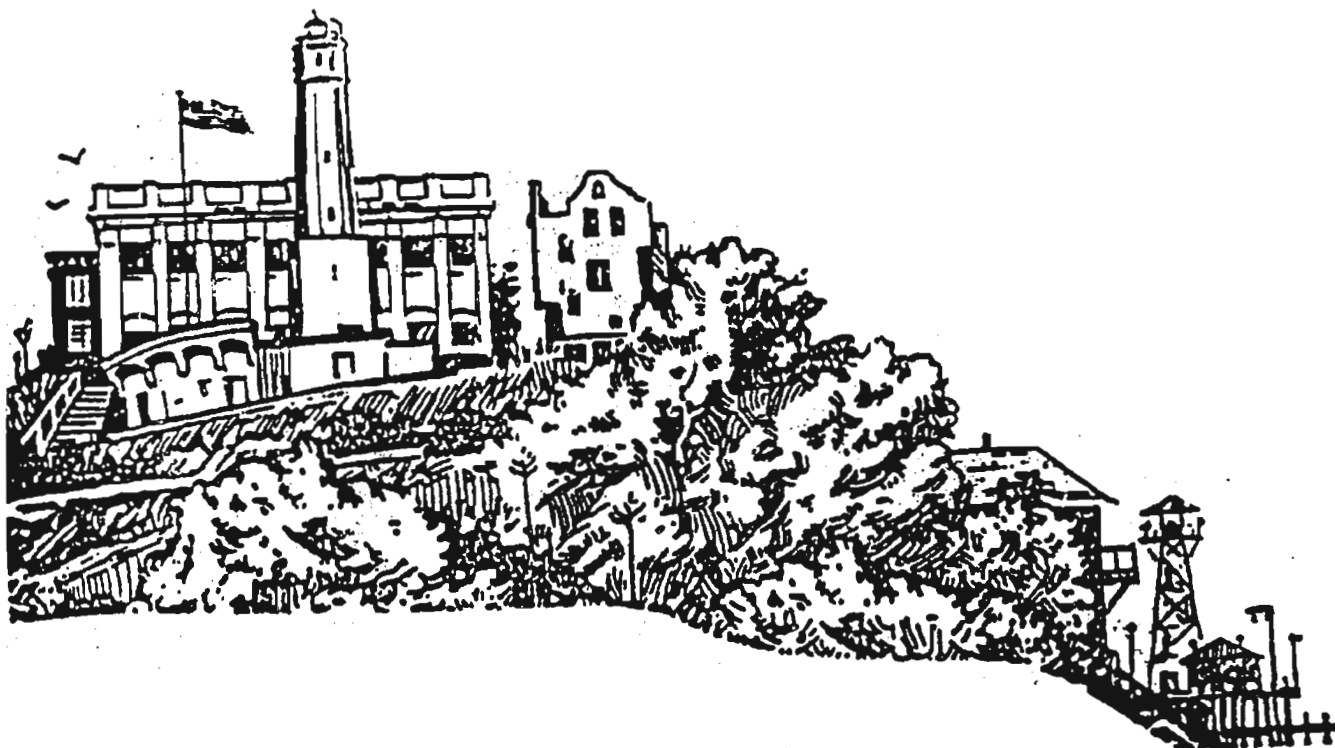




THE ROCK

by

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EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING. WASHINGTON, D.C. -- DAY.

SUPER OVER: FBI HEADQUARTERS. WASHINGTON.

FBI headquarters, in the heart of Washington, is a concrete love-poem to J. Edgar. Tiny windows peer out at the world like hundreds of beady eyes.

ANGLE ON:

BILL GOODSPEED, in his mid-30's, has an innocent, boyish enthusiasm. He wears a white lab coat over his compact frame. With a bouquet of flowers tucked under one arm, he strolls back from lunch past the blue seal of the Bureau.

Through the revolving door, he shows a Guard his security ID, passes a gaggle of school-kids waiting for a tour, and heads to a bank of elevators marked "DOWN. FLOORS A-M."

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR:

A computerized voice bleats:

COMPUTER
Please identify.

GOODSPEED
William Goodspeed-- 2377-A.

COMPUTER
Chemical Weapons Division. Floor M.
Thank you.

The doors HISS shut.

INT. HALLWAY. FLOOR M -- CONTINUOUS.

Goodspeed wanders down an endless neon hallway monitored by security cameras.

An EXTERMINATOR is spraying pesticide.

GOODSPEED
More cockroaches?

EXTERMINATOR
Only on this floor. Damnedest thing.

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED'S LAB COAT:

Two roaches are crawling up-- out of his pocket. Goodspeed quickly pushes them back inside...

He approaches a door marked: CHEMICAL WEAPONS DIVISION.

INT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS DIVISION -- CONTINUOUS.

It looks like a science lab with long, black-topped tables, computers, Bunsen burners, etc. 30 chemists, munitions specialists, and biologists work in this underground bunker.

As Goodspeed enters-- he's greeted by QUAZZO and PERKINS, the two chem-heads who constitute his personal staff. They're both in their 20's... these guys love their gas.

QUAZZO

You get us our new pets?

Goodspeed smiles at them and raises both his hands in the air.

QUAZZO (cont'd)

Touchdown!

PERKINS

Score!

Goodspeed reaches into his pocket... and pulls out a squirming handful of cockroaches.

PERKINS (cont'd)

Oh. You got Blattidae! These are beauties.

(beat)

We will feed you. We will love you.

QUAZZO

Then we will kill you.

Quazzo and Perkins place the cockroaches into glass beakers.

PERKINS

Sir-- we got a new package. ASAP priority request for analysis from upstairs.

Goodspeed is immediately concerned.

GOODSPEED

What is it?

Goodspeed walks to a corner of the room where there is an airtight chamber called the TANK.

Through a thick window, they can see a metal table in the center of the chamber, which holds a lovely, BLUE-EYED BABY DOLL sealed in plastic.

PERKINS

We don't know much-- a doll device probably manufactured in Pakistan. The clothing looks like it's made in Chinese but we're not sure. She was recovered in Croatia through the Russian Bureau.

GOODSPEED

X-ray?

PERKINS

Head and legs hollow.

GOODSPEED

That's strange.

The room is silent-- tense.

QUAZZO

Who knows... maybe this time a doll is just a doll.

GOODSPEED

I don't like it. Let's incinerate her.

PERKINS

But Chief-- they want analysis.

GOODSPEED

Do YOU want to go in there!?

Quazzo slaps Perkins on the back.

QUAZZO

Yeah, Gumby... jump in. What're you scared of?

GOODSPEED

Nobody's going in. It's too risky. Blow her up.

A young agent named RUSTIFFO-- who looks like he used to be a football player, steps up.

RUSTIFFO

Let me take this one, boss. My suit's in my locker.

QUAZZO

Forget it, hotshot-- all new packages go to the Chief. Regs.

GOODSPEED

It's too dangerous, Rustiffo. Too many unknowns. Too many variables.

RUSTIFFO

How else am I gonna learn? They want analysis-- I'll get it for 'em.

Goodspeed looks Rustiffo over for a long moment.

GOODSPEED

Okay, Rustiffo-- you're on. Suit up.

Quazzo and Perkins exchange worried glances as Rustiffo opens a locker and begins to put on his protective suit.

INT. THE TANK -- LATER.

Rustiffo, dressed in a full-body protective suit, complete with a gas mask, stands in the TANK.

On the metal table in the center of the chamber, the flowers and several cockroaches have been placed next to the DOLL.

Perkins spins the air-lock on the door-- sealing Rustiffo inside. The guys watch him through the window.

On a panel in front of Goodspeed, various lights blink... he leans into a microphone:

GOODSPEED (microphone)

We have airlock. You're going to be fine, Rustiffo.

(beat)

August 22. 14:45 hours. Beginning examination of Doll device AG281.

Gently, Rustiffo uses a scalpel to cut away the plastic. He slices open the chest of the doll and pulls back the stuffing to reveal two glass bubbles-- one a liquid and one a powder-- connected by a series of metal tubes.

RUSTIFFO

Okay. It looks like a standard binary chemical device.

GOODSPEED

You see a fuse?

RUSTIFFO

Mercury fuse. Right here.

GOODSPEED
Gently... cut both ends.

Rustiffo slices the wires-- and removes a small cylinder filled with mercury.

RUSTIFFO
(relieved)
Got it.

GOODSPEED
Fine-- now keep the doll horizontal.

But Rustiffo raises the doll slightly to get a better look inside. The doll's EYES roll open. A pinkish smoke curls from her mouth.

In their wicker cage, the roaches shudder. Convulse. Flip into the air in spasms. Then EXPLODE.

The flowers INSTANTLY turn brown, then black and shrivel.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
There's a back-up detonator!

RUSTIFFO
Oh, shit!

GOODSPEED
Don't panic! Perkins-- the blower!

Perkins hits a black "exhaust" button. An ALARM sounds-- causing all the other personnel to SCRAMBLE for the exits.

PERKINS
Exhaust on!

Turbines WHIRR... SUCKING the polluted air from the chamber.

GOODSPEED
Time!?

Quazzo looks at a DIGITAL CLOCK overhead.

QUAZZO
34 seconds 'til the gas is clear.

GOODSPEED
Okay, Rusty... stay calm. You're gonna be okay.

Rustiffo checks his oxygen supply.

PERKINS
28 seconds!

QUAZZO
This is way cool.

Rustiffo looks down at the arm of his rubberized suit-- it is beginning to BUBBLE. Panicked, he turns to the glass.

RUSTIFFO
IT'S EATING MY SUIT!

GOODSPEED
They put an acid in that thing!
Quazzo! Hook up the hose! Wash him down!

Quazzo struggles with a coiled fire-hose.

PERKINS
16 seconds.

GOODSPEED
Rustiffo-- get the Atropine!

Inside the Tank, Rustiffo rips open a cabinet holding syringes with six inch needles.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Shoot yourself!

But Rustiffo freezes.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
If the suit melts... you're gassed!
Take the antidote! Do it! Now!

Shakily, Rustiffo reaches for a syringe.

QUAZZO
Jesus... if he misses his heart--
that stuff will put him in a coma.

GOODSPEED
Just get the water you cockroach!

Frantically, Quazzo fights to dock the hose into an intake valve-- he DROPS the hose.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Time!?

PERKINS
10 seconds.

The rubber on Rustiffo's suit is stretching thinner-- even beginning to drip onto the floor.

GOODSPEED
QUAZZO!? Where's the WATER!? WE
NEED IT NOW!

QUAZZO
Coming!

PERKINS
(quietly to Goodspeed)
The Medics are on the way, Chief...

GOODSPEED
Rusty!! Shoot yourself! Now! Now!

Rustiffo presses the long needle against his chest-- trying
to gather the courage to plunge it in.

RUSTIFFO
I can't!!

PERKINS
5 seconds... 4 seconds... 3 seconds...

Rustiffo can now SEE his naked arm appearing through a hole
in the suit. He is frozen in fear... trying to FORCE himself
to inject.

Stricken-- his body jerks. He drops the syringe just as
Quazzo finally SHOVES a lever forward. Water BLASTS.

The lights on Perkins' panel all flash GREEN.

PERKINS (cont'd)
The gas is clear!

Prantically, Goodspeed opens the airlock on the door.

He reaches Rustiffo who spasms on the ground-- his face is
covered with red blisters as he GASPS for air.

Desperate, Goodspeed grabs the syringe and JABS it into
Rustiffo's chest-- depresses the plunger.

GOODSPEED
Don't you die on me!

Immediately, Rustiffo's muscles relax. His breathing slows,
returning to normal. His eyes flutter open...

Goodspeed collapses against the side of the Tank as Two
Medics rush inside.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Shit.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY — AFTERNOON.

An off-shore wind whips down the steep hills of San Francisco. White-caps roll toward the Golden Gate Bridge.

In the middle of the Bay, like a magnificent, ageing battleship, looms the island of ALCATRAZ.

SUPER OVER: ALCATRAZ ISLAND. SAN FRANCISCO.

RANGER PERNELL (V.O.)

Between 1936 and 1962 thirty-four men risked their lives in 14 different attempts to escape from Alcatraz.

ANGLE UP THE STEEP SHORES OF THE ISLAND:

We climb above jagged, sandstone rocks, past a Civil War era brick barracks building and up... over a flowery hill to the ominous fortress itself: ALCATRAZ PRISON. The most famous jail in the world.

RANGER PERNELL (V.O.)

I spent 13 years as a Guard right here and I can tell you-- there were only two ways out... through the front door or in a pine box.

Tourists wander through the concrete exercise yard-- ogling the skyline of San Francisco in the distance.

INSIDE THE CELLHOUSE.

A few stragglers wander down the central corridor, called "Broadway", joining a guided tour run by the grizzled, beefy Park Ranger, RANGER PERNELL. He's in his late 60's.

RANGER PERNELL

'Cause breaking off "The Rock" was a physical impossibility. If a man could somehow get out of the cellhouse... over the barbed wire and past the guard towers... then he faced a mile of fast currents and shark-infested, freezing water.

Three tiers of tiny, gray cells rise above us.

RANGER PERNELL (cont'd)

Al Capone. Machine Gun Kelly.
Robert Stroud-- the Birdman-- lived in these cages.

The Ranger pulls a lever at the end of the tier and all the cages on the ground level CLANK open.

RANGER PERNELL (cont'd)
Why don't you all go ahead and step
right in. Get a taste...

The crowd of TOURISTS titter nervously-- eager to experience
being "prisoners". They head inside the cells.

Pernell notices two men standing just behind him.

RANGER PERNELL (cont'd)
You two fellas not interested in
bein' locked up?

The first man, NICK STITES, shakes his head. He's in his
40's, crew-cutted and wearing a Hawaiian shirt. He looks
down at the name tag worn by the Ranger.

STITES
Pernell? Frank Pernell!? It's me.
Nicky Stites. Malcolm Stites was my
dad. We lived in #64 Building,
across the hall from you.

RANGER PERNELL
Nicky? Jeez. How're you doing?

The two men embrace-- with a smile plastered on his face,
Nick takes Ranger Pernell's hat and puts it on his own head.

STITES
How do I look?

RANGER PERNELL
Spittin' image of your daddy.
(beat)
Real sorry 'bout what happened to him.

STITES
Yeah-- me too.
(winks)
Can I handle the lockdown?

Pernell isn't so sure-- but Stites throws an arm around his
shoulder leading the man into an empty cell.

STITES (cont'd)
Give you a chance to be on the other
side a' the bars for once.

RANGER PERNELL
Sure, Nicky. Okay. But open 'em up
in a minute-- people get nervous.

STITES
Don't want people nervous...

When Pernell is inside the cell...

STITES (cont'd)
Lockdown!

The man behind Stites, a bean-pole Southerner named HUBBARD, pulls the lever-- CLOSING the cages. Locked.

The Tourists GIGGLE. They have just become prisoners on The Rock.

HUBBARD
I think they like it.

STITES
They better.

Stites and Hubbard turn off the lights and head outside. The Tourists SCREAM with momentary delight.

RANGER PERNELL
(alarmed)
Nicky!?

EXT. THE DOCK -- MOMENTS LATER.

200 TOURISTS are boarding a large red and white ferry.

A loudspeaker blares:

LOUDSPEAKER
Ladies and gentlemen... The last ferry of the day is now preparing to depart Alcatraz. Please board immediately.

A dozen Park Rangers are the last to board the ferry.

EXT. FRONT OF THE CELLHOUSE. THE BLUFF -- SAME.

As Stites and Hubbard watch the ferry pull away from the dock, Stites lifts a walkie-talkie.

STITES (walkie)
Carlos-- this is the Warden. Bring her in.

Behind them, out of the cellhouse-- they can HEAR faint but ANXIOUS YELLS from the prisoners.

STITES
I love the smell of salt air. Don't you?

EXT. OCEAN -- SAME.

A large shrimp boat appears from the far side of the island... gliding up to the dock. It is stocked high with crates and supplies.

2 ARMED MEN jump ashore and secure the bow and stern lines. The engines stop and another DOZEN MEN, all heavily armed, leap onto the dock.

EXT. THE BLUFF -- SAME.

Stites raises his walkie-talkie:

STITES
Fisherman-- this is the Warden-- time
to cut bait.

EXT. OCEAN -- SAME.

A small fishing boat rolls with the ocean swells. JOHN PIKE, a stocky ex-Marine, lifts his walkie-talkie:

PIKE
Okay, Warden.

Pike's face is brown and heavily aged from the sun. He cuts his fishing lines and dumps a can of oil onto some rags-- and lights them on fire. Thick smoke billows in the wind.

Pike picks up his ship-to-shore radio.

PIKE (cont'd)
Mayday. Mayday. Coast Guard! Fire
on board. Request emergency airlift.

EXT. THE OCEAN -- MINUTES LATER.

A giant Coast Guard "Pelican" Search and Rescue helicopter THUNDERS toward the burning fishing boat.

A winch is lowered. Pike buckles himself into a rescue harness and is lifted into the air.

INT. PELICAN HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS.

Pike is dragged into the cabin of the helicopter.

A Coast Guard AIRMAN helps Pike to his feet. The Airman has a safety-cable attached to the back of his flight-jacket.

PIKE
Thanks, man-- you really saved my
bacon out there.

AIRMAN
What happened?

PIKE
Oil leak.

Pike removes his harness and hands it to the Airman. The officer turns to hang it on a hook...

Pike UNCLASPS the Airman's safety-cable and KICKS him in the back— he tumbles through the open hatch, SCREAMING as he PLUMETS hundreds of feet down to the sea.

Pike pulls a gun and pokes his head into the cockpit--planting himself between the Pilot and Co-Pilot:

PIKE (cont'd)
Boys. You ever spent time in prison?

EXT. ALCATRAZ. RECREATION YARD -- LATER.

The helicopter lands in the exercise yard that adjoins the main cellhouse.

Stites greets Pike, who herds the Pilots up the cement steps.

STITES
Nice fishing.

EXT/INT. THE MORGUE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER.

This is a low, one-room building that is half below ground. It is situated behind the cellhouse.

Stites stoops through the low doorway and descends a short flight of stairs toward URBANSKI, a short, middle-aged chemist-- who stands before a wall of what were 12 vaults for corpses.

He opens one of the vault doors and rolls out a gurney-- for the first time, we see it:

Circa 1962, this is a 500 pound WETEYE CLUSTER BOMB. It has a slightly tarnished outer casing. Its markings read: "POISON GAS. EXTREME LETHAL HAZARD. GB CLUSTER."

URBANSKI
The Weteyes are intact.

Stites smiles-- delicately pats the bomb.

STITES
We're in the gas business.

URBANSKI

But... see... there's corrosion from the salt air.

(beat)

The primary explosive in the nose is fragile. If we try to take the bombs apart and one of the detonator heads explodes-- this building will go off in a chain reaction. You'll gas everybody from here to San Francisco.

STITES

I hate hearing you whine, Urbanski. I hate whiners.

(beat)

Now... are you saying that you can't get the gas out of these things?

Before Urbanski can answer-- Stites continues.

STITES (cont'd)

Because if that's true... then I'd say you've lost your usefulness to this operation. Which is sad.

Urbanski's starting to sweat.

STITES (cont'd)

On the other hand-- if you told me that we could take the roof off this building and lift the bombs out with the chopper-- then dis-assemble them one at a time on the beach... then I'd be impressed by you.

Urbanski nods. Stites raises his walkie-talkie:

STITES (walkie)

Gentlemen! We have the gas! Let's button up the island. The Coasties should be out pretty soon looking for their chopper.

EXT. THE PRISON WORKSHOPS -- SAME.

At the extreme western end of the island stands a huge concrete cube that once housed the prison's work industries.

On the roof, Two Armed Men have a perfect vantage of anything coming from Sausalito or Angel Island.

EXT. GUARD TOWER -- SAME.

A Guard stands on the balcony of the tower that overlooks the dock. He can see clear across the water to the Bay Bridge.

EXT. ISLAND -- SAME.

Armed Men position infra-red motion detectors at the edge of the island. Their guns resting on their hips.

A large SATELLITE DISH is set up inside a window of the ruins of what was once the Warden's Residence.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE -- SAME.

This is the highest point on the island. The ARMED GUARD watches through binoculars as a 44 foot Coast Guard MSB (Motor-Surf Boat) races toward the Island.

ARMED GUARD (walkie)
The Coast Guard is here.

INT. THE COMMAND AND CONTROL ROOM. ALCATRAZ -- SUNSET.

This is the nerve center of the whole island-- located just inside the main cellhouse.

Stites gazes at a series of closed-circuit monitors. He lifts a handset. His voice BOOMS over a Loudspeaker:

STITES
Attention Coast Guard. You are
entering restricted waters. Turn
back immediately.

Stites sees that the Boat is not stopping. It approaches the dock. He lifts his walkie-talkie:

STITES (walkie)
Let's get this thing started.

EXT. THE GUARD TOWER -- SAME.

The Armed Man in the guard tower opens FIRE.

The Coast Guard boat is RIPPED APART by the 50mm shells. The engine is hit and the boat erupts in a mushrooming FIREBALL.

EXT. GARDEN PARTY. GETTYSBURG VIRGINIA -- AFTERNOON.

An afternoon garden party spills over the shady lawns behind a lush, plantation-style house.

Women in flowing tea-dresses wear flower-covered hats. Men have removed their blazers and drink mint Juleps.

Goodspeed stands next to a helium canister-- blowing up balloons for the children. His wife, KATE, approaches carrying a drink. She is a lithe Belle in her mid-20's... and VERY pregnant.

Goodspeed INHALES some helium.

GOODSPEED
(squeaky voice)
Hello, sexy.

She smiles at his compliment-- rubs her stomach.

KATE
Never thought you'd be married to a
Sumo wrestler, did you?

Goodspeed takes the drink and gives her a kiss.

GOODSPEED
I'll wrestle you anytime.

Together, they watch the party around them.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
I think if we make a break for the
car-- we can slip right out'a here.

KATE
Bill-- your father hasn't even cut
the cake yet.

GOODSPEED
We'll stop at a gas station and I'll
buy you a Twinkie.

KATE
How about a whole box? And some
cookie-dough ice cream? The baby is
starving.

Goodspeed leans over and talks LOUD to her belly.

GOODSPEED
IS THIS TRUE, MOOKIE?

KATE
The name is James.

ANGLE ON BILL GOODSPEED SR.:

Goodspeed's father, Air Force General BILL GOODSPEED SR., is
a lean man in his 60's. He twirls a thrilled 8-year-old Girl
through the air.

GENERAL GOODSPEED
Apache Helicopter coming in for a
landing!

And he settles the Girl down on the lawn.

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED AND KATE:

From a distance, they watch as the next kid becomes a helicopter.

GOODSPEED

Kate-- I'm thinking about putting in for a transfer.

KATE

(angry)

Is your father still trying to bully you into taking a Field assignment?

He's quiet-- trying to find the words to tell her about Rustiffo. She misunderstands his silence.

KATE (cont'd)

You think if you get yourself killed-- then he'll finally respect you? Who cares what he thinks?

(beat)

I didn't marry a Field Agent. I married a lab guy-- a nine-to-fiver.

GOODSPEED

You mean a chicken-shit...

KATE

Stop it! You know what Susan told me? When her husband is sent out on a Field Operation, she sits at home and plans his funeral. Literally plans it! Calls funeral homes. Buys flowers. Everything. I don't want to live like that.

Goodspeed is cuffed on the back of the head by his father.

GENERAL GOODSPEED

Hey, Billy-- wanna race?

GOODSPEED

No thanks.

GENERAL GOODSPEED

Come on! Once around the house.

Suddenly, the tone of the party changes as a few BEEPERS start to go off all over the garden. Bill Sr.'s beeper BLARES. He pulls it off his belt.

GENERAL GOODSPEED (cont'd)

These things sound like some bats I slept with in a cave in Laos!

His voice is drowned out by the ROAR of a helicopter. Women's dresses flutter as it descends.

Two FBI AGENTS emerge beneath the still spinning rotors.

Bill Sr. jogs over to meet them. They YELL over the noise.

FBI AGENT
General Goodspeed?

GENERAL GOODSPEED
That's right. Where we off to?

FBI AGENT
Is Special Agent Goodspeed here, sir?

Taken aback, Bill Sr. points across the lawn at his son-- who realizes he's the focus of everyone's attention.

Flustered, Goodspeed turns to Kate... their eyes lock.

GOODSPEED
It's nothing-- probably a chemical spill somewhere...

She kisses him quickly.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Save a Twinkie for me.

He trots over to the chopper.

FBI AGENT
Agent Goodspeed?

GOODSPEED
What's up?

FBI AGENT
We have to get you to Andrews.

Goodspeed is unnerved. Glances quickly at his father.

GENERAL GOODSPEED
Don't look at me. Get aboard.

As Goodspeed climbs in, one of the GUESTS, holding out a cellular phone, urgently approaches Bill Sr.

GUEST
Bill-- Office of the Joint Chiefs.
They need you in the Situation Room.
Shit's hit the fan somewhere.

INSIDE THE CHOPPER.

Quazzo and Perkins sit strapped in the chopper, gazing uneasily at Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

What the hell is going on?

Perkins looks scared-- shrugs. Quazzo stares out the window.

QUAZZO

(hurt)

You were having a party?

Goodspeed pulls a balloon out of his pocket.

GOODSPEED

Here. Happy?

INT. PELICAN BAY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY -- NIGHT.

SUPER OVER: PELICAN BAY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY. CALIFORNIA.

In the mess hall, 500 prisoners eat dinner at harsh metal tables. Televisions blare-- broadcasting the NEWS.

One table is special... reserved. It is empty-- except for a solitary tray of food and a book.

The main doors open and a prisoner enters.

JOHN PAUL MASON a/k/a THE MOLE.

He has spent most of his life behind bars. This man has a wiry but muscular frame, a thick jaw, and though in his 50's, a smooth, even youthful face.

He's a jailhouse legend. Heads nod in respectful greeting.

Mason settles at his private table.

ANGLE ON A TELEVISION IN THE CORNER:

The NEWSCASTER reports on ALCATRAZ-- we see a graphic of the island...

NEWSCASTER

.... preliminary reports are that Alcatraz Island, the infamous Federal Prison, has been taken over by what are believed to be terrorists--

ON THE PRISONERS:

They call for SILENCE: "Shut up! Shut the Fuck up!"

INSERT TELEVISION NEWSCAST:

NEWSCASTER

We have a live report now from Linda Snider in San Francisco....

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF. SAN FRANCISCO -- EVENING.

SUPER OVER: FISHERMAN'S WHARF. SAN FRANCISCO.

Microphone in hand, staring into a Newscam, LINDA SNIDER, a young reporter, stands at PIER 41...

Over her shoulder is the black silhouette of Alcatraz Island.

LINDA SNIDER

The Park Service has no comment on reports that over 30 tourists were left behind when the last Ferry of the day departed Alcatraz.

INT. PELICAN BAY. DINING HALL -- SAME.

The Prisoners continue to gaze at the tv.

LINDA SNIDER (television)

Three Coast Guard Personnel are confirmed missing after their Search and Rescue boat exploded while approaching the Island.

(beat)

Alcatraz was closed in 1962 after the escape of John Paul Mason-- who, although ultimately recaptured in San Francisco, proved that the Rock was no longer escape-proof.

All the prisoners turn their respectful gaze toward Mason... who is reading his book.

They start CLACKING their spoons on the table in unison. Jailhouse applause. LOUDER and LOUDER.

Mason doesn't even acknowledge them... continues reading.

EXT/INT. LEAR JET -- NIGHT.

A plane blasts through the clouds. Inside, Goodspeed, tries to make conversation with the two FBI Agents.

GOODSPEED

So... is there a problem somewhere?

The FBI Agents shrug. Quazzo still holds his balloon.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF. SAN FRANCISCO -- SAME.

Hundreds of excited reporters have gathered.

Linda Snider's hair is being touched-up as her high-strung PRODUCER hovers in front of her, shuffling papers.

PRODUCER

Okay-- here's what we got-- the FBI's Hostage Rescue Team has jurisdiction. They ordered a Naval blockade. No air traffic. No news choppers allowed within a five mile radius. The whole shebang is being monitored by the White House Situation Room... and we're back on in 10...9...

INT. SITUATION ROOM. WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT -- EVENING.

SUPER OVER: WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM. WASHINGTON.

The White House situation room is designed for a single purpose... to brief the President in the event of a crisis. And the place is packed.

Around a large conference table sit the primary players-- called the "Principals". Behind them are Adjutants, Aides and Special Advisors.

Bill Goodspeed Sr., in full uniform, leans against the wall behind the Secretary of the Air Force.

The White House CHIEF OF STAFF, an Asian Man in his 50's, is running the meeting. He clenches a pen which he repeatedly stabs on his briefing book.

CHIEF OF STAFF

NERVE GAS!? Goddamnit to Holy fucking Hell! NERVE GAS on Alcatraz!? Does somebody want to explain this to the President?

The FBI DIRECTOR, who looks like a middle-aged choir boy, calmly lays out the history:

FBI DIRECTOR

In '63 the common Military wisdom was that we were in danger of Commie hordes swarming down across the Bering Straits, which made California a logical choke point. And back then... gas was considered a reasonable, non-nuclear deterrent.

CHIEF OF STAFF

That's fascinating-- maybe the Bureau can give me a list of other National Parks where weapons of mass destruction have been stockpiled so I can plan my next vacation.

(beat)

Run the video.

The FBI Director stands, addressing the whole room:

FBI DIRECTOR

The following message was transmitted via high speed scrambled signal directly to the FBI's Hostage Rescue Command Center in San Francisco.

A large video screen on a side wall comes alive with the grainy image of Nick Stites' wind-blown face.

STITES (video)

My name is Nicholas Stites, US Marine Corps. I am now the Warden of Alcatraz Island and I have in my care thirty-four tourists, two Coast Guard Pilots, one Park Ranger and 12 WETYE cluster bombs, each containing 44.4 pounds of GB poison gas... kindly stored here by the U.S. Government.

(beat)

Any use of force against the Island will result in our immediate release of the gas. My suggestion is that you remain calm and wait for my next transmission.

The video monitor goes black.

FBI DIRECTOR

Sir... this man was part of the Berlin Brigade. Decorated up and down. He knows what he's doing. The only thing we don't know yet is why he's doing it and what he wants.

The SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE clears his throat.

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE

We're air-lifting half-a-million gas masks into Oakland Air Force Base...

The MADAME ATTORNEY GENERAL turns her steely, ice-blue gaze at the Air Force Secretary:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

What do we tell the other three million people? Sorry? Wrap wet towels around your babies and pray.

The Chief of Staff cuts them off--

CHIEF OF STAFF

Excuse me, but we're not telling anybody anything. Clear? If the press gets hold of the gas-- San Francisco will panic. You'll have millions of people running across Golden Gate Bridge.

(harsh)

Now... I need set-up and scenarios.

FBI DIRECTOR

Sir-- we have a full Hostage Rescue Team assembled in San Francisco backed by a regiment of Marines.

The SECRETARY OF THE NAVY removes his glasses:

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Sir. We all know that the FBI has jurisdiction but this ought to be a Navy "op"... my Seals can slam onto that Island and take it in 12 minutes. I guarantee it.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Oh, lovely. Can you also GUARANTEE the President that in those 12 minutes Stites won't set off the gas!?

The Secretary of the Navy is silent.

CHIEF OF STAFF (cont'd)

This administration is not going to be responsible for shipping 4 million body bags to San Francisco.

(beat)

There will be NO use of force against the island. No SWAT Teams. No Marines. No Jugheads storming that place. Period. I don't want this nutcase provoked-- we don't need another Waco, Texas!

The Secretary of the Air Force interjects:

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE

Sir-- I think we may have a strategic solution... Napalm.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Napalm?

He turns around and addresses Bill Goodspeed Sr.:

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE

Isn't that right, Bill?

GENERAL GOODSPEED

Yessir. We know from battlefield data collected during the Iran-Iraq War that poison gas can be neutralized with intense heat-- and Napalm burns at over 3000 degrees.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Napalm...

GENERAL GOODSPEED

WHUUMPH. Couple of our F-16's could lay down a cozy blanket of Nape in the blink of a mosquito's eyelash.

CHIEF OF STAFF

That's very colorful. So... let me get this straight... you want me to recommend to the President that we barbecue 34 Tourists?

Bill Sr. stares indignantly at the Chief of Staff.

FBI DIRECTOR

Sir. I've ordered the head of our Chemical Weapons team to San Francisco. If we can sneak him onto the island-- he might be able to detoxify the gas. Then we can send in the Marines.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Is this guy any good?

The FBI Director shuffles papers in front of him.

FBI DIRECTOR

Sir-- he's the best we have. But frankly, since this country has never had a terrorist incident involving gas... there hasn't been much use for the division.

ANGLE ON BILL SR.:

His jaw tightens but he says nothing.

ANGLE ON THE CHIEF OF STAFF:

Deliberately, he presses his pen into the table-top.

CHIEF OF STAFF

(shakes his head)

With a room full of bad choices-- I
guess this is the best of the worst.

(beat)

As long as you're sending this guy in
low and slow... nothing to provoke
Stites... I'll recommend it to the
President.

There's silence in the room. The Chief of Staff stands up.

CHIEF OF STAFF (cont'd)

Somebody order Pizza. And I want one
of those Italian salads.

EXT. PIER 41. FISHERMAN'S WHARF -- NIGHT.

SUPER OVER: F.B.I. HOSTAGE RESCUE TEAM HEADQUARTERS.

A van with darkened windows pulls past a phalanx of press--
up to a cordoned-off area.

Goodspeed steps out-- followed by a tired Perkins and Quazzo.

INSIDE THE HRT OFFICES.

Goodspeed stands inside the door to the offices which have
been taken over by the F.B.I.'s HOSTAGE RESCUE TEAM (HRT).

It's controlled bedlam. A high-tech, mobile FBI command
center. FBI Agents and Military specialists hover over
computers and state-of-the-art communication devices.

The FBI's Assistant Agent in Charge (ASAC)... MICHAEL SANCHEZ
is in his 40's, tense, lean with high energy. He is running
the show in San Francisco.

Sanchez spots Goodspeed.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Bill Goodspeed?

(beat)

Welcome to San Francisco. I'm
Michael Sanchez, Assistant Agent in
Charge of this mess. And apparently
you're the man of the hour.

GOODSPEED

I sure hate the sound of that.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Then I don't think you're going to like the details.

GOODSPEED

So, what's the story? You have a device you need us to analyze?

INT. BATHROOM -- MINUTES LATER.

A NAVY SEAL stands peeing at one of two stand-up urinals.

Goodspeed rushes through the door and LUNGES for the second urinal... he VOMITS. Gags. Spits.

NAVY SEAL

Nice to meet you, too.

INT. THE HRT OFFICES -- MOMENTS LATER.

The color has drained from Goodspeed's face as he slumps in a chair. Sanchez presses a cup of coffee into his hands.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Relax, Goodspeed-- you'll have every asset at your disposal. We're staging some dry runs-- try to figure out the best way to sneak you onto that island. Don't forget-- your aim is to AVOID the enemy. Not ENGAGE him.

Sanchez pulls a comb out of his back pocket and runs it through his thinning hair...

GOODSPEED

Sanchez-- don't they realize I've NEVER been in the field before? Now they want to send me out to Alcatraz alone? I'm a LAB guy.

ASAC SANCHEZ

You've had "Escape and Evasion" training and a "3-E" weapons clearance. If it's enough for them-- it's enough for me.

GOODSPEED

But that was in Basic!

ASAC SANCHEZ

Listen, Goodspeed. Did you hear anybody say "please"? I didn't hear it. This is not a Goddamned REQUEST. This is an order.

Goodspeed gazes out the window-- across the dark waters toward Alcatraz.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)

We have a city being held hostage and every possible configuration of Special Forces sitting on their asses because nobody can move until the gas is detoxified.

(beat)

And the Bureau sent you because SUPPOSEDLY you're the guy who can handle this stuff. Well!? Is that true!?

Goodspeed dumps the rest of his coffee into a trash can.

GOODSPEED

Unfortunately.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Then welcome aboard.

AGENT THOMAS, a highly-organized woman in her 30's-- interrupts:

AGENT THOMAS

Sir, John Paul Mason will be mobile within the hour. The prison has warned us that he's a triple "A" escape threat.

Off Goodspeed's inquiring glance, Sanchez explains:

ASAC SANCHEZ

This guy has agreed to work with us-- show you how to break onto Alcatraz.

GOODSPEED

Oh, terrific. A prisoner. Thanks. Let me call my wife-- she'll be relieved to know you've teamed me up with some serial killer.

Sanchez hands Goodspeed a thick file.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Mason is no ordinary criminal-- he's the only man alive who has ever successfully broken out of Alcatraz. The guy is a legend.

GOODSPEED

(impressed)

He escaped from Alcatraz!?

ASAC SANCHEZ

They call him "the Mole" because he hid on the island for 3 days after he got out of his cell. They had guards, dogs, ships in the bay and they never caught a whiff of him.

(beat)

I'm betting that what Mason has in his brain is your best shot at survival out there...

GOODSPEED

Mr. Sanchez, with all due respect to your mouse...

ASAC SANCHEZ

Mole--

GOODSPEED

Whatever. OUR best shot at survival is figuring out how to deal with 44 POUNDS of GB gas sitting in 12 rotting Weteyes.

He turns to Quazzo and Perkins.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Well, guys-- it's time to take off the practice jerseys... it's Game Day.

EXT/INT. PELICAN BAY PRISON. THE SHU — NIGHT.

The SHU (Special Housing Unit) at Pelican Bay is the toughest maximum security unit in the United States.

An ASSISTANT WARDEN and Two FBI Crewcuts stand in the center of Pod 15 staring through the bars of Mason's cell...

Mason sits in the middle of the floor... engrossed in a book... completely ignoring the Feds.

ASSISTANT WARDEN

Where the hell're you guys taking him?

Mason's voice echoes out of his cell:

JOHN PAUL MASON

San Francisco.

(beat)

My phone has been ringing off the hook. Listen.

In the complete silence we can HEAR the faint TAPPING of a spoon on an iron pipe-- coming from somewhere deep in the belly of this concrete jungle.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT.

Goodspeed gazes at the projected images of maps, satellite surveillance of the island; infra-red heat sensors, etc.

Quazzo and Perkins work in a corner: a massive computer is generating a 3-D image of a Weteye bomb.

Next to them is a video map of San Francisco. Super-imposed on top of this is a constantly changing alpha-numeric display: 272,465... 348,991... etc.

Agent Thomas wanders by, checking out the video display.

AGENT THOMAS

Excuse me. May I ask what this is?

PERKINS

(blushes)

Uh... well... it's a computer model relating wind velocity and direction to the census report of zip code and NSA data on local population.

Agent Thomas is clearly confused. Goodspeed comes over:

GOODSPEED

Stop sounding like such a zot-head, Perkins-- tell her in plain english.

PERKINS

Uh... it's an analysis of how many people will die if all the gas is released right now.

She pales... points at the screen.

AGENT THOMAS

My family lives up here-- on the hill.

Goodspeed says the only reassuring thing he can think of:

GOODSPEED

A lot depends on the wind.

ACROSS THE ROOM.

AGENT GUILIANO, who looks so baby-faced it's like he's barely started shaving, holds up a computer printout. He stands in the middle of the room-- SHOUTS above the din.

AGENT GUILIANO

We have our laundry list of hostages:
4 Japanese, 8 Norwegians, 3 Germans,
22 Americans, including four
children, 2 Coast Guard pilots, one
Park Ranger, and a pregnant lady from
the Philippines.

LATER

A FULL SCALE MODEL of a Weteye Bomb sits in the middle of the
room— presided over by Goodspeed, Perkins and Quazzo.

GOODSPEED

So what the hell is he thinking?

PERKINS

What do you mean, Chief?

QUAZZO

Delivery system, you toad. How's
Stites going to deliver the gas?

GOODSPEED

These bombs weigh more than 500
pounds each. And since Stites
doesn't have a B-52 Bomber out there
to drop these babies on the city...

(beat)

Let's start with that helicopter.
Can you drop a Weteye from a
helicopter?

QUAZZO

It's possible. Sure you could.

PERKINS

Could, could, could-- NOT, Quazzo...
unless you wanna get gassed. These
puppies explode at altitude. Mid-air
burst and the uplift from his rotors
will pull the vapors straight over
the chopper. I wouldn't want to try
it-- but YOU be my guest.

GOODSPEED

Okay. What about just detonating the
bombs right there on the island?

PERKINS

Yeah-- wrap the nose with 30 grain
"det" cord, light the fuse, and run.

QUAZZO

Sure, Perkins... brilliant solution.
Where's he gonna run? He's stuck on
Gilligan's ISLAND! He'll kill
himself before anyone in San
Francisco even starts choking.

PERKINS

Shut up. I don't hear you coming up
with any suggestions.

Goodspeed walks up close to a wall monitor... peering closely
at an overhead of the Island.

He grins and raises his arms.

PERKINS (cont'd)

What is it!? Touchdown!?

—QUAZZO

Score!?

Asac Sanchez approaches.

ASAC SANCHEZ

What've you got?

GOODSPEED

Stites is going to use MORTARS.

Goodspeed points at several small black lines jutting out of
the old Barracks Building by the dock.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Right here. That's going to be his
delivery system. Sticking out of the
casement windows where the cannons
used to be. One. Two. Three. Four
mortar tubes.

PERKINS

YES!! Definite touchdown!

Goodspeed removes the nose-cone on the Weteye model and
pulls out a STRING of golf-ball sized, glass balls.

GOODSPEED

Look! He's going to take apart the
bombs. Inside each Weteye are four
strands of "pearls"... which hold the
liquefied gas. So all he has to do
is-- load each strand into a mortar
shell. Like this!

He lowers the string into the trash can.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
The shells can be fired high over the city. They detonate in mid-air and...

QUAZZO
You get a cloud of death.

ASAC SANCHEZ
What's the range on those things?

GOODSPEED
81 "mills"-- so... depending on wind, temperature, humidity, and altitude...

Goodspeed walks to a wall chart showing the Bay area. He DRAWS a big CIRCLE with Alcatraz in the center.

There are long faces all around the room.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. THE BARRACKS BUILDING -- NIGHT.

Above Stites' head, four mortar tubes poke out through the casement windows-- aimed toward San Francisco.

Several more mortar tubes lie nearby, on the dock. Stites motions to Hubbard.

STITES
In case they get any fancy ideas of storming the island-- I want these other tubes spread out.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF -- DAWN.

A black FBI Suburban-- its windows tinted-- races up to the entrance of the HRT Headquarters on Fisherman's Wharf.

Doors open and John Paul Mason, handcuffed, steps out. He stops... staring across the water at Alcatraz.

JOHN PAUL MASON
The Rock...
(beat)
"Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
on a rock or in a cell?"

He is SHOVED toward the entrance of the building.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

The command center is bustling with activity. Coffee and donuts are making the rounds.

Mason is led through the door and everything STOPS. All eyes on the infamous "Mole".

Realizing he is the center of all this attention, Mason raises his handcuffs... rattles them.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Anybody seen the key to these things?

LATER.

Sanchez leads Goodspeed to a two way mirror. They peer through it into an improvised interrogation room.

ASAC SANCHEZ

He's all yours.

ANGLE THROUGH THE MIRROR:

Mason sits with his cuffed hands on a table in front of him.

GOODSPEED

I don't want him, Sanchez. What can he tell me that I can't get from surveillance? I've got real work to do.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Goodspeed... you're new at Field work, so let me tell you something: good intelligence will get you where you have to go-- but experience will keep you alive when you get there. And this guy has the experience. Give him 15 minutes. If he's a bust-- I'll send him home.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER.

Goodspeed bustles into the room carrying a scale model of Alcatraz Island and some papers which he sets on the table.

GOODSPEED

Mr. Mason, my name is Agent William Goodspeed and I've got to explain something to you. I will proceed slowly. If at any point I lose you-- don't hesitate to say something or raise your hand. Thusly.

He demonstrates.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Are you following me?

Mason slowly raises his hand-- Goodspeed nods.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Agent Goodspeed? Would you please
suck my dick? Thusly.

Goodspeed's tone changes-- he gets down to business.

GOODSPEED
You need to sign these papers
acknowledging that the information I
am about to reveal to you is top
secret and you may be charged with
treason should you divulge same.
It's just a formality.

Mason gives him a long look and turns over one of the sheets
of paper-- scribbles on the back.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Here-- you sign mine and I'll sign
yours.

GOODSPEED
What is it?

JOHN PAUL MASON
It's a threat against the life of the
President. Just a formality.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS. MAIN ROOM — CONTINUOUS.

Sanchez LAUGHS as he watches Mason toy with Goodspeed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — CONTINUOUS.

GOODSPEED
Are you trying to jerk me around?

JOHN PAUL MASON
So far you haven't given me much
choice.

Mason lazily glances out the window, admiring the sunrise.

GOODSPEED
Look-- !

JOHN PAUL MASON
I am... it's beautiful, isn't it?
You know that it's been eight years
since I've seen a sunrise.

GOODSPEED
That's tragic. I won't be able to
sleep tonight-- wait a second, I just
realized that I don't give a shit!

Goodspeed SHOVS the model in front of Mason.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
I've been told you agreed to
cooperate. Now pay attention or I'm
shipping your ass back to maximum
security by Federal Express.

He uses his pen to point out various landmarks on the Island.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Our satellite reconnaissance shows--

JOHN PAUL MASON
This model's not accurate.

GOODSPEED
Of course it is.

JOHN PAUL MASON
~~There's~~ 28 steps from the Yard down
to New Industries-- not 25.

Goodspeed glances at a Satellite photo-- then back at the
model. He's impressed.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Goodspeed-- I could slow-dance across
that island blindfolded.

Goodspeed stares at Mason for a beat. He nods.

GOODSPEED
Okay... good... now... my primary
objective is to get to this building
here-- the "Morgue".

JOHN PAUL MASON
If you're the guy they're sending--
I'm sure you'll find the morgue...
one way or another.

Goodspeed sags-- he sits in the chair opposite Mason.

GOODSPEED
Look... I know this is a fun little
outing for you. A vacation. See a
bit of the world. Mix with folks who
aren't looking to club you to death
with a broom-handle.
(beat)
But if you can teach me how to dance--
let's dance. I have a job to do.

JOHN PAUL MASON

A job!? You're an over-educated,
under-paid, pencil-pushing Fed. Your
family must be awfully proud.

GOODSPEED

You're right. They probably would'a
preferred it if I'd spent 34 years in
jail-- like you.

JOHN PAUL MASON

At least in the joint you would'a
learned how to grease the wheels when
you're looking for a FAVOR!

(beat)

It amazes me that you Feds always
expect something for nothing.

Goodspeed stares at him.

GOODSPEED

You want to get paid!? Is that it!?

JOHN PAUL MASON

(shrugs)

I'm an expert-- and my expertise must
be worth something.

Goodspeed reaches into his pocket and flips a quarter onto
the table.

GOODSPEED

Here-- this should do it. You
probably have to clean a month's
worth of toilets to see this kind'a
loot.

Mason picks up the quarter-- fingers it.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Is this all your life is worth, Fed!?

GOODSPEED

Then how much? How much will your
"expert" advice cost?

JOHN PAUL MASON

What good is money? I live in jail.

Frustrated, Goodspeed heads for the door.

GOODSPEED

Fine. Then go back to jail. I have
better things to do.

Mason sees his meal ticket about to disappear.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Now wait a second, Goodspeed! Don't get hormonal on me! I've hurt your feelings, haven't I?

(beat)

Maybe there's something else I want...

Goodspeed waits.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

Maybe I want to go to the O'Farrell Theatre.

GOODSPEED

You want to see a movie?

JOHN PAUL MASON

The O'Farrell, Goodspeed. The most famous strip palace on the West Coast! Filled with beautiful creatures and erotic delights. Last time I was there was '69...

GOODSPEED

When you escaped from San Quentin.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Oh, that was a beautiful four days. I haven't seen a naked woman since.

(beat)

Do you have the juice to swing that kind of deal, Agent Goodspeed?

Goodspeed gazes at him for a long moment-- then walks out of the room.

Mason flips the quarter-- it rattles onto the table.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

Heads. I win.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS. MAIN ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Goodspeed enters the room and approaches Sanchez.

GOODSPEED

Jesus, what a low-life prick!

They gaze through the two-way mirror at Mason.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Who cares. 28 steps... not 25-- that kind of detail can save your life.

Goodspeed nods...

GOODSPEED

Okay... let's sign him up. But the O'Farrell Theatre?

ASAC SANCHEZ

If you hadn't gotten laid in 20 years-- maybe you'd be racing him over there.

ANGLE ON THE MOLE:

He places the quarter on the floor and raises the metal chair-- crashing it down on the coin.

ASAC SANCHEZ (O.S.)

What the hell's he doing?

Mason picks up the coin. Using the newly-created burr on the quarter, he SCRATCHES deep lines in the mirror.

GOODSPEED (O.S.)

Jesus... he's good.

Mason has etched a square. Using his elbow, he nudges the glass and it CAVES in... CRASHING to the floor.

Mason is now face-to-face with Goodspeed and Sanchez.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Would it be too much to ask for a cup of coffee?

ASAC SANCHEZ

Forget the coffee. They're waiting for us in Oakland. We're behind schedule. Mason-- you got yourself a deal.

INT. ALCATRAZ. THE CELLHOUSE — DAWN.

The morning light seeps through the barred windows. Stites' VOICE echoes:

STITES (O.S.)

Good morning. Is everybody still having fun?

The hostages rush to the bars of their cells. They call out: "We're hungry"; "Let us out of here; What's going on!?"

Smiling at the uproar, Stites stands in the middle of "Broadway" until everyone has exhausted their YELLING... the cellblock falls quiet.

STITES

Ladies and gentlemen-- I'm sorry for the inconvenience but my hope is that you'll be on the ferry back to the mainland in 24 hours. On the other hand, if I have miscalculated, in 24 hours we will ALL be dead.

(sighs)

So, given that choice, I want to thank you in advance for your prayers and kind thoughts.

(beat)

In the meantime... you are all prisoners on the Rock-- the most secure penitentiary in the world. Any infraction of the rules will result in a loss of privileges or solitary confinement.

RANGER PERNELL

Nicky! Why're you doing this?

Stites calmly reaches his hands through the bars of Pernell's cell. He grabs the old man's uniform and TUGS him forward. JAMMING his face against the bars.

STITES

Mister Pernell. Let me ask you a question.

(beat)

To the best of your knowledge is there poison tuna fish stored on Alcatraz Island?

Scared, Ranger Pernell shakes his head.

STITES (cont'd)

What about poison dog food?

RANGER PERNELL

I don't know anything about anything, Nicky.

Stites releases Pernell.

STITES

That's what everyone else said... the same old lies and deceptions.

Stites turns and walks out of the Cellhouse.

A Hostage whispers:

HOSTAGE

What's he talking about?

RANGER PERNELL
He's talking about poison gas.

There's a long silence before a FEMALE HOSTAGE calls out:

FEMALE HOSTAGE
I don't care! Does anybody have any
FOOD!

Another hostage, a stock broker named YARBONELLI, presses his
face against the bars-- as he munches on a candy bar.

YARBONELLI
What'll you trade me, babe?

FEMALE HOSTAGE
HEY! If you've got food-- you better
share it with everybody!

YARBONELLI
BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS. YA THINK THIS
IS KINDERGARTEN?

ANGLE DOWN BROADWAY:

In another cell, two COLLEGE STUDENTS toss pennies against
the wall.

COLLEGE STUDENT
If I had a gun... I'd blast my way
out of this place.

COLLEGE STUDENT 2
Fuckin' A.

A very prim Japanese Girl sits cross-legged on the floor.
She pulls a small .22 gun out of her purse and holds it up to
the Students...

Like precious gold, they take it from her.

INT/EXT. SEDAN. TRAVELING. SAN FRANCISCO -- LATER.

The car is driven by an African-American FBI Agent named
CARRUTHERS-- Sanchez rides shotgun.

Goodspeed sits in the back of the sedan next to a still-
handcuffed Mason.

JOHN PAUL MASON
How many men are going in with you?

GOODSPEED
It'll... just be me.

Mason leans real close-- looks him over.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Well, you must be some kind of killing machine... or maybe you're just unpopular amongst your peers?

GOODSPEED

Or maybe my expertise is Chemical Weapons terrorism.

(beat)

The men who've taken the island have a significant amount of nerve gas and I'm the only person who knows how to take care of it.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Nerve gas on the rock!? Fuck me!

Mason shakes his head.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

A person should never be uniquely qualified for anything, Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

So I should'a been a good-for-nothing loser-- like you?

Mason sits back in his seat.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Do you know the etymology of your name? It comes from "God's speed". To wish someone a prosperous journey.

(smiles)

I guess I should be wishing you a prosperous journey... because you're going to need all the luck you can get. I may be a loser but at least I won't be a dead one.

Mason presses a button-- lowering his window. Goodspeed presses a button on his side-- raising it back up.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

You afraid I'm gonna jump out?

Goodspeed lowers Mason's window again.

GOODSPEED

Be my guest.

Mason smiles...

EXT. OAKLAND AIR FORCE BASE -- LATER.

SUPER OVER: OAKLAND AIR FORCE BASE.

The sedan rolls along the tarmac, past military planes toward an IMMENSE airplane hangar, where it parks.

A cadre of security guards stands nearby.

Sanchez flashes his identification as he leads Goodspeed and Mason inside the hangar.

JOHN PAUL MASON
What's in here-- breakfast?

GOODSPEED
Shut up.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR -- CONTINUOUS.

The door closes behind them-- and as their eyes adjust to the light, they SEE a HUGE, hastily improvised, bare-bones mock-up of Alcatraz.

Construction crews rush to complete this "stage".

Scaffolding represents the cellhouse, water tower, and barracks building... a crane acts as the lighthouse.

All the major landmarks of Alcatraz island are laid out to scale... with hand-painted signs on each of the "buildings".

JOHN PAUL MASON
(smiles)
Alcatraz.

GOODSPEED
Look at this thing!

ASAC SANCHEZ
Okay, Goodspeed. Let's figure out
how to get you onto the Island.

COLONEL WHITFORD, a huge, intense man with steely eyes interrupts them. He commands the Navy Seals.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)
Agent Goodspeed, this is Colonel
Whitford-- Navy Seals.

Whitford reaches out to shake Goodspeed's hand.

COLONEL WHITFORD
Your old man Billy Goodspeed?

Goodspeed nods.

COLONEL WHITFORD (cont'd)
I served under him... so tough you
could hear his balls clunking
together when he walked.

(beat)

I don't mind telling you-- when I
heard they were putting a lab rat out
there under live fire I was worried.
But being Billy's kid...

Goodspeed puts on a brave smile.

COLONEL WHITFORD (cont'd)
Let's get this show on the road.

He jogs off-- followed by Sanchez.

Mason bends over and presses his ear close to the front of
Goodspeed's pants.

GOODSPEED
What the hell're you doing?

JOHN PAUL MASON
I don't hear nothin'.

Goodspeed signals to Carruthers.

GOODSPEED
Will you lock him up somewhere?

LATER.

It's pitch black. Goodspeed, wearing a high-tech headset
with a microphone and video camera, lies on a craggy beach.

He presses the microphone against his mouth.

GOODSPEED
Okay... I'm in position.

ASAC SANCHEZ (earpiece)
We're with you. Try heading north.

Goodspeed creeps up the side of a bluff. Suddenly, a RED
LASER beam streaks through the darkness... straight into
Goodspeed's head.

COLONEL WHITFORD (bullhorn)
That's a kill. Okay. Lights!

Overhead LIGHTS flash on. Weary, Goodspeed stands... shaking
his head.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Navy Seals pose as the "enemy".

Colonel Whitford and Asac Sanchez stand on the "bluff" by the "cellhouse" looking down at a defeated Goodspeed.

ASAC SANCHEZ

How you holding up, Goodspeed?

GOODSPEED

For a guy who's been killed FIVE
TIMES-- fucking terrific. Thanks!

COLONEL WHITFORD

Agent Goodspeed-- let's take a break.

Whitford raises his BULLHORN and bellows a command:

COLONEL WHITFORD (cont'd)

Alright-- we're gonna try bringing
him in at the Fog Horn on the south
side... see if we can cut down the
"Kill Zone".

GOODSPEED

Kill Zone? Christ.

Concerned, Whitford turns to Sanchez.

COLONEL WHITFORD

He'll never make it.

ANGLE ON THE MOLE:

Mason is shackled to a nearby scaffolding... smoking a
cigarette. There's a wry smile on his face.

He LOWERS his cuffed hands to an emergency light... and
unnoticed, RIPS a yellow, exposed wire from the light.

A frustrated Goodspeed approaches... Mason quickly bends
over, covers his mouth and nose, and COUGHS.

GOODSPEED

Those cigarettes'll kill you... not
that you've got much to live for
anyway.

The yellow wire has disappeared.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Thanks for caring, Goodspeed...
(beat)
Look at this place-- hundreds a'
little G.I. Joes playing games...
throwing money around looking for an
answer. It's ridiculous.

GOODSPEED
Yeah-- they could've done the whole
thing with computer simulation based
on satellite surveillance.

Mason rolls his eyes...

JOHN PAUL MASON
You think this is some kind'a high
school science project? You're a
geek with a badge, Goodspeed.
(beat)
Will your computer simulation show
you the tunnels?

GOODSPEED
Tunnels? What tunnels?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Alcatraz is filled with tunnels,
ruins, underground rooms. Your only
chance is to move through the island,
not over it.

Goodspeed stares at Mason for a long beat.

GOODSPEED
Tunnels.

ANGLE ON COLONEL WHITFORD:

He's in a corner of the hangar on a secure phone.

COLONEL WHITFORD
General Goodspeed, please.

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. SITUATION ROOM. WHITE HOUSE — SAME.

Only a handful of personnel remain-- mostly the senior
military men. Jackets are off. Ties loosened. Eyes red.

Bill Goodspeed Sr. is handed a phone by an AIDE.

AIDE
It's Colonel Whitford at Oakland, sir.

GENERAL GOODSPEED
Jack! How're things?

COLONEL WHITFORD (phone)
Fine, Billy. Damned glad you're in
on this one.

(beat)
But I think you ought'a reconsider
sending in your boy. I'm tellin' you
as a friend... he's not cut out for
this kind'a "op". With a couple a'
my guys--

Bill Sr. takes the phone and walks away from the table where
he can't be overheard.

GENERAL GOODSPEED
Listen to me you pigheaded ignorant
piece of shit... you think you can
detoxify GB nerve gas? Go ahead!
But it's tricky stuff so be careful
it doesn't leak. If it does, we've
had a little briefing here on what
happens-- so let me fill you in:

(beat)
You'll feel your muscles freeze-up.
Then you'll start drooling and
flopping like a dog with a broken
back. That's the clue-- it means the
gas has gone off... and you're dead
along with the rest of San Francisco.

There's a sickly silence from Colonel Whitford.

GENERAL GOODSPEED (cont'd)
My boy can and will do his job. So
you do yours! Make sure he goes over
there with more than just his dick in
his hands! Got me!?

Bill Sr. SLAMS down the phone. He glances around the room
and gloomily sits back down at the table.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR -- SAME.

Goodspeed and Mason are in deep discussion when Sanchez
approaches.

GOODSPEED
Did you know about this? There are
tunnels all over that Island.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Tunnels!? Where? How do we get to
them?

JOHN PAUL MASON
The power plant.

Sanchez SCOFFS... points up at a scaffolding representing the power plant:

ASAC SANCHEZ
Power plant? You want him to scale the face of that thing? It's 50 feet straight up and in plain sight.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Crees que soy pendeiro, Sanchez!
Nobody's talking climbing. What does a power plant need? Water. For cooling. Ocean water. It's got an in-take pipe-- below low tide... 24 inches in diameter.
(to Goodspeed)
All you have to do is hold your breath for awhile.

Impressed, Sanchez nods.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Alright. The power plant. And that puts him in the tunnels. Good.

GOODSPEED
(to Mason)
Can you draw me a map?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Map? Sure. I know that maze like the veins on my dick.

Goodspeed gazes at Mason for a long moment.

GOODSPEED
THAT'S the stuff I need to know!

They are interrupted by Colonel Whitford, who BELLOWS at them on his bullhorn.

COLONEL WHITFORD (bullhorn)
MISTER SANCHEZ! The hijacked Coast Guard helicopter is airborne out on Alcatraz!

ASAC SANCHEZ
Get me a chopper back to the Wharf!

The hangar bursts with renewed frenzied activity.

Sanchez turns to Goodspeed.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)

Goodspeed-- I want you to suck this guy's brains dry. You're going in through those tunnels, so you damn well better know 'em.

(beat)

We'll figure out what Stites is up to with the helicopter... check in with me on the hour.

As Sanchez runs off, Goodspeed stares at Mason.

GOODSPEED

You heard him-- let's get to work.

(he calls out)

Can somebody find me a computer with a CAD program!?

(to Mason)

~~We'll develop some 3-D maps of those tunnels.~~

JOHN PAUL MASON

Look, Killer-- first thing's first! I want a hot meal and a shower. I'm real used to gettin' my three squares on a regular basis.

GOODSPEED

Forget it, convict. We have work to do.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Then you can figure out for yourself which tunnels take you where. Places to hide. How to avoid the towers and lights. No skin off my back.

Goodspeed's jaw clenches. Mason sighs:

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

I'm the only person who can break you onto that Rock. So I think maybe you ought'a try being a little flexible.

Goodspeed is stymied.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

Come on! You're the man. What you say goes. Sanchez put you in charge. Show a little initiative. You'll get your information.

Goodspeed's still not sure-- he glances over at Carruthers.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Look at me... I've LIVED in a cage
like an animal for most'a my life.
I just want to be a real person for
a few hours-- a little food and a
shower. I'm not asking for a gat.

GOODSPEED
What the hell's a gat?

JOHN PAUL MASON
It's a gun, Goodspeed. Gat equals
gun. Get with the lingo-- you're
going to a jail!

Finally, Goodspeed calls out to Agent Carruthers:

GOODSPEED
Get the car.

JOHN PAUL MASON
(grins)
There-- was that so hard?

CARRUTHERS
But sir, this prisoner is an escape
threat. If he gets away--

GOODSPEED
Mr. Carruthers... he's my
responsibility.
(beat)
We'll lock him in the trunk.

Mason's face falls.

EXT/INT. THE MORGUE. ALCATRAZ — SAME.

Half of the morgue's roof has been chipped away.

A single Weteye bomb sits in a sling in the middle of the
morgue. Urbanski looks up through the new "skylight".

Overhead, the Pelican helicopter lowers its winch.

IN THE MORGUE.

The WETEYE sling, now grappled to the helicopter's winch,
starts to gently lift.

Urbanski tries to steady it... but the bomb arcs toward him.

URBANSKI
Stop!

It THUDS into his body. Silence. No explosion.

The bomb rises through the roof of the morgue.

Urbanski collapses in relief.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF. NEWS TRUCKS -- SAME.

The helicopter has caused a stir and newsmen scramble to get their cameras trained on Alcatraz.

ANGLE ON LINDA SNIDER:

The CNN Newswoman muscles her way through the crowd toward her van. She yells up at the CAMERAMAN on the roof.

LINDA SNIDER

What is it?

CAMERAMAN

Looks like a bomb.

LINDA SNIDER

This is great! Stay on it!

EXT. THE BEACH. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

The helicopter hovers above the beach on the south side of the Island.

The winch is lowered... and the Weteye settles into a hole dug in the sand. Only the nose of the bomb remains in sight.

EXT. OAKLAND AIR FORCE BASE. THE HANGAR -- SAME.

Goodspeed and Mason emerge through a side door of the airplane hangar.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Can you take the cuffs off?

GOODSPEED

If you were me-- would you uncuff you?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Well-- that's not exactly a fair question. I know too much about me.

Goodspeed smiles at Mason's honesty.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

But isn't trust important? The way I see it... we're like... partners.

GOODSPEED

The way I see it... I'm a Federal Agent and you're a Federal prisoner. Doesn't sound like partners to me.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Come on! I just want a little taste of freedom.

(beat)

You know what Abraham Lincoln said about freedom?

GOODSPEED

No idea. Why don't you impress me.

JOHN PAUL MASON

"Those who deny Freedom to others-- deserve it not for themselves."

(beat)

Crack a book, Goodspeed. It expands the mind.

GOODSPEED

Who has time for reading?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Then let me recommend a Class-A felony... you'll have nothing but time. You can read 'til your eyeballs bleed.

They're quiet for a beat.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

You know my biggest regret? Never getting a real education.

GOODSPEED

You love freedom so much, why'd you rob a Post Office in the first place?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Because it was a Saturday and the banks were closed.

Goodspeed arrives at the sedan where Agent Carruthers waits.

Carruthers grabs the Mole and frisks him.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

Hey, Bruiser-- I'm cuffed and these prison blues don't have any pockets... what are you looking for? A date?

Goodspeed pops open the trunk.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Come on! You weren't serious, were you?

Carruthers bodily lifts Mason and DROPS him into the trunk. SLAMS it shut. He SCREAMS:

JOHN PAUL MASON (O.S.)
FUCK YOU, Goodspeed!

The sedan zooms across the tarmac.

ANGLE ACROSS THE AIRFIELD:

A wide-mouthed C-130 cargo plane sits on the tarmac-- its nose tilted wide open.

Soldiers use fork-lifts to off-load containers from the plane. They are marked "BLANKETS & BEDDING".

Accidentally, one of the cherry-pickers backs into a container shattering it.

Hundreds of GAS MASKS spill onto the tarmac... all the soldiers momentarily stop and stare.

INT. THE TRUNK OF THE SEDAN. TRAVELING -- LATER.

Mason rifles through the trunk. He finds a crowbar.

He works the crowbar into a corner... POPPING the rivets on the floor panelling... and he BENDS it back. Beneath him, Mason can see the road whizzing by.

The right rear wheel spins. Mason reaches his hands through the hole... toward the spinning drum inside the wheel.

He presses the chain of the handcuffs against the drum. SPARKS SPUTTER. His hands are inches from getting MAULED by the whizzing tire and road.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN -- SAME.

The sedan pulls up in front of the Holiday Inn-- located near Fisherman's Wharf. Stops.

INSIDE THE TRUNK.

Mason curses. He pulls his hands back inside and re-sets the floor back in its place.

EXT. CAR PORT -- SAME.

A PORTER approaches the sedan.

PORTER
Checking in, gentlemen?

GOODSPEED
Yeah. Luggage is in the trunk.

INT. HOLIDAY INN -- LATER.

Goodspeed walks through the lobby, followed by the Porter... who pushes a luggage cart toward the front desk.

ANGLE ON THE LUGGAGE CART:

Humiliated, Mason sits handcuffed to the cart.

JOHN PAUL MASON
This is no way to treat a human being.

He glances at his handcuffs... the chain is scarred but hardly damaged. His face tightens.

Goodspeed steps to the front desk with Carruthers.

GOODSPEED
After we get this guy secured in the room-- I need you to get my laptop from Quazzo.

CARRUTHERS
Are you going to be alright alone with him, sir?

GOODSPEED
Sure. He's handcuffed...
(on second thought)
But give me your weapon just in case.

Goodspeed glances back at Mason-- who is chomping on a half-grapefruit. He's eating it rind and all.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Where'd you get that?

JOHN PAUL MASON
What're you gonna do, Goodspeed-- throw me in jail? I didn't take you for one a' those tight-ass donut-munchers. Citrus rinds are good for your innards. Hell-- I've got 88 years left to serve... gotta protect my health.

INT. CELLHOUSE. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

The cell doors along "Broadway" CLANG open.

The Hostages are getting their first moments out of their cells. Warily, they see that Armed Guards stand on both ends of the cellblock.

STITES

Everyone! On the yellow line.

On the floor is a painted yellow line.

STITES (cont'd)

We will walk SLOWLY to the Dining Hall.

The Elderly NORWEGIAN MAN calls out:

NORWEGIAN MAN

My wife needs her medicine! Back at the hotel!

STITES

Well I hope she's a good swimmer. The currents out there are treacherous.

Yarbonelli, the insurance salesman, LAUGHS at Stites' joke.

YARBONELLI

Very funny, Mr. Stites.

(beat)

The name's Vince Yarbonelli. Kidder Peabody. Stocks. If you have any investment needs after this whole thing blows over... I've got a couple a' winners for ya'. Anyway, here's my card.

Stites ignores the proffered card.

STITES

(harsh)

Let's go, inmates... chow time.

Slowly, the Hostages parade into the Dining Hall.

IN THE DINING HALL.

Long tables and metal benches, all affixed to the floor.

Restaurant-sized vats of peanut butter and jelly are set out next to loaves of bread and jugs of Kool-Aid.

The Guards stand watch as the Hostages approach the front table and begin making sandwiches.

STITES

(sarcastic)

Alcatraz was always known for having the best food in the whole penal system... I'm sorry we couldn't do better.

ANGLE ON THE TWO COLLEGE STUDENTS:

They huddle together-- eyeing the closest Guard, Hubbard. His arms are crossed casually across his assault rifle.

COLLEGE STUDENT 2

Go for it!

Nervous, the College Student raises the front of his shirt, exposing the handle of the .22 sticking out of his belt.

COLLEGE STUDENT 2 (cont'd)

What're you waiting for!?

But he's frozen in fear. College Student 2 GRABS the pistol and sticks the gun in Hubbard's back.

COLLEGE STUDENT 2 (cont'd)

Don't move! Give me your gun!

HUBBARD

(calm)

I'm not moving.

STITES

Get down! Everybody down!

All the Hostages drop to the floor.

Pernell, the Park Ranger-- calls out to the Student:

RANGER PERNELL

Don't do it, son!

STITES

It's too late, Pernell-- he's done it.

The College Student is starting to freak out--

COLLEGE STUDENT 2

GIVE ME YOUR GUN OR I'LL KILL YOU!

Calmly, Stites starts walking towards the Student.

STITES

With a .22 short? You can't kill anything with a .22 short! You're better off stabbing him with a pencil. Go ahead, fire. You'll see that I'm right.

The kid screams at Stites:

COLLEGE STUDENT 2

YOU FUCKING MOVE AND I'LL KILL YOU TOO!

(to Hubbard)

GIVE IT TO ME!

STITES

Okay, Hubbard-- give it to him.

Hubbard uncrosses his arms to hand over the weapon. As the College Student reaches for the rifle-- Hubbard pulls down on the rifle's grip...

Mounted inside the grip is a short, stiletto BLADE.

Hubbard SINKS the knife into the kid's throat.

Gurgling, the Student falls to the floor. As he spasms-- fighting for oxygen, he pulls the trigger of his pistol-- BULLETS SPRAY into the ceiling.

Horrified Hostages SCREAM in terror.

The kid's gun is empty-- he writhes on the floor in a puddle of blood. Calmly, Stites walks over-- looks down at him.

Stites puts a loving arm around Hubbard's shoulder.

STITES (cont'd)

Looks like you got the carotid artery.

He turns around and gazes at the petrified hostages.

STITES (cont'd)

Is there a doctor in the house?

DOCTOR SANDLER, mid-40's, a tourist from Akron, separates from his wife and bravely starts toward the dying Student.

DOCTOR SANDLER

Yes. I am.

STITES

Good. I need your help.

He shoves Sandler out of the Dining Hall.

DOCTOR SANDLER
Wait! What about the boy!?

STITES
I need you more than he does.

MRS. SANDLER, a frizzy-haired, ex-beauty-- calls after him:

MRS. SANDLER
Where are you taking my husband!?

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

The room is a flurry of activity. Agent Guiliano rips a set of earphones off his head and CALLS out to Sanchez:

AGENT GUILIANO
SIR! SHOTS FIRED ON THE ISLAND!

ASAC SANCHEZ
Give me the overhead.

Several different images and angles of the island POP onto the video screens.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)
What the hell is Stites doing? Why
hasn't he contacted us?
(to Guiliano)
Keep trying the same High Speed
frequency he used-- I want to talk to
this lunatic.

And suddenly he spots Carruthers walking through the room carrying a lap-top computer.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)
(confused)
Carruthers? Where's Goodspeed?

CARRUTHERS
He sent me for his computer, sir. I
checked him and the prisoner into one
of our rooms at the Holiday Inn--

ASAC SANCHEZ
Who gave you authority to move Mason
from the Air Force Base? The man has
escaped from 4 maximum security pens.
(beat)
Get both of them back here NOW!

Chastised, Carruthers leaves double-speed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. HOLIDAY INN -- SAME.

MASON lies on a bed-- one arm shackled to the wooden headboard. Goodspeed is on the phone.

GOODSPEED (phone)

....how's Mookie feeling? Well, if he's kicking-- kick him back.

(listens)

Where'd you hear that? No. Don't worry, honey. I'm nowhere near San Francisco. I'm in... Toledo. It's just another tractor-trailer spill. Boric acid.

(gentle)

I love you too.

Goodspeed makes a kissing sound as he hangs up.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Shouldn't lie to your wife, Goodspeed. They always know. First kid comin'? Gotta be. Look at that wedding ring... still shiny. When's the baby due?

GOODSPEED

Mind you're own goddamned business.

JOHN PAUL MASON

I'm sorry you're gonna miss fatherhood. You look into the eyes of your kid-- and feel things you never expected.

(grins)

Tell you what-- I'll write to the little woman after you're dead. She could use a prisoner pen-pal-- help ease the loneliness.

GOODSPEED

Look! Do me a favor, okay?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Another favor? I don't know. You're kind'a over your limit.

GOODSPEED

I want you to give me a break. Every time you asked for something, I gave it to you. So lay off. What the hell's your problem?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Maybe I'm just bitter. For 35 years the Feds have fucked up my life-- keeping me locked up while killers and rapists go free... and you know why? Just because I embarrass them-- by breaking out of their little cages.

(beat)

And now they're gonna fuck up your life too... and you don't see it. So maybe I'm trying to help you.

GOODSPEED

Just draw me the maps-- I'll be fine.

JOHN PAUL MASON

No map is gonna save your ass.

GOODSPEED

But you said--

JOHN PAUL MASON

After five minutes in those tunnels, you won't know which way is up-- east will become west, unless you can touch a sewage pipe and know which direction the muck is flowing. The water-- the hot versus the cold... the rats... the electric lines... those are your compass points. And that's not on any map, killer!

Goodspeed is shaken.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

You're a nice kid-- so do yourself a favor and get them to send in somebody else.

GOODSPEED

I should send you in-- you're such a Goddamned know-it-all. Hell-- breaking in's gotta be easier than breaking out.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Sorry... I'm all booked up for the next 88 years.

GOODSPEED

Then the job's mine. It's what I've supposedly been trained for and I'm doing it. You just get me ready!

Goodspeed looks very tired-- rubs the back of his neck.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
I gotta take a shower. Don't go
anywhere.

Mason RATTLES his handcuffs... where's he gonna go?

JOHN PAUL MASON
What about some room service?

GOODSPEED
No thanks-- I'm not hungry.

Goodspeed disappears into the bathroom.

As soon as Mason HEARS water running... he rips the electric cord from the base of the bedside lamp. He splits the two wires apart.

Reaching into his right NOSTRIL, he extracts the yellow wire he took from the airplane hangar. He connects it to the two ends of lamp cord... creating a loop.

The loop heats up and glows red like an immersion heater.

Mason presses the heated coil against the headboard and BURNS through the wood-- cutting it. Smoke curls up.

ANGLE ON THE SMOKE ALARM:

It begins to CHIRP. Then it WAILS.

ANGLE ON MASON:

Horrified, he looks up at the alarm. Looks at the bathroom door.

EXT. HALLWAY -- SAME.

Down the hallway from Goodspeed's room, the elevator doors open and Carruthers steps off, carrying the computer.

From down the hall he can barely HEAR the alarm.

INT. GOODSPEED'S ROOM -- SAME.

The ALARM BLARES.

With the coil still burning through the headboard, Mason upends himself... standing on one hand-- and KICKS the alarm... SMASHING it to pieces. The sound STOPS.

ANGLE ON THE BED:

A glowing ember of wood drops onto the sheets. A flame jumps... and starts creeping along the bedding.

ANGLE ON MASON:

The flames catch the blanket and start BURNING straight toward him. He's wide-eyed in panic. SMOKE and FLAMES fill the room.

Desperate, Mason presses harder on the coil-- finishing his cut. He YANKS his handcuffed hand hard-- and SNAPS through the headboard.

He's free.

He opens the window.

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME.

Carruthers fishes in his pocket for the room key.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM. THE LEDGE -- CONTINUOUS.

Mason climbs out onto the window ledge. He is five floors above the street.

Glancing over, he can see the roof of an adjacent parking garage-- but it's a helluva long jump. He grips the side, judging the distance. Tries to muster his courage. Looks down at the cars below.

INT. THE HOTEL. BATHROOM -- SAME.

Goodspeed is drying his hair. He calls out to Mason:

GOODSPEED

Hey, Mason. I'll order you some pizza. When's the last time you had pizza?

Goodspeed SMELLS something. Sees SMOKE seeping in under the bathroom door. He opens it.

IN THE BEDROOM.

Goodspeed steps out. FLAMES ARE SWIRLING. He sees that the Mole is gone.

GOODSPEED

Goddamnit!

The front door opens and Carruthers enters.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

He's gone!

Goodspeed and Carruthers RIP down the curtains and throw them over the flames SMOTHERING the fire.

They see the open window. Sticking their heads out, they look down at the parking garage roof.

CARRUTHERS
Over there. The parking garage!

GOODSPEED
I'M SCREWED!

Carruthers RUNS out of the room.

CARRUTHERS
Don't worry-- I'll find him.

Goodspeed struggles with his pants. Then stops. He looks under the bed. Then in the closet. Nothing.

He races after Carruthers.

ANGLE ON THE T.V. CABINET:

The double-doors pop open and we see that Mason is wedged inside, wrapped around the television.

He smiles.

INT. HALLWAY. HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS.

Mason moves quickly down the hallway... sees a Maid's cart parked in front of an open room. He steps into the room.

JOHN PAUL MASON (O.S.)
Thanks for cleaning up. I just gotta change clothes. I'll be out'a your way in a second.

INT. PARKING GARAGE. NEXT DOOR TO THE HOTEL -- SAME.

Guns drawn, Goodspeed and Carruthers race through the parking structure-- frantically searching for the Mole.

GOODSPEED
Mason! Give it up!!

EXT. HOLIDAY INN. CARPORT -- LATER.

Mason emerges from the hotel dressed in Jeans and a sweater just as a hotel/airport COURTESY VAN pulls up-- vacationers pile out.

The DRIVER opens the rear door and begins unloading baggage.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Can you give me a lift?

DRIVER

Sorry, sir. We only go to the airport.

Mason nods and proceeds around to the front of the idling van.

He slides behind the wheel-- throws it into gear. The van PEELS out of the carport. Luggage spills out the back. The Driver falls on his face-- SCREAMING at Mason.

MINUTES LATER.

Driving the van through the streets of San Francisco, Mason's grinning.

JOHN PAUL MASON

(Martin Luther King)

"Free at last. Free at last. Thank God almighty... I'm free at last."

He picks up the van's cellular phone.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN -- SAME

Goodspeed and Carruthers stand in the carport with a group of Police Officers. Cars, with lights flashing, jam the driveway and the side of the street.

Goodspeed is emotionally fried.

Carruthers confers with a Senior Police Officer:

CARRUTHERS

His name is John Paul Mason. He's an escaped felon. Put out an APB on the van... but do not approach him under any circumstances.

The Driver of the Courtesy Van hands him a piece of paper.

DRIVER

Here's the car phone number...

Goodspeed runs a nervous hand through his hair.

GOODSPEED

I can't believe this is happening.

EXT. THE BEACH. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

The Weteye lies in its sandy grave-- nose in the air. Doctor Sandler stands next to the corroded bomb with a hex wrench.

Stites and Urbanski watch from the bluff above the beach. Stites raises a bullhorn:

STITES

Let's go, Doctor-- it's only a bomb.
You're not curing cancer.

(beat)

Do you want me to drag your wife out
here to help you?

DOCTOR SANDLER

No... I'll do it.

He finds small holes at the base of the cone-shaped head--
and blows the sand out, revealing six hex bolts.

Carefully, he begins to unscrew the bolts.

ANGLE ON STITES AND URBANSKI:

They're impressed.

STITES

I bet he's a good surgeon.

ON THE BEACH.

All the bolts have been removed. Doctor Sandler is sweating
profusely in spite of the strong ocean breeze.

DOCTOR SANDLER

Now what!?

URBANSKI (O.S.)

Unscrew the nose, Doctor-- but
carefully. Just like changing a
light bulb.

Doctor Sandler takes a big breath and WRENCHES the nose of
the bomb. It TURNS. He removes the nose-cone.

ANGLE INSIDE THE WETEYE:

Glistening, golf-ball sized glass "pearls", ringed by bands
of steel... are packed inside of the bomb-casing-- linked
together by red detonator cables.

ANGLE ON DR. SANDLER:

He eases the nose-cone away from the bomb.

DOCTOR SANDLER

Okay! Here it is! Now let me and my
wife GO!

Carrying the nose-cone like a football, he walks away from
the nerve gas-- across the beach to the base of the bluff...
where he stumbles. But regains his footing.

Breathing again, Sandler carefully tips the cone up and looks inside.

BOOM! It EXPLODES.

The only thing remaining is a big hole in the sand and bits and pieces of Doctor Sandler.

ANGLE ON THE BLUFF:

Stites shakes his head.

STITES

I guess he won't be sending us a bill.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

Agent Thomas' head whips up from her console:

AGENT THOMAS

Detonation!

Frantically, everyone in the room struggles to put on their gas masks... except for Sanchez, who grabs a shortwave radio:

ASAC SANCHEZ

Tell Angel Island to let 'em fly!

Sanchez grabs his gas mask.

EXT. ANGEL ISLAND. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- MOMENTS LATER.

SUPER OVER: ANGEL ISLAND. SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Angel Island is a small, inhospitable rocky mound that sits in the Bay-- a half mile south of Alcatraz.

Gas-masked and camouflaged, Quazzo and Perkins are camped among the rocks. Around them are six Seal Team Members.

QUAZZO

Now! Let's go!

PERKINS

He put ME in charge, Quazzo! We go... NOW!

Quazzo and Perkins snap open the mesh doors to eight cages-- and thirty pigeons fly out. They swoop into the air and fan out-- heading toward San Francisco-- directly OVER Alcatraz.

Unaffected by any poison gas, the birds continue to dry land.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

There is a huge, collective SIGH of relief as the members of the HRT Team remove their gas masks.

AGENT GUILIANO
No gas. Thirty flying rats-- safe
and sound.

An Aide approaches Sanchez.

AIDE
Sir... the press is having a cow.
They're waiting for a statement.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. THE BEACH -- SAME.

Urbanski, wearing a gas suit, carries an electro-magnet towards the buried WETEYE.

Hanging beneath the magnet is a 3-foot-long greased pole which Urbanski carefully pushes down into the web of pearls.

He takes a deep breath, depresses a thumb button, charging the magnet. The balls CLINK as the steel bands around the glass "pearls" lock onto the pole.

Urbanski raises the pole, drawing the cluster out of the bomb-casing. It looks like a beehive.

EXT. ANGEL ISLAND. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- MOMENTS LATER.

Quazzo watches the scene on the beach through binoculars.

Perkins talks to Goodspeed on a cell-phone:

PERKINS
Yessir. They've got a Weteye open on
the beach and are removing the
"pearls" with an electro-magnet.

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. SEDAN. TRAVELING -- SAME.

Carruthers drives.

Goodspeed cradles the car phone against his ear-- his eyes closed in intense concentration.

GOODSPEED
Okay. Good work. I need you guys
back at the headquarters.

EXT. THE WHARF -- SAME.

Sanchez stands outside the HRT offices as a phalanx of reporters crowd around him-- including Linda Snider.

ASAC SANCHEZ

No... that wasn't a bomb. What you saw was part of a left-over firework stockpile from the 1939 San Francisco World's Fair.

LINDA SNIDER

You've got to be kidding!

ASAC SANCHEZ

(reasonable)

There were massive fireworks displays during the Fair, fired from Alcatraz Island. So, I'm afraid there's not much of a story here.

And Sanchez pushes his way back inside HRT.

LINDA SNIDER

Lying sack of shit...

INT. THE COMMAND AND CONTROL ROOM. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Stites stands in front of a compact video camera.

STITES

YOU are the ones who exposed the people of San Francisco to these dangerous weapons. YOU put them out here without considering the consequences-- and there WERE consequences! Now it's time to pay the piper and restitution for war crimes does not come cheap.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

The HRT Group is gathered around a television monitor, watching Stites' broadcast.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Patch this through to Washington.

INT. SITUATION ROOM. WHITE HOUSE -- SAME.

The "Principals" are gathered around a video screen watching Stites' transmission.

STITES (video)

50 million dollars in uncut diamonds.

A MURMUR goes through the room.

STITES (cont'd; video)

Now I understand you need a little time to gather the glass-- but if it's not out here by tomorrow morning I'll arrange a little GB gas test which you might find interesting.

(beat)

Now. Caring for 36 hostages is more complicated than we anticipated and we are short of supplies. So we'll need food, drinks and toilet paper. Send it over on a Coast Guard boat TONIGHT... and make sure the crew is standing down. No accidents that way.

(beat)

In the meantime, don't you think the public should know their Government has stored nerve gas out here!? I do!

The video screen goes black.

There's silence. The Chief of Staff is ashen...

CHIEF OF STAFF

There's no Goddamn way we can let him broadcast this!

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE

I can have an AWAC up in the air in 10 minutes. Jam every signal coming off that island.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Do it! We're losing this thing. When is the gas man going in!?

FBI DIRECTOR

If the President okays the supply ship-- he can be on board tonight.

CHIEF OF STAFF

He better not fuck this up.

ANGLE ON GENERAL GOODSPEED:

He loosens his tie... trying to stay calm. The FBI Director turns to him:

FBI DIRECTOR

Billy? Maybe you want to step out'a this one.

GENERAL GOODSPEED
I'm fine. It's going to be fine.

(beat)
You know, I've written a lot of letters to families who lost their sons and I always said I felt like I lost my own boy... but...

FBI DIRECTOR
(nods)
If I had anybody else-- I'd send 'em.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS — SAME.

The message from Stites is being played over again-- being analyzed-- when a harried Goodspeed rushes in.

He seeks out Sanchez, who is hanging up the phone.

GOODSPEED
Mason got away.

ASAC SANCHEZ
I know and I don't care. Let the local cops handle it. We got more important things to worry about. Washington wants you on the supply ship going out to Alcatraz tonight.

GOODSPEED
(startled)
TONIGHT!? I'm not ready. I never got any information out of the Mole.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Well if he was so damned important to you-- you shouldn't have fucking lost him in the first place. You'll just have to improvise.

Goodspeed explodes at Sanchez.

GOODSPEED
Goddamnit, Sanchez! I'm a scientist-- I don't know how to improvise.

(beat)
If you want me crawling through that island tonight, I've got to TAKE Mason with me. Otherwise I'm dead.

ASAC SANCHEZ
TAKE him!?

Colonel Whitford overhears this-- incredulous, he approaches Goodspeed and Sanchez:

COLONEL WHITFORD

Take the convict!? Forget it! If you're taking anybody-- you're taking me!

GOODSPEED

Colonel-- have you ever been through the tunnels on Alcatraz? Do you know anything about the power system? The water system? Can you get a compass reading from the sewage pipes?

Whitford gives him a stony look.

COLONEL WHITFORD

I'm a Seal, goddamnit.

GOODSPEED

Then go to Sea World and balance a beach ball on your nose... but leave me alone.

He turns to Sanchez.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

I have a wife who's at home right now, planning my funeral... and I'd really like to disappoint her. I NEED MASON!

Sanchez looks at Goodspeed for a long moment.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Goodspeed-- if we can find the Mole in the next six hours, you can have him. But one thing's for damned sure-- at least YOU are gonna be on that ship.

Grim, Quazzo and Perkins rush into the room-- fresh from Angel Island. They approach Goodspeed.

QUAZZO

We got pictures of the open Weteye!

PERKINS

You should'a seen the vertical thrust of that detonation-- whatever the PSI was, it ripped that guy to shreds.

GOODSPEED
Not now. I need you guys hacked into
the cellular phone network.

He turns to Carruthers:

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
You have that mobile phone number
from the stolen van?

Carruthers hands it to him...

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
See if you can track this number-- we
need to triangulate the Mole.

QUAZZO
The Mole?

GOODSPEED
He escaped.

QUAZZO
Ooooh-- not good.

GOODSPEED
Just shut up and track the number.

Goodspeed calls over to Sanchez.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Sanchez! Let's get going. And can
you send a car over to that O'Farrell
Theatre? Who knows.

EXT. SKIES OVER ALCATRAZ — SAME.

An AWAC circles the Island at 35,000 feet.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. CLIFFS -- SAME.

Pike runs over to the edge of the cliff, where Stites stands
gazing down at the ocean.

PIKE
Something's screwed with the uplink.
I checked the dish-- everything's
working...

STITES
They're jamming our frequencies.
(grins)
I love it. They're scared. They
know they're screwed.

Pike flips open a cellphone. Listens. Hits buttons.

STITES (cont'd)

They can't let the good people of San Francisco find out about the years of lies and deceptions-- the nerve gas sitting in their precious Bay. Pike-- they're going to pay. They have no choice. We're home free.

He picks up a handful of wild flowers.

STITES (cont'd)

Malcolm Sloan Stites. I love you.
You can now rest in peace.

PIKE

Your father?

Stites nods and tosses the flowers into the sea.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- LATER.

Goodspeed drives the sedan with Sanchez riding shotgun. They're scanning the streets.

The police band radio CRACKLES with news. They can SEE a police helicopter overhead.

QUAZZO (shortwave)

We're patched into the phone company... he made one call but it was too short to triangulate.

Goodspeed snatches the handset.

GOODSPEED

Can you get the number?

QUAZZO (shortwave)

We're trying...

Another voice interrupts on the shortwave:

POLICE HELICOPTER (shortwave)

We have located the van. It's parked at O'Farrell street and Pine.

ASAC SANCHEZ

We'll be right there. Hold your positions.

GOODSPEED

I don't believe it! He went to the nudie show...

EXT. O'FARRELL THEATER. SAN FRANCISCO -- LATER.

Cops swarm around the seedy facade of this infamous strip palace.

The helicopter BUZZES in tight circles overhead.

Goodspeed's sedan SCREECHES to a halt at the curb.

INT. O'FARRELL THEATRE -- SAME.

Half-naked, gorgeous women stroll the darkened hallways and stages of this club.

Male customers stuff dollar bills and ogle the girls. Loud MUSIC plays.

Suddenly, the front and rear doors BURST open. Daylight floods into the club.

Girls grab clothing to cover themselves as the officers rush through the club, herding all the men together. But there is no Mole.

Goodspeed shoves a photograph in the face of the DOORMAN.

GOODSPEED

Has this guy been in here?

DOORMAN

Nope. We've only been open an hour.

FBI AGENT

Sir... it's clear. He's not here.

Sanchez starts toward the door...

ASAC SANCHEZ

He's probably nearby. I want the area cordoned off. We'll do a sweep.

GOODSPEED

You're wasting your time, Sanchez. He's too smart for that. He's just playing with us... leaving the van here. All that talk about the O'Farrell was bait. He wants us here-- and that means he's long gone!

ASAC SANCHEZ

(nods)

I'll put a clamp on the bus station and the airport.

INT. GOODSPEED'S CAR. TRAVELING -- LATER.

Sanchez is driving. Goodspeed is on the car phone.

GOODSPEED

Sanchez! Quazzo's tracked the number he called. It's in Berkeley. The University. Why the hell's he calling there?

Sanchez SPINS a U-turn.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Let's go find out.

QUAZZO (phone)

It's listed as the Registrar's Office.

GOODSPEED

Got it...

Goodspeed hangs up. He pulls Mason's FBI file onto his lap and starts rifling through it... pages spill.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Berkeley... why Berkeley?

ASAC SANCHEZ

This better be it, Goodspeed. You don't have much time left.

Goodspeed stops and looks at Sanchez. He rolls down his window-- letting the wind rush over his face.

GOODSPEED

You have kids, Sanchez?

ASAC SANCHEZ

Two wives-- six kids. Snip snip, man... the end!

GOODSPEED

My wife's having a kid... due in 2 weeks.

ASAC SANCHEZ

You're going to do fine, Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

Do you like the name Mookie?

Sanchez gives him a look... LAUGHS.

Suddenly, Goodspeed looks down at the file again.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
He's got a kid! Gotta be. At
Berkeley!

ASAC SANCHEZ
That's impossible.

GOODSPEED
You wanna bet? You don't know this
guy.

ASAC SANCHEZ
And you do?

GOODSPEED
I'm starting to.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

Perkins, with a phone pressed against his ear, is working on
the computer.

PERKINS
I'm into the Berkeley computer... but
there's nobody with the name of
Mason. You're wrong, Goodspeed.

INT. SEDAN -- SAME

Goodspeed is madly flipping through Mason's file-- holding
the phone in place with his shoulder.

GOODSPEED
When they caught him in '69, he was
shacked-up with some librarian...
named Leslie Famiglietti.

PERKINS (phone)
Checking, Fam... Fam... Famiglietti--
bingo! There's an Emily Famiglietti!

GOODSPEED
Age?

PERKINS (phone)
25-- AND born in San Francisco. A
graduate student at the Architecture
School.

GOODSPEED
Touchdown!

PERKINS (phone)
I'll get an address for you.

INT. RESTAURANT/BOOK-STORE. BERKELEY -- LATER.

It's a rough-hewed pine type of restaurant/book-store on a busy Berkeley street.

Mason sits at a table across from his daughter, EMILY FAMIGLIETTI. A book is open in front of him.

Emily is Mulatto, about 25 and pretty... at the moment very unsure.

He's nervous, trying to overcome a huge bridge of time and distance. He gazes out the window at the people rushing back to work, running errands, etc.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Look at that guy running across the street. Those two pushing their way into that store. What's the rush? Where's the fire?

(beat)

I'm not used to everything moving so fast.

She takes his hands in hers.

EMILY

They let you out. It's over. Now you have a chance to start fresh. I'm happy for you, but--

JOHN PAUL MASON

You remember when your mother brought you to visit me-- and you thought it was the zoo 'cause of all the cages... and you wanted to know why your daddy was kept in the zoo?

She smiles at the memory.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

How's Leslie doing?

EMILY

Married. A nice guy from Fresno.

Mason nods-- takes a deep breath.

JOHN PAUL MASON

It's been a long time coming but now I'm free... and I want to take care of you. Do all the things I never could. Let me be your father.

EMILY

You can't just show up here after 25 years and expect me--

(beat)

You know why my mother brought me to see you? Because when I asked her what you were like... she said: "Honey. I only knew the man for three days." I've known you for less than that.

JOHN PAUL MASON

You're all the family I have-- the only good thing in my life.

All Emily can feel is pity for the man in front of her.

EMILY

But I don't KNOW you.

Mason is struggling-- he holds up the book.

JOHN PAUL MASON

I like books. You know that about me! It's a start... give me a chance.

Their attention is drawn out the window...

OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT.

Police SWAT cars charge into the parking lot. Block off the exit. They swarm into defensive positions.

Sanchez and Goodspeed get out of their car.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Wait here. I'll bring him out.

Agitated, Goodspeed turns and points a finger at Sanchez.

GOODSPEED

NO! I lost him-- I'll get him back!

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT.

The realization has hit Emily-- the police are here for her father. All Mason can do is stare down at the table.

EMILY

You lied to me.

With his gun dangling at his side, Goodspeed walks in.

GOODSPEED

MASON! Put your hands on your head!

Shocked, Mason doesn't move... but puts on a brave face.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Goodspeed! How'd you find me? Damn-- you're a lot better than I gave you credit for. I'm impressed. Why don't you sit down and have a cup of coffee-- ?

GOODSPEED

Shut up! Put your hands on your head.

Mason is humiliated-- he sags.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Listen-- can we please do this outside?

GOODSPEED

You don't want to do it here? Oh. I'm sorry. Is this embarrassing?

Goodspeed YELLS for the entire restaurant to hear.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Stand up and put your hands on your head, convict!

JOHN PAUL MASON

Fuck you, Goodspeed.

Goodspeed HAULS Mason out of the booth and cuffs him.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Emily.

Goodspeed looks at her-- at the tears streaming down her face.

EMILY

(to Goodspeed)

You're an asshole.

Goodspeed is taken aback. He leads Mason outside.

EXT. THE RESTAURANT -- LATER.

The Mole sits handcuffed in the back of the sedan.

Goodspeed and Sanchez stand off by themselves, having an urgent conversation:

GOODSPEED

Maybe you can get him a transfer to one of those Country Club prisons. You gotta give him SOMETHING!

ASAC SANCHEZ

Okay... but if you think he's going to risk his life for a transfer, forget it.

GOODSPEED

Just get him for me!

(beat)

I'm going back inside-- I want to talk to his daughter.

Goodspeed heads back inside.

Sanchez gazes over at Mason-- then goes to an empty squad car.

INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR.

Sanchez dials a number on the car phone.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Marilyn-- I need you to type a fax and send it to me in my car. It's all bullshit but it needs to look official. Ready? Here's what it says...

INT. THE RESTAURANT -- SAME.

Goodspeed approaches Emily's table and sits-- she's in shock.

EMILY

What do you want?

GOODSPEED

Have you heard about what's happening out on Alcatraz?

(she nods)

I can't tell you very much. But I want you to know something-- your father is going to work with us. He's going to be risking his life.

EMILY

He is?

GOODSPEED

So maybe you'll think of him as more than just...

Together, they gaze out the window at Mason.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

He's really... kind of an extraordinary man.

Emily swallows hard.

EMILY

Will he ever get out of prison?

GOODSPEED

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry...

EXT. THE RESTAURANT. THE SEDAN -- SAME.

Sanchez opens the rear door of the sedan-- facing Mason.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Mr. Mason, I'm prepared to offer you a deal.

JOHN PAUL MASON

What're you selling, Spic?

ASAC SANCHEZ

You are currently entitled to a parole hearing in 2028. After today's stunt... that will be pushed back indefinitely and I will personally see to it that you die in jail.

JOHN PAUL MASON

I gotta tell you-- so far, I'm not crazy about this deal.

ASAC SANCHEZ

You're going to take Agent Goodspeed over to Alcatraz. Tonight.

Mason LAUGHS.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)

You will guide him safely to his objective. You will follow his instructions.

JOHN PAUL MASON

And what do I get? A toaster oven or something!?

ASAC SANCHEZ

A full pardon and immediate release.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Release...!?

ASAC SANCHEZ

That's right.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Do you swear on the lives of your
children?

Sanchez doesn't blink.

ASAC SANCHEZ
I swear on the lives of my children.

JOHN PAUL MASON
I want it in writing.

The Fax machine BEEPS and a page spits out.

ASAC SANCHEZ
You got it.

Tears well in Mason's eyes as he reads the document.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Thanks, Sanchez. Sorry about the
Spic thing.

He carefully folds the paper and puts it in his pocket.

He holds up his cuffed hands.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
And as a soon-to-be free man... can
you take off the bracelets?

Sanchez unlocks the cuffs. Mason HURLS them out the window.

LATER.

Goodspeed emerges from the restaurant. Mason leans against
the sedan, smoking a cigarette-- a smile on his face.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Hello, partner.

Relieved, Goodspeed approaches and sticks out his hand.

Mason takes it.

INT. CELLHOUSE BASEMENT. THE GAS CHAMBER -- LATER.

The gas chamber on Alcatraz is a grey, steel-walled cubicle
with an air-lock door and window for the witness gallery.

Leaning against one wall are FOUR EMPTY MORTAR SHELLS-- their
nose cones sitting on the floor.

Urbanski and a Marine are both dressed head to toe in
chemical weapons suits.

Stites watches from the safety of the witness gallery as Urbanski delicately disentangles the first strand of "pearls" from the electro-magnet.

Hanging in the middle of the strand is a tiny black box-- the detonator.

The Marine takes the strand and lowers it into the first mortar. He screws the head back on... sealing it tight.

URBANSKI

One down. 3 to go.

Stites unlocks the chamber, allowing the Marine to bring the loaded mortar shell out into the witness gallery.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER.

Pike joins Stites at the window... observing the operation.

STITES

We've got 3 shells locked and loaded.
One more to go.

Inside, Urbanski hands the last strand of "pearls" to the Marine who gingerly lowers it into the fourth mortar.

ANGLE TIGHT ON THE DETONATOR CORD:

Part of the cord is rotted-- the weight of the "pearls" tears it apart... the detonator SQUEALS!

POP. POP. POP. Like a string of FIRECRACKERS the pearls EXPLODE one-by-one...

The Marine PANICS-- rips off his mask as the chamber fills with a heavy white FOG.

He spins, froths, spasms like a marionette. Blood spurts from his mouth as he chokes on his own blood... and with a final strangled WAIL, he flops face first onto the cement floor.

The white fog is still thick. Urbanski rushes to the window.

URBANSKI

Let me out!

Stites just stares at him-- he turns to Pike:

STITES

Have somebody come down here and pick up these mortar shells.

PIKE
What about him?

STITES
If you want to open that door-- be my
guest. You'll be dead too.
(beat)
His oxygen will be gone in 20
minutes. We have work to do.

URBANSKI
You fuck! You're killing me, you
bastards!

EXT. COAST GUARD SEARCH AND RESCUE STATION — AFTERNOON.

The Coast Guard station is swarming with activity as a 72-foot Cutter is loaded with supplies for the Hostages.

Sanchez heads down a wide, concrete dock toward a pre-fab storage shed. Behind him are Goodspeed and Mason.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Let's go!

INT. THE SHED — LATER.

The shed is filled with armaments and high-tech weaponry.

Sanchez fits the high-tech headset onto Goodspeed. Mason watches skeptically.

ASAC SANCHEZ
We'll be in touch with you every step
of the way...

JOHN PAUL MASON
What a relief.

Sanchez holds up a green flare.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Flare. When the gas is under
control... signal with this. The
Navy Seals will be on top of you
before it goes out.

COLONEL WHITFORD
Don't worry about a thing, son.
(beat)
Your gear is over here.

Colonel Whitford proudly stands over an array of ordinance--
sub-machine guns, grenades, protective gear, laser sights,
ammunition clips, explosives, rubber dingy, etc.

COLONEL WHITFORD (cont'd)
We got you a Recoilless Miniman--it weighs 6 pounds and can take out a tank. The M203 grenade launcher-- it hogties into your M16 rifle. Stun Bombs... big bang, big flash. You never know.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Goodspeed... we're going to a prison-- anything that can't fit up your rectum is useless.

The Mole picks up a .45 pistol. Whitford snatches it away from him.

COLONEL WHITFORD
You're just the tour guide-- you won't need this.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Well-- as a "tour guide"-- there are a few things I do need.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Such as what?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Steel wire-- like .07 or .08 gauge. A grappling hook and 100 feet of five-eighths polypropylene rope. A diamond edge cutter, a pair of needle-nose pliers. And maybe a clamp. Four alligator clips. Can of WD-40 and a cigarette lighter.

GOODSPEED
Cigarette lighter?

Mason sticks a cigarette in his mouth.

JOHN PAUL MASON
For cigarettes, genius.
(beat)
And some Copperhead extract.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Snake oil?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Smells like hell but it scares the rats. They'll leave us alone.

GOODSPEED
Rats?

Sanchez turns to Whitford:

ASAC SANCHEZ
Get him whatever he needs.

EXT. DOCK -- LATER.

The dock is still a mad-house. Seal Team Members are boarding a landing craft. The last crates are being loaded aboard the Cutter.

At end of the dock, the Mole sits under a light... his legs dangling off the end. He is quietly reading his book.

Goodspeed sits next to him.

GOODSPEED
You're awfully calm. What're you reading?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Churchill. I'm fighting the second World War with him. I've lived the disgrace of Napoleon at Elba, saved the Union with Lincoln, fasted with Ghandi, slept with Marilyn Monroe...

GOODSPEED
Do you always read the biographies of famous people?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Mostly, I guess.

GOODSPEED
Because they all had lives-- and you don't?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Look, Goodspeed... you can cut the chat. Don't make the mistake that we're friends.

GOODSPEED
Are you telling me I can't turn my back on you out there?

JOHN PAUL MASON
I'm a lot of things, Goodspeed. But you ask anybody. They'll tell you-- I'm good to my word. I won't run out on you.

Goodspeed looks away.

EXT. COAST GUARD SHIP -- NIGHT.

The Coast Guard Cutter eases away from the dock.

Everyone aboard has a gas mask looped to their belts. The 30mm cannon in the bow is covered with a tarpaulin. The aft-deck is loaded with crates of food and other provisions.

Goodspeed, wearing the hi-tech headset, sits with Mason in the stern of the ship.

Mason sips a beer and munches on a burger and fries.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Thanks for the beer, Goodspeed-- it's been a long time.

Goodspeed's not eating.

GOODSPEED

You ever killed anybody?

JOHN PAUL MASON

When I was a kid. In the military.

(beat)

They shouldn't give young boys guns. When they finish their tour and can't find work... sometimes they walk into Post Offices and do stupid things.

The Cutter heads out into the Bay-- the ocean spray peppers them. Mason senses how nervous Goodspeed is.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)

Listen, we're gonna be okay. The bad guys won't even know we're there. Sneak on-- sneak off.

(beat)

Anyways... it's a relief you're not some dumb-ass hero type. Heroes always end up getting their buddies killed and I'm not getting killed.

GOODSPEED

What makes you so sure?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Because I promised myself-- I'm gonna die a free man in the mountains of Colorado at the age of 111. And I always keep my promises. That way there's no fear.

(beat)

Try it. Make yourself a promise.

GOODSPEED
That sounds pretty woofy.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Hey, man-- fear is what kills people.
It locks you up... it's a worse
prison than any I've ever been in.
So do it. You'll feel better
promising yourself that you're
actually going to see your baby.

Goodspeed stares at Mason for a long moment. Sanchez' voice
booms in Goodspeed's earpiece:

ASAC SANCHEZ (earpiece)
Time. Raft into the water.

GOODSPEED
It's time.

Mason holds his beer high and winks at Goodspeed.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Well, here's to shoes that fit.
Tight pussy. And a warm place to
crap.

(beat)
And to us. May we have Gods Speed.

Goodspeed smiles as he helps Mason to his feet.

EXT. CELLHOUSE. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Stites stands on the bluff-- watching the Cutter through high-
powered, night-vision binoculars.

STITES (walkie)
Get ready on the dock. Everyone
remain at your posts...

Behind him, Pike jogs out of the cell house.

PIKE
Stites-- something funny's going on.
We got our transmission back. They
stopped jamming.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER -- CONTINUOUS.

Stites and Pike gaze at video monitors... all fully
operational.

STITES
They're up to something. Scan all
the frequencies...

Stites approaches one monitor... Linda Snider is reporting. His tongue snakes out and he licks the screen.

STITES (cont'd)
I love this bitch!

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR:

Linda Snider is reporting live from the Wharf:

LINDA SNIDER (television)
At this moment, a Coast Guard vessel
is proceeding to Alcatraz carrying
food for the Hostages--

PIKE (O.S.)
Stites. Check this out.

ANGLE ON PIKE'S MONITOR:

It's an infra-red, overhead image of the island-- being
delivered by an AWAC high overhead.

STITES (O.S.)
Hey. That's us! They're pulling out
all the stops.
(beat)
See what else you can find.

INT. HRT COMMAND CENTER — SAME.

Sanchez, Agent Thomas, and three technicians wear headsets as
they stare at two tv monitors: the same AWAC transmission
that Pike just intercepted and a jerky image of Mason's face.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Four minutes to dock.

EXT. THE COAST GUARD SHIP — SAME.

Towed 100 yards behind the ship is a black, barely visible,
inflatable raft.

IN THE RAFT.

Mason and Goodspeed lie on their backs-- their feet criss-
cross, resting next to the other man's head.

Their gear is packed in two waterproof knapsacks. Both wear
wet-suits.

Goodspeed HEARS Sanchez' voice through his earpiece.

ASAC SANCHEZ (earpiece)
GO!

Goodspeed slaps Mason on the back.

GOODSPEED
Now! Roll.

JOHN PAUL MASON
HEY! Easy with the hitting-- I'm an old man.

Goodspeed SHOVES Mason out of the raft and then follows.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
GOD IT'S COLD! My balls are looking for a place to hide.

With the packs on their backs, they swim-- rising and falling with the waves. The shore is no more than fifty feet away.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. THE DOCK -- SAME.

As the ship approaches the docks, arc lights on the ship's rail slice through the night.

LOUDSPEAKER
Coast Guard-- shut down your engines and cut your lights!

The Coast Guard ship turns off its turbines and eases against the dock. Its lights shut off.

Lights on the dock BLAZE-- exposing every inch of the boat.

INT. THE CELLHOUSE -- SAME.

The cellhouse is dark-- except for occasional swaths of light that pulse from the lighthouse at ten second intervals.

There's no sound from the Hostages. They're listening...

VOICE
That sounded like a boat...

EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE INTAKE PIPE -- SAME.

Goodspeed pops up to the surface-- gasping for air.

GOODSPEED
Okay-- the intake pipe is right beneath me.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Follow me. Deep breath!

He disappears under the surface. Goodspeed follows.

INT. THE WATER PIPE. UNDERWATER -- CONTINUOUS.

Mason swims eel-like through the pipe. Ten yards in, he reaches an upward elbow.

A rusted BAR blocks his ascent. He can't squeeze past it. Above, he can see the surface of the water, inside of the power plant. He SHOVES at the bar-- it won't budge.

Goodspeed is right behind Mason-- trapping him.

Mason's lungs are on fire as he futilely PULLS on the bar. He is beginning to panic when the water around him LIGHTS up with a brilliant iridescent FLASH.

Goodspeed holds the signal flare... passes it to Mason, who presses the burning end against the bar. In a second, it glows red... and BREAKS.

Mason blasts up to the surface. GASPING for air. Goodspeed squeezes up next to him-- his chest heaving.

GOODSPEED
You know this island like the veins
on your dick!? Is that right!? Was
that bar a little surprise to you!?

JOHN PAUL MASON
So I forgot. Blow me. We're in,
aren't we?

The dying flare casts shadows inside of the power plant, exposing huge diesel turbines and other electrical equipment.

GOODSPEED
What else did you forget?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Jesus. Quit bitching. You're just
like my first wife.

GOODSPEED
What happened to her? She drown?

INT. HRT COMMAND CENTER. FISHERMAN'S WHARF -- SAME.

The team watches the image from Goodspeed's headset.

ASAC SANCHEZ
They're in.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. ON THE DOCK -- SAME.

Stites' men stand guard as the Coast Guard unloads the supplies.

INT. THE POWER PLANT -- SAME.

Mason and Goodspeed peel off their wetsuits.

Goodspeed opens his knapsack and extracts a Walther MPL submachine gun. He holds it out to Mason.

JOHN PAUL MASON

You're trusting me with a gun?

(Goodspeed nods)

I don't want it.

GOODSPEED

Go ahead-- take it. We're in this together. We're partners.

He reaches under his shirt and pulls out a .45 pistol.

JOHN PAUL MASON

I've always believed in B.Y.O.G.-- bring your own gun.

GOODSPEED

You took that off Whitford?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Candy from a baby.

Goodspeed smiles.

GOODSPEED

Okay. First stop-- the morgue. He's still got 11 Weteye bombs in there which we have to take care of.

JOHN PAUL MASON

What do you mean "we"-- ~~we~~ aren't getting near nerve gas. YOU are.

Goodspeed ignores him-- looks at a compass.

GOODSPEED

South south-east. That way.

JOHN PAUL MASON

You drag me all the way out here-- now all of a sudden you know where you're going!? It's over there-- through those doors.

Goodspeed steps toward a pair of massive steel doors which are secured by an old-fashioned, giant PADLOCK.

GOODSPEED
Shit... a lock!?

JOHN PAUL MASON
So... should we go home now?

Goodspeed puts the muzzle of his Walther against the lock. Mason grabs the weapon.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Why don't you just go upstairs and wave your arms-- tell 'em we're here!?

Goodspeed presses the microphone against his lips.

GOODSPEED
Sanchez. They've got a lock on these doors. Recommend?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Jesus...

From inside his knapsack, he removes the pair of needle-nosed pliers, which he inserts into the lock. He twists, wrenches it back and forth, removing a small piece of metal.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
This is a 1924 Chicago Brand Lever lock... see... a lever.

The bolt CLINKS open and THUDS to the floor.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Is it any surprise they're not in business any more?

Goodspeed talks into his microphone again.

GOODSPEED
Never mind.

Mason swings the door open and leads Goodspeed into the Furnace Room.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS — SAME.

Everyone is watching Goodspeed's monitor.

ASAC SANCHEZ
They're in the Furnace Room.

Agent Thomas has been watching another scanner that glows red.

AGENT THOMAS
Infra-red shows a guard on their
roof, sir.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Goodspeed-- you've got a man on your
roof. Keep it quiet.

EXT. THE POWER PLANT. ROOF -- SAME.

CARLOS, an armed guard who looks like Lee Harvey Oswald, is
posted on the roof.

ECHOING up through an air vent, he HEARS the RUSTED CREAK of
doors swinging open. He presses his ear against the vent.

INT. THE FURNACE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

Mason leads Goodspeed to the mouth of a tunnel.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Used to bring coal to the furnace
through these tunnels.

GOODSPEED
I'm not interested in the history of
Alcatraz! Keep it quiet. We've got
a man on the roof above us.

Goodspeed shines a flashlight up into the tunnel. Rats swarm
all around them. A rat drops on Goodspeed's shoulder.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Rats!

Mason takes out a flask of a golden, syrupy oil and douses
Goodspeed. ALL the rats flee-- vanishing into the darkness.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
GOD! That stuff stinks.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Yeah-- Copperhead extract sure tends
to discourage the little fuckers.

GOODSPEED
Discourages me too.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

The image from Goodspeed's helmet cam goes STATIC.

AGENT THOMAS
The tunnel must be blocking out the
signal.

INT. THE FURNACE ROOM -- SAME.

Carlos enters the furnace room. He stops. Listens. HEARS noises coming from the coal tunnel. Lifts his walkie-talkie:

CARLOS (walkie)
Stites. Carlos. I'm in the furnace room at the power plant and there's noises comin' out a tunnel down here.

EXT. THE BLUFF IN FRONT OF THE CELLHOUSE.

Stites watches the Coast Guard unload the supplies.

STITES (walkie)
It's just rats, Carlos. Get back on the roof!

INT. THE COAL TUNNEL.

It's a cracked concrete tunnel with rails running along the floor for the coal carts. Exposed rebar is twisted and rusting. Along the ceiling runs a 12 inch water pipe.

Mason moves quietly like an animal in its element.

JOHN PAUL MASON
This is our exit.

Mason points up-- the water pipe disappears into a smaller tunnel-- 3 feet round. He heaves himself into the opening and taps on the pipe with his fist.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
This pipe carries water to the turbines-- from the water tower.

GOODSPEED
Which is next to the morgue.

JOHN PAUL MASON
See-- I told you I'd get you there.

Goodspeed hikes up into the small tunnel. They are on their knees, with the pipe between their legs... heading upward.

BEHIND THEM.

Carlos HEARS their voices.

CARLOS (walkie)
Stites! Can rats talk!? Stites!?
Come in!

But there is no response. Only static.

IN THE SMALLER TUNNEL.

Straddling the water pipe, Mason shimmies up the narrow tunnel followed by Goodspeed... steeper and steeper.

Suddenly, the tunnel turns and goes straight up-- with the water pipe disappearing through a grate directly above their heads.

Mason LEAPS up-- can't reach the grate.

GOODSPEED

Hunch down...

JOHN PAUL MASON

You fuckin' hunch down and I'll step on your head.

GOODSPEED

Do it!

JOHN PAUL MASON

You said we were partners!

Goodspeed just starts climbing up Mason's back.

GOODSPEED

We are... only you're the junior partner.

JOHN PAUL MASON

OW! Shit!

Standing on Mason's shoulders, Goodspeed reaches up and presses against the grate. It GIVES a little.

DOWN THE TUNNEL.

There's a gleam in Carlos' eye. He can HEAR them more clearly...

JOHN PAUL MASON (O.S.)

Jesus, you're breaking my neck you fat bastard!

Carefully, Carlos removes his weapon from around his neck.

EXT. BASE OF THE WATER TOWER -- SAME.

A two foot square area of grass and dirt, covering the grate, rises slightly in the air and THUDS back in place.

IN THE SMALL TUNNEL.

Mason struggles under Goodspeed's weight. Dirt rains down over his face. He spits it out.

From down in the darkness of the tunnel, a BULLET EXPLODES with a flash of light. The shot caroms all around the tunnel.

GOODSPEED
There's someone shooting at us!

JOHN PAUL MASON
No shit, Goodspeed!

Goodspeed is trapped on Mason's shoulders. Can't move.

Mason pulls out his .45 pistol.

GOODSPEED
Do something!

JOHN PAUL MASON
Shut UP!

Mason struggles-- trying to get his fingers into the trigger-guard of the weapon. Shots BLISTER around them.

GOODSPEED
Shoot! Just shoot!

Mason pulls the trigger... nothing happens.

JOHN PAUL MASON
My gun's not WORKING!

GOODSPEED
Is the safety on!?

JOHN PAUL MASON
No the safety is not on!

Using both hands, Mason pulls back the pistol's slide... a SHOT FIRES... straight down-- into the water pipe running between his legs. It CRACKS OPEN.

Like an erupting oil well, the pipe EXPLODES under the pressure of 16 thousand gallons of water.

A wall of water BLOWS down the tunnel.

ANGLE ON CARLOS:

He JAMS another clip into his machine gun... when he HEARS a ROAR... and looks up.

CARLOS' POV:

A WALL of water barrels toward him-- hits him like a truck.

Carlos is blown out of the tunnel-- smashes against the opposite wall. His brains SPLATTER like a dropped watermelon.

ANGLE ON THE MOLE:

The water continues to gush out of the pipe between his legs.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Can we get out'a here please!

With a final push, Goodspeed opens the grate overhead and the sweet night air pours inside the tunnel.

EXT. WATER TOWER -- MOMENTS LATER.

Goodspeed drags the water-logged Mole out of the tunnel.

GOODSPEED

Jesus. What the hell happened to "sneak on-- sneak off"? That is EXACTLY the kind of shit I was trying to AVOID!

JOHN PAUL MASON

I don't blame you for being furious, Goodspeed. Let's find ourselves a typewriter and zip off a letter to your Congressman!

GOODSPEED

Shut up! Where's the morgue?

Mason points.

GOODSPEED'S POV UP THE HILL:

The morgue-- its roof has been chipped away so that it is open to the night sky-- is 20 yards away from them.

The beacon from the lighthouse strobes past. The SOUND of water rushing from the water tower is like a FLUSHING TOILET.

INT. HRT COMMAND CENTER -- SAME.

The image of the morgue flashes onto the monitor....

AGENT GUILIANO

We've got picture!

ASAC SANCHEZ

They're at the morgue.

There are high-fives around the room.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)
QUIET. What's that noise?
(microphone)
Goodspeed! What's all the noise?

GOODSPEED (microphone)
We broke a water main.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Thomas-- tell the Captain to gun the
engines loud... give Goodspeed some
sound cover.

EXT. THE DOCK -- SAME.

The Coast Guard ship REVS its engines as it eases away from
the dock.

ON THE BLUFF.

Stites raises his walkie-talkie.

STITES (walkie)
Okay-- everybody back to your posts.

He gazes west... toward the power plant. As the ship gets
farther from the island, Stites can HEAR the sound of WATER
GUSHING.

STITES (cont'd; walkie)
Carlos! What's going on? Report!

INT. THE MORGUE -- SAME.

Goodspeed eases the door of the morgue shut behind them.

JOHN PAUL MASON
What now?

GOODSPEED
We booby-trap the vaults.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Booby trap?

GOODSPEED
Either we stick around for five or
six days while I take apart the 11
bombs in here... or we make sure
nobody dares open these doors.

JOHN PAUL MASON
I can't see a Goddamned thing.

Goodspeed hands Mason a small eyedrop bottle.

GOODSPEED
Squeeze two drops in each eye.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Is this prescription?

GOODSPEED
Just do it!

Mason tilts his head back and squeezes drops in his eyes.

THE MOLE'S POV:

The interior of the morgue takes on an eerie greenish tint...
but he can see much more clearly.

JOHN PAUL MASON
This is great.

GOODSPEED
Dilates the pupils. All you need is
ambient light. Lasts a half hour.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL ROOM. ALCATRAZ — SAME.

Pike is fiddling with the controls on his monitors--
searching for active frequencies.

An IMAGE leaps on the screen-- then it's gone.

Pike knows he has something. Adjusts the dials.

PIKE
What the fuck is this!?

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN:

It's a tight shot on Mason's face coming from Goodspeed's
camera. The image pans... around the inside of the morgue.

PIKE
Stites!

INT. THE MORGUE — SAME.

Goodspeed reaches into his knapsack and pulls out a container
holding 11 cigar-sized cylinders.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Cigars? Your wife have the baby?

GOODSPEED
High intensity magnesium explosives.

Hurriedly, Goodspeed opens a vault-- checks that a Weteye is still inside. Mason sees the bomb.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Careful-- I wouldn't slam that door shut if I were you.

Goodspeed closes the vault and presses a cylinder to the metal frame of the vault door. The magnetized ends CLINK in place and a small red LCD light blinks.

GOODSPEED

Help me.

JOHN PAUL MASON

No thanks, Goodspeed. This is your area of expertise... I wouldn't want to steal your thunder.

Goodspeed grabs him by the shirt.

GOODSPEED

Stop jerking around and open all the vaults-- we have to make sure there are still 11 bombs in here.

Mason wrenches free and glares at Goodspeed.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Forget it! You're the gas guy. I'm the tour guide. That was the deal.

(beat)

I'm waiting outside. Nice fresh air out there.

Mason leaves. Goodspeed begins to open all the vault doors.

OUTSIDE THE MORGUE.

Mason gazes at the lights of San Francisco. Then he HEARS something.

THE MOLE'S POV:

In a greenish haze... he can see two Armed Men coming up the path. But in the darkness, they cannot see him.

INSIDE THE MORGUE.

Mason DIVES back into the morgue.

JOHN PAUL MASON

(whispers)

GOODSPEED! Two guys are coming!

Goodspeed has finished opening the remaining vault doors. He closes one and attaches a booby-trap.

GOODSPEED
How close are they!?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Close enough I can tell they both
need a shave. LET'S GO!

Through the open doorway, Mason can see the heads of the two
Armed Men as they approach.

QUAZZO (earpiece)
Goodspeed-- confirm 11 Weteyes!?

GOODSPEED (microphone)
Confirm. Out.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Come on! They're right outside!

GOODSPEED
Shut up and help me!

JOHN PAUL MASON
Goodspeed. Trust me! I spent all my
life getting caught-- and in my
professional opinion, it's about to
happen again.

GOODSPEED
I gotta finish this.

From outside, they can HEAR a walkie-talkie transmission:

STITES (O.S.; walkie)
In the morgue! There's someone in
the morgue!

Mason gives Goodspeed a look.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Bye.

He looks up at the hole in the roof and jumps-- getting a
handhold-- pulls himself up and out.

The door flies open:

ARMED MAN
Freeze.

Goodspeed holds up a cylinder.

GOODSPEED
Go ahead and shoot. This whole
place'll blow. We'll find out how
long you can hold your breath.

The Armed Men are momentarily stymied... allowing Goodspeed
the time to finish setting the last cylinders in place.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

Everyone's on edge.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Where's Mason?

AGENT GUILIANO
Apparently... he ran away, sir.

ASAC SANCHEZ
What a surprise.

INT. THE MORGUE -- MOMENTS LATER.

Goodspeed has been handcuffed as Stites storms down the
steps, followed by Pike.

STITES
Who are you?

GOODSPEED
Goodspeed. FBI.

STITES
FBI!? FBI!? Is this a joke!? We're
Marines, Goddamnit! All they sent
was YOU!? This is INSULTING!

Pike has been inspecting the magnesium charges.

PIKE
The vaults are booby-trapped-- if we
open the doors this whole place
explodes.

Stites draws his pistol.

STITES
How do you defuse these things?

GOODSPEED
Just pull 'em off. Shouldn't be a
problem for a tough Marine like you.

Stites JABS the pistol in Goodspeed's stomach-- making him
double over in agony. Stites KICKS him in the head.

Goodspeed drops... coughing... sucking air... spitting blood.

PIKE

This is not the guy we saw on the monitor. There's someone else.

STITES

Tell Hubbard to search the Island.
NOW! Find the other guy!

Pike runs out.

Stites grabs Goodspeed by the hair-- pulling him to his feet.
He smiles into the miniature camera:

STITES (cont'd)

Hello, F.B.I...

INT. HRT COMMAND CENTER -- SAME.

Stites' leering face looms in the monitors:

STITES (video)

I have just met the best you have...

The image jostles back and forth as Stites YANKS Goodspeed's head around by the hair.

STITES (cont'd: video)

And I think you'll agree-- he's a little disappointing.

The screen image NODS as Stites pulls Goodspeed's hair.

STITES (cont'd: video)

But I still have three live mortars shells ready to fly. So you better make sure my diamonds are here by tomorrow morning or you can start digging trenches for mass graves.

Stites rips the microphone and camera off Goodspeed's head.
The screen goes black.

Everyone looks at Sanchez... he sits down with a heavy sigh.

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM. WASHINGTON -- SAME.

Nerves are frayed as the Chief of Staff STORMS into the room.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Well he was less than useless!

FBI DIRECTOR

Yessir, but we had--

CHIEF OF STAFF

Shit. Shit is what you had and that's who you sent over there. Your Goddamned gas man managed to get himself captured before his clothes were dry! What kind of an idiot is he?

General Goodspeed stands up.

GENERAL GOODSPEED

Sir. With all due respect-- the person you're talking about is my son. And our understanding is he managed to disable 11 out of the 12 Weteyes BEFORE his clothes were dry! In my opinion-- if he gets off that island alive... the President should stick a medal on his chest then spin him around and kiss him on the ass!

The room is silent for a moment. Embarrassed, the Chief of Staff changes the subject.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I've spoken with the President. He wants to get Stites away from San Francisco. We're paying.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

We can't pay off terrorists!

CHIEF OF STAFF

Wanna bet? Get the diamonds out there by tomorrow morning! We may end up looking like idiots but at least nobody dies.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. NEAR THE CELLHOUSE -- SAME.

Mason runs, hunched low, pressed against the side of the recreation yard.

The ARMED MEN on the roof of the Industries building-- wearing Starlight Night Scopes, spot him...

ARMED MAN (walkie)

He's on the EAST WALL of the rec yard!

His partner turns a 30mm machine gun... and FIRES!

Shells the size of coffee-cups TEAR into the concrete wall around Mason. He throws himself down a rocky embankment-- tumbling into a ravine.

His pistol falls out of his waistband. Another blast of gunfire forces him on... abandoning the pistol.

ARMED MAN (cont'd; walkie)
He's down by the Laundry building!
Can't get a shot from here!

IN THE RAVINE.

Cut and bleeding, Mason slithers through the rocks. He crawls past a rusted metal detector... toward the water.

INT. THE CELLHOUSE — SAME.

Stites leads a bloodied Goodspeed down Broadway.

As he passes the cells, Goodspeed looks into the faces of the desperate Hostages. Stites stops him in front of a cell.

STITES
Open 118!

The cell door slides open and Goodspeed steps inside. It THUNKS shut.

Outside, they can HEAR gunshots.

STITES (cont'd)
You'll excuse me now. I want to help
hunt down your friend.

Goodspeed gazes at the Hostage already in the cell... a PREGNANT WOMAN from the Philippines.

PREGNANT WOMAN
You smell terrible.

Goodspeed presses against the bars.

In the adjacent cell, Ranger Pernell calls to Goodspeed.

RANGER PERNELL
Welcome to Alcatraz, son.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE — SAME.

The MARINE in the lighthouse catches Mason in the searchlight.

MARINE (walkie)
He's heading toward the beach.

Mason is trying to dodge the light... he sees a set of three flashlights bobbing up and down as they head toward him.

Off to the side is the old greenhouse. He ducks inside.

INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE.

The moon glows through the green glass... clay pots and planting materials fill the small building.

Mason can still see the flashlights from the Armed Guards.

Turning around, he KNOCKS a pot over... it CRASHES.

ANGLE ON THE ARMED GUARDS:

They turn toward the NOISE. Hubbard waves an arm.

HUBBARD

He's in the greenhouse.

The Armed Guards OPEN FIRE. Glass SPLINTERS.

HUBBARD (cont'd)

~~HOLD YOUR FIRE!~~ I'm going inside!

IN THE GREENHOUSE.

SHATTERING glass rains down on Mason who drags himself on his belly...

The shooting stops.

ANGLE ON HUBBARD:

Carefully, he enters the greenhouse. His boots crunch on broken glass. Searching for Mason.

He HEARS a noise ahead of him. He runs.

ANGLE ON A STEEL WIRE:

Stretched between two beams... about five feet off the ground.

Hubbard runs straight INTO the wire-- it SLICES into his neck... cutting his throat. Gurgling and spitting blood, he drops to the floor.

The remaining two Armed Guards shine their lights... see Hubbard's body. They OPEN FIRE again as Mason dives out the rear door.

EXT/INT. THE BAY. NAVY SEAL LANDING CRAFT -- SAME.

This is a long, flat-bottom landing craft that holds a hundred Navy Seals. It floats between other Coast Guard and Naval vessels a half mile off Alcatraz.

The Navy Seals, their faces blackened-- are itching for action. They can HEAR gunfire coming from the Island.

Colonel Whitford is on the ship-to-shore radio:

COLONEL WHITFORD
You've lost Goodspeed. Let US do OUR
job!

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

Sanchez is on the radio. He's had a bad day and not about to take any more shit from this guy.

ASAC SANCHEZ
You will fucking STAND DOWN and await
your orders, Colonel!

Sanchez throws the handset down. Agent Thomas approaches.

AGENT THOMAS
Sir-- Treasury reports that the
diamonds will be at San Francisco
International at o-six hundred.

INT. CELLHOUSE -- SAME.

Broadway echoes with the sounds of the gunfire.

Goodspeed clutches the bars... all he can do is listen to his friend being hunted.

Pernell WHISPERS to him from the adjacent cell:

RANGER PERNELL
Stites' father-- Malcolm-- was on the
detail that loaded the gas. When he
died a' brain cancer-- the family
sued but the Government said there
was no gas out here. Family didn't
get a dime.
(beat)
So now Stites is going to make
everybody pay.

EXT. THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ISLAND -- SAME.

Mason emerges from a heavy growth of shrubbery-- can see the sandy beach 50 yards beneath him. He runs toward it.

ANGLE ON AN INFRA-RED MOTION DETECTOR:

Hidden by the side of the path, a red LED light on the detector FLASHES-- as Mason steps in front of it. A shrill ALARM pierces the night.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Shit!

The searchlight from the lighthouse pivots-- catches him.

He changes direction-- running toward the end of the cliff where a squat building sits.

Armed Guards are right behind him. He's trapped. The cliff is too high to jump. He rushes to the door of the small building... it's the island's INCINERATOR. Quietly, he enters and shuts the heavy metal door behind him.

INSIDE THE INCINERATOR.

Breathing hard, Mason is inside a small room with tiny holes covering all the walls. The floor is piled with ash.

The only light comes from a tiny, double-glass peep-hole in the door.

Mason listens... did he lose them?

OUTSIDE THE INCINERATOR.

Stites and Pike rush up the path-- hooking up with the two Armed Guards from the greenhouse debacle.

ARMED GUARD
He's in the incinerator.

STITES
Well, fire it up.

INSIDE THE INCINERATOR.

Mason HEARS the doors LOCK.

One wall of the room starts to HISS-- the holes glow blue then ignite in FLAMES. Searing fingers of heat leap out.

Mason scampers to the opposite wall... but suddenly his back is SCORCHED. Two walls are now aflame. Sweat pours down his face. He's going to be cooked alive.

ANGLE THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE:

Mason hunches in the center of the chamber. Petrified. Flames on either side.

Then FLAMES obscure the glass... it becomes a wall of yellow.

INSIDE THE INCINERATOR:

Mason flattens himself on the floor as the fourth wall hisses-- IGNITES.

He's lying in a mound of ash. FEELS SOMETHING beneath him. His hands claw frantically in the ash-- it's a "clean-out" CHUTE filled with ash.

The Mole removes his knapsack and shoves it ahead of him... then BURROWS head-first down into the chute-- as the room becomes a fireball.

IN THE ASH CHUTE.

Mason flails-- squirms-- falls-- straight down through the chute.

From above, the fireball chases him.

Mason FREE-FALLS... out through the bottom of the chute and into the sweet night air...

He SPLASHES into the ocean below.

EXT. OCEAN -- SAME.

Mason sits on his ass in 2 feet of water... residual ash continues to rain down on him.

In relief, he grabs his knapsack and splashes cold water over his face.

INT. INCINERATOR -- SAME.

The flames have been turned off and the door opens. Stites and Pike peer inside... just ash...

STITES

Jesus... not even enough left to send home to his mother.

EXT. SHORE-LINE -- LATER.

Mason straddles a large log that sits at the water's edge.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Sorry, Goodspeed...

Determined, he SHOVES the log away from the shore. Using his hands as paddles, he maneuvers the log through the gently breaking waves.

Tired, he stops for a moment-- sees something...

Floating next to Mason is the black raft that carried him and Goodspeed to the island.

Filled with guilt... he looks up-- toward the barbed wire-- the lighthouse-- the cellhouse of Alcatraz.

Angry at himself, Mason rolls into the raft.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Goddamnit, Goodspeed. Why did I have
to give you my word?

He starts paddling BACK to the island.

INT. THE CELLHOUSE -- LATER.

Goodspeed sits on the bed. The Pregnant Woman massages her belly.

PREGNANT WOMAN
You're F.B.I. Do something!

Furious, she points at the air grate in the back wall just above the floor:

PREGNANT WOMAN (cont'd)
On the tour they told us-- prisoners
escaped by chipping away the concrete
and getting behind that wall.

EXT. CELLHOUSE ROOF -- LATER.

A grappling hook flies through the air and grabs hold of the railing.

The rope becomes taut as Mason pulls his way up the side of the building.

INT. CELLHOUSE. BROADWAY -- LATER.

An Armed Guard walks slowly along the corridor. The moonlight creeps through the high windows.

After he passes cell 118, the Pregnant Woman's compact mirror emerges from between the bars...

IN CELL 118.

The Pregnant Woman watches the guard go out into the rec yard.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Okay. Get back to work F.B.I.

Goodspeed wearily hunches down by the grate... trying to pick at the concrete with the Pregnant Woman's cuticle scissors.

Finally, a tiny piece of concrete drops to the floor. He picks it up and shows it to her.

GOODSPEED
We're half-way there.

EXT. RECREATION YARD -- LATER.

The Armed Guard sits on the top steps of the yard. He flicks his cigarette butt.

In the distance, the Guard can see only a wall of thick fog... the Bay is completely socked in.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

20 feet above the Armed Guard's head, Mason hangs onto the rope-- trying not to move. Waiting for the Guard to move away. His fingers are burning... muscles clenched as he fights to maintain his perch.

ANGLE ON THE ARMED GUARD:

The Armed Guard turns and faces the wall... unzips his fly. Taking a leak. Swinging in front of his face is the end of the rope-- he LOOKS UP and sees the Mole.

ARMED GUARD

Hey!

Stumbling backwards, the Armed Guard raises his weapon.

Mason JUMPS... his feet SLAM onto the Guard's head-- SNAPPING his neck.

Mason picks up the dead Guard's Ingram sub-machine gun.

INT. CELLHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

The Pregnant Woman's little mirror disappears back into her cell as we can HEAR footsteps heading up Broadway.

A guard's flashlight plays into each cell.

INT. CELL 118 -- SAME.

Goodspeed and the Pregnant Woman feign sleep-- wrapped in each other's arms.

The flashlight burns an arc through their cell.

JOHN PAUL MASON

(whisper)

Goodspeed! I'm getting shot at and you're getting laid! This was not part of our deal!

Ecstatic, Goodspeed rolls out of the bunk.

GOODSPEED

Mason! I thought you were dead.

JOHN PAUL MASON
So did I.

GOODSPEED
Get me out of here!

PREGNANT WOMAN
Who is it!? I'm going too!

Goodspeed hands her the cuticle clippers.

GOODSPEED
No... you dig.

Mason unlocks the cell door letting Goodspeed out...
silently closes it again.

A voice stops him:

RANGER PERNELL (O.S.)
AZ-603!

Mason spins around... stares into the cell holding Pernell.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Pernell? I always said you'd end up
behind bars!

The two men clasp hands through the bars.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
If I'd known you were in here, I
would'a brought the checker board.

RANGER PERNELL
Like old times, huh?

Mason looks at the bars... smiles.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Not exactly.
(beat)
I gotta leave you-- you'll be safer
here.

Mason leads Goodspeed out the back... into the recreation
yard.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
What was with the digging?

GOODSPEED
We were going through the grate.

Mason shakes his head.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Good idea, Goodspeed. Only take you
about 5 or 6 years.

GOODSPEED
(grins)
Thanks for pulling me out of there.

JOHN PAUL MASON
I told you. I keep my word.

EXT. BARRACKS BUILDING. ALCATRAZ -- LATER.

Mason leads Goodspeed back past the morgue... running through
underbrush. Goodspeed's wheezing... out of breath. He pulls
Mason to a stop.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Jesus, Fed! You gotta get some more
exercise.

(beat)
When we get off'a this island I'll
come stay with you for a while at
your house. Put you on a training
regimen. Work out a balanced diet.

GOODSPEED
Sure. You can stay in the guest
bedroom and hell-- sleep with my wife
if you want to.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Well-- thanks. That's mighty
friendly. Does she have a nice taco?

GOODSPEED
Shut up.

INT. CELLHOUSE -- SAME.

Stites and Pike storm down Broadway. They stop in front of
CELL 118. No Goodspeed.

Enraged he grabs the bars-- SCREAMING at the Pregnant Woman:

STITES
How did he get out!?

Yarbonelli calls from an adjacent cell:

YARBONELLI
I saw the whole thing, Mr. Stites.

Stites turns to him...

YARBONELLI (cont'd)
But-- if I tell you, will you let me go?

Other Hostages CURSE at Yarbonelli.

A GUARD rushes in.

GUARD
Ornesti's dead in the yard. Broken neck.

Stites takes a deep breath. Gathers his calm-- stands in front of Yarbonelli's cell.

STITES
(smiles)
So talk to me.

YARBONELLI
That guy over there-- the park Ranger. He knows the guy who came in here. He used to be a prisoner. They were friends.

Stites gazes at Pernell... then back at Yarbonelli.

STITES
What's your name?

Pleased, Yarbonelli hands his card through the bars.

STITES (cont'd)
Mr.... Yarbonelli. You're in a prison. In prison they call people like you stool pigeons. Nobody likes stool pigeons-- or stock brokers.

Stites raises his pistol-- and SHOTS Yarbonelli in the head.

EXT. THE ISLAND -- SAME.

Mason stands at the edge of a cliff with Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED
What're we doing here?

JOHN PAUL MASON
I've got the raft stashed down there.

GOODSPEED
What!? There are THREE mortar shells loaded with GB nerve gas and you want to split town?

JOHN PAUL MASON
 You booby-trapped 11 bombs!? Isn't
 that enough!? You lost your
 equipment. What're you gonna do when
 we find them-- put a warning-label on
 the side!? LET'S GO!

GOODSPEED
 No... I made myself a promise.

JOHN PAUL MASON
 Jesus Christ-- do you have to listen
 to everything I say!?

GOODSPEED
 Go ahead. Take a swim. But you
 better pray that your little Emily
 doesn't decide this is a good morning
 to buy shoes in Frisco!

This reality stops Mason-- he stares at Goodspeed for a long
 moment... gazes out at the water.

JOHN PAUL MASON
 You're not gonna last ten minutes
 without me.

GOODSPEED
 Oh really!? Watch me!

Goodspeed heads around the corner of the pathway.

Mason TACKLES him... the searchlight sweeps directly over
 them. Right where Goodspeed had been standing.

JOHN PAUL MASON
 Just do me a favor. Let me lead.

EXT. CELLHOUSE ROOF -- SAME.

Stites storms along the low railing of the cellhouse roof.
 In one hand he holds a bullhorn and in the other a rope...
 which is tied around Ranger Pernell's neck. Behind him, Pike
 gazes through binoculars.

He YANKS Pernell to the edge and raises the bullhorn:

STITES
 MASON! JOHN PAUL MASON! I'VE GOT A
 FRIEND OF YOURS UP HERE...

He gazes down into the cement courtyard below.

STITES (bullhorn)
 YOU EVER DROP AN EGG ON THE FLOOR!?

EXT. THE ISLAND -- SAME.

Goodspeed and Mason hunker down-- looking up at the roof where they can see Stites in the glare of a floodlight.

STITES (bullhorn)
IT'S GODDAMNED MESSY, ISN'T IT!?

(beat)
MASON. I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ALL
NIGHT CHASING YOU AROUND THIS ISLAND.
THINK, MAN! YOU DON'T OWE THE FEDS
ANYTHING. I'LL CUT YOU IN FOR A PIECE
OF THE ACTION. YOU'VE GOT 5 SECONDS
TO DECIDE.

Mason grimaces... starts to stand...

GOODSPEED
Jesus! You're gonna take his deal?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Do you think I'm stupid-- but I can't
let him kill Pernell!

(hard)
Go to the Barracks Building where we
saw those mortar tubes-- hopefully
that's where they've put all three
shells... gassed and ready to go.

(beat)
I'll try to meet you there.

GOODSPEED
NO! Forget it! He'll kill you too.

But Mason stands up and YELLS to Stites.

JOHN PAUL MASON
STITES! OVER HERE!

As a spotlight settles on Mason, he looks down at Goodspeed at his feet.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Are you still here?

Goodspeed scrambles away.

EXT. CELLHOUSE ROOF -- SAME.

Pike is on his walkie-talkie-- issuing commands.

Stites smiles down at the exposed figure of Mason.

STITES
DON'T MOVE.

Below them, flashlights in the hands of running Guards bob through the darkness toward Mason.

Stites looks at Pernell.

STITES (cont'd)

You know Frank... I kind'a wish you had stepped forward and testified at the trial. Told what you knew about the gas. It would'a saved my family a lot of heartache.

Stites YANKS the rope-- sending Pernell PLUNGING headfirst into the recreation yard a hundred feet below.

EXT. THE ISLAND -- SAME.

The Mole freezes as he HEARS Pernell's ANGUISHED SCREAM! The body falls. Then a THUD.

ANGLE ON THE GUARDS:

The Guards weave toward Mason-- flashlights cutting swaths through the night. They arrive at the knoll where Mason had just been standing.

But he's gone.

GUARD 1

Where the hell is he?

GUARD 2

He was right here!

Out of breath, they search the immediate vicinity-- Guard 1 sees the mouth of an overflow drainage pipe.

GUARD 1

He must'a gone down the drain pipe.
Get after him.

GUARD 2

What do I look like to you? A
plumber!? YOU fuckin' get after him.

INT. THE RUNOFF PIPE -- SAME.

Mason crab-crawls swiftly through the muck.

EXT. THE CELLHOUSE ROOF -- MOMENTS LATER.

Pike throws down his walkie---

PIKE

They lost him.

STITES
My father used to tell me stories
about John Paul Mason.

PIKE
We still have all three mortars
loaded and the diamonds will be
delivered in the morning.

STITES
Well then would you please find MASON
BEFORE HE FUCKS THIS WHOLE THING UP!?

Pike starts running across the roof.

STITES (cont'd)
But Pike! I want to shake his hand
before you kill him.

~~EXT. THE SALLY PORT — MOMENTS LATER.~~

Goodspeed is out of breath. He stops just inside the mouth
of a huge brick tunnel adjacent to the dock and the Barracks
building.

He can see an Armed Guard patrolling-- rifle at the ready.

The Guard in the guard tower at the edge of the dock shines
his searchlight.

Goodspeed ducks.

EXT. REAR OF THE BARRACKS BUILDING.

Goodspeed tugs at a heavy wooden door. It makes a horrible
CREAKING noise as it opens.

Goodspeed eases inside.

ON THE DOCK.

The Armed Guard has HEARD the noise and is instantly alert.
He approaches the four mortar tubes that stick out of the
window casements above his head.

INT. THE BARRACKS BUILDING — LATER.

Walls are brick. Five feet thick. Corridors are honey-
combed in a confusing jumble of intersecting passageways.

The sound of Goodspeed's footsteps echo through the hallways.

He stops... FROZEN.

Hanging in front of him is a swarming nest of SNAKES which block the passageway. The snakes arch toward him...

GOODSPEED

Shit!

From over his shoulder-- WHUMP! A flamethrower spits hot oil.

Goodspeed jumps... turns to see Mason who holds a can of WD-40 and a lighter. Mason fries the snakes.

JOHN PAUL MASON

These fellas make good eatin'.

GOODSPEED

They must smell that damned Copperhead stuff you dumped on me.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Yup-- probably wanted to fuck you to death.

Mason clears a path through the dead snakes.

GOODSPEED

How'd you get here?

JOHN PAUL MASON

Trade secret, Goodspeed.

INT. GUNNERY ROOM -- LATER.

Moonlight crawls through the casement windows of this room which once housed a dozen, solid-bore, heavy cannons.

The cannons are long gone-- replaced with four heavy mortar tubes.

Carefully, they draw one of the mortar tubes through the window, back inside the room.

ON THE DOCK.

Oblivious, the Armed Guard walks directly under the window casement where the mortar tube is being pulled inside.

INSIDE.

Goodspeed looks inside the mortar tube.

GOODSPEED

There's no mortar shell!

Alarmed, he goes to the next two tubes and feels their weight-- he shakes his head.

The last mortar tube is much heavier.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
(whispers)
We got one!

They quietly ease in the loaded tube.

Goodspeed motions for Mason to lift his end of the tube--
tilting it upside down.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Slowly.

Goodspeed spreads his arms in front of the mouth of the
mortar. The shell SLIDES downward... and THROUGH Goodspeed's
arms. It THUDS on the floor.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Nice catch.

ON THE DOCK.

The Armed Guard looks up... what the fuck was that? He
cocks his weapon and runs around to the door.

INSIDE THE BUILDING.

Goodspeed cradles the mortar. He follows Mason-- as they
hustle back through the maze of tunnels.

ANGLE ON THE ARMED GUARD:

He stands at an intersection of tunnels-- HEARS a confusing
jumble of FOOTSTEPS that seem to come from all directions.

INTERCUT:

Goodspeed and Mason tear under an archway.

The Guard sees shadows-- takes off after them.

Mason stops. They can hear the labored BREATHING of the
Armed Guard. Mason changes direction.

The Guard is confused. Lost. He rounds a corner-- CRACK.
Goodspeed SLUGS him with the mortar. He drops to the floor.

GOODSPEED
Let's get out'a here.

Mason leans over the Guard's unconscious body.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Just leave him. What're you doing?

Mason removes a grenade off the Guard's belt-- loosens the pin and places the armed grenade in the Guard's closed hand.

JOHN PAUL MASON

He better not have a wet dream.

EXT. REAR OF THE BARRACKS BUILDING -- LATER.

Mason and Goodspeed emerge through the rear door. A thick, soupy fog has enveloped the island and the Bay.

GOODSPEED

I need a place where I can work.

JOHN PAUL MASON

How long is this gonna take?

GOODSPEED

Are you in a rush or something?
Without acid to melt the pearls, I'm gonna have to try to detach 'em from the detonator wire without blowing us the fuck up.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Melt them? Do you want heat!?

GOODSPEED

Ideally-- but it's gotta be a lot of heat.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Oh... do I have a lovely place to show you! Full of fond memories.

INT. BARRACKS BUILDING -- LATER.

Groggy, the Armed Guard is regaining consciousness. He sits up... opening his hand-- doesn't notice the grenade falling into his lap. The pin springs free.

The Armed Guard lifts his walkie-talkie.

ARMED GUARD

Stites! There's...

The Guard notices the grenade sandwiched between his legs.

ARMED GUARD (cont'd)

Uh oh.

BOOM. The Guard is RIPPED apart by the shrapnel.

EXT. INCINERATOR -- LATER.

The fog is turning an eerie orange from the rising sun.

Mason opens the door to the incinerator. He places the mortar in the middle of the floor.

EXT. CELLHOUSE ROOF -- SAME.

A GUARD is peering into the telescopic sight on his sniper rifle. Through the fog, he can just make out the dark forms of Goodspeed and Mason. He raises his walkie-talkie.

GUARD (walkie)
Stites! There's something going on
at the incinerator.

EXT. INCINERATOR -- SAME.

Mason closes the door.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Ready to fire it up?

GOODSPEED
No... not until we have the other two
shells. If this thing blows up--
we've lost our oven.

BULLETS splatter around them. Goodspeed and Mason hit the deck as the GUARD on the roof of the Cellhouse BLASTS away.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Then again-- maybe NOW is a good time!

Mason pulls a series of levers. We can HEAR the gas HISSING.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Let's get out'a here.

Mason leads Goodspeed down towards the old quarry.

INSIDE THE INCINERATOR.

The walls are fully engulfed in flames. The mortar is beginning to heat up... a nice pinkish hue.

OUTSIDE THE INCINERATOR.

The Armed Guards reach the incinerator.

STITES (O.S.; walkie)
What the hell is going on!?

The FIRST GUARD lifts his walkie.

FIRST GUARD
Someone turned on the incinerator.

STITES (O.S.; walkie)
What's inside, stupid!?

The Guards press their heads together as they peer inside.

ARMED GUARDS' POV:

The mortar is glowing BRILLIANT RED.

ANGLE ON THE GUARDS:

FIRST GUARD (walkie)
It's a mortar shell.

The SECOND GUARD'S eye is still plugged to the peephole.

SECOND GUARD
Wow! Look at this thing! It's
really turning red!

The incinerator ERUPTS like a volcano... the whole building is obliterated in a fireball. The two Guards are turned into Shredded Wheat by the flying debris.

EXT. THE ROCK QUARRY — SAME.

Goodspeed and Mason hide amongst the boulders. They cover their heads as shards of steel and cement rain down near them.

GOODSPEED
We have to find the other two
shells. Any ideas?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Sure. Stites gave me a map! No. I
don't have a Goddamned clue.

Goodspeed gazes up at the revolving beacon emanating from the lighthouse on the opposite side of the Island.

GOODSPEED
I do...

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS — SAME.

The team is trying to figure out what has just happened on the island. The fog is so thick they can't see anything.

Guiliano hands a satellite photo to Sanchez.

AGENT GUILIANO
It's the incinerator, sir.

ASAC SANCHEZ
Incinerator?

Quazzo pushes his way through the huddle around Sanchez.

QUAZZO
Incinerator is heat. Heat detoxifies
gas. That's Goodspeed, sir.

ASAC SANCHEZ
We don't know that for sure.

EXT/INT. GOVERNMENT JET — DAWN.

A military jet descends through a thick shroud of fog.

Two TREASURY AGENTS play poker. They use a metallic
briefcase filled with diamonds as their table.

TREASURY AGENT 1
You want to open the briefcase? We
can bet with ten carat diamonds
instead.

TREASURY AGENT 2
You open the briefcase-- I'm
compelled to kill you.

TREASURY AGENT 1
Okay, then.

In the cockpit, the PILOT and CO-PILOT scan their instruments.

SAN FRANCISCO TOWER (radio)
San Fran tower to U.S. ten-niner-ten
light. You are negative on landing.
All runways are fogged-in. Suggest
re-route to San Jose.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS — MINUTES LATER.

Sanchez is on the phone. His jaw clenched, he glances at the
clock... 7 o'clock.

ASAC SANCHEZ
I don't give a SHIT! We don't have
time! They are to LAND IMMEDIATELY.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — SAME.

Goodspeed and Mason stand at the foot of the lighthouse.
Looking straight up, they can SEE a GUARD walking around the
exterior safety railing.

They slide through the small door at the base.

INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE.

They gaze up at a dizzying, circular, metal staircase. .

JOHN PAUL MASON

Shoes off.

Goodspeed and Mason rip off their shoes and start climbing.

INT. GOVERNMENT JET -- SAME.

Visibility is zero. The Co-Pilot taps the altimeter.

CO-PILOT

Is this thing right?

PILOT

Landing gear.

An ALARM whines. A COMPUTERIZED VOICE bleats:

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Pull up. Pull up.

EXT. THE PLANE -- CONTINUOUS.

The plane is heading nose-first into the runway... only 50 feet above the field. The engines SURGE as the Pilot tries to pull up.

SLOW MOTION:

The Jet belly-flops onto the runway... cartwheeling in a ballet of death. Wings shear off. Fuel lines rupture. Fire ERUPTS-- eating everything alive.

A CRASH SIREN blares.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE -- SAME.

The Guard stands at the railing. The giant light revolves behind him. Propped against the railing is a loaded MORTAR TUBE.

At the top of the stairwell, Mason crosses behind the Guard and presses his Ingram against the back of the man's head.

JOHN PAUL MASON

It's a long way down-- I don't suggest moving.

The Guard stays still. Mason hurls the Guard's weapon over the edge... it shatters on the ground 100 feet below.

Mason shoves him to his knees.

Goodspeed rushes outside and carefully unloads the mortar shell.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
(to Goodspeed)
What're you going to do?

Goodspeed unscrews the head of the shell and delicately removes the "pearls".

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Jesus, Goodspeed! Are you nuts!?

GOODSPEED
If I can detach the detonator, the string will be useless.

JOHN PAUL MASON
But the gas is still alive in those things! Let's just shoot it out to sea where it won't gas anybody.

GOODSPEED
Do you really think it's that simple? Maybe if we had a computer with wind variances--

JOHN PAUL MASON
Come on, Goodspeed-- sometimes you just have to eyeball it and take your best shot.

GOODSPEED
Forget it-- this way is by the book. As long as I don't break the glass, we're fine.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Maybe I'll wait downstairs.

GOODSPEED
Shut up and keep an eye on that guy. Throw me your knapsack.

Mason tosses his knapsack to Goodspeed.

GUARD
You're gonna gas us all, man.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS — SAME.

Sanchez hangs up the phone. Ashen.

ASAC SANCHEZ
The fucking plane crashed.

Deathly silence. Guiliano looks at the wall clock.

AGENT GUILIANO

Stites is going to call us at 0700
hours with delivery instructions.
What'll we tell him?

There are worried, blank looks all around the room.

EXT/INT. THE TOP OF THE LIGHTHOUSE — SAME.

Kneeling over the string of "pearls", Goodspeed takes two alligator clips and crimps them to a piece of wire. He attaches one clip to either side of the small, black detonator on the red cable.

GOODSPEED

The trick is to keep the circuit
alive-- fool the detonator.

JOHN PAUL MASON

Trick!? This isn't the circus,
Goodspeed.

Goodspeed holds the needle-nose pliers over the cable... he's nervous. Sweat is running down his face.

GOODSPEED

Okay. Okay. No problem. Let's do
it...

The Guard closes his eyes. Mason takes a HUGE breath and holds it.

With shaking hands, Goodspeed SNIPS the cable... freeing the detonator in its own, tiny, completed circuit.

Mason breathes again...

Relieved, Goodspeed slides the "pearls"-- one-by-one off the cable and onto the floor. But the rotation of the massive beacon makes the floor VIBRATE. The glass "pearls" begin HOPPING toward the ledge.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Shit!

Quickly he grabs at the dancing eggs... it's a juggling act as he empties Mason's knapsack-- and stuffs the eggs into it.

JOHN PAUL MASON

I'm not carrying that thing.

Goodspeed puts the knapsack on his own back.

He gazes down at the roof of the cellhouse below. He stops...

GOODSPEED
There it is.

JOHN PAUL MASON
What?

GOODSPEED
The last mortar. On the roof of the cellhouse. It wasn't in the satellite pictures.

Still cradling the Ingram, Mason stands next to Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
And it's aimed at San Francisco.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Now all we have to do is get over there...

Goodspeed picks up the grappling hook and rope that came out of Mason's knapsack.

GOODSPEED
Shortest distance between two points.
Make a zip-line down to the roof.

JOHN PAUL MASON
(grins)
You're catching on, Goodspeed.

Goodspeed grins. Takes the grapple, weighs it in his hands and SWINGS. The hook HURLS through the air... down toward the roof of the cellhouse. The rope snakes out behind and WHIPS out of Goodspeed's hands.

Dumbfounded, Goodspeed watches as the grapple and rope fall uselessly to the ground below.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Pretty good swing. Nice toss.
Distance-- okay. But if I can be a little critical here-- holding onto the rope is key. It's the first thing they teach in Prison Break 101.

GOODSPEED
If I ever get sent to prison-- you can gimme lessons.

JOHN PAUL MASON
Sorry, you're gonna be on your own.
See...

He pulls out the PARDON letter Sanchez gave him.

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
You're looking at a free man.

Goodspeed takes the letter-- glances over it.

GOODSPEED
What is this?

JOHN PAUL MASON
Can't you read? The Spic signed it
himself. It's a full pardon.

GOODSPEED
You're a Federal Prisoner. Only the
President himself can grant you a
pardon.

Mason is stunned. Goodspeed can see that the freedom this
man has dreamed about for the last 34 years has just been
yanked away.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
I'm sorry, Mason.

Mason crumples up the paper.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
But I promise you... even if I have
to bang on the door of the White
House myself--

JOHN PAUL MASON
(sour)
Shut up, Goodspeed! I don't want any
more promises from any more Feds.

Behind them, the Guard LUNGES at Mason-- grabs the Ingram
rifle. Before Mason can react, the Guard pulls the stiletto
knife from the pistol grip of the Ingram... and STABS Mason
in the back.

Mason GASPS...

In a fury, Goodspeed grabs the Guard and UPENDS him over the
railing.

The Guard falls SCREAMING to his death.

Goodspeed holds Mason, who fights for each breath through a
collapsed lung...

JOHN PAUL MASON (cont'd)
Nice work.

GOODSPEED
You're a good teacher, Mason.

Goodspeed sets Mason down carefully.

GOODSPEED (cont'd)
Hang in there. You're gonna make it.

JOHN PAUL MASON
For what? At least if I die here--
I die a free man.

GOODSPEED
Don't forget your promise. This
isn't Colorado.

JOHN PAUL MASON
(faint smile)
Go on... get the last shell. GO!

Reluctantly, Goodspeed nods and disappears down the stairs.

EXT. CELLHOUSE -- LATER.

Goodspeed darts across the pathway-- away from the lighthouse, past the flagpole... scoops up the grappling hook and rope... and dashes to the far side of the cellhouse.

He swings the hook into the air... on the second try, it locks onto the roof railing. He starts crawling up the side.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Stites holds a cell phone to his ear.

STITES
Don't you fuck with me, Sanchez!

Pike watches from the doorway.

STITES (cont'd)
No. You are out of time!

He HURLS the phone down... it smashes to pieces.

Stites' heartbeat slows to 35 beats a minute as his cobra-like rage builds.

STITES (cont'd)
They say the plane carrying the diamonds crashed. Bullshit! They think they can screw me again. They think we're not serious!
(smiles)
But we're going to show 'em, Pike.

Pike bars the doorway.

PIKE
You can't fire on Frisco!

STITES
Watch me.

Stites pushes past him and heads toward the stairway that goes to the roof. Pike follows.

EXT. SIDE OF THE CELLHOUSE -- SAME.

Goodspeed climbs hand-over-hand up the side of the building.

INT. CELLHOUSE. STAIRWAY -- SAME.

Stites climbs the stairs two-at-a-time toward the roof followed by a panicked Pike.

EXT. THE CELLHOUSE ROOF -- SAME.

As Goodspeed's head appears over the roof-railing, he can SEE the mortar launcher.

At the other end of the vast roof-- sixty yards away, he HEARS the door to the roof open... he freezes.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY:

Stites and Pike emerge through the doorway.

PIKE
You said we'd never fire! You do this and it's over! They've got 60 inch guns on those boats out there. We're gonna be target practice for the Navy boys!

Stites pulls out his .45 and presses it against Pike's left eyeball.

STITES
I value your opinion, Pike and I want you to feel free to let me know if you're not completely happy with the way I'm running this operation. Okay? At any time. Just speak up.

Pike is terrified... Stites lowers his weapon.

STITES (cont'd)
No more deceptions! No more lies! Let 'em try and say there's no nerve gas on Alcatraz now!

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED:

Hunching low-- with only a row of air ducts to hide him, he dodges toward the mortar launcher.

ANGLE ACROSS THE ROOF:

Pike follows Stites-- grabs him by the shoulder.

PIKE

STITES! You're talking about killing thousands of people!

STITES

Stop crying, Pike. You're a Marine, for Christ's sake.

Stites raises a .45 pistol. And FIRES. The bullet blows a hole through Pike's eyeball. He falls.

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED:

He reaches the launcher-- upends it and eases out the mortar shell. Cradling it in his arms, he starts running back toward his rope.

A BULLET ricochets over his head.

Goodspeed freezes. He stands straight up and turns around to face Stites, who casually approaches with his pistol raised.

STITES

Agent Goodspeed! What a surprise. I wouldn't drop that shell, if I were you-- a lot of hostages downstairs will be very upset... and very dead.

(beat)

Put it back in the launcher.

GOODSPEED

You can't do this Stites.

STITES

WHY!? Why do people keep saying that to me? We're about to make history, my friend. No American city has ever come under a poison gas attack.

(beat)

The launcher?

Slowly, Goodspeed walks back toward the launcher-- his mind racing.

He slowly slides the shell into the launch tube.

GOODSPEED

Stites-- I know about your father.
I know what happened. I will testify
about the gas. It's not too late.

Stites looks at his watch.

STITES

Oh, yes it is.

Stites gazes across the water toward San Francisco-- in the
direction that the launcher is pointed.

STITES (cont'd)

If we're lucky, this baby should
burst somewhere over Nob Hill.

(beat)

Now back away. I want the honors.

Goodspeed looks down at the base of the launcher.

GOODSPEED'S POV:

The red firing lever protrudes from the side of the base.

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED:

In a desperate motion, Goodspeed pivots the launch tube
ninety degrees to the west-- toward the Golden Gate Bridge
and the open ocean beyond.

He PUNCHES the firing lever and the mortar SURGES upward.

The FLASH of the mortar lights up their faces.

STITES

YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS — SAME.

Everybody is scrambling. Panic.

PERKINS

MORTAR LAUNCHED!

The people grab their gas masks.

ASAC SANCHEZ

What's the flight path?

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY — SAME.

The mortar arcs between the twin pillars of the Golden Gate
Bridge... gaining altitude...

INT. SITUATION ROOM. WHITE HOUSE -- SAME.

Everybody is standing-- staring at the wall monitors.

CHIEF OF STAFF
DO SOMETHING! DO SOMETHING!

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE
Sir, we have no choice-- we have to
take the whole Goddamned place out
before he can fire another shell.

The Chief of Staff nods. The Secretary of the Air Force
turns to General Goodspeed.

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE (cont'd)
Billy?

Ashen, General Goodspeed slowly reaches for the phone.

GENERAL GOODSPEED
Get two F-16s in the air now! We're
going to Napalm Alcatraz.

The room goes dead quiet as everyone fixes their gaze on
General Goodspeed, who slumps in a chair.

SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE
I'm sorry, Billy.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- SAME.

The mortar shell is losing altitude over the open ocean.

It EXPLODES. A veil of gas vapor descends harmlessly toward
the waves below.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

The Team Members are all standing-- watching the trail of the
mortar.

QUAZZO
It exploded over the open ocean.
Jesus, we got lucky.

ASAC SANCHEZ
No danger to the city?

PERKINS
No, sir! 2.6 miles beyond the
harbor. With a half-mile spread, the
worst that's gonna happen is some
dead fish. The stuff will dissolve
in the salt water.

QUAZZO
Must'a been a misfire.

Agent Thomas slams down the phone. Her face pale.

AGENT THOMAS
F16 strike coming in, sir. They're
going to Napalm the Island.

QUAZZO
What about Goodspeed!? The
Hostages!? They're going to kill
them.

Sanchez gazes at him.

ASAC SANCHEZ
What about San Francisco?

EXT. TOP OF THE CELLHOUSE — SAME.

Stony-faced, Stites looks out at the Golden Gate Bridge.

GOODSPEED
Stites-- there's no more gas. It's
over!

STITES
No more gas!? I have a morgue full
of gas.

Stites calmly walks across the roof.

GOODSPEED
YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW IT UP!? YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL YOURSELF!

STITES
Yeah-- but I'll have plenty of
company.

Goodspeed LUNGES for the pistol. Stites side-steps him and
FIRES-- a bullet tears into Goodspeed's shoulder.

STITES (cont'd)
Does it hurt?
(beat)
Well-- just relax. The pain will be
gone in a few minutes.

Stites heads inside through the roof-door and starts down the
staircase.

EXT. RECREATION YARD. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Two Armed Guards stand next to the helicopter. They're panicked. One Guard raises his walkie:

GUARD (walkie)
Stites killed Pike and fired a
Goddamned mortar! We're out'a here.
Anybody else who wants-- better come
to the chopper! NOW!!

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

There's stunned shock throughout the room-- everybody contemplating what's about to happen.

EXT. LONG BEACH NAVAL AIR STATION -- SAME.

SUPER OVER: LONG BEACH NAVAL AIR STATION.

Two F-16's THUNDER down the runway.

Below, hanging off their bellies, are long cannisters of NAPALM.

INSIDE THE JET.

The F-16 PILOT veers his aircraft north.

F-16 PILOT
ETA target... six minutes.

EXT. CITY HALL. SAN FRANCISCO -- SAME.

Linda Snider reports from City Hall. She wears a gas mask.

All around her-- there's BEDLAM as Civil Servants rush out of the building... running anywhere... nowhere... hysterical.

LINDA SNIDER
We have a confirmed report that a
POISON GAS mortar has been launched
from Alcatraz Island. Although the
shell fell harmlessly over the
ocean... more shells may be fired...
(beat)
Stay tuned for possible evacuation
procedures.

EXT. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Stites, holding his pistol, saunters around the side of the cellhouse.

ANGLE ON THE SIDE OF THE CELLHOUSE:

In intense pain, Goodspeed lowers himself down the rope... hitting the ground hard. He heaves himself to his feet.

Ahead-- he can see Stites moving toward the morgue.

Goodspeed takes off running... the OPPOSITE way... going around the far side of the cellhouse. The veins in his neck bulge as he reaches the outside of the Rec Yard wall.

From inside, he can HEAR the rotors of the Pelican Helicopter begin to WHIRR.

EXT/INT. NAVY SEAL LANDING CRAFT -- SAME.

Colonel Whitford watches the Pelican Helicopter THUNDER off the island.

COLONEL WHITFORD
No fucking way!

He taps the shoulder of a Seal next to him, who holds a hand-held "Stinger" rocket launcher.

COLONEL WHITFORD (cont'd)
Take it down.

The Seal FIRES... a flame shoots out the back of the tube.

The Missile SNAKES across the water and rises... TEARING into the chopper. It BURSTS and falls into the ocean.

EXT. ALCATRAZ SAME.

Stites, standing directly in front of the morgue, looks out at the fireball.

He shoves at the morgue's door. It's stuck. He lowers his shoulder and jams it open.

Stites takes a step down...

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED:

Panting, he LEAPS... THROUGH the open roof of the morgue. He lands on top of Stites.

INT. THE MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS.

Stites twists-- trying to throw Goodspeed off him... trying to raise his gun to fire.

Goodspeed grabs for his arm...

Stites ELBOWS Goodspeed in the face-- stunning him. He KICKS Goodspeed in the head.

Blood spurting from his mouth and nose, Goodspeed looks up at the barrel of the .45.

STITES
Good-bye Goodspeed. You've been a
real pain-in-the-ass.

Stites reaches for one of the booby-trapped doors.

STITES (cont'd)
Let's see how you like the taste of
gas.

Stites PULLS open the door... breaking the circuit on the magnesium charge. Nothing happens. He picks up the cylinder.

STITES (cont'd)
These are DUMMIES!

Furious, he proceeds to RIP open all 11 doors. Nothing.

GOODSPEED
You didn't think I'd put real charges
on there, did you!?

STITES
I don't need any charges.

He faces the nose-cone of a Weteye. Raises his pistol-- and FIRES a shot. It ricochets harmlessly. He chambers another round.

ANGLE ON GOODSPEED:

His hand emerges from the knapsack clutching a single "PEARL" of gas.

Goodspeed hobbles to his feet as Stites FIRES at the Weteye again.

Goodspeed LUNGES. He grabs Stites by the hair... pulling his head back.

GOODSPEED
Here-- YOU have a taste!

He SHOVES the "pearl" into Stites' mouth and PUNCHES him across the jaw.

We can HEAR glass BREAKING inside Stites' mouth.

Stites' eyes go wide in terror.

Gas VAPORIZES out of Stites' mouth. A gray smoke spews out of his nostrils. He spins in agony...

Stites GRABS Goodspeed by the shoulders... presses his face close. Gassing Goodspeed.

STITES
(mumbles)
You're dead too.

Stites drops to the ground... his body spasms in death throes. Blood pours out of his ears, his eyes, his nose.

Goodspeed COUGHS. He's dizzy. Falls to his knees.

Desperately, he rips at his pant leg-- a syringe is taped to his calf. ATROPINE.

He pulls it free and hesitates--

Then JABS the long needle into his chest... into his heart... and depresses the plunger.

Slowly, his breathing normalizes.

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO.

The two F-16's race 200 feet above the water... headed to their target.

PILOT (O.S.)
30 seconds to target. Arming Napalm.
Awaiting confirmation.

EXT. ALCATRAZ. THE MORGUE -- SAME.

Goodspeed stumbles out of the morgue. Across the water, he can SEE the two F-16's banking... heading directly for him.

Suddenly, he realizes what's coming!

He stumbles toward a clearing.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS.

The room is deathly quiet as the team watches through binoculars... awaiting the Napalm attack.

Sanchez is on the radio.

ASAC SANCHEZ
This is HRT. Confirm Napalm. Out.

Pale, Sanchez hangs up the handset.

EXT. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Goodspeed can SEE that the jets are CLOSING FAST!

GOODSPEED

No!

Reaching the clearing, he turns toward San Francisco and desperately raises his arms into the air...

GOODSPEED (cont'd)

Touchdown! Touchdown!

His arms are raised high.

INT. HRT HEADQUARTERS -- SAME.

Quazzo sees something through his binoculars-- focuses.

QUAZZO

Call off the Napalm! --It's Goodspeed!
He scored! Touchdown!

Sanchez grabs the handset.

ASAC SANCHEZ

There's no flare! Are you SURE!?

EXT. ALCATRAZ -- SAME.

Goodspeed, his hands still raised... watches as the F-16's swoop straight at him. He closes his eyes.

Suddenly, the jets SPLIT-- veer off. No Napalm is dropped.

Relieved, Goodspeed opens his eyes and lowers his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM. WHITE HOUSE -- LATER.

Bottles of champagne are open on the conference table. There is tremendous relief and celebration.

The Chief of Staff raises a glass to General Goodspeed.

CHIEF OF STAFF

You must be very proud of your son.

GENERAL GOODSPEED

Proud? Not at all sir. The boy was just doing his duty.

But as General Goodspeed turns away-- he is beaming. Other Pentagon Officials congratulate him.

EXT. ALCATRAZ -- LATER.

Navy ships clog the dock.

Goodspeed sits on the steps of the cellhouse... as the Navy Seal Team helps the Hostages and secures the Island.

A Medic applies a sulfur-pack to the wound in his shoulder.

Sanchez, Quazzo, Perkins, Thomas and Guiliano appear beneath him... climbing the last few steps up the path.

Quazzo and Perkins grin and raise their hands in victory.

QUAZZO & PERKINS

Score!

Sanchez sits next to Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

The mortar..?

ASAC SANCHEZ

Stites had a bad sense of direction--
straight out to sea.

Goodspeed smiles.

ASAC SANCHEZ (cont'd)

The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs
wants to stick a piece of metal on
your chest.

Colonel Whitford crosses the parade ground toward them.

COLONEL WHITFORD

Island secure, sir.
(to Goodspeed)
Not bad for a lab guy.

GOODSPEED

Thanks, Colonel.

ASAC SANCHEZ

Where's Mason?

Goodspeed steals a glance up at the lighthouse.

GOODSPEED

He's dead.

(beat)

You lied to him about the pardon,
Sanchez.

ASAC SANCHEZ

He was just a convict-- sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do.

GOODSPEED

Yeah... maybe you're right.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- LATER.

Goodspeed stands at the railing of a Coast Guard S&R boat that surges back toward San Francisco.

Sanchez leans next to him.

ASAC SANCHEZ

I think you deserve a vacation, Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

Yeah. Maybe. You ever been to Colorado?

ASAC SANCHEZ

Colorado? No.

GOODSPEED

Somebody told me the mountains up there are beautiful.

Goodspeed turns around and gazes back at Alcatraz-- up at the lighthouse... with a slight smile.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Mason stands in front of the light-- watching Goodspeed.

He smiles back.

END