

THE ROCK

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BEGIN MAIN 'TITLE SEQUENCE:

An impressionistic montage:

A SILHOUETTED MAN in front of mirror dons his Marine dress blues. Spit polish shoes laced. Medals clipped to jacket. All in CLOSE-UP. We never see him fully.

The Man puts HIS HAT squarely on his head. EYES glint.

On the man's dresser: MARINE MEMORABILIA. Three Purple Hearts, photos of a WOMAN (his wife), PHOTOS OF MARINES in combat locales. TIGHTER into the photos, we HEAR PANICKED VOICES, EXPLOSIONS, NOISES OF BRUTAL COMBAT.

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

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

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

A1G CLOSE-UP on the MARINE'S HAT, and his EYES. Suddenly AN EXPLOSION and we see --

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

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

1 EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - MORNING 1

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

BENNIE

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

1A ACROSS THE CEMETERY 1A

Brig. Gen. FRANCIS XAVIER HUMMEL stands before a headstone: BARBARA MCLEAN HUMMEL 1946-1996.

## HUMMEL

Hi Barb. The house sold yesterday. I know, I know, the market's depressed. Anyway, I'm leaving the area. Some things I have to do. Things I couldn't do while you were here. Maybe you would have approved. Hell, I know you wouldn't have. (beat) I've tried everything and I can't seem to get their attention. But now they'll learn how it feels on the other side. Let's hope it elevates their thinking.

Hummel puts new flowers on the grave. Walks off.

1B EXT. ACCESS ROAD TO ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - NIGHT 1B

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

1C INT. ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT 1C

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

1D EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT 1D

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

1E ARMY M. P. 1E

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

## HUMMEL

Held better be. This is a security inspection.

1F ARMY M. P. 1F

Yes, sir!

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

1G INT. GRATED STORM DRAIN IN BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT 1G

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

1H EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT 1H  
 The four marines emerge from the storm drain and move toward covered positions in the compound.

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

1I INT. BUNKER SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT 1I  
 The Army M.P.s escort General Hummel inside. THREE ARMY GUARDS spring up from their SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. Everyone's nervous, in awe, rigid at attention. COLONEL CALLAHAN emerges from an adjacent room, sleepy-eyed.

COLONEL CALLAHAN  
 General Hummel! This is a surprise!

HUMMEL  
 That's the idea, Colonel.

1J EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - WATCH TOWER - NIGHT 1J  
 Two marines position themselves outside the door to the bunker compound's elevated watch tower.

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

1L INT. BUNKER COMPOUND WATCH TOWER - NIGHT 1L  
 Marines 3 and 4 burst inside the watch tower. The guards inside spring up. BOOM BOOM, they're hit by bean bag projectiles, propelling them out the windows of the watch tower. They fall 10 feet and lie unconscious.

1M EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT 1M  
 Marines 1 and 2, now in MAGAZINE CHECKERS UNIFORMS, move to the BUNKER DOOR. They open the door with the Magazine checker's CODED CARDS.

1N INT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - NIGHT 1N  
 Two ARMY GUARDS, playing poker, look up at the entering marines. Marines 1 and 2 walk straight up to the Army Guards, holding them at bay with M-16s. Before any words are spoken, one of the marines injects each of the guards with a VACCINE PISTOL.

10 INT. BUNKER SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT 10

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

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

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

SGT. CRISP (CONT'D)  
 Sorry sir, you realise the  
 importance of these exercises.

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

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

1P EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT 1P

The gate swings open. TWO HUMVEES enter the compound.

1Q EXT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - NIGHT 1Q

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

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

1R INT. C.B.W. BUNKER - NIGHT 1R

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

1S MM BOLT ROCKETS. 1S

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

1T EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOLIND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT 1T

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

1U INT. H " EL'S SUBURBAN - NIGHT 1U

Hummel on a c.b. radio: A textbook exercise, gentlemen. Rendezvous in eleven hours.

1V EXT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE, FT. DIETRICK, MD. - DAY 1V

Establish headquarters for chemical/biological weapons.

1W INT. F.B.I. OFFICE - CHEMICAL/BIOLOGIAL DIVISION - DAY 1W

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

1X ISHERWOOD 1X

(V.O.)  
Son of a bitch...

1Y GOODSPEED 1Y

(V.O.)  
You owe me five dollars, Marvin.

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

GOODSPEED reloads. Aims. Fires.

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

1Z PAN OF CHEMICALS. 1Z

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

ISHERWOOD  
(yawns)  
I was told this was exciting work.

GOODSPEED  
Patience, Marvin. It has its  
moments.

A KLAXON sounds. Isherwood smiles excitedly.

1[ INT. F.B.I. CHEMICAL WEAPONS - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY 1[

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

1[A INT. F.B.I. CHEMICAL WEAPONS - LABORATORY - DAY 1[A

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

Along one side of the lab is a plexi-glass wall. Inside the plexi-glass is an airlocked GAS CHAMBER. F.B.I chemists LONNER and LING motion to Goodspeed.

DR. LONNER  
C'mere, Billy.  
(points inside gas  
chamber)  
A dog at J.F.K. got a whiff of  
something postmarked to a Bosnian  
refugee camp. Could be detergent,  
could be seran gas.

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

ISHERWOOD  
Bosnian refugee camp? I don't get it.

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

Isherwood does so. It's shaky.

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

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

INT. GAS C ER - DAY - MINUTES LATER The door Hisses open. Goodspeed and Isherwood, in vulcanized rubber suits and visored helmets, enter. They go to the INSTRUMENT TABLE before the crate.

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

GOODSPEED

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

DR. LING

(into mike)

We have airlock, Bill. Proceed.

GOODSPEED

(into helmet mike)

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

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

INSIDE THE CRATE - it's filled with "UNICEF" type stuff. Goodspeed lifts out a HOT-PLATE. Isherwood lifts out an EGG BEATER. Gocidspeed runs a POISON SENSOR past each.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)

Appears to be kitchen items, cleaning agents, and... (lifts out a sweatshirt) ... old clothes.

ISHERWOOD

This is thrilling.

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

GOODSPEED

Careful, goddamn it Marvin!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. LING  
What's the really bad news.

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

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

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

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

GOODSPEED  
Chill, Marvin.  
(yells outside)

1[B WHERE'S THE GODDAMN SPRINKLERS?

1[B

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

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

DR. LING  
 Get the atropine, Isherwood. The  
 atropine, Marvin.

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

DR. LING (CONT'D)  
 You die, we all die, Bill. Inject  
 yourself, then diffuse it.  
 (Goodspeed continues to  
 inspect-the device)  
 Goddamn it, Bill, take the  
 antidote.

Isherwood fumbles with a huge syringe.

GOODSPEED  
 Get that away from me.  
 (to himself)  
 I hate needles.

DR. LING  
 INJECT YOURSELF!

GOODSPEED  
 LONNER, WHERE'S THE GODDAMNED  
 WATER?

The pipes are KNOCKING, now they're COUGHING.

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

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

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

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

Isherwood moves the syringe closer to his chest.

ISHERWOOD  
Oh fuck oh shit oh fuck THIS IS  
LIKE FUCKING PULP FICTION ONLY

1[C IT'S REAL.

1[C

ISHERWOOD drops the syringe. Fumbles for another...  
GOODSPEED, ice-cold, continues on the device ...

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

GOODSPEED IS RUBBER GLOVE is stretched to transparency. we  
see GOODSPEED'S FLESH through the acid-eaten rubber. He  
makes one final cut-and-clamp. THE DETONATOR on the poison  
gas turns off.

DR. LING (CONT'D)  
Three, two... the gas is clear!

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

DR. LING (CONT'D)  
Next time use the atropine!

GOODSPEED  
I don't like needles.

1[D EXT. GEORGETOWN - STREETS/ALLEYWAY - DAY

1[D

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

1[E INT. GEORGETOWN - GOODSPEED'S APARTMENT - DAY

1[E

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

CARLA

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

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

CARLA (CONT'D)

(New Jersey accent)

Hey there.

GOODSPEED

Hey honey.

CARLA

Wrote a new song. Wanna hear it?

Goodspeed sits heavily on the couch. Rubs his temples.

GOODSPEED

Not now.

CARLA

Boy, somebody's in a bad mood.

GOODSPEED

Yeah, somebody's in a bad mood.

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

CARLA

Better?

GOODSPEED

Much better. She sits with him.  
Puts her arm around him.

CARLA

What happened baby. Tell me.

GOODSPEED

Had a close one.

CARLA

You want to talk about it?

GOODSPEED

Not really.

CARLA

You know how I feel about what you do.

GOODSPEED

Could we change the subject?

CARLA

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

GOODSPEED

Hey! Now there's some good news.

CARLA

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

GOODSPEED

Carla Pestalozzi? No. Definitely not. You could have posed for the Mona Lisa. Sophia Loren looks Swedish next to you.

(smiles)

I hope that's a compliment. I could change my name. How 'bout Bobby Sue Pestalozzi? Billy io Pestalozzi?

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)

Stick with Carla.

CARLA

Okay. How 'bout Carla Goodspeed?

(GOODSPEED frowns)

Six years, Bill. We've lived together six years.

GOODSPEED

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

CARLA

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

CARLA (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant.

GOODSPEED

You're what ... ?

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

1[F] EXT. DESERT AREA (SOUTHWESTERN U.S.) - DAY 1[F]

TWO = Y GUNSHIPS roar over camera and land next to the two Humvees. The Huey's doors open. Marine Captains FRYE and DARROW, both late 20's, drag out two MARINE LANCE CORPORALS, bound and gagged, and sit them down. Other marines roll gurneys laden with chem rounds, rockets and other equipment onto the Hueys.

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

1[G] EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON 1[G]

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

1[H] EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - AFTERNOON 1[H]

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

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

FEMALE TOURIST  
 Is it really true no one escaped?

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

The tourists file off toward the MAIN CELL HOUSE. Bringing up the rear are Gen. Hummel, Maj. Baxter, Sgt. Crisp, Capt. Hendrix, and Pvts. Scarpitti, Royce, Gamble and Starling, all in civilian clothes.

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

1[I] INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL HOUSE - AFTERNOON 1[I]

Cell Blocks B and C, which inmates called "Broadway." A long corridor with three tiers of cells on each side.

The Ranger leads the tourist group inside.

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

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

PARK RANGER JOE (CONT'D)  
 Now Ladies and Gentlemen, the U.S. Park Service cordially invites you to become inmates of Alcatraz - temporarily of course.

The tourists laugh and move inside the cells.

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

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

1[J INT. ALCATRAZ - U.S. PARK RANGERS OFFICE - AFTERNOON TWO[J PARK RANGERS

and a SECRETARY look up.

1[K ALCATRAZ PARK RANGER 1[K

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

SGT. CRISP  
 Big problem.

1[L INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL BLOCK - AFTERNOON 1[L

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

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

HUMMEL  
 Not today. You go ahead.

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

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

HUMMEL

I think so.

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

TOURISTS

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

1[M EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - AFTERNOON 1[M

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

CAPTAIN FRYE

General Hummel: Captains Frye and Darrow.

HUMMEL

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

1[N FRY AND DARROW 1[N

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

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE of short INTERCUT scenes, all AFTERNOON:

THE INFIRMARY, UPSTAIRS ROOM A former hospital room will be the command and communications center. PVTS. GAMBLE and STARLING set up a portable desk, chair, and an array of communications equipment (including portable satellite dish and look out).

1[O EXT. THE ISLAND'S SHORELINE 1[O

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

1[P INT. THE PRISON MORGUE 1[P

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

MAJOR BAXTER sets up a PORTABLE Rocket LAUNCHER.

EXT. MAIN CELL HOUSE ROOFTOP CAPTS. FRYE and DARROW set up a second portable rocket launcher.

1[Q] INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELLHOUSE - DAY 1[Q]

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

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

HUMMEL

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

Gamble and Starling begin passing out the field rations. 53  
 INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - NIGHT  
 F.B.I. Director JAMES WOMACK exits his office in a tuxedo, trailed by MARGIE WOOD, a young F.B.I. Agent.

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

AGENT WOOD  
 (re: Womack's tux)  
 In that?

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

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

They stare at each other and CUT TO: 54 INT. HOOVER BUILDING - DIRECTOR WOMACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT -- Womack, grabbing his phone. F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK F.B.I. Director Womack.

HUMMEL  
 (V.O.)  
 First: I am holding eighty-one civilian hostages on Alcatraz Island. Make an excuse to their families and do not alert the

media or there will not be eighty. Second: fifteen guided rockets armed with V.X. poison, are currently aimed at the population of San Francisco. I will call again at 0-hundred hours and state my demands.

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

HUMMEL  
Brigadier General Francis X.  
Hummel.

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

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

Agent wood gives him a curious look and CUT TO:

1[R] INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY/COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON 1[R]

Cpts. Hendrix, before Hummel.

Frye, and Darrow, and Sgt. Crisp at attention Maj. Baxter  
at Hummells side.

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

becomes ill, is prone to disease. (beat) Major Baxter, Gunny  
Crisp and I have been on the front lines since 'Nam.'  
Captain Hendrix was my adjutant in the Gulf. Get a haircut,  
Pete, you're lookin' like a beatnik. (the crew-cutted  
HENDRIX smiles Captain Frye, Captain Darrow.) You and your  
men are new to me.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
Would the General like a recitation  
of our service records?

HUMMEL  
I'm well aware of your service  
records, Captain, they are

excellent. I want to be clear on why you - why all of us are here. You both stand to profit from this.

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

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

HUMMEL  
This country has places where wrongs are redressed, Captain

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

CAPTAIN DARROW  
Well, sir, frankly ...

EL I see that I am ' (beat)

HUMMEL  
The only accurate term for what we are doing here is treason.

Plain and simple. An insurrection against a government to which we have sworn allegiance. Everyone in this room must understand that.

Hummel looks from face to face, studying each.

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

HUMMEL'S' OFFICERS  
Yes, sir.

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

OTHER OFFICERS  
(unison)  
Yes, sir.

HUMMEL  
Well, I cannot. So, regardless of what happens on this island in the hours ahead, I will stay. The men exchange surprised glances.

CAPTAIN HENDRIX  
But General, you'll be prosecuted.

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

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

1[S INT. PENTAGON - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT 1[S

Many people around a table, each with a DOSSIER on Hummel: F.B.I. Director Womack (still in tuxedo), F.B.I. agent Margie Wood, White House Chief of Staff HAYDEN SINCLAIR, National Security Advisor LOUIS LINDSTROM, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs GENERAL ALBERT KRAMER, Air Force General PETERSON, and C.I.A. Director MILTON AMWAY.

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

ON THE SCREEN - A YOUNGER HUMMEL in Vietnam.

GENERAL KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Here he is in Vietnam - I think a Major at the time.

MORE SLIDES OF HUMMEL in various international theaters.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR  
Four tours in Vietnam, Grenada, Panama, Desert Storm. Three purple hearts... two silver stars and...  
(MORE)

HAYDEN SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
the Congressional Medal of...

Jesus.

(looks up)  
The man is a hero.

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
What was this book Hummel wrote on  
Vietnam? Anybody read it?

RAYDEN SINCLAIR  
No. Give me the skinny.

GENERAL KRAMER  
The "skinny," Mr. Sinclair, is that  
the U.S. should have

either won the war or gotten the hell out of Vietnam and  
stopped wasting American lives. I happen to share General  
Hummells view.

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

NAVAL ATTACHE  
General, it's him. The call  
connects to a phone on the table.

GENERAL KRAMER  
Frank, this is Albert Kramer.

HUMMEL  
Hello Al. Howlre Judy and the  
kids?

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

INTERCUT - PENTAGON and ALCATRAZ as necessary.

HUMMEL

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

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

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

There is a pause.

HUMMEL

Who is that. Identify yourself.

Everyone stares at sinclair.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

White House Chief of Staff  
Sinclair, General.

HUMMEL

How old are you, white House Chief  
of Staff Sinclair.

RAYDEN SINCLAIR

I'm thirty-three.

HUMMEL

Well White House Chief of Staff  
Sinclair, by your ninth birthday I  
had led over two hundred incursions  
into China and personally killed

that many of the enemy. General, put some duct tape over Mr.  
sinclair's fat, ignorant mouth. He has shit for brains and  
he is wasting my time.

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

NAVAL ATTACHE

The President calling from Moscow.

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

GENERAL KRAMER

Continue Frank.

HUMMEL

Eighteen others died in covert,  
illegal operations in Chile and

El Salvador. Remember the Gulf War. Those pretty "smart bomb" pictures on C.N.N.? My men lased those targets. Ten were left to rot outside Baghdad when the conflict ended - and let's not even mention Mogadishu, gentlemen. No benefits were paid to their families; no medals conferred. These men died for their country and they weren't even given a coddamn military burial. (beat) This situation will not stand: you will transfer 100 million dollars from a Grand Cayman "Red Sea Trading Company" account to an account I designate. From these funds, reparations of one million dollars will be paid to each of the 83 marines, families. The rest of the money will pay for my outfit's expenses. Am I clear?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

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

HUMMEL

Identify yourself.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

F.B.I. Director Womack, General.

HUMMEL

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

GENERAL KRAMER

Frank, Jesus, this is classified  
information.

WOMACK

(stunned)

Is this true?

General Kramer, embarrassed, nods yes.

HUMMEL

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

Hayden Sinclair returns to the table.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR  
General, I've just spoken to the  
President and he is

clear as hell on this: We will not negotiate with you and we  
do not care if ...

HUMMEL  
Someone please gag that man.  
(beat)

Alert the media, I launch the gas.  
Refuse payment, I launch the gas.  
It is just after midnight. You  
have 36 hours - all of today and  
half

of tomorrow, until 12 noon - to transfer the money. Don't  
even consider the standard counter measure, General.

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

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

RAYDEN SINCLAIR  
Well that's not so bad ...

1[T I GENERAL PETERSON

1[T

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
What did Hummel mean by ",standard  
countermeasure," General?

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

GENERAL KRAMER  
'Course he does.  
(explaining to others)  
(MORE)

GENERAL KRAMER (CONT'D)  
"Willy Peter," short for "White  
Phosphorous Incendiary Device,"  
still

in its test phase. It detonates at 6,000 degrees, enough to burn up V.X. (dawning on him) That explains Hummells time frame. He knows we're not operational. What would it take, General?

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

(off Kramer's look)  
All right, we can try. But

view the use of Willy Peter as a secondary initiative.

GENERAL KRAMER  
Then on to our primary initiative.  
(hits intercom button) Send in  
S.E.A.L. Team Leader Anderson. (to  
F.B.I. Womack) Who's your best  
chemical biological man?

AGENT WOOD  
(rises)  
I'll find out.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Tell him to pack a bag for San  
Francisco.

EXT. GOODSPEED'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT Tarpaper and gravel roof. Candles burning. Loretta Lynnls "Stand by Your Man" on the boom box. AMONGST THE RUSTY SUPPORT SCAFFOLDS of an old sign from the 120's --

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

CARLA  
Don't stop... do no stop.

GOODSPEED  
Shit, shit, shit what time is it.  
(fumbles for phone)  
Hello.  
(pause)  
I'll be downstairs in ten minutes.

GOODSPEED hangs up. The couple stares at each other. Carla's seen this look before ...

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
I've got to go to San Francisco.

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

GOODSPEED  
I've got to go. She grabs his arm. I can't... I cannot deal with this right now... (softly) Bill, I am very Catholic. And very pregnant. And very unmarried. Help me with this.

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

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

CARLA  
Really?  
(smiles)  
Really?

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

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

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
A precision night drop is out due to the full moon. Likewise on a frontal, seaside attack: at the first shot, Hummel might launch.  
(MORE)

COMMANDER ANDERSON (CONT'D)

My second in command is working on  
an attack from within the prison.

(beat)

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

GENERAL KRAMER

You've studied the architectural  
plans.

COMMANDER ANDERSON

They're useless. Alcatraz was  
originally a Civil War

fort. It's been ripped up and rebuilt for years. Under  
there is a maze of shit, excuse my language. (beat) What I  
need is personal, firsthand intelligence on the island's  
tunnels.

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

GENERAL KRAMER

The former warden?

AGENT WOOD

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

GENERAL PETERSON

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

AGENT WOOD

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

F.B.I. Director trades a very significant look with C.I.A.  
Director AMWAY. Amway clears his throat. He is older, very  
old school. Everyone turns to him.

1[U

C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

1[U

There is someone who can help us.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
 The C.I.A. Director and I have  
 something to discuss in private.

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

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (CONT'D)  
 You're not actually suggesting ...

1[V C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

1[V

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
 I am very uncomfortable about this.

INT. WOLFBURG PENITENTIARY - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT A long row of cells. CAMERA slowly DOLLIES past cell after cell. Sullen INMATES stare blankly at us ...

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (CONT'D)  
 (O.S.)  
 I knew, I knew someday, this would come back to bite us.

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

BACK TO THE  
 PENTAGON  
 CORRIDOR

1[W C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

1[W

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
 when he escaped from San Quentin.

1[X C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY

1[X

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

1[Y] BACK TO WOLFBURG - IN THE ISOLATION CELL 1[Y]

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

1[Z] C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY 1[Z]

Can we risk letting.him out?

A SHAFT OF LIGHT cuts across the cell floor.

1[[ C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY 1[[

The question is: can we not?

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

1[[A] EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DULLES AIRPORT HANGAR - MIGHT 1[[A]

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

1[[B] EXT. F.B.I. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT 1[[B]

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

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

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

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

Pause. GOODSPEED stares at Womack.

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

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

HOLD ON GOODSPEED'S reaction, and CUT TO:

1[[C EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAWN 1[[C

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

1[[D INT. F.B.I. - OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING 1[[D

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGENT SANCHEZ  
You want him conscious or  
unconscious afterward?

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Don't even entertain it. This man  
laughs at strong arm tactics.  
dodium pentathol doesn't work  
either.

GOODSPEED  
Why's he going to help us now?

U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS  
(hands Womack PARDON)  
Mason's papers are in order, sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK Because I'm willing to give him what he wants, GOODSPEED - a full pardon.

AGENT SANCHEZ  
Steep price for some information.  
(waves pardon away) I don't need that to get what you want.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Sanchez - try subtlety.

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

Sanchez exits.

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

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON looks around. He focuses on the mirror. He stares right through at GoodsDeed. GOODSPEED is fascinated, unnerved.

GOODSPEED  
(to himself)  
Jesus look at this guy.

INT. F.B.I. - INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING Sanchez walks in, sipping coffee. Mason sits there, eyes forward.

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

Sanches sits. Mason stares at the table.

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

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

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

A pause. Sanchez glares at Mason.

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

The word "Alcatraz" registers with Mason.

MASON  
Do I remember Alcatraz.

SANCHEZ  
Not the island itself. The tunnels  
underneath it.

1[[E IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[[E

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Real subtle, SANCHEZ...

1[[F IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[[F

SANCHEZ  
There's no harm in cooperating with  
us.

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

SANCHEZ  
Maybe there's a gift in it for you.

MASON  
(to the mirror)  
Timeo danaos et dona ferentes.

1[[G THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[[G

GOODSPEED smiles slightly:

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

1[ [ H THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [ H

MASON  
 Are you capable of reading,  
 Sanchez?

SANCHEZ is getting flustered.

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

MASON  
 The story of Alchimadus. Know it?

SANCHEZ  
 No.

1[ [ I THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[ [ I

GOODSPEED  
 (to himself)  
 Ancient Greece. Alchimadus was  
 imprisoned by his king.

1[ [ J THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [ J

MASON  
 Thomas a Beckett. Heard of him?

SANCHEZ  
 Maybe. Not really.

1[ [ K THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[ [ K

GOODSPEED  
 (to himself)  
 Archbishop of Canterbury.  
 Imprisoned and executed by Henry  
 the Second ...

1[ [ L THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [ L

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

1[ [ M THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[ [ M

GOODSPEED  
 (to himself)  
 Russian poet and dissident exiled  
 to Siberia.

1[ [N THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [N

SANCHEZ draws a blank on Solzhenitsyn.

SANCHEZ

Look, I'm asking the fucking  
questions here.

(beat)

You can trust the F.B.I.

MASON

That's a good one, Sanchez. What  
do you call and F.B.I. Agent who  
can't tell a lie? A mute.MASON turns away. As if SANCHEZ no longer exists.  
Suddenly, over a wall-mounted INTERCOM:

U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS

(V.O.)

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

SANCHEZ

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

SANCHEZ tosses a quarter on the desk and exits.

1[ [O IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[ [O

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Impressive, Sanchez.

GOODSPEED

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

SANCHEZ

He'll eat him alive.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

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

Go.

GOODSPEED takes the pardon, goes for the door.

1[ [P THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [P

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

The two men regard each other.

GOODSPEED  
Take his cuffs off.

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

MASON  
Who the fuck are you, Mother Theresa?

So much for Goodspeed's confidence.

GOODSPEED  
No actually, I'm Bill Goodspeed.  
(rallys)  
Mr. Mason, we really need your help. That's a pardon and release contract from the Attorney Generals office. It makes you a free man, provided you cooperate.

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

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

GOODSPEED  
(lying)  
I'm a field agent.

MASON  
Tell me what you really do.

1[ [Q IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[ [Q

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Don't answer that, GOODSPEED ....

1[ [R IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [R

GOODSPEED  
I'm a chemical biological weapons expert.

MASON registers this information.... 73 IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK Stupid, stupid, stupid ....

1[ [ S IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM MASON

1[ [ S

stares at the pardon contract, thinking.

MASON

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

GOODSPEED

Uhm, well, emancipated.  
Unfettered.

MASON

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

GOODSPEED

I don't understand....

MASON

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

GOODSPEED

Well yes I suppose ...

MASON

You suppose?

GOODSPEED

Yes. You'll be outside.

1[ [ T IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

1[ [ T

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

Don't give away the farm,  
Goodspeed.

1[ [ U IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

1[ [ U

MASON

What's happening on Alcatraz,  
Goodspeed?

GOODSPEED

A hostage situation. A matter of  
life and death.

MASON thinks. He picks up the pen.

MASON  
(looks at mirror)  
Then on one condition: a minimum of  
two hours in

the Fairmont Hotel - I trust it still exists. I want a  
shower and a new suit of clothes.

GOODSPEED  
I think we can arrange that.

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

MASON turns toward the mirror, staring right through.

1[V INT. F.B.I. ~ OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY SANCHEZ 1[V  
and GOODSPEED enter.

GOODSPEED hands U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS the signed pardon  
contract.

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

U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS  
I'll have this forwarded to the  
President, Director.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
No. You'll give it to me.  
(pause)  
Give it to me, Reynolds.

Reynolds reluctantly hands the pardon to Womack.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (CONT'D)  
(to Sanchez)  
Show Attorney Reynolds outside  
there's a car waiting for him. And  
SANCHEZ - I'll handle the next  
stage.

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

GOODSPEED  
Sir, that's a legal document.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
I'll decide what's legal,  
Goodspeed.

Over WOMACK'S SHOULDER, GOODSPEED

1[[W WATCHES AS --

1[[W

1[[X IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON

1[[X

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

GOODSPEED

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

1[[Y IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON

1[[Y

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

GOODSPEED

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

GOODSPEED watches MASON over Womack's shoulder.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK

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

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

GOODSPEED and Womack whirl around, startled. MASON leans into the observation room.

MASON

one more thing: a shave and a  
haircut.

(sees Womack)

Hello Womack.

MASON and Womack stare at each other and CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE - DESERT FLATS - MORNING A hot desert-vista.  
Miles of nowhere. A DODGE sits under a tripod. Suspended  
from the tripod, a

1[ [ Z BLINKING DEVICE.

1[ [ Z

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

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

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

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

CPT. GILER

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

GENERAL PETERSON

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

LT. FISK

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

CPT. GILER

Can't do it, General.

GENERAL PETERSON

You can. And you will.

General Peterson walks off.

CPT. GILER

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

CUT TO:

1[ [ [ INT., F.B.I. VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT - DRIVING - MORNING] [ [ [

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

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

CARLA  
(V.O.) (recorded voice  
message)  
Hi! Bill and Carla ain't in!

State your business! Make it interesting!

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

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

1[ [ [A INT. GOODSPEED'S APARTMENT - DAY

1[ [ [A

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

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

CARLA  
Like hell I'm not...

She exits, slamming the door.

1[ [ [B INT. F.B.I. VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS , GOODSPEED

clicks off the phone, thinking, nervous. GOODSPEED notices that MASON is staring at him.

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

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

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

MASON  
 You learn that line in Cub Scouts,  
 Goodspeed?

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

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY Top floor suite with a private elevator. Grand, with French doors leading to a balcony. Director Womack, GOODSPEED and F.B.I. Agents Star and Hunt are in the room. Jackets off, shoulder holsters on.

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

1[[[C IN THE SUITE'S BATHROOM 1[[[C

Steamy, from the shower. F.B.I. Agent Cord sits on the sink. MASON'S VOICE emanates from the shower. He's singing some ditty off-key. But MASON isn't washing.

INSIDE THE SHOWER STALL -- Mason's tampering with the BELL HOUSING of THE RETRACTABLE CLOTHESLINE on the shower wall.

MASON pops off the bell-housing. he pulls out the nylon clothesline cord (it's thick, about 10 ft.) and rips it from the bell housing. Tests its strength.

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

1[[[D IN THE BATHROOM - MASON 1[[[D

emerges from the shower wearing a huge hotel bathrobe.

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

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

MASON  
 You going to stand there and watch?

MARSHAL CORD  
 That's right.

MASON  
well if it excites-you ...

MARSHAL CORD  
Put the goddamn clothes on.

IN THE SUITE'S LIVING ROOM Womack is dumping the contents of a BARBER'S BAG on the sideboard.

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

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

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

BARBER  
I'm an artist, not a barber.

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

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

MASON  
Shall we do this outside? In the  
sunshine?

The barber gulps. Follows MASON onto the balcony.

1[[[E ON THE SUITE'S BALCONY MASON 1[[[E  
sits in the sun on a balcony chair. Bib on.

BARBER  
How would you like it sir?

MASON  
whatever's in style.

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

The barber begins trimming Mason's hair...

THE BALCONY - SOME MINUTES LATER Mason's hair and beard are neatly trimmed. The barber holds a mirror up; MASON examines himself.

MASON  
Good. Thank-you.

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

MASON (CONT'D)  
Yes of course. My secretary will  
take care of you.-  
(to Agent Star)  
See to the good man will you?

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

MASON (CONT'D)  
What say we bury the hatchet,  
Womack.

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

MASON (CONT'D)  
In your head.

Womack plunges, HOWLING, 9 stories to his death. No, he only falls 10 feet. SPROOOOOING he stops, hanging by his wrist off the side of the building, held there by --

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

GOODSPEED  
Jesus... JESUS CHRIST....

GOODSPEED fumbles for his gun. Finally unholsters it. DIRECTOR WOMACK, hanging below, is SCREAMING.

MASON  
- Drop the gun or I'll drop your  
boss.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY Two F.B.I. AGENTS, loitering by their vehicle, look up at WOMACK, dangling off the side of the building.

F.B.I. AGENT  
Holy shit, we got a jumper.

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

F.B.I. AGENT 2  
Looks like.... Womack... !

1[[[F ENT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY MASON 1[[[F  
and GOODSPEED as before.

MASON  
Whoops .... I'm feeling tired ....  
Whoops .... MASON lets Womack drop  
a foot. Womack SCREAMS! GOODSPEED  
drops his gun and grabs the  
clothesline. MASON bolts from the  
balcony into the suitels library.

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

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

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

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

1[[[G INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - BASEMENT - HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY 1[[[G

MASON exits the elevator. The kitchen is bustling with  
COOKS AND BUSBOYS. MASON moves toward the side exit. Two  
F.B.I. AGENTS enter. MASON ducks into the dishwashing room.  
Waits for the Agents to run past.

MASON emerges, running right into..... GOODSPEED.

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

1[[[H EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SIDE EXIT - DAY 1[[[H

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

1[[[I EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SIDE EXIT - DAY

1[[[I

GOODSPEED  
 exits, looking at MASON getting  
 into the HUMVEE. The Humvee  
 explodes out of the hotel driveway.

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

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
 That's him!

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

GOODSPEED looks around. A Ferrari sitting there. GOODSPEED gets behind the wheel.

THE FERRARI blasts out of the driveway after the Humvee.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - STREETS - DAY The HUMVEE lumbers up to a traffic light. Stops behind several vehicles ahead.

1[[[J INT. MASON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY MASON

1[[[J

looks-up in the rear view mirror. The F.B.I. SEDANS are behind him, closing fast. MASON rams the stickshift into gear; throws the wheel.

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

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

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

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

TWO POLICE PATROLMEN scramble into their cruisers, throwing on the

1[[[K CHERRY TOP LIGHTS.

1[[[K

The CRUISERS charge after the Humvee and the Ferrari.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (HILL #1) - DAY THE HUMVEE is accelerating up a very steep hill.

'100 yards down the hill, the TWO S.F. POLICE CRUISERS, the F.B.I. sedans, and GOODSPEED'S FERRARI, all race after it.

1[[[L INT. MASON'S HUMVEE - DAY

1[[[L

MASON has the radio on. A NEWSFLASH is broadcast:

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

1[[[M ...

1[[[M

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

MASON  
Modern conveniences. Cheers.  
(punches numbers) San Francisco.  
Jade Angelou. That's A...n...g...e...1  
....

1[[[N EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (HILL #1) - DAY AT THE 1[[[N  
INTERSECTION - THE

TRAFFIC LIGHT is red. A SPARKLETT'S WATER TRUCK proceeds into the intersection.

1[[[O INT. MASON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

1[[[O

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

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (TOP OF HILL #1) ~ DAY -- but doesn't make it. Mason's Humvee SLAMS into the Sparkletts truck's BACK END, knocking it sideways. The HUMVEE blasts through the intersection as --

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

INT. MASON'S HUMVEE ~ DAY the call connects.

1[[[P JADE ANGELOU

1[[[P

(O.S.)  
Hello?

MASON  
Is this Jade Angelou?

1[[[Q JADE ANGELOU

1[[[Q

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

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

1[[[R INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY

1[[[R

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

GOODSPEED looks at SPARKLETT'S BOTTLES bearing down on him

INT. S.F. POLICE CRUISER - DAY Two S.F. PATROLMEN. Their eyes widen too as -- THE SPARKLETT'S BOTTLES are bouncing now, roll down on them at m.p.h. A BOTTLE SMASHES through the windshield, showering the Patrolmen with glass.

EXT. SAN FPANCISCO STPEETS - (MIDWAY UP HILL #1) - DAY  
Chaos. Bottle after bottle smashes down on the -

front-running vehicles. DENTING HOODS. SMASHING  
WINDSHIELDS. THREE F.B.I. SEDANS and GOODSPEED'S FERRARI  
negotiate the crashing cars.

They race through the carnage after Mason.

1[[[S EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - . (HILL #2) - DAY 1[[[S

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

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

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (BOTTOM OF HILL #2) - DAY At  
the intersection here, TWO S.F. ROAD WORKERS are sliding a  
STEEL PLATE over a 6 ft. deep ditch cut in the asphalt (for  
a water main or equivalent).

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

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

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

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

Now it's just MASON and GOODSPEED and CUT TO:

1[[[T EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (TOP OF HILL #3) - DAY 1[[[T  
MASON'S HUMVEE, with GOODSPEED'S FERRARI close behind, races down a street on the crest of a hill.

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

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

-- THE HUMVEEIS BUMPER catches the BACK OF THE CABLE CAR, dislodging its rear steel wheels from the CABLE CAR TPACKS. With the front wheels still lodged in the tracks, the cable car becrins to slide sideways.

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

1[[[U EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - MIDWAY DOWN HILL #3 - DAY[[[U  
the Humvee and Ferrari blast down the hill. The street is thick with vehicular traffic.

So THE HUMVEE swerves, leaving the street.

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

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

INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY THE AIR BAG'S exploded in Goodspeed's face.

GOODSPEED  
Shit shit SHIT SHIT ...

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

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

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

THE SLIDING CABLE CAR, its wheels SPEWING SPARKS down the hill. The LAST PASSENGER dives. it's now empty and sliding straight for Goodspeed's Ferrari ...

1[[[W INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY

1[[[W

GOODSPEED grabs the Ferrarils CELLULAR PHONE and tries the door latch. The goddamn airbac is all over him.... So GOODSPEED shoots the fucking air bag.

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

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

The Ferrarils door flies open. GOODSPEED dives away as --

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

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

A YOUNG KID ON A MOTORCYCLE rolls up.

MOTORCYCLE KID You just fucked up your Ferrari, man.

GOODSPEED  
It's not mine.

MOTORCYCLE KID  
Way cool.

(smiles) GOODSPEED  
Neither is this.  
GOODSPEED shoves the kid  
off the Motorcycle.  
Speeds off into traffic.  
The kid stands there  
dumbstruck.

1[[[Y EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

1[[[Y

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

1[[[Z INT. F.B.I. OFFICE - CHEMICAL/BIOLOGICAL DIVISION, FT1[[[Z  
DIETRICK,

1[[[[ MARYLAND - DAY

1[[[[

Marvin Isherwood is enjoying another thrilling day. he grabs  
for the

1[[[[A RINGING PHONE.

1[[[[A

ISHERWOOD  
Chem weapons. Isherwood.

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

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

1[[[[B INTER CUT - MARVIN IN THE LAB / GOODSPEED ON MOTORCYCLE[[[B

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

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

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

GOODSPEED  
Hit nine nine nine nine.

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

GOODSPEED ROARS off on the motorcycle and CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - 32 STENSON DRIVE - DAY A single family house. Across the street --

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

1[[[[C EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PIAZZA DES ARTES - DAY MASON 1[[[[C

stands next to a massive column, writing on a piece of paper:

1[[[[D "ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FORT WALTON, KANSAS. FRONT PEW.[[D  
RIGHT LEG. HOLLOW."

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

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

MASON  
Jade.

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

ACROSS THE ROTUNDA - GOODSPEED sees MASON and Jade. he stealthily moves toward them.

BY THE COLUMN - MASON AND JADE Jade approaches MASON tentatively. He is stunned by her. By her beauty, her bearing, her likeness to'him.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Hello. Yes. It's me.

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

1[[[[E ...

1[[[[E

Several POLICE CARS ROAR past, sirens BLARING. MASON pockets the PIECE OF PAPER.

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

They walk off next to a TALL HEDGE. GOODSPEED follows on the other side of the hedge. INTERCUT between MASON and Jade, and Goodspeed eavesdropping. GOODSPEED pulls out his cellular phone, begins punching numbers.

JADE

So how long have you been out?

MASON

A while.

JADE

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

MASON

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

JADE

Why now? I mean why today.

MASON

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

JADE

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

MASON

I tried to explain in my letters.

JADE

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

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

MASON

I see.

(grumbles)

Bloody prison censors.

JADE

How about explaining now?

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

MASON

Maybe this isn't the best time...

(off her look)

Jade. Here sitdown.

MASON and Jade sit on a bench. MORE SIRENS in the b.9. MASON looks off nervously.

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

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

MASON  
We are the same blood.

JADE  
But I don't know you.

MASON  
where to begin.  
(sighs)  
My name is John Paul Mason. I'm Scottish. I attended Dartmouth Naval College. My favorite color is green. I

like books. I like a good joke. At one time I shot a pretty fair round of golf. I'm in my 60's and I've been in jail half my life. (Jade looks away) Maybe it's better I go.

She smiles. Puts her hands on his.

JADE  
No. You're doing okay.

Police sirens BLARE. And the entire park is suddenly surrounded by

1[[[[F F.B.I. AND POLICE VEHICLES.

1[[[[F

JADE  
You lied to me.

GOODSPEED approaches. MASON makes no attempt to move. Jade turns to him.

GOODSPEED  
(flashes his I.D.)  
F.B.I. miss. Your father is working with us.  
(MORE)

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
He's helping us resolve a....  
(looks at Mason)  
.... dangerous situation.

JADE  
He is?

GOODSPEED  
Yes madam. We've got to go, John.

MASON extends his hand to Jade. She takes it.

MASON  
Jade - remember what I said.

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

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

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

They continue toward the waiting cars.

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

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

MASON  
Hows your jaw?

GOODSPEED wheels on MASON and swings. SNATCH. MASON  
catches Goodspeed's fist. Three inches from his face.

GOODSPEED  
It hurts.

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
You cocksucker you dislocated my  
shoulder and cost the city of San  
Francisco ten million dollars.  
(MORE)

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (CONT'D)  
You try to escape again and Agent  
Chaney here will break your legs.

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

MASON  
Pleased to meet you.

INT. PIER 39 - F.B.I. COMMAND CENTER - DAY Night is  
falling. A large warehouse room with windows looking out to  
Alcatraz Island. Looks like

1[[[[G N.A.S.A.

1[[[[G

1[[[[H AT A RECTANGULAR TABLE - MASON

1[[[[H

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

Anderson is agitated, staring at Mason.

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
(pointedly)  
That's not what you said three  
minutes ago.

MASON  
(innocently)  
It's not?

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

Womack follows Anderson aside. They confer heatedly.

COMMANDER ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
I ask for someone with knowledge of  
the island's tunnels.  
(MORE)

COMMANDER ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
you give me a fuckin, convict who  
wants to play "twenty questions."

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

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Out of the question. He'll  
endanger the mission -

he'll endanger my men. He's a security risk. Who says he  
won't bolt as soon as we turn our backs on him?

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

The hulking Chaney escorts MASON over.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (CONT'D)  
You're not cooperating, John.  
Maybe this will help. I'm sure  
you're curious about what's  
happening on Alcatraz.

(no response)  
Twelve United States Marines - a  
terrorist rogue force - have seized  
it. They've aimed fifteen poison  
gas rockets at the city. Enough  
poison gas to kill every man, woman  
and child in San Francisco.

(smiles)  
Yes, John, including your daughter.

MASON  
You son-of-fucking-Satan.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Mr. MASON has a strong incentive to  
help us, Commander Anderson.

MASON boils. Then springs at Womack. Chaney grabs Mason,  
headlocking him. So MASON knees Womack in the balls.  
Womack doubles over. Recovers, coughing.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Get him some gear. He's going to  
the Rock. Goodspeed!

1[[[[I ACROSS THE ROOM - GOODSPEED

1[[[[I

looks up from a computer screen generating images of  
different angles of a V.X. ROCKET. He walks over to the  
table. Anderson and the other S.E.A.L.s stare at him.

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

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Have you ever actually seen one of  
these devices?

GOODSPEED  
No sir, but I've studied them ....

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
(sarcastic)  
That's great, Goodspeed. You're in  
the Bureau, so you've had weapons  
training.

GOODSPEED  
A little, sir.

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Won't be necessary.

GOODSPEED

Sir, these are very complicated devices...

COMMANDER ANDERSON

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

GOODSPEED

Sir?

COMMANDER ANDERSON

(to S.E.A.L. Reigert)

Get him some gear.

MASON stares at Goodspeed.

MASON

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

MASON walks off muttering.

1[[[[J INT. PIER.39 COMMAND CENTER - BATHROOM - A MINUTE LATER[[J

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

S.E.A.L. DANDO

Nice to meet you too.

SANCHEZ enters.

SANCHEZ

You look like shit.

GOODSPEED leans back against the wall.

GOODSPEED

Thank you.

SANCHEZ

You're not wimping out on us,  
Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED

I join the F.B.I. I ask for  
fieldwork.

(MORE)

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

SANCHEZ  
Chemical Weapons isn't a cakewalk,  
Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED splashes cold water on his face.

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

SANCHEZ  
Spit it out.

GOODSPEED  
My girlfriend's pregnant.

SANCHEZ  
(pause)  
What's the really bad news.

1[[[[K INT. PIER 39 - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - DAY

1[[[[K

SANCHEZ  
(V.O.)  
Goodspeed, GODDAMN IT ...

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

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

and CUT TO:

1[[[[L EXT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - SUNSET

1[[[[L

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

CAPTAIN DARROW

(mumbling)

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

1[[[[M ...

1[[[[M

CAPTAIN FRYE

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

1[[[[N INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - SUNSET 1[[[[N

Hummel sits at hisdesk. The phone RINGS.

HUMMEL

(V.O.)

Hummel.

SECURITY ADVISOR LOUIS LINDSTROM

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

1[[[[O INTERCUT - ALCATRAZ INFIRMARY / WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE[[[[O

GENERAL KRAMER

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

HUMMEL

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

GENERAL KRAMER

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

Chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair enters.

HUMMEL

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

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

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

HUMMEL

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

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

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

HUMMEL

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

GENERAL KRAMER

Who's Dave Ridgeway, Frank?

HUMMEL

A twenty-two year old marine  
tortured to death by a communist

death squad in the El Salvadoran jungle. His mother and  
young wife were told by the Pentagon that he went A.W.O.L.  
Let's talk about the respect he got.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

This is going nowhere Frank ....

HUMMEL

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

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

LOUIS LINDSTROM

What's the word from Mojave?

GENERAL KRAMER

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

The men stare grimly at each other.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

Greenlight the S.E.A.L. incursion.

General Kramer picks up the phone and CUT TO:

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Listen up, men. Mr. MASON

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

LIEUTENANT SHEPHERD, young, laconic, nods at Mason.

COMMANDER ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Shep, what's the status on the  
special operational gear for Mason.

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD  
(hands over items)  
one aluminum fork and one quart of  
motor oil in a squeeze tube.

GOODSPED  
Motor oil?

MASON  
For cottonmouth.

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
GOODSPED here's our specialist.  
We will cover him while he  
neutralizes the' chemical threat.  
If he does his job we'll launch  
flares and hold our position 'till  
the cavalry comes. Make no

mistake about it, gentlemen, we are going in against an entrenched force led by one hot-shit field commander. We are in the fight of our lives, I bullshit you not. Any questions? Let's move out.

The move across the staging area to --

A CH-53 SEA STALLION and two HUEY COBRA ATTACK GUNSHIPS, their BLADES whipping with ferocity.

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

MASON  
After you, 'lace."

GOODSPEED gives MASON a look and climbs in. Then Mason. Then Shepherd, who SLAMS the door shut.

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

1[[[[P INT. SEA STALLION - NIGHT

1[[[[P

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Activate mini-cams.

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

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

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

GOODSPEED  
Uhn uhn. I hate needles.

1[[[[Q INT. PIER 39 - MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - NIGHT 1[[[[Q

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

SANCHEZ sits at the control panel wearing a headset. Director Womack paces behind him.

SANCHEZ  
Mini-cams operational.

1[[[[R OUTSIDE IN THE WAREHOUSE

1[[[[R

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

CARLA  
Would you please tell me what is going on?

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

1[[[[S EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT 1[[[[S

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

1[[[[T INT. SF.A STALLION - NIGHT 1[[[[T

The two SEA STALLION PILOTS don NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
You know what you're doing?

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

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

1[[[[U EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT 1[[[[U

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

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

1[[[[V INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 1[[[[V

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

1[[[[W F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN 1[[[[W

They're off radar, headin' 'round Treasure Island.

1[[[[X EXT. SKIES OVER TREASURE ISLAND - NIGHT 1[[[[X

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

1[[[[Y INT. SEA STALLION - NIGHT 1[[[[Y

The SEA STALLION PILOT turns to ANDERSON.

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Prepare to deplore!

CUT TO: A  
SERIES OF  
SHOTS.

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

IN THE REAR OF THE HOLD-- FOUR S.E.A.L.s ready two high-tech 139B 3-man submersibles called 'IS.D.U.s11 (Seal Delivery Units), also known as "Seal Subs."

MASON is ready to go, calm and steady, eyes forward. GOODSPEED'S still behind. He has his scuba tanks shouldered, but he can't get the 1st of the tricky cATcHEs on the shoulder harness secured ...

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

1[[[[Z AT THE BACK OF THE HOLD

1[[[[Z

SHEPHERD, with a nod, directs MASON to sit down on the S.D.U. behind S.E.A.L. BOYER, the S.D.U.ls driver.

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

1[[[[[ EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY (OFF ALCATRAZ) - NIGHT

1[[[[[

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

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

GOODSPEED  
Wait a minute.  
(Dando stops buckling)  
What if this thing crashes ...

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

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

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

1[[[[[A EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT 1[[[[[A

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

1[[[[[B EXT. THE SEA STALLION - DOORWAY - NIGHT 1[[[[[B

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

1[[[[[C EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT 1[[[[[C

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

1[[[[[D EXT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT 1[[[[[D

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

1[[[[[E INT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT 1[[[[[E

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

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

Hummel raises binoculars. Scans the bay.

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

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

BAXTER  
 Decoy?

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

1[[[[[F EXT. ALCATRAZ - WATER TOWER - ALLEY - NIGHT 1[[[[[F

Pvt. Royce clicks off his walkie-talkie.

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

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

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

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

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

A LARGE WATER INTAKE PIPE jutting out from the Island's bedrock, 7 ft. in diameter, covered by a GRATE thick with rust, barnacles and seaweed. There's a SMALL JAGGED HOLE, presumably through which MASON escaped 33 years earlier.

EXT. UNDERWATER - POWER P . INTAKE PIPE - NIGHT The S.E.A.L.s cast off the S.D.U.s and direct their GREEN FLUORESCENT SPOTLIGHTS inside the hole in the grate.

MASON stares at the hole. COMMANDER ANDERSON nods to Mason: "lead the way." MASON does so. Enters the pipe. one by one, the S.E.A.L.s and GOODSPEED follow MASON in.

1[[[[[G EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE NEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT 1[[[[[G

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

ROYCE  
Looks all clear, sir.

1[[[[[H INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 1[[[[[H

Baxter turns to Hummel:

BAXTER  
Nothing.

HUMMEL  
Tell 'em to stay out there.

1[[[[[I INT. ALCATRAZ - SUBTERRANEAN POWER PLANT - NIGHT 1[[[[[I

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

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

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

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

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

MASON  
Wait for me to unlock the door.

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

MASON  
(points)  
Under there.

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

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

MASON  
True.  
(unshoulders his  
equipment)  
I memorized their timing.

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

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD  
Uhh sir, you said never leave his  
side ...

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

MASON  
(grumbles to himself)  
That's been said to me before ....

MASON takes a deep breath and he rolls --

1[[[[[J INTO THE CRAWL SPACE - MASON

1[[[[[J

logrolls one revolution... STEAM

BURST another evolution STEAM BURST another revolution STEAM  
BURST

MASON rolls to a stop on his side. STEAM BURSTS on either  
side of him. MASON collects himself. Breathes deeply and  
rolls again. His movements are precise, from memory. He  
rolls past each burst, any imprecision certain death ...

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

S.E.A.L. REIGERT  
Who the fuck is this guy? Houdini?

1[[[[[K IN THE CRAWL SPACE - MASON

1[[[[[K

rolls past the STEAM RELEME VALVE and disappears.

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

MASON  
Welcome to the Rock.

The Incursion Team files through the door and CUT TO:

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

S.E.A.L. DANDO  
She's at least three inches thick  
sir.

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Shit. Burn it.

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

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

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

MASON  
(muttering)  
Guys are worthless.

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Who is this guy... ?

INT. DRAINAGE PIPES LTNDER MAIN CELL HOUSE - NIGHT The team arrives at a series of concrete drainage pipes. MASON points up to one of them.

COMMANDER ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
The shower room?  
(MASON nods yes)  
After you.

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

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT The S.E.A.L. team, Mason leading the way, climbs toward a FAINT LIGHT emanating from a DRAINAGE GRATE above.

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

1[[[[[L INT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 1[[[[[L

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

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

1[[[[[M INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 1[[[[[M

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

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON  
Motion sensor.

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

1[[[[N INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

1[[[[N

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

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

1[[[[O INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - SHOWER ROOM

1[[[[O

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

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

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

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

165 INT. PIER 3-9 - MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

165

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - We see the illumination of the shower room (transmitted from the S.E.A.L.s cameras.)

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

INT. ALCATRAZ - DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT  
Goodspeed, Mason, and Lt. Shepherd react to the sudden illumination above.

GOODSPEED  
 (whispers:)  
 What's going on?

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

165A INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

165A

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

HUMMEL  
 (V.O.)  
 Drop your weapons.

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

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

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

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

165B INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

165B

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

SANCHEZ  
 Oh Christ this isn't happening.

165C INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM MEZZANINE- NIGHT

165C

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON

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

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

HUMMEL

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

165D ON THE MEZZANINE

165D

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

HUMMEL

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

COMMANDER ANDERSON

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

HUMMEL

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

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

S.E.A.L. BOYER

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

S.E.A.L. REIGERT  
Get a grip on yourself ....

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOODSPEED  
Don't do it.

S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD  
Let go of me.

Lt. Shepherd climbs the ladder.

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

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

-- LT. SHEPHERD climbs out of the drainage pipe and comes up firing. He instantly takes a bullet through the visor, killing him instantly. SHEPHERD falls to his knees and pitches over, falling face first into --

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

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

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

HUMMEL  
HOLD YOUR FIRE HOLD YOUR FIRE ....

165E INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 165E

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

Goodspeed, indecisive at first, clammers down after Mason.

INT. PIER 39 - MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - An image transmitted from Anderson's helmet camera. Anderson has fallen, so this is at ground level. We see corpses and near corpses.

SANCHEZ  
It's over.

F.B.I. TECHNICIAN  
We've still got movement. Numbers eleven and twelve. That's GOODSPEED and.... Mason.

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

165F INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 165F

MASON and GOODSPEED exit the drainage pipe. GOODSPEED is panting, nearly hysterical.

GOODSPEED  
We're never gettin off this island.

165G INT. PIER 39 - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 165G

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

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

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

SANCHEZ  
You told me I am on a "need to know" basis. Well goddamn it, I need to know.  
(MORE)

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)  
 Who the fuck is John Mason. Start talking, Director, or I swear I will go to the press.

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
 J. Edgar Hoover is head of the F.B.I., some say the country. It's no secret the esteemed Mr. Hoover kept

microfilm files on prominent Americans and Europeans. de Gaulle, British members of Parliament, even the Prime Minister. The man had dirt on everyone in the world,

165H A174 INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS UNDER THE SHOWERS - NIGHT 165H  
 Goodspeed, slumped in a corner, watches MASON arm himself. He is a different person. Alive. Now in his element. pops the clip on Shepherd's g mil gun. Inspects it. Unsheathes the saw-toothed knife. Sheathes it.

174 INTERCUT - PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER / ALCATRAZ TUNNELS 174

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
 The British sent over their best operative, John Mason, to steal it.

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK (CONT'D)  
 Our agents caught MASON

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

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

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

SANCHEZ  
 My god, you're not saying ...

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

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
John MASON

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

174A INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS BELOW SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 174A

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
(O.S.)  
John MASON was an S.A.S. trained killer, one of MI-6's best operatives ever - John MASON was one of the most dangerous men on earth.

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

GOODSPEED  
Don't shoot me. MASON was actually slinging it over his shoulder...

MASON  
For christ's sake. MASON trudges down the tunnel. Goodspeed follows him.

GOODSPEED  
Wait. Where're you going?

MASON  
Off this island. You mind?

GOODSPEED  
Yes I mind. I mind very much.

From the tac radio in Mason's hand:

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

MASON  
You've got a phone call.

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

GOODSPEED  
It's me sir.

SANCHEZ

(O.S.)

What is happening? Where's Mason?

GOODSPEED

He says he's leaving the island  
sir.

SANCHEZ

Don't let him do that.

GOODSPEED

He's got a gun, sir.

SANCHEZ

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

GOODSPEED hurries off after Mason.

174B INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 174B

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

HUMMEL

I never wanted this. Jesus christ.

BAXTER

We knew it might happen, Frank.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Maybe now they'll pay up.

CAPTAIN HENDRIX

Maybe now they won't.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Then maybe we'll execute a few  
hostages.

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

S.E.A.L. DANDO

You'll go to hell for this General.

CAPTAIN DARROW

(to Pvt. Royce)

Put a bullet in him.

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

CAPTAIN FRYE  
You heard him. End it.

Cpt. Darrow pulls his sidearm and levels it.

HUMMEL  
CAPTAIN, HOLSTER THAT SIDEARM.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
(lowers sidearm)  
Yes sir.

Royce kneels. Feels Dandols carotid artery.

ROYCE  
He's dead anyway sir.

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

INT. PIER 39 - NIGHT womack and SANCHEZ stare at HUMMEL on the monitor.

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

The transmission goes dead.

174C INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 174C

Suddenly, SGT. drainage pipe,

CRISP bent over SHEPHERD'S CORPSE in. the shouts to Hummel:

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

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

Pvts. Cox and McCoy go to the drainage pipe.

174D EXT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL HOUSE - NIGHT 174D

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

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

174E INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT 174E

Goodspeed's still trailing after Mason.

GOODSPEED  
would you stop. Just stop.

(MASON stops)

I don't know whatyou did or why you  
were sent to jail, but there are a  
million people across that bay who  
might die...

(MASON continues)  
Fuck this. Stop. Freeze.

MASON turns. GOODSPEED has his g gun trained on him. He's  
not the most convincing gun handler.

174F EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF POWER PLANT - NIGHT 174F

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

CAPTAIN HENDRIX  
(whispers in tac mike)  
Rodents located.

Hendrix and Crisp begin preparing a SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE.

174G INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT 174G

MASON and GOODSPEED as before. MASON advances.

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

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

GOODSPEED fiddles with the safety catch. With a swipe,  
MASON snatches the gun. They glare at each other.

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

GOODSPEED  
Now he has all the guns, sir. . .  
(clicks off the tac  
radio)  
(MORE)

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
 You've got to help me. What do you  
 want me to do, beg?

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

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

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

174H INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 174H

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

174I INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ 174I

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

174J DOWN THE TUNNEL - MASON AND GOODSPEED 174J

see the wall of flame ROARING toward them. MASON grabs Goodspeed.

MASON  
 Hold your breath.

They dive into a pool of stagnant water, submersing as the WALL OF FLAME blows through the tunnel over their heads.

Mason, then Goodspeed, drags himself out of the water.

MASON (CONT'D)  
 Come on. And keep your mouth shut.

MASON hurries off, GOODSPEED on his tail.

174K EXT. ALCATRAZ - SUBTERRANEAN CIVIL WAR RUINS - NIGHT 174K

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

174L CIVIL WAR RUINS - NIGHT 174L

GOODSPEED  
 Now what?

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

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

GOODSPEED follows MASON through the hole.

174M INT. CIVIL WAR DUNGEON - OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL - NIGHT 74M  
MASON and GOODSPEED emerge to a ledge which faces A POOL OF DANK STAGNANT WATER. It's about 3 ft. deep.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOODSPEED begins to wade into the pool.

MASON

Stop.

(GOODSPEED stops)

There. And there.

GOODSPEED squints. The water slithers with COTTONMOUTHS. MASON unpack the QUART OF MOTOR OIL in spray bottle.

MASON (CONT'D)

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

MASON (CONT'D)

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

The COTTONMOUTHS, repulsed by the oil, stay away. GOODSPEED tries not to look at the snakes. They make it across.

GOODSPEED

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

MASON slaps the .9 MM pistol into Goodspeed's hand walks off. GOODSPEED follows.

174N INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNEL UNDER PRISON MORGUE - NIGHT 174N

MASON and GOODSPEED arrive at a fork in the tunnel. \_

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

GOODSPEED

The morgue?

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

1740 INT. ROOM ADJACENT TO MORGUE - NIGHT 1740

MASON and GOODSPEED emerge from the garbage chute. They hear VOICES in the next room.

174P INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

174P

PVTS. GAMBLE and STARLING are guarding the poison. Starling's walking around. Gamble's seated on a MORTICIANIS TABLE, smoking.

The door bursts open. MASON stands in the doorway. GAMBLE dives away. STARLING whirls, raising his M-16.

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

MASON  
Never hesitate.

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

GAMBLE unclips a GRENADE. Before he can pull the pin....

MASON FIRES HIS CLIP EMPTY at the AIR CONDITIONER MOUNT on the ceiling above Gamble. The mount gives; the ENORMOUS AIR CONDITIONER falls, crushing Gamble. Gamble's GRENADE, still secured with the pin, rolls away.

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

GOODSPEED  
You didn't learn that in prison.

MASON  
No, and I used to be a lot quicker.

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

GOODSPEED opens the CORPSE DRAWERS revealing the V.X-. CHEM ROUNDS (shaped like big tennis ball cans).

GOODSPEED carefully lifts out a chem round. MASON grabs one, accidentally knocking it against the drawer.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
Careful. The second you don't  
respect this, it kills you.

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

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

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

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
hands the poison pearl strand to  
Mason. MASON holds it like a  
string of wind chimes.

MASON  
What... exactly does this do to  
you?

GOODSPEED  
Any epidermal exposure or  
inhalation and you'll know: A  
twinge at the small of your back as  
the poison seizes the nervous  
system.  
(hands over another  
poison pearl strand)  
Then loss of muscular function.  
Then you spit your guts out, it  
looks like a tub of spaghetti  
spilled on the floor, then your  
skin turns black...

MASON stares uneasily at the pearl strands.

MASON  
Sounds like my first marriage.

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

GOODSPEED  
(into tac radio)  
Pier 39 come in.

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

GOODSPEED

We're in the morgue. I'm removing  
the rocket's guidance system chips.

(to Mason)

Without em the rocketslll fly about  
500 feet and splash down like a  
wounded duck.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)

moves on to the third and fourth  
chem rounds. Suddenly there's a  
BEEP. GOODSPEED and MASON whirl.  
Pvt. Gamble's WALKIE TALKIE is  
talking to them:

HUMMEL

(O.S.)

Gamble, Starling. Come in.

MASON and GOODSPEED exchange a nervous look.

HUMMEL (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Privates Gamble and Starling, come  
in.

174Q EXT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 174Q

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

HUMMEL

The morgue. Hummel and Baxter exit  
quickly.

174R INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT 174R

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

MASON

C'mon c'mon.... faster ....

GOODSPEED nearly drops a chem round. MASON recoils.

MASON (CONT'D)

I thought you were cool under  
pressure.

GOODSPEED

Shut up; you're making me nervous.

174S EXT. ALCATRAZ - BETWEEN CELL HOUSE AND MORGUE - NIGHT 174S

Hummel and his men race toward the morgue.

174T INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT 174T

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

MASON

They'll be on us in twenty seconds.

GOODSPEED

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

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

174U EXT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT 174U

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

174V INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT 174V

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

174W -- MASON AND GOODSPEED 174W

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

174X INT. TUNNEL UNDER MORGUE - NIGHT 174X

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

174Y INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT 174Y

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

HUMMEL

Hendrix! Take Royce and Scarpetti!

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

BAXTER  
Gamble and Starling are dead.

CUT TO:

174Z INT. TUNNEL UNDER MORGUE - MONO-RAIL TRACK - NIGHT 174Z

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

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

CAPTAIN HENDRIX  
FOLLOW ON FOOT!

INT. ALCATRAZ - MONO-RAIL TUNNEL - NIGHT The three carts fly down the mono-rail: GOODSPEED and MASON (in CART 1) 50 feet ahead of Scarpitti (in CART 2), who is 50 feet ahead of Hendrix (in CART 3)

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

174[ IN CART 1 - MASON 174[

and GOODSPEED duck as BULLETS RICOCHET around the tunnel walls. They pop up and return fire.

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

THE GRENADE PROJECTILE shoots down the monorail tunnel.

174[A IN CART 1 - MASON AND GOODSPEED 174[A

duck as the GRENADE PROJECTILE wings over their heads, continues down the tunnel and DETONATES against the tunnel wall.

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

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

AS CART 2 rounds the corner...

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

MASON waits. As CART 3 rounds the corner

MASON swings again But Hendrix is waiting for it. Hendrix grabs the swinging pipe and pulls MASON into Cart 3!

174[B] IN CART 3 - HENDRIX AND MASON

174[B]

FIGHT SCENE

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

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

174[C] IN CART 1 ~ GOODSPEED

174[C]

looks over his shoulder at MASON and Hendrix locked in mortal combat. He pulls the CART BRAKE. Cart 1 begins slowing down. CART 2 (Scarpettis) rams into it. Now Carts 1 and 2 are together. And on comes --

CART 3 - Hendrix knocks MASON to the floor of the cart. Hendrix dives atop Mason, strangling him. mason's head is bent over the front lip of the cart. MASON looks down the mono-rail track. To his horror he sees CARTS 1 and 2 slowing down ...

174[D] IN CART 1 -

GOODSPEED

174[D]

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

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

MASON  
BRAKE! ! !

174[E] IN CART 1 - GOODSPEED

174[E]

pulls the cart brake and --

-- CART 3 SLAMS into CARTS 1 and 2 at 20 m.p.h., crushing Hendrixls head and torso between Carts 2 and 3.

The collision knocks MASON off Cart 3, SLAMMING his head against the tunnel wall. MASON falls unconscious.to the tunnel floor, while --

-- CART 1 is shoved by the collision across a DITCH OF WATER in the tunnel floor. GOODSPEED groggily gets to his feet. Jumps down from the cart.

GOODSPEED  
Mason!

In the midst of this PVT. ROYCE runs up. Sees MASON concussed, helpless. Royce draws his GLINTING KNIFE. Kneels over Mason. He's going to cut his throat.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
Wait.

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

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
Pretty easy killing an unconscious man. How about trying me? Punk.  
(beat)  
What're you waiting for? Limp dick.

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

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

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

And slides gently under the water.

GOODSPEED  
I rolled snake-eyes. Shithead.

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

MASON  
Limp dick?

GOODSPEED  
It's all I could think of.

They stumble off down the mono-rail tunnel.

MASON  
I think I've got arthritis.

174[F] INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

174[F]

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

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

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

GENERAL KRAMER  
(grim)  
They're going as fast as they can.

A corrugated aluminum hangar. SUPER:

Mojave Desert United States Air Force Testing Facility

174[G] INT. U.S.A.F. TESTING FACILITY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 174[G]

Looks like a Formula One garage. ROCK MUSIC blares.

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

IN A CORNER - JIMKY FISK and LARRY GILER consult.

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

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

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

CPT. GILER  
What are you saying?

LT. FISK

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

174[H] INT. ALCATRAZ - BEHIND "CHINA ALLEY" - NIGHT 174[H]

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

HUMMEL

(V.O.) (loudspeaker)

Attention Navy Seals, attention.

MASON and GOODSPEED freeze.

GOODSPEED

He thinks we're Seals.

HUMMEL

(V. O. ) (loudspeaker)

Congratulations. You've taken some  
things

of mine. I can't convince you to return them so I'll put on  
someone who can.

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

174[I] MALE VOICE 174[I]

(V.O.)

(loudspeaker)

Hell... hello.

174[J] EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON EXERCISE YARD - NIGHT 174[J]

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

HUMMEL

Tell them your name and age.

LARRY HENDERSON

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

HUMMEL

Good Mr. Henderson, continue ...

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

174[K] EXT. ALCATRAZ - BEHIND CHINA ALLEY - NIGHT MASON 174[K]

and Goodspeed, crestfallen, listen. LARRY HENDERSON (V.O.)  
(loudspeaker) ... and they're going to oh god...  
(through tears) ... please don't kill me

Larry's quivering voice trails off. Replaced by:

HUMMEL  
(V.O.) (loudspeaker)  
Convinced? Mr. Henderson hopes so.  
You have two minutes.

GOODSPEED turns to Mason.

GOODSPEED  
I'll go.

MASON  
Wrong.

GOODSPEED  
What, you?

MASON  
I'm not the chemical weapons  
expert.

GOODSPEED  
Good point. Okay here, take 'em.

GOODSPEED unpockets the V.X. ROCKET'S GUIDANCE CHIPS. Hands  
them to Mason. MASON heaves them into the bushes.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

MASON  
Now they only have three rockets  
left.

GOODSPEED  
What about Mr. Henderson?

MASON  
Hummel's a soldier, not a murderer.

GOODSPEED  
Wait.

MASON

(stops; turns)

Find the rockets. If they're  
guarded, kill the men guarding  
them.

GOODSPEED

I... I don't know if I can do this.

MASON

There's only one way to find out.  
I'll try to give you time. And  
Goodspeed....

(tosses GOODSPEED his  
ATROPOINE SYRINGE)

Don't be an idiot. Put that on.

MASON moves off into the night.

GOODSPEED

Well thank-you, thank-you very  
much.

GOODSPEED creeps toward the China Alley rocket launcher.

174[L] EXT. CHINA ALLEY - NIGHT

174[L]

GOODSPEED moves under the grated, multi-level structure of  
china Alley. Looks up through the grate. The ROCKET  
LAUNCHER sits on the grate on the level above him.

174[M] EXT. MAIN CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

174[M]

MASON walks down the middle of the cell block toward the  
opening to the exercise yard.

174[N] EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON YARD - ONE MINUTE LATER - NIGHT

Darrow with his gun to Larry Henderson's head. Hummel paces  
in the background. MASON emerges from the cell block.

MASON walks up to Hummel. The two stand there a moment,  
regarding each other.

CAPTAIN DARROW

Gotta be kidding me. They send an  
old man.

MASON gives Darrow a hard-eyed glance. Hummel takes a lap  
around Mason, sizing him up.

HUMMEL

I thought I'd been in the service a  
long time. Name and rank, sailor.

MASON  
John Paul Mason.  
(stares at Hummel)  
Royal Navy. Commander.

HUMMEL  
You're a long way from England,  
Commander Mason.

MASON  
I feel strangely at home.

HUMMEL  
How's that?

MASON  
You wouldn't believe me if I told  
you.

HUMMEL  
Do you have some unique knowledge  
of this prison facility, Commander  
Mason?

MASON  
Quite unique.

HUMMEL  
How's that?

MASON  
I was a guest here.

Glances all around. Someone laughs. Everyone laughs.

174[O EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCH STATION - NIGHT 174[O  
Pvt. COX mans the launcher. Suddenly a voice:

GOODSPEED  
(V.O.)  
Freeze.  
(Cox freezes)  
Drop the weapon and turn around.  
Slowly.

Pvt. Cox drops his weapon. Slowly turns. Goodspeed, one hand on his gun, the other on HIS TOOLS, begins to unscrew the V.X. CHEM ROUND FACE-PLATE.

174[P ON THE GRATED LEVEL ABOVE GOODSPEED 174[P  
- PVT. MCCOY appears. Looking down, he sees GOODSPEED and Cox. He cinches his REPELLING CLIP to the steel railing.

174[Q] EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 174[Q]

HUMMEL

Well you're some kind of joker,  
Mason. Maybe you're a lunatic. Are  
you of sound mind, Mason?

MASON

I'm not threatening the lives of a  
million innocent people. You are.

Hummells demeanor changes. Hard now. Tight.

HUMMEL

Give me the guidance chips.

MASON

I threw them in the bay.

HUMMEL

That was stupid of you.

MASON

(re: hostage Henderson)  
Would you have shot him?

CUT TO:

The marines look at Hummel, wondering the same thing. 220  
EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT  
GOODSPEED, still holding Cox at bay, pulls the V.X. chem  
round from the rocket. The going is slow. he begins to lift  
the POISON PEARL STRANDS from the chem round. His hand  
reaches to unclip the GUIDANCE SYSTEM CHIP.

Suddenly PVT. MCCOY repels to the level behind Goodspeed.  
Goodspeed grabs the chip and dashes off, slamming through an  
OLD WOODEN DOOR into the CIVIL WAR RUINS.

174[R] EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 174[R]

MASON and Hummel. The previous question dangles in the air:  
Would you have shot him?

HUMMEL

You seem like a bright man,  
Commander. Bright men understand  
necessity.

MASON

Bright men also obey the law.  
"Wherever law ends, terror begins."  
John Locke.

HUMMEL

"Where there is no law, there is no transgression." The Bible. Romans, Chapter 4, Verse 15.

MASON

Article 7, American Constitution?  
"Treason against the United States shall consist of... 11

HUMMEL

The American Constitution was written by traitors, Commander. Traitors against a government founded on injustice and tyranny and stupidity.

(beat)

I see little difference in my motivation.

174[S EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT 174[S  
Goodspeed, inside the Civil War ruins, levels his gun at the door. The chip is in his free hand.

The door CREAKS open.

174[T EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 174[T

HUMMEL

Do you, Commander Mason?

Suddenly GUNSHOTS. Coming from China Alley. Hummel and men whirl around, startled.

HUMMEL

Frye, Crisp, go!

174[U EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT 174[U

GOODSPEED wildly discharges his gun until CLICK, the clip is spent. Cox and McCoy step through the doorway.

GOODSPEED shoves the guidance chip in his mouth.

MCCOY

Swallow that and I swear on my Aunt Myrtle's grave I'll cut your belly open and pull it out.

McCoy and Cox spring at Goodspeed. McCoy whips the butt end of his gun against Goodspeed's head. GOODSPEED crumples, unconscious. McCoy jams his fingers in Goodspeed's mouth.

MCCOY He bit the fuckin' thing. It's shot.

174[V] INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - CELL BLOCK 'ID' - MORNING 174[V]

GOODSPEED squints through painful eyes, gaining consciousness. he looks around, taking stock of the start cell on 'ID' block. Gets to his feet. Goes to the bars:

GOODSPEED

Mason.

(no response)

Mason?

MASON

(V.O.)

It's about time.

GOODSPEED

Where are you?

174[W] A CELL ON THE TIER ABOVE GOODSPEED - 174[W]

MASON sits on a bed.

MASON

Above you.

(under his breath)

Literally and figuratively.

WIDENING, we see that MASON'S MATTRESS has been ripped into long strips.

MASON (CONT'D)

is BRAIDING THE STRIPS into a long rope. The rope is quite finely constructed. Mason's been at this several hours.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO CELLS (and during the following, MASON keeps busy with his rope braiding).

GOODSPEED

This is tiny.

MASON

You referring to your intellect, Goodspeed? Or another portion of your anatomy ....

GOODSPEED

The cell, Mason.

MASON

Five feet by seven. Try living in  
one for a year. What happened?

GOODSPEED

I only got one chem round. There  
are two left. I fucked up.

MASON

(sarcastic)

Surprise, surprise.

GOODSPEED

I'm not a field agent, all right?  
So cut me a break.

MASON

An F.B.I. Man asking me for a  
break. How droll.

GOODSPEED

What is your beef with the Bureau,  
anyway Clmon. Tell me.

MASON

Let's say our countries had a  
little dispute. They both  
knowingly shafted me.

GOODSPEED

How?

MASON

Familiar with the name Hoover,  
Goodspeed? I don't mean a vacuum  
cleaner ...

GOODSPEED listens intently and

CUT TO:

174[X] INT. LONG BEACH AIR FORCE BASE HANGAR - MORNING 174[X]  
174[Y] SUPER: LONG BEACH, CA. - U.S. AIR FORCE BASE. 174[Y]

TECHNICIANS are frantically installing WILLY PETER  
INCENDIARY BOMBS under the wings of an F-16.

ACROSS THE HMGAR - General Peterson and Captain Giler brief  
FOUR F-16

174[Z] TOP GUN PILOTS.

174[Z]

GENERAL PETERSON The target. Alcatraz Island. This is not a precision strike. The entire island is to be blanketed.

LWO F-16 PILOT Sir, we hit that Island with Willy Peter and it's going to look like Iwo Jima. No one can survive it.

GENERAL PETERSON (grimly) That's why this is a volunteer mission, Captain. If any of you have doubts you can carry it out, speak up.

The pilots look at each other. Silence.

GENERAL PETERSON  
Captain Giler?

CPT. GILER  
We jerry-rigged a release lever.  
You'll find it on the left

side of the cockpit. It's got two positions: safety and release. Throw it on release, the bomb drops in five seconds. Change your mind, throw it back on safety. Any questions?

174[ [ INT. ALCATRAZ - GOODSPEED'S CELL - MORNING

174[ [

GOODSPEED stares blankly into space. INTERCUT between the two cells again.

GOODSPEED  
Jesus.  
(thinks)  
Why didn't you just tell Hoover and the bureau where the microfilm was?  
Make a trade?

MASON  
Some trade. They'd get the microfilm and I'd get a bullet in the head.

GOODSPEED  
I see your point. Something's been on my mind. About your escape.

MASON  
What?

MASON rises. Lifts the bed. Pulls off the bed's heavy ROLLING CASTER. Knots the caster onto one end of the braided rope.

GOODSPEED

You went down the shower drain,  
through the tunnels to the power  
plant, under the steam engine and  
out through the intake pipe - that  
much I've got ' But... howld you  
get out of your cell?

MASON leans out his cell and tosses the rolling caster down  
the cell block. The braided rope, tied to it, plays out to  
it's full length.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I only ask because, in our current  
situation, it might be useful  
information ...

The result: the braided rope lies across the cell block  
floor, the rolling caster tied to it. MASON holds the  
other end of the rope through the bars of his cell.

MASON

Trade secret, Billy, I'll tell you  
this: it was easier than getting  
in.

MASON (CONT'D)

fiercely yanks the rope toward him.  
The heavy rolling caster jerks from  
the floor. The CASTER, pulling the  
rope, flies past Mason's cell --

-- shooting in an arc around the corner of the cell block,  
still pulling the rope, where --

-- the caster-pulled ROPE catches the CELL RELEASE LEVER  
against the wall. The rope coils, WRAP WRAP WHAP, around  
the release lever handle.

MASON (CONT'D)

tugs the rope taut like he's just  
snagged a fish. Then he pulls  
slowly and delicately.

THE CELL DOOR RELEASE LEVER pulls down and --

-- MASON'S CELL DOOR (and all the doors on that tier) open  
at once. And

MASON (CONT'D)

smiles.

174[[A INT. GOODSPEED'S CELL - MORNING

174[[A

GOODSPEED hears the doors opening above him.

GOODSPEED  
Hey! Hey what's happening?  
(no response)  
Mason. Mason?

Suddenly Goodspeed's cell door opens. GOODSPEED exits the cell. MASON stands there.

MASON  
You're on your own, kid. Your gear's over there.

MASON motions to a HEAP OF THEIR GEAR (clothes, weapons, flares) in the corner of the cell tier.

GOODSPEED  
Shit....

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
grabs his guns and gear and follows after Mason. 225 EXT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING  
Hummel sits behind the desk.  
Baxter, Frye, Darrow, Hendrix in front of him. Silence. Hummel stares at his phone. The tension is palpable.

HUMMEL  
Time.

BAXTER  
(consults his watch)  
Fifteen minutes Frank.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
We have two operational rockets left, General. One on the lower lighthouse, one on the rooftop, ready for fire. (no response)  
General.

HUMMEL  
I heard you Captain.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
Prepare for launch General?  
General?

HUMMEL

Not yet.

CAPTAIN FRYE

General Hummel, noon is approaching.

HUMMEL

I'm aware of the time, Captain.

Hummel glares at Frye, then at the phone. Frye and Darrow exchange a look ....

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING The clock on the wall reads 13 minutes to go. General Kramer, Security Advisor Louis Lindstrom, and C.I.A. Director Milton Amway.

LOUIS LINDSTROM

When was the last communication from our men on Alcatraz?

GENERAL KRAMER

Seven hours ago.

The Naval Attache enters excitedly. NAVAL ATTACHE General, the white phosphorous attack is operational.

General Kramer grabs the phone.

GENERAL KRAMER (CONT'D)

Get me the President.

227

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING

227

MASON emerges from the parade ground ruins and moves down the embankment toward the water. GOODSPEED stays above.

GOODSPEED

Mason. John.

(MASON stops)

What happened - the injustice done to you - doesn't mean you can walk away from this. A million people across that Bay will die.

MASON

Only one of them I care about.

GOODSPEED

You were once a different man.

MASON  
You don't know what kind of man I  
was.

GOODSPEED  
You were a civil servant. Sworn to  
do your duty. Just like me.

MASON begins climbing down to the waterline.

227A INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING 227A

Hummel, with Baxter, Hendrix, Frye, Darrow and Crisp. The atmosphere is now so fucking thick you can cut it.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
Eleven fifty-seven, General. Three  
minutes to go.

HUMMEL  
They're going to call.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
They are not going to call General.

HUMMEL  
I... I don't understand this.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
I understand it. They're calling  
our bluff. We have two operational  
rockets left. We have to stick one  
of those rockets in their ear,  
General.

HUMMEL  
Atom?

BAXTER  
I'...I don't know Frank.

HUMMEL  
Seventy thousand people... I  
didn't... i didn't ever...

CAPTAIN FRYE  
You didn't ever what?  
(no response)  
You didn't ever what, General?  
(gets in Hummel's face)  
General, forty-eight hours ago I  
was in

a cushy job at Pendleton. As of this moment I am subject to prosecution for treason and murder. Do you know what that means. It means the electric chair. For all of us.

BAXTER  
He's right Frank. Authorize the launch or it's over.

All eyes on Hummel now.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
Authorize the launch, General.

Hummel nods and

CUT TO:

227B EXT. ALCATRAZ - ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING 227B

Capt. Frye and Sgt. Crisp approach the rocket launcher across the roof of the main cell house.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING Mason's wading into the water now.

GOODSPEED  
You'll never make it.

MASON  
I once swam the English Channel,  
but you're entitled to  
your, opinion.

Goodspeed, disgusted, turns and heads back, grumbling.

GOODSPEED  
Fine. I'll fuckin, do it myself.

227C EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING 227C

CAPT. FRYE AND SGT. CRISP on the roof, ready the rocket launcher. Hummells VOICE comes over Fryels walkie-talkie:

HUMMEL  
(V.O.) (over walkie-  
talkie)  
Launch coordinates 675 dash 439.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
Aye aye General: coordinates 675  
dash Awaiting launch command.

227D INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING 227D  
 Hummel stares at a GRIDDED MAP OF THE BAY ARF.A.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
 (V.O.) (over walkie-talkie) (beat)  
 General, your command.

HUMMEL  
 (closes his eyes)  
 Fire.

227E EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING 227E  
 Frye presses the ignition switch. The ROCKET'S TAIL fires. It ROARS off the launcher. Toward Oakland.

227F EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING 227F  
 CLOSE ON MA-SON - as he watches the V.X. ROCKET ROARING over his head toward civilian populdtion.

MASON  
 (hushed)  
 My god. MASON looks up. GOODSPEED stands above on the embankment.

GOODSPEED  
 That change things?

227G INT. PIER 39 - FBI COMMAND - MORNING 227G  
 the F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN stares at the RADAR SCREEN.

227H F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN 227H  
 They fired a rocket. It's headed east.  
 Everyone stares at the radar screen. A hush.

SANCHEZ  
 East. But that's... Oakland.  
 (dawns on him) My god. The football game.

227I EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING 227I  
 MASON  
 comes back up the embankment.  
 Faces Goodspeed-with grim resolve:

GOODSPEED  
 Partners?

MASON  
Partners.

The two men clasp hands and

CUT TO:

227J EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NOON 227J

FOOTBALL FANS scream as THE OAKLAND RAIDERS sprint onto the field. Above, unbeknownst to anyone --

227K EXT. SKIES OVER OAKLAND CALIFORNIA - DAY 227K

The V.X. ROCKET arcs over Oakland and --

227L INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY 227L

-- Hummel, Baxter, and Darrow stare at the transmission from the rocket's optic camera.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - We first see CLEAR SKY. The rocket reaches its apex. Blue sky is now replaced by THE OAKLAND COLISEUM directly below. We descend on 60,000 people.

BACK TO SCENE -  
HUMMEL

watches the video monitor nervously. His jaws twitch.

He looks at the ROCKET GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER. He looks at the video monitor.

He can't take it. Hummel lunges for the ROCKET GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER. Darrow tries to restrain him, but -- Hummel punches in NEW

227M COORDINATES -- 227M

227N EXT. SKIES OVER OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY 227N

The V.X. Rocket's GUIDANCE CONTROL suddenly BLINKS RED. the rocket veers off on a new vector. Heading now toward San Francisco Bay. And

CUT TO:

227O INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - DAY 227O

The F.B.I. Radar Technician reacts to the change in the rocket's trajectory.

227P F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN 227P  
 Sir, it's heading..into the bay?

227Q EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY 227Q  
 A CHARTER FISHING BOAT bobs in the bay.

245 EXT. CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DAY 245  
 Four GUYS are fishing. Relaxing. Drinking beers. one guy looks up. Sees something.

CIWTER FISHERMAN  
 What the hell.... ?

EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY The V.X. rocket screams down. at 500 ft. altitude it DETONATES. Showering a cloud of V.X. POISON onto the bay.

247 EXT. CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DECK - DAY 247  
 The FISHERMEN stand there, stunned as DROPLETS OF V.X. POISON fall upon them. It's like a grey drizzle.

The Fishermen exchange looks. Hold out their hands, catching "rain drops". One of them spasm. Another. The others. Skin turns black. Blood runs from pores.

247A EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - DAY 247A  
 Frye and Crisp stare across the Bay in disbelief.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
 I don't believe it. He pulled the plug.

Frye, disgusted, races down the STAIRS.

247B EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF INFIRMARY - DAY 247B  
 Frye stalks into the infirmary. MASON and GOODSPEED come around the corner and steal inside the infirmary.

247C INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY 247C  
 Chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair stands before the desk of the President of the United States.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR  
 They need a decision Mr. President.

The President (who we don't see) gazes into the East Garden.

The President hits his INTERCOM to the room where his cabinet is gathered. INTERCUT with the authorities, reactions, as needed:

PRESIDENT

These past few hours have been the longest, darkest of my life. This is when you wish the buck did not stop here.

(beat)

A balance between two tragedies. On one hand the fate of a million civilians.

On the other, Frank Hummel. That we have ignored or abandoned or marginalized a great soldier like Frank Hummel and that American boys have paid the price of that neglect in blood, is equally real, and equally tragic.

HAYDEN SINCLAIR

The glass is half full not half empty, sir. No civilian casualties so far.

PRESIDENT

I don't believe in half full or half empty, Sinclair. There are chemical weapons and there are civilians. And there are men on Alcatraz who've proved they're willing to use the one on the other. (beat) We are at war with terror. Fighting a war means casualties. This is the worst call I've ever had to make. (takes the phone) Air strike approved.

247D EXT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - MOBILE WAR ROOM - DAY 247D

Sanchez, Womack, Carla, silent around speakerphone.

247E EXT. LONG BEACH AIR FORCE BASE - DAY 247E

The F-16s ROAR down the runway, lifting into the sky.

247F INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY CORRIDOR - DAY 247F

MASON and GOODSPEED move silently down the corridor. They pass the HEAVY STEEL DOOR of the Marinets Command Center. It's ajar. Voices emanate within.

GOODSPEED and MASON move inside the adjacent room. B253 INT. INFIRMARY ROOM ADJACENT TO COMMAND CENTER - DAY There's a 4 x 16 inch slit in the wall.

MASON and GOODSPEED position themselves on either side, watching and eavesdropping on the drama unfolding within.

247G INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY 247G

Frye, Darrow and Baxter. All staring at Hummel.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
You're gutless. I knew it.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
The problem is now they know it.

HUMMEL  
Careful son. I'd maintain discipline if I were you.

Darrow draws his .45, levels it at Hummel. INTERCUT with MASON and Goodspeed's reactions.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
I'm relieving you of your command General. Captain Frye?

CAPTAIN FRYE  
I'm in.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
Major?

Major Baxter looks from Darrow to Hummel.

HUMMEL  
Tom?

BAXTER  
It's over Frank.  
(to Darrow)  
I'm in.

Hummel blinks. He can't believe this.

HUMMEL  
Tom, I warn you.

BAXTER  
Stand down, General.

HUMMEL  
I'm giving you a direct order.

BAXTER  
(draws his .45)  
I'm not accepting it.

247H IN THE ADJACENT ROOM - GOODSPEED

247H

and MASON exchange a tense look. mason aims his gun through the slit ...

HUMMEL draws his .45 but Baxter fires first, hitting Hummel squarely in the chest.

MASON  
FIRES through the slit, killing  
Baxter as --

HUMMEL , gunshot, reels toward the STEEL DOOR behind him. He wrenches it open and lunges outside into the corridor. IN THE CORRIDOR - MASON fires into the command center, sending Frye and Darrow diving for cover.

GOODSPEED  
grabs the semi-conscious Hummel and  
drags him down the corridor-.

247I IN THE INFIRMARY WASHROOM - GOODSPEED

247I

drags Hummel inside. Hummel collapses against the wall.

His blood runs across the tiled floor. MASON takes a defensive position in the washrooms doorway.

DARROW AND FRYE attack through the infirmary's maze of rooms, taking cover where they can, squeezing off rounds.

MASON fires at Darrow and Frye from the doorway while GOODSPEED kneels over Hummel. Hummells dying and knows it. he stares at Goodspeed through glassy eyes.

HUMMEL  
My god what have I done ...

GOODSPEED  
It's not too late, General. Tell  
me where the last chem round is.

HUMMEL  
(gasps for air)  
Lower lighthouse ...

Hummel dies. MASON and GOODSPEED turn from Hummel to each other.

MASON  
Do your job, Billy. - I'll try to  
hold ,em off.

MASON (CONT'D)  
 blasts away at Frye and Darrow,  
 allowing GOODSPEED to sprint for  
 the exit toward the lower lighthouse.

As Frye holds down MASON with fire, Darrow sprints for the opposite exit. Frye, firing while retreating, moves back inside the Command Center.

247J EXT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - DAY 247J

GOODSPEED exits and sprints toward the lower lighthouse.

247K EXT./INT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247K

Sgt. Crisp smokes a cigarette next to launcher. GOODSPEED enters, gun raised. Crisp spins, drawing his .45.

GOODSPEED  
 Don't ...

GOODSPEED  
 shoots Crisp. Crisp falls dead.  
 A255 INT. INFIRMARY -

247L CORRIDOR - DAY MASON 247L

advances toward the command center's door. Suddenly the HEAVY STEEL DOOR creaks open and --

-- A SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE flings out, sliding across the corridor floor toward Mason. MASON turns and sprints away. Frye bolts from the room, sprinting the other way.

MASON  
 dives away as the satchel  
 DETONATES, imploding the corridor  
 walls, collapsing the ceiling.  
 mason's engulfed in two tons of-  
 plaster and crumbled cinder block.

247M INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247M

Goodspeed's detached the V.X. CHEM ROUND from the rocket. He's about ready to pull out the poison pearls when..

DARROW barges in. GOODSPEED, a hem round in hand, moves behind the stairway and scaffolding in the room's middle.

INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY Frye, at the GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER, into walkie talkie.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
 Crisp, Darrow, come in... (thinks;  
 clicks walkie talkie to new  
 channel) Cox, McCoy, get your asses  
 up here!

247N EXT. ALCATRAZ - WHARF WATCH TOWER - DAY 247N

Pvts. Cox and McCoy, standing watch, leave the watch tower  
 and hurry toward the infirmary and lower lighthouse.

247O INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247O

Darrow moves one way, GOODSPEED the other. GOODSPEED holds  
 the chem round in front of him.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
 Give that to me.

GOODSPEED  
 You shoot me, I'll drop this and  
 we're both dead. One of

these pearlsll kill everything within 200 feet. You know  
 how this shit works?

Darrow drops his gun. Pulls out a TITANIUM BLADED KNIFG.

CAPTAIN DARROW  
 You know how this shit works?

Darrow advances on Goodspeed. The only route to GOODSPEED  
 is between the rocket and the window. Darrow continues  
 advancing., GOODSPEED eyes the launcher's IGNITION SWITCH.  
 As Darrow passes between the window and the launcher ....

GOODSPEED  
 You know the Elton John son,  
 "Rocket Man"?

CAPTAIN DARROW  
 I hate it.

Darrow lunges. GOODSPEED stabs the IGNITION SWITCH. The VX  
 ROCKET LIFTS OFF, HITTING Darrow square in the chest.

247P EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247P

-- The VX ROCKET BLOWS Darrow THROUGH THE WINDOW and wings  
 off, clearing the cliffs. Darrow falls from the rocket --

GOODSPEED  
 Well it happens to be my favorite  
 fuckin, song!

247Q EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - DAY 247Q  
 DARROW plummets, IMPALING himself on a STEEL FENCE SPIKE.  
 The VX ROCKET swerves madly across the bay --

247R INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - MOBILE WAR ROOM - DAY 247R  
 247S F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN 247S  
 Second rocket's away, sir. (confused look) It went in the  
 Bay sir.

247T INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247T  
 Goodspeed's alone now with the last V.X. CHEM ROUND. He -  
 pulls out the STRAND OF POISON PEARLS. Suddenly an AXE  
 BLADE comes through the door. outside --

EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY -- CAPT. FRYE chops at the  
 door lock with a FIRE AXE.

247U INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247U  
 GOODSPEED looks around frantically. Only one place to go.  
 Up. GOODSPEED scrambles up the interior metal stairs.

247V EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY 247V  
 GOODSPEED  
 emerges on the roof. Sets down the  
 chem round. Pulls out the  
 POISON PEARL STRANDS, his hand shaking. With the other  
 hand, he unclips the ROCKET GUIDANCE CHIP.  
 The COPPER STRANDS holding the pearls are corroded. A  
 strand BREAKS. Four PEARLS fall. GOODSPEED catches three.  
 The FOURTH drops, hitting his SHOE. It rolls along the  
 rooftop. GOODSPEED sets aside the other pearls and dives,  
 grabbing the stray pearl an inch from the roof's edge.  
 Suddenly THE HUGE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW behind GOODSPEED  
 EXPLODES, showering GOODSPEED with glass.  
 ON THE ADJACENT ROOFTOP ~ PVT. MCCOY, wielding a smoking  
 .60 Cal MACHINE GUN. McCoy fires a wicked, long, sustained  
 burst, emptying his entire ammunition belt.  
 THE LIGHTHOUSE SEARCHLIGHT FRESNEL blows to shreds.  
 GOODSPEED rolls away, GLASS SHARDS raining down on him,  
 cutting him-. He's a sitting duck.

MCCOY casts aside the .60 Cal and unshoulders a SNIPER RIFLE. Draws a bead on GOODSPEED again. GOODSPEED, bleeding, terrified, cowers, awaiting death.

A SILHOUETTE APPEARES behind McCoy. It's MASON, dirty and bloodied. McCoy spins. MASON bats the rifle aside, KNEES McCoy in the solar plexus, grips McCoy's NECK -- SNAP! -and HURLS him off the roof. McCoy falls 5 floors.

GOODSPEED gives MASON a thankful glance. And hears THE DOOR BURST OPEN BELOW.

247W INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY 247W

FRYE roars inside. Looks around. Starts up the stairs.

247X EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247X

FRYE barges onto the roof. Sees the DISMANTLED CHEM ROUND. Goodspeed's at the edge of the roof looking down.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
Give me the guidance chip.

Frye raises his M-16 as GOODSPEED jumps. Lands hard on the ground below and sprints off.

247Y EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF THE LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY 247Y

GOODSPEED sprints toward the NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING.

247Z EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY 247Z

Frye fires from the roof. M-16 ROUNDS kick up dirt around Goodspeed. Frye curses and heads back down the stairs.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY Frye exits and sprints after Goodspeed. INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY Mason comes down the stairs. Suddenly PVT. COX looms on the stairs below. Faces off with Mason. Cox draws his knife and lunges. MASON catches Cox' wrist.

Cox, with his free hand, hits Mason. Hard. MASON recoils. Counter punches. On comes Cox. He's huge and menacing. He hits MASON again. Again. Again. Cox has MASON backed up to the stairwell. -

247[ INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY 247[

Goodspeed, frantic, sprints across the floor, SPLASHING through puddles. He loses his footing. falls and slides across the floor, clutching the guidance chip and pear.

He gets to his feet. LIMPS behind some RUSTY MACHINERY.

FRYE enters. Sees RIPPLES IN PUDDLES left by Goodspeed. Frye creeps across the floor. Following the ripples.

247[A] INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

247[A]

Mason's nearly through. Backed up against the railing. Cox comes in again. WHAM WHAM. MASON spits blood and teeth. MASON'S moves to his pocket. As Cox comes in for the death blow --

MASON pulls the MOTOR OIL from his pocket and sprays it in Cox's eyes. The big man is dazed, blinded. MASON steps aside and rams Cox over the railing. Cox falls to his death on the floor below. MASON looks down at him.

MASON  
Snakes hate the stuff.

247[B] INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY

247[B]

Frye creeps close to Goodspeed's hiding place. GOODSPEED lunges from behind the machinery, jamming his fingers into Fryels mouth and ramming home the POISON PEARL.

GOODSPEED HAMMERS his fist into Fryels JAW. We hear the glass breaking in Fryels mouth. Fryels eyes widen. GREY SMOKE SPEWS FROM HIS MOUTH AND NOSTRILS. His eyes bulge.

GOODSPEED tries to step away. Frye bearhugs him, pressing his face close. Frye open his mouth, spewing forth a CLOUD OF POISON in Goodspeed's face.

CAPTAIN FRYE  
You're comin, with me.

GOODSPEED shoves Frye away. Frye drops, his body quivering. Blood pours form his ears and nose. Frye spasms in a sickening dance of death.

GOODSPEED reels away,. COUGHING. Dizzy, he falls to his knees. He's gassed and knows it. Desperately, he rips at his PANDLEG. A SYRINGE taped to his calf. ATROPIINE.

He pulls it free and hesitates. A beat, then -- He PLUNGES the long needle into his chest. Into his heart. Depresses the plunger.

247[C] EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA - DAY

247[C]

-- The F-169, flying north along the California Coastline, bank right and dive down onto San Francisco Bay.

247[D] INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY 247[D]

Goodspeed's world slows down. Is he dying? He sees IMAGES in SLOW MOTION He and Carla together his parents moments from his childhood...

Slowly Goodspeed's breathing normalizes. He gazes up at the dawning sky. SEES something shimmering in the distance. Through the HEAT WAVES ...

247[E] THE SOUADRON OF F-16S. 247[E]

247[F] INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - DAY 247[F]

Sanchez, Director Womack, and the F.B.I. TECHNICIANS watch from the window as --

THE F-16s wing across the Bay toward Alcatraz.

SANCHEZ  
May god have mercy gn their souls.

CARLA  
(face buried in his  
hands)  
You can't do this, you can't let  
this happen.

247[G] EXT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY 247[G]

GOODSPEED  
exits and kneels, reaching for HIS  
OTHER PANTLEG. PULLS out his GREEN  
FLARES. He cracks the flares and  
fires them up.

247[H] EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE - DAY 247[H]

The F-16s fly under the span of bridge, just 50 feet off the water, shooting up a PLUME OF WATER.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY GOODSPEED, in slow motion, waves the flares.

INT. LEAD F-16 - COCKPIT - DAY The LEAD F-16 Pilot speaks on this air-to-air mike.

LEAD F-16 PILOT Arm up.

247[I] INT. PIER 39 - F.B.I. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 247[I]

CARLA watches the approach of the F-16s on Alcatraz in horror. Every second is excruciating.

F.B.I. TECHNICIAN

Ten seconds to the drop zone. And  
now counting eight, seven, six ...

247[J] EXT. WORLD WAR II BUNKER (SPOTTING POSITION #1) - DAY 247[J]

A hilltop on the Marin side of the Golden Gate Bridge. Two  
spotters watch the action through SPOTTING SCOPES. SPOTTER  
1 watches the F-16s. SPOTTER 2, watching ALCATRAZ, nearly  
jumps out of his skin.

F.B.I. TECHNICIAN

Green smoke! It's... GOODSPEED!!

A RADIO OPERATOR fires a message to command.

247[K] INT. PIER 39 ~ F.B.I. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 247[K]

SANCHEZ

Abort. Abort immediately.

247[L] EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE - DAY 247[L]

On come the F-16s, ROARING over Alcatraz. They're almost on  
top of GOODSPEED now. It's too late. It's all over.

247[M] INT. LEAD F-16 - 247[M]

247[N] -16 - COCKPIT - DAY 247[N]

F-16 FLIGHT CONTROLLER

(v.o. cockpit radio)

247[O] ABORT, RED THUNDER, ABORT! 247[O]

LEAD F-16 PILOT Abort. Abort.

THE LEAD F-16 PILOT safeties the bomb release lever. 276  
INT. REAR F-16

247[P] - COCKPIT - DAY 247[P]

The REAR F-16 PILOT is wrestling with his release lever.  
It's stuck. He can't "safety" it.

247[Q] REAR F-16 PILOT 247[Q]

Sir, something's wrong. I can't disengage... !

247[R] LEAD F-16 PILOT 247[R]

Then peel off...

247[S] EXT. SKIES OVER ALCATRAZ - DAY 247[S]  
 The four F-16s veer away from the island. But for the REAR JET, the order came too late ...

247[T] EXT. REAR F-16 - WING UNDERCARRIAGE - DAY 247[T]  
 The REAR F-16 releases its Willy Peter canisters. They plummet to the island.

247[U] EXT. ALCATRAZ - NEAR NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY 247[U]  
 The WILLY PETER CANISTERS land, detonating on impact in a MONSTROUS INFERNAL EXPLOSION.  
 The awesome concussion knocks GOODSPEED off the New Industries Building pier into the bay.

247[V] EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY 247[V]  
 Goodspeed, concussed in the water, tries to keep consciousness. He can't. He sinks.  
 ANOTHER FORM appears above him. It's MASON, swimming for Goodspeed. MASON gets under his arms and pulls him up.

247[W] EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE - DAY 247[W]  
 MASON drags GOODSPEED ashore.

283 INT. PIER 39 - COMMAND WAREHOUSE - DAY 283  
 Sanchez, Director Womack and the F.B.I. TECHNICIANS stare out the window at Alcatraz, enshrouded in PLUMES OF SMOKE.  
 Total silence. Only CARLA, weeping quietly in the corner. SANCHEZ puts his arm around her. Ushers her away. Suddenly a VOICE CRACKLES:

GOODSPEED  
 (V.O.)  
 Pier 39 come in. Pier 39 ...  
 (freezes)  
 My god he's alive.

Director Womack grabs the mike.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
 Goodspeed, this is Director Womack.  
 Are the hostages alive?

GOODSPEED  
 (V.O.)  
 Every one of em sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
What about Mason?

284 INT. ALCATRAZ - CIVIL WAR RUINS - DAY

284

GOODSPEED stares at Mason, letting the question dangle.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Goodspeed. Is Mason-alive?

A pause. The question still dangling there. Then:

GOODSPEED  
(deep breath)  
Just come and get me, sir. I'm  
tired.

SANCHEZ  
Name your vacation spot, Goodspeed.  
The Bureau'll pay for it.

GOODSPEED hangs up. The two men regard each other.

GOODSPEED  
Mason, uhm, John, I have something  
to tell you. You know that pardon  
contract you signed?

MASON  
Womack ripped it up, right?

GOODSPEED  
You knew? All this time?

MASON  
I'm not a fool, Billy.

GOODSPEED  
All I know is that whatever you  
did, you don't deserve to go back.

MASON  
Goodspeed. You know the etymology  
of your name?

GOODSPEED  
God's speed.

MASON  
Yes. To wish someone a prosperous  
jouey.

MASON smiles. GOODSPEED smiles back. There is an immediate  
tacit understanding.

MASON (CONT'D)  
And if you turn around I'll tell  
you a secret.

Goodspeed, confused by this, gives MASON a look. Slowly turns around. Camera doesn't leave him.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(O.S.)  
St. Michael's Church, Fort Walton,  
Kansas. Front pew. Right leg.  
Hollow.

GOODSPEED  
What's that? (beat) Mason?

GOODSPEED turns around. John Paul MASON is gone.

285 EXT. ALCATRAZ - DOCK - DAY 285

GOODSPEED is standing on the dock. Sanchez comes down the gangplank.

SANCHEZ  
You surprised me, kid. Never  
thought you could do it.

GOODSPEED  
Neither did I sir.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
Where's Mason?

GOODSPEED  
Vaporized, sir. Blown out to sea.

GOODSPEED (CONT'D)  
He saved my life, sir. Is SANCHEZ  
going to accept this? .

SANCHEZ  
Yes  
(smiles; acknowledges)  
Poor son-of-a-bitch.

F.B.I. AGENT  
Sir, the White House calling. It's  
the President.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
I'll take it.

WOMACK elbows past GOODSPEED and Sanchez.

F.B.I. AGENT  
Uhm, sir, actually it's for  
Goodspeed.

Womack glares at Goodspeed, who takes the phone.

GOODSPEED  
Bill Goodspeed, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT  
(V.O.)  
I am in your debt, Goodspeed, the  
country is in your debt. You're a  
hero, son.

GOODSPEED  
Thank you, Mr. President. The man  
you should be thanking is John  
Mason.

PRESIDENT  
(V.O.)  
So I've been informed. Would you  
put the F.B.I. Director on please?

GOODSPEED  
Director Womack.

GOODSPEED hands the phone to Womack. Womack looks at the  
phone. Slowly takes it.

F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK  
I can explain all of this, sir ...

PRESIDENT  
(V.O.)  
I don't want your explanation,  
Womack. I want your resignation.

Womack grimaces. Goodspeed, smiling to himself, turns away.  
CARLA races into his arms. A long, warm embrace.

CUT TO:

286 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

286

A jeep motors up the Freeway. Passing a sign: VANCOUVER 30  
MILES.

287 INT. JEEP - DRIVING - DAY 287

MASON and Jade. Jade driving. Father smiles. Daughter smiles back.

CUT TO:

BEGIN CLOSING CREDITS. The following plays over:

288 KANSAS - DAY 288

289 EXT. A ROAD IN FORT WALTON, KANSAS - DAY 289

A beat-up PORSCHE SPEEDSTER exits a BAPTIST CHURCH.

290 INT. PORSCHE SPEEDSTER - DAY 290

Carla is driving. GOODSPEED next to her. He opens a WORN PLASTIC CANISTER. Spools out a REEL OF MICROFILM.

CARLA

Would you please tell me what this is all about... ?

GOODSPEED

You want to know who really killed President Kennedy, honey...?

THE END