

S.W.A.T

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY SKYLINE -- DAY

We're high over the City of Angels on a beautiful fall afternoon.

As we move, the view takes us away from the affluent skyscrapers to the harsh reality of a depressed area well south of downtown.

MOVING IN CLOSER we concentrate on a single run-down two-story craftsman with a ramshackle addition built on the side.

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- DAY

The surroundings are dismal. In the ramshackle addition, two men, REEFER and CHINO, work over a crude drug lab.

PONY, a fat, tattooed, Aryan nation looking son-of-a bitch sits at a Formica table counting out a stack of cash.

Several unmarked canisters of chemicals are stacked in a corner. What looks like a combination chemistry set and moonshine still sits on a stove and counter. Reefer stirs a vat of thick liquid that boils over an open flame.

Chino watches a game show on TV. A newsbreak cuts into the show with a live high speed chase. REED SELLARS, the plastic anchorman, gives the play-by-play on the action.

PONY

We got a hundred grand and I ain't even half through the stack.

Chino is engrossed in the TV car pursuit.

CHINO

Hey, ain't that Ferret's car?

All eyes go to the TV set.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- DAY

An LAPD police helicopter cruises over the 105 freeway.

Below, Ferret's beat-up mid-seventies Impala weaves in and out of traffic. Above are six newschoppers including Channel 3, feeding the event to "live peril" hungry viewers.

EXT. LA CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

The Impala heads off the freeway and into a neighborhood of rundown craftsman homes. As it careens around a corner the left side tires burst and the Impala crashes into some bushes.

FERRET, a long-haired, mid-twenties dirt-bag, crawls unscathed from the wreckage and starts running.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- DAY

The sound of a HOVERING HELICOPTER rattles the house. The door bursts open and in runs Ferret.

PONY

Jesus Christ. What the hell you doin', man?

Ferret runs to a window and looks outside.

FERRET

They made me. I was just giving a sample and the cops made me...

In a surreal moment, the exterior of the house is visible on the TV.

CHINO

Shit, they got us on the news.

PONY

I send you for In-N-Out and you bring me this?

SIRENS fill the room as police cars pull up outside the bungalow. Pony looks out to see red and blue lights.

FERRET

It's all right, Pony. Let me explain...

Pony pulls a magnum out of his waistband and BLOWS Ferret away.

PONY

Where're them keys, Chino?

CHINO

Ferret had 'em last.

Both men look at the dead Ferret.

Pony opens a closet and pulls out several AK-47s. He tosses several clips to Reefer.

PONY

(to Chino)  
Go find the keys.

A voice booms over a megaphone.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
This is the Los Angeles Police  
Department. You are surrounded...

On the TV set we see police cars parked in a perimeter around the home. Uniformed COPS emerge from their cars, draw weapons and take defensive positions.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- DAY

An OFFICER crouches behind his car, revolver in one hand and a megaphone in the other.

OFFICER  
I want you to come out of the house --  
hands above your head.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The windows of the house explode out as a barrage of automatic weapons' fire rakes across the squad cars.

Officers and LOOKY-LOOS run for cover as bullets strike everywhere. Windshield's explode, tires pop, trees splinter.

The Officer hits the dirt and yells to his PARTNER.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Fuck this. Call SWAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER -- DAY

A metal garage door rolls opens. Out of the darkness emerges a steel monster on four wheels -- The LAPD SWAT Urban Assault Vehicle(UAV).

A custom made combination Hummer and Brinks truck, the UAV has a rotating gun turret on the top complete with a Browning M2 50 Caliber air-cooled machine gun, bulletproof glass, a periscope and numerous gunports. Pop-out ballistic shields are located near the doors. The front is equipped with a retracting battering ram.

The word "S.W.A.T" is emblazoned in yellow across the hood.

A 90's version of the familiar SWAT theme RAMPS UP as the UAV rockets out into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORIZON -- DAY

Looking down a long stretch of asphalt, where the heat shimmers between the ground and sky, a blurred shape appears. As the shape draws nearer, it becomes a surreal image of a hulking armored vehicle with a spinning black propeller overhead.

Moving closer, the image separates into the UAV and Air-SWAT, a sleek armored helicopter flying above.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- DAY

Everything is quiet when Air-SWAT swoops in and begins circling overhead.

A WAILING siren approaches. The SWAT UAV shoots down the road and comes to a SCREECHING stop.

The doors burst open. The SWAT team jumps out and falls into positions. Each officer is dressed in black pants with a loaded utility belt, black light-weight climbing boots, black turtleneck covered with a black Kevlar flack jacket and several handguns strapped to their bodies. Everyone carries a modified H&K MP5 with a UV tach light attached under the muzzle.

CLOSE ON the passenger side door as it opens. A huge black boot hits the ground creating a small explosion of dust.

TRACKING UP the man's body we take in his powerful build and broad shoulders. He slowly turns as he snaps the chin strap on his helmet. This is team commander Sergeant DAN "HONDO" HARRELSON, a square jawed, rugged Vietnam vet.

Hondo straps on a communications hook-up which consists of a cigarette-sized camera on his shoulder and a headset in his helmet as he walks over to The OFFICER-IN-CHARGE (OIC).

OIC

These psychos have been laying down some serious firepower, Hondo. Still barricaded. Still no casualties.

HONDO

Day's not over yet.

OFFICER DAVID "DEKE" KAY, a handsome black man, with washboard abs and a wry smile, approaches. He is the team's second-in-command and chief scout,

HONDO (CONT'D)

How's it look, Deke?

DEKE

These guys aren't packing any bags to leave. They're in a fortified position with possible hostages and we don't have edge.

HONDO

I'll get the edge. We'll open with concussion and follow with a swarm. Five minutes to entry.

Hondo heads back to the UAV. Deke slowly takes off running.

The UAV side door is open and we can see the communications wall inside. OFFICER TONY LUCA, sits at the comm board adjusting video images. The comm board looks like a mini NASA mission control with several monitors, computers and a Teletrack electronic map display which constantly shows the UAV's position in Los Angeles.

Each SWAT officer's shoulder-cam view is displayed on its own monitor with the officer's name written below.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Luca, put me through to Boxer.

INT. AIR-SWAT -- DAY

Not big enough, not tall enough and not handsome enough, the wiry chopper pilot, JOHN "BOXER" SPARKS, is just not SWAT material.

HONDO (O.S.)

Boxer, I need a diversion. Come in low and make some noise.

Boxer fingers the twin cannon triggers on the flight stick.

BOXER

Hey, Hondo, how about a little death from above?

HONDO (O.S.)

Let's explore some other options first.

EXT. UAV -- DAY

HONDO (O.S.)

McCabe...I want ears on that house.

OFFICER TJ MCCABE, the cocky team driver, is a thirty year-old who grew up on too much cop TV.

He finishes calibrating a laser listening unit. A thin red beam shoots out of a pistol sized device attached to a tripod. This device picks up sounds from the vibrations of the window glass.

MCCABE

Gotcha.

ON OFFICER SANCHEZ

HONDO (O.S.)

Sanchez..

SWAT Officer CHRISTINA SANCHEZ, a late twenties, buff and tough team sniper, positions a small cannon aimed at the front door. Yeah she's a she, but that doesn't matter if you can shoot the tits off a mouse at 500 yards.

HONDO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 ...set the cannon to blow the door,  
 then join Deke on back point.

She snaps the device into place and loads a compacted beanbag projectile into the muzzle. The beanbag canon is used to blow doors off their hinges with a minimum of shrapnel.

SANCHEZ

Copy.

ON HONDO AT THE UAV

The OIC walks up.

OIC

Hondo, the Captain just got here.

Hondo rolls his eyes and turns toward a squad car as the Southwest DIVISION CAPTAIN, a woman with determination in her eyes and attitude in her walk, steps out.

CAPTAIN

Sergeant Harrelson.

HONDO

Captain.

CAPTAIN

Last time you were called into my precinct we ran out of body bags.

HONDO

I hope you've reordered.

CAPTAIN

Not this time. I want a peaceful end to this one. That means no fatalities.

Hondo points to the craftsman house.

HONDO

Tell it to them.

Hondo turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

Chino tears the room apart looking for something as Reefer looks outside through a blown out window. Pony loads shells into a shotgun.

PONY

The Key! Where's that goddamn key?

CHINO

I can't find it. It's not here.

Pony snaps a double length clip into his AK-47.

PONY

The cops wanna mess with me? I'll kill them all.

REEFER

I can't do another nickel, man. I can't. I ain't surrendering.

The three men high-five each other and turn toward the windows in a death pact.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

The three men inside begin a barrage of gunfire. Squad cars are torn to pieces from slugs ripping into the metal.

An OFFICER is hit with an armor piercing round, straight through the car door he thought was protection.

OFFICER #2

Man down! Man Down! Code 2.

HONDO

(into his headset)

Mccabe, what do you hear in the house?

MCCABE (O.S.)

Three suspects, southwest corner. No hostages and they're cracking up fast.

HONDO

Time to take it to 'em. Deke and Sanchez in back. Luca and me on entry. Luca, send our calling card.

Luca screws a grenade launcher to the end of his shotgun. He pulls a round ball about the size of an orange out of his pack. He uncaps a marker and draws a smiley face on the ball.

LUCA

Have a nice day.

He drops it in the launcher, aims and fires. The smoke trailing flashbang grenade shoots into the building.

At the same instant, Hondo fires the stationary cannon. A beanbag shoots from the high powered cannon and obliterates the front door.

Inside the Craftsman, the flashbang grenade explodes with an eardrum shattering BOOM!

All the remaining glass in the windows is blown out.

HONDO  
(into the headset)  
Initiate! Go! Go! Go!

Hondo and Luca rush the front door.

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

The house is dark and thick with hanging smoke. Hondo and Luca burst into the room.

LUCA  
Honey, I'm home.

HONDO  
Sweep toward the back. I'll clear  
the upstairs.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Deke takes a deep breath to stoke himself as Sanchez kicks open the door and charges into the house.

Deke hesitates a beat and then follows.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Sanchez and Deke burst through a kitchen door.

They are pushed back by Chino and Reefer rising to their knees and firing from the doorway of the ramshackle addition.

Chino looks down at his feet and sees a key attached to a skull key ring. He picks it up.

CHINO  
I found the goddamn key!

Deke and Sanchez return fire, shattering equipment and sending a river of flammable liquid across the floor. The chemicals ignite.

Reefer, covered in a burning goo, SCREAMS in agony as he continues firing.

Chino kicks at a panel in the wall as the flames grow more intense. The panel pops out and he squeezes through to a darkened room.

DEKE  
Avalanche! Avalanche! We've got a  
chemical fire! This stuff's going  
to blow!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Deke and Sanchez push through the thickening smoke. Luca sweeps through the living room.

DEKE

Let's clear out. Now! Go!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Hondo moves down the darkened hallway looking for suspects. Thick smoke hangs in the air as he moves along the corridor hugging the walls when...

The wall begins to explode from bullet hits as Pony opens fire from another room. Hondo runs and dives into the doorway. He comes up firing.

BLAM! BLAM!

Hondo fires two shots hitting Pony and blasting him through the window.

Suddenly the whole house shakes.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The metal double doors of the ramshackle addition burst open as a weathered old truck pushes through. The addition rips away from the rest of the house as it is revealed to be an attached 25 foot trailer.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Hondo falls as the floor beneath him buckles and drops away. He crashes through and lands hard atop the roof of the moving trailer.

INT. TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Everything in the meth lab is shaking loose. Beakers fall and chemicals POP and BURST. Boxes of dry chemicals crash to the floor mixing together. Several of the unmarked canisters roll toward the flames.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Police open fire on the truck's cab as Chino punches a hole through a row of squad cars.

ON HONDO

Who holds onto the roof of the trailer. Smoke and flames shoot out of the rooftop vents singeing his fingers. He loses his grip and begins to slip off the trailer when he pulls out his knife.

Reaching forward Hondo jams the knife into the aluminum skin of the trailer creating a handle to hold on to.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Cars move in both directions down the busy street.

Around a corner comes the truck pulling the trailer. The rear of the trailer is fully engulfed in flames as it rockets down the street.

INT. UAV -- CONTINUOUS

Mccabe sits at the comm board as the Division Captain watches Hondo's shoulder cam view of the truck and trailer. Mccabe opens a Thermos and casually pours himself a cup of coffee.

CAPTAIN

I can't watch this.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Overhead Air-SWAT tracks along after the truck and trailer which smashes cars out of its way. Higher still are the hordes of newschoppers.

ON HONDO

Using all his strength to pull himself forward. A pillar of flames pops off a vent cap forcing Hondo over the side.

He grabs the roof edge and begins a hand-over-hand climb toward the cab.

Getting to the end of the trailer Hondo makes the leap to the outside of the cab.

INT. TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

The canisters roll around on the slick floor slipping closer to the flames.

INT. TRUCK CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Hondo climbs into the cab and lunges at Chino. He gets off a few good hits until Chino swerves violently causing Hondo to hit the dash.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Ahead of the truck and trailer, standing in a bullfighter's stance, waiting for his moment to jump on board, is a SWAT GUY we've yet to meet. As the truck passes, he grabs the mirror and jumps onto the running board.

Coming up fast is a busy intersection.

Pulling out his service revolver, the new guy steadies it on the big side mirror and takes aim at the intersection. POP! POP! POP! He takes out every stop light. Direct hits.

The truck sails through the intersection without collision as cars pause at the broken traffic signals.

The newcomer leans into the driver's side window and grabs the steering wheel.

INT. TRUCK CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Chino comes up with a handgun in one hand while steering with the other. Hondo punches Chino until he drops the gun which falls underneath the brake pedal. Chino slumps over as Hondo pulls him across the seat and out the passenger door.

The new guy, radiating cool confidence, climbs into the cab still holding the wheel. This is OFFICER JAMES J. STREET.

STREET

Street, James, J., reporting for duty.

HONDO

New men report to Command Headquarters.

STREET

If I had reported there, I would have missed all this.

Street pumps the truck's brakes when the gun under the brake pedal goes off -- BAM -- blowing a hole in the door just in front of where Hondo is sitting. Street shrugs as Hondo bends down and dislodges the gun.

An EXPLOSION violently rocks the truck as the rear of the trailer blows out.

EXT. TRUCK AND TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

The vehicle spins wildly out of control as the truck passes under several high tension towers.

The trailer leaves the road and smashes through the base of the metal tower ripping it from its foundation. Hot wires whip around like sparking snakes.

The truck and trailer smash a few streetlights before coming to a stop in the center of the wide road.

The trailer continues to burn out of control as the doors to the truck open. Street jumps out and takes off running. Hondo eases out.

The mangled high tension tower CREAKS as it tips.

Hondo draws a cigar from his pocket.

Street looks back to see Hondo walking and stops. He waits until Hondo is along side. The understated game of chicken is a test of the new man's mettle. Street doesn't flinch and doesn't look back. Hondo flicks open a lighter and just as the flame touches the tip of his cigar...

...the high tension tower falls on top of the trailer resulting in a mushroom cloud of smoke and flames. Burning debris is everywhere, but Hondo and Street never look back.

EXT. PARKER CENTER -- DAY

Air-SWAT sweeps over the building as the sun sets.

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER -- NIGHT

The command center is a three room complex. Over the doorway to the main room is a banner that reads: "UNCOMPROMISED DUTY, HONOR AND VALOR." The bullpen is filled with desks and computer work stations.

Across from the bullpen is a locker room with showers, several benches and heavy green lockers.

The bullpen is decorated with each team member's best crap from home. A toaster oven, an old fridge decorated with personal photos, several open boxes of cereal and a mini-version of the UAV fashioned from Budweiser cans.

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER/LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

The aftermath. The SWAT team changes clothes, tends to their gear as well as to their everyday cuts, scrapes, burns and bruises. The postgame wind-down.

A German Shepherd, 10-7, is curled up sleeping in the corner.

The door opens and in comes Street carrying a huge duffel bag of gear. 10-7, goes over to him, sniffs the man's crotch and returns to his corner.

DEKE

Lady and gentlemen, I present the SWAT pup. Officer James Street.

Deke hands Street a thick stack of papers.

STREET

What's all this?

DEKE

Paperwork, rookie. Every time you fire your gun you've gotta fill out paperwork.

STREET

Why so much?

DEKE

One page for each shot you fired.

Mccabe comes out of the shower room with a towel around his waist and one folded over his shoulder. OFF-SCREEN, Luca SINGS Black Magic in his best Sammy Davis Jr. voice.

MCCABE

Say, anyone seen McCabe's towel?

Sanchez goes up to Street and looks him up and down.

SANCHEZ

Two weeks.

She goes to her locker and begins changing.

STREET

Excuse me?

DEKE

She gives you two weeks before you wash out. She's being kind.

STREET

I'll be sorry to disappoint you.

MCCABE

You won't disappoint. After today's stunt, I'm betting on one week.

Street heads over to an empty locker and begins stowing gear.

DEKE

Don't take it too personally SWAT pup, no one gets welcomed with open arms. You've gotta earn that.

Street changes into his regular clothes, puts on some dark shades and looks at Deke with a smirk.

STREET

Oh, I will.

Luca yells from the shower.

LUCA (O.S.)

Hey, man. Who took my towel? Anyone seen my towel?

Mccabe walks to the sink and picks up a small facecloth.

MCCABE

Here it is.

He goes to the shower room opening and tosses it in. Moments later Luca comes out of the shower room, buck naked, soaking wet and holding the facecloth over his privates.

LUCA

Very funny. Ha ha.

Sanchez walks around a set of lockers pulling on a shirt. She looks up to see Luca.

SANCHEZ

That water must be very cold.

The room breaks up in laughter. Luca grabs a larger towel and wraps it around his waist.

MCCABE

Hey, who's up for Mama Mambos tonight? Flaming scorpion bowls!

SANCHEZ

I'm there.

DEKE

Oh, yeah.

LUCA

That all depends. Sanchez, can you get your friend Suzanne to come along?

SANCHEZ

I'm sure I could.

LUCA

Then I am so there. You'll talk me up to her, right? Maybe tell her I'm one of those sensitive guys and...a musician! Chicks love musicians. A sensitive cop who plays in a band.

SANCHEZ

You know, Luca, sometimes less is more.

Deke motions toward Street with his head. McCabe nods.

MCCABE

Hey, Street you want to come, too? It's always a good time.

Street adjusts his cap in the mirror.

STREET

Sorry, I've got plans.

Hondo sticks his head in the doors from the hallway.

HONDO  
Everyone in an hour early tomorrow.  
We're going to go over today's  
encounter. And don't make lunch  
plans. Deke, can I see you?

Deke heads into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the hall, out of earshot from the rest of the team.

HONDO  
So, what happened out there today?

DEKE  
What do you mean?

HONDO  
I reviewed the tapes. You left  
Sanchez open on that entry.

DEKE  
I hesitated for two seconds.

HONDO  
Hesitation can get a man killed.

DEKE  
I used to go through doors and never  
think twice about what was on the  
other side. Lately, that's all I  
do. You think...you think maybe I'm  
losing my edge?

HONDO  
If you lost your edge you'd be  
sitting behind a desk right now.

Hondo turns and heads off. Deke watches his friend go.

DEKE  
Hondo, thanks for not mentioning  
this in front of the guys.

Hondo acknowledges with a smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN TRACT HOUSE - NIGHT

It's very late. The well kept house is the picture of suburban tranquillity. Hondo's Ford pick-up pulls into the driveway and he gets out wearing casual clothes.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hondo walks through the darkened house slipping out of his clothes as he goes. We see his finely formed body has several scars from bullet and knife wounds.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hondo, stripped down to his shorts, slips under the covers. He leans over to kiss his wife. As she rolls over we see she is the Southwest Division Captain -- Lina Harrelson.

LINA

Hard day.

HONDO

I've had tougher.

Lina caresses a bruise on his shoulder.

LINA

That one looks like it hurts.

HONDO

It's not like they shot me this time.

Lina kisses his shoulder.

LINA

(a beat)

Chief Velasquez called me today about trying to get you to take the Lieutenant's test.

HONDO

What did you tell him?

LINA

I told him what I tell him every week. We are not interested.

HONDO

Velasquez just wants me off the streets.

LINA

(teasing)

Well, you are a public relations nightmare.

HONDO

I'm sure that's what he thinks now.

LINA

You were pretty incredible out there today.

HONDO

You think?

LINA

Then again, the day's not over yet.  
I'll give you the full report in  
the morning.

Lina rolls over on top of Hondo and kisses him passionately.  
Hondo turns off the lights.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

In the main room, the team is watching a videotape of the raid on the drug house. The views are collected from each man's shoulder video cam. Hondo stands next to the monitor fast forwarding the tape critiquing each man's performance.

10-7 is curled up next to Sanchez's feet.

HONDO

I like what I see here, Deke, good positioning. But Sanchez, if you can't make the shot then you've got to move. Remember -- take out the computer. One shot to the head. If it can't think, it can't do.

The tape moves to McCabe's camera view.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Luca, you're a lefty, you should have taken cover on the opposite side of the doorway. This way you're forced to expose too much of your flank.

The phone RINGS and the meeting begins to break up. Hondo goes to his office and picks up the phone.

Deke pours himself a cup of coffee. He looks in it more to check if his hand is trembling than anything else.

Luca turns to Street.

LUCA

That was quite a piece of hot dogging you did yesterday.

STREET

The Sergeant didn't find any problems with my performance.

SANCHEZ

(sarcastic)  
Nice attitude.

MCCABE

Deke, do you want to tell him?

Deke looks up from his coffee.

DEKE

Oh, no. The SWAT pup'll find out soon enough.

Hondo steps out of his office.

HONDO

We're done, people. Street, in my office.

The team grabs their gear and heads out. They know what's in store for Street.

INT. HONDO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Street follows Hondo into the office. The rookie glances around at the symbols of Hondo's experience and command -- citations, framed news clippings and a photo of his wife Lina.

Hondo sits at his desk and opens a folder.

HONDO

Columbus, Ohio SWAT. Three years -- two commendations for valor.

Hondo closes the folder.

HONDO (*CONT'D*)

Then you quit, come to LA, spend a year on traffic detail and two years in Metro just to get back into a SWAT uniform. You want to tell me why?

STREET

This is LA. The wild west. Shoot-outs in the streets, justice from a handgun, one peace officer against a pack of outlaws.

HONDO

This isn't High Noon, Officer Street, and you aren't Gary Cooper. You're part of a team here, my team. You play team ball or you don't play.

STREET

Come on, I saw a problem, I assessed the situation, I did the job.

HONDO

You were a wild card out there, I wasn't expecting you. No one was. When I run an operation I need to know every man and where he is. You're damn lucky I didn't shoot you.

STREET

I can take care of myself.

HONDO

I've seen guys like you before, Street. Action junkies looking for a high.

STREET

What did you do, kick them off SWAT?

HONDO

No. I went to their funerals.

A KLAXON sounds and Deke steps into the office.

DEKE

Hijacking at LAX...

Hondo is out of his chair before the sentence is finished.

HONDO

We're rolling in two.  
(to Street)  
Remember what I said.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX RUNWAY - DAY

An airplane is parked at the end of a far runway. The airport terminals are visible in the distance. Several airport police vehicles, fire trucks and FBI cars are parked nearby.

A short distance away several newsvans are setting up their satellite links.

The UAV races across the runway and stops at the police perimeter. The doors open and the team jumps into action. FBI SPECIAL AGENT WARREN moves toward Hondo and the UAV.

WARREN

Special Agent Warren, FBI.

HONDO

Sergeant Dan Harrelson.

WARREN

Here's what we know.  
(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Hong Kong Airlines 747 en route to Mexico City was hijacked about four hours ago. One hijacker. Claims his brother is being held prisoner on the mainland for drug trafficking. He wants us to spring him. I have my crisis team negotiating.

HONDO

I'm deploying my team.

WARREN

This thing's federal until I say otherwise. You are just here until my HRT arrives, so keep your hotshots in a box.

Hondo turns back to the UAV.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You hear me?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANNEL 3 TELEVISION STUDIOS - DAY

The building is mid-seventies post-uninspired. A large sign promotes the name CHANNEL 3 and the motto "If it happens in LA, it happens live on 3."

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL BOYER, the short, paunchy and balding news director paces the floor with anxiety. His STAGE MANAGER stands next to him.

BOYER

I'm dying in here! Channel 2 and 7 are already on the air, people. Do you hear that?

(he feigns listening)

That's the sound of people changing the channel.

STAGE MANAGER

Thirty seconds to air.

Boyer runs to a monitor where he sees the Channel 3 live feed from LAX.

boyer Get me a shot of someone. See those guys in the black, that's SWAT. That's your action shot. I want a close-up of them.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

But the FBI is limiting us to long range shots only.

BOYER

That's a load of bullshit. We're the media. We have the first amendment right to show anything I damn well want.

MONITOR VIEW

The camera pans around finally zooming in on Luca and Deke.

CUT TO:

EXT. UAV - DAY

Hondo looks back toward McCabe at the comm board. Each man's shoulder-cam view is displayed on its own monitor.

HONDO

Mccabe, any points of entry on top?

Mccabe moves through computer screens. He studies the schematics of a 747.

MCCABE

Got one. Maintenance hatch just before the tail section. Opens above the rear bathrooms.

HONDO

(into headset)  
Viewers.

QUICK CUTS

Each officer flips a small glass eyepiece down from his helmet and over his right eye.

We stay with Deke's eyepiece view.

DEKE'S EYEPiece VIEWER

We see Hondo's image projected on the small glass eyepiece.

HONDO (CONT'D)

(into headset)  
Street...

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Street, Deke and Luca check their equipment.

HONDO (O.S.)

...I want you under the rear left landing gear, find the service panel. Deke, Luca, under the tail section.

DEKE  
 (into headset)  
 Copy.

The three men are already moving toward the plane.

HONDO (O.S.)  
 Get a line up and look for the rear  
 hatch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez, carrying her sniper rifle, weaves between emergency vehicles.

HONDO (O.S.)  
 Sanchez, take the sniper position  
 on the radar tower.

SANCHEZ  
 (into headset)  
 Copy.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo surveys the airplane.

WARREN (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Harrelson, the negotiator cut a  
 deal. Looks like the hijacker's  
 coming out.

HONDO  
 I'll keep my team in position until  
 you call the all clear.

CUT TO:

INT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

A French businessman, ALEX MARTEL, radiating an intimidating dignity, watches the activity outside the plane from his seat.

The HIJACKER emerges from the cockpit. He glances at Martel and the two men lock eyes for a moment.

Martel looks outside again and then at the Hijacker. His face betrays his concern.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

McCabe looks up to one of his video monitors where Channel 3 shows Luca and Deke preparing their climbing gear.

MCCABE

Hondo, looks like we're on the news.  
Channel 3.

HONDO (O.S.)

I thought we had media cooperation?

MCCABE

Well, you know Channel 3.

EXT. RADAR PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez has comfortably wedged herself on top of a forty foot radar tower.

HONDO (O.S.)

Sanchez, can you make the Channel 3 newsvan?

She swings her view to the Channel 3 newsvan.

SANCHEZ

Got it.

HONDO (O.S.)

Take it out.

SANCHEZ

Love to.

Sanchez screws on her silencer and takes a shot. The uplink cable is cut in half.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The monitors show the SWAT team preparing for action when all the screens go to snow.

BOYER

What was that? Where's my picture?

TECHNICIAN

We lost the link.

BOYER

Tell me someone blew up the whole goddamn airport. Tell me this is good news.

CUT TO:

INT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

Martel looks to two beefy MEN sitting next to him. These are his bodyguards.

The Hijacker moves in front of them to open the cabin door. As the cabin door opens we can see a portable stairway approaching.

The Hijacker turns and makes eye contact with an obviously agitated Martel then...

CRACK

The Hijacker's head jerks as a bullet drops him. The man falls backward out the open doorway.

EXT. FBI TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone on the tarmac reacts to the GUNSHOT.

WARREN  
(on his radio)  
Harrelson? Was that you? Who's firing out there? What the hell's happening?

EXT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

The Hijacker's body hits the tarmac with a sickening THUD. The airplane door seals shut.

ANGLE ON

Hondo at the UAV.

HONDO  
(into his headset)  
Shots fired! McCabe, status? Was that a passenger?

MCCABE (O.S.)  
I doubt it. The guy had a gun.

HONDO  
Sanchez, was that you?

SANCHEZ (O.S.)  
Negative. I don't know where it came from.

HONDO  
Street?

EXT. HIJACKED 747/LANDING GEAR - CONTINUOUS

STREET (O.S.)  
Negative.

INT. HIJACKED 747/COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The two Bodyguards burst into the cockpit holding ceramic handguns (undetachable to metal detectors).

BODYGUARD #1  
GET THIS PLANE IN THE AIR. NOW!

Bodyguard #1 places his gun to the man's head.

EXT. FBI TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The area is in a semi-state of confusion. Agent Warren yells into his radio.

WARREN  
Who gave you the order to take him out, Harrelson? That man was surrendering.

HONDO (O.S.)  
It wasn't us.

WARREN  
Bullshit. That shot had to come from your trigger happy people.

EXT. HIJACKED 747/UNDER THE FUSELAGE - CONTINUOUS

Street is hit with a wall of wind. The 747's massive engines crank and the plane begins to roll forward as Hondo runs to Street's position.

WARREN (O.S.)  
Keep that plane on the ground.

HONDO  
(into his headset)  
Initiate! GO! GO! GO!

ON LUCA AND DEKE

Luca and Deke hold ropes that have been thrown over the width of the fuselage and dropped to the other side. The jet begins rolling.

As the plane moves away the ropes are ripped out of Luca and Deke's hands.

ON HONDO

Hondo and Street run alongside the landing gear. With the huge wheels rolling, the two men jump onto the upright post and climb up using built-in hand and foot grips.

INT. HIJACKED 747/CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

A panel along the floor is shoved aside as Street and Hondo clamber inside. Below them we see the runway streaking along.

DEKE (O.S.)  
Hondo, we're not on the plane.  
Repeat. Not on the plane.

Hondo and Street crawl along the cargo hold.

HONDO

No time for recon. I don't know how many we're up against, but if this plane gets off the ground we've lost. The rule is: if it has a gun, shoot it.

STREET

(mock James Bond)  
Street, James Street. Licensed to kill.

INT. HIJACKED 747/FRONT GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The floor panel slides aside revealing Street and Hondo. The two men clamber out and pull their automatics. Hondo signals Street to move along the far side while Hondo takes the near.

Street steps around the corner of the galley with his gun raised. He looks up to see Bodyguard #2.

Bodyguard #2 grabs a HOSTAGE and brings him up for a shield screaming wildly in French.

Hondo spins around the corner on the far aisle. He sees what's happening and puts his palms up.

HONDO

Okay...you don't want to hurt anyone.  
All right. Just relax.  
(into headset)  
What the hell is he saying?

MCCABE (O.S.)

He's telling you to back off or he'll kill the passengers.

The Bodyguard still yells as he backs away with his hostage.

HONDO

Take it easy...

Before Hondo can finish his sentence...CRACK! Street fires a single shot.

The bullet passes between the hostage's arm and rib cage, then impacts the Bodyguard in the chest.

The Hostage looks at Street incredulous. Bodyguard #2 looks amazed and falls backward dead.

STREET

Nothing but net.

Hondo gives Street a look as they move toward the cockpit.

HONDO  
What the hell was that?

MCCABE (O.S.)  
Hondo, you're turning for take off.

HONDO  
(into headset)  
Sanchez, you feeling sharp today?

SANCHEZ (O.S.)  
Razor.

HONDO  
I'm counting on it. McCabe, put me  
through to the pilot.

MCCABE (O.S.)  
Copy. Go ahead.

HONDO  
This is Sergeant Dan Harrelson with  
the LAPD...

INT. HIJACKED 747/COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The terrified Pilot listens to Hondo on his headset as the  
enraged Bodyguard holds a gun to the CO-PILOT'S head.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The 747 begins the trek down the two mile runway.

ON SANCHEZ

Watching the plane head toward her. Hunched over her tripod  
mounted rifle, she peers through the scope.

SCOPE VIEW

The cockpit windows reflect the sunlight. Then she sees her  
target -- Bodyguard #1 standing just behind the Pilot.

As the plane passes a large red marker the Pilot ducks from  
view. Sanchez fires.

INT. HIJACKED 747/COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The thick glass windshield shatters as Sanchez's bullet passes  
through.

The bullet deflects a few degrees and explodes into the  
Bodyguard's chest. The man drops where he stands.

Hondo and Street pile in.

Warning BELLS and ALARMS go off as the plane is passing the  
critical take-off markers.

EXT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

The plane begins to slow as it reaches the end of the runway. Dozens of emergency vehicles chase the plane until it stops.

INT. HIJACKED 747/COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Hondo looks at the dead Bodyguard.

HONDO  
(into headset)  
This is Harrelson. Craft secured.  
We've got injured.

Hondo moves out into...

INT. FIRST CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Street follows close behind. Hondo stands over dead Bodyguard #2 and gives Street a look.

HONDO  
Nice shooting. Do it again and your  
career is over.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIJACKED 747 - DAY

The plane is stopped on the runway and surrounded by security and emergency vehicles.

Passengers slide down the yellow emergency slides and are helped off by waiting FIREMEN. They are escorted to waiting shuttles.

Hondo watches the passengers get off the plane when someone catches his eye. Tall and lean with the ruggedness of someone who has spent a lot of time outdoors, the MAN walks across the tarmac.

Hondo stares at the Man's face seemingly recognizing him, but not quite placing him.

Warren steps over to Hondo breaking his concentration.

WARREN  
Those your guys?

Hondo looks past Warren to see TWO MEN in suits watching the passengers disembark.

HONDO  
No. I thought they were FBI.

The French businessman, Martel, steps onto the chute and slides down. As he walks casually toward the shuttle bus the two Men in suits draw weapons.

HONDO (CONT'D)

GUN!

In an instant both SWAT team members and FBI agents pull their weapons and converge on the two Men in suits.

Hondo and Warren push through until they face the two Men. The first man, DEA Agent ZAGER, a big man with an austere face and his balding second banana EVANS, slowly pull ID badges.

ZAGER

Agent Kenneth Zager with the Drug Enforcement Administration. This is Agent Evans.

Warren takes their credentials and examines them.

HONDO

What the hell are you doing?

Zager moves to Martel who has now been pulled out of the passenger line. He handcuffs the man.

ZAGER

This man is Alex Martel, head of the Europe's biggest drug cartel, the Ynes. I'm placing him under arrest on charges of drug trafficking, capital murder and racketeering.

(incensed)

You're looking at the big dog of heroin and he's just positioned himself to take over the entire drug trade in the United States. Evans, read him his rights.

Evans proceeds to read the man his rights. Warren hands back the agents' credentials.

WARREN

This is an FBI operation Zager. You're out of your authority here.

Zager hands Warren a document.

ZAGER

I have the authority of the United States Attorney General himself.

Warren studies the paper.

HONDO

Lucky break for you the world's most wanted man just happened to be on that plane.

ZAGER

Yeah, lucky for me, friend.

Hondo and Martel make eye contact as Zager leads the drug lord away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

The green lawns surround the building's white facade.

INT. PARKER CENTER/8TH FLOOR - DAY

Uniformed police OFFICERS and CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES sit quietly at their desks listening to someone getting chewed out.

Outside Chief Velasquez's door, a SECRETARY winces with each harsh word. A group of TV REPORTERS and JOURNALISTS wait outside the office and listen to Velasquez rant.

VELASQUEZ (O.S.)

(yelling)

...And that's not even half of it.  
Do you have any idea how pissed off  
the Feds are? Not to mention the  
media...

INT. CHIEF VELASQUEZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF VELASQUEZ, the LAPD's resident bureaucrat and spin doctor sits at his desk. Hondo sits on Velasquez's couch, his feet up, smoking a cigar and leafing through a magazine.

Velasquez polishes a sharpshooting trophy.

VELASQUEZ

They're calling SWAT a death squad.  
That hijacker was surrendering.  
This isn't some Banana Republic,  
you can't just shoot the guilty...

Hondo smiles and gives Velasquez a thumbs up.

VELASQUEZ (CONT'D)

...Then what do you do? You shoot  
a passenger. Do you know what kind  
of liability that represents? And  
you...you...

Hondo whispers conspiratorially.

HONDO

Don't forget we shot the Channel 3  
news van.

VELASQUEZ

...you shot the newsvan! Are you aware of a little thing called the first amendment? The press has rights. You can't just declare open season on newsvans. If they sue, I'll personally rip off your nuts and wear them for earrings.

Hondo looks at Velasquez oddly. Velasquez shrugs.

VELASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Now get the hell out of here while I think of some way to get your ass kicked off the force.

Hondo smiles, stubs out his cigar and heads for the door.

HONDO

Rip off my nuts and wear them as earrings?

VELASQUEZ

I was going for enraged, but I think it came off more like bitchy.

HONDO

You were fine. So you wanna get some lunch?

VELASQUEZ

I'm swamped. Thanks anyway.

INT. PARKER CENTER/8TH FLOOR - DAY

Hondo steps out into the open room and everyone quickly goes back to work as if they weren't listening. The reporters all yell questions at him.

Velasquez's Secretary looks up at Hondo.

SECRETARY

(consoling)

I'm sure he didn't mean half of what he said.

HONDO

I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

DIANE KENT, a Channel 3 reporter stands on the courthouse steps facing her CAMERAMAN. Dozens of other REPORTERS file reports amidst the total confusion.

DIANE

...I've just been told that Mr. Martel's plea for dismissal was rejected by Judge Lymon. His request for bail was also denied. That means Mr. Martel will be bound over for trial.

Chaos has turned to pandemonium as LAPD and DEA agents lead Martel down the center of the steps.

The crowd parts as Martel, dressed in an orange prison jumpsuit covered with a bulletproof vest and bound in manacles, is escorted by Agent Zager. Close behind Martel is his ATTORNEY.

Reporters crowd in as they jam microphones at the crime boss and yell ridiculous questions. Martel speaks to his Attorney in French as the Attorney fends off the reporters.

LAWYER

No questions. We have no comment.

Martel stops in the center of the steps. A beat passes then in crisp, perfect English with a hint of a French accent...

MARTEL

I will give one hundred million dollars to anyone who will get me out of this jail and out of the country. One hundred million dollars!

There is a moment of stunned silence. No one moves.

A flurry of questions erupt from the reporters. The Agents hustle Martel down the steps and into a van.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 - CONTINUOUS

Boyer can hardly believe what he has heard. The entire newsroom is still in a state of shock. He turns to his staff and begins barking out new commands.

BOYER

Someone pinch me because I know I'm dreaming. Isolate that sound bite. I want it on every four minutes. Get someone working on his finances. Can he make good on that offer?

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - DAY

A half dozen PRISONERS watch a TV bolted to the wall.

TOM BROKAW

...And in Los Angeles today, alleged French Drug Lord Alex Martel made a public offer of 100 million dollars...

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

In the distance, what seems like a mirage suddenly becomes frighteningly clear. Four dozen of the meanest and dirtiest looking HELLS ANGELS shoot down the highway on their hogs.

BERNARD SHAW (V.O.)

...Rumored to have an army of over 40,000 men in the Golden Triangle area of Asia...

They pass a large green highway sign which reads: Los Angeles 30 miles.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LA - NIGHT

We follow two CRIPS as they walk behind a house. They open a lock on a garage door and roll it open. Inside we see a veritable armory of weapons.

PETER JENNINGS (VO)

...Martel is rumored to be on the verge of a take-over of the American drug market bringing with him a level of violence previously unseen in this country. A recent retaliation for a Colombian government crack-down on his operations there resulted in the assassination of several high ranking officials, a near coup against the government and a death toll numbering in the hundreds...

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and Hondo walks in. The TV is on in the living room.

DAN RATHER (V.O.)

...for security reasons, the FBI is holding Martel in the new Federal Detention Center in Downtown Los Angeles...

HONDO

Lina...

Hondo sets his keys down and then walks to the TV turning it off.

GAMBLE (O.S.)  
Keep it down, she's asleep.

Hondo spins, quick draws and point his gun at...

...NICK GAMBLE, the man Hondo recognized on the plane, casually opens a beer and slurps off the foam.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
Is that any way to say hello to an old friend, Hondo?

HONDO  
Gamble? Nick?

GAMBLE  
In the flesh.

HONDO  
How did you get in here?

Hondo looks in the direction of the stairs.

GAMBLE  
Don't worry. She's okay.

HONDO  
I thought that was you on the plane.  
What are you doing here?

Gamble looks at Hondo's gun.

GAMBLE  
You can put away the cannon.

Hondo lowers his weapon, but keeps it in hand. Gamble walks casually past him and into the living room.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
She's pretty. You're wife I mean.

Hondo bristles at the thought of Gamble having seen his wife.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
Look at this place. It's nice. I mean it. I could see myself living here, working a regular job, married, kids maybe.

HONDO  
I haven't seen you in 26 years.

GAMBLE  
More like 28.  
(MORE)

GAMBLE (CONT'D)

Da Nang, summer of '71. I spent a lot of time trying to forget what happened back then.

Dropping into a chair, an automatic is strategically placed on the table beside Gamble. Hondo doesn't fail to notice.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)

I saw you take that guy out in North Hollywood. On worldwide TV no less. You weren't about to let those guys get away...

HONDO

Whatever it takes...

GAMBLE

...to finish the mission. Yeah, I remember.

HONDO

I wondered what happened to you. Three weeks from discharge and you disappeared. You went AWOL.

GAMBLE

I walked into the jungle and never looked back. There are a lot of interesting people in the jungle. It's where I met Martel.

HONDO

So now you work for him.

GAMBLE

It's not the path I would have chosen, but it's what I do.

HONDO

Why are you here?

GAMBLE

There's a shitstorm coming and it might be in your best interest to get out of town.

HONDO

Martel doesn't scare me.

The affable smile on Gamble's face turns to a glare.

GAMBLE

I'm going to do whatever it takes to free my boss. If you're in my way when that time comes, I'm not going to hesitate to take you out.

HONDO  
If I'm in your way, you won't have  
a chance to take me out -- you'll  
be dead.

A CREAK catches their attention and both men turn to see Lina,  
in a robe, walking down the stairs.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
You didn't have to get up.

GAMBLE  
You must be Lina.

Lina looks at Gamble with a curious expression.

LINA  
Yes...and you...?

HONDO  
This is Nick Gamble. We served  
together in Vietnam.

LINA  
Is that so? Hondo doesn't talk much  
about those days.

GAMBLE  
I'm sorry about dropping in so late,  
but when I heard Hondo lived in LA,  
I had to see him.

LINA  
Are you here on vacation?

GAMBLE  
Business. I'll be leaving in a few  
days.

Gamble heads toward the door.

LINA  
I hope we get a chance to see you  
again before you leave town.

GAMBLE  
(menacing)  
I'm sure we will.

Gamble looks hard at Hondo as Lina heads into the kitchen.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
Things change, Hondo. The world  
changed. I've sure changed, but  
you, you haven't.

Gamble speaks low and only to Hondo.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)

This is one mission you won't be finishing.

He walks out the door without looking back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DINERS enter and exit the street front restaurant.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The narrow hole-in-wall restaurant has a hand full of diners seated in old stained booths.

Toward the back sits an anglo man wearing a military jacket and sporting a short buzz cut. This is HANCOCK, a militia leader.

Gamble enters, orders something in Chinese and sits across from Hancock. He pours himself some hot tea.

GAMBLE

You're not eating?

HANCOCK

I don't eat this gook food.

GAMBLE

Suit yourself.

Gamble pulls a manila folder from his jacket and hands it to Hancock.

GAMBLE (CONT'D)

Here's a down payment. Mr. Martel is on the fourth floor.

HANCOCK

What's the catch? Why ain't you doing this yourself?

GAMBLE

The money's not important to me, getting Martel out is.

Hancock stands to leave.

HANCOCK

That account number your boss was spouting off about better be real or you ain't never gonna see him again.

Gamble's food arrives and Hancock leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Sanchez is in the kitchenette heating her lunch as Luca saunters in, sits at the lunch table and leafs through a comic book.

Sanchez turns from the microwave to see Luca at the table then moves past him sits and eats.

Mccabe comes in and sits across from Luca.

MCCABE

So...who was it?

LUCA

Huh?

MCCABE

Mama Mambos? Last night? You came in this morning wearing the same clothes. So, either you missed laundry day or I'd say you were out laying some serious pipe.

Luca turns red with embarrassment. Sanchez looks up from her lunch with interest and concern.

LUCA

No...that didn't happen. I went home...alone.

MCCABE

The Mccabe-o-meter is detecting a blush response. Since Sanchez's friend never showed, could it be the female in question was of the bovine persuasion?

Luca looks around the room somewhat panicked. His eyes meet Sanchez's then break off.

LUCA

No...nothing happened. I fell asleep in my car and when I woke up it was...time to come to work.

MCCABE

Oh my God...she was coyote ugly.

He feigns chewing off his own arm.

LUCA

(irritated)  
Would you give it a rest?

Street rummages in a cabinet and grabs a box of cookies. He pulls one out, bites into it and immediately spits it out.

STREET

What the hell's wrong with these cookies?

MCCABE

Well, seeing that those are Christmas cookies, I'd say age.

Luca is happy for the diversion.

LUCA

I still like 'em.

Street throws the box to Luca who pulls out a Santa and reindeer cookie. He studies them for a beat.

MCCABE

Hey Sanchez, you stayed later than I did at Mambos, just what did Luca go home with last night?

LUCA

(panicked)

Hey! Santa and Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer, rock and bottle fight, no knives or guns. Who'd win?

Sanchez looks at McCabe a bit unnerved. She then looks at Luca who waits for anyone to chime in.

SANCHEZ

Santa's fat. That's good protection.

LUCA

But Rudolph's got the antlers.

MCCABE

You do know that Rudolph is a homosexual. That could effect the outcome.

LUCA

Now how could Rudolph be gay?

MCCABE

Think about it. That nose thing is all symbolism. Rudolph's parents know he's gay, Santa sees it too. They make him pretend he's straight by putting mud on his nose. First time he's hanging with the guys, whomph, there it is -- Rudolph gets outed. Out of the reindeer games. No homo reindeer allowed.

Luca shakes his head with disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

The massive facility is hemmed in by warehouses, a railroad switch yard and the LA River. It is surrounded by a high chain link fence topped with razor wire.

A monstrous dump truck lumbers down a city street.

As it moves it picks up speed then shoots through an intersection and SLAMS through the Federal Detention Center's outer fence, ripping it open.

As it pushes through the next two fences dragging razor wire behind it, several PRISONERS scatter. The truck plows across the yard and heads for the facility.

GUARDS open fire on the truck.

Even before the dust settles several of the Prisoners are heading toward the opened fence and freedom.

A dozen urban camouflaged MILITIA MEN, body armor and modified automatics, jump down from the bed of the truck.

They race into the yard against the sea of escaping felons.

Hancock, steps through the rubble and moves into the rec room with six of his soldiers.

HANCOCK

Let's find the gook and get the  
hell out of here.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/MARTEL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The KLAXON resonates through the prison's halls. The sound of GUNFIRE can be heard in the distance.

Martel lies in his bed, listens to the gun battle six floors below and smiles. It has begun.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

A KLAXON sounds and Hondo exits his office. 10-7 jumps up, his tail wagging a mile a minute. He goes and sits by the door.

HONDO

We just got a call. The Federal  
Detention Center. Heavy gunfire.

STREET

That's where Martel's being held.

DEKE

You think it's Gamble?

HONDO

I'd bet on it.

In rehearsed precision the team drops what they're doing and sprints into action. Street stops Deke.

STREET

Who's Gamble?

DEKE

A ghost from Hondo's past.

As each man leaves the room they rub the dog's head for luck (except Street). The dog then jumps up on the couch and lays down.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

The city street's quiet is shattered by a loud SIREN. An instant later the SWAT UAV goes airborne over a hill and lands hard as it speeds toward the federal prison.

INT. UAV - DAY

Luca drives as Hondo studies a CGI floor plan of the detention center. The rest of the team preps in the back.

LUCA

Hey, McCabe, I'm just not buying this Rudolph is gay thing.

MCCABE

Oh, it goes way beyond Rudolph. His little dentist pal, Herbie, the island of unwanted toys...

LUCA

The island of unwanted toys?

MCCABE

Is really the island of homosexual toys...

LUCA

Street, where's my back up? Tell him Rudolph is not gay.

STREET

You know, I don't really care.

LUCA

Were you this chummy on your last job?

DEKE

FDC coming up fast.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

The UAV shoots down the street, over the curb and through the tangle of broken fence and razor wire.

Air-SWAT sweeps in overhead and comes up over the facility where several newschoppers already circle the prison.

Several Militia Soldiers see the UAV enter the yard and begin firing. Anti-government slogans including "duty now for the future" are spray painted on the walls behind them.

ON THE UAV

As it races across the yard and comes to a stop.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo stands near McCabe and looks outside through the periscope like a sub commander.

HONDO

Deke, push the perimeter with some stingballs.

Deke grabs a portable launcher and pulls out several black spheres -- stingballs. Stingballs are a non-lethal crowd control grenade that explode into rubber pellets.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Street, lay down some cover. McCabe. "Duty now, for the future." Who is that?

MCCABE

Looking it up now.

EXT. JAIL YARD - CONTINUOUS

On either side of the UAV ballistic shields pop out.

Deke climbs out of the UAV and hunkers down behind the shield on the driver's side while Street crouches behind the passenger side shield.

They launch the first of several balls through the air.

The stingballs land near the Soldiers as they advance on the UAV. There is a brief moment then...

VOOMPH!

They explode showering the courtyard with hard rubber pellets knocking several Militiamen into submission.

Seconds later, smoke bombs erupt into columns of orange smoke. The yard is quickly filled with a blinding cloud.

The UAV's rear door CLANKS open and the SWAT team rushes out.

HONDO

Luca, Sanchez, roof entry.

Luca looks at Sanchez slightly distressed.

LUCA

Can Deke do it this time?

HONDO

(irritated)

If you don't mind Luca, I'm giving the orders and you're taking them. You and Sanchez on the roof.

Luca and Sanchez retreat to the fence as Air-SWAT settles down on the train tracks across the street.

A newschopper swoops in low and hovers. Its blade wash blows the colored smoke away.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Mccabe, get that newschopper out of here. I want them all above 5,000 feet.

Hondo sees several of the militiamen on the ground still reeling from the stingball attack.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Stick 'em.

Deke pulls a black tank that looks like a compact fire extinguisher off his back. He aims a thin nozzle at the Militiamen.

He fires and a thick stream of DuPont Tackton Bonding Foam coats the Militiamen's torsos.

The Militiamen struggle to get away, but the bonding foam holds them to the ground in a vise-like grip. SCARFACE lifts his head and starts spitting at Deke.

SCARFACE

You goddamn spearchucker. What is this shit? You don't have the balls to kill a white man...

Deke finds a mop bucket and sprays the inside bottom with a thick glob of the foam, places the mop bucket over the man's head and it sticks fast.

Scarface continues swearing, muffled by the bucket.

Deke raps on the bucket with his hand.

DEKE

What's that? I can't hear you?

As Hondo steps toward the blown open door to the rec room he hears a CLICK and sees a flash at his temple.

A Militiaman with a big tattoo holds a 9mm to Hondo's head. Hondo is frozen for a moment -- then reacts.

He shoots his elbow back shattering the man's nose. Hondo turns and begins pummeling the man with rights, lefts and kicks until he is unconscious.

Deke looks at the Militiaman's body. He isn't getting up.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Ever heard the words "excessive force"?

HONDO

If I'd been excessive, he'd be dead.

MCCABE (O.S.)

Got it. "Duty now for the future." It's either a 1979 album by Devo or the motto of the Montana Militia. My guess is the latter. It looks like somebody's trying to finance a revolution.

HONDO

They want a war. I'll bring them a war.

INT. AIR SWAT - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez and Luca stand in the open door of the helicopter. Sanchez struggles with her rappelling gear and Luca steps behind her to help. Without thinking he puts a hand on her hip, reaches around to her crotch and pulls the harness tight.

Sanchez's ass backs into Luca leaving them both in a physically awkward position.

BOXER

Luca, going for the full body press. I've got to remember that move.

Sanchez pulls away and readjusts her harness.

SANCHEZ

I can do it myself.

LUCA

I was just trying to help.

SANCHEZ

Well, don't.

Sanchez jumps and begins rappelling to the roof of the Federal Detention Center.

BOXER

What I do when I want a woman's attention is buy myself a bucket of fresh clams and 3 gallons of expensive wine...

Boxer turns to see that Luca is gone.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Fine. It's my secret anyway.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez and Luca hit the facility roof and race across.

They locate a door, place a small charge on the lock and step back. The charge blows, the door swings open and they enter.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT team moves carefully into the demolished rec room. Several bodies are scattered about, but the room is eerily empty.

Hondo silently hand signals the men to lower their eyepieces.

HONDO

(into his headset)

Mccabe, we're in the rec room. Get us the map.

HONDO'S EYEPiece VIEW

The facility floor plan flickers by stopping on the rec room.

MCCABE (O.S.)

The corridor heads into the main lockup. Martel's in solitary on six.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/FIFTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Luca and Sanchez enter the corridor and move to the elevator and pry it open.

Luca looks in and down.

LUCA  
(into headset)  
The elevator's stopped on four.

The officers uncoil their ropes, tie off and step off into the shaft.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

Hondo sweeps through the huge industrial kitchen.

MCCABE (O.S.)  
Hondo, looks like channel eight just landed their chopper on the roof.

HONDO  
Was it damaged?

MCCABE (O.S.)  
Negative. Probably just some reporters looking for a scoop.

Hondo considers this improbability.

HONDO  
That's gotta be Gamble. This militia attack is just a diversion. I'm going to six.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

A door marked "roof access restricted" opens and Gamble followed by his sidekick POCKMARK enter. Both men are dressed like prison guards. Pockmark carries a metal case.

They turn a corner and approach PRISON GUARD #1 at a control station. Behind the guard is a huge solid steel door marked "isolation."

GAMBLE  
We're here to move Martel.

GUARD #1  
My orders are to keep him here.

Gamble whips out a handgun and places it to the man's temple.

GAMBLE  
New orders.

The panicked guard presses the button and the huge solid door rolls slowly open.

INT. 6TH FLOOR ISOLATION WARD - CONTINUOUS

The short corridor has six cells on either side. THREE GUARDS stand outside of the last cell where the floor's only inmate, Martel, sits.

Gamble enters with the hostage guard just in front of him. The three guards turn to look as he pushes Guard #1 ahead. Gamble and Pockmark take aim at each guard.

Martel smiles and stands. Pockmark goes back to the cell gate controls and opens the cell. As Martel emerges Gamble hands him a gun. Pockmark ushers the guards into the cell then places the metal case in as well.

Martel speaks to Gamble in French as they turn to go. Then, Martel stops, turns to face the guards and mercilessly opens fire massacring the helpless men. He smiles malevolently and leaves.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

Hancock leads three of his soldiers down the hall looking in every cell.

HANCOCK

Gamble told me Martel'd be on four.

SOLDIER #1

There ain't shit here. Maybe they moved the guy.

HANCOCK

And maybe we were set-up. Let's go to five.

Hancock presses the elevator button. Nothing happens.

Soldier #1 Shit, I don't like this. We should get out of here.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

We ain't leaving without the chink.

STREET (O.S.)

Actually, you're not leaving at all.

The four Militiamen turn to see Deke and Street standing down the corridor. Deke aims his automatic at Hancock.

HANCOCK

I've got you out manned four to two, boy.

DEKE

You need to brush up on your math.

Behind the Militiamen the elevator door opens to reveal Sanchez and Luca, weapons ready. Panels in the ceiling have been pried open.

DEKE (CONT'D)  
What's it gonna be, boy?

The Militiamen panic and open fire.

Sanchez and Luca are forced to duck back into the elevator as Deke and Street dive to the ground.

Bullets ricochet off the walls and bars. Deke and Street stick to the walls as they blindly return fire.

THWACK! One of the Militiamen takes a bullet and drops. The others continue firing at the SWAT team. The ROAR of gunfire is deafening. BLAM! Hancock is hit and spins.

Deke reaches into his pack and pulls out a tear gas canister.

DEKE (CONT'D)  
(into his headset)  
CS grenades. Mask up.

The SWATers pull on rubber gas masks as Deke pulls the pin and tosses it toward the Militiamen. The CS grenade immediately fills the corridor with blinding tear gas.

The Militiamen cough and hack as the SWAT team swarms in and pushes the remaining two soldiers to the ground.

SANCHEZ  
Down! Down! Stay Down!

Deke and Luca place their MP-5s at the men's skulls. Sanchez and Street begin cuffing the suspects.

DEKE  
(into headset)  
Hondo, threat neutralized on four.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER ROOF - DAY

Gamble and Pockmark cross the roof escorting Martel wrapped in a blanket to cover his orange jumpsuit.

Martel sees the channel 8 chopper, then looks up to see fifteen other newschoppers circling far above.

Martel How will you lose them?

GAMBLE  
I left them a bigger news story.

They climb in the chopper.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

Hondo walks down the cell block slowly with his weapon drawn. All the cells are empty. He enters Martel's cell to see the four dead guards dead and the metal case.

HONDO  
(into headset)  
Gamble's been here. Four  
dead...Martel's missing.

Looking inside the metal case he sees an elaborate bomb with a sixty second timer counting down.

The sound of the EXITING CHOPPER thunders down the hall.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
Deke, live ordnance on six. You've  
got forty-five seconds.

Hondo runs to a barred window.

Above he see the channel eight chopper lifting off the roof and heading toward downtown.

He tries the bars, but they are not going anywhere. Looking around he sees a fire extinguisher on a wall. Grabbing the pressurized canister Hondo jams it in between the bars then steps back.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
Boxer, meet me on the west side,  
sixth floor.

Out comes the Desert Eagle 50mm hand canon.

Hondo aims, fires and...KERBLAM.

The huge round detonates the extinguisher which explodes in a hail of red shrapnel and a cloud of fire retardant.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The effect of Hondo's makeshift bomb is impressive. Not only does the barred window go flying off, but several good sized chunks of cement and brick.

INT. AIR-SWAT - CONTINUOUS

BOXER  
Goddamn I've got to get on this  
team!

Boxer can see Hondo through the clearing haze and angles toward him.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/MARTEL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The bomb's digital counter ticks down below 15 seconds.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

Hondo stands in the large hole as Air-SWAT moves in close as its blades will allow. Hondo leaps and does an incredible jump catching Air-SWAT's skid.

HONDO  
(into headset)  
Let's go.

Air-SWAT banks skyward.

KABOOM! Every sixth floor window explodes outward. Chunks of debris fly everywhere. Fingers of flame followed by thick smoke bellow from the windows.

Hondo climbs into Air-SWAT.

BOXER  
Now that was one hell of an exit.

INT. AIR-SWAT - CONTINUOUS

Hondo crawls inside and hunkers down behind Boxer. Below, in the prison yard, SWAT and the LAPD have the situation with the militia rednecks under control.

A half mile off Martel's chopper does slow circles over the Fourth Street Bridge.

BOXER  
Where to?

HONDO  
Where did the blue and yellow Channel  
8 chopper go?

BOXER  
South.

Boxer turns south and the two can see Martel's chopper circling in the distance.

HONDO  
He's waiting for something.

BOXER  
Nothing there but a dry river and a  
bad neighborhood.

INT. MARTEL'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT flies with caution as they continue to circle the Fourth Street bridge just east of downtown.

Gamble sits in the passenger seat scanning the horizon.  
Behind them Martel is being helped into civilian clothes.

GAMBLE  
We have eight minutes.

PILOT  
Jet Ranger at six o'clock.

Gamble turns and sees Air-SWAT closing fast.

GAMBLE  
Keep them off us.

EXT. CITY SKY - CONTINUOUS

The two choppers begin a cat and mouse chase. Martel's chopper begins a series of evasive moves. It shoots over Sixth Street through the man made canyons of downtown, banks hard over Pershing Square and up Flower.

INT. MARTEL'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The chopper is still low to the ground as it moves down Flower. Air-SWAT is nowhere to be seen.

PILOT  
We lost 'em.

GAMBLE  
It was too easy.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Martel's chopper rises as it moves around a tall skyscraper only to see...Air-SWAT hovering directly in their path.

Air-SWAT pivots to reveal their side door open and Hondo holding his H&K MP5.

Martel's chopper dips inches under Air-SWAT which drops and follows.

Gamble and Pockmark lean out of their chopper and fire at Air-SWAT.

Cresting the top of an office building Martel's chopper shoots over Bunker hill and under an elevated roadway.

Air-SWAT is there.

Gamble, firing at Hondo, rakes the side of a skyscraper shattering dozens of windows and sending a waterfall of glass shards to the street below.

Hondo lets off several short volleys of gunfire at Martel's chopper.

As the two choppers are over the County Court House, Hondo sees Pockmark about to take a shot. Hondo shoots first.

Pockmark is hit and drops out of the chopper, spiraling downward. As he falls his gun fires wildly upward.

INT. MARTEL'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Pockmark's wild shots burst up through the chopper floor and into the Pilot's body, killing him. He lets go of the controls and the chopper begins to spin Gamble grabs for the controls.

CUT TO:

INT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A JUDGE and JURY watch as a LAWYER puts an innocent spin on his obviously guilty CLIENT.

LAWYER

...They say my client murdered her husband. But where is the motive, where is the murder weapon, and most importantly where is the body?

(yelling)

Where is the body?

WHAM! Pockmark's bullet riddled body crashes through the frosted skylight landing flat and bloody on the Judge's desk.

No one moves.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

I move for a mistrial.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTEL'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Martel's chopper rotates out of control over the 101 freeway and toward Chinatown as it angles down.

The chopper drops hard onto a rooftop parking lot of the Bamboo Plaza, one of the larger and more modern structures in Chinatown. The Plaza is six stories tall with three levels of parking on the top floors and three levels of shops including a huge Dim Sum restaurant, The Empress Pavilion, below.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR-SWAT - CONTINUOUS

Hondo watches Martel's damaged chopper land hard.

HONDO  
 (into headset)  
 McCabe, Martel's Chopper just dropped  
 in Chinatown. Six story structure  
 between Broadway and Hill.

MCCABE (O.S.)  
 Bamboo Plaza. Great Dim Sum.

HONDO  
 If Martel's there for a meal, it's  
 probably to go. I want the whole  
 neighborhood shut down.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO PLAZA/ROOFTOP PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The channel 8 chopper is half over on its side, the engine smokes and chunks of the tail rotor are embedded in its metal skin. Bright green hydraulic fluid sprays from the damaged engine.

Gamble helps Martel out of the chopper.

GAMBLE  
 Get to the river. I'll keep Hondo  
 busy.

Martel runs away as Air-SWAT shoots over. Gamble turns to fire off several shots.

The SWAT chopper banks up to the right. Hondo returns fire and Gamble runs down the ramp and into the safety of the parking structure below.

Air-SWAT hovers as Hondo steps out near Martel's chopper.

Hondo runs to the center of the building and looks down the stairs to a large courtyard in the building's center. He notices a light trail of green hydraulic fluid going down the stairs.

INT. BAMBOO PLAZA COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Martel runs through the congested courtyard shoving and pushing people out of their way.

EXT. BAMBOO PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Hondo makes his way down the stairs to the third floor.

HONDO  
 (into headset)  
 Martel's on foot. I'm in pursuit.

MCCABE (O.S.)  
 We're on our way.

Hondo slows and looks around the crowded plaza. He notices a few drops of the hydraulic fluid leading into the Empress Pavilion restaurant. Hondo enters.

INT. EMPRESS PAVILION RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Hondo steps into the main dining room which seems to be a football field in length. Hundreds of tables filled with DINERS are squeezed into the facility.

The CLAMOR inside the restaurant quiets as people look up from their meals at Hondo, his gun ready, tracking the green fluid through the restaurant like a hunter. Hondo scans the room only to be met with a sea of Asian faces staring at him.

Glancing back at the fading trail, Hondo stalks through the restaurant until a smear of green on a tablecloth catches his attention. He rubs it to see if it's fresh -- it is.

Hundreds of eyes watch the SWAT sergeant as he moves to the side of the restaurant. A large FAMILY is seated at a nearby table, The grandfather, the mother and two children face Hondo, while everyone else sits with their backs to him.

Looking down, Hondo sees a seated man's pant leg is soaked in the green liquid. He places his gun to the man's temple.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Martel sitting with the terrified family. He has a gun on the table pointed at the mother

MARTEL

I have no problem killing this woman.

Hondo doesn't blink.

HONDO

And I have no problem killing you.

MARTEL

Would you be this reckless if I held the gun to your wife's head?

Hondo freezes at the mention of Lina. He steels his resolve and looks Martel directly in the eyes.

HONDO

Whatever it takes to see the job through...

Martel ponders the situation. He can hear SQUAD CARS arriving on scene. There is no escape.

MARTEL

And if I offered you the money?

HONDO

The taxes alone would kill me.

Martel realizes he'll get nothing from Hondo.

MARTEL

I guess I have no choice then.

He raises his hands, drops the gun and surrenders.

MARTEL (*CONT'D*)

You have no idea what you're getting into. My people will tear this city down brick by brick until I'm home.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO PLAZA/STREET - NIGHT

Hondo has Martel sitting on the curb, his hands cuffed behind his back. As Hondo stands guard over his prisoner a crowd of curious ONLOOKERS gathers. POLICE OFFICERS attempt to keep the crowd back, but it grows with every second as a HARLEY GANG pulls up and REVS their engines.

The police line in the street opens as a puke green sedan with government plates followed by a large passenger van and another sedan pull up.

The motorcade stops and out steps DEA Agent Zager who strides to Hondo and Martel with arrogant authority.

ZAGER

We'll take it from here. Put the prisoner in my van.

Hondo gets in Zager's face.

HONDO

Slow down. I'm the one who collared him.

ZAGER

And I'm the one with the authority to take him from you.

We've got a plane in Burbank waiting to take him to Leavenworth.

HONDO

My team is five minutes away. We'll escort you.

ZAGER

I don't think so, Sergeant. Look at this crowd.

Zager concentrates on the Harley Gang.

ZAGER (CONT'D)

I'll bet those punks wouldn't think twice about killing us to get at Martel.

HONDO

Then I'm coming with you.

ZAGER

Suit yourself.

(to his agents off  
Martel)

Get this piece of filth in the van.

INT. DEA VAN - CONTINUOUS

A DRIVER and an AGENT ride in the front as Hondo, Martel and Zager sit on the long bench seats in the back.

Zager studies a highlighted map and pulls down a radio mic.

ZAGER

This is Zager. We have Martel and are en route to Burbank. We'll be moving along the 110 freeway, then the 5 north, exiting on Hollywood Way. ETA fifteen minutes. I need...

Hondo grabs the hand mic from Zager.

ZAGER (CONT'D)

What the hell's your problem?

HONDO

Why not tell everyone where we are?

Zager takes the mic back and puts it in its cradle.

ZAGER

Relax, you're with the Feds now. We're in control of this situation.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The three vehicle convoy pulls away from the scene and breaks through the crowd as people fight to get a look in at Martel.

The convoy turns a corner and moves through Chinatown. At the end of the street looms the entrance to the 110 freeway and a clear shot to Burbank.

High above, several newschoppers try to get a better angle. Their spotlights cast a surreal pall over the street.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - NIGHT

Hondo scans the streets with concern.

CRACK CRACK CRACK...

Zager grabs his gun and his radio.

ZAGER  
(into radio)  
Shots fired! Shots fired!

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Just in front of the caravan several boxes of firecrackers nosily detonate.

DEA AGENT (O.S.)  
Negative...just some fireworks.

ZAGER (O.S.)  
Just roll over them.

Zager turns to Martel who smiles wryly.

ZAGER (CONT'D)  
Don't get too excited. Nobody's  
coming to get you out this time.  
Lightening doesn't strike twice.

BAVOOM!

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET- CONTINUOUS

A hand grenade rolls out in the street and explodes under the lead vehicle sending it flipping onto its side.

BAVOOM! Another grenade detonates a car parked nearby.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Out the front window we can see a grenade explode directly in front of the DEA van with incredible force.

HONDO  
Back up. Back the hell up...  
(into his headset)  
Deke, we're under fire.

DEKE (O.S.)  
We're 60 seconds away.

The DRIVER slams the van in reverse

EXT. CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

Air-SWAT swoops low and fires at Gamble's men as they emerge from shadows.

Zager's van backs away from the carnage.

BAVOOM! BAVOOM! Grenades detonate all around. Flaming wreckage is everywhere.

Air-SWAT lifts higher to avoid the flames and shrapnel.

Gamble stands up on a rooftop watching the mayhem unfold. He talks into a cell phone coordinating the attack like a general.

GAMBLE

Take out that chopper.

Several of Gamble's men open fire on Air-SWAT from all over.

ON AIR-SWAT

Bullets rip into the chopper's metal skin. The engine starts to smoke and sputter.

IN. AIR-SWAT - CONTINUOUS

Boxer fights for control of the chopper as smoke fills the pilot's compartment.

BOXER

Oh, shit! Not again.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Zager looks ahead and behind him to see at least twenty of Martel's men armed far better than he is.

Zager grabs Martel and puts the gun to his head.

ZAGER

How much is the reward if you're dead?

Martel says nothing.

HONDO

Turn right, down that alley.

EXT. CHINATOWN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Zager's van turns down the narrow alley. Several bullets rip into the front windshield killing the Driver who slumps forward on the gas pedal. The van lurches down the alleyway.

HONDO

(into headset)

Deke, we could sure use that back-up right about now.

DEKE (O.S.)

Right behind you...

ANGLE ON

The SWAT UAV as it rockets out into the intersection plowing a dumpster ahead of it. The dumpster smashes into a car-load of Martel's men.

The UAV does a 180 across and pursues the DEA van in reverse. Thousands of rounds PING off the armored vehicle.

The DEA van careens down the alley out of control, but is kept in place by the narrow walls.

The UAV's rear doors pop open as it closes in on the van's rear door.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Hondo jumps to the back doors and throws them open.

HONDO  
We're going.

Zager looks at the UAV as it closes the gap.

ZAGER  
You're out of your mind.

The vehicles come together like the Apollo-Soyuz space hook-up.

HONDO  
Get in there!

Zager is frozen with fear. Hondo grabs the DEA agent and throws him into the UAV. He then grabs Martel as he makes the jump to the UAV.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
We're clear!

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The UAV skids to a stop. The van continues on and plows into a brick wall that ends the alley.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Luca jams the UAV in forward gear and it leaves the way it came.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The UAV shoots down the narrow alley until it clears the next cross street. Suddenly WHOMP! Air-SWAT lands hard on the road in front of them. Flames lick at the pilot's compartment and Boxer tumbles out.

Swerving hard to the left, the UAV skids to a stop against the curb.

Gamble's men open fire on the chopper ripping it to shreds.

Boxer tries to find cover when the UAV pulls up, the door opens, a strong arm reaches out and pulls him inside.

ON ROOFTOP

Gamble fires a few last shots at the departing UAV. He pulls out a cell phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - NIGHT

The team sits in back with Martel. Everybody is throwing high-fives. The other guys ad lib their mutual congratulations.

BOXER

That was incredible! Did you see my low pass?

STREET

You just trashed a million dollar helicopter.

MCCABE

Isn't that the second one this year?

BOXER

Well, yeah. But this time it wasn't my fault. You can back me up on that, right?

Zager moves back to Hondo who studies the Teletrack map. Zager points to a far corner of the map.

ZAGER

Burbank's the other way.

MCCABE

Hondo, Chief Velasquez's on vid one.

ZAGER

Did you hear me? I have to get this man to Burbank.

HONDO

I don't take orders from you.

Hondo turns to a video screen to see a slightly fuzzy image of Velasquez.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Velasquez...

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF VELASQUEZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Velasquez watches a bank of televisions on the wall. All are playing and replaying the Chinatown incident. Hondo's image is on the largest monitor in the center of the wall.

VELASQUEZ

What's going on? I'm watching this all on TV...

HONDO(VIDEO)

The Feds got hit in Chinatown. We've got Martel.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

VELASQUEZ(VIDEO)

Sit tight. I'm gonna make some calls.

Velasquez's image goes off the line and is replaced by an LAPD symbol.

LUCA

Hondo, where to?

HONDO

Just keep moving until I work out a plan.

ZAGER

There's nothing to work out. A plane is waiting for this man in Burbank. That's where we're going.

STREET

Excuse me, but what ever happened to please?

ZAGER

Did I ask your opinion, asshole?

STREET

Who're you calling an asshole, you federal jerk-off?

ZAGER

You think you got the balls to take me on?

Street stands and takes off his equipment belt.

STREET

Right here, right now.

HONDO

Can it. Street sit.

(MORE)

HONDO (CONT'D)

(to Zager)

And you, keep your mouth shut for five minutes. Can you do that?

MCCABE

Velasquez's back on the vid.

Hondo's attention turns to the video monitor where Velasquez can be seen.

VELASQUEZ(VIDEO)

Hondo, you're taking Martel to LAX. Burbank's too hot. They're rerouting the plane.

HONDO

We're gonna need back-up.

Hondo looks at the Teletrack map on Luca's computer screen. He pinpoints their position and traces down several city blocks.

HONDO (CONT'D)

I want six squads to meet us at Figueroa and Adams.

Hondo presses a button and the vid image shuts off.

HONDO (CONT'D)

We'll maintain radio silence until this mission is completed.

Each man clicks off his radio.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Luca, we're going to LAX. I want you to take Olympic.

LUCA

I thought we were going to Figueroa and Adams.

HONDO

That's what I want everyone who just heard that radio call to think.

Hondo goes back to McCabe and studies the LA city map. He traces a route from downtown to LAX with his finger on the computer screen.

HONDO (CONT'D)

We'll take Olympic to Vermont. Take that down to Imperial and LAX.

STREET

What about the freeways?

MCCABE

We risk getting jammed up. CHP is reporting heavy traffic.

DEKE

Vermont's going to take us through Eight-Trey Crip territory.

HONDO

We'll skirt just to the east of it.

Martel turns to the SWAT team members.

MARTEL

You all understand my offer still stands. One hundred million dollars. I extend it personally to each man here.

There is no response.

MARTEL (*CONT'D*)

Remember, it only takes one of you to turn on the others and you'll live like a king for the rest of your life.

HONDO

That's enough.

MARTEL

Perhaps violence is the only thing you understand. I could give you that instead. I've ordered more people killed than you could imagine and I don't lose a minute's sleep over it.

ZAGER

Is that supposed to be a threat?

MARTEL

It's a promise.

LUCA

Hey, Hondo, come up here and look at this.

Hondo moves up to the cab and crouches between Luca and Deke.

Out on the street PEOPLE line the sidewalks to look at something. As the UAV passes, they point and yell. Some even take pictures.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As the UAV heads under an overpass we see dozens of people on the bridge struggling to get a look at them.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Luca and Hondo look at the crowds in awe.

DEKE  
What's going on here?

HONDO  
I have no idea.

Suddenly the Channel 3 Sky-Eye newschopper swoops low over their heads and banks off.

MCCABE  
We're live on Channel 3 again.

LUCA  
No shit.

Hondo climbs back to Luca's comm center.

MONITOR VIEW

An aerial view of the UAV as it moves down Vermont Street.

REED SELLARS (V.O.)  
...the SWAT vehicle is on Vermont  
heading south.

On the screen a city map of Los Angeles shows the UAV's exact position.

ON THE SWAT TEAM

STREET  
They're telling them exactly where  
we are.

HONDO  
Can you lose them?

Luca turns hard and everyone goes flying. He accelerates down several alleys and around corners.

EXT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSCHOPPER - NIGHT

The chopper has a high-powered spotlight trained on the UAV and is doing a good job of sticking with the vehicle.

INT. UAV - NIGHT

Martel looks at Zager.

MARTEL  
Did you really think this was going  
to be easy?

ZAGER

You, shut up.

MARTEL

It's a little early to start coming unraveled.

ZAGER

Somebody should put a cage around this whole damn city and let the animals kill each other off.

HONDO

You Feds parade your prisoners around like the catch of the day and then you're surprised when it blows up in your face.

ZAGER

Don't blame me for this. I didn't cause it.

HONDO

Is that so? How is it you were at the airport when that hijacked plane landed? Better yet, what are the odds that a plane with the DEA's most wanted man happens to be hijacked to the United States at all?

ZAGER

You're way out of line.

HONDO

Were you the one who shot the hijacker or was it one of your cronies?

Zager's jaw clenches as he looks Hondo in the eye.

ZAGER

You can't imagine what this man represents? When he takes over a drug market he leaves nothing but death and destruction in his wake and I'm not just talking about the junkies and dealers. I'm talking about anyone who crosses his path.

HONDO

And you think sending him to Leavenworth will change any of that?

ZAGER

We're putting him in a hole so deep he won't know if he's alive or dead.

MARTEL

You should have killed me when you had the chance, Agent Zager. My people will destroy you, this city and this country until I'm free.

ZAGER

Yeah, right.

MARTEL

Look what I've done to Los Angeles with just a few choice words.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The UAV SCREECHES around a corner and suddenly comes to a grinding halt.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A roadblock made up of lowriders. The look is almost surreal as we notice several members of the Eight-Trey Crips holding shotguns.

The THUGS pump the action on their guns in an attempt to be more intimidating.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Zager pushes his way up to the front.

ZAGER

Jesus Christ, Harrelson, what the hell have you gotten us into?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The skinny Crip LEADER of the gang walks arrogantly into the UAV's headlights. His 9 millimeter is tucked into his pants.

LEADER

Give us the man, man.

All of the lowrider cars begin hopping up and down. Lights flash and HORNS begin honking adding to the chaos.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

ZAGER

What're you going to do, Harrelson?

Hondo shoots Zager a "back-off" look and turns to Luca.

HONDO

Over the top.

Luca pops a bubble and smiles.

LUCA  
Who loves ya, baby?

Luca reaches under the dash for a black CD case. He pulls out a silver disc and slips it into the UAV's player. He flips on the loudspeaker switch.

Luca pulls the 4-wheel drive lever then presses a button which causes the suspension to raise the UAV eighteen inches.

He snaps on his seatbelt. The others do the same.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

From the top of the UAV, two top-of-the-line SONY speakers rise and CLICK into position.

The kick-ass beat of WALK THIS WAY by Aerosmith RAMPS UP and plays along with the action. The music echoes off the walls of the surrounding buildings. The pulse pounding vibrations blow windows out all around the gauntlet.

The UAV finishes rising up. Its new height gives it a more ominous look. The engine REVS loudly.

The UAV lurches forward picking up speed and heading directly for the lowriders. The gangbangers open fire.

Like something out of a heavy metal truck rally, the front wheels of the UAV pop up and dig into the hood of a chopped and lowered '63 pink glitter Impala. Thick black smoke and a SCREAMING engine compete with the pounding rock-n-roll beat.

The UAV crushes the car as it climbs over. A second and third lowrider are demolished as the UAV clears the blockade and rockets away.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

LUCA  
Urban assault vehicle -- there is  
no substitute.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWEST SUBSTATION - NIGHT

The Sixties era brick and glass building has several squad cars parking in front.

INT. SOUTHWEST SUBSTATION - NIGHT

MONITOR VIEW

The UAV drives over the lowriders and cruises away.

ON THE OFFICERS

The room erupts in a loud CHEER as if Neil Armstrong took his first step on the moon. Everyone is gathered around a TV Set watching the action.

Lina stands behind her officers.

LINA

It looks like they're moving through our precinct. I want everyone on the street looking for them.

LIEUTENANT DUNLEVY watches the TV monitor then turns to a precinct map on the wall. He points to LAX.

DUNLEVY

Straight shot to LAX from here. He'll be there in twenty minutes.

Lina returns to her office.

INT. LINA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lina picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Mccabe turns to Hondo.

MCCABE

Hondo, Captain Harrelson is calling on the cell line.

HONDO

Put her on my headset. Lina, what's the problem?

LINA (O.S.)

Tough day at the office, dear?

HONDO

Nothing special. Prison break, guys with guns, hand grenades, angry gangbangers, chopper crashes. You know, the usual.

LINA (O.S.)

I'm lining up a couple of squads to escort you to the airport.

HONDO

Thanks, but that's still not going to get me to paint the kitchen.

LINA (O.S.)  
Hondo...just be careful.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The UAV run down the road with the Channel 3 helicopter still above it. The bright spotlight encircles the moving vehicle like a halo. In the distance several news choppers are closing in.

HONDO  
Time to lose that newschopper.  
Sanchez, up on the roof and shoot  
out that spotlight.

Sanchez grabs her rifle and climbs the ladder onto the roof of the UAV.

EXT. UAV ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez climbs out the hatch and crawls along the roof of the speeding vehicle. The night sun spotlight from the chopper washes her in white light.

She puts on a pair of dark sunglasses and hunkers down.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 STUDIOS - NIGHT

Boyer and his crew watch the monitor with rapt interest as Reed Sellers narrates the action.

BOYER  
Look at that! Look at that! They  
got a guy on the roof. They're doing  
something. It's...oh shit, not again.

On the monitor Sanchez lifts her gun and points it right at the chopper. BLAM! She fires and the spotlight is blown out.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
Stay on them! You hear me? Stay on  
them!

On the monitor, the chopper has obviously peeled off.

CHOPPER PILOT (O.S.)  
But they were shooting at me.

BOYER  
If you don't get back on that SWAT  
truck you'll wish they'd hit you.

Boyer throws his coffee mug at the TV set.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The UAV speeds down a neighborhood street unnoticed by the choppers circling far in the distance.

LUCA

Hondo, we're losing oil pressure.  
We may have ripped a line.

HONDO

Can we make the airport?

LUCA

At the rate it's dropping, no.

Hondo sees the Coliseum on the Teletrack map.

HONDO

We'll stop for repairs right here.  
Behind the Coliseum.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER/WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A clear Lucite map of Los Angeles is mounted in the center of the room. An OFFICER makes red marks on the map showing Hondo's position in relation to downtown and the airport.

The double doors burst open and Chief Velasquez enters to face two LIEUTENANTS.

VELASQUEZ

Goddamnit, it's a war zone out there.  
I want a status report.

LIEUTENANT #1

The switchboard is jammed. 911 is overloaded and they're about to shut down. We've still got 28 escapees from the FDC out there.

LIEUTENANT #2

Still no word from SWAT. They never showed at the rendezvous point.

Velasquez grabs his coat and heads to the door.

VELASQUEZ

I'm heading to LAX to make damn sure Martel is put on that plane and flown out of my city.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE COLISEUM - NIGHT

Hondo studies a map spread open on the UAV's hood. The doors open and we see Zager watching Martel.

Deke, McCabe and Sanchez stand guard in a fanned perimeter around the UAV.

Under the UAV, Boxer, Street and Luca are working with tools and a flashlight.

ANGLE ON Sanchez and McCabe standing guard.

SANCHEZ

Mccabe, you and Luca talk a lot?  
About things?

MCCABE

You kidding me. He talks about everything.

SANCHEZ

Did he ever talk about me? Say anything about me?

MCCABE

What is it with you two?

SANCHEZ

What do you mean?

MCCABE

Ever since we went to Mambos last night, you've both been acting weird. You two get in a fight or something?

Sanchez seems about to say something when McCabe pauses for a beat suddenly realizing.

MCCABE (*CONT'D*)

Oh-my-God! You had sex.

Sanchez blushes.

SANCHEZ

No we didn't.

MCCABE

Oh, there was sex. It's so obvious now.

SANCHEZ

Jesus. I can't believe this. Look, it was only one time and you know we were all drinking and it was just once.

Luca's mouth hangs open with amazement.

MCCABE

But it was sex?

Sanchez starts backpedaling.

SANCHEZ

You couldn't call it sex. It was just a...a thing. That's all. A little thing.

MCCABE

We'll talk about McCabe's little thing right after you tell me more about the sex.

SANCHEZ

It's bad enough that he and I are on the same squad together, but it would be really awkward if this got out.

MCCABE

I'm not the one with the big mouth. That's Luca.

SANCHEZ

I'm gonna patrol over there.

Sanchez moves away.

ON HONDO

Hondo continues to study his map as Deke comes to his side.

HONDO

We're about ten miles from the Southwest substation if we stay off the main streets.

He looks up to Deke who looks a bit nervous.

HONDO (CONT'D)

How are you holding up?

DEKE

I'm good.

The two men stand quietly for a beat.

DEKE (CONT'D)

You think he's still out there?

HONDO

I know Gamble. He's not giving up until he has Martel and I'm dead.

DEKE

So it's personal?

HONDO

We served in Vietnam together. He was one of the best. Then he fell in with a Viet Cong leader who was killed in some stupid street battle. I don't even remember the name of the town.

DEKE

Gamble has a vendetta because you killed some minor league Communist guerrilla?

HONDO

He was going to marry her.

Hondo turns away and walks back toward the UAV.

ON LUCA, BOXER AND STREET

Hunkered down under the UAV.

BOXER

Street, how many times did you have to apply to get on the team?

STREET

One.

BOXER

One? Oh man, I've applied three times. Got any tips? What should I do next time?

STREET

Try giving up.

LUCA

What is it with you, man?

STREET

Someone needs to tell this guy he's not going to make it.

LUCA

I'm talking about your attitude. Can't you even have a friendly conversation?

STREET

Look, this is a job not a social club.

LUCA

So it's not just me. You don't like anyone.

Hondo looks under the vehicle.

HONDO  
How much longer?

LUCA  
We tore a couple of lines and there's  
an oil leak. I'm trying to tape it  
off.

HONDO  
I want to be rolling in two minutes.

Luca takes the gum from his mouth and plugs up the hole.

LUCA  
Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

An unshaven Boyer paces behind the row of TECHNICIANS. He  
pops a handful of coffee beans in his mouth.

BOYER  
I'm dying here. I'm dying and nobody  
cares. What have we got on that  
SWAT vehicle?

STAGE MANAGER  
Nothing, but I've got a lot of good  
footage of the prison riot.

BOYER  
Riots? Who gives a rat's ass about  
riots? That's old news in this town.

He chews another handful of coffee beans.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
You get every reporter we have off  
the prison and out looking for that  
SWAT truck. CNN picked up our feed  
an hour ago and we're being seen by  
the world. I want mayhem!

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone rides in silence. Sanchez rolls a bullet between her  
fingers.

Mccabe talks low to Luca through their headsets.

MCCABE  
Hey, Luca. What do you say we get  
everyone together and go back to  
Mama Mambo's tonight?

LUCA

Everyone?

MCCABE

Sure. You'll have even more fun than last time.

LUCA

Yeah, I had a pretty good time.

MCCABE

That's funny, because Sanchez said the same thing.

LUCA

What'd she say?

MCCABE

(laughing)

She says she wants to be on top next time.

McCabe's face flushes.

LUCA

Is it possible to keep a secret around here?

Deke leans forward looking out the windshield.

DEKE

What the hell happened here?

Hondo moves to the front of the UAV.

EXT. CRENSHAW BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The UAV cruises down the street. This section of the wide boulevard is eerily deserted.

As the UAV slows, an orange glow reflects off the vehicle.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the LAPD Southwest substation. Smoke comes out of several broken windows. A squad car is flipped over and demolished.

The UAV side door opens and the team exits with precision.

HONDO

Let's sweep the building.

BOXER

You want me to take a sniper position? How about entry? I'll go in first.

HONDO

I want you to stay here.

Rocket's disappointment is evident as the officers pull on their helmets and head into the substation.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
Street, Luca, run the walls. Sanchez,  
cover. Deke, with me on point.

INT. SUBSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Several of the room's desks are askew and broken. Shotgun blasts have left gaping holes in the wall.

Luca and Street run the walls and stop at the hallway leading to the next set of offices. Hondo and Deke join up with them and use a raised fist as a silent signal that the situation ahead is unknown.

Hondo hand signals Street and Luca forward.

The two officers enter the hallway back to back.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Luca and Street side-step down the hallway, sweeping each the room.

Hondo and Deke come to the last door at the end of the hallway. Hondo hand signals Deke forward.

Hondo kicks the door open and Deke charges in.

INT. LINA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The officers freeze as they see Lina's office in a shambles.

Hondo walks over and picks up a shattered picture of Lina and himself.

Street and Luca enter the office.

STREET  
The place is empty.

LUCA  
I'm sure she got out.

DEKE  
We'll break off in twos and do a  
grid search of the area. See what  
we come up with.

Hondo No, we get Martel to the airport first.

Deke looks at Hondo with surprise.

A CLINKING sound catches their attention.

STREET

What is that?

Everyone heads out of the office.

EXT. SUBSTATION - NIGHT

As the officers file out of the substation they see dozens of pale skinned, black clad GOTHs lining the street CLINKING bottles together. The bizarre sound has a chilling effect as it resonates through the street.

STREET

Who are these spooky looking bastards?

HONDO

Everyone in. We're going.

The team moves slowly toward the UAV and climbs in.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The CLINKING sound cuts right through the UAV as each man goes to a gunport.

The eerie CLINKING has each man obviously unnerved as they watch from the windows and gunports.

The UAV starts up and begins moving.

The sound slowly becomes rhythmic. Deke wipes the sweat off his brow then looks around to see if anyone is as tense as he.

Boxer begins snapping his fingers in rhythm with the CLINKING.

BOXER

(singing)

TRAILERS FOR SALE OR RENT. ROOMS  
TO LET FIFTY CENTS. NO PHONE NO  
POOL NO PETS...

Everyone looks at Boxer for a beat then back outside to the Goths. It looks like the ditty will end when Luca joins in.

LUCA

I AINT GOT NO CIGARETTES.

LUCA/BOXER

AW, BUT TWO HOURS OF PUSHING BROOM  
BUYS AN EIGHT BY TWELVE FOUR BIT  
ROOM. I'M A MAN OF MEANS BY NO  
MEANS...

Everyone, but Street, Zager and Hondo joins in.

EVERYONE  
KING OF THE ROAD.

LUCA  
THIRD BOXCAR MIDNIGHT TRAIN.  
DESTINATION BANGOR MAINE...

SANCHEZ  
OLD WORN OUT SUIT AND SHOES...

EVERYONE  
I DON'T PAY NO UNION DUES...

MCCABE  
I SMOKE OLD STOGIES I HAVE FOUND,  
SHORT BUT NOT TOO BIG AROUND. IM A  
MAN OF MEANS BY NO MEANS...

EVERYONE  
KING OF THE ROAD.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The words to the Martel continue on as the UAV moves down the boulevard. Suddenly the CLINKING stops as the last Goth is passed.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez high-fives McCabe while they sing, as if the Martel somehow prevented the situation from exploding.

EVERYONE  
(singing)  
AW, BUT TWO HOURS OF PUSHING BROOM  
BUYS AN EIGHT BY TWELVE FOUR BIT  
ROOM. IM A MAN OF MEANS BY NO  
MEANS...

LUCA  
KING OF THE...Oh shit!

Luca SLAMS the brakes and everyone stops singing as Hondo goes to the front.

HONDO  
What is it?

EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

The wide boulevard is dark and empty except for three garbage trucks parked end to end blocking the road ahead.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks at the tucks.

STREET

This can't be good.

VAVOOMP!

A single molotov cocktail flies in from the darkness and erupts atop the middle garbage truck. All three trucks, obviously covered with fuel, erupt in a wall of hot hell.

STREET (CONT'D)

I stand corrected, this really can't be good.

The ominous CLINKING begins again. Then explosions of fire erupt all around the UAV.

EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness we can't see who's doing the throwing, but hundreds of molotovs come careening down upon the UAV. As each bottle explodes a new geyser of flames shoots upward. The barrage is relentless.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

HONDO

Sanchez, lay down some defensive cover.

Sanchez climbs into the turret chair and unlocks the chain gun. Fireballs detonate all around the Plexiglas bubble as she rotates and fires blindly.

SANCHEZ

They're throwing and running. I can't make any targets.

BANG!

The entire UAV is pushed forward toward the burning garbage trucks and then jerks to a stop. The back of the vehicle begins to lift upwards. Hondo runs to the back window.

EXT. CRENSHAW BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

A monstrous diesel tow truck has its tow lift under the UAV's rear wheels and is lifting them off the ground. The tow truck's bed is divided by a huge towing shaft mechanism.

The tow truck begins to drive away pulling the UAV with it. The front tires of the UAV smoke as they attempt to resist the bigger vehicle.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is being thrown around in the vehicle. Hondo gets over to Luca who GRINDS the gears.

HONDO  
Can you get us out of this?

LUCA  
The rear wheels are off the ground  
and the front wheels aren't biting.

Hondo turns to the team and looks at each man.

HONDO  
Street, you're with me.

Hondo steps on a seat and turns a locking bar on a roof hatch. The hatch springs open. Deke boosts Hondo out of the hole followed by Street.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The UAV is tipped up at a 30 degree angle. As the tow truck pulls it backward, the UAV smashes into parked cars, streetlights and dumpsters.

Hondo crawls along the top of the UAV with Street right behind.

A GANGSTA lies flat on the cab of the truck firing at the SWAT vehicle.

HONDO  
I'm going over. Keep me covered.

Street lays flat with his gun just over the back of the UAV. He fires off several rounds at the cab. Hondo takes a run uphill and then jumps over the gap to the tow truck.

The Gangsta ducks behind several fuel cans as Street fires. Hondo lands hard in the truck bed and pops up, pistol in hand.

The tow truck DRIVER begins swerving violently down the road. The UAV whips wildly to the side and clips several parked cars.

As Hondo turns, he is blindsided by GANGSTA #2 who swings a shovel.

Hondo kicks out tripping the man and rolling him against the floor of the truck.

Gangsta # 1 stands and takes a shot at Hondo who ducks.

Street looks for a shot with his rifle, but his view is blocked by Hondo. He jumps to his feet, charges up the UAV and leaps over to the bed of the tow truck.

Gangsta #2 swings the shovel at Hondo catching him in the side. Gangsta #1 stands over Hondo to fire when Street reaches over the central tow shaft, grabs the man and pulls him to the other side of the truck bed.

Gangsta #2 swings again and Hondo catches the handle in mid-swing.

The man looks at Hondo surprised. Hondo jams the shovel handle back in the man's face sending him to the road below.

The tow truck picks up speed as it moves onto wider streets. Hondo holds on tight.

ON STREET

Grabbing a twelve foot steel rod, Street swings it at the gun toting Gangsta clipping him in the knees. He falls forward losing his gun.

Street jams the pole down the man's baggy pants until the tip comes out by his feet.

Street uses his leverage to raise the pole up like a flagpole. He jams into a hole in the truck bed floor stranding the man upside down.

ON HONDO

Getting down on the runningboard, Hondo makes his way to the lift controls.

The tow truck moves to its right attempting to throw Hondo off. The UAV is forced along the wall of shops in a shower of sparks and flames.

Street looks over the side of the truck at Hondo who has made it to the lift controls.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Get back to the UAV.

The driver swerves into a city park and through a stand of bushes and trees. Branches smack Hondo as he jams the lift control lever down.

The tow truck breaks back onto the city streets.

The hydraulics kick in as the UAV is slowly lowered. Hondo struggles to climb back into the bed of the truck when Street reaches over and pulls him up.

HONDO (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Luca, open the back doors.

Street and Hondo head for the rear of the tow truck. The UAV's back doors open and the two SWAT officers make leap into the vehicle just as the towing mechanism drops.

The UAV's wheels bite the ground and peel away in a cloud of burning rubber.

A passenger jet swoops overhead coming in for a landing at LAX which is visible just a few blocks ahead.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Street watch the tow truck as it fades into the distance. They pull the door shut.

LUCA  
(singing)  
KING OF THE ROAD.

Zager, filled with rage and fear unbuckles himself, pulls his gun and jams it under Martel's nose.

ZAGER  
This is goddamned insane. I should  
just waste you right now.

Hondo grabs Zager and pulls him back.

STREET  
You're never gonna make friends  
that way.

ZAGER  
You shut your hole, wise-ass.

HONDO  
Don't push me, Zager. Now sit and  
shut up. We'll have you and your  
prisoner dropped off in five minutes.

Street wags his finger at Zager.

STREET  
Bad cop, no donut.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX TARMAC - NIGHT

Parked far out on the tarmac is a 727 with no markings. Several police cars are parked around it. OFFICERS mingle as Velasquez impatiently checks his watch. DEA agent Evans nervously CLICKS a pen.

EVANS  
They should have made it here 40  
minutes ago. Maybe someone should  
be checking with the border patrol.

VELASQUEZ  
(incredulous)  
You think Hondo took the money?

EVANS

Why hasn't he called in? It's 100 million dollars. It doesn't take a brain surgeon. If he took the money, every second we wait puts him that much further away.

VELASQUEZ

They'll be here.

An OFFICER approaches Velasquez.

OFFICER

Ocean 35 just spotted the UAV entering the tarmac from Imperial.

VELASQUEZ

(smiling)

See, I told you.

Far off on the tarmac, the lights of the UAV can be seen as the vehicle speeds toward their position.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

MCCABE

Hondo, someone's calling on the cell phone.

HONDO

Put it on the box.

Gamble's voice echoes around the UAV.

GAMBLE (O.S.)

I want to speak with Hondo.

HONDO

What do you want Gamble?

GAMBLE (O.S.)

You know what I want.

HONDO

(to McCabe)

Hang up.

GAMBLE (O.S.)

Slow down. You're gonna want to hear what I've got to say...

HONDO

You're too late Gamble.

LINA (O.S.)

(frightened)

Danny...can you hear me?

Everyone recognizes Hondo's wife's voice. They freeze as they look to Hondo who remains expressionless.

GAMBLE (O.S.)

I told you I'd do whatever it takes to get Martel.

HONDO

It's not going to happen. I don't negotiate.

Everyone is stunned at Hondo's coldness.

GAMBLE (O.S.)

Then I'll kill her. You know I will, you've seen me do it before.

Hondo contemplates.

GAMBLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now you can deliver Martel to the Feds or you can turn around and bring him to me. At least I'm giving you a choice. That's more than you gave me. Griffith Park Observatory, forty-five minutes.

The line disconnects as Gamble has hung up. Hondo remains unaffected.

LUCA

What's the call, Hondo?

Hondo says nothing.

DEKE

Hondo, you've got to get to her.

ZAGER

Bullshit! This man is a federal prisoner. You can't trade him for some bimbo.

Hondo turns around and grabs Zager practically putting the agent through the wall.

HONDO

That's my wife.

Deke pulls Hondo off the agent who adjusts his clothes.

DEKE

Easy, Hondo. It's not this jerk-off's fault. The way I see it we've got no choice.

zager It's a trap. It's so goddamn obvious it's a trap.

DEKE (CONT'D)

He's right. But we've still got to go.

STREET

I'm in.

MCCABE

Me too.

LUCA

I'm there.

SANCHEZ

With ya.

BOXER

It's go time.

Hondo looks at the team then out the front window at the plane ahead of them.

HONDO

Turn us around, Luca.

Everyone's pumped for the impending confrontation except Zager who leaps up and grabs Luca's radio.

ZAGER

(to McCabe)

Put me through to Velasquez.

Hondo yanks the radio from the agent's hands.

HONDO

If Velasquez gets wind of what's going on in Griffith Park, he'll flood the place with officers. Gamble will kill Lina for sure.

MARTEL

There is a key to controlling every man. I think Gamble's found yours.

HONDO

Just because I'm going to see Gamble doesn't mean you're going home.

MARTEL

I would think about that carefully Sergeant Harrelson. If you don't let me go every time a child is gunned down in the street for no reason, you'll wonder if it was at my request.

Hondo looks at Martel with contempt.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX TARMAC - NIGHT

Velasquez, Evans and the Officers prepare for the UAV to pull up when suddenly the vehicle does a 180° turn and PEELS away.

Both men stare dumbfounded.

VELASQUEZ  
What is he doing?  
(to the Officers)  
What is he doing?

EVANS  
I think it's obvious. Your SWAT  
team is going for the cash.

Evans pulls out a cell phone and dials.

EVANS (CONT'D)  
This is Evans, shut down the airport  
and highways. I want that SWAT team  
stopped. I don't care what it takes.

A conflicted Velasquez turns to the Officer next to him.

VELASQUEZ  
Get every unit we have out there  
looking for them.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The UAV blasts through a closed chain-link gate and out into the street followed by several squad cars.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo is back by McCabe checking the Teletrack map on the computer.

MCCABE  
They've just called in air support.

BOXER  
Once the choppers get to us, there's  
no hiding.

Hondo studies the Teletrack map.

HONDO  
Lay in the flood channels.

Mccabe types a few commands and a network of blue lines superimposes on the Teletrack map.

MCCABE

The solid blue lines are the flood channels, the dashed blue line are drainage tunnels.

Hondo traces a solid blue line with his finger then stops at a dashed blue line.

HONDO

Right here. Luca, head for Ballona Creek wash. We'll go north and enter this flood tunnel just before Centinela and follow it to this outlet by Griffith Park.

Mccabe types a few more commands and the section of the map Hondo is pointing to enlarges. We can see the blip of light representing the UAV approaching the thick blue line.

Street peers out the back windows at the growing collection of squad cars following them.

STREET

Looks like "the man" has a bone to pick with us.

HONDO

Sanchez, up on the gun.

DEKE

Hondo, you can't shoot at the cops.

HONDO

Whatever it takes.  
(to Sanchez)  
Send them a message to back off.

Sanchez climbs into the gunner's chair.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER RON and OFFICER JIM, two hardworking guys, are in the lead patrol car just behind the UAV.

OFFICER JIM

I've been waiting a long time for this.

As Officer Jim speaks the 50mm cannon atop the UAV rotates until it faces them.

OFFICER RON

Oh, SHIT!

The rooftop machine gun starts firing at the squad cars.

EXT. LINCOLN BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez's precision shooting hits the patrol cars' emergency lights only. Seven of the ten cars are hit and swerve to avoid the gunfire. Some collide, others turn to run and a few go off the road.

Three units continue to follow.

The UAV breaks off the boulevard, across a field, through a fence and down the pitched embankment into Ballona Creek.

EXT. BALLONA CREEK - CONTINUOUS

The creek is only two feet deep and the UAV shoots upstream with ease.

The three pursuing squad cars come over the embankment one by one, each becoming mired down in the water and muck.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The team reacts with understated jubilation. The thrill of losing their pursuers is tempered by the danger that lay ahead.

Hondo looks out the front window, then at the Teletrack display.

HONDO

Over there.

EXT. BALLONA CREEK - CONTINUOUS

The UAV shoots along the shallow waterway then turns right and enters a 14 foot tall dark tunnel. As they enter the hole, their lights go dark and they seem to disappear.

EXT. LAX TARMAC - NIGHT

Velasquez paces beneath the 727 as an officer walks over.

OFFICER

Chief, looks like we lost them.  
They were in Ballona Creek and then they were gone.

VELASQUEZ

Where are they heading?

OFFICER

That's anyone's guess.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FLOOD CHANNEL - NIGHT

The UAV comes out of a dark tunnel leading into a different cement waterway.

It heads for a ramp, drives up, through a fence and out on to the streets just below Griffith Park.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BACK STREET - NIGHT

The UAV moves past the seedy side of Hollywood. The streets are empty at this early hour.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo stands over McCabe looking at the Teletrack map of Griffith Park.

HONDO

We're gonna try a Bangkok trade-off. Sanchez, Deke and Street, we're going to drop you by these tennis courts. They're almost directly below the observatory.

ZAGER

You people are in violation of so many federal statutes...

BOXER

You want me to kick his ass, Hondo?

HONDO

Ignore him. Sanchez, you'll flank to this side, Street and Deke on the right. Gamble will be holding Lina so try to get a clear line on him -- take it on my call.

Boxer steps forward pumped for action.

BOXER

What about me?

HONDO

You stay with Zager.

BOXER

Oh, man. I want to be on the front line. What action am I gonna see with this zoomer?

Hondo presses a headset radio and helmet into Rocket's chest.

MCCABE

You really think we have a chance?

HONDO

I'll tell you when it's over.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

The Los Feliz entrance to Griffith Park looms just beyond the lights of Hollywood. The UAV comes up Western and heads into the ominous darkness.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

HONDO

Luca slow down just enough for a bail out.

Deke and Street lift away floor panels that reveal the bumpy road rushing by below them.

HONDO (*CONT'D*)

Now!

The three roll to their sides and drop through openings in the floor like bombs from a plane.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

As the UAV moves uphill we see three bodies drop underneath the vehicle and stay motionless until it passes over.

Sanchez gets up first and helps Deke to his feet.

DEKE

We've got six minutes to get up there.

Looking up the steep hill, the observatory is almost directly above them. They jump a fence and run through a pasture spooking several horses.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

The UAV, it's lights off, comes to a stop. The back door opens and Boxer, Luca, Hondo and McCabe step out.

HONDO

Boxer, I want you here with Zager and Martel. Luca, I want you on the high ground. You're the spotter. Anything moves, call it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The area in front of the famous observatory is dark, illuminated by the occasional streetlight. From within the darkness we see Hondo walking forward holding a gun to the forehead of Martel who walks slowly backward.

Hondo and Martel approach the observatory as two people advance toward them from the shadows.

As the images become clear we can see what looks like Gamble (seen from behind) walking forward with a gun to the forehead of Lina who walks backward.

The Bangkok tradeoff.

GAMBLE

Far enough.

Gamble's voice echoes with a disembodied sound.

Hondo and Martel stop about fifty yards from Gamble and Lina.

EXT. HILL ABOVE THE OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Luca settles in with a pair of night vision binoculars and scans the area below.

LUCA

(into headset)

I'm in position. Looks like we have a full house tonight.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK BRUSH AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez lays flat holding the sniper rifle steady. In her night-vision scope she can see Lina's face and the back of Gamble's head.

SANCHEZ

(into headset)

I've got a good line on Gamble.

LUCA (O.S.)

Deke, gunman at your four o'clock, behind the dumpster.

ON DEKE hunkered down in the woods as well. He draws a bead on the soldier behind the dumpster.

DEKE

(into headset)

He's mine.

LUCA (O.S.)

Street, seven o'clock, behind the statue.

ON STREET

Laying flat on top of a small outbuilding. He sights.

STREET

(into headset)

Number three's all mine.

DEKE (O.S.)

Go to lock out.

The lock out trigger system is a radio link between three guns that hold the first two from firing until the third trigger is pulled.

QUICK CUTS as each man flips a switch in the stock of his rifle. Street pulls the trigger but the gun does not fire. Instead, a small concealed red light flashes. Deke pulls his trigger and the same thing happens.

Sanchez sights but does not pull her trigger.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Hondo stands with Martel. Gamble and Lina remain motionless while slightly in the shadows a good distance away.

HONDO

(whispering)

On my call.

DEKE (O.S.)

But with Lina...it's too risky.

HONDO

Just take out the computer, Lina'll know what to do.

GAMBLE

I knew you'd come. Sorry about ruining your perfect record for finishing the job.

HONDO

Let's just make this simple. Martel for Lina.

GAMBLE

That's the plan. We do this right and everyone's home for breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Zager and Martel are seated across from each other. Boxer watches the monitors with one eye and Martel with the other.

ZAGER

(panicked)

This is all wrong. This is not what I had planned.

BOXER

Would you shut up? All you do is complain.

Zager peeks out a window at the dark night then looks back at Martel.

zager You're not worth my getting killed.

Zager lifts his gun and cocks it back. He points it at Martel. It looks like he's going to blow the drug lord away.

Boxer looks back to see Zager.

BOXER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ZAGER

What I should have done earlier.

Boxer charges Zager knocking him off his feet. The chopper pilot is awkward and clumsily drops his weapon in the tussle. Zager easily gets the upper hand and sticks his gun in Rocket's gut.

BLAM!

Zager fires. The young Air-SWAT pilot is struck with the bullet and collapses.

ZAGER (CONT'D)

You're just as stupid as the rest of them.

Zager wipes a bit of blood from his cheek and turns to face Martel who now holds Rocket's dropped weapon.

ZAGER (CONT'D)

Give me the gun.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Hondo reacts with concern to the gunshot he heard. He listens to Martel and Zager's voices coming over Rocket's open mic.

MARTEL (O.S.)

I'm surprised your government would go as far as to hijack a commercial airplane.

ZAGER (O.S.)

They didn't, I did. If you want to head the DEA then you've got to be creative. The hijacking was the only way to capture you on American soil. I just didn't count on you pulling this 100 million dollar bullshit.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

MARTEL

Then I'm sure you're not counting  
on this.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Martel unloads the entire clip into Zager, drops the gun and  
exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Hondo tenses as he listens to Zager and Martel. We now see  
that Hondo is holding McCabe dressed as Martel.

HONDO

(rushing)  
Let's get this thing done.

GAMBLE

All right, send Mr. Martel over.

HONDO

You first.

GAMBLE

Now, don't we have a situation? You  
have what I want and I have what  
you want and neither of us trusts  
the other.

HONDO

We'll let them go at the same time.

MARTEL (O.S.)

I don't think so.

Hondo spins to see Martel walking out of the woods. Martel  
points at Hondo and McCabe.

MARTEL (CONT'D)

Kill those two.

HONDO

(into headset)  
Now, Deke. NOW!

Gamble pulls Lina a bit as...

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK BRUSH AREA - NIGHT.

QUICK CUTS

Sanchez pulls her trigger. The red light shifts from red to  
green and

## QUICK CUTS

the three way lock-out is released.

## ON STREET

Street's trigger is still pulled. The small red light turns green.

## ON DEKE

Deke's red now turns green. Deke, Street and Sanchez's rifles all fire simultaneously.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

From three directions come three gunshots. Street takes out the left side soldier, Deke takes out the right and Sanchez drops Gamble with one in the skull.

Now the shit hits the fan. From the balcony atop the observatory six more of Martel's MEN rise and open fire.

Hondo and McCabe pull guns and begin firing. Lina drops to the ground and lays flat as bullets whiz by.

We see the dead man is not Gamble, but some unlucky bastard who took the wrong job.

Hondo and McCabe rush toward the observatory, but are forced down by gunfire.

## ON GAMBLE

As he steps out from a concealed position just a few feet away and grabs Lina.

The SWAT guys in the brush engage Martel's men.

Gamble pulls Lina into a waiting Suburban while Martel follows.

As the vehicle peels away, Hondo runs, oblivious, through the gunfire to follow it.

Hondo almost grabs hold when a BLAST of gunfire from inside makes him dive for cover.

As he stands he sees the taillights disappear around a hairpin turn.

## EXT. GRIFFITH PARK/HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Street is hunkered down behind a tree as two SOLDIERS fire at him. The SWAT officer returns fire nearly hitting both men. The Soldiers break off and begin running. Street goes after them.

Crashing through the thick brush, Street fires on the two retreating Soldiers.

Soldier #1 turns to fire, but is cut down while Soldier #2 continues running.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Deke runs across the observatory's upper terrace then stops to catch his breath behind a marble wall.

LUCA (O.S.)  
Deke, movement at your three and seven.

He peers around the wall and looks across the terrace.

DEKE  
Where? I can't see shit.

Several bullet shots whiz by his head pushing him back behind the cover of the wall.

LUCA (O.S.)  
Behind you and in front of you.  
They're closing in! Thirty yards.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK/HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Street is chasing the running Soldier down the steep hill. The fleeing man fires as he runs.

LUCA (O.S.)  
Street, Deke's pinned down in a cross-fire. Get your ass back up there...

Street continues running and chasing the man. He fires a few more shots.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Deke is crouched to avoid the crossfire.

He looks for a safe place to run, but it's evident he's trapped. He peeks out of his cover and sees the two Soldiers closing the noose. He gets off a few shots, but has no angle.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK/HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Street chases and shoots.

LUCA (O.S.)  
Street, man, where the hell are you?

STREET  
In pursuit of a suspect.

LUCA

He doesn't matter. Deke's in trouble.

Street CLICKS his radio off as he continues the chase.

Soldier #2 leaps a ditch, lands hard then rises and opens fire on the approaching officer. Street dives and fires killing the Soldier.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez climbs the last rung of a telephone pole, lifts her rifle and quick sights one of Deke's attackers. She fires.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Deke watches as one of the advancing soldiers drops in his tracks. On that cue, Deke rolls and drops the other with a three shot burst.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK/FRONT OF OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Deke and Sanchez converge on Hondo and McCabe. Street follows just behind them. Hondo points in the direction Gamble fled.

HONDO

Where does that road go?

DEKE

It winds around Mount Hollywood and switches back by the golf course.

Luca comes running into the scene. He goes up to Street and grabs him by the shirt.

LUCA

What the hell's your problem? Didn't you hear my call?

STREET

(defensive)

I was busy.

Street shoves Luca back.

LUCA

Deke was under fire. He needed you.

STREET

I couldn't get to him.

LUCA

Couldn't get to him or didn't want to?

Hondo pushes between the two.

HONDO  
We'll sort this out later.

LUCA  
(still pissed)  
You want me to go for the UAV?

Hondo looks at Deke, whose hands shake imperceptibly.

HONDO  
No. Deke, you go, but first find  
Boxer.

SANCHEZ  
No way we're gonna catch that  
Suburban.

HONDO  
Follow me.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK HILLSIDE STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Mounted horses blast past us and jump a fence. Riding atop the sturdy creatures are five horsemen -- Hondo, Street, Luca, Sanchez and McCabe.

HONDO  
Down the firebreak.

The four officers direct their mounts to the impossibly steep hillside and begin the dangerous descent.

Street I could be wrong, but I'm guessing this isn't a road.

Branches and trees rush past as the horses run on. They come to a small stream, leap with grace, then continue.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Gamble's suburban races along the curvy road.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Lina and Martel sit in the back seat while Gamble rides shotgun. Lina stares at Martel.

MARTEL  
What are you staring at?

LINA  
I just want to see what a 100 million  
dollars looks like.

MARTEL  
And?

LINA

It doesn't look like much.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The Suburban speeds along the switchback road.

PANNING FAR UP the mountain we see Hondo and company racing down the side.

They cross the dirt road and charge down yet another hillside. Below they can see the Suburban approaching the main thoroughfare.

HONDO

The horses won't be able to catch them on the open road.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Suburban nearly goes over the side as it corners far too fast. The five horsemen burst from the brush just in front of the vehicle.

Gamble breaks right and takes the truck off road.

The chase is fast and dangerous as the Suburban and the horses race down the steep hillside.

EXT. MINERAL WELLS PICNIC GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The Suburban shoots over the top of a terraced hillside. The vehicle takes a pounding as it SLAMS down the hill toward a paved road below.

The horses still run, but are forced to slow over the terrain. The Suburban opens a lead.

Once at the bottom, Hondo spurs his horse on as they race past a campground then out into the open by the merry-go-round.

ON GAMBLE'S SUBURBAN

As it finally reaches the main thoroughfare.

HONDO

Shoot for the tires.

The men draw automatics and fire two handed as they gallop. The ride is bumpy and the shots are all wide.

LUCA

It looked so easy on Bonanza.

As the horses hit the main drag, Gamble's Suburban is far ahead in the distance.

Hondo pulls up and the horses SNORT and WHINNY completely out of breath.

He dismounts and throws off his helmet in anger.

HONDO  
(into headset)  
Central, this is Harrelson. Martel has escaped. Fugitive was last seen in a 1998 dark green Suburban -- no license plates. Vehicle is southbound on the five freeway.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Copy. Dark green Suburban southbound on the five.

HONDO  
(into headset)  
This is a hostage situation. One female police officer in the vehicle. Units should not attempt to engage the occupants.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Copy. Sergeant, what is your 20?

HONDO  
(into headset)  
Griffith Park, about two hundred yards south of the merry-go-round. Send units to pick us up.

DEKE (O.S.)  
Hondo, Hondo. You out there?

HONDO  
(into headset)  
Deke, where are you? How's Boxer?

There is a long pause.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
How is Boxer?

DEKE (O.S.)  
Umm, yeah...Boxer, he's...dead.

Hondo looks like someone hit him in the stomach. He wanders to a picnic bench and sits. The three others look down at their feet, their faces wracked with grief.

DEKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It was close range. He probably never saw it coming.

HONDO  
I thought he'd be safe if I kept  
him out of the action.

Hondo's anger is visible through his clenched teeth.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
Get down here on the double.

The guys don't know what to do or say.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
I allowed Gamble to take control. I  
let him pull me off mission.

MCCABE  
If you hadn't, Lina would be dead.  
Boxer wanted to come. We all did.  
Don't go second guessing that.

HONDO  
(not listening)  
I should never have changed the  
mission.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSROOM - DAY

Boyer and his Stage Manager huddle around the monitor.

STAGE MANAGER  
Looks like the SWAT team lost Martel.  
It just came over the scanner.

BOYER  
And we missed it?

STAGE MANAGER  
They're heading south on the five.

BOYER  
Get me a newschopper. I'm going  
over there myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY

Hondo stands a few feet away from the others who sit on a  
wooden table.

MCCABE  
You think Martel'll hide out in  
Chinatown?

HONDO  
Not likely. He's looking to get out  
of the country fast. I would guess  
in the next few hours.

Hondo looks across the open park to see several LAPD cruisers  
tearing ass in their direction. Hondo waves his arms to catch  
their attention.

HONDO (CONT'D)  
Get your gear, the cavalry just  
arrived.

Five squad cars pull up and circle the team. All the doors  
open simultaneously and ten COPS jump out and draw weapons.

The SWAT team's natural reaction is to quickly drop back into  
a circle and draw their guns. The result -- an armed ring  
surrounding an armed ring. No one dares move a muscle for  
fear of starting a fire fight.

COP #1  
We have orders Hondo. We've got to  
take you in. All of you.

STREET  
Look, pal. You've got it all wrong.

COP #2  
You crossed the line. Took the money  
and ran.

HONDO  
You think I let Martel go to collect  
the money?

COP #1  
We've got our orders.

There's a long pause as Hondo thinks what to do.

HONDO  
(to his team)  
Stand down.

STREET  
Yeah, right. And let these cock-  
knockers take us in...

Hondo turns to his men, then drops his gun.

HONDO  
I gave an order. We stand down.

Each SWATER slowly lowers his weapon as the Cops move in to  
confiscate the firepower.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A white and blue paddy wagon moves down Los Feliz boulevard followed by a squad car. Traffic is light as they clip along toward Parker Center.

INT. PADDY WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and the SWATers sit in the rear lock-up section of the wagon. Hondo looks out a small window into the cab.

Radio CHATTER can be heard from the front cab.

STREET

This whole damn thing was nothing but a sister kisser.

SANCHEZ

A sister kisser?

STREET

Yeah, we go through the toughest night of our lives, the city is in shambles, one of our own is dead and what happens? The sons of bitches who did it get away and we're on our way to the gray bar hotel. I'd say that's about as climactic as kissing your sister.

LUCA

This is gonna work out, right Hondo?

HONDO

Velasquez will clear this up. The only problem is, how long will it take.

It's obvious that Hondo is worried.

SANCHEZ

She's smart, Hondo. She'll play by the rules and she'll come out all right.

HONDO

Gamble doesn't have any rules.

There's a brief moment of silence as some radio CHATTER begins.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

All units. Be advised of an APB vehicle, dark green Suburban, no license plates corner of Fourth and Santa Fe. Vehicle is abandoned.

HONDO

They're using the river to escape.

STREET

How do you know?

HONDO

Martel and Gamble's chopper was circling above the LA river when we intercepted him. The Suburban was abandoned at 4th and Santa Fe, that's right next to the river. They keep going there -- why?

Hondo goes to the window and looks in the cab.

HONDO (CONT'D)

(into window)

I need to speak to Chief Velasquez.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Forget it.

Hondo looks at the intersection ahead. He turns to face the SWATers.

HONDO

All right, Street. Let's see just how good a kisser your sister really is. Everyone on your feet. Left side, over here.

The team stands, still unsure what Hondo plans to do. Hondo keeps his eyes on the small window.

HONDO (CONT'D)

On my call we rush the right side.

Outside the window, the paddy wagon begins to negotiate a fast and sharp right turn.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Now!

The five officers rush the right wall throwing all their weight against it.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The paddy wagon moves fast through the apex of the turn when it tips up on its right wheels and then...

SLAM!

...Over on its side. The flashing lights shatter and a flurry of sparks erupts as the wagon slides along the road.

The squad car directly behind swerves to avoid an accident. The two OFFICERS jump from their car and race over to the downed vehicle. The paddy wagon DRIVER is in a daze as he climbs his way out of the cab.

The Officers draw guns and pull open the rear doors of the wagon. They gasp in horror and reholster their guns.

OFFICER #1  
We've got injured.

INT. PADDY WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The entire SWAT team is scattered in varying positions. All seem to be unconscious.

Officer #2 pulls Street out as Officer #1 grabs Hondo.

OFFICER #2  
(into radio)  
Officers down...

Hondo's eyes open as do Street's. Officers #1 and #2 are so surprised they freeze for a moment. As they reach for their guns, Hondo and Street get them first. The two officers stand with their hands up.

STREET  
What am I supposed to do with these  
two?

Hondo nods toward the paddy wagon as Sanchez, McCabe and Luca all crawl out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN/BUNKER HILL - DAY

The downtown streets are jammed with cars. From over a hill a single police cruiser goes airborne and SLAMS down hard almost fishtailing as it cuts through traffic.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Hondo drives with Street riding shotgun. Crammed into the back are McCabe, Sanchez and Luca. Hondo gets the car airborne again landing with a bone jarring SLAM.

LUCA  
Ow! We're dying back here.

Sanchez holds the cruiser's shotgun.

SANCHEZ  
We don't have enough firepower.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
All units...be advised of a stolen  
LAPD cruiser. Unit number ocean 4-  
3. Vehicle occupants are considered  
armed and dangerous. Use extreme  
caution when apprehending.

Hondo swerves hard through an intersection and skids to a stop on the curb. Right in front of them is CARNIVAL OF GUNS, a gun shop.

HONDO

Give me the shotgun. Street with me.

Sanchez hands over the weapon and Street and Hondo hop out of the car.

EXT. CARNIVAL OF GUNS - CONTINUOUS

Hondo blasts the front window of the store with the shotgun shattering the glass.

Street and Hondo jump through the window and disappear into the store.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mccabe sits between Sanchez and Luca who say nothing.

MCCABE

Well, this is a little awkward.

SANCHEZ

Shut up, Mccabe.

LUCA

Why are you all over him? He isn't the one with the big mouth.

SANCHEZ

You know, Luca it's not like you wrote the book on tact. You haven't said two words to me since Mama Mambos.

LUCA

You were ignoring me.

As the discussion intensifies Sanchez and McCabe's voices get louder.

SANCHEZ

Try it the other way around.

LUCA

What was I supposed to say?

SANCHEZ

You could have asked me out.

LUCA

All Right. You want to go out?

SANCHEZ

Yeah. I do.

LUCA

Fine, tonight then.

SANCHEZ

Fine, tonight.

Sanchez and Luca sit and stare silently ahead, happy the tension between them is released, but uncertain what to say next.

MCCABE

My work here is done.

Hondo and Street get back into the car. Street tosses everyone weapons.

EXT. SKY ABOVE LOS ANGELES RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Martel's sleek Gulfstream Jet is dropping lower and lower as it shoots southward above the river.

EXT. SIXTH STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the SWATers near the warehouse district, they see the jet flying low over the riverbed. The Sixth Street bridge is visible a block away.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

STREET

Now there's something you don't see everyday.

HONDO

That's Martel's way out of here.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

As the Gulfstream jet passes low over the First Street Bridge, its landing gear drops.

EXT. SIXTH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The traffic thickens and the cruiser becomes stuck in the gridlock.

Hondo opens the door and grabs up his weapons.

HONDO

We'll have to go it on foot.

Everyone jumps from the cruiser and takes off behind Hondo.

## EXT. SIXTH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Traffic is snarled as drivers exit their cars and run to the side of the bridge to see the landing plane.

## ON THE SWAT TEAM

As they make it to the bridge, but are slowed by the tangle of cars.

Hondo jumps atop a Cadillac and looks at the sea of cars before him. He starts running over one car then the next.

Street, McCabe, Luca and Sanchez join in.

## INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

A DRIVER drinks coffee, listens to the radio and curses his luck for getting caught in the world's worst traffic jam when he hears CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK.

The hot coffee spills on the Driver's lap.

The roof overhead buckles slightly then Hondo appears on the windshield as he sprints on. Sanchez, McCabe, Luca and Street run over the cars on either side.

## EXT. SIXTH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

As the five SWAT officers run over cars four abreast, the entire scene unfolds before them.

The LA River is a huge cement waterway with only a shallow channel of water in its center. Pitched embankments run on each side with occasional access roads. The Seventh, Sixth, Fourth and First Street bridges all span the river in this three mile stretch. Along the city side is a busy train line and yard, on the opposite side, is a makeshift homeless colony comprised of cardboard and scrap wood huts and the shells of abandoned vehicles.

## INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSCHOPPER - DAY

Boyer watches the city below as a CAMERAMAN sits behind him.

PILOT

Mr. Boyer, There's an accident on the sixth street bridge.

BOYER

Don't waste your time.

PILOT

Looks like a plane landed in the riverbed.

Boyer thinks on it for a moment.

BOYER  
Do a fly by.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

The Gulfstream completes its landing and comes to a stop between the Fourth and Sixth Street bridges as Boyer's newschopper circles overhead.

As the engines wind down the doors open and six heavily armed MEN step out and take posts.

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWS CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

BOYER  
Did you see that? Have you ever seen anything like that? Get down there.

Boyer points to the Cameraman. The red light goes on over the camera.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
This is Michael Boyer live...

Bullets rip through the glass. Boyer leans out to see who's shooting at him.

BOYER (CONT'D)  
We're under fire...  
(out the window)  
We're the press you idiots.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIXTH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Hondo, McCabe, Sanchez, Luca and Street stop in the center of the bridge and look down on the jet in the riverbed. There is no sign of Martel or Gamble.

HONDO  
We're going over. Sanchez, keep that plane on the ground. Stay within sight of each other.

Sanchez moves for a better shot.

Each officer pulls a length of climbing rope from his pack, ties off on the bridge and goes over the side rappelling down to the riverbed below.

Sanchez finds an elevated position just to the side of the bridge span.

SANCHEZ  
(into headset)  
Hondo, I'm in position.

ON THE GULFSTREAM JET

The six Soldiers look around for something then they see it. Martel, Lina and Gamble emerge from a storm drain tunnel inset in the river bank and head toward the airplane.

ON THE RIVERBED UNDER SIXTH STREET BRIDGE

The four SWAT officers reach the dry cement river bed.

POP! POP! POP!

Martel's soldiers open fire.

Hondo, Street, Luca and McCabe dive behind the burned out frame of an old car.

HONDO  
We need to flank them. Luca take  
the left. Street, the right. McCabe  
lay down some cover.

STREET  
What about you?

HONDO  
I'll take Gamble.

Luca sprints up the riverbank, leaps a fence and runs north along the river, protected by a wall.

Hondo attempts to crawl from behind the abandoned car, but a barrage of bullets keeps him, McCabe and Street at bay.

ON THE JET

Lina is on the ground near Gamble covering her head. Gamble holds an auto M16 then unleashes a fiery barrage allowing Martel a moment to sprint toward his plane.

EXT. FOURTH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Luca has reached the Fourth Street bridge where he begins climbing a network of scaffolding. When he's just about at the top, Martel's men home in on him and open fire. Two bullets catch him.

The injured officer pulls himself over the side and he drops to the pavement of the bridge.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - CONTINUOUS

With the gunfire echoing outside, Martel grabs a metal case and opens it revealing a shoulder held rocket launcher.

He climbs out of the jet.

EXT. GULFSTREAM JET - CONTINUOUS

Martel yells to his man, PONYTAIL, then slides the case over to him. Martel climbs back inside the plane.

The Gulfstream's engines fire to life. The PILOT begins a slow hairpin turn as Martel's men lay down cover fire. When the plane has turned north, facing the direction it came, it begins to slowly roll forward toward the Fourth Street Bridge.

Gamble, still holding Lina, watches as his boss prepares to leave him behind.

LINA

No honor among thieves.

ON STREET

From his hiding place he can see the jet turn and head away. Looking up the embankment Street sees a freight train lumber

Street scampers up the side of the river, grabs the moving freight train and climbs aboard. In seconds he is on the roof of a box car firing down on the river bottom well below him.

He turns to see the Fourth Street bridge approaching.

In an incredible leap he grabs a section of scaffolding just overhead. Street pulls himself to the top of the bridge and onto the roadway.

The bridge roadway is littered with cars as people are in the process of running from the gunfire. Street unslings his gun and sprints between cars to the bridge's center.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

Ponytail opens the metal case, places the rocket launcher to his shoulder and aims it at Hondo's cover.

EXT. SIXTH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez watches Ponytail from her position. She takes careful aim with her rifle, but can't quite find the shot.

SANCHEZ

(into his headset)

Hondo! Get the hell out of there!

They've got a rocket...

ON PONYTAIL

SWOOSH! Ponytail fires the rocket.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and McCabe sprint from behind the rusted autos toward the safety of a bridge pylon.

KERBLAM!

The rusted cars are blown to bits.

ON GAMBLE

Gamble pulls Lina across the narrow water-filled channel and up the riverbank and into the homeless encampment along the lip of the riverbank.

ON HONDO

He watches Gamble and Lina climb the riverbank.

HONDO

Keep me covered.

Mccabe begins firing cover as Hondo takes off across the dry river bottom. Gamble's men fire on him.

ON GAMBLE

As he Pulls Lina through the maze of shacks and lean-tos. A HOMELESS MAN sticks his head out of a cardboard shack. Gamble fire a shot at him. The man jumps back.

EXT. FOURTH STREET BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Street finishes screwing a grenade launcher on the end of the gun.

As he approaches the bridge's center he sees Luca crawling along the ground. From the north side of the bridge, Street can see Martel's plane as it begins to roll out from under the bridge and onto the cement straight-away.

Street runs to McCabe's position and crouches down next to him.

STREET

Hold on. I'm going to get you out of here.

LUCA

No way I'm gonna die on an LA street.

Street doesn't hear him as he stands and runs to the north side of the bridge.

EXT. SIXTH STREET BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Sanchez sights up Ponytail again.

SCOPE VIEW

Smoke wafts past the view of Ponytail under the Fourth Street Bridge.

Scanning for kill zones, Sanchez sees Ponytail lift the rocket launcher and point it at her position.

ON SANCHEZ

SANCHEZ

Not today.

CRACK!

She fires an incredible longshot.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

The bullet hits Ponytail's head. As he falls, he grips the rocket launcher and his finger depresses the launcher button.

The missile shoots wildly over the riverbed impacting the Fourth Street bridge.

The explosion of concrete and stucco is tremendous as a huge section of the historic bridge is sheared away and comes crushing down.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET -- CONTINUOUS

Martel coldly orders the plane to take off.

EXT. FOURTH STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The explosion rocks the bridge like an 8.0 earthquake. A dust cloud of rock and debris shoot out like a volcano.

Then it happens...

The Fourth Street Bridge begins to buckle. The Boyle Heights side goes first. A huge section drops away to the river below followed by another. As it collapses, the rumbling on the bridge intensifies. The third section goes, then the fourth continuing onward in a domino effect.

ON HONDO

Hondo moves through the homeless encampment hunting for Gamble. Hondo watches the bridge begin to collapse and notices Street sighting up Martel's plane.

HONDO

(into headset)

Street, get off the bridge.

ON STREET

Ripping off his helmet and headset radio and dropping two grenades into his launcher.

STREET

I regret to inform you...

Street places the grenade launcher on his shoulder. He looks for the receding plane in his sights.

Closing one eye to get better aim, Street feels the earth shake. He turns to see the bridge collapsing toward him, one huge section at a time getting closer and closer.

Street coolly turns to re-sight the fleeing plane.

STREET (CONT'D)

...this flight is canceled.

Street then notices Luca sprawled on the roadway, his breathing labored.

The plane is within his sights as the RUMBLE of the collapsing bridge grows.

Street hesitates.

He breaks off, drops the grenade launcher and sprints toward Luca.

Behind him, the bridge continues to collapse thirty yards at a time. Street puts on an extra burst of speed. Scooping the injured man up he races for the side.

Street, with Luca in a fireman's carry, gets to the edge and climbs the three foot guardrail.

Standing on the guardrail he looks out at the electrical tower a few away. He studies the gap and hesitates.

Just a few feet -- no problem -- if you don't have a dying man on your back.

Street looks back at the collapsing roadway.

STREET (CONT'D)

Either way, we're toast.

Closing his eyes, he leaps into space. Behind him the bridge collapses into rubble.

The metal frame of the high tension tower rushes up to meet Street and Luca. With only inches to spare, they make it.

The two look from their position as the rest of the bridge drops to the riverbed in pieces.

ON MARTEL'S PLANE

The plane has reached take-off speed as it shoots down the riverbed.

CLOSE ON

Martel in the window of the plane. He cracks a malevolent smile and waves bye-bye with his hand.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

DEKE (O.S.)

Weeehaaaa!

From over the sloped side of the LA River, the UAV careens through a fence, down the steep slope and directly toward the taxiing jet.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Deke pulls the lever to extend the battering ram.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

The UAV speeds toward the jet its battering ram extended.

The PILOT sees the impending impact and throttles up. The nose of the jet starts to lift off.

ON THE UAV

Deke jumps from the vehicle and lands in a mossy patch of river slime.

The plane's engines scream when...

WHAM, BAM!

The UAV clips the Gulfstream's landing gear shearing it off. The jet's fuselage lists and then drops back to the riverbed.

The crashing jet SLAMS back finally coming to a rest against a bridge pillar.

AERIAL SHOT

The devastation is mind boggling. The entire Fourth Street Bridge is now a pile of rubble. Martel's jet and the UAV are wrecked in the dry riverbed.

EXT. LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS

Deke rushes over to the jet as smoke pours out of it. Martel stumbles out and is immediately handcuffed by Deke.

DEKE

Welcome back to Los Angeles. We hope you had a pleasant flight.

Smoke and debris litter the area. Street climbs down from the electrical tower and lays Luca on the ground.

Mccabe and Sanchez come running up. Sanchez checks McCabe's wounds.

LUCA  
(weakly)  
How...bad...I've got to know?

SANCHEZ  
Calm down. Both shots passed through.

Luca holds a weak smile as Sanchez squeezes his hand.

STREET  
Where's Hondo?

LUCA  
He chased Gamble into the shantytown.

ANGLE ON SHANTYTOWN

Gamble holds Lina around the neck as he pulls her through the settlement. BLAM! The windshield of a rusted old Lincoln explodes from a bullet hit.

Gamble spins then points his gun to Lina's head.

GAMBLE  
I'd say, "what the fuck" but I know  
the answer is Hondo.

Twenty yards away, Hondo steps out from behind the frame of an old city bus, his gun pointed at Gamble.

Gamble pulls Lina close.

GAMBLE (*CONT'D*)  
You never seem to know when to quit.

HONDO  
I quit when the mission's over.

GAMBLE  
(to Lina)  
Can you believe this guy?

HONDO  
Look what you've come to, Gamble.  
You live in the jungle, you work  
for drug dealers...

GAMBLE  
I've got you to thank for all of  
that. You made me what I am, Hondo.

HONDO  
You betrayed your country.

GAMBLE  
And you betrayed me.

Hondo holds his pistol steady with both hands.

HONDO  
I won't apologize for what happened.  
I did my job, I killed the enemy.

Gamble looks at Lina pulling her close.

GAMBLE  
Do you know what your husband did  
in Vietnam? Did he ever tell you?  
He killed a young girl whose only  
crime was being born on the wrong  
side of a war.

HONDO  
She was a Viet Cong spy. Because of  
her half our platoon was killed. I  
put an end to it.

GAMBLE  
Mission completed. Thank you very  
much. Where shall we send the body?  
Not this time Hondo. This is my  
mission, has been for 28 years.

Hondo holds his gun on Gamble.

GAMBLE (*CONT'D*)  
Put down the gun, Hondo.

Hondo doesn't move.

GAMBLE (*CONT'D*)  
Put down the gun or so help me God...

HONDO  
God can't help you, nobody can...

BLAM!

Hondo fires.

The bullet passes between Lina's arm and her rib cage barely grazing her. She looks down in amazement. Gamble looks even more amazed as he staggers back, blood pumping from his chest.

Still on his feet, Lina grabs Gamble's gun and fires a round into his skull. Lina Take out the computer.

Street, Deke and McCabe converge on the scene as Hondo rushes up to his wife and scoops her up in his arms.

Street Nice shooting, where'd you learn a trick like that?

Hondo carries Lina down the embankment and across the river.

While the dust still settles over the rubble of the collapsed bridge, several squad cars and ambulances pull up.

Two PARAMEDICS run to Hondo and administer first aid to Lina. A squad car comes into the riverbed from an access road and Chief Velasquez gets out.

VELASQUEZ

Are you all right, Lina? What happened?

LINA

(with admiration)  
My husband shot me. Isn't he great?

Velasquez looks at Hondo.

VELASQUEZ

The Commissioner is going to be all over me to explain what happened here the last 12 hours.

HONDO

What're you going to tell him?

VELASQUEZ

(a beat)  
The truth. That you did your job.

Two FIREMEN wheel the injured Luca by with Sanchez still holding his hand. Hondo goes over to his wounded officer.

HONDO

How you feeling?

LUCA

I think I'll be in late tomorrow.

The firemen wheel Luca away as Hondo turns to Street.

HONDO

You did all right out there. You could have taken that shot, but we would have lost Luca.

STREET

I know.

HONDO

You surprised me Street. I had you pegged for a wash-out. Even had the paperwork on my desk.

STREET

You changed your mind?

HONDO

The officer I was washing out would have gone for the plane.

STREET

I nearly cost Deke his life in the park, I wasn't gonna let it happen again.

HONDO

Well, it's a start.

Hondo turns to walk back toward the ambulance.

STREET

Still, it would have been fun to shoot down a plane.

CUT TO:

INT. LEAVENWORTH MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

We see the shackled feet of one man being escorted by the six others.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Martel sporting heavy manacles and his six man round the clock guard detail. He's escorted into a six by eight cell and the door rolls shut...Darkness.

He turns to face the solid wall, then sits and waits...for the next time.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

The lights are low, but we can make out the outline of a large shape before us. A doorway opens and casts a beam of light across the vehicle. The silhouettes of four people fill the double doorway.

The lights come up and we see McCabe, Sanchez, Luca and Street. All four marvel at the sight.

We turn to see a black behemoth. The new UAV.

The familiar KLAXON call to action sounds as Hondo comes racing out of his office.

HONDO

Hostage situation, Hollywood.

QUICK CUTS as the team jumps to action. Their gear is on in seconds as they run for the door. 10-7 goes to his position and receives a pat from each man as they leave.

Street, the last man out, stops, looks at the dog, pats his head and moves on.

EXT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER -- DAY

The SWAT theme RAMPS UP to a pulse pounding beat. The music mixes with the bass of the UAV engine. The metal garage door rolls opens. Out of the darkness emerges the new UAV.

The new UAV lays rubber and ROCKETS out. Momentarily airborne the black war wagon hits the road and blasts away.

Red and blue lights flash and an ear-piercing SIREN cuts a path through traffic.

AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

The UAV moves through downtown Los Angeles. The shot PULLS away until the gleaming black assault vehicle is just another part of the cityscape stretching as far as the eye can see.

FADE OUT: