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ROBIN TALBOT BACK ON E.F.N.Y.-PART 3

THE TONY
CRAWLEY
INTERVIEW.
THE MAN WHO
LITERARY GAVE
US JOHN CARPENTER.

THE JOHN CARPENTER

APRIL 89 - COLLECTOR'S ISSUE #7
FANZINE FOR THE FANTASTIC FILMS

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FROM
FRANCE

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THE RETURN OF
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MAN IS STILL THE WARMEST PLACE TO HIDE
THE THING - PART TWO



ESCAPE FROM LOS ANGELES

Concept by Shahid Ali

Story by Naz and Zahid Ali

In 1988 the crime rate in the United States had risen to 400 %. The one great city in New York became the first maximum security prison for the entire country. In 1998 the crime rate had risen further to 600 %, a new maximum penitentiary was erected by dynamiting the San Andreas fault, moving the entire west coast in the ocean. The New York prison governs 16 of the 52 states, while Los Angeles now accommodates the rest, therefore becoming the one great stockade of America.

A 70ft container wall surrounds the city on which the U.S. Police Force like an army patrols the perimeter. Artificial Islands like oil rigs are encamped around the prison, acting as guard towers. All bridges to the mainland are defended by special security cameras, which automatically illuminate any advance escapes by prisoners. Large actions or manoeuvres by group convicts within the kilometre of the wall are strictly monitored.

New York sufficed.....Los Angeles fulfills!

2007

The grappling hooks sank in the concrete like diamonds within cheese. Snake secures the rope, brushes his hair back and climbs up swiftly. His strong arms haul him up to the thirty-seventh floor, his body hugging the concrete before breaking in. He shuffles himself for the last time bringing out the weapon to cut the glass. The wind howls past him as he makes his way through. He is wet, he is cold and what lays ahead is nothing compared to what he has gone through before.

Snake plucks out the security decoder from his utility belt and begins to examine the alarm systems. Four lights start flashing on the screen signalling the located areas. He begins to take the early advances upon the bankrobbers, when suddenly a bleep occurs from the decoder. Snake halts and observes the darkened corridor. He quickly spots the infra-red camera and disarms it calmly. There was no time to lose, he quickly checked the decoder and briskly ran forward.

He flicked the button and the screen showed life moving on the same floor. His back itched and smoothly he took hold of the lasersighted crossbow-gun. His left hand held the barrel while his other gripped the handle. With his finger on the trigger he approached the crossroads of corridors, now he could hear the faint steps round one corner.

His ears picked up the sound of the footsteps getting closer and closer. Snake tightened the grip on the handle, his finger was ready to kill. His back pulled away from the wall and he launched a steel arrow straight for the head.



The robber dropped dead, there wasn't a sound nor was there going to be. Snake lept forward and pulled the body away into hiding. He took a deep breath as the side cartridge loaded another steel arrow.

Now he had the second corridor to himself. He observed the broken cameras and then his sharp eyes focussed on the distant silhouette. He heaved himself on to the floor and prepared for the second killing. With his eyes pinned behind the target sight, he viewed the robber's face through the telescope. Snake waited silently as the man marched up again. The arrow flew straight for the throat, the robber croaked, Snake launched another to the heart. The man tumbled to his knees and then fell forward.

His long hair flew back as he ran for the next corner. Snake checked with the decoder and it clearly showed eleven men present in the room two door down. He sneaked up slowly. The decoder showed the robbers moving within the room, Snake quickly identifies with the situation and just then the door opens. He swiftly tucks behind the door. The robber walks out slowly only to be caught by the neck, Snake rapidly kills him and lowers him to the ground. With three down and eight to go, Snake now had an even chance.

Before the door close, he jumps in and takes the team of robbers by total surprise. Snake took the first one nearest to the two hostages, the arrow penetrated his chest in one blow. Before the first victim could fall, he fired again, the thrust took the second straight through the window. He jumps back and blasts the third with his gun, the explosion circled the large room. The remaining robbers throw their weapons to the floor and surrender immediately. Snake watches them carefully.

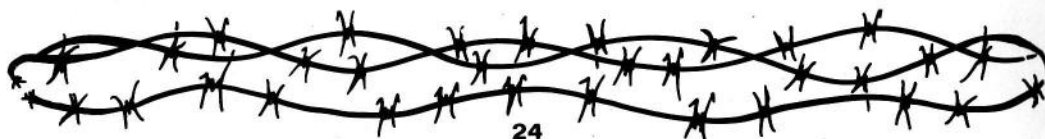
He goes over to the table where the hostages lay wrapped in ropes, he cut them free. One of the robbers make a move, Snake instantly throws the knife to his mistake.

"Move across" said Snake, pointing his lethal Weapon.

"Whata they call you?" murmured one of the hostages.

"Shut up and pick up the guns" replied Snake and commands again with his weapon.

The hostages immediately obey the order and chase up the guns. The hostages automatically push the robbers towards the exit, Snake follows with an all round glance. The place seemed a mess but that wasn't his problem. They all followed the same path which Snake took on his arrival, noticing the first dead bodies. Turning the first corner, they walked in the dark towards the stairs at the end of the floor.



At midway shooting fires out and panick strickens. One of the robbers gets a shot in the mayhem and a hostage follows him to the ground. Snake pulls back with the remaining hostages and takes cover around the corner. The last of the robbers run along the opposite corridor, he watches them as they quickly disappear into the dark. Snake shoves his gun round the corner and fires like hell. His head popping now and then trying to get a better aim at the shadows.

Suddenly his gun clicks, Snake begins to reload. "Get to the window" shouted Snake, remembering his first entrance into the building. "You what?" questioned the hostage in panick mode. "There's a rope at the window, use it!" replied Snake and re-started firing. His mind a little confused but not bewildered. He took the last glance at the hostage making his way through the hole in the window and disappearing down. A little reassured, Snake fired in anger. Luck was running out, he could see the shadows moving closer for he knew he was fighting against time.

He shoots, reloads and then makes for the window. The glass smashes into smithereens but he manages to secure himself one strong hold on to the rope, the grapplings begin to give way. His eyes see the strain on the hooks, bits of concrete begin to chip away. Without hesitation, Snake slides down the rope burning his hands.

He re-enters the building only to find an empty space, the hostage has already made way to the stairs. Snake rushes down the stairs, his utility belt rustling to his side. He pants heavily but at last he is safe as he gets down to the ground floor. He exits the building out of breath and out of luck.

A S.W.A.T. commander shouts out among the street lights.

"Hold it" the rifles click.

Snakes freezes

"Identify yourself" asks the commanding officer

"Snake.....Snake Plissken!"

