

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

a screenplay

by

John Carpenter

and

Nick Castle

A Debra Hill Production
Produced by Larry J. Franco
and Debra Hill
Slam Dunk Productions, Inc.

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1 BLACK SCREEN.

Silence. Newsreel footage slowly FADES ON. Grainy color. Absolutely real. A riot. Police cars with bubble lights flashing. SWAT teams moving through the streets.

NARRATOR

In 1987, the crime rate in the United States rose four hundred per cent.

A prison riot. The National Guard disperses. Then a street riot. SWAT teams. GUNFIRE. Tear gas. Pandemonium.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

During the Summer War of 1989, fought between the agencies of law enforcement and the criminal element, the United States Police Force was formed. As large and well-equipped as the armed forces, the Police Force won the war.

DISSOLVE TO:

1A A large emblem: the American Eagle against a red background. Proud, savage, strong. And in bold letters underneath, THE UNITED STATES POLICE FORCE. CAMERA MOVES IN on the emblem.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

In 1990 there were not enough prisons to harbor the three million plus population of convicted criminals.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER to the eagle.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

In 1991, extreme measures were taken to insure law and order in the United States.

CAMERA MOVES IN to the eye of the eagle, then INTO BLACK.

CUT TO:

A1 INT. FUTURISTIC COMPLEX - DAY - PANAGLIDE

Looking down a long corridor. Dark. Eerie neon lighting. A MAN running. Silhouetted. Moving right toward us.

SUPERIMPOSE:

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES
COLORADO FEDERAL RESERVE
12:45 P.M.
July 14, 1992

The man slows. Stops. Holding back in the shadows. He peers around the corner, moving into the light. His left eye is totally black. An eye-patch. His other eye, piercing blue, stares o.s.

He is SNAKE PLISSKEN. Arrogant, mean and handsome. From looking at him you know two things: you want to get to know him but you don't want to fuck with him.

A SHRILL, CLANGING ALARM goes off!

Plissken jumps forward. Runs down another corridor. CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM. He wears a brown maintenance uniform. Emblazoned with "COLORADO SOLAR". He carries a large, blue satchel. He runs with all his might.

A2 POV - COMPLEX - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA HURTLES down corridors, around corners, through the incredible futuristic bank. There are no people. No guards. TV cameras in the ceiling. Glass, neon and steel.

CAMERA ROUNDS a corner and MOVES UP TO an elevator. Marked: "ROOF EXIT". Plissken's hand punches the button.

The elevator doors open. CAMERA PLUNGES INSIDE.

A3 INT. ELEVATOR/EXT. DESERT - DAY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken punches the 'ROOF' button. The doors close. The CLANG of the alarm FADES as the elevator rises. Plissken rips out of the maintenance uniform. He hurls it on the floor. Stares at the floor indicator lights. Out of breath. Waiting anxiously.

Then the doors open. A blast of sunlight. Plissken dashes out into a bleak, expansive Colorado desert. This is the roof of the underground bank!

(CONTINUED)

A3 CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES WITH Plissken as he races past huge solar domes. He ducks behind a dome. A motorcycle. Futuristic (like a Honda Shadow Classic). Painted on the fenderwell is a snake. A Cobra. Fangs bared. Forked tongue protruding.

Plissken jumps on. Rams the kickstarter. The bike ROARS to life. He tears away from the solar domes across the desert.

A4 EXT. DESERT TWO-LANE

Plissken speeds across the desert floor to a two-lane highway. From behind the solar domes two THRASHING black helicopters rise up into the sky. Like huge, THUNDERING metallic insects. They dip and zoom right for him.

A5 ANGLE DOWN TWO-LANE

Plissken ROARS BY CAMERA, down the two-lane toward a mountain in the distance, becoming a dot.

Suddenly the two helicopters SCREAM BY CAMERA, low to the ground, whirling after him!

A6 MOVING SHOT WITH PLISSKEN

CAMERA IS ON Plissken, IN FRONT OF HIM, MOVING WITH HIM. Behind him we see the helicopters closing in.

Closer. Closer. They're right behind him!

Suddenly the CAMERA and Plissken are plunged into darkness. A tunnel entrance. Behind through the opening we SEE the helicopters turn away. We are in the mountain.

Plissken suddenly veers off to the right.

A7 CIRCULAR UNDERGROUND RAMP

Plissken roars down an underground ramp, around and around, deeper and deeper. There are lights in the ceiling. Concrete.

A8 INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY STATION - PANAGLIDE

Plissken ROARS OFF the ramp into a large underground subway station. Parking spaces. Lights. Signs.

(CONTINUED)

A8 CONTINUED:

"PACIFIC EXPRESS". Plissken pulls his bike to a stop, jumps off and starts running. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM. He jams a white credit card into a turnstile. It CLICKS. The turnstile opens. Plissken moves. Out on to the station ramp. More signs: LOS ANGELES. SEATTLE. SAN FRANCISCO. Plissken slows.

The San Francisco Bullet RUMBLES IN. It stops. The doors open. Plissken ducks inside.

A9 INT. SUBWAY CAR

Neon lit. Like a BART car. The doors close. Plissken slumps down in a seat.

The car is empty except for a PASSENGER lying across a seat asleep. It begins to accelerate, its engines WHINING. 50 m.p.h. 60. Finally up to 90, 100, 120.

Plissken relaxes. He zips open the large blue satchel.

A10 INSERT - SATCHEL

Inside are hundreds of plastic, white credit cards. He pulls several out. Printed on them are: "MASTER, U.S. NATIONAL BANK". "MASTER, U.S. PORT AUTHORITY". "MASTER, U.S. TOBACCO RESERVE".

A11 ON PLISSKEN

Plissken drops them back in the satchel, zips it up, folds his hands over it and leans back in the seat. He closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

CUT TO:

A12 WIDE SHOT - SUBWAY CAR

Plissken and the other passenger. Still asleep. The subway train comes to a stop. The doors WHOOSH open. A prerecorded VOICE:

SUBWAY VOICE
San Francisco. Please step
to your right.

The passenger stirs and walks out of the car. Plissken slowly gathers himself together and starts out.

A13 POV - DOORS - SUBWAY PLATFORM

CAMERA MOVES THRU the doors and out on to the platform.

It is completely deserted. The other passenger has disappeared.

A14 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

He stops. He looks both ways. A beat.

BLAM! A cannister of tear gas EXPLODES next to him!
BLAM! Another cannister in front of him.

A hollow, metallic VOICE SCREAMS through a loudspeaker:

POLICE CAPTAIN
This is the United States Police
Force. You have the right to
remain silent, you have the
right to an attorney, you have
the right...

Plissken bolts. Running. CAMERA GLIDES WITH HIM. Shot like the SLA shootout. Around corners, down hallways. More tear gas cannisters EXPLODE! The loudspeaker VOICE continues, LOUD, DISTORTED, inaudible.

A15 HALLWAY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken runs down a hallway. Around a corner. A dead end. He turns around and starts back. Then he stops.

A16 REVERSE ANGLE

A squad of TROOPERS with gleaming, long-barreled rifles race toward him down the hallway. He is trapped.

Plissken stands in the hallway waiting. He drops the satchel. Almost casually. Resigned. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and taps one out. He lights it up as the troopers close in around him.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - NIGHT (EFFECT)

OPEN ON A CLOSE SHOT of a large metal sign on a concrete wall:

NEW YORK MAXIMUM SECURITY
PENITENTIARY

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

The SOUND of WIND. CAMERA BEGINS TO BOOM UP the concrete wall. SUPERIMPOSE:

MANHATTAN ISLAND
7:30 P.M.
OCTOBER 22, 1992

CAMERA BOOMS UP above the concrete wall to reveal Manhattan Island. A prison. The skyline of New York is different. Dark. A few lights here and there: fires burning. The skyscrapers are black, silent shells, empty and abandoned, stretching up into the night sky.

3 EXT. HARLEM RIVER (EFFECT)

The Harlem River is a blasted gorge three miles wide. On the Bronx side is a huge, fifty-foot concrete wall running along the shoreline. On top of the wall are small red sensor lights glowing in evenly spaced intervals.

3A CLOSER ON WALL

A weather-worn sign is bolted to the concrete wall. Its message is printed in violent red letters:

WARNING! ELECTRONIC SENSORS!
PRISONERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT!

On top of the wall is a tangle of barbed wire and metal pylons.

4 EXT. BATTERY PARK (EFFECT)

The lower end of Manhattan is a twisted mess, a jungle of broken, decaying buildings and docks. Out across the bay is the Statue of Liberty, a dark silhouette rising out of the water. There are red sensor lights all over the statue. On top of the crown is a slowly revolving searchlight. Its beam stretches out across the water to the battery.

5 CLOSER - STATUE OF LIBERTY

Inside the eyes, on the crown and on top of the torch are POLICEMEN. It is cold and windy up here. They stand by glowing orange heaters, drinking coffee. They carry rifles and their eyes are hidden behind dark, infra-red goggles.

6 EXT. NEW JERSEY SHORELINE - WALL (EFFECT)

The spires of the George Washington Bridge clang gently in the wind. Broken. Rusted. In disuse. The bridge abruptly ends on the New Jersey side as it slams into another fifty-foot concrete wall that stretches down the shoreline.

7 EXT. BUNKERS - NIGHT

Behind the wall is a series of low, concrete bunkers. Radar scanners revolve slowly on their roofs. Another sign:

HEADQUARTERS: SECURITY & DEBARKATION

8 INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The room is dark. The HUMMING of machinery. POLICEMEN sit idly drinking coffee, smoking, chatting quietly, watching banks of infra-red TV screens. They show various views of the bay, panning mechanically back and forth. REHME, the section commander, is seated in front of a bank of machinery.

Suddenly there is a LOUD BEEPING from a panel in front of Rehme.

9 CLOSEUP - RADAR SCREEN

A red blip flashes on the screen.

10 ANGLE ON REHME

He grabs a telephone.

REHME

North bay, section seventeen.
Object moving toward the wall.

10A CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

Infra-red. Something bobbing out on the water. Two figures on it.

11 EXT. BAY

Just below the single span of the George Washington bridge a raft bobs haphazardly on the black water.

12 CLOSER - RAFT

Two very thin, pale PRISONERS cling to their raft made of rotting logs and parts of telephone poles. They paddle desperately with wooden poles. Suddenly a DRONING ALARM HORN begins to sound across the bay.

13 EXT. BUNKERS

POLICEMEN pour out of the bunkers. Long rifles and infra-red goggles. Dressed in black. Like a SWAT team on the run.

A LOUD THRASHING SOUND. Two helicopters rise up from behind the bunkers into the sky, their lights flashing.

14 EXT. WALL

The helicopters glide over the wall and out across the water. Their searchlights ignite beneath them. The beams dance hauntingly across the surface of the bay.

15 INT. HELICOPTER

The PILOT stares down out of the cockpit.

PILOT

(into mike)

Attempted break in progress.
Small wooden raft. Two men.

16 EXT. RAFT

The prisoners look up as the helicopters hover overhead. Their searchlights splash the raft with an eerie blue glow. A speaker under one of the helicopters POPS and CRACKLES.

PILOT

(over speakers)

Attention, attention. You have ten seconds to turn around. Start back to the penitentiary. Repeat, you have ten seconds to turn around.

The prisoners watch the helicopters move overhead. They lean on their poles, gouging them into the water, ignoring the warning.

The helicopters suddenly turn and dip down toward the raft!

17 INT. HELICOPTER

The pilot squeezes the top of his control stick.

18 ANGLE ON RAFT

Two bright flashes BURST from under the helicopters.

An instant later the raft EXPLODES, flies into fragments!
One of the prisoners is on fire! He is hurled from the
disintegrating raft and falls FIZZING into the water!

The other prisoner swims away, splashing frantically toward the New Jersey shore.

19 INT. BUNKER

Rehme stares at the readout screen.

REHME

(into receiver)

We have one in the water,
swimming toward the wall.
Seventeen, north. Thirty
degrees. He's all yours.

20 EXT. TOP OF WALL

Three policemen stand motionless, their rifles ready.

21 ANGLE ON BEACH BELOW

The prisoner crawls out of the water and drags himself up the bleak, concrete beach. He breathes in GASPS.

22 CLOSE ON POLICEMAN

He takes aim. We are looking down the barrel of his rifle. He looks down the sight through the dark goggles.

23 POV THRU GOGGLES

Through infra-red goggles we see the prisoner stumbling up the beach.

24 ANGLE ON BEACH

The prisoner crawls desperately for the safety of the wall.
BLAM! Suddenly short, angry EXPLOSIONS erupt around him!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

He reaches the wall, flattens himself against it, and starts running along it in the shadows.

25 ANGLE ON POLICEMAN

He takes aim, following his target.

26 POV THRU GOGGLES

The prisoner sprints down the beach in negative red.

27 ANGLE ON POLICEMAN

He fires!

28 ANGLE ON PRISONER

He is hit! He explodes, spins, then crumbles, shuddering. He lies blackened and FIZZLING on the concrete beach.

29 ANGLE ON POLICEMAN

He lowers his rifle. He stares. Eyes hidden. Expressionless.

30 INT. BUNKER

Rehme switches off the alarm. The droning horn dies. The men return to normal. A SECOND POLICEMAN turns to him.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Who was it?

REHME

Charly. That's seventeen. Another month and he'll have a gold badge.

SECOND POLICEMAN

I believe it's eighteen. Charly's bagged eighteen.

REHME

(considers it)
Yeah, I think you're right. I think it is eighteen.

31 EXT. BUNKERS

A flash of lightning and THUNDER. The helicopters sweep in over the wall and land behind the bunkers. Policemen wander back inside. It begins to rain.

A prison transport vehicle, something like an armored car, pulls up in front of a bunker. GUARDS open the back doors. PRISONERS begin filing out.

Finally Plissken emerges. He is handcuffed and shackled in leg-irons. He glances up into the sky at the rain, then is led into a bunker.

31A INT. BUNKER

CAMERA FOLLOWS Plissken through the door into the bunker. There are huge signs:

PRISONERS: NO TALKING
 NO SMOKING
 FOLLOW THE RED LINE

A corridor. The red line leads to a guard station. Several GUARDS stand around with rifles. A DUTY SERGEANT sits behind the desk. He glances up as Plissken passes.

DUTY SERGEANT

Hold up.

Plissken stops. The duty sergeant glances through several folders and picks out one. He opens it.

DUTY SERGEANT

(continuing)

Mister Snake Plissken.

The guards react. They stare at Plissken.

DUTY SERGEANT

(continuing)

How are you tonight, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

(emotionless)

Fabulous.

DUTY SERGEANT

(smiles)

Not for long.

A guard nudges Plissken forward. He continues down the corridor. Toward a doorway with a sign above it:

GOODBYE, CHARLIE.
DON'T THINK IT HASN'T
BEEN FUN!

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

CAMERA FOLLOWS Plissken into the doorway into BLACK.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

Rain. A limousine whishes through a parking lot. CAMERA MOVES WITH IT, coming IN CLOSE to the side, reading the seal of the United States Police Force and "COMMISSIONER" on the door. The limousine stops and the door opens.

Police Commissioner BOB HAUKE steps out. He is a stocky man with a blunt, powerful face. He is met by a plainclothes COP.

COP

Thank you for coming, sir.

HAUKE

What is it?

COP

We have a small jet in trouble.
Over restricted air space.

They start walking quickly through the rain, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

HAUKE

Where is he?

COP

About three miles and closing.
He was hit by lightning. His
instruments are out. He's on
fire.

HAUKE

Who is he?

COP

Identifies as David fourteen.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as they enter a small control tower in a large field in the middle of nowhere. On top is a rectangular, glass-enclosed room glowing with warm light. CAMERA MOVES IN to a sign:

United States Police Force
NEW YORK AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

33 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Dark. Lit by banks of instrumentation. Rain washes down the windows outside. Several CONTROLLERS huddle around a radar screen showing a small blip moving erratically through clouds. Hauk and the cop enter. A CONTROLLER talks into a microphone.

CONTROLLER

David fourteen, do you copy, over?

PILOT

(over radio,
GARBLED AND
DISTORTED)

... two miles... fuel loss at
fifteen...

CONTROLLER

David fourteen, I'm calling air
rescue. Turn to band 749 and
stand by, over.

(flips a switch)

New York to Bayonne Air Rescue,
I have a mayday in restricted
space. Do you copy, over?

BAYONNE

(over radio)

New York, I have him on my
screens. He's losing altitude
fast, over.

CAMERA MOVES IN to Hauk and the cop.

HAUK

Can they get a Piggyback up to
him?

COP

Not in this storm.

HAUK

Isn't David fourteen a
broadcast code for government
aircraft?

COP

Yes, sir. We checked it.

HAUK

And?

COP

Not listed on the computer.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

HAUK

Unlisted?

COP

We had to call Washington.

Hauk and the cop move over to a COMPUTER OPERATOR who sits in front of a screen which has suddenly started to CLACK to life.

COMPUTER OPERATOR

Code's coming in, sir.

As they stare at the screen, a look of utter horror comes over their faces.

34 CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

AIRCRAFT IDENT

CODE: DAVID 14

DECODE: AIR FORCE ONE

CUT TO:

35 EXT. JET - NIGHT

A small but powerful jet plane bobs up and down in the storm. Smoke pours out of the rear. The craft weaves and shudders violently.

36 CLOSER ON JET

On the side of the plane is the Seal of the President of the United States!

37 INT. COCKPIT - JET - NIGHT

The PILOT is beaded with sweat, his hands gripped tightly around the wheel. Next to him is the CO-PILOT. The NAVIGATOR is behind them at the chart table. A SECRET SERVICE MAN opens the cockpit door and steps in.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Where are we?

PILOT

New Jersey, somewhere.

NAVIGATOR

Fuel loss increased. Ten minutes in the air. Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

Suddenly the place vibrates wildly. An ALARM goes off on the instrument panel.

38 CLOSE - INSTRUMENT PANEL

Red lights flash on.

39 INT. COCKPIT

PILOT

Revs are up! 12,000! The
port engine's clogged and
overheating!

The secret service man dashes out of the cockpit.

40 INT. CABIN

The main cabin is lush and fancy. The seal of the President is on one of the carpeted walls. There is a bar, several plump seats and a round table lounge area. The PRESIDENT stares at the secret service man. TWO OTHER SECRET SERVICE MEN stand beside him looking terrified and ill.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Let's get to the pod, sir.

The President is breathless with anxiety. One of the other men SNAPS one end of a pair of handcuffs around the handle of a medium-sized, dark-brown executive briefcase and the other end around the President's wrist.

At the rear of the cabin a hatch is lifted. The secret service men help the President down into an open hatch in the floor. It is the top of an escape pod. The interior of the pod is incredibly small: a padded seat, seat-belt, padded walls, and a readout screen.

The President is stuffed into the pod. The secret service man leans in and SNAPS a metallic bracelet around the President's other wrist. Then he punches a button on the readout.

The readout screen blinks on. It shows the President's blood pressure, heartbeat, temperature, etc.

The President looks scared shitless. He stares ominously at the men standing above him as they close the hatch. One of them then clamps shut two levers, sealing the pod.

41 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND

The faltering Air Force One glides awkwardly down through the rain toward the silhouette of Manhattan Island.

42 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Hawk stares at a screen. The red blip of Air Force One moves into a flashing danger area. New York City. Hawk turns to the controller who talks into his microphone. The room is incredibly tense.

CONTROLLER

Air Force One, can you drop
your spare tanks to gain
altitude, over?

43 INT. COCKPIT - POV THRU COCKPIT WINDOW

Out the window is the dark hulk of New York. The shapes of buildings and towers are outlined through the rain.

PILOT

I've dropped both tanks. We're
as high as we're going to get.

43A ANGLE ON PILOT

He grips the vibrating stick.

PILOT

(continuing;
into mike)

We're out of fuel. We're
gliding now... Going down.
Still can't see...

44 POV THRU COCKPIT WINDOW

Suddenly, out of the rain, a skyscraper looms forward right through the windshield into CAMERA! The plane EXPLODES!

45 INT. CONTROL TOWER

There is hideous SQUEALING and STATIC over the radio.

CONTROLLER

He's down!

The room goes crazy! Hawk races out the door.

46 EXT. WALL (RAIN)

On top of the concrete wall a line of police take their places and stand poised.

47 EXT. BUNKERS (RAIN)

Police rush in and out of bunkers. The limousine pulls up and Hauk jumps out. He runs through the rain to the control bunker.

48 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

Hauk enters. Rehme and a POLICE CAPTAIN stare at a readout.

49 CLOSE - READOUT

The vital signs monitor shows the President's heartbeat and blood pressure. His pulse is thundering.

50 BACK TO SCENE

HAUK
He's still alive!

They move over to another screen, a green schematic. Rehme punches buttons.

REHME
Here it is.

51 CLOSE ON GREEN SCHEMATIC SCREEN

A geometric three-dimensional image of Air Force One appears. The computer tracks it through the air. Suddenly a three-dimensional image of the skyscraper moves into view and the two collide. From the rear of the plane a blinking red dot arches slowly away through the air.

HAUK
That's the escape pod.

CAPTAIN
Forty degrees.

The geometric view pulls wider. We see the blinking red dot fall from the plane and arc down to street level.

52 ON HAUK, REHME & CAPTAIN

REHME
Fifty yards.

HAUK
(to the captain)
I'm going in.

CAPTAIN
Yes, sir.

53 EXT. BUNKERS (RAIN)

Twenty Tactical Unit POLICE, fully outfitted with backpacks, combat gear, helmets, rifles and infra-red goggles, pour out of the bunkers into thundering helicopters. HAUK races out, pulling on his backpack and jumps into the lead helicopter.

The doors close and one by one they lift off into the sky.

54 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND (RAIN)

LONG SHOT of the city. The helicopters glide across the bay.

55 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

Rehme and the other men are deadly quiet. Listening to STATIC over the radio. Staring at various readout screens.

55A CLOSE ON READOUT

Red blips, indicating the helicopters, move across a geometric representation of the bay.

55B BACK TO SCENE

Rehme eyes the vital signs monitor. The President's life signs remain steady.

HAUK
(over radio)
One W Larry, over the battery...
We're moving down... Crash
site ahead...

55C CLOSE ON READOUT

The red helicopter blips move over a geometric Manhattan Island.

HAUK
(continuing;
over radio)
We're going down...

CUT TO:

55D EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT (RAIN)

A scene out of hell. A dark, desolate, blasted, junked New York street. Rain splashes down. Thick smoke drifting. There are no lights. The buildings and brownstones are black, looming, monstrous shapes.

From out of the sky the helicopters descend. They land on the street. The doors open. The squads pour out. Rifles ready. Tight ranks. Flashlights flaring.

Hauk jumps out of his helicopter. They move down the street, through the rain and smoke, their flashlight beams searching wildly.

A few yards ahead. A flashlight beam hits the escape pod! Smoke from the plane crash, fifty yards further up, obscures it. The pod has cracked the pavement. It is imbedded in the side of a building.

Hauk and the squads move closer.

The hatch to the emergency pod is open!

Hauk races up and peers inside. Empty. Rain pours in.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Sir!

Hauk looks up. The police captain points.

From out of the darkness and rain and smoke a figure appears. Walking slowly. Toward them.

The squads fan out in a line. Hauk raises his hand and steps forward.

The figure moves into the beams of twenty flashlights. Closer. It is a MAN. Closer. Dripping wet. Thin, gaunt, pale. Sunken eyes. Closer. It is ROMERO. He looks like the living dead. A walking corpse.

He walks up to Hauk and stops. Then he smiles. All of his teeth have been filed down to tiny, razor sharp points.

(CONTINUED)

55D CONTINUED:

ROMERO

If you touch me, he dies. If
you're not in the air in thirty
seconds, he dies. If you come
back in, he dies.

Romero holds out his hand and drops something in Hauk's
hand.

55E CLOSE ON HAUK'S HAND

Something small and slender wrapped in cloth. Hauk pulls
at the cloth. Blood stains. He unwraps the cloth. It
is a finger, severed at the third joint.

55F BACK TO SCENE

Hauk looks up at Romero.

ROMERO

Twenty seconds.

HAUK

I'm ready to talk.

ROMERO

Nineteen. Eighteen.

HAUK

What do you want?

Romero just smiles his deathhead smile.

ROMERO

Seventeen. Sixteen.

Hauk backs away. He holds up his hand.

HAUK

Let's go, let's go!

Confused at first, the squads finally follow Hauk and race
back to the helicopters. They begin taking off. Rising
up into the sky.

CUT TO:

56 DELETED

57 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - PANAGLIDE

The room is small. Lit from overhead neon lights. Smoky. A map of Manhattan Island on the wall. At a conference table sit several grim-faced men. The SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, the SECRETARY OF STATE, the ATTORNEY GENERAL, the USPF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and Hauk. Ash-filled ashtrays. Coffee. Gloom.

SUPERIMPOSE:

8:45 P.M.

HAUK

Anyone else?

Silence.

HAUK

(continuing)

Then are we agreed?

SECRETARY OF STATE

No, we're not agreed! I say we move in and take the island!

USPF COMMANDER

For Christ's sakes!

SECRETARY OF STATE

U.S. Police, federal police, the National Guard. We go in strong. Level the place if we have to...

ATTORNEY GENERAL

No!

HAUK

If we go down there with choppers, they'll kill him. We're lucky if he's still alive. They don't want anything yet, and by the time they figure out their demands it'll be too late.

Then everyone in the room BEGINS TALKING AT ONCE. Except Hauk. He gets up and quietly walks out the door. CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM, into the small outer office.

DR. CRONENBERG, a tall, lanky physician with a weary face, stands up from his chair.

HAUK

(continuing)

Is it ready?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

DR. CRONENBERG

Yes.

HAUK

How long will it take?

DR. CRONENBERG

A few seconds. But I'm against using it.

HAUK

I have a directive from Washington.

DR. CRONENBERG

This is an experimental unit, Hauk.

HAUK

You can test it out.

A POLICE SERGEANT enters the room.

SERGEANT

They just took him in to quarantine.

HAUK

Bring him to my office.

CUT TO:

58 INT. DEBARKATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES DOWN a long, dingy corridor, down an endless line of grim-looking PRISONERS receiving inoculations from DOCTORS, prison clothing from GUARDS and confessions from PRIESTS. Everywhere are COPS with guns.

CAMERA MOVES TO a closed door with a sign:

SECURITY QUARANTINE
D BLOCK

59 INT. QUARANTINE ROOM

A small, white room. DUGGAN, a guard, stands on one side of the room, his rifle raised, staring intently o.s.

60 REVERSE ANGLE

Across the room Plissken sits on a bench. Another GUARD and a DOCTOR administer inoculations and clothing.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

Plissken is still shackled with handcuffs and leg-irons. He winces slightly, but otherwise is expressionless as the doctor shoves a needle in his arm.

DOCTOR

I'm finished.

GUARD

You want to see a priest?

Plissken doesn't move. No expression.

GUARD

(continuing)

All right, no priest.

The guard and the doctor move away from Plissken and disappear through a thick metal door. Silence. Duggan lowers his rifle and pulls a pack of cigarettes from his breast pocket.

DUGGAN

So we finally caught up with the Snake. Didn't slime out on us this time.

No reaction from Plissken. He just stares at the pack of cigarettes Duggan is opening.

DUGGAN

(continuing)

Here he is, the Snake, going in to the city. Just one more stop before you leave. You know what it is?

No reaction.

DUGGAN

(continuing)

Sterilization. They burn you so you're all dried up. No good any more. No little Snakes. Ain't that a shame.

PLISSKEN

(laconically)

I'm not there yet.

DUGGAN

You're just a kiss away, Snake.

Duggan lights his cigarette and notices Plissken staring.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED (2):

DUGGAN
(continuing)
Cigarette?

PLISSKEN
Yeah.

Duggan pulls one from the pack and tosses it on the floor several feet in front of Plissken. Shackled to the bench, he can't move.

DUGGAN
Crawl for it.

Suddenly the door opens.

A TROOPER walks briskly into the room.

TROOPER
Strip his leg-irons.

DUGGAN
What?

TROOPER
Priority override.

DUGGAN
(surprised)
Where's he going?

TROOPER
Hauk.

61 INT. HALLWAY

A squad of TROOPERS walk determinedly down a cold, steel-white corridor. In their midst, still handcuffed, is Plissken. Duggan walks next to him. He eyes Plissken, then jams the butt of his rifle into Plissken's side. Plissken doubles over.

TROOPER
Hey!

DUGGAN
These floors were just waxed.
He slipped.

They start walking again. Duggan pulls out his pack of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

DUGGAN
(continuing)
Still want a smoke?

Plissken doesn't look at him.

DUGGAN
(continuing)
Smoking doesn't soothe the
nerves, Snake. Makes it worse.
Puts you on edge.

Duggan suddenly swings his gun butt against Plissken's leg with a CRACK! The group stops as Plissken buckles.

TROOPER
Allright, Duggan!

DUGGAN
He wants a cigarette.

TROOPER
Don't fuck around.

Duggan pulls out a cigarette and sticks it in Plissken's mouth.

DUGGAN
I just want to light it for
him.

Duggan strikes a match and lights the cigarette. Plissken drags on it, staring at him. Then he smiles. Slightly.

PLISSKEN
A little human compassion.

Then suddenly Plissken brings his knee up and drives it into Duggan's groin! Duggan instantly doubles over. Plissken swings his knee up again and connects with Duggan's forehead with a WHACK! Duggan flops down to the floor!

The troopers move in on Plissken. They push him back against the wall.

PLISSKEN
(continuing)
These floors were just waxed.

The troopers stare at him coldly. Finally one of them nods to the others. Plissken is pushed forward.

TROOPER
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED (2):

SECOND TROOPER
What about Duggan?

TROOPER
I said let's go.

Plissken turns and looks back at Duggan's body.

CUT TO:

62 INT. HAUK'S OFFICE

The door opens and the troopers and Plissken file into the room. Hauk rises, stares at Plissken, then nods to the troopers.

HAUK
All right, all of you get out.

TROOPER
He's dangerous, sir.

HAUK
I know.

Hauk reaches into his coat and brings out a revolver. He COCKS it.

HAUK
(continuing)
I'll be all right.

The troopers leave the room. Hauk stares at Plissken for several beats. Plissken stares back, then eases himself into a chair and puffs contentedly on the last of his cigarette. He holds up his handcuffed hands to Hauk.

PLISSKEN
They're starting to chafe.

HAUK
I'm not a fool, Plissken.

PLISSKEN
Call me Snake.

Hauk sits behind his desk. He glances at an open folder.

HAUK
S.D. Bob Plissken. American.
Lieutenant in the Army
Intelligence Corps, two Purple
Hearts in Leningrad and Siberia.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

HAUK (CONT'D)

Youngest man to be decorated
by the President. You robbed
the Bank of the United States,
Federal Reserve Depository.
Life sentence in the New York
Maximum Security Penitentiary.
I'm ready to kick your ass out
of the world, war hero.

PLISSKEN

Who are you?

HAUK

Hauk. Police commissioner.

PLISSKEN

Why are we talking?

Hauk is silent for a moment.

HAUK

I have a deal for you. You'll
receive a full pardon for each
and every criminal action you
ever committed in the United
States of America.

Plissken stares at him. Hauk gets up from his desk.

HAUK

(continuing)

There was an accident about an
hour ago. A small jet. Struck
by lightning. Went down inside
New York City. The President
was on board.

PLISSKEN

Our President?

Hauk nods. Plissken begins to CHUCKLE.

HAUK

It isn't funny, Plissken. You
go in, find the President,
bring him out in twenty-four
hours and you're a free man.

Plissken looks at him.

PLISSKEN

This a joke?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED (2):

HAUK

I'm making you an offer.

PLISSKEN

Bullshit.

HAUK

Straight. Just like I said.

PLISSKEN

I'll think about it.

HAUK

No time. Give me an answer.

PLISSKEN

Get a new President.

HAUK

We're at war, Plissken. We need him alive.

PLISSKEN

I don't care about your war. Or your President.

HAUK

Is that your answer?

PLISSKEN

I'm thinking it over.

Plissken is silent a moment.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Why me?

HAUK

You did it in Leningrad, you can do it here.

(a beat)

You're all I've got.

PLISSKEN

Well... I go in one way or the other, it don't mean shit to me. Give me the papers.

HAUK

When you come out.

PLISSKEN

Before.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED (3):

HAUK

I said I wasn't a fool, Plissken.

Plissken smiles. Just slightly.

PLISSKEN

Snake. Call me Snake.

CUT TO:

63 DELETED

64 INT. SCREENING ROOM - CLOSE ON SCREEN - NIGHT

CLOSE on a huge screen. A series of photos flash on: aerial shots of GANGS moving through city streets.

65 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN & HAUKE

Plissken is still handcuffed but smokes a cigarette. He watches the screen disinterestedly. Hauk paces back and forth nervously. COPS dash in and out of the screening room, handing updates to Hauk.

HAUK

They split along race and ethnic lines. White, Black, Chicano, Indian, Oriental, European, and then the rest: Women, Homosexuals, Religious, Senior Citizens, the Crazies. Some of them have cars. They took junkers left behind and converted them to steam. We think they may also have a gasoline source in there. And power. Greenhouses. Rigged-up generators.

Hauk punches the control box.

A photo on the screen: figures emerging from a subway station.

HAUK

(continuing)

The Crazies. The criminally insane. They live in the subways. Full control of the underground.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

HAUK (CONT'D)

They're night raiders. No code, no leaders, no conscious survival system. They live to kill.

Hauk clicks off the projector.

HAUK

(continuing)

Let's go.

Plissken holds up his handcuffs. Hauk turns to a cop.

HAUK

(continuing)

Get someone up here to get these off of him.

CUT TO:

66 INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A TROOPER unlocks Plissken's handcuffs. Hauk pulls an oversized backpack out of a storage locker and plops it on the table.

HAUK

Standard tactical survival pack. Two automatic weapons. Silencers.

Hauk zips open the backpack. The guns are packed in interlocking straps. The rifle looks like an AR 15 with several additions, including a telescopic sight.

HAUK

(continuing)

Rifle holds twenty-five rounds, the hand gun fourteen.

Hauk opens various pouches in the backpack.

HAUK

(continuing)

Flare pistol, rations, ten vitamin pills, ten methadrine tablets, infra-red goggles, pocket two-way radio.

Hauk takes out a small, circular metal object. It looks like a futuristic doorbell buzzer. A tracer.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

HAUK

(continuing)

Tracer. Sends a constant radio signal for fifteen minutes. If you push it we can track you on radar. But you have to switch off the safety catch.

CUT TO:

67 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They dash down a neon-lit corridor. Plissken carries his backpack.

HAUK

A Gulfstream glider is on its way from Wyoming. Military reconnaissance aircraft. It has an onboard computer and schematic readout screens.

PLISSKEN

What about a pilot?

HAUK

The computer's programmed to glide you in to the target. The top of the World Trade Center. You'll leave the glider there, get the President and return to the aircraft. It has a small jet engine in the rear for take-off.

Hauk opens a cardboard box about the size of a small transistor radio.

HAUK

(continuing)

You can locate the President from his vital signs bracelet. It's on his wrist. It gives off a synch pulse. Use this.

He hands Plissken what looks like a small compass.

HAUK

(continuing)

Homing device. Shows direction and distance.

CUT TO:

68 INT. C WARD - NIGHT

Dr. Cronenberg stands by a large, portable unit that resembles a dialysis machine. He nods at Hauk and stares at Plissken as they enter the small examination room.

HAUK

Strong antitoxin. Stops
bacteria and viral growth for
twenty-four hours.

PLISSKEN

I've had the needle four times
tonight.

DR. CRONENBERG

Take off your shirt. Sit down.

Plissken stands there.

PLISSKEN

I'll be all right.

HAUK

Let's go, Plissken.

Finally Plissken complies. He sits on the table. Stares off into space.

PLISSKEN

I don't like needles...

Behind Plissken, hidden from his view, Dr. Cronenberg sets two dials on the machine. Hauk opens a small box, takes out a digital wrist watch and glances at Cronenberg. A number lights up on the machine: 23:00:05. Hauk sets the wrist watch and straps it on Plissken's wrist.

69 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

Hauk punches a button on the side. The small readout lights up. 23:00:01, 00, then BLINK: 22:59:59, 58, 57...

HAUK

Twenty-two hours, fifty-nine
minutes, fifty-seven seconds...

70 BACK TO SCENE

PLISSKEN

We talked about twenty-four.

HAUK

In twenty-two hours the Hartford
Summit Meeting will be over.
China and the Soviet Union will
go back home.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

DR. CRONENBERG

I'm ready.

Cronenberg grasps two long rubber tubes from the machine and walks over behind Plissken.

HAUK

The President was on his way to the Summit Meeting when his plane crashed. He has a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. Inside the briefcase are documents from the Department of Energy. Most Secret, Eyes Only, No Copies. The documents have to reach Hartford in twenty-two hours.

DR. CRONENBERG

Sit forward, please.

Plissken sits forward.

PLISSKEN

Why?

HAUK

Survival, Plissken. The only way we can win this war.

Dr. Cronenberg carefully places the ends of the tubes, two small compressed air guns, on either side of Plissken's neck.

HAUK

(continuing)

We found an energy source. Totally synthetic, easy to produce. We're going to offer it to the Soviets and the Chinese. They'll have to take it. Under our conditions.

DR. CRONENBERG

I'm going to inject you. It'll sting for a second or two.

Cronenberg pushes two buttons on each gun. There are two POPS. Plissken flinches slightly. Cronenberg removes the tubes. There are two small red marks on Plissken's neck.

HAUK

Thank you, doctor.

DR. CRONENBERG

Tell him.

Plissken's expression instantly changes.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED (2):

PLISSKEN

Tell me what?

Hauk looks at him.

PLISSKEN

(continuing; looks
at Cronenberg)

What did you do to me?

HAUK

My idea, Plissken. Something we've been fooling around with. Two microscopic capsules lodged in your arteries. Biologically, they're harmless to your system. They'll begin to dissolve immediately and in twenty-two hours the cores will completely dissolve. But inside the cores is a small, heat-sensing charge. Not a large explosive. About the size of a pinhead, just enough to open up both your arteries. I'd say you'd be dead in ten, fifteen seconds.

Suddenly Plissken reaches out and grabs Hauk by the throat. His thumb presses in on Hauk's trachea.

PLISSKEN

Take 'em out.

Hauk reaches in his coat and draws his gun. He points it at Plissken's mid-section. Plissken doesn't release his grip on Hauk's throat. Cronenberg moves hesitantly toward them.

DR. CRONENBERG

They're protected by the cores!
But fifteen minutes before the
last hour is up we can neutralize
the charges with an x-ray!

Plissken looks at them both, then releases his grip on Hauk.

Hauk staggers slightly, clutching his throat. Plissken feels his neck with his hands.

HAUK

I had no guarantee you
wouldn't... take off... in the
opposite direction...

Plissken looks at the wrist watch.

71 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

The numbers tick down: 22:47:02, 01, 00, 22:46:59, 58...

72 BACK TO SCENE

HAUK

(continuing)

We'll burn out the charges.
If you have the President.

PLISSKEN

What if I'm late?

HAUK

No more Hartford Summit, no
more Snake Plissken.

Plissken stares at Hauk for several beats.

PLISSKEN

When I get back I'm going to
kill you.

HAUK

The glider's waiting.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Plissken strides out of a squat hangar across the airstrip. He is still dressed in his own clothes. Jeans. Leather jacket. The backpack is slung over his shoulder.

It is still raining slightly. A huge jet transport sits waiting. Under the bell of the transport is the glider, a sleek, bullet-shaped arrow of solid steel with a huge single jet engine in the rear. Plissken pulls open a door in the side of the glider and slips in.

74 INT. GLIDER

Plissken closes the door and seals it shut. There is an automatic CLICK and a HISS as the air cooling system switches on.

The cockpit is ridiculously small. Plissken is surrounded by TV screens on all sides. In front of him is a panel of controls, dials, switches, readouts and the control stick. His face is bathed in green from the screens.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

He reaches behind the seat and checks the huge backpack. Satisfied, he straps it in and begins flipping switches in front of him. One by one the screens come on, showing a geometric computer-image of the airstrip outside, every angle and point of view. Side, front, up, down, rear.

He puts on a headset and flips a switch.

PLISSKEN

I'm ready.

75 INT. CONTROL ROOM

Standing behind the COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER at the controls is Hauk. He nervously checks his watch, then leans down into the microphone.

HAUK

Twenty-one hours.

76 INT. GLIDER

PLISSKEN

Suppose he's dead. If I come back without him, do you burn these things out?

HAUK

(over radio)

If you bring me the briefcase.

PLISSKEN

He means a lot to you, doesn't he?

HAUK

Yes, he does. He's the President.

(pause)

But we need the briefcase.

PLISSKEN

I'll see you later.

HAUK

Understand one thing. Once you're airborne, you're on your own. A free agent. We never heard of you, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

Snake.

CUT TO:

77 DELETED

78 EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

The jet's engines ROAR to life, blasting the SCREEN with white-hot exhaust. The transport rolls down the runway, picks up speed and then bolts up into the air.

CUT TO:

79 INT. JET TRANSPORT - GLIDER COUPLING - NIGHT

We are in the belly of the jet transport looking down at the coupling holding the glider in place.

There is a LOUD PNEUMATIC HISS and the coupling disengages. The glider drops away from the transport.

80 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of the city. The wall is in foreground.

Suddenly the glider WHIZZES BY low over the wall and silently drifts toward the city.

81 ANGLE ON GLIDER

Streaking through the night sky. Up ahead the dark, ominous city moves closer and closer. The air begins to turn brown and milky.

82 INT. GLIDER

Plissken watches the screens in front of him.

83 ANGLE ON SCREENS

Tall geometric shapes, computer outlines of the city, move closer in perspective. A faint red blip is pulsing.

84 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

HAUK

(over radio)

Are you picking up the target blip?

PLISSKEN

Right on course.

85 EXT. DOCKS

The glider flies over the docks into the first area of buildings, gliding in between the tall, empty skyscrapers.

86 INT. GLIDER - CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREENS

In geometric outline, the screens show every point-of-view of the desolate city moving by. Up ahead is the pulsing red target blip.

87 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken lights a cigarette.

HAUK
(over radio)
How's your altitude?

PLISSKEN
It's fabulous.

HAUK
(over radio)
If you need to get higher, use
your jet engine.

PLISSKEN
Makes too much noise. The
idea is to get in quietly.

Plissken's eyes widen.

88 ANGLE ON SCREEN

Ahead is a geometric outline of a huge building coming right at him.

89 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken turns the stick hard.

90 ANGLE ON SCREEN

The building tilts down and disappears under the screen.

91 ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN
Snuck up on me...

91A EXT. CITY STREET

A dirty, wet, empty street. The glider whishes by overhead in complete silence.

92 INT. COCKPIT

The control stick begins to jiggle and shake. Plissken holds it tightly.

93 CLOSE ON SCREEN

Up ahead is the target: a computer outline of the World Trade Center. The red blip pulses right on top.

94 ON PLISSKEN

The glider suddenly vibrates wildly. The stick shakes. Plissken pushes the stick to the side.

95 CLOSE ON SCREEN

The geometric view on the front screen tilts and spins around.

96 ON PLISSKEN

As he fights the vibration to keep the glider in a steady turn.

HAUK
(over radio)
Plissken...

The glider vibrates again. Plissken is shook by the jittering stick.

(HAUK
(continuing)
Plissken...

Plissken brings the control stick to the forward position and then pushes it down.

HAUK
(continuing)
Plissken, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
Playing with myself. I'm going
in. Nice talking to you.

97 CLOSE ON SCREEN

The World Trade Center, a looming computer image with the red target blip flashing, moves right toward us.

98 EXT. TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

The glider drops down to the top of the World Trade Center. It hits, moving incredibly fast, wheels WHINING, then begins weaving and bouncing along, wobbling dangerously with the incredible speed.

99 INT. CRUISER

Plissken holds the stick with white, vised fingers.

100 CLOSE ON SCREEN

The top of the World Trade Center whips by, moving us closer and closer to the far edge. SUPERIMPOSED over the image:

FLAPS DOWN

101 CLOSE ON WING

The flaps spring up.

102 TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER

The careening cruiser suddenly weaves and twists violently.

103 INT. COCKPIT

Plissken, being bounced to hell.

104 SCREEN

Letters SUPERIMPOSED, flashing:

EMERGENCY LANDING!
BRAKING SEQUENCE!

105 SIDE OF CRUISER

Through a compartment in the side of the cruiser an anchor is shot out on a nylon cord.

106 TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER

The anchor SLAMS into the concrete.

107 ON CRUISER - EDGE OF BUILDING

The cruiser barrels toward the edge of the World Trade Center. The nylon cord pulls taut.

The cruiser is suddenly spun around. Its wing and tail section swing out over the edge of the building.

It sags out over the edge, pulling the cord, stretching it. The cruiser hangs there suspended, held by the cord, smoke rising from its underbelly then dissipating.

108 INT. COCKPIT

Plissken sits motionless for several seconds. Finally he unbuckles his seat belt and begins flipping switches. The screens in the cockpit blink off one by one. The air cooling system shuts off.

109 EXT. TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER

Plissken crawls out of the cruiser. The hulking back-pack strapped on behind him, he is precariously close to the edge of the building. He crawls back along the length of the cruiser on to the roof. It is almost completely flat and deserted. There is an old heliport control shack. Empty.

The wind BLASTS at Plissken like a hurricane as he hurries toward the roof exit door.

110 PLISSKEN'S POV - CITY

Tall buildings with broken windows and dark interiors. Smoke rising in the distance.

111 ON PLISSKEN - ROOF DOOR

He reaches the door. It is battered and hanging on one hinge. Plissken KICKS it open and steps inside.

CUT TO:

112 INT. CORRIDOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

Darkness.

Suddenly a door opens. Plissken stands silhouetted at the end of a long corridor. He steps in and closes the door behind him.

113 CLOSE ON PLISSKEN

He wears infra-red goggles.

114 POV THRU INFRA-RED GOGGLES

The corridor. CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE as Plissken walks. An office corridor, now wrecked and shattered. He peers in an office door. Desks, broken windows, wind HOWLING in, debris everywhere.

115 ON PLISSKEN - OFFICE

He stops a moment at the doorway. He steps inside and walks to one of the windows. He takes a pocket radio from his backpack, pulls out the antenna and flips a switch.

PLISSKEN

Can you hear me on this thing?

Silence.

HAUK

(over radio)

Are you down?

PLISSKEN

I'm inside the World Trade Center. Tough landing.

HAUK

(over radio)

Is the glider intact?

PLISSKEN

Yeah, but taking off is for shit. I'll work it out.

Plissken glances at his wrist watch.

116 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

The time blips down: 19:22:45, 44, 43...

117 ON PLISSKEN

HAUK
(over radio)

You have to use the stairwell.
It'll take you awhile to get
down to street level. Call me
when you're outside.

Plissken CLICKS off the radio and shoves in the antenna.
Behind him is the door to the corridor. Suddenly a figure
moves by! Just a flash! Plissken doesn't see it. He
turns and walks to the door.

118 INT. CORRIDOR

He steps out into the corridor. Empty. He moves quickly
down to a door at the far end.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A dizzying SHOT looking down the stairwell going down
forever to the bottom of the World Trade Center. Plissken
is several floors below us, moving steadily downward.

Suddenly the figure whishes by CAMERA! Too close to see
what or who it is. Just the briefest glimpse. Someone
silently following Plissken down the stairwell.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 INT. LOBBY - WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

Plissken steps through an open doorway into a dark
corridor. He moves cautiously forward, CAMERA TRACKING
with him.

121 POV - LOBBY - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the corridor toward the huge, dark,
labyrinthine lobby of the World Trade Center. The wrecked,
smashed, raped remains of an incredible foyer.

On the walls is a flickering orange glow. The source of
the glow is hidden by a dilapidated guard station.

122 ON PLISSKEN

He slips quietly up to the guard station and peers over it.

123 POV - CAMPFIRE

The glow is from a campfire in the middle of the lobby.

Seated around the fire, legs crossed, hunched over, are what seem to be THREE INDIANS. Long hair held in place by headbands. One of them wears a home-made version of a headdress of feathers. Beads. Leather boots.

124 ON PLISSKEN

He moves up closer, around the very edge of the guard station.

125 CLOSER - CAMPFIRE

One of the Indians is roasting something over the fire. It is a cat. There are weapons around them: what looks like a bow and a quiver of arrows, knives, etc. There is a conversation going on but we can barely catch snatches of it.

FIRST INDIAN

Too long... too long...

SECOND INDIAN

... was wrong. He saw...

FIRST INDIAN

Die for you...

One of them indicates a long pole with what seems to be scalps hanging on it.

126 ON PLISSKEN

Slowly Plissken backs away from the guard station.

Suddenly out of the darkness behind him the figure leaps out! A FOURTH INDIAN! Wild eyes! Piano wire stretched like a noose between his hands!

He loops the wire! Over Plissken's head! Around his neck!

Plissken reacts! The last second! His hand to his neck! The piano wire SNAPS around his hand instead of his neck!

The Indian yanks him backward! And SCREAMS! A WAR-HOOP!

Plissken moves! Jams his elbow backward into the Indian's gut!

Indian doubles over!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

Plissken ducks out of the piano wire noose, spins around and drops the Indian with a forearm across his neck!

Instantly Plissken begins to run. Down the corridor.

Around the guard station come the three other Indians. Bows, knives, arrows in their hands!

Plissken reaches into his back-pack. Pulls out the flare pistol.

Stops. Spins around. Cocks the flare pistol. Fires!

The flare hits the floor in front of the three Indians and EXPLODES! HISSING, SPLASHING PHOSPHOROUS BALLS OF FIRE fill the corridor! Like a miniature napalm blast!

The Indians dive for cover!

Plissken races away down the corridor.

127 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

A door BLASTS open! Plissken lurches out and runs to a concrete wall. He ducks behind it.

Several beats. The three Indians charge out the door. In a frenzy. Searching for him.

They race over to the concrete wall.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Plissken is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street stretches into the darkness. A slight wind blows litter aimlessly along. There are occasional SOUNDS: CREAKS, distant CLICKS. The windows of the brownstones are mostly without glass. Boards are nailed across the doorways. Junked cars are scattered around.

Plissken walks out of the darkness. Cautiously. He pulls his rifle from the backpack, SNAPS it into place, COCKS it.

He carries the compass-homing-device. It is silent. The small screen is blank.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the wreckage of Air Force One. The front half lies crushed and buckled in like a child's toy, pushed up against a brownstone. The tail section cants out at an angle. The hull is blackened, the rear jet torn apart. Debris is scattered everywhere.

Plissken carefully approaches the jet. He steps to the side door and then glances up and then down the street.

Suddenly a hunched-over FIGURE darts out of the door right in front of him! Dressed in rags. Could be a man or woman. Carrying uniforms and seat-cushions in his hands. The figure skitters off down the street.

PLISSKEN

Hey...

The figure keeps going, off into the shadows. Plissken steps inside Air Force One.

129 INT. CABIN

The cabin is dark and torn apart. The round table area is crushed under the hull. Plissken looks around, then moves to the cockpit.

129A INT. COCKPIT

He pulls open the door and steps in. The cockpit is dangling wreckage.

The co-pilot and navigator are gone. But the pilot's seat is leaning forward on the controls.

Plissken pulls the seat upright. The pilot is there. Strapped in. Dead. But his hair is gone. He has been scalped!

130 EXT. STREET

Plissken steps out of the jet, moves to the shadows of a brownstone, checks the street and pulls out his radio.

PLISSKEN

I'm at the plane. Found the pilot. Everybody else is gone.

Suddenly the compass homing device BEEPS.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Wait a minute.

130A CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

A small red pulsing dot. Northeast on the compass.

130B BACK TO SCENE

Plissken begins to walk up the sidewalk, following the dot on the compass. CAMERA MOVES WITH him.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

I've got his pulse. Right up ahead. Moving northwest.

HAUK

(over radio)

Get on it!

Plissken glances at his wrist watch.

130C CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

18:30:23, 22, 21...

130D BACK TO SCENE

PLISSKEN

I'll be in touch.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 EXT. STREET - THEATER - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES WITH Plissken. The compass-homing-device blips. He stops in front of an old, rundown theater. The front is completely boarded up.

132 CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

The pulsing dot is steady. Straight ahead.

133 ON PLISSKEN

He looks from the device to the theater. The signal is coming from inside.

Then he cocks his head. SOUNDS. MUSIC, SINGING. From inside the old theater. Plissken moves closer to the boarded-up doors. He listens. Distant LAUGHTER. MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

Plissken looks around. No way in the front. He looks up above the marquee and sees an open window.

Quickly he scales the brick side of the theater, steps out on the marquee which CREAKS and wobbles dangerously with his weight, and ducks in the window.

134 INT. STAIRS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Plissken quietly descends the stairs to the dark lobby. Once an ornate movie palace of the 1930's, it is run-down and junked.

MUSIC comes from the theater auditorium. SINGING. "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN".

He walks past the shattered, dusty candy counter to the aisle doors. He opens them.

135 INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM

Plissken steps in. Dark. Torches flicker on the walls for light. Plissken can't believe what he sees.

A musical is in progress on stage. SEVERAL MEN in drag dance in a sloppy chorus line, singing "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN".

In the orchestra pit the BAND plays old instruments. An out-of-tune piano. A jew's harp section. A few homemade violins.

The AUDIENCE of 20 is like any grind-house audience. Half of them are asleep, as this is where they sleep at night. The other half could give a shit. They SHOUT at the dancers on stage, LAUGH as one of them trips.

A LITTLE MAN stands at one of the side doors. Short. Balding. A pleasant enough face. He is CABBIE. He seems to be the only one enjoying the show. He glances up at Plissken standing in the back. He seems to recognize him.

136 INT. LOBBY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken eases out of the doors. Quietly.

Suddenly a long, gnarled club WHAPS down on Plissken's shoulder!

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

Plissken turns his head. Slowly. Keeping his gun ready, but hidden by his body. From MANAGER. A large, hulking man with a steel face. Next to him is BOYLE, his assistant. Manager withdraws the club and SMACKS IT into his hand. Again and again.

MANAGER
How'd you get in here?

PLISSKEN
(carefully)
Window above the marquee.

Manager turns on Boyle.

MANAGER
What the fuck is he doing in here?

BOYLE
I checked everything!

Manager suddenly WHAPS Boyle with the club.

BOYLE
(continuing)
Okay! Okay!

Boyle dashes off up the stairs. Again Manager begins TAPPING the palm of his hand with the club.

MANAGER
Two cans to see the show, three cans for a seat, another can to sleep in it. No loitering.

The compass-homing-device BEEPS. Still pulsing. Plissken checks it. Then he turns. And raises the rifle. Manager reacts. The club stops and is motionless.

PLISSKEN
Is there a back door?

MANAGER
(stares at the rifle fearfully)
Down the stairs... through the lounge...

Plissken starts walking. CAMERA PANAGLIDES with him. He looks over his shoulder at Manager who just stands there staring. Keeps moving. Through the lobby. Down an old stairway. Through a lounge area and through a doorway.

137 INT. THEATER BASEMENT

Suddenly Plissken is in the basement. A large room lit by a couple old Coleman lanterns. Dark. Dank.

At one end, FOUR MEN. They look like Punk Rockers. Delinquents. From the 1950's. Sort of. Short, crew-cut hair. Eye makeup. Leather. In their midst is a GIRL. GIGGLING. She is pushed and shoved and passed roughly from man to man. Bottles of home brew. A clear liquid. A haze of smoke.

They begin to tear the girl's clothes off. SNICKERING, GIGGLING. She takes the abuse from them. As if in a stupor. Drugged, but enjoying the attention.

Plissken watches. For a moment. Fascinated. Then he glances at the compass-homing-device.

PLISSKEN

Excuse me.

The men freeze. The girl continues to flop around, mindless that the men have stopped. PUNK, the leader, steps forward. Open-mouthed. A sneer. He quickly pulls one blade of a broken pair of scissors from his belt.

Plissken raises his rifle.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

How do I get out of here?

They all react. Punk gestures to a dark corridor.

PUNK

Through there.

Plissken moves to the corridor. The Punks stare at him. Plissken glances back at them.

PLISSKEN

Don't let me interrupt you.

He disappears down the corridor.

138 EXT. REAR OF THEATER - STREET

The huge rear door opens. Plissken steps out. He closes it behind him.

139 CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

The red dot blips. North now.

140 ON PLISSKEN

He looks up the street.

141 POV - STREET

In the distance a FIGURE MOVES through the shadows.

142 CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

It too moves. Same direction.

142A ON PLISSKEN

Suddenly the rear door opens!

Plissken is startled. He reacts. Raises the rifle.

Cabbie steps out. He seems totally unafraid.

CABBIE

You're Snake Plissken, aren't
you?

Plissken just looks at him. Somewhat dumbfounded.

PLISSKEN

What do you want?

CABBIE

Nothing.

(a beat)

I thought you were dead.

Plissken turns and walks away from him down the street.

CABBIE

(continuing)

Hey... You don't want to walk
out there, Snake.

143 EXT. DARK STREET

Plissken moves quickly along. Following the homing device. The theater is a block behind him. Cabbie finally disappears back inside. The street is dark. Wind.

Ahead a MAN sits in the street. Hunched over. Plissken approaches him cautiously. Starts to go around him. The man turns around. A BOWERY BUM. A long coat. A fuzzy cap. Rags in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

FIRST BUM

Hey, Chief! Nice night.

Suddenly TWO MORE BUMS appear out of the shadows. Moving fast. Right up to Plissken. He tenses for an attack but they begin brushing him off with their rags. The second bum bends down and rubs his boots. Spits, then rubs again.

SECOND BUM

Nice boots, nice boots...

They move all around him, cleaning and dusting and brushing.

THIRD BUM

Spare some food, Chief?

SECOND BUM

Just a can, just a can...
Look here! Got a gun!

The first bum brushes his way behind Plissken. He raises his hand. A zip knife flashes out of his coat sleeve!

Plissken moves! He elbows the first bum! Hard! In the gut! He doubles over. Plissken kicks the third bum at his feet, sending him sprawling.

Then he points the rifle at the second bum.

PLISSKEN

Take a walk.

SECOND BUM

Easy, Chief! I'm walking, I'm walking!

The second bum rushes away into the shadows. The other two stagger off.

Plissken continues up the street. Cautiously now. Along the sidewalk.

144 EXT. BROWNSTONE

Plissken stops by an old brownstone. A couple FIGURES dart out of the darkness across the street. Otherwise it is quiet.

145 CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

The red dot is stationary. Inside the brownstone.

146 ON PLISSKEN

He walks up to the door and quietly forces it open.

147 INT. BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY

Plissken is in a narrow hallway. He shuts the door behind him.

An old brownstone apartment house. The walls are peeling with decay. He starts to move. The floorboards CREAK from another room. He stops. Slowly turns. Walks to a doorway.

148 INT. ANTEROOM

A MAN in a suit coat is huddled in the corner. On his wrist is the vital signs monitor!

Plissken quickly walks up to him.

PLISSKEN
Mister President...

The man turns around. He is A DRUNK. He holds a bottle of awful-looking brown liquid. He wears the President's coat and the vital signs monitor. He grins drunkenly.

DRUNK
I'm the President. Sure, I'm
the President. I knew when I
got this thing I'd be President!

Plissken grabs him.

PLISSKEN
Where'd you get it?

DRUNK
Woke up. There it was. Like
a miracle!

Holding his arm, Plissken WHACKS the vital signs bracelet against the wall!

149 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - CLOSE ON VITAL SIGNS MONITOR - NIGHT

The vital signs monitor. The signals wobble and distort, and finally blink off! Just a steady, constant straight line!

150 ANGLE ON HAUKE & OTHERS

Hauk stares in horror at the screen.

HAUK

Oh, Jesus...

The others in the bunker move around him. The Secretary of Defense, Attorney General, Secretary of State... They stare grimly.

DR. CRONENBERG

May be just an impact on the
mechanism itself...

The radio CRACKLES.

PLISSKEN

(over radio)

Hauk!

HAUK

I'm here, Plissken.

151 INT. BROWNSTONE ANTEROOM

PLISSKEN

I don't know what you assholes
are looking at, but it's not
the President!

Plissken shakes the bum and holds the radio down to his
mouth.

152 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

There is a moment of silence. Then "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"
sloppily sung by the drunk comes over the radio.

153 INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

Plissken turns away from the drunk who continues to sing.

PLISSKEN

All right, get your machine
ready! I'm coming home!

HAUK

Not without the President.

PLISSKEN

It's like looking for a turd in
a sewer. I'll never find him.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

HAUK
Eighteen hours, Plissken.

PLISSKEN
Listen to me, Hauk. The
President is dead. Somebody's
had him for dinner. It's all
over.

HAUK
Not for you. If you get back
in that glider I'll shoot you
down. You climb up the wall
I'll burn you off like a
cockroach. Do you understand,
Plissken?

Plissken stares at the radio.

PLISSKEN
(softly, to
himself)
A little human compassion,
Hauk.

HAUK
Plissken?

PLISSKEN
(into radio)
Yeah.

HAUK
Get moving.

Plissken shoves the antenna back in and slips the radio
into his backpack. The drunk manages to wobble to his
feet.

DRUNK
Thank you... thank you very
much...

The drunk stumbles into the hall, fumbles with the door,
opens it and lurches outside.

Slowly Plissken follows him.

154 EXT. BROWNSTONE

The drunk teeters off down the street. Plissken emerges
from the brownstone.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

He stands for a moment. The SOUND of wind. A COUPLE OF FIGURES move across the street in the distance. Plissken walks away. Down the sidewalk. Into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

155 EXT. STREET - EMERGENCY POD - HIGH SHOT - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT looking down at a lonely city street. Smoke and debris drift on the wind. At the far end of the street is the emergency pod still imbedded in the side of the building.

Plissken is a small figure walking down the street toward the pod.

DISSOLVE TO:

156 PLISSKEN'S POV - EMERGENCY POD - STREET - PANAGLIDE

POV Plissken. MOVING UP the street. Up to the emergency pod.

It's ripped and scarred and clawed now. Beaten on. But still intact. CAMERA PEERS INSIDE. The seat cushions are gone. The inside gutted.

CAMERA PANS UP. Checking the street. Deserted. Desolation. A couple of lights in the distance. Litter blowing. An old, abandoned, bombed-out city block.

A manhole cover in the street. Several yards away.

CLANK! It suddenly pops up! Just a few inches. Something pushing it open from underneath!

157 ON PLISSKEN

He tenses. Stares.

158 POV - MANHOLE COVER

The cover slides off.

All at once A MAN slithers out! Crawling. And then another right behind him! CRAZIES. Psychos. Crazy-looking. Demented. They don't see Plissken. Another comes out. Then another. A line of them. Like rats. Off down the street.

159 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

Moving quickly. He darts toward the abandoned buildings.
CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM.

160 POV - MANHOLE - PANAGLIDE

MOVING POV. More and more crazies emerge from the manhole.

161 ON PLISSKEN - CHOCK FULL O' NUTS

Plissken moves to one little storefront still somewhat intact. A Chock Full O' Nuts. A little coffee shop. The windows are all shattered. Plissken ducks inside.

161A INT. CHOCK FULL O' NUTS

Dark. The inside has been stripped but there is still a counter. Plissken moves back into the coffee shop's interior. CREAK! He looks down.

162 ANGLE ON FLOOR

The tile is ripped up. The floorboards are rotten. Some of them missing. Darkness below.

163 ON PLISSKEN

He creeps gingerly across the floorboards. Trying not to make any noise.

Suddenly SHADOWS dart by from outside.

164 POV THRU WINDOW

CRAZIES race by on the street. Fast. Just the sound of their FEET PADDING on the pavement.

165 ON PLISSKEN

He presses himself against a wall in the shadows. More shadows move across the wall. Figures running outside.

Then it is deathly quiet.

MAUREEN
(whispers)
You a cop?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

Plissken jumps. Spins around. His rifle up.

Just a few feet from him, hidden in shadows, is MAUREEN. In her early thirties. She used to be pretty somewhere underneath dark sunken eyes. She still is. But hard now. She stares at him.

PLISSKEN
(whispers)

No.

MAUREEN
You got a gun.

He turns around as more shadows flash across the walls.

MAUREEN
(continuing)
You got a smoke?

PLISSKEN
Shhhh!

MAUREEN
They won't see it. It's all
right if we're quiet.

Plissken hesitates. He pulls a cigarette from his jacket pocket and hands it to her. Also a lighter. She turns around and lights the cigarette, her back shielding the orange glow.

MAUREEN
(continuing)
Hey, this is a real one! You
just get in?

Plissken carefully moves over to her. They talk in low whispers.

PLISSKEN
What's going on out there?

MAUREEN
Crazies. End of the month.
They're out of food.

She takes a drag. The lit end glows.

PLISSKEN
Keep your hand over it.

She cups her hand around the glowing ash.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED (2):

MAUREEN

I got caught on the street
after dark. Now I'm stuck
here all night.

PLISSKEN

Plane crash. Eight hours ago.
Near Eighth Avenue. Jet came
down. You see it?

MAUREEN

No.

Plissken exhales deliberately. Depressed again.

MAUREEN

(continuing)

You're a cop.

PLISSKEN

I'm an asshole.

MAUREEN

With a gun. Who are you?

PLISSKEN

Snake Plissken.

MAUREEN

You're Snake Plissken?

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

MAUREEN

I heard you were dead.

PLISSKEN

I am.

MAUREEN

What are you doing in here
with a gun?

PLISSKEN

Looking for somebody.

MAUREEN

Who?

PLISSKEN

The President.

She looks at him.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Our President.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED (3):

MAUREEN
Come on.

PLISSKEN
Yeah.

MAUREEN
He's really here?

PLISSKEN
Somewhere.

Maureen moves closer to him.

MAUREEN
And when you find him you're
gonna take him out?

PLISSKEN
Yeah.

She slides her hand on his leg.

MAUREEN
Take me out with you?

PLISSKEN
If you give me reason to.

She leans over and kisses him

MAUREEN
I can think of lots of reasons.

Then she pulls back. Suddenly. She listens intently to something. Her eyes widen, like a frightened animal.

There is a FAINT RUSTLING below them. A SCRATCHING SOUND.

PLISSKEN
Put it out!

Maureen stubs out the cigarette against the wall.

Another CREAK from below! Maureen moves away, toward the door to the kitchen.

PLISSKEN
(continuing)
Don't move!

CRACK!

166 ANGLE ON FLOOR

One of the floorboards. CRACKS upward! Pushed by a hand from underneath!

167 ON MAUREEN & PLISSKEN

Maureen bolts! Terrified! Toward the kitchen!

Then her foot lands on a rotten board! She falls through the floor up to her waist!

Then the entire section of floor around her collapses in a SPLINTERING CRASH!

Maureen grabs hold of the edge! Claws to pull herself up!

Plissken moves for her.

PLISSKEN
Give me your hand!

Then all around her hands reach up from the hole and grab her! She SCREAMS! An instant later she is dragged down into the darkness!

168 ON PLISSKEN

Behind him a CRACKING! Then a shape springs upright! Through the floorboards behind Plissken!

A CRAZY! Eyes wide. Insane. He brandishes a long, gleaming ice pick!

169 REVERSE ANGLE

Plissken backs away, his gun raised.

Out of the hole Maureen fell into another CRAZY leaps up! And another! And a third!

Plissken bolts! Over the counter! Into the kitchen! The crazies charge after him!

170 INT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken races through the gutted kitchen into a small hallway. CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM. Behind him the crazies pursue.

171 POV - HALLWAY

Up ahead THREE MORE CRAZIES crawl through a broken doorway!

172 ON PLISSKEN

Plissken lowers his shoulder and SMASHES through a door!

173 INT. STOREROOM

He races across the dark, musty storeroom to the paneless window.

174 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

The fire escape is old and broken, but still firmly anchored. Plissken swings out on to it. The crazies are right behind him! Reaching out the window for him!

He clambers up the escape to the second floor, SMASHES what glass is left in a window and ducks in room!

175 INT. SECOND STORY APARTMENT

Plissken drags an old dresser into place, blocking the window. Then he grabs the remains of a bed and pulls it to the door. He braces it firmly against the knob.

Suddenly the dresser in the window rocks and BANGS! A hand pushes through! Plissken FIRES! The silencer BLIPS! The hand is severed!

The center of the door SPLINTERS behind him!

The dresser flies out of the window! A crazy leaps through!

Plissken butt-strokes him with the rifle! The crazy flops to the floor!

But there is another, right behind him!

The door breaks off its hinges, bulging inward! Behind it are FOUR CRAZIES!

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

Plissken rushes into the bathroom.

176 INT. BATHROOM

He SLAMS the door. The crazies push at it from the other side.

Plissken aims at the wall of the bathroom. He FIRES! Again and again! The wall splinters! Disintegrates with each BLAST! Finally, a gaping hole into the next apartment!

Plissken jumps through the hole!

177 INT. APARTMENT

He races to a window. BREAKS the glass. Jumps out!

178 EXT. REAR OF BUILDING

Plissken hits the ground! KATHUMP! He rolls, jumps to his feet and runs across to a high brick wall. He takes a running leap and makes the top!

Scrambling to get over! Something falls out of his backpack! Plissken looks down.

179 ANGLE ON GROUND

His radio! Smashed on the concrete! CAMERA PANS UP as crazies pour out of the building after him!

180 EXT. ALLEY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken jumps off the wall and lands in the alley behind! He starts to run!

CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM. One block. Two. He looks back.

181 POV - ALLEY BEHIND HIM - PANAGLIDE

The crazies jump over the wall! They race after him!

182 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

He sprints for all he's worth!

183 POV - ALLEY AHEAD - PANAGLIDE

The alley opens on to a street. CAMERA PANAGLIDES toward it.

Suddenly a taxi cab pulls up at the alley entrance!

184 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

He stares, disbelieving!

185 POV - ALLEY AHEAD - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA PANAGLIDES toward the taxi.

CLOSER. It is a Yellow Cab! But beat to shit. There are bars over all the windows. The headlights are tied on to the front fender. There are deep gouges and claw marks all over it.

186 ON TAXI

Plissken runs up to the taxi as Cabbie leans out the window.

CABBIE

Where you goin', buddy?

Plissken looks back down the alley, then jumps in the back seat!

187 INT. TAXI

Cabbie's picture is on the sun visor. There is a meter on the dash. Also bottles of amber liquid plugged with rags on the front seat. Cabbie lights a cigarette. They sit there, not moving.

CABBIE

Bad neighborhood, Snake. You don't want to be walking from the Bowery to Forty-second Street at night.

They just sit there. Plissken looks out the window.

188 POV - ALLEY

The crazies race down the alley. Closer and closer!

189 INT. TAXI

CABBIE

(continuing)

I've been a cabbie for thirty years and, let me tell you, you don't walk around here, you know. They'll kill you and strip you in ten seconds flat. I'm usually not down here myself. I wanted to see that show.

Plissken looks out the window again.

190 POV - ALLEY

The crazies are hurtling right toward them, just a few yards away.

191 INT. TAXI

Cabbie grabs a bottle. He touches his cigarette to the cloth plug. It FLAMES UP. He holds the bottle up in front of Plissken.

CABBIE

(continuing)

This stuff's gold around here, you know.

Then he casually tosses it out the window!

192 ALLEY

The bottle hits right in front of the charging crazies!

KAFOOOOM! A Molotov cocktail! It BLASTS into flames!

The taxi springs to life, SCREECHING AWAY from the alley.

193 INT. TAXI

Cabbie floors the cab. Up to 35 m.p.h. Top speed.

CABBIE

When'd you get in, Snake? I didn't know they caught you.

Cabbie turns a corner. Hard. Plissken slides over in the seat. Cabbie continues to jabber.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

CABBIE
(continuing)
Snake Plissken in my cab.
Wait'll I tell Eddie. Hold on,
Snake!

194 EXT. STREET - ALLEY

The taxi SCREECHES off the street into an alley.

195 INT. TAXI

CABBIE
Gotta take a shortcut to get out
of here. You can run into real
trouble on the streets. Night
before a food drop, hell! Forget
it! Hey, Snake, watch this!

He makes a hard right!

196 EXT. ALLEY - STREET

The taxi whizzes out of the alley and GRINDS a hard right
on to another street!

197 INT. TAXI

CABBIE
(continuing)
See her take that turn? Hell,
I had this very cab before I got
sent up. I locked her up before
they walled us in. When they
sent me back in, she started right
up. Like nothin' changed. Three
years, she started right up! What
a beauty!

PLISSKEN
Hey...

CABBIE
What were you doin' back there,
Snake?

PLISSKEN
Looking for somebody.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

CABBIE

Shoulda asked me. I know everybody in this town. Been driving this cab for thirty years. This very same cab!

PLISSKEN

Where's the President?

CABBIE

The Duke's got him. Everybody knows the Duke's got him.

PLISSKEN

Who's the Duke?

CABBIE

The Duke of New York! The big man! A-number-one, that's who!

PLISSKEN

I want to meet this Duke.

CABBIE

You can't meet the Duke, are you crazy? Nobody gets to meet the Duke. You meet him once, then you're dead!

PLISSKEN

How do I find him?

CABBIE

Well, I know a guy who might help you. He's a little strange, though.

DISSOLVE TO:

198 EXT. ALLEY/150TH STREET LIBRARY - NIGHT

The taxi pulls into a small alley and stops. The lights go out. Cabbie and Plissken emerge. They move slowly down the alley.

CABBIE

Can't leave her on the street. Usually don't leave her at all, but you're a special case, Snake.

They leave the alley and cross a street to a huge, dark building. The 150th Street Memorial Library. Not as dilapidated as the other buildings. Almost intact. The stone lions are still out front.

199 ANGLE ON STEPS

Cabbie and Plissken climb the steps to the door. Cabbie KNOCKS. The sound ECHOES inside. Silence. Plissken cautiously searches the street.

CABBIE
(continuing)
Oh, it's okay, Snake. Better neighborhood. You can relax.

PLISSKEN
No, thanks.

CABBIE
How long you in for, Snake?

Plissken looks at his wrist watch.

200 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

17:10:19, 18, 17...

201 ON STEPS

PLISSKEN
Not long enough.

MAGGIE
(from behind door)
Who is it?

Plissken reacts to the voice coming from the other side of the door.

CABBIE
It's me!

MAGGIE
Who's 'me'?

CABBIE
Cabbie.

MAGGIE
What do you want?

CABBIE
Somebody to see Brain. It's important!

MAGGIE
Go away!

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

CABBIE
It's Snake Plissken!

A pause. Then the sound of LOCKS CLICKING, BOLTS JERKED BACK, CHAINS UNLATCHED. On and on and on. Finally the door opens slightly. Chains are still latched, allowing just a crack, through which we see MAGGIE. Dark, sensual, in her thirties. She looks well preserved for the prison, like she's been treated well. She looks Plissken over.

MAGGIE
You're Plissken?

CABBIE
He wants to see Brain.

MAGGIE
Why?

PLISSKEN
I want to meet the Duke.

She looks at Plissken for several beats, then closes the door. CHAINS RUSTLING. Then the door opens.

202 INT. LIBRARY HALL - NIGHT

Plissken and Cabbie step inside. Maggie closes the door. There are at least fifteen locks, chains and bolts and hooks. She quickly begins locking them all up.

Finally she finishes. She once again looks Plissken over. Obviously attracted to him.

MAGGIE
Come on.

They start down the dark hallway. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM. Maggie glances at Plissken.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
I heard you were dead.

203 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Maggie leads Plissken and Cabbie into a large room lit by flickering lanterns. It is the reading room of the library. Huge. Marble floors. Row after row, stack after stack of books everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

And right in the middle of the room, slowly plunging up and down in a hole in the marble, is a jerry-rigged oil well. It is hooked up by a makeshift belt drive system run by a PUTTERING portable generator.

There is a map of Manhattan Island on the wall. Standing in front of the map is BRAIN HELLMAN. In his thirties. A long, shaggy beard. He turns around. Sees Plissken. His eyes widen.

Plissken stares at Brain. Hard. Then a glimmer of recognition. Plissken smiles. A slight, evil smile.

PLISSKEN

Harold Hellman!

BRAIN

Snake?

MAGGIE

Harold?

PLISSKEN

How have you been, Harold? It's been a long time.

MAGGIE

You never told me, Brain.

Suddenly Plissken strides up to Brain. He shoves the rifle's silencer right into Brain's mouth! Maggie instantly charges forward.

PLISSKEN

Don't move or I'll spray the map with him!

She freezes. Cabbie watches, confused. Plissken glares in Brain's face. Brain GAGS from the silencer.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

I'm glad you remember me, Harold.
A man should remember his past.
Saint Louis. Seven years ago.
You ran out on me. You left me sitting there.

MAGGIE

Well, they caught him!

Plissken pulls the silencer out of his mouth and sits Brain down in a chair.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED (2):

PLISSKEN

We were buddies, Harold. You,
me and Fresno Bob. You know
what they did to Bob?

Plissken puts his foot on Brain's chest and pushes the
chair over backwards. It CRASHES against the map. Brain
sprawls on the floor.

BRAIN

Don't kill me, Snake!

PLISSKEN

Where is he?

BRAIN

Who?

PLISSKEN

Don't play with me!

BRAIN

I don't know what you're talking
about! Jesus, Snake, come on!

PLISSKEN

Where is he?

BRAIN

Why do you want to know?

PLISSKEN

I want him, Harold!

MAGGIE

The man sent him in here, Brain!

BRAIN

(indignant)

Yeah. Working for the man now?

PLISSKEN

Tell me, Harold!

BRAIN

No. And if you kill me, you'll
never find out!

PLISSKEN

Too thin. I'll just beat it out
of your squeeze.

Maggie reacts.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED (3):

BRAIN

Maggie doesn't know exactly where he is, and if you don't know exactly, precisely where he is, you'll never find him!

Plissken thinks a moment. He lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN

Is he still alive?

BRAIN

Yes.

PLISSKEN

I'll take you out of here. All of you. In a jet glider. It's a few blocks down the street, ready to go. Just help me find him.

Brain and Maggie look at each other. They consider it. Cabbie seems delighted.

BRAIN

We got a deal somewhere else.

PLISSKEN

No glider.

BRAIN

We got the President. The Duke's taking everybody out of here!

PLISSKEN

It'll never happen. I know something you and the Duke don't know. You only got so long before Mister President don't mean a whole lot.

BRAIN

Bull.
(pause)
How long?

PLISSKEN

You ready to work something out?

BRAIN

You're lying.

PLISSKEN

Then I might as well kill you and keep looking by myself.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED (4):

Plissken raises the gun.

BRAIN

Christ, Snake, come on, come on!

MAGGIE

He's gonna kill us both if you don't tell him!

PLISSKEN

Talk to him, baby.

Brain looks fearfully from Plissken to Maggie. Finally he kicks the wall with his heel.

BRAIN

All right, all right!

Plissken lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN

Always knew you were smart, Harold.

BRAIN

One thing right now! Don't call me Harold!

CUT TO:

204
THRU DELETED
208

209 EXT. LIBRARY/ALLEY - NIGHT

The four of them emerge from the library. Down the steps. Across the street. CAMERA FOLLOWS WITH THEM.

PLISSKEN

You work for this Duke?

BRAIN

Make gas for him, figure out things for him.

PLISSKEN

Like what?

BRAIN

How to get across the George Washington Bridge. It's mined but I think I know where they're planted. What a sight, Snake!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

BRAIN (CONT'D)

The whole place rolling right
across the bridge! The President
right up front! It would have
been so fine!

Plissken stops. He cocks his head. Brain, Maggie and
Cabbie hear it too.

The sound of ENGINES. Rising.

CABBIE

It's the Duke! I know the sound
of his machines!

They quickly duck into the alley.

210 POV - STREET - CARAVAN

A convoy of RUMBLING, fuming, battered cars and busses,
all scarred and ripped and jerry-rigged with wire and
rope and glue, bumps down the street. The cars are
ancient models from the Eighties. There is a lumbering
bus in the middle of the parade.

The Duke's gang. Hard. Vicious. The GYPSIES of New York.
The primo gang. Like a pirate caravan. Headbands and
earrings.

The lead car passes the alley. In it is THE DUKE. The
leader. He wears sunglasses taped together at the hinges.
He has short blond hair, three scars down his face and a
worn, snap-brim Fedora.

211 ON ALLEY

The alley is filled with exhaust from the caravan. And
the RUMBLING DIN of GASPING ENGINES. CAMERA MOVES IN to
a doorway. The four are hiding there. Cabbie is terrified.

CABBIE

Don't cross the Duke! Everybody
knows that...

PLISSKEN

Is the President with them?

BRAIN

No. He's stashed away...

Cabbie melts away down the alley to his taxi. Plissken,
Brain and Maggie don't see him.

212 POV - FRONT OF LIBRARY

The caravan stops in front of the library. Romero, the second in command (the man with filed teeth), jumps out of the lead car and bounds up the steps to the library door.

213 ON ALLEY

MAGGIE

They're looking for you, Brain!

PLISSKEN

What does he want?

BRAIN

My diagram of the bridge. When he finds out I'm with you, he'll kill me! We gotta go! Now!

They turn as Cabbie backs the taxi out of the other end of the alley! The SOUND of the engine is hidden by the GRUMBLING caravan. Its lights still off, the taxi zooms away down a side street!

MAGGIE

Cabbie, you slime!

They press themselves into the darkness of the doorway.

BRAIN

Deal's off, Snake!

PLISSKEN

Just calm down.

The last vehicle in the caravan has stopped. Right in front of the alley. Waiting in line behind the other cars. It is a SPUTTERING station wagon. In it are THREE GYPSIES.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Wait here.

Plissken steps out of the doorway and walks toward the station wagon. Calmly. Casually.

He stops a few feet from the alley entrance. So the rest of the caravan can't see him.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Hey, punks!

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

The three gypsies turn. And see Plissken. They stare curiously.

Plissken gives them the finger.

Instantly the three gypsies jump out. They carry tire irons and long, gleaming knives. One of them has a crossbow with a sleek metal arrow knocked back.

Plissken ducks back into the doorway.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

It always works.

The three gypsies move down the alley.

In a flash Plissken jumps out! Holding the rifle like a club, he WHACKS two of the gypsies! They flop to the pavement!

He drives the butt into the third gypsy's stomach, then CRACKS it over his head! He collapses against the wall.

Then Plissken walks toward the station wagon. Brain and Maggie step timidly out of the doorway.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Come on!

214 ANGLE ON CARAVAN

Looking down the caravan lined up to the library. Romero appears at the door. Shakes his head.

Suddenly three shapes dart out of the alley and jump into the last station wagon! The station wagon backs up and pulls off down the alley!

CUT TO:

215 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The station wagon WHINES along an empty street at top speed. About 40 m.p.h.

216 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken drives. Brain is in the front seat next to him. Maggie in the back.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

BRAIN

Turn left here.

Plissken makes the turn.

MAGGIE

Wait a minute, Brain. This is Broadway!

BRAIN

I know. The Duke'll take Fifth Avenue down to Forty-second. Broadway's got five minutes on him.

MAGGIE

No, Brain!

BRAIN

Keep driving.

Plissken looks at Brain.

PLISSKEN

What's wrong with Broadway?

217 EXT. STREET - HEADS

The station wagon bumps down the street. CAMERA PANS WITH IT, revealing dark, shadowy FIGURES standing on the sidewalk watching it pass.

It moves through an intersection and SMACKS through a line of wooden poles impaled in the pavement.

As the station wagon moves on down the dark, Gothic-looking block, we SEE shapes on top of the poles. Too dark to see much detail. But it's unmistakable. They are human heads!

218 INT. STATION WAGON

MAGGIE

Up ahead!

Plissken floors the station wagon.

PLISSKEN

Come on, sweetheart!

219 POV - STREET AHEAD

FIVE FIGURES push an old car out toward the middle of the street!

On the other side THREE MORE FIGURES push another car out!
Towards each other! Forming a barrier!

220 EXT. STREET - BARRIER

The station wagon plows through the space between the two cars! WHAM! The old cars spin around! The figures scatter!
The station wagon wobbles dangerously but keeps going!

221 ON STATION WAGON

Suddenly a rock SMACKS against the roof!

Then another! WHACK!

And then a barrage of rocks hails down from the brownstones,
pelting the station wagon!

The station wagon rocks wildly! Plissken fights for control! Rocks SLAM against them! In the windows! Like a hailstorm!

ZIIIP! THUMP! A flaming arrow THUNKS into the hood!

222 POV AHEAD - STREET - MOB

FIFTEEN FIGURES in the street. Waiting. Holding clubs and sticks and rocks and debris!

223 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken grabs the revolver out of his backpack and hands it to Brain. Brain looks at it hopelessly.

MAGGIE

You got the wrong man for the
job!

Plissken takes the gun from him and hands it to Maggie.

224 ANGLE ON STATION WAGON - MOB - MOVING SHOT

The station wagon moves into the mob! Through it! CAMERA MOVES WITH THE STATION WAGON.

They beat it, smash it, hit it, kick it, throw rocks on it, jump on it! Wild pandemonium!

225 INT. STATION WAGON

The station wagon rocks like a see-saw! Glass and rocks and other debris rain through the windows!

226 POV - OUT FRONT WINDOW

Figures jump up on the hood!

227 ON PLISSKEN

He swings his rifle up!

PLISSKEN

Give my regards to Broadway!

And FIRES!

228 POV - OUT FRONT WINDOW

The figures fly off!

229 ANGLE ON MAGGIE - REAR WINDOW

WHAM! A figure leaps on the rear window, reaching through, clawing at Maggie! She FIRES the revolver! Point blank!

230 EXT. STREET - STATION WAGON

The figure is hurled off the car with the impact! The station wagon passes through the mob and into the clear!

231 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken looks at Maggie in the rear view mirror.

PLISSKEN

Not bad, baby.

MAGGIE

Nothing to it.

Brain looks up ahead. In terror!

BRAIN

Snake!

232 POV - STREET AHEAD - BARRICADE

Across the street is a five-foot-high barricade made of old cars, street lights, traffic signals and anything else around! Fused together into a solid mass! Right across the street!

233 INT. STATION WAGON

PLISSKEN

Hold on!

234 EXT. BARRICADE

The station wagon plows into the barricade at full speed and flies up into the air!

For a moment it is airborne. Then it SLAMS down to the pavement! And keeps going! Lumbering along!

235 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - AUTO GRAVEYARD (EFFECT)

Across the street from the theaters and fast food stands long since abandoned, plopped right in the middle of a completely wrecked Times Square, lies a massive automobile graveyard.

It is a complex, towering structure composed of rusted, broken cars piled on top of each other up to thirty-foot peaks. The graveyard stretches across Times Square and extends up 42nd Street for several miles. The shells of the derelict cars are fused together by rain and wind and sun. The entire superstructure CREAKS in the night breeze.

The station wagon, GROANING HORRIBLY, spewing black exhaust, tires wobbling, RUMBLES out into Times Square toward the graveyard.

236 INT. STATION WAGON

They recover from the siege on Broadway.

BRAIN

Straight ahead, but take it easy. It gets tricky inside.

THUNDERING engines. They look out across Times Square.

237 POV - STREET

Out of a side street comes the Duke and his caravan!

238 INT. STATION WAGON

BRAIN

It's all right! He's gotta go
in the front way! They'll never
beat us!

Plissken revs up the car. The engine SCREAMS up to its
pitiful limit.

PLISSKEN

Talk fast, Harold!

239 INT. GRAVEYARD

The station wagon BLASTS into the graveyard. It hurtles
and bounces and slides past mountains of junked cars, GRINDS
around impossibly sharp turns. The rear of the station
wagon SMASHES into tiers of fenders and hoods.

240 INT. STATION WAGON

BRAIN

Now to the right! Keep going!
Left turn coming! Now! Don't
hit that Dodge!

241 INT. GRAVEYARD

The station wagon SMASHES its way deep into the interior
of the honeycombed graveyard, winding further and further
toward the center of the jungle of cars.

The pathway narrows. The station wagon SCRAPES along,
WHINING against the walls, spraying sparks!

242 INT. STATION WAGON

The three of them bounce wildly!

BRAIN

Too narrow! Gotta stop! Gotta
stop!

243 INT. GRAVEYARD - NARROW PASSAGE

The station wagon comes to a SHRIEKING, smoking halt. It
is wedged in between two towering walls of cars.

Plissken crawls out the front window. He reaches back and
drags Brain out.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

Plissken pulls him up and hauls him along the corridor of cars. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM. Behind them Maggie crawls out and quickly catches up.

PLISSKEN

Where is he?

BRAIN

Through the red Ford!

Plissken reaches the red Ford. It is in the side of a solid mountain of cars. He opens the door.

BRAIN

(continuing)

Guards, Snake!

Plissken opens the door.

244 INT. GRAVEYARD CHAMBER

The chamber is an odd-shaped room made of a solid wall of sides and tops and bottoms of rusted cars fused together, jutting and protruding at odd angles.

In the center tied securely to an upright fender is the President. A GYPSY is bent over him, sawing on the handcuffs that hold the briefcase to his wrist!

A GYPSY GUARD with a crossbow spins around as Plissken steps in.

PLISSKEN

Drop it!

The guard FIRES the crossbow with a TWANG! The arrow THUMPS into Plissken's thigh!

Plissken FIRES! The guard is hit, thrown backward and is dead before he hits the ground!

The gypsy by the President leaps for Plissken! Plissken swings his rifle and WHACKS the gypsy in mid-air! The gypsy SLAMS against the chamber wall!

Plissken moves to the President and unties him. The President's right hand is covered with a bloody cloth wrapped around the space where his first finger should be. His clothes are ripped and dirty, his face drawn with terror. He looks at Plissken's gun, then at his face. Plissken turns to the door. Brain is nowhere in sight.

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
(continuing)
Harold! Get in here!

PRESIDENT
Who are you?

PLISSKEN
Hauk sent me in. We got to move
fast. Harold... Brain! Give me
a hand!

From the doorway! A GYPSY steps in! Leaps for Plissken!
In a split second! They tumble to the ground!

A wall of GYPSIES pour into the chamber.

Before he can fire again, Plissken is overcome. Surrounded
by a throng of pushing, slugging, ripping gypsies. They
pick him up and press him back against the wall. An
intense struggle.

245 CLOSE - FLOOR

Plissken's gun drops to the floor.

246 ON PLISSKEN

They pin his arms. A gypsy picks up Plissken's gun.
COCKS it and levels it at his head.

DUKE
Hold it!

Everyone freezes. The Duke strolls into the chamber. He
is followed by Romero. Then Brain and Maggie peek in.

The President shrinks back against the wall. He hits a
fender and it CREAKS. The Duke savagely turns on him.

DUKE
(continuing)
Don't move, craphead!

The President freezes.

The Duke pushes his way through the gypsies. They move out
of his way. He steps up to Plissken. The Duke takes off
his sunglasses and stares.

Plissken stares right back. Two gypsies quickly strip off
his backpack.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

DUKE
(continuing)
Who are you?

Plissken says nothing.

The Duke grasps the arrow in Plissken's thigh and pushes it further in. Plissken grimaces wildly.

DUKE
(continuing)
I said who are you?

BRAIN
He's Snake Plissken! From the outside! He had a gun, Duke, there was nothing I could do!

Maggie touches Brain's shoulder. While no one is looking she gives Brain Plissken's revolver. He quickly hides it inside his jacket.

The Duke releases the arrow.

DUKE
Snake Plissken. I've heard of you.

The Duke lifts a tire iron and brings it down on Plissken's head with a CRACK!

Plissken goes limp and slumps to the ground. The Duke and the other gypsies stare down at him.

DUKE
(continuing)
I heard you were dead.

247 CLOSE ON PLISSKEN

Lying on the oil-soaked pavement. His face contorts. As if he's still fighting somehow. Then he completely relaxes into unconscious oblivion.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

248 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - DAWN

The city is a black silhouette against the cold, blue pre-dawn sky. Suddenly the sun flares over the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

SUPERIMPOSE:

5:45 A.M.

DISSOLVE TO:

249 EXT. WALL

A few minutes later. The sun bathes the wall in a warm, orange light. Hawk stands on top. Staring across the bay. Waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

250 EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Several GYPSIES pull the contents out of Plissken's backpack and then gleefully begin ripping the backpack apart. One RED-BANDANA GYPSY holds the doorbell tracer. He pushes the button. It won't depress. He shrugs and pockets the tracer. CAMERA MOVES TO the Duke who sits propped up on a car hood. He aims Plissken's rifle. Brain and Maggie stand nearby.

SUPERIMPOSE:

9:30 A.M.

The Duke FIRES!

251 ANGLE ON BRIEFCASE

The bullet ZINGS into a fender just a few inches above the latch of the President's briefcase. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the President tied up against a wall of junked cars. His hands are stretched out and tied so he can't move. The briefcase is tied and propped up. A perfect target.

252 ANGLE ON DUKE, BRAIN & MAGGIE

The Duke casually takes aim again.

DUKE

I want that diagram, Brain.

BRAIN

Duke, Plissken said something about a time limit.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

DUKE
What time limit?

BRAIN
On him.

DUKE
That's a lot of crap! He's the
President.
(he glares at
the President)
Aren't you the President?

The President nods his head vigorously.

DUKE
(continuing)
He's the most important man,
outside of me!

The Duke suddenly FIRES again!

The bullet ZINGS next to the President's head!

DUKE
(continuing)
Right?

PRESIDENT
Right!

DUKE
What did I teach you?

PRESIDENT
You're the Duke of New York.
You're A-Number-One.

DUKE
Can't hear you!

PRESIDENT
You're the Duke of New York!
You're A-Number-One!

DUKE
(to Brain)
Get me the diagram.

BRAIN
Don't kill Plissken, Duke. We
need him.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED (2):

The Duke swings the rifle around on Brain.

DUKE
Get moving, Brain!

Brain backs away. Suddenly the Duke spins around and FIRES!

253 ANGLE ON BRIEFCASE

The bullet SMASHES into the briefcase lock! The briefcase
flies open! And the papers inside spill out!

254 ANGLE ON PAPERS - MOVING SHOT

The wind picks up the papers and blows them along the ground. CAMERA MOVES WITH THE papers, over to the Duke who picks up one, glances at it, then tosses it away. The papers continue to blow along.

CAMERA MOVES ON WITH THE papers. In the b.g. we SEE Brain and Maggie get into a car. And drive away.

The papers flutter across the street and SMACK into the side of a taxi!

CAMERA MOVES UP TO REVEAL Cabbie staring at them.

DISSOLVE TO:

255 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Rising above the park is the skyline. Junked cars are scattered around. Smoke drifts through the trees.

SUPERIMPOSE:

CENTRAL PARK
3:30 P.M.

Over the buildings in the distance three police helicopters move down toward the park.

256 INT. HELICOPTER

The pilot pushes a button on his stick.

257 ANGLE ON BOTTOM OF HELICOPTER

A bulky object drops from the cargo bay.

258 ANGLE ON CLEARING

The object hits the ground. Almost instantly PRISONERS of all sizes and shapes rush out of the trees and rip the tarpaulin off the food!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL one of the helicopters setting down in an open clearing. A SQUAD jumps out, their rifles ready.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AGAIN TO REVEAL a cordon of GYPSIES. They stand around a large "X" drawn on the ground. Guarding it. As the squad approaches, the gypsies back away into the trees.

259 ON GROUND

In the center of the "X" is the President's briefcase. One of the squad picks it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

260 INT. 150TH STREET LIBRARY - DAY

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE LIBRARY, past the oil rig, toward the map. Brain stands in front of it, contemplating it. Maggie loads and unloads the revolver.

BRAIN

What if that Plissken was telling the truth? God, I hate that guy.

A beat. They look at each other.

BRAIN

(continuing)

There are only a few places he could land a glider. Top of the Port Authority. Too low to the ground. In the middle of the park. Too many trees.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO the map, in to the World Trade Center.

BRAIN

(continuing)

Top of the World Trade Center...

DISSOLVE TO:

261 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

OPEN ON A CLOSE SHOT of the open briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

A piece of paper inside. PULL BACK as Hawk reaches in, grabs the paper and unfolds it. SUPERIMPOSE:

4:45 P.M.

The others gather around as he reads.

HAUK

(reads)

"Amnesty for all prisoners in New York City in exchange for President. George Washington Bridge. Tomorrow. Twelve noon. No bullshit."

Hawk looks up at the others.

REHME

There's something else.

Rehme reaches in the briefcase and pulls out Plissken's infra-red goggles. Each lens has a nail stuck through it!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Plissken's dead!

Hawk just stares numbly at the goggles.

HAUK

Tactical alert. Warm up the choppers. We're moving in.

Rehme bolts out the door. The bunker springs to life. Hawk looks very grim.

CUT TO:

262 CLOSE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken's unconscious face FILLS the FRAME. Slowly his eye blinks open. Looks around. Still dazed.

GYPSY

Let's go, Snake.

263 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Plissken is lying on a table in a large locker room. He is surrounded by gypsies. Slowly he sits up. He winces in pain and grabs at his leg. There is blood on his pants. He wears no shirt.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

GYPSY

Come on.

Two gypsies hold crossbows on him. Another has a knife. The fourth prods him with a handle of an ax.

GYPSY

(continuing)

Get up!

Slowly, painfully, Snake slides off the table to his feet. Still wobbly. The gypsies push him to the door.

264 INT. HALLWAY/MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken walks into a long, dark concrete hallway. Dark. The distant sound of CHEERING. The gypsies push him forward. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM down the hall.

Plissken looks at his wrist. The wrist watch is gone!

They pass two gypsies carrying a PRISONER on a stretcher. He is dead. And looks like he's torn apart!

On down the hall. Plissken shuffling along. Limping.

Then they turn a corner. CAMERA PANAGLIDES AROUND BEHIND them as they move out of the hallway into...

Madison Square Garden.

A CHEER goes up from PRISONERS filling the seats all around. Almost every gang in town is here. Going wild as Plissken walks out into the immense arena.

In the middle of the arena is a boxing ring. Darkly lit all around, the ring is illuminated by a low-hanging bank of lights. As we get CLOSER we can see the canvas is covered with blood.

Plissken glances up into the stands.

265 POV - ANGLE ON DUKE

The Duke sits in a special box with his gypsies. They are going crazy. SCREAMING, YELLING, CHEERING. The Duke holds Plissken's rifle. And looks contented as hell.

266 RING

Plissken is led up into the ring.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

He struggles to get through the ropes. Still weak.
Limping on his leg.

Across the ring another MAN enters. He is the meanest-
looking man in the world! He is SLAG. Huge. A towering
hulk. Wearing tights. Incredible muscles. Powerful.
A nightmare.

Plissken stares at him.

267 CLOSE ON SLAG

CLOSE ON SLAG'S WRIST. He is wearing Plissken's wrist
watch! The time reads: 4:02:15!

PAN UP to his face. SLAG smiles evilly, almost as if he
knows!

CUT TO:

267A EXT. BUNKERS - DAY

Helicopters THUNDERING. An ARMY of combat police load
into them.

267B INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

The bunker is a flurry of activity. Gearing up for war.
Hauk sits by the radio. Staring at it. He leans in to
the microphone.

HAUK

Plissken...
(silence)

Plissken...
(silence)

Goddamn it, Plissken!

CUT TO:

268 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

APPLAUSE. SCREAMING. The Duke is standing up. In the
middle of a speech.

In the ring, Plissken looks around. Outside the ring are
gypsies with weapons. He can't get out.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

DUKE

They sent in their best man.
And when we roll down there
tomorrow, on our way to freedom,
we're gonna have their best man
leading the way... from the neck
up, on the hood of my car!

WILD APPLAUSE AND SCREAMING!

DUKE

(continuing)

Let's do it!

A GYPSY steps into the ring carrying two baseball bats.
He hands one to Slag, one to Plissken. An IMMENSE CHEER
goes up. The gypsy jumps out of the ring.

269 ANGLE ON BELL

A gypsy hits the bell with a hammer. DING!

270 ON RING - PANAGLIDE

The crowd goes crazy! SCREAMING! CHEERING!

Slag tenses. He holds the bat in one hand. Moves out of
the corner toward Plissken.

Plissken limps away from him.

They face off in a corner.

Poised. Waiting. Slag towering over Plissken.

Suddenly Slag swings the bat! Plissken ducks! A WHOOSH
as the wood slices air!

Slag swings the bat again! Plissken dives to the canvas,
rolls and clumsily picks himself up.

Slag charges him! And swings the bat!

It connects! CRACKS against Plissken's shoulder! The
blow hurls Plissken against the ropes and down to the
canvas!

The crowd goes ape shit!

Slag raises the bat like a club and brings it down hard!

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

Plissken slides out of the way! The bat THONKS against the canvas!

CUT TO:

271 INT. HALLWAY/LOCKER ROOM - PANAGLIDE

A dark hallway in the Garden. The sound of CHEERING from inside. CAMERA MOVES WITH Brain and Maggie as they hurry up to a door. Brain KNOCKS.

A pause. The door opens slightly. Romero looks out.

BRAIN

I gotta see the President.

ROMERO

Who says?

BRAIN

The Duke.

ROMERO

No, he doesn't.

BRAIN

I'll tell him you said that.

Brain turns to go.

ROMERO

Wait a minute. Why?

BRAIN

He's got something in his collar.
In the lining. The Duke wants
it.

ROMERO

What?

BRAIN

I'll show you.

ROMERO

You'll tell me.

BRAIN

Cyanide capsules. The Duke
don't want a dead President.

Romero opens the door. Brain and Maggie step inside. There are THREE OTHER GYPSIES standing guard around the President.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

ROMERO
(suspiciously)
Cyanide?

Brain pulls a knife out of his coat and moves to the President.

BRAIN
Might try to take it tomorrow.

ROMERO
Why would he do that?

Brain begins fumbling with the President's collar. The President looks terrified of the knife.

Romero quickly steps over to Brain.

ROMERO
(continuing)
That's so much bull! You're
not supposed to be in here,
Brain...

Brain suddenly swings the knife and plunges it into Romero's stomach! Romero opens his mouth to SCREAM but nothing comes out!

Instantly Maggie pulls the revolver from her jacket and starts FIRING! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The three gypsies fall to the floor!

CUT TO:

272 CLOSE ON BELL

The hammer hits the bell! DING!

273 RING

The round is over. Slag walks back to his corner. Plissken crawls back to his.

There are black and blue marks on Plissken's back. He hangs on the ropes in his corner. And sees:

274 POV - RED-BANDANA GYPSY

The Red-Bandana gypsy stands at ringside. Around his neck he wears Plissken's doorbell tracer on a chain!

275 RING

A gypsy jumps back in the ring and collects the bats. He gives Plissken and Slag two new sets of weapons: baseball bats with nails driven in them and trashcan lids for shields!

This brings the most INCREDIBLE CHEER from the audience yet!

CUT TO:

276 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brain and Maggie whisk the President down the deserted hallway. They duck out a side door.

CUT TO:

277 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

Hauk, now outfitted with a backpack, loads his rifle. Rehme enters.

REHME

They're ready.

HAUK

Okay...

Hauk glances at the radio. For a beat. Then he slowly turns and walks out of the bunker.

CUT TO:

278 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH - SLAG

3:43:55, 54, 53...

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Slag has the baseball bat with nails and the trashcan lid ready. He looks like a crazed Roman gladiator.

279 CLOSE ON BELL

The hammer hits it! DING!

280 RING

The crowd goes wild! Plissken limps forward, circling. Slag charges him!

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

SLAM! Slag's bat slices into Plissken's shield! SLAM!
Again!

Plissken buckles, drops to his knees!

Slag raises his bat! A final blow!

Plissken swings! Low and hard!

The bat WHACKS into Slag's leg! The nails go in!

Slag SCREAMS!

Plissken leaps to his feet! Ducks under Slag's arm! Comes
up behind him! Takes a swing with the bat!

THOCK! Right into the back of Slag's neck! Plissken steps
away. The bat stays there!

Slag is motionless for a moment.

Then he pitches forward to the canvas! And lies there!

The crowd EXPLODES! CHEERING!

Plissken falls down against the ropes. Exhausted. Battered.
He starts to climb through.

281 POV - RED-BANDANA GYPSY

The Red-Bandana gypsy moves forward to keep Plissken in the
ring.

282 ON PLISSKEN

Plissken reaches out suddenly! Grabs the doorbell-tracer!
Flips the safety catch and pushes the button!

CUT TO:

283 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - CLOSE ON RADIO

The control panel. The radio emits a LOUD, CONSTANT
EEEEEEEE.

284 EXT. BUNKERS - DAY

Rehme races out of the control bunker. Through the
THRASHING helicopters. Up to the lead chopper. He BANGS
on the door. It opens. Hauk leans out.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

REHME
Plissken's tracer!

Hauk turns to the helicopter PILOT.

HAUK
Get on the radio! Keep 'em
down! Nobody moves!

Hauk jumps out. He and Rehme run back to the bunker.

CUT TO:

285 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Plissken takes the wrist watch off of Slag's hand and puts it on his. The crowd is CHANTING: "SNAKE, SNAKE, SNAKE..."

286 ANGLE ON DUKE

The Duke looks disappointed. Suddenly a GYPSY rushes into the box and whispers in the Duke's ear. A look of surprise, then shock, then anger comes over his face. He stands up and races out of the box. The other gypsies dash out after him. The gypsy who delivered the message waves his arms for silence.

287 ANGLE ON CROWD

They see him. Become silent. Rise to their feet.

288 ON PLISSKEN

He sees them.

289 ON GYPSY

GYPSY
The President's gone!

290 FULL SHOT

The place goes crazy! Prisoners bolt from their seats! Pour out the exits! A frenzy of movement!

Plissken hops out of the ring and limps quickly back to the hallway.

CUT TO:

291 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

The tracer continues its EEEEEEEE over the radio. Hauk and the others stand around the instrument panel. Rehme is by a radar screen. Fiddling with dials.

HAUK

Hurry up!

Suddenly a faint dot appears on the radar screen.

REHME

Madison Square Garden.

HAUK

I knew that son-of-a-bitch was alive!

The EEEEEEEE begins to SPUTTER, breaking up, and then dies. Silence.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

It's gone.

HAUK

The signal only lasts fifteen minutes.

Hauk turns to Rehme.

HAUK

(continuing)

Rehme, down-load the choppers. We're in a stand-by situation.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Anybody could have pushed the button!

HAUK

Only Plissken knew there was a safety catch.

Hauk looks at the officials in the bunker. And smiles.

HAUK

(continuing)

We'll give him a little more time, just to make sure.

CUT TO:

292 EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - STREETS - DUSK

Plissken limps out of the Garden, pulling on his leather jacket.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

It looks like panic in the streets! Prisoners running!
Old cars SCREECHING around corners! Mass confusion!

Plissken moves into CLOSEUP. He looks up into the sky.

293 POV - WORLD TRADE CENTER

Looming up into the dusk sky. The World Trade Center.

294 ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN

Not again, Harold!

Plissken dashes over to a GYPSY starting to get in his car.
He yanks the gypsy out of the way and jumps in. The car
ROARS away.

CUT TO:

295 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

Complete chaos! Everyone talking at once!

SECRETARY OF STATE

We've got to go in! Now!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Hold on, hold on!

USPF COMMANDER

You're countermanding orders,
Hauk!

HAUK

This is my prison. I give the
orders.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

We override all that!

HAUK

Just try.

Hauk turns to Dr. Cronenberg.

HAUK

(continuing)

Where's your machine?

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED:

DR. CRONENBERG
At the airstrip.

HAUK
How long would it take to get
it back over here?

Cronenberg looks at him curiously.

DR. CRONENBERG
Twenty minutes. Thirty. But
he'll use the glider, won't he?

HAUK
If he can.

Hauk hands him a mobile two-way radio.

HAUK
(continuing)
Stay on this radio. Talk to me
when you get there.

DR. CRONENBERG
(smiles)
Somehow I think you've grown fond
of Mister Plissken.

HAUK
I love him. When I see him, I'm
gonna give him a big, wet kiss!

CUT TO:

296 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

The car SCREAMS to a stop! Plissken jumps out. Looks at
his watch.

297 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

2:40:34, 33, 32...

298 ON PLISSKEN

He runs into the World Trade Center.

299 INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER

CAMERA MOVES WITH Plissken as he races through the lobby.
It is deserted. He blasts through the stairwell door.

DISSOLVE TO:

300 INT. STAIRWELL

ANGLE DOWN the stairwell. Plissken races upward, around and around.

DISSOLVE TO:

301 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH - MOVING SHOT

ON the wrist watch as he runs: 2:03:18, 17, 16...

DISSOLVE TO:

302 INT. CORRIDOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER

Completely exhausted and out of breath, Plissken emerges from the stairwell door. He limps down the hall. Pushing himself forward. Breathing in GASPS.

Then the muffled sound of GUNSHOTS! From above!

Plissken bolts to the roof door.

303 EXT. TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER - ON PLISSKEN

The roof door, still on one hinge, flops open. Plissken steps out. And sees:

304 POV - BRAIN, MAGGIE & PRESIDENT - INDIANS - GLIDER

Huddled together inside the old heliport control shack are Brain, Maggie and the President. Maggie BLASTS away at the circle of INDIANS that keep them pinned down! The Indians hurl rocks and knives and clubs and debris. Like an attack on a wagon train.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the glider. A group of Indians are see-sawing on it, teeter-tottering it up and down! One of them hacks away at the nylon anchor cord with an ax!

305 ON PLISSKEN

He starts forward, toward the glider.

PLISSKEN

No!

306 ON GLIDER

WHACK! The ax severs the anchor cord! The glider begins to tip forward! The Indians give it a good push!

And the glider pitches forward over the edge of the building!

307 ON PLISSKEN

He stares for a beat, then dashes forward.

308 ON HELIPORT SHACK

Plissken ducks the rocks and debris and jumps inside. Maggie FIRES angrily at the Indians. Brain is SCREAMING at the top of his lungs!

BRAIN

Goddamn redskins!

Plissken grabs the gun away from Maggie. He FIRES several times! Indians drop.

PLISSKEN

Let's go!

Plissken grabs the President and bolts out of the shack. Maggie and Brain follow close behind. They race to the roof door.

309 INT. CORRIDOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER

They run inside. Brain slams the door and holds it. Plissken moves a desk up against it to block it.

Then Plissken grabs Brain, holds him against the wall and shoves the revolver against his forehead.

PLISSKEN

You have a car?

BRAIN

Downstairs!

PLISSKEN

Keys!

Brain fumbles in his pocket and produces the keys. Plissken grabs them.

BRAIN

Ah... listen, Snake...

PLISSKEN

The diagram of the bridge!

BRAIN

Wait a minute, Snake!

Plissken tears through his coat and finds the diagram.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

Then he steps back from Brain, grabs the President and starts down the corridor. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM. Brain and Maggie hurry along behind.

BRAIN
(continuing)
I swear to God, Snake, I thought
you were dead!

PLISSKEN
You and everybody else!

BRAIN
I can help you with the diagram!
You can't read and drive at the
same time!

PLISSKEN
Beat it!

BRAIN
You gotta take us with you!

PLISSKEN
Shouldn't have double-crossed
me again, Brain!

Suddenly Plissken stops. And grabs the President's wrist!
The briefcase is gone. Only one half of the broken
handcuffs.

PRESIDENT
He shot it off!

PLISSKEN
The papers?

PRESIDENT
Gone. I don't know where.

BRAIN
I do.

Plissken turns and stares at Brain.

PLISSKEN
You're lying!

BRAIN
No lie, Snake, no lie! Take
you right to 'em!

CUT TO:

310 INT. STAIRWELL - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA PANAGLIDES behind Plissken, the President, Brain and Maggie as they wind their way down the stairwell.

The President slips and falls. Plissken picks him up.

PLISSKEN
(out of breath)
Come on...

PRESIDENT
Can't...

Plissken drags him forward. They continue down the stairwell.

CUT TO:

311 INT. SUB-BASEMENT GARAGE - CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH - NIGHT

Plissken's wrist watch moves into CLOSEUP. It reads:
1:29:20, 19, 18...

Then Plissken stumbles INTO SHOT. Barely walking. Sagging from fatigue. As is the President, Brain and Maggie. Like they've just run twenty miles.

They are in a dark sub-basement garage. They round a corner, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM. Brain's car sits tucked away in a corner. But the hood is up!

MAGGIE
Somebody's been here!

Brain runs to the car and looks inside the hood.

BRAIN
The distributor cap's gone!

TAP. TAP. TAP.

Brain stands upright. They all tense.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

312 CLOSE ON WALL

CLOSE ON a gun barrel being TAPPED slowly against a wall.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the Duke standing on top of the wall, smiling. On the wall around him stand the GYPSIES spread out with weapons.

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED:

The Duke holds up the distributor cap.

DUKE
Car trouble?

313 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Duke jumps down from the wall and walks slowly toward Brain's car. He holds the rifle on the four of them at all times.

DUKE
(continuing)
I saw your glider in the street.
All these airplanes falling
around here, it's not safe to
walk any more.

The Duke tosses the distributor cap. He reaches into his belt and pulls out a knife.

DUKE
(continuing)
How's it goin', Brain?

BRAIN
He had another gun, Duke!

DUKE
You had it first!

The Duke bends down to the rear tire and plunges the knife into it. Air HISSES out. Squatting on his haunches, he continues to rip into the rubber, shredding it.

PLISSKEN
(whispers)
Gas?

BRAIN
What?

PLISSKEN
Steam or gas?

BRAIN
Gas.

The Duke stands up. He motions to the gypsies. They jump off the wall and move over to him.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

DUKE

This whole deal of yours is over now, Snake. You and Brain just say goodbye to each other.

The Duke raises the rifle.

Plissken dives to the floor! He aims with the revolver and FIRES! Twice!

The bullets THUNK into the rear of the car by the gas tank! KABLAM! The car explodes!

Fire belches out, engulfing the gypsies. They scatter, SCREAMING!

Plissken, the President, Brain and Maggie take off running for their lives!

Rolling out of the flames, the Duke jumps to his feet. He is on fire! One of the gypsies throws a coat over him!

314 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - STREET - NIGHT

Plissken, the President, Brain and Maggie run out of the garage entrance. They race down the street.

Behind them gypsies pour out of the entrance in pursuit. And then cars SQUEAL out after them!

315 INT. DUKE'S CAR

The Duke is bloody and burned. He stomps the accelerator!

316 ON PLISSKEN

He looks around and sees the Duke. Then he looks ahead.

317 POV - TAXI

Cabbie pulls the taxi around a corner and stops a few yards ahead!

318 ANOTHER ANGLE

The four of them dash to the taxi and jump inside. The taxi SCREECHES away! Right behind it is the Duke! And then the rest of his caravan!

CUT TO:

319 EXT. STREETS - ANGLE ON TAXI

The taxi hurtles along, CAMERA MOVING WITH IT.

320 INT. TAXI

Brain holds up the diagram for Cabbie in the front seat.
Cabbie tries to look at it as he drives.

BRAIN

You got three right here, see!
And then a few yards, and then
three more!

PLISSKEN

Where are those papers, Brain?

BRAIN

Oh, yeah...

CABBIE

What papers?

PLISSKEN

From the briefcase.

CABBIE

Oh, those. They're right here.

Cabbie reaches into his coat and brings out the papers!
Plissken snatches them out of his hand and shoves them in
his jacket. Brain looks relieved.

Then Plissken looks at his watch.

321 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:49:24, 23, 22...

CUT TO:

322 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - NIGHT

The George Washington Bridge stretches across the bay.

323 ANGLE ON FIRST BARRICADE

Across the entrance to the bridge is a barricade of steel pylons and concrete. Down the street we SEE two headlights turn a corner and head for the barricade.

324 ANGLE ON TAXI - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES WITH THE taxi hurtling along.

325 INT. TAXI

CABBIE

Hold on!

326 EXT. BRIDGE - BARRICADE

The taxi hits the barricade, moves up the pylons like a ramp and sails over the concrete! It lands on the other side with a SLAM!

327 ANGLE ACROSS BRIDGE

The taxi continues on across the bridge.

328 ANGLE ON FIRST BARRICADE

More headlights approach the barricade.

329 INT. DUKE'S CAR

The Duke drives for all he's worth!

330 EXT. BRIDGE - BARRICADE

The Duke's car whisks up the pylons and over the concrete. The car behind him makes it too! And the third! But the fourth car misjudges the distance and SLAMS into the concrete! And EXPLODES!

331 LONG SHOT - BRIDGE

The taxi weaves and twists and bumps across the bridge, dodging the holes (from exploded mines) and the metal spiked barriers.

And then behind it comes the Duke and two other gypsy cars!

CUT TO:

332 EXT. BUNKERS

CAMERA MOVES WITH Hawk and Rehme as they race along. Cops are running everywhere.

They reach the wall and a metal ladder. Hawk clambers up.

333 EXT. TOP OF WALL

Hauk steps up on top. He takes a set of binoculars from a trooper and stares.

334 POV - BINOCULARS - LONG LENS

A LONG LENS, COMPRESSED IMAGE SHOT looking straight down the bridge. The taxi is moving along. Drifting in the flattened perspective.

Suddenly behind it three other cars loom up over the horizon in pursuit!

335 TOP OF WALL

Rehme joins Hauk.

HAUK

I see them!

REHME

Is it Plissken?

HAUK

What time is it?

Rehme checks his watch.

REHME

Twenty minutes!

Hauk pulls out his two-way radio.

HAUK

(into radio)

Cronenberg, get over here!
They're coming across the
bridge!

CUT TO:

336 INT. TAXI

They blast along. Brain studies his diagram.

BRAIN

I think there's three mines
ahead...

CABBIE

You think?

(CONTINUED)

336 CONTINUED:

BRAIN

Just stay to the left and then
jog right!

Plissken looks at his watch.

337 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:17:30, 29, 28...

338 BACK TO SCENE

BRAIN

Okay, here they come!

339 EXT. BRIDGE

The taxi SCREECHES and weaves around a huge hole and some
twisted spikes.

Suddenly the left-rear tire hits a mine! The back end of
the taxi BLASTS off! The taxi careens out of control!

340 INT. TAXI

Cabbie vices the wheel! The others are thrown around as
the taxi spins wildly!

341 EXT. BRIDGE

The taxi SLAMS into the side of the bridge!

And then rolls backwards. And stops.

342 INT. TAXI

BRAIN

I said jog right!

Plissken reaches over to Cabbie. Cabbie is dead! His
head slumps forward on the dashboard.

PLISSKEN

Come on!

343 EXT. BRIDGE

The four of them jump out. They start running!

344 ANGLE ON GYPSY CARS

The three gypsy cars twist in pursuit. They SMASH into the side of the bridge to avoid holes, tearing fenders and shreading the sides. But they keep moving!

345 ANGLE ON SECOND GYPSY CAR

The second gypsy car hits a mine! EXPLODES! It flips end over end and neatly sails over the edge of the bridge!

346 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN, MAGGIE, BRAIN & PRESIDENT

They race along the bridge.

Brain slips! He steps on a mine! He is BLOWN into the air! Maggie is thrown off balance and flops to the bridge!

Plissken stops. The President keeps running.

347 ANGLE ON MAGGIE & BRAIN

Maggie picks herself up. She stares at Brain's body. The diagram blows away in the wind.

348 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN
Keep moving, baby!

349 ANGLE ON MAGGIE & BRAIN

Maggie crawls over to Brain's body, stares at him, then holds him.

350 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He stares at his watch.

351 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:09:49, 48, 47...

352 BACK TO PLISSKEN

He takes off running after the President.

353 ANGLE ON MAGGIE & BRAIN

Maggie looks up.

354 POV - DUKE'S CAR

Coming right at her, the Duke's car! It ROARS right into CAMERA! KAWHAM!

355 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN & PRESIDENT

Plissken and the President run past heaps of cars and around spikes. Just a few yards ahead is the wall.

356 TOP OF WALL

HAUK

Come on, come on, come on!

357 ANGLE ON DUKE'S CAR

The Duke's car swerves to avoid a pylon, slides sideways and RAMS into another pylon! The Duke crawls out and starts running.

The third gypsy car tries to stop but SMASHES into Duke's car!

358 EXT. BRIDGE & WALL

Plissken and the President reach the wall.

359 TOP OF WALL

Instantly two grappling lines are lowered down to them by hydraulic lifts!

360 ON PLISSKEN & PRESIDENT

Plissken shoves the President to a line.

PLISSKEN

Grab it and hang on!

The President grabs hold. The hydraulic motor high above them WHINES and the President is pulled up the wall!

Plissken grabs the other line.

BULLETS HIT all around him. Plissken dives to the bridge!

361 ANGLE ON DUKE - CARS

The Duke takes aim, kneeling behind a blasted car.

362 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He FIRES!

363 ANGLE ON DUKE

The Duke is hit! He spins around and flops on the bridge!

364 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He gets to his feet and limps to his line.

365 TOP OF WALL

The President reaches the top. Instantly several troopers grab him. Hauk stares down at Plissken.

HAUK

Get him up, get him up!

A trooper STARTS the hydraulic.

366 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken starts up.

367 ANGLE ON DUKE

He scrapes himself up off the bridge and runs!

368 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN - WALL

The Duke leaps up and grabs Plissken! Plissken loses his hold and they both fall back down to the bridge!

369 TOP OF WALL

Without a weight the line whips up the wall. Hauk SCREAMS and waves his arms!

HAUK

Don't fire! Get it back down!

The trooper reverses the MOTOR. The line goes back down.

370 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN & DUKE

Plissken and the Duke fight viciously! The Duke clubs Plissken with his rifle butt! Plissken's revolver goes flying!

Behind them GYPSIES from the third car come running!

Plissken drives a right into the Duke's stomach! The Duke falls!

The line dangles back down!

Plissken grabs the line! The hydraulic WHINES and he starts up.

The Duke is on his feet. He leaps at Plissken!

Plissken pushes away from the wall, swings out and kicks the Duke in the face!

The Duke flops back, staggering, trying to keep his balance, and falls into the midst of the other gypsies.

371 TOP OF WALL

HAUK

Fire!

The troopers open FIRE!

372 ANGLE ON DUKE & GYPSIES

The Duke and his gypsies are mowed down by the gunfire!

373 TOP OF WALL

Plissken reaches the top! Hauk helps him up! They look at his wrist watch.

374 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:1:01, 00, then 0:0:59, 58...

375 TOP OF WALL

Plissken pushes a trooper out of the way! He turns the hydraulic lift around, kicks the MOTOR on, grabs the line and descends down the other side of the wall!

376 EXT. BUNKERS

A truck pulls up. Dr. Cronenberg jumps out. He races to the back.

377 ANGLE ON WALL

Plissken is twenty feet from the ground. He lets go and drops. He lands with a THUD.

378 ON TRUCK

The large x-ray machine is lowered on the lift!

379 ON PLISSKEN

He gets up and starts limping toward Cronenberg.

380 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:0:20, 19, 18...

381 ON TRUCK

Cronenberg plugs in a remote power cord, flips on the machine, and grabs two tubes. He turns to a trooper.

DR. CRONENBERG

Turn on the power!

The trooper flips a switch on a generator. The machine BLINKS to life.

Plissken limps up. Cronenberg places the two tubes on either side of his neck. Then he presses a button on the tubes.

The machine BUZZES loudly for a few seconds, then CLICKS off.

Then Cronenberg steps away from Plissken and stares at him. Plissken feels his neck, then looks at his watch.

382 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:0:02, 01, 0...

383 BACK TO SCENE

Plissken looks up at Cronenberg.

(CONTINUED)

383 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

That's it?

DR. CRONENBERG

That's it.

CUT TO:

384 EXT. BUNKERS - NIGHT

The President, bundled in a blanket, surrounded by troopers and SECRET SERVICE MEN, is ushered to a waiting limousine. Hauk stands by a bunker watching.

As the President gets into the car, Plissken limps to the window. He has a cigarette in his mouth. He looks blasted and bruised and tired. He reaches into his jacket pocket. The secret service men draw guns.

PRESIDENT

It's all right!

Plissken pulls out the documents and hands them to the President.

PLISSKEN

Don't forget these.

The President stares at the documents, then at Plissken.

PRESIDENT

I want to thank you. Anything you want, just name it.

PLISSKEN

A moment of your time.

The President glances at his watch, then nods his head.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

We lost some people back on the bridge. They died getting you here. Just wondered how you felt about it.

PRESIDENT

I'm very grateful.

PLISSKEN

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

384 CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT
The nation appreciates their
sacrifice.

Plissken looks at him disdainfully.

PRESIDENT
(continuing; looks
at his watch)
I'm really sorry, but I have to
go...

Suddenly Plissken takes the cigarette out of his mouth and flips it on the President! The cigarette pops off his coat and lands on the documents! Wildly the President beats at the glowing ashes!

385 ON PLISSKEN

Slowly Plissken limps away. The limousine pulls away behind him. The activity has subsided. Only a few cops wander around.

Plissken stops. Hauk is a few feet away. They look at each other.

HAUK
Going to kill me now, Snake?

PLISSKEN
I'm too tired. Maybe later.

HAUK
I got another deal for you, Snake.

Plissken stares at him. Hard.

HAUK
(continuing)
I want you to think about it
while you're taking a rest.
I want to give you a job.

Plissken pulls another cigarette out of his jacket and lights it.

HAUK
(continuing)
Just think about it. We'd
make one hell of a team, Snake.

Plissken slowly, deliberately shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

385 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
The name's Plissken.

Plissken turns and limps away down a row of bunkers into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL END TITLES.