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xXx: State of the Union

By Rich Wilkes

Easy, now.
Easy, boys.
Easy, now.
What the hell?
Code red. Code red. We got a sit...
Sir, we have a breach
in the perimeter.
Go secure. Sweep the hard drives.
Lock us down.
Heat signatures everywhere.
They've covered all the halls.
Then I guess we better
clear the halls.
Go!
Evacuate! Now!
Come on. I dare you to come walking
through that door. Come get some.
Keys.
- Who the hell did we piss off this time?
- Get in.
- This thing armed?
- Always.
Good man.
You ever seen one of these?
Only in my dreams.
Geothermal micro cam,
Aquacade uplinks, 480 gigs.
Sir, this thing is 10 generations
beyond the NSA.
So whoever attacked us
is loaded for war.
And they knew
exactly where to hit us.
We gotta go off the grid now.
Not another skater,
snowboarder or biker.
The new XXX has gotta be
more dangerous.
Deadlier. More attitude.
More attitude?
Where the hell
are we gonna find that?
You have a meeting
with the EPA at noon...

...to discuss...

- A tree is a tree.

How many more can they look at?

Your anniversary, roses or tulips?

George. Tulips, yellow. Thank you.

An NSA chapter was just hit.

Sixteen agents, all dead.

Sixteen of our men?

On our own soil?

How the hell did this happen?

I'm looking into it.

- Suspects?

- Too many.

How concerned do I need to be?

I'll take care of it.

Quick and clean. And contained.

Goddamn it, 16 men?

How many more have to die?

This is no longer a budget meeting.

The secretary of defence
has just informed me...

...that 16 of our NSA agents
were killed.

In Virginia.

This is a laundry list of suspects
that covers half the world.

It's time for a new direction.

The new military bill
is critical to that direction.

So it's going in my State of the Union
address this week.

Some privacy, please.

Attorney-client privilege.

Good to see you again, lieutenant.

How long has it been? Nine years?

Not long enough.

And don't call me "lieutenant."

I'm inmate 3655 now.

What you doing here, Gibbons?

What you want?

You. I wanna give you a job.

And why would
I do a damn thing for you?

You ever see lions at the zoo?

You can always tell the ones
that were captured in the wild...

By the look in their eyes.

Jesus Christ. You still coming
with that same sorry-ass speech?

Does it ever actually work?

- From time to time, yeah.

- Not this time.

I'm not feeling too patriotic
these days.

So I want no part of your little war.

You're already part of it.

Somebody's taken out
members of our old unit.

They came for me.

They will come for you.

Now, you can die in here,
or you can take the fight to them.

The Darius I remember always
liked to throw the first punch.

New speech, huh?

You get any exercise in here?

Twelve to 1 every day on the yard.

- Bravo Delta High Sign.

- High Sign?

High Sign. Be just like old times.

You better hope not.

Because last time out didn't have
such a happy ending.

You went MIA,

and I ended up in here.

Okay, wrap it up.

Hey.

I like what you did with your face.

Come on, let's go.

There's been a report
from home office.

Xander Cage was killed
in Bora Bora last night.

Bora Bora?

Why don't I get
those assignments, huh?

What about Gibbons?

Any word on Gibbons?

Unaccounted for. We do know this:

He was one of only three men
with access to that elevator.

The other two...

Ain't gonna be giving us
much of a statement.

All right, put Mr. Gibbons on the wire.

Full recon. Wrap it tight.

A- Block to exercise yard.

A- Block to exercise yard.

Time to take the dog out for a walk.

You know...

...I'm gonna really miss you boys.

- What?

- Secure all doors!

- Prisoner, stand down!

- Level six, lockdown!

- Get backup up here!

Prisoner, stand down!

Get him!

- Laundry! West door!

- Marco!

Got him.

Two hundred and fifty yards.

Where's he gonna go?

He's nowhere near the wall.

All right, man!

- Get him!

- Hold it!

Come back!

You were late.

You sure know

how to pick them, sir.

Who the hell is this guy?

Civilian contractor.

By the time he wakes up,

we'll be long gone.

- **You said 12:**

- Hit some turbulence.

- We got large and extra large.

- Who are you, the butler?

Toby Lee Shavers,

D.C. Tech Division.

- Yeah. Darius Stone, cellblock A.

- Not anymore.

Darius Stone no longer exists.

- Well, who the hell am I?

- You're the new XXX.

Sound like a porno star.

- What happened to the old XXX?

- He's dead.

XXX is the designation we give to deep-cover agents with special skills.

Yeah, whatever. First things first.

I've been on the inside a long time.

I need what every man needs when he's coming off of lockdown.

You know what I'm saying?

Yeah, baby. Who's your daddy?

You sure we got the right guy?

Hey, buddy,

more fries and another shake.

You got it.

- We need to go to work now.

- I need more fries and another shake.

Hey, you work for us now.

- So you're gonna do...

- What I want when I want.

Look...

...by my count, you boys just broke about 10 federal laws back there.

Aiding and abetting, harbouring a fugitive...

...and my personal favourite, grand-theft chopper.

- So, what's your point?

- That you two...

...are looking at three strikes and the inside of a very small cell.

- You know that's my speech.

- I'm running the show now.

So here's the deal:

I don't answer to you...

...and I damn sure don't answer to college boy.

College boy?

Done.

Pay the man.

Okay. So we know you can fight
and eat, but what else can you do?
The last XXX, he could ski, surf,
do all kinds of stunts.

Well, he's dead now, isn't he?

So things are gonna be
different around here.

Because I don't play with my life.

- I'd rather play with yours.

- We gotta get back to D.C.

We need a place to lay low.

I know the safest place in town.

This is the safest place in town?

Stay put. I'll handle this.

D-Train Stone.

Heard they had you locked down
in the deepest hole...

...this side of the Grand Canyon.

Yeah, they let me out early
for bad behaviour.

- Man, it's been a while, D.

- Where's the boss? I need to talk.

Man, a lot's been changing
since you left, D.

I run the chop shop now.

- Where's Lo?

- Uptown.

Uptown?

Now, this is more like it.

Welcome to the west side, X.

You wanna run in these circles,
you're gonna have to blend.

I don't blend.

The Dino has the torque curve
dropping off around 6400 rpm.

Dial down the injector pulse width
by about 10 percent.

Try 20.

Darius.

You look older.

Nine years of bad food
will do that to you.

Nine years.

Well, correct me if I'm wrong,
but isn't that a few years shy of 20?
Just tell me what you need
so we can do this and be done.
That is why you're here, right?
You need something.
Hot shower, place to crash.
Look around, Darius.
I've got a good life here.
And I'm not gonna let you
wreck it this time.
So...
...what's in it for me?
'67 GTO.
Thousand horsepower, crate motor,
trick suspension.
- What?
- He's right.
- They'll be looking for it.
- Besides, if we're gonna roll...
...we're gonna need something
with a little more muscle.
Something nasty.
I can do nasty.
I know you can.
Bored and stroked,
full roller, 8 litres.
Supercharged with a 25-psi boost,
automated hydraulics...
...high-stall converter with shift kit.
That gonna do the trick?
- You happy?
- I'm good.
I love this girl.
All right, the target is information.
It's on a hard drive
inside my old headquarters, here.
The rest of it is at my house.
- I'll pick that up tonight while...
- Information?
Well, start by giving me some.
- We on the same page?
- You know what I'm talking about.
Last time out, I went down,

and you disappeared.
Look, you aren't the only one
who lost something that day.
When the fire started,
you were busy with the general.
Some of us went in
to see who we could save.
Now, you think this looks bad? You
should've seen it before I got it fixed.
Guess nobody's story
has a happy ending.
Story's not over yet, soldier.
Shavers...
...can you make that
into a personal weapon?
Give me an hour.
- We straight?
- It's funny, captain.
Wars come and go,
but my soldiers stay eternal.
I like that. Who said it?
- Jefferson? Patton?
- Tupac.
All right, X, this is a covert op.
Full stealth, total silence.
You're gonna wanna be
real delicate here.
Subtle.
Very subtle.
This is sector 14.
We got an attack, topside.
You two, hold the floor.
Everybody else, follow me.
All right, X, you got three minutes.
X, Gibbons' office is
northwest corner, sector four.
Hey! Wait!
X, main room.
Remove the first of three drives
facing you.
There's nobody here.
Yeah, except for all of us.
It wasn't an attack,
it was a diversion.

All right, X, they're coming
back down. You gotta go. Now.
Lock this place down.
I want him in hand, alive.
College boy, I'm cut off.
Get me out of here.
Okay, X. Boat dock,
quarter mile, dead ahead.
I want that truck.
Block every road
in a 10-mile radius.
Everybody okay?
Blows up my car,
he blows up my boats.
Who the hell is this guy?
All right, college boy,
I'm headed upstream.
X, got a little bit of a problem here.
This is the police.
Goddamn!
All you had to do was drive.
You know what, X?
I'm really starting to miss the old XXX.
Stop your vehicle now.
Okay, I see you.
Hey, get your ass
out the driver's seat.
Mission accomplished.
Darius Stone. Born south side, D.C.
Mother died young, father raised him.
Not much to report till '88.
His dad was killed by a stray bullet
in a 211, and Darius went off the grid.
Started with graffiti,
reckless driving.
Quickly worked his way up to
grand-theft auto and resisting arrest.
Took him some time
to find his calling in the Navy.
Specifically, the Navy SEALs.
Trained sniper, top scores.
Urban recon, demolition.
The highest dive in Navy history,
Augustus Gibbons recruited him

into an elite unit, Level 5 Classified.
Ran ops in Eastern Europe
till Christmas in Kosovo.
Their general ordered them to set a fire
to clear civilians, but Stone refused.
Led a mutiny against
a four-star general...
...the current secretary of defence,
George Deckert...
...who had him court-martialed
for a 20-year term.
Ten for disobeying direct orders...
...and another 10 for breaking
the general's jaw.
This is the last footage
we have on him.
A meeting with his lawyer,
Jonathan Edward Cochran.
Oh, that's cute.
Johnnie Cochran.
I don't think Mr. Stone can afford
Johnnie's fee. Do we have audio?
It's attorney-client. No mikes.
Hold it there. Okay, reel it back.
Back, back, back.
Freeze it. Blow it up.
Gibbons and Stone
on a comeback tour.
All right, listen up. I want all eyes
up and running on these two.
And I want hard 20s
on the rest of their old unit.
I wanna know where they are...
...I wanna know what they're doing,
and I wanna know now.
I'm disappointed, Auggie.
Checkmate in three?
You should've seen it coming.
Relax. Have a drink.
- I took the liberty of pouring myself...
- You were always taking liberties.
Same old Gibbons.
Good soldier with a bad attitude.
You know, I always remember

the first day we met.
I remember the last day I saw you.
I bet you do.
Didn't heal too well, did it?
Some wounds never do.
- I never asked you to go into that fire.
- You just set it and watched it burn.
We did what needed to be done.
That what you call it?
"Doing what you need to do"?
Sixteen of my men killed?
What's that, just more friendly fire?
Some men die so others may live.
Funny...
...that you never seem to be the one
doing any of the dying.
I'll do whatever it takes
to best protect this nation.
You're not protecting the nation.
You're doing this to protect yourself.
- Why? What fires you starting now?
- We both live in the same world.
- We know what's out there.
- Save the speech.
Just so you know...
...whatever you're up to,
you're not getting away with it.
Why?
Because Darius Stone
is gonna stop me?
I'm sorry.
Was that supposed to be a surprise?
Gibbons, I know every move you make
even before you do.
You still work for me,
whether you know it or not.
I never worked for you.
- I work for my country.
- I don't know what's more pathetic...
...a man that plays chess
with himself...
...or a man that doesn't see
he's already lost.
Make it look like an accident.

Zero exposure.
Sir, they found Gibbons.
Investigators say an apparent
gas leak triggered the explosion.
The fire department was too late
to save the occupant...
... but managed to contain the fire
before it spread.
The deceased, Augustus Gibbons,
was a former Navy captain.
He was 51 years old.
The funeral's tomorrow
at Arlington National Cemetery.
Gas leak. Right.
This is Lisa Joyner reporting from
Chevy Chase, Maryland for WJLA.
Back to you in the studio.
Toby, let's get to work.
There's nothing on here. Nothing.
It's blank, man.
Because you're looking
in the wrong place.
Gibbons said it was
on the hard drive.
What are you doing?
I read about that.
Cold War. Old school, right?
Not that old school.
All right.
Now, which one's Charlie?
Only one way to find out.
Ready. Aim.
Fire.
Ready. Aim. Fire.
Order arms.
Like our Lord and saviour...
...Augustus Eugene Gibbons
died in our service.
Head of the NSA, FBI, Joint Chiefs,
secretary of state.
Damn.
You know what this means, right?
- What?
- They're gonna kill me next.

- Give me those.

- Damn, man.

If we're working together,
you should work on your partner skills.

Like, if you want something,
try "Please," "May I borrow...?"

Please, may I borrow
the binoculars...

...before I kick your teeth in?

Okay.

See, now, that's a start. Not bad.

- Deckert?

- You know Secretary Deckert?

Oh, yeah. We go way back.

But he hated everything
about Gibbons.

So, what is he doing here?

- Charlie.

- You found him.

Her.

- Her?

- Can you get me a suit?

Oh, so now you wanna blend.

I hear this place
has the best gumbo in town.

Excuse me.

I'm actually meeting someone
for lunch.

Relax, Charlie.

This'll only take a minute.

How did you know my name?

Who are you?

We have a mutual friend.

Augustus Gibbons.

Had a mutual friend.

And you didn't answer my question.

Who are you?

My name is Darius Stone.

Stone?

You have half the suits in this city
looking for you. Why come here?

Trust me...

...they won't look for a guy like me
in a place like this.

Well, no offence,
but I don't trust anybody right now.
Good. That means we got
something in common.
Charlie. I'm sorry I'm so late.
I had that urban-youth meeting.
It ran over.
We're trying to set up
that after-school...
...gun-instructional program
for kids and...
I'm sorry. Dickie Ambrose, NRA. Hi.
Reverend Billy Bob Baker,
Southern Baptist Brotherhood.
Well, it's just great
to meet you, Reverend.
Hey, listen, we're setting up
this rally upstate next week...
...and I was just wondering if there
was some way we could attract...
...you know, some upstanding
African-Americans like yourself.
You got any advice for us?
Well, Dick, perhaps you could
tell your members...
...to stop buying country music,
stop burning crosses...
...and stop shooting black folks.
Hear me?
Now, if that don't work...
...try a cookout with free food.
Preferably fried.
Dick...
...would you mind terribly
if we rescheduled?
I think that would be...
Yeah, that's fine.
I have a lot of stuff to do.
- Reverend, I'll...
- Call me.
I'll call you about that.
Tell me about you and the captain.
I was Gibbons' contact on the Hill.
I'm an aide to the Senate

Subcommittee on Military Action.

Military?

Deckert.

Secretary of Defence Deckert?

There's not a bullet shot in the dark
that he don't know about.

So tell me something, Charlie.

Can you get me close to him?

Well, Reverend...

...you think you can lay your hands
on a tuxedo?

You made it.

You know, I never miss a party.

Not quite the tux I had in mind.

Yes, but I'm blending.

You see the guest of honour?

Those bodyguards?

SEAL Team Four. Half my old unit.

And not the better half.

Who's the ugly general

he's talking to?

Jack Pettibone.

Vice chair, Joint Chiefs.

- Doesn't look too happy.

- Must be the music.

One way to find out.

I truly can't believe
what I'm hearing.

We go back 30 years, Jack.

Same blood in the same mud, and
you never questioned my command.

I presume you've heard of
the United States Congress.

Jack...

...this country is being led
down the wrong path.

You really think you can do this,
don't you?

With just a few regiments.

Once we lead,

the full force will follow.

The clock is ticking.

With or without you.

Three days.

He's here.
Black guy, white tux.
Had enough of the party?
Hold on.
You asked me to track down
the rest of their old troop?
Well, half of them are still enlisted.
- What about the other half?
- Gone. Missing.
The same men that backed
Stone against Deckert.
Every single one of them
just disappeared.
Wait a minute. This is your home?
Not bad for a senator's aide.
I'm not just a senator's aide.
I'm also a senator's daughter.
James Mayweather, Virginia.
Think Daddy's ready to meet
a guy like me?
- Actually, Daddy's out of town.
- Really?
Make yourself at home, Darius.
Not a bad place to grow up, I guess.
Only on the surface.
Growing up in D.C. Politics
is like living in a snake pit.
Everybody fighting for territory.
Sounds a lot like where I grew up.
Oh, no. This is nothing like
where I grew up.
Let's get you out of those clothes,
shall we?
Here we go.
Why don't you try these on.
Not really my style.
Why don't you go ahead
and get cleaned up.
There's some fresh towels
in the bathroom.
Full-service, huh?
You know, if you need anything...
...I'm just right down the hall.
Anything?

Anything at all.
How about some fries and a shake?
The things I can't do for my country.
Charlie?
Charlie.
Pettibone?
She set me up.
Bitch.
This is the police.
Come out with your hands
behind your head.
We got the vice chair
of the Joint Chiefs in there.
The assailant is armed
and dangerous.
Proceed with extreme caution,
gentlemen.
Gus, get me a hostage negotiator,
clear a two-block radius...
...and five is the active perimeter.
- Better make that 10.
Captain, the man's
a Special Forces sniper.
Keep all fields clear
at least half a mile downwind.
- Who the hell are you?
- Kyle Steele, NSA.
Captain, I need to speak
to this man alive.
- So?
- It's a matter of national security, sir.
- Where the hell are you going?
- Going inside.
Listen, I don't care who you are.
You got six minutes till we breach.
Stone.
I'm coming in unarmed.
All right, close that door.
Hands.
Step forward.
How you know I wouldn't shoot you
the second you stepped through?
I didn't.

But I know this:

minutes till they knock that door down.

So let's skip the chitchat.

- Where's Pettibone?

- Upstairs, dead.

- You do it?

- Lf I did it...

...you wouldn't know

until I wanted you to.

Now, turn around.

Stone, this doesn't look

too good, man.

An escaped convict breaks into

a house with an automatic in hand...

...and a dead man upstairs.

- I didn't break in.

Now, move.

You didn't break in here?

So the general invited

you over for a nightcap?

What happened? You guys

felt like playing Russian roulette?

This is not my gun.

- You expect me to buy that line?

- It's not a line, it's the truth.

- They set me up.

- Who set you up?

- Deckert.

- Deckert.

Secretary of Defence Deckert.

He clipped Gibbons

when he got too close.

And now Pettibone.

Too close to what?

Stone, we have three minutes.

Level with me.

Why are we here?

Why'd you go after Pettibone?

I didn't go after nobody.

I don't even know the guy.

Never seen him before in my life.

Easy.

That sure looks a lot like you.

Damn, they're good.

Think now is really
the best time for a snack?
What they got out there,
three teams?
Flash-bangs, body armour,
heat-scopes. Am I close?
Stone, I wanna help you here,
I really do.
But if you run, you look guilty.
Brother, I was born looking guilty.
And now...
...it's time for you to go.
Where is he?
Where is he?
Captain, I got him.
Looks like upstairs bathroom.
Okay, go get him.
This is the last known photograph
of the suspect.
- Cute picture.
- Yeah. Haircut suits you, definitely.
- Near Charlottesville, Virginia.
The assailant is assumed
to be armed and dangerous.
One of General Pettibone's
closest friends...
... was Defence Secretary
George Deckert.
Jack Pettibone
was a dear friend of mine.
And tonight, this nation
has lost a great patriot.
And his quiet contributions
will be properly recorded...
... in history books yet to be written.
From base to base,
Camp Pendleton to Fort Bragg...
... General Pettibone's troops
are en route...
... to Washington D. C.
For the funeral.
They're not coming for the funeral.
Same blood, same mud.
Pettibone and Deckert both served

for over 30 years together.

So that means

Pettibone's troops are also...?

- Deckert's.

- Correct.

What's that got to do

with the funeral?

The perfect cover.

Deckert does the guest list...

...only invites his boys to town.

He's got his army.

Now, he's gotta be loading up.

How would he get his gear?

All orders go through

his department, the DOD.

Right.

You want me to hack in?

To the U.S. Department of Defence?

We're talking 500 acres

of hardware.

Cray supercomputers,

encryption chips...

...not to mention more firewalls than

the NSA, CIA and the IRS combined.

Exactly.

Hold my chips.

You know,

you don't have to wait up.

You think I'd leave you

alone with my car?

What's so special about this one?

Shelby Cobra prototype,

Only three off the rack.

We sold it for half a mil

to some senator...

...who'll never take her

out of first gear.

Half a mil for a car?

You been gone a while, D.

Everything's more expensive now.

I could see that.

Come here.

You've done real good, Lo.

No rollbacks, part bins

or stripped engines.
It's a long way
from Zeke's chop shop.
Still got a few bins in the back.
And I still get my hands dirty.
Classic's still a classic.
You remember the first time
we dropped gears in this one?
I remember three squad cars
at 100-plus on the parkway.
Oh, she was fast.
Yes, she was.
You remember all that damage
we did in the back seat?
That was a long time ago, D.
Not for me.
Ready to do some more damage?
He shoots, he scores!
College boy just pulled off the hack
of the century. Requisition order.
Deckert's bringing all his troops
and armoured vehicles...
...through a naval base up the
Potomac to the USS Independence.
It's an aircraft carrier, man.
Looks like we going upstate.
Well, well. Daddy's little girl.
Look, Gibbons, people will believe...
- Stone.
- You miss me?
Apparently, we all did.
She had me fooled too.
Captain?
Harris? Jackson?
- What the hell is going on here?
- It's your old unit.
And you're gonna be
joining them real soon.
- What's she talking about?
- Deckert. He set us up.
- For what?
- I don't know. I didn't get that far.
I was hoping maybe you did.
- You not going nowhere.

- Neither are you.
No, no, no. Don't worry about us.
You know you should've
killed that bitch!
- Who triggered the alarm?
- It's Stone. He's here.
Liebo, get men fore and aft.
Push him down here.
Take him out now.
Seal the hatch!
You have green light.
Repeat, take your best shot.
Old Sergeant Cobb.
You still too dumb to make captain.
Lieutenant Stone.
Blast from the past.
- That's "Big Daddy Stone" to you.
- So tell me, how was prison?
You'll find out soon enough.
And with a mouth like yours,
they gonna love you on the inside.
Let's go, let's go. Get him.
Fire!
Oh, I'm sorry, was that your ride?
No, but yours is gonna take you
straight to hell.
Loading.
Stand by.
Now!
- Goddamn it.
- Man, that wasn't even close.
Trucks, choppers. What's next?
You gonna sink the ship?
Only if you're still on it.
Keep this up and you ain't gonna
have nothing left, hillbilly.
- Load.
- Loaded.
You and I have unfinished
business, homeboy.
Fire.
Move! All right, come on. Let's go!
- Hey!
- What the hell is he doing?

Where the hell you going?
Over there. That way.
Get that tank topside now.
Move, move.
Bravo Squad to flight deck now.
Locked on.
Fire now.
Goddamn it!
All dive teams in the water.
Lock the area down.
Zodiac One, sweep the stern.
Zodiac Two, starboard bow,
in the midships.
Search Boat One
and Search Boat Two...
... widen your radius
and search the port side.
Dive Team Number Three,
report any visual.
George, I'm addressing
the nation tonight.
So, what's the hang-up
on the new military bill?
Well, if you're reducing troops,
closing bases...
...and cutting R&D,
you leave us vulnerable.
George, we need to increase
international aid.
We need to reverse
this isolationist doctrine.
Maybe then we can turn
some of these enemies into allies.
I know this doesn't particularly
thrill you, George.
But this is going to be my legacy.
- Sir.
- Now, the question is:
Do I have your support?
It goes without saying,
Mr. President.
Call for you.
It's about the new Lincoln
you ordered.

- Yeah.

- Downstairs.

Your car. Come alone.

Take a look.

- It's a map of the Capitol.

- A military map.

- With attack routes, targets...

- I see that.

- Where'd you get it?

- Upstate.

Deckert's little boy scouts
are gearing up for World War IV.

They got tanks, choppers.

- They got Gibbons.

- What do you mean?

Gibbons is not dead.

He's locked up with half my old unit.

- Upstate?

- Correct.

Deckert is setting them up for a fall.

- Fall for what?

- What do you think?

This man is making a move
on the U.S. Capitol.

See this?

Map came from National Recon.

Yeah, Deckert's making a move.

He's running security...

...for the State of the Union tonight.

He's not attacking,
he's guarding these targets.

Oh, that's beautiful.

Perfect cover.

He's got his old crew
suited and booted.

Look, these boys
don't play defence.

Just offence.

It's not enough.

What if you're wrong?

I was wrong.

I thought you was more
than just another suit.

Sir, the security detail...

...they're all ex-military.

- Yeah, I can see that.

All of them served

with Gibbons and Stone.

- It's Deckert's unit.

- Think we got something.

World War IV.

Anything the Defence Department

needs to know?

Sure it's nothing

you don't already know, sir.

- George Deckert.

- Secretary Deckert...

...this is Agent Steele.

Kyle, the secretary wanted to check in

on the Gibbons case.

I have a personal interest

in the case.

Captain Gibbons was a friend.

Well, you can rest assured we're

doing everything we can to find him.

- Find him?

- You know, we never did ID his body.

Terrible thing, accident like that.

Could happen to anyone.

Tell me, Kyle, what did

Darius Stone say to you?

- What do you mean?

- You were the last to talk to him...

...before he got away.

He didn't say much.

No, just a bunch of wild

conspiracy theories, that's all.

Sounds like Stone.

Well, if you hear anything...

I'll know who to chase down.

Sir, could you tell me something?

I've always wondered...

...how do you pick the men

who protect the president?

Simple.

- I choose men I can trust.

- Like Gibbons.

Would've been good to have him

there tonight, huh, sir?
Oh, he'll be there. In spirit.
I'm sure he will.
Good luck, sir.
Sounds like the right bank's
running leaner than the left.
You wanna richen her up,
you're gonna have to remap the ECU.
- What, are you surprised?
- Yeah.
Fact you know
how to tune up a truck.
I didn't always wear a suit.
- How'd you find me?
- It's my job, Darius.
I'm very good at it. Can we talk?
You were right.
Deckert knew Gibbons was alive.
Look at this.
President, VP, Speaker of the House,
secretary of state.
The chain of command.
He takes them out, he's what?
- Deckert becomes the new president.
- That's right.
- Cleanest revolution in history.
- Yeah.
Why are you here?
Call the White House.
Can't. We don't know
how deep this goes.
So, what's your plan?
Figure we gotta go outside the box
on this one.
How far outside the box
are you prepared to go?
Because to get us close
to the Capitol...
...we're gonna need
some brothers we can trust.
Ain't no place like home.
Man, y'all almost had me too.
They got jokes, man. You hear that?
- They got jokes.

- No joke.
- We need your help.
- So why don't you go to the police?
- We don't trust the police.
- Heard that.

Hold this, baby. One second.

Man, you know we got your back.

But this ain't got

nothing to do with us.

This got everything to do with you.

Don't do it for the red, white and blue,
do it for yourself.

Do it for the right to hack and jack
cars of the highest quality...

...on the same block

as the White House.

It's the American way of life, bro.

Now, if you wanna protect
that way of life...

...then you gotta step up
and fight for it.

Because if Deckert takes over,
freedom won't be free for long.

- Nice speech.

- Yeah.

The freedom part

was a bit much, though.

I got some federal heat.

Immigration, IRS.

Couple of homeboys

unjustly accused.

I do this for you, you'll hook us up?

I'll do what I can.

Fair enough.

All right, fellas, get your gear together.

We got some work to do.

Janky, Kevlar panels.

Killa, super jacks.

Dizzle, heavy-duty roll cages.

Assholes and elbows,

gentlemen. Let's go.

Toby. To deal with these guys,

we're gonna need some serious gear.

Well, it's about time.

God, I am so glad
to hear you say that, X.
I got some stuff you're gonna love.
Laser-scope...
...frequency lock, GPS autotracker.
This'll tell you what perfume
a chick's wearing...
...from 30 miles away.
- That'll come in handy.
So will these. Basic scramblers,
jammers, circuit jacks.
Whatever you need.
This is the house special.
I call this one The Glove.
So does everybody else.
Not everybody else has electro-charge
pneumatic suction.
Turn this bad boy on...
See? Nothing.
Nothing at all. Chill
with the butt... Don't.
Just... Hey, hey. Hey.
Come on, man. Why you gotta
play around here? Hey!
We need firepower. Do you have
anything that shoots bullets?
I don't, but Homeland Security does.
Lola. Come on, man, please.
Okay. I'll just call the Pentagon
and see if they deliver.
We don't have to. They've been
running weapons across country...
...in civilian trucks.
Civilian trucks?
- Man, I'm hungry.
- You just ate five minutes ago.
What if I go in the back
and get a slice of cheese?
You'd stop at one slice.
What does Homeland Defence need
with a truck full of cheese anyway?
You ain't never heard
of government cheese?
Let's give them a little assistance.

- Hi, boys.
- Ladies. Look like you're overheated.
- I know we are.
- I mean your car.
I'm not going out without a fight.
- He's retarded.
- Key's in the truck.
Move the level,
because the brakes get stuck.
Hi, I'm Agent Shavers.
We'll be commandeering
your truck today.
Man, we can't let nobody know
a white guy hijacked us.
We'll say it was 7 5 black guys.
We got a truck full of guns,
they pay us to haul cheese?
- That's not cheese?
- So, what you think, D-Train?
This enough bang for you?
God bless America.
You're going to take the president out,
aren't you, George?
No, captain, you are.
They pull the trigger, you take the fall.
- No one would ever believe l...
- What?
Augustus Gibbons
always fought the system.
This week, that fight became a war.
He took out his own NSA unit...
...broke a convict
out of a maximum-security prison...
...staged his own death, ordered
the murder of Jack Pettibone...
...and rallied his old troop
of traitors for one last stand.
I believe it.
You know what
your problem is, Auggie?
You've never been able to see
beyond the bend.
And you've never been able to see
beyond yourself.

You've had your hero's funeral,
Gibbons.
This time, they're gonna bury you
in a pine box in an unmarked grave.
I'm not buried yet.
He's one man, captain.
What can one man do?
Deckert's got all the streets
locked down.
Three blocks in every direction.
There are some streets
he don't know about.
At East Capitol
and Eighth Street...
...we use alleys and warehouses
to bust out behind the Capitol.
- Gonna have tanks waiting.
- Leave the tanks to me.
If it got wheels, we can jack it.
Trust me, daddy-o.
- All right, let's roll.
- All right.
Lock and load. Time to ride out.
The fate of the free world in the hands
of a bunch of hustlers and thieves.
Why should tonight
be any different?
As you can see behind me,
the president is just arriving...
The nation is eager to hear the
president's stance on pressing issues.
Chief among them,
the new military bill.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the president of the United States.
Mr. Speaker,
my fellow Americans...
...tonight I stand before you
to report...
...that the state of our Union
is strong.
We are at a critical moment
in our history.
Nice.

Get drunk, X. Come on, Steele,
get drunk with us.
We now need the courage
to reevaluate...
...the course of modern
American democracy...
...if we are to truly flourish
and survive.
Looks like we got a little
block party up ahead.
- Go through it.
- Hold on.
We must use understanding...
...and compassion...
- They're shooting at us.
- Welcome to the 'hood, college boy.
...and compromise to win battles...
...and not just the sacrifices...
...of the lives of our
young men and women.
Fellas...
...I don't mean to be
a back-seat driver...
...but isn't that a dead end?
- There's no such thing as a dead end.
Now, that's what I'm talking about!
Oh, shit.
I think you might wanna back up
right about now.
Go, go, go.
Everybody out now.
- I told you they'd have tanks waiting.
- And I told you...
...if it got wheels, we can jack it.
Move it. Get those jacks
out of there.
Welcome to the first
tank-jacking in history.
We can and must endeavour...
...to win the hearts and minds
of our enemies...
...and turn them into our allies.
And so, my fellow Americans...
...I will ask you tonight

to support this new...
- What's going on?
- We need to move you.
Remain in your seats.
No cause for alarm.
Okay, let's put these dubs to work.
You sure you know
how to drive this thing?
Just trying to get a feel for her.
Yeah! I could get used to this.
You know, somebody
better leave a note.
Okay, split off the vice president.
- What are you doing?
- Just following protocol, sir.
We're in position.
Code red. Code red.
Small-arms fire, Capitol building.
All units respond immediately.
All right, Zeke, the tank is all yours.
Hey, you know what to do.
I'll take lead, you lay down cover.
What do you mean you'll take lead?
- I'm XXX.
- Is this you, George?
Are you doing this?
Are you familiar
with the word "treason"?
You're a Jefferson man.
"The tree of liberty must be
refreshed from time to time...
...with the blood of patriots."
"And tyrants."
That's the end of the quote.
I will do whatever it takes
to keep this nation safe and strong.
Compassion? Understanding?
What world are you living in?
Get rid of him.
Okay, Zeke, do it. Do it now.
- Let's redecorate.
- Fire in the hole.
Two Team, 6 o'clock.
One Team, 12.

Sergeant.
Get Gibbons up here.
Roger that. We're on our way.
Let's finish this.
- Good shooting.
- Navy SEALs. High scores, Coronado.
Please. I got high score.
But I beat them in '96.
What, you don't read
the newsletter?
We're coming from the southwest
halls. We'll be with you in 30...
Drop it!
Now! I said, drop it.
What took you so damn long
to get here?
Same old Gibbons.
Maybe I should put this back on.
Don't get a "thank you" or a
"happy to see you, Stone" or nothing.
See? I told you you should have
killed that bitch.
Bravo to Sub Team.
We can still make this work
if we have Gibbons.
Charlie, where the hell is he?
I'm right here, general.
Checkmate in three.
You should have seen it coming.
Give up while you still can, George.
It's over.
Things not going according to plan?
Sir?
Sergeant, sidearm.
We'll fall back to the train.
Captain, he's got to have a backup.
What would it be?
There's a presidential bullet train...
...three stories down
for emergency evacuation.
Go after him. We'll take care of this.
- Sergeant.
- You, you, out.
Do what he says.

No!
Drive.
Toby, I need a ride. Something fast.
Listen up. I want three Black Hawks
on that pad, ASAP.
Clear the road. I got a car incoming.
Stay clear of the building.
Only security and military
personnel may enter.
Time to throw the last punch,
lieutenant. Go get him.
Heard you needed a ride.
All civilians, remain where you are
until cleared by security detail.
How fast does she go?
Let me know.
- Yeah?
- Steele, where's that train going?
- North-northwest. Straight up I-95.
- Got it.
- Darius, wait a...
- He's not a big fan of waiting.
Neither am I. Let's go.
There it is.
Okay, get me closer.
Faster.
Sit down, Jim.
Feels good, doesn't it?
To get your hands dirty?
Fuck you.
Okay, let's see
what half a million buys.
I can't get a clean shot.
Maybe you can't, but he can.
They'll just keep coming, George.
There's no way you're gonna hide.
Why should I hide? The man that
tried to save the president but failed?
I'll be seen as a patriot.
"Tried to save the president but..."
You mean...?
A national tragedy.
Look at it this way:
You might get your own holiday.

Hillbilly, you need to lighten up.
- Brakes are blown. I can't slow down.
- We won't be needing you anymore.
Move.
- Okay, ready.
- All right, here we go.
Drop and slide, lieutenant.
I don't think so.
Can't hold it steady.
Down.
Just like old times, huh?
Yeah. How's that jaw, general?
I think of you
every time I chew steak.
And I thought of you
every night I spent in prison.
Go! Run!
Sir...
...you're gonna have to jump.
Almost in.
I've been waiting for this
for 10 years.
Well, keep waiting.
Your turn to do the dying, general.
Wars come and go,
but my soldiers stay eternal.
What's that you said?
Looks like there's a man who deserves
a presidential commendation, sir.
Yes.
And then some.
Yeah.
And then some.
The nation is in shock today
in the aftermath of last night's...
The assault on the Capitol has
reverberated around the world...
The death toll is unknown. Authorities
say all assailants were killed.
The attack was thwarted
by a joint effort...
... from D. C. Police
and federal agencies.
A group of armed assailants

managed to penetrate security...
Sources confirm
the president is secure.
Secretary of Defence
George Deck ert...
... was buried with full
military honours today.
Secretary Deck ert lost his life
while trying to rescue the president...
... during the attack on the Capitol.
He will be remembered as one
of our nation's greatest heroes.
I love this town.
Now, more than ever,
we need heroes.
So it is with great pride...
... that I bestow this
Congressional Medal of Honour...
... on Kyle Christopher Steele.
And I hold this medal
for the unknown soldier...
... wherever he may be.
For wars come and go...
... but my soldiers, they stay eternal.
Did the president just quote Tupac?
Son of a bitch stole my line.
So, what's this?
You out?
You know me, Lo.
I'm only good at 100-plus
with a couple of cops on my tail.
And you got a good life here...
That ought to keep me going
another nine years.
D...
...how fast did she go?
Two-twenty, 225.
The second-best ride of my life.
D...
...you forgot something.
Sir, I've got some ideas
for the next XXX.
I think it's my turn to choose now.
Hold on, gentlemen.

I pick the agents.
I think we need to go
even further off the grid next time.
Fresh face. New model.
I've got the perfect candidate.