

John Carpenter's
ESCAPE FROM L.A.

written by
John Carpenter
and
Debra Hill

June 23, 1995

John Carpenter's
ESCAPE FROM L.A.

DARKNESS.

A pounding, metallic beat begins. Twists of SOUND in a tightrope rhythm. The SNAP of a military SNARE DRUM.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1998.

FEMALE NARRATOR

Forces hostile to the United
States grow strong in the late
20th Century.

A DARK TABLEAU - CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Graffiti-smeared walls. Fires raging. Automatic weapons
FIRE. Shadowy FIGURES dash through the southern California
night.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A great moral crisis grips the
nation as social revolution
and a breakdown of the criminal
justice system threaten society.

A LINE OF POLICEMEN - NIGHT

They stand like sentinels. Black uniforms. Battle helmets.
Gleaming military assault weapons. Bullet-proof shields
with large emblems: the American eagle against a red
background, and in bold letters underneath, THE UNITED
STATES POLICE FORCE.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

To protect and defend its
citizens, the United States
Police Force is formed.

A GLOWING HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

of Los Angeles, on the coast of southern California.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERIMPOSE: 1999.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The population of Los Angeles grows to 40 million. The city is ravaged by crime and immorality. A Presidential candidate predicts a millennium earthquake will destroy the city in divine retribution.

The map of L.A. now glows a dark red.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

A hot summer's day. Heat ripples distort the towering shadowy buildings in the dense smog.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

An earthquake measuring 9.6 on the Richter scale hits at 12:59 p.m., August 23rd, in the year 2000.

Suddenly WE ARE HIT BY THE LOUDEST, BOOMING, ROLLING CONCUSSION you have ever heard. The buildings begin to shake, swaying wildly.

THE BONAVENTURE HOTEL

IMPLODES, collapses inward in the THUDDING, SLAMMING FREIGHT TRAIN of an earthquake.

THE 4-LEVEL INTERCHANGE

as the Santa Monica Freeway SHATTERS, crumbles, pulling exit ramps, cars, trees and nearby buildings with it.

SEQUENCE OF RAPID CUTS

Buildings shaking. Streets buckling.

Cars rolling, crashing. PEOPLE running. Gas mains EXPLODING.

Buildings convulsing and dropping like tinder against an inferno.

THE SANTA MONICA PIER

as the tsunami sweeps in from the ocean, SMACKING into the shoreline like the hammer of God, plunging us INTO DARKNESS.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

After the devastation, the constitution is amended, and the newly elected President accepts a lifetime term of office.

HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

of the United States. A line tracks along the Mexican border, like the Berlin Wall.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Fearing a massive terrorist invasion from South America, the United States prepares for war. The Great Wall is built along the southern border, cutting off the flow of illegal aliens.

WHAM! A TORCH-LIT LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The ruins of L.A. Rubble, smoke, a lethal wasteland. An ARMY of terrifying FIGURES climbs atop a mountain of debris. They raise their weapons into the night sky.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Street gangs, South American terrorists and the criminally insane capture Los Angeles, the once-great City of Angels.

ZOOM INTO A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP OF L.A.

An unrecognizable L.A. After the big one. Surrounded by water, L.A. is now an island off the new western shore, tilting on the edge of the continental plate.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now an island on the border of civilization, L.A. is a no-man's land of chaos, anarchy and darkness.

A red line tracks along the mountainous areas surrounding the island, defining the perimeter of the armed fortress. Police firebases and gun emplacements are indicated in the San Gabriel Mountains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The United States Police Force,
like an army, is encamped in
the San Gabriel Mountains.

ZOOM INTO L.A. From the glowing, outlined canyons come the
CRIES of rage of a million lost souls.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The President's first act as
Permanent Commander-in-Chief is
Directive 17: protect and defend
the United States from this
island of the damned, Hell on
Earth.

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2013. NOW.

EXT. DARK OCEAN - NIGHT

TRAVELING SHOT

low, across the top of the water's surface. Climb up the
side of a massive, rusted supertanker, abandoned years ago.
Break over the railing to reveal a gigantic NEON SIGN which
SCREAMS "NEW LAS VEGAS".

THE SUPERTANKER has been transformed into a floating resort.

The camera increases speed, moves past huge billboards
displaying gigantic glitzy ads:

NUCLEAR NIGHTS IN HAVANA - an extravaganza with fabulous
showgirls and laser recreations of Fidel's final night.

MUSEUM OF NIGHT CLUB ARTS -- a virtual reality tour
featuring legendary Vegas entertainers.

FREE ENTERPRISE WORLD -- a virtual Disneyland for the whole
family.

Now camera flies low through glittering streets and back
alleyways filled with GAMBLERS, neon and glitz.

EXT. ALLEY - NEW LAS VEGAS, 2013 - NIGHT

An alley strangled with TOURISTS, GAMBLERS, HOOKERS, HUSTLERS and CON-MEN -- professional expatriates from the West mingling with excited visitors from all over the world.

SUPERIMPOSE: NEW LAS VEGAS
OFF THE COAST OF SEATTLE
THURSDAY 0330 HOURS G.M.T.

A SALESMAN

with a chin-mike speaks non-stop, unintelligible Chinese. A frenzied CROWD gathers around him, waving money, placing bets.

TWO MEN

sit at either end of a long table. They are in deep shadows, facing each other. We only get GLIMPSES of them:

ONE

Fat. Mirrored sunglasses. Chinese. His fingers TAP on the table.

A cockroach scurries past. Ammo belts. A sheathed combat knife the size of your arm. .45 automatics in holsters.

THE OTHER

Dressed in black. An eye-patch. Dangerous. A flash of two six-guns in holsters. A futuristic gunfighter. The cockroach dashes past his fingers. WHAP! He squashes it.

THE CROWD

goes nuts, placing bets, YELLING and SCREAMING in a dozen languages.

THE SALESMAN

places 3 different shaped, clear shot glasses in front of the two men. The he leans over to...

A VAT OF POISONOUS SNAKES

He reaches in, grabs a cobra, pulls it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE COBRA

HISSES and squirms. Deftly, the Salesman continues to talk non-stop into his chin-mike as he milks the cobra venom into the first glass.

He pulls out an ice-pick, jabs it into the snake's throat, and bleeds a thick green-white liquid into the second glass.

Finally, he slits open the cobra with a large knife, and cuts out the heart and liver. Tossing aside the dead snake, the Salesman squeezes the heart and liver with his fingers.

The juice drips into the third glass.

Now the Salesman stirs the glasses. The poison is clear. The blood is milky-green. The heart and liver are red. He places the glasses on the table between the two men.

THE TWO MEN

stare at each other, motionless. The Crowd continues placing bets at a fevered pitch.

A TITANIUM LIGHT TUBE

floats above the center of the table. A laser beam of light shines from one end.

THE SALESMAN

leans over and flicks one side with his finger sending the tube spinning on its axis like a bottle, the light circling the room before stopping on the fat man's forehead.

THE FAT MAN

reaches slowly toward the glasses. His hand shakes slightly. He hesitates. Finally he takes the glass with the red liquid (the heart and liver), lifts it to his lips, pauses, and then gulps it down.

THE CROWD

EXPLODES. More bets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SALESMAN

leans over and spins the light tube again, this time it lands on something black, an eye-patch. Pull back to reveal a man with an eye-patch.

THE MAN WITH THE EYE-PATCH

reaches forward, his hand paused between the remaining two glasses. He takes the one filled with milky-green blood and downs it fast. The Crowd ROARS.

ONE GLASS LEFT

The two men stare at it silently.

THE SALESMAN

spins the light tube with more force than before. It circles again and again, slowing down, speeding up, finally stopping on the fat man.

THE SALESMAN

begins YELLING over the DIN of the crowd, shouting at the Fat Man.

THE FAT MAN

reaches for the glass of clear poison. His trembling fingers hover above it. Then he quickly withdraws his hand.

THE CROWD

reacts, BOOS, as...

THE MAN WITH THE EYE-PATCH

smiles. A slightly, cynical smile. And without hesitation, he reaches out, grabs the glass of poison, and drinks it down.

THE CROWD

surges forward, but the Salesman stops them with a sweep of his arm. All bets are off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE TWO MEN

stand from the table. Take several steps away toward the end of the alley. Stand facing each other. Two gunfighters.

FLASHES

of the two men. A piece of a black military boot. A hand positioned over a six-shooter. Mirrored sunglasses. A sweaty, trembling lip. And the eye-patched man's one good eye, blue and clear, staring -- hard and calm as a sunny day...

THEY DRAW

It happens in an instant. The alley THUNDERS with GUNFIRE. The guns BUCK and FLASH. Then silence.

The two men stand there for a beat, until one of them, the Fat Man, slumps, falls face first into the alley, dead.

THE CROWD

goes completely ape shit...

AS SNAKE PLISSKEN

emerges from the shadows of the alley, holsters his guns, grabs his take of the money...

Snake Plissken. Long hair. A black eye-patch. A tight-lipped grimace. The impression of coiled aggression and intense cynicism. The toughest, most dangerous man on planet earth. A legend.

PLISSKEN

strolls out of the alley into the crowd. He counts his money, pockets it, as a CIGARETTE GIRL approaches him. Plissken stops her, pays for a pack of cigs. As she eyes him...

CLOSE - PLISSKEN'S ARM

... the Cigarette Girl touches him, pricks his skin with her fingernail. A drop of blood appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

turns, stares after her, as the SOUND OF HELICOPTERS rises from above in the night sky.

THE CROWD

suddenly begins to disperse.

HELICOPTER SEARCHLIGHTS

blast down on the street. Plissken is suddenly caught in the glare. He starts to move away...

KACLANG!

Out of the blackness above a huge steel net drops out of nowhere.

THE NET

SLAMS DOWN on top of Plissken, trapping him, driving him down to the pavement with its weight...

PLISSKEN

struggles inside the net, as BLACK FIGURES -- United States Police Force OFFICERS -- rush toward him, grab the net, tightening it.

More COPS move for him as we SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK...

SUPERIMPOSE: L.A.
FRIDAY 1900 HOURS

EXT. CONTAINMENT WALL - FIREBASE SEVEN - L.A. - NIGHT

Searchlights sweep down across a column of POLICEMEN marching past a concrete wall. CAMERA BEGINS TO CRANE UP the wall. SOUND OF ROARING TURBINES. The HOWL of a Santa Ana wind.

CAMERA REACHES the top of the wall. ARMED POLICE TROOPS stand on the battlements. Across what looks like an ocean is L.A. The view is from the Newhall Pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hidden by the Santa Monica Mountains, L.A. glows in the distance with a hundred fires. Smoke surges from the jagged horizon. Above, the sky is an angry orange.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOP OF THE WALL

Red sensor lights glow in evenly spaced intervals. Searchlights sweep into the darkness. Cannons are in place every 200 feet, manned by POLICE GUARDS.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

Water stretches into blackness. This was once the San Fernando Valley, but now it's all underwater. Pieces of debris -- tops of buildings, the tail of an airplane, a radio tower -- stick up above the surface. We can make out the letters of an old, half-sunken sign: SAN FERNANDO VALLEY MALL.

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

The wall stretches to the northwest up to the Santa Susanna Pass. Portions of the 118 Freeway arch up out of the water.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - BEHIND THE WALL - NIGHT

Firebase Seven is a fortified base camp in the San Gabriel Mountains. It is a sprawling Police complex with low concrete bunkers, gun emplacements, satellite communications, vehicles, TROOPS, the works.

ON A LARGE ASPHALT FIELD

opposite the main complex is Rotor City -- row after row of black, multi-bladed, totally evil Police Battle helicopters parked like giant bugs on the ground.

A THRONG OF POLICEMEN

gather at the edge of Rotor City YELLING AND CHEERING, their fists in the air. COPS with camcorders videotape the event. A POLICE ANCHOR reports...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11

POLICE ANCHOR

He's been the Force's Most Wanted Man for 10 years. Convicted of 27 moral crimes. I can tell you, the excitement around here is...
(a great ROARING skyward)
Here he comes!

A MASSIVE 7-ROTORED, 40-BLADED HELICOPTER TRANSPORT

comes SLAMMING DOWN out of the black sky and lands. The growing crowd of CHEERING COPS goes nuts like fans at a football game. They slap hands, dance wildly.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A mammoth room filled with high-tech instrumentation. A glowing holographic map of L.A. fills one wall. Most of the CONTROL PERSONNEL have left their work stations and gather around TV sets all showing the Police Channel: a view of the helicopter transport sitting on the asphalt and the cheering crowds at the edge of Rotor City.

A tall, steel-faced OFFICER sits at his desk. This is Firebase Commander MAC 'BIG DOG' MALLOY. Hard, battle weary features. BRAZEN, a section Lieutenant, comes up.

BRAZEN

Commander Malloy. They're bringing him out, sir.

Malloy rises from his chair, steps to a nearby TV set, watches the scene from the Police Channel.

MALLOY

So we finally got him.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

The crowd of COPS is growing to a frenzy of wild anticipation.

POLICE ANCHOR

Hold on! The door is opening!

THE DOOR

of the helicopter transport slowly lowers like a drawbridge. Out of its black belly comes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Snake Plissken. A steel collar is clamped around his neck. Eight lengths of chain stretch to EIGHT ARMED GUARDS who escort Plissken down the ramp.

PLISSKEN

is bruised, badly beaten and tortured, his face a mess, but he doesn't seem to care.

A LINE OF BATTLE-READY COPS

stand with their guns aimed right at Plissken's head as he is marched into camp. An army of camcorders move ahead of the Police Anchor as he scampers along in front of Plissken interviewing him.

POLICE ANCHOR

Hello, Plissken. Welcome to L.A.

Celebrating Cops CHEER as Plissken is lead to...

A SIGN ABOVE A CONCRETE BUNKER - DEPORTATION CENTER

The bunker has one large opening, into which HUNDREDS OF DEPORTEES march. GUARDS in towers monitor the condemned as they trudge out of fenced-in containment areas, down walled corridors to the bunker entrance.

The deportees are MINORITIES, the POOR, PROSTITUTES, PIMPS, THIEVES, ADULTERERS, ATHEISTS -- the Morally Guilty, outcasts of society. SINGLE MOTHERS carry BABIES. TEENAGE RUNAWAYS huddle together. There are ABORTION DOCTORS, DRUG DEALERS, PORNOGRAPHERS, the prisoners of a massive cultural war.

As Plissken is marched toward the entrance, a loudspeaker blares out:

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)

You are now entering the Deportation Center. You have been found guilty of moral crimes against the United States of America.

A GREAT CHEER goes up from the Cops as the Police Anchor continues his interview...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13

POLICE ANCHOR
S.D. Bob Plissken. Special
Forces, Black Light, Texas
Thunder. 2 Purple Hearts.
Youngest man ever decorated
by the President.

Plissken's face remains so impassive as to be almost blank.

INT. SODIUM VAPOR CORRIDOR - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

A glowing, vaporous-orange corridor. More COPS gather to watch Plissken as he is escorted into the bowels of the Deportation Center.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)
You've been convicted of 27 moral
crimes, Plissken. The murder of
an Internal Revenue agent. The
kidnapping of a bank president.
Gunfighting for profit. The list
goes on and on...

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Deeper into the Deportation Center. CAMERA TRACKS along the Deportees, some bleeding, some wrapped in rags. Plissken, the Police Anchor, camcorders and the armed escort move through the dark, low concrete passageway.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)
You used to respect the law. Served
your country like no man before you.
Role model to a generation.

The Police Anchor leans in as close as he dares to Plissken's face.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)
What happened to you, war hero?
You were the best we had.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Cold steel walls. Deeper into the Deportation Center. The Deportees here are in worse shape. Some appear to be dead. Plissken and his entourage continue along, as the loudspeaker ECHOES a prerecorded message...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)

You are sentenced to permanent
expulsion beyond the borders of the
U.S. You now have the option to
repent of your sins and be
electrocuted on the premises.
If you elect this option, notify
the Cleric Sergeant in your
Processing Area.

Plissken and his entourage pass Deportees kneeling and
praying in front of cloaked CLERIC COPS, government holy
men. Beyond, through opened doorways, SEE Death Row
Deportees being strapped into futuristic electric chairs.

POLICE ANCHOR

The whole world's watching.
Every good and decent person
who works hard and follows
the rules. What would you
say to them.

Plissken's expression is blank.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)

What would you say to all of us
who believed in you, who looked
up to you, who thought you stood
for right over wrong, good over
evil? Be my guest. What do you
have to say, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

(beat)

Call me Snake.

The guards move Plissken through a doorway, and the huge
steel doors SLAM SHUT on the Police Anchor and camcorders.

INT. CORRIDOR - PROCESSING AREA - NIGHT

Malloy, Brazen and a 3RD MAN, tall, charismatic, grim, move
urgently along a corridor.

BRAZEN

ComStat did a psychosearch on
him. Used a database of 5 million
sociopathic personalities. He
hit the bottom of the curve.

MALLOY

Perfect for the mission. Nobody
else can pull it off -- not an
army, not a man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAZEN

Zero emotional development.
Total lack of compassion. A
highly developed psychopathic
instinct to survive.

3RD MAN

Let's get this over with.

INT. CONCRETE CELL - NIGHT

The cell door SLAMS shut. Plissken turns around. Wrist and leg irons. He looks around.

In the concrete cell he sees a simple table with an overhead light above it. A watch lies on the table.

Plissken shuffles over, picks up the watch, examines it.

The cell door opens. Malloy, Brazen and the 3rd Man ENTER the room unarmed. The door closes.

Malloy and Brazen move forward, to the edge of the light. The 3rd Man stays back in the shadows by the door.

MALLOY

How you doin', Plissken?

(no reply)

You like the watch?

PLISSKEN

You assholes didn't bring me
here to give me this for 20
years of dedicated service.
What'ya want?

Malloy looks back to the 3rd Man in the shadows...

3RD MAN

Get to it.

Malloy raises a control unit, pushes the button. The lights go down and a computer-enhanced image appears on the wall...

INT. PROTOTYPE DEFENSE LAB - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

From the point of view of a surveillance camera. The lab is huge. Banks of processors, disk drives, test bays, prototype assembly areas. High tech.

(CONTINUED)

A GROUP OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS is being given a tour. UTOPIA, 17, the President's daughter, is among them. Pretty, virginal, she wears a "True Love Waits" button on her flowered dress.

MALLOY

At 1030 hours Wednesday, a group of government officials began a tour of the Livermore Defense Lab. The President's Daughter Utopia was among them.

Plissken continues to watch the image on the wall...

MALLOY (CONT'D)

An hour later, she boarded Air Force 3 to Washington.

The 3rd Man reacts as the image in front of Plissken changes...

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - CAMCORDER

From the point of view of a camcorder. Utopia stands inside the main cabin of a plush, government 747. In one hand she holds a black anodized box the size of a transistor radio with a button on top. In the other, a machine gun.

UTOPIA

(to the camcorder)

To the American people -- it is time to rise up and demand the surrender of the President and his corrupt theocracy of lies and terror.

MALLOY

At 1140 hours, she hijacked the plane. We scanned the videotape on VR. Check it out.

Inside the surveillance room the President stares grimly as Malloy presses a button.

SUDDENLY THE IMAGE

in front of Plissken spreads out all around him. He is in a virtual reality recreation:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - VIRTUAL REALITY

Plissken stands manacled in the main cabin. A group of SECRET SERVICE MEN and CONGRESSMEN watch as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT operates a camcorder. He's videotaping Utopia as she rants into the camera. She's pent up with such anxiety she's like a panther in a cage.

UTOPIA

Today is Day One of a brand new world. The days of empire are finished.

(beat)

To the President -- my father.
You know what this is.

She holds up the anodized box with the red button and thrusts it at the camcorder.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

You know what it will do.
Unless you abdicate your throne by tomorrow night, I will use it -- on you.

CONGRESSMAN

Utopia, please. Give us the prototype. If something should happen

UTOPIA

It'll be in my hands -- and the hands of my lover.

She says 'lover' with all the drama a 17-year-old virgin can muster. The others are shocked.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

Yes, my lover. My man. The only real man I've ever known. I'm on my way to his arms.

She moves to the rear of the main cabin, bends down, opens a small hatch in the floor, scrambles down...

WHAM!

The VR image suddenly disappears, and Plissken is again standing inside the concrete cell. Malloy and Brazen stand in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

MALLOY

Somehow during the tour, she came into possession of a prototype transmitting device. We don't know how.

BRAZEN

Utopia became depressed after her mother's suicide, began to withdraw into her virtual reality simulator. She'd punch up her own little world in cyberspace and stay in it for days at a time.

(hits a button)

Somebody else was in there with her.

AN IMAGE APPEARS

in front of Plissken: a computer-rendered VR picture of clouds and sunshine, green grass and happy animals frolicking. A Garden of Eden. There, coming toward us, is CUERVO JONES. South American terrorist. Fiercest warrior of the Third World. He wears a gleaming ancient Aztec battle helmet. Bandoliers strapped around him.

MALLOY

Cuervo Jones. Shining Path. Peruvian terrorist. Runs the biggest, baddest gang in L.A.

Cuervo Jones takes off the helmet. He is blindingly handsome, charismatic. He smiles, reaches out his arms to CAMERA as if to embrace it.

The image suddenly pops back to the beginning -- it's on a loop.

The image disappears. The lights in the cell come up.

BRAZEN

Utopia made tapes of her VR experiences, then tried to erase them. She missed this fragment on the end of her last tape. Cuervo Jones must have tapped into the VR master data bank -- and then went prowling around for innocent blood, someone vulnerable to corrupt. Utopia was lonely, looking for something to believe in.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Sad story. You got a cigarette?

MALLOY

Shut up, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

What's the little black box do?

MALLOY

Top secret. Only on a need to know.

PLISSKEN

And I don't need to know. So fuck you, I'm goin' to Hollywood.

MALLOY

That's right, Big Shot. Unless you do what we want you're not coming back.

PLISSKEN

So what's the deal, huh? Go into L.A., find the President's daughter, secure the box, and bring 'em both out -- and I'm free?

MALLOY

That's the deal.

PLISSKEN

Tell the President to adopt. I think I'll like L.A.

After a couple beats, the 3rd Man appears next to Malloy and Brazen. He stares at Plissken for a moment, holds up some papers.

3RD MAN

If you bring out the prototype, you'll receive full pardon for every immoral act you have ever committed in the United States. Just like in '97. Remember New York, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

(looks at him)

Who are you?

MALLOY

It's the President, for Christ's sake!

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

I give you my word. Put the prototype into my hands, and you're a free man.

PLISSKEN

I can see you're real concerned about your daughter.

PRESIDENT

Utopia is lost to me. My daughter is gone.

PLISSKEN

Well, I'll think it over.

PRESIDENT

You're running out of time.

PLISSKEN

I've been doin' that all my life. Might as well do it in L.A. Everybody else there is.

MALLOY

Well, enjoy it, War Hero, cause you got 10 hours to live.

Malloy, Brazen and the President turn to leave...

PLISSKEN

Wait a minute, what are you talkin' about?

MALLOY

Having second thoughts?

PLISSKEN

Maybe. But you're not putting any shit in me this time.

MALLOY

You don't understand. It's already in you.

PLISSKEN'S FACE

as an IMAGE of the Cigarette Girl in New Vegas FLASHES suddenly. Her fingernail scratches his arm. He tightens.

(CONTINUED)

MALLOY (CONT'D)

The cigarette girl in New Vegas was an undercover cop. She injected you with Incentive Toxin. Right now it's swimming in your bloodstream. It'll start to take effect in 9 hours.

BRAZEN

It's a strain of the Plutoxin 7 virus. Genetically engineered. 100% pure death. Complete nervous system shutdown. You crash and bleed out like a stuck pig. Not a pretty sight.

Plissken takes a step toward him. Malloy holds up a large hypodermic.

MALLOY

Of course there's an anti-toxin. Neutralizes the virus immediately upon injection.

(beat)

We'll give it to you, but you have to do us this little favor.

TWO BEATS...

...and then Plissken attacks the President, hurls himself across the room, throwing the chain around the President's neck...

Plissken passes right through the President, causing his image to waver slightly, then falls on his ass.

PRESIDENT

Didn't think we were that stupid, did you?

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The real Malloy, Brazen and President stand in front of a laser camera in a small room offering a view of the cell through a transparent portion of the wall.

MALLOY

We're holographs.

INSIDE THE CELL

Plissken stares at the 3 images in front of him, then at the camera lens on the wall...

PLISSKEN

Get this crap out of me.

MALLOY

I guess we have a deal. Nice to be working with you, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

(beat)

Call me Snake.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

Plissken checks through various tactical survival items and weapons laid out on a table. Brazen watches as Malloy shows him a high tech submachine gun.

BRAZEN

Very sweet little weapon. Core burner. Magnesium ammo. 500 extra rounds.

(moves on)

2 9mm handguns.

(holds up a

silver pill)

Oral projectile. Mouth dart.

Hold it in your mouth for 10 seconds, the coating dissolves, it becomes a weapon.

Malloy breaks open the silver pill. Inside is a small, lethal-looking dart.

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

Urolite. It'll stun the enemy for several seconds.

Plissken picks up a small, computerized compass.

MALLOY

Tracer. Utopia has a Kidnap Chip implanted in her arm. You can locate her with this.

(CONTINUED)

Brazen hands Plissken a large black clip.

BRAZEN

This clips right on to your 9mm.
Ammo enhancers. Like miniaturized
grenades. Blows through anything.

Plissken SNAPS the clip onto his piston, then UNSNAPS it.

EXT. POLICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

Plissken suits up. Submachine gun, handguns, six-guns.
He, Brazen and Malloy walk quickly across the complex.

MALLOY

L.A. is in a constant state
of warfare. Gangs fighting
for the right to rule.

BRAZEN

Heavy Third World connections.
They get weapons, drugs, fuel,
choppers -- everything is pumped
into the island from the South.

MALLOY

Some areas have power -- they're
on line to San Onofre.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

As Brazen's command helicopter takes off...

INT. COMMAND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Plissken stares at a photo of the anodized prototype.

PLISSKEN

I'll need to know more about
this thing.

MALLOY

Only a handful of people
are aware of its existence.
Let's just say it's the
ultimate defensive weapon.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN
Defense against what?

MALLOY
There's a war about to be
declared, or didn't you know?

Plissken shrugs.

MALLOY
Third World wants to live like
we do -- and they plan on
taking what they want. The
Cubans and Brazilians are
ready to invade Miami. If
the Africans and Colombians
make a run at the border, we
got a full scale attack on
the United States.

PLISSKEN
So what does this thing do?

MALLOY
All you need to know is get
it back here by 5 a.m.

EXT. WALL - ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Command helicopter lands near a large access tunnel
inside the containment wall.

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

Plissken, Brazen and Malloy walk through the dark, dank
tunnel. ARMED GUARDS stand at the ready.

A HATCH

in the tunnel floor stands open. A ladder disappears down
into darkness.

MALLOY
(points to the
open hatch)
You're going over by submarine.
One-man submersible. Nuclear
powered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken arranges his gear, climbs into the hatch opening.

PLISSKEN

Where do I put ashore?

MALLOY

Cahuenga Pass. Make your way up through the mountains toward the Hollywood Bowl. You should be able to pick up Utopia's tracer there.

(beat)

Once you go inside, you're on your own.

(beat)

You know what you have to do with the girl, don't you?

(beat)

We have to spare this nation her trial -- for treason.

PLISSKEN

So you want me to take her out?

(Malloy nods)

Is that an order from the President?

MALLOY

Let's just say it's what's best for the country.

PLISSKEN

By the way -- who gives me the anti-toxin?

MALLOY

A medical team will be standing by.

PLISSKEN

Not you?

MALLOY

No.

PLISSKEN

Good.

Plissken raises the submachine gun, aims at Malloy.

(CONTINUED)

KABLAMM! He FIRES, ripping hellish blasts at Malloy.
There's no damage. Malloy laughs.

MALLOY
Thought you might try that.
First clip is filled with
blanks. Goodbye, Plissken.

Malloy kicks the hatch and it SLAMS down on top of Plissken.
Brazen pushes a control button, sealing it shut.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

Plissken climbs down the ladder into a small submarine bay.
Below him on a launching rig is a sleek, black one-man
submarine shaped like a dart.

The submarine's hatch is open. Plissken climbs inside.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Plissken seals the hatch behind him. He has to lie flat
on his stomach to operate the sub. He quickly hits
various switches and buttons, powering up the cockpit.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy and Brazen move to a surveillance-command post.

PLISSKEN
(v.o. radio)
Com check.

Malloy picks up a microphone.

MALLOY
I'm here, Plissken.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Plissken looks at the wrist watch. It ticks down ominously.
8 hours and counting down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

27

MALLOY (v.o.) (CONT'D)
Stand by for launch. Ignitor.
(Plissken pushes
a button)
Fuel rod injection.

Plissken pulls a lever, watches his dials. A DEEP HUMMING
SOUND GROWS LOUDER inside the sub.

PLISSKEN
She's in the green.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Lock fuel rods.

PLISSKEN
(hits a switch)
Locked.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Nuclear turbine to 75% power.

Plissken turns a throttle-like control with his left
hand.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

out of the rear tubes of Plissken's sub comes a ROARING
BLUE GLOW.

INT. SUBMARINE

PLISSKEN
75% power.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Hands on switches and counting.
5... 4... 3... 2...1. Launch.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY

The rear tubes ROAR. Suddenly the sub is shot forward
through a long, circular tunnel.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken braces himself as the cabin lurches, vibrates with the force.

EXT. THE WALL - NEWHALL PASS - NIGHT

A door in the wall opens, revealing the circular tunnel.

In a ROARING EXPLOSION the sub rockets out of the tunnel, shot from the wall like a cannonball.

THE SUBMARINE

is airborne for several seconds, then drops down, and SLAMS into the San Fernando Sea.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken is rocked with the impact. He guides the sub with hand controls. In front of him on a screen is a schematic diagram of the underwater landscape of the San Fernando Valley.

EXT. UNDERWATER - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

In the underwater darkness, SEE the broken remains of the 405 Freeway, as the sub SCREAMS past, its nuclear wake churning in the water.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy, Brazen and other Cops follow Plissken's course on a giant computer screen.

MALLOY

Plissken, watch your speed.
Lots of obstructions down
there.

EXT. UNDERWATER - VAN NUYS CITY HALL - NIGHT

As the sub ROCKETS past the ruins of the Van Nuys City Hall, barely missing it.

INT. SUBMARINE

MALLOY (v.o.)
Plissken...

Plissken ignores him, carefully maneuvers the sub with his controls.

MALLOY (v.o. CONT'D)
Plissken... Do you copy?

EXT. UNDERWATER - THE VENTURA FREEWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS the sub as it streaks along just above the submerged ruins of the Ventura Freeway. SEE the ghostly shapes of cars, trucks, busses below, smashed and overturned.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

They watch the sub, a red blip on the screen, move along the freeway.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken twists his hand throttle, pouring on the power to 90%.

EXT. VENTURA & HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY INTERCHANGE -
UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The sub RIPS through the water, faster and faster, goes into a hard bank to the right as the Ventura Freeway turns into the Hollywood.

A SIGN

at the edge of the Hollywood Freeway reads: SPEED LIMIT 55.
The sub SCREAMS past.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

Brazen points to a readout showing the submarine's engine status.

BRAZEN

His reactor's starting to
overheat.

MALLOY

Plissken, slow down the sub.
You're overloading the power
plant.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken glances at the gauge. His nuclear turbine readout:
green, moving to yellow, into red. He pushes it up to 102%.

MALLOY (v.o.)

Plissken...?

Plissken's eye turns back to the computer map in front
of him.

On the screen: the red blip representing the sub is
headed right toward a building.

Plissken pulls hard on the controls.

EXT. UNDERWATER - UNIVERSAL CITY - THE BLACK TOWER - NIGHT

The sub SMACKS into the side of the Black Tower, powers
through it, BLASTS out the other side through a window,
tilting and wobbling.

THE SUB

rights itself momentarily but is SLAMMED downward out of
frame by a huge dark slimy object.

KING KONG

looms overhead - his fist RISING and FALLING with the
currents. Plissken has maneuvered himself into the wreckage
of the Universal Studios Tour.

THE SUB

zips through the KING KONG Ride into BACK TO THE FUTURE, passing 1950's signage from that film, dodging a rusting Delorean, it SLAMS into the open mouth of

JAWS

SHATTERING the model into a million pieces.

THE SUB

continues on, BOUNCING through the narrow openings of the Earthquake Ride -- broken pipes, cracked sidewalks, split walls -- hard to tell what was the ride and what was The Big One.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken hangs on, as small jets of water spray into the cockpit through tiny cracks in the hull.

EXT. UNDERWATER - MOVING WITH THE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

The sub suddenly tips upward, rising for the surface.

EXT. SHORELINE - CAHUENGA PASS - NIGHT

The sub EXPLODES out of the water, lands belly first on a hillside with a HARD THUMP!

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken presses the hatch controls.

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

begins to slide backward down toward the water.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken struggles, then rips open the hatch, scrambles out.

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

slowly slips backward, down into the water. As the rear exhaust tubes hit the surface, a BLAST of steam.

Plissken leaps out of the hatch. The sub sinks faster and faster. He scampers up the side, leaps for ground...

...and lands on the hillside.

AS THE SUB

sinks into the sea, bubbling, churning, HISSING.

PLISSKEN

A BEEPING SOUND. He takes out his pocket walkie, raises the antenna.

MALLOY (v.o.)

Plissken...?

PLISSKEN

I'm here.

MALLOY (v.o.)

Where's the submarine? It's disappeared off our screens.

PLISSKEN

It's history. I gotta go.

Plissken CLICKS off the walkie, pockets it, turns to climb up the hillside, when...

WHAM!

Standing above him is a DARK FIGURE. Hooded. Carrying something huge and rounded at the ends.

Plissken raises his submachine gun...

...as PIPELINE steps closer. He's a surfer in a black wetsuit. Carries a surfboard. A rifle is slung across his shoulder.

Pipeline's face is raw, burned -- too many hours surfing in the UV.

(CONTINUED)

PIPELINE

Too bad about your boat, man.
(Plissken doesn't move)
Supposed to be some swells out
here tonight. Big ones.
(beat)
You like to surf?

Realizing Pipeline is no danger, Plissken moves past him
up the hillside.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

You look kinda familiar.
(beat)
You hang out around here much?

But Plissken's moved off into the darkness.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT - RAIN

Plissken reaches old Mulholland Drive, now dark and
desolate. Shells of houses stand nearby, black and empty.
It has begun to RAIN.

The SOUND of GUNFIRE. Plissken ducks behind a tree...

2 OLD CARS

come zooming up Mulholland, side by side. Windows down.
Guns BLAZING at each other. They pass Plissken, continue
down Mulholland ripping each other apart with GUNFIRE.

Plissken darts across Mulholland, down the mountainside.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - RAIN

The RAIN pours down as Plissken makes his way down a
steep incline.

CRACK! A dark FIGURE steps out from behind a tree.

Plissken spins, submachine gun ready.

It's Pipeline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPELINE

Hey, man. I know who you
are. You're Snake Plissken.
Man, I can't believe you're
really here.

More GUNFIRE from above on Mulholland.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Kind of a bad neighborhood,
Snake.

PLISSKEN

Which way to the Hollywood
Bowl?

PIPELINE

(points)
Down that way.

Plissken starts down.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Be careful. Some real strange
dudes hangin' out there these
days.

Plissken continues moving, now just a blurry figure in
the rain.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Hey Snake -- what're you doin'
around here, man?

(as Plissken
disappears)

I heard they busted you up
real good in Cleveland...

EXT. HILLS ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT - RAIN

The rain is coming down in a torrent as Plissken makes
his way down the hillside.

Then, all at once, the rain lets up, then stops. The
trees DRIP with moisture.

Suddenly, a HUGE KATHUMP from above him. Plissken looks
back.

A HUGE MUDSLIDE

is ROARING its way down the hill toward him.

PLISSKEN

races down the hill, but the mudslide cascades downward like a freight train, catches up with him, sweeps him off his feet...

...and Plissken goes riding down the hill, tumbling and sliding in the mud.

EXT. STAND OF TREES - NIGHT

The mudslide hits a flat area near a stand of trees, spreads out, slows.

A completely-mud-covered, black Plissken climbs out of the goo. He's dripping with it. His one good eye shines in the moonlight.

He takes a couple steps toward the edge of the treeline, when...

A VOICE (SPINAL)

(v.o.)

Shut-up, fuck! Stop makin' noise!

Plissken spins. He's standing right next to...

SPINAL

the leader of a BLACK COWBOY GANG. Dressed in black, boots with spurs, black duster, black cowboy hat, he carries an automatic rifle. He looks just like Charles Barkley.

PLISSKEN

looks around, realizes he's in the middle of a SMALL ARMY OF BLACK COWBOYS, crouched behind trees, waiting in ambush. Covered with mud, Plissken blends right in.

SPINAL (CONT'D)

Take cover, fool.

Plissken jumps behind a tree. Looks down the hillside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

PLISSKEN'S POV - THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Below his position is the Hollywood Bowl. A huge cross is on stage, and the cross is on fire.

CLOSER - HOLLYWOOD BOWL

A group of WHITE HOODED MEN, the K.K.K., stand in front of the burning cross holding a ceremony.

Next to the cross on stage, a Hooded K.K.K. STRING QUARTET begins playing a Hayden concerto.

PLISSKEN reacts.

SPINAL

Let's take 'em.

A BLACK COWBOY

raises his M79 grenade launcher, as the others quickly race down the hillside. He FIRES.

THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

as a 40mm armor-piercing grenade leaves a blazing fire-trail as it ROCKETS toward the burning cross and --

KABLAMMO!

A FIREBALL BLOWS pieces of the cross into the air.

The K.K.K. spin around...

A BLAST OF LIGHTNING

illuminates the Black Cowboys attacking from the hills. They OPEN FIRE.

A K.K.K. GRAND DRAGON

is picked off his feet, buffeted in mid-air, flesh and robe SHREDDED by GUNFIRE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37

A HAIL OF BULLETS

hit the K.K.K. They RETURN FIRE, but are overwhelmed. They're hit, jerking and twisting. FIRE from the Black Cowboys is withering racking the Hooded Figures like bolts of lightning.

THE BLACK COWBOYS

keep advancing, FIRING, as it starts to RAIN again.

THROUGH THE CLOUDY WASH OF DRIBBLING RAIN-WATER

the FIREFIGHT continues.

4 K.K.K.

leap out from behind a row of seats and jump Plissken, knocking his gun to the ground.

In a blinding flash, using hands, feet and head Plissken sends them flying.

As he reaches down to pick up his submachine gun, he sees that the rain is washing the mud off his body...

AND SO DOES SPINAL

who stands nearby, watching as Plissken is washed clean by the rain. Spinal raises his weapon, then stops.

SPINAL

Hey. I know you. Snake
Plissken.

Plissken slowly stands, his submachine gun in his hand. Behind them, the FIREFIGHT is almost over. The K.K.K. scatter into the rain...

SPINAL (CONT'D)

Hey, what's going down,
Snake?

PLISSKEN

I'm looking for somebody.

SPINAL

Who ain't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken pulls out his tracer. It is blipping red, just south of the Bowl.

SPINAL (CONT'D)

Say, is it true what they say about Cleveland, man?

Plissken doesn't answer. He moves on through the rain...

SPINAL (CONT'D)

Later, Snake. Thanks for the help. You can always shift down and mojo with us anytime.

EXT. VINE AVENUE - NIGHT

The ruins of the Capitol Records building. The rain has stopped again.

Plissken is a lone figure walking along the street. In the distance, the SOUND OF THUMPING MUSIC.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD AT HIGHLAND - NIGHT

Pandemonium! MUSIC BLARES. It's the old Supremes' hit, "LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHIN' IN MY HEART". CROWDS dance in the street. It's like a block party.

BLACK, LATINO AND NATIVE AMERICAN GANGS celebrate. Plus the usual Hollywood Boulevard STREET TRAFFIC.

Plissken moves through the carnival...

GORGEOUS HOOKERS

stand under the marquee of the ruined Chinese Theater. The marquee now reads:

SAFE SEX
NO CONDOMS NEEDED

POLYPROPYLENE ORIFICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

One of the HOOKERS struts in front of Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39

CLOSE - THE HOOKER

Opening her mouth, she gives a sensuous puff. A polypropylene orifice attached to the inside of her lips expands outward like a small, pink balloon. She sucks it back in and puckers, kissing the air.

PLISSKEN

turns, as the SOUNDS OF CAR ENGINES RISES.

HIS POV - COMING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

is a caravan of vehicles. The crowd parts to let them through, CHEERING insanely.

PLISSKEN

ducks into an alley, watches...

THE CARAVAN

as it passes Plissken's position. 2 men on horseback lead a convoy of RUMBLING, fuming old cars, buses, motorcycles -- all scarred and ripped and jerry-rigged -- bumps down the Boulevard.

PLISSKEN

from his spot in the alley, as A BLONDE-HAIRED HOOKER joins him, rubs his arm. She has no polypropylene, at least none that we can see.

BLONDE HOOKER

It's winnin' time, baby.
How about you and I do
some celebrating?

PLISSKEN

What's going on?

BLONDE HOOKER

You must be new around here.
(beat)
You look familiar. Have I
done you before?

Plissken grabs the Hooker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40

PLISSKEN

What's happening?

BLONDE HOOKER

Easy, man, easy. It's Cuervo
Jones' gang. Mescalito
Justice. He's the big boss
man 'round here tonight.

(whispers)

He's gonna take down the
po-lice and make 'em kiss
his fine ass.

Plissken lets her go, stares...

HIS POV - A CADILLAC

is perched 10 feet off the ground on monster truck wheels.
Severed doll heads are glued all over the hood, and a
large glittering disco ball spins atop the roof, catching
shards of light and flicking them back into the night...

Behind the disco ball stands the real CUERVO JONES, at last.
And there next to him is Utopia. She's dressed in black
lace underwear and bra, garters and stockings. A Playboy
fantasy. She holds the prototype. DELGADO, Cuervo Jones'
second-in command, stands behind her. He is huge and evil.
Dressed like Pancho Villa.

PLISSKEN

stares as the Cadillac passes.

THE HOOKER

CHEERS along with the rest of the crowd, and doesn't
notice that Plissken's moved off...

SEVERAL MOTORCYCLES

bring up the rear of the caravan. MESCALITOS ride with
their WOMEN slung behind them.

As the last bike passes, Plissken darts out of an alley,
yanks the WOMAN off the back of the cycle, jumps on.

ON THE MOTORCYCLE

The MESCALITO BIKER turns to react...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

WHACK! Plissken takes him out with a head-butt, shoves him off the bike, hops up on the seat.

KAVROOM!

Plissken guns the motorcycle and it ROARS off, around the other bikers, toward the head of the caravan.

PLISSKEN

zooms along, makes the turn onto La Brea Avenue with the caravan...

EXT. LA BREA AND SUNSET BOULEVARDS - NIGHT

As the caravan turns west onto Sunset, Plissken BLASTS around the corner.

ON PLISSKEN

Coming right behind him are 4 MESCALITOS on Harleys -- chains, iron bars, and swords in their hands.

PLISSKEN

stares up ahead.

HIS POV - THE CADILLAC

is just a few feet away. Cuervo Jones and Utopia.

PLISSKEN

guns it, when suddenly 2 Mescalitos pull up on either side of him. One of them swings a chain...

Plissken grabs it with one hand, and with his other hand aims his submachine gun and FIRES!

The Mescalito and bike go flying, and Plissken holds on to the chain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATOP THE CADILLAC

as Cuervo Jones reacts to the SOUND OF GUNFIRE. He turns to see...

PLISSKEN

as the other Mescalito riding behind him swings a chain. Plissken swings his. The two chains SNAP together, intertwining.

Then Plissken squeezes his hand-brake.

He SCREECHES to a stop. The Mescalito keeps going, and is yanked over backward by his own chain, off the Harley. Finally the Harley flops over, skids, EXPLODES.

Plissken guns it again, takes off after the Cadillac.

2 MORE MESCALITOS

pull up on either side of Plissken. They take aim at him with their automatic rifles.

Plissken pulls a sudden wheelie, lifts the front of his bike up into the air, rides on the back wheel.

The 2 Mescalitos FIRE -- directly into each other. They fall and their bikes go CRASHING to the pavement.

Plissken SURGES the bike forward, coming up on a Mescalito on horseback who turns and FIRES. Plissken ducks and the bullet RIPS THROUGH the rear tire. The tire BLOWS and the bike SWERVES out of control. Plissken LEAPS from the bike and grabs the back of the saddle.

THE HORSE

Plissken pulls himself up behind the Mescalito and wrestles for control of the mount. Plissken grabs the reins and wraps them around the Mescalito's neck, squeezing until his eyes BURST. Plissken SLAMS his arm against the Mescalito, throwing him off the saddle, BOUNCING onto the pavement.

Plissken GALLOPS ahead, circling a lasso high above his head, POUNDING down on a biker. The lasso takes flight and finds its mark, the biker's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

Plissken pulls the lasso taut, ties the end to the saddle horn, rides his mount parallel to the biker.

THE BIKE

with one quick YANK to the lasso, Plissken PULLS the biker off, JUMPS on the bike and SMACKS the hell out of the horse's rump.

THE HORSE

TAKES OFF down the street, DRAGGING the biker by the neck.

THE CADILLAC

speeds up as Plissken moves up to the Mustang five cars behind. He swings off the bike and jumps on to the trunk.

PLISSKEN

climbs up to the roof, leaps on the hood, then jumps to the trunk of the car in front -- leapfrogging, jumping to the next car, the next car...

MESCALITOS

lean out their car windows, FIRING at him...

BUT PLISSKEN

keeps moving toward the Cadillac...

SUDDENLY A HAND

reaches out a car window and grabs Plissken's submachine gun. Plissken turns to snatch it back --

WHEN CUERVO JONES

leaps from the Cadillac and takes Plissken down to the roof.

CUERVO JONES
Snake Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

44

They struggle. Cuervo raises his machete. Plissken grabs his wrist, flips him over, knocks the machete off into the street, SMACKS Cuervo in the face...

A BOLAS-SWINGING MESCALITO

comes ROARING up on his bike, throws the bolas...

PLISSKEN

as the bolas hit him, wrap around his neck, the balls THUNKING him in the face, sending him flying...

KAWHAP!

Plissken hits the pavement hard. He skids, rolls, and at last SLAMS into the edge of the sidewalk.

The caravan RUMBLES away down Sunset. The hand in the car window still holds Plissken's submachine gun.

Cuervo crouches on the roof, HISSING at Plissken.

CUERVO JONES

Later, Snake. We finish it later.

PLISSKEN

lies there for several beats, then climbs to his feet.

HIS POV - THE CARAVAN

disappears up Sunset.

PLISSKEN

stands alone in the deserted street. The ruins of a supermarket, cheap motels, liquor stores -- all empty, desolate.

He looks over to see the broken remains of his pocket walkie. After a beat, he starts moving up Sunset, checking his 2 9mm handguns, slipping them into their holsters.

EXT. SUNSET AND DOHENY - NIGHT

On the border of Beverly Hills. Sunset stretches off into the darkness beyond the intersection.

A slight wind blows litter aimlessly along. There are occasional SOUNDS: CREAKS, distant CLANGS.

Plissken approaches the intersection. He carries Utopia's compass homing device. It is silent. The small screen's blank.

Then Plissken glances at this wrist watch.

CLOSE - WRIST WATCH

3 hours gone.

PLISSKEN

stands for a moment, staring off down Sunset...

VOICE (v.o.)
Snake Plissken, right?

He spins around.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

sits in an old beach chair on the sidewalk, a map to the stars sign in front of him. In his late 50's, he's a petty thief, con man. He's been hustling tourists and everybody else all his life.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
Wow! Snake Plissken!

Map To The Stars Eddie listens to 'WAYWARD WIND' by Gogi Grant on a small, metal-plated portable radio. He clicks off the radio, rises, walks over to Plissken...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
You're a star in your own
right, you know that? Hey, I'm
Map To The Stars Eddie. How
you doin'?

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Where'd they go?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Man, I'd love to have your
autograph, Snake.

He searches around in his pockets, comes up with pen and paper.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

I've been hearing about you
ever since that New York deal
back in the 90's. You're one
smooth operator.

(offers pen
and paper)

Could you sign one to Wolf,
one to Death's Head, one to
Slasher Smith...?

Plissken grabs him by the throat.

PLISSKEN

Where are they?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Who? You mean Cuervo Jones?
He's the man with the juice,
Snake. Got the President's
daughter. Setting up a
citywide truce. Big doings.

Plissken draws a 9mm and points it at Map To The Stars
Eddie's forehead.

PLISSKEN

Location.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo's got a place near Venice,
where the big birds fly. Nice digs,
too. I've been there, y'know.

Plissken releases him, as suddenly the tracer BEEPS. On
the device Plissken SEES a small red pulsing dot. West.

(CONTINUED)

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Nice little gizmo you got there.

(whispers
conspiratorially)

Look, Snake. I've got connections in this town. You need something, I'm your man.

Without a word Plissken turns, walks away down Sunset toward Beverly Hills.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey -- you can't go there, Snake. You can't walk through Beverly Hills.

Plissken's figure disappears...

EXT. SUNSET - SIGN - NIGHT

The old Beverly Hills sign. It's been painted over in dripping red letters:

QUIET - SURGICAL ZONE - STAY OUT

Plissken ignores the sign, keeps walking down a completely dark Sunset Boulevard.

EXT. SUNSET - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Plissken walks past the once-beautiful mansions along Sunset. Now they are dark, ruined.

CLOSER - BEVERLY HILLS MANSION

As a twisted, mechanical hand sewn awkwardly to the flesh of the wrist pulls aside a window curtain. The face behind the window is in shadows, but we can just make out its pale, discolored features. The other hand brings up a walkie-talkie...

SENTRY

(into walkie)

Specimen moving west on Sunset.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUNSET AND BEVERLY DRIVE - NIGHT

Plissken moves into the intersection of Sunset and Beverly Drive. The ruins of the old Beverly Hills Hotel are ahead and to his right. He stops, stares down Sunset...

HIS POV - A FIGURE

emerges from the shadows. This is the GATEKEEPER. Strange, mismatched body parts. A black-skinned arm attached to a pale white body. His face is unnaturally smooth -- too many face lifts. He carries a torch.

GATEKEEPER

Halt!

(beat)

Where are you going?

(no reply)

Are you here for the auction?

BEHIND PLISSKEN

FIGURES have suddenly moved out into the street, all with mismatched body parts -- heads too large for their torsos, female body parts mixed with male heads, all sewn together with large, uneven stitches. Plissken's surrounded.

GATEKEEPER (CONT'D)

Welcome to Beverly Hills.

PLISSKEN

raises his gun, starts to move, when suddenly A FIGURE rises behind him out of the shadows...

A MULTI-COLORED FLESH HAND

raises a lead pipe, brings it down hard...

ON PLISSKEN'S HEAD

THUNK! He goes out like a light.

AS PLISSKEN

slumps unconscious to the street, the Figures move for him. Their arms lock around him, drag him away with amazing speed -- a pack of wolves on a deer.

CLOSE - PLISSKEN - NIGHT

Plissken bolts awake, to find himself tied to a cross. It's lurching back and forth as though the ground is moving.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Plissken is being carried down Rodeo Drive on the cross by a THRONG OF SURGICAL FAILURES. They carry torches. Dressed in tatters. Their faces look only partially human sewn together raggedly.

Rodeo Drive is a bizarre marketplace of body parts. The once beautiful storefronts of famous designers are now in shambles. Human body parts are on display like filets of fish on ice.

GUCCI now offers body pieces fashioned from spare car parts and ARMANI displays more eclectic, high priced pieces sewn together like sculpture in their windowfronts. A giant rift runs down the street's center. Acrid smoke rises.

THE THRONG

stops at an intersection, and Plissken's cross is anchored in the middle of the street. Surrounding the intersection are PATIENTS of every size, age, sex.

PLISSKEN

looks over, sees another cross being carried up and planted right next to his. A beautiful GIRL is tied to this cross. This is TASLIMA, 20's, Iranian, the face of a Persian princess. She's dressed in black leather, and basically has an i.q. of around 50.

TASLIMA

Hi, Snake. It's so great to meet you. My name's Taslima. I'm a fan of yours.

PLISSKEN

Are you crazy?

TASLIMA

A little bit. But pretty soon I'm gonna be dead. So are you, Snake.

Plissken looks across the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUT OF THE RUINS OF THE ONCE FAMOUS RED DOOR OF ELIZABETH ARDEN come AN ARMY OF WOMEN FACIALISTS with acid-burned faces from one-too-many skin peelings wielding knives, saws, horrible-looking carving instruments...

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

I can't believe I got caught.

(SIGHS)

I run with Midnight Jihad.

Iranian gang. Only they kicked me out, cause I screw up sometimes. I forget stuff.

Plissken struggles with his bonds.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

I left my boyfriend's place .
tonight, took a wrong turn...

(SIGHS again)

Oh, Snake, I'm really kind of
out of it sometimes.

OUT OF THE RED DOOR

come more INTERNS AND NURSES carrying surgical pans and pushing gurneys to collect dismembered body parts.

THE THRONG OF FACIALISTS, PATIENTS, INTERNS AND NURSES

surround Plissken and Taslima on the crosses. They move back to the sidewalks as the auction for body parts cut freshly from Plissken and Taslima is about to begin. The gurneys are wheeled into place and set up as large cutting tables. The FACIALISTS take their positions behind the tables waiting to carve fresh meat.

PLISSKEN

What are they?

TASLIMA

They lived here, used to be like us. But after too many silicon implants, their muscles turned to jello. The only way they survive is to have body parts transplanted over and over again.

(whispers)

Snake, nobody who comes into Beverly Hills gets out alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

51

PLISSKEN
No screamin' shit.

TASLIMA
Oh no, it's the Doctor.

PLISSKEN
Who?

TASLIMA
The Surgeon General of Beverly Hills.

THE DOCTOR, THE SURGEON GENERAL OF BEVERLY HILLS

steps out into the street. He appears incredibly gorgeous, a hunk of a man, put together by the finest body parts available in Beverly Hills -- a millennium Fabio -- but upon closer examination, he's got no lower jaw. Instead, there is a rusting metal grid-work attached beneath each ear. It never moves. He can actually speak through a metal box attached to his windpipe.

THE DOCTOR

stands in front of them. He RAISES his hands to quiet the crowd. He walks around the cross, admiring the beautiful bodies before him. He tickles the fine flesh with his right hand which is made up of 10 gleaming scalpels which form a 360 degree cutting edge.

THE DOCTOR
I've never seen more beautiful specimens. There will be no auction tonight. These body parts will go to those who need them the most.

The crowd GRUMBLES...

PLISSKEN

turns his head sideways, to a small hidden pocket near his neck. With his teeth, he pulls out the silver mouth dart, slips it onto his tongue, closes his mouth.

THE DOCTOR

raises his gleaming scalpel hand and steps toward Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

52

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What a beautiful blue eye. It's
a shame you only have one.

A NURSE brings over a small step-ladder. THE DOCTOR
positions it in front of Plissken, slowly climbs up the
rungs until he is face to face with him.

THE DOCTOR looks ready to pluck Plissken's good eye from its
socket with his scalpel tips.

FFFTTT!

Plissken spits the mouth dart!

WHACK!

The dart hits THE DOCTOR squarely in his forehead. He
freezes, his scalpel hand raised, his eyes clouding. He
falls forward...

THE SCALPEL HAND

swings, misses its mark, and instead hits the rope tied
around Plissken's wrist. WHACK! The rope's cut!

PLISSKEN

grabs the scalpel hand with his free hand, cuts his
other hand and legs loose in a flash and pushes
THE DOCTOR backward off the step-ladder.

WHUMP!

Plissken falls to the intersection, almost at the same
time as THE DOCTOR hits the pavement.

The PATIENTS are stunned. Motionless. They stare at
their DOCTOR lying in the street, MOANING, moving slightly.

Snake starts to run...

TASLIMA
Snake, help me.

SNAKE
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TASLIMA

I don't know.

Almost on a whim, Plissken cuts her free. Then he runs. Taslima follows him...

PLISSKEN

heads toward a side street, looks over his shoulder, sees Taslima following...

PLISSKEN

Don't follow me.

TASLIMA

You need help.

PLISSKEN

Like hell I do.

Then Plissken comes to a dead stop.

HIS POV - DOWN THE STREET

comes a MASS OF PATIENTS right at him.

TASLIMA

grabs Plissken, pulls him with her. They take off down a dark cobblestone street...

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Plissken and Taslima run as behind them the PATIENT horde gives chase.

They stop at another small alley between 2 large buildings.

TASLIMA

Down this way.

They disappear into the small alley.

EXT. SMALL ALLEY - CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

It's long and narrow and completely enclosed by the buildings on either side. Suddenly Plissken and Taslima come to the end -- a 75 foot high four-story building blocking the passageway to Wilshire.

PLISSKEN

This is a dead end.

(looks at her)

You took us into a dead end.

TASLIMA

I just thought you wanted to get away. I didn't know you wanted to go someplace.

KACLANK! They turn...

THE DOCTOR

staggers down the alley, the dart still sticking from his forehead. Behind him, the PATIENTS follow...

PLISSKEN

shoves Taslima toward a broken window.

PLISSKEN

Go!

He follows Taslima through the window.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

Plissken and Taslima climb dilapidated stairs, move along the balcony railing. A torn and tattered Roy Lichtenstein painting hangs crooked on the wall. 20 foot high bright red letters -- "CAA" -- lie strewn across the marble floor. Various offices are wrecked and dark, scripts lay all over the place.

They stop at a dark hallway. Taslima moves cautiously ahead.

TASLIMA

Be careful of the bald cats.
They live in these buildings.

PLISSKEN

The what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TASLIMA

They're all females and they
hate men.

They start down another hall, when, without warning,
something small and ferocious drops down on Plissken's
head from a hole in the ceiling.

It crawls, SHRIEKING down his face. Plissken YELLS, fights
it off.

THE BALD CAT

skulks away, HISSING at Plissken. The thing is feline
with pink skin just like a baby's.

TASLIMA

Come on.

Plissken follows, then stops. Looks up.

ANOTHER HOLE IN THE CEILING

A bald cat peers down at him. HISSES.

Then suddenly there is a ROAR and down out of the hole
CRASHES THE DOCTOR!

In a split second, he has Plissken on the floor and is
strangling him.

Plissken BLASTS him with his 9mm.

THE DOCTOR rolls off, GROANING.

Plissken jumps to his feet, but THE DOCTOR grabs his ankle,
pulling him down again. Plissken's 9mm goes flying.

THE DOCTOR claws at him, his horrible face inches away
from Plissken's.

THE DOCTOR

Now that eye...

From behind his back, THE DOCTOR pulls an ugly weapon. It's
a long dagger with a central point and 4 claw-like barbs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken reaches for his other 9mm in its holster, but his hands are trapped by THE DOCTOR'S body.

Closer and closer moves the claw dagger toward Plissken's good eye.

TASLIMA

scrambles, picks up Plissken's 9mm, then stares at the 2 men.

PLISSKEN

(YELLING)

Are you gonna stand there?
Give me the gun.

Tasluma starts to hand it to him. Both Plissken and THE DOCTOR fight to reach it.

Finally, it's in Plissken's grasp.

He BLASTS 3 times -- each one hitting.

THE DOCTOR shudders, rolls away.

Plissken gets to his feet.

He BLASTS one more time for good measure, then follows Taslima down the hallway...

INT. FIRST FLOOR - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

They come down a flight of stairs, stop at the rear door.

PLISSKEN

How do we get out of here?

TASLIMA

Sewers. Come on.

She pushes open the door...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Plissken and Taslima run from the building, as a CHORUS of WAILS RISES. PATIENTS swarm around the building in pursuit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taslina stops at a sewer grate in the street.

TASLIMA

Down there.

Plissken lifts the grating. Taslima jumps in, followed by Plissken...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dim, greenish light. Plissken and Taslima begin running down the sewer tunnel.

Through the hole behind them drop PATIENTS, giving chase.

PLISSKEN AND TASLIMA

race through a half-filled storm drain seeping with slime. They turn a corner...

ANOTHER TUNNEL

...and run smack into a horde of PATIENTS. Instantly, the PATIENTS overpower them. Hands reach out and drag them down...

Suddenly, from down the tunnel comes an UNEARTHLY SOUND, a weird WHISPERY SCREECH like a demon unleashed from the underworld. It gets LOUDER and LOUDER.

The PATIENTS freeze, then begin SCREAMING and, as the SOUND gets LOUDER still, they all disappear, escaping back down the tunnel.

FROM DOWN THE TUNNEL

an eerie light appears, coming nearer and nearer every moment.

TASLIMA

Snake -- what is it?

PLISSKEN

How the hell am I supposed to know? This is your damn city.

Slowly, the light takes form. It is a single, gigantic eye -- floating in pitch-black darkness. It continues coming -- growing larger and larger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the sewer begins to ECHO with a BLASTING, RINGING SOUND. MUSIC!

It's incredibly LOUD SALSA MUSIC!

From out of the tunnel drives an ancient golf cart.

On a metal pole in front is a huge, lighted eye such as an optometrist might use to advertise his services. SALSA MUSIC BLARES at top volume from loudspeakers strapped to the sides of the cart. At the wheel of the vehicle is a LARGE MAN dressed in jeans, cowboy boots and a flak vest, wearing a gas mask. A lariat is hooked to his belt.

He pulls up near Plissken and Taslima, shuts off the motor and the music, lifts a shotgun from the seat beside him, climbs down. He holds the gun on them.

Removing his head gear, his face becomes visible. He is PENDEJO BOB, a Mexican wearing sunglasses under the gas mask. He takes off the sunglasses, and is apparently blind in one eye. He looks like Los Lobos' lead guitarist.

PENDEJO BOB

What're you doing in here?

PLISSKEN

Looking to get out.

PENDEJO BOB

Good. I want you out. This is my sewer.

PLISSKEN

Which way?

With a GRUNT of curiosity, Pendejo Bob moves up to Plissken. Suddenly his blind eye flashes on like a tiny, built-in spotlight. With it, he examines Plissken's face.

PENDEJO BOB

You're Snake Plissken.

TASLIMA

Yes. Isn't he cool?

There is a CLICKING SOUND and the lighted eye is extinguished. Pendejo Bob extends his hand.

PENDEJO BOB

An honor, Snake. Amigo. They call me Pendejo Bob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken doesn't shake. From down the tunnel the SHOUTS and footfalls of the PATIENTS get closer...

PENDEJO BOB (CONT'D)

Those damn patients are coming back. You'd better climb aboard.

Plissken and Taslima climb into the rear of the golf cart. Pendejo Bob spins the cart, takes off in the other direction.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

The golf cart streaks along through a dark sewer passage. The only light comes from the eye on the front of the vehicle.

PENDEJO BOB

I use the eye and the music to scare 'em off. They're so whacked out, man, it works great. Chased a whole bunch of 'em right off the edge there a few months ago.

He points to a sheer, pitch-black drop-off on one side of the passage.

TASLIMA

(she peers over the side)

How far down does it go?

PENDEJO BOB

Don't know -- never do hear 'em land. Earthquake opened it up.

The golf cart CREAKS into a narrow tunnel...

INSIDE THE TUNNEL

GUARDS, Hispanics in biker denims, fatigues, with rifles and sunglasses, line the walls. They watch as the golf cart passes. Up ahead is a door marked: SEWAGE RECLAMATION CONTROL.

INT. SEWER RECLAMATION CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The cart pulls into the remains of a mammoth underground control center. It's lined with ladders, catwalks, machines full of gauges and levers. A few are still working -- most are broken and covered with dust and grime.

Filling the room is an underground enclave: MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, all Hispanic, living in tents and lean-tos, cooking over open fires next to old rusted cars on blocks, lots of weapons, lots of sunglasses. Also, high-tech, futuristic rifles, cannons, grenade launchers -- an amazing arsenal. Crates of explosives are stacked everywhere.

The golf cart comes to a stop and they get off.

PENDEJO BOB

I own this whole place. Used to work here in the old days. I was right in this room when the big one hit. What a mess. We were waist high in shit.

(turns proudly to them)

Everybody else ran, but not me. I stayed at my post. Now it's all mine. I brought my whole family, my amigos, down here to live with me.

TASLIMA

Gun runners.

PENDEJO BOB

Hey, it's a living, baby.

PLISSKEN

Why don't you get out of L.A.? Take a boat to China, take an airplane to Brazil?

(looks at Taslima)

Earthquakes, death, shit. Why do you stay?

TASLIMA

I don't know. Somehow, I just can't leave.

PENDEJO BOB

Y'know, L.A.'s not such a bad place, Snake. We got our problems, sure -- but this is paradise, man.

(CONTINUED)

Pendejo Bob leans in close and whispers conspiratorially to Plissken.

PENDEJO BOB

Say, you need anything, Snake?
Guns? Explosives? I can get
you a crate of hellfire grenades,
no problem -- five hours.

PLISSKEN

Yeah. So how do I get to
Venice?

PENDEJO BOB

All the sewers are collapsed
under Venice. You have to go
topside. Right up there.

He leads Plissken and Taslima to a ladder that goes up
into the darkness. A line of MEN steadily climb up, one
after the other, carrying crates of weapons.

PENDEJO BOB (CONT'D)

Comes out near the Santa Monica
Freeway. Just follow the signs.
Get off at the Lincoln Exit,
turn left.

Pendejo Bob interrupts the line of men. Plissken starts up
the ladder, followed by Taslima....

PENDEJO BOB (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Snake. You
too, Miss. You're welcome down
here anytime. Anytime at all.

EXT. STREET UNDER SANTA MONICA FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Plissken, gun in hand, sticks his head out of the open
grate. Climbs up. Taslima follows. The Hispanic MEN who
have climbed up out of the sewers load their weapons crates
into various low-rider cars in heavily-armed groups. They
RUMBLE OFF into the night.

Taslima points to a freeway on-ramp.

TASLIMA

The freeway's over there. But,
Snake -- I don't think it's
such a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken starts toward the on-ramp. Taslima doesn't move.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

The freeways are dangerous.

He keeps walking.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Snake.

Plissken stops, turns back, looks at her -- a half-smile. It's as close to 'thank you' as he gets.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Sun's coming up in a few hours.

She walks up to him.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

UV's gonna be bad today. I
have a friend who's got a
place near here. We can crash
there if you want, Snake.

(she moves close
to him)

I'd love to take care of you.
Make you feel good.

Without an answer Plissken turns and walks away...

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

As far as the eye can see there are lines of rusting cars and trucks, bumper to bumper like a giant junkyard rush hour.

Plissken walks up the on-ramp, on to the freeway. He strides past rows of junked cars. A few of them have PEOPLE inside...

There is a Mercedes rusted to its frame, its DRIVER an 80-year-old in sunglasses, drinking from a bottle.

A pickup truck full of OLD ILLEGAL ALIENS packed in like sardines. Someone cooks from a barbecue grill.

An RV. An OLD MAN sits in the opened doorway, staring at Plissken as he passes. 2 OLD LADIES in housecoats stare at him through the windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

63

CLICK, CLICK! A SOUND behind Plissken. He spins, 9mm ready...

It's Taslima, running to catch up with him...

TASLIMA

I changed my mind. I'm going with you, wherever you're going.

PLISSKEN

(gestures to the cars)

What the hell is this?

TASLIMA

The Freeway.

PLISSKEN

I know that. There are people in some of these cars.

TASLIMA

It's where they live. I guess after everything happened, they just needed to do what they'd always done before. During the daytime, they just pull down the shades on their windows and sleep.

Plissken continues walking. Taslima catches up...

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do in Venice?

PLISSKEN

Find Cuervo Jones.

TASLIMA

No! Stay away, Snake. He's mucho muerte.

Suddenly a SHOT rings out. Taslima is struck and falls.

Plissken drops between the cars and crawls over to her.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Run, Snake...They're coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

Who?

She touches his hand and looks at him softly.

TASLIMA

I don't know.

Taslina dies. Plissken stares at her for a moment.

More SHOTS ring out -- landing very close to him.

FREEWAY EMBANKMENTS

From out of the heavy bushes along the freeway storm a DOZEN MESCALITOS moving quickly -- FIRING as they go.

Behind them GRINDS an ancient garbage truck mounted with a 50-caliber machine-gun. Atop the truck is DELGADO. He wears a flame thrower on his back.

PLISSKEN

RETURNS FIRE, rolls under a car and begins crawling. All around him PEOPLE jump out of their cars, begin FIRING back at the Mescalitos.

THE GARBAGE TRUCK

SMASHES through a rusting Volkswagen, heading straight toward him.

PLISSKEN

reaches the edge of the freeway, dives for bushes.

AS THE GARBAGE TRUCK

ROARS past, FIRING into the vehicles on the freeway, the PEOPLE running, SCREAMING...

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Clawing his way through the undergrowth, Plissken bursts onto a side street.

Behind him come the Mescalitos on foot.

Plissken runs, FIRING back every step of the way...

AHEAD ON THE STREET

Suddenly, in the blowing mist in front of him, a car screeches into view. It's a perfectly restored, 1966 Cadillac convertible. Candy-apple red. The stereo BLASTS 'LAST NIGHT' by the Satellites.

And behind the wheel is Map To The Stars Eddie.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Hop in, Snake!

THE UNDERGROWTH

as the garbage truck bursts through. Delgado is behind the machine gun, BLASTING AWAY, burning up the street!

Bullets are flying everywhere, as Plissken runs to the Cadillac and dives into the back seat.

He's still not fully inside when Map To The Stars Eddie ROARS AWAY in a blaze of rubber and smoke.

DELGADO

takes aim with his flame thrower... KAWHOOSH!

A GIANT TONGUE OF FLAME

shoots out from the nozzle like a flaming spear. It streaks down the street, just missing the tail of the Cadillac as it swerves around a corner...

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Map To The Stars Eddie races along a dark street. Plissken climbs into the front seat.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Hey, Snake -- that was great.
They almost burned your ass off!

Map To The Stars Eddie drives like Satan himself. Plissken is almost thrown out as they spin around curves, up onto sidewalks. Delgado and the garbage truck can't keep up with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, the Mescalitos are left far behind as Map To The Stars Eddie slows down to a cruise of 70.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Too many people know where
you're going, Snake. That's
not good. Delgado and his
men were back there waiting
for you.

PLISSKEN

Delgado?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo Jones' right hand man.
One tough hombre. You don't
understand, Snake. Cuervo Jones
wants to unify the island. We're
on the move, man. Big time.

EXT. DARK INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Cadillac SMASHES through an intersection, knocking 2
old junked cars out of the way.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Plissken jams his 9mm into Map To The Stars Eddie's
ear.

PLISSKEN

Stop the damn car.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

No way.

PLISSKEN

I said pull over.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

All right. Anything for you,
Snake.

(beat)

Although I was going to take
you to Cuervo Jones' place.

Plissken lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN

Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

67

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Right over there.

He points. Plissken looks off, as Map To The Stars Eddie hits a button on the steering wheel with his finger.

ON THE DASHBOARD

A small panel in front of Plissken flips down, revealing a 2-inch machine gun barrel.

Before he can do anything, FOUR ROUNDS RIP straight into his chest, blasting him into the seat.

PLISSKEN

grits his teeth and GASPS. His gun drops. Blood runs from four holes in his shirt. His face grows red as he fights for air.

Map To The Stars Eddie pushes the button again and the panel closes up over the barrel.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Pretty neat, huh? This is
Cuervo's car. He lets me
use it sometimes.
(looks at Plissken)
Not to worry, Snake. You were
just shot with a fun-gun. You
feel it?

Plissken GULPS for air.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
Pure mesh, man. 100-proof
artery choker.

Plissken slumps back, collapses in the seat.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
Like Cuervo says, when the hit
pulls you down to 1-inch from
death, that is living, man.

PLISSKEN'S POV - THE DRUG

kicks in hard. Surreal colors float through dark,
devastated streets of Venice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

fighting desperately against the drug, but he can't move.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

You should've talked to me first, Snake. I could've set this whole thing up. I'm actually Cuervo's agent, you know.

As Plissken sags, losing consciousness, Map To The Stars Eddie's VOICE BEGINS TO FADE...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

And I'd love to represent you, too. We could make a bundle together. I know I could really help your career...I mean, you're a legend and all -- but the last couple years, man, it's like you've fallen off the face of the earth.

ON PLISSKEN'S FACE

as the world CRASHES TO BLACK!

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL, LAX - NIGHT

Like a giant, scorched daddy-long-legs, the architectural identity of the LA airport rises above the empty parking lot littered with the skeletal remains of burned out cars and airport shuttles. The wrecks of old 747's lie twisted and bent across the tarmac.

BEHIND IT

Surrounded by MESCALITOS with torches and guns, sits the former Bradley Terminal defaced with graffiti the sign now reading: MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL.

PLISSKEN'S GOOD EYE

opens. Looks around fuzzily.

INT. MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL - NIGHT

He is in Cuervo Jones' lair. Huge. Torch-lit. Plissken lies in the center of the room, chained to a treadmill. He is surrounded by MESCALITOS.

In one corner of the room is lots of high-tech equipment.. Computers. A VR simulator. Most of the Mescalitos are gathered around a big screen TV. They watch the 207th Annual Academy Awards from Carefree, Arizona.

Cuervo Jones strides toward Plissken. Map To The Stars Eddie scurries along at his side.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Come on, Cuervo. I delivered
him, didn't I? All I'm asking
for is what you promised.

CUERVO JONES
We'll see.

Cuervo Jones stops in front of Plissken. Sees that he's awake. Holds out a glass filled with red liquid.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
Carrot juice?
(no response)
Laced with tequila, Snake.
Good for you. No?
(no response)
Your health.

Cuervo Jones downs the carrot juice. Plissken lifts his head, grimaces. Sweat pours down his face. He GASPS for air.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
You're coming out of it,
Snake. It hurts real bad.
(beat)
That's good.

He kneels down next to Plissken.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
Dying isn't enough for you.
You need pain. You'll never
make it where you want to go
without a little pain.

He stands, considers Plissken for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

70

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Snake Plissken. American
outlaw. So typical of
American idealism. The old
west, Snake.

Cuervo Jones tosses the glass to Map To The Stars Eddie.
He's beginning to enjoy the moment, performing for
Plissken.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Man against the sky. The
individual. Freedom. No
wonder they hate you so much
in America, Snake. You
remind them of what they
used to be.

Cuervo Jones walks to a door, opens it.

Beyond is a huge courtyard filled with PEOPLE -- FAMILIES,
TEENAGE RUNAWAYS, THE ELDERLY, ILLEGAL ALIENS, ORPHANS --
people with nowhere to go. They are being fed and cared
for by MESCALITOS.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Here is the real L.A.,
Snake.

Plissken lifts his head to see.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

The poor. The old. The lost.
People without hope.

He crosses back to Plissken...

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Do you know what they want?
One word. Liberation.

(beat)

They want a chance to live --
before it's all gone. They've
been hated for too long --

(smiles)

Now it's their turn.

He gestures to his men, who move to Plissken and begin
carefully unlocking him from the treadmill.

Still wobbly, Plissken crawls to his feet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

71

As Utopia comes bounding up from the big screen T.V. Still dressed in her racy underwear, she gives Cuervo Jones a kiss. She still carries the prototype with her.

UTOPIA

Cuervo! LaToya Jackson just won Best Actress.

Cuervo Jones reaches out to take the prototype from her. She holds on to it.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

You said I could hold it.

He yanks it out of her hands, more violently than she expected. Recovering, she casts a contemptuous glance at Plissken.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

Who's that?

CUERVO JONES

You never heard of Snake Plissken?

Utopia takes a couple steps closer, squints.

UTOPIA

He doesn't look like his picture.

(frown)

I bet he's fake.

CUERVO JONES

Now go get dressed. We have things to do.

UTOPIA

Are we going to eat soon?
I'm starved.

Cuervo Jones gives her a SLAP on the butt, which startles Utopia.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

Ooww!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

72

CUERVO JONES
Go on now. Do as I say.

Plissken watches as Utopia walks away, out of the terminal.

CUERVO JONES
I'm going to show her what
it means to be a woman --
for the first time in her
pathetic little life.
(smiles)
Give her love, Snake.
Everybody needs love.

He moves slightly closer to Plissken -- though not too close.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
You want to hook up with us?
Join the revolution? We're
all getting out of here
tomorrow night.
(holds up the
prototype)
We're gonna rule the world.
Come with us, Snake.

Plissken says nothing. His good eye glares.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
No? Too bad. Well, I told you
we'd finish it later. So guess
what? It's later.

He motions to his men, who grab Plissken and drag him away...

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

The baggage claim area is an industrial wasteland filled with machinery and hanging cables and wires. A door opens and Plissken is hurled in. The door SLAMS SHUT.

Plissken stands a moment, trying to get his balance, when a MAN steps out of the shadows. It is Delgado.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELGADO

You're mine now, Snake.
All mine.

Delgado slowly moves towards Plissken, swinging two huge gleaming machetes around his head. Plissken steps back, glances at his wrist watch. 4 hours 20 minutes gone.

PLISSKEN

Shit.

Plissken looks up as Delgado flings a machete at him. He just barely dives out of the way, rolls on the floor...

Delgado charges toward him, machete poised like a bayonet.

Plissken rips off an edge guard from the baggage carousel and swings it at Delgado. The machete is blocked with a direct hit. KA-CLANG!

Delgado is thrown sideways. Plissken runs, launches himself through the air, twisting his body sideways, and lands a hard kick right in Delgado's face.

Delgado goes sprawling. One of his machetes CLANKS to the floor...

Plissken grabs the machete, just as Delgado rises...

WHOOSH! Plissken's arm is a blur as he throws...

THUMP! The machete sticks out of Delgado's chest. He looks down at it in horror, then crumbles to the floor.

EXT. MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL - NIGHT

The caravan's starting up again. Wearing hot pants, a tank top and full-length mink coat, Utopia is escorted up a ladder by Cuervo Jones to the opened door of the Cadillac perched up on those monster truck wheels.

The other Mescalitos mount up in their cars and motorcycles, and ROAR away from the terminal.

Above, on top of the terminal, SEE a figure move.

TOP OF MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL

It's Plissken. He grabs an electrical wire and throws it over the side...

PARKING LOT - A MESCALITO GUARD

stands watching the caravan pull away. He doesn't see the wire dangling behind him, and Plissken shinnying down it.

Beat. Beat.

WHACK! Plissken takes him out with one blow, lowers himself to the ground, takes his rifle.

Plissken quickly moves down the dark street after the caravan...

EXT. THE FORUM - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones' caravan comes rolling down Manchester, into a vast parking lot toward the Forum. Portions of the gigantic sports arena have been damaged in the earthquake, but CROWDS still pour into the entrances.

The caravan pulls up at the Forum Club entrance. Cuervo Jones, Utopia, Map To The Stars Eddie and the others ENTER.

AS PLISSKEN

approaches, ducks behind an old junked car.

THE FORUM - DAMAGED WALL

Plissken sneaks up to a crumbled, broken wall of the Forum, crawls inside through a large crack...

INT. LOCKERS ROOM - THE FORUM - NIGHT

Plissken's in the backstage area, near the locker rooms. HEAR CHEERING from the main arena. Slowly Plissken moves to a door, opens it, steps out...

INT. FORUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

The CHEERING is LOUDER as Plissken makes his way along the dingy hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now the SOUND OF GUNFIRE from someplace up ahead. Plissken tenses.

Suddenly from down the hallway come 2 BLACK MUSLIMS carrying a BODY on a stretcher. As they pass, Plissken notices the Body is wearing a bloody basketball uniform full of bullet holes.

He moves forward...

INT. FORUM ARENA - NIGHT

Plissken peers into the main arena.

A basketball game is underway. The KOREAN DRAGONS sit on one side, the BLACK MUSLIMS on the other. They CHEER wildly for their respective teams. Pipeline is in the crowd, enjoying the game...

Plissken moves closer, among the crowd along the baseline. The whole place is lit by torches and clumsily-wired lighting. Above his head is the shot-clock, slowly ticking down.

There's blood everywhere on the floor. The REFEREES wear bullet-proof body suits and helmets. TRAINERS with stretchers stand by.

THE SHOT CLOCK

ticks down: 5 - 4...

A BLACK MUSLIM

dribbles the ball towards the basket.

THE SHOT CLOCK

ticks down: 3 - 2...

A WHOLE ROW

of KOREAN DRAGONS with rifles stand and take aim.

THE BLACK MUSLIM

pulls up into a jump shot, releases the ball into the air. It sails through the basket just as horn goes off, beating the 24-second violation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BLACK MUSLIM CROWD

CHEERS.

THE KOREAN DRAGONS

sit down.

PLISSKEN

watches...

CUERVO JONES, UTOPIA AND THE OTHERS

moving through the seats on the Korean Dragon side of the court. Map To The Stars Eddie stands near the baseline, listening to the game on his silver portable radio...

THE REFEREE

hands the ball to a KOREAN DRAGON guard.

The KOREAN DRAGON dribbles the ball down court, into the corner and passes it off. The KOREAN DRAGONS can't get a shot off...

THE SHOT-CLOCK

above Plissken's head ticks down: 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1...
HONK!

THE KOREAN DRAGON

guard still has the ball -- the shot clock horn has gone off -- 24 second violation.

A WHOLE ROW

of Black Muslims with rifles stand up, take aim, FIRE!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Korean Dragon guard is riddled with bullets. He falls dead on the floor. The Trainers with stretchers quickly collect his body and hurry off the court.

Ball boys quickly wipe up the blood with mops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(sound effect of
BREAKING GLASS)
Shot clock!

THE BLACK MUSLIM CROWD

is CHEERING and SCREAMING! 'I LOVE L.A.' begins playing
on the loudspeaker.

The players wear do-rags and black uniforms that look a
whole lot like the black leather that Plissken wears.

One of the players, JAMAAL, notices Plissken.

JAMAAL
Hey -- Snake Plissken, you
knew my brother Abdul. He
was with you in Cleveland.

The other players react, greet Plissken, slapping his
hand, thumping chests, high-fiving each other.

JAMAAL (CONT'D)
Welcome aboard, Snake.

But Plissken pays no attention. He SEES:

CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

sitting in the Korean Dragon section near the other end of
the court.

CLOSER - CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

sit next to Xi-Ping, the leader of the Korean Dragons, a
fierce man with green and brown psychedelic camouflage
on his face. Utopia watches the game while the 2 men
confer. Cuervo Jones has a firm grip on the prototype.

CUERVO JONES
The time is now. We are the
strongest. If we go together,
the others will come.
(beat)
We go for everything, Xi-Ping.
But we go together. What do
you say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78

Xi-Ping nods. They clasp hands...

PLISSKEN

realizes he's got to get to the other side of the court. He jumps into the huddle with Jamaal, peering at him with his one good, cold eye.

PLISSKEN

Your brother died owing me,
so I'm taking it out in trade.
I need a favor...

JAMAAL

Sure Snake, anything.

PLISSKEN

I need to get across the court
now...without drawing attention
to myself.

JAMAAL

Like you ain't gonna stick out
like a sore thumb. But we'll
do what we can, Snake. Use the
clock. Screen and roll. Now
let's kick some butt!

The Players knock fists. Plissken puts on a do-rag.
YELLING, they move onto the court creating a shield for
Plissken.

JAMAAL

(whispers)

You play much pick-up ball,
Snake?

Plissken's watching Cuervo Jones and Utopia at the other
end.

JAMAAL (CONT'D)

Whatever happens, watch
the shot clock, man.

THE REFEREE

blows his WHISTLE.

A BLACK MUSLIM GUARD

inbounds the ball. The game is underway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

PLISSKEN

ducks down the court using the rest of his team as cover. They go into a set play.

The game is a cross between basketball and kung-fu. Players use slashing fists, spin-kicks, elbows and hard back-hands. It's full combat.

The Korean Dragon guarding Plissken chops him. Plissken knocks him flat. No foul.

UTOPIA

sees Plissken, nudges Cuervo Jones.

UTOPIA

It's that weird guy again.

Cuervo Jones grabs her and heads for the exit...

PLISSKEN

sees this, stops playing, moves after them...

...when suddenly the basketball lands right in his hands!

JAMAAL

Snake! Shot-clock!

THE SHOT-CLOCK

ticks down: 4 - 3 - 2...

A WHOLE ROW OF KOREAN DRAGONS

with rifles stand up, take aim at Plissken. Cuervo Jones watches expectantly...

PLISSKEN

spins, executes a beautiful-looking jump shot. The HORN SOUNDS just as it leaves his hand...

THE BASKET

Swish. Nothing but net.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE KOREAN DRAGONS

sit back down, put away their rifles, disappointed. Cuervo Jones, Utopia, Xi-Ping and their henchmen quickly leave...

THE BLACK MUSLIMS

go crazy...

AND PLISSKEN

dashes toward one of the exits. He stops, SEES...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

with his portable radio, trying to get out of the arena, hiding behind a CROWD of DRAGONS...

PLISSKEN

races through the crowd, grabs Map To The Stars Eddie.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Snake, man...Great
shot...!

Without hesitations, Snake WHACKS him across the jaw. Map To The Stars Eddie goes down like a sack of laundry. Plissken grabs him by the collar, drags him off toward an exit...

EXT. FORUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones, Utopia, Xi-Ping and their men rush out to the caravan of waiting vehicles. Xi-Ping has his own armada of vehicles and an ARMY of evil-looking GUARDS. Cuervo Jones pulls Xi-Ping aside.

CUERVO JONES

That man in black. He's very
dangerous.

XI-PING

One eye?

CUERVO JONES

Yes. We gotta dump him.

XI-PING

What does he want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUERVO JONES
(glances at the
prototype)
I'm betting the cops sent him
in. Man, I do not need this.
I got a war to win.

ANOTHER EXIT - THE FORUM

as Plissken drags Map To The Stars Eddie out into the night,
crouches behind a row of cars, watches...

CUERVO JONES' CARAVAN

start their ENGINES.

PLISSKEN

shakes Map To The Stars Eddie, waking him...

PLISSKEN
Where are they going?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
(groggy)
Oh, man... You didn't have to
hit me, Snake. I can help you.

Plissken shoves the barrel of his pistol up against Map To
The Stars Eddie's temple.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
Bankrupt City. The Happy Kingdom.
(beat)
Snake, Cuervo's hooked up with
Xi-Ping. He is primetime, man --
Mister Bad News. The rest of the
city's joining up with 'em.
(beat)
You're shit outta luck, Snake.

Plissken reaches into a pocket, comes out with the large
black clip, slips it on his 9mm pistol.

SNAKE
Not yet.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I could've helped you. We coulda
made a deal with Cuervo. If you'd
listen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without looking, Plissken SLAMS his elbow into Map To The Stars Eddie's jaw with a WHACK! He flops unconscious on the pavement...

CUERVO JONES' CARAVAN

led by that huge Cadillac on monster wheels moves away from the Forum toward an exit...

PLISSKEN

moves after them, ducking behind the row of cars...

FORUM EXIT

The caravan picks up speed as it approaches the exit...

PLISSKEN

appears behind an old truck, just as the Cadillac moves past him. He crouches on the balls of his feet, and as the rear of the Caddy drifts close, he springs...

AND GRABS ON

to the rear bumper. The monster wheels spin like huge, black scythes on either side of him.

Plissken reaches under the Caddy, finds a purchase on the undercarriage, and swings....

UNDER THE CADILLAC

He hangs dangling above the street by one hand as the caravan pulls out onto Manchester. With the other he raises his 9mm and aims it at the undercarriage, right about where the front seat should be...

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

The front seat EXPLODES, bullets SCREAMING upward through the leather seats, tearing and shredding fabric and flesh, killing the DRIVER and XI-PING instantly!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the back seat sit Cuervo Jones and Utopia. The Caddy begins to swerve, the wheel spinning. Cuervo Jones lunges forward across the seat and grabs it.

UNDER THE CADILLAC

Plissken continues to FIRE: BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

THE FRONT SEAT

disintegrates. Metal, leather, padding fly everywhere. Cuervo Jones ducks against the door, covering his face with one hand, still grasping the wheel with the other.

KAWHUMP!

The entire front seat and floor underneath it fall down out of the Cadillac and hit the street below. The bodies of the Driver and Xi-Ping flop under the monster wheels.

PLISSKEN

swings over to the hole...

AND PULLS HIMSELF UP

into the opening that used to be the front seat.

Cuervo Jones stares at him in total shock, but before he can speak...

Plissken rips the prototype out of his hands!

Then jumps into the back seat next to Utopia.

Then grabs her and turns to the side door.

Cuervo Jones releases the wheel for a moment, turns to grab Plissken...

But Plissken opens the side door, kicks it wide, and with Utopia under his arm slides across the seat...

...and sails out of the Cadillac...

CUERVO JONES

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN AND UTOPIA

fly through the air, and land with a THUD on top of a Mescalito car.

AS THE CADILLAC

begins to swerve wildly...

CUERVO JONES

grabs the wheel, desperately tries to control the Caddy...

BUT FAILS

The Cadillac careens off the street, SLAMS into the palm tree, spins around and CRASHES into the remains of a hot dog stand.

ON THE ROOF OF THE MESCALITO CAR

Plissken and Utopia roll and tumble. He still has a hold of her, and she fights him tooth and nail...

UTOPIA

Lemme go...!

INSIDE THE MESCALITO CAR

the Driver swerves, hits the brakes...

AND THE CAR

hops the curb, slides along the sidewalk, burning rubber.

PLISSKEN AND UTOPIA

are thrown forward...

THEY TUMBLE OFF THE ROOF

across the hood...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AND LAND

on the sidewalk in front of the car. They roll to a stop, as the car SCREECHES to a stop, inches from their heads, as the caravan suddenly puts on its brakes.

SCREAMING TIRES. Cars jackknifing, spinning in a massive traffic collision...

CUERVO JONES

emerges from the remains of the Cadillac...

PLISSKEN

drags Utopia into the street, grabs the lid of a manhole in the street, pries it up...

MESCALITOS

pour out of their vehicles, as Cuervo Jones charges into the street, pointing at Plissken...

CUERVO JONES

Kill him, kill him...!

PLISSKEN

lifts Utopia to her feet, hauls her over to the manhole opening, and dives inside...

JUST AS THE MESCALITOS

OPEN FIRE!

The street around the manhole opening EXPLODES with SCREAMING HOT LEAD...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Plissken and Utopia land in the half-filled storm drain. He gets to his feet, pulls her with him, and heads off sloshing through the water. The SOUND OF GUNFIRE ECHOES above them...

EXT. MANCHESTER AVENUE

Cuervo Jones and the Mescalitos charge the open manhole, as Map To The Stars Eddie appears groggily shuffling up the street from the Forum...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

(grins to himself)

Good thinkin', Snake.

He heads off down the street...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Plissken and Utopia race along through the water. He literally has to drag her with him. They turn a corner, go down another slimy drain away from the main tunnel...

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

The black belly of the sewer system. Plissken and Utopia move along, slow as they come to...

THE SHEER, PITCH-BLACK DROP OFF

on one side of the passage, the same one we saw earlier on our journey with Pendejo Bob.

Plissken spins Utopia around, pushes her backward toward the drop-off, his eye burning into her...

Her feet reach the very edge.

Plissken holds her there. Utopia's face is a mask of sheer terror. She gulps air in staccato bursts...

Beat. Beat.

Plissken can't do it, he can't push her off.

He releases her, backs up, looks at the prototype, then pulls one of his revolvers from its holster, COCKS the hammer, aims...

UTOPIA

My... father sent you...,
didn't he?

(beat)

He sent you to kill me...

Plissken raises the pistol. She's dead in his sights.

(CONTINUED)

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

Didn't he?

(begins to cry)

But Plissken can't. He can't kill her. The toughest man on planet Earth can't kill this 17-year-old runaway.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Plissken sags, CLICKS the hammer back, holsters the gun. He stares at her.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

Get out of here.

Utopia wipes her eyes, confused, afraid.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D).

I said go!

Slowly Utopia moves from the edge of the drop off, starts away down the tunnel, then stops, looks back at Plissken. She stares at the prototype in Plissken's hand...

UTOPIA

Don't take it back. Don't give it to him. Please. Let me have it.

Plissken glances at the prototype, then at her.

PLISSKEN

What does this thing do?

UTOPIA

(her eyes grow wide)

NO!

KABLAM!

Plissken's shoulder EXPLODES as a bullet tears through his flesh!

He spins, drops the prototype...

...as Map To The Stars Eddie emerges from the darkness of the sewer tunnel. He holds a gun in one hand, aims...

KABLAM!

He FIRES again, hits Plissken's leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken staggers backward toward the edge of the drop off, as Map To The Stars Eddie moves quickly forward...

...and snatches the prototype from the wet floor.

Plissken's gun hand is useless, numb from the shoulder wound. He slowly, painfully transfers the pistol to the other hand, tries to raise it...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

So long, Snake.

Map To The Stars Eddie takes aim -- a head shot...

Plissken spins, and dives off the edge...

...down into the drop-off...

PLISSKEN'S BODY

Airborne. Falling through black space. Down, down, down, straight to hell below, until we can't see him any more as the darkness swallows him up...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

steps to the ledge, looks down, as Cuervo Jones and his Mescalitos slog up through the tunnel...

CUERVO JONES

Where is he?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

He jumped. Down there.

(beat)

He's dead, Cuervo. I did it.
I killed Plissken.

Cuervo Jones looks over the edge, at the silent blackness below. Then he turns to Map To The Stars Eddie.

CUERVO JONES

Give it to me.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You said I could be Vice-President,
Cuervo. Your right hand man.

CUERVO JONES

(extends his hand)

Give it.

(CONTINUED)

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Sure, Cuervo, but look here. I've
done it all, man. I killed Plissken,
I got your girl back, I got it all.
Just for you, Cuervo. Just for you.

Dead silence. Cuervo Jones stands with his hand extended.
Finally Map To The Stars Eddie gives up, starts to hand
Cuervo the prototype...

...but slips on the wet floor...

...and drops the prototype with a CLANK!

CLOSE - PROTOTYPE

A red light comes on, blinks urgently.

PROTOTYPE VOICE
(tiny, filtered)
I am now armed and ready for
use. Use extreme caution.
The location of the effected
blast area can only be
determined by the orbital
position of the SatStar Ring.

Everyone in the tunnel is frozen, unable to move. Slowly
Cuervo Jones picks up the prototype, stares at it, then
breaks into a smile...

CUERVO JONES
This is turning out to be my
lucky day.
(stares coldly at
Map To The Stars Eddie)
Get this asshole outta here.

Several Mescalitos grab Map To The Stars Eddie, pull him
back along the tunnel...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Cuervo, wait. Please...

Cuervo Jones turns to Utopia, who stands numbly staring off
at the drop-off. He walks over to her, then SLAPS her hard,
viciously, across the face.

Utopia reacts to the stinging slap.

UTOPIA
Cuervo...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

90

CUERVO JONES

You're my woman, you understand?
You don't let anybody take you
away from me without a fight.

UTOPIA

I tried...

CUERVO JONES

(in her face)

Nobody leaves Cuervo Jones. Not
unless you give your life. You
fight till you're dead. Then I
forgive you.

(SCREAMS)

Understand?

(shakes her)

Understand?

UTOPIA

Yes...

He shoves her down the tunnel...

CUERVO JONES

Let's go.

The others follow them...

EXT. MANCHESTER AVENUE - NIGHT

As Cuervo Jones and Utopia emerge from the manhole cover
HEAR THE SOUND OF HUNDREDS OF HELICOPTERS RISE.

CUERVO JONES

(looks up)

Look, baby. They're all mine.

POV - THE SKY

above Manchester and the Forum is filled with HELICOPTERS.
All models, all makes, mostly the older, discarded military
Blood Phoenix 14-bladed attack choppers that SCREAM through
the blackness like scythe-slashing robot bugs.

They are on their way southeast, toward Orange County.

EXT. SKY VIEW OF L.A. BY NIGHT

Looking out at L.A. from above Mount Lee, SEE the Hollywood Sign, and wave after wave of HELICOPTERS THUNDERING across the city.

ANGLE ON THE TWIN TOWERS OF CENTURY CITY

They're like buck teeth, sheered off and crumbling, stuck up into the sky. CHOPPERS ROAR overhead. A GROUP OF VAGRANTS cluster around a camp fire on the top floor of one of the towers. They're watching a futuristic big-spin lotto on a large screen TV. The SOUND of the CHOPPERS brings them to the edge of the building -- the walls of the floors beneath have been torn away. Desk, furniture, rugs, everything hangs out over empty space.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

Pandemonium. TROOPS, vehicles, HELICOPTERS, everything is in urgent motion. A LOUDSPEAKER VOICE BLARES:

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)
Full stage battle alert.
All personnel to battle
stations.

INT. HALLWAY INTO COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy, the President and Brazen charge down a hallway into Command HQ. The place is jumping. Full scramble alert.

MALLOY
A sky full of enemy choppers on
radar. Moving over the city to
the southeast.

A COM OFFICER rushes up to Malloy...

COM OFFICER
Commander -- massive vehicle
and troop movement on the ground.
All major streets leading
southeast.

PRESIDENT
What're they doing?

Malloy looks at the President grimly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

92

MALLOY
Getting ready to invade.

PRESIDENT
(beat)
So where's Plissken?

DARKNESS

CREAKING. The WHOOSH of something swinging through the air...

A HUGE BLUE EYE
opens. Looks around.

DARKNESS

PLISSKEN'S BOOT
is hooked in a twisted wire mesh...

DARKNESS

AND THEN PLISSKEN
SWINGS by like a pendulum, hanging from a long strand of wire mesh attached somewhere above in the blackness.

PLISSKEN'S EYE
blinks.

THE DARKNESS
begins to reveal details: slimy walls. Below, a black pit of hell. WIND GUSHING.

And then a light stabs across the void...

CLOSE - PLISSKEN

...The light hits Plissken's good eye...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93

THE LIGHT

is from inside the eye of Pendejo Bob. He stands on a small ledge, at the mouth of a cave leading into the HOWLING pit.

PENDEJO BOB

Hey, Snake. You okay?

(unhooks the lariat
from his belt)

I heard gunfire down here...

(begins to swing
the rope)

Never been down this far
before...

(swings the rope
in a huge arc)

Grab this.

Pendejo Bob tosses the lariat. The noose flies across the pit, and Plissken grabs it with his good hand...

PENDEJO BOB (CONT'D)

Now hang on.

Plissken wraps his good hand and arm in the noose, as Pendejo Bob jerks the line hard. Plissken is in mid-swing, and the rope jerking pulls him abruptly in the opposite direction...

PLISSKEN'S BOOT

slips out of the wire mesh...

AND PLISSKEN

falls like a brick, stops abruptly as the line catches, and swings against the side of the pit. He dangles with only his one good arm holding on to the rope.

PENDEJO BOB

pulls the line upward, straining against Plissken's weight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOWLY PLISSKEN RISES

a tug at a time, hauled up the edge of the pit toward the cave above...

...when suddenly he passes another opening, a storm drain below Pendejo Bob. He swings into the drain, grasps the sides with his hand, and pulls himself in...

PENDEJO BOB

stares down at his rope disappearing into the side of the pit...

PENDEJO BOB

Hey, Snake...Where are you?

PLISSKEN

crawls into the slimy drain, pulls the rope off of him. Ahead in the darkness is the RUSHING OF WATER.

He turns on weak legs, back toward the pit behind him. Bleeding. Numb in one hand. His leg on fire.

PLISSKEN

(YELLS)

I'm in another opening...Storm drain... There may be another way up to you...

Plissken crawls along the drain. The SOUND of RUSHING WATER gets LOUDER.

He comes to the edge of the drain.

RIGHT BELOW HIM

is another drain filled with WATER RUSHING THROUGH IT like a river.

PLISSKEN

stuck. He turns, in great pain, and starts back toward the pit...when suddenly EVERYTHING STARTS SHAKING. BOOMING. It's a small earthquake, a pre-shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAP!

Suddenly the concrete bottom on which he stands GIVES WAY, CRACKS, DISINTEGRATES...

AND PLISSKEN

falls backward into the rushing water, and is pulled suddenly downstream into the drain, disappearing from sight...

PENDEJO BOB

stands silently above, listening...

PENDEJO BOB

Snake...

(no reply)

Snake!

BOOMING. The whole pit shudders, shaking. Another earthquake.

Pendejo Bob drops the rope, turns and dashes away down the vibrating storm drain...

EXT. STORM DRAIN - WILSHIRE CANYON - NIGHT

Black oil-slicked water RUSHES in the moonlight, out of a huge opening in what appears to be a canyon wall.

CLOSE ON THE EDGE OF THE DRAIN

as an arm shoots out, clutching the edges of the drain.

PLISSKEN

emerges from the hole, slides out, tumbles down to a water-filled canyon bottom.

He lies there for a moment, trying to focus his eye. Stabbing pain in his shoulder and leg. Finally he rises unsteadily to his feet, looks around, trying to get his bearings. He finds himself at the bottom of...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

96

THE WILSHIRE CANYON

Straight down Wilshire Boulevard is an enormous canyon, a river bottom gouged out of concrete in the big earthquake. At least 30 feet deep, it is a vast trough leading past skyscrapers and buildings above, off into the distance.

Plissken wearily glances at his watch: 1 hour 10 minutes to go.

Suddenly, Plissken is...

STRUCK BY A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

Pipeline's dune buggy comes bumping along the canyon bottom, SLOSHING through water, pulling up next to Plissken.

PIPELINE

Snake. Saw you at the game tonight. Great shot.

(stares at him)

You look like shit.

Plissken hobbles over to the dune buggy as Pipeline gets out.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

You feel those pre-shocks, Snake?

Pipeline unties the various surfboards he has lashed to the rear of the buggy. He lifts one down and slings it under his arm.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Could be a big one comin' any minute now...

PLISSKEN

Where's... Cuervo Jones...?

PIPELINE

Long gone. You'll never catch up with him now, Snake.

PLISSKEN

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

97

PIPELINE

Anaheim. Headquarters for everything. The whole town's gonna be there. Things changin' fast around here, Snake. It's not the same as the old days, man.

A THUMPING SOUND skyward. More CHOPPERS THUNDER over them, on their way southeast. Plissken grabs Pipeline with his good hand...

PLISSKEN

Take me there...

But he's too weak. His hand slides off. Plissken sinks to his knees. Pipeline stares at him.

PIPELINE

You ain't doin' so good, Snake.
You need help.

(bends down, helps
Plissken to his feet)
You should talk to Hershe. She
hates Cuervo. They used to be
partners, but they split up.

PLISSKEN

Who?

PIPELINE

Hershe. She lives downtown with
Mojo Dellasandro in the big boat.
Down that way.

Pipeline points down the canyon to the east.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

She's connected with the Black
Cowboys, and they don't take
shit from nobody...

Suddenly that BOOMING, SHUDDERING RUMBLE begins.

The canyon begins to SHAKE. The water in the canyon floor
SLOSHES wildly.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Yo', man. It's a big one.

And the earthquake hits like a ROARING SLEDGEHAMMER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The walls of the canyon CRACK. Plissken and Pipeline are thrown to the ground.

SKYSCRAPERS

above them on Wilshire rock and tremble in the QUAKE. Pieces of the building sheer off, fall.

A PARKING GARAGE

caves in.

THUNDER SHAKES THE EARTH

around Plissken and Pipeline. The canyon floor splits open. Water pours into the cracks. Huge boulder-sized chunks of concrete tumble down the canyon walls.

And then suddenly it all stops.

The BOOMING subsides. The earth stops shaking. Plissken and Pipeline get to their feet, look around. The water around them continues to SLOSH about violently.

PIPELINE

Tsunami, Snake.

His eyes wide, a smile on his face, Pipeline hurries over to the dune buggy, grabs another surfboard from the back, hands it to Plissken.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Surf's up big time.

Now there is another DEEP SOUND RISING, coming from the west behind them: A BASS ROAR that slowly CLIMBS from the very bottom of the register upward, as if some massive wall of doom were on its way...

Pipeline kneels, positions his surfboard in his hands.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Get ready, Snake. It's gonna be some kinda ride.

Plissken looks behind him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV - THE FRONT EDGE OF THE TSUNAMI

is BLASTING down the Wilshire Canyon, coming right for them. It is a 25-foot wall of ocean water, moving fast, BELLOWING like a THUNDERCLAP.

PLISSKEN

sees he can't climb out of the canyon in time, moves over to Pipeline, kneels down...

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Let the front edge pick you up. Don't get on your board till it peaks.

Behind them, the tsunami SLAMS along the canyon, coming right for them.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Don't lose it, man. You slip off your board and it's the Big Wipeout, you know what I mean?

The ROARING is so LOUD it's like being on the inside of a cannon barrel. The tsunami is 100 feet away... 75 feet... 50 feet... 25 feet... It rolls up right behind them...

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Hang on, Snake!

(YELLS)

YAAAAAAA!!!!!!

THE FRONT EDGE

of the tsunami sweeps under them. Pipeline and Plissken push off from the canyon floor just as the water shovels them upward like a cow catcher on a train.

THE WATER

sweeps them up, until they disappear under the blackness...

UNTIL SUDDENLY

Pipeline pops up on top of the tsunami, riding on his surfboard, arms outstretched, feet braced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then Plissken pops up beside him, surfing clumsily on top of the tsunami wave, kneeling on his surfboard.

They BLAST down Wilshire Canyon at 80 miles an hour.

PLISSKEN IS WOBBLY

on the surfboard, but he manages to stay on top of the wave. Finally, he gets the hang of it, glances over at Pipeline who grins from ear to ear.

PIPELINE

Awesome, Snake, AWESOME, man!

Plissken looks up ahead...

HIS POV - MOVING THROUGH WILSHIRE CANYON

five feet from street level. An old van speeds along what's left of Wilshire Boulevard, right on the canyon's edge. It veers around debris in the street, changes lanes suddenly, hell bent for leather.

PLISSKEN AND PIPELINE

move closer and closer to the van as the tsunami sweeps them along.

NOW THEY MOVE ALONGSIDE

the van, and Plissken stares over...

CLOSER - THE VAN

Behind the wheel is Map To The Stars Eddie, driving like a lunatic, his teeth bared and set, madder than shit.

PLISSKEN'S EYE

widens, burns.

PLISSKEN

(to Pipeline)

See you later.

And suddenly Plissken shifts his weight, and the surfboard tips and slides sideways, across the surface of the tsunami all the way over to the edge, right next to the van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

glances to his left...

HIS POV - PLISSKEN

is surfing the tsunami not 10 feet away from him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

stares in absolute horror.

PLISSKEN

tips the board again, and slides another 5 feet closer...

AS MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

jams the pedal, and the van SCREAMS FORWARD...

AS PLISSKEN

stands up and leaps from the surfboard...

FOR A MOMENT

he is airborne, leaping across the gap to the van...

AND SLAMS

into the side of the van. He grabs on to the roof, hangs on with one hand, his body WHAPPING against the rocking, bucking side.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

starts swerving, trying to throw Plissken off.

EXT. VAN - WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

The van shoots back and forth across Wilshire, Plissken dangling inches from the tsunami-filled canyon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

pulls himself up and crawls onto the roof...

INSIDE THE VAN

Map To The Stars Eddie pulls his gun, cocks it...

When suddenly Plissken's hand snakes down from the roof, reaches in the driver's window, grabs his hair, and SLAMS his forehead into the steering wheel with a THOCK!

Map To The Stars Eddie goes out like a light. He slumps over in the seat...

...but his foot is stuck on the accelerator.

PLISSKEN

grabs the wheel with his left hand, and manages to steer the van from the roof.

The van lurches wildly, HITS a chunk of concrete in the street, skids, fishtailing violently from the impact. It SMASHES against the curb, SCREECHES and bumps along concrete.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE'S FOOT

is bumped right off the accelerator...

AND THE VAN

slows to a wobbling, GRINDING stop.

PLISSKEN

slowly climbs down from the roof, opens the driver's door, shoves Map To The Stars Eddie out of the way, and jumps in.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Plissken pulls out into the street and speeds off down Wilshire. Map To The Stars Eddie starts to come around.

Plissken grabs his gun, COCKS IT, puts the barrel up against Map To The Stars Eddie's temple just as he comes to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103

PLISSKEN

Listen up. I need directions.
Downtown. Somebody named
Hershe.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Sure, Snake. No problem.

(groggy)

You gonna kill me?

PLISSKEN

Later.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I couldn't help it, Snake. I
had to shoot you. Cuervo made
me do it, I swear to God, man.

PLISSKEN

Cease fire with the bullshit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Right. Keep goin' straight.
Two blocks down, turn right.

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN

Cuervo Jones' image fills the screen. He addresses CAMERA,
holds the prototype in his hands.

CUERVO JONES

Abandon your firebases by
0500 hours. Have the news
media standing by for my
coronation. I'm arriving
in style.

PULL BACK from the TV screen to REVEAL we are in...

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

Malloy, the President, Brazen and the other Controllers and
Police Personnel stare silently at their TV screens.

BRAZEN

He must be bouncing the signal
from one of our communications
satellites.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

That means CableNet has already
picked it up. This thing's
going live all over the country.

CUERVO JONES

(on the TV)

It's a brand new day comin'
up this morning, and I'm just
so proud to be leading the
parade. See you soon, putos.

SSSZZZ. The image blinks off into STATIC.

A grim silence.

MALLOY

The prototype appears to be
armed, Mr. President.

(the President
nods grimly)

Shall I begin evacuation?

PRESIDENT

Does he know how to activate it?

MALLOY

Well, yeah. All you have to do
is push the button.

BRAZEN

What about Plissken? He could
still be --

PRESIDENT

Forget him. He's dead.

MALLOY

That may not be true, Mr. President.

(beat)

He's one tough case. Plissken's
been dead so many times I can't
count. But he never stays down.

A long beat.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

There are two choices, Mr. President.
Wait for Plissken, or surrender.
It's your decision.

The President SIGHS heavily.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

Jammed next to the remains of the Bonaventure Hotel is the Queen Mary, permanently dry-docked between the broken skyscrapers by the Big One.

The van stops next to a huge hole in the side of the ship.

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

The glow of Map To The Stars Eddie's flashlight takes him and Plissken deeper and deeper into the hulking remains of the ship.

INT. DECK OF SHOPS - NIGHT

They walk through a dimly lighted area lined with shops. Their glass display windows are covered with layers of impenetrable dirt.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They enter a long, narrow corridor. At the end is a doorway. There is light in the room beyond.

INT. VICTORIAN SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie enter a long room lit by gas jets on the walls. In it is a crumbling, Victorian swimming pool. A heavy mist rises from the pool's surface and hangs over everything.

At the far end is a GROUP of people. SPINAL and the Black Cowboy Gang. Boots, spurs, dusters, guns.

MOJO DELLASANDRO. Jamaican Voodoo witchdoctor. A brutal, scowling face.

And a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a bathing suit, her back facing us.

Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie approach.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Hershe. How're you
doin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE WOMAN

turns and faces them. This is HERSHE, an absolutely drop-dead, gorgeous transvestite who looks completely convincing as a woman but talks in Isaac Hayes' voice.

SPINAL
(eyes brightening)
Hershe -- it's Snake Plissken.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Yeah, Hershe. I brought him to
see you.

Plissken walks right up to Hershe, has no reaction at all to the transvestite.

PLISSKEN
I need a favor.

HERSHE
What's in it for me?

Plissken stares, a glimmer of recognition on his face.

PLISSKEN
Wait a minute. I know that voice.
(beat)
You're Carjack Malone.

HERSHE
Not any more.

SPINAL
You two know each other?

Plissken is seething. Hershe remains calm, glacial.

PLISSKEN
You owe me. You left me holdin' everything back there in Cleveland.

SPINAL
(astounded)
Hershe, you were in Cleveland?

PLISSKEN
Yeah. With me and Texas Mike O'Shay.

HERSHE
I was called away on urgent business, Snake.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Don't lie to me.

HERSHE

All right, so I made
another deal.

PLISSKEN

I got a new deal for you.

Plissken raises Map To The Stars Eddie's gun, aims it right
between Hershe's eyes.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

You help me, you live.

The others tense, hands on guns.

SPINAL

I wouldn't be doin' that,
Snake.

HERSHE

We have a little arrangement.
Anything happens to me, you're
dead.

PLISSKEN

I'm already dead.

HERSHE

(long beat)
I see your point. What's the
favor?

PLISSKEN

(looks at his
watch)
Get me to Cuervo Jones. Get me
to the Kingdom. I got one hour.

HERSHE

Dream on, blue eye.

PLISSKEN

Say goodnight, Carjack.

Plissken COCKS his gun, starts to squeeze the trigger...

HERSHE

Wait a minute. All right.
Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

SPINAL

Cuervo Jones has more firepower
than 2 armies. No one gets
near him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

And he's got the prototype. And
the girl. He holds all the cards.

HERSHE

Exactly what is this prototype?
What does it do?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You push the button, it sends
a signal to a ring of space
defense satellites. They're
orbiting bombs. Nukes. They
explode. Huge space burst.

(beat)

EMP. Electromagnetic pulse. It
happens instantly when a nuke is
airburst. EMP shuts down every
power source below the
satellites -- instantly. All
electrical devices, computers, cars,
airplanes, cities. It's the dark
ages again.

HERSHE

So whoever has it runs the show.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

They were gonna use it on South
America, Africa, Asia -- any
country hostile to the United
States.

SPINAL

Only Cuervo's got it now.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

And that ring of satellites will
be in position over the U.S. at
5 a.m. this morning.

PLISSKEN

How do you know all this?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I used to represent the guy
who invented it. I swear to
God, Snake. No bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long silence.

HERSHE

So what's the deal, gorgeous?

PLISSKEN

We get the girl and the prototype.
And we get out.

SPINAL

All of us?

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Me too?

PLISSKEN

(stares at him hard)

We'll see.

HERSHE

Why should we leave? I love L.A.
Where we gonna go? What's the payoff?

SPINAL

I'd like to get out but I don't
have enough money.

PLISSKEN

The President's promised to give
whoever helps me 1 million dollars.

SPINAL

Yeah? greenbacks? I got ten
million of them.

PLISSKEN

Uh-uh. Bluebacks.

This gets everyone's attention.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Aw, come on, Snake.

PLISSKEN

Bluebacks. I'm not bullshittin'.
I swear to God.

HERSHE

I don't know, sounds thin to me.

PLISSKEN

You want to stay here, while
Cuervo Jones rules the world?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

110

HERSHE

(grim)

No, that sucks.

(beat)

How are we getting out?

PLISSKEN

I don't know yet.

SPINAL

Shit.

HERSHE

You always were a loser, Plissken.
Makin' things up as you go along.
That's why I cut out on you in
Cleveland. You're just a bum
like the rest of us.

Smoke has begun to drift into the pool area.

MOJO DELLASANDRO

(a soft voice)

Use the air.

They look at him.

MOJO DELLASANDRO (CONT'D)

They're burning. Santa Anas.
The night wind.

SPINAL

What're you talking about, Mojo?

MOJO DELLASANDRO

Death from above.

EXT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

Plissken, Hershe, Map To The Stars Eddie, Spinal and the Black Cowboy gang stand on the top deck of the Queen Mary. Mojo Dellasandro straps each man into his own hang glider rig. The wind whips around them. The hillsides in the distance are on fire.

They look like strange oversized moths lined up on the edge of the deck. The wind picks up Map To The Stars Eddie's rig. He bumps up and down, side to side, buffeted wildly until Mojo Dellasandro brings him back down to the decking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

III

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I don't know about this thing.

PLISSKEN
Don't like it, don't come.

SPINAL
Where'd you get these rigs,
Carjack?

HERSHE
My name is Hershe Hernandez,
do you understand, cowboy?

As Mojo Dellasandro passes out various weapons to the men, Map To The Stars Eddie leans over to Plissken, their hang glider rigs THUMPING clumsily into each other. Eddie holds up that small, metal-plated portable radio he was carrying when we first met him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I got an idea, Snake.
(shows Plissken
the radio)
This looks like the prototype,
right?

PLISSKEN
Yeah, kinda.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
So maybe we can pull off a
Texas switch on Cuervo.

PLISSKEN
If he lets you get close
enough.

HERSHE
The wind's up. Let's go.

The men brace themselves. Map To The Stars Eddie looks like he wants to die.

Hershe looks over at Plissken and grins.

HERSHE (CONT'D)
See you in hell, Snake.

PLISSKEN
If I'm late, Carjack, don't
start without me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With that Plissken launches himself off the deck, sailing out over open space, then down toward the street...

PLISSKEN

gliding through air, as the wind picks him upward. He arcs away from the street level, up toward the remains of the downtown skyscrapers.

Behind him, one after another, the group takes off into the wind, diving, rising with the wind.

Map To The Stars Eddie makes a rapid suicidal dive right down toward the pavement below. He SCREAMS like a madman until the wind lifts him at the last possible second.

EXT. TOPS OF SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

The group of hang gliders sweep past the buildings. A BRACERO FAMILY is having dinner by candlelight two feet from the edge of a sheer precipice, as the side of the skyscraper they live in has been torn off. They wave to Plissken as he passes.

Two floors down, someone has hooked up huge speakers and a CROAKING MALE VOICE is SINGING a Barbra Streisand hit to a background track.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL in a sheer diaphanous gown dances far out on a narrow girder waving a scarf at the moon.

PLISSKEN AND THE OTHERS

fly now in formation, like avenging bats through the night, except for Map To The Stars Eddie who keeps rising and plunging violently, barely in control.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - NIGHT

An army of vehicles and PEOPLE pour into Disneyland -- but it's a Disneyland gone to hell. A huge sign reads:

THE HAPPY KINGDOM

The gates no longer exist. The overhead tram lies broken on the ground. Slowly vehicles drive straight inside...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BATTERED OLD LIMOUSINE

carries Cuervo Jones and a grim-looking Utopia past the ruins of the train and around the ghost-town square of Main Street. Ahead is the fairy castle, broken and crumbling, like some relic from a nightmare. Around it are the thrill rides, tossed into a jumbled mass by the force of the original quake.

CROWDS are waiting. GANGS of every conceivable description. ETHNIC GANGS. FEMALE GANGS. GANGS OF CHILDREN. Also FAMILIES and HANGERS-ON.

As soon as the limousine appears, the crowds begin CHEERING.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones stares out at the masses.

CUERVO JONES
They're simple people. They
love a party.
(turns to
Utopia)
We're gonna throw them one
hell of a party when we get
to America. Right?

Utopia is silent, sullen. Cuervo raises his hand to her, and she jumps, cowering.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
Put a smile on your face.

A terrified smile spreads across Utopia's face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

As the limousine inches down Main Street, suddenly a wall of headlights POP ON.

100 or so battered old vintage Chevys REVV THEIR ENGINES, begin bouncing up and down wildly on hydraulic lifts. GANGS begin CHEERING, FIRING THEIR WEAPONS into the air like New Year's Eve.

At the end of Main Street is a huge open area -- almost an arena, beyond which are parked a literal army of helicopters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

114

As the limousine stops, and Cuervo Jones emerges, Utopia on his arm, the CHEERING begins, a wall of SOUND through the park. 3 BLACK MUSLIMS step out to greet Cuervo, dressed in turban-like headgear and sunglasses, wearing black capes and carrying old Thompson machine-guns. They stop, give the right-handed power salute. One of them, BIVOUAC, speaks to Cuervo.

BIVOUAC

Cuervo Jones. Welcome, my
Brother.

Cuervo Jones turns to the crowd, extends his arms.

CUERVO JONES

Are you ready for the New World?

And the LOUDEST, LONGEST CHEER you've ever heard goes up.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE DISNEYLAND - NIGHT

Plissken and the group sail through the sky like silent avenging angels toward Disneyland below them and several miles away.

PLISSKEN

glances at his wrist watch. Only 20 minutes left. Map To The Stars Eddie swings wildly over in his direction, manages to stabilize his glider for a few moments.

PLISSKEN

Is that what I think it is?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Yeah. The place kept changing
owners. Finally went bankrupt.
That thing in Paris killed 'em.

Hershe and Spinal sweep over next to Plissken and fly in close formation.

HERSHE

Snake. We need some kind of
diversion.

A beat later all of them look over at Map To The Stars Eddie.

EXT. MAIN STREET - THE ARENA - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones leads Utopia toward a large attack helicopter out in front of all the others. The choppers are all starting up, ROARING, blades turning.

Suddenly shooting down out of the sky is a SCREAMING, YELLING, Map To The Stars Eddie, diving out of control, eyes wide as he passes Cuervo Jones and Utopia.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo. Hey, man, I made it!
I made it! Wait for me...

KAWHUMP!

Map To The Stars Eddie CRASH LANDS into the ruins of a fast food restaurant -- KACRUNCH!

A beat or so later he staggers out of the rig, dizzy and confused.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey Cuervo...

CUERVO JONES

turns to Bivouac.

CUERVO JONES

Would you please kill him for me?

BIVOUAC

My pleasure.

Bivouac raises his machine-gun...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo, wait! I got news.
There's about to be an attack!

Cuervo holds up his hand, stopping Bivouac. Everyone tenses. Map To The Stars Eddie races over...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

You're about to get hit, Cuervo.
It's Plissken.

CUERVO JONES

You told me he was dead.

(CONTINUED)

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I thought he was, but he came
back.

CUERVO JONES
Where?

Map To The Stars Eddie moves close to Cuervo, out of breath,
looking like he may faint...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Oh Cuervo...

CUERVO JONES
(long beat)
What?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
(stalling)
It's so good to see you again.

CUERVO JONES
Where's Plissken?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
He's....near.

CUERVO JONES
You're stalling, Eddie.
(grabs him)
Talk, you little gringo!

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
(eyes wide)
Cuervo, look out behind you!

Map To The Stars Eddie suddenly grabs Cuervo as if to
protect him, and manages to wrap himself around the
prototype in Cuervo's hand.

At the same moment Bivouac and the Black Muslim OPEN FIRE on
an old storefront behind Cuervo Jones. The place is
shredded.

CUERVO JONES

pulls Map To The Stars Eddie up off the ground, and grabs
what looks like the prototype out of his clutches.

CUERVO JONES
You've lied to me for the
very last time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cuervo Jones pulls out a pistol, COCKS IT, aims at Map To The Stars Eddie's face...

KABLOOM! No, not the pistol. A huge EXPLOSION rocks Main Street.

WHOOSH!

Suddenly out of the night sky Spinal and the Black Cowboys dive right down across Main Street.

KABLAM! Another EXPLOSION sends everyone scurrying for cover.

SPINAL

pulls the pin on a grenade, throws it...

BLAMMM! BLOOM! EXPLOSIONS erupt everywhere!

CUERVO JONES

grabs Utopia, turns to run toward the lead helicopter, when...

PLISSKEN

ROARS DOWN out of the sky and hits him full force. Cuervo, Plissken and the hang glider go tumbling and crashing in a heap.

SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

CHAOS and pandemonium. Hershe dives down over the Gangs, ripping HELLFIRE from his automatic rifle.

People running. EXPLOSIONS.

Map To The Stars Eddie grabs Utopia...

Plissken and Cuervo Jones get to their feet and have at it!

Through flames and running people Plissken and Cuervo battle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In Cuervo's hand is a long black knife. Just as he's plunging it, Plissken steps aside and grabs him.

Locked together, they battle savagely.

The knife cuts Plissken's chest.

Cuervo moves for Plissken's throat.

Plissken smashes him in the face.

They both grip the knife in a deadlock.

From above, Spinal dives down and hurls a grenade.

Cuervo Jones and Plissken disappear in a huge FLASH of fire and smoke as the grenade erupts out of the pavement nearby.

When the smoke clears, three things are on the ground. Plissken. Cuervo Jones. The prototype.

Instantly Plissken and Cuervo dive for the prototype.

Plissken has it, kicks Cuervo in the face, drags himself to his feet and takes off running (as fast as a man can run with one bullet in his leg).

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE DRAGS UTOPIA

toward the lead helicopter, as Hershe comes in for a landing.

SPINAL

makes a landing, continues to throw grenades.

THE OTHER BLACK COWBOYS

land, provide covering FIRE!

PLISSKEN

paces for the chopper. Behind him, Cuervo Jones is on his feet and in pursuit.

HERSHE

opens FIRE at Cuervo. Cuervo dives behind a smoking, burning Chevy.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

as everyone scrambles in. A Black Cowboy is hit by GUNFIRE. Slides down the bulkhead and out the door.

Plissken jumps in the left seat, takes the controls. Utopia and Map To The Stars Eddie both climb in the right seat together. The others are in the back. FIRING BACK at the Gangs.

Plissken pulls in power.

CLOSE - ROTOR R.P.M. GAUGE

The needle's at 100% plus. Full power.

EXT. LEAD HELICOPTER

The lead chopper shudders, trying to get off the ground. GUNFIRE continues.

INT. HELICOPTER

The ship shakes violently.

PLISSKEN

She's overloaded! We're too heavy.

HERSHE

(SCREAMS from the rear compartment)

Somebody get off!

SPINAL

(glares at him)

Who?

All eyes quickly move to Map To The Stars Eddie...

KABLAM!

Bullets rip through the windscreen.

POV - AN ARMY OF GANGS

is moving, through the smoke, charging the ship!

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER

The ship trembles. Plissken moves his feet...

TAIL-ROTOR PEDALS

as Plissken jams in left pedal, all the way.

EXT. THE LEAD HELICOPTER

rotates, turns around 180 degrees on the ground, pushed by the tail rotor force.

THE CYCLIC CONTROL

as Plissken inches it forward...

THE HELICOPTER

begins sliding across the ground, skids GRINDING along the pavement, sparks flying -- slowly at first, now picking up speed...

IN THE COCKPIT

The ship lurches and jumps and SLAMS! Everyone is bounced around...

THE HELICOPTER

moves fast now -- faster --

LOW ANGLE ON THE SKIDS

as they rise up, an inch off the ground -- then 2 inches -- then a foot...

CUERVO JONES

emerges from the smoke, running ahead of the other Gangs, barreling toward the ever-so-slowly rising chopper...

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

as it lifts -- 5 feet -- climbing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV BEHIND THE LEAD HELICOPTER

pull away from the charging Gangs and Cuervo's sprinting figure...

POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN

of the Matterhorn ahead, coming closer and closer...

EXT. REAR COMPARTMENT

as Hershe leans out the door...

HERSHE

We're not gonna make it over
the fuckin' mountain!

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

moves right toward the edge of the Matterhorn, 15 feet...
10... Plissken tries to maneuver out of the way... 8 feet...
5...

TOP OF THE MATTERHORN

as the helicopter wobbles over the top of the mountain, the
right skid catching on the Matterhorn's edge!

A HORRIBLE CRACKING SOUND, and the right skid is ripped off
from its front mounting, hanging half off the ship!

ON THE GROUND

Cuervo Jones jumps into one of the waiting helicopters, as
now the Gangs race into ships and begin lifting off into the
sky.

Finally Cuervo's chopper lifts off...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

An ALARM HORN SOUNDS. Everyone on the move.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

A crowd surrounds a computer screen with a small green blip
moving over a grid of L.A.

(CONTINUED)

COM OFFICER
Aircraft leaving the island,
sir. It's passed into
restricted space, heading
this way.

Malloy, the President and Brazen exchange glances.

PRESIDENT
Is it Plissken?

Nobody knows.

COM OFFICER
Commander, I'm getting radio
contact with the aircraft.

MALLOY
Boost it.

The Com Officer flips a switch, and we hear Plissken's VOICE
BOOMING through hq.

PLISSKEN (V.O.)
Get ready, shitheads. We're
comin' in.

PRESIDENT
Thank God.

MALLOY
(grabs a radio
mike)
Plissken -- this is Malloy.
Do you have the prototype?

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PLISSKEN
(into his radio)
Yeah, I got it.

Plissken glances at the transistor radio in his hand, shoves
it in his boot, reaches his hand out to Map To The Stars
Eddie.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)
(to Map To The Stars
Eddie)
Now give me the real one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Utopia stares into Plissken's eye. Map To The Stars Eddie shrugs innocently.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I couldn't make the switch,
Snake. I don't have it.

Suddenly Utopia reaches into Map To The Stars Eddie's coat and pulls out the real prototype. She hands it to Plissken.

UTOPIA
Now we're even, Snake.

Map To The Stars Eddie makes a lunge for it, but Plissken WHACKS him in the face. His head bobs slowly back and forth for a moment, then he slumps in his seat.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

MALLOY
Set up in the staging area
for landing.

COM OFFICER
Commander Malloy -- he's got
lots of company.

Malloy and the others look at the computer screen. Plissken's green blip is followed by hundreds of other green blips all rapidly closing in on him...

MALLOY
Battle stations...

The room springs into action...

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PLISSKEN
I think we've burned off
enough fuel. We may be light
enough to hover. Just barely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERSHE

Can you land?

PLISSKEN

No. The right skid's broken.
If I try to set it down she'll
crash. I have to stay in a
hover while you jump off.

(beat as Plissken
looks at Utopia)

Hey, Carjack. We gotta hide
the girl. Give her your dress.

HERSHE

(ice cold)

My name is no longer Carjack.
Will you please get that
through your fucking head?

SPINAL

Holy shit.

They look, as suddenly the night sky on either side of them
is filled with Gang helicopters!

EXT. SKY OVER THE SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

The lead helicopter is surrounded by enemy choppers. Above,
below, on either side.

RIGHT NEXT TO PLISSKEN

Cuervo's chopper pulls up just 10 feet away. Cuervo grins
out at Plissken evilly, unhooks himself from his seat...

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Another chopper with Bivouac and the Black Muslims pulls up.
In the rear compartment, a Black Muslim aims what looks like
a huge harpoon gun mounted to the floor.

KAWHAM!

The line shoots out and a gleaming grappling hook SLAMS into
the side of Plissken's chopper, the prongs CLAWING in,
holding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD HELICOPTER

as the Black Cowboys, Spinal and Hershe aim their weapons.

PLISSKEN

Don't shoot! They can drag
us down into the sea.

CUERVO JONES

leaps from the opened door of his chopper, flies through
space, lands on Plissken's door with a WHUMP!

He SMASHES through the side window and grabs Plissken.

KABLAM! KABLAM! Gang choppers OPEN FIRE, riddling the rear
compartment with bullets. Spinal and several Black Cowboys
are hit!

PLISSKEN

fights Cuervo through the door.

PLISSKEN

(to Utopia)
Take the controls!

Utopia stares at him.

UTOPIA

What do I do?

But Cuervo wrenches the door open, grabs Plissken, and pulls
him out of the seat.

Utopia grabs the controls.

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

goes wild, lurching and swinging and dropping. Plissken and
Cuervo are locked in a death grip, hanging on to the
doorway, one foot in, one out.

PLISSKEN

embraces Cuervo and throws them both over the edge...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEY FALL

through space, locked together...

UNTIL

WHAP! They are jolted to a dead stop, swinging in mid-air, Plissken's arm wrapped around the dangling right skid.

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

bucks and spins and swings, Plissken and Cuervo suspended below, struggling to the death, whipped back and forth by the helicopter's gyrations.

IN THE COCKPIT

Utopia grips the controls. The ship is shaking, swinging like a pendulum.

Hershe is HIT with GUNFIRE, flops in the rear compartment.

Map To The Stars Eddie slowly regains consciousness, stares in horror at Utopia.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Where's Plissken?

OUTSIDE

Cuervo clutches Plissken around the neck, struggling and thrashing. Plissken head butts him, dazing him for a second...

KA-CRACK! The dangling skid is breaking loose from its mounting on the helicopter above.

Plissken and Cuervo Jones stare up, then at each other, then both begin pulling themselves up the skid, climbing hand over hand, in a desperate race...

BOTH MEN

reach the bottom of the helicopter and leap across to the left skid as the dangling right skid breaks off and falls into the San Fernando Sea...

Plissken and Cuervo kick at each other. Plissken slides away from him, looks up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV - THE GRAPPLING HOOK

stuck into the side of the helicopter...

PLISSKEN

swings up, straddling the skid. He reaches up and begins prying loose the grappling hook.

Cuervo's coming right up behind him, reaching for him, a huge knife in his hands. He raises the knife -- when Map To The Stars Eddie leans out of the cockpit door, lowers a gun and aims it right at Cuervo.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Cuervo.

Cuervo looks at him, starts to say something, eyes bulging...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

If you get to America -- let's
do lunch.

KABLAM! KABLAM!

The shots hit, and Cuervo buckles, falls backward off the skid, plunging downward toward the surface of the San Fernando Sea...

KASPLASH!

PLISSKEN

rips out the grappling hook...

AS BOOM!

Map To The Stars Eddie is hit with gunfire, dies, falls out of the seat, out of the door, out of the helicopter -- plunges to the water below.

PLISSKEN

jumps back inside the cockpit...

UTOPIA

Snake, look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN - POLICE BATTLE HELICOPTERS

THUNDER toward them...

IN UNISON

the Police helicopters LAUNCH THEIR MISSILES from gun platforms. BURNING, WHITE-SULFUROUS NAPALM SHELLS streak across the darkness and hit enemy choppers.

THE SKY AROUND THE LEAD HELICOPTER

is filled with EXPLOSIONS, waves of rolling fire, falling flaming wrecks plunging past...

THE SAN FERNANDO SEA

as enemy choppers begin to hit the water...

LONG LENS SHOT

It is a dreamlike, slow-motion ballet. Huge black Police gunships circle lazily around the enemy choppers, their flex-guns and rockets spitting BLUE-WHITE FIRE. They POUND the living Hell out of the enemy choppers.

In f.g. Plissken's helicopter sweeps over the wall.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

Malloy, the President, Brazen and the rest of the Firebase watch as Plissken's helicopter approaches, then zooms right over Rotor City and heads for the distant treeline.

PRESIDENT

Where the hell is he going?

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

as Plissken's helicopter comes in, lower and lower, into a hover five feet above the ground.

INSIDE

Plissken pulls in all the power he's got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
It's taking all the power we've
got to hover.

CLOSE - ROTOR R.P.M. GAUGE

100% plus power.

THE HELICOPTER

in a trembling hover.

INSIDE

PLISSKEN
Jump out. Head for the
treeline and disappear.

Utopia stares at him.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)
Go!

Utopia jumps out of the helicopter...

LANDS ON THE GROUND

and takes off running into the darkness.

INSIDE

PLISSKEN
All right, baby. Don't be too
rough on me. We're gonna land.

Plissken slowly drops the collective control.

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

as the left skid sets down, and the ship continues to
descend, tips, begins to roll...

INSIDE

as the chopper rolls over, Plissken braces himself...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

as the blades hit the ground! The chopper goes wild. The fuselage jumps and twists in a GRINDING Fury. Smoke and debris fly. The blades SNAP OFF...

FROM BEHIND PLISSKEN - INSIDE

looking out the front, THE BLADES SMASH THROUGH the windscreen, barely missing the top of Plissken's head.

Plissken is splattered with glass, a piece of metal debris protrudes from the fleshy part of his bicep. Blood pours.

The rear compartment EXPLODES into flames as the engine GRINDS into the gas tank. Fire billows into the cockpit, engulfing Plissken...

OUTSIDE

as Plissken pulls himself out of the door. He is on fire. Dives away from the chopper and rolls across the ground, just as the flaming mid-section of the ship EXPLODES in a ROARING FIREBALL.

PLISSKEN

climbs to his feet, smoking, wounded...

...as Malloy, the President, Brazen and a SQUAD OF POLICE arrive in vehicles. They slowly get out...

...as Plissken limps toward them...

PLISSKEN

Where's the anti-toxin...?

PRESIDENT

Give me the prototype.

Plissken reaches into his boot, hands it to the President.

MALLOY

Hold it, Plissken. Now give us the real one.

Plissken reaches down into his other boot, comes out with Map To The Stars Eddie's transistor radio. The President hurls the real prototype away, walks to Plissken and grabs the phony. Plissken glances at it lying on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

131

Nobody moves. Plissken looks at their faces.

PLISSKEN

Give me the goddamn shot!

Suddenly everyone beings to smirk. A couple COPS LAUGH.

MALLOY

It was all a fake, Plissken.

Plissken stares at him. More LAUGHTER.

BRAZEN

You were injected with glucose.
There is no Plutoxin 7 virus.
You were never going to die --
at least not from anything we
gave you.

MALLOY

C'mon, Snake -- it's L.A.
Everything's phony, you know
that.

Plissken moves toward the President, stops inches away.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

Relax, war hero. We took you
for a ride, and you came
through. Not bad for a
dirtbag like you.

PRESIDENT

You're free, Plissken. But if
you even so much as break wind
on a country road I'll crush
you like a bug.

The President glares at Plissken, turns, walks away.

COP (O.S.)

Commander...

(Malloy looks
at him)

Look what we found.

Across the clearing come 2 POLICEMEN dragging Utopia along
with them. They bring her up in front of Malloy. Utopia
glances at Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

132

MALLOY

You didn't finish the mission,
Plissken. We'll have to do
that for you.

Plissken, Malloy and Brazen watch as Utopia is taken away.

Finally Plissken turns to Malloy.

PLISSKEN

Got a smoke?

MALLOY

You're gonna have to learn to
respect the law, Snake. The
United States is a no smoking
nation. No smoking, no drinking,
no drugs, no women unless you're
married, no guns, no foul language.
It's a brand new day for you,
Snake.

PLISSKEN

The name's Plissken.

Plissken walks away. FOLLOW his feet as they stop next to
the prototype lying in the grass...

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Utopia is being strapped into an electric chair by her
POLICE GUARDS. The Guards step back from Utopia. One of
them walks over to a huge switch on the wall.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

TRACKING SHOT WITH PLISSKEN. He holds the real prototype,
calmly pushes the button.

EXT. SPACE - DAWN

The ring of space satellites hover silently above the Earth.
SEE the United States, North America below, as a beautiful
sunrise is beginning.

Suddenly the SATELLITES EXPLODE INTO WHITE...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

As the sky is lit white. Malloy, Brazen and the Cops look
up. All vehicles stop. Lights out. SOUNDS of MOTORS
RUNNING DOWN.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - DAWN

Darkness. No power. Everyone looks around. Utopia smiles.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

The daylight is coming as Police helicopters fall from the sky, CRASHING. Panic. Policemen run everywhere. A DUTY SERGEANT races up to Malloy...

DUTY SERGEANT

We're being attacked, Commander.
The north wall.

EXT. WALL - DAWN

All of L.A. has arrived at the wall in boats. GANGS lean ladders, use ropes and hooks -- they scale the wall. Pendejo Bob leads the charge. Pipeline is right behind him.

EXT. TOP OF THE WALL - DAWN

GUNFIRE. A pitched battle as COPS try to repel the horde of L.A. invaders as they pour over the wall.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

The Firebase is overrun by invaders. Hand-to-hand combat. World War III has begun.

Panicked Cops race for the trees, abandoning their positions.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER

As the Third World warriors free Utopia from the electric chair. She joins them as they swarm through the halls...

EXT. HILLSIDE - FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

Plissken is at the edge of the Firebase, moving out into the hillside. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM toward the rising sun.

A smile crosses Plissken's face. He tosses the prototype down a ravine, and walks away into the sunrise.

FADE OUT.