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44 Minutes: The North Hollywood Shoot-Out

By Tim Metcalfe

Ninety percent of cops...

go through their entire career|without ever firing their gun.

On that day, there was roughly|1 ,500 rounds fired.

We were armed with pistols.

These guys were slinging|automatic machine guns.

- An AK-47 machine gun...

is a weapon|that was designed for war.

High-velocity rounds|were invented...

to penetrate armour|and kill their target.

Use them in a bank job...

and you've done something that|no one in America has ever done before.

Danger's all around us--|in the streets...

in your car...

maybe even the guy next door.

Come on. Drink, drink, drink, drink.!

- Yeah?|- The music.

- For God's sakes, will you turn it down a bit?|- Um, right.

- You okay?|- Yeah.

Let it go.

- Aw.!

- Turn it back on, man.|-

What'd they say?

Nothin'.

- What's so funny?|- Our life.

Well, Jim, Kelly,|the forecast, plenty
of sunshine with seasonal|temperatures.

Looking for a high|of 7 2 degrees by midday.

Lord, help me to remember|there are many paths and one truth.

Help me to do the right thing|out there.

Wake|up, Larry.

Oh, shit.

Shit, what time is it?

- Let's go. Let's go. It's the morning time.|- Make some coffee.

Unreal.

You know any of'em?

Yeah, Davis.|He was a good man.

We went through|the academy together.

- So, you gonna mail those taxes today?|- Yeah.

- Don't forget to get a return--|- Get a receipt. Right.

Mm.

Be careful.

My father was|my hero and a legend in the LAPD.

He died in his patrol car|of a heart attack.

He was, uh,|he was 62 at the time.

All I ever wanted|was to be just like him.
And my dad was proud.|He loved it when I made SWAT.
Go for a walk?|Wanna go for a walk?
Good boy.|Come on.
Let's go.
See, we're SWAT. That stands for|Special Weapons And Tactics.
And we respond|to any situation.
Regular uniform patrol,|you know...
wouldn't really have the firepower|or the training to handle.
- Police, coming in.!!|- Open door!
This way?
- I got point.!!|- Let me see your hands.!!
- Get down on the ground.!!|- Stay with me, Donnie.
- Down, now, down.!!|-
- You, get down! Get down!|- Get down, now!
Drop your weapon!|I need a trailer!
I got guns.!!|I got guns.!!
- Cover him! Shit!|- Donnie, get in here.!!
Where the hell were you?
I got multiple suspects here.
Donnie, what the hell|happened in there?
You left me completely|alone.
Yeah, I was there.
Hey, you gotta|take it down a notch, partner.
Don't worry about me, all right?|Wrap this up and get in the car.
You did good.
Good morning, half past the hour...
and it looks like|another beautiful
day in the City|of Angels.
For the latest on your|commute, let's go high
in the sky with our own|Captain Chuck Scott.
Well, Jim, Kelly,|traffic's moving
fairly well for|a getaway Friday.
Couple of trouble spots we'll be|telling you about in our next update.
Right now, clear blue skies,|wind out of the northeast by 1 5.
And we will have a complete|traffic break for you coming up in 1 0.
R.H.D.--|Robbery Homicide Division.
We're the best of the best,|and we get all the high-profile cases.
LA Confidential.
Al Pacino in Heat.
Joe Friday and all that.
The only difference is that, uh...
those guys don't have to juggle|7 5 cases all at once.
Me, I've got to prioritize.

Back in '95, my priority was them.
We had a name for|them. We called
them the High Incident|Bandits.
Chatsworth, two years prior...
these guys decided to make|an early withdrawal.
They kill a guard.
They executed him.|Ambushed him.
Took his head off|with an AK-47.
That kind of firepower|in a bank job is unheard of.
These guys were an anomaly.
I made a promise|to that widow that I wouldn't quit...
until I caught up with the sons|of bitches that killed her husband.
We make promises like that|all the time in my line of work.
And we like to think|that we mean it.
That time, I really meant it.
Six months later,|another armoured car.
Then, two more banks-- takeover style--|the most dangerous kind.
They, uh, got away|with over two million dollars.
I guess they wanted|to live the good life...
and they wanted to live it|pretty fast...
instead of getting a job|like the rest of us.
Anyway, they disappeared into the|wind one day, but I knew they'd be back.
Hey, did you see that?|A Porsche 911 .
- Oh, I love those.|- I hate the Germans.
You're from Romania.|That practically makes you a German.
I'm an American...
and I like Corvettes and Mustangs.
If you're going for horsepower and|good looks, nothing wrong with that.
Corvettes and Mustangs and Mexican|girls. I love that girl over there.
- Morning, sir.|- Hey, Luis.
So, what do you think|of my new wheels?
Wow, that's great, man.|I really love gold.
- Champagne.|- Huh?
It's the colour.|It's called champagne.
- Oh.|-
Hey, keep working hard and one|day you'll be able to afford champagne.
Oh, I sure hope so, sir.
I sure hope so.|Dick.
Ow! Geez!
- You all right?|- It's nothing.
Hey, you can say if it hurts.|It's okay, tough Robo-girl.
- Hey!|- Oh, here we go...
with that whole|''women can handle it'' attitude...
because of childbirth|and years and years of pain.

Yeah, yeah, that's|right. You couldn't
stand the pain of|childbirth, Henry.
Better you than me, sister girl.
I tell you what I could|stand. You need to take
me out with a salsa honey|and teach me how.
- I can salsa dance.|- Don't start that again. You'll embarrass me.
- I've got flavour. I got mad flavour.|- Yeah, I know, okay?
- I know you can move it, but--|Central Nine Adam 3 7.
Nine Adam 37, go ahead.
Possible 4 1 5 family.|52 42 Radford.
Nine Adam 37, roger.
You're my little sweetie.|Come on.
Just coming up over|the Hollywood Freeway
where it is slow|going this morning.
There's a SIG alert|south of Highland. A tractor
trailer is broken down|in the number-one lane.
If you're travelling north,|consider using side streets.
They're late.
They'll be here.|Just stay cool.
I'm cool.
I'm cool.|It's just so freakin' hot in here.
Try taking three of these.
It'll definitely help|calm you down.
Don't worry about it.
That's about it for out here.|Let me show you the vault.
I have one key,|and Randy has the other, okay?
- It won't open with just mine.|- Okay.
Let me show you something.
A little tool of the trade here.|You know what this is?
- Twenties.|- No. Two bands.
See here? Dye pack.
Dye pack. Gotcha.
We keep one in here,|one in each of the drawers.
You try and leave|the bank with
this, and the|battery...
makes the red dye|explode all over the bills.
It's the bomb.
One time we had this robber, right.|He leaves the bank with this...
drops it on the way|out, picks it up,
shoves it down his|pants and boom.
It goes off. I don't think|he's gonna be having kids any time soon.
Did you, uh, get robbed a lot?
About three or four|times. But not here.
At the other branches|I worked at.

Look. It's all insured, okay?|You never argue.
Look. It's all insured, okay?|You never argue.
-Just give them what they want.|- Okay.
- All right? Let's go get some coffee.|- Okay.
- Yeah. Yeah.|- Okay.
At that point, I kicked the door.
I understand the old guy|had to get seven stitches.
That doesn't concern me.
What does concern me is|that you went charging
in there like some freakin'|John Wayne...
and left your partner alone|in a room with four felons.
I know you've been going through a tough time, son.|Your father was a
great--
Lieutenant, I'm fine. That's got|nothing to do with it. I had a bad day.
Nine thousand cops|in the LAPD, Donnie...
and only 60 are good enough|to make it to SWAT.
We can't afford|to have bad days.
Now, you're taking|some time off to mourn, kid.
I need you making decisions,|the right decisions, from here on in.
Next time it might not be some|70-year-old man behind that door.
- I don't need the time off.|- And I'm not asking your opinion.
That's all.
- Here you go, Frank.
- Thank you, Ralph.|- Good as new.
Should last you another 20 years.
Yeah, I'm sure it will.
- But what about me?|-
You're a survivor, Frank.|You know that.
Let's hope so.
- Hey, Donnie.|- Frank.
- How are you?|- Not bad.
Sorry to hear about your old man.|He was, uh, he was good.
You guys worked together.|77th, right?
He was my T.O.|Kicked my ass every day for six months.
It was a different department|back then.
So I hear.
I gotta run.|Gotta be in court.
So, uh, look after yourself, yeah?
- I'll see you later, Frank. Thanks.|- All right. Yeah.
Well, I'm a training officer,|and Bobby is probably the 30th...
or 3 2nd younger officer|that I've trained.
A young cop needs to learn,|more than anything...
how to leap to that training|that you get, mentally...
when you're in|an emergency situation.

Bobby, is it clean?

It is now. | Morning watch brought in a hype.

Found two needles | in the backseat.

Uh-oh. You get stuck?

- Had my gloves on. | - Attaboy. Tires?

At least 50 more miles of treads left.

- Twelve-gauge? | - Four rounds, double-aught buck.

- Tank? | - Full.

Coffee?

Black.

You keep this up, | I might let you have lunch today.

Hit me, huh?

- I will take you out! | - Calm down, please.

Come on! I will whip your ass | right now. Let me go!

- It's your lucky day. Let's go. | - Calm down right now.

Ramon, how old are you, man?

- Sixteen. | - Sixteen. That's good.

I don't understand | what's happened to him.

- Is he using or running with a gang? | - Hell, who knows?

No more juvie hall for you, huh?

No, you hang with the big boys now.

They're gonna love you, baby.

You gonna be someone's date | for the prom tonight, huh?

There's no father | to help me with
this. I'm doing | it all by myself.

- I know, ma'am. | - He's a man now. How can I stand up to a man?

- I see. I see. | - It's just me. I'm doing everything I can.

That's a good move too, man, | joining Florencia.

What's that, about two of them | dying a week these days?

Nigga, don't know | nothin' about me, man.

Tell you what. | I know this.

You mess with | your moms again, man--

Domestic violence | ain't no joke.

For six months, he was doing okay.

Getting okay grades, | going to school every day.

Then his principal calls | me and tells me
he hasn't been to school | in two months.

And you didn't know about this?

I've been working. I get up early. | I go to work. I get home late.

Mm-hmm. How many jobs | you work, ma'am?

- What's your problem, man? | - Nigga made it good...

now you come back to the hood | all enlightened and shit?

Please, man!

Ramon, let me tell you something.

You recognize him? Huh?
Wasn't he the leader|of your gang there?
I mean, until he lost|his mind and his nuts?
You don't like my book?|Take a look at my book.
Oh, I got another guy here.|Check it out.
Huh. That's O-dog, right there.
You know him? I had O-dog,|just where you're sitting, just now.
You know, I need to get me|a picture of you.
See that way I can have|a before... and an after.
Now, you didn't like|my picture book, Ramon?
Huh?
How do you think|you're gonna end up?
How you gonna get it, Ramon?|Like him?
You need to think about that.
These guys are media junkies.|Robbin' banks in the morning...
and watching themselves|on television in the afternoon.
Hello, Frank.
Hey.
- Testifying in the Cortez case?|- Who's gonna cover it? You?
Care to comment on that?
Yeah, the cop.|I think he's guilty.
Actually, there are|three cops involved.
Well, then, all three of them|must be guilty.
I mean, that's what you're gonna|say anyway, right?
- Right.|- So now you've got a source.
Back in '65,|it was the Watts riots.
Then, early '7 0s,|the Hillside Strangler...
and, uh, the Night Stalker.
You got everybody|good and scared.
So afraid, they couldn't even|come out of their houses at night.
Then, along came the early '90s...
Rodney King beatings, and, uh...
well, by then, we all became|a bunch of racists, right?
It's gonna be a|while. Judge had
to hear a PI motion|in part 49.
What does that translate to,|an 8:00 a.m. tee time at Riviera?
- More or less.|- How long do you think?
- Couple hours.|- All right. Thanks.
You know, you forgot O.J.
- Did I? Well, imagine that.|- Uh-huh.
I'll tell you what.|
Why don't you come by|my house some evening...
and, uh, I'll show you|my Bruno Magli shoe, size 1 0 1 /2.
I only got one though. I left|the other one somewhere in Brentwood.

- Bye, Frank.|- See ya.
- There you go, chief.|- Gracias, seor.
- Payback.|- You're gonna get us in trouble, Henry.
You see that kid|in the car right there?
He's the one in trouble, not us.
Sometimes you gotta do|what you can do to reach somebody.
That's very noble,|Henry, but showing
crime-scene photos|of a live case.
- And playing preacher--|- You know what?
Just 'cause you don't|stand up for your own
beliefs, doesn't mean|I don't for mine.
Hey, you don't know shit|about my beliefs, Henry.
All I'm saying is|these days you even
look at a suspect|the wrong way...
and the department gets sued.
And our asses get hauled off|before a trial board. All right?
Slide over.
Turn around so I can uncuff you.
You hungry?
I brought you some food.
Here we go.
- Where's he going?|- That's not our guy.
Shit!
Screw this shit, man.|
- Can you guys set up? And you, don't forget about Friday.|- Yes.
- It's your turn to buy margaritas, huh?|- That's right.
- Luis, can you open up for me?|- Yes, sir. I'm gonna do that.
- Listen.|- Thanks. What's up with Bagstrom?
- It's on your desk.|- Okay. Great.
Judy.|
Morning.|How's everybody doing today?
Change of plans.|We do the bank.
- Okay. I'm with you. Let's do the bank.|-
- Hello.|- Hi, honey.
- Hey.|- Did you get to go back to sleep?
- No, I couldn't.|- No, it doesn't work, does it?
So, you, um,|heading anywhere special?
- Going to the post office.|- Good to hear it.
Uh, you, uh,|gonna be late tonight?
I think I'll call it off early today.
Oh, great. Okay.|I'll talk to you later, baby.
- I love you, honey.|- Love you too.
When you're a cop...
you have to make|split-second decisions.

Sometimes it's life or death.
Then, everybody else--|your boss...
and the police commission|and all the reporters--
well, they get to take all the time|in the world to, uh...
form an opinion about what it is|that you did and how you did it.
It's kinda like|being on trial every day.
And sooner or later, I mean,|how much of that shit can you take?
You wake up one morning|and you say, ''That's
it. I wanna turn|in my papers.''
Everyone's got an S.U. V.|They're nice.
Yeah, and they're fun to drive too.
Shit!
- Shit. Hang on.|- 21 1 .
- Everybody down!|-
On the floor!
Heads down!
Move and you die!|Don't look at my face!
1 5-A-39,|we have a possible 21 1 in progress.
- 6600 Laurel Canyon. Bank of America.|- Go! Go! Go!
Multiple suspects armed with AK-47 s.
Officers requesting help.
- 21 1 . Let's clear this street.|- Right!
I'll get the other side.!
All units, 2 1 1 in
progress. 6600 Laurel|Canyon. Shots fired.
Nine Adam 37, we're en route.
- Let me out here, man. It's cool.
Suspects described as|large males wearing
body armour and carrying|automatic weapons.
I repeat, multiple shots fired.
I'm en route.
That day, I was ready to say, ''Enough.''
And then... I got the call.
It's not something|that you can turn your back on.
- Stay down!|-
Attention, all Valley units.|Officer needs help, 6600 Laurel Canyon.
''Officer needs help'' call is|the most important call you can get.
That means there's somebody,|he's down, he's in trouble.
I'm gonna put the call|out there, and anyone
in the area, get|your ass over here.
The way I grew up,|the LAPD was family.
My dad was, uh,|a cop for 3 1 years.
Uh, my mom died|when I was very young.
And so these guys were the people|that I knew. They came over to the house.

They, you know, we had picnics|together. And, uh, they were my family.
You get|an ''officer needs help'' call...
that means your family needs help,|their life is in danger.
It's your job to get there.
We got a 21 1 in progress,|North Hollywood. Officers need help.
Come on. Get your shit.|Let's go!
Load up the .223s. Leave the MP5s.|We don't need 'em.
Move and you're dead.
I did two tours of Vietnam,|and there's two things you never forget.
Your number of days in and the sound of a Chinese-made|AK-47 machine gun.
Now those two guys|were packing AKs...
and I had a nine-millimeter Beretta.
I was in the wrong place|with the wrong gun.
1 5-A-39, I want one unit|on the north side.
One unit on the south side.|One unit around back if possible.
Hurry up!
You! The vault!|Open the vault!
- What? What?|- The vault!
- I need a second set of keys.|- Who got them?
- Randy. Over there. Randy? Randy!|- Randy!
- I have the key.|- Hurry up, bitch.
- Faster.!|- All right. Let's not hurt anybody.
- I got the key right here.|- Give it. Give it. Shut up!
On the ground!|Pipe down!
Down!
Head down!
There's something|going on out
here. I don't|know what it is.
Flying over North Hollywood|right now,
where there are several|LAPD units...
surrounding what looks to be|a Bank of America building.
One Adam 1 1, we are on scene.
Where is your watch commander?
How long they been in there?
About six minutes.
This is 1 5-L-1 0.|All units, stay off the air.
I repeat, stay off the air|unless you have a genuine emergency.
Do they know we're out here?
I've been ringing the bank|manager's office. No answer.
I think I know these guys.|They're gonna come out heavy.
I want containment on the rear|of this building right now.
- We need traffic blocked off on Archwood and Kittridge.|- You got it.
No civilians in.|No suspects out.
Why don't you take the south side?

- All right, go.|- All the way to Kittridge.
Right. |Take another unit.

- Ramon, I'm gonna let you go under one condition.|- Are you crazy?
You heard the radio. |There's bank robbers everywhere, man.

- That condition is you stay your ass in school.|- Fine. Let me go, man.
Wait a minute now. I see you got |the cross and crucifix here, right?
Yeah?

All right. You take this.
You're gonna need it more than me. |Go ahead, take it.
A Bible, man? |What am I supposed to do with this?

- I want you to read it.|- Which part?
Whatever part speaks to you.

Ramon, listen. |Before you think
bout hitting your |mama again...
I got her number, she got mine.
I hit back.
Don't end up in my picture book, |brother.
Go on. Go.
You let him go?
Move back inside.
Hey, hey, I'm the one |that called 9 1 1.
These two guys just pulled up and--
Ma'am, we're all over it. |We know. You need to stand back.
- I saw them go into the bank.|- You need to stand back.
The 1 01 southbound |beginning to back up at the 1 7 0.
405 is clear but slow |in both directions.
Assignment desk, |this is Sky Fox.
I'm flying over North Hollywood |right now, and
something's going on |down here, you guys.

- Talk about--|- They're surrounding |this Bank of America.
- We're not sure what's going on, but it's really big.|- I have to call you
back.

Numerous police units |responding to a ''shots
fired'' call. What |do you want me to do?
Bill. Bill!
We got a live feed up. Bank robbery |in progress. North Hollywood.
- I think we should cut in.|- Police response?
Multiple units. Shots have already |been fired in the bank.
Okay, let's do it. Go live.
Okay, everybody ready. |In three, two, one.
We interrupt |this program for
a special report from |North Hollywood.
Given the force out here, |they've gotta give up.
Commander? |Hello?

- Hello? Gentlemen, I need a land line.
- You ain't gotta do that, all right?|- Shut up!
Not the safe deposit boxes.|Open this one.
- Okay!|- Fill this up!
You, head down.!
Hurry up.!
I said, ''Head down.!''
Faster! Faster! Faster!
Lieutenant, over here.
- You want a driver?|- LAPD.
We got a major incident|going on down the street.
We need your store|and your telephones.
Yes, sir.
Frank, I need you to expand|that perimeter right now.
Let's set up on these tables here.
Down!
Hurry up!
Don't look at me!
The gunmen are|still apparently in the bank.
We don't know how many people|are in the bank at this time.
Jim, Kelly, we'll get back to you|as soon as we have any more details.
Between Sherman Way and Oxnard.
I want east and west traffic blocked.
- Air 1 0. How's our perimeter look?|- Go ahead.
Yeah, we've got four units|it looks like on--
Where's the rest?|Where's the rest?
That's all we've got.|We're waiting for our morning delivery.
Are you lying to me?
No, no. They reduced|the amount of money
we keep because of|recent robberies.
Don't shoot me, man.
We are going to the A.T.M's.|Let's go!
Okay.
- Fast! That's right, stay down.|- Okay.
Everybody, in the vault.|Get up! Move!
- Open it!|- I can't. See?
What the hell does that mean?
They changed the policy.|Only armed transport can open it.
Shit!
We just gonna sit here?
We can't run in. We need to get|a possible position on them.
We rush 'em now, there's civilians|in the background, somebody gets hurt.
Conflicting numbers. We don't|know who's still inside the bank.
People in there,|whether or not they were shot.

We just don't know.
Hit the deck! Shut up!
Don't look at my face!
What's taking so damn long?
Eight minutes. Time's wastin'.|What the hell's goin'on?
We're burnin' time.|What are you doin'?
Piece of shit says|he can't open them.
Open it, bitch!
- I can't.|- Yes, you can!
- I can't!|- Open it!
- We're hearing some more shots fired inside.
How do we open this stupid thing?
I don't have the combination.
Stupid. Come on!
- Move! Go!|- We're movin' out.!
Okay. What are you gonna do now?
In the vault.
These guys weren't playing games.|The black masks, the eyes.
That guy just looked|at me, you
know. I'll never|forget it.
It was scary, you know.|I didn't think
I was gonna get out|of there, really.
I thought-- I thought|you were gonna be, you know...
seeing one dead Latino right here.
You know.
Go down!
You all go down.
Larry, we got the money.
Who's there?
Cops.
- I don't know what it is.
Hey, hang on. Go back!
- Mike, get me a shot of the bank. Come on. Let's go.|- Okay.
Set up right here.|This is great.
Here.
Turn it around.|Come on. Turn it around.
- Some roadblock.|- You can't come this way. You have to find another way.
I have an important meeting|in the studio in 10 minutes.
Your meeting will|be with the coroner
if you don't|listen to me.
- Back it up and move out now!|- You guys are always blocking--
You can't go this way, sir.|You must go back.
- And take a left. Go. Back it out now.|-
She's telling me to move.|I can't believe this.

We can't|confirm at this time how many gunmen.
We are monitoring the|situation. We're
gonna stay overhead|as long as we can.
We are monitoring the|situation. We're
gonna stay overhead|as long as we can.
LAPD.! Drop your weapon.!
I repeat, drop your weapon.!
I can see two gunmen are leaving--
- Return fire.! Return fire.!|- Get down.! Get down.!
Return fire.!
Return fire.!
Civilian down!
- R.A. units are responding.|- Shooting hundreds of rounds.
1 5-L-1 0, suspects|are exiting the bank.
They're wearing body armour|with AK-47 s.
I repeat, they have body armour.
Anyone with a head shot, take it.
Guys, we're looking|at multiple suspects,
assault rifles|and body armour.
Do not deploy the MP5s. Leave 'em|in the trunk. We're gonna go 223s only.
I'm hitting them,|but they're not going down!
- They got Kevlar. Head shots.|- Aim for the head.
Aim high.!
Hold it.! Here.! Cover me.!
These guys are|out of their minds.
They're just shooting|hundreds of rounds.
- Hang in there, partner.
Jim and Kelly, I'm here live on|Laurel Canyon in North Hollywood...
where a bank robbery|is currently in progress.
What you hear behind|me is not coming
from a movie set. It|is actual gunfire.
The details are coming in slowly,|but when we arrived--
- The North Hollywood site--|- ...bank in North Hollywood--
LAPD officers--
Once again, we|are in a firestorm of bullets.
The gunmen are now shooting|at anything and everything.
Officers from all over LAPD have been asked to respond|and are trying to--
Being the wife of a cop,|you learn that every day...
any day, could be the day|that he doesn't come home.
So, you can either|obsess and go crazy...
or you do what I did,|which is, uh, denial.
I mean, you know|that bad stuff happens...
but you just think, um...
' 'Not my guy.|He's too good. He's too smart.' '

So, most days, that worked for me.

But, uh, that day, it didn't.

Cover me.!

An officer who was trying|to help a civilian has been shot.

He's down. I can't tell from here|if hes moving or not.

But he appears|to be seriously hurt.

Rescue units are|unable to get to either of them.

All responding units|to Laurel Canyon--

- Frank. Thank God.

- So, where are you?|- Don't worry about anything. I'm okay.

I guess you're watching TV, yeah?

Oh, yeah. It's on every channel.|They say there's officers down.

Patty, look. I'm not even close|to the action. I'm okay.

Everything's fine.|I'm all right.

- I don't want you to worry about me.|- I'm not worried.

No one's worrying, okay? I just--|I just want you to be careful, okay?

Everything's going to be okay.|I'll see you later. I gotta go.

- Bye.|- ...of this part of the Valley are to remain where they are.

I don't know if you can see this,|but the police cars...

are literally being|ripped apart by bullets.

Bullets are going|clear through the cars.

At least one LAPD officer|has been hit at this time.

Henry. Henry! Hey.

Nicole. I want you|to do me a favour.

You got it, Henry.|Whatever you want, buddy.

Why don't you go ahead|and pray for me.

I already have.

Then I know I'm gonna be all right.

The 1 70's really|starting to back up

as the LAPD have|closed the exits...

at Burbank and Victory off the 1 70.

Oh, what a mess.

Command post, this is 43 David.|I need someone on tac-one right now.

- Donnie, what's your E.T.A.?|- Frank, I'm about 1 0 minutes out.

I'm gonna need someone|to walk me in here.

This off-ramp's like|a parking lot.

Confirmed. Multiple suspects,|body armour, AK's.

It looks like our guys, Donnie.

We train so we're ready.

That way what we do,|it's automatic.

We don't have to|think about it.

It's second nature.|It just comes instinctively.

No, I don't think they|have any intention

of giving up. They've|seen our resources.

Firing non stop.

- Back inside!|- I can see they have gone back into the bank.

Shit. There was a lot of them out there.

- We got these.|- Yeah, right.

They got nothing but their dicks|in their hands.

Multiple officers and|civilians are lying

wounded, some critically|in the streets.

There's also an unconfirmed report|of another uniformed officer...

that has been shot several times.

- Rescue units are unable to help either of them.|- We can't wait for SWAT.

- You're bleeding. You're bleeding.|- What?

- Oh, that's a scratch. Are you all right?|- Yeah, I'm good.

Four years earlier,|these two guys were arrested...

in a routine vehicle stop.

The sergeant of the Glendale PD|found an AK-47...

and 1 ,200 rounds of ammunition|in their trunk.

They went to jail for six months,|and, uh, walked out.

And then the judge|gave them their guns back.

Their attorneys said they needed|to sell them to pay their legal fees.

Can you believe that shit?

Harris.! Hey, Harris.!

- Yeah, what?|- You're right in the line of fire.

- Get your ass over here.|- Oh, you mean, back there by the gas tank? No, thanks.

Moron.

1 5-L-1 0, requesting|a V-1 00 RA unit.

Copy that. |V-1 00 rescue unit is on its way.

All units, we are on a|citywide tac alert. All

units on citywide tac alert|till further notice.

1 5-L-1 0, hold your positions. |They could be coming back out.

I repeat, hold your positions.

Henry. Henry!

Hey, Henry. |Do you hear me?

The RA's coming, Henry. |You hang in there.

Henry, hey.

Henry, you hear me? |Henry.

- Get the hell outta here!|- Okay.

Get that camera outta here! |You're gonna get yourself killed.

Stay with me, buddy.

- Stay with me, Henry.|- Officer needs assistance.

Unit requesting help. |What is your location?

9-L-49.

I need help.

9-L-49, hang in there. Help is on the way. |What is your location?

9-L-49, what is your location?

9-L-49. | 9-L-49.

9-L-49? | 9-L-49.

- 9-L-49. | -

Officer down. Officer down, code | three. He needs help. Code three.

Hey! We gotta get that man outta | here fast. He's not gonna make it.

- What do you have in mind? | - I'm gonna take this car.

- Pull around. Wait for me. | - All right.

Henry. Henry, | you hang in there.

We're coming for you.

You drive, I'll cover.

Just create enough chaos, | and we're bound to slip through.

Right. Right.

Very little movement | down there right now.

The suspects are | still inside presumably.

Police have not begun to move in. | They're still behind their vehicles.

You know, I just remember, | I got my Visa from this bank.

No shit. | Hey, you make it out of this alive...

you oughta ask them | to waive your balance.

If we get separated, | I'll meet you at the safe house tonight.

I'd rather die than go to jail | for the rest of my life.

That's right. | We'll do it. We'll do it.

- I'm not going to jail. | - I'm not going to jail.

I'm not going to jail!

Wait. Hold on. The gunmen-- | - Coming out again!

Hey!

Come on!

Come on!

It looks like there's | a rescue mission underway.

Despite the gunfire, two officers | have scrambled out of their car...

and are pulling | another policeman to safety.

This is unbelievable. | He's driving directly--

This is unbelievable. | He's driving directly--

I was at a point where it was-- | was out of my hands.

It wasn't in my control anymore.

Literally, whether | I was going to live or die.

And, uh, they say | that if you lose...

over 50 or 60% of your blood, | well, that's it.

And I think I lost | 40% of my blood.

I was scared and...

I went back to a place where...

I remember...

chasing a suspect on foot.

He fired at me, | and I went for cover.

I guess, in some ways, |maybe I stayed too long.
The suspect got away |and eventually turned up...
robbed, uh, some folks |and killed somebody.
And there's a part of you |that you know...
maybe you didn't |do your best.
And, uh, because you didn't do |your best that day, someone got hurt.
I guess I knew that |on this day, I was gonna do...
whatever I could do |to help my fellow officers...
to make sure that this time, |the bad guys didn't get away.
They didn't-- They didn't hurt anybody again. |They didn't kill again.
Incredible. I gotta tell you.
I am watching this and I still, |I can't believe it's happening.
The money, Larry. |The money!
Fifty cops outside.
He turned around |and strolled right back in...
without a care in the world, |like it was nothing.
- What the hell's he doin'? | - Look at the duffel.
Whoever put that dye pack in there |is gonna be dead.
Man. Total disregard for life.
The devastation is terrible...
as the gunmen continue |to fire at the police
officers as they try |to make their getaway.
Dozens of officers and |civilians have been
wounded, but reports |are telling us...
- that ambulances are being held until the danger has been cleared.
Absolute war zone down there. |The firing continues.
...keep the police |pinned down...
although these brave officers |are refusing to back down.
It looks like one of the gunmen |has reached into his car.
Want some?
Come on, pig!
Continue to fire at him.
43-David. We are eastbound |in an alley heading toward Laurel.
Should be there in two minutes.
The policemen's return fire |doesn't seem to have any effect.
The rounds just keep coming-- |Whoa.!
Wait. He's shootin' at us. |We're gonna have to get outta here.
- Looks like he's taking shots right up there. | - Yeah.
Get up! Get out of there! |Higher!
- And are firing at will. It is complete chaos here.
- Pratt. | - Yes, sir?
Haul your ass around the corner |to B&B Guns...
and grab as many |semiautomatic
weapons as |you can find.

Yes, sir.

They're still shooting at us.

Larry, get in the car. | In the car. |

Stick to the plan. | You drive, I cover.

Kill the cops.

...just continue | to pummel the officers.

...just continue | to pummel the officers.

- They fire-- It achieves | no effect at all. | - Officers, good morning.

- I need guns. We got a situation. | - You're tellin' me.

We need some assault rifles, | some semiautomatics. What've you got?

We don't carry AKs, but, uh, | we got America's answer.

It's the AR-15. | It'll get the job done.

You got your CAR-15. | It's used by the U.S. military.

If you really want | something special...

that's the Remington 700, | bolt action.

It's the best sniper rifle made.

I can't believe they | let people just buy these.

You got proper I.D., good credit, | wait 10 days for a background check--

We need all this. | All of them.

- Okay. Hey, John, give me a hand. | - Okay.

Here you go.

- We need ammo. | - Okay, sir.

- Get these guys some ammo. | - I'll get it.

They're here.

Command post, this is 43-David. | We are at the scene.

Let's go.

Yes, Jim, unconfirmed reports now | have a possible third...

and maybe even a fourth suspect | in the bank.

and maybe even a fourth suspect | in the bank.

Jay, I want you to grab | that armoured car.

- We're going to use that as our rescue vehicle. | - You got it.

L.T., what's the position | of your suspects?

We have two suspects | heading eastbound on Archwood.

We have a report of a | possible third suspect

inside the bank | holding hostages.

- Shots have been fired. | - Okay, guys, we got an active shooter in the bank.

We're gonna make an entry. | Let's go.

- Who's gonna pay for all this? | - Charge it to Mayor Riordan.

Suspects are leaving | the bank building.

They continue to fire | into police officers.

8-L-10. Suspects are | attempting to go mobile.

That's Archwood Street that | you see he's pulling out on. He's going | east on Archwood.

Get out of the way!

Police! Open up!

Open up.!

They're gone. | It's just us in here.

- They're gone. | - Bank's clear. Stay in the vault!

All right. Come on.

1 5-L-1 0, officer advised.

You've got a clear shot | at the suspect...

eastbound on Archwood, | from behind the supermarket.

Larry! Get in the car!

Get in the car!

Come on!

It's gotten strange. | They've slowed to an almost crawl...

but the police seem helpless | to stop them.

But now they're | moving a little

quicker. They're | separating.

I need officers on all four corners | on Archwood.

I want you to extend that perimeter | four blocks in all directions.

We've got a number two | suspect driving the

white vehicle headed | east on Archwood.

We've got number one suspect | on foot. Number

one is behind a | long trailer rig.

Whew!

- Come on.

Come on. Come on. |

Come on!

His gun is dropped.!! | Go to the back side.!

Hey, you kids.!! Get back inside.!! | I'm a policeman.!

Go back in your house! | Get in there!

Oh, my God.!! One of the gunmen | has just been shot. He's down.!

He's down. Officers are moving in. | He's not moving.

Vehicle is moving very slowly. | He's trying to escape.

Looks like he might be trying | to commandeer another car.

Larry.!! No.!!

I told you, get in the car!

- I told you.

There are cars coming | the other way. There is

no police presence down | on Archwood, mind you.

- This is a residential area. | -

Looks like maybe he's | trying to force someone

to stop, but cars are | going around him.

I don't know if these people know | what's going on. They're very lucky.

You can't go through. | You can't go through.

Hey! Hey, pops! | Let me borrow your ride for 1 0 bucks?

- No, no. I can't.|- Ten bucks.
Look, look. |Here's 1 0 bucks for you.
All right? All right?
- Block the street, damn it!
Okay, he's firing. |He just shot through his own window.
The victim is running |down the
street. He looks |like he's okay.
Keys are here.
Well, it looks like the gunman's |reached into his car.
What, you want a piece of this?
You think you're gonna get me? |I'm the man. I'm the man here.
He's stopped. |Maybe he's stuck or something.
- Come on. Come on!
The guy who's got the initiative, |that's the guy who's calling the shots.
That's the guy who decides |where and when
it's gonna happen, how |it's gonna go down.
And that can't be the bad guy. |That's gotta be you.
- Oh, shit.
Suspect!
Just unbelievable. |Shots are firing everywhere.
Looks like SWAT's on scene |and shooting from point-blank range.
Watch your crossfire!
- Malfunction!|- I got you covered!
That way!
Clear! Go!
I'm out of ammo!
Are you gonna hide down there?
He's down. Okay, he's down.
SWAT officers are moving in |and they're on him.
- Stay down.! Do not move.!
Hands! I wanna see hands!
When I saw that black mask...
I thought to myself, |''Here we go. ''
But, you know, those are moments |when your training kicks in.
Do you get scared? Yeah.
You stay scared? |Better not.
It looks like it's over. |I think this nightmare is finally over.
Check the truck!
Get down!
- Hands!|-
1 5-L-1 0. Code four, guys. |Code four. It's all over.
- Ah, shoot!|-
All units in vicinity, all units...
just be advised |code three is no longer.

We generally are supposed to have the firepower.
They had the firepower that day. We had the willpower.
But you know what? I'll take the willpower over the firepower any day.
308. Holes complete.
Looks like a war zone.
You're going to be okay, partner.
When you think about it, the
kind of firepower we were up against...
that we were outgunned--
People talk about being lucky, where you're lucky...
that the bullet went in and out, or you're lucky this.
Well, my granddad said, 'Luck is preparation meets opportunity.'
You've prepared and you get the opportunity and then you can be lucky.
And I was lucky. A lot of us were lucky.
We were lucky that that day, when you think about it...
the only two guys that got killed...
were the suspects, were the bad guys.
That wasn't a miracle. That's a series of miracles.
Come on.
- Hey, there, look who I found.
- Hey! - You hanging in there?
- Here, partner. - Hey, thanks, Bobby.
Aw, sir.
They got you good.
Hey, I know a buddy in East LA that can fix that air bag.
Does this mean we're closed tomorrow?
No.
It's funny how fast everything returns to a state of normalcy.
In fact, the very next day, there was
a line of customers outside the bank...
and one of the customers was complaining
how the bank didn't open on time.
Hey, life goes on, I guess.
It's kind of weird, the way it happened.
The morale in the LAPD was at an all-time low.
The public was all over us...
and then, all of a sudden, out of nowhere, this happened.
After that, even the media were calling us heroes.
Nobody becomes a cop because they want to be loved.
They become a cop because they love the job.
But every once in a while, you get to put away some bad guys.
And on that day, in 44 minutes of...
sheer terror...
not a single officer ran away.

And everybody did their job,|and I think that means something.
And in 44 minutes|of sheer terror...
there wasn't a single officer|that ran away.
Not a single one.
I think that means something.
- That's our out. Good?
- Very good.|- Great.
I think we should|do that over there.
On Friday, February 28, 1 997...
the Los Angeles|Police Department...
experienced a day of terror|and remarkable heroism.
The North Hollywood bank shoot-out|will long be remembered...
as one of the country's|most shocking
displays of criminal|behaviour...
and an outstanding example of|professional heroic law enforcement.
Yesterday's true|heroes were the members
of the Los Angeles|Police Department.
One thing|agreed on was the
bravery shown by the|police department.
Police officers tell me|they're just overwhelmed
by the amount of support|they've received.
Now the officers are|standing by this community...
doing their best to|support the community
as they try to move|on with their lives.
My dad works|in North Hollywood. Thanks.
It's nothing short|of miraculous that no one was killed.
In fact, what you're talking about here is--|It's multiple miracles.
For actions above|and beyond the call of duty...
seventeen LAPD officers|were honoured today...
for their heroics during the 1 997|North Hollywood bank shoot-out.
Yesterday's true heroes, of course...
the Los Angeles police officers...
without bullet-proof vests,|without the same firepower...
courageously tracked|down and stopped
the two heavily|armed gunmen.
I'd like to personally|thank Commander Weller...
and the North Hollywood police station.
The heroic behaviour|of many officers yesterday...
- has triggered an outpouring of support.|- Thank you for what you did.
Some baked cakes.|Others brought flowers.
Many sent cards, yet others--
Thank you for|what you did, all of you officers.
We're 3 2 years|living in North Hollywood...
and we really appreciate|everything that you've done.