S.W.A.T

by

Ron Mita & Jim McClain

April 18, 1997
Draft 2.0a
Illusion Entertainment

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY SKYLINE - DAY

We're high over the City of Angels on a beautiful fall afternoon. The brilliant setting sun reflects off skyscrapers from downtown to the ocean.

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

The view shifts to a square block of old worn craftsman homes.

MOVING IN CLOSER we concentrate on a single run-down two-story craftsman in the center of the block.

INT. RUN DOWN CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - DAY

Soiled carpets, walls and furniture make-up the dismal surroundings. In the kitchen, a man, REEFER and a woman, FEATHER, 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 upright unmarked canisters of chemicals are stacked in a corner. What looks like a combination of a chemistry set and moonshine still rests on the stove and counter. Reefer stirs a vat of thick liquid that boils over an open flame.

Feather is engrossed in an afternoon soap playing on a TV atop the fridge. A newsbreak cuts into the soap with a live high speed chase. REED SELLARS the plastic anchorman and his equally vacuous co-anchor KELLY LAPALMA give the play-by-play and color commentary on the action.

Welcome to Los Angeles.

REEFER
How much we clear?

PONY
A hundred grand and I ain't even half through the stack.

Feather is engrossed in the TV car pursuit.

FEATHER
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 sprawling three level 110/105 freeway interchange.

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. 110 FREEWAY SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Ferret cuts hard across five lanes of traffic and shoots down the off-ramp.

EXT. LA CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Impala heads into the 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.

As the cruisers pull into the area, Ferret leaps a fence and makes a getaway and runs toward a small bungalow. The police chopper circles overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. RUN DOWN 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 fuck 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.

FEATHER
They got us on the news.

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

(CONTINUED)

PONY
So you brought them here?

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

Pony pulls a Magnum out of his waistband and BLOWS Ferret away. Feather SCREAMS as she drops a tray of the goods.

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

PONY
Feather, go get them kids out here.

A female voice booms over a megaphone.

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

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

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - DAY

LAPD uniformed officer LINA KAY, a black woman with a heptathelete's body, crouches behind her car, revolver in one hand and a megaphone in the other.

LINA
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 barrage makes the B-of-A North Hollywood gunfight look like kids with cap guns.

Lina hits the dirt and yells to her partner.

LINA
Fuck this. Call SWAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

The downtown headquarters of the LAPD gleams in the afternoon sun.

A 90's version of the familiar SWAT theme RAMPS UP.

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 and numerous gunports. The front is equipped with a retracting battering ram.

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

The assault vehicle rockets out into the street.

Red and blue lights flash and an ear-piercing SIREN cuts a path through traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Everything is quiet save the CHATTER of police radios. Evacuated houses encircle an outer perimeter as dozens of policemen hold their distance. A brilliant spotlight illuminates the bungalow drug lab.

Several newsvans are parked outside the police line reporting on the stand-off. The channel 3 newsvan is closet to the action and DIANE KENT, an aggressive in-your-face anchor wannabe, watches as...

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

The doors burst open. The six man SWAT team jumps out and falls into positions. Each man is dressed in black pants with a loaded utility belt, black custom made light weight climbing boots, black turtleneck covered with a black Kevlar flack jacket and several handguns strapped to their bodies. Everyone carries a modified M-16 with a UV tach light attached under the muzzle.

Four of the team members begin unloading gear. The team commander, Lieutenant DAN "HONDO" HARRELSON, a square jawed, rugged Vietnam vet, heads toward the perimeter. Following him is Sergeant DAVID "DEKE" KAY, a muscular black man, the team's second-in-command and chief scout.

Diane moves over to Hondo and jams a microphone in his face.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE
Lieutenant Harrelson. Do you anticipate the use of deadly force to bring this situation to a conclusion?

Hondo turns to a uniformed OFFICER.

HONDO
Get these reporter outside of my perimeter line.

Diane continues to shout questions as Hondo moves on strapping on a communications hook-up which consists of a cigarette-sized camera on his shoulder and a wireless headset in his helmet.

Deke walks over to Lina Kay, the officer in charge.

DEKE
You call for the cavalry?

LINA
Oh man, Deke. I'm glad you're here.

DEKE
You okay, babe? You look a little shaken.

LINA
Yeah, these psychos have been laying down some serious firepower. Hey, Hondo.

Hondo approaches and nods.

HONDO
Dispatch briefed us on the way down. Deke, get around the back and do recon.

LINA
And watch your ass.

Deke smiles at his wife.

DEKE
It's not my ass you're worried about.

LINA
Just be sure you end up home tonight and not in the hospital again.

Deke winks and takes off running. Hondo turns to the UAV.

(CONTINUED)

The UAV side door is open and we can see the communications wall inside. OFFICER FRANCIS TENG, a second generation Chinese-America sits at the comm board adjusting video images. The comm board looks like a mini NASA mission control with several monitors, computers and a GPS electronic map display.

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

OFFICER STEPHANIE LUCA, a late twenties, blond and buff California girl, finishes assembling a high powered sniper rifle.

HONDO
Luca, I want you on high ground.
That house across the street.

Luca snaps the last piece of the rifle in place.

LUCA
Copy.

Luca hightails it into a crowd of officers. Hondo turns his attention to the bungalow.

HONDO
(into his radio)
Street...

ON OFFICER STREET

OFFICER JAMES STREET is the SWAT entry specialist and newest member of the team. A recent transplant from the Philadelphia Police Department, he's already established a reputation as a guy who puts action ahead of caution.

HONDO(VO)
I want ears on that house...

Street 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 glass.

The red beam pinpoints on a glass window of the bungalow. Street stands to go leaving the device in place.

STREET
Copy.

ON OFFICER MCCABE

OFFICER TJ MCCABE, a thirty-year-old who tries way too hard to cover his social awkwardness, is positioning a small cannon aimed at the front door. McCabe is the team driver and cover-man.

(CONTINUED)

HONDO(VO)
McCabe, set the cannon to blow the door, then join Deke on back point.

He 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.

MCCABE
Copy.

ON HONDO AT THE UAV

Hondo turns back to Teng.

HONDO
Teng, I want someone at Edison ready on the switch.

TENG
A crew just got here.

HONDO
(into headset)
Luca, you in position?

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Luca crawls along a sloped roof finally getting in position near a chimney. She lays flat, pulls a night scope from her bag and slips it on the rifle.

She sights the house and gets into the ready position.

LUCA
I'm there.

LUCA'S SCOPE VIEW

The house is illuminated in a surreal green.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hondo kneels behind a squad car with Street.

HONDO
(into his headset)
I'm calling an end run sweep right. Deke on back point. Street, McCabe in the fullback positions. I'm on point. Luca, if you have a shot, take it. Teng, I want the power cut on my mark.

(CONTINUED)

The team members prepare for the assault by strapping on night vision goggles, checking their body armor and prepping their weapons.

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

STREET
Have a nice day.

He drops it in the launcher.

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

In the living room, Feather is huddled on the couch with two crying CHILDREN, a boy and a girl both less then six years old.

Pony paces the room as Reefer looks outside through a blown out window. Powerful fingers of light stream in through the bullet pocked walls.

PONY
The cops wanna fight? They wanna fuck with me? I'll kill them all.

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

Pony shakes several tabs of crystal meth into his palm and swallows them. He offers some to Reefer who does the same.

PONY
Then we go down gunning.

REEFER
Just like Butch and Sundance.

Pony snaps a double length clip into his AK-47. The two men high-five each other and turn toward the windows in a death pact.

Pony and Reefer open fire.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

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

HONDO
Everyone on go. 5...4...3...

(CONTINUED)

TENG(VO)
Hondo! There are kids in there. I hear kids!

HONDO
Hold positions. How many? Where are they?

TENG(VO)
Can't tell. It sounds bad in there. These guys are cracking up.

Hondo has no choice.

HONDO
(into his headset)
Red dog blitz on three with smoke.

Each team member radios an acknowledgment.

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The two men continue firing wildly as Feather rolls the kids to the floor.

A muffled POP from the outside is followed by Street's opaque Plexiglas ball landing in the center of the room.

In the same moment, the lights flicker out. The outside spotlights shut down. Complete darkness.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Street aims the grenade launcher and fires again. This time a smoke trailing flashbang grenade shoots into the building.

Pony and Reefer stop firing from the house.

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

All the SWAT team members cover their goggled eyes. Inside the Craftsman, the flashbang grenade explodes with bright light and an eardrum shattering BOOM!

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

Hondo and Street rush the front door.

INT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The house is dark and thick with hanging smoke. Reefer staggers around.

Hondo and Street burst into the room with their M-16s.

STREET
Honey, I'm home.

HONDO'S NIGHTVISION VIEW

The Plexiglas ball emits a brilliant UV light illuminating the room like day for anyone wearing UV goggles.

Feather is on the floor wailing with one of her kids.

REGULAR VIEW

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Reefer attempts to crawl through the kitchen. The boiling chemicals on the stove emit a thick smoke.

Deke and McCabe burst through a kitchen door and begin a sweep of the room when they are pushed back by Reefer rising to his knees and firing.

Reefer's bullets rip through the drug still, shattering equipment and sending a river of flammable liquid across the stove.

The chemicals ignite.

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

Deke and McCabe push back into the room and return fire. Reefer drops in a burning mess.

DEKE
We've got a chemical fire!

The two men advance to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Deke and McCabe push through the thickening smoke. Hondo grabs the semi-conscious Feather and her little girl.

HONDO
Let's clear out. Now! Go!

Everyone races for the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Street sweeps the darkened hallway looking for suspects. A siltly smoke hangs in the air. He moves along the corridor hugging the walls.

Coming to a doorway, Street hesitates then spins into the opening and sees...

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Pony holding Feather's struggling six-year-old boy. He stands between two windows.

PONY
You move, shitball and I'll waste this kid.

Street holds up his gun in a firing stance. The boy wails.

PONY
You hear me you cocksucker?

Street makes a move into the room. Pony backs up defensively.

STREET
(coolly)
I'll bet you fifty bucks I can kill you before you pull that trigger.

Street makes another move forward.

PONY
Who the fuck you think you are? I'LL FUCKING SHOOT THIS KID!

STREET
Double or nothing says I put the bullet between your eyes.

Pony inches closer to the window.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The first floor of the house is burning. The scene is chaos.

TENG(VO)
Hondo, he's doing it again.

Hondo pulls his sidearm and races back into the burning building.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pony has inched closer to the window and Street keeps the pressure on taking another step toward the man.

STREET
Twenty dollar side bet says the Phillies win the pennant.

Pony moves in front of the window.

Street's hand moves slowly down a few inches on his rifle. He hits a button on the UV tach light at the end of his M-16.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW/LUCA'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS

Luca tenses watching the upstairs window.

LUCA'S SCOPE VIEW

An eerie blue light from Street's UV tach light illuminates Pony, but a fluttering curtain obscures her shot.

LUCA(VO)
I don't have the shot. Repeat, no shot.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PONY
Back off, fucker! I'll waste this kid!

Street relaxes and raises his hands.

STREET
All right, man. You're in charge. Whatever you say. I'm putting down the gun.

Street lays his M-16 on the floor. The biker smiles and points his gun at Street. His finger goes for the trigger.

Street's hands move in a blur. One hand reaches for a shoulder holster and the other for a thigh holster. He comes up with two pistols and fires them simultaneously.

CRACK! CRACK!

Street fires two shots hitting Pony between the eyes, killing him.

(CONTINUED)

STREET
(to Pony)
You owe me a 100 bucks. Don't go anywhere until you pay.

Hondo runs into the room.

HONDO
Outside! Now!

Street picks up the kid and they all race down the stairs.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The house is now burning out of control.

Hondo, Street and the Kid push through the flames. As they reach the edge of the porch, the house EXPLODES in a blistering fireball.

The men are lifted by the explosion and catapulted through the air.

Street hits the ground balled around the child.

Feather runs to Street and picks up her child. Hondo and Street get up slowly as Deke and Teng come to their aid.

Deke helps Hondo to his feet while Teng helps Street.

DEKE
Nine point eight. I would have given you a ten, but you didn't stick the landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

The morning sun reflects off the downtown building. Squad cars and uniformed officers move in and out of the facility.

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The command center is a four room complex. Over the doorway to the main room is a banner that reads: "WHAT HAPPENS TO ONE OF US HAPPENS TO ALL OF US." The main room (bullpen) is filled with desks and computer work stations.

The equipment room is guarded by a series of steel mesh doors with heavy locks. It is an arsenal of heavy firepower and the latest in high-tech weaponry.

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

(CONTINUED)

The last room is the motorpool housing the UAV.

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.

HONDO
I like what I see here. Deke, M. abe, you held position even under fire, but you put yourself in the open twice...

Street pushes open a door, slides into the room and moves to a chair near the back. Everyone turns and glares at him.

STREET
Sorry, traffic...

HONDO
Next time you're running late, stay home because you won't have a reason to be here.

Street rolls his eyes. Hondo moves forward on the tape.

HONDO
Luca, nice positioning here, but if you can't make the cold shot then you've got to be moving. No hesitation. If you hesitate someone in this room dies. This goes for everybody. You don't think to breathe and you don't think before you take your shot. You just do it.

Hondo turns to Teng.

HONDO
Teng, good call on the kids. We saved a couple of lives by being sharp.

The phone RINGS as the team begins to break up.

HONDO
We're not done yet.

Hondo goes to his office and picks up the phone.

Luca walks over and pours a cup of coffee. McCabe comes up behind her.

(CONTINUED)

MCCABE
(fawning)
Hey, Stephanie. I just wanted to tell you I was sorry you didn't get a chance to shoot that guy. It would've been really cool.

LUCA
You know, McCabe I don't like shooting people. It's my job. I don't get a thrill from it.

MCCABE
Oh, no. I didn't mean you liked it. I just meant you're a good shooter...I mean who wants to kill people? It's just that I mean...You're too pretty to kill people...

LUCA
What?

MCCABE
I need some...water.

McCabe slinks away.

STREET
You need a better line.

MCCABE
And you need to mind your own business.

Deke walks over to Street.

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

STREET
Hondo didn't find any problems with my performance.

TENG
Deke, you want to tell him?

DEKE
Oh no, oh no. He'll find out soon enough...

Hondo steps out of his office.

(CONTINUED)

HONDO
We're done, people. Street, in my office. Bring the videotape.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

The sound of AIR BEING DISPLACED gives way to a Hong Kong Airlines 747 as it rips through the dawn sky of a Tuesday morning.

INT. 747/FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

The first class PASSENGERS are spread out except for row five where Asian businessman, HO KHIN SONG, rests in the window seat while his two BODYGUARDS sit alert.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Passengers are beginning to stir as the brilliant sun peeks through the windows.

The light illuminates a nervous looking Asian Man, YURIKO.

Yuriko stands and walks down the aisle toward a FLIGHT ATTENDANT. He looks toward Song and makes eye contact for a brief moment.

The Flight Attendant meets Yuriko in the aisle, they exchange a few words and head to the cockpit.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Deke is working out on a Universal gym. Luca is across the room cleaning her rifle. Teng is at his desk poring over a WALL STREET JOURNAL. McCabe and Street sit at their desks doing paperwork.

MCCABE
Hey, Francis. You got the funnies in there?

TENG
This is the Wall Street Journal. There's nothing funny about it.

MCCABE
Okay. Sports section?

(CONTINUED)

TENG
This is money here, this is finance, this is your future.

MCCABE
I don't know. That shit scares me.

TENG
There's nothing to be afraid of here. It's all about knowing what you're doing. I bought fifteen grand worth of stocks on margin. Do you see me looking nervous? No.

A KLAXON sounds and Hondo steps out of his office.

HONDO
Let's roll. We're going to LAX.

The team moves with practiced precision.

IN QUICK CUTS

The team dresses at their lockers snapping on body armor, holsters and boots.

Each team member moves through the arsenal room picking out individual weapons.

The team members runs down the hallway toward the UAV.

The team loads into the UAV. Hondo is the last man, shutting the door behind him.

The vehicle rockets out of the garage as the metal door opens.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Hong Kong Airlines 747 glides through the sky toward the coast of California.

INT. 747/FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

The passengers talk amongst themselves as the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS serve drinks.

PILOT(VO)
Ladies and gentlemen. Due to a slight engine malfunction we will be making a short stop in Los Angeles.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

PILOT(Cont'd)
We will be changing planes and hope to have you to your Mexico City destination with the shortest delay. Thank you.

Ho Khin Song glances around the cabin with apprehension as the plane banks into a left turn. His Bodyguards shift in their seats and we glimpse ceramic guns inside the men's jackets.

EXT. LAX RUNWAY - DAY

The airport terminals are visible off in the distance. Several airport police vehicles, firetrucks and unmarked FBI vehicles 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 with the FBI.

Warren shakes Hondo's hand.

HONDO
Lieutenant Dan Harrelson.

WARREN
Here's what we know. Hong Kong Airlines 747 en route to Mexico City was hijacked about two hours ago. One hijacker that we know of. He claims his brother is being held prisoner on the mainland for drug trafficking. He wants us to spring him. I have my crisis team already negotiating with him.

HONDO
ETA?

WARREN
The plane should be here in six minutes.

HONDO
I'm deploying my team.

Hondo turns back to the UAV.

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

REED SELLARS the plastic anchorman and his equally vacuous co-anchor KELLY LAPALMA are getting made-up at their desks.

MICHAEL BOYER, the short, paunchy and balding news director paces the floor with anxiety. His stage manager, CHARLIE LEWIS, stands next to him.

BOYER
Channels 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.

CHARLIE
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. Stay on them.

MONITOR VIEW

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

CHARLIE(VO)
In five...four...three...two...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - DAY

The hijacked Hong Kong Airlines 747 comes in over the ocean and lines up with a runway.

INT. 747 - CONTINUOUS

Ho Khin Song looks out the window. The city of Los Angeles looms into view as the plane drops toward the airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. UAV - DAY

In the background we see the 747 come in for a landing. Hondo and Street stand next to the UAV watching as the plane touches down and taxis to a far runway.

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

HONDO
Teng. Is there a point of entry on top?

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

TENG
Got one. Maintenance hatch just before the tail section. It opens above the rear bathrooms.

HONDO
(into his headset)
Viewers in place.

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
(into headset mic)
We're deploying in an off-lead pattern.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Deke and McCabe check their equipment.

(CONTINUED)

HONDO(VO)
Deke and McCabe, under the tail section.

DEKE
(in his headset)
Copy.

The two men are already moving toward the plane.

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

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

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

HONDO(VO)
Luca, take point on the radar tower.

LUCA
(into her headset)
Copy.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo looks to Street.

HONDO
Street you're with me.

Warren contacts Hondo over his radio.

WARREN(VO)
Lieutenant Harrelson, the negotiator cut a deal. Looks like the Hijacker's coming out.

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

Hondo and Street double-time it toward the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

A very agitated Ho Khin Song watches the activity outside the plane from his seat.

(CONTINUED)

Yuriko emerges from the cockpit. He glances at Song and the two men lock eyes for a moment.

Song looks outside again and then at the hijacker. His face betrays his panic and anger.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Teng looks up to one of his video monitors where channel 3 shows McCabe and Deke preparing their climbing gear underneath the plane.

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

EXT. HIJACKED 747/LANDING GEAR - CONTINUOUS

HONDO
Luca, can you make the channel 3 newsvan?

EXT. RADAR PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Luca has comfortably wedged herself on top of a forty foot radar tower. She swings her view to the channel 3 newsvan.

LUCA
Got it.

HONDO(VO)
Take it out.

LUCA
Love to.

Luca 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Boyer looks at his stage manager completely enraged.

CUT TO:

INT. 747 - CONTINUOUS

Song nods to his two Bodyguards.

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

The Bodyguards reach into their jackets and pull their pistols.

Yuriko turns to see the Bodyguards just as they open fire.

EXT. FBI TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone on the tarmac reacts to the GUNSHOTS. Warren grabs a radio.

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

EXT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

Yuriko's body is shoved out of the open doorway. His gun clatters away on the tarmac. The airplane door seals shut.

ANGLE ON

Hondo and Street crouched down near the plane's massive wheels.

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

TENG(VO)
I doubt it. The guy had a gun.

HONDO
Luca, was that you?

(CONTINUED)

LUCA(VO)
Negative. That came from the inside.

INT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

The passengers are in a state of mass panic. People run down aisles, others crouch behind seats. SCREAMS resonate along the fuselage.

The two Bodyguards burst into the cockpit.

BODYGUARD #1
(in Chinese)
GET THIS PLANE IN THE AIR. NOW!

PILOT
(in Chinese)
BUT...

Bodyguard #2 cocks the hammer and places his gun to the man's head.

BODYGUARD #2
(in Chinese)
WE WON'T ASK A SECOND TIME.

EXT. FBI TEMPORARY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

HONDO(VO)
It wasn't us. It came from inside.

WARREN
Bullshit. That first shot came from your trigger happy people.

The 747's massive engines crank.

A worried agent gets off his cell phone.

AGENT
That was the tower. The plane is taking off.

EXT. HIJACKED 747/UNDER THE FUSELAGE - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Street are hit with a wall of wind. The plane begins to roll forward.

WARREN(VO)
Keep that plane on the ground.

HONDO
(into his headset)
All right, people we're moving to a hurry up offense...

ON MCCABE AND DEKE

McCabe and Deke move from underneath the tail section on opposite sides. A rope trails from a metal spike in the tarmac and leads to a portable launcher. Each man fires a weighted rope from the launcher.

The ropes sail over the width of the fuselage and drop to the other side. The jet begins rolling.

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

ON HONDO

Hondo and Street run alongside the front 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.

HONDO
(into his headset)
Status?

DEKE(VO)
Hondo, we're not on the plane. I 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Street pumps his gun once.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The two Pilots check several switches as the Bodyguards watch the taxiway move by. A red light flashes and a BUZZER sounds.

PILOT
(in Chinese)
THE LANDING GEAR HATCH IS OPEN.

BODYGUARD #1
(in Chinese)
CHECK IT OUT.

INT. 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 forward. Street takes the far side while Hondo takes the near side.

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

Bodyguard #2 grabs a BUSINESSMAN and brings him up for a shield screaming wildly in Chinese.

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. What the hell is he saying?

TENG(VO)
(on headset)
He's telling you to back off or he'll kill the passengers.

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

STREET
You think he's a betting man, Lieutenant...

HONDO
Street...

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

STREET
Nothing but net.

Hondo and Street fight against the passengers and move toward the cockpit.

TENG(VO)
Hondo, you're turning for take off.

HONDO
Luca, you feeling sharp today?

LUCA(VO)
Razor.

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

TENG(VO)
Copy. Go ahead.

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

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The terrified Pilot is listening on his headset as the enraged Bodyguard holds a gun to the co-pilot's head while yelling unintelligibly in Chinese.

HONDO(VO)
...I want you to go through the motions of a take-off. When you pass the first marker I want you to hit the deck. If you understand me squawk twice.

The Pilot presses the radio button twice. The Hijacker yells something and the Pilot throttles forward.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The 747 begins the trek down the two mile runway.

(CONTINUED)

ON LUCA

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

SCOPE VIEW

The cockpit windows reflect the runway lights. 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.

ON LUCA

She fires.

INT. HIJACKED 747, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The thick glass windshield shatters as Luca'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.

The plane begins to nose up as the Pilot throttles back.

EXT. HIJACKED 747 - CONTINUOUS

The plane begins to slow as it reaches the end of the runway. Dozens of emergency vehicles chase the plane to its final resting place.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Hondo looks out the shattered window then back to the dead Bodyguard. He shakes his head in disgust and charges out into first class. Street follows.

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

Hondo shoots Street a hard look.

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

HONDO
Those your guys?

WARREN
No. I thought they were LAPD. They got here before us.

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

HONDO
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 Ho Khin Song who has now been pulled out of the passenger line. He handcuffs the man.

ZAGER
This man is Ho Khin Song, head of the Sun Luon Triad. I'm placing him under arrest on charges of drug trafficking, capital murder and racketeering.
(incensed)
This asshole is responsible for more than half of the heroin trade in the United States. Evans, read him his rights.

(CONTINUED)

Evans proceeds to read the man his rights. Warren hands back the agent's 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 herself.

Warren studies the paper. Hondo and Ho Khin Song make eye contact as Zager leads the drug lord away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

Wednesday morning. Police cars are parked in front of the LAPD headquarters.

INT. SWAT COMMAND CENTER/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Teng and Deke are getting dressed.

TENG
What I'm saying is we need to put you in a front loaded 401K plan with a high annual yield, low expense ratio, low volatility, a four star rating and a dividend yield above 7 percent for both you and your wife.

DEKE
Why is it everything you say sounds like Chinese to me?

Street comes out of the shower room fully dressed with a folded towel over his shoulder.

STREET
Say, anyone seen McCabe's towel?

McCabe yells from the shower.

MCCABE(VO)
Hey, who took my towel? Anyone seen my towel?

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

(CONTINUED)

STREET
Here it is.

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

MCCABE
Very funny. Ha ha.

Luca pushes open the locker room doors while flipping through a folder.

LUCA
They sent over the new guy's file.

Luca looks up to see McCabe fumbling to cover his privates with the small wash cloth.

LUCA
That water must be very cold.

Everyone has another laugh at McCabe's expense as he backs into the shower. Deke takes the file.

DEKE
(reading)
Alex Karelin. 34, not married, Get this...he's from Russia.

STREET
A commie?

DEKE
He's Hondo's first round draft pick from the academy.

TENG
That's just what we need, more foreigners...

LUCA
Spoken like a true Native American.

DEKE
Look at this, he was Spetznaz.

Teng and Deke exchange impressed glances. McCabe comes out of the shower room with his towel around his waist.

MCCABE
Spetznaz? Do they serve fries with that?

TENG
It's Russian elite special forces.

(CONTINUED)

LUCA
That's a group of guys you don't want to mess with.

McCabe goes to his locker with his back to the room.

MCCABE
I did beat duty in South Central for four years. I'm a guy you don't want to mess with.

The door opens and everyone looks past McCabe to see Hondo dwarfed by the newest member of the SWAT team, ALEX KARELIN. Karelin is 6'5" and 250 pounds of hardened meat.

MCCABE
What did Mr. "Special Forces" do? Keep people from cutting in the toilet paper line. Confiscate black market Levis. I haven't met a Russian whose ass I couldn't kick four ways to Sunday...

HONDO
Gentlemen. I'd like you to meet our newest officer, Alex Karelin.

McCabe does a slow turn to see Hondo and Karelin. His color drains. Karelin walks right up to McCabe's face.

KARELIN
(cold)
You. What is your name?

MCCABE
TJ...McCabe.

Karelin lifts his shirt to reveal muscles rippling on muscles. He points to a large scar that runs across his chest.

KARELIN
You see this scar TJ McCabe?

McCabe nods timidly.

KARELIN
That is from policing the toilet paper line.

McCabe picks up his towel.

MCCABE
(intimidated)
I...I...have to take a shower.

(CONTINUED)

McCabe slips past Karelin and disappears into the shower room. The big Russian turns to the rest of the group.

KARELIN
Now, does anyone want to see the scars I got confiscating black market blue jeans?

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSVAN - DAY

CLOSE ON

A TV monitor. Reed Sellars and Kelly LaPalma are working their way through a Wednesday morning newsbreak.

KELLY
...A crime syndicate with a net worth estimated to be in the billions. Song's private army of some forty thousand men have provided him a cloak of secrecy. In fact, until his of arrest yesterday no pictures existed of the elusive Mr. Song. This anonymity has allowed the drug lord to travel world wide on commercial airlines without fear of arrest or attack.

REED
Kelly, we're going live to Diane Kent who is at the Federal Courthouse downtown where we understand Mr. Song's arraignment has just wrapped up. Diane?

DIANE KENT stands on the courthouse steps.

DIANE
Well, Reed, we've just been told that the hearing has ended and Mr. Song is somewhere in the building...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL

EXT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

Diane stands on the courthouse steps facing her CAMERAMAN who stands a few feet away. Dozens of other REPORTERS, both national and local, file reports amid the confusion.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE
...Mr. Song's plea for dismissal was rejected by Judge Lynch. His request for bail was also denied. That means Mr. Song will be bound over for trial.

INT. CHANNEL 3 STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

Boyer watches his anchors as Diane appears on a monitor.

REED
Diane, what is the mood at the courthouse?

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Chaos has turned to pandemonium as LAPD and DEA agents lead Song on a "perp walk" clearing a path down the center of the steps. The crowd parts as Song, dressed in an orange prison jumpsuit covered with a bulletproof vest and bound in manacles, is escorted by Agent Zager. Close behind Song is his ATTORNEY. They move down the steps and toward the street.

DIANE
Reed, it looks like Mr. Song is now leaving the building. He is being escorted by his attorney and several DEA agents.

Several reporters jam microphones at the crime boss and yell ridiculous questions. Song's Lawyer waves the reporters off.

LAWYER
No questions. We have no comment.

Song stops in the center of the steps. A beat passes then...

...in crisp perfect English.

HO KHIN SONG
I will give 100 million American dollars to anyone that will help me escape from prison and get me safely out of the country.

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

A flurry of questions erupt from the reporters.

The Agents hustle Ho Khin Song 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. LOS ANGELES DIVE BAR - DAY

The clientele is about as bottom of the barrel as it gets. A half dozen hardened MEN watch a TV above the bar.

TOM BROKAW
...And in Los Angeles today, alleged Asian Drug Lord Ho Khin Song made a public offer of 100 million dollars to anyone who will help him escape prison and leave the country...

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 HELL'S ANGELS shoot down the highway on their hogs.

BERNARD SHAW(VO)
...Rumored to have an army of over 40,000 men in Golden Triangle area of Asia. DEA sources have told us Song was on his way to meet with the Cali cartel in Mexico City when he was arrested...

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.

(CONTINUED)

Several other GANGSTAS join them as they check the weapons.

PETER JENNINGS(VO)
...Song and the Cali cartel are rumored to be joining forces to manufacture and distribute "amp" a crack-like drug mixture of heroin and methamphetamine. A cheap drug for the nineties, amp has already shown up in major U.S. cities and has been linked to several deaths...

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAR JET, OVER THE OCEAN - NIGHT

The small black business jet shoots over the ocean.

INT. LEAR JET - NIGHT

A cold calculating Vietnamese man, MAUNG, sits on a couch drinking tea. Several other MEN, dressed in black, sit nearby. A portrait of Ho Khin Song is hung on the jet's cabin wall. He watches a small TV playing the CBS evening news.

DAN RATHER
...for security reasons, the FBI has moved Song to the new Federal Detention Center in Downtown Los Angeles. Song will be the only resident at the prison as the facility has yet to open to the general prison population...

Two serious looking Asian thugs, POCKMARK AND PONYTAIL, sit across from Maung and hand him a large envelope.

Maung rips open the envelope and pulls out a Thomas Guide.

CUT TO:

EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY

Thursday morning. Lina, dressed in her blues, drives as Deke sits next to her. As they cross the intersection a convoy of thirty-five bikers rolls through the red light in front of them.

INT. DEKE'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Deke shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DEKE
I've got a real bad feeling that's getting worse.

LINA
Tell me about it. We must have collared twice as many people on shift yesterday. All on weapons charges.

DEKE
Why don't you have your mother go to her sister's in Palmdale.

LINA
Yeah, that's a good idea. I'll be happy when they get this guy out of town.

EXT. ECHO PARK SHOPS - CONTINUOUS

As the Kays drive on we can see MERCHANTS boarding up their windows and dozens of PEOPLE loading up on groceries. Still others load their belongings into trucks and cars.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER/BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The conference room is filling up with dozens of uniformed and plain clothes OFFICERS. Hondo stands to the back of the room.

POLICE CHIEF RENKE, enters and heads to the podium.

RENKE
I'd like to get started please.

The room quiets down.

RENKE
As I'm sure you all know, a situation has developed in the wake of our friend Ho Khin Song's announcement. We've tried to downplay the statement, but the media has been running wild with this story. So, effective immediately, vacations and personal time are canceled until this blows over.

There's a general grumble among the officers.

(CONTINUED)

RENKE
We're also facing another public relations nightmare. The press has all but accused us of murdering the surrendering hijacker. SWAT has been taking most of the heat on this.

HONDO
Has anyone bothered to question the DEA's role?

RENKE
The DEA isn't being very cooperative so it fallen to us to deflect the media until an inquiry can be launched. And Hondo, no more shooting at the reporters.

HONDO
LA is going to become a no-man's land in the next few hours.

RENKE
That's why I'm putting the entire department on tactical alert. The Sheriffs are offering support and I'm activating the reserves...

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 chainlink fence topped with razor wire. Tall weeds grow around the brand new building which is still in its final stages of construction.

A monstrous cement truck lumbers down a city street.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Two GUARDS walk down a long corridor of empty cells. Everything is quiet.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

The cement truck approaches a construction site and continues onward. As it approaches a red light it begins to accelerate.

The truck shoots through the intersection and SLAMS through the Federal Detention Center's outer fence, crumbling it.

(CONTINUED)

As it pushes through the next two fences dragging razor wire behind it, a landscape CREW scatters. The cement truck plows across the yard and heads for the double doors of the rec center.

INT. REC CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The room is large, gray and institutional. Three GUARDS eat donuts from a white bag, drink coffee and chat. Two other GUARDS play a game of "Battleship".

GUARD #1
B-13.

GUARD #2
Damn. Hit.

The double doors and the walls that hold them in place come blasting across the room as the cement truck explodes through.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The guards open fire as SKINHEADS dressed in baggy clothes jump off of the cement truck and run into the yard.

The Skinheads open fire with automatics killing the guards.

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

The KLAXON resonates through the prison cell. The sound of GUNFIRE can be heard in the distance.

Ho Khin Song gets up from his bed and goes to the barred window near the back of the cell. He looks down on the gunbattle six floors below and smiles.

He returns to his bed and lays down. It has begun.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The skinhead leader, REAPER, steps through the rubble and moves into the rec room with three of his skinhead SOLDIERS.

Reaper takes out a glass crack pipe and lights up. He inhales deeply and enjoys the rush. He passes the pipe on.

REAPER
Let's find the fucking gook and blow.

The three Skinheads hold up their AK-47's and advance.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Hondo sits behind his desk lacing up his heavy leather boots when Street quietly walks in.

HONDO
Close the door.

Street closes the door and takes a seat.

HONDO
You have any idea why I asked you in here?

STREET
No.

HONDO
It's about this bullshit you've been pulling in the field lately. You don't seem to realize you're part of a team.

STREET
I get results, don't I?

HONDO
But what's the cost? You don't shoot through the people you're trying to protect.

STREET
You said, "if it has a gun, shoot it." I was only following orders.

HONDO
Look, I don't know how they train officers in Philadelphia, but on my squad you play team ball or you don't play.

STREET
So, is that what the Russian guy is all about? He's my replacement. Is that what you're saying?

HONDO
I'm saying that your hot-dogging is going to get someone killed. I've seen guys like you before, Street. Action junkies looking for a high.

STREET
You kicked them off SWAT too?

(CONTINUED)

HONDO
No. I went to their funerals.

A KLAXON sounds and Deke opens Hondo's door.

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

HONDO
That's Song.

Street looks at Hondo.

STREET
You'll need a full squad.

HONDO
Suit up. We'll finish this when we get back.

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 jail.

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

ANGLE ON

Several Skinheads who see the UAV enter the yard and begin firing.

ON THE UAV

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

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

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 explodes into rubber pellets. He launches the first of several balls through the gunports.

HONDO
Luca, lay down some cover.

(CONTINUED)

Luca goes to a metal box and pulls out another portable launcher and six smoke bombs. She fires the smoke bombs in quick succession out of the gunports.

EXT. JAIL YARD - CONTINUOUS

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

VOOMPH!

They explode showering the courtyard with hard rubber pellets which pelt several Skinheads into submission.

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

The UAV's rear door CLANKS open and the SWAT team rushes out in a 2x2 formation. Hondo sees several of the Skinheads on the ground still reeling from the stingball attack.

HONDO
Stick 'em.

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

He fires and a thick stream of DuPont Tackton Bonding Foam coats the Skinheads' torso.

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

SCARFACE
You fuckin' pig bastard. I'll rip off your fuckin' head and shit down your neck. I'll...

McCabe finds a mop bucket and sprays the inside bottom with a thick glob of the foam.

Scarface is still spitting and swearing.

McCabe places the mop bucket over the man's head and it sticks fast. Scarface continues swearing, muffled by the bucket.

McCabe raps on the bucket with his hand.

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

Karelin holds his automatic machine pistol out covering his teammate's advance. As he steps toward the blown open door to the rec room he hears a CLICK and sees a flash at his temple.

(CONTINUED)

A Skinhead with a big tattoo holds a 9mm to Karelin's head.

SKINHEAD
You're one dead motherfucker.

Karelin is frozen for a moment -- then reacts.

He shoots his elbow back impacting the man in the face. The Skinhead slips backward, his face bloodied from a shattered nose.

Karelin turns and begins pummeling the man with rights, lefts and kicks. In a matter of seconds the man is almost dead. Karelin continues beating him until Deke's hand grabs the Russian's shoulder.

DEKE
He's down, man. He's down.

KARELIN
He's still dangerous.

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

DEKE
I need a spray and stay.
(to Karelin)
Have you ever heard the words "excessive force"?

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

INT. 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
Teng, 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.

TENG(VO)
The corridor heads into the main lockup. Song's in solitary on six.

(CONTINUED)

ON HONDO

HONDO
Deke and Karelin, follow the trail through E block. McCabe north stairwell, Luca south. Street you stay with me. Stay tight and on your toes.

Street, left out of the action, glares at Hondo. The team splits. We stay with Deke and Karelin as they head into E block.

INT. E BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

E block is a long corridor with cells on either side.

At the end of E block the corridor takes a 90° turn left. Deke stops at the corner and pulls his camera off his shoulder.

Karelin leans into Deke whispering.

KARELIN
What about a serial killer? Someone like Jeffrey Dahmer. A man who eats people. Could I beat him?

DEKE
What?

Deke slips the camera on the end of his gun so that it crosses the tip of the barrel like a "t".

KARELIN
Could I use excessive force to subdue him?

DEKE
If he doesn't resist, then no.

KARELIN
This makes no sense to me.

Laying on the floor Deke pokes the camera mounted on the muzzle out past the corner. On his viewer eyepiece he sees...

DEKE'S EYEPIECE VIEW

Two heavily armed Skinheads stand guard at the elevators.

ON DEKE

DEKE
(into his headset)
We've got two crackers guarding the elevators. Heavily armed.

(CONTINUED)

MCCABE(VO)
North stairwell clear.

LUCA(VO)
South stairwell clear.

HONDO(VO)
McCabe and Luca, get into the elevator shaft and flank them.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

McCabe and Luca enter from opposite ends of the corridor and converge on the elevator.

They put their fingers in the elevator door seam and pull it open. McCabe looks in and up.

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

The two officers uncoil ropes from their packs, tie them off and step off the ledge and into the shaft.

INT. BASEMENT ELEVATOR ROOM/ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator room is at the bottom of the elevator shaft.

Hondo and Street climb inside and pull several elevator power switches shutting down some of the elevator functions.

STREET
(nothing to lose)
You sure I'm not getting in your way? Maybe you should send me out for coffee.

HONDO
(ignoring him)
Shut down those power switches.

Hondo looks up the elevator shaft to see the elevator stopped some four floors above. The second floor doors open and McCabe and Luca slowly rappel down until they hang outside of the first floor doors.

CLOSE ON McCabe and Luca.

MCCABE
So Stephanie, since we're just kinda hanging around...
(more)

MCCABE (Cont'd)
(he laughs nervously)
I was wondering maybe if you're not doing anything later...I mean after this if you want to get something to eat. Some dinner.

LUCA
You better not be asking me out on a date.

MCCABE
Oh, no. I wouldn't call it a date. But if you want to call it a date we could. But I wouldn't call it a date.

STREET(VO)
McCabe, if you go out with Luca, isn't your sister gonna get jealous?

TENG(VO)
His sister doesn't mind sharing. She told me last night.

MCCABE
Shit!

Embarrassed, McCabe turns his open mic off.

LUCA
I don't know how to tell you this, McCabe, but I'm seeing someone.

MCCABE
(hurt)
Oh. Is he a detective? Because I'm thinking of taking the detective test.

LUCA
He isn't a cop.

MCCABE
So, he must be a guy from your gym. Real good looking. Pretty buff, huh?

HONDO(VO)
Positions set.

INT. E BLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Deke takes a small smoke bomb, pulls the pin and rolls it into the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

SKINHEAD GUARD #1
What is that?

SKINHEAD GUARD #2
Oh, shit. It's a bomb or something.

The Skinheads press the elevator call button in a panic as yellow smoke spews from the bomb.

DING. The two Skinheads turn to face the elevator as the doors open on an empty shaft. The skinheads stop short until McCabe and Luca swing out of the darkness and pull them in.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The two Skinheads fall fifteen feet to the ground. As one sits up to see what happened, he notices Hondo and Street.

STREET
Now, that's gotta hurt.

Hondo SNAPS handcuffs around each man's wrists and then to the wall.

HONDO
(into his headset)
We're moving to four.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR LOCK-UP - DAY

Reaper leads three skinhead soldiers down the hall looking in every cell. Hyped up on crack, the skinhead leader is practically bouncing off the walls.

SOLDIER #1
There ain't shit here, Reaper.
Let's try up a floor.

The four Skinheads press the button for the elevator. The doors open, they enter and press five. Nothing happens.

SOLDIER #1
Shit, I don't like this. We gotta blow.

The four step back out of the elevator. The doors close behind them.

REAPER
Fuck that. We aren't leavin' without the chink.

HONDO(VO)
Actually, you're not leaving at all.

(CONTINUED)

The four Skinheads turn to see Hondo and Street standing down the corridor. Hondo aims his mini 14 automatic machine pistol at Reaper.

REAPER
Back off, Robocop. This shit's four to two.

HONDO
You need to brush up on your math.

Behind the Skinheads the elevator door opens. Luca, McCabe, Deke and Karelin are in a 2x2 firing stance.

Panels in the floor and in the ceiling have been pried open where the SWAT team crawled in.

HONDO
You're not collecting the cash today.

The Skinheads are surrounded and about to panic. Hondo can see it in their eyes. Reaper hesitates then...

REAPER
Fuck this...

He lifts his AK-47 and aims at Hondo and Street who reflexively dive to the ground. Reaper's shots rip the concrete walls.

The four SWAT officers open fire.

The skinhead soldiers drop to the floor. Reaper remains standing and fires back. Several bullets impact his body.

The SWAT team does a swarm advance on the cowering skinheads, kicking the loose weapons away.

DEKE
Down! Down! Stay Down!

Luca, Street and Karelin put a foot on each soldier's back and place their M-16's at the men's skulls.

Deke and McCabe quickly handcuff the skinheads. Hondo kicks over Reaper's dead body. His lifeless yellow dilated eyes stare up at the ceiling.

HONDO
Read their Mirandas and call in the "all clear." I'm going upstairs.

Hondo heads to the stairwell.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR/FEDERAL MAXIMUM HOLDING FACILITY - DAY

Hondo walks down the sixth floor federal lock-up. All the cells are empty except one -- Ho Khin Song's cell. He stares at the man.

SONG
You are the one from the airport. Have you come to collect the reward?

Hondo stares hard at Song.

HONDO
No.

SONG
Then why are you here?

HONDO
(hard)
I just wanted to see what a 100 million dollars looks like.

SONG
And...

HONDO
Doesn't look like much.

Hondo walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - DAY

The airstrip is empty and overgrown with weeds. Maung's Lear jet lands and taxis to a group of Asian MEN standing next to several dark Chevy Suburbans.

Maung steps off the plane and is greeted by the men. They exchange a few short words in Chinese then lead Maung to a nearby hangar.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The hangar door slides open revealing several stacks of wooden crates. Maung moves to one of the crates and pries it open revealing a cache of high-tech weaponry and communications equipment. Maung reaches into a crate and pulls out a CZ-42 automatic machine pistol. Maung caresses the gun and smiles.

Signaling to his men, they begin opening the crates and unpacking them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

The prison is buzzing with activity. Several heavily armed guards stand in a perimeter around the gaping hole in the prison wall made by the skinhead cement truck. Uniformed officers mill about as newschoppers circle in the sky.

Deke supervises as a huge county jail bus is moved into place to block the opening in the wall.

Hondo stands outside the UAV talking on a cell phone while Street reloads equipment.

Chief Renke moves through the activity and goes to Hondo as he clicks off his call.

RENKE
It looks like they're packing Song up and shipping him out in a few hours.

HONDO
Where are they sending him?

RENKE
He's being "Noriegaed". Going to some army base in North Carolina.

HONDO
What's our role?

RENKE
Support only. The DEA is going to use their own SWAT team to transfer Song to Burbank. They're going to fly him out and not soon enough if you ask me.

Behind Renke, the DEA SWAT team rolls up in a olive step van (a UPS-like truck) and begins to unload men and equipment. Agents Zager and Evans step out and walk toward the prison.

Street looks up to see Zager and several DEA SWAT guys walking past him.

STREET
Nice truck. Got any muffins?

Zager walks on as the DEA SWAT Guys size Street up.

DEA SWAT GUY #1
I think I saw a couple of expired meters over there. Why not make yourself useful and go write a couple of tickets.

(CONTINUED)

The DEA guys smirk as they march on.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS FELIZ ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION - DAY

The substation is a network of transformers and heavy gauge cable. It's all held together by steel beams and girders.

A Chevy Suburban pulls up outside the chain-link fence that surrounds the substation.

Maung and two of his men step out of the Suburban and walk over to the fence. One of the men pulls a canister of liquid nitrogen and sprays a section of the fence.

Maung kicks the frozen section which snaps off. The men all climb through.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SET VIEW

The channel 3 newsbreak is covering the "mood" of Los Angeles.

KELLY
Here in Los Angeles the mood is one of concern and fear in the aftermath of this afternoon's assault on the Federal Detention Center. Residents are locking themselves in their homes or leaving town completely...

Kelly LaPalma narrates over the following scenes:

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

The street is lined with boarded up shop windows.

KELLY
Nearly all the shops on the Sunset strip have been boarded up in anticipation of violence.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

As the sun sets on the horizon the freeway is clogged with people getting out of town.

KELLY(VO)
...CHP reports the freeways are jammed.
(more)

KELLY(Cont'd)
Airlines are reporting 90% cancellation rates for flights into the city. Meanwhile outbound flights are overbooked.

EXT. VENICE BEACH. - NIGHT

The legendary beach hangout has been overtaken by rowdy punks and street thugs.

KELLY(VO)
Federal officials report the problem should end this evening as the DEA and other federal agencies will be moving alleged Asian drug lord Ho Khin Song to an undisclosed location out of state.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

Chinatown shopkeepers are pulling in displays and pulling metal gratings in front of windows. Stragglers leave normally full restaurants and scurry to cars.

Three black Suburbans turn a corner and cruise down the street. At every block, two MEN emerge from each vehicle with large canvas bags and head into the shadows. This goes on for several blocks.

KELLY(VO)
For more on that let's go to Diane Kent outside of the Federal Detention Center. Diane?

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Thursday night. Diane Kent is across the street from the jail. Behind her is what looks like a presidential motorcade except, where the limo would be, is a black bulletproof DEA van followed by the DEA SWAT van. Several LAPD patrol cars bring up the rear.

Hundreds of people line the streets waiting to get a glimpse of Ho Khin Song.

DIANE
Thank you, Kelly. Across from our position, you can see a convoy of some 20 plus vehicles.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

DIANE (Cont'd)
A federal spokesperson said moving Ho Khin Song was precipitated by the attack on the Federal Detention Center earlier today. Security measures are very tight.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Zager and Evans move down a long corridor with Ho Khin Song shuffling behind them. Several agents follow close behind.

As they come to the end of the hall the group moves into a lobby. The room is filled with dozens of LAPD, FBI and DEA agents. Hondo and his team stand at the doorway.

As Zager walks past, Hondo grabs his arm.

HONDO
Zager. I'm offering my team to ride along. You could use the numbers.

ZAGER
This is a federal operation. We don't need any local cowboys.

Zager pushes past Hondo and leads his prisoner outside. Hondo watches them go shaking his head.

HONDO
Deke, round up the team. Let's start breaking it down.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

In the background the convoy waits for its special passenger. LAPD officers hold a perimeter around the convoy. Spectators and media are kept at a distance.

Zager, Evans and several other agents exit the prison escorting Song to the waiting convoy.

DIANE
It now appears that Ho Khin Song is leaving the Federal Detention Center and entering the van that will take him to Burbank.

Diane's voice is almost drowned out by the roar of the crowd as they chant support for the imprisoned drug lord.

(CONTINUED)

The convoy starts to roll. LAPD forces the crowd to part and let them pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The streets of Chinatown are eerily empty. Then we see some movement. Up on the rooftops several black clad men creep along. Each carries an automatic rifle with six extended banana clips strapped to his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/REC ROOM - NIGHT

McCabe, Street, Teng and Karelin sit in the now demolished rec room drinking coffee from a bullet riddled vending machine. Deke enters and tosses a white paper bag across the room to Karelin.

DEKE
If you wanna make it in the LAPD, you've gotta start with basic training.

Karelin looks in the bag.

KARELIN
What is it?

DEKE
The essence of policemen everywhere.

Karelin pulls a powdered donut from the bag, sniffs it, studies it, then takes a bite. He likes it and takes another.

MCCABE
Did you guys know that Luca has a boyfriend?

Street winks to Teng and Deke.

STREET
Oh, yeah. He's one of those top gun guys. He flies jets.

DEKE
Oh, no. I heard she's dating one of the Dodgers. I think he's a pitcher. He's big. Big tall guy.

McCabe is flabbergasted.

(CONTINUED)

MCCABE
So, how do you think I can get her to go out with me?

DEKE
The first thing you've gotta do is move out of your mother's basement.

MCCABE
It's not a basement, it's her garage. Besides rent is expensive in LA.

ANGLE ON TENG

Who talks on a pay phone in the corner.

TENG
Don't even tell me this. I don't want to hear it...I'm gonna need more time...Then you tell them I need more time.
(short)
Don't worry about it. I'll figure it out.

Teng hangs up the phone.

DEKE
What's up?

TENG
That was my broker. They just issued a margin call. I have to come up with 15,000 dollars by Monday.

DEKE
Damn. That stock shit is worse than Vegas.

Karelin loudly crumples the bag having polished off four donuts.

KARELIN
Where can I get more of these round cakes?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

The DEA convoy heads into Chinatown. Three LAPD cruisers lead the way followed by three nondescript government vehicles, followed by Zager's van, the DEA SWAT vehicle and numerous LAPD cruisers.

High above, several newschoppers crisscross the sky trying to get a better angle. Their lights cast a surreal pall over the street.

Maung's soldiers scurry about in the shadows. An occasional glint of steel reflects off high powered weapons.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - NIGHT

An AGENT drives as Evans and Zager sit across from the handcuffed Ho Khin Song.

ZAGER
Sorry about the ride, but I guess the limo got tied up in traffic.

Zager laughs at his own joke while Evans stares out the window.

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. The lead vehicle comes to stop.

DEA AGENT(VO)
Negative...just some fireworks.

ZAGER(VO)
Keep rolling.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS FELIZ ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT

The network of transformers and heavy gauge cable, EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER/REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT team sits around a table as the sound of the explosion echoes off the walls.

(CONTINUED)

The team members look at each other for a beat, jump up and sprint out of the room.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

As the sound of the blast echoes off the detention center, Hondo and his team race toward the UAV.

The team is in the UAV and rolling in a matter of seconds.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

Every single light in Chinatown goes off at the same moment.

The only illumination comes from the dozen helicopters circling overhead. The white lights crisscross and circle giving the scene a psychedelic strobe look.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Zager screams into his radio.

ZAGER
What happened to the lights?
What's...

BAVOOM!

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET- CONTINUOUS

An explosion underneath the lead vehicle sends it flipping through the air like a matchbox car. It lands and explodes in flames.

The white spotlights all zero in on the explosion.

BAVOOM! The ground beneath the second car explodes and it too is sent flipping through the air.

BAVOOM! The third goes up.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Out the front window we can see the third car as it drops on the sidewalk. Zager and his men are awestruck when...

The fourth car explodes and is hurled upward.

ZAGER
Back up. Back the fuck up...

The DRIVER slams the van in reverse, but is blocked from behind by the DEA SWAT step van.

EXT. CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

BAVOOM!

Chopper spotlights cut across the area adding to the madness.

Zager's van backs away from the carnage. The DEA SWAT van behind them tries to back up as well, but is blocked by more support vehicles.

BAVOOM! BAVOOM!

Both the vehicle in front of Zager's van and the DEA SWAT van behind him are sent sky high by powerful explosions.

Flaming wreckage is everywhere. The spotlights move from one target to another.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Zager gets on his radio.

ZAGER
We're under fire. Heavy fire. Get some back-up.

The Driver jams the van in gear and manages to pull around a burning car. Shooting down the street he sees three Suburbans with armed men in black commando outfits blocking his path.

The three vehicles start herding them toward the only escape route.

EXT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Zager's van skids to a halt. The Driver gets out and attempts to return fire using the door as cover. After a quick volley the Driver takes several bullets to the body and drops dead.

Maung's soldiers begin firing at the circling newschoppers and several of them peel off.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

He grabs Song and puts the gun to his head.

(CONTINUED)

ZAGER
How much is the reward if you're dead?

Song says nothing.

Zager and Evans look outside like fish in a bowl. As they look ahead a loud SCRAPING noise mounts then...

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT UAV rockets out of an alley between the van and the Suburbans pushing three dumpsters into the gauntlet.

The dumpsters spin wildly in the street taking out two Suburbans. Maung's men scatter. The UAV stops perpendicular behind the van.

Maung's men open fire from the rooftops.

The UAV answers with artillery fire from the turret gun.

Maung and his men dive for cover as 50 millimeter rounds shred the Suburbans.

Maung's men entrench and fire back. Thousands of rounds PING off the armored vehicle.

The UAV side door slides open behind the van's rear door. Hondo and Deke jump out, open the van doors and enter.

INT. ZAGER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Zager still holds the gun to Song's head. Hondo pulls the DEA agent back to the SWAT vehicle as Deke drags handcuffed Song.

Evans makes a dash toward the SWAT UAV and is hit by a barrage of automatic weapons' fire. His bloodied body spins from the impacts.

ZAGER
Evans!

INT. SWAT UAV - CONTINUOUS

Street rolls the side door shut. Bullets hitting the SWAT vehicle sound like hammers.

HONDO
We're clear!

McCabe jams the UAV in reverse and it leaves the way it came.

EXT. SWAT UAV - CONTINUOUS

The UAV shoots in reverse down the narrow alley until it clears the next cross street. McCabe pulls the smuggler's turn, rolls across a small park and disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

The UAV makes its way through the less traveled back streets toward the lighted sections of the city.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The team sits in back with Ho Khin Song.

STREET
That was fucking incredible! Let's do it again!

TENG
When will people learn not to fuck with SWAT.

Zager leans into Hondo.

ZAGER
Where are you going? Burbank's the other way.

HONDO
Teng, get me Renke.

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

HONDO
I don't take orders from you.

TENG
Got him!

HONDO
(into his headset)
The feds got hit in Chinatown.

RENKE(VO)
I saw it. What's your status?

(CONTINUED)

HONDO
We're secure. We got Zager and Song. There are officers down. Evans is dead.

RENKE(VO)
Hondo, hold on.

Renke goes off the line.

MCCABE
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 didn't we just save your sorry ass?

ZAGER
Did I ask your opinion, asshole?

STREET
You're calling me an asshole, you federal fuckball?

ZAGER
You think you got the balls to take me on? I'll poke out your eyes and skullfuck you till you're dead.

Street stands and takes off his equipment belt.

STREET
Right here, right now, you half-a-fuck.

HONDO
Can it. Street sit down.
(to Zager)
And you, Mr. Cranial Intercourse, keep your mouth shut for five minutes. Can you do that?

Renke comes back on the line.

(CONTINUED)

RENKE(VO)
Hondo, Washington wants Song taken to LAX. They're rerouting the plane.

HONDO
We're gonna need back-up. I want at least six squads to meet us at Figueroa and Adams.

Hondo goes off line and turns to the team.

HONDO
McCabe, We're going to LAX.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Boyer watches a monitor showing the aftermath of the Chinatown shoot-out. Charlie runs to him excited.

CHARLIE
I've got a buddy down at City Hall who just called. It looks like SWAT picked up Song.

BOYER
Where are they headed?

CHARLIE
Don't know.

BOYER
Every network will be on this and I want it first. Get our chopper on them ASAP.

CUT TO:

EXT. UAV - NIGHT

The SWAT UAV cruises down deserted streets.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo leans up to McCabe who drives.

HONDO
What's our ETA?

MCCABE
45 minutes barring traffic.

(CONTINUED)

In the back, Song talks to Teng in Chinese. Teng replies in Chinese. After a few exchanges Teng turns away.

ZAGER
What's he saying to you?

TENG
Nothing. He's just talking shit.

Song again say something in Chinese to Teng who ignores it. Song then turns to the rest of the group.

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

There is no response.

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

HONDO
That's enough.

SONG
Perhaps you don't trust some of your men, Lieutenant. Which one would it be? Could it be you? Every man has a price.

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

Hondo moves up and crouches between McCabe and Karelin.

Out on the street PEOPLE seem to be lining the sidewalks to look at something.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

McCabe, Hondo and Karelin look at the crowds in awe.

(CONTINUED)

KARELIN
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. A big "3" is painted on the chopper's underside.

TENG
We're live on Channel 3.

MCCABE
No shit.

Hondo climbs back to Teng's comm center.

MONITOR VIEW

An aerial view of the UAV as it moves down Figueroa.

REED SELLARS(VO)
...the SWAT vehicle is on Figueroa heading south.

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

ON THE SWAT TEAM

TENG
They're telling them exactly where we are.

HONDO
Can you lose them?

McCabe 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

Ho Khin Song looks at Hondo.

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

(CONTINUED)

HONDO
You, shut up.

SONG
It's a little early to start coming unraveled.

HONDO
Come on, McCabe, what's the problem? I told you to lose them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - 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 Mexican Mafia -- "EME" holding shotguns and semi-automatics.

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

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Deke are crouched between Karelin and McCabe.

KARELIN
Should we kill them?

DEKE
Let's explore some other options first.

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 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 in a cholo machismo dance. 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 McCabe.

HONDO
We're going over the top.

McCabe smiles. The following dialogue takes place over the action.

MCCABE
(truck rally announcer voice)
SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY. APPEARING FOR ONE DAY ONLY. SEE TJ "THE GHOSTRIDER" MCCABE IN THE UAV CRUSHER. A TWO TON MONSTER, MONSTER, MONSTER TRUCK. CATCH ALL THE NITRO BURNING EXCITEMENT SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY.

McCabe pulls the 4 wheel drive lever then presses a button which causes the shocks to raise the UAV eighteen inches.

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

McCabe 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.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

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 UAV finishes rising up. Its new height gives it a more ominous look. The engine REVS loudly. The EME Leader begins to back away concerned.

The UAV lurches forward picking up speed and heading directly for the lowriders. The EME guys open fire. The music plays on.

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

As the vehicle shoots down the street the SWAT team members high-five each other.

MCCABE
Urban assault vehicle -- there is no substitute.

HONDO
Teng, find out where our back-up is and have someone get that helicopter out of the air.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - CONTINUOUS

The UAV moves fast along the street.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER/WAR ROOM - 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. The room is ringed with TV monitors. Everyone is gathered around them watching the action.

Dozens of OFFICERS man communications centers. Renke nervously taps a pencil and watches the Channel 3 newscast on the big screen.

A large map of Los Angeles is marked red showing Hondo's position in relation to downtown and the airport.

The double doors burst open. Los Angeles Mayor FRACIONE and an AIDE push their way past a bevy of officers.

RENKE
Mayor Fracione.

MAYOR
Renke, have you been watching TV? Do you have any idea what's going on out there?

RENKE
I think I do.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR FRACIONE
Goddamnit, it's a war zone out there. I want this over now.

RENKE
The feds got us into this...

MAYOR FRACIONE
Then you call them to get us out. Call the Army. Call the Navy. Call the Air Force. Call the Marines. Better yet, call El Toro and get that big helicopter and have them come pick up that SWAT van and drop it in the ocean if you have to. I want that bastard out of my city.

Renke turns to another OFFICER.

RENKE
Get me Hondo.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYLMAR ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT

The steel girders are brightly lit as precious power HUMS toward the city.

Several black clad figures slip through a ripped away chainlink fence, run to a waiting black Suburban and take off.

In a blinding flash several EXPLOSIONS rock the facility. A huge fireball erupts as the girders collapse and power lines are snapped. Transformers erupt in an inferno.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Several sections of the city blink out as the power is cut.

On the horizon, in a ring around the city, three more huge explosions light the sky.

This time the entire city of Los Angeles and the surrounding communities go dark.

In quick cuts around the city we see reactions to the blackout.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The neighborhood is a mixture of rundown houses interspersed with apartment complexes.

The UAV tops a hill with the channel 3 helicopter still above it. The bright spotlight encircles the moving vehicle like a halo.

All the streetlights and houselights flicker for an instant and everything goes black.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The team is tense waiting for their next encounter. Suddenly everything outside the UAV goes dark.

MCCABE
Whoa, the lights just went out again.

STREET
This can't be a good thing.

HONDO
Time to lose that newschopper. Go to night vision and kill the lights.

McCabe pulls a pair of night vision goggles off a hook. He turns off the headlights as he straps on the goggles.

STREET NIGHT VISION VIEW

The city is bright again, only now the predominant color is green.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

The UAV moves along the street encircled by the white light when it suddenly takes a left turn. The white light continues onward.

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSCHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERAMAN looks down at the white light which illuminates nothing but street.

He moves the spotlight around desperately searching for the UAV.

CAMERAMAN
Circle back. We lost them.

The chopper does a slow turn.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER/WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Low level emergency lighting casts a yellow pall over the room. Several of the local channels and CNN are broadcasting.

AIDE
Looks like the power's out city wide. Maybe even county wide.

FRACIONE
Sonofabitch. Renke, I want every man you have out on the streets. Call in the National Guard. L.A. doesn't do too well then the shit hits the fan.

RENKE
Already done. We're on full alert. We're even bringing in the reserves.

FRACIONE
(to his Aide)
Get the department heads here in half an hour. I want full reports from all of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STRIP MALL - NIGHT

There is an eerie silence punctuated by the plaintive wail of distant SIRENS and GUNSHOTS.

Hondo examines some of the damage to the outside of the UAV. The rear double doors of the UAV are open and we see Zager watching Song.

Street and McCabe are under the vehicle working with tools and a flashlight. Karelin sits outside the UAV deep in thought.

Deke walks over to Karelin. The two sit on the UAV bumper.

DEKE
You probably never had a night like this in Russia, did you?

KARELIN
In Russia people respect the law. The police are allowed to do whatever it takes to keep order.

DEKE
The rules are a little different here. We try not to maim people if we can help it.

(CONTINUED)

KARELIN
What about a man who makes bombs? Someone who has blown up buildings with people in them. Shouldn't he be killed?

DEKE
You can't use excessive force to bring him in.

KARELIN
What if he wants to blow up the White House?

DEKE
The White House or an outhouse -- it doesn't matter. You have to practice restraint.

ANGLE ON

Hondo looking at Ho Khin Song who smiles.

SONG
Do you feel the noose tightening?

Hondo leans down under the UAV.

HONDO
How much longer?

ANGLE ON MCCABE

Under the vehicle.

MCCABE
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 five minutes.

Hondo moves away. Street bends down to assist McCabe.

MCCABE
What would you do with it? The $100 million. I mean if we had the money.

STREET
I wouldn't share it with you.

(CONTINUED)

MCCABE
I'd buy the Playboy mansion. No, wait. I'd buy Playboy Magazine. The whole damn company. Do you have any idea how much ass Hef has gotten in his lifetime?

STREET
I'd go buy one of those Indy race cars. I'd drive it 200 miles an hour all the way to Vegas and when I got there I'd put all the rest of the cash on green double zero.

MCCABE
Green double zero. Do you know what the odds are of hitting that?

STREET
Astronomical, but for the 60 seconds the ball rolls around that wheel, that would be the biggest fucking rush of my life.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE/TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Isolated headlights punctuate the darkness that is Los Angeles.

Maung stands outside a Suburban studying his dog-eared Thomas Guide. Several of his soldiers stand nearby.

The sound of ENGINES revving makes Maung look behind him to see six cars pull up and stop on the rooftop. Dozens of Asian-American GANGBANGERS step out of the cars loaded for a serious gun battle.

Maung exchanges a few words with the gang LEADER then steps away. Maung studies his new recruits.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRENSHAW BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The UAV turns onto Crenshaw to find the shops have long since been boarded up.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

McCabe strains to look out the window at the wreckage.

Luca, Street and Teng sit in the back.

(CONTINUED)

STREET
Hey, Luca. If McCabe was a millionaire, do you think you'd go out with him?

LUCA
Where would McCabe get a million dollars?

Street casts a pointed glance a Song.

LUCA
Money does nothing for me.

TENG
(winking)
So, the size of his wad isn't important.

STREET
She's probably never been with a guy who has a big checkbook.

LUCA
If size is measured by your checkbook, then the two of you must bounce a lot of checks.

EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD. - NIGHT

The UAV slows to pass the heavy debris in the road. Shadowed FIGURES run in and out of shops and alleys.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

A figure darts across the street and McCabe leans forward.

MCCABE
What was that? Did you see something by that bus?

The team continues to look out the front window at the surreal surroundings.

The UAV rolls to a stop and Hondo goes to the front.

HONDO
Why'd we stop?

MCCABE
There's a kid in the road.

Hondo looks out the window to see a twelve-year-old KID silhouetted by burning wreckage.

McCabe turns on the lights and sirens -- the kid just stands there.

MCCABE
(on loudspeaker)
Please clear the road.

The kid doesn't move.

MCCABE
What do you want me to do?

HONDO
Go around him.

The Kid lifts his hand revealing a baseball sized object.

KARELIN
He's going to throw a rock at us.

The Kid pulls a pin from the object and cocks his arm to throw it.

MCCABE
That's not a rock. It's a GRENADE!

McCabe jams the UAV into reverse.

EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

The UAV's tires smoke and lay a patch of rubber as the vehicle shoots backward. The grenade lands just short of its target exploding in a hail of cement and asphalt.

Several dozen KIDS, none older than 15, emerge from the shadows and begin lofting grenades. The grenades detonate all around the UAV with ferocity.

The UAV does a smuggler's turn and shoots away in the direction it came.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is shaken by the grenade attack.

ZAGER
I can't believe that. Those were just kids.

STREET
Kids with grenades.

ZAGER
Where's our back-up? We aren't going to make it to the airport in one piece.

(CONTINUED)

DEKE
The Southwest substation is only a couple of blocks from here. We could pick up some squads there.

HONDO
Go for it, McCabe.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER/WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Cups of coffee are littered about a large board table. The Mayor is huddled in conference with several AIDES and the HEADS of several municipal departments.

MAYOR FRACIONE
Get me the Attorney General. These federal jerkoffs took a shit in my backyard, and let me tell you something, I ain't cleaning it up. All right, give me the bad news one at a time. Billy, have you talked to the Governor yet?

BILLY
He says the National Guard will be in place by tomorrow afternoon.

The Mayor grumbles to himself and turns to his DWP man, TOM.

MAYOR FRACIONE
Tom, what's going on with Water and Power?

TOM
It looks like someone blew up the Sylmar power station and the three back-ups. We don't expect to be back on-line for 12 to 15 hours.

The Mayor turns to the Fire Chief.

MAYOR FRACIONE
Jack?

FIRE CHIEF
We're on status one alert, but I've gotta tell you I have serious concerns. I want police escorts for all my trucks. They hear one gunshot and they're gone. And I need water. I can't put out a fire if the hydrants aren't pumping water.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
No problem there. We're pumping at about 60 percent. We started bleeding the Sepulveda Reservoir Dam into the LA River about an hour ago.

An Aide leans forward.

AIDE
Is that really a priority?

TOM
It's standard procedure. Without the electric pumps working there is a danger of excess pressure on the dam. We're just being safe.

The Mayor turns to Renke.

MAYOR FRACIONE
Have your men gotten to the SWAT team yet?

RENKE
Harrelson just radioed. They're heading to the Southwest substation to pick up escorts.

MAYOR FRACIONE
Why doesn't this shit ever happen in New York?

CUT TO:

EXT. MLK BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The UAV trundles 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 substation. Smoke comes out of several broken windows. Two police motorcycles smolder in the doorway. A squad car is flipped over and demolished.

A bloodied motorcycle cop's helmet balanced on a wooden stake jammed into the ground.

The UAV side door opens and Deke jumps out. Zager and Hondo step out after him.

DEKE
Lina!

Deke runs into the building.

HONDO
Karelin, McCabe, get in there with him and recon the building.

The two officers pull down their helmets and head into the substation.

The rest of the team steps out with their weapons ready.

ZAGER
Somebody should just drop a bomb on this whole fucking city.

STREET
Who needs a bomb when you have the DEA in town.

INT. SUBSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Deke leaps over the booking desk and moves into the bullpen area. Several of the desks are askew and broken. Shotgun blasts have left gaping holes in the wall.

DEKE
Lina! Lina!

Garbage pails burn casting the room in an orange glow. Deke begins kicking doors open searching each room. He finds no one.

MCCABE
There's no one here. No bodies.

Deke studies the room for a moment and goes to a desk near the back. He picks up a shattered picture frame and pulls out the photo which has been ripped by a shotgun blast.

The photo is of Deke and Lina at a Christmas party.

Karelin comes up behind Deke.

KARELIN
We'll find her.

EXT. SUBSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Hondo stands at the UAV.

HONDO
Teng, start mapping out alternative routes to LAX. Roads, train tracks, alleys, storm channels, whatever.

Deke, Karelin and McCabe emerge from the building. Hondo goes to the men.

HONDO
What happened?

MCCABE
They got hit. It was bad.

HONDO
And Lina...

DEKE
She wasn't in there. No one was.

Deke stares blankly at the smoldering substation. Hondo stands beside him.

DEKE
I've been on the force 15 years and I can't remember being scared one day. But now with Lina involved...I don't know. This shit terrifies me.

HONDO
Don't jump to conclusions. We don't know what happened here.

DEKE
Everyday I go to work thinking, is something gonna happen. Is this the last time she's ever going to see me. But I never stopped to think, is this the last time I'm ever gonna see her.

HONDO
It's never supposed to get personal.

Deke nods. Hondo puts his arm around Deke and moves him toward the UAV. The team solemnly gets back into the UAV.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo leans forward to McCabe.

HONDO
Get on the freeway.

Street turns the UAV toward the highway.

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - NIGHT

The UAV climbs the on-ramp and pushes through a series of construction barricades. An orange Cal-Trans sign reads, "315 freeway opening Summer 1998." The under construction freeway is completely deserted.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Ho Khin Song looks at Zager and laughs to himself.

ZAGER
What are you laughing at? You're still going to prison.

Ho Khin Song smiles.

SONG
In a few hours I'll be safely on my way home and you'll all be dead.

TENG
Can you believe this guy? He's cuffed, surrounded by armed men, sitting in a tank, and he thinks he's going home.

HONDO
Ignore him.

MCCABE
Holy shit.

Every head turns to look out the front window as McCabe slams on the brakes.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A line of flames crosses all lanes of the freeway casting an eerie pall over a horrific scene.

Eight uniformed POLICE OFFICERS are blindfolded and on their knees. LINA is one of them. Behind each one stands a burly OUTLAW BIKER holding a shotgun to the Cops' heads.

Behind the UAV, dozens of Harleys pull up and stop seventy-five yards back.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks out the front windshield at the roadblock.

DEKE
They've got Lina.

Deke puts his hand on the door, but Hondo stops him.

HONDO
Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

TENG
They're behind us too.

ZAGER
We can go around them. We'll cross to the southbound lanes.

Deke grabs Zager.

DEKE
Maybe we should just put you out there! Trade you!

Hondo pulls Deke off the DEA agent.

HONDO
(to Zager)
Back off.

A voice echoes from outside.

HEAD BIKER(VO)
Hey, man. We're all around you.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Head Biker stands in front of the captive cops.

HEAD BIKER
You hand us over the Buddahead and we'll let the pigs go.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The moment is tense as Hondo turns to the team.

HONDO
I'm going to go talk to these guys. Karelin in back. We're two low -- move on "go".

Hondo looks to a worried Deke.

HONDO
Trust me, Deke.

Hondo slides open the side door and steps out.

ZAGER
Is he fucking nuts? He can't negotiate with these people.

LUCA
Hondo doesn't negotiate.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo cautiously walks in front of the UAV. He looks at the Head Biker dead on.

HONDO
We don't want any trouble. If we give you Ho Khin Song will you give us the officers?

HEAD BIKER
Sure thing, man. All we want is the money.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Hondo continues to talk as the SWAT team moves with precision speed. Deke and Luca pull 30'06 caliber bolt-action Mauser sniper rifles from the arms rack.

Karelin goes to the back and pulls down the 50 caliber machine gun.

Street checks his weapons and takes position at the side door.

Ho Khin Song watches the team move about with concern.

ZAGER
This is all wrong. We should've rolled over these guys.

Deke and Luca pull two panels off the floor revealing the pavement below.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The two drop to the ground below the vehicle. Hidden by shadows, they take a prone position and aim their sniper rifles.

ON HONDO

Hondo still negotiates.

HEAD BIKER
Hand him over or we'll take you out with these fucking cops.

HONDO
I don't like your attitude. You keep talking like that and I'll just "Go!"

HEAD BIKER
(perplexed)
Go where?

(CONTINUED)

Two loud SHOTS ring out and the Head Biker's knees and shins explode in a shower of blood, bone and viscera. He falls.

Hondo rolls to the left as Deke and Luca keep snipering the knees and shins of the outlaws. The bikers fall in agony as every shot finds its mark.

Karelin kicks open the back double doors of the UAV holding the 150 pound machine gun. He fires a volley at the flanking biker gang catching them off guard. Several of the bikes erupt in fireballs as the bullets pierce their fuel tanks.

The UAV revs its engine as Luca and Deke roll out between the wheels. They leap to their feet and begin a rapid advance with the UAV.

Behind the UAV, the bikers that aren't hit by Karelin begin to fire back.

In front, a biker with shattered kneecaps manages to take aim on Hondo. Deke draws his Magnum western-style and fires. The Biker is blown away.

DEKE
Payback's a bitch.

Behind, the motorcycles begin to rev and advance.

The UAV pulls perpendicular across the lanes of the freeway creating a blockade between the advancing bikers and the captured cops.

HONDO
Get them on board. Street, fall back and join Karelin.

STREET
You need me up front.

HONDO
Don't question my orders. Just do what you're told for once.

Street grits his teeth and heads out.

Deke scoops up his wife and helps her into the UAV.

DEKE
Oh, baby. Oh, Lina, I was so afraid of losing you.

LINA
Just hold me. Just hold onto me.

Deke pulls his wife into a tight embrace.

(CONTINUED)

LINA
I knew you'd come. I knew you'd be there.

DEKE
I can't stay away from you.

ANGLE ON

Karelin who remains ten yards back in the middle of the freeway holding the massive gun and laying down fire.

Street comes back to Karelin who continues to fire.

STREET
You were supposed to stay on the truck.

KARELIN
There's no challenge in hiding.

The wounded cops are all loaded on the UAV as Hondo and Luca climb in. The vehicle backs up and Street and Karelin jump in.

The entire team lays down cover fire as the UAV shoots through the wall of flame and down the dark freeway.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Deke slips off Lina's blindfold and cuts the rope binding her hands. He embraces her tightly.

The SWAT team stows their weapons while Street and Luca tend to the Cops' wounds.

LUCA
Everyone seems to be in pretty good shape. Mostly cuts and bruises.

HONDO
Engine Company 51 is a couple of blocks over. We can drop these guys there.

MCCABE
Got it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Boyer paces behind the row of TECHNICIANS. He pours half a bottle of Maalox into his half cup of coffee and slugs down the concoction.

(CONTINUED)

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

CHARLIE
Nothing, but I've got a lot of good footage of the blackout.

BOYER
Blackout? Who gives a rat's ass about a blackout? If people want to see the blackout all they have to do is look out a window.

He takes another drink from his cup.

BOYER
You get every reporter we have off the fucking blackout and out looking for that SWAT truck.

CHARLIE
What's the point? No one can watch us.

BOYER
CNN picked up our feed an hour ago. We're being seen by the world. They're even watching us in Yemen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 51 - NIGHT

The fire station is lit with emergency lights.

In the distance, the night sky is punctuated by newschoppers circling and looking for the UAV.

FIREMEN help the injured officers out of the UAV and attend to their wounds.

The UAV is parked on the sidewalk with Luca, Street and McCabe standing guard. A pair of FIREMEN walk up to the UAV to get a look at Song.

FIREMAN #1
That the 100 million dollar man?

Street, Luca and McCabe ignore the two men.

FIREMAN #2
Are you guys the only one's guarding him?

(CONTINUED)

STREET
Why, are you planning to collect?

Street pumps his shotgun. The two Fireman back away.

ANGLE ON DEKE AND LINA

Deke helps Lina into the fire station.

DEKE
You want me to stay with you?

LINA
No, I'm okay.

DEKE
I will. Hondo can do without me. I can stay.

LINA
We've both got jobs to do. Mine's here with my squad and yours is with your team.

Hondo calls from the UAV.

HONDO
Deke. We're rolling.

Deke hugs his wife tightly, kisses her and then walks toward the UAV.

LINA
Hey, watch your ass.

Deke smiles at his wife.

DEKE
It's not my ass you're worried about.

Deke climbs into the UAV and shuts the door.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

McCabe maneuvers the UAV onto the road.

Hondo sits toward the front with Deke and Zager. Street and Luca sit near the rear doors.

LUCA
What's up with you and Hondo?

STREET
Why don't you ask him?

LUCA
'Cause I'm asking you.

STREET
It seems some people don't think I'm a team player.

LUCA
And you think you are?

STREET
Team play is overrated.

LUCA
Maybe it's time to stop making excuses and accept the criticism.

Luca moves off as Street is left to ponder the thought.

A loud BEATING OF AIR and a bright light from above signals the return of the Sky-Eye 3 chopper.

TENG
It's a newschopper.

HONDO
Damn it.
(to McCabe)
Stop under that overpass. We're too much of a target in this thing.
(to everyone)
Get your gear.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - CONTINUOUS

The Cameraman and his PILOT monitor the UAV as it moves under a freeway overpass and is hidden from view. Their spotlight waits for the vehicle to come out, but it doesn't.

CAMERAMAN
Where did they go?

PILOT
There.

The UAV continues down the road and the helicopter follows.

EXT. BENEATH THE OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

We see the UAV as its taillights disappear into the darkness.

Hondo steps from the shadows. Behind him are Luca, Zager, Teng, Street, McCabe and a handcuffed Ho Khin Song. Each man carries a black backpack and a rifle slung over his shoulder.

ZAGER
And we're not the least bit vulnerable now, right?

Hondo ignores the remark.

TENG
Where to now?

Hondo points to the commuter rail maintenance facility.

HONDO
We improvise.

Hondo climbs the embankment toward the train yard. Everyone follows.

CUT TO:

INT. UAV - NIGHT

Deke and Karelin are the only two left in the UAV.

DEKE
We'll take Century Boulevard. That'll take us right to the airport and keep us in plain sight.

Karelin ignores Deke lost in thought.

KARELIN
You had a chance to kill those men who kidnapped your wife, but you didn't.

DEKE
I wanted to. I just didn't have to.

Karelin nods thoughtfully.

The sound of a SIREN catches their attention as Karelin looks over his shoulder.

Out the rear window, a firetruck with its lights flashing comes up on the UAV.

Deke wheels the UAV off to the side of the road, but the firetruck stays with them. He slows and...

CRUNCH!

The firetruck rams the back of the UAV. Deke looks back to see the firetruck is manned by a band of CRIPS sporting semi-automatics.

(CONTINUED)

DEKE
Who the hell are these guys?

Karelin crawls to the rear of the UAV and pulls out a gun.

Deke weaves down the road in an attempt to lose the firetruck. A loud SWOOSH resounds through the vehicle.

KARELIN
Oh, shit!

Deke looks around to see Karelin drenched with water that comes pouring through the gun turret.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The firetruck and UAV race down the street. The extendible ladder on the firetruck is positioned out over the UAV. A Gangsta lays flat on the end of the ladder aiming a hose attached to the firetruck, into the UAV's turret.

INT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

The UAV's electronic equipment begins to spark and smoke from the deluge.

Karelin struggles to lift a floor panel but the water is too heavy. He springs open the ceiling hatch.

KARELIN
I'm going to put an end to this.

DEKE
How do you plan on doing...

Deke turns to look at Karelin who disappears through the ceiling hatch.

EXT. UAV - CONTINUOUS

Karelin pulls himself out on top of the UAV. He takes a running leap off the end of the UAV and hits the firetruck cab. He rolls off into the bed of the truck.

SHOTS ricochet and Karelin turns to see a Gangsta approaching.

DEKE(VO)
Karelin. What the hell are you doing? What's going on?

KARELIN
(into his headset)
A man is shooting at me.

DEKE(VO)
What are you waiting for? Shoot back!

Karelin spots a twelve foot fireman's pike.

KARELIN
I want to, but I don't think I have to.

DEKE(VO)
Don't take everything I say so damn literally. SHOOT HIM!

Grabbing the pike, Karelin swings it over the side of the firetruck and clips the gun toting Gangsta in the knees. He falls forward losing his gun.

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

Karelin uses his incredible strength to raise the pike up like a flagpole. He jams it into the hose pile stranding the man upside down.

As Karelin turns he is blindsided by another Crip who swings a fire extinguisher.

The Crip begins kicking the Russian. Karelin kicks back tripping the man and rolling him to the edge of the firetruck.

DEKE(VO)
What's happening now?

The Crip picks up a fire ax and takes a swing. Karelin ducks out of the way.

KARELIN
A man is swinging an ax at me.

DEKE(VO)
Well, shoot him. Shoot the bastard.

KARELIN
I think I can take him.

DEKE(VO)
He has an ax. He's trying to kill you. It's okay to shoot him.

The Crip swings again and Karelin catches the handle in mid-swing.

The Crip looks at Karelin surprised. Karelin jams the ax handle back in the man's face sending him off the side of the truck.

(CONTINUED)

KARELIN
I'm going for the guy on the ladder.

DEKE(VO)
Wait, let me come up with a plan.
Oh, I have one, "kill him."

Karelin begins climbing up the ladder which runs parallel with the top of the firetruck. Ahead he sees the Gangbanger at the top end of the ladder.

Grabbing the hose, Karelin yanks hard and the Gangbanger is pulled several rungs down the ladder.

The man's hands flail hitting the control levers. The ladder begins to rise until it is almost perpendicular to the firetruck.

The two men continue to trade blows and then Karelin sees it -- an overpass 50 yards away and closing.

Karelin grabs the outside of the ladder with his hands and feet and does a fireman's slide down the ladder. The Gangbanger looks down at him puzzled when...

SMASH!

The firetruck goes under the overpass, but the ladder doesn't. The Gangbanger and ladder impact the bridge and are dropped to the asphalt.

The firetruck rams the UAV again causing both vehicles to lose control. They fishtail wildly as the UAV and the firetruck hit the curb and flip over a steep embankment.

Karelin is thrown from the firetruck and both vehicles explode in a huge fireball. Bloodied and bruised he runs to the UAV to find Deke struggling against an inflated airbag.

Cutting Deke's seatbelt, Karelin pulls him to safety as the ordnance inside the UAV explodes sending a mushroom cloud of flames into the sky.

KARELIN
Are you okay? Can you hear me?

Deke looks back at the wreckage dazed.

DEKE
Tell me something. Did you leave Russia voluntarily or did they kick your ass out?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINTENANCE TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

The Los Angeles River, swollen from the runoff of the Sepulveda Dam, flows toward the ocean just outside the compound's walls.

A large maintenance hangar looms over the train yard. Multiple tracks lead into the facility. Several Metrolink train cars are parked side by side. Tracks lead out of the yard and across the river.

Hondo, Street, Luca, Teng and McCabe walk ahead of Zager and Song. They all stop outside a line of linked commuter train cars.

HONDO
McCabe. You and Zager wait inside here with Song. Teng with Luca. Street with me. Let's fan out and try to find some kind of transportation.

ZAGER
I don't need a baby-sitter.

HONDO
I don't recall asking you.

Zager climbs aboard the train followed by Song. McCabe looks over to Luca as he climbs onto the train.

MCCABE
Be careful, Steph.

LUCA
You too, TJ.

McCabe looks at Luca with surprise.

MCCABE
That's the first time you ever called me TJ.

LUCA
(smiling)
It is? How about that.

McCabe climbs on the train. Luca and Teng take off followed by Hondo and Street.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

The lights are off in the train. A long central aisle separates pairs of seats. Zager pushes the drug lord into a seat then points his service revolver at the man. He talks quietly to Song.

(CONTINUED)

ZAGER
I should just blow your fucking head off right now. Save everybody a lot of time.

McCabe enters holding his M-16 at the ready.

MCCABE
Keep him away from the windows.

McCabe watches out the windows looking for any movement. Luca's voice comes over his headset.

LUCA(VO)
Hondo, we're heading into the maintenance hanger.

HONDO(VO)
Copy. McCabe, status?

MCCABE
We're holding position on the train.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Street silently walk in-between two long commuter trains.

STREET
You don't have to watch me every minute.

HONDO
I like you where I can see you.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK! Hondo looks up to see what seems to be streaks of yellow lightning bouncing off the train behind him.

HONDO
Tracer fire! Get down.

Hondo and Street hit the ground and return fire.

INT. MAINTENANCE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The cavernous building is filled with equipment and train cars. Teng and Luca are trying to jimmy the door to a maintenance truck as the sound of GUNFIRE echoes off the metal walls.

TENG
That sounds like Hondo's mini-16.

(CONTINUED)

HONDO(VO)
(on the headset)
We're under fire. We're pinned down.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Zager has pulled Song to the floor as McCabe crouches by a window. In the distance we HEAR gunfire.

HONDO(VO)
Luca, Teng! Get the high ground and cover.

LUCA(VO)
Copy.

MCCABE
(into headset)
Where do you want me, boss?

HONDO(VO)
Stay with the prisoner. We're going to fall back.

MCCABE
Copy.

McCabe turns to look at Zager and Song. Suddenly, several windows shatter as bullets explode through. McCabe hits the floor and comes face to face with Zager.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Maung holds a position near a switching shed. Several of his men fire on the SWAT team.

The men hold a cache of hi-tech hardware. Rocket launchers, grenade launchers, heat seeking ordnance and more.

EXT. MAINTENANCE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Teng climbs an access ladder to the top of the building. As he crests the roof and begins to move across, a gun butt slams into his face.

Teng lunges at his attacker, Pockmark, feet first, grabbing the man with his legs and rolling him to the ground.

Pockmark rips Teng's handcuffs off the officer's belt and begins swinging them. He lunges with the open handcuffs and Teng sidesteps the man. One cuff locks around a metal pipe.

(CONTINUED)

Teng slides between his assailant's legs and pushes him forward. The man impacts the wall. In a flash, Teng grabs the other end of the handcuff and whips it around the man's neck snapping it shut on a second pipe.

The man struggles at the handcuffs around his neck, trapped like a snared animal.

TENG
You're under arrest, but I guess you knew that.

Teng grabs his rifle and heads to the edge.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Zager and Song remain crouched below the window line. McCabe crawls along the seats keeping an eye out for movement.

TENG(VO)
One down on the rooftop.

LUCA(VO)
I've counted at least eight shooters.

STREET(VO)
Movement on the perimeter...

The team continues to chatter over the open line.

ZAGER
(panicked)
This is a slaughter. We're all gonna die.

MCCABE
Would you shut up? All you do is fucking complain all the time.

More bullet strikes shatter windows. Glass shards rain down on Zager and Song.

ZAGER
This is all going wrong. This is not how I wanted this to happen.

Zager lifts his gun and cocks it back. He points it at Song. It looks like he's going to blow the drug lord away.

McCabe looks back to see Zager.

MCCABE
Are you fucking nuts...

BLAM!

Zager fires. The young SWAT officer is struck in the face with the bullet. He goes down. A pulsing flow of blood trickles across the floor as his life drains away.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Street are crouched underneath a train. Both men rip-off their headsets reacting to the loud bulletshot. Hondo quickly puts the headset back on.

STREET
What the hell was that?

HONDO
(into headset)
Check in!

TENG(VO)
Teng, copy.

LUCA
Luca, copy.

Hondo and Street wait for McCabe.

HONDO
McCabe! McCabe...

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

McCabe's body lays in the pool of blood only a few feet away from Song.

SONG
Welcome to the other side.

Zager jams his gun in Song's ribs.

SONG
You're going to be a rich man...

ZAGER
I deserve it. I've tracked you for ten years for shit pay.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Street sit listening to Song and Zager coming over McCabe's open mic. Hondo's face is torn with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

SONG(VO)
I'm surprised your government would go as far as to hijack a commercial airplane.

ZAGER(VO)
They didn't, I did. That was my idea, those were my people. I spent two years planning it. I just didn't plan on you pulling this bullshit.

SONG(VO)
Hijacking an airplane is a federal crime.

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

ZAGER
Then I guess that makes me a federal criminal.

Zager grabs Song and shoves him toward the door.

ZAGER
Let's go.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hondo and Street remain in their position still listening to their headsets.

STREET
Sonofabitch! So none of this had to happen. Now I've got another reason to hate that guy.

HONDO
Let's find Zager and get some answers.

Two of Maung's soldiers open fire.

Under the train Hondo and Street crawl on their stomachs to the gap between the train cars. Each officer stands back to back covering all angles.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Zager roughly pushes a still handcuffed Song through the yard. They stop in a wide, but dimly lit area.

(CONTINUED)

ZAGER
(yelling)
I have your man. You hear me? You want him you've gotta deal with me.

No response. Zager turns not sure where to direct his attention.

ZAGER
I'm not going to wait. I swear to God, I'll...

MAUNG(VO)
You'll what?

Maung steps out of the darkness only a few feet from Zager and Song.

ZAGER
Let's cut right to it. Where's my hundred million?

MAUNG
You'll have to come with us.

ZAGER
Why don't you bring the money to me?

Song and Maung exchange a few words in Chinese.

MAUNG
You have a choice. Deal with me or deal with the SWAT team.

Zager stares Maung down a bit, then looks at Song and realizes he has no choice.

ZAGER
You walk ahead.

Maung nods and gestures the direction they should walk. Zager shoves Song along.

Then, in a movement so fast we don't even know what's happening...

Maung whips a long barrel pistol from his coat and fires one shot into Zager's head.

EXT. BETWEEN THE TRAINS - CONTINUOUS

Bullets pings off the train cars. Hondo and Street, safe in their positions, lean out and fire off a few rounds.

(CONTINUED)

STREET
Um...Lieutenant. I've been thinking...since our conversation this morning. I don't want to be kicked off SWAT.

HONDO
This isn't the place to discuss it.

More bullets slam over their heads. The two return fire.

STREET
Look, I get results. Isn't that the point?

HONDO
That's the kind of thinking that's holding you back. You're a smart kid, you're a good cop. Show me that. Show me you understand.

Hondo and Street fire another volley. The bullet fire ECHOES in the darkness. There is no return fire.

Street and Hondo exchange quizzical looks.

HONDO
(into headset)
Luca, what's going on?

LUCA(VO)
They're pulling back. I can see movement by the river.

HONDO
You and Teng check on McCabe. Street and I will recon down by the water.

LUCA(VO)
Copy.

Hondo and Street take off running.

EXT. TRESTLE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A cement train bridge crosses the LA river, swollen with water released from the Sepulveda dam. Maung, Song and the soldiers stand midway across the river, toss down rope lines and descend down.

The men pile into two waiting Zodiac boats and push off. The motors REV and they follow the rushing water to the ocean.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON

Hondo and Street as they come to the bridge only to see Song and his soldiers disappearing into the darkness.

STREET
Where does this river hit the ocean?

HONDO
Long Beach.

WE TRACK with the two officers as they run back toward the train yard. Ahead a body lays face down in the dust.

Hondo rolls him over -- It's Zager. He checks the body for a pulse.

STREET
A $100 million doesn't get you very far these days.

Hondo stands and wipe Zager's blood from his hands.

STREET
Why'd he do it?

HONDO
Who knows? Guys like him think they can do whatever the hell they want.

The two leave Zager's body and walk away.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Luca is on the floor cradling McCabe's lifeless body in her lap. His blood soaks into her uniform. Teng sits slumped in a seat, his eyes hidden from view.

Hondo and Street enter the train car and remain still for a beat Hondo kneels next to Luca.

LUCA
He shot him point blank.

Hondo whispers a silent prayer over the dead officer.

STREET
We found Zager's body by the river. He collected his fucking reward.

Everyone stands around in complete silence. All eyes are on McCabe.

(CONTINUED)

RENKE(VO)
Hondo...what's your status?
Hondo...

Hondo stands, walks away from the group and turns on his radio.

HONDO
This is Harrelson...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Renke is sitting at a communications console.

HONDO(VO)
McCabe is dead. So is Zager.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

HONDO
Song escaped. He's heading south down the LA River. Maybe to Long Beach.

RENKE(VO)
I'm calling in units to sweep the river. I'm also sending units to every airport, airstrip and bus station in the county. Song may double back. Now, sit tight. I have some squads and an ambulance on the way. And Hondo...Sorry about McCabe.

Hondo reaches over and CLICKS off the radio.

Outside, headlights approach from a service road. Hondo, Street and Teng grab their guns and step outside.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hondo, Street and Teng prepare for another attack.

Suddenly the car's horn blares LA CUCARACHA as a low riding lime green Chevy rolls into the area. Deke and Karelin roll down the tinted windows and are all smiles.

DEKE
Hey, like that horn? It plays the Mexican Hat Dance too.

(CONTINUED)

The horn blares the MEXICAN HAT DANCE. Deke's smile fades as he catches team's sober look.

DEKE
What happened? What's going on?

HONDO
McCabe's dead. We're going after Song.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Boyer and a Technician huddle around the monitor.

CHARLIE
Boyer. My buddy at City Hall just called. Looks like the SWAT team wasn't in that truck after all.

Boyer looks up with interest.

BOYER
Then where are they?

CHARLIE
In a train yard near the river. Looks like we missed an incredible gunfight. Song's people rescued him.

BOYER
And we missed it? Goddamnit! Get me a newschopper. I'm going down there myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - NIGHT

The heavily industrialized harbor is thick with huge cranes, warehouses and heavy machinery. Large freighters and cruise ships are docked along the waterway and the huge Vincent Thomas bridge looms overhead.

Below, in the water, Song's two zodiacs weave in and out of berths. A police chopper sweeps overhead as the boats slip between ships.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The lime green Chevy lowrider speeds across the bridge. Below, the chopper/boat chase snakes around the shipyard.

INT. LOWRIDER - CONTINUOUS

Police radio CHATTER from the chopper pilot and harbor patrol blares out of a portable radio.

HONDO
Looks like we might get a second crack at Song after all.

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR PIER - CONTINUOUS

In the zodiac boats, Song's desperate men spray the air with their AK-47s. The choppers pull back.

A Coast Guard patrol boat pulls into the harbor and gives chase.

ON THE PIER

Large freighters and cruise ships are docked beside a long pier. The SWAT lowrider SQUEALS around a warehouse, races past a series of crates and containers and begins to parallel the zodiac boats.

Teng and Street lean out the car windows and open fire on Song and his men.

Song's men return fire from their boats and bullets ricochet off the lowrider.

Ahead in the water, a second Coast Guard cutter blocks the wide channel.

The two Zodiacs turn sharply and cut into the protected narrow space between the pier and the moored ships.

Deke maneuvers the lowrider as close to the pier's edge as possible, but Street and Teng can't get the angle to shoot down.

INT. LOWRIDER - CONTINUOUS

TENG
I can't see them down there.

DEKE
Someone better do something soon because were running out of pier.

EXT. PIER - CONTINUOUS

In the distance the end of the pier draws closer. Beyond that a channel running perpendicular to the pier leads to the open ocean.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE ZODIACS

As they race through the narrow waterway. The pier wall to the left rises 15 feet high and the sh ps on the right rise 40 feet out of the water creating a cement and steel canyon. It is nearly impossible to see anything except for what is straight ahead.

The end of the pier and the channel to open water looms ahead.

ON THE LOWRIDER

As it races toward the end of the pier.

ON THE ZODIACS

Still racing between the pier and the freighters. The first zodiac breaks left into the channel when...

...a white behemoth called the *Pacific Princess* sails into view.

SMASH! BOOM!

The first zodiac impacts the cruise ship.

SMASH! BOOM!

The second zodiac tries to swerve, but too late. It impacts the cruise ship and the first zodiac. The resulting explosion is deafening as pieces of flaming wreckage litter the harbor.

ON THE PIER

The SWAT lowrider pulls up and the team piles out. The burning remains of the zodiacs drift amongst the wreckage in the harbor.

STREET
They smashed right into the Love Boat.

TENG
Captain Stubing's gonna be real mad about that.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - LATER

Rescue and emergency crews converge on the area. Helicopter's hover overhead. A Coast Guard patrol boat circles the smoldering wreckage pulling bodies and body parts from the water.

A makeshift morgue has been set up in a warehouse.

Hondo talks to several DEA agents standing near the edge of a pier.

(CONTINUED)

Street and Karelin are at the pier's edge watching the clean-up efforts.

KARELIN
What are they looking for?

STREET
Chum.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER/WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Renke sits hunched by the radio. Mayor Fracione huddles with his Aides.

RENKE
Song's dead.

MAYOR FRACIONE
It's about time. What happened?

RENKE
I don't have all the details, but it looks like there was some kind of explosion in Long Beach.

MAYOR FRACIONE
Good. Now let's get the power back on and start spreading the word. Convince all those psychos to get the hell out of LA.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - NIGHT

A small patrol boat fishes a head and torso out of the water.

STREET
Didn't that guy have a hat on?

Teng rolls his eyes.

TENG
Tasteless as usual.

Hondo gets off the call and comes to the team.

HONDO
I've got two squads to take us back to Parker. Deke take a unit and pick-up Luca.

(CONTINUED)

The team picks up their gear and begins moving through the crowd of emergency workers.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH BOULEVARD - DAY

An LAPD squad car moves through early Friday morning traffic.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hondo drives with Street in the passenger seat. Karelin and Teng ride in the back.

STREET
This whole damned thing was such a sister kisser.

KARELIN
What is a sister kisser?

STREET
We go through the toughest night of our lives, the city is in shambles, we lost a good man and what happens? The bad guy gets killed right out of the blue. That's about as climactic as kissing your sister.

KARELIN
Out of the blue of what?

STREET
Blue? It's like nothing. You know, something unexpected. It's like something coming out of left field...

KARELIN
Left field of what?

STREET
Left field of centerfield, or right field.
(exasperated)
Teng, can you help me out here?

Teng's mind is somewhere else.

TENG
I don't think Song was on that boat.

STREET
What the hell are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

TENG
It's something he said earlier. When he was talking to me in Chinese.

HONDO
What did he say?

TENG
He kept looking over my shoulder at the GPS readout. He wanted to know if we were near the 105 freeway.

STREET
So that means he's alive?

TENG
Why should he care about the 105 freeway? Why would he even know there was a 105 freeway?

HONDO
The 105 crosses the LA river.

TENG
About two miles south of where we were hit.

Hondo turns the wheel hard across several lanes of traffic.

HONDO
We're going to the 105. Get Deke on the line.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

The first rays of the morning sun are peeking over the horizon illuminating the gigantic tentacles of the 105/110 freeway interchange in the heart of South Central.

The interchange consists of three levels. On the bottom you have the 110 north and south. Four lanes each, elevated above the surface streets of Los Angeles, two lengths of highway are separated by a three foot gap.

On the middle level, some 30 feet over the 110 is the east/west 105 freeway, four lanes each, split down the middle by the green line commuter train.

On the top level, soaring nearly 90 feet up, are the two car pool interchange lanes connecting the two freeways.

(CONTINUED)

The 110 north is rapidly congesting with traffic as the business day begins.

On the shoulder of the 110, a gardening truck has pulled off to the side. An Asian GARDENER works on removing a tire. A second MAN sits in the bed of the truck watching the 105 freeway through binoculars.

He sees something and yells a few words to the Gardener.

The Gardener reaches under the truck and pulls out a shoulder held rocket launcher with a Chinese silkworm missile.

ON THE 105 FREEWAY

MOVE IN on a large tanker truck cruising west along the 105 freeway coming up on the 110 freeway overpass.

ON THE GARDENER

As he fires the silkworm. A white trail of smoke follows the projectile as it hits the tanker dead center.

KERBLAM!

The tanker explodes from the fuel combustion. A mushroom cloud of fire and smoke rises like a curtain over the interchange.

Flaming gasoline rushes from the ruptured tanker and fills the overpass with liquid fire. The burning fluid then begins spilling over the sides to the 110 freeway below creating a veil of flames.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 3 NEWSCHOPPER - DAY

Boyer watches the city below as a CAMERAMAN and Kelly LaPalma sit behind him.

PILOT
Mr. Boyer, There's smoke along the 110. Might be an accident.

BOYER
Don't waste your time.

PILOT
Looks like a burning tanker.

Boyer thinks on it for a moment.

BOYER
Do a fly by.

EXT. 105/110 INTERCHANGE - DAY

The channel 3 chopper circles the raging inferno.

CUT TO:

EXT. 110 FREEWAY - DAY

An LAPD squad car moves onto the highway.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hondo drives like a madman with lights and sirens blaring.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Ahead traffic has slowed to a stop. A thick black curtain of smoke obscures the 105 overpass. All four officers stare in awe at the scene.

The WHINE of an engine mounts. Hondo rolls down his window.

HONDO
What's that noise?

TENG
Sounds like a...

Song's Black Lear jet SWOOPS low over the squad car and traffic. It's landing gear drops into place as it heads toward the interchange jumble. Hondo steps out of the car.

HONDO
Let's see how good a kisser your sister really is.

Karelin, Street and Teng grab helmets, guns and gear and join Hondo.

EXT. 110 FREEWAY NORTH - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT officers look at the daunting image before them -- several hundred cars crammed in bumper to bumper and side to side all blocked by a tanker truck cascading burning fuel onto the roadway.

Boyer's helicopter circles overhead.

The team takes off running through the stopped commuter traffic.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE LEAR JET

As it shoots through the black cloud, between the 105 (middle section) and the car pool interchange (high section) and disappears from sight.

ON THE FREEWAY

Several DRIVERS get out of their cars to take a better look at the impossibly jammed freeway ahead. The narrow aisles between the cars quickly become blocked.

Karelin jumps atop a Cadillac and looks at the sea of cars before him. He starts running over one car then the next.

Hondo, Teng and Street realize the Russian may be right and join in.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - DAY

A DRIVER drinks coffee, listens to the radio and curses his luck for getting caught in the world's worst sig alert when he hears CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK.

The hot coffee spills on the driver's lap.

The roof overhead buckles slightly then Karelin appears on the windshield as he sprints on. Hondo, Teng and Street run over the cars on either side.

EXT. 110 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The four SWAT officers are making good time as they run over cars four abreast.

INT. VOLVO STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

A MOTHER is turned back breaking up a fight between her two BOYS.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

BOY
Mommy, why is that man jumping on our car?

The Mother spins to see what the kid is talking about.

EXT. 110 FREEWAY, BEYOND THE INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

The Lear jet completes its landing and rollout. The highway ahead is devoid of traffic.

(CONTINUED)

As the engines wind down the doors open and eight 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.

The cameraman turns to Kelly who primps and prepares to report.

CHARLIE(VO)
In five...four...three...

Boyer grabs Kelly's microphone.

BOYER
Camera on me. Now you're going to see how it's really done, sweetheart.

CHARLIE(VO)
Two...one...

The red light goes on over the camera.

BOYER
This is Michael Boyer reporting live from Sky-Eye 3. I'm over the 105/110 interchange where a tanker truck is burning out of control and a Lear jet has just landed on the freeway.

Bullets rip through the glass. Kelly screams and ducks. Boyer leans out to see who's shooting at him.

BOYER
We're under fire...

EXT. 110 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Song's men are unleashing a fierce barrage at the chopper. Bullets CLANG off the blades.

A thick smoke is followed by silence from the chopper as its engine dies. It falls.

SMASH!

The chopper lands on the southbound lanes of the freeway. Immediately cars begin to pile up behind.

Two MOTORCYCLE COPS standing near the burning tanker hustle toward the jet. They are both cut down with automatic weapon's fire from Song's soldiers.

bullets strike cars on the southbound 110 causing the DRIVERS to clamber out of their cars and run for cover off the freeway.

CUT TO:

EXT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lights flashing, Deke goes the wrong way up an off-ramp and shoots down the vacated highway. Across the median traffic is beginning to back-up as he has positions himself to enter in front of Song's jet.

EXT. 110 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hondo, Karelin, Teng and Street continue scrambling across cars. As they come to the burning tanker. They can see the Lear jet 800 yards ahead.

Hondo studies the mammoth overpass and the dozens of supports. A special bus siding nearby leads to an elevator and stairway which climbs from the 110 to the 105 freeway and the green line train that divides it.

HONDO
Teng, get up to the 105. Find me a kill shot.

Teng's off and running up the stairs two at a time.

HONDO
We're going in without cover. Stay within sight of each other.

Street and Karelin nod and the three jump over the median.

EXT. DEKE'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

The black and white screams the wrong way down the northbound 110. Luca looks at the plane ahead.

LUCA
Now that's gotta be illegal.

The two officers don their helmets. In the passenger seat, Luca holds her shotgun out the window. Deke clutches his M-16 while driving.

EXT. 105 OVERPASS/TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Teng rounds the last corner of the stairs and comes to the green line train platform. He takes a position directly above the center line of the 110 north.

TENG
(into his headset)
Hondo, I'm in position, but the smoke is pretty thick.

HONDO(VO)
If you see a shot, take it.

In the distance Deke's black and white races toward the plane.

ON THE LEAR JET

The eight Soldiers look around for something then they see it. Maung and Song drive a van onto the highway from the commuter overpass.

They drive quickly across the freeway and stop perpendicular to the plane.

Deke's cruiser pulls up at an angle. Immediately Deke and Luca open fire through the side windows.

Song's soldiers spray the car with indiscriminate gunfire. The two officers crawl out the driver's side door and use the vehicle for cover.

The squad car is shredded by automatic weapons' fire.

DEKE
We can't stay here.

Deke lays flat on the ground and starts shooting between the wheels. He takes out a gunman.

Seeing a clear run toward a concrete barrier, Deke is on his feet and sprinting.

He's about twenty feet away when...

BLAM! BLAM!

Two shot's hit Deke in the right arm and the stomach. He goes down and the blood starts to gush.

Luca unleashes a relentless barrage of cover fire pushing Deke's assailants back.

LUCA
(into headset)
Deke's down. I can't get to him...

(CONTINUED)

ON HONDO

Street and Karelin hunkered down behind an abandoned mini-van.

HONDO
We're flanking. Keep him covered.

Bullets shredding the minivan. Glass rains on the three officers.

INT. LEAR JET - CONTINUOUS

With the gunfire echoing outside, Song sits in a chair as Maung opens a metal case revealing a shoulder held rocket launcher. He and Song exchange a few words and Maung exits.

Using the van as cover, Maung reopens the case, places the device to his shoulder and aims it at Deke's patrol car.

EXT. 105 OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

Teng watches Maung from his position. He takes careful aim with his rifle, but can't quite find the shot through the smoke.

TENG
(into his headset)
Luca! Get the hell out of there!
They've got a rocket...

ON MAUNG

as he fires the shoulder unit.

SWOOSH! BLAM!

The squad car is blown high in the air as Luca runs headlong and leaps over the three foot gap separating the north and southbound side of the 110.

The wreckage comes down directly in the plane's path.

Maung barks orders and the soldiers fall back to keep cover.

ON TENG

Still in position on the 105 overpass several hundred yards away.

SCOPE VIEW

Smoke wafts past the view of Maung in the cross-hairs.

He scans Maung for kill zones then HEARS the jet engine noise mount. Someone motions Maung to get aboard.

(CONTINUED)

ON TENG

He closes his other eye and sights the target.

TENG
Not today, boss.

He fires an incredible longshot. The hollow point special BLASTS right through Maung blowing him to the ground.

The jet's engines WIND up and the plane starts to roll forward.

ON THE JET

Song looks out at his bleeding man, then coldly orders the door sealed and the plane to take off.

Unable to move straight forward, the jet is forced to slowly maneuver around the burning squad car.

ON HONDO

Hondo, Street and Karelin race after the plane only to be pushed back by gunfire from the men Song left behind.

The three officers split, Hondo and Karelin going left and Street going right.

Hondo holes up with Karelin behind a cement barrier which separates the commuter lanes from the rest. Hondo looks out over the edge of the highway at the three foot open section which divides the north 110 from the south.

Getting up on the railing Hondo leaps the gap and lands in the southbound lanes. Staying low he moves up toward the taxiing jet.

HONDO
(in his headset)
Teng. Lay down cover fire. Keep that plane on the ground.

ON THE JET

As it completes its careful maneuver around the burning squad car and rolls toward the clear highway ahead.

ON LUCA

Across the highway. She parallels the plane while firing her service automatic.

ON KARELIN

The big Russian can see Deke sprawled on the highway. Heavy fire from two of Song's men keep him from advancing.

(CONTINUED)

ON STREET

As he crawls along the cement barriers of a transition lane. He maneuvers to the van unable to see Deke or Maung's bodies.

He creeps around the edge of the van and sees Deke. Nearby is the open rocket launcher case -- it's empty.

Street runs toward Deke, but then sees a blood trail leading ten yards away. A barely cognizant Maung staggers while sighting up to fire a rocket at Teng.

Street draws his handgun.

Maung's finger pulls the trigger...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Street empties his gun into the man.

SWOOSH! the rocket fires anyway. The last minute jarring sends the rocket off course and heading right into the top level commuter lane bypass.

Maung collapses dead.

EXT. 105 OVERPASS- CONTINUOUS

Teng, still looking through his scope sees Maung fire the rocket. He sprints down the 105 freeway getting off the overpass as fast as he can.

EXT. COMMUTER LANE BYPASS - CONTINUOUS

KABLAM!

The rocket impacts the 90 foot high concrete overpass which crumbles like children's blocks.

Tons of concrete rain down on the middle level 105 freeway and Teng's old position.

The second impact is bigger than the first.

CRASH!

The 105 overpass buckles and drops. Now the combined force of the 105 and the commuter bypass strike the elevated 110 simultaneously.

SLAM!

The impact rocks the earth like a 8.0 earthquake. A dust cloud of rock and debris shoots out like a volcano.

Then it happens...

(CONTINUED)

The elevated 110 freeway begins to buckle. The section at the overpass, about thirty yards long, goes first. As it collapses the rumbling on the 110 intensifies. The second section goes, then the third continuing onward in a domino effect.

Song's plane accelerates away from the chaos. Hondo keeps firing, but the gap is widening. He holsters his pistol and pulls out a 50mm Desert Eagle Hand cannon. With shells the size of a fat man's finger, the Desert Eagle is the most powerful handgun on Earth.

ON STREET

Street sees one more rocket near Maung's body. He picks up the projectile and places it in the launcher.

STREET
(into headset)
Hey, Lieutenant, you think this guy Song's a betting man?

Ripping off his helmet and headset radio, Street places the launcher on his shoulder. He looks for the receding plane in his sights.

Closing one eye to get a better aim, Street feels the earth shake. He turns to see the 110 freeway collapsing behind him in a domino effect, one huge section at a time getting closer and closer.

Street coolly turns to re-sight the fleeing plane.

STREET
(sotto)
Fifty bucks says I put it right up his ass.

Street holds, but then notices Deke sprawled in the center of the highway, his breathing labored.

The plane is within his sights as the RUMBLE of the collapsing freeway grows.

Street hesitates.

He breaks off and drops the rocket launcher. He sprints toward Deke.

Behind him, the highway continues to collapse thirty yards at a time. Street puts on an extra burst of speed and races to Deke. Scooping the injured man up he races for the southbound lanes.

Street, with Deke in a fireman's carry, gets to the ledge and climbs the four foot guardrail.

He looks at the gap and hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

Three feet -- no problem -- if you don't have a dying man on your back.

Street looks back at the collapsing roadway.

STREET
Either way, we're toast.

Closing his eyes, he leaps into space. Behind him the freeway collapses into rubble.

The guardrail wall of the southbound 110 rushes up to Street, but he's short when...

Two hands reach out and grab Street and Deke. Looking up Street sees Karelin pulling him from sure death.

The three fall onto the southbound 110.

EXT. NORTH 110 - CONTINUOUS

Song's plane has reached take-off speed as it shoots down the 110.

The collapsing highway is moving even faster.

Hondo assumes a firing stance, clutches the Desert Eagle with both hands, closes one eye and sights his target.

Taking a deep breath, Hondo fires.

The plane leaves the ground as...

BOOM!

The 50mm round hits the jet's left engine, exploding it into a shroud of shrapnel. A second explosion rocks the plane as the left side fuel tank erupts.

The jet lists hard to the left as a section of highway directly beneath it drops away. The jet careens into the highway just as it collapses.

A mushroom cloud of jet fuel and concrete dust rises high over south central LA.

AERIAL SHOT

The devastation is mind boggling. Three tiers of the 110/105 interchange are now a pile of rubble and a mile long section of elevated highway is in ruins.

EXT. 110 SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Smoke and debris litter the area. Hondo and Luca come sprinting along as Karelin rips open Deke's uniform and tends to his wounds.

DEKE
(weakly)
How...bad...I've got to know.

KARELIN
Calm down. Both shots passed through.

DEKE
Lina...always warns me to watch my ass...and everything else...

Luca slices open Deke's jumpsuit around the groin.

LUCA
Don't worry, your ass is still in one piece...and so is everything else...

Street stands a few yards away surveying the incredible amount of damage. Hondo comes to his side.

HONDO
So, what are your plans now?

STREET
Well, looks like Cal-Trans is going to have a few jobs in road construction...

HONDO
Good work if you can get it. You're outdoors, good benefits...

STREET
But no one's shooting at you. How fun can that be?.

HONDO
You did all right out there. You could have taken that shot, but we would have lost Deke.

STREET
I know.

HONDO
Well, that's a start.

(CONTINUED)

Hondo walks back toward Deke leaving Street alone on the empty southbound 110.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT MOTORPOOL - DAY

The lights are low, but we can make out the outline of a large vehicle 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 Teng, Luca, Karelin and Street. All four marvel at the sight.

We turn to see a black behemoth. The new UAV.

Bigger and badder, with two gun turrets, this monster machine looks like something off a futuristic battlefield.

A heavy drawbridge style door is open from behind.

LUCA
Incredible...

KARELIN
Amazing...

TENG
How much did this thing cost?

Deke, on crutches, stands in front of the SWAT offices and tosses the keys to Street.

DEKE
They just dropped it off. Still has that new urban assault vehicle smell.

STREET
I get to drive.

Smiling, Karelin takes the keys from Deke.

KARELIN
Why don't we wrestle for it?

STREET
Um...You drive.

Everyone circles the UAV like customers at a dealer's showroom.

The familiar KLAXON call to action sounds as Hondo comes racing out of his office.

HONDO
Hostage situation in North Hollywood...

EXT. PARKER 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