Den of Thieves

By Christian Gudegast
(GUN COCKING)
No, no, no, bro! We're not here for you!
Don't even think about it!

**BOSCO:**
motherfucker!
Hands away from the weapon, bro!
Fucking relax!
3170. We're being held up.
Armor piercing rounds
are chambered in this firearm!
Please don't be the asshole
who forces me to use them.
Take your foot off the gas,
press the unlock button,
and step out of the vehicle,
or we will forcibly remove you!
Fucking do it! Now!
Your choice! Go!
(DRILL WHIRRING)
(GASPS)

**MARCUS:**
He fucking went for his gun.
He spilled his fucking coffee.
(GROANS)
(SIRENS WAILING)

**MACK:**
Gardena, 30 seconds out.
Copy.

**MERRIMEN:**
Thirty out. Hustle!
Pop it.
Ready.
(SIREN WAILING IN DISTANCE)
(RAPID BEEPING)
(EXPLOSION)
Man on!
(COUGHING)

**MERRIMEN:**
Out of fucking time.
Prepare to engage.

**BOSCO:**
Range 100. Suppressive fire.
(SIRENS APPROACHING)
Contact left!
(ENGINE STARTS)
Dispatch, 10-97.
LAPD is on scene.
We are under heavy fire!
Fuck!
Motherfucker!
Whoa, whoa.
I got you. I got you.
Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!
What the fuck was that?
Did you see him go for his gun?

**DONNIE:**
I just saw Bosco lit him up.
Take the second left
into the tunnel.
Hug the airport.
Take the tunnel.
Go right on Doty.
Right on Doty.
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Make sure you take care
of those weapons.
I don't want any
accidental discharges.
What are you looking at him for?
Ray.
I'm not talking to him.
I'm talking to you.
What the fuck was that?
What else did you fuck up, huh?
(GRUNTS)
You sure you were clean
all the way home?
Catch any tails?
Where did Marcus
take those rounds?
Femoral artery. He's done.
Well, we knew the risks.
Shit popped off.
We handled it. That's it.
Hey, B.
Get back over there.
See who responded.
It was probably LASD.
They'll supersede Gardena,
but if it's Major Crimes,
we've got a problem.
All clear? No GPS?
It's one of the old models, man.
We good.
We've got to
get this patched up.
We need this clean.
(MERRIMEN SIGHS)
You good?
We're cop killers now.
(INDISTINCT RADIO CHATTER)
Well, that looks like it hurt.
No?
Good morning, fellow officers.
Yeah.
Yeah?
Yeah?
I take it he's a bad guy.
You mean the guy
with the black body armor,
shotgun, and gas mask?
That's very funny.
We know who he is yet?
Rough night?
Yes. Next subject?
You're not looking
so hot there, bubba.
I think he looks amazing.
You better start downing the POM juice,
big man. We've got a piss test Friday.
Thursday.
What, like you Mormons have been
drinking wheatgrass all fucking month?
Please.
You got another one of those?
I'm fucking starving.

**BORRACHO:**
couple that don't have blood.
I think it's one of the
pinkyes with the sprinkles.

**GUS:**

**NICK:**
Those are horrendous, dude.
We've got four dead, six on
the way to the hospital.
But they'll be all right.
Fuck.
Ambushed them as they
were coming to get breakfast.
Surrounded the truck.
This poor fool right here was trying
to do what he gets paid to do.
AP rounds blasted through
the windshield took him out.
They took the truck, Gardena police
lost them under Hawthorne Municipal.
They knew the route.
Picked it because it was
next to Municipal Airport,
knew the restricted air space
meant no ghetto bird air support.
We're dealing with a different
animal here, boys.
Talk to the armored car company?
What was the haul?
They were en route to a bank
pickup for a Fed drop.
But there was nothing
in the truck.
Nothing in the truck?
They stole a fucking
empty armored truck?
Yup.
(SIRENS WAILING)
Why the fireworks?
One of the vics said the messenger went
for his gun. That's when it popped off.
Genius.
Okay, the SUV, what have we got?
That's a cold car.
VIN's been pried off. Plates are stolen.
No prints on it.
They bleach-bombed it.
Right. Take it to SID. Tent that fucker.
Swab it. Detail it.
(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)
(CAR DOOR SHUTS)
(NICK GROANS)
Ah, fuck. I can't deal with
this retard factory this early.
One of you guys handle it?
It's all you, bro.
Thank you.
All right, witnesses,
donut shop guy?
He saw them, and they
looked right at him,
but, for some reason,
they left him alone.
Okay, pull all video surveillance and
plate readers. Do a Palantir run.
Talk to DOT, okay?
Pull it all together,
and meet me at the office.
And find me that fucking truck.
Big Nick, original gangsta
cop in the flesh.
Lobbin' Bob. Huh?
How's that mean tennis game?
(MIMICS RACKET)
(CHUCKLES)
Look at you, man.
Where'd you pick that up?
Nice suit.
Well, not where you're shopping.
I can't afford it.
I mean, how does
a county sheriff
pay for such a beautiful
piece of men's fashion?
You kidding me? This piece of shit?
Nah, this is garbage.
Look at you.
This thing's tits!
You must pull all kinds
of ass sporting that, no?
Nick, you know what?
I can't. I can't.
It's too early in the morning
for your fucking circus.
You just threw
a donut in the hot zone.
No. I did not.
Yeah, you did.
I did?
That was fucking wrong.
It was. I don't like you, Nick, or
how you handle police business...
Hey, hey, hey.
What's up with that?
I like you.
Aside from the fact
that you're a vegetarian.
Vegan! I'm a vegan.
Vegetarians, they eat milk...
Yeah, sorry to hear that.
What are you
doing here anyway, huh?
No legal tender was stolen.
It isn't Federal.
Yet.
You're pausing
for dramatic effect?
(LAUGHS)
You're such a big,
bad lieutenant.
I know. I know.
Yeah.
Can I go now, Dad?
I'm kind of hungry.

BOSCO:
and they secured the scene,
and then these clowns took over.
Who are they, LASD?
Yeah, Sheriff's. They must be.
Look at this clown right here.
He seemed to be in charge.
You recognize him?
He played football at South.
Remember Endo?
Filipino dude the cops killed?
Yeah.

**MERRIMEN:**
who blasted him.
Runs Major Crimes.
Get to know your enemy, boys.
Who's running this crew?

**TONY Z:**
that can pull this off, max.
Why steal an armored truck
with nothing in it?
Bad tip,
they probably botched it.
Why didn't they dump it, then?
I'll check the salvage yards.

**NICK:**
And how'd they know about a transfer
from the casino to the Fed,
especially one that wasn't scheduled
through the regular carrier? How?
It was an inside job, bro.
It had to be.
Oh, fuck.
Give me the Pepto.
Okay, inside job, but where?
Right? Was it the casino, the bank, the
Fed, the fucking donut shop? Where?
What about Merrimen?
When did he parole again?
Eight months ago.
Eight months ago?
We need to find
that fucking truck.
Have we still got a tail
on that Wilson kid?
Yeah.

**NICK:**
hanging out with Merrimen?
What bar did he work in?
Hofbrau.
Ziggy's Hofbrau.
Let's pay him a visit.
(MUSIC PLAYING ON SPEAKERS)
(LAUGHTER)
some Wi-Fi? No?
We better check his videos.
Thanks.
All right.
Wolfgang, talk to me.
Donnie, I'm tapped out.
No problem.
Put it on my tab, all right?
Of course, man, I got you.
Thank you.
Have a good night.
(DONNIE SIGHS)
Are we doing this?
Yeah, man. All right, man.
To money and women.
That we don't have.
How do you remember
everybody's order like that?
I can't remember
the last four of my social.
Lots of reps man.
I'm in complete control of my environment.
People don't even know.
(ZIGGY WHISTLES)

**DONNIE:**
Okay.
Wrap it up.
Just a little bit.

**DONNIE:**
Ziggy's going to kill me.
Shit, not going to finish.
A gift.
How about a tip?

**BAS:**

Oh, yeah, you got me last...
That's not how it works.
Okay, really? Zoo animals.
Need change?
That's for you, Frulein.
Thanks.

Are there always
so many cops in here?
Last place I'd think they'd be.
Yeah, this their spot.
You know, cheap liquor.
Right.
Yeah, there also is a lot of
shady cats in here, huh?
Yeah, it's kind of neutral
grounds, you know?
Rick's in Casablanca type shit.
You must've heard
some stories in this place.
You know, give him a couple of
drinks, steak on his plate,
some nice women around him,
he'll tell you
his darkest secrets.

(CHUCKLING)
Loose lips sink ships.
Ain't that the truth.
Mmm, what about you?
Pull a lot of pussy
in here? Yeah?
Come on.
I do well for myself.
Yeah.
I'd fuck you.
Kidding.
(CHUCKLES)
All right.
I'm out.
See you later, man.
Yeah.
Look forward to it.
(NICK WHISTLING)
(CLOSES CASH DRAWER)
(CAR ALARM CHIRPS)
(ENGINE STARTS)
Frulein. Dude, what the fuck are you... (GROANS)
(GROANS SOFTLY)
(SOFTLY) What the fuck?
(MUFFLED MUSIC AND INDISTINCT CHATTER)
What's up, gangster?

MURPH:

NICK:
Sit down.
You sit right there.
What you walking so slow for, nigga?
I want you to sit right there.
That's you right there.
Look here. There's cigarettes.
Yeah.

TONY Z:
I think y'all got me confused with somebody.
Why my pants wet?
(LAUGHTER)
Come on, man, if you and your Uncle Tom over here are into some homo shit, I'm good.
Y'all just kill me now.
You pissed yourself, bubba.
It happens.
I had one of the girls here clean you up, so you're good.
But y'all got the wrong dude.
You got me confused with someone.
But I'm going to let you know now, I ain't the one.
What'd you say?
Dude something?
No, we're not mistaking you for anybody.
Don't be a fucking smartass.
Arrested at 17 for GTA.
Tried and convicted as an adult.
We know exactly who you are.
Did a stint at county
for attempted manslaughter.
Fastest speeding ticket
in California history.

BORRACHO:
Fucking genius, man.
How fast were you going?
(ALL LAUGHING)
Speed demon!
What did you say to the cop
who pulled you over?
What reason did you give him?
Told him they'd
just paved the road.
(CHUCKLES)
I like him.
Ballsy.
Me gusta.
You may have a little pecker
for a black dude.
You may be a bed-wetter, but you've
got some fucking style, buddy.
All right, girls, time to go.
Grab your shoes. Grab your shit.
Let's go.
Time to go home to your babies.
All right, thanks for stopping by.
Excuse me.
You check this out, hot rod.
You're a two-striker.
You need to fucking look at me
when I'm talking to you.
You're one mistake away from getting
sex in the ass every time you shower.
Some of them niggas
got gas pumps. (SNICKERS)
Now, personally, that shit don't sound like a lot of fun to me. What you think? How you feel about that? Look, the dude in that picture is not even a regular at my bar. Like, I've seen him a few times, but, you know, I don't associate myself...

(YAWNS LOUDLY)
Do you know what this means? It means I am a member of a clique. It's kind of like being in a gang. Sort of like a gang, only we have badges, which means you are done. He ain't lying. Let me ask you this. Okay, do we look like the types who will arrest you? Put you in handcuffs, drag you down to the station? Hmm? I'm asking you a fucking question. No. Not at all. Right, exactly. We just shoot you. It's less paperwork. So tell me, what the fuck are you doing hanging out in that crew? You're a pussy. Those dudes are bad dudes. Great thieves but straight convicts. What's Merrimen doing drinking beers with the likes of you for? Talk shop? You gonna hit the fucking Hofbrau? Take the place down, score, like, what, two grand in ones and fives?
Is that what's afoot?
I'll answer that for you.
No, it fucking isn't.
I don't know what crew
you're speaking about, man.
This dude just comes to
my bar where I work...
Stop. Shut up.
Come on, man. This is
some weird shit. Just...
You listen to me, fuckface.
We don't give a shit about you.
(GASPING)
You in Merrimen's crew?
Hmm?
Huh? You hit the stadium?
(GASPS)
You talky-talky now?
(STRAINING) Yes, please.
(COUGHING)

DONNIE:
(CONTINUES COUGHING)
I'm just the driver!
I'm just the driver!
They don't give me no gun.
I don't do no gangster shit.
They asked me to drive,
so that's what I do.
That's it. Fuck!
Why did Merrimen hijack
an empty armored car?
I don't know, all right?
They keep me in the dark
for shit like this.
If the cops come down on me,
I can't tell them shit
if I don't know shit.
Now y'all can hook me up
to a lie detector,
a fucking polygraph,
whatever y'all got.
I'm telling you what I know,
and that's all you'll get.
Please, just let me the fuck go.
Fuck y'all, man.
Let me go.
Well, I thought that was relatively convincing, hmm?
Good stuff.
All right,
when did you meet him?
What do I get out of this?
What do you get out of this?
Well, your freedom for one.
Two,
you're not the bad guys.
We are.
Couple months ago,
they came through the bar,
and I served them a few drinks.
We started talking.
This is my boy, Bosco.
My brother for life.
We deployed together.
Hey, the kid can drive.
Okay.
Donnie, tell him about the Trans Am Series.
Drove Trans Am Series, like he said, for about a season.
What were their names?
Hawaiian dude,
he had a homie,
Bosco, white boy.
He was in the military,
and he worked for DWP.
I told him I needed some extra money,
so he gave me a job.
Who's that? Merrimen?
Merrimen.
Ray Merrimen.
(LATIN HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
(PANTING)
So what's up with this dude?
It's Marcus' boy.
Worked with him
over at the Hofbrau.
Say he did some time
with him at Wayside.
He was a Marine for a minute.
Say the nigga can drive.
He be cool.
All right, let's check him out.

DONNIE:
He had just got out of prison
from what I could tell.
You ready to roll, Ray?
514!
Come on, let's cuff them up.
(DOOR BUZZING)
See you soon, Ray.
No, you won't.

NICK:

DONNIE:
at the Hawaiian dude's house.
(REGGAE MUSIC PLAYING)
Donnie, what's good, man?
What's up?
Come on, man. Follow me.
Yeah, yeah.
Hey.
Oh, shit. What's up?
Donnie, beer?
Yeah, yeah.
Thank you. Thank you.
So you spent
some time at Wayside?
Yeah, a little bit.
What do they serve
for breakfast on Fridays?
Silver dollar pancakes.
Three of them.
Where you from?
Hawthorne.
So you can drive, huh?
Oh, I can drive.
(ENGINE STARTS AND REVS)
Drive.
You might want to
put that seat belt on.
(SEAT BELT CLICKS)
(TIRES SCREECHING)
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
(TRUCK BEEPING)
He liked how I drove, so, a
week later, I did my first gig.
We hit this rave at a stadium.
(SPEAKING POLYNESIAN)
Got one.
Minus the dye pack,
is the count all good?
The count is on.
That's a lot of money
right there, bro.
Why don't we just call it a day?
Really?
You want three in hot bills,
you looking over your shoulder
for the rest of your life,
or would you rather
have 30 clean?
I'm just saying.
Let's just call it quits
while we're ahead.
Put it away.
We're trading up.
All right. Fuck it.
Let's do it.
What happened to the cash?
I don't know.
They don't tell me.
They don't talk much.
Yeah, people with things to
hide never have much to say.
So am I under arrest,
or can I leave?
Nah, you just keep
doing your thing.
We'll be in touch.
(COUGHING)
(CELL PHONE VIBRATING)
Yeah?

**MERRIMEN:**
Central at 0800. Don't be late.
(MUSIC PLAYING ON RADIO)
Jesus Christ!
You scared the shit out of me, babe. Can't do that.
What are you doing right now?
You erasing your recent calls?
My phone? What do you mean?
I don't know how to work this fucking thing. You know that.
"I don't know how to work this fucking thing. You know that."
Come on.
(SIGHS) Babe, we really have to go through this right now?
Where you been?

**It's 6:**
Where have you been?
Been at work?
Surveillance? Robbing drug dealers?
Because you smell like a stripper.
Of course, I was at work.
It's funny 'cause I got this text.
What was so hot, then?
Is that a work text?
Huh?
You fucked up.
You text me instead.
(CHUCKLES)
Who does that?
It's street theater, babe.
It's not what it looks like.
I'm sorry.
Me, too.
Fuck.

**DEBBIE:**
to go to Auntie's house
because Daddy's got to do
a little work on the house.
And we have
something else to do.
Come on.
What the fuck?
Hey, yo.
It's gonna be too loud
for you guys, okay?
Deb? Deb?
Will you put this on?
Is Daddy coming with us?
What are you doing, Deb?
What the fuck are you doing?
It will be too loud for you guys.
Wifey, wifey.
Seriously, what are you doing?

**McKENNA:**

Is Daddy coming with us?
No, Daddy does not have
enough time for us right now.
 Seriously... That's nice. That's nice.
Can you put this on here?
Hey, honey.
Mommy didn't mean that, okay?
Hey, sweetie, come here.
Mommy didn't mean that, okay?
She didn't mean that, okay?
Sweetie, you okay?
Yeah, great. Great.
Hey. Come here, honey.
I'm not going to be able
to make it right now,
but I'm gonna come
a little later, okay?
All right. Come here.
Give me a hug.

**DEBBIE:**

Christ sake.
Will you slow it down a second?
Give Daddy some rest.
He's real tired.
Right, hon?
What...
Deb. Deb. Deb, will you
slow it down a second?
We're going to walk this way...
Deb.
Okay, watch your step.
Here we go.
Deb, can you slow it...
Okay. Come on.
Let's go. We're going to
put your sister in first.
Here we go. Okay, baby, ready?
Sweetie, it's going to be
okay, sweetie. Okay?
Let's go.
Okay, put your bags in there. You
wanna put your sister in the seat?
Where's the pink bag?
Have you lost your fucking mind?
Oh, great language right
in front of my daughter.
Great fathering!
Nice. Nice. Dropping F-bombs
in front of my daughters.
"My kids," huh? "My kids?"
Great fathering!
Gonna find a guy whose cock
actually gets hard for me.
Deb, Deb, Deb. Stop!
Please don't do this.
Please.
This is a little hard. You're just
scared right now, okay? You're confused.
Okay...
Out of the way, Nick.
Get out of the way, Nick.
Get the fuck
out of here, you fucker!
You motherfucker!
You get back! You understand
me, you motherfucker?
(SOBBING)
Stay away from us!
Nice. Nice.
Good. Good.
Okay. Mommy's okay.
See you later.
Perfect.
Morning.
Ran the prints on CAL-ID.
Got a hit on our
dead guy from Angel City.
Check your e-mail.
All right.
Name's Marcus Rhodes,
from Oakland.
ATF was looking for him
for gun charges.
And more to the point
that you were making before,
he was stationed at Twentynine Palms
the same time Merrimen was there.

**NICK:**
Give me the book on Merrimen.
Look to your right.
You know what that is?
It's the bank for banks.
Los Angeles branch
of the Federal Reserve.
It's the only bank
that's never been robbed.
All the surrounding streets
are wired for sound and image.
Stand across the street and stare
at the building for two minutes,
you'll have security on your ass
asking you politely to leave.
If they see your face again,
every Secret Service agent in the
country is going to be looking for you.
The place is case-proof.
There have been
53 break-in attempts.
Not one has got past the lobby.
That's why
we're going to rob it.
Okay, here we go.
Laguna Niguel was in '06. Got caught for that, get sent up to USP Victorville SHU until June of '16. Now give me the unsolved book.

**MERRIMEN:**
you enter the lobby, computers run you through every law enforcement database in the country. If you've got outstanding parking tickets, they're going to know about it before you get through the first level of security. All the employees wear security swipe cards that grant them access through the first set of man-traps. Access is severely restricted. Two stories below street level is the vault floor. By the way, uh, his crimey... Levoux? Levoux. He serve with Merrimen? Not only that, but they played football in high school at Long Beach Poly. You've got to be shitting me. No.

**MERRIMEN:**
the nerve center for the Fed. This is where the armored cars come in, drop off the money tubs. Money tubs are handed off to the Fed employees. At any one time, there's anywhere between 500 and 800 billion dollars in there, every millimeter of it covered by cameras, sensors, and motion detectors. Yeah. What did they specialize in? I got this from the HR desk.
at Twentynine Palms.
Close Quarter Battle Unit. Both
saw combat in the Middle East.
Levoux specializes in explosives, where
Merrimen specializes in soldiering,
both MARSOC fast Marines.
But there's a hitch.
The serial number of every bill is
recorded in the Fed's database.
So, if a note goes missing,
they're going to know
exactly which one it is.
They're going to flag it.
If that bill comes up again,
whoever recirculates that cash, no
matter where they are in the world,
that person can be tracked.
Okay. Bosco,
the peckerwood?
He's a Huntington Beach kid,
also MARSOC Marines.
He did comms with them.
He had a solid career.
But he didn't serve together
with the other guys.
He was the Wood Rep at Victorville
when Merrimen was there.
That's where they linked up.

**GUS:**

year and a half, then discharged.
So, the way I see it,
that's the way all these niggas
ended up working together.
There's only two passports on the
streets, sports and military.
Every time the Fed receives
a deposit from a bank,
first thing they do is send that
money up to the count rooms.
They run the notes
through the counting machines.
They're accomplishing
two things here.
First, they're double-checking the accuracy of the bank's deposit. If the bank is off at all, they're going to credit or debit the account accordingly. Two, they're separating newer, fit currency from old unfit bills. But most importantly, they're erasing the serial numbers of the old bills from the Fed system. Once those numbers are erased, to the Fed, to the rest of the world, that money has ceased to exist.

Wait, let's look at the unsolved cases. In '04, you have the Boller National Bank Hollywood job, okay? They tunneled through the sewer system. Sophisticated, skill set, someone with access, unsolved. Okay, in '05, you have the Fuerte armored car depot job. Blew the depot vault with shaped charges. In the $100 count room alone, an average of $30 million is designated as unfit every day.

**Between 4:**

**and 5:**

all the cash gets shot out to the shredder. It's all destroyed. $30 million turned to dust in seconds. It's then picked up by the Fed's waste management company and brought out to the dump. If we can get to those unfit bills before they go to the shredders
and get out clean...
You got $30 million
nobody is looking for.

MERRIMEN:
In '06, you have Laguna Niguel.
Same thing, only this time Merrimen
gets unlucky with the tail-light.
Goes to prison till 2016. Now in
that time, while he was in prison,
how many highly sophisticated,
well-executed heists do we have?
None, but you're
on a roll. Keep going.
The counter guy at the donut shop?
Witness to the whole thing.
They left him. Why?
Because they shoot uniforms,
not unarmed civilians.
Exactly what
they were trained to do.
Gangbangers, these are not.
Okay, these are our guys.
We nail these guys,
we solve all these cases.
This is the crew.
You still haven't told us how
you can get past that security.
We're not going in this way.
We're going in that way.
What's going on with Frulein?
We can move on him
anytime we want.
I pay minimum wage.
Okay.
Plus $3 for delivery.
And you split the tip with me.
You start Wednesday, 11:00.
Thank you.

GUS:
food there, but I'm down to go,
but you've got to pay this time.
NICK:

TONY Z:
I pay every fucking time.

MURPH:
Get off your wallet, buddy.
No, I forgot my wallet today, boys. I'm sorry.
Again?
Yeah, again.
Got an alligator arm.
I sat down at blackjack with $5, and I made $160.

MAN:
Yeah?
I suggest you take these.
You're being served.
You kidding me?
I'm afraid not.

BORRACHO:

MURPH:
Yeah, I guess
I'm getting divorced.

TONY Z:
Yo.
Welcome to the fucking club.
Now, go handle your business, big man.
There's a closer view.
There was a rolling blackout in this quadrant four days ago.
Yeah, they've been happening a lot over the last few months.
Okay.
They say they have full backup power, but actually they don't.
They go into brown-out.
Yeah, prioritize the grid.
Priority, of course, is the vault.
So everything in there stays intact.
But anything that is peripheral,
like cameras in the hallway,
shredders in the count rooms,
everything else cuts out.
To time it during another rolling blackout
is going to be fucking impossible.
So you want to simulate it?

MERRIMEN:
Break in, have them go brown
for about two minutes.
I'd say yes, but I'd like
to have data to be sure.
Great.
Once we breach the count room,
only thing left is the cameras.
They run on their
own power supply,
so they're unaffected
by the brown-out.
The solve here is
we run an EMP burst.
Should take out the cameras
and motion for about 30 feet.
Where you get all this
information from?
You don't have to
worry about that.
Just trust me
when I say it's solid.
How we doing
with the Telecal hook?
Couple days.
Shouldn't be a problem.

WOMAN:
How many handlers do you need?

MAN:
Uh, gate B right now.
Strolling right into
the Federal Reserve.
MAN 2:
Force leaving loading dock B.
(BEEPING)
(CLEARs THROAT)
ID?
Sign in, please.
Keep this on you at all times.
Second bay of elevators.
Cafeteria's level 2.
Buzz him in. He's good.
Smells good.
He's good. Let him in.
(Door buzzing)
(IndisCt radio Chatter)
Sharon?
Mmm-hmm. That's me.
How you all doing?
Good. How you are doing today?
He's fine.
(CHUCKLES) Thank you.
She ain't getting none.
Shut up. Really?
Y'all have a good day.
I'm gonna stay out of it.
We will now.
You have a wonderful day.
Lunch. Dessert.
Lunch. Dessert.
Bye, sunshine.
There he goes.
(Gasps) My gosh.
(CHUCKLES)
Aw!
Oh, he's here.
Okay.
(Doorbell chiming)
Damn, girl looking fine.
Thank you.
You look amazing.
How are you?

ROLANDO:

MALOA:
This is my mom. This is Rolando.
Hi.
Nice to meet you. Rolando. Hi, I'm Malia.
Nice to meet you.
I see where you get your looks from.
Thank you.
(LAUGHTER)
Thank you.
Can I take that?
Oh, yeah, sure.
Um, Rolando, this is my dad.
What's up, Mr. Levoux?
Nice to meet you.
Let me holler at him
for a second.
Let me talk to you, bruh.
Honey, don't worry about it.
Okay? They're just gonna talk.
So here's what's up.
For the past 16 years,
my daughter's safety and protection
has been my responsibility
and my responsibility only.
Now, for the first time in her life, I see
I've got to hand you that responsibility.
Don't fuck up,
or your mama
will weep as she has
to wheel your ass around every
day the rest of your life.
Now I worked on this, because I want to
say this to you as nice as possible.
Do you understand?
Yeah. Yes, sir.
(HAWKS AND SPEAKS POLYNESIAN)
It's all right.
It's all right.
Listen. Listen.
All he's trying to say is,
it's wonderful to meet you,
and he wants you
to have a beautiful evening.
I'll see you at 11:30.
Yeah. Yeah.
11:
Good choice.
I think he got the picture, bro.
(CHUCKLES)
Psst.
(ALL LAUGHING)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER
AND LAUGHTER)

MURPH:
let's go.

MAN 1:

MAN 2:
(GRILL SIZZLING)
Hey.

NICK:
Donnie, right?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah, spotted you at the gym
the other day, yeah?

DONNIE:
Yeah, man. How you doing?
What's up, fellows?
You play football
at Long Beach Poly?
You look familiar.
No, I'm not from around here.
What are you doing here?
You work around here?
Enjoying my dinner, man.
Really?

DONNIE:
Food here sucks.
(SIGHS) Yeah. Yeah,
we come here for the ass.
So I'll see ya at the gym, man.
Yeah. Definitely.
DONNIE:
Number 55, right?
That's how I remember you.
We wore the same
number, 55, right?
I went to South Torrance.
Yeah, we played you guys
a couple of times.
You and all those
fat-ass Samoans.
Yeah, they were big,
but, man, lazy motherfuckers.
Probably all that Spam.
Yeah, we fucking
crushed you guys.
Crushed you guys when I was there.
Crushed you guys when you were there.
Still crushing you guys.
We've got family here, bro.
Don't really appreciate
you popping off.
All right. All right, man.
No need to get all agro.
Was I being rude?
Was I being rude?
What?
Let's go order, bro.
Hey, look, man, listen.
You've got a beautiful family.
Everything's all good. Excuse us.
Kampai.
See you at the gym, Donnie.
Have a good night, ladies.
(MERRIMEN SIGHS)
You a cop?
(SCOFFS)
No. Are you?
(DONNIE SCOFFS)
Get out of the car.
Go!
Where's the wire?
Come on, man.
I'm not wearing
a fucking wire, man.
Man, I'm not wearing
no fucking wire.
(DONNIE GROANING)
Get up.
(DONNIE GRUNTS)
How does he know you?
Don't tell me
it's from the fucking gym.
Look, I don't know him.
Smoke this punk.
Talk, motherfucker.
I'm not no cop, all right?
Now he came to me.
He know you.
He know all of you.
But I ain't tell him shit.
He was sweating me.
I ain't seen him since.
I thought he'd leave us alone.
(DONNIE BREATHING HEAVILY)
So how much do they know?
Nothing.
I ain't tell them shit.
I don't know nothing anyway.
And you know I'm the last
person that would fuck this up.
Now, if we've got to
call it off, I get it.
But I know
I ain't tell them shit.
Friday. Make sure
he knows it's on.
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING
ON SPEAKERS)
So good.
(LAUGHTER)
It's true, though. It's true.
Okay. (WHISTLES)
Okay.
How you doing, Nick?
Hmm.
I'm Nick.
Hello.
How are you?
Good.
What's for...
What's for dinner?
You smell like alcohol, Nick.
Hmm?

**NICK:**
I already ate.
(SIGHS)
Give me a pen, stud.
Nick, I was gonna call you.
I was gonna take you
to dinner next week.
Just give me a fucking pen.
(HUMMING)
Thanks, Rudd.
I'm gonna hit the...
No, you're not.
How's the wine?
Good?
That's pretty fucking good.
So I imagine I just, uh...
What, just sign anywhere, yeah?
Okay.
And I imagine it's assumed
that if you were ever
to touch one of my girls
or, say, talk to them
or, you know, even look at them,
I go boom-boom. You
know what I'm saying?
But, I mean, that's
self-evident, right?
There's no need to put that
in the contract, is there?
No, I didn't think so.
Nick...
(SIGHS)
(LAUGHS)
Can you please go, Nick?
That's enough, Nick.
Sure.
Come on.
Come here. Give me a hug.
Come on. We'll save
a fortune in therapy.
Hmm?
Come on. Give me a hug.
There you go, huh, hoss?
You've just always got to make
a spectacle out of everything.
There you go.
Yeah, pretty much.
All right, Nick.
I think it's time to go.
Come on, Nick, let's go.
Call the fucking cops.
That's what I'm saying.
Call the fucking cops. I'm sorry,
but it's time for you to go.
Call the cops.
I'm sorry...
Don't fucking touch me.
I'm sorry.
Do not fucking touch me.

DEBBIE:
Just, please go.
(SIGHS)
(NICK CLEARS THROAT)

MURPH:
(LAUGHS)

NICK:
Borracho, what do you think?
What the fuck was that?
You spotted me at the gym?
Tranquillo. All right?
Sit down.
I'll take it, Freddy.
Just give us a minute, okay?
Look, they're not going to off
you with this much heat, okay?
When's this happening?
Friday.
Where?
I don't know yet.
All I can tell you is Friday.
TGIF, huh?
You're protecting me on this.
Frulein,
we got your back, bro.
Don't worry about a thing.
Fuck.
Better wear your vest.
We're in.

(GUNSHOTS)
(RAPID GUNSHOTS)
(RAPID GUNSHOTS CONTINUE)
(RAPID GUNSHOTS CONTINUE)
(CLEARS THROAT)
(MUSIC PLAYING ON SPEAKERS)
(INAUDIBLE)
(SIGHS)
(TOILET FLUSHES)
(DOOR CLOSES)
(SIGHING)
(SNIFFS)
Z? (EXHALES)
Pico Rivera Savings,
Montebello Town Center.

TONY Z:
See you at 0800.
Tell the crew.
I did what you told me to.
(SIGHS)

TEACHER:
Good job there.
McKenna!
Hey, sweetie. Hey, sweetie.
How are you? Good?
What are you doing?
Well, you know,
I was on my way to work
and thought I'd come by and say
hello to my little monkey.
(CHUCKLES)
Is that okay?
How's everything
at school? Okay?
Yes, it's good.
Yeah?
And what about Auntie's house?
Mommy and Cassady,
are they good?
(IN FUN VOICE) What about the honey-bear?
Honey-bear good?
(GIGGLES)
Yeah? You miss me?
(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)
All right, Pookie,
better get back to class.
When am I going
to see you again?
Soon, sweetheart.
I'm gonna see you soon.
I want to come home.
Me, too.
All right, you better
get back to class, okay?
But I'm gonna see you later.
Promise?
I promise.
Come on.

TEACHER:
Come on, kids. Come line up.
Go on, Pookie.
Bye, Daddy.

TEACHER:
Come on, honey.
(SIGHS)
(INHALES SHARPLY)
(CRYING QUIETLY)
(SNIFFLES)
(SIGHS)
Jock up.
Tac up, brother.
No Fed?
Change of plans.
Pay attention.
Always keep your finger off the trigger until you're going to shoot somebody. If and when that happens, safety selector switch. One for semi, two for full auto. Mag release. Out with the old, in with the new. Tug it. Make sure it's in there good. Slap the bolt home, you're ready for round two. Other than that, keep this thing pointed at the fucking floor. You understand? Got it. Go put your shit on. Magazine, Borracho? Yeah.

**BORRACHO:**

**MURPH:**
Suspects arriving on location. We've got nothing for the DA. They haven't committed a crime yet. They clear the bank, we take them down. Stand by. Roger that. Broad fucking daylight. They're packing big. Ooh, shit. Look at these motherfuckers.

**MERRIMEN:**
Get down on the ground! Down on the ground! Get down on the fucking ground! Freeze! Freeze! Don't move! Stay right there! Freeze! Freeze!
You two! Move! Get over there!
Get over here!
Hurry up!

**BOSCO:**
Get out here, now!
Move there now! Go! Go! Go!
Move back!
Stay right there! Now!
Eyes to the floor!

**MERRIMEN:**
Everybody pay the fuck
attention!

**DONNIE:**

**MERRIMEN:**
going to say this once!
If you cooperate,
if you follow directions,
you will not be hurt. We are
here for money, not for you.
I want everybody lined up
on the counter. Let's go!
Move down!
Move down! Let's go!
Everybody behind the counter,
come out front! Let's go!
Keep your eyes down
and your mouths shut.
On my command,
reach inside your pockets,
remove your cell phones,
and put your hands in the air.
Everybody take
two steps forward.
Now go down on your knees.
All right! Cell phones
right in here.
On me.

**BOSCO:**
Put them in the box.
MERRIMEN:

BOSCO:
There will be no heroics today.
You guys go ahead
and get comfortable.
We're going to
be here for a while.
Anybody need to
use the bathroom?
Take a piss on yourself.
(INDISTINCT RADIO CHATTER)
Hey.
You. Get up.
Stop.
Sit down.
All right, I need you
to calm down right now.
Hey! Look at me.
Take a deep breath.
(EXHALES)
Good.
I know you already triggered
the silent alarms.
So I need you
to pick up the phone,
dial 911 dispatch,
and explain the following.
Go ahead and write this down.
There's a 211 in progress,
and we have hostages.
Within one hour, they need
to deliver $10 million
in unmarked small denomination
bills to this bank
inside a department helicopter
loaded with fuel.
Tell them we plan on killing one hostage
every hour until our demands are met.
No cops are to
approach the bank.
And if a negotiator
even tries to contact us,
we will automatically kill another hostage.
Is that clear?
You got it all?
Go ahead and pick up the phone.

**DISPATCHER:**
we have a bank 211 in progress...
Shit.
At the Pico Rivera Savings in Montebello
at 2891 Wilcox and Atlantic.
Suspects are armed...
What the fuck?
And have taken hostages
and are refusing a negotiator.
What the fuck is going on?
That's not their MO.
Call in, tell them we're on scene,
have suspects under surveillance,
and to back the fuck off.
This is LASD, we have surveillance
on the bank. Stand down.
I repeat,
have all units stand down.
It's bullshit. I can hear them already.
(SIRENS WAILING)

**BORRACHO:**
What the fuck are they doing?
Stop!
Get out!

**NICK:**
are you guys doing, huh?
Asshole!
What the fuck are you doing?
What's going on?
You were running surveillance,
and you let this shit go down?
It's our fucking case. We've been surveilling these guys for weeks.
That's what surveillance is!
They commit a crime, 
and then we stop them. 
Go. Go to the vault.

ENSOR:
Let's go. Come. 
Sit. Sit down. 
(TELEPHONE RINGING) 
I'm going to put this 
on speaker phone. 
You're going to answer, 
but don't use any names. 
You understand? 
Hello? 
Hello, this is the Los Angeles 
Police Department. 
Who am I speaking with? 
This is the branch manager. 
Sir, I need to speak 
with the person in charge. 
You are. 
Okay, good. Well, let me introduce myself. 
I'm Officer Parada... 
I don't give a fuck who you are. 
Are our demands being met? 
Who am I talking with now? 
Answer the question. 
It's being worked on 
as we speak. 
But you need to understand... 
You just killed a hostage. 
God damn it! 
Get up. Get up! 
No! No! No! 
Come on, move! 
I didn't do anything. Please. 
(SOBBING) What are you doing? 
Come on. 
No! No! No! 
(GUN FIRES) 
Fuck! 
You were on it, huh? 
Shit! 
You're so full of shit,
O'Brien...
You heard the demands,
you stupid motherfucker!
Yeah. You put a negotiator on?
Christ!
Fuck you!
Fuck me?
Yeah, fuck you!
Fucking nice haircut,
you fucking idiot.
Who are you fucking pushing now?
Are you fucking kidding?
Get SWAT rolling right now!
You fucking pussy.
Fucking Lobbin' Bob is angry!
All right, boss, let's go.
Let's go. Shitheads!
Let's go.
Fuck!
We've got a situation
going on...
Shit!
What the fuck are you
doing, Merrimen?
(PHONE RINGING)
Yeah?
This is the Police Department.
Please don't hang up.
My name's Danny,
I'll be your only contact. Nobody
else is going to call you.
Is this the person in charge?
This is the branch manager.
I'm speaking on the
man in charge's behalf.
Do you have a name,
branch manager?
(TREMBLING)
Listen. They've already killed
one of the hostages. A woman.
They will not
speak to you again.
If you call back again before their
demands are met, they'll kill another.
Just send what they want. The money and the chopper are en route, but it's going to take a little bit of time. You need to give me at least 90 minutes. Is this doable? Okay. Don't call back. (INDISTINCT CONVERSATION) (KEYPAD BEEPING) (LINE RINGING)

NICK:

TONY Z: (RINGING CONTINUES)
Hello?
You watching?
Yup. (CHUCKLES)
So how the hell are you going to get out of this one? Not sure yet.
Did you get my number from her cell?
I ain't cuffing up. That's okay.
I didn't bring my cuffs anyway. Yeah, I can see that.
Was that who I think it was?
Yup.
We've got a chopper that's gonna come down. The chopper is going to land right over here. (CHUCKLES)
I've got two-door entry on one. One-door entry on two.
Breaching! (CAR ALARMS BLARING)
Well, they just blew the vault. What the fuck?

WOMAN:
accounts receiving.
Hey, it's Al at Alameda.
We have a drop at Pico Rivera
we need to schedule.
How's Wednesday at 2:00?
That works. You're confirmed
for 2:
Great. Thanks.
We're here, yeah?
Yeah, that's us.
So what is this?
This is the sewer line,
and according to this map right
here, it's all cemented up.
Hey, where are we
with the chopper?
We're waiting on clearance.
Relax, they're not
going anywhere.
To hell with clearance.
We've got to move.

BOB:
Is he off his meds?
Tell him to get
the fuck back here!
Will you shut the fuck up?
Oh, fuck you.
We better go back him up.
Nick's heading to the front.
We're on the move.
Here we go.

MURPH:

GUS:
(BEEPING)
Everybody okay?

HOSTAGES:

WOMAN:
let me see my family again.
(SOBBING)
Nick!
Sheriff's Department.
Nick!
Clear!
Clear!
The fuck?
Nick, what's your location?
What's your location?
Hey, this is Al
at Alameda again.
I forgot to schedule a drop
at the Pico Rivera Savings.
What do you have open today?

MERRIMEN:
We confirmed?
Check. Appointment's at 2:45.
That's in two minutes.
Pico Rivera.
(GATE OPENS)
Horsepower all set?

DONNIE:

MAN:
on a new route?
Yeah. Yeah, they just
switched us over this week.
All right. Let me
get you guys' IDs, man.
Yeah, sure. There you go.
All right.
You're good to go.
All right, thank you. Open the gate.
Have a good one.
(GATE BUZZES OPEN)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
(INDISTINCT POLICE RADIO ChATTER)
(NICK SIGHS)
Oh, fuck.
Pico Rivera Savings? 2.2?
Yup, that's us.
Bring her up.
All right, ready.
One, two, three.
Sign here.
You got it.
You're new here, Mark?
Yes, sir.
You guys running
a little bit late.
Yeah, we ran into
some traffic, so...
I don't know where they had
you guys routed before,
but we run a tight, tight ship
around here,
so, if you're going to be
late, have base call it in.
Yeah, no problem.
That's my fault. I just...
Just have them call.
On me.
(GATE BUZZES OPEN)
Hey, Luigi. Alameda's on deck.
Check them in.
Copy that.
New guys.
I'm going to
step out for a minute.
(DOOR BUZZES OPEN)
(DOOR BUZZES)
How you guys doing today?
Good. All right.
Good.
How you doing?
All right, how are you?
Good, thank you.
Sign that for me, please.
All hundreds?
The first one's all hundreds.
The second one is mixed.
We're a little backed up.
All right, do what you can.
Guys want to hang out, get a Coke
or something? Appreciate you.
Thank you.
BOB:
to the recording off-site.
Can you get that to us?
Understood.
You need professional help.
Desperately.
My bad last time.
Your crime scene.

(MACHINE WHIRRING)

(Whispers) Silverback, this
is Horsepower. I'm in.
Greenpeace, this is Silverback.
Horsepower is in.
Roger that, Silverback.
Lights out.

(ALARM BUZZES)
Okay, here we go.
Johnny, we're fucking brown
again, man.
Got to shut down. Pull them
out of the count rooms.
We're going brown.
We've got to shut down for a bit.
All teams go ahead and take 10.
Luigi, come on.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
They went to brown.
They're clearing out.

RUSSELL:

JOHNNY:

MERRIMEN:

DONNIE:
Powering up EMP now.
All clear here.
Good to go.
You're clear. Go.
Shit. Check something out.
What do you think it is?
Are the cameras up
in the 100 room?

**MAN:**
555-0143.
It's taking too long.
Tasty Orders.
This is Sharon at the Fed.
Now, we ordered almost
an hour and a half ago.
Now, I only have so much time
on my lunch break.
(IN DIFFERENT ACCENT) It coming!
Be there in a few minute!
They just called
for the Chinese.
Hurry it up.
Motion is out in there, too.
Yeah, man, we're still brown.
You know, we better override.
Power it up.
All right.
Done.
Okay. Better get
that count, too.
Shit, here comes security.
Get down. Get down.
Hey, man, we got to check this 100 count.
Motion went off.
Luigi...
Step on it.
Step on it, quick.
Yeah?
Luigi.
Yeah?
Damn, dude! Luigi, you're
stepping on the line, man!
Say again? Russell?
Hey, dumb-dumb. You've got to
let go of the push to talk.
(SCOFFS)
What the hell is
going on here today?
Luigi, man. He's stepping
all over the line.
He's hot-micing
like a motherfucker.
He's in the cafeteria.
Go ahead and get him.
All right. Roger that.
I'm stepping out.
You're clear. Go.
(SIGHS)
Holy shit.
Luigi, you're hot-micing.
You've got to let go of the talk button.
You're stepping on the line.
Dude, it's not me.
Come on, we've got to check the 100 count.
Switch to line five.
You got about a minute and a half, two minutes. Let's go.
They're back. Get out.
Luigi, you see anything, man?
Yeah, we're good. There's nothing back there but dust.
What am I looking for?
Don't worry about it, man. I'm gonna juice up the room. Run the count, and make sure we're good, all right?
Copy that.
Where are you?
This is Horsepower.
I'm in the vents.
(BLOWS)
Greenpeace, you're done.
Cut out.
We are back up, brother.
All teams, back to the count room.
Get on with LAPD Central.
Tell them we're running surveillance at 8th and Grand.
Request a Code 5. We do not wanna spook the suspects.

**MURPH:**
Putting in a Code 5.
Am I tripping or was this full before?
Let's just check the count.
$712,200.
$712,200.
Russell, the count is on.
All right, roger that. Go ahead and clock out Alameda.
Take Alameda out.
The count was good.
But both of your bins were half-full.
Sorry?
Your bins, they were half-full.
That's how we got them.
Next time, just put it in a cash sack.
Makes things a lot easier.
Try and work smart, not hard.
Okay, sounds good.
Thanks for the advice.
We would tip you, honey, but that just took too damn long, okay?
I'm the only guy they've got delivering today. I'm sorry.
Sorry, guys, let me see your drop confirmation again.
All right.
There you go.
Chinese food guy?
Go on. Buzz him in.
Hold him there.
2-4-5.
Yeah, send him through.
Come here for a sec, buddy.
Yeah, man, I don't have you signed in.
Where's your name?
Come on, man, I signed my name with a dude from the last shift, man.
I don't know what to tell you.
Mmm-mmm.
Damn you finicky.
I'm getting my money back.
Okay.
I'm getting my money back.
Okay.
That's all I need.
All right, you boys
are good to go.
Thank you very much, Officer.
Take it easy.
You have a good day.
All right.
Go on. Get out of here.
Thank you.
Yes, security in
the lobby, please.
(TELEPHONE RINGING)
Lobby.
Yeah, did you see
a delivery guy?
Red shirt, light skin.
About 6 foot.
Wait, what?
Stop him.
You got eyes on the 1-2 side?
We'll cover the 3-4 corner.
Copy that.
Got held up at security.
What's your location?
South on Grand,
just past Vernon.
Go right on Gage.
Right on Gage.
Copy that.
(HORNS HONKING)
Move! Let's go! Get out!
Come on, move! Move! Here we go!
It's cool.
Come on, get down! Go! Go! Go!
It's cool. I'm cool, man.
Be cool, bro. Cool.
Fuck.
There he is. There he is.
Red shirt. Two blocks ahead.
Eyes on suspect.
Walking eastbound on 9th, approaching
Hill, south side of street.
Pull up in front of him,
in front of him.
Let's get this motherfucker.
Let's ram his bitch-ass
into the gate first.
Get in the fucking car!
Come on. Get in.
Fuck.

**NICK:**
Motherfucker.
All right, let's go. Let's go. Let's
get it done as quick as we can.
Little fuck.
Where is he?
Where the fuck is he, asshole?
Fuck.
Fucking... Fucker!
Give me the burner phone.
Where the fuck is he?
Pacific Horizon Salvage.
In South Gate.
That's the rally point.
Silverback, go.

**MACK:**
Horsepower's burned.
Repeat that. I can't hear you.
Horsepower is burned.
He's done.
I'm still clean.
Where am I going, bro?
Fuck!
Let's go. Let's go.
You guys got it all?
Yes, it's all in.
Pick it up.
It's good.
Pacific Horizon Salvage.
South Gate, Alameda Corridor.
10-4. Headed to you.

**ENSON:**
to the other two?
They got burned.
Eyes on suspects.
Black, four-door Suburban!
Heading southbound on Alameda.
Approaching Slauson Avenue. I need
you to parallel me on Santa Fe.
We got some traffic up ahead.
What's going on?
Corridor's backed up.
We just turned down Alameda Corridor,
heading south. (HORN HONKING)
Shit.
Coming up on suspect,
six o'clock.

TONY Z:
Right lane is closed up ahead.
I repeat, right lane is
closed up ahead.
You guys see that?
Twenty, 30 cars back.
What is that?
Is that...
Okay, we're at
a stop, stop, stop.
Fuck backup.
We've got to move now.
Fuck.
Yup.
That's them.
(ENSON SIGHS)
Give me my vest.
Yeah.
Yeah, here we go.
(GRUNTS)
Okay, we've got them pinched in. We've
got to move before it opens up.
Cuff him up.
Be advised, suspects wearing
body armor.
No center mass shots.
Limb and head shots only.
Copy that.
Go around right here.
It's jammed up.
Good? Okay, let's go.
Oh, shit.

**BOSCO:**
They're getting out of the car.
Z, go down the right.
Gus, Borracho, center with me.
Murph, stay on the left.
Don't come in.
Pass me the saw.
Fuck.
Let's go.
Stay down. Stay down.
Get down. Get down.
Sheriff's Department. Stay down.
Get down. Get down.
Get down. Sheriff's
Department, stay down.
Get down. Get down.
Stay by the engine block.
Get down behind the wheel.
Sheriff's Department.
Lady, get in the car.
Oh, shit.
Borracho!
Moving!

**ENSON:**
(GUNFIRE ECHOING)
Gus, Murph, you two go across
and cut them off, okay?
Tony Z, you ready?
Let's go.
Moving!
Move!
Moving. Moving.
Mag change!
Moving.
Mag change.
Moving!
Go! Go! Peel off!
(GROANS)
Tony, you okay?
Yeah, go! Go!
You okay?
Fuck!
Go!
Cover!
Move.
Fuck!

**GUS:**

Behind the brick building!
(GROANS)
(PANTING)
(GROANS)
(GROANING)
(PANTING)
(GROANS)
(PANTING)
(GROANING)
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
My kids...
(SOBBING)
You're in His hands now.
You hear me?
(SNIFFLES)
(GASPING)
(GROANS)
(PANTING)
Fuck!
(PANTING)
(GROANING)
(GROANING)
(GROANING)
Don't do it.
(WHEEZING)
Told you.
(SIRENS WAILING)
Yeah. You did.
What the fuck?
You see this?
Here. Do those.
Oh, shit.
So what? They were going to make fucking snow globes?
Like 10,000 of them?
(SIGHS)
You check on the boys?
Yeah, I'm going
to roll to the hospital.
You gonna call Borracho's wife?
(SIGHS)
Yeah.
All right.
This won't go to Harbor.
I'm sorry you lost
one of your guys.
Thanks.
You all right?
Yeah, I'm okay.
Yeah.
Nick, you've got to stop
smoking, man.
Here.
It's organic.
You know everything was accounted
for at the Fed, right?
Apparently so.
(SIGHS)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER ON TV)
(PEOPLE SHOUTING)
Hey, is Donnie around?
He quit.
So you haven't
seen him anywhere?
I said he quit.
Two days ago.
(SIGHS)
You want a beer?
Very much so. Like 50.
(SPEAKS OTHER LANGUAGE)
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Did you see that new chick?
Little fat-ass?
The new girl who
works down the hall?
What's going on, gentlemen?
Gentlemen, good to see you.
Yo!
Good to see you.
Your wife know where you are?

**MAN:**
Can you actually count?

**DONNIE:**
control of my environment.
People don't even know.
(EXHALES)
Fucking Frulein.
(CHUCKLES)
(ALL EXCLAIMING)
What's going on, boys?
How you doing? You good?
Some beers?
Hey, guv.
A round of beers for my mates.

**BARTENDER:**
I'm easy.
(LAUGHING)
I don't know.
Surprise me.
I can do that.
Cheers.
Cheers.
So why you come to me?
You're a beast, man.
Plus, you're the only one
that can pull this off.
Listen.
We do this, I call the shots.
My crew, my job, not yours.
Got it?
Completely understand.
That's the way it has to be.

**DONNIE:**
It's my baby.
That's what I've got.
MERRIMEN:
a hold of all this stuff?
You got this all at that bar?
Collected it over time.
Wow.

ALEXI:

CONNOR:
Thank you. I love when
you call me Princess.
(CHUCKLING)
You work across the street?
Yeah.
Diamond exchange?
That's right.
Beer's on me.