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Bad Country

By Jonathan Hirschbein

South Louisiana in the 1980s was
a different kind of time and place.
Some called it lawless.
But it wasn't.
Others said we just got a certain
way of doing things down here.
But it ain't that either.
Instead I call it what it was.
Hell with the lid off.
Depending on what
kind of man you were,
there's really only one thing
sure as shit you'd better know.
Cops got rules, criminals don't.
And if you up and cross that line,
it just might cost you your life.
Welcome to Dixie.
Now these right here are
Brazilian, from Bahia.
Deep cuts, damn good.
Now this is India.
Paler, but also good.
And these right here,
they're Colombian.
From them limestone
caves up there in Muzo.
Now you gonna get your money's
worth on these first two.
But these here, well, they
just a little more expensive.
That's 'cause there ain't a
nigger flaw in one of them.
They is as hard as steel,
and they is emerald green as
emerald green fucking comes.
That's nice.
That's the real McCoy.
That's what that is.
Tell you what, bag 'em all.
The market's got a
hard on for this shit.
All right, I hear that.
Hey, Jake.
Get on it.

And today, 31-year-old Gary Plant
pleaded innocent by reason of insanity
to charges of second degree murder
in the slaying of accused sex
offender Jeffrey Douche.

What you got there? Diamonds?

That's 30 grand out the door.

If you're interested.

I ain't got the scratch right now,
but, yeah, I'm interested.

District court judge Frank Salia
scheduled the trial one year to the
day after Douche was first arrested.

Missing from today's hearing
was the arresting officer.

From East Baton Rouge Sheriff's office,
police Lieutenant Bud Carter.

Lieutenant Carter was
unavailable for comment.

This motherfucker's a cop!

Let's go!

I think I broke a knuckle
on that guy's tooth.

He only had one tooth.

Well, I got it, didn't I?

- Hey, Jack, let's get another round here.

- Comin' at you.

Bud!

We're supposed to be
celebrating here.

We've been working this case for
months and you ain't said shit.

Something's off.

They had a lot of weight,
maybe too much.

It's a ring. Organised burglary.

You saw them guys.

You think that half-assed
crew was organised?

They shit their pants in unison.

What are you getting after, Bud?

You think it was
someone else's score.

I think it's a part

of something bigger.
Tomorrow morning, we'll put
our friends under the lamp.
If they know this someone else,
we'll know them, too.
I told you.
I keep telling you, I don't know
nothing. Okay? That's it!
No, no! It's not it, Tommy.
Now we have been here all morning
and we're gonna stay here all night.
The stones you were fencing belonged to
an AMSEC wall safe in Faye Jewellers.
The rest are found in
a vault in Bocage.
Now the owners can verify
their belongings and have.
Who are you fencing for?
I ain't saying fucking shit!
Then your name's on a
dozen other jobs just like it.
- That's bullshit!
- No.
No, that's a promise.
There's been a series of burglaries in
the area all over the last six months.
All still open.
Now you don't talk to me,
it's all on you, boy.
Well, you know, I ain't got
nothing to do with that.
- Well, any idea who does?
- No! Okay?
- Fuck no.
- Answer the question!
Man, fuck this and fuck you!
Your crew's just a bunch of faggots
in goddamn matching jackets!
I'm tired of this!
I know you're too dumb to
be any more than a courier.
I know you're covering for someone.
Tell me who that someone is!
- I ain't no fucking rat!

- You ain't a rat?
Easy, Bud, go easy.
Get him off me!
- Lock the door!
- Shit! Shit!
Get this motherfucker away from me!
I'll teach you what commitment is.
I'll put you in an 8-by-9
and have you fucked in the ass by every
inmate in the state of Louisiana.
And that's the rest of your life!
Give me a name.
He's from Whisky Bay!
- Give me a name!
- I can't!
A name.
Give me a name!
Jesse Weiland, 41. Two tours
in 'Nam, '65 and '66.
He's a force recon, a jump marine.
Weapons trained,
explosives, name it.
Seven-and-a-half years out of a
12-year stint for federal robbery.
Two in Angola, a year in DeQuincy, three
in El Reno with a transfer to Lewisburg.
Then Marion with a brief
stopover in Leavenworth.
Released from Oxford in 1981.
Jacket's the size of the Bible.
At Marion, they kept
him in H-block.
H-block?
That's home to 40 top
murder-one inmates.
Yeah. Life sentences.
He ain't just woodwork.
Don't move, you motherfuck!
I'll blow your head clean off.
Now, turn the car off slowly.
Toss the keys out the window.
Toss them out the window.
Hit it!
- Get out! Get out!

- Sheriff's Department.
- Get down!
- Police!
Get the fuck out of my house! Now!
- I'll shoot you. Get down!
- Get down on the ground, ma'am!
My baby!
- Call an ambulance now.
- Yes, sir.
Jesse!
Thank you.
Bud!
Bud!
Motherfucker's got a general store.
Toss everything.
I got ice.
This is new.
What's the cyanide for, Jesse?
Extracting impurities.
Impurities from what?
You're in a bad
situation here, pal.
Shit.
Now, I'm gonna make bail.
What more do you want? You got a
two-time felon on multiple counts.
You got robbery, B and E,
all-you-can-eat felony possession.
All on top of an
organised burglary ring.
Man's in custody, Bud.
Fucked for life. It's finished.
There's more, I know it.
Remember him?
Ten months ago, judge
gets popped with a .357.
Well, I got a Ruger from Weiland's
toilet and rushed it through Ballistics.
- And?
- It's a solid match. Dead on.
There's a dozen ways Weiland
could've got that burner.
- It don't prove a thing.
- How about this?

A stack of bonds taken from the home
of a Baptist minister, murdered.
Looked like a robbery
gone bad then.
I want it opened back up.
I still got tests pending,
more guns, more cases.
This guy ain't crazy, Mike.
He's the ticket to something big.
Something happening now.
- So who's backing him?
- I don't know.
But I do know they'll
post his bond.
That's why I need a price that
they can't come up with overnight.
I'm right about this, Mike.
When a guy's looking at 200
years and he ain't upset,
it's like when your wife is accusing
you of fucking the neighbour
but she don't know you're
fucking her sister, too.
You're pretty calm about it, right?
Did we hit the wrong nerve?
All the guns, all the
other shit, the time.
He's having that conversation,
he can have it.
He's not upset.
He's making eye contact
'cause we're falling short.
This guy knows things.
He knows where bodies are.
I'll bounce it up to the DA.
Yeah?
Bud? Charlie Broward. Just got
your message. What's so urgent?
Hey, Charlie, thanks for calling.
Listen.
You had a inmate in '75
named Jesse Weiland.
What's your interest
in this guy, Bud?

Well, we got him on
weapons and burglary.
- But I get the feelin' there's more.
- There's way more.
Race riots, smuggling,
extorting a guard.
I had a few run-ins
with him myself.
What else?
You could say that
in here, he peaked.
Came in on armed
robbery and assault,
but word in the system said
he's a contract killer
controlling hits, movements inside the
system, prison-to-prison, state-to-state.
Their number one guy.
Heard you refused
a public defender.
Yesterday morning, when you were
arrested, I put a gun to your head.
You expected someone else.
Y'all don't look like cops.
Your house, guns, mass supply
tells me intent to sell.
Cyanide in the fridge, explosives,
tells me you're scared.
I know who you are.
If you knew that much, you
wouldn't be in here all by yourself.
Tell you what I do know.
There is no bond.
Your parole's been violated,
and you and your brother, Tommy,
are headed back to prison.
Open number eight.
This place is bad.
There's eyes everywhere.
Like I got a sign
on my back, Jesse.
They all think I talked.
Just the other day,
some spic fish got killed.

These 10 other guys,
they beat him,
they stabbed him until there
weren't nothing left.
And the guards,
they just let it happen.
His brains were on the wall.
Just like somebody painted them.
Did anybody come at you?
Not yet, but it's in the mail.
I can feel it fucking coming, man.
Hey, Jesse...
- I'm sorry that I put you back here.
- No, you ain't.
No, you ain't.
I took you into my home.
I tried to clean you up
and you steal from me?
Take my fucking diamonds?
'Cause of you, I missed
the birth of my son.
And you're lucky you're my brother.
- Hey, Mike.
- Hey, Bud.
This is Special Agent Martin Fitch.
He's in from Washington
with the Attorney General.
Martin. Just call me Martin.
Martin here will be soliciting
Jesse's case for a federal sponsor.
How long you been with the
Attorney General, Fitch?
Just over a year.
Sit.
I want to assure you that
my education and experience
is more than adequate to handle
a case of this potential.
Is that right?
- Why don't we get to the particulars?
- Right.
To get Jesse a federal sponsor,
we need something substantial.
A bait.

In the Justice Department,
we have this mission statement.
We decide who the target is,
what's the threat assessment,
a cost value, over what timetable
it's gonna take place,
which target do we go after first.
See, we don't want to miss a big target
hitting a smaller target, you understand?
Not really.

Hey, Bud.

- Hey.

- Ready to order?

Yeah.

I'll take a house salad.

Roquefort on the side.

You want what?

It's a dressing.

I lost my appetite.

Bud.

Bud, what the fuck was that about?

I set this up.

If the Feds want to help,
that's fine, but not him.

This case is beyond our capacity.

It requires resources we don't have.

They ain't taking us serious, Mike.

They send us some kid with less
than a year under his belt!

He don't even know what state he's in.

You want him in charge?

You're goddamn right!

You're out on a limb with this, Bud.

It's my job to make sure you get back.

- This is bullshit.

- That may be.

But what it isn't is
open for discussion.

You got five minutes.

Yeah.

Been along time.

I heard about the arrest, Jesse.

There'll be a lot of
heat on this one.

Look. I don't want
my brother touched.
Your brother's a fuck-up.
I ain't calling about your brother.
I'm calling about you.
Look, I'm asking you, Lutin.
My brother's not a problem.
You should have come to me.
Ain't none of this would have happened.
And, Jesse, I may
know what you can do.
But you know what we can do.
Understand?
- Carter.
- Hey, hon.
Hey, Ma. Mind if I call you back
in a bit? My hands are kind of tied.
I got a letter, Bud.
It's from your father.
We'll talk when you're here.
Those motherfuckers.
Nady Grace.
That you?
Why, hello there, Catfish.
What the hell happened?
Excuse me.
So where you off to, Gracie?
I'm gonna go visit my mama.
She's real sick.
That's too bad.
So you're gonna be
gone a long time then?
Yeah, I reckon. You know,
till she gets to feeling better.
Buzz?
What can I do y'all for?
How come the Weiland brothers
is locked up and you ain't?
Them Weiland boys is locked up?
I don't know nothing about that.
See, 'cause I heard different.
There ain't nothing
different to hear, Catfish.
I ain't talked to

neither one of 'em.
The problem is, Gracie,
you did talk to someone.
- You want one?
- No, Ma.
I know it's bad timing,
but it's your father.
And quite frankly, his timing
never was good for much.
Quite frankly, this reads like a son
of a bitch that's afraid to die alone.
Did you talk to him?
He called.
Did he want to see you, too?
Your father and I made our
peace a long time ago.
He chose to leave, I chose to stay.
Say hi to your daddy.
Isn't he precious?
So, what are they saying then?
Well...
Well, I ain't gonna lie to you.
I'm looking at life without parole.
Life?
Do you know how fucking
long that is, Jesse?
What am I supposed to do?
Wait?
Your friends been coming by the
house and asking questions
while I'm waiting for the
goddamn phone to ring.
You said we were done with this,
that they were out of our lives.
I have no money, Jesse.
Which means we don't
have no fucking food.
Say something, would you?
It's okay.
It's gonna be okay.
I'm afraid.
I'm afraid for my life
and for our baby.
Baby.

Now listen to me.
Everything's gonna be okay.
I guarantee it, that's my word.
Okay.
- I love you.
- I love you.
It's okay.
Lynn Weiland.
We haven't been properly introduced.
I'm Detective Bud Carter.
I know who you are.
A handful?
- Got a ride home?
- We took the bus.
Take a cab.
You need anything, anything at all,
be sure to call me.
Bye.
Hey!
Hey, Tommy.
Check it out, man.
Hey, check it out.
Shit.
Tommy.
Want a cup of coffee?
You got a problem.
Yeah, what's that?
To start out with,
you're looking at 200 years.
Is that all?
I could do that time
standing on my head.
Yeah, I know you can do it.
But can your family?
Your brother's dead, Jesse.
As we're sitting here now,
he's on a slab in the morgue.
The coroner's calling it suicide, but you
and I both know that's a load of shit.
You can do the time, sure.
Never see your kid.
Except in here.
You could recruit him.
I think you wanted out

before I got to you.
That's why you distanced yourself. That's
why you're out there cracking safes.
Look. Inside, who I am,
there's pressure!
I work for you, I won't need
a lawyer, I'll need a priest.
My outside finances is gone.
My wife and kid, their heads end
up someplace their bodies ain't.
So tell me why in the fuck
I should get involved with you?
How about personal warranty?
- Warranty?
- Yeah, that's right.
You've been a part of the problem so long,
you've forgotten what the fuck that is.
"Finance"?
Your wife came here on the bus to
see you. I sent her home in a cab.
Is that your idea of
outside fucking finance?
Let me give you a
little insight, pal.
As to what I know and
what you think you know.
This is today.
Is that your house?
That's your wife, right?
Who's this guy?
You know where he's taking them?
I got a pretty good idea.
Look at your wife, Jesse.
Look at her face.
And your son,
look at your fucking son.
They look safe to you?
I'm all you've got.
I'm all your family's got.
The longer you're in here,
they're up for grabs.
Either you let that happen,
or I get the judge to allow bond.
This never sees trial

and you work for me.
You stand accused of
40 counts of felony theft,
possession of illegal firearms,
possession of a controlled substance,
and 17 counts of
receiving stolen goods.
How do you plead?
Not guilty, Your Honour.
Let's hear the arguments for bail.
Your Honour, this man is a habitual
felon as well as a flight risk.
Our office has
overwhelming evidence
that Mr Weiland poses a serious
threat to the community.
The State recommends
bail be denied.
Your Honour, my client
deserves a reasonable bail.
He has every intention to appear and
to answer to all these false charges.
In addition, he is the sole provider
for his wife and new-born son
who would suffer undue hardship
were he to be incarcerated.
Bond is set at \$1 million.
- Thank you, Your Honour.
- You're welcome.
- Yeah.
- How's your family?
Hey, man, let's get
something straight.
I didn't turn because I'm scared.
I done what I did 'cause certain
people crossed the line.
They didn't keep their word.
My word counts.
You promised me a body, Jesse.
How many you want?
Cut 'em.
Cut it!
About time for a new
truck there, Jesse.

It's good to see you out.
A free man now.
What's going on, Fish?
On a Sunday drive, that's all.
The good Lord riding shotgun through
another glorious Louisiana morning.
Say, Jesse...
Lutin's been asking about you.
In fact, a lot of people are.
You tell Lutin I'm gonna
come by and see him.
That's good.
See you real soon then.
This organisation of yours
has become big business.
And professionally speaking, I feel you
need relationships now more than ever.
Now we've done some business
in the past successfully,
but this here is a
much larger scope.
I'm here today because I want
to represent you exclusively.
I feel that you need
someone lobbying for you
on the state level as
well as in Washington.
My company can
provide that service.
Hey, Mr Jesse.
How you doing, kid?
- Where's the old man?
- He's at a meeting.
But you can go on in and wait.
I'm aware that you have
multiple businesses.
However, I feel that you
need one go-to guy.
Somebody who's going to
coordinate those ventures
and see that those contracts
and transactions are realised.
That's my job, Mr Adams.
That's what I do.

What's this going to cost us?
Retainer would be \$350,000
plus 10% of any economic growth
that I bring your organisation.
Dan, don't you think
that's a little excessive?
I'll give you 2%, Mr Morris.
That's what it's worth.
You know, Mr Adams,
my daddy always said
good things ain't cheap and
cheap things ain't good.
The advance would be
a drop in the bucket.
The real money is
in the percentage.
And it'd be in your
interest to agree with me.
Okay. Fair enough.
You got yourself a deal.
Okay.
Pleasure.
Maybe now he can
afford a new toupee.
Give us a minute, Kiersey.
I see you added to your collection.
I appreciate you making my bail.
It ain't nothing.
- You got a boy now, a son?
- Yeah.
He got a name?
I named him Tommy.
Nice.
Jesse...
You've been a busy boy
in more than one way.
Well, it looks like you
done just fine without me.
You have business rolling
through the door.
The last time I saw you,
you asked for time.
Time to raise a family,
time to straighten things out.

So, I gave you the time.
And then safe jobs popping up.
Lafayette. Clinton.
New Orleans. Baton Rouge.
All over the place.
The boys think it's niggers gone
widespread on a hunt for pig's feet.
But no.
Them's professional burn jobs.
So I says to myself, "This be the work
of a white, respectable burglar."
Jesse.
All that work,
a dozen safe cracking
jobs behind my back,
and never did you consider tribute
or a contribution to the cause.
Just like I said,
I needed a little time.
Well...
Even the prophets, they
stumble from time to time.
Welcome home.
Hey, it's a shame
about your brother.
Y'all wanna talk about crime?
I can tell you things.
Names. Locations.
What boat is carrying drugs,
which ones is guns.
I'm gonna tell you who's
going to get cut up and why.
What I got to know is,
if and when I do this,
if I wear your dog collar,
are y'all gonna do what's right by me and
keep my head from getting shot the fuck up
so I can go see my family again?
'Cause the truth is, y'all need me.
Y'all ain't got enough cops with
enough sense or enough time
to clear them crimes that
already been committed
and, as you well know,

the ones that will be.

I'm the one with the
devil's address here.

Okay, great.

Thanks.

Thank you, Mr Weiland, for that.

- And thank you, everyone, for being here...

- And why are we here?

And why are we focused on white power
prison gangs beyond prosecution?

I don't see how ATF's got any
long-term interest in this.

Hold the phone, gentlemen.

Their sophisticated,
criminal network

was born of a racist ideology
in the prison system.

Let's be clear.

They do not discriminate.

Their ruthless violence
extends to everyone.

Yeah, I'm afraid he's right.

There's no one off limits.

Sure. Yeah, sure. I...

John, if I may interject here
and speak freely for a second.

From a budgetary standpoint, I don't see
how Mr Weiland has enough to offer us
that would warrant sponsorship
or anything of the sort.

There's a list.

I'm sorry, what?

There's a hit list.

There's as much as 12...

Well, might be one or two less now.

A couple of them could
have already been gotten.

Now we're talking.

- And why these 12, Jesse?

- Different reasons.

It ain't so much why or what
they done that matters.

You pick any one of 'em off that list,
they gonna put you on salary.

And you, sir, if I ain't mistaken,
you're Mr Nukes, right?

- First US Attorney, John Nukes.

- That's right.

Well, last time I seen it,
you were number two on that list.

Can you fill us in on the
rest of that list, Jesse?

Yes, I can.

I'll sponsor him.

Jesse's welfare will
come out of our budget.

Anyone with pending cases or leads
for Jesse, see me, I'll loan him out.

Make no mistake, gentlemen.

We will put this criminal
organisation down.

And, Jesse, I'm number
two on that list.

Who the fuck is number one?

Okay.

I don't want to go alone.

You and Tommy,

y'all are everything
in the world to me.

For this to work,

I need you two to be safe.

So I got something to come home to.

It ain't forever.

Hey, look at me.

It ain't forever.

Okay.

- It ain't forever, baby.

- Okay.

- Okay.

- All right?

- I need you to be strong.

- Okay.

- I love you.

- I love you.

Let's go to work.

"Blood in, blood out."

That's the oath we made.

Them the bones that made us

survive inside the joint.
Any man can live or die violently.
You ride with the brand,
you die with the brand.
I got a safe cracking job
I want you to run point on.
I'll be honest with you.
I was kind of hoping
for something bigger.
What do you got in mind?
How about a couple of
them names off that list?
We got guys to do that. What
you wanna go back to that for?
'Cause I miss the action.
Besides, that's where
the money's at.
What do you say?
You do this one last thing for us
and then I'll let you get a taste.
Pull!
Mr Adams, we have a variety
of matters to discuss today.
Dave Moore's trial
starts next week.
A juror has reached out.
He wants six grand up front
and a job at \$400 a week.
That'll guarantee a hung jury
plus a push for an acquittal.
- \$300.
- \$300.
We'll give him a no-show
at the trucking firm.
That's great.
Pull!
Escrow on the buildings
in southeast Florida
that Morris introduced
to us is closed.
We've sold every unit.
We should see revenues of \$1.4 million
over our original projections.
And lastly, our friends that Morris

introduced us to in the Middle East,
they put a final
offer on the table.
They will fund our operations in Louisiana
if we agree to act on their behalf.
All right. Close the deal.
Pull!
Nice!
Lutin's partners Edgar Billings and
Gerald Kaye are in charge of the list.
The hits are coming
out of New Orleans.
Lutin gets the orders and
then he farms 'em out.
That's what I got.
If you can just get a direct order
from Lutin to you, on a wire...
A wire?
He just went back to work and you
want him to wear a fucking wire?
Put a tap on that goddamn lawyer's
phone, that's what you should do.
He's an attorney, Carter. Anything
we get would be inadmissible.
It's information, Fitch.
What's that other deal?
Well, Lutin's got this lobbyist
from D.C. in his pocket.
And he's been brokering all kinds
of lucrative deals for him.
And he's got a group
of sand niggers.
Arabs from the Middle East.
They got a truckload
of guns for us.
- What group?
- Libyans.
A truckload?
All right, Jesse, you know what?
We're gonna need a little time on this.
I'll have to take a look. Okay?
This has got to be now.
ATF's got a handle here. We've
dealt with this group before.

The hell we talking about here?
We got one shot at this and ATF's
gonna throw their dicks around?
We're gonna have a problem
with you, aren't we?
You're gonna have a big problem
if you don't watch your step.
All right, stand down, Carter!
I talk to Nukes daily,
so I'm running point here.
- Jesse wears a wire.
- God damn it, Fitch.
You blow this deal and we
blow everything afterwards.
Take some initiative and get
these assholes in line.
All right. Count seems to be good.
Hey, Catfish, you could do me
some help up here right now.
How we doing up there?
Good, man.
Inventory's all here.
We're good.
Pack this shit up.
Pack it up.
All right.
Hey.
Is there a problem?
No, everything's fine.
We're paying in full.
What the fuck you looking at,
you piece of shit?
Shut the fuck up!
This ain't the time.
This ain't the place.
You should listen to your boss.
Everything's good.
- You piece of shit.
- You know what?
Fuck you, sand nigger!
God damn it, we got a
fire fight going down.
Go, go, go, go!
Get in the car, get in the car!

Get in the car!
- Buzz, get the bag!
- Okay, okay!
Got it!
Go, go, go!
Move, move!
You piece of shit!
Man, the nigger stepped out of line.
I had to fucking burn him.
You had to keep your mouth shut!
On a job, you don't
do shit unless I say!
Get the fuck off of me!
Next time you fuck me up,
I'm gonna leave you where I find you!
You got it?
Yeah.
Unload that truck.
Ready?
I had no previous knowledge of any
Libyans being under investigation.
So if stealing me in the middle of the
night is some kind of accusation...
I'm not accusing you, Mr Morris.
I just find it interesting that
right around the time I employ you,
- my operation starts having problems.
- Yeah, but that wasn't...
It is interesting, isn't it?
Now I need to know if this
is an isolated incident,
if the FBI impeding on my work
is the result of a deeper threat.
What are you suggesting?
I'm suggesting you contact
your friends in Washington.
With all due respect, Mr Adams,
that's not what I was retained for.
Well, Dan, it is now.
Look, to get that type of information,
I'm gonna need clearances I don't have.
I start sniffing around, people are
going to start asking questions.
Well, I'm asking the

questions now, Mr Morris.

I want answers.

Intel came forth at the 11th hour that Naseem Kazuri, an international arms dealer, was to be present at this meet.

So, ATF was tasked to observe and report and that's all.

And that ain't what they did.

- No, because your informant and his...

- My informant.

- Yes, because your...

- My informant.

Because your informant and his psychopath crew greased half our political interest.

You weren't informed, so what?

I better be informed!

'Cause this ain't falling short.

Now, any of y'all got any collaborative agendas in the works, I want to see them.

These other agencies, what timelines they're looking at, what deadlines, and is there a purposeful lack of communication between competing agencies who are right now charting future mistakes as we fucking speak?

That is not your concern, Carter!

This is not about me!

Bud!

Get over here, God damn it.

What?

- You're over-involved.

- Bullshit!

You're hanging it all on Weiland, you're gonna end up hanging yourself, Bud.

I gave my word, Mike.

To Jesse, to his kid.

This isn't a commitment, it's a case!

You're a fucking cop and he's a fucking criminal.

This is the job!

Now, you want to keep your job?

Do yourself a favour. Do us

both a favour and take a walk.
Thanks for coming down, Mike.
I appreciate it.
Carter's been berating my
agents for the last hour now.
Okay? And frankly, Carter's preference
for thug tactics isn't helping.
Isn't helping?
- It'll all be in my report, I don't mean...
- Isn't helping?
Let's not miss what
just happened here.
Just 'cause we work for the same
cause doesn't mean we work for you.
What are you gonna do now?
Send Jesse back out? Earn his trust?
Bud Carter delivered the biggest informant
in the history of the state into your lap,
and you and the people you work
for are gonna let it go to shit.
That's gonna be in my report.
Keith.
How's life at the Department
of Justice treating you?
Look, I really appreciate you
flying down here with this.
Is this the file?
You tell me.
How deeply are you
involved in this?
Look, I just needed a favour.
It's not a favour. It's a felony.
There's a US Attorney
General in here.
A problem like this attracts huge
flies, so let's hear it. All of it.
Where's this going to lead?
Look, the less you know,
the better off you are.
Okay.
Then the less information
I give you, the better I feel.
Really?
'Cause that wasn't the case when you had a

little problem with your son now, was it?

How is your boy?

He doing okay?

Is he keeping his nose clean?

Or do you need me to make some
more phone calls for him?

This makes us even.

- Come on, Keith.

- Don't contact me again.

Keith.

Hello?

Hey, it's me.

Jesse.

Are you all right?

Yeah, sure, I'm fine.

I'm good. I'm good.

Real good. How you doing?

I just wanted to hear your voice.

How's the baby?

He's sleeping.

He's growin' every day.

Every minute, it seems.

We wish you was here.

Yeah, me, too.

Hey, they looking out for you?

Yeah, they're all real polite.

Always someone around,
but we're all alone.

Jesse, we want to come home.

Jesse?

I'm gonna have to call you back.

Sorry, baby. I love you,
but I gotta go.

Jesse?

Fuck, man! What are you,
following me?

No, I'm finding you. Where
the hell you been, Jesse?

Two days missing, you broke protocol.

Three, you're a flight risk.

Agents will hunt your ass down.

I can't keep doing this, man.

I can't fucking breathe.

Even the shadows got eyes.

This is the job. If I don't hear from you, I can't protect you. I just about got my fucking head shot off from your guys protecting me!

- Those ain't my guys!
- I don't give a fuck!

I don't want your protection! I want out. There is no out. Not for either of us. Not until it's done. I need that list, Jesse. There's an investigation underway being funded by the US Attorney's office and their target is you. Give me that, give me that, give me that. They're receiving support from the ATF and the FBI. They're both stationed right here in Henderson. How long they been active? A little over three months.

- Three months.
- Shit.

It's our old pal, US Attorney John Nukes, at the helm on this one. There. He's been after us for years. Who they got for a mouthpiece? "A mouthpiece"? Who be the rat in the woodpile? Who the fuck is giving them information? I haven't been able to dig that deep, but I'm willing to bet it's someone close. Look, Mr Adams. I'm suggesting that you disband this organisation immediately. What you, some kind of tiddlywink? With all due respect, with all the money that Mr Adams is paying you, I suggest you dig deeper. Says here the investigation's local point

guy is a detective out of East Baton Rouge.

Bud Carter.

Do you understand me?

Yeah.

Can I go now?

Where's Lynn? Where's little Tommy?

She left.

We ain't been getting along.

You know how it is.

Boy, yeah.

You got something on your mind?

There's been an adjustment
to the list, brother.

This heathen, a whore of an
Irishman down in Baton Rouge.

He protected. He got a
lot of guys around him.

But that's why the job pays.

That's why nobody wants the job.

That's why we're here talking.

Who is it?

This here address.

This be a cop.

He got a mouthpiece
on the inside somewhere.

Ain't yet figured out who,
but I want you to show
him the big picture.

I'll go over there right now.

Give me one reason

I don't burn you right now.

You've been made, Bud.

We gotta skin out.

Yeah.

Good, you're there.

Get to my place now.

- Cobb and Marandino, too.

- Why, what's up, Bud?

I'll explain later.

Just get here. Now.

That's his truck.

Let's see what he does.

Let's move.

What the fuck is taking so long?

Something's wrong.
Fish, relax, man.
Fuck you, man, all right?
Something don't feel right.
Fuck!
Hold up.
Let's kill both those
motherfuckers, all right?
Take! Take!
All units respond. Officer call.
You got enough ammo?
Go, go, go, go. Come on!
Shit!
Move back, God damn it!
Let's go, let's go, let's go!
Come on, God damn it, run!
Shit, Fish, come on!
Go, go, go! Move! Get in!
His bleeding's under control.
Two fingers are gone and there's
no chance of reconstruction.
Thank you.
Hey, getting naptime?
What is that?
So, cranium smashed in with a
lead pipe, then the plastic bag.
He choked to death before they
stuffed him in the trunk.
- He got ID?
- Yes, sir, he does.
He named Daniel Morris.
He's some top dog lawyer-lobbyist
out of Washington.
- Put a tap on that line.
- Yes, sir.
Bud!
What's going on?
- I just got off the phone with Nukes.
- And?
We got a problem. Get in.
Bud, where you been?
There's a dozen cops
coming in and out of here.
No one's saying shit.

What the hell's going on?
I want to see my family.
There is no family.
I'm sorry.
There is no family.
I gave my word.
It's gonna be all right.
Shit!
He's gone!
This is an atrocity, gentlemen.
Incompetence at its highest level.
I gave you my name.
My resources, my trust.
Carte blanche.
And now,
this handsome face of mine
can't step foot in Washington
for fear of being
laughed off the Hill.
Now, I'd like to point
to local on this.
Truth is, local
carried their weight.
We are federally fucked
because Federal fucked up.
So, best idea wins, gentlemen.
Chain of command? Point of
procedure? I don't give a fuck.
It's out the window,
just like our informant.
I want
Jesse Weiland
found.
You smell like a distillery.
Get your ass home, get cleaned
up and meet me at the office.
We're working late.
Carter, we need to talk.
Out of my way, Fitch.
This is my investigation,
all right?
Jesse's cowboy bullshit
is not how it's done.
While your agents build their

case and set for court,
he'll erase the debt owed
to all of you overnight.
Wait, so you're implying
I should thank him?

Yeah.

Look, Carter, whether we like it or not,
we have to work together on this.
Okay? We entice Jesse back and I will get
him full protection if he agrees to testify.
It'll never happen.

- Why the hell not?

- Because it's over, Fitch! It's done!

Your protection is useless!

He has nothing!

No, for God's sakes, listen to me!

I am not taking the fall for this, okay?

Fitch, you ain't got the balls big
enough to relate to this guy.

If you had listened to me,
we wouldn't be in this situation,
Jesse wouldn't be in this situation,
and you wouldn't be asking
stupid fucking questions!

I'll bring him in myself.

Just keep your agents off my ass.

I may know what you can do,
but you know what we can do.

Hey, Bud.

You got a minute?

Your old man's here and
he wants to see you.

Hell you doing here?

Boy, don't you come up on
me when my back is turned!

- I ain't your boy!

- You are, too!

And I ain't fucking come
down here to fight!

Christ.

Just 'cause I'm dying, don't make
it right to give me a heart attack.

- You get my letter?

- I got it.

I got a tumour on my lungs.
They can't cut it out.
How long?
Weeks, maybe. Days.
Who fuckin' knows?
I sent that letter 'cause I put together
a decent fortune over the years.
I'm prepared to leave
it all to you.
That only happens, however, in the
event that you take my last name.
You take my name, son.
Carry on the lineage and sign this.
Thanks for stopping by.
What about the money?
Don't want it.
This ain't about business.
It's personal.
I'm gonna ask some questions.
And you're gonna answer me.
What you want to know about, Jesse?
You want to know
about your brother?
You want to hear how we had
him shot up with strychnine?
How he fucking died slow?
You fucking motherfucker!
Now, two days ago,
my wife and son were murdered.
Was it you who took the contract?
Forty-four pounds,
Miszny-Schardin.
Just like you taught me.
Fuck yeah, I took the contract.
Blew your bitch and kid sky high.
Damn it! You fucking motherfucker!
You're gonna fucking die.
You're gonna fucking die.
Catfish, we're all gonna die.
Now, where's Lutin?
Get fucked!
Now, where's Lutin?
Where's Lutin?
New Orleans. He's with

Billings, Quarter.
Now, let me down.
You got it, man.
You know who I am?
Open the trunk, open the trunk!
- Do you know who I am?
- Yes, yes, yes! I know!
Who's fucking Morris?
Why was he killed?
I ought to break every
fucking bone you got!
Talk. Talk, you piece of shit.
They've made Jesse.
Where's Lutin Adams?
I don't know!
Lutin's going down.
You either go down together,
or you give him to me.
I don't talk to him directly!
They page me every night at 5:00

for a 6:

They page me from different
numbers every time. My arm!
You best turn yourself in.
You're a dead man, Kiersey.
He's in the French Quarter.
The number paging Kiersey between 5:00

and 6:

is from a payphone
on Magazine Street.
Bud, it's 100 feet from
Edgar Billings' club.
Good.
Tell Bannock.
Hey, Bud, you have got
to talk to Bannock, man.
He is looking for you and
he is fucking pissed.
Hold him off.
I'll square it with him
when I get to the Quarter.
Now, get your asses

down to New Orleans.
Come on, show me something.
Got a man, Caucasian.
Entering the back of the room.
Copy that.
Talk to me.
Nothing to tell.
Kiersey didn't call.
You try his office?
Ain't there. His home neither.
Hello.
- It's Billings.
- What can I do for you?
- I need sweepers through Baton Rouge.
- Okay.
- Find Daniel Kiersey.
- Done.
Keep paging him.
Mr Kiersey, I'm Captain Bannock.
How can I help you?
As you can see, Detective Bud
Carter is out of control.
Detective Lieutenant.
Now how can I help you?
How long till you make an arrest in
your investigation of Lutin Adams?
How long?
Look, I will provide the documents and
information to secure his conviction.
Why?
'Cause I'm afraid for
my fucking life.
Please.
I'll confirm whatever Jesse Weiland has
given you in exchange for protection.
Do we have a deal?
Hey, Bud, we got a Buick.
Sky blue with Louisiana plates.
Two male occupants.
Hold tight.
We got us a boss man here.
Gerald Kaye, plus one.
Copy that. Hold tight.
- Bannock.

- It's Bud.
You better have something good.
I'm down in the Quarter
sitting on activity.
- Lutin?
- I don't know yet.
I got Gerald Kaye so far.
Wait. I got Edgar Billings, too.
What you got?
I got Kiersey just walked in. Two
fractured wrists and scared as hell.
- I can explain...
- He wants to make a deal, Bud.
Now, I can hold Nokes off
for 24 hours, but that's it.
Mike, I need Kiersey to place a
phone call to the payphone now.
All right.
Hello.
Yeah.
Hey, it's me.
I've been trying to page
you for over two hours.
Where the fuck you been?
I apologise.
I have been tooth and nail
with the DA in court all day.
Everything good?
Yeah, everything's
just fine, just fine.
- Just lay low. Regular time tomorrow.
- Yeah.
Now get me some fucking protection.
We all good?
Everything's good.
Let's head on back.
I'll let Lutin know.
They're calling Latin.
What's our move, Bud?
We wait.
If Lutin's coming,
Jesse ain't far behind.
A Cadillac just
pulled in the alley.

Black Cadillac limousine.

Bud, we got Lutin Adams.

- What's our move, Bud?

- Hold position.

Jesse's gonna show. Look sharp.

Speak of the devil.

Rene.

- Jameson, rocks.

- Yes, sir, Mr Adams.

Gentlemen.

It's good to see you.

Is it?

Your boy Weiland has brought

the heat on us big time.

You gonna handle that?

I'll handle Weiland.

Don't you worry about that.

But there's someone else

I need to handle right now.

Marandino, what's your status?

I got nothing.

Copy that, hold tight.

Gentlemen, I've got Jesse.

- Where's Jesse?

- He's heading down the alley, Bud.

Let him go.

- Marandino, you got him?

- Affirmative.

Shots fired, shots fired!

Police!

Go, go, go!

Get down! Get out of the way!

You got him, Bud?

I got the son of a bitch.

Bud!

Saint Augustine once wrote,

"Hate is like drinking poison
and hoping the other guy dies."

I'm not sure Jesse lived thinking that,
but he certainly died because of it.

And as for the sacrifice,
for those we lost and for
the rest of us still here,
it's not always easy

to do what's right.
It's just right.
Hell of a job, Lieutenant.
Interesting names on this list.
I know you lost some good men.
But a lot of lives were saved.
You taking that list to Washington?
Attorney General, yeah.
A seat in Congress,
add some colour to the Hill.
What about you?
You gonna take a vacation?
There's still some loose ends.
Always is.
I'm gonna give you an
hour with the man.
Then I got to take him.
I appreciate it.
Good job.
Maybe I should show
this to my lawyer first.
Well, we both know
that time has passed.
Want a cup of coffee?