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Athletes Who Rock the World

By Mitchell Kozuchowski

We can't hold out much longer, sir!
General Hummel, you've gotta
get us outta here now!
I won't let you down.
I won't let you down, son.
Goddam it, sir! How long do we have
to wait? I've lost 15 men already!
Sir, they're lightin'us up
like a firestorm!
This is General Hummel.
You gotta get my men outta there!
We don't have clearance
to go behind enemy lines, sir.
They're not coming for us,
are they, sir?
Congressman Weaver
and esteemed members of the
Special Armed Services Committee,
I come before you to protest
a grave injustice.
Aim!
It has to stop.
I miss you so much.
There's something I've gotta do, Barb.
Something I couldn't do
while you were here.
I tried.
You know I tried everything.
And I still don't have
their attention.
Let's hope this elevates
their thinking.
But whatever happens,
please don't think less
of me.
Marine,
inform the garrison C. O...
that General Hummel's coming on board
with a security inspection team.
Yes, sir. Sir, it's an honour
having you, sir.
Ya know, at least
we can get some...
- A long time before guard meeting, huh?

- Yeah, I'll tell ya.
I got the access card. We've got
Move it!
The access card, sir.
Let's do it.
Twenty-four hundred
magazine check.
- Man, it's wet out there!
- Check me through, will ya?
Clear!
- I want 16, Major!
- Move it!
Evac!
Seal the door!
- No!
- Come on, man!
- No!
- No!
- Seal it!
- Help!
Let me outta here! Oh, God!
Let me outta here! Oh, God!
Let me out! Let me out!
Clear out.
Get outta here!
Sorry.
Let's move out.
Two more cc's
of acetylene chloride.
- That'll be five dollars, Isherwood.
- You suck.
You guys have too much time
on your hands.
Yes! She's here! Bring it
to me now. Thank you, Phil!
What's that?
Why'd you get it sent here?
Carla wouldn't approve. She thinks
it's dumb to spend \$600 on an L.P.
Carla's right. Why don't you
just spend \$ 13 on a CD, man?
First of all,
it's because I'm a Beatlemaniac.
And second,

these sound better.
Could be serious.
Could be sarin gas.
A dog out of JFK caught a whiff
of something in this package...
postmarked to
a Bosnian refugee camp.
It could be detergent,
or it could be sarin gas.
Bosnian refugee camp?
Half a million Serbians reside
in the U.S., Marvin.
Serbians don't like Bosnians.
You guys wanna get
suited up?
- You bring the cockroaches?
- Got 'em.
We have air lock, Stanley.
You're all set to go.
October 1, 0900 hours.
Agent Stanley Goodspeed,
Agent/Trainee Marvin Isherwood...
initiating exam
of wooden crate.
Suspicion of
sarin gas inside.
- Marvin, sarin is a...
- G.B. Aerosol.
That is correct.
Now, let's see.
We have some dirty magazines.
Stone Age Cave Girls
in the Raw. Kinky.
And, uh...
Not a good sign.
Hello, little baby doll.
Lookit, Stan.
- Hi there,
- Marvin!
- Stanley.
- Hi, Stan.
- Shit! Move back! Move back!
- I want the exhaust.
- Hang on, guys.

We'll have that room clear
in 50 seconds! You're gonna be okay.
Jesus Christ!
Okay, I've got some bad news
and some really bad news.
The bad news is that the gas
is corrosive and it's eating our suits.
- It's all over my hand, man!
- The really bad news...
is there's enough C-4 explosive and
poison gas to blow the whole chamber...
- and kill everybody in the building.
- Detonation too heavy.
- Everybody, out of the room now!
Seal us inside.
- Where are the sprinklers, Lonner?
- The acid's eating my su...
It's eating my fucking suit!
All right? Shit!
- Just wash us off!
- Where are my sprinklers?
We're working on it. It's coming.
It's just a flow problem.
Well, that's a pretty big
friggin' problem, Lonner. Fix it now!
- We're working on it! How much time
do you have on that detonator?
- A minute ten.
- Look at this!
- We're gonna have the room clear.
- Tell 'em to take the atropine, now!
- The atropine, Isherwood.
- What?
- Where's my water, Lonner? One minute!
- Marvin, the atropine, now!
- Inject it in your heart
before your suit melts.
Shit!
Make him take his dose.
- Where's that water?
- Get that away from me!
Come on, Phil, fix it
for Christ's sake!
- Take the atropine now, Stan,

for Christ's sake!
- We're fucked.
The poison's mixing.
What the fuck are you
waiting for, Stanley?
You take the fucking needle now!
- Fuck! Shit! Oh, fuck, shit!
- Forty seconds!
If that suit melts...
If you die, we all die!
Inject your heart
and then diffuse the bomb!
- Come on, just do it, Stan!
- Shit! What if I miss my heart?
I can't see shit!
- Do it now!
- Look how big this is.
You want me to stick this into my heart?
- Are you fucking nuts?
- The sprinkler's coming! It's coming!
Okay, here we go, man!
Sprinkler activated.
How much time left?
Twenty seconds!
We're not gonna make it.
Fifteen.
Oh, come on.
Clear!
Get me the fuck
out of this gas chamber!
I almost stabbed myself
in the heart with this thing.
Please lock me away
- Stan?
- Hey, darlin'.
Hi, baby.
Here inside where I hide
with my loneliness
I had such
an interesting day today.
Yeah, I had kind of
an interesting day myself.
Oh, okay, you go first.
Oh, just some terrorists decided to send

a little care package, box of goodies,
which had to be neutralized
before blowing up the office.

So I took

the rest of the day off.

Glass of wine, little guitar.

Just relaxing.

- Wow!

- I mean it, honey. The world is being
Fed-Ex'd to hell on a handcart.

I really believe that anyone
who's even thinking about
having a child in this world...

is coldly considering
an act of cruelty.

I know, I'm rambling,

I'm complaining. I'm sorry.

- What's your news, baby?

- I'm pregnant.

I'm sorry?

I'm pregnant.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Wow!

- Is that all you're gonna say, is "wow"?

- You're pregnant?

- Three weeks.

How do you know? I mean,

h-how do you know?

Blue! Just turned blue
so I went to the doctor.

- Well, you didn't mean what
you just said, did you?

- When?

Uh, just right now when you were talking
about bringing a child into the world...

and having it be
an act of cruelty.

- I meant it at the time.

- Stanley, at the time? You said it
seven and a half seconds ago.

Well, gosh!

Kind of a lot's happened since then.

Look, we're not even married.

- I know. It's funny
you should mention that.

- It's funny?

- Do you love me?

- Of course I love you.

Good.

- Will you marry me?

- Whoa! Whoa! Wai...

Hey, Marriage Police, pull over!

Come on, Stanley.

I'm proposing to you right now.

The Rock is the most famous and was
the most feared prison ever built.

Is it really true that
there's never been an escape?

Ah, that's true. From 1936 until
'63 when the prison closed,
there were 14 attempts.

No one is believed to have made
it to shore, alive at least.

No, uh, h-h-hey, hey, fellas. I'm sorry,
but tourists are not allowed back here.

- I don't really give a shit!

Do you give a shit?

- No.

- Come here, fruity.

- Move!

- Hey, girls? Hi.

You all havin' a good time?

- Yeah.

Will you do something for me?

It's really, it's really important.

I need you to tell your teacher
that you need to get back on
the boat and go home right now.

Ladies and gentlemen,
welcome to Broadway!

This cell block housed...

the most awesome scum
in America.

Ladies and gentlemen,

I, Ranger Bob,

cordially invite you to become inmates
of Alcatraz, temporarily, of course.

On the line!
Pretty tight quarters,
aren't they, huh?
Like being a caged animal.
Spend a couple of years
in there...
- What's the matter, fellas?
Something wrong with the tour?
- The tour's over, Bob.
What kind of fucked-up tour
is this?
General Hummel, Captains Frye
and Darrow reporting, sir.
Welcome to the Rock, gentlemen.
Land the choppers on the
back side and deploy as planned.
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Aye, aye, sir. Move out!
I'm not allowed
to carry a gun.
Oh, you're not allowed to carry
a gun? I got a goddam gun.
If I'd've known this was
gonna happen, I'd have brought
my motherfuckin' gun! Help!
All right, gentlemen, this'll be
our new home. Tom, I want
my command centre right here.
- I want Coms up.
- Roger that, sir.
Put the satellite over there.
I wanna be up at 1600.
Let's move it.
- Systems up.
- Possible penetration point
in the shower room.
- We're setting anti-intrusion.
- I brought a personal touch, sir.
It's an anti-motion trembler
device. It's custom-made.
Nobody knows about it
and nobody expects it.
- What's it do?
- We head-fake 'em with the laser beam.

And then if they disturb
Mr Backup here, we own 'em.
Ladies and gentlemen,
you're being detained against your will.
For that, I apologize.
It is not our intention
in any way to harm you.
You will not be detained one
minute longer than is necessary
for us to complete our mission.
Attention on deck!
Stand easy, men.
Make no mistake about it,
gentlemen, we are now in harm's way.
For Major Baxter and I,
this is the last campaign in
a career datin' back to Tet '68.
Likewise for Captain Hendrix,
Gunnery Sergeant Crisp,
who cut their teeth under
my command in Desert Storm.
Captain Frye, Captain Darrow,
this is my first operational
situation with you and your men.
And I have to say, thus far your conduct
reflects your reputations.
- Thank you, General.
- Thank you, sir.
We have achieved our position
through poise, precision and audacity.
To this
we must now add resolve.
We'll be branded as traitors,
the gravest capital crime.
Punishable by death.
A couple hundred years ago,
a few guys named Washington,
Jefferson and Adams...
were branded as traitors
by the British.
And now
they're called patriots.
In time, so shall we.
God willing,

in less than 48 hours...
you will evacuate this island
in gunships under cover of
hostages and V.X. Gas warheads.
Your destination: A
non-extradition treaty country.
You will each be paid a fee
of \$ 1 million for services rendered.
But you can never again
set foot on your native soil.
- Can you live with that?
- Yes, sir!
The men of
Marine Force Recon...
are selected to carry out
illegal operations throughout the world.
When they don't come home,
their families are told fairy tales
about what happened to them...
and denied compensation.
Well, I have choked
on these lies my entire career!
Well, here and now
the lies stop!
God be with all of you.
Man your positions, men.
This is FBI Director Womack.
Director, be advised.
Eighty-one,
I say again,
my control as of this moment.
You are to take measures to assure this
remains a need-to-know classified fact.
Who is this?
Mr Director, you have
a very serious problem.
A battery of V.X. Gas rockets
is presently deployed...
to deliver a highly
lethal strike on the population
of the San Francisco Bay area.
- I will call again at 0100 hours
to state my demands.
- I want to know who I'm talking to.

This is Brigadier General
Francis X. Hummel, United States
Marine Corps, from Alcatraz.

Out!

- I'll cancel your reservations.

- Get the Pentagon.

And call the San Francisco office.

It seems Alcatraz was just reopened.

Last night General Hummel,
using brutal but nonlethal force...

under the guise of a security
exercise, walked off with 15

V.X. Poison gas rockets.

He lost one of his own men
in the process.

That's General Hummel in Vietnam.

I think he was a major at the time.

Three tours in Vietnam,

Panama, Grenada, Desert Storm.

Three Purple Hearts,

two Silver Stars...

and the Congressional Medal of...

Jesus!

This man is a hero!

Well, I think "legend" might be
a better description, Mr Sinclair.

Well, now we can add kidnapping
and extortion to his list of accolades.

Mr Sinclair, General Hummel
is a man of honour.

General, it's him.

Frank, it's Al Kramer.

Hi, Al, how you doin'?

I don't know, Frank.

Ah, why don't you tell me.

Got a lot of very, very
worried people here, Frank.

I'll come straight
to the point.

Eight-three Force Reconnaissance Marines
have died under my various commands.

Forty-seven in northern Laos
and southern China.

Southern China? We never admitted

we sent troops into China.

Who is this?

Identify yourself.

White House Chief of Staff

Hayden Sinclair, General.

- How old are you,

Chief of Staff Sinclair?

- I'm 33.

Well, Mr Sinclair, you've probably got
no fucking idea what I'm talking about.

By your ninth birthday, I was

runnin' black ops into China,

and my men were responsible

f- for over 200 enemy kills.

Al, put some rigging tape over Mr

Sinclair's mouth. He's wasting my time.

Ah, you want to continue,

Frank?

Remember Operation Desert Storm?

Those surgical hits made by our

smart bombs, covered so well on CNN?

It was my men on the ground

that made those hits possible

by lasing the targets.

Twenty of them were left to rot outside

Baghdad after the conflict ended.

No benefits were paid

to their families.

No medals conferred.

These men died for their

country, and they weren't even

given a goddam military burial.

The situation is unacceptable.

You will transfer \$ 100 million...

from the Grand Cayman Red Sea

Trading Company account

to an account I designate.

From these funds, reparations

of \$ 1 million will be paid...

to each of

the 83 Marines' families.

The rest of the funds I will

disperse at my discretion.

Do I make myself clear?

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

- Identify yourself.
- This is FBI Director Womack, General.

It's a slush fund where the Pentagon
keeps proceeds from illegal arms sales.
Jesus, Frank!

This is classified information.
You alert the media,
I launch the gas.
You refuse payment,
I launch the gas.
You've got 40 hours, till noon
day after tomorrow to arrange
transfer of the money.
I am aware of your
countermeasure. You know and I
know it doesn't stand a chance.
Hummel from Alcatraz.
Out.

All right. We have to identify
the hostages and contact each
of their families.
Uh, tell 'em somethin'.
Make up a story, and we've got
to keep this undercover.
If this comes out, the city
of San Francisco will be
in chaos. I am talking anarchy.
Wait a minute, wait a minute.
What is the potential casualty rate...
for a single rocket armed with
V.X. Poison gas, General Peterson?

- Sixty or seventy.
- Well, that's, that's not so bad.
- Thousand. Seventy thousand dead!
- Oh.

One teaspoon of this hits the floor,
it's lethal up to a hundred feet.
One teaspoon of this shit
detonated in the atmosphere...
will kill every living organism
in an eight-block radius.
Get the point?

Uh, what did Hummel mean
by your countermeasure, General?
Standard poison is countered
by napalm. It burns it up,
consumes it upon detonation.
Now, the problem
with V.X. Poison gas is...
that it's designed specifically
to withstand napalm.
That's where, uh, thermite plasma
comes in. General Peterson?
Thermite plasma incendiary systems
can burn hot enough to consume V.X.,
but they're still in the test
phase; it's not operational.
Hummel knows this. We are dealing
with one smart son of a bitch.
What's it gonna take to equip a flight
of F-18s with thermite plasma...
within the next 36 hours?
- An act of God.
- Excuse me?
All right, we can try.
But I strongly urge you to consider the
use of this as a secondary initiative.
Then we have to go to
our primary initiative. Uh, Admiral?
Sir, I'd like to bring in
our SEAL ground commander,
Commander Anderson.
Mr Womack, who is your best
chemical/biological man?
- Oh, that's interesting.
- Oh, yeah.
- That's very compelling.
- You like my pigtails?
- Oh, yeah, the pigtails
are very naughty.
Naughty. Naughty.
Just the Amaretto cream
with peach sorbet persuasion.
- This isn't happening.
- No, Stan, don't answer it.
- This isn't happening!

- No, just don't answer it. It's okay.

- I have to. It's the office, baby.

They know I'm home.

- No.

How could they possibly know
that you're home?

It's the FBI.

Stanley!

Goodspeed.

Uh, yeah. O-Okay, yeah.

I'll be, I'll be down, yeah,
downstairs in ten minutes.

No, you won't.

- I have to go to San Francisco.

- No, you don't.

Stanley, no, you do not have
to go to San Francisco.

Are you kidding me right now?

You need to stay here
and talk to me about things.

- I've got to go, baby.

- Oh! I am Catholic! Do you realize that?

I am pregnant and I am unmarried. And
this causes a serious problem for me.

I cannot believe you.

No, no.

I love you.

I will marry you.

I just didn't plan on this,
that's all.

- Come to San Francisco.

- Really?

Yeah, I'm sure it's just
a training exercise.

Check into the hotel.

Order up some champagne.

- And we'll finish what we started?

- Exactly.

- Baby, you're gonna marry me?

- You know it.

You're gonna marry me!

- Oh, honey, come on.

Just a really quick one.

- Oh, oh, I gotta go now.

A night-time airdrop incursion
is out due to the full moon.

Likewise a frontal
seaside attack.

If we're compromised and shots
are fired, Hummel might launch.

Our only alternative is an
attack from within the prison.

We penetrate the island
through the tunnels under the
prison buildings undetected...

and emerge in its centre; that way
we can jump the Marines from behind.

And if we're lucky, take their
rocket positions without a shot fired.

I don't understand. You-you've studied
the architectural plans?

They're useless. Alcatraz has been
ripped up and rebuilt for years.

- Under there is a maze of shit.

- Well, there's no question, gentlemen.

We need firsthand intelligence
of the tunnel systems.

- So what about the former warden?

- Died in 1979.

All the guards we contacted
were useless.

Um, there is someone
who I think can help us.

- This is for the sake
of national security.

- No!

It's the sake of national
security that got us here
in the first place 33 years ago.

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

Forget it!

He does not exist.

He does exist! We just chose
to forget him for 30 years.

- We locked him up
and threw away the key.

- Oh, and a lot of goddam good it did us.

He broke out of two maximum security prisons. And if he hits the streets...

He's not gonna hit the streets, Jim.

Thirty years ago he was a highly trained SAS operative.

He is my age now, for Christ's sake!

I have to get up three times a night to take a piss.

We can't risk letting him out.

He's a professional escape artist.

- Gosh. Neat, uh...

- Yeah.

- Neat, neat plane.

Dr. Goodspeed.

James Womack.

- A pleasure to meet you, sir.

- Welcome.

- Thank you.

You come very highly recommended.

B.A. Columbia;

M.A., PhD, Johns Hopkins.

Biochemistry, toxicology.

Well, I'm one of those fortunate people who like my job, sir.

Got my first chemistry set when I was seven. Blew my eyebrows off.

We never saw the cat again.

Been into it ever since.

What do you know about V.X. Gas?

Liquid. Failed pesticide discovered by a mistake in 1952.

Uh, actually, it's kind of like champagne that way.

The Franciscan monks thought they were making white wine.

Somehow the bottle carbonated.

Voil! Champagne.

- And then the whole thing just...

- The gas, Dr. Goodspeed.

It's very, very horrible, sir.

It's one of those things

we wish we could disinvent.

This isn't a "train" exercise,
is it?

No, Dr. Goodspeed,

it's not a training exercise.

- Hello, sir.

- Good morning, Director.

This is Ernest Paxton, agent in charge
of the West Coast operation.

- Dr. Goodspeed.

- Pleasure to meet you.

- How do you do, sir?

It's been a fairly interesting day
so far. The prisoner's here. Shall we?

Now, my boys, they haven't been
able to find a file on this guy.

Who is he anyway, sir?

His name is John Mason,

a British national...

incarcerated on Alcatraz

in 1962, escaped in '63.

I was under the impression that no one
ever escaped Alcatraz, sir.

Paxton, don't argue!

This man has no identity, not
in the United States or Great Britain.

He does not exist.

Understand?

I want one thing:

How he escaped the Rock.

Specifically the route he took
through the island's bowels.

- The papers are in order, sir.

- We're prepared to offer him
a full pardon.

And Paxton, no strong-arming
Mason. I know him too well.

Well, if you know him,
then why don't you question him?

No, he'll remember me. I don't want
his anger clouding the issue.

All right,

I'll take care of him.

Mr Mason, I'm Special Agent
in Charge, Ernest Paxton.

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

I don't know anything about your
previous matters. I'm here because...
a special situation exists that we
feel you might be able to help us with.

Well, what might that be?

I've been in jail longer than
Nelson Mandela, so maybe you
want me to run for president.

- Not exactly.

- Mmm, a pity.

I feel rather like Alcamedes.

- Who?

- Alcamedes. He was imprisoned
by his king in ancient Greece.

- Like Sir Walter Raleigh. The same fate.

- James the First.

Even someone as bright as you
must be aware that, uh,
there's a certain pattern
emerging here.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn?

Yeah, I heard of him. Didn't he play
hockey for the fuckin' Red Wings?

- That's the chap.

- Get this straight, pops.

I don't like you any more
than you like me.

But I'm here to make you
a legitimate offer.

You wanna hear what

I have to say or not?

By all means, dear Paxton.

By all means.

We got a problem in a place
that I think you know.

There's a hostage situation
on Alcatraz.

- Hostage?

- Eighty-one tourists.

The Rock has become
a tourist attraction?
Why don't we cut the shit, huh?
You know the Rock.
- You broke out.
- Yes, successfully.
Yeah. So why don't you do yourself
a favour while you're helpin' us?
I mean, it'd be nice to get out of jail
while you're still vertical.
Hmm? While you got a little lead
left in your pencil.
While I'm considering
your offer,
I want a suite
in the Fairmont Hotel.
You know I'm here
to cut you a deal.
I am not here to bend over
and take it up the ass from you.
Here. Here's a quarter.
Do yourself a favour. Call your lawyer.
You're goin' back to jail.
- Y-You're sending him back to jail?
- I'm not sending him anywhere.
I'm just givin' him
somethin' to think about.
With all due respect, sir,
I don't think we have time...
for him to just sit around
and think about it.
- Oh, really?
- No, Goodspeed's right.
- You go talk to him.
- Me?
- Yes.
- Sir, I'm not qualified for that.
- You're an FBI agent!
- W-What is your specialty again?
- Chemical weapons.
Don't mention that!
- You want me to lie?
- Yeah, lie.
We got less than 24 hours.

Give it a shot.

Okay.

Hi.

I'm an agent with the, uh,
uh, F-Federal...

FBI. Uh...

- Eh, well, my... I'm Stanley Goodspeed.

- But of course you are.

Well, at least

he got his name right.

- Of course I am. Huh.

- And you have an emergency.

That's right.

And you need my help.

Exactly right.

- Coffee.

- No, no, I'm fine. Thank you.

Offer me coffee.

Oh, yes! Well, that was,
in fact, gonna be my next...

Can we get a cup of coffee
in here, please?

And offer

to take these off.

Mr Mason, really.

- All kidding aside.

- As a gesture of your good faith.

- Prisoner requests to have
his handcuffs taken off.

- No, no, no, no.

Why don't you go ahead and have
his handcuffs taken off, please?

Well, I guess

that's one way to go.

This is a pardon and release contract
from the attorney general's office.

Now, it makes you a free man
provided you cooperate.

So if you'll just, uh, sign,
uh, at, uh,

where it says...

- "Signature"?

- That's... Yes. "Signature."

Well, timeo danaos

et dona ferentis.

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

Oh, an educated man!

That rules out the possibility
of you being a field agent.

In point of fact,

I am a field agent, Mr Mason.

- Really?

- Yes.

- In which field?

- Antiterrorism.

Then you're trained in weaponry,
explosives and mortal combat.

Well-trained.

Then it's

the Fairmont Hotel.

Okay.

I want a suite,
a shower, a shave...

and the feel of a suit.

May I also suggest, uh,
a haircut?

- Am I out of style?

- Unless you're a 20-year-old
guitarist from Seattle.

- It's a grunge thing.

- Grunge?

Yeah, well, uh, uh...

Okay, thank you very much.

All right. Call the Fairmont.

Close the floor if necessary,
but I want him sealed off.

And he gets two hours max.

- Great job, Goodspeed.

- Why didn't you throw in a trip
to Tahiti while you were at it?

- I'll deliver this
to the attorney general.

- Uh, no, you'll give it to me.

And take Attorney Reynolds

outside. There's a car

waiting for you. Thank you.

That's a signed federal document, sir.

Isn't that illegal?
You're not acquainted
with the full facts, Goodspeed.
With all due respect, sir, I'd like
clarification. I gave that man my word.
Damn it! You're on a need-to-know
basis, and you don't need to know.
It's, uh, it's, eh,
kind of curious, but, uh,
Sir Walter Raleigh,
Alcamedes, Solzhenitsyn,
they, um, well, they were all
wrongfully imprisoned.
Womack! Now, why am I not
surprised, you piece of shit!
Eh, peace! Peace!
Hey, we're not home.
Leave a message.
Hi, darling, it's, uh,
it's me.
Uh, listen, don't come
to San Francisco.
I repeat, do not come
to San Francisco.
- Stanley, no!
- Carla.
- Wha...
- Carla.
- Like hell I'm not coming!
Wait. Car...
Who's Carla? And why don't you want her
to come to San Francisco?
You're on a need-to-know basis,
and you don't need to know.
Watch it, he'll bite you.
Good. Mobile Command
is fully operational.
- We'll be there in
approximately two hours.
- I'm not armed, sir.
- I am unarmed, sir.
- Well, where's your issue?
I left it in my,
uh, my sock drawer.

A gun?

For what?

You're a chemical freak.

No, I'm a chemical super-freak,
actually. But I still need a gun.

Give him a goddam gun.

Have you fired one of
those things since the Academy?

- Wear some

- If you're going to

- Flowers in your hair

Don't forget to wear
flowers in your hair

- If you're going

- If you're going

- To San Francisco

- To San Francisco

- You're sure to meet some

- You're gonna meet

- Gentle people there

- Some gentle people there

- And you come for...

If you're going

to San Francisco

Uh, uh, room service?

Ah, listen. This is the penthouse.

Do you do snacks, drinks? Huh?

Hello!

- You the barber?

- No. Stylist.

Barber.

- Just clippers. No scissors.

- No scissors? You've got to be
kidding me, no scissors!

I mean, did they tell Picasso,
"No brush"?

With scissors,

this man could kill you.

I can't cut anyone's balls off
with a trimmer now, can I?

Why don't we do this outside?

Get some sun.

Oh, who did this to you? This is just
not right. In fact, it's nasty!

Well, it's a grunge thing.
Well, it's some kind
of thing.
Do you think we have time for a sea kelp
protein pack and maybe some colour?
No.
Okay.
Not very nice, is he?
No, he's not.
'Cause I'm leavin'
Hey, somebody ordered it.
Can't let it go to waste.
- Don't know when I'll be back again
- Don't you ever stop eatin'?
Not when it's free.
- We're supposed to be on duty.
- Hey, don't worry. He's an old man.
The boss is watchin' 'im. Come on,
have... Try some of this lobster.
- Mm-hmm.
- My secretary here will settle the bill.
So what do you have in store for
me, Womack, when this is over?
You'll get your life back,
Mason.
But you could've given me
my life back years ago.
- Why should I trust you now?
- You've got my word.
Will you shake on it?
- Freeze, mister!
- Oh, man!
Help!
Drop the gun
or I drop your boss.
You will not!
Get!
- He's getting very heavy.
- Then pull him up.
Please don't!
Help! Shit!
Come on, have a scallop.
Come on, catch.
You hoist him!

Help! Help! Help!

- Where's Mason? Where is Mason?

- Help! Hang on!

- Where's Mason?

- Mason's gone!

- Gone?

Clear.

Living room's clear!

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

All units, this is Caretaker.

We have a Signal Six.

He's in the hotel!

Okay, I don't wanna know
nothin'. I never saw you throw
that gentleman off the balcony.

All I care about is, a-are
you happy with your haircut?

Easy!

Watch it, you fuckhead,
you're gonna pull my arm out!

Watch out!

Oh, no!

Watch it!

- Hey, watch it!

- He's over there!

Hey!

This is my Humvee. I don't want
any dings, dents or scratches,
or I'll have your ass. Hey!

Hey! Stop! Hey!

Hey, I was inside the bedroom
with Jack Powell!

Hey, call the guard! Go!

FBI.

Move!

Whoa! Whoa!

Suspect is in a black Humvee,
heading west on California.

Speed approximately

Get out of the way!

I want a net put on this
son of a bitch, you hear me?

This guy's hittin'
every fuckin' thing in sight

tryin' to block us!
I hope you're insured!
Oh, well, why not?
You're goin' down!
Hello?
I'm only borrowing
your Humvee!
Information?
San Francisco?
Uh, Jade Angelou.
That's A-N-G...
Welcome aboard, y'all.
How y'all doin' today?
Hang on!
Holy shit!
Whoa-oa!
Oh, no!
We're gonna crash!
Save yourselves!
Oh, my baby!
Oh, no!
Oh, no.
Oh, God!
Oh, God!
Hey, man, you just fucked up
your Ferrari.
- Oh, no! Baby's goin' down in flames!
- It's not mine.
Neither is this!
Damn! This sucks!
Where's that son of a bitch at?
I'm gonna hunt him down! That
motherfucker ain't safe nowhere.
- Chem weapons. Isherwood.
- Marvin, look up Wolfburg
Federal Penitentiary.
The inmate is Mason, John.
Hey, Stan, listen, I'm gettin'
out of this government shithole.
I'm goin' over to Orkin to
design roach motels. Cool, huh?
Look, I just stole a kid's motorcycle.
I'm not really feeling too good
about it, okay? Wolfburg. Got it?

Yeah, I got it. All right,
Magrane, Masconi, Masters. No Mason.
Go to February '76. Who was transferred
to Wolfburg from San Quentin?
This is weird.
They got medical records.
They got place of birth. Glasgow.
Uh, but they don't have a name.
Uh, wait a minute, wait a minute.
They have next of kin.
AJade Angelou of
Jade?
No, Stacy. Jade's friend.
Were you afraid
to come alone?
Yeah.
- It's okay.
- I'll be over here if you need me.
The last photograph I had
of you, you were about ten.
Yeah?
Well, I found a picture of you
among my mom's things when she died.
Oh, yeah? Well, uh...
Why don't we take a walk?
I got 'im.
Palace of Fine Arts.
Your mother, uh... Yeah, well,
sh-she was very special.
Yeah, she was.
But I don't think that we
should romanticize what happened
between you and her.
Meeting in a bar
after a Led Zeppelin concert.
Head out,
and I was the result.
Well, I'd like to think it
would've led somewhere if only...
If only what? Six federal marshals
hadn't kicked down our door...
and dragged you back
to prison?
- I'm sorry.

- It's all right.

- So, they let you out?

- Yeah.

That's good.

What did you do?

J...

Jade, I don't have

a great deal of time here.

But I'll be coming back.

And, uh...

- Maybe we can...

- What? We can what?

You know, you're almost

the only evidence...

that I exist.

But I don't know you.

That's what I want to change, eh?

I've rehearsed this speech

a thousand times on the chance

that we would meet.

Here we are,

and I'm lost.

Well, I don't know how I'm

supposed to be feeling either.

Jade, I'm not an evil man.

If you can believe that,

then it's a start.

Okay.

Is this about you?

You broke out of prison again,

didn't you? Why did you come to me?

FBI, ma'am.

Your father's working with us.

He's helping us resolve

a dangerous situation.

- He is?

- Yes, ma'am.

Well, gee whiz, John, I guess

we oughta get goin', huh?

Whatever you say, Stanley.

Thank you for that.

You could've handled it differently.

What do you say we cut

the chitchat, a-hole?

You almost got me killed twice.

And my jaw hurts like hell!

- Good.

- Cocksucker!

If I had my way, you would be

shipped back to Wolfburg

in leg irons...

and caged like an animal for the rest

of your natural fucking life!

You wrecked half the city!

Now, tell me about

the tunnels.

If you know the system, it will

take you wherever you need to go.

All right, there's an intake

pipe here, below low tide.

Is that our best access?

Yes. That's exactly where

I had come out.

Then beneath the cistern,

there's a connection

to the abandoned septic system.

How many feet is that?

Uh, 57 paces.

Where do we go from there?

Where do we go from there?

That's a good question.

- I have no idea.

- What?

I mean, I'll know it

when we're all inside.

No. You're not goddam goin'.

Show us on the blueprints.

I can't! My blueprint

was in my head.

I was underground

for three days in the dark,

just waiting for the tides

to be right.

But don't worry.

It'll all come back to me.

You're not going anywhere,

Mason.

Wait a second. Now, this piece

of work might be the only chance
those people over there have.

If he's not going, then why the
hell did we get him out of jail?

- He's smart.

- I got him out to get you
people in, not go with you.

If it's the only way of getting
the intelligence I need, then he goes.

He'll fuck with you.

You compromise my men's lives,
and I'll bury you out there.

Now, Womack,

you're between the Rock
and a hard case.

How is your bowling arm?

Dr. Goodspeed, the goal is
to take out the launchers,

then neutralize the

V.X. Chemical rounds.

Well, we know the poison's being
kept in the prison morgue from
the satellite thermal imaging...

which is right here;

these colourized dots.

- Have you ever actually seen
one of these devices?

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

I should really begin briefing your guys
on defusing and detoxification.

Got a really neat layout
over here of the chem round
as well as the rocket,

- so let's get rolling.

- That won't be necessary.

Oh, it's very necessary, sir.

The power of this chemical is way
beyond anything you can imagine.

An ecological disaster, sir.

Plus the devices themselves
are complicated.

That's why you're
coming with us.

- I am?

- You're the expert. What's your problem?

You mean I'm going, going
out there, under the water?

Well, earlier today
you wanted a gun.

Now you're getting a gun
and a wet suit.

Have you ever been
in a combat situation?

- Define "combat," sir.

- Shep?

An incursion underwater to
retake an impregnable fortress
held by an elite team...

of U.S. Marines
in possession of 81 hostages
and 15 guided rockets...
armed with

V.X. Poisoned gas.

Oh. In that case, no, sir.

Excuse me.

- Here.

- Ah, thank you.

You don't look too good.

In fact,
you look like shit.

My stomach's doing hula hoops
around my ass.

You all right?

I mean, you gonna make it
through this thing?

I don't know.

I always expected something
like this was going to happen,
but nothing prepares you
for it.

Now I'm...

I'm responsible...
for a whole city.

Look, I know this
isn't easy for you.

Remember you were trained
for this kind of a situation...
and believe me,

it'll come back to you.
Besides, you got the best
SEAL team in the country backing you up.
Okay.
You're right.
L-I'll be on the wire.
I'll help talk you through it.
There's something else.
It's terrible.
N-No, it's wonderful,
except it isn't.
My girlfriend's pregnant...
and she's just flown in
to see me.
You keep your mind on what you're
going to be doing out there tonight.
And I'll send someone to pick up
your girlfriend and bring her
here to the command centre.
- Hummel!
- Hello, Frank. Lou Linstrom.
I'm at the White House
with General Kramer.
Uh, Frank, uh,
we're havin' a few problems
with the account transfer.
- Don't tell me problems,
tell me solutions.
- Now, we've spoken to the president,
and I know that you're
well aware of his stance on terrorism.
- So what we'd like to do is...
- This isn't about terrorism.
This is about justice.
It's about reminding you people
who found it politically
convenient to forget.
This is goin' nowhere,
Frank.
Well, then, let me tell you
what is.
Fifteen V.X. Gas rockets
into the heart of San Francisco.
You've got 17 hours

to deliver the money.
Or be prepared to reap
the whirlwind, gentlemen.
- What's the word from Mojave?
- General Peterson can give us...
no definite assurance
on the thermite plasma.
That is the word.
Green light
to SEAL incursion.
Fall in!
All right, listen up.
Mr Mason will run point
for us.
Lieutenant Shepard will be
attached to his hip.
You breathe, he breathes
with you. You piss, he helps.
Understood?
Dr. Goodspeed
is our specialist.
When he neutralizes the threat,
we launch green flares
and we wait for the cavalry.
Make no mistake, gentlemen.
We're in the fight of our lives...
against maybe the greatest battalion
commander in the Vietnam War.
I shit you not.
Any questions?
Let's load up!
After you, ace.
Pass out and activate
the minicams.
Everything set here?
Minicams operational?
Roger that, sir.
We are on-line.
Shep, what's the status on the
special operational gear for Mr Mason?
Uh, let's see.
We have, uh,
one quart of kerosene
in a squeeze bottle.

Three washers
and waterproof matches.
Use the green flares to signal
when the threat has been neutralized.
Now, this is atropine. If you
come in contact with the gas,
you have 20 seconds
to inject it into your heart.
Don't fuck with me on this.
It may save your life.
I have three incoming bogeys
bearing 275.

Range:

FBI Command Centre?

- Oh, I would just love for you
to tell me what is goin' on.

- Nope.

Listen, Stanley Goodspeed
is my boyfriend.

Actually, he's, um, my fianc.

- Where is he?

- Classified, lady.

Okay. Well, you just sit here
and act like a Bureau bonehead, then.

Hey, where are you g...

Goddam it!

Decoy choppers
commencing run to Alcatraz.

I just lost one, sir.

I just lost one.

- We only got two flying in.

I just lost one.

- Shit!

In my day, we did it all with a
snorkel and a pair of flippers.

- Your day?

- Yes. Didn't you read my rsum?

I don't...

I don't know anything about you.

- Hmm. I know something
about you, Godspell.

- Goodspeed.

Goodspeed, Goodspeed,

Godspell,
you never went to
any antiterrorist school.
So just make sure you don't
get us all fucking killed.
- We're goin' dark.
- Night vision!
Raider One has dropped
below radar coverage,
heading around
Treasure Island.
Sir, we've got two bogeys
bearing due east and closing.
Decoys?
- Prepare to deploy!
- Good luck, Commander.
Sir, Raider One
is at the drop zone.
Stanley's not a very good swimmer.
I mean, he can't even snorkel.
- Everyone, good to go?
- Good to go!
- Good to go!
- Good to go! Good to go!
All right, so the S.D.U. S
have been deployed,
and the Eagles are in the water.
Major, I want the perimeter patrolled
to the west end of the island.
- Double-time it.
- Yes, sir. Hendrix!
- You lead the patrol.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Let's move. Move out!
Move out! Move out!
The Eagles are on the Rock.
They've entered the cistern room.
Thank you very fucking much,
Mr Mason.
You've led us into a room
with no exit.
- Any ideas, Dillinger?
- Figure it out soon.
We're sitting ducks.

We're a little tight
on time.
You stand by the door
until I open it.
I'd like to know how you plan
on accomplishing that?
Through here.
- You're shitting me.
- I memorized the timing.
I just hope
it hasn't been changed.
You catch one of those
flame bursts, you're a corpse.
- Thank you.
- Commander, you said never
to leave his sight, but, uh...
Stand fast, Lieutenant.
Have a nice day.
- Where'd you dig up this guy?
- That's classified.
Clear here, sir.
No motion sensors tripped.
- Nothing.
- Well, tell 'em to stay out there.
Sweep forward!
Looks like he fucked us,
Commander.
I knew it.
That son of a bitch jumped ship.
Welcome to the Rock.
- Mason.
- That's a no-no.
That's the subway. That'll
drop you into the tunnels.
Do it!
Sir, the Eagles have breached
the tunnel system.
You enjoying this?
Well, it's certainly more
enjoyable than my average day.
Reading philosophy, avoiding
gang rape in the washroom.
Though it's less of a problem these
days. Maybe I'm losing my sex appeal.

We've got seismic activity in
one of the storm grates. North side.
Continue patrolling
the area.
Sweep forward!
Commander, halt.
We've got movement.
- They're hearing sounds above, sir.
- Stand fast.
Down, down, down.
West storm drain's clear.
Ninety-seven paces
to the shower room.
The Eagles are now at the access
tunnel. They're right under
the shower room, sir.
Fibre optics.
- Something's not right.
- I got a bad feeling about this.
Quiet.
Motion sensors.
- Beams cutting across
the manhole covers.
- Deal with it.
Commander, the beam is hitting
some sort of reflective device.
Possibly a prism.
I want to use a mirror
to cut the beam,
send the beam back to its source
and then I'm gonna move the prism.
We've got motion on a trembler
in the shower room, sir.
We've got visitors.
Let's move.
Got it.
Good to go.
- Fuck, man! I knew this
would happen! Fuck!
- Move!
Stand fast.
We'll secure the area.
They're entering
into the shower room, sir.

They're securing the area.
Just sit tight.
Drop your weapons!
Drop 'em!
- Stand fast!
- Hold your fire!
- Drop your weapons!
- Hold your fire!
It's a fucking trap.
This is General Hummel.
Drop your weapons.
Drop 'em!
Anderson here,
General Hummel.
Commander. Team leader.
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.
This is not happening.
Sir, we know why
you're out here.
God knows
I agree with you.
But like you, I swore to defend
this country against all enemies,
foreign, sir,
and domestic.
General, we've spilled
the same blood in the same mud.
You know goddam well
I can't give that order.
We're dead.
Your unit is covered from
an elevated position, Commander.
I'm not gonna ask you again.
Don't do anything stupid.
No one has to die here.
Men following the general, you're
under oath as United States Marines!
Have you forgotten that?
We all have shipmates
we remember.
Some of them were shit on

and pissed on by the Pentagon.

- But that doesn't give you
the right to mutiny!

- You call it what you want!
You're down there, we're up
here. You walked into the wrong
goddam room, Commander!

- Stand fast!

- Goddam it, Commander, one last time.
You tell your men to safety
their weapons, drop 'em on the deck.

- I cannot give that order!

- I am not gonna repeat that order!

- I will not give that order!

- What the hell is wrong with you, man?

- Stand fast!

- Oh, my God!

- Let's waste these fuckers.

- One last time. You order
your men to safety their weapons...

Cease fire!

Don't go.

Cease fire!

Cease fire!

Shit! Goddam it!

Let go of me.

Let go of me!

Don't. Don't go.

It's over.

Oh, God!

Mason.

- We got some movement.

- Who?

- Two of 'em!

- Who is it?

- Eagles 11 and 12.

- L-It's Goodspeed and Mason.

- I knew it.

I've gotta get a team together
right now. We've gotta move
with the second option.

What, and invite
another massacre? No way.

We've got a 60-year-old convict and

a lab rat. I'm telling you, it's over.

Not for Mason,

it isn't.

Goodspeed,

I'm not gonna kill you.

- Where are you going?

- Off this bloody island.

What? Wh-Wh-What for?

Goodspeed.

Goodspeed, do you read me?

It's for you.

- Sir?

- What's the status?

The status is they're dead.

They're dead!

It's just me and Mason.

Now he says he's leaving.

That is unacceptable.

Do you hear me? Unacceptable!

Well, there's a problem, sir.

He's got a gun.

What do you have,

a fuckin' water pistol?

- No, sir.

- Go after him and stop him.

I didn't want this.

- Jesus, I didn't want this.

- You knew this might happen, Frank.

- Well, maybe now they'll pay up.

- Maybe now they won't, Captain.

Then maybe we need to execute

a few hostages.

- Got a live one!

- Put a bullet in him.

- You heard him. End it!

- Holster that sidearm, Captain.

Sir?

You made

a terrible mistake.

And more of our brothers

have died in vain.

Damn you for forcing me

into this position.

I need to talk to you

right now, alone.
Now you told me
I'm on a need-to-know basis.
And I'm tellin' you right now,
I need to know who the fuck
John Mason is right now, sir.
All right, you wanna know?
is head of the FBI,
some say the country.
It's no secret he kept
microfilm files on prominent
Americans and Europeans:
De Gaulle, British members
of Parliament, even the Prime Minister.
I mean, this guy had dirt
on everybody in the world.
Yeah, I know all the cloak-and-dagger
stories. Where does Mason fit in?
Mason was the British operative
who stole the files.
But our Bureau agents caught him
at the Canadian border.
Of course, the British claimed
they'd never heard of him.
And we held him
without trial...
until he gave up the microfilm,
but he never did.
Well, I'm surprised Hoover
didn't use his daughter as leverage.
Hoover was dead in '72.
She wasn't born yet.
Today, well, it's
a different Bureau.
So you held this guy without trial
his whole life! No wonder he's pissed.
This man knows our most intimate secrets
from the last half century:
The alien landing at Roswell, the truth
about the J.F.K. Assassination.
And Mason's angry, he's lethal,
he's a trained killer.
And he is the only hope
that we have got.

Mason! Mason!
There are 81 hostages
still up there.
Yeah, like me.
All right, you wanna play tough?
You wanna play tough with me?
Okay. FBI!
Freeze, sucker!
- I'll fire.
- No, you won't.
- Throw down.
- You're not the sort.
Let's find out.
I could; you, no.
Besides,
your safety's on.
Goodspeed, have you
resolved the situation?
Not yet.
- He's got all the guns now, sir.
- Shit!
You're right, I don't use guns
and I don't kick down doors.
- This is what I do.
- I haven't got my glasses.
What it says is
Chemical Weapons Specialist.
That's right.
I got a lunatic up there, man,
with 15 missiles armed
with some really funky stuff.
That lying Womack.
You could've told my daughter.
It was classified.
Look, I'm in the same situation.
They've got my girlfriend in
the city with a baby on the way.
Look, I can defuse the rockets.
I really can.
But I'm gonna need your help,
and I'm gonna need it right now.
Sir, this man's weapons
and tack radio are missing!
Shit, we got a rodent problem.

Flush the pipes.

There's probably a maze of
tunnels on this goddam island.
Check every access you can find.

Sir.

Even if you escape
from the island,
you can't escape
the rockets.

So, where are you gonna go? Go where?

What are, what are you gonna do?

- Show me where the morgue is, Mason.

- I'm out of here.

What about your daughter?

Mason?

Rodents located.

The way I see it, you don't
really have any choice, do you?

I don't think you do.

Move!

They're onto us.

Burn 'em out.

This mother's gonna
blow big.

I don't understand. How could
we lose radio contact all of a sudden?

We've lost coms.

Still got 'em on locaters.

- So what's it gonna be?

- What?

How do you like
your choices?

- I don't.

- That's what I thought.

All right, come on.

This is the oldest part
of Alcatraz.

Did you know it was originally
a Civil War fort?

Oh, really? Huh. Yeah, wow.

You know, I like history, too,
maybe when this is all over, you and I
can stop by the souvenir shop together.
But right now I just... I just...

I wanna find some rockets.
Don't tempt me.
We are going to the morgue.
- You sure you're ready for this?
- I'll do my best.
Your best?
Losers always whine
about their best.
Winners go home
and fuck the prom queen.
Carla was
the prom queen.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Locaters have them approaching
the morgue, sir.
Come on, come on.
You can do it, Doc.
You must never hesitate.
I think you're shooting
too close to the rocket.
Him, but not the rocket.
Any other news,
Professor?
Not the rocket!
Not the rocket.
I got a little somethin'
for ya.
Oh, yeah, okay. That's just about
the most awful thing I've ever seen.
Mason,
the second you don't
respect this, it kills you.
Put it over there.
You've been around a lot
of corpses. Is that normal?
- What, the feet thing?
- Yeah, the feet thing.
- Yeah, that happens.
- Well, I'm having kind of
a hard time concentrating.
- Can you do something about it?
- Well, like what? Kill him again?
Listen, I'm just

a biochemist.
And most of the time I work in a glass jar and lead a very uneventful life. I drive a Volvo, a beige one. But what I'm dealing with here... is one of the most deadly substances the Earth has ever known. So what do you say you cut me some friggin' slack? A really elegant string-of-pearls configuration. Unfortunately, incredibly unstable. Well, what exactly does this stuff do? If the rocket renders it aerosol, it can take out the entire city of people. Really? And what happens if you drop one? Happily, it'll just wipe out you and me.

- How?
- It's a cholinesterase inhibitor. Stops the brain from sending nerve messages down the spinal cord within 30 seconds. Any epidermal exposure or inhalation, and you'll know. A twinge at the small of your back as the poison seizes your nervous system. Do not move that! Your muscles freeze, you can't breathe. You spasm so hard you break your own back, spit your guts out. But that's after your skin melts off. My God. Oh, I think we'd like God on our side at the moment, don't you? So what I'm doing now is removing the guidance system chips... so the rocket will splash down after 500 feet.

All right,
let me have that.
You can let go of it. All right,
just back away. Just back away!
Sir, morgue team
has not checked in.
Blackbird One,
this is Blackbird. Over.
Blackbird One, this is Blackbird.
Come in, goddam it!
Somebody's still there.
Let's move!
Rats alive! Close on the morgue.
Close on the morgue.
Go, go, go, go,
go, go, go.
Frye, Darrow, hustle up.
We got more company!
Hold it.
Converge on the morgue.
Move out.
Goodspeed, come on.
Come over here.
Good. I love pressure.
I eat it for breakfast.
Come on. Time's up.
There's three rockets somewhere
else. We have to find them.
Come on!
Clear!
I'm too old for this.
- Where's it go?
- I've no idea.
Sir, all the guidance chips
are gone.
Captain, I guess you didn't
quite take care of the rat problem.
- No, sir.
- Well, there are two dead men here...
- who strongly suggest
you go finish the job.
- Yes, sir.
Yes, sir!
Rio, Royce, let's go!

Move out!

- You really don't know where this goes?

- No, I don't know where it goes.

Well, it's starting to pick up speed.

Do you know how to slow it down?

No, I don't.

God.

Mason, you all right?

Yes, perfectly okay,

you fucking idiot!

- They're coming.

- Who?

- The Marines!

- Where?

- What the fuck's goin' on?

- Let's cut him off.

No! No! No!

Mason!

Mason!

You motherfucker!

Die! Die! Die!

I'm rather glad

you didn't hesitate too long.

How do you do it?

Oh, I was trained by the best.

British Intelligence.

Come on.

But in retrospect, I'd rather

have been a poet or a farmer.

Okay.

Okay, the president arrives

in three hours.

His directive is to string Hummel along

until the air strike is operational.

- What's the word

from Mojave, General?

- The same as last time, Lou.

They're going as fast

as they can.

- Do it over here.

- On your knees. On your knees!

Navy SEALs, listen up. You've

got something that belongs to me.

Twelve guidance chips,

to be precise.

Let me remind you there are
lives at stake, civilian lives.

Speak up.

- Speak up!

- I, uh, uh...

- Tell them your name.

- My name is Larry Henderson.

- Oh, man.

- And I'm a father of three.

And, uh, they've got a gun
to my head.

You've got exactly three minutes
to return the guidance chips
to the exercise yard...

- or Mr Henderson won't have a head.

- Oh, no.

Hey. Wha...

Now, three to go.

You find them
and defuse them, okay?

- All right.

- All right.

I'll try and delay Hummel
and give you more time.

Hey, what about
Mr Henderson's head?

Okay?

What do you mean?

Okay.

- General.

- Who the hell are you?

I'm all that's left
of the enemy.

Bingo.

Stand easy.

Thought I'd been in the service
a long time.

- Name and rank, sailor.

- Well, it's Army, actually.

Answer the question. And
address him as "General, sir."

Captain John Patrick Mason,
General, sir,

of Her Majesty's S.A.S.
Retired, of course.
You're a long way
from home, Captain.
How the hell are you
involved in this?
Oh, I have a unique knowledge
of this prison facility.
I was, uh,
formerly a guest here.
Hi, sweetie.
Hey, come back here,
little boy.
Did they bother to tell you
who I am, why I'm doing this?
Or are they just using you
like they do everybody else?
All I know is you were big
in Vietnam. I saw the highlights
on television.
Then you wouldn't have any
fuckin' idea what it means to
lead some of the finest men...
on God's earth into battle, and
then see their memory betrayed
by their own fuckin' government.
I don't quite see how you cherish
the memory of the dead...
by killing
another million.
And, uh,
this is not combat.
It's an act of lunacy,
General, sir.
Personally, I think
you're a fuckin' idiot.
"The tree of liberty must be
refreshed from time to time...
with the blood of patriots
and tyrants." Thomas Jefferson.
"Patriotism is the virtue of
the vicious," according to Oscar Wilde.
- Thank you for making my point.
- Where are the guidance chips?

Where are
the guidance chips?
- I destroyed them.
- That was a bad move, soldier.
Does that mean
you'll execute us both?
You're lucky that old man Hummel
wants you alive.
'Cause I'll take pleasure
in guttin' you, boy.
I'd take pleasure
in guttin'you
Boy
"I'll take pleasure
in guttin' you, boy."
What is wrong with
these people, huh, Mason?
Don't you think there's
a lot of, uh, a lot of anger
floatin' around this island?
Kind of a pubescent volatility?
Don't you think?
A lot of angst, a lot of, "I'm 16,
I'm angry at my father" syndrome?
I mean, grow up!
We're stuck on an island...
with a bunch of
violence-for-pleasure-seeking
psychopathic Marines.
Shame on them!
Anyway, I only got one
chem round. There's two left.
- Mason?
- Yes, I'm here.
I was just thinking
how wonderful it was...
when the inmates weren't allowed
to talk in here.
Not allowed to talk.
How'd you do it?
Uh, nurtured the hope
that there was hope.
That one day I'd breathe
free air.

Perhaps meet my daughter.

Modest hopes, but, uh,

they kept a man alive.

What'd they put you

away for, John?

Oh, that's a long story.

Well, I'm not goin'

anywhere.

When was the last communication

from our men on Alcatraz?

Seven hours.

Thermite plasma

is operational.

- Get me the president.

- Be seated.

Gentlemen, consider yourselves

on ground alert. If we receive

launch authority,

your mission is

the complete thermal destruction

of Alcatraz Island.

The entire island is to be blanketed,

not one square inch missed.

Eighty-one American civilians

and a number of U.S. Marines...

will lose their lives

in this air strike.

Why didn't you just tell them

where the microfilm was...

and, and create a solution?

Hmph. The moment they had the

microfilm, they'd suicide me.

- Some solution.

- And you ended up here.

Which brings me to another

question. When you broke out...

Let me see if I can get this straight.

You went down the incinerator chute,

on the mine cars, through

the tunnels to the power plant,

under the steam engine... That

was really cool, by the way.

And into the cistern

through the intake pipe.

But how, in the name
of Zeus's buttole,
did you get out
of your cell?
I only ask because
in our current situation,
well, it could prove
to be useful information, maybe!
Trade secrets, my son.

Wow.

General, two
operational rockets left.
One's at the lower lighthouse
and there is one on the roof.
And both of the birds
are ready to fly, sir.

- G-General, can you hear me?

- I heard you, Captain.

Oh, just makin' sure.

Should we prepare
for launch, General?

I'll handle the strategy,
Captain.

Yes, sir.

The hour is approaching, sir.
Just letting the general know
of the time, sir.

- I'm very aware of the time, Captain.

- Aye, aye, sir. Lettin' you know.

Me and my boys are ready to
cock, lock, and ready to rock.

Mason, where're you going?

Thirty years ago I vowed
I wouldn't die in this toilet.

You're not leaving! There's a madman in
there with his hand on a, on a button!

Shh. Some sniper's
gonna get his ass.

Stop moving, Mason.

Mason, stop moving.

Hummel won't do it.

He's a soldier, not a murderer.

- I read it in his eyes.

- You read his eyes?

Oh, well, then,
everything's just fine!
- I can't afford to take that chance.
- Why don't you talk louder?
Three minutes to go, sir.
- They're not gonna call, Frank.
- Oh, they'll call.
They'll call if we fire
one of our rockets up their ass.
Sir.
- Hummel.
- Hi, Frank. It's Al Kramer here.
- How's it going out there?
- How do you think it's goin'?
- Listen, on this end we're gonna
need another hour, Frank.
- You've got three minutes.
Listen, uh, Frank, we have
to get final authorization
from the president.
You've got three minutes.
Frank, please don't do
anything stupid.
They want another hour.
Well, that's bullshit.
That's bullshit, General. They're lyin'!
They're calling
our bluff, sir.
They're playing you
for a fool, sir.
Order the launch,
General.
Come on, General.
Let's be all we can be.
The mission's not complete!
Well, mine is.
When this is over,
you'll go back home,
driving Carla and your baby
insane in your beige Volvo.
And I'll be dead or back in
prison, which is the same thing.
You're not leaving.
All right,

I'll do it myself.

I got three weeks'

weapons training.

I'll kick the... Out of
a platoon full of Marines.

No problem.

- Major, patch me into Roof Battery.

- Aye, sir.

Fire open control circuit
coordinates to the roof, sir.

Let's go!

Laser powered up!

- Oh, no.

- I said, on your knees!

My name's Stanley Goodspeed. I'm a
chemical weapons specialist for the FBI.

- Uh, glass or plastic?

- What?

- Glass or plastic? Glass or plastic?

- Shut the fuck up!

Because if the winds change
after you launch those rockets,

- we're all gonna die.

- Shut up!

And you're gonna end up in either
a glass jar or a plastic bag.

So, what do you say you do
the math, hand over the gun...

- and let's go find some rockets?

- I said shut the fuck...

- You made the right choice.

- I decided I didn't want your child...

growing up

without a father.

Hey, the last time I swam
this channel I was your age.

So, I'm fucked either way.

So, come on.

Weapon is hot. I am standing by
for the launch command.

Man, killing Navy SEALs
is one thing...

- Is this for real?

- Hey, it's business.

Access code entered.
Weapon available for release.
Launch coordinates:
Six, seven,
five, four, five,
niner.
The weapon is hot. I'm
standing by for launch command.
That's affirmative.
Standing by for command.
I'm waiting for
launch command, General.
- Fire.
- Fire!
Missile loose!
Missile loose!

Origin:

- What's the goddam heading?
- Heading 185 degrees south southeast.
- Speed?
- Three hundred knots.
It's headed right at Oakland.
Football game.
Oh, my God.
Missile radically
changing direction.

New direction:

It's headed out to sea, sir.
Oh, Christ!
Missile losing altitude.
Falling.
Falling, 300 feet,
Bogey detonated
under water.
What the fuck?
It missed.
- Well, that's great.
- Extremely great.
But there's still
one left.
What happened to the rocket?
What the fuck happened

to the coordinates?

What the fuck is going on?

Sir! Major!

- Captain, step outside.

- Talk to me, sir.

Captain, step outside!

Get me the Pentagon.

What the hell was that, Frank?

- I said, what the hell...

- I heard what you said! If

you're gonna be insubordinate,

- I'd appreciate it if you'd do
it with a little more respect.

- Cut the crap, General.

- What the hell are you doing?

- I'm not ready to kill these people.

- Call the Pentagon. Ask for more time.

- No!

Do it, Frank!

We're coming loose.

You're coming loose. The rest
of us are in complete control.

- We're askin' 'em. We're askin'
'em for a new deadline.

- Put the phone down.

- The men are falling apart.

- The men are Marines!

Are they?

- I wanna talk to General Kramer.

- You've been asked by an old friend.

- Put him on the phone right now.

- You've been ordered
by a superior officer.

- This is Major Baxter.

- Now you're being given your
last chance by a man with a gun.

Put the phone down.

- I thought you weren't ready to kill.

- I'm warmin' up.

At ease.

They need a decision,

Mr President.

These past few hours...

have been the longest,

darkest of my life.
How does one weigh
human life?
One million civilians
against 81 hostages.
And in the middle,
Frank Hummel.
That we have ignored,
abandoned or marginalized...
a great soldier
like Frank Hummel,
and that American boys have paid
for that neglect in blood...
is equally real
and equally tragic.
We are at war
with terror.
Fighting a war
means casualties.
This is the worst call
I've ever had to make.
Air strike approved.
Red Thunder to tower.
Request clearance.
With the amount of firepower
they're gonna drop in there,
- Tower this is Strike Leader.
Prepared to go.
- It'll be over in a few seconds.
Flight time to drop point:
Excuse me, General, sir,
with all due respect to you,
but what the fuck is going on?
- You changed the coordinates,
didn't you, General?
- That's affirmative, Captain.
So, now they think we're
gutless, the Feds? They think
we won't actually do it.
They're gonna come at us
with everything they've got.
Air and sea.
- They're gonna bomb our ass
back to the Stone Age.

- They don't know we missed on purpose.
Great. We're not gutless,
we're incompetent. That right?
I don't think I like your tone, Captain.
We planned for this contingency.
Load the V.X. Into the choppers,
take four hostages and evacuate.
The consequences of our actions
I'll face alone.
Excuse me, General, but what
about the fucking money?
There is no fucking money.
Mission's over.
Bullshit it's over.
You're talking to a general,
soldier. Maintain discipline.
I'm not a soldier, Major.
The day we took hostages we became
mercenaries. And mercenaries get paid!
I want my fucking money!
This mission was based
on the threat of force.
I'm not about to kill 80,000
innocent people. Do you think
I'm out of my fucking mind?
We bluffed. They called it.
The mission's over.
Whoever said anything
about bluffing, General?
Stand down, Captain.
Stand down, Captain!
Major, I'm ordering you to take
these men to the choppers and evacuate.
- That's a simple order, Major!
- It's not so simple, Frank.
Sergeant Crisp,
secure the General.
I'm relieving you
of your command, sir.
Sergeant!
- I'll have that sidearm, sir.
- You mean this sidearm?
Major Baxter, you're either
with us or against us.

It has been the greatest honour
of my life to serve with you, General.

But like he said,
it's over.

Let's get him.

Mason!

- My God, what have I done?

- Where's the last rocket?

Where's the last rocket?

- Where's the last rocket?

- Lower lighthouse.

- Lower lighthouse.

- Go!

Darrow, go to the lighthouse.

I'll take care of this fucker!

One, two, three!

Eat that!

Did it.

Come here. Come here,

you little chicken shit!

You shoot me, I drop this.

We're both dead.

Well, come on. Come on. Don't

be scared. I won't hurt ya.

- Come on.

- Do you know how this shit works?

You know how

this shit works?

Come on. Come on.

I don't need the gun.

I'll put it down.

Come on, let's play.

Come on. Come on.

Listen, I think we got

started off on the wrong foot.

Stan Goodspeed, FBI. Uh...

Let's talk music. Do you like

the Elton John song, "Rocket Man"?

I don't like

soft-ass shit.

Oh, you... Oh, oh.

Oh.

Well, I only bring it up

because, uh, it's you.

You're the Rocket Man.

No!

- How do you like how that shit works?

- Second rocket's away!

It splashed into the bay, sir.

No detonation.

Shit!

Darrow!

Open up!

Come on.

Open up!

Hey, you mother!

Oh, I'm gonna get you now,
baby.

Okay.

I got ya.

I got you, baby.

Come on.

Fucker!

Red Thunder Strike Leader.

Time on target:

Seven minutes.

English prick. I tell you
my old man was Irish?

Maintain air speed

Fuck!

It's me and you, pal.

I want that fucking chip!

I love pressure.

I know you're in here,
and I know you can hear me.

Now, pay the piper

and come out like a man.

Increase speed

to 500 knots.

You motherfucker!

Die!

I'm gonna choke my million bucks
out of you. You're gonna die.

Eat that, you fuck!

All right, team, inbound.

Time on target:

Come to course heading
When he neutralizes
the threat,
we launch green flares
and we wait for the cavalry.
- Let's tighten up that formation.
- May God have mercy on your souls.
Please don't let this happen. There has
to be something you can do. Please.
Let's drop to the deck.
One hundred feet below radar.
Target acquired.
Rolling in.
This is Red Thunder.
Master armed. Master armed.

Time on target:

T.O. T:

Ten seconds.
Stay tight, gentlemen.
I got green smoke.
I got green smoke!
This is C. Q, One, C. Q, One! Green smoke!
We have green smoke! Over.
- Eh, gimme that! Gimme that! Abort!
- Abort!
- Flight leader, abort, abort, abort!
- Jesus Chri...
I already dropped them!
- Oh, goddam it!
- Oh, my God!
Get out of my way. Let me
through, please. Let me through!
The cells did not get hit.
The bombs hit on the back of the island.
I'm fed up saving your ass.
I'm amazed you ever got past puberty.
I suppose all this will make
a great bedtime story to tell your kid.
You're insane, Mason.
The kid'll have nightmares.
Spend all my money on shrinks.
Goodspeed, come in.

Goodspeed, Goodspeed,
do you read me? Come in!
- Scanning all radio frequencies.
- Goodspeed, do you read me? Come in!
Goodspeed, do you read me?
Come in!
Goodspeed, do you read me?
Come in!
This is Goodspeed.
- Are the hostages alive?
- Every one of 'em.
Goodspeed, it's Womack.
What about Mason?
- He's dead, sir.
- How? When?
Just come and get me.
Womack tore up your pardon, John.
But, of course.
I knew he would.
The S.D.U. S and the scuba gear
should still be where we came ashore.
If you can get to the Pan
Pacific Hotel, there's clothes
in my closet, \$200 in the Bible.
Room 26.
Well, it's been a long time
since I've said thank you to anybody.
But thank you.
Well, Stanley, uh, this is when we go
our separate ways, huh?
But, uh, I'm sure you know the etymology
of your name "Goodspeed."

Yeah, Godspeed:

a prosperous journey. Why?
Well, if you fancy
a journey,
I recommend
Fort Walton, Kansas.
I was thinking of Maui.
No.
Forget Maui.
"St Michael's Church,
Fort Walton, Kansas.

"Front pew, right leg.
Hollow."
Is this what I think it is?
Mason?
- Congratulations, Dr. Goodspeed.
You did it.
- Thank you, sir.
You know, for a while there,
I didn't think you were gonna make it.
Well done, son.
So, where's Mason?
Vaporized.
Blown out to sea.
Blown out to sea, huh?
Yeah.
Poor bastard.
Goodspeed, where's Mason? Where's his
body? I wanna see that son of a bitch!
Vaporized, sir.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
What? Vaporized?
A body can vaporize?
Oh, yeah!
Absolutely, sir.
St Michael's Church,
front pew, right leg.
Front pew, right leg.
Vandals! Vandals!
Oh, yes, baby, come on!
- Stop! Vandals! Stop!
- I'm sorry!
- Come on, baby!
- I've got it! Okay, let's go!
- Stop! Stop!
- Sorry!
Stop! Hey, hey, you!
Vandals! Vandals!
Honey, uh, you wanna know
who really killed J.F.K.?