

John Carpenter's
ESCAPE FROM L.A.

written by
John Carpenter
Debra Hill
and
Kurt Russell

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ESCAPE FROM L.A.

DARKNESS.

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

SUPERIMPOSE: 1998.

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

A DARK TABLEAU - CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)
A great moral crisis grips the
nation as social revolution
and a breakdown of the criminal
justice system threaten society.

A LINE OF POLICEMEN - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)
To protect and defend its
citizens, the United States
Police Force is formed.

A GLOWING HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

of Los Angeles, on the coast of southern California.

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SUPERIMPOSE: 1999.

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

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)
An earthquake measuring 9.6 on the Richter scale hits at 12:59 p.m., August 23rd, in the year 2000.

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

THE BONAVENTURE HOTEL

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

THE 4-LEVEL INTERCHANGE

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

SEQUENCE OF RAPID CUTS

Buildings shaking. Streets buckling.

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

Buildings convulsing and dropping like tinder against an inferno.

THE SANTA MONICA PIER

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

WHAM! A TORCH-LIT LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

ZOOM INTO A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP OF L.A.

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

A red line tracks along the mountainous shoreline -- from the southeastern hills of Orange County to the northwestern edge of Malibu -- defining the perimeter of the armed fortress. Police firebases and gun emplacements are indicated in the San Gabriel Mountains.

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FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)
The United States Police Force,
like an army, is encamped
along the shoreline, making
any escape from L.A. impossible.

THE HOLOGRAPH CHANGES to an ANGLE looking at the island
from the ocean. ZOOM INTO the holograph. From the
glowing, outlined canyons come the CRIES of rage of a
million lost souls.

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

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2013. NOW.

FADE IN:

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

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

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

SUPERIMPOSE: L.A.
FRIDAY 1900 HOURS.

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOP OF THE WALL

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

EXT. SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

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

ANOTHER ANGLE THE WALL

The wall stretches to the northwest up to the Santa Susanna Pass. Portions of the 118 Freeway arch up out of the water. More Police helicopters stalk the sky.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - BEHIND THE WALL - NIGHT

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

ON A LARGE ASPHALT FIELD

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

A THRONG OF POLICEMEN

gather at the edge of Rotor City. They stand quietly, staring up into the black sky. COPS with camcorders videotape a POLICE ANCHOR who reports...

POLICE ANCHOR

He's been the Force's Most Wanted Man for 10 years. Convicted of 27 moral crimes.

His words are drowned out by a GREAT ROARING skyward.

A MASSIVE 7-ROTORED, 40-BLADED HELICOPTER TRANSPORT

comes SLAMMING DOWN out of the black sky and lands. The growing CROWD of COPS moves forward to the edge of the asphalt in silent anticipation.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

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

A TALL, STEEL-FACED OFFICER

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

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

Malloy rises from his chair, heads off with Brazen...

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

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

SNAKE PLISSKEN

Long hair. A black eye-patch. A tight-lipped grimace. Coiled aggression and intense cynicism. A legend.

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

A LINE OF BATTLE-READY COPS

stand with rifles aimed at Plissken's head as he's marched into camp. An ARMY of camcorders moves ahead of Plissken to get into position.

Plissken is stopped in front of a DUTY SERGEANT holding a clipboard.

DUTY SERGEANT
Hello, Plissken. Welcome to
L.A.

A SIGN ABOVE A CONCRETE BUNKER - DEPORTATION CENTER

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

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)
You are now entering the Deportation Center. You have been found guilty of moral crimes against the United States of America.

THE DEPORTEES

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

PLISSKEN

is marched toward the entrance. The Duty Sergeant walks beside him, looks at his clipboard.

DUTY SERGEANT
S.D. Bob Plissken. Special Forces.
2 Purple Hearts. Youngest man ever
decorated by the President.
(to Plissken)
But that was a long time ago
wasn't it, Plissken?
(reads)
Murder of an Internal Revenue agent.
Kidnapping of a bank president.
Gunfighting for profit. The list
goes on and on.
(beat)
So what happened to you, war hero?
You were the best we had. Now you're
dog shit.

Plissken doesn't respond -- doesn't even look at him. As they near the entrance, a FEMALE OFFICER approaches Plissken. As she passes...

CLOSE - PLISSKEN'S HAND

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN

reacts, turns to watch her move off through the crowd of deportees.

INT. SODIUM VAPOR CORRIDOR - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

A glowing, vaporous-orange corridor. More COPS gather to watch Plissken with a mixture of silent bemusement and fascination as he is escorted into the bowels of the Deportation Center.

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)
You are sentenced to permanent
expulsion beyond the borders of
the United States. The next
scheduled departure to the island
is in 1 hour.

Plissken rubs the spot on his hand where he was scratched.
CAMERA TRACKS along the Deportees, some bleeding, some
wrapped in rags. Everyone stops what they're doing to watch
Plissken pass.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Cold steel walls. Deeper into the Deportation Center.
The Deportees here are in worse shape. Some appear to
be dead. Plissken and his entourage continue along.

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)
You now have the option to repent
of your sins and be electrocuted
on the premises. If you elect this
option, notify the Cleric Sergeant
in your Processing Area.

Plissken and his entourage pass Deportees kneeling and
praying in front of cloaked CLERIC COPS, government holy
men.

Beyond, through opened doorways, SEE Death Row Deportees
being strapped into futuristic electric chairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - PROCESSING AREA - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

He's perfect for the mission. Nobody else can pull it off.

BRAZEN

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

3RD MAN

Let's get this over with.

INT. CONCRETE CELL - NIGHT

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

In the cell he sees a simple table with an overhead light above it. A watch lies on the table. Plissken shuffles over, picks up the watch, examines it. It's readout-face is blank.

NEXT TO THE WATCH IS A COMPUTER SET-UP.

A large touch pad is attached to a monitor. Plissken touches the pad with his finger. The screen FLASHES to life, showing a computer rendered image of the tip of his finger -- a full-color x-ray of blood vessels, tissue.

THE CELL DOOR

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

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

MALLOY

How're you doing, Plissken?

(no reply)

You like the watch?

PLISSKEN

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

(CONTINUED)

MALLOY

A deal.

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

3RD MAN

Get to it.

Malloy raises a control unit, pushes the button. The lights go down and a computer-rendered image appears in mid-air in front of them:

INT. PROTOTYPE DEFENSE LAB - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

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

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

BRAZEN

At 1030 hours Wednesday, a group of government officials began a tour of the Benford Defense Lab. The President's Daughter Utopia was among them. Somehow during the tour, she came into possession of a prototype triggering device.

(beat)

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

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - CAMCORDER

From the point of view of a camcorder. Utopia stands inside the main cabin of a plush, government 747. In one hand she holds a black anodized box the size of a transistor radio. In her other hand, an assault rifle is cradled under her armpit.

UTOPIA

(to the camcorder)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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BRAZEN

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

Malloy presses a button.

SUDDENLY THE IMAGE

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

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - VIRTUAL REALITY

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

UTOPIA

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

(beat)

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

(holds up the prototype)

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

CONGRESSMAN

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

UTOPIA

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

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

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

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

WHAM!

The VR image suddenly disappears, and Plissken is again standing inside the concrete cell. Malloy and Brazen and the 3rd Man stand in front of him.

MALLOY

Air Force 3 made an emergency landing at L.A.X. After that, silence.

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

(hits a button)
Somebody else was in there with her.

AN IMAGE APPEARS

in front of Plissken: a computer-rendered VR picture of clouds and sunshine, green grass and happy animals frolicking. A Garden of Eden.

BRAZEN

Utopia made tapes of her VR experiences, then tried to erase them. She missed this fragment on the end of her last tape.

There, coming toward us through the tall grass, is CUERVO JONES. South American terrorist. Fiercest warrior of the Third World. He wears an ancient Aztec battle helmet. Bandoliers strapped around him.

MALLOY

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

BRAZEN

Cuervo Jones must have tapped into the VR master data bank -- and then went prowling around for innocent blood, someone vulnerable to corrupt. Utopia was lonely, looking for something to believe in.

PLISSKEN

Sad story. You got a cigarette?

MALLOY

Shut up, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

What's the little black box do?

MALLOY

Top secret. Only on a need to know.

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

That's the deal.

PLISSKEN

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

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

3RD MAN

If you bring out the prototype, you'll receive full pardon for every immoral act you have ever committed in the United States.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN
(looks at him)
Who are you?

3RD MAN
I'm your President. I'm giving
you my word. Put the prototype
into my hands, and you're a free
man.

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

PRESIDENT
Utopia is lost to me. My daughter
is gone.

PLISSKEN
I'll think it over.

MALLOY
Well don't take too long, war
hero, cause you're running out
of time. Right now you got
less than 10 hours to live.

PLISSKEN
What are you talkin' about?

MALLOY
I'm talking about the Plutouxin 7
virus.

BRAZEN
Genetically engineered. 100%
pure death. Complete nervous
system shutdown.

MALLOY
You crash and bleed out like a
stuck pig. Not a pretty sight.

PLISSKEN
You're not putting any shit in
me this time.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN'S FACE

as an IMAGE of the Female Officer at the Deportation Center FLASHES suddenly. Her fingernail scratches his hand. He tightens.

BRAZEN

brings out a small silver box with a red button on top. He pushes the button. A LOUD BEEP as the watch on the table kicks into gear. 9:31:10, 09, 08...

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Designer viruses, Plissken. Wave
of the future.

MALLOY
Put your hand on that pad.

Plissken places his hand on the computer touch pad. The screen FLASHES an image of his bloodsystem. Something dark seems to be pulsing through his veins.

Malloy holds up a large hypodermic.

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

PRESIDENT
I will authorize an injection
once your mission is accomplished.

TWO BEATS...

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

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

PRESIDENT
(to Malloy)
The man is too dumb to live.

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

MALLOY

We're holographs, Plissken.
Give us a little credit, we're
not that stupid.

INSIDE THE CELL

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

PLISSKEN

Get this crap out of me.

PRESIDENT

I guess we have a deal.

Plissken looks at the watch. 9:29:07, 06, 05... He puts it on.

MALLOY

Nice to be working with you,
Plissken.

PLISSKEN

(beat)
Call me Snake.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

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

BRAZEN

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

(holds up a
silver pill)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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BRAZEN (CONT'D)
Filled with Urolite. It'll stun
the enemy for several seconds.

Plissken picks up a small, computerized homing device.

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

Brazen hands Plissken a large black clip.

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

Plissken SNAPS the clip onto his 9mm, then UNSNAPS it.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

Plissken suits up. Checks his weapons. He, Malloy and
Brazen walk quickly across the firebase.

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

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

MALLOY
Some areas have intermittent
power. They're on line to San
Onofre.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

As Brazen's command helicopter takes off.

INT. COMMAND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Plissken stares at a computer screen. An image of the
prototype is slowly revolving on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

I need to know more about this thing.

MALLOY

Only a handful of people are aware of its existence. Let's just say it's the ultimate defensive weapon. Once we had completed the last series of tests, it was to be given to the President.

PLISSKEN

What does it do?

MALLOY

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

Plissken shrugs.

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

(looks at Brazen
for a beat)

Show him.

(Brazen hesitates)

He's gonna find out anyway.

Reluctantly Brazen pushes a button on the computer.

THE IMAGE

on the screen changes to a computer-rendered view of Earth from space. Orbiting high above is a ring of satellites.

BRAZEN

Operation Sword of Damacles.
Whoever has the prototype controls the fate of mankind.

PLISSKEN

Right. So you want to tell me what this thing really does, or do you want to fuck around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAZEN

Pay attention, Plissken. You push the button on the prototype, a signal is sent to a ring of satellites orbiting above the earth. They're nuclear bombs.

Brazen pushes more buttons. The ring of satellites on the computer screen explode, sending out a massive pulse down toward the earth.

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

Once they explode, the earth is blanketed by an intense pulse of EMP -- electromagnetic radiation.

MALLOY

EMP shuts down every power source instantly. All electrical devices. Cars, airplanes, toasters -- everything.

Brazen punches more buttons. On the screen, the EMP pulse suddenly narrows to a pinpoint on the earth, then widens again and spreads out to cover the whole planet.

BRAZEN

EMP can be aimed from the prototype. You can shut down a taxi cab in Buenos Aires, or you can shut down the whole planet and send it right back into the dark ages.

PLISSKEN

Let me get this straight. You let a 17-year-old girl steal the aiming and triggering device for a doomsday machine?

MALLOY

Just get it back here by 5 a.m., hot shot. Then you get to live.

EXT. WALL - ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

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

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

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

A HATCH

in the tunnel floor stands open. A ladder disappears down into darkness. Malloy points to the open hatch.

MALLOY

You're going over by submarine.
One-man submersible. Nuclear
powered.

Plissken arranges his gear, climbs into the hatch opening.

PLISSKEN

Where do I put ashore?

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

Once you go inside, you're on
your own. When you've secured the
prototype, get back to the
submarine. It's your only way out.

(beat)

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

Plissken stares at Malloy.

MALLOY

We have to spare this nation her
trial for treason and high crimes.

PLISSKEN

So you want me to take her out?

(Malloy nods)

Is that an order from the President?

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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MALLOY
A medical team will be standing
by.

Not you? PLISSKEN

No. MALLOY

Good. PLISSKEN

Plissken raises the submachine gun, aims at Malloy.

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

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

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

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

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

The submarine's hatch is open. Plissken climbs inside,
tossing the clip of blanks away. He inserts a clip of real
bullets.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy and Brazen move to a surveillance-command post. A
large readout with Plissken's remaining time blips down.

(CONTINUED)

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PLISSKEN
(v.o. radio)
Com check.

Malloy picks up a microphone.

MALLOY
I'm here, Plissken.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

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

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

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

PLISSKEN
She's in the green.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Lock fuel rods.

PLISSKEN
(hits a switch)
Locked.

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

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

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

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

INT. SUBMARINE

PLISSKEN
75% power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. SUBMARINE BAY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. THE WALL - NEWHALL PASS - NIGHT

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

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

THE SUBMARINE

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - VAN NUYS CITY HALL - NIGHT

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

INT. SUBMARINE

MALLOY (v.o.)
Plissken...

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

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - THE VENTURA FREEWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. VENTURA & HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY INTERCHANGE -
UNDERWATER - NIGHT

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

A SIGN

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

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

(CONTINUED)

BRAZEN

His reactor's starting to
overheat.

MALLOY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

MALLOY (v.o.)

Plissken...?

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

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

Plissken pulls hard on the controls.

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

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

THE SUB

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

KING KONG

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

THE SUB

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - AS THE SUB

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - MOVING WITH THE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

The sub suddenly tips upward, rising for the surface.

EXT. SHORELINE - CAHUENGA PASS - NIGHT

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

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken presses the hatch controls.

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

begins to slide backward down toward the water.

INT. SUBMARINE

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

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

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

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

AS THE SUB

sinks into the sea, bubbling, churning, HISSING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN

A BEEPING SOUND. He takes out his pocket walkie.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Plissken...?

PLISSKEN
I'm here.

Plissken looks up.

OUT IN THE WATER

about 20 yards from shore drift 5 FIGURES floating on surfboards. They wear black wetsuits. Their faces appear burned. And they aim 5 assault rifles at Plissken's head.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Where's the submarine? It's
disappeared off our screens.

PLISSKEN
I gotta go.

Plissken CLICKS off the walkie, pockets it. He doesn't move.

SURFER
This is our beach, dude.
(beat)
What're you doin' here?

Plissken slowly starts backing away, turns...

WHAM!

Standing above him on the hillside is a DARK FIGURE!
Hooded. A surfboard planted behind him. Aiming his rifle.

Plissken freezes...

...as PIPELINE steps closer. He's the head surfer in a black wetsuit. His face is raw, burned -- too many hours surfing in the UV.

PIPELINE
Too bad about your boat, man.
(Plissken doesn't move)
But we'd appreciate it if you'd
stay off our beach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
Just passing through.

Plissken slowly moves up the hillside past Pipeline.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)
Hey, do I know you?
(beat)
You look kinda familiar.

But Plissken's moved off into the darkness.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT - RAIN

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

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

2 OLD CARS

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

Plissken darts across Mulholland, down the mountainside.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - RAIN

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

CRACK!

A dark FIGURE steps out from behind a tree.

Plissken spins, submachine gun ready.

It's Pipeline. ---

PIPELINE
Hey, man. I know who you are.
You're Snake Plissken.

PLISSKEN
Which way to the Hollywood Bowl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PIPELINE
(points)
Down that way.

Suddenly there is a LOW RUMBLING. The earth moves. It's a small earthquake. Plissken reacts.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)
It's just an aftershock, no big deal. We get 'em all the time.

Plissken turns, starts down the mountainside.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)
Hey Snake -- what're you doin' around here, man?

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

PIPELINE (CONT'D)
I heard they busted you up real good in Cleveland.

EXT. HILLS ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT - RAIN

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

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

A HUGE MUDSLIDE

is ROARING its way down the hill toward him.

PLISSKEN

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

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

EXT. STAND OF TREES - ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT - RAIN

The mudslide hits a flat area, spreads out. A mud-covered Plissken climbs out of the goo. He's dripping with it. His one good eye gleams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELOW HIM

is the Hollywood Bowl. He pulls out the tracer. The screen shows a blinking red light to the southeast of his position...

The rain washes the mud off his body. He moves off...

EXT. VINE STREET - NIGHT

The ruins of the Capitol Records building. The rain has stopped again. Plissken is a lone figure walking along the street.

The tracer is blipping red. Utopia is just south of him now, moving his way.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - NIGHT

Plissken stops. Hollywood Boulevard is dark and deserted. In the distance, the SOUND OF THUMPING MUSIC. Plissken moves toward it...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AT HIGHLAND - NIGHT

Pandemonium! MUSIC BLARES. CROWDS dance in the street. It's like a block party. BLACK, LATINO AND NATIVE AMERICAN GANGS celebrate. Plus the usual Hollywood Boulevard STREET TRAFFIC.

Plissken moves through the carnival...

GORGEOUS HOOKERS

stand under the marquee of the ruined Chinese Theater.

The marquee now reads:

SAFE SEX
NO CONDOMS NEEDED

POLYPROPYLENE ORIFICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

One of the HOOKERS struts in front of Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - THE HOOKER

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

PLISSKEN

turns, as his tracer makes a BEEPING SOUND. He looks down the street as the SOUNDS OF CAR ENGINES RISES.

HIS POV - COMING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

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

PLISSKEN

ducks into an alley, watches. The caravan passes his position. 2 men on horseback lead a convoy of RUMBLING, fuming old cars, busses, motorcycles -- all scarred and ripped and jerry-rigged -- bumps down the Boulevard.

A BLONDE-HAIRED HOOKER joins Plissken in the alley. She has no polypropylene, at least none that we can see.

HOOKER

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

PLISSKEN

What's going on?

HOOKER

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

Plissken grabs the Hooker.

PLISSKEN

What's happening?

(CONTINUED)

HOOKER

Easy, baby, easy. I'm a money
girl. I don't like rough stuff.

(Plissken releases
her)

That's better. It's Cuervo Jones.
He's the boss man 'round here
tonight.

Plissken stares out onto Hollywood Boulevard...

HIS POV - A CADILLAC

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

Behind the disco ball stands CUERVO JONES. Next to him is
Utopia dressed in black lace underwear, garters and
stockings. A Playboy fantasy. She holds the prototype.
Cuervo talks into a hand mike.

A loudspeaker behind him blares out his words...

CUERVO JONES

Meet me at the Happy Kingdom.
We got our freedom. We got a
future.

PLISSKEN

stares as the Cadillac passes.

HOOKER

He's gonna take down the cops.
Make 'em kiss his ass.

A SOFT RUMBLING. The ground shakes as another mild
earthquake hits. No one pays attention. Plissken moves out
of the alley...

SEVERAL MOTORCYCLES

bring up the rear of the caravan. MESCALITOS ride with
their WOMEN slung behind them. As the last bike passes,
Plissken darts out of an alley, yanks the WOMAN off the back
of the cycle, jumps on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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ON THE MOTORCYCLE

The MESCALITO BIKER turns to react...WHACK! Plissken takes him out with a head-butt, shoves him off the bike, hops up on the seat.

Plissken guns the motorcycle and it ROARS off, around the other bikers. He pulls a left onto La Brea, heading toward the Cadillac...

EXT. LA BREA AND SUNSET - NIGHT

The caravan has turned west onto Sunset. Plissken BLASTS around the corner...

ON PLISSKEN

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

Plissken stares up ahead. The Cadillac is still a few vehicles ahead of him.

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

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

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

ATOP THE CADILLAC

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

PLISSKEN

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

Then Plissken squeezes his hand-brake.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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Plissken guns it again, takes off after the Cadillac.

2 MORE MESCALITOS

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

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

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

PLISSKEN

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

THE HORSE

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

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

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

THE BIKE

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

THE HORSE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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THE CADILLAC

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

PLISSKEN

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

MESCALITOS

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

BUT PLISSKEN

keeps moving toward the Cadillac...

SUDDENLY A HAND

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

WHEN CUERVO JONES

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

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

Cuervo kicks Plissken hard in the stomach, sending him staggering. Then Cuervo's on his feet, his hands around Plissken's neck.

CUERVO JONES

Nobody rolls into town and takes
over my territory, gringo. Not
Snake Plissken, not nobody.

A BOLAS-SWINGING MESCALITO

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN

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

KAWHAP!

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

THE CARAVAN

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

Cuervo crouches on the roof, HISSING at Plissken.

CUERVO JONES
Take him out!

PLISSKEN

lies in the street for several beats, then climbs to his feet, as 4 MESCALITOS on Harleys pull to a stop and get off their bikes. The caravan disappears up Sunset.

The Mescalitos spread out, draw their guns, start toward Plissken...

Plissken's one good eye stares -- blue and clear, calm as a sunny day.

THE MESCALITOS

raise their guns...

BUT PLISSKEN DRAWS

his 2 9mm handguns from their holsters. It happens in an instant. The street THUNDERS with GUNFIRE. Plissken's guns buck and FLASH. Then silence.

4 Mescalitos lie dead in the street.

Plissken looks around. The ruins of a supermarket, cheap motels, liquor stores -- all empty, desolate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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MALLOY (v.o.)
Plissken? Do you copy?

PLISSKEN
(pulls out walkie)
Yeah.

He looks at his watch. 2 hours gone. Sweat beads on his forehead. Plissken looks like he has a fever.

MALLOY (v.o.)
Where are you?

PLISSKEN
Standin' in the middle of fuckin'
nowhere. I just ran into Utopia
and her boyfriend.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy, Brazen and the President listen to Plissken over the radio.

MALLOY
Do you have the prototype?

PLISSKEN (v.o.)
Negative.

MALLOY
Jesus, Plissken. Get your goddamn
ass in gear.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Plissken reacts.

MALLOY (v.o. CONT'D)
How do you feel? Do you have
any symptoms yet?

PLISSKEN
What are you talking about?

MALLOY (v.o.)
You'll start to feel the effects
of the virus. Fever, headaches,
loss of energy. You'll just have
to push through it, Plissken...

CLICK. Plissken shuts off the walkie. Stares at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN
Land of the free.

After a beat, he starts moving up Sunset...

EXT. SUNSET AND DOHENY - NIGHT

On the border of Beverly Hills. Sunset stretches off into the darkness beyond the intersection. A slight wind blows litter aimlessly along. There are occasional SOUNDS: CREAKS, distant CLANGS.

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

He looks at his watch. 2 hours 30 minutes gone.

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

He spins around.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

sits in an old beach chair just inside the doorway of an old tourist shop, a map to the stars sign in front of him. He's a petty thief, con man. He's been hustling tourists and everybody else all his life. He rises, walks over to Plissken...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I recognized you right away.

Plissken looks him over. He appears unarmed.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
I've been hangin' out around
here for more years than I wanna
think about -- but I never thought
I'd see Snake Plissken cruisin'
Sunset Boulevard.

PLISSKEN
Where's Cuervo Jones?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
He's the man with the juice.
Got the President's daughter.
He's setting up somethin' big.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

PLISSKEN

Location.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo's got a place west of here, in the Palisades!

(Plissken lowers his gun)

Look, Snake -- I hate guns, okay? Don't point guns at me any more.

Suddenly the tracer BEEPS. Red pulsing dot. West.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Neat little gizmo you got there. Take a look at this.

Map To The Stars Eddie CLICKS on a futuristic CD player. 'WAYWARD WIND' by Gogi Grant plays.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Comes with 500 discs. Guaranteed to last. Fifty thousand bucks. A real bargain.

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

I've got connections around here. You need something, I'm your man.

(Plissken keeps walking)

Hey, Snake -- you gotta use another street. You can't go down Sunset.

(no response)

That's Beverly Hills, Snake!

Plissken's figure disappears down Sunset...

EXT. SUNSET - SIGN - NIGHT

The Beverly Hills sign. Plissken walks down Sunset as distant flashes and EXPLOSIONS illuminate a devastated Beverly Hills. Blackened trees. The once-beautiful mansions burned out.

EXT. SUNSET AND BEVERLY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Flares illuminate the streets. SOUNDS of GUNFIRE.
More EXPLOSIONS. Plissken comes up Sunset, crouches
behind some trees.

THE INTERSECTION

of Sunset and Beverly Drive now looks like Viet Nam. A war-torn wasteland. FIGURES dash through the burned out trees, RETURN FIRE at SNIPERS in the old Beverly Hills Hotel. An intense FIRE-FIGHT.

OLD EXHAUST-SPEWING CARS

SCREAM down the streets, assault weapons FIRING out the windows.

PLISSKEN

dives behind some bushes. BULLETS are FLYING all around him.

KATHUMP!

Someone in the Beverly Hills Hotel FIRES an M79 grenade launcher. A 40mm armor-piercing grenade leaves a blazing fire-trail as it ROCKETS toward the cars...

KABLAMMO!

A FIREBALL BLOWS 3 cars to smithereens.

AN EXPLOSION

illuminates a BLACK GANG attacking the Hotel from the park across the street. A HAIL OF BULLETS hits them. They RETURN FIRE, but are overwhelmed.

INSIDE THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

a KOREAN GANG unleashes their FIREPOWER.

Suddenly, a MORTAR ATTACK. The night is lit up by an almost unending barrage of EXPLOSIONS.

PLISSKEN

crawls to a stand of blackened trees as the EXPLOSIONS keep hitting all around him. He crouches behind a gnarled, charcoaled tree trunk.

(CONTINUED)

A BURNED-OUT HOUSE

near Plissken EXPLODES, sending debris flying.

PLISSKEN

ducks his head. EXPLOSIONS continue, then subside. A lull in the fire-fight. He glances over.

WHAM!

There's someone next to him. Plissken reacts, raises his gun...

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

is crouched behind the tree trunk next to him. TASLIMA, 20's, Iranian, the face of a Persian princess covered with soot. She's dressed in black leather.

TASLIMA

Be cool, man! Be cool!

She's unarmed, but Plissken keeps his gun leveled at her.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to make it to the sewers. It's the only way out of here. Look.

She points to a manhole cover in the street just a few yards away.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

The Korean Dragons have taken the Hotel. Black Jihad is trying to take it back. And it's gonna get a lot worse.

EXPLOSIONS begin hitting around them. Suddenly Plissken stands up, grabs Taslima.

PLISSKEN

Let's go.

TASLIMA

Wait a minute, no, man! We gotta stay down 'till they stop...!

He drags her out into...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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BEVERLY DRIVE

They race from the trees toward the manhole cover. All hell is breaking loose. GUNFIRE, EXPLOSIONS. The street is ripped apart. BULLETS just miss them. Plissken RETURNS FIRE everywhere.

They reach the sewer. Plissken lifts the manhole cover. Taslima jumps in, followed by Plissken.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dim, greenish light.

TASLIMA

Down this way.

They run down the sewer tunnel into the distance...

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

A dark passage. Plissken and Taslima come running up, stop, out of BREATH. The BOOMING EXPLOSIONS echo in the distance.

TASLIMA

There should be a turn-off down here somewhere.

Plissken looks at his watch. 7:10, 09, 08. He grabs Taslima and urges her forward again.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Stop draggin' me around everywhere.

PLISSKEN

How do I get out of here?

TASLIMA

I'll show you. Just ease off.

They move quickly through the passage, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Are you Snake Plissken?

(no response)

I used to see your wanted poster on the Police Channel all the time.

They reach a cut-off into a storm drain. Taslima leads the way...

INT. STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

Plissken and Taslima walk now. EXPLOSIONS are only dull booms in the distance.

TASLIMA

My boyfriend and I had a fight,
so he dumped me on Santa Monica.
Then I got spotted by Black Jihad.
They chased me all the way up to
Sunset. And I ran with Black Jihad
for 2 years, can you believe it?
We used to drive golf carts up and
down these tunnels.

(beat)

What're you doing in L.A., Snake?

PLISSKEN

Looking for the President's
daughter. She's with Cuervo Jones.

TASLIMA

I've seen his place once or twice.
It's in the Palisades.

PLISSKEN

Show me.

TASLIMA

I'll take you as far as the
freeway. But I wouldn't go near
Cuervo Jones these days. He's
mucho bad news, Snake.

Plissken pulls out the tracer. The readout face is blank.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

The cops sent you in here,
didn't they?

PLISSKEN

I was goin' in any way.

TASLIMA

You got deported?

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

TASLIMA

I used to hear about you all
the time. Like, they could
never catch you, no matter what
you did. Very cool, Snake.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN
My string ran out in New Vegas.
It was a set-up. I walked
right into it.

INT. SEWER RECLAMATION CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Plissken and Taslima enter an underground control center
fallen to ruin. Ladders, catwalks, machines, demolished.

TASLIMA
I knew a guy who used to work
here in the old days. He was
right in this room when the big
one hit. What a mess. They
were waist high in crap.

They stop at the edge of the rusted machine. Taslima moves
cautiously ahead.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)
Be careful of the bald cats.

PLISSKEN
The what?

TASLIMA
They're all female and they
hate men.

They move past some overhead pipes, when, without warning,
something small and ferocious drops down on Plissken's head.

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

THE BALD CAT

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

TASLIMA
Come on.

Plissken follows, then stops. --Looks up.

ON A PIPE

above another bald cat peers down at him. HISSES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN

raises his gun to kill it.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)
Leave her alone, Snake. She's
just scared and pissed off.

PLISSKEN
Who isn't?
(lowers his gun)
All right. Let's go.

They move away from the pipes...

TASLIMA
What're you gonna do with the
President's daughter? Are you
gonna take her back?

PLISSKEN
No.

TASLIMA
So you're stayin' in L.A.?

PLISSKEN
Not if I can help it.

They reach a ladder that goes up into the darkness.

TASLIMA
Now we go up.

Plissken starts up...

EXT. STREET UNDER SANTA MONICA FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Plissken, gun in hand, sticks his head out of the open
grate. Climbs up. Taslima follows. Ahead of them is the
Santa Monica Freeway.

PLISSKEN

pulls out his tracer. A blipping red dot. West. He starts
toward the on-ramp. Taslima doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

46

TASLIMA
Be careful. This is Jihad
territory. And the Dragons are
makin' their move to take over.
It's dangerous around here.
(beat)
Goodbye, Snake.

Plissken, stops, looks at her -- a half-smile. Taslima
walks up to him.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)
Sun's coming up in a few hours.
UV's gonna be bad today. I know
a place where we can crash if
you want.
(she moves close)
My boyfriend and I broke up
tonight. So I'd love to take
care of you. Make you feel good.

Without an answer Plissken turns and walks away...

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

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

Plissken walks along past rows of cars. He's staring at the
tracer, following the red blip. Suddenly he stops.

AHEAD OF HIM

PEOPLE are huddled around a campfire. TEENAGERS, FAMILIES,
ORPHANS, NORMAL-LOOKING PEOPLE. A WOMAN leads them in a
whispered prayer...

WOMAN
We give thanks that we are alive,
and pray that in your mercy you
will deliver us from harm's way...

CLICK, CLICK!

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

It's Taslima.

TASLIMA
I changed my mind. I'm going
with you to Cuervo's place.

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN
Who are they?

TASLIMA
They're new. They don't belong
to any gang. They're just scared,
that's all.
(beat)
That's how I was when they first
deported me.

PLISSKEN
Why are you in L.A.?

TASLIMA
I was a Muslim in South Dakota.
All of a sudden they made it a
crime.
(beat)
Y'know, L.A.'s still the place,
Snake. When you think about
what's happened on the other side
of the wall -- this is the only
free-zone left anywhere.

PLISSKEN
(looks out at
the city)
Dark paradise.

TASLIMA
At least we get something
out of the deal.

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

Plissken drops between the cars and crawls over to her.
Another GUNSHOT. BULLETS RICCO on metal.

Taslima touches Plissken's hand, then dies. He stares at
here for a beat. Until MORE SHOTS ring out -- landing very
close to him.

Plissken rolls under a car and begins crawling. All around
him PEOPLE jump out of the junked cars. The gathering at
the campfire scatters. GUNFIRE continues.

EXT. PARALLEL STREET - NIGHT

4 carloads of KOREAN DRAGONS ROAR down a street parallel to
the freeway, BLASTING away with their weapons.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

Plissken reaches the edge of the freeway, dives for the bushes.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Clawing his way through the undergrowth, Plissken bursts onto a dark street. He starts running away from the freeway...

AHEAD ON THE STREET

Suddenly, in the drifting mist in front of him, a car SCREECHES into view. It's a perfectly restored, 1966 Cadillac convertible. Candy-apple red. And behind the wheel is Map To The Stars Eddie.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hop in, Snake!

Plissken dives into the back seat. He's still not fully inside when Map To The Stars Eddie ROARS AWAY in a blaze of rubber and smoke.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I didn't think I'd find you.
How'd you get out of Beverly Hills? No one gets out of there alive.

Plissken pulls out his tracer. Map To The Stars Eddie drives like Satan himself. Plissken is almost thrown out as they spin around curves, up onto sidewalks.

EXT. DARK INTERSECTION - NIGHT

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

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You can't just be walkin' around town without knowin' the ropes. You take the wrong street, you're dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

PLISSKEN
Stop the car.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
All right. Anything for you,
Snake.

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

Plissken lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN
Where is it?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Right over there.

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

ON THE DASHBOARD

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

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

PLISSKEN

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

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Pretty neat, huh? This is
Cuervo's car. He lets me
use it sometimes.

(looks at Plissken)
Not to worry, Snake. You were
just shot with a fun-gun. You
feel it?

Plissken GULPS for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Plissken slumps back, collapses in the seat.

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

PLISSKEN'S POV - THE DRUG

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

PLISSKEN

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
You should've talked to me
first, Snake. I could've set
this whole thing up. I'm
actually Cuervo's agent, you
know.

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

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

ON PLISSKEN'S FACE

as the world CRASHES TO BLACK!

.. ..

FADE IN:

EXT. J.P. GETTY MANSION - PACIFIC PALISADES - NIGHT

The Getty mansion, still remarkably intact, sits on a dark hillside. Torchlight glows from inside. The place is guarded by an ARMY OF MESCALITOS.

PLISSKEN'S GOOD EYE

opens. Looks around fuzzily.

INT. GETTY MANSION - NIGHT

He is in Cuervo Jones' lair. Huge. Torch-lit. Plissken is tied with ropes to a medieval torture rack in the center of the room. The whole place is one big torture chamber. And Plissken's the only customer.

IN ONE CORNER

a remote TV hookup is being prepared. A videocam is mounted on a tripod. Lights.

CUERVO JONES

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Come on, Cuervo. I delivered
him, didn't I? All I'm asking
for is a finder's fee after you
take over. Maybe Wisconsin, I
don't know...

CUERVO JONES
We'll see.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

He leans close to Plissken.

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

Out of the corner of his eye, Plissken catches a glimpse of the time remaining on his watch. Only 3 hours to go!

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
Running out of time, Snake?
Don't feel so bad. I hear they
got odds on you in New Vegas.
A cool 20 million says you wouldn't
last 2 hours in L.A.
(smiles)
So you beat the odds for a little
while. That ought to make you
feel good.
(smile fades)
Too bad your luck just ran out.

He steps back, considers Plissken for a moment.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
Snake Plissken. American
outlaw. So typical of American
idealism. The old west, Snake.

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

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
Man against the sky. The
individual. Freedom. No wonder
they hate you so much in America,
Snake. You remind them of what
they used to be.

Cuervo Jones walks to a door, opens it.

Beyond is a huge courtyard filled with ILLEGAL ALIENS from every South American country, people with nowhere to go. They are being fed and cared for by MESCALITOS.

(CONTINUED)

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Here is the real L.A., Snake.
People without hope.

(crosses back
to Plissken)

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

(beat)

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

(smiles)

Now it's their turn.

Utopia comes bounding up from another room. Still dressed
in her racy outfit, she gives Cuervo a kiss. She carries
the prototype.

UTOPIA

(sees Plissken)

Who's that?

CUERVO JONES

You never heard of Snake Plissken?

Utopia takes a couple steps closer to Plissken.

UTOPIA

He doesn't look like his
picture.

Utopia frowns.

UTOPIA (CONT D)

I bet he's a fake. Wasn't the
real one supposed to be cute
or something?

MESCALITO

(in Spanish)

We're ready, Cuervo.

Cuervo walks over to the broadcast area, stands in front of
the videocam. He motions to Utopia and she joins him at his
side.

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

UTOPIA

You said I could hold it.

He yanks it out of her hands, more violently than she
expected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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Plissken watches as a Mescalito gives Cuervo the signal.

MESCALITO

(in Spanish)

We're on the air.

CUERVO JONES

(into camera)

Hello, North America. I am
Cuervo Jones, your new leader.

(holds up the
prototype)

I am now taking over. Some
of you probably don't know
what this is. WELL GUESS
WHAT? This now makes me...
King Jones.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

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

BRAZEN

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

PRESIDENT

The stations will have already
picked it up. This thing's
going live all over the country.

(grimly)

King Jones, for God's sake.

CUERVO JONES

(on TV)

Send me 3 Police choppers to the
Happy Kingdom. No later than 4 a.m.
Don't piss me off.

MALLOY

(stares at the
TV screen)

That's Plissken back there,
isn't it?

On the right edge of the TV image, Plissken is visible in
the b.g. tied to the torture rack.

The President gives Malloy a hard stare.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

Plissken tanked. Now he's a P.O.W.
The mission's scrubbed, Commander.

CUERVO JONES

(on TV)

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

SSSZZZ. The image blinks off into STATIC.

The room is silent.

BRAZEN

(stunned)

Plissken's out; I can't believe
it...

PRESIDENT

Order an air strike on L.A.
Flatten it. Burn it down.

MALLOY

No.

PRESIDENT

(stares)

What did you say to me?

MALLOY

Cuervo Jones is holding the
prototype in his hands. All he
has to do is push the button and
this ballgame is in the refrigerator.
He sees our aircraft coming in for an
air strike, BOOM. No more aircraft,
no more U.S. of A., no more world.

PRESIDENT

So what am I supposed to do now?

MALLOY

I don't run this country. I just
do my job. And I know one thing.
The difference between Snake Plissken
and a pit of rattlesnakes. Right.
You got a chance with the rattlesnakes.

PRESIDENT

If they kill Plissken, what do I do?
Beg the King to let me clean his
toilet for him?

(CONTINUED)

MALLOY

Plissken's been dead so many times I
can't count 'em all. But he never
stays down.

INT. GETTY MUSEUM - NIGHT

Cuervo and Utopia walk away from the broadcast area.

CUERVO JONES

Now go get dressed. We have
things to do.

UTOPIA

Are we gonna eat soon? I'm starved.

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

CUERVO JONES

Go on now. Do as I say.

Plissken watches as Utopia slowly walks away.

CUERVO JONES

I'm going to show her what
it means to be a woman --
for the first time in her
pathetic little life.

(smiles)

I'll give her love, Snake.
Everybody needs love.

He moves closer to Plissken.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

You want to hook up with us?
Join the revolution? We're
all getting out of here.

(holds up the
prototype)

I'm gonna rule the world.
Come with me, Snake.

Plissken says nothing. His good eye glares.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

No? Too bad.

Cuervo motions to his men.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Amigos. Saddle up.

(CONTINUED)

The room springs to life.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)
(to 5 MESCALITOS
in Spanish)
Cut Plissken's balls off and
shove them in his mouth. Kill
him.

Cuervo walks out of the room. Finally, only Plissken and
the 5 Mescalitos are left.

MESCALITO
(in Spanish to
the others)
Let me go first, guys. I
want to hear him scream.

PLISSKEN

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

THE MESCALITO

walks across the room until he is face to face with
Plissken. He pulls out 2 huge, gleaming knives. The other
Mescalitos pull out a variety of hideous-looking torture
weapons, all ugly cutting instruments.

The Mescalito touches Plissken's forehead with his hand.

MESCALITO
(in English)
You have a slight fever, gringo.
Hope it's nothing serious.
(looks at Plissken)
What a beautiful eye. It's a
shame you only have one.

He positions the knife, slowly moves it to within inches of
Plissken's good eye...

FFFTTT!

Plissken spits the mouth dart.

It hits the Mescalito squarely in the forehead. He freezes,
his eyes clouding. He falls forward...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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THE KNIFE BLADE

swings down, cuts the ropes tied around Plissken. WHACK!

THE OTHER MESCALITOS

look up as he falls over backward to the floor with a THUD.
Plissken's left hand breaks free of the ropes.

The Mescalitos charge toward him.

PLISSKEN

suddenly goes into motion. He moves like Bruce Lee on speed.

In about 10 seconds he has taken out all 5 Mescalitos in a futuristic, karate/kung fu fight. It isn't even close.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The caravan's starting up again. Mescalitos pour out of the mansion, rush to their vehicles.

Wearing hot pants, a tank top and full-length mink coat, Utopia is half-way up a ladder by to the opened door of Cuervo's Cadillac perched up on those monster truck wheels when the earth STARTS SHAKING. BOOOOMMM. LOW SUB-BASS RUMBLE. EARTHQUAKE.

CUERVO JONES

Get in the car.

Utopia scrambles up into the Cadillac. Cuervo's right behind her. And Map To The Stars Eddie is right behind him. Cuervo turns...

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Get lost, agent.

Cuervo kicks him off the ladder. Map To The Stars Eddie goes flying, hits the ground. KABOOM! The EARTHQUAKE gets suddenly stronger...

INT. GETTY MANSION - NIGHT

KABOOOOMMMM!

Suddenly EVERYTHING STARTS SHAKING. A BOOMING ROAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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The Getty Mansion begins to TREMBLE. The SHUDDERING RUMBLE GROWS LOUDER. And then the earthquake hits like a SCREAMING SLEDGEHAMMER!

Plissken heads for the door. The walls of the mansion CRACK. The floor SHAKES. Pieces of the ceiling give way and CRASH into the room!

PLISSKEN

is 10 feet away from the door when the entire mansion floor CAVES IN! The torture racks, the video equipment and Mescalito bodies fall like men dropping from a hangman's scaffold.

Plissken leaps...

A WINDOW

near the door. Plissken grabs on to the sill. Hangs dangling above a huge black pit to nowhere.

EXT. GETTY MANSION - NIGHT

A wall topples from the mansion, collapses on several cars. Mescalitos race away from the falling debris.

CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

hang on for their lives inside the Cadillac.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIOE

staggers toward his Caddy, as suddenly the EARTHQUAKE INTENSIFIES!

THE GROUND

suddenly opens up, caves in, swallowing several Mescalito vehicles.

TREES

along the driveway topple.

INT. GETTY MANSION - NIGHT

The SCREAMING, WRENCHING CRACK of the mansion coming apart SLAMS into Plissken. He pulls himself up, through the window.

EXT. GETTY MANSION - NIGHT

Plissken jumps from the window...

...just as the Getty Mansion completely COLLAPSES behind him!

PLISSKEN

hugs the ground. He bounces and slides across the wildly undulating earth.

THE DRIVEWAY

Now the QUAKE starts to subside.

Finally it seems to stop. Mescalitos get to their feet, race to their vehicles.

PLISSKEN

gets to his feet, SEES...

CUERVO JONES' CADILLAC

pull away down the driveway, followed by other Mescalito vehicles.

PLISSKEN

dashes after them, past Map To The Stars Eddie...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Hey, Snake...

Without hesitation, Plissken WHACKS him across the jaw. Map To The Stars Eddie goes down like a sack of laundry.

CUERVO'S CADILLAC

leads the caravan down a driveway, as the EARTHQUAKE starts up again.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

RUMBLING. Low intensity QUAKE this time. The Cadillac picks up speed as it approaches P.C.H.

PLISSKEN

appears from some bushes just as the Cadillac moves past him. He springs...

AND GRABS ON

to the rear bumper. The monster wheels spin like huge, black scythes on either side of him. Plissken reaches under the Caddy, finds a purchase on the undercarriage, and swings...

UNDER THE CADILLAC

He hangs dangling above the road BLASTING by below. The Caddy picks up speed.

EXT. SANTA MONICA - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Cadillac and Mescalito caravan drives toward the dark shell of Santa Monica. Fires have broken out in the distance. Far-away EXPLOSIONS. Now the QUAKE HITS AGAIN, HARD...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - BEHIND THE WALL - NIGHT

Pandemonium. TROOPS running. Vehicles moving. Everything caught in SLAMMING EARTHQUAKE PART 2.

A huge portion of the containment wall CRACKS OPEN, falls into the San Fernando Sea.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

BRAZEN

We've got a breach in the wall.

Pieces of ceiling shower down. The President hides under a desk.

MALLOY

It's stopping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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The earthquake slowly subsides again. The lights fade off then on again. Machines blink to life, power back on. Everything stabilizes.

MALLOY

(to Brazen)

Get a repair squad on that wall.
I want a damage report in 15 minutes.

The President crawls out from under the table, stands.

PRESIDENT

Maybe that just took care of
most of our problems for us.

(beat)

Maybe they're all dead.

MALLOY

Maybe.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Cuervo's Cadillac and the Mescalito caravan move up Santa Monica Boulevard toward Westwood. Smoke rises. Fires burn. FIGURES stagger through the streets.

UNDER THE CADILLAC

Plissken clings to a perch in the undercarriage. Reaches into a pocket, comes out with a large black clip, slips it on his 9mm.

HE LOWERS HIMSELF

from the perch, dangles above the street. He raises the gun, aims it at the undercarriage, right about where the front seat should be... BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAMMO! The 9mm goes off like a small cannon.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

The front seat EXPLODES, bullets SCREAMING up through the leather seats, tearing and shredding fabric and flesh. The DRIVER is killed instantly.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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UNDER THE CADILLAC

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

THE FRONT SEAT

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

KAWHUMP!

The entire front seat and floor underneath it fall down out of the Cadillac and hit the street below. The body of the Driver flops under the monster wheels.

PLISSKEN

swings over to the hole...

AND PULLS HIMSELF UP

into the opening that used to be the front seat.

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

Plissken rips the prototype out of his hands!

Then jumps into the back seat next to Utopia.

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

But Plissken kicks open the side door, grabs Utopia...

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

No!

CUERVO JONES

PLISSKEN AND UTOPIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

04

AS THE CADILLAC

begins to swerve wildly...

CUERVO JONES

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

BUT FAILS

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

ON THE ROOF OF THE MESCALITO CAR

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

UTOPIA
Lemme go....!

INSIDE THE MESCALITO CAR

the Driver swerves, hits the brakes...

AND THE CAR

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

PLISSKEN AND UTOPIA

are thrown forward...

THEY TUMBLE OFF THE ROOF

across the hood...

AND LAND

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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CUERVO JONES

emerges from the remains of the Cadillac...

PLISSKEN

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

MESCALITOS

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

CUERVO JONES
Kill him, kill him...!

PLISSKEN

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

JUST AS THE MESCALITOS

OPEN FIRE!

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

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

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

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Cuervo and the Mescalitos charge the open manhole, as Map To The Stars Eddie's car pulls up at the tail end of the caravan.

Map To The Stars Eddie gets out...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Good thinkin', Snake.

.. ..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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He moves to a GROANING Mescalito in a bashed-up car, strips him of his gun, then heads off down the street toward a manhole cover.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

Plissken and Utopia race along through the water. He literally has to drag her with him. They are in the black belly of the sewer system. Smoke drifts.

They slow as they come to...

A SHEER, PITCH-BLACK DROP OFF

on one side of the passage. Part of the passage floor just caved in. The SOUND of RUSHING WATER below. A broken main sends tons of water ROARING along a storm drain at the bottom of the drop-off.

PLISSKEN

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

Her feet reach the edge.

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

He releases her, backs up, looks at the prototype, then pulls one of his 9mm.s from its holster, COCKS the hammer, aims...

UTOPIA

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

(no reply)

He sent you to kill me...

(beat)

Didn't he?

(begins to CRY)

Plissken lowers the gun. Stares at her.

PLISSKEN

Get out of here.

Utopia wipes her eyes, confused, afraid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

o-

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)
I said go.

Slowly Utopia moves from the edge of the drop-off.
Plissken starts away down the tunnel.

UTOPIA
Don't take it back.

Plissken stops, looks back at Utopia. She stares at the prototype in Plissken's hand.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)
Don't give it to him. Please.
Let me have it.

KABLAM!

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

He spins, drops the prototype...

...as Map To The Stars Eddie emerges from the darkness of the sewer tunnel. He raises a gun to shoot again, but the gun suddenly GOES OFF -- BLAM! He's fired into the tunnel floor. A piece of rock goes flying.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Shit.

PLISSKEN

goes for the prototype.

But Utopia's faster. She snatches it from the wet floor, backs away from Plissken.

Plissken's right hand is useless, numb from the shoulder wound. He slowly, painfully transfers the 9mm to the other hand and tries to raise it...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
So long, Snake.

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

Plissken turns, and dives off the edge...

...down into the drop-off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN'S BODY

Airborne. Falling through black space. KERSPLASH! Into the raging waters below. The storm drain swallows him up.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

steps to the edge of the drop-off, looks down, as Cuervo and his Mescalitos slog up through the tunnel...

CUERVO JONES

Where is he?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Down there. He's dead, Cuervo.

And I did it. I killed Plissken.

Cuervo looks over the edge, at the ROARING water below. Then he turns to Utopia who stands silently nearby.

CUERVO JONES

Give it to me.

(she doesn't move)

Give it.

Dead silence. Finally Utopia walks over, hands Cuervo the prototype.

Then he SLAPS her hard, viciously, across the face.

Utopia reacts to the stinging slap.

UTOPIA

Cuervo...?

CUERVO JONES

You're my woman, you understand?
You don't let nobody take you
away from me without a fight.

UTOPIA

I tried.

CUERVO JONES

(in her face)

Nobody leaves Cuervo Jones. Not
unless you give your life. You
fight till you're dead, then I
forgive you. Understand?
UNDERSTAND?

UTOPIA

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shoves her down the tunnel...

CUERVO JONES
Let's go.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Cuervo, wait.
(catches up to
Cuervo)
I've done it all, man. I killed
Plissken, I got your girl back,
I gave you all the marbles. Just
for you, Cuervo. Just for you.

Cuervo turns on him, jams the barrel of his gun between Map
To The Stars Eddie's eyes.

CUERVO JONES
I want to show you my appreciation,
agent. So I won't kill you.
(lowers the gun)
Get out of my sights and stay there.

Cuervo walks away, followed by the other Mescalitos...

EXT. STORM DRAIN - WILSHIRE CANYON - NIGHT

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

PLISSKEN

shoots out of the opening, tumbles down to a water-filled
canyon bottom.

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

THE WILSHIRE CANYON

Straight down Wilshire Boulevard is an enormous canyon, a
river bottom gouged out of concrete in the big earthquake of
2000. At least 30 feet deep, it is a vast trough leading
past crumbling skyscrapers and buildings on the street level
above. It stretches off into the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN

wearily glances at his watch: 2 hours 49 minutes to go.

Suddenly, Plissken is...

STRUCK BY A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

An old dune buggy comes bumping along the canyon bottom, SLOSHING through water, pulling up next to Plissken.

Pipeline gets out, glances at Plissken.

PIPELINE

Yo', Snake. Man, that was a big one. Had to be a 6.4. Bodacious quake.

(stares at
Plissken)

You look like shit.

Pipeline begins to untie the various surfboards lashed to the rear of the buggy as Plissken hobbles over to him.

PLISSKEN

Where's Cuervo Jones?

Pipeline lifts down a surfboard and slings it under his arm.

PIPELINE

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

PLISSKEN

Where?

PIPELINE

Anaheim. Staging area for the big invasion. The whole town's gonna be there. Things changin' fast around here. It's not the same as the old days, man.

Plissken tries to grab Pipeline with his left hand...

PLISSKEN

Take me there...

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PIPELINE

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

(bends down, helps
Plissken up)

I'm stayin' here, see. I'm
waitin' for the Big Kahuna.
It's gotta be awesome, man.

(beat)

But you should talk to Hershe.
She hates Cuervo. They used to
be partners, but they split up.

PLISSKEN

Who?

PIPELINE

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

Pipeline points down the canyon to the east.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

She's hooked up with the Saigon
Shadows, and they don't take
shit from nobody...

Suddenly the water in the bottom of the canyon begins to
SLOSH about violently. Now there is a DEEP SOUND RISING,
coming from the west behind them.

PIPELINE

Tsunami, Snake.

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

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Surf's up big time. You better
start feelin' better quick, man,
cause you don't have time to get
out of here.

Plissken sees that Pipeline's right.

A BASS ROAR that slowly CLIMBS from the very bottom of the
register upward, as if some massive wall of doom were on its
way, moves in from the west.

Pipeline kneels, positions his surfboard in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

PIPELINE (CONT'D)
Get ready. It's gonna be
some kinda ride.

Plissken looks behind him...

POV - THE FRONT EDGE OF THE TSUNAMI

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

PLISSKEN AND PIPELINE

brace themselves. Pipeline focuses, becomes intensely
focused.

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

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

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

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

PIPELINE (CONT'D)
Hang on, Snake!
(YELLS)
YAAAAAAA!!!!!!

THE FRONT EDGE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE WATER

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

UNTIL SUDDENLY

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

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

They BLAST down Wilshire Canyon at 80 miles an hour.

PLISSKEN IS WOBBLY

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

PIPELINE

Awesome, Snake, AWESOME, man!

Plissken looks up ahead...

HIS POV - MOVING THROUGH WILSHIRE CANYON

five feet from street level. Map To The Stars Eddie's Cadillac speeds along what's left of Wilshire Boulevard, right on the canyon's edge. It veers around debris in the street, changes lanes suddenly, hell bent for leather.

PLISSKEN AND PIPELINE

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

NOW THEY MOVE ALONGSIDE

the Cadillac, and Plissken stares over...

CLOSER - THE CADILLAC

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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PLISSKEN'S EYE

widens, burns.

PLISSKEN
(to Pipeline)
See you later.

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

glances to his left...

HIS POV - PLISSKEN

is surfing the tsunami not 10 feet away from him. Plissken tips the board again, and slides another 5 feet closer...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

jams on the pedal, and the car SCREAMS FORWARD.

PLISSKEN

stands up and leaps from the surfboard...

FOR A MOMENT

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

AND SLAMS

into the side of the car. He grabs, holds on, his body WHAPPING against the trunk.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

starts swerving, trying to throw Plissken off.

EXT. CADILLAC - WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

The car shoots back and forth across Wilshire. Plissken hangs on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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CLOSER - PLISSKEN

pulls himself up and crawls into the back seat...

INT. CADILLAC

Map To The Stars Eddie pulls his gun...

Suddenly Plissken's hand reaches forward from the back seat, grabs his hair, and SLAMS his forehead into the steering wheel with a THOCK!

Map To The Stars Eddie goes out like a light. He slumps over in the seat...but his foot is stuck on the accelerator.

Plissken grabs the wheel with his left hand, trying to steer from the back seat.

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE'S FOOT

is bumped right off the accelerator...

AND THE CAR

slows to a wobbling, GRINDING stop.

Plissken climbs out, opens the driver's door, shoves Map To The Stars Eddie to the passenger side, and jumps in.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

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

PLISSKEN

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Sure, Snake. No problem.

(groggily)

Where's my gun?

Plissken holds it up for him to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
You gonna kill me?

PLISSKEN
Later.

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

PLISSKEN
Cease fire with the bullshit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Right. Keep goin' straight.
Two blocks down, turn right.

EXT. WILSHIRE AND LA CIENEGA - NIGHT

Plissken hangs a hard right onto La Cienega. The tires
SCREAM...

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Map To The Stars Eddie is thrown against the passenger door.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Come on, Snake! Slow down!
This baby's an antique.

PLISSKEN
Now what?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Turn left at the next cross-
street.

EXT. CROSS-STREET OFF WILSHIRE - NIGHT

As the Cadillac ROARS off Wilshire onto the cross-street.

EXT. VIEW OF L.A. BY NIGHT

Looking out at L.A. from above Mount Lee, SEE the Hollywood
Sign, the city spread out below. FIRES burn everywhere. A
hillside nearby IGNITES. A brush-fire!

ANGLE ON THE TWIN TOWERS OF CENTURY CITY - NIGHT

They're like buck teeth, sheered off and crumbling, stuck up into the sky. A GROUP OF VAGRANTS cluster around the edge of the building -- the walls of the floors beneath have been torn away. Desk, furniture, rugs, everything hangs out over empty space.

In the hills to the north, SEE a massive brush-fire sweep through the old Hollywood Hills, across Los Feliz, into Griffith Park.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

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

Map To The Stars Eddie's Cadillac stops next to a huge hole in the side of the ship.

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

The glow of Map To The Stars Eddie's flashlight takes him and Plissken deeper and deeper into the hulking remains of the ship.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I first met Hershe when I got deported. She helped set me up in business. I'd love to hook the two of you up together.

INT. DECK OF SHOPS - NIGHT

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hershe's a different person now. She's not at all the same as when we first met. We're talking a power player, Snake. Cuervo's got the numbers, the firepower -- but Hershe's got a burnin' spine made outta steel. Big time fast-lane ambitions. Think about it. The two of you together. I'm talking box office material here.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

INT. VICTORIAN SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie enter a long room lit by gas jets on the walls. In it is a crumbling, Victorian swimming pool. A heavy mist rises from the pool's surface.

AT THE FAR END

is a GROUP of people. SAIGON SHADOWS. A brutal, scowling Asian gang. As mean and tough as they come.

And a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a bathing suit, her back facing us.

Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie approach.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Hey, Hershe. How're you doin'?

THE WOMAN

turns and faces them. This is HERSHE, an absolutely drop-dead, gorgeous transvestite who looks completely convincing as a woman.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
It's Snake Plissken. I brought him to see you.

Plissken walks right up to Hershe, has no reaction at all to the transvestite.

PLISSKEN
I need a favor.

HERSHE
(in Isaac Hayes' voice)
What's in it for me?

Plissken stares, a glimmer of recognition on his face.

PLISSKEN
Wait a minute. I know that voice.
(beat)
You're Carjack Malone.

HERSHE
Not any more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
You two know each other?

Plissken seethes. Hershe remains calm, glacial.

PLISSKEN
You owe me. You left me holdin'
everything back there in Cleveland.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
(astounded)
Hershe, you were in Cleveland?

PLISSKEN
Yeah. With me and Texas Mike O'Shay.

HERSHE
I was called away on urgent
business, Snake. Besides -- I
got caught, you didn't.

PLISSKEN
Don't lie to me.

HERSHE
All right, so I made another
deal. I got kicked in the
ass, Plissken, not you. I've
been in here 5 years -- not
you.

PLISSKEN
I got a new deal for you.

Plissken raises his 9mm, aims it right between Hershe's
eyes.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)
You help me, you live.

The others tense, hands on guns.

SAIGON SHADOW
I wouldn't be doin' that,
Snake.

HERSHE
We all have a little arrangement.
Anything happens to me, you're
dead.

PLISSKEN
I'm already dead.

(CONTINUED)

HERSHE
(long beat)
I see your point. What's the deal?

PLISSKEN
(looks at his watch)
Get me to Cuervo Jones. Get me to the Kingdom. I got one hour.

HERSHE
Dream on, blue eye.

PLISSKEN
Say goodnight, Carjack.

Plissken COCKS his gun, starts to squeeze the trigger...

HERSHE
Wait a minute. All right.
Hold on. Cuervo Jones has more firepower than 2 armies.
No one gets near him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
And he's got the black box. And the girl. He holds all the cards.

HERSHE
What black box?

PLISSKEN
The one that turns off all power everywhere, permanently, and we go back to the Stone Age.

HERSHE
That's bullshit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
He's telling the truth, Hershe.
I used to represent the guy who invented it.

(Plissken looks at him)
I swear to God, Snake.

HERSHE
So what's the deal, gorgeous?

PLISSKEN
We get the girl and the black box. And we get out.

(CONTINUED)

SAIGON SHADOW
All of us?

PLISSKEN
(beat)
Yeah.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Me too?

Plissken doesn't answer.

HERSHE
Why should we leave? I love L.A.
Where we gonna go? What's the payoff?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I'd like to get out, but I don't
have enough money.

PLISSKEN
The President's promised to give
whoever helps me 1 million dollars.

HERSHE
Yeah? A million greenbacks? I got
10 million of 'em in the next room.

PLISSKEN
Uh-uh. Bluebacks.

This gets everyone's attention.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Aw, come on, Snake.

PLISSKEN
Bluebacks. I'm not bullshittin'.
I swear to God.

HERSHE
I don't know, sounds thin to me.

PLISSKEN
You want to stay here while
Cuervo Jones rules the world?

HERSHE
(grim)
No, that sucks.
(beat)
How are we getting out?

PLISSKEN
I don't know yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone GROANS.

HERSHE

You always were a loser, Plissken.
Makin' things up as you go along.
That's why I cut out on you in
Cleveland. You're just a bum
like the rest of us.

Smoke has begun to drift into the pool area.

SAIGON SHADOW

(a soft voice)

Use the air.

They look at him.

SAIGON SHADOW (CONT'D)

They're burning. Santa Anas.
The night wind.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

What're you talking about?

SAIGON SHADOW

Death from above.

EXT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

Plissken, Hershe, Map To The Stars Eddie and the Saigon Shadows gang stand on the top deck of the Queen Mary. Each man climbs into his own hang glider rig. The wind whips around them. The hillsides in the distance are on fire.

They look like strange oversized moths lined up on the edge of the deck. The wind picks up Map To The Stars Eddie's rig. He bumps up and down, side to side, buffeted wildly until Plissken brings him back down to the decking.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I don't know about this thing.

PLISSKEN

Don't like it, don't come.

(to Hershe)

Where'd you get these rigs,
Carjack?

HERSHE

My name is Hershe, do you
understand, Plissken?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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As the men check their weapons, Map To The Stars Eddie leans over to Plissken, their hang glider rigs THUMPING clumsily into each other. Eddie holds up that futuristic CD player he was carrying when we first met him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I got an idea, Snake.
(shows Plissken
the radio)
This looks like that black
box, right?

PLISSKEN
Yeah, kinda.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
So maybe we can pull off a
Texas switch on Cuervo.

PLISSKEN
If he lets you get close
enough.

HERSHE
The wind's up. Let's go.

THE MEN

brace themselves. Map To The Stars Eddie looks like he wants to die.

Hershe looks over at Plissken and grins.

HERSHE (CONT'D)
See you in hell, Snake.

PLISSKEN
If I'm late, Carjack, don't
start without me.

With that Plissken launches himself off the deck, sailing out over open space, then down toward the street...

PLISSKEN

gliding through air, as the wind picks him upward. He arcs away from the street level, up toward the remains of the downtown skyscrapers.

Behind him, one after another, the group takes off into the wind, diving, rising with the wind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

makes a rapid suicidal dive right down toward the pavement below. He SCREAMS like a madman until the wind lifts him at the last possible second.

EXT. TOPS OF SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

The group of hang gliders sweep past the buildings. A BRACERO FAMILY is having dinner by candlelight two feet from the edge of a sheer precipice, as the side of the skyscraper they live in has been torn off. They wave to Plissken as he passes.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL in a sheer diaphanous gown dances far out on a narrow girder waving a scarf at the moon.

PLISSKEN AND THE OTHERS

fly now in formation, like avenging bats through the night, except for Map To The Stars Eddie who keeps rising and plunging violently, barely in control.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - NIGHT

An army of vehicles and PEOPLE pour into Disneyland -- but it's a Disneyland gone to hell. A huge sign reads:

THE HAPPY KINGDOM BY THE SEA

The gates no longer exist. The overhead tram lies broken on the ground. Slowly vehicles drive straight inside...

A BATTERED OLD LIMOUSINE

carries Cuervo Jones and a grim-looking Utopia past the ruins of the train and around the ghost-town square of Main Street. Ahead is the fairy castle, broken and crumbling, like some relic from a nightmare. Around it are the thrill rides, tossed into a jumbled mass by the force of the original quake.

CROWDS are waiting. GANGS of every conceivable description. ETHNIC GANGS. FEMALE GANGS. GANGS OF CHILDREN. Also FAMILIES and HANGERS-ON.

As soon as the limousine appears, the crowds begin CHEERING.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones stares out at the masses.

CUERVO JONES

They're simple people. They
love a party.

(turns to

Utopia)

We're gonna throw them one
hell of a party when we get
to North America.

Utopia is silent, sullen. Cuervo raises his hand to her,
and she jumps, cowering.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Put a smile on your face.

A terrified smile spreads across Utopia's face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

As the limousine inches down Main Street, suddenly a wall of
headlights POP ON.

100 or so battered old vintage Chevys REVV THEIR ENGINES,
begin bouncing up and down wildly on hydraulic lifts. GANGS
begin CHEERING, FIRING THEIR WEAPONS into the air like New
Year's Eve.

At the end of Main Street is a huge open area -- almost an
arena.

Beyond is the San Fernando Sea -- filled with ships, boats
of every size and description -- an armada!

As the limousine stops, and Cuervo Jones emerges, Utopia on
his arm. The CHEERING begins, a wall of SOUND through the
park. Cuervo turns to the crowd, extends his arms.

CUERVO JONES

Are you ready for the New World? ____

And the LOUDEST, LONGEST CHEER you've ever heard goes up.

In the sky above, 3 Police helicopters come THUNDERING
downward out of darkness, land in the open area. GANGS
rush forward to capture the POLICE PILOTS.

INT. COMMAND HQ - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Plissken's time left: 00:33:21, 20, 19...

Malloy, the President and Brazen watch a live satellite feed from a videocam inside on the helicopters.

PRESIDENT

Do you see Plissken anywhere?

On the video, a MESCALITO leans in to the videocam, grabs it, and the image goes to STATIC.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(looks at Plissken's
time remaining)

Get my jet fueled and ready to go.

MALLOY

You can't run away. It's too late now. You have to stand. Face it down.

Long beat. The President nods grimly.

PRESIDENT

I'll be in my quarters.
(he walks away)

MALLOY

(to Brazen)

Go with him. Make sure he doesn't try to do anything crazy.

Brazen heads off after the President.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE DISNEYLAND - NIGHT

Plissken and the group sail through the sky like silent avenging angels toward Disneyland below them and several miles away.

PLISSKEN

glances at his wrist watch. Only 20 minutes left. Map To The Stars Eddie swings wildly over in his direction, manages to stabilize his glider for a few moments.

PLISSKEN

Is that what I think it is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Yeah. The place kept changing
owners. Finally went bankrupt.
That thing in Paris killed 'em.

Hershe sweeps over next to Plissken. They soar in close formation.

HERSHE
We need some kind of diversion.

A beat later Hershe and Plissken look over at Map To The Stars Eddie.

EXT. MAIN STREET - THE ARENA - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones leads Utopia toward one of the Police helicopters. The CROWDS head for the sea side and their invasion armada.

Suddenly shooting down out of the sky is a SCREAMING Map To The Stars Eddie, diving out of control, eyes wide as he passes Cuervo and Utopia.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Cuervo. I made it! I made it!
Wait for me...

KAWHUMP!

Map To The Stars Eddie CRASH LANDS into the ruins of a fast food restaurant. A beat or so later he staggers out, dizzy and confused.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
Hey Cuervo...

CUERVO JONES

turns to a Mescalito.

CUERVO JONES
Would you please kill him for
me?

The Mescalito raises his assault weapon...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Cuervo, wait! I got news.
There's about to be an attack!

(CONTINUED)

Cuervo holds up his hand. The Mescalito holds fire.
Map To The Stars Eddie races over...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
You're about to get hit, Cuervo.
It's Plissken.

CUERVO JONES
You told me he was dead.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I thought he was, but he just
showed up.

CUERVO JONES
Where?

Map To The Stars Eddie moves close to Cuervo, out of breath,
looking like he may faint...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Oh Cuervo...

CUERVO JONES
(long beat)
What?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
(stalling)
It's so good to see you again.

CUERVO JONES
Where's Plissken?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
He's...near.

CUERVO JONES
You're stalling, Eddie.
(grabs him)
Talk, you little gringo!

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
(eyes wide)
Cuervo, look out behind you!

Map To The Stars Eddie suddenly grabs Cuervo as if to
protect him, and manages to wrap himself around the
prototype in Cuervo's hand.

At the same moment Mescalitos OPEN FIRE on an old storefront
behind Cuervo. The place is shredded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

89

CUERVO JONES

pulls Map To The Stars Eddie up off the ground, and grabs what looks like the prototype out of his clutches.

CUERVO JONES

You've lied to me for the very last time.

Cuervo pulls out a pistol, COCKS IT, aims at Map To The Stars Eddie's face...

KABLOOM! No, not the pistol. A huge EXPLOSION rocks Main Street.

WHOOSH!

Suddenly out of the night sky the Saigon Shadows dive right down across Main Street.

KABLAM! Another EXPLOSION sends everyone scurrying for cover.

A SAIGON SHADOW

pulls the pin on a grenade, throws it...

BLAMM! BLOOM! EXPLOSIONS erupt everywhere!

CUERVO JONES

grabs Utopia, turns to run toward one of the helicopters, when...

PLISSKEN

ROARS DOWN out of the sky and hits him full force. Cuervo, Plissken and the hang glider go tumbling and crashing in a heap.

SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

CHAOS and pandemonium. Hershe dives down over the Gangs, ripping HELLFIRE from his automatic rifle.

People running. EXPLOSIONS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

90

Map To The Stars Eddie grabs Utopia...

Plissken and Cuervo get to their feet and have at it!

Through flames and running people Plissken and Cuervo battle.

In Cuervo's hand is a long black knife. Just as he's plunging it, Plissken steps aside and grabs him.

Locked together, they battle savagely.

The knife cuts Plissken's chest.

Cuervo moves for Plissken's throat.

Plissken smashes him in the face.

They both grip the knife in a deadlock.

Above them, a Saigon Shadow flies past and drops a grenade.

Cuervo and Plissken disappear in a huge FLASH of fire and smoke as the grenade erupts out of the pavement nearby.

When the smoke clears, three things are on the ground. Plissken. Cuervo Jones. The prototype.

Instantly Plissken and Cuervo dive for the black box.

Plissken has it, kicks Cuervo in the face, drags himself to his feet and takes off running.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE DRAGS UTOPIA

toward the a helicopter, as Hershe comes in for a landing.

THE SAIGON SHADOWS

land, provide covering FIRE!

PLISSKEN

races for the helicopter. Behind him, Cuervo is on his feet and in pursuit.

HERSHE

opens FIRE at Cuervo. Cuervo dives behind a smoking, burning-Chevy.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

as everyone scrambles in. A Saigon Shadow is hit by GUNFIRE. He slides down the bulkhead and out the door.

Plissken jumps in the front left seat, takes the controls. Utopia climbs in the right seat. The others are in the back. FIRING at the Gangs.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Plissken -- did you get the black box?

PLISSKEN
Yeah. Now give me the real one.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
I couldn't make the switch, Snake.

Utopia suddenly reaches back into Eddie's coat pocket, pulls out the real prototype.

UTOPIA
Yes you did. I saw you.

She gives it to Plissken.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)
Now we're even, Snake.

Plissken pulls in power. On the rotor R.P.M. gauge, the needle's at 100% plus. Full power.

EXT. HELICOPTER

The helicopter shudders, trying to get off the ground. GUNFIRE continues.

INT. HELICOPTER

The ship shakes violently.

PLISSKEN
She's overloaded! We're too heavy for takeoff.

HERSHE
Somebody get off!

All eyes quickly move to Map To The Stars Eddie...

KABLAM! Bullets rip through the windscreen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

92

POV - AN ARMY OF GANGS

is moving, through the smoke, charging the ship!

INT. HELICOPTER

The ship trembles. Plissken moves his feet...

TAIL-ROTOR PEDALS

as Plissken jams in left pedal, all the way.

EXT. THE HELICOPTER

rotates, turns around 180 degrees on the ground, pushed by the tail rotor force.

THE CYCLIC CONTROL

as Plissken inches it forward...

THE HELICOPTER

begins sliding across the ground, skids GRINDING along the pavement, sparks flying -- slowly at first, now picking up speed...

IN THE COCKPIT

The ship lurches and jumps and SLAMS! Everyone is bounced around...

THE HELICOPTER

moves fast now -- faster --

LOW ANGLE ON THE SKIDS

as they rise up, an inch off the ground -- then 2 inches -- then a foot...

CUERVO JONES

emerges from the smoke, running ahead of the other Gangs, barreling toward the ever-so-slowly rising helicopter...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93

THE HELICOPTER

as it lifts -- 5 feet -- climbing...

POV BEHIND THE HELICOPTER

We pull away from the charging Gangs and Cuervo's sprinting figure...

POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN

of the Matterhorn ahead, coming closer and closer...

EXT. REAR COMPARTMENT - OTHER SIDE

as Hershe leans out the door...

HERSHE

We're not gonna make it 'over
the fuckin' mountain!

EXT. REAR COMPARTMENT - THE OTHER SIDE

Map To The Stars Eddie leans out, looks back...

CUERVO JONES

grabs a rocket launcher, arms it, aims it at the helicopter!

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

grabs a gun from a Saigon Shadow, aims at Cuervo, FIRES!

CUERVO JONES

is hit. His chest EXPLODES. He staggers back, still on his feet...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(stares at Cuervo)

Jesus, I hit him. I don't
believe it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

74

CUERVO JONES

pulls the trigger on the rocket launcher a moment before he falls dead in the street. KABOOM!

A SCREAMING, burning missile shoots upward...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

SCREAMS!

THE HELICOPTER

The rocket streams into the rear compartment...

KABLAM! The rear compartment EXPLODES into flames!

INT. HELICOPTER

The rear is a blazing inferno. Flames lick at Plissken and Utopia in the front -- the fire walls protect them. All in the rear compartment are dead. Plissken pulls on his cyclic control...

TOP OF THE MATTERHORN

as the helicopter, now burning from its rear compartment, wobbles over the top of the mountain...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

An ALARM HORN SOUNDS. Everyone on the move.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

A crowd surrounds a computer screen with a small green blip moving out over the San Fernando Sea toward Firebase Seven.

COM OFFICER

Aircraft leaving the island,
sir.

Malloy, the President and Brazen exchange glances.

COM OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm getting radio contact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLOY
Boost it.

The Com Officer flips a switch, and we hear Plissken's VOICE BOOMING through hq.

PLISSKEN (V.O.)
Get ready, assholes. We're
comin' in.

MALLOY
(grabs a radio
mike)
Plissken -- this is Malloy.
Do you have the prototype?

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PLISSKEN
I got it. Get the trucks
rolling, we're on fire.

EXT. THE SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

As the burning helicopter lurches through the sky toward the wall.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Plissken struggles with the controls. The fire blazes in the rear compartment.

KABLOOM! Another EXPLOSION as something blows up behind them.

Utopia SCREAMS.

PLISSKEN
Just hang on.

EXT. THE SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

Billowing flames, the helicopter THUNDERS over the dark sea toward the wall just ahead...

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

The crash trucks zoom toward Rotor City. Malloy, the President, Brazen and the rest of the Firebase race toward the landing area.

OVER THE WALL

comes the flaming helicopter. It approaches, then zooms right over Rotor City and heads for the distant treeline.

BRAZEN

Where the hell is he going?

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

as the helicopter drops lower and lower...

INSIDE

PLISSKEN

Jump out. Head for the treeline and disappear.

(she stares at him)

Go!

Utopia jumps...

LANDS ON THE GROUND

and takes off running into the darkness.

THE HELICOPTER

dives toward the ground...

FROM BEHIND PLISSKEN - INSIDE

looking out the front, SEE the ground come up, hit!

KABLOOM! Plissken ducks. THE BLADES SMASH THROUGH the windscreen, barely missing his head.

The fuselage jumps and twists in a GRINDING fury. Fire billows into the cockpit, engulfing Plissken...

EXT. HELICOPTER - SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

Plissken pulls himself out of the door. He is on fire. He dives away from the chopper and rolls across the ground, just as the flaming mid-section of the ship EXPLODES in a ROARING FIREBALL.

PLISSKEN

climbs to his feet, smoking, wounded...

...as Malloy, the President, Brazen and a SQUAD OF POLICE arrive in vehicles. They slowly get out...

Plissken limps toward them.

PRESIDENT

Give me the prototype.

Plissken reaches into his boot, hands it to the President.

MALLOY

Hold it, Snake. Now give us the real one.

Plissken reaches down into his other boot, comes out with Map To The Stars Eddie's CD player. The President hurls the real prototype away, walks to Plissken and grabs the phony.

PLISSKEN

Give me the goddamn shot!

Nobody moves. Plissken looks at Malloy. Suddenly everyone beings to smirk. A couple COPS LAUGH.

PRESIDENT

It was all a fake, Plissken.

Plissken stares at him. More LAUGHTER.

BRAZEN

We gave you a mild case of the flu. You may need a little bedrest. Be sure to drink plenty of liquids.

Plissken moves toward the President, stops inches away.

MALLOY

Relax, war hero. We took you for a ride, and you came through. Not bad for a dirtbag like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

You're free, Plissken. But if you even so much as break wind on a country road I'll squash you like a bug.

The President turns, walks away carrying the phony prototype. Plissken stares at the real prototype on the ground.

COP (O.S.)

Commander...Look what we found.

Across the clearing come 2 POLICEMEN dragging Utopia along with them. They bring her up in front of Malloy. Utopia looks at Plissken, shrugs.

MALLOY

You didn't finish the mission, Snake. We'll have to do that for you.

Plissken, Malloy and Brazen watch as Utopia is taken away. Finally Plissken turns to Malloy.

PLISSKEN

Got a smoke?

MALLOY

You're gonna have to learn to respect the law. The United States is a no smoking nation. No smoking, no drinking, no drugs, no women unless you're married, no guns, no foul language. It's a brand new day for you, Snake.

PLISSKEN

The name's Plissken.

Plissken walks away. FOLLOW his feet as they stop next to the real prototype lying in the grass...

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Utopia is being strapped into an electric chair by her POLICE GUARDS. The Guards step back from Utopia. One of them walks over to a huge switch on the wall.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

TRACKING SHOT WITH PLISSKEN. He holds the prototype, sets the aiming device, calmly pushes the button.

EXT. SPACE - DAWN

The ring of space satellites hover silently above the Earth. SEE North America below, as a beautiful sunrise is beginning.

Suddenly the SATELLITES EXPLODE INTO WHITE...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

As the sky is lit white. Malloy, Brazen and the Cops look up. All vehicles stop. Lights out. SOUNDS of MOTORS RUNNING DOWN.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - DAWN

Darkness. No power. Everyone looks around. Utopia smiles.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

The President stares in horror as Police helicopters fall from the sky, CRASHING. Panic. COPS run everywhere.

PRESIDENT

He did it. The Sword of Damacles.

The President looks at the CD player.

DUTY SERGEANT

We're being attacked.
The north wall.

EXT. WALL - DAWN

All of L.A. has arrived at the hole in the containment wall in boats. GANGS use ropes, hooks, ladders to scale the wall. Pipeline leads the charge.

EXT. TOP OF THE WALL - DAWN

GUNFIRE. A pitched battle as COPS try to repel the horde of L.A. invaders as they pour over the wall.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

The Firebase is overrun by invaders. Hand-to-hand combat. Malloy fights alongside his men. World War III has begun.

Panicked Cops race for the trees, abandoning their positions.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER

As the Third World warriors free Utopia from the electric chair. She joins them as they swarm through the halls...

EXT. HILLSIDE - FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

Plissken is at the edge of the Firebase, moving out into the hillside. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM toward the rising sun.

A smile crosses Plissken's face. He tosses the prototype down a ravine, and walks away into the sunrise.

FADE OUT.