

John Carpenter's

ESCAPE FROM L.A.

written by

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

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

A LINE OF POLICEMEN - NIGHT

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.

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.

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. 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 the flow of illegal aliens.

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.

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. 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 gunfighting for profit
in New Vegas, Thailand.

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. BRAZEN, a section Lieutenant, 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22B

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.

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.

(indicated 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25

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?

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

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

THE CELL DOOR

opens. Malloy, Brazen and the 3rd Man ENTER the room unarmed.
The door closes. Malloy and Brazen move forward, to the edge
of the light. The 3rd Man stays back in the shadows.

MALLOY

How're you doing, Plissken?

(no reply)

You like the watch?

PLISSKEN

Get to the deal.

MALLOY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

26

PLISSKEN

You need me for something.
What is it?

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

3RD MAN

Show him.

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

28

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 videotape
of VR. Check it out.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30

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

BRAZEN

She piloted Air Force 3's emergency escape pod to a landing somewhere inside L.A. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

32

BRAZEN

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

There, coming toward us through the tall grass, is CUERVO JONES. South American terrorist. Fiercest warrior of the Third World. Blindingly handsome, charismatic.

MALLOY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33

PLISSKEN

(stares at him)

Who are you?

PRESIDENT

I am your President and I'm giving you my word -- 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 Plutoxin 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:

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 bloodstream. 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:

33

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

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

34

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

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

INSIDE THE CELL

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
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.

BRAZEN (CONT'D)
Oral projectile. Mouth dart.
Hold it in your mouth for 10 seconds, the coating dissolves, it becomes a weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

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.

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

MALLOY (CONT'D)

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

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 them.

Like an old Western gunfighter, Plissken straps on his guns.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

37

Plissken, Malloy and Brazen walk across the Firebase. Plissken is loaded up with equipment and weapons. Six-guns in their holsters, machinegun, the works.

BRAZEN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37

MALLOY

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

BRAZEN

Heavy Third World connections. Weapons, drugs, fuel, food -- everything is pumped into the island from the South. L.A.'s being primed as a beachhead for an invasion of the United States.

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.

OMIT

38-40

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

41

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

PLISSKEN

How am I going in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 you assholes would leave him there to die.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

PLISSKEN

So you want me to take her out?

(Malloy nods)

Is that an order from the President?

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

By the way -- who gives me the antidote?

MALLOY

A medical team will be standing by.

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.

PLISSKEN
(v.o. radio)
Com check.

Malloy picks up a microphone.

MALLOY
I'm here, Plissken

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

60

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...?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

69

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.

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

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?

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.

(beat)

What'cha been doin' with yourself? Haven't heard about you in years.

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)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

71

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...

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

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.

As Plissken walks along, 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, pink balloon. She sucks it back in and puckers, kissing the air.

PLISSKEN

moves on, as his tracer makes a BEEPING SOUND. He moves to a doorway, follows the blinking red light and steps inside...

INT. RUN-DOWN THEATER - NIGHT

78A

An old movie palace gone to ruin. HOOKERS and CUSTOMERS everywhere. Some kind of a party going on. PEOPLE dance and celebrate. PIMPS, THIEVES, and various TOUGH-GUYS lurk here and there like silent predators. Plissken moves into the theater, following the blinking red light on his tracer. He rounds a corner...

WHAM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78A

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

78B

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...

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

Plissken 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

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.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

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...

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, 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

80

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.

Plissken backs off, hides behind some debris. Pulls out his walkie-talkie.

PLISSKEN

Malloy.

MALLOY (v.o.)

I'm here, Plissken. Where are you?

PLISSKEN

Between Marlon Brando and Clint Eastwood.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

81

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

MALLOY

(into radio)

Knock it off, Plissken. Do you have the black box?

PLISSKEN (v.o.)

Negative.

MALLOY

(into radio)

Get your goddamn ass in gear. You got 7 and a half hours.

INTERCUT WITH EXT. SUNSET - NIGHT

82

PLISSKEN

Listen to me, Malloy. This guy's got more heat around him than the President. It's not enough time. So get the antidote ready, I'm comin' back.

The President grabs the microphone from Malloy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. 82

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. He slowly moves off...

EXT. SUNSET AND DOHENY - NIGHT

83

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

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
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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

85

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...

PLISSKEN

moves away from the bushes, when suddenly A FIGURE rises behind him out of the shadows. Plissken spins around...BLAM! The figure goes down. But ANOTHER BLACK SHAPE materializes like a ghost behind Plissken.

A MULTI-COLORED-FLESHY HAND

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

85

ON PLISSKEN'S HEAD

THUNK! He goes out like a light.

TASLIMA

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

CLOSE - PLISSKEN

86

Plissken snaps awake, to find himself tied to a gurney and being rolled 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 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. 86

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.

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°
cutting edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

86

FFFVVTTT! 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

No one moves. Back off or I
blow his brains out.

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

Snake, 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. Taslima is right behind. Suddenly they stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

86

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...

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

How do I get out of here?

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

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

PLISSKEN

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

TASLIMA

I've been to Cuervo's place a couple times. It's down toward South Central.

PLISSKEN

Show me.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

91

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

They reach a ladder that goes up into the darkness.

TASLIMA
Now we go up.

Plissken starts up...

EXT. STREET UNDER SANTA MONICA FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

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.

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

TASLIMA (CONT'D)
Be careful. This is Korean Dragon territory. It's dangerous around here.
(Plissken keeps walking)
Goodbye, Snake.

Plissken slows, stops, looks back at Taslima with a half-smile.

Taslma walks up to him, her eyes twinkling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. 92

TASLIMA (CONT'D)

Sun's coming up in a few hours.
 UV's gonna be bad today. I know
 a place where we can crash if
 you want.

(she moves close)

My boyfriend and I broke up
 tonight -- so I'd love to take
 care of you. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93

PLISSKEN

Who are they?

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

PLISSKEN

(looks out at
the city)

Dark paradise.

TASLIMA

At least we get something out of the deal.

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

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

Taslima touches Plissken's hand, then dies. He stares at 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.

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...

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

You let me walk in there, jerkoff.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I tried to tell you, man -- you gotta have my map to get through. I know how to get through Beverly Hills without getting caught by those butchers.

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.

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

EXT. DARK INTERSECTION - NIGHT

98

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

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

99

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

99

Plissken GULPS for air.

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

Plissken slumps back, collapses in the seat.

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

PLISSKEN'S POV - THE DRUG

100

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

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!

OMIT

102

FADE IN:

PLISSKEN'S GOOD EYE

103

opens. Looks around fuzzily.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. 103

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

He's supposed to be a famous
gunfighter?

(Cuervo nods)

Not very tall, is he?

Test Tube sets up a computer and a futuristic monitor.

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 happens
if anybody fucks with me.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

(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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103

TEST TUBE

Sorry, Cuervo.

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

CUERVO JONES

Bring 'em in.

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

MESCALITO

(in Spanish)

We're on the air.

A light on top of the lasercam pops on.

CUERVO JONES

(into camera)

Hello, North America. Buenos
noces, Sud America. I am
Cuervo Jones, your new leader.
And this... is the real L.A.

Cuervo gestures to the Illegal Immigrants 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 raises the silver c.d. and remote control unit.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

I'm now taking over -- with
this.

Cuervo drops the silver c.d. into the remote control unit. He
CLICKS it on. Then he punches in the world code number: 666
-- then begins punching in the target code.

OMIT

104-105

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

106

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A GRAPHIC SHOWS:

WORLD CODE
ACTIVATED
TARGET CODE
497
ACTIVATED

BRAZEN
(stares at a
computer screen)
Mr. President -- he's targeting
Lynchburg! He's going to shut
the city down!

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.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, I know. I'm watching too.
Yes... yes, I know...

CUERVO JONES
(on t.v.)
King Cuervo says... curfew!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. 106

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

(from o.s.)

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 3 police choppers to pick me up at the Happy Kingdom no later than 4 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.

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:

106

SSSSSSSSS. Static. The room is silent.

PRESIDENT

I'm at the mercy of this madman!

MALLOY

Don't count Plissken out, sir.

PRESIDENT

(exploding)

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

MALLOY

Not yet it isn't.

PRESIDENT

I should never have let you
talk me out of an air strike.

(a bolt of
inspiration)

We can still do it. Order an
air strike on L.A. Flatten it.
Burn it down.

MALLOY

No.

PRESIDENT

What did you say to me?

MALLOY

Cuervo Jones is holding all the
cards. If he pushes the button,
this ballgame's in the refrigerator.
He sees our aircraft coming in
-- BOOM. No more aircraft, no
more U.S. of A.

PRESIDENT

So what am I supposed to do?

MALLOY

I don't run this country. I just
do my job. And I know one thing.

(moves close)

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

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

107

The Mescalitos CHEER. Test Tube's ecstatic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

TEST TUBE

It worked, it worked!

CUERVO JONES

Good thing for you it did.

Cuervo motions for a Mescalito to come close, then leans into his ear.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

(re: the Deportees)

Get 'em outta here and kill 'em.

The Mescalito nods, then ushers off the Deportees.

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

(to Utopia)

Go get dressed. We have things to do.

UTOPIA

Are we gonna eat soon? I'm starved.

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

CUERVO JONES

Go on, now. Do as I say.

Plissken watches as Utopia slowly walks away.

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, Snake?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

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.

PLISSKEN

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

CUERVO JONES' BOX

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

. 109

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

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

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

INSIDE THE CAGE

The Ape-Like Gladiator disposes of his victim with a LOUD SNAP! The crowd reacts in a fairly bland manner. They're jaded as shit. A smattering of BOOS.

CUERVO JONES' BOX

Cuervo doesn't really blame them. He's bored too.

CUERVO JONES

All right, all right.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

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

goes apeshit.

PLISSKEN

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

Cuervo lifts his hand for silence.

CUERVO JONES

Some people think you're already dead, Snake. Some say you'll never be. Tonight I prove them both wrong. You may have survived Cleveland, you may have escaped from New York... but this is L.A., vato! You're about to find out...

(pauses for effect)

THAT THIS FUCKIN' CITY CAN KILL ANYBODY!

THE CROWD

They're crazed: STOMPING, CHEERING, CHANTING.

CROWD

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

PLISSKEN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

CUERVO JONES

Game time!

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.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

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

CUERVO JONES' BOX

CUERVO JONES (CONT'D)

(over mike)

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.

CUERVO JONES' HAND

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

SCOREBOARD

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

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

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

paces 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

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

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.

THE BALL

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUERVO JONES' BOX

Cuervo stands. He smells blood.

CUERVO JONES
He's dead now.

THE BALL

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

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

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

PLISSKEN

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

holds its breath.

THE BALL

sails through the hoop. Nothing but net.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

This town loves a winner.

Cuervo lunges for a Mescalito, grabs his rifle.

CUERVO JONES

Nobody makes a fool out of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

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

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

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

Cuervo aims...

Plissken climbs, is almost at the top...

Cuervo gets Plissken in the...

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...

Cuervo looks down to see...

Plissken coming up on the outside of the cage, unharmed...

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

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

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

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

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

CUERVO JONES

Shit!

(to several
Mescalitos)

Find him!

(grabs 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...

OMIT

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.

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

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

113

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

113

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.

UTOPIA

Jerk!

She starts hitting Plissken. He pops her on the chin with his elbow. She's stunned. Then he kicks open the door on the other side, grabs her...

...and drags her out of the Chevy toward the street.

Cuervo Jones gets to his feet...

CUERVO JONES

Kill him, kill him...!

PLISSKEN

shoves Utopia into the manhole opening, and dives inside...

JUST AS THE MESCALITOS

OPEN FIRE!

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

OMIT

114-131

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

132

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

EXT. STREET NEAR COLISEUM - NIGHT

133

Cuervo and the Mescalitos charge the open manhole, as Map To The Stars Eddie watches...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

133

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Good thinkin', Snake.

He moves to a Mescalito and quickly strips him of his gun...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)
I need to borrow this. Bring
it right back...

He heads off down the street toward another manhole cover...

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

134

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

A SHEER, PITCH-BLACK DROP OFF

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

PLISSKEN

spins Utopia around, pushes her backward toward the drop-off, his eye burning into her. Her feet reach the edge. Plissken holds her there. Utopia's face is a mask of sheer terror. She GULPS air in staccato bursts.

He releases her, backs up, looks at the prototype, then raises Cuervo's gun, aims...

UTOPIA

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

(no reply)

He sent you to kill me...

Didn't he?

(begins to CRY)

Plissken lowers the gun. Stares at her.

PLISSKEN

Get out of here.

Utopia wipes her eyes, confused, afraid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

134

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

Go.

Slowly Utopia moves from the edge of the drop-off.

UTOPIA

Don't take it back.

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

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

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

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.

PLISSKEN

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

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's shoulder EXPLODES, 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. She reaches it first, snatches it up from the floor...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

134

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Run, dammit!

Utopia runs. He follows. Huge chunks of the ceiling SLAM DOWN! They disappear back up the tunnel toward the manhole cover...

PLISSKEN

tries to move. His arm 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!

OMIT

135-138

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. Cuervo Jones leans down into the manhole, helps Utopia up to the street. Map To The Stars Eddie crawls out right behind her.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Man -- we almost bought the
farm, Cuervo. The whole
place fell in right behind me.

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?

Cuervo turns to Utopia.

CUERVO JONES

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

Dead silence. Finally Utopia walks over, hands Cuervo the black box.

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

Utopia reacts to the stinging slap.

UTOPIA

(stunned)
Cuervo...?

CUERVO JONES

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

UTOPIA

I tried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

138B

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...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo, wait. I've done it
 all, man. I killed Plissken,
 I got your girl back, I gave
 you all the marbles. Just
 for you, Cuervo. Just for you.

Cuervo turns on him, grabs a gun from a nearby Mescalito, jams
 the barrel between Map To The Stars Eddie's eyes.

CUERVO JONES

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

OMIT

139

EXT. STORM DRAIN - WILSHIRE CANYON - NIGHT

140

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

PLISSKEN

141

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

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

THE WILSHIRE CANYON

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

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

Suddenly, Plissken is...

STRUCK BY A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

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

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

PLISSKEN

Where's Cuervo Jones?

PIPELINE

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

PLISSKEN

Where?

PIPELINE

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

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

PLISSKEN

Take me there...

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

PIPELINE

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

(bends down, helps
Plissken up)

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

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

PLISSKEN

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

141

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

143

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...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

.146

NOW THEY MOVE ALONGSIDE

the Cadillac, and Plissken stares over...

CLOSER - THE CADILLAC

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

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 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.

OMIT

147

INT. CADILLAC

148

Map To The Stars Eddie pulls his gun...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

148

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

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

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

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

Later.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

152

PLISSKEN
Cease fire with the bullshit.

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

OMIT

153-155

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.

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.

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. The two of you
hooked up together. I'm talking
box office material here.

OMIT

161

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

162

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

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.

At the far end is a GROUP of people. SAIGON SHADOWS. A brutal, scowling Asian gang. As mean and tough as they come. And a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a bathing suit with a sexy wrap, her back facing us. Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie approach.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Hershe. How're you doin'?

THE WOMAN

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE (CONT'D)

It's Snake Plissken. I brought him to see you.

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

PLISSKEN

I need a favor.

HERSHE

(in Isaac Hayes' voice)

What's in it for me?

Plissken stares, a glimmer of recognition on his face.

PLISSKEN

Wait a minute. I know that voice. 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.

HERSHE

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

PLISSKEN

Don't lie to me.

HERSHE

All right -- so I made another
deal. I got kicked in the ass,
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-163

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

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?

PLISSKEN

The one that turns off all the
power, permanently.

HERSHE

I heard the rumor -- that's
bullshit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

He's telling the truth. I used to
represent the guy who invented it.

(Plissken stares
at him)

I swear to God, Snake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

163

HERSHE

I don't know, sounds thin to me.

PLISSKEN

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

HERSHE

(grim)

No, that sucks.

(beat)

How are we getting out?

PLISSKEN

I don't know yet.

Everyone GROANS.

HERSHE

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

Smoke has begun to drift into the pool area.

SAIGON SHADOW

(a soft voice)

Use the air.

They look at him.

SAIGON SHADOW (CONT'D)

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

What're you talking about?

SAIGON SHADOW

Death from above.

EXT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

164

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

164

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

167

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

169

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

170

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

Malloy and the President watch a live satellite feed from a videocam inside one of the helicopters.

PRESIDENT

Do you see Plissken anywhere?

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

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(looks at Plissken's
time remaining)

Get my jet fueled and ready to go.

MALLOY

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

Brazen approaches them.

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)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

170

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.

HERSHE

We need some kind of diversion.

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

EXT. MAIN STREET - THE ARENA - NIGHT

172

Cuervo Jones leads Utopia toward one of the Police
helicopters.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

172

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 he just
showed up.

CUERVO JONES

Where?

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Oh Cuervo...

CUERVO JONES

(long beat)

What?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(stalling)

It's so good to see you again.

CUERVO JONES

Where's Plissken?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

He's...near.

CUERVO JONES

You're stalling, Eddie.

(grabs him)

Talk, you little gringo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 one of the helicopters, when...

PLISSKEN

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

SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

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

People running. EXPLOSIONS.

Map To The Stars Eddie grabs Utopia...

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 grab the knife in a deadlock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

.172

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 the black box.

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE DRAGS UTOPIA

toward the 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.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

173

Everyone scrambles in. A Saigon Shadow is hit by GUNFIRE. He falls backward out the door. Plissken jumps in the front right seat, takes the controls, while Utopia climbs in the left front. The others are in the back, RETURNING FIRE.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

173

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.

OMIT

.174-175

BEGIN CROSS CUTTING:

176-193

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

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

PLISSKEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna try something.
Hang on.

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...

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

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

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...

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

176-193

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

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!

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

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

REAR COMPARTMENT:

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...

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

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

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...

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

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.

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.

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 it. 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. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

200

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

OVER THE WALL

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

BRAZEN

Where the hell is he going?

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

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 jumps...

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 dúcks. 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 black box?

Plissken reaches into his boot, hands the remote control unit to the President.

MALLOY

Hold it, Mr. President.

(beat)

Now give us the real one, Snake.

PLISSKEN

That's it...!

MALLOY

(smiles)

Okay, fine. We'll just let you die first, then take it out of your other boot there.

Plissken's caught. He reaches down into his other boot, comes out with Map To The Stars Eddie's remote control unit. The President hurls the real one away, walks to Plissken and takes the phony. He opens the unit, pulls out the c.d. There's that red dot of nail polish.

The President walks away from Plissken...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Plissken maintains his glare.

COP (o.s.)

Mr. President. Look what we found.

Across the clearing come 2 POLICEMEN dragging Utopia along
with them. They bring her up in front of the President.
Their eyes meet -- cold, hard.

PRESIDENT

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

Utopia is taken away, followed by the President, Brazen and
the others -- except for Malloy.

MALLOY

It's all over, Plissken.

Plissken stares at the real remote control unit on the ground.
He walks over to it and picks it up.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

I figured you'd try that switch
again. Corny stuff, Snake.

PLISSKEN

(examines the
unit)

Worked before.

(looks at Malloy)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

206

Plissken just looks at him. Malloy glances around. They're alone, so he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes, gives him one. Plissken takes it.

PLISSKEN

A light?

MALLOY

You're on your own there.
See, I'm not like you -- I
only go so far in breaking
the law, Snake.

PLISSKEN

The name's Plissken.

Plissken turns, walks away...

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

207

Utopia is being strapped into an electric chair by her
POLICE GUARDS. The President, Brazen and a few Cops stand
in the hallway. Brazen sets up a lap-top computer.

Utopia's pleading eyes find her father's cold stare. Her
guards move off.

GUARD

On your command, Mr. President.

The President raises his hand to give the order...

BRAZEN

Sir, I've got the aiming
coordinates on line.

PRESIDENT

Mexico.

Brazen finds the number-code on his computer screen.

BRAZEN

Mexico. 779.

PRESIDENT

Right.

The President punches in 779 on the remote control unit, pushes a
button and suddenly Map To The Stars Eddie's VOICE ECHOES in the
hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

207

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.

EXT. HILLSIDE - FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

208

TRACKING SHOT WITH PLISSKEN. He holds the real remote control
unit. Punches in 666. He hits the button.

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.

PRESIDENT

He did it. The Sword of Damacles.
He shut down the earth. My God...

OMIT

212-216

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

217

Plissken walks toward us. Cigarette in his mouth. He tosses
the remote control unit away, reaches into a pocket, pulls out
that box of matches. Flicks his thumbnail over the tip, lights
up. He inhales deeply, lets out the cooling smoke. Looks at
the rising sun. A tiny trace of a smile creases his lips.

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.