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Wanted: Dead or Alive

By Michael Patrick Goodman

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Welcome to darkness
There's blood in the air
The angel of death's
Descending the stairs
The madness and sadness
the kiss of the gun
Cover your ass
as you stay on the run
It's the bonus time
It's time to collect
The joker is wild
And he's back in the deck
The lowdown, the go-around
the showdown in hell
Stay on the move
or you won't live to tell
Hey, John!
What'll you drink?
Whiskey.
Get me a beer.
Let's get the fuck outta here.
Come on!
You're not gonna do anything.
That's enough for that lousy beer.
Tick-tock cut to the chase
Time's runnin' out
and they're usin' live bait
Street's infected
and crawl in the slime
The neon nightmare is about to unwind
Welcome to Los Angeles, rabbi.
Enjoy your stay.
Shalom. Shalom.
- How are you?
- I'm fine.
Welcome to L.A.
Keep the truck runnin', Hardy.
Bring me some beer.
Get some beers.
Don't you go starin' at me,
you goddamn slope!
We should've nuked your
asses when we had the chance.

- If I'd have been there, we would have.
- Leave him alone!
Ready for that beer, Pete!
Push "no sale", and put
the fuckin' cash on the counter!
Get this shit out to the truck.
Are we gonna take her with us?
Darlin', we gonna have us
a good time tonight.
Gonna teach me how to party?
She's gonna teach me how to party!
You're gonna teach me
how to party, baby!
But I gotta kill this old man first.
What the hell are you do...
How you want it, slope?
Fast or slow? Motherfucker?
Charlie?
My fuckin' head!
Goddamn son of a bitch!
You motherfucker!
Charlie.
Hold your breath.
Drop the gun.
Charlie, you smell.
You broke my fuckin' arm, man!
Keep the change.
Thank you. Walk!
Detective Quintz, please.
Nick Randall.
Danny?
Meet me outside.
I've got a present for you.
An F.B.I. wanted.
A cop killer.
His name is Charles Higgins.
Pull his file and give me
a booking number.
No, no, I'm not coming inside.
I don't like cops,
and they don't like me.
Yeah.
So, where's my present?
- Why the hell is he in the trunk?

- Take a whiff.
You son of a bitch!
You broke my fuckin' arm, man!
Locked me in his trunk.
Didn't read me no rights.
Hey, I'm a free man.
Judge'll send you up, and I'll walk.
Ever heard of the Miranda Act, sucker?
Charlie, you haven't been arrested yet.
- What?
- I'm not a cop.
Are you a fuckin' bounty hunter?
A sleaze-bag bounty hunter.
Take care of this piece of shit,
will you?
Yes, sir.
What do you wanna do
about the paperwork?
Let's do it at my office?
Good idea.
I'll see you in five minutes.
I'll get you, cocksucker!
Goddamn it! Shit!
Hey, Nickels, good to see you.
- ...A great deal...
- ...Vamos a escuchar...
- The life of the flesh is death.
I wired the satellite solenoids
to the detonators.
Beautiful.
Has a range of two miles.
If it's that far away, I can't watch.
\$25.000.
Not bad for a night's work, Nickels.
It's 40. Read the small print.
There's a \$15.000 bonus
if he can still talk.
How do you put up
with this shit, Danny?
Every time I touch
one of those scumbags, I...
I take a lot of showers
and Louise scrubs my... back.
How is she?

That's what you need: a lady.
A nice lady for a change,
instead of these bimbos you go out with.
Let me tell you something.
I found one.
First name is Terry.
She's a stewardess.
Another stewardess.
She's getting her doctorate
in anthropology.
We've been goin' out
for three months now.
Three months?
Three fucking months?
Jesus, that's a goddamn
silver anniversary for you.
Come on, tell me some more.
Louise is gonna ask me
a million questions
when she finds out
you got a girlfriend.
Did you tell Louise
you bought a motorcycle?
No, I didn't tell her
I bought a motorcycle.
So why should you tell her
I got a girlfriend? Piss off.
Sign this.
She know what you do?
No.
I told her what I did.
She thinks
I'm in the security business.
I hate this shit.
What? Paperwork?
Fuck you.
Listen, buddy.
You burnt your bridges, not them.
You wanna build 'em up again,
you build 'em.
Yeah, sure.
Listen. Once you've quit
the company, you've quit.
Don't they teach you cops

how to clean these?

Up yours.

Now...

I figure I'll bring in a few more bad guys,
put the money in my boat
and see a bit of the world.

You've seen it.

But this time without a bull's-eye
painted on my forehead.

You can't fool me, man.

That's exactly what you miss
that bull's-eye.

Thank you.

You might wanna wait.

This is the last ten minutes.

I've seen it four times.

This is my favorite part.

All right.

Morrison, city desk.

How can I help you?

This is Malak al Rahim.

Let me save you a little confusion,
Mr. Morrison.

Tonight you'll be receiving phone calls
from a number of people
claiming responsibility
for what I am about to do.

Malak al Rahim is supposed
to be in South Yemen.

- How do I know it's actually you?

- You'll know it was me.

I'm outside the Fox Cinema.

- Hi, Tommy.

- Hey, Nick.

What a wonderful surprise.

Bonnie owed me a favor.

Took the Denver run,
and I've got four days off.

I guess I owe Bonnie a favor.

You smell so good.

I'm getting stabbed in the back.

"The effect of changing..."

"...climatic conditions..."

"...on the nomadic tribes

of Maure-Tan-Ya."

Mauretania.

Listen, it was a lot more
painful reading it
than it was lying on it,
believe me.

Are you trying to tell
me you want to study?

I really should.

I don't think so.

I don't think so.

But there is a great
bottle of wine in the fridge.

Okay.

To Bonnie.

Where'd you get that?

It's not mine.

No.

It belonged to Jedidiah Larkin.

Wagon train scout,
mountain man, trailblazer.

Even tried his hand
at being a lawman.

And this was his only
constant companion.

He was the strong,
silent type - a loner.

He loved adventure,
danger, new frontiers.

- Did he ride a motorcycle?

- No, he didn't ride a motorcycle.

Just after the civil war,
he got fed up with
what the rail roads and the bureaucrats
and everybody else
was turning the frontier into
so he sold everything he owned
and he disappeared.

And nobody knows where he went.

He went to San Francisco.

He caught a freighter to South America
and... got lost in the arms
of the Amazon...

lady.

You are full of shit.
My grandfather used
to tell me stories.
He would get drunk first,
then he would sit on the bed
and tell stories about the old west.
About his father, Joshua Randall.
About all the other Josh Randalls,
Jed Larkins.
Nicky, that sounds terrible.
Thanks.
You're welcome.
Bacon? Sausages?
- Neither.
- You get both.
So do I.
Buttered toast?
- Yeah. Why not?
- All right. This is how I do it.
- This is a news break.
- It's nice, Nicky.
- A terrorist bombing rocked Los Angeles.
- I think so.
Here. Last night about 10:00...
Oh, my God, Nicky. Look at this.
A series of bombs went off
at a Los Angeles movie theater
killing 138 people.
That's terrible.
Yeah. Have some coffee.
...received a telephone call from
a man claiming to be Malak al Rahim
one of the world's most
notorious terrorists.
The man claimed
responsibility for the attack
and told the newspaper
exactly when and where...
Hi, Bill. I forgot all about
you coming here this morning.
Bill, this is Terry.
Terry, this is Bill Stanford.
- One of my best-paying clients.
- My pleasure.

- Nice to meet you.
- I'm sorry for being rude...
but I'm running late, and we have
to go over some business.
Perhaps you could excuse us.
Why don't we take a walk?
We'll be back in a couple of minutes.
Bill, did you see this?
But I would like to say that the police
force and our intelligence agencies
are workin' overtime on this problem.
Yeah. Terrible, isn't it?
Hundreds more were injured,
with several listed as critical.
Many more are feared missing,
and rescue crews
are searching through
the rubble at this hour.
Authorities say positive identification
of some of the bodies may be impossible.
Bill Stanford?
I like that.
What the hell are you doing here?
Now that's a nice way
to talk to an old friend
you haven't seen in three years.
Phil, friends are people who show up
in a bathing suit with a six-pack
not dressed up
like one of the Brooks brothers.
This is company business.
Cut to the chase.
Okay. Malak al Rahim.
That's a lot better.
Yeah.
He left us his handprint
on a telephone booth.
- We need you.
- Give me a break.
Between the C.I.A.,
the F.B.I., the L.A.P.D.
you've got 4.000 men on the street.
- Why would you need me?
- This is a flash point situation, Nick.

We need the best.
Bullshit "the best".
That was three years ago.
I'm working my own scams now.
Who's bullshittin' who?
You and I both know
you hate collecting garbage.
At least I know who my enemies are.
I hate getting stabbed in the back.
Well, that hasn't changed.
But at least we pay well for the risk.
Two hundred in a rearview mirror.
Okay. If it's any consolation
it'll be me watching your back.
\$250.000, Nick
if you can get it done in a week.
Who'd know I'm in?
Danny at F.B.I. and... us.
- Lipton?
- That's who I work for.
No surveillance on me?
No interference?
And immunity from prosecution.
What are you bustin' my balls for?
You know goddamn well we
can't promise immunity!
What's the bonus
if I bring him in alive?
Another 50.000.
Okay.
Just wanna know
how much I'm gonna lose
when I blow this scumbag away.
Come on, let's take a ride.
I'm gonna tell Terry first.
Don't bother. She's leaving
you a note right now.
It seems, her friend Bonnie
came down with the flu
so they're gonna need Terry
on the Denver flight.
You tricky bastards.
Sue me. Get in the car.
They figure there were two bombs.

One on the gas main
and one here in the theater.
What do you got?
Bad news, Phil.
We found the detonator.
It was triggered by
a state-of-the-art remote solenoid.
- Very high-tech.
- Satellite quality.
Gives us a place to start.
Wanna go get a beer?
At this hour?
You'll ruin my image.
- Did you get a good shot?
- Yeah, real clean.
- Get it in the pipeline, quick.
- Okay.
We got him.
Randall really doesn't have
much use for you, does he?
Ha! Would you do
what we're doing to a pal?
Your sources are right.
This is the guy. A little bonus.
I've been waiting to kill him
for a long time.
A long time.
- How you doin'?
- Hey, Phil.
Yeah?
And who else?
No, we're on a clean line.
I got a voltage meter
right here on the phone.
Bullshit.
I know you're tapping my phone.
You're watching me.
If somebody's watching you,
Randall, it's not us.
I see.
Must be Santa Claus.
What else is new?
That, switch was NASA stuff.
There's only one distributor

out here in California.
Weber Electronics.
Yeah. Yeah.
And they've accounted
for every one of them except eight.
Seems they had a burglary.
In fact, two.
One in December and one last month.
L.A.P.D.'s got reports on both of them.
We're waiting for them.
I'll get it myself.
You are my sunshine
my only sunshine
you make me happy
when I feel blue
Jesus!
Why the tail?
You're under protective surveillance.
Tell Lipton you lost me.
Danny! Get over here!
The M.O. on both burglaries
is very similar.
Yeah, but we got that guy
in the December burglary.
Dumb schmuck thought Weber
Electronics was a stereo warehouse.
Nailed him in a week.
He's been sittin' in county ever since.
- I wanna talk to him.
- That's hard, Nickel.
Today.
That's harder.
What kind of case you workin' on?
It'll pay enough
to get the boat finished.
Make the call.
You son of a bitch.
That bull's-eye is back.
You remember the number?
Look, I told you.
I don't know nothin'
about no second burglary.
All I know is you got me
locked up in this fuckin' cage.

We're wasting time.
Quieres un cafe?
- Crema y azucar.
- You heard him.
Cream and sugar, and black for me.
I'm not leavin' you
alone with him, Randall.
He's my responsibility.
Make sure it's fresh...
And real hot.
Sorry, Luis.
- Hiya, Danny.
- Hi.
I like the cigar.
- Let me fuckin' go!
- Who did you sell your M.O. to?
- A name. A name.
- F...Farnsworth, asshole!
Farnsworth!
Spell it.
Honey, horse-shit wrestling's on.
You want your dinner, or what?
The way you cook, who gives a shit?
The bell will ring any minute now
for this exhibition match
between the Lone Strangler
and the Argentine gaucho,
Guillermo Martelli.
- What is that, mystery meat?
- I'll give you mystery meat.
Get that.
This is my favorite show.
You get that.
Shit.
What do you think of
the Strangler's chances?
Jack, I think the Strangler's got...
Yeah, yeah, I'm comin'.
Who is it?
I'm looking for Farnsworth.
- Who wants him?
- A friend of Luis Sanchez.
You buyin' or sellin'?
Collecting.

What the fuck?
What the fuck are you doin', man?
Hey, this is my house.
Get the fuck outta my house!
- Hey, I'm talkin' to you, goldilocks!
- You don't pay your bills.
What the fuck does that... put the...
where you goin' with my golf.
You play? Get outta there.
Play what?
- Luis says you ripped him off.
- Yeah?
The son of a bitch is a liar.
I paid him the thousand dollars.
I sent the goddamn Cuban cigars.
I even tried to get
his prison sentence shortened.
I couldn't get to anybody.
What the fuck does he want?
More.
He's getting out tomorrow.
Man needs an uzi.
Five hundred bucks
and he's got an uzi.
I'd like to know
the name of the rag head
you sold the detonators to.
You said you didn't sell
nothin' dangerous to those Arabs!
Shut up!
- You shut up!
- Everything's in the garage!
Everything!
The guns, the records!
I want all that stuff out!
I didn't want him to do any of this!
Relax.
You made it out of Nam alive,
didn't you?
Yeah.
That's too bad.
A lot of good guys didn't.
Yeah, Phil, I got a name.
Abdul Renza. R-E-N-Z-A.

Student at U.C.L.A.

I need an address, license plate...

Anything you can get.

And tell Lipton to pull
the surveillance on my boat.

Don't give me that bullshit.

I not only made the bastard,

I marked him for you.

Yeah.

The sequence of events

is very important.

First we have to create enough heat.

These four tanks

all contain flammable liquids.

They have to be ruptured

with an incendiary device.

Then this tank here containing oxygen

and this one containing hydrogen

have to be blown in that order.

That will increase the heat

and create water vapor.

The next thing is to blow

the refrigeration system

and the methyl isocyanate tank.

When that tank blows

the M.I.C. will become aerosol.

The prevailing winds will do

the rest of your job for you.

Conservative estimate:

30.000 dead.

This will make Bhopal, India

look like a minor traffic accident.

Yeah. Hi, Phil.

How you doing?

I'm at a drive-in having dinner.

Did you get me the address?

Yeah.

I know where that is.

Yeah. I got it.

And a black Mercedes 450SL.

Isn't it nice to have money?

Yeah. Talk to you later.

Yeah.

This is 1436.

Run a sweep on my line, will you?

I'll hold.

All clear? Thank you.

Randall sure is fast.

Faster than I gave him credit for.

We're gonna have to haul ass to,
make this thing happen.

- Where is he now?

- Somewhere downtown. He's in his car.

Your Arab contact is what...

six, seven layers away from Malak?

Randall's downtown.

If I knew that, we wouldn't have
to set up Randall. Would we?

What's your leak-time, Henderson?

It usually takes a couple of hours
for stuff to run the grapevine.

We have to slow down Randall.

Then I'll take care of that too.

- Slow down Nick.

- Come in, Walker.

All right.

Philmore Walker,

this is Dave Henderson.

- He's in from Denver.

- Phil's the name.

- How do you do?

- Nice to meet you.

You should get yourself an electric.

Think of the money

you will save in band-aids.

That's very good.

I...I think I'll take your advice.

- How's your boy doin'?

- Good.

He's zeroed in on the suspect
that bought the solenoids.

Terrific. Do we give him backup?

You wanna get some guys killed?

I don't understand.

He already beat the shit
out of one poor bastard
this morning he thought
we had following him.

Every law enforcement agency
in this country is on this case.

It's possible that someone
is following him.

- But not from this office?

- Not from this office.

You got the address, right?

Alteransa.

Wilshire and Arden. Okay.

Amir.

Here he comes.

- Yeah?

- Watch your back.

Target's been delayed.

Malak.

Unit 23.

Unit 23.

We have Renza's building
under surveillance. Suspend delay.

Ten-four.

Hey, Pat, the fed's signalling you.

Okay, just sign this, sir,
and you're free to go.

By the way, Mr. Randall

I suggest in the future you exercise
just a little bit more caution
in your driving.

Good night.

Malak wants them both dead.

Here's the address.

Aziz sent this... just in case.

I see him. He's driving
into Renza's garage now.

Renza's black Mercedes
just pulled into the driveway.

They were using him as bait.

They thought I'd be stupid enough
to risk myself to kill just one man.

Okay, Renza,

who sent you to Farnsworth?

Who sent you?

Who wanted those detonators?

- I don't know.

- A name!

- Come on!
- Aziz!
Aziz! Robert Aziz!
Robert Aziz!
Robert Aziz!
Shit!
- We want him alive!
- He's got a bomb!
You killed those men!
I could've stopped him.
The object of the mission was
to take at least one of them alive.
Weren't you briefed?
- Nick...
- You stay out of this.
You son of a bitch!
Get that out of my face...
Or you're a dead man.
Who the hell do you think you are
you can use me as bait?
You're a fisherman, Randall.
Live bait works best.
I know this is out
of character for you, Lipton
but I want the truth.
Why me?
Beirut. February, 1978.
Remember?
Come on, Randall.
You were given an assignment
to terminate five enemy operatives.
Four are dead.
The one you missed wants your ass.
Malak al Rahim...
as he now calls himself.
He should really thank you,
because you made him number one.
But the other four were his friends.
There's no way
he could have known that it was me
- ...without your help.
- Sure.
But, we'd already
moved you to South America

saving you up for a rainy day.
Check your hook, asshole.
You're losing your bait.
You're better off with us
than without us, Randall.
We got a lot of men on you.
There's no way you can slip us.
Don't bet on it!
You better go placate your desert dwellers
before they find out you set 'em up.
Right.
What the hell's the point
in sending him out there?
It's over. We blew it!
We scared him off.
You don't understand, Pat.
We're not dealing with one
of your home-grown scumbags.
Malak's an animal.
He doesn't get scared. He gets even.
Next time you decide
to fuck me, Lipton
kiss me first!
Unit 7, he's headin' towards you.
As-salamu alaykum.
Armand, garbage.
I swear, Allah al-Hazim
I had no idea there was that
much surveillance out there.
That's all right, Henderson.
Don't worry.
This is Unit 42. I'm on him.
I'm behind him,
heading north on Figueroa.
Hey!
Lock it up. He's on foot.
Mr. Lipton.
Randall gave us the slip.
How many goddamn men do you
need to cover one man?
- You...
- Get outta the way!
Wait a minute. No.
Lipton, it's for you.

Lipton.

You've got four men.

Follow anybody that leaves there.

But don't blow Henderson's cover.

Yeah.

- You got anything?

- Yeah.

A headache.

Henderson went in,

but he didn't come out.

We lost Randall.

You lost Henderson.

We're still no closer to Malak.

We're doin' just fuckin' great,
ain't we?

Randall will surface, and Henderson
can take care of himself.

What's that?

Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms
sent us a list of everything
that Farnsworth admitted
selling to Renza.

Christ. They're loaded for bear.

I tell you something, John.

He is planning something real big.

I thought he was here on vacation.

- A boat.

- Where? Where?

- Where? Where?

- A boat, a boat...

- Where? Where?

- San... Pedro...

- Where?

- San Pedro Boat Works.

Good.

How do we know he's telling the truth?

Look at him. Look at him!

You wouldn't lie to me,

would you, Agent Henderson?

Would you?

Kill him?

Nicky?

You came to see me.

I wasn't here.

You're leaving right now.
You gotta leave. You understand?
- No!
- You gotta leave!
Nicky, what the hell is going on?
It's not as bad as it looks.
It's a game.
These guys are following me.
- I'm trying to give them the slip.
- Are you in trouble?
It's business, old business.
Are you in danger?
- I just gotta disappear.
- For how long?
A week. Maybe less.
What can I do to help?
Just be here when I get back.
Sure.
Terry...
I love you.
I love you.
As soon as I leave, turn on the light.
Pretend I wasn't here.
And don't watch me go.
Okay?
All right?
- Not okay?
- No.
Nicky.
You forgot something.
Yeah.
- Hi, Phil.
- Hey.
- Who's on board?
- Just his girlfriend.
We searched the boat earlier.
It was empty.
She just showed up a little while ago.
Quintz here.
You wanna have some fun?
I'm trying to lose a tail.
My raincoat is waiting for you
in a garbage can on Fourth and Flower.
Put it on. Drive down to my boat.

Park the car, leave the keys
and take the boat out
for a couple of hours.

Yes, sir.

If they think I'm on the boat
they'll stop watching the loft
and I need to get in there.

And Danny, if you fuck up
I'm gonna tell Louise
about the motorcycle.

Just as soon as I can, lieutenant.

Another special assignment?

Yeah, darling.

Very special.

- Be careful.

- I always am.

Good morning, Randall.

Don't approach him, Phil.

He's under surveillance.

Nick!

- Nicky?

- Hi, Terry. I'm Danny.

If we don't get our asses out of here quick,
they're gonna know I ain't Nick.

Grab that line, will you, sweetheart?

Nick!

- Phil, are you nuts?

- Let me go!

Goddamn it, there are
people in there!

They're charred bone fragments
by now, baby.

Look at that,
it's a goddamn incinerator.

Take your fuckin' hands off of me!

Nick!

Nick!

Goddamn it!

Lock up the fuckin' harbor!

Lock it up. Lock it up!

This is Walker.

Patch me through to... Lipton.

Lipton.

- Randall's dead.

- Malak?
- Blew up his boat.
- Pull all surveillance on Randall.
Come on in... for reassignment,
Walker.
Don't you move, you fuck.
Don't turn around.
Just get me outta here.
Start the car.
- Don't...
- What the fuck is this?
I saw you get on that boat.
- That wasn't me. That was Danny.
- Who's Danny?
You think I knew
they were using you as bait?
Yeah, I did.
Why the fuck would I do
some shit like that?
God. I don't know...
It hurts.
I just lost my best friends.
Fifteen years, Nick.
Fifteen goddamn years!
I want Malak.
Help me.
Whatever you need.
I need an address. Robert Aziz.
We have reason to believe that
Malak al Rahim is here in Los Angeles
and was responsible for the bombing
despite what federal
intelligence agencies are saying.
And I want people to know
that the Los Angeles Police Department
is doing everything in its power
to protect them and bring
those responsible to justice.
For one thing, we've learned
that the registered
owner of the boat, who was killed
in this morning's explosion
was a former Federal Agent,
once linked to antiterrorist activities

in the Middle East.
It's clear to us that the two
bombing incidents are related.
That of course was chief
of police Donald Gatler.
If chief Gatler is right,
the two people killed on the boat
bring the death toll to
173 people in just 36 hours.
That number is likely to climb.
Officials say many more victims
are in critical condition in L.A. hospitals.
Meanwhile, the man thought
to be responsible for the killings
Malak al Rahim, may be at large
somewhere in Los Angeles.
Rahim is believed to have killed
thousands of people
in terrorist bombings in Europe
and the Middle East
over the last ten years.
But despite his notoriety,
he is a mysterious figure
known only to a handful
of disciplined followers.
Here is a photograph of the man
police are looking for.
- Yeah.
- Aziz's address: 734 East Bedford.

Remember, 6:

Somebody just delivered
an audio tape to ABC News.
A guy claiming to be Rahim says there's
50 car bombs planted all over the city.
L.A.P.D. is begging for more men.
We're stretched to the limit now.
Malak's just waiting for us
to thin out our surveillance.
Hey, that's our job,
protecting the public.
My job is to get that maniac.
Your fuckin' friend
couldn't work with us.

No. He had to go get
himself killed.
I'm sure he's more upset
about that than you are.
Malak.
Let me out of here, please.
Let me out of here! Please.
I want Malak al Rahim.
I don't know Malak al Rahim!
Please. I don't know.
Let me out!
- An address.
- Please! I..
An address! Come on.
- Can't you hear me?
- No, no! Please!
In oil drum factory!
They're in the oil drum factory!
One-Zero-Six Imperial Avenue!
The recap. Seven car bomb explosions
have rocked the greater Los Angeles
area in the past half hour.
This just came in.
The death toll...
Nine now.
Random bombings.
He's creating chaos.
It's a diversion.
He's doing one hell of a job.
He's got L.A.P.D. and everybody
else spread paper thin.
The bastard's playing with us.
The I.A.P.D. just acted
on a gunshot complaint.
House full of explosives
and an Arab named Aziz.
They're holding him for us.
Let's go!
Come on. Let's go!
A bomb destroyed a school bus
with at least 25 children inside.
Allah be with you.
Stay in the drum until you hear
Malak sound the horn.

Remember, wait for the signal.
C.I.A., who's in charge here?
- Sergeant Nelson.
- Where's the suspect?
Somebody sent him down those
stairs in that cabinet over there
but we've got him back upstairs now.
Out. We're gonna question him.
Walker, close that door.
Yeah?
Mr. Lipton, we just
found something downstairs.
1-3-0-9 Quarterdeck.
Well, let's see if that means anything.
Gimme that.
I guess it means something.
- What've you got?
- Empty drums.
Open up the gate.
Go ahead on.
- Any activity?
- There are people inside.
But nobody's come out.
We're moving our people into position.
We're in position.
Hit it.
F.B.I.!!
Freeze it! Search the house.
Look at this.
The theater.
Bingo.
Yeah, that's what killed
those people in Bhopal.
Hey. Come here.
Where is that plant?
Where is that plant?
Find that plant.
Can you sign it?
Come on, come on, man. How many
plants can there be storing that stuff?
Look at this. They rented
an armored car this morning.
Lipton! Sendrax Chemicals.
El Segundo.

Hey, who the hell are you?
Hey, man...
Shit, man.
That looked like Randall.
That son of a bitch. Drive!
That is him.
Kill the truck driver!
We got the right place.
It's already started.
Do we have men in the area?
Good.
Let's secure the area around
the methyl isocyanate tank.
- Keep 'em away from there.
- Come on. Get us out of this mess.
The horn. Now!
Secure this area!
Take your positions!
The horn!
- Hit it.
- No.
- We'll do it ourselves.
- Jamilla, hit it!
- No!
- Turn!
- No!
Turn!
Here he comes!
Hey. Did we get Malak?
Some guy was chasing him in a semi.
We still don't know where they are.
Malak.
Get up!
- That's good.
- Kill me, Randall!
- Kill me!
- No.
Kill me, or I'll kill you!
Kill me.
Kill me.
Kill me, Randall.
- No. No.
- Come on.
- No.

- You son of a bitch.
Kill me.
I am not a criminal.
I'm a soldier.
And I deserve to die like a soldier!
You're no soldier.
You're a fly on a pile of shit.
Look over there!
- You have some explaining to do.
- We all have some explaining to do.
Like I told you, whatever you need.
It's less than a week,
and he's still alive.
You owe me some money.
Where shall I send the check?
Send the \$250.000 to the widow...
of detective sergeant
Danny Quintz.
I'll pick up the bonus myself.
Fuck the bonus!
Grenade!
Randall!
- Randall, you son of a bitch!
- Leave him alone!
Leave him the fuck alone!