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# Double Take

By George Gallo

Where would I be without my baby  
The thought alone might break me  
And I don't wanna go crazy  
- But every thug needs a lady  
- Tired of being lonely  
Come on  
Don't you know that I love you  
- Hey-Hey, good morning, Mr. Chase.  
- Yes, it is.  
Oh, I don't see your driver.  
I gave him the day off.  
It's his birthday.  
- Knicks? Courtside?  
- Yeah, baby.  
- Mr. Chase, you are the man.  
- Ah, just say hello to Spike for me.  
Oh, I'll do the right thing.  
What is this? Fifteen a grand a month,  
I gotta listen to this racket?  
- Oh, well. I'm out of here.  
- You have a good day.  
- Be careful out there, huh?  
- Nothing can touch me today.  
- Give me that, punk!  
- Mr. Chase.  
- Mr. Chase, you all right?  
- Yeah.  
Stop, thief!  
- Come on, boy.  
- You sure you're all right?  
I'll slice your little ass up.  
Now you need a nut doctor.  
Get on before you get spit on.  
Hold it! Get down on the ground!  
Get down on the ground!  
- This what you do to the hero?  
- You got the wrong guy!  
- Do I look like Puffy?  
- Shut up!  
- You got the wrong guy!  
- Hey, that is not the guy.  
- What? What the hell you mean, it's not the guy?  
- He got the briefcase back.  
- That is not the guy.

- Are you sure?  
- I'm positive.  
- Now, you heard the man. Raise up off me!  
- What?  
- Just... Really.  
I'm Muslim. I don't like  
no parts of no pig!  
- Look, you okay?  
- Man, I hope I don't need no stitches.  
I ain't got no insurance.  
I'm really sorry about this.  
And my mama got cancer.  
- I said cancer.  
- I think this will cover it.  
Common cold is cool.  
- Well, uh, take care of yourself.  
- You be careful out here, man.  
- I will. You get that looked at,  
all right? - All right.  
- Hey, you pigs know where the nearest  
emergency room is? - Okay, okay.  
Hey, you see  
two guys come past here?  
- What? - Two guys. Big guy. Little guy.  
Came past here just a second ago.  
- I saw no one. I don't know.  
I didn't see anybody. - Shit!  
- Good morning, Mr. Chase.  
- Hey, Julie.  
Good morning, Mr. Chase.  
Are you all right?  
What is it?  
Look, I may have only been here  
two months...  
but I know you well enough  
to know when something's wrong.  
What gave me away,  
wrinkled suit or bad attitude?  
Definitely the attitude.  
I'll work on it.  
What you got for me?  
The Henderson wire transfers  
came in from Switzerland...  
and financial. Com

just announced a split, and...

I think this will make

the rest of your day a little better.

The Don Carlos transfer

came through this morning.

- It's a little more than we expected.

- Don't tease me.

106 million more.

- Stop kidding.

- I never joke about money.

Good morning, Daryl.

What's the matter with you?

Don Carlos came in.

106 million over.

- 106 six million. You sure about that?

- Yep.

That's a lot of money for a Mexican

soda company, don't you think?

I'll have to see about this. Oh!

I'm sorry. I know it's late. Can you

get us all into Chloe's show tonight?

- I'll pull a few strings. How many do you  
need? - Well, our \$ 106-million mystery man...

is coming into town:

Thomas Chela.

- Mr. Don Carlos himself. To what do  
we owe the pleasure? - I don't know.

- We got to show him a good time.

- Oh, absolutely.

I can also check over his last quarter  
financials to make sure everything tracks.

If you find anything,

I want to see it.

I'm sorry to interrupt, but there's  
somebody in your office, Mr. Chase.

- Not now, Shari. - I think you should  
see him. He says it's a family matter.

Look, a broker is a smoker.

You ever heard of E-Trade?

Yeah, you can do

that shit for free.

I'm Freddy Tiffany, internationally  
known, I might add. All right.

My nigga!

Hey, you got any job openings?  
This is some easy-ass shit.  
Oh, yeah. Let me call  
Human Resources. Shari?  
Hook a brother up.  
Man, how'd a brother like you  
get a big-ass office like this...  
with fancy furniture  
and whatnot...  
without the benefit  
of some kind of mischief.  
You keep campaigning for this  
ass-whooping, you gonna get elected.  
Cool. Look. I was just jokin' about  
the phone, man. Wasn't nobody on it.  
And I feel kind of bad  
about what happened earlier.  
- What is that?  
- It's your money.  
Is that Chloe Kent?  
Hey, that's that La Perla supermodel.  
Man, I'd sure like to wax her drawers.  
I'll let her know.  
Hey, ain't no need for all this shit.  
How's your mama? We went out.  
- Hey, look, girl, what you need  
is a thug in your life. - Come on.  
You know damn well  
you like danger, girl.  
- You from the projects. You from  
the projects. - I could kick his ass.  
Dance to the beat  
and shuffle my feet  
Can you dance  
Can you dance to the beat, beat, beat  
- Charles. - Daryl, how  
are you? - I'm good. You?  
- Oh, good. Real good.  
- Morgan, you look beautiful.  
- Thank you. So good to see you.  
- Great to see you.  
- Thank you. - You mind if  
I steal him for just one second?  
- Only for a second.

- One. - Sorry.

Oh, now, this is a party.

- C.A.?

- Hmm?

Charles, we have a problem.

Don Carlos Cola does not exist.

Shari called eight different distributors,  
and no one had ever heard of it.

- Oh, I like that girl.

- Hey, this is serious.

Northeast National has a fiduciary  
interest here, and you know as well as  
I know, my name's on those documents.

- And I'm not going to jail.

- Slow down, Daryl.

We can't go charging in without hard evidence.

If it's there, we'll find it. We'll find it.

Look, I'm calling the S.E.C.

First thing in the morning.

We'll do it together, all right?

All right?

- All right.

- All right. Uh, there he is.

- Thomas! Thomas!

- Hey.

- May I introduce Daryl Chase?

- Oh, this is the man.

The one who has been working so hard  
on building my future. Oh!

- This is my companion. Maque Sanchez.

- Ah!

A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Chase.

106 million.

Uh, some quarter you had.

- Some quarter.

- Well, why don't we all sit down?

Yes, why don't we?

I didn't realize that was so funny.

Mr. Chase, you have such  
a beautiful accent.

Where did you learn  
to speak Spanish?

Uh, if you could, um...  
for one second.

Thomas. Tell me.

Did you reallocate additional working capital towards a Don Carlos ad campaign?

Oh, I really like you.

I'm so glad

you are on our side.

So am I.

Tell me. When are you gonna come visit us in Mexico?

You know, I got no plans in the foreseeable future.

Oh, but you would have so much fun.

Uh, Chloe! I, um... They just invited us to Mexico, honey.

- Looks like a nigga got busted.

- Ooh, Superfly.

- And what is your name, beautiful thing?

- Oh! Maque.

I'm thinking about "macking" you too.

Get butt-naked and you're mine, girl.

I'm telling you. I'm gonna get a piece of that right there.

- What are you doing here?

- I'm enjoying myself. And how about you?

- Hey, why don't you enjoy yourself over there? - Ha! Yeah.

It's obvious this rude nigga here don't wanna introduce me to you "peoples. "

- So I figure I'll introduce myself.

- One second. I'm very sorry.

I am Freddy Tiffany, internationally known, I might add.

How you doin', baby?

Look at you, girl.

I don't care. We could knock the cobwebs off of it, me and you, girl.

I'm telling ya.

What is up with your eye, G.?

Oh, I get it. That way you can scope on her without pissing her off.

You know what you need is some Visine and some Windex.

- Much money as you making, you could

afford a better eye. - Hey, what's up, Daryl?

- Everything cool?

- No, everything is not cool.

The little leprechaun pimp here, and he is messing up our entire evening.

- Now, get rid of him.

- Who?

Look at...

Hey!

I am so sorry.

- You wanna tell me what the problem is?

- Nothing, all right?

Daryl, I can't believe you were flirting with his girlfriend or whoever the hell she is.

- Chloe, I wasn't flirting.

- Oh, give me a break, please!

Did you think she was cute?

Was that it? You thought she was cute?

Freeze!

- Sweep it, Martinez. Sweep it. - We got it! - Shit. Chloe.

It's okay, Mr. Chase.

We're the good guys.

Martinez! What do you got?

- All clear!

- Baby, you okay?

- What happened?

- I don't know.

Oh, God, I'm sorry.

Sorry to barge in. Timothy Jarrett McCready, CIA. This over here is Agent Martinez.

- He's dead.

- Martinez, take care of her.

- Hey! Back off.

- What?

I'm sorry.

Mr. Chase, we need to talk.

Relax. They're with me.

- You wanna tell me what's going on?

- All secure. - You got 'em?

- Mr. Chase and Miss Kent are now in our protection. Yeah. - Wrap it up.

We'll do.

Clean.

Mr. Chase, we've been working a deep cover operation in Mexico. It involves drug trafficking... extortion and the murder of Governor Eduardo Quintana in Chihuahua.

- Okay, that... What does that have to do with us? - Yeah.

Have you ever heard of Don Carlos Cola?

It's a dummy corporation that's a front for the Gutierrez drug cartel.

They've been laundering money through this corporation for years.

This morning they made a \$ 106-million deposit to your bank.

Daryl, what's going on?

Have you ever seen these two men?

No. Have you?

- No.

- That is your house guest from tonight.

I gotta assume you're going somewhere with this.

Those two guys are on the Gutierrez payroll.

In fact, they've been hanging around the neighborhood for the last few days.

Wait a minute. That's the guy that was on stage with me.

Well, now, this asshole you ought to arrest. Anything you need, I'll testify.

Yeah, that's Freddy Tiffany.

He's an absolutely crazy man.

- Stay away from him.

- Wait a minute.

- How long have you been following me?

- Protecting you, Mr. Chase.

There are people out there who want you dead. I'm not gonna let that happen.

But for me to help you, you gotta trust me.

Daryl.

Look, I gotta get back to Mexico for a few days and wind this thing up.

Agent Martinez is gonna stay

here and provide protection for both of

you until we get this case solved.

Meanwhile, if anything goes wrong...

anything...

Mr. Chase, you call me.

- Thank you.

- Oh, you're welcome.

Good luck.

Hey, you guys.

- Good morning, Julie. What's going on?

- Hi, Mr. Chase. Shari's been calling you every few minutes.

- I think there's something really wrong.

- Yeah, I know. She just paged me.

- Is she okay?

- She's hysterical. She couldn't even talk.

And then these two guys

showed up looking for you.

- In my office? - Yeah. They're in your office with Mr. Allsworth.

- Who are they?

- I have no idea.

- Oh, shit.

- Mr. Chase?

- Can I get you more coffee? No? A bagel or...

- Excuse me, please, please. Mr. Chase.

Mr. Chase?

- Step aside! Mr. Chase!

- Move!

Get out of the way!

Get out of the way! Move! Move!

Come on! Move!

Shari, it's me, Daryl.

Shari?

Hey!

I don't wanna see you naked,  
but if I have to...

Hang up and call again.

If you'd like to make a call...

Freeze!

Oh! Oh, shit. No.

- Well, you did it again.

- Hey, it happens.

- No! No! No! - Come on, guys. How'd the wife...

How'd the wife get in here?

- Hello? Is that you, Daryl?  
- Hello? McCready, is that you?  
Hell, yeah, it's me. I'm in trouble.  
They think I killed two cops.  
- Excuse me. Excuse me.  
- Yeah, sure. Hold on. My secretary, she is dead.  
Those two guys you showed me  
the pictures of, they showed up  
at my office this morning.  
- Look, I'm in trouble.  
- Excuse me.  
- Woman, woman, step off, all right?  
- But you're not using the phone.  
I got the phone now. You happy?  
Look, the shit just hit the fan here.  
Get your ass up here  
and get me out of this.  
Okay. First you gotta  
get out of New York.  
What are you talking about?  
Are you listening to me?  
I didn't kill anybody.  
I don't wanna leave New York. Stop it!  
- You wanna take your  
chances with NYPD? - Shit.  
Look, I'm black. I'm not stupid.  
Okay, get your black ass to Mexico  
where I can protect you.  
Meet me in the town of La Questa.  
La Questa. All right.  
Listen, Daryl, don't use  
your credit card, don't show your ID.  
If you do, they'll find you,  
they'll kill you.  
Just get to Mexico.  
Don't look at anybody.  
Don't wave at anybody.  
Don't talk to anybody.  
Yo, bitch, what up?  
What's a uptown nigga like yourself  
doin' down here with us common folk?  
Figure a bitch like you  
be in a limo, G-five, G-nine.  
You know, that kind of shit.

You know, me and the Big Apple, baby.  
It's like the 1900s.  
It's over. It's over, baby.  
You know, you one rude Negroid.  
Didn't your mother ever tell you to talk to  
people when they talk to you? Be sociable.  
See, I know what your problem is. Your  
father fondled you as a child, didn't he?  
See, what you need  
is some couch time.  
Just sit down  
and let it all out.  
It happened to me... me and my grandfather.  
I remember I was three years old.  
- Hey, listen to me. I'm serious.  
- It was only when he was on that moonshine.  
Please.  
Ooh, ooh, ooh.  
Hey, hey, hey, baby. Hey, hey, hey. Hey,  
baby. It's gonna be all right.  
Come here. Daddy love you.  
All right, in, baby, yeah.  
Get your bitch ass back in the bag.  
Nigga, nigga, nigga.  
You got the NYPD "shoot a brother  
41 times" after your ass.  
- Would you keep your voice down?  
- No wonder you're nervous.  
- I need to get to Mexico.  
- And people in hell need ice water.  
A fat woman wanna be skinny.  
A midget wanna be tall.  
- You wanna be white.  
- I'll take that as a yes.  
- Come on, man.  
- Hey, hey. Watch the clothes, man.  
- If you're gonna help me, help me. But just...  
- Oh, he need some help.  
Well, look here. If you don't  
wanna go to thepenitentiary, you might  
wanna listen to your new partner.  
Okay. Everybody, meet my new partner.  
My new partner.  
Top of the day. How's it going?

How you doin' there, sir? I'll be  
over there in a couple of hours.  
Don't worry about it.  
We got it all under control.  
Hey, hey, smile, man.  
You look suspicious.  
That's what I'm talkin'  
about there too.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey.  
Loosen up the walk, too, man.  
You know what I mean?  
Put a little pep in the step.  
That's right. That's right.  
Take it back to the hood.  
It's all good in the hood. It's  
all good. How's it going there, sir?  
I want you to check the numbers on the ticker  
tape and I'll get back to you at 7:00. All right?  
Look, bro, just act black.  
That's all you gotta do.  
Say, blood.  
- What it is, jive turkey.  
- Hey, hey, hey, bro...  
All right, mama.  
What's the last movie you seen, man?  
Car Wash?  
Man, you can kiss my ass.  
Car Wash was a good movie.  
Final boarding call  
for the Empire Builder...  
with service to Newark...  
Hey, Mr. Chase!  
In the blue suit!  
- Mr. Chase! - Hey, hey, hey! What is your problem?  
Get your hands off of me, mister!  
- All right, I'm sorry. We made a mistake.  
- Of course you made a mistake.  
And I demand an apology  
from the both of you.  
What is this all about? A white man  
in a suit with a black man in a suit...  
African-American male, 6'1 "to 6'3",  
wearing a blue suit.  
- Why you puttin' your hands on me?

- Did you say blue suit?  
Copy that.  
You'll love it.  
- How rude.  
- I'm talking to you!  
- Whoa! Whoa! Would you just get on the train?  
- Just get on the train.  
- Some kind of Feds, huh? - We  
gotta go. - I know my rights!  
What do you want? There's not  
gonna be any Rodney Kings going on.  
- Hey! Oh, I'm doing good.  
- Hey, how are you, sir?  
- You got your ticket?  
- Yes, yes, yes. How you doin', sisters?  
This is their first time on a train.  
I'm trying to tell them how much fun  
they're gonna have.  
Oh. There's a first time  
for everything.  
You must not do that, young man.  
Look, we're not trying  
to give you a hard time, Mr. Allsworth.  
But imagine how we feel when two  
of our fellow officers turn up dead.  
Well, why don't I ask the commissioner about it  
tomorrow when he comes to my house for cocktails?  
Yes, he is a friend of mine.  
And so is Daryl Chase.  
A very good friend.  
I brought him into this firm.  
He is the best and the brightest. I refuse to  
believe that he has anything to do with this.  
Okay, good. Now we're all very clear  
on what you refuse to believe.  
So why don't I tell you what we do  
believe? We believe you're full of shit.  
And we believe Daryl Chase is up to no good.  
Now, we followed him all the way to Penn Station.  
- Where do you think he was going?  
- Vacation, maybe.  
Vaca... Did he... Did he maybe have a  
little vacation time stored up, Mr. Allsworth?  
- What's your point? - My point is that

we've notified the authorities everywhere...  
Mexico, Canada, Oz. Wherever he goes,  
they're gonna catch him.  
But just in case there's a slight possibility that  
he contacts you first, do me one little favor.  
Pick up the phone,  
give us a call, okay?

- Good day, Mr. Allsworth.
- Goodbye, Mr. Allsworth.
- You know, I actually believed you were NYPD.
- You did a very good job too.

You know, most people who wear these  
are actually missing a tooth.

- I just liked the way it looked.
- You would.

It look good on you, though, bro.  
It look good.

Hi. Just the man I'm looking for. I need  
two phone lines put in this room if I can.  
I need an Internet access on one, fax on the other,  
paper at every stop... New York Times...  
He needs a fax.  
He needs a fax.  
I got all your money.  
Look at that, girl.  
Smell it.  
That's right. Can buy  
a whole lot of dog food with that.  
Whole lot of dog...  
You're a little cutie pie,  
you know that?

- Those things are not included in the  
price of a ticket. - All I need...  
is two phone lines in this room:  
One with Internet access...  
- You're being rude, just like you were today  
to those two nuns. - One with a fax.  
- Making new friends, are we?  
- Good morning, sir. How are you? Having a nice trip?  
I'm having an excellent time.  
Look. Whatever my friend needs here,  
you put that on my tab.  
You got it, sir.  
Whatever you say, you got it.

What a gentleman. You gotta love him.  
You were rude.  
Racist asshole.  
Ah, you're gettin' a taste  
of your own medicine.  
Now you're startin' to find out  
it wasn't the brother in the suit...  
but it was the suit  
that was on the brother...  
that got you  
your so-called respect.  
Nice watch, ain't it?  
Yeah, uh, it's... it's real classy.  
Look, uh, Freddy, I appreciate everything  
you did helping me get on this train.  
And I ain't gonna forget it. But when we get  
to the next stop, we go our own separate ways.  
- Your services are no longer required.  
- Oh. Oh, well, ain't that a bitch.  
It's just like you rich people. When  
you get done using us downtrodden...  
hood recipients...  
you wanna kick us to the curb.  
Throw us to the wolves  
like some naked sheep.  
What the hell do naked sheep got  
to do with ghetto recipients, Freddy?  
- What the hell are you talking about?  
- I give you this much.  
You know, you probably went to some kind  
of accredited school, college and whatnot.  
- Yeah, I went to Harvard. So what?  
- Well, you know, I went to H.K. U...  
Hard Knock University.  
And that's what you gonna  
need to get out of this.  
They ain't gonna take no book smarts.  
Street smarts.  
- I don't need you, Freddy.  
- You saying you smarter than me?  
- I'm saying I'm smarter than you.  
- You smarter than me?  
- I'm smarter than you.  
- Your neurons are firing quicker than mine are.

I got your Bulgari ring, your watch...  
your Italian suit  
that caresses me, oh, so well...  
and a phat wad of cash...  
that you said was two Gs...  
ah, in what used to be  
your inner pocket.  
And I got all of that  
in less than ten seconds, girl.  
Did you hear her? Say it again, baby.  
Ten seconds. But you smarter than me.  
Come on. Let's burn some ants.  
We're gonna burn some bugs  
with these here.  
What are you doing here?  
Well, according to the two D cups  
on your watch, it's dinnertime.  
You got dinnertime money?  
I'm just jokin'. I'm just jokin'.  
- You know, your credit's good with me.  
- Excuse me, sir.  
Here's the paper you wanted.  
That's for him.  
- Thanks, Guido.  
- It's Vito.  
- Whatever. - Thank  
you, sir. - Anytime now.  
- Why don't you just bury your head in his ass?  
- Let's see. One dinner...  
- You gentlemen ready to order?  
- Ah, yes, yes.  
I'm going to have...  
Let's see here.  
The prime rib, medium rare.  
And bring me some Grand Marnier  
over the rocks.  
That's the way we used to have it when I  
was in Harvard. Chauncey made the best ones.  
I'm gonna have the yard bird  
burnt to a crisp.  
Now, I need you to spit on that  
with a little bit of hot Tabasco.  
And I'm gonna wash all that down  
with a 40 dog of Schlitz malt liquor.

I'm sorry, sir. I don't believe we have Schlitz malt liquor.  
No Schlitz malt liquor?  
No Schlitz malt liquor?  
Well, ain't that some shit. How you gonna run a successful business... and you ain't got no Schlitz malt liquor?  
You ain't keepin' it real.  
You ain't representin'.  
What you doin' up in here, boy?  
Uh, uh, uh, shit.  
- I'll see what I can do, sir.  
- Ya do that.  
Fresh-Prince-of-Bel-Air-looking mo...  
He do look like the father on the Fresh Prince.  
Hey, uh, look, bro.  
We ain't gettin' nowhere by fightin'.  
Why don't you just talk to me?  
I mean, how bad can it be?  
It ain't like you murdered anybody.  
Man, what kind of shit are you into?  
Freddy, do you remember my assistant, Shari? You met her at the office.  
The one with that phat ass?  
Yes. Well, she's dead.  
I'm sorry, man. My bad.  
I'm sorry to hear that.  
L- I went to her apartment and, uh...  
I don't know what happened, man. These two cops wound up dead, and they think I did everything.  
What's up with the CIA, bitch?  
- Ah, here you go, gentlemen.  
- Uh, thank you. You're a scholar and a gentleman.  
Compliments to the chef.  
How do you know about the CIA, Freddy?  
I, um... I can't really talk to you about this.  
Is that why we're on our way to Mexico?  
I happen to know Mexico like the back of my hand.  
I am internationally known.

I done mischief everywhere.  
Puerto Rico, Colombia, Brazil...  
all them Mexican countries.  
- That I believe.- Well,  
since you're starting to believe me...  
we been watched  
for the last three states.  
- Yeah, I'm sure.  
- I'm serious as a heart attack.  
By Curly from the Globetrotters  
over your right shoulder.  
Don't look.  
It'd call attention to yourself.  
See, you need me more than you think.  
'45 was a good year, sir.  
Yeah. Appreciate that.  
- Man, I gotta run.  
- Run where?  
To the bathroom. Man, that prime rib  
is running through me.  
Well, I hope you can hold it.  
Ah, ah, ah, ah.  
Oh, come on, man. Damn!  
You heard me say I gotta go, man.  
Excuse me, uh, sir.  
- Could you help me with  
this door here? - Sure.  
Appreciate it.  
Let's see what you got on you.  
I know you ain't got no condoms.  
Too ugly.  
- We got your monkey ass.- Lookie here.  
A ugly picture of you. You know this dude?  
- Hell, no.  
- Well, he seems to know you.  
Shit! Who is this, Freddy?  
I have no idea.  
- That was a good plan, man. Thanks.  
- Oh, anytime.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. He had a gun?  
"Had" is the key word  
in that sentence.  
- Hey, Freddy.  
- Yeah?

Freddy, there's a body out here.

What you want me to do?

Walk away from it before

people think you had something

to do with it. I'm using the bathroom!

- Man, you really hit me, man. - Man, if you don't shut up, I'm gonna check your hinges.

- Shut up, man, before you get us busted.

- I done met you down here like you told me to.

- Dribble, Curly, dribble. Go to your lanes.

- You bust me in the head.

- Hey, how's it going this evening?

- Fine.

- Can I bother you for a paper?

- Go right ahead.

Let's see what we got here.

Uh, look, these papers...

never made it on the train.

Sir, I ain't got change for a hundred.

- They ain't never made it on the train.

- They're gone.

All aboard...

the night train!

No problem. I'll take care of it.

Hope you're having a nice trip, sir.

- Wonderful. Put that on my bill.

- Shit.

Well, well, well,

look who made the paper. Page three.

"Wall Street Banker Wanted  
for Questioning in Multiple Homicide. "

No, no, no, keep reading.

There's a \$ 100,000 reward...

for your whereabouts and/ or capture.

- Are you gonna turn me in, Freddy?

- You know, the thought had crossed my mind.

No, bro. Just relax.

- You wanna take a seat?

- No, I'm okay.

- You mind if I cop a squat?

- Not at all.

All right. Join me, man.

Go on. Take a load off.

Look, Daryl.

I believe you're innocent.  
I had to be sure.  
You know, I treat each case  
with a certain amount of trepidation.  
Uh, I'm really not Freddy Tiffany.  
My real name is Fred Tiffany.  
I had you fooled with  
all that street shit, huh?  
Yeah.  
Mr. Chase, I'm with  
the Federal Bureau of Investigation.  
I'm protecting you  
on the way to Mexico.  
And once we get there, we're  
gonna flush out the real criminals.  
Man, you got everybody after you.  
You got the CIA, the FBI...  
NBC, UPN, you pick a nigga,  
as-salaam alaikum.  
- What happened to him? - Oh, he's just drunk,  
man. I'm just trying to wake him up, you know.  
Ya all right, baby?  
Ya all right, brother?  
Get your ass off this train.  
- What the hell! What the hell are  
you doing? - Shut up!  
Help!  
What are you doing? No!  
- You're in trouble.  
- I am?  
Yeah, you are. No pets on my train.  
Ah, damn! I had it!  
I'm gonna whoop his Wall Street ass.  
How's your mama? We went out.  
What you lookin' at? You know,  
you'd make a nice nine-piece.  
Your ass and a couple of biscuits.  
You know black people like chicken.  
You see any flies around me? Huh?  
I'm just playin'. I'm just playin. '  
- Take care, now.  
- Good luck to ya.  
Thank you.  
Hey, what's happening, ese?

Hotter than a Mexican whorehouse on  
nickel night with a \$5 rebate, I hear.  
Mr. Funny Man, eh?  
And how long do you plan to honor us  
with your presence in Mexico?  
I'm just gonna be here a couple of days.  
But let me ask you somethin', now.  
Where them big-booty Mexican bitches be  
hangin' out? You know what I'm sayin'?

- Identification, por favor.
- Identification. No problem. No problem.

You better alert the governor  
that Freddy Tiffany is in the house.

- Freddy Tiffany?
- Oh, no, no, no, no.

That's internationally known  
Freddy Tiffany, fool.  
We'll alert the governor that  
Mr. Internationally Known has arrived.

- Internationally known.
- Just un segundito.

Handcuff his ho when a nigga  
like me step up in the place.  
Tell you right now.  
Ain't that right, Delores?  
In, bitch.  
I'm gettin' tired of you.  
Tell you that right now.  
Put on a little music.  
Goddam.  
Arriba, arriba,  
Speedy Gonzalez.  
Let's go!  
Oooh, shit!  
You wanna live, get in the car.  
You wanna die, get in the car.  
I know how to duck us into Mexico.  
Think! Just think, Daryl!  
How is it I'm outside your apartment?  
How do I know where  
your office is, Daryl?  
How am I at the bottom  
of the escalators at Penn Station?  
Huh? I'm the FBI.

Federal Bureau of Investigation.  
And the name is Fred Tiffany,  
by the way!  
Most highly decorated agent  
at the whole Bureau!  
But you wanna believe  
a drug dealer, McCready.  
If I wasn't a Christian...  
Delores, sit still, bitch.  
Hey. Hey, that's one  
of those old-school hip-hop beats.  
That's like some Run D.M.C.  
That's more like Grandmaster Flash.  
No, no, no. That's definitely Run D.M.C.  
Man, listen to the grooves.  
Come on.  
What you know about hip-hop?  
- You got that. You got that.  
- Huh? This is "mus-ack. "  
Man, it's kind of phat, though.  
- I like the little mariachi horns, man.  
- Yeah, that's tight. That's tight.  
- What you doin'? Leave that on.  
- Oh, all right.  
You don't know nothin'  
about that music.  
- What?  
- Mus-ack.  
Definitely don't know nothin'  
about dancing to no mus-ack.  
Son, you better recognize,  
all right? I got skills.  
- Skills?  
- Serious skills.  
Oh, show me some of them skills,  
Mr. Wall Street Executive.  
- Is that a challenge?  
- Yes, that's a challenge.  
Hold this.  
- Why, sure.  
- I'm D.C., boy.  
Well, let me check Chocolate City out.  
Dark chocolate.  
Free your mind,

and your ass will follow.

Aww.

You might be from the projects.

- Ah, son!

- That had to hurt.

- All right.

- Here. Limp your way back over here.

- Let me show you how it's done.

- Please take the stage.

Tag, I'm it.

Let me show you how I used to do it...

before I joined the Bureau.

See, we used to take it up

like that there, nice and easy.

Then we... huh, huh, huh...

bring it around like that.

- Ohhh.

- Then we'd... huh... bring it.

Drop it like it's hot.

Tick, tick, tick, tick,

tick, tick, tick, tick...

tick, tick, tick.

Take it back to Beat Street, baby.

Look out!

Crazy legs.

You gotta hit it like this

and bring it down like this.

Hey! Hey! Hey, hey, hey!

Ah, hell, no! Come back here!

- I'm gonna whoop your ass!

- Bye-bye, biatch!

I'm gonna kill him.

Let's walk, girl.

You got four legs. You walk. Shit.

Come on.

Double-time, double-time.

Just follow the stairway

To this lonely world of mine

Somebody's here. All right, bye.

- Hi.

- Hi. May I help you?

- Yeah. Just checking in.

- Okay.

- Um, reservation?

- No.

- Cash or... cash.

- Yeah.

Twenty, forty, sixty.

Look, I don't mean to be rude,

but what is that smell?

- That smell is the wave of the future.

- This shit smell?

- Emu.

- Oh, that's what those birds are.

- Those are... Those are emu.

- 98% fat-free.

All your protein and nutrients with the  
savory flavor of chicken and steak combined...

all in one easily farmable bird.

Well, I tell ya, that sounds nutritious.

Good luck with that.

- Can I get a key?

- Key.

Thank you.

Take it easy.

Tiffany? Tiffany.

Damn, if I were him, I'd have shot the  
son of a bitch that took that picture.

Have you bumped your head?

Hey, little darlin'.

Our ship has just come in.

- Uh, yeah?

- Hey, McCready, this is Daryl.

- Daryl Chase.- Mr. Chase,

where in the hell are you?

I'm at an emu ranch in, um...

- Shit. Where am I? "Rancito. "

- You mean, Texas?

Yes, Texas. I was trying to get  
into Mexico to see you.

I almost got killed at the border.

They thought I was Freddy Tiffany. By the  
way, this guy keeps showing up everywhere.

- How the hell does he keep finding me?

- I told you to stay away from Tiffany.

I'm trying to stay away from Tiffany. I just  
told you he keeps showing up everywhere I go.

Plus, he claims you're at the centre

of some drug trafficking scheme.

Of course I'm at the centre

of it. I'm with the CIA.

Right now I'm watching a bunch of drug  
smugglers load up a plane full of cocaine.

They think I'm their friend.

That's what I do.

I watch the bad guys.

Stop listening to a murderer.

Listen, your murderer

thinks he's with the FBI.

- He was kicked out of the Bureau two years ago.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa!

- He really was with the FBI?

- He's out on a 5150. A mental.

You are with a class-A psychopath.

Mr. Chase, stay put. We're coming to rescue  
you and take Mr. Tiffany into custody.

- Don't move.

- I don't believe this.

Fine. Hey, McCready. McCready?

- Hello? Daryl.

- Chloe?

- Daryl, Jesus! Where the hell are you?

- I don't have time to explain that  
right now. You all right?

- Miss Kent, remember what I said.

- No. I got a million cops asking me questions, Daryl.

I don't know if you're alive.

I don't know if you're dead. I don't know  
what's happening to our lives.

- Okay, partner, we're in business.

- You guys wanted lunch?

- Whoa, ho, ho. We almost got this.

- I got the prefix.

Look. Does the word Pentium  
mean anything to either one of you?

Will you get this away from the equipment,  
please? Take it away from the equipment.

- Is Martinez still there with you?

- Yeah.

- Don't stay on the phone too long.

- Chloe, I know all this doesn't  
make sense to you right now.

- But I promise you, it's all gonna be fine. - Stay on the line.  
- Stay on the line. Don't hang up.  
- Daryl, I'm scared.  
- You better hang up the phone.  
- Quiet, quiet, quiet! Okay, I got the fourth digit. I promise, it's all gonna work out fine.  
- Stay on the line. Stay on the line.  
- You better hang up.  
- Stay on the line.  
- Baby, I love you.  
- Five digits! - I love you too. - Hang it up.  
- Six digits. - Now.  
- One more thing.

Hang up the damn phone!

You know, you like a piece of faeces with peanuts... a pain in my ass.

- I see you brought your little white girlfriend with you. - Shut up!

Probably been on the phone with McCready, huh?

Probably told you I was on a 5150.

Mm-mmm.

It's a 1718.

I don't even know what that is.

You know what that is? What is it?

- A button?

- No. It's a transmitter.

- What is it? What is it?

- A pager.

No. This is a tracking device.

That's how I knew where you were every time you made a move!

Why do you think I had us change clothes at Penn Station...

under the auspices

of being a criminal, mister?

And the dog... Oh, the dog is the centre of this entire investigation.

Oh, yeah.

You didn't know that, did you?

- No. I was under the auspices that

it was a tracking device. - Shut up.  
Get up. You coming with me. Get up!  
Ooh, ooh, I'm sorry. You may want  
to hold on to that tracking device.  
That's all right.  
I can throw a bullet at you.  
Don't you go nowhere.  
You wait right there.  
Baby, you keep guard, all right? Hey, wait  
a minute, fool! Come here! Hold on, mister!  
I threw a ring down the toilet  
'Cause that's  
where our love went  
All right. Let me guess.  
Somebody tried to kill you.  
T.J. McCready miraculously  
shows up and shoots him.  
- Yep. That's it.  
- That's the oldest trick in the book, man.  
At the Bureau,  
we call it the double take.  
If you'd have looked twice,  
you'd have seen what really happened.  
- So that didn't really happen?  
- Nah. It's all smoke and mirrors.  
See, Thomas Chela is Minty Gutierrez.  
They're one in the same.  
The Gutierrez drug cartel ring a bell?  
He's the guy with the glass eye...  
floatin' all over his shit, kind of got  
that Sammy Davis thing happening, man.  
Hey, wait a minute. You mean  
Don Carlos Cola is a drug front?  
Exactly. Governor Quintana was working  
with the United States Government.  
I get the drop that somebody's  
tryin' to assassinate him...  
get there a couple of minutes late,  
get caught on camera inside his house.  
Thus the dilemma I find myself in  
at this particular junction.  
- Man, you didn't even do this then.  
- Hell, no. I didn't murder nobody, unfortunately.  
Governor Quintana, he was trying to slow

the drug flow into the United States.

I mean,

how good is that for the kids?

- That's some serious shit, Freddy.

- Yeah. No shit.

- You're being framed.

- Exactly.

By the same people

that are trying to frame you.

- You FBI. You can go talk to them. They can clear me.

They can clear you.- No, no, no, no.

This is my point exactly. The FBI

has no jurisdiction in Mexico.

I'm not even supposed to be playin'

right now. This is some rogue shit.

- You lookin' at a rogue.

- Fred, I had... I had no idea.

- You a rogue.

- A rogue.

- Rogue.

- Don't patronize me, man.

I'm sorry. My bad.

You just a big rogue.

I won't p-patronize you, you big rogue.

- All right. See you later, rogue.

- Man, you might want to listen...

to some of this shit

if you want to live past tomorrow.

- You ain't goin' nowhere without me.

- With an IQ of a tree

Honey, that ain't all

You've seen the last of me

Yeah!

I'm sorry, man. Really. I'm-I'm sorry.

I'm sorry. I've been... I've been rude.

- He fits the description.

- I'm gonna call it in.

Shit on a stick!

What the hell?

Shit.

Get this gun out of my ass!

You've got to admit,

that "rogue" shit was pretty... Aw, shit!

- Your dumb dog bit me!

- That's what you get.  
- Damn! You got sheriff crackers out there thinkin' that you're me. - What? Damn it, Molly Jo!  
Mike, how'd you get out of the pen?  
You shit in that pool,  
and you're gonna end up lunch meat.  
Shit! It's the Pepsi truck!  
Shit!  
Shit! Shit!  
Mother's Cookies!  
Mother's damn Cookies!  
Fiji Water. Damn Fiji Water.  
Freddy, when McCready gets here,  
this is all over. Will you calm down?  
Those are McCready's men out there.  
Don't you get it?  
- What are you doin'?  
- Calling a strike team.  
Find the right goddam pen,  
have a strike team here in 30 seconds.

**Coming soon:**

Joe, Steven, get those trucks out of here. Luther, come with me.  
"Dear Strike Team.  
It's me, Freddy.  
Send help soon.  
Signed, Rogue. "  
- Move it out! - You ain't gonna think everything's so damn funny in just about a minute.  
Gunfire!  
Hey! Gunfire!  
Come on, Tiffany!  
I am not Freddy Tiffany!  
I am not Freddy Tiffany!  
I fall to pieces  
We got a border to cross!  
- I'm Freddy Tiffany! I'm Freddy Tiffany!  
- Hell, yes, you are!  
Get me out of here!  
I fall to pieces  
Oh, shit!  
How can I be just your friend

- What the...  
- You want me to act  
- Like we've never kissed  
- Let's go, bitch.  
You want me to forget  
Pretend we've never met  
- You'd better be worth a lot of damn money;  
that's all I can say.  
- You mother...  
And I try and I try  
but I haven't yet  
You walk by  
and I fall to pieces  
You walk by  
And I fall to pieces  
We made it, baby!  
Hey, man, what's goin' on?  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
That's my meal ticket, there!  
I'm sorry about this mess, but I know  
you know where them big-booty bitches...  
Get off of me!  
Don't tell me to shut up!  
- You don't know who I am.  
- Put him back in here with Daddy.  
Now, listen, Mr. Funny Man.  
Enjoy your visit, huh?  
Okay. I'm going.  
Kiss my ass, Paco!  
Come in, Mr. Tiffany!  
Come in!  
Step into my office.  
Sit down.  
Have a cigar, Mr. Tiffany.  
Here.  
Here. Go on. Go on.  
Have a cigar.  
Here. Very good.  
Go ahead. Go ahead. Huh?  
You have no idea what it means  
to meet you, Mr. Tiffany.  
This is a great moment.  
I take it you and Governor Quintana  
weren't exactly friendly.

Oh, I loved Governor Quintana!  
He was a great man  
who was trying to make a difference.  
Oh, that is, of course, why he  
bought the farm, as you Americanos say.  
But he will always be held  
in the warmest place of my heart.  
Let me ask you something,  
Capitn.  
What? Wh-What is that?  
You all smiling at me like I'm Regis  
and I got a million dollars.  
- Very funny.  
- What's up with that?  
That is because there will  
be promotions for all of us.  
You know...  
the men who captured you.  
Well, before you boys break out the  
pinatas and start drinkin' tequila...  
- I'd like to make my phone call.  
- Huh?  
My phone call.  
To T.J. McCready with the CIA.  
I think he'll explain  
who I really am.  
A phone call?  
You want to make a phone call?  
He wants to make a phone call!  
This is not America,  
my friend.  
You do not get a phone call.  
Next, you will be wanting us  
to call Johnnie Cochran, huh?  
Wh-What is this?  
- I'm not Freddy Tiffany.  
- What?  
I'm Daryl Chase. Looks like  
Foghorn Leghorn over here screwed up.  
I say... I say,  
ain't that right, boy?  
What is the meaning  
of all of this?  
Now, hold on. Just wait a second here.

Let me think.

You realize I can bring you up  
on charges for trying to trick me?

- Now, wait a goddam minute.

- Huh?

- I am tellin' you, he...

- Boss, boss.

- What?

- Really?

Well, we shall see.

There is somebody here  
to see you.

- Me?

- Mm-hmm.

- Who?

- Your senorita.

Federico.

- Wait. I know you, right?

- You know me?

You know me? Well, I should hope so  
that you know me.

Look, I don't know what's with the  
accent, but we met at the La Perla party.

No, we did not meet at La Perla.

We met at the other place.

- You know what I'm talking about.

- I'm Daryl Chase.

- You are not Daryl Chase! You are Federico!

- No, no. No, see, I'm Dar...

We met at the La Perla party.

Remember?

- I don't know her.

- Well, you... you just said you did.

Okay. We met at a party...

I met her, but I don't, you know, know  
her, you know, in the biblical, like she...

You know me!

You know me mucho times, okay?

- Mucho times.

- I don't know this girl.

- Why? Why are you doing this to her?

- Look. I don't know...

what greasy, grubby nigga she been  
laying up in the bed with.

- I ain't got nothin' to do with this.  
- That is not a very nice thing to say.  
I'm not lyin'!  
I do not know her!  
Captain...  
I never talked  
to this "macarena" girl!  
I love you, Freddy!  
This a bad time  
to talk about that reward?  
Don't worry about a thing, girl.  
'Cause when we get to Mexico,  
I'm a Mexican and you a chihuahua.  
So you gotta learn how to habla Espanol  
when we get there, you know.  
Hey, girl. Look at this:  
An invasion of Texas.  
Hey, y'all have a good time in America!  
And my name is Paco if anybody asks.  
Bark in Spanish.  
Well, that was good, girl. Sure you  
ain't got no chihuahua in you?  
I mean,  
how hard can this be?  
On our way to Mexico.  
Oh, hell, yeah. We cruisin', baby.  
Look at that. Yeah, this is good.  
Oh, shh...  
Shit!  
Delores!  
Delores!  
I see you, baby! Here I come!  
Hang in there, girl. Ah.  
Ah, I told you Daddy'd be here.  
Ai-yai-yai.  
It's my baby. Thank you.  
Thank you.  
- 'Preciate it. 'Preciate it.  
- No, no, no, no.  
No, no, no.  
Black man going to Mexico.  
Y'all can go to Compton.  
I'm going to Mexico!  
Look.

Over that way! No!

U.S.A.

Me and the dog can take all y'all. Bring it on! Bring it on! Watch it, baby. Bite 'em! Keep missin' with me.

All of ya. No. Look out.

- Here you go, Mr. Allsworth.

- Hmm? Thank you.

- Mm-hmm. - This is a good thing you're doing, Chloe.

The CIA won't let anything happen to him.

You're doin' the right thing by helpin' us out.

I'll do whatever it takes.

I ain't gettin' out!

Yeah, drop me off right here!

Thanks for the ride, suckers!

Shit.

Hello, Mr. Chase.

I trust you had a pleasant trip.

- You have no idea.

- I've come to get you out of here.

Let's go.

Thanks, man.

Shit.

Daryl, wait up. I need to step over here and take care of some paperwork...

and get your things, and then you can tell me about everything.

The sooner I get out of here, the better.

- What happened to your leg?

- A dog bit me.

Oh. Here you go, amigo.

Freddy Tiffany.

Let me guess.

Somebody tried to kill you.

T.J. McCready miraculously shows up in the nick of time...

and shoots him.

Shit.

And the dog? Oh, the dog is the centre of this entire investigation.

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

Hey, Martinez.

Daryl, you want to step over here  
and sign out?

Daryl?

- Where is he? Where did he go?

- Who?

Chase. He made me.

He's on the move.

- We didn't see him.

- He's on foot. He's running. Let's go.

What in the shit were y'all doin'?

Let's move it.

We gotta find him.

We gotta find him. We gotta find him.

Oh! Sorry.

Don't move!

Now, you heard me. Don't move.

- Freddy?

- Yeah, it's me.

Hey, hey, hey.

It's gonna be all right.

All right?

I'll get you through this.

- I thought you was crazy.

- Hey, hey, hey, hey. Hey, look.

- We gotta get the hell out of here.

- No, no. I gotta get to New York.

McCready's dirty like you said.

Martinez left Chloe.

- I don't know if she's dead.

- Look, look, look. She's gonna be fine.

Chloe's going to be fine. Remember  
my partners Norville and Gradney?

Partners? Wait, wait, wait.

The drug dealers?

They're FBI agents. They've  
been down with me the whole time.

It's a covert operation.

Let's get the hell out of here before  
we end up with bullets in our head.

Oh, shit!

Down, bitch!

- Do I look like I'm goddam moving?

- I'm talking to the goddam dog!

- Who is that?

- Oh, you're gonna like this.

Oh, yeah? What am I gonna  
like about this?

The new guy,  
bought and paid for.

Send him up, Minty.

Send him up.

I can't begin to tell you how you guys  
have screwed things up for me.

You are a bunch of stupid,  
incompetent jackasses...

who don't know

how to do a simple job.

And you...

If you are any indication  
of the efficiency...

of the Central Intelligence Agency,

let me tell you, my friend:

Your government is in deep water.

Minty, in every operation  
there are a couple of snags.

You go off like a loose cannon,

kill Governor Quintana...

get bit by his dog and have

the stupidity to leave it behind...

connecting you to the crimes

and me as well.

And you call that "snags"?

And you...

You assured me

that my money was safe...

safe from prying eyes.

Well, Minty, it was,

until you transferred \$ 106 million...

into your account

in a single day.

Daryl would've had

to be dead not to catch it.

See, Minty? A snag.

Minty, I will handle your accounts

personally if things get any worse.

And exactly how much worse  
are they supposed to get?

- I can handle Daryl.

- That time is all passed now.

I am going to take care  
of Daryl myself, my way.

Oh, hey,

I don't like the sound of that.

- That is music to my ears.

- Gentlemen.

- Hi, baby.

- Come here.

- What happened to you?

- Stinkin' mutt bit me.

Damn thing's bitin' everybody,  
right?

Yeah. That little furball  
has got sharp teeth.

Minty, I'd like

for you to meet Agent Gradney, FBI.

Let me guess, huh? You...

You want a piece of the action, hmm?

- I'm worth it.

- Yeah? Show me how you're worth it.

Well, why don't we ask Maque here.

- Isn't that right, sweet thing? - Hey.

Wh-Wh-What do you think that you're doing, huh?

She's Tiffany's partner.

Always has been.

She was a plant  
from the beginning.

Now, that bite mark's the only thing  
that connects you to this murder.

We make sweet thing disappear here,  
along with that stinkin' mutt...

FBI doesn't have much of a case,  
now, do they?

Whoa. You are better  
than I thought.

Damn!

Elliot was a good man...

and there wasn't too many good men  
at the Bureau.

They put me on a 5150  
because I give a damn.  
I'm sorry  
about your friend, man.  
There's somebody special in there  
I want to get out.  
It's payback time.  
- No wonder the Bureau kicked him out.  
- Hey, hey, hey. Watch it. Slow!  
I am Freddy Tiffany, FBI!  
- Oh, look at that fool.  
- Lookie here. Lookie here.  
Keep your hands off me! You know  
damn well you got orders not to shoot.  
You know what's goin' down?  
I'm going to arrest all you crackers.  
- You can believe that and then some.  
- Hey, Tiffany.  
- What?  
- I think you forgot about me.  
- No, I didn't.  
- Freeze! Freeze.  
You, I'm just going to kill.  
Martinez, drop your gun.  
Drop it.  
- You all right, baby?  
- I'm better now.  
Get your ass over there.  
You, Jones!  
Get your bitch ass over there!  
- Daryl, handle your business.  
- Here, sweetie.  
Thank you, baby.  
You know how I like silver guns.  
T.J., where is Chloe?  
Banker boy, how do you plan  
on gettin' out of here?  
Your life is worth less  
than a Mexican food stamp right now.  
I'm going to ask you again.  
Where is Chloe?  
Eh, Mr. Chase,  
Chloe is in perfect health.  
If you don't believe me, take a look

out that window. See for yourself.

- Please.

- Thomas...

if I don't like what I see,  
you're all dead men.

- Daryl, this is not like you.

- I think the brother means business.

Put your hands  
where I can see 'em!

- Hey, baby!

- Well, what did you expect, huh?  
Your girlfriend in chains and shackled  
in a deep, dark wine cellar, huh?  
We are all civilized here,  
Mr. Chase.

- What about Governor Quintana?

- Unfortunately...

Quintana didn't want to be part  
of our happy little family.  
That's why I'm sure you both  
will be more cooperative than he was.  
More cooperative?

C.A., you piece of shit.

You were like a father to me.  
Well, you're still like a son  
to me, Daryl.

That's why all of this can  
be resolved very simply and cleanly.

- C.A., shut up.

- Hey, uh, Minty. I got a question.

How is it you can afford the CIA,  
a banker from Wall Street...

but you can't seem

to buy a better eye...

than that marble

you got rollin' around in your skull?

- Oh, you got some balls, Tiffany.

- That's what your mama said.

Okay, Minty. Enough

of this cops-and-robbers bullshit.

- Call in the guns.

- I'm afraid I can't do that.

- I beg your pardon?

- I have always known...

that Maque Sanchez  
was with the FBI.  
God, Charles,  
I have got well over \$600 million...  
in your American banks right now,  
which your government has frozen.  
The only chance I have of ever  
recovering any of my money...  
is to turn all of you over  
to the Justice Department...  
which Mr. Tiffany and Miss Sanchez  
happen to be members of.  
My God. You set me up. That's  
why you made that goddam deposit.  
- You started all of this.  
- Ah, that's right.  
And you clowns just confessed  
to everything we need.  
Considering the caliber  
of your work...  
you are all lucky to be able to walk  
out of here with your lives.  
Betrayal. Ain't it a bitch?  
- Drop the gun, or I'll kill her. -  
Put it down. - I swear I'll kill her.  
- Drop the gun, Tiffany.  
- Put the gun down now.  
- Tiffany, you son of a bitch, I'll kill her!  
- Put it down!  
- Will you stop it, Freddy?  
- Drop the gun. - Put it down!  
- Shut up! - Put it down  
now! - Goddam it, Freddy!  
- Put your gun down! - I'll kill  
her! - You want to go there with me?  
- Relax! - I'll kill  
her! - Let's go there!  
- Freddy! - Me  
and you! - Shut up!  
- Shoot him! - Huh?  
What? - Shut up!  
- Freddy! - I'll roll you like a  
Philly blunt and smoke your bitch ass!  
They shot Minty!

Cover me, baby.

Cover me!

Clear! Come on!

- Martinez?

- What?

- You play golf, right?

- What?

I know your families used to run around  
with leaf blowers cuttin' lawns.

- But you play golf, right?

- No, man.

Why don't you come out here  
and show me?

Well, here's a little lesson  
from Tiger.

Fore!

Yeah, he's dead.

Just about out of here.

You really are from the projects.

You didn't hit a damn thing.

Now, let me show you how a shooter  
never, ever misses.

Oh, no!

Oh! Oh!

He wasn't lying.

He didn't miss once.

Looks like it's the last one.

They're going to hang a sign over

**your cell:**

- You never know, do you?

- Hello, Daryl.

Chloe.

Shari?

Sorry, Daryl.

We had to get you out of New York.

It was our only way

to flush out T.J. McCready...

and connect him with Charles Allsworth  
and Gutierrez.

- So they're... they're with...

- They're all with me.

Just one big, happy FBI family.

I trusted you, and you...

you used me.

We did what we had to  
to save your life.

Daryl, baby, it's over,  
all right? And we're safe.

- Can I hug an FBI agent?

- No. But you can hug a friend.

That'll work.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- Take care of yourself.

- No doubt.

You still got a phat ass.

Freddy, I can't believe  
you're from Malibu.

Malibu High. Class of '84.

- Oh, he's so cute.

- Thank you.

Then I went to Hawaii. I was on the pro  
surf circuit for about three years.

Hey, hey, hey.

Your brother came in first.

Brother from Malibu.

Chloe, look at this.

- Oh, what's so funny?

- Nothin'.

- I know you're not laughin' at my man.

- Have you seen this?

Yes, I have.

I think he looks cute.

Thank you.

Okay, baby. Okay.

It's all right.

Hey, uh... uh, Daryl,  
you didn't touch that, did you?

Oh, this?

Yeah, I know. It can scramble  
a strike team in less than 30 seconds.

I don't want  
nobody else but you

Oh, see?

See what I'm talkin' about?

I don't want  
nobody else but you

Go in! Go in! Go in!  
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!  
Don't care  
if the bank was free  
Hey, fellas! Stand down!  
Shake, shake  
Shake, shake your body  
Shake, shake  
Shake, shake your body  
Compliments of Freddy Tiffany.  
- Why you lie to me - You may not  
know me but I know you very well  
Now, let me tell you  
that I caught you in a lie  
Talk to me, tell me  
- Where you were  
- Late last night  
You told me you were  
with your friends  
- Hanging out  
- Late last night  
Y- Y-You're lying  
'cause you're stuttering  
- Now where were you  
- Late last night  
Stop lying to me  
'cause you're ticking me off  
Said you're ticking me off  
Ooh  
I can tell you're lying  
because when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
- When you and me - I can tell you're lying  
because when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
I can't take it  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
You lied to me  
Why you lied to me  
You do not know me  
but I know you very well

Now let me tell you that I caught-caught  
-caught-caught caught you in a lie  
You do not know me  
but I know you very well  
Now let me tell you that I caught  
you in a caught you in a lie  
Quit, quit, quit your lying  
Now watch yourself  
Yeah, now you're by yourself  
I smell cologne  
Damn, it's strong  
- How'd you get it on  
- On your heart, girl  
You messed up your hair  
Make-up's everywhere  
- Ooh, yeah  
- In a lie, girl  
Girl, you're crying  
'cause you're lying  
- In my face  
- In a lie, girl  
Stop lying to me  
I'll bust any man  
'Cause you're ticking me off  
Tick-Tick-Tick Ticking me off  
I can tell you're lying  
'cause when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
I can tell you're lying  
'cause when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
I can tell you're lying  
'cause when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
I can tell you're lying  
'cause when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
I can tell you're lying  
'cause when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter

stutter, stutter  
I can tell you're lying  
'cause when you're replying  
You stutter, stutter  
stutter, stutter  
Thank you, all.  
Thank y'all for comin',  
and y'all drive home safe. Bye.