got somebody
from the inside,
Johnny Thompson.

- Johnny Thompson's back?

- He's back from Vegas,
he's training here again.

- I'll be damned.

- Think he'd be interested?

- Its in his blood,
but I don't know.

- He'd make a great partner, you know?

He's smart, he's tough, he's got no fear.

- Alright I'll reach out to Johnny but that's still only two, we need a wheel man.

- How about that young kid? He's done some jobs for us in the past, you know the one who works with his father at the body shop.

- Ah, Brendan, yeah that kid's got some skills, he's an adrenaline junkie. Hell he's so crazy, he just might do it.

- Alright that's three. Let's keep it at that for right now.

- So let's say, we hit the vaults, increase our take, we can't clean that kind of volume from the salon. We're talking maybe three, four times our current take, now Eric, he's done okay laundering the cash but, I don't think he can handle this kind of volume.

- Alright, continue to funnel the money from the girls on the street through the mail slot. We use the bank money to get into the real estate business, we hit the banks, you falsify the loan applications for the properties we buy, we launder the money through the mortgages.

- I like it.

- He can't do that!

Come on, come on,
Johnny turn it up.
- Keep the pressure on him.
Good.
There you go, good take down.
Hey, get in on that.
What are you smiling for?
The guys only been
training for two weeks.
Your jabs are weak and
your footwork is sloppy.
Go hit the heavy bag.
- My father heard you
were back in town.
Told him I had to see it
with my own eyes before
I believed it.
- Whatever you're offering,
I'm not interested.
- Just came by to say hi,
thought maybe we could
catch up, have a drink.
- I'm straightened out, Jason.
The upcoming fight and my
kid, all I care about now.
- I saw your fight in Vegas,
man you took a beating
didn't you?
- What do you want, Jason?
What are you doing here?
- My father and I have
a job offer for you.
If you change your mind
and you're interested,
time and a place is on the card.
Not gonna forget what you
did on the inside Johnny.
You need anything, call me.
- So, who are we going
out with tonight?
- Just Eric and my father.
- You think Eric is
ever going to get a girl
and settle down?

- I hope not, he's
my last ray of hope.
You ready to go?
- I'm ready to go
have a good time.
- Baby you like this
song, don't you?
- You know I do.
What do you think?
- I think you need to go
out there and get warmed up,
I'm gonna talk business
for a few minutes.
I'll come give
you what you want.
- Like you know what I want?
- I think you pissed her off.
- She'll get over it.
- Business is great, we're
gonna increase our cash flow.
- Really?
- Thin you can handle
the extra volume?
- I don't know, maybe.
What'd you have in mind?
- Real estate, we'll
buy property, flip it,
take our profits.
We won't hold onto any
inventory, we won't keep
any property.
- What kind of real estate
are you talking about?
- Anything that
will turn a profit.
Commercial, residential,
vacation, doesn't matter.
As long as it'll close
quickly, it's marketable.
- Closing takes 30 to 60
days, what with appraisals,
background checks, et cetera.
- Eric,
we've worked long enough

together for me to know
that you enjoy the
good life, right?

- Yeah.

- So tell me Eric,
how much is enough?

- I can never have enough.

- Help us with this and it's
an extra 100 grand a month.

- Keep talking.

- Jason's a licensed
real estate agent.

He'll do the paperwork,
you close the deal.

Can you handle it?

Consider that your
first month's advance.

- Oh yeah, I can handle it.

- Alright,
a toast gentlemen.

- Well, I gotta take a break.

- We're selling him.

- Alright bye.

- You guys done?

- Just about.

Have a little bit more
business to discuss.

You still pissed?

- You have no idea.

- Be right up.

- Okay.

- I don't know about
you but the heat
and the alcohol make
me sweat like a pig.

- Yeah, I have the same problem.

- Hey Caleb.

How you doing buddy?

- Fine, do you wanna see my mom?

- No, I'm here to see you.

Do you know who I am?

- No.

- I'm your father, Caleb.

I've been gone for a

bit, but now I'm back.
I'm here to see you.
- My mom said my dad was dead.
- Dead?
- She said he died of
cancer when I was only two.
- Well,
- Caleb what the hell's
the door doing open?
Who the hell is this?
- I'm Caleb's
father, who are you?
- J, there's some over here
claiming to be your ex.
Where'd you say you were from?
- I didn't.
- Johnny fucking Thompson.
I'll be damned.
You know, never thought
you'd walk again after that
last fight.
- Oh shit, dude that was
you, man you got the fuck
beat out of you.
- Why don't you go
back inside the house.
I need to speak with
Jennifer in private.
- What in the hell
are you doing here?
- I came to see my boy.
- Mom, I thought you
said my dad was--
- Caleb, go inside.
- But--
- I said go inside!
- I have a right to
see him Jennifer.
- No.
No you don't.
You know what?
You lost that right
a long time ago.
How long has it been since

you've seen your son?

Huh?

Huh, maybe, I don't know

six or seven years, huh?

Mr. big shot fighter

too good for his own

flesh and blood and his wife!

What about child support, huh?

Forget about that too?

How fucking convenient.

- Listen, I'm sorry
about all that.

I was in a different
place that I am now,

I wanna make it up to him.

- No, Johnny.

It's too late for that.

- Yeah, I think it's time
you fucking left now.

- And I think it's about time
you shut your fucking mouth
and get back inside the house!

- Hey!

- This doesn't concern you.

- Go.

Fuck, you know what?

I have a court order that
says that Caleb is mine!

And if I see you

here ever again,

I will call the fucking
cops, do you hear me?

Now leave.

I said get the fuck outta here.

Fucking piece of shit.

- What's the asking price?

- 2.5 million.

- Let's see if anybody's home.

- Hi, are you here

to see that house?

- Yes we are.

- Thanks, come on in.

- How you doing?

- Jason.

- Nice to meet you.
- It's a beautiful place.
- Hope you guys haven't
been waiting long.
- You cost us a lot
of money, Johnny.
The next time you borrow
money to bet on yourself,
make sure you can win the fight.
- Yeah well, about that.
I'm not really
sure what happened.
- I'll tell you what
happened, motherfucker.
You let your ass get
kicked by some 22 year old
no-name, underdog
bitch from the streets.
And what's strange to me
is how fast you went down,
I watched you previous
fights, that's why I agreed
to this bet, so I must
say I'm very disappointed
in your performance.
Did you know I used
to be a boxer, Johnny?
That's why I'm doing
what I do today.
I'm still pretty
good with my hands,
so I figure why not
make money with them.
The deal was simple,
we loan you the money,
we set the odds, and
you win the fight.
Now with your record that
should've been a cakewalk.
But I'm beginning to think
that maybe you were double
dipping, maybe you had a bet
on the side for more money
and that's why

your ass went down.
So, you leave Vegas.
And you come and you're
living here in this shit hole
apartment in this shit
hole town and obviously you
don't have any cash
stashed around here,
so I guess what
really happened is,
how can I say it?
You bitched out.
Problem is, Johnny, i
loaned you 150 plus the vig.
Which was pretty
steep in your case.
But now I'd say you
owe me a million.
- I've got another
fight coming up.
And with the earnings, i
can pay you what I owe you.
You get the money that
you lent me plus the vig,
and we call it even.
- That's not how
it works, Johnny.
You see some of the
money you lost belongs
to people that I don't
even wanna fuck with.
So the problem is i
owe money as well.
Now you might be thinking,
what does being good
with your hands have to
do with being a bookie?
- Cut the bullshit, Joe.
Just get it over with.
- Pain doesn't scare
you, does it Johnny?
Well I got something that will.
You've got til the end of the
fight to bring me a million

dollars or we're gonna
take your son and I'm gonna
practice my trade on him.
Let me tell you something,
Johnny, I'm not very good
with kids so imagine
I'll really fuck this up.
That's enough.

He's gotta win his
next fight doesn't he?

- Yeah.

- Oh yeah.

While I'm thinking about it.

Put that in your wallet.

You remember how you felt
when you lost your dad?

That's nothing compared
to the pain you'll feel
when you lose your son.

- Rachel?

- Johnny.

What are you doing here?

- I was just here to
meet some old friends.

- No, I mean home, what
are you doing at home?

Are you just visiting?

- No.

- There's our boy now,
chatting up the waitress.

- Training?

- Yeah.

- For how long?

- Be honest, I'm not quite sure.

It's been awhile.

- Yeah, it was nice
running into you.

- Yeah, you too.

- Come see me before you leave.

- Okay.

- Johnny Thompson.

In town less than a
minute already hitting up
on the redhead.

- Been a long time,
Johnny, good to see you.

- You too.

- Have a seat.

- Well let's get right to it.

We got a lot of jobs
lined up and we need a man
with your skills
to make it happen.

- What kind of skill set
are we talking about?

- What kind of skills
are we talking about?

We're talking about
armed robbery.

Banks.

I need a partner, if you
come in with us you get
15% of the net take.

- When do we start?

- Tomorrow.

Meet the driver
at this location.

- Hey, hey!

You didn't come see
me before you left.

- Sorry, my mind's just
a bit out of the place
right now.

- Well, my shift is
over, you wanna go grab
some coffee or something?

- Sure, why not.

- I'll drive.

So, what made you
finally come back?

- Mostly to get my son,
i need to get him away
from my ex.

- And how exactly do
you plan on doing that?

- Money.

Buys everything doesn't it?

- You know, I've missed you.

I know we were having some problems and everything but you just took off.

Didn't even warn me.

- You see my last fight?

- Yeah I watched it.

- You know what

the funny thing is?

It took a five year stint

behind bars to finally

gain the skills necessary

to fight professionally.

I mean, I grew up around

it, but I never really cared

for it until I got away from it.

- Come on, let's go

back to my place,

I've got something to show you.

- What?

- Come on, you'll see.

Here, why don't you

pour us some wine

and I will be right back.

- What are you looking at?

- Nothing.

- Have a seat.

I made this for you, but you

left before I had a chance

to give it to you.

- How did you do this?

- I'm a photographer,

it was easy.

- Yeah but, all the

pictures of my father,

I mean how'd you get 'em?

- Connections, i

know people, Johnny.

Do you like it?

- It's great.

Thank you for doing this.

So how do you know this kid?

- Him and his father

run a body shop,

he's pulled a couple of

jobs for us in the past.

He's a hell of a driver.

- Trust him?

- With my life.

Brendan.

I'd like you to meet your
new teammate, Johnny.

- My pleasure, I've
seen you on TV.

You got some stones, man.
Getting on the mat with
some of those animals.

- I like the rush.

- Ah, you like the
combat, I like the chase.

I think that's why
this is gonna work out.

- Well? You ready?

- Let's do it.

You guys go on the side,
have yourselves a look.

- Not bad.

- That's our wheel man.

Let's go.

That's the bank.

They open at nine o'clock,
we go in at nine thirty.

Brendan's gonna Jack the car
and we're gonna pull up front,

I go in, exactly thirty
seconds later you go in.

I'll be crowd control,
you take out the guard
and head for the vault.

That's why we have to do
this in three minutes,
we want that vault money.

If anybody becomes a problem,
take 'em out.

I don't got any
problem with that.

- Good.

More wine?

- Mhm.

- To us.
- To us.
- You know I was thinking,
maybe after work dies
down we should go out of
town, get out of the country.
- Well, where'd
you have in mind?
- Someplace hot, and exotic.
Eric.
- Jason.
- How you doing man?
- Good, just checking
out the scenery.
- You here alone?
- No, no I'm here with
a friend from Vegas.
- Why don't you guys
come over and join us?
- Good idea, Joe,
come over here.
This is my friend Jason,
- Jason, Joe.
- His wife Kristen.
- Pleasure
meeting both of you.
- So Eric says you're
in town from Vegas,
what'd you do?
- I'm an investor,
how about yourself?
- I run a nail salon
with my father.
I also dabble a little
bit in real estate.
- I think you're the first
white guy I've ever heard
that owns a nail salon.
Very interesting.
You dabble in real
estate, buying or selling?
- Both.
- Well, I have some property
in Vegas you may be interested,

if you are, give me a call.

- So how long are
you in town, Joe?

- Two weeks, maybe less.

- I like your suit.

Looks nice on you.

- Thanks.

- I have to use the ladies room.

I shall return, so
don't go anywhere.

- You have a very
beautiful wife.

- She keeps me on my toes.

- Oh, excuse me gentlemen.

I need to make a phone call.

- What are you lookin' at?

- Oh I think you know.

Call me.

When you're ready to
get together again.

You know last time i
thought it just might have
been the alcohol.

- It was.

- Hold on a second.

- Sure.

- Hey, hey, hey you, sir,
you need to remove your hat.

- Alright hands up,
this is a hold up.

You, screw it, move.

- Don't you fucking fuck up.

Move, move.

Hurry up!

- Fill that bag faster!

Hurry the fuck up

- move

it, move it, move it,

get your face down, I said.

Hurry the fuck up.

- Fill it, fill it!

I've got my eye on you!

- Move, move!

- Put your face down

on the ash tray!
Move it, everybody get down!
Hurry the fuck up,
faster, faster, faster,
move it!
- If you die counting
you will not before long
your wife and kid.
- Fill the
bag up, you got 30 seconds,
move it!
Hurry the fuck up!
Move it, move it, move it.
Hurry, hurry up!
Faster!
Faster I said!
I will fucking hit you!
Stay down!
Hurry the fuck up!
- Move towards me,
move towards me!
- Shut up!
- Mom!
- Shut up!
- Mom!
- Shut up!
- Mom!
Mom!
- You want your mommy?
- Mom!
- You want your mommy?
I'll get her, get
out of the car!
- Mom!
- Get the
hell out of the car!
- Mom!
- Yeah?
That hurt, you want some more?
You want me to tie you
up, you little shit?
Stop, sit down.
- Piece of shit.
Why don't you try hitting

somebody who hits back,
motherfucker?

- Fuck you.

- Mom, mom, mom!

- I will fucking kill you!

- Mom! Mom!

Mom!

- Just hurry up and get here!

- J stop it you're killing him!

Hey, I'm gonna kill you!

Now stay the fuck down.

- The cops are coming, Johnny.

- I'm gonna get you out
of here Caleb.

- You're going back to prison!

No! No!

- Get the fuck off me.

- No! Caleb

please let him go!

My son!

- Put the kid down!

Put the kid down, hands
on your head, turn around.

Hands on your head,
now turn around.

- Turn around,
get the kid away from him.

- Get on your knees!

- I hate you!

I hate you!

I hate you!

- Let's go.

- I hate you!

You're going to hell, Johnny.

I hate you!

- Johnny Thompson?

Aright 10-4.

Thompson is b and b.

- Hey, it's your lucky
day, you made bail,
come on.

- Wish I could say I was
surprised to see you.

- Your debts just went

up from one million
to two million.

- What's so funny, Johnny?

I want in on the heists.

- We have taken in anywhere
near that kind of money,
and the cuts already
split four ways.

- Well that's no problem,
you just renegotiate the cuts
or start hitting more banks.
Now, you go tell your friends,
you have a new partner.
And that I'll be stopping
in to pay them a visit.

- Here we go.

The santache brothers, huh?
I see the resemblance.

- I'm adopted.

- That's for not telling
me about the heists.

- Yes?

- Agent pate, I want
you to make a list
of every boxer, every mma
fighter in the Kansas City
metropolitan area,
professional and amateur
with a criminal record, asap.

- I'll get to it
as soon as I can.

- Thank you.

- My god.

You look like shit.

What the hell happened to you?

- You want the long version?
Or the short?

- This time of night I only
have Patience for the short.

- Broke a guys
nose, went to jail,
got bailed out, and then i
had the pleasure of getting
my ass kicked by

a very large man.

- And I thought my
customers were bad,
what are you doing here?

- I figure, hey, since
my car's impounded,
why not stop by and
see if you want to grab
a bite to eat.

- Course you did.

Get in.

- Step into it.

Good, keep your right up.

Throw your hook,
throw your hooks,
work you body.

There you go, stay more in
jail, more in jail Johnny,
step into your jail.

Hooks, hooks, hooks to the body.

Good, getting close,
go to the body.

Okay, use your hooks.

- Which one's Johnny?

- Well you don't like someone
who follows the sport.

Why do you wanna know?

- Well, I don't follow the
sport, I'm an attorney,
and I have a client that
follows mma and he wants
me to set up a fight
with Johnny, so again,
which ones Johnny?

- He's in the black
shorts, grey tank top.

- Thank you sir.

- Those are looking too weak.
Spit in the fucking bucket.

- Thank you sir.

- See the guy leaving?

Says he's an attorney, has an
interest in you for a fight.

You ever seen him before?

- No.

- I'm gonna go meet
some girlfriends,
what are your plans?

- Stay out as long as you
like, got a business meeting,
it's gonna take a
little bit of time.

- Okay, if you change your
mind be sure and call me.
Stop.
I'm already clean I don't
wanna clean up again,
I'll take care of you later.

- I wanna hit bigger banks.
15% of the cuts not enough.
Either we renegotiate
the terms, or we start
hitting bigger scores.

- You just get back in
the game, you hit one bank
and you think you're
in a position to start
negotiating terms?

- This last job was a breeze.
So why don't we go
after bigger fish
and make it worth the risk.

- What are you thinking?

- Bigger banks, bigger vaults,
or two in one day.

- We do that, we're definitely
gonna need another guy.
What do you say, wheel man?
You up for the action?

- I've got no problem with that.
But we're taking on more
risk, I'll need to exit
before you and Johnny
to get the car running
or we'll need another guy.

- No, no, no.
We keep the crew as it
is, we just work faster.

But can you handle it?

- Look man, I love the chase, and the high just got that much better, so like I said, no problem.

- Alright, case out some banks, then we'll talk.

- Come on, what's taking you so long?

- Oh you gotta be kidding me.

- Just wait a second, maybe they'll go away.

- Son of a bitch.

- Maybe we should ignore it, it's late, could be like a weirdo or something.

- Afraid it's Jason?

- Sir, you left your card at the front desk.

- This is it.

We have to be quick.

We all go inside and we're methodical,

Brendan you hit the registers, as soon as the last bag is close to full, you grab it and you get the car.

Johnny, you grab the bank manager and get the vault.

We have two minutes to fill four bags.

Any questions?

- I think we got it.

- Got it.

- Alright.

I'll tell my dad we're on.

- Good morning.

- Morning.

- Are you in love with me?

I think you are.

- What makes you so sure?

- Well, last night...

You did that thing I like.
- So pleasure equals love.
- Well, they're the
same thing aren't they?
- I've gotta get to the gym.
- Now I could give you
a much better workout
than you are ever gonna get.
- You know me and my
background, right?
I mean, I haven't always
hung around model citizens.
- Yeah, so you're not a priest.
If you were, you wouldn't be
able to do that thing I like.
- Listen,
because of the fighting
i do, I run into guys
that might try to get at me
by hurting those around me.
Just be careful and keep
your eyes open, okay?
- Do I look like a
valley girl to you?
- I'm serious, promise me
you'll keep your eyes open.
- Yeah, I'll keep my eyes open.
When am I gonna see you again?
- Soon, I'll call you.
Oh, by the way,
I do love you.
I'll see ya.
- Can I help you, sir?
- Yeah.
Get the fuck up, let's move!
Let's go, let's fucking
move don't make me shoot!
- Let's go,
get the fuck down!
Let's go!
- I'm gonna pee my pants!
- You're so cute,
just put the money in the bag,
okay?

Put the money in
the bag, alright?
Let's go, there you go,
come on put the money
in the bag.
- Get the
fuck up and let's go!
60 seconds!
Get the fuck down, go, go, go.
30 seconds!
Don't you fucking move!
- Get the fuck down!
- Thank you very
much, this bank is closed!
- Went smooth I take it?
- Very.
- Jason and I'll get
the money ready to move,
we gotta turn this quickly.
- Son of a bitch.
There's a dye-pack in this one.
Half this money is
marked, it's no good.
- Close it, burn it.
Take the three good bags,
we'll count the money later.
- Massage?
- We're health inspectors,
there's been an emergency,
we need everyone out
of here right now.
I said everyone out now.
- You heard the boss, out now!
- Move it, let's go!
- Let's go, everybody out, now,
let's go, outside!
Lady, outside let's go.
Outside!
You too, outside, let's go!
- What the
hell is going on?
- I don't think we need
to do anything rash.
Very impressed.

You're very talented Johnny.
Looks like you've
found a profession
where you can make all
of us a good living.
- What are you talking about?
- We're all business
men here, just like you.
Let's put the guns down.
Johnny here owes us money
and we're here to collect it.
- Money's in the
back, it's no good.
It's marked, dye-pack.
- Well that's too
bad, that means
you two have a new problem.
Your partner here owes
us a lot of money,
two million dollars to be exact.
And I'm beginning to
believe he's not gonna be
able to cover it.
And since he works with
you two, that makes it
your problem.
And your debt, as well.
Now we can take care of
this in a civilized manner.
Or we can take care of it
the way my two associates
would like to take care
of it which involves
breaking things and
hurting family members
and informing the FBI
that maybe they should be
arresting certain people.
Or we can do it my way,
which is working something
out where we can get the money
into my hands by the
end of this week.
- Now hold on a second,

you said I had until
my next fight.

- Change of plans.

I'm ready to get out
of this shit hole town.

- Everybody just calm down.

Now today was a trial run.
Next week we're pulling off
a score where we can all
retire in style.

Do you wanna pass that up?

- Go on.

- We'll contact
you at a location
and we'll bring you two
million in cash, unmarked.
And then Johnny's
debt is cleared.

- We know where you live.

We know your wife
and Johnny we know your
girlfriend and your son
and I don't think any of them
want you to fuck this up.

- What's going on?

- Joe mccray is a
bookie from Vegas.

I borrowed money from
him before my last fight
so I could bet on myself.

- Eric and the
bookie are friends.

Maybe Eric's been talking.

- Who's Eric?

- Five robberies, six
sweeps, and no fucking leads.
Nobody's that good.

- Miller.

I've got a friend in the NYPD,
a few years ago he had
a case that was similar
to this one.

Three black males dressed
as white NYPD detectives

rob a bank.

Case goes on for weeks,
then months, no leads.

Nothing.

- So how'd they get 'em?

- One of the knuckleheads
writes a letter
to the mask company, he
thanks them for making
such great masks.

- Really?

- For 1,000 bucks you can
have you identity changed,
completely.

- Well their m.O
is that they're only
robbing the Kansas City
banks that have branches that
are close to the interstate.
This one was in like a half
a mile from an on-ramp.

- What about the fighter?

- The fighter, who's that?

- It's Johnny Thompson,
he's from this area,
he's been training in
Vegas for several months.
Just had a fight in
Vegas, big fight,
got his ass kicked, came
back home got busted
for domestic violence, posted
bail, out in the streets
within hours.

- Does he have a record?

- Oh hell yeah, he
spent several years in
the state penitentiary for
accessory to armed robbery.
He and his two partners
robbed a convenience store.
They didn't know
the clerk had a gun.
One of his partners turned

his back on his way out,
a guy named Steve Winston.
The clerk shot him in the
back, put him in a wheelchair.
Johnny and this Winston guy
never ratted on the other guy
so he's still out there.
Ironically his dad
was also a fighter
and a bank robber.
Got killed in the bank
heist back in the 80s.
After Thompson got out of
jail, he went back to the gym,
trained, eventually turned pro.

- Miller, we can put
a tail on Johnny.
We follow him, find out
who he's running with,
we'll ID his whole crew,
and every player in it.

- Where you been?
- Oh you know, out with
the girls, little shopping.
We saw a movie.
- What movie did you see?
- Just some comedy, I'll
say it wasn't very funny.
- Who was in it?
- Ben stiller, why?
- That's strange, I didn't
realize he had a movie
out right now.
- What are
you doing, Jason?
- I'm just trying to
have a conversation
with my wife.
So, uh,
where'd you really go?
- I'll tell you what,
why don't you follow me
around tomorrow?
Then you can see where i

go and what I do everyday.

Okay?

- Where did you go, Kristen?

- Fuck off, Jason.

- Is he the first, or is he just one in a long line?

- I think the fumes at the nail salon are starting to fuck with your brain a little.

- You know what?

- What?

- You're a whore.

You're no better than the whores we have working in the salon, we have an opening, no interview required for you.

- At least I'm not a faggot.

- The fuck did you say to me?

- I said, you are a faggot.

- You and your dad, running that nail salon.

You're a fucking joke.

- You fucking bitch!

- Get off me!

I'll call the FBI,

- oh yeah?

- I swear to god!

- Yeah, yeah?

- Stop it!

Let go of me!

- I want you to get out, you hear me?

I want you to get out!

Get your shit and get out of here!

- If anyone's leaving, it's you. What are you gonna do, shoot me?

- You're god damn right, I will.

- Fine, your ass is gonna be in prison once I tell them what's been going on in that salon.

- You think Eric is a Saint, what the fuck do you think we've been conducting business for?

- Hello?

- Eric, Joe mccray.

- Hey Joe.

Good seeing you the other night, I thought you said you wouldn't be caught dead here, why are you here anyway?

- Business, you gotta go where the money is.

- Like there's a lot for you here in Kansas City.

- Listen, I'm gonna be coming into quite a bit of money here in the next few days and I could use your help deciding what to do with it.

- Yeah sure.

- I don't wanna talk about this over the phone so I'm out here in the parking lot, I'm wondering if I could come in, talk awhile.

- Sure whatever i could do to help.

- Okay.

- I'll see ya in a minute.

- May I help you?

- Yes I'm Joe mccray here to see Eric Hoffman.

- Okay, just a moment please.

A Joe mccray is here to see you.

Sure, I'll send him back.

You can go on in.

- Thank you.

Nice tattoo.

- Joe mccray,

- hi Eric,

nice to see you.

- Good to see you.

Come on in, come on in.

So, how can I help you Joe?

- Oh the usual, got
some money to clean up.

- How much we talking?

- Two million.

- Two million?

Let me guess, investments?

- Hey.

- May I help you?

- I need to speak

to Eric Hoffman.

- Okay, do you have
an appointment?

- I didn't think I needed one.

- We've got a real
nice piece of property
we'd like to buy in Vegas.

- Well I'm sorry but if you
don't have an appointment--

- just pick up the
fucking phone and tell him
Kristen's here.

- Okay.

- Nice.

Oh, just a minute.

Yeah?

Who?

Tell her to give
me just a minute.

- Sure, alright.

- He said he'll
be right with you.

Would you like to have a seat?

- No, I'm fine.

- Somebody robbing the bank or--
- shit.

- Hey, hey, isn't that that
wife of that guy that owns
the nail salon?

- Yeah it is.

- You son of a bitch, you're
nailing that aren't you?

You know I was in the nail

salon a couple days ago.

Nice place.

- What are you doing
at his nail salon?

- Business.

- What'd you get?

A pedicure or a sucky-fucky?

- Well, you know, i
figure I'm in Kansas City
I might as well look
good and feel good
at the same time.

- That's kinda weird,
don't you think?

- Not as weird as you
fucking the wife of one
of your customers.

- Well she's a customer too.

- That's even more fucked up.

- Not really.

- Oh mercy, you know
what I'm starting to like
Kansas City.

- Well, you should.

Just a minute.

Yeah?

- What?

Well,
stop her.

- You want me to get that?

- No.

- How long are you
gonna make me wait?

Jesus Christ.

- I'm in a meeting Kristen.

- Could we
have some privacy please?

- Uh, I was just leaving.

I'll call you on that later on.

And good luck.

- He knows.

- Who?

Knows what?

- Jason, about us.

He knows about us.

- You're just being paranoid,
he doesn't know shit.

- Trust me, he knows.

- Have a good day.

- But I found out something
you might be interested in.

- Really, what's that?

- I think I know how they're
buying all this real estate.

And I have an idea how
we can leave Kansas City
and be set for life.

- Wait a second.

I recognize that guy.

He was at the gym the
other day claiming to be
an attorney.

- He's obviously
not an attorney.

- Son of a bitch.

Did Eric fucking rat us out?

- Listen pretty lady.

I have no complaints.

And I've got no reason to leave.

- Fine.

- Excuse me.

- What the hell
is she doing here?

- I'm Ryan Miller,
special agent, FBI,
where can I find Eric Hoffman?

- Let me see if he's available.

- No, just point me
towards his office.

- Do you want me to follow her?

- No, I'll deal with her later.

- Eric Hoffman?

- Yes, how many I help you?

- My name is Ryan Miller,
I'm a special agent
with the FBI.

We are here to conduct
an internal audit.

Are you the person
we need to speak to?

- Yes, yes I am.

- Hello?

- This is Eric.

The FBI was just here to
conduct an internal audit,
we're gonna figure out
something quick because our ass
is on the line.

- I don't know who this is,
but don't ever call here again.

- Alright, work
your way inside Johnny.

- Come on Johnny,

- use your jab to get inside.

- More work Johnny.

- Work your
way inside Johnny.

- What's up with you man?

Your head ain't here man.

Looking like shit!

Get the fuck out of my gym, man.

You gonna fight right in a
corner looking like shit.

- You see that car over there?

- The Hummer, what about it?

- It's been sitting
there as long as we have.

- I'll run the tag.

- Any one of your guys out here?

- Nope.

- Airport rental,
it's not a local.

- What's going on, Johnny?

You been late to most of
your training sessions
and when you are here it's
like your mind is somewhere
else.

A cop was in here
today asking about you,
he wanted to know your
training schedule,

if I knew where you were
on certain days and times.

- Nothing I can't handle.

- God Johnny, what have
you gotten yourself into
this time?

- I gotta get my son
out of here, earnest,
you can appreciate
that more than anybody.

- What did I tell you
when you came to me
for help?

Do you remember?

I said don't let me down,
and what have you done?

You've let me down.

We're done here Johnny.

I'd hoped you'd turn out
different than your father.

We're done.

You're on your own.

- I borrowed money from
a crooked bookie in Vegas
and I bet that i
would win the fight.

And we both know
how that turned out.

- So how do you plan on
paying him the money?

- I was planning on paying him
back after this next fight.

But he increased my debt.

- How much do you owe?

- Two million.

- Well don't look at me,
I'm poor and I'm black.

And even if I did have
the money I wouldn't give
it to a crazy ass
cracker like you anyway.

Shit.

- He's been here for a couple
of weeks with his two goons,

waiting for me outside in
the parking lot so they
can follow me when I leave.
If I don't get him the money
in the next couple weeks,
he's gonna kill my son, and
I'm not gonna let that happen.

- How in the hell are
you gonna come up with
two million dollars?

- I've got a plan.
But I need your help
getting out of here.

- I can't have them follow me.

- Here he comes.

- Hello, Johnny.

- I just wanted to
let you guys know,
your front tire, it's flat.

- Oh what the hell is this?
Easy, not yet, not yet,
let's see what happens.

- What the fuck
do you think you're doing?

- You wouldn't harm the
hand that feeds you,
now would you?

It's your choice.

You can choose to be all
over YouTube within seconds
or you can get back in the
car and wait for a tow truck.

- If you run, I will find you.
Before I find you I'll do
everything I said I'd do
if I don't get my money.
Just remember that.

- Don't forget to wave,
you're streaming live.

- There a problem?

- I'm with the FBI.

- Gentlemen,
can I get anything else
for you tonight?

- No we're
good, thank you.

- Thank you.

- The FBI is closing in, we
need to disappear, like ghosts.
We can't go home,
can't go to work,
and after we leave
this place tonight,
we can't be seen in public
until we finish this
next job, then we leave
this city for good.
You guys got somewhere to go?

- How long is gonna take for
the FBI to track the money
back to us?

- I don't have a clue.
Johnny have you heard
from the las Vegas bookie?

- Yeah, they're kinda
stuck at the moment.

- What do you mean?

- They were waiting
for me outside my gym,
so I slashed their tire.

- Nice.
We're gonna have to find
a way to deal with them.
Even if they take their
cut, they're always
gonna be hanging over us.
Brendan, you sure you
got a place to lie low?

- I'll be alright.

- Focus on the job
first, then we'll decide
how we're gonna handle it.
Anything else?

- Nah, that's it.

- Alright.
You guys know what to do.
I'll see ya when it's over.

- Johnny and I are gonna

stick around for a minute,
talk some business.

- Joe's never gonna let us be.
Until he has everything.

- Well, we all have
our problems, don't we.
You have Joe and I have
an unfaithful wife.

- Seriously?
You're gonna hold me over
an unregistered firearm?
We're not in Vegas
anymore, Toto.

- Joseph mccray, a
bookie from Vegas,
you've lived a pretty
colorful lifestyle.
Arrested in '95 for assault,
'96 for attempted murder,
served two years
for the state pen.
Out on parole, Dallas 2000,
busted again for fraud
and embezzlement.
Your parents must be proud.

- My father told me,
you do what you gotta do
to support the
lifestyle you deserve.

- What are you doing
in Kansas City?

- I hear they got some
crazy little women here
and I'm gonna get me one.

- No, no, no, let's
do this again.

What the fuck are you
doing in Kansas City?

- They tell me ugly
mother fuckers like you
can get laid around here,
is that true?

Go fuck yourself.

- So you think

Thompson's got money,
and you and the Frankenstein
brothers are gonna collect.
How you plan on doing that?
We found three unregistered
guns in the trunk of
your car, even for an
ex-con like you, pal,
that's a felony.

- That's 15 years Joe, a
mandatory minimum of 15 years,
federal time, that means
no parole and you'll do
every single day.

- I'm running out of time.
I'm tired of fucking
with lowlifes like you.
So here's what we're gonna do.
You help me catch Johnny
Thompson and his crew
and I'll tell the
atf to back off.

Otherwise I'm gonna watch
you squirm like the little
cockroach you are while
the full extent of the law
comes down on you
like a ton of bricks.

- Can I come in?

- Where have you been?

- The last time I talked
to you you told me that you
might be in some sort of
trouble and that I should
watch my back.

And then I don't hear
from you until now.

- I'm sorry.

Will you hear me out?

- Does it look like
I'm going anywhere?

- I'm gonna tell you
everything that's happened
since I left Vegas and

what I'm about to do
and I need you to promise
me that you'll think
very hard before you
agree or disagree
with what I'm about to ask you.
If you agree, you can never
come back to Kansas City.
And you have to leave
this apartment tonight
but I promise you,
Rachel, I can and I will
take care of you for
the rest of our lives.
- Unbelievable.
You need to listen to me.
Do you know why I chased you
down in that parking lot?
It wasn't because I wanted
to rekindle whatever
this shit is that we have,
this fucked up relationship.
It's because I needed closure.
I waited for you while
you were in prison
and then you up and leave,
cut me out of your life
to start a new one in Vegas.
You can't just do that,
you can't just walk into
people's lives at
your own convenience.
It doesn't work that way.
And then, like an idiot,
I took you into my home.
Realized how much i
missed you and how lonely
I've been.
And I fucking sleep with you.
When I was in high school,
i used to sneak out of my
mom's apartment in the
middle of the night
and I'd go and sit on the

sidewalk facing the street.
I would stare at the cars
passing and just hope to catch
a glimpse of my dad's
beat up old pickup truck.
You see, by then you
think I would've been old
enough to realize that he was
probably never coming back.
But it didn't stop
me from waiting,
just like it didn't stop me
from running to the mailbox
every birthday and every
Christmas for a card
or a letter or some
slight indication
that he gave a shit about us.
Despite all that disappointment
after disappointment,
I never stopped loving him.
Does that remind you of anyone?
If I listen to whatever
scheme you've gotten yourself
into this time,
if I change my
entire life for you,
I can't be the only
one that changes.
I love you Johnny, but I'll
be damned before I spend
one more day waiting on
someone who doesn't make
me a priority.
- Never again.
- Unlock the trunk.
I'll be in in a minute.
Let's do it.
Well, four million in
the vault and we retire
in style.
- Hi, how may I help you?
Oh, let me guess, you're
here to see Eric Hoffman?

He's in the vaults back there.

- Hey babe, guess
what I'm looking at?

Our future.

Meet me at the house in two
hours, I'll explain later.

- Going somewhere?

- Look I already told you
guys everything you need
to know, including the
names of the guys I'm
helping with the loans,
what more do you want?

- You know Hoffman, I can
understand you wanting
to fuck my wife, i
can understand you
wanting to get greedy,
take money, retire.

One thing I can't
stand, is a snitch.

- Jason?

- In the flesh.

Let's dance.

- No, no, no.

- Get up,
get the fuck up.

I'll snap your neck
you piece of shit.

- Think you can come into
my bank, push me around?

- Yep.

Honestly, you're not going
anywhere you piece of shit.

- You won't get away with this.

- Piece of shit.

- Alright.

I'll see you in two,
maybe 10 minutes.

- You're wasting your time.

Soon as you leave, the
bank employees will come in
and untie me.

What are you gonna do with that?

- Before I do this,
i want you to know
how much pleasure I'm
going to get from it.
- Fuck you!
- No, fuck you!
You fucked our crew!
Now it's your turn.
- I don't give a
fuck about your crew!
No, no, no, no, no!
- Stay with
me, stay with me.
There's more coming.
- No, no, no!
No!
No, no!
No, no, stop, stop!
- Feel like you need
to catch your breath?
- No more, Jason wait a minute.
You're a business man, right?
You don't act out on
emotion, you're smart and...
You're about dollars
and cents, huh?
I have five million dollars
in an offshore account,
it's yours, you can have it.
Five million I'll give
it to you for all the
trouble I've cause you, put
you and your crew through.
Huh? What do you say?
Huh?
- I'm gonna have
to think about it.
- No, no, fuck!
Shit!
No, no!
- Oh yeah!
- No!
- Oh, god damn I love this.
Yeah!

It's time for the grand finale.

- No, you're a business--

- there's a bit of

a mess back there,

we're gonna send

a clean up crew,

Eric's working on

cleaning it up,

he'll be out there for awhile.

- Aright.

- You have a good day.

- Back up!

- Who the fuck are you?

Johnny send you?

- Where's Caleb?

- Who the hell is--

- Kevin we've got company.

- Both of you on the ground now.

- Who the fuck are you?

- On the ground.

- I don't know who the

fuck she is, she just

fucking came in here--

- on the ground!

- Whoa, hey why don't you
get down on my face, bitch.

- Get on your stomach.

Hey sweetheart, tie up
your dumb ass boyfriend.

- Yeah you put that
gun down I'll kick your ass.

- Did i
stutter, go faster!

- Shut up!

- And the feet.

- Okay.

- Turn around.

On your stomach, now.

Hands behind your back.

put that gun

down, I'll kick your ass.

- Legs, cross 'em.

- You know you

can't take my son away,

you know that right?

Is that what Johnny
told you to do?

You know you can't--

- oh what, you're the mother
of the fucking year now?

Either of you move or try
to get up, I will shoot you,
do you understand me?

Oh my god.

Caleb, I'm going to
get you out of here.

- Who are you?

- I'm a friend of your fathers.

- Is he here?

- No.

But I'm going to
take you to see him.

Do you think you have
the strength to walk?

- I think so.

I'm just hungry and dizzy.

How long have I been in here?

- Alright, listen to
me, I am going to get you out
of here, but I need you to do
something for me first, okay?

- I just want to see my dad.

- You will, I promise.

First, I need you
to hold my hand,
and close your eyes.

Do you think you can do that?

Okay.

- Bitch you're
not gonna get away from
this you fucking whore!

- Good to see you guys.

- Likewise.

- Well?

Guess this is where
we say our goodbyes,
it was nice working
with you guys.

- Great working with you Johnny.

- I'm not one for tears.

Live the good life, brother.

- You do the same.

- Oh that's my kind of car.

It was good working

with you guys.

- Safe travels, son.

- Are you ready to go?

- Hi baby.

- Oh, hi.

Are you the clean up crew?

- Excuse me?

- The clean up crew, the other agent came through here and said that he was sending a clean up crew to clean up the vault.

- Where's Hoffman?

- Back in the vault, that way.

- Thank you.

- Yeah?

- Mr.

mccray, it's Jason.

Look, I've had to change the location of the drop.

I'm gonna text you the address, when you get there, look in the trunk in the garage.

There you'll find your two million in unmarked bills.

After that, I want you to get the fuck out of town because we're all leaving now.

- Well you better be a man of your word.

Damn lights are out, let's get the cash and get the fuck out of here.

I'd like to see the look on the feds face when they realize the case is blown oh shit!

You motherfucker!