

**JOHN CARPENTER'S**  
**ESCAPE FROM L.A.**

written by  
John Carpenter  
Debra Hill  
and  
Kurt Russell

PARAMOUNT PICTURES  
5555 MELROSE AVE.  
LOS ANGELES, CA 90038

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John Carpenter's  
ESCAPE FROM L.A.

BLACK SCREEN

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

1

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

A LINE OF POLICEMEN - NIGHT

2

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

3

of Los Angeles, on the coast of southern California.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The city of Los Angeles is ravaged  
by crime and immorality. A  
Presidential candidate predicts a  
millennium earthquake will destroy  
L.A. in divine retribution.

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

4

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

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

5

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

THE 4-LEVEL INTERCHANGE

6

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.

7

CARS ROLLING, CRASHING. PEOPLE RUNNING. GAS MAINS EXPLODING.

8

BUILDINGS CONVULSING AND DROPPING LIKE TINDER AGAINST AN INFERNO.

9

THE SANTA MONICA PIER

10

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. The  
 country's capitol is relocated from  
 Washington D.C. to the President's  
 home town of Lynchburg, Virginia.

SCENE OMIT

11

WHAM! A TORCH-LIT LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

12

The ruins of L.A. Rubble, smoke, a lethal wasteland. An ARMY of  
 terrifying FIGURES climbs atop a mountain of debris.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

12

They raise their weapons into the night sky.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

By January of the year 2001, street gangs, South American terrorists and the criminally insane capture Los Angeles Island, the once-great City of Angels.

HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

13

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 all entry into the U.S.

\*  
\*  
\*

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Los Angeles Island is declared no longer part of the United States, and becomes the emigration point for all people found undesirable or unfit to live in the new moral America.

A red line tracks along the mountainous shoreline, defining the new border of the United States.

Police firebases and gun emplacements are indicated in the San Gabriel Mountains.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The United States Police Force, like an army, is encamped along the shoreline, making any escape from L.A. impossible. From the southeastern hills of Orange County to the northwestern edge of Malibu, the Great Wall excludes L.A. from the mainland.

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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

13

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
The President's first act as  
Permanent Commander-in-Chief is  
Directive 17: once an American loses  
his or her citizenship, they are  
deported to this island of the  
damned -- and they never come back.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: 2013. NOW.

FADE IN:

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

14

Searchlights sweep down across a column of POLICEMEN marching  
past a concrete wall.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)  
Attention. We are on tactical  
alert. Remain at battle stations.

As CAMERA BEGINS TO CRANE UP the wall, SUPERIMPOSE:

L.A.  
FRIDAY 1900 HOURS

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.

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

15

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

WATCH COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Tujunga station, clear.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

16

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

16

Patrolling multi-bladed, totally evil Police battle helicopters THUNDER overhead.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Helo Nine-One-Yankee, clear, the San  
Fernando Sea.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WALL

17

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.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Helo Seven-Five Bravo, clear, Santa  
Sue Pass.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - BEHIND THE WALL - NIGHT

18

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.

WATCH OFFICER (V.O.)  
Firebase Seven, clear.

HUGE METAL GATES

19

at one end of the camp swing open. A Police transport RUMBLES into the Firebase.

A CROWD OF POLICEMEN

20

gather as the transport pulls to the stop. They stand quietly, staring at the truck in anticipation. COPS with camcorders videotape a POLICE ANCHOR, an on-the-spot reporter for the Police Channel.

.POLICE ANCHOR  
War hero. Criminal. The Force's  
Most Wanted Man. Convicted of 27  
moral crimes. Arrested 2 weeks ago  
on a charge of gunfighting for  
profit in New Vegas, Thailand, U.S.  
Territory.

\*  
\*  
\*



INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

21

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 truck and the crowd around it.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D V.O.)

It's been 16 years since his famous rescue in New York, and the reports of Plissken sightings have remained constant during that time. However -- verified Plissken sightings did not exist -- until now.

A TALL, STEEL-FACED OFFICER

sits at his desk staring at a map of L.A. Firebase COMMANDER MALLOY. Hard, battle-weary features. Border Czar BRAZEN comes up, kneels beside him, shows him a small computerized homing device, a tracer. The tracer's screen shows a blinking red light.

\*

\*

BRAZEN

We're still picking up a trace from one of the rescue team, sir.

MALLOY

(stares at the red light)

Stationary signal?

BRAZEN

(points to the L.A. map)

Hasn't moved from this location.

MALLOY

Means he's hiding, captured or dead.

BRAZEN

So we go with Plissken?

MALLOY

He's all we've got.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

22

The rear of the truck slowly lowers like a drawbridge. Out of it comes...

SNAKE PLISSKEN. Long hair. Black eye-patch. Tight-lipped grimace. Coiled aggression and intense cynicism. He is handcuffed and escorted by FOUR ARMED GUARDS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

22

A line of Cops watch as Plissken is marched into camp. The camcorders move ahead to get into position. Plissken is stopped in front of a DUTY SERGEANT holding a clipboard.

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

22A

Malloy and Brazen watch the Police Channel on a t.v. set: a SHOT of Plissken being led across the compound.

BRAZEN  
That's Snake Plissken?

MALLOY  
What'd you expect?

BRAZEN  
(unimpressed)  
I don't know. He looks so...retro.  
Y'know, kinda 20th Century.

MALLOY  
(looks at his watch)  
Let's get started.

Malloy heads off, followed by Brazen...

EXT. SIGN ABOVE CONCRETE BUNKER - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

22B

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 toward the bunker entrance. A LOUDSPEAKER BLARES 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 and sentenced to permanent expulsion beyond its borders.

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 bunker entrance. The Duty Sergeant walks beside him. The camcorders move with them, capturing every word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22B

DUTY SERGEANT

(indicates the  
Deportees)

Take a look at 'em, Plissken.  
Prostitutes, atheists, runaways.  
We're throwing out the trash.

Plissken glances at the Deportees. If he has any reaction to them, we don't notice it.

The Duty Sergeant looks at his clipboard.

DUTY SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(reads)

'S.D. Bob Plissken. Special  
Forces. 2 Purple Hearts. Youngest  
man ever decorated by the President.  
Rescued a different President in  
'97.'

(looks at Plissken)

So what happened to you, war hero?  
You were the best we had. Now  
you're just like them.

(indicates the  
Deportees)

They stop as the camcorders gather around Plissken.

DUTY SERGEANT (CONT'D)

You had it all, but you turned away  
from your country. Why?

(gestures to the  
camcorders)

The whole nation's watching you.  
Every good and decent person who  
works hard and follows the rules.  
Be my guest -- what do you have to  
say, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

Call me Snake.

INT. SODIUM VAPOR CORRIDOR - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

23

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 Deportation Center.

NOTE: all Police in the corridors wear white surgical masks and gloves to protect them against diseases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

23

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)

You are now entering the Processing Area. The next scheduled departure to L.A. is in 1 hour.

As they move past Deportees, some bleeding, some wrapped in rags, 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.

PLISSKEN

reacts, turns to watch her move off down the corridor.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

24

Cold steel walls. Deeper into the processing Area. The Deportees here are in worse shape. Some appear to be dead. Plissken rubs the spot on his hand where he was scratched.

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 - NEAR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

25

Malloy, Brazen and a 3RD MAN -- tall, charismatic, grim -- move urgently along a corridor. No masks or gloves in this area of the complex.

MALLOY

So what have you got?

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

No change since '97, huh?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

25

BRAZEN

He's gotten worse. Zero emotional development. Total lack of compassion. A highly developed psychopathic instinct to survive.

MALLOY

The only thing he's ever cared about is staying alive for another 60 seconds.

3RD MAN

Let's get this over with.

INT. CONCRETE CELL - NIGHT

26

The cell door SLAMS shut. Plissken turns around. Still handcuffed. 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?

(no reply)

I gotta admit, I thought we had you in Cleveland. C'mon, you can tell us now. How did you...?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PLISSKEN

Get to the deal.

MALLOY

What?

PLISSKEN

You need me for something. What is it?

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

(CONTINUED)

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10A.

CONTINUED:

26

3RD MAN  
Show him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

26

Brazen pulls out a common remote control unit, used by the Police Force and the rest of society. It resembles a video remote control. Then he pulls out a plastic case, opens it, and takes out what looks like a small silver c.d. This is the instruction disc. It programs the remote control unit. Brazen inserts the silver c.d. into the top of the control unit, then punches several buttons.

The lights in the cell go down, and suddenly a computer-rendered image appears in mid-air in front of Plissken:

INT. BENFORD DEFENSE LAB - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

27

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 Space Defense Lab. The President's daughter Utopia was among them. Somehow during the tour, she came into possession of a top secret prototype unit.

(beat)

An hour later, Utopia boarded Air Force 3 to Lynchburg.

\*

INT. MAIN CABIN OF AIR FORCE 3 - CAMCORDER

28

From the point of view of a camcorder. Utopia stands inside the main cabin of Air Force 3. In one hand she holds a black anodized box the size of a small briefcase. 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.

They watch the screen...

BRAZEN

At 1140 hours, she hijacked Air Force 3. We scanned this onto VR. Check it out.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

28

Brazen enters another code into the remote control unit, pushes the button...

SUDDENLY THE IMAGE

29

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

INT. MAIN CABIN OF AIR FORCE 3 - VIRTUAL REALITY

30

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. To the President -- my father. You know what's in here.

(holds up the black box)

Unless you open your borders, allow all the wrongfully accused to return to their country, and abdicate your throne, I will use this -- on you and the United States.

CONGRESSMAN

Utopia, please. Give us the black box. 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

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

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

WHAM!

31

The VR image suddenly disappears. Plissken is again standing inside the concrete cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31

Malloy, Brazen and the 3rd Man stand in front of him.

BRAZEN

Her emergency escape pod landed  
somewhere in L.A. Her E.L.T.  
signal ceased immediately. After  
that, silence.

MALLOY

We sent in a 5 man rescue team. All  
but one of them was killed within a  
few hours of landing on the island.

PLISSKEN

Hell of a team.

MALLOY

Shut-up, Plissken.  
(to Brazen)  
Get on with it.

BRAZEN

Right after her sister committed  
suicide, Utopia began to withdraw  
from life 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

Somebody else was in there with her.

Brazen operates the remote control unit:

AN IMAGE APPEARS

32

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, but she missed one 5-second  
image. We ran a data scan and found  
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.  
Blindingly handsome, charismatic.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

32

MALLOY

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

32

Cuervo Jones smiles, reaches out his arms to CAMERA as if to embrace it. ZIP! The image suddenly pops back to the beginning -- it's on a loop.

CLICK. THE IMAGE DISAPPEARS. THE LIGHTS IN THE CELL COME UP. 33

BRAZEN

Somehow, Cuervo Jones 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. He used her to steal the black box.

PLISSKEN

Sad story. You got a smoke?

MALLOY

This is serious, Plissken. The black box is a matter of national security.

PLISSKEN

What's it do?

MALLOY

Top secret. Only on a need-to-know.

PLISSKEN

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

Suddenly the 3rd Man appears next to Malloy and Brazen. He holds up some papers.

3RD MAN

If you go into L.A. and bring back the black box, you'll receive a full pardon for every immoral act you have ever committed in the United States.

\*

PLISSKEN

So that's the deal?

\*

\*

THIRD MAN

That's the deal.

\*

\*

PLISSKEN

Who are you?

The President glares at him. There's power and danger about him.

(CONTINUED)

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14A.

CONTINUED:

33

PRESIDENT  
I am your President.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

33

PLISSKEN

(nods)

Understand you've got some domestic problems.

\*  
\*

PRESIDENT

(jaw clenches)

Put the black box 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.

MALLOY

Last chance, Snake.

PLISSKEN

For what?

PRESIDENT

Freedom.

PLISSKEN

In America? That died a long time ago.

PRESIDENT

(EXPLODES)

All right, I've heard enough of this. Explain to him why he is going to do what we tell him to do.

PLISSKEN

(to Malloy)

What's he talking about?

MALLOY

The Plutouxin 7 virus. Ever heard of it?

Now Plissken's listening.

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

33

PLISSKEN

(to Malloy)

Are you the asshole who's gonna die  
tryin' to put that shit in me?

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN'S FACE

as an IMAGE of the Female Officer in the Deportation Center  
FLASHES suddenly. Her fingernail scratches his hand. Plissken  
looks down at the scratch, tightens.

BRAZEN

Catches on quick, doesn't he?

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. 9:31:15, 14, 13...

MALLOY

Designer viruses, Plissken. Wave of  
the future. Right now you have less  
than 10 hours to live.

BRAZEN

It's already starting to move  
through your bloodstream. Put your  
hand on that touch 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.

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

(holds up a hypodermic)

Of course there's an antidote.  
Neutralizes the virus immediately  
upon injection.

PRESIDENT

Which I will personally authorize  
once your mission is accomplished.

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

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

33

PRESIDENT  
(to Malloy)  
The man is too dumb to survive L.A.

\*

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

34

The real Malloy, Brazen and President stand in front of a holocam, a compact holographic 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

35

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...

MALLOY  
Nice to be working with you, Plissken.

\*

PLISSKEN  
You better hope I don't make it back.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

36

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

BRAZEN  
Core burner. Magnesium ammo. 500 extra rounds.

Plissken ignores the machinegun, picks up a small silver pill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

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

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

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

The dart is filled with Urolite. It'll stun the enemy for several seconds.

Plissken picks up the tracer with the small red light.

MALLOY

Each member of the rescue team had a Tracking Chip implanted in his arm. We think one of them may still be alive. You can locate him with that tracer.

BRAZEN

You have your own Tracking i.d. Chip in your radio.

Plissken examines a pocket walkie, then picks up a portable holocam that looks similar to the one inside the surveillance room.

BRAZEN

Holocam. Portable holographic camera. It'll project your image up to a half mile away. 100% audio send and receive capability.

MALLOY

It's a prototype, Confuse and deceive the enemy.

BRAZEN

Has a mini-nuke battery. Good for about 8 minutes. But you can only use it once.

MALLOY

So save it for when it counts.

Plissken nods, picks up a box of stick matches, examines it, looks to Malloy.

MALLOY

Plain old-fashioned stick matches. Never know when you might need them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

36

Plissken pockets the matches.

PLISSKEN

Where are my guns?

Malloy reaches behind him, pulls out Plissken's black gun belt and futuristic 6-shooters. The gun belt is packed with ammo.

MALLOY

I thought you might want those.

(tosses Plissken dark clothing)

Stealth clothing. Fire retardant.

Nullifies heat detection.

(beat)

Put 'em on.

MONTAGE: (LIMBO SET) Glimpses of Plissken's 'Stealth outfit, boots, etc. Like an old Western gunfighter, he straps on his guns. Slips his coat on. Holocam into coat pocket. Over this, we hear...

36A \*

BRAZEN (V.O.)

Some areas of the island have intermittent power. They're on line to San Onofre.

MALLOY (V.O.)

L.A.'s in a constant state of warfare. Gangs fighting for the right to rule. This ain't New York, Plissken. In L.A. everybody's got guns.

BRAZEN (V.O.)

Heavy Third World connections. Weapons, drugs, fuel, food -- everything is pumped into the island from the South.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

37

Plissken walks across the Firebase toward Malloy and Brazen waiting for him. Plissken is loaded with equipment and weapons. 6-guns in their holsters, machinegun, the works. He joins Malloy and Brazen and they continue walking...

BRAZEN

Listen up, Plissken. L.A.'s being primed as a beachhead for an invasion of the United States.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37

Plissken has no reaction.

MALLOY

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

(Plissken shrugs)

That's right, I forgot. You don't  
give a shit.

BRAZEN

Cuervo Jones runs with Shining Path,  
and their goal is to take back North  
America. The revenge of pre-  
industrial societies.

MALLOY

Shining Path has united all Third  
World Nations. Now the Cubans and  
Brazilians are poised to invade  
Miami.

BRAZEN

If the Ugandans and Colombians make  
a run at the border, we got a full  
scale attack on the United States.

MALLOY

The stakes are high, Plissken.

OMITTED

38  
thru  
40

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

41

Plissken, Malloy and Brazen walk through a dark, dank access  
tunnel.

PLISSKEN

How am I going in?

MALLOY

Submarine. One-man submersible.  
Nuclear powered.

(off Plissken's look)

Just like the turbine model.  
Throttle up, keep it in the green,  
throttle back.

A hatch in the tunnel floor stands open. A ladder disappears  
into darkness. Plissken arranges his gear, climbs into the  
hatch opening.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

41

BRAZEN

You'll put ashore at the Cahuenga Pass. Make your way up through the mountains toward the Hollywood Bowl. Use the tracer and locate the last member of the rescue team. If he survived, he's the only source of information you'll have inside the island.

PLISSKEN

Do I bring him back too?

MALLOY

Negative, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

Figures.

MALLOY

He's probably dead already. In any case, once you go inside, you're on your own. When you've secured the black box, get back to the submarine. It's your only way out.

Plissken starts down the ladder...

MALLOY (CONT'D)

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

Plissken stares at Malloy.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

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

PLISSKEN

So you want me to eliminate her?

(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 antidote?

MALLOY

A medical team will be standing by.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

41

                    PLISSKEN  
Not you?

                    MALLOY  
No.

                    PLISSKEN  
Good.

Plissken raises the machinegun, 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

42

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

43

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

44

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

                    MALLOY  
Com check.

                    PLISSKEN (V.O.)  
I'm here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

45

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

46

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

INT. SUBMARINE

47

PLISSKEN  
75% power.

MALLOY (V.O.)  
Hands on switches and counting.  
5... 4... 3... 2... 1. Launch.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY

48

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

INT. SUBMARINE

49

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

EXT. THE WALL - NEWHALL PASS - NIGHT

50

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

51

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

52

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

53

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

54

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

INT. SUBMARINE

55

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

56

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

57

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

INT. SUBMARINE

58

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

EXT. VENTURA & HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY INTERCHANGE UNDERWATER - NIGHT

59

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 85. The sub SCREAMS past.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

60

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

BRAZEN

His reactor's starting to overheat.

MALLOY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

61

Plissken glances at the gauge, taking his eye off the computer maps. His nuclear turbine readout: green, moving to yellow, into red.

PLISSKEN

You slow down, dickhead -- I'm the one who's dying.

He pushes it up to 102%.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

61

Plissken's eye flicks back to the computer maps...

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

PLISSKEN

Shit!

Plissken pulls hard on the controls.

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

62

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.

INT. SUBMARINE

63

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

64

The sub suddenly tips upward, rising for the surface.

EXT. SHORELINE - CAHUENGA PASS - NIGHT

65

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

INT. SUBMARINE

66

Plissken presses the hatch controls.

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

67

begins to slide backward down toward the water.



INT. SUBMARINE

68

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

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

69

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.

The sub sinks into the sea, bubbling, churning, HISSING. Plissken has ONE BEAT -- BEEP! He takes out his pocket walkie.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken...?

PLISSKEN

I'm here. Cahuenga Pass.

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

Locals only, 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. He's PIPELINE, 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:

69

PLISSKEN  
Just passing through.

Plissken slowly moves up the hillside past Pipeline.

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

But Plissken's moved off into the darkness.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT - RAIN

70

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. A few beats later, a dark FIGURE follows him.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - RAIN

71

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

In a flash he disappears around a tree. A moment later the FIGURE follows...

CLOSE ON THE TREE

Wham! Pipeline's face FILLS the SCREEN. He looks around for Plissken. Just as he's about to move on, a gun barrel jams into his temple. Plissken's face appears behind Pipeline.

PLISSKEN  
What do you want?

PIPELINE  
Nothin', dude. I just realized who you were, that's all.

PLISSKEN  
That's all?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

71

PIPELINE

C'mon, man -- I'm not lookin' for trouble.

(Plissken lowers his gun)

I used to hear about you all the time. Saw you on the Police Channel. Man, you were cool, Snake. Although I kinda thought you'd be taller.

\*

PLISSKEN

Which way to the Hollywood Bowl?

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)

Thanks for not killing me, man. I owe you one.

(beat)

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

72

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

73

is ROARING its way down the hill toward him.

PLISSKEN

74

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

74

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

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

75

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.

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

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

EXT. VINE STREET - NIGHT

76

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.

EXT. HIGH SHOT - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

77

Looking down Hollywood Boulevard. The ruins of the old Chinese Theater. A CROWD on the street. BLACK, LATINO, NATIVE AMERICAN GANGS. Plus the usual Hollywood Boulevard STREET TRAFFIC: HOOKERS, DRUG DEALERS, etc. Plissken moves up the Boulevard...

GORGEOUS HOOKERS

78

stand under a marquee which reads:

SAFE SEX  
NO CONDOMS NEEDED

POLYPROPYLENE ORIFICES  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

PLISSKEN

moves through the street traffic. A PRETTY HOOKER blocks his way for a moment.

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

Plissken moves on, stares at his tracer, then turns a corner into an alley.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78

THE ALLEY

Fires. Steam. Wet. Dark. Dangerous. HOOKERS and CUSTOMERS look for a good time. BIKERS, an ASIAN GANG, other dangerous-looking characters lurk in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED: (2)

78

Plissken moves down the alley, stops as his tracer makes a BEEPING SOUND. He steps to a doorway, follows the blinking red light and steps inside. Above the door is a sign: 'ZERO PLASTIC'.

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. RUN-DOWN THEATER - NIGHT

78A

An old movie palace gone to ruin. HOOKERS and CUSTOMERS everywhere. PIMPS, THIEVES, various TOUGH-GUYS lurk here and there like silent predators. Plissken moves into the theater, following the blinking red light on his tracer. A BARKER gives a spiel to an enthusiastic GROUP...

\*  
\*  
\*

BARKER

Dont hold back! If sex isn't worth dying for, what is? Our girls very well could carry STD's that KILL YOU!! Experience all-out sex with that added thrill -- DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE? Contraction of disease NOT guaranteed!

BOB  
BUSH

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Plissken descends some steps, rounds a corner...

\*

WHAM!

Stuck on a wall with huge knives protruding from all over his body, a POLICE RESCUE TEAM CAPTAIN is pinned like a butterfly, dead as a doornail. 2 SKIN-HEADS dressed in fatigues stand in front of the body. One of them pulls the knives out of the Captain -- they're using him for target practice. The other turns and looks at Plissken.

SKIN-HEAD

Hundred bucks says you can't put 5 blades into him.

(holds up 5 huge  
knives)

Want a throw?

Plissken ignores him, glances at the tracer, CLICKS it off and throws it away.

SKIN-HEAD (CONT'D)

Hey, one-eye, I'm talkin' to you, man.

PLISSKEN

Where do I find Cuervo Jones?

SKIN-HEAD

What do I look like -- a fuckin' tour guide?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78A

Plissken simply turns and walks away from him, the Skin-Head  
glaring after him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

78A

Plissken intercepts A BLONDE-HAIRED HOOKER before he reaches the door to the alley. She has no polypropylene, at least none that we can see.

BLONDE HOOKER

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

PLISSKEN

I'm looking for Cuervo Jones.

BLONDE HOOKER

You look familiar. Have I done you before?

PLISSKEN

Cuervo Jones. Where is he?

BLONDE HOOKER

On his way to take down the cops, make 'em kiss his fine ass. Why -- do you work for Hershe? I heard she's lookin' for Cuervo too.

Plissken grabs her.

PLISSKEN

Where?

BLONDE HOOKER

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

(Plissken releases her)

That's better. You can see him on Sunset. He's supposed to be comin' by any time now.

PLISSKEN

Where's Sunset?

BLONDE HOOKER

You really are new, aren't you?

(beat)

C'mon, I'll show you.

As she leads him toward the door, the 2 Skin-Heads approach, armed to the teeth with those huge knives.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

78B \*

Plissken and the Blonde Hooker come out of the theater. She points down the alley.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

78B \*

BLONDE HOOKER

Keep goin' down that way, honey --  
you can't miss it.

Plissken heads off down the alley, as the 2 Skin-Heads step out of the doorway.

SKIN-HEAD

(calls after Plissken)

Hey, one-eye!

Plissken just keeps walking.

SKIN-HEAD (CONT'D)

Look in my face when I talk to you,  
shitheel!

Plissken keeps walking away. Hookers and Customers move for cover. The Skin-Head raises his knife to throw it into Plissken's back...

Plissken turns, BLASTS the Skin-Head with his machinegun without breaking stride.

The Crowd in the alley stares at the Skin-Head's body on the pavement...

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

79

Plissken arrives at Sunset -- a grimly different Sunset these days. Completely trashed. Dark. Devastated. He joins a CROWD of HOOKERS and GANG MEMBERS CHEERING at something coming this way down the street. Malloy speaks over the walkie.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken?

PLISSKEN

Go ahead

MALLOY (V.O.)

Did you find the Team Member?

PLISSKEN

Yeah. They're using him for target practice. He's not gonna be much help.

A SOFT RUMBLING. The ground shakes as another mild earthquake hits. No one pays attention.

MALLOY (V.O.)

What're you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

79

PLISSKEN  
Watch the parade.

\*  
\*

MALLOY (V.O.)  
What?

\*  
\*

CLICK. Plissen silences the walkie. Looks off toward...

\*

HIS POV - A CARAVAN

is headed this way. Leading the pack is a 60's Chevy Impala. Its roof has been chopped off, the sides and hood painted with graffiti. Severed doll heads are glued all over the hood. A large, glittering disco ball spins atop the trunk, catching shards of light and flicking them back into the night...

Sitting on the back seat like celebrities in the Santa Claus Parade are CUERVO JONES and UTOPIA. She's dressed in black lace underwear, garters and stockings. A Playboy fantasy. She holds the black box. Cuervo talks into a hand mike. A loudspeaker under the disco ball BLARES out his words...

CUERVO JONES  
Amigos. Meet me at the Happy  
Kingdom. We got our freedom. We  
got a future. Let's party tonight,  
'cause tomorrow we're gonna style  
our way back to glory!

PLISSKEN

stares as the Chevy passes. The crowd is going nuts.

SEVERAL MOTORCYCLES

bring up the rear of the caravan. MESCALITOS ride with their WOMEN slung behind them. As the last bike passes, Plissen darts out of the crowd...

...yanks the WOMAN off the back of the cycle, jumps on.

ON THE MOTORCYCLE

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

Plissen guns the motorcycle and it ROARS off, around the other bikers.

ON PLISSKEN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

79

Plissken stares up ahead. The Chevy 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 machinegun and FIRES!

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

ATOP THE CHEVY

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

PLISSKEN

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

Then Plissken squeezes his hand-brake.

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

Finally the Harley flops over, skids, EXPLODES.

Plissken guns it again, takes off after the Chevy.

ON CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

looking back at Plissken...

CUERVO JONES

That looks like Snake Plissken.

UTOPIA

Who?

CUERVO JONES

You never heard of Snake Plissken?

(Utopia shrugs)

Used to be a gunfighter. He kinda faded out from the scene a few years ago. I hear he slowed down some.

2 MORE MESCALITOS

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

79

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.

CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

UTOPIA

He doesn't look that slow, Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES

(getting pissed)

Yeah...

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.

THE CHEVY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

79

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...

CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

CUERVO JONES  
(watching Plissken get  
closer)  
This asshole's starting to piss me  
off.

Cuervo Jones climbs up onto the rear of the Chevy...

MESCALITOS

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

BUT PLISSKEN

keeps moving toward the Chevy...

SUDDENLY A HAND

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

WHEN CUERVO JONES

leaps from the Chevy 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  
disrespects me, gringo. Not Snake  
Plissken, not nobody.

A BOLAS-SWINGING MESCALITO

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

PLISSKEN

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

79

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 machinegun.

Cuervo crouches on the roof, HISSING at Plissken.

CUERVO JONES

Take him out!

PLISSKEN

80

lies in the street for several beats, then climbs to his feet, his black jacket falling to the pavement 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...

BUT PLISSKEN DRAWS

his 2 six-shooters 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. Suddenly, headlights appear, coming this way. More Mescalitos. Plissken quickly moves off down Sunset...After a few beats, a car pulls up, stops. A MESCALITO gets out, surveys the scene, picks up Plissken's jacket.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. SUNSET AND DOHENY - NIGHT

80A \*

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

\*  
\*  
\*

Plissken approaches the intersection. He looks at his watch. 7 hours to go. He pulls out his walkie.

\*

PLISSKEN

Malloy.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

80A

MALLOY (V.O.)  
I'm here, Plissken.

\*  
\*

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

81

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

81

MALLOY (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Do you have the black box?

\*

\*

PLISSKEN (V.O.)  
Negative. And I just lost the core-  
burner and holocam.

\*

\*

MALLOY  
(into radio)  
I don't need to hear what your  
problems are, Plissken. Just get  
the black box. You've got 7 1/2  
hours.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

INTERCUT WITH EXT. SUNSET & DOHENY

82 \*

PLISSKEN  
Listen to me. This guy's got more  
heat around him than the President.  
I can get your precious little black  
box back, but I'm gonna need more  
time, you understand? So get the  
antidote ready, I'm comin' back.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

The President grabs the microphone from Malloy.

PRESIDENT  
(into radio)  
If you get back in that submarine,  
I will blow you out of the water.  
If you climb the wall, I'll burn you  
down. Do you understand, Plissken?

PLISSKEN  
(softly, to himself)  
Welcome to the human race.

PRESIDENT  
That little headache that just  
kicked in only gets worse. You're  
starting to feel the effects of the  
virus. Pretty soon you'll have a  
fever and loss of energy. Keep it  
in mind, Plissken. You'll just have  
to push through it. So you'd better  
get moving.

CLICK. Plissken shuts off the walkie, slips it into his  
holster.

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39A.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OLD TOURIST SHOP

83 \*

Plissken looks around.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

83

He spots an old beach chair near the ruins of an old tourist shop. Next to the beach chair is an old 'map to the stars' sign.

Plissken sits in the chair. He slowly reaches for the back of his head. It hurts.

Suddenly, he senses something from behind. He jumps up, whirls around, draws his gun and aims it...

VOICE

Don't shoot, don't shoot!

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

steps out of the tourist shop. He's a petty thief, con man. He's been hustling tourists and everybody else all his life.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I thought it was you. Yeah -- 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.

(extends his hand)

Pleasure to meet you. Call me Map To The Stars Eddie.

\*

Plissken doesn't raise his hand to shake.

PLISSKEN

Where's Cuervo Jones?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

He's the man with the juice, Snake. Got the President's daughter. He's setting up something big -- but I got a feeling you know all about that.

Plissken draws a gun, points it at Map To The Stars Eddie's temple.

PLISSKEN

Location.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Just went by a little while ago. That way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

83

He points off into the darkness down Sunset toward Beverly Hills.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

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

Plissken slowly lowers his gun, looks at his watch once again.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

And if you're goin' through Beverly  
Hills, you're gonna need a map.

Map To The Stars Eddie whips out a remote control unit identical to the one Brazen used at the Firebase. He quickly opens a plastic case, takes out an identical silver c.d., inserts it into the remote control unit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

It's prerecorded. I narrated it.

He punches in a 3-number code, pushes a button, and we HEAR his VOICE coming from the remote control unit...

EDDIE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome to your very own map to the  
stars. Sure, we all know the Big  
One wiped out the entertainment  
industry here in L.A. -- but the  
glamour and excitement of Hollywood  
is still alive. So come with me and  
see where the stars used to live  
when L.A. was the show business  
capital of the world...

But Plissken turns away early on in Eddie's prerecorded speech. He walks down Sunset toward Beverly Hills without further word.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Snake. You're gonna need this,  
I'm telling you. I'll give you a  
deal. Fifty thousand bucks. A real  
bargain.

Plissken's figure disappears into the darkness down Sunset. Map To The Stars Eddie CLICKS OFF the remote control unit. An evil smile crosses his lips.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

Sucker.



EXT. SUNSET - SIGN - NIGHT

84

The old Beverly Hills sign. Painted over in red letters: QUIET! SURGICAL ZONE. Plissken walks down Sunset toward a dark and devastated Beverly Hills.

HEAR the SOUND of AMBULANCE SIRENS rising and falling in the distance.

EXT. SUNSET AND BEVERLY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

85

Plissken approaches the intersection of Sunset and Beverly. The ruins of the old Beverly Hills Hotel are just ahead. The lower part of the Hotel appears to be intact. The neighborhood is filled with blackened trees. The once-beautiful mansions are now dark and ruined.

An old exhaust-spewing ambulance SCREAMS down Sunset from the west.

Plissken stops by some blackened trees and bushes to watch the ambulance make a turn into the Beverly Hills Hotel driveway. It stops and FIGURES emerge from the Hotel, gather around it, unload several PEOPLE tied to gurneys.

Another ambulance comes WAILING down Beverly, pulls into the driveway. More PEOPLE are taken out lashed to gurneys.

Plissken glances around...

WHAM!

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

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

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

TASLIMA

(whispers)

Get down, man -- they'll see you!

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

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there -- hide fool!

Plissken looks at her, then at the ambulances and Figures across the street, draws his guns, then starts to move on...

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, no, man! You can't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

85

PLISSKEN

moves away from the bushes, when suddenly A FIGURE rises some 20 feet in front of him. Plissken freezes. The Figure stands staring at him. Neither one moves. Gazes locked. Then Plissken senses something to his left...

PLISSKEN'S POV

There, not 10 feet from him, stands ANOTHER FIGURE already aiming a strange-looking weapon at Plissken.

PLISSKEN  
(too late)

Shit.

ZZZZOOOOOPP! Out of the barrel of the weapon a milky white, gooey substance shoots forward and instantly entwines Plissken in a spider-web-like grip. In a matter of seconds Plissken is immobilized. Trapped. He glances at Taslima...

TASLIMA

is frozen -- when suddenly ANOTHER FIGURE leaps upon her from out of the darkness, drags her away.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

85A \*

On a computer screen, Plissken's Tracking i.d. Readout is flashing: TERMINATED. Brazen stares in horror at the screen, turns, hurries over to Malloy and the President.

BRAZEN  
Plissken's tracer just went down.

MALLOY  
Terminated?

BRAZEN  
Yes sir. And we can't locate him on heat seek. He's wearing Stealth.

PRESIDENT  
(long beat)  
Now what?

MALLOY  
Hold tight. Wait for him to communicate with us.

PRESIDENT  
Wait? For how long? He's probably dead.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

85A

MALLOY  
 Wait, Mr. President.  
 (beat)  
 Wait. Give the man some time.  
 Please.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The President stares at him.

\*

CLOSE - PLISSKEN

86

Plissken is being wheeled along...

\*

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY - SURGICAL THEATER - NIGHT

...a dark, dilapidated hallway by VARIOUS SHADOWY FIGURES.

They are SURGICAL FAILURES. They have mis-matched body parts: a black-skinned arm attached to a pale white body, female body parts mixed with male heads.

Their faces are unnaturally smooth -- too many face lifts.

\*

Plissken's wrists are tied to the gurney. The milky-white strands wrapped around his body are cut away by someone moving alongside. On the other side of the gurney, another FIGURE is taking apart Plissken's walkie-talkie, pulling out the battery, discarding the rest.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FIGURE (V.O.)  
 Save this 60 volt battery. It's  
 perfect for a 'King Seven'  
 artificial heart.

\*  
\*  
\*

Plissken is wheeled into...

\*

A HUGE SURGICAL THEATER

Dark. Lit by torches and glowing lights on stands.

An old marble stairwell has been turned into a surgical theater. On one side of the room HUMAN BODY PARTS are on display like filets of fish on ice.

5 VICTIMS, normal people captured from outside Beverly Hills, are tied upright to gurneys on the floor. A large operating table, covered with blood, sits in the center of the room. Some of the Victims are drugged. Others have tubes in their mouths, i.v.s hooked into their veins. NURSES prep for an operation.

Plissken is wheeled up, turned upright, and anchored to the floor right next to...

Taslima.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

86

TASLIMA

I told you to stay down. Now look  
what you did. You got us both  
caught.

WOMEN FACIALISTS with acid-burned faces from one-too-many skin  
peelings push tables with knives, saws, hideous-looking carving  
instruments passed Plissken and Taslima.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. My boyfriend  
and I had a fight tonight, so he  
dumps me on Santa Monica. Then I  
got spotted by an ambulance driver  
and he chases me all the way up to  
Sunset. Then you come along and  
BANG -- !

(stares at Plissken)

Are you Snake Plissken?

(no response)

You kinda look like him, in a way.  
And by the way, genius -- we're both  
dead meat.

Plissken glances across the room.

Standing back in the shadows are SURGICAL FAILURES. Scary  
looking. Half-hidden by torchlight.

PLISSKEN

Who are they?

TASLIMA

Surgical failures. They live here.  
Too many implants and face-lifts  
over the years. Their muscles  
turned to jello. The only way they  
survive is to have fresh body parts  
transplanted over and over again.

(looks over)

Uh-oh...

A MAN

in a blood-stained surgical gown walks in. All activity stops.  
The man's face has been surgically sculpted into a bizarre mask-  
like visage. A gun in a holster is strapped over his gown.

PLISSKEN

Who's that?

TASLIMA

The Surgeon General of Beverly  
Hills.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

86

THE SURGEON GENERAL walks along the row of gurneys, examining the fresh Victims before him. In his right hand he carries a huge scalpel made up of 10 gleaming blades which form a 360 degree cutting edge.

SURGEON GENERAL  
(referring to the  
Victims)  
These are no good. You couldn't  
give them away. And this...  
(stops in front of a  
woman)  
I can do nothing with this one.  
Wheel it away.

The Woman Victim is quickly pushed out of the room.

SURGEON GENERAL (CONT'D)  
I can't work with garbage like this.

A CLOAKED FIGURE steps out of the shadows.

CLOAKED FIGURE  
It was a slow night, Surgeon  
General.

But now the Surgeon General's spotted Plissken and Taslima...

SURGEON GENERAL  
Now these two... They look very  
good.

As the Surgeon General moves toward him, Plissken turns his head sideways, to a small hidden pocket near his neck. With his teeth, he pulls out that silver mouth dart, slips it onto his tongue, closes his mouth.

The Surgeon General Stops in front of Plissken, stares at him.

SURGEON GENERAL (CONT'D)  
What a beautiful blue eye. It's a  
shame he only has one.  
(SNAPS his fingers)  
Nurse!

A NURSE brings over a small step-ladder.

The Surgeon General positions the step ladder in front of Plissken, slowly climbs up the rungs until he is face to face with him.

SURGEON GENERAL (CONT'D)  
Still -- one eye is better than  
none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

86

The scalpel tips of the Surgeon General's right hand move to within a few inches of Plissken's good eye. The fingers stretch to pluck the eye from its socket...

FFFVTTTT! Plissken spits the mouth dart.

It hits the Surgeon General squarely in his forehead. He freezes, his scalpel hand raised, his eyes clouding. He falls forward...

AND HIS SCALPEL HAND

misses its mark, and instead cuts the rope tied around Plissken's wrist. WHACK!

In a flash Plissken grabs the scalpel with his free hand, cuts the ropes on his other wrist and legs.

Plissken grabs the Surgeon General around the neck, takes his gun from its holster and aims it at his temple.

PLISSKEN

Back off or I blow his brains out.  
And then yours.

\*

Everyone begins to move back slowly. The Surgical Failures, Facialists, Interns and Nurses are stunned, motionless.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

My guns. Now.

After a beat, a FIGURE holding Plissken's two six-guns walks up and hands them to him.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

Now just relax and he won't die.

Plissken drags the Surgeon General toward a hallway...

TASLIMA

Hey man -- help me!

\*

PLISSKEN

Why?

TASLIMA

You'll never get out of here without me. Really.

PLISSKEN

(long beat)

Untie her.

A NURSE unties Taslima, who quickly joins Plissken. They back away toward the hallway. Plissken drags the Surgeon General.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

86

Taslima is right behind. Suddenly they stop.

The hallway in front of them is filled with SURGICAL FAILURES standing with hand weapons waiting for them.

TASLIMA

Come on.

Taslima heads off into a room. Plissken follows.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Taslima races to a broken window, scrambles through it.

TASLIMA

This way.

Plissken shoves the Surgeon General away, follows Taslima through the broken window...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

87

Plissken and Taslima race from the Beverly Hills Hotel toward a manhole cover in the street. Behind them, FIGURES emerge racing after them.

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

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

88

Dim, greenish light.

TASLIMA

Down here.

They run down the sewer tunnel into the distance.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

89

A dark passage. Plissken and Taslima come running up, stop, out of BREATH.

TASLIMA

There should be a turn-off down here somewhere.

Plissken looks at his watch. 5 hours to go.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

C'mon...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

89

They move quickly through the passage, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.  
They reach a turn-off into a storm drain. Taslima leads the way.

INT. STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

90

Plissken and Taslima walk now.

TASLIMA

I think we lost 'em.

PLISSKEN

I think we're lost.

\*

TASLIMA

This way.

(beat)

I used to run guns with the Black  
Jihad last year. We drove golf  
carts up and down these tunnels. I  
know 'em like the back of my hand.

(looks at him)

You are Snake Plissken, aren't you?

PLISSKEN

I used to be.

TASLIMA

I thought you'd be taller.

(beat)

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

\*

PLISSKEN

I'm dyin'.

TASLIMA

(smiles)

But you gotta find something first,  
huh?

PLISSKEN

The President's daughter. She's  
with Cuervo Jones.

TASLIMA

Deja vu, huh Snake?

(he looks at her)

I heard about Leningrad and  
Cleveland, everybody knows about New  
York, and now L.A. It's like you're  
trapped in a loop.

(more)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

90

TASLIMA (Cont'd)

(long beat)

So you gotta get to Cuervo's place,  
huh? I've been there once. You  
don't want to go there.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PLISSKEN

Show me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

90

TASLIMA

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

INT. SEWER RECLAMATION CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

91

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

TASLIMA

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.

PLISSKEN

Yeah, well sooner or later they get everybody.

\*

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

92

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

TASLIMA

(points)

Cuervo Jones' place is down that way. Get off at the Vermont exit, go South. You can't miss it. But be careful.

(more)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

92

TASLIMA (Cont'd)  
This is Korean Dragon territory.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

92

TASLIMA (Cont'd)  
It's dangerous around here.  
(Plissken turns to walk  
away)  
Goodbye, Snake.

\*

He keeps walking.

\*

TASLIMA (CONT'D)  
Snake.

He stops, turns. She strolls up to him.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)  
When you find the President's  
daughter, you gonna take her back?

PLISSKEN  
No.

TASLIMA  
So you're gonna stay in L.A.?

PLISSKEN  
Not if I can help it.

She takes another step closer 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 real close)  
My boyfriend and I broke up tonight --  
so I'd love to take care of you.  
I'll make you feel good, Snake.

Plissken looks at her, then glances at his watch. Just about 4  
hours to go. He looks up at her once again, then turns and  
walks away...

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

93

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. Suddenly he stops.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

93

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...

PLISSKEN

listens, then suddenly spins around, drawing one of his six-guns.

A JUNKED CAR

From behind the car comes a familiar VOICE:

TASLIMA (V.O.)

Snake -- it's me.

Taslina peers around the car, then hurries over to Plissken.

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

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

Plissken glances at the group around the campfire.

TASLIMA

They're new. They don't belong to  
any gang. They're just scared,  
that's all. 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.

PLISSKEN

Why do you stay?

TASLIMA

Hey, L.A.'s still the place, Snake.  
When you think about what's happened  
on the other side of the wall - -  
that's the prison. This is the only  
free-zone left anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

93

PLISSKEN  
(looks out at the city)  
Dark paradise.

TASLIMA  
At least we get something out of the  
deal. I mean, a girl can wear a  
real fur coat around here if she  
wants to. And y'know, once you  
figure this place out, it's really  
not so bad.

\*  
\*  
\*

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.

TASLIMA  
They're coming, Snake.

PLISSKEN  
Who?

TASLIMA  
I don't know.

She dies. He stares at her 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

94

A carload of KOREAN DRAGONS ROARS down a street parallel to the  
freeway, BLASTING away with their weapons. They are all 12 to  
13 years old.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

95

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

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

96

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

96

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

97

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
I didn't think I'd ever see you again. How'd you ever get out of Beverly Hills? No one gets out of there alive.

Plissken grabs him around the collar...

PLISSKEN  
Maybe that's why you let me walk in there.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
I tried to tell you, man -- you gotta have my map to get around. I know how to get through Beverly Hills without getting caught by those butchers. But I knew if you did make it through, you'd come out here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

After a beat, Plissken releases him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You gotta start listening to me, Snake. I've got connections around here. You need something, I'm the man to see.

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54A.

OMITTED

98

ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

99

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I mean, you can't just be walkin'  
around town without knowin' the  
ropes. You take the wrong street,  
you're dead, pal.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

99

Plissken jams his gun 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.

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

Plissken slumps back, collapses in the seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

99

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

100

kicks in hard. Suddenly everything turns to hard black and  
 white. \*

PLISSKEN

101

fightes 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!

OMITTED

102

FADE IN:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

103

PLISSKEN'S GOOD EYE

opens. Looks around fuzzily.

He is in a large dilapidated locker room. Torch-lit. We SEE  
 row upon row of work-out machines, some from the '90s, some more  
 modern.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

103

Stairmasters, Versaclimbers, treadmills, rowing machines, free weights, etc. Plissken is tied upright to one of the machines.

In one corner, a remote T.V. hookup is being prepared. A futuristic lasercam sits on a tripod. Lights.

Cuervo Jones strides into the room 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? I figured out what the cops sent him in to do. Plissken was the second rescue team. He was supposed to get the black box and the girl, and then take 'em back over the wall. He did it once before, so they figured he could do it again. Only one problem. They didn't figure on you, Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES

(puffing)

You're right, agent.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

So 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.

Cuervo downs the carrot juice. Plissken lifts his head. Sweat pours down his face. Out of the corner of his eye, Plissken catches a glimpse...

...of his watch. Only 3 hours to go. Cuervo leans close to Plissken.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Running out of time, Snake. But don't feel so bad.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

103

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

You beat the odds for a little while.

(his smile fades)

It's a shame 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. 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.

(beat)

Funny, though. I thought you'd be taller.

\*

Utopia bounds into the room. Right behind her is TEST TUBE, 40's, Cuervo's computer operator and all-around handy-man. Test Tube carries the black box.

TEST TUBE

They're almost set up, Cuervo.

UTOPIA

(sees Plissken)

What's he doing here?

CUERVO JONES

Snake? He's looking for this.

Cuervo takes the black box from Test Tube.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Spookin' for the man now, huh, Snake? I never thought I'd live to see it. You workin' with the cops.

UTOPIA

(scrutinizes Plissken)

He could be a fake, Cuervo.

Utopia moves closer to Plissken.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

He's supposed to be a famous gunfighter?

(Cuervo nods)

I mean, he looks so -- I don't know -- out of it.

Test Tube sets up a computer and a futuristic monitor.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

103

TEST TUBE  
I'm all set, Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES  
Hey, Snake. Good news. You came to  
just in time for my little  
demonstration. Gonna show the  
President what he gets for sending  
you in here.

\*  
\*

(to Test Tube)  
Tell him how it works.

TEST TUBE  
Really?

CUERVO JONES  
Sure. Snake don't give a shit which  
side he's on.  
(to Plissken)  
And after you see this, you'll want  
to be on my side.

Test Tube turns the monitor toward Plissken and punches up a  
visual of what he explains.

TEST TUBE  
I originally heard about this when  
I worked for NASA. Then the fuckers  
kicked me out of the country. So I  
hooked up with Cuervo and told him  
about it.

Test Tube opens the black box. All eyes in the room go to it,  
as he pulls out a remote control unit exactly like the one  
Brazen used and Map To The Stars Eddie used.

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)  
Common, ordinary remote control  
unit, right? Everybody's got one.  
But here's the kicker...

Test Tube reaches into the black box, takes out a silver c.d.  
that is, again identical to the ones we have seen except for one  
thing: a small, red dot, laser encoded, near the center of the  
disc.

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)  
This instruction disc hooks you  
right into the Sword of Damacles,  
the ultimate defensive weapons  
system. Take a look.

Test Tube punches buttons on the computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

103

AN IMAGE

appears on the monitor: a computer-rendered view of earth from space. Orbiting high above is a ring of satellites that surround the planet like a necklace.

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)

There's a ring of satellites encircling the earth. Attached to each satellite is a mega-neutron bomb with a laser optic aiming device. When detonated...

Test Tube punches more buttons on the computer. The ring of satellites on the monitor explode, sending out a massive pulse down toward earth.

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)

...each satellite unleashes an intense electro-magnetic pulse. E.M.P.

(more buttons)

E.M.P. doesn't harm a living thing. People, animals, plants -- nothing.

Plissken watches intently...

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)

What it does is shut down every known power source. All electrical devices -- cars, airplanes, toasters, computers -- everything. Even batteries. Pretty old technology, actually. It's been around since the Gay 90s. But this...

(holds up the silver c.d.)

...makes this...

(holds up the remote control)

...an aiming device that gives the user incredible accuracy.

Test Tube punches another button. On the monitor, SEE the E.M.P. pulse suddenly narrow to a pinpoint on the earth, then widen again and spread out to cover the whole planet.

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)

You can pinpoint precisely what you want to shut down. A taxicab in Buenos Aires. The entire country of Spain. Brilliant.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

103

Test Tube hands the silver c.d. and remote control unit to Cuervo Jones.

TEST TUBE (CONT'D)

Hell, you could key in all the satellites and shut down the whole planet -- send it right back into the Dark Ages!

CUERVO JONES

Of course shutting down the Earth would be useless. Everything equal, everybody equal. That's no fun, right Snake?

(walks to Plissken)

Power where everyone is equal is no power at all. Me, the President, you -- even the taxi driver in Buenos Aires -- we'd all be the same. Nobody wants to play on a level field, Snake.

The Mescalito who picked up Snake's jacket on Sunset Blvd. comes out. He's now wearing the jacket. NOTE: Whenever we see this Mescalito from now on, he wears Snake's jacket.

\*  
\*  
\*

MESCALITO

We're ready,, Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES

(nods to him)

Whoever has this controls who doesn't have power. And that, amigo, is total power. Pretty cool, huh?

(no response)

Check it out, Snake. You're gonna like this.

Cuervo walks over to a broadcast area that's been set up. Test Tube goes with him.

TEST TUBE

Now remember, Cuervo -- you gotta punch in the world code first, right? Six-six-six. That brings all the satellites on line. Then you can aim the prototype.

CUERVO JONES

Hey, pendejo -- you think I'm stupid?

TEST TUBE

Sorry, Cuervo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

103

Cuervo steps in front of the lasercam, issues an order to no one in particular.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

103

CUERVO JONES

Bring 'em in.

A door is opened and a GROUP of 10 DEPORTEES file in and stand on marks behind Cuervo. In the front of the pack is a poor LATINO with his PREGNANT WIFE and BABY.

\*

\*

OMITTED

104  
thru  
105

INT. COMMAND H.Q. - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

106

A clock reads 3:28. PAN to find the President, Brazen and Malloy

\*

\*

PRESIDENT

\*

Let's face it. He's dead.

\*

BRAZEN

\*

I agree.

\*

MALLOY

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

PRESIDENT

\*

The mission's scrubbed, Commander.  
I should have never let you talk me  
out of an air strike in the first  
place.

\*

\*

\*

\*

(a beat)

\*

Well, I'm ordering it now. Full  
scale, effective immediately.  
Target: Los Angeles. Flatten it.  
burn it.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MALLOY

No.

\*

All activity in the room freezes.

\*

PRESIDENT

\*

What did you say to me?

\*

MALLOY

\*

Cuervo Jones is holding all the  
cards. He sees our aircraft coming  
in, he pushes the button -- BOOM!  
No more aircraft, no more U.S. of A.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

106

PRESIDENT  
(losing it)  
We don't even know for sure if Jones  
knows how to use the goddamn thing!

A T.V. monitor jolts to life. On the screen: Cuervo Jones and the Illegal Immigrants live from the Coliseum locker room.

WE INTERCUT:

CUERVO JONES  
Hello, North America. Buenas  
noches, Sud America. I am Cuervo  
Jones, your new leader. And this...  
is the real L.A.

Cuervo gestures to the Deportees behind him. As if on cue, they all look despondent and down-trodden.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
People without a country. People  
without hope. Do you know what they  
want? Liberation. They want a  
chance to live before it's all gone.  
They've been hated for too long.  
Now it's their turn.

Cuervo holds up the silver c.d.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
I'm taking over now -- with this.

\*

Cuervo drops the c.d. into the remote control unit. He CLICKS it on. Then he punches in the world code number: 666.

A GRAPHIC appears on another monitor:

WORLD CODE  
ACTIVATED

The President, Brazen and Malloy -- along with the other Controllers -- stare in silent shock at the screen.

PRESIDENT  
He knows the world code.

CUERVO JONES  
Now I told you not to try to get  
this back, didn't I? But you  
disobeyed me. Well...

\*  
\*  
\*

On TV, Cuervo punches in the target code...

\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

106

BRAZEN

Sir, I think he's entering the  
target code...

\*

A GRAPHIC SHOWS:

WORLD CODE  
ACTIVATED  
TARGET CODE  
497  
ACTIVATED

CUERVO JONES

Bend over, Mr. President. Time for  
a spanking.

\*

\*

BRAZEN

(stares at a computer  
screen)

Mr. President -- he's targeting  
Lynchburg! He's going to shut down  
the Capitol!

PRESIDENT

Patch me through to the White House.  
Now!

MALLOY

This broadcast is going out live all  
over the country.

CUERVO JONES

(on t.v.)

Say goodnight to the missus, El  
Presidente.

The President is handed a red portable phone.

PRESIDENT

(into phone)

This is the President. Put my wife  
on.

CUERVO JONES

(on t.v.)

Are you ready?

PRESIDENT

(into phone)

Hello, Eve...

Over the phone, HEAR the panicked VOICE of the President's  
constantly CHATTERING WIFE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

106

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes, I know. I'm watching too.

Yes... yes, I know...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

106

CUERVO JONES

(on t.v.)

King Cuervo says... curfew!

Cuervo punches a big red button on the prototype. Over the red phone, the CHATTERING is suddenly cut off.

PRESIDENT

Eve? Are you there? Eve?

CUERVO JONES

Hey, Presidente. Silence is golden, no?

The President is stunned.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Now don't tell me you didn't enjoy that just a little bit. I mean, if your wife's anything like your daughter, she's sweet to eat -- but you just can't shut her up.

UTOPIA

(honestly stung by this comment)

Hey! Knock it off, Cuervo!

CUERVO JONES

See what I mean?

(punches in a new code)

Now -- this is set to shut down the entire United States. So listen carefully. I want a police chopper to pick me up at the Happy Kingdom no later than 5 a.m. Don't piss me off or I pull the plug.

MALLOY

(stares at the t.v. screen)

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

On the right side of the t.v. image, Plissken is visible in the b.g. tied down.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

I knew he was still alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

106

CUERVO JONES

(on t.v.)

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

106

SSSSSSSSS. Static. The room is silent.

MALLOY

I'd say he knows how to use it.

PRESIDENT

I'm at the mercy of this madman!

MALLOY

Don't count Plissken out, sir.

PRESIDENT

(exploding)

Plissken tanked! He's a P.O.W.!

MALLOY

But he's still alive.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

107

The Mescalitos CHEER. Test Tube's ecstatic.

TEST TUBE

It worked, it worked!

CUERVO JONES

Good thing for you it did.

A Mescalito approaches Cuervo, leans into his ear.

MESCALITO

(re: the Deportees)

Cuervo, they're hungry. What do I do with them?

CUERVO JONES

I don't care -- get rid of them.

The Mescalito nods, then ushers off the Deportees. Utopia is clearly affected by Cuervo's callousness. Cuervo notices Utopia looking at him.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

(to Utopia)

Go get dressed. We have things to do.

UTOPIA

(somewhat cautiously)

Are we gonna eat soon? I'm starved.

Cuervo gives her a slap on the butt, which startles Utopia. She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

For the first time, we see a little fear in her eyes.

\*

CUERVO JONES

Go on, now. Do as I say.

Plissken watches as Utopia slowly walks away.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

107

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

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

(moves to Plissken)

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

(leans close)

So what do you think? You want to  
hook up with me? Join the  
revolution?

(holds up the remote  
control unit)

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

\*

Plissken says nothing. His good eye glares.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

No? Too bad. You're not as smart  
as I thought you were.

(to several Mescalitos)

Get him ready.

Cuervo places the remote control unit back into its black box,  
wheels and marches off. The Mescalitos move to Plissken, begin  
to untie him, pull him to his feet. The Mescalitos hold their  
guns on him, usher him forward out of the locker room.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

108

Plissken is marched along. Ahead, 2 MESCALITOS drag a dead,  
bloodied BODY toward us.

As they pass Plissken, we NOTICE the dead man has some strange  
object of death protruding from his back. HEAR the GROWING  
CHEER of a CROWD...

EXT. L.A. COLISEUM - NIGHT

109

Plissken steps out onto the playing field of the L.A. Coliseum.  
Lit by torches. The stadium lights are on, casting a surreal  
glow over everything.

The playing field is now a gladiators' arena. Four large chain-  
link cages hold GLADIATORS, members of different L.A.

gangs, fighting hand-to-hand combat, battles to the death.

In the center of the field is a huge basketball court enclosed  
by chain-link fencing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

In the stands and on the field, the FANS are grouped together according to their gang affiliation. GIRL GANGS, BIKERS, BLACKS, ASIANS, etc.

Plissken passes the Latino Deportee from Cuervo's t.v. broadcast being dragged away from his family and thrown into a cage with a TERRIFYING APE OF A MAN holding what appears to be a gigantic pair of scissors known as 'Jaws of Death'. It says so right on his cage.

Plissken glances ahead, SEES...

THE BASKETBALL COURT

Inside the caged-in basketball court, A TALL, SKINNY MAN is stumbling, exhausted, dribbling a basketball toward one of the baskets.

PLISSKEN

watches as the crowd YELLS in unison...

CROWD

6! 5! 4...!

BIG SCOREBOARD

Points: 6. Shot clock: '... 3... 2...'

THE BASKETBALL COURT

The Skinny Man stumbles to his knees as the crowd EXCLAIMS:

CROWD

... ONE!!!

A LOUD shot clock BUZZER goes off: AAAAAAAHHHHHHHH! Then, a BOOMING VOICE:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Shot clock!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

About 20 SHOTS are fired from 20 BLACK JIHAD GUARDS positioned around and outside the chain-like fencing enclosing the court. They are clad in old Laker uniforms that are riddled with bullet holes.

THE TALL, SKINNY MAN

is HIT. He falls dead on the court. The cage door is unlocked. 2 MESCALITOS drag the bullet-riddled body off the court. 2 TOWEL BOYS run onto the court to swab the bloodstained floor boards.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

109

PLISSKEN

Taking in the insanity. He looks up to find...

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-1

Cuervo and Utopia move into his private box. **Map To The Stars**  
Eddie hovers nearby.

Utopia pulls a hot dog from a sack and begins hungrily devouring it. Cuervo shoots her a glance.

CUERVO JONES

All you want to do is eat.

Utopia doesn't respond. Cuervo slaps the hot dog out of her hands.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

Eat later.

UTOPIA

(angry)

Cut it out, Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES

Watch your tongue, little one.  
Cuervo don't like back talk.  
Understand?

Now spooked, Utopia nods.

THE PLAYING FIELD

109-2

The poor Latino thrown into the 'Jaws of Death' cage is trapped. The APE-LIKE GLADIATOR's 'scissors' are criss-crossed around the Latino's neck, poised for the kill. The Ape-Like Gladiator looks up to Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-3

True to Caesars of yore, Cuervo gives a thumbs down.

INSIDE THE CAGE

109-4

The Ape-Like Gladiator disposes of his victim with a LOUD SNAP! \*

CUERVO JONES' BOX - UTOPIA

109-5 \*

This is more than she bargained for. She is clearly repulsed. \*  
Unlike the crowd - which reacts in a fairly bland manner.  
They're jaded as shit. A smattering of BOOS. Cuervo doesn't  
really blame them. He's bored too.

(CONTINUED)

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69A.

CONTINUED: (3)

109

CUERVO JONES  
All right, all right.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

109

Cuervo grabs a microphone, stands.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
(into mike)

Hey!

That's all he has to say. The crowd shuts up pretty quickly.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
(into mike)

I told you tonight was gonna be special. And believe me, it is -- in more ways than one. I promised you all freedom, didn't I? Before the sun rises this day you will see it.

The crowd CHEERS enthusiastically. Cuervo's working it now. He raises his hand for quiet, gets it.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
I also promised you one last great spectacle of death here in this historic arena. Now you will see that death!

(beat)

I give you... the death of Snake Plissken!

THE CROWD

109-6

goes apeshit.

PLISSKEN

109-7

is led to the cage surrounding the basketball court. The cage door is opened. Plissken is shoved inside. CLANK! The gate shuts. Locked.

Plissken wanders to center court.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-8

Cuervo lifts his hand for silence.

CUERVO JONES  
Some people think you're already dead, Snake. Some say you never will be. Well, tonight I prove them both wrong. 'Cause you may have survived Cleveland and you may have escaped from New York... but this is L.A., vato! And you're about to find out...

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

109

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
(pauses for effect)  
THAT THIS FUCKIN' CITY CAN KILL  
ANYBODY!

THE CROWD

109-9

They're crazed: STOMPING, CHEERING, CHANTING.

CROWD  
L.A.! L.A.! L.A.! L.A.!

PLISSKEN

109-10

watches the 20 Black Jihad Guard in Laker uniforms march into position around the cage.

CUERVO JONES  
Game time!

109-11

The Guards turn their backs to the chain link fence and look up to Cuervo. They raise their rifles over their heads. Instantly, everyone becomes deathly still.

109-12

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

A basketball bounces toward Plissken, then rolls to a stop at his boots.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-13

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
(over mike)  
As one warrior to another, I honor  
your legend. And a legend should  
die while he's still full of life,  
adrenaline pumping through his veins -  
not strapped helpless to a chair  
like they do in the north. And  
so...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(a dramatic beat)  
Basketball! Two hoops. Full court.  
10 second shot clock.

\*  
\*

(beat)  
Miss a shot -- you get shot. Shot  
clock buzzer goes off before you  
shoot -- you get shot. 2 points for  
a basket. No 3 point bullshit.

(beat)  
All you gotta do is make 10 points.  
That's it.

(beat)  
By the way, nobody's ever walked off  
that court alive. Nobody.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

109

CUERVO JONES' HAND

We're on his thumb as it pushes a big red button. AAAAAAHHHHH!  
The BUZZER sounds.

SCOREBOARD

109-14

Point: 00. Shot clock: 10... 9... 8...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

109

PLISSKEN

picks up the ball and dribbles to the near end basket (the one nearest the cage door). At 3 seconds he throws up a lay in. It's good.

SCOREBOARD

Points: 02. Shot clock: 10... 9...

PLISSKEN

The crowd is into it. Plissken takes off for the far end basket. At 2 seconds, he pulls up and banks in a 10-footer. It's good.

SCOREBOARD

Points: 04. Shot clock: ... 9... 8...

PLISSKEN

races to retrieve the ball, gets it, heads down court. He's about 2 feet behind the 3-point-circle with 1 second left. He pulls up. Jumper. Ball's in the hoop.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-15

The crowd loves it. Map To The Stars Eddie's impressed.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Nice shot!

Cuervo leans forward, confident.

CUERVO JONES

Now he's getting tired.

SCOREBOARD

109-16

Relentless. Points: 06. Shot clock: ...7, ...6 ...

PLISSKEN

breathes harder. He's retrieved the ball under the basket. He spins, heads for the other basket.

As always, the crowd is counting down the seconds.

Plissken's just past half court. 1 second left to shoot. So Plissken lets it go.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

109

THE BALL

Long arc. Crowd watches. Ball hits the back of the rim. And goes around and... around and... arounnnd aannnd... drops in!

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-17

Cuervo stands. He smells blood.

CUERVO JONES  
He's dead now.

THE BALL

109-18

is bouncing up and down directly beneath the basket.

PLISSKEN

GASPS for air. He takes off for the rebound.

SCOREBOARD

Points: 08. Shot clock: ...7, ...6, ...

THE CROWD

109-19

is on its feet, SCREAMING out the last seconds...

CROWD  
5...! 4...! 3...!

PLISSKEN

109-20

picks up the ball, spins... 2 seconds! He takes one step toward the basket waaaay down on the other end...

1 second! Plissken reaches back and lets the ball fly out of his hand like a discus thrower from 2 thousand years ago!

The BUZZER goes off -- but the ball's in the air.

THE BLACK JIHAD GUARDS

raise their weapons...

THE CROWD

109-21

holds its breath.

THE BALL

109-22

sails through the hoop. Nothing but net.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

109

SCOREBOARD

Points: 10. Shot clock: 0

FULL SHOT

Total silence. Just the THUMP THUMP THUMP of the ball bouncing on the floor. The crowd slowly looks to Cuervo. This has never happened before. Ever.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-23

Cuervo's shocked. He can't believe it. Then he hears it as we do. A soft CHANT that begins to rise...

CROWD

Snake... Snake... Snake...

PLISSKEN

109-24

looks around as the CHANT grows...

CROWD

Snake! Snake! Snake!

THE BLACK JIHAD GUARDS

lower their rifles, look around at the crowd. The CHANT is LOUD now.

CROWD

SNAKE! SNAKE! SNAKE!

PLISSKEN

looks up at Cuervo, then starts to walk, reminiscent of 'The Rifleman' as he walks the entire length of the court. The crowd's CHANT gets LOUDER with each step he takes.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

109-25

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

This town loves a winner.

Cuervo lunges for a Mescalito, grabs his rifle. Utopia intervenes.

\*

UTOPIA

Come on, Cuervo - he did it.

\*

\*

CUERVO JONES

Nobody makes a fool out of me.

He brusquely shrugs her off.

\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (10)

109

PLISSKEN

109-26

nears the closed cage door, SEES Cuervo grab the rifle.

PARALLEL CUTTING: Cuervo stands up on top of his box,  
shoulders his rifle.

109-27

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11) 109

Plissken SEES him, bolts for the side fencing, jumps, starts climbing up... 109-28

Cuervo aims... 109-29

Plissken climbs, is almost at the top... 109-30

Cuervo gets Plissken in the... 109-31

CROSS-HAIRS of the SCOPE. Plissken's just reached the top BLAM! The rifle CRACKS and the crosshairs jolt just as Plissken bails over the side... 109-32

Cuervo looks down to see... 109-33

Plissken coming up on the outside of the cage, unharmed... 109-34

Cuervo shoulders the gun again, takes aim... BOOOOMMM! Not the rifle this time -- a LOW, SUB-BASS RUMBLE grips the night air. Earthquake! 109-35

The Crowd stops chanting. Holds on. The BOOMING continues...

Plissken takes off across the playing field headed for the tunnel entrance. 109-36

Now the RUMBLING subsides. It's just a minor trembler. Cuervo looks down for Plissken. Sees him running. Shoulders his rifle again... 109-37

Plissken ducks into the tunnel just as Cuervo FIRES. The bullet RICCOS off the wall. 109-38

CUERVO JONES 109-39

Shit!  
(to several Mescalitos)  
Find him!  
(grabs a totally shaken Utopia)  
We're goin' to Anaheim.

\*

Plissken sees them start to move out of the Coliseum from a spot inside the tunnel hidden from sight. He turns and runs for the outside... 109-40

OMITTED 110  
thru 112

EXT. L.A. COLISEUM - PARKING LOT AND STREET - NIGHT 113

The Coliseum is emptying out. The Crowd pours out of the exits, rushes to their cars.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

113

MOVING WITH Cuervo and Utopia as they hurry toward Cuervo's Chevy. Map To The Stars Eddie quickly catches up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

113

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Hey, Cuervo. Wait up...

CUERVO JONES  
Get lost, agent.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Come on -- we have a relationship  
here, man.

Suddenly Cuervo spins on him.

CUERVO JONES  
Let me make something clear to you.  
I'm starting to get irritated.  
That's not a good thing.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Irritated with me? Cuervo -- I'm  
taking care of you, I'm with you in  
all this, don't you understand?

CUERVO JONES  
Yes. And I also understand you used  
to work for Hershe. And anybody who  
works for that bitch should have  
their balls cut off and shoved in  
their mouth. Now -- do you  
understand?

The Mescalitos that Cuervo sent for Plissken rush up...

MESCALITO  
We can't find him, Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES  
So keep looking.

CAMERA MOVES WITH the Mescalitos as they turn and dash back to  
look for Plissken, through the Crowd scrambling for their cars.

CAMERA KEEPS MOVING, around an old car, DOWN to the side, where  
Plissken crouches unseen in the shadows, out of breath,  
watching. He sees Cuervo Jones and Utopia, then moves off...

CUERVO'S CHEVY

as he and Utopia move their way closer. Suddenly CAMERA DROPS  
DOWN, past another old car, a battered-up Dodge in the  
foreground.

A shadowy FIGURE quickly ducks behind the trunk of the Dodge.  
It's Plissken. He watches Cuervo Jones and Utopia. They're  
getting near the Chevy. And he has no gun.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

113

A slight wind blows a piece of old, yellowed newspaper against Plissken's leg. He looks down at it, gets an idea, grabs the newspaper and wads it up. CAMERA MOVES WITH Plissken as he creeps around the side of the Dodge...

... to the gas cap. He unscrews it, shoves the newspaper into the opening, then pulls out his box of kitchen matches.

CLOSE

as Plissken strikes the match, lights the newspaper, then darts OUT OF THE SHOT. HOLD on the burning newspaper...

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Cuervo Jones and Utopia reach the Chevy. Cuervo opens the rear door, shoves Utopia inside, starts to get in...

KABLAMMO! A few feet away, the Dodge EXPLODES. Cuervo ducks by the side of the Chevy...

Utopia ducks down into the back seat...

Everyone nearby ducks behind something...FLAMING DEBRIS hits the pavement.

CUERVO JONES

gets to his feet, and as he does he looks over...

...TO SEE Plissken springing out of the darkness, diving OVER Cuervo's Chevy...

WHAP!

Plissken takes Cuervo down to the pavement. Hangs on to him. Hits him 4 times before they stop rolling...

CLOSER

as Plissken grabs Cuervo's gun and SMASHES it into his head. Cuervo goes out cold. Plissken grabs the black box from his hand...

RISES

to his feet, to see the stunned Crowd come to, raise their weapons. He OPENS FIRE. A blistering SPRAY of automatic GUNFIRE! The Crowd ducks for cover.

Plissken turns, jumps in the back seat of the Chevy -- right next to Utopia. He stares at her for a beat. Confused and scared, she stares back. Then he kicks open the door on the other side and jumps out.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

113

UTOPIA

\*

Making a decision, she looks to the passed-out Cuervo, who is starting to stir. She turns, jumps out of the car, follows on the heels of Snake.

\*

\*

MESCALITOS

\*

Still firing on the now-empty car. Cuervo starts to come to.

\*

(CONTINUED)



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CONTINUED: (5)		113
PLISSKEN		*
Unseen by the Mescalitos, rips off the manhole cover and dives inside. A couple of beats later, Utopia follows.		*
OMITTED		114 thru * 132
EXT. STREET NEAR COLISEUM - NIGHT		133
Map To The Stars Eddie watches all of this from a different viewpoint.		*
<p style="text-align: center;">MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE That'll bring you out on Wilshire Canyon. Good thinkin', Snake.</p>		* *
He moves to a Mescalito, eyes his gun...		
<p style="text-align: center;">MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE Hey -- isn't that Plissken over there?!</p>		
Map To The Stars Eddie points off. The galvanized Mescalito looks off. Map To The Stars Eddie pick-pockets his gun in a flash, heads off down the street toward another manhole cover.		*
CUERVO JONES & MESCALITOS		133A *
Cuervo Jones signals for the Mescalitos to stop firing. They slowly advance toward the car.		*
INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT		133B *
Plissken lands in the half-filled storm drain. He heads off, sloshing through the water.		*
ABOVE GROUND - CUERVO JONES' CAR		133C *
Cuervo Jones arrives at the car with the Mescalitos. They find it empty. Cuervo looks around.		*
INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT		134
Plissken races along through the water in the black belly of the sewer system. Smoke drifts. He slow as he comes to...		* *

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

134

A SHEER, PITCH-BLACK DROP OFF

on one side of the passage. Part of the passage floor has 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.

Suddenly, Plissken hears the sound of sloshing footsteps approaching. Silently, he backs away, prepares to shoot whoever's following him. As the sound of footsteps are almost upon him, they stop.

In the darkness we hear Utopia's voice.

UTOPIA

Snake - wait. Don't shoot. It's me...Utopia.

Utopia emerges from the darkness. Stands near the drop-off.

UTOPIA

This whole place is a nightmare. Cuervo's a killer. He's worse than my father. I want to go back with you.

Plissken simply stares at her, his one eye burning into her.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

(confused)

What?

Plissken raises his gun, points it at her head.

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. My father sent you to kill me, didn't he?

(no reply)

Didn't he?

She begins to cry. Plissken stares at her. He finally lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN

Get out of here.

Utopia wipes her eyes, confused, afraid.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

Go.

Plissken starts to move off.

UTOPIA

You can't take it back, Snake.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

134

Plissken turns, looks at her. She stares at the black box in his hand.

\*

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

You can't give it to him

\*

AS MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

comes up silently from the other direction, presses himself against the tunnel wall in shadows...

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

He's an evil man. All he wants to do is control everything - just like Cuervo.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

134

PLISSKEN

If I don't take it back, I'm dead.

UTOPIA

What about me?

PLISSKEN

You'd better start running.

UTOPIA

Where? Where do I go?

(beat)

There's no place left.

PLISSKEN

There never was.

Utopia stares at him. Plissken's eye stares back, without emotion -- simply the truth.

Utopia sags, as a LOW RUMBLE BEGINS. Distant at first. Then it GROWS IN INTENSITY...Plissken and Utopia react. Unseen in the shadows, Map To The Stars Eddie reacts...

UTOPIA

Not another one...

The tunnel begins to shake. Little pieces of debris tumble down from the ceiling...

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

It's getting stronger...

Map To The Stars Eddie clumsily takes aim at Plissken. The SHAKING turns into a JARRING, GROWLING JACKHAMMER. It's a Big One! Map To The Stars Eddie reacts in terror. A chunk of the tunnel ceiling CRACKS and falls next to him. He SCREAMS, jumps, accidentally FIRING the gun...

KABLAM! Plissken is hit in the thigh, bullet tearing through flesh. He falls, dropping the black box.

Map To The Stars Eddie moves for the black box. Utopia moves for the black box. Eddie reaches it first, snatches it up from the floor. Huge chunks of the ceiling are starting to fall.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Run, dammit!

UTOPIA

(panicked)

Where?

He pushes her back the way she came.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

134

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Just run!

\*  
\*

Utopia runs. He follows. They disappear back down the tunnel  
toward the manhole cover...

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

134

PLISSKEN

tries to move. His leg is numb. He pulls himself along, as THE \*  
EARTHQUAKE HITS FULL FORCE! The walls CRACK OPEN, the ceiling  
GIVES WAY AND CRASHES DOWN!

Plissken drags himself toward the edge of the drop-off...

SUDDENLY THE TUNNEL CAVES IN!

Plissken manages to crawl to the edge, then rolls over the side  
of the drop off...

He falls through black space. KERSPLASH! Into the raging  
waters below. The foaming dark water swallows him up!

OMITTED

135  
thru  
138

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

138A

The control room ROCKS AND ROLLS in the QUAKE. Pieces of  
ceiling shower down. The President hides under a desk.

MALLOY  
It's stopping.

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

MALLOY (CONT'D)  
(to Brazen)  
I want a damage report in 30  
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. MANHOLE COVER - STREET - NIGHT

138B

Smoke rises. Fires burn. FIGURES stagger through the street. \*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

138B

CLOSE - MANHOLE COVER

\*

The manhole cover pops open, slides aside. Utopia's head pops out and two hands immediately grab her, yank her up face to face with...

\*

\*

CUERVO JONES!

\*

Cuervo yanks her all the way out.

\*

CUERVO

\*

(shaking her)

\*

Where is he? Where is he??

\*

Utopia is too petrified to speak. Eddie jumps out of the manhole.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

138B

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Man -- we almost bought the farm,  
Cuervo. The whole place fell in  
right behind us.

\*  
\*

CUERVO JONES  
Where's Plissken?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
(points)  
Down there. He's dead. History.  
And I did it. I killed him.  
(holds up the gun)  
I shot him.  
(to Utopia)  
Didn't I?

Utopia nods, terrified.

\*

CUERVO JONES  
Give it to me.  
(reaches for the black  
box)  
Give it.

Dead silence. Finally, Eddie gives Cuervo the black box.

\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Here it is, Cuervo. I got it back  
for you.

\*  
\*

Cuervo looks at them both suspiciously. Then he SLAPS her hard,  
viciously, across the face. Utopia reacts to the stinging slap.

\*

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
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?

He shoves her toward a waiting car, then wheels on Eddie,  
sincerely pissed.

\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

138B

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Cuervo, wait. I've done it all,  
man.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

138B

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (Cont'd)  
I killed Plissken, I got your girl  
back, I gave you all the marbles.  
Just for you, Cuervo. Just for you.

CUERVO JONES  
So where is he?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
I told you, he's dead.

CUERVO JONES  
No he isn't.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Cuervo.

CUERVO JONES  
He's not dead until I see him dead.  
And I don't see him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
(carefully explaining)  
I shot him. He went down, O.K.? I  
mean, his body's probably washed out  
onto Wilshire Canyon somewhere.

CUERVO JONES  
Good. Then you know where he is.  
Bring me his head.

Map to the Stars Eddie hesitates.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)  
Now.

Map to the Stars Eddie nods and leaves.

SCENE OMIT

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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

141

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.

#### PLISSKEN

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

Suddenly, Plissken is...

#### STRUCK BY A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

that are snapped on. Plissken can't see the shadowy figure that stands next to an old dune buggy

\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

141

VOICE

Hey, Snake, that you, dude?

The figure moves forward into the illumination. We see that it's Pipeline. He moves to Snake.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

Hey man, did you ever find Cuervo Jones? Word is that you were gunnin' for him heavy.

PLISSKEN

Where's the Happy Kindgom?

PIPELINE

Anaheim. Staging area for the big invasion. Whole town's gonna be there. Except for me. I'm stayin' here, see? I'm waitin' for the big wave. It's gonna e eternal, 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.

PIPELINE

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

Pipeline kneels next to Snake.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

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.

(points)

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

Now there is a DEEP SOUND RISING, coming from the west behind them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

141

PLISSKEN

What's that?

PIPELINE

Tsunami, Snake.

A smile on his face, Pipeline hurries 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.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

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

Plissken looks behind him...

POV - THE FRONT EDGE OF THE TSUNAMI

142

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

143

brace themselves. Pipeline centers, becomes intensely focused.

PIPELINE

Let the front edge pick you up.  
Don't get on your board till you  
ride to the top.

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

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Don't lose it, man. You fall off  
your board, it's the Big Wipeout.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

143

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

THE FRONT EDGE

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

THE WATER

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

UNTIL SUDDENLY

144

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  
Eternal, Snake, ETERNAL, man!

Plissken looks up ahead...

HIS POV - MOVING THROUGH WILSHIRE CANYON

145

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

146

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

NOW THEY MOVE ALONGSIDE

the Cadillac, and Plissken stares over...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

146

CLOSER - THE CADILLAC

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

PLISSKEN'S EYE

widens, burns.

PLISSKEN  
(to Pipeline)  
See you later.

And suddenly Plissken 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.

CROSS-CUTS: Map To The Stars Eddie glances left.

HIS POV: Plissken surfs on the crest of the tsunami not 10 feet away. He tips the board again and slides 5 feet closer.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
You gotta be shittin' me.

\*  
\*

Map To The Stars Eddie jams on the pedal. His car SCREAMS FORWARD.

Plissken leaps from the surfboard...

For a moment, he is airborne across the gap to the car...

Then he SLAMS into the side, grabs, holds on, his body WHAPPING against the trunk.

Map To The Stars Eddie starts swerving, trying to throw Plissken off.

WIDE: the Caddy shoots back and forth across Wilshire. Plissken hangs on.

CLOSER: Plissken pulls himself up and crawls into the back seat.

SCENE OMIT

147

INT. CADILLAC

148

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

148

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

148

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.

149

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE'S FOOT

150

is bumped right off the accelerator...

AND THE CAR

151

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

152

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

PLISSKEN

You're gonna tell me how to get 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.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

You gonna kill me?

PLISSKEN

Probably.

\*

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

(puts gun to Eddie's head)

Hershe.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

152

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

OMITTED

153  
thru  
155

EXT. VIEW OF L.A. BY NIGHT

156

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

157

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.

OMITTED

158

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

159

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

160

The glow of Map To The Stars Eddie's flashlight takes them deeper into the hulking remains of the engine room. They move along an old wooden walkway lined with torches.

\*  
\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
First met Hershe when I got  
deported. She helped set me up in  
business. 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.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

160

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (Cont'd)  
The two of you hooked up together.  
I'm talking box office material  
here.

Plissken notices A FIGURE watching them from the shadows of the  
engine room.

\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Easy, Snake. I see him too. We're  
okay.

\*

\*

They move off down the walkway...

\*



OMITTED

161

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

162 \*

A door suddenly opens, revealing a scowling SAIGON SHADOW who guards what lies beyond. Map To The Stars Eddie and Plissken stand in a small corridor.

\*  
\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Hey, man -- how're you doing? Long  
time no see. Remember me? Map To  
The Stars Eddie. Got somebody I  
want Hershe to meet. Snake  
Plissken, baby, right here in the  
flesh.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The Saigon Shadow looks over Plissken, nods, allows them entrance into...

\*

INT. VICTORIAN SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

163

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.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
(whispers to Plissken)  
We're in. Strange scene in here.  
Let me do the talking.

\*  
\*  
\*

At the far end is a GROUP of people. More SAIGON SHADOWS. A brutal, scowling Asian gang. As mean and tough as they come. They stand staring at some sort of hand-drawn, overhead diagram taped to the wall. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a bathing suit with a sexy wrap, her back facing us, is among them. 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 transsexual who looks completely convincing as a woman. The Saigon Shadows move menacingly toward Plissken.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Hang on, hang on, this is big. It's  
Snake Plissken. I brought him to  
see you. He's got a little business  
proposition.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

163

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (Cont'd)

\*

HERSHE

(in Isaac Hayes' voice)

What's in it for me?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

\*

Well, you see, Hershe...

\*

Plissken moves toward Hershe, a glimmer of recognition on his face.

\*

PLISSKEN

Wait a minute. I know that voice.  
You're Carjack Malone.

HERSHE

Not any more.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You two know each other?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

163

Plissken seethes. Hershe remains even, glacial. Plissken's right hand reaches forward on to Hershe's silky smooth leg, then slides carefully upwards underneath Hershe's wrap, and stops at her crotch. Their eyes never leave each other.

PLISSKEN

More things change, more they stay  
the same, huh, Carjack?

Plissken pulls his hand out. In it he holds a small, flat SEMACT .32 pistol.

PLISSKEN

Glad to see you're still packin' a  
little gun between your legs.

Plissken jams the .32 under Hershe's chin.

HERSHE

Slow down, honey.

PLISSKEN

You owe me. You left me back in  
Cleveland.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(astounded)

Hershe, you were in Cleveland?

PLISSKEN

Yeah. With me and Texas Mike  
O'Shay. Except you looked a little  
different in those days, Carjack.

HERSHE

Get one thing straight, Plissken.  
I am no longer Carjack Malone. My  
name is Hershe Las Palmas, and I am  
the most drop-dead, to-die-for  
number you will ever lay your eye  
on.

PLISSKEN

I wanna know what the hell happened  
to you in Cleveland.

HERSHE

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

PLISSKEN

Don't lie to me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

163

HERSHE

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

PLISSKEN

I got a new deal for you.

He raises the .32 and aims it right between Hershe's eyes.

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

You help me, you live.

The others tense, hands on guns.

HERSHE

I wouldn't be doin' that, Snake. We  
all have a little agreement.  
Anything happens to me...  
(gestures to Saigon  
Shadows)  
...you're dead.

PLISSKEN

I'm already dead.

HERSHE

(long beat)

I see your point. What's the deal?

PLISSKEN

(looks at his watch)

Get me to Cuervo Jones. I got one  
hour.

HERSHE

Dream on, blue eye.

PLISSKEN

Say goodnight, Carjack.

Plissken COCKS the .32, starts to squeeze the trigger.

HERSHE

Hold on. Look -- 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's runnin' the show.

HERSHE

What black box?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

163

PLISSKEN

The one that turns off all the  
power, permanently.

HERSHE

(to the others)

Yeah, right. And the Plutoxin 7  
virus will kill you in less than 10  
hours.

This gets Plissken's attention.

PLISSKEN

What?

HERSHE

It's bullshit, baby. Rumor control.  
Government propaganda. Just one  
more lie.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Snake's telling the truth, Hershe.  
I used to represent the guy who  
invented it.

(Plissken stares 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.

HERSHE

(gestures to the  
Shadows)

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?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

163

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
I'd like to get out, but I don't  
have enough money. You need geetus  
to buy a fake i.d. these days.

All the Shadows concur. Plissken breaks in.

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'll tell you that when we get  
there.

\*

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. No deal.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

163

PLISSKEN  
Government chopper. It'll be there.

\*  
\*

HERSHE  
Okay, that's better. Now how do we  
get there inside of an hour?

\*  
\*  
\*

PLISSKEN  
That's your end.

\*  
\*

Hershe thinks, turns to Map To The Stars Eddie.

\*

HERSHE  
Edward?

\*  
\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
(shakes his head)  
Best you can do from here is take  
the 5. The shape it's in, two and  
a half hours minimum.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Smoke has begun to drift into the pool area.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

163

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

164

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?

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 his remote control unit, the one with his map to the stars narration.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
 I got an idea, Snake.  
 (to Hershe)  
 Hershe -- you got any red nail  
 polish?

Hershe nods, hands Map To The Stars Eddie a small bottle of ruby red polish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

164

HERSHE

I expect that back, Eddie.

Map To The Stars Eddie takes off the top, carefully dabs a single drop of nail polish on the instruction c.d. inside the remote control unit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

There. Looks just like the Sword of Damacles instruction c.d.

(hands Hershe back his  
polish)

So maybe we can pull off a Texas switch on Cuervo.

HERSHE

If he lets you get close enough.

(looks up)

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

165

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

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

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



EXT. TOPS OF SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

166

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. HAPPY KINGDOM (PARAMOUNTLAND) - NIGHT

167

An army of vehicles and PEOPLE pour into a huge amusement park 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

168

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

168

A terrified smile spreads across Utopia's face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

169

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.

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?

It's already begun.

(looks at his watch)

The attack is now underway!

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

In the sky above, a Police helicopter comes THUNDERING downward out of darkness, lands in the open area. GANGS rush forward to capture the POLICE PILOTS.

\*

INT. COMMAND HQ - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

170

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

Malloy and the President watch a live satellite feed from a videocam inside the helicopter.

\*

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.

Brazen approaches them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

170

BRAZEN

Mr. President, Commander... We're receiving reports from Miami. An armada of warships has just departed Cuba. E.T.A. the Florida coast -- 45 minutes.

MALLOY

They're starting the invasion.

PRESIDENT

(long beat)

I need to pray. I'll be in my quarters.

(he walks away)

MALLOY (to Brazen)

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

EXT. SKIES ABOVE HAPPY KINGDOM - NIGHT

171

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

PLISSKEN

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

PLISSKEN

Is that what I think it is?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Yeah. The place kept changing owners. Finally went bankrupt. That thing in Paris killed 'em.

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

PLISSKEN

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

172

Cuervo Jones leads Utopia toward the Police helicopter.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

172

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!

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 I found him -  
sort of...alive.

Cuervo looks at him.

CUERVO JONES  
Sort of? 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...

(CONTINUED)



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100A

CONTINUED: (2)

172

CUERVO JONES  
(long beat)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

172

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

Cuervo Jones pushes Map To The Stars Eddie away from him, knocks the now-empty black box out of his hands, and grabs what looks like the remote control unit from his clutches.

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

Cuervo pulls a gun, aims...

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

WHOOSH! Suddenly out of the night sky the Saigon Shadows dive down. KABLAM! Another EXPLOSION sends everyone scurrying for cover.

A Saigon Shadow pulls the pin on a grenade, throws it...

BLAMMM! BLOOM! EXPLOSIONS erupt everywhere!

Cuervo Jones grabs Utopia, turns to run toward the helicopter, when...

PLISSKEN

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

(CONTINUED)

\*



CONTINUED: (4)

172

SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

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

People running. EXPLOSIONS.

Plissken and Cuervo get to their feet and have at it! Through flames and running people they battle savagely.

In Cuervo's hand is a long black knife. Just as he's plunging it, Plissken steps aside and grabs him. Locked together, Cuervo thrusts. 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 remote control unit. Instantly Plissken and Cuervo dive for it.

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

races toward the 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 in pursuit.

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

Cuervo dives behind a smoking, burning Chevy.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

173

Plissken arrives at the helicopter, a dead Mescalito draped over one of the skids. Plissken pulls him off the skid and discovers his black jacket. He throws it on. A Saigon Shadow is hit by GUNFIRE. He falls backward out the door. Plissken jumps in the front right seat, takes the controls, when suddenly Utopia leaps into the left front seat. The others are in the back, RETURNING FIRE. \*

UTOPIA  
Take me back, Snake.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

173

PLISSKEN  
Your father'll kill you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

173

UTOPIA

No he won't. I can't stay here.  
Please, Snake.

\*

Plissken nods, as Map To The Stars Eddie leans in from the back.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Did you get the remote control?

PLISSKEN

Yeah. Now give me the real one.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I couldn't make the switch.

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

UTOPIA

Yes you did. I saw you.  
(Gives it to Plissken)  
Now we're even, Snake.

Plissken checks the instruction c.d. It's the real one. He tucks both of them somewhere BELOW FRAME, then takes the controls, pulls in power. On the rotor R.P.M. gauge the needle's at 100% plus. Full power.

The helicopter shudders, trying to get off the ground.

PLISSKEN

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

KABLAM! Bullets rip through the windscreen.

OMITTED

174  
thru  
175

BEGIN CROSS CUTTING:

POV THRU WINDSCREEN: an ARMY of Gangs is moving through the smoke, charging the ship.

176

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: the ship trembles, but will not take off

177

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna try something. Hang on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

173

PLISSKEN  
Your father'll kill you.

\*  
\*

UTOPIA  
So will Cuervo. I can't stay here.  
Please, Snake.

\*  
\*

Plissken nods, as Map To The Stars Eddie leans in from the back.

\*

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Did you get the remote control?

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Yeah. Now give me the real one.

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177

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna try something. Hang on.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

177

He inches the cyclic control forward.

OUTSIDE: the helicopter begins sliding across the ground, skids GRINDING along the pavement, sparks flying -- slowly at first, now picking up speed... 178

IN THE COCKPIT: the ship lurches and SLAMS! Everyone is bouncing around... 179

OUTSIDE: the helicopter moves fast now -- faster -- 180

LOW ANGLE ON THE SKIDS: they rise up, an inch off the ground, then 2 inches -- then a foot...

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

The helicopter lifts -- 5 feet -- climbing...

INSIDE: POV behind the helicopter as we pull away from the charging Gangs and Cuervo's sprinting figure... 181

POV: of the Paramount mountain ahead, coming closer and closer. 182

REAR COMPARTMENT: as Hershe leans out the door... 183

HERSHE

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

REAR COMPARTMENT ON THE OTHER SIDE: Map To The Stars Eddie leans out, looks back, SEES...

OUTSIDE: Cuervo Jones grabs a rocket launcher, arms it, aims it at the helicopter! 184

REAR COMPARTMENT: Map To The Stars Eddie grabs a gun from a Saigon Shadow, aims back at Cuervo, FIRES! 185

OUTSIDE: Cuervo Jones is hit! His chest EXPLODES. He staggers back, still on his feet... 186

REAR COMPARTMENT:

187

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
I hit him. I don't believe it!

OUTSIDE: 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...

188

REAR COMPARTMENT: Map To The Stars Eddie SCREAMS, then dives out of the helicopter...

189

OUTSIDE: the missile streams into the rear compartment... KABLAM! The rear compartment EXPLODES into flames!

190

INSIDE: 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...

191

OUTSIDE: top of the Paramount mountain, as the burning helicopter wobbles over the top of the mountain...

192

ON THE GROUND: the Gangs stare up into the sky in shock. And, out of the rubble of another storefront, steps Map To The Stars Eddie, limping on one leg, none the less for wear.

193

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE  
Get back here, Plissken! You  
promised me a goddamn ride!

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

194

An ALARM HORN SOUNDS. Everyone on the move.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

195

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:

195

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 black box?

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

196

PLISSKEN

I got what was inside it. Remote control unit, instruction disc. Now get the trucks rolling, we're on fire.

\*  
\*

EXT. THE SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

197

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

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

198

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

199

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

EXT. FIREBASE 7- NIGHT

200 \*

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

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

200

OVER THE WALL

comes the flaming helicopter. It approaches, then zooms right over Firebase 7 and heads for the distant treeline.

\*

BRAZEN

Where the hell is he going?

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

201

as the helicopter drops lower and lower...

INSIDE

202

PLISSKEN

Jump out. Head for the treeline and disappear.

(she stares at him)

Go!

Utopia turns to the door, looks down at the ground. Plissken reaches down out of frame, pulls out one of the remote control units, shoves it into her coat pocket without her noticing, pushes her out the door...

\*

\*

\*

Utopia falls through space and...

\*

LANDS ON THE GROUND

203

and takes off running into the darkness.

THE HELICOPTER

204

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

205

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

206

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

Where's the remote control unit?

Plissken reaches into his boot, holds up the remote control unit.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

PLISSKEN

(COUGHING, out of gas)

Come get it.

The President looks at him. All the Cops aim their weapons at Plissken. The President moves toward him, but stops as a kicking and YELLING Utopia is dragged up. The President sees her, looks to Plissken...

PRESIDENT

(to Plissken)

You didn't finish the mission. I'll have to do that for you.

Now the President walks closer to Plissken, reaches out for the remote control unit...

MALLOY

Hold it, Mr. President.

The President freezes, his fingers inch away from the unit.

Malloy walks over to Utopia. He looks her over. Finally, he reaches out and grabs the other remote control unit that is jutting out of her pocket. Utopia reacts, confused, betrayed by Plissken... \*

UTOPIA

(to Plissken)

Why?

Snake just looks at her. \*

MALLOY

They don't call him 'Snake' for nothing, honey.

(to Snake)

We'll take this one. \*

Malloy walks the remote control unit over to the President. The President takes it, glares at Plissken, walks away. He gestures to the Cops holding Utopia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

206

PRESIDENT  
Get her out of here. Take her to  
the chair.

\*  
\*

Utopia is taken away...

\*

PLISSKEN  
Give me the goddamn shot!

Nobody moves. The President smirks triumphantly. He's won.  
Brazen and a couple of Cops start to CHUCKLE.

Plissken looks at his watch: :01, 00, BEEEEEP. He's still  
standing. He slowly looks up.

PRESIDENT  
You see -- I told you he was dumb.

Plissken looks at Malloy.

MALLOY  
It was all a fake.

BRAZEN  
Plutoxin Seven is a fast, hard  
hitting case of the flu with a  
couple of added visual side effects.

PRESIDENT  
You might need some bed rest. Be  
sure to drink plenty of liquids.

They're all LAUGHING now, except Malloy. Plissken just nods.

PLISSKEN  
Pretty good.

PRESIDENT  
Relax, war hero. We took you for a  
ride and you came through. And just  
to show you I'm a man of my word --  
you're free.

\*  
\*

The President moves off to a REMOTE VIDEO CAMERA CREW setting up  
at the edge of the clearing. Brazen goes with him, sets up a  
lap-top computer.

\*  
\*

Malloy walks up to Plissken.

\*

MALLOY  
She didn't know about the control  
unit in her pocket, did she?  
(more)

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

206

MALLOY (Cont'd)  
 (Plissken looks at him)  
 I was wondering what kind of lame  
 switch you'd try to pull this time.

PLISSKEN  
 (beat)  
 I guess maybe I'm not quite as quick  
 as I used to be.

MALLOY  
 No, guess not.

PLISSKEN  
 Got a smoke?

MALLOY  
 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,  
 no red meat.

PLISSKEN  
 Land of the free.

INT. STEEL WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

207 \*

Utopia is being strapped into an electric chair by her POLICE  
 GUARDS. Other Cops gather in the hallway to watch the  
 execution.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

207A \*

The President stands behind an official podium that is rushed  
 in. The American Eagle insignia is emblazoned on the front of  
 it. The video crew is set, the camera lens pointed at the  
 President. A red light comes on.

VOICE (V.O.)  
 You're on camera, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT  
 This is the President of the United  
 States. To all countries involved  
 in any military activities aimed at  
 my country -- I now demand an  
 immediate retreat of all forces now  
 threatening this great nation.  
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

207A

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

If my demand is not met immediately,  
I will by Constitutional authority  
personally destroy your abilities to  
function. Permanently.

He looks to Brazen. Brazen scans his lap-top screen.

BRAZEN

Mr. President, the Cuban theater of  
aggression remains mobile. E.T.A.  
Miami in four minutes.

PRESIDENT

Bring the aiming coordinates for  
Cuba and Mexico on line.

BRAZEN

Yes sir.

Brazen finds the number-code on his computer screen.

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

Cuba. 779.

PRESIDENT

Right.

The President punches in 779 on the remote control unit. A  
green 'go' light flashes on and off. It's armed.

PRESIDENT

(into camera)

I now render this final solution in  
response to your willing and  
complete disregard of my authority.

He pushes the green button and suddenly Map To The Stars Eddie's  
VOICE ECHOES in the clearing.

EDDIE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome to your very own map to the  
stars. Sure, we all know the Big  
One wiped out the entertainment  
industry here in L.A. -- but the  
glamour and excitement of Hollywood  
is still alive!

The President glares at Malloy, slams off the unit.

(CONTINUED)

\*  
\*  
\*



CONTINUED: (2)

207A

PRESIDENT  
(to Plissken)  
Very funny.

\*  
\*

PLISSKEN  
Yeah.

\*  
\*

PRESIDENT  
Well, I hope it was worth it,  
because now you're gonna die.

\*  
\*

PLISSKEN  
Everybody does.

\*  
\*

The President turns to Malloy, barely containing himself.

\*

PRESIDENT  
Kill him and bring me the real  
remote control.

\*

MALLOY  
On my command.

The Cops aim their weapons at Plissken...

MALLOY (CONT'D)  
Fire!

The Cops OPEN FIRE. All 20 of them empty their automatics at Plissken. A full 10 seconds of machinegun FIRE at Plissken (who remains OFFSCREEN).

They all stop at once, staring off at...

Plissken. Just casually standing there. Still holding the remote control unit.

Malloy moves to him, reaches out, passes a rifle through Plissken's image.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

207A

MALLOY

Jesus -- he's not even here - he's  
a holograph!

\*  
\*

Reactions. Stunned.

PLISSKEN

Catch on quick, don't you?

\*

MALLOY

He's within a half-mile radius.  
(to Brazen)  
Have every available man...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PLISSKEN

Hold it.

\*  
\*

Plissken holds up the remote. Everyone freezes.

\*

BRAZEN

Mr. President, the enemy is less  
than two minutes from our shores.

\*  
\*  
\*

PLISSKEN

Shut down the third world - they  
lose, you win. Shut down America -  
you lose, they win. The more things  
change, the more they stay the same.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A long beat. The President looks at Plissken. Move in tight.

\*

PRESIDENT

What's it gonna be, Plissken? Us or  
them? What are you gonna do?

\*  
\*  
\*

Plissken stares back.

\*

PLISSKEN

Disappear.

\*  
\*

Plissken enters "666" on the remote control unit.

\*

BRAZEN

(stares at his lap-top)  
He's entered the world code.

\*

Everyone waits. Plissken looks up.

\*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

207A

BRAZEN (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
No target code.  
(beat, then realizing)  
That'll shut down the entire planet!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PLISSKEN  
I told you you'd better hope I  
didn't make it back.

\*  
\*

Plissken's thumb slowly slides over the flashing green button.

MALLOY  
(stunned)  
Everything in the last 500  
years...Our machinery, our  
technology, our way of life, will be  
finished. If you push that button  
you'll level the playing field.  
We'll have to start all over again.  
(beat)  
For God's sake -- don't do it,  
Snake!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Plissken slowly looks over at Malloy.

PLISSKEN  
The name's Plissken.

Plissken's thumb plunges down on the green button.

OMITTED

208

EXT. SPACE - DAWN

209

The ring of satellites hover silently above earth. SEE North  
America below. A beautiful sunrise is beginning. Suddenly all  
the SATELLITES EXPLODE INTO WHITE...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

210

As the sky is lit white. All vehicles stop. Lights out. All  
power out. Only the dim glow of the rising sun gives any  
illumination. The Cops stop and stare in disbelief. Silence.  
Just the SOUNDS of MOTORS RUNNING DOWN and STOPPING...



INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - DAWN

211

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

UTOPIA

He did it! The Sword of Damacles!

He shut down the earth!

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - DAWN

211A

The President, Malloy and Brazen stare as Plissken's holograph slowly fades out...

OMITTED

212  
thru  
216

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CLEARING - DAWN

217

Plissken's a good half mile away from the action. He tosses the remote control unit away, walks a couple of feet, picks up the portable holocam off a rock where it sat aimed at him. He looks at it, tosses it.

It lands in the dirt, next to something. Plissken notices, goes over, bends down, picks up a ...

CLOSE - HALF-FILLED BOX OF BLACK MARKET CIGARETTES

American Spirit stamped across the front. Plissken almost smiles, reaches into a pocket, pulls out that box of stick matches. Flicks the thumbnail over the top, lights up, pulls out a cigarette, lights it. He inhales deeply, lets out the cooling smoke.

MOVE CLOSE. Plissken raises the match, stares into the flame. A beat.

His gaze is re-directed past the flame straight AT CAMERA, boring that one good eye right into ours.

Hard to tell what he's thinking. Maybe he doesn't like the idea of us having the power to watch him so closely. He can fix that. He effortlessly blows out the flame, sending all of us into DARKNESS.

FADE OUT.



CONTINUED:

217

CLOSE - HALF-FILLED BOX OF BLACK MARKET CIGARETTES

\*

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\*

\*

\*

\*

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