

ESCAPE FROM L.A.

An Original Screenplay

by

Coleman Luck

Based on characters from John Carpenter's film,
"Escape From New York"

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ESCAPE FROM L.A.

Darkness.

A pounding, metallic beat begins--twists of sound in a tight-rope rhythm.

Electronic crashes.

Echoing roars.

NARRATOR

In 1991 two catastrophes struck the city of Los Angeles. The first was a genetically engineered virus released into the atmosphere to combat an attack of fruit destroying medflies.

FADE IN:

HOLOGRAM OF L.A.

The darkness begins to change. On the distant horizon, a vague, blue-green glow appears.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Unpredictably, the biological agent mutated as it came in contact with the morning discharge from a factory producing "Sun-In-A-Bottle", high-speed tanning lotion. Within hours the resulting plague had swept the metropolitan area.

Lines converge from the light, creating the jagged contours of a strange holographic city.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Virtually 100 percent of the population was left with irreversible molecular damage to the cerebral cortex of the brain, creating a violent insanity.

(beat)

Three weeks later the second catastrophe struck. An earthquake measuring 9.1 on the Richter scale occurred at 5:27 PM--the peak of rush hour.

(CONTINUED)

The hologram continues to form. It's the destroyed remains of Los Angeles, but it could almost be another world.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Overnight Los Angeles became an island off a new western shore, tilting on the edge of the continental plate. Unable to cope with the two calamities, the United States Police Force abandoned the city, cutting off every avenue of escape and making it a permanent asylum for the criminally insane.

ANGLE IN HOLOGRAM

From the glowing, outlined canyons comes the whisper of a million voices. Babbling. Mindless. Without purpose or form.

Slowly, the sounds and image begin to fade...replaced by the beating rotors of a helicopter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER VIEW ABOVE "THE STRIP" - NEW LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Twisted synth-rock blares from invisible speakers as a government helicopter sweeps fifty feet above "the strip" of new Las Vegas.

An ocean fog is settling, giving the gaudy buildings a surreal and misty glow.

The chopper moves past huge billboards displaying gigantic, glitzy photographs:

ANGLE ON BILLBOARDS

There is FAUNTLEROY at his iron piano--the "Liberace" of leather and chains...

NUCLEAR NIGHTS IN HAVANA--the latest deriva-rock extravaganza with fabulous show girls and laser re-creations of Fidel's final night...

And, of course, there is a huge billboard advertising the WAYNE NEWTON MUSEUM OF NIGHT CLUB ARTS with a picture of the man himself, looking not less than 200 years old.

(CONTINUED)

The helicopter sweeps past all of it--to the end of the foggy, glittering street.

But instead of arriving at the desert, it begins to settle on a navy dock lined with military warehouses and combat-ready ships.

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER PAD

As the craft lands, a large emblem is seen on its door:

It's the American Eagle against a red background and, in bold letters underneath, the words: THE UNITED STATES POLICE FORCE.

The engine cuts and the door slides open.

Several uniformed men get out. One looks familiar. He's tall and thin with iron-gray hair, but his face cannot be seen.

They move as a group toward a low, government building and vanish inside.

EXT. THE OPPOSITE END OF THE STRIP - NIGHT

Raucous crowds party their way through the swirling fog. Hordes of sailors, hookers and assorted night crawlers drift past the decrepit hotels and casinos.

The strip is the same, yet vastly changed. Rock music pounds in the darkness, competing with the amplified voices of hawkers trying to lure victims to the games. The street is lined with neon booths and small thrill rides.

At the bottom of the screen appear the words:

LAS VEGAS BY-THE-SEA
RESORT AND NAVAL BASE
September 16, 1995

ANGLE ON DARKNESS AT END OF THE STRIP

Suddenly, a figure emerges from the desert darkness. For a moment, vehicle lights silhouette him as he stares at the neon glow.

It's SNAKE PLISSKEN.

He pauses only a moment, then begins striding down the center of the strip.

(CONTINUED)

Plissken is the exact opposite of everyone he sees--battle-scarred, tough, unshaven, he stands out against the vague swarms of white uniformed, pink-cheeked sailors, who stare at him as though he were from another world.

Gorgeous hookers reach out from a booth. The neon sign above them reads:

SAFE SEX
NO CONDOMS NEEDED

POLYPROPYLENE ORIFICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

One of the hookers struts in front of Plissken.

CU 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 retracts it and puckers, kissing the air.

Plissken shoves her away and strides on.

From out of a booth called MARILYN'S SECRETS--COMPUTER VOODOO AND LINGERIE VIDEO SHOP--lurches an old, blind woman with red teeth from chewing betel nut.

FORTUNE TELLER
Computer palm reading. Tell your
fortune, sailor. Give me your palm.

Plissken stares down at her as she gropes for his hand. She runs a small, electronic device across his open palm.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN'S HAND

There is a terrible scar running across it. An ugly look of surprise comes to the old woman's face.

FORTUNE TELLER
(spitting the words)
Snake Plissken.

She rubs his palm again and stares up at the sky.

FORTUNE TELLER
You're going to die, Snake.

PLISSKEN
We're all gonna die, hag.

(CONTINUED)

With a grunt of disgust, she spits a load of red saliva into his hand.

Plissken doesn't seem to notice. He continues walking.

A few steps farther, he passes a sailor in a white uniform. Reaching out, he wipes the red spit across the man's chest.

WALKING SAILOR

Hey. What the hell are you doing?

But when the sailor sees who it is, he turns and hurries on.

EXT. "THE STRIP" - ANOTHER LOCATION - NIGHT

A crowd of cheering people is gathered around a booth with a huge neon sign that reads:

BET YOUR BODY
WIN A MILLION
FUN-FUN-FUN

A drunken sailor stands in front of a horrible, eight-foot tall slot machine covered with flashing gold and blinking lights.

At eye level is a large video screen with a cartoon character that looks like "Goofy", inviting a potential player to "Bet his Body and win a million."

The crowd eggs the man on.

SHOUTS FROM CROWD

Go ahead. Do it. Get it on.

Finally, the grinning man sets down his mug of beer and steps up to the thing.

The crowd cheers as he pulls a thick belt from the device and straps it around his waist. The belt attaches him by a steel cable to the front of the machine.

The instant the lighted buckle is closed, the huge game lights up with colors, music and cartoon video.

The animation ends with the words:

BODY PARTS...
PLACE YOUR BET

The crowd cheers as the sailor types in: F-I-N-G-E-R.

(CONTINUED)

On the screen appears the part...and with it the listed value: \$10,000.00.

The man pulls the bandit's arm.

An animated drum spins wildly...and stops with three gold dollar signs. From the mouth of the device pours a small pile of gold coins.

The crowd shrieks as the sailor scoops them up like a hero.

SHOUTS FROM CROWD

Do it again. Go for it.

Once more the man types a word into the machine. This time it's "HAND". The value listed is \$50,000.00.

The crowd cheers as the lever is pulled.

But when the animated drum stops three hands appear. Confused, the sailor stares at them.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

The animated face of Goofy grins at him.

"GOOFY" ON SCREEN

Your turn. Pay up. We win.

The drunken sailor turns and runs. The cable pays out fifty feet, then jerks him to a stop.

"GOOFY" ON SCREEN

No running. You bet your body.

There is a grinding sound.

The crowd is screaming for blood. Slowly, the sailor is reeled back in, kicking and shrieking.

POV SAILOR

A small door with blinking lights slides open in the front.

The man tries to push himself away from it, but a metal clamp grasps his wrist.

As Goofy sings the "Bet Your Body" theme song, his hand disappears into the hole.

There is a flash of animated fun. The gambler screams. The cover opens and he pulls out his arm. At the end of his wrist is a shiny metal cap where his hand once was.

(CONTINUED)

The belt snaps off his waist and he is free.

Still screaming, the sailor staggers into the fog. The cheering crowd turns to watch him go. But instantly, they grow silent.

In the mist, is Snake Plissken.

The crowd makes way, as he walks in silence to stand in front of the slot.

Taking out a cigarette, Snake sticks it in his lips and squeezes. The end flares, lighting automatically.

When he straps on the belt, the crowd erupts in a mighty cheer. Plissken doesn't take the slightest notice.

He stares eye to eye with "Goofy", seeing the words: "BODY PARTS...PLACE YOUR BET."

Without hesitation, he types in "A-S-S".

When the crowd sees it, they explode.

VOICES FROM CROWD

He bet his ass. He bet his damn ass.
Punch it in. Do it.

The value amount for Plissken's ass flashes on the screen:
\$1,000,000.00.

Without a twinge, he pulls the arm.

The drum rolls.

When it stops, three "moons" appear and a smiling Goofy invites him to pay.

"GOOFY" ON SCREEN

You bet your ass. Time to pay. We win.

The crowd begins rhythmic claps and cheers.

Plissken strides ten feet out, and watches as the lighted hole grows large enough for the insertion of his ass.

Then, the winch starts reeling him in.

But as it does so, Plissken takes out his automatic pistol and proceeds to calmly blow the screen apart.

Goofy disappears in a blast of electronic putrefaction.

But still the winch pulls him on.

(CONTINUED)

Plissken doesn't bat an eye even though giant clamps reach out for him.

Closer and closer he is dragged.

At the last possible second, he reaches into his vest. Pulling out a grenade, he pops the pin, shoves it in the hole and ducks away.

There is a horrific blast.

Plissken is blown free.

From the hole spews a gigantic stream of red liquid filled with gold coins.

Instantly, the crowd is drenched, wallowing in it, fighting each other for the money.

Snake calmly watches. Sirens are heard moving in fast.

Reaching down, he picks up one gold coin, sticks it in his pocket and walks away.

EXT. "THE STRIP" NEAR THE VEGAS NAVAL BASE - NIGHT

Plissken strides into a narrow alley not far from the harbor. He is all alone.

EXT. TATTOO ALLEY - NIGHT

On either side, the alley walls are covered with strange figures twisted out of neon. Cars, weapons, monsters and fantasy girls.

At the end of the alley is a door. Above it are the words:

DWYER'S TECHNICAL TATTOOS

Plissken opens it and enters.

INT. STAIRCASE LEADING DOWN - NIGHT

Snake walks down a long staircase. On either wall are fabulous air-brush drawings, obviously the work of the greatest tattoo artist of all time.

At the bottom of the stairs is a high-tech tattoo parlor.

INT. DWYER'S TECHNICAL TATTOOS - NIGHT

The parlor is a single, circular room. In the center is a long, velvet-covered table. Around the entire wall are more of the most fabulous tattoo: Views of heaven and hell. Devil women. Monsters. Angels of light.

From out of a side door steps an exquisitely beautiful woman. This is DWYER--artist and owner of the establishment.

DWYER

Snake Plissken. Haven't seen you since Mobile. What do you want?

Plissken pulls open his shirt. On his chest is a cobra tattoo, grown a little soft and ill-defined around the edges.

PLISSKEN

Fix it.

DWYER

You got money?

He flips her the gold coin.

DWYER

(cynically)
Another winner. Lie down.

Taking off his shirt, he lies down on the table.

Wearing special gloves, Dwyer takes out a bottle of clear solution.

DWYER

This may sting a little.

Plissken doesn't respond.

Using a pink swab, she sponges the solution onto his chest. There is a sizzling sound and faint traces of smoke begin to rise from his skin.

Sweat beads out on Plissken's forehead, but his look remains unchanged and he doesn't say a word.

CU SNAKE TATTOO

The solution slowly draws the old tattoo straight out of his pores. It trickles down his side in steaming rivulets, dripping into a small, black pool on the table.

(CONTINUED)

Dwyer wipes his chest with a cloth. The tattoo is gone.

Then she touches a panel of electronic controls. The lights go down except those directly overhead.

The ceiling opens and from it drops an ugly tattooing machine. It's a large, square plate covered with shining needles of varying lengths. The shortest is six inches. Above the plate are fifty small bottles of ink.

Dwyer flicks another button. The needles above Plissken begin to dance like a sewing machine out of hell.

Slowly, the plate descends--closer and closer to his body.

Then, the needles enter the skin of his chest.

In and out they move, stitching an incredible tattoo.

Finally, Dwyer hits another button. The equipment rises, but stops a foot above him.

CU PLISSKEN'S CHEST

Painted into his skin is a three dimensional cobra--coiled and ready to strike.

BACK TO SCENE

Plissken starts to get up.

DWYER

Not yet. There's one part that isn't right.

Plissken lies back down.

She touches another button.

From out of the plate emerges a single needle, longer and far more deadly than all the rest.

Before he can move, it touches his belly.

PLISSKEN

What the hell is this, Dwyer?

DWYER

Sorry, Snake. Purely financial.

With that, she pushes the last button. The entire length of the needle disappears into Plissken's gut.

(CONTINUED)

He gags.

POV PLISSKEN

The room swims around him. A blanket of fog covers everything.

A tall, thin man steps out and looks down at him, the same man who got out of the helicopter.

It's BOB HOUK.

As Plissken slips into unconsciousness, Houk lights a cigarette and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

Strange sounds. Gigantic scratches.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUK'S FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

The sound becomes normal as Plissken begins to awaken. He's chained in a chair, naked to the waist, with his wrists cuffed in front of him and his legs in irons.

The scratching sound is Houk writing with a pencil. He is behind his desk doing paperwork. Close at hand is a loaded .45. He speaks without looking up.

HOUK

Hello, Plissken.

Plissken stares through the diminishing fog in his mind.

PLISSKEN

Houk.

HOUK

Wondered when you'd come to get that piss-ant snake redone. I've been waiting for months.

PLISSKEN

You...son of a bitch.

HOUK

Maybe I'll cut it off your chest and hang it on my wall. Come on, War Hero, wake up.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

I'm awake.

Houk glances at an open file folder.

HOUK

I was just updating your file.
Pretty impressive.

(reading)

S.D. Bob Plissken, Black Light
special forces--Texas Thunder--
Leningrad and Siberia. Youngest man
ever decorated by the President.

Flips a page.

HOUK

(continuing)

Wanted for the murder of an internal
revenue agent in Cincinnati...

PLISSKEN

I'm a tax protester.

HOUK

The kidnapping and sale into white
slavery of a Nashville bank
president...

PLISSKEN

He turned down my gold card.

HOUK

A few dozen other felonies,
including the destruction of
government slot machines in Las
Vegas. Ugly string, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

Call me Snake.

HOUK

You're a real problem case.

PLISSKEN

It's all lies and you know it.

HOUK

Maybe, but what does it matter?

Houk sticks a cigarette in his mouth, picks up his gun and
walks to the window. He lights up as he looks out at the
Las Vegas night.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK

(continuing)

All that matters is I got your ass. If I want to cut your balls off and nail 'em to my door, nobody's gonna say a word. Fact is, you could drop off the end of the world, nobody'd care. You're not worth a damn dead or alive, except to me.

Suddenly, Houk hears the strange sound of splashing water. He turns.

Plissken has unzipped his pants and a stream of urine is rising in an arc and landing on Houk's papers.

With one swift move, Houk karate kicks him in the shoulder. The chained Plissken falls to the floor where Houk kneels on his neck.

HOUK

You better save your bodily fluids, Plissken. Where you're going, you're gonna need 'em.

A door opens and two guards enter.

HOUK

Take this shit away.

Plissken is dragged, chair and all, from the office.

EXT. NAVY WAREHOUSE ON VEGAS WHARF - NIGHT

A police jeep arrives. Houk gets out of it and walks toward a navy warehouse.

Above the door is a sign that reads: RESTRICTED AREA - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Two guards salute him as he enters.

INT. NAVY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Houk walks into a huge room illuminated by pools of light. Five government "test" personnel of lower rank meet him.

HOUK

Is he ready?

TESTER #1

Yes, sir. But I'm not making any guarantees. He's a hard case.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK
(sarcasm)
Really?

TESTER #1
(checking a clip board)
We interrogated him for 46 hours nonstop, then put him through 72 hours of total sensory deprivation submerged in a Mordor tank. After that we sealed him in a steel drum and beat the hell out of it for two solid days.

HOUK
And you got nowhere.

TESTER #1
Right. This guy comes as close to being a walking/talking catatonic as anyone I've ever seen.

HOUK
Good. Where is he?

TESTER #1
Coming now.

Suddenly, a large door opens at the end of the warehouse. With a mechanical roar, a forklift enters. On its prongs sits an upright fifty-five gallon drum that looks as though it's gone through World War Two.

The forklift stops in front of Houk and drops the barrel on the cement.

HOUK
Open it.

A tester with a blow-torch cuts open the top. The barrel is dumped and Plissken appears--in a straight jacket.

HOUK
Hello, Plissken.

PLISSKEN
Glad you could make it, Houk.

HOUK
You're special training's over. Now you're going to get a chance to serve your government.

PLISSKEN
Shit, that's wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK
Get him dressed and bring him to the
projection room.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

A deadly calm Plissken, dressed in a black jumpsuit, stands handcuffed in front of a large metal table. The only light in the room is a single spot that shines down from directly overhead.

Houk stands across from him.

HOUK
I hate to say it, Plissken, but
you're an important man. ComStat did
a psychosearch over a database of
five million sociopathic
personalities. They wanted a human
laboratory rat--someone totally
expendable, but with certain
hard-to-find qualifications...

PLISSKEN
Such as intelligence and
personality.

HOUK
Such as sub-zero emotional
development, total lack of
compassion, hyper belligerence, and
a highly developed brute instinct to
survive.

PLISSKEN
And I won the lottery.

HOUK
Hands down.

Houk flips a switch. Three laser beams intersect, creating
a table-size hologram of "Island L.A."

HOUK
(continuing)
Ever been to L.A., Plissken?
Everybody's crazy there.

PLISSKEN
Thanks, but Monday I gotta go to
Orlando.

Houk points to the hologram.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK

We're dropping you in tonight. Your DZ will be the geographical center of the city. You'll have a map, but it won't do you much good. You get 48 hours to move from the drop zone to a place called Rodent Park. It's in this general vicinity. When the time's up, I make one flyby. If you're not there, our Plissken troubles are over.

Houk points to a place in the hologram that only he and Plissken can see.

PLISSKEN

Rodent Park, huh? Sounds like a nice place.

HOUK

L.A.'s a nice place.

PLISSKEN

And I get a free trip--dropped in like a bag of dog shit. Why?

HOUK

Escape and Evasion. Department of the Army thinks you're the best at it there ever was. Walked 2000 miles across Siberia all alone. Compared to that, this is piece of cake.

PLISSKEN

And I'll bet you're not gonna tell me what I'm evading, are you?

HOUK

Nope.

PLISSKEN

What if I don't play?

HOUK

Nothing changes--except you go in handcuffed and there's no pickup. Totally expendable, remember?

PLISSKEN

I don't think so. You've gone to a lot of trouble on this one, Houk. If I roll over, you gotta find another rat.

For the first time, Houk is uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK
Don't flatter yourself.

PLISSKEN
Tell you what, I been kind of bored lately, so I'm gonna make you a deal.

HOUK
Forget it.

PLISSKEN
First, you give me choice of weapons going in.

Houk doesn't answer, but he doesn't say no.

PLISSKEN
(continuing)
Second, we sweeten the pot. If I make it all the way, you turn into my fairy godmother.

HOUK
What?

PLISSKEN
At Rodent Park, I get one wish. Anything I want, you gotta give it to me.

HOUK
You got a great sense of humor.

PLISSKEN
I'll keep it reasonable.

Houk begins to laugh.

HOUK
You know, Plissken, I like you. Just for the hell of it, I'm going to do it. If you make it to Rodent Park, you get one wish.

PLISSKEN
You almost got yourself a rat.

HOUK
(growing ugly)
What else?

PLISSKEN
You tell me what I'm up against.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK
It won't do you any good, but I'll
give you this much more. We've
developed a secret weapon that needs
testing.

PLISSKEN
And I'm the damn target.

Houk smiles.

HOUK
Suit up. Vacation starts in twenty
minutes.

EXT. SKY OVER L.A. - NIGHT

An army helicopter without lights sweeps into view. Beneath
it are the strangely, glowing streets of new L.A.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Houk and several technicians are preparing Plissken for his
drop.

HOUK
(over headset radio to
Plissken)
Lose your jump gear as soon as you
hit the ground. The Cultural
Protection Committee will find you
within two minutes. If you don't
look like a native, they'll tear you
apart.

PLISSKEN
Where's my weapon?

Houk pulls out a hi-tech, submachine gun.

HOUK
Stark Paraclete. Version 4.2. Loaded
and ready with spare battery pack
and five hundred extra rounds of
miniaturized ammunition.

Plissken takes it and looks it over. Then points it at
Houk--ripping a hellish blast straight at his chest.
There's no damage. Houk laughs.

(CONTINUED)

HOUK
Thought you might try that, shit
head. First ten rounds are blanks.
Goodbye, Plissken.

Houk gives Plissken a shove. He falls backward out of the helicopter and into the night.

EXT. SKY OVER L.A. - NIGHT

As the craft veers off, a dark parachute opens.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Like a shadow, he drifts down toward the city.

EXT. SKY VIEW OF L.A. BY NIGHT - POV PLISSKEN

Slowly, a weird panorama becomes visible. It's the new Los Angeles--a place of insanity and devastation. And the strangeness grows as Plissken gets nearer.

ANGLE ON THE TOPS OF BUILDINGS

The great high-rise buildings stand jagged and broken as though a terrific force has blasted their tops off. They are clustered together as though the earthquake had jerked the open ground away.

Plissken passes the twin towers of Century City. They're like buck teeth, sheered off and crumbling.

He sees a group of vagrants clustering around a camp fire on the top floor. They're watching big-spin lotto on large, screen TV.

The walls of the floors beneath have been torn away. Desks, furniture, rugs, everything hangs out over empty space.

Plissken floats farther down--into the jumbled canyons.

ANGLE ON TALL BUILDING

He passes another building. A man and woman in formal attire are having an intimate dinner by candlelight two feet from the edge in a sheer precipice. They wave to Plissken as he passes.

(CONTINUED)

Two floors down, someone has hooked up huge speakers and a croaking male voice is singing a Supremes hit to a background track.

A beautiful girl in a diaphanous gown dances far out on a narrow girder waving a scarf at the moon.

But suddenly, Plissken hears a terrific explosion.

Something has been shot at him from a building across the street.

The round strikes the room where the man and woman are having dinner and they disappear in a roar of dust and falling debris.

There is a shriek of male laughter.

POV PLISSKEN

He looks up. The shot has passed through his parachute. A huge hole has been torn and the material is on fire.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He can no longer control his fall and as the chute burns, he drops faster and faster.

Plissken brushes a building.

He hits it again, this time much harder.

POV PLISSKEN LOOKING DOWN

The street rushes up to meet him.

EXT. DROP ZONE STREET - NIGHT

Plissken, in the burning shoot, comes crashing to the pavement.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He doesn't get up or move.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE BACK DOWN THE STREET

There is the sound of sirens. Down the street rolls a small caravan; two police cars, followed by a garbage truck. All the vehicles are filthy and battered, yet painted in Day-Glo colors.

On the side of each are the words: "Cultural Preservation Committee. We serve and protect." Loud radios blare from inside. Police calls mixed with cackling laughter.

The squad cars pull up near Plissken and shine their spotlights on him. He still doesn't move.

A ragged policeman waves to the garbage truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is a CRAZY.

POV DRIVER

He shoves the truck into gear.

EXT. STREET - ANGLE ON TRUCK FROM PLISSKEN'S POSITION - NIGHT

The huge truck grinds toward him.

A scoop lowers from the cab roof to street level. Without missing a beat, it picks him up...

ANOTHER ANGLE

deposits him in the garbage container...

TO SCENE

and drives away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:**EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - ANGLE ON PLISSKEN - NIGHT**

Slowly, Plissken awakens. He doesn't know where he is, but the sound indicates it's a nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

Crowds are screaming, voices blare over loudspeakers, engines grind...and all the to the synth-rock sound of John Philip Souza.

POV PLISSKEN

He awakens fully, to find himself tied on a cross. It's lurching back and forth as though the ground is moving.

To his amazement, he is in a parade on Sunset Boulevard.

The street is lined with shrieking people, dressed for a party in an asylum. Directly in front of him marches a synth-rock high school band decked out in bizarre uniforms.

TO SCENE

Snake's cross is on the front of a huge "Universal Home of Pancakes" (UHOP) float. It's the same size as those used in the Rose Parade. But it's been re-created out of metallic junk to look like a gigantic fly sitting on a pancake the size of Manhattan.

Plissken looks behind him. On the fly's back, between the wings, is a large gun turret, manned by pancake people of questionable sanity. They wave at the cheering crowd.

Plissken turns to look beside him and discovers a beautiful girl tied to a cross nearby. This is BLANDISH VOX. She smiles at him.

BLANDISH

Hi, Snake.

PLISSKEN

What the hell is going on here?

BLANDISH

It's so great to meet you. My name's Blandish. I'm a big fan of your videos.

PLISSKEN

What?

BLANDISH

You're such a star.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Are you crazy?

She only smiles at him.

EXT. TV BOOTH - NIGHT

Two parade hosts, JOHN and MERIDEE, sit in a booth at a central point on the avenue. A TV camera is trained on them. They look strikingly like two well-known hosts of the past. Behind them in the distance the Hollywood sign can be seen twinkling with tiny lights.

JOHN

Well, Meridee, this is the most wonderful parade I can remember.

MERIDEE

Yes, John, and now we're coming to the best part of all.

JOHN

The President's competition between our two finalists. On your TV screen you can see our first runner-up-- from Universal Home of Pancakes comes a winner with the theme:

MERIDEE

"Fly Away to L.A." Dedicated to the preservation of an endangered species, the native California medfly.

JOHN

That is the most realistic medfly I have ever seen, Meridee.

MERIDEE

Who are those people tied on crosses on the front?

JOHN

It's none other than our own Blandish Vox, queen of the parade and next to her, guest of honor, war hero and video star, Snake Plissken.

MERIDEE

Let's see if we can speak to them as they pass by.

Meridee's voice booms out over a huge p.a. system.

(CONTINUED)

MERIDEE

Snake. Snake, can you hear me?

Plissken looks around, searching for the source of the booming voice.

MERIDEE

It's Meridee--over here in the booth. Hi, Blandish, you look so lovely tonight.

Blandish smiles and waves her fingers from the cross ends.

MERIDEE

Snake, we're all big fans of your videos. Do you have anything you want to say to your friends at home?

SNAKE

(screaming)
Shit. Get me off of here.

MERIDEE

That's Snake Plissken. Thanks, Snake.

Suddenly, there is a rousing cheer from the crowds.

MERIDEE

John, look down there. I think our challenger is coming.

ANGLE DOWN STREET

Suddenly, in the distance ahead another float rounds the corner--moving straight toward Plissken's. A second marching band is leading the way.

In their exuberance, the UHOP staff in the gun turret let off a burst of twenty rounds that destroys a floor on a nearby building.

ANGLE ON SNAKE AND BLANDISH

BLANDISH

Look what's coming. This is the best part.

PLISSKEN

What the hell is that?

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON APPROACHING FLOAT

The float that is moving toward them is a truly fascinating creation. Its basic structure can't even be seen for the heaving, rolling, gelatinous masses that cover it, making the thing look as though it's oozing down Sunset.

It has the distinct appearance of a living organism without skin or discernable features. On top is a gun turret and sitting in a chair in front is a man in uniform distributing small, white balloons.

At its base a sign reads: "FIRST INTERSTATE SPERM BANK OF AMERICA".

Every moment brings the floats closer and closer together. Fireworks begin to go off, as the guns start a barrage of high explosives.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN AND BLANDISH

Rounds land close by.

PLISSKEN

They're shooting at us.

BLANDISH

What do you expect? It's float wars.

Blandish is thrilled by the chaos. Plissken struggles desperately against his bonds.

The float is exploding beneath them. Huge pieces of the fly blast everywhere. But the Sperm Bank float is taking hits too.

As they draw together, it's almost like an ancient sea battle.

The crowds on the street corners are cheering wildly.

ANGLE ON TV BOOTH

MERIDEE

John, this is one of the finest demonstrations I can remember in all the years we've hosted this great event. Who is that man sitting on the front of the First Interstate Sperm Bank float?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

That's the Surgeon General, Meridee, here to help communicate the theme of this entry, "Safe Fun For Everyone".

MERIDEE

It's really nice of him to distribute those little balloons, John.

JOHN

They're not balloons, Meridee.

MERIDEE

Well, whatever they are, it's going to be a difficult decision for the judges tonight.

JOHN

I think these two contestants are going to have to battle to the death.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

A surreal horror of explosions, shrieks and dying float riders is breaking around Snake. He's pulling so hard at the ropes that his wrists are bleeding.

Suddenly, over a public address system, he hears a deep, rasping voice calling his name.

DRUMMOND (O.S.)

(over p.a.)

Snake Plissken.

ANGLE ON GELATINOUS FLOAT

Standing on top the rolling Bank float is a huge man. He's dressed in the sleek uniform of Plissken's old Black-light military unit. Even at a distance, he's very frightening. This is DRUMMOND. He calls out again.

DRUMMOND

Snake Plissken...

PLISSKEN

Drummond?

(CONTINUED)

CU DRUMMOND'S HEAD

It's horribly deformed. He has no lower jaw. Instead there is a rusting metal grid-work, attached beneath each ear. It never moves. The voice is created by a metal box attached to the windpipe.

DRUMMOND

You're going to die, Snake.

And with those words, the focus of the battle changes. Drummond picks up an automatic weapon and begins firing. With each round that strikes, there is an explosion.

The first hit is at the base of the cross, knocking it down. It drags on the street.

Then, inch by inch, Drummond carefully places explosions closer and closer to Plissken's body.

Other explosions have knocked down Blandish's cross too. The medfly float is being meticulously destroyed.

ANGLE ON SNAKE

He fights for his life. Suddenly, one of the rounds blasts close enough to cut his hand, but it cuts the rope as well. With one hand free he's able to pick up a shard of steel and slash himself loose.

The medfly rolls over on its side, giving a moment of protection.

Snake is about to escape, when he hears Blandish.

BLANDISH

Snake, help me.

SNAKE

Why?

BLANDISH

I don't know.

Almost on a whim, Plissken cuts her free. Then he runs. Blandish follows him. Drummond sees and calls to them.

DRUMMOND

Plissken, come back.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Snake runs through the crowds toward a side street. He looks over his shoulder and sees Blandish.

PLISSKEN
Don't follow me.

BLANDISH
You need help.

PLISSKEN
Like hell I do.

BLANDISH
I saw where they put your weapons
when the garbage truck brought you
in.

PLISSKEN
Come on.

Plissken grabs Blandish and pulls her with him. The gelatinous float is pursuing them. It mashes its way through the crowd.

Snake and Blandish enter the side street. The float follows.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

It barely fits between the walls of the buildings. Huge, dripping sections are torn off. But it continues coming.

BLANDISH
Down this way.

They disappear into a dark alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Once more, Drummond's float tries to follow, but this time, it can't get in.

Over and over the thing crushes its membranous bulk into the narrow space, ripping sections off itself and knocking the corners from the buildings.

Finally, it stops, totally jammed in.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DRUMMOND

Drummond slides down and continues the pursuit on foot.

ANGLE ON SNAKE AND BLANDISH

They run down the alley. It's long, narrow and completely enclosed with buildings on either side. Suddenly, Plissken realizes it's a dead end.

SNAKE

(totally incredulous)

This is a dead end. You took us into a dead end.

BLANDISH

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

SNAKE

Oh, shit.

He stares around, then pulls her into the darkness.

ANGLE ON DRUMMOND

Like an experienced tracker, Drummond makes his way down the alley. The noise of the crowd is gone. In the distance, someone is playing a cracked, electronic saxophone.

DRUMMOND

Bad choice, Snake. This alley doesn't go anywhere. Why are you running? We're old friends. Come on out and let's talk.

Drummond blasts a pile of filthy, iridescent garbage cans where Plissken and Blandish might be hiding. But they aren't there.

DRUMMOND

(continuing)

Remember Leningrad, Plissken? Slum fighting on Sewer Sunday? How we tracked down that red tank? It took us all afternoon, but we finally got those bastards. Then we sealed that mother up and burned the hell out of it. Whole crew fried. Except the commander.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

DRUMMOND (Cont'd)

Remember what I did to him? But I won't do that to you, buddy. I'll kill you real quick, because you and me go back a ways. But you've got to come out now.

He blasts another shadowed area.

DRUMMOND

(continuing)

I said, come out now.

PLISSKEN (O.S.)

Whatever you want, Drummond.

Plissken drops from above, hitting the man like a ton of lead, knocking his weapon away. In Plissken's hand is a shard of glass wrapped in a rag.

ANGLE ON BUILDING

Blandish is halfway up the building--climbing like a cat toward a window.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN AND DRUMMOND

For a moment, Plissken is on top.

He slashes the glass across the man's face, cutting his metal jaw completely off, leaving a gaping hole in his throat.

With a rasping, mechanical roar, Drummond throws Plissken through the windshield of a junk car parked nearby.

Almost instantly, Snake is out and on his feet again.

As Drummond attacks, he delivers a tremendous kick to his throat. The man staggers, choking.

Snake begins climbing the wall, trying to get to the window high above.

Blandish is already inside.

POV PLISSKEN

But Drummond is climbing right behind him.

(CONTINUED)

TO SCENE

Plissken has almost reached the window, when Drummond grabs his ankle and begins climbing up his legs.

With a tremendous slash of the glass, Plissken cuts straight across his face. Screaming, the man falls, landing on his head, with a cracking sound like the breaking of an egg.

ANGLE ON DRUMMOND

He looks entirely dead.

ON PLISSKEN

Exhausted, Snake pulls himself through the window.

INT. FLOAT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

He drops next to Blandish, who is sitting on a catwalk high above the floor in an ancient warehouse.

At first, Snake is too exhausted to notice what's around him. Then he begins to see.

SNAKE

What the hell is this place?

BLANDISH

The old float building. There's stuff in here that goes all the way back to 1989.

She stands up.

BLANDISH

It's where the garbage truck brought you. Come on. I think I know where they put your bag.

Snake and Blandish climb down a ladder and make their way through the building.

All around them are gigantic, fully gas inflated, rubber parade floats.

Monstrosities tower above them, crammed together in every available space. They walk past Kermit the Frog, Santa Claus, a thirty-foot tall reindeer, assorted monsters, ugly clown heads, insects and more.

(CONTINUED)

BLANDISH
Isn't it wonderful? They're so realistic.

Plissken only looks at her.

A dusty mist is in the air. Blandish leads him to a huge chicken wire and green toilet paper toad.

BLANDISH
Wait here. I'll be right back.

SNAKE
(not trusting her)
Where are you going?

BLANDISH
To get your gun. I think it's in this toad.

SNAKE
We'll go together.

BLANDISH
You'll never fit.

She points up to the distended tongue into the narrow opening that is the toad's mouth.

BLANDISH
Besides, you're too heavy. It's only toilet paper. It won't take me a minute.

She starts to climb the tongue.

BLANDISH
(continuing)
Oh, and be careful of the bald cats. They're all females and they hate men.

SNAKE
The what?

Blandish has just vanished into the toad's mouth, when Snake hears an almost human scream from somewhere up above. He looks around, trying to find the source.

Without warning, something small and ferocious drops on his head and crawls shrieking down his face.

Plissken yells, fighting it off.

ANGLE ON CREATURE

It skulks away, screaming at him. The thing is an entirely bald cat, with pink skin just like a baby's.

PLISSKEN

Damn.

(looking back at the
toad)

What the hell is keeping you in
there?

BLANDISH

It wasn't in the mouth, I'm looking
in the stomach.

PLISSKEN

Well, hurry up.

He turns away, keeping an eye out for cats.

Behind him is a float covered with hideous papier-mache
flowers twenty feet tall.

Suddenly, there is a roar and down from the flowers crashes
Drummond.

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

POV PLISSKEN

Inches away is Drummond's horrible, slashed face.

PLISSKEN

(choking)

You're...hard to kill...Drummond. I
thought they...shot you...in
Leningrad.

Drummond says nothing. His breath comes in rasps as they
struggle.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

I even...buried you there.

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

Closer and closer he pushes it toward Plissken's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly, Blandish appears, squirming out of the toad's mouth. She slides down the tongue with Snake's gun and knapsack in her hand.

But when she gets to the floor, all she does is sit down and watch.

PLISSKEN

(yelling)

Are you gonna sit there? Gimme the gun.

Blandish starts to hand it to him. Both Plissken and Drummond fight to reach it.

Finally, it's in Snake's grasp.

He blasts three times--missing.

ANGLE ON FLOATS

Each shot rips through half a dozen gas-filled floats. They explode like bombs, deflating into rubber heaps.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN AND DRUMMOND

Finally, a shot hits Drummond. He rolls away.

Plissken leaps up. The man writhes, but still grasps for Snake's ankle--shrieking and slashing at him.

Plissken fires again and again. Each round enters Drummond's body, where it explodes with a "thump" and an inner ball of light.

Incredibly, it takes four rounds to destroy him.

Finally, Drummond lies dead on the cement.

PLISSKEN

I'll bet you're dead now, you son of a bitch.

He blasts one more time for good measure, then walks toward the warehouse door. Blandish follows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Plissken and Blandish walk under a light on a sleazy street.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

What were you gonna do, sit there
and watch him rip my eyeballs out?

BLANDISH

He was the captain of the parades.
He crowned me queen.

PLISSKEN

Why do I keep forgetting that you
are totally nuts? Gimme the bag.

He rips his knapsack from her and searches through it.

PLISSKEN

Where's the map?

BLANDISH

I don't know.

PLISSKEN

Damn it. They took my map.

BLANDISH

I know how to get around the city.
Where do you want to go?

PLISSKEN

(checking his watch)
I got exactly thirty hours to get to
Rodent Park.

BLANDISH

Never heard of it.

PLISSKEN

Wonderful.

Completely disgusted, Plissken walks away. Blandish
follows.

PLISSKEN

(yelling at her)
Do not follow me. You got that?

He continues walking.

She continues following, but a few paces back.

ANGLE DOWN STREET

Plissken sees a small tavern with a lighted sign that
reads: AGNOSIA'S PLACE.

(CONTINUED)

He walks toward it. Ahead, on the curb, is an open sewer drain.

ANGLE IN OPEN SEWER DRAIN

A shadowy mist seeps out of it.

ANGLE FARTHER IN SEWER

In the darkness at the back wall is a horrible, pallid face. Its eyes are blood-red holes and its head is covered with a shock of filthy, matted blonde hair.

POV FACE

The face in the sewer watches Plissken's boots walk by... then Blandish's sneakers.

ANGLE IN DRAIN

After they have passed, the face vanishes into the steam of the pipe.

EXT. AGNOSIA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Snake approaches the open door to the bar. Blandish hangs back.

BLANDISH

I don't think you should go in there.

He doesn't listen to her.

INT. AGNOSIA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Inside, Plissken finds eight men sitting at the bar or at small tables. None of their faces are visible and none of them move. The bartender's back is turned and he too is motionless.

A TV set is on...with nothing but snow on the screen.

Blandish stands by the door. There's something very threatening about this place.

Plissken climbs onto a stool.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Gimme a beer.

The bartender doesn't respond.

PLISSKEN

Hey, what's the matter with you? I
said give me a beer.

With glacial slowness, all of the men in the room turn to
stare at him.

Plissken looks at the man to his right.

ANGLE ON MAN

His face is huge and oval-shaped. His head is at least
twice normal size. Every feature hangs limp. The mouth is a
dark slash that never closes and the eyes are black holes.

Snake checks out the others. They're all the same,
including the bartender.

PLISSKEN

(to the man beside him)
What the hell are you looking at,
Juglio? Turn around.

The man doesn't move.

ANGLE ON BARTENDER

PLISSKEN

(to bartender)
Are you deaf? I said I want a beer.

No one moves.

Finally, Plissken jerks over a glass and hits the tap
himself. It fills with a strangely colored, dark liquid.

PLISSKEN

What is this, a sewer tap?

With the men still frozen and staring, Plissken takes a
drink.

PLISSKEN

(nodding toward TV)
Change the channel.

Again, no one responds.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

There's nothing on the damn TV.

Plissken climbs up on the bar and walks across to the television set.

Flipping the channels, all he finds is snow until, suddenly, onto the screen pops the opening sequence of the nightly news.

ON TV

Behind cracked and broken desks stands a giant, photo backdrop of Island L.A. in all its glowing destruction.

Electronic theme music plays as an announcer introduces the news team.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(on television)

...And here is your award-winning,
Call-In-Request, Eye-On-The-News
team. Allen Barkin...

ANGLE ON BARKIN

The camera focuses on a middle-aged man with white hair. He sits absolutely rigid, with his shoulders and head thrown back, his arms hanging limp and his mouth open. His eyes are rolled completely into his lids.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

Cynthia Crestview...

ANGLE ON CRESTVIEW

The camera shifts jerkily to an Oriental woman with an incredibly huge mop of wild, black hair. She is hunched over the desk so that her face can't be seen. Every few moments, she glances up at the camera with wild eyes, then, quickly, buries herself again--writing gibberish on a pad.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

Weather with Dr. Bastion McDermott.

The camera searches and finally discovers a plump man wandering among the lights. He's staring at a giant, colored map of the entire country, complete with a full array of weather symbols. Unfortunately, it is no country recognizable on this planet.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER
 (continuing)
 Sports with Johnny Dish...

ANGLE ON DISH

The camera swings to the skinniest black man in the world wearing a tank top and a grin.

ANNOUNCER
 (continuing)
 And with your Call-In-Request, Eye-On-The News billboard--Entertainment Editor, Emilio Rastofar Babatovich.

ANGLE ON BABATOVICH

The TV camera focuses on a totally straight, incredibly good-looking, blonde-haired man wearing a stylish sports jacket.

BABATOVICH
 Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The telephone lines are open for your call-in requests. Remember, if you're bored and you want to see a particular news-worthy item, call us and we'll set it up. Last night's winning story was from Rose Beuler of Pacoima. She wanted to see the fiery crash of a small plane into a gasoline storage tank. So look what we did for Rose in El Segundo.

The screen behind Babatovich comes to life with a giant explosion and a roaring fire.

BABATOVICH
 Now on to the top story. Two celebrity guests escaped tonight from the Los Angeles Cultural Pride Parade that took place on Sunset Blvd. They are Parade Queen, Blandish Vox...

On the screen behind him Blandish's face appears.

BABATOVICH
 (continuing)
 ...and war hero/video star, Bob "Snake" Plissken...

(CONTINUED)

Blandish's photo is replaced by a horrible shot of Snake tied to his cross on the UHOP float.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN IN BAR

PLISSKEN

What is this video star crap?

ANGLE ON TV

BABATOVICH

An all points bulletin has been issued by the police department and citizens are instructed that both Plissken and Vox are to be considered armed and dangerous. Chief Albert Newhouse spoke a few minutes ago with Eye-On-The-News reporter, Stephanie Lurid.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN

I never made a damn video in my life.

ANGLE ON TV - MINICAM VIEW IN FLOAT WAREHOUSE

The POLICE CHIEF is walking through the float warehouse pointing at the deflated rubber bags.

CHIEF NEWHOUSE

(on TV)

As you can see they have destroyed a large selection of rubber floats.

LURID (O.S.)

How many do you think?

CHIEF NEWHOUSE

Oh, I'd say thirty or forty. Snake Plissken should be considered an armed and dangerous man. You have seen his videos.

LURID (O.S.)

Yes, we certainly have.

(CONTINUED)

ON BABATOVICH

BABATOVICH

The chief went on to say that anyone knowing the whereabouts of Plissken and Vox should make every effort to...kill them on sight.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN

(drinking his beer)

Hey, good idea.

BLANDISH (O.S.)

(stage whisper)

Snake.

PLISSKEN

(turning toward her)

What the hell do you want?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Then, he sees.

He is surrounded by the catatonics of the bar. They're standing in a circle around him, still as frozen as ever, but now, each one has a gun in his hand.

BLANDISH

(stage whisper)

You can get away, just move slow. You've been moving too fast. That's what they hate. If you move like slow motion, they'll never notice.

PLISSKEN

I can't believe this.

BLANDISH

(stage whisper)

And don't talk. They hate talking except on TV.

Plissken begins moving, as though in slow motion, toward the door.

PLISSKEN

(disgusted whisper)

Is this slow enough?

(CONTINUED)

BLANDISH
You're doing great.

The catatonics remain frozen, facing each other with guns pointed. Plissken slides between them.

EXT. AGNOSIA'S PLACE - NIGHT

When he's outside with Blandish, Plissken erupts--slamming the door of the bar. Instantly, inside, eight guns all blast at once.

The sound echoes through the streets.

BLANDISH
You shouldn't have done that.
Shooting brings out all kinds of
weird things.

She grabs his hand and pulls him away.

BLANDISH
Come on.

EXT. GHOSTLY STREET - NIGHT

Snake and Blandish make their way down a ghostly street. A heavy mist rises from the sewer openings.

Suddenly, they hear a terrifying, half-human wail. Blandish freezes.

BLANDISH
Oh, God...

PLISSKEN
What the hell was that?

BLANDISH
Surfers.

PLISSKEN
What?

BLANDISH
They're coming.

She runs. Snake follows.

Suddenly, the street echoes with the wails. Blandish leads him down a side street.

The wails follow.

EXT.. STREET OF THE GRATES - NIGHT

As they run, they pass over several steel grates.

ANGLE ON GRATES

Under each one, dim horrible faces can be seen, floating in the darkness.

They round another corner.

More grates.

EXT. DEAD-END STREET - NIGHT

But here, they stop short.

Ahead is a crudely built wall of junk, spanning from one side of the street to the other, completely cutting off their escape.

PLISSKEN

Good choice.

They turn back, but it's too late.

Suddenly, all the grates are pushed upward at once. From under the street come hordes of crazies dressed in rags.

Plissken fires his weapon, but there are too many. The darkness fills with their howls.

Suddenly, the cement Snake and Blandish are standing on gives way. Blandish screams as they fall in a cloud of dust into a large tunnel beneath.

INT. TUNNEL ONE - NIGHT

Instantly, the horde overpowers them. Filthy hands reach out and drag them farther in.

They find themselves in a bizarre tunnel world, illuminated by a dim greenish light.

Quickly, they are tied on boards and carried away.

INT. TUNNEL TRIP MONTAGE - NIGHT

To the sound of pounding of steel and echoing cries, Snake and Blandish are carried deep into the guts of the city.

(CONTINUED)

They are floated through half-filled storm drains seeping with slime...

Dragged bumping over old L.A. subway tracks.

Squeezed between walls, almost too narrow to breathe...

Finally emerging in...

INT. THE BOARD ROOM

Still tied to the boards, Snake and Blandish are dropped on the floor of an ugly underground room. The walls are lined with surfboards. Tied to each is a skeleton.

Several huge, broken pipes converge in the place and from out of these pour more crazies. They push, shove, claw, and pound for a chance to touch Blandish and Snake.

BLANDISH

(screaming)

Snake, help me.

SNAKE

What the hell do you want me to do?
I'm tied up.

A female plants a huge, watery, French kiss straight on Snake's mouth. When she pulls back, laughing, he spits.

Suddenly, there is a roar. The horde turns to look, then makes way. The biggest of them is wielding a yacht anchor on a chain.

He swings it in circles above his head, then he begins smashing it on the ground. Every blow is like an echoing explosion.

Closer and closer he strikes to Snake and Blandish. Blandish is crying.

Suddenly, from out of the largest broken pipe comes an unearthly roar greater than anything they have heard.

The crazies freeze.

SNAKE

What the hell was that?

It comes again.

The horde begins screaming and, as the roar grows louder, they all disappear, escaping into the other tunnels.

(CONTINUED)

BLANDISH
Snake, Snake, what is it?

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

ANGLE ON TUNNEL

Deep inside the broken pipe, an eerie light appears--coming nearer and nearer every moment.

Slowly, it takes form.

The light is a single, gigantic eye--floating in pitch-black darkness.

The roar is deafening. The room shakes. Skeleton surfboards fall, crashing to the ground.

Then, suddenly, it's gone.

But the eye continues coming--growing larger and larger.

Incredibly, 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. The rest of the cart is one gigantic sound system.

At the wheel of the vehicle is a squat, little man dressed in a baggy wet suit, wearing a gas mask and ear protectors.

He pulls up near Snake and Blandish, shuts off the motor and climbs down.

Removing his head gear, his face becomes visible. He is old and wrinkled and blind in one eye. This is the SEWER MAN.

With a grunt of curiosity, he squats down and stares at Snake.

POV PLISSKEN

Suddenly, the man's blind eye flashes on like a tiny, built-in spotlight. With it, he examines Plissken's face.

PLISSKEN
Turn that damn thing off.

(CONTINUED)

SEWER MAN

All right, all right. I thought you were dead. Just checking.

There is a clicking sound and the lighted eye is extinguished.

BLANDISH

Oh, thank God. He can talk.

SEWER MAN

Of course, I can talk. I've got a doctorate from UCLA in sewage reclamation.

BLANDISH

Please, untie us.

SEWER MAN

Why should I? I don't like the way he spoke to me.

He gets back on his cart.

BLANDISH

No, don't leave. He thought you were one of them.

SEWER MAN

He thought I was a surfer?

BLANDISH

He was afraid you were going to hurt us--weren't you, Snake?

Snake doesn't answer.

SEWER MAN

Snake? You're Snake Plissken?

BLANDISH

Yes.

SEWER MAN

Well, isn't this a coincidence. You know, the last video star we had down here was a guy named Geraldo. I think that's him over there.

He points to a surfboard.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON BOARD

On it are skeletal remains with a mustache and a microphone cable wrapped around its neck.

SEWER MAN

You're not doing one of those damn sewage spill documentaries are you? I hate those things.

BLANDISH

No, he'd never do that. You don't mind sewage spills, do you, Snake?

PLISSKEN

I love 'em. Look, are you gonna untie us or stand there flapping your mouth?

The man pulls out a huge knife, turns back on his electric eye and goes to work.

SEWER MAN

I mean documentaries are okay, but leave sewage spills alone.

He begins cutting them loose.

SEWER MAN

I didn't help that guy one bit. They got his camera crew, makeup people, the whole bunch. But I'm a big fan of yours, Snake. A real big fan.

He smiles and his eye flashes with light.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - ANGLE ON FIRE - LATER

PULL BACK

Blandish sits wrapped in a blanket, Plissken is cleaning his weapon and the Sewer Man, his electric eye beaming everywhere, squats down, cooking a small animal over an open fire.

PLISSKEN

What the hell is that you're cooking? It smells like burning crap.

(CONTINUED)

SEWER MAN

You're in the sewers. What do you expect.

PLISSKEN

Just tell me it's not a rat.

SEWER MAN

Nope. No rats left down here. Mr. Turnwheel got 'em all long ago. Screwed up the whole eco-system.

PLISSKEN

So what is it?

SEWER MAN

Next best thing. Bald cat.

PLISSKEN

Why would somebody take all the rats out of the sewers?

BLANDISH

Mr. Turnwheel does anything he wants. He's the most powerful man in L.A.

PLISSKEN

(checking his watch)
Look, I got twenty-four hours to get to a place called Rodent Park. You ever heard of it?

SEWER MAN

Maybe, but that's Turnwheel's place. I'd stay away if I were you.

PLISSKEN

(low and deadly)
I don't need advice, old man, I want to know how to get there.

SEWER MAN

I might be able to find it for you. I got a map in my office.
(tearing off a piece of cat and tasting it)
We'll go look at it right after we eat.

PLISSKEN

(the gun to the man's head)
We'll go now...and turn off that damn eye.

(CONTINUED)

The man smiles a greasy smile, wipes his mouth and clicks off the light.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

The golf cart creaks along through a dark, sewer passage. The only light comes from the eye on the front of the vehicle and a flashlight in Blandish's hand.

On one side of them is a graffiti-covered wall and on the other, a sheer, pitch-black drop-off.

SEWER MAN

I chased a whole bunch of surfers right off the edge in here a few months ago.

BLANDISH

They fell into that hole?

SEWER MAN

Yep.

BLANDISH

How far down does it go?

SEWER MAN

Don't know, but I never did hear 'em land. Earthquake opened it up. Wish I could get 'em all in here. Then there'd be peace in the sewers again.

PLISSKEN

I thought surfers were supposed to be on a beach.

SEWER MAN

Oh, they used to be.

BLANDISH

When the plague struck they were the hardest hit. Their bodies were covered with sun-in-a-bottle lotion. They all ran straight into the sewers and never came out again.

The golf cart creaks into a narrow tunnel. Ahead is a door marked: SEWAGE RECLAMATION CONTROL.

INT.. SEWAGE RECLAMATION OFFICE

The cart pulls into the remains of a large underground control center. It's lined with gauges and levers. A few are still working. Most are broken and covered with dust.

SEWER MAN

Well, here we are.

They get off the cart and look around.

BLANDISH

This is really something.

SEWER MAN

Control center for the whole sewage system. I was right in this room when the quake hit. What a mess. We were waist high in effluvia. Everybody else ran, but not me. I stayed at my post. Now it's all mine.

PLISSKEN

Where's the map?

SEWER MAN

Over here.

He pulls open a drawer, takes out a large roll of paper and opens it.

SEWER MAN

I've been mapping the tunnels ever since it happened. I'll tell you this town isn't the same.

PLISSKEN

Where's rodent park?

SEWER MAN

I can't be absolutely sure, but I think it's in this direction. It's a place where all the pipes and tunnels end.

Plissken tears off a portion of the map.

SEWER MAN

Hey, don't do that. It's my only map.

PLISSKEN

Make a new one. How do I get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

SEWER MAN

It's dangerous on top. You'd be much smarter to travel through the drains.

PLISSKEN

You're wasting my time, old man.

SEWER MAN

There's a ladder over here.

He leads Plissken and Blandish to a ladder that goes far up into the darkness.

PLISSKEN

Where does it come out?

SEWER MAN

The Hollywood Bowl.

EXT. STAGE OF HOLLYWOOD BOWL - DAY

A trap door opens. Plissken, gun in hand, sticks his head out. Then, rubbing his eyes, he climbs into the daylight. Blandish follows.

They're standing on the stage of the partially destroyed Hollywood Bowl. A purplish haze hangs over everything.

The huge ball-shaped sound baffles that once were attached to the ceiling now sit where they fell during the earthquake--on top the squashed chairs of the orchestra. A few human remains can be seen sticking out from under them.

BLANDISH

I don't think anybody's played here in a long time.

PLISSKEN

No kidding.

Plissken and Blandish leave the stage and make their way up the hillside to the freeway.

EXT. OVERPASS ON THE HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - DAY

They walk out from jungle-like bushes onto an overpass above the Hollywood Freeway.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON SKYLINE

Stretching away from them is an incredible view of destruction and decay. Somehow the broken skyline of the mashed and crumbled city is even more horrible in the daylight than it was in the dark.

ANGLE ON FREEWAY

But it's the freeway itself that captures Plissken's attention.

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

In each car sit people, staring straight ahead, though, obviously, their cars haven't moved in years.

PLISSKEN

What the hell is this?

BLANDISH

The freeway.

PLISSKEN

I know that. It's full of junk cars.

BLANDISH

What did you expect?

PLISSKEN

There are people in them.

BLANDISH

It's where they live. I guess after everything happened, they just felt comfortable doing what they'd always done before.

Shaking his head in disbelief, Snake walks toward the entry ramp leading onto the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY ENTRY RAMP

They pass a pile of squatting bones dressed in a fatigue jacket. Next to it is a backpack with a sign that reads: "San Diego".

Plissken walks down the ramp.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

With Blandish following, he strides past rows of junk cars and frozen people--their eyes fixed straight ahead and their hands on the wheel.

There is a Mercedes convertible rusted to the frame, its chichi driver still in shades, gripping the gear shift...

A pickup truck full of illegal aliens packed in like sardines...

An RV with its sides ripped off, an old man at the wheel and two old ladies in ratty housecoats at a kitchen table staring through the window frame.

ANGLE ON OVERPASS BEHIND THEM

Suddenly, onto a broken overpass behind Snake and Blandish, drives a limousine.

INT. TURNWHEEL'S LIMOUSINE - DAY

The passenger compartment is crawling with rats. They're on the ceiling, the floor, and especially all over the owner of the vehicle who sits enthroned on the back seat.

ORAL TURNWHEEL looks like an Ethiopian drought victim--a human skeleton draped with a thin, faintly iridescent layer of skin.

Turnwheel's only clothing is a Ghandi-like loincloth. A gold chain hangs around his bony neck and a gigantic Rolex dangles obscenely from his wrist. He is extremely weak and an intravenous bottle hangs beside him.

Attached to the ceiling of the limousine are four small video screens, all showing different angles of Snake and Blandish on the freeway.

TURNWHEEL

They're in position, Ernest.

The shadowy figure of a DRIVER behind the wheel responds.

DRIVER

Yes, Mr. Turnwheel.

TURNWHEEL

Tell them to get on with the next phase.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Yes sir.

The driver picks up a telephone.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

The limousine pulls away.

EXT. FREEWAY - ANGLE ON SNAKE AND BLANDISH - DAY

Plissken is striding between the rows of cars. Blandish is trying to keep up.

BLANDISH

Snake, I don't think this is a good idea. The freeways are dangerous.

PLISSKEN

Yeah, that's what I've heard.

He continues walking.

Suddenly, a shot rings out. Blandish is struck and falls. Plissken drops between the cars and crawls over to her.

BLANDISH

Run, Snake...they're coming.

PLISSKEN

Who?

She touches his hand and looks at him softly.

BLANDISH

I don't know.

Blandish dies. Plissken stares at her for a moment.

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

ANGLE ON FREEWAY EMBANKMENTS

From out of the heavy bushes along the freeway storm a dozen riot-equipped policemen moving quickly--firing as they go.

Behind them grinds an ancient truck mounted with a fifty calibre machine-gun. On its side is the insignia of the Cultural Police.

(CONTINUED)

Snake returns fire, then rolls under a car and begins crawling--evading his pursuers.

The truck smashes through a rusting Volkswagen, heading straight toward him.

Staying low and out of sight, Snake manages to reach an overpass. Using the broken cement as cover, he climbs to the bushes at the top of the embankment.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Clawing his way through the undergrowth, Snake bursts onto a side street. The police are right behind him.

He runs, firing every step of the way.

ANGLE ON STREET AHEAD

Suddenly, in the blowing mist in front of him, a car screeches into view.

There's something almost surreal about it. It's a perfectly restored, 1966, candy-apple red, Pontiac GTO. From out of its open windows blares sixties rock.

When Plissken sees the man behind the wheel, he can't believe his eyes. The driver is a golden-haired "beach boy" a few years younger than Snake. This is JOHNNY LORDER.

With a California-suntan-lotion grin, he yells at Plissken above the chaos of blaring music and blasting guns.

LORDER

Bobby, over here. Come on.

ANGLE ON HEDGE

At that moment, the Cultural Police truck bursts through the hedge. Its machine gun is burning up the street.

Bullets are flying everywhere, as Plissken runs to the GTO and dives through the hardtop window.

He's still not fully inside, when Lorder roars away in a blaze of rubber, smoke, and rock and roll.

INT. LORDER'S CAR - RACING THROUGH CITY - DAY

Snake climbs into the front seat.

(CONTINUED)

The inside of the car is just like the outside...completely restored, with two additions: a gigantic stereo and a CB mounted under the dash.

Johnny Lorder drives like Satan himself. Plissken is almost thrown out as they spin around curves, up onto sidewalks and through hordes of screaming L.A. pedestrians.

ANGLE ON STREET BEHIND THEM

The truck can't keep up with the GTO.

Finally, the Cultural Police are left far behind and they slow down to a cruise.

LORDER

Hey, Bobby, that was great. They almost blew your ass off.

He laughs. Somehow, it's not a pleasant sound.

PLISSKEN

Don't call me Bobby. The name's Snake.

LORDER

I heard you were in town on the news. You're lucky I got a CB. That's how I tracked you. Those cops been on your tail from the start.

Lorder turns to look at Plissken and finds a gun at his neck. Strangely, his smile grows wider.

PLISSKEN

First Drummond, now you.

LORDER

You gonna shoot an old buddy who just saved your ass?

PLISSKEN

I been meeting too many old buddies lately...and all of 'em are supposed to be dead.

LORDER

Hey, do I look dead?

PLISSKEN

Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

LORDER
I'm Johnny Lorder, man. We fought in
Leningrad together.

PLISSKEN
Johnny Lorder got greased.

LORDER
You just thought I got greased.

PLISSKEN
It was damn convincing. The peasants
cut your heart out and drove over it
with a tractor.

LORDER
Yeah, well, right after you left, a
duster pulled me out. I'm a medical
miracle, man. I mean, is this heavy
or what?

He tears open his shirt. In the middle of his chest is sewn
an ugly bag of purple skin that beats sickeningly.

LORDER
It's the latest L.A. thing--designer
hearts. Mine's a high performance
model. This is a dual quad, triple
valve, fully blown, Jarvik 409.

Lorder hits the button on his stereo. The Beach Boys "409"
blasts from the speakers, as he slams the accelerator to
the floor. The car shrieks forward.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The GTO smashes through an intersection, knocking several
pedestrians into the air.

INT. LORDER'S CAR

Plissken jams the gun in Lorder's ear.

PLISSKEN
Stop the damn car.

LORDER
No way.

PLISSKEN
I said, pull over.

(CONTINUED)

LORDER

All right, anything for you, Bobby.

He starts to pull over. But suddenly, his finger hits a button on the steering wheel.

ANGLE ON DASHBOARD

A small panel on the dashboard in front of Snake flips down revealing a two-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. The gun drops. Blood is running from four holes in his shirt. His face grows red as he fights for air.

Lorder pushes the button again and the barrel disappears.

LORDER

Not to worry, Bobby. You just got shot with a fun-gun. You feel it? Pure mesh, man. Hundred proof artery choker. Cream of the cocoa bean. I mean is that an ultimate speedball or what?

Plissken lays back, still plastered against the seat.

LORDER

When the hit pulls you down to one inch from being dead, that is living, man.

POV PLISSKEN - SFX

Suddenly, surreal colors float through the devastated streets of L.A. Rainbows twist through the broken buildings.

Plissken fights desperately against the drug.

PLISSKEN

(gasping for air)

I'm...gonna blow your damn ass off.

But he can't move.

LORDER

Sure you will. This is OZ, and I am the wizard. You're gonna do anything I want. Let's party.

(CONTINUED)

To the sound of a super\synth\rock beat, a

VIDEO MONTAGE BEGINS

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

Lorder's car is parked next to a sign that says "Rodeo Drive".

The street is an incredible shambles. A giant rift runs down its center. Acrid smoke is rising. The stores have fallen in. Windows are broken.

With a chain around the drugged-out Plissken's neck, Lorder pulls him on a tour of glitz boulevard.

The sidewalks swarm with wandering bands of bag women who stare vacantly at broken mannequins.

POV PLISSKEN - SFX

He stumbles along, seeing the same ugliness, but it's surrounded by a warm, misty, rainbow glow.

PLISSKEN
This is dog shit.

But he can't get out of it.

BACK TO SCENE

Lorder and Plissken pass strange stores:

There is: ARMONDO'S PET SHOP - "TAXIDERMIST TO THE STARS".

The window is full of motionless pets. Spray painted on the glass are the words:

"FRIENDSHIP CAN LAST FOREVER"
"IMMORTALIZE YOUR PETS -- PRE-QUAKE PRICES"

Lorder jerks on Plissken's chain.

LORDER
Maybe I'll get you stuffed.

Next to Armando's is MOTHER EARTH'S WHOLE GRAIN RESTAURANT.

The front of the building is blown away. A crowd of street people holding tin plates is gathered around a large open fire.

(CONTINUED)

Something gigantic, greasy and awful is turning on an eight-foot spit.

ANGLE ON DEPARTMENT STORE

Lorder leads Plissken into a department store named:

BLOODGOOD'S FASHION
FACTORY
AND
MUSIC WAREHOUSE

INT. BLOODGOOD'S - DAY

Bloodgood's is the personification of post-quake "hip".
Fractured mirrors and rusted chrome.

On a cracked staircase a bizarre rock group named "JOWLS"
is playing. Everything in the store moves to their beat.
Lorder's really into it.

LORDER

They're called Jowls, man. Aren't
they great?

The store is full of bag woman shoppers.

Lorder drags Plissken past a bag woman standing at a mirror
between two huge piles of bizarre animal skins.

A rat-faced girl perches on top of one pile, throwing skin
after skin to her. She drapes them on herself, then tosses
them to the next pile.

PULL BACK

Bloodgood's is a production line of fur piles, rat-faced
girls and bag ladies all moving mechanically to Jowls'
synth-rock beat.

A bag lady recognizes Plissken.

BAG LADY

Hi, Snake, I love your videos.

She gives him a seductive smile.

They pass a counter with a large sign that reads:

Bikini Waxing - Cheap
Remove Unsightly Hair
Get ready for the beach

(CONTINUED)

Two wild-looking girls stand next to a bubbling vat of wax, waiting for customers.

The girls give Lorder a look. Then they walk up the staircase to the floor beyond the band.

LORDER

Come on.

He shoves Plissken up after them.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OF BLOODGOOD'S - DAY

Lorder and Plissken enter a huge showroom filled with bizarre brass beds.

Six strange-looking girls are waiting.

LORDER

Treat him nice. He's a video star.

Before Snake knows what's happening, they attack.

POV SNAKE

The rainbows are gone. The room is filled with darkness. One of the girls kicks him in the face.

He's falls on a bed.

Instantly, all of them are on him with a sensuality that could tear him apart.

One claws him with her nails, the other kisses him passionately.

He struggles, but he's helpless. Lorder smiles and leaves the room.

The synth/rock beat is pounding.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BLOODGOOD'S - DAY

Lorder stands in an alley behind Bloodgood's, smoking a joint.

A door opens and a battered, half-conscious Plissken is shoved out, landing in a heap by a garbage can.

LORDER

Fun, huh? Nice girls.

(CONTINUED)

Plissken is convulsed on the ground. Sweat pours down his face. He turns and heaves violently.

Lorder stands above him, smiling.

LORDER

You're coming out of it, aren't you?
It hurts real bad. That's good.
Dying isn't enough for you,
Plissken. You need pain.

Plissken lies on the ground, gasping for air.

Lorder reaches down, jerks off one of Plissken's boots, then holds it and his weapon in front of him.

LORDER

You'll never make it where you want
to go without these. You can get 'em
back at the health club. It's real
easy to find.

Lorder walks away.

ANGLE ON SNAKE

He's in the torments of hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eerie music is playing. Snake strides out of the darkness. One foot is bare and he's enraged.

ANGLE DOWN STREET

At the end of the block is a building. The music is coming from the open doorway.

Above the entrance is a pulsating art deco sign with the words:

L.A. HELLTH CONNECTION

AEROBICS
NAUTILUS
CHROMOSOMAL BONDING
TANNING BEDS

Plissken heads toward it.

INT. HELLTH CONNECTION - NIGHT

He enters a lobby. No one is at the desk. The music is coming from deeper in.

PLISSKEN

(yelling)

LORDER.

There's no answer.

He walks down a hall past a broken window. In a weirdly lighted room, Plissken sees an aerobics class.

The dancers look like starvation victims. Their movements are slow and ethereal--their eyes fixed straight ahead.

He doesn't give them a second glance as he walks on.

PLISSKEN

(yelling)

LORDER.

Still no response. The dancers never miss a beat.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Snake enters a steaming locker room. Thick mold-like moss grows everywhere. The steam is pouring from the shower room.

He looks inside. Hot water streams from all the spigots. The floor is littered with bones.

At the back of the locker room, Plissken sees an open door and moves toward it.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

He enters a gigantic exercise room stacked with wrecked and broken Nautilus equipment all the way up to the thirty-foot ceiling.

Skeletal remains dressed in once chichi sweat suits lay in the stack where the earthquake tossed them. On other machines strange, living people are exercising.

The club members Snake sees are the most incredible collection of male and female bodies imaginable. Each is absolutely exquisite in every detail, except one.

(CONTINUED)

Every person in the room looks like he is a hundred years old. Perfect bodies covered with ancient, wrinkled skin--and eyes dull as though fogged with early senility.

In the center of the room is an empty circle. Plissken enters it.

PLISSKEN
(yelling)
I WANT LORDER.

Instantly, Lorder responds.

LORDER
Snake. You made it. Want some carrot juice?

Lorder is sitting on top a huge pile of machines, dangling his feet, drinking carrot juice.

LORDER
Isn't this a great place? Look at these guys. Plague came. Earthquake came. They never missed a beat. That's what I call concentration.
(after another slug of juice)
Hey, this juice is great. Pre-quake carrots. You're really missing something.

PLISSKEN
Get down here.

LORDER
Bet you want these.

He holds up Plissken's boot and gun.

LORDER
(continuing)
You're gonna have to kill me first.

PLISSKEN
I'm lookin' forward to it.

Lorder smiles and stands up on top the pile of machines.

He strips off his shirt. All he's wearing is a pair of black tights. His chest is bare. He has a gymnast's build. Plissken can see the beating Jarvik heart.

Suddenly, the pounding rock grows stronger. The exercisers step up their pace.

(CONTINUED)

Lorder touches a control. The lights go out.

A blinding strobe begins to flash, turning the moving exercise machines and people into a weird, slow-motion hell.

Then he picks up a pair of glowing, neon nunchuks and begins to swing them around his head. The light leaves multicolored swaths and slow motion streaks in the air.

The flashing strobe, the moving machines driven by ancient faces, the nunchuk neon circles--all blend together into a hypnotizing surreal nightmare.

Lorder makes an incredible leap--flying head over heels in strobe light, stop action--landing in a fighting stance on the opposite side of the circle.

LORDER

You can't beat me anymore, Plissken.
I'm better than you are now.

Once more the neon nunchuks streak the air. Lorder is a martial arts expert. Plissken barely escapes his first attack.

Lorder attacks again.

Rolling away just in time, Snake finds a rusted iron bar. Moving like lightning, he strikes a vicious blow. But it seems to have no effect.

Plissken strikes again. Still nothing.

LORDER

It's all in the heart. With a 409
you don't feel pain.

Snake swings a third time.

This time his iron bar makes direct contact with Lorder's neon nunchuk. There is a tremendous burst of energy and Snake is almost electrocuted.

Dropping the bar, he staggers back.

Lorder makes his move, striking blow after blow until Plissken is on the ground.

Laughing softly, Lorder steps to a nearby wall.

Leaning against it is a gigantic, rusted tanning bed--its mouth wide open.

(CONTINUED)

He flips a switch. Hundreds of bare, electrical wires on the top and bottom begin to glow white hot.

Lorder moves back to Plissken, who is struggling to get up.

LORDER

I know what your problem is. You're too white.

He drags Plissken up by the hair and shoves him hard. Snake staggers and almost falls into the glowing bed.

Lorder jams his face within two inches of the white-hot wires.

Plissken strains to keep from touching them.

LORDER

Come on, Bobby. Get in.

PLISSKEN

(almost choking from the heat)

I told you...not to call me...BOBBY.

With an incredible burst of energy, Plissken smashes his elbow into Lorder's balls.

PLISSKEN

The name is Snake.

Lorder falls back and Plissken is on him in a moment--smashing his fist over and over into his face.

Finally, he picks him up and throws him into the tanning bed. The top crashes shut.

All the exercisers stop and stare vacantly.

PLISSKEN

What are you looking at? Get going.

Mechanically, they start up again.

Plissken takes out an automatic cigarette and sticks it in his lips, as he watches a timer.

The bell rings and the top opens.

Plissken stares down.

ANGLE IN TANNING BED

Lorder looks like a well-baked mummy.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Nice tan, Jerk-off. I like it.

Suddenly, Plissken hears gun shots. Putting on his boot and grabbing his weapon he runs for a back door.

He just gets out, when an armed SWAT unit comes blazing in.

On their black uniforms is the insignia of "Call-In-Request, Eye-On-The-News." It's a search and destroy Minicam team.

As the weapons unit searches the room, a female reporter in SWAT team black positions herself next to the tanning bed with its well-browned occupant. The reporter is STEPHANIE LURID.

The camera focuses on her.

STEPHANIE

As you can see, Emilio, we are literally seconds behind the elusive Snake Plissken...

INT. NEWS STUDIO - INTERCUT WITH EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie's face is on a monitor near Emilio Rastofar Babatovich.

STEPHANIE

(continuing; on TV)

Obviously, there was quite a workout here in the Health Connection. This tanning bed is still very, very warm.

The camera shifts for a close-up of sizzled Lorder.

EMILIO

(in the studio)

Are those human remains, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE

Yes, indeed they are, Emilio.

The camera focuses a foot from Lorder's face.

EMILIO

Can we get a close-up of that?

The camera zooms in so that only the well-tanned nose can be seen.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE

Is that close enough?

The camera shifts to Stephanie. Behind her three men begin working on Lordor.

EMILIO

Is there a chance those remains could belong to Snake Plissken himself?

STEPHANIE

Our forensic crew is making an examination. It does appear this individual is a foot shorter than Snake. However, that could be from the tanning process.

EMILIO

Stephanie, I think we should take this opportunity to remind our viewers at home that machines like this should be used only under the guidance of a trained technician.

STEPHANIE

You're absolutely right, Emilio...

A forensic crew member whispers in her ear.

STEPHANIE

I have just been informed that this is definitely not Snake Plissken.

EMILIO

That means you and your team still have work to do.

STEPHANIE

We're going to continue searching. But it's a real race to find him. I've been informed that the canine patrol is arriving on the scene.

EMILIO

Well, we certainly hope you get to him first. The calls are pouring in. We have had over 500 requests in the last hour to see Snake Plissken die on the evening news.

STEPHANIE

He's a real hero. That's why people are fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

EMILIO
You stay in contact.

STEPHANIE
I certainly will. This is Stephanie
Lurid near the tanning bed at the
Health Connection for Call-In-
Request, Eye-On-The-News.

The camera focuses on Emilio.

EMILIO
Back to you, Allen and Cynthia.

ANGLE ON BARKIN AND CRESTVIEW

They are exactly as they were the previous night. Barkin
sits rigid with his shoulders and head thrown back.
Crestview hides behind her gargantuan mop of hair.

The camera stares at them for a long, horrible moment.

CUT TO:

INT. TURNWHEEL'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Turnwheel sits in his limousine watching the news. He
clicks a button. The set goes off. He turns his attention
to three men across from him.

TURNWHEEL
Well, gentlemen, what do you think?

The men are dressed in three-piece suits.

MAN ONE
Impressive, but not conclusive.

TURNWHEEL
Give us time.

Turnwheel smiles and strokes a rat.

EXT. GRIM ALLEY - NIGHT

Plissken is jogging down a long grim alley. As he runs, he
hears sirens everywhere.

Above him, a police helicopter is circling. Its light
sweeps near him. He ducks into the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE AT END OF BLOCK

A beaten-up bus pulls in and stops. On its side are the words: K-9 PATROL.

Plissken sees it and runs.

INT. CANINE PATROL BUS - NIGHT

Two huge keepers stand next to a heavy, grid-work. All of the seats in the bus have been ripped away and in their place is a cage.

ANGLE INSIDE CAGE

Behind the wire grid paces a strange knot of people. Each one is short and stocky, with a long nose, brutal jaws and tiny eyes.

They resemble nothing so much as a pack of human pit bulls.

The canine patrol doesn't use dogs. It uses people who think they are dogs.

The keeper opens the cage and enters. Instantly, the pack is snarling at him. But he threatens them with a short whip and they cower.

KEEPER

Down.

(beat)

Focus.

He throws a small piece of cloth and a picture of Snake Plissken on the floor in front of them.

The pack crouches around it, smelling and staring. Then the keeper throws open the rear door.

KEEPER

Go.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

With eerie, half human, guttural sounds, the dog people leap from the bus.

For a moment, they search for the scent.

Then, one of them finds it and begins to run--baying like a hound. The others follow.

EXT. ALLEY - ANOTHER LOCATION - NIGHT

Snake is several blocks away. In the distance, he hears the pack.

He rounds a corner onto an ugly street.

EXT. UGLY STREET - NIGHT

Plissken hasn't gone more than a block, when the dog people turn onto the street and see him. The baying becomes deafening.

He dodges into a deserted building.

ANGLE ON PACK

They rush after him, crashing into the same building through the glass windows and door.

INT. DESERTED BUILDING - NIGHT

The dog people race through the first floor.

INT. STAIRCASE

Several rush up a broken staircase.

They're almost at the third floor, when Plissken steps out--ripping off a blast with his weapon.

The secondary explosions blow his pursuers away, but now the whole pack knows where he is.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BUILDING - NIGHT

Another canine patrol bus pulls up outside. More dog people emerge to join the first group.

INT. BUILDING

The ramshackle place is crawling with them.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

At the end of a hall, Plissken confronts several more pack members and blows them away.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, a door bursts open next to him and a human pit bull attacks.

He's barely able to beat it off and rush into a men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Snake slams the door and jams it shut.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL

Outside, the hall fills with pack members. They attack the door, throwing themselves against the wood.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Plissken can hear them howling. The door is falling apart.

He enters a stall and locks it, just as the door disintegrates.

Dog people fill the place--beating on the metal--tearing off the doors--crawling underneath to get into the stalls.

Plissken climbs across the top of the stalls, fighting them back, trying to make it to a small window.

He manages to break the glass and climb out.

EXT. REAR OF DESERTED BUILDING - NIGHT

Snake crawls out on a ledge. The dog people jam themselves in the window, several falling out to the street below.

Snake lowers himself to the second floor. More dog people howl at him from open windows on either side.

ANGLE DOWN STREET

Suddenly, he sees a bus moving toward him from down the street.

At just the right moment, he drops like a cat, landing on its roof.

ANGLE ON BUS

The bus, with Plissken on top, rolls past a knot of police cars and K-9 Patrol.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON BUS

A painted sign on its side reads:

REVEREND MOTHER CHER BLESSING'S
NEW AGE RAINBOW CHANNELING SHOW
Midnight
September 18
FREE - FREE - FREE

ANGLE ON BACK OF BUS

A sign on the back reads:

SEE AND HEAR DR.
BUBOES-- THE 20,000
YEAR OLD MAN.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The bus moves up a winding road above the Hollywood sign.

ANGLE ON ROOF

Plissken is still on top. He looks out over the side.

They are driving slowly through crowds of white-robed people walking up the hill.

Finally, the bus arrives at the ruins of an old observatory.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

It stops at a back entrance.

A group of red-robed figures, with cowls that hide their faces, get out of the bus and walk inside the building. Each one is carrying a small electronic drum, beating it rhythmically.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly, Plissken sees a car marked "K-9 patrol" pull up some distance away in the crowd. Three dog people are released and begin searching.

He drops to the ground. Shielded by the bus, he enters the building through a broken window.

INT. OBSERVATORY MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Snake finds himself in another men's room. He hears a noise. The door opens.

One of the red-robed figures enters and stands in front of the urinal. Plissken moves up behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door to the men's room opens and Plissken walks out, wearing the red robe, his face hidden by the cowl.

New age electronic music is playing. The other red-robed figures are gathered near a door. They motion for him to join them. He does so.

The door opens and they file into a large room filled with people.

INT. PLANETARIUM

Plissken and the other "robes" are on a stage in the ruins of a large planetarium.

The ceiling is cracked and partially broken away, but still covered with projected stars. A misty cloud of fog drifts down from the open sky giving the place an ethereal softness.

A white-robed crowd is gathering in the broken seats. Synthesized music echoes as the red robes sit down in a semicircle of chairs behind two tables. The larger one is painted gold, the smaller one across from it, crimson.

A rainbow projected onto the ceiling reads:

REVEREND MOTHER CHER BLESSING
CHANNELS
DR. BUBOES--THE 20,000 YEAR OLD MAN

CU PLISSKEN INSIDE THE COWL

Snake is definitely uncomfortable here.

Suddenly, all the red-robed figures rise at once. (Except Plissken, who is a little late.)

They raise their hands.

Plissken raises his hands.

(CONTINUED)

Then they begin chanting an eerie mantra.

WHITE-ROBED ELDERS
OOOOOOOM-DOOOOOOM-OOOOOOOM-DOOOOM,
etc.

Each elder dances in a slow circle, his arms and upper body swaying. Plissken stands for a moment watching this. He's the only one not moving.

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN
(under his breath)
Shit.

Then he begins trying to duplicate the movements and sounds. It's not exactly a heartfelt emulation.

PLISSKEN
OOOOOOOM-DOOOOOOM-OOOOOOOM-DOOOOOM,
etc.

The crowd joins in. Soon the entire planetarium is filled with chanting, swaying bodies.

The music rises to a wailing crescendo and a heavy rock beat begins.

Suddenly, a spotlight flashes, illuminating the fog-filled break in the planetarium ceiling.

Into the light descends a shimmering figure on a thick, rusting cable.

The voice of an announcer is heard.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Brothers and Sisters of the Rainbow,
I give you, Reverend Mother Cher
Blessing.

The wailing chant of the crowd rises. Hands clap to the beat.

ANGLE ON FIGURE

The woman who comes into view is about 35 years old and very beautiful.

Her clothing is a wonderful amalgamation of nouveau mystical: a sequined pants suit and flowing scarves--all with the slightest touch of Frederick's of Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

She lowers onto the gold table, steps off the cable and begins to lead the chant.

Finally, she raises her hands for silence. Instantly, everything is still. A TV camera is on her.

ANGLE ON PLANETARIUM CEILING

Her face is projected in a gigantic, star-filled image on the curved ceiling.

CHER BLESSING

Brothers and Sisters, repeat after me.

(beat)

We are holy vessels of the universe.

The crowd repeats it.

CHER BLESSING

Peace and prosperity come to those who believe.

The crowd says it.

CHER BLESSING

We are gods and everything is wonderful.

The crowd repeats the words, then cheers, settling into an anticipatory silence.

BLESSING

How many are sick tonight?

Many hands go up in the darkness.

BLESSING

Dr. Buboes will heal you.

(beat)

How many need guidance tonight?

Once more, many hands go up.

BLESSING

Dr. Buboes will guide you.

(beat)

Do you believe in his power?

More screams of "yes" and chanting. Some people in the audience are in tears.

(CONTINUED)

BLESSING

I am only a vessel for that power.
We are all holy vessels. We are
gods. Do you believe it?

More screams of "yes".

ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Suddenly, he's alert. At the back of the room the three canine patrol members have entered. Slowly, they begin moving through the crowd.

Under the robe, he shifts his gun into position. Above him is the huge, projected, beatific face of Blessing.

BLESSING

Soon Dr. Buboos will be here. He speaks every language, but often he chooses to minister in his own tongue--the oldest language of the universe--so I will ask Brother Eustace our interpreter to take his place.

A smaller spotlight flashes on the red table. But nothing happens. No one moves. Plissken looks around.

BLESSING

Brother Eustace...?

Suddenly, Plissken realizes that all the other cowls are turned toward him.

Blessing turns to look at him too.

BLESSING

Please go to the table.

With no other alternative in front of him, Plissken slowly rises, walks to the crimson table and sits down.

ANGLE ON CROWD

Row by row, the dog people are moving closer.

Blessing drops her head and begins to breath deeply.

She groans.

Finally, after snorting four times, she looks up.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON PROJECTED FACE

The huge face on the ceiling is strangely changed. Somehow it has grown slightly lumpy. Her eyes are glazed and on her mouth is a ghastly smile.

The voice that speaks is half an octave lower--a weird croak amalgamating both male and female tones. The words spoken are in a barely understandable, excruciating accent.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Brothers and sisters, good evening.
Forgive my speech. Your language is
crude and...undeveloped. I bring
you greetings from the masters of
the universe.

Plissken turns to stare through his cowl.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Everyone hold hands. Touch the god
beside you.

The audience obeys.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Open yourselves to us. Feel our
peace.

The audience begins groaning. All except the canine patrol who is getting closer to Plissken by the moment.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Do you have...questions?

The crowd shouts "Yes."

Plissken fidgets.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Then I...will answer them.

ANGLE ON BLESSING/BUBOES

The elders in their chairs beat on their electronic drums, as Blessing/Buboes seems to drift into unconsciousness. Her eyes roll back in her head and she begins breathing as though in an iron lung.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Ask...and you shall receive.

A spotlight picks out a man with ratted hair, who stands up, thrilled at being chosen.

(CONTINUED)

RATTED HAIR MAN

Dr. Buboos. I've got all your books
and I read them every day.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Good. Buy more.

RATTED HAIR MAN

Oh, I will. But I've got a really
serious question.

BLESSING/BUBOES

Ask it.

RATTED HAIR MAN

A psychic told me in a past life I
was a talk show host and I've been
so depressed ever since. Is it true?

The good doctor goes into a long, guttural babble. Then the
spotlight shifts to Plissken.

RATTED HAIR MAN

What did he say?

PLISSKEN

He says, yes. And before that you
were a maggot on an elephant's butt
like everybody else in here.

Plissken throws off the cowl. Instantly, there is a
horrific commotion as the canine patrol recognizes him and
rushes toward the front.

When they are within five paces, he fires from under his
robe. The midsection of the cloth is blasted away and the
dog people are blown back.

Snake jerks the thing off.

There is a roar from the crowd. Buboos awakens.

ANGLE ON PROJECTED IMAGE

With wide eyes, the lumpy face turns to see what's going
on.

ANGLE ON SNAKE

The crowd is screaming. The elders start toward him, but he
forces them back with a burst of gunfire.

(CONTINUED)

BLESSING/BUBOES
Snake Plissken.

The voice goes an octave deeper and the huge face on the planetarium ceiling becomes a twisted, open-mouthed mask.

Plissken heads for the door.

BLESSING/BUBOES
GET HIM.

He rushes out.

INT. PLANETARIUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

But Snake doesn't make it more than a few feet, before the crowd of cultists overwhelms him. A net is thrown and he is down.

POV PLISSKEN

The mob shrieks and pounds on him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Though he fights like a demon, he's dragged back inside.

ANGLE ON PROJECTED FACE

BLESSING/BUBOES
Snake Plissken, I love your videos.

PLISSKEN
Screw you.

BLESSING/BUBOES
Obviously, your mind is not enlightened. You cannot see the beauty of the gods around you.

A cultist sneers in Plissken's face.

BLESSING/BUBOES
(continuing)
You must find the god within. We are all gods.

PLISSKEN
No wonder the world is such a bag of horseshit.

(CONTINUED)

BLESSING/BUBOES

Take him away. The masters will meet him at the holy vessel.

With a cheer, the crowd picks him up and moves out.

EXT. CENTER OF L.A. - NIGHT

A Blessing/Buboes bus carrying Snake Plissken and a mob of cultists arrives in the center of L.A.

ANGLE ON BROKEN SKYSCRAPERS

Ahead is an incredible sight. Jammed next to the remains of the Bonaventure Hotel is the Queen Mary, permanently dry-docked between the broken skyscrapers by the earthquake.

The bus stops next to a huge hole in the side of the ship. Above it is painted:

HOLY VESSEL OF THE UNIVERSE AND
TOURIST MAUSOLEUM
Visitation--weekdays 9 AM to Noon

The chanting, drum-pounding cultists leave the bus and carry the still netted Plissken through the hole into the guts of the ship.

INT. QUEEN MARY - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

By torchlight, Snake is passed through several hatches until he is deep in the ruins of the Queen Mary. Then the mob drops him to the floor.

PLISSKEN

Nice smell. I'm enlightened already.

CULTIST

It's a mausoleum. Soon the masters will come. When they're finished, you'll be just like us.

PLISSKEN

You mean I'll be an asshole?

CULTIST

Either you get enlightened, or you die.

The mob leaves, closing and sealing the hatches behind them. Snake finds himself in almost total darkness. He fights to get out of the net.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, he hears an echoing sound.

It's a whispering rush like ghost voices in the sea. On the metallic walls high above him soft, blue-green light flickers. He throws the net aside.

ANGLE ON NET

Slowly, the blue-green light focuses. In the whispering voices he hears his name.

BLANDISH'S VOICE
(echoing whisper)
Snake. Snake Plissken.

On a catwalk high above him appears the figure of a woman. She's holding a candle.

Snake's eyes narrow.

PLISSKEN
Who are you?

Then he sees. It's Blandish Vox. But she is changed. Her face is deathly pale and her eyes, distant.

BLANDISH
(whispering)
Come up and follow me. It's the only way out.

She disappears through a door, leaving Plissken in darkness. There is little choice, but to climb the catwalk and follow her.

INT. SHIP - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

The glow of the candle takes Plissken deeper and deeper into the hulking remains of the ship. When the earthquake picked it up and moved it, many tourists were trapped inside. Plissken passes their skeletal remains, complete with cameras and sunhats.

No matter how fast he moves, the dim light is always in the room or passage just beyond and he doesn't see the girl again.

INT. DECK OF SHOPS - NIGHT

Plissken walks through a dimly lighted area lined with shops. Their glass display windows are covered with layers of impenetrable dirt.

(CONTINUED)

He stops for a moment, next to a window full of dust-covered, junk souvenirs.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Suddenly, a terrifying image appears on the other side of the glass. It's a man's face, but brackish and wet, with glistening eyes.

Plissken turns and sees it. Instantly, it's gone.

PLISSKEN

Dargan.

His eyes narrow, but he moves on.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR.

Plissken enters a long, narrow corridor. At the end is a doorway. There is light in the room beyond.

INT. VICTORIAN SWIMMING POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Snake enters a long room lit by gas jets on the walls. In it is a crumbling, Victorian swimming pool. The skeletal remains of more tourists lie on beach chairs around it.

The pool is filled with brackish water. Strange shafts of light sweep like fingers up from the bottom. A heavy mist rises from the surface and hangs over everything.

The door behind him slams shut.

PLISSKEN

Okay, Dargan, where are you?

Suddenly, the water moves.

Something floats just beneath the surface.

Plissken walks to the edge of the pool and stares down. A dark hand appears, reaching into the air and vanishing.

Then, a few feet away, Snake sees the brackish face again.

It barely breaks the surface. Only the nose, eyes and mouth are visible. Snake hears his name.

DARGAN

(whisper)

Plissken. Snake Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

It's a whispering, watery sound. The face submerges and reappears in a different place.

PLISSKEN

Hello, Dargan. This is great, all my old, dead buddies come back to see me. You decided to go for a swim, huh?

DARGAN

(whisper)

Plissken, I'm here to help you. The only way out is through that door.

He points to a door. Snake walks over and tries it. It's locked.

DARGAN

Why did I figure it'd be locked? I need a key, right?

The man rises to a standing position in the misty water on the other side of the pool.

He points to a key on a chain hanging around his neck. Then he drifts down, vanishing once more. A moment later, the face surfaces in another corner.

DARGAN

(whispering)

I died in a pool like this one. Do you remember, Snake? We were tired-- fighting for days. We stopped to swim. We didn't see the Russian machine gunner. He cut me in half. There was no hope. You were my best friend, so I asked you to kill me.

(beat)

Death is easier at the hands of a friend. You're going to die, Snake.

PLISSKEN

Sorry, that's not on my schedule for this week. Just give me the damn key.

But the figure vanishes into the steam.

PLISSKEN

(yelling)

I said give me the key.

Plissken strips off his shirt and vest. Once more the snake tattoo is visible.

(CONTINUED)

There is movement across the pool. Plissken sees it and dives, disappearing under the water.

He surfaces.

Nothing.

He searches for more movement.

Suddenly, Dargan rises behind him. In his hand is a long black knife. Just as he's plunging it, Snake steps aside and grabs him.

Locked together, they vanish into the pool.

MONTAGE - UNDERWATER BATTLE

Through long streams of black algae and fingers of gray light Plissken and Dargan battle.

The knife cuts Plissken's chest.

A shimmer of dark blood diffuses around him.

Dargan moves for his throat. Snake smashes him in the face.

They both grip the knife in a deadlock.

ANGLE ON SURFACE

From the top, nothing can be seen of either fighter.

The water thrashes, then, suddenly, grows still. From below there is a blood-red eruption.

ANGLE ON SIDE OF POOL

Gasping for air, Snake breaks the surface. In his hand, are the knife and key.

Pulling himself out of the water, he lies beside the pool, exhausted.

Slowly, he stands and goes to the door.

Inserting the key, he turns it and pushes it open.

There is a SHRIEK.

He is face to face with Blandish Vox. She stands in front of him like something out of hell. Her mouth is open. Her eyes are red.

(CONTINUED)

On her chest, are the bullet holes that killed her.
 Plissken raises the knife to protect himself.
 But, suddenly, a man's voice speaks from the room beyond.

TURNWHEEL

Don't kill her, Snake. She won't
 hurt you. Let him through, Blandish.

Blandish steps aside. Dazed, Plissken enters the room. A
 weapons team trains their guns on him.

TEAM LEADER

On the floor. Now.

Plissken drops. The team frisks and handcuffs him with
 smooth precision.

In a huge, overstuffed chair on wheels sits the emaciated
 Turnwheel. With him is the committee of men in three-piece
 suits.

TURNWHEEL

Well done, Snake. Very well done.
 (beat)
 You're trying to get to Rodent Park.
 Why don't you let me take you there?

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT

A Cultural Police motorcade of junk Harleys and graffiti
 covered vans accompanies the Turnwheel limousine through
 the city.

INT. TURNWHEEL'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Snake sits handcuffed next to Blandish, who looks like the
 living dead. On the opposite seat is Turnwheel, holding a
 rat. Beside him is an armed SWAT team leader.

PLISSKEN

I want to see Houk.

TURNWHEEL

Why?

PLISSKEN

So I can kill him.

Turnwheel laughs.

(CONTINUED)

TURNWHEEL

He'll be joining us soon, but not for that purpose. Why are you angry at him? He was only following orders.

PLISSKEN

We had a deal.

TURNWHEEL

You have such an amazingly simple mind. That's what makes you the ideal soldier. All that matters is accomplishing the objective.

PLISSKEN

He owes me, and he's gonna pay. So are you.

Turnwheel is jarred by the deadly look in Plissken's eyes.

TURNWHEEL

You don't even care about what's been going on, do you?

PLISSKEN

I know what's been going on. I was set up.

TURNWHEEL

It was much more than that. It was a demonstration of your skills. You should be flattered, Snake. I'm going to tell you everything. A man should understand the reason for his death.

(beat)

My name is Oral Turnwheel and I am chairman of Turnwheel Industries--an amalgamation of all the military contractors in this city.

PLISSKEN

So you're the sucking leech who owns this place.

TURNWHEEL

Yes, L.A. is mine. I control it all. I earned that right, because after the chaos, I put it back together again.

PLISSKEN

(utter sarcasm)

You did a great job.

(CONTINUED)

TURNWHEEL

Thank you. There are still a few rough spots left. A bit of reconstruction is needed here and there. But the important thing is we're going again. I renewed our military contracts. Under my guidance we've set a new course for the future. You see, before the plague, we wasted our resources on hardware--planes, rockets, bombs. Totally obsolete. Why? Because no one is really serious about war anymore. I ask you, what good is a product that sits on a shelf? I knew the future was in genetics. Do you want to know the secret of successful world conflict?

PLISSKEN

I can't wait.

TURNWHEEL

It's quite simple. An endless supply of expendable men? It was my idea to take the finest soldiers and clone them by the millions, so we can enjoy war again.

PLISSKEN

You're a babbling lunatic.

TURNWHEEL

Am I? I set up your whole escape and evasion course. Everything that happened to you was under my control. I created Drummond, Lorder and Dargan from the cells of your dead friends.

PLISSKEN

So I wasn't fighting Black Light.

TURNWHEEL

In a manner of speaking you were. They had all the memories and skills of the prototypes, but with certain limitations genetically removed. Take Blandish here. I can destroy and remake her a hundred times over with wide variations of personality and physical appearance. Of course, it took a long time to get to this place. We began with millions of rats. After that, we used surfers.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

And Houk was working with you all the time.

TURNWHEEL

Every government is working with me, Snake. I'm going to sell armies to them all.

(looking out the window)

But look. We've arrived. And I've planned a special surprise for the completion of your assignment.

EXT. RODENT PARK - NIGHT

The motorcade pulls up outside Disneyland--but it's a Disneyland gone to hell. A huge sign reads:

RODENT PARK
THE HAPPIEST PLACE ON
EARTH

The gates no longer exist. The overhead tram lies broken on the ground.

Slowly, the vehicles drive straight inside...

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, in a stack, are the thrill rides, tossed into a jumbled mass by the force of the quake.

Crowds are waiting. L.A. crazies are everywhere, many in costume. It's a real Mardi Gras atmosphere.

As soon as the limousine appears the crowd begins cheering.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Snake stares outside.

TURNWHEEL

They're simple people. They love a party. That's why I open my park to them once a year.

EXT. MAIN STREET

As the motorcade inches its way down Main Street, a bizarre ragtag, brass band steps out smartly in front. On either side, the crowds are cheering.

ANGLE ON BANNER

Across the avenue hangs a huge banner that reads:

SNAKE PLISSKEN NIGHT

INT. TURNWHEEL'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Turnwheel looks outside and smiles.

TURNWHEEL

They love you, Snake. You've got a lot of fans in L.A.

EXT. END OF AVENUE - NIGHT

Stephanie Lurid and her Call-In-Request Minicam team are ready.

As the limousine comes to the end of the avenue, fireworks shoot in the air above the broken castle.

The vehicle stops. Guards open the doors, and Snake is removed.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The instant he appears, the crowd goes wild--cheering and chanting his name.

Stephanie sticks a microphone in his face as a Minicam is jammed almost up his nose.

STEPHANIE

...Here he is, ladies and gentlemen, Snake Plissken, star of all those wonderful videos. Do you have any words for your fans, Snake?

PLISSKEN

No, but I got something for you.

Plissken grabs the Minicam and smashes it to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Stephanie is thrilled. Another team steps up with a second unit to cover him.

STEPHANIE

Well, that says it all, doesn't it?
That's Snake Plissken.

Plissken glowers in disgust and walks away.

Suddenly, the lights go down and a spotlight flashes on.

Turnwheel (sitting in another overstuffed wheelchair), raises his hands for silence. He holds a microphone.

TURNWHEEL

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
Welcome to Snake Plissken night at
Rodent Park, the happiest place on
earth.

The crowd cheers.

TURNWHEEL

(continuing)

Before we begin, I thought it would
be appropriate to show you fans
Snake's most famous video.

PLISSKEN

Yeah, I'd like to see that myself.

A large screen comes down.

As the projection begins, Plissken stands utterly amazed.

ANGLE ON SCREEN - MILITARY MONTAGE

On the screen, Snake sees himself--almost.

The "Plissken" he sees is a smiling, clean-shaven, shiny-faced little military puppet, minus the eye patch, and in a crisp army uniform, covered with medals.

He is marching, saluting and parachuting in a "Be All You Can Be...in the Army" commercial.

The smiling face comes in huge in close-up.

(CONTINUED)

LT. PLISSKEN ON SCREEN
(with a nauseating
grin)

Hi, I'm Lieutenant Bob Plissken.
Some people think of me as a war
hero. But I didn't start out that
way. Once I was a loser just like
you. But no more, take a look at all
these medals.

The camera pans his chest, then goes back to his smiling
face.

LT. PLISSKEN ON SCREEN
Everything I am today I owe to the
United States Police Force. They
were the ones who gave me the
opportunity to fight in Leningrad
and win the Congressional Medal of
Honor. If you're looking for the
chance to be all you can be, do what
I did. Take some good advice from
Lieutenant Bob. Join the Army.

A bevy of scantily clad girls in camouflage bikinis joins
Plissken for a military rock conclusion.

BACK TO SCENE

As the video ends, the crowd cheers wildly.

ANGLE ON SNAKE

Snake looks as though he's about to gag. Turnwheel motions
for silence. The mob instantly obeys.

TURNWHEEL
Well, how did you like it, Snake?

PLISSKEN
Show me who did that. I'm gonna cut
his lips off and shove 'em up his
ass.

TURNWHEEL
You did it. At least, your cells
did.

Turnwheel looks toward the screen and calls out.

TURNWHEEL
Lieutenant Plissken, why don't you
join us?

(CONTINUED)

The screen goes up. The crowd cheers again.

To Snake's amazement, standing behind the screen is an exact duplicate of himself. Like the "Plissken" in the video he is clean shaven, in a starchy, military uniform and with two good eyes.

The clone grins and waves to his fans.

TURNWHEEL

We've cloned several versions of you. The first was taken from a blood sample you gave the army four years ago. This particular unit is quite recent, however. We created him from a bit of skin raked off your arm climbing through the float warehouse window.

With a West Point smile, the clone walks up to Snake and extends his hand.

CLONE PLISSKEN

It's a pleasure to meet you. Call me, Bob.

Plissken stares at him in utter disgust.

SNAKE

You made that piece of shit I saw?

CLONE PLISSKEN

Well, a previous unit did. We're all the same really. Did you enjoy it?

Still handcuffed, Snake lunges for him. The guards pull him back. The Lieutenant only smiles self-confidently.

TURNWHEEL

Not quite yet, Snake. Have patience. You'll have your chance.

(beat; to the guards)

Bring him along.

(to Snake)

I think you're going to find this very interesting.

Snake is led into the circle in front of the castle.

Until now, it has been in darkness. As soon as they enter, spotlights go on.

Snake finds himself looking at four incredible structures set in a row in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

They are seven-foot-tall glass tanks, lighted from beneath, and filled with a strange, multicolored liquid that shimmers softly.

Even Snake is staggered by what is inside.

TURNWHEEL

Do you recognize them?

Snake hardly hears Turnwheel.

Slowly, he walks to the first tank.

Floating in the liquid is a diffused mass of silvery cells.

It's an entire human body dissolved into a new form, motionless, yet, somehow, swirling...like a galaxy suspended in a liquid universe...or the diffused essence of an angel, beautiful--yet utterly horrifying.

In the center of the silvery mass is a human face.

It's Blandish Vox.

TURNWHEEL

She was your greatest fan. This is her original body. With this supply of cells, I can re-create her forever. Isn't she beautiful? The diffusion tank is an art form all its own, don't you agree?

Snake walks to the next tank.

His eyes are frozen, yet there is a rage boiling inside that he has never known in his life.

His clone follows a few paces behind.

In the second tank, diffused and exquisitely horrible is Drummond.

TURNWHEEL

He was buried in Leningrad. It took considerable effort to find his grave and exhume him. It took us several months.

In the third tank is Johnny Lorder.

TURNWHEEL

The peasants didn't leave much. Not only did they run over his heart, but the rest of his body as well.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

TURNWHEEL (Cont'd)

Those Soviet tractors--what can I say? We got what we could.

In the fourth tank is Dargan.

TURNWHEEL

Now here's a real masterpiece. Do you know the clones we've made of him can remain submerged for as long as ten minutes. That's what navy seal training in the prototype will do in descending generations. We're just beginning to explore the possibilities.

With a roar, Snake is on him. The guards are barely able to restrain his fury.

TURNWHEEL

(slightly shaken)

I had hoped to put off your final disposition until Houk arrived. He's due here by helicopter any minute. But perhaps we should proceed.

Turnwheel motions.

Two guards pull a metal cover off a section of cement in the center of the circle, exposing a large, glass tank filled with the same multicolored liquid.

But this tank lies on its back and it's empty.

TURNWHEEL

(continuing)

This tank is for you, Snake. From your cells we'll make millions of fighters. We'll market them all over the world--to the Soviets, the Chinese, the Americans. They'll kill each other, then we'll make more. These last two days have proven that you are a prototype superior to anything we've ever seen. Of course, we could have killed you whenever we wanted. But we brought you here to honor you--to show the world that the only one who can defeat you comes from your own body.

(to the guards)

Take the handcuffs off.

The guards obey.

(CONTINUED)

The clone of Snake walks to the other side of the circle, and removes his coat, tie and shirt.

TURNWHEEL

Remember, Snake, your fans are watching.

Turnwheel motions and the clone begins moving toward Plissken. The crowd cheers.

CLONE PLISSKEN

The pain doesn't last long, Snake. When I put you in the tank, it'll burn for a few seconds. Then it'll be over.

They begin stalking each other.

CLONE PLISSKEN

It hurts to see your friends dead that way, doesn't it? I understand. I know exactly what you're feeling, because I have all your experiences genetically encoded.

Plissken strikes out at him.

The clone dodges easily. The crowd cheers.

CLONE PLISSKEN

I know all your moves and where you learned them. I even remember the ones you've forgotten.

Snake karate kicks him.

The clone steps aside and delivers a devastating blow. Snake staggers from it, but recovers.

CLONE PLISSKEN

You learned that in Philadelphia. Ernie Wales, remember? A great, old man. The Fifth Street gym. You were twelve. Six months later he was dead.

Snake rushes him.

The clone flips him in the air. He lands inches from the vat.

CLONE PLISSKEN

Everyone you ever knew died, Snake. Now, it's your turn.

(CONTINUED)

Then the clone begins his own attack.

What follows is a horrible, sweating, bloody punching match. With incredible speed, the clone strikes blow after blow that Snake cannot ward off.

Finally, Snake staggers back, blood pouring down his face. The clone smiles. He's hardly been touched.

CLONE PLISSKEN

It's hard to fight with one eye. Big disadvantage. No depth perception. You never tell anyone how you lost that eye, do you, Snake?

SNAKE

(utterly exhausted)

Shut up.

He makes an attempt to rushes him, but is thrown back.

CLONE PLISSKEN

Why don't you want people to know?

SNAKE

I said, shut up.

CLONE PLISSKEN

You put it out yourself with a five inch needle.

With a roar, Snake attacks again.

The clone beats him unmercifully, until he is on the ground. The crowd is screaming for blood.

CLONE PLISSKEN

You couldn't stand the pain when she died. Tears weren't enough, were they?

(beat)

Listen to them, Snake, they want your blood.

The clone moves close.

Suddenly, with a burst of strength, Snake strike him full in the face, knocking him almost into the tank.

Then, he follows through with two more vicious blows.

Snake is almost ready to pick him up and throw him in, when the clone strikes him so hard that blood flies across the circle.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd shrieks, as Snake falls next to the vat.

The clone bends down close to him.

CLONE PLISSKEN

It's over, Snake. You're damaged beyond repair. I'll go on. I know everything you do.

SNAKE

(barely conscious)

There's something...you don't know...because...I learned it... right now.

CLONE PLISSKEN

What's that?

SNAKE

How to die.

SNAKE turns slowly and slips into the multicolored pool.

The band plays. The crowd is cheering. But the clone doesn't move.

The spotlight shifts to Turnwheel, who is rolling in his overstuffed wheelchair, taking the glory for the entire event.

He doesn't notice the clone still bent over the vat.

ANGLE ON TANK - SFX

The body of Snake Plissken diffuses into silvery strands, like a spinning galaxy in a liquid universe.

ANGLE ON CLONE

In the chaos of the celebration, no one notices the clone as he spreads his hands out across the liquid, staring at the face beneath him.

The pool shimmers. He touches it...and trembles.

CU CLONE'S FACE

Tears are in his eyes.

It's as though for the first time, he feels all the pain that Snake Plissken has ever felt--coming in one great wave--up from the tank--into his hands.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, the tears from one eye begin to change.
Down his cheek fall drops of blood.

ANGLE ON TURNWHEEL

The band is playing. The spotlights are still focused on Turnwheel.

Suddenly, in the distance, there is the sound of a helicopter.

TURNWHEEL

Lt. Plissken, come over here. Bob Houk is arriving.

ANGLE ON CLONE'S BACK

Slowly, the clone rises and turns around. One of his eyes is blood-red.

SNAKE

Call me, Snake.

Instantly, Turnwheel sees what has happened, but before he can do anything, the new Snake Plissken leaps on a guard and drags his gun away.

TURNWHEEL

Kill him. Kill him.

But in the confusion, it is Plissken who does the killing--blasting down every guard that approaches.

Then, he turns on the huge tanks themselves.

He shoots the first one. There is a terrific roar as it erupts with a ball of fire.

In rapid succession, he shoots the others, until the circle is a mass of flame.

Turnwheel is screaming. The crowd is running everywhere.

For one moment, Plissken and Turnwheel are alone.

The man tries to get away. But Plissken picks him up, chair and all.

TURNWHEEL

(screaming)

No. Let go of me.

(CONTINUED)

Plissken carries him to the tank and throws him in--then stands back and fires.

A terrific ball of flame rises into the air...

ANGLE ON DARK SKY

...just as Houk's helicopter is settling.

INT. HOUK'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Houk and several other men stare down at the flames.

HOUK

What the hell is going on down there? Have you made contact with Turnwheel?

PILOT

There's no answer.

EXT. CIRCLE - NIGHT

Snake Plissken stands in the center of the burning chaos, his weapon in one hand and the microphone in the other.

PLISSKEN

Get down here, Houk. Get your ass down here. We've got a deal, damn it.

INT. HOUK'S HELICOPTER

Plissken's voice echoes above the roar of the engine.

HOUK

Son of a bitch.
(to the pilot)
Get us out of here.

EXT. CIRCLE

Plissken sees the helicopter begin to rise. He yells at the top of his lungs over the huge speakers.

PLISSKEN

Get back here, you bastard. You said I could have anything I want. Well, I want L.A. The whole damn island.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN (Cont'd)
You hear that, Houk? It belongs to
me. Get down here, you son of a
bitch.

POV HOUK'S HELICOPTER

as the helicopter rises higher and higher. Plissken grows
smaller.

Beneath his enraged, shouting image appear the words:

"TWO YEARS LATER SNAKE PLISSKEN
ENTERED THE PENAL COLONY OF
MANHATTAN ON A MISSION TO SAVE THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

Snake's voice is lost in the roar as the helicopter rises
above the broken buildings of the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE - THEME MUSIC

As the theme music plays, the jagged contours of L.A.
dissolve into lines of light...

Then grow small on the horizon...

And fade away.

FADE TO BLACK