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Fled

By Preston A. Whitmore II

Have you ever witnessed
Frank Mantajano kill anyone?

I've heard about it,
but it's not an everyday occurrence.

- Have you witnessed him kill anyone?
- People say things. You pick up on it.
It gets around the block.

Have you ever witnessed Frank
Mantajano in any kind of illegal activity?

Have you ever witnessed him
in any kind of illegal activity?

Again, as far as I'm concerned,
the guy did right by me.

- Who hired you?
- I would assume it's Frank.
- How long have you worked for him?
- We ran together in younger days.
- How long have you worked for him?
- We dated the same girl.

We had the same friends on the streets.
That kind of stuff. Things happen.
Somebody ordered a takeout.
Good night.

Your answers have to come faster.
This is a federal case.

You've got to have your ducks in a row
if we're gonna nail Frank Mantajano. OK?

- Can we take a break? I'm hungry.
- OK.

But remember, you're gonna be
on the stand for hours at a time.

You've got to watch your body language,
your facial expressions, your posture.
To be effective, the committee
has to like you. Get it?

I got it.

- Got any Szechwan chicken over there?
- Could you get him some chicken?

Mr Paine, does the Attorney General's
office have any final remarks?

May I remind the committee that Frank
Mantajano is an execrable criminal,
moving Cuban organized crime
into America.

I object to that characterization
of my client.

The Attorney General's office is making
accusations, disguising them as truth.

The fact is, my client
has never been convicted of any crime.

- But he will be, Mr Foster.

- That's enough, gentlemen.

This committee will stand in recess
until 10am Monday,

at which time I hope that the Attorney
General's office will have evidence
to back up their accusations.

- I'll produce it all right.

- Good. We're adjourned.

Our witness is dead.

My witness is dead?

- Mantajano's people got to him.

- He was in a safe house. How?

Some Cuban delivered him

a carton of Chinese food full of C-4.

I just told the Committee on Organized
Crime and 60 million TV viewers
that I would produce a witness
in 72 hours.

I understand,

but what are we going to do about it?

"We"? As a federal marshal,
you are directly responsible
for the custody and protection
of all witnesses.

So the problem is,

you got my witness killed.

You do something about it

by Monday morning

or start thinking about

an early retirement.

Sweet little kitty.

Got them virgin hands.

Cute little kitty cat like you

ain't supposed to be shovellin' ditches.

This here is man's work.

Hey, bitch, are you listenin' to me?

You know, I'm lookin' for a little pussy

like you to keep me warm at night.
Now that's using your head. Come on!
Don't you think he's had enough, convict?
You been here one day.
You wanna fight everybody?
- I ain't supposed to be here.
- Ain't nobody supposed to be here.
Break it up!
Get your big ass out of the way.
- Causin' problems already, Piper?
- I had nothin' to do with it.
- It's true.
- Shut up, Dodge.
- Wait a minute.
- I said shut the fuck up!
You guys need an attitude adjustment.
I got just the thing for you.
All right, Kevin.
Kinda like a wedding ring.
I now pronounce you
convict... and convict.
Now get the fuck on the bus.
You move when I say you move.
Right.
Come on.
- Should we break it up now?
- No.
Just keep a lookout
and watch for my signal.
Gimme the keys to the bus.
- What's goin' on?
- How should I know?
Radio for help.
- Let's go.
- I'm not goin' anywhere.
You move when I say you move!
Here, pussy, pussy...
Let's get outta here.
- Anything else, Gib?
- I ain't got nowhere to put it, honey.
- Hey, Gib.
- What's goin' on, Sandra?
You. Lieutenant Clark says meet him
at Gwinnett County Detention Center.

- He say why?
- Nope, but he's waitin' on ya.
How are the ribs today?
Same as they were yesterday,
and the day before, and the day before.
- I'll see ya.
- See ya, Gib.
Get me a half a slab of rib
- and a peach cobbler.
- You got it.
- Hey, Gib.
- Afternoon, Warden. What's up?
Prison break.
- Who fled?
- There's three of 'em took off.
Paul Milliner, Charles Piper
and some kid named Dodge.
Dodge? That explains why
the Lieutenant called me out here.
I busted him about nine months back.
- What's he done now?
- From what we can gather,
Piper and Dodge got into a brawl,
distracting the guard,
and this fuck Milliner
grabbed Kevin's gun.
The three of 'em started shootin'. They
killed Kevin, Bailey and two other guards.
- Dodge killed someone?
- Afternoon, Gibson. Warden Nichols.
This is Marshal Schiller,
Attorney General's office.
Welcome to the land
of CNN and Coca-Cola.
We don't want to be on CNN and...
...hope not to get too thirsty
capturing these fugitives.
The Marshal will head the manhunt.
Since you arrested Dodge,
you can give Schiller a jump-start
on where to look for these boys.
He's probably headin' back to Atlanta,
about 30 miles from here.
If we put out an all-points and local news

profiles, we should have 'em by nightfall.
Let me talk to you for a minute, Matthew.
This guy Schiller is no regular cop. He
was sent by the Attorney General's office.
They want a press blackout on this.

- We do want to catch these boys, right?

- Damn right.

But we don't want police reports
all over the six o'clock news.

So I'm supposed to play Seeing Eye dog
to the Attorney General's trigger man
without askin' what, when or why.

My job is to make sure you give
these boys what they need. Are we clear?

- Yeah. We're clear.

- Good.

Now let's get Marshal Schiller
on these fugitives' trail.

Right.

Hold up a second.

Shit. What are you doing?

Shit.

Are you done?

Not unless you wanna
wipe it off for me, convict.

Let's go.

If we position ourselves here,
they'll be cornered.

If we do that, we leave this whole area
along the river open to the city.

I've been doing this ten years.

They're headed for the border.

They want to leave Georgia
as fast as possible.

- Why do you think they're all together?

- Let's mount up and move out.

You heard the man. Let's do it.

Never seen nothin' like it in 20 years.

What's a US marshal
like Schiller doin' here
on a local manhunt
for some minor criminal?

These guys shot up a whole road crew.

They should be shot for what they done.

- I'm not sure they done anything.
- What is that supposed to mean?
I brought Dodge in for hackin' into
some telephone computer system.
They only gave him 18 months. He's
served nine. Why would he break out?
All I know is he left a good friend of mine
dead out on that road.
That's my point. What was Dodge
doin' there in the first place?
Just a prison ordinance.
A routine directive.
You make the directives, Dale.
Road crews, chain gangs, are reserved
for felons with
five-year sentences or more.
So what was Dodge doin' on that road?
We got a call
from the Attorney General's office.
They wanted Dodge out there.
- Why would they want him out there?
- I don't know.
They've been tryin' to question him
since we had him in lockup.
You got to believe me, Gib.
I had no idea this was gonna happen.
Attention all units. Suspects spotted...
There. Schiller's closin' in on 'em now.
- Stop the car.
- What?
Stop the goddamn car!
- Come on!
- Hold up.
- What's the problem?
- You're draggin' me like a rag doll.
You almost ripped my arm off
twice back there. Shit.
- We gotta get into a rhythm.
- What the fuck you know about rhythm?
- I'm a foster child, raised by the state.
- What's your point?
There was this caretaker who was
like a father to me. His name was Titus.
He taught me that everybody

lives their life according to a rhythm.

You make love to a rhythm.

Your heart beats to a rhythm.

If we're gonna run together,
we gotta get into the same rhythm.

I got your rhythm, convict.

If we hurry, we can get you back
in time for evenin' chow.

Goddamn.

Something's down there. Check it out.

Wait! Look.

- In there?

- Yeah. Let's go.

- How do we get to the state line?

- We don't wanna go there.

Why not?

Come on!

Didn't you see "The Fugitive"?

The first thing Tommy Lee Jones did
was set up roadblocks at the state line.

- That's your plan, Dr Kimble?

- I ain't got a plan.

- I'm trying to figure this shit out
as we go. - No shit!

- All right. I say we give ourselves up.

- What?!

- You're jokin', right?

- I look like I'm jokin'?

- It was your idea to run.

- People shoot at me, I run.

Your white ass didn't know shit.

- So you don't like white people now?

- No, I just don't like you.

I got nothin' against whites. I just ain't
had many good experiences with 'em.

Fuck! I was out in six months.

Six months I was goin' home.

Yeah? Forget about that six months shit.

You can add on another 12 to 18 months
because you ran, no matter what you say.

You are a convict.

Nothing is ever gonna change that.

That's your reality, baby, not mine.

My reality and yours are the same.

We're both fucked.

- Not me. I take my chances.
- Not with my life, you don't.

All right, all right! Hold up.

- How much?
- What?
- Name your price.
- You ain't got shit to bargain with.
- I got more than you think.
- What do you mean?

I'm talkin' about five million dollars.

I got your attention now, convict?

What do you think I was locked up for?

Runnin' a red light?

I hit a major corporation for five million.

- You're lyin'.
- Am I?

All right! Hold on. Why would I lie?

One:

Two:

Three:

ain't exactly worked out for you.

That's why I'm offerin' you
a million dollars.

More than you'll ever see in your life.

Yeah. I'll be lookin' over my shoulder
for the rest of my life, too.

What else will you do when you get out?

Work for 7-Eleven?.

They ain't hiring convicts.

You think about that.

- All right, I want half.
- Half? Fuck you! This ain't divorce.

No. We married, baby.

For better, for worse, in sickness
and in health, till death do us part.

The chopper's comin' back around,

Dodge. You better hurry up.

Come on, baby. Say "I do. "

Shit! All right - half.

- But after that, that is it! We are even.

- No.

Now we're even.

- Where are we?

- I don't know.

- Which way?

- This way.

What?

Nothin'.

- What the hell is that?

- Sounds like a train.

Run!

Let's go!

- We won't make it.

- We have to jump.

I can't swim!

I never met a white boy
that couldn't swim.

- Keep your head up.

- OK.

First thing I'm gonna do
when this shit is over
is set my ass
in a steamy, hot, bubble bath.

You know?

I hope you choke
and drown on the bubbles.

What are you doin'
chained to that white boy?

You know, I've been askin' myself
the same damn question all day.

Now look here, chief.

I know what you're thinkin', boss.

You got two convicts. If you turn us in,
maybe you'll make some money.

Might even get your face on TV. Right?

Maybe I oughta shoot your black ass
right now and call it a day.

Why not? In fact, why not have
an old-fashioned lynchin'?

Y'all still hang niggers
in Georgia, dontcha?

He's such a kidder!

Would you excuse me?

- He's got a gun.

- And we don't.

Quit provoking him.

He doesn't want to shoot us. Right?

He won't shoot you, but he damn sure wants to blow a hole in my black ass.

- Dontcha, boss?

- Hold on. We don't want any trouble.

Don't do anything you'll regret later.

Now, I can see that you're a fine, upstanding member of your community.

And, despite our appearance,

I can assure you we are not bad people.

- Fuck this. He's a redneck.

- Don't say that!

- He is. Show him your neck.

- Shut up.

Show him your neck!

- What the hell's wrong with you?

- What?

- Didn't you see "Deliverance"?

- We're alive, ain't we?

- What if he'd shot sooner?

- Then we'd be dead.

- Shit.

- What?

- We got a problem.

- What?

He ain't breathin'.

- Shit.

- What?

He's havin' a heart attack.

- Turn the radio down.

- This is a good song.

It'd be nice to hear the cops before they get to us.

All right, all right.

We gotta get him to a hospital.

Where is it?

It's comin' up. We'll get there.

Where'd you learn first aid, anyway?

In the joint. CPR.

They got courses like that.

A Suzuki.

Nice bikes.

While you take that bubble bath,
I'll get a Ducati 916 racing motorcycle.
- Ride off into the sunset.
- I won't be sorry to see your ass go.
Shit! Look at this.
- Put that away.
- We can shoot the cuffs off.
Don't point it at me!
Gimme that before you hurt yourself.
How would I know?
I never even held a gun.
Then how the hell'd you rob somebody
for five million dollars?
Hackin', my friend. Hackin'.
- Computers?
- You got it.
I got the sweetest Mac 5300.
16 megabytes, 750 hard drive.
So fast, it's like the Ducati of computers.
On the Internet,
my call name is the Cyberthug.
- What's so funny?
- That ain't no robbery, man.
One of these, a ski mask -
that's a robbery.
I didn't get busted for robbery. All right?
I illegally accessed
the phone company's computer system.
- You robbed Ma Bell?
- No, not exactly.
Ma Bell just gave me a little help.
I used the phone company's computer to
access the accounts of a big corporation.
- Which one?
- A greedy one.
They took and never gave back.
I taught 'em a lesson.
- Real nice, but how'd you get the money?
- Once I was in, it was easy.
I transferred money from their accounts
into a dummy company I had set up.
I wrote a corporate cheque to a friend.
He closed the account, gave me the cash.
Very smooth.

So who's your friend?

- You writin' a book?

- I wanna know who's sharin' my money.

Everything was planned, sir.

I can't control it if some convict

starts shootin' up the road crew.

He won't be shootin' anybody else.

The most important thing is

Dodge is on the move and we are on him.

The locals have no idea what's goin' on.

Politicians put a lot of pressure

on you with this, huh?

- You mean the Attorney General's office.

- Right.

- Who said I was talkin' to them?

- You just did.

- You think you're pretty smart, don't you?

- Nope. Just average for a country boy.

- Did you notify the fugitive's next of kin?

- They're not a priority on my list.

What exactly is a priority on your list?

Bringing these fugitives to justice.

My hunch is

they're more pawns than fugitives.

It seems to me your hunches are more

like a Hardy Boys mystery than real life.

And I think that

you are spittin' in the wind.

And you know what they say

about spittin' in the wind.

It can blow back in your face.

- Come on. Hurry up, man.

- I'm fixing him so he won't fall over.

Pop the brake.

- Come on, before somebody sees us.

- All right. Ready? One, two, three.

Push.

Shit!

What the hell's wrong with you, kid?

You almost got yourself killed.

Forget that. Why do you guys

have those chains on?

Go on, beat it. You bother me.

- Son of a bitch. They did it!

- What?

They built a recreational centre
and a playground.

- Who?

- Brigantine International.

- That's who I hit for the \$25 million.

- You said five, you lyin' SOB.

When I was in their computer system,
I hit 'em for 25.

But I only kept five.

I gave 20 to charity. Like this.

Shit! That's nice, Robin Hood,
but we gotta fled. Come on.

Don't do anything stupid!

- It's OK. Just drive.

- Look, guys.

I have groceries in the back
and about \$20.

- Take it and get out.

- You don't tell us. We tell you.

Come on. Put that away. All right?

We don't want your money or your car.

We just want a ride.

- Let's go! Drive.

- All right. All right.

- Where to?

- I don't know.

- Where do you live?

- Three blocks that way.

- OK. We'll go there.

- My house?

- Let's go!

- All right, all right!

But I'm warning you, it's messy.

- Excuse me.

- Hi.

- Workin' hard as usual, Jocelyn?

- Well, not as usual.

And what are you doin' here?

Got a problem with your insurance?

No. I'm here tryin' to figure something out.

- What are you tryin' to figure out?

- Well, I busted this kid, name of Dodge,
for hackin' into

a telephone company's computer system.
They've also listed a bunch of
other companies and different offences.
He used the phone company's computer
to get into other companies' systems.
That's what I figured. But these people
here, Brigantine International,
they didn't list any offences,
nor did they press charges.

- Let me check on Central's computer.

- That would be wonderful.

Someone else accessed
this information today.

- Who was that?

- Savannah Detective Agency.

According to this,
they're a holding company
for corporations with offshore accounts
in Europe and South America.

Can you figure out on that thing
who owns Brigantine International?

The primary stockholder
is a Frank Mantajano.

- Manta-hano.

- Whatever.

Beautiful vessel, isn't she?

- Would you like a drink?

- No. I don't drink.

Tobacco?

I want to congratulate you on your...

Chinese cooking.

I enjoy my work.

We want to commission you
to do another job.

We want you to locate Luke Dodge,
a convict that escaped
from a Georgia prison today.

We need to find him before Monday.

He has a computer disk
that belongs to us.

All of our accounting information
is on that disk.

We want you to retrieve the disk,
then terminate him.

We have a contact in Atlanta
that will provide you with a lead
as to where Luke Dodge might go to first.
It's only for information, Santiago.
He won't get in your way.

It's done.

- Where do you want these?

- In the kitchen.

What a chivalrous convict.

You got something

to cut these cuffs with?

Under the sink.

- Hold the chain.

- All right, all right. Easy.

- Where are you goin'?

- To the bathroom. Do you mind?

- Yes, I do. Wait a minute.

- What?

Didn't you see "The Godfather"?

The restaurant scene when Michael blows
everybody's freakin' head off. Forget it.

Go ahead. It's OK.

Thank you.

- What is your problem, man?

- What the hell's goin' on with you two?

First the thing with the gun, now you're
carrying groceries, speaking Spanish...

And then this. Are you a Boy Scout now?

Just cos I been locked up

don't mean I got no manners.

You don't bust into somebody's home

and tell 'em what to do.

She could be in the other room

callin' the cops.

Hold on.

Come on!

I thought you two bandidos

might need a new disguise.

My ex-husband was about your size.

But you...

You might be a little too small for this.

They smell like mothballs because they
were packed away for a very long time.

But they will certainly smell better

than what you have on.
Jesus. What is it?
Thank you.
Where did you get a key for the cuffs?
My ex-husband.
He's a cop.
I wonder what it feels like to want to be
a politician and not hold office.
Like a cop without a job.
I talked to Schiller. You ain't makin'
any friends mouthin' off.
Well, I'm not tryin' to make any friends.
I'm tryin' to do my job.
Oh, yeah? What job might that be?
Say, where are you goin'?
Let me talk to you for a second.
Why do you think the Attorney General
and a US marshal are involved in this?
They're following orders from superiors -
which you can't seem to do.
Would you listen for a sec?
Warden Nichols said the Attorney General
had Dodge placed on that road crew.
Plus, Dodge hacked into Brigantine
International's computer system.
- Why don't we have a record of it?
- Because the key stockholder
is a Frank Mantajano, who is currently
under indictment by the Attorney General.
So?
So whatever Dodge discovered
inside their computer system,
they wanna keep it secret.
Great police work. Maybe I can
get you assigned to the Hoffa case next!
Henry!
Are you outta your fuckin' mind?
Blanks. Found 'em on the road
where Dodge escaped. Police issue.
It's all right. It's OK.
Listen. I don't have all the pieces
to the puzzle yet, but just think about it.
Dodge makes off with \$25 million
of Mantajano's money

and the corporation
doesn't press charges.
This is evidence. Did you tell Schiller?
My guess is he knows. He had Dodge
put on that road so he'd run.
But things went sour. People died.
So Schiller wants this out of the press.
- What the hell does that prove?
- What it proves, right,
is that Dodge has something big
on Mantajano
and the Attorney General wants it bad.
Now, I have got a hunch,
and I need an old friend to turn his back
for 24 hours so I can play it out.
OK, you got 24 hours. Not a minute more.
And, Matthew,
you fuck this up,
friend or no friend, it's your ass.
I know, Henry. Believe me, I know.
So where'd you meet your husband?
Well...
I was sneaking across the border
and he caught me.
So he deported me back to Mexico.
But he asked me for my phone number.
So first, he started calling.
Then visiting.
Then we fell in love and got married.
And he brought me to the States.
First to California.
And then we moved to Atlanta, Georgia.
And then what happened?
He left me.
So, I was stuck here with no money...
...no friends, no family... and no job.
- So what'd you do?
- I cried.
I cried for a long time.
Then I got my shit together.
My mother had taught me how to cook.
So that's what I do.
- You work in a restaurant?
- No. I'm self-employed. I'm a caterer.

I make my own tortillas
and all the sauces.
That's my speciality - a mole.

- What's mole?

- You wanna try some?

Nothin' like real soap
to get that prison stench off you.
You oughta try some.
So, did you ask her?

- Ask her what?

- You know.

- No, I don't know.

- You don't remember? Scrub-a-dub-dub.

- Go ahead. Go on, ask her.

- Ask me what?

- Nothin'.

- You got nothin' to be ashamed of.

That's right. I'm a grown man.
All day long he's been talkin'
about wanting to take a bath
with some Mr Bubble, the one kids love.

- That's foul.

- I didn't know you were so sensitive.

- You guys know each other before jail?

- No.

- Became friends inside?

- We ain't friends.

Cell mates?

Just asking.

Hey, where do you think you're goin'?

You want your cut of the money?

Then I got some business to take care of.
Now I got a plan.
You'll just have to trust me.
Trust you?

All right.

See this? My daddy gave me this when
I was eight years old. I'm givin' it to you.
You better make damn sure I get it back.
It's for good luck.
You try to fuck me, I will find you.
Santiago. Have your playmates arrived?

- Yes, they have.

- Have you received my fax yet?

- Yes, I have.

- The one fault that is universal to men is our love of women.

Find her, and you'll find Luke Dodge.

Just make sure you have the disk, or be certain no one else can get it before you do away with Dodge.

I find the girl, we get to Dodge, and if he doesn't have the disk

- we kill him.

- Si. In that order.

- This place is the shit!

- Ray, this is bullshit.

Why are you always complainin', man? This is a nice place with nice women. This is a stink place with some stink ho's. OK? And they cold too, man.

You can't even get next to 'em. Plus I get ass dust in my drink. Why they have to be ho's? Chill. You gonna make the girl uncomfortable.

- Fuck that bitch.

- You no-class motherfucker.

Somebody put out the fire, please.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Blue Flame proudly welcomes to the stage...

Faith!

- Ray, we got to go.

- No, man. This is go-go night.

No, this is a ho-ho night, and we got to go.

- What's wrong wit' you, man?

- These ho's all wanna be Madonna. They don't wanna stand next to the man. They wanna stand in front of him. If they can, they'll knock your ass down. Ain't that right, white boy?

- Whitey?

- Hey, my man's talkin' to you.

- No shit.

- No, that's serious shit.

You know, I'm sittin' here and I'm listenin' to you and I'm thinkin'... Thinkin' and listenin' to you.

You're drinkin' and thinkin'. What about?

- I'm thinkin' that you're full of shit.

- He know you, Bo Grant.

Now what'd you say?

When a woman asserts herself,
starts callin' her own shots,
a fella like you thinks
she's not a woman. That's a shame.

Motherfucker, please!

Look at this shit.

These trick-ass bitches? Come on, man.

They don't give nothin'

but about their fuckin' dollar.

Bullshit. And I'll prove it to you.

How much you wanna bet

I can roll up there

and lay a nice, long,

sweet, wet kiss on that girl?

And it'll only take one of them roses.

You game?

That is my game.

- You think you got it like that?

- Oh, I think he do.

Forget that. I bet you \$500 he can do it.

Then I'm gonna take your \$500

and give it to him just for doin' it!

It's worth that much

to see you look like a asshole.

What's up with this new shit?

Why don't you kiss his ass?

You sidin' with him now?

I ain't sidin' with nobody.

I'm down with anybody that's got heart.

He's got heart. The question is,

do you, my brother?

Oh, yeah.

Motherfucker, you on.

And you're up.

Opie, don't disappoint me, man.

I got money on you.

I'm watchin' you, white boy.

Yeah, come on, baby. Come on!

Welcome home, Thug.

Don't let me down.

Hell, yeah! I told you he could do it.

- Fuck that. They know each other.

- He don't know her.

- He set me up.

- Ain't nobody set you up.

Just shut up and give me this money.

Just goes to show you

don't have to go to church to have Faith!

Let's give a Blue Flame welcome to

Robin, Lark and Sparrow.

Are you raiding my private files?

I gotta get to Puffy.

Now's the time he's on the Pyramid Web.

- Hasn't he caused enough trouble?

- Yes, but he'll get us out of it.

- This is a guy thing, right?

- Right.

- Nice tits.

- I agree.

Knock it off.

OK, here we go.

- I knew he'd be up to no good.

- Puffy, no good: hand in hand.

OK, here we go.

What's up, Puffdawg?

"You're out! How do I know it's you?"

Do you want me to tell you

at what age you stopped wetting the bed?

Jerk.

"You do that and you won't get
the surprise I've got for you. "

Then we should meet.

"Tonight at the witching hour. "

Where?

"I've got a jonz in my bonz
and I need a fortune cookie"?

It's our code. It means meet at midnight
at the Tokyo Massage Parlor.

- He wants to meet at a massage parlour?

- So what?

Baby, if it's a massage you're looking for,
why not let my fingers do the walking?

- I couldn't wait to

get you outta that club.

- I had to do something to pay
my tuition.
Besides, I like being independent
and taking care of myself.
Yeah? Well, I'm gonna
take care of you now.
So where do you wanna go?
Name your place.
Dinner.
Really?
I got a better idea.
Let's order room service
and stay right here.
I guess this is it.
You know where you're going?
I'll play it by ear, see what happens.
You know, I was thinking.
Maybe once you figure out
where you're going, get settled,
maybe you wanna drop me a postcard,
gimme a call.
Well, how can I keep in touch with you?
Here's my phone number
and my address.
I'd like to know you're OK.
Wait. Here.
I thought you might need this.
Maybe you better keep it.
Room service?
No!
Fuck you!
You're probably dangling there wondering
how you got into this predicament.
- What do you want?
- What do I want?
- I want the disk.
- What disk?
The disk that you used
to steal \$25 million from my employer.
- They would like it back.
- You didn't have to kill her.
You're assuming I have a lot of time.
I don't.
Manny.

New Orleans express
now boarding at gate number five.
I'm on a schedule, Mr Dodge,
and I'm running out of time.
Or should I say that
you're running out of time?
- Ever hear of the Chinese death torture?
- You Chinese?
No, I'm Cuban.
But I have a great affinity
for all cultures.
It's part of my mongrel upbringing
on the streets of New York.
New York. That explains your hostility.
The Chinese have developed a torture
known as "the death of a thousand cuts".
We make a thousand tiny incisions
all over your body.
Small cuts, paper cuts, but worse.
- It's supposed to be very painful.
- No shit.
You either tell me what I want to know,
or you're soon gonna find out.
Where's the disk?
Fuck you, Rico.
Fuck me?
No. Fuck you.
Where's the disk?
On your feet, convict.
Come on, Dodge.
Pack your shit and let's go.
Come on, Dodge. We gotta fled.
- We gotta get those fucks.
- Not now.
- They killed my girl!
- Listen up.
Three things are important now -
your life, my life and the disk.
- Now, who are those people?
- I don't know.
The guy with the knife, what did he want?
- I don't know. Are you writin' a book?
- No, I'm a cop!
I can't explain right now. I need to know

who these fuckin' people are.
I got your attention now, convict?
These people are trying to kill you!
We gotta get outta here.
That means I need you to be with me
right here, right now. OK?
Are you with me?
Come on. Are you with me?
Freeze!
- If you're a cop, do something.
- Like what?
I don't know. Some cop shit.
Hold it.
Hi. Thank you.
Excuse me, miss!
Police business. We need your car.
Oh, my God. RuPaul.
Girlfriend, I am such a fan!
- Can we borrow your car?
- Sure. OK.
- Thanks.
- Just don't bring it back on E, OK?
You got it, baby.
They were nice.
I oughta blow your head off!
- Put that away before you hurt yourself.
- How'd you find me?
You got my harmonica, convict?
- It's a trackin' device.
- I can't believe you're a fuckin' cop.
- You lied to me.
- I just didn't tell the whole truth.
I was workin'
in New York's narcotics unit,
that was under investigation
by Internal Affairs.
Somebody fingered me.
I took a six-year hit.
So when a fed named Schiller
made me an offer, I couldn't refuse.
- What offer was that?
- I wasn't on that road by accident.
The feds needed somebody to get you
to run, protect you, get you to the disk.

If I do that, I walk.

They killed those prisoners so I'd run?

That wasn't supposed to happen.

It was a setup.

They were supposed to use blanks, I run,
take you with me. Somethin' went wrong.

- What the hell is on that disk?

- I don't know.

Just stockholder information.

Accounting bullshit.

I copied it all

so I can get into their system later.

This company has hundreds of millions of
dollars. Some guy owns it - Mantajano.

- Mantajano?

- Yeah.

- Frank Mantajano?

- Who the fuck is he?

You stupid fuck. You stole \$25 million
from the Cuban Mafia.

Don't call me stupid, all right?

It's me that got us here in the first place.

Shit!

Hold on.

- Why did they shoot at us?

- Maybe no one told 'em I was a cop.

- Where's the disk?

- I don't know.

- You don't know?

- Puffy hid it.

- What the fuck is a puffy?

- I didn't mention Puffy?

- No, you didn't mention Puffy.

- Shit.

Puffy's my friend. He hid the disk. We're
meeting at the Tokyo Massage Parlor.

- If you can lose them.

- Hold on.

- Shit!

- Hold on.

Son of a bitch.

Yes!

- Schiller?

- Yeah. You got me.

What is going on?

- We're close to resolving the situation.
- I ask you a question, I get fairy tales?
- There have been minor setbacks but...
- But nothing.

I'll be in Atlanta tomorrow morning.

If you haven't got the disk for me,
you'll be wearing your ass for a hat.

- Are we clear?
- Very clear, sir.

How you doin', Les?

Not much money in bein' a detective
if you're honest.

And you are honest.

What'd you find out about Dodge
and the Attorney General?

- Nothin'.
- Nothin'? Then what am I payin' you for?
Because of what I know
about Dodge and Brigantine International.

- I'm listenin'.
- The attorney from Brigantine called me
and asked me to find out
about Dodge's friends.
- For some nice change, of course.
- Of course.

I did what I do, and I called him back
with the name and number
of Dodge's girl Cindy
and his best boy Puffy.

Now you got what they got.

All right, then, Les.

Take care.

Son of a bitch.

I don't believe it. Puffy's definitely here.

- How do you know?
- Cos one of those bikes is mine.
- Nice machines.
- You're damn right.

The engine is an eight-valve,
liquid-cooled, desmo V-twin.

The tyres, Ducati Dragons.

Top speed, 180 mph.

Best of all, it's got an on-board computer.

That's nice, Evel Knievel,
but let's get the disk.

- That's why we're here, right?
- All right, all right.
- By the way, what happened?
- What?
- What took you so long?
- What are you talkin' about?

Back at the hotel.

What took you so long to save me?

Didn't you see "Shaft"?

Dodge, my man!

- What's up, baby?
- Puffdawg!

I can't believe they let you out.

Come here. Gimme some love.

It's good to see you, man.

- Charles Piper, this is Puffy.
- How you doin'?

See them bikes outside?

I got 'em for you, Dodge.

Thanks, brother.

It's good to see you.

- I got something lined up for you two.
- We ain't got much time.

Freeze!

- Come on! Let's go.
- I'm not leavin' him here!

Let's go!

You're lucky it's just a flesh wound.

I wish you had come to the house.

I would have done a much better job.

I don't think

that would have been a good idea.

You're a cop.

How'd you know?

When you live with one, you know.

I can't tell you what's goin' on,
but you gotta be careful.

Don't worry about me.

I can take care of myself.

- Do you mind?
- Excuse me.

Excuse me, sir. More coffee?

Yes, please.

You call Schiller and tell him it's over.

- It ain't over.

- I don't want the money any more.

- Don't you understand?

- No, you don't understand.

This thing is just gettin' started.

I'm sorry about your girl and your friend.

I don't know what's on that disk

and I don't care.

But it got 'em killed.

If we don't find it, we're dead.

So you better start thinkin', convict.

What?

The bikes.

What are you doing?

I know these bikes better than computers.

Puffy knew that.

- This better be good, Dodge.

- This motorcycle's a 916, not a 616.

Big deal.

Yes! Thank you, Puffy.

- What have you got?

- It's a map of the Georgia Dome.

- The Georgia Dome?

- When Puffy and I hung out,
we'd meet in the utility room
at the Georgia Dome.

- All right, let's go.

- Hold on. It's closed.

- Let's get out of the rain and make a plan.

- I'll meet you in there.

You're a fuck-up, Matthew. How do
you fuck up? Let me count the ways.

Got innocent civilians shot. Interfered
with the Attorney General's investigation.

- Scared off two fugitives.

- Would you hear me out?

No! I will not hear you out.

- Even to hear about the Cuban hit men?

- Not our problem.

Let the Attorney General's office
handle it.

They're sending someone tomorrow.

Get lost till they're gone.
- So what are you sayin'?
- I did you a favour and you let me down.
Now get the fuck outta here.
You're suspended.
I want to thank you
for taking this meeting.
I know you're a busy man.
I think we want the same thing.
This disk.
It's become quite a problem, no?
If the Attorney General
gets his hands on it, my life is over.
What would happen
if you got the disk and gave it to me?
How would that change your life?
I think that \$2 million
would change your life just fine.
Why don't you think about that?
We'll talk.
- Schiller.
- Charles Piper.
Piper. Are you OK?
- I'm fine.
- And Dodge?
He's fine. We're both alive.
I was worried
after that fiasco with the locals.
- I couldn't tell them of your involvement.
- I understand.
We're runnin' out of time here, Piper.
Do you have the disk?
I believe I'll have it soon, sir.
Tell me where you are
so I can bring you in.
- I'm at the Georgia Dome. Meet me at...
- The food courts on level two.
The food courts on level two.
I'll meet you there in 20 minutes.
Good job, Piper.
Thank you, sir.
- You got everything you need?
- Yes, I do.
When it's over, meet us here. Dodge: pay

attention, stay close. Timing's everything.

- Any questions?

- Let's do this.

You've seen the sporty 125s.

Now it's time for the 250 main.

We hope you are enjoying the action here at the world-famous Georgia Dome.

Emergency. Security!

- Security. Help!

- What's your problem?

She's pregnant.

- What's she saying?

- She's gonna drop the baby any minute.

- I gotta lay her down. Help me!

- Put her in the Security office.

It's gonna be all right.

- Where are we goin'?

- Level three.

- What's all the commotion, fellas?

- Didn't you hear?

Schiller said it's goin' down at Georgia Dome.

- With Dodge and Piper?

- Damn right.

Now, who is Pedro?

- Your husband? What is his last name?

- My husband's name?

- What in blazes is goin' on?

- I think she's havin' a baby.

Call the medic.

Get the medic in here!

Now let's call on the man who's gonna call this race,

- Matt Miller.

- Thanks, Arlin. Well, folks...

I can't find

the employee concession binder, sir.

Here. You just sit still.

I'll be right back.

OK, we've got it.

Where'd she go?

And there they go.

- How much further?

- It's just ahead.

- You got it?
- Let's go.
- Dodge!
- Gibson!
It's a setup!
Move.
- Let me shoot!
- OK. On three. Point and squeeze.
Ready? One, two, three.
- Did I get him?
- Stay down! Come on.
Get up! Let's go!
Let's go!
Look out! Get down!
Shit.
Go!
- Go!
- Drive!
Get out of the way.
- Slow down. Drive normally.
- What happened back there?
- We were sold out.
- What does that mean?
The US marshal I dealt with sold us out.
- I should've busted a cap in his ass.
- Yeah, right.
- What the hell do we do now?
- We call the Attorney General's office.
You get any information on him, call me.
Matthew, you're like my ex-wife. You just
never go away. What are you doin' here?
Schiller was playin' both sides
against the middle.
He shot me. He was tryin'
to kill Dodge and Piper.
Why would Schiller shoot you?
Matthew Gibson, Christopher Paine -
with the Attorney General's office.
You fellas appear to be havin'
a lot of internal problems over there.
- What are you talking about?
- I'm talkin' about Schiller and Mantajano.
- Paine.
- Charles Piper.

Piper. Where are you?
Where I am isn't important.
Where I'm going is, if you want the disk.
- Where?
- Someplace safe.
I'm not sure how many of your people
are renegades like Schiller.
Yes. Officer Gibson just informed me.
- Tell him I said thanks for the warning.
- I'll do that. Now, where and when?
Let's talk about "what" first.
I want complete exoneration
for Dodge and myself.
- It's done.
- And I want my old job back.
- Anything else?
- That'll do for now.
We'll discuss it later.
Meet me on top of Stone Mountain
in one hour.
- You got it?
- I'll be there.
We're going to Stone Mountain.
And you're coming with us.
I gotta stop falling for cops.
- I'll be back.
- You promise?
I promise.
We'll find them.
It shouldn't be too hard,
driving around in that pumpkin.
Stone Mountain Park is a 3,200-acre
recreational and historic park,
encompassing Stone Mountain.
Stone Mountain
is a massive dome of granite
rising 825 feet
above the surrounding plain.
The 300 million-year-old mountain
measures five miles in circumference
and covers 583 acres.
Here they come.
- What the hell's goin' on?
- How should I know?

- I thought they were meetin' us at the top.

- So did I.

We are experiencing a temporary delay.

We apologise for the inconvenience

but ask that you remain patient.

Service will be restored momentarily.

- You're supposed to be dead.

- The miracle of Kevlar.

- Give me the disk.

- He doesn't have it.

- Give me the disk.

- Look, he told you. We don't have it.

You don't have it? Then we got a problem.

Give me that disk or I'll start
tossing bodies out of this thing.

- Starting with your friend.

- Wait!

I'll give you the disk.

But then you gotta let him go.

All right?

Schiller!

Time to pay the piper.

The committee meets in the morning.

I gotta get back right away.

- Charles Piper.

- Yeah!

Christopher Paine.

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, we're all right.

- Where's the disk?

- Here.

What did I copy onto this thing?

We had an informant inside Brigantine.

He leaked that you copied Mantajano's
money laundering, his finances.

Everything we need to nail Mantajano.

I hope you don't mind, but I'd like to
give it to someone I know I can trust.

Thanks.

All right, then, Dodge. All right, then.

Look, I gotta get the disk

back to the committee.

Oh, I spoke to the Governor of New York.

- You'll get your old job back.

- Thanks.

You're free to go. Both of you.

Well, good work.

Likewise.

We need to ask you guys some questions later. Meantime, get some rest.

- There's a car waitin' for you.

- Thank you.

About time to take that bath.

What about your half of the money?

- Forget about it.

- Come on, man. A deal's a deal.

- Tryin' to bribe a police officer, convict?

- Now hold up.

- You're sure?

- Yeah.

Look, I got what I want. All right?

We're even.

Now we're even.

Didn't you see

"What's Love Got To Do With It?"

In the limo.

The scene with the boot when...

What?