

THE ROCK

BY

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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 ...

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

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - MORNING**

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

**BENNIE**

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

**ACROSS THE CEMETERY**

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

**HUMMEL**

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

Hummel puts new flowers on the grave. Walks off.

**EXT. ACCESS ROAD TO ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Heavy rain. A road next to a heavily guarded bunker facility. A canvas

covered ARMY TRUCK blows a tire in the road. The DRIVER gets out.  
Inspects the tire.

**INT. ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

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

**ARMY M. P.**

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

**HUMMEL**

Held better be. This is a security inspection.

**ARMY M. P.**

Yes, sir!

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

**INT. GRATED STORM DRAIN IN BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. BUNKER SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

**COLONEL CALLAHAN**

General Hummel! This is a surprise!

**HUMMEL**

That's the idea, Colonel.

**EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - WATCH TOWER - NIGHT**

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

**...EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT**

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

**INT. BUNKER COMPOUND WATCH TOWER - NIGHT**

Marines 3 and 4 burst inside the watch tower. The guards inside spring up. BOOM BOOM, they're hit by bean bag projectiles, propelling them out the windows of the watch tower. They fall 10 feet and lie unconscious.

**EXT. BUNKER COMPOUND - NIGHT**

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

**INT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - NIGHT**

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

**INT. BUNKER SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

**SGT. CRISP**

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

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

**SGT. CRISP**

Sorry sir, you 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.

**EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOUND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

The gate swings open. TWO HUMVEES enter the compound.

**EXT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS BUNKER - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. C.B.W. BUNKER - NIGHT**

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

**MM BOLT ROCKETS.**

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

**EXT. ARMY WEAPONS COMPOLIND - FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

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

**INT. H " EL'S SUBURBAN - NIGHT**

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

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

Establish headquarters for chemical/biological weapons.

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

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

**ISHERWOOD  
(V.O.)**

Son of a bitch...

**GOODSPEED  
(V.O.)**

You owe me five dollars, Marvin.

ACROSS THE ROOM - BILL GOODSPEED, 30, and partner/trainee MARVIN ISHERWOOD, 25, feet up on desks, with toy guns. This is Man's Boredom.

A ceiling fan circles. Isherwood yawns; scratches neck with his gun barrel.

GOODSPEED reloads. Aims. Fires.

THE DART hits A CARDBOARD TARGET across the room which activates a Rube

Goldberg series of events ending in a PLASTIC GIRL being ignited in a **PAN OF CHEMICALS**.

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

**ISHERWOOD  
(yawns)**

I was told this was exciting work.

**GOODSPEED**

Patience, Marvin. It has its moments.

A KLAXON sounds. Isherwood smiles excitedly.

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

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

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

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

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

**DR. LONNER**

C'mere, Billy.

(points inside gas chamber)

A dog at J.F.K. got a whiff of something postmarked to a Bosnian refugee camp. Could be detergent, could be seran gas.

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

**ISHERWOOD**

Bosnian refugee camp? I don't get it.

**GOODSPEED**

Half a million Serbians reside in the U.S., Marvin.  
Serbians  
don't like Bosniacs. 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 crates 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**

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)

**WHERE'S THE GODDAMN SPRINKLERS?**

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

**DR. LONNER**

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

**DR. LING**

Get the atropine, Isherwood. The atropine, Marvin.

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

**DR. LING**

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

(Goodspeed continues to inspect-the device)  
Goddamn it, Bill, take the antidote.

Isherwood fumbles with a huge syringe.

**GOODSPEED**

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

**DR. LING**

**INJECT YOURSELF!**

**GOODSPEED**

**LONNER, WHERE'S THE GODDAMNED WATER?**

The pipes are KNOCKING, now they're COUGHING.

**DR. LONNER**

It's coming, it's coming ...

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

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

**DR. LING**

(sweating it out)

Ten seconds, Bill.

Isherwood moves the syringe closer to his chest.

**ISHERWOOD**

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

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

**DR. LING**

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

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

**DR. LING**

Three, two... the gas is clear!

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

**DR. LING**

Next time use the atropine!

**GOODSPEED**

I don't like needles.

**EXT. GEORGETOWN - STREETS/ALLEYWAY - DAY**

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

**INT. GEORGETOWN - GOODSPEED'S APARTMENT - DAY**

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

**CARLA**

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

Goodspeed walks past her into the kitchen. Carla turns down the music.

Goodspeed re-enters with a Budweiser.

**CARLA**

(New Jersey accent)

Hey there.

**GOODSPEED**

Hey honey.

**CARLA**

Wrote a new song. Wanna hear it?

Goodspeed sits heavily on the couch. Rubs his temples.

**GOODSPEED**

Not now.

**CARLA**

Boy, somebody's in a bad mood.

**GOODSPEED**

Yeah, somebody's in a bad mood.

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

**CARLA**

Better?

**GOODSPEED**

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

**CARLA**

What happened baby. Tell me.

**GOODSPEED**

Had a close one.

**CARLA**

You want to talk about it?

**GOODSPEED**

Not really.

**CARLA**

You know how I feel about what you do.

**GOODSPEED**

Could we change the subject?

**CARLA**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Hey! Now there's some good news.

**CARLA**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Stick with Carla.

**CARLA**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**CARLA**

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

**CARLA**

I'm pregnant.

**GOODSPEED**

You're what ... ?

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

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

TWO = Y GUNSHIPS roar over camera and land next to the two Humvees.

The

Huey's doors open. Marine Captains FRYE and DARROW, both late 20's, drag out two MARINE LANCE CORPORALS, bound and gagged, and sit them down. Other marines roll gurneys laden with chem rounds, rockets and other equipment onto the Hueys.

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

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON**

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

**EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - AFTERNOON**

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

**PARK RANGER JOE**

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

**FEMALE TOURIST**

Is it really true no one escaped?

**PARK RANGER JOE**

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

The tourists file off toward the MAIN CELL HOUSE. Bringing up the rear

are Gen. Hummel, Maj. Baxter, Sgt. Crisp, Capt. Hendrix, and Pvts. Scarpetti,. Royce, Gamble and Starling, all in civilian clothes.

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

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

The Ranger leads the tourist group inside.

**PARK RANGER JOE**

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

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

**PARK RANGER JOE**

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

The tourists laugh and move inside the cells.

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

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

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

and a SECRETARY look up.

**ALCATRAZ PARK RANGER**

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

**SGT. CRISP**

Big problem.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL BLOCK - AFTERNOON**

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

**PARK RANGER JOE**

Don't want to be locked up, fellahs?

**HUMMEL**

Not today. You go ahead.

**PARK RANGER JOE**

I don't think so hah hah.

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

**HUMMEL**

I think so.

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

**TOURISTS**

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

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - AFTERNOON**

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

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

General Hummel: Captains Frye and Darrow.

**HUMMEL**

Deploy as planned, Captain.

(unison)

Aye, aye, sir.

**FRY AND DARROW**

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

**CUT TO:**

A MONTAGE of short INTERCUT scenes, all AFTERNOON:

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

**EXT. THE ISLAND'S SHORELINE**

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

**INT. THE PRISON MORGUE**

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

MAJOR BAXTER sets up a PORTABLE Rocket LAUNCHER.

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELLHOUSE - DAY**

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

Suddenly a .45 is fired. Total silence. Hummel and Baxter, followed by

Pvts. Gamble and Starling (pulling a gurney stacked with MARINE FIELD RATIONS), walk to the middle of the cell block.

**HUMMEL**

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:

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY/COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON**

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**

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.

**INT. PENTAGON - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

**GENERAL KRAMER**

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

ON THE SCREEN - A YOUNGER HUMMEL in Vietnam.

**GENERAL KRAMER**

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

MORE SLIDES OF HUMMEL in various international theaters.

**HAYDEN SINCLAIR**

Four tours in Vietnam, Grenada, Panama, Desert Storm.

Three purple hearts... two silver stars and... the  
Congressional Medal  
of... Jesus.

(looks up)  
The man is a hero.

**GENERAL KRAMER**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**RAYDEN SINCLAIR**

No. Give me the skinny.

**GENERAL KRAMER**

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

**I GENERAL PETERSON**

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

Get the point?

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**GENERAL PETERSON**

Napalm. Standard pgison gas can be neutralized by napalm. It burns it up -- consumes it upon detonation. The problem is that V.X. gas is ten times more toxic and designed to withstand napalm.

Hummel must know about Willy Peter, General.

**GENERAL KRAMER**

'Course he does.

(explaining to others)

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

(dawning on him)

That explains 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**

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**

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

**CARLA**

Really?

(smiles)

Really?

**GOODSPEED**

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

**CARLA**

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

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

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

A precision night drop is out due to the full moon.

Likewise on a frontal, seaside attack: at the first shot, Hummel might

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

(beat)

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

**GENERAL KRAMER**

You've studied the architectural plans.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

(beat)

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

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

**GENERAL KRAMER**

The former warden?

**AGENT WOOD**

Died in 1979. The guards we contacted are useless. There  
was a janitor, "Alcatraz Al". 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.

**C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY**

There is someone who can help us.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

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

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

You're not actually suggesting ...

**C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

I am very uncomfortable about this.

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

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

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

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

**BACK TO THE PENTAGON CORRIDOR**

**C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY**

it won't bite anyone - if handled correctly.

When was the last time you saw him?

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

**C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY**  
The man was an S.A.S. trained killer.

**BACK TO WOLFBURG - IN THE ISOLATION CELL**

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

**C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY**  
Can we risk letting him out?

A SHAFT OF LIGHT cuts across the cell floor.

**C.I.A. DIRECTORY AMWAY**  
The question is: can we not?

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

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

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

**EXT. F.B.I. GULFSTREAM - NIGHT**

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Excellent. What do you know about V.X. gas?

Pause. GOODSPEED stares at Womack.

**GOODSPEED**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

No Goodspeed. It's not a training exercise.

HOLD ON GOODSPEED'S reaction, and CUT TO:

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAWN**

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.

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

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

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**AGENT SANCHEZ**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

(turns to Sanchez)

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

**AGENT SANCHEZ**

You want him conscious or unconscious afterward?

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Why's he going to help us now?

**U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS**

(hands Womack PARDON)

Mason's papers are in order, sir.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**AGENT SANCHEZ**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Sanchez - try subtlety.

**AGENT SANCHEZ**

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

Sanchez exits.

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

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON looks around. He focuses on the mirror. He stares right through at 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.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Real subtle, SANCHEZ...

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

**SANCHEZ**

There's no harm in cooperating with us.

**MASON**

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

**SANCHEZ**

Maybe there's a gift in it for you.

**MASON**

(to the mirror)

Timeo danaos et dona ferentes.

**THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

GOODSPEED smiles slightly:

**GOODSPEED**

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

**THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

**MASON**

Are you capable of reading, Sanchez?

SANCHEZ is getting flustered.

**SANCHEZ**

I don't have time for this shit...

(pause; stares at mason)

Yes. I can read.

**MASON**

The story of Alchimadus. Know it?

**SANCHEZ**

No.

**THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**GOODSPEED**

(to himself)

Ancient Greece. Alchimadus was imprisoned by his king.

**THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

**MASON**

Thomas a Beckett. Heard of him?

**SANCHEZ**

Maybe. Not really.

**THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**GOODSPEED**

(to himself)

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

**THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

**MASON**

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

**THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**GOODSPEED**

(to himself)

Russian poet and dissident exiled to Siberia.

**THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

SANCHEZ draws a blank on Solzhenitsyn.

**SANCHEZ**

Look, I'm asking the fucking questions here.

(beat)

You can trust the F.B.I.

**MASON**

That's a good one, Sanchez. What do you call 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.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Impressive, Sanchez.

**GOODSPEED**

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

**SANCHEZ**

He'll eat him alive.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

He's already had you for the first course.

(hands GOODSPEED the pardon)

Go.

GOODSPEED takes the pardon, goes for the door.

**THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

GOODSPEED enters. He's completely out of his element, has no idea what

he's doing, and is-suddenly face-to-face with this.... MASON creature.

The two men regard each other.

**GOODSPEED**

Take his cuffs off.

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

**MASON**

Who the fuck are you, Mother Theresa?

So much for Goodspeed's confidence.

**GOODSPEED**

No actually, I'm Bill Goodspeed.

(rallys)

Mr. Mason, we really need your help. That's a pardon and release  
contract from the Attorney 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.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Don't answer that, GOODSPEED ....

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

**GOODSPEED**

I'm a chemical biological weapons expert.

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

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM MASON**

stares at the pardon contract, thinking.

**MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Uhm, well, emancipated. Unfettered.

**MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

I don't understand....

**MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Well yes I suppose ...

**MASON**

You suppose?

**GOODSPEED**

Yes. You'll be outside.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Don't give away the farm, Goodspeed.

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM**

**MASON**

What's happening on Alcatraz, Goodspeed?

**GOODSPEED**

A hostage situation. A matter of life and death.

MASON thinks. He picks up the pen.

**MASON**

(looks at mirror)

Then on one condition: a minimum of two hours in

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

**GOODSPEED**

I think we can arrange that.

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

MASON turns toward the mirror, staring right through.

**INT. F.B.I. ~ OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY** **SANCHEZ**  
and GOODSPED enter.

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

**SANCHEZ**

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

**U.S. ATTORNEY REYNOLDS**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

No. You'll give it to me.  
(pause)  
Give it to me, Reynolds.

Reynolds reluctantly hands the pardon to Womack.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

(to Sanchez)

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

Sir, that's a legal document.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

I'll decide what's legal, Goodspeed.

Over WOMACK'S SHOULDER, GOODSPEED  
**WATCHES AS --**

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

GOODSPEED watches MASON over Womack's shoulder.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

MASON has etched a circle in the mirror. He slams his elbow against it.

The glass caves in, CRASHES to the floor.

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

**MASON**

one more thing: a shave and a haircut.

(sees Womack)

Hello Womack.

MASON and Womack stare at each other and CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE - DESERT FLATS - MORNING A hot desert-vista. Miles of

nowhere. A DODGE sits under a tripod. Suspended from the tripod, a **BLINKING DEVICE**.

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

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

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

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

**CPT. GILER**

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

**GENERAL PETERSON**

I need four F-16's equipped with air-to-ground missiles within...

(consults wristwatch)  
.... twenty-six hours.

**LT. FISK**

Let me name some things that are more possible, General, with barefoot, getting a parking space at Yankee Stadium, marrying Sharon Stone ...

**CPT. GILER**

Can't do it, General.

**GENERAL PETERSON**

You can. And you will.

General Peterson walks off.

**CPT. GILER**

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

**CUT TO:**

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

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

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

**CARLA**

(V.O.)

(recorded voice message)

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

**GOODSPEED**

(into phone)

Listen Carla: I'll explain later, but don't come to San Francisco.

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

**INT. GOODSPEED'S APARTMENT - DAY**

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

**GOODSPEED**

(V.O.)

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

**CARLA**

Like hell I'm not...

She exits, slamming the door.

**INT. F.B.I. VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS , GOODSPEED**  
clicks off the phone, thinking, nervous.GOODSPEED  
notices that MASON is staring at him.

**MASON**

(sotto)

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**MASON**

You learn that line in Cub Scouts, Goodspeed?

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

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

I personally picked this suite.  
(points at elevator)  
Only one exit.

**IN THE SUITE'S BATHROOM**

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

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

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

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

**IN THE BATHROOM - MASON**

emerges from the shower wearing a huge hotel bathrobe.

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

**MARSHAL CORD**

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

**MASON**

You going to stand there and watch?

**MARSHAL CORD**

That's right.

**MASON**

well if it excites-you ...

**MARSHAL CORD**

Put the goddamn clothes on.

IN THE SUITE'S LIVING ROOM Womack is dumping the contents of a 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.

**ON THE SUITE'S BALCONY MASON**

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

**BARBER**

How would you like it sir?

**MASON**

whatever's in style.

**BARBER**

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

The barber begins trimming Mason's hair...

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

**MASON**

Good. Thank-you.

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

**MASON**

Yes of course. My secretary will take care of you.-  
(to Agent Star)

See to the good man will you?

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

**MASON**

What say we bury the hatchet, Womack.

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

**MASON**

In your head.

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

-- **MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Jesus... JESUS CHRIST....

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

**MASON**

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

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY Two F.B.I. AGENTS,

loitering by their vehicle, look up at WOMACK, dangling off the side of the building.

**F.B.I. AGENT**

Holy shit, we got a jumper.

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

**F.B.I. AGENT 2**

Looks like.... Womack.... !

**INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY MASON**  
and GOODSPEED as before.

**MASON**

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

**INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - BASEMENT - HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY**

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

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

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

**EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SIDE EXIT - DAY**

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

**EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SIDE EXIT - DAY**

**GOODSPEED**

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

That's him!

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

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

THE FERRARI blasts out of the driveway after the Humvee.

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

**INT. MASON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY MASON**

looks-up in the rear view mirror. The F.B.I. SEDANS are behind him, closing fast. MASON rams the 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 **CHEERY TOP LIGHTS**.

The CRUISERS charge after the Humvee and the Ferrari.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (HILL #1) - DAY THE HUMVEE is accelerating up a very steep hill. '100 yards down the hill, the TWO S.F. POLICE CRUISERS, the F.B.I. sedans, and GOODSPEED'S FERRARI, all race after it.

**INT. MASON'S HUMVEE - DAY**

MASON has the radio on. A NEWSFLASH is broadcast:

**RADIO NEWSMAN**

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

...

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

**MASON**

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

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS (HILL #1) - DAY AT THE INTERSECTION - THE TRAFFIC LIGHT** is red. A SPARKLETT'S WATER TRUCK proceeds into the intersection.

**103 INT. MASON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY**

MASON runs the red light. The Sparkletts truck is in the intersection.

MASON violently throws the wheel. The Humvee swerves to avoid the Sparkletts truck --

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

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

104A INT. MASON'S HUMVEE ~ DAY the call connects.

**JADE ANGELOU  
(O.S.)**

Hello?

**MASON**

Is this Jade Angelou?

**JADE ANGELOU  
(O.S.)**

Yes. Who is this?

**MASON**

John Mason.

(lengthy pause)

Don't be shocked. I don't have much time. Please listen carefully ....

**INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY**

**GOODSPEED**

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

Oh shit.

Gotta go.

GOODSPEED looks at SPARKLETT'S BOTTLES bearing down on him

INT. S.F. POLICE CRUISER - DAY Two S.F. PATROLMEN. Their eyes widen too as -- THE SPARKLETT'S BOTTLES are bouncing now, roll down on them at

45 m.p.h. A BOTTLE SMASHES through the windshield, showering the Patrolmen with glass.

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

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

They race through the carnage after Mason.

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

MASON'S HUMVEE explodes over the crest of a hill at 90 m.p.h. and soars.

A beat, then --

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

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

The Road Workers, hearing the WAIL OF MASON'S HUMVEE, look up and dive away just 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:

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

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

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

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

-- THE 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.

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

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

So THE HUMVEE swerves, leaving the street.

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

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

Shit shit SHIT SHIT ...

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

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

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

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

**INT. GOODSPEED'S FERRARI - DAY**

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

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

THE TUMBLING CABLE CAR hits the 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.

**EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

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

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

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

**ISHERWOOD**

Chem weapons. Isherwood.

**GOODSPEED**

(V.O.)

Marvin, ring up Wolfburg Federal Pen. The inmate is Mason, John.

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

**INTER CUT - MARVIN IN THE LAB / GOODSPEED ON MOTORCYCLE**

**ISHERWOOD**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**ISHERWOOD**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Hit nine nine nine nine.

**ISHERWOOD**

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

GOODSPEED ROARS off on the motorcycle and CUT TO:

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

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

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PIAZZA DES ARTES - DAY MASON**

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

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

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

**MASON**

Jade.

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

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

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

**MASON**

Hello. Yes. It's me.

**JADE**

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

...

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

**MASON**

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

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

**JADE**

So how long have you been out?

**MASON**

A while.

**JADE**

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

**MASON**

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

**JADE**

Why now? I mean why today.

**MASON**

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

**JADE**

Well there's not a lot I know about you other than you escaped from

San Quentin, had a four day affair with my mother, and I'm the result.

You can imagine I'm pretty confused.

**MASON**

I tried to explain in my letters.

**JADE**

Ahh. 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.g. MASON looks off nervously.

**MASON**

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

**JADE**

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

**MASON**

We are the same blood.

**JADE**

But I don't know you.

**MASON**

where to begin.

(sighs)

My name is John Paul Mason. I'm Scottish.  
I attended Dartmouth Naval College. My favorite color is green. I like books. I like a good joke. At one time I shot a pretty fair round of golf. I'm in my 60's and I've been in jail half my life.

(Jade looks away)

Maybe it's better I go.

She smiles. Puts her hands on his.

**JADE**

No. You're doing okay.

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

**JADE**

You lied to me.

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

**GOODSPEED**

(flashes his I.D.)

F.B.I. miss. Your father is working with us. He's helping us resolve a....

(looks at Mason)

.... dangerous situation.

**JADE**

He is?

**GOODSPEED**

Yes 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. You try to escape again and Agent Chaney here will break your legs.

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

**MASON**

Pleased to meet you.

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

**N.A.S.A.**

**AT A RECTANGULAR TABLE - MASON**

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

Anderson is agitated, staring at Mason.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**MASON**

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

(pointedly)

That's not what you said three minutes ago.

**MASON**

(innocently)

It's not?

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

(dagger stare at Mason)

Excuse me.

(rises)

Womack.

Womack follows Anderson aside. They confer heatedly.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

He knows every inch of those tunnels, Commander.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

(pause; he thinks)

What if he went with you?

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

I'll handle that. Chaney.

The hulking Chaney escorts MASON over.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

You're not cooperating, John. Maybe this will help. I'm sure you're curious about what's happening on Alcatraz.

(no response)

have  
Twelve United States Marines - a terrorist rogue force - seized it. They've aimed fifteen poison gas rockets at the city.

Enough poison gas to kill every man, woman and child in San Francisco.

(smiles)

Yes, John, including your daughter.

**MASON**

You son-of-fucking-Satan.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**ACROSS THE ROOM - GOODSPEED**

looks up from a computer screen generating 3-D images of different angles of a V.X. ROCKET. He walks over to the table. Anderson and the other S.E.A.L.s stare at him.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

(points)

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Have you ever actually seen one of these devices?

**GOODSPEED**

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

(sarcastic)

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

**GOODSPEED**

A little, sir.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

So you've never been in a combat situation.

**GOODSPEED**

No sir.

(beat)

Should I begin the briefing on diffusing and detoxification  
sir?

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Won't be necessary.

**GOODSPEED**

Sir, these are very complicated devices...

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

Sir?

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

Get him some gear.

MASON stares at Goodspeed.

**MASON**

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

MASON walks off muttering.

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

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

**S.E.A.L. DANDO**

Nice to meet you too.

SANCHEZ enters.

**SANCHEZ**

You look like shit.

GOODSPEED leans back against the wall.

**GOODSPEED**

Thank you.

**SANCHEZ**

You're not wimping out on us, Goodspeed.

**GOODSPEED**

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

**SANCHEZ**

Chemical Weapons isn't a cakewalk, Goodspeed.

GOODSPEED splashes cold water on his face.

**GOODSPEED**

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

**SANCHEZ**

Spit it out.

**GOODSPEED**

My girlfriend's pregnant.

**SANCHEZ**

(pause)

What's the really bad news.

**INT. PIER 39 - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - DAY**

**SANCHEZ**

(V.O.)

Goodspeed, GODDAMN IT ...

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

**SANCHEZ**

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

and CUT TO:

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - SUNSET**

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

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

(mumbling)

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

...

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - SUNSET**

Hummel sits at 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.

**INTERCUT - ALCATRAZ INFIRMARY / WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE**

**GENERAL KRAMER**

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

**HUMMEL**

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

**GENERAL KRAMER**

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

Chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair enters.

**HUMMEL**

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

**HAYDEN SINCLAIR**

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

**HUMMEL**

That you, Sinclair? What exactly do you do at the White House?

Answer the presidential phone? Wash the presidential limousine?

Are you his golf caddy, Sinclair?

**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**

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

**S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD**

(hands over items)

one aluminum fork and one quart of motor oil in a squeeze tube.

**GOODSPEED**

Motor oil?

**MASON**

For cottonmouth.

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

GOODSPEED here's our specialist. We will cover him while he neutralizes the' chemical threat. If he does his job we'll

launch flares and hold our position 'till the cavalry comes. Make no mistake about it, gentlemen, we are going in against an entrenched force led by one hot-shit field commander. We are in the fight of our lives,

I bullshit you not. Any questions? Let's move out.

The move across the staging area to --

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

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

**MASON**

After you, 'lace."

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

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

**INT. SEA STALLION - NIGHT**

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Activate mini-cams.

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

**NAVAL MEDIC**

Atropine. Any contact with the gas, use it.

Each S.E.A.L. takes one; begins strapping it to ankle. GOODSPEED

shakes his head, declining.

**GOODSPEED**

Uhn uhn. I hate needles.

**INT. PIER 39 - MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - NIGHT**

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

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

**SANCHEZ**

Mini-cams operational.

**OUTSIDE IN THE WAREHOUSE**

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

**CARLA**

Would you please tell me what is going on?

**AGENT CORD**

Can't do that, malam. Sorry.

**EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT**

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

**INT. SF.A STALLION - NIGHT**

The two SEA STALLION PILOTS don NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

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

**EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT**

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

THE SEA STALLION, lagging behind the Hueys, BANKS RIGHT and peels away.

It descends lower, below radar.

**INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

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

**F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN**

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

**EXT. SKIES OVER TREASURE ISLAND - NIGHT**

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

**INT. SEA STALLION - NIGHT**

The SEA STALLION PILOT turns to ANDERSON.

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Prepare to deplore!

**CUT TO: A SERIES OF SHOTS.**

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

IN THE REAR OF THE HOLD-- FOUR S.E.A.L.s ready two high-tech 139B 3-man submersibles called 'IS.D.U.sll (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 last of the tricky CATCHES on the shoulder harness secured ...

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

**AT THE BACK OF THE HOLD**

139F SHEPHERD, with a nod, directs MASON to sit down on the S.D.U. behind S.E.A.L. BOYER, the S.D.U.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.)

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY (OFF ALCATRAZ) - NIGHT**

The Sea Stallion hovers 15 ft. from the surface. The BELLY DOOR opens.

COMMANDER ANDERSON leans out, inspecting the drop area. he hand-signals  
to --

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

**GOODSPEED**

Wait a minute.

(Dando stops buckling)

What if this thing crashes ...

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

**MASON**

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

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

**EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. THE SEA STALLION - DOORWAY - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**CAPTAIN FRYE**  
**(V.O.)**

Something on radar, sir. Two Hueys in standard formation, due east and approaching.

Hummel raises binoculars. Scans the bay.

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.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - WATER TOWER - ALLEY - NIGHT**

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 ANDERS6N swings an UNDERWATER SPOTLIGHT, which reveals --

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

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - POWER 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.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE NEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT**

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

**ROYCE**

Looks all clear, sir.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Baxter turns to Hummel:

**BAXTER**

Nothing.

**HUMMEL**

Tell 'em to stay out there.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - SUBTERRANEAN POWER PLANT - NIGHT**

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

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**S.E.A.L. BOYER**

Skipper, blow it or burn it?

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**MASON**

Wait for me to unlock the door.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**MASON**

(points)

Under there.

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**MASON**

True.

(unshoulders his equipment)  
I memorized their timing.

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

**S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD**

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**MASON**

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

MASON takes a deep breath and he rolls --

**INTO THE CRAWL SPACE - MASON**

logrolls one revolution... STEAM

BURST another evolution STEAM BURST another revolution STEAM BURST

MASON rolls to a stop on his side. STEAM BURSTS on either side of him.

MASON collects himself. Breathes deeply and rolls again. His movements are precise, from memory. He rolls past each burst, any imprecision certain death ...

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

**S.E.A.L. REIGERT**

Who the fuck is this guy? Houdini?

**IN THE CRAWL SPACE - MASON**

rolls past the STEAM RELEME VALVE and disappears.

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

**MASON**

Welcome to the Rock.

The Incursion Team files through the door and CUT TO:

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

**S.E.A.L. DANDO**

She's at least three inches thick sir.

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Shit. Burn it.

Dando unpacks an ACETYLENE TORCH. Reigert turns on the ACETYLENE VALVES (tanks rigged to 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**

The shower room?

(MASON nods yes)

After you.

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

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

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

The 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..

**INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

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

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Motion sensor.

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

**INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

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

**ROYCE**

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

**INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - SHOWER ROOM**

The grate pops open. S.E.A.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**

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

**SANCHEZ**

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

(whispers:)

What's going on?

**S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD**

(whispers)

Don't know.

**INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**HUMMEL**

(V.O.)

Drop your weapons.

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

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

Anderson here, General Hummel. Commander. Team Leader.

**HUMMEL**

(V.O.)

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

**INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

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

**SANCHEZ**

Oh Christ this isn't happening.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM MEZZANINE- NIGHT**

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

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

**HUMMEL**

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

**ON THE MEZZANINE**

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

**HUMMEL**

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

**COMMANDER ANDERSON**

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

**HUMMEL**

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

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

**S.E.A.L. BOYER**

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

**S.E.A.L. REIGERT**

Get a grip on yourself ....

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

Don't do it.

**S.E.A.L. SHEPHERD**

Let go of me.

Lt. Shepherd climbs the ladder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**HUMMEL**

**HOLD YOUR FIRE HOLD YOUR FIRE ....**

**INT. DRAINAGE PIPE UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

Suddenly the-firing stops. GOODSPEED and MASON freeze. Thinking fast,

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

Goodspeed, indecisive at first, 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.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS UNDER SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**GOODSPEED**

We're never gettin off this island.

**INT. PIER 39 - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**GOODSPEED**

(over tac radio)

.... god Jesus we're gonna die

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

**SANCHEZ**

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

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**A174 INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS UNDER THE SHOWERS - NIGHT**

Goodspeed, slumped in a corner, watches MASON arm himself.

He is a different person. Alive. Now in his element. pops the clip on Shepherd's g mil gun. Inspects it. Unsheathes the saw-toothed knife. Sheathes it.

**174 INTERCUT - PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER / ALCATRAZ TUNNELS**

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Our agents caught MASON at the Canadian border but with no microfilm. It's never been found.

So Hoover held him without trial. The British claimed they didn't know him.

**SANCHEZ**

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**SANCHEZ**

My god, you're not saying ...

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

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNELS BELOW SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

(O.S.)

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

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**MASON**

For christ's sake. MASON trudges down the tu=el. Goodspeed follows him.

**GOODSPEED**

Wait. Where're you going?

**MASON**

Off this island. You mind?

**GOODSPEED**

Yes I mind. I mind very much.

From the tac radio in Mason's hand:

**SANCHEZ**

(O.S.)

(over tac radio)

Goodspeed, Goodspeed, come in.

**MASON**

You've got a phone call.

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

GOODSPEED

grabs the tac radio.

**GOODSPEED**

It's me sir.

**SANCHEZ**

(O.S.)

What is happening? Where's Mason?

**GOODSPEED**

He says he's leaving the island sir.

**SANCHEZ**

Don't let him do that.

**GOODSPEED**

He's got a gun, sir.

**SANCHEZ**

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

GOODSPEED hurries off after Mason.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**HUMMEL**

I never wanted this. Jesus christ.

**BAXTER**

We knew it might happen, Frank.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Maybe now they'll pay up.

**CAPTAIN HENDRIX**

Maybe now they won't.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Then maybe we'll execute a few hostages.

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

**S.E.A.L. DANDO**

You'll go to hell for this General.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

(to Pvt. Royce)

Put a bullet in him.

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

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

You heard him. End it.

Cpt. Darrow pulls his sidearm and levels it.

**HUMMEL**

**CAPTAIN, HOLSTER THAT SIDEARM.**

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

(lowers sidearm)

Yes sir.

Royce kneels. Feels 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 made a terrible mistake and more  
of our brothers have died in vain. Let's not repeat this.

The transmission goes dead.

INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, SGT. 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.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - MAIN CELL HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT**

Goodspeed's still trailing after Mason.

**GOODSPEED**

would you stop. Just stop.

(MASON stops)

I don't know 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.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF POWER PLANT - NIGHT**

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

**CAPTAIN HENDRIX**

(whispers in tac mike)

Rodents located.

Hendrix and Crisp begin preparing a SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE.

**INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ - NIGHT**

MASON and GOOD SPEED 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)

You've got to help me. What do you want me to do, beg?

**MASON**

Save your breath and your dignity, if you have any. I am leaving.

I am getting my daughter and getting the hell out of here.

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

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**INT. TUNNELS UNDER ALCATRAZ**

The gas bomb detonates, blowin'g a wall of flame through the tunnel.

The fire is looking for an escape, hunting and burning everything in its path.

**DOWN THE TUNNEL - MASON AND GOODSPEED**

see the wall of flame ROARING toward them. MASON grabs Goodspeed.

**MASON**

Hold your breath.

They dive into a pool of stagnant water, submersing as the WALL OF FLAME blows through the tunnel over their heads.

Mason, then Goodspeed, drags himself out of the water.

**MASON**

Come on. And keep your mouth shut.

MASON hurries off, GOODSPEED on his tail.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - SUBTERRANEAN CIVIL WAR RUINS - NIGHT**

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

**CIVIL WAR RUINS - NIGHT**

**GOODSPEED**

Now what?

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

**MASON**

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

GOODSPEED follows MASON through the hole.

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

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

**MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

**MASON**

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

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

GOODSPEED begins to wade into the pool.

**MASON**

Stop.

(GOODSPEED stops)

There. And there.

GOODSPEED squints. The water slithers with COTTONMOUTHS. MASON unpack the QUART OF MOTOR OIL in spray bottle.

**MASON**

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

**MASON**

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

The COTTONMOUTHS, repulsed by the oil, stay away. GOODSPEED tries not to look at the snakes. They make it across.

**GOODSPEED**

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

MASON slaps the .9 MM pistol into Goodspeed's hand walks off. GOODSPEED follows.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - TUNNEL UNDER PRISON MORGUE - NIGHT**

MASON and GOODSPEED arrive at a fork in the tunnel. \_

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

suspended.

**GOODSPEED**

The morgue?

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

GOODSPEED

**INT. ROOM ADJACENT TO MORGUE - NIGHT**

MASON and GOODSPEED emerge from the garbage chute. They hear VOICES in the next room.

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

PVTS. GAMBLE and STARLING are guarding the poison. Starling's walking around. Gamble's seated on a 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**

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

GOODSPEED and MASON set the V.X. chem rounds on the mortician's table. GOODSPEED

pulls out his EQUIPMENT KIT. Begins detaching the tops of the chem rounds.

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

**GOODSPEED**

I need a hand here.

(MASON looks anxiously at the poison pearls.)

Mason. Now.

**GOODSPEED**

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

**MASON**

What... exactly does this do to you?

**GOODSPEED**

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

(hands over another poison pearl strand)

Then loss of muscular function.

Then you spit your guts out, it looks like a tub of spaghetti 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**

moves on to the third and fourth chem rounds. Suddenly there's a BEEP. GOODSPEED and MASON whirl. Pvt. Gamble's WALKIE TALKIE is talking to them:

**HUMMEL**

(O.S.)

Gamble, Starling. Come in.

MASON and GOODSPEED exchange a nervous look.

**HUMMEL**

(O.S.)

Privates Gamble and Starling, come in.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

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

**HUMMEL**

The morgue. Hummel and Baxter exit quickly.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT**

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

**MASON**

C'mon c'mon.... faster ....

GOODSPEED nearly drops a chem round. MASON recoils.

**MASON**

I thought you were cool under pressure.

**GOODSPEED**

Shut up; you're making me nervous.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - BETWEEN CELL HOUSE AND MORGUE - NIGHT**

Hummel and his men race toward the morgue.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT**

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

**MASON**

They'll be on us in twenty seconds.

**GOODSPEED**

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

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

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT**

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT**

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

**-- MASON AND GOODSPEED**

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

**INT. TUNNEL UNDER MORGUE - NIGHT**

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

mono-rail.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - MORGUE - NIGHT**

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

**HUMMEL**

Hendrix! Take Royce and Scarpetti!

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

**BAXTER**

Gamble and Starling are dead.

**CUT TO:**

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

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

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

**CAPTAIN HENDRIX  
FOLLOW ON FOOT!**

INT. ALCATRAZ - MONO-RAIL TUNNEL - NIGHT The three carts fly down the  
mono-rail: GOODSPEED and MASON  
(in CART 1) 50 feet ahead of Scarpetti  
(in CART 2), who is 50 feet ahead of Hendrix (in CART 3)

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

**IN CART 1 - MASON**

and GOOD SPEED duck as BULLETS RICOCHET around the tunnel walls.  
They pop up and return fire.

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

THE GRENADE PROJECTILE shoots down the monorail tunnel.

**IN CART 1 - MASON AND GOOD SPEED**

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 GOOD SPEED  
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!

**IN CART 3 - HENDRIX AND MASON  
FIGHT SCENE**

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

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

**IN CART 1 ~ GOODSPEED**

looks over his shoulder at MASON and Hendrix locked in mortal combat. He pulls the CART BRAKE. Cart 1 begins slowing down. CART 2 (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 ...

**IN CART 1 -                           GOODSPEED**

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

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

**MASON**

**BRAKE! ! !**

**IN CART 1 - GOODSPEED**

pulls the cart brake and --

-- CART 3 SLAMS into CARTS 1 and 2 at 20 m.p.h., crushing 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**

Wait.

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

**GOODSPEED**

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

Punk.

(beat)

What're you waiting for? Limp dick.

**ROYCE**

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

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

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

And slides gently under the water.

**GOODSPEED**

I rolled snake-eyes. Shithead.

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

**MASON**

Limp dick?

**GOODSPEED**

It's all I could think of.

They stumble off down the mono-rail tunnel.

**MASON**

I think I've got arthritis.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**HAYDEN SINCLAIR**

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

**LOUIS LINDSTROM**

What's the word from Mojave, General?

**GENERAL KRAMER**

(grim)

They're going as fast as they can.

A corrugated aluminum hangar. SUPER:

Mojave Desert United States Air Force Testing Facility

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

Looks like a Formula One garage. ROCK MUSIC blares.

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

IN A CORNER - JIMKY FISK and LARRY GILER consult.

**LT. FISK**

We're fucked, cap'n.

**CPT. GILER**

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

**LT. FISK**

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

**CPT. GILER**

What are you saying?

**LT. FISK**

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

**INT. ALCATRAZ - BEHIND "CHINA ALLEY" - NIGHT**

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

**HUMMEL**

(V.O.)

(loudspeaker)

Attention Navy Seals, attention.

MASON and GOODSPED freeze.

**GOODSPED**

He thinks we're Seals.

**HUMMEL**

(V. O. )

(loudspeaker)

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

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

**MALE VOICE**

(V.O.)

(loudspeaker)

Hell... hello.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON EXERCISE YARD - NIGHT**

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

**HUMMEL**

Tell them your name and age.

**LARRY HENDERSON**

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

**HUMMEL**

Good Mr. Henderson, continue ...

**LARRY HENDERSON**

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

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - BEHIND CHINA ALLEY - NIGHT MASON**

and Goodspeed, crestfallen, listen. LARRY HENDERSON (V.O.)  
(loudspeaker) ... and  
they're going tooh 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 unpoocks the V.X. ROCKET'S GUIDANCE CHIPS. Hands them to Mason. MASON heaves them into the bushes.

**GOODSPEED**

What are you doing?

**MASON**

Now they only have three rockets left.

**GOODSPEED**

What about Mr. Henderson?

**MASON**

Hummel's a soldier, not a murderer.

**GOODSPEED**

Wait.

**MASON**

(stops; turns)

Find the rockets. If they're guarded, kill the men  
guarding them.

**GOODSPEED**

I... I don't know if I can do this.

**MASON**

There's only one way to find out. I'll try to give you  
time. And

Goodspeed....

(tosses GOOD SPEED his ATROPINE SYRINGE)

Don't be an idiot. Put that on.

MASON moves off into the night.

**GOODSPEED**

Well thank-you, thank-you very much.

GOODSPEED creeps toward the China Alley rocket launcher.

**EXT. CHINA ALLEY - NIGHT**

GOODSPEED moves under the grated, multi-level  
structure of china Alley. Looks up through the grate. The ROCKET  
LAUNCHER sits on the grate on the level above him.

**EXT. MAIN CELL BLOCK - NIGHT**

MASON walks down the middle of the cell block toward the opening to the exercise yard.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON YARD - ONE MINUTE LATER - NIGHT**

Darrow with his gun to Larry Henderson's head. Hummel paces in the background. MASON emerges from the cell block.

MASON walks up to Hummel. The two stand there a moment, regarding each other.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Gotta be kidding me. They send an old man.

MASON gives Darrow a hard-eyed glance. Hummel takes a lap around Mason, sizing him up.

**HUMMEL**

I thought I'd been in the service a long time. Name and rank, sailor.

**MASON**

John Paul Mason.

(stares at Hummel)

Royal Navy. Commander.

**HUMMEL**

You're a long way from England, Commander Mason.

**MASON**

I feel strangely at home.

**HUMMEL**

How's that?

**MASON**

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

**HUMMEL**

Do you have some unique knowledge of this prison facility, Commander Mason?

**MASON**

Quite unique.

**HUMMEL**

How's that?

**MASON**

I was a guest here.

Glances all around. Someone laughs. Everyone laughs.

**EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCH STATION - NIGHT**

Pvt. COX mans the launcher. Suddenly a voice:

**GOODSPEED**

(V.O.)

Freeze.

(Cox freezes)

Drop the weapon and turn around. Slowly.

Pvt. Cox drops his weapon. Slowly turns. Goodspeed, one hand on his gun, the other on HIS TOOLS, begins to unscrew the V.X. CHEM ROUND FACE-PLATE.

**ON THE GRATED LEVEL ABOVE GOODSPEED**

- PVT. MCCOY appears. Looking down, he sees GOOD SPEED and Cox. He cinches his REPELLING CLIP to the steel railing.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

**HUMMEL**

Well you're some kind of joker, Mason. Maybe you're a lunatic.

Are you of sound mind, Mason?

**MASON**

I'm not threatening the lives of a million innocent people. You are.

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.

**EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

MASON and Hummel. The previous question dangles in the air: Would you have shot him?

**HUMMEL**

You seem like a bright man, Commander. Bright men understand necessity.

**MASON**

Bright men also obey the law. "Wherever law ends, terror begins."

John Locke.

**HUMMEL**

"Where there is no law, there is no transgression." The Bible.

Romans, Chapter 4, Verse 15.

**MASON**

United Article 7, American Constitution? "Treason against the 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.

**EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT**

Goodspeed, inside the Civil War ruins, levels his gun at the door. The chip is in his free hand.

The door CREAKS open.

**EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT**

**HUMMEL**

Do you, Commander Mason?

Suddenly GUNSHOTS. Coming from China Alley. Hummel and men whirl around, startled.

**HUMMEL**

Frye, Crisp, go!

**EXT. CHINA ALLEY ROCKET LAUNCHING STATION - NIGHT**

GOODSPEED wildly discharges his gun until CLICK, the clip is spent. Cox and McCoy step through the doorway.

GOODSPEED shoves the guidance chip in his mouth.

**MCCOY**

Swallow that and I swear on my Aunt Myrtle's grave I'll cut your belly open and pull it out.

McCoy and Cox spring at Goodspeed. McCoy whips the butt end of his gun against Goodspeed's head. GOODSPEED crumples, unconscious. McCoy jams his fingers in Goodspeed's mouth.

MCCOY He bit the fuckin' thing. It's shot.

**INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - CELL BLOCK 'ID' - MORNING**

GOODSPEED squints through painful eyes, gaining consciousness. he looks around, taking stock of the 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?

**A CELL ON THE TIER ABOVE GOODSPEED -**

MASON sits on a bed.

**MASON**

Above you.

(under his breath)

Literally and figuratively.

WIDENING, we see that MASON'S MATTRESS has been ripped into long strips.

**MASON**

is BRAIDING THE STRIPS into a long rope. The rope is quite finely constructed. Mason's been at this several hours.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO CELLS (and during the following, MASON keeps busy with his rope braiding).

**GOODSPEED**

This is tiny.

**MASON**

You referring to your intellect, Goodspeed? Or another portion of  
your anatomy ....

**GOODSPEED**

The cell, Mason.

**MASON**

Five feet by seven. Try living in one for a year. What happened?

**GOODSPEED**

I only got one chem round. There are two left. I fucked up.

**MASON**

(sarcastic)

Surprise, surprise.

**GOODSPEED**

I'm not a field agent, all right? So cut me a break.

**MASON**

An F.B.I. Man asking me for a break. How droll.

**GOODSPEED**

What is your beef with the Bureau, anyway 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:**

**INT. LONG BEACH AIR FORCE BASE HANGAR - MORNING**

**SUPER: LONG BEACH, CA. - U.S. AIR FORCE BASE.**

TECHNICIANS are frantically installing WILLY PETER INCENDIARY BOMBS under the wings of an F-16.

ACROSS THE HMGAR - General Peterson and Captain Giler brief FOUR F-16  
**TOP GUN PILOTS.**

GENERAL PETERSON The target. Alcatraz Island. This is not a precision strike. The entire island is to be blanketed.

LWO F-16 PILOT Sir, we hit that Island with Willy Peter and it's going to look like Iwo Jima. No one can survive it.

GENERAL PETERSON (grimly) That's why this is a volunteer mission, Captain. If any of you have doubts you can carry it out, speak up.

The pilots look at each other. Silence.

**GENERAL PETERSON**  
Captain Giler?

**CPT. GILER**

We jerry-rigged a release lever. You'll find it on the left side of the cockpit. It's got two positions: safety and release. Throw it on release, the bomb drops in five seconds. Change your mind, throw it back on safety. Any questions?

**INT. ALCATRAZ - GOODSPEED'S CELL - MORNING**

GOODSPEED stares blankly into space. INTERCUT between the two cells again.

**GOODSPEED**

Jesus.  
(thinks)  
Why didn't you just tell Hoover and the bureau where the microfilm was? Make a trade?

**MASON**

Some trade. They'd get the microfilm and I'd get a bullet in the head.

**GOODSPEED**

I see your point. Something's been on my mind. About your escape.

**MASON**

What?

MASON rises. Lifts the bed. Pulls off the bed's heavy ROLLING CASTER.

Knots the caster onto one end of the braided rope.

**GOODSPEED**

You went down the shower drain, through the tunnels to the power plant, under the steam engine and out through the intake pipe -

that much I've got ' But... 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)

I only ask because, in our current situation, it might be useful information ...

The result: the braided rope lies across the cell block floor, the rolling caster tied to it. MASON holds the other end of the rope through the bars of his cell.

**MASON**

Trade secret, Billy, I'll tell you this: it was easier than getting in.

**MASON**

fiercely yanks the rope toward him. The heavy rolling caster jerks from the floor. The CASTER, pulling the rope, flies past Mason's cell --

-- shooting in an arc around the corner of the cell block, still pulling the rope, where --

-- the caster-pulled ROPE catches the CELL RELEASE LEVER against the wall. The rope coils, WRAP WRAP WHAP, around the release lever handle.

**MASON**

tugs the rope taut like he's just snagged a fish. Then he pulls slowly and delicately.

THE CELL DOOR RELEASE LEVER pulls down and --

-- MASON'S CELL DOOR (and all the doors on that tier) open at once.  
And

**MASON**

smiles.

**INT. GOODSPEED'S CELL - MORNING**

GOODSPEED hears the doors opening above him.

**GOODSPEED**

Hey! Hey what's happening?  
(no response)  
Mason. Mason?

Suddenly Goodspeed's cell door opens. GOODSPEED exits the cell. MASON stands there.

**MASON**

You're on your own, kid. Your gear's over there.

MASON motions to a HEAP OF THEIR GEAR (clothes, weapons, flares) in the corner of the cell tier.

**GOODSPEED**

Shit....

**GOODSPEED**

grabs his guns and gear and follows after  
Mason. 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  
11:47. 13 minutes to go. General Kramer, Security Advisor Louis

Lindstrom, and C.I.A. Director Milton Amway.

**LOUIS LINDSTROM**

When was the last communication from our men on Alcatraz?

**GENERAL KRAMER**

Seven hours ago.

The Naval Attache enters excitedly. NAVAL ATTACHE General, the white phosphorous attack is operational.

General Kramer grabs the phone.

**GENERAL KRAMER**

Get me the President.

**227 EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING**

MASON emerges from the parade ground ruins and moves down the embankment toward the water. GOODSPEED stays above.

**GOODSPEED**

Mason. John.

(MASON stops)

What happened - the injustice done to you - doesn't mean you can walk away from this. A million people across that Bay will die.

**MASON**

Only one of them I care about.

**GOODSPEED**

You were once a different man.

**MASON**

You don't know what kind of man I was.

**GOODSPEED**

You were a civil servant. Sworn to do your duty. Just like me.

MASON begins climbing down to the waterline.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING**

Hummel, with Baxter, Hendrix, Frye, Darrow and Crisp. The atmosphere is now so fucking thick you can cut it.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Eleven fifty-seven, General. Three minutes to go.

**HUMMEL**

They're going to call.

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

They are not going to call General.

**HUMMEL**

I... I don't understand this.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

I understand it. They're calling our bluff. We have two operational rockets left. We have to stick one of those rockets in their ear, General.

**HUMMEL**

Atom?

**BAXTER**

I'...I don't know Frank.

**HUMMEL**

Seventy thousand people... I didn't... i didn't ever...

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

You didn't ever what?

(no response)

You didn't ever what, General?

(gets in Hummel's face)

General, forty-eight hours ago I was in  
a cushy job at Pendleton. As of this moment I am subject  
to prosecution  
for treason and murder. Do you know what that means. It  
means the  
electric chair. For all of us.

**BAXTER**

He's right Frank. Authorize the launch or it's over.

All eyes on Hummel now.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Authorize the launch, General.

Hummel nods and

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING**

Capt. Frye and Sgt. Crisp approach the rocket launcher across the  
roof  
of the main cell house.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING** Mason's wading into the water  
now.

**GOODSPEED**

You'll never make it.

**MASON**

I once swam the English Channel, but you're entitled to your opinion.

Goodspeed, disgusted, turns and heads back, grumbling.

**GOODSPEED**

Fine. I'll fuckin, do it myself.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING**

CAPT. FRYE AND SGT. CRISP on the roof, ready the rocket launcher. 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.

**INT. INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING**

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.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - MORNING**

Frye presses the ignition switch. The ROCKET'S TAIL fires. It ROARS off  
the launcher. Toward Oakland.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING**

CLOSE ON MA-SON - as he watches the V.X. ROCKET ROARING over his head toward civilian population.

**MASON**

(hushed)

My god. MASON looks up. GOODSPEED stands above on the embankment.

**GOODSPEED**

That change things?

**INT. PIER 39 - FBI COMMAND - MORNING**

the F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN stares at the RADAR SCREEN.

**F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN**

They fired a rocket. It's headed east.

Everyone stares at the radar screen. A hush.

**SANCHEZ**

East. But that's... Oakland. (dawns on him) My god. The football game.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - MORNING**

**MASON**

comes back up the embankment. Faces Goodspeed-with grim resolve:

**GOODSPEED**

Partners?

**MASON**

Partners.

The two men clasp hands and

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NOON**

60,000 FOOTBALL FANS scream as THE OAKLAND RAIDERS sprint onto the field. Above, unbeknownst to anyone --

**EXT. SKIES OVER OAKLAND CALIFORNIA - DAY**

The V.X. ROCKET arcs over Oakland and --

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

-- Hummel, Baxter, and Darrow stare at the transmission from the rocket's optic camera.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - We first see CLEAR SKY. The rocket reaches its apex. Blue sky is now replaced by THE OAKLAND COLISEUM directly below.

We descend on 60,000 people.

**BACK TO SCENE - HUMMEL**

watches the video monitor nervously. His jaws twitch.

He looks at the ROCKET GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER. He looks at the video monitor.

He can't take it. Hummel lunges for the ROCKET GUIDANCE CONTROL COMPUTER. Darrow tries to restrain him, but -- Hummel punches in NEW COORDINATES --

**EXT. SKIES OVER OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY**

The V.X. Rocket's GUIDANCE CONTROL suddenly BLINKS RED. the rocket veers off on a new vector. Heading now toward San Francisco Bay. And

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

The F.B.I. Radar Technician reacts to the change in the rocket's trajectory.

**F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN**  
Sir, it's heading...into the bay?

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY**

A CHARTER FISHING BOAT bobs in the bay.

**245 EXT. CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DAY**

Four GUYS are fishing. Relaxing. Drinking beers. one guy looks up. Sees something.

**CHARTER 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**

The FISHERMEN stand there, stunned as DROPLETS OF V.X. POISON fall upon them.

It's like a grey drizzle.

The Fishermen exchange looks. Hold out their hands, catching "rain drops". One of them spasm. Another. The others. Skin turns black. Blood runs from pores.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF MAIN CELL HOUSE - DAY**

Frye and Crisp stare across the Bay in disbelief.

**CAPTAIN FRYE**  
I don't believe it. He pulled the plug.

Frye, disgusted, races down the STAIRS.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF INFIRMARY - DAY**

Frye stalks into the infirmary. MASON and GOODSPEED come around the corner and steal inside the infirmary.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

Chief of Staff Hayden Sinclair stands before the desk of the President of the United States.

**HAYDEN SINCLAIR**

They need a decision Mr. President.

The President (who we don't see) gazes into the East Garden.

The President hits his INTERCOM to the room where his cabinet is gathered. INTERCUT with the authorities, reactions, as needed:

**PRESIDENT**

These past few hours have been the longest, darkest of my life. This is when you wish the buck did not stop here.

(beat)

A balance between two tragedies. On one hand the fate of a million civilians.

On the other, Frank Hummel. That we have ignored or abandoned or marginalized

a great soldier like Frank Hummel and that American boys have paid the

price of that neglect in blood, is equally real, and equally tragic.

**HAYDEN SINCLAIR**

The glass is half full not half empty, sir. No civilian casualties so far.

**PRESIDENT**

I don't believe in half full or half empty, Sinclair.

There

are chemical weapons and there are civilians. And there are men on

Alcatraz wholve proved they're willing to use the one on the other.

(beat) We are at war with terror. Fighting a war means casualties.

This is the worst call I've ever had to make. (takes the phone) Air

strike approved.

**EXT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - MOBILE WAR ROOM - DAY**

Sanchez, Womack, Carla, silent around speakerphone.

**EXT. LONG BEACH AIR FORCE BASE - DAY**

The F-16s ROAR down the runway, lifting into the sky.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY CORRIDOR - DAY**

MASON and GOODSPEED move silently down the corridor. They pass the HEAVY STEEL DOOR of the 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.

**INT. ALCATRAZ - INFIRMARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Frye, Darrow and Baxter. All staring at Hummel.

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

You're gutless. I knew it.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

The problem is now they know it.

**HUMMEL**

Careful son. I'd maintain discipline if I were you.

Darrow draws his .45, levels it at Hummel. INTERCUT with MASON and Goodspeed's reactions.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

I'm relieving you of your command General. Captain Frye?

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

I'm in.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Major?

Major Baxter looks from Darrow to Hummel.

**HUMMEL**

Tom?

**BAXTER**

It's over Frank.

(to Darrow)

I'm in.

Hummel blinks. He can't believe this.

**HUMMEL**

Tom, I warn you.

**BAXTER**

Stand down, General.

**HUMMEL**

I'm giving you a direct order.

**BAXTER**

(draws his .45)

I'm not accepting it.

**IN THE ADJACENT ROOM - GOODSPEED**

and MASON exchange a tense look. mason  
aims his gun through the slit ...

HUMMEL draws his .45 but Baxter fires first, hitting Hummel squarely  
in  
the chest.

**MASON**

FIREs through the slit, killing Baxter as --

HUMMEL , gunshot, reels toward the STEEL DOOR behind him. He wrenches  
it  
open and lunges outside into the corridor. IN THE CORRIDOR - MASON

fires into the command center, sending Frye and Darrow diving for cover.

**GOODSPEED**

grabs the semi-conscious Hummel and drags him down the corridor-.

**IN THE INFIRMARY WASHROOM - GOODSPEED**

drags Hummel inside. Hummel collapses against the wall.

His blood runs across the tiled floor. MASON takes a defensive position in the washrooms doorway.

DARROW AND FRYE attack through the infirmary's maze of rooms, taking cover where they can, squeezing off rounds.

MASON fires at Darrow and Frye from the doorway while GOODSPEED kneels over Hummel. 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**

blasts away at Frye and Darrow, allowing GOODSPEED to sprint for the exit toward the lower lighthouse.

As Frye holds down MASON  
with fire, Darrow sprints for the opposite  
exit. Frye, firing while retreating, moves back inside the Command  
Center.

**EXT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - DAY**

GOODSPEED exits and sprints toward the lower  
lighthouse.

**EXT./INT. ALCATRAZ - LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

Sgt. Crisp smokes a cigarette next to launcher. GOODSPEED enters,  
gun raised. Crisp spins, drawing his .45.

**GOODSPEED**

Don't ...

**GOODSPEED**

shoots Crisp. Crisp falls dead. A255 INT. INFIRMARY -

**CORRIDOR - DAY MASON**

advances toward the command center's door.

Suddenly the HEAVY STEEL DOOR creaks open and --

-- A SATCHEL EXPLOSIVE flings out, sliding across the corridor floor  
toward Mason. MASON  
turns and sprints away. Frye bolts from the room,  
printing the other way.

**MASON**

dives away as the satchel DETONATES, imploding the corridor walls,  
collapsing the ceiling. mason's engulfed in two tons of-plaster and  
crumbled cinder block.

**INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

Goodspeed's detached the V.X. CHEM ROUND from the rocket. He's about  
ready to pull out the poison pearls when..

DARROW barges in. GOODSPEED, 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!

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - WHARF WATCH TOWER - DAY**

Pvts. Cox and McCoy, standing watch, leave the watch tower and hurry toward the infirmary and lower lighthouse.

**INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

Darrow moves one way, GOODSPEED the other. GOODSPEED holds the chem round in front of him.

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

Give that to me.

**GOODSPEED**

You shoot me, I'll drop this and we're both dead. One of these pearlsl11 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 thewindow and the launcher ....

**GOODSPEED**

You know the Elton John son, "Rocket Man"?

**CAPTAIN DARROW**

I hate it.

Darrow lunges. GOODSPEED stabs the IGNITION SWITCH. The VX ROCKET LIFTS OFF, HITTING Darrow square in the chest.

**EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

-- The VX ROCKET BLOWS Darrow THROUGH THE WINDOW and wings off, clearing the cliffs. Darrow falls from the rocket --

**GOODSPEED**

Well it happens to be my favorite fuckin, song!

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - PARADE GROUND - DAY**

DARROW plummets, IMPALING himself on a STEEL FENCE SPIKE. The VX ROCKET swerves madly across the bay --

**INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - MOBILE WAR ROOM - DAY**

**F.B.I. RADAR TECHNICIAN**

Second rocket's away, sir. (confused look) It went in the Bay sir.

**INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

Goodspeed's alone now with the last V.X. CHEM ROUND. He -pulls out the STRAND OF POISON PEARLS. Suddenly an AXE BLADE comes through the door. outside --

**EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY -- CAPT. FRYE** chops at the door lock with a FIRE AXE.

**INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

GOODSPEED looks around frantically. Only

one place to go. Up. GOODSPEED scrambles up the interior metal stairs.

**EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY**

**GOODSPEED**

emerges on the roof. Sets down the chem round. Pulls out the POISON PEARL STRANDS, his hand shaking. With the other hand, he unclips the ROCKET GUIDANCE CHIP.

The COPPER STRANDS holding the pearls are corroded. A strand BREAKS. Four PEARLS fall. GOODSPEED catches three. The FOURTH drops, hitting his SHOE. It rolls along the rooftop. GOODSPEED sets aside the other pearls and dives, grabbing the stray pearl an inch from the roof's edge.

Suddenly THE HUGE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW behind GOODSPEED EXPLODES, showering GOODSPEED with glass.

ON THE ADJACENT ROOFTOP ~ PVT. MCCOY, wielding a smoking .60 Cal MACHINE GUN. McCoy fires a wicked, long, sustained burst, emptying his entire ammunition belt.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SEARCHLIGHT FRESNEL blows to shreds. GOODSPEED rolls away, GLASS SHARDS raining down on him, cutting him-. He's a sitting duck.

MCCOY casts aside the .60 Cal and unshoulders a SNIPER RIFLE. Draws a bead on GOODSPEED again. GOODSPEED, bleeding, terrified, cowers, awaiting death.

A SILHOUETTE APPEARES behind McCoy. It's MASON, dirty and bloodied. McCoy spins. MASON bats the rifle aside, KNEES McCoy in the solar

plexus, grips McCoy's NECK -- SNAP! -and HURLS him off the roof.  
McCoy  
falls 5 floors.

GOODSPEED gives MASON a thankful glance. And hears THE DOOR BURST OPEN  
**BELLOW.**

**INT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY**

FRYE roars inside. Looks around. Starts up the stairs.

**EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

FRYE barges onto the roof. Sees the DISMANTLED CHEM ROUND.  
Goodspeed's  
at the edge of the roof looking down.

**CAPTAIN FRYE**

Give me the guidance chip.

Frye raises his M-16 as GOODSPEED jumps. Lands hard on the ground below and sprints off.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - IN FRONT OF THE LOWER LIGHTHOUSE - DAY**

GOODSPEED sprints toward the NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING.

**EXT. LOWER LIGHTHOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY**

Frye fires from the roof. M-16 ROUNDS kick up dirt around Goodspeed. Frye curses and 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. -

**INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY**

Goodspeed, frantic, sprints across the floor, SPLASHING through puddles.

He loses his footing. falls and slides across the floor, clutching the guidance chip and pear.

He gets to his feet. LIMPS behind some RUSTY MACHINERY.

FRYE enters. Sees RIPPLES IN PUDDLES left by Goodspeed. Frye creeps across the floor. Following the ripples.

**INT. MAIN CELL HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY**

Mason's nearly through. Backed up against the railing. Cox comes in again. WHAM WHAM. MASON spits blood and teeth. MASON'S moves to his pocket. As Cox comes in for the death blow --

MASON pulls the MOTOR OIL from his pocket and sprays it in Cox's eyes.

The big man is dazed, blinded. MASON steps aside and rams Cox over the railing. Cox falls to his death on the floor below. MASON looks down at him.

**MASON**

Snakes hate the stuff.

**INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY**

Frye creeps close to Goodspeed's hiding place. GOODSPEED lunges from behind the machinery, jamming his fingers into 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.

**EXT. SKIES OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA - DAY**

-- The F-169, flying north along the California Coastline, bank right and dive down onto San Francisco Bay.

**INT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY**

Goodspeed's world slows down. Is he dying? He sees IMAGES in SLOW MOTION He and Carla together his 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

...

**THE SOUADRON OF F-16S.**

**INT. PIER 39 COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Sanchez, Director Womack, and the F.B.I. TECHNICIANS watch from the window as --

THE F-16s wing across the Bay toward Alcatraz.

**SANCHEZ**

May god have mercy gn their souls.

**CARLA**

(face buried in his hands)  
You can't do this, you can't let this  
happen.

**EXT. NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY**

**GOODSPEED**

exits and kneels, reaching for HIS OTHER PANTLEG. PULLS out  
his GREEN FLARES. He cracks the flares and fires them up.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE - DAY**

The F-16s fly under the span of bridge, just 50 feet off the water,  
shooting up a PLUME OF WATER.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY GOODSPEED, in slow motion, waves the flares.

INT. LEAD F-16 - COCKPIT - DAY The LEAD F-16 Pilot speaks on this air-to-air mike.

LEAD F-16 PILOT Arm up.

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

CARLA watches the approach of the F-16s on Alcatraz in horror. Every second is excruciating.

**F.B.I. TECHNICIAN**

Ten seconds to the drop zone. And now counting eight,  
seven, six ...

**EXT. WORLD WAR II BUNKER (SPOTTING POSITION #1) - DAY**

A hilltop on the Marin side of the Golden Gate Bridge. Two spotters watch the action through SPOTTING SCOPES. SPOTTER 1 watches the F-16s.

SPOTTER 2, watching ALCATRAZ, nearly jumps out of his skin.

**F.B.I. TECHNICIAN**

Green smoke! It's... GOODSPEED!!

A RADIO OPERATOR fires a message to command.

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

**SANCHEZ**

Abort. Abort immediately.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE - DAY**

On come the F-16s, ROARING over Alcatraz. They're almost on top of GOODSPEED now. It's too late. It's all over.

**INT. LEAD F-16 -**

**-16 - COCKPIT - DAY**

**F-16 FLIGHT CONTROLLER**

(v.o. cockpit radio)

**ABORT, RED THUNDER, ABORT!**

LEAD F-16 PILOT Abort. Abort.

THE LEAD F-16 PILOT safeties the bomb release lever. 276 INT. REAR F-16  
**- COCKPIT - DAY**

The REAR F-16 PILOT is wrestling with his release lever. It's stuck. He can't "safety" it.

**REAR F-16 PILOT**

Sir, something's wrong. I can't disengage... !

**LEAD F-16 PILOT**

Then peel off...

**EXT. SKIES OVER ALCATRAZ - DAY**

The four F-16s veer away from the island. But for the REAR JET, the order came too late ...

**EXT. REAR F-16 - WING UNDERCARRIAGE - DAY**

The REAR F-16 releases its Willy Peter canisters. They plummet to the island.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - NEAR NEW INDUSTRIES BUILDING - DAY**

The WILLY PETER CANISTERS land, detonating on impact in a MONSTROUS **INFERNAL EXPLOSION**.

The awesome concussion knocks GOODSPEED off the New Industries Building pier into the bay.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Goodspeed, concussed in the water, tries to keep consciousness. He can't. He sinks.

ANOTHER FORM appears above him. It's MASON, swimming for Goodspeed. MASON gets under his arms and pulls him up.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - SHORELINE - DAY**

MASON drags GOODSPEED ashore.

**283 INT. PIER 39 - COMMAND WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Sanchez, Director Womack and the F.B.I. TECHNICIANS stare out the window at Alcatraz, enshrouded in PLUMES OF SMOKE.

Total silence. Only CARLA, weeping quietly in the corner. SANCHEZ puts his arm around her. Ushers her away. Suddenly a VOICE CRACKLES:

**GOODSPEED**

(V.O.)

Pier 39 come in. Pier 39 . . .  
(freezes)  
My god he's alive.

Director Womack grabs the mike.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Goodspeed, this is Director Womack. Are the hostages alive?

**GOODSPEED**

(V.O.)

Every one of em sir.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

What about Mason?

**INT. ALCATRAZ - CIVIL WAR RUINS - DAY**

GOODSPEED stares at Mason, letting the question dangle.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

Goodspeed. Is Mason-alive?

A pause. The question still dangling there. Then:

**GOODSPEED**

(deep breath)

Just come and get me, sir. I'm tired.

**SANCHEZ**

Name your vacation spot, Goodspeed. The Bureau'll pay for it.

GOODSPEED hangs up. The two men regard each other.

**GOODSPEED**

Mason, uhm, John, I have something to tell you. You know that pardon contract you signed?

**MASON**

Womack ripped it up, right?

**GOODSPEED**

You knew? All this time?

**MASON**

I'm not a fool, Billy.

**GOODSPEED**

All I know is that whatever you did, you don't deserve to  
go back.

**MASON**

Goodspeed. You know the etymology of your name?

**GOODSPEED**

God's speed.

**MASON**

Yes. To wish someone a prosperous jouey.

MASON smiles. GOODSPEED  
smiles back. There is an immediate tacit  
understanding.

**MASON**

And if you turn around I'll tell you a secret.

Goodspeed, confused by this, gives MASON  
a look. Slowly turns around. Camera doesn't leave him.

**MASON**

(O.S.)

St. Michael's Church, Fort Walton, Kansas. Front pew.  
Right leg. Hollow.

**GOODSPEED**

What's that? (beat) Mason?

GOODSPEED turns around. John Paul MASON is gone.

**EXT. ALCATRAZ - DOCK - DAY**

GOODSPEED is standing on the dock. Sanchez comes down the 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**

He saved my life, sir. Is SANCHEZ going to accept this? .

**SANCHEZ**

Yes

(smiles; acknowledges)

Poor son-of-a-bitch.

**F.B.I. AGENT**

Sir, the White House calling. It's the President.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

I'll take it.

WOMACK elbows past GOODSPEED  
and Sanchez.

**F.B.I. AGENT**

Uhm, sir, actually it's for Goodspeed.

Womack glares at Goodspeed, who takes the phone.

**GOODSPEED**

Bill Goodspeed, Mr. President.

**PRESIDENT**

(V.O.)

I am in your debt, Goodspeed, the country is in your  
debt. You're a hero, son.

**GOODSPEED**

Thank you, Mr. President. The man you should be thanking  
is  
John Mason.

**PRESIDENT**

(V.O.)

So I've been informed. Would you put the F.B.I.  
Director on please?

**GOODSPEED**

Director Womack.

GOODSPEED hands the phone to Womack. Womack looks at the phone.  
Slowly  
takes it.

**F.B.I. DIRECTOR WOMACK**

I can explain all of this, sir ...

**PRESIDENT**

(V.O.)

I don't want your explanation, Womack. I want your  
resignation.

Womack grimaces. Goodspeed, smiling to himself, turns away. CARLA  
races into his arms. A long, warm embrace.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY**

A jeep motors up the Freeway. Passing a sign: VANCOUVER 30 MILES.

**INT. JEEP - DRIVING - DAY**

MASON and Jade. Jade driving. Father smiles. Daughter smiles back.

**CUT TO:**

BEGIN CLOSING CREDITS. The following plays over:

**KANSAS - DAY**

**EXT. A ROAD IN FORT WALTON, KANSAS - DAY**

A beat-up PORSCHE SPEEDSTER exits a BAPTIST CHURCH.

**INT. PORSCHE SPEEDSTER - DAY**

Carla is driving. GOODSPEED next to her. He opens a WORN PLASTIC CANISTER. Spools out a REEL OF MICROFILM.

**CARLA**

Would you please tell me what this is all about... ?

**GOODSPEED**

You want to know who really killed President Kennedy, honey...?

**THE END**