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# Until Death

By Dan Harris

Plainclothes officers have arrived  
on the scene.

- Plainclothes are here on the scene.

- Roger.

Hey, Stowe, check out the rookie.

Why don't you just

smoke the damn thing...

...if it'll make you calm down?

Thought you were quitting.

Where did we get

this fucking guy, anyway?

Some house for poor teenagers

who wanna play Cops and Robbers?

I'm so sorry.

I'm in New Orleans.

Watch the guy on Royal and Peters.

Here we go.

She looks hot.

She cleans up very well, huh?

That's a 10-4.

- We're going inside.

- Got that, Delta.

The target, Callahan,

has arrived at the building.

I repeat, has arrived at the building.

We're on.

Check, Detective Anthony Stowe,

Lead narcotics officer,

The time, 2024.

Target, Gabriel Callahan.

He's in the structure.

And our team on the inside

is led by Special Agent Ronson.

Well, it's finally nice to meet you.

I'm Mary.

And this is my boyfriend, Joe.

Nice jacket.

- What?

- That's a nice jacket.

It's all there. I promise.

Secret combination, Miss Johnson?

Six-six-six.

- I bet you're a pretty high roller, huh?

- Yeah, look-

- How much to get rid of you?  
- Oh, if you have a donation...  
- No, no, no.  
- ... I'd be willing to receive.  
Give me the wallet.  
Now it's our turn.  
Wait.  
Come on.  
Where's our stuff?  
A deal's a deal, right?  
You got our end.  
Tell your boy to relax.  
You just bought yourself  
a \$400 radio.  
Show me some skin.  
You want to see me undress?  
What are you,  
some kind of pervert?  
Yeah.  
I'm some kind of pervert...  
...and I wanna see everything.  
- Lost Callahan now, I've lost him.  
- I'm a normal guy.  
See this gun? Beat it.  
Get out of here.  
We're busted.  
What the hell is Stowe doing?  
I can't hear anything.  
Hey!  
Take that guy in now!  
Come on, asshole, get down!  
Come on, come on, hurry up!  
Don't move!  
Police!  
Stowe.  
- No, no, no.  
- Medics! Now!  
Ross here. Get us a medic.  
Shit, Stowe. You blew it.  
Shit!  
What the hell happened?  
Why'd you bolt so early back there?  
Callahan only likes blonds.  
You think it's gonna end like this?

That easy and simple?  
After 10 years, you're gonna send  
some cheap slut in there to fool me?  
Thought I'd give them a show?  
I gave you a show, partner.  
How long are you gonna keep up  
this "good cop" charade?  
Forever.  
It's as fake as you are.  
Next time, send in your wife.  
She's more my type,  
but you already know that, right?  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Hey, hey, it wasn't my fault.  
The comm went down, I couldn't hear!  
- Chill.  
- Come on.  
It wasn't his fault, Stowe.  
We lost two good people today.  
Better than you. Because of you.  
Fuck you.  
I know Callahan was your partner,  
Stowe. We all know that.  
But you gotta realize  
I got two dead cops I gotta explain...  
...and you can't keep letting  
your emotions make bad judgments.  
Your nine lives  
seem to be running out.  
That's fine with me.  
I've had a good run.  
Go home, Stowe.  
Clean yourself up.  
Send a prowler  
to watch Valerie tonight.  
He doesn't care  
about your wife, Stowe.  
He doesn't even care about you.  
He's just fucking with you.  
You're chasing him.  
He's not chasing you.  
Go home.  
What happened  
to the camera on Tommy?

Disappeared as well.  
And you might wanna steer clear  
of Van Huffel.  
Him and Ronson  
just got engaged last week.  
We had a little party.  
You weren't around.  
What were you doing  
on Royal Street today?  
Jerkoff.  
Tell me the truth.  
Not a bullshit lie.  
What's a punk kid like you  
doing in the Quarter, huh?  
What the fuck, man?  
I was picking up my mom.  
Hello?  
Hey, Jane, it's Val.  
Is he there yet?  
He's right here.  
Your wife.  
Hello.  
I've been trying  
to get hold of you all day.  
It's been a bad day.  
What do you want?  
I want you to ask me that again  
in a nicer tone.  
Try using some bigger words.  
Valerie, what the fuck do you want?  
That's what I'm talking about.  
Next time, why don't we try using  
some five-letter words?  
Just think where you could be  
this time next week.  
What is it?  
I wanted to make sure you're  
picking me up for dinner tonight.  
Tonight's not a good night.  
It's important, Tony.  
Hold on.  
- What?  
- How do I explain what happened?  
In English.

You went to school, right?  
It's my husband.  
Well, it's up to you.  
Tell me where.  
Karaoke bar off Frenchman.  
Hey, how you doing?  
Remember last week I covered for  
you, kept your name on that booking?  
Well, I need the favor returned.  
You picked up a kid  
from Jackson Square...  
...with a bit of pot. Nothing dealable.  
Kid's my nephew. He's a good kid.  
A pot dealer.  
That sounds like a good kid to me.  
What do you want?  
I need you to help me out here.  
He won't be able to go to college if that  
evidence sticks around, you know?  
I'll straighten him out,  
don't you worry.  
I'd do the same for you.  
Walter Curry?  
Yeah.  
He asked me  
to make some evidence disappear.  
Grass.  
Just now, in the bathroom.  
That's a serious accusation.  
I know.  
I'll take care of the funeral.  
Let him know.  
You sent her in?  
You sent her in alone, huh?  
No fucking backup, no eyes,  
and you, huh?  
You just go in there  
guns blazing, right?  
You fucking coward.  
Knock it off, man!  
- Come on, fellas.  
- Hey, they're all at it.  
- Damn.  
- She was not alone.

She was undercover.  
She had a partner.  
Now, if you really cared for her,  
you would have taken Tommy's place.  
And been there with her.  
Not at your desk.  
- Fuck you.  
- Fuck you, man!  
- Double, please.  
- Johnnie Red?  
Black tonight.  
I'm working tonight, Stowe.  
Tomorrow night. I promise.  
My treat.  
Okay.  
There you go, Stowe.  
Thanks.  
Scotch is for alcoholics.  
And my dad.  
But you don't look like an alcoholic.  
On second thought-  
What do you want to drink?  
It's on me.  
Whatever you're having.  
Are you working tonight?  
Are you?  
Come here.  
I'll make you a deal.  
I won't charge you...  
...if you won't charge me.  
God...  
I don't care if you're a fucking cop.  
You're not a fucking human being.  
Hey, buddy, you can't park here.  
I'm a cop.  
Feel free to have me towed.  
Let's welcome the singing couple.  
I'm sorry.  
Do you remember this place?  
Our first date, Anthony.  
What was our song?  
Our song?  
You at least must remember this.  
Tell me.

I'm not gonna tell you,  
that's the point.  
I went to the doctor this morning,  
Anthony.  
You okay?  
I'm pregnant.  
How could you forget to...?  
You fucking crazy, or what?  
The baby isn't yours.  
You fucked him.  
You fucked Callahan, right?  
You're sick.  
Don't ever talk to me again.  
Don't try to fuck the valet  
on your way out!  
Oh, fuck.  
Yo, almost ready, man.  
We got another call coming in.  
Bad luck, buddy.  
Come on, asshole!  
Three days at the most.  
Just trying to get my coat.  
That's all I was trying to do.  
- Fucking shit!  
- Walt!  
Walt's drunk.  
He won't turn over his gun  
or his badge.  
He wants to speak to you.  
- Give me your vest.  
- Shit!  
Fuck!  
Clean shit! Look at it, get it done!  
Gotta clean all this shit, all of it!  
God! Come on.  
One favor, and it's all gone.  
You come to me...  
...pointing a gun at me.  
I've known you for 15 years,  
and you point a gun at me.  
This place is a shithole. Literally.  
Call the police force  
a disciplinary force?  
Shit and piss everywhere.



You know what I mean.  
You got a gun  
and a bulletproof vest.  
Always a fucking guy  
with a bulletproof vest.  
You don't trust yourself,  
do you, Stowe?  
Anyway...  
You think I'm gonna shoot you?  
You think I wouldn't aim  
for your head?  
I was a cop for 21 years.  
Didn't once wear a bulletproof vest.  
Never even killed anyone.  
Only drew my gun twice.  
It was a perfect record.  
Till yesterday.  
Because of you...  
...because of a favor,  
I lost my pension.  
Gonna retire next month,  
and now I'm gone with nothing.  
You turn tail on Callahan,  
that's fine.  
He's a dealer, scumbag, murderer,  
always was.  
You rat on me...  
...fuck you for that!  
You're not the only one who can  
bust a cop, but the only one that will.  
And I can smell  
the booze and H from here.  
You're the fucking dinosaur, not me!  
You deserve it.  
- Yeah, yeah, all right.  
- Okay, let's go.  
- Sorry, Walt.  
- Yeah, good work, boys.  
Hey, junkie.  
Gentlemen.  
Don't even think about it.  
This is hot intel.  
And I don't have an address.  
Run with it. You know what to do.

Now, Larenz Brighton.  
He's a security guard  
for a company called ISC.  
And we tracked an e-mail  
from Callahan to this guy.  
And Surveillance, like you asked...  
...lifted this image of Callahan.  
I want you to get on it.  
And take Serge with you.  
Stowe, where are you?  
Come in, Stowe.  
I know you're there, Stowe.  
- You've skipped school?  
- It's Martin Luther King, Jr. Day.  
Have you seen these faces?  
Yeah, I've seen him. Few blocks  
from here, near Frenchman Street.  
What about this guy?  
No.  
- Hey, get in.  
- No, thanks, man.  
Hey, hey. Get in.  
You don't have a choice.  
- So that's where he's staying, huh?  
- Yeah, in that block.  
If you see this guy, call me.  
You serious?  
All right, thanks.  
Thanks, man.  
Damn it, Stowe,  
I'm not gonna sit out here all day.  
Shit.  
Larenz Brighton, open the door.  
Police.  
What do you want?  
I want to talk to Larenz, miss.  
- He's not here.  
- I know he is.  
Do you have a warrant?  
Yes, as a matter of fact, I do.  
Larenz, come out.  
With your hands up.  
I just wanna talk to you.  
Miss, can you convince your husband

to come out?  
Okay, then.  
Let's go for a walk  
down to the station.  
Next time you want to sneak up  
on someone...  
...check the reflection.  
Sit down.  
I'm starved.  
All this excitement makes me hungry.  
Don't be shy.  
Dig in.  
I'm not hungry.  
Where do you work?  
ISC.  
I'm in Dispatch.  
Nice apartment.  
You must have a strong union.  
What do you want?  
I need information.  
And I'm a human lie detector.  
So don't even try to lie to me.  
Talk to me about Callahan.  
I don't know anyone  
named Callahan.  
You broke the first rule already.  
Let's start again.  
I'm telling you the truth.  
I don't know  
who you're talking about.  
Where were you when the heist  
went down on Jackson Square?  
I didn't hear about it.  
I was at work.  
You were at work during something  
you don't know about?  
Strange.  
Strange to me.  
I didn't hear about it.  
No!  
- Listen, there is a gun in your mouth.  
- No, no, no!  
I might not be able  
to understand you clearly.

So nod your head if you want to live.

Where is Callahan?

I don't know.

I'm a wheelman from time to time.

A lookout.

I'm not part of the plan.

I don't deal directly with Callahan.

He never calls me.

It's always through a middleman.

Who is?

They change from job to job.

Every time they call,  
it's a different person.

Who is Callahan's man  
in the police force?

You're kidding me? Motherfucker.

It's you.

Anthony Stowe, right?

You're the inside man.

Shit.

No! Larenz, no!

If you wanna take a shot at a cop,  
make sure you kill him.

And the fact that you're willing  
to take that shot...

...means you have a lot to say.

Thanks.

No problem.

Officer-involved shooting.

I need two suits and a toe tagger.

Thank you.

It's on me.

Come on.

Let's get you something to eat.

All right, pal.

That's enough for you.

Come on, let's go home.

This way.

There.

It's after hours,

but they keep it open for me.

Hey, Lucy, what can I get you guys?

Hey, Frank.

Water for me,

and he'll take two doubles of Scotch.  
Straight up.  
What's the problem, Anthony?  
Let me guess.  
Case of a lifetime  
didn't go the way you planned?  
I'll be right back, Anthony.  
I have to use the bathroom.  
Come on.  
You wanna kill me?  
You wanna kill me?  
Show yourself, huh?  
Remember me?  
Surprised?  
Didn't see this one coming,  
did you, narc cop?  
Any last words?  
No?  
Well, I have a few for you.  
I...  
Good night.  
N.O.P.D. Down, down, down!  
Okay, come on, now.  
- Come on, let's go.  
- Come on, come on, come on.  
Go, go, go!  
- Need some assistance here!  
- Stand back.  
Get back, please.  
One, two, three.  
Coming through, coming through.  
Clear!  
Any last words?  
You're the fucking dinosaur!  
The baby's not yours.  
Not me.  
He's just fucking with you.  
I'm pregnant.  
Clear!  
I think he's lost too much blood.  
They said he was a fighter, though.  
They said he was a bastard, actually.  
Hi, I'm Dr. Gaudio.  
I operated on Mr. Stowe.

Mac Baylor, chief of police.  
I believe this is for you.  
The bullet entered Mr. Stowe's  
lower jaw...  
...and was deflected upwards,  
destroying his nasal cavity...  
...and finally coming to rest here  
in his skull.  
Basically, he's very lucky  
to still be alive.  
But it's still unclear to us when, if ever,  
he'll come out of the coma he's in.  
Thank you.  
Okay.  
So...  
I'll call you.  
Okay. Okay.  
- Bye.  
- See you later.  
Chief, I need you in Anthony's office  
right away.  
Jesus.  
Some hero, huh?  
So will you be reporting this  
to the feds, or should I?  
After all he's been through?  
Let it go.  
He's a dirty cop. He always was.  
Don't let your pain  
interfere with your judgment.  
The way Anthony Stowe  
lived his life, right?  
Look at that.  
Hi.  
Well, hello.  
Welcome back to earth.  
Can you understand  
what I'm saying?  
You've been asleep  
for 57 years.  
- Just kidding, man.  
- Nurse Carter?  
Man, I was running checks,  
and his eyes, they just opened.

Do you know where you are,  
Mr. Stowe?  
Do you know what happened to you?  
Amazing.  
Let's run some tests  
and move him to Recovery.  
Welcome back, buddy.  
Mac.  
He has nowhere else to go, Val.  
You're gonna have a security detail  
watching your place 24 hours a day.  
Jesus, Mac.  
And like I said,  
he needs a familiar face.  
And you're entitled to the fund.  
We're getting a divorce.  
Well, you certainly can't  
divorce him now.  
And you know it.  
Take a left and down the hall.  
I love you, Mark...  
...not him.  
But I feel responsible  
for what happened to him.  
- They're gonna be knocked out.  
- Now, why do you call it the G5?  
Well, because I have  
five sons named George.  
Okay.  
We have five  
interchangeable plates here.  
The original,  
all-purpose slanting grill...  
- Right.  
- ... that channels away the fat.  
What?  
"Earth-  
What?  
Angel. "  
Mrs. Stowe?  
- What time is it?  
  
- **It's 6:**  
- Oh, I must have just-

- No. It's okay, Mrs. Stowe.  
But you should probably know,  
it's not morally proper...  
...to help yourself  
to those that can't say no.  
I'm just kidding, Mrs. Stowe.  
- Please, call me Valerie.  
- Then call me Clemmy.  
He talked last night.  
Yeah, he's been starting  
to do that lately.  
It's gibberish, unfortunately.  
I think he was trying  
to say "earth" and "angel. "  
- That's very romantic.  
- It was our song.  
Well, a long time ago.  
So I hear my partner's  
fighting his way back from the dead.  
It's not a fight a person can win.  
Good work. Keep me informed.  
A.  
And?  
B.  
E.  
D.  
Enough.  
All right. Come on,  
let's work on that body of yours.  
You know, chre, you lost some  
of your senses.  
Your vision  
is gonna be a bit blurry...  
...and taste and touch usually  
take the longest to come back.  
Usually about six months  
for your taste buds to kick in.  
As far as touch...  
When there's nerve damage,  
it can take up to a year.  
Or it might never come back,  
sweetie.  
Watch this.  
Gerry?



What are you doing?

Sorry, it's been a crazy day.

Is there anything I can do?

No.

Nothing.

Listen, there's something

I have to ask.

What did you ever see in that guy?

Well...

...it's hard to explain.

Yeah?

Yeah.

You know what,

I think I should go back to my place.

Fine.

A pregnant woman  
should not drink.

Yes, I know.

But after today, after all this...

How's your leg?

Much better, thank you.

- Now, Anthony, have a seat.

- Not tonight.

You look very beautiful.

Holy fuck!

Hi.

Hi.

How are you?

Good. I mean,

my taste buds don't work.

I've got this fucking limp.

And my nerve ending are fried.

Other than that, I'm good.

What about you?

Well...

I'm good, Anthony.

I'm pretty good.

What are you doing here?

You wanna see the chief?

- Yeah.

- Come on.

Hi.

Jesus, look.

- I'm sorry about-

- It's okay.  
- She was a great cop.  
- I said...  
...it's okay.  
Come in.  
I want to come back.  
Back?  
As a narc detective?  
I don't know.  
You think you're ready?  
Well, you're not.  
- I am.  
- No, you're not.  
You really think I'm gonna let you back,  
knowing what I found in your desk?  
If I were you...  
...and you were me,  
you'd have had me put away for that.  
Brain damaged or not.  
Just be thankful  
you're a free man.  
We'll get them. We're close.  
Look, Stowe, you know, it's just good  
to see you up and at them.  
Just tell me one thing.  
I know Callahan was there...  
...when the kid shot you...  
...then shot off his own hand.  
What really went down that night?  
I don't remember.  
Nothing?  
You had seven months  
to figure this out...  
...and now you're telling me...  
...you've been waiting for me?  
I'm sorry, Stowe.  
Like I said, you know,  
it's just good...  
...just to see you walking  
around here.  
Let me know if you need anything.  
Anything but your old job.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.

- You okay?

- Yeah.

Show me your hands, asshole!

- Drop your weapon.

- Down! Down! Down!

- Move. Move.

- Where's your arms?

- Down.

- Let's move.

Keep down.

- On the floor.

- Down. Down. Down.

- Clear.

- Get down. Show me your hands.

Okay.

Clear!

Stay down. Don't move.

Room clear.

Shit.

Secure.

It's clean. Completely.

We got played.

They don't even have a basement.

You know, I'm not even sure

Callahan has ever been here.

- Officer down!

- Sniper!

Get down! Stay behind the car.

- Check your roofs!

- Cover him. Cover him.

- Up there.

- I got you. I got you. I got you covered.

Check him. Check him.

- Hey, kid.

- Hey.

Actually, you know, it's Chad.

Chad Mansen.

Chad Mansen.

You should look into changing that.

It's Mansen with an E-N,

not an O-N, so...

Clementine told me you passed by

a few times while I was under.

Do I owe you money or something?

No. No, but I owe you some  
information that you already paid for.  
You asked me to  
keep my eye open...  
- ... for this Callahan guy.  
- Yeah.  
Well, I saw him.  
- You saw him?  
- Yeah.  
When you went upstairs  
to that guy's townhouse...  
...he showed up 10 minutes later,  
casing the place.  
Then cops and ambulances  
showed up and he took off.  
I tried so hard to get to you...  
...but the cops  
wouldn't let me near you.  
I tried to call you,  
but your service was disconnected.  
Thanks, kid.  
Chad.  
Been watching the news.  
Been feeling so guilty about all this.  
This was going to happen...  
...no matter what.  
Well, if you need anything,  
just let me know.  
What's in the bag?  
Oh, it's fresh fruit from the market.  
Last time I saw you, didn't look  
like you were eating well.  
Later.  
Be careful.  
One second.  
Hi.  
You have no right to be here.  
Can I take a minute of your time?  
Is Walt around?  
Walt is working two jobs  
because of what you did.  
What's this?  
Jesus Christ, Stowe.  
Who'd you screw over

to come up with this sort of cash?

The force has insurance for these kinds of accidents.

And I don't need the money.

I guess also

I want to say I'm- I'm sorry.

Sorry, partner.

- Valerie?

- I'm over here, Anthony.

Where are you going?

Mark has a condo on Canal, so...

Yeah, I was just getting the last of my stuff.

I thought I was supposed to go.

I can leave today.

No.

It's your place...

...and you need to be here.

You're in no condition.

Neither are you.

As quick as usual.

So.

So.

So take care of yourself.

Take care of the baby, huh?

Fuck.

Come in.

Hey, Mr. Stowe.

Sorry to bother you.

Looks like the fruit worked.

You look great.

Thanks.

I've got to go somewhere.

I'll be back in half an hour.

- You can hang out if you want.

- Where are you going, boss?

To right a wrong.

- Be back in a second, okay?

- Okay. Cool. I can chill.

- Hello.

- Mark? Is Valerie here?

Is this some kind of joke?

She's going back to you, Anthony.

Tony? Tony?

- Oh, hey, Mrs. Stowe.  
- Hey, Chad.  
- Where's Tony?  
- I think he went looking for you.  
Mrs. Stowe.  
Who-? What the-? Get off.  
Val?  
My man wants to see you.  
Or your ex-wife is dead.  
She's my wife.  
Not my ex.  
All right. Here.  
Drop the gun.  
Well, Anthony.  
Long time since we've talked together,  
just me and you.  
Let her go...  
...and take me.  
We had it good, Anthony.  
We were narc cops.  
I was the supplier...  
...but you fucked it all up when  
you decided to become a consumer.  
But I was never a bad cop, Gabriel.  
You know, Anthony...  
...your fatal flaw is that  
you never understood who you were.  
We're both bad cops.  
It's just that I'm out of the closet.  
It must be freeing.  
You must have been in a lot of pain  
for a long time, huh?  
Another man banging your wife  
while you were in a coma.  
How do you think I feel?  
Waiting for my partner to come...  
...and take everything away from me  
that I'd ever earned.  
You were the only one  
who could take me down.  
But not even you could do it.  
Not anymore.  
Yeah, I wanted to fuck your wife.  
But I didn't do it. No.

Never did. You wanna know why?  
Because at the time,  
she loved you too much.  
Isn't that some shit? She loved you.  
It goes back to what I told you...  
...that night you got shot  
in the medulla oblongata.  
I lied to you.  
I wanted you to go to hell knowing  
I was fucking your wife.  
Why couldn't you just  
stay in the coma, Anthony?  
You were always  
so goddamn indestructible.  
Well, not anymore.  
My business in New Orleans  
is done.  
I'm heading to the new frontier.  
Starting a family.  
Me and my new wife.  
How do you like that, Tony?  
Me, a father.  
By the way, who is the father?  
Your evidence from the townhouse,  
Anthony.  
You remember all that, don't you?  
Brain still working, Tony?  
But here's the really beautiful part.  
Meet your hero.  
Cleanest cop in the world...  
...who always had a suspicion  
that Anthony Stowe was a dirty cop.  
Dirty cop gets killed.  
Clean cop gets a shiny new medal.  
I love this country.  
Nothing personal, Tony.  
But it works well for me,  
you have to agree, huh?  
There is one flaw.  
You're suicidal, Van. I like that.  
One thing I learned in the past two  
years is you don't leave loose ends.  
I'm a pretty big loose end.  
Now, you need an escape,

but what I need is assurances...

...and insurance.

You've acquired a dictionary  
since we last spoke.

You make it out of here,  
you'll get your pension.

It's a good life. Maybe.

But if you wanna make it out of here,  
point your gun at Mr. Stowe.

Callahan.

Van Huffel.

- Hey, I'm Jimmy.

- Shut the fuck up, Jimmy.

Put your guns down.

Well, congratulations, Anthony.

You have another friend after all.

Hear that? It's over.

All right. All right. All right.

All right.

Chad forgives you.

Not me.

Tony!

- The car.

- I'll cover.

How many do you count?

- Six or seven.

- Jesus.

Got to go.

You're on your own, buddy.

This horse's gone lame.

- Come on.

- Tony!

Help!

- Walter.

- Yeah, Stowe.

Here.

- Come on!

- Fuck you.

- Get the fuck up!

- Go on. Fucking shoot me.

Come on.

Hey!

- Stop. Stop!

- What?



- I have to stop.

- Come on!

Tony.

Welcome back.

Detective Harrington,

meet Detective Anthony Stowe.

- Detective.

- Someone had to watch your back.

She qualified on the range

before she got your assignment.

You gotta hear this.

In the search

of Van Huffel's house...

...we found a good portion

of the monies...

...and the camera

from Tommy's jacket.

You gotta look at this.

- What the fuck did you do that for?

- Sorry, baby, he's a loose end.

- So are you.

- We were fucking partners!

- What the fuck are you talking about?

- Last words, detective.

Get that gun out of my face.

We don't need this whore.

Take the stuff.

I'll see you when the heat dies down.

And don't forget the camera.

Go!

Ripeados por Lilypat