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ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ

screenplay by  
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Suggested by the book  
Escape from Alcatraz

## BACKGROUND

Alcatraz was a United States Penitentiary from 1934 until it was closed in 1963. In 1973, the National Park Service reopened the prison to allow limited tours by the public. The response was dramatic. In the four years that Alcatraz has been open, almost TWO MILLION visitors have toured the prison. The number would have been even higher had the prison the capacity to handle the additional visitors who wanted to see the prison. Long waiting lines and reservations a month in advance attest to the fact that the public's curiosity with the world's most famous prison has not lessened, it has increased. This interest is not limited to the United States, as numerous European television documentaries and magazine articles show.

This screenplay is based on an actual escape from Alcatraz that is generally regarded as the most incredible and ingenious escape in American penal history. Some fictionalization has been used, but extreme care has been taken to present accurate details of life at Alcatraz as well as the true account of the escape itself.

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ

FADE IN

1 EXT. - DOCK - DAY

A boat slowly approaches a dock near Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. A blustery rain pelts the boat, dock and water. Patches of fog whip by. JANUARY 18, 1960  
SAN FRANCISCO

is SUPERIMPOSED on the screen. The boat reaches the dock, screeches against the rubber siding and is secured. Its engine still rumbling, the boat rocks in the choppy water and bumps against the dock. Two men, in raincoats, wait in the boat.

FIRST MAN

Think they'll be late?

SECOND MAN

They're never late.

A car drives out onto the dock. The car passes a bench, scattering a flock of pigeons huddled underneath. Two men, in raincoats, get out of the car's back door. Thunder. The driver remains in the car, engine running and wipers wiping. The two men walk toward the boat. One man wears a hat, his face indistinguishable. The other man, also wearing a hat, is FRANK MORRIS. As they approach the boat, a gust of wind blows Morris' hat off. The hat comes to rest about 10 feet behind the two men. They turn to look at the hat, but they continue walking. As they reach the boat, Morris proceeds to board, joining the men on the boat. The man on shore returns to the car, leaving Morris' hat on the dock. The car speeds off.

2 BOAT IN BAY

The lines are cast off and the boat heads into the San Francisco Bay. The storm has created rough water that bounce the boat and drench it. Morris sits in the covered aft deck of the boat. His head and face are wet. His raincoat is on, but his arms are not in its sleeves. Screeching seagulls

CONTINUED

## 2 CONTINUED

follow as the boat plows through the waves. The Golden Gate Bridge can be seen off to the side. But Morris' attention is fixed on an island that is rapidly looming ahead. The island is solid rock. Several large, gloomy buildings and a lighthouse can be seen. A barbed wire fence runs along a cliff. A sign in big, bold letters says "KEEP OFF! Only government boats permitted within 200 yards. Persons entering closer do so at their own risk." As the boat comes within 200 yards, it passes a line of orange buoys set there as a warning. Bells on the buoys ring as the buoys rock in the waves.

## 3 MORRIS

A close shot of Morris shows a man about 35, with short hair. His face shows no emotion. His hair and face are very wet and water drops off the end of his nose. He makes no attempt to wipe the water away. The camera TILTS down slowly to the man's waist level. The raincoat's middle and bottom buttons are not fastened, allowing a partial view of Morris' hands under the raincoat. They are bound by handcuffs. The camera drops lower still, showing Morris' feet protruding from the bottom of the raincoat. He is wearing backless slippers. A heavy metal chain lies between his feet.

## 4 DOCK

The boat (its name WARDEN JOHNSTON now seen) reaches the island dock and is secured. The skipper of the boat locks the wheel and attaches the key to a pulley. The key is pulled up to a 25 foot high guntower that hovers over the dock area.

## 5 TOWER

The tower guard takes the key off the line and locks it in a metal cabinet. He picks up his carbine and returns to look down upon the courtyard.

## 6 COURTYARD

Morris and the guard step off the boat onto the courtyard. The guard snaps an additional handcuff around Morris' wrist. This cuff has a three foot chain which leads to another cuff. The guard snaps the loose cuff around his own wrist. The two men walk across the courtyard through the heavy rain. Morris walks awkwardly, dragging the leg chain. Lightning. The whiteness catches the faces of the two men. The guard flinches and looks up, but Morris shows no reaction.

## 7 TOWER GUARD'S POV

Morris and the guard cross the courtyard to a small shack. A minibus is parked nearby. The guard opens the door to the shack, Morris enters and the guard follows.

## 8 INT. - SHACK

The rain batters at the windows, obscuring any view of the outside. A second guard is in the shack. The first guard removes the chain and handcuffs locking himself to Morris. The guard unbuttons Morris' top buttons and takes the raincoat off him. The guard bends down and unlocks Morris' leg chain. The manacles around his ankles fall heavily to the floor. Morris' hands are cuffed together such that the cuffs are locked to a waist shackle, forcing Morris' wrists in against his stomach. The guard unlocks the cuffs and takes the shackle from around Morris' waist. The guard places the leg chain, handcuffs and waist shackle on a nearby table. Morris rubs his wrists and wipes the wetness from his face. The second guard turns on a metal detection device somewhat in the shape of a door frame.

SECOND GUARD

(to Morris)

Through here.

Morris walks through the metal detector. The guard watches the green line on the oscilloscope-like screen. It jumps. The guard studies Morris.

SECOND GUARD

Take off your belt.

Morris loosens his brass belt buckle and removes his belt. He passes through the machine again. The line does not move. The first guard puts the handcuffs (leaving the waist shackle on the table) on Morris. The guard also attaches the chain and handcuffs to both Morris and himself. They follow the second guard out the door.

## 9 INT. - BUS

Ducking briefly in the rain, the three men enter the bus. The second guard sits at the driver's seat. The first guard and Morris sit in the nearest seat.

## 10 TOWER GUARD'S POV

The bus winds its way up the narrow road to the prison.

## 11 INT. - BUS

Through the bus window Morris sees another guard tower. Morris' face remains impassive.

## 12 OUTSIDE THE PRISON

The bus stops and Morris and the first guard get out. They climb a short stairway and approach a large building. Lightning. The guard presses a buzzer outside the door. The door opens and Morris and the guard disappear inside.

## 13 INT. - VESTIBULE

They walk through a nicely furnished vestibule.

## 14 SMALL ROOM

They enter a small room. The guard removes Morris' chain and handcuffs. He places Morris against a height chart on a wall. The guard takes a camera from a desk drawer and photographs Morris, the flash causing him to blink. The guard motions Morris to a small table where the guard presses Morris' fingers into a blotter and then onto paper. A medical technical assistant (m.t.a.), carrying a small metal box, and a new guard, carrying a carbine, enter. The first guard leaves the room. The new guard stands to the side of Morris, carbine at the half ready.

M.T.A.  
(to Morris)

Strip down.

Morris removes his clothes. The m.t.a. runs his hands through Morris' scalp. He takes a pen flashlight from his breast pocket and looks into Morris' nose, mouth and ears. He searches Morris' armpits and looks between his fingers. Kneeling, the m.t.a. looks at the bottom of Morris' feet and between his toes. The m.t.a. stands. He takes a rubber glove and vaseline from the box. He slips the rubber glove onto his right hand. With his left hand, he lubricates his right index finger. He looks at Morris. A knowing smirk briefly crosses the m.t.a.'s face.

M.T.A.

Bend over.

Morris stares back at the m.t.a. He doesn't move.

M.T.A.

Bend over.

Morris looks at the m.t.a. and then at the guard, his carbine still at the half ready. Morris turns around and bends over. The m.t.a. inserts his gloved finger into Morris' rectum and probes around. A CLOSEUP of Morris' face shows no emotion.

CONTINUED

## 14 CONTINUED

The m.t.a. takes off the glove and throws it into the box. Morris turns and faces them.

M.T.A.  
(to guard)

He's clean.

## 15 VESTIBULE

The guard takes Morris into the vestibule. He hands his carbine to another guard.

## 16 PASSAGEWAY

Morris is led to the passageway that leads into the cellhouse. Morris and the guard stop in front of a gate with steel bars. They are observed by a man (the armorer) sitting on one side of the passageway in a small, heavily lit room surrounded by steel walls and slits of bullet-proof glass. The armorer glances into a mirror set out at an angle from his room that shows him the passageway. Since everything is clear, he pushes a button that slides a metal shield and exposes the lock on the barred gate. The guard unlocks the door and Morris and he pass through. After the guard closes the gate the metal shield instantly slides back over the lock. They take a few steps forward until they are in front of the armorer's room. A sliding steel door from the ceiling slams down in front of them and behind them. The armorer inspects the men closely. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, he pushes a button that slides the doors back into the ceiling, releasing the men from the trapped enclosure. The two men reach a heavy steel door, which the guard unlocks, and they pass through. They face a cross-barred door which gives them their first view of the cellhouse. Morris' guard pushes a buzzer, which brings a guard from the cellhouse to open the door and admit the men.

## 17 MORRIS' POV - CELLHOUSE

Morris (still naked) walks down the narrow, middle aisleway of the cellhouse. There are two cellblocks to the left of him and two cellblocks to the right of him. Each cellblock has three tiers. Rain taps on the skylight above. The cells are dark, mysterious. There are hands resting on some of the cell bars and some outlines of faces can be seen, but Morris does not slow his pace or turn his head to gaze at the cells as he passes them. His eyes are locked straight ahead.

VOICE (offsceen)

See you tonight, stud.

## 18 ANOTHER ANGLE

Morris doesn't react to the voice. The guard and Morris turn right between two cellblocks and approach a cell. The guard squeezes Morris' arm, signaling a halt. They face a cell with B-138 painted above the barred door. The guard looks to the

18 CONTINUED

end of the cellblock and signals with his hand. The cell door slides open. Morris enters and turns around. The cell door slides shut with a clang that reverberates throughout the cellhouse. Attached to the front of the cell door is a nameplate with FRANK LEE MORRIS.

GUARD

Welcome to Alcatraz.

19 CELL

The guard departs. Morris turns and sees clothes on the bed. He puts them on: blue denim trousers, a gray shirt with the number 1441 above the breast pocket and on the back, and black shoes. Morris looks around the cell. It is five feet wide and eight feet long. The rear wall is concrete and the side walls steel. A steel bunk folds against the wall. A light bulb is attached to the ceiling, a string hanging down. There is a toilet, but neither lid nor seat. A wash basin with a single faucet is against the rear wall. Under the wash basin is a small ventilator grille. There are two steel folding shelves, at different levels, for use as seat and desk. Two wooden shelves with pegs are at the five foot level along the rear wall. On one of the shelves is a tin cup, mirror, toothbrush, nailclip, comb, soap, towels, sheets and blankets. On the other shelf are additional clothes such as a bathrobe, slippers, peacoat, knit cap and extra shirts. Morris extends his arms and is able to touch his palms against both side walls at the same time. He notices a book on one of the shelves and picks it up. It is a dusty Bible. He puts it back on the shelf. Morris goes to the wash basin and absently turns the handle. Water comes out of the faucet. He shuts it off. He halfheartedly kicks at the ventilator grille under the wash basin. It doesn't give. Morris goes through these motions mechanically, as if it is a routine he has gone through many times before. He moves to the front of his cell, grips the bars and looks out.

DISSOLVE TO

20 CELL - LATER

Aguard stops outside the cell. Morris is lying on his bunk.

GUARD

Warden wants to see you.

The cell door opens and Morris exits.

21 WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden ( 55, short gray hair, wire rim glasses) is

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

reading at his desk. There is a knock on the door and the door opens. Morris enters the room with the guard behind him. The guard takes Morris to a spot in front of the Warden's desk and the guard exits. The Warden does not look up from the file he is reading. On the wall behind him are pictures of J. Edgar Hoover and James V. Bennett (Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons). To the side and behind the Warden is a birdcage and a bird. Next to the cage, on a table, is a terrarium containing two baby turtles.

WARDEN  
(still reading)

Name?

MORRIS

Morris.

WARDEN  
(looking up)

That's funny - this file says  
Frank Lee Morris.

The Warden expects a response, but Morris says nothing. The Warden continues, his manner intimidating and cold.

WARDEN

If you don't obey society's rules,  
you are sent to prison. If you  
don't obey the prison's rules,  
you are sent to us.

The Warden pauses until he feels his words have sunk in.

WARDEN

You now have only four rights -  
food, clothing, shelter and medi-  
cal attention. Everything else  
that you do or have here is a  
privilege. We can give you these  
privileges... and we can take them  
away.

The bird nervously walks around its cage.

WARDEN

Alcatraz is not like any other  
prison in the United States. We  
confine each inmate alone in an  
individual cell. We have no  
commissary.

(disdainful)

We have no good conduct programs

CONTINUED

WARDEN (Cont'd)

or inmate councils. The inmates here don't have a say in what they do. They do what they're told. We forbid both newspapers and newsmagazines. The only knowledge of the outside world that you are permitted is of your family or of news that we give you. From now on, your world is what happens inside these walls.

The bird hops excitedly around its cage.

WARDEN

You will be given a list of the rules, but I want you to know that I don't like filth. Both you and your cell will be inspected every day. A slovenly cell or distasteful personal appearance will forfeit any and all privileges. You will shave every day, you will shower twice a week and you will get a haircut once a month.

The warden pauses. Morris has not responded in any way except to stare impassively at the Warden.

WARDEN

Now for the privileges. You may talk...

(pauses)

You may work...At other institutions you are given work. Here it is a privilege that you will have to earn. And I promise it is a privilege that you will want...Visitors. You are permitted two every month. They can not be former inmates of this or any other federal prison. All names you submit will be thoroughly checked by the FBI. The names, please.

MORRIS

Can't think of any.

WARDEN

Members of your family?

MORRIS

No family.

21 CONTINUED

WARDEN

Relatives?

Morris shrugs.

WARDEN

Friends?

MORRIS

You just ruled them out.

WARDEN

You will be allowed to receive seven letters per week, but no packages. The letters you receive will be retyped on new paper and the originals will be destroyed. The letters will be censored to remove news that does not pertain to your personal life. You will also be permitted to send out two letters per week. You will be allowed one sheet of paper and you will only write on one side. These letters will also be censored. What names do you wish on your correspondence list?

MORRIS

Same limits as those on the visitors?

WARDEN

That's right.

MORRIS

Check me off that list, too.

The Warden pauses briefly.

WARDEN

This is a maximum security prison with a minimum of privileges. We don't make good citizens here, we make good prisoners.

The bird flaps wildly around the sides of its cage. The Warden stands and walks over to the cage. He watches the bird.

WARDEN

(not looking at  
Morris)

You've escaped from several prisons...

CONTINUED

The Warden opens the door of the cage and the bird hops on his finger. With his other hand he holds out birdseed that the bird eats. When the seed is gone, the Warden strokes the bird's neck.

WARDEN  
(not looking at  
Morris)

That's why they sent you here...

The Warden carefully puts the bird back into the cage and turns to the terrarium. There are two baby turtles climbing the rocks. The Warden picks one of the turtles and holds it up, its limbs flailing the air.

WARDEN  
Alcatraz was built to keep all the rotten eggs in one basket. I was personally selected to make sure the stink from that basket never escapes.

The Warden puts the turtle on the table about a yard from the terrarium. The turtle immediately scampers back to it. The Warden places the turtle back into the terrarium.

WARDEN  
Since I became Warden, 34 inmates have tried to escape. We recaptured 24 of them. The rest were either killed or drowned in the Bay. No one has ever escaped and no one ever will.

The Warden chooses another turtle from the terrarium and sets it on the table. This turtle scampers to the edge of the table and falls over. It hits the ground, ending up on its back. Its limbs struggle to right itself. The Warden walks past the turtle to his desk and sits down, leaving the turtle struggling on the floor. The Warden looks at the turtle and then at Morris.

WARDEN  
It's dangerous to venture about,  
here at Alcatraz.

Morris, unrattled, looks back at the Warden. The Warden presses a buzzer. A guard enters and removes Morris. The Warden looks through the door through which Morris has left. The Warden looks thoughtful, a little uncertain of Morris. He picks up Morris' file and skims it. His eyes stop at the bottom of the page.

22 INSERT

The last line of the file reads IQ: SUPERIOR.

23 CELL - LATER

Morris is lying on his bunk. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of the inmates returning to the cellhouse. At first the noise is slight as six or seven enter. But by the time all the inmates have entered the commotion is deafening. The sounds of rustling trousers, shoes slapping the floor, cell doors clanging open and closed, and men's voices, fill up the cellhouse. Morris lies oblivious to the noise, making no attempt to watch the action.

24 CELLHOUSE

The captain of the guards sits at a desk by the entrance to the dining room. A loud bell rings.

CAPTAIN  
(yelling)

Count 'em!

A guard goes to each tier of each cellblock as the inmates stand at the front of their cells. The guards walk along the tiers, counting the inmates. The guards yell their counts down to the captain, the guards' voices echoing throughout the cellhouse. The captain tallies the numbers, satisfied all inmates are accounted for. A second bell rings.

CAPTAIN  
Ring 'em out!

The captain picks up the phone.

CAPTAIN  
(into phone)

All here.

Guards go to the end of the tiers to pull a metal handle which opens all the cells along each tier. One guard goes to the end of lower outside B cellblock and pulls the metal handle. All 28 cells along that tier simultaneously clang open, the sound echoing off the walls. The men, including Morris, exit from their cells, make a left turn and silently march single-file along the aisleway. The men eye Morris curiously, but he shows no interest in them. Outside the dining room the inmates break into two parallel lines, with Morris becoming the head of the second line. In front of this group, waiting to enter the dining room, are black inmates similarly lined up. A large muscular Negro, ENGLISH (40, shaven head), turns around and eyes Morris slowly.

ENGLISH  
(neutral tone)  
Better button your collar, boy.

24 CONTINUED

Morris, noticing that the other inmates have their collars buttoned for dining, does likewise. The black group enters the dining room and heads for the serving line. Morris' group waits. The guards outside the dining room look Morris over. As the black group finishes at the serving line, a guard nods and Morris' group enters.

25 DINING ROOM

There are inmates eating and conversation dies down as they check Morris out. Morris' group forms two lines in front of a steam table serving cafeteria style. Above the table is a blackboard with a menu on it. Alongside is another blackboard listing the Outlaw Softball League, with scores such as Middle C 6 - Lower B 4. After the men receive their food, they split off to the right and left and sit down. As Morris goes along the line, the inmate servers eye him curiously. The Warden, standing to the side of the serving line, also watches Morris. Morris takes his food and sits at a long table that seats 5 men on each side. He notices that the black inmates are sitting at tables by themselves. He reaches for his silverware on the table and sees there is no knife. He looks up at an elderly man, LITMUS (Italian, 60, glasses, hearing aid), sitting across from him.

MORRIS

(not surprised)

No knives?

Litmus does not look up from eating or reply.

MORRIS

Hey, no knives?

Litmus continues to eat and look at his plate. After a couple of beats...

LITMUS

(still looking at  
plate)

Nope, no knives.

Morris begins to eat. An inmate sitting at the table, WOLF (40, big, muscular, ugly, facial scar), observes him closely. Morris looks up and the two men's eyes meet. Wolf, slowly sucking on spaghetti, looks like he would like to suck on Morris, too. Morris breaks the eye contact and begins to look around. There are numerous large, barred windows around the room. Outside is a catwalk balcony with armed guards. The guards patrol the catwalk, peering through the windows at the

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

inmates. While Morris eats, he notices that Litmus keeps eyeing the spaghetti that Morris has left untouched.

LITMUS  
(can't stand it  
any longer)

Say, fresh fish, you want you pasta?

Morris ignores Litmus and continues eating, just as Litmus had done to him.

LITMUS  
Say, fish, I know you ears are  
lotsa better than mine. Now that  
pasta, it's a gathering dust.  
Why not give it to this ole  
Italian?

Morris finally looks up and slides his plate toward Litmus. Litmus eagerly spoons the spaghetti onto his own plate and slides Morris' plate back. Morris continues eating, but he notices Litmus fingering small pieces of spaghetti and sticking his hand under the table. Litmus does this without attracting attention and Morris does not let on that he is watching. Litmus' hand disappears one more time and Morris purposely knocks his own spoon onto the floor. He bends down to pick it up and glances under the table toward Litmus. Sitting on one of Litmus' legs is a mouse eating the spaghetti. As Morris sits up, his eyes catch Litmus. Litmus knows that Morris has seen the mouse and Litmus' face is fearful that Morris will do something that will cause the mouse to be discovered. But Morris continues to eat and drink, all the while looking nonchalantly at Litmus. Litmus realizes that Morris isn't going to say or do anything about the mouse. Litmus' face breaks into a big smile.

LITMUS  
(extending hand)  
I'm Litmus.

MORRIS  
(shaking hand)  
What?

LITMUS  
Litmus. Like a litmus paper.  
When it's a cold, my face turns  
blue, when it's a hot, my face  
turns red.

Litmus chuckles.

MORRIS  
How old are you?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

LITMUS  
(holding six  
fingers up)

Sixty!

MORRIS  
Are you a trusty?

LITMUS  
Trusty? You kid me? They no got  
trusties here. They don't trust  
à nobody. I no trust them either,  
so we even.

Morris begins to look around again. Wolf is still eyeing him. Wolf lights a wooden match and watches it burn. When it gets down to his fingers he looks at Morris. Morris looks back at him. The flame burns right into his fingers and goes out. Wolf doesn't flinch. He smiles mirthlessly at Morris. Morris continues to look around. He notices some sprinklers hanging down from the ceiling.

MORRIS  
(to Litmus)  
What's with the sprinklers?

LITMUS  
(looking up)  
Sprinklers? Ha! Those no sprink-  
lers. Those tear gas bombs. The  
screw hits a button and a BOOM!  
They notta care about you burning  
up. They care they gotta you by  
the balls.

Litmus falls into a bad coughing fit.

MORRIS  
You seen the doc?

LITMUS  
The croaker? Ha! They think you  
no bleed, you no hurt. My eyes  
notsa too good, neither.

MORRIS  
The glasses?

LITMUS  
Ain't a the glasses. Couple years  
here, those bars just get a  
stitched on your eyeballs.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

Morris and Litmus look at each other. There's nothing left to say. A guard approaches their table. The inmates put their silverware on top of the tray and push the trays to the end of the table. The guard quickly counts the silverware and nods. The inmates stand and march out of the dining room.

26 CELLHOUSE - DUSK

Morris' group leaves the dining room. Other groups follow them out. Tier by tier the cell doors open, the men enter and the cell doors clang shut. A loud bell rings.

CAPTAIN

Count 'em!

The previous procedure is repeated. One guard goes to each tier as the inmates stand at the front of their cells. The guards walk by the cells and count the inmates. The guards call their counts down to the captain, their voices echoing. The captain tallies the numbers.

CAPTAIN

Lockdown!

It has gotten darker now and some of the cell lights are being turned on. The main overhead lights come on.

27 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

From OFFSCREEN a jumble of sounds can be heard such as a lonely harmonica in a distant cell. Muffled voices rise and ebb, bringing phrases like "rook takes pawn." A plane flies overhead to Honolulu or Tokyo or Mexico City, its drone filtering through the cellhouse. A guard walks by, giving Morris a stare as he passes. The sounds of foghorns and buoy bells are heard as the camera slowly closes on Morris. The wind, whipping through the cracks and crevices, creates an eerie whistling sound. A hint of sadness, of loneliness, comes into Morris' face. He gives the bars a slight push and pull. They don't move.

27 EXT. - OUTSIDE THE PRISON - NIGHT

The sound of the foghorns is louder now. The lights hanging over the outside of the prison wall give off a hazy light through the fog. The lights shudder as the winds whips them. A glimpse is seen of one of the towers, with a guard peering out. The Alcatraz lighthouse flashes every five seconds. The prison sits there, quiet, cold, its lights oddly illuminating the blackness.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

28 ALCATRAZ ISLAND - SUNRISE

A beautiful sunrise lights the island.

29 INT. - PRISON ARMORY

The captain and five guards enter a small room. The captain presses a buzzer. A small slit in a steel door is opened and eyes peer through. The armorer recognizes the men and opens the top half of the door. The guards line up in front of the armorer. He gives each man a carbine and a key. The guards pocket the keys and inspect the carbines. When the guards are finished, they surround a coffee pot and fill up their cups. A pile of sweet rolls is next to the coffee pot. They take their cups and gather in a semi-circle around the captain.

CAPTAIN

Weather report says late afternoon fog. Be alert when they come back from the shops.

The captain looks at his watch.

CAPTAIN

Finish up, it's about time.

The guards drain their cups and return them to the table. The captain motions for one of the guards, RAND (paunchy), to see him. Rand walks over.

CAPTAIN

No more taking food up to the tower. Understand?

Rand reddens slightly. He nods and rejoins the guards.

CAPTAIN

It's time.

The guards exit.

30 EXT. - OUTSIDE PRISON

The guards fan out and head for their various towers. San Francisco, the Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge look dazzling in the sun's early rays.

31 TOWER

Rand unlocks the tower door, enters and hands the key to the outgoing guard. The guard exits and Rand hears the door being locked. Rand waves to some of the guards in the other towers. He looks out at the prison. Everything is quiet. He looks

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

uncomfortable, bored already. He looks at his watch and then out at the prison again. He finally gives in, reaches under his coat, withdraws a sweet roll and begins to eat.

32 INT. - MORRIS' CELL

Morris, asleep, is lying on his bunk fully dressed. The cellhouse is quiet. He neither took off his clothes nor got under the covers during the night. A bell rings. Morris' eyes open. They are momentarily confused, but the recognition of where he is soon comes to him.

33 CELLHOUSE

The other inmates are rising. Their conversations and movements create a din.

34 MORRIS' CELL

Morris slaps water on his face and rubs it with a towel. He sees his reflection in the mirror. There is no warmth in his face as he looks at his reflection. A bell rings. Morris goes to cellfront.

35 CELLHOUSE

The guards walk along the tiers, counting the inmates. When a guard, JOHNSON (elderly, decent), passes Morris, he sees that Morris is fully dressed.

JOHNSON

Shower day, Morris. Bathrobe and slippers.

Johnson walks to the end of the aisle.

JOHNSON

Twenty-five!

CAPTAIN

Ring out lower outside B!

Those cells simultaneously clang open. The inmates, wearing bathrobes and slippers, and carrying full laundry bags, exit from their cells. Accompanied by two guards, the men silently walk single-file through the cellhouse. They stop in front of a locked door. An armed guard in the elevated wire mesh enclosed gun gallery watches them from above. A floor guard walks over to a spot under the gun gallery guard. The gallery guard lowers a thin rope with a key to the floor guard. The floor guard takes the key and unlocks the door. The gallery

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

guard pulls the key back up. He pushes a button which releases an electric lock on the door. The door is opened and the inmates pass through and descend a steep stairway to a large basement.

36 BASEMENT

An armed guard looks down from an elevated walkway. The inmates hand their bags to an orderly in a large wire cage. The men file over to an area where they disrobe. A guard turns a handle that turns on all the showers at once. Litmus sticks his hand in his bathrobe pocket and withdraws his pet mouse. He holds it in his closed hand to hide it from the guards. He heads for the showers and gets under the nozzle, wetting himself all over. He keeps the mouse out of the direct spray. He opens his hand a little and drips water from his other hand onto the mouse. Litmus then takes a little soap and washes the mouse. Morris and Wolf are undressing for the showers. Wolf watches Morris undress. Morris hangs his bathrobe on a wall hook and heads for the showers. Wolf, now naked, walks over to Morris' robe. He ignores several other empty hooks and places his robe on top of Morris' robe so that they hang from the same hook. Morris gets under a nozzle next to Litmus. Morris notices the mouse.

MORRIS

You go everywhere together?

LITMUS

Even to bed. And when I wash, he wash. Easier to sleep together that way.

Morris watches Litmus wash the mouse. A hint of a smile appears at Morris' mouth. Wolf, looking for a shower, starts to pass Morris. Wolf stops, turns around and walks back to the shower next to Morris. An inmate is already in that shower. Wolf stands silently in front of him. The inmate nervously leaves the shower to Wolf. Wolf gets under the nozzle. The only noise is the hiss of the showers. Steam begins to form, creating a thin mist. Wolf begins to soap himself, rubbing the soap bar over his heavily tattooed body. He turns toward Morris.

WOLF

I'm Wolf.

Morris doesn't reply or look at him. Wolf slowly looks up and down Morris' body. Wolf leans back, letting the water flow over his head, down his face and into his mouth. His tongue hangs on his lower lip. Wolf spits the water out.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

WOLF

Where'd they transfer you from?

MORRIS

Atlanta.

WOLF

Nice town, Atlanta.

MORRIS

I never saw it.

Wolf looks down toward Morris' prick. The water beats into Wolf's back.

WOLF

I'm looking for a new punk.

MORRIS

Good luck.

Wolf takes the soap and squeezes it from one hand to another. The soap bar slides easily back and forth, foaming Wolf's hands. Wolf looks up and down Morris' body.

WOLF

You don't understand. I just found her.

The showers hiss, the steam rises. The guards are talking among themselves. Morris finally turns toward Wolf.

MORRIS

(inviting)

Then why don't you show her what you can do?

An arrogant, triumphant smile crosses Wolf's face. The smile fades and Wolf licks his lips. Wolf takes two short steps toward Morris. Morris drives his right hand into Wolf's stomach, doubling him over, the soap dropping to the floor. Morris puts his left hand under Wolf's chin and forces Wolf's face up. Morris picks the soap up with his right hand and stuffs it into Wolf's mouth. Morris straightens Wolf up and pushes him back against the wall under the shower. The action has taken place so fast that the guards have missed it. The sound of the showers has hidden the noise of the fight. Wolf is propped up against the wall, the water going over his head, the soap sticking out of his mouth like an apple in a pig's mouth. The soap drops from his mouth and he groans. A guard hears Wolf and comes to the edge of the shower area.

GUARD

(to all the inmates)

What happened?

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

The inmates are silent. The only noise is the showers and Wolf's gasps. The guard looks at Wolf.

GUARD

Wolf?

Wolf is gasping, but he is able to shake his head no. The guard looks at Morris. Morris looks back. The guard knows none of the inmates will say anything. The only sound is the hissing of the showers.

37 MORRIS' CELL - LATER

Morris, his head still wet, buttons up his shirt. Johnson comes by his cell.

JOHNSON

Want to go to church?

MORRIS

Any other choice?

JOHNSON

Breakfast.

MORRIS

And if I'm not hungry?

JOHNSON

Remain in your cell.

MORRIS

Anything else?

JOHNSON

Only if you're Catholic.

MORRIS

Why?

Johnson

Catholics that go to church can eat later.

MORRIS

Looks like I'll be eating later.

JOHNSON

You're Catholic?

MORRIS

I just became one.

## 38 CHAPEL

25 inmates, including Morris, enter the Chapel. The room has an altar and a pulpit, but there is nothing else to suggest that the room is a chapel. 100 folding chairs are set up facing the altar. A guard stands near the door and a guard watches from a walkway 15 feet above the ground. Upon reaching the altar, four inmates break off from the rest and sit in seats off to the side, forming the choir. The remaining inmates sit in the first few rows, leaving numerous empty chairs behind them that dominate the room. Seven black inmates sit in a row by themselves. The CHAPLAIN nods at the choir. The choir rises and sings the first stanza of "Just A Closer Walk With Thee." As they sing, the camera cuts to several inmate faces in the congregation. Most of the faces are despondent. Morris looks uncomfortable, restless. The choir finishes and the Chaplain walks to the pulpit.

## CHAPLAIN

Of all the emotions, love is the most intensely religious. Once you can love all of God's creations - every ray of light, every grain of sand, every leaf - you'll be able to see the hand of God in all things. And you'll love the world with a love that is all embracing and universal.

As the Chaplain pauses, the camera cuts to Morris. Morris rises and walks to the guard at the back of the room. The Chaplain notices Morris, but resumes his sermon. The guard and Morris leave the room.

## 39 MORRIS' CELL - LATER

Morris is resting on his bunk when the Chaplain appears at his cell.

## CHAPLAIN

Mind if I come in?

Morris doesn't reply. The Chaplain signals the guard at the end of the tier and the cell door slides open. The Chaplain sits on one of the steel shelves that fold out from the wall.

## CHAPLAIN

I saw you leave the service this morning...

He waits for Morris to reply. Morris doesn't.

## CHAPLAIN

I'd appreciate knowing why.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

MORRIS

I got bored.

CHAPLAIN

After five minutes?

MORRIS

I get bored easily.

CHAPLAIN

Was it something I said?

MORRIS

I didn't see anyone else talking.

CHAPLAIN

What was it?

MORRIS

Maybe you can love every leaf,  
every grain of sand, every ray of  
light... I can't.

JOHNSON

Do you believe in God?

MORRIS

No, do you?

CHAPLAIN

(ignoring question)

Why not?

MORRIS

I only believe in what I can see.

CHAPLAIN

If you believe in God, then you  
can see Him.

MORRIS

You've got it backwards. If I  
can see God, then I'll believe in  
Him. But I'm not holding my  
breath, because from the looks of  
this place, He doesn't hang around  
here too much.

JOHNSON

So, that's the way you want it?

MORRIS

No, that's the way it is.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

The Chaplain stands and nods to Johnson in the aisleway. Morris' cell door slides open. The Chaplain exits and begins to walk away. The door slides shut. Morris approaches the bars.

MORRIS

Chaplain...

The Chaplain turns, comes back to the bars and faces Morris.

MORRIS

Once when I was looking over a cliff, I slipped and tumbled over the side. I was able to grab the root of a bush and hold on. I cried out, "Is there anyone up there who can help me?" A booming voice out of nowhere answered, "I can." "Who are you?" I asked. "I'm God and I can help you. But first, do you believe in me?" "Of course," I replied. "Then," the voice said, "let go."

CHAPLAIN

Did you?

MORRIS

No. I yelled out, "Anyone else up there who can help me?"

CHAPLAIN

And was there?

MORRIS

No. I climbed my own way back up.

CHAPLAIN

The next time you fall over that cliff, will you ask for God's help?

MORRIS

I'll pray like my life is in God's hands. And I'll start scratching my way back in case it's in mine.

40 CELLHOUSE - DAY

Morris is filing out of the dining room when a guard stops him.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

GUARD

You've been temporarily assigned  
to the library over on Seedy Street.

Morris, watched by the guard, walks down the main aisle. He passes inmates that are buffing the floor with large electric polishers. Above him, along the walkways in front of the cells, inmates wipe and polish the rails. Morris takes a right at the end of C block and approaches the library.

41 LIBRARY

It is a very large room with a high ceiling and is separated from the cellblock area by a wire grille from the floor to the ceiling. There are many books and shelves, but there is only one chair and desk, those for the library orderly. Morris stops in front of the desk, where the orderly, English, is sitting. English looks him over.

ENGLISH

(unfriendly)

What you want, boy?

MORRIS

Bull told me to report here.

ENGLISH

Can you read, boy?

MORRIS

If it's in English, boy.

English looks at Morris for a couple of beats.

ENGLISH

You hate niggers?

MORRIS

I hate everybody.

ENGLISH

You treat them all like Wolf?

MORRIS

He wanted to be friends...  
I didn't.

ENGLISH

Wolf usually scares new fish so  
much they just start bending over  
whenever they see him.

Morris doesn't reply. English motions to a cart with

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

some books on it.

ENGLISH

You'll take that cart to the cells.

MORRIS

Cons can't come down here?

ENGLISH

You see any chairs?

MORRIS

Why not?

ENGLISH

Cause this is the Rock, man. Same reason you don't get any news of the outside. Same reason this is the only federal can without a commissary. Same reason they keep us in the cells 16 hours of every day. They don't want you doing anything here but time. Hard fucking time.

English stands, picks some magazines off the table and carries them to the cart. He limps as he walks.

ENGLISH

You don't speak unless you're spoke to. You don't look unless you're asked to. You keep your ass so low you're part of the concrete.

English drops the magazines on the cart.

ENGLISH

Rock affects dudes differently, man. It either brings out your strength... or it breaks you.

MORRIS

What it do to you?

ENGLISH

It taught me to be bigger, better, and blacker than anyone I come up against.

MORRIS

And when you get out?

ENGLISH

I won't be getting out.

41 CONTINUED

English falls silent, but Morris looks at him, wanting him to continue.

ENGLISH

Ten years ago I was teaching high school in Alabama. Two dudes broke in my house, tied my daughter and me up, and raped my wife in front of us. I worked the ropes loose and I stopped them. Then I stopped them from breathing.

(several beats)

I got two 99 year sentences...  
back to back.

MORRIS

You plead self defense?

ENGLISH

They were white dudes, man...  
just like you.

English and Morris silently look at each other for a couple of beats.

ENGLISH

At an Alabama pen, a white con came at me in the mess hall. I drove a fork through his eye into his brain. They sent me to the Rock.

English stands and limps toward the cart with a large pile of books. Morris meets him half-way and takes the books from him. Morris, noticing the limp, looks down at English's leg.

ENGLISH

When I arrived here, they put me in one of the dark cells in D block. After a while I went stir crazy. Slashed my Achilles tendon to get out. You'll see why when you see D block.

Morris takes the books, turns around and puts them on the cart. While doing this, his back is to English. Morris turns around and faces him.

MORRIS

You finished killing white guys?

English looks at him.

ENGLISH

Why?

41 CONTINUED

MORRIS

Maybe next time I won't  
turn my back.

English picks up the rest of the books and carries them toward Morris. English and Morris face each other briefly. English doesn't say anything. He drops the books in Morris' hands. Morris looks at English. English looks back. Morris turns and carries the books to the table. His back is once again toward English. Morris arranges the books on the cart and then turns around and faces English.

MORRIS

See you later.

Morris begins to push the cart.

ENGLISH

What's your name, man?

MORRIS

Frank. What's yours?

ENGLISH

English.

They look at each other for a couple of beats and then Morris pushes the cart out of the library.

42 D BLOCK

CLOSEUP of a large "D". Morris pushes a buzzer next to the "D". A slit in a steel door opens and eyes peer out. The slit closes. Morris hears the sound of locks being unlocked. The door opens and Morris pushes his cart through the door and past a guard, WAGNER (mean looking). Wagner watches him closely. There are three tiers of cells, with a three story gun gallery enclosed by wire mesh to the side and facing the cells. A guard on the third floor, carrying a carbine, watches Morris. Morris, on the ground floor, stops at the first cell. A black inmate looks suspiciously at Morris.

BLACK INMATE

Where's English?

Morris passes some magazines through the bars.

BLACK INMATE

What they do, give a nigger a  
nigger of his own?

Morris looks back at him for a couple of beats, then pushes his cart to the next cell. An inmate, looking pale and thin, sits on his bunk.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

MORRIS

Want a magazine?

The inmate doesn't say anything. He just stares blankly at Morris. Morris takes some magazines and books and pushes them through the bars. They land on the bunk next to the inmate. He makes no attempt to pick them up. He just looks at Morris. Morris pushes his cart to the next cell. BUGSY, with a big grin, is waiting for him.

BUGSY

I'm Buggy. You're new.

MORRIS

Yeah.

BUGSY

Got some books for me?

MORRIS

Got whatever you want.

BUGSY

I want out of here.

Morris doesn't reply.

BUGSY

Where's your cell?

MORRIS

Outside B.

BUGSY

They made these cells a little bigger cause they hardly ever let us out.

MORRIS

(uneasy)

Guess I better get going.

BUGSY

Wait, don't go yet. You're the first new face I've seen in six months. It's nice to talk to you... How'd the Brooklyn Dodgers do yesterday?

MORRIS

It's January. They don't play till April.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

BUGSY

Oh.

MORRIS

And they moved to Los Angeles  
two years ago.

BUGSY

Oh.

MORRIS

How about those books?

BUGSY

( in a daze)

Huh? Oh, no thanks.

MORRIS

(handing him books)

Here, take them. It'll help pass  
the time.

BUGSY

Oh, thanks.

Morris begins to push his cart. It won't move. Morris looks  
up and sees Wagner blocking his cart. Behind Wagner are six  
cells with solid doors.

WAGNER

Warden doesn't allow books in  
these cells.

MORRIS

Why not?

WAGNER

There's no light in them.

A faint pounding and screaming can be heard coming from one  
of the cells. Morris looks at Wagner.

WAGNER

You'd better finish delivering  
your books, Morris...where they  
can be read.

43 CELLHOUSE GUN GALLERY - DAY

The gun gallery guard paces back and forth looking at the cells  
in B and C blocks.

44 MORRIS' CELL

Morris is lying on his bunk, pitching checkers into a tin cup.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED .

Some go in, most miss. A cockroach emerges from the cup, goes down the side and disappears behind the toilet. Morris, unconcerned, continues pitching the checkers.

45 CELLHOUSE

The captain is at his desk on the floor. A bell rings.

CAPTAIN

Ring 'em out! Yard time!

The cell doors clang open and the inmates, wearing peacoats and knit caps, exit from their cells. The inmates march single file and stop in front of a steel door. At the door, a floor guard waits as a guard in the elevated wire mesh gun gallery takes a key off the wall and lowers it by rope to the floor guard. The floor guard unlocks the door and the gallery guard pulls the key back up. The inmates scheduled for yard time, around 100, file out the door. The gallery guard sends the key back down, the floor guard locks the door and the key is pulled back up.

46 YARD

The inmates pass through the yard door, descend some steps and enter a yard about 35 yards wide and 90 yards long. Surrounding the yard are 20 foot walls. A wire fence with barbed wire on top run atop the walls. Armed guards, looking down on the inmates, patrol along the top of the walls. The sun is bright and the wind strong. As the inmates enter the yard, they blink their eyes, unaccustomed to the bright light. They begin various activities. Some inmates run along the sides of the walls, like runners in training. Two teams form a softball game. Others play handball, bumping into outfielders. Some inmates gather and talk, others stroll aimlessly by themselves. There are 12 long steps, facing the yard like bleachers, that run along the cellhouse wall. Morris walks along these steps, noticing sea gulls flying not far overhead. He sees Litmus playing dominoes with several other inmates. Morris squats down next to him.

LITMUS

Want to play?

MORRIS

Don't know how.

Litmus plays a domino. The other players look unsettled by his play.

LITMUS

Make no difference. These strunzos got pasta for brains.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

Litmus sees a small beetle on the step and slaps it with his hand. He gives Morris a knowing look, picks the dead beetle up and drops it into his peacoat pocket. There is a small movement seen on the outside of Litmus' pocket. Litmus grins. From his shirt breast pocket, Litmus pulls out small sheets of paper with numbers and suits drawn in.

LITMUS

(mischevious look)

How bout play a the poker?

MORRIS

(slight smile)

Thought the hacks here didn't allow gambling?

LITMUS

(shrugging)

I breaka the law outside, I breaka the law inside, too.

MORRIS

No thanks, Litmus. I'm just gonna walk around.

Morris walks along the steps. The inmates are sprinkled about. He notices an inmate off by himself, DOC ( 60, white hair), who is painting a canvas. Morris stops and looks. It is a self portrait of Doc. The portrait shows him facing the viewer, wearing the gray Alcatraz shirt and number. His hands are cuffed and he holds a paint brush in his right hand. His face is sad. In the shirt pocket, seemingly out of place, is a golden poppy. Morris watches Doc paint.

DOC

Ever heard of Newton's Law on Conservation of Energy?

MORRIS

What do you think?

DOC

It says for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Doc waits for Morris to say something. Morris doesn't.

DOC

You hurt Wolf. Wolf will hurt you.

MORRIS

Wolf's an optimist.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

Doc continues to paint. Morris watches him and studies the canvas closely.

DOC

Like it?

MORRIS

What's the flower for?

DOC

It's something inside me that they can't lock up with their bars and walls.

Several beats.

DOC

You ever paint?

MORRIS

No.

DOC

Why not?

Morris doesn't answer. He doesn't have an answer.

DOC

You scared of dying?

MORRIS

No.

DOC

I am. That's why I paint. It's all part of that flower. I used to walk around this yard. I figured I've walked over 6,000 miles between these walls. One day I realized I was like an animal pacing back and forth in its cage. After that I didn't want to walk around any more. I sat on these steps and wanted to kill myself. Then an older con started me painting and I haven't stopped since. And I won't stop, cause it's the only reason I have to keep going after 20 years on this Rock. You'll need something, too.

MORRIS

I don't plan on being here for 20 years.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

DOC

(looking at Morris)

I didn't either.

Morris stands and walks along the steps. He sees English sitting by himself on the top step, with several black inmates on a step below him. Morris walks up the steps toward English. As he approaches the black inmates, STREET (young, aggressive), eyes him suspiciously and stands, blocking Morris.

STREET

Where you think you going,  
cracker?

ENGLISH

(commanding)

Sit down, Street.

Street sits and Morris joins English on the top step.

MORRIS

Something special about this step?

ENGLISH

Con status. Higher you sit, the more status you got. Everyone wants to sit up here cause you can see the city. So we kinda play king of the mountain, like when we were kids. 'Cept here we don't play for fun, man.

MORRIS

And you're king?

ENGLISH

Yeah. It's like when a bear goes into new woods, he looks round the trees to find bear claw marks. If he can reach above those marks and make his own scratch, he knows he's the biggest muther-fuckin bear in those woods. Those woods are his. But if he can't reach those marks, he knows he better get out.

(pauses)

Well, I came up here one day and made a couple of claw marks. After that I owned this step. Since then...

(looking directly  
at Morris)

there's only been niggers in these woods.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

Morris starts to get up. English puts his hand on Morris' arm.

ENGLISH

Maybe cause no one else wanted to come in.

English falls silent and leans against the cellhouse wall. Morris does the same. From this top step they can see over the walls. Ocean liners and sail boats are only a couple hundred yards away. To the West, spanning the entrance to the Bay, is the Golden Gate Bridge. Details of San Francisco, such as cable cars clattering up the hills, are clearly visible. They watch an airplane fly overhead, its wings glistening in the sun. The outside world is very close.

MORRIS

No one's ever bust out?

ENGLISH

No, and they been trying for years. Every con here's looked for a hole, a way out, a breakdown in the system. But there ain't any. See those hacks?

47 ANGLE ON GUARDS

ENGLISH (v.o.)

Most joints have one hack for every seven cons. There's one hack for every three cons here. That way they know every con's name and every con's habits. You suddenly start ordering a lot of books, they want to know why. You start shittin' at night instead of in the morning, they want to know why.

48 ENGLISH

ENGLISH

But say you're gonna try it anyway. First you've got to get out of your cell. The bars on all the cells are toolproof. Each bar has six hard smaller bars set in a steel tube, with extra steel poured in. No way to tunnel out either. Shit, this island is solid rock. But suppose you get out of the cell. Then you've got to get out of the cellhouse. Every way out is locked and guarded. You saw what it was like when they brought you in. But, o.k., say you make it out of the cellhouse. See that tower?

## 48 ANGLE ON GUARD TOWER

ENGLISH (v.o.)

There's one on the powerhouse,  
on the factory, on the hill, on  
the road and on the dock. They  
can see the whole island and they've  
all got searchlights. But maybe  
you're lucky and you make it to  
the shore. See the water?

## 49 ANGLE ON BAY

ENGLISH (v.o.)

It's only a mile swim to land,  
but the currents make it seem  
like ten. And the water's cold  
enough to numb your arms after  
a couple of minutes.

## 50 ENGLISH

ENGLISH

And even if you're a good swimmer  
you won't have time to make it.  
There's 12 counts every day. They'll  
know you're gone at the next count  
and send the launch around to pick  
you out of the water. Sometimes  
I think that's all this shithole is -  
one long count. We count the hours,  
the bulls count us and the king bull  
counts the counts.

English pauses and looks around the yard.

ENGLISH

See that old dude over there?

## 51 ANGLE ON OLD MAN

ENGLISH (v.o.)

That's Alvin Karpis, a member of  
Ma Barker's old gang. Said he'd  
break out in six months. That was  
in 1938.

## 52 SOFTBALL GAME

A softball is hit over the wall, bringing groans from some of  
the players.

## 53 ENGLISH AND MORRIS

MORRIS

They got something against home  
runs here?

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

ENGLISH

If it's over the wall, it's an out, man, not a home run. That's the Rock for you.

MORRIS

Con ever get hold of a gun?

ENGLISH

Yeah, but it didn't do any good. In '46 some cons stripped two guns from some of the bulls. Warden called in the Coast Guard, Army, Marines, state and local heat, bulls from Quentin, the FBI and two Navy destroyers. Three of the cons were killed and two others were fried at Quentin. Since then bulls near the cons haven't carried guns.

One of the sea gulls flying overhead lands on the step near English. The bird shuffles about, nervously eyeing him. English takes some bread crumbs out of his pocket and feeds the bird. He continues to do so for the rest of the scene.

ENGLISH

Something about this ole bird I like.

MORRIS

That one of Stroud's birds?

ENGLISH

No way. When they sent the Birdman here from Leavenworth, the Warden wouldn't let him bring his birds. His instruments, either. The Warden stripped Stroud of everything he had.

MORRIS

What did Stroud do?

ENGLISH

What could he do? And the Warden wasn't even satisfied with that. He wouldn't even let Stroud receive letters from people asking about their birds. One time Stroud was sent a letter from a woman whose bird was about to die. The Warden returned the letter. Couple of days later the Warden received a package marked personal. Inside was the dead bird. The Birdman finally beat this hole, though. He got so old and

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

ENGLISH (Cont'd)

sick they transferred him to Springfield last year. That's one way off the Rock.

(eyeing Morris  
carefully)

There's another, too.

MORRIS

How?

ENGLISH

Going through the back door. Couple of years ago a dude at dinner bent the prong of his fork, and jabbed it in his wrist right about here.

English points to his wrist.

ENGLISH

He worked the fork under his vein and pried it out from his skin. Then he bit the vein in two. He was prying the other vein out when the bulls grabbed him. They sent him to the bug doctors in the Midwest somewhere.

A plane flies overhead. Morris and English watch it.

ENGLISH

And you know something else, man? Twenty minutes before that dude put the fork in his wrist, we were out here talking in the yard, just like you and I are now.

Morris and English look at each other. A whistle blows.

GUARD (o.s.)

Inside!

54 MORRIS' CELL - DAY

Morris is resting on his bunk. Johnson comes to his door.

JOHNSON

You've been assigned a permanent job.

Morris just looks at him.

JOHNSON

The carpentry shop. It's a paying job.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

MORRIS

How much?

JOHNSON

(a little embarrassed)

Fifteen cents an hour.

MORRIS

I always knew crime would pay.

JOHNSON

Ain't bad work, though. They were gonna put you in the brush shop, but I had you transferred to carpentry.

MORRIS

Why?

JOHNSON

(shrugging)

It's a better job.

Johnson waits for Morris to say something. There is an uncomfortable silence.

JOHNSON

See you later.

55 YARD - DAY

The inmates, wearing peacoats, file into the yard. Wolf is about 10 men behind Morris and he is watching Morris very carefully. The inmates begin to mill about the yard. Morris walks by two guards who are having a conversation. They don't see Morris and they are talking loud enough for Morris to hear one of them.

GUARD

Yeah, some plane called a U-2. And the Russians have the pilot.

Morris looks at the guard. The guards see Morris and stop their conversation. As soon as he passes, they start up again. Wolf is still watching Morris. Morris walks over to Doc.

GUARD

(yelling)

Five minutes till line-up!

Wolf shakes his arm and a crude blade falls from under his sleeve into his hand. Doc and Morris are talking. Doc looks up at the gloomy sky.

DOC

Weather's gonna keep us out of the

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

DOC (Cont'd)  
yard this afternoon. Looks like  
I'll be painting in my cell.

MORRIS  
How can you paint there?

DOC  
It's the best place I know.

Morris has his back toward Wolf. Wolf, knife hidden in hand, begins to walk toward him.

DOC  
Summer's coming on and it's getting  
cooler. Weather here is as crazy  
as the Rock. Maybe crazier.

Wolf pushes his way through two inmates.

DOC  
Mark Twain once wrote that the  
coldest winter he ever spent was  
a summer in San Francisco. I can...

He sees Wolf. Doc doesn't change expression.

DOC  
Wolf's coming at you.

MORRIS  
Is his hand cupped?

DOC  
Yes.

Without turning his body, Morris slips his peacoat off. He holds the peacoat in front of him so that Wolf can't see it. Wolf is now only 10 feet away and headed for Morris' back. Wolf squeezes the knife handle. Above, a gull flies about shrieking CAW! CAW! Morris wraps the coat around his left forearm. Wolf is in striking distance. He raises the knife.

DOC  
Now!

Morris whirls around, his padded forearm bent for protection. The knife comes down on the coat, ripping it and digging into his arm. Morris grimaces. With his free right hand, he slams Wolf on the jaw. Wolf is knocked back, off balance. He recovers and grins at Morris. He is going to enjoy carving Morris up. The two men crouch. Wolf has the knife in front of

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

him, Morris the padded arm. Wolf pokes the arm quickly several times, watching Morris wince. Wolf lunges at Morris. Morris takes the knife on the coat and kicks Wolf in the nuts. Wolf gasps and retreats back to the crouch. Three guards run toward the two inmates.

FIRST GUARD

Break off!

Wolf and Morris ignore the guards and circle each other warily. One guard grabs Wolf from behind. Wolf breaks free, turns and slashes the guard with his knife. The guard falls back, bleeding across the neck. A guard on top of the wall fires two quick warning shots that kick up dust near Wolf's feet.

SECOND GUARD

Drop it, Wolf.

Wolf looks at the guard, then at the armed guards on top of the yard walls. They have their carbines aimed straight at Wolf. He drops the knife. The guard who has been stabbed approaches Wolf. He holds his bleeding wound.

GUARD

(bitterly)

You like D block, Wolf? You'd better, cause you're going to be in there a long time.

Morris takes the coat off his arm. His shirt sleeve is red from his blood.

GUARD

D block, Morris.

MORRIS

He came at me.

GUARD

D block.

The guards lead Wolf and Morris toward the cellhouse. Doc watches them walk off.

56 INT. - D BLOCK

A CLOSEUP of a large D. A finger presses a button and the slit in the door opens. Eyes peer out. The door is unlocked and opened. Wolf and Morris are walked passed the open cells to the dark cells.

WAGNER

Strip down.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

Wolf and Morris take their clothes off. The doors of two cells are opened.

WOLF

(to Morris)

When I get out, you're dead.

Wagner pushes Morris hard into the dark cell. Morris slams against bars that are just inside the cell.

WAGNER

I'll be damn. I plumb forgot about that other door.

Wagner unlocks the bars and pushes Morris into the back of the cell. Wagner throws a pair of coveralls into the cell. Wagner slides the bars together and locks them. He leaves the cell, takes the solid door and closes it.

CUT TO BLACK

57 DARK CELL

Only Morris' breathing can be heard. Then slowly, we FADE IN until Morris can be barely seen. He feels around on the ground until he feels the coveralls. He puts them on. He begins to feel the walls, trying to orient himself.

VOICE

Morris.

Morris edges along the wall toward the voice.

VOICE

Near the floor.

Morris bends down and then he feels it - an air vent that the voice is coming through.

VOICE

I'm in the cell above you. Wagner likes to use the fire hose. If he does, get in the back of the cell, in a corner, with your head between your knees. Keep your mouth and nose closed or you'll choke on the water.

MORRIS

(into vent)

Thanks.

Morris hears the sound of the solid door being unlocked. The door is opened and light comes into the cell. Wagner walks into the cell with a fire hose and nozzle. The hose is

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

connected to a pipe in the aisleway. Wagner and Morris look at each other.

WAGNER

The Warden doesn't like the inmates to fight. He doesn't like them to stink up their cells, either. I'm gonna solve both those problems right now.

Morris moves to the back of his cell, gets in a corner, puts his head between his knees and turns his back toward Wagner. Wagner puts the nozzle through the bars and turns the nozzle.

58 AISLEWAY

A large lump forms in the hose near the pump. The lump runs through the hose, speeding toward the nozzle.

59 CELL

The water shoots from the hose and digs into Morris. The force of the water pushes him against the wall. The spray goes up and down his back. His body shudders from the impact of the water and he collapses to the floor. Wagner cuts off the water. Morris gasps for breath. Wagner takes the hose and leaves the cell. The solid door is closed and locked.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

60 CELL

Morris rubs his body, trying to warm himself. He shivers slightly. The solid door is unlocked. A guard, POST, enters. He unlocks the cell bars and slides them apart.

POST

You're going back to your cell.

Morris stiffly stands and follows Post out into the aisleway. It is night.

61 AISLEWAY

Morris slowly walks down the aisleway. He has a couple days growth of beard. His hair is matted and his eyes bloodshot.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

He is hurting all over. He passes the open cells in D block, the inmates curiously looking out at him. Post takes him through the door into the main cellhouse area.

62 CELLHOUSE

It is quiet. As he passes the cells, the inmates put down what they are reading and gaze out at him. His cell door slides open, Morris enters, and the door slides shut.

63 CELL

Morris looks at his reflection in the mirror. He takes off the coveralls and puts on the regular clothes. Each move he makes is done stiffly. Morris lays on the bunk.

64 AISLEWAY

A mouse comes out of one of the cells and scampers down the aisleway. It stops in front of a cell.

65 MORRIS' CELL

Morris hears a noise at his bars and looks down. It is the mouse. There is a piece of paper taped to its back. Morris takes the paper.

66 AISLEWAY

The mouse returns along the aisleway to the cell it came from and disappears inside.

67 CELL

Morris opens the piece of paper.

68 INSERT OF PAPER

WELCOME BACK. LITMUS.

69 MORRIS

Morris lays back on his pillow and closes his eyes.

70 EXT. - YARD - DAY

The inmates file into the yard. Doc comes over to Morris.

DOC  
How are you?

MORRIS  
O.k.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

DOC

I hear Wolf is going to be in  
D for a year or two.

MORRIS

That breaks my heart.

DOC

Remember when we talked about  
why I started painting? That  
it keeps me going?

Morris nods.

DOC

What do you have?

Morris looks back silently. He has nothing and he knows it.

DOC

I could teach you to paint.

MORRIS

Thanks, Doc, but I'm not an  
artist. I'm a con.

DOC

So am I.

MORRIS

But you don't accept it. You've  
got something inside that pushes  
you to be more. I stopped caring  
a long time ago.

DOC

So you're just gonna give up.

MORRIS

Why not?

DOC

Cause you're still breathing -  
and as long as you're breathing  
you've got to keep trying. Even  
when they lock you up. They can't  
lock up what's in here...

(puts his fist against  
his heart)

...unless you let them.

A guard blows his whistle. The inmates line up on three  
painted yellow strips.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

GUARD

Brush shop!

The men on that line head for the yard door.

GUARD

Clothing shop!

Those men begin to exit.

GUARD

Carpentry shop!

Those men exit from the door and follow the preceding groups.

71 ROAD

The inmates descend steep steps, pass to the side of a metal detector stand and walk along the road. There is a tall fence between the inmates and the cliffs. The men are as close to the water as they ever get. Along the road are bushes and various flowers, including golden poppies. Morris looks through the fence toward San Francisco. As they walk along the road, their shoes slapping the concrete, the camera CLOSES on the shoes. They are all the same - black, laced, polished prison shoes.

DISSOLVE TO

72 - 76 MONTAGE SEQUENCE

This sequence emphasizes the constant monotony of the daily schedule, plus the passage of time. The scenes are (a) marching through the cellhouse (b) the opening and closing of cell doors (c) the lights being turned out (d) Morris watching Doc paint and talking with him in the yard (e) marching back from the shops.

DISSOLVE TO

77 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

It is raining outside. The rain taps on the skylight, the drumming echoing around the cellhouse. There is an occasional rumble of thunder. Morris absently turns the pages of a sport magazine with pictures of Ted Williams and Stan Musial. Morris' cell has a more lived-in appearance than before. A couple books are on the shelves. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of speakers clumsily being turned on. The Christmas carol "Silent Night" comes over the speakers. The sound of the rain remains in the background. Morris slowly closes his magazine and it falls to his chest. The carol depresses him. He looks sad, lonely.

78 EXT. RECREATION HUT - ESTABLISHING

Sounds and light from a party emanate from the hut.

79 INT. - HUT

A Christmas party is underway. A Christmas tree is in the center of the room. The party is noisy and festive, with guards and their wives milling about. Wagner and the Warden, both with drinks in their hands, are talking. Wagner is a little drunk.

WARDEN

How's D block been?

WAGNER

Quiet. It gets even quieter when I bring out the hose.

(laughing drunkly)

You should have seen Morris the time I...

WARDEN

Just do it, Wagner. Don't tell me about it.

Wagner nods meekly. Johnson is walking by the two men. Wagner grabs at him.

WAGNER

Come on over, Johnson.

Johnson stops and joins the two men. He acts cold and formal toward them.

JOHNSON

(nodding)

Warden.

WARDEN

Evening, Johnson.

WAGNER

You got those boys in B and C locked up tight tonight?

JOHNSON

Tight enough.

Wagner takes a ham sandwich and stuffs it in his mouth.

WAGNER

(mouth full)

You have any problems with them, you just have them see me.

JOHNSON

It's after they see you that

79 CONTINUED

JOHNSON (Cont'd)

I have problems.

Wagner stops chewing. The Warden says nothing.

JOHNSON

Excuse me, I've got to get back  
to my wife.

Johnson walks over to his wife.

JOHNSON

I'll be back soon.

80 EXTERIOR - PRISON STEPS

Johnson walks in the rain up the steps toward the cellhouse.

81 INTERIOR - MORRIS' CELL

Morris is staring up at the ceiling, listening to the rain.  
The speakers are momentarily off.

JOHNSON (v.o.)

Hello, Frank.

Morris looks up and sees Johnson.

JOHNSON

Got something for you.

Johnson is carrying several small bags. He passes one through  
the bars. Morris is surprised. He momentarily hesitates.

JOHNSON

(embarrassed)

Here, take it. Candy. I'm  
giving some to everyone.

Morris takes the bag.

JOHNSON

(faltering voice)

Merry Christmas...

They look at each other. They both feel the awkwardness of  
the situation. Morris looks at the bag and then at Johnson.

MORRIS

(slight smile)

Hope you don't mind, but I didn't  
have time to get you anything.

Johnson smiles back and starts to walk off.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

MORRIS

Wait.

Johnson turns around and looks at Morris through the bars.

MORRIS

(with feeling,  
but with diffi-  
culty)

Thanks.

The word comes out awkwardly, as if he has never said it before. It is a difficult moment for both of them. Johnson nods and leaves. Morris sits on his bunk and pours out the contents of the bag. There are a couple of candy bars, some lollipops, and a gum ball. Morris reaches for the gum ball and accidentally knocks it on the floor. The ball rolls under the cell door and stops a few feet away. Morris gets on his knees in front of the bars and reaches his hand through. He can't quite reach the ball. He withdraws his hand and looks through the bars at the gum ball. A cockroach comes up to the ball and sniffs it. Morris watches the cockroach and then gets off the floor and gets on his bunk. There is despair on his face. He begins to eat one of the candy bars. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of the speakers crackling into action again. "Jingle Bells" comes into the cellhouse.

SONG VOICES

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
jingle all the way, oh what  
fun it is to ride in a one  
horse open sleigh. Dashing  
through the snow, in a one  
horse open sleigh, over the  
fields we go, laughing all  
the way. Ha ha ha.

Morris stands and turns off the light.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

82 MORRIS' CELL - DAY

Morris is sitting on the toilet when he hears noise outside the cell next to his. From OFFSCREEN comes the sounds of voices, the cell door opening and closing, and then sounds of movement in the adjoining cell. Morris listens intently. The new man is ALLEN WARD (35, nervous, glasses). Morris hears a couple of taps and looks up. A hand is tapping on his

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

cell bars.

WARD (o.s.)  
Hey, anybody over there?

MORRIS  
Yeah, me.

WARD (o.s.)  
Come up front and say hello.

MORRIS  
I'm busy.

WARD  
How busy can you be in one of  
these closets?

Morris flushes his toilet.

83. WARD'S CELL

Ward gulps and does a doubletake upon hearing the toilet flush.

84 MORRIS AND WARD

Morris comes to the front of his cell. Neither man can see the other. Morris puts his hand through the bars to shake hands. Ward looks at Morris' hand with indecision.

MORRIS  
(dryly)  
I washed it.

WARD  
(relieved)  
Nice to meet you, neighbor.  
I'm Allen Ward.

They shake hands. Neither says anything for a couple of beats.

WARD  
(forcing conversation)  
This is the smallest cell I've ever  
been in.

MORRIS  
You'll get used to it.

WARD  
Don't like this one to a cell,  
either. I've never liked being  
alone.

MORRIS  
You'll get used to that, too.

84 CONTINUED

A bell rings.

CAPTAIN (o.s.)  
Yard time! Ring 'em out!

The cell doors clang open. Morris and Ward exit from their cells and see each other for the first time.

85 CELLHOUSE

The noise rises as inmates from all the tiers single file their way toward the yard door.

86 EXT. - YARD

The inmates come through the door and enter the yard. They split up into games and other activities. Morris and Ward are standing together. Litmus walks by, stopping when he sees Ward.

LITMUS  
(to Morris)  
Who's the new fish?

MORRIS  
They put him next to me.

LITMUS  
What'sa your name, kid?

WARD  
Allen Ward.

LITMUS  
I'm Al Capone.

Ward's eyes widen.

WARD  
I thought you were dead.

LITMUS  
Me dead? I got too much money.  
I'll never die. Say, you playa  
the poker?

WARD  
I haven't played much.

LITMUS  
I just learned myself. We play  
tomorrow. Got to go now. Got  
an important appointment.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

LITMUS (Cont'd)

See you later.

WARD

Goodbye, Mr. Capone.

Litmus walks by Morris and winks at him.

MORRIS

Yeah, see you later, Al.

Litmus walks off.

WARD

(awe struck)

I don't believe I just met Al  
Capone!

MORRIS

(dryly)

I don't either.

Ward looks at Morris. It slowly dawns on Ward that he has been hoodwinked. Doc is walking by and sees Morris and Ward. Doc sticks his hand out to Ward.

DOC

I'm Doc.

Ward shakes his hand.

WARD

Allen Ward.

MORRIS

How's the latest painting coming?

DOC

The one of the Warden? I'm  
almost finished.

WARD

You're painting the Warden?

DOC

He's very inspiring.

Doc and Morris trade glances.

WARD

Suppose he sees it and doesn't  
like it?

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

DOC

He never looks in the cells.  
Some of the bulls know, but  
they don't care. He'll never  
know about it.

87 INT. - CELLHOUSE

A guard opens the door from the passageway to the cellhouse.  
The Warden enters.

WARDEN

How's everything?

GUARD

Quiet.

The Warden begins to walk down the main aisleway. He removes some coins from his pocket and shuffles them in his hand. They make a metallic, grinding noise. The Warden walks along, his footsteps creating an eerie echo throughout the silent cellhouse. He looks at each tier of each cellblock as he passes. It is his cellhouse, his possession. He reaches the end of the aisleway and looks up at the armed guard in the gun gallery. The Warden turns around and retraces his path. He continues to manipulate the coins, creating the odd sound. A coin drops from his hand, hits the floor and rolls under one of the cell doors. The Warden walks over to the cell. It has the nameplate CHESTER DALTON on it. The Warden sees the coin on the floor of the cell. The Warden signals the guard at the end of the aisle and the door slides open. The Warden enters and picks up the coin. As he rises he notices a painting on the rear shelf. It is the self painting of Doc. The Warden studies it. Next to the painting is another canvas, but this canvas faces the wall. The Warden turns to leave the cell and takes a few steps. He stops and turns around again. He goes to the canvas that faces the wall. He picks it up and turns it toward him. It is of the Warden. It does not portray him favorably, but it doesn't take any cheap shots, either. It is an honest rendition, but the Warden's face looks hard, unattractive. The Warden puts the canvas back on the shelf and leaves the cell. He walks down the aisle, his footsteps continuing to echo. He begins to grind the coins again.

88 EXT: - YARD

A guard looks at his watch.

GUARD

Inside!

The men head toward the cellhouse.

## 89 INT. - WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden enters his office. As he passes his desk, he pushes a button. He goes to the birdcage and feeds some seed to the bird. The ASSOCIATE WARDEN enters the room.

WARDEN

I want painting privileges taken away from Chester Dalton.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

(confused)

What's the reason?

WARDEN

You think of one.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

When do you want the suspension to begin?

WARDEN

It's not a suspension. It's an elimination. Right now.

## 90 WARD'S AND MORRIS' CELLS

WARD

I really thought that was Al Capone. When did he leave here?

MORRIS

(dryly)

1939.

## 91 DOC'S CELL

Doc is painting a bird in flight. The cell door opens and Doc looks up to see Johnson standing there. Johnson enters the cell.

JOHNSON.

(hesitantly)

Your painting privileges have been removed.

DOC

Why?

JOHNSON

I don't know.

Johnson takes the canvas from in front of Doc and his brushes and paints. He gathers canvases along the back shelf and

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

starts to leave the cell. As he passes Doc he notices Doc looking at one of the canvases he is carrying. Johnson looks at the canvas. It is the one of the Warden. Johnson looks at Doc. They both know.

DOC  
Painting's all I have.

JOHNSON  
I'm sorry Doc.

Johnson leaves the cell and the door slides shut. Doc's cell looks almost barren now. The table top that held the canvas Doc was working on is empty. Doc slowly rubs the table top. He looks completely devastated.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

92 CELLHOUSE - DAY

A bell rings.

CAPTAIN  
Shop time! Ring 'em out!

93 YARD

The inmates file into the yard. Morris sees Doc and walks over to him.

MORRIS  
Finish the painting?

Doc doesn't acknowledge the question in any way. He just looks strangely at Morris. Morris can tell something is wrong, but he doesn't know what to say. A guard blows his whistle. The inmates line up on the three yellow lines.

GUARD  
Brush shop!

Those inmates file out of the door in the yard wall.

GUARD  
Glove 'shop!

Those inmates follow.

GUARD  
Carpentry shop!

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

Morris, Doc, Litmus and Ward plus the rest of the inmates file out.

94 ROAD

The inmates descend the steps and walk along the road. San Francisco is tantalizingly close. As the inmates walk down the road, they are watched from various towers.

95 ROAD TOWER GUARD'S POV

96 HILL TOWER GUARD'S POV

97 FACTORY TOWER GUARD'S POV

98 ROAD

The inmates march along, their shoes slapping against the road. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of gunfire.

99 TARGET PRACTICE FIELD

A guard is practicing with his carbine. He stands, extends the carbine and aims at a target about 25 yards away. The target is a large paper square with a body silhouette in the center. The guard fires three quick shots. A guard standing next to him pushes a button. The paper target is snapped up by a moving line and the target is brought to the two guards. There are three holes around the heart. The guard nods at the guard with the carbine.

100 ROAD

Morris and West march along the road. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of the gunfire. Ward twitches nervously.

WARD

What's that?

Morris looks back at Ward.

MORRIS

(wryly)

Target practice.

101 FACTORY

Morris' group enters the factory and proceeds to a large room with many barred windows. The men are counted by MASTERS, who marks the numbers in a clipboard. Morris notices that Doc is

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

standing at one of the windows and staring out at the Golden Gate Bridge. Morris walks over to him.

MORRIS

You o.k., Doc?

Doc nods his head yes.

MORRIS

You want to talk about it?

Doc shakes his head no. Morris reluctantly leaves Doc alone and walks over to Ward.

WARD

What's the matter?

MORRIS

Whatever it is, it's really eating him.

Doc walks over to where the work bib overalls are hung. There is a name above each pair. Doc reaches into his pants pocket and withdraws a golden poppy. He reaches for his overalls. Next to his are overalls under the name Morris. As Doc reaches for his own overalls, he drops the golden poppy into the pocket of Morris' overalls. Doc dons his overalls.

MASTERS

(yelling to all)

Put 'em on!

Doc walks away from the overalls as the men gather to don theirs. Doc walks to Masters.

DOC

I'm working on one of the new tables. I'm going to need the hatchet.

Masters unlocks a cupboard and hands Doc a hatchet. Masters turns around to lock the cupboard. Doc runs his finger along the blade as he looks at the back of Master's neck. The blade draws a thin strip of blood from Doc's finger. Masters turns around and faces Doc. Doc heads for a work table. The rest of the inmates also head for the tables. Sounds of hammering and sawing fill the room. Morris, concerned about Doc, goes over to Masters.

MORRIS

Better keep an eye on Doc. He's pretty upset.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

MASTERS

(indifferently)

Cons are always upset about something.

Morris stares briefly at Masters and then turns and walks toward the work tables to join the inmates at work.

DISSOLVE TO

102-105 MONTAGE

Work scenes show the inmates building a table, repairing a chair, sawing and hammering.

DISSOLVE TO

106 FACTORY ROOM

Doc erratically chops with his hatchet. His emotions are building. Masters blows his whistle.

MASTERS

Count off.

The men stop working, lay down their tools and stand at their place of work. The inmates count off by giving their last name. The group is widely varied among young and old, black and white, cocky and shy. CLOSEUPS of their faces as they give their last names shows a wide range of humanity. Masters listens and writes the count in his clipboard.

MASTERS

Take a break.

The men begin to chat and smoke. Doc is alone. He picks the hatchet up in his left hand and looks at it.

DOC

Mr. Masters, will you come over here for a minute?

Masters walks over to Doc. Doc lifts the hatchet up and then lays his right hand on the table. He slams the hatchet on his hand, chopping his fingers off. They jump from the hand and lie neatly lined up on the table. Doc, in a daze, barely reacts. The other inmates have heard the odd sound and turn toward Doc. Doc offers the hatchet to Masters. Masters stumbles back and blows his whistle in a series of short bursts. Two guards run into the room, stopping when they see Doc's bloody stump.

MASTERS

(excitedly)

Get him outta here!

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

The guards come up to Doc. He calmly puts the hatchet on the table and leaves with them. Morris, not believing what he has seen, hurries toward the door. Masters blocks his path. He has a billy club which he taps in his palm.

MASTERS

(looking directly  
at Morris)

Everyone back to work.

The inmates don't move. Everyone's attention is on Morris and Masters. Litmus walks over to Morris and puts his hand on his shoulder, to pull him away. Morris looks at Litmus and then at Masters tapping the club. Morris turns and walks away. He stops at Doc's work table. He picks up the hatchet and slams it THUD! into a wood block. He picks up Doc's fingers and puts them into a small box. Morris walks over to Masters and gives him the box.

MORRIS

Put that in your report.

Morris joins Litmus at a table. The rest of the inmates begin to work. The sounds of carpentry once again fill the room. Ward is a little shaken by what he has seen. He tries to hammer a nail, but succeeds in hitting his thumb. He looks around, hoping no one has seen.

107 LITMUS AND MORRIS

The table they are working at is partially protected from Masters' view. Their conversation is drowned out by the carpentry sounds in the room. Morris is sawing, but he can't concentrate. He lays the saw down. Litmus looks at him.

LITMUS

Doc, he meant a lot to you.

MORRIS

Maybe.

LITMUS

Doc and I ate breakfast together every day for 12 years. He always gave me his toast. I knew Doc better than I did my own family.

MORRIS

Why did he chop his fingers off?

LITMUS

I don't know why. You can live with

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

LITMUS (Cont'd)  
 someone here for years and not  
 understand what he does. The  
 Rock just makes you do things.

Litmus takes a small bottle from under the table and hands  
 it to Morris.

LITMUS  
 Hold this.

Morris, holds the bottle and Litmus fills it with white glue  
 from a jug on the floor. He takes the bottle back from Morris,  
 recorks it and slips it in his pocket. They start working  
 again.

LITMUS  
 Sniffa the glue helps me  
 passa the nights.

MORRIS  
 What if you're frisked going  
 back to the cellhouse?

LITMUS  
 So I go to the hole. It's  
 wortha the risk.

MORRIS  
 Here, anything's worth the risk.

LITMUS  
 Even busting out?

Morris looks intently at Litmus.

LITMUS  
 There's a way out, you gotta  
 the balls.

Morris stops working.

MORRIS  
 How?

LITMUS  
 It's right over your cell.

Morris stares at him. He can't believe it.

LITMUS  
 Ventilator shaft toppa our block.  
 You get toppa the block, you  
 can getta on the roof.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

MORRIS

How can I get on top of the block?

LITMUS

(bitter smile,  
slight shrug)

Aska the bull for the key.

Masters walks by, so Morris and Litmus knock off. Morris starts to saw again, his forearm brushing against his pocket. He looks down at the pocket and realizes there is something there. He puts the saw down and looks up. Masters is at the end of the room. Morris reaches in his pocket, feels around, and withdraws his hand. In it is the golden poppy. He looks at the flower, oblivious to all the noise around him. He carefully covers the poppy with his hand and puts the flower back into his pocket.

108 MORRIS' CELL - DAY

Morris is lying on his bunk. He reaches into his pocket and withdraws the poppy. He looks at it, twirling it slowly in his hand. Morris hears English's voice from OFFSCREEN. Morris puts the flower back into his pocket. English, with book and magazine cart, stops outside his cell.

ENGLISH

How about a magazine?

MORRIS

Why not?

ENGLISH

What do you want? Got Boy's Life here. I know some queens that fight over it every month.

Morris smiles.

MORRIS

Just give me what's on top.

English hands Morris some magazines. Morris looks at them.

ENGLISH

I heard about Doc.

Morris doesn't look up from the magazines.

ENGLISH

And I heard why he did it.

Morris' head jerks up.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

ENGLISH

Someone didn't like Doc's painting of the Warden, so he took away Doc's painting privileges.

Morris looks at English for a couple of beats.

MORRIS

Who?

ENGLISH

The Warden.

Morris stares back at English.

109 DINING ROOM - LATER

Morris and inmates from his tier enter and line up at the steam table. The Warden, standing at the side of the serving line, watches. Morris pushes his tray along the line in the direction of the Warden. The Warden stops Morris at the end of the line.

WARDEN

I hear there was an accident in the shops.

The Warden is testing Morris, feeling him out.

MORRIS

Accident? Oh, you mean Doc. Someone didn't like what he painted and wouldn't let him paint anymore.

WARDEN

Sounds like someone should have warned Doc to be careful about what he painted.

MORRIS

Yeah, I guess you're right. There's always the possibility that some asshole is gonna be offended. Isn't there?

Morris looks at the Warden, then picks up his tray and looks for a place to eat. The Warden stares at Morris as he walks away. Morris puts his tray down at a table and looks up. Across the table from him, grinning, are JOHN ANGLIN (34, brash), and CLARENCE ANGLIN (29, young and excitable).

MORRIS

(amazed)

What are you two doing here?

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

JOHN

(grinning)

Thought we'd pay you a visit.

MORRIS

(sitting down)

Where'd they put you?

CLARENCE

Since we're brothers, they put us in adjoining cells. We're four down from you.

MORRIS

But why the Rock? After they caught us trying to break out of Atlanta, they sent you to Leavenworth.

JOHN

(grinning)

We didn't like the accommodations there, either. Clarence and I hid in two bread boxes that were going to a farm camp. We must have been a little heavy cause a bull noticed the kitchen orderlies were having trouble carrying the boxes. The bull started going through the bread. When he squeezed my shoulder guess I didn't feel too fresh.

CLARENCE

(grinning)

Warden said he heard Frisco was famous for its bread. Thought John and I might like it out here. What do you think, Frank, are we going to like it?

Morris stares tightlipped back at them. Their grins disappear.

JOHN

I hear no one's ever busted out of here.

WARD

It's impossible.

JOHN

Frank?

MORRIS

I don't know. It's tough - maybe the toughest

109 CONTINUED

MORRIS (Cont'd)

that's ever been built. Most of the cons here have given up trying. But that's made the bulls a little overconfident, a little careless at times. Maybe there is a way. But I've been here a year and a half and I haven't found it. If I do, it will probably be so obvious that it has been staring me in the face all along.

110 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

Morris is lying on his bunk. The overhead cell light is on. Doc's self-portrait rests on one of the rear shelves. Morris is wearing earphones that allow him to listen to the prison radio. He takes the earphones off and lays them on his chest.

RADIO VOICE

...And tomorrow will be the second game of the 1961 World Series between the Cincinnati Redlegs and the New York Yankees. Now the news... In Vietnam...

Somewhere the dial of the prison radio is turned and a popular song by Sam Cooke comes over the earphones.

SAM COOKE'S VOICE

Working on the chain gang!  
Everybody going ooh aah...

Morris reaches over and rips the earphones out of the wall jack, cutting off the radio. The cellhouse is quiet, with some conversations drifting out of the cells. Morris looks up at Doc's self-portrait. Morris slides a tin cup into the corner of the cell. He takes the fingernail clip and tosses it at the cup. It clatters off. He picks the clip up and tosses it again. Dead center. Morris sits back on the bunk. He looks restless, bored. The noise of a rat running along the utility corridor behind his cell comes through the ventilator grille. He casually looks at the grille. His face begins to show interest.

LITMUS (v.o.)

You get toppa the block, you can  
getta on the roof.

Morris walks over to the grille and squats down. He tries to look through, but the holes are too small. He pulls and kicks at it, but there is no movement. His interest fades. Morris takes the tin cup and nailclip over to the sink. He puts the

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

nailclip on the sink and fills the cup with water. Morris drinks the water and puts the cup down next to the nailclip. He puts water on his hands and rubs his face. He stops in mid-movement. He is looking at the nailclip. He picks the nailclip up and starts to play with it. He swings out the pointed arm and rubs his thumb over the end, noticing the sharpness. He turns off the cell light. There is just enough light from the cellhouse lights for him to see. He squats down at the grille and pokes with the nailclip at the grille. Nothing. He pokes at the concrete around the metal grille. Some grains and dust fall to the floor. He jabs harder and some small fragments drop down. He jabs again. More fragments. Morris struggles to suppress his excitement. He brings the blade back into the nailclip. He wets his thumb, gathers the fallen particles and presses them back into the wall. Morris takes a towel and wipes around the grille and on the floor. Morris steps back, turns on the light and looks at the grille. It looks untouched. He hears the footsteps of the floor guard. Morris lays on his bunk. The guard walks by. Morris takes his mirror and puts it through the bars. He watches the guard go to the end of the cellblock, turn left and disappear. Morris tilts the mirror, showing him the clock on the wall. The clock reads 8:27. Morris withdraws the mirror and leans back against the wall.

111 EXT. - YARD - DAY

A softball game is in progress. John is at bat. He sends a drive deep toward the wall. Clarence, playing outfield, goes up against the wall trying to catch the ball. It goes over the wall and disappears. John is about to pass the inmate umpire who is near first base.

UMPIRE

You're out!

John looks at him like he's crazy. Clarence is standing at the wall where the ball disappeared. He looks up at the armed guard who is on top of the wall.

JOHN

(innocently)

Mind if I get it? I promise  
I'll be right back.

The guard, not amused, stares back.

112 MORRIS AND WARD

They are sitting on the steps, casually watching the game.

WARD

I turned 35 today.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

WARD (Cont'd)

(glumly)

Some birthday. When's your birthday?

MORRIS

I don't know.

WARD

You don't know when you were born?

MORRIS

Nope.

WARD

My mother always told me that by the time I turned 35 I would have picked a career... Some career.

He turns and looks at Morris. Morris looks at him. They laugh over Ward's last remark.

WARD

When I was a kid I used to have great birthday parties. My mother would invite my friends over and make a huge cake. Did you ever have parties when you were a kid?

MORRIS

No.

WARD

Jesus! What kind of childhood did you have?

MORRIS

Short.

They hear a roar from the softball game and look over to see runners advancing on a ball that Clarence has hit. Morris turns his gaze toward the city. Ward notices where Morris is looking.

WARD

I always wanted to see San Francisco. Never thought it would be like this.

MORRIS

What are you doing on the Rock, Allen?

CONTINUED

MORRIS

This place is supposed to be for cons they don't think can be rehabilitated. Like me.

WARD

A couple of years ago I started stealing cars. For kicks, mostly, but sometimes I'd strip them and sell the parts. One time I saw a Chevy I wanted to steal. It was parked in front of an empty police car. I got in the Chevy, found the keys and started her up. I looked in the mirror. Two cops had gotten in that police car. I got so nervous that I put the gear in reverse and stepped on the gas. I backed right into them. I ended up in the state pen.

MORRIS

But how'd you get here?

WARD

One of the bulls there liked to push me around. Said car theft was for pussies.

(proud)

When I got out I came back and stole his car.

(dejected)

Drove it across the state line, though, which made it a federal rap. The bull saw to it that I was sent to the Rock. Here I am.

112 GUARD

A guard walks along the steps. He stops near English. English and the other blacks eye him warily.

GUARD

Visitor for you in the cellhouse.

English looks surprised, then suspicious. The guard walks down the steps to Ward.

GUARD

You've got a visitor.

WARD

Me?

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

MORRIS

Maybe someone wants his car back.

113 CELLHOUSE

At one end of the cellhouse are four chairs spaced along a low shelf. In front of each chair is a small window in the wall through which the inmate and his visitor view each other. A guard stands near the chairs on each side of the wall. English limps down the aisleway toward the chairs. He sees a young black girl's face in the window. As he approaches, she becomes more and more visible. He sits down. A guard plugs a phone into a jack in the wall and hands it to English. The girl is already holding a phone. The girl, nervous, looks at him. He does not recognize her. They speak into the phones.

ENGLISH

Yeah?

GIRL

Hello, father.

English stares through the window. The emotions being stirred within him don't readily show on his face. He closes his eyes and then opens them.

114 WARD

Ward is sitting next to English. He also faces a window with a woman in it. It is his wife, LUCY (plain, shy). Ward's feelings are mixed. There is love, but there is also an embarrassment of his situation. They are holding the phones.

LUCY

(tentatively)

How are you, Allen?

WARD

I'm o.k. Why didn't you tell me you were coming?

LUCY

I was afraid you wouldn't let me.

WARD

It's hard to see you like this.

LUCY

(quietly)

I had to. Your mother's going to die.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

Ward winces. He is unable to speak. A voice comes over their phone line.

VOICE  
(heard from Lucy's  
receiver)

Speak louder, please. I couldn't hear that.

Lucy looks at the phone and then at Ward. He looks back helplessly.

LUCY  
(with difficulty)  
Momma's going to die.

WARD  
(shaken and  
humiliated)  
How?...When?

LUCY  
The doctor says she's got a cancer. I don't understand the name of it. He said she's got a couple of months. She wants to see you before she dies. She's too sick to travel here. I asked the Warden if there was any chance...

WARD  
What'd he say?

LUCY  
No.

Ward fidgets in his chair.

LUCY  
Will you call her in the meantime?

WARD  
We're not allowed to make phone calls.

The voice crackles over the line again.

VOICE  
(heard from West's  
receiver)  
You are not allowed to discuss the

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

VOICE (Cont'd)  
rules of the institution. Stick  
to your personal life.

WARD  
(yelling into  
phone)  
It is my personal life! Are you  
getting a kick out of it? - Hello?  
Hello?

The voice doesn't answer. Ward looks at Lucy. He is completely humiliated.

LUCY  
I love you, Allen.

The words upset Ward. He covers the earpiece and lays the phone in his lap. Lucy speaks into the phone again. Ward can't hear her, he can only see her mouth the words "I love you." She desperately reaches her hand against the glass window. Ward is unable to look at her. He closes his eyes. Then, slowly, he reaches his hand up against the window near hers and nods.

GUARD  
Time's up.

Ward stands and turns. He is standing next to English.

115 WARD AND ENGLISH

The guards walk them down the aisleway to their cells. Ward's face is emotionally devastated. English has a line of tears running down his cheeks. He makes no attempt to brush them away. Each man is taken to his cell. The doors slide open, the men enter and the doors clang shut.

116 CELLS OF MORRIS AND WARD - NIGHT

Morris is lying on his bunk reading a book titled "Structural Engineering." He studies a page detailing the characteristics of concrete. Ward is on his bunk, playing with some string. He weaves the string back and forth, into different variations of a cat's cradle. Many of the figures he weaves resemble cell bars. Ward leans toward cellfront. He talks quietly so that only Morris can hear.

WARD  
Frank?

MORRIS  
Yeah?

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED

WARD

Remember I told you I was sent to the Rock because I stole a bull's car?

MORRIS

Yeah.

WARD

Don't tell anyone, o.k.?

MORRIS

O.k.

WARD

I told a couple of guys I was a bank robber. Do you think that's stupid?

MORRIS

Not if it makes you feel better.

WARD

It makes me feel worse.

MORRIS

Then why do it?

WARD

I don't want them to laugh at me.

MORRIS

No one who knows anything is going to laugh. Guys like Clarence and John have a lot of respect for someone who's good with a car. It's saved their ass a couple of times.

WARD

You tried to break out of Atlanta with them?

MORRIS

We were caught.

WARD

If you ever try to bust out of here, will you let me know?

Morris makes a small pencil mark next to a sentence in the book.

CONTINUED

117 INSERT OF BOOK SENTENCE

Prolonged dampness weakens concrete.

118 MORRIS AND WARD

MORRIS

O.k. It got anything to do with your visit?

WARD

Some. You ever get a visitor?

MORRIS

No.

WARD

A letter?

MORRIS

Nope.

WARD

I think it just makes it harder. It's a reminder of a life outside that you're cut off from, that you can't touch.

Morris closes the book.

MORRIS

Sounds like you've got something on your mind.

Ward unravels the interlocking design he has weaved.

WARD

I just want to go home.

119 DINING HALL - DAY

Morris, Ward and the Anglins are standing with their tier group outside the dining room. They see that the long tables have been replaced by tables seating four. Clarence looks at a guard.

CLARENCE

What's with the tables?

GUARD

Part of the Warden's program to upgrade the inmates' living standards.

Clarence replies in such a way that the guard can't tell if

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

he is serious or not.

CLARENCE

That's right nice of him. Sure's  
got a homey feel now.

The guard looks suspiciously at Clarence. The group in front of them finished, the inmates enter and get their food. Morris, Ward and the Anglins sit at one of the tables. The background noise is such that their conversation isn't heard by anyone else.

JOHN

Must be Wednesday.

CLARENCE

Why?

JOHN

Mystery mounds. We always have  
mystery mounds on Wednesday.

WARD

I can't taste it anyway. I  
just eat from habit.

The remark takes its toll. They begin to eat, but with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. Morris has been distant and silent.

CLARENCE

What's the movie this weekend?

JOHN

Some cowboy piece of shit. At  
least they could show a gangster  
movie.

John was expecting to get a laugh. There is just silence as they eat.

MORRIS

I may have found a way out.

John and Clarence stop in mid-movement, their actions frozen, their mouths open. Ward is about to shovel some peas into his mouth. The peas roll off his fork and begin bouncing off his plate.

MORRIS

This cellhouse was built a long  
time ago. The dampness has

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

MORRIS (Cont'd)

corroded the concrete and the salt has rusted the metal. The place is rotting apart. I chipped around the ventilator grille. I think I can get the grille off and then expand the hole. It leads into a utility corridor that runs behind our cells. That corridor reaches all the way to the top of the block. At the top is a shaft that leads through to the roof.

JOHN

How would we hide the hole while we were working on it?

MORRIS

We'll cut pages out of the magazines and use the paper to make cardboard. We'll paint a grille on the cardboard and put it over the hole.

CLARENCE

Someone will notice that pages are gone from the magazines.

MORRIS

We'll only cut out pages with ads on both sides. No one will miss them. To keep the cardboard out of a direct view, I've ordered an accordion to put in front of the hole. You could just hang a towel there or whatever you want.

JOHN

Suppose we get out of the cellhouse. They'll know we're gone at the next count.

MORRIS

We'll go at night. We'll make plaster from the pages, soap, glue and bits of concrete, and use the plaster to make dummy heads. Clarence, you work in the barber shop. You can get all the hair we'll need. They won't know we're gone until morning.

JOHN

How will we get across the Bay?

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

CLARENCE

We can swim it!

MORRIS

No. Johnson and Burgett tried that three years ago. They found Johnson shivering in the water. Burgett's body washed up several days later. John, you work in the clothing shop. We'll stiffen raincoats with liquid plastic from the shops and tie them onto driftwood. They won't be the best rafts, but we'll only need them to cross a mile of the Bay.

A guard walks by. They fall silent until he passes.

MORRIS

John, you and Clarence can take turns digging while the other looks out for the bull. Allen, you and I will do the same thing.

(looking at all three)

What do you think?

WARD

What are our chances?

MORRIS

Slim.

WARD

I want to try it.

MORRIS

John?

John

(shrugging; more of a statement than a question)

What else is there?

MORRIS

(to Clarence)

You don't have to go. Your parole is coming up in a couple of years.

CLARENCE

Then what? Look for a job? Where do I tell them my last job was? Barber shop, Alcatraz?

## 120 MORRIS' AND WEST'S CELLS - NIGHT

Morris goes to cellfront and taps on the bars.

MORRIS  
Allen?

WARD  
Yeah?

MORRIS  
Keep an eye out. I'm gonna start.

WARD  
Frank?

MORRIS  
What?

WARD  
How do you feel?

MORRIS  
Like the guy who wanted to be the first to climb Mt. Everest. Except that I'm gonna bust out of the most escape proof prison in the world.

WARD  
Me, too.

They both grin, stick their hands through the bars and shake. Morris turns his light out and goes to the rear of his cell. He moves the accordion case in front of the grille out of the way. He turns his peacoat inside out and lays it below the grille. He kneels and begins to chip with the nailclip.

## 121 MONTAGE

A series of DISSOLVES shows Morris chipping, occasionally changing position as his legs cramp. He begins to sweat and must occasionally change hands. Slowly, Morris' hands, face and hair become covered with gray dust.

## 122 CELL

Morris looks at his hands, noticing they are blistered and bleeding. He stands stiffly and goes to cellfront.

MORRIS  
It's pretty slow.

WARD  
Better knock off. Must be close to lights out.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

Morris returns to the rear of the cell and scoops up the concrete flakes into a small bag. He gently gathers his coat and holds it over the wash basin. He shakes it and runs his hands over the jacket to remove the dust. Morris turns the peacoat right side out and hangs it up. He moistens a piece of paper and wipes around the grille and on the floor. He pushes the accordion case back against the wall. He pulls the light on and inspects the rear wall. Everything looks normal. He goes to the basin and washes the dust off his body. He pulls the light off and gets into bed.

123 DINING ROOM- DAY

Morris, Ward and the Anglins sit at breakfast.

MORRIS

How'd it go last night?

JOHN

Whoever named this place the Rock wasn't kidding. That nailclip is too hard to grip.

Morris begins to spoon some cereal. He stops and studies the spoon handle. He catches the eyes of the other three. He grips the spoon and gives it a short jabbing motion. They nod. Morris takes his spoon and wipes it on the bottom of his shoe until it looks dirty. He motions to a guard walking by.

MORRIS

This spoon looks like someone's been sticking it up his ass. Can I get another?

JOHN

And I'd like to ask about transferring to the kitchen detail.

GUARD

Go ahead.

Morris and John approach WESTON, kitchen guard, who is sitting behind the serving area.

JOHN

Any chance I might be transferred to the kitchen?

WESTON

Can you cook?

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

MORRIS

(breaking in)

This spoon's not looking too good. Can I get another?

WESTON

(attention on John)

Why... sure.

Morris hands him the spoon. There is a silverware tray on Weston's desk. Morris reaches for the spoons, which are stacked one upon another. He takes two spoons, but holds them so tight to each other that to Weston it looks like Morris has taken one spoon.

JOHN

(distracting Weston)

I'm a great cook. I used to cook in a cafe in Georgia. Everybody loved my cooking.

Morris walks off with the spoons.

WESTON

What happened? You quit or get fired?

JOHN

Neither one. I robbed the cafe.

Morris sits back down at the table, putting one spoon behind his belt.

GUARD

Get your spoon?

MORRIS

Sure did.

Morris begins eating. John joins them at the table. The guard comes over. The four men stack their trays, silverware on top. The guard counts the silverware and nods.

124 MORRIS' CELL - DAY

Morris hears a tapping at his cell door and looks up to see English, with book and magazine, standing outside the cell.

MORRIS

Heard you had a visitor.

ENGLISH

My daughter. She's getting married.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

MORRIS

What's he like?

ENGLISH

He's white... Just like you.

They look at each other for a few beats.

ENGLISH

Want a magazine?

MORRIS

What do you recommend?

ENGLISH

(smiling)

Ebony.

MORRIS

I'm looking for information on concrete and rubber. Got anything like that?

ENGLISH

Popular Mechanics usually has something.

English searches through his stack, finds an issue and hands it through the bars.

MORRIS

Say, English, didn't you used to teach high school?

ENGLISH

Yeah. Taught chemistry - and you won't believe it, man - English.

MORRIS

Could I weld two pieces of metal in this cell?

ENGLISH

For digging...  
(impassively)  
...or for sticking?

MORRIS

For digging.

ENGLISH

It ain't easy, but I could show you. Planning on going somewhere?

Morris remains silent. English nods.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

ENGLISH

There hasn't been a single day in the years I've been on this Rock that I didn't think of busting out. If I'd known when I slashed my leg that I was ending any chance of getting out of here, I'd have slashed my throat instead.

125 DINING ROOM - SUPPER TIME

Morris' tier group is lined up in front of the steam table. Litmus is directly in front of Morris. They advance to the serving line. There is a lot of noise as the inmates get their food. Morris leans toward Litmus.

MORRIS

Can you get me a dime, Litmus?

LITMUS

No problem.

MORRIS

Thanks.

They slowly advance down the line.

LITMUS

Only cost you ten desserts.

Morris looks at Litmus. Morris is a little amazed and a little pissed off. Litmus ignores Morris' nasty look.

LITMUS

(to server)

Don't you cook no good Italian food?

Morris and Litmus advance a little further.

MORRIS

O.k., Litmus, but I want it tonight.

LITMUS

No problem.

MORRIS

Thanks.

LITMUS

Cost extra five desserts.

Litmus ignores Morris' dirty look again.

LITMUS

(to server)

This ain'ta no ice cream!

125 CONTINUED

Litmus and Morris pick up their trays as they finish the line. The Warden is standing nearby.

LITMUS

(to Warden)

I eata better than this when I  
was sucking my mama's tit!

The Warden stonily looks back. Litmus and Morris walk off.

MORRIS

Anyone ever tell you that you're  
a real menace to society?

LITMUS

Yeah. One was a Mafia capo that  
put his bambino right here  
(pointing index  
finger between  
his eyes)  
and tells me I better make no more  
book in his town. The other was the  
judge that framed me and sent me to  
the Rock.

MORRIS

They must have been friends.

LITMUS

(twinkle in his  
eye)

They were brothers, and they had a  
nice family business.

126 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

Morris yanks on the light cord and studies the spoon and nail-clip. He detaches the pointed blade from the nailclip. He takes the spoon and puts the bowl end under his shoe. Morris holds the handle and works the spoon back and forth.

127 MORRIS' TIER

The guard in the gun gallery walks to the side of the cellhouse that gives him a view of outside B block. All is quiet. The guard walks away, out of view. On Morris' tier, of the ground floor, a hand reaches through cell bars and gives something to a hand which is reaching from the adjoining cell. The hand takes the object, withdraws and then reappears at the other side of the cell. The hand passes the object to another hand. The process is repeated down the tier until the object reaches Morris' cell. There is a tapping on his bars. He goes to cellfront

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

and reaches to get the dime from the outstretched hand.

WARD (v.o.)

Good luck.

128 MORRIS' CELL

Morris puts the dime on the table. He continues to work the spoon handle back and forth. The handle snaps off. Morris lays the blade from the nailclip on top of the spoon handle's broken end. He goes back to his table and scrapes the dime with the nailclip. He puts the little specs of silver in a pile on the table. He takes matches from the shelf and bunches 50 of them tightly with a rubber band. He taps at the middle of the heads, forcing about 20 of them to recede in the bunch. The matches now form a cone. Morris pours the dime scrapings onto the spoon handle's jagged edge. He presses the nailclip blade down hard on the silver particles on top of the spoon handle. Morris then draws four matches out of the bundle, to serve as legs, like stilts on a house. He centers the matches (like an upside down cone) over the blade and handle. He starts to light a match, but stops and rubs the table, realizing he will leave a burn mark. He removes his shoe, turns it upside down and braces it on the table between two books. He puts the metal items and the cone of matches onto the sole. He lights a match to the cone, causing a burst of flame. But the cone isn't low enough and the flame barely reaches the metal. Morris waves his peacoat about to clear the air. He makes another cone of matches, drawing four matches out from the bunch, but not as high as before. The cone is now closer to the metal. He prepares to light a match when he hears tapping up front. Morris hurries to cellfront.

WARD

(whispering)

What's going on? I smell burning leather.

MORRIS

(whispering)

Just warn me if the bull comes.

Morris goes back to the table and lights the cone. The flame is just right and it scorches the metals. Morris picks the metal up. The nailclip blade is firmly welded to the spoon handle. He waves his peacoat to clear the air. Morris turns off the light and goes to the ventilator grille. He moves the accordion case out of the way. He lays the peacoat under the grille and begins chipping. He had already made some headway with his previous digging. With his new pick he is able to dig more deeply into the concrete. He hears three short taps on

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

on his cell bars. Morris slides his peacoat and pick under the bed. He puts the accordion against the grille to hide the digging. He wipes the dust from his hair and face and gets on his bunk. A guard walks slowly down the aisle. He stops at Morris' cell.

GUARD

I smell something burning.

MORRIS

I smell it, too. Seems like it's coming through my vent. Must be from the other side of B.

The guard walks away, his footsteps finally becoming inaudible. Morris goes to cellfront.

MORRIS

He'll be back. Watch out.

Morris returns to the vent with the peacoat and the pick. He moves the accordion case out of the way.

129 MONTAGE

A series of DISSOLVES show Morris digging around the vent.

130 MORRIS

Morris is dusty and sweaty. He has almost dug all the way around the vent.

131 WARD

Ward is looking through his bars. No guard is in sight. Ward stifles a yawn. He leaves the bars and heads toward the back of his cell.

132 GUARD

The guard comes down the aisle.

133 MORRIS

Morris finishes digging. He puts the pick on his peacoat and rubs his cramped hands.

134 WARD

Ward slowly stretches. He starts to head back to the bars, but he stops, turns around and goes to the wash basin. He pours water into the cup and slowly sips the water.

135 GUARD

He is getting closer to their cells. He stops to talk with an inmate. He starts walking again.

136 MORRIS

Morris feels around the vent, looking for a good grip.

137 WARD

Ward comes back to the bars and sees the guard approaching. Ward's jaw drops. The guard is looking in the other direction, so Ward quickly reaches to tap on Morris' bars.

138 MORRIS

Morris takes a deep breath and prepares to pull on the grille. He hears Ward's taps. Morris quickly pushes the accordion case back against the grille. He wipes himself with the towel. He slides the peacoat under the bed. Unknown to Morris, the pick rolls off the peacoat and lies on the floor near the accordion case. Morris gets on the bunk. The sound of the guard's footsteps gets louder. Morris sees the pick on the floor. He starts to get up. The guard is nearing the cell. Morris lies back down, hoping the pick won't be seen. The guard stops at Morris' cell. The pick is in plain view, but since Morris' light is off, it is not obvious.

GUARD

I looked all around, but I couldn't find anything. Do you still notice it?

MORRIS

No.

GUARD

You said it smelled like it was coming through your vent. Maybe I should take a look.

MORRIS

Ah, it's o.k. I was just over there. Didn't smell a thing.

GUARD

Hell, maybe I imagined it. These nights get to you after a while.

MORRIS

You ought to try it from this side.

The guard and Morris exchange glances and the guard walks off. Morris goes back to the vent. He takes the pick off the floor

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED

and puts it in his pocket. Morris brings the peacoat out from under the bed and moves the accordion case out of the way. He carefully grips the grille. He takes a deep breath and pulls the grille. It doesn't give. He pulls harder. Nothing. Morris takes the pick and slides it around the outside of the grille. He hits something that gives off a metallic sound. He slides the pick further, hitting another metallic object on the other side of the grille. Morris sits back, dejected and exhausted.

139 EXT. - YARD - DAY

Morris, Ward and the Anglins are in the yard waiting to line up for work. Each man has a bag in his pocket filled with concrete particles from digging. As the four mill about the yard, they reach in their pockets and tilt the bags. The dust goes through a hole in their pockets, down their pant legs and onto the yard. The four walk around so the dust will be evenly distributed. Dust dumped, the four edge their way to the side of the yard. Their voices are strained.

JOHN

You think the grille's welded  
on two hook anchors?

MORRIS

Looks like it.

JOHN

Look, you said most of the metal's  
been weakened by rust. Get a wedge  
from the shops and force it against  
those anchors. It's gotta bust them  
loose.

A whistle blows and the men head toward the yellow lines.

140 ROAD

LONG SHOT of the inmates on their way to the shops.

141 INT. - SHOPS

Morris saws a small piece of wood into a wedge. When Masters looks the other way, Morris pockets it. Ward looks over at Morris. Morris looks back, his expression telling Ward that he's got the wedge.

142 EXT. - STEPS

The inmates are returning from the shops. As they approach the steps that lead up to the yard, they must first pass through

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

a metal detector. The inmates file through one at a time. Two guards, including Wagner, watch the men and one guard watches the machine. Occasionally the guards stop an inmate and frisk him. Morris reaches the metal detector and passes through. He and Wagner eye each other. Morris begins to walk up the steps.

WAGNER

Morris.

Morris casually turns around.

WAGNER

Step out.

Morris steps out of the line. Wagner pats him down as the other guard stands nearby, carbine at the half-ready. Ward walks by, nervously watching the search as he passes. Wagner reaches in Morris' pocket and pulls out the wedge.

WAGNER

This wedge could put you in the hole.

MORRIS

(casually)

It's not a wedge, it's a clothes peg.

WAGNER

With a sharp edge like this?

Wagner runs his finger along the edge.

MORRIS

It holds clothes better that way. If I wanted to hide it, why would I carry it in my pocket?

WAGNER

Cause you're stupid.

Wagner pockets the wedge as the other guards laugh. Morris doesn't say anything. He joins the inmates and walks up the steps.

143 INT. - MORRIS' CELL

Morris stands outside his cell. The door slides open, he enters and the door slides shut. Morris takes his shoes off and lies down on the bunk. He reaches down, picks up a shoe and holds the sole toward him. He swings the heel out from

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

the shoe. Inside the hollowed out heel is a wedge. Morris swings the heel back to the shoe and puts the shoe on the ground.

144 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

Morris squats at the rear of his cell in front of the ventilator grille. He puts the peacoat under the grille. He takes the wedge and puts it between the concrete and the grille. He puts a towel over the wedge and hits it with the Bible. The hook anchor cracks. He puts the wedge on the other side of the grille and cracks the other anchor. Morris carefully pulls the grille from the wall. Fragments of concrete fall on his coat. The hole is 10 inches long and 6 inches wide. Almost wide enough to crawl through, and Morris is able to stick his head in the hole and look around. The utility corridor is a maze of intertwined water pipes, steam ducts and electrical wiring. On the other side of the corridor, a yard away from Morris' head, is the back of the row of cells of inside B block. There is just enough room for a plumber to squeeze along the corridor and fix the utilities that lead into the rear of the cells. Morris replaces the grille back into the hole and cleans the area under the grille. He goes to the table where there is a stack of magazines. Using a razor blade, he cuts out pages of advertising, cutting close to the binding. He soaks the pages in the wash basin and then mashes them into a soggy wad. He hears three sharp taps. He leaves the wad in the basin, grabs a magazine and lies down. The guard walks by, peering into Morris' cell as he passes. Morris returns to the basin, takes the pulpy wad and lays it on the table. He kneads it like dough and flattens it with his shoe heel. He marks off a distance, then cuts a rectangular piece out of the wad. He flushes the trimmings down the toilet. Morris blows on the rectangle to help it dry. He removes the grille and lays the rectangle in the corridor. He reaches in the hole and jabs with his pick. He brings out several small pieces of concrete and replaces the grille. He goes to the basin with the concrete chunks and magazine pages, and pours white glue into the pile. He cuts up a soap bar and adds that. He mashes and kneads until he has a thick plaster-like substance. He takes it to the table and molds it into the shape of a head and neck. He uses his fingers and the spoon handle to sculpt the forehead, eye sockets, the nose, a mouth and chin. When he is satisfied with the dummy, he takes the head, removes the grille and puts the head into the corridor. He replaces the grille and goes to cell-front.

MORRIS

I'm done. I'll watch while you dig.

WARD

O.k.

145 WARD'S CELL

Ward digs as Morris stands watch.

146 CLARENCE'S CELL

Clarence stands watch.

147 JOHN'S CELL

John digs.

148 CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights in the cells are out and the inmates are asleep. BECK, a guard, walks down the aisle to the guard desk where another guard, BOBS, is sitting.

BECK

Guess you're ready to turn in.

BOBS

Yeah. I thought you'd never get here.

BECK

Everything quiet?

BOBS

Yeah. Oh, Ward was talking in his sleep again. Mumbling something about a nailclip. I gave him a nudge, he rolled over and shut up.

BECK

Anything else going on?

BOBS

Not a damn thing.

Bobs gathers his things.

BECK

See you tomorrow.

Bobs nods and heads down the aisle toward the door. Beck takes a couple of steps forward and looks above him. A new guard enters the gun gallery and the old one leaves. Beck waves up at the new guard. Beck begins to walk around the cellhouse. The lights give the cells and bars an eerie look. Some inmates snore, others toss and turn. A foghorn blows and the wind whistles through the cellhouse. Beck passes Morris' cell. Morris' eyes open at the sound of the footsteps. The footsteps

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

fade. Morris' eyes shut. Beck turns the corner and disappears from view.

149 BARBER SHOP - DAY

Clarence is cutting LINK's hair. Link is a balding and ugly inmate, but somewhat sensitive about the hair he has left. A guard, LAMONT, is in the corner of the room reading a magazine. Clarence finishes with Link and hands him a mirror. Link looks carefully in the mirror.

CLARENCE

Don't break it.

LINK

Are you sure you're done?

CLARENCE

That's it.

LINK

It ain't much.

Clarence takes the mirror out of his hands.

CLARENCE

You ain't got much.

Link gives Clarence a dirty look as he rises out of the chair and leaves the room. Clarence looks down at the hair on the floor. There isn't much. Clarence looks over at Lamont. A sneaky gleam appears in Clarence's eye.

CLARENCE

Looks like to me you need a haircut.

LAMONT

(looking up from  
the magazine)

Why do you say that?

CLARENCE

(holding mirror)

Take a look.

Lamont walks over to Clarence and looks in the mirror.

LAMONT

Maybe it is a little long.

CLARENCE

If it gets any longer, they'll

CONTINUED

CLARENCE (Cont'd)  
think you're a fairy.

LAMONT  
You won't cut it wrong just to  
make me look bad?

Clarence pushes Lamont into the chair.

CLARENCE  
Are you kidding? I take pride in  
my work.

Clarence snaps a sheet in the air like a professional barber  
and drapes the sheet over Lamont. Clarence runs an electric  
razor over Lamont's head.

LAMONT  
You like cutting hair?

CLARENCE  
Someone's got to do it.

LAMONT  
How'd you get into it?

CLARENCE  
When I got here, they just sent  
me to this chair and said, "Start  
cutting."

LAMONT  
I mean on the outside how'd you  
get into it?

CLARENCE  
I never did.

LAMONT  
(getting nervous)  
You never cut anyone's hair until  
you got here?

CLARENCE  
You got it.

LAMONT  
Why in the hell did they send  
you down here?

CLARENCE  
(guessing)  
Well, I robbed a barber shop once.

CONTINUED

LAMONT  
(disgusted)

Jesus!

Clarence turns off the razor.

CLARENCE  
That's it.

LAMONT  
You're done already?

CLARENCE  
Why beat around the bush?

We now get our first view of Lamont's haircut. It is terrible. There is hardly any hair left. Clarence hands Lamont the mirror. When Lamont looks into the mirror, his face drops. He can't believe how bad he looks. Clarence is behind Lamont. He bends down, scoops up Lamont's hair from the floor and stuffs it in his pocket. Lamont puts the mirror down and turns to face Clarence. Lamont, his hair looking ridiculous, glares at Clarence.

LAMONT  
(angry)  
I don't have any goddam hair left.

CLARENCE  
It would have fallen out anyway.

150 WARD'S CELL - DAY

A guard, CRANSTON, stops at Ward's cell with a canvas and art supplies. He hands the material through the bars to Ward.

CRANSTON  
What did you order this stuff for? You don't look like the painting type to me.

WARD  
(sticking out his chest)  
You wouldn't know talent if it looked you in the face.

CRANSTON  
Yeah, well I'm looking you in the

CONTINUED

CRANSTON (Cont'd)  
face and I don't see jack shit.

Cranston turns and walks off. Ward smiles to himself.

151 EXT. - YARD - DAY

Clarence comes up to Morris.

CLARENCE  
(loudly)  
Let me try on your cap.

Clarence takes the knit cap, tries it on, then takes it off.  
As he takes it off he slips hair into the cap.

CLARENCE  
(low voice)  
Hair. Your color.  
(loudly laughing)  
Always thought you had a big head.

Clarence walks off and Ward approaches Morris.

WARD  
(loudly)  
Got a light, Frank?

Morris cups his hand and lights Ward's cigarette. Ward drops  
several small tubes of paint into Morris' cupped hands.

WARD  
(low voice)  
Paint. One of them's flesh  
colored. I'll give you a  
brush tonight.

MORRIS  
What are you painting on your  
canvas?

WARD  
I don't know. The ocean, maybe.

MORRIS  
If you ordered flesh colored paint  
you'd better paint a goddamn portrait.

WARD  
(loudly, edge in  
voice)  
Thanks for the light, Frank.

Morris removes the grille and brings out the pulpy rectangle (which has hardened into cardboard) and the plaster head. He puts the cardboard on the table and centers the grille over it. He makes an outline on the cardboard with a pencil. Using a brush and black paint, he paints a facsimile of the grille onto the cardboard. Morris then paints the rest of the cardboard green to match the rear wall. He places the cardboard into the hole and steps back. It looks like the grille were in place. Morris takes the plaster head and glues on eyebrows, eyelashes and scalp hair. He paints one side of the face a flesh color. He paints in white for the eyes, black for the pupils. He picks the head up and holds it next to his head. He looks in the mirror and compares the two heads. Morris combs the dummy's hair in the same style as his own. He takes the dummy and puts it painted side up on the pillow. He puts his rolled up peacoat under the blanket to look like his body. Morris ties a string to the accordion case at the rear of his cell. The hole has been enlarged enough for him to squeeze into the corridor. He enters the corridor and pulls the string, bringing the case against the wall and covering the hole. He looks down the corridor and sees vents of lighted cells along the passageway. He hears voices and laughter. They are surprisingly loud. From one of the cells he hears on the radio:

## RADIO VOICE

That brings Mays up to face Koufax.  
Wills plays deep in the hole. The  
Giants look a little stronger than  
they did in '61.

Morris crawls along the corridor until he reaches one of the pipes that goes straight up to the top of the block.

153 GUARD

Beck walks the floor. He turns the corner and appears at the end of the aisleway where Ward's and Morris' cells are.

154 WARD

Ward taps a warning on Morris' bars.

155 MORRIS' CELL

The cell is empty. The dummy head lies on the pillow.

156 GUARD

Beck approaches Morris' cell.

157 CORRIDOR

Morris passes a plumber's catwalk as he goes up past the second tier.

158 GUARD

Beck walks by Morris' cell. It is the only cell along the tier with the lights off. Seeing no movement in the cell, Beck slows. He sees the dummy head and the rolled up peacoat. He thinks they are Morris. Beck passes on.

159 TOP OF BLOCK

Morris stops at the rim of the top of the block. In the dusk of the house lights he looks down. He is 30 feet above the ground. He peers over the rim. The top is dusty, with more pipes. Morris notices that the guard in the gun gallery is lower down and out of sight. He crosses the top to where the shaft leads through to the roof.

160 WARD'S CELL

Ward taps on Morris' bars.

WARD

Frank?

There is no reply.

WARD

(nervously)

Frank?

161 TOP OF BLOCK

Morris stands and reaches up. The shaft is three feet above his outstretched hands.

162 GUARD

Beck comes back down the aisle, this time in the opposite direction. The light in Morris' cell is still off. The head and body have not moved. Beck slows and stops at Ward's cell.

BECK

Morris go to sleep early tonight?

WARD

(nervously)

Yeah, he wasn't feeling too well.

BECK

He must sleep pretty soundly.  
He hasn't moved.

Ward fumbles the book that he is holding onto the floor.

163 ANGLINS

John and Clarence anxiously watch and listen to Ward and Beck.

Beck's suspicions are aroused. He walks to Morris' cell and peers in. Everything looks normal. As Beck leans against the bars, he catches the billy club hanging from his waist against one of the bars. As he starts to walk away, the club is pulled from its holster and clatters to the floor. The head and body don't move. Beck's suspicions are racing.

BECK

Morris?

The head and body lie dormant. Beck reaches through the bars and grabs the head. Morris rolls over, sleepily opening his eyes.

MORRIS

What?

The Warden stands at the side of the serving line watching the inmates get their food. Morris comes along the line. The Warden watches him. Morris is about to leave the line.

WARDEN

Morris.

Morris stops, sees the Warden and walks over to him.

WARDEN

It has been brought to my attention that you are the only inmate here who hasn't given us a forwarding address for his personal effects.

MORRIS

What for?

WARDEN

In case something happens to you while you are incarcerated here.

MORRIS

You think something's going to happen?

WARDEN

You just never know.

MORRIS

I don't have a forwarding address.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

WARDEN  
(pointedly)  
What about your mother?

Morris doesn't say anything for a few beats.

MORRIS  
I never knew her. I grew up in  
an orphanage.

WARDEN  
That's strange. Your personal  
background sheet says she used to  
visit you there.

Morris is silent for several beats.

MORRIS  
What else does it say?

WARDEN  
That she stopped visiting.

MORRIS  
If you already knew, why ask me  
about it?

WARDEN  
Just checking, Morris, just checking.

Morris turns and joins Ward and the Anglins at a table..

JOHN  
What was that?

MORRIS  
Something about me buying savings  
bonds with the money in my account.

The other three snicker.

MORRIS  
I went up top last night.

The snickers stop.

CLARENCE  
Did you see the shaft?

MORRIS  
Yeah, but I need a boost to  
reach it.  
(to John)  
Is your dummy ready?

John nods.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

MORRIS

I'll finish painting mine this afternoon and we'll go up top tonight. Can you get those raincoats from the clothing shop? We might as well start taking them up.

JOHN

No problem. I'll just wear one back from the shop each day. There's a different hack at the cellhouse door in the afternoon and he'll think I wore it to work.

WARD

Won't they miss them?

JOHN

(smiling)

I keep inventory.

MORRIS

Do you think you can also get some liquid plastic?

JOHN

I think so.

MORRIS

Don't rush it. Take your time. We've got all the time in the world.

166 SHOPS

John is in an open room set off from the large clothing supply room. The guard is in a distant corner talking to some inmates. He can't see John very well. The guard looks at his watch and blows his whistle.

GUARD

Time to go home!

John takes a cellophane bag out of the desk drawer. He opens the top of a can marked Liquid Plastic. He pours the contents into the bag. He lays the bag on the table and stretches it out. It now vaguely resembles a belt. He wraps the bag around his waist and sticks a pin through the two ends to keep the bag snug. John tucks the bag under the top of his pants. There are a number of raincoats hanging from hooks on the wall. John puts a raincoat on and starts to turn away. He stops, sees that the guard is not watching him and turns back to the

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

raincoats. He takes a second raincoat from the wall and dons that one over the other one. He buttons it up and looks in the mirror. The raincoat underneath is not visible.

167 EXT. - STEPS

The inmates are lined up to go through the metal detector. John and Morris are toward the end of the slow moving line. Several guards, including Wagner, watch. It is cool and most of the inmates are wearing peacoats. John is the only one wearing a raincoat. Morris leans toward John.

MORRIS

Watch out. Wagner's a suspicious  
hack.

JOHN

I've got two on!

Morris looks at John. The raincoat looks a little tight because of the one underneath. They are approaching the guards and it's too late for Morris to say anything. Morris and John pass through the metal detector.

WAGNER

Anglin!

John looks at Wagner.

WAGNER

Step out.

Anglin steps out of the line. Morris glances back briefly and continues with the inmates on up the steps.

WAGNER

(suspiciously)

Got a leak down there?

JOHN

(playing it cool)

No, why?

WAGNER

Why?

Wagner rubs the raincoat between his fingers.

WAGNER

Why are you wearing a raincoat?

The liquid plastic begins to leak from the bag. It drips under

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

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The liquid plastic begins to leak from the bag. It drips under

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED

the raincoat down on top of John's shoes. The sound of the dripping is slightly audible. John feels it hit his shoes. He wants to glance down but he can't.

JOHN

It's chilly.

WAGNER

Why don't you get a peacoat?

The liquid plastic continues to drip onto John's shoes.

JOHN

My old one is ripped and the clothing shop is out of new ones. I put my name on the list to get one when the next batch arrives.

Wagner thinks it over. He is suspicious but the answer is reasonable. He studies John. The liquid plastic begins to drip a little harder. John looks calm.

WAGNER

Beat it.

168 INT. - MORRIS' CELL

Morris looks nervous. John and a guard pass his cell. John and Morris exchange nervous glances.

169 CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morris squirms through the hole into the corridor. He pulls the string, bringing the accordion case against the wall. John is already waiting for him. He hands Morris a raincoat and he keeps one. Silently, they climb the pipes to the top. As they ascend, conversations from different vents filter into the corridor. As they pass the third tier, Tony Bennett's "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" filters through a vent. Morris and John smile ironically at each other.

170 TOP OF BLOCK

They go to a spot under the shaft and drop the raincoats. John squats down and Morris stands on his shoulders. They weave unsteadily back and forth. They steady and John slowly stands, pushing Morris into the shaft. The shaft is illuminated at five second intervals by the beam from the lighthouse on the island. Morris sees bars halfway up the shaft. At the end of the shaft, where it opens onto the roof, a cross-barred iron hood prevents any exit. Morris taps John with his foot. John lowers him. They kneel, facing each other. Morris looks upset.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

They whisper.

JOHN

What is it?

MORRIS

There's two bars across the middle of the shaft. And there's an iron hood covering the top.

JOHN

We'll spread the bars and knock the hood off.

MORRIS

The bars will give, but the hood's riveted on by six iron uprights. We'd need a drill on the heads. I saw an electrical outlet around here somewhere. If we could get a motor and a drill, that would do it.

JOHN

(sarcastically)

Great. Just where do we get them?

171 RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Nine inmates are sitting with their musical instruments. Morris and Ward, accordions in lap, are among them. An inmate, PORKCHOP, speaks up.

PORKCHOP

Hey, Morris, how come you've had that accordion for a couple of months and you hardly ever play it?

MORRIS

Cause I'm only using it to get off of this dump.

PORKCHOP

(interested)

What do you mean?

MORRIS

Well, I figure if I don't play it very much, then I'll sound awful. And if I'm awful enough the hacks won't be able to stand it and they'll let me go.

PORKCHOP

If I were them I'd give you a ticket home right now.

171 CONTINUED

The inmates laugh.

PORKCHOP

Hey, Fingers, play that number  
you've been working on.

FINGERS

Thought you'd never ask, Porkchop.

Fingers, on piano, and three other inmates on sax, drum and bass, start a song with a fast beat. They sound great. Each man does a brief solo as the band brings it home. They finish and get wild applause from the other inmates. There is a lot of laughing and hand slapping. It is as if they have forgotten where they are.

GUARD

(interrupting)

Time's up. Back to the cells.

The noise stops and the smiles disappear. The men are brought back to reality. They gather their instruments and prepare to leave. Morris and Ward take their accordions over to the wall where their accordion cases are. Morris opens his case and begins to lower his accordion. He freezes in mid-action. He sees a small fan, its cord wrapped around its base, sitting on the floor near the case.

MORRIS

(whispering to Ward  
and nodding toward  
guard)

Keep him busy.

Ward walks over to the guard. Morris lowers the accordion into the case. Because of its shape, there is a small space left in the top of the case. He looks over and sees Ward distracting the guard.

172 WARD AND GUARD

WARD

How'd we sound today?

GUARD

What's the difference? Who's  
gonna hear?

173 MORRIS

Morris picks up the fan and lowers it into the case. He closes

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED

the case and joins Ward. They leave the guard and begin filing out of the room. A guard stands by the door, watching the inmates exit. Morris and Ward, carrying their cases, begin to pass him.

GUARD  
(bored)

Hold it.

Morris and Ward stop.

GUARD  
Think I'll check one of those cases.

After a few beats, Morris steps forward, putting the case on the ground in front of the guard's feet.

MORRIS  
Help yourself.

The guard looks at Morris, then at Ward, who seems a little nervous.

GUARD  
Think I'll check the other one.

Morris picks up his case and walks out the door. The guard looks at Ward.

GUARD  
Now let's see what you've got  
in that case.

174 SHOP - DAY

The inmates are working at carpentry. Masters is on the phone. He hangs up. He looks around and sees Litmus.

MASTERS  
They want a carpenter in the  
cellhouse. Take a tool box  
and get up there.

Litmus nods and begins to throw items into a tool box. Morris is working near Litmus. The background noise covers their conversation. Morris shows Litmus an extension cord and a drill bit.

MORRIS  
I need to get these up to the  
cellhouse.

Litmus looks at the objects and then at Morris.

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED

LITMUS

They find out, I go to the hole.

Morris knows that, but he doesn't try to persuade Litmus. Litmus thinks it over. He takes the items and throws them in his box.

MORRIS

Thanks.

LITMUS

From a now on, justa put your desserts on my tray.

176 WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Warden is seated. A man in a business suit enters. The Warden has been expecting him. The Warden stands.

WARDEN

Good to see you, Horace.

HORACE

You, too, Warden.

They shake hands and sit.

WARDEN

What made you come all the way out here from Washington?

HORACE

We've been getting pressure from Congress and Kennedy over at Justice to close down Alcatraz.

The Warden starts to speak. Horace holds up his hand and cuts him off.

HORACE

I know you've heard that before, but this time we're getting pushed pretty hard.

WARDEN

What is it this time?

HORACE

Well, there's the old complaint about what it's costing us to run Alcatraz, but that's nothing new. The real pressure is coming from

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED

HORACE (Cont'd)

people who feel that Alcatraz doesn't fit the concepts of modern penology. The isolation, the lack of attempts at rehabilitation, and so on.

WARDEN

Modern penology is a bunch of shit.

HORACE

That may be true, but we can't exactly tell Congress that, can we Warden?

WARDEN

(emphatically)

I can.

HORACE

(ordering)

But you won't.

(accomodating)

Now look, we want to keep Alcatraz open, too. That's why I've come out here. I'm going to take a tour of the prison and write a report that no other prison provides the total maximum security that Alcatraz does. They can say what they want, but it's still escape proof. And until Congress comes up with the funds to build another such prison, we still need Alcatraz. Knowing the way Congress works, we'll both be dead before they get around to that.

WARDEN

You're probably right, Horace. Guess I flew off the handle. Come on, let's take a tour of the cellhouse.

The two men head for the door. The Warden stops near the door where there is an aquarium. It is a small tank and there are too many fish. They swim restlessly in circles. The Warden takes a jar of fish food and drops some in the water. The fish shoot upward toward his hand and eat the food.

WARDEN

From now on, Horace, I'll let you boys in Washington handle the politicians. I'll handle my inmates.

## 177 CELLHOUSE

A buzzer rings. A guard opens the door leading into the cellhouse and admits the Warden and Horace. They walk down one of the aisles.

HORACE

You've had quite a record. Not one successful escape in all these years.

WARDEN

If you know how to run a prison and keep the inmates in line, there won't be any escapes.

He stops and motions for Horace to stop. The Warden points to a cell.

WARDEN

Take Frank Morris. He escaped from numerous prisons so they sent him to me. He's been here for over two years now and he doesn't cause us any problems.

HORACE

That doesn't mean he's given up.

WARDEN

Think so? You know how he spends his time now?

(pointing at accordion case against wall)

He plays the accordion!

The men chuckle and walk off.

## 178 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

Morris turns off the light. He opens the accordion case and removes the fan. Using the small blade of the nailclip as a screwdriver, Morris loosens the screws in the hub of the fan and removes the blades. He inserts the drill bit into the hub where the blades had been. He puts the dummy and rolled up peacoat in bed. He picks up the new drill and wriggles through the hole.

## 179 TOP OF BLOCK

John is waiting for Morris under the shaft. The pile of raincoats has grown considerably. John is holding a section of

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED

pipe. He hands it to Morris. Morris stands on John's shoulders and is lifted into the shaft.

180 SHAFT

The lighthouse beam, flashing every five seconds, sends bursts of light through the crossbarred hood into the shaft. Between the flashes of light the shaft is faintly lit by the house lights below. Morris is lifted until he reaches two bars midway up the shaft. Using the pipe as a lever, Morris bends the bars just enough to allow someone to pass through. He lowers the pipe to John. Morris grabs the bars, lifts himself through and sits on them. Only the barred hood, a couple of feet above, is between Morris and the roof. John passes up the homemade drill and plugs the extension cord into the outlet. Morris wraps a raincoat sleeve around the motor to muffle the sound. Morris, guided by the intermittent beacon flashes, sets the drill against a rivet head. He flicks on the motor. There is a slight quiver, but the drill doesn't turn. He pulls the drill away and the drill begins to whir, the noise muffled by the raincoat. He puts the whirring drill on the rivet head. There is a dying whine and the drill stops. Morris looks up the shaft at the hood. He drops down the shaft to John.

181 TOP OF BLOCK

They whisper.

JOHN

(excited)

It's perfect. I couldn't hear a thing.

MORRIS

It didn't work.

JOHN

What?

MORRIS

There's not enough juice in the motor. Might spin a fan, but that's all.

JOHN

Six goddamn rivet heads aren't stopping us after we've come this far. We'll take them off by hand. What about the nailclip blade?

MORRIS

Too soft. Carborundum string might work.

JOHN

What's that?

182 CONTINUED

MORRIS

We use it in the shop. Cut through anything. We'll need a flashlight, too.

JOHN

If we ever bust out of here, it'll be a fucking miracle.

183 CELLHOUSE - DAY

Clarence files out of the dining room with the others. The line passes the captain's desk. A guard's coat is hanging over the back of the chair. Clarence notices the guards are not watching closely. As he passes the chair, he slides his hand over the coat's breast pocket, removing a pen flashlight. He keeps walking with the rest of the inmates. A guard, Cranston, calls out.

CRANSTON

Anglin! Come here!

Clarence stops, the pen light hidden in his hand. He slides the light up his sleeve next to his forearm. He walks over to Cranston. Clarence is tense, unsure if Cranston saw him.

CRANSTON

We need some painting done so I'm taking you out of the barber shop.

CLARENCE

(relieved light  
wasn't noticed)

Where to?

CRANSTON

The ceiling above your block.

Clarence does a double take.

CLARENCE

I...uh.

CRANSTON

What's the matter?

CLARENCE

I...don't like heights.

CRANSTON

Too bad. Let's go.

Clarence follows Cranston down the aisleway. Clarence's mind

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

is racing to find a way to keep Cranston from accompanying him to the top of the block. They climb the stairs at the side of the block until they reach the third tier. Paint and brushes are outside the steel door that leads to the top. Cranston unlocks the door. Clarence looks back at him, thinking desperately of something to say. Lamont, the guard, is at the foot of the stairs.

LAMONT

Hey, Cranston!

CRANSTON

What?

LAMONT

The old man's got a job for you.

CRANSTON

(to Clarence)

When you finish, report to the captain. And if you do anything up there but paint, I'll fry your ass.

Cranston walks down the stairs. Clarence lets out a deep breath.

184 CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morris sticks his head through the hole and looks down the corridor. He sees Clarence squirm through his hole into the corridor. Clarence holds up the pen flashlight and points up, indicating he's climbing to the top. Morris nods. Clarence starts climbing the pipes. The flashlight wobbles unsteadily in his left hand. Morris wriggles halfway through the hole. As Clarence passes the second tier, he inadvertently kicks a section of loose pipe against a nearby pipe, creating the CLINK of metal on metal.

185 CELLHOUSE

Bobs is patrolling the floor. He stops upon hearing the metallic sound and looks up toward the second tier.

186 CORRIDOR

Clarence hangs on to the pipe, not daring to move. Morris remains motionless, halfway through his hole.

187 BOBS

He begins to climb the stairs up to the second tier.

CONTINUED

188 CORRIDOR

Clarence starts to climb again. The flashlight is slowly slipping from his sweaty left hand. Morris is now through the hole and into the corridor.

189 BOBS

He walks along the second tier, listening for the sounds he heard earlier.

190 CORRIDOR

Clarence reaches the top of the block and starts to pull himself over the edge. The flashlight slowly wobbles and then slips from his grasp. Morris, 30 feet below, is about to climb the pipes. He grabs a pipe and looks up. He sees the flashlight falling. He dives for it, his outstretched hand near the ground. The flashlight hits his palm, glances off and rolls to the floor. The noise is slight.

191 BOBS

He walks along the second tier. He didn't hear the noise.

192 CORRIDOR

Morris lies on the ground, breathing heavily. Clarence clings silently to the rim of the block. Morris picks up the flashlight and climbs up to Clarence. Morris gives him a hard stare and Clarence looks back helplessly.

193 TOP OF BLOCK

They go to the shaft. The pile of raincoats has increased. Clarence boosts Morris into the shaft.

194 SHAFT

Morris grabs the bent bars and pulls himself up to sit on them. He puts the pen flashlight in his mouth for light between the beacon flashes. He reaches in his pocket and withdraws the carborundum string. Morris begins cutting the rivet heads.

195 TOP OF BLOCK

Clarence takes some raincoats and lays them out full length. He uses a sliver of glass to cut the sleeves off. He puts pieces of the other raincoats over the holes and seals them with liquid plastic. He takes several of the raincoats and begins sealing the edge of one raincoat on top of another.

196 SHAFT

Morris stops cutting and looks at his fingers. They are bleeding. He continues to work on the rivet head.

## 197 DINING ROOM - DAY

Morris, Ward and the Anglins are sitting at a table. Litmus comes by with his tray. His face is beaming.

LITMUS  
(to Morris)  
Heara the news?

MORRIS  
What happened?

LITMUS  
I've been transferred to a joint  
near home. They think maybe in six  
months I get parole.

A guard comes up to Litmus.

GUARD  
You can't stand there.

LITMUS  
(to Morris)  
I'll a stop to see you before  
I go.

Litmus departs. The four begin to eat. Morris pulls a golden poppy from his pocket and puts it in his glass.

WARD  
Where'd you get that?

MORRIS  
Picked it coming back from the  
shops.

The Warden is standing alongside the serving line. He begins to walk among the inmates.

WARDEN  
How's the chow, Leo?

LEO  
Fine, Warden.

The Warden comes by Morris' table. He sees the flower.

WARDEN  
(nodding toward  
flower)  
What's that?

MORRIS  
A flower.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED

The Warden picks up the flower and looks at Morris. The Warden crushes the flower in his hand and drops it on the floor. The Warden and Morris stare at each other for a couple of beats. Litmus, who is sitting at a nearby table, suddenly gives out a groan. He slumps over and falls to the ground, ashen-faced. His glasses break on the floor. A guard runs over and puts his ear to Litmus' heart.

GUARD  
(to Warden)

He's dead.

WARDEN

Get a stretcher.

Two guards head for the kitchen to get the stretcher. The Warden turns to Morris.

WARDEN  
(pointedly)

Some inmates just aren't destined  
to ever get off of Alcatraz. Except  
in a box.

The Warden turns and leaves the room. The inmates start eating again and the background noise returns to its normal volume. Morris looks over at Litmus, who lies on the floor in a still, crumpled heap. Morris walks over to Litmus and squats down to look at him. Morris notices some movement in Litmus' pants pocket. He spreads the pocket and sees the mouse peeking out. Morris wraps the mouse in his hand and puts the mouse in his pocket. The guards arrive with the stretcher and Morris returns to his table. John looks at Litmus, who is being lifted onto the stretcher.

JOHN

The Rock doesn't let go without  
a fight.

Morris

We're gonna give it one.

198 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

Morris is sitting at his table. The mouse is on the table top. Morris pulls some cheese out of his pocket and breaks off some small pieces. The mouse eats them. Morris picks the mouse up and moves the accordion case and cardboard away from the hole.

MORRIS

Litmus never made it off the Rock.  
But you're going to. With me.

Morris puts the mouse into the corridor.

## 199 CORRIDOR

The mouse looks around, sees an abandoned section of pipe, and disappears inside.

## 200 TOP OF BLOCK - SHAFT - NIGHT

John is sitting on the bars, working with the string on a rivet head. As the beacon flashes, it's seen that the other rivet heads have been cut off. John is almost finished cutting through the last one. He puts the string away and works the rivet back and forth with his hand. It suddenly snaps off. John stares at it, then looks up at the iron hood. All the rivets are gone. He pushes upward on the hood. It slowly eases up through the roof. John eases it back down. He takes blackened soap balls from his pocket, shapes them to resemble the rivet heads and puts them on the decapitated rivets. He drops down the shaft.

## 201 CHAPEL - DAY

The inmates march into the chapel. A movie screen hangs above the altar and 200 folding chairs face the screen. The shades have been drawn to darken the room. Guards are around the room and an armed guard on an elevated walkway looks down. The inmates fill up the chairs. The blacks sit by themselves in the back rows. Morris and John sit next to each other, Ward and Clarence on each side of them. The movie, "Pork Chop Hill," begins.

## 202 JOHN AND MORRIS

They talk in low, urgent voices, their conversation protected by the movie soundtrack.

JOHN

Got the last rivet head off. Let's go tonight.

MORRIS

Not yet.

JOHN

What's the fucking hold up?

MORRIS

Twenty cons got to the water. No one ever made it across. I'm looking for more information on the tides and currents. Plus I want to find out more about that lumber that's stacked near the powerhouse.

## 203 PORK CHOP HILL

Scenes of battle and men dying.

204 JOHN AND MORRIS

JOHN

When?

MORRIS

Two more days. Tuesday night.

205 MORRIS' CELL - DAY

English arrives at Morris' cell with the library cart.

ENGLISH

Got those magazines you wanted, man.

MORRIS

(taking magazines)

Thanks, English.

ENGLISH

See you later, man.

He starts off, pushing the cart.

MORRIS

Goodbye, English.

English stops and turns around. He limps back to the cell. The two men look silently at each other. English sticks his hand through the bars and they shake hands soul-style. English turns and leaves.

206 MORRIS' CELL - LATER

Morris is lying on his bunk reading "Sports Illustrated." This May 21, 1962 issue has a section on Joys of Water. Morris reads the page with the color illustrations of channel buoys and navigational hazards. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of his cell door sliding open. Morris looks up and sees Cranston and the Warden.

CRANSTON

Shakedown.

Cranston goes to the back of the cell and looks through Morris' clothes and books. He looks around the toilet and reaches in the bowl with his arm. He probes as far as he can with his hand, looking for hidden items. The Warden comes to the back of the cell and watches the guard. The Warden rests his foot on top of the accordion case. He and Morris eye each other. Cranston goes to the front of the cell. He takes a rubber mallet and taps on the cell bars, listening for hollow sounds.

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED

He slides a knife along the bars, looking for cuts. The Warden looks down at the accordion case. A concertina is leaning against the wall near the case. The Warden pulls the case away from the wall and opens it. By moving the case, the Warden has exposed the fake cardboard grille covering the hole. The cardboard looks fairly real, but it is obvious that if the Warden were to look at it directly, he would see that it was a fake. Morris tensely watches the Warden. Cranston motions for Morris to get off the bunk. The guard takes the mattress outside the cell and runs a portable metal detector over it. Morris continues to watch the Warden. The Warden examines the accordion. His face is only a few feet from the cardboard.

WARDEN

How long have you been playing the accordion?

MORRIS

(casually)

Couple months.

WARDEN

How about the concertina?

MORRIS

I ordered it a couple of weeks ago.

WARDEN

You any good?

MORRIS

Terrible.

The Warden pushes the case against the cardboard.

WARDEN

You'll get better, Morris.

The Warden leaves the cell and the door slides shut. The Warden looks at Morris through the bars.

WARDEN

That's one of the benefits of Alcatraz. There's lots of time to practice.

The camera CLOSES on Morris as he watches the Warden walk off.

207 AISLEWAY

The Warden and Cranston walk down the aisle.

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

WARDEN

Has Morris been doing anything unusual lately?

CRANSTON

No. He either goes to bed early or he stays up late and talks with Ward.

WARDEN

Maybe we should split them up. Do you have any cells we could transfer him to?

CRANSTON

We could move him over to C block.

WARDEN

How long will it take?

CRANSTON

I've got to get the cell ready and do the paperwork. We could move him, say, Tuesday morning.

WARDEN

Good.

208 ANGLIN BROTHERS' CELLS - NIGHT

The Anglins are lying on their bunks, talking between their cells.

JOHN

I was thinking about when they caught us in the bread boxes at Leavenworth.

CLARENCE

(smiling)

Yeah.

JOHN

This one's a little different.

CLARENCE

(serious now)

Yeah.

JOHN

If the tower bulls see us, they'll be aiming heart high.

CLARENCE

When they caught us trying to bust out of Leavenworth, they shipped us to the Rock. If they catch us now, where do they ship

208 CONTINUED

CLARENCE (Cont'd)

us?

JOHN

They don't. That's why they aim  
heart high.

CLARENCE

If we make it, where do you want  
to go?

JOHN

Mexico.

CLARENCE

What for?

JOHN

Drink some tequila. Nail some  
senoritas.

CLARENCE

And then?

It is a question John doesn't want to answer. He falls silent,  
lost in his thoughts. Clarence doesn't really expect an answer.  
He doesn't ask any more questions.

209 MORRIS' AND WARD'S CELLS

They are talking between their cells.

WARD

I'm worried about the shakedowns.  
My cardboard has been slipping out  
of the hole. I found some cement  
in the corridor and I'm going to  
use it on the cardboard so it can't  
fall out.

MORRIS

Don't use too much.

WARD

I won't.

(pauses)

Have you found out anything about  
the currents?

MORRIS

No. The library doesn't have  
anything and no one knows for sure.

WARD

How do we know the raft will  
hold up?

210 CONTINUED

MORRIS

We don't.

WARD

(hesitantly)

That's one thing I never told you.

MORRIS

What?

WARD

I can't swim.

MORRIS

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

WARD

I was afraid you wouldn't let me come along.

MORRIS

If the raft comes apart, even a good swimmer would have a tough time. You'll drown.

WARD

I know.

(pauses)

If we make it, there's someone at home I'm going to find a way to see. John and Clarence will be sticking together. Where will you go?

MORRIS

I don't know. What's the difference? I've been running all my life. I'll just find somewhere new to run to.

WARD

Have you ever had a home?

MORRIS

(softly, almost to himself)

Home?

He rubs his hands across the cell bars.

MORRIS

This has been my home.

211 DINING ROOM - DAY

Morris, Ward and the Anglins are eating at a table. A tier

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED

group enters the room to eat. At the front is Wolf. He looks paler and thinner than before. Wolf walks down the center of the room. Morris looks up and sees him. Wolf smiles mockingly. There is a hush around the room. Wolf walks over to Morris' table.

WOLF  
(grinning like a  
hyena)

I've missed you, Morris. I've missed you so much that I went and got you a present. I'll give it to you later. After I've sharpened it.

Morris, showing no concern, continues to eat his food. The grin drops from Wolf's lips. A guard comes to Wolf.

GUARD  
Get back in line.

Wolf stares at Morris, then turns and walks back to the line.

JOHN  
He'll kill you. Or you'll have to kill him.

MORRIS  
I'm not going to give either of us the chance. Are you ready to go tonight instead of tomorrow night?

John and Clarence nod. Ward nervously nods.

MORRIS  
We'll meet in the corridor right after lights out.

212 YARD - LATER

The inmates enter the yard from the cellhouse. As Wolf comes through the door, a guard stops him.

GUARD  
You carrying?

WOLF  
Who, me?

The guard begins to pat Wolf down. As Morris comes through

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED

the door, he is also stopped by a guard and searched. Wolf and Morris eye each other. The guards finish the search and let them enter the yard. Morris begins to casually walk around the yard. He looks up at the roof of the cellhouse and then at the towers. He is trying to gauge the line of sight from the towers to the roof. Wolf is about 20 yards from Morris. Morris looks up again toward the roof. Wolf begins walking toward him. Wolf brushes against another inmate. The inmate passes Wolf a long jagged edge of glass, with gauze wrapped around one end for a handle. Wolf keeps walking until Morris' back is to him. Wolf stops and fondles the gauze handle. He starts to take a step toward Morris. A knife blade comes against Wolf's back, the blade's point making Wolf jerk.

ENGLISH (v.o.)

Where you going, Wolf?

The camera PULLS BACK to show English holding the knife.

WOLF

Just going for a walk.

ENGLISH

Wouldn't want you to trip and cut yourself, man.

English takes the jagged glass from Wolf's hand.

ENGLISH

Keep walking, Wolf. You need the exercise.

Wolf walks off in a direction away from Morris.

213 MORRIS' CELL - NIGHT

Morris is in his cell. The light is on. He picks up Doc's self-portrait and looks at it. The light blinks on and off. Morris puts the painting back on the shelf.

BOBS (o.s.)

Hey, Morris!

Morris, startled, swings around and sees Bobs at his cell door.

BOBS

There's been a lot of talking between you and Ward after lights out.

The lights in the cells go out. The cellhouse lights stay on.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

BOBS

What are you talking about?

214 ANGLINS' CELLS

Clarence and John put their dummy heads on their pillows. They rub shoe polish on their face and hands.

215 MORRIS' CELL

Bobs talks slowly. He has all the time in the world. Morris begins to fidget restlessly.

MORRIS

The usual.

BOBS

The usual what?

MORRIS

(shrugging)

Food, weather.

216 CORRIDOR

The Anglins enter the corridor through their holes.

CLARENCE

(whispering tensely)

Where's Frank?

JOHN

(whispering)

I'll go tap on his cardboard.

217 MORRIS' CELL

BOBS

(sarcastically)

Don't you like talking during the day?

Morris desperately thinks of a way to get rid of Bobs.

BOBS

What are you and Ward doing?  
Jerking each other off?

218 CORRIDOR

John reaches Morris' cell. He brings his hand back to hit the cardboard. He hears voices coming through the hole and

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED

stops his hand in mid-motion. He turns and crawls back toward Clarence.

219 MORRIS' CELL

BOBS

You look pretty itchy to start getting it on with Ward.

Morris calmly stares back at Bobs.

BOBS

One thing, Morris. If you open your mouth after lights out, don't open it to talk.

Bobs walks off. Morris hurries to the rear of the cell and removes the cardboard. He looks through the hole and sees the Anglins down the corridor. He takes the dummy head from the corridor and puts it on his pillow. He puts his rolled up peacoat on the bunk under the blanket. There is a tapping on his bars. He goes to cellfront.

WARD

(whispering frantically)

I'm stuck! I used too much cement!

MORRIS

(whispering)

Wet it! Use your pick!  
I'll be on top.

Morris looks around the cell one last time. He rubs shoe polish on his face and hands. He grabs the concertina and squirms through the hole, pulling the accordion case flush against the hole.

220 CORRIDOR

Morris looks around the corridor. The mouse comes out of the empty pipe and scampers to his hand. Morris puts the mouse in his shirt pocket. Morris has put a string on the concertina and he slips the string around his neck so that the concertina hangs down his back. Morris sees the Anglins and crawls toward them. He stops outside Ward's cell and listens to the frantic scratching. John grabs Morris and shakes him. John motions upward. The three men climb the pipes. Morris reaches the top, puts his hands over the edge and starts to pull himself up. There, between his hands, is a huge rat staring him

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED

in the face. Morris ducks, and with one hand slaps at the rat. Morris, holding on with one hand, dangles over the edge. The rat is knocked into the corridor. It hits the catwalk on the third tier, rights itself and scampers off. Morris pulls himself up to the top of the block.

221 MORRIS' CELL

CLOSE SHOT of the dummy head on the pillow.

222 CLARENCE ANGLIN'S CELL

CLOSE SHOT of the dummy head on the pillow.

223 JOHN ANGLIN'S CELL

CLOSE SHOT of the dummy head on the pillow.

224 WARD'S CELL

Ward is scratching at the cemented cardboard with his pick. He hears footsteps coming down the aisleway. Ward dives onto the bunk and pulls the covers over him. Just as he finishes, Bobs walks by.

225 BOBS

He walks down the aisleway, passing within feet of the three dummy heads.

226 TOP OF BLOCK

Morris gathers the raft and some raincoats. John boosts Clarence into the shaft.

227 SHAFT

Clarence pulls himself up to the bent bars and sits on them. The beacon flash illuminates the shaft. He slowly pushes upward on the iron hood.

228 EXT.- ROOF

The hood rises out of the roof. Clarence's hands emerge holding the hood. His hands weave about in an unsuccessful attempt to hold the heavy hood. The hood topples over, landing on the roof with a loud THUD. Clarence freezes.

229 INT. - TOP OF BLOCK

John and Morris, underneath the shaft, freeze also.

230 CELLHOUSE

Bobs hears the sound of the falling hood and looks up. He walks over to underneath the gun gallery.

BOBS

I heard a noise.

GALLERY GUARD

So did I. Was it from the roof?

BOBS

Sounded more like it was coming from the hospital.

GALLERY GUARD

Check it out.

231 TOP OF BLOCK

John and Morris listen for any reaction to the thud. They don't hear anything. Morris boosts John into the shaft. Morris passes him the raft, raincoats and concertina.

232 SHAFT

John is sitting on the bars. He takes the material from Morris and passes it on to Clarence on the roof. John reaches down and pulls Morris up so that Morris is hanging from the bars. John climbs through to the roof. Morris pulls himself up and sits on the bars. He looks down the shaft hoping to see Ward.

233 WARD'S CELL

Ward is still digging. His sweaty hands drop the pick. Frantically he picks it up and continues.

234 SHAFT

Morris climbs through to the roof.

235 EXT. - ROOF

John and Clarence are waiting for Morris. The wind is strong and foghorns occasionally groan. The lights of San Francisco shine brightly to the south and the amber lights of the Golden Gate Bridge glow to the west. The lighthouse beacon flashes every five seconds. The three men are in the shadow of a large pipe that runs along the roof. Morris looks up at the moon.

JOHN

(whispering)

What is it?

MORRIS

(whispering)

The moon. I haven't seen it in six years.

235 CONTINUED

Morris looks at Clarence and John and then reaches out to begin the crawl along the roof. AWRK! AWRK! shrieks a bird that flies past Morris. The three men flatten.

236 GUNTOWERS

The guntowers to the west and south flip on their searchlights.

237 ROOF

The inmates lie next to the pipe. The lights criscross the roof.

238 SOUTH TOWER

GUARD

(into phone)

Can't see anything, can you?

239 WEST TOWER

GUARD

(into phone)

No. Must have been a rat.

240 GUNTOWERS

The lights are turned off.

241 ROOF

The inmates begin to crawl, dragging their equipment along with them. They reach the edge of the roof. A thin pipe runs from the roof down to the ground. The pipe is exposed to the intermittent lighthouse beam.

MORRIS

(whispering)

We go between the flashes.

242 WALL

FLASH! Morris, carrying the concertina and raft, goes down the pipe. He slides down halfway and then drops free the rest of the way. He hits the ground and lies flat. FLASH! He is on the edge of the lighted area and is slightly illuminated. He scrambles off to the darkness. John and Clarence wait nervously on the roof. FLASH! John, carrying raincoats, goes down the pipe, drops free halfway and falls the rest of the way. He hits the ground and lies flat. FLASH! He is slightly illuminated. He joins Morris in the darkness. Clarence is on the

CONTINUED

242 CONTINUED

roof alone. He gulps. FLASH! He is frozen, he can't move. FLASH! He trembles. FLASH! He grabs the raincoats and goes over the edge. He goes a third of the way down the pipe and catches his sleeve on a hook. He pulls, but it doesn't give. He yanks hard, his sleeve rips and he falls to the ground. FLASH! Slightly stunned, he has dropped a raincoat. He gets to his feet and starts to scramble off. He sees he has dropped a raincoat. He takes two steps toward it, but realizes the flash is approaching. He dashes to the darkness. FLASH! The raincoat lies visibly on the ground, partially illuminated by the flash.

242 TOWER GUARDS

They have noticed nothing.

243 INMATES

They lie breathing heavily in the darkness.

244 INT. - GUARD HOUSE

A guard picks up his carbine. Another guard sits at a desk playing solitaire.

GUARD

Gonna make the rounds..

The other guard, immersed in the cards, nods without even looking up.

245 EXT. - INMATES

They scale a 15 foot cyclone fence and go down a steep hill.

246 GUARD

He walks along the road near the hill. He points a flashlight beam in front of him.

247 INMATES

They approach the road. They don't see the guard until he is almost upon them. They drop to the ground in some weeds beside the road. Their bodies are partially visible, but the guard won't notice them unless his flashlight beam hits them. He stops on the road, about six feet away from the men. He pulls the last cigarette out of his pack. He crumples the pack and throws it into the weeds. It hits Morris on the face and bounces off. The guard lights his cigarette with a lighter. The

CONTINUED

247 CONTINUED

flame throws light toward the inmates. But the guard faces down the road, not to the side where the inmates are. The foghorns continue to blow. The guard walks on. They race down the slope to the powerhouse. There is a stack of lumber to the side. They begin gathering some of the wood.

248 INT. - WARD'S CELL

Ward digs with his pick. He has removed most of the concrete from the cardboard. He goes to cellfront and looks through the bars. Everything looks quiet. He goes back to the cardboard and kicks at it. It gives slightly. He kicks again and his foot goes through the cardboard. He tears at the cardboard as quietly as possible until the hole is large enough to get through. He squirms through the hole into the corridor.

249 CORRIDOR

He brushes by his dummy head. Panic stricken, he leaves it there. He starts climbing the pipes. As he passes the second tier, his foot gets tangled in electrical wiring. He kicks his foot, pulling the wiring taut. The overhead cellhouse lights dim for an instant.

250 BOBS

He looks up as the lights dim. They come back to full strength and Bobs turns his attention elsewhere.

251 TOP OF BLOCK

Ward climbs over the edge and walks along the top of the block until he is under the shaft. He stands on an old concrete block and jumps into the shaft. His hands graze the bars. He jumps again, catches the bars and pulls himself up into the shaft.

252 EXT. - ROOF

He stands on the bars and climbs through to the roof. The beacon flashes. Ward looks around, his face filled with fear. The wind blows patches of fog by him. The foghorns blow. He is momentarily blinded by the beacon. He realizes he doesn't have the guts to go alone. He drops down the shaft.

253 INT. - TOP OF BLOCK

He dejectedly walks across the block.

254 CORRIDOR

He descends the pipes.

255 CELL

He crawls through the hole into his cell. He lies on the bunk,

CONTINUED

255 CONTINUED

staring blankly up at the ceiling. From OFFSCREEN comes the sound of the guard's footsteps. The shoes make an ugly squeak. Ward closes his eyes.

256 BOBS

Bobs walks past Ward's cell. In one of the cells Bobs notices a head lying on a pillow with the blanket pulled up high, so that only part of the head is showing. Bobs reaches in the cell and looks under the blanket. The head sleepily turns over. Satisfied, Bobs walks on. He passes the dummies in the Anglins' cells. Bobs walks out of sight.

257 EXT. - SHORE

Morris and the Anglins reach the water's edge with wood from the powerhouse. Morris takes the concertina and attaches a rubber hose from it to the raft. He puts his hands on the concertina and prepares to squeeze. John, seeing what Morris is doing and fearing the noise, reaches to stop him. Before he is able to, Morris squeezes the concertina. Instead of making music, it pumps air into the raft.

MORRIS

(whispering)

I took the reeds out.

John and Clarence tie pieces of the lumber together as Morris continues to pump up the raft. When the raft is ready, they tie it on to the wood. They tie the raincoats' sleeves and pull them rapidly through the air. They don the raincoats like bandoliers to serve as life vests. They huddle and talk, their voices strained and urgent.

CLARENCE

Let's go!

MORRIS

What about Ward?

JOHN

What about him?

Morris looks at John and Clarence. It's clear they don't want to wait.

MORRIS

We've got to wait.

JOHN

You wait.

CONTINUED

257 CONTINUED

John takes the raft and starts to push it in the water. Morris tackles him and they wrestle on the edge of the water. Clarence grabs them.

CLARENCE  
(whispering)

The bull!

They look up the slope and see the flashlight beam going down the road in the opposite direction as before. They lie still until the beam passes.

JOHN  
We can't wait, Frank.

Morris silently looks at John. They stand and gather their equipment. They push the raft into the water, jump in, and using the thin pieces of wood, paddle into the Bay. The fog-horns occasionally groan. The inmates disappear into the night, leaving behind only the swish of paddling.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

258 ALCATRAZ SHORE - MORNING

Sea gulls cawing in the air pick at garbage floating around the island's shore. There is no sign of the escapees.

259 INT. - CELLHOUSE

The wakeup bell rings. There is a bustle of activity as the inmates dress. A second bell rings. The inmates line up at cellfront for the count. Guards begin walking along the tiers to make the count.

260 MORRIS' TIER

A guard counts the inmates along this tier. He passes Ward, who is standing woodenly in his cell.

261 MORRIS' CELL

The guard stops outside Morris' cell. He sees the head on the pillow.

GUARD  
Get up, Morris.

There is no response. The guard signals for the cell to be

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

opened. The guard enters the cell.

GUARD

Morris.

He gives the head a pull. The head rolls off the bed, hitting the floor with a hollow THUNK. The head rolls to a stop at the guard's feet. The guard stares in disbelief as the ugly, lifeless face of the dummy stares up at him.

262 WARDEN'S OFFICE - LATER

A siren WHINES in the background. The Warden, ASSOCIATE WARDEN and several guards are in the office. The Warden looks different. He has lost his arrogance and self-assuredness. He is flustered, shaky.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

We've set up a perimeter guard around the island. The Coast Guard is patrolling and dragging for bodies, and skindivers will be checking the caves. The local police are forming roadblocks and bloodhounds are being sent to points they might have landed. And we're getting a helicopter sent over here.

The Associate Warden hands him pictures of the inmates and descriptive data.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

Here's the pictures.

The Warden looks at the pictures.

WARDEN

(to pictures)

You bastards.

(to Associate  
Warden)

Print it up and get it to all law enforcement agencies. I want a total lockdown of the cellhouse for the rest of the day. Don't let them out to work, to eat, to do any goddamn thing. And I want all the guards on duty last night suspended.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

I just interviewed them and no one

CONTINUED

262 CONTINUED

ASSOCIATE WARDEN (Cont'd)  
seems to have been negligent.

WARDEN

So what? Someone's going to pay  
for this.

A clerk enters.

CLERK

Sir, the Director is on the phone.

All eyes turn to the Warden. He is visibly nervous. He picks  
up the phone and listens uneasily. His hand manipulates the coins.

WARDEN

(into phone)

Yes, sir, I'm sure they drowned.  
I'll call you as soon as we have  
the bodies.

The Warden hangs up. The clerk enters the room again.

CLERK

(excited)

They found something of Clarence  
Anglin's on Angel Island!

WARDEN

(excited, spirits  
raised)

Get the launch ready!

263 EXT. - DOCK

A crowd of reporters is on the dock arguing with the guards.  
The Warden approaches and the reporters engulf him.

REPORTER

(angry)

Why aren't we allowed up there?  
We have access to every other  
federal penitentiary.

WARDEN

(arrogantly)

Alcatraz isn't a penitentiary.  
Alcatraz is Alcatraz.

The Warden pushes through the reporters and he and the Associate  
Warden board the boat.

264 BOAT IN BAY

The Warden scans the Bay with his binoculars. The boat speeds

CONTINUED

264 CONTINUED

through the Bay.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

The tides were mild and the fog light last night. If they left around lights out, they got a nine and a half hour head start. The Anglins are from a small town on the Florida coast so they may be good swimmers. Morris we don't know. I wonder if they made it?

The Warden is looking through his binoculars. He slowly lowers them and faces the Associate Warden.

WARDEN

They drowned.

265 SHORE

Bloodhounds are sniffing on the shore and in the shrubbery. Police are searching along the shoreline. The Warden approaches a police officer.

WARDEN

What did you find?

OFFICER

(showing bag)

Photos and a notebook of Clarence Anglin that washed up on shore. Funny looking bag. Must have made it from a raincoat.

WARDEN

Looks like they've drowned.

OFFICER

Why?

WARDEN

If that bag was important enough to take along, they wouldn't have lost it.

OFFICER

Maybe they couldn't help it. Or maybe they lost it to look like they drowned.

WARDEN

(irritated)

Mind if I look around?

CONTINUED

265 CONTINUED

OFFICER

Suit yourself.

The Warden walks along the beach, stepping over rocks and drift-wood. He watches the police search. As he walks along, he sees something that makes him suddenly stop. It is a golden poppy resting upright between two rocks. The Warden bends down and collects the flower. (It has no roots.) He looks at the flower in his hand and smiles thinly, bitterly.

266 BOAT IN BAY

The boat speeds back to Alcatraz. The Warden and Associate Warden are standing in the back. They see a large group of people standing at the end of one of the San Francisco piers.

267 WARDEN'S POV

WARDEN (v.o.)

What's going on?

ASSOCIATE WARDEN (v.o.)

They're looking at Alcatraz through  
pay telescopes.

268 BOAT

WARDEN

What for?

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

Everyone wants to know if they  
made it.

WARDEN

They look like vultures.

The Warden falls silent. The Associate Warden sees the Warden doesn't especially want to talk, but the Associate Warden has one more bit of information to tell him.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

I talked to the coroner. He said  
bodies usually surface a couple  
of hours after they go down. It  
depends on the food eaten and  
bacteria in the stomach. It seems  
that the stomach gas brings a  
body right back to the surface.

WARDEN

So the bodies should have come up

CONTINUED

268 CONTINUED

WARDEN (Cont'd)

by now.

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

Yes. But he said that if crabs or rocks puncture the bodies, the gas will escape and they might never come up.

The Warden looks out over the Bay. He pauses for several beats.

WARDEN

Have you been to Angel Island before?

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

Several times.

WARDEN

Are there flowers there?

ASSOCIATE WARDEN

There's not many growing there, but sometimes picnickers bring them. Why?

WARDEN

Just curious.

The Warden falls silent and looks out at the Bay. The Warden's mood makes the Associate Warden uneasy. He goes to the bow to see the skipper. The Warden steps to the stern. He reaches in his pocket and withdraws the flower. He twirls it slowly in his hand. He crumples it up and throws it into the boat's wake. The flower bobs up and down and then disappears into the froth.

269 INT. - WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden approaches his office. The clerk is waiting for him at the door.

CLERK

(apprehensive)

The Director wants you on the next plane.

The color drains from the Warden's face.

270 PASSAGEWAY

The Warden enters the passageway and is cleared through the doors. He is in a daze, oblivious to everything around him.

271 CELLHOUSE

A guard admits him to the cellhouse.

CONTINUED

271 CONTINUED

GUARD

Any word on the bodies?

The Warden doesn't answer. It's almost as if the Warden hasn't seen the guard. The guard looks at him, unsure of what to do. The Warden walks down the main aisle, a cellblock on each side of him. As he passes one of the cells, a voice calls to him.

ENGLISH

They made it, didn't they?

WARDEN

(hesitant, faltering)

They drowned.

ENGLISH

They made it.

The Warden keeps walking. English takes his tin cup and starts banging it on the bars. As the Warden walks, the other inmates pick up the banging so that the sound follows him down the aisle. The sound grows from cell to cell until the metal clanging is deafening. The Warden reaches the door that leads to the yard. The banging of the cups is still deafening. The key is brought down on a line, the door is opened and the Warden passes through.

272 EXT. - YARD

The Warden enters the yard, the sound of the banging cups following him. The door closes, cutting off the clattering of the cups. All SOUND is now removed from the film. The Warden walks down the steps and toward a helicopter in the middle of the yard. He gets in and the blades silently start to whir. The helicopter starts to rise.

273 HELICOPTER'S POV

As the helicopter rises, the full yard and walls come into view. The swirling wind kicks up dust in the yard. Outside the yard walls, shrubbery and flowers are shaken by the wind.

274 FLOWERS

A CLOSEUP of golden poppies shows them straining in the wind.

275 HELICOPTER'S POV

As the helicopter rises further, the whole prison is seen. The sound of banging cups is faintly heard. The helicopter rises and all of Alcatraz island is seen. The island becomes smaller and smaller, becoming a small patch of land in the Bay.

CONTINUED

As the whole Bay is seen, the following is SUPERIMPOSED on the screen - "In the months that followed, a massive search was conducted for Frank Morris, John Anglin and Clarence Anglin. Law enforcement agencies searched the Bay, expecting to find their bodies. They never did. Alcatraz was closed as a federal prison less than a year later."

FADE OUT

THE END