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# Escape Plan

By Miles Chapman

1  
Yo, are you up?  
Yeah.  
Jax has got  
the jump on you tomorrow.  
Two bell.  
I figure I owe you.  
Yo. Did you hear  
what I said?  
I heard.  
Thanks.  
Everybody down now!  
On the ground!  
You! Inmate! On the ground!  
Down!  
Get down!  
You heard him!  
On the fucking ground!  
You're up.  
To your left.  
On the line.  
All right...  
Step to the right.  
Let's go.  
Hands.  
Enjoy.  
Against the wall.  
Let's go.  
Lunchtime, inmate.  
Eat your veggies.  
There you go.  
Hey, Roag!  
Yeah?  
Got the time?  
Fuck you care?  
You got a date?  
No.  
Maybe you got  
a sister or a cousin?  
Wanna get your head smashed?  
No, not really.

**It's five to 4:**

Wise ass.

Hey, Fruitcake!  
Let's go.  
Two... Three... Four...  
Five... Six... Seven...  
Eight...  
Nine...  
Ten...  
290... 291...  
292... 293...  
294...  
295... 296...  
297... 298...  
299... 300.  
What the fuck...  
Come on!  
You okay?  
I got everybody.  
I got everybody.  
What the fuck's going on?  
We've got a fire, gate two.  
All prisoners  
back to their cells.  
Copy that.  
What the fuck...  
We got a runner!  
Repeat, prisoner is running!  
Let's go, let's go!  
Nice look.  
Hush's idea.  
Nice, right?  
How was inside, boss man?  
Inside's great.  
Everyone's asking about you.  
If you weren't out soon,  
I'd be breaking into  
that motherfucker  
and pulling your ass out.  
Only ex-con I know gets out,  
wants to go back in.  
I didn't say "wants."  
I said I would.  
There is a difference.  
Don't spend it all  
in one place.

We have an escape  
from Bend-water Penitentiary.  
Step out of the booth  
with your hands in the air!  
Showtime.  
Put your hands  
in the air! Now!  
Get them up, now!  
Hands in the air!  
Put your hands on your head!  
Interlock your fingers! Do not move!  
Beautiful day.  
What the hell is going on here?  
Calm down, Warden.  
I'm Lester Clark.  
I'm the CEO of B&C Security.  
You might have heard of us.  
No?  
All right, well... We're an  
independent security company  
hired by the Federal Bureau  
of Prisons  
to test the integrity of their maximum  
security facilities nationwide.  
This is Ray Breslin. He's my  
partner and resident Houdini.  
Warden.  
For the last seven years,  
Ray has been inserted into  
every maximum incarceration  
facility in the system.  
He is there to ensure that  
each and every one of them  
is 100% escape-proof.  
And apparently yours wasn't,  
and he got out.  
Ta-da.  
Okay, fine.  
I suppose you're gonna  
tell me how you did it?  
Think he wants to know?  
Doesn't seem like it.  
Ray, you're on.  
Warden,

let's start from the top.  
Any break requires three  
things, knowing the layout,  
understanding the routine,  
and help from outside or in.  
If you know the layout,  
the weak side is obvious.  
In Bend-waters case,  
it's the Secure Housing Unit.  
The government expenditure was 17  
million dollars building that facility.  
It's state-of-the-art.  
The only problem is, it's located  
next to an unsecured fire garage.  
First I needed to get inside,  
so I made some enemies.  
Once inside, it was obvious  
you were short-staffed.  
Federal guidelines recommend  
two guards are present  
when transferring high risk inmates.  
You only use one.  
Knowing the guards' routine  
was the next step.  
Thirty seconds into my rec time,  
my CO took a smoke break.  
For seven minutes every day,  
there were no eyes on me.  
Two...  
After I knew the routine, all  
I had to do was pick the day  
and arrange for a distraction at the  
front gate for exactly 4:00 p.m.  
But at this point, you were still  
locked inside a steel box.  
To get out,  
you had to have a key code.  
You have very  
good chocolate milk.  
See, the cartons contain a  
thin layer of wax laminate.  
Lay it over the keypad,  
the impression will indicate  
which four keys were pressed.

With the four keys,  
it's just a numbers game  
to identify  
the correct sequence.  
I just needed  
to get to the keypad.  
After I covered my tracks,  
I had one minute to make it  
to the fire response  
shed before the team did.  
I knew the guards  
were still on the roof  
doing what they do,  
which is wasting time.  
What the fuck are you saying?  
And before you know it,  
I'm right where I want to be.  
Just in time to catch my ride.  
Then your men drove me  
right off the grounds.  
You have any questions?  
Yeah. One.  
What kind of man would choose to  
spend most of his life in prison?  
Don't take it personally,  
Warden.  
Over the years, Ray has broken  
out of 14 of these institutions.  
Some people have a talent  
to paint, some to sing.  
Me, I sing.  
Ray Breslin, he possesses  
a unique set of skills.  
He is able to break out  
of any prison designed by man.  
So have you been good?  
Yeah. You?  
You a good boy inside?  
Of course.  
Okay... How did that  
thing with that guy go?  
What guy?  
What guy?  
When I was going in,

you were about to  
have dinner with  
some guy, some bozo.  
Oh, yeah. That bozo  
ended before dessert.  
Well, that's his loss.  
Yeah.  
They're all losers.  
How many times  
have I told you that?  
You want to get something  
to eat when we get back?  
Is there a problem?  
You're a horrible cook.  
That's nice. Well, you can  
complain in the morning.  
Ouch.  
Morning, sir.  
How can I help you?  
Oh, Mr. Breslin,  
I'm so sorry. I'm Jules.  
That's okay.  
You're new here?  
No, sir. I've been  
here five months.  
Five months?  
Yes, sir.  
What do you got for me?  
Check it out.  
That's good. Very smart.  
Did you do this all by yourself?  
I'm impressed. Genius.  
You're smart, but...  
Sorry, not smart enough.  
Don't be bitter.  
Mr. Breslin, they're ready  
for you in the conference room.  
Morning, Les. Abby.  
Jessica Mayer.  
It's an honor to meet you.  
Your work is the gold  
standard in the field.  
What you've accomplished  
is remarkable.

Thank you.

And you're here because...

She's Agency, Ray. As in...

Central Intelligence Agency.

You a spy?

Worse. I'm a lawyer.

Ray, hear her out. She's legit.

I called Langley myself.

Fine. I'll just listen.

Go ahead.

Mr. Breslin, after ending

"extraordinary rendition,"

the Agency is looking for

alternate situations for

incarcerating the sort of people

who commit acts so despicable they're

best... Well, how can I put it?

Eliminated?

Disappeared. And we're

currently testing a prototype

to deal with people no

government wants on their books.

But first and foremost, the people

financing this need to know

these facilities

are escape-proof

before the whole system

goes online globally.

What she's really

saying is that none of this

is officially

sanctioned by anyone.

Close.

What I'm saying, Miss Ross,

is that these facilities are

privately funded and administered.

So the word "official"

does not really apply.

So if anything goes wrong,

nothing comes back to bite

you people in the ass.

Whoa!

This is not your concern.

Hey! I owe him.

I don't owe you.  
My job is to make sure the  
United States is safe and clean.  
All right, can we just cut the  
crap and call it like it is?  
These institutions  
are off the grid.  
There are no trials,  
there's no convictions.  
These people  
are just disappeared.  
And you want him  
to go in and test it?  
Maybe it's time  
for me to interject  
into the conversation  
that they have offered  
double your standard fee, that's  
five mil, right? In advance.  
So you like this?  
Look, I'm a numbers guy.  
You're the artist, Ray.  
From a financial standpoint, I like it.  
Yes, I like it very much.  
Beyond the money,  
Mr. Breslin,  
the people that are  
sent to this place  
should not be allowed out  
into the real world.  
Every one of them is a potential  
game changer. For the worse.  
All right.  
Guidelines?  
The usual. Full work. Alias. Cover story.  
Contact. Evac number. Right?  
Well, the only difference is to fully  
test the security of the system  
it's essential that none of you  
know the location  
of the incarceration.  
Will that present a problem?  
Yes. Yes, it would.  
When do we start?

We just did.  
You and your new identity will  
be picked up from this location  
by private contractors  
24 hours from now.  
I don't like this.  
And you don't like her.  
Um, don't flatter yourself.  
We're going against  
every protocol and guideline  
that you yourself  
have insisted on  
every single time  
that you've gone in.  
And I don't like her.  
You're right. There's nothing  
to like about any of it.  
Then why do it? Because  
he's ambitious and greedy.  
You say that like  
it's a bad thing.  
Profile.  
Name, Anthony Portos.  
Born Madrid.  
Mother died when you were 13.  
Raised by your  
father in the U.S.  
You were suspected of manufacturing  
bombs that have been used  
in a dozen political bombings  
across Europe and South America  
for the last 10 years.  
Contact on site?  
Warden's name is Roger Marsh.  
Evacuation code?  
3-1-0-2-7-5.  
All right. Let's do it.  
Tag him.  
No. I don't need this.  
Really.  
Yeah, you do.  
It's non-negotiable.  
You think I'm  
letting you go in cold?

This gets old.  
Man the fuck up.  
Try it some time.  
Sounds good, boss man.  
Any time you want to retire...  
I've been taking' notes.  
I'm ready to step up.  
Where am I gonna find another  
techno-thug as gifted as you?  
Freak of nature.  
Yeah, very rare.  
There you are, baby.  
Transponder's good.  
It's like having me  
right on your shoulder.  
Where else?  
Hey, don't forget  
to write us. All right?  
Ah.  
Shit!  
Hold it!  
Put him to sleep.  
Prisoner 7458.  
Anthony Portos.  
Welcome to the International  
Detainee Unit intake.  
I'm Warden Hobbes.  
Hobbes.  
Where's Warden Marsh?  
There is no Warden Marsh.  
What, am I disoriented?  
Is that it?  
I guess that must be it.  
And I didn't see a man killed  
on a transport helicopter  
and thrown out either, right?  
Mr. Portos,  
your intake is finished.  
Wait!  
My evacuation  
code is 3-1-0-2-7-5.  
Evacuation code?  
Yes. Evacuation code.  
Meaning you give me a number and you

walk out of here free as a bird?  
No. I don't think so.  
You're here now.  
And you belong to me.  
Your intake is finished.  
Wait...  
I have an evacuation code!  
Anything?  
Getting a ghost bounce, same as yesterday.  
I can't find him.  
You ran a full diagnostic  
on the system?  
Twice.  
Run it again.  
All prisoners  
A-Block proceed to Babylon.  
All prisoners A-Block  
to proceed to Babylon.  
Portos.  
Everybody's days are  
numbered in Babylon!  
Babylon, death, death!  
Hey!  
Go make some friends.  
You're gonna need them.  
Assalam-alaikum.  
Hey!  
Stay down! Stay down!  
New fish. We own you!  
Back off!  
Last time.  
Back away.  
Portos. Hmm.  
Rottmayer.  
Emil Rottmayer.  
Really not much in a  
hand-shaking mood right now.  
Okay.  
Your name.  
The fourth Musketeer.  
It's a good name.  
Why are you in here?  
Why do you care?  
I used to work security for a

guy by the name of Manheim.  
Victor Manheim.  
Have you heard of the name?  
Manheim, let me see... No.  
He's a genius.  
Really?  
He has this habit  
of taking money  
from the rich  
and giving it to the poor.  
You've heard  
that story before...  
I've heard that story.  
Yeah.  
Now they're trying to find him.  
But I'm not gonna help them.  
Okay.  
So fuck 'em!  
Right. Fuck 'em.  
Portos, don't get killed.  
If you say so.  
Last time they killed  
a guy in here,  
they let his body rot  
for three days. Hmm.  
Oh, and they canceled  
the prison dance.  
Wouldn't want  
to fuck up the prom.  
Morning, sir.  
That's another  
beautiful piece, sir.  
You lied to me.  
I lied to you?  
I'm not sure what...  
No, no.  
You say nothing.  
What am I supposed to tell the  
client about the man you killed?  
That he just jumped,  
like you said?  
This isn't a free-for-all. We're  
paid to prevent him from jumping.  
And I can't get proof

of life from a dead man.

So...

You will be docked  
the entire price of the asset.

The entire price of the asset  
equals a month of my pay.

Then you're lucky the man you  
killed was not high value.

That is all, Drake.

Allahu Akbar.

Allahu Akbar.

Hey, Portos! Look at this.

There's no sunrise, no sunset, but  
still they pray all the time.

Don't you find  
that interesting?

Not really.

You look like the kind of a guy  
that finds things interesting.

You've done time before?

Allahu Akbar.

Why all the questions?

That's how I learn things.

You really ought  
to study somebody else.

Portos!!

What?

Need a favor?

The favor man.

For a man who is  
not interested,  
you're doing a lot of looking.

What do you need?

I need to get into  
the isolation area.

No, you really don't.

Yeah, I really do.

Call it a favor.

Okay?

Okay.

Good. Ah!

That's a favor?

Sometimes favors hurt.

Really?

Come on.  
Okay.  
Let's see what you can do.  
All right.  
You hit like a vegetarian.  
Do I? You can do  
better than that.  
Come on.  
All right.  
Let's see it.  
Try this.  
Hurt?  
That was good.  
Look what's coming!  
Relax. It's pretend.  
Guess boys will be boys.  
That's enough.  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Put them  
in the box! Now!  
You can thank me later.  
They knew he was tagged.  
Of course they knew. Who do  
you think these guys are?  
What do you think,  
they're a bunch of  
yahoos from one of  
those BOP facilities?  
This is the shadow world. These  
guys, they invented this shit.  
Why do you think  
they pay us all that money?  
Remember what  
the guidelines were.  
What the fuck are you talking about?  
There are no guidelines.  
Now, you call that CIA bitch.  
Hush...  
Motherfucker.  
All right.  
I'll make the call.  
Abigail, you got to keep him  
away from me, all right?

Give me your arm.  
You'll live.  
How does a doctor work  
in a place like this?  
Would you prefer  
there wasn't a doctor here?  
Where is "here"?  
Hey, Doc, let's wrap it up.  
Doc...  
What did he ask you?  
He...  
Wanted to know  
how his dehydration  
compared  
to the other detainees.  
And what did you tell him?  
I don't care.  
That's what I told him.  
Get him out of there.  
Did you find what you were  
looking for in the box?  
All prisoners  
back to their cells.  
All prisoners  
back to their cells.  
Who were you before you  
came in here, Portos?  
You're always watching the room,  
always watching everything.  
Are you asking  
what I used to do?  
Yeah.  
I'll tell you,  
but I need a little favor.  
Fuck that.  
All right, don't do it.  
All right, I'm listening.  
What's the favor this time?  
I need a piece of metal,  
about three inches wide.  
Round, smooth.  
Oh, no problem. I'll hit the Home  
Depot, and I'll be right back. Okay?  
If you get me

that piece of metal,  
I might be able  
to get you out of here.  
Tell Hobbes I want to talk.  
Interrogation,  
ready for inmate.  
Interrogation,  
ready for inmate.  
You've been here six  
months now, Mr. Rottmayer.  
So you know how this works.  
Ten seconds.  
Where is Victor Manheim?  
You know, to many  
people, he is a hero.  
Nine seconds.  
Do you have a pencil  
and a piece of paper?  
Eight seconds.  
I could draw you a map.  
Of what?  
Where you could find him.  
When I was a kid, I always  
wanted to be an artist.  
My God, you are pushing it.  
Problem was, I had no talent.  
Six seconds.  
I tried and I  
tried and I tried...  
Five...  
Do you ever have dreams?  
Four...  
Or did you always want to be...  
this?  
Two...  
One..  
Done.  
Look. There.  
I told you.  
No talent.  
The records indicate that you  
are a highly intelligent man.  
As such, I would have expected  
you to see the situation

and understand it  
for what it is.  
In here, you have no control  
over any part of your life,  
except your breathing.  
And you just  
lost that privilege.  
Get him down!  
Keep going.  
Enough.  
What happened?  
Nothing.  
I'm still here.  
Now it's your turn.  
I break out of prisons  
for a living.  
For the past eight years,  
I've been breaking out of facilities  
for the Federal Bureau of Prisons.  
I think Hobbes used my reports  
to make this place unbreakable.  
Someone wanted this place  
tested, but it was a set-up.  
They wanted to bury me. I don't  
know who, but I'm gonna find out.  
I need you to set up  
another diversion.  
What now?  
You've got to go  
back in the box.  
No fucking way.  
Want to get outta here?  
Okay. I'll do it.  
But if I don't  
get out, I kill you.  
Fair enough.  
A successful breakout  
depends on three things,  
layout, routine, and help.  
But they've taken those away.  
For now.  
There's something under the box.  
I think it's a conduit.  
If it is, how do you

know where it goes?  
I don't.  
But I'm gonna find out.  
This is good.  
It's disgusting.  
The mind of a man confined works  
differently than someone on the outside.  
He sees things different.  
The architecture is vertical.  
The cell blocks, Babylon,  
the box, the mess...  
Everything's in large  
vertical compartments.  
Best guess is they  
built out underground  
in large natural  
fissures and caves.  
In a vertical structure, 70/30 says  
whatever's under that box goes up.  
If I can get in there,  
follow where it goes,  
Let's say you're right.  
How do we cut metal?  
We don't cut.  
We don't cut at all.  
This place is subterranean.  
There's moisture in the air.  
Whoever built this place should  
have used aluminum rivets  
to hold those panels down,  
but they used steel.  
Steel rusts over time.  
We apply that. We'll concentrate  
the heat to those rivets  
and they'll expand  
and snap right the fuck off.  
Concentrated heat?  
Yeah, from the piece  
of metal you gave me.  
You expose a toothpaste-polished  
piece of metal to sunlight...  
Or the lamps in the box. Right.  
At a hundred degrees  
centigrade,

steel expands .03  
cubic centimeters  
and those rivets are  
gonna come right off.  
What?  
You don't look that smart.  
You don't either.  
So most prisons  
are built around small towns.  
No matter how remote, they need  
supplies and a work force.  
If I can get to the surface,  
I'll know what it's going to take to  
get over the wall, get out of here.  
But first I'm gonna need  
that diversion in the box.  
How much time do you need?  
Three to five minutes.  
No problem.  
Step back.  
I know you.  
You don't know shit,  
you cunt-eater.  
Now step back.  
Oh, now I remember.  
What?  
Your mother, she was my  
favorite whore in Marrakesh.  
Man, she could polish a helmet!  
Ah!  
No!  
Hey!  
Ah!  
You're killing me!  
You're killing me!  
Bringing up box four, sir.  
Now, what is he up to?  
Hey! Shut the fuck up,  
you German dog!  
Master control, please advise.  
Just hold him till I get there.  
I've got a camera  
malfunction, box two.  
Roger that.

Just reboot the system.  
Shit!  
Shut the fuck up!  
Hey, Rottmayer, shut up!  
Restrain and drug him, sir?  
Not yet.  
Lights off, box four.  
Now open it.  
Rough day, Mr. Rottmayer?  
Let's get 'em.  
Here's what you should know.  
I don't care.  
Sooner or later you will  
tell me what I want to know.  
It is inevitable.  
Like dying.  
But know this, there will come a  
point where I don't give a shit  
about you or whatever the fuck you  
think you're doing right now.  
So have a lovely day,  
Mr. Rottmayer.  
Emergency  
personnel to level two.  
Emergency personnel  
to level two.  
Report?  
Valve breach on level two, sir.  
Electrical malfunction.  
Sir?  
Get the assets out of there.  
Open up!  
Open the fucking door!  
Open the door!  
Did you make it?  
Yeah.  
Where are we?  
Where are we?  
I don't know!  
Fuck.  
They froze the check.  
What are we talking about here?  
The payment for Ray's services.  
They froze the check.

It's not frozen,  
it's on hold. All right?  
It's very common in  
a \$2.5 million transaction.  
No. Common would be a week,  
maybe 10 days.  
This has been  
way longer than that.  
Jesus, Abby.  
It's the federal government.  
You know how they work.  
Did you call that woman?  
Yeah, I called.  
Everything is fine.  
Then where is he?  
He is on the job  
that he was hired to do.  
So you're saying it's all good?  
It's all good.  
Where was the breach?  
The auxiliary ballast tank  
system on the starboard side.  
Compartments five and seven  
have been compromised.  
And that leads to the ventilation  
shaft under box two.  
Portos.  
Yeah, they're full of rust.  
Water pressure must have  
snapped them clean off.  
Maybe.  
Portos isn't his name, is it?  
Why wasn't I alerted?  
Look, it's like this. There's  
a lot of people paying money  
to make sure that  
facility is unbreakable.  
It's Ray Breslin.  
The great Ray Breslin.  
He's there to prove that  
not even he can get out.  
You make sure he stays there forever.  
Do you have a problem with that?  
No. Not at all.

Just the opposite.  
Fucker.  
All right, good.  
There's one more thing.  
The Chinese banks have joined  
the Brazilians, the Russians,  
the English, the U.S.  
and the Swiss banks.  
They're all paying to find out the  
whereabouts of this Manheim fellow.  
Word on the street is that  
he has developed a program  
to turn the entire world banking  
system into fucking confetti.  
Rottmayer worked with that asshole.  
He knows where he is.  
Your job is to get that  
information out of him.  
Well, it just so  
happens that since Breslin  
has gotten closer to Rottmayer,  
Rottmayer has  
developed a new edge  
to his defiance that  
wasn't there before.  
I think Breslin is to blame.  
Then break Breslin.  
Thank you.  
I have an assignment  
I know you'll enjoy.  
Get on your feet!  
Wakey, wakey...  
Talk to me.  
Come on. You must fight.  
Get up!  
Stay on your feet!  
If we're on a ship,  
we would know.  
No.  
Not if it was 1,000 feet long,  
200 feet high,  
with stabilizers.  
We wouldn't know a damn thing.  
Wakey, wakey!

Get him on his feet.  
You can do it. Keep going.  
Come on, go. Move it!  
We can't get out of here.  
Yes, we can.  
No!  
Get on your feet!  
You've got to stay strong.  
Back up! Back up!  
It's you I want. Move it!  
Ah!  
Piece of shit...  
Stop it now, Drake.  
Don't give up.  
Don't let them break you.  
What made you want to spend  
your life in prison?  
Hmm?  
Tell me. What made you do it?  
Tell me!  
I was a lawyer. Prosecutor.  
A man I put away  
made a promise to me.  
This man thought about that promise  
every day for three years,  
planning his way out of prison,  
planning on how  
he was gonna keep his word.  
Taking a man's life is nothing.  
Taking his heart...  
That's everything, isn't it?  
Everything.  
You see, putting people  
in prison wasn't good enough.  
And I had to... I wanted to  
make sure they stayed in  
there, didn't get out.  
I understand.  
I have a daughter.  
Never forget them.  
You have a choice.  
You can die in here,  
or you can get out with me  
and punish who put you here.

You hear me?  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Good news and bad news.  
I was thinking about that first  
meeting, privatized incarceration.  
Off the grid, international profile.  
And I started digging.  
Code name, The Tomb. Completely  
for profit, totally illegal.  
Run by ex-military assholes and  
Blackwater rejects. You know, bad dudes.  
If Ray is anywhere, it's here.  
Where is "here"?  
That's the bad news.  
I don't know.  
No access to any layout.  
No blind times.  
We're in the middle  
of the fucking ocean.  
But I'll be damned  
if I didn't find a routine.  
They scramble the guard  
shifts so they're never the same.  
But they can't change the routine  
of the guards themselves.  
We don't know when they start.  
We don't know when they end.  
But I do know where they're  
gonna be based on habit.  
See that guy  
coming down the stairs?  
See how he walks  
all pigeon-toed?  
The Duck.  
Yeah. The Duck  
always works with the guy  
scratching the back  
of his neck.  
Hives.  
Yeah, Hives.  
When Duck and Hives work together,  
they always do a circle.  
They may do it at

random times of day.  
It doesn't matter  
when they do it,  
it always ends up being 128  
strides, then they split up. Watch.  
Now they each take a side.  
Duck walks 63 strides,  
Hives 65.  
Then they meet up at the top.  
The guard down there  
at the bottom,  
the heavy-set guy,  
he doesn't move much.  
My guess is he's  
been here a while  
and only does  
what he has to do.  
Louisa.  
Louisa?  
His fat ass reminds me  
of my first girlfriend.  
Nice.  
That guard over there  
could be a problem for us.  
He's always looking around.  
The Chicken Man.  
Chicken Man, right.  
My guess, Chickie's new here.  
Does everything by the book.  
How do you know when the shift ends?  
I don't.  
But around this time, your girlfriend  
Louisa starts looking at her watch.  
My guess, it's lunchtime.  
Welcome back.  
Thanks.  
Now that we've got the routine,  
we just gotta ask the good  
doctor where the hell we are.  
I'm not permitted to  
give you anything for the pain,  
so don't request it.  
You're a doctor.  
You took an oath.

"According to my ability  
and judgment,"  
"I'll protect my patients  
from harm and injustice."  
What you're  
doing here is wrong.  
What exactly is it  
you want from me?  
I want to know  
where the hell I am.  
Guards!  
It's okay.  
It's under control.  
Put him back here.  
Sorry.  
So...  
No.  
Got to push him harder.  
Push him, we'll lose him.  
No other options?  
Plan B.  
You always gotta have a Plan B.  
Did you get it?  
Now I need his glasses.  
Sir? You want  
to take a look at this?  
What's this?  
It's a sextant.  
Of course it is.  
It works. You spot the North  
Star with the horizon.  
But it will only give  
us half of our location.  
Bring Breslin.  
I'll explain how  
it works later,  
but first we've got  
to get it topside.  
Watch out.  
Ah!  
Welcome to your  
new home, Mr. Breslin.  
Section E.  
Waiting for inmates.

You know who I am?  
I do now.  
I've studied your work very closely.  
It's quite brilliant.  
As a matter of fact,  
it's what I used  
as a reference guide  
in designing this facility.  
If you know who I am,  
let me go.  
No, no, no, no,  
Mr. Breslin.  
That's not how this works.  
Not this time.  
You see, the people who paid for you  
to be here want you here forever.  
And knowing that,  
and knowing who you are,  
well, who you were...  
I can't have you communicating  
with Rottmayer,  
or anybody else,  
for that matter.  
This is the reality.  
And there's no way out.  
This can go two ways.  
You let me go and I'll  
pretend this never happened.  
You don't, and I'll burn this fucking  
place to the ground on my way out.  
Effective right now,  
no mess, no rec time,  
and no showers.  
I can get you Victor Manheim.  
Rottmayer trusts me.  
So you say.  
Not good enough.  
What have you got to lose?  
Finding him has got to be worth  
a lot more than what you were  
paid for me, right, Hobbes?  
It's a nice idea, but  
as it stands right now,  
I'm in line to get both.

You'll never break Rottmayer.  
He'll die before he turns.  
I'm your only chance  
to get what you want.  
I want Manheim and his whole network.  
Names. Locations in real time.  
Get that. If it checks out,  
I'll let you go. But know this.  
You tell me every word  
that you and Rottmayer share,  
or I will personally pull  
the fucking life out of you.  
Fair enough.  
So what happened?  
I'm playing you.  
Last night Rottmayer told me  
he started his network  
with five guys  
from his hometown.  
He said he could trust  
his life to these guys.  
Give Javed the sextant.  
Show him how to use it. Tell him  
it's his ticket outta here.  
Javed.  
He'd rather see us dead.  
He'll be the last one  
they suspect.  
He bragged how his network caused the  
bank collapse in Iceland six years ago.  
I don't give a shit  
about six years ago.  
I want to know where he is now.  
You want to die?  
You want to get out?  
Today.  
They're plotting an escape.  
An escape?  
Really? Who and when?  
I don't know all the details.  
Just some.  
Well, tell me  
the details you know.  
Hmm.

You give me things first.  
Mr. Alfredo, Afridi, or whatever  
the fuck your name is...  
Your opium drug cartel friends have  
paid a lot of money for you to be here.  
Of course they did,  
those fucks.  
So aside from your freedom,  
what else can I give you?  
I want the guards  
to leave my people alone.  
The Holy Koran...  
I want one in my cell.  
And I want to say  
the name of Allah  
and the prophet Mohammed  
in the open air.  
I want to be seen by my God  
when I say my evening prayers.  
That's all?  
That's all.  
I want to be seen  
by my God, Mr. Hobbes!  
30 degrees, 22 minutes.  
We're in Horse Latitudes,  
calm water.  
North or south?  
Water goes counter-clockwise above  
the equator, so we're north.  
How do we get the longitude?  
They brought a new fish in yesterday.  
He said it was November 20th.  
We've got warm rain,  
warm air at sea in November.  
Now, you're building  
a secret facility.  
You're putting it on the water.  
You're at 30 degrees  
north latitude  
because you want  
to avoid rough water.  
So you're going to want to stay away  
from the Caribbean and the Pacific,  
say, east of the China Sea.

If I was a betting man, I'd say we  
could be off the coast of Morocco.  
It's just a guess.  
International waters.  
Calm sea.  
Close enough to land for supplies.  
Educated guess.  
I know a guy in Casablanca.  
He owes me big-time.  
Enough to come and get you?  
He'd still owe me.  
There's only one way to get  
a message out. One way.  
My God...  
What is this?  
You swallowed clotting powder?  
Listen to me. I know you  
think I'm playing you.  
In Hobbes' office is a book.  
Compromising Correctional Institution  
Security by Ray Breslin.  
On page 88 is a  
detailed description  
of Cell Block C at  
Lewisburg Federal Prison.  
Guards!  
Check it out.  
And remember your oath.  
I can't stall Hobbes anymore.  
I've got to give him a location.  
But we still don't have a plan.  
It's in the doctor's hands.  
Medical personnel,  
Interrogation Three.  
Medical personnel,  
Interrogation Three.  
Guards!  
Bring me prisoner Portos  
from E Block.  
Hobbes' orders. Do it now.  
Breathe in.  
Again.  
I saw the book.  
How did you know?

I'm Ray Breslin.  
I wrote the book.  
Doctors are men who prescribe  
medicines of which they know little  
to cure diseases  
of which they know less  
for men of whom  
they know nothing at all.  
What do you want me to do?  
The doctor is in.  
Now Javed has to do his part.  
Manheim's main base of operations  
is 20 miles outside of Ruse.  
That's on  
the Bulgarian-Romanian border.  
See?  
Rattling out your  
friends ain't so hard.  
We've got 24 hours  
before Hobbes realizes  
the Bulgarian  
location is bullshit.  
Who do you know in C Block?  
They've given permission  
for your midnight prayer,  
so what do you have for me?  
Lock in on Breslin.  
Yes, sir.  
What are we up to?  
Louder.  
Louder. Louder!  
Got you.  
Decode it.  
Stop.  
Zoom in.  
It's Makmar Hassan.  
Breslin is gonna have Hassan start  
the break from Cell Block C.  
We have a time frame.  
And we have a location.  
Cell Block C.  
Triple the guard force there. I want  
to know everyone who's involved.  
You will, sir.

Cell Block C,  
prepare for inspection.  
Cell Block C,  
prepare for inspection.  
Louisa and Chicken Man. They sent  
everyone else to Cell Block C.  
You better be fucking' right.  
Don't worry.  
Hey! You fucking  
white trash scumbag bitch!  
Where are you going, you fucking  
towel-head al-Qaeda faggot?  
Hey, your fucking' sister gives...  
Fuck you, you diaper-head...  
You fucking' skinhead!  
You motherfucking'...  
The break was never  
happening in Block C.  
All men from C to Babylon.  
Right now.  
Come on!  
Argh!  
Come on!  
Where the fuck is Breslin?  
Go, go, go! Let's move!  
We've got 11 minutes  
to get topside.  
Let's hope  
the doc made contact.  
Go. Go.  
What are you doing?  
All the cameras are connected.  
We've gotta block 'em out.  
Sir!  
Say "cheese."  
Come on.  
Okay. All right,  
this is it. Let's go.  
Engage security protocol five.  
Lock-down procedure engaged.  
Lock-down procedure engaged.  
It's a full lock-down.  
We're all locked inside.  
Eight minutes.

They're out of moves.  
Drake, take two units. Drag  
the rats back to their cages.  
Hold up.  
Javed!  
Open gate three! Take 'em!  
Go, go, go, go!  
Don't fucking lose them!  
Breslin!  
Breslin! Open before I  
break you, you motherfucker!  
You'll never get out  
of here alive, you asshole!  
We're gonna kill you!  
We've gotta move!  
Smash that door down. I'll come  
around from the other side.  
Breslin, how the hell  
do they know where we are?  
You turned off  
the cameras, right?  
Motion detector.  
Sir!  
Out.  
You can play your  
games all day, Mr. Breslin,  
but I'm still in control.  
Whatever you do,  
I have the power.  
I own your ass.  
You guys have gotta  
get up that ladder.  
I've got to find the engine room  
and shut the power grid down.  
Those magnetic locks  
will stay open for about  
five seconds before the  
back-up generator kicks in.  
You understand? That's all  
the time you're gonna have.  
Take this. Take it.  
You're a good man.  
Go do it.  
What about you?

I'll be right behind you.  
What if you're not  
on the deck at 5:00?  
Do what you've got to do.  
There's always Plan B.  
Come on. Let's do it.  
We're dead men.  
There's no way out.  
Come with me. I won't  
make it up that ladder.  
I'll carry you up the ladder.  
But I can hold them back.  
No. I can carry  
you up the ladder.  
I'm not gonna leave you behind.  
Give me your gun.  
Just give me your gun.  
Allah be with you.  
I'll see you up there.  
Now go.  
Take care.  
Fuck!  
Report?  
Fuck you, you motherfucker!  
We're taking gunfire  
on the lower deck!  
If he made it to the lower deck,  
he's going to the engine room.  
Meet me in the engine room.  
I'm coming down.  
Copy.  
Get that fucker out of there!  
Yes, sir.  
Clear!  
Yeah. Whatever.  
Having trouble breathing?  
I'm gonna fucking  
kill ya, motherfucker!  
Back off!  
Did you see him?  
Yeah, he's here.  
We're on our way...  
I'll take care of it.  
No, wait, wait!

He's still on port, sir.  
What the fuck?  
Go! Get down!  
We have a situation up here!  
Fuck!  
Go low!  
Go, go!  
Go low!  
Plan B.  
No one gets off this ship.  
Shoot to kill.  
Ah!  
Go, Go!  
Ah!  
We have to go now!  
Not yet!  
Give yourself up,  
Mr. Breslin.  
You can run around,  
make some noise...  
Spill some blood.  
You can't get out.  
Not really...  
I know about  
your wife, your son.  
Aw.  
I know every detail.  
So thank you for pointing out all  
the small flaws in my creation.  
I'll be sure to fortify them.  
But your time's up.  
You hear me?  
Breslin?  
Your time is up.  
No one in. No one out. Search  
every inch of this fucking room.  
And power this thing back up!  
Come on!  
Let's go, let's go!  
Let's roll!  
Go!  
Argh!  
Breslin!  
Go down!

Come on, let's go!  
Down, down!  
We're gonna have to back off!  
Rottmayer! Gun!  
Gun!  
Give me your gun!  
Boom.  
Hmm.  
Have a lovely day, asshole!  
Now what?  
Relax.  
You met her before.  
Jessica Mayer.  
It's an honor to meet you.  
Your work is the gold  
standard in the field.  
She has been my eyes and  
ears inside the Agency.  
Hello, Dad.  
And she's also my daughter.  
Hello, darling.  
Thank God you made it.  
I missed you.  
What happened?  
Oh, nothing.  
Don't worry about it.  
You're Manheim.  
Didn't see that coming.  
You should've.  
Yeah.  
How'd you do it?  
We have code names.  
Code name Rottmayer meant  
maximum security incarceration.  
When my dad was picked up,  
it activated the code.  
And that's when  
you called Les Clark.  
I needed the best.  
And after you agreed to do it,  
I used my contacts deep  
inside the DHS to get you in.  
And the name you  
gave me was the I.D. code.

Portos.  
Rottmayer. Emil Rottmayer.  
And I became your best friend.  
You are not user-friendly.  
I had to work very hard.  
And that damn box.  
That was hot.  
It did get warm, yeah.  
But it doesn't matter. What matters  
is that I'm out and so are you.  
We both served enough time.  
You want to try it again?  
You son-of-a-bitch...  
I hope I never see you again.  
That hurts.  
One more thing!  
How much did Les really know?  
Only what I told him, at first.  
But the next thing I know,  
he's gone around me  
and offered his services  
to the backers of The Tomb.  
So he knew where  
I was being sent?  
He arranged your transport.  
Need a ride?  
No, thanks.  
I made my own arrangements.  
Wasn't tracking. We  
knew something wasn't right.  
Red flags going up  
all over the place.  
Clark was too calm about it,  
so we started digging.  
We found out he'd been  
offered the CEO job  
of running  
the whole Tomb program  
if the prototype you were  
buried in proved inescapable.  
At a salary of \$ five million a  
year, plus stock options.  
Tell me you tracked him down.  
Just like you asked. The

plan's in motion as we speak.

It's sleepy-time,

motherfucker.

Oh, fuck!

No, no... Come on,

come on, come on...

Fuck!

Ray!

Fuck!

Ray!

It's Hush.

What did he say?

It's all good.

Good.

What's that?

Job offers.

Maybe later. Why don't you and  
me have a very special dinner.

I'll cook.

Haven't I suffered enough?

subtitled by SELVAHEMA