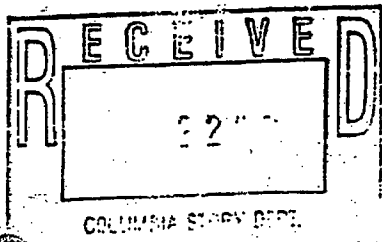


s.w.a.t.
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EXT. BROADWAY BOULEVARD - DAY

The Jewelry District in Downtown L.A. Neon signs splatter light across racks waterfalling with gold. Oddly no one is out and about. Something major happened. Empty sidewalks glisten with glass from bullet shattered windows. Police cars everywhere. Blocking the street. Yellow tape.

ANGLE ON

ORO FANTASIA -- A jewelry store where four bad guys are trapped. On the phone with the cops.

The BARRICADED ROBBER seems cooperative, calm.

BARRICADED ROBBER (V.O.)
We wanna come out. I'll go back to
the joint and do my time like a man.

CAMERA FINDS -- A DARKENED WINDOW IN THE OPPOSITE BUILDING

PUSH IN -- A SWAT SNIPER has carefully created a camouflaged nest, tucked away, ready.

BARRICADED ROBBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We afraid to come out. We know you
got snipers and helicopters waiting
to bust our heads, you know?

POLICE NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)
(reassuring, paternal)
Not gonna happen. Your lives are
just as important as the hostages.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ORO FANTASIA - DAY

Where a SWAT SUBURBAN is parked. Several SWAT OFFICERS, the most highly trained cops on the force, in big vests and helmets, guard the area. World class athletes at the top of their game.

Six of them pour through an alley, stealthy infiltrators probing cautiously ahead.

LEADING THE WAY -- TWO SWAT COPS

Round a dumpster and approach a heavy back door. Years together in the Marines and on L.A.s mean streets have cemented their friendship and they act as one. One is JIM STREET, he looks more skateboarder than cop, indomitably cheerful, he makes everything looks easy.

The other is POKER, an ambitious, preppy type from the South.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They arrive at a formidable gate topped with coils of razor wire, an impassable obstacle.

Poker and Street clamber over it without pause. Amazing.

The remaining four SWAT OFFICERS hang back. Among them is HONDO, one gifted SWAT Cop. With years of experience, he's road worn and stronger than spring steel. The guy you want on your side. The boss of this six man crew is SERGEANT HOWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ORO FANTASIA - BACK DOOR - DAY

Street stands guard as Poker picks the lock of the steel door's deadbolt. CLICK. He unlocks it, grinning.

Street oils the hinges with WD-40, slowly pulls the door open. Wedging it open with a rubber stop.

This reveals a second door of formidable iron bars. They can hear VOICES.

WHAT THEY SEE

Beyond the bars, a dark HALLWAY leads to the jewelry store up front.

A SECURITY GUARD with a stomach wound is tied up with duct-tape. Ashen from shock, he SEES Poker and Street, pleads for help with his eyes.

SCENE

Street makes a "Shhh" sign. Understood.

Street and Poker trade looks. Street's radio earpiece CRACKLES and GARBLES. He speaks against his throat mike.

STREET

Say again.

More CRACKLES AND GARBLES.

STREET (CONT'D)

Poker, you get that?

POKER

Uh-uh. Radio interference.

Street steps into the alley so Hondo can see him.

Street and Hondo converse with handsigns. Street returns to Poker, still working the lock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Hondo says the Sergeant wants us to pull back. The negotiator is making progress and doesn't want the suspects spooked.

POKER

Hold on. Almost got it.

Poker intently picks the lock of the security bars.

CUT TO:

INT. ORO FANTASIA - DAY

The air is thick with fear. There are three COUNTER GIRLS, who range from stoic to plain scared. The MANAGER is out cold on the floor, pistol whipped, a knot on his temple.

A BARRICADED ROBBER and three ACCOMPLICES, are trapped. Hardened gangsters, they are oddly calm, fatalistic.

BARRICADED ROBBER (O.S.)

(into phone)

I got kids, man. I don't wanna leave no orphans. We're comin' out, boss.

ACCOMPLICE 1

You ain't got no kids.

The Barricaded Robber covers the phone.

BARRICADED ROBBER

Shut up. I'm buying time, here. Load up your guns. We shootin' our way out. Get ready to run fast as you can and blast anything moving.

His men check their weapons.

NEW ANGLE

ACCOMPLICE 2 removes his mask. Revealing his face to a Counter Girl whose blindfold he has removed, his intentions are clearly lascivious.

The Barricaded Robber drops the phone and crosses to him, shoves him against the wall.

BARRICADED ROBBER (CONT'D)

Idiot. Why'd you do that? Keep your ugly mug covered.

He drags his accomplice toward the back, out of earshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRICADED ROBBER (CONT'D)

Take that bitch over there and cap
her, dog.

The Barricaded Robber returns to the phone.

BARRICADED ROBBER (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Yo, boss. Can we get a pizza up in
here?

Accomplice 2 drags the Counter Girl down the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ORO FANTASIA - DAY

Street and Poker heard everything. They trade alarmed looks.
Poker works the lock faster.

POKER

They're gonna waste her.

Street uses an INSPECTION MIRROR to peer down the hallway.

INSERT -- INSPECTION MIRROR P.O.V.

ACCOMPLICE 1 drags the terrified COUNTER GIRL by her arm.

SCENE

Street tries the radio. Nothing. No time to think it
through. Poker and Street trade looks, reaching a decision.

Street grabs the BREACHING SHOTGUN, designed for blasting
open doors, strapped to Poker's back.

STREET

Knock-knock.

He jerks the trigger -- BOOM-KA-BOOM! The compact shotgun
fires Shock-lock slugs -- That SHATTER the HINGES.

Poker raises a boot and KICKS the door. WHAM! - CLANG! The
two super cops charge inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ORO FANTASIA BUILDING - BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Poker and Street move with quick precision -- BRDDDT! They
shoot short bursts from their MP-5 submachine guns with nearly
telepathic coordination.

ACCOMPLICE 1 is hit -- He drops to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leaving the COUNTER GIRL freaked out but unscathed.

STREET

Go. Get outside. ..

She darts out the back door.

ON STREET

As he pulls a flashbang stun grenade from his vest. Pulls the pin and tosses it into the store.

BANG! -- Deafening noise, a BLINDING FLASH.

CUT TO:

INT. ORO FANTASIA - DAY

SHRIEKING Counter Girls. Poker and Street charge in firing their MP-5 submachine guns.

BRDDDT-BRDDDT!

ACCOMPLICE 2 raises his magnum -- He drops. Poker took him out.

ACCOMPLICE 3 holds his pistol under the chin of a Counter Girl.

BRDDT! Street fires hits him without hesitation. He drops like a rag doll. The woman is unscathed.

THE BARRICADED ROBBER

Raises his pistol -- Poker and Street fire simultaneously.

BRDDDDT! -- Their bullets bounce off the BODY ARMOR protecting the Barricaded Robber's chest.

The Barricaded Robber fires back -- POP!

HIS BULLET

Slams into Poker's helmet -- DUNK! -- RICOCHETS OFF. Poker is stunned.

Street fearlessly charges forward, tackles the Barricaded Robber. Punches him in the jaw.

Poker regains his senses, moves in and cuffs the Barricaded Robber.

Street catching his breath. Grabs the phone off the floor. Poker checking the fallen Accomplices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Suspects in custody. We're code four.

POLICE NEGOTIATOR (V.O.)

Who's this?

STREET

Swat. We have people down. Roll up the paramedics.

Street tosses aside the phone.

Poker helps him up. They survey the area. Then they trade looks, tap fists and trade relieved grins.

STREET (CONT'D)

We got 'em.

HONDO (O.S.)

Coming in!

BEHIND THEM

Hondo enters. He surveys the scene. Looks at Poker and Street, angry and amazed.

HONDO (CONT'D)

You guys are in trouble. Big daddy is mad.

Hondo steps aside. SERGEANT HOWARD enters, very unhappy. He looks at Street and Poker.

SERGEANT HOWARD

I told told you to recon the locks on the back door. Not whack and stack three suspects.

STREET

One of the suspects was going to kill a hostage.

SERGEANT HOWARD

They could have killed both of you and the hostages and everyone else. You forgot the team.

Street reacts. Four PARAMEDICS enter lugging trauma kits.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

Street and Poker wait in crisp dress uniforms. They are nervous, tense. Bravado has yielded to anxiety. Two Old Detectives cross to them, shake hands.

OLD DETECTIVE 1

Whatever happens in there, you guys are heroes.

OLD DETECTIVE 2

They should be giving you medals.

STREET/POKER

Thanks.

The old-timers walk away. Street and Poker trade uneasy looks.

STREET

I think we're getting fired.

A beat. Poker looks at Street.

POKER

No way. I'll quit first.

The door to an office opens, revealing Sergeant Howard. He nods for Poker and Street to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The SWAT CAPTAIN, the big boss, sits at his desk, trunk sized arms crossed. Sergeant Howard stands by his side like an attack dog. Street is stoic, but hopeful.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Gentlemen, I respect your abilities, you guys are high performers. But your judgment is low grade at best. Swat can't use people who don't do what they're told. Cut your patches off. You two are being reassigned to regular patrol.

Street looks at the SWAT patch on his shoulder like he'd rather part with his leg.

SWAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Be grateful you're not being fired.

Sergeant Howard hands them both letters to sign. Poker shakes his head in dismay. Street's hopes are dashed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Respectfully, sir. Everyone in this building knows we did the right thing. I have a two foot high stack of thank you letters from that girl's family.

The irony isn't lost on the SWAT CAPTAIN.

SWAT CAPTAIN

You two were insubordinate. That is the issue on the table.

(a beat)

Sometimes doing the right thing isn't doing the right thing.

POKER

Sir, we didn't have time to ask "mother may I." The right thing to do was clear and simple from what we saw and heard.

SWAT CAPTAIN

People died.

STREET

The bad guys died, sir. That woman was about to be executed right in front of us.

The Swat Captain stands, leans forward ominously and gets real quiet.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Officer Martin, Officer Street. You don't run Swat. I do. It's that simple.

Poker gets a faraway look in his eye. He turns to Street.

POKER

Let's go.

STREET

Where?

POKER

Away from here.

Street hesitates. And that smacks of betrayal to Poker.

Poker charges out of there. SLAMS the door.

SERGEANT HOWARD

You better cool him off while he has a chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Yessir.

Street quickly exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A gloomy rainy day. Poker bursts out the door. Walking angrily across the lot between rows and rows of black and whites. A beat. Street exits the door, catches up.

STREET

Hold up, man.

Poker turns, vindicated.

POKER

I knew you'd come around, brother.

STREET

You're punching out? You're walking?

POKER

I'm running. I have better things to do than rack up miles on a city car.

Poker points at a tired broken police cruiser.

STREET

Don't bail like this.

POKER

We joined LAPD to work Swat. You want to be just another body on the shift, go ahead.

STREET

All you know how to do is run jump, fight and shoot. We'll work nights in a fast division. We'll rock the house.

Poker isn't stopping. Street gets in his face.

STREET (CONT'D)

Where you gonna go?

POKER

Bali. Australia. Costa Rica. Big World. C'mon, let's check it out.

Street considers it a beat. Poker hopeful. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

No, man. I don't wanna go out there
and drift. I did that. It sucks.

POKER

I got skills. I'll find a job.

Right there, their friendship is over.

POKER (CONT'D)

Rather reign in hell than serve in
heaven.

STREET

What's that mean?

POKER

It means I won't stay here and be
their bitch.

(a beat)

I'm not a punk like you.

Street swings at Poker. Poker retaliates with blocks and
punches.

They fight in the rain, brutal, animalistic. Tearing their
uniforms, ruining patent leather shoes. This is one awesome
fight.

Poker gains the upper hand. Gets Street in an armlock.
Street pinned, he can do nothing, in agony.

POKER (CONT'D)

I twist this way, the bone snaps
clean. Heals in six weeks. I twist
this way ... You'll never be the
same.

SNAP! -- Poker breaks Street's arm. Fight over. Poker
stands, spits blood. Street clutching his shattered arm in
agony.

POKER (CONT'D)

Better get that looked at.

STREET

I will.

Poker walking away.

STREET (CONT'D)

Hey, Poker. Good luck in hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Street lays on the asphalt, woozy with pain. Uniformed legs gather around Street, hands help him up.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER TITLE: TWO YEARS LATER

A cold dark night in Vienna. This locals only cafe is quiet. Some American pop on the juke.

JAQUE sits at a table chainsmoking, a typical euro hipster, nervously waiting.

A door opens. A large man in a suit named GQ gestures him inside. GQ is intimidating, and a bad dresser.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT STOREROOM - NIGHT

Upon entering Jaque REACTS.

The room is lined with butcher paper. A human body is neatly wrapped in the corner. Clinical.

ANGLE ON

ALEX DE LEON, disheveled, exhausted. A beer and a smoke in his bloody hands. He's oddly charismatic, clearly very shrewd. Leaning against the wall, relaxing after his exertions.

He gestures for Jaque to sit on a paper covered chair.

NOTE: THEY SPEAK IN SUBTITLED FRENCH

ALEX

You came here to face me like a man.
I respect and appreciate that. Thank
you.

JAQUE

What can I say, Alex? They say we
choose our fates but I never stole
from you. My family is my concern
now.

ALEX

There is no threat to them. You are
very brave.

Alex gets a cell call, checks the number, ignores it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

You knew Larry's hand was in my pocket?

Jaque nods: yes. Alex notices his nice watch. Gestures for it, Jaque guiltily hands it over. Alex admires it. GQ approves. Alex puts it on.

ALEX (CONT'D)

How does the money disappear? Where is the break in the chain?

JAQUE

Larry skims the cash in Los Angeles and drives it into Mexico, he has accounts there. I found this out today. To help you.

ALEX

Thank you, Jaque.

Alex likes hurting people, it's hard for him to cut Jaque some slack.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You earned this. Quick. No pain.

JAQUE

Thank you, Alex.

Alex dismissively waves, nods to GQ who raises his pistol at Jaque -- POP!

Alex crosses to the sink, washes his hands.

ALEX

Let's go to California.

GQ reacts.

GQ

We might not come back.

ALEX

Buy some bulletproof passports. I have to take the risk. If I do not kill this cancer it will destroy my business.

Alex dries his hands, tosses the towel on the floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Burn this trash.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Street running at full tilt, weaving through, over and around parked cars. He bisects a homeless camp.

Street approaches a large concrete fortress -- LAPD CENTRAL STATION -- flashes his ID to the GUARDS. Vaults the concrete barriers without slowing.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL STATION - SWAT GARAGE - DAY

Quite an armada of vehicles. Suburbans. Pick-ups. Unmarked cars. Two SWAT TRUCKS are on stand-by to serve as mobile armories and command posts.

ANGLE ON -- AN EQUIPMENT CAGE

Crammed into an out of the way corner.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT CAGE - DAY

An amazing assortment of SWAT gear ranging from the mundane to the exotic. There are helmets, radios, vests and armor. A myriad of tools. Office supplies. Lockers of flashbang grenades and ammo.

FIND STREET

Flush from his run, in a police uniform that suggests office comfort, he pours hot coffee in a sports bottle. Adds cream, sugar. A fistful of vitamins. Some protein powder. Shakes it. He slurps the concoction as he settles into a desk swamped with stacks of paperwork.

Street has a shrine to better days -- Shooting trophies, SWAT Olympics trophies. Photos of him on the SWAT Team.

ACROSS FROM THE CAGE

A dozen SWAT COPS in crisp fatigues stampede out a briefing room. BOXER and TJ, both young proven Swat officers, cross to the cage.

TJ is a high achieving perfectionist, young and arrogant with pristine hair and teeth.

Boxer is a little overweight with five O'Clock shadow. A low key, go with the flow kind of guy.

Street has boxes of ammo on the counter ready for them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Hey, Boxer.

BOXER ..

Morning, Street.

STREET

I heard a new crew is manning up.

HONDO

I heard we're getting a raise. I don't see that happening. You've been around too long to listen to rumors.

Boxer is a bad liar. Street grins.

STREET

C'mon. I'll find out anyway when the Captain has me outfit them.

BOXER

Yes. They're adding a six man element to the duty rotation.

STREET

And Hondo's gonna run it.

BOXER

No comment.

STREET

Talk to him Boxer. I'm ready for a comeback shot.

TJ

Hondo doesn't need a trigger happy has-been.

Street glares, if looks could kill.

STREET

Keep talking shit, TJ.

TJ

(to Boxer)

Be honest. Would you want Street rescuing your grandmother?

BOXER

Sure. Street's good.

Hondo approaches the cage. TJ and Boxer grab the ammo boxes and cross to the Suburbans. Now it's just Hondo and Street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

Morning.

STREET ..

Sergeant Hondo.

Hondo gives Street a look.

STREET (CONT'D)

Get used to it, you're a supervisor now. Sew those on yourself?

Street points at the brand new Sergeant's patches sewn on his sleeves.

HONDO

Last night. They're finally making me grow up, I guess.

Street rolls up his sleeve, revealing shiny scars where his shattered arm was pinned and braced. Street makes a fist.

STREET

Look at that. All healed now, a hundred percent. Passed my physical. Hondo, I am on. My skills are razor sharp. I'm better than I was two years ago.

Hondo looks at Street.

HONDO

Why you telling me all this? I'm just signing out ammo here.

STREET

C'mon. You're sergeant now, you're in line for the new crew.

HONDO

What makes you think that out of six hundred highly qualified bad-ass applicants you have any chance?

STREET

I was born to work Swat. You know I'm better than all them.

Hondo walks away, pauses.

HONDO

Still giving that survival class?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Twice a week. Maybe you could come down and teach a class sometime.

HONDO

Maybe.

Hondo crosses to some waiting vehicles in B.G.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Saddle up and move out! I wanna shoot guns and break shit.

The SWAT Cops mount their vehicles. A flurry of activity as they pull out.

Street watches them depart from behind wire mesh.

It's quiet again. Street looks around his cage, as if realizing for the ten thousandth time:

STREET

This sucks.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL DIVISION - WEIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

In the basement of the crowded and decrepit police station. A dozen OFFICERS work out before the night shift with weights and machines. All ages and sexes, all sizes and colors, tough cops working a deadly division.

ANGLE ON

An exercise mat where Street, in a wrist brace, gives martial arts instruction to four SHIFT COPS, in sweats. They wear gun belts with red rubber training pistols. A cocky ROOKIE has Street handcuffed.

STREET

Okay. This is a WWF move I saw once. Ready?

ROOKIE

Ready.

Street moves fast; trips the Rookie. Who CRASHES to the mat. Street wraps his legs around his neck. Snatches the rubber gun from belt, holds it to his head.

STREET

Bang. Rule one of officer survival: stay alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The street smart Rookie is surprised to have lost the upper hand.

STREET (CONT'D)

I train here every day. If you want to stay alive out there, I can teach you what works.

ROOKIE

Thanks. I'll come through.

Hondo enters. Street is surprised to see him.

HONDO

Yo, people. Listen up! I heard you guys are the baddest shift in L.A.P.D. Who wants to join Swat?

Everyone stops. And raises their hand. Including Street, wondering what Hondo is up to.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Who's the baddest cop in here?

The cops trade looks -- BERMUDEZ is quickly singled out. He's a battle hardened old timer with ten years more experience than Street. Hondo knew they would pick him.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Okay, Bermudez, get on the mat there with Officer Street.

BERMUDEZ

Thanks for this shot, Hondo. I've been testing for Swat since forever.

HONDO

We'll, take care of you.

Hondo and Bermudez cross to Street on the mats.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Okay, guys. The winner of this fight gets to be on the new team I'm putting together.

Street senses a set-up. Wary of Bermudez.

STREET

Hondo, if I kick his butt, I can be on your crew?

A beat. Hondo is on the spot, but his money is on Bermudez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

Yeah. I'll see what I can do.
 (grins, RE: Bermudez)
 He's a triple black-belt.

Street reacts. Bermudez gives him a mean stare.

BERMUDEZ

You don't stand a chance, youngin'.
 Let's get down.

They shake and bow. Bermudez raises big knurled fists.
 Street REACTS, intimidated. Cops circle around them.

Bermudez attacks. The THUP-THUP sound of fast punches being
 blocked. Street is on the defensive.

Bermudez is really going for it. But Street endures the
 assault.

They CRASH into weights, bang into machines. End up on the
 floor. Fighting like badgers, until Street gets hold of
 Bermudez's arm and nearly pulls it out of its socket before
 Bermudez quits.

BERMUDEZ (CONT'D)

Okay! Tap! Tap! Shit.

Street lets go, surprised he won, as is everyone else.

Hondo is left scratching his head by the upset. Bermudez
 looking at Hondo.

HONDO

Sorry, the kid won.

Bermudez is disappointed but a good sport. He shakes with
 Street. Who puffs with pride at his achievement. He taps
 fists with some buddies. He lifts his shirt to show a crazy
 tattoo across his stomach.

STREET

That's right. The Street sweeper
 dominates.

Hondo doesn't like the attitude. Street realizes that, grows
 serious, but expectant.

STREET (CONT'D)

So what's up, Hondo? I took him.

Hondo looks at Street, not liking the spot he got himself
 into. A beat. He tosses Street his cuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

I'm dangerous. Arrest me.

Street lunges. SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-THUD! Hondo kicks and punches Street with lightning speed, throws him to the mat.

Hondo helps up a stunned Street. Again they square off. Street attacks with a flurry of punches.

Hondo attacks. Flying fists and feet. Vicious, but he's clearly holding back. Street slips, falls.

The cops watch, amazed. Street springs back to his feet. Throws a punch that Hondo catches.

Hondo twists his bad arm, driving Street's elbow to the mat. Street frozen in pain, at Hondo's mercy, the arm brace bending. Street is helpless as Bermudez was.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Don't be stupid, kid. Tap out.

Street shakes his head: no. Hondo twists Street's arm more. To the point of snapping.

STREET

Go ahead, Hondo.

Hondo releases him, stands, arms akimbo staring at Street.

HONDO

You get up, I'm gonna get mad and then hurt you real bad.

Street hasn't the sense to quit.

STREET

I'm getting up.

It takes a beat for Street to climb onto his wobbly feet. The others look concerned.

Hondo holds out his hand. Street jumps back. Hondo wants to shake, not fight.

HONDO

I'll talk to the Captain. No promises.

Street REACTS, his second chance. He shakes with Hondo.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Hondo drives. Street is in the passenger seat, happy as a clam.

HONDO

By no means do you have a lock on this. Screw up once or give me attitude; you go back in your little cage.

STREET

Positive or negative attitude?

HONDO

Either. I have two more slots to fill.

Street holds a long computer printout.

STREET

Six hundred names here. And they all want to be in SWAT.

HONDO

Who's got the most arrests in the toughest division?

Street looking at the list. Finds the name:

STREET

Uh, that would be ... Patrolman second class Deacon Kaye. Works Shootin' Newton. Scary division.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATTS ALLEY - DAY

AN LAPD PATROL CAR

With the doors already open as it swoops to a stop.

Two cops pop out and run down an alley in foot pursuit. One of the cops is DEACON "DEKE" KAY, a powerfully built black guy. His PARTNER can barely keep up.

NEW ANGLE

Running away are two black HOMEBOYS, serious players, tatted and buffed.

A strong runner, Deke is catching up. He keys the mike on his shoulder, ice cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE

(into mic)

Thirteen-Adam-Eighty one in foot pursuit. In alley north of Defiance Avenue. Passing ninety eight heading west. Two male blacks. Suspect one wearing purple sweatshirt and blue jeans. Suspect two wearing white T-shirt and khaki pants.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Hondo drives. Street rides shotgun. Hondo heard Deke's transmission, he speeds up, pulls into the alley and accelerates.

HONDO SEES

The two homeboys vault into a back yard using a parked car as a springboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

The Homeboys run past CAMERA.

Deke jumps the fence. His PARTNER follows -- Violently wrenches his ankle on a rusty engine block. He SCREAMS.

INT. HONDO'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Hondo SCREECHES to a stop.

HONDO

C'mon.

They bolt from the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Hondo vaults the fence. Sees the hurt Partner on the ground, clutching his twisted ankle.

HONDO

Officer Kay?

The Partner points in Deke's direction.

HONDO (CONT'D)

You alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo gets a thumbs up. Hondo follows Deke, running at full speed. Street hops the fence, following Hondo.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATTS STREET - DAY

The HOMEBOYS exit a house's yard and run up the street. Here comes Deke running behind them. Then Hondo and Street.

Deke catching up to the Homeboys. Street and Hondo catching up to Deke. Now running alongside him.

HONDO
Officer Kay?

DEKE
Yeah.

STREET
Need some help?

DEKE
Take right. I'm breaking left.

Street overtakes Hondo and Deke, they can't believe it. Street grabs the collar of the closest Homeboy and yanks him down. Both roll to the ground in a painful tangle of limbs.

Deke lunges, grabs the other Homeboy's head and throws him right to the ground.

Hondo whips out his cuffs, CLICKS them on Street's guy.

Deke drops a knee on the other Homeboy's head, cuffs him. Deke looks at Street, impressed.

DEKE (CONT'D)
Man, what do you run? An eight second
four forty?

Street catching his breath, nods: yes. SIRENS approach. Hondo turns to Deke.

HONDO
We could use you on the SWAT team.
Work's real hard. And the hours
suck. Want a shot?

Hondo offers his hand. Deke grins like its Christmas morning. They all shake.

DEKE
I've been trying to get into Swat
forever. Deke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

Hondo.

STREET ..

Street.

Two black and whites sail in, SCREECHING to a stop, OFFICERS pop out, guns drawn. Deke signals everything is cool and the Officers relax.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Hondo driving.

HONDO

I need one more name. Someone real physical but with a brain.

STREET

Let's see who's kicked the most butt and gotten the least complaints.

Street studies the print out a beat, runs the numbers in his head. Hondo impressed by his thinking.

STREET (CONT'D)

Dennis Sanchez. Over at Hollenbeck.

Hondo flips on the lights, does a U-turn in traffic.

HONDO

Let's pay Mr. Sanchez a call.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A busy EMERGENCY STAFF ministers to the evening's victims; gunshots, accidents, drug ODs.

Hondo and Street enter. Approach a knot of UNIFORMS holding a prison sized CHOLO down on a gurney as a NURSE starts an I.V.

STREET

We're looking for Officer Sanchez.

COP 1 points out a curtained exam table.

COP 1

In there, getting sewn up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

Jeez, someone sure thumped him good.

Gesturing at the man on the gurney.

COP 1

That's Sanchez's handiwork.

COP 2

Great fight. Should be on pay-per-view. Sanchez is an ass-kick-o-saurus.

Hondo and Street trade impressed looks. And cross to the curtained table.

Street slides the curtain back. REACTS when he sees an attractive female cop in her bra. A DOCTOR sewing up a slash on her shoulder. Hondo sees that, freezes.

SANCHEZ

May I help you?

Sanchez isn't shy, she's all cop, and all woman.

HONDO

Sorry, I'm looking for Dennis Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

You got Denise Sanchez.

Hondo smiles at the misunderstanding. Gives Street a look.

HONDO

You're a female.

SANCHEZ

Good eye. You're a male.

Hondo staring at the curtain as Sanchez pulls on a T-shirt.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

You can turn around. Officer ..?

HONDO

I'm Hondo, just Hondo. This is Street. He's illiterate.

STREET

It was a typo.

Sanchez dons her ballistic vest -- A picture of her 4 y.o. son taped to the trauma plate. She puts on her uniform shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

You really take out that ese there?
He's got a hundred pounds on you.

SANCHEZ

It's not your weight, it's how you
carry it. He came in with a left
jab. I blocked, kicked his kidney
and went for a pain hold but he was
too high to feel it. So I got him
on the ground and we grappled. I
let him tire himself out and
handcuffed him. Easy. Didn't know
he had a double edged razorblade in
his mouth.

HONDO

You okay?

SANCHEZ

I'm fine.

STREET

Your shoulder has a zipper.

Sanchez shrugs. Seems okay.

SANCHEZ

One time a drunk cowboy almost sliced
my ear off with a busted bottle.

HONDO

You like to fight?

SANCHEZ

Keeps me centered.

Hondo is digging her. But it's late.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

So now I don't get the job? Because
of the female thing.

Hondo reacts.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I know Deke Kaye. We worked gang
suppression. He called and told me
you're recruiting for a new team. I
know if you knew I was female you
wouldn't be here. You're here because
I have an awesome record. Ask anybody
on my shift if I got their back.
I've dreamed of being in SWAT since
I signed up. I want in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo mulls it over a beat. Looks at Street. Who is impressed. Hondo hands her a business card. Sanchez lights up with a smile and they shake.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Part of the Police Academy complex. The buildings of DOWNTOWN stand tall in B.G.

Hondo and his new team are gathered together. Street, Sanchez, Deke. TJ and Boxer. Street trades cold looks with with TJ.

HONDO

When the cops need help. They call Swat. We're spread thin, there's only sixty Swat officers to cover the whole city. I'm supposed to train you guys and get you ready for the streets. Some of you have worked Swat. Some of you haven't.

Hondo taps the SWAT PATCH on his shoulder.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Sanchez, why do you want to be the first female in LAPD to wear this patch?

SANCHEZ

Because people see it and know you're the World's best.

HONDO

That's right. LAPD Swat has the toughest and most professional cops in the World. I'm not bragging, that's a fact. We don't go in to kill, we go in to save lives. Even the life of the six-foot-four three hundred pound ex-con holding a butcher knife to a hostage's throat. We take down the most dangerous men on two legs. And we take them down alive. Swat only had one fatal shooting last year. That's how good we are. The Green Berets, SEALs, FBI all come to L.A. to see how we do it.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO (CONT'D)

You guys are here because you're the best. They only gave me a month to get us ready for the field certification exam. We'll have to work day and night to turn six outstanding individuals into one outstanding team.

Street trading determined looks with his cohorts.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOOTING OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Street runs the timed skills course, plastic MANNEQUINS serve as targets. Hondo is an everpresent and demanding taskmaster.

He runs and jumps shooting with his pistol.

For next set of targets he uses his rifle. BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

The pistol reappears -- BRDDDDT!

Street dives, shoulder rolls, comes up running. Drills the last two targets now -- BAM!-BAM! Finished, he catches his breath.

Hondo checks a stop watch. Looks at Street, surprised.

HONDO

One minute twelve seconds. Very good.

TJ looking at Street. Deke and Street tap fists.

DEKE

You're like Deion Sanders out here.

STREET

Thanks, man.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOOTING OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

TJ finishes his attempt. Hondo checks the stopwatch.

HONDO

One minute sixteen. Outstanding.

Street turns to a disappointed TJ, who can't believe he didn't beat Street's time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET
But not quick enough.

TJ REACTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOOTING OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Now it's Sanchez's turn. She burns through the course, transfixing the men. She's a natural. She crosses the finish line, glowing. Hondo checks her time and does a doubletake.

SANCHEZ
What?

HONDO
Fifty two seconds.
(a beat)
New course record.

SANCHEZ
Oh, no way.

She high fives her teammates.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Who had the old record?

HONDO
Poker Martin.

SANCHEZ
Who's that?

STREET
The guy who broke my arm.

TJ
Street's evil twin.

Now Sanchez gets it. Street shoots TJ a look.

SANCHEZ
So, where's he now?

STREET
Rumor has him jacking meth labs in the high desert.
(off Sanchez's look)
Yeah. He went to the dark side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOXER

You do not want to run into him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - TIRE HOUSE - DAY

A mock house made of stacked tires for shooting live ammo. Street, Hondo, Boxer, Sanchez, Deke and TJ are fully suited up, with body armor, tac vests, radios, helmets, weapons, magazine pouches, kneepads, elbow pads.

They move in two three man teams. Street, Sanchez and Deke moving together, they round a corner, Deke is a little slow. Street looks at Deke -- Street, trips and all three go down.

HONDO

Let's try this again. Street, pay attention to your footwork this time?

TJ grinning at Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - TIRE HOUSE - SUNSET

Stretched shadows mark the end of another long grueling day. The team has been working hard. Gear and uniforms are soaked with sweat and mud. Utterly exhausted. They just finished a run.

HONDO

People, take two to catch your breath. We're going again.

Their pained reactions say it all. Street flexes his hand, it's giving him trouble. Hondo crosses to him. Street gives him a look. Tension.

HONDO (CONT'D)

I think pushing paper put out your fire. You gonna try this time?

Street can do nothing but say:

STREET

Yes, Hondo.

Deke turns to Hondo.

DEKE

Hondo, you ever wanna give us a break. My dad's got a restaurant, I say we roll down, and get some chow. This food will keep everyone going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

Good idea. One last run and we'll knock off for dinner. Ready on position 'one.

They get in assault formation. All eyes on Hondo's hand signals. Hondo gives them the go sign.

They pour into the tire house, crisper than before.

Street and TJ behind Hondo, covering him.

TJ accidentally triggers the flashlight on his weapon.

WHAT HONDO SEES

His shadow on the wall from a gun mounted flashlight shining on the back of his head. A big no-no.

SCENE

Hondo angrily spins on Street, not TJ.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Safety time-out -- Street, you trying to blow my head off?

STREET

Hondo, it wasn't me--

Hondo interrupts him with an index finger. TJ remains quiet.

HONDO

You can stay behind and clean the gear and weapons. We'll bring you a doggy bag. Let's get some chow, people.

A monstrous task. Street is hating this little game. But toughs it out. He gives TJ a look.

STREET

Thanks, TJ.

The rest of the team trading looks, feeling bad for Street. Even TJ.

TJ

Hondo, I did it. My bad. Not Street's. I'll stay.

Street looks at TJ with new respect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO

You have no excuse. Street's rusty.
You're not.

Hondo and the others walking. TJ packing equipment. Hondo relents.

HONDO (CONT'D)

C'mon to dinner with us TJ.

Street looks at Hondo, shakes his head. Sanchez pats Street on the back. The six walk across the range, already looking like a team.

CUT TO:

EXT. O-KAYE RIBS - NIGHT

A family smoke house on Crenshaw. Owned by DEKE'S DAD, a strong sort who has mellowed over the years. Street helps Deke serve huge platters of ribs. Beans, cornbread. Hondo is engrossed in his baby backs. Sanchez, TJ, Boxer devour their food, craving calories.

HONDO

Sir, you are a true master.

SANCHEZ

I'm from Texas, so you know, it's all about the barbecue. My hat is off.

DEKE'S DAD

Thank you. Want more? There's more.
Always more.

DEKE

No thank you, pop. We're good. We have to train after this.

TJ

I don't think these are diet ribs.

Sanchez and Deke tap fists. Deke sits between her and Street. He has a tuna sandwich for himself.

STREET

What's up with that?

Deke leans quietly toward Street.

DEKE

I worked here every summer growing up and then some. I can't stand ribs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Street looking at pictures of Deke as a kid.

STREET

Deke, dude. Is that you? All skinny.

DEKE

Yep. He's got 'em nailed to the wall so I can't take 'em down. You found me out. I was a nerd.

STREET

You were a nerd?

SANCHEZ

Yeah, I can see that.

DEKE

I got my butt whupped every day after school. One day in high school my Wheaties kicked in or something. Because I just swolled up overnight. Suddenly I could knock fools out.

STREET

So now you the protect the weak because you dressed like Erkl?

SANCHEZ

Street, that's wrong. I can tell you have a shady past. What's your stomach say?

He lifts his shirt.

STREET

Spaz Kase.

DEKE

Spaz Kase? Your nickname?

STREET

My band in high school.

SANCHEZ

You got that honkin' tattoo in high school?

STREET

I got more than tattooed.

A female LAPD officer enters in uniform, she's tall black and beautiful.

DEKE

Uh-oh. Who called the cops?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hugs Deke and they lock lips a beat. A striking sight, everyone watches. They blush at the attention, show their wedding bands.

DEKE (CONT'D)

That was authorized. Hondo, this is my wife Jasmine. -- Baby, Hondo is like a department legend, he's the Micheal Jordan of Swat.

JASMINE

So you're the one torturing him?

HONDO

Yes, ma'am.

JASMINE

Good.

Jasmine sits next to Sanchez.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

These guys give you any trouble, you let me know.

STREET

We're scared of her.

HONDO

Eat up. You'll need the calories. The train-athon resumes.

His people shovel in the food.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULTRA HIP CLUB - NIGHT

Establishing. Alex pulls up to the Valet in a new Porsche.

CUT TO:

INT. ULTRA HIP CLUB - DAY

Larry swaggers through the crowd to the bar. An ordinary looking guy, who throws his money around. He sidles up to the bar. The BARTENDER sets a drink in front of him.

BARTENDER

Compliments of the gentleman.

NEW ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex sits at the bar. Gives Larry a nod. Larry looks like he is about to faint.

CUT TO:

INT. TRICKED OUT NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - DAY

GQ drives. Somewhere on the Westside. His PASSENGER is a cold eyed EUROTHUG. Two more EUROTHUGS sit in back with a very scared Larry sandwiched between them. He has two black, swollen eyes.

GQ

The sister you send into hiding so we couldn't find her. We found her.

GQ shows him a polaroid. Larry reacts, no tough guy, his lip quivers.

LARRY

How long will you keep feeding that monster? We're in America. Tell him to go to hell and I'll buy you a house.

GQ

(shrugs)

What have you ever done for me?

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alex follows the Navigator, gloating. He checks his watch. Pulls out his Nextel.

ALEX

(into Nextel)

I have to go to the hotel for dinner. I'll join you later then we'll go to work on the son-of-a-bitch.

A SIREN behind him. It's a MOTORCYCLE COP -- Who is not after Alex, but follows the Navigator, which has just run a red light. Alex reacts.

CUT TO:

INT. TRICKED OUT NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Eurothugs 1, 2 & 3 nonchalantly reach for their guns. Larry begins praying under his breath. A pistol is pressed into his side. GQ begins slowing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST L.A. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Suddenly Alex BLASTS PAST, his Porsche presents a much juicier target to the MOTOR OFFICER. Who GUNS HIS BIKE and gives chase.

ALEX

(filtered)

Go, get out of here. I can take care of this guy.

The quick police Harley pulls right on Alex's bumper.

Alex slows, crisply pulls to the side. Turns off the engine.

The Navigator has already slipped around the corner.

The Motor Officer warily crosses to Alex's sedan, gun out, shining his maglite in the car. Alex rolls down the window.

MOTOR OFFICER

Sir, do you know how fast you were going?

Alex is a chameleon, he suddenly seems utterly harmless, the guy next door.

ALEX

No, sir. The speedometer cable is binding.

MOTOR OFFICER

Uh-huh. License, registration, proof of insurance.

ALEX

I have this. I'm out here researching my doctorate.

Alex produces a Harvard student I.D. and a Massachusetts license. Nonplussed, the Motor Officer examines the documents.

MOTOR OFFICER

I still need some kind of proof of financial responsibility.

ALEX

It's a rental. Isn't it part of the contract? The insurance.

MOTOR OFFICER

You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex isn't getting any slack. He decides to kill the Motor Officer. Alex moves his hand toward the gun under his thigh.

A Police Car approaches quickly, lights flashing.

It's the distraction the Motorcycle Cop needs. He pulls his gun, aims at Alex.

MOTOR OFFICER (CONT'D)

Drop it.

The Police Car CHIRPS to a stop near the Porsche. A well timed show of force.

Alex drops the gun -- A wicked MINI UZI.

Two tough looking UNIFORMS pop out and take cover positions on the sidewalk. One totes a shotgun.

MOTOR OFFICER (CONT'D)

Step out really slowly, sir.

Alex has lost his chance to act, he complies.

MOTOR OFFICER (CONT'D)

Sir put your hands on your head and turn around. You're under arrest.

The Motorcycle Cop handcuffs him. Gives him a pat down, tossing Alex's wallet, cellphone, a switchblade knife, onto the hood of his car.

Alex complies. And the Motor Officer handcuffs him.

He shines a light on the Mini-Uzi.

MOTOR OFFICER (CONT'D)

That your insurance?

Alex knows he's in trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUS - DAY

A practice assault. Deke enters the bus from the front, then TJ, Sanchez. They move cautiously through the apparently empty bus.

ON STREET

As he pops up from among the seats and lunges at TJ with a RUBBER KNIFE.

BRDDDDT-BRDDDDDT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo and Boxer, outside the bus on either side, have shot through the open windows at Street, hitting him with training paint balls. Street is "dead" before he reaches TJ.

Street takes off his goggles wiping paint from his head.

STREET

Ow. Those things hurt.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - HOUSING MODULE - DAY

80 blue jumpsuited inmates mill about. Alex De Leon sits in a corner with a meek looking Tagger. They open their bag lunches. An apple and a cheese sandwich.

TAGGER

Dude. I hate this place. I've never been so scared in my life.

ALEX

What do they say you did?

TAGGER

Tagging.

ALEX

Writing on walls?

TAGGER

Yeah. Just getting my name out there. The fame game.

Two big CHOLOS cross to them.

CHOLO 1

Gimme your apple, dog.

The Tagger hands his over. Cholo 2 looking at Alex.

CHOLO 2

You too, homes. Kick down, bitch.

ALEX

Fuck you, homes.

It takes a beat for the insult to process. The Cholo swings at Alex. Lo and behold; Alex is a skilled martial artist. He destroys the first guy. Next, with a series of brutal kicks, he drops the second guy.

Then as a final flourish, kicks Cholo 1's thigh -- CRACK! Breaking it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRACK! -- Cholo 2 also gets his thighbone broken. Alex picks up the apple and hands it back to the shocked Tagger.

FOOTSTEPS. A half dozen DEPUTIES enter with helmets and clubs.

DEPUTY

Get over there! Move it!

Prisoners part like the Red Sea. The Deputies approach the vanquished Cholos. They look bad.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Transport these inmates to the infirmary.

(shouts)

No fighting in my module! I put the smack down here, not you all! Who did this!

A streetwise VETERANO pipes up.

VETERANO

Sir, they just started thumping on each other, sir.

Deputies get busy moving the injured. Alex has retreated into the crowd. He makes eye contact with the Veterano, they're cool now.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S BUS (MOVING) - DAY

On the freeway. Alex and the others shackled in back. Alex by a window, watching the commuters pass.

VETERANO

This is the worst part of being locked up. Cruising the city, hitting all the courthouses.

ALEX

Because the world is right there but you can't touch it.

The Veterano regards Alex and nods his agreement.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHATSWORTH - LAPD TRAINING SITE - DAY

A more serious facility consisting of realistic mock buildings. The team approaches a front door, in threes they line up outside the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deke sledgehammers open a door. Tosses in a flashbang. BANG! The team pours inside. A beat. We hear their MP5s. BRDDDT! BRDDDT! BRDDDT! BRDDDT! Every bad guy target has several holes. Then:

STREET (O.S.)

Clear!

SANCHEZ (O.S.)

Clear!

BOXER (O.S.)

Clear!

Hondo exits with a huge smile, takes off his helmet.

HONDO

That was beautiful. We ain't getting any better. I think we're ready for our final exam.

His team exits the MOUT house with relieved grins. Hondo turns to Street.

HONDO (CONT'D)

C'mon, Street. I'll buy you a beer.

Street reacts.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Alex takes a seat across from his attorney, Kathy, she is confident, connected. And worried.

ALEX

Good morning, Kathy. Any luck?

KATHY

Yes. The judge set bail and you're being processed for release. You'll have to reappear before the court in two weeks.

Alex smiles. They both know he won't come back.

KATHY (CONT'D)

This is the problem, before they release you, they have to verify who you are. They run everything through interpol now. Any day they will know who you really are.

Alex leans in to her. Whispers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Get me out of here. If lawbooks aren't working, use guns. Tell my friends to hit the bus when they take me to court.

Kathy nods: she understands.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

A LIVE BAND plays cool tunes for the HAPPY HOUR CROWD. Hondo, Boxer, Deke, Sanchez and TJ occupy a booth where Street pours beer, showing off his server skills. The team has grown close.

HONDO

Street, you are definitely a multitasked individual.

STREET

I had twenty bad jobs before I became a badass.

Sanchez checks out Hondo's behind the curve fashion.

SANCHEZ

I haven't seen iced denim in ten years. Hondo, let me take you shopping.

HONDO

I hardly wear civilian clothes. Cheers guys.

They CLINK mugs, toast. Sanchez gets a TEXT PAGE. Reads it, smiles.

STREET

Good news?

SANCHEZ

Yessir. My son Nicky won the hundred meter freestyle. Fastest eight year old in the water.

STREET

You got high speed genes, Sanchez.

She misses her son.

BOXER

Swat's rough on the homefront.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo pulls out his pager.

HONDO

This will take you to many doors.
To all the world's mysteries.

STREET

That's what I like about it.

BOXER

Ball and chain sometimes. Got a
call once during my daughter's
birthday party. Ended up whacking a
guy.

DEKE

You gotta expect shit like that.
I'm ready. My kid's are gonna know;
daddy's got to do his thing.

STREET

No kids, Hondo?

HONDO

Nope. No kids, wives, girlfriends,
cats, dogs or canaries. I travel
light.

STREET

Just your horse and a sword?

HONDO

Now you're talking.

SANCHEZ

You have to have a life.

HONDO

Swat is my life.

SANCHEZ

When I go home I take off the badge,
I'm just mommy.

STREET

Dude, I go home and It's MP3's and
Playstation.

HONDO

Generation Ritalin. I don't much
get the twitch and jerk century.

STREET

Hondo's old school. Hard-ass in a
can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

You can't be a hard-ass twenty four seven.

Hondo already knows that..

HONDO

Cheers, guys. No matter what happens tomorrow, I'm glad to have worked with you.

They CLINK mugs. Hondo turns to Street.

HONDO (CONT'D)

I want you to come over to my place for a shot after this.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door is being unlocked. Hondo pushes it open and enters. Street is with him.

It's spartan. Industrial. Work out equipment. Some blankets on the floor. A wooden striking tree for toughening hands and forearms. A punching bag, all worn from use. Street is in awe of Hondo's set up.

STREET

This is like seeing Bruce Lee's lair.

HONDO

Let me get you that shot.

Hondo crosses to an old fridge. Opens it. Street notes the perfectly organized meals in tupperware. Hondo pours a couple shots of wheatgrass juice. Hondo opens a door that leads onto the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONDO'S ROOF - NIGHT

Amidst the tall buildings downtown. A great view. Hondo and Street step out.

HONDO

I figured you'd split with Poker and become a desperado. Never thought you'd stick it out.

STREET

Swat's home for me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET (CONT'D)

I had to get back in the house.

(a beat)

You thought Bermudez was going to kick my ass.

A beat.

HONDO

Yeah, Bermudez knocks out prizefighters. Street, the best man won.

STREET

So why are you always down on me?

HONDO

I have to trust your judgment. The way things are now, you have a bad kill, they lock me up too because I'm your boss. That's why I didn't pick you right away.

A beat. Street's jaw grinds.

STREET

I did the right thing in that jewelry store. That negotiator wasn't there. They were going for it Hondo, it was going to be a bloodbath.

HONDO

Street, I get it. If I was in your moccasins, I would have done the exact same thing.

Vindication, Street is floored.

STREET

Why didn't you tell the captain that?

HONDO

I did. Why do you think you got a second chance?

A beat.

STREET

Hondo, you're a deep cat.

SIRENS. They watch an ambulance and a fire engine approach Hondo's building. And keep going, fading into the city.

CONTINUED:

HONDO

All I got is SWAT. I thought it
would be enough.

(a beat)

Don't make my mistake. Don't get so
busy saving everyone you forget to
save yourself.

Street reacts.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO PAINT SHOP - DAY

GQ watches as a PAINTER peels away paper and tape from a
sedan to reveal a black and white LAPD paint job. GQ nods
his approval.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD TRAINING SITE - DAWN

Quite a collection of LAPD sedans and Swat vehicles. A dozen
senior LAPD OFFICERS and Swat members review paperwork for
the team's exam.

In B.G. is Street's old nemesis, the SWAT CAPTAIN, wearing a
red baseball cap.

Hondo returns from talking to him as Street and the others
prepare gear and weapons, solemn serious.

Boxer checks everyone's radio and tapes RADIO CODES to their
wrists.

Hondo looks strained, Street senses something is up.

STREET

You cool?

HONDO

I talked to the Captain. It's a
pretty advanced scenario.

STREET

What's that mean?

HONDO

No way we can pass. And we can't
retest for six months.

Street sets his jaw in anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

You don't believe in us, do you?
I'm not going back in the cage.

HONDO

So fly away, your wings healed.

Street looks at Hondo.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Just do your best, kid.

Street and Hondo approach the rest of the group.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Here's the scenario. Six hijackers
with machine guns control that
aircraft.

ANGLE ON

A battered, old DC-10 jetliner with no wings.

HONDO (CONT'D)

They have twenty hostages inside and
want fuel and a pilot. We're going
to take them down hard. Four judges
in red hats will be grading us.
Stay away from them. The bad guys
aren't mannequins. They're gonna be
moving and shooting back.

BRDDDDDDT! Hondo hoses a wall with his MP5 -- It fires,
not bullets, but SIMUNITIONS -- Little paint balls SPLATTER
blue paint.

HONDO (CONT'D)

These guns may be shooting paint
balls, but they sting real good. So
be safe. We ready?

They are.

STREET

Hondo, how about a Swat huddle?

They get in a circle, drop their heads for a beat of silent
prayer.

HONDO

Let's roll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They tap fists and the huddle breaks up. Hondo looks at Street, grabs his shoulder. Street nods, he's ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP PENDLETON - DAY

The team wears gasmasks as they roll airstairs to the DC-10's aft door. A judge in a RED HAT watches, makes notes.

Boxer sets an explosive charge on the aircraft's oval door.

The fuse burns -- BOOM!

Deke yanks the door open. Street is first in, followed by Hondo and Sanchez.

CUT TO:

INT. DC-10 FUSELAGE - DAY

[NOTE: All this takes place in less than six seconds.]

POP-POP! Flashbangs explode. Seated SWAT OFFICERS play the PASSENGERS, others play HIJACKERS.

Street and Hondo charge up the aisle followed by Sanchez, Deke, TJ and Boxer.

Amidst the smoke, Street aims a HIJACKER, fires.

BRDDT-BRDDDT! Hondo fires at the same Hijacker. Blue paint SPATTERS on his chest.

ON SANCHEZ

She aims, fires -- BRDDDT! Hits a HIJACKER who popped up between the seats.

Street dives back into the left aisle, tucks and rolls, comes up shooting -- BRDDDT!

Hits another HIJACKER in the chest. Blue paint spatters.

ANOTHER HIJACKER swings his weapon on Street...

ON TJ

Running up the aisle, he aims and fires -- BRDDDDT!

And hits the Hijacker about to shoot Street.

Street is now near the front of the plane -- He senses something to his right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Street dives over the middle row of seats.

Street tucks and rolls along the aisle, springs to his feet and aims...

At a Hijacker about to hose down the team with his machine gun.

BRDDDDT! Street nails the surprised Hijacker.

Street dives back into the left aisle.

Only to encounter Deke aiming a pistol right at him...

Not at him -- Past him -- At the final HIJACKER. Who uses a HOSTAGE, a gun pressed under her chin.

POP-POP-POP! Deke hits the Hijacker's forehead. It's over.

DEKE

Clear!

Street takes a breath. Everybody in the plane knows they have just seen something spectacular.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD TRAINING SITE - DAY

Street and the others have a circle of SWAT officers gathered around them, lauding their assault on the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD TRAINING SITE - VEHICLE PARKING - DAY

Street, Boxer, Sanchez, Deke and TJ pack the last of their gear in a Suburban.

Hondo approaches them, face unreadable, holding an envelope. Street trades looks with the others.

Hondo tosses Street the envelope. Street puts his hand in the envelope, REACTS. He pulls out new SWAT PATCHES. Hondo grins.

HONDO

We passed. Sanchez. Deke. Welcome to Swat. Street; welcome back.

Street reverantly accepts his patch from Hondo.

High fives and hugs all around. It's a cathartic moment. Hondo and Street shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO (CONT'D)
We were too good to fail.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - TRANSPORT AREA - DAY

Four DEPUTIES talk about last night's baseball game. INMATES shuffle onto the bus in shackles. Alex is chained to the Tagger and Veterano.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hondo working out. Practices punching the large wooden striking frame. He's a machine. His PAGER goes off. Hondo grabs it and runs to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH CAFE - DAY

Street has his shirt off and his various piercings in. He leans on his BMX bike, flirts with a pair of HOTTIES.

HOTTIE 1
What do you do? Hang out here all day?

STREET
No ma'am. I work. I take care of sick puppies.

HOTTIE 2
You're a veterinarian? That's so sweet.

STREET
That's right. I'm the veterinarian.

His PAGER goes off--

STREET (CONT'D)
Bye.

--and he tears away on his bike.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

It's a baby shower. Sanchez enters in a little sundress. Her son NICKY, 8, in tow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ
Go play, sweetheart.

He breaks away, beelines to the older kids playing outside.

She hugs HER FRIEND who is very pregnant.

Sanchez hands her very pregnant friend a wrapped gift. Her BEEPER goes off. Her friend knows the deal.

HER FRIEND
I'll watch Nicky. Go play,
sweetheart.

Sanchez gives her friend a grateful smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEKE'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice spread in Ladera Heights. A cake with SWAT icing congratulates his achievement. Today is Deke's turn to be spoiled by his EXTENDED FAMILY. LITTLE KIDS raise hell. Good tunes play.

Deke's BEEPER goes off. He checks it, REACTS. His wife Jasmine, sitting nearby, smiles supportively.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXER'S HOUSE - DAY

We find a frustrated Boxer working under the kitchen sink, changing out a bad drain. TV propped on a chair has the baseball game on. His PAGER goes off. Boxer happily extricates himself.

BOXER
Call a plumber! I gotta go!

BOXER'S WIFE (O.S.)
You call the plumber.

BOXER
I'm going. I gotta go work.

She charges in there.

BOXER'S WIFE
You always gotta go.

The door SLAMS, Boxer is already gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TJ'S APARTMENT - DAY

TJ is halfway finished buffing out the wax he hand rubbed into the paint of his pampered truck. His BEEPER goes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

The SWAT TRUCK races through traffic, LIGHT and SIRENS. Escorted by an ominous duo of black SWAT SUBURBANS.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD PARKING LOT - DAY

A MOBILE SWAT COMMAND POST has been set up. It bustles with COPS. Street pulls in, parks his funky 1964 Bronco next to TJ's wax covered truck. Deke is ready and suited up. So is Hondo and Sanchez. Deke and Street tap fists.

STREET

It's okay. The vet's here. What's up?

DEKE

I dunno. Looks big.

Boxer pulls up in a minivan, waves at Street and Deke, looking glad to be there.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - OFFICES - DAY

A wide-eyed CIVILIAN CLERK watches an INTERPOL WARRANT with ALEX'S PHOTO printing out of the fax. The Clerk snatches the warrant, runs to a supervisor's office.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - OFFICES - DAY

A few minutes later. Very tense, a crisis atmosphere. Packed with concerned SHERIFFS on phones, some with two or three in their ears. Some BRASS, some FEDS walk in.

SHERIFF 1

(into phone)

... arms and narcotics trafficking, murder, money laundering, this guy is super big time. Bigger than Pablo Escobar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRIFF 2

(into phone)

Yes, I know he's not there. Which court? Do you know which court?

SHERRIFF 3

(into phone, excited)

How long ago? Thanks, sir.
(announces to the room)
Found him!

All eyes on Sheriff 3 as the room grows quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD PARKING LOT - DAY

The SWAT TRUCK'S back is open -- Inside we see racks of weapons and equipment. SWAT OFFICERS inside man computers and radios, a busy COMMAND POST. Hondo's crew is clustered around him.

HONDO

This is the scenario. We got a barricaded suspect in a third floor apartment. He's delusional and armed with an AK-47. He has one hostage, his thirty year old ex-wife. First squad is in assault position. Second and third squads are manning a perimeter. They want to use us as a distraction if they go in.

RADIO

Suspect in custody. The suspect turned himself in. We got the child and the weapon. You guys can go home.

Ad-libs of "Suspect in Custody" throughout the Command Post.

HONDO

Okay, then. Nevermind.

Street turns to a disappointed Deke.

STREET

This is a typical call-out. Hurry up and wait. Welcome to Swat.

HONDO

Really good response time, people. That was the best resolution of all. Suspect gave up, no one hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

So, Hondo, what now?

HONDO ..

What were you doing?

STREET

Macking at the beach. Daddy needs a booty call.

HONDO

From now on; I don't ask and you don't tell.

SERGEANT HOWARD comes running out of the command post.

SERGEANT HOWARD

Sergeant Hondo. There's some kind of crime lord on the jail bus with just a couple deputies guarding him. Find that bus. And get him to headquarters. The bus just left Superior Court downtown.

HONDO

We're on it, Sergeant Howard -- C'mon, people.

Street, Hondo and the rest of the team runs to a Swat Suburban.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

The Sheriff's bus heads North on Alameda, near Union Station. A POLICE CAR follows it.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - DAY

EUROTHUG 1 drives, in a convincing faux LAPD uniform. The passenger is GQ, also convincingly dressed as a cop.

GQ

(into Nextel)

We are approaching the target. Stand by.

He screws the silencer onto a pistol. Eurothug 1 pulls up close behind the bus -- PFFFT! Shoots the back tire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Which quickly deflates.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALAMEDA BOULEVARD - DAY

The Police Car gives a quick WHOOP, pulls alongside the bus. The DRIVER DEPUTY'S window is open.

GQ

Hey, your back wheel's throwing sparks
real bad.

DRIVING DEPUTY

Okay, thanks. I'll take a look.

The bus pulls over. The Police Car parks in front. GQ gets out, crosses to the door. The DEPUTY riding shotgun opens the door. GQ raises a silenced pistol and fires -- PFFFT-CLACK-PFFFT-CLACK!

GQ drills the Deputy in the face, shoves his falling body back into the bus --

INT. SHERIFF'S BUS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

GQ aims at the Driver -- PFFFT-CLACK-PFFFT-CLACK! -- Kills the Driver too.

THE INMATES stare in disbelief.

Not Alex. He was expecting this.

The Veterano looking at Alex.

VETERANO

This is for you, ain't it? Take me
with you, dog. I got three strikes.

The bus pulls out and the fake cop car follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S BUS - DAY

GQ unlocks and enters the prisoner cage. Inmates recoil in fear as he strides down the aisle, checking faces. From the Bus' RADIO:

STREET'S VOICE

Nine Tom King, this is thirty one
David three. What's your twenty?

Time is precious, GQ crosses to Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Let's go. Get these off.

GQ unlocks his hands and ankles. Alex nods for him to unlock the grateful Veterano.

Again, from the RADIO:

STREET'S VOICE

Nine Tom King. What's your location?

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

Hondo drives with his with Street sits up front, trying to raise the bus on the radio.

STREET

(to Hondo)

That's a lot of bus to go missing.

(into mic)

Nine Tom King. Acknowledge.

Sanchez reacts.

SANCHEZ

Flip a bitch. I saw something.

Hondo does a U-ie. Sanchez points.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

There, under the freeway.

WHAT THEY SEE

The FREEWAY OVERPASS with the Sheriff's bus and the Fake Cop in the Police Car. GQ, in uniform, escorts Alex to the cop car.

BACK TO SCENE

Street's suspicions are raised.

STREET

This is all wrong.

HONDO

So we go in strong.

Hondo accelerates the Suburban towards the bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

The SWAT SUBURBAN approaches fast, its four doors open. It stops. Hondo and his crew pop out.

GQ looks nervous, but manages to give them a CODE 4 ("everything's okay") handsign.

Street and Hondo trade unsure looks. Something is wrong.

STREET

Wait a minute, buddy.

SCREEEEECH! Another POLICE CAR slides in sideways to their right.

EUROTHUGS 2 & 3 pop out with custom assault rifles. They open fire on the Suburban.

ON HONDO AND STREET

Caught totally off guard by the attack.

Only when BULLETS HIT the Suburban, do they snap out of it.

Hondo guns it in reverse.

HONDO

Targets on the right!

Street fires at Eurothugs 2 & 3 --

CUT TO:

INT. STREET'S MP-5 - DAY (SAME TIME)

We see the inner workings of his weapon. The bolt SLAMS forward, strips a round from the mag, FIRES, the bolt moves back EXTRACTS, EJECTS the cartridge. And repeats several times.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Street, and now Sanchez too, are shooting back.

Both Eurothugs in the second Police Car are hit and go down.

ON THE BUS

Amidst the confusion, THE VETERANO sneaks off and runs down an alley.

WHAT STREET SEES

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GQ and Alex scrambling for the fake Police Car.

Where Eurothug 1 raises a shotgun in their defense.

SCENE

Street realizes his weapon is out of ammo as he stares down the cavernous barrel of Eurothug 1's shotgun.

SANCHEZ AND DEKE

Open fire on Eurothug 1 with their MP-5's -- BRDDDT!

MP-5 rounds DINGING into the fake Police Car -- Fake Cop 1 is hit and slumps.

The Patrol Car drives up the curb, stops against a cement column.

Street is grateful to be alive as he reloads his weapon.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

GQ moving the Eurothug 1's body out of the way so he can take the wheel. Alex in back seat, scrunching down out of the gunfire. Rounds PINGING through the car.

WHAT ALEX SEES

Street, Hondo, Deke and Sanchez approaching as Boxer and TJ cover.

SCENE

ALEX

Who are these son's of bitches?

GQ

They're good. They're very good.
Go. I'll hold them off.

GQ grabs the shotgun. He hands Alex a pistol. Alex is struck by his rare fidelity.

Alex is out the car like a shot, running towards an alley. Shielded by the big cement columns.

BOOM! GQ fires. Pellets whistle between Hondo and Street.

BOOM! GQ is hit with buckshot, slumps in the seat.

REVERSE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deke got him -- His shotgun smoking from the shot that felled GQ.

STREET ..

Thanks.

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP! -- Street's feet run over the Patrol Car's roof. He follows Alex into that alley.

DEKE AND HONDO

Check the POLICE CAR. GQ and Eurothug 1 are dead.

HONDO

Clear!

TJ, SANCHEZ AND BOXER

Run towards the second Police Car with drawn guns. Check it for threats.

BOXER

Clear!

Deke runs toward the SHERIFF'S BUS.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S BUS - DAY

Four INMATES were planning on following the Veterano.

WHAT THEY SEE

Deke steps on board looking like the toughest cop ever.

SCENE

DEKE

Everyone! Sit!

Instant compliance. Deke SLAMS shut the cage door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - ALLEY - DAY

Street running at top speed. Chasing Alex, who is surprisingly agile.

Street running, crosses a parking lot. Enters another alley. Street catching up.

Alex turns and fires over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bullets hit the wall around Street.

Street dodges to one side. Rounds impact the wall around him. Street extends his hands and grabs Alex by the collar of his jumpsuit.

Street yanks Alex to the ground. Street loses his balance and trips to the ground. Alex's gun SKITTERS across the asphalt.

Alex resists, punching, kicking at Street with surprising ferocity.

The fight quickly become brutal and inelegant. So far a tossup. Alex reaching for the gun he dropped.

Here comes Hondo -- WHAM! Hondo shoves Alex to the ground.

Street ZIPS on a pair of plastic flexcuffs.

Street catches his breath. Hondo hauls Alex to his feet.

Helps up Street. Who gives Alex an angry look.

STREET

You're a dirty fighter.

Alex gives Street a smoldering look of anger.

ALEX

And you're a dead man, cop.

Street reacts. There's something scary about Alex.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. (AERIAL SHOT) - DAY

A caravan of SWAT Suburbans and black and whites heads toward Parker Center. A very strong escort for Alex.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

LAPD UNIFORMS guard the area. A couple dozen FEDS wear blue windbreakers emblazoned with an alphabet soup of letters.

A BULLETPROOF SEDAN enters with Alex in back, flanked by Street and Hondo. Sanchez, Deke and TJ follow in a second sedan.

The Feds, crane and gawk at Alex like he's a rock star.

His hopes of escape dashed, Alex appears sullen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO AND HIS CREW

Cross the garage, surround Alex. Grim and tough, baptized by fire, their trust of each other total.

SERGEANT HOWARD

You guys are gonna be famous.

HONDO

What, why?

SERGEANT HOWARD

(RE: Alex)

Your prisoner makes Pablo Escobar look like a bike thief. Deputy Chief's having a press conference upstairs, right now.

Hondo and Street trade looks.

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS AUDITORIUM - DAY

CLOSE ON STREET

Looking a little overwhelmed.

WHAT STREET SEES

MINICAM LIGHTS and camera FLASHES. There are dozens of REPORTERS.

SCENE

Hondo's team flanks Alex, who though on display, musters as much dignity as possible. The SWAT CAPTAIN and a gloating DEPUTY CHIEF stands at a podium. Also present is the MOTOR OFFICER who arrested Alex in the first place.

DEPUTY CHIEF

This, ladies and gentlemen is Alex De Leon, quite possibly the biggest criminal ever in LAPD custody. He is the head of a vast criminal empire. The FBI has had Mr. De Leon under investigation for some time and plans to unseal a ninety page indictment later this week. He was arrested here in Los Angeles, by Motor Officer Bill Weaver during a routine traffic investigation. Today, these brave SWAT personnel you see before foiled a vicious attempt to break Mr. De Leon out of custody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo and Street trade looks as FLASHES flutter in their faces. REPORTERS AD-LIB QUESTIONS.

Alex takes a deep breath and shouts to be heard over the din.

ALEX

I will pay one hundred million dollars
to whoever can break me out of jail.
One hundred million dollars--

Hondo and Street jerk him away from the podium. The room is electric. Alex smirks as Street slaps his hand over his mouth.

DEPUTY CHIEF

Get him out of here.

The Reporters are happy for the quote.

CUT TO:

INT. POKER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (SAME TIME)

Inside a mobile home in the middle of the desert. Poker sits on the couch watching the press conference with three surly BIKERS. Poker looks vicious and scary, the years have soured him.

INSERT TV -- Street and Hondo escorting away Alex.

Poker turns to his Biker buddies.

POKER

Hundred million dollars? That's a
cause worth dying for.

They agree.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Street stands in the corner, drinking bottled water. He fills his palm, splashes it on his face.

Deke sits in a folding chair at the far end of the hall waiting to be interviewed by detectives.

Sanchez exits an interview room, looking drawn, tired. Two stern DETECTIVES exit.

INVESTIGATOR

Officer Kaye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deke smiles at Sanchez and Street and enters the interview room. Sanchez crosses to Street.

SANCHEZ

Think those guys have ever been shot at? You'd think we were the bad guys from the questions.

STREET

I think they forgot their microscope up my ass.

SANCHEZ

Shouldn't run around killing people.

Sanchez checks her text messages. Smiles when she sees one from her son.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Aw, jeez. Nicky says the hundred million thing was the hot topic at recess.

Street shrugs, stares out the window.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

You okay?

A beat.

STREET

What happened today is going to ripple through a lot of lives. Those guys we killed had kids, girlfriends, brothers and parents. Who do I pray for?

SANCHEZ

Everyone. Look, what you're feeling is called remorse. It's a good thing.

STREET

No shit, Sanchez. I've done this before.

Sanchez REACTS. A beat, Street is sorry he snapped at her. Sanchez wrestles with the same issues, she lets the tough girl persona slip.

SANCHEZ

Sucks, huh? How do I go home and be mommy after this?

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Three SWAT OFFICERS are armed to the teeth, ready to go, cruise slowly, looking for trouble. Very, very tense. Hanging from the dash is an AM radio to a news show.

They cruise the perimeter of Parker Center. Security is astounding, barricades, checkpoints, coiled razor wire. Dozens of heavily armed OFFICERS stand watch in helmets and body armor. No smiles, no jokes, these people are serious.

RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)

Can the guy back this up? How do we know he's not some crazy?

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

This is not some nutcase. This man is one of the most powerful, most connected criminals on the planet. His drug business aside, he's known to traffic in missile technology, nerve agents, you name it. He's a quickie mart for terrorists. LAPD has captured a major player. His wealth is measured in the billions. He knows a conviction here means life in prison or worse.

RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)

Hundred million. He could just write a check?

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

Absolutely. Several in fact.

RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)

Wow. Thanks, Tom. If you're planning on heading downtown with a hacksaw; don't. The LAPD has cordoned off--

BACK TO SCENE

The Driver sighs, changes the station.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)

--made a list of what one hundred million dollars gets you today. Okay.

(RUSTLING paper)

A hockey team. Nice. How about a thirty story office building downtown--

--CLICK! The Driver turns it off.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Crisis time. Department BRASS, SENIOR SWAT OFFICERS, PEOPLE from other agencies and city departments. The Swat Captain and Deputy Chief among the grim faces. An OFFICER escorts Hondo and Street to the Swat Captain.

HONDO

Looks like a three ring clusterfuck in here. What do you need, boss?

SWAT CAPTAIN

The owner of this circus wants a word with you two.

The Swat Captain introduces Hondo and Street to AGENT HAUSER, a politico with perfect teeth.

SWAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Agent Hauser, this is Hondo, the man of the hour. And Jim Street.

He shakes with Hondo.

AGENT HAUSER

Outstanding job, gentlemen. If De Leon had gotten away, we'd be looking at a long and difficult manhunt. Thank you.

HONDO

We just did what had to be done, sir.

SWAT CAPTAIN

This guy is LAPD's prisoner. The Chief wants you and your people to escort him to Marine Base Twenty Nine Palms. Away from civilians.

HONDO

And guarded by lots of Marines with heavy weapons. Sounds like the way to do it. How we getting there?

AGENT HAUSER

A Marine helicopter is inbound to pick you up. You have fifteen minutes to get your people together and get up to the helipad.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - STAIRWELL - DAY

Hondo and Street race each other down the stairwell.

HONDO
You mind flying?

STREET
Not at all. Quick cruise over the
desert to drop off the trash.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

A Marine CH-53 helicopter THWOPS over the city, a lumbering
beast. A couple grim faced MARINES man machine guns, weapons
bristling outward.

Two muscular LAPD Aerospatiales fly support as the CH-53
approaches Parker center.

In B.G. six news copters watch from the edge of the airspace.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - HELIPAD - DAY

Street helps Alex out the door. SWAT SNIPERS ring the
helipad.

ALEX
I'm not flying on that thing.

STREET
Relax, kingpin.

Present are Agent Hauser, the Swat Captain. More COPS and
FEDS. SWAT SNIPERS are deployed on nearby rooftops.

Loud THWOPPING, the MARINE HELICOPTER draws closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A tall one with many levels spiraling upward. An unobstructed
view of Parker Center a half mile away.

PUSH IN

Several stories up, a CUSTOM VAN is parked. Backed into the
space, a rear window is missing ...

PUSH INSIDE:

INT. CUSTOM VAN - DAY

A sniper's nest has been built into the van. Foam baffles to muffle gunshots.

Poker loads a massive .50 caliber high-explosive tipped bullet the sized of a magic marker, into a huge rifle and looks through an armsized scope.

Poker takes a final look at a windchart of downtown, checks a barometer. Meticulous. Aims, relaxes, breaths. Zen.

INSERT -- SCOPE P.O.V.

CROSSHAIRS align on the Marine helicopter's transmission, beneath the rotor hub.

SCENE

Poker squeezes the trigger ... KAPOW!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

FOLLOW THE BULLET

As it travels a half-mile to its target at supersonic speed.

CUT TO:

INT. CH-53 - DAY

BOOM! The bullet slams into the machinery under the rotor hub. Explodes, blasting a hole in the TRANSMISSION HOUSING.

Marines inside REACT to sprays of hot HYDRAULIC FLUID.

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOM VAN - DAY

Poker is already lining up the next shot.

KAPOW! -- FOLLOW THE BULLET

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - THE BULLET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

It arcs a mile over downtown's buildings, chased by its shockwave --

INT. CH-53 - GEARBOX - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

-- The bullet SMASHES its way inside -- BOOM! -- Detonates, PINGING shrapnel throughout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BZZZZZZZZZ! A horrible GRINDING as gears devour themselves.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - HELIPAD - DAY

CRACK! THE ROTOR separates, WHIPS free.

Street grabs Alex, hurls him to the ground. THWACK! A chunk of ROTOR BLADE hits the wall where they were standing.

HONDO

Sniper!

Ad-libs of "Sniper."

The helicopter drops like a stone. It THUDS onto the intersection -- BAWOOMP! Fuel ignites. Shredding and scattering the airframe.

THE ROTOR BLADES separate, ricochet off a building -- SLASHING apart several patrol cars.

THE POLICE HELICOPTERS

Zoom away to safety.

SWAT SNIPERS scan the buildings around them looking for the source of the attack. They detect nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Poker exits the van. He crosses to the structure's central shaft. Clips a rope to the rail, drops down a rope bag.

POKER jumps into the shaft, rappels down -- His boots THUD on street level. Easy.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

STUDENTS at a bus stop gawk at the column of black smoke rising in the distance.

NEW ANGLE

Poker leaves unnoticed, gets into a waiting car, that slowly drives away. The man is slick.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - HELIPAD - DAY

Smoke and flame. Wreckage in the street below. Aghast reactions. Alex is surprised-as anyone. Street drags him back into the building as Hondo and the others form a tight protective ring.

SWAT Snipers still searching through their powerful optics. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Top LAPD BRASS. OPERATIONS OFFICERS working phones and keyboards. Cable news coverage of the chopper crash. The FBI Agents are downcast, worried. A FED ON THE PHONE turns to Agent Hauser.

FED ON THE PHONE

Sir, the helicopter was shot down by U.S. made fifty caliber high explosive rounds. They're tracing the lot numbers now.

Images of the crash replay on a TELEVISION showing the local news. The Swat Captain, Hondo, Street and Agent Hauser watch it.

Street angrily looks at a bank of SECURITY CAMERA MONITERS that show ALEX in a holding cell. Deke and TJ guard him.

STREET

That man is not worth the spit those Marines shined their boots with.

HONDO

We should expect to get hit again.

AGENT HAUSER

That's why we want LA Swat guarding him. Nobody's getting through you guys.

SWAT CAPTAIN

You got the line on the threat?

HONDO

The threat is anyone who wants a hundred million dollar payday, sir.

The Swat Captain reacts, looks around the room, studying faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

That's the biggest bounty I ever heard of.

The Swat Captain's boss, a big scary LAPD COMMANDER, crosses with his Stressed AIDE.

LAPD COMMANDER

Captain, the Chief and the Mayor want Mr. De Leon out of the city before nightfall.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Yes, sir.

The LAPD Commander and Aide cross to a group of OLDER FEDS.

The Swat Captain looks at his watch, then at Hondo and Street.

SWAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I want De Leon out of my hair.

Street can't help looking at the Swat Captain's shiny bald head.

SWAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

We're losing our daylight. Let's hear some ideas.

STREET

Who ever shot down the helicopter has done it before and will do it again.

HONDO

Captain, we can't fly him out. We'll have to drive him there.

STREET

It's two hours under the best conditions.

HONDO

And we got the worst. We have to think up a rock solid plan and somehow keep it a secret.

Agent Hauser and the Swat Captain trade looks.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - GARAGE - DAY

Forty SWAT COPS prepare their gear and weapons. Vehicles are being readied to caravan out of L.A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suburbans, armored cars. REGULAR OFFICERS, Police Cruisers.

DOG TEAMS check vehicles for explosives. HONDO'S CREW is ready to go.

Sanchez checks her weapons. TJ and Deke do pushups.

Street admires an ARMORED SUV being prepped by MECHANICS.

STREET

Look at that bad boy. That's what we're taking him in, right? The ultimate fighting SUV. We're gonna be mad flossin'.

Sanchez gives Street a look.

STREET (CONT'D)

What?

SANCHEZ

You're worse than my kid.

A few paces away, Boxer talks on his cellphone. Hangs up. He hands Street five radios.

BOXER

Street, you pass these out? I gotta go to the can real bad.

STREET

Yeah, sure. Get out of here.

Hondo exits the stairwell. Passing Boxer.

HONDO

Hurry up. We're on.

BOXER

Gimme two seconds, big dog.

HONDO

Gather up.

His people gather around. Street takes a radio, and passes out the other five.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Okay, we're gonna extract the guest of honor from his holding cell and deliver him like the mail.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER CENTER - GARAGE - DAY (5 MINUTES LATER)

An army of SWAT and METRO COPS climb inside, and onto the their CONVOY OF VEHICLES.

SERGEANT HOWARD

Mount up! Move it! We're rolling!

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

To reveal Street, Hondo and the others escorting Alex, all wear GASMASKS.

They cross to the ARMORED SUV. And climb inside. Heavy doors THUD closed. Vehicles pulling out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

RIOT COPS are ready on the perimeter. Barricades are rolled back. THE CONVOY exits.

VEHICLE after VEHICLE leaves the building, the ARMORED SUV and its protectors.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The CONVOY leaves downtown proper, the ARMORED SUV in the center. POLICE MOTORCYCLES block intersections as it passes. PEOPLE on the sidewalks watch the spectacle. The Convoy approaches a FREEWAY ONRAMP.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

East of downtown. An industrial area with truck and rail facilities. The CONVOY making good progress. The long snake of assorted police vehicles and motorcycles proceeds like clockwork.

NEW ANGLE

A BIG RIG, a cross country moving van is on a side street that dead-ends at the freeway. The Big Rig accelerates dangerously toward the CONVOY.

The Big Rig leaps the curb, tears through a chain link fence, the only thing separating it from the fast moving cars.

WHAM! The Big Rig nails a PATROL CAR, two cars ahead of the Armored SUV, bulldozes it across the lanes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCREECHING of brakes and wafting tire smoke as four lanes of traffic skid to a stop.

A SECOND BIG RIG

Also a moving truck, comes barreling down the same side street. It jumps the curb, careens toward the convoy.

WHAM! The SECOND BIG RIG hits a PATROL CAR immediately behind the ARMORED SUV.

THE FIRST BIG RIG

Is bulldozing the Patrol Car right into the concrete median.

WHAM! Stops in a controlled collision. Blocking the entire freeway.

THE SECOND BIG RIG

Shoves its patrol car against the median -- WHAM! Ten yards behind the first trailer. Beautiful choreography.

The ARMORED SUV and a single PATROL CAR are now trapped in the corral created by the big rigs. Cut off from the rest of the convoy.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - BIG RIG CORRAL - DAY

The side door of the SECOND BIG RIG opens.

ASSAULTERS IN GASMASKS, sixteen of them, leap out. Some converge on the Armored SUV, others form a perimeter.

They throw down smoke grenades that quickly obscure the area.

Leading this GANGSTER CREW is a SHOTCALLER, sporting a chromed AK-47.

The three COPS in the penned up PATROL CAR open fire with M-16 rifles.

An ASSAULTER is hit, goes down.

The Patrol Car becomes a target, taking multiple bullet hits.

The Shotcaller leaps onto the hood of the Armored SUV. He aims the AK down at the windshield and pulls the trigger.

BRDDDDDDDDDDT! -- AK has a distinctive, feared sound. Every Cop in earshot takes cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AK bullets jackhammer into the windshield.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED SUV - DAY (SAME TIME)

AK slugs pound a deep divot into the armored glass. The vehicle is defenseless against such concentrated fire.

SHOTCALLER

Open this shit right now. We got no beef with the police. We want homeboy. Open up.

CLICK -- The DRIVER unlocks the door. Hands raised in submission. Assaulters open the door and rip away Alex's gasmask. Something is very wrong with his face -- Wait, it's a MANNEQUIN.

The furious Shotcaller tears off the gasmasks of the Swat Officers on either side -- Also MANNEQUINS

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL STORM DRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

KA-BOOM! -- Explosives rip a hole in the roof.

Boots SPLASH into the murky water. Hondo and his crew drop into the tunnel. Flashlights slash the murk.

STREET

What's that sensuous aroma?

DEKE

Heads up.

ALEX (O.S.)

I'm not going in the sewer.

STREET

C'mon down.

Alex is lowered into the tunnel. Heavily shackled, he is dressed just like the others, he wears SWAT fatigues, a helmet and body armor. His hands are cuffed and he has no weapons.

TILT UP

The Swat Captain peers down the hole.

SWAT CAPTAIN

We arrested him alive. You get him there alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Six confident faces look back.

HONDO

You got it, sir. Okay, people. Get moving.

SIX SILHOUETTES disappear down the long concrete tube.
SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS echo and fade.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - BIG RIG CORRAL - DAY

SCREECH-SCREECH-SCREECH! Three GET-AWAY VANS stop on the opposite side of the freeway. As dozens of SIRENS approach.

SHOTCALLER

Where is he?

DRIVER

Look, they didn't tell us shit.

Furious, the Shotcaller checks a stopwatch taped to his AK.

SHOTCALLER

Go! We goin'! Now! Move it!

The Assaulters hop the median and pile into the three GET-AWAY VANS -- They speed off down the freeway

CUT TO:

INT. STORM DRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

A larger tunnel, Alex slogs through the muck, surrounded by his escorts. Hondo's radio CRACKLES with a GARBLED VOICE.

HONDO

(into radio)
Say again.

More GARBLED nonsense.

HONDO (CONT'D)

No signal. We're on our own.

Street looks at Hondo.

STREET

Bad feeling, isn't it?

A beat. They walk on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET (CONT'D)

The guys in the convoy are chillin'
with the windows down on a nice day.

Street getting looks.

STREET (CONT'D)

Not that I'm complaining.

DEKE

I see a rat, I'm shooting it.

STREET

Is it rat season?

HONDO

It's always rat season.

STREET

Here's King Cheese.

Alex stops, nails Street with a very intimidating look.

ALEX

Listen you hyperactive freak, I'm a
lot of things, but I've never broken
my word.

Street gets Alex moving.

STREET

You wanna gold star?

ALEX

I want a tetanus shot.

CUT TO:

INT. STORM DRAIN TUNNEL (10 MINUTES LATER) - DAY

Street and Sanchez scout a T in the tunnel, find a tangle of
debris and shopping carts.

They inspect the obstacle, climb it over it.

Street HEARS SOMETHING. He motions for Sanchez to be still
and flips down his night vision goggles.

INSERT -- NIGHT VISION P.O.V.

A RAT seems to glow in the dark. Suddenly several RATS scurry
away.

SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

What's up?

STREET ..

Rats. Lots and lots of rats.

Sanchez gives the others back up the tunnel a "CLEAR" signal with her flashlight.

Hondo and the others arrive at the T, begin weaving through the shopping carts.

SANCHEZ

How much further?

Hondo pauses, consults a map.

HONDO

Almost there.

They move out. Light beams from weapons slice the murk.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. RIVER - DAY

Late afternoon, shadows grow long. North of Downtown, near the railyards, the old bridges reaching into East Los Angeles.

An orange Water and Power work van is backed up to a storm drain opening.

Two SWAT COPS wait, disguised as MAINTENANCE WORKERS, workers, MACHINE PISTOLS are hidden under baggy orange coveralls.

One is SERGEANT HOWARD, we met him earlier, and his buddy SERGEANT YAMATO. Trustworthy and tough.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORM DRAIN - DAY

Hondo and crew move towards the light at the end of the tunnel, cautious. More debris -- They pick their way around trash, shopping carts, pallets.

SANCHEZ

Mmmmm. Fresh air.

They SEE the Water and Power Van, the two SWAT COPS in disguise.

HONDO

Sergeant Howard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 SERGEANT HOWARD
Affirmative, Hondo. C'mon out.

Hondo, Street, TJ, Deke, Sanchez, Boxer and Alex exit the storm drain, filthy, wet.

 SERGEANT YAMATO
We have to move fast.

He's wary, watching the embankments.

 SERGEANT HOWARD
Get inside the van, people.

They shove Alex into the van. Then Hondo, Street and the others pile in. The Sergeant Howard closes the doors behind them. A quick and stealthy operation.

The Water and Power Van pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A tough old barrio of tired clapboard houses along the L.A. River, a residential enclave surrounded by heavy industry, rail, warehouses. All very quiet.

The Water and Power van passing through.

CUT TO:

INT. DWP VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Hondo and his people try and relax in the windowless back.

 SERGEANT YAMATO
The convoy got hit hard. Real hard.

 SERGEANT HOWARD
Jerry Morales is dead and two patrolmen are on the table at Drew King. Both with head and chest wounds.

Street, Hondo, the others react.

 STREET
Who hit the convoy?

Alex is curious too.

 SERGEANT YAMATO
Gang bangers.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT YAMATO (CONT'D)

Three different sets came together.
Money over colors, I guess. Four
are dead. Two are critical and ten
are in custody.

STREET

Serious mayhem.

Street glares at Alex.

STREET (CONT'D)

Your offer is getting a lot of people
killed.

ALEX

Then let's end this. Why can't we
find a solution that pleases everyone.
I would be lucky to have people like
you always protecting me. Let's
work together. Not against each
other.

STREET

Sure. Let's work together. I've
always wanted to be a henchmen. I'm
sold. TJ?

HONDO

TJ, I believe the singular would be
henchman.

STREET

Right, a henchman.

SANCHEZ

Henchperson.

TJ

Hundred million, right? I could
retire early. Grow fat and soft,
watch a big TV.

DEKE

Laker's season tickets. Private jet
for the away games. Put a second
story on dad's restaurant.

STREET

What are you gonna do with your dough,
Boxer?

BOXER

C'mon, Street. That's not funny.
We got a mission to complete here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

I'm buying a ticket on the Soyuz like that space tourist guy.

HONDO

Can I be generalissimo of my own private army? And I want a town named after me.

STREET

Welcome to Hondo.

HONDO

And every baby born in it. Male and female.

Alex is not amused, he smolders darkly.

ALEX

I'm an innocent man. When this mistake is cleared up, I'm suing all of you.

Street looks at Alex, senses the scope of his crimes, grows serious.

STREET

You're evil is big. I can see that. That's why I'd take a bullet and die to keep you off the streets.

Nods of agreement from his comrades. Ad-libs of "me too."

TJ

We all will.

Alex is surprised by their conviction. Street points at his Swat patch.

STREET

That's what this means.

HONDO

Amen there, Street.

THUD! Something heavy hits the roof. THUD! Again. Up-front, the Sergeant Howard REACTS as burning gasoline washes down the front windshield.

SERGEANT HOWARD

We're being attacked!

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Water and Power Van accelerates. Two more Molotovs arc towards it. CRASH against the pavement in fireballs.

The CRACK of gunfire.

CUT TO:

INT. WATER AND POWER VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Sergeant Yamato cuts away his DWP overalls with a K-Bar knife, SWAT gear and uniform underneath. He turns to the guys in back.

SERGEANT YAMATO

Get ready for a fight.

In back, Hondo and his people ready their weapons.

HONDO

Smells like an ambush.

Alex grins, hopes of freedom soaring.

STREET

Someone talked. Somebody opened their fat mouth.

(glares at Alex)

Everyone's gotta price? Is that it?
Is that the way of the world?

ALEX

No, there's just enough idiots like you to screw things up.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Water and Power Van guns the engine and makes a hard right -- Flinging burning gasoline off the roof.

Another Molotov arcs in, just misses, CRASHES against the pavement -- WHOOMP! Makes a large fireball.

CUT TO:

INT. WATER AND POWER VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Street keys his radio. Holding on as the van turns again. Smoke fills the van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STREET

(into radio)

This is thirty one david three. We are under attack. Officers need help.

A sharp turn sends Street sprawling on top of Sanchez.

STREET (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

SCREECH! The fire engulfed Water and Power Van skids to a halt. A barricade of tires old cars and appliances blocks the road.

BEHIND THE WATER AND POWER VAN

A Molotov hits the street and EXPLODES.

The back doors open with an outrush of smoke. Hondo and his crew bail out.

Deke slings Alex over his shoulder. They run into a long dirt alley.

The Sergeant Howard and Sergeant Yamato bail out of the front.

The Sergeant Howard rips away his DWP coveralls like paper, revealing the gear and weapons underneath.

GUNSHOTS -- From a SHADOW carrying a rifle, running alongside a house.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - ALLEY - DAY

The team runs. Alex draped over Deke's shoulder.

The sound of GUNFIRE behind them. The CRACK of a rifle bullet passing overhead.

HONDO

See anyone?

STREET

No. Nobody. But there's gunfire all around us.

CRACK-THWAP! The Sergeant Howard gets hit in the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT HOWARD

I'm hit.

Street helps him keep moving, his arm dangling limply.

They get to the end of the alley. Where a TEENAGE GIRL stands in the gateway of a sturdy iron fence, she waves them closer.

TEENAGE GIRL

Over here. They're crazy, they want to kill you, over here. You can get out through my backyard.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

SIX CHOLOS appear at the end of the alley.

Street throws a flashbang stun grenade down the claustrophobic alley. BANG!

The Cholos take cover.

REVERSE

STREET AND HONDO trade looks. Their options are few.

STREET

Let's go. Go. Get in there.

Everyone runs into the back yard. Street is last through. He shuts the gate behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - BACKYARD - DAY

The Teenage Girl disappears around a corner of the house.

The CLANG of a gate O.S. Our people find a big locked gate blocking access to the front yard -- It's a trap.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - ALLEY - DAY

Is blocked by the six Cholos who take position with rifles and shotguns.

CHOLO

(into Nextel)

We got 'em boxed in.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - BACKYARD - DAY

Sanchez ties a first aid bandage on Sergeant Howard's arm and ties the useless arm to his vest.

There is no where to go. The incoming gunfire has them pinned against the side of the house.

DING-DING-DING! Bullets hitting all around them.

HONDO

(into his radio)

Thirty one David three. We are surrounded and under heavy fire. Multiple suspects. Request additional units.

TILT UP

GANGSTERS shoot down at the team from the second stories of the two neighboring houses. Giving them a bird's eye view of where Hondo and his people are corraled behind wrought iron and barbed wire.

SANCHEZ

Snipers! Stay down.

Street takes a quick peek over the fence.

STREET

Shit, no target!

DING-DING-DING! Some bullets hit the fence where Street raised his head.

HONDO

They're pretty good.

Two PIT BULLS going crazy next door. From the alley:

CHOLO (O.S.)

Hey cops. All you are dead unless you send out the hundred million dollar homeboy.

HONDO

Okay. You can have him. Don't shoot.

Hondo winks at his surprised people.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Buys us some seconds until back-up gets here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE

They throw one of them gas bombs in here, we're cooked.

STREET

Let's go for it. I'd rather be shot than burned.

BOXER

L.A. river's right there behind that row of houses, we go back across the alley, through that yard, along the river to the warehouses. Set up a defensive perimeter there.

HONDO

Beautiful idea, Boxer. Hit those windows with flashbangs. Me and Street will cover high six -- Can you shoot?

Sergeant Howard holds a Glock in his left hand.

SERGEANT HOWARD

I can shoot.

HONDO

Not gonna trip, are you, Street?

Street shakes his head: no.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Ready. And ... Move it!

Sanchez and TJ chuck flashbangs into the upstairs windows.

BANG-BANG! BANG-BANG!

Boxer and Deke, who has Alex over his shoulder, move out ...

STREET

Target!

BRDDDT! BRDDDDDDDT! Street and Hondo shoot at a Cholo on the second story.

Deke running ahead with Alex over his shoulder, Boxer leading him.

They reach the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - ALLEY - DAY

The Sergeants stop at the gate, lay down cover fire, Hondo and Street keeps the bad-guys down, ready to hose the upstairs windows of the two houses as Deke and Boxer run for it.

Deke and Boxer run across to the next backyard. Vault the low fence. Deke falters.

Boxer grabs Deke's vest. Helps him up.

BOXER

C'mon. C'mon. C'mon. Keep moving.

DEKE

Good looking out, Boxer.

Hondo and Street cover the house. The Sergeants cover the alley.

HONDO

Sanchez, TJ. Move up.

They do.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - OTHER BACKYARD - DAY

Boxer leads Deke alongside the house, carrying Alex on his broad shoulders.

Boxer stops. Looks at Deke -- Does a jujitsu move, kicking out Deke's legs. Deke falls to the ground.

Boxer shoves his MP-5 machine gun in Deke's ear.

BOXER

You seem like a nice guy, Deke.
Think about your wife and babies. I
will bust your head if you fight me.

DEKE

Roger that, Boxer. Don't shoot,
cowboy. You on his side?

Boxer takes Deke's weapons. Flexcuffs him to a gas pipe.

BOXER

No. My side. Who wants to be a
millionaire? Me.

Alex smiles, thanking his maker. Boxer grabs Alex by his chains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOXER (CONT'D)
C'mon asshole, you're mine now.

Boxer and Alex cut through the yard to the street beyond.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - ALLEY - DAY

Sanchez and TJ leapfrog to the gate.

SANCHEZ

Moving!

BOOM! Someone fires a shotgun from inside the house.

BRDDDDDT! Hondo and Street cover the upper floors.

The Veterano and the three other Cholos lean out -- POP!
POP! Fire some shots down the Alley at the Sergeants.

BRDDDT! Yamato answers them with a burst.

HONDO

Go, go, keep moving.

He waves Sanchez and TJ into the next yard.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Moving!

Hondo and Street dart across the alley. Ricochets ZING around them. They take up firing positions near Sanchez and TJ.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Covering!

The Sergeants move and fire across the alley, skipping rounds across the dirt at the Veterano and his henchmen.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - OTHER BACKYARD - DAY

Deke flexcuffed to the pipe.

DEKE

Over here!

Here comes Hondo, Sanchez, TJ, Street and the two Sergeants.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Boxer flipped out. He took off with
De Leon that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Street, Hondo, everyone is shocked to hear that.

HONDO

Street, recover Deke.

SNICK! Street cuts the plastic cuffs. They run to catch up.

DEKE

I need a weapon.

Street gives Deke his pistol.

DEKE (CONT'D)

Thanks, homie.

They take off running.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY RECREATION FEILD - DAY

Some softball diamonds. Tennis courts. A pool. A large gym. Hondo, his team and the Sergeants run toward the gym.

The yard they just exited is in B.G.

GUNFIRE follows them Cholos rush forward to fill the vacuum.

Approaching SIRENS.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYM - DAY

BOXER AND ALEX

Run alongside the warehouse reach the corner.

WHAT THEY SEE

A BELL LONGRANGER HELICOPTER. Rotors beginning to turn as its ENGINE WHINES.

Poker stands by the Helicopter, holding an SVD Dragonuv sniper rifle, grinning. With four BIKERS in scary assault gear, these men are hunters.

Boxer helps Alex into the helicopter. Poker gives him a hand.

POKER

Damn it's good to see you. Boxer,
you are one solid cat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOXER

Time to start a new life.

The Longranger's engine WHINES.

ANGLE ON

Hondo, Street, the Sergeants, Deke and Sanchez, TJ approach the corner.

STREET'S P.O.V.

The Chopper comes into view -- About to take off. Boxer and Poker sitting inside.

SCENE

STREET

It's Poker.

The Helicopter lifting off. Poker and Boxer both open fire on Street, Hondo, TJ and Sanchez. They dive behind the corner of the warehouse.

STREET (CONT'D)

Stay here. Poker's the best shot out there.

Street fires a burst as he runs to a dumpster, takes cover.

Hondo and the others cover him as his crew lays down cover fire as he runs out -- BRDDDDDT!

Lots of shooting from the helicopter -- RAT-AT-AT-AT!

Bullets DINGING into the dumpster.

TJ and Deke cover Hondo and Sanchez as they join Street behind the steel dumpster. Bullets DINGING into it madly.

HONDO

We're a team, Street. Don't forget us again.

Street nods. He sees Sanchez and Deke are with him.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Engage on three. One-two-three.

The three pop up, Street aims at Poker -- Who is aiming right back at him with a SNIPER RIFLE.

BRDDDDDT! Sanchez hits a Biker -- Who falls off the skid. The helicopter lurches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Poker fires -- His shot goes wide, missing Street -- DUNK!
Punches right through Sanchez's vest.

Street looks on in disbelief as she collapses.

REVERSE ON

Poker sitting in the chopper, with a wicked smile.

ON STREET

BRDDDT! -- He futilely empties his MP-5 at the Poker.

The quick moving helicopter drops into the L.A. River bed
and flies North, staying beneath the bridges. And off the
radar.

Street and Hondo strip off Sanchez's vest and equipment.

SANCHEZ

I'm okay, I'm okay.

STREET

You're not okay. You're hit.

HONDO

(into radio)

Shots fired. Officer down. L.A.
River at the Figueroa overpass.
Request helovac.

Hondo grabs his cell, calls the Captain.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Gotta tell the boss what's up.

(into phone)

Sir, the package has escaped.

(a beat, into phone)

On a helicopter Northbound in the
L.A. River channel.

Street pulls a wound dressing from his pocket, tears it open
with his teeth, cover the ragged bullet hole near her neck.
TJ and Deke hold her down.

TJ

Relax, Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

No, I'm gonna get them.

STREET

We'll get them, don't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sanchez chills out as the seriousness of her wound dawns on her.

A HELICOPTER approaches. -- The team REACTS.

DEKE

It's okay. It's the helovac.

Here comes a sleek SIKORSKY EMS. The chopper flares in to land. Its wheels hit the concrete. Two PARAMEDICS hop out.

HONDO

Who else is flying?

PARAMEDIC

Nobody. We're it. Everyone's grounded.

The Paramedics checking Sanchez. An AMBULANCE pulls up. Two more Paramedics hop out.

SANCHEZ

I'm fine -- Hondo, go get them.
Don't let them get away.

STREET

Is she stable? Is it bad?

PARAMEDIC

No. Looks worse than it is.

Street grabs Hondo by the shoulders.

STREET

Hondo, if they get away we'll never find them.

Hondo looks at Street, at the Sikorsky.

SERGEANT HOWARD

Go get 'em Hondo.

SANCHEZ

Don't think twice. Go.

Hondo herd TJ, Deke and Street toward the Sikorsky EMS.

HONDO

Let's go!

Street follows Hondo to the helicopter. Deke and TJ are reluctant, then quickly join them.

CUT TO:

INT. SIKORSKY EMS - DAY

The PILOT and Co-Pilot stare at the four wet and filthy SWAT cops in the roomy back of the chopper. Medical equipment everywhere. Hondo screams at the pilot.

HONDO
Follow the river.

PILOT
I don't have permission.

STREET
You don't need permission. You got SWAT.

DEKE
Let's go. Police emergency.

The Pilot twists the throttle. The engine SCREAMS and the fast and powerful helicopter climbs skyward, pursuit of Poker and Alex in the slower Longranger.

STREET'S P.O.V.

The PARAMEDICS work on Sanchez, and the injured Sergeant Howard. Both give the helicopter a thumbs up.

Several LAPD patrol cars arrive.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGRANGER - DAY

Barreling up the L.A River -- Already near the foothill to the North. Poker unlocks Alex's shackles. Alex massages his wrists.

ALEX
Thank you.

CLICK-CLACK -- Poker handcuffs him to a hand strap in the Longranger. He hands Alex a cellphone.

POKER
You call whoever you need to call.
I got a place where you can hang out. You'll be nice and safe. When I get my money, you get your freedom.

A beat.

ALEX
Fifty million cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poker reddens with anger.

POKER

I will throw you out of this helicopter right now if you try to play me. Hundred million. Dollars. American dollars. Cash.

ALEX

This is a lot of money. I mean physically, several hundred pounds of currency. This will be very difficult for you to transport.

Poker grins at his scurrilous buddies.

POKER

Shit, that's a high-class problem.

ALEX

A hundred million american dollars in cash. We're agreed then. Good.

They shake. Alex dials his cellphone.

CUT TO:

INT. SIKORSKY EMS - DAY

Near the Junction of the 210 and the 2 Freeways. Hovering above the mountains. All eyes look for the Longranger.

TJ

I see it. In that canyon.

TJ'S P.O.V.

The LONGRANGER flies nap of the Earth through a mountain canyon. The tan helicopter, nearly invisible.

BACK TO SCENE

The Sikorsky follows into the rough mountains.

HONDO

Slow up. Keep on him, but don't let him see us. Stay at this altitude. When he lands, drop on top of him. Just swoop in like an eagle, got it?

The Pilot gives Hondo a thumbs up. But his eyes betray fear.

Street listening to his radio, REACTS. Makes a handsign for Hondo to get on the radio. Hondo points at his shattered Motorola.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Street hands Hondo his throat mic and earpiece.

STREET
Captain Lynnwood.

Hondo accepts the equipment.

HONDO
Yeah, boss. What's up?

INTERCUT:

INT. PARKER CENTER - CRISIS ROOM - DAY

The Swat Captain and Agent Hauser are increasingly disturbed by the alarming reports on their radios.

SWAT CAPTAIN
Hondo, turn that helicopter around right now.

HONDO
I can't do that, sir.

SWAT CAPTAIN
What's your position?

HONDO
North of Duarte above the Wildernes Area. We're heading deeper into the mountains.

SWAT CAPTAIN
There's a county helicopter scrambling right now. He's seven minutes away.

Street heard that, turns to Hondo.

STREET
Poker is escape and evasion-trained. He can disappear into this terrain. We will never find him.

The LAPD Commander grabs the microphone.

LAPD COMMANDER
This is the operations officer. Your flight is not authorized. You are to land immediately.

HONDO
Respectfully, sir. I'm in hot pursuit of Alex De Leon and the man who shot down the Marine helicopter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO (CONT'D)

Captain, we're the only eyes on these guys. If we turn around, they will escape.

The Swat Captain takes back the mic.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Hondo, come back and we'll figure this out.

END INTERCUT

Hondo looking at Street, things are too serious for irony.

Hondo Looks at Street, Deke and TJ. They are behind him.

Hondo tears out his headset wires.

HONDO

We're on our own.

STREET

We're all we need.

Street, Hondo Deke and TJ trade looks, tap fists.

The mountains give way to an endless sea of desert hills, anonymous roads and trailers and uninviting scrub.

SIKORSKY EMS PILOT P.O.V.

THE LONGRANGER zips along hugging the ground, whipping through a canyon to stay out of sight.

SCENE

SIKORSKY EMS PILOT

That is some damn good flying.

Deke watches the Longranger through binoculars.

DEKE

He's slowing. There's something down there. There's some mobile homes. Vehicles.

HONDO

Listen up! These are the rules of engagement: there are no rules.

STREET

Just leave Poker to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's understood.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

On a long parched abandoned cattle ranch. Five MOBILE HOMES form a makeshift fort.

The Longranger slows, leans back on its tail and does a touch and go, landing just long enough so Alex, Poker, Boxer and the three Bikers can hit the ground running.

They carry nondescript cases of weapons and equipment. The Longranger climbs back into the sky and speeds away. The dead silence of the desert.

Alex reacts to the ramshackle surroundings.

POKER

C'mon, man. I got a bar, satellite TV. Sports package. Hot tub.

ALEX

Do you get the soccer matches?

POKER

I get everything. I got the satellite hacked.

Alex and Poker are warming to each other. They hear the TURBINE ENGINE of the incoming Sikorsky EMS.

CUT TO:

INT. SIKORSKY EMS - DAY

Coming in fast. Street takes the binocs from Deke.

STREET'S BINOC P.O.V.

Poker on one knee, aiming his sniper rifle right at them.

SCENE

STREET

Turn! Turn!

DINK-DINK-THUNK-DINK-THUNK-THUNK-DINK!

Poker's bullets punch through the Plexiglas and aluminum nose.

THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Are hit, both slump against their shoulder belts.

The Sikorsky tilts precariously.

Street lunges for the controls -- Grabs the stick and collective. Street works throttle and pitch.

The Chopper levels into a flat spin. The ground rushing up fast.

Street jams the heel of his palm against the rudder pedal. That slows the chopper's spin.

THE GROUND IS RUSHING UP -- WHAM!

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

The Sikorsky hits the desert floor. Pitches violently onto one side, the rotor blades HACK the ground.

ALEX AND POKER, THE BIKERS

Watch in fascination as the helicopter rolls across the desert.

CUT TO:

INT. SIKORSKY EMS - DAY

The cabin bucks, WINDOWS SHATTER, dirt and gravel are scooped inside. The door opens -- Dumping Street, almost gently, onto the desert scrub like an aluminum tumbleweed.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

Street watches the helicopter rolling away. He's uninjured but bewildered.

The wild craft finally GRINDS to a stop.

Street runs through the dust.

Following a trail of medical supplies.

To the BENT AIRFRAME, a jumble of bodies inside -- MOVEMENT.

Hondo is okay. So is TJ and Deke. Hondo crawls out.

Suddenly Street QUICKDRAWS his pistol -- AIMS AT HONDO.

Not at Hondo -- Past him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE OVER HONDO'S SHOULDER

Is a CAMOUFLAGED SNIPER -- POP-POP!

Street hits him. The Camouflaged Sniper collapses, dropping his customized rifle. He was astoundingly invisible, just another bush.

STREET

Careful. The hills are alive.

Hondo sees that Street saved him, nods gratefully.

The SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE -- DINK-DINK-DINK! The wreckage is taking bullet hits. Street, Deke and TJ dive behind it.

HONDO

TJ, where's that fire coming from?

TJ creeps low around a smoldering CHOPPER TURBINE.

WHAT TJ SEES

He takes in tiny details of the terrain. A couple hundred yards away is a half buried SCHOOL BUS reinforced with SANDBAGS, hidden with grass. The MUZZLE FLASHES of weapons being fired at them.

BACK TO SCENE

TJ

They're in a school bus buried up to the windows, reinforced. Sandbagged.

DEKE

We're pinned. It'll take 'em some time to flank us, but they will.

STREET

Then they'll cut us to pieces in a crossfire.

A magazine full of AK rounds slam into the wreckage. Ricochets PING AND ZING around them.

HONDO

TJ, Street. Fire into their position. Deke; gimme some flashbangs and watch my back with that boomer. I wanna see if that spider hole goes anywhere fun.

Deke hands Hondo some flashbangs. KERCHACK! Cocks his shotgun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo low crawls to the bunker. TJ and Street SHOOT into the windows of the buried SCHOOL BUS.

CUT TO:

INT. SNIPER BUNKER - DAY

Hondo wriggles inside -- There is a long tunnel -- Hondo heaves in a flashbang -- BANG!

Hondo peers in -- SEES A MAN WITH A GUN

POP-POP! Hondo reacts first and kills him.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

TJ SHOOTS his weapon, covering Street and Deke as they run to the Sniper Bunker. CRACK-ZIP-WHAP! A bullet just misses Deke.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS BUNKER - DAY

Poker and Alex are inside. Poker takes aim with his rifle, disappointed to have just missed Deke. The Bikers SHOOTING steadily at the crashed helicopter in the distance.

ALEX

Get me out of here now. Call that helicopter back.

POKER

Call the helicopter. Keep them pinned by the wreckage. There's no way they can make it here without getting picked off.

Poker looks at Alex.

POKER (CONT'D)

We're going to have to disappear into the mountains for a while. You look like you can handle yourself.

ALEX

I'll show you the Alps sometime.

Poker looks through his rifle scope. Waiting for TJ to run for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER
C'mon. Go for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

Deke and Street in the bunker, waiting for TJ to reload.

TJ signals he's ready. Deke and Street lay down a cover fire with their weapons.

CRACK-THWAP! -- TJ is hit bad in the leg. Poker got him. He goes down.

Street grabs TJ and pulls him inside the bunker.

CUT TO:

INT. POKER'S COMPOUND - SENTINEL'S BUNKER - DAY

Street watches a CURTAIN OF BULLETS fall where TJ was. A lethal steel rain Street saved TJ's life.

TJ
Thanks, brother.

TJ and Street tap fists.

HONDO
Where the hell are we?

STREET
Poker's funhouse.

HONDO
What?

STREET
We used to talk about how to build the perfect defense. How to stop even us. He went and built it. This tunnel leads to that buried school bus.

They're looking at Street.

DEKE
Crazy.

STREET
We gotta move.

TJ's leg is bad, he ties a belt on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TJ
It's bad, I can't make it.

CUT TO:

INT. POKER'S COMPOUND - SENTINEL'S TUNNEL - DAY

The storm drain was luxurious compared to this. Hondo, Deke and Street crawl on knees and elbows.

Street leads the way. Determined, trying to be cool with death hiding in every shadow.

STREET
Watch for booby-traps.

There is a fork in the tunnel.

HONDO
Right or left?

STREET
Neither.

Street pauses, looking around with a flashlight. He KNOCKS on the walls with the heel of his knife. The dislodges a hidden panel revealing a hidden tunnel.

STREET (CONT'D)
I know how Poker thinks. Those side tunnels are booby trapped.

Hondo REACTS.

Street continues. Stops. The buried school bus is a few feet up the tunnel.

Street signals for Hondo and Deke to get ready. Hondo hands Street two flashbangs. Street pulls the pins.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS BUNKER - DAY

Quite roomy and posh. Easy chairs. TV's, video games. The three Bikers watch the landscape through their RIFLE SCOPES.

Two FLASHBANGS are thrown in. BANG-BANG!

Hondo rolls in, firing -- POP-POP-POP-POP!

Street follows -- POP-POP-POP! Together they drop all three Guardians. Deke enters. Taps fists with Street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE

Mean and clean.

They hear the LONGRANGER RETURNING.

STREET

We gotta stop them.

Deke runs out of the bus, fast as he can. Hondo and Street follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - HELICOPTER P.O.V. - DAY

The LONGRANGER is returning. It's a warzone below. The wrecked Sikorsky burning.

Deke has a good head start. Street and Hondo follow him to the far side of the compound, where the Longranger is landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

The LONGRANGER flares in to land.

ANGLE ON

Alex and Poker are waiting to hop on board with backpacks, outdoor gear.

FIND TJ

He's in the Sniper's Bunker, looking through the sniper rifle.

INSERT -- SNIPERSCOPE P.O.V.

TJ is trying to settle CROSSHAIRS on the LONGRANGER PILOT.

SCENE

The Longranger is settling beyond the the MOBILE HOMES

TJ's shot is about to be blocked -- Now or never.

POW! TJ fires.

ON THE LONGRANGER

The bullet DINKS through the canopy. Hits the Pilot's chest with a THUD. He's done.

The Helicopter lands hard. But is okay. Right in front of Poker and Alex. Poker blinks at the dead pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER

Aw, shit.

Alex unbuckles the Pilot and jerks him out of the chopper.

ALEX

I own five of these. Let's go.

Alex hops in the pilot's seat. Poker throws the bags in as Alex checks the cockpit with quick familiarity. Alex twists the throttle and yanks the collective back.

The Jetranger climbs into the air. Poker hops in the passenger seat. Looking for targets with his deadly Dragonuv sniper rifle.

ON DEKE

Rounding the corner of a mobile home. KERCHACK! -- He racks his shotgun. Aims and fires ...

BOOM-BOOM--BOOM-BOOM!

CUT TO:

INT. LONGRANGER COCKPIT - DAY

Deke's buckshot bounces around, tearing through the INSTRUMENT PANEL. SPARKS as equipment shorts out.

The engine SHUTS DOWN. Here comes the ground ...

ALEX

Hold on!

WHAM! Chopper hits, the skids bend, the tail rotor THWOPS into the ground. Poker drops his sniper rifle and dives away from the wreck.

Deke pumps his fist in celebration. Premature, because when Poker stops rolling, he swings up an MP-5 at Deke -- BRDDDT!

ON DEKE

Bullets hitting his chest, DUNKING into his body armor -- Into the dozen flashbang grenades hanging like fruit from his vest. They detonate -- BANG-BANG-BANG! Deke looks like a fireworks display as he falls flat on his back.

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND

Street and Hondo saw that. They run to Deke. He looks bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE

I'm okay. Go.

POKER AND ALEX

Run into a mobile home. Hondo and Street pursue on foot.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE HOME #1 - DAY

Street kicks the door. Hondo and Street clear the corners and blind angles. Hondo is hunting, running on instinct and skill.

So is Street. CRASH! -- Something is thrown through the window. Hondo REACTS.

HONDO

Grenade!

BOOM! Drywall is dented by the shock wave, furniture and pictures become deadly missiles.

BOOM! The second grenade goes off outside. Street is stunned, Hondo grabs his vest and hauls him to his feet.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Go! Move out!

CUT TO:

EXT. POKER'S COMPOUND - DAY

HONDO AND STREET

Exit Mobile Home #1 and run for cover ...

Alex and Poker open up on them from behind a derelict steam tractor.

BRDDDT! BRDDDDDT!

ON HONDO

Firing back until bullets slam into his MP5, jamming it. Hondo rolls, switches to his pistol.

ON STREET

THWAP! Buckshot from Alex's shotgun hits Street's helmet, knocking it off his head.

CLICK! -- Poker's weapon is empty. Alex's shotgun empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Street is out of ammo also. Poker reaches for a fresh magazine.

A beat.

Street makes his decision, jumps to his feet and charges Poker before he can reload his weapon. Hondo follows.

Street and Poker attack each other, using their machine guns as clubs.

CRASHES and CRACKS as Street and Poker block and parry with the black guns. Hand guards and plastic parts shatter, barrels bend.

Hondo charges Alex. Who slams Hondo with a judo throw. Hondo can not believe it.

ALEX

Think I got to the top without handling my own business?

Street and Poker square off to fight.

Hondo and Alex square off. Hondo shucks off his equipment and gunbelt.

POKER

Back for more? I'm breaking your neck this time.

STREET

What is this place? Crazyland? Start a cult or something?

POKER

You're Hondo's bitch now?

STREET

Less talk. More rock.

The fight commences. Street and Poker lay into each other with a brutal series of kicks, punches and blocks. Sweat and blood fly as boots and fists land with staggering power.

Street's rage is overwhelming. He's relentless, overpowering Poker.

HONDO AND ALEX

Are entangled, fighting for Hondo's pistol -- Hondo flips the weapon's takedown lever, the gun disassembles, now harmless.

STREET AND POKER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poker footsweeps Street. Wraps his legs around Street's arm. Street seems done for. Street strips off his belt, wraps it around Poker's neck.

Hondo punches Alex in the face. Gets Alex in a chokehold.

Hondo flips Alex over his back.

Hondo pulls his handcuffs. CLICK-CLICK! Zips them onto Alex's wrists. He rubs Alex's head.

HONDO

Got you.

Hondo stands, catches his breath. Crosses to help Street.

STREET

No, Hondo. This is my fight.

Poker lets go of Street before he passes out.

Street and Poker are exhausted, filthy, ragged. They stand, take some breaths and square off again.

Hondo crosses to Deke, helps him out of his smoldering vest. Deke's chest and face are burned from the flashbangs.

Street attacks Poker with massive final assault. Poker fending off the blows. SNAP! Street breaks Poker's leg.

A beat. SNAP! Street breaks his other leg.

POKER

Street, pussy. Finish the job.

Street about to stomp Poker's neck.

HONDO

Stop! That's enough!

Hondo intercedes, restrains Street.

Poker lays there stunned, defeated. Street spits blood, wipes his face. Looking at his vanquished nemesis. Street pulls his handcuffs. CLICK-CLICK.

STREET

You're under arrest.

Poker reacts. Hondo helping up Deke.

HONDO

You good?

Deke is hurting. But okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE

Good enough.

Hondo looks at Street. Sees the new flintiness behind his eyes. Hondo smiles.

Hondo squints at the setting sun.

HONDO

We need a car.

Deke looks around. Sees a battered sedan.

CUT TO:

INT. BATTERED SEDAN (MOVING) - SUNSET

Hondo drives, thousand yard staring down the long desert road. JOSHUA TREES, their SHADOWS dance in the heat. Deke and TJ in back, cooling his burns with water over his burns.

TJ has wound compresses wrapped around his leg.

DEKE

I wanna go home and hug my kids and take my wife to the motel. The P.M. shift is nothing like this.

STREET

Hondo, what now? Should I retire? After today, man, I dunno. I think I've done it all.

HONDO

Either you like the taste of blood or you don't.

STREET

What's that mean, Hondo?

HONDO

Look in the mirror. That's what it means.

Street understands. Deke too. And TJ. The unspoken bond between them is clear.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE BASE 29 PALMS - SUNSET

EXTRA SECURITY at the front gate. Jumpy MARINES with M-16s. The battered sedan approaches. Several FBI and DEA agents are present. Nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hondo stops the car several yards from the gate. He gets out. Crosses to the trunk and opens it, wary FEDS and MARINES watching.

Hondo and Street get out.. Open the trunk.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

Alex De Leon is handcuffed, resigned to his fate.

Street and Hondo reach in and haul out Alex.

They drop Alex right there in the dirt.

Feds and Marines REACT, recognizing him. The FEDS grab Alex.

Street reaches into the trunk. Pulls out Poker, drops him on the ground.

STREET

It's two for one day.

Street turns to a MARINE COLONEL.

STREET (CONT'D)

Sir, this is the guy who shot down
your helicopter.

A look from the Colonel and Poker is surrounded and yanked to his feet by four MILITARY POLICE.

A YOUNG FED holds out a radio to Hondo.

YOUNG FED

It's for you, sir.

Hondo takes it..

HONDO

(into phone)
Hello?

SWAT CAPTAIN VOICE

Hondo. I never doubted you. Thanks.

HONDO

How's Sanchez?

SWAT CAPTAIN VOICE

She's fine.

HONDO

Tell her we're coming to see her.

He hands the phone back to the YOUNG FED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poker turns and gives Street a hateful look as he is dragged away. Street could care less.

Street and Hondo cross back to the sedan and get in.

Hondo turns the car around and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - SUNSET

The four SWAT COPS head back towards the city, driving into the setting sun. This day has forever cemented them together as a team. Street about to turn on the radio. Hondo gives him a look.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END