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Dead Bang

By Robert Foster

Shit.

Hi, Daddy.

- Hi, Daddy.

- Merry Christmas.

Christina, it's time to go in.

We're going in again.

- Come on, kids. Come on.

- What?

If you want a Slurpee,
you're out of luck.

No, no.

You're the one that's out of luck.

We don't carry no more than \$50 cash.

It's the store policy.

It's okay.

Just take out what's ever there.

- Is there anything else?

- No, there's nothing.

Your wallet?

Oh, I forgot that. Here you are.

Do you believe in God?

Yes. Yes, I do.

That's nice...

...because I have the instrument...

...of your salvation.

Please.

Please.

I didn't look at you.

I can't identify you.

No...

...but I can identify you.

You are a dead nigger.

No. Please, no.

Attention, all units, armed robbery
at convenience store, Foothill and Loma.

Store manager seriously wounded.

Following description of one suspect:

Male, Caucasian, 18 to 25...

...5'10"to 6'2", medium build.

Nothing further.

This is Kimble. I'm making a stop
at the intersection of Foothill and Noble.

Possible suspect matching
the description of the stop and rob.

- Good morning.
- Is there any problem, officer?
No. You're just up
a little early this morning, aren't you?
It's the Santa Anas.
I find it difficult to sleep...
...when the winds start blowing in
from the desert.
- Yeah.
- Hey, by the way.
Merry Christmas.
Yeah, Merry Christmas.
You got some ID on you?
ID? Sure. Is a driver's license okay?
That'll be fine.
Wait a minute.
Homicide?
Yeah, that's us, all right.
Our day begins when yours ends.
I'm glad to see somebody's out here
crushing crime.
Personally, I was hoping to get one
full night's sleep before Christmas.
Fat fucking chance.
- You Homicide?
- Yeah. Are you the handling unit?
- Yup.
- What do you got?
Pictures of the casings and the body.
Take some overalls,
and then step out of the way.
The officer that was involved
in the shooting here...
What's his name?
Gary Kimble.
I'm telling you, I got it covered.
Okay.
How does 20 pounds of ice sound?
I think that ought to do it.
I got... I got five cases of beer
being delivered by 5:00.
Yes. Three quarts of bourbon
and the plastic glasses.
Okay?

I'll... I'll be there no later than 7...
Plenty women. Foxes.
All shapes and sizes, okay?
Okay. Take care.
Hey, Beck,
still living in Heartbreak Hotel?
No, I got a suite at the Bonaventure.
We're having a party tonight.
The Lonely Guys' Christmas Eve Ball.
A little something for the bachelors,
the divorced and the disenfranchised.
It's gonna be over at Brubaker's place.
We're gonna have plenty of booze,
maybe even some fine women.
You really ought to drop by.
Homicide. Bilson.
Yes, I invited Eileen.
I told you I invited Eileen
and I did invite Eileen.
She's very anxious to see you.
Why else would you think she's coming?
Yes,
and she's coming for the same reason.
Seven o'clock.
I told you I'd be there at 7:00, okay?
Mr. Webly, this is Jerry Beck,
Sheriff's Homicide.
I'd like to talk to you
about one of your people.
A Robert "Bobby" Burns.
I need his package.
His package?
Come on, this is Christmas Eve day.
Yeah, I'm aware of that.
No, I'm halfway out of my office.
I got shopping to do.
I'm sorry, but I have a suspect...
...and I don't know what he looks like.
What makes you so sure
Burns is your guy...
...if I may be so bold as to ask.
Because I checked the parole index
and his name comes up.
He's a convicted robber,

he's recently paroled.
And he's at the top of my list.
This is Christmas Eve day.
I have a family.
Don't you have a family?
I used to have a family.
I don't have a family now.
What I do have is a dead cop
and I need that package.
You don't understand.
I am leaving now to do my shopping.
I am going. I told the wife
two minutes ago, "I am leaving."
I understand. I'll tell you what.
Do your shopping and I'll see you
tomorrow morning. How's that?
Tomorrow morning
is Christmas morning.
Sorry, Webly,
but you can't have it both ways.
How's your office around 8:00 sound?
Fuck you.
Have it your way. 8:30.
And fuck you.
- Here you go.
- Oh, thank you.
- I'm Ed Gates.
- Nice to meet you.
Excuse me a second. Thanks.
First Christmas away from home?
That obvious, huh?
Lucky guess. I'm Linda.
Jerry Beck.
I've heard your name.
I know, you're the one working
on the murder...
...of the sergeant that was killed.
How's it coming?
- It's coming.
- You don't sound convinced.
Well, right now I'm not convinced
of a lot of things.
- 'Tis the season to be jolly.
- That least of all.

Oh, I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to sound glib.

Well, it was nice meeting you.

Merry Christmas.

Linda?

Don't go.

Carol. Carol, come here.

- Good morning.

- I have to go.

Well, you're certainly dressed for it.

I was gonna fix some breakfast.

- You want a cup of coffee? It's hot.

- No, thanks.

Here. I'll get you an Alka-Seltzer.

- What?

- What?

What?

Oh, Alka-Seltzer.

Here, it'll fix you right up.

- No, thank you.

- Here you go.

What was that?

That is the Burbank Airport.

The world's quietest airport.

At least that's what they say
if you complain.

What's your hurry?

Well,

you said you had an 8:30 appointment.

Well...

...thank you for a lovely evening,
really.

What happened?

Nothing. It's nothing to do with you.

I'm the only one here.

What I mean is, it's not you, it's...

It's me.

Great.

You look like shit.

- Thanks. I feel like shit.

- You must be Beck.

Don't bust my balls, Webly.

I'm in no mood.

You're in no mood?

I'm in no mood.
My wife is in no mood.
Today is Christmas, Beck.
Well, judging by the weight,
Mr. Burns has kept pretty busy.
Eight arrests, five convictions
in California, two in Texas. It's all...
- Notice we're the only ones in here.
- Hey.
If Bobby had wanted to go the other way
he could have been anything he wanted.
He's extremely bright. IQ of 135.
There's John, on some scholarship
to the University of New Mexico.
School of Chemical Engineering.
Don't underestimate Bobby.
Don't underestimate his mother.
She's a Hells Angels' old lady,
in case you're thinking of dropping by.
Well, good luck.
I would give AA some thought.
Alcoholism is a disease, you know.
Thank you, Webly.
I'll keep that in mind.
- Where's your car?
- I jogged over.
I live 1.4 miles from here.
I jog over three times a week...
...approximately 4.2 miles, yeah.
You ought to try it sometime.
Good for the cardiovascular system.
Jump in. Let me drive you home.
It's Christmas.
Give your system a break.
That's my street. That's Radford.
Hang a left.
Hey, you gotta make a left right here.
Left.
Jeez, what...? You're...
You passed my street.
I need a little favor, Webly.
I need you to drop by Mom's with me.
You know the rules.
Convict gives up his right

to search and seizure...
...but only in the presence
of a parole officer. That's you.
This is kidnapping, Beck. Are you
aware of this? That this is kidnapping?
No, no, no, kidnapping's a felony.
This is just a little favor.
With you,
I can walk right in to Mom's place...
...and if he's there, he's mine.
Like it or not, that's the way it is.
You are a real asshole.
You know, in case you haven't noticed,
it's daylight.
What the fuck do you want, asshole?
- Sheriff's Homicide.
- Go fuck yourself.
You son of a bit...
- Do you wanna give me a hand here?
- Oh, yeah.
- Is that all right?
- Yes. That's just lovely. Thank you.
This is an exciting line of duty.
Sheriff's Homicide.
Now, you assholes calm down
and cooperate...
...or I'll rip your heads off
and tear this place apart.
Go back to sleep there, Sluggo.
It's Christmas morning.
What's going on?
- All right.
- I can't believe this.
Now, I'm looking for Bobby Burns.
- Who?
- Don't lie to me, asshole.
- Robert "Bobby" Burns.
- Still in the joint.
You must be John, aren't you?
His brother.
Where is he?
You wouldn't tell me if you knew,
would you?
Well, no. Not really, officer.

Are you okay?
You don't look very good.
Nothing a month in Hawaii
wouldn't cure.
Have you seen him?
Look, he's my brother.
I don't know what you think he's done...
...but he's got his own life.
His job is to do what he wants to do...
...and your job is to find him,
if you think you need to.
Other than that,
I really can't tell you very much.
I go back to school in two days.
I'm here on Christmas break.
Is your mom in there?
She awake?
Merry Christmas, huh?
Yeah.
Hey, where are you...?
Where are you going? Hey.
Shit.
Fuck.
Well, well, what have we here, guys?
A little domestic spat
on our good Lord's birthday?
- Sheriff's Homicide.
- You gotta be kidding.
Oh, God.
Do me a favor, cuff this asshole.
- What are you doing?
- Who are you?
Elliot Webly, parole officer.
What have you done now?
I got sick, Webly.
What the hell does it look like?
I don't mind helping,
but you threw up all over this guy.
Jesus. Son of a bitch.
You fucking threw up on me, man.
Jesus, shut him the fuck up.
My head's killing me.
- Shut him up.
- What do you got on him?

I don't know.
Put him through the machine.
Come on. Jesus Christ.
Oh, man, you're a real asshole.
You know that?
- I got him, didn't I?
- It's all over me.
Come on. Let me up.
Why don't you just shit on me,
while you're at it?
Think this will wash out of my tie?
70 at Roscoe and Laurel Terrace.
Check. Ellis, James. Male Caucasian.

Date of birth:

No wants or warrants.
Currently on parole for armed robbery.
All right. I'll take it from here.
- Have a nice day.
- Sorry, I have other plans.
Honey, I'm telling you the truth.
I think the man
is actually physically dangerous.
Wait, wait a minute,
he's doing something.
Me? I'm at a Chinese restaurant.
Honey, sweetie, I don't think
the Chinese celebrate Christmas.
How long is your tail, parolee?
I got three more years,
if you violate me.
Shit. You're bought and paid for.
When Bobby got out of the joint,
he called me.
We hung out together. No big deal.
How long ago was that?
I don't know. A month ago.
He was waiting for some guys
to show up.
He was doing a hell of a lot
more than that.
He was capering, wasn't he?
You know,
I don't have to tell you shit.

Not without a P.O. I don't.
I got a P.O.
He's on the phone lying to his wife.
Now keep talking.
When did these guys show up?
- Two days ago.
- Who were they?
I don't know,
I never seen them before.
Damn you, you better come up
with something better.
- That's all I know, I swear to God.
- What is going on here?
I'll be finished in a minute.
Keep an eye out for the cops.
I will not.
I will not be a party to this, Beck.
I will not allow this to happen
under my aegis.
- Under your what?
- My aegis.
My auspice. I'm responsible here.
You hear that?
He's responsible here, but I'm not.
Now, goddamn it,
I need some answers.
I got a splitting headache,
I'm seeing double.
Shit, I think I'm gonna throw up.
He took off in a wagon. A brow...
Maroon. Maroon Ford wagon.
He said something about going north
to Bakersfield. But that's all.
He didn't say any more and I didn't ask.
That's it.
- Are you sure?
- Yeah. Don't puke. Don't puke.
Good.
What's gonna happen now?
You wanna book this guy
for parole violation?
I certainly do not.
It's your lucky day.
- How's the little woman?

- Wonderful.
Good. Uncuff him, will you?
Yeah. This is Jerry Beck.
Beck, this is John.
Yeah. I've got a positive ID
on your suspect.
What?
The stop-and-rob manager
made him for sure.
It's Burns, all right.
He's got that tattoo
on that right arm of his.
The circle, the cross,
the lightning bolt.
It's Burns, for sure.
Hi. It's me.
Merry Christmas.
How are the kids?
Good.
Are you okay?
Well, it hasn't exactly
been a joyous holiday season...
...for me either.
I didn't mean anything by that.
I just meant I know how you feel,
that's all.
By the way, you didn't have
to get a restraining order...
...to keep me
from stopping by the school.
All you had to do was ask.
It's not like I've been hanging out
in a overcoat...
...with sunglasses, you know.
Fine. Are the kids there?
Because I'm their father.
I'd like to talk to them.
I'd like to wish them merry Christmas.
Goddamn it, do we have to do this
over every goddamn little thing?
I'm their father.
I wanna talk to them
and I'd like to stop by later...
...and give them their... Their presents.

Is that all right?
I am their goddamned father, Gloria.
How can they be in bed?
They're not in bed.
I can hear them
in the fucking background.
Gloria.
Gloria, Gloria, don't hang up.
Gloria?
Goddamn! Jesus!
Damn son of a bitch.
Got a minute?
- You startled me.
- That makes two of us.
What happened to you?
How'd you find out?
- I'm a cop, remember?
- I'm sorry.
You're sorry?
It's not what you think.
- How do you know what I'm thinking?
- It's all over your face.
You wanna come inside?
I can make coffee.
- That's bullshit.
- Don't be rude.
I'm sorry. I don't know...
I didn't come here for an apology.
Nothing that complicated.
I just wanna know why.
I wanted to tell you. I intended to.
The next thing I knew,
we were in bed.
- Bullshit. It didn't happen that fast.
- Well, for me it did.
- Bullshit. Bullshit.
- You keep saying that.
That's because you keep lying.
- He was your husband.
- Who are you to judge me?
I don't know.
Who do you have to be?
- Hi, Linda.
- Hi, Nancy. Hi, Alma.

- Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas.

Yes, he was my husband. Was.

We'd been separated

for eight months.

God, why am I explaining myself

to you? I don't have to.

Well, it'd be damned nice

if somebody did.

Look.

What exactly do you wanna know?

I'd like to know why you jumped in

and out of bed with me?

If you wanted something,

why didn't you ask?

- It would've saved us time and energy.

- I didn't plan it.

I didn't expect it.

It was Christmas Eve and I was alone.

That's all?

No.

That's not all.

No. I wanted something else.

At least, I thought I did.

I wanted you to find the man

who killed Gary.

That's my job.

Find him and kill him.

- That's not my job.

- He deserves to die.

He may.

Not the way you got in mind.

See you around.

Merry Christmas to you too.

The fucking door was locked.

That's against the law...

...to keep an exit door locked

during business hours.

Right?

- Ain't that right?

- You're right, Ray.

I'm right.

Sleepy, why don't we get everybody...

...and get them down on the floor?

Down.
Move it.
Raymond! Cash register.
The fucking thing won't open.
How does the cash register open?
It sticks.
It sticks, Raymond.
You gotta hit it on the side.
Bingo.
This asshole's got pesos.
What the fuck are we gonna do
with pesos?
Jerry, 41.
Yeah, Beck here.
Walker Hillard here. Chief of police
in Cottonwood, Arizona.
We got this little Mexican bar
right outside of...
Hey, come on, come on, come on,
now down.
No, I'm talking to the dog.
Look, we got this little Mexican bar
right outside of town.
It got robbed last night.
After they robbed it, they laid everybody
on the floor and they shot them all.
Now, I saw your teletype...
...I wondered if it could have anything
to do with that.
Sit tight, chief. I'll be right out.
Beck, this could be your lucky day.
I got a report from one of my boys.
He spotted a maroon Ford wagon...
...heading out to the Steadman
ranch this morning.
- You're kidding.
- I figure it's won'th a shot. Go on.
Lombard, tow this thing out of here.
Chief, that's my car.
You know, if this turns out
to be the right station wagon...
...Looks like we could be overmatched.
How's that?
Well, we've got a few handguns

and maybe a shotgun or two.
It says here on your deputy's report
the bad guys used automatics.
Maybe a MAC-10 or two.
That's what I call overmatched.
Did you read this?
Let me give you a piece of advice here,
Beck.
You're a city cop.
If I was in the city, I'd listen to you.
This ain't the big city,
this is Cottonwood.
Population 2231,
and I am the chief of police.
This is my town, my territory.
To make it real simple,
nobody's gonna fuck with me here.
Dorothy,
we're arriving at the Steadman place.
Have Bonnie send over
a couple of steak sandwiches...
...from the office about 12:30.
Thank you. What?
Fries or baked?
- What? Oh, fries.
- Fries. Fries.
Thanks, hon. Fries.
You don't need the gun.
Just tell them who you are.
- Fuck you, Beck.
- Fuck you too, chief.
And your goddamned french fries.
Jackson. Get my hat.
Never mind the hat. Get up here.
Get up here.
Go to the highway
and flag down a car.
It could be hours before it dawns
on Dorothy that something's wrong.
Sir,
I got two years seniority on Randall...
Because I'm sending you,
now get the fuck out of here.
Gentlemen, who's Beck?

- I'm Beck.

- Arthur Kressler, FBI.

I got your message about the break
in the Kimble case and I flew right out.
They said you were out of radio contact.
What happened here?

Now, here's another one.

Listen to this.

"This is a time

to put our differences aside...

...and concentrate on what we share.

Our common vision of a new America,
purged of..."

Sounds like typical

white-supremacy rhetoric to me.

Yeah?

You mean they just sit around
and write this shit all the time?

Half of them are in prison anyway.

I suppose it helps them
pass the time of day.

Is that tape on your glasses?

Yeah. I lost one of those little screws.

Fell out.

You know,

what struck me is they keep talking...

...about this big meeting

that they're gonna have...

...where they unite

and create one organization...

...one power structure.

They...

They get real carried away, man.

Like they're the fucking

Knights of the Round Table...

...Looking for King Arthur.

God almighty.

Look, Beck,

I understand what you're saying.

All I'm trying to do is tell you
what the bureau's position is.

That these groups

have no unity or central authority.

They're fragmented,

territorial and isolated.
Come on. I'll give you a lift back
in the chopper.
I wanna get out an APB as soon
as possible on that station wagon.
Excuse me.
You don't wanna take
any of these letters?
Of course I'll take them, but I doubt
they're gonna carry much weight.
I called the captain 's office.
The secretary said that she's sure
the money went out yesterday.
Yes, they're double-checking.
Meanwhile, I'm in Oklahoma City.
It is 36 fucking degrees here
and I am freezing my ass off.
Reimburse what, Henry?
Do you have any idea what
a goddamn divorce costs these days?
Do you have an idea
what these lawyers cost?
My credit cards are maxed out.
I can't reimburse shit.
Yes, all right. All right.
I'm on my way to Bogan now.
Yeah, it's like I told you,
I'd pick you up at the dance.
No. No, that's what I said.
No, until the divorce goes through,
that's the way it's gotta be.
Look, I got some business
I gotta take care of.
I'll see you later. Okay?
Cute sign, chief.
Yeah.
Fucking ACLU,
the commie Jew bastards...
...made us take it down.
Used to be out front.
Don't make no difference.
Ain't no nigger gonna stay in this town
after sundown.
Oh, by the way, I briefed my boys.

No sign of a maroon Ford wagon
so far.
Are you cold?
Does it show?
Yeah, blue lips will give you away
every time.
You California boys got it too easy.
All that sunshine and pussy
thins the blood.
Yeah, that's us.
Land of milk and honey.
Morning briefings on the beach.
And every once in a while,
some asshole kills a cop...
...and everybody gets pissed off.
No more beach, no more sunshine
and pussy until the guy's caught.
Yeah, we draw straws
out of our banana daiquiris.
Which is why I'm here, chief.
Short straw.
You know a man named Gebhardt?
- Why?
- Well, I'd like to pay him a visit.
I have reason to believe that
Bobby Burns might contact him.
Well,
I think you got your names mixed up.
I don't think so, chief.
I got his name and phone number
out of Bobby's phone book.
Maybe they have something else
in common.
Maybe they like to hunt ducks.
Oh, I think they've got a little
more in common than ducks.
Such as?
Such as white supremacy.
It's probably an alien concept
around here...
...but there are actually groups of people
who hate anyone that isn't like them.
Gebhardt's place is about
a half an hour's drive from here.

I got some business to take care of.
I'll call you later this afternoon.
I got the address
and I got a car, chief.
I won't wait long.
Without me or a search warrant...
...you won't set foot
on Gebhardt's property.
You got a search warrant?
Chief, there's a guy out there
from the FBI.
FBI? Shit. Well, bring him on in.
Arthur Kressler, special agent
assigned to the Kimble murder.
I got word on your lead
and I flew right out.
How's it going?
Well, to tell you the truth,
a little slow.
It's not the chief's fault.
He's just been busy as hell
these days. Right, chief?
You didn't tell me
the FBI was in on this.
Oh, my fault, chief.
Well, you see,
I don't really think of Art as FBI.
I think of him more as a friend.
We hang out at the beach together.
I don 't believe
I've ever seen a cross like that...
...on a church before, Reverend.
Exactly what denomination is that?
The Aryan Nation Church of Christ,
Mr. Beck.
How does that differ from, say,
oh, the Baptists?
It embodies the nucleus
of what America once was...
...and will be again, Mr. Beck.
And just what is that, Reverend?
White and pure, Mr. Beck.
Cleansed
of its present racial impurities.

Our nation has become adulterated
by people of low blood.
They act like parasites on a giant oak,
feeding on it...
...day by day sapping its strength.
You make a powerful case, Reverend.
Frankly, I never looked at it that way.
Well, you're not alone, Mr. Beck.
Fortunately,
there are those among us who have.
I guess that brings me
to why we're here.
Do you know this man?
- I don't believe I do, Mr. Beck.
- Mr. Beck.
Thank you.
His name is Robert Burns, or Bobby.
We have reason to believe
he might contact you.
Well, we have many friends
who stop by, Mr. Beck.
Friends from coast to coast
and border to border.
It's him.
It's the guy with the cops
from the Steadman place.
It's the guy that sighted me
with the.38.
What the fuck is he doing
in Oklahoma?
I don't know.
Maybe he's a fed.
He's no fed. Feds are neat.
Whoever this guy is,
he wouldn't last a week with the feds.
The other guy's coming over.
Now, he is a fed. Look at him.
So clean, you could shoot him
and bury him in the same suit.
But that other motherfucker...
...I can't figure him out.
It's kind of hard to reconcile this
with godliness and hot apple turnovers.
Yeah, the scary part

is they put up such a good front.
No,
the scary part is, is that it ain't no front.
Nine millimeter.
Bobby Burns' weapon of choice.
So you think he's been here?
I know he's been here.
You mind telling me what took you?
It's freezing out here.
Chief wanted his coat back.
You didn't bring a cold-weather coat?
What's the matter with you?
Nothing that a little overdue
expense money wouldn't cure.
Tell me. You got any new ideas
about what we're dealing with here?
- Like what?
- Come on, Kressler, open your eyes.
These people
aren't a ragtag bunch of yahoos...
...that drink beer and run around
in sheets on Saturday night.
They got money behind them.
They got strong pockets
of community support.
No proof.
You don't know that for sure.
The hell I don't.
We just walked out of one.
Who the fuck do you think called ahead
and warned Gebhardt?
- They were standing on the porch...
- Excuse me.
As one professional to another...
...I would appreciate if you would
minimize your constant use of profanity.
- You're kidding.
- No, sir, I'm not kidding.
I'm telling you
something's going on here.
I'm telling you something big
is happening here...
...and all that grabs you is my language?
What the fuck is the matter with you?

That's a good example.
I'm a Christian, Beck.
I'm sure that seems like probably a joke
or something to you...
...but I find your language
personally offensive.
If you need me for anything,
I'll be at the Marriott...
...in Oklahoma City until 9.
My flight leaves at 10:05.
I'd get a cold-weather coat
if I were you.
You could freeze to death
in this weather.
Excuse me?
You...
You mean because Western Unions
computers are down...
...I can't get my money?
Well, can you tell me
when they're gonna be back up?
I don't fucking believe this.
Keep driving.
You're gonna turn left
at the street right up here, okay?
Who are you?
You first.
I'm the Grim Reaper.
Now you.
I'm a cop from L.A.
You're no cop from L.A.
I saw you in Arizona
and now here in Oklahoma.
Fuck it.
It doesn't matter who you are
when you're dead.
You know,
before you kiss this world goodbye...
...there is something you should know.
You cops, judges,
whatever the hell you are...
...you keep thinking
you can solve the problem...
...by putting us in jail.

Or killing us.
That's what the Romans thought
when they took Christian people...
...and they fed them to lions.
That's what the Romans thought...
...when they took Christians
and they put them into the sewers.
Catacombs.
It's the same thing today.
Only the catacombs
have different names.
Like San Quentin and Soledad...
...and a hundred other prisons
across this country.
Because you see,
it didn't die in the sewers of Rome.
It grew and grew.
One idea, one cause.
Every single prisoner's got it.
And the Romans couldn't kill it
and neither can kiss-ass liberals...
...or cops.
Very easy.
I'm right here.
This is 45 Adam.
Officer needs assistance.
Shit.
Go. Go. Go.
Freeze! Arms away from your head!
Don't shoot, don't shoot, I'm a cop.
- Don't move!
- I'm a cop, I'm a cop from L.A.
I got some ID. Right here.
See?
One more thing.
I call a man back for an assignment,
I don't wanna hear...
...a 15-minute recitation on the phone
in order to accomplish it.
I got a tremendous amount
of bullshit going on here.
I don't need any additional tsuris.
But, Jerry, I like you,
so I'm not gonna waltz you around.

- You're in big trouble on this one.
- It's Agent Kressler, the asshole...
It's Agent Kressler,
it's a P.O. Named Webly.
It's patrol officers
from Kimble's murder...
...who said that you acted
in an insensitive manner.
It is a goddamn Greek chorus of folks,
Jerry.
There are complaints
of excessive drinking...
...language unbecoming an officer,
physical intimidation...
...and kidnapping.
Look, I didn't kidnap anyone. L...
That's a beautiful rebuttal,
considering the list of charges.
Chief, look,
before you make any decisions...
...you've gotta look at this stuff.
This is the map that I told you about.
All right, here is the route. Right here.
I got names and addresses of people.
These are the letters.
These are just some of the letters.
I'm telling you,
there's something big going on here.
More than anyone guessed.
This isn't a group of people
standing around...
...yelling "nigger" and "kike" and...
And "spic." This...
This is a goddamn movement.
This is... They got organization.
They got money.
They got resources
I wish the fuck we had.
Jerry, not now.
Let's deal with first things first...
...like keeping you on this case.
Now, to do that,
I'm gonna need some help.
Some ammunition

only you can provide.
I've set up an appointment
with a Dr. Krantz...
...one of those
department psychiatrists.
You convince him you're okay,
you're on the next flight out.
Four o'clock this afternoon.
Don't be late and don't fuck it up.
Mr. Beck? Dr. Krantz.
- Pleased to meet you, doctor.
- Come in.
I know how stressful
these things can be.
Just think of me as one of the guys.
Did I say something funny, Mr. Beck?
No. No, doc. It's just...
This is... This is real important to me.
It's also real important
that you be completely honest here.
Yes. Yes, I understand.
L... I'm gonna be completely honest.
Good.
Then let's get back
to my original question.
Did I say something funny, Mr. Beck?
Look, can we...? Can we just drop it?
We're not here to drop things,
Mr. Beck.
Okay.
I mean, you're... You're a psychologist,
you're trained and...
And you understand these things.
I mean, the rest of the world
walks around with these fragile egos.
You're rambling, Mr. Beck.
Well, the truth of it...
The truth is that you...
You kind of look like Woody Allen.
And when you said:
"Think of me as one of the guys..."
How did I get to this?
I don't know.
It just happened.

Just like this case.
I didn't ask for it.
It just happened.
But it's okay, it's my case.
I started it...
...and I just wanna finish it.
Is there any point in...?
In going on with this? I mean...
...I'm a dead man.
If that's true, Mr. Beck,
you died by your own hand.
It was the Woody Allen thing, right?
No one responds well to ridicule,
Mr. Beck, even psychiatrists.
God almighty.
I swear to God to you,
I didn't mean that as ridicule.
Whatever else happens here today,
that is the truth.
I'm afraid our time is up, Mr. Beck.
We tried it your way, doc.
- Now we're gonna try it mine.
- Get out of this office.
You're not a safe man
to put on the streets, Mr. Beck.
You're not a safe man
to put in this office, Dr. Krantz.
If I get pulled off of this case
because you look like Woody Allen...
...I will not be responsible
for what I will do.
If you got some dues to pay there,
then by God, you pay them...
...because I will not.
I will fixate on you
as the instrument of my destruction...
...and you will never feel safe
in your world again.
Yeah.
I'll hold.
Morning, captain.
Oh, yeah. It's a wonder what
a good night's sleep will do for you.
I did?

Son of a bitch.

No, sir.

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Thank you.

Woody fucking Allen.

Jerry Beck?

Yeah, hi. Is Captain Dixon with you?

You're looking at him.

No shit?

No shit.

- You know the Selby place?

- I know the place and the man.

Arlen Selby

is a major Klucker in these parts.

We're gonna need men for backup...

...and it only takes one

with mixed loyalties.

I think I can guarantee

that won't happen.

Meet seven of Kellmars finest.

Gentlemen, Jerry Beck.

- Mr. Beck.

- Not a Klucker among them.

I feel better already.

- Is this your boy?

- Yeah.

- Hi there.

- Hi.

You must be a pretty important guy.

Got a fellow, flew in this afternoon

just because you're here.

Curtis, we got some business to do.

I'm glad you could make it, Beck.

Yeah.

Thanks for all the help.

Sorry, Kressler, but me and the doc,

we got along just like that.

- Two peas in a pod.

- Really?

What did you do?

Threaten his wife and kids?

I see you two guys

are already acquainted.

What do you say we take care
of some business over here?
According to my information...
...I think it's best that we're in position

no later than 5:

Why do I get the feeling
you got something else on your mind?
You tell me.
I sense you've got unfinished business
wrapped up in this...
...and it worries me.
So I made some calls.
I like to know who I'm working with.
You see, I got a wife and kids waiting.
So does Franklin.
I make it a point to go home.
You can call L.A., you can call anywhere
they've got a phone.
It's bullshit and you know it.
There's only one question about me
that matters.
And that is, is there anyone
that'd be afraid...
...to go through a door with me?
And you already know the answer
to that question.
Otherwise, you wouldn't be here
in the first place.
It's not quite that simple.
The hell it isn't.
That's what's so great about this job,
captain.
It's as simple as it gets.
Death and taxes.
- Let's do it.
- Let's go.
This is the FBI.
Freeze. Nobody move.
- Get down.
- Down on the floor.
- Keep your hands where I can see them.
- This is the FBI.
Ladies, outside, move, move.

Let's go.

- Get down.

- Get down, Mrs. Gebhardt. Get down.

We have a warrant

for the arrest of Robert "Bobby" Burns...

...and three John Does.

We have reason to believe

they're on the premises.

- All right, all right.

- Get on the floor.

I repeat. This is the FBI.

Comply with this federal warrant

and put down your arms immediately.

I didn't expect to find you here,

Reverend.

Nor I you, Mr. Beck.

- You out spreading the gospel?

- In a manner of speaking.

Well, spread this gospel.

You tell your men out front

to throw down their weapons...

...and comply with the federal warrant.

Now.

This is Reverend Gebhardt.

I want your full attention.

This is not the time or the place

for an armed confrontation.

We have nothing to hide.

I want you to lay down your weapons.

I repeat.

Lay down your weapons.

Beck,

I'm through playing catch-up with you.

You've been hiding evidence from me.

Whatever happens here today,

I want it.

Hands on your heads.

Against the wall. Move.

All right, Mr. Kressler.

We have complied with your wishes,

now kindly comply with ours.

Please leave.

Beck, apparently you were wrong.

He's not here after all.

What do you suggest now?
We set up our shop
in one of the barracks over there, huh?
I told you, I get the evidence,
win or lose.
Look, he's not in the church,
main house, kitchen, storage area.
I mean, I looked places you couldn't
hide a kid, no less four adults.
- He's gotta be here.
- Jerry, I don't think he's here.
This is the place. It's all in place.
Like in the letters.
The meeting
to create a new covenant, the...
- The map said...
- Jerry, I gotta...
...he was gonna be in Oklahoma City.
He was in Oklahoma City...
...and he's gotta be here.
Look, if that head Nazi makes a call,
my ass is grass.
Damn it,
all the roads lead to this place.
Look, it's time to walk away.
I backed you as much as I can on this.
This is an outrage.
A blatant violation of constitutional law.
I demand legal counsel before
you take another step in this church.
Leave these premises now
or face a multimillion-dollar lawsuit.
Go ahead, because I'm already broke.
My goddamn ex-wife beat you to it.
Come on, let's go.
Is the FBI broke, Mr. Kressler?
Look, just give me five minutes
and I'll settle everything, okay?
You're out of here, Beck.
You hear me?
You are history, mister.
Do you hear me?
I heard you.
Now stay the fuck out of my way.

Your unprofessional behavior
is jeopardizing all our careers.
I'm talking to you, mister.
You are off this case.
No such luck, dickface.
You wanna do it right now, Beck?
You wanna go right now?
Settle this somewhere else.
This is not the time or the place!
- This operation is over.
- Just back off.
Shit.
This is the FBI.
We have a warrant for the arrest
of Robert "Bobby" Burns...
...and three John Doe accomplices.
You're completely surrounded.
Surrender immediately.
He's dead.
All right.
We gotta split up.
Franklin. Kressler.
John.
Die, nigger.
Put some pressure on it.
Let's go!
I'm okay. Take him.
Five, six.
It's you.
Jesus Christ.
Why are you doing this to me?
You killed a cop in L.A.
I didn't kill a cop.
The hell you didn't.
Don't lie to me, asshole.
You're dying. Don't lie to me.
Give it up, Bobby.
I don't know
what you're talking about.
You robbed that store
and then you shot the manager.
And then when the cop pulled you over
to question you...
...you shot him right in the face.

You pumped a dozen rounds
of 9 mm...
...right in his goddamn face,
didn't you, you son of a bitch?
You got the wrong guy.
You got the wrong guy.
You shot the wrong guy.
You've been following this guy
for 1500 miles and he didn't do it.
You don't know that.
How do you know that?
The same way you do.
I heard him say it.
And whether you like it or not,
it's true.
John.
You killed him.
You killed my brother.
John, I...
- I didn't want it to go down like...
- I didn't even get a chance to tell him.
I drove up from New Mexico last night
and he was asleep.
Now he'll never know what I did.
He'll never know I had it too.
I had the same blood that he did.
Fire and ice.
He loved me.
He would have killed for me.
But he didn't think I had it.
So I got a Browning just like his
and I went into that store...
...and I shot that nigger...
...and I shot your fucking cop too
on the way home.
He came up to me
and I looked him straight in the eyes.
I smiled and I said,
"Merry Christmas, officer."
I had that motherfucker dead bang,
and I blew him away.
I put a bullet in him
for every time some cop...
...fucked with my brother,

since he was 14 years old.
Now, you put your gun down.
Put it down.
I wanna see your gun on the floor.
I'll blow your fucking brains out,
faggot.
All right. All right, now you.
Okay.
Okay, John.
John, first...
First I think
you ought to know the truth.
Just listen to me.
I think you ought to know the truth
about what happened here.
I didn't kill your brother, John.
He did.
John, give it up, man.
John.
John,
forget all that fire-and-ice bullshit.
Your brother was a pussy
without a Browning in his hand.
And he was a fucking punk
in the joint.
He'd bend over
for a pack of cigarettes.
- He sucked every con in the joint, John.
- Shut up!
Shut up!
I don't have anything to say to you.
You gave up your gun.
You did what no cop should ever do.
He was gonna kill me if I didn't.
He was gonna kill us both anyway.
Who are you to talk?
You told him I killed his brother.
If it was up to you,
I'd be dead right now.
It was up to me.
I'm pleased to say that this case
is a model example...
...of how the FBI
and local law enforcement...

...can not only work together,
but achieve significant results together.
In reviewing the letters,
Burns' phone book...
...and other evidence
supplied by Agent Kressler...
...the bureau is revising its position
on white supremacy groups.
There is sufficient evidence...
...to believe
that there is a concerted effort...
...to combine these groups
under a common umbrella.
And so the FBI is forming a task force
to respond to this.
Now, I would like to introduce
the agent...
...who has been on this case
from beginning to end, Arthur Kressler.
Thank you, sir.
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you.
There's not much I can add.
I would, however,
like to thank the bureau...
...for its unwavering support
and commitment to this operation.
And also a big clap on the back
to local law enforcement.
They were with us
every step of the way.
Without them,
we probably wouldn't be here now.
Taxi?
How's your leg?
It hurts like a bitch.
What do you think?
Thanks for the lift.
Jerry.
I want you to know
I'd go through a door with you anytime.
And there's more out there
than death and taxes.
A hell of a lot more.
All you gotta do

is give it half the chance.