

THE ROCK

BY

Jonathan Hensleigh

Revised 10/10/95

BEGIN MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

An impressionistic montage:

A SILHOUETTED MAN in front of mirror dons his Marine dress blues.

Spit polish shoes laced. Medals clipped to jacket. All in CLOSE-UP. We never see him fully.

The Man puts HIS HAT squarely on his head. EYES glint.
On the man's dresser: MARINE MEMORABILIA. Three Purple Hearts,
photos of a WOMAN (his wife), PHOTOS OF MARINES in combat
locales. TIGHTER into the photos, we HEAR PANICKED VOICES,
EXPLOSIONS, NOISES OF BRUTAL COMBAT.

IMAGES: Through smoke, a desperate MARINE PRIVATE who knows he
will never be rescued... TWO MARINES walk up to a farmhouse door;
through the screen we see a MOTHER AND DAUGHTER who know what the
news will be...

IMAGES: A MARINE COLOUR GUARD carries a COFFIN... Now we are the
coffin as a FLAG drapes down on us. Placed into a YOUNG WOMAN'S
HAND.

Now we're in ARLINGTON CEMETERY. Images of the cemetery are
reflected in wet puddles, as the SPIT-SHINED SHOES walk past
images of the TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER a ROW OF GRAVES comes
into focus.

CLOSE-UP on the MARINE'S HAT, and his EYES. Suddenly AN
EXPLOSION and we see --

A MARINE in a jungle, radioing for help: You gotta get us outta
here sir, Jesus, they're all over us...! And an EXPLOSION ends
the communication...

CLOSE-UP on the MARINE'S EYES and FADE IN:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - MORNING

Two groundskeepers on "ride 'em" lawn mowers, BENNIE and MARLIN,
smoke Camels and watch the MARINE OFFICER from the opening
montage. He's alone, across the cemetery.

BENNIE

You'll get used to him. Every Sunday
morning - rain, snow, holidays
nothin, keeps him Away.

ACROSS THE CEMETERY

Brig. Gen. FRANCIS XAVIER HUMMEL stands before a headstone:

BARBARA MCLEAN HUMMEL 1946-1996.

HUMMEL

Hi Barb. The house sold yesterday.
I know, I know, the market's depressed.
Anyway, I'm leaving the area. Some
things I have to do. Things I couldn't
do while you were here. Maybe you would
have approved. Hell, I know you wouldn't
have.

(beat)

I've tried everything and I can't seem
to get their attention. But now they'll
learn how it feels on the other side.
Let's hope it elevates their thinking.

Hummel puts new flowers on the grave. Walks off.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD TO ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Heavy rain. A road next to a heavily guarded bunker facility. A
canvas covered ARMY TRUCK blows a tire in the road. The DRIVER
gets out. Inspects the tire.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT

FOUR MARINES in black suits dive through a hole in the truck bed
floor into a MANHOLE IN THE ROAD.

EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Three ARMY M.P.s at the front GUARDHOUSE. GENERAL HUMMEL pulls up
in a SUBURBAN. The M.P.s immediately recognize him and stand more
rigidly.

ARMY M. P.

General Hummel, sir. It's an honor.
Is the Colonel expecting you, sir?

HUMMEL

Held better be. This is a security
inspection.

ARMY M. P.

Yes, sir!

The M.P. waves Hummel in, saluting crisply.

INT. GRATED STORM DRAIN IN BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

The four marines from the truck are waiting, readying arms. The leader is looking at his watch. Gives a hand signal to the others, and up they go-

EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

The four marines emerge from the storm drain and move toward covered positions in the compound.

200 YARDS AWAY - TWO ARMY "MAGAZINE CHECKERS" emerge from a building with clipboards, on routine check.

INT. BUNKER SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT

The Army M.P.s escort General Hummel inside. THREE ARMY GUARDS spring up from their SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. Everyone's nervous, in awe, rigid at attention. COLONEL CALLAHAN emerges from an adjacent room, sleepy-eyed.

COLONEL CALLAHAN
General Hummel! This is a surprise!

HUMMEL
That's the idea, Colonel.

EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - WATCH TOWER - NIGHT

Two marines position themselves outside the door to the bunker compound's elevated watch tower.

EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

Below the watch tower, the ARMY MAGAZINE CHECKERS approach. Marines 1 and 2 spring out, armed with M-16s with over/under grenade launchers. They shoot BEAN BAG projectiles at the Army Guards, who collapse, dazed.

INT. BUNKER COMPOUND WATCH TOWER - NIGHT

Marines 3 and 4 burst inside the watch tower. The guards inside spring up.

BOOM BOOM, they're hit by bean bag projectiles, propelling them out the windows of the watch tower. They fall 10 feet and lie unconscious.

EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT

Marines 1 and 2, now in MAGAZINE CHECYERIS UNIFORMS, move to the BUNKER DOOR. They open the door with the Magazine checker's CODED CARDS.

INT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - NIGHT

Two ARMY GUARDS, playing poker, look up at the entering marines. Marines 1 and 2 walk straight up to the Army Guards, holding them at bay with M-16s.

Before any words are spoken, one of the marines injects each of the guards with a VACCINE PISTOL.

INT. BUNKER SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT

Four more marines led by SGT. CRISP enter, holding Col. Callahan, General Hummel and the Army Guards at bay.

SGT. CRISP

This is a security exercise, sir.
We've fully breached and infiltrated
your compound. I'm afraid you and your
men are my prisoners, sir.

The marines begin cuffing the Army Guards to the radiator and taping their mouths.

SGT. CRISP

Sorry sir, you realize the importance
of these exercises.

EL

(to Callahan)

Ten men who could have been terrorists
are out there doing whatever they
damn well please to your compound,
Colonel. Here you sit with your ass
chained to a fucking radiator. This
is not a tight ship. I would not
want to be in your shoes in the morning.

Sgt. Crisp hits the FRONT GATE'S OPEN BUZZER and follows Hummel out of the room.

EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The gate swings open. TWO HUMVEES enter the compound.

EXT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - NIGHT

The marines use a 'rabbit tool, (hydraulic, compact and powerful) to pry open the bunker's steel doors. They rush down a hallway.

CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - INTERIOR HALLWAY - The marines rush up to another steel door and quickly pry it open.

INT. C.B.W. BUNKER - NIGHT

A refrigerated storage room for chemical weapons. Storage tubes are labelled: V.X. POISON GAS. Across the room are rockets labelled: 55 115 MM BOLT ROCKETS.

Using the TRACK HOOK SYSTEM in the bunker's ceiling, the marines move the V.X. CHEM ROUNDS and BOLT ROCKETS to the waiting humvees. It's very fast, like clockwork.

EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOLIND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Humvees, followed by Hummel in his Suburban, roar out of the compound.

CUT TQ:

INT. HUMMEL'S SUBURBAN - NIGHT

HUMMEL

A textbook exercise, gentlemen.
Rendezvous in eleven hours.

EXT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE, FT. DIETRICK, MD. - DAY

Establish headquarters for chemical/biological weapons.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICE - CHEMICAL/BIOLOGICAL DIVISION - DAY

A WINDOWED DOOR stenciled "Chemical/Biological Weapons Division."
A RUBBER DART hits the glass and drops into A TRASH CAN next to the door.

ISHERWOOD (V.O.)

Son of a bitch...

GOODSPEED (V.O.)

You owe me five dollars, Marvin.

ACROSS THE ROOM - BILL GOODSPEED, 30, and partner/trainee MARVIN ISHERWOOD, 25, feet up on desks, with toy guns. This is Man's Boredom. A ceiling fan circles. Isherwood yawns; scratches neck with his gun barrel.

GOODSPEED reloads. Aims. Fires.

THE DART hits A CARDBOARD TARGET across the room which activates a Rube Goldberg series of events ending in a PLASTIC GIRL being ignited in a PAN OF CHEMICALS.

GOODSPEED, without even getting up, casually sprays the pan with flame retardant foam.

ISHERWOOD

(yawns)

I was told this was exciting work.

GOODSPEED

Patience, Marvin. It has its moments.

A KLAXON sounds. Isherwood smiles excitedly.

INT. F.B.I. CHEMICAL WEAPONS - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Isherwood follows Goodspeed down a grimy, off-white corridor illuminated by antiseptic light. This is an older building. Hasn't been refurbished and shows it.

INT. F.B.I. CHEMICAL WEAPONS - LABORATORY - DAY

A medium-sized laboratory, where 5 F.B.I. TECHNICIANS are bent over tables of beakers, test-tubes, Bunsen burners, etc. The room and equipment are old and used; could be 1976 rather than 1996.

Along one side of the lab is a plexi-glass wall.

Inside the plexi-glass is an airlocked GAS CHAMBER.

F.B.I chemists LONNER and LING motion to Goodspeed.

DR. LONNER

C'mere, Billy.

(points inside gas chamber)

A dog at J.F.K. got a whiff of something postmarked to a Bosnian refugee camp.

Could be detergent, could be seran gas.

INSIDE THE GAS CHAMBER - is a LARGE WOODEN CRATE next to a TABLE OF POISON DETECTION INSTRUMENTS.

ISHERWOOD

Bosnian refugee camp? I don't get it.

GOODSPEED

Half a million Serbians reside in the U.S.,
Marvin. Serbians don't like Bosnians.
Read a newspaper. It's good for you.
Hold out your hand.

Isherwood does so. It's shaky.

ISHERWOOD

I'm okay. Really. Let's do it-

Hold on Goodspeed's uncertain look, and CUT TO:

INT. GAS CHAMBER - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The door HISSES open. Goodspeed and Isherwood, in vulcanized rubber suits and visored helmets, enter. They go to the INSTRUMENT TABLE before the crate.

A GLASS VESSEL with tiny air holes (like a salt shaker) descends from the ceiling. Inside are COCKROACHES.

GOODSPEED

Coal miners use canaries, we use those.
Sorry guys.

DR. LING

(into mike)

We have airlock, Bill. Proceed.

GOODSPEED

(into helmet mike)

July 1, 0.900 hours, agent William
Goodspeed and agent/trainee Marvin
Isherwood. Initiating exam of a wooden
crate. Suspicion of seran gas device
inside.

Goodspeed grabs a pry-bar from the instrument table-and slowly pries open the crate's wooden lid. He motions to Isherwood. Together they gingerly lift the lid.

INSIDE THE CRATE - it's filled with "UNICEF" type stuff.

Goodspeed lifts out a HOT-PLATE. Isherwood lifts out an EGG BEATER. Godspeed runs a POISON SENSOR past each.

GOODSPEED

Appears to be kitchen items, cleaning
agents, and...

(lifts out a sweatshirt)

... old clothes.

ISHERWOOD

This is thrilling

Isherwood lifts out a DOLL. Goodspeed's POISON SENSORIS
NEEDLE goes crazy...!

GOODSPEED

Careful, goddamn it Marvin!

The doll's eyes open. Its mouth blast a PINKISH SPRAY,
hitting Goodspeed's forearm and Isherwood's palm.

OUTSIDE THE GAS CHAMBER - DR. LING stabs a button marked
"exhaust" and another marked "emergency."

A KLAXON sounds. F.B.I. TECHNICIANS race for the exit.

IN THE GAS CHAMBER - The pinkish gas hovers in the air.
CEILING EXHAUST FANS begin to suck it up.

IN THE GLASS VESSEL ~ The cockroaches convulse, flip in the
air and explode, guts splattering the vessel walls.

ISHERWOOD

What's hap... what's happening....?

DR. LING looks at a DIGITAL CLOCK on the control panel.

DR. LING

Don't panic, Bill. 50 seconds and the
gas will clear. You're okay.

Goodspeed grabs the doll from Isherwood, slams it on the
table, and grabs A SCALPEL. Cuts open the doll's chest.

GOODSPEED

I've got some bad news and some really
bad news. The bad news is the gas
is corrosive. It's eating our suits.

ISHERWOOD looks at his RUBBER GLOVES. The rubber is
beginning to bubble and corrode.

DR. LING

What's the really bad news.

GOODSPEED peels back the doll's plastic chest, revealing: a
C-4 EXPLOSIVE DEVICE and TEN POISON AMPULES.

GOODSPEED

Enough C-4 explosive to blow the chamber
and enough poison gas to kill everybody
in the building.

Isherwood's and Goodspeed's rubber gloves are melting.

ISHERWOOD

The acid's eating... it's eating my
fucking suit...

GOODSPEED

Chill, Marvin.

(yells outside)

WHERE'S THE GODDAMN SPRINKLERS?

Dr. Lonner flips on the sprinklers. The pipes KNOCK. A FEW
PATHETIC DROPS trickle from the SPRINKLER HEADS.

DR. LONNER

Something's blocking the pipes, Bill.
When in Christ's name are they gonna
give us a new building ...

DR. LING

Get the atropine, Isherwood. The
atropine, Marvin.

Isherwood, terrified, jerks open an OVERHEAD CABINET, revealing
several 6 inch needled SYRINGES.

DR. LING

You die, we all die, Bill. Inject yourself,
then diffuse it.

(Goodspeed continues to

inspect-the device

Goddamn it, Bill, take the antidote.

Isherwood fumbles with a huge syringe.

GOODSPEED

Get that away from me.

(to himself)

I hate needles.

DR. LING

INJECT YOURSELF!

GOODSPEED

LONNER, WHERE'S THE GODDAMNED WATER?

The pipes are KNOCKING, now they're COUGHING.

DR. LONNER
It's coming, it's coming...

ISHERWOOD sinks to his knees, holding the huge syringe in front of his heart, hari-kari style, hands trembling ...

GOODSPEED concentrates on the device; his calm is unsettling. His hands flash, grabbing instruments and performing precise, deft, functions. He snips a wire and splices it. Another. Another.

DR. LING
(sweating it out)
Ten seconds, Bill.

Isherwood moves the syringe closer to his chest.

ISHERWOOD
Oh fuck oh shit oh fuck THIS IS LIKE
FUCKING PULP FICTION ONLY IT'S REAL.

ISHERWOOD drops the syringe. Fumbles for another...

GOODSPEED, ice-cold, continues on the device...

DR. LING
Five seconds, Bill, four seconds, Jesus
Christ ...

GOODSPEED'S RUBBER GLOVE is stretched to transparency. We see GOODSPEED'S FLESH through the acid-eaten rubber. He makes one final cut-and-clamp.

THE DETONATOR on the poison gas turns off.

DR. LING
Three, two... the gas is clear!

OUTSIDE THE GAS CHAMBER - GREEN LIGHTS FLASH on the control panel and A TORRENTIAL SPRAY soaks GOODSPEED AND ISHERWOOD. Isherwood is wide-eyed and trembling. Goodspeed glares at him.

DR. LING
Next time use the atropine!

GOODSPEED
I don't like needles.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - STREETS/ALLEYWAY - DAY

The bohemian part around Georgetown U. Goodspeed heads down an alley between two townhouses. LOUD COUNTRY MUSIC emanates from an apt. above.

Goodspeed ascends.

INT. GEORGETOWN - GOODSPEED'S APARTMENT - DAY

A young woman stands in the middle of the living room, belting out a Carlene Carter tune in cowboy boots, rhinestone blouse and skirt. CARLA PESTALOZZI, 20's, is playing guitar, accompanied by a boom box.

CARLA
Every little dream I dream about you,
Every little song I sing about you,
It drives me crazy when you go away,
(notices Goodspeed)
Wanna keep you locked up at home...

Goodspeed walks past her into the kitchen. Carla turns down the music. Goodspeed re-enters with a Budweiser.

CARLA
(New Jersey accent)
Hey there.

GOODSPEED
Hey honey.

CARLA
Wrote a new song. Wanna hear it?

Goodspeed sits heavily on the couch. Rubs his temples.

GOODSPEED
Not now.

CARLA
Boy, somebody's in a bad mood.

GOODSPEED
Yeah, somebody's in a bad mood.

Carla changes the c.d.: A PUCCINI OPERA plays.

CARLA
Better?

GOODSPEED
Much better.

She sits with him. Puts her arm around him.

CARLA

What happened baby. Tell me.

GOODSPEED

Had a close one.

CARLA

You want to talk about it?

GOODSPEED

Not really.

CARLA

You know how I feel about what you do.

GOODSPEED

Could we change the subject?

CARLA

That record company.in Nashville wants
to hear my demo tape.

GOODSPEED

Hey! Now there's some good news.

CARLA

You think I'm too... ethnic for country
music?

GOODSPEED

Carla Pestalozzi? No. Definitely not.
You could have posed for the Mona
Lisa. Sophia Loren looks Swedish next to you.
(smiles)
I hope that's a compliment. I could change
my name. How 'bout Bobby Sue Pestalozzi?
Billy Jo Pestalozzi?

GOODSPEED

Stick with Carla.

CARLA

Okay. How 'bout Carla Goodspeed?
(Goodspeed frowns)
Six years, Bill. We've lived together
six years.

GOODSPEED

We've talked about this, Carla, we've
talked it up, down, inside and out ...

CARLA

Billy, this probably isn't the best
time...Bill, I'm uhh...
I'm pregnant.

GOODSPEED

You're what...?

She holds up a positive home pregnancy test and CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT AREA (SOUTHWESTERN U.S.) - DAY

TWO 3D Y GUNSHIPS roar over camera and land next to the two Humvees. The Huey's doors open. Marine Captains FRYE and DARROW, both late 20's, drag out two MARINE LANCE CORPORALS, bound and gagged, and sit them down.

Other marines roll gurneys laden with chem rounds, rockets and other equipment onto the Hueys.

They Hueys ascend and SCREAM off across the desert and CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ~ AFTERNOON

Establishing shots of San Francisco and Alcatraz Island in the middle of San Francisco Bay.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - AFTERNOON

A PARK RANGER (JOE) leads a group of 80 TOURISTS across the prison exercise yard. In the background looms the city of San Francisco and Golden Gate Bridge.

PARK RANGER JOE

Alcatraz - "the Rock" - is the most famous, and was the most feared, prison ever built. Here the inmates were allowed one hour of daily exercise.

FEMALE TOURIST

Is it really true no one escaped?

PARK RANGER JOE

True, ma'am. From 1936 until the prison's closing in 1963, there were fourteen attempts but no one's believed to have made it to shore - alive at least.

The tourists file off toward the MAIN CELL HOUSE. Bringing up the rear are Gen. Hummel, Maj. Baxter, Sgt. Crisp, Capt. Hendrix, and

Pvts. Scarpetti, Royce, Gamble and Starling, all in civilian clothes.

Hummel motions to Crisp, who bleeds off with Scarpetti and Royce. Hummel and the others continue with the group.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Cell Blocks B and C, which inmates called "Broadway." A long corridor with three tiers of cells on each side. The Ranger leads the tourist group inside.

PARK RANGER JOE

Al Capone; Machine Gun Kelly; Robert
Stroud, the Birdman of Alcatraz;
all lived in these cells.

The Ranger pulls the CELL DOOR OPEN/SHUT LEVER (recessed in the wall at the end of cell block). All the cell doors on the first floor slide open.

PARK RANGER JOE

Now Ladies and Gentlemen, the U.S.
Park Service cordially invites you to
become inmates of Alcatraz - temporarily
of course.

The tourists laugh and move inside the cells.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - WHARF - AFTERNOON

The side across from San Francisco. The TOURIST BOAT is docked in front of the U.S. PARK RANGERS' OFFICE.

Sgt. Crisp and Pvts. Scarpetti and Royce walk up to the Ranger's office. They look left and right, then enter.

INT. ALCATRAZ - U.S. PARK RANGERS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TWO PARK RANGERS and a SECRETARY look up.

ALCATRAZ PARK RANGER

You're not supposed to leave the tour,
guys. Is there a problem?

SGT. CRISP

Big problem.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL BLOCK - AFTERNOON

The tourists are in the cells, looking around. Park Ranger Joe notices Hummel, Baxter, and the other marines standing behind him. Smiles:

PARK RANGER JOE
Don't want to be locked up, fellahs?

HUMMEL
Not today. You go ahead.

PARK RANGER JOE
I don't think so hah hah.

Baxter draws a .45 and places it to Ranger Joe's head.

HUMMEL
I think so.
Startled, Park Ranger Joe backs into a cell. Baxter grabs the cell door open/shut lever and yanks it. The cell doors CLANG shut. Hummel, Baxter and the others walk off.

TOURISTS
-- Hey, what are you doing...?
-- wait a minute, what's going on...?

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - AFTERNOON

Hummel and Baxter walk up to the PARADE GROUND as THE TWO HUEY GUNSHIPS approach. They hover above the parade ground. Cpts. Frye and Darrow rope-deploy from the Hueys. They stand at attention, saluting Hummel and Baxter.

CAPTAIN FRYE General Hummel: Captains Frye and Darrow.

HUMMEL
Deploy as planned, Captain.
(unison)
Aye, aye, sir.

FRY AND DARROW

They hand signal to the Huey pilots. The Hueys take off around the back of the island. CUT TO:

A MONTAGE of short INTERCUT scenes, all AFTERNOON:

THE INFIRMARY, UPSTAIRS ROOM

A former hospital room will be the command and communications center.

PVTS.GAMBLE and STARLING set up a portable desk, chair, and an array of communications equipment (including portable satellite dish and look out).

EXT. THE ISLAND'S SHORELINE

CPT. HENDRIX AND PVTS. ROYCE and SCARPETTI lay motion sensors on the perimeter.

INT. THE PRISON MORGUE

PVTS. COX and MCCOY load the V.X. CHEM ROUNDS from INSULATED COOLING BAGS (size of a big gym bag) into the morgue's CORPSE DRAWERS.

MAJOR BAXTER sets up a PORTABLE Rocket LAUNCHER.

EXT. MAIN CELL HOUSE ROOFTOP

CAPTS. FRYE and DARROW set up a second portable rocket launcher.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELLHOUSE - DAY

The tourists are now panicked, confused, and making a commotion. Shouting and yelling. A woman is crying.

Suddenly a .45 is fired. Total silence. Hummel and Baxter, followed by Pvts. Gamble and Starling (pulling a gurney stacked with MARINE FIELD RATIONS), walk to the middle of the cell block.

HUMMEL

Ladies and Gentlemen. You are my prisoners. I have no intention of harming you. You will be fed regularly. That is all you need to know for now.

Gamble and Starling begin passing out the field rations.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - NIGHT

F.B.I. Director JAMES WOMACK exits his office in a tuxedo, trailed by MARGIE WOOD, a young F.B.I. Agent.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Can it wait till morning, Agent Wood, I'm going to hear Bruce Springsteen...

AGENT WOOD

(re: Womack's tux)
In that?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
Christ, the concert's for the Prince of
Wales or somebody ...

AGENT WOOD
I really think you should take this
call personally.

They stare at each other and CUT TO:

INT. HOOVER BUILDING - DIRECTOR WOMACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT -

Womack, grabbing his phone.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
F.B.I. Director Womack.

HUMMEL (V.O.)
First: I am holding eighty-one civilian
hostages on Alcatraz Island. Make an
excuse to their families and do not
alert the media or there will not be
eighty. Second: fifteen guided rockets
armed with V.X. poison, are currently
aimed at the population of San Francisco.
I will call again at 0-hundred hours
and state my demands.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
Wait. Who is this?

HUMMEL
Brigadier General Francis X. Hummel.

CLICK. Womack stares at the phone: calls to outer office:

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
Mary Jane, get the Pentagon!
(to Agent Wood)
Call the San Francisco office. It
seems Alcatraz was just re-opened.

Agent wood gives him a curious look and CUT TO:

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY/COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

Cpts. Hendrix, before Hummel.

Frye, and Darrow, and Sgt. Crisp at attention Maj. Baxter at
Hummel's side.

HUMMEL

At ease, Gentlemen. It is traditional for me to meet with my officers before an operation. The heart performs one thing, the legs another, the brain another - all better function together or the body becomes ill, is prone to disease.

(beat)

Major Baxter, Gunny Crisp and I have been on the front lines since 'Nam. Captain Hendrix was my adjutant in the Gulf. Get a haircut, Pete, you're lookin' like a beatnik.

(the crew-cutted HENDRIX smiles)

Captain Frye, Captain Darrow. You and your men are new to me.

CAPTAIN FRYE

Would the General like a recitation of our service records?

HUMMEL

I'm well aware of your service records, Captain, they are excellent. I want to be clear on why you - why all of us are here. You both stand to profit from this.

CAPTAIN FRYE

Profit is not my motive, sir. I am here to redress a wrong.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Yes, sir, and to learn some people a lesson.

HUMMEL

This country has places where wrongs are redressed, Captain Darrow: They are called courts of law. In the military, they are called Courts Martial. This country has places where lessons are learned. They are called schools. Am I confusing you?

CAPTAIN DARROW

Well, sir, frankly...

HUMMEL

I see that I am.

(beat)

HUMMEL

The only accurate term for what we are doing here is treason. Plain and simple. An insurrection against a government to which we have sworn allegiance. Everyone in this room must understand that.

Hummel looks from face to face, studying each.

HUMMEL

The question is what kind of traitor are we. Coward or lion? Benedict Arnold, or Thomas Jefferson? I have posed that question to myself, have answered it, and my conscience is clear. Have all of you?

HUMMELS' OFFICERS

Yes, sir.

HUMMEL

Within thirty-two hours you will leave this country and not return. All of you can live with that?

OTHER OFFICERS

(unison)

Yes, sir.

HUMMEL

Well, I cannot. So, regardless of what happens on this island in the hours ahead, I will stay.

The men exchange surprised glances.

CAPTAIN HENDRIX

But General, you'll be prosecuted.

HUMMEL

Yes, Captain. And I plan on conducting my own defense. it will make the O.J. Simpson trial look like an episode of "Perry Mason." Take your posts, gentlemen. Semper fi.

Hummel's men fall out and exit. Baxter, the last to exit, salutes Hummel.

INT. PENTAGON - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Many people around a table, each with a DOSSIER on Hummel:

F.B.I. Director Womack (still in tuxedo), F.B.I. agent Margie Wood, White House Chief of Staff HAYDEN SINCLAIR, National Security Advisor LOUIS LINDSTROM, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs GENERAL ALBERT KRAMER, Air Force General PETERSON, and C.I.A. Director MILTON AMWAY.

GENERAL KRAMER

Last night Hummel and eleven marines,
under the guise of a security exercise,
walked off with fifteen V.X. rockets.
It wasn't discovered until the shift
change this morning.

ON THE SCREEN - A YOUNGER HUMMEL in Vietnam.

GENERAL KRAMER

Here he is in Vietnam - I think a Major
at the time.

MORE SLIDES OF HUMMEL in various international theaters.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

Four tours in Vietnam, Grenada, Panama,
Desert Storm. Three purple hearts...
two silver stars and... the Congressional
Medal of... Jesus.

(looks up)

The man is a hero.

GENERAL KRAMER

A legend. During Tet he held off a brigade
of V.C. single-handedly. Saved his whole
company. Hence the nickname "gunfighter."

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

What was this book Hummel wrote on
Vietnam? Anybody read it?

RAYDEN SINCLAIR

No. Give me the skinny.

GENERAL KRAMER

The "skinny," Mr. Sinclair, is that
the U.S. should have either won the
war or gotten the hell out of Vietnam
and stopped wasting American lives. I
happen to share General Hummel's view.

The door opens. A NAVAL ATTACHE pokes his head in.

NAVAL ATTACHE
General, it's him.

The call connects to a phone on the table.

GENERAL KRAMER
Frank, this is Albert Kramer.

HUMMEL
Hello Al. How're Judy and the kids?

GENERAL KRAMER
They're fine. I'm with General Peterson,
F.B.I. Director Womack, Chief of Staff
Sinclair, Security Advisor Lindstrom, and C.I.A.
Director Amway. You've got a lot of people
worried, Frank. Can you help us out?

INTERCUT - PENTAGON and ALCATRAZ as necessary.

HUMMEL
I'll come straight to the point, General
Kramer: Eighty-three Force Reconnaissance
Marines have died under my various
commands. Forty-seven in northern Laos
and southern China...

HAYDEN SINCLAIR
Southern China? We never admitted we
sent troops into China.

There is a pause.

HUMMEL
Who is that? Identify yourself.

Everyone stares at Sinclair.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR
White House Chief of Staff Sinclair, General.

HUMMEL
How old are you, White House Chief of
Staff Sinclair?

RAYDEN SINCLAIR
I'm thirty-three.

HUMMEL

Well White House Chief of Staff
Sinclair, by your ninth birthday I
had led over two hundred incursions
into China and personally killed that
many of the enemy. General, put some
duct tape over Mr. Sinclair's fat,
ignorant mouth. He has shit for brains
and he is wasting my time.

Sinclair's irritation is relieved by the Naval Attache,
entering again, who hands him a phone and whispers:

NAVAL ATTACHE

The President calling from Moscow.

Sinclair walks to the far corner of the room with the phone,
speaking sotto voice.

GENERAL KRAMER

Continue Frank.

HUMMEL

Eighteen others died in covert,
illegal operations in Chile and El
Salvador. Remember the Gulf War.
Those pretty "smart bomb" pictures
on C.N.N.? My men lased those targets.
Ten were left to rot outside Baghdad
when the conflict ended - and let's
not even mention Mogadishu, gentlemen.
No benefits were paid to their families;
no medals conferred. These men died for
their country and they weren't even
given a goddamn military burial.

(beat)

This situation will not stand: you
will transfer 100 million dollars from
a Grand Cayman "Red Sea Trading Company"
account to an account I designate.
From these funds, reparations of one
million dollars will be paid to each of
the 83 marines, families. The rest of
the money will pay for my outfit's expenses.
Am I clear?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Except for the Red Sea Trading Company.
What is that?

HUMMEL

Identify yourself.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
F.B.I. Director Womack, General.

HUMMEL
You'll be particularly interested:
It's a slush fund where the Pentagon
keeps proceeds from illegal arms sales.

GENERAL KRAMER
Frank, Jesus, this is classified
information.

WOMACK
(stunned)
Is this true?

General Kramer, embarrassed, nods yes.

HUMMEL
If you want the money back, you'll
have to tell the attorney General and
the boys down at Justice where it
came from. Good luck.

Hayden Sinclair returns to the table.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR
General, I've just spoken to the
President and he is clear as hell on
this: We will not negotiate with you
and we do not care if...

HUMMEL
Someone please gag that man.
(beat)
Alert the media, I launch the gas.
Refuse payment, I launch the gas. It
is just after midnight. You have
36 hours - all of today and half of
tomorrow, until 12 noon - to transfer
the money. Don't even consider the
standard countermeasure, General.

GENERAL KRAMER
What's the potential casualty rate of
a single rocket armed with V.X.,
General Peterson?

GENERAL PETERSON
In a dense urban area, sixty,
seventy...

RAYDEN SINCLAIR

Well that's not so bad...

GENERAL PETERSON

Thousand. Seventy thousand. Dead.
One teaspoon will kill all living
organisms in a three story office
building. Get the point?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

What did Hummel mean by "standard
countermeasure," General?

GENERAL PETERSON

Napalm. Standard poison gas can be
neutralized by napalm. It burns it up
-- consumes it upon detonation. The
problem is that V.X. gas is ten times
more toxic and designed to withstand
napalm. Hummel must know about Willy
Peter, General.

GENERAL KRAMER

'Course he does.

(explaining to others)

"Willy Peter," short for "White
Phosphorous Incendiary Device," still
in its test phase. It detonates at
6,000 degrees, enough to burn up V.X.

(dawning on him)

That explains Hummel's time frame.
He knows we're not operational. What
would it take, General?

GENERAL PETERSON

To equip a flight of F-16s with Willy
Peter in 36 hours? An act of God.

(off Kramer's look)

All right, we can trv. But view the
use of Willy Peter as a secondary
initiative.

GENERAL KRAMER

Then on to our primary initiative.

(hits intercom button)

Send in S.E.A.L. Team Leader Anderson.

(to F.B.I. Womack)

Who's your best chemical biological
man?

AGENT WOOD

(rises)

I'll find out.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Tell him to pack a bag for San
Francisco.

EXT. GOODSPEED'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Tarpaper and gravel roof. Candles burning. Loretta
Lynn's "Stand by Your Man" on the boom box. AMONGST THE
RUSTY SUPPORT SCAFFOLDS of an old sign from the 120's --

CARLA and GOODSPEED are, to put it delicately, madly
passionately athletically fucking. Standing up. They both
have robes on. A CORDLESS PHONE RINGS. Again.

CARLA

Don't stop... do no stop.

GOODSPEED

Shit, shit, shit what time is it.
(fumbles for phone)

Hello.

(pause)

I'll be downstairs in ten minutes.

Goodspeed hangs up. The couple stares at each other.

Carla's seen this look before...

GOODSPEED

I've got to go to San Francisco.

CARLA

No. I'm sorry, but NO. I need you
here with me. We need to talk about
this...

GOODSPEED

I've got to go.

She grabs his arm.

CARLA

I can't...I cannot deal with this right
now ...

(softly)

Bill, I am very Catholic. And very pregnant.
And very unmarried. Help me with this.

She turns away from him. He pulls her back...

GOODSPEED

I love you. I will marry you. I just didn't plan on this, that's all. Tell you what: come to San Francisco.

CARLA

Really? (smiles) Really?

GOODSPEED

It's probably just a training exercise. Check into a hotel, order up some champagne, I'll finish up my business and...

CARLA

...We'll finish what we started. Baby, are you sexy in those boots...

Goodspeed walks off in COWBOY BOOTS, robe and boxers...

INT. PENTAGON - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

U.S.N. commander CHARLES ANDERSON, 35, just the hardest looking man you've ever seen, stands before the group. Anderson is a Navy S.E.A.L., an Incursion Team Leader. Before Anderson are AERIAL RECON PHOTOS of Alcatraz.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

A precision night drop is out due to the full moon. Likewise on a frontal, seaside attack: at the first shot, Hummel might launch. My second in command is working on an attack from within the prison.

(beat)

The idea is to penetrate the tunnels under the prison, undetected, emerge in its center, and jump the marines from behind - take their rocket positions without a shot fired. But I need better intelligence.

GENERAL KRAMER

You've studied the architectural plans.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

They're useless. Alcatraz was originally a Civil War fort. It's been ripped up and rebuilt for years. Under there is a maze of shit, excuse my language.

(beat)

What I need is personal, firsthand intelligence on the island's tunnels.

CAMERA FOCUSES ON F.B.I. Director Womack, who gives a very significant look to C.I.A. Director AMWAY.

GENERAL KRAMER

The former warden?

AGENT WOOD

Died in 1979. The guards we contacted are useless. There was a janitor, "Alcatraz Al" worked there for twenty years, but he died in 1983.

GENERAL PETERSON

Didn't three guys escape? I thought I saw a movie about it.

AGENT WOOD

It's a Hollywood myth. No one's escaped Alcatraz and lived.

F.B.I. Director trades a very significant look with C.I.A. Director AMWAY.

Amway clears his throat. He is older, very old school. Everyone turns to him.

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

There is someone who can help us.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

The C.I.A. Director and I have something to discuss in private.

Womack and Amway rise and exit together. Everyone else sits there, confused.

INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Womack and Amway exit into the corridor. They huddle tightly against the wall. Sotto voice: -

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

You're not actually suggesting ...

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

The man spent every night for six months making a dry-run of his escape. He knows every inch of that island. We have to, Jim.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

I am very uncomfortable about this.

INT. WOLFBURG PENITENTIARY - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A long row of cells. CAMERA slowly DOLLIES past cell after cell. Sullen INMATES stare blankly at us ...

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (O.S.)

I knew, I knew someday, this would come back to bite us.

CAMERA moves through a door marked "ISOLATION." At the end of a gloomy corridor is a CAST-IRON DOOR.

BACK TO THE PENTAGON CORRIDOR

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

It won't bite anyone - if handled correctly. When was the last time you saw him?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

When he escaped from San Quentin.

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

The man was an S.A.S. trained killer.

BACK TO WOLFBURG - IN THE ISOLATION CELL

TWO FEDERAL MARSHALS open the cell's steel locking bar. They push open the door. Dark inside. A MAN sits on the bed.

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

Can we risk letting him out?

A SHAFT OF LIGHT cuts across the cell floor.

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

The question is: can we not?

THE SHAFT OF LIGHT slices the face of JOHN PAUL MASON. He is British, at least once was, imprisoned without trial for 33 years on U.S. soil. For now, we have no idea why.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DULLES AIRPORT HANGAR - NIGHT

Raining. An F.B.I GULFSTREAM 4 JET sits on the tarmac.

EXT. F.B.I. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT

F.B.I. Director Womack sits with FRANCIS REYNOLDS, 30, an Assistant U.S. Attorney from the Justice Dept. Goodspeed sits across the aisle.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
I'm told you're our best chemical weapons man, Goodspeed. What's your education?

GOODSPEED
B.A. Columbia. M.A. and P.H.D., Johns Hopkins, biochemistry and toxicology.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
Excellent. What do you know about V.X. gas?

Pause. Goodspeed stares at Womack.

GOODSPEED
This isn't a training exercise, it it sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
No Goodspeed. It's not a training exercise.

HOLD ON GOODSPEEDIS reaction, and CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAWN

Dawn breaks over San Francisco. A BLACK SEDAN and BLACK SUBURBANS pull up to the F.B.I.'s West Coast office. Goodspeed, Womack and Reynolds get out, go inside.

INT. F.B.I. - OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING

We watch MASON being led into an INTERROGATION ROOM, his legs in irons, his hands cuffed behind him.

We are watching through a TWO-WAY MIRROR, and WIDEN TO: Womack, Goodspeed, Reynolds and ERNEST SANCHEZ, S.F. Bureau Agent in Charge, are watching Mason. Sanchez is a gruff guy with the subtlety of a heart attack.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

The following is a state secret.
Disclose it to any party and you will
be subject to prosecution. His name is
John Mason. A British national incarcerated
on Alcatraz island in 1962, escaped
in 1963.

AGENT SANCHEZ

Director, no one's ever escaped from
Alcatraz...

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

I'm telling you facts, Agent Sanchez.
Do not argue and do not question.
He was recaptured and sent to San
Quentin, from which he escaped in
February, 1976. He's been held at
Wolfburg since. He has no identity.
He does not exist. Understood?

(turns to Sanchez)

I want one thing: how he escaped Alcatraz -
specifically the route he took through
the island's tunnels.

AGENT SANCHEZ

You want him conscious or unconscious
afterward?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Don't even entertain it. This man
laughs at strong arm tactics. Sodium
pentathol doesn't work either.

GOODSPEED

Why's he going to help us now?

U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS

(hands Womack PARDON)

Mason's papers are in order, sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Because I'm willing to give him what he
wants, Goodspeed - a full pardon.

AGENT SANCHEZ

Steep price for some information.

(waves pardon away)

I don't need that to get what you want.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Sanchez - try subtlety.

AGENT SANCHEZ
It's my middle name.
(to Goodspeed)
Watch kid, maybe you'll learn something.

Sanchez exits.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
(grumbles)
I ask for an interrogator and what do I
get ...

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON

looks around. He focuses on the mirror. He stares right
through at Goodspeed. Goodspeed is fascinated, unnerved.

GOODSPEED
(to himself)
Jesus look at this guy.

INT. F.B.I. - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Sanchez walks in, sipping coffee. Mason sits there, eyes forward.

SANCHEZ
I'm F.B.I. Special Agent in Charge
Sanchez.

Sanchez sits. Mason stares at the table.

MASON
In charge of what? Fucking me over
for another three decades?

SANCHEZ
(congenial)
Hey. Easy. I just want to talk.

MASON
You know what F.B.I. stands for Sanchez?
Fucking Bloody Idiots. I don't want
to talk to you.

A pause. Sanchez glares at Mason.

SANCHEZ
Just some questions about Alcatraz.
It's a tourist attraction now. You
remember Alcatraz, Mason.

The word "Alcatraz" registers with Mason.

MASON

Do I remember Alcatraz.

SANCHEZ

Not the island itself. The tunnels underneath it.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Real subtle, Sanchez...

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

SANCHEZ

There's no harm in cooperating with us.

MASON

Who's "us?" F.B.I.? C.I.A.? Why should I do that?

SANCHEZ

Maybe there's a gift in it for you.

MASON

(to the mirror)

Timeo danaos et dona ferentes.

THE OBSERVATION ROOM

Goodspeed smiles slightly:

GOODSPEED

"I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts."

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

MASON

Are you capable of reading, Sanchez?

Sanchez is getting flustered.

SANCHEZ

I don't have time for this shit...
(pause; stares at Mason)
Yes. I can read.

MASON

The story of Alchimadus. Know it?

SANCHEZ

No.

THE OBSERVATION ROOM

GOODSPEED

(to himself)

Ancient Greece. Alchimadus was
imprisoned by his king.

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

MASON

Thomas Beckett. Heard of him?

SANCHEZ

Maybe. Not really.

THE OBSERVATION ROOM

GOODSPEED

(to himself)

Archbishop of Canterbury. Imprisoned
and executed by Henry the Second ...

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

MASON

Solzhenitsyn. I've a sneaking
suspicion you've heard of him.

THE OBSERVATION ROOM

GOODSPEED

(to himself)

Russian poet and dissident exiled to
Siberia.

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Sanchez draws a blank on Solzhenitsyn.

SANCHEZ

Look, I'm asking the fucking questions
here.

(beat)

You can trust the F.B.I.

MASON

That's a good one, Sanchez. What do you call an F.B.I. Agent who can't tell a lie? A mute.

Mason turns away. As if Sanchez no longer exists.

Suddenly, over a wall-mounted INTERCOM:

U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Uhm, Agent Sanchez, could we have a word with you?

SANCHEZ

Here, call your lawyer and tell him you're going back to jail.

Sanchez tosses a quarter on the desk and exits.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Impressive, Sanchez.

GOODSPEED

You mind if... uhm.... I take a shot?

SANCHEZ

He'll eat him alive.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

He's already had you for the first course.
(hands Goodspeed the
pardon)
Go.

Goodspeed takes the pardon, goes for the door.

THE INTERROGATION ROOM

GOODSPEED enters. He's completely out of his element, has no idea what he's doing, and is suddenly face-to-face with this.... Mason creature.

The two men regard each other.

GOODSPEED

Take his cuffs off.

The Marshal uncuffs Mason's wrists. Mason rubs his wrists, staring now at Goodspeed.

MASON

Who the fuck are you, Mother Theresa?

So much for Goodspeed's confidence.

GOODSPEED

No actually, I'm Bill Goodspeed.
(rallys)

Mr. Mason, we really need your help.
That's a pardon and release contract
from the Attorney General's office.
It makes you a free man, provided
you cooperate.

He slides a ballpoint pen across to Mason. Mason looks at
the pen, then Goodspeed.

MASON

What do you do for the F.B.I.,
Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

(lying)
I'm a field agent.

MASON

Tell me what you really do.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Don't answer that, Goodspeed

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

GOODSPEED

I'm a chemical biological weapons
expert.

MASON registers this information....

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Stupid, stupid, stupid

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Mason stares at the pardon contract, thinking.

MASON

You said I'd be a free man. Define free

GOODSPEED

Uhm, well, emancipated. Unfettered.

MASON

I know what the fucking word means, idiot. In this context.

GOODSPEED

I don't understand....

MASON

During the time I cooperate, will I be outside? Outside a jail?

GOODSPEED

Well yes I suppose...

MASON

You suppose?

GOODSPEED

Yes. You'll be outside.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Don't give away the farm, Goodspeed.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

MASON

What's happening on Alcatraz, Goodspeed?

GOODSPEED

A hostage situation. A matter of life and death.

Mason thinks. He picks up the pen.

MASON

(looks at mirror)

Then on one condition: a minimum of two hours in the Fairmont Hotel - I trust it still exists. I want a shower and a new suit of clothes.

GOODSPEED

I think we can arrange that.

With that Mason picks up the pen and signs the pardon contract. He hands it to Goodspeed, who exits.

Mason turns toward the mirror, staring right through.

INT. F.B.I. - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Sanchez and Goodspeed enter. Goodspeed hands U.S. Attorney Reynolds the signed pardon contract.

SANCHEZ

Why didn't you throw in a trip to Fiji?

U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS

I'll have this forwarded to the President, Director.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

No. You'll give it to me.

(pause)

Give it to me, Reynolds.

Reynolds reluctantly hands the pardon to Womack.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

(to Sanchez)

Show Attorney Reynolds outside there's a car waiting for him. And Sanchez-I'll handle the next stage.

Sanchez leads the perturbed Reynolds out. Goodspeed and Womack are alone now. And WOMACK tears up the pardon

GOODSPEED

Sir, that's a legal document.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

I'll decide what's legal, Goodspeed.

Over WOMACK'S SHOULDER, GOODSPEED WATCHES AS --

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON

places THE QUARTER on the floor. He raises his metal chair; SLAMS it down on the quarter.

GOODSPEED

Sir, those references to Alchimadus,
Beckett, Solzhenitsyn: all had
something in common.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON

picks up the coin. It has a DEEP BURR in it. He moves to
the mirror; begins carving into the glass.

GOODSPEED

They were imprisoned for doing nothing
wrong. What's going on, sir?

GOODSPEED watches MASON over Womack's shoulder.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

You're out of your depth, Goodspeed.
You are on a need to know basis and
you do not need to know.

MASON has etched a circle in the mirror. He slams his elbow
against it. The glass caves in, CRASHES to the floor.

Goodspeed and Womack whirl around, startled. Mason leans
into the observation room.

MASON

one more thing: a shave and a haircut.
(sees womack)
Hello Womack.

Mason and Womack stare at each other and CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE - DESERT FLATS - MORNING

A hot desert-vista. Miles of nowhere. A DODGE sits under a
tripod. Suspended from the tripod, a BLINKING DEVICE.

The device DETONATES, showering the car with WHITE HOT BURNING
LIQUID and amazingly, the car melts into a pool of molten steel,
disintegrating to ash, which blows across the desert.

50 YARDS AWAY - U.S.A.F. LT. JIMMY FISK and CPT. LARRY GILER
(both late 20's) emerge from the heat waves in heat-reflective
suits, walking toward A HEAT PROTECTIVE BUNKER (a wall coated
with heat reflective metal.)

BEHIND THE BUNKER

U.S.A.F. General Peterson watches with other Air Force
OFFICERS and TECHNICIANS.

Fisk and Giler enter, pulling off their suit hoods. Their faces are beet red from the heat.

CPT. GILER

What it's all about, sir: Willy Peter burns steel, burns titanium; it'll sure burn up your poison and everything else in the atmosphere.

GENERAL PETERSON

I need four F-16's equipped with air-to-ground missiles within...
(consults wristwatch)
...twenty-six hours.

LT. FISK

Let me name some things that are more possible, General, with all due respect: winning the Lottery, climbing Mt. Everest barefoot, getting a parking space at Yankee Stadium, marrying Sharon Stone ...

CPT. GILER

Can't do it, General.

GENERAL PETERSON

You can. And you will.

General Peterson walks off.

CPT. GILER

Get yer minds off Budweiser, baseball, and broads, fellahs - we're goin, 'round the clock!

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT - DRIVING - MORNING

A van with no windows. Mason is shackled to a steel loop at one end of the seating bench. GOODSPEED sits across from him, a CELLULAR PHONE at his ear.

THREE F.B.I. AGENTS (CORD, STAR and HUNT) sit down the bench, talking amongst themselves.

CARLA (V.O.)

(recorded voice message)

Hi! Bill and Carla ain't in! State your business! Make it interesting!

GOODSPEED
(into phone)
Listen Carla: I'll explain later, but
don't come to San Francisco.

CLOSE ON MASON, watching Goodspeed, picking up anything he
can from the conversation.

INT. GOODSPEED'S APARTMENT - DAY

CARLA stands in the threshold of the apartment, watching the
answering machine --

GOODSPEED (V.O.)
(on the machine)
I repeat, don't come to San Francisco.

CARLA
Like hell I'm not...

She exits, slamming the door.

INT. F.B.I. VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Goodspeed clicks off the phone, thinking, nervous.

GOODSPEED notices that MASON is staring at him.

MASON
(sotto)
Who's Carla? And why don't you want
her to come to San Francisco?

Goodspeed doesn't answer. He notices the F.B.I. AGENTS
staring at Mason and him. He straightens up.

GOODSPEED
You're on a need to know basis and you
don't need to know.

MASON
You learn that line in Cub Scouts,
Goodspeed?

The van STOPS: the rear doors open to the FAIRMONT HOTEL
SERVICE ENTRANCE.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Top floor suite with a private elevator. Grand, with French doors
leading to a balcony. Director Womack, Goodspeed and F.B.I.

Agents Star and Hunt are in the room. Jackets off, shoulder holsters on.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
I personally picked this suite.
(points at elevator)
Only one exit.

IN THE SUITE'S BATHROOM

Steamy, from the shower. F.B.I. Agent Cord sits on the sink.

MASON'S VOICE emanates from the shower. He's singing some ditty off-key. But Mason isn't washing.

INSIDE THE SHOWER STALL

-- Mason's tampering with the BELL HOUSING of THE RETRACTABLE CLOTHESLINE on the shower wall. Mason pops off the bell-housing. he pulls out the nylon clothesline cord= (it's thick, about 10 ft.) and rips it from the bell housing. Tests its strength.

Satisfied, he knots A NOOSE on one end of the clothesline cord, then coils.

IN THE BATHROOM - MASON emerges from the shower wearing a huge hotel bathrobe.

Cord hands him a SUIT OF CLOTHES. Mason inspects them.

MARSHAL CORD
Put 'em on. You've got forty-five minutes.

MASON
You going to stand there and watch?

MARSHAL CORD
That's right.

MASON
well if it excites-you...

MARSHAL CORD
Put the goddamn clothes on.

IN THE SUITE'S LIVING ROOM

Womack is dumping the contents of a BARBERIS BAG on the sideboard.

Hands THE HOTEL BARBER, a swishy guy, a COMB, ELECTRIC TRIMMER and BIB. The BARBER frowns.

BARBER
I can't do a decent job with these.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
That's all you get.

BARBER
I'm an artist, not a barber.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
(holds up scissors)
Without these he can't stab you in the
throat.

MASON, dressed, emerges from the bathroom. Motions the
barber toward the balcony.

MASON
Shall we do this outside? In the
sunshine?

The barber gulps. Follows Mason onto the balcony.

ON THE SUITE'S BALCONY

Mason sits in the sun on a balcony chair. Bib on.

BARBER
How would you like it sir?

MASON
Whatever's in style.

BARBER
Oh fabulous. You look shabby. Shall I
snip and cut the shabbiness away?

The barber begins trimming Mason's hair...

THE BALCONY - SOME MINUTES LATER

Mason's hair and beard are neatly trimmed. The barber holds
a mirror up; Mason examines himself.

MASON
Good. Thank-you.

The barber stands. Clears his throat. Rubs his thumb and
forefinger together.

MASON

Yes of course. My secretary will take care of you.-

(to Agent Star)

See to the good man will you?

Agent Star, glaring at Mason, leads the Barber out.

MASON

What say we bury the hatchet, Womack.

Mason extends his hand. Womack looks at it. As Womack reluctantly takes Mason's hand, MASON slides the noose over Womack's wrist. He yanks it tight and shoulders Director Womack bodily over the balustrade.

MASON

In Your head.

Womack plunges, HOWLING, 9 stories to his death. No, he only falls 10 feet.

SPROOOOOING he stops, hanging by his wrist off the side of the building, held there by -

-- MASON on the balcony, clutching the other end of the nylon clothesline, staring at Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

Jesus... JESUS CHRIST....

Goodspeed fumbles for his gun. Finally unholsters it.

DIRECTOR WOMACK, hanging below, is SCREAMING.

MASON -

Drop the gun or I'll drop your boss.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Two F.B.I. AGENTS, loitering by their vehicle, look up at WOMACK, dangling off the side of the building.

F.B.I. AGENT

Holy shit, we got a jumper.

F.B.I. AGENT 2 raises binoculars to his eyes.

F.B.I. AGENT 2

Looks like.... Womack... !

ENT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Mason and Goodspeed as before.

MASON

Whoops

I'm feeling tired Whoops

Mason lets Womack drop a foot.

Womack SCREAMS!

Goodspeed drops his gun and grabs the clothesline. MASON bolts from the balcony into the suite's library.

AGENT STAR sprints onto the balcony. Star and Goodspeed begin hauling Womack up as --

MASON steals through the suite, through the vestibule, and into the elevator.

ON THE BALCONY - Agent Star and Goodspeed hoist Directory Womack, red-faced and sputtering, over the railing. Goodspeed grabs Star's walkie-talkie.

GOODSPEED

All units, this is Caretaker. WE'VE
GOT A SIGNAL SIX. Mason's in the
elevator! Let me know where he stops!

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - BASEMENT - HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Mason exits the elevator. The kitchen is bustling with COOKS AND BUSBOYS.

Mason moves toward the side exit. Two F.B.I. AGENTS enter. Mason ducks into the dishwashing room. Waits for the Agents to run past. Mason emerges, running right into.....GOODSPEED.

WHAMM. MASON'S FIST slams into Goodspeed's jaw. Goodspeed goes down on the huge dishwasher. Mason moves off quickly toward the side exit.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SIDE EXIT - DAY

Mason exits the hotel. 20 feet away is the PARKING VALET. 10 incredibly fast expensive European cars are waiting to be parked. First in line, however, is a E.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SIDE EXIT - DAY

Goodspeed exits, looking at MASON getting into the HUMVEE.

The Humvee explodes out of the hotel driveway.

GOODSPEED shouts to the F.B.I. AGENTS across the street:

GOODSPEED
That's him!

The F.B.I. SEDANS ROAR off after Mason.

Goodspeed looks around. A Ferrari sitting there.

Goodspeed gets behind the wheel.

THE FERRARI blasts out of the driveway after the Humvee.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - STREETS - DAY

The HUMVEE lumbers up to a traffic light. Stops behind several vehicles ahead.

INT. MASON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Mason looks-up in the rear view mirror. The F.B.I. SEDANS are Behind him, closing fast. Mason rams the stick shift into gear; throws the wheel.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

MASON'S HUMVEE veers to the side and CLIMBS OVER a parked, day-glow painted VW BEETLE, squashing it's hood. The Humvee ROARS through the intersection, leaving --

The F.B.I. SEDANS and GOODSPEED'S FERRARI trapped at the light behind the other cars.

EXT. THE STREET AHEAD - DAY

MASON'S HUMVEE plows through traffic, hitting the left and right bumpers of the cars in front of it, knocking them aside. It blows through ten cars like ten-pins.

GOODSPEED'S FERRARI slaloms through the Humvee's wake of dented cars and accelerates after the Humvee.

TWO POLICE PATROLMEN scramble into their cruisers, throwing on the CHERRY TOP LIGHTS.

The CRUISERS charge after the Humvee and the Ferrari.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (HILL #1) - DAY

THE HUMVEE is accelerating up a very steep hill. '100 yards down the hill, the TWO S.F. POLICE CRUISERS, the F.B.I. sedans, and GOODSPEED'S FERRARI, all race after it.

INT. MASON'S HUMVEE - DAY

Mason has the radio on. A NEWSFLASH is broadcast:

RADIO NEWSMAN

This just in: More than twenty highway patrolmen are involved in a highspeed chase on Van Ness Boulevard, north of Trocadero ...

Mason looks at Humvee's CELLULAR PHONE. Grabs it. Studies it. He's never used one before.

MASON

Modern conveniences. Cheers.
(punches numbers)
San Francisco. Jade Angelou. That's
A..n..g..e..l

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (HILL #1) - DAY

AT THE INTERSECTION - THE TRAFFIC LIGHT is red. A SPARKLETTS WATER TRUCK proceeds into the intersection.

103 INT. MASON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Mason runs the red light. The Sparkletts truck is in the intersection. Mason violently throws the wheel. The Humvee swerves to avoid the Sparkletts truck --

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (TOP OF HILL #1) ~ DAY

-- but doesn't make it. Mason's Humvee SLAMS into the Sparkletts truck's BACK END, knocking it sideways. The HUMVEE blasts through the intersection as --

70 WATER BOTTLES (5 gallon each) tumble off the Sparkletts truck. The bottles roll down the hill, gaining speed.

INT. MASON'S HUMVEE ~ DAY

the call connects.

JADE ANGELOU (O.S.)

Hello?

MASON
Is this Jade Angelou?

JADE ANGELOU (O.S.)
Yes. Who is this?

MASON
John Mason.
(lengthy pause)
Don't be shocked. I don't have much
time. Please listen carefully....

INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY

GOODSPEED
Where is he sir? RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.
What's he doing? HE'S ON THE PHONE.
I DON'T FUCKING KNOW, HIS STOCKBROKER!
Oh shit. Gotta go.

Goodspeed looks at SPARKLETT'S BOTTLES bearing down on him.

INT. S.F. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Two S.F. PATROLMEN. Their eyes widen too as --

THE SPARKLETT'S BOTTLES are bouncing now, roll down on them at 45 m.p.h. A BOTTLE SMASHES through the windshield, showering the Patrolmen with glass.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (MIDWAY UP HILL #1) - DAY

Chaos. Bottle after bottle smashes down on the -
front-running vehicles. DENTING HOODS. SMASHING WINDSHIELDS.

THREE F.B.I. SEDANS and GOODSPEED'S FERRARI negotiate the
crashing cars.

They race through the carnage after Mason.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - . (HILL #2) - DAY

MASON'S HUMVEE explodes over the crest of a hill at 90
m.p.h. and soars. A beat, then --

THE F.B.I. SEDANS, followed by GOODSPEED'S FERRARI soar over
the crest of the hill.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (BOTTOM OF HILL #2) - DAY

At the intersection here, TWO S.F. ROAD WORKERS are sliding a STEEL PLATE over a 6 ft. deep ditch cut in the asphalt (for a water main or equivalent).

The Road Workers, hearing the WAIL OF MASON'S HUMVEE, look up and dive away just as THE HUMVEE blasts over the steel plate, dislodging it from its positioning. It TEETERS on the lip of the ditch.

THE F.B.I. SEDAN hits the teetering steel plate, which collapses -causing the sedan to be swallowed up halfway into the ditch, it's rear end sticking up in the air. Seconds pass, then --

THE SECOND F.B.I. SEDAN SLAMS into the front running SEDAN'S...EXPOSED UNDERCARRIAGE. Both vehicles are obliterated.

GOODSPEED'S FERRARI, in the most hair-raising slide ever filmed, veers and misses the mangled F.B.I. sedans.

Now it's just Mason and Goodspeed and CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (TOP OF HILL #3) - DAY

MASON'S HUMVEE, with GOODSPEED'S FERRARI close behind, races down a street on the crest of a hill.

IN THE INTERSECTION AHEAD - A CABLE CAR is turning down the hill. Mason's Humvee also turns down the hill, but as the Humvee rounds the corner --

AN OLD WOMAN starts crossing the street. MASON throws the wheel swerving to avoid her, and --

-- THE HUMVEE'S BUMPER catches the BACK OF THE CABLE CAR, dislodging its rear steel wheels from the CABLE CAR TRACKS. With the front wheels still lodged in the tracks, the cable car begins to slide sideways.

GOODSPEED'S FERRARI clears the cable car's sliding back end and sprints after Mason's Humvee.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - MIDWAY DOWN HILL #3 - DAY

the Humvee and Ferrari blast down the hill. The street is thick with vehicular traffic.

So THE HUMVEE swerves, leaving the street. onto the sidewalk. Where... SNAP SNAP SNAP it knocks down every parking meter, then hits A LADDER in a cordoned off area. On the ladder, a LINEMAN is fixing a MUNICIPAL POWER LINE. The ladder collapses; THE LINEMAN falls, flailing through the air.

GOODSPEED slams on the brakes. The Ferrari spins 180 degrees and lurches to a stop facing uphill.

INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY

THE AIR BAG'S exploded in Goodspeed's face.

GOODSPEED
Shit shit SHIT SHIT ...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - MIDWAY DOWN HILL #3 - DAY

Goodspeed looks up the hill. GOODSPEED'S EYES bug.

GOODSPEED'S POV - THE CABLE CAR is still sliding down the hill sideways.

THE SLIDING CABLE CAR, its wheels SPEWING SPARKS down the hill.

The LAST PASSENGER dives. It's now empty and sliding straight for Goodspeed's Ferrari...

INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY

Goodspeed grabs the Ferrari's CELLULAR PHONE and tries the door latch. The goddamn airbag is all over him.... So Goodspeed shoots the fucking air bag.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (BOTTOM OF HILL 33) - DAY

THE TUMBLING CABLE CAR hits the Toyota's rear. The Toyota's gas tank EXPLODES, lifting the cable car.

The Ferrari's door flies open. GOODSPEED dives away as --

-- THE CABLE CAR, aflame, cartwheels in mid-air and lands with a WHUMP on the FERRARI, crushing it like a tin-can.

GOODSPEED, dazed, wheels away from the wreck, shielding his eyes from the smoke and fire.

A YOUNG KID ON A MOTORCYCLE rolls up.

MOTORCYCLE KID
You just fucked up your Ferrari, man.

GOODSPEED
It's not mine.

MOTORCYCLE KID
Way cool.
(smiles)

GOODSPEED
Neither is this.

GOODSPEED shoves the kid off the Motorcycle. Speeds off into traffic. The kid stands there dumbstruck.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Goodspeed, driving through traffic on the kid's motorcycle, flips open the cell phone. Punches numbers.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICE - CHEMICAL/BIOLOGICAL DIVISION, FT. DIETRICK, MARYLAND - DAY

Marvin Isherwood is enjoying another thrilling day. He grabs for the RINGING PHONE.

ISHERWOOD
Chem weapons. Isherwood.

GOODSPEED (V.O.)
Marvin, ring up Wolfburg Federal Pen.
The inmate is Mason, John.

Isherwood gets on the computer. Starts tapping....

INTER CUT - MARVIN IN THE LAB / GOODSPEED ON MOTORCYCLE

ISHERWOOD
Wolfburg, got it. Masconi, Magrane,
Masters. No Mason in Wolfburg, Bill,
is this a relative of yours...?

GOODSPEED
NOT NOW Isherwood. Go to February 1976.
Who was transferred.to Wolfburg
from San Quentin that year?

ISHERWOOD
Two guys. Joseph Wainwright, and a....
they don't have a name, just "inmate 9999."

GOODSPEED
Hit nine nine nine nine.

ISHERWOOD

This is weird. They got medical records, place of birth - Glasgow? But no name. Wait a minute, there's a next of kin. Jade Angelou of 32 Stenson Drive, San Francisco. Bill did you, like, fuck something up? Bill? Bill?

Goodspeed ROARS off on the motorcycle and CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - 32 STENSON DRIVE - DAY

A single family house. Across the street --

GOODSPEED watches the house. The door opens. JADE ANGELOU exits. She's 19, tall, pretty, purposeful.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PIAZZA DES ARTES - DAY

MASON stands next to a massive column, writing on a piece of paper: "ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FORT WALTON, KANSAS. FRONT PEW. RIGHT LEG. HOLLOW."

ACROSS THE PARK - JADE ANGELOU enters a city park with a rotunda of classical design. A walk-way under massive Corinthian columns. She moves through the rotunda.

MASON sees her. He steps behind the column as she passes. There is a moment of indecision. Mason looks at THE PIECE OF PAPER in his hand.

MASON

Jade.

Jade Angelou stops cold. Slow-ly turns. And regards Mason.

ACROSS THE ROTUNDA - GOODSPEED sees Mason and Jade. He stealthily moves toward them.

BY THE COLUMN - MASON AND JADE

Jade approaches Mason tentatively. He is stunned by her. By her beauty, her bearing, her likeness to him.

MASON

Hello. Yes. It's me.

JADE

I uhm... I'm not quite sure what to say. This is all a bit much...

Several POLICE CARS ROAR past, sirens BLARING. Mason

pockets the PIECE OF PAPER.

MASON

Let's uhm... let's walk a ways.

They walk off next to a TALL HEDGE. GOODSPEED follows on the other side of the hedge. INTERCUT between Mason and Jade, and Goodspeed eavesdropping.

Goodspeed pulls out his cellular phone, begins punching numbers.

JADE

So how long have you been out?

MASON

A while.

JADE

A while. And you didn't call? You are free now, right?

MASON

I'm here with you, aren't I?

JADE

Why now? I mean why today.

MASON

I was driving through San Francisco. I decided it was time.

JADE

Well there's not a lot I know about you other than you escaped from San Quentin, had a four day affair with my mother, and I'm the result. You can imagine I'm pretty confused.

MASON

I tried to explain in my letters.

JADE

Ahh. You letters. They weren't very easy to follow.

She fishes in her pocket. Pulls out A LETTER. WHOLE SECTIONS OF THE LETTER have been scissored out. Mason. frowns.

MASON

I see.

(grumbles)

Bloody prison censors.

JADE
How about explaining now?

In the b.g. we HEAR POLICE SIRENS. Mason looks around.

MASON
Maybe this isn't the best time...
(off her look)
Jade. Here sit down.

Mason and Jade sit on a bench. MORE SIRENS in the b.g.
Mason looks off nervously.

MASON
All will be explained. You must
trust me on this. Someday very soon,
after I get a few things settled,
I will come back for you. What I
need to know is: do you want me in
your life?

JADE
How can I answer that? I don't know
if we can.... after 19 years, just
start like that.

MASON
We are the same blood.

JADE
But I don't know you.

MASON
Where to begin.
(sighs)
My name is John Paul Mason. I'm
Scottish. I attended Dartmouth Naval
College. My favorite color is green.
I like books. I like a good joke.
At one time I shot a pretty fair round
of golf. I'm in my 60's and I've been
in jail half my life.
(Jade looks away)
Maybe it's better I go.

She smiles. Puts her hands on his.

JADE
No. You're doing okay.

Police sirens BLARE. And the entire park is suddenly surrounded by F.B.I. AND POLICE VEHICLES.

JADE
You lied to me.

Goodspeed approaches. Mason makes no attempt to move. Jade turns to him.

GOODSPEED
(flashes his I.D.)
F.B.I. miss. Your father is working
with us. He's helping us resolve a....
(looks at Mason)
....dangerous situation.

JADE
He is?

GOODSPEED
Yes ma'am. We've got to go, John.

Mason extends his hand to Jade. She takes it.

MASON
Jade - remember what I said.

They hug. Then Mason walks off with Goodspeed and --
-- Jade opens her hand, revealing the PIECE OF PAPER upon
which Mason wrote his instructions.

ACROSS THE PARK - F.B.I. AGENTS STAR and CORD run up.

GOODSPEED
(sharply)
No cuffs until we get to the cars.

They continue toward the waiting cars.

MASON
You surprise me, Goodspeed. Now I'm
going to surprise myself: thank-you,
you could have handled that differently.

GOODSPEED
(tight)
You almost got me killed. Twice.

MASON
How's your jaw?

Goodspeed wheels on Mason and swings. SNATCH. Mason

catches Goodspeed's fist. Three inches from his face.

GOODSPEED

It hurts.

SANCHEZ, DIRECTOR WOMACK and the F.B.I. AGENTS approach.
Womack's arm is in a sling; he's in a volcanic rage.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

You cocksucker you dislocated my shoulder
and cost the city of San Francisco
ten million dollars. You try to escape
again and Agent Chaney here will
break your legs.

AGENT CHANEY, large and mean, comes to Mason's side.

MASON

Pleased to meet you.

INT. PIER 39 - F.B.I. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Night is falling. A large warehouse room with windows
looking out to Alcatraz Island. Looks like N.A.S.A.

AT A RECTANGULAR TABLE - MASON sits at the head of the table 122
in front of a SCALE MODEL OF ALCATRAZ. COMMANDER ANDERSON and ten
NAVY S.E.A.L.s look toward Mason.

Anderson is agitated, staring at Mason.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Okay, one more time: down this second
fork fifty-seven paces to a septic
chamber. Turn left at the water pump,
then forty-two paces to the prison
showers...

MASON

No. Forty-two paces to the septic
chamber. Fifty-seven to the showers.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

(pointedly)

That's not what you said three minutes
ago.

MASON

(innocently).

It's not?

COMMANDER ANDERSON
(dagger stare at Mason)
Excuse me.
(Rises)
Womack.

Womack follows Anderson aside. They confer heatedly.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
I ask for someone with knowledge of
the island's tunnels. You give me a
fuckin, convict who wants to play "twenty
questions."

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
He knows every inch of those tunnels,
Commander.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Then he's keeping it to himself. He's
fucking with me and I don't have the time.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
(pause; he thinks)
What if he went with you?

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Out of the question. He'll endanger
the mission - he'll endanger my men.
He's a security risk. Who says he
won't bolt as soon as we turn our backs
on him?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
I'll handle that. Chaney.

The hulking Chaney escorts Mason over.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
You're not cooperating, John. Maybe
this will help. I'm sure you're
curious about what's happening on Alcatraz.
(no response)
Twelve United States Marines - a
terrorist rogue force - have seized it.
They've aimed fifteen poison gas
rockets at the city. Enough poison gas
to kill every man, woman and child in
San Francisco.
(smiles)
Yes, John, including your daughter.

MASON

You son-of-fucking-Satan.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Mr. Mason has a strong incentive to help us, Commander Anderson.

Mason boils. Then springs at Womack. Chaney grabs Mason, headlocking him.

So Mason knees Womack in the balls. Womack doubles over. Recovers, coughing.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Get him some gear. He's going to the Rock. Goodspeed!

ACROSS THE ROOM - GOODSPEED looks up from a computer screen generating 3-D images of different angles of a V.X. ROCKET. He walks over to the table.

Anderson and the other S.E.A.L.s stare at him.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

The goal is to take out the launchers and neutralize the V.X.chem rounds, Goodspeed. Tell us what you know.

GOODSPEED

Well, the thermal imaging photos picked up the poison gas. Here. The prison morgue.

(points)

It's probably being kept refrigerated. Makes sense. V.X. gas begins to lose its toxicity at higher temperatures.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Have you ever actually seen one of these devices?

GOODSPEED

No sir, but I've studied them

COMMANDER ANDERSON

(sarcastic)

That's great, Goodspeed. You're in the Bureau, so you've had weapons training.

GOODSPEED

A little, sir.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
So you've never been in a combat
situation.

GOODSPEED
No sir.
(beat)
Should I begin the briefing on
diffusing and detoxification sir?

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Won't be necessary.

GOODSPEED
Sir, these are very complicated
devices...

COMMANDER ANDERSON
I know they are, Goodspeed. That's
why you're going with us.

GOODSPEED
Sir?

COMMANDER ANDERSON
(to S.E.A.L. Reigert)
Get him some gear.

MASON stares at Goodspeed.

MASON
Wait just a minute. This little
twat's going to deal with the poison?
He's gonna get us all fuckin' killed!

Mason walks off muttering.

INT. PIER.39 COMMAND CENTER - BATHROOM - A MINUTE LATER

S.E.A.L. Dando stands at a urinal. Goodspeed bursts in and
lunges for another urinal. He vomits. Gags. Spits.

S.E.A.L. DANDO
Nice to meet you too.

Sanchez enters.

SANCHEZ
You look like shit.

Goodspeed leans back against the wall.

GOODSPEED

Thank you.

SANCHEZ

You're not wimping out on us,
Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

I join the F.B.I. I ask for fieldwork.
They say, "Bill, you're too fucking
smart for field work." Every year
I put in for a transfer and every year
I sit in that goddamn lab like the
fucking Maytag repairman in the
commercial. Then the call finally comes,
and it's a whole fuckin' city at stake?
Oh Jesus...

SANCHEZ

Chemical Weapons isn't a cakewalk,
Goodspeed.

Goodspeed splashes cold water on his face.

GOODSPEED

I've got some bad news and some really
bad news sir. Maybe the bad news isn't
bad, maybe actually it's good....

SANCHEZ

Spit it out.

GOODSPEED

My girlfriend's pregnant.

SANCHEZ

(pause)

What's the really bad news.

INT. PIER 39 - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - DAY

SANCHEZ (V.O.)

Goodspeed, GODDAMN IT ...

The door bursts open. Sanchez, veins bulging, exits,
followed by Goodspeed.

SANCHEZ

Agent Cord, get over to the Pan Pacific
Hotel and bring Goodspeed's girlfriend
to this facility please!!

and CUT TO:

EXT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - SUNSET

Cpts. Darrow and Frye look out the window at the Marine's Command Center in the Infirmary.

CAPTAIN DARROW

(mumbling)

Seventeen hours left. What the fuck
is he doing? How much time does it
take to transfer money from one account...

CAPTAIN FRYE

Just a matter of time, buddy. The
Pentagon'll cave and we'll be headin'
south of the border a million dollars
richer.

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - SUNSET

Hummel sits at his desk. The phone RINGS.

HUMMEL (V.O.)

Hummel.

SECURITY ADVISOR LOUIS LINDSTROM

Hello Frank, Lou Lindstrom. I'm in the
oval office with General Kramer.

INTERCUT - ALCATRAZ INFIRMARY / WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE

GENERAL KRAMER

We're having some problems with the
account transfer, Frank.

HUMMEL

Don't tell me your problems, tell me
your solutions.

GENERAL KRAMER

We've spoken to the President.
He's not too happy about this.

Chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair enters.

HUMMEL

Well he'd better give me a goddamn
assurance...

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

The only thing the President will give you is a fair trial after you're caught, General.

HUMMEL

That you, Sinclair? What exactly do you do at the White House? Answer the presidential phone? Wash the presidential limousine? Are you his golf caddy, Sinclair?

RAYDEN SINCLAIR

Now you give me some goddamn respect, General....

HUMMEL

You want respect, you child, you coffee server? Let's talk about Dave Ridgeway.

GENERAL KRAMER

Who's Dave Ridgeway, Frank?

HUMMEL

A twenty-two year old marine tortured to death by a communist death squad in the El Salvadoran jungle. His mother and young wife were told by the Pentagon that he went A.W.O.L. Let's talk about the respect he got.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

This is going nowhere Frank....

HUMMEL

Then let me tell you what is: The most lethal poison gas known to man into San Francisco's business district. You have twelve hours to deliver the money or be prepared to reap the whirlwind, gentlemen.

CLICK. National Security Advisor Lindstrom stares at the phone. Shakes his head.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

What's the word from Mojave?

GENERAL KRAMER

General Petersen can give us no definite assurance on the Willy Peter capability.

The men stare grimly at each other.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

Greenlight the S.E.A.L. incursion.
General Kramer picks up the phone and CUT TO:

EXT. NAVAL AIRSTRIP (INCURSION STAGING AREA) - DUSK-

The INCURSION STAGING AREA (a base in the S.F. vicinity)
GOODSPEED and MASON, in black dry suits, join COMMANDER ANDERSON and nine other S.E.A.L.s.

Four S.E.A.L.s will be identified: BOYER, REIGERT, DANDO, and SHEPHERD.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Listen up, men. Mr. Mason here will run point for us. Lieutenant Shepherd will be attached to your hip, Mason. You breath, he breathes with you. Understand?

LIEUTENANT SHEPHERD, young, laconic, nods at Mason.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Shep, what's the status on the special operational gear for Mason.

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD

(hands over items)
one aluminum fork and one quart of motor oil in a squeeze tube.

GOODSPEED

Motor oil?

MASON

For cottonmouth.

Goodspeed and the S.E.A.L.s exchange looks.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Goodspeed here's our specialist.
We will cover him while he neutralizes the chemical threat. If he does his job we'll launch flares and hold our position 'till the cavalry comes.

Make no mistake about it, gentlemen,
 we are going in against an entrenched
 force led by one hot-shit field commander.
 We are in the fight of our lives,
 I bullshit you not. Any questions?
 Let's move out.

The move across the staging area to --
 A CH-53 SEA STALLION and two HUEY COBRA ATTACK GUNSHIPS,
 their BLADES whipping with ferocity.

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD stands in the Sea Stallion's door. The
 S.E.A.L.s board past him. Last are Mason and Goodspeed.

MASON
 After you, 'lace."

Goodspeed gives mason a look and climbs in. Then Mason.

Then Shepherd, who SLAMS the door shut.

THE GROUND CREW waves red LIGHT SABRES: "all clear." The
 Hueys and the Sea Stallion lift off.

INT. SEA STALLION - NIGHT

Goodspeed and Mason sit with the S.E.A.L.s. Grim,
 determined faces. Not a word spoken.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
 Activate mini-cams.

Anderson, Boyer and the other S.E.A.L.s flip on TINY VIDEOCAMERAS
 mounted on their shoulders. A NAVAL MEDIC passes out SYRINGES OF
 ATROPINE in ANKLE SHFATHES.

NAVAL MEDIC
 Atropine. Any contact with the gas,
 use it.

Each S.E.A.L. takes one; begins strapping it to ankle.
 GOODSPEED shakes his head, declining.

GOODSPEED
 Uhn uhn. I hate needles.

INT. PIER 39 - MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - NIGHT

AT THE CONTROL PANEL - F.B.I. TECHNICIANS talk into headsets and
 watch a bank of MONITORS displaying: satellite pictures,
 thermographic images of Alcatraz, a computer bio of Hummel.

SANCHEZ sits at the control panel wearing a headset.

Director Womack paces behind him.

SANCHEZ
Mini-cams operational.

OUTSIDE IN THE WAREHOUSE

An F.B.I. SEDAN pulls in and parks. F.B.I. AGENT CORD gets out. Carla sits in the back seat.

CARLA
Would you please tell me what is
going on?

AGENT CORD
Can't do that, malam. Sorry.

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT

The Hueys and Sea Stallion fly in formation AT CAMERA. The Sea Stallion's running lights suddenly BLINK OFF.

INT. SF.A STALLION - NIGHT

The two SEA STALLION PILOTS don NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

IN THE HOLD - THE S.E.A.L.s begin to prepare themselves; checking their weapons combat wet-suits, and CLOSED CIRCUIT REBREATHING SCUBA TANKS.

The S.E.A.L.s begin to don their scuba apparatus.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
You know what you're doing?

MASON
Yes. Little fancier than I'm used to.

Mason examines the equipment. It's more modern, but not foreign to him. He adjusts his depth and oxygen gauges. Goodspeed, having a hard time, watches Mason.

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT

THE HUEYS, 50 ft. from the water's surface, SCREAM PAST CAMERA and bear down on Alcatraz.

THE SEA STALLION, lagging behind the Hueys, BANKS RIGHT and peels away. It descends lower, below radar.

INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN watches the RADAR SCREEN...Glowing BLIPS move toward Alcatraz. One BLIP vanishes.

F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN
They're off radar, headin' 'round
Treasure Island.

EXT. SKIES OVER TREASURE ISLAND - NIGHT

The Sea Stallion rounds Treasure Island and heads toward the rear of Alcatraz Island.

INT. SEA STALLION - NIGHT

The SEA STALLION PILOT turns to ANDERSON.

SEA STALLION PILOT
I got you to the strongest current
in the Bay, Commander. You're on your
own from here.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Prepare to deplore!

CUT TO: A SERIES OF SHOTS.

The S.E.A.L.s stand. Each checks the gear of the man in front of him. Straps tightened. Weapons checked. -

IN THE REAR OF THE HOLD-- FOUR S.E.A.L.s ready two high-tech 139B 3-man submersibles called 'I.S.D.U.s (Seal Delivery Units), also known as "Seal Subs."

MASON is ready to go, calm and steady, eyes forward.

GOODSPEED'S still behind. He has his scuba tanks shouldered, but he can't get the 1st of the tricky catches on the shoulder harness secured ...

Mason reaches over and secures, with a METALLIC DLINK, the catch. Goodspeed, embarrassed, nods.

AT THE BACK OF THE HOLD

139F SHEPHERD, with a nod, directs Mason to sit down on the S.D.U. behind S.E.A.L. BOYER, the S.D.U.'s driver.

Mason does so. Chaney then sits behind Mason. S.E.A.L. Dando then begins buckling Shepherd and Mason onto the sled with harnesses (the unit's version of a seat-belt.)

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY (OFF ALCATRAZ) - NIGHT

The Sea Stallion hovers 15 ft. from the surface. The BELLY DOOR opens. COMMANDER ANDERSON leans out, inspecting the drop area. He hand-signals to -

-- S.E.A.L. DANDO, reading the two S.D.U.s. GOODSPEED sits on the SECOND S.D.U. behind S.E.A.L. REIGERT. S.E.A.L. Dando begins buckling in Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

Wait a minute.

(Dando stops buckling)

What if this thing crashes...

Dando looks at Reigert. They laugh. This remark they obviously find very funny. Dando continues buckling Goodspeed in.

MASON

Smile Goodspeed. Live a little. Life is short... especially yours.

And the S.D.U.s are released, rolling out of the Sea Stallion on a set of tracks, SPLASHING DOWN into --

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

-- the bay here. The S.D.U.s' XENON headlamps come on.

EXT. THE SEA STALLION - DOORWAY - NIGHT

The rest of the S.E.A.L.s, carrying equipment and single man mini-S.D.U. units, jump from the Sea Stallion one by one.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The three-man and single S.D.U.s head toward Alcatraz, passing ABOVE CAMERA.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

THE SEARCHLIGHT atop the lower lighthouse scans the bay, back and forth. It fixes on something.

INT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Hummel and Baxter watch from the window. Captain Fryels voice emanates from the walkie-talkie.

CAPTAIN FRYE (V.O.)
 Something on radar, sir. Two Hueys
 in standard formation, due east and
 approaching.

Hummel raises binoculars. Scans the bay.

HUMMELIS POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS - THE HUEYS AND SEA
 STALLION, flying low, SCREAM toward the island.

BACK TO SCENE - HUMMEL lowers the binoculars, clicks on
 his walkie-talkie.

BAXTER
 Decoy?

HUMMEL
 Royce, Scarpetti, Gamble, Starling:
 get to the west end of the island on
 the double. Think we have visitors.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - WATER TOWER - ALLEY - NIGHT

Pvt. Royce clicks off his walkie-talkie.

ROYCE
 You heard the man, let's move it.

Pvts. Royce, Scarpetti, Gamble and Starling race off.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The S.E.A.L.s, pulled by their S.D.U.s, WHOOSH past camera.
 The S.D.U.s lights dim the FLUORESCENT GREEN.

CLOSE-UP on BOYER, the three-man S.D.U.'s driver, intense,
 determined. CLOSE-UP on Boyer's fluorescent green INSTRUMENT
 PANEL charting their approach to the island.

They've drawn close to the island. COMMANDER ANDERS6N
 swings an UNDERWATER SPOTLIGHT, which reveals -

A LARGE WATER INTAKE PIPE jutting out from the Island's bedrock,
 7 ft. in diameter, covered by a GRATE thick with rust, barnacles
 and seaweed.

There's a SMALL JAGGED HOLE, presumably through which Mason
 escaped 33 years earlier.

EXT. UNDERWATER - POWER PLANT INTAKE PIPE - NIGHT

The S.E.A.L.s cast off the S.D.U.s and direct their GREEN

FLUORESCENT SPOTLIGHTS inside the hole in the grate.
MASON stares at the hole. COMMANDER ANDERSON nods to Mason: "lead the way."

Mason does so. Enters the pipe. one by one, the S.E.A.L.s and Goodspeed follow Mason in.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE NEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Pvts. Royce, Scarpetti, Gamble and Starling walk the shoreline, peering into the black water.

ROYCE
Looks all clear, sir.

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Baxter turns to Hummel:

BAXTER
Nothing.

HUMMEL
Tell 'em to stay out there.

INT. ALCATRAZ - SUBTERRANEAN POWER PLANT - NIGHT

A large subterranean room under the island's power plant.
B7 large WOODEN CISTERN in the middle.

The S.E.A.L.s emerge in the cistern and climb out. The room has one exit, sealed with a HEAVY IRON door.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Thank-you very fucking much, Mr. Mason,
you've led us to a room with no exit.

S.E.A.L. BOYER
Skipper, blow it or burn it?

COMMANDER ANDERSON
No time for the torch. Explosives'll
bring the fucking world down on us.
(turns to Mason)
An idea, please, we're tight on time.

MASON
Wait for me to unlock the door.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

You do not look like Jesus Christ,
Mr. Mason, so I'm having a hard time
how you're going to accomplish that.

MASON

(points)

Under there.

UNDERNEATH THE STEAM ENGINE is a tiny crawl space. 10 STEAM
RELEASE VALVES periodically emit BURSTS OF STEAM.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

You are shitting me. You catch one
of those steam bursts and you're a
corpse.

MASON

True.

(unshoulders his equipment)

I memorized their timing.

Mason sits on the edge of the crawl space. F.B.I. looks inside
the crawl space: WHITE HOT BURSTS of 500 degree Fahrenheit steam
BLAST DOWN.

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD

Uhh sir, you said never leave his
side ...

COMMANDER ANDERSON

You're not required to follow,
Lieutenant Shepherd. This man is going
to die.

MASON

(grumbles to himself)

That's been said to me before...

Mason takes a deep breath and he rolls --

INTO THE CRAWL SPACE - Mason logrolls one revolution... STEAM
BURST another evolution STEAM BURST another revolution STEAM
BURST Mason rolls to a stop on his side. STEAM BURSTS on either
side of him. Mason collects himself. Breathes deeply and rolls
again. His movements are precise, from memory. He rolls past each
burst, any imprecision certain death ...

IN THE CISTERN ROOM - GOODSPEED, ANDERSON AND THE S.E.A.L.s
watch Mason, amazed.

S.E.A.L. REIGERT

Who the fuck is this guy? Houdini?

IN THE CRAWL SPACE - MASON rolls past the STEAM RELEME VALVE and disappears.

IN THE CISTERN ROOM - Several seconds pass. We HEAR THE DOOR being unbolted. It CREAKS open. There stands Mason.

MASON

Welcome to the Rock.

The Incursion Team files through the door and CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

Here, the tunnel moves up a steep incline to a LOCKED STEEL BULKHEAD. S.E.A.L.s REIGERT and DANDO check it out.

S.E.A.L. DANDO

She's at least three inches thick sir.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Shit. Burn it.

Dando unpacks an ACETYLENE TORCH. Reigert turns on the ACETYLENE VALVES (tanks rigged to Dando's gear) and sparks the torch. IT FLAMES UP, white hot.

Dando starts toward the bulkhead. MASON steps past him, .bending his KITCHEN FORK into an awkward shape. He fishes the fork in the lock; twists it, and..... POP.

Mason throws open the thick bulkhead door. And climbs through the bulkhead.

MASON

(muttering)

Guys are worthless.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

Who is this guy...?

INT. DRAINAGE PIPES LTNDER MAIN CELL HOUSE - NIGHT

The team arrives at a series of concrete drainage pipes. Mason points up to one of them.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

The shower room?

(Mason nods yes)

After you.

Mason and the S.E.A.L.s climb into the drainage pipe.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The S.E.A.L. team, Mason leading the way, climbs toward a FAINT LIGHT emanating from a DRAINAGE GRATE above.

S.E.A.L. REIGERT readies a FIBRE OPTIC SEEING DEVICE; he pushes the fibre-optic camera up through the grate.

INT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The FIBRE-OPTIC CAMERA turns, looking in a 360 degree radius, and transmitting images of --

THE PRISON SHOWER - a tiled room with shower heads and a 20 160A ft. ceiling. Above, a mezzanine circles the showers; here Alcatraz's guards once watched inmates below..

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Commander Anderson views the shower room images on a TINY (2 inch by 2 inch) WRIST-HELD VIDEO MONITOR. The shower is deserted, but there's something of interest -

A MOTION DETECTOR (a blue beam flashed from a transmitter to 161A a receptor) across the grate.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Motion sensor.

Anderson gingerly lifts the grate. Reigert wiggles his hands past the edges of the grate and nudges the beam transmitter (with one hand) and the beam receiver (with the other) away from the grate.

INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A SILENT ALARM next to Pvt. Royce blinks on. Royce turns to Maj. Baxter.

ROYCE
Sir. Anti-disturbance temblar tripped
in the shower. We got visitors.

INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - SHOWER ROOM

The grate pops open. S.E.A.L.'s BOYER and REIGERT, wearing NIOHT VISION GLASSES, emerge taking defensive positions back-to-back. Commander Anderson follows. Then, one by one, the rest of the S.E.A.L.'s emerge.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
(to Lt. Shepherd in the
drainage pipe)
Stand fast. We'll secure the area.

ANDERSON directs Boyer and Reigert to a TILED COLUMN. They creep across the tiled floor, taking "check and defied" positions behind the shower's TILED COLUMNS. But suddenly, shockingly.....FLOODLIGHTS flash on. Coming from the mezzanine above.

The S.E.A.L.s whip off their night vision goggles.

INT. PIER 3-9 - MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT
ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - We see the illumination of the shower room (transmitted from the S.E.A.L.s cameras.)

SANCHEZ
What's that...what the hell is that?

INT. ALCATRAZ - DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Goodspeed, Mason, and Lt. Shepherd react to the sudden illumination above.

GOODSPEED
(Whispers)
What's going on?

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD
(whispers)
Don't know.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The S.E.A.L.s whirl around, startled, unnerved, squinting into the blinding whiteness of the floodlights.

HUMMEL (V.O.)
Drop your weapons.

The S.E.A.L.s, terrified, hesitate but do not drop their weapons. They stand back-to-back, weapons trained at the catwalk. squinting into the white light.

The S.E.A.L.s behind the tiled columns take cover. We cannot yet see Hummel and the marines. This plays with as much tension as possible. The situation is chilling:

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Anderson here, General Hummel.
Commander. Team Leader.

HUMMEL (V.O.)
Commander Anderson, if you have any
concern for the lives of your men, you
will order them to safety their weapons
and place them on the deck at their feet-

INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - We see the floodlights above on the
Mezzanine and hear Hummel's voice:

SANCHEZ
Oh Christ this isn't happening.

INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM MEZZANINE- NIGHT

HUMMEL looks down at the S.E.A.L.s. Baxter's text to him. The
other marines are at positions around the mezzanine perimeter, M-
16's trained and ready.

COMMANDER ANDERSON
Sir, we know why you're out here.
God knows I agree with you sir, but
like you sir, I swore to defend this
country against all enemies. Foreign,
sir, and domestic.
(shouts now)
General, we've spilled the same blood
in the same mud. You know goddamn
well that I cannot give that order...

BEHIND A COLUMN - S.E.A.L.s REIGERT and BOYER stare into the
floodlights.

HUMMEL
Your unit is covered from an elevated
position, Commander. I'm not going
to ask again.

ON THE MEZZANINE

CPTS. FRYE, DARROW and PVTS. COX, MCCOY, have their weapons
trained; they're pumped and trigger happy.

HUMMEL
Don't do anything stupid, Commander.
No one has to die here.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

You men following the General: You are United States Marines and under oath you forgotten that? We all have shipmates we remember - some of 'em were shit on and spit on by the Pentagon - that doesn't give you the right to mutiny.

HUMMEL

That's a nice speech, Commander. I heard plenty like it in the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill. They all added up to zero. Pretty words aren't gonna get you out of this, Commander. Now abort this mission. Goddamn it, abort.

BEHIND THE COLUMN - S.E.A.L. BOYER, just 20, having never seen combat, is trembling with fear, indecision.

S.E.A.L. BOYER

It's us or them, Reigert, fuck they're gonna waste us...

S.E.A.L. REIGERT

Get a grip on yourself

ON THE MEZZANINE - PVT. COXIS BOOT nudges a TILE which has come loose from its mortar. The tile inches to the edge of the mezzanine. Then it falls.....

BOYER, reacting to THE FALLING TILE, brings up his machine gun and fires A SUSTAINED BURST in its direction --

And all hell breaks loose. THE MARINES fire in unison. A cruel withering fusillade.

--- THE S.E.A.L.s in the middle of the floor take the brunt of it. They gamely return fire. But they're hit. Again. Again. Again.

IN THE DRAINAGE HOLE - Goodspeed, Mason, and Lt. Shepherd listen (and watch, when the view allows) in utter horror to the firefight above.

Lt. Shepherd scrambles up the ladder. Goodspeed grabs him. Tries to pull him down.

GOODSPEED

Don't do it.

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD

Let go of me.

Lt. Shepherd climbs the ladder.

IN THE SHOWER ROOM - ANDERSON takes a bullet in his leg. His automatic blazing, he takes a bullet in the forearm. The chest. The shoulder.

-- THREE MARINES on the mezzanine are hit and killed.

-- LT. SHEPHERD climbs out of the drainage pipe and comes up firing. He instantly takes a bullet through the visor, killing him instantly.

SHEPHERD falls to his knees and pitches over, falling face first into--

THE DRAINAGE HOLE, where SHEPHERD'S lifeless eyes come face-to-face with Goodspeed, who nearly passes out, then looks away in horror.

S.E.A.L.S BEHIND THE COLUMNS return fire. They're hit, picked off. One by one.

-- MARINE COX AND MCCOY fire a 50 CAL. GUN (as powerful as anti-aircraft or anti-tank round) through the column, killing REIGERT and BOYER.

HUMMEL

HOLD YOUR FIRE HOLD YOUR FIRE....

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly the-firing stops. Goodspeed and Mason freeze. Thinking fast, Mason rips the TAC RADIO from Shepherd's helmet, takes his 9 MM PISTOL and MACHINE GUN, and his SAW-TOOTHED KNIFE AND SHEATH, and climbs down.

Goodspeed, indecisive at first, clambers down after Mason.

INT. PIER 39 - MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - An image transmitted from Anderson's helmet camera.

Anderson has fallen, so this is at ground level. We see corpses and near corpses.

SANCHEZ

It's over.

F.B.I. TECHNICIAN

We've still got movement. Numbers eleven and twelve. That's Goodspeed and....Mason.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
If Mason's still alive, it's not over.

INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed exit the drainage pipe. Goodspeed is panting, nearly hysterical.

GOODSPEED
We're never gettin' off this island.

INT. PIER 39 - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CARLA peers through a crowd of F.B.I. TECHS huddled around video and audio monitors. She freezes, her hands covering to her mouth at the sound of:

GOODSPEED
(over tac radio)
.... god Jesus we're gonna die

Sanchez, agitated, exits the Command Trailer with Director Womack. They huddle, speaking in hushed voices.

SANCHEZ
You told me I am on a "need to know" basis. Well goddamn it, I need to know. Who the fuck is John Mason. Start talking, Director, or I swear I will go to the press.

A tense pause. Then Womack sighs, and his voice travels back three decades ...

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
1962. J. Edgar Hoover is head of the F.B.I., some say the country. It's no secret the esteemed Mr. Hoover kept microfilm files on prominent Americans and Europeans. de Gaulle, British members of Parliament, even the Prime Minister. The man had dirt on everyone in the world.

INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS UNDER THE SHOWERS - NIGHT

Goodspeed, slumped in a corner, watches Mason arm himself. He is a different person. Alive. Now in his element. Pops the clip on Shepherd's 9 mil gun. Inspects it. Unsheathes the saw-toothed knife. Sheathes it.

INTERCUT - PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER / ALCATRAZ TUNNELS

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

The British sent over their best
operative, John Mason, to steal it.

MASON grabs Shepherd's machine gun, pops the clip.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Our agents caught Mason at the Canadian
border but with no microfilm. It's
never been found. So Hoover held him
without trial. The British claimed they
didn't know him.

SANCHEZ

What about the daughter? Why didn't
Hoover use her as leverage?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

He died in 1972. She wasn't born yet.
Today it's a different Bureau and no
one wants to touch this.

SANCHEZ

My god, you're not saying ...

MASON slides the clip back in the machine gun. Tests the
action. obviously comfortable with firearms ...

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

John Mason has been incarcerated
without trial on American soil since
1962. He knows our most intimate secrets
of the last half century. The alien
landing at Roswell, the truth about the
J.F.K. assassination.

INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS BELOW SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (O.S.)

John Mason was an S.A.S. trained killer,
one of MI-6's best operatives ever -
John Mason was one of the most dangerous
men on earth.

MASON, armed and dangerous for the first time in 33 long years,
faces Goodspeed. Brings his machine gun up. Goodspeed raises his
-9 mil pistol in self-defense.

GOODSPEED

Don't shoot me.

Mason was actually slinging it over his shoulder...

MASON
For christ's sake.

Mason trudges down the tunnel. Goodspeed follows him.

GOODSPEED
Wait. Where're you going?

MASON
Off this island. You mind?

GOODSPEED
Yes I mind. I mind very much.

From the tac radio in Mason's hand:

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
(over tac radio)
Goodspeed, Goodspeed, come in.

MASON
You've got a phone call.

Mason throws the tac radio at Goodspeed's feet and trudges off. Goodspeed grabs the tac radio.

GOODSPEED
It's me sir.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
What is happening? Where's Mason?

GOODSPEED
He says he's leaving the island sir.

SANCHEZ
Don't let him do that.

GOODSPEED
He's got a gun, sir.

SANCHEZ
What do you have, a FUCKING WATER
PISTOL? Get him back!

Goodspeed hurries off after Mason.

INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Commander Anderson and the S.E.A.L.s lie dead, their blood running over the tiles into the drainage grate. Hummel, Baxter walk amongst the corpses.

HUMMEL

I never wanted this. Jesus Christ.

BAXTER

We knew it might happen, Frank.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Maybe now they'll pay up.

CAPTAIN HENDRIX

Maybe now they won't.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Then maybe we'll execute a few hostages.

One S.E.A.L. DANDO, is still alive. He's gurgling blood. Staring up at Hummel.

S.E.A.L. DANDO

You'll go to hell for this General.

CAPTAIN DARROW

(to Pvt. Royce).

Put a bullet in him.

Pvt. Royce, appalled, can't bring himself to do it.

CAPTAIN FRYE

You heard him. End it.

Cpt. Darrow pulls his sidearm and levels it.

HUMMEL

CAPTAIN, HOLSTER THAT SIDEARM.

CAPTAIN DARROW

(lowers sidearm)

Yes sir.

Royce kneels. Feels Dando's carotid artery.

ROYCE

He's dead anyway sir.

Hummel leans down. Stares into Dando's video feed.

INT. PIER 39 - NIGHT

Womack and Sanchez stare at HUMMEL on the monitor.

HUMMEL (V.O.)
(over monitor)
You have a made a terrible mistake
and more of our brothers have died in
vain. Let's not repeat this.

The transmission goes dead.

INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, SGT. CRISP bent over the drainage pipe and SHEPHERD'S
CORPSE shouts to Hummel:

SGT. CRISP
General! This man's weapons and tac
radio are missing!

HUMMEL
Rodent problem, people. Let's flush
the pipes.

Pvts. Cox and McCoy go to the drainage pipe.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Hummel and his men exit the Main Cell House and fan out in
teams across the island.

SGTS. CRISP and CPT. HENDRIX move toward the power plant
(above the tunnel traveled by Mason and Goodspeed.)

INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

Goodspeed's still trailing after Mason.

GOODSPEED
Would you stop. Just stop.
(Mason stops)
I don't know what you did or why you
were sent to jail, but there are a
million people across that bay who
might die...
(Mason continues)
Fuck this. Stop. Freeze.

Mason turns. Goodspeed has his gun trained on him. He's
not the most convincing gun handler.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Sgt. Crisp and Capt. Hendrix, walking toward the power plant,
hear something. Beneath them, through a VENTILATION GRATE.
VOICES.

CAPTAIN HENDRIX
(whispers in tac mike)
Rodents located.

Hendrix and Crisp begin preparing a SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE.

INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed as before. Mason advances.

GOODSPEED
F.B.I. Stop right there. I really
mean it.

MASON
(stops)
If you really mean it, take the safety
off.

Goodspeed fiddles with the safety catch. With a swipe,

Mason snatches the gun. They glare at each other.

SANCHEZ (V.O.)
(over tac radio)
Goodspeed. Goodspeed, come in. Have
you resolved this?

GOODSPEED
How he has all the guns, sir...
(clicks off the tac radio)
You've got to help me. What do you
want me to do, beg?

MASON
Save your breath and your dignity,
if you have any. I am leaving. I am
getting my daughter and getting the hell
out of here.

Mason walks off. Suddenly stops. THE SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE has fallen
at his feet. Mason turns, looks at Goodspeed. And they sprint
back, the way they came.

IN THE TUNNEL BEHIND THEM - A MONSTROUS EXPLOSION blows in
the tunnel and knocks Mason and Goodspeed to their feet.

INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

PVTS. COX AND MCCOY attach a bundle of C-4 to A TANK OF GASOLINE and toss it down the drainage pipe.

INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ

The gas bomb detonates, blowing a wall of flame through the tunnel. The fire is looking for an escape, hunting and burning everything in its path.

DOWN THE TUNNEL - MASON AND GOODSPEED see the wall of flame ROARING toward them. Mason grabs Goodspeed.

MASON

Hold your breath.

They dive into a pool of stagnant water, submersing as the WALL OF FLAME blows through the tunnel over their heads. Mason, then Goodspeed, drags himself out of the water.

MASON

Come on. And keep your mouth shut.

Mason hurries off, Goodspeed on his tail.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - SUBTERRANEAN CIVIL WAR RUINS - NIGHT

The tunnel leads here, to the Civil war era dungeon. The tunnel's bricked up; brick and mortar circa 1855.

CIVIL WAR RUINS - NIGHT

GOODSPEED

Now what?

Mason moves to the bricked-up wall. Feels around the mortar. Smiles. Removes a brick. Another. Another. A WHOLE CLUMP of bricks falls, revealing A HOLE.

MASON

Came out right through there.
(squeezes through the hole; mutters)
'Course I've gained a few since ...

Goodspeed follows Mason through the hole.

INT. CIVIL WAR DUNGEON - OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed emerge to a ledge which faces A POOL OF DANK STAGNANT WATER. It's about 3 ft. deep.

MASON

Across that, then 50 yards to the morgue.
(off Goodspeed's blank stare)
You said that's where the fucking poison is,
Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

I don't get it. You're going to help
me?

MASON

No. I'm going to give you dancing
lessons. What the fuck do you think?

GOODSPEED

You don't have to get all bent out of
shape.

MASON

What's bent out of shape, idiot, is the
tunnel I was going through to freedom
five minutes ago.

GOODSPEED

All right, all right. Don't call me
idiot, okay?

MASON

What did I do to deserve this? What
God did I offend....

Goodspeed begins to wade into the pool.

MASON

Stop.
(Goodspeed stops)
There. And there.

Goodspeed squints. The water slithers with COTTONMOUTHS.

Mason unpacks the QUART OF MOTOR OIL in spray bottle.

MASON

Cottonmouth snakes. They breath through their
skin. Oil clogs it. They hate the stuff.

Mason sprays the motor oil across the pool. The snakes scatter.
The pool's now coated with an OIL SLICK. Mason wades in.

Goodspeed follows.

The COTTONMOUTHS, repulsed by the oil, stay away. GOODSPEED

tries not to look at the snakes. They make it across.

GOODSPEED

Something's a little off here:
I'm the F.B.I. Agent, you're the convict,
and you have all the guns.

Mason slaps the .9 MM pistol into Goodspeed's hand. Walks off. Goodspeed follows.

INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNEL UNDER PRISON MORGUE - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed arrive at a fork in the tunnel. _

DOWN THE FORK IN THE TUNNEL - is the PRISON MONO-RAIL SYSTEM: a single rail suspended from the tunnel ceiling, upon which SMALL CARTS are suspended.

GOODSPEED

The morgue?

Mason nods. Moves to a STEEL-RUNGED LADDER leading to a GARBAGE CHUTE against the wall. Goodspeed follows.

INT. ROOM ADJACENT TO MORGUE - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed emerge from the garbage chute. They hear VOICES in the next room.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

PVTS. GAMBLE and STARLING are guarding the poison. Starling's walking around. Gamble's seated on a MORTICIAN'S TABLE, smoking. The door bursts open. MASON stands in the doorway. GAMBLE dives away. STARLING whirls, raising his M-16. MASON'S HAND flashes.

THE SAW-TOOTHED KNIFE flies the length of the room and buries in Starling's neck.

MASON

Never hesitate.

Gamble fires from his position around the corner. Mason and Goodspeed dive for cover behind a cabinet. Goodspeed fires from cover without looking, his gun raised over the cabinet. Mason, underneath the cabinet, fires at GAMBLE'S FOOT. Gamble, shot, hits the deck.

GAMBLE unclips a GRENADE. Before he can pull the pin....
Mason FIRES HIS CLIP EMPTY at the AIR CONDITIONER MOUNT on the ceiling above Gamble. The mount gives; the ENORMOUS AIR

CONDITIONER falls, crushing Gamble. Gamble's GRENADE, still secured with the pin, rolls away.

GOODSPEED rises. Looks at Gamble under the air conditioner. Just HIS LEGS stick out. (Note: the rest of the scene's action plays out around Gamble's legs.

GOODSPEED

You didn't learn that in prison.

MASON

No, and I used to be a lot quicker.

GOODSPEED

I've got some questions for you but they can wait.

Goodspeed opens the CORPSE DRAWERS revealing the V.X-. CHEM ROUNDS (shaped like big tennis ball cans).
Goodspeed carefully lifts out a chem round. Mason grabs one, accidentally knocking it against the drawer.

GOODSPEED

Careful. The second you don't respect this, it kills you.

Goodspeed and Mason set the V.X. Chem rounds on the mortician's table. Goodspeed pulls out his EQUIPMENT KIT. Begins detaching the tops of the chem rounds.

Goodspeed reaches inside a chem round and carefully pulls out....a STRAND OF V.X. POISON PEARLS: ping-pong ball sized glass bubbles filled with poison.

GOODSPEED

I need a hand here.
(MASON looks anxiously at the
poison pearls.)
Mason. Now.

Goodspeed hands the poison pearl strand to Mason. Mason holds it like a string of wind chimes.

MASON

What... exactly does this do to you?

GOODSPEED

Any epidermal exposure or inhalation
and you'll know: A twinge at the
small of your back as the poison seizes
the nervous system.

(hands over another poison pearl strand)
Then loss of muscular function. Then you
spit your guts out, it looks like a tub of
spaghetti's spilled on the floor,
then your skin turns black...

Mason stares uneasily at the pearl strands.

MASON

Sounds like my first marriage.

Goodspeed has the chem round's GUIDANCE SYSTEMS exposed. Inside
are tiny GUIDANCE SYSTEM MICRO-CHIPS. Goodspeed plucks the chip
from each chem round and pockets it.

GOODSPEED

(into tac radio)
Pier 39 come in.

SANCHEZ (V.O.)

(tac radio)
Goodspeed? Where the hell have you
been. Talk to me.

GOODSPEED

We're in the morgue. I'm removing the
rocket's guidance system chips.
(to Mason)
Without 'em the rockets'll fly about
500 feet and splash down like a wounded duck.

Goodspeed moves on to the third and fourth chem rounds.

Suddenly there's a BEEP. Goodspeed and Mason whirl. Pvt.
Gamble's WALKIE TALKIE is talking to them:

HUMMEL (O.S.)

Gamble, Starling. Come in.

Mason and Goodspeed exchange a nervous look.

HUMMEL (O.S.)

Privates Gamble and Starling, come in.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Hummel clicks off his walkie-talkie. Stands there a second, thinking.

HUMMEL

The morgue.

Hummel and Baxter exit quickly.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT

Goodspeed goes faster; his hands are sweating, trembling. It's like he's lost his spine. (And thinking about Carla, perhaps he has.)

MASON

C'mon c'mon.... faster

Goodspeed nearly drops a chem round. Mason recoils.

MASON

I thought you were cool under pressure.

GOODSPEED

Shut up; you're making me nervous.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - BETWEEN CELL HOUSE AND MORGUE - NIGHT

Hummel and his men race toward the morgue.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT

Goodspeed has dealt with eight chem rounds. There should be seven more, but there's not. Goodspeed counts them....

MASON

They'll be on us in twenty seconds.

GOODSPEED

Wait a minute. Fuck. Hummel stole fifteen chem rounds. There's only twelve here. Here. Quickly. Do these last four.

Mason raises the poison pearl strands from each of the remaining four chem rounds. Goodspeed quickly plucks the chips from the guidance systems.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT

Hummel and the marines converge on the morgue. Surround the door. They burst inside, guns trained.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT

COX, MCCOY, and DARROW fire machine gun bursts at --

-- MASON AND GOODSPEED sprinting across floor, BULLETS chewing the floor. They dive into the MORGUE INCINERATOR CHUTE, Goodspeed leaving the tac radio behind

INT. TUNNEL UNDER MORGUE - NIGHT

Goodspeed and Mason tumble out of the chute. Two MONO-RAIL CARTS are hanging there. They exchange a look and climb into the first cart. Mason throws the cart's RELEASE LEVER. The cart glides down the mono-rail.

INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT

HUMMEL goes to the mortician's table. Sees the theft of the guidance chips.

HUMMEL

Hendrix! Take Royce and Scarpetti!

CAPTAIN HENDRIX and PVTS. ROYCE and SCARPETTI dive into the incinerator chute after Mason and Goodspeed.

BAXTER

Gamble and Starling are dead.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL UNDER MORGUE - MONO-RAIL TRACK - NIGHT

Hendrix, Scarpetti, and Royce tumble from the incinerator chute. Mason and Goodspeed are down the Mono-rail track.

Hendrix gets in THE SECOND MONO-RAIL CART. Scarpetti gets in THE THIRD MONO-RAIL CART. Hendrix and Scarpetti pull the release levers. The Mono-rail carts rumble after Goodspeed and Mason. Hendrix shouts back to Royce:

CAPTAIN HENDRIX

FOLLOW ON FOOT!

INT. ALCATRAZ - MONO-RAIL TUNNEL - NIGHT

The three carts fly down the mono-rail: Goodspeed and Mason (in CART 1) 50 feet ahead of Scarpetti (in CART 2), who is 50 feet ahead of Hendrix (in CART 3)

IN CARTS 2 AND 3 - SCARPETTI and HENDRIX fire M-16s.

IN CART 1 - MASON and GOODSPEED duck as BULLETS RICOCHET around the tunnel walls. They pop up and return fire.

IN CART 2 - SCARPETTI arms hi over/under M-16 grenade launcher with a grenade and... FIRES.

THE GRENADE PROJECTILE shoots down the monorail tunnel.

IN CART 1 - MASON AND GOODSPEED duck as the GRENADE PROJECTILE wings over their heads, continues down the tunnel and DETONATES against the tunnel wall.

CART 1 roars through smoke and debris left by grenade explosion. As it rounds a corner, Mason grabs A SPLINTERED TIMBER and releases from the cart. CART 1, with Goodspeed alone continues down the mono-rail.

MASON yanks down a 5 ft. long BROKEN SECTION OF SEWAGE PIPE and presses himself against the tunnel wall.

AS CART 2 rounds the corner...

WHAM!! Mason swings, hitting Scarpetti flush in the forehead, killing him and blowing him off the cart. Cart 2, without Scarpetti, continues down the mono-rail.

Mason waits. As CART 3 rounds the corner

Mason swings again But Hendrix is waiting for it.

Hendrix grabs the swinging pipe and pulls Mason into Cart 3!

IN CART 3 - HENDRIX AND MASON FIGHT SCENE

Mason's sprawled on the floor of the cart. Hendrix levels his M-16. Mason whipsaws the legs under Hendrix, bowling him over, the M-16 falling away from the cart.

Mason and Hendrix get to their feet...They trade blow after blow as the Cart ROARS through the tunnel.

IN CART 1 - GOODSPEED looks over his shoulder at Mason and Hendrix locked in mortal combat. He pulls the CART BRAKE. Cart 1 begins slowing down.

CART 2 (Scarpettills) rams into it. Now Carts 1 and 2 are together. And on comes --

CART 3 - Hendrix knocks Mason to the floor of the cart. Hendrix dives atop Mason, strangling him. Mason's head is bent over the front lip of the cart.

Mason looks down the mono-rail track. To his horror he sees CARTS 1 and 2 slowing down ...

IN CART 1 - GOODSPEED realizes that his cart is going to ram Mason's outstretched head. He releases the brake, and Cart 1 picks up speed...

IN CART 3 - Hendrix draws the knife. Hendrix raises the knife. With his last strength, Mason rolls away. Hendrix plunges the knife down, missing Mason, his momentum carrying his head and shoulders over the front lip of the cart. Mason SCREAMS at Goodspeed.

MASON

BRAKE! ! !

IN CART 1 ~ GOODSPEED pulls the cart brake and --
-- CART 3 SLAMS into CARTS 1 and 2 at 20 m.p.h., crushing Hendrix's head and torso between Carts 2 and 3.

The collision knocks Mason off Cart 3, SLAMMING his head against the tunnel wall. Mason falls unconscious to the tunnel floor, while -- CART 1 is shoved by the collision across DITCH OF WATER in the tunnel floor. GOODSPEED groggily gets to his feet.

Jumps down from the cart.

GOODSPEED

Mason!

In the midst of this PVT. ROYCE runs up. Sees Mason concussed, helpless.

Royce draws his GLINTING KNIFE. Kneels over Mason. He's going to cut his throat.

GOODSPEED

Wait.

Royce lowers the knife. Looks across the ditch at Goodspeed. The ditch is 20 ft. wide and filled with dank, stagnant water and we've seen dank, stagnant water before.

GOODSPEED

Pretty easy killing an unconscious man.
How about trying me? Punk.

(beat)

What're you waiting for? Limp dick.

ROYCE

I am going to fuck you up something
fierce. You rolled the wrong number,
shithead. You crapped out.

And ROYCE begins to wade into the ditch. And GOODSPEED is looking at the water, waiting... ROYCE is waist deep now. Royce feels something. He winces. Looks down at --

FIVE COTTONMOUTH SNAKES, fangs wide and white, plunging into him. Royce screams. His knees buckle. He falls to his knees in the water. A COTTONMOUTH stuck to his neck... Royce SHRIEKS again ... And slides gently under the water.

GOODSPEED

I rolled snake-eyes. Shithead.

Goodspeed, hand over hand on the monorail, eases the cart across the stagnant ditch. Hops out. MASON gets to his feet. The two exchange a look.

MASON

Limp dick?

GOODSPEED

It's all I could think of.

They stumble off down the monorail tunnel.

MASON

I think I've got arthritis.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

General Kramer, C.I.A. Director Amway, chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair and Security Advisor Louis Lindstrom.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

The President arrives in three hours.
His directive is to string Hummel along
until the airstrike is operational.

LOUIS LINDSTROM
What's the word from Mojave, General?

GENERAL KRAMER
(grim)
They're going as fast as they can.
A corrugated aluminum hangar.

SUPER: Mojave Desert
United States Air Force Testing Facility

INT. U.S.A.F. TESTING FACILITY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Looks like a Formula One garage. ROCK MUSIC blares.

Eight GUIDED MISSILES (finned, 8 feet long) hang from hoists in
Various states of repair. U.S.A.F. TECHNICIANS hover over the
missiles.

IN A CORNER - JIMKY FISK and LARRY GILER consult.

LT. FISK
We're fucked, cap'n.

CPT. GILER
Are we fucked with a pencil or are we
fucked with a baseball bat.

LT. FISK
We're fucked with a telephone pole.
(turns to the missiles)
We can arm 'em with Willy Peter, no problem,
but negatory pn smart bomb=
capability.

CPT. GILER
What are you saying?

LT. FISK
The pilots are gonna have to drop 'em
manually. We're talkin, retro, baby.
We're talkin' World War II.

INT. ALCATRAZ - BEHIND "CHINA ALLEY" - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed emerge from the mono-rail tunnel. The
launcher on China Alley is in the b.g. Suddenly, from the
loudspeaker above them:

HUMMEL (V.O.)
 (loudspeaker)
 Attention Navy Seals, attention.
 Mason and Goodspeed freeze.

GOODSPEED
 He thinks we're Seals.

HUMMEL (V.O.)
 (loudspeaker)
 Congratulations. You've taken some
 things of mine. I can't convince you
 to return them so I'll put on someone
 who can.

A pause. Then A MALE VOICE. Nervous. Quivering.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (loudspeaker)
 Hell... hello.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON EXERCISE YARD - NIGHT

LARRY HENDERSON, 48, stands at the end of the exercise yard in a
 SPOTLIT AREA. Capt. Darrow has his .45 placed against Larry's
 left temple.

HUMMEL
 Tell them your name and age.

LARRY HENDERSON
 My n...name is L... larry Henderson.
 I'm forty-eight.

HUMMEL
 Good Mr. Henderson, continue...

LARRY HENDERSON
 I'd don't know who you are, but
 p please, there's a gun.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - BEHIND CHINA ALLEY - NIGHT

Mason and Goodspeed, crestfallen, listen.

LARRY HENDERSON (V.O.)
 (loudspeaker)
 ... and they're going to oh god...
 (through tears)
 ... please don't kill me

Larry's quivering voice trails off. Replaced by:

HUMMEL (V.O.)
(loudspeaker)
Convinced? Mr. Henderson hopes so.
You have two minutes.

Goodspeed turns to Mason.

GOODSPEED
I'll go.

MASON
Wrong.

GOODSPEED
What, You?

MASON
I'm not the chemical weapons expert.

GOODSPEED
Good point. Okay here, take 'em.

Goodspeed unpockets the V.X. ROCKET'S GUIDANCE CHIPS. Hands them to Mason. Mason heaves them into the bushes.

GOODSPEED
What are you doing?

MASON
Now they only have three rockets left.

GOODSPEED
What about Mr. Henderson?

MASON
Hummel's a soldier, not a murderer.

GOODSPEED
Wait.

MASON
(stops; turns)
Find the rockets. If they're guarded,
kill the men guarding them.

GOODSPEED
I... I don't know if I can do this.

MASON

There's only one way to find out. I'll
try to give you time. And
Goodspeed....

(tosses Goodspeed his
ATROPINE SYRINGE)

Don't be an idiot. Put that on.

Mason moves off into the night.

GOODSPEED

Well thank-you, thank-you very much.

Goodspeed creeps toward the China Alley rocket launcher.

EXT. CHINA ALLEY - NIGHT

Goodspeed moves under the grated, multi-level structure of china Alley. Looks up through the grate. The ROCKET LAUNCHER sits on the grate on the level above him.

EXT. MAIN CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Mason walks down the middle of the cell block toward the opening to the exercise yard.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON YARD - ONE MINUTE LATER - NIGHT

Darrow with his gun to Larry Henderson's head. Hummel paces in the background. MASON emerges from the cell block.

Mason walks up to Hummel. The two stand there a moment, regarding each other.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Gotta be kidding me. They send an old
man.

Mason gives Darrow a hard-eyed glance. Hummel takes a lap around Mason, sizing him up.

HUMMEL

I thought I'd been in the service a
long time. Name and rank, sailor.

MASON

John Paul Mason.
(stares at Hummel)
Royal Navy. Commander.

HUMMEL

You're a long way from England,
Commander Mason.

MASON
I feel strangely at home.

HUMMEL
How's that?

MASON
You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

HUMMEL
Do you have some unique knowledge of
this prison facility, Commander Mason?

MASON
Quite unique.

HUMMEL
How's that?

MASON
I was a guest here.

Glances all around. Someone laughs. Everyone laughs.

EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCH STATION - NIGHT

Pvt. COX mans the launcher. Suddenly a voice:

GOODSPEED (V.O.)
Freeze. (Cox freezes) Drop the weapon
and turn around. Slowly.

Pvt. Cox drops his weapon. Slowly turns. Goodspeed, one hand on
his gun, the other on HIS TOOLS, begins to unscrew the V.X. CHEM
ROUND FACE-PLATE.

ON THE GRATED LEVEL ABOVE GOODSPEED - PVT. MCCOY appears.

Looking down, he sees Goodspeed and Cox. He cinches his
REPELLING CLIP to the steel railing.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

HUMMEL
Well you're some kind of joker, Mason.
Maybe you're a lunatic. Are you
of sound mind, Mason?

MASON
I'm not threatening the lives of a
million innocent people. You are.

Hummel's demeanor changes. Hard now. Tight.

HUMMEL
Give me the guidance chips.

MASON
I threw them in the bay.

HUMMEL
That was stupid of you.

MASON
(re: hostage Henderson)
Would you have shot him?

CUT TO:

The marines look at Hummel, wondering the same thing.

EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT

GOODSPEED, still holding Cox at bay, pulls the V.X. chem round from the rocket. The going is slow. He begins to lift the POISON PEARL STRANDS from the chem round. His hand reaches to unclip the GUIDANCE SYSTEM CHIP.

Suddenly PVT. MCCOY repels to the level behind Goodspeed.

Goodspeed grabs the chip and dashes off, slamming through an OLD WOODEN DOOR into the CIVIL WAR RUINS.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Mason and Hummel. The previous question dangles in the air:
Would you have shot him?

HUMMEL
You seem like a bright man, Commander.
Bright men understand necessity.

MASON
Bright men also obey the law.
"Wherever law ends, terror begins."
John Locke.

HUMMEL
"Where there is no law, there is no transgression." The Bible. Romans, Chapter 4, Verse 15.

MASON

Article 7, American Constitution?
"Treason against the United States
shall consist of..."

HUMMEL

The American Constitution was written
by traitors, Commander. Traitors
against a government founded on injustice
and tyranny and stupidity.

(beat)

I see little difference in my motivation.

EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT

Goodspeed, inside the Civil War ruins, levels his gun at the
door. The chip is in his free hand.

The door CREAKS open.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

HUMMEL

Do you, Commander Mason?

Suddenly GUNSHOTS. Coming from China Alley. Hummel and men
whirl around, startled.

HUMMEL

Frye, Crisp, go!

EXT. CHINA ALLY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT

Goodspeed wildly discharges his gun until CLICK, the clip is
spent. Cox and McCoy step through the doorway.

Goodspeed shoves the guidance chip in his mouth.

MCCOY

Swallow that and I swear on my Aunt
Myrtle's grave I'll cut your belly
open and pull it out.

McCoy and Cox spring at Goodspeed. McCoy whips the butt end of
his gun against Goodspeed's head. Goodspeed crumples,
unconscious. McCoy jams his fingers in Goodspeed's mouth.

MCCOY

He bit the fuckin' thing. It's shot.

INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - CELL BLOCK 'ID" - MORNING

GOODSPEED squints through painful eyes, gaining consciousness. He looks around, taking stock of the stark cell on 'ID" block. Gets to his feet. Goes to the bars:

GOODSPEED
Mason. (no response) Mason?

MASON (V.O.)
It's about time.

GOODSPEED
Where are you?

A CELL ON THE TIER ABOVE GOODSPEED. - MASON sits on a bed.

MASON
Above you.
(under his breath)
Literally and figuratively.

WIDENING, we see that MASON'S MATTRESS has been ripped into long strips. Mason is BRAIDING THE STRIPS into a long rope. The rope is quite finely constructed. Mason's been at this several hours.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO CELLS (and during the following, Mason keeps busy with his rope braiding).

GOODSPEED
This is tiny.

MASON
You referring to your intellect,
Goodspeed? Or another portion of your
anatomy

GOODSPEED
The cell, Mason.

MASON
Five feet by seven. Try living in one
for a year. What happened?

GOODSPEED
I only got one chem round. There are
two left. I fucked up.

MASON
(sarcastic)
Surprise, surprise.

GOODSPEED

I'm not a field agent, all right? So cut me a break.

MASON

An F.B.I. Man asking me for a break. How droll.

GOODSPEED

What is your beef with the Bureau, anyway C'mon. Tell me.

MASON

Let's say our countries had a little dispute. They both knowingly shafted me.

GOODSPEED

How?

MASON

Familiar with the name Hoover, Goodspeed? I don't mean a vacuum cleaner ...

Goodspeed listens intently and

CUT TO:

INT. LONG BEACH AIR FORCE BASE HANGAR - MORNING

SUPER: LONG BEACH, CA. - U.S. AIR FORCE BASE.

TECHNICIANS are frantically installing WILLY PETER INCENDIARY BOMBS under the wings of an F-16.

ACROSS THE HMGAR - General Peterson and Captain Giler brief FOUR F-16 TOP GUN PILOTS.

GENERAL PETERSON The target. Alcatraz Island. This is not a precision strike. The entire island is to be blanketed.

LWO F-16 PILOT Sir, we hit that Island with Willy Peter and it's going to look like Iwo Jima. No one can survive it.

GENERAL PETERSON

(grimly)

That's why this is a volunteer mission, Captain. If any of you have doubts you can carry it out, speak up.

The pilots look at each other. Silence.

GENERAL PETERSON
Captain Giler?

CPT. GILER
We jerry-rigged a release lever.
You'll find it on the left side of
the cockpit. It's got two positions:
safety and release. Throw it on
release, the bomb drops in five
seconds. Change your mind, throw it
back on safety. Any questions?

INT. ALCATRAZ - GOODSPEED'S CELL - MORNING

Goodspeed stares blankly into space. INTERCUT between the
two cells again.

GOODSPEED
Jesus.
(thinks)
Why didn't you just tell Hoover and
the bureau where the microfilm was?
Make a trade?

MASON
Some trade. They'd get the microfilm
and I'd get a bullet in the head.

GOODSPEED
I see your point. Something's been on
my mind. About your escape.

MASON
What?

Mason rises. Lifts the bed. Pulls off the bed's heavy ROLLING
CASTER. Knots the caster onto one end of the braided rope.

GOODSPEED
You went down the shower drain,
through the tunnels to the power plant,
under the steam engine and out through
the intake pipe - that much I've got
But... how'd you get out of your cell?

Mason leans out his cell and tosses the rolling caster down the
cell block.

The braided rope, tied to it, plays out to it's full length.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

I only ask because, in our current situation, it might be useful information...

The result: the braided rope lies across the cell block floor, the rolling caster tied to it. Mason holds the other end of the rope through the bars of his cell.

MASON

Trade secret, Billy, I'll tell you this: it was easier than getting in.

Mason fiercely yanks the rope toward him. The heavy rolling caster jerks from the floor. The CASTER, pulling the rope, flies past Mason's cell--

-- shooting in an arc around the corner of the cell block, still pulling the rope, where --

-- the caster-pulled ROPE catches the CELL RELEASE LEVER against the wall.

The rope coils, WRAP WRAP WHAP, around the release lever handle. MASON tugs the rope taut like he's just snagged a fish. Then he pulls slowly and delicately.

THE CELL DOOR RELEASE LEVER pulls down and --

-- MASON'S CELL DOOR (and all the doors on that tier) open at once. And Mason smiles.

INT. GOODSPEED'S CELL - MORNING

Goodspeed hears the doors opening above him.

GOODSPEED

Hey! Hey what's happening?
(no response)
Mason. Mason?

Suddenly Goodspeed's cell door opens. Goodspeed exits the cell. MASON stands there.

MASON

You're on your own, kid. Your gear's over there.

Mason motions to a HEAP OF THEIR GEAR (clothes, weapons, flares) in the corner of the cell tier.

GOODSPEED

Shit....

Goodspeed grabs his guns and gear and follows after Mason.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Hummel sits behind the desk. Baxter, Frye, Darrow, Hendrix in front of him. Silence. Hummel stares at his phone. The tension is palpable.

HUMMEL

Time.

BAXTER

(consults his watch)

Fifteen minutes Frank.

CAPTAIN FRYE

We have two operational rockets left,
General. One on the lower lighthouse,
one on the rooftop, ready for fire.

(no response)

General.

HUMMEL

I heard you Captain.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Prepare for launch General? General?

HUMMEL

Not yet.

CAPTAIN FRYE

General Hummel, noon is approaching.

HUMMEL

I'm aware of the time, Captain.

Hummel glares at Frye, then at the phone. Frye and Darrow exchange a look...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

The clock on the wall reads 11:47. 13 minutes to go.

General Kramer, Security Advisor Louis Lindstrom, and C.I.A.
Director Milton Amway.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

When was the last communication from
our men on Alcatraz?

GENERAL KRAMER

Seven hours ago.

The Naval Attache enters excitedly.

NAVAL ATTACHE

General, the white phosphorous attack
is operational.

General Kramer grabs the phone.

GENERAL KRAMER

Get me the President.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING

MASON emerges from the parade ground ruins and moves down
the embankment toward the water. GOODSPEED stays above.

GOODSPEED

Mason. John.

(Mason stops)

What happened - the injustice done to you
- doesn't mean you can walk away
from this. A million people across
that Bay will die.

MASON

Only one of them I care about.

GOODSPEED

You were once a different man.

MASON

You don't know what kind of man I was.

GOODSPEED

You were a civil servant. Sworn to do
your duty. Just like me.

Mason begins climbing down to the waterline.

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Hummel, with Baxter, Hendrix, Frye, Darrow and Crisp. The
atmosphere is now so fucking thick you can cut it.

CAPTAIN DARROW Eleven fifty-seven, General. Three minutes to go.

HUMMEL

They're going to call.

CAPTAIN FRYE

They are not going to call General.

HUMMEL

I... I don't understand this.

CAPTAIN DARROW

I understand it. They're calling our bluff. We have two operational rockets left. We have to stick one of those rockets in their ear, General.

HUMMEL

Atom?

BAXTER

I...I don't know Frank.

HUMMEL

Seventy thousand people... I didn't...I didn't ever...

CAPTAIN FRYE

You didn't ever what?

(no response)

You didn't ever what, General?

(gets in Hummel's face)

General, forty-eight hours ago I was in a cushy job at Pendleton. As of this moment I am subject to prosecution for treason and murder. Do you know what that means. It means the electric chair. For all of us.

BAXTER

He's right Frank. Authorize the launch or it's over.

All eyes on Hummel now.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Authorize the launch, General.

Hummel nods and

CUT TO:

EXT. ALCATRAZ - ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING

Capt. Frye and Sgt. Crisp approach the rocket launcher across the roof of the main cell house.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING

Mason's wading into the water now.

GOODSPEED
You'll never make it.

MASON
I once swam the English Channel, but
you're entitled to your opinion.

Goodspeed, disgusted, turns and heads back, grumbling.

GOODSPEED
Fine. I'll fuckin, do it myself.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING

CAPT. FRYE AND SGT. CRISP on the roof, ready the rocket launcher. Hummel's VOICE comes over Frye's walkie-talkie:

HUMMEL (V.O.)
(over walkie-talkie)
Launch coordinates 675 dash 439.

CAPTAIN FRYE
Aye aye General: coordinates 675 dash

Awaiting launch command.

INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Hummel stares at a GRIDDED MAP OF THE BAY AREA.

CAPTAIN FRYE (V.O.)
(over walkie-talkie)
(beat)
General, your command.

HUMMEL
(closes his eyes)
Fire.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING

Frye presses the ignition switch. The ROCKET'S TAIL fires. It ROARS off the launcher. Toward Oakland.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING

CLOSE ON MASON - as he watches the V.X. ROCKET ROARING over his head toward civilian population.

MASON
(hushed)
My god.

Mason looks up. Goodspeed stands above on the embankment.

GOODSPEED
That change things?

INT. PIER 39 - FBI COMMAND - MORNING

The F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN stares at the RADAR SCREEN.

F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN
They fired a rocket. It's headed east.

Everyone stares at the radar screen. A hush.

SANCHEZ
East. But that's... Oakland. (dawns on him)
My god. The football game.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING

Mason comes back up the embankment. Faces Goodspeed-with grim resolve:

GOODSPEED
Partners?

MASON
Partners.

The two men clasp hands and

CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NOON

60,000 FOOTBALL FANS scream as THE OAKLAND RAIDERS sprint onto the field. Above, unbeknownst to anyone --

EXT. SKIES OVER OAKLAND CALIFORNIA - DAY

The V.X. ROCKET arcs over Oakland and --

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

-- Hummel, Baxter, and Darrow stare at the transmission from the rocket's optic camera.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - We first see CLEAR SKY. The rocket reaches its apex. Blue sky is now replaced by THE OAKLAND COLISEUM directly below. We descend on 60,000 people.

BACK TO SCENE - HUMMEL watches the video monitor nervously. His jaws twitch.

He looks at the ROCKET GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER. He looks at the video monitor.

He can't take it. Hummel lunges for the ROCKET GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER. Darrow tries to restrain him, but -- Hummel punches in NEW COORDINATES --

EXT. SKIES OVER OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY

The V.X. Rocket's GUIDANCE CONTROL suddenly BLINKS RED. the rocket veers off on a new vector. Heading now toward San Francisco Bay. And

CUT TO:

INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The F.B.I. Radar Technician reacts to the change in the rocket's trajectory.

F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN
Sir, it's heading...into the bay?

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

A CHARTER FISHING BOAT bobs in the bay.

EXT. CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DAY

Four GUYS are fishing. Relaxing. Drinking beers. One guy looks up. Sees something.

CIWTER FISHERMAN
What the hell....?

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

The V.X. rocket screams down. at 500 ft. altitude it DETONATES. Showering a cloud of V.X. POISON onto the bay.

EXT. CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DECK - DAY

The FISHERMEN stand there, stunned as DROPLETS OF V.X. POISON fall upon them. It's like a grey drizzle.

The Fishermen exchange looks. Hold out their hands, catching "rain drops".

One of them spasm. Another. The others. Skin turns black. Blood runs from pores.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - DAY

Frye and Crisp stare across the Bay in disbelief.

CAPTAIN FRYE
I don't believe it. He pulled the plug.

Frye, disgusted, races down the STAIRS.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF INFIRMARY - DAY

Frye stalks into the infirmary. Mason and Goodspeed come around the corner and steal inside the infirmary.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair stands before the desk of the President of the United States.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR
They need a decision Mr. President.

The President (who we don't see) gazes into the East Garden.

The President hits his INTERCOM to the room where his cabinet is gathered.

INTERCUT with the authorities, reactions, as needed:

PRESIDENT
These past few hours have been the longest, darkest of my life. This is when you wish the buck did not stop here.
(beat)
A balance between two tragedies.
On one hand the fate of a million civilians.
On the other, Frank Hummel. That we have ignored or abandoned or marginalized a great soldier like Frank Hummel and that American boys have paid

the price of that neglect in blood,
is equally real, and equally tragic.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

The glass is half full not half empty,
sir. No civilian casualties so far.

PRESIDENT

I don't believe in half full or half empty,
Sinclair. There are chemical weapons and
there are civilians. And there are men on
Alcatraz who've proved they're willing
to use the one on the other.

(beat)

We are at war with terror. Fighting a
war means casualties. This is the
worst call I've ever had to make.

(takes the phone)

Air strike approved.

EXT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - MOBILE WAR ROOM - DAY

Sanchez, Womack, Carla, silent around speakerphone.

EXT. LONG BEACH AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

The F-16s ROAR down the runway, lifting into the sky.

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY CORRIDOR - DAY

Mason and Goodspeed move silently down the corridor. They pass
the HEAVY STEEL DOOR of the Marine's Command Center. It's ajar.
Voices emanate within.

Goodspeed and Mason move inside the adjacent room.

INT. INFIRMARY ROOM ADJACENT TO COMMAND CENTER - DAY

There's a 4 x 16 inch slit in the wall. Mason and Goodspeed
position themselves on either side, watching and eavesdropping on
the drama unfolding within.

INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Frye, Darrow and Baxter. All staring at Hummel.

CAPTAIN FRYE

You're gutless. I knew it.

CAPTAIN DARROW

The problem is now they know it.

HUMMEL

Careful son. I'd maintain discipline
if I were you.

Darrow draws his .45, levels it at Hummel. INTERCUT with
Mason and Goodspeed's reactions.

CAPTAIN DARROW

I'm relieving you of your command
General. Captain Frye?

CAPTAIN FRYE

I'm in.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Major?

Major Baxter looks from Darrow to Hummel.

HUMMEL

Tom?

BAXTER

It's over Frank.
(to Darrow)
I'm in.

Hummel blinks. He can't believe this.

HUMMEL

Tom, I warn you.

BAXTER

Stand down, General.

HUMMEL

I'm giving you a direct order.

BAXTER

(draws his .45)
I'm not accepting it.

IN THE ADJACENT ROOM - GOODSPEED and MASON exchange a tense
look. Mason aims his gun through the slit ...

HUMMEL draws his .45 but Baxter fires first, hitting Hummel
squarely in the chest.

Mason FIRES through the slit, killing Baxter as --

HUMMEL, gunshot, reels toward the STEEL DOOR behind him. He
wrenches it open and lunges outside into the corridor. IN THE

CORRIDOR - MASON fires into the command center, sending Frye and Darrow diving for cover. Goodspeed grabs the semi-conscious Hummel and drags him down the corridor-.

IN THE INFIRMARY WASHROOM - Goodspeed drags Hummel inside. Hummel collapses against the wall.

His blood runs across the tiled floor. Mason takes a defensive position in the washrooms doorway.

DARROW AND FRYE attack through the infirmary's maze of rooms, taking cover where they can, squeezing off rounds.

MASON fires at Darrow and Frye from the doorway while GOODSPEED kneels over Hummel. Hummel's dying and knows it. He stares at Goodspeed through glassy eyes.

HUMMEL

My god what have I done...

GOODSPEED

It's not too late, General. Tell me where the last chem round is.

HUMMEL

(gasps for air)
Lower lighthouse ...

Hummel dies. Mason and Goodspeed turn from Hummel to each other.

MASON

Do your job, Billy. - I'll try to hold 'em off.

Mason blasts away at Frye and Darrow, allowing Goodspeed to sprint for the exit toward the lower lighthouse.

As Frye holds down Mason with fire, Darrow sprints for the opposite exit.

Frye, firing while retreating, moves back inside the Command Center.

EXT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - DAY

Goodspeed exits and sprints toward the lower lighthouse.

EXT./INT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Sgt. Crisp smokes a cigarette next to launcher. Goodspeed enters, gun raised. Crisp spins, drawing his .45.

GOODSPEED

Don't...

Goodspeed shoots Crisp. Crisp falls dead.

INT. INFIRMARY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mason advances toward the command center's door. Suddenly the HEAVY STEEL DOOR creaks open and --

-- A SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE flings out, sliding across the corridor floor toward Mason. Mason turns and sprints away. Frye bolts from the room's printing the other way.

MASON dives away as the satchel DETONATES, imploding the corridor walls, collapsing the ceiling. Mason's engulfed in two tons of plaster and crumbled cinder block.

INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Goodspeed's detached the V.X. CHEM ROUND from the rocket. He's about ready to pull out the poison pearls when...

DARROW barges in. GOODSPEED, chem round in hand, moves behind the stairway and scaffolding in the room's middle.

INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Frye, at the GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER, into walkie talkie.

CAPTAIN FRYE

Crisp, Darrow, come in...

(thinks; clicks walkie
talkie to new channel)

Cox, McCoy, get your asses up here!

EXT. ALCATRAZ - WHARF WATCH TOWER - DAY

Pvts. Cox and McCoy, standing watch, leave the watch tower and hurry toward the infirmary and lower lighthouse.

INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Darrow moves one way, Goodspeed the other. Goodspeed holds the chem round in front of him.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Give that to me.

GOODSPEED

You shoot me, I'll drop this and
we're both dead. One of these pearls'll
kill everything within 200 feet.
You know how this shit works?

Darrow drops his gun. Pulls out a TITANIUM BLADED KNIFE.

CAPTAIN DARROW

You know how this shit works?

Darrow advances on Goodspeed. The only route to Goodspeed is
between the rocket and the window. Darrow continues advancing.
Goodspeed eyes the launcher's IGNITION SWITCH. As Darrow passes
between the window and the launcher...

GOODSPEED

You know the Elton John son, "Rocket
Man"?

CAPTAIN DARROW

I hate it.

Darrow lunges. Goodspeed stabs the IGNITION SWITCH. The VX
ROCKET LIFTS OFF, HITTING Darrow square in the chest.

EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

-- The VX ROCKET BLOWS Darrow THROUGH THE WINDOW and wings
off, clearing the cliffs. Darrow falls from the rocket --

GOODSPEED

Well it happens to be my favorite
fuckin' song!

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - DAY

DARROW plummets, IMPALING himself on a STEEL FENCE SPIKE.

The VX ROCKET swerves madly across the bay --

INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - MOBILE WAR ROOM - DAY

F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN

Second rocket's away, sir.
(confused look)
It went in the Bay sir.

INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Goodspeed's alone now with the last V.X. CHEM ROUND. He -pulls
out the

STRAND OF POISON PEARLS. Suddenly an AXE BLADE comes through the door outside --

EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

-- CAPT. FRYE chops at the door lock with a FIRE AXE.

INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Goodspeed looks around frantically. Only one place to go. Up. Goodspeed scrambles up the interior metal stairs.

EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY

Goodspeed emerges on the roof. Sets down the chem round. Pulls out the POISON PEARL STRANDS, his hand shaking. With the other hand, he unclips the ROCKET GUIDANCE CHIP.

The COPPER STRANDS holding the pearls are corroded. A strand BREAKS. Four PEARLS fall. Goodspeed catches three. The FOURTH drops, hitting his SHOE. It rolls along the rooftop. Goodspeed sets aside the other pearls and dives, grabbing the stray pearl an inch from the roof's edge.

Suddenly THE HUGE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW behind Goodspeed EXPLODES, showering Goodspeed with glass.

ON THE ADJACENT ROOFTOP ~ PVT. MCCOY, wielding a smoking .60 Cal MACHINE GUN. McCoy fires a wicked, long, sustained burst, emptying his entire ammunition belt.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SEARCHLIGHT FRESNEL blows to shreds. Goodspeed rolls away, GLASS SHARDS raining down on him, cutting him. He's a sitting duck.

MCCOY casts aside the .60 Cal and unshoulders a SNIPER RIFLE.

Draws a bead on Goodspeed again. GOODSPEED, bleeding, terrified, cowers, awaiting death.

A SILHOUETTE APPEARES behind McCoy. It's MASON, dirty and bloodied.

McCoy spins. Mason bats the rifle aside, KNEES McCoy in the solar plexus, grips McCoy's NECK -- SNAP! -and HURLS him off the roof.

McCoy falls 5 floors.

Goodspeed gives Mason a thankful glance. And hears THE DOOR BURST OPEN BELOW.

INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY

FRYE roars inside. Looks around. Starts up the stairs.

EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

FRYE barges onto the roof. Sees the DISMANTLED CHEM ROUND. Goodspeed's at the edge of the roof looking down.

CAPTAIN FRYE
Give me the guidance chip.

Frye raises his M-16 as GOODSPEED jumps. Lands hard on the ground below and sprints off.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF THE LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Goodspeed sprints toward the NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING.

EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY

Frye fires from the roof. M-16 ROUNDS kick up dirt around Goodspeed.

Frye curses and head back down the stairs.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Frye exits and sprints after Goodspeed.

INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Mason come down the stairs. Suddenly PVT. COX looms on the stairs below.

Faces off with Mason. Cox draw his knife and lunges. Mason catches Cox's wrist.

Cox, with his free hand, hits Mason. Hard. Mason recoils. Counter punches. On comes Cox. He's huge and menacing. He hits Mason again. Again. Again. Cox has Mason backed up to the stairwell. -

INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

Goodspeed, frantic, sprints across the floor, SPLASHING through puddles. He loses his footing. Falls and slides across the floor, clutching the guidance chip and pear.

He gets to his feet. LIMPS behind some RUSTY MACHINERY.

FRYE enters. Sees RIPPLES IN PUDDLES left by Goodspeed.

Frye creeps across the floor. Following the ripples.

INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Mason's nearly through. Backed up against the railing. Cox comes in again. WHAM WHAM. Mason spits blood and teeth.

MASON'S moves to his pocket. As Cox comes in for the death blow -- Mason pulls the MOTOR OIL from his pocket and sprays it in Cox's eyes.

The big man is dazed, blinded. Mason steps aside and rams Cox over the railing. Cox falls to his death on the floor below. Mason looks down at him.

MASON

Snakes hate the stuff.

INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

Frye creeps close to Goodspeed's hiding place. GOODSPEED lunges from behind the machinery, jamming his fingers into Frye's mouth and ramming home the POISON PEARL.

Goodspeed HAMMERS his fist into Frye's JAW. We hear the glass breaking in Frye's mouth. Frye's eyes widen. GREY SMOKE SPEWS FROM HIS MOUTH AND NOSTRILS. His eyes bulge.

Goodspeed tries to step away. Frye bearhugs him, pressing his face close.

Frye open his mouth, spewing forth a CLOUD OF POISON in Goodspeed's face.

CAPTAIN FRYE

You're comin' with me.

Goodspeed shoves Frye away. Frye drops, his body quivering. Blood pours from his ears and nose. Frye spasms in a sickening dance of death.

Goodspeed reels away, COUGHING. Dizzy, he falls to his knees. He's gassed and knows it. Desperately, he rips at his PANDLEG. A SYRINGE taped to his calf. ATROPINE.

He pulls it free and hesitates. A beat, then -- He PLUNGES the long needle into his chest. Into his heart. Depresses the plunger.

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA - DAY

-- The F-169, flying north along the California Coastline, bank right and dive down onto San Francisco Bay.

INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

Goodspeed's world slows down. Is he dying? He sees IMAGES in SLOW MOTION He and Carla together, his parent's, moments from his childhood...

Slowly Goodspeed's breathing normalizes. He gazes up at the dawning sky.

SEES something shimmering in the distance. Through the HEAT WAVES ...

THE SQUADRON OF F-16S.

INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Sanchez, Director Womack, and the F.B.I. TECHNICIANS watch from the window as --

THE F-16s wing across the Bay toward Alcatraz.

SANCHEZ

May god have mercy on their souls.

CARLA

(face buried in her hands)

You can't do this, you can't let this happen.

EXT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

Goodspeed exits and kneels, reaching for HIS OTHER PANTLEG. Pulls out his GREEN FLARES. He cracks the flares and fires them up.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE - DAY

The F-16s fly under the span of bridge, just 50 feet off the water, shooting up a PLUME OF WATER.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

GOODSPEED, in slow motion, waves the flares.

INT. LEAD F-16 - COCKPIT - DAY

The LEAD F-16 Pilot speaks on this air-to-air mike.

LEAD F-16 PILOT

Arm up.

INT. PIER 39 - F.B.I. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

CARLA watches the approach of the F-16s on Alcatraz in horror. Every second is excruciating.

F.B.I. TECHNICIAN

Ten seconds to the drop zone. And
now counting eight, seven, six...

EXT. WORLD WAR II BUNKER (SPOTTING POSITION #1) - DAY

A hilltop on the Marin side of the Golden Gate Bridge. Two spotters watch the action through SPOTTING SCOPES. SPOTTER 1 watches the F-16s.

SPOTTER 2, watching ALCATRAZ, nearly jumps out of his skin.

F.B.I. TECHNICIAN

Green smoke! It's... GOODSPEED!!

A RADIO OPERATOR fires a message to command.

INT. PIER 39 - F.B.I. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

SANCHEZ

Abort. Abort immediately.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE - DAY

On come the F-16s, ROARING over Alcatraz. They're almost on top of Goodspeed now. It's too late. It's all over.

INT. LEAD F-16 - COCKPIT - DAY

F-16 FLIGHT CONTROLLER

(v.o. cockpit radio)

ABORT, RED THUNDER, ABORT!

LEAD F-16 PILOT

Abort. Abort.

THE LEAD F-16 PILOT safeties the bomb release lever.

INT. REAR F-16 - COCKPIT - DAY

The REAR F-16 PILOT is wrestling with his release lever. It's stuck. He can't "safety" it.

REAR F-16 PILOT
Sir, something's wrong. I can't
disengage...!

LEAD F-16 PILOT
Then peel off...

EXT. SKIES OVER ALCATRAZ - DAY

The four F-16s veer away from the island. But for the REAR
JET, the order came too late...

EXT. REAR F-16 - WING UNDERCARRIAGE - DAY

The REAR F-16 releases its Willy Peter canisters. They
plummet to the island.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - NEAR NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

The WILLY PETER CANISTERS land, detonating on impact in a
MONSTROUS INFERNAL EXPLOSION.

The awesome concussion knocks GOODSPEED off the New
Industries Building pier into the bay.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Goodspeed, concussed in the water, tries to keep
consciousness. He can't. He sinks.

ANOTHER FORM appears above him. It's MASON, swimming for
Goodspeed. Mason gets under his arms and pulls him up.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE - DAY

Mason drags Goodspeed ashore.

INT. PIER 39 - COMMAND WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sanchez, Director Womack and the F.B.I. TECHNICIANS stare out the
window at Alcatraz, enshrouded in PLUMES OF SMOKE.

Total silence. Only CARLA, weeping quietly in the corner. SANCHEZ
puts his arm around her. Ushers her away. Suddenly a VOICE
CRACKLES:

GOODSPEED (V.O.)
Pier 39 come in. Pier 39...

SANCHEZ
(freezes)
My god he's alive.

Director Womack grabs the mike.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
Goodspeed, this is Director Womack.
Are the hostages alive?

GOODSPEED (V.O.)
Every one of 'em sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
What about Mason?

INT. ALCATRAZ - CIVIL WAR RUINS - DAY

Goodspeed stares at Mason, letting the question dangle.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK
Goodspeed. Is Mason-alive?

A pause. The question still dangling there. Then:

GOODSPEED
(deep breath)
Just come and get me, sir. I'm tired.

SANCHEZ
Name your vacation spot, Goodspeed.
The Bureau'll pay for it.

Goodspeed hangs up. The two men regard each other.

GOODSPEED
Mason, uhm, John, I have something to
tell you. You know that pardon contract
you signed?

MASON
Womack ripped it up, right?

GOODSPEED
You knew? All this time?

MASON
I'm not a fool, Billy.

GOODSPEED
All I know is that whatever you did,
you don't deserve to go back.

MASON
Goodspeed. You know the etymology of
your name?

GOODSPEED

God's speed.

MASON

Yes. To wish someone a prosperous journey.

Mason smiles. Goodspeed smiles back. There is an immediate tacit understanding.

MASON

And if you turn around I'll tell you a secret.

Goodspeed, confused by this, gives Mason a look. Slowly turns around. Camera doesn't leave him.

MASON (O.S.)

St. Michael's Church, Fort Walton,
Kansas. Front pew. Right leg. Hollow.

GOODSPEED

What's that?

(beat)

Mason?

Goodspeed turns around. John Paul Mason is gone.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DOCK - DAY

Goodspeed is standing on the dock. Sanchez comes down the gang plank.

SANCHEZ

You surprised me, kid. Never thought you could do it.

GOODSPEED

Neither did I sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Where's Mason?

GOODSPEED

Vaporized, sir. Blown out to sea.
He saved my life, sir.
Is Sanchez going to accept this?

SANCHEZ

Yes

(smiles; acknowledges)

Poor son-of-a-bitch.

F.B.I. AGENT

Sir, the White House calling. It's the President.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

I'll take it.

WOMACK elbows past Goodspeed and Sanchez.

F.B.I. AGENT

Uhm, sir, actually it's for Goodspeed.

Womack glares at Goodspeed, who takes the phone.

GOODSPEED

Bill Goodspeed, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I am in your debt, Goodspeed, the country is in your debt. You're a hero, son.

GOODSPEED

Thank you, Mr. President. The man you should be thanking is John Mason.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

So I've been informed.
Would you put the F.B.I. Director on please?

GOODSPEED

Director Womack.

Goodspeed hands the phone to Womack. Womack looks at the phone. Slowly takes it.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

I can explain all of this, sir ...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I don't want your explanation, Womack.
I want your resignation.

Womack grimaces. Goodspeed, smiling to himself, turns away. CARLA races into his arms. A long, warm embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

A jeep motors up the Freeway. Passing a sign: VANCOUVER 30 MILES.

INT. JEEP - DRIVING - DAY

Mason and Jade. Jade driving. Father smiles. Daughter smiles back.

CUT TO:

BEGIN CLOSING CREDITS. The following plays over:

KANSAS - DAY

EXT. A ROAD IN FORT WALTON, KANSAS - DAY

A beat-up PORSCHE SPEEDSTER exits a BAPTIST CHURCH.

INT. PORSCHE SPEEDSTER - DAY

Carla is driving. Goodspeed next to her. He opens a WORN PLASTIC CANISTER. Spools out a REEL OF MICROFILM.

CARLA

Would you please tell me what this is
all about...?

GOODSPEED

You want to know who really killed
President Kennedy, honey...?

THE END