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# Death Wish 4: The Crackdown

By Brian Garfield

Help! Help! Help! Help!

Help! Help! Help!

Oh, God, no!

Help!

Please! Please! Stop! Stop!

No! No!

Please! Please!

No! No!

Please, no!

No! Stop it! Please! No! No! No!

- Put her down! Put her down!

- Let me go! No! Stop it!

- No! No!

- Come on!

Shut up! Shut up!

Who the fuck are you?

Death.

Please... please...

Please don't... Don't do it, please.

Please don't! Please!

Traffic light

heading into downtown Los Angeles.

Expect temperatures in the high 80s and about

10 degrees warmer in the San Fernando Valley.

You're listening to KBLA Los Angeles.

Working hard, huh?

- Hi, Erica.

- Is this your design for the new art centre?

- It must be a real charge.

- It is.

- I did some new drawings.

- Let me see them.

- You feeling OK?

- Yeah, sure. What do you think?

- Look s pretty good.

- Yeah?

Yeah. Not great, but pretty damn good.

Hold on a minute.

- Hello?

- How's it going?

Everything's fine. Erica's here.

- Thank s for working with her.

- She's a pleasure.

Very talented too, which reminds me...

- Your article on battered wives, good story.  
- Did you like it?  
- Did it make you angry?  
- Absolutely.  
- Are you still coming for dinner?  
- Sure. I'll leave here about six.  
- Be home by 10.30.  
- 10.30?  
- 11.00.  
- Mom! That's Randy. Got to go.  
- When I say 11.00, I mean 11.00.  
- All right. If I were you guys,  
I'd forget the movie and stay home.  
Oh, yeah? Get out of here.  
Bye.

- How are you doing?  
- Great.

What do you think I am? The starvation army?

You don't pay, you don't play.

- Come on, man. Come on, JoJo. Come on.

- You heard the man. Take a walk.

- Hey, guys.

- How are you doing, man?

- Look at her. Ain't she cute? Let's chat.

- I'll be right with you.

- We've got business to discuss.

- We do? Thank you very much.

- I'll get Erica.

- What have you got planned?

Erica, I've got some special chips for you.

Hey, just like I promised.

- You're gonna love them.

- Thank s.

Remember, there's just enough for you,  
so don't tell your boyfriend.

Yeah, sure.

The movie starts at 8.30.

Two-hour movie. It means we can get back  
before Erica gets home.

- Good.

- What do you think about that boy Randy?

Well, he does well in school.

He's a nice kid. Why?

I'm just worried about Erica.

I feel like she were my daughter.

That's nice. She feels the same way about you.

She loves you.

- So do I.

- And I love you both.

- We'd better go or we'll miss the movie.

- You are not getting out of it that easily.

We've been going out for two years now...

...and...

You want a commitment.

Yeah. I would like that.

Hello. Yes.

Oh, my God!

- Randy, what's going on?

- Mrs. Sheldon? I'm Dr. Rosenblatt.

- What happened?

- She had a cocaine overdose.

- Erica doesn't use drugs!

- She did tonight.

- Code Blue in Room Six.

- Doctor, she's arrested with no pulse.

- She get Narcan and glucose?

- Four amps. No response.

- You can't come in. Wait outside.

- Alice, we've got to shock her.

Everybody off? Off? Clear!

Continue CPR. Come on, don't stop.

Give me 300 Watts.

Everybody off! Everybody off! Clear!

Continue. She's still fibrillating.

All right, let's give her lidocaine.

75mg, IV, and shock her one more time.

- Fixed and dilated.

- Don't stop! Let me see that.

We've lost her.

Mrs. Sheldon...

I'm really sorry.

You bastard!

Leave your hands off me! Get out!

It ain't my fault about your girlfriend.

The stuff was too strong.

Bullshit!

You killed her!

- I didn't kill anyone. Nobody made her smoke it.

- Let's see what the cops have to say.  
- What is that supposed to mean?  
- You figure it out! You gave her the package.  
I'm going to the police!  
I'm going to tell them everything!  
Read my lips! Cops! Policemen!  
You're gonna die like she died!  
Kiss your white ass goodbye, my man!  
Hey!  
Stay in your cars! Stay in your cars!  
Cut the power!  
Cut the goddamn power! Jesus! Cut the power!  
- What do you figure?  
- JoJo was a dealer.  
He gets hassle from Randy Viscovich,  
stabs him and gets shot by another dealer.  
- Why?  
- They don't need a reason to kill each other.  
Sergeant Reiner,  
this kid saw the guy who did the shooting.  
- Not his face, but the car.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah. It was a Toronado. A blue Toronado.  
- Did you get the license?  
- I got the last three numbers. It was 226.  
- Sure that's all you remember?  
- I ain't a fucking detective, man. You are.  
- Come on.  
Nice kid.  
- So, Phil, go play detective.  
- Right.  
- Hello?  
- Mr. Kersey?  
- Yes.  
- You got my note?  
- Who is this?  
- I think we should meet  
to discuss something of mutual interest.  
I'm not going anywhere  
until I know who this is and what you want.  
If you refuse, I'll tell the police all I know,  
and I know a lot.  
Do I have your attention now? Good.  
If you look out your window,

you'll see a limousine out front.

I'm looking forward to our meeting.

Mr. Kersey.

Good evening, Mr. Kersey.

Or should I say, Mr. Vigilante?

Listen, if this is about blackmail,  
you're wasting your time.

This place must be worth more than...  
than I can make the rest of my life.

- Do you know who I am?

- Should I?

Does the name Nathan White  
mean anything to you?

You own a newspaper.

It's not your money I'm after, Kersey.

It's your professional skill.

I want you to kill someone.

My wife died in a car crash ten years ago.

My daughter Lisa became my whole life.

Last year, she started college.

Things were going wonderfully well.

Then, suddenly everything changed. Her grades  
went downhill, she dropped out of school.

You see, she started using cocaine.

Three months ago...

...she died of...

I know about your friend's daughter, Mr. Kersey.

I know you shot the pusher who sold the drugs.

I ask you, sir...

...what about the people behind him?

How many children do we let them destroy  
before we say, "Enough", Mr. Kersey?

How many?

I've spent a fortune buying information  
on the major dealers in Los Angeles.

I'll give you money, weapons,  
names, anything you want.

They're all murderers, Kersey, from the smallest  
street-corner pusher to the fat cat at the top.

Anybody connected with drugs deserves to die.

They have to be stopped, Kersey.

I need a few days to think about this.

When Michael died, Erica was only five.

I made a promise to her...

...that no matter what happened,  
she would always come first. I let her down.  
I was too involved with work  
to see what was going on.  
You have to stop this.  
I know how you feel because I've been there.  
You think you should have done something  
different but it's not your fault that Erica died.  
It's those drugs.  
I'm so angry!  
I feel so helpless. I... I want to do something,  
but I don't know what to do.  
You're a writer. Write about it.  
Let people know about drugs.  
Just keep pounding on it.  
- What story did you want to do?  
- Drugs.  
- Oh, Karen, every single...  
- I know I'm involved. That's why I have to do it.  
I want to know why she died  
and who's responsible.  
Nobody cares. Everybody uses drugs now,  
not just street junkies.  
Rich people, middle-class people,  
doctors, secretaries...  
It's the new American way of life, Karen.  
They know about it and they don't care.  
- We have to make them care.  
- Come on, Karen.  
Pat, this is important to me.  
All right, but let me know what you're doing.  
I don't want the cops  
finding your body in an alley. OK?  
All right.  
- You're sure you want to do this?  
- Yes.  
OK. I just hope you've got a strong stomach.  
- What paper did you say you were with?  
- Tribune.  
- You want to see the drug-related ones, right?  
- Right.  
Ah... 18-year-old male.  
Died when his freebasing pipe exploded  
in his face.

Did you want to see the body?  
19-year-old male. Robbed a liquor store  
to get money to buy drugs.  
17-year-old female.  
Died of a stroke from repeated cocaine use.  
13-year-old little girl. She was selling herself  
on the street to support her habit  
- and one of her customers slashed her throat.  
- 13 years old?  
Oh, God...  
They're all children!  
Yeah, that look s good. Here you go, my man.  
You have a good time. Enjoy yourselves.  
You know where to come if you want more.  
Hello, hello.  
Yeah, hello, hello.  
Look s like you're going to have a party tonight.  
You came to the right place.  
I've got the primest prime money can buy.  
I don't want that. I want information.  
Brake to the left!  
- What kind of information?  
- Who sells what, who work s for who?  
- What do you want it for?  
- Does it matter?  
- You're no cop. You must be a reporter.  
- If you're not interested, I'll go someplace else.  
I didn't say I wasn't interested. The information  
you're talking about is going to cost more.  
- A lot more.  
- How much more?  
This will be the last time we meet in my home.  
We've got to be extremely cautious.  
There are two major drug organizations.  
One is run by Ed Zacharias, the other  
by two brothers, Jack and Tony Romero.  
Between them, they control 90 per cent  
of the narcotics traffic in Southern California.  
According to my sources,  
the pusher you shot work s for Ed Zacharias.  
This is everything you'll need  
on the Zacharias, Romero organizations,  
photos, biographies, everything.  
A year ago, Jack and Tony invaded



Zacharias's territory.

It was the beginning of a gang war.

Zacharias negotiated a truce,

but you can take it from me, the fuse was lit.

It's getting shorter.

- I'll handle it my way, no interference from you.

- All right.

I'll need a few things.

You said you could supply weapons?

This is your man. He'll give you all you want.

- Detective Gruer, call for line two.

- You won't believe this.

I just talked to Forensics. They checked

the 9mm slug that killed JoJo Ross.

I can never do these damn puzzles.

It matches the slug from the mugger  
shot two years ago.

- So?

- He was killed by the vigilante.

- Come on, Phil. The vigilante retired years ago.

- Look s like he's back.

- It was him in the Toronado?

- Just came over the computer.

There are 28 blue Toronados in the state  
with the last three numbers 226.

- Nine of them are in LA.

- Jesus...

The vigilante...

Well, let's check them out.

Send a copy to Michael Eddy and David Boston.

- Mr. Kersey?

- Yes.

- I'm Sergeant Reiner. This is Sergeant Nozaki.

- How can I help you?

We're talking to a number of people  
as part of a routine investigation.

Could you tell us where you were last Tuesday  
evening between seven and nine?

Tuesday, I leave here about six.

With the traffic and everything,

I get home about 6.45.

- So you were home that night?

- As far as I remember.

- Can someone confirm that?

- I was alone.

I see.

- Do you own a gun?

- No.

- Are you married?

- No.

Divorced?

- My wife and daughter are dead.

- I'm very sorry.

- Car accident?

- No.

Well, that's about it. Sorry to have bothered you.

- So, what do you think?

- We'd better find out more about Paul Kersey.

Ed Zacharias grew up

in New York's South Bronx slum tenements.

Started running errands for the mob

when he was 12.

Graduated to numbers

and was recruited by the Mafia.

Committed his first murder at 19.

Charming delightful fellow.

Loves his work and indulges his fantasies.

All right!

I said no cake! There wasn't supposed to be a cake. You're full of...

- Happy birthday.

- Come on, Ed, blow the candles out.

Watch this. Watch this.

Let's see what you've got left. Let's go, Boss.

- Come on!

- Go, go, go!

- Champagne.

- We need ice.

I'll get it. They want champagne.

- How was the candle?

- Better than the cake.

Oh, shit. Who invited them?

I did. It's my party, remember?

Jack, glad you could make it.

Still playing babysitter, huh?

Hey, happy birthday.

- Should I call the bomb squad?

- That's funny, Eddy.

- It's Alex.  
- Ferrino, hold that. Hello? Hello?  
Yeah. What?  
- Where's Vincent? Bring him to the game room.  
- Sure.  
- Hey, Jack, Tony, I want to talk to you.  
- Oh.  
- What's this all about?  
- Somebody killed one of my pushers,  
a guy named JoJo Ross.  
I was wondering if maybe,  
you knew something about it.  
- We didn't touch your errand boy!  
- Shut up.  
Hey, just knock it off!  
I'm telling you, Ed...  
we don't know a damn thing about this.  
You know, Jack,  
I'd hate for trouble to start between us again.  
A lot of people could get hurt.  
You understand what I'm saying?  
Ed, we're not looking for trouble.  
We want to keep the peace.  
Good. Very good.  
- Vincent! How are you doing, lad?  
- OK.  
- You know Jack and his brother Tony?  
- Hey, Tony.  
- How are you? How about a drink?  
- I'll have a screwdriver.  
- How was Colombia?  
- Oh, terrific!  
The women had great tans.  
Tits out to here, flopping all over.  
- You ought to go there.  
- Oh, I know. Er... Vincent...  
I talked to Alex. He said you were right.  
- The shipment was light.  
- I told you.  
I knew Rodriguez was skimming us.  
You can't trust Colombians.  
- I know what you mean.  
- You want me to take care of it?  
Oh, don't worry about it.

I'll take care of that fuck personally.

Rodriguez was not skimming.

You were.

Like I said, I don't like trouble.

- What are you doing in here?

- I was using the toilet.

Step out here.

- What's your name?

- The name is Leo.

Well, Leo, you look like a pretty smart guy.

If you keep your mouth shut,

you could make some money.

- Yeah. Right. I don't know nothing.

- Good.

Since you're here,

why don't you help carry out the body?

Ed Zacharias's organization functions

on the concept of fear.

His main enforcers, Danny Moreno,

Art Sanella and Jack Stein,

were expensively recruited

to execute this policy.

They are efficient, always work together

and have a preference for Italian food.

- Gino.

- Good afternoon, my friends.

- Are we too late?

- We're open for you, Mr. Moreno.

- Mr. Stein, Mr. Sanella.

- How is your family?

They're fine, thank s. Come this way.

Thank s.

Hey, watch the water! You got it over me.

- I'm sorry!

- Get back in the kitchen.

Jesus!

- Hi.

- Afternoon, sir. What can I do for you?

My name is Jack Kimble.

I represent Sautelle Winery.

It's a new winery in Napa Valley.

I have a sample of the first pressing.

I thought you'd like a taste.

- Have a glass handy?

- Sure.
- You been to Napa Valley?
- No. I spend most of my time on the beach.
- Beautiful country. You ought to go up there.
- I will.

Tell me what you think.

- Not bad.
- Let's see what your customers say.
- I don't think that's a good idea.
- They'll love it.

Gentlemen, it's your lucky day.

A bottle of wine on the house.

- Don't I know you?
- I don't think so.

Yeah, I know your face.

Did you ever live in San Francisco?

- I'm from Idaho.
- I got a brother in Idaho. What city?
- Boise.
- Boise.
- I never forget a face.
- What the hell?
- What the fuck is going on?
- I put the word out.
- And?
- Nothing.
- Bullshit. Somebody's trying to push us out.
- Maybe it's the Romeros.

Oh, no, no, no. They wouldn't dare.

- Who else could it be?
- I don't know.

That's why I pay you,

to find out what's happening.

So, do your job, or I'll get somebody else.

The head of the Romero

street-dealing operations is Max Green.

Numerous arrests for pimping,

child pornography, drug dealing, murder.

No convictions.

Witnesses against Max

have a habit of disappearing.

He is a resident of Vegas, but when in LA,

he operates out of a video rental store

on the West Side.

I don't care if his dog brings it.  
I want that shipment by Friday  
or I'll cut off his balls and make him eat them.  
Got that? Good.

- What do you want?
- You.
- I didn't do nothing.
- No, you just sell drugs to children.

It's a business. I'm a supplier.  
I don't make kids use drugs. It's their choice.

- You don't do it, someone else will?
- That's right. That's exactly right.
- How many?
- How many what?

How many children have you killed  
with this shit?

- Six dead in 48 hours. We've got a gang war.
- We could just let them blow each other away.

Bodies don't make good press  
and there's an election coming.  
Well, we could run one of these suckers  
for office.

The Romeros lost three men.  
Maybe they'll hit back. Who's their best shooter?

- Frank Bauggs.
- OK, stake him out.
- Maybe we'll get lucky.
- We've been after the vigilante. We're close...

Forget the vigilante. This case has priority.  
Who does Zacharias think he's playing with?

- It doesn't make sense. Why would he hit us?
- He wants a war.
- Somebody's killing his men, too.
- I don't believe it. You know what I think?

He did it and he's trying to blame us.  
He's playing us for suckers.

- He wants our territory.
- If there's war, he loses as much as we do.

Come on, wake up!  
Zacharias is trying to jack us up.  
It's either him or us. I say we blast him.  
The Romeros' number-one hit man  
is Frank Bauggs.  
One conviction for assault with intent to kill.

Served easy time.

Those who know his reputation for violence  
would be surprised that he is a trained baritone.

He is an upwardly-mobile super-achiever  
and lives in a condo on Wilshire Boulevard.

If you can get to his phones,  
we'll have our leads.

- God damn it, hurry up! We'll be late!

- My zipper's stuck.

That's 'cause you eat like a horse.

Drop some weight.

Drop dead, why don't you?

For Christ's sake,  
come out of there! Jesus...

- How do I look?

- Like shit.

- Stick it up your kazoo!

- Shut up and let's go.

- What's wrong with my dress?

- I'm tired of this. I said it was tacky.

The one you picked had purple roses.

You look like a giant rooster in that one.

You wouldn't have been so long.

- It's easier to put on.

- This one's easier to take off.

- What are you complaining about?

- I don't know.

So he pulled the trigger  
and guess what?

- What?

- The asshole forgot to load it.

- Come on, Sid!

- A Mafia hit man and he forgot to load his gun.

Here they are, folks, Mr. And Mrs. Scumbag.

- Why do we gotta go to the opera?

- 'Cause I like it.

- At least they could sing in English.

- How would you know?

- You can't speak English.

- Fuck you and the horse you rode in on.

- You did.

- You came in second.

Did you remember the tickets?

- Damn! Joey, wait. I've got to go back.

- You'd forget your head if it wasn't screwed on.

- Be right back.

- Don't hurry.

What the hell?

Hey, Joey, you got a light?

He was in such a hurry.

He's probably playing with himself.

Come on out, asshole. Come on out!

- What the fuck are you doing here?

- I was making a sandwich.

Now, you're going to tell me

what the fuck you're doing here!

He's such a jerk. I wish he'd drop dead.

Christ!

- Hold it!

- Let me go! Let me go!

- Which apartment? You've got one second!

- 1201, all right?

- Good boy. Check out anybody suspicious.

- Right.

Let me go!

It's terrible.

- See anybody?

- No.

I'll call it in.

According to my sources,

Zacharias uses an old fish cannery in San Pedro  
to process and move his drugs.

This operation feeds his organization  
and depends on shipments of raw cocaine  
from South America.

Interrupt this supply  
and we can tear out his guts.

The lunch break between 11.30 and 12.00  
is a good time to mingle with the workers.

The factory is in two parts.

The first, which is a front,  
does, in fact, process fish,  
mainly for the pet-food market.

It even makes a profit for Zacharias,  
largely employing unskilled labor  
on daily hire basis,  
so access to this area should be straightforward.  
Getting to the second will not be so easy.



Hey! Where do you think you're going?  
What section are you in?  
- Er... I don't know. Just hired.  
- What's your name?  
Name is Kimble.  
- You finished, Tony?  
- You want out?  
You got it.  
- Hold it. You don't belong here.  
- I was told to put this in there.  
Your lunch?  
Hey! You!  
What's going on?  
Get that son of a bitch!  
A thousand buck s for the man who nails him!  
That guy is crazy!  
A thousand buck s! Get that son of a bitch now!  
Are you crazy?  
You're not supposed to come to this house.  
It's important.  
I think I know who's been giving you trouble.  
- Does he work for the Romeros?  
- Not as far as I can tell. He also killed Bauggs.  
- Then who does he work for?  
- I don' t know.  
- Find out. When you do, you kill him.  
- I don't do that.  
You do now.  
- I'm leaving now, Mr. Kersey. Goodnight.  
- Goodnight. See you in the morning.  
- Good evening, Mr. Kersey.  
- Sergeant?  
- What can I do for you?  
- I wanted see how you are doing,  
since we didn't have a chance to say hello  
the other night at Frank Bauggs' place.  
You've made a lot of people unhappy,  
Mr. Kersey, especially Ed Zacharias.  
He asked me to deliver  
his message of distress personally.  
- You work for Ed Zacharias?  
- Being a cop's too dangerous.  
I want to retire early and he pays well.  
Now, I don't have to kill you.

I just want to know who you're working for.

I know it's not the Romeros.

- Who is it?

- I don't work for anybody. This is my work.

Don't play games with me.

I can make this scene really painful,

or I can walk out of here.

- All I need is a name.

- I don't have a name.

I can be very nasty if I want to be.

So can I.

I'm off duty, Higuera, and I'm missing

my beauty sleep, so what's so important?

A jogger found the body hidden by the trail.

Aww... another piece of shit in your gang war?

It's Phil Nozaki.

Phil?

- How?

- Look s like one shot through the chest.

I'm sorry.

So, somehow,

Phil Nozaki figured out who the vigilante is?

- And the vigilante killed him.

- How did he find out?

Phil and I were checking out

suspects from the DMV computers.

When I went through Phil's desk this morning,

I found the list... with one name circled on it.

Paul Kersey?

I did some checking. The guy's wife was killed  
by burglars in New York in 1975.

Then, in 1981,

his daughter was raped and murdered in LA.

I think Kersey's our man. I want a warrant.

I don't know. It's very little to go on.

We'd have trouble convincing a judge.

Damn it, Higuera, he killed Phil Nozaki.

I know he did. I want him.

Nozaki is dead.

I lay you ten to one it was the Romeros.

No, no.

- Nozaki said it was somebody else.

- Yeah?

- Who?

- I don't know.

Somebody's playing us off against each other.

Hello? Let me talk to Jack. Please.

- Who is it?

- Ed Zacharias.

Zacharias.

- Yeah, this is Jack.

- Jack, we need to talk.

- Yeah? Why?

- I think we're being set up. We'd better meet.

- All right. Where?

- How about Antonio's?

No, no. You're crazy. You own Antonio's.

It's got to be a neutral territory.

All right, how about the oilfields...

around five o'clock?

We'll be there.

He wants a meeting.

I don't trust him. I think it's a set-up.

We'll be prepared.

You wanted to talk. Talk.

Jack, a lot of things have happened

in the last few days.

- A bunch of my men have been killed.

- Get to the point.

- Someone's playing us against each other.

- What are you talking about?

- Somebody wants us to go after each other.

- For what?

- Don't listen to that trash, Jack!

- I'm talking to Jack!

- It's you! You're trying to screw us over!

- Goddammit, Jack, can't you see?

- That's what he wants.

- You think we're crazy?

- Keep messing with us and we'll bury you!

- Tony!

- Argh!

- Jack! It's a set-up!

Nick!

Nick!

Nick!

Nick!

Nick! Nick!

- Who are you?

- I'm the guy that set you up.

Why?

I don't even know the girl.

I do.

While you were playing hide-and-seek

with Kersey,

Zacharias and the Romeros were playing war.

Come on, does anybody care

if they killed each other?

- They saved the taxpayer some money.

- Kersey's lawyer called the chief.

- He's threatening to sue.

- He's trying to get us to back off.

- I'm telling you, Kersey's our man.

- You took your shot and you blew it.

Now, stay away from Kersey. That's an order.

I've been reading about the job you did.

Congratulations.

Zacharias and the Romeros

won't kill kids with their drugs any more.

Thank God. There's something

I would like to talk about.

Can we meet at the Brentwood Golf Course

about eight?

I'll be there.

- Where's White?

- I'll take you to him.

- He said he'd meet me here.

- He had business to take care of.

Hey!

Hey!

How did you get in? This is private property.

- I want to see Nathan White.

- He is not available.

He is to me.

- Sir, he has a gun.

- What's the meaning of this?

- I wanted to see Nathan White.

- I am Nathan White. Who are you?

- You? You're Nathan White?

- I ought to know my own name.

- Who was the man that was here last week?

- No one. I've been in Europe for three months.

Get out of the car.

- What did I do? Why did you stop me?

- Well, well, well...

- You're under arrest.

- What for?

- Murder.

- Who am I supposed to have killed?

A homicide detective downtown

will explain that to you. Let's go.

Come on, in the car.

In the car! Back!

Hey, if you're taking me downtown,

why are we going west?

Why don't you just shut up?

Don't I know you

from the Sunset Police Station?

Could be.

That's what I thought.

- What the? Shoot the son of a bitch!

- OK, that's enough! Freeze right there!

Are you fucking deaf? I said everything's great.

We should have the whole operation sewed up.

Zacharias's dealers are ready to work for us.

Romero boys won't, but we'll push them in line.

We want our first shipment in a couple of days.

I'll talk to you then. Goodbye.

- How did you let Kersey get away?

- We made a mistake.

Mistake? Go on, get out of here! Go on!

Get out of here!

- Asshole!

- Something wrong?

- Yeah. Kersey's still alive. That's what's wrong.

- So what? He doesn't know anything.

- He could put the cops onto us.

- You worry too much.

Look, stupid, your boss is dead and I'm alive

because I'm smarter than he was.

That's why you came to work for me.

- As long as Kersey's breathing he's dangerous.

- What do you want me to do?

We need an edge.

Something to make Kersey come to us.

Karen Sheldon.

This is Jesse.

I've got some information you'll be interested in.

- About that shoot-out at the oilfield last night.

- What about it?

- Who do you think I am? This will cost you.

- It better be worth it. Where should I meet you?

I'm in the parking lot behind your office.

Look for the red Mazda RX-7.

Hello, Kersey.

Put your hands up.

Real high.

Come over here.

Turn around.

You killed a cop, Kersey.

Not just any cop, my partner.

- Now I'm going to kill you.

- Your partner was dirty.

- Bullshit.

- He worked for Ed Zacharias.

You're lying!

- He was going to kill me.

- Why?

He knew I was setting up Zacharias  
and the Romeros to kill each other.

- You engineered that whole thing at the oilfield?

- Yes. I'm the vigilante, remember.

When your partner found out,  
he told Zacharias, who told him to kill me.

I don't believe one word you're saying.

- Phil Nozaki was a good cop.

- Check his safety deposit box.

- You'll find a lot of cash.

- You're a liar!

Hi. This is Paul.

Leave a message and I'll get back to you.

Hello, Kersey.

A friend of yours wants to say hello.

Paul? They say they won't hurt me  
if you do what they say.

Paul, I'm scared. I'm so scared!

Do you want her  
to end up dead like Erica?

Yes, I was responsible.

You'd better join us at the Sunset roller rink

- underground garage, Area 16.
- Let me pick it up.
- Don't you move.
- You've got nice taste in women, Kersey.
- Very nice taste.
- The hell with you.
- Hello?
- Put down that phone!

Hello?

- What's he doing?
- Nothing, just sitting.

Flash.

Here he comes.

Take him.

He's not here. It's empty.

- Holy shit...
- Fuck this mess!

You fucking black fag!

Jesus Christ!

- Alert everyone. Where's the girl?
- In the power room.

Cover the garage exit. Key. Cover the fire exit.

Be on the alert for Kersey.

Be on the alert for Kersey.

- He jumped us. Cover the garage exit.
- I'm heading there now.

Leave the building immediately.

Do not jam the fire exits.

What the hell is this?

Let me outta here!

We're going out the back.

Not one word from you.

After I waste Kersey, maybe I'll let you go.

Let's go.

Out of my way!

- Get out of the way! Get out of the way!
- Get out of the way!

Kersey!

I know you're there!

I'm warning you! Keep away!

Do you hear me?

Back up! I'll kill her! I said stay back!

I'll blow her brains out!

I swear to God! I'll kill this bitch!

Do you hear me?  
You work for me!  
I gave you all that information!  
We're partners!  
No!  
- Come on, you! Come on, you goddamn bitch!  
- Please...  
- Come on! Come on!  
- Please! I'm begging you!  
Come on, bitch, stop!  
I told you.  
I warned you I'd kill her!  
I warned you I'd kill...  
Hold it, Kersey. Put down the gun.  
Stop right there!  
Goddammit, I'll shoot!  
Do whatever you have to.