

CONAIR

by

Scott Rosenberg

5/9/96	White
5/16/96	Blue
6/25/96	Pink

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"The degree of civilization in a
society can be judged by observing
its prisoners... "

-- Fyodor Dostoyevsky

" ... and this bird you will not chain... "

-- Lynyrd Skynyrd

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROADHOUSE - MOBILE, ALABAMA - NIGHT 1

On the outskirts of town... A scattering of pick-up trucks and Harleys and half-dead dogs licking their balls in the mud...

2 INT. ROADHOUSE 2

A ragged, jagged nasty joint. Where bikers go to die. The juke-box offers sixty selections - and 54 of them are Merle Haggard tunes. Fairly crowded... We settle on one WAITRESS,

TRICIA POE, 25.

She is pretty, despite all the after-hours behind those eyes.

She delivers a round of shots and beers to THREE oversized WHISKEY ROCK-N-ROLLERS, all tats and denim and leather and hair: BILLY JOE, RONNIE, and SMOKE...

BILLY JOE

Whyn't you join us for one,
darlin'?

TRICIA POE

No, thanks --

She makes to move away, but a big paw is on her hand...

RONNIE

Don't be like that, sweet thing...

SMOKE

Yeah, that ain't no good life --

Beat... She smiles... She's been dealing with bottom-feeders like this since forever... And she's got it down...

TRICIA POE

Look: if I drink with you guys, I
gotta drink with everybody. And
where does that put me?

BILLY JOE

In the back-room... Me on top...
Your toes extended to the
ceiling...

The fellas chortle, as their kind will...

ANGLE - THE FRONT DOOR. A MAN has entered. He's 26. Lean and laconic. Long hair, beard, grease-smear, Pontiac GTO baseball cap. His workshirt reads "Art's Garage." This is

CAMERON POE

and he scans the room for his wife... Sees her with the three hard shells... Tricia extricates her hand from Ronnie's mitt... Goes to Poe.

POE
What's that about -- ?

TRICIA POE
Nothin'... Come on...

She takes his hand, leads him to one corner of the joint... She can barely contain herself...

Poe eyeballs the hard shells, who utter low moans and knock back their shots...

Tricia leans Poe up against the wall...

POE
Well?

TRICIA POE
I am...

POE
You are?

TRICIA POE
I am. You're gonna be a daddy,
Cameron Poe --

POE
I am?

TRICIA POE
You are.

Poe is overwhelmed... A flood of emotion... Tears instantly well up... He can barely catch his breath...

POE
Aw, baby...

He wraps himself around her. Closes his eyes. All is good.

Poe leads her to a booth, calling to the BARTENDER on the fly:

POE (CONT.)
Dale, this girl here is taking a
break - you just bring over a
bottle of your best champagne...

BARTENDER
Sure thing, Cam --

POE
... and a glass of OJ for the
lady...

Tricia laughs... They sit... Look into each other's eyes...
Poe touches her face... His filthy hand leaves a smear...

POE (CONT.)
Shit... Be right back, baby...

TRICIA POE
Hurry...

He heads for the head... Turns back... Giddy...

POE
I love you...

She smiles...

Dale brings over the bubbly and the orange juice...

DALE
Congrats again, Tricia --

A hairy hand on Dale's shoulder... He is wrenched out of the
way...

BY RONNIE

who stands before Tricia, glowering...

RONNIE
Champagne. I love champagne...

3 INT. BATHROOM

3

Poe towels off... Into the mirror:

POE
Hello, dad... Hey, daddy... Hi
there, big daddy... Daddy-O..

A fat TRUCKER emerges from one stall... Stares at Poe...

POE
I'm, uh, gonna be a father --

TRUCKER
Sure, fella... Of course...

The trucker leaves... Poe grins sheepishly... And walks out
of the john...

4 INT. BAR

4

... into the bar... Where he sees Tricia... The hard shells
have her sandwiched in the booth...

Poe walks over to them...

RONNIE
We help you, huckleberry?

POE
Get up --

TRICIA POE
Cameron, don't --

BILLY JOE
You know this flinch-bird, baby?

TRICIA POE
He's my husband --

POE
Get up.

RONNIE
Your husband. Woo-hoo. I tell you
what, huckleberry: you go buy us
nice boys a round...

Ronnie tosses some balled-up bills at Poe... They hit him in the face and fall to the table... The joint has gone quiet...

Poe remains stony, ice, in the zone...

TRICIA POE
Cameron... Don't...

Poe takes in their hands: on her legs... On her hands...
Brushing up against her belly...

RONNIE (CONT.)
... and when you get back we'll
talk about you lettin' us play some
night baseball with your
bitch-kitty...

That's it. Game over. Poe grabs Ronnie. LIFTS him out of the booth and HURLS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM....

Ronnie lands on a table... Collapsing it...

Smoke CHARGES Poe... Connects to Poe's face... Blood flows... Poe whirls on Smoke... A flurry of punches... Smoke is reduced to ash...

Tricia screams for him to stop through this entire exchange...

But Ronnie's back... With a table leg... He SWINGS IT at Poe... Poe dodges out of the way... He's fast. Artful...

Poe goes in for the kill... A combination of punches that crumble Ronnie... Poe is savage. Rabid...

Suddenly, Poe's face screws-up in agony... He whips around - Billy Joe, JET-BLADE gleaming, has slashed Poe across the back

BILLY JOE

Let's go, huckleberry... Shock me...

Blood trickles from Poe's face... Everything SLOWS DOWN... He doesn't look himself... Looks almost inhuman...

Somewhere, far-off, Tricia Poe is crying for him to stop...

And, in dizzying SLO-MO, Poe punches Billy Joe in the gut and, as Billy Joe doubles-over, Poe SENDS A FIST into Billy Joe's NOSE... GRNNCHH!! We can almost hear BILLY JOE'S NOSE-BONE PIKE HIS BRAIN like a prized butterfly...

Billy Joe goes down... Everything is quiet... Poe snaps out of his fury... Catches his breath...

Tricia goes to Poe... Crying. She hits him. Not stopping. Hitting him, hitting him, hitting him... Because she knows all is now lost...

Poe stands there... He takes it...

Ronnie crawls over to Billy Joe... Billy Joe's eyes are wide open, staring into the next world...

RONNIE

You killed him! YOU KILLED HIM, YOU FUCKING ANIMAL!

Poe stands there... As Ronnie screams and Tricia sobs and SIRENS wail in the distance...

And he catches a glimpse of himself in the MIRROR over the bar

Allowing us to...

MATCH CUT TO:

5	INT. SAN QUENTIN - POE'S CELL - DAY	5*
	CAMERON POE, now 34, shaving before a mirror. SUPER:	*
	8 YEARS LATER	*
	BABY-O, Poe's cellmate, 33, black, small, is packing his belongings in a banker's box.	*
		*

POE

Number 3, sipping a cold one on the pier in Mobile, Alabama. Number 2, getting a new bike and racin' in it.

Poe tosses the shaver into his BANKER'S BOX and removes PHOTOS of classic cars ('59 Dodge, '70 Chevelle SS 396, etc.) from the mirror. Then a PHOTO of a LITTLE GIRL, about 7, with blonde spit curls.

POE

And Number 1, seeing Casey for the first time ever. That's at the top.

BABY-O

What about you and your wife hittin' it proper?

Poe looks at a PHOTO of his wife Tricia.

POE

That, also, is on the list.

Poe lifts a sorry-looking STUFFED RABBIT from a bag.

BABY-O

What's that for?

POE

So I shouldn't see my little girl, first time out, empty-handed.

BABY-O

It's a fuckin' bunny!

POE

It's all they had. It was either this or a tube of toothpaste and two packs of Pall Malls.

BABY-O

Maybe rethink goin' empty-handed.

Poe picks up A LETTER from the table. Baby-O sits. Feels his arms.

BABY-O

Oh, I got that clammy feel...
(re: Poe's letter)
Can I see it one last time 'fore you pack it?

POE

You've seen it three hundred times.
(Baby-O is insistent)
Okay. But no erections.

Poe hands the paper to Baby-O, who reads:

BABY-O

"Know all Men by these Presents:
It having been made to appear to
the United States Parole Commission
that Cameron Poe is eligible to be
paroled..." Oh God when I get my
date. You're goin' home, brother!

Poe grabs the letter. Packs it and the bunny in his box and
slams down the lid. Baby-O slaps a HAPPY FACE STICKER on
the side of Poe's box.

Poe and Baby-O stand before the cell door, banker's boxes in
hand. It CLANGS open. A PRISON GUARD appears to escort
them off. Poe steps out. Looks back.

POE

Eight fuckin' years. Good bye,
good night.

6
THRU OMITTED
7

6*
THRU*
7*

CUT TO:

7A EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

7A*

A MAXIMUM SECURITY BUS cased in chain-link and plexiglass is
escorted by helicopters, motorcycles and police cars.

CHIEF DEVERS (V.O.)

The Marshal Service annually flies
155,000 prisoners around the
country for transfers, legal
hearings and medical exams....

7B INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - QUICK SHOTS

7B*

Dark and moody... CLOSE UP details of the outside of an
AIRPLANE... A C-123K, to be exact...

CHIEF DEVERS (O.S.)

As you know, today's flight is a
special one. We're populating
Louisiana's Feltham Penitentiary,
the newest super-max facility in
the system...

7C INT. C-123K - QUICK SHOTS

7C*

Details of the interior of the plane: cage doors, locks,
levers, shackles on seats...

CHIEF DEVERS (O.S.)

Designed to warehouse the worst of
the worst... The baddest of the
bad... These men are lifers, some
on death row. Consecutive
sentences all, not a concurrent in
the bunch.

We follow the maximum security convoy through the town and
visually juxtapose it with --

7D INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - C-123K 7D*

light falls across the plane, widening... As the hangar
doors open...

7E EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR 7E*

The Marshal's Service LOGO splits as the doors are opened...
And the C-123K is dragged out onto the tarmac...

8 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 8*

-- A MINIMUM SECURITY SCHOOL BUS, containing Poe and Baby-
O, escorted by a SINGLE SQUAD CAR.

CHIEF DEVERS

Not since the 1933 opening of
Alcatraz Prison, when such
high-profile convicts as Machine
Gun Kelly, Al Capone and Alvin
Karpis, took a famous train ride to
Oakland in trains and shackles, has
such a collection of notorious
criminals been assembled for a
single journey...

8A INT. MINIMUM SECURITY SCHOOL BUS - DAY 8A*

Poe, Baby-O, and 10 OTHER SHORT-TERM PRISONERS sit in prison
denims. They wear HANDCUFFS, WAIST-CHAINS, LEG IRONS.

The bus passes a PARK. Poe watches CHILDREN play.

A guard, BISHOP, late 30's, walks the aisle. Bishop is
feminine, but not to be fucked with.

BABY-O

Hey, lady --

BISHOP

Lady was a dog in a Walt Disney
movie. My name is Bishop. Guard
Bishop to you.

BABY-O

I gotta get my shot 'fore I get on
that fuckin' plane, Guard Bishop.
Excuse my language... I missed it
last night and I'm a two-shot man.

BISHOP

Your insulin's on board. We'll
give it to you in-flight. I'll see
to it personally.

8B EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY 8B*

The MAXIMUM SECURITY CONVOY moves through gates into a
secured area on the outermost TARMAC.

Department of Prison GUARDS wait with shotguns.

A MARSHAL walks out with SHACKLES over his shoulder...

8C INT. MARSHAL'S SERVICE OFFICES - CORRIDOR 8C*

CLOSE ON a pair of Birkenstocks... Squeak, squeak, squeak
down the corridor... WE TILT UP - to reveal Marshal VINCE
LARKIN...

... as he hurried down the corridor...

CHIEF DEVERS

We've never - in the ten years
we've been operative - had even a
momentary breach of security... We
are the tightest operation in the
Marshal Service... You men are
why... It's a point of pride...
Let's see that it stays that way...
Let's exemplify our three operative
words:

9 OMITTED 9*

10 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - U.S. MARSHAL'S HANGAR - DAY 10*

Two dozen GUARDS, MARSHALS, CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS, sip
coffee and listen to CHIEF SKIP DEVERS, 50's.

Larkin arrives into the hangar, just in time to mouth
Devers' following words --

CHIEF DEVERS (CONT.)

Firm. Fair. And Vigilant.

The meeting, over, breaks in the b.g.

LARKIN

We're down to six short-timers
we'll off-load in Carson City. All
the rest are sheeted to Feltham.

CHIEF DEVERS

Good. Now let's deal with the
D.E.A. boys.

Devers walks. Larkin trails. Another Marshal - a girl,
GINNY, early 20s, cute as a button - meets Larkin, handing
him a stack of FILES. A few drop in their haste. They pick
them up.

GINNY

That's all of 'em. You ready?

LARKIN

Ready...

And he moves off...

GINNY

Vince --

... he turns back... She fixes his tie...

GINNY (CONT.)

Now you're ready --

Devers calls back from the tarmac.

CHIEF DEVERS

Let's go, Vince -- !

Larkin hustles after Devers. Ginny watches him go...

GINNY

(to herself)

You're welcome... No problem...
Tonight? Dinner... ? Sure... How
'bout Chinese?

11 OMITTED

11*

12 EXT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICES/HANGAR - DAY

12*

Larkin and Devers walk to the front steps. A fully-restored
'64 CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE pulls up, its vanity plate reads,
"AZZ KIKR."

CHIEF DEVERS

You know this guy?

LARKIN

No...

CHIEF DEVERS
 He's a piece of work... Piece
 O'work...

DUNCAN MALLOY, 42, U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, at
 the wheel in racing gloves and wrap-around shades.

CHIEF DEVERS (CONT.)
 Duncan! Good to see you!

MALLOY
 Well -- ?

CHIEF DEVERS
 She sure is beautiful --

MALLOY
 Beautiful? Sunsets are beautiful.
 This, this is fucking insane --

CHIEF DEVERS
 Duncan, this is Vince Larkin. He's
 overseeing the transpo. Vince,
 Duncan Malloy, DEA.

LARKIN
 Good to meet you, sir --

Malloy ignores him... Peeling rubber into the hangar. He
 tosses his CAR KEYS to the TRANSPORTATION OFFICER, takes out
 a tarpaulin, and begins covering the car. Larkin and Devers
 exchange a look..

13 INT. MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON BUS - DAY

13*

Poe's bus pulls into Oakland Airport. Guard Bishop walks
 the aisle. Consults her clipboard.

BISHOP
 Cameron Poe?

POE
 That's right.

BISHOP
 You know you're still under federal
 auspices 'till Louisiana. It's
 full restraints 'till then,
 understood?

POE
 Yes, ma'am... As long as I make it
 home on time it makes no
 nevermind...

BISHOP
 Congratulations --

POE
 And then some. It's my daughter's
 birthday --

And he takes the PHOTO of Casey out of his pocket... Shows
 it to Bishop... Bishop studies it... Hands it back...

BISHOP
 What you got there Cameron Poe is a
 walking, talking reason to
 rehabilitate.

POE
 I know that, ma'am. And the wife
 ain't bad neither...

He smiles... She winks... And walks the line...

And we hear the ROAR of JET ENGINES and CUT TO --

14 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY 14*

The C-23K transport AIRCRAFT... Fired up... It taxis over to
 the high security area on the outermost tarmac.

Guards unload the Prisoners' BANKER'S BOXES from a VAN and
 stow them in the C-123K's TAIL. Other Guards load a RACK OF
 12-GAUGE SHOTGUNS into the C-123K's BELLY.

14A
 THRU OMITTED
 16

14A*
 THRU*
 16*

17 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT 17*

The PILOT calls back to the CO-PILOT.

PILOT
 Open 'er up!

The Co-pilot hits a switch.

17A EXT. C-123K 17A*

THE REAR HATCH slowly lowers.

17B INT. US MARSHAL SERVICES - LOBBY - DAY 17B*

Larkin enters with Devers, Malloy, and a fourth man, D.E.A.
 AGENT WILLIAM SIMS.

CHIEF DEVERS
 Everybody know each other?

LARKIN
 (extends hand to Sims)
 Vince Larkin.

SIMS
 (shakes with Larkin)
 Special Agent Sims, D.E.A. Good to
 meetcha, Larkin.

Larkin hands Sims a photo of a handsome LATIN MAN, 26.

LARKIN
 This is your man. Francisco
 Cindino. Son of Eduardo Cindino,
 of The Cindino Cartel. The Big
 Enchilada. The prime mover of
 narcotics in the world. Sworn
 enemy of drug agents everywhere --

MALLOY
 Hey! We're drug agents, remember?

LARKIN
 Of course. Sorry... We're
 unloading 6 prisoners in Carson
 City and picking up 10, including
 your Mr. Cindino.

17C EXT. US MARSHAL SERVICES - SURVEILLANCE VAN

MALLOY
 We held that maggot 180 hours in an
 interrogation pen. He gave up
 nothing about the old man's
 operation... And now - those
 Bureau silks are sending him
 away... They don't give a fuck that
 this kid is a fountain of
 information...

Larkin, Devers, Malloy and Sims enter surveillance van.

17D INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

LARKIN
 You've got two hours to get him to
 talk. We got you a seat right next
 to him. And he's known to be
 somewhat garrulous around his own
 kind.

Malloy tapes a small MICRORECORDER to Sims' stomach and
 pulls his shirt over it.

MALLOY
 Garrulous? What the fuck is
 "garrulous?"

LARKIN

That would be loquacious. Verbose.
Effusive.

(Malloy stares, blank)

How about "chatty."

MALLOY

(to Devers)

What's with fuckin' Dictionary-boy,
here?

LARKIN

Thesaurus-boy, I think, is what
you're...

CHIEF DEVERS

Vince...

Larkin shuts up. He and Malloy share an icy glare.

MALLOY

Anyway... Willie... The idea is to
see what you can get from him...
See if we can't bring the bastard
to his knees...

(to Larkin)

Knees... The joints between the
femur and the tibia...

LARKIN

Actually, the joints between the
femur, the tibia and the
patella...

Larkin offers a sheepish grin... Malloy turns to Sims...

MALLOY

You got your gun?

Sims pulls up his RIGHT pantleg, revealing A HANDGUN in an
ankle holster.

CHIEF DEVERS

Whoah, whoah, hold on.

LARKIN

We've got rules, gentlemen. One of
them is that no one carries on
these flights. I got a small
arsenal in the belly and a pistol
in the cockpit lockbox. Other than
that, we keep the plane like a
prison. No weapons allowed in the
main cabin, period.

MALLOY

My man is not getting on that plane
without his gun.

LARKIN

Then your man is not getting on that plane --

Malloy stares at them... Enraged... Then:

MALLOY

Okay... Give it to them, Willie --

And Sims hands Larkin the gun... Perhaps a bit too willingly... And maybe Larkin's hip to this... But he doesn't say anything..

And Malloy gives Sims a little wink... Because maybe that handgun was just a decoy...

LARKIN

Okay, boys, meet Agent Sims' travel mates. And a charming group they are.

Larkin points and everyone looks up --

THE VIDEO MONITOR - PRISONERS are disembarking from the maximum security bus. Each is thoroughly FRISKED by a guard. The shake-down is intense. Mouths are checked.

18 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY 18*

A PRISONER disembarks, 35, long hair, a smiler. His name is CYRUS GRISSOM, a.k.a. "Cyrus the Virus."

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Hello, hooray.

Guard FALZON, huge, granite-jawed, frisks Cyrus.

19 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 19*

We see CYRUS THE VIRUS on a video monitor. Larkin reads from his files.

LARKIN

Cyrus Grissom, a.k.a. Cyrus The Virus. Enjoyed a prolonged stay on the FBI's Most Wanted list. Number three with a bullet. Kidnapping, Robbery, Murder, Extortion. He even had a Bestiality beef in Arkansas.

MALLOY

Bestiality?

LARKIN

Raped a goat. He claims it was consensual.

Sims and Malloy stare at him. *

CHIEF DEVERS *

Vince. He's kidding. *

LARKIN *

Right. Uh... Bettered himself
inside. Been down for 11 years and
managed to earn five degrees
including his juris doctor. An
over-achiever... He also killed 7
fellow inmates and incited three
riots. He's got a serious
following in the system. Owns the
vine. *

19A EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY 19A*

Cyrus, like all the cons, has a HOSPITAL-BRACELET around his
wrist... The bracelet is marked with a BAR CODE... Another
GUARD runs an electronic GUN over the bar code... It blips
and Cyrus is allowed to pass -- *

-- and lead, Cyrus duck-walking in leg irons, to the
C-123K's open hatch. *

20 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY 20*

A black convict, DIAMOND DOG, late 30s, disembarks. Shaved
head; African continent TATTOOED on throat; hands duct-taped
over tennis balls, inhibiting grabbing. *

Guard Falzon frisks Diamond Dog. *

FALZON *

Diamond Dog Jones. Whoo-hoo! This
is like the scumbag all-star team. *

DIAMOND DOG *

You don't miss your water till your
well runs dry, my friend. *

21 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 21*

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - Diamond Dog smiles, revealing a
diamond STAR in his left incisor. *

LARKIN (O.S.) *

Nathan Jones a.k.a. "Diamond Dog."
Former general of The Black
Guerrillas. Blew up a meeting of
the National Rifle Association.
Said they represented the "basest
negativity of the white race." *

(MORE) *

LARKIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
(guards frisk Diamond
Dog)

Wrote a book in prison.
"Reflections In A Diamond Eye."
THE NEW YORK TIMES called it a
"wake-up call for the black
community..."

(off Malloy's look)
They're talking to Denzel for the
movie.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

22 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

22*

Convict BILLY BEDLAM disembarks. A GUARD frisks him.

*

BILLY BEDLAM
Move me, baby.

LARKIN (O.S.)
William Bedford, a.k.a. Billy
Bedlam.

MALLOY (O.S.)
The mass murderer?

23 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

23

LARKIN
The same. Caught his wife in bed
with another man. Left them alone.
Drove four towns over to his wife's
family's house. Killed her
parents, her brothers and sisters.
Her dog. Even trampled the family
rose bush. Then he went to the
local mall. Killed the clerks in
her favorite stores. The waiters
in her favorite restaurants. They
caught him seconds before he blew
away her dry cleaner.

The men watch the monitors.

MALLOY
They should just fly the fuckin'
plane into the side of the
mountain. Do mankind a favor.

LARKIN
Don't think that hasn't been
discussed.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

CHIEF DEVERS
 These are bad men, fellas... They'd
 kill your whole family for a gold
 watch or a vial of rock...
 Personally, I think this op is a
 bad idea... But if you wanna put
 an agent on my plane, fine.
 Anything happens, it's on your
 head.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

24
 THRU OMITTED
 25

24*
 THRU*
 25*

26 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

26*

Poe's minimum security bus pulls into the secured area. Poe
 and Baby-O get off. Poe looks at the C-123K.

*
*

Guard Bishop and the other Guards escort Poe, Baby-O, etc.,
 to the frisk point. Guard Falzon pats Poe down.

*
*

Falzon pulls Poe's PHOTO OF HIS DAUGHTER from Poe's pocket.

*

FALZON

No personal items.

*
*

POE

It's my daughter.

*
*

FALZON

(pockets the photo)

I don't care if it's the weeping
 momma of Christ, you know the
 rules.

*
*
*
*
*

Poe gets in Falzon's face, nose-to-nose. Bishop walks by,
 checking off numbers on her clipboard.

*
*

BISHOP

Easy, boys. There's enough root
 beer for everyone.

*
*
*

26A INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

26A*

ON THE MONITOR - POE AND FALZON argue heatedly.

*

MALLOY

(re: Poe)

Who's that?

*
*
*

Larkin flips pages, coming to Poe's PHOTO.

*

LARKIN

Cameron Poe. He's a parolee. He's
 going home.

*
*
*

27 INT. C-123K

27*

A complex latticework of bars and wires, mesh and plexi.
Four STEEL SINGLE-MAN CAGES spread throughout.

Guard Falzon hits a BUTTON at the FRONT GALLEY. A LIGHT on
the cages goes from RED to GREEN. OTHER GUARDS throw
levers; the cage doors slide open mechanically.

Poe steps aboard. He walks to the rear and sits across the
aisle from a weasely, snipe-faced MAN, early 30s.

PINBALL

Pinball Parker. Armed robber.
Arsonist. Dope fiend. Hell of a
nice guy.

28 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

28*

The van doors open.

CHIEF DEVERS

No one knows your classification,
Agent Sims, not even my guards. So
keep your wheels on the ground...

SIMS

Let's do it.

CHIEF DEVERS

Thanks for the briefing, Vince.
You can go back to the office.

Larkin nods and walks off with his files.

MALLOY

Tell me, Skip: Is the U.S. Marshal
Services in the habit of employing
annoying wise-ass bookworm creeps?

CHIEF DEVERS

Larkin's one of the best we've got,
Duncan --

MALLOY

Yeah, well I'd still like to crush
his larynx with my boot.

CHIEF DEVERS

Charming.

29 INT. C-123K - DAY

29*

THREE CAGES hold Cyrus The Virus, Diamond Dog, and Billy
Bedlam. The fourth cage is empty. Falzon hits the button
and the cage-lights GO BACK TO RED.

Falzon, moving down the aisle, finishes his inventory. He absently sticks his pen in his breast pocket. Bishop grabs it.

*
*
*

BISHOP

Unh unh. Everything's a weapon.

*
*

FALZON

Shit. Right.

*
*

Falzon takes the pen back and clips it to a SPECIAL CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK and slides it under his shirt.

*
*

29A EXT. TARMAC - C-123K

29A*

Malloy leads Sims to the plane... His bar-code bracelet is read... Another GUARD moves to frisk him...

*
*

MALLOY

I got him --

*
*

And Malloy frisks Sims... And when he gets down to Sims' LEFT ankle, there's a lump... And Malloy looks up... And winks...

*
*
*

29B INT. C-123K

29B*

Pinball Parker sits next to a sinewy NATIVE AMERICAN...

*

PINBALL

What's up, Cochise -- ?

*
*

The Indian merely stares ahead, stone-faced...

*

PINBALL (CONT.)

Okay, okay, don't go gettin' all Wounded Knee on me and shit...

*
*
*

A Guard leads Agent Sims onto the plane. He takes a seat.

*

POE

*

looks at Billy Bedlam in his cage... Billy snarls:

*

BILLY BEDLAM

You eyeballin' me, punk -- ?

*
*

POE

I was just admiring your cage. Fits you real good --

*
*
*

Baby-O calls to the medic, CHAMBERS.

*

BABY-O

I need my shot. I missed it last night and I'm a two-shot man.

*
*
*

CHAMBERS

You'll get it when we're airborne.

BABY-O

(mumbles)

These fuckers won't be happy till I go into a coma.

Guard Falzon walks the aisle.

FALZON

Well, well! We got out and out celebrities in here. We got a combined 11 HARD COPY appearances, two CURRENT AFFAIRS. And one genuine GERALDO interviewee.

(Diamond Dog bows)

Now let's get this straight, gentlemen. One, keep your hands in your laps; 2) keep the decibel level down; 3) if you need to use the head, ask for an escort. These rules will be enforced and it will hurt. Understand?

CYRUS THE VIRUS looks at a Mexican convict seated in front of his cage: JOHNNY 23, covered in pachuco tattoos. The following is Spanish with sub-titles:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Are you a notorious criminal, friend?

JOHNNY 23

Fuck, yeah. You don't know of me? I'm called "Johnny 23."

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You're Johnny 23? Of course I know you. You're clubbed-in with the Mex Mafia. Serving seven life sentences for rape. 23 counts of rape.

JOHNNY 23

Twenty-three they caught me for.

He leers at Guard Bishop as she walks by.

JOHNNY 23 (Cont'd)

(grins, in English)

If they knew the truth, I'd be called "Johnny 600."

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Doesn't have quite the same ring.
(to Falzon, who walks by,
imperious)
What's the in-flight movie today,
Falzon?

FALZON
It's a good one, Cyrus. It's
called, "I'll Never Make Love To A
Woman On The Beach Again." And
it's preceded by the award-winning
short: "No More Steak For Me
Ever."

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Funny fucker, aren't you?

30 EXT. C-123K

The hatch slowly raises. The plane taxis to the runway.

31 INT. U.S. MARSHAL SERVICES - AIRPORT OFFICE - DAY

Larkin, through a window, watches the plane take off. Ginny
joins him... She looks very uneasy... Crosses herself...

LARKIN
Please, Ginny. This is a
well-oiled machine. Only thing to
worry about are stale peanuts and a
little turbulence.

32
THRU OMITTED
32A

32B INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

Poe and Baby-O settle in for the flight.

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS THE VIRUS has begun to PICK AT A CALLUS
ON HIS LEFT HAND.

Falzon walks by. Cyrus stops his callus picking. Falzon
moves on to Diamond Dog, getting in his face.

FALZON
What's the word these days, O.G.?
(Diamond Dog fixes him
with that icy glare)
Don't tell me: you found Allah in
the joint, right?

DIAMOND DOG
We're all yoked to the same
chariot, my friend.

DOWN THE AISLE - Bishop walks by Poe. *

BISHOP
How you doing, Poe? *

POE
Fine. You got a first name, Guard
Bishop? *

BISHOP
No, it's just Bishop. Like Prince.
Or Cher. You know: Madonna -- *

POE
It works for you -- *

BISHOP
It's Sally... *

POE
Sally Bishop. Sounds like an
astronaut. Or a schoolteacher. *

BISHOP
There's a little of both in this
gig, Poe, lemme tell ya. *

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS THE VIRUS continues picking at his
callus. He stops whenever a Guard walks by. *

IN HIS CAGE - DIAMOND DOG is also PICKING AT A CALLUS at the
palm of his hand. *

CYRUS nods to Pinball. *

32C EXT. C-123K - DAY 32C*

The plane lifts-off... We can see the SKYSCRAPERS of a city
in the b.g. *

The plane ascends... *

33 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY 33*

Pinball checks the vicinity for guards... None nearby... He
sticks his hands in his mouth. Fishes for a PIECE OF DENTAL
FLOSS tied to his back molar. He tugs on the floss, pulling
it from his mouth. Six inches, then a foot. *

Poe watches, puzzled... Johnny 23 has also caught this...
The Indian stares straight ahead... *

Pinball pulls up from his stomach a BLOB OF WAX and ejects
it into his hand. He breaks it apart... breaking the wax,
revealing a pinky-sized SQUIRT TUBE and a wooden blue-tipped
MATCH. *

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS THE VIRUS has completed his callus-picking. There, embedded in the skin beneath his ring finger, is the TIP of a PIN.

A few more picks. The HAFT of the pin is out. Cyrus plucks the PIN from his palm. He begins to SHIM his handcuff locks.

IN HIS CAGE - DIAMOND DOG has picked his callus open, revealing, likewise, A PIN. He also begins to shim...

In moments, both men are free of their cuffs.

PINBALL

turns to Poe... Makes the "Sssh" gesture... Grins... He turns to the Indian... And SQUIRTS HIS SEAT with LIQUID from the tube... The Indian doesn't notice...

BABY-O

watches as, the medic, CHAMBERS, walks over, carrying a syringe and a kit containing several AMPULES of INSULIN.

CHAMBERS

Okay, left arm.

BABY-O

(smiles with relief)
About fucking time.

PINBALL

strikes the blue-tipped match on his thigh... And tosses it onto the Indian's seat...

FOOM!

The Indian is on fire... Pinball screams... The guards run down here... Pinball gets to his feet... The guards spray the Indian with a fire extinguisher... Pinball screams hysterically through this whole sequence --

PINBALL

YO, HE DID SOME SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION SHIT, MAN! THIS MAN IS
CRAZY! HE'S A WITCH DOCTOR! HE'S
A CRAZY WITCH DOCTOR! I AIN'T
SITTIN' NEXT TO NO CRAZY WITCH
DOCTOR - !!!!!

-- all the while making his way to the CAGE LEVERS... He throws the first one...

We see the cage-lock-light go from RED TO GREEN.

A KLAXON SOUNDS; the cabin lights shut off; emergency lights on the side of the cabin illuminate.

Bishop whirls, slams Pinball against the wall with her
 nightstick, but it's too late --

-- Diamond Dog's cage opens. Diamond Dog charges out,
 facing CHAMBERS. He BURIES the HASP of one cuff into
 Chambers' throat. Chambers SCREAMS and flails. Diamond Dog
 lifts Chambers bodily; Chamber's legs whip across the aisle.
 Chambers' boot hits A GUARD in the face and slams against
 the wall, hitting the BACK HATCH RELEASE BUTTON.

THE BACK HATCH begins to lower. Wind whips through the
 cabin. Chamber's INSULIN AMPULES fall, some shattering.

Guards converge on Diamond Dog, diving atop him. He bucks
 like a bronco. Diamond Dog and the struggling Guards STOMP
 the unbroken insulin ampules.

Poe is up in his seat, slightly amazed at this turn of
 events.

Baby-O looks at the crushed ampules in horror.

BABY-O
 Get the fuck off my insulin!

Falzon grabs a TASER from the galley and fires several JOLTS
 into Diamond Dog, who goes down writhing.

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS, screams; pounds on the cage door.

Pinball, fending off Bishop, lunges for the second lever and
 yanks it.

Cyrus' cage door SLIDES OPEN. A GUARD turns. Cyrus bolts
 out and coldcocks the guard.

Cyrus bolts for the cockpit. A single GUARD remains between
 Cyrus and the cockpit. Cyrus, using the cuffs as brass
 knucks, hits the guard. The guard drops.

THE GUARDS at the rear see the trouble up front. Bishop and
 Falzon bolt for the front of the plane. But cons drop into
 the aisle, blocking their way.

Cyrus rips open the cockpit door.

34
 THRU OMITTED
 37

34*
 THRU*
 37*

37A INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

37A*

Cyrus hauls the Co-pilot from his seat, RIPS OPEN the
 lockbox underneath, and pulls out the only GUN on board.
 The PILOT'S HAND moves under the dash, hitting the EMERGENCY
 BUTTON. Cyrus turns:

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 Say there was a disturbance but
 everything's under control. Do it
 or I will kill you.

PILOT
 The hell you will. Without me
 there's no one to fly the plane.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 I never think that far ahead.

CLICK. Cyrus pulls back the hammer. The Pilot grabs the
 radio.

PILOT
 Uhh, Carson City....?

IN THE BACK OF THE PLANE - Bishop continues to struggle with
 Pinball, Falzon with Diamond Dog.

CYRUS exits the cockpit with the gun. He aims down the
 fuselage and FIRES.

The BULLET strikes the BLARING KLAXON. Bishop, Pinball,
 Falzon, Diamond Dog, etc. freeze.

All eyes focus on Cyrus.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 This is your captain speaking.
 Welcome to Con Air...
 (points to Falzon)
 The keys, Falzon.
 (holds up unlocked cuffs)
 The keys for these.

The cons ROAR with approval... Poe looks at Baby-O... It's
 all bad...

POE
 Christ in a cartoon --

37B OMITTED

37B*

38 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - DAY

38*

A crowded room. Consoles and meteorological indicators.
 Crackling radio communications between tower and planes.

Ginny's on the radio. A RED SILENT ALARM IS FLASHING.
 Larkin enters hurriedly, alarmed.

LARKIN
 What the hell happened?

Ginny's on the radio to Carson City.

PINBALL

I know that name --

DIAMOND DOG

You killed The Giant --

POE

That's right --

BILLY BEDLAM

The who?

DIAMOND DOG

The Giant... Wallace Wilson... A
big, bad brother... And this skinny
ding put 'em down on the tiles...
Bare-handed, so they say...

POE

They say right --

PINBALL

I knew I knew that name --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Now why'd you go and do that -- ?

Poe poses for maximum effect...

POE

He took my pudding. And I like
pudding.

A pause. Cyrus looks Poe up and down. He smiles. And
starts laughing. The others join in.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You like pudding. I like you.
Stick around. Join the op. You
and your friend grab a guard and
put that dead cop's prison-issues
on him. You like pudding... Haw,
haw!

Cyrus walks off. Poe hustles down the aisle, grabbing
Baby-O.

BABY-O

What the fuck you doing?

POE

Staying.

BABY-O

I know you're fucking staying, I
mean why?

They arrive at Sims' body. Bishop is chained six feet away.

POE
 Because I'm not leaving you.
 (to Bishop)
 And I'm not leaving her.

*
*
*
*

BISHOP
 Poe...

*
*

POE
 You have any idea what'll happen to
 you?

*
*
*

BISHOP
 I can take care of myself...

*
*

POE
 Maybe. Maybe not. But I'm a
 southerner. And my daddy taught
 that a southern man should take of
 ladies who say they can take of
 themselves...

*
*
*
*
*
*

BISHOP
 Think about your family. Your
 little girl...

*
*
*

POE
 Now what good would I be to my
 little daughter if I left you to
 get dishonored and die on this
 airplane... ?

*
*
*
*
*

He smiles at her... Bishop shakes her head...

*

BABY-O
 You got a plan?

*
*

Poe unbuttons Sims' shirt, revealing Sims' CASSETTE
 RECORDER, set to RECORD, its capstans spinning. Poe smiles
 at Baby-O and Bishop...

*
*
*

POE
 Maybe. Maybe not...

*
*

Poe looks left and right. No one's watching him. He yanks
 the recorder from Sims' chest, hits "REWIND," and slips it
 in his own pocket.

*
*
*

48A INT. SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY - FRONT GUARD STATION - DAY

48A*

Larkin is buzzed in. A GUARD escorts him to the prison FILE
 ROOM, a wired-meshed administrative window. The clerk is
 MARGE, 50's, half-glasses, no-nonsense.

*
*
*

MARGE
 Hiya Vincent. Here's your crew
 tomorra.

*
*
*

She dumps a TWO FOOT STACK OF INMATE FILES on the counter. *
Larkin begins signing out one file after another, creating a *
"signed" stack. *

49 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY 49*

A FUEL TRUCK with an elevated BOOM for overwing refueling *
drives up to the C-123K. *

The FUEL JOCKEY connects the hose to the C-123K's fueling *
socket. The re-fueling begins. *

The rear stair ramp descends. A GUARD steps down from the *
C-123K into the SANDSTORM. *

It is Cyrus The Virus, U.S.M.S. baseball cap over his long *
hair, blue jumpsuit and black jack boots, his face obscured *
by a bandanna and shades. *

He is followed by Billy Bedlam and Johnny 23, also dressed *
like guards.. *

B.O.P. OFFICIAL *

Heard you had a problem up there. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Yeah, had to bag 'em and gag 'em. *
Rough crew. Shitters and spitters. *

The PRISONERS (including Falzon and the bagged and gagged *
guards and flight crew) file down the rear ramp stairs. *

The B.O.P. GUARDS begin to off-load their bus. First off is *
a convict named SWAMP THING. He gives a knowing nod to *
Cyrus The Virus, who shakes him down. *

50 INT. C-123K - DAY 50*

Pinball and the other cons, watching from the plane, hold *
their collective breaths. *

Falzon is the next to deplane. Poe grabs him roughly, *
shoves him up against the wall. *

POE *

My daughter's picture! Where's my *
daughter's picture, you shit-eatin' *
peckerhead? *

Falzon, bound and gagged, can't say dick; Poe SHOVES THE *
CASSETTE RECORDER INTO FALZON'S SHIRT and hits "PLAY." *

Falzon's eyes go wide. Poe shoves him out of the C-123K. *

51 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 51*

Falzon comes down the air-stairs. The tape recorder is PLAYING, obscured by the C-123K's ENGINES and the HOWLING WIND and SAND. *

POE watches from the plane. *

FALZON is held with the other "prisoners," as -- *

JOHNNY 23, by the bus, awaits the next Carson City prisoner. A six-foot-six, mohawked ex-footballer named CONRAD, 31. Conrad holds up his cuffed hands. *

CONRAD *

My favorite fantasy? Killing every guard in the system, then fucking 'em. Or do I have that backwards? *

JOHNNY 23 *

I'm not a guard, chava. *

Johnny winks at Conrad and shoves him forward. *

52 INT. C-123K - DAY 52*

Conrad boards the C-123K, seeing Pinball, at first confused. He looks around the plane and finally comprehends. He howls. *

Pinball stifles him. *

CONRAD *

Out of the fire and into the freebird. *

53 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 53*

Stepping from the B.O.P. bus is a skinny LATIN BOY, in hairnet and eye-liner, high cheekbones and full lips, between genders, his hormone shots just starting to take hold. They call her SALLY CAN'T DANCE. *

Johnny 23 isn't too crazy about shaking her down. *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE *

Hello, baby - you can be the rose of my Spanish Harlem -- *

JOHNNY 23 *

Get the fuck on the plane, joto -- *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE *

Classy... Very, very classy -- *

54 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY 54*

Swamp Thing gets behind the controls, climbs into the
shoulder harness. Pinball finishes changing into a GUARD'S
UNIFORM. He puts on goggles, a bandana, and slides the
PEN-CLIP around his neck. *

Swamp Thing unscrews a small RADIO-LIKE DEVICE from the
control panel. He attaches this device to an ordinary volt
battery. He hands the device/battery to Pinball. *

SWAMP THING *

Go get 'em, son. *

Pinball exits the cockpit. *

55 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 55*

The last new cons are loaded onto the C-123K. FALZON,
trussed up, is losing his shit. Pinball deplanes, dressed
like a guard, bandana over face. He walks to the OTHER SIDE
OF THE AIRPORT. *

Off the bus steps FRANCISCO CINDINO, 26. He gives Cyrus a
barely-discernible wink as he is frisked. Cyrus turns to
the B.O.P. OFFICIAL. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Is that it? *

The B.O.P. official studies his manifesto. *

STARKEY *

One more. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Who? *

STARKEY *

(points)
Late addition. *

A HIGH SECURITY PRISON VAN enters the tarmac from an access
road. It pulls up next to the plane. Two heavily-armed
DEPUTIES step from the van. *

The side door opens. Two more DEPUTIES step out. *

A sole PRISONER van steps off. He is early 30s, thin, pale,
frail-looking. His name is GARLAND GREENE. *

He wears full restraints. Two guards administer to him:
He's got the tennis ball/tape/panty hose treatment. *

STARKEY *

Garland Greene. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS

This will be interesting.

Garland Greene is led onto the C-123K.

56 ACROSS THE AIRPORT - SMALL HANGAR - DAY 56*

A sign on the hangar reads: UNCLE BOB'S GRAND CANYON TOURS. Outside the hangar is a six-seat TURBO-PROP with Uncle Bob's picture painted on the side.

UNCLE BOB, in Hawaiian shirt and pith helmet, helps a FAMILY OF THREE fill out forms, as Uncle Bob's ASSISTANT loads and straps their luggage onto the plane's wings.

The Assistant walks off. Pinball walks out of the sandstorm, drops the radio-like device in the luggage hold, and walks off, unseen.

57 BACK AT THE C-123K 57*

The "prisoners" (short-timers and Con Air Guards) are now being led onto their bus. Cyrus watches, edgier now. He walks up to the fuel truck.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

How much longer, boss?

FUEL JOCKEY

'Nother ten minutes or so.

57A INT. SAN QUENTIN - FILE ROOM - DAY 57A*

Larkin is still signing out the inmate files. The "signed" stack is now two feet high. As he signs the second to last file, a COMMOTION is heard in the cell tier above. Larkin signs the last file and --

TWO GUARDS, RENFRO and GARNER, rush past.

LARKIN

What's up, fellas?

GUARD RENFRO

Heya Vince. Found a stash of contraband. One of the scumbags sent to Feltham this morning.

LARKIN

Yeah? Who?

GUARD GARNER

The Virus.

Garner and Renfro rush off. Larkin thinks a moment. Follows them.

58 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY 58*

Garland Greene takes a seat at the rear of the plane. Poe, Baby-O, and the other cons watch in awe. *

BABY-O *

Jesus, Mary, George and Ringo. *

That's Garland Greene, man. *

POE *

Garland Greene? The Marietta Mangler? *

BABY-O *

Yup... That skinny little man *

butchered 30 people up and down the *

eastern seaboard. They say the way *

he killed made the Manson Family *

look like The Partridge Family... *

POE *

Well, he's on the right flight -- *

59 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE - DAY 59*

Pinball sees a FEMALE BAGGAGE HANDLER loading her truck. He walks up to her in full-flirt mode. *

PINBALL *

Hi, there. *

60 INT. B.O.P. BUS - DAY 60*

Falzon and the other C-123K guards, duct-taped, immobilized, sit there. They begin to THRASH ABOUT. *

The B.O.P. Guards, taking this for insubordination, begin BEATING THE GUARDS with their billy clubs. *

The guards persist, garbling YELLS under the duct tape. The B.O.P. boys pummel them harder. Falzon takes a billy to the brain. He slumps. The disturbance stops. *

All is quiet. Except for A VOICE. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

(v.o. tape recorder) *

You'll sh....shoot me dead? You sw....swear? *

BISHOP *

(v.o. tape recorder) *

Take the shot, do it, don't fucking hesitate.... *

The B.O.P. Guards whirl around, confused. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 (v.o. tape recorder)
 Quiet, sweetheart.

A GUARD moves to the bus' rear, looking for the voice. It's coming from Falzon. But his mouth is taped up. And he's out cold!

SIMS
 (v.o. tape recorder)
 One more step...I swear to Jesus Christ if you take one more step....

The guard tears open Falzon's shirt, REVEALING SIMS' TAPE RECORDER.

60A INT. SAN QUENTIN - UPPER CELL TIER - DAY

60A*

Larkin follows Renfro and Garner down the tier to --

CYRUS GRISSOM'S CELL. A kind of dark lair. (Prop Master should envision Manson-like atmosphere.) Above the sink, the stainless steel cabinet has been removed, revealing a hiding place gouged in the wall.

GUARD RYAN points at a clutter on the bed: two books, a pile of letters, a tin box, etc.

GUARD RYAN
 Take a gander, Vince.

Guard Ryan hands A BOOK to Larkin. It is entitled: "VOLATILE CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS" (or whatever). Hands over a second book (ring binder manual) entitled: "C-123K SERVICE MANUAL."

Larkin, expression darkening, flips through the C-123K manual. We see the C-123K's PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS.

LARKIN
 You've gotta be shitting me....

61 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

61*

DIAMOND DOG
 Cyrus.

Cyrus turns; looks in the direction Diamond Dog points.

ACROSS THE TARMAC - THE B.O.P. BUS HAS STOPPED.

Cyrus and Diamond Dog exchange a worried look.

GINNY
 Roger that, Carson City.
 (clicks off radio)
 Calm down, Vince. Just a little
 ruckus and the pilot hit the alarm.
 He just checked in; everthing's
 fine.
 (the SILENT ALARM stops
 flashing)
 See?

Ginny points to a BLIP on the RADAR SCREEN, brighter and
 larger than OTHER AIRCRAFT: Flight 377.

GINNY
 There's your baby. Carson City
 tower's confirmed their transponder
 identification. Triple 7s in
 service and approaching. All is
 well.

LARKIN
 That's why I love this job.

39 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

39*

All is not well. Poe watches as the back hatch is closed.
 Half the convicts are released. Pinball and Diamond Dog,
 each with a MASTER KEY, move through the aisles, unlocking
 the rest.

Baby-O, released, squats in the aisle picking through the
 broken insulin ampules.

Cyrus walks up to Billy Bedlam's cage...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 I let you out, you gonna play nice,
 Billy?

BILLY BEDLAM
 You kiddin'? You boys are my
 heroes --

Cyrus considers... Then nods to Pinball, who throws the
 lever. Billy steps out... Extremely pleased...

AT THE BACK OF THE PLANE - the released convicts, using
 their now-empty cuffs, lock Bishop, Falzon, and the other
 guards to the cages' exterior chain-link.

Sims blinks the perspiration out of his eyes... To Poe:

SIMS
 This is crazy --

Johnny 23 has been unchained... He rubs his wrists... He looks at Bishop...

JOHNNY 23

These are my chops... This is me licking my chops... You are the reason why...

She stares at him... Disgusted, yet oddly unafraid...

BISHOP

Well that's good news...

And Johnny moves for her... Touches her... Only to be violently twisted around and SMASHED INTO THE WALL of the plane. By Poe.

POE

I can't allow that --

And Johnny moves for him...

JOHNNY 23

You know what I am, man -- ?

POE

Ugly all day...

And SLAM! Poe puts him down. Hard. Johnny groans on the ground. And Billy and some of the others are there...

POE (CONT.)

This ain't happening. Not here. Not now.

But it's a mob. And they're all around him. It looks bleak. But then Cyrus breaks through...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Okay, everyone relax... What's your name, fella?

POE

Poe.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Poe's right... Not here... Not now...

Pinball approaches Cyrus...

PINBALL

The pilot wants to know what's next.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

He is to land at Carson City airport as scheduled.

BILLY BEDLAM
 Carson City? The law is down
 there. You lost your mind?

*
 *
 *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 According to my last psych
 evaluation, yes. Sit down, I'll
 explain.

*
 *
 *
 *

The convicts exchange glances. Some sit. Cyrus faces them.

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 You think you're free. You're not.
 I will say this once. Listen
 carefully:

*
 *
 *
 *

AGENT SIMS eyes Pinball as he moves through the aisle,
 unlocking each convict's ANKLE RESTRAINTS. Pinball unlocks
 Poe, then moves down the row...

*
 *
 *

Poe watches as Sims, with a hidden key, UNLOCKS HIMSELF...
 Sims then reaches for his own ankle, momentarily revealing
 the SEACAMP PISTOL secreted there... Poe sees it...

*
 *
 *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 Twenty U.S. Marshals armed with
 shotguns are waiting for us at the
 next stop. If you do exactly what
 I tell you, the rest of our lives
 will be a vacation in a
 non-extradition country. A paid
 vacation.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

Pinball has now crossed the aisle and is freeing men in
 Sims' side... And moving backwards...

*
 *

BILLY BEDLAM
 Paid vacation? Who's doing the
 paying?

*
 *
 *

Cyrus gestures to Pinball, Diamond Dog and himself...

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 Our employer.
 (smiles)
 Francisco Cindino.

*
 *
 *
 *

Poe moves to Sims...

*

POE
 You don't wanna do anything just
 yet...

*
 *
 *

SIMS
 What are you talking about -- ?

*
 *

POE

You the law... That's arrright with
me... I can help...

SIMS

Fuck you, man --

POE

I'll move down there... I can take
out Cyrus... Classic
pincer-attack... You follow?

SIMS

Why should I trust you? You're a
scumbag just like these scumbags...

POE

I could scream right now... Blow
your deal... I choose not to...

Sims is a mess...

POE (CONT.)

Be cool... I'll go down there...
Take Cyrus... We'll win...
Okay... ?

Sims considers... Nods...

POE (CONT.)

Arrright... Good man...

And Poe begins to walk down toward Cyrus...

Sims cranes his neck... Watching for Poe... Watching if Poe
is ratting him out...

PINBALL is unlocking the convict next to Sims. He unlocks
his wrists, then his ankles....

Poe makes his way for Cyrus... Sims is freaking... Pinball
is there...

Pinball unlocks Sims' wrists. Sims knows he has to make a
move. Pinball now kneels, pulling up Sims' pantleg to
unlock his ankles....

Poe has almost made it to Cyrus, when:

SIMS

EVERYONE FREEZE! DROP THE WEAPON!

SIMS has drawn the seacamp....

Everyone whirls toward Sims, startled.

PINBALL

Who the fuck are you?

Sims shoves Pinball to the floor with his shoe. *

SIMS *

(eyes darting) *

The D.E.A. is who the fuck I am. *

(to Cyrus) *

I said: drop that weapon. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

(calm, to Sims) *

I'll be with you in a moment. *

Cyrus grabs GUARD BISHOP and jams the gun to her temple. *

Begins walking her up the aisle. Toward Sims. Sims watches
Cyrus' approach nervously. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Well. Mr. D.E.A. Good afternoon. *

SIMS *

(sweating; stuttering) *

Stop. Get the fuck back. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

No. *

On Cyrus comes. One step at a time. Bishop flinches in
Cyrus' grasp. Utterly terrified. Sims backs up now. *

SIMS *

Lower that fucking weapon or....I
s...swear I'll sh...shoot you
dead. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

(mocks Sims' stutter) *

You'll sh...shoot me dead? You
sw....swear? *

Bishop stares at Sims with fierce, unblinking eyes. *

BISHOP *

Take the shot, do it, don't
hesitate.... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Quiet, sweetheart. *

Sims continues backing up. He's trying to hide a terrible
secret: He's pissing his pants. *

SIMS *

One more step...I swear to Jesus
Christ if you take one more
step.... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You'll what? What will you do?

Poe watches, helpless... He scans the plane... Searching for a plan...

BISHOP

Pull the fucking trigger, Sims...

Cyrus begins to take another step.... Sims is backed up against the chain-link... Cornered...

SIMS

Don't...kill her....

CYRUS THE VIRUS

That was never my intention.

Cyrus raises his gun and fires. BLAM! Sims falls, dead, a hole in his forehead.

It's over. Cyrus tosses Bishop away. The rest of the convicts crowd forward. Poe goes to Sims... He's Dead...

GUARD FALZON

You filthy piece of shit.

Cyrus steps toward Falzon and savagely pistol whips him. Falzon crumples, his face cracked open.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

I am going to make love to a woman on a beach and I am going to eat steak.

(leans down; puts the gun to Bishop's head)

What are the numbers in Carson City? How many on, how many off?

BISHOP

Six off, ten on.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

How many white, how many black?

BISHOP

Uhhh... four white, two black.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(faces the convicts)

You heard the lady, gentlemen.

Four white men and two black men are getting off this plane.

(beat)

Do I have volunteers?

The convicts exchange glances.

THE BLOOD from Agent Sims' and Chambers' corpses swirl down the drainage grate and CUT TO:

*
*

40 EXT. OPEN SKIES - THE C-123K IN FLIGHT - DAY

40*

Over Carson City, the plane banks low and begins its descent toward the municipal airport.

*
*

41 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY

41*

Amidst a major sandstorm, two B.C.P. (Bureau of Customs) BUSES wait. B.C.P. GUARDS stand ready with shotguns.

*
*

42 INT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - CONTROL TOWER - DAY

42*

Seven stories above the field, an AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER transmits to the C-123K.

*
*

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

*

377 cleared to runway 26 left, taxi via the inner circular taxiway.

*
*

(stabs phone button)

*

You hear that, Vince?

*

43 OMITTED

43*

44 INT. OAKLAND - U.S. MARSHAL SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

44*

Larkin's on the phone with Carson City, playing with a nylon cuff device.

*
*

LARKIN

*

Right on time. Thanks guys.

*

Larkin tosses down the cord-cuff restraint, grabs his coat, heads for the door, passing Ginny.

*
*

LARKIN

*

Goin' over to San Quentin to arrange for tomorrow. Wanna come?

*
*

GINNY

*

Nah. Paperwork. Any weekend plans?

*
*

LARKIN

*

The usual. A frozen pizza, a 12-pack of Rolling Rock, and Channel 7s showing all five PLANET OF THE APES movies. I don't know if I've ever told you this, Ginny, but I'm kookie for Roddy McDowell.

*
*
*
*
*
*

GINNY

(studies Larkin)
I've got news for you, Vince:
there's more to life than the
smooth and efficient transfer of
Federal prisoners.

LARKIN

Yes, there is, Ginny... But nothing
quite as dependable...

Larkin walks off, whistling. Ginny picks up Larkin's
cord-cuff restraint. Sighs.

45 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

IN THE REAR - Convicts drag Chamber's and Sims' corpses to
the back of the plane.

AT THE CAGES - Falzon and the other two biggest guards, in
their underwear, are changing into PRISON DENIMS. Bishop
and the other guards remain shackled to the cage's mesh
wire.

Johnny 23 walks back to Poe and Bishop...

JOHNNY 23

I will fuck her. And then I will
fuck you. And then I will fuck
your family. And then I will fuck
your friends.

POE

Okay. But for now just fuck
yourself --

AT THE FRONT - Cyrus, now in FALZON'S UNIFORM, walks amongst
the rest of the convicts. Several have their hands raised.
Cyrus stops, pointing his finger at DONALD, a kid with
pimples with his hand raised.

DONALD

I wanna get off if that's all right
with you. I only got three months
left.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What are you in for?

DONALD

Movin' drugs. Mushrooms mostly.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Send us some when you get out. Go.

DONALD

(relieved)
You got it, man.

Donald hustles to the front of the plane. He is met by Pinball, who duct-tapes his mouth and pulls panty-hose over his head. He then begins duct-taping and tennis balling his hands.

BABY-O and WATTS, another black con, have their hands raised high. POE does not. He is watching BISHOP in her cell. Johnny 23 is ogling her.

BABY-O

(whispers)
Raise your hand. Let's get the fuck outta here, Cameron.

Poe begins to raise his hand. Cyrus points at LONDELL, 20's, black.

LONDELL

Grand theft auto. I gotta lady and three babies waitin' for me.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Go.

Londell hustles to the front... Bishop turns to Poe...

BISHOP

Raise your hand --

Poe considers... Looks at her...

BISHOP (CONT.)

Raise your damn hand... Do it... Do it, you dumb shit --

Now he's pissed... He half-raises it...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Two more, and one of 'ems gotta have a tan. Your decision. Anyone who stays, stays for good.

BABY-O

Over here, man. Me. I got a year left and my insulin went down that fuckin' drain.

WATTS

My parole's comin' up next month and I got a good feelin' about it.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Only one of you goes.

Cyrus fishes in his (Falzon's) pants pocket and pulls out a quarter. Turns to Baby-O. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Heads or tails. *

BABY-O *

Heads. No, tails! *

Cyrus flips the coin. Examines it. It is HEADS. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Sorry, little man. *

Watts, relieved, goes to the front. Baby-O slumps. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.) *

You better hope there's insulin
where we're going... *

Cyrus sees Poe's hand is half-raised... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Is that hand up or down? *

Poe looks at Cyrus... Baby-O yanks Poe's hand up. *

BABY-O *

It's up. *

Poe rises. *

46 EXT. C-123K - DAY 46*

The C-123K descends through cloud cover. *

47 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY 47*

The C-123K TOUCHES DOWN. Hydraulic brakes clench. Landing
tires grip asphalt. *

48 INT. C-123K - FRONT OF MAIN CABIN - DAY 48*

Falzon, the two other guards, and the three short-term
convicts have been prepared for off-loading (dressed as
convicts, duct-taped, panty-hosed and tennis-balled). It is
visually obvious they cannot be recognized and cannot speak
or communicate. *

Poe, last in line, is waiting for the treatment. Cyrus
addresses those departing: *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

In two hours you'll reach the
Nevada Pen. Have a nice trip. *

He knees Falzon in the groin. Falzon groans. Diamond Dog and Billy Bedlam come aside Cyrus. They speak sotto, but Poe can hear them:

DIAMOND DOG

When do we kill the rest of the guards?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You'll be the first to know.

Diamond Dog smiles.

Poe, having heard this, turns and looks at BISHOP. Pinball appears before Poe with DUCT-TAPE and PANTY-HOSE. Poe continues looking at Bishop.

PINBALL

Yo. Buddy boy.
(Poe turns to him)
Your turn.

Pinball begins stretching the tape over Poe's mouth.

Poe, IN TIGHT CLOSE-UP, continues looking at Bishop, wracked with indecision. He cannot leave. Not now. He rips the tape from his mouth.

POE

I changed my mind.

PINBALL

(stares at Poe)
Cyrus.
(Cyrus approaches)
We got us a mind-changer.

Cyrus regards Poe, who shifts uncomfortably.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

It's a little late, friend. What's your name?

POE

Cameron Poe.

PINBALL

I know that name --

DIAMOND DOG

You're Cameron Poe?

POE

That's right --

Clock the change in Poe... His voice, manner, inflection... He's playing the bad-ass...

PINBALL
I know that name --

DIAMOND DOG
You killed The Giant --

POE
That's right --

BILLY BEDLAM
The who?

DIAMOND DOG
The Giant... Wallace Nilson... A
big, bad brother... And this skinny
ding put 'em down on the tiles...
Bare-handed, so they say...

POE
They say right --

PINBALL
I knew I knew that name --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Now why'd you go and do that -- ?

Poe poses for maximum effect...

POE
He took my pudding. And I like
pudding.

A pause. Cyrus looks Poe up and down. He smiles. And
starts laughing. The others join in.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
You like pudding. I like you.
Stick around. Join the op. You
and your friend grab a guard and
put that dead cop's prison-issues
on him. You like pudding... Haw,
haw!

Cyrus walks off. Poe hustles down the aisle, grabbing
Baby-O.

BABY-O
What the fuck you doing?

POE
Staying.

BABY-O
I know you're fucking staying, I
mean why?

They arrive at Sims' body. Bishop is chained six feet away.

POE
 Because I'm not leaving you.
 (to Bishop)
 And I'm not leaving her.

BISHOP
 Poe...

POE
 You have any idea what'll happen to
 you?

BISHOP
 I can take care of myself...

POE
 Maybe. Maybe not. But I'm a
 southerner. And my daddy taught
 that a southern man should take of
 ladies who say they can take of
 themselves...

BISHOP
 Think about your family. Your
 little girl...

POE
 Now what good would I be to my
 little daughter if I left you to
 get dishonored and die on this
 airplane... ?

He smiles at her... Bishop shakes her head...

BABY-O
 You got a plan?

Poe unbuttons Sims' shirt, revealing Sims' CASSETTE
 RECORDER, set to RECORD, its capstans spinning. Poe smiles
 at Baby-O and Bishop...

POE
 Maybe. Maybe not...

Poe looks left and right. No one's watching him. He yanks
 the recorder from Sims' chest, hits "REWIND," and slips it
 in his own pocket.

48A INT. SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY - FRONT GUARD STATION - DAY 48A*

Larkin is buzzed in. A GUARD escorts him to the prison FILE
 ROOM, a wired-meshed administrative window. The clerk is
 MARGE, 50's, half-glasses, no-nonsense.

MARGE
 Hiya Vincent. Here's your crew
 tomorra.

She dumps a TWO FOOT STACK OF INMATE FILES on the counter. *
Larkin begins signing out one file after another, creating a *
"signed" stack. *

49 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY 49*

A FUEL TRUCK with an elevated BOOM for overwing refueling *
drives up to the C-123K. *

The FUEL JOCKEY connects the hose to the C-123K's fueling *
socket. The re-fueling begins. *

The rear stair ramp descends. A GUARD steps down into the *
C-123K into the SANDSTORM. *

It is Cyrus The Virus, U.S.M.S. baseball cap over his long *
hair, blue jumpsuit and black jack boots, his face obscured *
by a bandanna and shades. *

He is followed by Billy Bedlam and Johnny 23, also dressed *
like guards.. *

B.O.P. OFFICIAL *

Heard you had a problem up there. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Yeah, had to bag 'em and gag 'em. *

Rough crew. Shitters and spitters. *

The PRISONERS (including Falzon and the bagged and gagged *
guards and flight crew) file down the rear ramp stairs. *

The B.O.P. GUARDS begin to off-load their bus. First off is *
a convict named SWAMP THING. He gives a knowing nod to *
Cyrus The Virus, who shakes him down. *

50 INT. C-123K - DAY 50*

Pinball and the other cons, watching from the plane, hold *
their collective breaths. *

Falzon is the next to deplane. Poe grabs him roughly, *
shoves him up against the wall. *

POE *

My daughter's picture! Where's my *
daughter's picture, you shit-eatin' *
peckerhead? *

Falzon, bound and gagged, can't say dick; Poe SHOVS THE *
CASSETTE RECORDER INTO FALZON'S SHIRT and hits "PLAY." *

Falzon's eyes go wide. Poe shoves him out of the C-123K. *

51 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 51*

Falzon comes down the air-stairs. The tape recorder is PLAYING, obscured by the C-123K's ENGINES and the HOWLING WIND and SAND. *

POE watches from the plane. *

FALZON is held with the other "prisoners," as -- *

JOHNNY 23, by the bus, awaits the next Carson City prisoner. A six-foot-six, mohawked ex-footballer named CONRAD, 31. *
Conrad holds up his cuffed hands. *

CONRAD *

My favorite fantasy? Killing every guard in the system, then fucking 'em. Or do I have that backwards? *

JOHNNY 23 *

I'm not a guard, chava. *

Johnny winks at Conrad and shoves him forward. *

52 INT. C-123K - DAY 52*

Conrad boards the C-123K, seeing Pinball, at first confused. He looks around the plane and finally comprehends. He howls. *

Pinball stifles him. *

CONRAD *

Out of the fire and into the freebird. *

53 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 53*

Stepping from the B.O.P. bus is a skinny LATIN BOY, in hairnet and eye-liner, high cheekbones and full lips, between genders, his hormone shots just starting to take hold. They call her SALLY CAN'T DANCE. *

Johnny 23 isn't too crazy about shaking her down. *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE *

Hello, baby - you can be the rose of my Spanish Harlem -- *

JOHNNY 23 *

Get the fuck on the plane, joto -- *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE *

Classy... Very, very classy -- *

54 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY 54*

Swamp Thing gets behind the controls, climbs into the shoulder harness. Pinball finishes changing into a GUARD'S UNIFORM. He puts on goggles, a bandana, and slides the PEN-CLIP around his neck. *

Swamp Thing unscrews a small RADIO-LIKE DEVICE from the control panel. He attaches this device to an ordinary volt battery. He hands the device/battery to Pinball. *

SWAMP THING *

Go get 'em, son. *

Pinball exits the cockpit. *

55 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 55*

The last new cons are loaded onto the C-123K. FALZON, trussed up, is losing his shit. Pinball deplanes, dressed like a guard, bandana over face. He walks to the OTHER SIDE OF THE AIRPORT. *

Off the bus steps FRANCISCO CINDINO, 26. He gives Cyrus a barely-discernible wink as he is frisked. Cyrus turns to the B.O.P. OFFICIAL. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Is that it? *

The B.O.P. official studies his manifesto. *

STARKEY *

One more. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Who? *

STARKEY *

(points)
Late addition. *

A HIGH SECURITY PRISON VAN enters the tarmac from an access road. It pulls up next to the plane. Two heavily-armed DEPUTIES step from the van. *

The side door opens. Two more DEPUTIES step out. *

A sole PRISONER van steps off. He is early 30s, thin, pale, frail-looking. His name is GARLAND GREENE. *

He wears full restraints. Two guards administer to him: He's got the tennis ball/tape/pantyhose treatment. *

STARKEY *

Garland Greene. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *
 This will be interesting. *

Garland Greene is led onto the C-123K. *

56 ACROSS THE AIRPORT - SMALL HANGAR - DAY 56*

A sign on the hangar reads: UNCLE BOB'S GRAND CANYON TOURS. *
 Outside the hangar is a six-seat TURBO-PROP with Uncle Bob's *
 picture painted on the side. *

UNCLE BOB, in Hawaiian shirt and pith helmet, helps a FAMILY *
 OF THREE fill out forms, as Uncle Bob's ASSISTANT loads and *
 straps their luggage onto the plane's wings. *

The Assistant walks off. Pinball walks out of the *
 sandstorm, drops the radio-like device in the luggage hold, *
 and walks off, unseen. *

57 BACK AT THE C-123K 57*

The "prisoners" (short-timers and Con Air Guards) are now *
 being led onto their bus. Cyrus watches, edgier now. He *
 walks up to the fuel truck. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *
 How much longer, boss? *

FUEL JOCKEY *
 'Nother ten minutes or so. *

57A INT. SAN QUENTIN - FILE ROOM - DAY 57A*

Larkin is still signing out the inmate files. The "signed" *
 stack is now two feet high. As he signs the second to last *
 file, a COMMOTION is heard in the cell tier above. Larkin *
 signs the last file and -- *

TWO GUARDS, RENFRO and GARNER, rush past. *

LARKIN *
 What's up, fellas? *

GUARD RENFRO *
 Heya Vince. Found a stash of *
 contraband. One of the scumbags *
 sent to Feltham this morning. *

LARKIN *
 Yeah? Who? *

GUARD GARNER *
 The Virus. *

Garner and Renfro rush off. Larkin thinks a moment. *
 Follows them. *

58 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY 58*

Garland Greene takes a seat at the rear of the plane. Poe, Baby-O, and the other cons watch in awe. *

BABY-O *

Jesus, Mary, George and Ringo. *

That's Garland Greene, man. *

POE *

Garland Greene? The Marietta *

Mangler? *

BABY-O *

Yup... That skinny little man *

butchered 30 people up and down the *

eastern seaboard. They say the way *

he killed made the Manson Family *

look like The Partridge Family... *

POE *

Well, he's on the right flight -- *

59 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE - DAY 59*

Pinball sees a FEMALE BAGGAGE HANDLER loading her truck. He *

walks up to her in full-flirt mode. *

PINBALL *

Hi, there. *

60 INT. B.O.P. BUS - DAY 60*

Falzon and the other C-123K guards, duct-taped, immobilized, *

sit there. They begin to THRASH ABOUT. *

The B.O.P. Guards, taking this for insubordination, begin *

BEATING THE GUARDS with their billy clubs. *

The guards persist, garbling YELLS under the duct tape. The *

B.O.P. boys pummel them harder. Falzon takes a billy to the *

brain. He slumps. The disturbance stops. *

All is quiet. Except for A VOICE. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

(v.o. tape recorder) *

You'll sh....shoot me dead? You *

sw....swear? *

BISHOP *

(v.o. tape recorder) *

Take the shot, do it, don't fucking *

hesitate.... *

The B.O.P. Guards whirl around, confused. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 (v.o. tape recorder)
 Quiet, sweetheart.

A GUARD moves to the bus' rear, looking for the voice. It's coming from Falzon. But his mouth is taped up. And he's out cold!

SIMS
 (v.o. tape recorder)
 One more step...I swear to Jesus Christ if you take one more step....

The guard tears open Falzon's shirt, REVEALING SIMS' TAPE RECORDER.

60A INT. SAN QUENTIN - UPPER CELL TIER - DAY

60A*

Larkin follows Renfro and Garner down the tier to --

CYRUS GRISSOM'S CELL. A kind of dark lair. (Prop Master should envision Manson-like atmosphere.) Above the sink, the stainless steel cabinet has been removed, revealing a hiding place gouged in the wall.

GUARD RYAN points at a clutter on the bed: two books, a pile of letters, a tin box, etc.

GUARD RYAN
 Take a gander, Vince.

Guard Ryan hands A BOOK to Larkin. It is entitled: "VOLATILE CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS" (or whatever). Hands over a second book (ring binder manual) entitled: "C-123K SERVICE MANUAL."

Larkin, expression darkening, flips through the C-123K manual. We see the C-123K's PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS.

LARKIN
 You've gotta be shitting me....

61 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

61*

DIAMOND DOG
 Cyrus.

Cyrus turns; looks in the direction Diamond Dog points.

ACROSS THE TARMAC - THE B.O.P. BUS HAS STOPPED.

Cyrus and Diamond Dog exchange a worried look.

- 62 INT. C-123K - DAY 62*
- POE, watching from the window, sees the B.O.P. bus stop. He smiles, encouraged. The bus drives off again. *
- POE *
- No...stop..... *
- 63 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 63*
- Diamond Dog breathes a sigh of relief. Cyrus, not so satisfied, continues watching the bus. *
- 63A INT. B.O.P. BUS - DAY 63A*
- The duct tape gags have been removed from the Con Air guards and they all YAMMER INCESSANTLY. *
- The B.O.P. GUARD is on the c.b. radio. *
- B.O.P. BUS GUARD *
- (into radio) *
- We got a situation here, sir -- *
- 64 INT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - AIRPORT SECURITY - DAY 64*
- The B.O.P. Bus Guard voice rings over the airport security intercom: *
- B.O.P. BUS GUARD *
- (v.o. over intercom) *
- The plane has been taken over! *
- Repeat, THE PLANE HAS BEEN TAKEN *
- OVER!!! *
- The Airport SECURITY MEN grab flak jackets and shotguns and race out to two waiting AIRPORT SECURITY VANS. *
- 64A EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - AIRPORT SECURITY - DAY 64A*
- The vans PEEL OFF for the tarmac. *
- 64B INT. US MARSHAL POLICE CAR - DAY 64B*
- A U.S. Marshal police car is still next to the C-123K. A U.S. Marshal, STARKEY, receives the news. *
- B.O.P. CHIEF *
- (v.o., over radio) *
- Those guards ain't guards - they're *
- cons... Stall 'em... *
- STARKEY *
- Christ. How? *

B.O.P. CHIEF
(v.o., over radio)
That's up to you, just do it.

Starkey, rattled, thinks.

*
*
*
*

64C INT. SAN QUENTIN - CYRUS CELL - DAY

64C*

Larkin is flipping through the LETTERS. Amongst the letter is a FOLDED UP PIECE OF PAPER. Larkin unfolds it. A strange sight: it is entirely blank, with several rows of SMALL RECTANGULAR PUNCH-HOLES.

*
*
*
*

GUARD GARNER
This one was outta the envelope.

*
*

Guard Garner hands Larkin a LETTER PRINTED ON FORMAL LETTERHEADED STATIONERY.

*
*

LARKIN
Bogota....Columbia? Looks like from a law firm. Anybody here read Spanish?

*
*
*
*

Guards Garner and Renfro stare back blankly.

*

CUT TO:

*

65 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

65*

Cyrus is watching the refueling truck, willing it to pump faster. Starkey walks up to him.

*
*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Hi, there.

*
*

STARKEY
Almost ready?

*
*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Won't be long now.

*
*

Starkey is terrified and trying to hide it. He dry swallows. Blinks. His eyes tick to the right.

*
*

Cyrus follows Starkey's eyes.

*

THE TWO AIRPORT SECURITY VANS are approaching.

*

Starkey goes for his gun. Cyrus draws first. He shoots Starkey in the head...

*
*

The Fuel Jockey, ear protectors on, view obstructed by the wing, doesn't even notice...

*
*

- 66 INT. C-123K - DAY 66*
- Poe and cons react to the gunfire. *
- 66A EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE - DAY 66A*
- Pinball, still flirting with the Female Baggage handler, hears the shots. *
- PINBALL *
- Shit! *
- Pinball sprints for the C-123K. *
- 66B INT. SAN QUENTIN - CYRUS' CELL - DAY 66B*
- Larkin stares at the Bogota Colombia law firm letter, then looks at the sheet of paper with rectangular punch-holes. It dawns on him. *
- He puts two and two together, literally, laying the sheet with punch holes over the Spanish letter. Single, DISTINCT LETTERS appear in the rectangular punch-holes. *
- Larkin unpockets a PEN AND NOTEPAD; uncaps the pen with his teeth; starts recording letters on the pad. *
- 67 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 67*
- Cyrus, Diamond Dog, and Billy gallop for the rear stair ramp. They scramble up and onto the plane. The hatch closes. *
- The Airport Security Vans bear down on the C-123K. Pinball sprints for his life after the C-123K. *
- PINBALL *
- Hey, c'mon, wait, wait, c'mon!! *
- 68 INT. C-123K - DAY 68*
- Cyrus screams down the aisle. *
- LET'S GO! *
- CYRUS THE VIRUS *
- 69 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY 69*
- Swamp Thing fires up the engines. *

70 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 70*

The plane lurches forward, knocking the FUEL JOCKEY from the FUEL HOSE BOOM. The fuel hose pulls taut in its socket, then SNAPS. The C-123K taxis off. *

70A INT. SAN QUENTIN - CYRUS' CELL - DAY 70A*

Larkin's hand flashes across the page, copying each letter revealed through the punch-holes. It looks like this: K A B *

LARKIN
Cabo? What's "Cabo?" *

GUARD GARNER
Cabo? Like Cabo San Lucas... Maybe
they're going to Mexico -- *

Larkin stares at the letters, confused... *

LARKIN
Mexico... Yes... Stay here.
(bolts from the cell)
And don't touch anything...! *

71 INT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - CONTROL TOWER - DAY 71*

The TRAFFIC CONTROL CREW is going about its normal business. One notices the C-123K beginning to taxi. *

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL
Roger, 1322, continue on your
downward leg... *

A.T.C. #1
What's this asshole, doing? *

A.T.C. #2
He's moving onto the runways. We
got PLANES COMIN' IN ON THAT
RUNWAY! *

The flight control crew goes nuts. Everyone jumps to their radio at once, warning incoming flights. *

72 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY 72*

Swamp Thing at the controls. The Air Traffic Control Supervisor comes over the radio frantically: *

A.T.C. SUPERVISOR (O.S.)
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WE'VE
GOT THREE PLANES LINED UP, COMING
IN - ! *

SWAMP THING

(into radio)

No one on this aircraft gives a
 flying fuck! Haw, haw! Get it?
 Flying fuck. Thank you, thank you,
 here all week...

- 73 INT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - CONTROL TOWER - DAY 73*
- The Traffic Controllers stare at their monitors aghast. *
- A.T.C.
- Get me the U.S. Marshal's Office. *
- 74 INT. SAN QUENTIN - UPPER CELL TIER - DAY 74*
- Larkin storms out of Cyrus' cell with the decoded message
 and the C-123K plans, down the tier. He begins to jog and *
- CUT TO: *
- 75 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY 75*
- PINBALL, running after the C-123K full-speed. It moves
 onto the runway, ENGINES WINDING UP. *
- The Airport Security Vans stop. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICERS
 get out, into their firing stances. *
- PINBALL, still chases the plane... He's close to reaching
 it... But before we see if he does we *
- CUT TO: *
- 75A INT. SAN QUENTIN - OFFICE - DAY 75A*
- Larkin on the phone... *
- LARKIN *
- Cabo San Lucas... It's... *
- He looks at the message... Notices a few more punch-holes
 that weren't cleanly perforated so he hadn't seen them... *
- LARKIN (CONT.) *
- Hold on -- *
- He decodes those... Adding on to "Kabo" And it appears like
 this: *
- K A B O O M ! *
- Larkin stares in horror... Drops the phone... *
- LARKIN *
- Nooo -- ! *

Runs from the office --

*

75B INT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

75B*

Guard GARNER picks up the tin box. It has an old- fashioned picture of an airplane on the lid.

*

*

GARNER

*

I'm curious. You curious?

*

RENFRO

*

You heard him, Garner. Don't fuck with that.

*

*

Garner opens the tin box. We see, for one split second, a CHEMICAL INCENDIARY DEVICE, and --

*

*

75C INT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

75C*

Larkin is running for back to THE CELL, when it blows out across the tier, flames licking the ceiling. Larkin recoils. Looks on in horror, and CUT TO:

*

*

*

75D EXT. CARSON CITY AIRFIELD - DAY

75D*

The C-123K lifts off.

*

76 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

76*

Swamp Thing turns to Cyrus.

*

SWAMP THING

*

Shine sweet freedom....

*

The plane lifts into the air.

*

77 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

77*

Cons hold their collective breath as the plane accelerates. Poe silently curses.

*

*

78 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

78*

The Airport Security Guards stand, mouths agape, as the C-123K disappears into the sky.

*

*

79 OMITTED

79*

79A INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - OAKLAND

79A*

Larkin, Devers storm down the corridor, Ginny following, trying to keep up.

*

*

CHIEF DEVERS
 My God, Vince, we got the '27
 Yankees of murderers and
 psychopaths on that plane.

*
 *
 *
 *

They round a corner, running into MALLOY.

*

MALLOY
 Tell me this is not happening.

*
 *

CHIEF DEVERS
 It's happening.

*
 *

MALLOY
 And my agent? Sims?

*
 *

Devers shakes his head.

*

MALLOY
 Oh my fucking Christ.
 (recovers)
 Tell me the plan. You have a
 back-up plan, don't you?

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

LARKIN
 Contingency plans don't exist,
 Agent Malloy. This situation has
 never been contemplated.

*
 *
 *
 *

MALLOY
 (no response)
 Well you'd better start
 contemplating because this is a
 situation that needs to get
 unfucked, right now.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

LARKIN
 You do your job, we'll do ours...

*
 *

80
 THRU OMITTED
 81

80*
 THRU*
 81*

82 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

82*

Poe is with Bishop...

*

BISHOP
 You really kill a man for his
 pudding?

*
 *
 *

POE
 No... He came after me in the
 yard... With a shiv... It was
 self-defense... Didn't even get any
 more time added... But they moved
 me to Quentin... Far, far from
 home...

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

BISHOP

That why you've never seen your daughter?

POE

Part of it... Tricia could've made the trip... But we decided... First impressions are lasting ones... No way was she gonna meet her daddy in a prison visiting room surrounded by homemade cookies and secret hand-jobs... No way.

Bishop nods... Poe looks to the rear where --

-- Cyrus and Diamond Dog are with Garland Greene.

DIAMOND DOG

What are we supposed to do with him?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Well, I'll tell you one thing: this is no way to treat a national treasure.

(removes Garland's head restraint)

Love your work, old boy.

Cyrus winks and walks up front. Billy stares at Garland, genuinely spooked. Garland offers him a bloodless smile.

Billy walks up to Poe.

POE

What?

BILLY BEDLAM

Hey, peace, bro. Bygones and shit. You were in San Quentin, right?

POE

Yeah --

BILLY BEDLAM

And you're a lifer, I hear you say?

POE

That's right --

BILLY BEDLAM

Me, too.

Diamond Dog walks past them.

DIAMOND DOG

Pinball? Where the fuck you at,
boy?

BILLY BEDLAM

Lifers are all on D-Block, aren't
they? I was on D-Block. I don't
know you.

POE

And I don't know you. There were
160 men on D-Block and I didn't
wanna know 159 of 'em.

BILLY BEDLAM

You remember that big bull name of
Victor Lomas? Warden fired him on
account he was gettin' regular head
from a nigger fuckboy called Lulu?

POE

Can't recall him.

BILLY BEDLAM

It was a big deal on D-Block.
Maybe you ain't really from D-Block

BABY-O

Maybe you should shut the fuck up,
you
steroid-swallowin'-swastika-wearin'-
HEE- HAW-watchin' motherfucker.
Cos you startin' to get on my
nerves, man.

Poe walks up the aisle. Billy watches him narrowly.

83 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

Cyrus The Virus, Francisco Cindino, and Swamp Thing, confer.
Diamond Dog enters cockpit.

DIAMOND DOG

Pinball didn't make it.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Too bad. I liked Pinball.

CINDINO

We've lost the element of surprise!

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Calm down, Francisco. I've got
contingencies upon contingencies.
That's why your father chose me.

Poe enters the cockpit.

*

DIAMOND DOG

*

What the fuck do you want?

*

POE

*

If I'm part of this I want to know the plan.

*

*

Cyrus stares at Poe. The RADIO interrupts them:

*

LARKIN (O.S.)

*

Cyrus. Cyrus Grissom. You copy?

*

Cyrus stares at the radio, thinking. Clicks it on.

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

*

Identify yourself.

*

84 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

84*

Larkin and Malloy.

*

LARKIN

*

United States Marshal Vince Larkin and Duncan Malloy of the D.E.A.

*

*

LARKIN/CYRUS - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

*

Hello, Agent Malloy. Sorry about your associate. Perhaps he'll have better luck battling crime in the afterlife.

*

*

*

*

MALLOY

*

Listen to me, Grissom --

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

*

What can I do you for?

*

LARKIN

*

First off: any chance of you guys giving up?

*

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

*

You know the one about the snowball in Hell?

*

*

LARKIN

*

Right. Any demands? What would a good old hijacking be without some demands?

*

*

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

No demands, Marshal. I got a question for you:

(stares at Poe)

At Carson City your bulls were on to us. How? Hmm?

Poe waits with bated breath: is Larkin going to tell Cyrus about Poe's hidden tape recorder?

LARKIN

Call it intuition. Let me ask you something: You plan on landing that thing sometime soon?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

We shall see --

LARKIN

So let's figure it out... I know you got a plan... What are you going to do? Fly around till you run out of gas? Crash-land in some field and, if you live, make a break for it? Or maybe land undetected in a busy airport and vanish into the crowd... ? Or maybe cross international waters and arrive at some non-extradition country and hope that they welcome, with open arms, a planeload of hard-core criminals? And if they do welcome you, you can spend the rest of your lives together - one big, happy nasty family. Thanksgiving'll sure be swell: "Billy Bedlam, pass the yams... Garland Greene, please don't carve-up the milkman... "

Cyrus' cohorts look a little troubled when it's put this way...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Good play, Larkin. Say goodbye to Hollywood. Say goodbye my baby.

85 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY

85*

Click. Larkin turns to Ginny.

LARKIN

Brief the F.A.A. Get 'em to issue an order directing all air traffic from the entire Southwest.

(MORE)

LARKIN (cont'd)

Let's find out how many gang affiliations we've got on board and who belongs to what. I want to know which cons are married, which have kids, which are up for parole. If a guy's got hay fever or is partial to Montgomery Clift movies - I want to know...

MARSHAL GINNY

You got it, Vince.

They move to a RADAR SCREEN. We see our familiar BLIT.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

They're heading southeast toward Arizona.

Malloy grabs a phone. Punches numbers.

MALLOY

I want a chopper in the air. Make that a few of 'em. And I want 'em armed. Something that can keep up with that plane. I don't care if it's Air Force, National Guard, whatever. I can be at the base in 30 minutes.

LARKIN

Why do you want a chopper in the air?

MALLOY

Why do you think, chucklehead? I'm going after the bitch.

86 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

86*

POE moves down the aisle. Diamond Dog is in his face.

DIAMOND DOG

Ain't this a thing, Giant-Killer?

POE

It's ridiculous --

DIAMOND DOG

People lose something, they gain it someplace else. These white boys were pieces of shit on the outside. Locked-down they're kings.

POE

What about you? Why'd you throw in with 'em?

DIAMOND DOG

Means to an end, my friend. It's a means to an end... You get to the point - when you're carrying a life sentence. And at that point, anything is possible. Anything is preferable.

POE

Meaning?

DIAMOND DOG

Meaning, you're not a redneck on a power trip and I'm not a gangster. But you gotta walk to slide. Your skin is pink, I'd kill you sooner than spit on you. Saliva's precious. Knives are plentiful.

He walks off, grinning. Poe goes to Bishop...

BISHOP

What was that about?

POE

Oh, nothing. Except they somehow managed to get every freak and ghoul in the universe on this plane. And then somehow managed to let them take it over. And then somehow managed to stick us right in the middle.

87 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - CONTROL CENTER - CORRIDOR - DAY 87*

Malloy and Larkin walk.

LARKIN

The guard, Falzon, said a convict named Cameron Poe planted the recorder on him.

MALLOY

So?

LARKIN

So you got a plane full of thieves, rapists, killers and drug dealers, and then this guy Poe. In on an involuntary manslaughter beef, non-gang affiliated, a parolee hitching a ride home.

MALLOY

What's your point?

LARKIN

What's Cameron Poe trying to do?

MALLOY *
 I don't know and I don't care. *

Malloy stalks off. *

38 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY 88*

Poe takes a seat by Baby-O, who doesn't look too hot. *

BABY-O *
 Got the chucks, Poe. The *
 chuck-horrors comin' on hard. *

POE *
 Hold tight. *

Billy Bedlam stomps back to them... *

BILLY BEDLAM *
 We will tango, Poe. *

POE *
 Now what's the problem, Billy? *

BILLY BEDLAM *
 I don't trust you. I don't like *
 your face. We will tango. *

Billy walks off. *

GARLAND GREENE (o.s.) *
 He's a font of misplaced rage. *

Poe turns and looks at Garland Greene. *

POE *
 Excuse me? *

Greene blinks. There's something shy, nerdy about him. *

GARLAND GREENE *
 Name your cliché. Mother held him *
 too much. Or not enough. Last *
 picked at kickball. *
 Late-night-sneaky-uncle. Whatever. *
 Now he's so angry, moments of *
 levity actually cause him pain. *
 Give him headaches. Happiness, for *
 that gentleman, hurts... *

Greene shrugs, smiles crookedly. Poe and Baby-O gulp. *

89 OMITTED 89*

39A INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

89A*

A briefing. Present are Larkin, Devers, Malloy, Ginny, and other U.S. marshals. Larkin is quietly reading a FILE during this scene...

CHIEF DEVERS

That plane was carrying a thousand years to Feltham.

MALLOY

Be nice if they could just stay up there forever, wouldn't it?

LARKIN

I have no idea how they took over the plane; that Cyrus is slick...

MALLOY

They're scumbags, Larkin. You sound like you admire 'em.

LARKIN

I don't admire them, but let's be honest, Agent Malloy: those who are in prison have been convicted. The rest of us are still on trial.

MALLOY

The next sound you'll hear is me puking my guts out...

LARKIN

"The degree of civilization in a society can be judged by observing its prisoners..." Fyodor Dostoyevsky said that after visiting a Russian jail...

MALLOY

"Fuck you..." My father, Alec Malloy said that, after kicking the shit outta me --

LARKIN

(to Devers)

Oh, that's great... Agent Anger here's got a father thing --

MALLOY

We're gonna blow 'em out of the sky, that's that --

LARKIN

You've got guards up there.

MALLOY *
 Everyone of whom has signed a "no *
 hostage" clause. They know the *
 risk. *

LARKIN *
 "The risk?" Who are you to decide *
 the value of a man's life... ? *

MALLOY *
 I'm the nasty little prick with his *
 finger on the trigger, that's *
 who -- *

CHIEF DEVERS *
 What are you reading, Vince? *

MARSHAL *
 The jacket on Cameron Poe. *

MALLOY *
 Explain to me why it matters? *
 What's the big deal about this Poe? *

LARKIN *
 The big deal, Agent Malloy, is that *
 if we have an ally on board (and *
 Poe placing your colleague's *
 tape-recorder on the guard, would *
 seem to indicate he is an ally). *
 Why then we've got a single leg up *
 on old Cyrus Grissom and his band *
 of merry men. *

MALLOY *
 That is the single greatest slice *
 of speculative horseshit I've ever *
 heard. *

LARKIN *
 Ahh, Agent Malloy, and there-in *
 lies its beauty. The groovy thing *
 about speculation is that, well, *
 it's purely speculative! *

90
 THRU OMITTED
 91

90*
 THRU*
 91*

92 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY 92*
 Devers, Larkin and Malloy walk... *

LARKIN *
 He stayed on. Don't you see? He *
 had the chance to get off, yet he *
 stayed on. *

MALLOY
 Wanna know why, bright guy? He
 took the bait. Cindie's dough.

LARKIN
 This guy does not care about money.

MALLOY
 Oh, he doesn't care about money,
 now? He's shaping up to be quite a
 man. Tell us more about him. Does
 he work with orphan kids? Repaint
 the church? Read to the blind?

92A EXT. US MARSHAL SERVICE - DAY

92A*

Devers, Larkin and Malloy exit. Larkin stops in his tracks.

THREE HELICOPTERS sit on the tarmac, engines whirring. A
 four-man HUEY and two two-man COBRAS. Black, sleek, lethal,
 replete with gun turret and night vision sensor. Armed with
 30mm cannon and AIM 9D Sidewinder heat-seeking missiles.
 Malloy and Devers walk toward the Huey

LARKIN
 What's going on?

MALLOY
 It's time to bring the noise.

LARKIN
 We are not at that point.

MALLOY
 Says you.

Devers and Malloy climb in. Larkin begins to follow.

MALLOY
 Sorry Marshal Larkin, this one's
 full.

LARKIN
 (to Devers)
 Sir?

CHIEF DEVERS
 Go back to the office, Vince.
 We'll take it from here.

LARKIN
 Sir, this man is not to be trusted,
 sir. He's upset, his agent was
 killed, he wants revenge --

CHIEF DEVERS
 Don't worry, Vince, I'll be with
 him... There'll be no undue
 bloodshed --

LARKIN

Sir --

The choppers, en masse, take to the air. Larkin watches them go. He looks down at his file... Read something...

LARKIN

Hey -- !

(shouts)

HE DOES WORK WITH ORPHAN KIDS!

93 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

Cyrus shows Poe a SECTIONAL AERONAUTICAL CHART for the California/Nevada border.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Lerner Airport, Poe, in The Middle Of Nowhere, California. Our rendezvous spot. Forty-nine minutes as the crow flies from anything resembling authority.

(gets on the p.a)

Gentlemen: we will, in some 5 hours time, be tipping our toes in the gently lapping shores off Mexico. But first we will change aircraft. Thank-you and have a nice day.

Poe walks from the cockpit... Very troubled indeed... Swamp Thing sees a LIGHT on his panel glowing AMBER.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What's our e.t.a. Swamp Thing?

SWAMP THING

At 228 miles per hour, 'bout...71 minutes.

(hits the switch under the AMBER LIGHT)

Problem is we're not doin' 228 miles per hour. We're doin' 205. We're draggin'.

(looks at Cyrus)

The landing gear ain't up. We're gonna be late.

CINDINO

That is unacceptable...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(to Diamond Dog)

Check it out --

DIAMOND DOG

What do I know about landing gear?

		CYRUS THE VIRUS	*
	Learn --		*
94	OMITTED		94*
94A	INT. C-123K		94A*
	Poe walks by Bishop's cage...		*
		POE	*
	How you doin' in there, Sally Bishop?		*
		BISHOP	*
	Living out all my fantasies, Poe...		*
		POE	*
	You got a family?		*
		BISHOP	*
	I got a cat. I had a husband. But he didn't like the cat. Something had to give.		*
		POE	*
	Must have been a tough choice...		*
		BISHOP	*
	Not really... In five years, the cat never once got drunk and embarrassed me in front of my friends... And in six years, the husband never once purred when I touched him... So it wasn't a tough choice at all...		*
95	INT. C-123K - FRONT OF CABIN - DAY		95*
	Diamond Dog opens the hatch to the front floor hatch. hears the THUNDEROUS NOISE AND THE BLAST OF WIND and:	He	*
		DIAMOND DOG	*
	Poe -- !		*
		POE	*
	Yeah -- ?		*
		DIAMOND DOG	*
	You gotta check out the landing gear --		*
		POE	*
	What?		*
		DIAMOND DOG	*
	No shit, man... Cyrus said for you to check out the landing gear --		*

Poe looks into the churning abyss of the underfloor... *

POE *

Well, that's a good piece of
luck... *

96 INT. C-123K - REAR TAIL BULKHEAD - DAY 96*

Poe, with Diamond Dog behind him, moves through the narrow
compartment leading underfloor. They walk through the aft
FREIGHT COMPARTMENT, passing the stacks of BANKER'S BOXES. *

DIAMOND DOG *

What do you know, they got all our
shit down here. *

Poe looks at the box. His box, with Baby-o's yellow happy
face stickers, smiles at him. *

They come to a hatch at the end of the freight compartment.
Poe opens it to -- *

The WHEEL BAY. The landing gear doors are PARTIALLY OPEN.
The VIBRATION of the increased drag SHAKES the compartment.
The WIND whips about. *

DIAMOND DOG *

Go see what the problem is! *

POE *

What? *

DIAMOND DOG *

Go ahead! *

Poe gets on hands and knees and crawls to the center wheel
bay. He slides open the hatch. He recoils. Crushed
between the leg strut and the brake assembly -- *

-- is PINBALL, squashed, his face frozen in death, his body
preventing the landing gear from fully retracting. *

POE *

Judas Priest... *

DIAMOND DOG *

God-damn! So that's what happened
to Pinball... That ain't no good
life... Cut him loose... *

POE *

What? *

DIAMOND DOG *

Cut him loose... He's slowin' us
down! *

Diamond Dog turns back the way they came. *

POE *

Where you going? *

DIAMOND DOG *

I'm gonna tell the fellas we found
Pinball haw, haw! *

Diamond Dog exits. Poe looks at the poor, contorted face of
Pinball. He notices something. Hanging around Pinball's
neck in its special clip-chain A SHARPIE MAGIC MARKER. *

97 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES 97*

Larkin walks down the corridor dejected. Ginny approaches. *

GINNY *

You okay? *

(Vince keeps walking) *

I'm sorry. *

LARKIN *

Any word on our visitors? *

GINNY *

They're on their way. *

LARKIN *

Let me know when they get here... *

He slouches out of the office. *

98 INT. C-123K - LOWER WHEEL BAY 98*

Poe, kneeling, reaching down to Pinball, finishes writing
the following on Pinball's T-SHIRT: TO VINCE LARKIN. U.S.
MARSHAL SERVICE. GOING LERNER AIRFIELD. CALIF.
RENDEZVOUS. *

Poe grabs Pinball's arm and leg, which are pretzeled around
the strut. He tries to unpretzel them, but rigor mortis
prevents. The appendages have hardened. *

DIAMOND DOG (o.s.) *

You done, man? *

Poe looks aft. Diamond Dog is returning. *

POE *

Shit..... *

Poe switches to sitting position, his legs dangling out of
the wheel bay. He kicks at Pinball's corpse. Again and
again. Pinball won't budge. *

With one final kick, Pinball suddenly detaches and falls away. Poe's momentum carries him out of the wheel bay, his feet lodging in the landing gear apparatus. *

FX SHOT - starting on C.U. of Poe, CAMERA seemingly falls with Pinball 200 feet below the aircraft, ending with a WIDE SHOT of the plane passing overhead above us. *

Poe hangs upside down outside the C-123K, his body buffeted by wind, slamming against the aircraft's belly. Poe tries to pull himself up. He can't. *

Diamond Dog appears above Poe. He reaches down and grasps Poe's ankle and lifts him back into the plane. *

99 EXT. DOWNTOWN, FRESNO - DAY 99*

An intersection. A VOLVO STATION WAGON pulls out of a CARWASH into traffic behind a farmer's LIVESTOCK TRAILER. *

99A INT. VOLVO STATION WAGON CAR - DAY 99A*

A mid-50s COUPLE inside. A GRANNY in the back. A glot of BIRDSHIT spatters the windshield. *

MAN *

See that? See? Every time I get her waxed, I'm not ten feet from the carwash, then pow - birdshit. *

WOMAN *

It's supposed to be good luck. *

WUMP! PINBALL'S CORPSE CRASHES onto the car's hood. The Volvo runs into the rear of the LIVESTOCK TRAILER. *

100 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES 100*

Larkin enters. Ginny is there. *

GINNY *

They're here. In your office. *

LARKIN *

How are they? *

GINNY *

As well as can be expected, I guess. *

101 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - LARKIN'S OFFICE 101*

Larkin enters. Sitting there is TRICIA POE, 8 years older, with CASEY, 7, Poe's daughter. *

LARKIN *
 Vince Larkin. *

TRICIA POE *
 Tricia Poe. *

LARKIN *
 And this must be Casey. Hello, *
 Casey. *

CASEY *
 Hello, Vince Larkin. *

102 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN 102*

Diamond Dog enters from the lower deck bulkhead wearing WRAPAROUND SHADES. *

BILLY BEDLAM *
 Where'd you get the rims, man? *

DIAMOND DOG *
 Our p-prop's in the tail. *

BILLY BEDLAM *
 (looks at Poe) *
 No kiddin'... *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE *
 Hey, those are my shades. *

DIAMOND DOG *
 Not any more, sister. *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE *
 Men. *

Billy Bedlam walks to the rear bulkhead. Descends. Poe watches Billy narrowly. *

103 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - LARKIN'S OFFICE 103

Larkin and Tricia and two cups of coffee. Casey is coloring at Larkin's desk.

LARKIN
 I guess what I'm trying to figure out is why he stayed on the plane. If he is, in fact, trying to stop these guys.

TRICIA POE
 I think maybe you could say there's a measure of that. Can I smoke?

LARKIN

Sure.

TRICIA POE

(lights a cigarette)

Cameron is one of the toughest men you could meet. His daddy taught him to fight. And he's got a real problem with injustice. Daddy taught him that, too.

Larkin nods. Tricia inhales. Casey colors.

TRICIA POE

But if you really want to know why he got back on that plane - and I don't think he himself even knows it - I'd say it was out of fear.

LARKIN

Fear? Fear of what?

TRICIA POE

Fear of coming home. Fear of seeing me again. Fear of meeting this girl for the first time and being her father, cos maybe he can't measure up. Fear of living on the outside again.

Beat. Larkin walks over to see what Casey has colored. It's an airplane, of course.

TRICIA POE (CONT.)

But do me a favor, Vince Larkin: if you do see him. If you do talk to him. Tell him to come home. Tell him we need him.

Larkin looks at her. Nods. Ginny sticks her head in:

GINNY

Vince? Line 1.

LARKIN

(picks up phone)

Hello?

104 EXT. DOWNTOWN FRESNO - DAY

104*

A SHERIFF on a cell phone. In the b.g. we can see a CROWD surrounding Pinball's corpse atop the Volvo's hood. COWS from the livestock trailer mill about the intersection.

SHERIFF

Vince Larkin? Marshal Service?

LARKIN

This is me.

SHERIFF

This is Ned Grasso, I'm a Sheriff here in Fresno. We got a problem with a corpse that fell out of the sky and I don't think he's an astronaut.

LARKIN

What's this got to do with me?

SHERIFF

The thing about this corpse? It's got your name written all over it.

A cow MOOS. Larkin stares at the phone receiver and CUT TO:

105 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - DAY

105*

LARKIN races in, Ginny following. Going to a MAP.

LARKIN

The last transponder I.D. was here. Northern Arizona. But the body lands here, in Fresno. And Lerner Airfield's in Death Valley.

(realizes)

They turned around. They're coming back this way. They're coming back this way!

(Ginny hands him a headset)

Get me Chief Devers.

106 INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY - IN FLIGHT

106*

Devers rides with Malloy. The c.b. beeps.

CHIEF DEVERS

Vince?

LARKIN (O.S.)

(over radio)

Turn around! The plane's going to Lerner Airfield! It's a small strip in Death Valley!

MALLOY

Death Valley? Horseshit. We're tailing their transponder tag into Arizona.

LARKIN *
 Listen to me: a body fell from the *
 sky. It had a note on it. *

CHIEF DEVERS *
 Vince. Please, son. *

LARKIN *
 Just listen! It was to me! The *
 note on the body was to me! *

Devers and Malloy share a look. Malloy is loving it... *

106A INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - CONTROL CENTER - DAY 106A*

Larkin races out the door. *

GINNY *
 Vince? *

107 EXT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - HANGAR - DAY 107*

Larkin hurries up to the TRANSPORTATION OFFICER. *

LARKIN *
 I need a plane or a chopper. *

TRANSPORT OFFICER *
 You and me both. I'm all out. *

LARKIN *
 I need to get to Lerner airfield in *
 forty minutes. *

TRANSPORT OFFICER *
 Sorry, Marshal, can't help you. *

Larkin hears a RIPPLING SOUND. He turns. *

The tarpaulin covering MALLOY'S PRIZE CORVETTE is rustling *
 in the wind. Larkin smiles. *

LARKIN *
 Sure you can. *

CUT TO: *

107A EXT. OAKLAND USMS OFFICES - HANGAR 107A*

The vanity plate "AZZ KIKR" peeling out of the motor pool. *
 Ginny runs from the building. *

GINNY *
 Oh, boy. *

- 107B EXT. ROAD BETWEEN OAKLAND AND LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY 107B*
- Larkin's (Malloy's) corvette roars down a two-lane road at 100 m.p.h., passing sporadic cars like they're standing still. *
- 107C INT. LARKIN'S (MALLOY'S) CORVETTE - DAY 107C*
- Larkin's on the cell-phone, wearing Malloy's leather driving gloves and shades. *
- LARKIN *
- That's right, State Troopers, *
 Sheriffs, National Guard, whatever *
 you people have. But no contact *
 should be made. A secured *
 perimeter should be set-up two *
 miles from the airfield and you *
 should await my... *
- He switches the phone from left to right ear. He drops it. *
 He looks down, fishing for the phone. When he looks up -- *
- He's in the wrong lane and A RECREATION VEHICLE is *
 heading straight for him. Larkin throws the wheel -- *
- 107D EXT. ROAD BETWEEN OAKLAND AND LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY 107D*
- The Corvette swerves into the correct lane, missing the *
 recreation vehicle by three inches. *
- The Corvette spins out of control. It slides into a 360 *
 turn, then again and again. Three complete revolutions. *
- Finally it lurches to a stop. Larkin speeds off again... *
- 108 INT. C-123K - UNDERFLOOR BULKHEAD - DAY 108*
- Billy Bedlam forages through the con's banker's boxes. Not *
 far from his foraging hands is THE YELLOW HAPPY FACE STICKER *
 affixed to Poe's box. *
- 109 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY 109*
- Poe sits with Baby-O and Garland Greene. Baby-O is *
 trembling. Poe wraps him in a storm jacket. Garland Greene *
 watches. Poe keeps one eye on the lower deck bulkhead. *

BABY-O
 My tights always told me - when you
 meet your cellie your first day
 in - if he's got pictures of either
 Jesus, Elvis or hot rods, hangin'
 on his side of the house - then
 you're in deep shit.
 (beat)
 You had pictures of all three.

Baby-O laughs, dissolving into a horrible cough.

110 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY 110*

Cyrus, Cindino, Swamp Thing, and Diamond Dog.

CINDINO
 Don't they have a way of tracking
 these planes?

SWAMP THING
 It's called a transponder. Every
 plane's got one.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 (ingenuous)
 Gosh, Swamp, where's our
 transponder?

Cindino looks at the gaping hole in the instrument panel
 where the transponder was. Cyrus smiles wide, and CUT TO:

111 INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY - IN-FLIGHT - DAY 111*

The PILOT turns back to Malloy and Devers.

PILOT
 We got 'em vectored at 12-O'clock
 and thirty miles. We're seconds
 away from establishing visual
 contact.

CUT TO:

112 OMITTED 112*

113 INT. UNCLE BOB'S PROP PLANE - IN-FLIGHT 113*

THE C-123K TRANSPONDER blinks in the rear luggage hold of
 Uncle's Bob's prop plane, where Pinball stowed it.

Uncle Bob is flying over the Grand Canyon's North Rim and
 talking over the p.a. to his customers, the family of three.

UNCLE BOB

Below to the left you'll see the
vertical redwall cliffs, where the
water has dissolved intense caverns
and caves out of pure limestone and
dolomite formations.

Suddenly THE FLEET OF HUEY AND COBRA CHOPPERS appear in
front of them, storming the skies, gunning for them.

Uncle Bob and the family SCREAMS.

113A
THRU
113B

OMITTED

113A*
THRU*
113B*

114 INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY

114*

Malloy and Devers look at each other.

MALLOY

What the fuck is that?

Devers, in horrible realization, gets on his radio.

CHIEF DEVERS

Get me Vince Larkin.

CUT TO:

115 INT. C-123K - REAR TAIL BULKHEAD

115*

Billy Bedlam has found Poe's banker's box. He's reading the
parole letter. Billy looks up. Poe is there. Billy
grins. Poe sees his pink bunny on the floor.

Nose to the grime.

POE

Put the bunny back in the box...

BILLY BEDLAM

I knew you weren't no lifer. And
lo and behold, you a fuckin'
parolee... You been turning turtle
on us this whole time, haven't you?

POE

I said: put the bunny back in the
box.

Billy swings. Poe takes it on the shoulder. He sends a
fist into Billy's face. The brawl is on.

116 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY 116*

Garland Greene, in the rear tail bulkhead, can hear the sounds of scuffle from down below. He reaches over and closes the hatch. *

116A OMITTED 116A*

117 INT. REAR TAIL BULKHEAD 117*

Poe and Billy pummel each other. Poe connects with a roundhouse. Billy spits out a tooth. Smiles. *

BILLY BEDLAM *

Now I'm annoyed. *

Billy charges, swinging. Poe grabs Billy's shirt and uses his momentum to propel him UP AND OVER POE. Billy flies toward the tail -- *

FLUNCH! He is IMPALED on the dagger-like STRUT. *

Billy Bedlam hangs there. Dies. Poe regards him... *

POE *

Why couldn't you put the bunny back in the box? *

Poe picks up his parole letter, folds it and sticks it in his pocket. He stuffs the bunny in the banker's box. *

118 THRU OMITTED 118* THRU* 119 119*

120 EXT. SKIES 120*

The C-123K descends through 18,000 feet. *

121 INT. C-123K - REAR 121*

Baby-O dozes. Poe comes down the aisle. Sits next to Garland Greene. *

GARLAND GREENE *

Two went down. One came up. *

(Poe says nothing) *

You don't have to tell me. I'm sure you had your reasons. Most murders are crimes of necessity rather than desire. But the Great Ones: Dahmer, Gacy, Bundy, did it because...it excited them. *

POE *

They were insane. *

GARLAND GREENE

What if I told you "insane" was working 50 hours a week in some office for 50 years, ending up in a retirement village, hoping to die before suffering the indignity of no longer being able to make it to the toilet on time. What if I told you that was "insane."

(beat)

One girl I drove through three states wearing her head as a hat.

Poe stares at him.

POE

Feel free not to share everything with me.

122
THRU OMITTED
123

122
THRU
123

124 EXT. LERNER AIRPORT

124

A tiny landing strip for weekend aviators and the very rare commercial prop... The airfield is clenched in a broad belt of rugged land...

A few hangars. A diminutive control tower. A scattering of tied-down planes that look like they last flew with the Luftwaffe...

121 INT. C-123K - REAR

121*

Baby-O dozes... Poe sits with Garland White... They watch Billy and Diamond Dog jaw at each other...

GARLAND WHITE

Of course the problem with them. With criminals like them, is that they commit crimes out of necessity rather than desire. Their murders lack passion. But The Great Ones: Gacy, Bundy, Ramirez. Richard Speck. They did it, not to get high, or to drive a Mercedes or to be cool. They did it because... it excited them...

POE

They were insane...

GARLAND WHITE

Now you're into semantics... "Insane?" What if I told you "insane" was working 50 hours a week in some office for 50 years, at the end of which, you are told to piss off... Ending up in a retirement village, hoping to die before suffering the indignity of no longer being able to make it to the toilet on time. What if I told you that was "insane."

POE

Murdering thirty people, semantics or not, is insane...

GARLAND WHITE

One girl - I drove through three states wearing her head as a hat --

Poe stares at him. Blinks. Beat.

POE

Feel free not to share everything with me...

122
THRU OMITTED
123

122
THRU
123

124 EXT. LERNER AIRPORT

124

A tiny landing strip for weekend aviators and the very rare commercial prop... The airfield is clenched in a broad belt of rugged land...

A few hangars. A diminutive control tower. A scattering of tied-down planes that look like they last flew with the Luftwaffe...

A lone CESSNA is taxiing out to the runway...

125 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT 125

They clear the ceiling, revealing the miniscule LANDING STRIP. Swamp Thing speaks into the P.A.

SWAMP THING (CONT.)

All right, you downed peckerwoods.
Crank the knuckles and hit the
crystals. We're touching down...

126 INT. MAIN COMPARTMENT 126

The cons buckle in... Hail Marys are mumbled... Poe takes a seat by Baby-O...

Billy Bedlam is buckled in up front... He notices something on the floor by his feet... He picks it up... It is an AMPULE... Billy looks down the plane... To the shivering Baby-O...

And he pockets the insulin...

127 INT. CONTROL TOWER 127

A one man operation. And the CONTROLLER eats a sandwich and talks into the mic to the Cessna pilot...

CONTROLLER

-- I'm gettin' a report they've got
weather up north, Ted. You might
want to steer clear of all--

The controller hears the ROAR. He turns and looks out the window and sees the C-123k - COMING IN FOR A LANDING...

128 EXT. ROAD TO AIRFIELD - MALLOY'S CORVETTE 128

Larkin stops the 'Vette... He can see the C-123K shear a layer of cumulus and come into view --

LARKIN

Jesus --

129 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT 129

Cyrus watches as Swamp Thing completes his "In Range" check... The C-123k shoots its approach... Landing GEAR lowered....

SWAMP THING

Fudge --

130 INT. THE CESSNA 130

its pilot - TED - looks up in awe as the the C-123k is dropping right behind him!

He is in the middle of the runway -- nowhere to go -- he is going to be crushed -- Ted throws the throttle and the little Cessna picks up speed, racing down the runway...

- 131 INT. CONTROL TOWER - THE CONTROLLER 131
wide-eyed, wide-mouthed. Waiting for the crash --
- 132 EXT. RUNWAY 132
The C-123K roars RIGHT OVER the Cessna...
- 133 INT. C-123K 133
The cons hold on tight... Poe white-knuckles the armrests...
- 134 EXT. C-123K / INT. COCKPIT - THE LANDING 134
Swamp Thing reduces power, forcing a shallow dive...
- 134A EXT. RUNWAY 134A*
The C-123K's props create a huge BACK WIND and the Cessna is *
FLIPPED OVER, end over end... *
- The little Cessna comes down hard on its top. *
- The C-123K is coming in too hard. Too hot... Swamp Thing *
struggles to control her... The end of the runway is RAPIDLY *
APPROACHING -- *
- The engines WHINE as they decelerate - *
- The huge plane veers OFF THE RUNWAY... Bouncing along the *
rough ground... *
- And racing towards A GAS TANK behind a chain-link FENCE at *
the end of the runway... Gasoline drips from the tank... *
- The plane GROANS in protest at this assault on its frame, *
wheels DIGGING INTO THE DIRT -- *
- In a cloud of dust, the plane SKIDS TOWARDS THE FENCE... *
- Coming to shuddering halt... The nose of the plane hitting *
the fence... The fence stretching taut to breaking point... *
The plane slowly coming to a stop INCHES FROM THE GAS *
TANK... *
- The fence bracket BURSTS... And the fence falls harmlessly *
onto the tank... *
- And the nose-gear SINKS INTO THE MUCK.... *
- 135 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY 135*
Silence. Cooling engines tick.

THE CESSNA - TED

remains belted in and upside down... Watching as ---

The rear hatch OPENS...

Conrad is the first one out... He looks around the airport. The big blue sky. The broad, empty tarmac. The alpine space... Arms outstretched, he HOWLS...

Conrad takes off his shoes. His shirt. He runs for the grass-covered BROW skirting the runway...

He dives into it... Barefoot and barechested. He begins to roll around in the grass... Laughing, crying, screaming...

Poe watches from the plane...

Other cons poke their heads out of the hatch. Rabbits from the warren. They drop down onto the runway...

All around the stunned Ted...

136 INT. C-123K

136

Cyrus walks over to where Garland White is stowed...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You want to take a jaunt -- ?

White looks at him. Beat. He nods...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(to Billy)
Spring him --

BILLY BEDLAM

Cy --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Spring him -- !

137 EXT. C-123K

137

Cyrus climbs off the plane... He walks over to Ted... Reaches into the Cessna... Grabs Ted's wrist... Plucks off his watch... Studies it...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

We're twenty minutes early...

He scans the sky... Empty... Billy walks up behind Cyrus... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

You spooked us, little man --

BLAM! Ted becomes another example of the hazards of small-craft aviation...

138 INT. C-123K - POE 138
 reacts to Billy's gunshot... He's raging...

139 INT. CONTROL TOWER 139*
 The controller JUMPS at the gun's REPORT... *
 He groans, trembles, sweats. And EXITS FRAME... *

139A EXT. C-123K - CYRUS THE VIRUS 139A*
 looks up at the tower... As if sensing something... To *
 Diamond Dog: *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *
 Check out the tower, wouldja, *
 Nathan - ? *

And Diamond Dog heads for the tower... *

GARLAND WHITE *

drops down from the hatch... It's astonishing how *
 unthreatening he looks outside... Rail-thin, fish-white. *

White shields his eyes to the bright, bright sun... *

And begins to walk... Cyrus and Billy watch him go. *

140 EXT. MAIN BUILDING 140*
 The cons are running amok. Conrad has come across a small *
 FILLING STATION/SALOON *

and they hurl a luggage carriage through its glassfront... *

The mother lode: cartons of cigarettes, bottles of booze, *
 bags of chips, pretzels, dirty magazines... *

There's a BOOM BOX is here. Conrad grabs it... Plus a stack *
 of CDs... *

Other cons enter the shop. Pillaging... *

140A INT. CONTROL TOWER - DIAMOND DOG 140A*
 has entered... Sniffs about... No sign of the controller... *
 The transistor RADIO plays George Jones... *

Diamond Dog RIPS OUT THE PHONES and RADIO... And picks up a *
 half-eaten sandwich... He takes a bite... *

141 EXT. RUNWAY 141
 Pena emerges from the plane... Scanning the airfield... He
 seems to find what he's looking for...

Swamp Thing goes to where the nose of the plane is stuck in the muck...

Sally Can't Dance passes behind him...

SALLY CAN'T DANCE
Nice landing... Very smooth...

Swamp Thing glares at her but Sally sashays away...

142 INT. C-123K

142

Poe is with the trembling Baby-O...

BABY-O
You go, man...

POE
I'm not leaving without you --

BABY-O
I can hold my mud... Go, Poe...
Time to fight, fuck or hit the
fence... I suggest hitting the
fence...

Tears stand in Baby-O's glazed eyes... They bang fists...

POE
I'll be back...

BABY-O
Do what you gotta do, Poe...
Baby-O'll be cool... Holdin' his
mud... Dreamin' of Christmas
trees...

Poe walks off. Baby-O watches after him, controlling the sobs

142A EXT. REAR PARKING LOT - A PICK-UP TRUCK

142A*

is parked here... High-powered RIFLE in the gun-rack... *

The TOWER CONTROLLER appears... Terrified... He grabs his rifle and runs off... *

143 EXT. AIRFIELD

143

Poe emerges from the plane and walks up to Cyrus, who is scanning the skies...

POE
We have to leave Baby-O here --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Sure, sure...

Poe sees that the GUARDS are lined-up on the tarmac. On their knees, their hands taped behind their backs. Execution-style.

Bishop is here as well. Billy Bedlam walks behind them, jamming a fresh clip into his gun...

POE

What are you doing -- ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Gotta put them down... Haven't got room for them...

Poe looks at the guards... Their toughness melted away... All but Bishop, she remains steely despite the impending doom.

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

In fact: why don't you do us the honors, Giant-Killer -- ?

POE

What -- ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Billy! Let Poe here do the guards...

BILLY BEDLAM

Come on, Cy, you said --

POE

You think that's wise -- ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What?

POE

Killing your hostages. At this point.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Go on --

POE

Hey, I mean, I can't think of a thing I'd like better than to put a bullet in the brain-base of every one of these fuckers... But the plain fact of the matter is: how well you know this Pena?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

As well as--

POE

I don't know him that well myself.
Just what I read. Like how he
fire-bombed that Prime Minister's
yacht... With two of his own
cousins aboard...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What's your point -- ?

POE

Man who kills his own cousins...
Why would he sweat about killing
some hired guns? Once they'd
served his purpose...

Cyrus glances over to Pena, who is moving across the
airfield.

POE (CONT.)

This is your barbecue... But if it
was mine? I'd wait for that ol'
plane to arrive before I go killing
my hostages..

Cyrus considers... Then:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Billy -- ! Let's wait a bit, shall
we?

And we can see the relief wash over Poe's face...

BILLY BEDLAM

What for?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Just... Wait a bit...

144 EXT. BALLPARK

144

A rendezvous point for the local law...

Tumult. Dozens of parked cars... A few NATIONAL GUARDSMEN
in full-dress. But most of these kids are just WEEKEND
WARRIORS - low-rent state militia hayseeds readying for
battle...

145 EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - C-123K

145*

Cyrus and Billy move to the BELLY of the C-123k. Cyrus
opens it with a key...

*
*

ANGLE - BELLY OF THE PLANE

*

and we see the nifty little ARSENAL stowed here. SHOTGUNS,
PISTOLS, RIFLES. Boxes of shells...

BILLY BEDLAM

Oooh, momma. Jesus wept.

As they remove the weapons they can see, stowed down here:
the BODY of Johnny 23...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What happened to him -- ?

Poe appears behind them... Cold as shit:

POE

I killed him...

Cyrus and Billy look at each other. At Poe... Cyrus
shrugs...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Oh. Okay...

Cyrus sees Pena walking away from the plane...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

Francisco, where are you going -- ?

PENA

I'm going to see if I can't find
the fuel truck... My men will need
to refuel for the journey home...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Poe can do that...

PENA

That's all right...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Please... We work for you... Poe,
go find the fuel truck... Billy,
post someone on the roof of the
tower in case there's an
approach... Francisco, come look at
these guns...

*
*

Pena walks reluctantly back to the plane...

Poe goes to find the fuel truck...

146 EXT. FIELD

146

Waves of wild grass sway in the breeze.

Garland White treks through the sod.

A PHEASANT flies overhead. White watches its graceful soar.

He walks on.

147 INT. AIRFIELD GARAGE 147

Poe checks it out... No fuel truck... He moves on...

148 EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - THE FIELD 148

Garland White continues through the field, coming out onto
A TRAILER PARK

On the other side of the field. A shambling collection of
double-wide trailers and tin carports spread out across a
muddy delta. No one about. No one except

A LITTLE GIRL

perhaps 6-years-old. She plays in the mud by one trailer,
putting her DOLLS through a rigorous work-out...

She looks up... Sees Garland White... She is unafraid.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello... What's your name?

GARLAND WHITE

Garland...

White nods shyly, eyes at half-lid, slow smile spread across
his face...

LITTLE GIRL

Hello, Garland. Want to play?

White nods again. And goes to the girl.

149 INT. C-123K 149

Empty. Except for the shivering Baby-O. There's someone
behind him. He turns...

It's Billy Bedlam.

BILLY BEDLAM

You look like shit, buddy...

BABY-O

Tell me about it...

BILLY BEDLAM

You ready to give it up? Ready for
the ol' bone-box-parole -- ?

BABY-O

Don't seem like I got much choice
in the matter --

BILLY BEDLAM

Maybe. Maybe not... Why, what's this?

And he holds up the AMPULE. The ampule of insulin... Baby-O cannot believe it...

BABY-O

Aw, man... You got to... Give it...

BILLY BEDLAM

Sure, sure... But before I do: I want you to tell me some things...

BABY-O

Things? What things?

BILLY BEDLAM

Things about your friend. Things about Poe...

150 EXT. BALLPARK

150

A line of SQUAD CARS PULL UP HERE...

The MILITIA MEN get into their pick-ups, jeeps, motorcycles...

Slotting in behind the troopers...

Bubbles flash. Sirens wail...

The cars spray gravel... Screaming for the highway.

151 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR

151

Poe walks into yet another dark hangar... In one corner, is parked, A FUEL TRUCK... *

But instead of driving it out, he unspools the hose and begins PUMPING the precious fuel onto the floor -- ! *

152 EXT. TRAILER PARK

152*

Garland White sits with the little girl... He holds the boy doll, she the girl doll... *

LITTLE GIRL

It's nice to see you, Bob. Would you like to come over for dinner... ?

Garland doesn't say anything...

LITTLE GIRL

I thought you wanted to play -- ?

GARLAND WHITE

I... do.

LITTLE GIRL

Well, you have to make Bob talk --
Look.

She takes the Bob-doll from White... Demonstrates a scene
with the two dolls...

LITTLE GIRL

(Bob-voice)
I'd love to come over for dinner,
Jan. What are we having?
(Jan-voice)
Burgers. Burgers and beans.
(Jan-voice)
I love burgers and beans...
(To White)
See?

White nods. Takes Bob back...

GARLAND WHITE

I-I'd love to come over for dinner,
Jill

LITTLE GIRL

Jan -- !

GARLAND WHITE

Jan. I'd love to come over for
dinner, Jan. What are we having --
?

152A INT. HANGAR

152A*

Poe continues dumping fuel. He watches as the GASOLINE
GURGLES OUT... Spreading along the floor... Soaking the
BOOTS and PANT-LEGS OF

A PAIR of COOL LATIN TYPES

packing Skorpion machine pistols...

And behind them - a sparkling G-4 JET PLANE is hidden here
in the shadows...

Poe raises his arms... He quickly surmises the situation...

POE

Fellas, hello! You're already
here... Good, good... Francisco sent
me to see you... He'll be here in a
moment.

He sees they haven't a clue...

POE

Uh... Senor Pena... Un momento...

They stare at him... They speak in low, rapid-fire Spanish... Then lower their guns... Poe lowers his hands...

153 EXT. AIRFIELD

153

Pena, again, begins to walk away from the plane...

Cyrus moves to Swamp Thing:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Maybe you should try and get her
unsnuck... Just in case...

SWAMP THING

Just in case what -- ?

Cyrus clocks Pena's retreating form...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Just in case...

154 INT. HANGAR

154

Poe and Pena's players... Doing the waiting game...

Beat... They stare at him... Poe smiles... Walks over to one side of the hangar... And, fast as light --

-- he picks up a nearby 2 X 4 and SMACKS THE SHIT OUT OF THEM!

The Poe we know... He's going to town on the bastards when --

A THIRD GUNMEN

whom we hadn't seen... Presses his piece to the back of Poe's neck --

Poe chills... The first two men get to their feet, spitting teeth and blood...

And they begin working over Poe...

155 INT. AIRPORT - MAIN BUILDING

155

Sally Can't Dance has found a CLOSET - several STEWARDESS SUITS hanging inside... She begins to disrobe...

156 EXT. TRAILER PARK

156

Garland White and the little girl continue their play...

LITTLE GIRL

You came in that big plane...

That's right -- GARLAND WHITE

That was a big plane. It woke me. LITTLE GIRL

I'm sorry -- GARLAND WHITE

Are you sick? LITTLE GIRL

Why do you ask? GARLAND WHITE

You look sick. LITTLE GIRL

I'm very sick. GARLAND WHITE

Do you take medicine? LITTLE GIRL

There is no medicine for what I've got. GARLAND WHITE

Beat. Garland White looks like he's coming a bit unglued. The little girl may sense a change in his weather...

Want to sing? LITTLE GIRL

Sing? GARLAND WHITE

We can sing. Together. Do you know "This Land Is My Land?" LITTLE GIRL

Yes. I do... GARLAND WHITE

(sings)
"This land is your land/This land is my land/From California/To the New York island... "
(to White)
C'mon...

And, after some hesitation, Garland White joins in:

WHITE / LITTLE GIRL

(singing)

"From the Redwood forest/To the
Gulf Stream wa-a-ters/This land was
made for you and me... "

157 INT. HANGAR

157

Poe is thrown to the floor... One of the operatives sticks the Skorpion in his face... As if he's about to shoot --

-- his comrade stops him... Speaks in Spanish... The gunboy nods... Puts aside his Skorpion... And takes out a long-barrelled .22 with an attached silencer...

He aims it at Poe... Until:

LARKIN

FREEZE -- !

All four men turn. To see a sweat-streaked, slightly panicked

VINCE LARKIN

gun raised...

LARKIN

Just FUH-REEZE -- !

And Poe uses this distraction, to hit the gunmen...

Maximum Violence Immediately...

Pena's players are quickly dispatched...

Poe comes up with a machine-pistol...

Aims it dead at Larkin... Who's aiming his gun dead at Poe.

158 EXT. LERNER AIRPORT

158

Swamp Thing has jerry-rigged rope around the plane's wing-span and fixed them to the hitches of two pick-ups in an attempt to extricate the plane from its skewered landing...

Conrad emerge from the main building, pushing a SHOPPING CART laden with LOOT: booze, junk food, the boom box, the CDs, the dirty mags, etc...

CONRAD

We gonna party all the way to
paradise. Check it out...

He hauls several bottles of scotch from the cart...

CONRAD (CONT.)

We got the whole single-malt family here. Not bad for Bumfuck...

He begins loading the purloined goodies onto the plane...

159 EXT. THE ROAD TO LERNER - THE ARMED CONVOY 159

of State Troopers, National Guardsmen, County Sheriffs and local police, trundles its way down the road...

Towards the airport.

160 INT. HANGAR 160

Poe and Larkin still in their stand-off... Bathed in sweat... Pena's players groaning beneath them...

LARKIN

You're Cameron Poe --

POE

That's right --

LARKIN

I'm Larkin --

POE

Hello, Larkin...

LARKIN

You sent me that message. The body...

POE

Not me... But where are the troops?

LARKIN

They'll be here... Can I lower this?

POE

Go ahead --

LARKIN

You gonna lower yours -- ?

POE

Probably not --

They keep 'em raised... Larkin gestures to the G-4...

LARKIN

What's this doing here -- ?

POE

Looks like Pena was running a drag on everyone...

Beat... Larkin blinks the sweat from his eyes...

POE (CONT.)

I gotta get back to the plane...

LARKIN

Why?

POE

I just do --

LARKIN

Poe... Can I lower this?

POE

Go ahead --

LARKIN

You gonna lower yours?

POE

Probably not...

They keep 'em raised... One of Pena's men tries to get slowly to his feet... Larkin kicks him back to the ground...

LARKIN

You've been helping us...

POE

No I haven't --

LARKIN

I'm up to my ass in alligators here, man.

POE

I gotta go...

LARKIN

You're a free man, Poe, what the fuck are you doing -- ?

POE

Just trying to walk back into my own home fully-grown --

LARKIN

I had a feeling about you, Poe... I read your file... I know your story...

(beat)

I spoke to your wife...

And now he's got Poe's attention --

POE

In person?

LARKIN

In person. And your little girl...

POE

You saw Casey -- ?

Larkin nods... Poe stares at him... And he must ask the one question he doesn't want to ask of a stranger. But he can't help himself:

POE

What's she like -- ?

LARKIN

She's amazing... Truly amazing...
And she can't wait to see you...

Poe looks like he wants to take a knee... *

161 EXT. TRAILER PARK - GARLAND WHITE 161*

and the little girl are now engaged in a strenuous game of cat's cradle. White continues to sing softly:

GARLAND WHITE

"And a voice was sounding/As the
fog was lifting/Saying this land
was made for you and me... "

White looks at the girl, as they pass the string-configuration, as if he's battling the demons in his mind.

The ones that are saying tear her up and scatter her across the mud...

162 EXT. C-123K 162*

Cyrus stands with a pair of CONS - DUCKY and PAPO - he looks concerned... He studies the watch... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Our comfort zone becomes more
narrow with every passing minute -- *

KA-RACK! *

A shot rings out... And Ducky goes down, hit in the chest... *

KA-RACK! *

A second shot. Papo. Down... *

Cyrus looks to where the shot came from... *

162A EXT. TRAILER PARK - GARLAND WHITE 162A*

hears the shots and looks up... *

162B INT. HANGAR - POE AND LARKIN 162B*

also react... And now everyone can see -- *

162C THE TOWER CONTROLLER 162C*

standing across the tarmac... Rifle raised... *

Cyrus clocks his two fallen comrades... Cries out: *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Get that man -- ! *

And the controller drops his rifle and RUNS... *

But, on the TOWER LOOKOUT - Diamond Dog SHOUTS -- *

DIAMOND DOG *

WE GOT COMPANY -- ! *

And Cyrus can see - coming down the long tongue of road *

winding into the horizon - the CONVOY, mounting its noisy *

offensive... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Shit... *

Cyrus runs to Swamp Thing in the cockpit... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You getting anywhere -- ?

SWAMP THING

We're tryin' here... Another few

minutes...

Cyrus, again, scans the sky...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

So much for the rendezvous --

Cyrus goes to the belly of the plane... Opens it... Begins

to haul out the artillery... Tosses it to the cons...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

Okay, street monsters: it's time to

love the thunder -- !

And he begins tossing guns to his cons...

Conrad and Billy Bedlam begin tossing small PROPANE TANKS *

along the road -- *

163 INT. HANGAR 163*

Poe and Larkin can see the cons taking ambush positions on either side of the road leading up to C-123K... *

LARKIN *

They'll kill 'em all -- *

THE TOWER CONTROLLER *

scrambles backwards to his truck. He gets in. Slams the door. Only, sitting next to him, with that smile, is GARLAND WHITE. The Controller SCREAMS... *

164 EXT. C-123K 164

State Trooper cars come screaming onto the air-field...

Followed by pick-ups, Sheriff's cars, a transport van...

LAWMEN climb out of their vehicles. Everyone is armed. There's enough firepower here to liberate Bosnia...

They have no idea they're in the crosshairs...

SWAMP THING

has got the C-123K back on the runway...

PENA

is making his way to the hangar...

GARLAND WHITE *

by the pick-up truck, takes the boots off the just-killed tower controller and laces them to his own feet... *

THE MILITIA MEN *

march toward the air-strip, stepping over the propane tanks... While above and around them, Cyrus' men take aim at the very same tanks... *

Cyrus racks the slide of the sawed-off. Chambering a round... *

He gives the signal -- *

165 INT. HANGAR 165

Poe picks up the SILENCER... He begins PUMPING BULLETS INTO THE G-4... Backing up all the while, taking Larkin with him... *

LARKIN *

What are you-- *

POE
JUMP -- !

AND THE G-4 EXPLODES...

And POE AND LARKIN FLY THROUGH THE AIR...

166 EXT. HANGAR

166*

The hangar is obliterated. A FIREBALL of oily flame rises three stories... DEBRIS rains everywhere...

And the militia men take cover...

The cons have lost their ambush...

And, as the debris settles, the skeleton of the G-4 comes lurching out of the hangar...

And Pena is shocked...

PENA
My plane -- !

And Cyrus and Billy are behind him... Faces furious...

Larkin gets to his feet, covered in soot...

LARKIN
Nicely done... Poe?

Only Poe's gone...

167 EXT. AIRFIELD

167

Before the smoke can clear, the militia men are FIRING --

And the cons fire back...

A volley of rifled 12-gauge slugs blaze --

The propane tanks are hit... They BLOW...

It's a firefight of massive proportions...

Everything louder than everything else...

Cops are hit. Bullets snapping into their tires, their bubble-flashers, their bones...

The exchange is devastating.

This makes Waco look like Club Med.

AN EARTH-MOVER

begins to barrel down the air-field, through the raining debris... Larkin is at the wheel...

He skids the truck into a group of SOLDIERS... The cons
continue to fire, back-pedaling to the C-123K -- *

Larkin raises the PLOW on the truck, using it as a shield. *

Soldiers pour in the back of the truck... Larkin helps them
in... *

Conrad leans out of the hatch of the C-123K, assisting the
cons who climb up and in, under the cover of their comrades'
firepower. *

THE C-123K

engines ROAR to life... Swamp Thing's got her started...

The plane begins its taxi... *

Cyrus The Virus back-pedals with the plane... Firing his
hollow-points... the bullets hitting mass and tripling in
size... Messing up a half-dozen Guardsmen... *

168 INT. C-123K 168

Wounded, terrified cons buckle in and wait...

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

They're gonna kill us all --

169 EXT. AIRFIELD - POE 169

runs for the plane... Bullets stitching the ground behind
him.

170 OMITTED 170*

171 EXT. AIRPORT - FROM THE EARTH-MOVER 171*

TROOPERS fire at the plane. Bullets plunking into its
skin... The two-wheeled FRONT NOSE GEAR takes a bullet and
the tires SHRED... Poe has made it on... *

And, from out of the sky, comes the FLUTTER OF APPROACHING
AIRCRAFT... It is Malloy and Devers' HUEY -- *

CHIEF DEVERS

Good Lord -- *

The HUEY sets down... *

172 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT 172

Swamp Thing is undaunted... Billy is strapped-in beside
him...

SWAMP THING

Try me, motherfuckers --

173 EXT. AIRPORT 173

The plane taxis on... Accelerating... A SINGLE FIGURE runs after it...

FRANCISCO PENA

Cyrus leans out of the hatch... Offering Pena a hand -- But when Pena is close enough, Cyrus points a gun at him --

PENA

Cy -- ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

-- ancora...

BLAM!

Pena's brains halo as he's thrown back to the air-strip...

Cyrus slips through the hatch... The hatch is closed... The plane speeds down the runway...

173A EXT. THE G-4 173A*

continues its listless roll... Lurching along the runway... *
Heading for a POOL OF GASOLINE... *

174 INT. COCKPIT - SWAMP THING 174

opens the throttles to full power and eases off the brakes... He wrenches back on the control column... He ROARS. Billy Bedlam ROARS...

175 EXT. AIRFIELD 175

The C-123k JERKS UP and INTO THE AIR... *

The G-4 staggers toward the pool of gasoline... *

176 INT. C-123 COCKPIT 176

Swamp Thing pulls back on the yoke...

177 THE C-123K 177

is aloft. Beginning its climb...

178 INT. C-123 178

Billy Bedlam hoots... High-fives Swamp Thing... Poe watches the ground disappear and turn into nothing but sky. Back in the shit.

179 EXT. AIRFIELD 179*

Larkin runs for the Huey -- *

LARKIN

Come on ! We've got to follow
them... We've got to--

Larkin clamors aboard... And The Huey lifts off...

The G-4 collapses into the fuel... The FUEL IGNITES! FLAMES
EXPLODE into the air...

The C-123K flies through the flames, roaring over

THE HUEY

which spins out of control... Throwing Larkin from his seat.
He is TOSSED OUT the open door. Devers just grabbing him as
he flies past...

The Huey spins and wobbles as Larkin hangs on by one hand...
Larkin watches as --

The airfield BURSTS INTO FLAMES... He sees the flames RACE
ACROSS THE RUNWAY... TO THE GAS TANKS!!!

LARKIN

Uh-oh...

KA-FUCKING-BOOM!!!!

The Huey is rocked by the explosion... Larkin slips out of
Devers' grasp...

CHIEF DEVERS

I'm losing you... I'M LOSING YOU --
!

Devers lunges for Larkin, but the chopper sways and his hand
clasps THIN AIR.

LARKIN FALLS - some twenty-five feet...

Landing with a crash onto a state trooper car... People run
for him... He sits up. Shaken but okay...

LARKIN

Nice wonderful life I have...

The HUEY lands with a corkscrew THUD...

ANGLE: THE SKY. The C-123K is gone, gone, gone...

LARKIN watches it go...

181 EXT. TRAILER PARK

181

The DENIZENS of the trailer park are all out and about...
One young WOMAN looks particularly agitated...

YOUNG WOMAN
Where's Debbie? Has anyone seen
Debbie? DEBBIE -- ?

The Young Woman races around the camp, hysterical now... *

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT.)
DEBBIE -- !

She stops short. Frowns. REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS:

The little girl Garland White was playing with... Sitting in
the mud... Her girl doll is waving goodbye to the plane...

LITTLE GIRL
Goodbye, Garland... Come again
soon...

182 INT. C-123K - GARLAND WHITE 182

back in his spot on the plane. The boy doll, BOB, clenched
in one hand...

183 EXT. C-123K 183

soars again into the freedom of the skies...

184 INT. C-123K 184

Cheers from the survivors... As the plane settles
comfortably into the jet stream... A few men are wounded.
Most are okay.

Poe checks on Bishop...

POE
How you doin' --

BISHOP
Still breathin'...

185 EXT. LERNER AIRPORT 185

The two escort COBRAS land... The Huey is a mess... A lot
of men are hurt. Some dead. It's a fiasco. *

A CAR has pulled up... little Debbie's hysterical mother
jumps out, Debbie behind her, still with her Jan-doll...

A TROOPER walks up to Larkin --

LARKIN
What's wrong with her?

COP
She says her little girl played
dolls with one of the cons from the
plane... A con named Garland --

Larkin goes wide-eyed...

COP (CONT.)

What should I tell her -- ?

LARKIN

Her little girl played dolls with
Garland White? Tell her she's
lucky...

Devers and Malloy are horrified by the devastation...

But Malloy is even more horrified by --

MALLOY

Oh-my-fucking-God -- !

Larkin and Devers follow his look --

ANGLE - MALLOY'S CORVETTE

shot to complete shit...

Malloy turns a furious look to Larkin...

Larkin shrugs...

LARKIN

Heh.

186 INT. C-123K

186

Poe goes to Baby-O's side...

POE

How you feeling, man -- ?

BABY-O

Okay --

And Poe looks at him... And he is okay... In fact, he's
perfect. No sweats, no chills, nothing...

POE

Baby-O -- ?

And Baby-O cannot look him in the eye... Utters a soft:

BABY-O

I was gonna die...

And Poe knows he's been dimed...

Poe gets up... Walks to the rear... Takes a seat next to
Garland White...

GARLAND WHITE

With a kiss of greeting... And for
30 pieces of silver... *

Baby-O remains seated... Couched in his own private shame...

187 INT. COCKPIT

187

Swamp Thing looks grim...

SWAMP THING

We've lost an engine --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Let's not lose another -- *

187A INT. C-123

187A

Sally Can't Dance and Conrad are breaking out the goodies...

Sally dispenses the bottles of booze, the bags of chips...

Cartons of cigarettes are passed around. Everyone lights
up. Conrad plugs the boom box into an auxiliary outlet...

Diamond Dog and a few other cons approach Cyrus...

DIAMOND DOG

I can understand your putting Pena
down like that... But now what are
we supposed to do... ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

We continue on... South... Swamp
Thing knows where the island is...
We go there.

A BLACK CON gets to his feet, florid --

CON

Maybe it's time for someone else to
take charge -- !

Several other black cons bellow in agreement. Until:

DIAMOND DOG

Cyrus is right... We continue on
South... Where we can live... Where
we can stop being dogs eating only
the crumbs that fall from the
master's table

He offers Cyrus a giant brown hand... Cyrus shakes it...
Solidarity... Howls of approval from those assembled...

Conrad has popped a disc into the boom box... And the "turn
it up" and opening CHORDS of Lynyrd's Skynyrd's "Sweet Home
Alabama" crank high and hard --

Sally Can't Dance, Conrad, and a few others BOOGIE
DOWN... ("Sweet Home Alabama/Where the skies are so
blue/Sweet Home Alabama/Lord I'm coming home to you...")

Booze is passed... Butts are smoked... Pretzels are eaten...

It's a party --

Billy Bedlam is talking to Cyrus The Virus. Informing him
of something. Cyrus' eyes glow with the fires of the pit.
He looks back --

TO THE REAR OF THE PLANE

Where Poe sits alone with Garland White. Watching the
others party and jam to the Skynyrd tune...

GARLAND WHITE

Define "irony" - Bunch of idiots
dancing in a plane to a song made
famous by a band that died in a
plane-crash...

188 EXT. LERNER AIRPORT

188

Vince Larkin races for one of the Cobras...

MALLOY

Where do you think you're going?

LARKIN

I'm gonna get her down... My way...

MALLOY

The hell you--

But Larkin has jumped into the 'copter... To the PILOT, whom
we'll call GATOR:

LARKIN

Let's go --

And the Cobra lifts off... Malloy makes for the second
Cobra... It follows... Leaving Devers to watch after them.

189 INT. C-123K

189

The MUSIC is suddenly stopped... Groans from the cons...

Cyrus is by the boom box, having shut it off... He holds the
Sig Sauer... He walks the aisle...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

It appears we, like all active
organisms, are susceptible to
malignant neoplasms growing
independently.

(MORE)

CYRUS THE VIRUS (cont'd)

And, rather than allow this
pernicious evil to metastasize and
creep and spread and poison the
entire camporee...

The cons are staring at him as if he were speaking
Hungarian..

Poe prepares for the worst...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

A traitor... A traitor in our
midst...

And Cyrus raises the stuffed pink bunny... And sticks a gun
in its ear...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

Make a move and the bunny gets
it --

He giggles... And hooks the bunny to his belt...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

A poison... A cancer...

And Cyrus aims the Sig at Poe... Bishop watches,
horrified...

Hammer back... Poe's out of moves... Until, without
warning --

-- Cyrus pivots to Baby-O... And FIRES... Knee-capping
him... *

Poe leaps for Cyrus... Only to be restrained by Conrad and
Billy... Baby-O howls in pain... Cyrus keeps the gun on him. *

POE *

Don't, Cyrus... Don't you do
it -- ! *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Bad for the team, Poe... It's bad
for the team... *

POE *

NO -- ! *

BLAM! Baby-O takes one in the gut... He goes down... *

Poe bucks and thrashes against Conrad and Billy... And Cyrus
points the gun at him... Hammer back... But then -- *

THROUGH THE REAR HATCH, HE/WE CAN SEE THE COBRA RISE UP
BEHIND THE C-123K... *

And Marshal Vince Larkin waves at all of them... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS *

Shit -- *

And Cyrus walks to the hatch... And he's facing Larkin and Gator... And Cyrus raises his gun... And FIRES AT THEM... *
Bullets plunking into the Cobra's windshield... *

Gator sends a burst of GUNFIRE into the C-123K... Cons dive out of the way... Seats explode... *

189A INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

189A*

LARKIN *

WHAT ARE YOU DOING -- ? *

GATOR *

He was shootin' at us -- *

LARKIN *

Follow my orders, okay, man? *

GATOR *

Roger -- *

And the Cobra drops out of position... *

And Cyrus moves for the cockpit... *

190 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

190

Swamp Thing wrenches the wheel --

191 THE C-123K

191

banks right toward the Cobra... The Cobra dodges it...

192 INT. C-123K CABIN

192

The sudden BANK sends all the prisoners into a frenzy... Mucho screaming and howling...

193 EXT. THE SKY / THE C-123K / THE COBRA

193

Gator levels off...

Malloy's Cobra, passes about 100 feet above the C-123k. *

The PILOT slams the throttle to full power and dives down after them until they are right above the C-123k... Malloy is in Larkin's ear.

MALLOY

Let's take 'em out, Larkin --

LARKIN

Not yet...

MALLOY

Not yet? What are we waiting for?
Let's take out their fuckin' asses
right now...

And, at last, Larkin loses it... He BELLOWS:

LARKIN

That is my plane... Those are my
men... My responsibility... Their
"fuckin' asses" will not be "taken
out" until I feel there is no other
recourse... You understand, Agent
Malloy? You with me? Or you need
it drawn in Crayon like usual?

Gator drops slightly to silhouette the big plane...

194 INT. COCKPIT

194

Over the RADIO comes:

RADIO (O.S.)

Cyrus -- ! Cyrus Grissom -- ! Hi,
there -- !

They stare at the speaker... It's Larkin...

RADIO (LARKIN - O.S.)

Cyrus... Don't do me like that,
pal... How are you -- ?

Cyrus grabs the radio mike...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Game's over, Laughlin...

RADIO (LARKIN - O.S.)

Cyrus, I will be forced to shoot
you down --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Go ahead... Most of the cats on
this bird are here against their
will. Kill them and you're no
better than me...

RADIO (LARKIN - O.S.)

You're breaking my heart, Cyrus --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

It's hurricane season, Marshal
Laughlin.

195 INT. MALLOY'S COBRA

195

The C-123k's coordinates are tracked by the Cobra's digital
COMPUTER and displayed on twin CATHODE-RAY TUBES...

ANGLE - The cockpit canopy. Heads Up Display. A cross-hair shows the point of aim for the Cobra's 30mm cannon chain gun. *

MALLOY
It's time to be a man, Larkin.
Strap a hog on and let's start
fucking...

196 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA 196*
Larkin looks mostly miserable... What to do -- *

LARKIN
(into radio)
CYRUS -- ! I WILL SHOOT YOU DOWN!
I WILL SHOOT YOU DOWN -- ! *

Beat... And then, comes a soft, eerie -- *

CYRUS THE VIRUS (O.S.)
That's no way to say goodbye, Agent
Laughlin -- *

And a giggle... Cyrus clicks off... Larkin takes off his
headset... *

LARKIN
C'mon, Poe... C'mon, baby... *

196A INT. MALLOY'S COBRA 196A*
Malloy's PILOT achieves "lock-on" in his CENTRAL AIMING
DOT... *

PILOT
I have target locked-on, sir -- *

MALLOY
Go for it -- *

And Malloy's Cobra FIRES into the side of the C-123K... *

197B INT. C-123K 197B*
The interior is STRAFED... Everyone dives for cover... *

197C INT. LARKIN'S COBRA 197C*
Larkin cannot believe it... *

LARKIN
MALLOY, YOU SONUVABITCH, CEASE
FIRE... CEASE-GODDAMN-FIRE
RIGHT-GODDAMN-NOW!!! *

But Malloy's Cobra is going in for a second attack... *

LARKIN *
 Get in his way -- *

GATOR *
 What -- ? *

LARKIN *
 Get in his way... He won't shoot at *
 us. *

GATOR *
 I can't do that, man -- *

LARKIN *
 Do it -- ! *

Gator looks at Larkin's half-mad face... *

GATOR *
 Damn... I get all the shaggy dog *
 cases. *

196D EXT. GATOR'S COBRA 196D*
 slots in between the C-123K and Malloy's Cobra... *

196E INT. MALLOY'S COBRA 196E*
 PILOT *
 What the hell's he doing -- ? *

MALLOY *
 That stupid bastard -- *

... actually escorting the plane... Malloy's chopper tries *
 to maneuver around Gator... But Gator doesn't give him an *
 alley... *

PILOT *
 I got no move -- *

197 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - THE ALTIMETER - 197
 drops below 8,000 feet...

SWAMP THING *
 We're in rough shape, Cy... We just *
 lost the second engine... We're in *
 dutch -- *

198 THE C-123K 198
 is descending lower and lower. One thousand feet off the *
 ground now... The Cobra still in escort... *

199 INT. C-123K 199
 Poe has the dying Baby-O in his arms... *

BABY-O
Tell me it's all right, Poe --

POE
It's all right, Odell --

BABY-O
I never did nothin' my whole life
like what I did to you. I stole, I
cheated, I crimed. But I never did
nothin' like that... They made
me... They made me...

POE
I know --

And Baby-O dies blinking tears out of his eyes... And Poe
holds him... Catching his breath... He looks to Bishop, in
her cage... To Garland White, in his grin...

AND POE RISES --

And starts to move down the plane...

BILLY BEDLAM
Where you goin', bitch-boy -- ?

SMASH! Billy sucks floor...

And Poe MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE CENTER-AISLE OF THE PLANE...
PUMMELING ANYTHING IN HIS WAY... Conrad, Diamond Dog, the
other CONS, fall by the wayside...

Poe hits the electronic cage buzzer... Freeing Bishop and
the guards - who immediately go to seats and strap in...

Poe storms for the cockpit... Cyrus meets him head-on...

Cyrus sticks the gun into Poe's throat and pulls back the
hammer...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Say good night, Giant-Killer --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

-- bullets tattoo the area around Cyrus The Virus. He takes
cover --

NEW ANGLE - BISHOP

hass recovered the Airweight... Its barrel smokes... Cons
dive out of the way...

Beat. Poe looks at Bishop. Bishop nods.

Poe heads for the cockpit. Indomitable.

200 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

200

Poe rips open the cockpit door, to find Swamp Thing riding the stick...

SWAMP THING

What the hell you doing in here,
fat nuts?

POE

Land this thing --

SWAMP THING

That's what I'm doing... Only the
word is "crash" --

And Cyrus bum-rushes the cockpit... And drags Poe out... The two go at it... Swamp Thing attempting to steer her...

(OMITTED 201)

*

202 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN

202

Poe and Cyrus brawl in the cramped confines of the cabin... The plane rocks and lists... Swamp Thing fighting to keep it right...

203 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

203*

Larkin and Gator watch the crippled craft...

*

LARKIN

Can he make it to the airport -- ?

GATOR

No way --

LARKIN

Where they gonna land that thing?

GATOR

How do you feel about the blackjack
tables -- ?

Gator gestures... Ahead of them... For they have cleared the low ceiling of cloud cover... Nothing but black before and below, until, there, in the distance --

CITY LIGHTS BLAZE

Not just any city lights... Because this ain't just any city... This is

LAS VEGAS

and The Strip glows eternal... A neon constellation... An explosion of radiance...

LARKIN

No way...

204 INT. C-123K COCKPIT 204

Cyrus has thrust Poe's head out of one of the side avulsions... Poe can see the glow of Sin City...

POE

No way...

205 INT. MALLOY'S COBRA 205*

They watch the C-123k plummet --

MALLOY

Should've shot it down over the open desert, Larkin... Now the civilian casualties will be enormous --

206 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - C-123K - NIGHT 206*

The C-123k soars along... Under 500 feet... The plane BUZZES along, narrowly passing a WATER TOWER... A CONDO COMPLEX... A RADIO ANTENNAE... PEOPLE come out of their homes... To see the giant aircraft, flying this low, nearly blotting out the moon.

*
*
*
*
*

Not since Rodan terrorized Tokyo, has a winged creature flown so close to so many...

*
*

207 EXT. "THE STRIP" 207

POLICE CARS, FIRE ENGINES, EMERGENCY SERVICES VEHICLES scream in Evacuation Mode... ARMY TRUCKS, carrying LONG-RANGE ARTILLERY, pull up and park.

207A INT. C-123K 207A

Poe and Cyrus The Virus still in the clinches...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

I'll kill you --

POE

Since we're all about to go crashing into Las Vegas, you'll forgive me if your threat lacks weight --

207B INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN 207B

TRACK the CONS... Terrified... Stricken...

Bishop, bruised and bloodied, crosses herself, and looks across the plane... To where --

-- from his seat in the back, Garland White SINGS:

GARLAND WHITE
 "... and a voice was sounding/As
 the fog was lifting/Saying this
 land was made for you and me... "

207C THE C-123K

207C

flies over VEGAS WORLD and The SAHARA with its waterpark,
 WET & WILD

Over THE RIVIERA...

DOWN TO TWELVE FEET --

THE FUSELAGE OSCILLATES WITH VIOLENT VIBRATIONS --

THE PLANE PLOWS THROUGH A SERIES OF HIGH-TENSION TELEPHONE
 WIRES --

IT BOUNCES ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES ON LAS VEGAS
 BOULEVARD --

IT DECIMATES DOZENS OF ABANDONED CARS --

RIPPING DOWN THE STRIP --

PAST THE STARDUST, THE DESERT INN, TREASURE ISLAND --

ITS WINGS ARE TORN OFF --

IT BREAKS UP INTO SECTIONS --

-- BEFORE COMING TO A CONCUSSIVE STOP --

-- INTO THE SPARKLING PORTE COCHERE OF THE MIRAGE HOTEL --

-- DEBRIS SHOWERED EVERYWHERE --

208 EXT. C-123K

208

SQUAD CARS & ARMY TRUCKS set up yet one more secured
 perimeter

CROWDS assemble... Barricades are erected... TV CREWS
 arrive, AMBULANCES, PRISON OFFICIALS, NATIONAL GUARD...

FIRE TRUCKS PUMP gallons of foamy FLAME RETARDANT at the
 plane, which has broken up into HUGE SECTIONS upon impact...

From one hole in the fuselage, Sally Can't Dance is the
 first to appear... She sees the South Seas-styled
 waterfalls, lagoons, grottoes and giant palm trees of the
 Mirage facade and, natch, assumes --

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

We made it! We made it to Pena's
island!

209 INT. C-123K 209

CONS remain strapped to seats. The seats scattered about
the crumpled fuselage --

The inside of the C-123k has become a murky tunnel --

Survivors, dazed and bloodied, extricate themselves from
their seat belts...

210 EXT. POLICE BARRICADE - THE COBRAS 210*

land... Larkin and Malloy explode from them...

211 INT. C-123K 211*

Cameron Poe gets shakily to his feet. He is bleeding
profusely from the head... He walks through the
smoke-shrouded fuselage, coming upon Bishop hanging upside
down, still strapped to her seat... Poe unbuckles her... *

BISHOP *

Owww... I think my leg is broken -- *

He carries her out of the plane - and they get their first
look at the chaos... *

The traffic is snarled and boiling. POLICE, FIREFIGHTERS,
EMT CREWS, ON-LOOKERS, PRESS, NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, DAZED
GAMBLERS... *

211A INT. FUSELAGE - SECOND SECTION 211A

Vince Larkin searches the dark and smoky interior of the
plane

LARKIN

Where's Grissom -- ?

Larkin searches the confines of the cabin but he cannot
find Cyrus... *

211B EXT. CRASH SITE 211B*

Poe carries Bishop over to an EMT GUY... They strap her to a
gurney -- *

BISHOP *

You done good, Poe -- *

POE *

You take care now -- *

And Poe? BISHOP

Yeah -- ? POE

Next time, we take the train... BISHOP

Bishop is placed onto an ambulance... When, suddenly, Poe notices that one --

-- FIRETRUCK --

IS LEAVING THE SCENE -- !

And isn't that odd?

LARKIN

fighters the crowd...

212 EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP

212

Just as The Mirage's man-made VOLCANO ERUPTS, as it does every half-hour... Right between Poe and Larkin... Both men gazing at the same shocking sight - that of the wayward firetruck...

Flames, steam, lava, obscure Larkin's vision -- He dances through the wreckage, the masses, the flames and light --

-- In time to see a FIREFIGHTER THROWN FROM THE VEHICLE...

By Conrad.

THE FIRETRUCK

is the new-fangled, state-of-the-art combination PUMP AND LADDER produced by Simon-LTI and known as

THE QUINT

The Cadillac of firetrucks... 75-foot pumper aerial with a telescoping waterway... Pre-connected hoses fixed to a 2500 gallon reservoir... Turntable ladder tower lift cylinder...

You get the picture... This bitch rocks...

And now she's rocking away from The Mirage....

With Swamp Thing behind the wheel... And Conrad swinging off the high hand rail...

And Cyrus The Virus, donning a fireman's helmet...

Larkin is aghast...

LARKIN

No... No... No...

He runs for the Quint... Leaping onto its rear rails...

213 INT. THE QUINT 213

Swamp Thing presses the pedal for the Federal Siren System, which WAILS...

214 EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP 214

... as the truck thunders down Las Vegas Boulevard... Excoriating anything in its path...

215 EXT. FIRE TRUCK - LAS VEGAS STREETS 215

Larkin scales the truck's rear rails... Only to come face to face with --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

standing over him... Sick sadistic smile...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Nobody rides for free --

And Cyrus KICKS LARKIN IN THE FACE... Sending him off the rear of the Quint...

216 EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS 216

Into the street... Larkin drags himself to his feet... When...

A ROAR FROM BEHIND

And Cameron Poe pulls up. Astride a State Trooper ELECTRA GLIDE MOTORCYCLE.

And Larkin climbs on behind Poe, who flicks the wick and they are off...

217 EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS 217

A CHASE ENSUES

Poe's Glide trailing The Quint... Through the crowded streets of The Emerald City...

218 EXT. DESERTED PARKING LOT 218

Billy Bedlam finally stops running, here in this dark stretch of concrete... VOICES up ahead... THREE KIDS, no more than fifteen, appear out of the shadows... They guzzle 40s and bring it to him straight up...

KID
Got any money, fuckface -- ?

Billy turns to them... He almost has to laugh...

BILLY BEDLAM
Are you kiddin' me?

KID #2
No, c'mon, whaddya gut -- ?

BILLY BEDLAM
Do you know who I am -- ?

KID #2
No --

KID
Wait, I know who you are... Holy
shit...

BILLY BEDLAM
That's right --

KID #2
Who is it?

KID
It's fuckin' Elvis!

KID #2
Oh, right... Hey, Elvis...

BILLY BEDLAM
No, you little--

And the kid, fast as lightning, darts out and STABS Billy
Bedlam in the gut...

The look on Billy's face is pure incredulity... He falls to
the ground...

KID #2
Dude, you killed him -- !

KID
See if he's got anything on him...

And they rifle through Billy's pockets... Which are empty...

Billy, with his last bit of psychotic rage, gropes for the
kids' throats... But he doesn't have the strength...

KID
Fuckin' guy's dry --

KID #2
Let's bail, man... C'mon!

And the kids run off... Leaving Billy to die in the dirt...

219 EXT. THE QUINT - MOVING - LAS VEGAS STREETS

219

We have left The Strip... Deep into Vegas proper...

Poe and Larkin, on the bike, are joined by three STATE TROOPERS riding Electra Glides, aiding in the pursuit...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

sees The Glides close behind them... He nods to Conrad, who climbs down to the Quint's PUMP CONTROL PANEL and throws some switches --

Cyrus hops down to the truck's REAR HOSEBED, a large metal fender-like abutment at the back of the Quint...

Cyrus hoists a thick length of PRE-CONNECTED HOSE and hits the combination nozzle --

-- and a straight stream of WATER, jetting at 1250 gallons-per-minute, 150 pounds-per-square-inch, is launched...

The force of the water SMASHES one State Trooper off his motorcycle...

Cyrus turns his hose on the second Trooper...

Cops fly... Bikes topple into speeding skids...

Cyrus aims his hose for the third cop...

The third COP is knocked off his bike and soars toward Poe and Larkin...

Poe maneuvers out of his way, the Statey nearly taking off their heads before crashing to the asphalt behind them...

Conrad howls... As Cyrus trains the hose on Larkin and Poe...

Poe swerves to avoid the punishing pulse... They have to shout into the wind to speak:

POE

You strapped -- ?

LARKIN

What -- ?

POE

Strapped? Carrying? Packing?

LARKIN

I don't--

POE
You got a fuckin' gun onya,
man -- ?

LARKIN
Oh... Of course...

POE
Feel like using it -- ?

Larkin takes out his piece --

LARKIN
Now what -- ?

POE
Shoot that fuck -- !

Talk about difficult... Larkin aims... Dead on at Cyrus...

And fires... The shots ring out around Cyrus... Missing wildly... But enough to make Cyrus kill the hose and retreat back onto The Quint...

... and Poe hits the nitro and he's pulled alongside the Quint... and there's

CONRAD

hanging onto the side of the rig... and he's wielding a 6-foot PIPE PULL ending in a lethal claw..

And Conrad is stabbing at them with it... Leaning way out on the side of the Quint... His FEET secured into steel FLANGES on the truck's side...

He jabs Poe... The pipe pull taking a huge scoop of meat out of Poe's right arm... *

Conrad goes in for another jab... and Poe grabs the end of the pipe pull and hooks it onto the Glide's seat --

-- and he turns the bike just enough -- to YANK CONRAD from the truck... His feet still in the flanges, his arms hanging onto the pipe pull which is hooked onto the Glide...

And Conrad is stretched out over the highway racing some five feet below him!!

POE
Take the handlebars --

LARKIN
What -- ?

POE

TAKE 'EM -- !

Larkin does... Steering the bike... And Poe is up on his feet...

And he uses Conrad as a human GANG-PLANK, to climb onto the Quint -- !

And, yes, this is the coolest fucking thing we've ever seen...

Once on the Quint, Poe kicks Conrad's feet out from the flanges and Conrad flies through the air and becomes so much road kill...

And Poe's on The Quint... Except here comes Cyrus... And he's packing an AXE... The pink bunny still hooked to his belt...

He swings the axe hard... Poe dodges it...

Poe comes up with a HALAGHAN TOOL, which is like a crowbar on steroids...

And the two go at it... Axe against halaghan... And this is like some old-school Robin Hood-Little John shit... Except instead of on a foot-bridge, we're on a firetruck going 70 miles per hour...

Larkin rides alongside the truck... Cyrus manages to overpower Poe... The axe whacking away the halaghan...

And now they face each other... Only Poe is unarmed... He leaps away... Vanishing below the aerial ladder...

(OMITTED 220-221)

*

221A EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - OFF THE STRIP

221A

Pitch-black here... A figure walks along the side of the road... Diamond Dog...

Headlights coming up the road... Diamond Dog keeps to the side. The car stops... It's a station wagon... FOUR MEN inside...

MAN

Need a ride, friend -- ?

DIAMOND DOG

No thanks --

MAN

Come on, man... We're cool...

DIAMOND DOG
Where you going -- ?

MAN
We're going to Tahoe... But we'll
take you as far as you want...

Diamond Dog considers...

DIAMOND DOG
Okay.

MAN
Great... !

He gets in the backseat... The car starts off... *

221B EXT. QUINT - MOVING

221B

Cyrus, axe at the ready, still hunts for Poe... When...

THWRRRRSSCCCHH!!!!

Cyrus is covered in a belch of freezing carbon dioxide, as
Poe rises up on the aerial ladder, FIRE EXTINGUISHER in
hand..

Cyrus capers backwards... Shocked and frigid... He dives for
the pedestal, on the revolving turntable, and works the
levers

And with a high-pierced SQUEAL OF HYDRAULICS, the AERIAL
LADDER, Poe upon it, begins to move...

POE

clamors down the ladder... Toward Cyrus... Who works the
controls... The telescoping booms are extended... So the
faster Poe climbs the further away he gets...

... Until the ladder is extended some 30 feet in front of
the cab of the Quint... The chassis listing under the
staggering imbalance...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

rocks the turntable and the aerial swings around in a
dizzying 360...

SWAMP THING

is working his balls off to keep the rig on the road...

POE

dangles like Harold Lloyd... Feet inches from ground...

But then the aerial is retracting... The booms coming in on themselves... Poe returning to the Quint...

And we see why... For Cyrus is there... Gun aimed... Waiting for Poe to come within striking distance...

But Poe drops from the ladder... Vanishing again...

222 INT. STATION WAGON - VEGAS OUTSKIRTS

222

Diamond Dog rides with the four men...

SECOND MAN

So what's your name -- ?

DIAMOND DOG

Bill...

SECOND MAN

Hi, Bill --

They drive on in silence... And now Diamond Dog starts to observe things... Little things: Like the swastika TATT on the back of the neck of the guy up front... And the fact that all these boys have short, very short hair... And the plastic FIGURE hanging from the rear-view - a black man hanging by his neck...

And the man up front turns around... He's got a GUN stuck in Diamond Dog's face...

MAN

Breathe deep, nigger... Cos that was your last inhale ever...

Off of Diamond Dog's slightly resigned look we go

222A EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - THE CAR - WIDE SHOT

222A

And hear the GUN'S REPORT...

SECOND MAN (O.S.)

Aw, Fritzy, why'd you have to do it in the fuckin' car, man! I got it all over me...

The car slows... Something is tossed out of it... It drives off...

223 EXT. THE QUINT - MOVING - CYRUS THE VIRUS

223

looks for Poe... Cyrus climbs onto the ladder...

And there's Poe... Strong to the hoop...

And the two go at it... Fighting for the gun... And if we thought it was brutal before...

NEW ANGLE - LARKIN'S GLIDE

Goes skipping off the highway... Riderless...

And HANDS grasp for the side PUMP PANELS...

POE AND CYRUS continue their grapple...

And now THE LADDER IS MOVING AGAIN...

This time, going VERTICAL...

Poe and Cyrus cling to it... In the clinches...

They look below...

Vince Larkin is on the pedestal... Working the controls...

Poe and Cyrus grasp at the gun... Clawing at each other's faces with their free hands...

And Poe comes up with a pair of HANDCUFFS from Cyrus' guard uniform...

And he slaps one cuff around Cyrus' free hand...

And the other around a RUNG OF THE LADDER...

And Cyrus has control of the gun...

And he sticks it into Poe's face...

And it could be over...

Except the ladder begins to RISE...

Rise high...

Poe and Cyrus rising with it...

Larkin raising it in its three telescoping sections...

LARKIN

POE -- !

And Poe looks to Larkin... And looks ahead...

And starts down the ladder...

And Cyrus starts after him...

Only to finally see that he's been CUFFED TO THE RUNG...

And then he sees what this all about...

For, up ahead, rapidly approaching --

Looming dark and concrete, a drawbridge primeval...

And while the Quint will clear it, the aerial ladder,
extended oh, so high, certainly will not...

As Swamp Thing, unaware, speeds on...

And Cyrus The Virus SCREAMS...

AND POE LEAPS FROM THE LADDER DOWN TO LARKIN ON THE PEDESTAL

As the Quint sails under the overpass...

And the ladder SMASHES INTO IT...

And CYRUS IS A SMEAR --

AND THE COLLISION IS ENORMOUS -- !!!

The force on the aerial RIPS OPEN THE QUINT --

A THOUSAND GALLONS OF WATER ERUPT --

Poe and Larkin hang on for dear life...

Swamp Thing hits the windshield... Lock, step and gone...

As firetruck and overpass and aerial ladder and watertank
merge into a single salient being...

An ocean of destruction... An ecosystem of ruin...

An end...

225 EXT. OVERPASS - LATER

225

Considerable aftermath support... Rescue vehicles...
Police... We know the drill...

Malloy goes up to where Larkin is having his head
bandaged...

MALLOY

You okay -- ?

LARKIN

I'm copacetic...

Malloy frowns...

LARKIN (CONT.)

That's "satisfactory" "gratified"
"Doing very well... "

MALLOY

Yeah, yeah, I know... Fuck you...

They smile... Malloy gives him the peace sign and walks on...

Larkin comes up to Poe.

LARKIN

Nice job, Poe... I knew you had it in you --

POE

I didn't do anything --

Larkin nods... Smiles...

LARKIN

Here you go, man --

He points... For A POLICE VAN has pulled up... And out steps Ginny, and with her is Tricia Poe and Casey...

Poe sees his family... He swallows...

And he turns the other way... And walks back to the overpass.

Larkin walks over to Tricia and Casey... Tricia gives him a tight "I told you so" look, as they watch Poe walk away...

Larkin is truly baffled...

They watch... Poe has stopped in the middle of the Quint rubble... He bends down... Picks something up...

It is the pink bunny... Filthy, bloody and torn...

And Poe walks back to his family...

And Larkin smiles at Tricia...

LARKIN

C'mon, Ginny --

And they go...

And Poe walks to his wife and daughter...

COPS are in his face... Guns aimed...

But Malloy is there...

MALLOY

(to the cops)
What the hell are you doing? WHAT
THE HELL ARE YOU DOING -- ? Let
the man see his family -- !

The cops retreat... Cowed...

Poe goes to Tricia and Casey...

Malloy watches their embrace.

Larkin, getting into a cruiser, watches their embrace.

An embrace for the ages...

226 EXT. THE STRIP - THE C-123K WRECKAGE

226

Larkin and Ginny walk past the debris...

GINNY

Stale peanuts and a little
turbulence, huh, Vince?

LARKIN

Ha-ha-ha...

They walk... He looks at her...

LARKIN (CONT.)

Plans for the weekend, Ginny?

GINNY

I dunno. Channel 7s doing a PLANET
OF THE APES festival... And I've
got a thing for Charlton Heston...

LARKIN

Yeah, Chuck's a good-looking man...

They smile at each other...

As they pass the plane, just as --

-- A COP has found the little BOB-DOLL in the back of the
craft..

COP

Funny thing to be on a plane fulla
hard-asses, ain't it -- ?

Larkin clocks the doll. Considers. Then:

LARKIN

White --

Larkin begins to search, to scan the swelling crowds...
Panicked now...

GINNY

Vince -- ?

And, quietly, amidst the tumult, the fire engines and squad cars, the ambulances and emergency crews, the searching cops, the dead, the wounded, the guns, smoke and twisted metal, we

DISSOLVE TO:

227 A PAIR OF DICE

227

bounce off a rail lined with ribbed rubber...

INT. CASINO

Packed... The tables three deep... The one-armed bandits clang and jangle... We settle on --

A CRAP TABLE

Crowded with GAMBLERS. A STICKMAN, a BOXMAN and two DEALERS work it...

Chips of all colors are thrown, shifted, placed, removed, all over the LAYOUT, with alarming speed... Numbers are placed... Odds layed...

The STICKMAN uses his wooden stick to gather the dice and PUSH them down the length of the layout...

STICKMAN

New shooter comin' out! New
shooter comin' out! Does the new
shooter feel lucky? Does he -- ?

We follow the DICE... As they are picked up... By a small shy man in a bad suit... With a sheepish smile...

And, as Woody Guthrie's desultory rendition of "This Land Is My Land" FADES UP on the track...

Garland White gives us an ironic:

GARLAND WHITE

Yes...

And Garland White throws the dice, which travel the distance of the table and bounce off the padded end wall...

... fading slowly TO BLACK...

GARLAND WHITE (CONT.)

Yes, I do...

And as the crowd CHEERS off his roll, we know we are at

THE END