

BATTLE OF ALCATRAZ

by

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Paramount Pictures
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A SEAGULL

Flying in the air... Free.

This bird is one of MANY, SOARING over the foggy ocean. A lyrical image, which soon becomes a REFLECTION in...

A BEDROOM WINDOW

Curtains dance in the breeze, framing an OLDER MAN. He looks out to the water... watching this swirling FLOCK OF BIRDS.

As we take in his face -- one of fine lines and salty hair -- the SOUND of the tide GROWS... BUILDING in force... Until --

INT. BEDROOM - OCEANFRONT HOUSE - DAWN

-- The man turns from the window. Meet JAMES JOHNSTON (60s).

ON HIS BED, a TWEED SUIT and WOVEN TIE are laid out for him.

IN THE MIRROR, we're overtaken by quick images: A RAZOR on stubble... A tie LOOPED... Spectacles ADJUSTED... Then... Johnston again. Staring into the mirror. Ready for the day.

CUT TO:

PANCAKES. Stacks of them on a kitchen table...

INT. KITCHEN - OCEANFRONT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Johnston moves through the kitchen, noticing his breakfast.

JOHNSTON
You know I'm late, Ida.

AT THE STOVE, meet his wife: IDA MAE. She wears an APRON & PEARLS. Glamorous, yet humble. She flips another pancake.

IDA MAE
Even late people need to eat.

JOHNSTON
(grabs a mug of coffee)
Ever think they're called pancakes
for a reason? It's cake for
breakfast. Better off without 'em.

Ida smiles to herself, amused by his gruff demeanor.

INT. FRONT FOYER - OCEANFRONT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Johnston gathers his BRIEFCASE, unhooks his HAT.

IDA MAE
We have our luncheon with Barbara
today. She's bringing Richie...
(MORE)

IDA MAE (CONT'D)
(off his silence)
... Don't tell me you forgot.

JOHNSTON
(changing the subject)
Did I mention how nice you look?

Ida takes his hat from his hands, puts it on his head.

IDA MAE
There are some things flattery
can't fix.

JOHNSTON
That a saying?

IDA MAE
I said it. Just now.

Johnston's stoic exterior softens... offering a small grin.

IDA MAE
Be safe out there.

Johnston nods. *He will.* And with that --

EXT. OCEANFRONT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- he opens the front door and steps outside. As Johnston walks down the steps, we begin to PULL BACK...

... SOARING HIGH ABOVE the mission-style home. And soon... we see a surprise. His front yard overlooks not a lawn, but...

A SUPER-MAX PRISON

And as we RISE over the forboding structure of iron & cement, we finally understand: this is no regular prison. Rather, the unmistakable shape of an ISLAND. A TITLE making it all clear:

BATTLE OF ALCATRAZ

BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: Inspired by true events.

ANOTHER TITLE: Thursday. May 2nd, 1946. 5:30 AM.

OVER BLACK... a SOUND. An unsettling one. The BUZZ OF FLIES. And soon, WARM LIGHT pools onto cement... as we realize --

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - CELLHOUSE - MORNING

-- we're in a JAIL CELL. A metal TRAY OF FOOD sits untouched. A HOLE IN THE CONCRETE serves as a toilet. And before long --

-- A HAND reaches into the light. It rummages around, dirty fingers retrieving a TIN CUP from the ground. They fish around inside, pulling out... a pair of DENTURES.

Shaken dry, they're raised to a TOOTHLESS MOUTH. And as they CLICK into place, we finally reveal...

AN INMATE

Leaning against the cement wall. He shuffles, standing into the beam of sun, which sneaks in through a BARRED WINDOW. Now in the light, we get a better look. His face is disarming. His features gaunt, but handsome. This is BERNIE COY (40).

He closes his eyes, moving the RAY OF SUN around his face, relishing the warmth. And soon, he LISTENS. SOUNDS GROWING...

The CRASH of waves. The faint BELLOW of foghorns. The CALL of gulls. *Life on the outside...* But as Coy OPENS HIS EYES --

-- his face displays no such warmth. Only tired desperation. As we linger on his vacant expression, a VOICE PRELAPS:

A VOICE
Mornin', Warden --

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - MORNING

-- With a TIP of his hat, we're back with Johnston, entering a bustling office space. TAPPING TYPEWRITERS punctuate the silence. As Johnston walks past ROWS OF DESKS lined with OFFICE WORKERS, we finally understand --

TYPIST
Mornin', Warden.

-- Johnston is the Warden of Alcatraz.

Suddenly, his SECRETARY swoops in, speaking a mile a minute. She's short, compact, with hair that hugs her jawline. As she FLIPS through her DATEBOOK, meet RITA BERTRAND (30).

RITA
Been looking all over for you!
Ferry's gonna be here any minute.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Rita... know how I told you to bug me? You're gettin' a little too good at it.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

Johnston enters his office, flopping down his briefcase. Multiple phone lines BLINK on an organized DESK.

As Johnston sits, he notices two curious items: A TOY TUGBOAT and a BOTTLE OF BOOZE... both WRAPPED in RED BOWS.

RITA
 Gifts. From you.
 (checks her date book)
 The Mayor's staff in the morning.
 Your grandson at lunch.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (picks up the bottle)
 I appreciate the effort. But is my
 grandson old enough to drink?

RITA
 It's for *what's-his-name*... I
 assume he likes brandy?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 It's scotch. And *what's-his-name*
 runs the Bureau of Prisons. My
boss. Meaning he's definitely your
 boss. So learn his name.

RITA
 (shrugs her shoulders)
 Well, hopefully he likes scotch...

Johnston looks to Rita, unamused... as we're overtaken by --

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

-- ACTIVITY. The bustling ISLAND PORT now lined with SHIPS.

Rita follows Johnston through the crowd as PRISON PERSONNEL
 make landfall, FERRIES chug to port, LINES are thrown ashore.

AMIDST THE BUSTLE, we find a YOUNG GUARD saying goodbye to
 his PREGNANT WIFE. Meet ERNEST & JANICE LAGESON (late 20s).

JANICE
 We still doing the nursery tonight?

ERNEST
 Got the paint. Got the brushes...

As Ernest places his hand on her pregnant bump, Janice hands
 over a THERMOS OF COFFEE... then sees him off with a long
 KISS. Suddenly, a sharp WHISTLE interrupts the moment.

ERNEST
 (breaks away)
 Shit, gotta go... Love you.

Janice smiles, amused... as Ernest spins to find Johnston,
 waving him over. Quickly, the young guard sheathes his billy
 club and approaches... shuffling to keep up.

ERNEST

Sir? I mean, Warden --

WARDEN JOHNSTON

-- Don't piss yourself, Ernest. You didn't forget anything. I just need an escort for the morning. Couple of mainlanders.

RITA

James Bennett, Bureau of Prisons.
Robert Kenny, Attorney General.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Claim to be visiting for a parole hearing, but these guys have been up my ass ever since that article hit the papers.

(to Ernest)

Just make 'em feel safe. Twirl your club. Look professional.

(changing the subject)

So, have I been hearing right? Ida says your wife's havin' a boy?

ERNEST

I *think* that was supposed to be a surprise, boss.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Oh... Well, you're thirty now. Gettin' too old for surprises. Did you a favor, kid...

ON THE DOCKS, TWO SUITED MEN step off the FERRY. Briefcases in hand, they make their way for Johnston. Meet JAMES BENNETT (Bureau of Prisons) and ROBERT KENNY (Attorney General). One's tall, the other's short. Both very well groomed.

BENNETT

Quite the view out here, Warden.

Johnston digs into his vest, FLIPPING OPEN... a POCKETWATCH.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

You boys are late.

The men smile, amused by Johnston's gruffness.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Would've been on time if it wasn't for me. *When the Mayor calls...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Well, Gentlemen, on this island... *time* is all we have.

TICK-TICK-TICK... CLICK! Johnston SHUTS the pocketwatch.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Welcome to Alcatraz.

SLAM TO:

A SOARING AERIAL. Sea-green waves roll beneath the red steel of the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. And soon, on the horizon, like some mysterious battleship anchored in the bay, we SEE IT...

ALCATRAZ ISLAND. A specter of activity, obscured by thin sheets of passing fog. Chimneys thrust plumes of smoke into the air. BUSTLING CROWDS report to work. A city on the water.

WARDEN JOHNSTON (V.O.)
... Half a mile long. Quarter mile
wide. A base of solid granite...

EXT. CLIFFSIDE TRAIL - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - MORNING

The group winds their way up a TRAIL, passing WATCHTOWERS patrolled by RIFLEMEN GUARDS. Johnston leads the way...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
... Where you made landfall, that's the eastside of the island. The "dockside." We call the northside the "Industries," where our inmates work. We're now on the west end. Also known as the "cliffside." Not much out here but water and rock.

Bennett scans the area: JAGGED CLIFFS and overgrown SHRUBS.

BENNETT
Hence... "The Rock."

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(mildly amused)
Not my nickname.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
The Chronicle's started to call it "Devil's Isle." Have to say, Warden: This island prison is getting a hell of a reputation.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Ever stop to think the 'Devil' isn't the prison... but the men inside it?

The politicians swap quizzical looks... Then:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Question this place all you want,
 gentlemen, but stick close. Because
 up there...

Johnston clocks his gaze to a jagged CLIFF FACE, where high
 on the ROCKY PLATEAU... sits the forboding CELLHOUSE.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 ... one false step will cost you
 your life.

CUT TO:

C-THUNK! Cell bars UNLATCH, SLIDING OPEN. ROWS OF INMATES --

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - MORNING

-- shuffling out of their cramped CELLS. Johnston enters,
 Ernest escorting the politicians as they take in...

THE CONTROL ROOM. A semi-circle of reinforced glass. BUSTLING
 GUARDS. BLINKING SWITCHBOARDS. COMPLEX EQUIPMENT...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 We call this Times Square. It's how
 we speak to the inmates... and each
 other.

A UNIFORMED MAN exits the control room. Johnston notices him,
 introducing the group:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 And this... is Associate Warden
 Miller.

As the ASSOCIATE WARDEN lands, we take in the imposing man.
 His swarthy skin, his bulldog features. Miller sizes up the
 suits, SLAPPING a SHAKE into their hands.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 I'll remember three things when I
 die: My first beer. My first lay.
 And my first time on Alcatraz...

Ernest just shakes his head. Johnston is mildly amused.

BENNETT
 We're... thrilled to be here.

As the politicians absorb the scenery, clearly nervous...
 Johnston waves everyone forward, the group following behind.

INT. A-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

RIIING! The Associate Warden hits a COUNTBELL, cueing ANOTHER
 GUARD, who PULLS a LEVER as -- *C-THUNK!* -- more cells OPEN.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I created this system... but it's
 Mr. Miller who enforces it. Every
 man on the island belongs to him.
 Guards & inmates alike. He tells
 them when to eat... When to
 sleep... What is wrong... And helps
 reinforce what is right.

As Johnston leads the men past ROWS OF CELLS, an assembly of
 GUARDS pass out TOOTHBRUSHES. The morning routine in motion.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 The cellhouse holds three hundred
 inmates, comprised of four blocks.
 This is A-Block, where we keep the
 "A" students. By the time you get
 to D-Block, well... I'm sure you
 can use your imagination.

As Johnston TURNS A CORNER, the group enters a new block...

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

... A long corridor of steel bars and mint-green paint. We
 pass VARIOUS CELLS, absorbing snapshots of inmates' lives.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I'd like to think we provide what
 other prisons can't. Cleanliness.
 Order. Silence. Maximum security...
 with minimum privilege.

Our group continues as more whistles SOUND, orderly LINES OF
 INMATES marching in sync. Johnston the master of his domain.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 In short, we've found a way to tame
 the animals.

SCREAMS ECHO OUT... as MEDICAL GUARDS subdue a STRAIGHT-
 JACKETED INMATE. Johnston tightens, squinting the sight. But
 all appears under control. He turns back to the politicians:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Unfortunately... some of these men
 are beyond our help.

As the politicians respond with anxious nods, we...

CUT TO:

A MIRROR'S REFLECTION. INMATES shuffling out from cells.
 Deafening silence punctuated by the soft marching of shoes.

INT. C-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As our group traverses the space, the SILENCE is palpable. Eerie. The soft ECHO of keys. The faint RING of countbells...

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Help us understand, Warden. These men are in five-by-seven cells for most of the day. Then... only allowed to speak during meals?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

It's a system... created to enforce good habits. If these men get in the habit of doing things right... there's no room to do what's wrong.

BENNETT

If it's enforced, it's not a habit.

ON JOHNSTON, growing irritated. *He knew this was coming.*

WARDEN JOHNSTON

This is about that article...

ATTORNEY GENERAL

... Five in the last year. *The harsh conditions. The rule of silence. Multiple inmate suicides.*

BENNETT

The war's over, Johnston. When the people of San Francisco crack the Sunday paper, they want to read about the 49ers... not the horrors of Alcatraz. Frankly, people are beginning to question if this institution is building up sinister ambitions among these men.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER

(interjecting)

These men had sinister ambitions long before they got here.

As Johnston stops at a STEEL DOOR, Miller looks to a MIRRORED VISION PANEL. Seeing all's clear, he TILTS HIS GAZE to...

THE GUN GALLERY

A barred-off balcony WRAPPING the perimeter of the cellhouse, patrolled by ARMED GUARDS. Off his cue --

-- A KEY RING is LOWERED on a CABLE, dropping down to Miller. As he begins to UNLOCK a complex door, Bennett continues:

BENNETT

Warden... No one's questioning the job you're doing, but the headlines have become worrisome. Look no further than Henri Young. He does a stint in solitary, then plunges a sharpened spoon into an inmate's neck. The press had a field day.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Or Edward Wutke. After complaining about the conditions... he cuts his jugular with a pencil sharpener.

BENNETT

Let's not forget Rufe Persful. Due to the mental anguish caused by the isolation... the man chops off four of his fingers. *Need I continue?*

Johnston listens, stoic. He tumbles the point, until --
C-CLUNK! -- the key UNLOCKS the door. Miller SLIDES IT OPEN.

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnston leads them into the next block, his tone unwavering:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Gentlemen, I can't control what the papers want to print. The country gives us the worst... and we're simply doing our best. Just have a look around...

C-CLUNK! The cell door locks behind them. A deep echo...
Bennett surveys the space... his gaze met by a rogues gallery of INMATES. Depraved, dangerous. Locked away from the light.
In here, even Miller & Ernest are a bit tense...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

This is D-Block. Murderers...
Rapists. Pedophiles. Capone was in here. Machine Gun Kelly. Doc Baker. When you're dealing with men like this... there is no balance.

Bennett absorbs the statement, Johnston's point sinking in.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

While this place might seem harsh, it needs to be. Because when these men know their time is up...

Johnston FLIPS OPEN his POCKETWATCH. *TICK-TICK-TICK...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON

... they cease to care if they live or die. Meaning they certainly don't care if you live or die. So the people of San Francisco need to ask themselves: Do they want these men doing time in here with me... or out there with them?

TICK-TICK-TICK... CLICK! Johnston SHUTS his pocketwatch.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Time for those parole hearings.

CUT TO:

A PLAYGROUND... filled with cheerful CHILDREN.

EXT. CIVILIANS' ROW - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

Ida Mae & Ernest's wife, Janice, stroll an idyllic path. They pass lush gardens, quaint buildings, a busy SCHOOLHOUSE...

IDA MAE

Ernest & you decide on a name?

JANICE

Doesn't even know we're having a boy yet...

Her hands gently rest on her PREGNANT BUMP.

IDA MAE

Well, before you know it... you'll be dropping off a little one of your own.

The school bell RINGS as giggling CHILDREN slide down slides, jump off swings... running inside. Janice eyes them, pensive.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CIVILIANS' ROW - LATER

Arms filled with GROCERIES, Ida & Janice walk the bustling MAIN STREET. As they do, we absorb the quaint strip...

A GENERAL STORE, POST OFFICE, SODA FOUNTAIN... A HAND-PAINTED SIGN sums up the vibe: *"ALCATRAZ... A small town with a big prison."*

JANICE

... When we first moved here, Ernest was relaxed. With a kid on the way... he seems different.

IDA MAE

You're not the first guard's wife to worry about raising a child here. But that's the life...

(MORE)

IDA MAE (CONT'D)
 He'll get used to it. I know James
 did...
 (a reassuring smile)
 Let's get these groceries on ice.

They turn the corner, heading for a ROW OF APARTMENTS nestled
 on the coastline. And soon... we're overtaken by --

INT. GUARD APARTMENTS - CIVILIANS' ROW - MOMENTS LATER

-- THE FACES OF WOMEN. Shoulder-to-shoulder in a quaint
 apartment. Some of them cradling young BABIES. Suddenly...

A key JOSTLES in the lock. The women begin to HUSH, as --

-- Ida & Janice enter the apartment to find: DECORATIONS,
 GIFTS, A CAKE. Janice looks to Ida Mae, surprised, confused.

IDA MAE
 Didn't think we'd let you by
 without a baby shower, did you?

Overwhelmed, Janice sets down her groceries. But before she
 can speak... she's swarmed by the GUARDS' WIVES:

MRS. MORRIS	MRS. BURCH
We're hearing it's a boy!	You're about ready to pop!

MRS. WEINHOLD	MRS. STITES
<u>Love</u> that maternity dress!	You don't look 7 months!

JANICE
 I can't... thank you ladies enough.

MRS. STITES
 Come now, it was all Ida Mae.
 (turns to Ida)
 She's the "First Lady" of Alcatraz.

The women break into laughter. Everyone but...

JANICE. Who just STARES blankly at the MOUNDS of BABY GIFTS
 piled on her kitchen table. Then... she BURSTS INTO TEARS.

The women gather up, trying to console her. But Janice just
 WALKS AWAY... headed for a WINDOW. And soon, she SEES IT...

THE CELLHOUSE. In plain sight from her apartment's view. She
 turns back around, squinting the women through her tears:

JANICE
 How do you all do it? *Your kids...*

BEAT. The women are silent, pensive... Then:

MRS. STITES
 It gets easier with the second one.

The women smile at Janice, empathetic... then Ida approaches:

IDA MAE
That prison should be the least of
your concerns. Really... We have it
safer than the others across the
bay. Their criminals walk the
streets. On Alcatraz... we know
exactly where they are.

CUT TO:

VIOLENT SCREAMS... echoing the cellhouse, as --

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - CELLHOUSE - MORNING

-- INMATES are released from solitary confinement...

Soon, we RECOGNIZE one of them, dragged across the ground...

BERNIE COY

Stumbling to his feet, we finally see just how FRAIL Coy really is. Ribs protruding. Cheeks sunken. Eyes dark and socketed. With a slicked-back tuft of hair, shorn close on the sides, he looks like some sort of starved hyena.

AT NEIGHBORING CELLS, Miller & his guards brace a high-pressured HOSE, beginning to pummel SCREAMING INMATES...

Coy can only watch, horrified, as OTHER INMATES are BLASTED by the FORCEFUL STREAM OF WATER. He stares, absorbing this cruel display, anger building within him. Then... he speaks:

BERNIE COY
Why don't you quit it...

Miller & his men turn around, stunned by the comment. Miller marches across the room. Other INMATES watch, scared for Coy.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
What the hell did you just say?!
(silence from Coy...)
Maybe your time in the hole made
you forget the goddamn rules. Are
you pieces of shit allowed to speak
in here? Well...? Are you?!
(more silence from Coy)
Hear you're going in front of the
parole board, Coy... Allow me to
wish you luck --

-- CRACK! Miller NAILS Coy in face with his CLUB. Hitting the floor, BLOOD pools on Coy's brow. And as Miller continues -- CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! -- the STRIKES OF HIS CLUB become...

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - MORNING

... the CLINKING OF ICE CUBES. Scotch POURS into a tumbler. As a BOTTLE is set on the desk, we recognize the RED BOW.

WIDER, Bennett takes a soothing sip. Pacing Johnston's office, he inspects a pedestaled MODEL of ALCATRAZ ISLAND. He picks up a miniature GUARD FIGURINE, amused. Then continues:

BENNETT

It's a hell of a facility you've built, Warden. Hope we didn't overstep our bounds earlier...

Gently, Johnston takes the figurine. Returns it to its place.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

You have your job. I have mine.

The Attorney General passes Johnston a scotch, but he waves it away. The politicians nod. They respect that.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Got a long morning, gentlemen.
We ready for the first..?

Off their looks, Johnston PRESSES a BUZZER on his desk. Miller enters, marching in a familiar inmate... Bernie Coy.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER

Inmate number four-one-five.
Reporting for parole hearing.

Coy is escorted to a chair and seated across from Johnston. Johnston sizes him up, noticing Coy's brow... now SPLIT from the beating. He glances to Miller, but says nothing of it.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

That'll be all.

As Miller leaves the room... Johnston focuses his attention back on Coy. His emaciated appearance, his injured brow...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

What happened to your face?

Coy shuffles in his seat, then speaks. A shy, southern drawl.

BERNIE COY

It was... my fault, sir.

Johnston fixes his gaze on Coy, absorbing the statement... then opens a CASE FILE.

CLOSE ON COY'S CASE FILE: A MUGSHOT. MEDICAL HISTORY. NOTES.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (looks up from file)
 I see you're seven years into a
 twenty five year sentence.

BERNIE COY
 Yessir.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 And you've been working in the
 library. Making good marks.

BERNIE COY
 Trying, sir.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Coy, I think you know why Associate
 Warden Miller sent you to solitary.
 (looks to Bennett)
 He was sneaking books to inmates.
 More than the allotted amount.

Bennett nods, scribbling notes of his own.

BERNIE COY
 The books were my mistake, Warden.
 I know that now. And I had a lot of
 time to think in that hole. Some
 guards even had mercy on me. Gave
 me some reading materials. Used my
 time to read up on Freud, Jung...
 Trying to understand why I been
 making so many mistakes. I bring
 this up... hoping you'll see my
 continued effort to right myself.

But Johnston just nods, skeptical. Soon, Bennett interjects:

BENNETT
 Bernie, is it...?
 (off Coy's nod)
 It's not every day you hear an
 inmate talk about Karl Jung.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (interjecting)
*"A man is not what happened to him.
 He's what he chooses to become."*

Coy nods. He knows the quote well... Then:

BERNIE COY
 I prefer: *"He who looks outside,
 dreams. He who looks inside...
 awakes."*

Johnston nods, mildly impressed. Then gets down to business.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Coy, you're here today... because
you requested to be transferred to
a minimum security prison.

BERNIE COY
Yessir.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Inmates showing signs of
rehabilitation have been granted
transfer to such facilities. But in
light of your recent transgression,
I personally don't believe you're
ready for it. Never the less... I
received your letter. And for the
record, the parole board will
consider it.

Johnston unfolds a HANDWRITTEN LETTER. Adjusting his glasses,
he SCANS the words... then looks up to Coy:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
It's your letter... You read it.

As it's passed over to Coy, he looks at it, jaw clenched.

Johnston fixes his gaze, waiting. Then... Coy begins to read:

BERNIE COY
*Since my incarceration, I have a
record that would be envied by any
inmate. I'm obedient. Never sullen.
And set an example that would be
commendable in any society...*

WE PUSH IN on Coy, his vulnerability palpable...

BERNIE COY
*... Please believe me sincere in my
regret, as I'm now a firm believer
in a disciplined life. If you see
this in me too, please allow for my
release to a minimum security
lockup. Your system has changed me
alright. More than this, no man can
promise. Sincerely, Bernard P. Coy.*

Bennett & the Attorney General soak in the sentiment. Then...
Coy looks up from the letter, locking eyes with Johnston.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Before the board makes a decision,
anything else you'd like to say?

BERNIE COY
 (a beat, meekly)
 I just... regret that my request
 comes on the heels of solitary.
 It's not the most favorable
 reflection of my character.

Johnston trades a look with Bennett... then --

-- *THUD!* A STAMP comes down, inking a single word: DENIED.

CUT TO:

BERNIE COY. Marched through the cellhouse by Miller...

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - DAY

As shackles DRAG on the ground, Miller speaks to Coy, calm and condescending. Coy marches forward. A man without hope.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 Lucky for you, the Warden's a
 reasonable man. Wants you back in
 the library today. Thinks your
 better off keepin' busy...
 (beat)
 But know this: You give me lip
 again -- *much as a peep* -- gonna
 bust more than your head...

CLOSE ON COY, a deep rage building within him. But as he passes a FELLOW INMATE mopping up the floor, we soon understand that his anger might actually be... determination.

Our two inmates LOCK EYES, Coy offering a inconspicuous NOD. *Nothing more. Nothing less...* And as the INMATE returns a nod to Coy... we sense something very important just happened.

As Miller ushers Coy along... we hang back, FOLLOWING the other INMATE. His MOP BUCKET rolling across the cement for:

INT. MESSHALL KITCHEN - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Pots BUBBLE on a stove. A PRISON CHEF stirs various sauces. Wearing a CHEF'S HAT & COAT, meet MARVIN HUBBARD (34).

Soon, the INMATE enters the kitchen, casually mopping the tiles... And soon, we quietly hear it:

INMATE JANITOR
 That thing for Coy. Need it today.

Hubbard nods. *Message received.* And as the inmate continues, pushing his mop & bucket, Hubbard curiously begins to UNBUTTON his chef's coat. He takes it off... and tosses it into a CANVAS BAG of DIRTY CHEF'S WHITES.

Quickly, he SCRIBBLES a note on an ORDER SLIP. Then picks up the LAUNDRY BAG, carrying it for...

A LAUNDRY CHUTE

The bag plummets down the shaft -- *THUD!* -- landing in:

THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Steam HISSES as GUARDS supervise WORKING INMATES, who tumble SACKS OF CLOTHING into huge VATS of boiling water...

A YOUNG INMATE approaches the laundry chute... grabbing the bag. Inside, he sees HUBBARD'S NOTE. It reads: EXTRA BLEACH. Pocketing it, he hollers to a GUARD:

LAUNDRY INMATE
Kitchen needs fresh whites.

Off the guard's NOD, the inmate moves to a long TABLE dotted with STACKS of FOLDED LAUNDRY. Once there, he locks eyes with an OLD INMATE, indiscreetly putting down a PACK OF CIGS.

YOUNG INMATE
Need that thing for Coy.

With a nod, the old inmate reaches for a very specific PARCEL bound with TWINE. Picking it up, the Young Inmate heads for:

A STAIRWELL

He walks the stairs -- *a plan in motion* -- surfacing in:

THE MESSHALL

Watchful GUARDS track his moves as he works his way into...

THE KITCHEN

Hubbard tastes some sauce, pleased with his work, when...

THUD! The package is dropped. Hubbard offers a nod, then delicately opens the parcel: A crisp, bleached CHEF'S COAT.

Satisfied, he puts it on. Then slowly reaches into the FRONT POCKET... taking out an ITEM. Here, we finally understand what was just smuggled in: a small ALLEN WRENCH.

CUT TO:

A BELLOWING FOGHORN. The chimney of a FERRY pumps smoke as --

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- Johnston walks Bennett & the Attorney General up its ramp.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Met some fascinating men today.
Troubled... but fascinating.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
You know, counselor... we have a
few open cells. Maybe you can spend
the night. Get to know them better.

The politicians tighten up, but can't help but be amused by Johnston's sarcasm.

BENNETT
Warden... we didn't come here to
tell you how to run your show. But
you know how this goes --

ATTORNEY GENERAL
-- We need Alcatraz out of the
headlines. No more suicides. No
more scandals. We need the public
to feel secure. It's how they stay
in our city. And pay taxes. And re-
elect our boss... who signs your
paycheck. Because without that...
how would you ever keep your
beautiful home?

As he gestures to the WARDEN'S HOUSE on the hill, the silence
is deafening. Johnston stews... but behaves himself.

BENNETT
Glad we understand each other.
And Warden, I know you said you've
found a way to tame the animals.
But don't forget: even a tamed
animal has been known to bite.

As Johnston chews on the notion, we...

CUT TO:

A BABY BIRD... cradled in a man's hand. Its wing appears
INJURED, wrapped in GAUZE. Soon, it's FED a CRUMB OF BREAD.

WIDER, we reveal an INMATE feeding it. He's bald. Pale. One
might even say birdlike in features. Meet ROBERT STROUD (56),
also known as... "THE BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ."

VOICE (O.S.)
*Why the guards always turnin' a
cheek to the Birdman's pet?*

INT. MESSHALL - CELLHOUSE - MORNING

WIDENING OUT, we meet the MAN talking... JOE CRETZER (35).

A button-nosed inmate at a table with a CREW of others. He peers across the messhall, watching Stroud FEED his bird.

CRETZER
Ain't kiddin' around here. I want
to know...

Next to him, an IRISH INMATE responds. MIRAN THOMPSON (29).

THOMPSON
All the screws are afraid of him.
Crazy bastard likes killin' guards.
Heard he offed one with a hammer.

Next up: A baby-faced NATIVE AMERICAN. CLARENCE CARNES (19).

CLARENCE
Hear he likes killin' convicts too.

CRETZER
Convicts. Guards. The nutbar don't
discriminate. Tell ya what though:
Next time they serve *turkey* for
dinner, steer clear of the Birdman!

The table stifles their LAUGHTER. Everyone but... a pale man with a buzzed head and stony eyes. This is SAM SHOCKLEY (37).

CRETZER
Come on, Shockley. Tellin' me that
wasn't funny?! You might be a dumb
mute, but I know you ain't deaf.

Faint activity REGISTERS behind his vacant gaze, then... he offers a modest SMILE. A grin grows on Cretzer's face:

CRETZER
Knew that shit was funny.

Suddenly, Clarence interjects, gesturing across the messhall:

CLARENCE
Look, they let Coy outta the hole.

IN THE LUNCH LINE, Coy shuffles forward, a STACK OF BOOKS beneath his arm.

NEARBY, Miller and a GROUP OF GUARDS keep a watchful eye...

As Coy extends his TRAY, a familiar PRISON CHEF serves him.

HUBBARD
Good to see you back, Coy. Here's
some extra chow for your troubles --

-- As Hubbard places a BISCUIT on Coy's tray, we sense a moment between them. AN UNSPOKEN NOD. *This is important.*

BACK AT THE TABLE, MOMENTS LATER...

CRETZER

I'll be damned, Coy. Welcome back.

Offering a nod, Coy sets down his books and slides in with his tray. As the crew extends a warm welcome, Cretzer grabs one of Coy's books, squinting the TITLE. It's a TRAVEL BOOK.

CRETZER

"The Exotic World of My-an-mar."
(confused)
What the hell's a My-an-mar?

BERNIE COY

It's a place. Myanmar. That book says bananas grow right on trees. I'm gonna go there some day...

CRETZER

Bananas? Who ever gave two shits about bananas? It say anything about beer growing on trees? Ha!

Eyeing the book, Cretzer notices TORN SCRAPS of PAPER marking various pages. We think they're BOOKMARKS, until Cretzer SLIPS ONE OUT, and starts to SMELL IT. Deep and reflective.

CRETZER

Mmmmm. Smells like a blonde.
(more deep sniffs)
Scratch that... A brunette.

Coy stares at Cretzer, unamused. And without a word uttered from Coy... Cretzer knows to hand it back. As he does, Coy RELAXES, delicately tucking the PAPER back into his book.

CLARENCE

The hell are those?

THOMPSON

Called tearsheets, kid. Pieces of a perfumed letter. Closest thing in here to a piece of ass.

CRETZER

Coy, you're not careful with those, you gonna wind up back in the hole.

BERNIE COY

Awful kind of you to worry. But none of us ever going there again. No more writin' the parole board. No more dreamin' about home...
(then)
Today's the day.

The statement carries weight. His crew knows what this means. As the men LEAN IN, Coy looks around, reaching for his tray.

Curiously, he grabs the BISCUIT Hubbard gave him. They watch as Coy SPREADS it open, FEELS AROUND, finally PULLING OUT...

THE SMALL ALLEN WRENCH

As the crew regards it, we understand: this means everything.

Coy clocks towards the kitchen, watching Hubbard serve food.

BERNIE COY
I know Hubbard's in.

Coy turns back to his men... His face demands an answer.

CRETZER
Count me in, Coy...

THOMPSON
... Me too.

They all look to Shockley... who offers an imperceptible NOD.

CRETZER
Shockley's in.

Coy's men finally turn to... the baby of the bunch: Clarence.

BERNIE COY
How 'bout you, old-timer?

Clarence is filled with uncertainty, but offers a faint NOD.

CLOSE ON COY, offering a nod of his own. A man filled with purpose. *Today's the day...*

CUT TO BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: 11:55 AM.

OVER BLACK... a SOUND. A loud one. The BELLOW of a FOGHORN.

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

A LONE FIGURE waits on the docks, watching a FERRY approach. It's Johnston, deep in thought. Suddenly, Rita walks up --

RITA
-- How'd you beat me?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(looks to pocketwatch)
You're four minutes late.

Rita reaches into her bag... handing over the TOY TUGBOAT.

IDA MAE (O.S.)
Rita, how thoughtful of you...

Ida enters, regarding the gift. Johnston kisses her cheek:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 How was your morning?

RITA
 Phone's ringing off the hook, boss.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (gestures to Ida)
 I was talking to my wife.

RITA
 (taps her datebook)
 San Quentin called. They have two
 hot ones for transfer. One's in for
 double-murder. One's an agitator --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 -- Rita. Can we table this? My
 daughter will be here any second.
 My grandson as well...

Rita closes her datebook. She smiles, understands.

RITA
 Probably worries them, huh...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 ... Probably does.

ON THE DOCKS, the FERRY makes landfall. And off steps...

JOHNSTON'S DAUGHTER & GRANDSON. Meet BARBARA (30) and RICHIE (8). Johnston approaches, sharing a warm EMBRACE. Then, he KNEELS DOWN, presenting the TUGBOAT to his grandson.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Just like the real one...

As the kid lights up, Johnston teases him:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 No school today?

RICHIE
 I'm visiting you, grandpa.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I see. But when you get back,
 how're you gonna explain you spent
 the day in the slammer?

The kid shoots a worried look to his mother.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(amused)
Don't worry. If you're extra good,
I can grant you a pardon.

RICHIE
What's a pardon?

Johnston grins. Barbara & Ida Mae can't help but be amused.

RICHIE
Can we see the starfish now?

IDA MAE
Maybe in a bit. First... we eat.

CUT TO:

A FAMILIAR HOUSE on the coastline. QUIET JAZZ PRE-LAPS...

INT. STUDY - WARDEN'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Inside, we're confronted by the FACE of WARDEN JOHNSTON...
rendered in OIL PAINT. WIDENING OUT, reveals...

A FRAMED PORTRAIT OF JOHNSTON, hanging in a room of carved oak. A POT ROAST steams on the dining room table. Silverware softly clanks on porcelain. The Johnstons enjoying lunch...

IDA MAE
... And how'd today go... with the
Mayor's people?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
If there was a slice of bread for
every idiot the Mayor hired... we'd
cure world hunger.

Ida humors him with a supportive nod, then turns to Barbara:

IDA MAE
Means a lot. You coming out here.

BARBARA
Richie loves it here. Just wish Dad
could've taken the day off...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
... You know how it is, Barbara.

By the look of Barbara's face, she knows all too well. Soon,
a quiet NOISE breaks the silence...

BUBBLES. Forming in Richie's MILK. A stern look from Barbara
and Richie stops. As he goes back to sipping his straw --

-- he eyes the PORTRAIT of Johnston above the mantelpiece.

RICHIE
That looks like you, grandpa.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
An inmate painted it. Guards found
it during a cell check, gave it to
me at last year's Christmas party.
(amused, to Ida)
These men have their memories.
Their dreams. And their hobbies.
Anything that keeps 'em busy...

IDA MAE
Actually grown quite fond of it.

BARBARA
But isn't that stealing...?

BEAT. Johnston clocks to Barbara, stern. A tense moment,
then... he goes back to eating. But Barbara isn't finished:

BARBARA
You're not going to answer me? It
wasn't yours to take...
(silence... then:)
It's not enough that you spend all
day in that place. But you have to
bring a piece of it home? Make Mom
eat amongst it?

Upset, she gets up from the table, beginning to CLEAR the
dishes. As Ida helps, Richie looks to Johnston, confused.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Guess she didn't like the panting.

CUT TO:

CRASHING WAVES, framing Ida & Barbara as they walk the
plateaued lawn. Barbara stops, staring off into the distance.

EXT. BACKYARD - WARDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

ALONG THE SHORE, a CIVILIAN GUARD has a smoke, keeping an eye
on Richie... who plays with his TUGBOAT at the water's edge.

IDA MAE (O.S.)
Richie'll be fine with him.

Ida's voice brings Barbara's attention back around. Mother
and daughter share a look... then:

BARBARA
You know... every time I'm here, I
think about Richie running around
(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 this island. Can't imagine him
 calling this home...

The statement catches Ida off-guard. Before she can respond, Johnston approaches from the house. A tense beat... then:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 We should take Richie to the
 lighthouse. You used to love it up
 there when you were a kid...

With a conflicted smile, Barbara looks to the island's LIGHTHOUSE in the distance. She holds her gaze, nostalgic. Turning back to her father, a silent moment's shared... Then:

BARBARA
 Why do you stay here, Dad? Day
 after day with these people. You
 could retire...

Taken back, Johnston turns to Ida...

IDA MAE
 ... It's a fair question, James.

Unresponsive, Johnston just looks off to the crashing waves.

BARBARA
 You know, this is exactly why Paul
 doesn't speak to you anymore...

BEAT. Johnston tightens. Hearing that name affects him...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Your brother's choices are his own.

BARBARA
 And your choices? They affect us
 too, Dad. You made us grow up like
 this. Here. Among this. And now you
 still put Mom through it. Stuck on
 this island --
 (she stops, calming)
 We just worry about you, Dad.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 This... is the job. And while your
 brother chooses not to accept what
 I do... I'm thankful you've always
 been so understanding.

Barbara knows she's hurt his feelings. But before she can speak, Johnston takes out his pocketwatch. *TICK-TICK-TICK...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Have to be getting back to work.
 We'll talk at dinner. We will...

CLICK. He SHUTS his watch, offering Barbara a soft smile.
As Barbara watches her father leave, we're overtaken by...

A STARK WIDE, tracing the crest of the hill. And as Johnston walks away from his home, we PRE-LAP the SHARP RINGS of --

INT. CELLHOUSE - DAY

-- THE CELLHOUSE COUNTBELL. Inmates turn attentively as Ernest follows Miller, conducting the afternoon HEADCOUNT.

TRACKING PAST CELLS, we glimpse familiar inmates: THOMPSON, resting on his cot... HUBBARD, looking to the clock... SHOCKLEY, shining his shoes... CLARENCE, gripping his cell bars... CRETZER, doing push ups on the concrete... THE BIRDMAN, working on SKETCHES of his INJURED BIRD. And soon...

COY, in his cell. We immediately notice it's filled with PAINTING SUPPLIES and CANVASES. Most of his paintings are LANDSCAPES of far-away lands... But one of them is different. A PORTRAIT of a WOMAN. Coy stares at it... until --

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER (O.S.)
-- Coy, you're back on work-duty...

C-THUNK! His cell RACKS OPEN. Coy turns from the painting...

CUT TO:

A STEAM WHISTLE. Shrieking as LINES OF INMATES are --

EXT. REC YARD - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- marched out of the cellhouse and across the REC YARD... shuffling to work at the island's seaside FACTORIES.

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - DAY

THUNK! CAPTAIN MORRIS (older, paternal) LOCKS the REC YARD DOOR behind the last inmate, then turns & walks, KEY IN HAND.

INT. LIBRARY - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Clarence pushes a LIBRARY CART as Coy PULLS various books from cluttered shelves...

CLARENCE
Appreciate it... always requesting
my help in here.

Coy stacks more TRAVEL BOOKS onto the cart -- BERMUDA, FIJI, BARBADOS -- soon whispering to Clarence. Intense, resolute:

BERNIE COY
You feelin' up to this, old-timer?

Clarence stalls, indecisive... Just then, Coy HEARS IT: the FINAL BELL. Quickly, he PEEKS around a shelf, spying...

A VISION PANEL. Reflected in its mirror: THE GUN GALLERY.

Coy watches as the GALLERY GUARD -- BURCH (younger, skinny) -- SCANS the block. No movement. No activity. *Business as usual.*

Satisfied, Burch quickly moves to the EXIT DOOR. OPENS IT --

EXT. CATWALK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- emerging onto a suspended walkway. In a blink, he pulls a CIGARETTE. LIGHTS IT. Takes a soothing DRAG, as --

INT. CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- WHAM! The door SHUTS behind him, ECHOING the block.

IN VARIOUS CELLS, Cretzer, Thompson, Hubbard and Shockley all FREEZE at the sound. *They know what it means...*

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN MORRIS, approaching the MAIN DESK, eyes tilting to --

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- THE GALLERY above, but... Burch is gone. Morris just shakes his head, POCKETING THE KEY before taking a seat.

INT. LIBRARY - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy methodically OPENS the travel books. Each of them is HOLLOWED OUT. Inside: METAL PARTS: PIPES, WASHERS, SCREWS.

Quickly, Coy ASSEMBLES them using... THE ALLEN WRENCH. SLIDING pipes. SPINNING washers. TWISTING bolts into some kind of METAL CONTRAPTION.

BERNIE COY
(clocks to Clarence)
Hang back and keep an eye on those
mirrors... All's gonna be fine. You
just remember what I said 'bout
them banana trees.

Anxious, Clarence offers a NOD. *He's ready.* With that, we PUSH IN on Coy, eyes filled with purpose...

CUT TO:

THE CELLHOUSE CLOCKFACE

Its SECOND HAND sweeping around, soon MATCH-CUTTING TO...

JOHNSTON'S POCKETWATCH

Satisfied, he SNAPS it shut, hiking in the shadow of...

THE CELLHOUSE

Inside, Coy turns his BOOK CART, SQUEAKY WHEELS headed for...

TIMES SQUARE

But as Morris HEARS IT, clocking his head, we're back on...

THE WATERFRONT

Where the Civilian Guard springs up, PANICKED, eyeing...

RICHIE'S TUGBOAT

bobbing in the water. The boy nowhere to be seen. Soon...

THE LIBRARY CART

nears the MAIN DESK. Focused, Coy REACHES, surfacing with...

THE METAL CONTRAPTION

gripped tight in his hand. The cart QUICKENS, speeding for:

CAPTAIN MORRIS
Shift's over, Coy. Back in your --

-- but as Morris steps forward, Coy SWINGS THE CONTRAPTION --

-- WHAM! -- CLOCKING THE GUARD WITH A BRUTAL IMPACT.

Morris DROPS to the floor. An unconscious heap. For a moment, Coy just stands over him, stunned. *No going back.* Then...

Coy snaps out of it. MOVING QUICKLY, he pulls his SHIRT OFF, then OPENS another HOLLOW BOOK. Within it... a GLASS JAR.

He UNSCREWS it. Scoops BLACK GREASE from inside. SMEARS it over his back & torso. Finished, Coy BITES the METAL CONTRAPTION in his teeth. Steps atop the desk, then --

-- LEAPS UPWARD, GRABBING the low-hanging CAGE BARS of the GUN GALLERY, PULLING HIMSELF UP, CLIMBING rung-over-rung.

INT. VARIOUS - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cretzer, Thompson, Hubbard, and Shockley PRESS THEIR HEADS against their cell bars, STRAINING to see Coy, while...

IN THE LIBRARY, Clarence watches the VISION PANELS. Soon --

INT. GUN GALLERY CAGE - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Coy REACHES THE TOP, 30 feet off the ground. Balancing on the CAGE ROOF, he takes the CONTRAPTION from his teeth --

-- and carefully WEDGES it BETWEEN TWO BARS. And as he TURNS the metal handle, it hits us... This is a bar-spreader.

With EACH ROTATION, the BARS SPREAD ever-so-slightly. Coy grins, getting aggressive. He CRANKS A TURN, but -- *PLING!* --

-- the spreader SLIPS LOOSE, FALLING. COY GRABS FOR IT!

IN THE LIBRARY & CELLS, Coy's men GASP. BREATHS HELD...

ON COY, eyeing his CLOSED FIST. Slowly opening it reveals...

THE BAR SPREADER. Coy exhales. *Close call...*

CUT TO:

JOHNSTON, trekking a cliffside footpath. Soon, he passes --

INT. GUARD SHACK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- the window of one of the island's small, wooden outposts, where Ernest looks up from marking times on a CHARGE SHEET. The young guard eyes Johnston. Suddenly, he hears a SHUFFLE --

-- Ernest SPINS. It's Miller, unfolding a NEWSPAPER as he kicks back in a chair. Off his SCOWL, Ernest returns to work.

CUT TO:

A FINAL CRANK. Finished, Coy eyes an 8-inch GAP in the bars --

INT. GUN GALLERY CAGE - CELLHOUSE - DAY

-- Satisfied, he BREATHES DEEP... then EXPELS ALL HIS AIR --

-- SQUEEZING HIS BODY THROUGH THE BARS. His greasy midsection slips through. But suddenly... the bars CATCH ON HIS RIBS.

Coy STRUGGLES.... If he takes a breath, he'll be stuck.

EXT. CATWALK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Burch STAMPS OUT his finished cig. Grabs the DOOR HANDLE --

-- but STOPS, PANNING the quiet island. Empty REC YARD. Gulls squawking from GUARD TOWERS. *Business as usual.* With that --

-- Burch RELEASES the handle... LIGHTING another cigarette.

INT. GUN GALLERY CAGE - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

ON COY, nearly out of air. A FINAL, PAINFUL PUSH... then --
 -- *WHUMP*. His FEET drop to the gallery floor. He's in.

FROM THEIR CELLS, Coy's men PAN THEIR GAZE as their leader JOGS the wrap-around level like an indoor track, DUCKING low behind the gallery's waist-high METAL SHIELDING.

Reaching the CATWALK DOOR, Coy quickly CLIMBS a wall pipe. Now ABOVE THE DOOR, he STOPS. *Waiting... Waiting...*

CUT TO:

JOHNSTON, still on the move, HIKING for a ROCKY OVERLOOK...

EXT. CATWALK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

... MID-DRAW, Burch spots Johnston across the island. *Shit*. Quickly, he DROPS his cig, OPENS THE CATWALK DOOR, ducking --

INT. GUN GALLERY - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- inside. As the DOOR SHUTS... COY DROPS, TACKLING BURCH!

In a blink, Coy CINCHES the guard's NECKTIE tight. Burch CLAWS, STRAINING for his PISTOL, GASPING as he loses air...

IN VARIOUS CELLS, prisoners HEAR the struggle, clocking to the GALLERY. Looks are swapped. Confusion... then shock as --

-- *WHAM!* Coy PINS THE GUARD FACE-DOWN, HOLDING TIGHT until...

Burch GOES LIMP. Coy rips the NECKTIE loose. TIES it around the unconscious guard's mouth -- A GAG -- then unloops his BELT, PULLING IT TIGHT, securing Burch's hands to the pipe.

Finished, Coy grabs Burch's RIFLE, PISTOL, and RING OF KEYS.

CUT TO:

ERNEST, eyes fixed on a WALL CLOCK as it clicks to --

INT. GUARD SHACK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

-- 1:34pm. Restless, Ernest debates... then turns to Miller.

ERNEST

Burch is late checking in, sir.

Slowly, Miller LOWERS HIS NEWSPAPER, revealing a cold glare.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER

How late?

ERNEST
Four minutes.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Four... *minutes*? Ernest, unless
there's a real problem, let me
enjoy the one thing that keeps me
from hanging myself on this island.
(FLIPS paper up)
He's probably just having a smoke.

Ernest checks the clock again... then STANDS, faking a smile:

ERNEST
Think I'll go have one myself.

As Ernest steps out, Miller's eyes track him, suspicious...

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

COY'S FEET hit the floor. RIFLE SLUNG and PISTOL in his
waistband, he MOVES to a wall-mounted LEVER BOX...

Using a KEY from the ring, Coy UNLOCKS IT. Scans the GEARWORK
inside, then swiftly... PULLS FOUR HANDLES.

INT. VARIOUS CELLS - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KA-THUNK! Cretzer's BARS SLIDE OPEN. KA-THUNK! Thompson's. KA-
THUNK! Hubbard's. KA-THUNK! Shockley's. The men BOLT OUT...

Shockley & Thompson beeline for Times Square, while Hubbard
ducks IN THE KITCHEN, grabbing A BUTCHER KNIFE. But Cretzer --

-- PAUSES as he passes THE LIBRARY. INSIDE, Clarence just
stands there, unsure. In a blink, Cretzer YANKS the kid --

CRETZER
Get your ass movin'!

-- into the open cellhouse, SHOVING HIM for Times Square.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coy pulls his SHIRT back on... just as his men RUN IN: Six
strong. He TOSSES THE PISTOL to Cretzer, who catches it.

Together, the cons DRAG Morris to his feet. Cretzer SLAPS the
guard across the face. Morris COMES TO... shaking his daze.

BERNIE COY
Wake up, Morris. Time to visit some
friends-a-yours.

CUT TO:

A RADIO. Wood-trimmed. Tinny speakers emitting --

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

-- Frank Sinatra's *"Five Minutes More."* FOUR CONTROL GUARDS hum along, filling out paperwork. *Business as usual.* Until...

A TAP ON THE GLASS. The guards CLOCK to the sound, seeing...

CAPTAIN MORRIS. Bloody face pressed against the exterior pane. Cretzer holds a PISTOL to his head, flanked by Coy and the others, VOICES MUFFLED by the bulletproof glass.

BERNIE COY
Open the door. Or you'll be wiping
his skull right off of this glass.

A guard REACTS, reaching for an ALARM SWITCH, but Cretzer DIGS the pistol into Morris's temple. He HOWLS in pain.

BACKING OFF, the guard HITS ANOTHER BUTTON. The DOOR UNLOCKS.

BERNIE COY
On the ground, on the ground!

Coy ENTERS, RIFLE TRAINED. Hubbard swings his KNIFE as the cons FAN OUT, guards DROPPING to their stomachs.

Sinatra's CROONING CONTINUES as Shockley YANKS UP the guard closest to a THICK STEEL DOOR at the back of the room.

BERNIE COY
The combination.

The guard glances to his colleagues. They shoot him looks: Don't do it. The guard hardens, shaking his head: No.

CHK-CHUK! COY COCKS HIS RIFLE. AIMS IT AT THE GUARD'S HEAD.

CONTROL GUARD
Alright, alright!

The guard is SHOVED for the HANDWHEEL. He SPINS it left. Right. Left again. THUNK! The door GRINDS OPEN, Sinatra belting his finale as Coy ENTERS the room, taking in the --

INT. ARMORY - CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- ARSENAL OF WEAPONS. Machine guns. Sniper rifles. Sidearms.

A GRIN creeps across Coy's face as the song CRESCENDOES.

SLAM TO:

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY. PANNING the vista, we slowly settle...

EXT. OVERLOOK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

... on Warden Johnston, taking it in. A man deep in thought.

SOUNDS filter in. The tide, SPLASHING against rocks. Birds, CHIRPING in the sky above. *Calm...* broken by HURRIED STEPS.

Johnston turns. Ernest approaches, face flush with concern.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Ernest. What is it?

ERNEST
It's Burch, sir --

But before he can finish... Miller steps in.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
-- He just forgot to fill out some of his charge sheets. But Ernest is taking care of them.
(turning to Ernest)
Aren't you?

With a stern look, Miller waves Ernest along. For a moment, Ernest pauses, debating... Then buckles. Eyes on the ground, he shuffles off, Miller close behind.

As Johnston fixes a curious gaze on his departing guards, we:

CUT TO:

THUNK! A CELL DOOR OPENS. The FIVE CAPTIVE GUARDS are --

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- violently SHOVED inside. Feet & hands BOUND with rope. Mouths GAGGED. Captain Morris's eyes widen as he takes in...

COY & HIS MEN, armed to the teeth. Guns in every hand. Ammo bandoliers slung. They look like a military unit.

BERNIE COY
So long, fellas.

The guards SCREAM through gags as the CELL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SPRINTING, Coy & his men SKID to a stop at the REC YARD DOOR.

Moving like a well-oiled machine, Coy readies the KEY RING while Cretzer & Shockley BREAK WINDOWS with their RIFLE BUTS, AIMING BARRELS through the holes... at distant WATCHTOWERS.

BERNIE COY
Both towers, same time. Screws'll think it's a backfire from the Industries. Once we're over the rec yard wall, make a break for Civilians' Row. One hostage each.

CRETZER
Can't wait to find me a
pretty one.

THOMPSON
Have had my eyes on that
little blonde number.

BERNIE COY
This is business. Remember that.

Coy levels a cold stare. Cretzer returns to his SCOPE POV:
Lining up a TOWER GUARD's HEAD in his CROSSHAIRS.

ON COY, brow furrowing as he JINGLES through the ring's KEYS,
one after another. Soon, an eerie VOICE filters in...

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ (O.S.)
*It is said that observation is the
key to understanding. True in
science, true in life, true in men.*

FROM HIS CELL, The Birdman calmly watches Coy flipping
through KEY... after KEY... after KEY.

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
I've been observing you, Coy.
Months ago, you stopped eating...
so that when the time was right,
you could fit through those gallery
bars. A brilliant plan, I admit.
(beat)
You're smart, Coy. Likely smarter
than every man in here... *save for
me, of course.*

Coy ignores him, frantically SEARCHING. *Something's wrong...*

THOMPSON
The hell's the matter, Coy?

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
But from experience, I must tell
you all... even the smartest men
cannot account for everything.

CRETZER
'Nuff from you, Stroud!
(squinting his SCOPE)
On my mark. Three... Two... One --

BERNIE COY
-- Wait. It's not here.

The cons slowly CLOCK to Coy... who looks up... in disbelief.

CLARENCE
What's not?

BERNIE COY
107. The yard key. It ain't here.

CRETZER
Well, where the hell is it?

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN MORRIS, gritting teeth, fighting his binds to reach --

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- INTO HIS POCKET. Straining, his BLOODY FINGERS retrieve...

A SINGLE KEY. "107." The one we saw him pocket earlier.

The OTHER GUARDS quickly SHUFFLE Morris to the back of the cell, where he TOSSES the key into the TOILET with a *SPLASH!*

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER (PRELAP)
*Go behind my back to Johnston again
and you're finished, got it?*

INT. GUARD SHACK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

ON ERNEST, seated in a chair while Miller BERATES HIM:

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
You been on The Rock, what... one,
two years? And before that, you
were some kinda school teacher.
(off Ernest's surprise)
Guards talk, Ernest. Now take it
from me, keep to yourself if you --

GUARD (O.S.)
-- Associate Warden --

-- Just then, ANOTHER GUARD enters. Oddly panicked.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Christ, what is it now? Did the
goddamn janitor forget to check in?

GUARD
No sir... the Control Room.

PUSHING IN on Miller as his angry mug melts into... concern.

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THUNK! The guards' cell OPENS. Coy & Clarence RUSH IN.

BERNIE COY
Where's the key?

Morris MUMBLES through his gag. Coy YANKS HIM UP, glaring:

BERNIE COY
Don't lie to me.

But Morris doesn't flinch. The moment lingers, until...

... Coy's eyes drift to THE TOILET. DROPS OF WATER on the metal seat. He THROWS Morris to the floor. Then --

-- THRUSTS HIS ARM into the bowl, REACHING DEEP. Soon...
SPLASH! Coy REELS IN HIS ARM. OPENS HIS HAND. In it...

THE KEY. Coy & Clarence swap relieved grins.

ERNEST (PRELAP)
We should really tell the Warden...

INT. GUARD SHACK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Ernest's eyes dart the room as THREE OTHER GUARDS work swiftly, trading their PISTOLS for BILLY CLUBS. RIOT STICKS.

GUARD WEINHOLD
 And get our boys written up?

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 Besides, it's probably just a scuffle. Some con off his pills.

GUARD BRISTOW
 We need a fourth. To cover exits.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 You've got one.

Miller slaps a "GAS BILLY" in Ernest's hands. Overwhelmed, he eyes the heavy club's TRIGGER MECHANISM.

GUARD WEINHOLD
 Pull that and cons'll get quite the surprise. Nasty stuff, gas pellets.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 Just make it quick... and quiet. I want that cellhouse clear before the Warden gets back. Now, move.

CUT TO:

A KEY. JAMMED into the rec yard door lock. But PULLING BACK --

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- reveals it's not 107... but the KEY RING, held by Cretzer.

CRETZER
 Dammit, one-a-these's gotta be it!

He FORCES another key in, STRAINING TO TWIST IT. Suddenly --

-- Coy & Clarence ROUND A CORNER just as the KEY TURNS OVER --

BERNIE COY
No, WAIT!!

-- *THUNK-THUNK-THUNK*. A chain reaction unfolds, DEADBOLTS POPPING into place, SEALING the door shut. A failsafe lock.

Stunned to the core, Coy DROPS KEY 107 to the floor. *CLANG!*

CUT TO:

THE CIVILIAN GUARD, running through a garden footpath --

EXT. GARDEN - WARDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

-- soon coming upon Ida Mae & Barbara, snipping flowers. They LOOK UP as the guard RUSHES IN, out of breath.

IDA MAE
Richie have fun at the lighthouse?

CIVILIAN GUARD
Been looking all over for you,
ma'am...

Seeing the guard alone, Barbara STANDS, DROPPING her flowers.

BARBARA
Where's Richie?

INT. MAIN GATES - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

With stealth, Ernest and the GUARD TEAM slip through the MAIN GATES, easing the doors CLOSED, pausing as they see...

THE EMPTY CONTROL ROOM. Swapping looks, they PUSH ON.

CRETZER (PRELAP)
What now, Coy?

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

ON COY, back against the yard door. Gut-checked. Mind racing.

BERNIE COY
I'm thinking...

CRETZER
Well get finished thinkin' real quick. We ain't got time.

BERNIE COY
If you hadn't jammed the lock, we'd have all the time we need!

CRETZER
I don't like your tone.

CLARENCE
(stepping in)
Careful, Dutch --

CRETZER
-- Watch your mouth, Injun.

That triggers Clarence. He SPRINGS, PINNING Cretzer. *WHAM!*

INT. BROADWAY - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Ernest and the guards EMERGE into the cellhouse, passing the MAIN DESK. No Morris. Just a BOOK CART, GREASE JAR, and...

BLOOD. Splattered across the floor. Grave looks are traded.

GUARD WEINHOLD
(hushed, to Ernest)
Wait here. Watch the exit.

Ernest stays behind as the guards DRAW CLUBS... ADVANCING.

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy YANKS Clarence off Cretzer, who RISES, GUN AIMED. SO DOES CLARENCE. BARRELS in each other's faces. A stand-off.

CRETZER
Gimme a reason, kid.

CLARENCE
Why, can't find your own?

Coy STEPS IN.

BERNIE COY
Listen to me. We've got less than
ten minutes 'till the shift change.

ON CRETZER & CLARENCE, neither backing down.

BERNIE COY
There's gotta be another way out --

-- But suddenly, Coy's POV RACKS FOCUS from the men, to...

THE GUARD TEAM, which ROUNDS THE CORNER at that very instant.

EVERYONE FREEZES. A surreal moment of utter silence. Then...

Cretzer RAISES his machine gun, TAKING AIM --

BERNIE COY
NO! THEY'LL HEAR!

-- B-B-B-BAM! Cretzer SQUEEZES HIS TRIGGER. A FLASH! --

-- then a SCATTERSHOT SPRAY OF WILD BULLETS -- *PING-PING!* -- SHELLS RICOCHET cellhouse walls -- GUARDS DIVING FOR COVER.

E/I. VARIOUS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

ON THE OVERLOOK, Johnston spins to the sound.

IN THE GUARD SHACK, Miller springs up from his chair.

AT CIVILIANS' ROW, Ida Mae & Barbara freeze, hearing it.

IN THE ADMIN BUILDING, Rita & staff look up from typewriters.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

In a blink, Ernest DUCKS BEHIND the MAIN DESK, terrified.

EXT. OVERLOOK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

PUSHING IN on Johnston, SCANNING his island. Quiet once more. Eerily so. Mind racing, his gaze lands on... A WATCHTOWER.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Ernest PEEKS from behind the desk as ANGRY SHOUTS ECHO the block. Sounds of struggle. Pain. Then, he SPOTS...

WEINHOLD. CRAWLING onto Broadway from behind C-Block. Ernest SPRINGS UP, RUNNING for his fellow guard, fifty yards ahead.

INT. WEST WATCHTOWER - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

A TOWER GUARD snaps up in his chair as Johnston finishes CLIMBING the ladder, surfacing into the tower.

TOWER GUARD
Warden, I didn't know you were --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- Binoculars.

The guard scrambles for a pair of BINOCs. Hands them over.

JOHNSTON'S BINOC POV: SCANNING the cellhouse WINDOWS. INSIDE, there's... MOVEMENT. Blurry figures chasing others.

INT. BROADWAY - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Ernest NEARS Weinhold, SLOWING as he sees the man is BLEEDING from a bullet hit. Weinhold SPOTS HIM, waving him off.

GUARD WEINHOLD
Get outta here, dammit! Get help!

Just then, Cretzer RUSHES IN, spotting Ernest down the block.

CRETZER
Sam! Get him!

Ernest U-TURNS, BOLTING for the MAIN GATES. Shockley SPRINTS after him, TAKING THE CUT OFF, GAINING. Soon, HE LUNGES --

-- FINGERS NICKING Ernest, but our guard's too fast. He's nearly reached the end of the block... when Coy SPOTS HIM.

Thinking fast, Coy runs to the LEVER BOX. YANKS A HANDLE.

A CELL DOOR SWINGS OPEN -- THUNK! -- CLOCKING ERNEST, mere feet from safety. The young guard GOES DOWN with a THUD!

INT. WEST WATCHTOWER - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

Johnston LOWERS his binocs, uncertain, thinking. Soon... his eyes settle on the tower's... ROTARY PHONE.

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

WHAM! Ernest, Weinhold, and the guard team are THROWN into the cell with the others. The BARS CLOSE... THUNK!

CRETZER
How's it feel, screws? To be on the other side of them bars?

Cretzer RUNS HIS GUNBARREL across the bars. KLNK-KLNK-KLUNK.

BERNIE COY
Cretzer, that's enough.

CRETZER
Think I'm joking? I want an answer.

Cretzer AIMS HIS GUN. The guards COWER BACK, Ernest briefly locking gazes with Clarence, the young men's eyes telling us: *They didn't sign up for this. Tension peaks*, when suddenly --

-- RIIIIIIIING! The sound ECHOES the space. Coy & his men SWAP PERPLEXED LOOKS... turning their heads to the:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The RINGING continues as Coy steps inside, his men behind him. On the CONSOLE, a light blinks, labeled: "WEST TOWER."

ON COY, eyeing the RECEIVER. Uncertain, thinking...

INT. WEST WATCHTOWER - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

ON JOHNSTON, receiver to ear. No answer. He HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

WINGTIPS ON CONCRETE as Johnston quickly winds the path --

EXT. OCEANFRONT PATH - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- soon joined by Miller, anxious, out of breath.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Control room's not answering.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Probably just a glitch with the
phone lines. Shift change isn't for
another ten minutes.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Seven.

Miller looks to his watch. *He's right...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(determined)
We do this by the book. Secure the
island... then we send a team in.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
(reluctant but firm)
... I already did. Four men.

BEAT. Johnston STOPS, stunned. Miller braces for a response.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Without consulting me?...
(off Miller's nod)
And what about Ernest?

No response from Miller. His silence says it all.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(grave)
Man's got a kid on the way...

Our Warden shakes his head, simmering... then LOCK EYES:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Issue a lockdown order. Perimeter
established. All boats sent to sea.
Civilians' quarters secured. Make
us an island, Mr. Miller.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Yes, sir. The siren?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
No need to show our cards just yet.
In the meantime, ring every damn
post in that cellhouse.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - DAY

RIIIIIING! Suddenly, another ring ECHOES across the building, from the kitchen. Coy & his men CLOCK in its direction.

RIIIIIING! Another one, this time from the gun gallery. Then more, FROM ALL OVER the cellhouse.

PUSHING IN on Coy, face flush with growing dread.

EXT. VARIOUS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

IDA & BARBARA are on the move, panicked... when suddenly, they're blind-sided by a flood of PRISON PERSONNEL, their path BLOCKED as Johnston's order travels the island:

PATROL GUARDS receive calls. Bark into RADIOS.
TOWER GUARDS AIM RIFLES at the cellhouse.
GUARDS MOUNT UP, holstering GUNS & GAS BILLYS.
MEN FAN OUT, perched on rocks, behind brick walls.

... All forming a secure perimeter around the cellhouse.

INT. INDUSTRIES BUILDING - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

A WHISTLE BLOWS! Heavy machinery WINDS DOWN: CONVEYOR BELTS, DRILL PRESSES. Inmates STOP THEIR WORK as GUARDS ADVANCE.

INDUSTRIES GUARD
Everyone, tools down! Now!

Guards quickly CONFISCATE hammers, awls, nails... everything.

INDUSTRIES GUARD
You're all to remain at your
stations until further notice.

INDUSTRIES INMATE
The hell's going on?!

INDUSTRIES GUARD
Relax. *You just got the day off.*

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

PROPELLERS CHURN FOAM as the island's BOATS -- a supply barge, the midday ferry, trawlers -- all head for OPEN WATER.

EXT. CIVILIANS' ROW - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

Guards HERD women & children into the APARTMENTS. Amid the frenzied bustle, we spot... the very pregnant JANICE LAGESON.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - DAY

THROUGH WINDOWS, Coy and his men watch guards -- a hundred strong -- settle into place around the island, GUNS AIMED.

Stepping back, the cons SWAP GRAVE LOOKS. *The jig is up...*

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

Johnston ENTERS. His staff quickly buzzes back to work, clearly on edge. Rita approaches, but he keeps moving.

RITA
Warden, what's going on?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- In a minute, Rita.

Johnston enters his office, abruptly SHUTTING THE DOOR.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

Quieter now. Johnston paces alone... deep in thought.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - DAY

Coy's men FOLLOW HIM as he frantically LOOKS THROUGH WINDOWS. EACH POV reveals MORE GUARDS, GUNS AIMED. *No way out...*

HUBBARD
Shit, they're everywhere...

CRETZER
We gotta blast out right now,
before they send in more screws.

BERNIE COY
We take one step outside and we're
as good as dead, understand? Now
god dammit, let me think.

PUSHING IN on Coy, tumbling options amid the EERIE QUIET.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - THAT MOMENT

PUSHING IN on Johnston. A decision. He GRABS HIS DESK PHONE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Suddenly, *RIIIIIING!* AN INCOMING CALL breaks the silence.

CLARENCE
(pleading)
Bernie, let's just call it off.

... But as his men continue to ARGUE, Coy looks to the console. A LIGHT BLINKS by a new label: "WARDEN'S OFFICE."

CRETZER
Too late. Guards've seen our faces.
Either we're dead... or they are.

ON COY. A decision. He SNATCHES the phone. His men FREEZE, silent. But Coy says nothing... Just holds the receiver.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

For a moment, quiet. Then Johnston speaks:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Who is this?

INTERCUT with Coy in THE CONTROL ROOM:

BERNIE COY
Jung had it backwards, Warden...
*"He who looks inside, dreams. He
who looks outside... awakes."*

ON JOHNSTON as it hits him. The voice belongs to:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Coy...
(a grave beat)
Jesus, what have you done?

BERNIE COY
(hardening)
I'd be more worried about what we
might do... to your guards.

A gut punch. But Johnston maintains composure, unwavering:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
How many?

BERNIE COY
Nine of 'em. Captain Morris --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(calculating)
-- Burdett, Bristow, Sundstrom,
Baker, Weinhold, Simpson, Corwin...
(shakes his head)
... and Ernest.

BERNIE COY
Not bad, Warden.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Think I don't know my own prison?

Johnston's cold delivery unsettles Coy, but he pushes on:

BERNIE COY
Then you must know Burch ain't
respondin' from the gallery. We've
got his keys, and helped ourselves
to a few treats from the armory.
(MORE)

BERNIE COY (CONT'D)
A shame Weinhold took a hit when he
stuck his nose in our business.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
... Alive?

BERNIE COY
At the moment.

Johnston shifts, uneasy... Our unshakable Warden taken aback.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Those men have families. Children.
Some they've yet to meet...

PUSHING IN on Coy... The statement seems to land with him.

BERNIE COY
No one has to get hurt, Warden. But
that's up to you. Like you've said,
this island's all about rules. And
nothing's changed 'cept the ones
givin' em. And here's ours.
(beat)
Rule one. None of your men come
inside the cellhouse. We like 'em
right where they are.
(beat)
Rule two. No one alerts the police.
Let's keep this our little secret.
(beat)
Rule three. We make demands, you
grant 'em. No questions asked.

Coy's men swap looks, impressed. *Coy's in control...*

BERNIE COY
Break any of the rules, we start
killin' guards. And I know you
don't want that.

For a moment, Johnston simmers. Moments pass... then:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Neither do you.
(beat, intense)
You want to talk rules? Let's talk,
Coy. Know the penalty for the
murder of a penal officer? I'd
wager you only need one guess.

BERNIE COY
(pushing through)
A boat. That's our first demand. We
were gonna take one without asking,
but now you're gonna find it in
your heart to give us one.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

I asked you a question, Coy.

(stern)

At San Quentin, I oversaw more executions than I care to remember. Watching inmate after inmate in the gas chamber... choking on poisoned air. Struggling against their binds. And just before the light went out of their eyes... I could see each man regretted everything that brought them there.

(beat)

If Weinhold dies... you're sitting in that chamber by Christmas, Coy.

The cons watch as Coy's confidence seems to evaporate.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

You want a boat. I want my guard. Now, before my man bleeds out... I need you to make a choice. And I need you to make it quickly.

Coy fidgets... covering the receiver... turning to his men:

BERNIE COY

The Warden wants Weinhold.

Furious, Cretzer shakes his head: No. Coy glances OUT THE WINDOW, eyeing the PERCHED GUARDS... then resumes the call:

BERNIE COY

'Spose we agree... what about our boat?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Weinhold lives... and we'll see about your boat. You have my word.

CLOSE ON COY, weighing the options. He locks eyes with Cretzer, who stews... then Clarence, who panics. Finally:

BERNIE COY

Alright, Warden. But here's how it's gonna work. You send in one screw through the main gates. We search him and if he's unarmed, we'll let him walk out with Weinhold. That's the deal.

(looks to the clock)

You have ten minutes.

With that... CLICK. Coy HANGS UP.

Slowly, Johnston receives the phone. Methodically, he pulls his POCKETWATCH -- *TICK-TICK-TICK* -- setting its timer to ten minutes. Soon, our Warden's eyes fall on...

THE ALCATRAZ MODEL. Johnston walks to it. Puts his hands on its edge, absorbing the island. His prison. His home. And with that, he PUSHES THE WHEELED MODEL through the doors --

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

-- into the BULLPEN. Everyone STOPS THEIR WORK, eyeing Johnston and the MODEL, now in the center of the room.

He waits for quiet, then gestures to the model:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I won't mince words. A group of inmates has escaped, seized the cellhouse, armed themselves... and taken nine guards hostage.

His staff GASPS, shocked. Rita beyond concerned. Just then --

-- DOORS SWING OPEN. Miller walks in. More guards follow.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Island's secure, Warden.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Good. This building will serve as our base of operations.
(turns, addresses all)
Make no mistake, Alcatraz no longer belongs to us. But I promise you all... if we do our jobs, work together, and follow protocol... it will be ours again.

CUT TO:

WHAM! Coy's SLAMMED against the GLASS by Cretzer. It CRACKS.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - DAY

CRETZER
I'm startin' to think maybe you're playing us for fools, Coy.

BERNIE COY
Was the only way to get our boat!
(gasping, choked)
If this goes south... and we got a dead guard on our hands... we all get the chamber. You know it, Joe.

COY'S EYES find his men. They REACT, RIPPING Cretzer off him, SHOVING the beast back. Coy STANDS TALL, FUMING:

BERNIE COY
 Until I'm dead... I'm leading this
 outfit. So you either kill me... or
 fall in line.

ON CRETZER, spooked by Coy's intensity. Finally... he NODS.

BERNIE COY
 If y'all keep your cool and do what
 I say, we'll get outta here... and
 nobody'll have to get hurt. Got it?

No one objects. *CLICK!* Coy slaps a clip into his machine gun.

BERNIE COY
 Spread out. I want every inch of
 this cellhouse covered.

With that, Coy's men BREAK, FANNING OUT across the cellhouse.

ON CRETZER, taking position at B-Block. As he readies his
 RIFLE, Johnston's VOICE-OVER trickles in...

WARDEN JOHNSTON (V.O.)
*Joe Cretzer. Five counts of bank
 robbery. Attempted escape from
 McNeil island. First degree murder.
 Serving a life sentence.*

ON HUBBARD & THOMPSON, taking position in the mess hall.

WARDEN JOHNSTON (V.O.)
*Marvin Hubbard. Kidnapping, murder.
 Fifty years. Miran Thompson.
 Robbery, murder. Ninety-nine years.*

ON SHOCKLEY, eyes drawn to a SPIDER crawling up the wall.

WARDEN JOHNSTON (V.O.)
*Sam Shockley. Armed robbery,
 kidnapping. Diagnosed with
 schizophrenia. Has the mental
 capacity of an 8-year-old child.*

ON CLARENCE, keeping watch on the guards. He LOCKS EYES with
 Ernest, who WRAPS Weinhold's torso with a MAKESHIFT BANDAGE.

WARDEN JOHNSTON (V.O.)
*Clarence Carnes. Manslaughter,
 kidnapping. Life sentence. Youngest
 inmate to ever serve at Alcatraz.*

ON COY, taking a seat in the control room. Alone.

WARDEN JOHNSTON (V.O.)
And Bernie Coy...

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - THAT MOMENT

Johnston references MUGSHOTS, pinned to a CORKBOARD.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 ... Bank robbery. Two counts.
 Career criminal... and a soldier,
 too. Served with the Army in WWI.
 (beat)
 The fact is: Coy and his men are
 armed... and extremely dangerous.

Rita, the staff, Miller, and more guards all look on.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Now, we need to work fast. They've
 given us rules. No interference, no
 authorities. For the moment, I mean
 to follow them.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 And why's that, Warden? Sounds like
 we're taking orders from cons now.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Weinhold's been shot.

Everyone MURMURS. Miller fidgets as Johnston LOCKS EYES:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 And it's up to us to get him out.

BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: 2:45 PM.

OVER BLACK, a sound. The stark SHUFFLING OF ITEMS as --

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - DAY

-- Coy RUMMAGES through desk drawers. Paperclips. Time cards.
 Rubber bands. Finally, he finds what he was looking for...

A PAD, A PENCIL, ENVELOPES. A quick look to make sure he's
 alone... then Coy POCKETS the items, eyes heavy.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER (PRELAP)
*We do what Coy expects. Send a
 guard in through the front door...*

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

Miller and the guards are gathered around Johnston's ALCATRAZ
 MODEL. Our Warden looks on as Miller presents his plan.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 But here's what he won't expect...

He taps the elevated CATWALK, leading to the GALLERY DOOR.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
At the same time, a squad slips
into the gun gallery and hides
behind the shield. Once Weinhold's
out safe, they'll unleash hell on
the cons, but it's just a trap.
While they're playing "OK Corral"
with our gallery squad...

Miller points back to the MAIN GATES.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
... another wave comes in. By now,
the cons're cornered and we --

GUARD BERGEN
-- We? You're coming, too?

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

Johnston eyes Miller, who stifles his grin, continuing:

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
We blast those bastards into the
dining hall... and lock the doors.

A slender, mustached guard speaks up: HAROLD STITES (49).

GUARD STITES
Then what?

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
(satisfied)
On my signal... we gas 'em.

The guards swap grins... all except Stites, who's clearly
unsettled. Soon... Johnston looks up from the model:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Perhaps you've confused our beaches
with those of Normandy, Mr. Miller.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Don't see any other way, Warden.
Take it from the man who deals with
these bastards, day in and day out.
If we go into that cellhouse
unprepared... it'll be our last
mistake.

A challenge. Johnston eyes his subordinate. As tension hangs,
the office door slowly CRACKS OPEN... Rita peeking in:

RITA
Excuse me, Warden...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (ignoring, to the guards)
 While the Associate Warden has a point, let us not forget these men are violent and unpredictable. I've seen many escape attempts. Ones fueled by rage, fear, revenge --

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 (not backing down)
 -- And which kind is this?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 One of desperation.
 (beat, grave)
 And we cannot afford to act desperately ourselves.

RITA
Warden...

GUARD STITES
 We really should call the cops.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Coy made it clear. No police. If sirens hit this island, who knows what they'll do. You don't corner a rabid dog.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
 No... you shoot it.

RITA
Warden Johnston...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 -- James!

Johnston finally looks as Rita OPENS THE DOOR, revealing... IDA MAE, BARBARA, and the CIVILIAN GUARD.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 You all really should be inside --

-- But Johnston's tone shifts as he notices the TEARS in Barbara's eyes. Slowly, she holds out... RICHIE'S TUGBOAT.

ON JOHNSTON, face falling as we...

CUT TO:

VROOM! A rusty PICKUP TRUCK's engine rattles to life as --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - WARDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

-- Miller RUNS IN, speaking to Johnston through the window.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Warden, if we don't do something
quick... we're gonna lose Weinhold.

PUSHING IN on Johnston at the wheel, tumbling options. He
pulls his WATCH -- *TICK-TICK-TICK* -- only two minutes left.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(decisive)
Very well. Proceed, Mr. Miller.
Just get our men out safe.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Yes sir. We will...

Miller nods, scurrying off. Now Ida Mae and Barbara step in.
His daughter's beside herself... but his wife stays strong.

IDA MAE
I'm coming with you, James.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Ida... it's too dangerous. Take
Barbara and stay inside the house.

PUSHING IN on Johnston, calm and steady...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I'll find him.

With a reassuring nod, Johnston REVS the engine... and the
old truck begins BOUNCING DOWN the SERVICE ROAD.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY

The ROOM BUZZES, TYPEWRITERS RATTLING as Miller enters,
gesturing to a GROUP OF GUARDS, including GUARD BERGEN.
Quietly, they all gather around the ALCATRAZ MODEL.

GUARD BERGEN
What is it, Ed?

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
(voice hushed)
Old man finally came to his senses.
We're taking the cellhouse.

The guards swap looks, surprised... but then GRIN, eager.

GUARD BERGEN
What about Stites?

They glance across the room, where Rita confers with Stites.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Just get the squads ready. I'll
handle Stites.

MOMENTS LATER:

Miller approaches Stites & Rita. His look: dead serious.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Harold... Warden's orders. He wants
you pulling Weinhold out.

RITA
(crosses her arms)
That's news to me.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Ma'am... that's because you're his
secretary.
(looking to Stites)
I'd go myself... but Warden trusts
you more than anyone.

PUSHING IN on Stites, gears spinning. Then... he pulls his
PISTOL from his holster, handing it over to Miller.

GUARD STITES
Weinhold would do the same for me.

CUT TO:

JOHNSTON, driving past perched GUARDS, his head on a swivel --

I/E. TRUCK / SERVICE ROAD - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- when suddenly, he BRAKES near a patch of ROCKY SHOALS.

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - DAY

THUNK! The guards' cell OPENS. Coy looks on as Hubbard &
Thompson DRAG Weinhold out, his shirt now soaked with BLOOD.

HUBBARD
(to Weinhold)
Your lucky day, screw.

Ernest and the guards RUSH THE BARS, but -- CRACK! -- they're
KNOCKED BACK by Cretzer. WHAM! THE CELL RACKS SHUT.

EXT. MAIN GATES - CELLHOUSE - DAY

As STITES walks for the cellhouse's MAIN GATES --

EXT. WATER TOWER / CATWALK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

-- A SQUAD OF GUARDS, led by Bergen, emerges from behind the
WATER TOWER, creeping up METAL STAIRS, surfacing onto --

-- THE CATWALK. Crouching low, they SHUFFLE ACROSS.

EXT. ROCKY SHOALS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

Johnston SCRAMBLES over dark rocks, hit by FOAMY WAVES.

The warden's WINGTIPS slip. He TUMBLES on the JAGGED STONES, but soldiers on, ROUNDING A BEND, EXHALING as he sees...

RICHIE, exploring TIDE POOLS. He looks up, spotting Johnston:

GRANDSON
Look, Grandpa!

The boy holds up a dried-out STARFISH. RUSHING OVER, Johnston can't help but sigh with relief. Quickly, he PICKS UP Richie.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Come on, now. Your mother is
worried sick.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

THUNK! The main gate CLOSES. Stites WALKS IN, hands up...

Within moments, he's GRABBED and SEARCHED by Hubbard & Thompson, hidden on either side of the entrance. *All clear.*

As Stites is PUSHED FORWARD... Weinhold comes into view, propped against the cellhouse desk. Coy stands nearby.

GUARD STITES
Hey there, Henry.

GUARD WEINHOLD
(pained)
Hey there, Harold.

FROM CELLS, prisoners strain to watch... Silent, on edge.

INT. GUN GALLERY - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Bergen & his men quietly ENTER the gallery, FANNING OUT, still ducked low, nearly hidden by the METAL SHIELD.

Bergen PASSES Guard Burch, still tied to the pipe, mouth gagged with his necktie. His EYES WIDEN as he sees --

-- the squad reach their positions. Coiled. RIFLES AIMED. Then suddenly, we're startled by a LOUD WHAM! But it's just --

EXT. ROCKY SHOALS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

-- Johnston's truck door CLOSING, Richie seated safely inside. Our Warden STARTS THE ENGINE. It PUTTERS. DIES...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Piece of shit...

STARFISH in hand, Richie SNAPS to his grandfather, frowning.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Sorry. Don't tell your mother.

INT. TIMES SQUARE / GUN GALLERY - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy HELPS Weinhold loop his arms around Stites' shoulders.

PUSHING IN on Cretzer, watching the display of mercy...

IN THE GALLERY, guards watch, FINGERS ON TRIGGERS, as Stites
TURNS for the exit -- tension high -- but then he STOPS:

GUARD STITES
(turning to Coy)
Thanks, Bernie.

Coy nods. Cretzer LOOKS ON, fuming. But suddenly, his expression changes. Glancing to a VISION PANEL, he spots...

THE GALLERY SQUAD. GUARD HATS peeking over the shield.

PUSHING IN on Cretzer. Confused, betrayed... furious.

CRETZER
Hey Stites... *You forgot something.*

Stites TURNS BACK as Cretzer APPROACHES. Suddenly, the con
RAISES HIS HAND. In it, a PISTOL. A moment of silence, then --

-- BOOM! CRETZER SHOOTS STITES IN THE CHEST. POINT BLANK.

Stites FALLS, Weinhold COLLAPSING beside him. Coy is frozen
in SHOCK. A split-second of STUNNED SILENCE, then...

IN THE GALLERY, Bergen SCREAMS, SQUEEZING HIS TRIGGER!

BULLETS SPRAY THE CELLHOUSE FLOOR, GUARDS FIRING FROM ABOVE.

The cons REACT. RETURN FIRE. MACHINE GUNS FLASHING as --

-- BULLETS RICOCHET THE GALLERY SHIELD -- WINDOWS SHATTER --

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-- PINGGG! THE TRUCK'S SIDE-VIEW MIRROR SPIDERWEBS, hit by a
rogue bullet. Richie SCREAMS! Johnston DUCKS HIM DOWN --

-- as the truck's WINDOWS EXPLODE. Crouched low, Johnston
TURNS THE KEY. The engine WHINES... FINALLY TURNING OVER --

-- VROOOOM! -- WINGTIP TO PEDAL, JOHNSTON GUNS IT!

EXT. VARIOUS / ISLAND PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

BAM-BAM-BAM! ALL OVER THE ISLAND, perimeter guards FIRE ON THE CELLHOUSE. A deafening barrage.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - CIVILIANS' ROW - CONTINUOUS

RAT-RAT-RAT! GLASS BREAKS. TEACHERS DUCK as CHILDREN TAKE COVER under their desks, floorboards ERUPTING around them.

EXT. MAIN GATE - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Miller and his squad CHARGE through the MAIN GATES --

INT. CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- RAMPAGING into the cellhouse. SHOTGUNS BLASTS split our ears as they ADVANCE. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Soon, they spot...

STITES, WRITHING in pain, GASPING for air, BLOOD POOLING beneath his body. Guards rush for him, PULLING him away as --

-- Coy FALLS BACK, leaving Weinhold behind in the frenzy, his men swiftly DUCKING behind cell blocks as BULLETS RICOCHET.

IN CELLS, prisoners TAKE COVER under their cots. The Birdman retrieves his GULL, cradling it gently as he COWERS BACK.

IN THE GALLERY, Burch WINCES as BULLETS MISS HIM BY INCHES.

IN COY'S EMPTY CELL, BULLETS SHRED HIS PAINTINGS TO BITS.

BEHIND B-BLOCK, Coy MAKES A MOVE, UNLEASHING HELL WITH HIS RIFLE -- BUT THWICK! -- A BULLET HITS HIM -- HE FALLS BACK --

-- Clarence CATCHES HIM, all sound replaced by AWFUL RINGING. Coy touches his head. BLOOD POURS. As SOUND RETURNS, we PULL BACK, revealing... half of Coy's ear has been blown off!

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

RICHIE SCREAMS as Johnston WEAVES the truck, BULLETS RICOCHETING the road. FSSSH! A TIRE IS HIT, SPILLING AIR, the truck now RUMBLING on three good wheels. Just then, AHEAD --

-- BULLETS CLIP the METAL CHAINS securing a pallet of OIL BARRELS. The links SNAP LOOSE, BARRELS TUMBLING DOWN THE ROAD, right for Johnston's truck!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
HANG ON!!!

Johnston SHIFTS. SLAMS THE PEDAL. The TRUCK ZOOMS BACKWARDS, our Warden navigating with nothing but the REAR-VIEW MIRROR!

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! THE BARRELS GAIN. But at the last second --

-- Johnston SWERVES INTO AN ALCOVE. The barrels BOUNCING PAST THEM, HITTING ROCKS, LAUNCHING THEM into the OCEAN. *SPLASH!*

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Miller DUCKS into the Control Room. GRABS A RECEIVER.

INT. GUARD SHACK - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

A PHONE RINGS. One of two GUARDS answers it. Over the BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE, he hears a GARBLED VOICE:

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER (OVER RADIO)
... Do n--... --lease... Gas!!!...

GUARD #1	GUARD #2
I think it's Miller!	<u>Hit the gas!</u>

The guard SLAPS A BUTTON on the shack's console.

INT. MESSHALL - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

With a *HISS*, GAS SLITHERS from the hall's VENTS --

INT. CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- NOW POURING into the cell block. Within moments, it ENVELOPS THE SPACE. Everyone HACKS and COUGHS --

-- STILL FIRING THEIR WEAPONS -- *RAT-TAT-TAT!* -- FLASHES OF LIGHT PIERCING THE THICK HAZE. A cellblock engulfed in fog.

ON MILLER, GUN UP, handkerchief to mouth, STALKING the block.

Suddenly, he's GRABBED FROM BEHIND. GUN KNOCKED AWAY.

It's Cretzer. He HOLDS A PISTOL TO MILLER'S HEAD.

CRETZER
So long, screw...

But Miller STRAINS for his belt, SNAGGING... HIS GAS BILLY.

Off-balance, Miller WHIPS THE CLUB towards Cretzer, but MISSES -- *PSSSHH!* -- PELLETS EXPLODING IN A BURST OF SPARKS!

CRETZER STUMBLES BACK, DAZED. MILLER SURFACES, and we see his face... CHARRED, skin BURNT, PEELING OFF in bloody layers.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
(screaming in agony)
FALL BACK! FALL BACK!!!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - WARDEN'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

SCREEEEEECH! Johnston SKIDS the truck into the driveway.

SMOKE DRIFTS PAST, escaping from the cellhouse. Richie COUGHS, covering his mouth. AHEAD, Ida & Barbara RUN OUT --

-- gathering the boy, HERDING him inside. In this moment, Johnston STOPS, TURNING BACK... taking in the carnage.

A STARTLING WIDE SHOT: Gas drifting from the cellhouse. The echoing POPS of gunfire. *Johnston's worst nightmare...*

CUT TO:

THE STUNNED FACE of a MOTORIST. Jaw agape, until --

-- WHAM! He RAMS a car in front of him. Whiplash. WHAM! WHAM! MORE CARS join the fender-bender. We CRANE UP, revealing...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

We're on the Golden Gate Bridge. Slowly, DRIVERS exit their vehicles, looking to the BAY, stunned faces taking in...

ALCATRAZ ISLAND. ERUPTING with the FLASH of GUNFIRE...

CUT TO:

THE SAME IMAGE. Now seen through the PANORAMIC WINDOW of --

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

-- a posh high-rise building. BENNETT and the ATTORNEY GENERAL watch the distant carnage, in shock... as the sounds of muffled GUNSHOTS mix with SOFT MUSIC from a record player.

BENNETT
(snapping to an AIDE)
Get Presidio on the line...

CUT TO:

A RINGING MILITARY PHONE. Soon snatched up by an --

INT. OFFICE - PRESIDIO MILITARY BASE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

-- ARMY LIEUTENANT. He LISTENS, eyes widening as he looks...

OUT HIS WINDOW, where MARCHING SOLDIERS suddenly FALL OUT OF SYNC, stunned gazes fixed on... ALCATRAZ, under siege.

The Lieutenant lowers the phone, turning to another OFFICER:

ARMY LIEUTENANT
Corporal... Find the General. Now.

As the man RUSHES OFF, the RHYTHMIC POPS of GUNFIRE become --

INT. NEWSROOM - SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE - DAY

-- the SLAMMING OF TYPEWRITER KEYS. PULLING BACK reveals...

STANLEY SULLIVAN (40s). A slender newsman with weasly features. Grey fedora capped with a PRESS CARD.

We GLIMPSE what he's typing: A GOSSIP COLUMN. *"Star Scoop! Ingrid Bergman necks with Humphrey Bogart in SF..."*

But soon, he notices COLLEAGUES RUSHING BY in the hallway.

SULLIVAN
Hey, hey, hey! Where's the fire?!

A COLLEAGUE STOPS, leaning into Sullivan's office.

COLLEAGUE
Alcatraz! Damn thing's gettin' lit
up. Looks like a fireworks show!

SLAM TO:

A SOBERING HELICOPTER SHOT. SMOKE drifting from --

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- the shattered windows of the cellhouse, shot to hell.

Slowly, the gunshots DISSIPATE -- POP-POP-POP!... POP-POP... Pop... Soon replaced by... an eerie silence.

BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: 5:30 PM.

OVER BLACK... a forboding sound. The WAIL OF SIRENS, as --

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - SUNSET

-- CROWDS OF CIVILIANS flood the foggy docks of Alcatraz. INJURED GUARDS are evacuated on COTS. Panicked MOTHERS cradle their CHILDREN, hurriedly boarding FERRIES...

AMIDST THE CROWDS, Johnston rushes in with his wife, daughter, and grandson... scanning the growing CHAOS.

IDA MAE
How bad is it?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I need you to keep families calm.
Get them onto any boat with room.
(looks to his daughter)
Call me when you get to the city.

BARBARA
You're staying?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
As long as we have men in that
cellhouse --

BARBARA
-- Mom, this is crazy. Talk to him.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I'm not asking, Barbara. Get on
that ferry.

Ida can see the determination in her husband's eyes... Then:

IDA MAE
Listen to your father. I'll be
close behind.

Johnston huddles everyone together, the family sharing a hug.

RICHIE
I lost my boat, grandpa.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
But now you get to ride a real one.

Richie offers a faint smile. And as they release... Barbara
shares a last look with her father, then heads for the ferry.

Johnston turn backs to Ida, a tender gaze shared.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
You should go...

IDA MAE
I hope you know what you're doing.

Suddenly, Miller & his men come limping in from the distance.
They're battered, bloodied. Miller's face covered with BURNS.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
Plans went to hell! Cellhouse
turned into a damn war zone!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Weinhold...?

The men share a solemn look, SHAKING their heads... Then:

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
It's Stites, sir....

As he steps aside, we see Stites... held up by guards.

CUT TO:

STITES'S BODY. Carefully lowered onto the Warden's couch...

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

In his office, people are HUDDLED around: MILLER. GUARDS. THE ADMIN STAFF. RITA. JOHNSTON. The silence is thick...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Give him some room!

Johnston TEARS off his jacket, draping it over Stites. And here... we finally see: Stites is alive... but barely. His chest riddled with bullets, bloodied, gasping for air.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Henry...

... *But that's it*. His eyes become dull. His breath... gone.

CLOSE ON JOHNSTON, his face flushed with shock, staring at Stites's empty expression. Suddenly, COMMOTION is heard...

GUARDS' WIVES push into the office. Familiar faces filled with panic, confusion. Then, they see it --

-- STITES, lying dead. And before Johnston can do a thing about it... STITES'S WIFE begins to break down.

Ida tries to console her. The sound of her muffled anguish digs into Johnston as he sees... all eyes are looking to him.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I'm sorry... but we did what we had to. Our men were in that cellhouse. Still are. We're gonna get 'em out.

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
I'll be damned if I put any more of my men in danger. You simply don't know what these cons are capable of. Never have, Warden.
(points to Stites's body)
Stites said it himself! We shoulda called the damn police. But you buckled to Coy's demands. Tried to play the damn hero --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- Now is not the time for this.

The guards' wives look on, distraught...

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER
(points to guard's wives)
They deserve to hear this. Every day you operate this place from behind a damn desk...
(MORE)

ASSOC. WARDEN MILLER (CONT'D)
 Pretending you know how it works.
 And when shit hits the fan... *what*
do you do? You send us into that
 cellhouse -- to risk our lives --
 while you take care of your own.
 (a heavy beat)
 If Stites's blood is on anyone's
 hands... it's yours.

The guards' wives stare at Johnston. And with that... Miller
 & his men walk away, EXITING the room.

CLOSE ON JOHNSTON, tumbling Miller's point. Disturbed by the
 notion. But before it can sink in, he's SNAPPED out of it:

JANICE (O.S.)
 Warden...?

Johnston clocks his gaze... and sees Janice Lageson step
 forward, hands on her pregnant bump. He can see her concern.

JANICE
Ernest. He's been with you, right?

Johnston expression provides little comfort.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 We're... gonna get him out, Janice.

BEAT. Silence blankets the room. Janice stunned to the core.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 In the meantime, there are ferries
 going to the mainland --

JANICE
 (holds it together)
 -- I'm not leaving without my
 husband.

Ida look over to Janice... and something clicks. A deep
 realization. And with a resolute gaze, Ida turns to Johnston:

IDA MAE
 I'm staying too. We all are...

BEAT. Johnston scans the guards' wives, their firm eyes
 staring back at him. He digs deep... then nods to the women:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Go to your homes, lock the doors.
 We're gonna get your husbands out.

As the wives clear out, Rita waves MEDICS into the office.
 They load Stites onto a COT. And soon, all that's left is...

THE COUCH, stained with Stites's blood. Alone now, Johnston looks to it. Disturbed. Then... peers out his WINDOW.

ON THE DOCKS, Miller and his guards file onto a ferry. A heavy beat, then... Johnston turns back. Rita's still here.

RITA

They're taking Stites's body to the mainland. Ida's helping with his wife. The arrangement and such.

(silence... then:)

Don't listen to Miller, sir. This wasn't your fault. You ask me... no one could've seen it coming.

Johnston nods. And soon... he's struck by a thought.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Coy's file... you still have it pulled from earlier?

Rita approaches his desk, rummaging around, surfacing with THE FILE. Johnston sits down and opens it: Coy's MUGSHOT staring back at him. Johnston absorbs his face...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

I've dealt with breakout crews my whole career. At Leavenworth. San Quentin. Here. 79 escape attempts from different lockups. 178 cons in total. And they all had one thing in common... Violent offenders.

(scanning the file)

Didn't strike me earlier... but something's different about Coy.

Processing, Johnston rotates Coy's file towards to Rita...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

He doesn't fit the profile. Robbed some banks. Zero casualties. Before today... never hurt a fly.

RITA

But what does that means for us?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

It means... maybe he can be reasoned with.

As the idea washes over him, an OFFICE WORKER rushes in:

OFFICE WORKER

Sir... we've got company.

CIRCLING AROUND JOHNSTON, his anxious gaze finds the window...

ON THE OCEANFRONT, a FLEET of MILITARY VESSELS part the dense fog... barreling down for Alcatraz Island.

SLAM TO:

ARMY BOOTS. Touching down on the island with definite force. As BATTALIONS of TROOPS storm The Rock, we BOOM UP to find --

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DUSK

-- a gruff MILITARY GENERAL leading the charge. With wire-rimmed glasses, a battered campaign hat, and a face that means business... meet "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell (60s).

GENERAL STILWELL
Make a hole!

Troops scatter as he marches inland, barking orders...

GENERAL STILWELL
Listen up, shitbirds! I want a dozen men spying me a perimeter. I want intel on enemy forces. And I want it yesterday!

Moving briskly, Stilwell blows right past Johnston.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Major --

-- But it falls on deaf ears. As Stilwell MARCHES ON, Johnston FOLLOWS behind, struggling to keep up.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Major...

Weaving troops, Stilwell ignores him, barking more orders:

GENERAL STILWELL
Any guards on firewatch, relieve them of their posts. Pronto!

Johnston weaves through PLATOONS, which fan out all around. Finally catching up with Stilwell, he TAPS his shoulder:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Major --

The General spins around, facing Johnston.

GENERAL STILWELL
-- It's General. And if you want to live to see another day... never creep up on me again.

With that, Johnston backs off...

GENERAL STILWELL
See all them boats? Get on one.
That's an order.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I'm not a civilian... I'm the
Warden of Alcatraz.

The General grits his teeth, sizing him up.

GENERAL STILWELL
So... you're the man responsible
for this shitshow.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I'm the man in charge.

GENERAL STILWELL
You telling me you command a prison
detail dressed like... that?

Stilwell curiously eyes Johnston's tweed suit...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Not sure I follow.

GENERAL STILWELL
Three-piece suits. One piece is for
wiping your mouth. The other's for
wiping your nose. Guess what the
third one's for?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(unamused)
I don't think you understand what
we're up against.

GENERAL STILWELL
Wrong. You lost control of your
post. Now we have an armed
conflict on our hands. And frankly,
I don't care if you are the damn
Warden... you're in my world now.

Stilwell sarcastically SLAPS Johnston's back, and WALKS AWAY,
disappearing into bustling scores of TROOPS.

Johnston watches him go, a determination brewing. And soon --

EXT. OCEANFRONT PATH - CLIFFSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

-- our Warden is back on the move. Tracing the shoreline,
getting a better look at the Army's activity. As he scans the
growing ENCAMPMENT from afar, he's abruptly BLINDED BY...

FLASHBULBS. Erupting from the water. Aboard a PRESS BOAT, we
recognize a familiar REPORTER flanked by NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SULLIVAN

Have to say, Warden... Alcatraz is
the gift that keeps on giving.

Johnston shields his eyes from the BRIGHT FLASHES to find...

Sullivan, amidst scores of PRESS BOATS circling the island. A
full-blown MEDIA CIRCUS. Johnston SHOUTS to Sullivan's boat:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Slow news day, Sullivan? Or you
just here to drag my prison through
more mud?

SULLIVAN

Where there's a story... there's
Sullivan. You know this, Warden.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Guess I underestimated your passion
for journalism.

As Johnston continues up the path, weaving ARMED TROOPS, the
PRESS BOAT keeps pace... following from the water.

SULLIVAN

Stilwell's a tough cookie, huh?

Johnston continues to walk, more annoyed by the second.

SULLIVAN

I hear they call him "Vinegar Joe."
Peaceful negotiation... not his
style. You guys working together?
(silence from Johnston)
From where I'm standing, it looks
like you couldn't handle the heat.
So they brought in the big guns.
Care to comment, Johnston...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

... Screw you, Sullivan. And you
can quote me on that. Now don't
make me remind you of the rules --

SULLIVAN

-- Yeah-yeah. Fifty feet from
shore. We know the drill.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

I see you an inch closer, and I've
got a cell with your name on it.

ON THE PRESS BOAT, Sullivan scowls, watching Johnston walk
off into the distance. After a beat, he raises his MIC... and
FLIPS the "LIVE" SWITCH on a RADIO BROADCAST TRANSMITTER:

SULLIVAN
 Tonight, as fear grips the nation,
 one question is on all of our
 minds... Will the Warden contain
 this Alcatraz blast-out? Or will
 the inmates escape, bringing their
 abject violence to the peaceful
 shores of the Frisco Bay...

As Sullivan looks to the island, his VOICE BRINGS US TO --

INT. GUARDS APARTMENTS - THAT MOMENT

-- A humble kitchen. Ida Mae, Janice, and the group of
 guards' wives work away, assembling SANDWICHES for dinner...
 while VARIOUS CHILDREN gather around the RADIO:

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
*Some call it "The Rock." I call it
 "Devil's Isle." But for the six
 convicts that called it home, today
 will forever be a day of infamy...*

WE MOVE ACROSS the children's faces, held rapt by the
 broadcast... pensively nibbling away at their sandwiches.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
*... And boy, what a seedy little
 cocktail of despair. Bloodlust...
 with a splash of depravity. Violent
 criminals who wanted out. And a
 desperate Warden struggling to keep
 them in. You heard it here first,
 folks. This is Sullivan, reporting
 from the "Battle of Alcatraz."*

CUT TO:

A STOVETOP OF BUBBLING POTS... SAUCES being STIRRED as --

INT. MESSHALL KITCHEN - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

-- Hubbard prepares a humble dinner. Tasting some broth, he
 seems satisfied, HUMMING along to a TUNE on the RADIO. As the
 MUSIC ECHOES, we PULL AWAY... drifting into --

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- the dim cellhouse. Moving across the cement, we soon pass
 the body of GUARD WEINHOLD, lying in a pool of blood. And as
 our camera drifts further, it finally comes upon...

FLICKERING LIGHT, beaming through the darkness. Moving
 closer, we realize... it's the BULB of a FILM PROJECTOR.

Cretzer, Shockley, and Thompson are watching a MOVIE.

PROJECTED ON THE WALL: "*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.*"
As GRUMPY frowns to SNOW WHITE, Thompson & Cretzer howl with
LAUGHTER. Shockley just stares. His gaze vacant and still.

Cretzer looks over to the mess hall... yelling to Hubbard:

CRETZER
We're gettin' hungry, chef!

ACROSS THE ROOM, Clarence has various CELL KEYS spread out on
a table. He studies them, grouping them together by numbers.

THOMPSON
(to Clarence)
We already tried those, kid.

Cretzer points to the SEVEN DWARFS projected on the wall.

CRETZER
Always thought Carnes was Bashful.
Now I'm realizing... he's Dopey!
(laughs, then:)
Come on, kid, make yourself useful.
Go check on the screws.

Begrudgingly, Clarence stands, grabs a PISTOL, and moves for:

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

The guards are quiet, tired. Young Ernest sits in the corner,
pensive. He watches Captain Morris, who appears to be...
WRITING ON THE WALL. Intricate NOTES scrawled in pencil.

ERNEST
What're you doing, Captain?

CAPTAIN MORRIS
Shhhh.

Other guards stand, beginning to gather around. They inspect
Morris' notes, and finally understand --

-- He's recording the NAMES of their captors: COY, CRETZER,
SHOCKLEY, HUBBARD, THOMPSON, CARNES...

ERNEST
(panicked)
They'll kill us if they see this.

CAPTAIN MORRIS
If they do kill us, the Warden'll
know. Ringleaders and all...

With that, Morris CIRCLES three names: CRETZER. HUBBARD. COY.

CLARENCE (O.S.)
The hell you all doing? --

-- STARTLED, the guards SPIN AROUND to find... CLARENCE. His pistol AIMED directly at them. He's nervous, shaky...

The group of guards shuffle together, their bodies blocking the notes on the wall. Ernest locks eyes with Clarence:

ERNEST

We were just... tending to Morris.

Clarence pans to Morris. Sees a bloody GASH on his forehead. Clocking back to Ernest, they share a silent look -- two young men, both overwhelmed -- then, Clarence lowers the gun.

CLARENCE

You all just behave in here. Or I'm gonna have to get Coy...

As Ernest NODS, and the guards sit down, we finally come to:

BERNIE COY

in a quiet corner of the cellhouse. His face carries the weight of the world. And as we WIDEN OUT, we understand --

-- he's in his own cell, working at a small desk. His paintings & books are SHREDDED from bullets. However...

A FAMILIAR BOOK is still intact: "The Exotic World of Myanmar." The pages are spread open as Coy pulls out the TEAR SHEET bookmarks... methodically organizing them on the desk.

CLOSER, we see Coy is TAPING THEM BACK TOGETHER. CLUSTERS OF WORDS forming... a LETTER. And as the top corner gets completed we finally see that it's an ADDRESS in Kentucky.

Also on the desk: a familiar NOTE PAD, now filled with writing. A NEW LETTER. Coy removes the sheets from the pad. FOLDS them methodically. And slides them into an ENVELOPE.

ON THE ENVELOPE, he COPIES DOWN the address. And as Coy finishes scrawling the word "KENTUCKY" --

-- he looks up to a familiar PORTRAIT. The WOMAN rendered in paint. And as he stares at it, becoming lost in her image... COMMOTION rings out from afar. Coy SNAPS UP, panicked.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coy RUSHES IN, only to realize: his men are giving the chef a STANDING OVATION... Hubbard presenting a LARGE POT OF STEW.

HUBBARD

Dinner... is served.

Off Coy's relieved face, we...

CUT TO:

BURNING FLARES. Red SMOKE snaking into the foggy night.

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

Johnston winds through the frenzied rec yard as WORKLIGHTS IGNITE, vehicles MOTOR UP, heavy artillery UNLOADS. The rec yard now a makeshift ARMY BASE. As he moves through it --

-- Rita swoops in, following behind, walking & talking:

RITA
You have a call at the office --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- Tell them to hold.

Walking faster, he OPENS his POCKETWATCH. *TICK-TICK-TICK...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON
You should be evacuating. I want everyone in the office on that ferry before it's too late.

... *CLICK!* He slams his watch SHUT.

RITA
My staff & I are staying, sir --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- Rita --

RITA
-- The phones are ringing off the hook. And sir, the call --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- Is it Coy?

RITA
No, but --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
-- Then tell them to hold, Rita.

Through this gauntlet of personnel, Johnston finally spots...

THE GENERAL. BINOCs to his eyes, speaking to his LIEUTENANT.

GENERAL STILWELL
... I need status on all known enemy artillery. On the double.

As SOLDIERS scatter to his demands, Johnston approaches...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
General, we're not finished.

GENERAL STILWELL
 (drops his binocs)
 Still here, Warden? Thought you
 left with the jokers & smokers.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I'm not going anywhere.

GENERAL STILWELL
 You're really becoming a thorn in
 my ass, you know that?

With that, Stilwell marches off, Johnston following behind.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The BRIGHT BEAM of the LIGHTHOUSE circles through the night.
 BELOW, the General approaches, Johnston following him inside.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I demand to know what you're doing.

INT. STAIRWELL - LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Entering... they wind up the corkscrewed stairwell.

GENERAL STILWELL
 Now he demands. The inmates have
 the castle keep. I need a high
 vantage point. Gonna neutralize the
 threat...

Reaching the top, Stilwell surfaces into --

EXT. TURRET - LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- the turret, overlooking the cellhouse.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 And how do you plan to do that?

GENERAL STILWELL
 Sometimes the only way to catch a
 fish is to disturb the water.
 We'll give them a chance to
 surrender. But if they don't... I
 I'm gonna bomb that cellhouse.
Scorched earth...

Stilwell walks the turret, raising his binocs, spying a look
 inside the cellhouse. But Johnston isn't finished...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I tried using force on these men...
 and all I have to show for it is a
 dead guard --

GENERAL STILWELL

-- Such are the casualties of war --

WARDEN JOHNSTON

-- Nine more of my men are inside.
And I need this conflict to be
handled peacefully.

GENERAL STILWELL

(drops his binocs)
Peaceful conflict. In my world,
that doesn't exist.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

You're not hearing me. Let me talk
to Coy. You start firing on his men
and they're gonna execute the
hostages. Coy has the upper hand --

GENERAL STILWELL

-- No. Coy's got a couple of boys --
with a couple of guns -- making you
look like a fool. And I don't care
if John Wayne himself's in there,
I'm gonna hit that cellhouse so
hard with tracer rounds, their
asses gonna pucker.

Johnston stews, staring at the stoic General. A *stalemate*.
The General locks eyes, amused by his new adversary.

GENERAL STILWELL

Ever serve, Warden?
(off Johnston's silence)
Just did a long tour in Burma
myself. Ever been to Burma...?
(another silence)
I'll tell you: makes this rock look
like shore-leave in Tahiti.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Well this isn't Burma, General. But
to many of us... it's home.

Johnston looks to the distance. Stilwell clocking his gaze...

ON THE COASTLINE, we see Civilians' Row. Apartments lit up in
the foggy night sky.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

That goes for the guards held in
the cellhouse. Goes for me as well.

Johnston holds his gaze, finding his home. He can see Ida Mae
pacing the porch. A speck in the distance. It weighs on him.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (back to Stilwell)
 So I'm asking you to tread lightly.

GENERAL STILWELL
 That warms my heart. It does...
 But you treaded lightly, Warden.
 And that's why I'm here...

With that, the General walks away, marching down the stairs.
 Johnston's head sinks. But soon, SOMETHING catches his eye...

ON THE TURRET WALL: WORDS CARVED IN WOOD. He kneels down,
 memories heavy, reading the inscription: BARBARA & DAD, 1934.

As Johnston stares at his daughter's carved handwriting, a
 tinge of desperation washes over his face...

CRETZER (PRE-LAP)
I'll say it again: Damn good meal.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

Desks have been pushed together. On them: the humble DINNER
 prepared by Hubbard. Coy's men feast, savoring every bite.

CRETZER
 Let's hope this ain't our last one.
 With the Army here... *never know!*

Cretzer laughs. The men grin, amused. Everyone but...

COY. He's pensive, withdrawn. He just stares down at a
 familiar ENVELOPE. Mind active. Food untouched.

THOMPSON
 Better than the chow they serve on
 death row. Be sure 'bout that.

HUBBARD
 Credit goes to my mom. We was poor.
 Pops pulled me outta school to
 help. Didn't want to work the
 fields. So worked the kitchen.
 Learned how to fry. Sauté. Roast.

Hubbard reaches for a GLASS JUG on the table, POPS the cork.

HUBBARD
 Learned how to make this too.

As he POURS GLASSES, the men tip back the home-brewed hooch,
 savoring the burn of liquor. Hubbard pours a glass for Coy.
 He looks up. Stares at it, hesitant...

BERNIE COY

... My Dad used to make this stuff.
Wasn't around much. But he let me
try it once.

HUBBARD

Drink up, Coy. Your days of
squeezing through bars are over.

The men chuckle. Coy nods, amused. A faint grin appearing.

CRETZER

Pfft. You boys had it easy. I had
my older brother raisin' me.
Bastard came outta the womb a
criminal. Sharing a roof with that
nut was like being in the clink.
Always bossing me around. Telling
me what to do...
(turns to Bernie)
Kinda like Coy here.

Coy clocks a cold gaze at Cretzer. A tense silence... Then:

CRETZER

Gotcha!
(chuckles, raises a glass)
A toast... to Coy! Without him,
we'd still be in our cells.

Coy's hesitant... but lightens. He grabs his glass, raises
it. The men SWIG back their booze. After a beat --

-- Coy does the same. He relishes the burn... Then:

BERNIE COY

Gonna check on Clarence.

Coy stands. Grabs a plate of food. Shoulders his rifle...

As Coy leaves, Cretzer's face tightens. He trades a look with
Shockley. Their steely expressions clocking back to the crew.

CRETZER

We gotta do something about Coy.

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coy moves towards Clarence, who stands watch outside of the
guards' cell. He hands him the plate of food.

BERNIE COY

Eat up. You'll need it, old-timer.

Clarence takes the plate, thankful... but anxious:

CLARENCE
 Birdman's been asking for you, Coy.
 Didn't wanna leave my post... but
 he won't leave me alone.

BERNIE COY
 Stay clear of that nut. I'll deal.

Coy looks into cell 403... eyeing the captive guards.

BERNIE COY
 They behavin'?

CLARENCE
 Been keepin' pretty quiet.

As Coy notices young Ernest in the corner... he softens.

BERNIE COY
 Tell Hubbard to bring them some
 dinner. If he asks, tell him I said
 so. Imagine they're gettin' hungry.
 (off Clarence's nod)
 This'll be over soon, old-timer.
 Just keep thinkin' about them
 banana trees.

Coy pats Clarence on the back, then... walks up Broadway.

INT. C-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Coy passes VARIOUS PRISONERS, still locked up. As he walks...
 ... some PLEAD to him. Some CURSE HIM OUT. Other RATTLE their
 bars and SPIT with anger... But Coy marches forward
 unaffected, ignoring them. As he finally ROUNDS THE CORNER --

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- he sees the Birdman's cell. Coy approaches with caution...
 the Birdman ANNOTATING a detailed SKETCH.

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
 I always see you reading, Coy.
 Ever read any of my books?

Coy looks to the STACK OF BOOKS on the Birdman's desk.

BERNIE COY
 Can't say I have. What'd you want?

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
 I recently published a digest on
 the diseases of birds. Words
 written in sweat and blood...
 But not my own. I held many sick
 birds, dead by my own errors...
 (MORE)

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ (CONT'D)
But I knew if the sacrifice of one
could save thousands of others...
my actions would not be in vain.
But I'm afraid yours have been.

The Birdman stands, walking towards the bars...

BERNIE COY
This ain't over. I have the Warden
exactly where I want him.

But the Birdman just stares at Coy, not convinced.

BERNIE COY
You might be smarter than I am. But
I'm not as dumb as you think.

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
Not dumb, Coy. I've simply been
here longer. Seen things. I hear
there are tunnels. They built this
over a Civil War fort, you know.

The Birdman moves for the wall of his cell, reaching for...

A BRICK. He begins to JOSTLE it loose, revealing: a TWIG NEST
in the hollow crevice. Inside: his PET BIRD with the mended
wing softly CHIRPS. He picks it up, cradling it in his hands.

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ
Larus dominicanus. Also known as
the kelp gull. Gentle, but still an
omnivore. Reminds me of you, Coy...
(looks to his bird)
Overlooked. Unsuspecting. But when
in the wild, their true nature
comes to fruition... There are
accounts of single gulls killing
baby seals. They will peck out
their eyes, then feed on its blind,
helpless carcass. And when these
birds group together... their power
magnifies. Flocks have been known
to bring down entire whales. Sharp
beaks pecking their hide to death.
Feeding on the blubber...

Coy is silent, disturbed by the thought.

BERNIE COY
You know... you're as crazy as they
say you are.

The Birdman briskly moves for the bars:

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ

You were smart enough to get this far, Coy. But you have made errors. Just as I did. Errors that don't have to be in vain. Look no further than what I said about the gulls. Your men & you are only six. But let me out -- let all of us out -- and we could be a flock. Only then... can we take down the whale.

CLOSE ON COY, we see the wheels turning... When suddenly --
-- THE LIGHTS SHUT OFF. Coy PANICS... readying his rifle.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coy RUNS IN... His men are FRENZIED, TAKING UP ARMS, as --
-- FLOODLIGHTS IGNITE, cutting through the windows. A DEEP RUMBLE BEGINNING TO GROW...

The men TILT to the ceiling, guns POINTED. DUST FALLING. The entire cellhouse SHAKING.

CRETZER

What the hell is going on?!

SLAM TO:

MILITARY FIGHTER JETS... screaming over Alcatraz. Low altitude flybys GRAZING the cellhouse. While on the ground --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

-- Stilwell barks orders into a SHORTWAVE RADIO:

GENERAL STILWELL

You keep giving that cellhouse a haircut until I say retire!

Johnston enters the encampment, weaving troops to find Stilwell. The Warden screams over the deafening sound:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

(pointing up to the jets)
You never said anything about that!

GENERAL STILWELL

Sometimes you have to stomp the grass to scare the snake!

WARDEN JOHNSTON

An hour ago they were fish!

GENERAL STILWELL
Semantics! I'm giving them a
choice. They can surrender by
attrition! Or die by fire!

As the GENERAL gestures to the REC YARD, Johnston SEES IT...
ROWS OF GRENADE LAUNCHERS being prepped for action.
CLOSE ON JOHNSTON, taking in the artillery... Then:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
General, you can't go bombing my
damn cellhouse! *The hostages...*

GENERAL STILWELL
We have no proof of life!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
And what about the hundreds of
inmates who had no part in this?
There are rules, General. That why
they call it the prison system --

-- Suddenly, Johnston is struck with an idea. And as we PUSH
IN on this moment of realization --

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

-- Johnston ENTERS his bustling office. The staff CLOCKS to
the battle-worn Warden as he makes his way across the room --

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

-- rushing for his desk. He opens DRAWER after DRAWER,
searching for SOMETHING... When --

-- Rita barges in... screaming over the ROAR of JETS:

RITA
-- Sir!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
You seen my little red book?!

RITA
The call, sir! I told them to hold!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
And I told you to leave --

RITA
-- Will you shut up!
(beat)
... It's *what's-his-name*. Bennett.

Johnston PAUSES his rummaging. EYES RITA. Then... the BLINKING LIGHT on his phone. He calculates. Then PICKS IT UP:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Warden Johnston.

BENNETT (O.S.)
Where in god's name have you been?!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

In the plush office, we find two familiar politicians -- Bennett & the Attorney General -- each on receivers.

INTERCUT WITH THE WARDEN'S OFFICE:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I had my hands full.

Phone to ear, Johnston continues to RUMMAGE through drawers.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Is it true what we're hearing?!
Earlier you're bragging to us about
your perfect prison... and now
inmates are shooting up the damn
cellhouse?!

ON JOHNSTON, distracted, as he finally surfaces with...

A SMALL RED BOOK. "Directory of California Penal Codes."

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(into the phone)
Gentlemen... consider the situation
under control.

Bennett and the Attorney General swap confused looks... Then:

BENNETT
Johnston?! Johnsto --

-- But Johnston is already gone... leaving nothing but the phone's receiver resting on his desk.

SLAM TO:

WINGTIPS IN MUD. Johnston marching through puddles --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

-- weaving the troops, the Penal Directory gripped firmly...
Stilwell studies a MAP OF ALCATRAZ, suddenly interrupted by:

WARDEN JOHNSTON (O.S.)
*Penal Code, section four, article
 nine...*

The General spins to the Warden. Johnston FLIPS through the book. Finds the page. TAPS his finger, resolute.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 ... As long as you're on California
 penitentiary grounds, the Warden
 has jurisdiction. Meaning, those
 are my prisoners. My hostages. And
 if you have a problem with that...
 mark my words: I'll have you court-
 martialed.

Jaw clenched, Stilwell looks Johnston over. His tattered
 suit, his cracked glasses. He can see Johnston means
 business. Then, Stilwell relents, offering a response:

GENERAL STILWELL
 What now, Warden?

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

The arching beam of the LIGHTHOUSE passes through the
 cellhouse as more flybys RATTLE the room. Coy and his men
 gather together, rifles at the ready, mid-argument...

CRETZER
 ... Damn it, Coy! This is the Army.
 We're not talking about Johnston
 and his idiot guards. We need to
 show 'em we're serious.

THOMPSON
 Cretzer's right. We need to make a
statement. Or we're all dead.

Shockley offers an imperceptible nod.

CLARENCE
 What if Coy's right? And we can
 still bargain our way out?!

Coy's mind is going a mile a minute, trying to process.
 Cretzer COCKS HIS RIFLE. All business.

CRETZER
 No surrender. We're going out first
 class. Right Coy...? Coy!

Coy finally raises his eyes to his men. A decision weighing
 on him. The crew stares, waiting for an answer... Then --

-- THE PHONE RINGS. The men spin around to the Control Room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Entering the Control Room... Coy picks up the call.

INTERCUT WITH THE WARDEN'S OFFICE:

Johnston LISTENS, tense. Nothing but QUIET BREATHS from...

... Coy on the other end. And soon... he speaks:

BERNIE COY
That you, Warden...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
... How you doing in there, Bernie?
(off Coy's silence)
Mind if I call you that...?

ON COY, his eyes narrow. *What's Johnston up to?*

WARDEN JOHNSTON
No need for all the formalities. We
can just be two men talking here...

BERNIE COY
... A smart man once said: *"The
meeting of two people is like two
chemical substances. There's a
reaction. And both are transformed.
An irreversible change..."*

WARDEN JOHNSTON
... Believe that's Jung, Bernie.
You like Jung... don't you? I was
impressed to learn that.

BERNIE COY
Don't think I'm gonna sit here and
listen to you preach to me about
free will. In here, there's will
alright... but ain't nothing free
about it.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Maybe we can change that. You tell
me what I need to do. Maybe we can
get your family on the line. You
have anyone you can call in
Kentucky?

ON COY, something registers in his eyes...

BERNIE COY
How'd you know about Kentucky?

ON JOHNSTON, scanning COY'S FILE on his desk.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

You grew up there. Born to a family
of farmers. Father left early.
Raised by a single mother...

BERNIE COY

(realizing)

Says all that in my file, huh?

(off Johnston's silence)

Let me ask you this: if you know so
much about me... tell me what my
life's like in here. Not being able
to speak. Or breathe. Spending my
whole damn life watching the clock.

CLOSE ON JOHNSTON, his mind turning. Thoughts heavy, Johnston
opens his pocketwatch. *TICK-TICK-TICK...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON

We're all doing time, Bernie. Not
in the same place. Or in the same
way. But in this life, we're doing
time... until we're not.

... *CLICK*. Johnston delicately shuts his watch.

BERNIE COY

Easy for you to say. You're on the
outside looking in...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Bernie, I know you're upset about
earlier. I realize it was unfair...
The terms of your parole. Maybe we
can talk about that?

BERNIE COY

What's there to talk about?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

What if the state looked at your
sentence? Got you to a minimum
security facility. Like you wanted.
(more silence)

We could argue that you were too
harshly sentenced. I know you're
not like the others on this island.
Never hurt anyone. Never killed...

Coy softens a bit... Johnston's empathy getting to him.

BERNIE COY

I'm *nothing* like these men in here.
I used to be a painter, you know.
Did sides of barns in Kentucky.
Even did people's portraits.
Figurative portraitures...

ON JOHNSTON, something registering in his eyes...

BERNIE COY

... But that dried up with everything else when the Depression hit. Couldn't find work...

(memories heavy)

Let me ask you, Warden: If you came on hard times... and had a family to feed... what would you have done? Let 'em starve? Give up like some coward? I wager you'd find a way to put food on the table...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

... So you did what you had to.

BERNIE COY

Just took some stuff that didn't belong to me. Never hurt no one, like you said. But I end up here.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

I know... And I think I can help, Bernie. Let's see what we can do. Get you to the right facility. Get you visiting privileges. Could try to contact your mother. As a parent... I know I'd want to hear from my child.

CLOSE ON COY, something stirring within him...

THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM WINDOW, Cretzer & crew look on:

CRETZER

Coy better not be going soft on us.

BACK WITH COY:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

What do you say? We have a deal?

BERNIE COY

How do I know you're not just gonna trick me again...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

No tricks, Bernie. I need you to trust me. You deliver those hostages alive --

BERNIE COY

-- I already trusted you, Warden. And like a fool I listened. Then you called in those damn guards to shoot up the cellhouse! --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 -- That wasn't my fault --

BERNIE COY
 -- Those were your men! --

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 -- Bernie... they're gone now. I
 need you to listen to me --

BERNIE COY
 -- No. You listen to me, Warden.
 All you've done is lie. You promise
 a boat and then bring in the Army?!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Nothing has changed here, Bernie --

BERNIE COY
 -- Everything has changed!

Johnston is taken back by Coy's outburst. When suddenly...

Cretzer BURSTS into the Control Room. Manic, impatient:

CRETZER
 What the hell's Johnston sayin'?!

Coy holds up his hand... covering the phone.

BERNIE COY
 You have to trust me on this one.

IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Bernie...? Bernie, you there!?

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Cretzer stews, rifle gripped. And with a silent look shared:

BERNIE COY
 I got this handled. I do...

Soon, Cretzer calms. Offering a NOD to Coy, he leaves...

Coy watches through the window as Cretzer & crew slink away.
 Coy gathers himself... then uncovers the phone:

BERNIE COY
 My men are getting anxious, Warden.
 You remember them rules?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I do... But you need to tell me
 what you want. We can end this now.

Coy is silent. From his pocket, he takes out the taped-together LETTER. Looking to it, something stirs within him.

BERNIE COY

I want you to bring me someone.
To Alcatraz. I wanna speak to them.

As Coy speaks, Johnston SCRIBBLES DOWN the demands.

Bernie looks back to the taped-together letter. Focusing on the ADDRESS BLOCK, Coy relays the info:

BERNIE COY

Her name's Sheila McDonnell.
Mockingbird Lane. Kentucky.
You bring her here... and I'll give
up this whole mess. You get your
men back. Your cellhouse. I just
need you to find her. Can you do
that for me, Warden...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

... Sure thing, Bernie.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

Johnston hangs up. The weight of the world on his face.
Soon... the door opens, his STAFF easing into the room.

All eyes look to our Warden, expectant. Rita beyond anxious.
Then, Johnston displays his NOTES to the room:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Tonight... our only job is to find
this woman. We have a name. A
state. And an address.
(beat)

I know the day has been long. I
know we're all tired. But I'm
counting on you. We fail... and
more people may very well die. But
if we can find her, this might be
our last chance. Let's just pray
I'm right about Coy.

With that, the office comes to life. Secretaries FLIPPING
pages, fingers DIALING numbers, keys TYPING words...

BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: Friday. 7:30 AM.

OVER BLACK... a soft sound. THE STATIC OF A RADIO --

INT. KITCHEN - GUARD APARTMENTS - DAWN

-- as IDA MAE spins TUNING KNOBS on a RCA. Soon, the correct channel CLICKS into place... and a FAMILIAR VOICE filters in:

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
*... It's day two of the harrowing
 hostage situation on Alcatraz
 Island...*

Ida Mae & familiar guards' wives gather around, held rapt.

And as we PUSH IN on Janice... the broadcast brings us to --

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- HER HUSBAND... Ernest. Hands gripping bars of his cell.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
*... With nine guards still captive
 -- fighting for their very lives --
 this is a morning wrought with pins
 & needles...*

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

... MOVING from small wooden speakers... we come upon Coy, listening in the Control Room. His face is pensive, serious.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)
*The question on everyone's mind:
 What do these violent inmates plan
 to do? And who is their leader...
 this Bernie Coy? Some think he's
 mentally ill. Others say a
 psychopath. But while things are
 tight-lipped on these foggy shores,
 I've learned that authorities have
 buckled to their demands --*

EXT. OCEAN - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

-- A COAST GUARD BOAT cuts through the ocean, bouncing waves for Alcatraz. As it approaches, we pass...

A PRESS BOAT. Flashes POP as Sullivan holds his RADIO MIC:

SULLIVAN
 Stay tuned, ladies & gents. And let
 us hope that today will bring peace
 to the island they call Alcatraz.

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - THAT MOMENT

AN AMERICAN FLAG flaps half-mast amid the foggy blue morning. CROWDS dot the docks as the boat approaches. Johnston waits with Rita. Next to him, Stilwell sips coffee from a tin mug.

GENERAL STILWELL

The man in charge asked for a lady?

Johnston offers a stoic nod.

GENERAL STILWELL

So you think: give this Coy fella what he wants, and he'll cooperate. But sometimes... it's not so easy to lure a tiger from the mountain. There's only one tactic here...

(beat)

Use this lady against him.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

(considers, then:)

But would that be fair to her?

GENERAL STILWELL

You know, for a man who runs 'The Rock'... I thought you'd have more intestinal fortitude.

Johnston stews... Suddenly, A FOGHORN snaps his attention to:

THE DOCKS, where the Coast Guard boat pulls up. It's quickly anchored, and off steps...

A YOUNG WOMAN. With a plaid dress and a pale face of freckles, meet SHEILA MCDONNELL (30s). As we get a closer look... we recognize her from the PORTRAIT in Coy's cell.

RITA

(extends a hand)

Sheila. We spoke over the phone.

(gestures to Johnston)

This is the Warden.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

(tips his hat)

Ma'am...

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY

Johnston drapes his blazer over Sheila's shoulders and sits her down at his desk. He sits across from her... then:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

We were hoping you'd be able to get through to Coy. Being his sweetheart and all...

SHEILA

... I'm not Coy's sweetheart. We used to be married... but that was a long time ago. Wrote to him a bit

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 when he first got locked away in
 Atlanta. This... was a surprise.

Johnston nods, understands. He looks to Rita:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Can we get her something before we
 start... Water, coffee?

SHEILA
 Just want this to be over, sir.

Johnston offers a comforting look, then picks up the PHONE.
 He gestures to Sheila, who picks up the SECOND RECEIVER.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

The phone line BLINKS... followed by a STARK RING --

-- Coy SITS UP in his chair. He gathers himself, calms his
 nerves... then picks it up. It's SILENT... until:

SHEILA (ON PHONE)
 ... Bernard? That you?

At the mere SOUND of her VOICE, emotion overtakes Coy's face.

BERNIE COY
 You came...

INTERCUT WITH THE WARDEN'S OFFICE:

SHEILA
 ... Didn't give me much choice...

BERNIE COY
 (grins)
 ... Guess I didn't.

Coy looks to the taped-together letter on the desk.

BERNIE COY
 Kept your letter, ya know? Got me
 through some dark days, thinking of
 our times together. Still even
 smells like that perfume of yours.

SHEILA
 Wish you'd forget that. That was a
 long time ago...

Phone to ear, Johnston listens... whispering to Sheila.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Ask him what he wants.

SHEILA
 (nodding, back to call)
 What you want me coming here for?

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Cretzer & crew shuffle awake. Looking across the cellblock, they SEE IT: Coy in the control room... on the phone again.

CRETZER
 Day two... and all that bastard's
 doing is talk, talk, talk.
 (looks to his men)
 Bet he got the Warden thinkin'
 we're damn fools in here.

THOMPSON
 Or worse... *Cowards.*

CRETZER
 (light bulb)
 What if this whole time Coy's been
 buyin' time with the Warden to save
 his own skin? Working to get
 himself out... only to leave us in?

The crew suddenly tightens... looking to Cretzer. Panicked.
 Even Clarence is conflicted, clocking across the room to Coy.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

BERNIE COY
 ... I had plans, you know. Once I
 broke out, was coming to see you in
 Kentucky. Coming to meet my son...

BEAT. Johnston clocks to Sheila, finally understanding what this is about. And it hits a nerve.

SHEILA
 ... Bernie, as far as your son's
 concerned... he has no father.

Johnston cringes, signaling to Sheila. She pivots --

SHEILA
 -- But maybe we can change that.

BERNIE COY
 See those big army planes out
 there? Was thinking, once I got you
 to this island, I'd demand one of
 those. Then we could go somewhere
 nice with the kid. You know,
 there's these far-away places you
 can pick fruit right off trees...

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Clarence is beyond concerned as Cretzer & his men TAKE UP ARMS. They shoulder ammo, ready their rifles... marching for:

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the guards are lying down, resting... Until:

CRETZER
Get up, you damn screws!

Cretzer RUNS HIS GUNBARREL across the bars -- *KLNK-KLNK-KLNK* -- as the guards shuffle to their feet. Then...

... he SLAPS a pistol in Clarence's hands.

CRETZER
If the Warden don't know we mean business... he's gonna keep yappin' with Coy. Do it, Clarence.

Confused... Clarence RAISES the gun. Captain Morris steps forward, now in front of the other guards, shielding Ernest.

CAPTAIN MORRIS
Son... this ain't worth it.

CRETZER
(clocks to Clarence)
This is the only way we get out.

ERNEST
(to Clarence)
Even if you get outta here, they're gonna shoot you anyway. Won't even make it to the water's edge.

CRETZER
Don't matter. You'll still be the first sons-of-bitches to go.

CAPTAIN MORRIS
(resolved)
Then thank God we only die once.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy grips the phone... his voice delicate, soft:

BERNIE COY
... I know, Sheila. I know they're not just letting me outta here. But if I give myself up, will you visit me? Will I get to meet my son...?

Sheila wipes tears from her cheeks. Johnston listens, just as affected. Then... Sheila says what she must:

SHEILA
Of course you will.

BERNIE COY
(a regretful smile)
Nice for you to say as much... but
I can hear it in your voice. There
won't be no visit...

CRETZER (PRE-LAP)
Do it, Clarence! --

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- Clarence's finger TREMBLES on the trigger... Then:

CLARENCE
(lowers his gun)
I... can't.

Cretzer is FUMING... But soon, Shockley turns to him, and to our surprise... speaks:

SHOCKLEY
... No witnesses, Joe...

Stunned, Cretzer stares at Shockley... and with a faint nod, he RAISES his RIFLE at the guards, and -- BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! -- he fires into the cell, A CHAOTIC RICOCHET OF BULLETS --

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - THAT MOMENT

-- SHOTS ECHO through the PHONELINE, Johnston TURNING PALE.

INT. GUARD APARTMENTS - CIVILIANS' ROW - THAT MOMENT

Panicked wives -- Janice included -- RUN for the window...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

COY IS PARALYZED, DROPPING the phone. He GRABS his gun as --

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- MORE SHOTS RING OUT -- Cretzer EMPTYING ROUNDS -- bullets RICOCHETING the small cell. As the guards MOVE for cover, men are CLIPPED, bodies FALLING to the ground in the violent STROBE of SMOKE and MUZZLE FLASHES.

And as Cretzer's rifle finally CLICKS empty...

A stark beat of SILENCE, then -- CRACK! -- Coy CLOCKS him with the butt of his rifle, collapsing him to the floor.

CLOSE ON COY, EYEING the mayhem: A cell misted with blood. A tangle of guards on the ground. Then, he TURNS BACK TO...

CRETZER. Whose nose is SPLIT, cowering on the ground.

CRETZER

We had to...

Coy shakes his head. Raises his rifle again. And SNAPS -- CRACK!-CRACK!-CRACK!-CRACK! -- pummeling Cretzer to a pulp.

Coy's men are shocked by the outburst. And as Coy finally RELENTS, Cretzer lies face down in a POOL of his own blood.

HUBBARD

Shit, Coy... Think you killed him.

As Coy TURNS back to them, it's clear who's in charge again.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - THAT MOMENT

The office is abuzz with anxious chatter. When, suddenly...

THE WARDEN'S PHONE RINGS. Johnston rushes across the room, quieting his personnel. He picks up the phone, and hears it:

BERNIE COY

Guards are dead, Warden. All of em.

Johnston's head sinks.

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Bernie... what have you done?

INTERCUT WITH THE CONTROL ROOM:

Remorse dances across Coy's face. Emotions bubbling up...

BERNIE COY

Hope you don't think any less of me. Making such a mess of your island. Sure as hell never wanted them people to die. Guess that's what happens when you pick the wrong partners. But whether you believe me or not...

(beat, buries his emotion)

... this has to be over now. I need that boat waiting at sunrise. It's gonna take us to one them planes we've been hearing. And a pilot. And I'm not asking twice. We still got plenty of prisoners we can off. So you better believe this can still get worse. Clock's still ticking, Warden --

-- With that, Coy grabs the phone and SHATTERS it against the wall...

... Johnston sits, phone to ear. Nothing but a DIAL TONE. Distraught, he hangs up. Then looks to Sheila, heart heavy:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Sorry you had to come down here...
 (turns to Rita)
 Please make sure Ms. McDonnell gets home safely. Then call the Mayor's office. Tell them this is no longer a negotiation.

BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: 9:30 PM.

OVER BLACK. A violent sound. The CRUNCH OF STEEL, as --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

-- GRENADE LAUNCHERS SLAM to the ground. Rows of them loaded with MORTARS. Moving past the HEAVY ARSENAL, we find...

THE GENERAL, reading a TELEGRAM. He passes it to Johnston.

CLOSE ON THE TELEGRAM: it's SIGNED by The Mayor.

Johnston looks up to Stilwell. He knows this is the end.

GENERAL STILWELL
 Like it or not, I have my orders.
 By force, fire, or fate... those men are coming out.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Here's to better luck than I had.

And with that... Johnston walks away, defeated. As he does, Stilwell looks on with a tinge of solidarity...

EXT. OCEANFRONT PATH - CLIFFSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Johnston walks the oceanfront path, FLASHBULBS igniting from press boats, Sullivan still trying to get his attention:

SULLIVAN
 How about that statement, Warden?!

But Johnston keeps his eyes forward, ignoring him. Soon, a NEW VOICE gets his attention. It's Rita, catching up. She eyes his belongings. He's gathered his briefcase... as well as the bottle of scotch, the red bow still intact.

RITA
 You're leaving?!

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 We got a bunch of guards' wives who
 just became widows. They deserve to
 hear that from me. Then I'm taking
 my wife off this island. Like I
 should've done in the first place.

RITA
 But... I can't just let you leave.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (tired, amused)
 You know, my daughter's your age.
 And she's the only one with the
 gall speak to me like that.

RITA
 Sorry, Warden.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Don't be. That's why I hired you.
 You remind me of her.

Rita is taken aback. She shares a look with her boss... Then:

RITA
 She's probably worried about you...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (nods... then:)
 You did good. Go home now.

Johnston offers a tip of his hat... and walks away.

INT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - THAT MOMENT

The General paces in front of a PLATOON lining the rec yard.
 Hundreds of hardened faces awaiting his word...

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy groups up with his men, loading an arsenal of guns.

BERNIE COY
 They're gonna come at us strong.

HUBBARD
 Then we'll need more than guns.

THOMPSON
 And how the hell we figure that?

HUBBARD
 Food ain't the only thing I know
 how to cook...

CUT TO:

CLEANING PRODUCTS. Cannisters, tins, jugs...

INT. MESSHALL KITCHEN - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

... all filled with colorful liquids. Hubbard POURS them into a METAL LAUNDRY MACHINE, mixing a murky soup of chemicals. AN IMPROVISED BOMB. As he does --

INT. CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- Coy and his men sprint through the cellhouse, taking up arms. As they SECURE POSITIONS, Stilwell's VOICE trickles in:

GENERAL STILWELL (V.O.)
*Tonight... we go to war. Those men
 get out, we will have let enemies
 encroach on free American soil...*

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - THAT MOMENT

MOVING ACROSS THE FACES OF TROOPS... General Stilwell paces in front of the encampment, addressing his men:

GENERAL STILWELL
 On pure principal, it is our duty
 to prevent that. So let us not
 waste good American blood...

INT. VARIOUS - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

WE MOVE PAST THOMPSON, prepping a ROW OF MOLOTOV cocktails...

GENERAL STILWELL (V.O.)
*I know many of you. Not by name.
 But by the faces of wartime...*

HUBBARD, wheeling the WASHING MACHINE across the cellhouse...

GENERAL STILWELL (V.O.)
*And I trust you to deliver me enemy
 screams in the ocean air tonight.*

CLARENCE, loading his revolver, beyond concerned...

GENERAL STILWELL (V.O.)
*You give me that. And you will
 forever have my gratitude. Now...
 I would not ask for you to follow
 me, if I was not ready to lead...*

COY, assembling a MACHINE GUN. Methodical...

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - INDUSTRIES

MOVING ACROSS ROWS OF MORTARS... we finally land on Stilwell:

GENERAL STILWELL

... So take it from a man who
toured the burned-out districts of
Yokohama. Take it from a man who's
stood above the arrogant, the dead,
and the defeated. Tonight, we will
stand above these enemies the same.

INT. MESSHALL - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy's men are huddled around the WASHING MACHINE BOMB. The crew shares a look of solidarity as Hubbard SETS the bomb's TIMER. Finished, he SLIDES OPEN a STEEL DOOR to reveal...

THE DUMBWAITER. Coy's men help him wheel it inside. Then...

COY HITS THE BUTTON. The BOMB LOWERING DOWN THE SHAFT...

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - THAT

GENERAL STILWELL

... And with no further mercy, we
will pummel them into submission.
Until their defeated corpses are
one with the island dirt...

And as the TROOPS snap to a synchronized SALUTE --

INT. DUMBWAITER SHAFT - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- BOOM! -- the washing machine IGNITES...

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - CONTINUOUS

... A WAVE OF FLAMES TUNNELING FROM THE CELLHOUSE.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CIVILIANS' ROW - NIGHT

Johnston walks up main street, solemnly taking in the bullet-riddled storefronts. And just as he turns to THE GUARDS' APARTMENTS...

BOOM! THE MUFFLED SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION RUMBLES IN.

Johnston spins to find: BOMBS BURSTING in the distance, as...

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - THAT MOMENT

... Stilwell's troops begin to UNLEASH their assault.

As GRENADES are LAUNCHED, we FOLLOW ONE -- SOARING INTO...

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

... the cellhouse, where -- CLINK-C-CLINK-CLINK -- it bounces down Broadway... rolling to a STOP... then --

-- *BOOM!* Rattles the cells with an ear-piercing detonation.

Coy and his men are *TOSSED* off their feet, sliding across the floor in a *CLOUD OF RUBBLE*. Without warning, they *SEE IT* --

-- *AN ONSLAUGHT OF TRACER ROUNDS* tearing through the space.

JAILED INMATES flip mattresses in their cells -- rounds tearing them to shreds -- feathers *EXPLODING* into the air.

Coy's men shake their daze, ready their guns, and *UNLOAD* -- *RAT-TA-TAT!* -- *EXPLODING* cellhouse windows. But it's no use --

-- *A WAVE OF BOMBS* continue to pummel the space. A demolition force. Cement *SHATTERING*. Pipes *BURSTING*. *FLOWS OF WATER* beginning to overtake cells. Alcatraz now a war zone.

WE PUSH IN ON Coy, illuminated by the chaotic glow of explosions & dancing debris. *He knows it's over...*

SLAM TO:

A SOARING AERIAL. Alcatraz a blurred rainbow of chaos. *RED TRACER ROUNDS* painting the night sky. *HOT BURSTS* becoming --

EXT. PRESS BOAT - COASTLINE - THAT MOMENT

-- *THE EXPLOSION OF FLASH BULBS*. Sullivan holds his mic, screaming over the commotion into his radio mic:

SULLIVAN

The Battle has officially begun!
This is all-American carnage that
will forever be died in the wool of
our nation! War on Alcatraz Island!

SLAM TO:

GUARDS' WIVES SCREAMING in horror. Covering their ears as --

INT. GUARD APARTMENTS - CIVILIANS' ROW - NIGHT

-- the apartment *RUMBLES*. And soon, they *CLOCK* to the door.

JOHNSTON RUSHES IN. He looks to Ernest's wife across the rattling room. And the expression on his face says it all...

WARDEN JOHNSTON

... I'm sorry...

Janice begins to *BREAK DOWN*, burying her face in Johnston's chest. He consoles her. And as her *SCREAMS PEAK*, we...

SLAM TO:

QUIET. Johnston returns home... walking up his front steps.

INT. FRONT FOYER - WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sounds of DISTANT BOMBS rumble as Johnston enters... and hangs up his hat. Off his defeated face, we're overtaken by --

INT. STUDY - WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

-- THE FRAMED PORTRAIT. In his den, Johnston stares at his own face rendered in oil paint. He looks to the bottom... Lo & behold, a SIGNATURE scrawled in red paint: B. COY.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I'll be damned...

He stares at it for a moment... then lowers himself into his chair, dumbfounded. Eyes fixed on the painting, he grabs the bottle of scotch. Pops the cork. Pours a nip into a tumbler. And takes a cathartic SIP. A deep exhale... Then:

IDA MAE (O.S.)
One drink on duty won't kill you.

Johnston turns to see his wife at the door. A welcome sight. She shares a look with her husband... Then:

IDA MAE
Did you eat?

CUT TO:

THE FRIDGE SWINGING OPEN... revealing the LEFTOVER PANCAKES.

INT. DINING ROOM - WARDEN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

At the dining room table, Johnston eyes the steaming plate of pancakes. Then looks up at Ida Mae, seated across from him.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
They smell good, Ida.

IDA MAE
Waste not, want not.

Johnston offers a small grin, then takes a bite. Soon... he notices something in the foyer: Ida's packed some LUGGAGE.

IDA MAE
Barbara's expecting me tonight...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
... Was thinking I'd come, too.

BEAT. Ida is taken aback. Looking to her discouraged husband:

IDA MAE
You're leaving...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

(a moment, then...)

You know, the man behind the breakout... he had some bank robberies under his belt, but compared to most of the men in Alcatraz... he was a saint. But he washes up on this island, and does worse things than he ever did when he was free.

(thoughts heavy)

What does that say about what I've been doing here...?

IDA MAE

... I don't know, James...

Ida stares at her husband. She can see his regret... Then:

IDA MAE

What are you going to do about your men...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON

... They're gone.

(disturbed)

Heard the shots over the phone. It's over.

IDA MAE

We all heard the shots... But how can you be certain? You see them?

BEAT. Johnston looks up... her question giving him pause.

IDA MAE

James... I've heard you talk about these inmates for years. You never trusted their word before... why are you trusting it now?

Johnston tumbles the notion...

IDA MAE

I know you feel responsible for what Coy's done. But what about everyone else...?

(beat)

This place might not be perfect... but it's still our home. And if there's any chance those guards are alive in there... you can't give up on them.

BEAT. A small ember of determination ignites within Johnston.

With that, Ida stands up from the table and walks into the foyer. She stops at the coat rack... and unhooks his HAT.

IDA MAE
So... you can choose to be the man
who built this place, and gave up
on it. Or the man who lost control
of it... but took it back.

Johnston looks to his wife, then... he stands. Walks over to her... and takes his hat. Ida looks to him, hiding her concern with a loving smile.

IDA MAE
Be safe out there.

Johnston nods. *He will.* And with a final look shared --

EXT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Johnston opens the door and steps outside. As he walks down the front steps, we begin to PULL BACK...

... HIGH ABOVE the mission-style home. And soon, come upon --

-- ALCATRAZ PRISON... dancing with smoldering flames.

BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: Saturday, 2:00 AM.

Suddenly, A DEAFENING BLAST! We FOLLOW A MORTAR as it's --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - NIGHT

-- LAUNCHED into the black sky. For a moment, we GLIMPSE the lights of THE BAY... TWINKLING STARS... and then --

-- BOOOOOOM! IT EXPLODES AGAINST THE CELLHOUSE. A FIERY BURST.

FROM HIGH ABOVE, we take in MORE FLASHES. MORE EXPLOSIONS. One after another. The bombardment almost monotonous by now.

ON STILWELL, regarding the blasts with stoic indifference. Soon, his Lieutenant RUNS UP, SHOUTING over the noise:

ARMY LIEUTENANT
General, they haven't returned fire
in over an hour!
(no response, desperate)
Sir!

CLOSER ON Stilwell, thinking... thinking... Then, a decision:

GENERAL STILWELL
Cease fire.

ARMY LIEUTENANT
 (immediately into radio)
 CEASE FIRE! ALL UNITS, CEASE FIRE!

ALL ACROSS THE ISLAND, Marines hear the order, SHOUTING as bombardiers STOP BLASTING, guns turrets WINDING DOWN...

Soon... Alcatraz is quiet. Its cellhouse now completely --

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- dark. QUICK SHOTS: the KITCHEN, decimated. The LIBRARY, torched. The CONTROL ROOM, rubble. No movement. No sound.

We PUSH IN on a PILE OF DEBRIS. Suddenly, it JOSTLES... as a man CLIMBS OUT. Coy. SURFACING, he LOOKS AROUND...

... taking in the stark DEVASTATION. Then suddenly --

-- Coy hears WEEPING... echoing from across the cellhouse.

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coy PEEKS around a corner, peering into A CELL...

INSIDE, The Birdman SOBS. Leaning closer, Coy eyes the BABY GULL cradled in the Birdman's hands. Unmoving. Dead.

Quietly, Coy backs away... Then a thought hits him. He frantically SEARCHES his pockets, finally finding...

HIS LETTER. Envelope torn & battered, but still in one piece.

INT. MESSHALL - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

GROANING, Clarence, Shockley, and Thompson STRUGGLE to their feet. Caked with plaster, the dazed men SPIT and COUGH.

Soon, Thompson's eyes land on a PRONE MAN across the way...

HUBBARD. A PIECE OF SHRAPNEL lodged in his chest. Dead.

THOMPSON
 Marvin!

They all RUSH OVER, footsteps ECHOING the cellhouse as we...

CUT TO:

ERNEST'S FACE. Bloodied. Lifeless. Until suddenly...

INT. CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

... his eyes OPEN. Our young guard LISTENS intently as the cons' hurried footsteps FADE AWAY, replaced by... quiet.

Moving slightly, Ernest WINCES. Looks to HIS ARM: a BULLET WOUND. He's hit, but not that bad. He looks up, whispering:

ERNEST
Fellas... coast is clear.

Just then... MOVEMENT. ANOTHER GUARD shifts in the cell. Then another. And another. Incredibly, the hostages... are alive.

Quickly, Ernest SPRINGS TO ACTION. He PROPS the men up. ASSESSES their wounds. RIPS fabric from his COAT. CINCHES TOURNIQUETS: one around Guard Bristow's BLOODY NECK.

ERNEST
Nicked a femoral artery. Another centimeter and you'da been a goner.

Winching, Bristow looks at Ernest, perplexed.

GUARD BRISTOW
The hell kinda teacher were you?

ERNEST
Biology.

Off Ernest's wistful SHRUG, Bristow glances across the cell.

GUARD BRISTOW
Morris, get up. Cons're gone. No sense playin' possum any --

-- But Captain Morris doesn't move. Face-down, BLOOD pools around his body. Swiftly, the guards FLIP him over --

-- to find VACANT EYES staring back at them. Morris is dead.

As Ernest's head drops, gut-checked, we find ourselves...

INT. VARIOUS CELLS - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

... inside BATTERED CELLS, where slowly, PRISONERS surface behind mattresses and makeshift barricades. But soon, they --

-- FREEZE, frightened eyes TRACKING... Coy as he LIMPS BY.

RITA (PRELAP)
You're going in, aren't you?

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - NIGHT

Incredulous, Rita looks on as Johnston frantically SEARCHES cabinets, drawers, finally pulling out... a CROWBAR.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Someone has to.

Johnston catches his reflection in a MIRROR. A mess. Quickly, he straightens his tie. Licks a hair back into place. *Better.*

WARDEN JOHNSTON

And Rita, didn't I tell you to go home?

RITA

Decided to stick around. Who else was going to bug you?

(serious now)

Warden. Even if the men are alive, those prisoners will shoot you dead before you get --

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Rita, I appreciate your concern --

Johnston TURNS, surprised to find his ENTIRE STAFF has gathered, looking on, worried. He softens... eyeing Rita:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

-- In fact, I always have.

(to everyone)

Now listen, all of you. While I'm gone, Ms. Bertrand will be your superior. She speaks... you listen. She tells you do something... you do it. *Understood?*

ON RITA, touched by the man's trust. The staff quickly NODS. Satisfied, Johnston walks for the door, pausing by Rita:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

If I don't come back, tell my wife... *I'll miss her pancakes.*

(off her puzzled look)

Don't worry, she'll understand.

He moves to leave, but Rita GRABS HIS ARM, pleading:

RITA

Warden... you can't just walk in there.

PUSHING IN on our Warden as he offers a knowing look:

WARDEN JOHNSTON

Who says I'm walking in?

CUT TO:

SPLASH! On hands & knees, Johnston CRAWLS --

INT. DRAIN PIPE - CELLHOUSE SEWERS - NIGHT

-- through a cramped, murky sewer pipe. A man on a mission.

INT. MESSHALL - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy enters, slowing as he spots Hubbard's BODY in Clarence's arms, flanked by Shockley & Thompson. Their faces... grim.

CLARENCE
Hubbard... He's dead.

ON COY, offering a solemn nod, simmering. His men look on, waiting... then finally, Coy speaks:

BERNIE COY
Spread out, all-a-you. Look for any
weapon you can find --

CLARENCE
(desperate)
-- Bernie... It's over.

BERNIE COY
(determined)
This ain't over.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL. Rising from a seat, EYES WIDE as he spots --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

-- MOVEMENT from inside the cellhouse. SHADOWS bustling about. Soon, a look of spite washes over Stilwell's face.

GENERAL STILWELL
(clocking to his Lt.)
Prepare another assault.

CUT TO:

SLIVERS OF LIGHT, piercing the blackness from above. Soon --

INT. DRAIN PIPE - CELLHOUSE SEWERS - NIGHT

-- Johnston SPLASHES in. A REBAR LADDER HANGS from a STEEP SHAFT ABOVE. Quickly, Johnston BEGINS TO CLIMB...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We PAN the quiet, empty room... when suddenly --

-- A TILE MOVES. Rubble SHIFTS as it's PRIED LOOSE by a CROWBAR. SLID across the floor. And from the HOLE surfaces...

WARDEN JOHNSTON. Eerie moments linger as he eyes the OPEN ARMORY. BLOOD smeared against the glass. Snapping out of it --

-- Johnston DRAGS THE TILE back into place, then clocks to the CONSOLE, and a tangle of... COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

CUT TO:

FRENZIED ACTIVITY. Mortars loaded, ammo rounds clipped, as --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

-- Stilwell PACES the yard, SHOUTING into a radio:

GENERAL STILWELL
I want those launchers up in five,
or your ass is on a platter, hear
me? I will be god-damned if the
United States military can't
exterminate some island rats. Copy?

SERGEANT #1 (OVER RADIO)
Copy, General.

SERGEANT #2 (OVER RADIO)
We copy, General.

Suddenly, a VOICE CRACKLES over the radio:

A MAN'S VOICE (ON RADIO)
Pains me to say it, but... I do not
copy, General.

ON STILWELL, taken back. He BARKS into the radio, incensed:

GENERAL STILWELL
Who is this?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(at the console)
"That thorn in your ass," as you
put it. And I'm afraid it just got
a whole lot deeper.

INTERCUT with Stilwell in THE REC YARD:

GENERAL STILWELL
Johnston...?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Warden... Johnston.

Ear to receiver, the Lieutenant gets Stilwell's attention.

ARMY LIEUTENANT
Call's coming from inside the
cellhouse.

GENERAL STILWELL
(snapping into radio)
How the hell did you get in?

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Think I don't know my own prison?

GENERAL STILWELL
 (half-impressed)
 That son of a bitch...
 (beat, into radio)
 What do you want, Johnston?

Johnston thinks for a moment, then pulls out his POCKET WATCH. He opens it. *TICK-TICK-TICK...*

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Time.
 (beat)
 One way or another, I'm putting eyes on my men... then I'm going to speak with Coy, face-to-face. See if he can be reasoned with. I need time to do that... and you're the only man who can give it to me.

ON STILWELL, gritting his teeth, tumbling options. Then...

GENERAL STILWELL
 Very well, *Warden*.
 (beat)
Thirty minutes. By then, sun'll rise, fog'll clear, and my men'll have a clean shot at the cellhouse. I'm sending my finest company in to end this once and for all, whether you're out or not. Make no mistake, the fine people of San Francisco will be enjoying peace of mind with their morning coffee. Copy, Warden?

Quickly, Johnston moves his watch's TIMING HAND to thirty minutes before -- *CLICK!* -- snapping it shut.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 I copy, General.

CUT TO:

COY... digging through RUBBLE, pulling out A PISTOL. Nearby, Shockley & Thompson UPEND A DESK. Beneath it, MACHINE GUNS.

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Rounding a corner, Clarence spots a LOOSE RIFLE. But as he GRABS IT, he HEARS A SHUFFLE. Clarence SPINS, GUN AIMED AT...

ERNEST. In cell 403 with the OTHER GUARDS. All are FROZEN.

With his HANDS UP, Ernest calmly EASES to the front of the cell, shielding the guards... just as Morris did.

CLARENCE
(stunned)
How...?

ERNEST
Thank God ricochets only got some
of us. But I have men bleeding out
in here. Now put that thing down...

... As Clarence LOWERS HIS WEAPON, their VOICES --

INT. D-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

-- REVERBERATE through the cellhouse. Coy SPINS to the sound.
So do Shockley & Thompson. They swap looks... *What was that?*

CUT TO:

JOHNSTON, easing his aching bones into a seat. Soon, his...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

... weary eyes settle on a console panel labeled "INTERCOM."
Slowly, we PUSH IN on our Warden... as he tumbles a decision.

CUT TO:

COY, SHOCKLEY & THOMPSON, on the move. They SKID to a stop --

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

-- finding Clarence in front of CELL 403. And INSIDE... a
surprise: the guards have survived.

BERNIE COY
(shock, relief)
Jesus, they're alive...

ERNEST
(speaking up, defiant)
Except Captain Morris.
(looks at Cretzer's body)
Your friend made sure of that.

THOMPSON
Cretzer's aim ain't worth a shit,
but he had the right idea.

Coy slowly turns to Thompson, who grips his gun, intense:

THOMPSON
We gotta finish the job. No
witnesses. These bad pennies can't
turn up again.

Ernest and the injured guards swap GRAVE LOOKS, afraid.

BERNIE COY

Kill 'em and we all get the chamber. Keep 'em alive and we still have leverage. We take these hostages as insurance. The Warden will listen to us --

THOMPSON

-- The Warden? Johnston's been playing you for a fool, Coy. He don't care about you... He cares about his prison! His rep-u-tation! (cold)
Cretzer was right. You never had the guts to see this thing through.

BERNIE COY

(colder)
Try it... and you'll wind up just like him. I ain't kiddin'.

Coy & Thompson LOCK STARES. Clarence & Shockley LOOK ON. Tense moments... Then suddenly, in a split second --

-- THOMPSON AIMS HIS MACHINE GUN AT THE GUARDS --

-- COY PULLS HIS PISTOL, POINTING IT AT THOMPSON --

-- SHOCKLEY AIMS AT COY -- CLARENCE AIMS AT SHOCKLEY --

-- BUT... No one fires. A four-way Mexican standoff.

Ernest and the guards COWER BACK as the cons TRADE LOOKS.

BERNIE COY

Fellas... *to each their own*, but believe me when I say, I'm walking out of this prison. With or without you. And that's a goddamn promise.

No one speaks. Just QUICK CUTS as we GLIMPSE their faces: Coy, resolute. Thompson, furious. Shockley, stoic. Clarence, panicked. Each man REACHES FOR THEIR TRIGGER, when suddenly --

-- A VOICE CRACKLES FROM THE INTERCOM, ECHOING THE CELLHOUSE:

WARDEN JOHNSTON (OVER INTERCOM)

Gentlemen...

Every man FREEZES. Coy. His men. The guards.

CLARENCE

Christ, it's Johnston...

PUSHING IN on Coy. Stunned. Realizing...

BERNIE COY
 ... That's the intercom. He's in
 the damn cellhouse.

INTERCUT Johnston in THE CONTROL ROOM, checking his watch:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 In ten minutes, the army's coming
 in. And when they do, they'll kill
 all of you... unless you surrender.

Coy and his men SWAP LOOKS...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Think it over... But for your sake,
 I suggest you do it quickly.

Johnston CLICKS OFF the intercom. He sits still... pensive.

CUT TO:

PACING FEET. Coy's. The men look on as, oddly, their leader --

INT. CELL BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

-- slows, KNEELING beside GUARD WEINHOLD'S BODY, mind racing.

THOMPSON
 Dammit Coy, he's dead! And we will
 be too if just sit here, thinkin'!

Coy picks up the guard's HAT. Turns it in his hands...

PUSHING IN on Coy as suddenly, an idea flashes in his eyes.

Quickly, he begins to PULL OFF Weinhold's JACKET & SHIRT.

CLARENCE
 What're you doing, Bernie?

BERNIE COY
 (voice low, determined)
 You heard Johnston. Army's stormin'
 in... and when they do, I'm gonna
 set everyone free. Guards, cons...
 it'll be a goddamn madhouse.
 Marines sure as hell ain't shooting
 a man in uniform. Hell, *they won't*
be shooting anyone.

Thompson & Shockley SWAP GLANCES. Perplexed, overwhelmed.

BERNIE COY
 We'll slip out, swim to one of
 those press boats. You've seen them
 newsmen... Like vultures 'round a
 kill. They'll take us to the bay
 (MORE)

BERNIE COY (CONT'D)
for an interview before they even
think about handin' us over.

He pulls on Weinhold's SHIRT. Buttons it halfway...

CLARENCE
Bernie... It won't work.

... Coy grabs the LETTER ENVELOPE from his old shirt...

BERNIE COY
East side ain't got no docks.
Army's staged in the rec yard. No
one's watchin' the cliffs.

... tucking it inside the pocket of his new one.

CLARENCE
(grabbing Coy's arm)
Bernie, you go out there, they're
gonna shoot you dead.

WHAM! In a blink, Coy PINS Clarence against a wall. But
instead of anger, he speaks with sadness. Pain.

BERNIE COY
Then at least it won't be in here.

ON CLARENCE, searching Coy's eyes before... offering a NOD.
He understands. Soon, they turn to Thompson & Shockley...

Their faces: hopeless. Looks of defeat. To them, it's over.

CUT TO:

A LEVER. Pulled by Coy. C-THUNK! CELLS BARS SLAM SHUT on --

INT. A-BLOCK CELL - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

-- Clarence, Thompson, & Shockley. Soon, Coy steps in... and
THROUGH THE BARS, they share FINAL LOOKS with their leader.

BERNIE COY
Don't worry, I ain't a rat. Things
go south, I'll tell 'em I worked
alone. Long as you're locked in
this cell, they can't prove
nothin'.

Thompson & Shockley trade glances, surprised... and grateful.

THOMPSON
Guess I was wrong about you, Coy.

Coy offers a firm nod... then turns to Clarence.

CLARENCE
 Hope you find them banana trees.

BERNIE COY
 Can taste 'em already. So long, old-
 timer.

Coy & Clarence share one last look... then Coy BOLTS OFF.

CUT TO:

TICK-TICK-TICK... Johnston's WATCH shows seven minutes left.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - NIGHT

CLICK. He SHUTS IT, mind racing as he tumbles... a decision.

CUT TO:

CROWBAR GRIPPED TIGHT, Johnston quietly EMERGES onto --

INT. TIMES SQUARE - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

-- the cellhouse floor, stunned to the core as he takes in...

THE WAR ZONE. Rubble. Embers. WATER dripping off walkways.

INT. B-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Johnston EASES around a corner. *The coast looks clear.* He takes a step, but BUMPS into something. He looks down...

It's CRETZER. Bloodied. Splayed across the floor. Johnston NUDGES the man with his shoe... but he doesn't move.

A VOICE (O.S.)
Warden...

Startled, Johnston SPINS... the voice came from CELL 403. INSIDE, a FIGURE rises, stepping into the light. It's...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 (disbelief)
Ernest?

Johnston RUSHES OVER, stunned to see OTHER GUARDS struggling to their feet, covered in makeshift BANDAGES & TOURNIQUETS.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
 Thank God, you're alive...

GUARD BRISTOW
 Wouldn't be if not for him.

Bristow pats Ernest on the back, grateful. Johnston nods:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Save your strength, boys. I'll get
you outta there.

Johnston moves to leave... but Ernest GRABS HIS ARM.

ERNEST
Careful. They're still out there.

CUT TO:

JOHNSTON, on the move. Winding corners, soon PEEKING OUT --

INT. C-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

-- from behind a CUT-OFF, eyeing a LEVER BOX, fifty yards
away. *Bingo*. But suddenly, something catches his eye...

A GUARD... looking through a window at the end of the block.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
(perplexed)
Weinhold...? That you?

But as he takes a step forward...

the guard SPINS from the window, PISTOL DRAWN --

-- Johnston FREEZES. HANDS UP. EYES WIDE as he sees...

It's Coy. Fully dressed in Weinhold's UNIFORM. And now...

... standing in a SHAFT OF MOONLIGHT, our warden & prisoner
LOCK EYES... for the first time since the parole hearing.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Hell of a morning...

BERNIE COY
Ain't mornin' yet.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Will be soon. Then they're coming
in... and you've got no way out.

BERNIE COY
I didn't. Till you gave me one.
(beat, adding it up)
Control Room. Clever, Warden. Heard
about those tunnels... Right under
our feet the whole damn time.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
You won't walk out of here alive...
even in that uniform. The only way
you live is to let those men go...
and walk out with me.

Coy LOWERS THE GUN. Shaking his head, amused. Then...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Bernie... I know why you're doing
this.

ON COY, stunned eyes finding Johnston's. Moments pass, then:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Your son.

Suddenly, Coy ADVANCES... raising his gun to Johnston's head.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
I have one, too. About your age.
His name's Paul. Lives in a little
town called Santa Maria, four and a
half hours down the coast. Know how
I know that?
(Coy DIGS THE GUN deeper)
Know how I know that?

ON COY, conflicted as Johnston soldiers on, baring his soul
in a way we've not seen until now...

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Because every few weeks I drive
down there... but only get halfway.
Two hours and fifteen minutes, on
the dot... Then I turn around and
drive back home.

Johnston's emotion is palpable. Coy's expression shifts. From
anger... to sadness.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
It's been eight years since we've
spoke. I'm afraid of what he'll
say. Hell, I'm afraid he won't have
anything to say.
(ashamed)
I'm a free man... and don't even
have the courage to drive another
two hours and fifteen minutes.
(can't help but laugh)
You?... You took on the Army.

Johnston looks up, LOCKING EYES with Coy. Resolute.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Remember... You're what you choose
to become... and you still have a
choice.

Coy's GUN TREMBLES, finger INCHING FOR THE TRIGGER...

BERNIE COY
... I've made my choice.

Then, without warning... Coy LOWERS HIS GUN...

BERNIE COY
So long, Warden.

With that, Coy simply WALKS AWAY, disappearing behind the cell block, leaving Johnston alone... in the SHAFT OF LIGHT.

CUT TO:

A BINOULARS POV. Panning the cellhouse. No movement...

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - NIGHT

Stilwell LOWERS the binocs. Turns to his Lieutenant. NODS.

ARMY LIEUTENANT
(into radio)
All units, prepare to engage.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CELLHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Coy enters, SCANNING the room. Begins STOMPING TILES with his feet. *THUMP... THUMP... THUD*. One sounds different...

Kneeling, Coy SLIDES the tile away, revealing...

THE SHAFT BELOW. A GRIN creeps up his face.

CUT TO:

SPLASH! BOOTS HIT WATER as Coy LANDS, scanning the PIPES...

INT. DRAIN PIPE - CELLHOUSE SEWERS - CONTINUOUS

... LIGHT reflects at the end of one. Moving quickly, he DROPS TO HANDS & KNEES... CRAWLING through the muck.

CUT TO:

THE LEVER BOX. Johnston throws it open, GRABBING A HANDLE --

INT. C-BLOCK / CELL 403 - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- PULLING it with all his might... but it won't budge.

IN CELL 403, Ernest & the guards look on THROUGH VISION PANELS, soon swapping GRAVE LOOKS. *They're trapped.* But --

-- Johnston TRIES AGAIN. Gritting teeth, he YANKS the handle... it WIGGLES... WIGGLES some more...

CLOSE ON Ernest & the guards, breaths held...

ON JOHNSTON, straining... almost there... when suddenly --

-- CRACK! THE WARDEN IS SUCKER-PUNCHED FROM BEHIND!

Johnston DROPS, HITTING THE FLOOR. In his place stands...

CRETZER. Awake. Alive.

IN CELL 403, Ernest SCREAMS, HANDS SHAKING BARS as Cretzer --

-- BEGINS TO BEAT OUR WARDEN. BRUTAL PUNCHES TO THE FACE, OVER... AND OVER... AND OVER. JOHNSTON HOWLS IN AGONY AS BLOOD SPLATTERS CEMENT WITH EVERY HAYMAKER.

IN VARIOUS CELLS, Clarence, Thompson, Shockley, Birdman, other prisoners... they all HEAR JOHNSTON'S SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

COY... crawling. He looks up. AHEAD, the LIGHT BRIGHTENS. He DOUBLE-TIMES IT, SCRAMBLING as fast as he can. Soon --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

-- the PIPE ENDS. Coy SQUIRMS OUT, lowering himself into a ROCKY ALCOVE. And then, Coy LOOKS UP. And sees it...

THE SUNRISE

Golden rays bathing the bay in WARM LIGHT. His first view of San Francisco not obscured by wire or bars.

ON COY, overwhelmed. He CLOSES HIS EYES. And hears it...

The tide, SPLASHING against rocks. Birds, CHIRPING in the sky above. And then... soft at first, A NEW SOUND...

A SCREAM.

Coy OPENS HIS EYES... listening. Soon... ANOTHER SCREAM.

Coy SPINS to the DARKNESS of the drainpipe, the sound ECHOING from deep within the cellhouse. For a lingering moment, we --

-- PUSH IN on Coy. Searching his mind. His heart. His soul.

CUT TO:

BLOOD. Painting rubble red as Cretzer lands a FINAL PUNCH --

INT. C-BLOCK - CELLHOUSE - MORNING

-- across Johnston's jaw. Skull rocking cement, the Warden MOANS. Lips split. Eyelid swelled shut. Nose pouring BLOOD.

RACKING FOCUS reveals... Johnston's POCKET WATCH on the floor. Glass face SHATTERED. Hands stopped, frozen in time.

Cretzer moves to a RUBBLE PILE. Sifts through it, finding...

A LOOSE PISTOL

Johnston COWERS BACK, GURGLING BLOOD as he stammers:

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Don't... please...

CRETZER COCKS THE GUN.

CRETZER
Sorry, Warden...

PRESSES IT AGAINST JOHNSTON'S HEAD.

CRETZER
... life sentence.

JOHNSTON GRITS HIS TEETH. This is it.

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
HEY!

Cretzer SPINS TO THE VOICE, PISTOL RAISED, GLIMPSING...

BERNIE COY

BOOM-BOOM! COY FIRES HIS PISTOL.

BOOM-BOOM! SO DOES CRETZER. A split-second FLASH OF BULLETS.

CRETZER GOES DOWN. WHAM. Dead on the rubble.

ON JOHNSTON as he clocks from Cretzer to Coy... who slowly LOWERS HIS PISTOL. The man just saved his life.

The two men LOCK EYES. A moment of stillness. Then --

-- Coy STUMBLES BACK... landing against A WALL, SLIDING DOWN it, leaving a TRAIL OF BLOOD behind.

As Johnston RUSHES to Coy, the cellhouse drops to UTTER SILENCE. The guards, the prisoners... no one makes a sound.

Reaching Coy, Johnston PROPS HIM UP. Blood soaks his hands.

BERNIE COY
(with effort)
Can't blame me for tryin'.

Johnston's speechless. Coy cracks a smirk, faintly amused:

BERNIE COY
Least I can say I licked The Rock.

Our Warden steadies Coy as he strains, BLOODY HAND reaching into his SHIRT POCKET, pulling out... HIS LETTER.

For a moment, Coy eyes the BLOOD-SOAKED ENVELOPE... then places the letter in Johnston's hands.

BERNIE COY
For my son. See that he gets it.

CLOSE ON their hands, both gripping the letter.

BERNIE COY
Can you do that for me, Warden?

Johnston offers a nod. A promise.

WARDEN JOHNSTON
Sure thing, Bernie.

With that... Coy RELEASES... looking skyward.... his body going limp. Pupils losing focus. And like a candle blown out... Bernie Coy is gone.

As Johnston cradles Coy in his arms, we PULL BACK...

... HIGHER & HIGHER... RISING to the ceiling, the vast cellhouse filled with nothing... but silence.

SLAM TO:

SOLDIER'S FACES. Sergeants, gunners, infantry. Armed, coiled, ready. All looking to --

EXT. ARMY CAMP - REC YARD - MORNING

-- General Stilwell. He slowly clocks from the cellhouse to his Lieutenant, who approaches, RADIO IN HAND.

ARMY LIEUTENANT
No word from the Warden.

Stilwell solemnly nods. Takes the radio. SPEAKS into it.

GENERAL STILWELL
Commence firing on my mark...

QUICK CUTS as GUNNERS COIL, FINGERS INCHING FOR TRIGGERS.

GENERAL STILWELL
Three... Two... One --

ARMY LIEUTENANT
-- Wait, General!

Stilwell SPINS to his Lieutenant, looking through BINOCs:

ARMY LIEUTENANT
We've got movement!

Stilwell CLOCKS BACK to the cellhouse, just as...

WARDEN JOHNSTON emerges, flanked by ERNEST, both men helping the INJURED GUARDS limp out. The General cracks a half-grin:

GENERAL STILWELL
That son of a bitch...
(barking into radio)
All units, stand down. Repeat...
stand down.

EXT. MAIN GATE - CELLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PUSHING IN on Johnston as he watches THE ARMY STAND DOWN.

Our Warden turns to Ernest, putting a hand on his shoulder. The men share a look... of utter relief. Off this, we...

CUT TO:

A HELICOPTER SHOT. Circling the island, SUN FLARING from behind the smoldering cellhouse, somehow... still standing.

FADE TO BLACK.

A TITLE FADES IN: Saturday, 8:30 AM.

TILTING DOWN from the SHINING SUN, we find ourselves within --

EXT. DOCKS - ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- SOBERING CHAOS. Soldiers. Police. Rita BARKING ORDERS as her STAFF keeps the SHOUTING PRESS at bay. LIGHT BULBS FLASH, but Sullivan remains stoic as he speaks INTO HIS RADIO MIC:

SULLIVAN
After two nights and three days of war-torn terror, the Battle of Alcatraz... is over. Three men are in custody... The death toll still unknown...

Thompson, Shockley, and Clarence are MARCHED BY IN HANDCUFFS. We HOLD on Clarence's face. Somehow older, weary, eyeing...

STRETCHERS. Carried across the wharf. White sheets draped over DEAD BODIES. Prisoner or guard... impossible to tell.

ON JANICE as the stretchers are carried past. She looks on, in shock. Unimaginable grief. But suddenly --

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 -- Janice...

... Janice turns. Sees Ernest. A moment of utter shock, then she RUSHES into his arms. He HOLDS her tight.

ERNEST
 ... I hear we're having a boy.

As Janice's SMILE shines through her tears, we PAN TO...

THE SURVIVING GUARDS, filtering into the crowd, reunited with their families. Tears of relief. But soon, we land on...

IDA MAE. Anxious as she SEARCHES the bustling crowd.

Unbearable moments pass...

Then finally, framed by sunlight & smoke...

HER HUSBAND EMERGES. Tweed suit filthy. Speckled with blood.

Johnston and Ida don't run or rush. Too old for that. Been through too much. Instead, they simply pace to each other...

... and fall into an EMBRACE. One that says what words can't.

Wife in his arms, Johnston looks to the water, spotting...

A SEAGULL

Flying in the air... Free.

One of MANY, SOARING over the foggy ocean. A lyrical image, over which TITLES APPEAR...

On May 4th, 1946, at 9:40am, the Battle of Alcatraz came to an end.

Following the events, Ernest Lageson moved to Inland California with his wife and son, where he resumed his job as a high school teacher.

Sam Shockley & Miran Thompson both received the death penalty. Their final breaths were taken in the gas chamber of San Quentin.

Clarence Carnes' life was spared, due to his mercy towards the captive guards. He served a life sentence and died in prison.

The body of Bernie Coy was never claimed by his family. His remains were buried in an unmarked grave in San Mateo County, California.

Two years later, James A. Johnston retired as Warden of Alcatraz. Before his tenure was over, he abolished the rule of silence, did away with solitary confinement, introduced rehabilitation programs, and wrote books on prison reform.

Finally, the bird lands on solid ground --

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

-- among many others, on Alcatraz Island. Modern day.

Gulls nest all over the island, near CRUMBLING BUILDINGS and BULLET-MARKED WALLS. The remnants of the battle, which remain to this very day. And soon, our final TITLES APPEAR...

Following decades of scrutiny, Alcatraz Prison was closed in 1963... the same year Bernie Coy's sentence would have ended.

Today, the island serves as a bird sanctuary.

FADE OUT.