

SWAT KATS

"Metal Urgency"

(22-MINUTE SCRIPT)

(0182-9312)

LOGLINE: The odds are stacked heavily against our heroes when the Metallikats discover the secret identity of the Swat Kats and acquire giant indestructible robot bodies to decimate the city.

Written by:
Lance Falk and Eric Clark
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"Metal Urgency"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PUMA-DYNE ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

DRAMATIC UPSHOT ON FERAL

He is wearing his helmet, barking orders through a bullhorn.

FERAL

Attack!!!

WIDER ANGLE (STILL UPSHOT)

Several ENFORCER JETS and CHOPPERS ROAR over Feral's head, guns BLAZING! Feral commands from his tank, pointing toward...

SLIGHT DOWN ANGLE ON PUMA-DYNE MAIN LAB

ROAR! The air force powers away from camera toward a TWO STORY PUMA-DYNE WAREHOUSE-LIKE BUILDING.

TIGHTER ON BUILDING

A large prototype super Enforcer tank ("THE BEHEMOTH") has BURST from the warehouse through the wall! Enforcer bullets and shells burst impotently against the tank's force field! The Behemoth returns fire from its double cannons and topside missile pack.

ANGLE ON ANN GORA

Making a live broadcast, interviewing CALLIE BRIGGS. Cameraman JONNY is filming. Behind (about 100 feet away), the battle rages.

ANN

(continuing)

...That's the scene here today at Puma-Dyne, where dangerous technology pirate, Hard Drive, has hijacked "The Behemoth" Enforcer tank.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ANN AND CALLIE

ANN (CONT.)

I'm here with Deputy Mayor Calico Briggs.

(to Callie)

Ms. Briggs, why can't Commander Feral seem to stop his own tank?

CALLIE

The Behemoth isn't just a tank, Ann.
It's an advanced prototype with thought
activated weapons and a forcefield!

TIGHT ON CALLIE

CALLIE (CONT.)

(sympathetic)

The Commander's really got his hands full.

MEDIUM ANGLE ON BEHEMOTH

HARD DRIVE is visible through the cockpit bubble, wearing a CYBERNETIC HELMET CONNECTED to the tank's dashboard by a cable. A TARGETING EYEPiece covers one eye. He grins like maniac, driving and blasting.

HARD DRIVE

Why the hassle, Feral? I'm just
givin' your new toy a test drive!

WIDER

The Behemoth CRASHES between two smaller "peacekeepers," flipping them out of its way. Shells and gunfire continue to bounce off.

TIGHT ON HARD DRIVE

HARD DRIVE

It handles nice!

LOW ANGLE ON TANK

It flattens two Enforcer sedans, rolling over them effortlessly.

HARD DRIVE

Good suspension, too!

DOWN ANGLE OTS FERAL

He shouts down to his ENFORCER SERGEANT from the tank.

FERAL

Sergeant! We must have something in
our arsenal that can stop that thing!

ENFORCER SERGEANT

Sorry sir, Puma-Dyne built that tank to
your specifications....

TIGHTER UP ANGLE ON FERAL

SERGEANT (VO) (CONT.)
It's designed to handle anything, including...

WHOOSH! The Turbokat ROARS overhead! Feral angrily finishes...

FERAL
...including the Swat Kats!

ANGLE ON THE BEHEMOTH FAVORING COCKPIT

More shells EXPLODE against the tanks's forcefield. Choppers and jets ROAR away overhead (having just dropped bombs). The bombs HIT, EXPLODING big! The smoke clears... the tank is unscratched!

TIGHTER ON HARD DRIVE

Minutely adjusting his eyepiece, he grins menacingly.

HARD DRIVE
(to himself)
Well, Commander Feral...

ANGLE THROUGH HARD DRIVE'S EYEPiece (HARD DRIVE'S P.O.V.)

A cool TARGETING GRAPHIC in red and purple. Feral MAGNIFIES in steps. Bright targeting crosshairs center on his forehead!

HARD DRIVE (VO) (CONT.)
Hope your insurance is paid up.

Suddenly there is a loud THUMP! A momentary CRACKLE of electricity and the targeting device shorts out with a PING.

WIDER DOWN ANGLE

A violent arc of electricity CRACKLES left to right around the tank's circular dashboard. Hard drive looks around in panic.

HARD DRIVE (CONT.)
No! It's all shorting out!

TIGHT ON DASH

Electricity races up the helmet cable from the dashboard. WHIP PAN with effect. Hard Drive yanks off his helmet just as it EXPLODES!

WIDER ON BEHEMOTH

The cockpit bubble is dark with inactivity. Hard Drive stabs

desperately at the dead control panel.

HARD DRIVE (CONT.)
Come on, come on!

TIGHTER ON HARD DRIVE

HARD DRIVE (CONT.)
Hey! What's that?

PAN OVER to a spike fronted LEECH MISSILE imbedded in the tank's body a few feet from the cockpit.

RAZOR (VO)
(amplified)
It's called a Leech missile, you creep!...

TILT UP TO THE TURBOKAT, hovering twenty feet above the Behemoth.

ANGLE ON TURBOKAT COCKPIT FAVORING RAZOR

RAZOR (CONT.)
Shut off your weapons pretty good,
huh?

TIGHT ON HARD DRIVE

He yanks open a dashboard panel and begins hitting buttons.

HARD DRIVE
Not for long!

WIDE ANGLE ON TWO VEHICLES

A missile BLASTS up from the behemoth toward the Turbokat. The nimble jet dodges it.

TIGHTER ANGLE ON TURBOKAT FAVORING COCKPIT

RAZOR
Hey! He can fire manually!

T-BONE
No choice, then! We gotta shut him
down for good!

WIDER ON THE TWO VEHICLES

A trio of GRAPPLE MISSILES BLAST from the Turbokat belly into the Behemoth like pitons, attaching tank to Turbokat by steel cable. The Turbokat LIFTS the Behemoth. Hard Drive looks terrified!

WIDER STILL O.T.S. ANGLE ON FERAL

The Turbokat lifts the tank eighty feet off the ground. Feral shouts through his tank microphone.

FERAL
Back off at once, Swat Kats! This
is an Enforcer matter!

DOWN ANGLE ON TURBOKAT FAVORING T-BONE (AND BEHEMOTH BELOW)

T-BONE
(through loudspeaker)
You had your chance, sour puss!

RAZOR
Time to close this deal!

WIDE ANGLE TO TAKE IN FERAL'S TANK AND TURBOKAT WITH BEHEMOTH

The grapple unit on the Turbokat begins to rotate (see model), spinning the tank around like a disco mirror ball!

FERAL
What are those lunatics doing?!

ON HARD DRIVE

Spinning wildly around in the tank, he looks dizzy and scared.

HARD DRIVE
That's it! I give up! Lemme go!

UP ANGLE ON TURBOKAT FAVORING GRAPPLE ATTACHMENT IN WEAPONS BAY

RAZOR (VO)
Have it your way!

SPOING!! The cables release!

TIGHT ON FERAL

FERAL
(quietly shocked)
No.

WIDER

The Behemoth, trailing cable, smashes into the base of a fifteen story Puma-Dyne AIRPLANE HANGAR-LIKE BUILDING. The entire side of the building COLLAPSES on the tank, burying it in rubble!

ANGLE ON TURBOKAT COCKPIT FAVORING T-BONE

T-BONE
 (faux-pained look)
 Ooo...so much for the trade-in value!

RAZOR
 Our work is done, partner. Let's jam!

T-BONE
 Roger that!

DIRECT REAR ANGLE OF THE TURBOKAT

The two outside engines BLAST the jet into the distance.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

XCU ON FERAL'S FACE - MOMENTS LATER

His two angry eyes take the place of the Turbokat's afterburners. Ann Gora is speaking to him O.S. Feral is P.O.'d!

ANN GORA (VO)
 Commander Feral, the Swat Kats have stopped Hard Drive cold.

ANOTHER ANGLE, TO TAKE IN FERAL (NOW ON FOOT), ANN AND CALLIE

ANN (CONT.)
 Doing, in minutes, what your entire strike force failed to accomplish. Any comment?

FERAL
Sure, those hot shots stopped him...

INT. HACKLE'S WORKSHOP - THAT INSTANT/ ANGLE ON MEGA-VISION SCREEN

A four foot tall HI-TECH TV. Feral confronts Ann and Callie on national TV. Behind them is the damaged hangar.

FERAL (CONT.)
 (angry)
 But at what cost?! This important facility has millions of dollars in damage! Do you think the Swat Kats care?!

CALLIE
 They care enough to save this city ...again!

ANN
 (to TV audience and camera)
 Who knows what harm Hard Drive would have...

The word MUTE appears on the screen, silencing the broadcast mid-word. PROFESSOR HACKLE (from show 9302) speaks O.S..

HACKLE (VO)
 Enough noise. It's too distracting.

WIDER TO ESTABLISH HACKLE'S WORKSHOP

A decent sized electronics lab with the Mega TV on one wall. On the opposite wall, sockets hold THE METALLIKATS in place. MAC and MOLLY have their chest panels open. At a nearby workbench, Hackle (wearing a magnifying monocle) solders an electronic device.

MAC
 Wow, Molly! That Feral guy hates the Swat Kats even more than we do!

MOLLY
 Why shouldn't he, Mac?

TIGHTER ON THE PAIR OF ROBOTS

We see some of their complicated inner workings exposed beneath the open chest panels, including a mini-CD sized slot.

MOLLY (CONT.)
 Those fighter jocks make him look stupid at least once a week!

MAC LOOKS OVER TO HACKLE

MAC
 Hey Doc, what are you workin' on?
 You fixed us up already.

ON HACKLE

HACKLE
 (smiling)
 Not quite, my friends. When I activated you, I did not know you had the personalities of two gangsters.

He holds a pair of cd single sized COMPUTER DISCS.

HACKLE (CONT.)
 These computer discs will reform your

criminal ways for good!

ON MAC AND MOLLY

They give each other an "uh oh!" look.

MOLLY
(quietly to Mac)
I don't like the sounda' this!

WIDER TO TAKE IN HACKLE

HACKLE
The two of you are going to demonstrate
how helpful machines can be. See there?

ANGLE ON UNIFORMS

Hackle indicates a pair of uniforms hanging on wall hooks.

A CHAUFFEUR uniform for Mac, a MAID get-up for Molly.

HACKLE (VO) (CONT.)
Mac, you will be my chauffeur. Molly you
will serve as housekeeper!

ON MAC AND MOLLY

MAC
(quietly)
We gotta get outta here!

ON HACKLE

Something catches his eye on the Mega Vision Screen.

HACKLE (CONT.)
(shocked)
Oh, my word! They've done it!

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN OTS HACKLE

The (still muted) live news report continues to play. Feral and Callie continue their silent debate in the foreground.

MOLLY (VO)
Done what, Doc?

Hackle ignores her, and points at the TV.

TIGHTER ON SCREEN

The hangar increases size in fast steps until it fills the screen.

WIDER ANGLE TO TAKE IN HACKLE

The building's interior is now partially visible through its damaged side. Inside are two inert ROBOTS. One is humanoid shaped (150 feet tall), the other is as large, but on all fours.

ON MAC AND MOLLY

MAC

Say, what are those doohickeys?

ON HACKLE

He turns to face the Metallikats, looking weary and heartsick.

HACKLE

They are giant robot bodies I built for the Space Administration.

ON MAC AND MOLLY LISTENING INTENTLY

HACKLE (VO) (CONT.)

(angry)

I designed them to explore other planets, but Puma-Dyne wanted to use my "Macro-Bots" as weapons!

TIGHT ON HACKLE

HACKLE (CONT.)

...That is why I resigned.

He rushes out of the room, muttering sadly.

HACKLE (CONT.) (PARTIAL VO)

They must be made to understand...

INT. HACKLE'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A small household hallway. Hackle is shouting into the phone. .

HACKLE (CONT.)

(angry)

This is Professor Hackle...Listen to me!
My inventions must be used to help catkind,
not hurt it!

An O.S. CRASH interrupts him. He rushes O.S. to...

INT. ELECTRONICS LAB - MOMENTS LATER - WIDE ANGLE

Hackle runs in. The room is a shambles.

TIGHT ON WALL SOCKETS

HACKLE

Oh no!

The Metallikats are gone! PAN DOWN to the floor. A Mac-shaped footprint is smashed into the ground, littered with the crushed remains of the "personality improving" CD's! Continue to PAN OVER to a burning pile of clothing (the maid and chauffeur uniforms).

ON HACKLE

He looks disappointed indeed. An O.S. motor REVS. PAN WITH HIM rushing over to a large hole smashed in the wall.

OTS ANGLE ON HACKLE

Through the breach, we see his pick-up truck race away.

HACKLE

(sadly)

Here we go again.

CUT TO:

ROAD NEAR HACKLE'S LAB - THAT MOMENT

Establish Hackle's truck TEARING down the road.

MOLLY (VO)

You a chauffeur? With your drivin'?!
That's the livin' end!

ANGLE IN TRUCK ON THE PAIR

MAC

That ain't no stupider than you doin'
maid work! Your prison cell was a
pig sty! When's the last time you
cleaned anything?

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING MOLLY

MOLLY

I can clean your clock, tough guy!

The truck SPUTTERS for a beat. Mac POUNDS the dash, denting it.

MAC

We gotta get some decent wheels!

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING MAC

MOLLY

I think they towed the Metallikat
Express to the big city salvage yard.

MAC

Perfect! That hovercraft had enough
weaponry to waste this whole burg!
I think I know the way to the dump.
Hang on, Doll!

He makes a hard right, causing Molly to CLANG into him!

DOWN ANGLE ON TRUCK as it peels away toward the distant city.

CHANCE AND JAKE'S GARAGE - DAY

TRUCK IN TO ESTABLISH

CHANCE (VO)

(laughing hysterically)

Ha ha ha! You show'em, Fraidy Kat!

INT. CHANCE AND JAKE'S OFFICE - TIGHT ANGLE ON CHANCE'S TV SET

A "Fraidy Kat" cartoon plays. Fraidy Kat runs down the deck of a
sunken ocean liner, wearing diving helmet and boots. He opens a
bulkhead door, revealing a SCARY PIRATE KAT SKELETON.

FRAIDY KAT

(scream!)

WIDER ANGLE ON GARAGE

Chance and Jake are watching from the couch, stuffing down shrimp
chips and laughing like mad.

CHANCE

(laughing)

I love this!

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Fraidy Kat opens another door and smiles at the sight of a pretty
MER-KAT. A BEAT then she hands a ticking MINE to him.

FRAIDY KAT

(screams!)

ANGLE ON THE PAIR FAVORING CHANCE

He LAUGHS so hard at the O.S. toon EXPLOSION that he spits chewed chips everywhere!

JAKE
(annoyed)

Chance!

CHANCE
(sheepishly, wiping his mouth)
I'm sorry, Jake. It's just so funny that I...

An O.S. HORN BLAST interrupts.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE BOYS

They frown. Chance turns off the TV with his remote.

JAKE
(wearily)
It's Burke and Murray.

CHANCE
(sober)
Party's over, I guess.

EXT. OF GARAGE

BURKE and MURRAY are dumping a fresh load of junk in front of the garage. Chance and Jake rush out waving their arms.

CHANCE
Hey! What are you jerks doing?

JAKE
Don't dump right on the doorstep!

ANGLE ON DUMP TRUCK

Burke and Murray jump out of the truck to Chance and Jake.

BURKE
This is a dumpyard, ain't it?

MURRAY
We're just doin' our job, you losers!

ANGLE ON JAKE

JAKE
(grinning)

My mistake fellows, I just thought you knew how to do it right.

WIDE TO TAKE IN WHOLE GROUP (METALLIKATS' P.O.V.)

PULL BACK SLIGHTLY. The Metallikats peek over a nearby junk pile.

MURRAY (tough)
You sayin' we stupid or somethin'?

CHANCE
You tell me, Brainiac!

Mac and Molly look at each other.

MAC
(quietly, with disgust)
Dueling lowlifes!

MOLLY
(quietly)
Let's get our wheels and blow up this dump.
It'll be a public service!

ANOTHER PART OF THE DUMPYARD - MOMENTS LATER

TRUCK IN TO ESTABLISH METALLIKAT EXPRESS partially buried under a pile of junk. Its roof is torn up, but otherwise it seems fine. Mac grins. He and Molly walk up to the craft.

MOLLY
Here it is!

INT. METALLIKAT EXPRESS - ANGLE ON DOOR

Totally dark until the door opens, spilling light into the hovercraft. Mac and Molly step inside and the interior lights come on automatically.

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING COCKPIT

Molly sits in the driver's seat and TAPS a few buttons, lighting the dash controls and bringing the engine to HUMMING life.

MOLLY
Come on, Mac, let's get rollin'...hey!
Look at this!

Mac leans over her shoulder.

MAC
(impatiently)
What is it now?

MOLLY
This thing's automatic scanners found
something. See for yerself!

ANGLE ON DASHBOARD READOUT

Molly TAPS an infrared schematic of the Swat Kat hangar. A BRIGHT RED TURBOKAT SILHOUETTE dominates the center of the screen.

MAC
(with awe)
The Turbokat!

MOLLY
Fifty feet directly below us, too!
You know what this means, right?!

They turn to each other and grin with menace.

EXT. CHANCE AND JAKE'S GARAGE

Chance and Burke are squaring off for a brawl, circling one another with balled paws! Jake and Murray watch from the sidelines.

BURKE
Miss your wings, Flyboy? I'm gonna
give you a new pair!

CHANCE
Take your best shot, Burke!

ANGLE ON JAKE

He watches intently until a small BEEPING noise distracts him. He fishes out a palm-sized device from his pocket.

CLOSE ON DEVICE IN JAKE'S PALM

A little RED LIGHT BEEPS on and off twice.

CLOSE ON CHANCE

CHANCE (CONT.)
(smoothly to Burke)
Let's rumble.

Jake leans into frame and sotto whispers to Chance.

JAKE
 Hey, partner, we got an intruder alert
 in the hangar!...I said...

Chance sobers at this, but he's not happy about it.

CHANCE
 I heard you!

WIDER TO TAKE IN THE WHOLE GROUP

JAKE
 (to Burke and Murray)
 Let's finish this another time, fellas.
 We got something to take care of.

ON BURKE AND MURRAY

MURRAY
Sure you do!

ANGLE ON DUMP TRUCK

Burke and Murray climb into it, making chicken noises.

BURKE/MURRAY
 Bawk bawk b'gaw!

ON CHANCE AND JAKE

JAKE
 Forget them! Let's check out the hangar.

CHANCE
 (steaming)
 It's probably another junkyard raccoon!

INT. HANGAR - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Middle Level. T-Bone and Razor step down from the access ladder into the dark room. Razor flips the light switch to no effect.

JAKE
 Hey, the lights don't work!

MOLLY (VO)
 (echoing and booming)
 Who'da thunk it? The famous Swat Kats
 are really just a coupla' lowlife
grease monkeys!

ANGLE ON MAC AND MOLLY

The lights flick on. (Establish the Turbokat on this level please.) Mac is sitting in Chance's chair, one leg draped over the armrest. Molly stands, all poise and arrogance. Both robots wear their MULTI-WEAPON ARM UNITS. Mac points his AT CAMERA.

TIGHTER ON MAC

MAC

Time t'die, heroes! (laughs)

His gun FLARES into camera with a blinding bolt of electricity.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SWATKAT HANGAR MIDDLE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

ANGLE ON T-BONE AND RAZOR

They dive out of the way behind a couch-sized piece of equipment, just as Mac's blast HITS the wall behind them, EXPLODING a fancy wall-mounted diagnostic machine.

T-BONE/RAZOR

Yaaaaa!

DIRECT DOWN ANGLE ON THE METALLIKATS

They walk purposefully, BLASTING machine gun fire from their Multi-Weapons. FAST TILT over to T-Bone and Razor behind their makeshift cover. Bullets ricochet off the protecting piece of equipment.

MAC (VO)

Come out and play, you two!

ANGLE ON RAZOR AND T-BONE

T-BONE

This isn't good!

JAKE

Follow me, I have an idea!

OTS ANGLE ON T-BONE AND RAZOR

T-Bone and Razor LEAP up. PAN WITH THEM running behind a bookshelf-sized TUNE-UP UNIT. The Metallikats fire away from the FG, almost tracking fast enough with gunfire to get our heroes.

DRAMATIC UP ANGLE ON RAZOR

Covered by the tune-up machine, Razor yanks open a wall locker.

RAZOR

Quick, T-Bone! Grab something!

ANGLE ON LOCKER DOOR

Lotsa weapons inside. T-Bone grabs a MINI-BAZOOKA LAUNCHER, Razor fires a SUPER GLOVATRIX (see Tremblay drawing).

ANGLE ON BACK SIDE OF TUNE-UP UNIT

T-Bone and Razor are flattened against its protective bulk back to back, like a feline Butch and Sundance. GUNFIRE abounds!

XCU OF T-BONE'S BAZOOKA

The barrel extends with a K'TANG!

T-BONE

Ready, Razor?

XCU OF GLOVATRIX ON JAKE'S RIGHT HAND

Razor twists a ring on the wrist and two big spike-like METAL CLAWS extend from the knuckles. CLACK!

RAZOR

Let's rock!

The next series of shots are fast.

WIDEN TO TWO SHOT

The boys leap around their respective corners of the covering machine.

ANGLE ON TUNE-UP MACHINE

Beat to hell by the Metallikats' assault, but still holding. T-Bone and Razor LEAP FREE, as a missile STRIKES it, sending the piece of equipment SMASHING into the locker. Meanwhile, T-Bone and Razor open fire! The Super Glovatrix shoots three fast missiles. The bazooka launches a shell. (Both toward camera.)

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE TO TAKE IN ENTIRE GROUP

BOOM! The Swat Kat weapons BLAST the Metallikats back through a big pipe running ceiling to floor, then through a wall! The impact causes support beam and huge chunks of steel and concrete to DROP from the ceiling. The Metallikats are buried.

ANGLE ON THE RUBBLE OTS RAZOR AND T-BONE

One whole side of the hangar is trashed! T-Bone and Razor are just happy to be alive. They WHOOP with joy and high five!

T-BONE/RAZOR

Yessss!

The rubble shifts, grabbing their attention. Mac and Molly start to rise from the pile. Razor and T-Bone give each other a look.

T-BONE/RAZOR

No!

REVERSE ANGLE OTS MAC AND MOLLY

The creepy silhouettes of the Metallikats rise in the FG, rubble dropping away. T-Bone and Razor separate and scramble for cover.

TIGHT ON MOLLY

MOLLY

(cruelly)

Is that the best you boys got?

ANGLE ON T-BONE OTS MAC

MAC

(kind of sweetly to Molly)

We have some good times together,
huh Doll?

Mac begins to FIRE at T-Bone's heel. T-Bone dives behind another portable machine, just as a missile EXPLODES a section of wall. A BEAT, then T-Bone jumps up to FIRE another bazooka shell.

ON MOLLY

The bazooka shell whizzes by her head and EXPLODES in the BG (more damage!) Taken aback by Mac's words, Molly is unaware of the explosion and turns to Mac (shooting at O.S. Razor all the while!)

MOLLY

(touched)
Oh, you impetuous lug!

ANGLE ON RAZOR (MOLLY'S P.O.V.)

Molly's Multi-Weapon is pointed at a running Razor. Crosshairs of a cool TARGETING GRAPHIC center on Razor's back.

MOLLY (CONT.)(VO)
Let's finish this and go someplace private!

ANGLE ON SWAT KATS O.T.S. MAC AND MOLLY

The Metallikats BLAST at the floor beneath the Swat Kats.

TIGHTER ANGLE

A section of the floor COLLAPSES. Razor and T-Bone FALL through! A few big pieces of heavy equipment follow with a CRASH!

RAZOR/T-BONE
Aaaaa!!!

UP ANGLE ON HOLE IN FLOOR

Mac and Molly peer down through the ragged blast.

MAC
That finished 'em!

MOLLY
We better make sure.

WIDE ANGLE ON LOWER LEVEL OF HANGAR (TO ESTABLISH)

It is dark. A single shaft of light from the hole above is the only illumination. The Metallikats JUMP down to the floor (a full thirty feet!) and land smoothly (though LOUDLY). CLANG!

TIGHTER ON THE PAIR

MAC
I can't see a thing.

ANGLE ON LOWER HANGAR (MAC'S P.O.V.)

MAC (CONT.)(VO)
I'm goin' ta infra-red!

The pitch black becomes a BRIGHT RED AND WHITE view of the hangar.

PREVIOUS ANGLE

Molly's eyes TURN RED (joining Mac). They begin to look around. Molly sees something. She points excitedly.

MOLLY
Hey, Mac, looky there!

Mac looks in the indicated direction and smiles.

ANGLE ON RAZOR AND T-BONE (MAC'S INFRA-RED P.O.V.)

The boys lie in a broken heap about twenty feet away! T-Bone is on his back, Razor on his stomach (still wearing the Super Glovatrix).

MAC (VO)
Ha ha! So much for the Swat Kats!

The following few scenes are dim, but visible.

WIDE ON HANGAR

The Metallikats walk over to check the bodies. PAN WITH THEM as they pass around the large metal pole of the Turbokat elevator.

UP ANGLE ON THE METALLIKATS (T-BONE'S P.O.V.)

The red-eyed silhouettes of the Metallikats read clearly against the shaft of light from the busted ceiling.

ON T-BONE AND RAZOR

T-Bone sits up and shouts.

T-BONE
Now, Razor, now!

The hangar lights come on as Razor pops up and FIRES a missile from his Super Glovatrix at the wall.

ANGLE ON WALL

A series of controls clearly reading: TURBOKAT ELEVATOR CONTROLS. The missile HITS dead center and EXPLODES!

REAR ANGLE ON METALLIKATS

They hear a CREAKING sound from above, look up, and react fearfully, holding their hands over their heads and yelling.

MAC/MOLLY
Yaaaa!!

WIDE ANGLE - THE TURBOKAT ELEVATOR PLATFORM (JET AND ALL!) DROPS into frame and SMASHES the Metallikats flat! An EXPLOSION BLASTS from underneath the thick platform.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ELEVATOR PLATFORM O.T.S. T-BONE AND RAZOR

The Swat Kats slowly get to their feet.

T-BONE

Is it over?

RAZOR

Not 'til we clean up!

LOW ANGLE ON TURNTABLE

In the BG, Razor and T-Bone walk through a door and OS.

RAZOR (CONT.) (PARTIAL VO)

It's a disaster area up there!

A QUIET BEAT, then the red-eyed SILHOUETTE shapes of Mac and Molly's heads POP UP in the FG! They move by four metal SPIDER-LIKE LEGS protruding from the neck sockets! They SCURRY O.S..

INT. FERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON FERAL

Feral is at his desk, sans jacket, doing paperwork. He looks up wearily as an O.S. Callie enters.

CALLIE (VO)

Commander Feral!

WIDER TO ESTABLISH

Callie walks over, holding a newspaper. Feral looks weary.

FERAL

How may I help you, Ms Briggs?

CALLIE

You can tell me the meaning of this.

DOWN ANGLE ON THE PAIR

Callie slams a newspaper down on his desk.

CLOSER ON PAPER

It sports a picture of Feral and the smashed Puma-Dyne warehouse.

The headline reads "FERAL TO ENFORCERS: ARREST THE SWAT KATS!!"

UP ANGLE ON FERAL

FERAL
 (smiling politely)
 I think it's rather obvious. My men
 have orders to arrest a pair of
 destructive vigilantes.

CALLIE (VO)
 Now, see here, Feral...

UP ANGLE ON THE PAIR

CALLIE (CONT.)
 ...Those heroes have saved the city more
 times than...

FERAL
 Deputy Mayor! With all due respect,
 your "heroes" are a menace.

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING FERAL

FERAL (CONT.)
 A menace that belongs in a cell, right
 next to Hard Drive!

CALLIE
 Commander, just because they smashed
your new toy...

This fun is interrupted by the O.S. Enforcer Sergeant.

SERGEANT (VO)
 Commander Feral!

WIDER TO TAKE IN ARRIVING SERGEANT

SERGEANT (CONT.)
 The Metallikats are tearing up downtown!

CALLIE
 The Metallikats?! The Swat Kats finished
 them off months ago...

Feral grabs his long coat off a rack and races toward the door.
 PAN WITH HIM as he brushes past Callie and the Sergeant.

FERAL
 (growling)

I guess your heroes aren't so perfect
after all, Ms. Briggs!

He runs out the door. Callie and the Sergeant follow him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

LOW ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS

The Express RACES TOWARD CAMERA and passes mere inches away. WHIP PAN with it until it recedes at breakneck speed, with TWO SIREN-BLARING ENFORCER SEDANS in hot pursuit. A BEAT, then an Enforcer helicopter ROARS overhead to follow, as well.

INT. METALLIKAT EXPRESS

ANGLE ON MAC AND MOLLY

Their disembodied heads are PLUGGED directly into the dashboard, controlling the car by electronic link-up.

MOLLY

This is great! Who needs a body to drive?

MAC

Yeah! Dis electronic link-up is quite a trick!

MOLLY

So, what's our next move?

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING MAC

MAC

We need new bodies, right?

MOLLY

Yeah, that ain't hard ta figure!

ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS

It RACES OVER CAMERA toward the distant edifice of Puma-Dyne.

MAC (VO)

Look out Puma-Dyne, here come the
Metallikats!

INT. SWAT KAT HANGAR - MIDDLE LEVEL - DAY

WIDE TO ESTABLISH - Razor and T-Bone are still in Swat Kat gear (bandannas only, though, no helmets please), cleaning up the huge mess. The hangar is a wreck! T-Bone is tossing chunks of rubble into a bin, while Razor extinguishes a small fire.

ANGLE ON T-BONE

He tosses a huge piece of steel crossed concrete into the bin and sits a moment to catch his breath.

T-BONE

What a day!

ANGLE ON RAZOR

He finishes putting out the small fire. The Swat Kat signal alarm BLARES, grabbing his attention.

ANGLE ON WALL COMMUNICATOR

The Swat Kats RUSH INTO SHOT.

RAZOR

(into communicator)

What can we do for you, Ms. Briggs?

CALLIE

The Metallikats are back!

Razor and T-Bone give each other a shocked look.

RAZOR/T-BONE

What?!

HANGAR - LOWER LEVEL

WIDE TO ESTABLISH

Razor thumbs a button, slowly raising the jet platform a few feet.

RAZOR

I have to check this out.

UP ANGLE ON SWAT KATS (elevator base P.O.V.)

The boys peer in and react in shock.

T-BONE

Oh no...

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR BASE

The scorched and crushed Metallikat bodies are scattered in pieces.

T-BONE (CONT.)(VO)

...their heads are gone!

DRAMATIC ANGLE ON RAZOR

RAZOR

Let's rock!

EXT. PUMA-DYNE ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY RESEARCH - DAY

Tanks line the street in a barricade, protecting Puma-Dyne from...

DOWN ANGLE ON STREET (CONTINUES SHOT)

The Metallikat Express ROARS down street to pass underneath. TILT FAST with it and ROTATE CAMERA to keep view right side up. The armored hovercraft retreats fast toward the distant wall of Enforcer sedans, tanks, and armed commandos on foot. Behind the force is Puma-Dyne's large hangar.

PROFILE ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS

KEEP WITH IT (animate BG). It SMASHES a car out of its way.

MOLLY (VO)

Holy cat, Mac!

INT. METALLIKAT EXPRESS

ANGLE FAVORING MAC

MOLLY (CONT.)

...and I thought your drivin' was lousy
before!

MAC

Quit yer yammerin'! We're almost there,
ain't we? You take cara' the welcome wagon!

ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS O.T.S. ENFORCER VEHICLES

The tanks and Enforcers FIRE at the rapidly approaching vehicle.

LOW ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS

Coming right at us, weapons bays open everywhere (see model) and it begins BLASTING missiles and gunfire in a massive barrage.

WIDE DOWN ANGLE ON ENFORCER BARRICADE

They continue to BLAST. Metallikat weapons HIT. KA-BOOM! Half the defensive line goes up in a massive BALL OF FLAME.

UP ANGLE ON ENFORCER BARRICADE

The Metallikat Express RACES through the flames and away. Several

Enforcer commandos step into the FG and FIRE their hand weapons at the retreating vehicle.

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS

The rear half of the vehicle SEPARATES from the front and BLASTS backwards! The front continues its mad rush toward the giant Puma-Dyne hangar. (The vehicle halves can function separately.)

ON MAC AND MOLLY

MAC

What are you doing?

LOW ANGLE ON ENFORCER BARRICADE

The unmanned rear half of the vehicle RACES TOWARD CAMERA. A commando turns to camera and barks an order.

COMMANDO

Clear the area! Now!

The Enforcer commandos DIVE out of the way, just as...

LONG DOWN SHOT TO INCLUDE PUMA-DYNE HANGAR

The tiny dots of Enforcer troops scatter in away from the vehicles. KRAKA-BOOM! The rear half of the Metallikat Express HITS, BLOWING UP the rest of Feral's vehicles in a big BALL OF FLAME.

FRONT ANGLE ON MAC AND MOLLY

Behind them we see a fifty foot tall MUSHROOM CLOUD!

MOLLY

I missed a few! (laughs)

EXT. SKIES OVER MEGAKAT CITY - DAY

FAST PAN UP Turbokat as it races between the downtown skyscrapers.

RAZOR (VO)

Callie says the Metallikats are makin' for Puma-Dyne labs!

ANGLE ON COCKPIT FAVORING T-BONE

T-BONE

Puma-Dyne?...Again? What is that place? Psycho Central?

RAZOR

That isn't the problem, T-Bone.

ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING RAZOR

RAZOR (CONT.)

The Metallikats know who we are!

TIGHTER ON RAZOR

RAZOR (CONT.)

The minute they tell anyone, our Swat
Kat days are over!

TIGHT ON T-BONE

RAZOR (CONT.)(VO)

(sadly)

Feral will see to that.

T-BONE

(tough as nails)

Then let's go out in a blaze of glory!

TIGHT ANGLE ON REAR OF TURBOKAT

The engines FLARE and the jet BLAZES away fast toward the distant
Puma-Dyne structure.

EXT. PUMA-DYNE HANGAR

DOWN ANGLE ON METALLIKAT EXPRESS TO ESTABLISH

The front half of the Metallikat Express has obviously crashed into
the side of the hangar, making a new hole (next to the one caused
by the Behemoth in Act One.) Yellow police tape is strung across
this first crash site. All is still. TWO PUMA-DYNE TECHNICIANS
(ONE FEMALE) and a SUPERVISOR survey the hovercraft wreckage.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Feral's sedan pulls into shot. He steps out and walks over to the
Metallikat Express.

FERAL

(to supervisor)

Where are the Metallikats?

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE GROUP, FAVORING SUPERVISOR

SUPERVISOR

(indicating craft)

This thing was empty when we found it.

FEMALE TECHNICIAN

No one could have survived this crash.

TIGHT ON FERAL

FERAL

(grimly)

You don't know the Metallikats!

HACKLE (VO)

I do, Commander.

ANGLE ON HACKLE OTS FERAL

Hackle looks sad and weary. At his side, he holds an ELECTRONIC SIDEARM of some sort.

FERAL

Who are you?!

HACKLE

My name is Professor Hackle, and this is all my fault!

FERAL (VO)

Your fault?

HACKLE

I'll explain later. Here, take this.

PROFILE ANGLE ON FERAL AND HACKLE

Hackle places the sidearm in Feral's hand.

HACKLE (CONT.)

It's a "neural neutralizer," the only thing that can stop Mac and Molly...

TIGHT ON HACKLE

HACKLE (CONT.)

(sadly)

...once and for all.

LONG DOWN ANGLE ON THE GROUP OTS MAC AND MOLLY

The silhouetted spider-legged heads of Mac and Molly watch from 100 feet above, clinging to a gantryway inside the hangar. It is too far to hear anything, but they can see the group just fine through the damaged side of the building.

MOLLY
 (sotto)
 It's Hackle! And he's talkin' t'that
 clown, Feral!

MAC
 (not whispering)
 So what! Soon as we plug into these
 super robot bodies, nothin' can stop us!

He SKITTERS up out of shot. Molly follows.

UP ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

It's dramatic and creepy as hell. Mad and Molly SKITTER upwards fast toward the heads of the massive devices.

MAC (CONT.)
 Not even the Swat Kats!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE PUMA-DYNE - DAY (CONTINUOUS SHOT)

The Turbokat WHIPS fast over camera. TILT WITH IT and rotate angle to keep it right side up. Just ahead is Puma-Dyne.

T-BONE (VO)
 There it is!

INT. HUMANOID MACRO-BOT HEAD (We'll call it "THE GOLIATH.")

ANGLE ON MAC

He has socketed himself into the dashboard. (Behind him is a control couch with buttons, levers, "Waldo" controls, etc., but Mac doesn't need them because of his direct linkage to the giant machine.) Mac wears a tiny communication headset. He looks out the window down to the giant cat-shaped robot.

MAC
 (over headset)
 Molly, you ready?

INT. FOUR-LEGGED CAT-SHAPED MACRO-BOT HEAD (Call it "PROWLER.")

A similar control room. Molly is linked-up like Mac, wearing a headset as well. She looks out her window up to the Goliath.

MOLLY
 Whadda you think?

WIDE ANGLE ON PUMA-DYNE HANGAR

SMASH! The gigantic double doors are BASHED off their hinges from within, and begin to fall.

DOWN ANGLE ON FERAL, HACKLE, ET AL.

FERAL

Move!

Feral grabs Hackle and LEAPS O.S. (along with the Puma-Dyne crew) just as the massive doors hit the ground. Big CAMERA SHAKE.

PREVIOUS SHOT

The Macro-Bots stand fully revealed. Glorious, powerful and terrifying! The Turbokat ROARS overhead toward them.

RAZOR (VO)

Hey, T-Bone...

TIGHT ON RAZOR

RAZOR
(grim)

Ever have one of those days?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PUMA-DYNE HANGAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

UP ANGLE ON GOLIATH AND PROWLER MACRO-BOTS

Goliath LUMBERS TOWARD CAMERA with arms outstretched. Prowler is smoother, moving like a stalking beast.

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE TO TAKE IN THE TURBOKAT

PAN WITH IT, flying over toward the Macro-Bots. The giant robots launch a barrage of weaponry at the Turbokat.

DIRECT FRONT ANGLE ON TURBOKAT

It does a 360 degree roll to avoid missiles, bombs, bullets, etc.

T-BONE

Yikes!

WIDE ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

The Turbokat WHIPS by Prowler's head, fast! Turbokat projectiles explode uselessly against the tough Macro-Bot hides! Both robots turn with jet and continue to fire at it.

INT. GOLIATH HEAD

Mac is having a ball.

MAC
(through headset)
Hey, Swat Kats!

ON GOLIATH

Mac speaks through a P.A. system.

MAC (CONT.)(VO)
(amplified)
Like our new bodies? (laughs)

ANGLE ON TURBOKAT

It circles close in FG in preparation of another pass. During the turn, its wings sweep out into manoeuvring mode (see main models).

ANGLE ON COCKPIT FAVORING T-BONE

The city is a blur in the BG. T-Bone looks back at Razor.

T-BONE
We're goin' in again! What else you got?

ANGLE ON RAZOR FAVORING HIS WEAPONS PANEL

RAZOR
Those things are tough. I'll try the heavy duty Mole Missiles.

He STABS at a button.

ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

They continue to FIRE at camera. The Turbokat TEARS in doing an evasive corkscrew, right through the center of the barrage!

PROFILE VIEW

The Turbokat releases the heavy duty MOLE MISSILES and pulls up at the last minute to fly over the GRASPING hands of Goliath.

TIGHT ON MOLE MISSILES

A pair of very solid looking bore-missiles. The jagged conical fronts spin (looking like they can cut through anything).

UP ANGLE ON PROWLER AND GOLIATH

The Mole Missiles SHATTER against the Macro-Bots!

ANGLE ON TURBOKAT COCKPIT

T-Bone and Razor look back with disappointment.

RAZOR
(disbelieving)
But those missiles were diamond tipped!

T-BONE
Our metal "friends" must be made out
of a special alloy or something!

TIGHT ON T-BONE

T-BONE
(serious)
We better come up with a plan.

ANGLE ON PROWLER'S HEAD

It turns toward Mac's Goliath.

MOLLY (VO)
(amplified)
Mac, you idiot!

INT. PROWLER HEAD/ ON MOLLY

MOLLY (CONT.)
Why don't we just tell the world who the
Swat Kats really are!

ANGLE ON GOLIATH

MAC
Molly, don't be a chump!

INT. GOLIATH HEAD/ ANGLE ON MAC

MAC (CONT.)
If we play stool pigeon, this fight's over!

TIGHTER ON MAC

MAC (CONT.)
(grinning darkly)
And I'm havin' too much fun for that!
First, we waste them...

MOLLY (FILTERED VO)
(over headset)
Then Feral, Hackle...

INT. PROWLER HEAD

MOLLY (CONT.)
...and anybody else that ever crossed Mac
and Molly Mange!

ANGLE ON CITY STREET

Feral is barking orders through a bullhorn. The Enforcer Sergeant directs a few misc. citizens away from the Macro-Bots in the BG.

FERAL
Attention citizens! Clear this area at once!
This is a combat zone, I repeat...

TIGHTER ON FERAL

The Sergeant rushes up to him.

SERGEANT
That's all of them, sir. We've cleared
a one mile area.

FERAL
...Always a good idea when the Swat Kats
are involved! Good work, Sergeant!

WIDE ANGLE ON TURBOKAT CIRCLING THE MACRO-BOTS OUT OF RANGE

RAZOR (VO)
Hey, T-Bone...

WIDE ANGLE ON TURBOKAT COCKPIT FAVORING RAZOR

RAZOR (CONT.)
I have an idea so stupid, it's gotta work!

T-BONE
I'm listening.

ON RAZOR

RAZOR
First we have to...

ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

Mac's Goliath strikes an arrogant pose.

MAC (VO)
(filtered and amplified)
Hey, Swat Kats! Come back and fight!

MOLLY (VO)
(filtered and amplified)
Unless you want us t'spill your
big ol' secret!

INT. GOLIATH HEAD

T-Bone's voice comes over his headset.

T-BONE (VO)
Have it your way, you hoodlums!

MAC
(grinning)
Heads up, Molly...

INT. PROWLER HEAD

Mac's voice comes over Molly's headset.

MAC (CONT.)(VO)
Here they come!

MOLLY
(grinning too)
I'm ready!

LOW ANGLE ON CITY STREET

The Turbokat races along mere feet above the street.

T-BONE
Here goes nothing!

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE ON THE TURBOKAT

PAN WITH IT as it races between the legs of Molly's Prowler and drops a half-dozen MINI-MINES.

CLOSER ON PROWLER

The mines EXPLODE, collapsing the street below it. The big Prowler robot drops haunch deep into the ground.

MOLLY (VO)
(amplified)

Yaaa!

WIDE DOWN ANGLE ON STREET

Mac's Goliath leans over to the bogged down Prowler.

MAC (VO)
(amplified)

Molly!

MOLLY (VO)
(amplified)

I'm okay, just give me a hand outta here!

UP ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

The Goliath leans down and grabs the Prowler under the front legs and begins to pull it up from the pit. The Turbokat RACES overhead and O.S. in a blur. A tiny black dot (Razor) drops from it. (But this should not be obvious!)

ANOTHER ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

The Goliath heaves and pulls the Prowler free.

INT. GOLIATH HEAD

MAC
That did it! Now be more careful.

INT. PROWLER HEAD

TIGHT ON MOLLY

MAC (CONT.)(VO)
You always were clumsy!

MOLLY
 (angry)
 Shut yer trap! We got work ta do!

RAZOR (VO)
 Not anymore, you don't!

WIDER TO TAKE IN ENTIRE CONTROL ROOM

Razor's right behind Molly, pointing his Glovatrix at the back of her head! She rotates around to face him.

RAZOR (CONT.)
 Molly Mange, you're comin' with me!

UP ANGLE FAVORING MOLLY

MOLLY
 Not today, yoy lowlife!

WHOOSH! The head (legs and all) BLASTS upwards, out a top hatch!

WIDE ON MACRO-BOTS

Molly's tiny head arcs over toward the Goliath.

MOLLY
 Maaaac!

EXTREME UP ANGLE ON GOLIATH'S SHOULDER

Molly's head lands on the Goliath's shoulder, and skitters up toward the Mt. Rushmore-sized robot head and climbs into the control room through its "eye" window!

INT. GOLIATH HEAD

Molly skitters up to Mac...

MAC
 (angry)
 Molly! Whadda ya doin' here?!

MOLLY
 I had Swat Kat infestation!

RAZOR (VO)
 (over Mac's headset)
 ...and for my next trick!

WHAM! A massive impact JOLTS the Goliath!

MAC/ MOLLY
(yells)

INT. PROWLER HEAD

Razor is in the control couch driving the big machine like a piece of heavy construction machinery!

RAZOR (CONT.)
...me and my partner are gonna send
you two back to the scrap yard for good!

He shifts a lever.

ANGLE ON MACRO-BOTS

The Prowler head butts the Goliath, knocking it into a ten story office building, pulverizing the structure!

INT. GOLIATH HEAD

It is turned sideways, but otherwise okay. Both Metallikat heads are well secured to the dashboard. Mac is furious!

MAC
We'll see about that!

ANGLE ON PROWLER OTS GOLIATH

Goliath stands up and begins BLASTING away at its fellow Macro-Bot.

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE

These weapons are effective! They send the Prowler sprawling! It CRASHES into another building! This street is beginning to look like the trashed Swat Kat hangar!

UP ANGLE ON PROWLER

The Turbokat ROARS overhead!

T-BONE (VO)
(amplified)
Razor, are you okay?

ANGLE FAVORING COCKPIT

T-BONE (CONT.)
Razor, come in!

INT. PROWLER

Razor is frantically pounding at his instrumentation.

RAZOR
I'm okay, T-Bone!

ANGLE ON PROWLER CONTROLS

One large bank of lights FLICKERS and goes out!

RAZOR (CONT.)(VO)
But that last hit killed my weapons
systems!

DRAMATIC ANGLE ON HIM

RAZOR
(disappointed, to himself)
And I never even got ta use 'em!

WHAM! The cockpit JARS with a violent missile impact.

ANGLE ON PROWLER

It gets to its feet and sprints toward a nearby double skyscraper structure (yep, like the World Trade Center).

RAZOR (CONT.)(VO)
Gotta head for higher ground!

The Goliath LUMBERS in pursuit, just missing the Prowler with a barrage of missiles. (Tears up the street pretty good, though!)

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ONE OF THE TOWERS

The Prowler LEAPS pretty nimbly (for something so damn big) and scrambles up the side of the 250 foot tower (dislodging huge chunks with its claws as it climbs).

DOWN ANGLE ON GOLIATH

It reaches the base of the second tower and looks up.

MAC (VO)
(amplified)
Two can play at that game!

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE ON BUILDING

The Goliath begins to climb, Kong-like.

MUCH WIDER TO TAKE IN TURBOKAT FAVORING OTS T-BONE

He watches this climb from a half mile away.

TIGHT ON T-BONE

T-BONE
(with amusement, to himself)
Baby, this is surreal!

PREVIOUS ANGLE ON JET.

It banks slowly toward the battle.

ANGLE ON TWIN TOWER ROOFS

Razor's Prowler is on top of one, Mac and Molly's Behemoth clamber onto "their" tower top.

ANGLE ON PROWLER OTS GOLIATH

It raises its weapon arms.

MAC (VO)
(amplified)
Time to grease the greasemonkey!

INT. PROWLER COCKPIT

RAZOR
I'm not goin' alone, you cons!

He SLAMS a couple of levers forward and jumps from his seat.

ANGLE ON PROWLER

It LEAPS right at camera with an eerie electronic...

PROWLER
Roar!

WIDE PROFILE ANGLE

The Turbokat ROARS sideways between the towers, just below the leaping Prowler. The tiny dot of Razor drops from Prowler to jet. (Again, this should not be obvious.) From this vantage we get a really good look at the huge drop these robots are in for.

DOWN ANGLE ON GOLIATH

The Prowler SLAMS into it, just as its weapons discharge. The two go over the side in a ball of flame and drop away fast.

INT. GOLIATH COCKPIT

Burning, tumbling chaos!

MAC/ MOLLY
(screams of terror)

ANGLE ON TURBOKAT

Razor drops neatly into his seat of the racing jet. Yes, the cockpit is open for this scene.

RAZOR
Nice catch!

UP ANGLE FROM STREET

The ball of flaming junk DROPS toward us and HITS like Armegeddon!

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TWIN TOWER PLAZA - EARLY EVENING

ANGLE ON CRATER

Enforcer sedans with FLASHING lights abound. The commands keep the curious at bay. Yellow tape is strung around the Macro-Bot impact crater, a fifty foot wide pit of scorched and twisted junk.

ANGLE ON FERAL

He is surveying the wreckage with Callie, ignoring the handful of reporters milling about the periphery of the site.

CALLIE
Commander, I've just heard from the Capitol.

TIGHTER ON THE PAIR

CALLIE (CONT.)
They've officially declared this a disaster area. Financial relief is on the way.

FERAL
Let me guess...

TIGHT ON HIM

FERAL (CONT.)
(weary)
The Swat Kats get a full pardon, right?

CALLIE (VO)
That's right, Commander.

TWO SHOT AGAIN

CALLIE (CONT.)
With full commendation for saving the city.

FERAL
Yeah, I figured as mu...

Something catches his eye. He starts.

WIDER

Feral SPINS and draws the "neural disrupter" on a pair of shapes moving in the rubble.

FERAL (CONT.)
Freeze!

ANGLE ON MAC AND MOLLY (SPIDER-LEGGED HEADS AGAIN)/ FERAL'S P.O.V.
They rise weakly from the rubble, scorched, dented and stunned.

FERAL (CONT.)(VO)
This is a "neural neutralizer."

WIDEN SHOT TO INCLUDE OTS FERAL

FERAL (CONT.)
Hackle designed it to scramble your brains.

WAIST SHOT ON FERAL INCLUDING NEURAL GUN

It begins to HUM in readiness.

FERAL (CONT.)
(serious)
...permanently!

MAC (VO)
Tell ya what, copper!

ANGLE ON MAC AND MOLLY

MAC
We got a deal for you, see.

MOLLY
You put that thing down....

TIGHTER ON THE PAIR

MAC
...and we'll tell ya who the Swat Kats
really are!

TIGHTER ON THE PAIR

MOLLY
That's the deal. We ain't gonna be
re-programmed by Hackle...

TIGHT ON MAC

MAC
...and we ain't goin' back to the
big house!

MEDIUM SHOT ON FERAL

His eyes widen at this tempting offer. The reporters have gathered around, ready to hear the secret of the century.

XCU ON FERAL'S FACE

It is unreadable, but he makes the only possible decision.

FERAL
(scowls)
I don't deal with scum!

WIDER

He ZAPS the Metallikats with a PURPLE BOLT from the neutralizer.

ON MAC AND MOLLY

Their eye lights go out and they topple over, de-activated.

ON FERAL

His face is a mask. No emotion at all. Callie runs up to him.

CALLIE
(smiling)
Commander, you surprise me!

He gives her a look and starts to walk away.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON FERAL

He stops and glances over his shoulder. A hard case to the end.

FERAL

I just didn't want to owe those two
lifers anything.

ON CALLIE

She smiles, knowing better. Feral has a lot more of her respect
this day. If the Swat Kats only knew....

WIDER ON CALLIE

TILT UP with Callie's gaze. She looks up at the sound of the
Turbokat ROARING overhead into the sunset...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

THE END