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# Gridlocked

By Rob Robol

(alarm sounds)

**Newsreader:**

as some of the protesters  
have already started gathering  
here in New York City  
across the street from  
the United Nations,  
where it was just announced  
that the Israeli Prime Minister  
would address  
the assembly later this month.  
More on that to come.  
But first, let's go to Danielle.  
And in entertainment news,  
actor Brody Walker  
is making headlines after a video  
leaked online earlier this week.  
The footage shows  
an intoxicated Walker  
attempting to drive himself home  
after leaving a nightclub.  
When a paparazzo confronted him,  
Walker assaulted the man.

**- Paparazzo:**

- I'm always good, bro.

**Paparazzo:**

Yeah, you gonna drive, dude?  
I'm a big boy.  
I can figure I! out.

**Paparazzo:**

You sure you want number three?  
- you, dude.

**- Paparazzo:**

Don't get in that car.  
You gonna be  
drunk on set tomorrow, Brody?  
- What did you say?

**- Paparazzo:**

- Too many DULs?

**- Paparazzo:**

A former child star, Walker's films have collectively grossed over half a billion dollars. But sources say his run-ins with the law and his purported substance abuse have left those around him worried. This doesn't fare well for Walker who just landed a major role in an upcoming franchise that starts shooting later this... Marty, it's not as bad as it looks. Oh, really? Because it looks pretty fucking bad to me. I've been on the phone all morning with the studio. They're getting cold feet. You said it was a done deal. This is Hollywood. It's never a done deal. Do you have any idea the kind of hoops that I had to jump through just to get you fucking insured on this thing? Brody, this is serious. Do you understand that?

- They want to press charges.

- I barely even pushed the guy.

It doesn't make a difference. This isn't your first criminal offense, and you can't afford a scandal right now.

- Do you get that?

- Then pay him off.

Oh, that's brilliant. See, just pay him off, Bill. That's all. Can I ask you a question? Seriously. Are you just naive or a complete fucking idiot? Yeah. Bill, what the fuck are we gonna do with this guy?

Huh? You don't know?

That's great.

We got to figure a way  
to avoid a conviction.

- Oh, really?

- Got to appease the courts.

We got to make it look like  
he's going to take responsibility,  
and we're gonna spin it and try  
to get the studio back on set.

And how do you suggest  
that we do that, Bill?

No idea.

(whispers)

Doesn't know. Terrific.

You know what?

Maybe there's a way to  
make an example of him.

Make it look like we're taking  
a loss, but really everybody wins.

I love that.

How are we gonna do that?

Let me talk to the prosecutor  
about that. I got an idea.

But he has to plead guilty.

Whoa! Absolutely not!

No fucking way!

I'm not pleading guilty.

Brody Walker pled guilty to assault  
and battery charges just weeks after  
an incident involving him  
attacking a photographer.

However, Walker's lawyers accepted  
a plea bargain and admitted him into  
a judicial diversion program which  
will see him spend time shadowing  
law enforcement  
for the duration of his sentence.

Walker's lawyer, Bill Donner,  
says that they are confident  
that he will complete  
the program successfully  
and that he should be back  
at work shortly.

The nice thing is that he':  
already staying out of trouble.  
And I can assure you that he's  
under the care of New York's finest.

(screaming)

(groans)

(screams)

(groans)

(cracking)

- (cracking)

- (screams)

(hip hop music plays

in the distance)

(can rattles)

- Hey, man. What's up?

- Face down.

All right. Cool.

**David Hendrix:**

Hands behind your back.

That pain you're feeling,

that's carbon steel.

That's temporary compared

to the pain you will feel

if you don't tell me

what I need to know.

Nod your head if you understand.

Good. On your side.

Ease up.

Is he with you?

I told you to wait in the car.

**Brody Walker:**

Yo! Was that Brody Walker?

Damn!

- **David:**

- **Brody:**

**Man:**

- (radio chatter)

- I don't believe this shit.

Are you kidding me? Damn!

Oh, man.

I knew that was you, man.

Brody Walker. Yo, Double Barrel,

I loved that movie, man.

That's my jam. Hey, yo. You think

we can get a photo real quick?

- Yeah. Let's do it.

- Don't even think about it.

What? You can't talk to Brody Walker

like that, man.

Incredible Hulk.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Brody! Get in the car.

**Man:**

hashtag thug life,

hashtag we made it.

(music plays over radio)

So when do I get to arrest somebody

or hold a gun or something?

What? I should be able to do

everything you do

except I'll do it with

a little more compassion.

Look at this guy.

Yeah, man. My arm hurts.

' 3%'?

. He'.

- You better listen to Brody, man.

- **Brody:**

**Man:**

**Brody:**

That's what I'm talking about.

Movie star, bro.

' (sighs)

, (Phone rings)

I just feel that,

you know, I just think that you and I

should be chasing something bigger

instead of wasting our time

busting crack heads. No offense.

None taken, Brody.  
I mean, shit,  
I ain't do nothing anyway.

**Vcimemi:**

You've reached the offices of Dr...  
How much are they  
paying you to babysit me?  
Not nearly enough.  
On a scale of one to ten,  
ten being good.  
Really good.  
Do you even like what you do?  
(tires screech)

**Man:**

That's my head.  
Let's get something straight.  
This is not a game.  
The last thing I wanna do  
is babysit you. You got that?  
I'm your last line of defense from  
you spending the rest of your life  
in a concrete closet. So sit back,  
shut up, do as you're told,  
and you and I will get on just fine.  
Have you got that?  
- Have you got it?  
- Yeah.  
Great.  
(keypad beeps)

**- Jason:**

**- Sully:**

You better move on through.  
I got this one.  
- Thanks, Sully.  
- All right, buddy.  
Jason. Hey.  
Oh, so close.  
Maybe next time.  
(Jason chuckling)  
Come on, Sully.

I could've slipped through here.

- Protocol.

- What are you...?

Protocol.

You got to be kidding.

Thank you.

(Sully whistles)

(grunts)

- Access granted, Scott.

- (door beeps)

Hey.

There are reasons

for the protocol we follow.

One of them being that I get to do

more than just sit at a desk all day.

Yeah.

- See you around, Sully.

- All right.

Thanks for that.

**Jason:**

I don't understand, man.

I'm coming up on two months,

and the old man still demands

to see my ID every single time.

I'm at two years.

Get used to it.

Some things never change.

Hey, hold up a sec.

What did we say about

being first one in?

Come on.

Yeah?

Rookies are first in

or you get friendly with the mop.

That's right.

You get friendly with the mop.

So what happened today?

I wasn't first in.

No, you weren't.

All right.

- Keep it up, rookie.

**- Scott:**



Sorry, what's that?

Fuck yourself.

Fair enough.

**Man:**

Ain't none of y'all seeing this?

**- David:**

- I told you watch out for my arm.

Hey, brother! My brother!

Look at this shit, man!

Hey, listen!

This man needs anger management!

- Take care of this asshole!

- What the hell?

Hey, Brody!

Wait for me. All right?

What the hell are you doing?

Go and sit down.

What's going on, Vince?

This place is empty.

**Vince:**

Summer's tomorrow.

- What's up?

- It's where the PM lands at two.

Chiefs trying to make everything  
work out following his code.

Mm-hmm, no excuses,  
no overtime, right?

There isn't gonna be any overtime  
if you stick around long enough.

I've been pleading  
for a bigger holding cell  
ever since the brass  
dropped you off here.

Don't hold your breath.

Never do.

(groans)

So how long does this usually take?

Depends.

On?

The bust.

What about this one?

(whispers) Of course not.  
So when are you gonna let me  
shoot someone?  
When they start irritating me.  
So what's it like hanging with Brody?  
Highlight of my fucking life.  
You think you might be able to  
hook me up with an autograph?  
You know, for the kids?  
Vince, you don't have kids.  
Doc, this is Dave Hendrix.  
- Been trying to reach you all day.

**- Doctor:**

Hi. Look, we're not  
supposed to be talking.  
(phone rings)  
Okay, Fed-Ex this express,  
not by fucking donkey, okay?  
(phone rings)  
(sighs)  
Brody, hi.  
What's happening?  
Marty, I don't wanna  
do this anymore.  
What's the problem?  
Problem? Problem is I've been sitting  
on my ass for three days  
watching this guy bust fucking  
meth heads. That's the problem.  
You said I'd get to see  
some real action.  
You said I'd get to fire a gun.  
No. What I said was if you're lucky,  
you might get to see him  
fire his gun.  
Listen, I need to  
get back to my team.

**Doctor:**

You're still in the recovery stage.  
I can't clear you.  
Come on, Doc.  
I've been closing down gangsters

and thugs for weeks  
without breaking a sweat.  
You should see some of the shit  
they got me assigned to.  
Marty, this isn't what you told me.

**Many:**

have endured a lot worse  
just to get that dream role.  
Marlon Brando,  
Daniel Day-Lewis or Ed Norton.  
Ed Norton actually joined the Aryan  
Brotherhood for American History X.  
The dude tattooed a fucking swastika  
on his chest, Brody.  
On his fucking chest.  
And it's still there.  
Doc, I really need to do my job.  
What you've got to do is you have  
to grow a pair of big boy nuts  
and suck it up because  
this is no! public indecency, Brody.  
This is fucking assault,  
which means if you don't do this,  
you go to fucking jail.  
You go to fucking jail,  
then you don't do the fucking movie.  
There's no fucking movie,  
you can kiss your  
fucking career goodbye!  
Okay, I'm just trying to  
make myself perfectly clear.  
You do your job.  
It's really that simple.  
Many?

**Doctor:**

you anymore about this.  
Doc, please, I...

**Doctor:**

at the end of the month.  
I'm sorry. Goodbye.  
(phone beeps)

Fuck!  
(thud)  
Get the fuck down!  
All you get the fuck down!  
- Come here!  
- Shit!  
Get out of my way  
or the kid fucking dies!  
You got to be fucking kidding me.  
Is somebody gonna help me here?  
Fuck.  
- Hey.  
- Hey, back off!  
You don't need to be doing this.  
I'll blow his fucking  
head off right fucking now!  
Come on, now.  
No one has to get hurt.  
Are you fucking deaf?  
What's your problem? I'll kill him!  
All right. Go ahead.  
(whispers)  
What are you doing?  
I'm serious.  
Oh, I believe you.  
I'll do it.  
Well, maybe you should.  
- Are you crazy?  
- (gun clicks)  
(groans)

**Officer:**

Get this sack of shit off the floor!

**Officer:**

(groans)  
- You all right'?  
- You fucking hi! me.  
Hey, I saved your fucking life.  
Stop your whining.  
How did you know the safety was on?  
- I didn't.  
- I got to go to the hospital.  
- Come on, you pussy.

- Fuck.

(groans)

Here.

What the fuck is that for?

It's a tampon.

Stick it up your nose.

- I'll wait for you outside.

- Fuck.

(music plays)

Ed? Hon?

**Man:**

Who's there?

**Man:**

Is Bill Ross around?

No. I'm his brother, Ed.

Who are you?

**Man:**

I was under the impression  
that the premises were vacated.

Name's John Lowery.

I'm with DEC.

Department of

Environmental Conservation.

We're out here investigating  
reports of poaching in this area.

Your brother has given us permission  
to set up a surveillance post here.

I take it this is your daughter?

(chuckles)

This is my wife, Nancy.

And we're house sitting.

Bill didn't say

anything to us about this.

Well, let me ask you.

Have you...

seen or heard

anything out of the ordinary,

anything you might deem suspicious?

No. No, nothing.

Are you able to do something

about those local boys

always littering

by the side of the road?

Nancy.

Well, Nancy, if I come across them,  
I'll have a word.

You can count on that.

Look, the Department would be more  
than happy to put you folks up  
at a hotel for the night  
while we go about our business.

Nonsense. We'll stay out of your way.

You go ahead.

No, no. I have to insist.

We don't wanna inconvenience you  
any more than necessary.

No. Thank you. Save your money.

We'll be fine.

And if you know my brother, Bill,  
you know he'd have my head  
if I missed a night  
of feeding his fish.

All right then.

We'll just get ourselves set up.

Just one more thing.

The two of you,  
you're out here alone, are you not?

Yeah, just us.

I can't tell you how  
happy I am to hear that.

(gun cocks)

- (gun shots)

- (screams)

Service will be up in 20.

Finn's preparing the feeds now.

(coughing)

(chuckles)

You fucking kidding me?

(gasping)

Nancy, you should  
have taken the hotel.

(gunshots)

(car engines start)

So how do we know we  
can trust these guys'?

We don't.  
(sports commentary plays on radio)  
Wanna come in for a beer?  
No.  
Right. I have some friends  
coming over anyway.  
Sure you don't want...

**Male Presenter:**

about this kid, Brody Walker.  
Did anybody see that video of him  
punching that dude in the face?  
What is he thinking?

Femaha Presenter: Been on TV and  
doing movies as long as he has  
and look at the way  
he's wasting his fife.

Male Presenter 2: Twenty years old  
and the kid is a washed out has-been.

Male Presenter 3: Walker falls out  
of the has-beans...

Male Presenter 4: I don't why  
this Brody kid is still news.  
He hasn't made a good movie in years.

**This guy':**

He's a joke.  
(groans)  
(phone rings)  
(phone stops ringing)  
(phone rings)  
Shut up.  
(knock at the door)  
(sighs)

**Brody:**

It took me forever to get here.  
- (knocks on door)  
- Open up.  
Please?  
Come in.  
I'll probably get my rims  
stolen in this place.  
You know, you look a lot better

when you smile.

So, do you have a wife or  
a girlfriend or anything?

You ask a lot of questions, Brody.  
And you like to avoid them all.

Mm-hmm.

Is this you?

This is some serious SWAT shit, man.

What are you doing here, kid?

I mean, seriously.

You have all these  
amazing opportunities in life,  
yet you keep fucking them up.

I mean, you're a goddam movie star.

Why are you blowing it?

What, you not happy?

You don't seem  
too happy yourself.

Well, that's what happens  
when you get shot.

Look, here's the truth.

Okay?

If I don't do this, I am done.

You think anybody gives a shit  
about me if they're not making money?

At least you got a purpose.

You save people's lives.

Be a hero.

Be a hero?

There's nothing heroic  
about what I do.

I get paid to knock down doors  
for a living  
regardless of  
what's on the other side.

If we happen to make  
a difference, well,  
that's a good thing.

Do you?

Do I what?

Feel you make a difference?

I could ask you the same question.

Not that you really give a shit,  
but this opportunity that I have,



this movie,  
is my last chance, man.  
I know I've screwed up.  
I pissed a lot of people off.  
Do you have any idea  
what it's like having the press  
constantly knocking you down  
no matter what you do?  
No.  
People only know what they see.  
I'm being told what to do,  
what to wear, who to date.  
I don't even know who I am anymore.  
But I know what I need.  
And I need your help.  
No more bullshit.  
I promise.  
Truce?  
Let's take a drive.  
Come on.  
- Everything ready?  
- Yeah. We're all good on our end.  
Just make sure you're back online  
the second that grid kicks back up.  
We will be.  
Ryker, Ben, synchronizing.  
Five, four, three, two, one.  
(watch beeps)

**Brody:**

an hour. Where are we going?

**David:**

**Brody:**

all you said was, You'll see.

**David:**

**Brody:**

don't have any friends.

(door buzzes)

Hey, great to see you back, David.

**- David:**

- You're good.

(laughing)

Hey, I really appreciate this.

I think he's a good kid.

Stupid, but good.

It works for me.

(laughs)

Come on. Hey.

I'm gonna be giving you

a visitor's badge.

It's the only way anybody,

other than staff, gets to go through.

I'm gonna need your ID

and your cell phone.

- My cell phone? Really?

- Yeah.

You too, David. I'm sorry.

Safety's on.

Two mags.

You came prepared.

(laughs)

Welcome to the clubhouse.

The place was originally built in

the '50s as a meat packing plant.

Government bought it

in the early '90s.

Retrofitted into a training outpost.

No nosy neighbors.

**David:**

**Sully:**

recommissioned to the city.

**- David:**

**- Sully:**

Central's got a tech unit on the way

to install some new feeds

so we can monitor everything.

Hendrix.

It doesn't count because spins,

we've gone over this.

- I know.  
- As much as you want.  
It's technique.  
I have a technique.  
It is a score.  
All right. Listen up, everyone.  
He's back.

- (laughs)  
- You kidding me?  
- Are you back for real?  
- Soon.  
- How you doing?  
- You knew about this?

- **David:**

- You must have known.

Who's this?

Scott Galloway, sir.

- Scott...

- Galloway.

Galloway.

Yeah, he'll be trained for this one.

He still doesn't know the difference  
between a RIMS and a rimjob.

(laughing)

Guys, this is Brody Walker.

You may have seen his penis on TV.

(chuckles)

Brody. This is SRT5.

- Hey, I'm...

- Lesbian.

That's new information, Gina.

So, bro,

I follow you on Instagram, man.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- What's her deal?

- You didn't hear? She's a lesbian.

Not for sale.

She is now.

Dick.

All right, I'm out of here.

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

What's his story?

I'm babysitting.  
Last thing we need is for Bambi  
to read the schematics of this place.  
Nah. He's harmless.  
Who's taking reign in the killhouse  
this month?  
You know, I don't wanna brag,  
but I will. Fine.  
Fifty-nine flat,  
95 percent accuracy.  
Here we go again.  
It's not my fault you can't  
keep up with the big boys.  
Do you guys need me to pull up  
my scores or what's happening here?

- **Scott:**

- (Jason laughs)  
- With you? No. It never is.  
- Yeah.  
What about you, boss?  
You feeling rusty?  
I'm never rusty.  
What's a killhouse?  
Let's go show him.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
I'm thinking about getting a tattoo.  
You were? Of what? A mermaid?  
Jason, you're up.  
(gunshots)  
- Rookie.  
- (stopwatch beeps)  
Fuck.  
(door buzzes)  
- Hey, how you doing?  
- About time you showed up.  
I'm sorry. We got nailed over  
at the 1-7 at midtown.  
They told us they needed a quick fix.  
Next thing you know they  
wanted the Sistine Chapel in there.  
(chuckles)  
All we want is finger painting.  
(chuckles)

- Identification and cell phones?

- Yeah, you bet.

Here you go.

(whistles)

Fellas.

(door buzzes)

Gentlemen, just gonna need to  
take a look at your equipment.

Yeah.

Carl will tag along.

Your clearance level doesn't  
permit you being unsupervised.

- We're all clear.

- **Sully:**

Have fun, fellas.

Have a good one.

- **Jason:**

- **David:**

What are you, four?

**Jason:**

We got to go again.

Double or nothing.

- Double or nothing.

- Double or nothing. Yeah.

I'm gonna go take a piss.

Is that cool?

Sure.

Upstairs to your left.

No wandering around.

Hold on.

Sully, I'm sending the kid up to  
the head. Keep an eye on him.

**Sully:**

No fucking sense. Four?

Come on then.

- Right away?

- Yeah.

You don't wanna stretch for your  
sciatica, glass of water maybe?

- (keypad beeps)  
- Here we are.  
We gotta disable all coms. Do a hard  
reset to patch in the new feeds.  
Notify your HQ you'll be offline  
for five minutes.  
Hey, Sull.  
Get a call over to dispatch.  
Tell them we'll be going offline.  
These guys need five minutes.

**Sully:**

And cams are down.  
You wanna check Facebook  
while we're here?  
Sergeant Maddox.  
Take three of your men  
and cover the front.  
- Wait for my orders.  
- Copy.  
Let's move out!  
(whistles)  
Hey, man,  
we go! a problem over here.  
And like that I am in.  
Powering down cameras  
in three, two, one.  
What the hell?  
(radio chatter)  
(gunshots)  
(electrical humming)  
Slow and steady wins the race.  
Keep dreaming.  
Kid not back?  
Not yet.  
- Really?  
- No.  
Huh.  
Shit.  
Hey, kid.  
You can't be wandering around here.  
Sir, you should come  
take a look at this.  
(beeps rapidly)

(beeping quickens)  
(watch beeps)  
(explosion)

**Sully:**

**Sam:**

What happened?

**Sully:**

**Jason:**

Shit! I can't tell if he's breathing.

Stay with him.

Don't move!

Put the gun down!

"Ow!

You in there, get out here!

Show me your hands!

I wanna see them now!

- Sully.

- Hey, over here!

(gunshot)

Sully.

Code red. Code red!

Clear.

- Sully's down.

- What happened?

I don't know.

Some kind of explosion.

Go.

Come on, kid.

Got any movement?

(gasps)

(gunshots)

**Scott:**

**Jason:**

We got to get to Sully fast.

Oh, fuck that.

- Moving.

- (gunshots)

Come on.

**Defibrillator:**

Please follow these voice instructions and call 911 now.

And remember, stay calm.

I am calm. Can't you tell?

And cameras are back up now.

- Korver.

- (gunshots)

(groans)

Hang in there, Sully.

We got you, boss.

**Defibrillator:**

Firmly place paddles on

patient's chest

and torso as illustrated.

No pulse detected.

- No pulse detected.

- No shit, Sherlock.

- What's the problem?

- Carnage.

Oh, shit.

Make the call.

- HQ, this is SRT head division.

- Sergeant Maddox.

Coms are back up and

everything's running smooth again.

Move in now. You copy?

I need my guys out of there.

(gunshots)

Go!

Come on, Sully. I got ya.

I'm out!

(Gurgles)

Shit, Sam's down!

**- Defibrillator:**

- (defibrillator charges)

(defibrillator shocks)

System charging.

- System charging.

- Come on.

(defibrillator shocks)



(defibrillator shocks)  
- (defibrillator shocks)  
- (gasps)  
Fuck!  
Oh, fuck!  
Is this your sick way of getting  
attention, you narcissistic prick?  
Get the fuck up!  
(groans)  
Stay on me.  
Holy shit!  
- (gunshots)  
- (Brody screams)  
Come on, Sully. I've got you.  
What the fuck?  
Move!  
Let's move!  
Let's go! Move out!  
(gunshots)  
(groaning)  
You Okay?  
Boss?  
In here!  
Fuck! Jesus Christ, man!  
I've seen enough.  
Get me the fuck out of here!  
(groans)  
We got to move.  
We got to get him out of here.

**David:**

**Jason:**

- Okay, put me down.  
- You're all right.  
Here, here, here.  
Shit!  
(sully groans)  
Sully, you got to hang in there, man.  
I'm depending on you.  
I knew I was getting  
too old for this shit.

**David:**

Somebody wanna tell me  
what the fuck is going on here?  
EMF'?

Yeah.

All right.

Guys, we got to call for help.  
Sully, where are the phones.  
Don't bother. They're fried.  
It's all burnt out.  
Anything electrical that was  
on during the blast is useless.  
The only power running through here  
now is from the backup generator.  
Hang in there, Sull.  
We're fucked.  
Think this is a coincidence.  
The night before a major summit,  
we get attacked and bumped offline.  
That doesn't happen.  
They must be after security, right?  
They're not after security.  
They must have had another objective.  
You just worked that out now?  
All right. I don't exactly wanna  
stick around and find out.  
You're staying put.  
Any other exits besides the garage?  
Yeah, but they're reinforced steel.  
There's no way they  
can lift those doors.  
We'll find another way.  
Sully, what do you  
remember about these guys?  
Everything checked out.  
Immaculate 1D's  
precleared in the system.  
Guys, I know I'm not exactly  
the expert here or anything...  
That's right, you're not. So just  
shut up, and we'll figure it out.  
If we've been knocked off the grid,  
that should show up on  
someone's monitor at HQ, no?  
They would have planned for that.

We need to get an SOS out somehow.  
How? Didn't he just say  
everything was fried?  
Old landline behind my desk.  
It hasn't been plugged in for months,  
but it could be of use.  
Go check it out.

Brody!

Let him go.

You don't think this thing  
is gonna make a difference, do you?

I guess the good thing is  
I'll be dead before we find out.

Cigarettes will kill you, you know?  
(chuckles)

Got it.

Yeah?

Okay.

(dial tone)

- Holy shit. I've got a dial tone.

- Thank God.

So, how do we do this?

What do you mean?

Well, have you ever called  
911 before?

It kind of defeats the purpose  
with our profession, don't you think?

- Who else are we gonna call?

- I don't know.

Don't you guys have like a secret  
emergency phone number or something?

(dialing)

You actually look kind of sexy  
when you're mad.

You guys are totally fucking,  
aren't ya?

Shut up.

(phone rings)

**Operator:**

This is Scott Calloway with  
Strategic Response Team Five.

We have a code red.

Several casualties.

We are in urgent need of backup.  
Operator. What is your  
building access code?  
Building access code is three,  
alpha, five, seven, whiskey niner.  
Operator. Copy that,  
Ofcer Galloway. Please hold.  
(whispers)  
Come on.

**Operator:**

Affirmative. We've got an unknown  
number of hostiles in the area.  
They are heavily armed.  
Operator. All right, Galloway.  
Hold tight  
while we divert a team your way.  
When they arrive, identify yourself  
with the code word Tallahassee.  
If you're under duress, use Malibu.  
Copy that.  
Dispatch EMS as well.  
We've got an officer down.  
He's got a gunshot wound.  
I don't know how long he's got,  
but you got to hurry.  
(car approaching)  
Well, this don't look good.  
Come on.  
What are we dealing with?  
Six or seven of them holed up.  
Put up a bit of resistance,  
but shouldn't be a problem for you.  
For us?  
My men are not equipped  
for this level of engagement.  
You brought us here  
purely on a contingent basis.  
You don't think this is the sort of  
contingency you're being paid for?  
Huh?  
Merc pricks.  
Fucking mercs, I told you.  
- Did you get it?

- Went to shit.  
Some civvy was there,  
botched the whole thing.  
What about Dallas?  
Shit.  
Sir! Got to talk to you.  
Sergeant Maddox.  
Consider your rate doubled  
for you and your men.  
You got any guys who  
are good with a scope?  
Yeah, a couple.  
You get them with the ground unit,  
and you cover the gates.  
One more thing.  
Don't you ever try to  
negotiate with me again.  
Understand?  
I got something.  
It worked.  
CRT's on the way with EMS.  
That's great.  
Aren't you guys CRT?  
We're SRT. CRT is NYPD.  
- What's ERT?  
- Canadians.

**David:**

I don't want our boys  
running into any surprises.  
Right.  
This is good, right?  
We're getting out of here?  
- That's the plan, yes.  
- Yes.

**Gina:**

they're after?  
No clue.  
Hey.  
(coughs)  
Hey.  
- The door...  
- What?

The door around the corner.  
Yeah. This is where they took cover.  
But it's just storage.  
What are we even looking for?  
Here, give me the flashlight.  
(dragging heavy object)  
Sully.  
What's with the room?  
Supposed to be for archives.  
I know what it's supposed to be.  
But what's it for?  
Sully, come on.  
We've known each other forever.  
A couple years ago...  
Department of Justice  
was trying to figure out  
what to do with the assets  
of high profile busts.  
Evidence, lock-ups,  
OUCBs... ripped off.  
We had to find some way  
to make it more protected.  
You telling me  
the government's been hiding  
seized assets in police facilities?  
I'm telling you they found a way  
to move valuables around  
off the books without  
anyone knowing.  
Shit.  
What we did is  
we took down the next bad guy...  
and the next and the next.  
Think of it as a recycling program.  
(coughs)  
What if there's like a  
nuclear bomb down there?  
Chemicals and shit.  
Could they want that?  
(coughing in the distance)  
Let's ask him.  
Hang in there, Sully.  
You're gonna be okay.  
Yeah.

(groaning)

(screams)

**David:**

What do you want?

Who the fuck are you?

They're coming for you guys.

You don't stand a chance.

They ain't coming for you.

At the rate you're bleeding out,  
you'll be dead in half an hour,  
less if I intervene.

Go fuck yourself.

Go fuck yourself.

Why do they all say that, huh?

What are you gonna do with that?

(screams)

What's your objective?

Fuck you!

(screams)

What's your objective?

**Dallas:**

asshole!

Fuck. What's he doing to him?

(screams)

What's your goddam objective?

- Fuck you!

- Fuck me?

Fuck you!

(screams)

- Sully.

**- David:**

Hey, Sully.

(groans)

I didn't exactly plan it this way.

(chuckles)

(whispers)

Oh, fuck.

I can't go on that long  
fishing trip I been planning...  
all those things H! never see.

**Soldier:**

- Anything?

- No. I got nothing.

(phone rings)

- I'll get it.

- Yeah, go.

Yeah?

Operamr. SRT,

this is HQ. Galloway?

Yeah, speaking.

**Operator:**

moving in from the east.

You should see their

headlights any minute now.

**- Scott:**

**- Jason:**

Hey, Scotty.

Scotty, we got lights.

Yeah. I think they're here.

Thank you.

Good guys are here!

(chuckles)

What are you laughing at?

I know you...

Hendrix.

Sully.

Hey, Sully.

Sully.

(Dallas chuckles)

Boss.

Boss.

Sorry about your friend.

Let's get out of here.

Please tell me they're here already.

(radio chatter)

SRT 5. Galloway?

I need you and your team

to identify yourselves.

Tallahassee. Let's do this.

Down!

(gunshots)



ope" "P- Open!

Cease fire!

We're gonna need more men.

- How the hell did they know?

- **Ryker:**

I was there when Finn was on  
the line. I thought they bought it.

That'll be enough.

Beg your pardon?

Take it easy, sergeant.

We got the advantage here.

With all due respect,

I've already lost four of my men.

You're short one.

And I don't know why you guys  
are keeping things so tight.

Three hours from now,  
the next shift arrives.

Odds are not in our favor.

With all due respect, sergeant,  
you're not the one with the money.

Neither are you, sir.

(snickers)

- (gunshot)

- (screams)

You wanna tell me why I did that?

Huh?

I did that because I don't  
have time to stand around  
and argue semantics with you.

You are an insubordinate  
low level grunt.

You are a gun for hire.

This is my playground.

It's your job to make me happy  
and, sergeant,

you have failed to make me happy.

(gunshot)

Oy, you've just been promoted.

What's happening?

It looks like they're  
covering up the cameras.

They shouldn't even know

those things are active.  
Get them on the line.  
That's all of them.  
I still don't understand how  
they can monitor anything.  
Let alone intercept telephone lines.  
They just have to emulate the signal,  
run a little interference.  
If they disabled the cameras  
before the blast,  
they could still be operational.  
How did you know they weren't CRT?  
- Hmm?  
- How did you know they weren't CRT?  
When I graduated from the academy,  
there were six of us.  
Our Call sign was "CALIBUS".  
We did the nasty shit.  
Shit that other units wouldn't touch.  
A lot of fun.  
But as the years went by,  
things got unethical, out of control.  
So I got out.  
But the unit kept growing.  
And I suspect this asshole...  
is part of the same team.  
No one else is gonna say it.  
I guess I will.  
Those are our own  
fucking guys out there.  
Fantastic.  
You have any idea  
who brought them here?  
I have a good idea.  
His name is John Korver, LCO.  
About a month before  
I transferred out,  
our unit took down a local kingpin  
that was laundering money  
through a mining company in Jersey.  
We caught on to him.  
Made our bust.  
But we lost a couple of guys.  
Korver didn't take it so well.

He felt we were entitled  
to a few extra zeros.  
Just so happens our suspect was  
rumored to be in possession of about  
one hundred million in  
Central American bearer bonds.  
I knew the guy would  
never give them up.  
But Korver, he took three fingers off  
him by the time the feds showed up  
and nearly lost his badge.  
Those bonds are still out there.  
From what I hear, he's been  
looking for them ever since.  
Now, if Sully's right  
about this place...  
Then what better time  
to come after them  
than when 90 percent of our  
resources are in the city.  
(phone rings)

Sir.

- Yeah.

- Who am I speaking with?

Show me yours, and I'll show you  
mine. What do you say?

Oh, you've got a sense of humor?

The door that my men were  
attempting to breach, the one...

Yeah, the one with  
the keypad and ladder.

We know.

There's a room in the sublevel  
right below you. Archive number one.

In that room, there's a locker.

Locker 974.

You will retrieve the contents of  
that locker and bring it out to me.

We will remain 30 yards away,  
safety's on.

We will not approach until you have  
resealed the door behind you.

Nobody else has to die.

You've got 20 minutes.

- What do you think?  
- It's him.  
What are you doing?  
Reacquainting myself.  
Brody, tear the cover off.  
Ryke r.

**Finn:**

That guy looks like Brody Walker.

**Ryker:**

That's impossible, isn't it?  
Just what the hell are  
you doing here, Dave?  
Boss.

**Scott:**

Is he going out?  
Hey.  
Boss.  
Are you sure you wanna do this?  
Just keep my six.  
If anyone moves...  
shoot them.  
David.  
Try not to get shot.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
Help me shut the door.

**Soldier:**

Is that really you, Dave?  
Hello, John.  
Good to see you, old friend.  
Been a long time.  
Not long enough.  
What the hell are you doing here?  
Shouldn't you be sitting  
behind a desk somewhere?  
What's the matter?  
Don't you trust me?  
You taught me better than that.  
Well...  
here I am.  
So what's the plan?

You come out hereto  
try to reason with me?  
Something like that.  
You haven't changed a bit, have you?  
I want those bonds.  
You know what they're worth.  
You can still be in for say...  
five percent  
if you make the right choice.  
It was never ours to take.  
We are entitled to that money.  
We earned that money with our blood,  
blood of our brothers.  
The same brothers you turned  
your back on and walked away from.  
Hey, folks.  
You might wanna pay attention here.  
You even know who this man really is?  
He burns his friends.  
I want guarantees.  
We give you what you want...  
and you let us walk away.  
What you've got is 12 minutes.  
This conversation's over.

**Jason:**

Like I said...  
good to see you, old friend.  
Let him go.  
Gina, cover the door.  
Kid, come with me.  
Come on.  
It's a big fucking hole.

**David:**

**Brody:**

Creepy fucking place, man.  
This is it.  
Holy shit.  
- Yeah.

**- David:**

There it is.

This is what they're after.  
So we just hand it over. Live to  
track 'em down another day.  
Uh-uh.  
Something's not sitting right.  
We still don't know if they're  
gonna come in here guns blazing.  
We don't.  
But we got four minutes  
to make a decision.  
Can you guys give us a minute?  
(chuckles)  
Are you serious?  
You want us to give you a minute?  
Go on.  
Yeah, sure.  
We'll check the door again.  
Okay, so hear me out.  
Ever watch action movies?  
My only concern is  
what if they don't hand it over?  
They're not stupid.  
They've got no other play.  
It's not their stupidity  
I'm worried about.  
You're crazy.  
You know it's not going  
to make a difference.  
Tell me if I'm wrong.  
(phone vibrates)  
Mr. Korver.  
What the fuck is he doing?  
Hendrix, you son of a bitch,  
what are you...?  
No.  
No! No, you bastard!  
You're burning my money!  
You son of a bitch!  
Everybody in that building dies.  
Everybody!  
Hold on.  
Fucking money's gone.  
This has all gone too far.  
It's not part of the plan.

Yeah, and they know  
who's on the other side.  
Do you wanna go down for this?  
I don't!  
Get the canisters ready.  
Get them! We're going in.

**Jason:**

David, for Christ's sake.  
Gina, we need to take control  
of the situation, fast.  
What the hell is this guy doing?  
Look, I trust him. I just don't know  
what his game plan is.  
Look, he's been out of  
commission for months.  
We have no idea what his problem is.  
(mutters indistinctly)

**Jason:**

Christ, David. What the hell  
do you think you're doing?  
They're gonna come in here,  
and they're gonna kill us all.

**David:**

kill us anyway.  
There's no way Korver could have  
known about the bonds  
unless someone told him.  
And I bet my life on it,  
it wasn't Sully.  
You do realize what  
you're suggesting?  
- So what, Bieber is out?

**- Brody:**

It's a question of probability.  
The kid doesn't have a fucking clue.  
And while I'm no saint...  
You have more of a grudge  
than anyone here.  
Sully was close to retiring.  
Yeah, I could use the extra money.

Wouldn't we all?  
How many people go in and out  
of that door every day?  
Korver could have help  
on the outside.

- **Brody:**

- Shut the fuck up, kid.  
This is the guy that  
called the fake cops, right?  
You know, other than Brody,  
you are the only outsider here.  
You have the same access we do.  
What are you saying, Gina?  
Yeah, Scott.  
How long have you been here?  
This is bullshit. We're just gonna  
start pointing fingers now?  
Yeah.  
I'm pointing my finger at you.  
Don't you fuck...  
Hey, hey, hey!  
- What's in your pocket, Scott?  
- My dick.  
You want me to  
surrender that to Sully too?  
- Empty them.  
- Fuck you.  
Fuck me? Empty your fucking pockets.  
Do it now.  
Come on.  
Gina, get his gun.  
Empty your pocket.  
Just do it, Scott.  
There's nothing in my...  
Okay.  
This isn't mine.  
This isn't my fucking phone.  
- Son of a bitch.  
- That's not my phone!  
He's been sending them information.  
That's ridiculous.  
Gina, he was with you guys  
when you made the call.



Could he have picked it up then?

- Gina.

- It's possible.

He could have removed  
the battery before the blast.

Tie him up.

If I'm gonna get shot tonight,  
it's not gonna be in the back.

SRT 5.

You know protocol.

On your knees.

On your fucking knees!

Don't test me.

That's a good boy.

Hey.

Do you think we can use that  
phone to get help?

We can't risk it. They'll still be  
intercepting calls from this area.

(indistinct whispering)

Problem?

Something you wish to share  
with the rest of the class?

No money to pay us is the problem.

You're still in this because  
you got no other choice. We do.

Money's a problem?

- Your name's Beck?

- Yeah.

**Korver:**

- Joe.

- **Korver:**

All right if I call you Joe?

- **Beck:**

- You just...

you hang on one second, Joe,  
all right'?

Finn, get me Hendrix, will you?

Hang on.

SRT 5. Are you there?

Hendrix.

It's Korver here.

I want you to know that little stunt  
you pulled isn't going to deter us.

In fact, it's quite the opposite.

Now, it just so happens  
that a couple of other fellows  
came to join the party.

I'm standing here with  
a fellow named Joe Beck.

That's B-E-C-K.

It's rude to speak over  
other people, Joe.

Hendrix, I just want you to know  
who's with me

in case you need to know later.

I'll be seeing you soon...

old friend.

So, now you got skin in the game too.

- What are you doing?

- Improvising.

Check the kitchen.

Get as many bottles as you can and  
some antifreeze from the garage.

Owl's white smoke grenade.

Deadly.

What the fuck are you doing?

This is yours.

What am I supposed to shoot  
with this, a fucking leprechaun?

They're wearing vests.

Aim for the face and knee caps.

Point and shoot, right?

Now you can.

Ever fired a weapon before?

Played a lot of video games.

Are you fucking kidding me?

Jesus.

So, you think I shot  
one of these, huh?

You're ignoring me again?

Really? We're back to this?

Fine. If they wear a vest,  
aim for the knee caps.

Hey.

Oh, shit. Are you okay, man?  
Don't worry about me.  
I'm kind of relying on you  
so I don't get killed.

**Jason:**

David, we got a problem.  
They're gassing us out.  
We got to move now.  
- Where are the gas masks?  
- Everything's downtown.  
Fuck.  
- I need water.  
- We got to hurry.  
- It's coming in fast.

**- David:**

- Grab me some water.

**- Jason:**

Pour it on.  
Pour it on the shirt.  
Pour it.  
All right.

**Jason:**

Pour all of it!

**- David:**

- All of it for Christ's sake.  
All right. You, stay put.  
Jason, Gina, come with me.  
I got it.  
All right.  
I'll just wait in here, I guess.

**David:**

It's in the locker room.  
(coughing)  
(coughing)  
(gasping)  
(coughing)  
Brody.

**Gina:**

and storage are sealed.

You got chlorine poison.

The gas is burning your lung tissue.

- I need piss.

- Are you serious?

Yeah.

- Right.

- Gina, check him.

Come on.

Come on, kid.

Hang in there.

I know it's hard to breathe,

bu! slay with me.

Come on, Jason.

Let's do this.

I'm doing my best.

Come on.

You can do this.

(bottle filling)

The gas should be clearing up by now.

Still need to hurry.

Come on, Jason. Let's go.

It's all I got.

- Hold him down.

**- Brody:**

No, no...

(Qargling)

You sure this will work?

You know how fucked up

this is, right?

All right, bring him up.

(coughing)

You all right?

What the fuck?

Is that piss in my mouth?

Yeah.

And that piss neutralized the gas.

That's why you're breathing.

I have piss in my eyes.

Where the fuck did you

come up with this shit?

**David:**

- Hey, you all right?

- **Brody:**

All right, we're clear.

Come on.

We haven't got much time.

- **Soldier:**

- Go ahead.

**Soldier:**

on the gas.

(sighs)

(imitates gunshots)

Antifreeze.

Alpha team is ready to engage,  
waiting on Bravo.

Okay. They are in position.

Let's do it.

**Brody:**

Where are you going?

I can help you guys out there.

When the police arrive, I want  
you to remember John Korver,  
Ryker, Joe Beck and the vault.

- I'm not gonna leave you guys.

- Kid, this is not gonna end well  
and someone has to tell the police  
what happened. All right?

Here.

Get in.

- Boss.

- Give me a minute.

You did good today.

Do you think I can make a good cop?

No.

Take care of yourself.

David! Hey!

(bangs on door)

- Don't you think we could use him?

- **Brody:**

We are. Just not for this.  
Oh, shit.  
Guys.  
Guys!  
Get down!  
(explosion)  
Hit it!  
Light it up!  
(explosion)  
Go!  
(gunshots)  
I can't be in this fucking thing.  
Thanks, David,  
put me in a fucking tin box.  
Oh, fuck.  
I should have just went to prison.  
Get the door open!  
Gina!  
Go! Go! I'll draw their fire!

**Soldier:**

Ga, gm, gm'..!  
Covering!  
Covering!

**Soldier:**

- (gunshot)  
' (explosion)  
(gunshots)  
(chuckles)  
Go.  
(gunshots)  
Go on!  
Fall back!  
Die, you motherfucker!  
Go. go!  
(screams)  
(screams)  
(groans)  
How you been doing, Davey?  
Been awhile.  
Tell me something.  
You still handing out  
those parking tickets?

You still sucking John's cock?  
(breathing heavily)  
You know your problem, Hendrix?  
You never did wanna  
get your hands dirty.  
Five years later, you're still soft.  
(pin tinkles)  
(grenade springs)  
You're still an asshole.  
(explosion)

**David:**

I don't know.  
Go find her.  
Thorough.  
(gunshots)  
(gun cocks)  
- Hey, douche bag.  
- (gunshot)  
That's disgusting.  
(groans)  
You all right?  
Where's your vest?  
(gunshots)  
Get out of here!  
Gina? What is she doing?  
(gunshots)  
That bitch.  
(gunshots)  
(gun clicks)  
Shit.  
(screams)  
(breathing heavily)  
(muffled shouting)  
Dude, it was Gina.  
What?  
Gina. She must have put the phone  
in your pocket.  
You can't trust chicks, dude.  
Believe me.  
Next thing you know, your dick  
ends up all over the internet.  
- Watch out!  
- (gunshot)

What the fuck, Gina? Why?  
Why else?  
For the money.  
(gunshots)  
Boom! Played dead, bitch!  
(groans)  
Oh, shit.  
I should get an Oscar for this shit.  
That's fucking gross.  
Kung Fu, bitch.  
(screams)  
Ah, shit.  
(groans)  
(screams)  
(gunshot)  
Lesbian my ass.  
Finn, we move out in ten.  
Wipe the hard drives.  
Kill the signal.  
- We were never here.  
- I may need more time.  
We don't have it.  
(gunshots)  
What the hell are you doing here?  
I told you to stay put.  
Yeah, well, Scott and Gina are dead.  
- What?  
- No, it's okay.  
Actually, it's not because  
she deserved it and he didn't.  
Never mind. Let me explain later.  
Can we just get out of here, please?  
- You're shot.  
- Yeah. Bad ass, right?  
- (groans)  
- It's a graze.  
You're such a pussy.  
Let's get out of here.  
(gunshot)  
You still alive, Dave?  
So you burned those bonds  
just to hurt me?  
Well, you did.  
But I'll tell you something,



my friend.

When you did, you sentenced  
yourself and all your friends to die.

(screams in slow motion)

(gunshot)

(gun clicks)

Loudest sound in the world, Dave.

Slide locking back.

Looks like you let  
your team down again, Dave.

(screams)

(gasps)

(stabbing sound)

**Jason:**

David.

David, you in there?

You Okay?

Yeah, I'll live.

Oh, fuck.

How many did you get?

About 15.

You?

Yeah, about 15.

The kid?

And Gina?

That's a long story.

Come on.

(groaning)

(coughing)

Brody.

Jesus.

Fuck, those things hurt  
almost as much as the real thing.

Why were you trying  
to hide this thing?

What?

I didn't wanna get shot  
in the knee caps.

Oh, don't shoot!

Don't shoot!

I'm so glad you guys are okay.

- Who the fuck is this prick?

- **Finn:**

- It got pretty crazy in there, huh?

- I don't know.

A lot of misunderstandings,

a lot of emotions,

a lot of things said

we probably didn't mean.

- He's with them, right?

- **Finn:**

- Yeah, it looks like it.

- (gun shots)

Sixteen.

Nice shot.

About fucking time.

(radio chatter)

This is SRT 5.

This is SRT 5. Come in.

(static)

I can't believe it.

All this for a bunch of money.

Burnt to a goddam crisp.

Yeah, about that.

You're crazy.

Tell me if I'm wrong.

You know that copier in the rec room?

It's got a lot of paper in it.

How much did you take?

How much did you take?

Maybe a little.

Define a little.

- More than you wanna know.

- Oh, fuck. Brody!

After surviving a near death experience only one year ago, actor, Brody Walker, is bouncing back with his new blockbuster, Gridlocked, which is set to take the weekend box office by storm. Walker is currently on a press tour and has been garnering praise for his portrayal of a rookie cop, a role he is expected to reprise in an already greenlit sequel

to the film.

Ben has the exclusive interview.

Brody Walker, how you been, man?

It's good to see you.

Nice to see you too, Ben.

I'm doing well, thank you for asking.

I've got to ask you.

It was about a year ago  
that you found yourself  
in quite a bit of trouble.

A few run-ins with the law,  
a number of rumors about you.

These things had to have  
an impact on your career.

I was in a dark place, man.

It was dark. And...

But, you know, I'm feeling  
better now and Brody's back.

So no more troubles with the law?

No.

No more violence?

No more drugs?

- Nobody's perfect, Ben.

**- Ben:**

Okay, so you're going through this  
rough patch and then all of a sudden  
you find yourself in the middle of...

I guess we got to call it  
a surreal experience.

Walk me through that.

What was that like for you?

Well, when you're  
staring death in the eyes,  
and it's staring back at you...  
it's scary.

Even for Brody Walker.

I just kept on thinking to myself,  
"It's not my time.

It's not my time.

There's thousands of fans  
depending on me."

I guess I got to wonder with  
everything that's happened

over this past year,  
have you been able  
to take those experiences  
and use them to  
shape your character?

Absolutely.

I mean, I think it sewed as  
the basis of my performance.  
You know that they actually strapped  
me down and waterboarded me?

- They waterboarded you?
- Yeah, waterboarded me.
- It's a form of torture.
- Yeah.

Except they used urine.  
They pissed in my mouth,  
which brings me to my book,  
In the Line of Fire, that's gonna  
be on shelves later next week,  
which will get into a lot more detail  
of all the stuff that happened.

I mean, the director said  
he wanted to use apple juice.

I said absolutely not.

I wanted the real thing.

And again, in the mouth.

You can't duplicate urine.

From where you were  
to where we are today,  
is there anybody who deserves  
a thank you for getting you here?

Well, Ben, actually there is.

I know he's not gonna admit that  
he's watching this right now, but...

David, I know you're out there.

I know you're watching  
this right now.

Why are you not returning my calls?

I took a bullet for you,  
you son of a bitch.

Call me back.

I left all these voicemails.

He doesn't even call me back  
anymore, Ben, this guy.

I took a bullet for you!