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# **S.W.A.T.**

By David Ayer

Unit 40 requesting assistance.  
We have a possible 211 in progress  
at the Valley Trust Bank...  
... Boyle and Kittridge.  
We have shots fired.  
All units, officer needs assistance.  
Boyle, north of Kittridge, at the Valley  
Trust Bank. Shots have been fired.  
We'll need a heavy-duty vehicle.  
We're pinned by automatic gunfire.  
"15-L"- "10 advise, do you need"  
some heavy-duty machinery...  
... to get the officer up?  
They've got automatic weapons.  
Nothing we have can stop them.  
Be advised, there's possibly two  
or three suspects inside.  
Shots being fired!  
Shots being fired!  
Suspects heavily armed  
and wearing body armor.  
Get more officers.  
Officer down! Officer down!  
Requesting SWAT. Code Three.  
I'm killing whoever moves!  
You move, I'm killing you!  
What are you looking at?  
What are you looking at?  
SWAT's just arrived.  
- We're 30 seconds out, boys.  
- All right.  
Suspects have AK-47 s,  
dressed in heavy body armor.  
Let's rock 'n' roll.  
This is a table.  
We have four cameras  
over the tellers.  
- Do we have a visual?  
- Almost.  
- We cut their phones?  
- Yes, sir.  
Soon as you get tapped in,  
let me have it.  
10-David standing by,

position three.

Suspect's trying to get  
in the driver-side door.

Do not let them get mobile.

- He's down.

- Goddamn it! They got Bob!

Grab somebody! Grab somebody  
and bring them up here!

- Get up.

- No.

- I said, get up!

- No!

Throw a body out there,  
tell them we mean business!

Street, 10-David. Storeroom is clear.

Almost to the lobby.

Shut up!

10-David to Street.

Hold your position.

- 10-David wants us to hold.

- Goddamn it! Goddamn it!

We hold, they die.

I guess we're not holding.

I swear to God,

I'm gonna kill somebody!

Take a headshot.

They just capped Eddie! How the hell  
we gonna get out of here?

Shut up, I'm thinking!

10-David to all units, we are  
sending in a secure phone.

Please.

Stop whining! I'll put a bullet  
in your head!

Shut up!

What are they doing?

This is Rick from the L.A.P.D.

Can you hear me okay?

10-David to Street. Hold your  
position. CN T has him on the phone.

10-David to the 1-4 corner.

Confirm that you have containment.

Roger, we're holding  
on the 1-4 corner.

10-David to all units.  
Confirm that you're holding.  
- We're holding top of stairwell.  
- Shut up.  
Gamble, Street, where are you?  
Why aren't you responding?  
Let's be cool. Calm down.  
I'm controlling this situation!  
You understand me?  
- Please.  
- We need to go!  
No, please. Somebody...  
Help me. Help me.  
Gamble, Street, why aren't you  
responding? Now!  
Oh, God!  
Kill that bitch and throw her out front!  
Get that guy off our fence!  
I said to kill that bitch  
and throw her out front!  
I'm on TV!  
Street, 10-David. Lobby is clear.  
Two suspects are neutralized.  
I need an RA unit  
for a gunshot wound to a hostage.  
You're gonna be fine, ma'am.  
Ambulance is on the way.  
Got them, right?  
Jimbo?  
- She'll be okay?  
- I'm not a doctor.  
You're gonna be fine.  
You're gonna be fine.  
Boss is gonna tear you guys  
a new one, huh?  
Same place he did the last time,  
time before that.  
Good luck.  
I don't care what they say.  
You guys were heroes out there.  
That was some cocky shit out there.  
You know how to play this, right?  
That woman is alive  
because of what we did.

Yeah, alive and suing the city  
for millions.  
Chief says if he pays,  
somebody else does too...  
...and it sure isn't gonna be me.  
- Fuller, we get two seconds to make...  
- Capt. Fuller!  
Capt. Fuller, we get two seconds  
to make a decision.  
You get two months to sit there  
and tear it apart.  
SWAT means "Special Weapons  
And Tactics."  
Where were your tactics out there?  
Saving a woman from getting shot.  
That's where they were.  
Every cop knows  
we did the right thing.  
Sometimes doing the right thing  
isn't doing the right thing.  
- What the hell does that mean?  
- Sergeant.  
You disobeyed a direct order.  
End of story. You're both off SWAT.  
They're two of our best officers.  
I'm not sticking them in the field  
after a stunt like that.  
Sorry, I didn't know that saving lives  
was a stunt.  
You got a big mouth,  
and you're quick on the trigger...  
...and that is why your ass  
is in a sling.  
If you're gonna put them off SWAT,  
at least keep them in the division.  
Give them a shot at getting back.  
Stick them in the gun cage.  
Get them out of my sight.  
- Gun cage?  
- This is total bullshit.  
- What?  
- I said, this is bullshit.  
- Really?  
- Yeah.

You should consider yourself lucky  
Lt. Velasquez is standing up for you.  
I'm lucky I don't work  
for an asshole like you.  
That's it! You're out of here, Gamble!  
You're gone!

- Control yourself!  
- Get out of here!  
- What the hell's the matter with you?  
- Street!  
- You stay.  
- Hey!

Give us a minute.

Please, sit down.

I'll stand.

Look, Jim...

...we both know that Gamble is a bad  
influence on the rest of the team.

Gamble's a good cop.

Unlike him, you still have a chance  
at a future here.

You go on record that Gamble  
acted recklessly...

...and you had to follow your partner in  
after he disobeyed orders...

...and I will make sure that you are  
back on SWAT tomorrow morning.

Let's get the hell out of here.

I need a cocktail.

I'm staying.

You're what? What...?

- After that?

- Couple months...

...Fuller will find new asses to  
chew out. We'll be back on the team.

Fuller is the cockroach  
of this department, brother.

He's not gonna give us  
a second chance.

What are you gonna do? Piss away  
all the hard work you did to get here?

Piss what away, Jimmy?

The cage?

Come on, man.

We're better than that,  
and you know it.  
You gonna come with me?  
A real partner wouldn't have  
to ask that, would he?  
A real partner would step up  
to what he did in the bank.  
- Yeah. I saved the hostage.  
- You disobeyed the hold.  
- No, I saved that hostage!  
- You disobeyed the hold!  
You made the decision yourself.  
And you shot a hostage.  
Jesus, Brian!  
You sound a lot like Fuller.  
Is that what you two were talking  
about in there?  
Did you rat me out?  
You cut a deal to get back  
on the team, Jimmy?  
- Did I cut a deal?  
- Yeah, did you?  
How many times have I covered up  
for one of your goddamn stunts?  
That's what a partner's  
supposed to do.  
You just picked a paycheck  
over me, bro.  
You just picked yourself  
over everything else.  
You want to stay here  
and be Fuller's bitch...  
...you go right ahead.  
I can't do it.  
I can't do it.  
Damn it. Goddamn it.  
Goddamn it, Jim!  
Partners for five years.  
This is how you want to end it.  
I didn't end it.  
You sold me out to the brass.  
You know, I never realized till now  
how full of shit you are.  
Fuck you and SWAT.

- You're too attached to that soda, Gus.

- Love that stuff.

The wife would have my behind  
if she busted me sucking that down.

Why, is she a Mr. Pibb fan?

You know the deal, Jim.

When we got married,

I converted to Mormonism.

We can't consume anything  
that alters our state of mind.

We treat our bodies with respect.

And I treat mine

like an amusement park.

It's the differences

that make this country great.

Need them cleaned

by the morning, boys.

You were supposed to have

it in a half-hour ago.

What, your boy gonna report me  
to the captain?

Just for thinking you look good  
in that mustache.

Your mom seems to like it, though.

So does your sister.

Hey, sarge, welcome back.

- Look who's back.

- Welcome back, sarge.

What's up, Hondo?

Hey, sarge.

- Howdy.

- What do you need?

Sgt. Hondo? You're back.

You know what they say, Gus.

You're either SWAT or you're not.

Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

Oh, just a tune-up.

But please, don't touch my sights.

- And I made some modifications...

- To the trigger too.

- And you are?

- Jim Street.

Street.

Yeah, we'll leave them intact.

- I need that back by tomorrow.  
- Can do, sergeant.  
- Good to see you.  
- Good seeing you.  
Gosh, Gus, is that a woody?  
Heck, yeah. That's Hondo.  
He's old-school SWAT.  
The gold standard of ass-kicking.  
Sorry, butt-kicking. I guess he's back.  
I guess he is.  
A weeklong series,  
attacking us top to bottom.  
And it's all SWAT's fault, right?  
No, the chief's been pretty fair  
about blaming everyone.  
He does want these  
bad headlines to end.  
He wants the old warhorses to help  
restore the luster.  
Old? I know you ain't  
talking about me.  
You gotta shake off  
that three-year rust from Rampart.  
- I'm throwing you in right away.  
- Sooner the better.  
I want you to put together a young,  
kick-ass element for me, Dan.  
You select them, you train them,  
you mold them.  
I know you're not talking about giving  
me five pups fresh out of the gate.  
- I didn't come back to wipe noses.  
- Hell, no.  
Now, you worked with T.J. And Boxer  
at Southwest.  
- You up for supervising them here?  
- That's a start.  
Now all you have to do  
is find three fresh ones.  
Only catch is, Fuller has  
to approve the three.  
What did Capt. Fuller say when he  
heard the chief was bringing me back?  
Hasn't stopped swearing since.

What's your brother's truck  
doing outside?  
We having a garage sale  
I don't know about?  
You weren't supposed to be home  
for an hour.  
Sorry to screw up your getaway.  
Look, let's not make this  
a thing, okay?  
We both knew it was coming.  
It's not like we were in this  
to get married, right?  
And you've changed since...  
Well, people change.  
Look, when it was good  
it was great, right?  
That means something.  
Yeah, thanks.  
- Damn it!  
- Hey! Hey!  
I'm gonna throw this thing out.  
Do and you die.  
Every SWAT team in the world's  
gonna have one someday.  
It's 50 pounds of scrap metal.  
All right.  
Say you got some crazy suspect  
barricaded in a house.  
- All right.  
- Just chain this to the back of a truck...  
...shove this end  
right through the wall...  
...these rods spring out  
like fishhooks.  
Your partner guns the truck,  
takes the whole wall with him.  
And we waltz right in  
and surprise the bad guy, right?  
Correct.  
I call it "The Key to the City."  
- Patent pending.  
- Is that right?  
Right.  
Let me get your M-4.

And...

Took the rattle out of the receiver.

Yeah, new buffer, new gas rings.

Cleaned the gas tube.

Surprised you didn't starch the sling.

If you want me to show you how to shoot it, I'm here all week, 9 to 5.

Shooters, on the line!

Stand by! Ready!

Put them on safe and holster.

No roll, Hondo?

How do you know I didn't?

You didn't, did you?

They only roll in John Woo movies, not real life.

All right.

Here's the winner.

There's a few people that I would like to thank.

My fellow SWAT officers, all of you, thank you for believing in me...

...when the bosses didn't give me a chance.

That's why you're the marksman and I'm the guy who tells you who to shoot.

Here you go. I got you covered since I let you down.

Tell you what...

...I got 100 here says that guy can kick your ass.

Are you kidding me, Hondo?

Come on. He's our gun bunny.

Oh, well, let's make it 200 then.

Sure. A couple more lap dances for me tonight.

- Want a piece of this?

- Yeah.

Don't look so worried.

Yo.

Wanna make some extra money?

Hey, don't forget to take your safety off.

- Street.

- You better get your game face on.

Don't beat him so badly I can't get  
a rematch, all right?  
I won't make any promises.  
It's my money, man.  
Shooters, on the line!  
Shooters, on the line!  
Stand by! Ready!  
Put them on safe! Holster!  
Here's your winner.  
I won, baby.  
Thoroughbred!  
Yeah, yeah. Passport, please.  
Next.  
- Next.  
- You have anything to declare?  
I don't know how you got this  
through De Gaulle.  
You can't bring this  
through the airport.  
For luck. Luck.  
Gift from my father. Not dangerous.  
- Mail it home.  
- Okay.  
Mail it home.  
- Okay?  
- Okay. Okay. "Merci."  
- Hey, Gus!  
- Yeah.  
Isn't that eternal damnation  
you're chowing down there?  
You can't tell Michelle.  
Isn't she gonna smell the fries  
on your breath?  
That's why God invented mouthwash.  
She'll never know.  
Gus, you're cheating on your wife  
with fast food.  
You're right. You're absolutely right.  
Street, you have a driver's license?  
- Got a library card.  
- That's good enough.  
So get your uniform on.  
You're driving me today.  
Come on.

Did you get my return ticket  
and papers?  
Flight leaves tonight at midnight.  
- No one knows I'm here?  
- Just me.

Where do you wanna go?  
It's my uncle's birthday.  
I want to surprise him.  
If you want me to come by  
and mow your lawn later...  
...I'm available, sergeant.  
- I'll keep that in mind.

Call me Hondo.  
I was a Marine. Did two years  
in Nam, recon unit.

Spent the next four teaching  
combat survival. You serve?  
- Yeah.  
- Navy SEALs, right?  
- That's what my file says.  
- So, what did you do for them?

Besides rescue Marines  
when they got lost?  
You sniper detail,  
amphibious assault, what?  
My boat-crew leader always said  
if anyone knew what we did...  
...we'd failed.

That's fair enough.  
So where are we going, Hondo?  
What say we go see what  
the weather's like in South Central?  
Tell us where your boyfriend is.  
Look, I don't speak Spanish!  
Tell me where your boyfriend is!  
You're not helping him any!  
You're not...

Somebody here gonna get locked up!  
R-61-15 in foot pursuit.  
Suspect headed south,  
west of Defiance.  
One black male in Lakers purple.

**Repeat:**

in Lakers purple.  
That's our guy talking.  
Where's he at?  
What the hell you doing, Navy SEAL?  
- Oh, hell yeah! Get on, baby, get on!  
- Come on!  
Damn! That looked like some Oakland  
Raider Jack Tatum action there.  
What you know about Jack Tatum?  
Turn your ass over!  
Put your hands behind your back!  
- Name's Hondo.  
- I don't give a damn.  
I could've caught him myself.  
If you like hard work, long hours  
and getting dirty for low pay...  
...I got an opening  
on my SWAT team.  
Shut up!  
I don't mind that at all.  
Pack your bags.  
You're coming to SWAT school.  
- SWAT school?  
- Shut up!  
Don't talk too much! Shut up!  
Don't y'all got nothing better to do  
than be hauling a black man to jail?  
Just perpetuating the cycle,  
ain't you?  
We'll see how liberal you are  
when he's breaking into your place.  
"Uh-huh," my ass.  
Sure you don't want to sit  
in the back?  
I could wear a little cap.  
I like the view from up here.  
The cap thing's a nice touch, though.  
Officer Burress, Southwest Division.  
Well, your test scores are off the chart,  
and you got all the right references.  
Thank you, sergeant.  
Can I get a hot dog with everything  
and a ginger ale, please?  
Hot dog with everything,

ginger ale.

- Street?

- Same.

Well, I will have a soy dog,  
please...

...on a whole-wheat bun, plain...

...and a tomato juice, if you got it.

Thank you.

I'm a vegetarian.

I'm a bit curious.

You've been a cop six years and  
you've never had a civilian complaint?

I try to be courteous and professional  
with everyone I encounter.

Well, the thing is, Dave...

- David.

- Right. David.

Here's the thing.

There may come a time in SWA when you gotta get a little dirty...  
...behind a street bust.

You know what I'm saying?

No.

How the hell can I trust a man...

...won't eat a good old-fashioned  
American hot dog?

He's a vegetarian.

I'm looking for an injured officer,  
name of Sanchez.

I'm looking for an injured officer,  
name of Sanchez.

Chris Sanchez.

- Room five. In the corner.

- Thank you.

- What do you need, sarge?

- You Sanchez's partner?

Sanchez do that?

- You help?

- No, sarge.

Reminds me of my third divorce.

- Bad day, huh?

- Kiss my ass, "se".

I'm starting to like  
this Sanchez already.

Spent four years in Metro,

passed the SWAT quals three times.  
Been rejected by Fuller three times.  
Might be a reason.  
He's got a couple of beefs here.  
I'm going to get the nurse  
to clean and dress your wound.  
Sorry. Wrong room.  
- Who you looking for?  
- Chris Sanchez.  
I'm Chris Sanchez.  
You're Chris Sanchez?  
Look, if you're Internal Affairs...  
...that guy had razorblades  
in his mouth.  
I had to put him down hard.  
I'm sick and tired of these bullshit  
complaints because some "vato..."  
...doesn't like getting thrown  
to the pavement by a woman.  
I look like IAD to you?  
Who are you?  
Wait, now, that guy had about  
100 pounds on you.  
All brawn, no brains.  
You didn't answer my question.  
So you still want to work SWAT?  
No, I just enjoy applying all the time.  
Gas it up. Return it.  
Am I looking at another day  
of chauffeur duty?  
- Team's almost filled.  
- Not that it hasn't been fun.  
Well, I do have one more spot.  
Can you think of anybody  
I might've overlooked?  
This a game or a test, sergeant?  
- Could be a bit of both.  
- Yeah, I'm a little old for games.  
All right.  
So how'd you like to be  
back on SWAT?  
It's not gonna happen.  
So why you hanging  
around the cage then?

It's a job.  
And SWAT's a calling.  
Anybody around you for five minutes  
can tell you still got the bug.  
All you gotta do is say yes.  
It's not up to me or you.  
I got a history here.  
Yeah, let's talk about that.  
I heard some rumors  
about you and your old partner.  
Did you give him up  
in Fuller's office?  
Because, you know, team members  
gotta trust each other.  
I'm not on your team.  
And no, I didn't give him up.  
You've been in that cage six months,  
shining boots and fixing weapons...  
...waiting for a second chance.  
I got one, and I'm offering it to you.  
Fuller will never sign off on it.  
You let me deal  
with that paper-pushing punk.  
I want you on my team.  
Let me tell you, it's the sauce.  
If you don't have the right sauce,  
what do you got? You know?  
My mother, she used to make sauce.  
Now you go into the store,  
and you buy it in a jar or in a can...  
Alex?  
Alex! Nobody told me  
you were coming.  
- When did you get here?  
- Surprise.  
Happy birthday, Uncle.  
Come on, sit down. Sit.  
Bring some champagne, huh?  
Sit, eat.  
The chief's making me take you back.  
He's concerned about losing  
all his best officers.  
- He thinks I'm one of his best officers?  
- But...

...he's given me complete oversight.  
And trust me,  
you got no room for error.  
So I will give you Boxer, T.J. McCabe  
and this new guy...  
...Deacon Kaye.  
I have to pass on the other two.  
Sanchez is a woman, and Street...  
Well, Street's on my shitlist.  
Hey, I'm on your shitlist too,  
and I'm the team leader.  
You work for me now,  
and it's my team to choose.  
With all due respect, captain,  
other leaders get to pick their teams.  
And you can too.  
Just pick two new people.  
Look...  
...just give me the team I ask for.  
You can even call it  
your shitlist team.  
That way, if anything goes wrong,  
you can put all the blame on me.  
It'd be just like old times.  
Okay.  
Okay, you got your team.  
But when you fail,  
and you probably will fail...  
...Sanchez goes back to Traffic,  
and you and Street are plain gone.  
No, not just off SWAT, off the force.  
- You feel me?  
- Oh, yeah.  
I feel you.  
- Okay, I'm leaving now.  
- No, don't go.  
I have wine and cognac from home.  
Come on.  
- I must go. I have a flight to catch.  
- Oh, catch another flight.  
Let me introduce you to Monica.  
You like this knife?  
This is my father's knife.  
He gave it to me.

It's a beautiful knife,  
and she's a beautiful woman.  
Now, why don't you stay, have a  
good time and go back tomorrow.  
Listen, I'm running the business now.  
I'm the new boss.  
Don't joke with me, Alex.  
And don't ever forget,  
your father's running the business.  
No, I retired him.  
He never spoke of that to me.  
That's because  
he can't speak anymore.  
You put your hand  
in my father's pocket.  
Not in mine.  
If you take my money,  
I'll take your life. Understood?  
Mail it to me.  
- Yeah!  
- Smile!  
Good evening.  
May I see your license,  
registration and proof of insurance?  
I'm a tourist, you know.  
I'm visiting the U.S.  
I have my passport if you want.  
Let me see it.  
Whose car is this?  
It belongs to my uncle. Why?  
You got a left taillight out.  
Hi, this is Bridget the Midget.  
We're out here in front of the Key Club  
on Sunset in beautiful Hollywood.  
I just wonder how you can  
get inside of there.  
Anyways, we're on Sunset Boulevard,  
where anything could happen.  
Especially police harassment.  
Hey, you guys, you're all pigs!  
Is your uncle's name  
Martin Gascoigne?  
- Yeah. So we're okay?  
- There's a warrant in that name...

...and I have to detain you  
until we can verify who you are.  
Sir, please step out of the vehicle.  
- You're here awful early.  
- Traffic was lighter than usual.  
Streets must've been  
damn near empty.  
Ali's his sister.  
And I called bottoms on the last one.  
You called bottoms,  
but that's not what you got.  
- Yo, dog, what's up?  
- What's happening?  
- Jim.  
- Boxer.  
So, what did you do to my sister?  
Nothing.  
That's not what I heard.  
I mean, that's not the word  
on the street.  
She's all broken up over you.  
- Don't know why. She left me.  
- Dumped.  
A case of crabs  
will do that to a woman.  
Is there something about this team  
I need to know?  
I want to know  
what an asshole like you...  
...did to my little sister  
to make her leave.  
She's 28, all right?  
And trust me, she's not so little.  
- Trust you?  
- No, you didn't.  
How's your last partner doing?  
Gamble. He trust you too?  
- You wanna talk about this?  
- You gonna tell me?  
Been on your chest  
for a while, yeah?  
Street!  
You wanna talk about it?  
Come here.

- Don't talk about what you don't...

- Yo!

Street! It's not worth it.

Who else you gonna narc on?

Who are you?

Who the hell are you?

Guess you're not the prettiest

one here anymore, huh, T.J.?

Well, sounds like you've all

gotten acquainted.

Let's get started.

I'll make this simple.

L.A.P.D. SWAT is the most honored,

most respected...

...and most professional

police division in the world.

Go, go, go!

- Police!

- Police! Police!

That ain't gonna get it.

Bang.

Sanchez.

Money.

Oh, man.

That sucked.

- What's up, Sanchez?

- You all right there?

When you're done with that one,

I got one for you.

T.J.'s sitting on two pair.

Looking for the boat.

Got it.

Street, you got three aces.

Need one to take T.J. Out.

Got a winner, winner!

All right, Deke.

Let's see what you got.

Ten of spades. Spade flush.

Not good enough.

Hondo, isn't that a straight flush?

Hold the phone.

Six, seven...

...eight, nine, ten of spades!

Straight flush.

Deke!

Beats four aces in Compton any day.

I think it works in Orange County too.

Sure you're right.

Good work, guys.

Police! Police!

Clear.

- Clear.

- Clear. Go.

That's right.

SWAT is a life-saving organization,  
not a life-taking one.

That's why the FBI and Secret Service  
come here to train with us.

Smooth, Deke.

I guess if I was deaf,

I wouldn't know you were here.

But while you're laughing, there's  
lots of people that want us to fail.

Get it right.

- Clear.

- Clear.

Clear.

Suspect, put your hands  
on your head and come out.

- Come out!

- Come out now!

- Turn around.

- Go!

- Down.

- Get down.

Yeah.

Outstanding, guys.

You feel that?

The team's going out for beers later.

I'm buying.

I'll take mine after we pass.

Well, Fuller's definitely  
gonna try and hose us.

Good. I'd hate to break a sweat  
just for a first-round knockout.

Hey, we got a big day tomorrow.

Save some.

I got plenty.

I'm depending on you  
to get these guys through this.  
I'll cover my end.  
- Can I ask you something?  
- Yeah, go for it.  
Why'd you pick me?  
To piss off the captain.  
All right, here's the scenario.  
There are six hijackers  
armed with handguns and knives...  
...in control of that plane.  
They've killed one hostage  
and are threatening to kill the others...  
...unless they get a pilot and fuel  
within the hour.  
There'll be SWAT officers  
disguised as hostages.  
Other SWAT officers  
will be playing the roles of terrorists.  
And they will be trying to kill you.  
Staff sergeants will be grading us.  
Couldn't give us the bus, huh, Hondo?  
They always give us the bus.  
- Fuller's really got it in for us.  
- You think?  
Another thing.  
There are two dynamic entry points.  
One here beneath  
the front landing gear...  
...one back here  
by the baggage compartment.  
I'm sure Fuller's got surprises  
at both those entrances.  
We get bogged down anywhere,  
we fail.  
Any ideas?  
There's another way in, Hondo.  
There's an elevator shaft  
where they bring in the service carts.  
And there's a mechanic's access  
right here.  
- Man, that's gonna be tight as hell.  
- Yeah.  
How many men can we fit in there?

Men? None.

All right.

Work this out.

Get in there and break Fuller's heart.

- Okay.

- What do we got?

- Toy guns.

- Toy guns, sir. Toy guns.

- Let's do this.

- All right.

Shame you're not playing a terrorist.

I'm supposed to be in first class.

We got camera three going up.

Three is set.

Checked it out on the monitor.

- "Are you ready?"

- Oh, yeah.

Okay, let's see what they got.

- How'd you know about this place?

- I've known a few stewardesses.

Just a few?

- Stand by. We got a device.

- Same here.

Disarmed.

Set.

Here we go.

Three.

Two.

One.

Boxer, one down.

Down!

Damn.

- "Deke?"

- I got one down.

- "McCabe?"

- "I got one."

Sanchez, one down.

That's five. There's one more, guys.

There's a sleeper. Come on.

Come on.

That'll be six.

- "Clear."

- Clear.

- Clear.

- Clear.  
10-David, this is 70-David.  
We are Code Four. All clear.  
Oh, yeah.  
Wow. Is that a new course record?  
- Yeah.  
- All right.  
Good job, guys.  
Damn.  
Please, Pop, please.  
- Yo, Sanchez.  
- I'm in SWAT now.  
Yo, Deke. Deke, is that you, man?  
Oh, my God, Deke.  
- Tell me that ain't you.  
- You were a butterball.  
That's all in the past.  
I ate here every day,  
worked here every summer.  
I ended up looking like Fat Albert.  
I'm cool. Eating right  
has me looking like this.  
Man, put that away.  
Hey, put that away.  
Put another in for me.  
Hey, yeah, break out your money.  
- Work it, baby.  
- I'll give you back change. Watch it.  
Hey! So you're celebrating  
without me, huh?  
- Mr. Kaye, you're the master.  
- Like son, like father.  
- That was one kick-ass display today.  
- That's what I'm talking about.  
All right, but let's remember one thing.  
If that was a real operation  
and not a test...  
...one of us would be calling  
T.J.'s family...  
...trying to explain  
what went wrong today.  
One casualty may be acceptable  
by department standards...  
...never acceptable by mine.

We clear on that?

Got you.

- Crystal.

- Yes, sir.

All right. Well, let's continue celebrating tonight...

...but tomorrow, we're SWAT.

Nice.

I love you too.

Homeland Security, my ass.

They can't keep me like this.

I've been patient, day after day.

So tell me, what's going on?

This is the problem.

Your prints do not match your ID.

So they're running another check through the FBI and Interpol.

Interpol, shit. Get me out of here.

- I'm doing everything I can.

- Do more.

This is easy.

Who do we have to pay?

You can't solve this problem by throwing money at it.

Then who do we have to kill?

Come on, guys, it's only 11:00.

I got a babysitter for the first time in three months.

- We've been up since 4:00.

- That's weak.

If I get home by midnight,

I might get me some.

T.J.?

I get home before midnight,

I'm finding some. Sorry, babe.

- Boxer?

- I know I'm not getting some.

If I don't get home soon,

my wife's gonna freak.

You guys suck.

You know how hard it is to find a babysitter?

Yo, Street.

Did you pass?

- Yeah.  
- Awesome.  
- First round's on the house.  
- Thanks, darling.  
Anything but tequila, please.  
- No?  
- No.  
- We did good today, huh?  
- Yeah.  
What's it like...  
...the real thing?  
It's faster. It's a lot faster.  
You know that guy?  
Used to.  
Bye.  
See you.  
It's all yours, man.  
- How you doing?  
- Oh, man, I am good.  
- Heard they took you back.  
- Yeah.  
This your girlfriend?  
No. No, she's SWAT.  
- She wha...?  
- She's...  
This is what it's come down to,  
busting down doors with J. Lo?  
You know, I didn't know  
that they made bulletproof bras.  
Is it just me?  
You know, I didn't know that.  
What they need to make  
are bulletproof condoms...  
...big enough to fit your big head.  
Nice. Good, I like it.  
This your girlfriend? Cute.  
No, but you can be my bitch.  
Really?  
No, man, leave it alone.  
- Here we go.  
- Leave it alone.  
- Hey. How are you?  
- I'm good.  
Put it on my tab?

Hey, glad to see all that butt-kissing's really paid off.

Say hi to Fuller for me.

What?

You should've let me kick his ass.

I just saved yours.

So you and this guy Gamble were partners, huh?

So how long you got the babysitter for?

Just because I bought you a drink doesn't mean...

...you get laid tonight.

So, what does two drinks mean?

Do you want to come over to my house?

That was easy.

It's my kid's birthday party tomorrow.

Tomorrow?

Kids, birthday parties...

I'm hosting a Tupperware party tomorrow.

- You, Tupperware?

- Yeah, seals in the freshness.

Party's completely booked, otherwise I'd invite you.

Tomorrow, noon.

Central, open South Sally port.

All right, gentlemen, take a seat.

You may have won the battle, but you lost the war!

- Dad, can I have some of this?

- Yeah, go ahead, get it.

- Can I have this too?

- Whatever you want. Get it, get it.

Look at that. A cop who drinks French champagne.

That is just impressive.

I may work in the mud, but I certainly like to play up in the clouds.

I thought you said you'd fix the sink.

This is Lt. Harrelson,

Olympic SWAT commander.

This is top priority. Patch me through

to all black and whites in the area.

- I gotta go.

- Kids, come on, come on.

- It's time to ruin Mommy's day.

- Okay.

But you killed in the soccer game!

Come on, don't just stand there!

Baby, I have to go play

cops and robbers.

Okay.

- Okay.

- I love you.

Me too.

Hey, guys, the reason

we are gathered on our God-given...

...much-needed day of rest

is we have a Polish hostage.

- So what if he's Polish?

- No, no. Means he's one of those:

"Anybody comes in,

I'll blow my head off" type of guys.

Negotiations aren't going well.

- They think he's off his meds.

- We've been lobbing gas.

This guy's still smoking cigarettes,

popping off shotgun rounds...

...out the front door.

I want a limo, a 12-pack

and clove cigarettes!

I say we go in the back,

hard with shields.

Negative. Guy says he has all

the doors and windows wired...

...with high explosives.

- Come on, Greg!

Look, Dan, you wrote the book.

I just read it. Any suggestions?

I got an idea.

Ready?

It's the damn robot aliens.

Down! Down! Down! Down!

- Down!

- Put your hands behind your back.

- Stay down.

- You know what?  
I think he might be Polish.  
Unbelievable.  
- Like opening a can of sardines.  
- It works.  
Drop Fruit of the Loomski  
in the A-car.  
Damn, man, you need to be  
selling that shit on eBay.  
- No, I only got one.  
- Split the profits 50-50.  
Corner the market.  
Break them down like a shotgun.  
"The Polish Penetrator."  
Hold on, sports fans. I just got a call  
from Sheriff's. It seems we've been...  
...holding a high-priority international  
and didn't even know it.  
- They want us as escorts?  
- You're my new favorite crew.  
Just get the prisoner  
to headquarters.  
This is 9-Tom King  
transporting inmates to Superior.  
We've got a black and white  
signaling a pullover.  
Roger that. What's your 10-20?  
Hollywood and Wilcox.  
9-Tom King, stand by  
while we identify the black and white.  
Roger.  
"9"- "Tom King, there is a problem"  
with one of your transports.  
The unit signaling is probably  
providing interception.  
Can you read his patrol number?  
Negative.  
It's an L.A.P.D. Black and white.  
Stand by while we confirm.  
9-Tom King, this is 70-David.  
What's your location?  
"9"- "Tom King, do you copy?"  
What about me, boss?  
Let's go. Get these off.

"9"- "Tom King, there is a problem."  
9-Tom King, do you copy?  
There it is, on the right.  
- "9"- "Tom King, do you copy?"  
- This is 70-David.  
We're Code Six with the bus  
at Hollywood and Wilcox.  
114, this is 70-David.  
We're Code Four.  
114, this is 70-David. We're  
Code Six at Hollywood and Wilco x.  
Get out of the way! Get out of the way!  
Get out of the way!  
- Out of the car!  
- Get out of the car.  
- On the ground now!  
- Get out of the car!  
- Down! Down!  
- Let's see your hands!  
Freeze!  
Put your hands on your head!  
Hands up!  
Hollywood, huh?  
On the ground! On the ground!  
Do not move!  
Do not move!  
Move again! Move again!  
Drama in Hollywood today.  
An explosive and deadly day in  
Hollywood as a gun battle erupted...  
... between armed suspects and  
members of L.A.P.D. 's SWAT unit.  
Details are still sketchy, but sources  
tell us there were fatalities...  
... including two Los Angeles County  
Sheriff's deputies.

**At 1:**

Department bus was assaulted...

**At 1:**

Department bus was assaulted...

...by two suspects  
armed with AK-47 s...

...in an attempt to break  
out a jailed detainee.  
We are awaiting the arrival  
of Alex Montel...  
...the international fugitive  
wanted in over a dozen countries.  
Montel is wanted on Interpol  
warrants by more than...  
...ten national governments,  
including our own...  
... in relationship to charges  
of arms dealing, drug trafficking...  
... extortion, smuggling, kidnapping  
and over two dozen murders.  
Domestic and foreign law  
enforcement agencies...  
... are already jockeying  
to interrogate the man...  
... one high-level White House aide  
has dubbed simply "The Catch."  
I will give \$ 100 million  
to whoever gets me out of here!  
Let's go!  
One hundred million dollars!  
The family's legitimate business  
in Europe and the Middle East...  
... are rumored to be fronts for their  
criminal activity throughout the world.  
The family fortune is estimated to be  
in the high hundreds of millions...  
... if not billions of dollars.  
I will give \$ 100 million  
to whoever gets me out of here!  
- 100 million sound good to me.  
- Hell, yeah.  
Are we hot? We rolling?  
We have limited footage  
of the dramatic events this afternoon.  
- "An offer of" ...  
- "One hundred million dollars..."  
... to whoever gets me out of here.  
The family's fortune is estimated  
in the billions of dollars.  
- "An offer of \$ 100 million."

- Who does this guy think he is?  
Hey, "se", are you for real  
or what, homes?  
Hey, I'm talking to you, "se"!  
We've been looking  
for this punk a long time.  
Busted taillight brings him down?  
That's amazing.  
The plan is to have you escort him  
to a federal prison out in the desert.  
You may want to have press  
photographers meet us at the facility...  
...soon as my boys hand him over.  
It's a hell of a story.  
Yeah, we'll pass that request  
up the ladder to D.C.

- Good.

- Gentlemen, at 1300 hours...  
...an L.A.P.D. Helicopter will arrive  
to transport the defendant.  
Until we get him inside  
a federal facility, he's our baby.  
Sgt. Howard, your team's  
got the high ground.

- Yes, sir.

- Sgt. Hondo.  
Your boys are gonna provide close  
proximity protection for the prisoner.

- Copy that.

- Sgt. Yamoto.  
You're gonna set up a perimeter  
around Parker Center.

- I'm on it.

- Piece of cake.  
Roger, 10-David,  
we're coming out.  
Okay, guys, let's get this frog  
in the bird.  
What's \$ 100 million  
six ways, Box?  
Sixteen-something.  
Man, I'd have floor seats at the Lakers,  
put my kids through college...  
...hire Halle Berry

as my yoga instructor.

- Match engine power.

- RPMs match.

Gear down now.

Cover!

We've been hit! We've been hit!

Shots fired. Shots fired.

Did anybody see where it came from?

- Hit second engine. Going down.

- Mayday! Mayday! We're going down!

Down!

Everybody okay?

- T.J., Sanchez, take the suspect, go!

- Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

70-David to 114!

We're coming in!

- Come here.

- Hey! Hey, hey, hey!

Jim! Jim! Street! Keep it together,  
buddy. Keep it together.

- Keep it together.

- Shut up!

Knock it off. We don't have time  
for your personal shit.

- Move him out. Let's move!

- Let's go.

Move!

You tell them we're under attack!

An L.A.P.D. Airship is down. How do  
you want us to proceed at this point?

- What the hell happened?

- Somebody shot our bird down.

No shit. How?

My guess is big-bore rifle, .50 caliber.

Somebody who knows how to use it.

- We're at a whole new level here.

- So where the hell is the shooter?

I want this asshole out of here now.

Best bet's to keep him on lockdown till  
we see who we're dealing with.

- Capt. Fuller?

- Yes.

I've got the chief of police  
on the phone for you.

So now we're talking about my ass.  
You draw up a plan, you execute it,  
and do not screw this up.  
Have it transferred to my office.  
Can't believe how much grief that  
frog's \$ 100 million offer's bringing us.  
You guys ready?  
You know what you gotta do?  
- Yes, sir.  
- Where's T.J.?  
I'm right here, Hondo. Sorry, man.  
Had some bad Thai food last night.  
- It's not sitting well with me.  
- So are you good to go or what?  
No, I'm good now.  
Let's go make the captain  
look like a hero.  
- Be safe out there.  
- Headed to the bird.  
All right, we're moving out.  
Let's load them up!  
Time to go.  
Put that on.  
Marry me! Marry me, Alex!  
Marry me!  
Marry me!  
Hey!  
Come on!  
Oh, shit. Hold it. Hey, come on now,  
get out of the damn street!  
Wait there. Come on now!  
Alex, let's go!  
Get down! Get down now!  
- Get on the ground! Move!  
- Keep your hands on your head!  
- Hands up!  
- Don't move!  
I got him!  
I don't know, talk to them.  
Try to make it work.  
Look, I've had enough problems  
for one day, you know?  
- Hey, where's Mike?  
- Family emergency.

- Let me know if you need anything.

- All right.

Just try to get us there alive,  
for starters.

- My sister's dating some new guy.

- Yeah?

Yeah, I met him for the first time  
the other night.

Good for her.

Not really.

He's kind of a knucklehead.

You should give her a call,  
you know, if you want.

All right, yeah. Maybe I will.

10-David to 70-David.

- Word our motorcade has been hit.

- Any damage?

- "Terry Fargas is dead."

- Damn!

And we've got two patrol officers  
on the table at County.

- What's your location, 10-David?

- Right on top of you.

- That's good to know.

- Yeah.

T.J., stay alert back there.

They're coming out of the woodwork.

- American greed.

- Shut up.

- So reliable.

- Shut up!

Another officer's dead  
because you shot your mouth off.

- That's how I like cops, dead.

- Want to join him?

He knew the dangers, no?

That's why he signed up  
to be a police officer.

Carry a gun in the Wild West.

Like you, cowboy.

Would you be sitting here  
if this job wasn't dangerous?

Anyway...

...killing him probably

got you 20 new recruits.  
You should thank me.  
Yeah, you're right. I should.  
- Boxer, thank him for me, will you?  
- Love to.  
We are coming up  
on checkpoint one.  
Roger, Hondo, I see it.  
Making the turn...  
...at checkpoint one.  
- Hardcore, Sanchez.  
- I'm watching everyone's hands.  
Empty hand, no weapon,  
I'm going home to my little girl, Deke.  
I'm going home to my brats too.  
We're now approaching  
checkpoint two.  
T.J., relax, man.  
Hondo transported the president like  
this back in '96. No one had a clue.  
Hey, my friends.  
I can double my offer.  
Sixty-six million for each of you.  
All you have to do  
is let me go right here.  
And don't worry.  
I'll find my way home.  
You got the cash?  
Because we don't take a check.  
Come on. Be smart about this.  
What do you make?  
Sixty-six thousand a year?  
Not even with overtime.  
Loser.  
Making the turn at checkpoint two.  
My view of Car Two  
has been blocked.  
T.J., what's happening?  
I got a pedestrian in the crosswalk. I'll  
be on your tail in about 10 seconds.  
Roger that.  
Hands where I can see them, guys.  
Come on.  
- T.J., what the hell are you doing?

- What the hell does it look like?  
I'm taking Frenchie here  
up on his offer.  
Now, you guys just be smart.  
Hands up, Box! Come on. Come on.  
Hands up! Hands up, Box. Let's go,  
let me see it. Hands up! Let's go!  
What the hell was that?  
- What was that, Bri?  
- He was going for his piece.  
No, he wasn't! I had it under control!  
- You didn't have to shoot him!  
- What do you say, Jimbo?  
- Want to be a cowboy?  
- T.J., Street, Boxer!  
- "Car Two, respond!"  
- We're catching up to you, sarge.  
- We'll be there in about...  
- Officer down! 7 th and Hope!  
- Flip a bitch!  
- Flipping a bitch.  
- 10-David!  
- Move!  
10-David! Do you have a location  
on car number two?  
- Move! Move! Move!  
- Roger.  
Car Two is stopped at 7 th and Hope.  
Do me a favor. Tell Fuller  
it was me who pulled this off, yeah?  
I'm not gonna let you  
get away with this, Gamble.  
Well, you ain't got a say  
in the matter, do you?  
Suspects wearing tactical clothing  
and have automatic weapons.  
T.J., don't do this!  
I got an officer down! Officer down!  
7 th and Hope!  
Suspects are entering  
the Pershing Square MTA station.  
- Boxer, hang in there! Hang in there.  
- You okay?  
I'm all right. Boxer got hit.

We're gonna need an ambulance!

- Who did this?

- It was Gamble.

- Box!

- Get him up. Get him over!

It was T.J. And Gamble.

They've gone down the subway.

Let's go hunting.

- I'm gonna get the kit!

- Take care of him.

- Yeah.

- Street, let's go!

This is 73-David. This is 73-David.

I need an RA unit...

...as soon as possible

to the corner of Hope and 7 th.

Officer down! I repeat, officer down!

All right, T., we're in.

Let's go.

Hit the juice, grandpa.

Come on, Box.

Come on, come on, come on!

- What do we got?

- Gunshot wound to the neck.

- Vitals?

- None.

Come on! Let's go!

Always one step behind.

This is 70-David at 7 th and Hope.

Suspects are on eastbound train

number 5-0-7...

...headed to Metro Center

at 7 th and Figueroa.

Have the rail unit contact M TA...

...and shut it down at the next station.

- Roger that, 70-David.

What are they gonna do, take

the subway all the way to Mexico?

Come on,

check for secondary wounds.

Sanchez! Deke, Sanchez!

Meet that train at the next station.

73-David, we copy.

You better be good for it.

I assure you, if anyone is, it's me.  
I want you to set up a perimeter.  
Nobody comes in the station  
and nobody gets off a train.  
Yes, sir. You got it.  
Rail unit, this is 10-David. I've got my  
men headed to the Figueroa station.  
- Are you ready to stop that train?  
- "Yes, sir."  
- Where's this train?  
- Never made it.  
Should've been here by now.  
Sanchez to Hondo.  
The train never made it to Figueroa.  
Secure the station. SWAT's got it.  
Got people. Hands up!  
Let me see your hands! Now!  
Hands. Hands!  
Hands. Show him your hands.  
Hands.  
Where are they?  
- They said they were gonna kill me.  
- They're not coming back.  
Down the shaft.  
Where'd they go?  
10-David, this is 70-David.  
Suspects have entered  
what appears to be a storm drain...  
...approximately a quarter-mile  
north of Metro Center.  
Roger that, 70-David.  
We'll deploy above ground  
accordingly.  
We're going in after them.  
This shaft intersects  
with the storm-drain system.  
They could pop out of any manhole  
in a five-mile radius.  
- How many manholes are we talking?  
- 6000.  
Six thousand?! I can't cover 6000...  
R-Commander, 10-David.  
Put that airship down  
and give me...

...a command post  
at Sixth and Hope Street.  
And give me a landline, Code Two.  
70-David to 10-David.  
70-David to 10-David.  
70-David to 114.  
Do you read me?  
70-David to 114.  
Do you read me?  
We got no reception  
down here.  
Gamble wants us on an island...  
...he's got it.  
Stay alert, guys.  
They went this way.  
- "We have ID'd those suspects."  
- Great! Who are they?  
Former Officer Gamble  
and Officer T.J. McCabe.  
Gamble, as in Street's  
ex-partner Gamble?  
Roger.  
There is some kind  
of plan here, right?  
There's your plan, pumpkin.  
We have got two SWAT-trained  
guys leading this attack.  
How do we know the rest  
aren't in on it?  
Because I can vouch for Hondo.  
Willing to bet \$ 100 million on that?  
Bingo.  
You gotta be shitting me.  
If they're good, this is only gonna  
slow them down, T.J.  
This was supposed to be simple  
snatch and extract.  
- Boxer was a threat.  
- He was my friend!  
- He was mine too!  
- Stop crying, you can buy new friends.  
Don't give me any more reasons  
to kill you.  
What are you going to do,

shoot me?  
You should relax a little bit, my friend.  
I'm the money here. Don't forget it.  
We don't have time for this shit.  
Look, you can go ahead.  
I know this sucks.  
Let's worry about it in paradise,  
all right?  
Come on.  
Have we re-established  
contact with Hondo?  
Not yet, sir. 70-David,  
advise your location, please.  
70-David, come in.  
Hondo, where the hell are you?  
What's that?  
- It's phosphorescent paint.  
- Oh, yeah?  
Keep your eyes on the wall  
for more.  
- Gas masks?  
- It's just smoke.  
We're gonna have to go in blind.  
What's going on?  
Tripwire. Live mine.  
- Whoa, claymore. Nasty stuff.  
- No shit.  
There's an old Indian saying:  
Where there's one white man...  
There's more white men.  
What? Do you hear something?  
No. That's the problem.  
Come on, we gotta move.  
- You all smell like shit.  
- That would be a sewer.  
- Where's our air?  
- On track and on schedule.  
Wonderful.  
T.J., ride with me.  
Come on, guys, gotta go!  
All units in the vicinity  
of the Hawthorne Airport:  
Residents report beacon lights  
turned on after closing hours.

Dispatch, R-Commander.  
Deploy all available units...  
...to Hawthorne Airport.  
Call the FAA for details.  
They're gonna fly him  
out of the country.  
10-David, this is R-Commander. Get  
your men there as soon as possible.  
Roger that.  
Unit One, what's your status?  
We are approximately 45 miles  
due east of Point Bravo.  
We have begun our descent.  
That's a six-minute ETA.  
Roger that.  
- Ain't this a bitch?  
- A cold, hard one.  
10-David to R-Commander, we are  
approaching Hawthorne Airport.  
- Street! How about the claymore?  
- Shit! I'll be back. Deke!  
10-David to R-Commander.  
We have established a perimeter  
around the airport.  
Additional SWAT units  
are en route.  
Van One, Van Two, you have  
less than five minutes.  
Roger that, 10-David.  
Any word from Hondo's team?  
- 70-David is still out of radio contact.  
- Hondo, you son of a bitch!  
You sure you know  
what you're doing?  
Remember when you asked me  
what I used to do in the SEALs?  
Oh, yeah.  
All right, clear.  
Fire in the hole.  
10-David, this is 70-David.  
70-David, where the hell are you?  
We are somewhere around  
Sixth and Trenton.  
We lost communication in the tunnels.

Where's our backup?

Hawthorne Airport.

That's where your friends...

...Gamble and T.J. McCabe  
are headed.

That's the other side of town!

Send a couple units to pick us up.

Pick you up? For all I know,  
you're in on this!

- "I got a good mind to bring you in."

- Like hell. Come on, let's go.

- Police! Stop the car!

- Stop the vehicle!

- Stop the car!

- Stop the car!

Stop the car!

Exit the car, sir!

- You guys have to get out of here.

- Police emergency.

- Wait, I just have kids in the car.

- Well, get them out of there!

- It's us in the gun cage tomorrow.

- You know how it is, Street.

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

- Last car through. Bridge is locked.

- Copy that.

- I thought you couldn't drive.

- I said I didn't like to.

Keep getting into accidents.

Sounds like they're trying  
to fly him out of here.

Why would they turn on the lights  
and warn everybody?

Shit! Gamble's smarter than that.

There's a full moon. A rookie  
could land on a night like this.

- So why'd they pop up back there?

- I don't know.

But Fuller's sending all we got  
to Hawthorne.

Did they build a new airport in  
downtown in the past couple of days?

I don't think so, Sanchez.

Why?

That jet to your right, it's flying pretty low, and it's only getting lower.

- That's our boy! That's our boy!

- He's setting down.

- Yeah, but where?

- I don't know, but follow that jet.

- How wide is the Sixth Street Bridge?

- It's gotta be four lanes across...

...sidewalks.

Plane small enough...

...he might be able to set it down, if he's got the balls.

Reducing speed.

This is 70-David. That plane's not coming to Hawthorne.

I gave you a direct order to stand down, sergeant.

And I would have, Tom...

...except I saw a Learjet about to land on the Sixth Street Bridge.

- Give me 40 percent flaps.

- Forty percent flaps, check.

Sir, we have reports of a low-flying aircraft in the downtown area.

- Where's the nearest backup?

- Five, six minutes.

I don't think you're feeling me on this, Tom. We're going in.

Oh, God!

- Reverse thrust.

- Roger that. Full brake.

This guy's worth every penny.

All right, let's turn this plane around.

10-David, we just got a report a plane has landed on the Sixth Street Bridge.

They what?

Let's mount up!

All right, give me a car downstairs now.

- What? What's going on?

- Just got room for one of you.

- I'm not going without my wife!

- Well then, don't.

No! No, no, no. Richard!  
- Jesus Christ!  
- Richard! Richard...  
Richard is gone,  
so sit down and shut up!  
Twenty seconds!  
See you in Margaritaville.  
- Come on, come on, come on!  
- Please, just let me go.  
- Please, let me go!  
- Shut her up!  
- Come on!  
- Shut the hell up!  
Get us in the air.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Okay, let's go home.  
Oh, look. They've got  
their own airport security.  
You've got company!  
Limo broke containment!  
All right, we got you covered, man.  
Just keep coming.  
Boom.  
Son of a bitch!  
Here.  
- What's this?  
- Well, that'd be a cell phone.  
That's the account where  
I want the money transferred.  
The bank verifies the transfer,  
goddamn if you ain't a free man.  
70-David, be advised  
there are hostages onboard.  
All right, you heard the man.  
- Deke!  
- Yo!  
They get that plane off the ground,  
those hostages are dead.  
I need your A-game,  
boys and girl.  
- What's going on?  
- Get them off our asses!  
Just fly the plane. Open the hatch.  
- Come on!

- Open the hatch!  
Hang on!  
Here's where watching...  
... The World's Most Exciting  
"Police Chases" pays off.  
I got no shot!  
Get this thing in the air!  
Come on!  
Shut that goddamn door!  
- Damn it!  
- I hope you got a plan B, brother.  
You stay there. You're fine.  
- Gamble! Let her go!  
- Take a shot, Jimbo!  
- Sanchez is down!  
- Sanchez.  
Go get him.  
Give me more ammo!  
Deke! Frog's running!  
- Are you okay?  
- I'm all right, man.  
- Sorry, ma'am. I gotta go too.  
- No.  
Tell Daddy how you want it.  
You're like a goddamn rash!  
You might want to  
get that looked at, brother.  
- How's Boxer?  
- What do you care?  
Come on, Hondo. Just give me that.  
He's gonna make it.  
Good.  
Just couldn't resist, could you?  
So, what do you want to do?  
Goddamn it, sarge.  
There's one in the chamber, partner.  
Come on.  
- So how's Boxer?  
- Got word he's gonna pull through.  
That's great.  
Remind me to buy  
some shares in KEVLAR.  
Good work, Sanchez.  
You look like you need a Band-Aid.

Somebody else  
needs a body bag downstairs.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah. You?  
- Good stuff.  
- Nice job.  
Don't sound so happy.  
Still got a problem.  
He's still here.  
Road trip?  
- Road trip.  
- Yeah.  
Road trip. Guess you'll  
have to fire us later.  
Transferring custody  
of L.A. Police Department prisoner...  
...number 109672  
into federal custody.  
Thank you, sir.  
I will accept the transfer.  
Enjoy your new home.  
Try your best  
to get to know the guys.  
Yeah, 100 mil ought to buy you  
a nice husband in there.  
Where to, boys?  
Home sounds like a winner.  
Girls like you get guys  
like me in trouble.  
You think I should've taken  
the 100 million?  
All units, we have a 211 in progress  
at the Diamond Mart...  
... 43 S. Hope Street.  
Shots fired.  
Technically, our watch  
has been over for 12 hours.  
So?  
Yeah.  
What the hell.