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# Dead Draw

By Brian Klemesrud

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- I'm telling you

Dallas looks nervous.

- Your brother's gonna be fine.

- Are you sure you  
got that combination?

- Compliments of Ms. Parker.

- I hope she's right.

- She always is.

- Not about the  
combination or the clock.

- What did I just say?

If you can't do this,  
you should've told me.

- If that clock  
ain't have zeros,  
I won't have a chance.

- Almost done.

They're watching reruns.

- All right.

What's the combination?

- 25,

34,

18,

six.

Go.

You ready for the beach, Jonesy?

- Fuck yeah.

- Yeah, let's go.

- Glad you came.

It only took us 18  
years to get here.

- We still got  
3,000 miles to go.

- What the hell is his problem?

- He's not used to winning.

- You heard the man let's go.

- Shit ain't gonna walk  
on its own let's go.

- Hey, where's our pilot?

What is it?

- We got a problem.

- What happened?

- It's Bartlett.

- What's going on?  
- Where the fuck is it?  
- Where is he?  
- In there.  
- The people we're stealing  
from are bloodhounds.  
If you fuck up  
they will smell it.  
They will follow the trail  
until they find you and then me,  
and then they'll burn  
everything we've ever touched.  
You need to be smart  
about this one, Harrison.  
- Is it worth the risk?  
- You have no idea.  
Frisco City, Indiana  
it's somewhere between  
Chicago and Indianapolis  
middle of nowhere.  
It's far enough off the  
freeway that no one stops by.  
The only thing not slowly  
sinking into the soil  
is a private bank,  
which is why the  
cartel loves it.  
Chicago's a huge market  
supplied by Miami.  
So their drug traffic  
comes up the interstate,  
and then somewhere  
around Frisco City  
the shipments are  
exchanged for cash.  
The drugs head north,  
and the cash stays right here  
in safety deposit boxes.  
The cartel isn't taking chances  
when it comes to their  
drives getting any ideas.  
So it just sits there until  
Miami decides to pick it up.  
You get in and get out

clean without a trace  
by the time the cartel finds out  
you will be long gone.

- Your source?

- Solid.

This is the middle  
of America, Harrison.

They throw their veterans a  
Christmas parade every year.  
You're gonna wear fatigues  
and carry the takeout  
in Army duffel bags.

I hear Mack finished his time.

- I didn't know you  
were keeping tabs.

- I'll tell you what I think.  
You feel like you owe him,  
and you're planning  
on using him.

- I don't think it's  
any of your business.

- It is, Harrison,  
because if you fuck up  
who do you think  
it comes down on?

- You run shit  
from behind a desk.

You don't know what it's like  
when the clock is ticking.  
Let me give you a number.  
18 jobs, no fuck ups.  
That's why you're  
here because what I do  
pays your bills,  
and the only reason that  
happens is 'cause of my men.  
'Cause when the clock is ticking  
and the heat is  
breathing down my neck  
and I hear those sirens,  
I know the three guys  
in the ship with me  
ain't gonna run not  
until I tell them to.

And this ain't  
happening without them.

- 17.

- Excuse me.

- 17 out of 18.

- Well, since Mack took the fall  
and you got your take  
I consider that a win.

- Don't get me  
wrong I'm grateful.

I could've silenced Mack if  
I wanted to but I didn't.

- This conversation's over.

- Harrison,  
no matter who you are doing  
that much time leaves a mark  
especially if you're doing  
that time for somebody else.  
Mack's changed.  
He found God and now he spends  
all of his time on his  
knees repenting his sins.

- Well, then he can use  
his share to buy a church.  
I trust him.

- I know.

- Ah, Jesus.

- No.

- Oh, god.

- What happened?

- I found him in here with this.

- A bullet that shit  
doesn't make any sense.

- It's a message.

- Okay, what does it mean?

- It means we're being hunted.

- Somebody's toying with us.

- Someone wants the money.

- Well, how do you know?

- What the fuck  
are we doing here, Dallas?

- Harrison said this  
shit was airtight.  
It's gotta be something else.

I mean we don't even  
fucking know this guy.

- I did.

- Did he know about the job?

- He knew where we were going  
and how much he'd get  
for taking us there.  
Somebody else found out.

- Ah, this is fucked.

- Alright, here's what we do.  
Alright, we split up.  
D and I we head back  
into town we grab a car.  
We double back here.  
We take our chances on the road.

- No, wait a minute.

- What?

- Wait a minute.

- Look if we're gonna  
move, we gotta move now.

- We need to fucking  
think this through, man.  
They fucking made him bleed.  
They pulled him in here,  
and they put him on display.  
I mean look at that shit.  
Look at the plastic bag.  
Alright, he wasn't fucking dead  
when they taped  
him to the chair.  
So they put that  
around his head,  
so he'd suffocate  
when he came to.  
Okay, that's some  
savage shit, boys.  
Whoever did this  
knew we were coming.  
Alright they knew  
we'd find Bartlett,  
and they know we're  
here right now.

- Oh, you don't  
think the cartel?

- Nah, not the cartel.  
They would've mowed us down  
the minute we got here.

- Unless they're  
fucking with us, bro.

- That's what I'm saying.  
We need to take a second  
and think this through.

- Bartlett didn't deserve this,  
and we ain't splitting up.  
We're gonna figure  
out whoever did this,  
and we're gonna kill him.

- Fuck.

- Dallas told me  
I'd find you here.

- It's good to see you.

- Likewise.  
Thought you would've come by.

- I had some things  
to take care of first.

- I understand.  
Kept this for you.  
Your take plus half of mine.

- You wanna do this here.

- I don't see the padre.  
Speaking of which when  
did all this happen.

- It's a long story.

- I got time.

- A lot can change  
in five years.

- I would've come  
by but you know.

- I know the rules.

- The rules.

- Right.

- I did what I could.  
I looked out for your bro  
while you were in the joint.  
So keep it.  
You can give it to God  
or whoever you lit that  
candle for it's yours.

Never asked you  
to take the fall.  
- I never said you did.  
- I know, I know.  
It's too quiet in here.  
It feels like guilt.  
- It should.  
- Come on let's get a  
burger or something.  
Mack, I wanna make this right.  
- So you're buying  
me a slice of pie.  
- Thank you, ma'am.  
- Anytime.  
- Anytime.  
Now, Mack, I get it I get it.  
Nothing's worth the risk  
not when you just  
get out of the joint.  
I wanna let this one go too.  
Waited as long as I  
could but the job...  
- I'm not interested.  
- 'Cause you found God?  
- Not your business.  
- This will change things for us  
for your bro.  
- My brother.  
- Well, you said it yourself.  
A lot of things changed  
while you were inside.  
- What does he have  
to do with this?  
- You know Dallas.  
He won't take a hand out.  
He needs to earn his dough.  
- This is how you take  
care of my family?  
- You need to relax.  
- No, he had a shot  
at something else.  
- He didn't tell you.  
- He knows I would've  
ripped his head off.



- Mack, you need to sit down.  
I thought you knew.

- Know what?

- It was to qualify to fight.  
Dallas he was fighting  
this big Greek bastard.  
The Greek had Dallas  
up against the ropes,  
was pounding him on  
the side of the head  
but he got sloppy.  
Let it slip for a second.  
Dallas swung.  
Connected.  
We heard a crack.  
We thought Dallas had broken  
the Greek bastard's jaw.  
Turns out it was the  
other way around.  
Dallas was tough.  
He wouldn't go down.  
Fought the rest of the fight  
with a broken right hand.  
He fought Southpaw.  
Won in 12 rounds.

- How bad is it?

- They say surgery but  
he'll never fight again.

- So he crewed up with you?  
How many jobs.

- Three.

This is the last one.

- The last one?

- This one's different.

- You're stealing  
something that ain't yours.  
Taking something it's  
the same damn thing.

- There's no safe just  
safety deposit boxes.  
We're talking eight figures.

- That's a lot of heat.

- Not from the cops.

- The money's dirty.

And Dallas.

- Just the driver.

He waits outside.

- I don't like it.

- You never do.

- Tell you what

you want me in?

You cut Dallas lose.

- I'll tell you what

you talk him out of it.

Talk him out of it.

Come on, Mack.

Your ice cream's melting.

I beg

You darling please come home

I love you more than

any words can tell

If the ice falls on our dreams

Pardons it to melt away

We'll be happy evermore

in the garden of dreams

Sun the moon

like us are lovers

- You find anything?

- Place is empty.

- Not a fucking trace.

- Call Ms. Parker.

- Not yet.

- Not yet.

This man's fucking dead.

Okay, she's the only

one that can help us.

- I thinking the

same damn thing.

- How'd Ms. Parker

find out about the job?

- She don't say.

- She don't say.

She found out from somebody?

My guess is whoever

told Ms. Parker

about this job set us up.

- That's a big assumption.

- Is it?

I don't think so.

I mean it's not just us they're  
fucking with here, right?

Ms. Parker's money's  
in those bags too.

- Make the call.

- Tell her what?

- The truth.

- Oh, you think  
she's gonna help.

There's a dead body.

She's gonna be packing her bags  
while I'm on the phone on  
a flight within the hour  
drinking Mai Tai's on the  
beach till the heat blows.

- Hey, don't be a pussy.

- Yeah, it's the  
only play we got.

Do it.

- I thought no  
cellphones were allowed  
at 40,000 feet.

- I'm sorry.

- For what?

- For leaving the way I did.

- You're not on the plane.

- We had a hiccup.

- A hiccup what  
the hell does that mean?

- Our pilot's dead.

- And the take?

- We still got it.

- Why are you calling me?

- I need a way out.

I thought...

I thought you could help.

- You thought wrong.

- Sarah, who gave you the job.

- You think this was on my end?

- I just need to make sure  
it's not one of my guys.

- I warned you about this.

- I know you did.

- The rat's on your end.  
Find him then we'll talk.

- Well.

- Well, what?  
It's like I said.

- What does that mean?  
What the fuck does that mean?

- We're not getting  
help not from her.  
We're on our own.

- Bullshit that's  
fucking bullshit.

- Dallas, easy.

- It's what she does,  
self-preservation.

- What?  
What the fuck?  
Are you fucking kidding me, man?  
You're gonna defend  
her with that bullshit.  
It was her job from the start.  
We got close to  
25 mil over there  
including her fucking take,  
and she's not gonna stick  
her neck out for what?  
Self-preservation?  
Are you fucking kidding me?

- Oh, you think she's in on it?  
Is that what you think?

- Dallas has got a point.  
It's a big take.

- Don't tell me that cold bitch  
wouldn't burn us to take it all.

- She wouldn't burn no one.

- What are you  
calling me a liar?

- Yeah, I'm calling you a liar.

- I'm not.

- Alright enough.  
This is how shit  
starts going side ways.  
We start pointing  
fingers, then guns.

Pretty soon shit gets bloody  
and we can't afford that.  
All this needs to be  
spent figuring out  
what we're gonna do next.  
You two settle down.  
- We need to take  
the fight to them.  
Alright whoever did  
this is out there  
laughing at us right now.  
We have what they want, right  
four duffel's filled with cash.  
So we send someone out.  
We dangle the bait.  
We see what bites.  
Wanna go fishing?  
- You know Mack you never told  
me what it was like inside.  
- It's not worth talking about.  
- You blame me.  
- No.  
I never said that.  
- Five minutes, Mack.  
Get in, get out, get clean.  
- I told you that safe  
couldn't be cracked  
not in that time frame.  
- And I told you to leave it.  
We already had the  
safety deposit boxes.  
We didn't need the vault.  
But you couldn't let it go.  
- I didn't expect you to stay.  
- Fuck you, Mack.  
Fuck you.  
After all we've been  
through together,  
you say that to me.  
I waited for you as  
long as we could.  
- Is that an apology?  
- Oh, that's beautiful.  
That is beautiful, Mack.

I see you.

I see you sitting in  
that cell thinking about  
how things went wrong,  
how it all went to pieces.

- You think I did this?

- I never said that.

- You think I killed Bartlett  
just to fuck you over?

- Who could blame you  
for wanting to get even  
after all that time served.

- So you think I'm a murderer.

- You tell me.

- I didn't want the money.

- I never said you did.

- Yeah, you know I did think  
about that five minutes  
every day how I told you  
there wasn't enough time.

You didn't listen.

You never listen.

- Is that a confession, Mack?

- You wanted this.

You came to me, remember?

I said no.

All this that's on you.

- Fuck.

Fuck.

Jesus, the money.

- Fucking leave it.

Come on.

- The fucking money.

- You running

from something, Jones?

You enlist you go

overseas and then what?

You get to thinking.

You decide maybe these guys  
will forget what I owe them.

- No, you see I didn't  
think I was coming back.

- Here you are.

- You always were the smart one.

- You got jokes that's  
one of the things  
he always liked about you  
is your sense of humor.  
That's why he came to  
pay you a courtesy.  
Tell you in person that  
debt don't go away.  
He's gonna get what you owe.  
It's your choice.  
You're gonna pay in  
dollar bills or blood.

- I used to take  
German in high school.  
I ever tell you that?  
Teacher was drunk all the time.  
He had that old man  
and stale Gin stench  
about him, you know.  
You know the stench, Carver.  
His face always looked  
like it was kind of like  
sliding off his skull sideways.  
Still I think he could  
tag more ass than you.

- You know you can't  
just borrow money  
and not pay it back.  
That's when shit happens.

- You know I fucking  
see that now I do.  
So what happens next?  
You gonna come  
back with two guys?

- Two weeks.  
You got two weeks understand me?

- Two weeks I got it.  
I got it.  
Carver,  
I'll see you soon.

- Yeah, you will.

- Ah, stop.  
Harrison.  
Mack, help.

- We were on the runway and he got hit.  
- Alright now.  
I'm just gonna pull this off.  
- Alright there we did it.  
- Shit.  
Turn him over.  
You're lucky the bullet went right through.  
- Yeah, you wanna fucking switch places?  
- Mack, get me some bourbon alright?  
- The duffel fuck the duffel on the fucking runway.  
- He got our money.  
- Alright don't worry about it.  
Just breathe, just breathe.  
Okay, we need something to switch this up.  
Find me something anything, okay?  
- Alright  
- Here you go  
Jonesy here you go.  
- I got nothing.  
- Okay, find me a crowbar anything metal.  
Okay, alright Mack.  
I need a flare or a flame anything, okay.  
- Propane torch?  
- Yeah, that should work.  
- I always wanted a tattoo of a woman's name.  
I ever tell you fucks that, a bird one of those old timey kinds with the name and the ribbon hanging from the beak.  
I thought I'd meet her in Mexico.  
- Don't get one Jonesy



you're too ugly.

- All right yeah that's good.
- I'm sorry Jonesy I'm sorry.
- Light up the fucking cigarette and stop being a pussy.
- Okay, needs to get red hot.
- Fuck you, bro.

Where's that fucking smoke, man?

- Okay, here we go.

One, two, three.

- Motherfucker.
- Mack.

I fucking missed you, man.

Let me buy you a drink.

- Absolutely.
- Bourbon?
- No, beer back.
- Alright, Katie line them up.

So, how's it feel to be out?

- Different but fucking good.
- Here you go, D.
- You might

wanna leave the bottle.

I think that this man could use a few.

- Just don't go hitting anyone, sweetheart.

Bourbon makes him a asshole.

- Sweetheart.
- Yeah, well can you blame her.

Look at this face.

Cheers.

- How's Gracie.
- We're still together.
- Am I an uncle yet?
- Fuck, man take it easy.
- Well, how would I know?

You better watch out, man.

You know a woman like that who's got her mind set it's just a matter of time.

- You're a shit.

What about you any tail since you been out?

- Harrison told me  
about your fight,  
about your hand.  
- Yeah, well fucking  
Greeks right?  
- How much to fix it?  
- Too much.  
- Is that why you're  
running with Harrison?  
- Jesus that's not your concern.  
- It's just a question.  
- Is that why you came here?  
- No, I came here to have a  
drink with my fucking brother.  
- Well, then fucking  
drink and stop talking.  
Fuck.

It's like you said Gracie  
gets what she wants  
and I'm not getting it done  
anymore not like I used to.

- I liked working on cars.  
I did.

Right after they started  
buying up the neighborhood  
things changed.

We got evicted.

They started building this bank  
across the street from the shop.

I used to watch these lawyers  
and these trophy wives  
going in and out all day.

Making deposits on their beamers  
and their minivans you know  
watching these people live  
this dream while mom was dying.

You were just a little kid.

We needed money  
and all I had to do was walk  
across the street and take it.

- Did you.

- Nah, I started buying safes  
practicing in the  
shop's basement.

Someone told Harrison  
and the rest is...  
And everything I did  
I did to keep you in the  
ring to keep you fighting,  
to keep you fighting for  
something else, something more.

- Don't put that shit on me  
bro that was your choice.

- Yeah, I know.

Look, if I could go back,  
I would do everything  
differently but I can't.  
And I gotta take  
responsibility for my actions,  
and you running with  
Harrison that's one of them.  
You got a girl.  
Take the money.  
Go fix that hand.  
Give it another shot, alright?

- You know his rules.

- Since when do you play by any?

Look D I love you.  
Even if I'm shitty at it,  
I love you.  
Take it.  
Have you ever heard the wind  
Seen its chilling sight  
And you can't hear nothing

- Did you see him?

- Yeah.

- How was he?

- He's good.

- I'm worried.

- About what?

- Us.

- It's gonna be fine I'm  
gonna find something.

- I don't want you  
hanging with him.

- He's my brother.

- He's an ex-con.

- Go back to sleep.

- Where are you going?  
- I'm not tired.  
- Dallas.  
- What?  
- Don't do this.  
- I have no idea what you're talking about, Gracie.  
- We can get through this together.  
Okay, I don't want you hanging with him.  
- Let me ask you something. When did you start thinking you could tell me what I can and can't do?  
- Whatever, D.  
Whatever.  
- So what happened?  
- Jones was right. He must've known that we were coming. We saw a car. I fired back. I hit something but Jones was already...  
- Dallas, he's gonna be fine. Jonesy's too stubborn to die.  
- I'm gonna find him. We gotta fine those fuckers, Macky.  
- We will.  
- What's wrong.  
- I hate it when you do that.  
- What?  
- Read my mind.  
- Well, it's not that hard. You have a tell.  
- What's that?  
- You furrow your brow.  
- That's it. I give you too much credit then.  
- We can go. Right now I have enough.  
- And the job.

- Someone else will step in.  
It's not too late.

- I don't walk away.

- You know doing something for yourself doesn't make you a horrible person, right?

- Sarah, I'm gonna tell you something.  
I was six.  
I was watching a ball game on TV,  
and my daddy walked in the door.  
He fell to the floor.  
He was thrown from a car.  
He was all beaten and bloody.  
My mom and I we tried to pick him up.  
But he was too drunk.  
He's too slippery from all the blood.  
See he was a gambler.  
He borrowed money from loan sharks.  
He was trying to balance one debt from the other.  
I held his hand while I watched him slip away.  
The whole time he just kept saying,  
"It's gonna be just fine."  
I swore to myself I would always pay my debt.

- I'm sorry.

- I owe them.

- This isn't about your debt.

- This was a mistake.

- They made their own decision and all of you suffered for it.  
But you can't go back,  
and you can't fix it.  
There's a way that you wish things were  
and then there's reality.

- I told you I hate  
it when you do that.

- How's it going in there?

- Who the fuck is this?

- The one who tells  
you what happens next.

- You have no idea who  
you're fucking with.

- A washed  
up boxer, an ex-con,  
a discharged Marine,  
and a grifter  
I know exactly who you are.

- I'm not the one  
to worry about.

- In the plane  
there's a blueprint.  
On that blueprint is an X  
where I want you to  
drop a second duffel.  
You do that and I let you go.

- Go where you killed our pilot.

- You have two  
hours or I call the cops.

- Well?

- They say give  
them another duffel.  
They let us go that  
or they call the cops.

- Oh, fuck that we  
ain't giving them shit.

- Agreed.

- What do we do now, huh?  
We just sit here  
and watch Jones die?

- That ain't gonna happen.

- No, not if we get him  
to a hospital it won't.

- We need a car.  
We need a way outta here.

- Yeah, right.  
We go outside they shoot us.  
We stay inside Jones dies.

- Well, what's your idea, bro?

- Look, we don't know who's out there. We don't know how many are out there. We're making blind decisions and just hoping one of them pans out. I'm saying we consider all our options.

- You wanna do it. You wanna give them the duffel.

- Look, it might buy us some time alright. We can retrace our steps. We figure out what the fuck is going on here, alright. We'll track down these motherfuckers. But we do it our way.

- Are you fucking kidding me, man? They ain't gonna let us go. They got us right up against the ropes right now. And they're gonna keep on coming until we drop.

- Why are you in such a rush to give away our take?

- To keep him alive.

- Oh, go on. Say it, Mack. Go on, say it. Say it right now.

- Say what?

- Say it come on ask your brother, Dallas. Ask him.

- Say what? What the fuck are you talking about?

- Ask him.

- Harrison thinks I'm the rat.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What?

What happened to Miss Parker?

- This has nothing  
to do with her.

- Are you kidding me man  
this was all her idea.  
She set this whole thing up  
the hangar, coming  
here to catch a plane  
the way out it was all her idea.

- She wouldn't kill anyone.

- How do you know that?

All I see is the four  
of us hung out to dry.

If there's a rat,  
it's that bitch.

- That's enough, Dallas.

You back the fuck off.

- Holy shit.

Holy shit, bro.

He's fucking her.

- What?

- Is that true?

- That's great.

That's fucking great.

She used you.

She used you to set us up.

Is she out there, Harrison?

Did she shoot Jones?

Is she letting you stir  
this pot to a boil?

- I am not the one  
who wants to give our  
money away, remember.

It's him.

- Oh, yeah?

- It's him.

- Yeah.

- Stay cool stay cool.

- Talk to me

baby you're scaring me.

- Why won't you tell  
me what's going on?

- I don't know what  
you're talking about.



- Yes, you do.

- No, I don't.

You know what I'm not gonna do this with you. I am not gonna stand here and watch you.

- I found this in your pocket.

- So?

- So, is there something you wanna tell me?

- It's a phone number, D.

- Whose phone number?

- A friend of Annie's.

We were out my phone died she wrote it down.

- Annie did?

- Her friend did.

- It was a she?

- Alright, Dallas I'm not gonna do this with you.

- Tell me what's going on, goddamn it. Don't you fucking lie to me.

- I just did.

- Yeah, well, who is this person?

- Who are you talking about?

- The friend of Annie's, Gracie.

- Dallas, I don't...

- 'Cause, you know what when I called he didn't really wanna talk to me. Look at me.

- I told you, D.

It was just some guy. He was hitting on me at the bar.

- Some guy.

- It's not a big deal.

- Some fucking guy.

- Yeah, I just put his number...

- And you kept his number?

- So.

- Did you call him?

- What do you want

me to say to you?

- Did you call him?

- D, please.

- Where's your phone at?

- I'm sorry.

- Where's your fucking phone at?

- It's not a big deal.

- Jesus Christ how long  
has this been going on?

How long?

- Give me my phone back.

Dallas, wait.

- You okay?

- Yeah, what the  
fuck is going on?

- I can't take this shit.

- We got a call.

The guns outside

want another duffel.

- They let you in here, huh?

For how much?

- Two bills.

- You're not exactly  
the influence

I had in mind for my rehab.

Not that I give a shit.

They don't let you have  
this shit overseas.

Not where I was.

- I got your message.

- I didn't think you'd come.

- So your stint in the  
military didn't work out then?

- What does it look like?

I want back in.

- Dallas has got a fight

Saturday night a big one.

Could be the break

we're waiting for.

He's always looked at you  
like a brother you know that.

Why don't you come?

- Yeah.

- Saturday night I'll

pick you up at five.

- Does this mean you  
got a spot for me?

- There's always a spot for you.

- Hey.

- Keep it.

- No, man, I'm trying  
a new leaf I gotta.

- Come on Jonesy  
that ain't gonna kill ya.

- I don't know  
what they're doing.

I don't know it's a  
fucking shit show.

- I used to be  
great at ping pong.  
I ever tell you that?

- What?

- My older stepbrother  
should've been Asian, man.

He used to win  
every fucking game.

Except one night I had him.  
I was up seven points.

It was game point,  
and then he pulled some  
ninja shit and won.

I was so fucking pissed off  
I punched a hole through  
the wall with my paddle.

My stepmom didn't let  
me play for a month.

Wanted me to learn perspective.

- That's fucking great, Jones.

- Perspective.

So he calls the cops.

Then what?

The cartel isn't  
gonna tell anyone  
their drug money's gone missing.  
Shit.

No one's ever gonna know we  
were in that fucking bank, man.

But Bartlett's body

that's the fucking thing  
that ties us to a crime.  
The bag is filled with  
how much weight you think?  
- A buck, buck fifty, maybe.  
- Think we could fit 200?  
- I'm not following.  
- Well, you used to box it,  
light heavyweight, right?  
- Right.  
- So that would make  
our pilot a heavyweight.  
- You gotta be  
fucking kidding me.  
- We fucking send  
them a bag of bones.  
We tell them if  
they want the money,  
they gotta come in and get it.  
Anyone got a hacksaw?  
Give me your gun.  
- It's not loaded.  
- I don't give a fuck.  
- Neither do I.  
- Look, man a mugging  
cops don't give a  
piss about a mugging.  
Alright beat him so  
bad he can't walk.  
He can't talk.  
We put a cap in him this  
whole thing blows up.  
Alright not just the job.  
You, me, your brother.  
Everything.  
Southpaw.  
Don't knock his  
head off you got me?  
- I thought it'd  
pay off, Jonesy.  
Thought I'd be able to pay  
her back for everything.  
- Nah, brother.  
This has nothing to do with

what happened in the ring.  
Alright, the bitch  
is cheating on you.  
- Are you sure?  
- She's a whore.  
That's what whores do.  
I don't care  
I will kill  
I will kill you too  
- Hey, just make sure  
he's still breathing.  
- You stay in the car.  
- Fuck.  
Can't you tell you'll  
end up on the floor  
You'll end up on the floor  
You'll end up on the floor  
- What are you doing with her?  
- Excuse me.  
- Gracie.  
The girl in the bar.  
- Do I know you?  
- Not yet.  
- Hey, man she didn't tell  
me she had a boyfriend.  
I told you she  
didn't say anything.  
- She's wearing a  
ring, motherfucker.  
- I didn't know.  
- Here's what's  
gonna happen next.  
You're not gonna call.  
You're not gonna text.  
You're gonna disappear  
you got that?  
- Feel better now?  
- I told you to stay in the car.  
- Hey, better to know  
now though right?  
- What'd you say?  
- I mean I'd wanna know.  
If I were you,  
I'd wanna know

all about my girl.

- What?

You fucking her?

- I didn't say that.

- Alright that's enough.

That's enough.

That's enough, Dallas, come on.

Let's go.

Let it go, bro.

- You are playing with fire.

I warned you about this.

The rat's on your end.

Find him then we'll talk.

- What the fuck is this?

- It's the new plan.

- Says who?

- We don't need your permission.

- He wants another

duffel dropped here on site

at this small building.

- We're gonna send him

a bag of fucking bones.

Send him a message and we

get rid of the fucking body.

- That's it?

That's your fucking

plan that's beautiful.

You guys are playing cowboys

so you don't have to look at

the shit staring you

in the fucking face.

Somewhere along the

line someone got greedy.

Someone thinks

they deserve more.

- Yeah, did you talk to the

girl that you're fucking?

Maybe she has some insight.

Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

- What the fuck, man?

- Man, put the fucking gun away.

- I told you this has got

nothing to do with her.

- No, then why are

you hiding behind a gun?

- Everybody take  
a second, alright.

The only way to beat the heat  
is to stay cool, Harrison.

You taught me that.

- This is an inside job.

- Brother.

- Open your eyes, Jonesy.

Someone said something, alright.

You got nothing to lose.

And Dallas he's got  
no fucking brain.

- Say that to my face.

- Fucking take it easy.

Harrison, put that  
fucking gun away.

- Harrison, what if  
you're wrong, huh?

What if we're not  
the guy who did it?

Those guys outside they  
ain't gonna stop coming.

- Yeah, you're gonna  
tell us who they are  
and we'll figure out  
what we do after.

Easy now.

- You are so full of shit.

- Easy, Dallas.

- You don't have the balls.

- Oh yeah, try me Dallas.

- Well, then what's  
the problem go ahead.

Pull the trigger motherfucker.

- I told you that this has  
got nothing to do with you.

- You fuck with my  
brother you fuck with me.

- Stop it.

- Bring it on.

- Nobody's shooting anyone.

- Jonesy.

- You shoot him I shoot you.

- Harrison, this  
doesn't have to happen.

- Come on, Jonesy.  
You know this wasn't me.

- Yeah, wasn't Mack either.

- Harrison, the gun.

- Five minutes.

- Not yet.

- You know the rules.

- It's still quiet.

- I'll give you 45 more seconds.

- You're not getting me.  
We ain't fucking  
going without him.

- We rise together  
we fall together.

- Sometimes pigs go dark  
don't use their radios.  
They could be on their way.

- Not in Ohio, dude.  
We're fucking fine.

- Fuck.

- This is why  
you fuckers should carry phones.

- One call, one text,  
take your eye off  
the prize one second  
and shit can slide south.  
One focus.  
One phone.  
One number for when  
the job is done.

- Fucking brilliant.

- He'll be here he'll make it.

- Stop being a fucking pussy.

- Five and a half.

- You know, Mack and I  
we took 25K off our first grab.  
He popped that fault  
like it was a soda can.  
I ain't seen anybody  
move that fast.  
But the driver got in his mind  
that he was gonna grab



the take for himself.  
He tried to shoot me.  
Mack took the bullet.  
So you wanna leave, leave.  
Open the door and  
get the fuck out.  
- Hey, he's your boy.  
I get that but you're  
running out of time.  
- Will you stop being  
a fucking pussy?  
We ain't fucking going  
anywhere until the man says so.  
- 19-9  
Sarge any units there  
respond at 78th Street.  
- Yeah I got two  
police on assignment.  
The one on 98th  
and 5th following  
and the other one at  
85 East End Avenue.  
- It's time.  
- Go, go now.  
- No. Harrison.  
We're not fucking leaving Mack.  
We're not leaving him.  
- Traitor.  
- You're right about the body.  
We're gonna have  
to get rid of it.  
- Fuck.  
I can't do it, Mack.  
- I got this, bro.  
God help me.  
I'm not a Catholic, father.  
- Do you have a confession?  
- I didn't believe in God  
not until I was on the  
floor in cell block A,  
blood was in my eyes my  
jaw was smashed sideways.  
No one was coming for me.  
No one.

I've seen plenty of  
people beg, father  
for their mothers,  
for their wives,  
and the only person I  
called out to was God.

- Go on.

- The pain didn't go  
away but the fear did.  
And I made a promise.  
I made a promise that  
I wouldn't go back  
to the way things were before.  
And now I gotta break  
that promise, father.

- Why?

- Family.

Family.

- Wait.

I don't know what you're facing.  
But I do know God will provide.  
If you ask for it,  
whatever you think you  
need to do you don't.

- I'm not worth it.

- None of us are.

But he's there just the same.

- I think he'll understand.

I'm not sure but  
for what it's worth  
and for what's about  
to happen, I'm sorry.  
You know, Harrison's got a point  
as fucked up as it  
sounds, you know.

Yeah, we've been good for what,  
15 jobs or so now?

Ms. Parker's hooked us  
up with all of them.

If something went wrong.

If it was Harrison,  
he would've thought it through.

If it was him, he  
would've been cool.

Calculated.

This is just sloppy.

- Yeah,

we all know Mack cares  
more about cracking a safe  
than what's inside of it, so  
that leaves me,  
you, and Ms. Parker.

- You know me, Jones.

- And you know me, brother.

I wouldn't fuck you over.  
Then I wouldn't have anyone  
to drink on the beach with.

- Cut the loyalty shit, Jonesy.

He blew like the wind.

Always did.

Why don't you tell your  
drinking buddy, Dallas  
about how many men  
you left behind.

I heard it was five.

- What's he talking about, bro?

- He left Marines to die.

- You don't know what the  
fuck you're talking about.

- Oh, you don't think

I checked up on you  
before I pulled you  
out of the gutter  
for a second time, Jonesy?

Oxy.

Is that the drug of  
choice for a patriot?

How many you take to  
swallow the truth?

- Fuck you, you fucking fuck.

- Who are you to judge, huh?

Five years.

Five fucking years you  
left me for those pigs.

You wanna talk  
about cut and run.

You're the king of cut and run.

Burn everything, right?

Burn everything  
and burn everyone.  
Isn't that what you taught me?  
For what?  
It's never gonna be enough.  
There's always gonna  
be more to take.  
Another job or a bigger score.  
You're walking away.  
You're retiring on a  
beach with Cervezas.  
Tell me that's  
just a fucking lie.  
It's a fucking lie  
you tell yourself.  
And you're gonna  
be chasing that lie  
until it fucking kills you.  
- Come one relax.  
Take a walk and  
have a cigarette.  
- Go on, Dallas.  
Come on take a look.  
Oh, you don't know  
him like I do.  
Go on take a look.  
- Come on, bro.  
You ready?  
Fuck.  
- Pain killers don't kill  
the pain just numb it.  
When they wear off  
that shit's still there  
like a fucking migraine  
splitting your skull.  
Sometimes you  
can't see straight.  
Sometimes you vomit.  
Sometimes you close  
yourself in a dark room  
and you just try to wait it out.  
None of it works.  
Turns out that you can't  
run from your past.

Who the fuck are  
you to judge me?

- I get it, Jonesy.

'66 GTU.

Purred like a lion  
when you kicked it on.

Candy apple red,  
black stripe down the center  
ripe for the picking.

I don't blame you for  
trying to jack it.

- This ain't about that.

- Oh, yeah it is.

See I pulled you out  
of the gutter twice,  
alright twice.

And you sit there and  
you talk about loyalty.

And I am tied to  
a fucking chair.

Come on, Jonesy.

This is an inside job.

And we are on the outside.

Come on, Jonesy.

Come on.

Come on, Jonesy.

Come one.

- Fuck.

Where are you, motherfucker?

Jones, you fuck.

- Wow, that's a  
nice toilet Carver.

Sorry about the aftermath.

- You're a tough guy hiding  
hiding behind the needle.

- Are you looking for this?

I found it for you.

- Fuck, Jones.

Fuck you.

- Here's why you're  
such a smart bastard.

Did you really read  
all these, Carver?

- Fuck you.

- The Brothers Karamazov  
This is a fucking  
classic, Carver.  
Yeah, buddy.  
It sucks when the  
shit goes down.  
And all you can do is lie there  
and fucking take it.  
Can't move nowhere to go.  
No one to help.  
And there goes your rug.  
- You're fucking dead  
man you understand me?  
- I couldn't.  
You got a lot of  
shit in your mouth.  
- This isn't over, Jones.  
- For you it is.  
- I should've listened to you.  
Now you're here and  
it's all gone to shit.  
- It's not over yet.  
- Why'd you take the fall?  
I don't get that.  
You did five years for Harrison  
but he would burn  
you in a heartbeat.  
- He's confused.  
- No, don't that.  
- No, it's true.  
- Answer the question.  
- Alright.  
It was my fault.  
- You all pulled the job.  
You were all guilty.  
- It was the bank, D  
the bank.  
The one across the street  
from the auto shop.  
I was stealing from the  
people that took from us.  
I was trying to take it back.  
It was supposed to be just  
the safe deposit boxes.

But once I got inside I  
was obsessed with that safe  
with cracking it and  
setting fire to the vault.  
I needed to get inside.  
And I didn't care what  
happened to anyone else.  
Anger and hate don't die easy.  
And I couldn't let that go.  
So the man upstairs  
he made me pay for it.  
Okay?

- I get it.

She was cheating on me, Macky.  
I didn't tell her anything.  
Whatever she did it was  
because I wasn't there.

- You still got that  
cash I gave you, right?

- It's stashed away.

- Okay, so what happens next?

So I'm gonna go back  
and finish the job  
and you're gonna go into  
town and call an ambulance.

- Fuck no.

Fuck no I'm not leaving.

- Jones needs an ambulance.

- We can use Harrison's phone.

- You can't be here.

- I won't leave, Mack.

- We call an ambulance it  
shows up we all go to prison.

And, let me tell you something.

Five years in a cell  
fucks with your head.

Nothing left but your own  
thoughts screaming the what ifs,  
the should have dones.

And the only thing that  
kept me sane the whole time  
was knowing that you  
were out here in the ring  
fighting for

something different.

Me, Harrison, and Jones  
we deserve what's coming.

But you, not you.

Not you.

So you take that money  
and you fix that hand.  
And you give it another go.  
You do that.

You do that for me.

- It's complicated

I can't do that.

- It really isn't.

- Macky, I'm not leaving you.

- Can you still run

the six minute mile?

- I smoke a pack a day.

- Right, you better get going.

- Mack.

Mack.

Dispatch to car 109.

- Over I thought  
you'd be drunk by now.

- Short straws.

Rest of the boys  
and three sheets.

Listen this is probably nothing.

But we got a call  
about shots fired  
at the air stripe hangar.

- It's a fucking holiday.

- It's

probably nothing, Timperman.

But we need someone  
to check it out.

- Yo, Jonesy.

- Where's your brother?

- He's gone.

- Hey, Mack

you know the worst  
part of the job  
walking away after it's done.

Yeah, you gotta wash your hands,  
burn the clothes,



walk down the street  
like nothing happened.  
No one knows what you've done.  
I like to walk past the bank.  
Key a cop car  
while the cops are  
inside trying to find us.  
One last fuck you  
before I hop on a plane  
and head out of town.  
And that's what this is, Mack  
one last fuck you.  
- You just left him?  
You left him at the bank.  
You left him in prison to rot.  
You're just fucking  
leaving him now  
Man this isn't us.  
We're getting through this.  
- Alright, let me tell you  
how this is gonna go down.  
Me and my hostage we're  
gonna take your car  
and drive away or I'm gonna  
put a bullet in his head.  
- Relax no one has to die here.  
- Who the fuck are you?  
You think you can talk me down?  
We walk or he dies.  
I'm taking one of you with me.  
- Stay where you are.  
- What are you doing?  
- We rise together.  
We fall together.  
- Jonesy.  
- No one gets left behind.  
Not this time.  
- Drop your weapon.  
- Drop your weapon.  
- Are you okay?  
Are you okay?  
Timperman, are you okay?  
- I thought  
you weren't interested.

- Changed my mind.
- Tell me why.
- It's for family.
- You don't have any.
- Not that you know of.

After this they can walk away.

And all the shit everything

I put them through

will be a distant memory and

they can put it behind them.

Give us the job.

- It's yours.
- Thank you.

Someday soon, Sarah,

it'll be just you and me.

We'll find a place in

wine country by the sea

and just drink red wine and

and I'll just look

at you all day long,

all day long.

- Hello?
- Hey, baby.
- Hey, thank god.
- Do you love me?
- Where the hell are you?
- Answer the question.
- Of course I do.

Baby, what's happening?

- I need to know.

I need to know about that

guy that you've been calling

the guy you've been seeing.

'Cause if you love me you

wouldn't lie to me right?

- D, please.
- Please, what?
- Please tell me

you're gonna understand

when I tell you this.

- Who is he please?

- I thought

something was going down.

You weren't coming home.

You weren't talking to me.  
- So what you started  
fucking somebody?  
- No, alright listen.  
There was money in the bank  
but you weren't working.  
And I thought you were  
working with Harrison.  
So I had to do something.  
- Fuck Gracie fuck.  
- See it was for  
you, you gotta understand.  
- Well, tell me who  
he is what's his name?  
- He's a private detective.  
- You had me followed?  
Goddamn it.  
- D.  
- God.  
- Baby, no.  
- Did you know?  
- Know what?  
- About the bank, the money  
the fucking money did you know?  
- What bank  
are you talking about?  
- Jesus Christ don't lie to me.  
- I'm not lying to you.  
I don't know all I know is  
that he was tailing you.  
That's it.  
Baby, please you  
gotta understand.  
Please, you gotta understand.  
I did it for you.  
- There's 50K in my  
gym bag in the closet.  
- Oh, please, baby.  
- I'll call when I can.  
- Please I love you.  
- Fuck.  
- Bad day, huh?  
You fucks are something.  
I take one duffel.

I shoot a guy.  
And then you give  
me a second duffel.  
How you guys pulled off this  
job while being that dumb  
I will never know.  
Now where are the last bags?  
- You killed them.  
- Where are the duffel's?  
- I'll show you.  
- You'll tell me.  
- How long you  
think you got, huh?  
More cops will be coming.  
- It's not them that  
you have to worry about.  
- You untie me or  
you find it yourself.  
- They thought it was you.  
Oh, you sad sorry  
bunch of fucks.  
- I tell you what  
I'll make you a deal?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
I'll give you a duffel  
for your wallet.  
- Keep moving.  
Now.  
- Can you help me out here, huh?  
- All of it.  
- Now how 'bout that wallet?  
- So you're the funny one?  
On your knees.  
You see the sad thing is  
is that when I started  
following you guys  
I wanted to see you  
get away with it.  
But your brother  
he's a real fuck.  
- You know my brother?  
- Not really. No.  
- Fuck.

Oh, yeah now I see  
it on your face.  
Yeah, he's been there.  
You should stop  
while you're ahead.  
Now that was just a tap.  
- Hey,  
how does it feel, huh  
to be this close to  
getting away with it  
and then to get here and  
to see it all go to shit?  
You see that plane sitting  
there just laughing at you.  
How does it feel?  
- You tell me.  
Sorry, my friend.  
- What the fuck happened?  
- You know I used to  
play chess with my dad  
when he wasn't drunk not to win  
but to keep him at the board,  
stay alive as long as possible,  
play for the dead  
draw, game no one wins.  
Because, when it was  
over that's when he would  
pick up the bottle  
and start hitting.  
That's you now because  
that woman you stole from,  
it's only a matter of time  
'til she ends the game.  
So you're gonna start running.  
And she's gonna start hunting.  
Might take a week,  
might take a year but  
she will find you.  
Come on.  
- Give me a second.  
- Keep him alive.  
- Are you okay?  
- It's Mack.  
- I told him not to trust you.

- Someone followed us.  
- And the damage?  
- Jones and Harrison  
are both dead.  
- Who was the rat?  
- Some private eye he  
was tailing one of us.  
- You have him?  
- No, he got away  
but he won't get far.  
His name is Scott Jackson  
from Chicago, 222 West Huron.  
He's carrying a duffel.  
Inside that duffel you'll  
find the pilot that he killed.  
- I'll make a few calls.  
- I left your take in the  
hangar, yours and Harrison's.  
It's in a cardboard  
box in an air vent.  
Once the heat blows  
over it's yours.  
- Mack, tell me how.  
- He died so we could get away.  
- Of course he did.  
- He loved you, you know.  
- I know.  
- I'm sorry.  
- So what happens next?  
- We get back in the ring.  
You got a smoke?  
- I'm out.  
- Fuck.  
Well.  
Man it sure feels good  
What you running from  
What you running from  
Hey freedom ain't  
what you thought it'd be  
Freedom ain't what  
you thought it'd be  
Oh today the lie won't spill  
Finally  
Oh today the lie won't spill

Finally  
Thought you'd  
be the holy water  
Could've been the  
lamb to the slaughter  
Used to serve  
him tightly highly  
All alone in the  
side car riding  
He gone call it  
It's all in as  
long as you can ride  
Oh today the lie won't spill  
Finally  
Oh today the lie won't spill  
Finally  
He gone call it  
It's all in as  
long as you can ride  
Oh today the lie won't spill  
Finally  
Oh today the lie won't spill  
Finally