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Criminal Activities

By Robert Lowell

The philosopher
Marcel Proust said,
"We say that the hour of
death cannot be forecast.
But when we say this, we
imagine that hour to be placed
in an obscure and
distant future. "
We gather here to offer support
to Matthew's family
and friends.
I must ask now, if your
cell phone is still on,
please turn it off now
to be fully present.
There is never
a convenient time
for any of us to die.
And yet, how do we
make sense of such
a promising young man's
life cut so short?
The eventual
certainty for us all,
the hour of our death,
suddenly went
from obscure and distant
to a very unreal, reality.
Yet, we are also
here to celebrate
Matthew Burd's life,
and in doing so,
knowing Matthew,
he would want each of you
to live life as he did.
To its fullest.
That if opportunity
presents itself,
do not hesitate, do not waver.
Do not take time for granted.
There is only now.
Holy shit!
Bye, see you later.
You can stay as long as

you like, I'm going to Marie's.

- You goin' there now?

- Mm-hm.

Why?

She asked me to come over.

It's some sort of
family emergency.

What, her family found
out she works at Hooters?

Why do you always
have to put her down?

Maybe it's
because I can't walk
from here to the corner without
running into eight
guys she's fucked.

Bye.

Honey, I was just- Oh!

Watch the suit, watch the suit.

Just kidding, it's
a joke, come on.

Don't be so serious.

I love you.

- I love you!

- Bye, bye.

Bye, bye!

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye!

- Hey.

- Hey.

Yo!

Hey.

What's up?

I ordered you a drink.

Good, I need one.

- Coming.

- Hey, Zach.

- Hey, Bryce!

- What's up, man?

How's it goin'?

All right, how long's it been?

It's been a while.

- You look good.

- Thank you.

Thank you. You too.

There you go.

Can we get another round
when you get a chance?

You bet, and there's
your Coke, honey.

Thanks, Stacey.

Coke?

Twenty-two days sober.

No shit?

Yeah.

You know that line
between being a drinker
and being an alcoholic?

Mm-hm.

He crossed it.

I crossed the shit
out of that line.

Wow, sorry to hear that, man.

No. Hey, it's cool. I'm good.

So I hear congratulations
are in order?

You're getting married.

I'm getting married.

Wow.

Yes.

How 'bout you?

No, no, I've
been seeing someone
off and on,
but nothing serious.

- To Matthew.

- Yep.

To Matt.

Can't believe he's dead.

Getting run over by a
bus in broad daylight?

What are the odds?

When it's your time,
it's your time.

That's life,
one minute you're walking
down the street,
next minute- Bam!
Pulling your skull

fragments outta
the front grill
of the city bus.
I'm not so sure that
it was an accident.
What the fuck does that mean?
Well, Matthew called
me a couple weeks ago.
He was depressed,
he was incoherent.
And he thought he
was being followed.
You know what,
and then he told me
he had been outta
work since January,
and that he was flat broke now.
So, anyway, Matt's getting
harassed by creditors.
So he asks you for money.
No, no, he knows
I don't have it.
Look.
All I'm suggesting is that,
it wouldn't surprise me
if a suicide note turned up.
What was that?
- Shit.
Ah, shit, is that Noah Dorfman?
Scared the shit outta me.
Did you
invite him here?
He cornered me
at the services.
Why didn't you invite
the whole goddamn funeral?
Bryce! Hey, man!
- Hey!
- How you doin'?
- All right, all right.
- Good to see you, Warren.
- Hey, man.
- Good to see you again.
- Yeah, yeah.

- Hey!
- Hey!
- Come here, buddy.
Poodles! How you doin'?
- Are you good?
- Long time.
That's a nice
fuckin' watch, man.
Thanks, man,
that was my dad's, yeah.
Lucky sperm club?
It has been a long time!
Hey, make sure I get
all of your e-mails.
I'm on the reunion
planning committee!
I'm in charge of
tracking everyone down.
- Reunion?
- Yeah!
That's in- You know
that's in three years?
Oh, yeah, yeah.
I know, I know, I know.
Yeah, you know, but, you know,
but my New Year's
resolution was
no more putting off till
tomorrow what you can do today.
True.
- That and buy a Stair Master.
- New Year's resolution?
- Yeah.
It's like, October, Noah.
Time flies.
What have you
been doing though,
other than planning the
reunion for three years?
Well, I am in real estate.
Real estate!
Yeah, yeah, let me
give you a card, you know.
Of course, in this market you

can't give shit away, but...
Is that your sales pitch?
'Cause you got me.
I hear you're gettin'
married Zach, congrats.
Man, I got some great listings,
great neighborhoods
for starting a family,
that kinda thing.
Yeah, I'm good, Noah.
So what about you,
you got a girl, or...?
You know, I do actually.
Yeah? Oh, good.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's getting
pretty serious actually.
It's true what
they say, you know,
there's someone out there
for everyone, even him.
Even you, even you!
Even you, come on!
I feel like we're in
high school right now.
Right now, at this moment.
I bet your rich
daddy's gonna throw you
one hell of a wedding.
Well...
He passed, actually,
blood clots.
Sorry to hear that.
That sucks, man, sorry.
Thanks guys, thank you, yeah.
Yeah.
And he was worth a lot
of money, your father.
You know, I mean
dealing with lawyers
and the estate,
that's a big headache.
You know, you're spot on about
the real estate market,
I say the same thing

to all my clients when
they come in, I say,
"Until things turn around,
avoid it
like the fuckin' plague. "
The smart money right now
is in portfolio management.
- Is that right?
- I want you to take my card.
Look at that.
Oh, man, that is a card.
I want you to call me.
Well, thanks, man,
I appreciate that.
- You gonna call me?
- Sure.
All right, I'm gonna
get outta here.
Oh.
I got another round coming.
I'm hydrated, I gotta go.
Listen, if you,
if you don't want
any more to drink,
you know maybe umm,
you guys wanna smoke outside?
A little four-twenty?
Truth is, the
most prevalent thing
that came out of
a day like today is:
at any moment,
that could have been
any one of us in that pine box.
Yeah, man.
That's why you have
to live in the moment.
Like that preacher said, if the
opportunity presents itself,
do not hesitate.
Amen to that, my brother.
Hey, you guys ever
hear of Bidexco?
Bidexco?

Yeah, it's a pharmaceutical company, small startup, some guys at my firm, we helped them raise capital. Why are you asking about Bidexco? Well, my cousin works for this large accounting firm, you know, too large to take Bidexco on as a client, so, he helps them out on the weekends and they put all their cash right back into research so instead of paying him, they just issue him stock. I hate to break it to your buddy, but, you should tell him it's probably not worth the paper it's written on. Well, maybe. Or maybe he overheard a researcher talking. About a breakthrough. A month before FDA approval. And since he'd been doing all this under the table, he put all the shares in this account, in this trust account, under a fictitious name. And now he's starting to freak out and he wants to sell the shares. What's he asking? Two hundred grand. Cash. Oh, is that all?

Yeah, why?

If what he says is true about that stock, it could be worth 10 times that tomorrow, maybe even more, the sky's the fucking limit.

My rent check clears this month, my account holds a little over 300 dollars, so.

Well, everything I got is tied up in investments right now, I'm not really a liquid...

You know, I can't get my hands on that type of cash.

Well, I could, I could get it.

You could get what?

The money. I can get it.

- You can get the money?

Sure.

How much of it?

I can get-

I can get all of it.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Want some more of this?

Thank you.

You know of

course, if everyone wants in, we'd have to split it four ways, you know?

That way we, you know, would be, equal partners, you know?

On principal whatever you pay back, plus some accrued interest, but,

you know, this, I mean this is how it works, right?

You know?

We can, like, be the

Four Amigos or something.
With business.
Oh, wait, it was three.
Four Musketeers.
Let's sign a treaty!
I like this!
It's a great tip.
I'm starting to
feel a sensation here.
This is Zach.
Warren, what's up?
What, no, I'm at work.
What?
What channel?
Hours after
the SEC seized hard drives
from its corporate offices,
its chief executive officer,
Peter Nelson, was apprehended.
It seems Bidexco, a startup
pharmaceutical company
was under heavy surveillance
by federal authorities
for the past six months.
It's unclear whether
Peter Nelson acted alone,
or if Bidexco's executives-
Yeah, Warren.
I think this means
our shares are
fucking worthless!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
How many different
ways you want me
to say we got fucked, Warren?
The stock has no value!
The CFO just got
arrested by the Feds!
You know what, I can't-
Hey, what?

What? Hey!
Jesus, what the fuck's
going on? Listen!
Listen, listen!
Hey. How ya doin'?
Hey, guys, I don't-
- Mike.
- Just-
Now, if you don't want
to repeat this exercise,
you'll keep your mouth shut,
and let me do the talking.
Let me be brief.
You and your partners borrowed
a substantial amount of
money from my benefactor.
And in light of recent
events, he's concerned
about getting paid back.
Which is understandable.
He wants a sit-down, tomorrow,
the Royale, three o'clock.
That's it.
Oh, and don't forget
to bring your buddies.
Little Mike.
Where is he?
Fuck if I know!
He said three o'clock.
Are you sure he said three?
I'm pretty sure he said
three o'clock, Warren, yeah.
Considering I was thrown
in the back of a fucking trunk.
Couldn't wear a nice shirt?
I just got off work.
If you need to borrow a fucking
shirt, you can ask me.
I do not want to-
Are you sure he said he wanted
to talk to all of us?
Actually he said
he wanted to talk
to everyone but the black guy.

Yes!
He wants to talk to all of us!
Real fucking cute, Zach.
Noah, what the fuck
did you get us into?
Guys, you asked me to get
the fucking money, I fucking-
We thought you had
the fucking money!
What the fuck are
you talking about?
Did you bury it with
your fucking father?
Oh, gee, "Hey, Noah, thanks
for getting the money-
Shut the fuck up.
I swear to you...
Would you sit down?
Shut the fuck up!
Who did you borrow
this money from?
Hey, Eddie.
Paula, hold up there.
How you doin'?
It's not as bad as it looks.
What happened?
I, fell down
a flight of stairs.
Really?
You know how clumsy I am.
Still with the mechanic?
Eddie it was my fault, it was,
I screwed up,
it was all my fault.
I gotta get back to work.
- Okay, okay.
- Good seeing you, Eddie.
Yeah, you too.
They here?
They're here, at your table.
Yeah, that's him.
Oh, guys, I am so
sorry I'm late, traffic.
Ah, yes, kale shake.

Dehydrated cactus powder.
I'm training for a 5K.
Hello, Noah.
Mr. Lovato.
Eddie. Come on, we're in
business together.
I think it's appropriate to be
on a first-name
basis, don't you?
Yeah.
So, how are you?
Good?
Good.
You boys ever hear of the
seven rules of economics?
That's okay.
Basically there's seven
fundamental notions,
let's say, that reflect
how our economy operates.
There's scarcity,
there's subjectivity,
there's inequality,
competition, imperfection,
ignorance and complexity.
But I believe there are eight.
Luck.
Which as of yesterday morning,
you boys seem shit out of.
Because as of today,
you owe me 400 grand.
The number was 200.
Ah, you forget
the cost of money.
Which is a theory, another
basic fundamental rule.
With all due
respect, sir, we didn't
borrow the money
from you, Noah did.
Noah.
Are these your partners?
Yes, yes they are.
Well, then, you share

the debt equally.

- Mr. Lovato-

- No, Eddie. Eddie, please.

Eddie.

Can I ask you a question, and I mean this with all due respect.

Sure.

Are you, you know...?

Am I what?

Am I Italian? Yes.

What are you getting at?

Am I...?

- You know-

- Oh, am I this?

Noah, you borrowed money from the fucking mob?

It's one of your

New Year's resolutions, Noah,

become a complete

fucking moron?

What do you mean

become a moron,

he's always been

a fucking moron.

I am with ya, I swear, and

a guy I know referred me

and he borrowed money,

he had no problem.

- Noah.

Yes.

Did he pay it back?

Yes. Yes, he did.

Okay.

Fucking idiot!

Why am I the only one

catching blame here?

- Yell at Bryce's cousin!

- Fuck!

He didn't borrow money

from the fucking mob!

Hey, hey, hey!

You guys.

Hey, hey, hey, calm down.

Relax.

Okay, all right,
this is the deal.

My sister's husband,
Buddy, that's his name,
not the brightest bulb
in the lamp store, okay?
He got a cocaine habit,
my sister didn't know it,
nobody knew.

And I don't blame
her, I mean, you know,
she's in love and she,
you know,

sometimes you don't
see the warning signs.

But this habit, you
know, it went from like
a few lines a week to
2,000 dollars a day.

And he runs a forklift, okay,
so he's not exactly
Warren Buffet.

Right?

So now he builds up a
hefty tab to the source,
who's tired of looking in
the mouth for his check,
and now the source is looking
to collect on what he's owed.

So, he kidnapped my niece.

And because of this
world-class degenerate,
in my opinion, my baby
niece's safe return
is of the utmost
importance to me,
is being held in
lieu of payment.

So why don't you
just pay off the debt?

Oh, normally that would be the
standard operating procedure.

This dealer, this fucking,

Tyrone is his name.
Got a chip on his shoulder.
Now he wants Buddy
for my niece.
Okay, just to make
some sort of example.
The problem is,
Buddy is MIA,
which is
where you guys come in.
How?
Well, Tyrone's got a brother.
From what I understand,
he's not gonna
be up for Citizen of
the Year Award, either,
so you won't have
an ethics problem,
because you're all
men of principle,
when you go to
pick him up for me.
Pick...
Mr. Lovato-
No, Eddie, Eddie, please.
Eddie.
I'm sorry to hear about
your niece, we all are.
I mean that's horrible.
But we're not criminals.
We don't know the
first thing about
kidnapping someone.
I mean, look at Noah, I mean...
Besides why wouldn't
you just have...
Them handle it.
Well, that would require
a two-part answer.
One, which is of no
concern of yours.
They'll be busy looking for
Tyrone to set up the exchange.
And two, and this is head and

shoulders above the first.
They don't owe me 400
fucking thousand dollars!
And unlike a bank, there
will be no late slips.
So say we pick
him up, then what?
Zach, are you
fucking kidding me?
I'm not kidnapping anybody!
Me neither.
I'd be a liability.
We have no fucking
choice, he's not asking us.
We're classically
fucked no matter
which direction we look in.
Quantum physics.
Did you ever hear
of the Quantum Ten?
Group of guys,
they got together,
fired by ambition and passion.
They created quantum physics.
They knew with
ambition and passion
comes execution.
Fuck.
I'm shitting green,
and then running
three times a day, 'cause I
know what it's like to execute.
Okay?
I know what it takes.
It takes motivation.
And you guys have plenty of it.
I'm offering you
gentlemen a way out.
I'm offering you a
panacea to your problems.
All you have to do is collect
him, hold him, for 24 hours.
My guys'll hunt down
Tyrone, they'll set

a time and place,
I'll contact you, okay.
We exchange my niece
for his brother.
And if you do this for me,
I will consider the slate clean.
I hate this shit.
It's like wheat grass, but it's
not as good as wheat grass.
Hey, Bernard,
lemme tell you though,
Let me tell you what this
motherfucker said to me
That if I don't give
him my club seats
to the Indians game
this Saturday night,
he will tell his
little sister about
what I did last weekend.
What about it?
Well you know, I ended up with
that redhead chick
from Lakeview.
Give him
the fucking tickets, man.
Man, fuck no!
Mastiff is pitching!
All right, we'll tell
him that if he don't
back off, then you'll
break his elbows.
Man, I can't do that man,
he's still my brother in-law.
Besides, the nigga so
dumb, he shit in his own hat.
By the third drink he
forgot his own name.
Look, man, he can't
open up his mouth,
because if he do, I
spend now until eternity
in Lawyer Land.
Ah, shit, man.

Hey, Marques,
what would you do?
First off, I wouldn't
be stupid enough
to cheat on my wife.
And then advertise that shit to
half the fucking neighborhood.
Nigga.
You might as well
have posted fliers.
Aight, I'll be the
grown-up and say
what's on all y'all niggas
minds at this table.
You all mouth, Lamont.
That's your problem.
And we can't afford
to be havin'
no soft-ass niggas
in this crew.
In case you gentlemen
have forgotten,
that is the protocol
to our industry.
You wanna climb the
corporate ladder?
Keep you mouth-
fuckin' mouth shut!
And, unfortunately,
we got a zero-tolerance
policy, my nigga.
Lamont, I'm just
fuckin' wit' you.
You cold, man!
Cold, man!
Hey, this stall's
taken, motherfucker.
Get him!
Grab his fucking arm!
Fuck off!
Fuck off!
Grab the fucker's arm!
Hit him!
Hit him!

Man, go check on Marques!
Nah, man, fuck that, you go.
Marques!
One of y'all motherfuckers go!
Hurry up, hurry up!
Open up!
All right, he's in, he's in.
Go, go, go!
Go, go, go!
Go you fucking idiot!
Jesus Christ!
Christ! Do you know how
to fucking drive!
It's a junky piece of shit!
Are you fucking hit?
Go, go!
Go, go, go!
Jesus Christ!
Jesus, get the fuck
off my foot!
We're taking this car too fast!
Who in the heck was that?
I don't know.
Whoever it was,
they were professionals.
Jesus Christ, Coleman.
My bad!
Guys?
Guys!
What the hell is this?
That's on a
need-to-know basis.
Right now you don't
need to know shit.
Who the fuck are you?
Don't worry
about all that, Marques.
This'll all be over in 24 hours,
as long as you behave.
Behave?
You got a set of stones,
I'll give you that.
Where the fuck am I?
It's like an old warehouse.

And artists live, work,
subsidize rental arrangement,
my company has the listing.
Shut up!
You're a fucking
real estate agent?
No, no.
Don't get stupid!
Hey, hey, be easy,
I'm just trying
to get comfortable here.
Just put the-
Oh, for fuck's sake,
is that my gun?
I mean, it's bad enough
I get jacked by the local
neighborhood watch,
but now you're gonna
point my own fucking
pistol at me?
Being that it's
yours, we certainly
don't have to remind
you that it's loaded.
Can you bring it closer?
Yeah sure, you
wanna hold it, too?
What the fuck for?
Look, I'm aware
that there's no
official kidnapping
handbook, but if there was,
I'm almost dead certain
that it would have
no objection to you
moving just a little bit
closer to me when
there is zero chance
of me getting up out this
motherfucking chair!
Go ahead,
he's not going anywhere.
I tied him myself,.
He's not going anywhere.

Oh, now, that's just
icing on the cake.
It's scratched.
What?
Right there on the handle.
Oh, shit, yeah I see it.
God damn right you see it!
You know what that is?
That's one-of-a-kind,
Grade A Tahitian pearl!
Fucking flawless!
Do you know what a
scratch that size,
that sure as shit
ain't coming out,
does to its value?
Yeah.
It's worthless now.
Okay, okay.
I just made my first decision.
What's that?
When I get outta here,
you the first one
I'm gonna shoot.
I'm gonna go out on a limb here
and take an educated guess.
Since I've never set eyes
on any of you before,
the reason why I'm
taped to this chair
is not personal in
nature, which makes this
unfortunate chain of events...
a business transaction?
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Am I gettin' warm yet?
And since I'm
taped here, and not
face-down in the ditch,
somebody
must of offered
to bump you fellas
up a couple of tax brackets
in exchange for me.

And factor in y'all
weak-ass gear, my guess is
this is a life-changing
sum of money.
Am I right?
Did I hit the nail on the head?
Well, it's like 400 grand,
but it's not like
we get to keep it or anything.
Shut up!
I'm sorry, Zach.
Fuck!
What?
Did we not have a conversation
on the way over here?
What the fuck
did we talk about?
In the fucking car?
What was it about?
No fucking names, man!
Shit man, I'm so sorry.
It's just-
Oh, no, you know
what, I'm sorry,
I overreacted, you're
right, you're right.
You're right.
What are you doing?
This is my wallet.
Noah Dorfman,
316 North Flushing Avenue.
Get the fuck off me!
That's an old address.
What you probably
are unaware of Zach,
and Noah Dorfman, is I have
Demetrius Flemmings' blood
coursing through my veins.
Oh.
By the pathetic
look on y'all faces,
suffice it to say you've
never heard of him.
Google him!

Here, I found something.
A lawyer for Demetrius
Flemmings, head of the
black crime syndicate,
filed a motion
Wednesday formally
asking the judge
to dismiss all charges
against his client.
Flemmings is currently
under felony indictment
for drug trafficking,
conspiracy, money laundering
and the disappearance
of two federal agents.
It goes on.
Me and this kidnapping master
share a very special bond,
me being
his favorite nephew and all.
And factor in,
you miserable fucks
snatched me off the
motherfucking toilet.
Which in my books is
as sacred a ground
as Saint Mary's
fucking Cathedral.
Yeah.
That means y'all are
pretty much fucking dead!
You're dead!
Eddie just fucked us!
Will you calm down?
Okay, you're gonna
break something.
Remember, everybody
promised that
we're gonna leave everything
exactly as they found it.
Did you not just hear,
less than ten seconds ago,
who the fuck we have tied
up in that fucking room?

Yes, I fucking heard!
Shut up!
We are so fucking
royally fucked!
What are you
doing, are you okay?
What is that?
It's fine, okay?
It's my anxiety
medication, I'm fine.
Oh, great, he's high.
I say we just let Marques go.
Okay, all right, that
sounds like an idea.
And then what?
What do we do then?
Eddie blames us
for his dead niece,
we end up in the
back of a trunk.
We go to the police, we
ask for protective custody!
No, no, no, no!
We did the kidnapping!
Yeah, I know, I could
see how that could
potentially work against us.
Okay.
Fuck!
Is that Eddie?
- Hello.
Yes, hi, this is him.
Yeah, can you hold please?
It's not.
Warren, Warren can you
have a word with him?
Okay, no one can
know we are here.
I could lose my agent's
license over this!
Look, Zach's a little
stressed out right now.
Dude, we have a Crip or
a Blood, or Snoop Dogg's cousin

tied up in there. We're all
a little stressed right now!

Listen to me,
he's not sure but,
Zach thinks that
his fianc's been
seeing somebody else.

What?

You know how she was
a registered nurse?

Yeah.

Yeah, well, she's
been coming home late,
and you know, which
shouldn't set off
any alarm bells in itself
but, he finds this little
match book from a hotel.

Shit.

So then he hires this
private investigator
to see if it's true.

Really?

Yeah, so there's a
lot going on right now.

Wow.

I feel terrible
for him that's...

Yeah, I know.

You think I'll be
invited to the wedding?

Mm. No.

Okay.

I think I want to move
this right here, yeah.

Well, if I was you, my son,
I would take this one
and move it right here.

Because see, you
don't want these mens
to get over on your side.
You have to protect your
queen and your king,
so if I was you I would

have done that one,
that way you can save them.
Hey, Bobby.
Go on over with Leon.
For you, boss.
Says it's important.
Okay, what is it now?
Are you kidding me?
When, who?
Hey, hey, hey, hey,
hold him down.
I'll take care of it.
Appreciate your call.
Later.
Spread the word.
Two million dollars cash
to whoever finds my nephew.
I'm starved.
Do y'all got any
food in this place?
I'm sorry, fridge is empty.
Nobody lived here for ages.
- I could eat something.
- Yeah, me too.
Well, we're shit out of luck,
'cause there's no food.
So let's just stop
talking about food.
Come on, we're
gonna be here for
God knows how long, and nobody
took the fucking initiative
to pack some sandwiches?
I could go out and
pick something up.
You know it's just, there's
not a whole lot around here.
Well, we passed that ice cream
place on the way here.
Oh, yeah.
Okay, yeah, yeah,
that's something.
We're not going
out for ice cream.

I could pick it up.
I said no, no ice cream!
We're not fucking going
out for ice cream!
Zach, what's the
worst that could happen?
You just got through
saying you were hungry.
We're all hungry.
All right.
Fuck it.
Sure, you're right.
Get me mint chip.
Yes.
Sea salt caramel, cone.
A pistachio cup.
Marques?
Vanilla bean.
- Great, all right.
- Don't be long!
Ah shit, guys, I need money,
I don't have any cash anymore.
I don't got shit.
I only got three bucks, man.
I'm light too,
don't look at me.
No.
There we go.
Triple scoops for everyone.
Nice!
Thank you.
Now that is wrong on
so many fucking levels.
It's him!
Eddie.
Put him on speaker.
How 'bout you, Zach?
- You screwed us!
How's that?
- Black crime syndicate?
- You knew who this guy was!
You got him then, that's good!
For your niece maybe,
not so much for us!

Ah, come on now,
you know, Marques
has had a rough day,
he's been kidnapped.
You know, it's part of the
territory, occupational hazard.
Occupational hazard?
Eddie, I hit this
man in the head
with a fucking toilet lid!
Putting a bullet in the
back of my fucking head
is gonna be the first
thing on his list.
You know what, Eddie,
maybe we'll untie him
and let him go.
Or better yet, why don't
we just let him know
and his fucking uncle,
fucking who put us up to this!
Oh, really?
Now you listen to me, you
little motherfuckers.
I'll cut your fucking heads off
and stuff them down your
fucking necks, okay?
Until my niece gets
back, you're gonna do
exactly what I want you to do.
You don't want to
see my response
if something happens
to her, buddy!
You don't wanna see it.
All right, Eddie listen,
just relax, okay?
Eddie, Eddie?
Let's do it.
Hey.
Wow, look at all that.
You Julian?
Now, come on.
I was told that that's the name

of an athletic-looking brother
wearing a bright red tracksuit.
Hangs out in front
of the building
with this address.
Unless my information's off by
a country fucking mile,
that makes you Julian.
Okay, so I'm Julian.
Good.
'Cause you looked at me
like I asked you
to recite the
Gettysburg Address.
You got me cracking, now what?
Cut to the chase, I like that.
We're looking for Tyrone.
Who?
Who?
Again with the perplexing look.
Tyrone.
And before you tell me
where I can find him,
I want you to know I
see that semi-automatic
you're eyeballing on
the table over there.
Little Mike, would
you agree that Julian
reaching for that
pistol would ignite
an already flammable situation?
Most definitely.
So from where
I'm standing, I see
that you have two options.
One, you can make a
play for that gun,
in which I blow your
fucking brains out.
Or two, simply tell me
where I can find Tyrone.
Me and my little buddy here
will be ancient history.

What do you say?
Door number one or
door number two?
Door number three.
Holy crap, that's impressive.
Look at him go.
Yeah, probably
lettered in track.
Hey, kid.
Do you know where
we can find Tyrone?
And if you give me
that same fucking look
Julian gave me,
I'm gonna shoot ya.
How old are you?
What's your name?
William.
- William what?
- Harrison.
Okay, William Harrison,
this is one of those
rare moments in life,
that you're gonna get
a second chance.
You're gonna get up,
walk out that door,
check yourself back
into school,
study, read Catcher in the Rye,
graduate, you get a shot
at not ending up back here.
Word gets back to me
that you
so much as fucking
skipped woodshop,
I'll be paying you
a house visit.
We clear?
Pick up your shirt,
get the fuck outta here.
Go!
Summer time's here, babe!
Jesus, Noah.

How long's it take you to
pick up fucking ice cream?

Hey, I didn't see you
volunteer to go, Warren.

All right,

who had the pistachio?

- That was me.

- All right.

What the hell?

It's melted already.

I know.

Salted caramel.

That's mine.

I wanted a cone.

Jeez, umm, my bad.

Sorry.

This is for you.

And, Mr. Marques.

Oh, shit.

Umm, we're gonna have to
untie his hands or something.

Out of the question.

Well, how's he gonna eat?

I'm sorry about this.

What, kidnapping me
or the spoon-feed part?

All of it.

Hey, nice tattoo.

Oh, that?

Yeah, all the guys
in my squad got one.

It was kinda
a solidarity thing.

Didn't peg
you as ex-military.

Me, yeah, signed
up after graduation.

I bought into the
whole girls and guys
in uniform thing.

Oh.

And the... pussy just
fall into your lap?

No, I never actually

saw any action in the Army
they found out
I had a lazy eye.
Signed me up to SPO.
Strategic planning
and operations?
Yeah, didn't get me
laid, but I learned a lot.
Glad to know our tax
dollars didn't go to waste.
You know what?
Sometimes what looks
like a dead fucking end
to a dire situation,
can be an opportunity.
I don't follow.
Have you ever
ended up at the end
of an unexpected windfall?
Me, no.
I don't catch breaks.
I'm like the unluckiest
guy you'll ever meet.
Well, maybe, maybe not.
Well, okay.
Take this for example.
My father, he died this year.
I'm sorry to hear that.
He was kind of a big
shot on Wall Street, okay?
He made a, made a ton of money.
The lawyer calls me,
he tells me
after the sale of three
homes, which is worth
less than what is owed
to my father's creditors,
his ex-wives, taxes,
all that shit,
there's pretty
much nothing left.
You know, I walk
away with a check
for 3,000 dollars

and this fucking watch.
You know what, Noah?
Sometimes you gotta make
your own luck in life.
I have a proposition for you.
A way for you to
walk away from this,
and in the process,
take with you
some very heavy paper.
Un-cuff me.
I'll pick a moment where
I'll make it look like
I untied the ropes myself,
I disappear from here.
And you wake up
tomorrow morning
with a bag full of
cash under your pillow.
Yeah, I can't do that.
You don't think there's
a search party out there
right now looking for me?
I bet you dimes to
dollars, somebody
caught a few digits on that
license plate of yours.
It's only a matter of time
before that doorbell ring.
I ain't gonna lie to ya, Noah.
Somebody's getting
invoiced for this shit.
It just doesn't have to be you.
Hi.
Where's Marques Flemmings?
I didn't even know that
puto was missing?
We know all you
pimps and drug dealers,
you have your noses in
up each others' business.
You know somethin'.
Yeah, I know
somethin' all right.

My motherfuckin' rights?
This shit illegal!
Fuck off me, puto!
Let's see if this
refreshes your memory?
What the fuck!
No!
Your memory comin' back now?
Marques Flemmings.
Shit! I told you I don't know!
What the fuck you do?
Oh, man, I'm sorry, my bad.
When he gets into the office,
can you have him
call me, please?
Thank you.
Fucking moron.
Thought you were done
with that shit, man.
I'm trying to stay awake.
- All right.
- Don't judge me.
I am not fucking judging you.
Don't- Get off your high
horse, you've been...
you've been sober 15 days.
I am not judging you,
Zach, take it easy.
Everything okay?
Peachy.
Anything I can do to help?
This girl's taking a
wrecking ball to my life,
you could help with that.
Well, maybe there's
nothing there.
That was the
private investigator.
She left the house an
hour and a half ago.
She still hasn't come back yet,
she said she was staying in.
Okay, where did
you tell her that

you were going tonight?
What the fuck does that
have to do with anything?
Well, isn't it
obvious that you didn't
tell her the truth either?
And it's not like you're
out fucking around,
that's what I'm saying.
I'm not talking about me,
I'm talking about her.
Are you trying to make
me feel worse here?
- I don't know!
- Whose side are you on?
No, I'm just saying,
maybe look,
maybe this is
naive of me to say,
but isn't it
possible that there's
nothing going on?
Oh, no, not possible.
- Okay.
- Too many holes.
All right.
Too many gaps.
God dammit.
Look, Zach.
I'm not trying to be
your couples' therapist.
All I'm doing is talking to
you as a friend right now.
Okay, well then, talk to me.
I'm telling you
that if you keep going
down this path,
you're always gonna be
questioning and doubting every
little thing that she does.
Until it's gonna get
so bad, she can't
go to the dry cleaners
without you

making a list
in your head
about who she's gonna fuck.
You understand?
If only that
stock went through.
I mean Janie, she's...
she's beautiful.
I mean, I really love her,
we really have a connection.
The only way to manage a
woman like that's happiness,
is with "fuck you" money.
I put every single one of
my clients into that stock.
What?
All of them.
I mean, how many times
do you get to play
the slots knowing
the next pull, three
cherries are gonna come up?
I mean that's a once in
a lifetime opportunity.
Well, listen, man,
you know, sometimes
these things just
work themselves out.
In my line of work, when
you fuck up like that,
it doesn't really
promote career longevity!
Okay.
She's gonna leave me.
Oh, man.
For sure.
Hey.
Jerry.
Go over to Diamond's.
What for?
Okey-doke, we're on our way.
Okay.
Okay, let's do this.
Come on.

Sir.
How can I help you?
Tommy, is he here?
He's under that taxi.
Tommy!
Yeah.
Yeah.
I'm a friend of Paula's.
Okay, she's got
a lot of friends.
Who the fuck are you?
I'm her cousin Eddie.
Oh, fuck. Oh, God, God!
Fuck!
Tell her you're sorry,
you buy her some flowers,
and don't make me come back!
Hank.
I've been expecting you.
What's going on here?
Oh, him, you haven't heard?
Flemmings' nephew got snatched.
He put up a big bank roll
for whoever can find him.
Negro over here
knows where he's at,
but as you can see,
we're having a little bit
of a communication problem.
We're taking a little
break right now.
Yeah, evidently.
Well, we're looking for
his other nephew, Tyrone.
Eddie says you got
an address for us.
Just waitin' for the call.
Friend of mine hangs out
with Tyrone all the time
down at Sullivan's.
Eddie tell you we
agreed to five grand?
You get this when
I get the address.

Sure.

No problem.

Have a drink,
shouldn't be long.

All right.

Guys!

Come here.

So that was Eddie.

He said everything on
his end is going forward.

And?

And that's it.

Now we just sit, and we wait.

Sit and wait, wonderful.

Well, did he give you
any idea how much

longer it'd be?

Shut up, Noah!

Look, let's just take shifts
watching him, all right?

We'll switch out
every two hours.

This way

we can get some sleep.

- Yeah, all right.

- Okay, all right.

I'll go first.

You sure?

Yeah.

Did I ever tell
you guys how I got
this scar on my ear?

- You haven't heard that?

Nope.

I thought I told that to ya.

Crazy story.

My older brother, who
was pursuing a career
in law enforcement,
decided to go
in a different direction,
and was dealing
eight balls that were
one-third product,

two-thirds baking soda.
I'm home with chicken pox,
when, you know,
one of his disgruntled
clients decided
to pay a house visit.
So, he wanted to know
where my brother was,
and how a household
baking ingredient
ended up inside the bag.
I told him I don't know,
and that
my chicken pox was contagious.
He apparently wasn't
pleased with that answer.
Meanwhile, this kid
Isaac was living
in the apartment downstairs.
On this day,
he decides to come home
a little earlier than
his mother expected.
Finds her home a little earlier
than he expected as well.
So he goes into the
kitchen, and instead of
looking in the
refrigerator for his usual,
you know, after-school treat,
he helps himself
to his father's
sawed-off shotgun.
Meanwhile, my situation
upstairs was deteriorating.
This asshole was
gonna cut my ear off.
It was nothing short
of divine intervention.
I'm telling you, man, if it
wasn't for this kid Isaac,
the guy would've taken
my ear clean off.
It was a fucking miracle.

What the fuck?
You've got a gun, get me.
Fuck.
What the fuck'd you
do that for, Jerry?
Say hi to Isaac.
Hi, Isaac.
What are the odds of that?
I don't know.
Hey, buddy.
You look like shit.
Hello?
Yo, Tyrone is hangin' with his
ho at Second Side Apartments.
Second floor on the left.
Thanks.
We're good.
We're good!
You good?
Let's get the fuck outta here.
You ever fire one of those?
What?
Gun.
Call me crazy.
You don't seem like the type.
Not that you couldn't
if you had to.
Well, let's not give
me a reason to have to.
Hey, I'm on board with that.
You know where I come
from, if somebody
asks you to put some
iron in the back
of somebody's head
that you never met,
you just do it.
No questions asked.
When you was growin' up,
did your pops
ever tell you to do
uncomfortable shit
because it made you
build character?

All the time.
My pops, too.
You know,
he was a big proponent
of character building.
And me, you know, I
was like the oldest,
so he decided he wanted
to get me started early.
Check it out, he sent
me over to this house.
With nothing but a
flare and some matches.
By the time the
fire truck showed up,
there wasn't nothing
left but ashes.
Now I didn't find out
'til I saw
in the paper the next
morning, that there was
a family of four inside.
None of which made it out.
Nigga, I was 13.
As you can imagine,
sucked all the fun
right out of my childhood.
You ever wonder what
your life would be like
if you chose a different path?
You mean doing
something other than
going into the family business?
Only every day.
Hey, Noah, are you awake?
Yeah.
That cow on the window is
really freaking me out.
Oh, shit, yeah.
- That's some freaky shit, man.
- Christ Almighty.
Hey, Noah,
there's something
I kinda want to

talk to you about.

Yeah, what is it?

Well, you know how
in AA there's that
whole thing about, you know,
making amends, whatever,
with people that you've
hurt in the past?

Mm-hm.

You know Zach
and Matthew and I,
you know back in
the day we, we were
pretty relentless
about torturing you.

Warren, I was the
only kid in school
who knew how to
use the word binary
in a sentence, that pretty much
warranted open season on me.

I mean, Noah, we really
pulled some shit on you.

Yeah, well.

What doesn't kill you
makes you stronger.

Right?

Yeah.

Well.

I just wanted you to
know that, you know,
I feel bad about it and,
and I'm sorry.

All right.

Half, a million, dollars.

That's my offer.

All you got to do is un-cuff me,
and let me walk out
that door unchecked.

I can't do that.

500K that you get to keep.

For yourself.

My brother, you
better think hard.

My offer ain't just gonna
hang out there in the ether.
Before sunup one of
you's gonna realize,
that you ain't got the
stomach for this kinda thing.
Now take the dough.
Hey, Bryce, man, I...
Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
Oh!
Jesus Christ, you scared
the shit outta me!
Fuck are you doing?
I'm planning my great escape.
What the fuck
does it look like?
Oh, it stinks!
Wanna wipe my ass?
You look eager!
- Paula.
- Hey, Eddie.
How are ya?
A couple guys showed up,
said that,
they had a meeting with you so
I sat them at your table.
- Oh.
- They're drinking Diet Cokes.
Put it on my tab.
- Eddie.
- Yeah?
- Thank you.
- For what?
Thank you.
Hey.
How are you?
Hey, Eddie.
Good to see ya.
- How you doin'?
- Good.
Take care.
Gentlemen.

Traffic, sorry.

Agent Reichert.

- Hey.

- What happened?

- Line of duty.

This is my partner,

Agent Santos.

- How do you do?

- Sir.

- Wanna talk?

- Yeah.

Let's do it.

You look good, Eddie.

Thanks, how's the wife?

Well, you know how it is.

She ain't getting any younger
or any thinner.

Mr. Lovato.

Eddie, please.

Mr. Lovato, as you

may have already heard,

Demetrius Flemmings'

nephew, Marques

was kidnapped yesterday.

You know about this?

I do not.

Well, the two of us

know that the two of you

have past issues.

I have?

Sorry Eddie, we have to ask.

Anything you can give

us will be a big help.

Sound and fury,

signifying nothing.

It's a line from Macbeth,

have you ever seen it?

- No.

- No.

Oh, it's my favorite play.

I love it.

I saw it on Broadway

with Patrick Stewart.

He's the bald guy from

Star Trek, remember?
Yeah, he's good.
Macbeth is the
king of Scotland.
And he's told by
a bunch of witches
that he can never
be killed by a man
that was born from a woman.
So he believes these
witches, why wouldn't he?
And so when his
rival challenges him
to a fight to the
death, he accepts.
And, one fell swoop of
a sword, he's decapitated.
Turns out that the
guy who killed him
was taken from
his mother's womb,
like a C-section,
not natural birth,
so technically, he is
not born of a woman.
I'm sorry Eddie,
we are not...
We are not connecting.
Sometimes things
aren't as they seem.
You ready?
Hey!
Tyrone, my man.
Got somethin' for ya.
Hello?
Yeah, all right.
Okay.
Well, who was that,
what was that?
Janie's fucking
around on me, man.
Fuck.
Are you sure?
I'm pretty sure, yeah.

He said he's got
fucking photos.

- Damn.

- Sorry about that.

You know what the
fucked up thing is?

I fucking wanted to catch her.

I mean, how fucking
sick is that?

Come on, don't do that
to yourself, you know?

I mean, what kind
of fucking sick individual
is happy that his fucking
fianc's getting banged
in the back seat of a car
that he's fucking paying for?

You didn't put it
in her name, at least?

Noah, really?

Listen to me, and stop
fucking talking, I'm serious.

Okay, okay.

- Okay?

All right.

You know, you
spend every fucking
waking minute going through
their fucking phone,
going through their
fucking email,
going through their
fucking laundry.

I mean anything,
anything to fucking
nail the fucking
bitch to the wall,
and I fucking knew it!

I wanted it, I
wanted to be right,
and I fucking knew it!

She's a fucking whore!

Zach, you probably
don't wanna to hear this,

but at least you
got some closure now, you know?
You know what
the detective said?
85 percent of his
clients who think
that their wives are
fucking around on them,
they are!
At least there's some comfort
in knowing
you're in the majority.
Noah, just stop
fucking talking!
What, I'm just trying
to make him feel better.
The way I look at it,
life is a zero sum game.
It's one of the
evils of humanity.
We all win somethin' and lose
somethin' at the same time.
Okay, so you're Socrates now?
No, I'm simply saying
that we all brought
into this world with
a sheet of columns.
And the shit you
do in one column
has to be balanced
out with the shit
you do in the other.
What does that have
to do with anything?
Okay, stay with me and
see if what I'm saying
don't start making
perfect sense.
All right.
Me.
I'm here, cuffed to this
chair, because of some
malevolent act that
I did out there.

And, as you can imagine,
given my line of work,
that side of the column
is pretty god damned full,
so I'm fairly certain
that your friend here
did something on his
end, let's just say
something that he's
not terribly proud of
to deserve what's
happening to him.
Actually, you're
very wrong, Marques,
because he was faithful.
No, it don't have to be that.
It can be anything,
I'm talking about
fucking karma, here.
Yeah, how about
sometimes things
just don't add up in the world?
And you just get
fucked over either way,
no matter what you do.
What about that?
Nah.
There's always something.
There isn't anything.
Come on, Zachary,
there's something.
Your fucking bullshit theory
doesn't apply here, Buddha!
Okay, so you want
us all to believe
that you some kind of saint?
I don't give a fuck
what you believe!
See the thing is, you
can deny culpability
all you want, but
the way I see it,
based on laws of balance,
you might as well have

dressed your little cupcake
in some lace garters,
and put her pussy up
for auction yourself.
Shut the fuck up!
Hey, I'm just trying to give
your friend some clarity, here.
Let me give you
some fucking clarity,
you fucking piece of shit!
A man who discovers
that his fucking fianc
is cheating on him six weeks
before the god damn wedding,
is probably not a guy
you want to fuck with!
That man would probably
have no fucking issue
fucking blowing your
fucking stupid face
right across the fucking floor!
Zach, Jesus
Christ, take it easy.
I'm gonna fucking shoot him.
Calm down, man!
Give me the gun.
Zach, give me the gun.
He's trying to fuck
with you, and he's
trying to get in your head.
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
Be cool.
Man, I'm sorry.
I'm not having a good day.
This conversation
is fucking over,
do you understand me?
No problem.
I didn't mean to upset anybody.
It's just a healthy exchange
of views, that's all.
All I was trying to do
is shed some sunlight

as to what would warrant
some strange guy's jizz
all over his little
princess' tits, that's all.
- Shit, calm down!
- Get the fuck off me!
He's fucking with me!
Jesus Christ, you're
gonna fucking kill him.
What are you doing?
I'm fine.
Yeah, you're fine, my
fucking ass, you're fine.
Jesus Christ.
What the hell is that?
It's a god damn microphone.
Holy shit!
He's fucking wired!
- What?
- He's wired, Noah, like on TV?
You mean he's been
recording us this whole time?
Somebody has been!
You see anybody?
- No.
- Fucking screwed.
Who knows how far
that signal travels!
Warren, smash that
thing, smash it!
Noah, you can stop.
All right, all right!
Fuck!
What the fuck?
Who the fuck is out there,
you fucking son of a bitch?
Who's listening to us?
What should we do?
Guys, I vote we get the fuck
outta here, right fucking now.
Yeah, I agree.
Well, wait, wait, wait.
Hold up.
Let's think about this.

Now, if someone
was listening in,
they woulda came through
that door, guns blazing,
long before now, no?
Zach's right.
We'd already be dead.
And...
Ho, ho, ho.
- Oh, that's good.
What?
That's fucking good.
What's good?
You don't get it?
He wasn't wearing
the wire for us.
He was wearing a
wire for his friends.
Back at the diner.
I'd be willing to bet money
that this fucking piece of shit
is working for some
branch of law enforcement,
most likely the FBI, they
got him all fucking wired up.
So he can eavesdrop on
his fucking drug-pedaling
gangster fucking friends.
And put them all behind bars.
Isn't that right?
You fucking piece of shit.
Holy shit.
You say he's an informant?
Actually in his circles,
it's better known as a rat.
Or a snitch.
Or maybe just a plain
cock-sucking weasel.
So back in the alley
there, that was probably-
Most likely Feds chasing us.
We probably interrupted
one of their
recording sessions

when we showed up.
I do not feel well.
Do you guys have any idea
how altogether fucked you are?
I think you're
confused on who's
in the fucking
doghouse right now.
Now I'm not sure if
there's an official
gangsta handbook,
but I'm dead certain
that if there was one,
it would frown heavily upon
you recording conversations
with your gangsta friends.
I bet Uncle Demetrius
is gonna be tickled pink
when he finds out
about your bureau buddies.
You guys look umm,
pleased with yourself.
I wouldn't say pleased.
What makes you think
my uncle, or anyone
from my side of the
fence is gonna believe
an inconceivable lie like that?
What you gonna do?
You gonna show him that mush?
And you clowns
were worried about
what I was gonna do to you.
Have you ever bumped heads with
the type of cats at the
other end of this wire?
It's what's known as
a task force, fellas.
Those motherfuckers
have killed
more motherfuckers than...
...than you've had hand jobs.
And you just kidnapped
they star witness.

In the middle
of a six-month,
round-the-clock surveillance!
You guys
are fucking fertilizer.
Hey, Eddie.
Everything's set,
time and place.
All right, let's call 'em.
Eddie.
Yeah, good news,
ready for pick up.
You're ready for pick up?
Well, there's been a
change of plan, Eddie.
What are you talking
about, there's been
a change of plans?
The kind where I
fucking call you back!
What...
motherfucker hung up on me!
Get the fuck out.
You shouldn't
have hung up on him,
Why'd you hang up on him?
You shouldn't have-
Shut up, Noah.
I can't hear myself
fucking think.
Oh, sure, no, that's great.
Guys, let's give
Zach time to think.
What the fuck are you doing?
Don't you think that
before you hang up on a guy
who's most likely gonna see us
sleeping with the fucking
fishes, you should of
consulted with us first?
Are you fucking yelling at me?
Yes I'm fucking
yelling at you!
Guys, yelling won't help!

I'm just trying to have
some fucking input here.
We wouldn't even be
in this fucking mess
if it wasn't for you,
shut the fuck up!
Shut up!
Eddie Lovato?
Oh, great, fucking great.
That's who's behind all this?
Why he got beef with me?
What the fuck he want with me?
Do me the decency
of a straight answer
with the fucking state I'm in.
Fine, have it your way.
What's the difference?
Y'all wrote your
own obits anyway.
You just shut the fuck up?
Yeah, shut the fuck
up, you fucking love
hearing yourself fucking talk!
You shut the fuck up!
You think you a lion?
You a mouse!
I dare you to untie
me, motherfucker!
Everybody, shut the fuck up!
Shut up!
Jesus Christ!
I'm gonna tape
his fucking mouth.
Yeah, okay, great.
Yeah, I know where it is.
All right, I appreciate it.
Thanks.
Who was that?
That was a guy I
did some work with
a couple months back.
He works at the
Treasury Department.
He says our only

course of action
right now at this moment,
is to turn ourselves in.
Voluntarily.
What about him?
If he is who he thinks he is,
they'll be happy
to have him back.
Where's the car?
It's out back.
All right, well, give
me the fucking keys.
What about Eddie?
What about his niece?
Fuck Eddie, fuck his niece!
We're going to the FBI,
this ends right now!
This is it, this is
it, we're going to jail.
We're going to jail
for God knows how long.
And when we get out,
Eddie'll kill us,
or maybe Marques'll kill us.
Or maybe we'll just
die in jail, butt raped
with a bullet in the
back of our head.
Thanks, Zach, fuck!
I agree with Noah,
we need to stick to
the original plan, Zach.
Did you hear what I just said?
I can't believe you're not
backing me up on this, Bryce!
What do you think
Eddie's gonna do to us?
Look, this is
a true life line.
Trust me!
Give me the god damn car keys.
Give me the god damn car keys!
Give him the fucking keys.
I'm gonna pull the car around.

All right?
This is a good thing.
I'll be right back.
Get Socrates ready.
You hung up on me.
Mr. Lovato, I mean, Eddie.
I was gonna call you back.
Hello, Marques.
Fuck you.
Sounds like he's
happy to see us.
How'd you find us?
What's it matter? The important
thing is, we're here.
You boys did good.
Your parents should be proud.
So I just have one little
favor to ask of you,
one little detail,
and we're done.
Consider the slate clean.
That's it, it's over?
Yeah.
No need in discussing
that this guy
had a fucking wire on him
when we picked him up?
You already knew
that, didn't you?
Look Zach, I think the
less we know the better.
Shut the fuck up!
Zach, Noah's right, let's
just get this over with.
What's left?
Okay, I need each of you
to put a bullet in him.
What?
Yes.
Now I know you're asking
why, but I'm gonna give you
that two-part answer, okay?
Okay one, my niece, done,
safe, I'm happy.

All right?
But I do not
need Marques alive.
Okay, and two, and this
is for your protection
as well as for mine.
I can't have you guys
talking about this.
My feeling is that
accessory to murder
is the greatest
motivation for you guys
to shut the fuck up.
Eddie, this is none of
our business, you know?
I mean we would
never say anything.
I know that you
wouldn't talk about it,
but I need an insurance policy.
Come on!
It's simple.
So, all you have to do is
decide who's gonna be first.
And you guys can decide
amongst yourselves,
I don't really care
who's first.
Let's go, come on.
Let's do it.
Noah, you go first.
- What?
- You go first.
What, no!
You fucking got us
into this fucking mess!
You're going first!
No!
It's only fucking fair
that you fucking go first!
No!
No?
You fucking little
fucking parasite!

Fuck you, Zach!
Fucking shoot him, you
little fucking parasite!
We're not in
high school anymore,
you can't just order me around!
If you don't
fucking shoot him,
I swear to God I'm
gonna fucking shoot you!
Zach, what the fuck,
put the gun down!
You wanna fucking
shoot him Bryce?
Leave Noah alone, put
the fucking gun down.
Fuck you!
If you don't shoot him, by
the time I count to three,
I swear to God I'm
gonna fucking shoot you.
Zach!
I am not your
fucking bitch anymore!
Yes you are, you
are my fucking bitch!
Fuck you!
You have always
been my fucking bitch!
Test me!
One!
- Two!
- Fuck you!
Jesus fucking Christ, Warren!
Oh, my fucking God
he's fucking dead,
he's fucking dead, there's
a fucking dead guy!
Warren, are you okay?
- What the fuck?
- Far from fucking okay.
Fuck!
Hey, fellas?
We don't have all night.

Who's next?

Come on!

Mr. Lovato?

Noah, yes.

Technically Warren
shot Marques three times
and since there's four
of us, I was wondering
maybe if you would
consider the possibility
of just one of us left
having to shoot him?

That's not possible.

Okay,

there you have it.

We need another volunteer.

Let's go.

Let's do it quickly, men.

Let's get it over with.

Somebody pick up that
gun, or you're all gonna
wake up tomorrow with
a fucking toe tag.

We don't have all
night boys, come on.

Marques...

was a disappointment.

Well, Noah, friends think I should
of tossed you in with him.

What do you think?

Really?

Well, I think if they got
to know me a little better,
they'd think differently.

I'm sorry you had to go
through all this, Mr. Flemmings.

But there's a lesson
to be learned here today.

You fuck people over, you end
up at the bottom of the lake.

So do I get the money or
do I end up in the lake?

And thanks for

agreeing to meet me

on such short notice, I
know you're a busy guy,
so you know, I
appreciate the gesture.
I think you'll like this.
So a friend of mine
works for the FBI.
White collar crime division.
Hey, you guys ever
hear of Bidexco?
A startup
pharmaceutical company
was under heavy surveillance
by federal authorities...
And one of the
guys does a coffee run,
brings my pal
someone else's latte
with six spoonful's of sugar.
So he walks it over to the
agent with a sweet tooth
who so happens to be
working with an informant
who's spending
all his afternoons
putting his associates on tape.
You wanna
climb the corporate ladder,
keep your motherfucking
mouth shut!
You know what
keeps me up at night?
Knowing that when this cock
sucker's done testifying,
we're gonna place him
in witness protection
and buy him an Escalade.
So when no one's
looking, why don't you just
plant one in the back
of his fucking head?
Noah, you do realize we're
no longer in Iraq, right?
But the guy

they're really after,
the big prize,
Demetrius Flemmings.
Very popular with the DEA
Special Operations Division.
Now, from what I'm
told, the only thing
more important to
Flemmings than money
is his family.
Two million dollars cash
to whoever finds my nephew.
And that's why I have this.
Let me play it for you.
I think you'll agree,
the sound quality is excellent.
Nice work, Marques,
I can't wait to see
your uncle's face
when we play this back
in court.
Yeah,
fuck you Detective.
Next time,
try taking this thing off
without taking my
fucking skin with it.
And that's where you come in.
We're looking for Tyrone.
Do you know where
we can find Tyrone?
So, Eddie says you
got an address for us.
Hey, hey, hey!
Tyrone, my man.
Got somethin' for ya.
Nice work, Marques.
I can't wait to see
your uncle's face
when they're playing
this back in court.
Yeah, fuck you Detective.
Next time, try
taking this thing off

without taking my
fucking skin with it.
The way I see it,
there's a lot of money
to be made here.
I get a third, my Army
buddy gets a third...
Hoo-rah!
And you get a third.
And you've always
said, failing to plan
is planning to fail,
well you can rest assured
that while I'm still
working out
a few last details, I will
have dotted all the i's
and crossed all the
t's, you have my word.
So what do you
think, Uncle Eddie?
You came up with
this all by yourself?
Pretty much, yeah.
That's fucking awesome.
We say
that the hour of death
cannot be forecast.
But when we say this,
we imagine that hour
to be placed in an obscure
and distant future.
Do not take time for granted.
There is only now.
Let's do this, Warren!
All over it,
you fucking sick fuck!
Hey, ladies. How's it goin'?
- Yo, is it recording?
- Hey!
I'm back!
This is fucked up, man.
Get the fuck outta here,
faggot!

Jesus.

The man of the hour, everybody!

Faggot!

You know Zach

and Matthew and I,

we were pretty relentless

about torturing you

on a weekly basis.

Twenty-two days sober.

No shit?

On the count of three!

Everybody ready?

- One. Two. Three!

- One. Two. Three!

Poodles!

I feel like we're in

high school, right now!

Right now, at this moment.

We always fuck with him.

He loves it!

I put every single one of
my clients into that stock.

You're having a

pretty shitty morning.

Yeah, yeah.

Sorry in advance

for making it worse.

You know the man you

asked me to look into,

Eddie Lovato, seven

nephews, all boys.

He doesn't have a niece.

Until my niece gets

back, you're gonna do

exactly what I want you to do!

- No niece?

- No niece.

You don't

wanna see my response

if something happens

to her, buddy.

I'm not so sure that

it was an accident.

Matthew called me

a couple weeks ago.
Matt was getting
harassed, and he thought
he was being followed.
You fucking whore.
How about you, Noah?
You got a girlfriend?
Matter of fact I do, yeah.
It's getting, well,
it's getting pretty
serious actually, yeah.
It's true what
they say, you know,
there's someone out there
for everyone, even him.
Summer time's here, babe!
Jesus, Noah,
how long's it take you
to pick up fucking ice cream?
Good timing.
Nice work, kid.
You know, all these
years I kept you away
from the family business,
'cause my sister,
she wanted it that way.
You know, said you
didn't have the stomach
or the head for it but...
Boy, was she wrong.
What do you say
you come work for me?
Aw, thanks for the offer
but,
you know, I met a girl,
Uncle Eddie and she wants
to get away from
all this, you know?
Can you blame her?
Well, you know where to come.
If it doesn't work out, okay?
Uncle Eddie!
Come here!
I love you! Oh!

Awesome, let's go.

See ya, kid.