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Under Siege 2: Dark Territory

By Richard Hatem

Tom, glad to see you made it.
I wouldn't miss it.
National Weather Institute,
this is NASA Command.
Transferring control
of satellite Gulf-001...
...in six...
...five, four...
Do source code.
Enter current access code.
Captains Trilling, Gilder...
We got it. It's ours.
Be advised...
...we have received satellite Gulf-001.
Thank you, Houston.
All right, let's see what she can do.
Activating observation function.
Setting for Stage 2.
What have we got here?
Clean it up.
Oh, my God, she's turning over!
Apply full image enhancing.
Holy guacamole!
The damn thing works.
That goddamn Travis Dane.
If the optical circuits are this good,
the targeting system must be great.
Dane would love this.
NASA thinks this is
a weather satellite.
Let's do a weapons check.
This wasn't the bust
Congress thought it was.
What Congress don't know
won't hurt them, or us.
Something wrong, captain?
It's too bad Dane wasn't here today.
Travis Dane was a nut.
He drove his car into a lake.
He was crazy.
They found the body yet?
No, just the car.
And a note that said,
"Chance favors the prepared mind."

Odd, huh?
But then, so was Dane.
Captains, you did a hell of a job.
Be proud of yourselves.
Enjoy your weekend.
Thank you, general.
Can I talk to you? Excuse me.
Have a nice weekend.
Go home.
There's an air show at
the Air Force Academy this weekend.
Maybe you'd like to join me for a drink?
Check out the new technologies.
All the top brass will be there.
Who knows...
...it might help your career.
Sorry, I have plans.
Yeah, sure, I understand.
Like the general said...
...you did a good job.
Thank you...
...sir.
Let's go, you're running late.
Where have you been?
On a special op?
Lieutenant, always a pleasure.
I know, you can't tell me.
Sorry to hear about your brother.
Me too.
You'll have to hurry to make that train.
It leaves in 45 minutes.
Why are you two taking
a train to California?
Would you fly if your parents died
in a plane crash?
Hi, Casey.
This place runs better when you're here.
I can run it, but...
You can't cook.
The patrons come here for you, Casey,
not for me.
Cute kid.
- Is that your niece?
- Yes. She's the only family I have.

I don't know if I'll recognize her.
Come on, we'll miss that train.
I missed my brother's funeral, so...
...we won't miss the train.
Your attention, please.
The Grand Continental, with service from
Denver to Los Angeles, now boarding.
Has a Sarah Ryback
picked up any tickets?
Uncle Casey.
Nice to see you too.
You've gotten big.
A lot can happen in five years.
Just a moment.
So, what have you been doing?
Taking care of airplane crashes,
funerals, stuff like that.
Yeah, so...
Here you are. Track 3.
You know, I was thinking...
I remembered that you collect
teddy bears and I got you one.
It isn't as good as some of yours...
...and I know you may be too mature...
...to hang out with teddy bears now.
But it's the thought that counts.
Thanks.
I guess I'm not trained for this.
Excuse me.
Can I carry your bags? Oh, nice...
...medal you got there.
It's a Navy Cross.
My uncle was in the Navy,
but he's not like you.
- What is that?
- This?
It's Mace.
All right. Listen, I have to look busy,
so why don't you let me take your bag?
If I don't, I could get fired.
If I get fired, I won't have enough money
for college, and I'll be poor.
This will work. I like this.
What compartment did you say

you were in?
My compartment.
Sorry.
- Excuse me.
- Excuse me.
Captain Gilder...
...fancy meeting you here.
Have some champagne, Captain Trilling.
Good things to those who wait.
Okay, you waited.
Colorado Air Base, this is
Chopper Whiskey Bravo requesting...
Hold it!
I was wondering
what that girl over there's drinking.
The girl with the tonic and lime
and the bad ID?
That's the one.
- You're not drinking?
- No.
Join me. I don't like drinking alone.
There's no alcohol in that.
Yeah, you always knew everything,
anyway.
Do you think we could have
a pleasant conversation?
Sure.
Let's talk about why you
and my dad stopped talking.
Listen, I know that your father and I
had our differences.
But that doesn't mean
I didn't love him.
But you didn't even talk.
Time goes by...
...it seems to fly,
and before you know it...
...things happen.
But I never thought...
...I'd never get a chance
to straighten things out with him.
You know...
...he didn't get the medals in the service
by being a choirboy.

I don't want you talking
about my father that way.
Think I need a drink.
What's the strongest stuff you got?
How about Puerto Rican rum?
Uncle Casey...
I don't want to fight.
I just promised myself that before
I got here, I would tell you how I felt.
Now...
...let's just be friends.
Okay.
I'm going for a walk.
- What's up?
- What's in there?
It's top-secret.
I can't let you get in there.
What's in there?
Don't make me restrain you,
because I've been working out, see?
It'd be easy to do that.
Okay. Restrain me.
- You want me to?
- Yeah.
All right, if you say so.
It's gonna be real easy.
There's a mop, a broom and a lot of
smelly stuff you want to avoid.
Who taught you that?
When I was 11 years old, my uncle
taught me all this really neat stuff.
The dude that's with you?
Yeah, I guess.
I can do that.
What are you writing?
It's a book.
My memoirs, stuff like that.
Aren't you too young
to be writing your memoirs?
I know it's against the rules,
but give me a shot of something.
Can you put those up there?
Yeah.
What's up with that niece of yours,

Miss Bruce Lee?
She almost killed me.
Going up!
You taught her all that shit?
I taught her a few things.
She's lucky she's a girl.
- I know a little of that stuff, myself.
- That's what I hear.
From you, but that's what I hear.
Don't give him the brandy.
I need it for the cake.
Look at that.
Because the train is rocking,
it's cramping my style.
I'm making this for Sarah
because it's her favorite thing.
Fifteen minutes, on high.
The rest is up to God.
Now, go find Sarah,
and we'll surprise her.
- What was that?
- It's called a...
...orgasm.
Sounds like torpedoes.
We must be in dark territory.
What the hell is this?
They're not our guys.
What's the trouble?
What's going on?
- Someone's been shot.
- Where?
Here.
Loco secured.
Move! You have four minutes.
Everybody to the back of the train!
Don't make me ask twice!
Everybody up those stairs! Move it!
Come on!
Shut that bitch up, or I will!
Move it!
Get up the stairs! Let's go!
What the fuck is this? Anything else?
Go! Get out of here!
Open that door to the baggage car!

Check the baggage.
Baggage checked.
Any other heroes?
One casualty in the dining car.
Fire in the hole!
Take cover!
Four cooks. Check.
Copy that. Continue with the cleanup.
We leave in 20 seconds.
This, I'm trained for.
Oh, my God.
Well, here you are.
The last place anyone would expect
to find you.
Amazing.
Put something on.
Have a seat, captains.
They said you were dead.
Yeah, very restful.
No phone calls.
You two have been very naughty.
ATAC has strict rules against employees
getting involved with each other.
Is that what this is about?
Yeah, right. I faked my own death
and hijacked a passenger train...
...because I care about who you fuck.
No, I wondered what other rules
you'd be willing to break.
Online transmission's ready, sir.
Don't go away.
Good evening, everyone.
This is your captor speaking.
There's been a slight change
in your travel plans tonight.
You have, you will note, been moved
to the last two cars of the train...
...for your own wellbeing.
First, I'd like to call your attention
to the highly trained men...
...with the automatic weapons.
In the event of an emergency,
they may be called upon to shoot you.
Your safety is our primary concern.

However, if you try anything stupid...
...federal regulations require that I kill you.
He's insane.
So please...
...no hero shit.
Your access code, please.
I'll never...
...give you the code.
The psychological profile we have on you
says you will.
However, if you wish to prove
the profile incorrect...
...sit back and see what happens
when an intensely hot needle...
...penetrates the lens of one
of the most beautiful eyes on earth.
The needle point will pass through
the lens with very little difficulty.
The heat will cauterize
and seal the wound.
But the instrument will continue
to transfer heat...
...to the fluid in the eyeball.
The fluid comes to a boil...
...and the eyeball itself explodes.
J-B-N- 1...
...2- 1.
He can't use it.
Why do you think he's doing this?
Because he's crazy.
You can argue that later. Next!
Are we up for this?
You can't hack into the system.
There are quadruple blocks.
Even if he could, the codes
need to be entered simultaneously.
There's not enough power here.
You've seen the ATAC generators.
Oh, for chrissakes, it's impossible!
You know that!
The codes are different!
You can't use them anymore!
It's no good! He can't use them!
For God's sake, please, give him the code!

Give him the code!
E-U-I...
...4- 7-6.
I not only invented Grazer,
I've updated it...
...to use part of the electromagnetic
spectrum ATAC is only dimly aware of.
What the fuck is that?
As long as we're moving,
the signal is completely transparent.
As you can see...
...we're on a choo-choo.
No stop signs for six hours.
ATAC would kill
to get ahold of this technology.
In fact...
...I'm sure they'll try.
Works just as well underground,
underwater.
I not only designed the system...
...I designed the blocks.
What're you doing, Dane?
I'm hacking into ATAC, Linda.
Now...
...watch this.
It's mine again.
Shut the fuck up!
We're locked.
Oh, they're still here.
I don't need them anymore.
They can go now.
Move it, asshole!
Come on, gorgeous.
Don't you know that man's crazy?
Do you realize...?
He's paying me a lot of money.
That's why?
It's okay.
Goddamn it.
Three hundred thousand pages
of code...
...or 60 minutes of triple-X interactive...
...rubber and leather bondage porno.
Technology can be used for beauty...

...or debasement.
And until you plug it in...
...you just can't tell.
Oh, gee.
I seem to have brought
the targeting codes.
I want every window and door
locked and secured. Airtight.
Shit.
The train is secure.
The major installation is T-minus 10.
The phone lines are two.
We're sweeping the train for stragglers.
Excuse me.
Okay, people, let's start the party.
What's going on?
Captain, give me a report.
I'm still searching.
Try this.
- What is it?
- It's gone, sir.
- What's gone?
- Grazer 1.
What do you mean, it's gone?
Bring it up on the screen.
It's like somebody took it.
How could somebody take it?
Nobody knows it's there.
- Find the damn thing.
- We designed it to be undetectable.
But not from us, for chrissake!
I want a full systems-check,
and I want it in two minutes.
We're in Code 2 status.
Code 2.
Gilder, Trilling and Tom Breaker, A.S.A.P.
All right, let's move it!
Mr. Penn, ATAC is now locked out
of their own system.
Grazer 1 is fully under my control.
I thought you were
those ugly men with guns.
What are you doing?
It was just a nice day for a stroll.

What's in here?
It's the baggage car, but don't go in.
They shot at me.
What are you doing?
Trying to get killed?
They have guns out there.
Come here.
- I ain't coming out there.
- Don't make me yell. Come here.
Investors on the line?
Clients from Asia and the Middle East
standing by, sir.
Gentlemen.
How are we today? How's the weather
out there? Sunny and sandy?
Now, look, it's demonstration time.
Some of you have trouble
with the idea of...
...a non-terrestrially-originated
seismic event.
But I want you to watch China
very closely for the next 10 minutes.
- What's the problem?
- The system won't let us in.
The system? What do you mean?
We are the system.
- Any word from Gilder and Trilling?
- We're still looking.
You lose them as well?
Now the shit will really start to fly.
A fertilizer plant in Guangzhou.
A fertilizer plant?
Yeah, I'm going to shock the world
by spreading ca-ca all over the place.
Guangzhou is a chemical weapons plant
posing as a fertilizer plant.
We know this.
The Chinese know we know.
But we pretend we don't,
and the Chinese pretend we don't...
...but they know.
Everybody knows.
I'm gonna pull the brake cord,
stop the train and get the hell out of here.

I'm going to die. I'm a porter.
You're a fucking cook.
You gotta trust me on this one, okay?
Is there a phone or com unit here?
There's a radio in the locomotive
and a pay phone downstairs in the lounge.
I'll try to call the cavalry.
Meanwhile, search the bags for a weapon
or something that can be used as one.
I even touch a bag, I lose my job.
I'm more concerned...
...about the lives of these people
being held hostage.
The hostages.
I don't want them hurt.
Now, pay close attention, Mr. Penn.
I'm about to make the Bhopal disaster
look like a Girl Scout picnic.
There. It's back.
You see, it's nothing. A minor glitch.
False alarm.
What the hell is that?
Poison gas, chemical fire...
...total devastation for a 100-mile radius.
Thousands of people are going to die.
Listen and do what I say.
Cover and concealment.
Now you know as much as anybody.
Right. Take that fucking
white jacket off.
You touch me again, that's your ass.
Targeting codes.
- They've started our sequence.
- It's arming.
This is nuts. There's gotta be
some kind of malfunction.
It's being controlled elsewhere.
Oh, Jesus, the target's mainland China.
Not China!
Not somebody nuclear.
What's going on?
Sweet Jesus!
She's into acquisition mode.
Somebody shut it down!

They fired me. Took everything.
She's powering up for a hit.
Said the technology wasn't essential.
Blow it! Shut it down!
No response.
They wanted it? They'll get it!
That's what Dane used to say.
Call Admiral Bates at the Pentagon.
Admiral Bates is here in Colorado
attending an air show.
Then get him here, now.
Gentlemen, as you can see, it works.
This is a one-time offer.
Two hundred feet below the Pentagon
is an itty-bitty crack...
...which I propose to make
great, big and wide.
Directly above it
is a strike-hard nuclear reactor.
It ain't hard enough.
We'll take out the Pentagon...
...and, God, Allah...
...and the winds willing...
...Washington and most of
the Eastern seaboard as well.

The fee:

One billion dollars.
A billion dollars.
I owe people money.
Oh, shit.
- What is this place?
- Here we go.
I don't know, nor does Congress.
What the hell is going on?
Don't say this is a weather station.
Bring the rendering up.
Recently we deployed
a particle beam weapon into orbit.
In English, please.
It's a major cash cow. Particle beam
technology, it's the earthquake deal.
It's my understanding
we shut that program down.

We financed it.
Breaker, what...?
This goddamn thing works now?
It works so effectively...
...that if we targeted the Los Angeles
fault lines, in 15 seconds...
...Arizona would be beachfront property.
The problem is, someone else
is commanding the satellite.
We couldn't find it or destroy it...
...so we were unable to stop it.
Oh, my God!
China's earthquake?
We have full deniability.
- Holy shit!
- That's typical.
Typical Agency bullshit!
Do you know who we're dealing with?
We think it's Travis Dane,
the guy who designed the system.
- One of our people?
- Not anymore.
He was decommissioned.
Last month he was an apparent suicide.
He's brilliant. He can do anything
he puts his mind to, but he's crazy.
Why would you hire a maniac?
Because...
...sane people do not build
weapons like this.
You'd think we'd learn from that.
All right, we're upgrading to Code 3.
Gentlemen, let's find the satellite,
and let's find the son of a bitch now!
No power.
Cover and conceal.
You know about that, right?
You know about that, right?
One of our customers has
a personal favor to ask.
He wants you to blow up an airplane.
Tell him to forget about it.
I'm going to blow up the Pentagon.
He either gets on board

or gets left behind.
But, sir, the gentleman's ex-wife
is on board this jet.
He wants you to blow up a jet plane
going 500 miles an hour...
...with a weapon designed
for subterranean strikes?
He says he'll pay us
an additional \$100 million.
Really?
What are its transponder numbers?
Sending them now.
I can do this.
His ex-wife is history
when the money is in our account.
Grazer 1 will be in position in...
He has five minutes to make the deposit.
The money's hitting Zurich now!
Good. Here we go.
Grazer's back on-line.
- If they hooked up, we're in trouble.
- Pegasus C Team is in range.
We have a B-2 bomber
with two anti-satellite missiles onboard.
I thought you cut the power downstairs.
Pegasus locked on Grazer 1.
On your command.
Fire.
Can we get it before it fires?
They are so slow.
- Why is it still counting?
- Still getting the feed.
Boom!
Earthquake in midair.
That is the goddamnedest thing
I've ever seen.
Then what the hell did we shoot down?
I'll ask you again, if we did not
shoot down Grazer 1, what did we shoot?
Check on Herb, downstairs.
Train noise eliminated
from transmission.
Let's get ready to call home.
What's up?

- Where'd you get that gun?
- Get anything?
Fishing rod, pool cue, clothes.
You're a useless son of a bitch.
Encrypted, no good.
This is a.45, okay?
Dynamic tension, left hand, right hand,
palms pressed together, okay?
Cover your ass, 12, 3, 6, 9,
wherever you look always.
Never look in a direction
where the gun ain't pointing, understand?
Who the hell is that?
Jesus Christ!
Not quite, General Cooper, although
I have sort of risen from the dead.
No, it's just your old friend,
Travis Dane.
You remember? The guy you fired?!
And I bet now
you're probably asking yourselves:
"What the hell did we just shoot down?"

The answer is:

The NSA's best and only functional
real-time down-looking satellite...
...the N SP-1.
You'll probably be calling them
any minute now, asking them for its use.
Unfortunately, since even they don't know
where the fuck it is...
...they can't help you.
Have you got him?
I'm closing in.
You do know where
the last transmission came from.
You're probably closing in fast...
...on Grazer 1 's location.
It's in there somewhere...
...hiding among those 50 ghost satellites
I've created...
...just for you.
Motherfucker's gone.
- Gone?

- I don't get it either.
As my demonstration just proved...
...Grazer 1 is Viable...
...and can produce results.
Reproducible results.
And to prove it...
...I'm going to give you
another demonstration.
In 45 minutes...
...as soon as Grazer 1
is in position for a clear shot...
...I'm going to hit the Pentagon
with a 98-percent blast.
Enough to fracture the nuclear reactor
you say you don't have under there.
You son of a bitch.
We'll have fallout.
We'll have devastation.
I've got things to do.
I want you to remember:
I was smarter than you
before I worked there.
I was smarter than you
while I worked there.
And I'm still smarter than all of you.
Au reVoir.
He sure didn't go this way.
We would've heard him.
What are the odds
of tracking Grazer down in time?
We should check over Paris.
Considering the area we must cover...
That's why it's called "space."
What that, son? Speak up.
Well...
...I was just saying...
...that's why they call it space,
because...
...there's a lot of it.
Thank you.
Just be quiet, please.
Where are you going?
Front of the train.
To look for the radio.

Stay out of sight and don't get killed.
Safety off...
...dynamic tension...
...aim, shoot.
That's their ass now.
Do you know what this is?
This is a Navy Cross.
It's awarded for bravery.
This is my father's.
Uncle Casey's got two of them.
He's got medals that are so secret...
...he can never show them to anybody.
He won't let anything happen to us.
I guess he's a hero.
We have an intruder.
Sweep the train.
Do a sweep.
Found our intruder?
Negative. We're still looking.
You clear?
Checking.
Nothing.
We're clear here.
Have you checked everywhere?
Check on the roof.
What the fuck?!
- On top!
- He's on the roof!
We're under fire!
Go get him.
I got him. He fell off
of one of the first cars.
She said he fell over here.
There's blood here. Here!
She got him. He fell between
the first car and the locomotive.
Is this a confirmation?
He's hamburger. He's probably spread
about halfway across the state.
We got him.
But the son of a bitch took out six men.
You stay here, okay? I'm going back.
Be careful.
You said these men were good.

Who was he?
What was he doing downstairs?
The man is a soldier-of-fortune freak.
Ran a war camp in Alabama.
They sat around playing paintball.
That's not the whole story.
The relationship between Penn and Dane
resurfaced during Desert Storm.
When Dane apparently died,
we pulled surveillance off them.
We're all aware of that.
The connection is tenuous.
Let me tell you what it really is.
It's another classic example
of the CIA not doing their homework.
Excuse me?
In the last few years,
Penn developed a network of contacts.
North Korea, here,
in particular in the Middle East.
Best guess is this: If he's hooked up
with Dane, they got the money to do it.
Why did he need power?
The phone!
Call Philippe, tell him to work tomorrow.
Damn it!
On second thought, he worked yesterday.
Call Antoine.
You've been shot.
No, there's no bullet.
No bullet in here.
You think this is "been shot"?
This ain't "been shot."
Let's see here.
Gigabyte of RAM should do the trick.
We're in. What have we got?
"Phone book, recipes.
Chicken cannelloni.
Fruit salad with crystallized ginger."
Sounds good.
Where are we?
We're about right there.
There, about 200 miles,
is where we come out the mountain.

We're without phones for four hours?

"Ryback's Tactics."

- Ryback?

- That's what it says. Ryback.

Casey-fucking-Ryback?

Jesus Christ.

Who's Casey-fucking-Ryback?

Casey Ryback's a former SEAL captain, a counter-terrorist expert.

He was my instructor.

He's the best.

I thought you were.

Did you see the body she shot?

No, just a lot of blood.

If you get run over by a train...

Did you see the body?!

I assumed he was dead.

Assumption is the mother of all fuckups.

Every man resume a full train search...

...inside and out, car by car.

Including all AC ducting, all paneling,
the roof, undercarriage.

Absolutely everything!

Right now!

I can do this.

You think he's alive?

Until I have confirmation otherwise.

What is he doing on my train

besides killing your men?!

See if he's traveling with anyone.

You said your million-dollar mercenaries
would be enough.

They are.

Come on, move it, Bobby.

You picked the wrong place
to hang out with your legs spread.

No, I'm hanging on right here.

Plus one.

Could be a girlfriend or child.

Could be his wife.

A man doesn't call his wife "plus one."

So what? You looking for some babe?

Some bait.

What the hell?

This isn't a produce list, this is...

Oh, my God.
Oh, shit.
Whose fucking blood is this?
Go back to the lounge car.
Check the bar downstairs.
What now?
What am I doing? I'm making a bomb.
What's he looking for?
Me.
Your lunch?
When do I get some action?
We're going to take a bargaining chip
to protect the hostages.
I want an evac order for the president,
and senior staff members...
...on an Alpha status now,
and try not to cause a panic.
I don't think we have a chance in hell.
Hi, honey. It's me.
I want you to take Jamie, and I want you
to get out of Washington tonight.
Go to your mother's.
Yeah, and...
...honey...
...don't tell anyone.
What's your name?
Zachs. Bobby Zachs.
You're not on the list.
I'm an employee.
Where's your uniform?
I'm deadheading, getting a free ride.
Navy Cross.
Mace.
Not Mace...
...pepper spray.
Sold to civilians.
Once you get used to it...
...it just clears the sinuses.
Get her and let's go.
Let her go.
Why do you need lighter fluid?
It's like a detonator.
Okay, Bobby, get in the elevator.
I gotta go beep somebody.

Imagine a fire
from New York to Charleston.
We can do this.
Put him out.
Get a man on the roof!
I need two more downstairs
in the next two cars!
The son of a bitch is using
the AC ducting!
Computer's down!
You and you, get to the baggage car!
Get him!
I got the CD.
He's downstairs. Go get him.
Go.
Now.
They have the CD!
The targeting CD!
I can't do anything without it!
- Let's go!
- Don't shoot the intruder. He's got the CD.
Hold it right there!
Hand over the CD.
They're off the train.
Stop the train.
Back up.
This train...
...might as well be 20 tons
of scrap metal without that CD.
Hold it!
Come on, move!
Hook up right here.
Wait here.
Safety off...
...dynamic tension...
Ass!
It's the porter.
Check the porter!
You cocksucker!
He's got an accomplice!
It's a porter. We're on to him.
Don't shoot him.
He could also have the CD.
Don't put a bullet in it.

Tell me about the porter.
Hello.
The CD. Hand it over.
Down there.
Where did he go under the train?
Two cars up.
You pricks never learn.
Freeze!
Get your goddamn hands up.
Up where I can see them!
Where's that CD?
I ripped my pocket. It fell out.
Don't bullshit with me.
Show me that CD...
...or I'll cap your black ass, bitch!
Empty your pockets.
Right now!
All right, man!
I'm just a kid. I'm just a kid,
I'm trying to tell you.
- Do it!
- I lost it there.
I ripped my pocket.
Everything fell out.
All I've got is your ass!
Porter checked.
Chance favors the prepared mind.
Oh, shit.
Take us west. Full ahead.
Oh, shit.
Your uncle wasn't as good as I thought.
You're back on-line.
Now, get on with it.
We haven't lost anything vital.
I have enough to do this.
Houston, Tranquility Base here.
We are now at T-minus 20 minutes...
...and...
...counting.
That bastard started the countdown.
Williams...
...eliminate orbits that don't offer Grazer
a shot at Washington in 20 minutes.
We must eliminate all of them.

- We only have one Pegasus left.

- We don't need one.

On the last one, we lock on the satellite
and use the self-destruct.

Make it happen.

Start knocking them off.

- We've eliminated 22 possibilities.

- Excellent.

Twenty-three.

- A cook has a message.

- A cook?

He says he has a Code 3 message.

Patch him through on the audio.

Is Joint Chief of Staff Bates there, please?

This is Admiral Bates speaking.

Sir, I have a fax message for you.

It reads:

"Admiral, a force of armed men...

...probably numbering above 20...

...has taken over

the Grand Continental passenger train...

...traveling from Denver to L.A.

Key signature equipment of...

...high-bandwidth satellite transmission
equipment has been loaded on board."

- It's Dane!

- "Aggressors appear to be professional...

...and fully armed."

- Get me the exact location of that train.

- Who sent the message?

- Casey Ryback.

Casey Ryback?

Casey Ryback's on this train?

What is he doing?

Leave it to Casey.

He's on vacation with his niece, sir.

What's the closest air strike group?

Stealth, sir, from the air show.

Get them on their way.

There's over 200 people on that train.

There are over eight million people
in Washington.

Unless Ryback performs a miracle

in 18 minutes, I got no choice.
Scramble the Stealths.
I'm disappointed.
I looked forward to going head-to-head
with the great Casey...
Man, that was good.
Did he teach you that?
Pity...
...you could have been very, very good.
She's insurance, leave her alone.
Ryback's gone, Dane.
Did you see the body?
Assumption is the mother of all fuckups.
It doesn't matter, she'll die anyway...
...with all the rest.
Ryback may be dead, he may be alive...
...but he is not on this train.
I shouldn't have got back on this train.
Drop the gun.
Drop it!
I never considered myself vicious...
...but you...
...you're like a cockroach!
So what do you do
when the bastard shows himself?
You squash him, right?
You get what I'm saying here, busboy?
I'm a porter...
...not a busboy.
Okay, Mr. Porter...
...you got balls, man.
So I'm going to let you decide.
You want to see it coming...
...or you wanna turn around?
Say...
...want to help me?
Shit.
You're a bad motherfucker.
Let's go kick some more ass, though.
Cool, man.
Congratulations, gentlemen...
...there is now one billion dollars...
...waiting for us in the land of banks,
cheese and cuckoo clocks.

All we have to do now...
...is blow up Washington, D.C.
That'd be the fire.
You will be picked up at the next stop.
Thank you for your participation.
It is sort of true.
You're traveling through another dimension,
not only of sight and sound, but of mind.
There's a signpost up ahead.

Your next stop:

Dark territory.
Who says I have a one-track mind?
The town's on the wrong side.
We're not on the right tracks.
We pass it on the inside,
not the outside.
Where are they taking us?

8:

We're going to collide.
If we don't do something, we'll die.
That's a big motherfucker.
It's got six locos up front,
about a mile long...
...and has 800,000 gallons of gasoline.
You won't let them get away with it.
No, I'm going to get my bag of tricks...
...and we are going
to rescue these hostages.
That's the Nevada Petrol Express.
It's carrying 800, 000 gallons of gasoline.
Can't we contact them?
Not as long as they're in dark territory.
There's no reception in the canyons.
When will they hit? Will it do the job?
It's going to be close,
but I don't think so.
We're closing in, sir,
but there are 11 possibles left.
Can you eliminate them in time?
No, sir.
Foxtrot Flight, vectoring in on target.
Greenlight the bombers.

Roger, Foxtrot heading 0.
God forgive us.
Something's coming in.
Intermittent signal, very faint.
F-117s.
Stealths.
They found us.
- Casey-fucking-Ryback.
- Shoot them down.
I'd have to unlock from Washington.
I don't have the transponder numbers.
I can't target them!
They'd kill all the hostages.
Turbulence.
If it moves, Grazer can see it.
They disturb the air
as they fly through it.
Low-altitude turbulence,
that's how you find these things.
There you are...
...Stealths.
I can target these.
Lady! What's taking you so long?
You've had your two minutes.
We're the good guys.
Wait a minute. Where are you going?
- They split up.
- Is that a problem?
I won't get Grazer onto D.C.
before it passes.
Come out now.
I broke my bra.
Tits to die for, huh?
Where are the hostages?
They're upstairs! Go!
You first.
Say good night, Gracie.
Gotcha.
- Ryback's hitting the hostage cars.
- Good old Ryback!
ATAC, Foxtrot 2.
Target locked on. I have tone.
Going hot pickle. Over.
- Goddamn, I'm good.

- Jesus.
Get me the president.
I'm coming to get my niece now.
Come and get her.
Why are you bringing Ryback here?
Can you handle this?
Looks like you fucked up.
It's time to cut and run.
Excuse me?
Anyone else think I fucked up?
No.
I got it!
The cars are separating!
- What are you doing?
- Coming to help you.
- You're a hero now?
- You're the hero.
We're free!
You want to help? Climb up that ladder
and commandeering that helo.
Are you crazy? Climb up there?
It might not work, but try.
- Where are you going?
- The girl.
Tranquility, this is Sparrow. Over.
This is Tranquility.
Hold position as planned. Out.
Hey, bring that ladder closer.
Can't you see I'm trying to be a hero?
That's better.
This is Sparrow. We made our first pickup.
The hell you have.
Get up there and deal with that.
What's going on?
Kick his butt!
Honey, we sure taught
that boy how to fly.
We sure did.
Now we're going to keep
this chopper right here.
Or I'm going to blow your brains out!
You got that, honey?
Let me handle Ryback.
You take care of the techno shit.

He's mine.
I'll take him myself, hand to hand.
Come on, my little ghost satellites,
I need you with me to hide my baby...
...so she can blow the fuck
out of Washington.
Go get your throat ripped out.
I got eight million people to kill,
and a billion dollars to pick up.
Thank you, sir.
The president and the others
are evacuated.
Leaving millions of innocent people
to die if we don't stop it.
We must use Pegasus now.
But, sir...
...we still have eight possibilities.
Pick one.
Now!
Kappa.
Thank you. Kappa's the target.
Stand by and launch.
I've never been afraid of anybody.
But that uncle of yours scares me.
And I like it.
It's you and me, or me and her.
Now, you hold on real tight
and you'll stay in one piece.
Fuck, you ruined my coat.
Good morning.
Nobody beats me in the kitchen.
I must go. Won't need any of this
anymore. Got everything I need...
...right here.
The Petrol Express
will be here in a minute.
Have a nice life.
What's left of it.
You take one step
and I'm dropping this grenade.
Okay...
...then drop it.
Pegasus missed.
It wasn't Kappa.

Jesus.
Shooting me won't do any good.
ATAC can't get past my ghost satellites.
And you can't get past
my encrypted program.
You mean to tell me there's no way
I can shut that off?
No way.
I never thought of that.
It was Delta.
We're locked on.
Hit it!
Hold the ladder at the top of the train.
And keep this chopper right here.
Ryback, wait for me!
We make a great team!
I never doubted you.
Oh, yes, you did.
This is a real sweet
Hallmark moment, but...
...can we go home now, Uncle Casey?
This is Helo 505 November Mike.
Denver, come in.
Sir, there's a message coming in.
I'll patch it through.
This is Casey Ryback.
The hostages are safe.
He made it! Ryback made it!