

OVER BLACK:

REESE (O.S.)  
I got eyes on the target. Ground  
floor, northeast corner.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
Copy.

WINTERS (O.S.)  
Blue sedan just pulled up. Four,  
possibly five hostiles. Entering in  
from the South side. Driver did *not*  
exit the vehicle.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
Copy.

REESE (O.S.)  
I'm moving in to tag the crate.  
Watch for those hostiles.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
Copy.

WINTERS (O.S.)  
Is that the only thing you can say,  
Bishop?

BISHOP (O.S.)  
I say other things.

WINTERS (O.S.)  
Like what?

BISHOP (O.S.)  
(quickly)  
I just got made.

WINTERS (O.S.)  
(quickly)  
Copy. Me too.

REESE (O.S.)  
(quickly)  
Aw shit. Same.

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The door BURSTS OPEN. REESE, in tactical black gear, is  
pushing HOSTILE ONE into the center of the open room.

They're struggling for control of a HANDGUN. Reese gets the advantage and then Hostile One takes it right back.

BAM, BAM, BAM. Rounds go off, as they fight for control.

Reese kicks him in the knee, rips the hang gun away, and CLICK, empty.

He tosses it aside and they continue to fight, moving around the room.

Out of nowhere, BISHOP, wearing a similar tactical black gear, is rolling away from HOSTILE TWO, who is swinging a MACHETE at his head.

Bishop dodges his attacks and lands some hits of his own. Bishop controls the fight, locks up Hostile Two, and is able to kick the machete out of his hand, across the warehouse.

SLAM! The body of HOSTILE THREE hits the floor.

INT. SECOND LEVEL WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Up on the second level is WINTERS, also in tactical black gear, looking over the railing. Last second he moves out of the way of a LEAD PIPE that CLANKS against the railing from HOSTILE FOUR.

Winters ducks under another swing of the pipe, grabs some INDUSTRIAL CHAINS that are hanging off the railing, and goes to work. He disarms Hostile Four, tossing the pipe over the railing, and chokes him out with the chains.

INT. WAREHOUSE GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Reese and Bishop work together and finish off Hostile One and Hostile Two.

Winters meets them at the center of the ground floor.

Two doors FLING OPEN. HOSTILE FIVE, tall, muscular, and all business, causally walks in.

They spread out, flanking Hostile Five, and attack. But it doesn't matter. Hostile Five can hold his own...for the time being.

The numbers game eventually wins out and the Team outlasts Hostile Five, fighting as one to take him down, and down he goes, hard.

They take a moment to catch their breath.