

ESCAPE FROM L.A.

Screenplay by John Carpenter

DARKNESS

tightrope
A pounding, metallic beat begins. Twists of sound in a rhythm. The snap of a military snare drum.

SUPERIMPOSE: "1998"

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

A DARK TABLEAU - CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

A LINE OF POLICEMEN - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR

To protect and defend its citizens, the United States Police Force is formed.

A GLOWING HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

Of Los Angeles, on the coast of southern California.

SUPERIMPOSE: "1999"

FEMALE NARRATOR

The population of Los Angeles grows to 40

million. The city is ravaged by crime and immorality. A Presidential candidate predicts a millennium earthquake will destroy the city in divine retribution.

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

shadowing
A hot summer's day. Heat ripples distorts the towering buildings in the dense smog.

FEMALE NARRATOR

An earthquake measuring 9.6 on the Richter scale hits at 12:59 p.m., August 23rd, in the year 2000.

concussion
swaying wildly.
thudding,
Interchange
exit
Suddenly we are hit by the loudest, booming, rolling you have ever heard. The buildings begin to shake, The Bonaventure Hotel implodes, collapses inward in the slamming freight train of an earthquake. The 4-level as the Santa Monica Freeway shatters, crumbles, pulling ramps, cars, trees, and nearby buildings with it.

SEQUENCE OF RAPID CUTS

crashing.
convulsing and
Buildings shaking. Streets buckling. Cars rolling, People running. Gas mains exploding. Buildings dropping like tinder against an inferno.

THE SANTA MONICA PIER

the
darkness.
As the tsunami sweeps in from the ocean, smacking into shoreline like the hammer of God, plunging us into

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

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

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

WHAM!

A TORCH-LIT LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

ZOOM INTO A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP OF L.A

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

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

surrounding the A red line tracks along the mountainous areas
Police island, defining the perimeter of the armed fortress.
Gabriel firebases and gun emplacements are indicated in the San
Mountains.

FEMALE NARRATOR

The United States Police Force, like an army, is encamped in the San Gabriel Mountains.

ZOOM INTO L.A.

rage of a
From the glowing, outlined canyons come the cries of
million lost souls.

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: "2013 - NOW"

EXT. DARK OCEAN - NIGHT

surface. Climb
up the side of a massive, rusted supertanker,
abandoned, years
ago. Break over the railing to reveal a gigantic neon
sign which
screams "NEW LAS VEGAS." The supertanker has been
transformed into
a floating resort.

displaying
The camera increases speed, moves past huge billboards
gigantic glitzy ads:

fabulous
"NUCLEAR NIGHTS IN HAVANA" - an extravaganza with
showgirls and laser recreations of Fidel's final night.

featuring
"MUSEUM OF NIGHT CLUB ARTS" - a virtual reality tour
legendary Vegas entertainers.

whole
"FREE ENTERPRISE WORLD" - a virtual Disneyland for the
family.

back alleyways
Now camera flies low through glittering streets and
filled with gamblers, neon and glitz.

EXT. ALLEY - NEW LAS VEGAS, 2013 - NIGHT

hustlers, and
mingling with
An alley strangled with tourists, gamblers, hookers,
con men - professional expatriates from the West
excited visitors from all over the world.

THURSDAY 0330
SUPERIMPOSE: "NEW LAS VEGAS OFF THE COAST OF SEATTLE
HOURS G.M.T. "

unintelligible
money,
A Salesman with a chin-mike speaks non-stop,
Chinese. A frenzied crowd gathers around him, waving
placing bets.

deep
them: One fat.
table. A
knife the
Two men sit at either end of a long table. They are in
shadows, facing each other. We only get glimpses of
Mirrored sunglasses. Chinese. His fingers tap on the
cockroach scurries past. Ammo belts. A sheathed combat
size of your arm. .45 automatics in holsters.

flash of
cockroach
The other, dressed in black. An eye-patch. Dangerous. A
two six-guns in holsters. A futuristic gunfighter. The
dashes past his fingers. WHAP! He squashes it.

screaming in a
dozen languages.
The crowd goes nuts, placing bets, yelling and

glasses in
front of the two men. Then he leans over to...

cobra, pulls it
continues
cobra venom
A VAT OF POISONOUS SNAKES. He reaches in, grabs a
out. The cobra hisses and squirms. Deftly, the salesman
to talk non-stop into his chin-mike as he milks the
into the first glass.

throat, and
He pulls out an ice-pick, jabs it into the snake's

bleeds a thick green-white liquid into the second glass. Finally, he slits open the cobra with a large knife, and cuts out the heart and liver. Tossing aside the dead snake, the salesman squeezes the heart and liver with his fingers. The juice drips into the third glass.

Now the salesman stirs the glasses. The poison is clear. The blood is milky-green. The heart and liver are red. He places the glasses on the table between the two men.

The two men stare at each other, motionless. The crowd continues placing bets at a fevered pitch. A titanium white tube floats above the center of the table. A laser beam of light shines from one end.

The salesman leans over and flicks on side with his finger, sending the tube spinning on its axis like a bottle, the light circling the room before stopping on the fat man's forehead.

The fat man reaches slowly toward the glasses. His hand shakes slightly. He hesitates. Finally he takes the glass with the red liquid (the heart and liver), lifts it to his lips, pauses, then gulps it down.

The crowd explodes. More bets.

The salesman leans over and spins the light tube again, this time it lands on something black, an eye-patch. Pull back to reveal a man with an eye-patch.

The man with the eye-patch reaches forward, his hand paused between the remaining two glasses. He takes the one filled with milky-green blood and downs it fast. The crowd roars.

One glass left. The two men stare at it intently.

before. It
finally
shouting at
poison.
withdraws

The salesman spins the light tube with more force than circles again and again, slowing down, speeding up, stopping on the fat man.

The salesman begins yelling over the din of the crowd, the fat man. The fat man reaches for the glass of clear His trembling fingers hover above it. Then he quickly his hand.

The crowd reacts, boos, as...

smile. And
poison, and
salesman stops

The man with the eye-patch smiles. A slightly, cynical without hesitation, he reaches out, grabs the glass of drinks it down. The crowd surges forward, but the them with a sweep of his arm. All bets are off.

away toward
gunfighters.

The two men stand from the table. Take several steps the end of the alley. Stand facing each other. Two

boot. A hand
sweaty,
blue and

Flashes of the two men. A piece of a black military positioned over a six-shooter. Mirrored sunglasses. A trembling lip. And the eye-patched man's one good eye, clear, staring - hard and calm as a sunny day...

with
men stand
slumps, falls

The draw. It happens in an instant. The alley thunders gunfire. The guns buck and flash. Then silence. The two there for a beat, until one of them, the fat man, face first into the alley, dead.

emerges from
take of the

The crowd goes completely ape shit as SNAKE PLISSKEN the shadows of the alley, holsters his guns, grabs his

money...

lipped
intense cynicism.
legend.

SNAKE PLISSKEN. Long hair. A black eye-patch. A tight-grimace. The impression of coiled aggression and The toughest, most dangerous man on planet earth. A

counts his
PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN strolls out of the alley into the crowd. He money, pockets it, as a cigarette girl approaches him. stops her, pays for a pack of cigs. As she eyes him...

CLOSEUP OF PLISSKEN'S ARM

with her

... the cigarette girl touches him, pricks his skin fingernail. A drop of blood appears.

helicopters
starts to

PLISSKEN turns, stares after her, as the sound of rises from above in the night sky. The crowd suddenly disperse.

PLISSKEN is

Helicopter searchlights blast down on the street. suddenly caught in the glare. He starts to move away...

KACLANG!

of nowhere.
driving him
struggles inside
Officers -
move for

Out of the blackness above a huge steel net drops out The net slams down on top of PLISSKEN, trapping him, down to the pavement with its weight... PLISSKEN the net as black figures - United States Police Force rush toward him, grab the net, tightening it. More cops him as we SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK...

SUPERIMPOSE: "L.A. FRIDAY 1900 HOURS"

marching past

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

Searchlights sweep down across a column of policemen

Sound of a concrete wall. Camera begins to crane up the wall.
roaring turbines. The howl of the Santa Ana wind.
Camera reaches the top of the wall. Armed police troops
stand on the battlements. Across what looks like an ocean is
L.A. The view is from the Newhall Pass.
Hidden by the Santa Monica Mountains, L.A. glows in the
distance with a hundred fires. Smoke surges from the jagged
horizon. Above, the sky is an angry orange.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOP OF THE WALL

Searchlights Res sensor lights glow in evenly spaced intervals.
feet, sweep into the darkness. Cannons are in place every 200
manned by police guards.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

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

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

Susanna Pass. The wall stretches to the northwest up to the Santa
Portions of the 118 Freeway arch up out of the water.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - BEHIND THE WALL - NIGHT

Gabriel Firebase Seven is a fortified base camp in the San
concrete Mountains. It is a sprawling police complex with low

vehicles,
the main
bladed,
giant bugs on

bunkers, gun emplacements, satellite communications,
troops, the works. ON A LARGE ASPHALT FIELD, opposite
complex is Rotor City - row after row of black, multi-
totally evil police battle helicopters parked like
the ground.

yelling and
videotape

A throng of policemen gather at the edge of Rotor City
cheering, their fists in the air. Cops with camcorders
the event. A police anchor reports...

POLICE ANCHOR

He's been the Force's Most Wanted Man for
10 years. Convicted of 27 moral crimes. I
can tell you, the excitement around here
is...

(a great roaring skyward)
Here he comes!

comes slamming
of cheering
hands,

A MASSIVE 7-ROTORED, 40-BLADED HELICOPTER TRANSPORT
down out of the black sky and lands. The growing crowd
cops goes nuts like fans at a football game. They slap
dance wildly.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

glowing
control
around TV sets
helicopter transport
edge of

A mammoth room filled with high-tech instrumentation. A
holographic map of L.A. fills one wall. Most of the
personnel have left their work stations and gather
all showing the Police Channel: a view of the
sitting on the asphalt and the cheering crowds at the
Rotor City.

Firebase
features.

A tall, steel-faced officer sits at his desk. This is
Commander MAC "BIG DOG" MALLOY. Hard, battle weary
BRAZEN, a section Lieutenant, comes up.

BRAZEN

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

watches the

Malloy rises from his chair, steps to a nearby TV set, scene from the Police Channel.

MALLOY

So we finally got him.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

anticipation.

The crowd of cops is growing to a frenzy of wild

POLICE ANCHOR

Hold one! The door is opening!

a

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

neck. Eight

escort Plissken

tortured, his

battle-ready

head as he is

the Police

interviewing

SNAKE PLISSKEN. A steel collar is clamped around his

lengths of chain stretch to eight armed guards who

down the ramp. Plissken is bruised, badly beaten and

face a mess, but he doesn't seem to care. A line of

cops stand with their guns aimed right at Plissken's

marched into camp. An army of camcorders move ahead of

Anchor as he scampers along in front of PLISSKEN,

him.

POLICE ANCHOR

Hello, Plissken. Welcome to L.A.

Celebrating cops cheer as Plissken is lead to...

A SIGN ABOVE A CONCRETE BUNKER - DEPORTATION CENTER

of deportees

trudge out

The bunker has one large opening, into which hundreds

march. Guards in towers monitor the condemned as they

to the of fenced-in containment areas, down walled corridors
bunker entrance.

pimps, The deportees are minorities, the poor, prostitutes,
outcasts of thieves, adulterers, atheists - the Morally Guilty,
huddle society. Single mothers carry babies. Teenage runaways
pornographers, together. There are abortion doctors, drug dealers,
the prisoners of a massive cultural war.

As Plissken is marched toward the entrance, a
loudspeaker blares
out:

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)

You are now entering the Deportation
Center. You have been found guilty of
moral crimes against the United States of
America.

Anchor conducts A great cheer goes up from the cops as the Police
his interview...

POLICE ANCHOR

S.D. Bob Plissken. Special Forces, Black
Light, Texas Thunder. Two Purple Hearts.
Youngest man ever decorated by the
President.

Plissken's face remains so impassive as to be almost
blank.

INT. SODIUM VAPOR CORRIDOR - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

to watch A glowing, vaporous-orange corridor. More cops gather
Deportation Plissken as he is escorted into the bowels of the
Center.

POLICE ANCHOR

You've been convicted of 27 moral crimes,
Plissken. The murder of an Internal
Revenue agent. The kidnapping of a bank
president. Gun fighting for profit. The
list goes on and on...

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

the
Plissken, the
through the

Deeper into the Deportation Center. Camera tracks along
deportees, some bleeding, some wrapped in rags.
Police Anchor, camcorders and the armed escort move
dark, low concrete passageway.

POLICE ANCHOR

You used to respect the law. Served your
country like no man before you. Role model
to a generation.

Plissken's

The Police Anchor leans in as close as he dares to
face.

POLICE ANCHOR

What happened to you, war hero? You were
the best we had.

STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

deportees
Plissken and his
recorded

Steel walls. Deeper into the Deportation Center. The
here are in worse shape. Some appear to be dead.
entourage continue along, as the speaker echoes a pre-
message...

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)

You are sentenced to permanent expulsion
beyond the borders of the U.S. You now
have the option to repent of your sins and
be electrocuted on the premises. If you
elect this option, notify the Cleric
Sergeant in your Processing Area.

praying in
Beyond, through
into

Plissken and his entourage pass deportees kneeling and
front of cloaked cleric cops, government holy men.
opened doorways, see Death Row deportees being strapped
futuristic electric chairs.

POLICE ANCHOR

The whole world's watching. Every good and decent person who works and hard and follows the rules. What would say to them?

Plissken's expression is blank.

POLICE ANCHOR

What would you say to all of us who believed in you, who looked up to you, who thought you stood for right over wrong, good over evil? Be my guest. What do you have to say, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

(beat)
Call me Snake.

huge steel
camcorders.

The guards move Plissken through a doorway, and the doors slam shut on the Police Anchor and the

INT. CORRIDOR - PROCESSING AREA - NIGHT

move

Malloy, Brazen, and a 3rd man, tall, charismatic, grim, urgently along a corridor.

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

Perfect for the mission. Nobody else can pull it off - not an army, not a man.

BRAZEN

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

3RD MAN

Let's get this over with.

INT. CONCRETE CELL - NIGHT

and leg

The cell door slams shut. Plissken turns around. Writ

irons. He looks around.

overhead light
above it. A watch lies on the table. Plissken shuffles
over, picks
up the watch, examines it.

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

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

MALLOY

How you doin' Plissken?
(no reply)
You like the watch?

PLISSKEN

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

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

3RD MAN

Get to it.

lights go
down and a computer-enhanced image appears on the
wall...

INT. PROTOTYPE DEFENSE LAB - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

lab is huge.
assembly
being given a
them. Pretty,
flowered
From the point of view of a surveillance camera. The
Banks of processors, disk drives, test bays, prototype
areas. High tech. A group of government officials is
tour. Utopia, 17, the President's daughter is among
virginal, she wears a "True Love Waits" button on her
dress.

MALLOY

At 1030 hours Wednesday, a group of government officials began a tour of the Livermore Defense Lab. The President's daughter, Utopia, was among them.

Plissken continues to watch the image on the wall...

MALLOY

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

The 3rd Man reacts as the image in front of Plissken changes...

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - CAMCORDER

From the point of view of a camcorder. Utopia stands inside the main cabin of a plush, government 747. In one hand she holds a black anodized box the size of a transistor radio with a button on top. In the other, a machine gun.

UTOPIA

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

MALLOY

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

Inside the surveillance room the President stares grimly as Malloy presses a button. Suddenly the image in front of Plissken spreads out all around him. He is in a virtual reality re-creation.

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - VIRTUAL REALITY

Plissken stands manacled in the main cabin. A group of secret service men and congressmen watch as a flight attendance operates

the camera.
a cage.

a camcorder. He's videotaping Utopia as she rants into
She's pent up with such anxiety she's like a panther in

UTOPIA

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

(beat)

To the President - my father, you know
what this is.

thrusts it

She holds up the anodized box with the red button and
at the camcorder.

UTOPIA

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

CONGRESSMAN

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

UTOPIA

It will be in my hands - and the hands of
my lover.

virgin can

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

UTOPIA

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

opens a small

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

again

WHAM! The VR image suddenly disappears and Plissken is
standing inside the concrete cell. Malloy and Brazen
front of him.

stand in

MALLOY

Somehow during the tour, she came into
possession of a prototype transmitting
device. We don't know how.

BRAZEN

Utopia became depressed after her mother's suicide, began to withdraw into her virtual reality simulator. She'd punch up her own little world in cyberspace and stay in it for days at a time.
(hits a button)
Somebody else was in there with her.

AN IMAGE APPEARS

In front of Plissken: A computer-rendered VR picture of clouds and sunshine, green grass and happy animals frolicking. A Garden of Eden. There, coming toward us, is CUERVO JONES. South American terrorist. Fiercest warrior of the Third World. He wears a gleaming ancient Aztec battle helmet. Bandoliers strapped around him.

MALLOY

Cuervo Jones. Shining Path. Peruvian terrorist. Runs the biggest baddest gang in L.A.
Cuervo Jones takes off the helmet He is blindingly handsome, charismatic. He smiles, reaches out his arms to camera as if to embrace it. The image suddenly pops back to the beginning - it's on a loop. The image disappears.

The lights in the cell come up.

BRAZEN

Utopia made tapes of her VR experiences, then tried to erase them. She missed this fragment on the end of her last tape. Cuervo Jones must have tapped into the VR master data bank - and then went prowling around for innocent blood, someone vulnerable to corrupt. Utopia was lonely, looking for something to believe in.

PLISSKEN

Sad story. You got a cigarette?

MALLOY

Shut up, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

What's the little black box do?

MALLOY

Top secret. Only on a need to know.

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

That's right, big shot. Unless you do what we want you're not coming back.

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

That's the deal.

PLISSKEN

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

Malloy and
some papers.

After a couple of beats, the 3rd Man appears next to

Brazen. He stares at Plissken for a moment, holds up

3RD MAN

If you bring out the prototype, you'll receive a full pardon for every immoral act you have ever committed in the United States. Just like in '97. Remember New York, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

(looks at him)
Who are you?

MALLOY

It's the President, for Christ's sake!

PRESIDENT

I give you my word. Put the prototype into my hands, and you're a free man.

PLISSKEN

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

PRESIDENT

Utopia is lost to me. My daughter is gone.

PLISSKEN

Well, I'll think it over.

PRESIDENT

You're running out of time.

PLISSKEN

I've been doin' that all my life. Might as well do it in L.A. Everybody else there is.

MALLOY

Well, enjoy it, war hero, cause you got 10 hours to live.

Malloy, Brazen, and the President turn to leave...

PLISSKEN

Wait a minute, what are you talkin' about?

MALLOY

Having second thoughts?

PLISSKEN

Maybe. But you're not putting any shit in me this time.

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN'S FACE

As an image of the cigarette girl in New Las Vegas
flashes
suddenly. Her fingernail scratches his arm. He
tightens.

MALLOY

The cigarette girl in New Vegas was an undercover cop. She injected you with incentive toxin. Right now it's swimming in your bloodstream. It'll start to take effect in 9 hours.

BRAZEN

It's a strain of the Plutoxin 7 virus.
Genetically engineered. 100% pure death.
Complete nervous system shutdown. You
crash and bleed out like a stuck pig. Not
a pretty sight.

large
Plissken takes a step toward him. Malloy holds up a
hypodermic.

MALLOY

Of course there's an anti-toxin.
Neutralizes the virus immediately upon
injection.
(beat)
We'll give it to you, but you have to do
us this little favor.

TWO BEATS...

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

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

PRESIDENT

Didn't think we were that stupid, did you?

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

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

MALLOY

We're holographs.

INSIDE THE CELL

then at the
Plissken stares at the three images in front of him,
camera lens on the wall...

PLISSKEN

Get this crap out of me.

MALLOY

I guess we have a deal. Nice to be working with you, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

(beat)
Call me Snake.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

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

BRAZEN

Very sweet little weapon. Core burner.
Magnesium ammo. 500 extra rounds.
(moves on)
Two 9mm handguns.
(holds up a silver pill)
Oral projectile. Mouth dart. Hold it in
your mouth for ten seconds, the coating
dissolves, it becomes a weapon.

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

BRAZEN

Urolite. It'll stun the enemy for several
seconds.

Plissken picks up a small, computerized compass.

MALLOY

Tracer. Utopia has a kidnap chip implanted
in her arm. You can locate her with this.

Brazen hands Plissken a large black clip.

BRAZEN

This clips right onto your 9mm. Ammo
enhancers. Like miniaturized grenades.
Blows through anything.

it.
Plissken snaps the clip onto his pistol, then unsnaps

EXT. POLICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

He, Brazen
Plissken suits up. Submachine gun, handguns, six-guns.
and Malloy walk quickly across the complex.

MALLOY

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

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

Some areas have power - they're on line to
San Onofre.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

As Brazen's command helicopter takes off...

INT. COMMAND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Plissken stares at a photo of the anodized prototype.

PLISSKEN

I'll need to know more about this thing.

MALLOY

Only a handful of people are aware of its
existence. Let's just say it's the
ultimate defensive weapon.

PLISSKEN

Defense against what?

MALLOY

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

Plissken shrugs.

MALLOY

Third World wants to live like we do - and
they plan on taking what they want. The

Cubans and Brazilians are ready to invade Miami. If the Africans and Colombians make a run at the border, we got a full scale attack on the United States.

PLISSKEN

So what does this thing do?

MALLOY

All you need to know is get it back here by 5 a.m.

EXT. WALL - ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

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

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

tunnel.
Plissken, Brazen and Malloy walk through the dark, dank
floor
Armed guards stand at the ready. A hatch in the tunnel
darkness.
stands open. A ladder disappears down into the

MALLOY

(points to the open hatch)
You're going over by submarine. One-man
submersible. Nuclear powered.

opening.
Plissken arranges his gear, climbs into the hatch

PLISSKEN

Where do I put ashore?

MALLOY

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

(beat)

Once you go inside, you're on your own.

(beat)

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

(beat)

We have to spare this nation her trial -

for treason.

PLISSKEN

So you want me to take her out?

(Malloy nods)

Is that an order from the President?

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

A medical team will be standing by.

PLISSKEN

Not you?

MALLOY

No.

PLISSKEN

Good.

There's no

KABLAMM! He fires, ripping hellish blasts at Malloy.

damage. Malloy laughs.

MALLOY

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

Plissken.

Malloy kicks the hatch and it slams down on top of

Brazen pushes a control button, sealing it shut.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

bay. Below

Plissken climbs down the ladder into a small submarine

submarine shaped

him on a launching rig is a sleek, black one-man

climbs

like a dart. The submarine's hatch is open. Plissken

inside.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy and Brazen move to a surveillance-command post.

PLISSKEN (V.O. RADIO)

Com check.

Malloy picks up the microphone.

MALLOY

I'm here, Plissken.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

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

MALLOY (V.O.)

Stand by for launch. Ignitor.
(Plissken pushes a button)
Fuel rod injection.

humming sound
Plissken pulls a lever, watches his dials. A deep
grows louder inside the sub.

PLISSKEN

She's in the green.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Lock fuel rods.

PLISSKEN

(hits a switch)
Locked.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Nuclear turbine to 75% power.

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

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

blue glow. Out of the rear tubes of Plissken's sub comes a roaring

INT. SUBMARINE

PLISSKEN

75% power.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Hands on switches and counting.

5...4...3...2...1. Launch.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. THE WALL - NEWHALL PASS - NIGHT

tunnel. In a A door in the wall opens, revealing the circulator shot from roaring explosion, the sub rockets out of the tunnel, for several the wall like a cannonball. The submarine is airborne seconds, then drops down, and slams into the San Fernando Sea.

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

the 405
churning in the

In the underwater darkness, see the broken remains of Freeway, as the subs creams past, its nuclear wake water.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

on a

Malloy, Brazen and other cops follow Plissken's course gigantic computer screen.

MALLOY

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - VAN NUYS CITY HALL - NIGHT

Hall,

As the sub rockets past the ruins of the Van Nuys City barely missing it.

INT. SUBMARINE

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken...

with his

Plissken ignores him, carefully maneuvering the sub controls.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken... do you copy?

EXT. UNDERWATER - THE VENTURA FREEWAY - NIGHT

the
shapes of

Camera follows the sub as it streaks along just above submerged ruins of the Ventura Freeway. See the ghostly cars, trucks, busses below, smashed and overturned.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

along the

They watch the sub, a red blip on the screen, move

freeway.

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. VENTURA & HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY INTERCHANGE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The sub rips through the water, faster and faster, goes into a hard bank to the right as the Ventura Freeway turns into the Hollywood. A sign at the edge of the Hollywood Freeway reads: "SPEED LIMIT 55". The sub screams past.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

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

BRAZEN

His reactor's starting to overheat.

MALLOY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken...?

Plissken's eye turns back to the computer map in front of him. One the screen: the red blip representing the sub is headed right toward a building. Plissken pulls hard on the controls.

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

through
and
slammed
with the
wreckage of the

The sub smacks into the side of the Black Tower, powers it, blasts out the other side through a window, tilting wobbling. The sub rights itself momentarily but is downward out of frame by a huge, dark, slimy object. KING KONG looms overhead - his fist rising and falling currents. Plissken has maneuvered himself into the Universal Studios Tour.

The Future,
rusting Delorean.
model into a

The sub zips through the King Kong ride into Back To passing 1950's signage from that film, dodging a It slams into the open mouth of JAWS, shattering the million pieces.

openings of the
split walls -
One.

The sub continues on, bouncing through the narrow Earthquake Ride - broken pipes, cracked sidewalks, hard to tell what was the ride and what was The Big One.

INT. SUBMARINE

the cockpit

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - MOVING WITH THE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

The sub suddenly tips upward, rising for the surface.

EXT. SHORELINE - CAHUENGA PASS - NIGHT

a hillside

The sub explodes out of the water, lands belly first on with a hard thump.

INT. SUBMARINE

slide
Plissken presses the hatch controls. The sub begins to
backwards down toward the water.

INT. SUBMARINE

out. The
rear
Plissken leaps
scampers up
hillside, as the
raises the
Plissken struggles, then rips open the hatch, scrambles
sub slowly slips backwards, down into the water. As the
exhaust tubes hit the surface, a blast of steam.
out of the hatch. The sub sinks faster and faster. He
the side, leaps for ground... and lands on the
sub sinks into the sea, bubbling, churning, hissing.
A bleeping sound. He takes out his pocket walkie,
antenna.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Plissken...?

PLISSKEN

I'm here.

MALLOY (V.O.)

Where's the submarine? It's disappeared
off our screens.

PLISSKEN

It's history. I gotta go.

climb up the
hillside when...

Carrying
something huge and rounded at the ends.

Plissken raises his submachine gun...

wetsuit.
... as PIPELINE steps closer. He's a surfer in a black

shoulder.
Carries a surfboard. A rifle is slung across his

in the UV.
Pipeline's face is raw, burned - too many hours surfing

PIPELINE

Too bad about your boat, man.
(Plissken doesn't move)
Supposed to be some swells out here
tonight. Big ones.
(beat)
You like to surf?

him up the

Realizing Pipeline is no danger, Plissken moves past
hillside.

PIPELINE

You look kinda familiar.
(beat)
You hang out around here much?

But Plissken's moved off into the darkness.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT - RAIN

desolate.
begun to

Plissken reaches old Mulholland Drive, now dark and
Shells of houses stand nearby, black and empty. It has
rain.

Windows
continue
Plissken

The sound of gunfire. Plissken ducks behind a tree...
Two old cars come zooming up Mulholland, side by side.
down. Guns blazing at each other. They pass Plissken,
down Mulholland, ripping each other apart with gunfire.
Plissken darts across Mulholland, down the mountainside.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - RAIN

steep

The rain pours down as Plissken makes his way down a
incline.

Plissken spins,

CRACK! A dark figure steps out from behind a tree.
submachine gun ready. It's Pipeline.

PIPELINE

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

Plissken. Man, I can't believe you're really here.

More gunfire from above on Mulholland...

PIPELINE

Kind of a bad neighborhood, Snake.

PLISSKEN

Which way to the Hollywood Bowl?

PIPELINE

(points)
Down that way.

Plissken starts down.

PIPELINE

Be careful. Some real strange dudes hangin' out there these days.

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

PIPELINE

Hey Snake - what're you doin' around here, man?
(as Plissken disappears)
I heard they busted you up real good in Cleveland...

EXT. HILLS ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT - RAIN

his way
then
KATHUMP from
roaring its way
The rain is coming down in a torrent as Plissken makes down the hillside. Then, all at once, the rain lets up, stops. The trees drip with moisture. Suddenly, a huge above him. Plissken looks back. A huge mudslide is down the hill toward him.

downward
off his
rumbling and
Plissken races down the hill, but the mudslide cascades like a freight train, catches up with him, sweeps him feet... and Plissken goes riding down the hill, sliding in the mud.

EXT. STAND OF TREES - NIGHT

spreads out,
out of the
the
the treeline

The mudslide hits a flat area near a stand of trees,
slows. A completely mud-covered, black Plissken climbs
goo. He's dripping with it. His one good eye shines in
moonlight. He takes a couple steps toward the edge of
when...

A VOICE (SPINAL) (V.O.)

Shut-up, fuck! Stop makin' noise!

leader of
spurs, black
rifle. He looks

Plissken spins. He's standing right next to SPINAL, the
the Black Cowboy Gang. Dressed in black, boots with
duster, black cowboy hat, he carries an automatic
just like Charles Barkley.

small army
ambush.

Plissken looks around, realizes he's in the middle of a
of Black Cowboys, crouched behind the trees, waiting in
Covered with mud, Plissken blends right in.

SPINAL

Take cover, fool.

Plissken jumps behind a tree, looks down the hillside.

PLISSKEN'S POV - THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

is on

Below his position is the Hollywood Bowl. A huge cross
stage, and the cross is on fire.

CLOSER - HOLLYWOOD BOWL

of the
stage, a
concerto.

A group of white hooded men, the K.K.K., stand in front
burning cross holding a ceremony. Next to the cross on
hooded K.K.K. string quartet begins playing a Hayden

Plissken reacts.

SPINAL

Let's take him.

others A Black Cowboy raises his M79 grenade launcher, as the quickly race down the hillside. He fires.

THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

trail as it A 40mm armor-piercing grenade leaves a blazing fire rockets toward the burning cross and - KABLAMMO! A fireball blows pieces of the cross into the air. The K.K.K. spin around...

attacking from A blast of lightning illuminates the Black Cowboys the hills. They open fire. A K.K.K. Grand Dragon is picked off his feet, buffeted in mid-air, flesh and robe shredded by gunfire. A hail of bullets hits the K.K.K. They return fire, but are overwhelmed. They are hit, jerking and twisting. Fire from the Black Cowboys is withering, racking the hooded figures like bolts of lightning. The Black Cowboys keep advancing, firing, as it starts to rain again.

firefight Through the cloudy wash of dribbling rain water, the seats and continues. Four K.K.K. leap out from behind a row of blinding jump Plissken, knocking his gun to the ground. In a flash, using hands, feet, and head, Plissken sends them flying. As he reaches down to pick up his submachine gun, he sees that the rain is washing the mud off his body...

Plissken is AND SO DOES SPINAL, who stands nearby, watching as washed clean by the rain. Spinal raises his weapon, then stops.

SPINAL

Hey. I know you. Snake Plissken.

Behind
into the

Plissken slowly stands, his submachine gun in his hand.
them, the firefight is almost over. The K.K.K. scatter
rain...

SPINAL

Hey, what's going down, Snake?

PLISSKEN

I'm looking for somebody.

SPINAL

Who ain't?

south of

Plissken pulls out his tracer. It is blipping red, just
the Bowl.

SPINAL

Say, is it true what they say about
Cleveland, man?

rain...

Plissken doesn't answer. He moves on through the

SPINAL

Later, Snake. Thanks for the help. You can
always shift down and mojo with us
anytime.

EXT. VINE AVENUE - NIGHT

stopped
street. In the

The ruins of the Capital Records building. The rain has
again. Plissken is a lone figure walking along the
distance, the sound of thumping music.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD AT HIGHLAND - NIGHT

"Love is
street. It's
gangs
traffic.

Pandemonium! Music blares. It's the old Supremes hit,
Like An Itchin' In My Heart." Crowds dance in the
like a block party. Black, Latino and Native American
celebrate. Plus the usual Hollywood Boulevard street

stand under
now reads:

**"SAFE SEX", "NO CONDOMS NEEDED", "POLYPROPYLENE
ORIFICES",
"SATISFACTION GUARANTEED"**

Plissken moves through the carnival. Gorgeous hookers
the marquee of the ruined Chinese Theater. The marquee
One of the hookers struts in front of Plissken.

CLOSEUP - THE HOOKER

polypropylene
outward like a
kissing the
rises.

Opening her mouth, she gives a sensuous puff. A
orifice attached to the inside of her lips expands
small, pink balloon. She sucks it back in and puckers,
air. Plissken turns, as the sounds of car engines

HIS POV - COMING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

them through,
watches...

... is a caravan of vehicles. The crowd parts to let
cheering insanely. Plissken ducks into an alley,

horseback lead
motorcycles - all
Boulevard.

The caravan passes Plissken's position. Two men on
a convoy of rumbling, fuming old cars, buses,
scarred and ripped and jerry-rigged - bumps down the

blonde-haired
polypropylene,

Plissken watches from his spot in the alley, as a
hooker joins him, rubs his arm. She has no
at least
none that we can see.

BLONDE HOOKER

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

PLISSKEN

What's going on?

BLONDE HOOKER

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

Plissken grabs the hooker.

PLISSKEN

What's happening?

BLONDE HOOKER

Easy, man, easy. It's Cuervo Jones' gang.
Mescalito Justice. He's the big boss man
'round here tonight.

(whispers)

He's gonna take down the police and make
'em kiss his fine ass.

Plissken lets her go, stares...

HIS POV - A CADILLAC

wheels. ... is perched ten feet off the ground on monster truck

large Severed doll heads are glued all over the hood, and a
shards of glittering disco ball spins atop the roof, catching
light and flicking them back into the night...

least. And Behind the disco ball stands the real Cuervo Jones, at
lace underwear there next to him is Utopia. She's dressed in black
holds the and bra, garters and stockings. A Playboy fantasy. She
stands behind prototype. Delgado, Cuervo Jones' second-in-command,
her. He is huge and evil. Dressed like Pancho Villa.

cheers along Plissken stares as the Cadillac passes. The hooker
Plissken's with the rest of the crowd, and doesn't notice that
moved off...

Mescalitos Several motorcycles bring up the rear of the caravan.
bike passes, ride with their women slung behind them. As the last
the back of Plissken darts out of the alley, yanks the woman off
the cycle, jumps on.

ON THE MOTORCYCLE

The Mescalito biker turns to react...

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

around the
KAVROOM! Plissken guns the motorcycle and it roars off,
zooms
other bikers, toward the head of the caravan. Plissken
caravan...
along, makes the turn onto La Brea Avenue with the

EXT. LA BREA AND SUNSET BOULEVARDS - NIGHT

around the
As the caravan turns west onto Sunset, Plissken blasts
corner.

ON PLISSKEN

- chains,
up ahead.
Coming right behind him are four Mescalitos on Harleys
iron bars, and swords in their hands. Plissken stares

HIS POV - THE CADILLAC

on either
it with
gun and
holds on to
... is just a few feet away. Cuervo Jones and Utopia.
Plissken guns it when suddenly two Mescalitos pull up
side of him. One of them swings a chain. Plissken grabs
one hand, and with his other hand, aims his submachine
fires! The Mescalito and bike go flying, and Plissken
the chain.

gunfire. He
turns to see...

PLISSKEN

chain. Plissken
Then
As the other Mescalito riding behind him swings a
swings his. The two chains snap together, intertwining.

stop. The
his own
skids,
Cadillac.

Plissken squeezes his hand-brake. He screeches to a
Mescalito keeps going, and is yanked over backward by
chain, off the Harley. Finally the Harley flops over,
explodes. Plissken guns it again, takes off after the

They take
a sudden
rides on the
each other.

Two more Mescalitos pull up on either side of Plissken.
aim at him with their automatic rifles. Plissken pulls
wheelie, lifts the front of his bike up into the air,
back wheel. The two Mescalitos fire - directly into
They fall and their bikes go crashing to the pavement.

Mescalito on
bullet rips
swerves out of
back of the

Plissken surges the bike forward, coming up on a
horseback who turns and fires. Plissken ducks and the
through the rear tire. The tire blows and the bike
control. Plissken leaps from the bike and grabs the
saddle.

THE HORSE

wrestles for
wraps them
burst.
him off the

Plissken pulls himself up behind the Mescalito and
control of the mount. Plissken grabs the reins and
around the Mescalito's neck, squeezing until his eyes
Plissken slams his arm against the Mescalito, throwing
saddle, bouncing onto the pavement.

head,
finds it
ties the
biker.

Plissken gallops ahead, circling a lasso high above his
pounding down on a biker. The lasso takes flight and
mark, the biker's neck. Plissken pulls the lasso taut,
end to the saddle horn, rides his mount parallel to the

THE BIKE

biker off,
horse's rump.

With one quick yank to the lasso, Plissken pulls the
jumps on the bike and smacks the hell out of the

THE HORSE

neck.

Takes off down the street, dragging the biker by the

THE CADILLAC

behind. He
climbs up
of the car
next car...

Speeds up as Plissken moves up to the Mustang five cars
swings off the bike and jumps onto the trunk. Plissken
to the roof, leaps on the hood, then jumps to the trunk
in front - leapfrogging, jumping to the next car, the

MESCALITOS

keeps

Lean out their car windows, firing at him, but Plissken
moving toward the Cadillac...

SUDDENLY A HAND

submachine gun.

Reaches out a car window and grabs Plissken's
Plissken turns to snatch it back -

WHEN CUERVO JONES

roof.

Leaps from the Cadillac and takes Plissken down to the

CUERVO JONES

Snake Plissken.

grabs his
street,

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

A BOLAS-SWINGING MESCALITO

Comes roaring up on his bike, throws the bolas...

PLISSKEN

thunking him
As the bolas hit him, wrap around his neck, the balls
in the face, sending him flying...

rolls, and at
KAWHAP! Plissken hits the pavement hard. He skids,
rumbles away
last slams into the edge of the sidewalk. The caravan
Plissken's
down Sunset. The hand in the car window still holds
submachine gun.

Cuervo crouches on the roof, hissing at Plissken.

CUERVO JONES

Later, Snake. We finish it later.

PLISSKEN

Lies there for several beats, then climbs to his feet.

HIS POV - THE CARAVAN

... disappears up Sunset.

PLISSKEN

supermarket,
Stands alone in the deserted street. The ruins of a
cheap motels, liquor stores - all empty, desolate.

walkie.
He looks over to see the broken remains of his pocket

two 9mm
After a beat, he starts moving up Sunset, checking his
handguns, slipping them into their holsters.

EXT. SUNSET AND DOHENY - NIGHT

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

Plissken approaches the intersection. He carries
Utopia's compass

Then homing device. It is silent. The small screen's blank.
Plissken glances at his wrist watch.

CLOSE - WRIST WATCH

Three hours gone.

Sunset... Plissken stands for a moment, staring off down

VOICE (V.O.)

Snake Plissken, right?

He spins around.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

the stars Sits in an old beach chair on the sidewalk, a map to
thief, con sign in front of him. In his late 50's, he's a petty
his life. man. He's been hustling tourists and everybody else all

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Wow! Snake Plissken!

Grant on a Map To The Stars Eddie listens to WAYWARD WIND by Gogi
radio, small, metal-plated portable radio. He clicks off the
rises, walks over to Plissken.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You're a star in your own right, you know that? Hey, I'm Map To The Stars Eddie. How you doin'?

PLISSKEN

Where'd they go?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Man, I'd love to have your autograph, Snake.

and paper. He searches around in his pockets, comes up with pen

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I've been hearing about you ever since that New York deal back in the 90's.

You're one smooth operator.
(offers pen and paper)
Could you sign one to Wolf, one to Death's
Head, one to Slasher Smith...?

Plissken grabs him by the throat.

PLISSKEN

Where are they?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Who? You mean Cuervo Jones? He's the man
with the juice, Snake. Got the President's
daughter. Setting up a citywide truce. Big
doings.

Eddie's

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

PLISSKEN

Location.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo's got a place near Venice, where
the big birds fly. Nice digs, too. I've
been there, y'know.

the device

Plissken releases him, as suddenly the tracer beeps. On

Plissken sees a small red pulsing dot. West.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Nice little gizmo you got there.
(whispers conspiratorially)
Look, Snake. I've got connections in this
town. You need something, I'm your man.

Boulevard

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey - you can't go there, Snake. You can't
walk through Beverly Hills.

Plissken's figure disappears...

EXT. SUNSET - SIGN - NIGHT

dripping red

The old Beverly Hills sign. It's been painted over in letters: "QUIET - SURGICAL ZONE - STAY OUT"

completely dark

Plissken ignores the sign, keeps walking down a Sunset Boulevard.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Sunset. Now

Plissken walks past the once-beautiful mansions along they are dark, ruined.

CLOSER - BEVERLY HILLS MANSION

flesh of the window is discolored

As a twisted, mechanical hand sewn awkwardly to the wrist pulls aside a window curtain. The face behind the in shadows, but we can just make out its pale, features. The other hand brings up a walkie-talkie...

SENTRY

(into walkie)
Specimen moving west on Sunset.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUNSET AND BEVERLY DRIVE - NIGHT

Beverly Drive. to his

Plissken moves into the intersection of Sunset and The ruins of the old Beverly Hills Hotel are ahead and right. He stops, stares down Sunset...

HIS POV - A FIGURE

Strange, a pale face lifts.

Emerges from the shadows. This is the gatekeeper. mismatched body parts. A black-skinned arm attached to white body. His face is unnaturally smooth - too many He carries a torch.

GATEKEEPER

Halt!

(beat)
Where are you going?
(no reply)
Are you here for the auction?

BEHIND PLISSKEN

with
torsos, female
with large,
Figures have suddenly moved out into the street, all
mismatched body parts - heads too large for their
body parts mixed with male heads, all sewn together
uneven stitches. Plissken is surrounded.

GATEKEEPER

Welcome to Beverly Hills.

a figure
Plissken raises his gun, starts to move, when suddenly
rises behind him out of the shadows...

A MULTI-COLORED FLESH HAND

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

ON PLISSKEN'S HEAD

THUNK! He goes out like a light.

figures move for
amazing speed
As Plissken slumps unconscious to the street, the
him. Their arms lock around him, drag him away with
- a pack of wolves on a deer.

CLOSEUP - PLISSKEN - NIGHT

It's
Plissken bolts awake, to find himself tied to a cross.
lurching back and forth as though the ground is moving.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

by a throng
tatters.
raggedly.
Plissken is being carried down Rodeo Drive on the cross
of surgical failures. They carry torches. Dressed in
Their faces look only partially human sewn together

once
shambles.
ice.

Rodeo Drive is a bizarre marketplace of body parts. The beautiful storefronts of famous designers are now in Human body parts are on display like filets of fish on

parts and
together
runs down the

Gucci now offers body pieces fashioned from spare car Armani displays more eclectic, high priced pieces sewn like sculptures in their windowfronts. A giant rift street's center. Acrid smoke rises.

cross is
intersection

The throng stops at an intersection, and Plissken's anchored in the middle of the street. Surrounding the are patients of every size, age, sex.

up and
this cross.
princess.
of around

Plissken looks over, sees another cross being carried planted right next to his. A beautiful girl is tied to This is TASLIMA, 20's, Iranian, the face of a Persian She's dressed in black leather, and basically has an IQ 50.

TASLIMA

Hi, Snake. It's so great to meet you. My name's Taslima. I'm a fan of yours.

PLISSKEN

Are you crazy?

TASLIMA

A little bit. But pretty soon I'm gonna be dead. So are you, Snake.

the once
facialists
wielding

Plissken looks across the street. Out of the ruins of famous red door of Elizabeth Arden come an arm of women with acid-burned faces from one-too-many skin peelings knives, saws, horrible-looking carving instruments...

TASLIMA

I can't believe I got caught.

(sighs)
I run with Midnight Jihad. Iranian gang.
Only they kicked me out, cause I screw up
sometimes. I forget stuff.

Plissken struggles with his bonds.

TASLIMA

I left my boyfriend's place tonight, took
a wrong turn...
(sighs again)
Oh, Snake, I'm really kind of out of it
sometimes.

OUT OF THE RED DOOR come more interns and nurses
carrying surgical
parts. pans and pushing gurneys to collect dismembered body

surround
the
from Plissken
into place
their
meat.
The throng of facialists, patients, interns and nurses
Plissken and Taslima on the crosses. They move back to
sidewalks as the auction for body parts cut freshly
and Taslima is about to begin. The gurneys are wheeled
and set up as large cutting tables. The facialists take
positions behind the tables waiting to carve fresh

PLISSKEN

What are they?

TASLIMA

They live here, used to be like us. But
after too many silicon implants, their
muscles turned to jelly. The only way they
survive is to have body parts transplanted
over and over again.
(whispers)
Snake, nobody who comes into Beverly Hills
gets out alive.

PLISSKEN

No screamin' shit.

TASLIMA

Oh no, it's the Doctor.

PLISSKEN

Who?

TASLIMA

The Surgeon General of Beverly Hills.

THE DOCTOR, THE SURGEON GENERAL OF BEVERLY HILLS

Steps out into the street. He appears incredibly
gorgeous, a hunk of a man, put together by the finest body parts
available in Beverly Hills - a millennium Fabio - but upon closer
examination, he's got no lower jaw. Instead, there is a rusting
metal grid-work attached beneath each ear. It never moves. He can
actually speak through a metal box attached to his windpipe.

THE DOCTOR

Stands in front of them. He raises his hands to quiet
the crowd. He walks around the cross, admiring the beautiful
bodies before him. He tickles the fine flesh with his right hand,
which is made up of 10 gleaming scalpels which form a 360 degree
cutting edge.

THE DOCTOR

I've never seen more beautiful specimens.
There will be no auction tonight. These
body parts will go to those who need them
the most.

The crowd gumbles.

PLISSKEN

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

The doctor raises his gleaming scalpel hand and steps
toward Plissken.

THE DOCTOR

What a beautiful blue eye. It's a shame

you only have one.

positions it
he is face
Plissken's good

A nurse brings over a small step-ladder. The doctor in front of Plissken, slowly climbs up the rungs until to face with him. The doctor looks ready to pluck eye from its socket with his scalpel tips.

FFFTTT! Plissken spits the mouth dart!

forehead. He
falls

WHACK! The dark hits the doctor squarely in the freezes, his scalpel hand raised, his eyes clouding. He forward.

hits the
cut!

The scalpel hand swings, misses its mark, and instead rope tied around Plissken's wrist. WHATCK! The rope's

cuts his other
backward off

Plissken grabs the scalpel hand with his free hand, hand and legs loose in a flash and pushes the doctor the step-ladder.

the same time

WHUMP! Plissken falls to the intersection, almost at as the doctor hits the pavement.

their doctor

The patients are stunned. Motionless. They stare at lying in the street, moaning, moving slightly.

Snake starts to run...

TASLIMA

Snake, help me.

SNAKE

Why?

TASLIMA

I don't know.

Taslima

Almost on a whim, Plissken cuts her free. Then he runs. follows him.

Plissken heads toward a side street, looks over his
shoulder, sees
Taslima following...

PLISSKEN

Don't follow me.

TASLIMA

You need help.

PLISSKEN

Like hell I do.

Then Plissken comes to a dead stop.

HIS POV - DOWN THE STREET

Plissken,
cobblestone
street...
Comes a mass of patients right at him. Taslima grabs
pulls him with her. They take off down a dark
street...

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

horde gives
large
buildings.
Plissken and Taslima run as behind them the patient
chase. They stop at another small alley between two
buildings.

TASLIMA

Down this way.

They disappear into the small alley.

EXT. SMALL ALLEY - CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

buildings on
end - a 75
to Wilshire.
It's long and narrow and completely enclosed by the
either side. Suddenly Plissken and Taslima come to the
foot high four-story building blocking the passageway

PLISSKEN

This is a dead end.
(looks at her)
You took us into a dead end!

TASLIMA

I just thought you wanted to get away. I didn't know you wanted to go someplace.

KACLANK! They turn...

The doctor staggers down the alley, the dart still sticking from his forehead. Behind him, the patients follow...

Plissken shoves Taslima toward a broken window.

PLISSKEN

Go!

He follows Taslima through the window.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

Plissken and Taslima climb dilapidated stairs, move along the balcony railing. A torn and tattered Roy Lichtenstein painting hangs crooked on a wall. Twenty foot high bright red letters - "CAA" - lie strewn across the marble floor. Various offices are wrecked and dark, scripts lay all over the place. They stop at a dark hallway. Taslima moves cautiously ahead.

TASLIMA

Be careful of the bald cats. They live in these buildings.

PLISSKEN

The what?

Plissken reaches for his other 9mm in its holder, but his hands are trapped by the doctor's body. Closer and closer moves the claw dagger toward Plissken's good eye.

Taslima scrambles, picks up Plissken's 9mm, then stares at the two men.

PLISSKEN

(yelling)

Are you gonna stand there? Give me the gun!

doctor

He blasts

rolls away.

good

Taslina starts to hand it to him. Both Plissken and the fight to reach it. Finally, it's in Plissken's grasp.

three times - each one hitting. The doctor shudders,

Plissken gets to his feet. He blasts one more time for measure, then follows Taslima down the hallway...

INT. FIRST FLOOR - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

door.

They come down a flight of stairs, stop at the rear

PLISSKEN

How do we get out of here?

TASLIMA

Sewers. Come on.

She pushes open the door...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

of wails

Plissken and Taslima run from the building, as a chorus rises. Patients swarm around the building in pursuit.

Taslina stops at a sewer grate in the street.

TASLIMA

Down there.

by

Plissken lifts the grating. Taslima jumps in, followed

Plissken...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

down the

patients, giving

Dim, greenish light. Plissken and Taslima begin running sewer tunnel. Through the hole behind them drop

storm drain
tunnel, and
patients
chase. Plissken and Taslima race through a half-filled
seeping with slime. They turn a corner into another
run smack into a horde of patients. Instantly, the
overpower them. Hands reach out and drag them down...
Suddenly, from down the tunnel comes an unearthly
sound, a weird
underworld. It
screaming
disappear, escaping
gets louder and louder. The patients freeze, then begin
and, as the sound gets louder still, they all
back down the tunnel.

FROM DOWN THE TUNNEL

moment.
An eerie light appears, coming nearer and nearer every

TASLIMA

Snake - what is it?

PLISSKEN

How the hell am I supposed to know? This
is your damn city.

eye -
growing
with a
Slowly, the light takes form. It is a single, gigantic
floating in pitch-black darkness. It continues coming -
larger and larger. Suddenly the sewer begins to echo
blasting, ringing sound. Music!

It's incredibly LOUD SALSA MUSIC!

From out of the tunnel drives an ancient golf cart.

an
music
sides of
dressed in
mask. A lariat
On a metal pole in front is a huge, lighted eye such as
optometrist might use to advertise his services. Salsa
blares at top volume from loudspeakers strapped to the
the cart. At the wheel of the vehicle is a large man
jeans, cowboy boots and a flak vest, wearing a gas

is hooked to his belt.

motor and the
down. He

He pulls up near Plissken and Taslima, shuts off the
music, lifts a shotgun from the seat beside him, climbs
holds the gun on them.

PENDEJO
He takes off
looks like

Removing his head gear, his face becomes visible. He is
BOB, a Mexican wearing sunglasses under the gas mask.
the sunglasses, and his apparently blind in one eye. He
Los Lobos' lead guitarist.

PENDEJO BOB

What're you doing in here?

PLISSKEN

Looking to get out.

PENDEJO BOB

Good. I want you out. This is my sewer.

PLISSKEN

Which way?

Plissken.
spotlight.

With a grunt of curiosity, Pendejo Bob moves up to
Suddenly his blind eye flashes on like a tiny, built-in
With it, he examines Plissken's face.

PENDEJO BOB

You're Snake Plissken.

TASLIMA

Yes. Isn't he cool?

extinguished.

There is a clicking sound and the lighted eye is
Pendejo Bob extends his hand.

PENDEJO BOB

An honor, Snake. Amigo. They call me
Pendejo Bob.

and

Plissken doesn't shake. From down the tunnel the shouts
footfalls of the patients gets closer...

PENDEJO BOB

Those damn patients are coming back. You'd better climb aboard.

Plissken and Taslima climb into the rear of the golf cart. Pendejo
Bob spins the cart, takes off in the other direction.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

The golf cart streaks along through a dark sewer passage. The only
light comes from the eye on the front of the vehicle.

PENDEJO BOB

I use the eye and the music to scare em off. They're so whacked out, man, it works great. Chased a whole bunch of em right off the edge there a few months ago.

He points to a sheer, pitch-black drop-off on one side of the
passage.

TASLIMA

(she peers over the side)
How far down does it go?

PENDEJO BOB

Don't know - never do hear em land.
Earthquake opened it up.

The golf cart creaks into a narrow tunnel...

INSIDE THE TUNNEL

Guards, Hispanics in biker denims, fatigues, with rifles and
sunglasses, line the walls. They watch as the golf cart
passes. Up
ahead is a door marked: "SEWAGE RECLAMATION CONTROL"

INT. SEWER RECLAMATION CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The cart pulls into the remains of a mammoth underground control
center. It's lined with ladders, catwalks, machines full of gauges
and levers. A few are still working - most are broken and covered

with dust and grime.

children,
over open
weapons, lots of
cannons, grenade
are stacked

Filling the room is an underground enclave: Men, women,
all Hispanic, living in tents and lean-to's, cooking
fires next to old rusted cars on blocks, lots of
sunglasses. Also, high-tech, futuristic rifles,
launchers - an amazing arsenal. Crates of explosives
everywhere.

The golf cart comes to a stop and they get off.

PENDEJO BOB

I own this whole place. Used to work here
in the old days. I was right in this room
when the big one hit. What a mess. We were
waist high in shit.

(turns proudly to them)

Everybody else ran, but not me. I stayed
at my post. Now it's all mine. I brought
my whole family, my amigos, down here to
live with me.

TASLIMA

Gun runners.

PENDEJO BOB

Hey, it's a living, baby.

PLISSKEN

Why don't you get out of L.A.? Take a boat
to China, take an airplane to Brazil?

(looks at Taslima)

Earthquakes, death, shit. Why do you stay?

TASLIMA

I don't know. Somehow, I just can't leave.

PENDEJO BOB

Y'know, L.A.'s not such a bad place,
Snake. We got our problems, sure - but
this is paradise, man.

conspiratorially to
Plissken.

Pendejo Bob leans in close and whispers

PENDEJO BOB

Say, you need anything, Snake? Guns? Explosives? I can get you a crate of hellfire grenades, no problem - five hours.

PLISSKEN

Yeah. So how do I get to Venice?

PENDEJO BOB

All the sewers are collapsed under Venice. You have to go topside. Right up there.

into the
the other,

He leads Plissken and Taslima to a ladder that goes up darkness. A line of men steadily climb up, one after carrying crates of weapons.

PENDEJO BOB

Comes out near the Santa Monica Freeway. Just follow the signs. Get off at the Lincoln Exit, turn left.

up the

Pendejo Bob interrupts the line of men. Plissken starts ladder, followed by Taslima...

PENDEJO BOB

Nice to meet you, Snake. You too, Miss. You're welcome down here anytime. Anytime at all.

EXT. STREET UNDER SANTA MONICA FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

grate.
out of the
cars in

Plissken, gun in hand, sticks his head out of the open Taslima follows. The Hispanic men who have climbed up sewers load their weapons crates into various low-rider heavily-armed groups. They rumble off into the night.

Taslima points to a freeway on-ramp.

TASLIMA

The freeway's over there. But, Snake - I don't think it's such a good idea.

move.

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

TASLIMA

The freeways are dangerous.

He keeps walking.

TASLIMA

Goodbye, Snake.

Plissken stops, turns back, looks at her - a half-smile. It's as close to 'thank you' as he gets.

TASLIMA

Sun's coming up in a few hours.

She walks up to him.

TASLIMA

UV's gonna be bad today. I have a friend who's got a place near here. We can crash there if you want, Snake.
(she moves close to him)
I'd love to take care of you. Make you feel good.

Without an answer Plissken turns and walks away...

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - NIGHT

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

Plissken walks up the on-ramp, onto the freeway. He strides past rows of junked cars. A few of them have people inside...

There is a Mercedes rusted to its frame, its driver an 80-year-old in sunglasses, drinking from a bottle. A pickup truck full of old illegal aliens packed in like sardines. Someone cooks from a barbecue grill. An RV. An old man sits in the opened doorway, staring at Plissken as he passes. Two old ladies in housecoats stare at him through the windows.

ready... CLICK, CLICK! A sound behind Plissken. He spins, 9mm

It's Taslima, running to catch up with him.

TASLIMA

I changed my mind. I'm going with you,
wherever you're going.

PLISSKEN

(gestures to the cars)
What the hell is this?

TASLIMA

The freeway.

PLISSKEN

I know that. There are people in some of
these cars.

TASLIMA

It's where they live. I guess after
everything happened, they just needed to
do what they'd always done before. During
the daytime, they just pull down the
shades on their windows and sleep.

Plissken continues walking. Taslima catches up...

TASLIMA

What are you gonna do in Venice?

PLISSKEN

Find Cuervo Jones.

TASLIMA

No! Stay away, Snake. He's mucho muerte.

Plissken Suddenly a shot rings out. Taslima is struck and falls.
drops between the cars and crawls over to her.

TASLIMA

Run, Snake...They're coming.

PLISSKEN

Who?

She touches his hand and looks at him softly.

TASLIMA

I don't know.

Taslina dies. Plissken stares at her for a moment.

More shots ring out - landing very close to him.

FREEWAY EMBANKMENTS

dozen
them grinds
machine gun.
his back.

From out of the heavy bushes along the freeway storm a
Mescalitos moving quickly - firing as they go. Behind
an ancient garbage truck mounted with a 50-caliber
Atop the truck is Delgado. He wears a flame thrower on

PLISSKEN

All around
the

Returns fire, rolls under a car and begins crawling.
him people jump out of their cars, begin firing back at
Mescalitos.

THE GARBAGE TRUCK

toward him.

Smashes through a rusting Volkswagen, heading straight

PLISSKEN

Reaches the edge of the freeway, dives for the bushes.

AS THE GARBAGE TRUCK

the people

Roars past, firing into the vehicles on the freeway,
running, screaming...

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

bursts onto a
Plissken

Clawing his way through the undergrowth, Plissken
side street. Behind him come the Mescalitos on foot.
runs, firing back every step of the way...

AHEAD ON THE STREET

screeches

Suddenly, in the blowing mist in front of him, a car

convertible.
Satellites.

into view. It's a perfectly restored, 1966 Cadillac
Candy-apple red. The stereo blasts "Last Night" by the
And behind the wheel is Map To The Stars Eddie.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hop in, Snake!

THE UNDERGROWTH

the machine
flying
into the
Stars Eddie

As the garbage truck bursts through. Delgado is behind
gun, blasting away, burning up the street. Bullets are
everywhere as Plissken runs to the Cadillac and dives
back seat. He's still not fully inside when Map To The
roars away in a blaze of rubber and smoke.

DELGADO

Takes aim with his flame thrower... KAWHOOSH!

A GIANT TONGUE OF FLAME

streaks down
swerves

Shoots out from the nozzle like a flaming spear. It
the street, just missing the tail of the Cadillac as it
around a corner...

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Plissken climbs

Map To The Stars Eddie races along a dark street.
into the front seat.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Snake - that was great. They almost
burned your ass off!

Plissken is
sidewalks.
Finally,

Map To The Stars Eddie drives like Satan himself.
almost thrown out as they spin around curves, up onto
Delgado and the garbage truck can't keep up with them.

Eddie slows

the Mescalitos are left far behind as Map To The Stars
down to a cruise of 70.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Too many people know where you're going,
Snake. That's not good. Delgado and his
men were back there waiting for you.

PLISSKEN

Delgado?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo Jones' right-hand man. One tough
hombre. You don't understand, Snake.
Cuervo Jones wants to unify the island.
We're on the move, man. Big time.

EXT. DARK INTERSECTION - NIGHT

two old

The Cadillac smashes through an intersection, knocking
junked cars out of the way.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

ear.

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

PLISSKEN

Stop the damn car.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

No way.

PLISSKEN

I said pull over.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

All right. Anything for you, Snake.
(beat)

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

Plissken lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN

Where is it?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Right over there.

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

ON THE DASHBOARD

A small panel in front of Plissken flips down, revealing a two-inch machine gun barrel. Before he can do anything, four rounds rip straight into his chest, blasting him into the seat.

PLISSKEN

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

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Pretty neat, huh? This is Cuervo's car. He lets me use it sometimes.
(looks at Plissken)
Not to worry, Snake. You were just shot with a fun-gun. You feel it?

Plissken gulps for air.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Pure mesh, man. 100-proof artery choker.

Plissken slumps back, collapses in the seat.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Like Cuervo says, when the hit pulls you down to one inch from death, that is living, man.

PLISSKEN'S POV - THE DRUG

devastated Kicks in hard. Surreal colors float through the dark, streets of Venice.

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You should've talked to me first, Snake. I could've set this whole thing up. I'm actually Cuervo's agent, you know.

Stars Eddie's As Plissken sags, losing consciousness, Map To The voice begins to fade...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

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

ON PLISSKEN'S FACE

As the world crashes to black!

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL LAX - NIGHT

architectural identity Like a giant, scorched daddy-long-legs, the of the LA airport rises above the empty parking lot littered with the skeletal remains of burned-out cars and airport shuttles. The wrecks of old 747s lie twisted and bent across the tarmac.

BEHIND IT

the former Surrounded by Mescalitos with torches and guns, sits Bradley Terminal defaced with graffiti, the sign now reading:

"MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL"

PLISSKEN'S GOOD EYE

Opens. Looks around fuzzily.

INT. MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL - NIGHT

lies in the
surrounded by

He is in Cuervo Jones lair. Huge. Torch-lit. Plissken
center of the room, chained to a treadmill. He is
Mescalitos.

equipment.
gathered
Academy Awards

In one corner of the room is lots of high-tech
Computers. A VR simulator. Most of the Mescalitos are
around a big screen TV. They watch the 207th Annual
from Carefree, Arizona.

Eddie

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Come on, Cuervo. I delivered him, didn't
I? All I'm asking for is what you
promised.

CUERVO JONES

We'll see.

awake.

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

CUERVO JONES

Carrot juice?
(no response)
Laced with tequila, Snake. Good for you.
No?
(no response)
Your health.

head,

Cuervo Jones downs the carrot juice. Plissken lifts his
grimaces. Sweat pours down his face. He gasps for air.

CUERVO JONES

You're coming out of it, Snake. It hurts
real bad.
(beat)
That's good.

He kneels down next to Plissken.

CUERVO JONES

Dying isn't good enough for you. You need pain. You'll never make it to where you want to go without a little pain.

He stands, considers Plissken for a moment.

CUERVO JONES

Snake Plissken. American outlaw. So typical of American idealism. The old west, Snake.

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

CUERVO JONES

Man against the sky. The individual. Freedom. No wonder they hate you so much in America, Snake. You remind them of what they used to be.

huge courtyard Cuervo Jones walks to a door, opens it. Beyond is a filled with people - families, teenage runaways, the elderly, illegal aliens, orphans - people with nowhere to go. They are being fed and cared for by Mescalitos.

CUERVO JONES

Here is the real L.A., Snake.

Plissken lifts his head to see.

CUERVO JONES

The poor. The old. The lost. People without hope.

He crosses back to Plissken...

CUERVO JONES

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

(beat)

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

-

(smiles)

Now it's their turn.

carefully He gestures to his men, who move to Plissken and begin

unlocking him from the treadmill.

Still wobbly, Plissken crawls to his feet...

Still dressed
She still
As Utopia comes bounding up from the big screen TV.
in her racy underwear, she gives Cuervo Jones a kiss.
carries the prototype with her.

UTOPIA

Cuervo! LaToya Jackson just won Best Actress.

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

UTOPIA

You said I could hold it.

expected.
Plissken.
He yanks it out of her hands, more violently than she
Recovering, she casts a contemptuous glance at

UTOPIA

Who's that?

CUERVO JONES

You never heard of Snake Plissken?

Utopia takes a couple steps closer, squints.

UTOPIA

He doesn't look like his picture.
(frown)
I bet he's fake.

CUERVO JONES

Now go get dressed. We have things to do.

UTOPIA

Are we going to eat soon? I'm starved.

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

UTOPIA

Ooww!

CUERVO JONES

Go on now. Do as I say.

terminal.
Plissken watches as Utopia walks away, out of the

CUERVO JONES

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

(smiles)

Given her love, Snake. Everybody needs
love.

close.
He moves slightly closer to Plissken - though not too

CUERVO JONES

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

(holds up the prototype)

We're gonna rule the world. Come with us,
Snake.

Plissken says nothing. His good eye glares.

CUERVO JONES

No? Too bad. Well, I told you we'd finish
it later. So guess what? It's later.

away...
He motions to his men, who grab Plissken and drag him

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

filled with
and Plissken
The baggage claim area is an industrial wasteland
machinery and hanging cables and wires. A door opens
is hurled in. The door slams shut.

when a man
Plissken stands a moment, trying to get his balance,
steps out of the shadows. It is Delgado.

DELGADO

You're mine now, Snake. All mine.

huge gleaming
Delgado slowly moves towards Plissken, swinging two

at his machetes around his head. Plissken steps back, glances
wrist watch. 4 hours and 20 minutes gone.

PLISSKEN
Shit.

He just Plissken looks up as Delgado flings a machete at him.
barely dives out of the way, rolls on the floor...

Delgado charges toward him, machete poised like a
bayonet.

Plissken rips off an edge guard from the baggage
carousel and wings it at Delgado. The machete is blocked with a
direct hit. KA-

CLANG!

Delgado is thrown sideways. Plissken runs, launches
himself through the air, twisting his body sideways, and lands
a hard kick right in Delgado's face. Delgado goes sprawling. One of
the machetes CLANKS to the floor...

Plissken grabs the machete, just as Delgado rises...

WHOOSH! Plissken's arm is a blur as he throws...

THUMP! The machete sticks out of Delgado's chest. He
looks down at it in horror, then crumbles to the floor.

EXT. MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL - NIGHT

The caravan is starting up again. Wearing hot pants, a
tank top and full-length mink coat, Utopia is escorted up a
ladder by Cuervo Jones to the opened door of the Cadillac perched
up on those monster truck wheels. The other Mescalitos mount
up in their cars and motorcycles, and roar away from the terminal.
Above, on top of the terminal, see a figure move.

TOP OF MESCALITO JUSTICE HALL

it over the
side...

PARKING LOT - A MESCALITO GUARD

the wire
Stands watching the caravan pull away. He doesn't see
dangling behind him, and Plissken shinnying down it.
Beat. Beat.

himself to the
WHACK! Plissken takes him out with one blow, lowers
ground, takes his rifle.

caravan.
Plissken quickly moves down the dark street after the

EXT. THE FORUM - NIGHT

into a vast
sports
still pour
Cuervo Jones' caravan comes rolling down Manchester,
parking lot toward the Forum. Portions of the gigantic
arena have been damaged in the earthquake, but crowds
into the entrances.

Jones,
The caravan pulls up at the Forum Club entrance. Cuervo
Utopia, Map To The Stars Eddie and the others enter.

AS PLISSKEN

Approaches, ducks behind an old junked car.

THE FORUM - DAMAGED WALL

Forum, crawls
Plissken sneaks up to a crumbled, broken wall of the
inside through a large crack...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - THE FORUM - NIGHT

rooms. Hear
a door,
Plissken's in the backstage area, near the locker
cheering from the main arena. Slowly Plissken moves to
opens it, steps out...

INT. FORUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

the dingy
The cheering is louder as Plissken makes his way along
hallway.

Now the sound of gunfire from someplace up ahead.
Plissken tenses.

Suddenly from down the hallway come two Black Muslims
carrying a
body on a stretcher. As they pass, Plissken notices the
body is
wearing a bloody basketball uniform full of bullet
holes.

He moves forward...

INT. FORUM ARENA - NIGHT

Plissken peers into the main arena. A basketball game
is underway.
The Korean Dragons sit on one side, the Black Muslims
on the
other. They cheer wildly for their respective teams.
Pipeline is
in the crowd, enjoying the game...

Plissken moves closer, among the crowd along the
baseline. The
whole place is lit by torches and clumsily-wired
lighting. Above
his head is the shot clock, slowly ticking down.

There's blood everywhere on the floor. The referees
wear bullet-
proof body suits and helmets. Trainers with stretchers
stand by.

THE SHOT CLOCK

Ticks down: 5 - 4...

A BLACK MUSLIM

Dribbles the ball towards the basket.

THE SHOT CLOCK

Ticks down: 3 - 2...

A whole row of Korean Dragons with rifles stand and take aim.

THE BLACK MUSLIM

Pulls up into a jump shot, releases the ball into the air. It sails through the basket just as the horn goes off, beating the 24-second violation.

The Black Muslim crowd cheers. The Korean Dragons sit down. Plissken watches...

CUERVO JONES, UTOPIA AND THE OTHERS

Moving through the seats on the Korean Dragon side of the court. Map To The Stars Eddie stands near the baseline, listening to the game on his silver portable radio...

THE REFEREE

Hands the ball to a Korean Dragon guard. The Korean Dragon dribbles the ball down court, into the corner and passes it off. The Korean Dragons can't get a shot off...

THE SHOT CLOCK

Above Plissken's head ticks down: 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1... HONK!

THE KOREAN DRAGON

Guard still has the ball - the shot clock horn has gone off - 24 second violation.

A whole row of Black Muslims with rifles stand up, take aim, and fire!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

falls dead on
his body

The Korean Dragon guard is riddled with bullets. He
the floor. The Trainers with stretchers quickly collect
and hurry off the court.

Ball boys quickly wipe up the blood with mops.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(sound of effect of breaking
glass)
Shot clock!

Love L.A."

The Black Muslim crowd is cheering and screaming! "I
begins playing on the loudspeaker.

whole lot
players,

The players wear do-rags and black uniforms that look a
like the black leather that Plissken wears. One of the
JAMAAL, notices Plissken.

JAMAAL

Hey - Snake Plissken, you knew my brother
Abdul. He was with you in Cleveland.

hand,

The other players react, greet Plissken, slapping his
thumping chests, high-fiving each other.

JAMAAL

Welcome aboard, Snake.

But Plissken pays no attention. He sees:

CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

of the

Sitting in the Korean Dragon section near the other end
court.

CLOSER - CUERVO JONES AND UTOPIA

a fierce
face.

Sit next to Xi-Ping, the leader of the Korean Dragons,
man with green and brown psychedelic camouflage on his

Cuervo Jones has

Utopia watches the game while the two men confer.
a firm grip on the prototype.

CUERVO JONES

The time is now. We are the strongest. If we go together, the others will come.

(beat)

We go for everything, Xi-Ping. But we go together. What do you say?

Xi-Ping nods. They clasp hands...

PLISSKEN

Realizes he's got to get to the other side of the court. He jumps into the huddle with Jamaal, peering at him with his one good, cold eye.

PLISSKEN

Your brother died owing me, so I'm taking it out in trade. I need a favor...

JAMAAL

Sure, Snake. Anything.

PLISSKEN

I need to get across the court now... without drawing attention to myself.

JAMAAL

Like you ain't gonna stick out like a sore thumb. But we'll do what we can, Snake. Use the clock. Screen and roll. Now let's kick some butt!

The players knock fists. Plissken puts on a do-rag. Yelling, they move onto the court, creating a shield for Plissken.

JAMAAL

(whispers)

You play much pick-up ball, Snake?

Plissken's watching Cuervo Jones and Utopia at the other end.

JAMAAL

Whatever happens, watch the shot clock, man.

The referee blows his whistle. A Black Muslim guard inbounds the ball. The game is underway.

team as cover. Plissken ducks down the court using the rest of his

They go into a set play.

Players use The game is a cross between basketball and kung-fu.
It's full slashing fists, spin-kicks, elbows and hard back-hands.
combat.

knocks him The Korean Dragon guarding Plissken chops him. Plissken
flat. No foul.

Utopia sees Plissken, nudges Cuervo Jones.

UTOPIA

It's that weird guy again.

Cuervo Jones grabs her and heads for the exit...

when Plissken sees this, stops playing, moves after them...
suddenly the basketball lands right in his hands!

JAMAAL

Snake! Shot clock!

THE SHOT CLOCK

Ticks down: 4 - 3 - 2...

take aim at A whole row of Korean Dragons with rifles stand up,
Plissken. Cuervo Jones watches expectantly...

The horn Plissken spins, executes a beautiful-looking jump shot.
sounds just as it leaves his hand...

THE BASKET

Swish. Nothing but net.

rifles, The Korean Dragons sit back down, put away their
henchmen disappointed. Cuervo Jones, Utopia, Xi-Ping and their
dashes quickly leave. The Black Muslims go crazy, and Plissken
toward one of the exits. He stops, sees...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

arena, hiding
crowd, grabs

With his portable radio, trying to get out of the
behind a crowd of Dragons. Plissken races through the
Map To The Stars Eddie.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Map To The
grabs him

Hey, Snake, man... Great shot!

Without hesitation, Snake whacks him across the jaw.
Stars Eddie goes down like a sack of laundry. Plissken
by the collar, drags him off toward an exit...

EXT. FORUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

the
of
Jones pulls

Cuervo Jones, Utopia, Xi-Ping and their men rush out to
caravan of waiting vehicles. Xi-Ping has his own armada
vehicles and an army of evil-looking guards. Cuervo
Xi-Ping aside.

CUERVO JONES

That man in black. He's very dangerous.

XI-PING

One eye?

CUERVO JONES

Yes. We gotta dump him.

XI-PING

What does he want?

CUERVO JONES

(glances at the prototype)
I'm betting the cops sent him in. Man, I
do not need this. I got a war to win.

ANOTHER EXIT - THE FORUM

night,
caravan start

As Plissken drags Map To The Stars Eddie out into the
crouches behind a row of cars, watches Cuervo Jones'

their engines.

Plissken shakes Map To The Stars Eddie, waking him...

PLISSKEN

Where are they going?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(groggy)

Oh, man... You didn't have to hit me,
Snake. I can help you.

To The

Plissken shoves the barrel of his pistol up against Map
Stars Eddie's temple.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Bankrupt City. The Happy Kingdom.

(beat)

Snake, Cuervo's hooked up with Xi-Ping. He
is primetime, man - Mister Bad News. The
rest of the city's joining up with 'em.

(beat)

You're shit outta luck, Snake.

large black

Plissken reaches into a pocket, comes out with the
clip, slips it on his 9mm pistol.

PLISSKEN

Not yet.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I could've helped you. We coulda made a
deal with Cuervo. If you'd listen...

The Stars

pavement...

Without looking, Plissken slams his elbow into Map To
Eddie's jaw with a WHACK! He flops unconscious on the

monster wheels,

moves after

Cuervo Jones' caravan led by that huge Cadillac on
moves away from the Forum toward an exit. Plissken
them, ducking behind the row of cars...

FORUM EXIST

The caravan picks up speed as it approaches the exit...

Cadillac moves
the rear of
spin like
reaches under
swings under
hand as
he raises
where the

Plissken appears behind an old truck, just as the
past him. He crouches on the balls of his feet, and as
the Caddy drifts closer, he springs...
And grabs on to the rear bumper. The monster wheels
huge, black scythes on either side of him. Plissken
the Caddy, finds a purchase on the undercarriage, and
the Cadillac. He hangs dangling above the street by one
the caravan pulls out onto Manchester. With the other
his 9mm and aims it at the undercarriage, right about
front seat should be...

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

through the
killing the
begins to
across the
fly
covering his face

The front seat explodes, bullets screaming upward
leather seats, tearing and shredding fabric and flesh,
driver and Xi-Ping instantly!
In the back seat sit Cuervo Jones and Utopia. The Caddy
swerve, the wheel spinning. Cuervo Jones lunges forward
seat and grabs it.
Under the Cadillac, Plissken continues to fire: BLAM,
BLAM, BLAM,
BLAM!
The front seat disintegrates. Metal, leather, padding
everywhere. Cuervo Jones ducks against the door,
with one hand, still grasping the wheel with the other.

KAWHUMP!

out of the

The entire front seat and floor underneath it fall down

driver and X- Cadillac and hit the street below. The bodies of the
Ping flop under the monster wheels.
Plissken swings over to the hole and pulls himself up
into the opening that used to be the front seat. Cuervo Jones
stares at him in total shock, but before he can speak...
Plissken rips the prototype out of his hands! Then
jumps into the back seat next to Utopia. Then grabs her and turns to
the side door. Cuervo Jones releases the wheel for a moment,
turns to grab Plissken...
with Utopia But Plissken opens the side door, kicks it wide, and
under his arm, slides across the seat...
... and sails out of the Cadillac...

CUERVO JONES

No!

a thud on Plissken and Utopia fly through the air, and land with
wildly. top of a Mescalito car as the Cadillac begins to swerve
control the Cuervo Jones grabs the wheel, desperately tries to
street, slams Caddy... but fails. The Cadillac careens off the
remains of a into the palm tree, spins around and crashes into the
hot dog stand.

ON THE ROOF OF THE MESCALITO CAR

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

UTOPIA

Lemme go...!

INSIDE THE MESCALITO CAR

the curb, The driver swerves, hits the brakes... and the car hops

slides along the sidewalk, burning rubber.

PLISSKEN AND UTOPIA

the hood...
to a stop,
heads, as the

Are thrown forward. They tumble off the roof... across
and land on the sidewalk in front of the car. They roll
as the car screeches to a stop, inches from their
caravan suddenly puts on its brakes.

massive traffic

Screaming tires. Cars jackknifing, spinning in a
collision...

a manhole

Cuervo Jones emerges from the remains of the Cadillac.
Plissken drags Utopia into the street, grabs the lid of
in the street, pries it up...

charges

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

CUERVO JONES

Kill him, kill him...!

the manhole
open fire! The
screaming hot

Plissken lifts Utopia to her feet, hauls her over to
opening, and dives inside... just as the Mescalitos
street around the manhole opening explodes with
lead...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

drain. He gets
through

Plissken and Utopia land in the half-filled storm
to his feet, pulls her with him, and heads off sloshing
the water. The sound of gunfire echoes above them...

EXT. MANCHESTER AVENUE

as Map To

Cuervo Jones and the Mescalitos charge the open manhole

The Stars Eddie appears groggily shuffling up the street from the Forum...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(grins to himself)
Good thinkin', Snake.

He heads off down the street...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Plissken and Utopia race along through the water. He literally has to drag her with him. They turn a corner, go down another slimy drain away from the main tunnel...

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

Utopia move The black belly of the sewer system. Plissken and along, slow as they come to...

THE SHEER, PITCH-BLACK DROP OFF

our One side of the passage, the same one we saw earlier on journey with Pendejo Bob.

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

Her feet reach the very edge.

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

Beat. Beat.

Plissken can't do it. He can't push her off.

pulls one He releases her, backs up, looks at the prototype, then aims... of his revolvers from its holster, cocks the hammer,

UTOPIA

My... father sent you... didn't he?
(beat)
He sent you to kill me...

Plissken raises the pistol. She's dead in his sights.

UTOPIA

Didn't he?
(begins to cry)

But Plissken can't. He can't kill her. The toughest man
on planet
Earth can't kill this 17-year-old runaway.

PLISSKEN

Shit.

Plissken sags, clicks the hammer back, holsters the
gun. He stares
at her.

PLISSKEN

Get out of here.

Utopia wipes her eyes, confused, afraid.

PLISSKEN

I said go!

Slowly Utopia moves from the edge of the drop off,
starts away
down the tunnel, then stops, looks back at Plissken.
She stares at
the prototype in Plissken's hand...

UTOPIA

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

Plissken glances at the prototype, then at her.

PLISSKEN

What does this thing do?

UTOPIA

(her eyes grow wide)
No!

KABLAM!

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

He spins, drops the prototype...

of the ... as Map To The Stars Eddie emerges from the darkness
sewer tunnel. He holds a gun in one hand, aims...

KABLAM!

He fires again, hits Plissken's leg.

off, as Map Plissken staggers backward toward the edge of the drop
To The Stars Eddie moves quickly forward...

... and snatches the prototype from the wet floor.

wound. He Plissken's gun hand is useless, numb from the shoulder
hand, tries to slowly, painfully transfers the pistol to the other
raise it...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

So long, Snake.

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

Plissken spins, and dives off the edge...

... down into the drop off...

PLISSKEN'S BODY

down, straight Airborne. Falling through black space. Down, down,
darkness to hell below, until we can't see him anymore as the
swallows him up...

as Cuervo Map To The Stars Eddie steps to the ledge, looks down,
Jones and his Mescalitos slog up through the tunnel.

CUERVO JONES

Where is he?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

He jumped. Down there.

(beat)

He's dead, Cuervo. I did it. I killed
Plissken.

Cuervo Jones looks over the edge, at the silent blackness below.

Then he turns to Map To The Stars Eddie.

CUERVO JONES

Give it to me.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You said I could be Vice-President, Cuervo. Your right-hand man.

CUERVO JONES

(extends his hand)
Give it.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Sure, Cuervo, but look here. I've done it all, man. I killed Plissken, I got your girl back, I got it all. Just for you, Cuervo. Just for you.

Dead silence. Cuervo Jones stands with his hand extended. Finally
the
Map To The Stars Eddie gives up, starts to hand Cuervo

prototype...

... but slips on the wet floor...

... and drops the prototype with a CLANK!

CLOSE - PROTOTYPE

A red light comes on, blinks urgently.

PROTOTYPE VOICE

(tiny, filtered)

I am now armed and ready for use. Use extreme caution. The location of the effected blast area can only be determined by the orbital position of the SatStar Ring.

Slowly Cuervo
Everyone in the tunnel is frozen, unable to move.

into a
Jones picks up the prototype, stares at it, then breaks
smile...

CUERVO JONES

This is turning out to be my lucky day.
(stares coldly at Map To The

Stars Eddie)
Get this asshole outta here.

him back

Several Mescalitos grab Map To The Stars Eddie, pull
along the tunnel.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE
Cuervo, wait. Please...

off at the
viciously,

Cuervo Jones turns to Utopia, who stands numbly staring
drop-off. He walks over to her, then slaps her hard,
across the face.

Utopia reacts to the stinging slap.

UTOPIA
Cuervo...?

CUERVO JONES
You're my woman, you understand? You don't
let anybody take you away from me without
a fight.

UTOPIA
I tried...

CUERVO JONES
(in her face)
Nobody leaves Cuervo Jones. Not unless you
give your life. You fight till you're
dead. Then I forgive you.
(screams)
Understand?
(shakes her)
Understand?

UTOPIA
Yes...

He shoves her down the tunnel...

CUERVO JONES
Let's go.

The others follow them...

EXT. MANCHESTER AVENUE - NIGHT

As Cuervo Jones and Utopia emerge from the manhole cover, hear the sound of hundreds of helicopters rise.

CUERVO JONES

(looks up)

Look, baby. They're all mine.

POV - THE SKY

Above Manchester and the Forum is filled with helicopters. All models, all makes, mostly the older, discarded military Phoenix 14-bladed attack choppers that scream through the blackness like scythe-slashing robot bugs. They are on their way southeast, toward Orange County.

EXT. SKY VIEW OF L.A. BY NIGHT

Looking out at L.A. from above Mount Lee, see the Hollywood Sign, and wave after wave of helicopters thundering across the city.

ANGLE ON THE TWIN TOWERS OF CENTURY CITY

They're like buck teeth, sheered off and crumbling, stuck up in to the sky. Chopper roar overhead. A group of vagrants cluster around a camp fire on the top floor of one of the towers. They're watching a futuristic big-spin lotto on a large screen TV. The sound of the choppers brings them to the edge of the building - the walls of the floors beneath have been torn away. Desk, furniture, rugs, everything hangs out over the empty space.

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

Pandemonium. Troops, vehicles, helicopters, everything is in urgent motion. A loudspeaker voice blares:

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)

Full stage battle alert. All personnel to battle stations.

NIGHT

INT. HALLWAY INTO COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM -

into

Malloy, the President and Brazen charge down a hallway
Command HQ. The place is jumping. Full scramble alert.

MALLOY

A sky full of enemy choppers on radar.
Moving over the city to the southeast.

A COM Officer rushes up to Malloy...

COM OFFICER

Commander - massive vehicle and troop
movement on the ground. All major streets
leading to the southeast.

PRESIDENT

What're they doing?

Malloy looks at the President grimly.

MALLOY

Getting ready to invade.

PRESIDENT

(beat)
So where's Plissken?

DARKNESS

air...

Creaking. The WHOOSH of something swinging through the

A huge blue eye opens. Looks around.

DARKNESS

Plissken's boot is hooked in a twisted wire mesh...

DARKNESS

a long

And then Plissken swings like a pendulum, hanging from
strand of wire mesh attached somewhere above in the

blackness.

Plissken's eye blinks.

THE DARKNESS

pit of hell.
Begins to reveal details: slimy walls. Below, a black
Wind gushing.

And then a light stabs across the void...

CLOSE - PLISSKEN

... The light hits Plissken's good eye...

stands on a
howling pit.
The light is from inside the eye of Pendejo Bob. He
small ledge, at the mouth of a cave leading into the

PENDEJO BOB

Hey, Snake. You okay?
(unhooks the lariat)
I heard gunfire down here...
(begins to swing the rope)
Never been down this far before...
(swings the rope in a huge
arc)
Grab this.

the pit, and
Pendejo Bob tosses the lariat. The noose flies across
Plissken grabs it with his good hand.

PENDEJO BOB

Now hang on.

Pendejo Bob
rope
Plissken wraps his good hand and arm in the noose, as
jerks the line hard. Plissken is in mid-swing, and the
jerking pulls him abruptly in the opposite direction...

Plissken's boot slips out of the wire mesh...

line
dangles with
And Plissken falls like a brick, stops abruptly as the
catches, and swings against the side of the pit. He
only his one good arm holding on to the rope.

Plissken's
up the edge

Pendejo Bob pulls the line upward, straining against weight. Slowly Plissken rises, a tug at a time, hauled of the pit toward the cave above...

drain below
with his

... when suddenly he passes another opening, a storm Pendejo Bob. He swings into the drain, grasps the side hand, and pulls himself in...

the side of

Pendejo Bob stares down at his rope disappearing into the pit.

PENDEJO BOB

Hey, Snake...where are you?

off of him.
on weak
one hand.

Plissken crawls into the slimy drain, pulls the rope Ahead in the darkness is the rushing of water. He turns legs, back toward the pit behind him. Bleeding. Numb in His leg on fire.

PLISSKEN

(yells)

I'm in another opening... Storm drain...
There may be another way up to you...

water gets

Plissken crawls along the drain. The sound of rushing louder.

another
river.

He comes to the edge of the drain. Right below him is drain filled with water rushing through it like a

back toward
Booming. It's

Plissken is stuck. He turns, in great pain, and starts the pit... when suddenly everything starts shaking. a small earthquake, a pre-shock.

SNAP!

way, cracks,

Suddenly the concrete bottom on which he stands gives disintegrates...

is pulled
sight...
And Plissken falls backward into the rushing water, and suddenly downstream into the drain, disappearing from

PENDEJO BOB

Stands silently above, listening...

PENDEJO BOB

Snake...
(no reply)
Snake!

earthquake.
the
Booming. The whole pit shudders, shaking. Another Pendejo Bob drops the rope, turns and dashes away down vibrating storm drain...

EXT. STORM DRAIN - WILSHIRE CANYON - NIGHT

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

CLOSE ON THE EDGE OF THE DRAIN

As an arm shoots out, clutching the edges of the drain.

PLISSKEN

water-filled
focus his
rises
bearings.
Emerges from the hole, slides out, tumbles down to a canyon bottom. He lies there for a moment, trying to eye. Stabbing pain in his shoulder and leg. Finally he unsteadily to his feet, looks around, trying to get his He finds himself at the bottom of...

THE WILSHIRE CANYON

a river
least 30
and
Straight down Wilshire Boulevard is an enormous canyon, bottom gouged out of concrete in the big earthquake. At feet deep, it is a vast trough leading past skyscrapers

buildings above, off into the distance.

Plissken warily glances at his watch: 1 hour 10 minutes
to go.

Pipeline's Suddenly Plissken is struck by a pair of headlights.
sloshing through dune buggy comes bumping along the canyon bottom,
water, pulling up next to Plissken.

PIPELINE

Snake. Saw you at the game tonight. Great
shot.
(stares at him)
You look like shit.

Plissken hobbles over to the dune buggy as Pipeline
gets out.

PIPELINE

You feel those pre-shocks, Snake?

Pipeline unties the various surfboards he has lashed to
the rear of the buggy. He lifts one down and slings it under his
arm.

PIPELINE

Could be a big one comin' any minute
now...

PLISSKEN

Where's... Cuervo Jones...?

PIPELINE

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

PLISSKEN

Where?

PIPELINE

Anaheim. Headquarters for everything. The
whole town's gonna be there. Things
changin' fast around here, Snake. It's not
the same as the old days, man.

A thumping sound skyward. More choppers thunder over
them, on their way southeast. Plissken grabs Pipeline with his
good hand...

PLISSKEN

Take me there...

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

PIPELINE

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

(bends down, helps Plissken to his feet)

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

PLISSKEN

Who?

PIPELINE

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

Pipeline points down the canyon to the east.

PIPELINE

She's connected with the Black Cowboys, and they don't take shit from nobody...

canyon starts Suddenly that booming, shuddering rumble begins. The
to shake. The water in the canyon floor sloshes wildly.

PIPELINE

Yo', man. It's a big one.

The walls of And the earthquake hits like a roaring sledgehammer.
the canyon crack. Plissken and Pipeline are thrown to
the ground.

the quake. Skyscrapers above them on Wilshire rock and tremble in
garage caves in. Pieces of the building sheer off, fall. A parking

The canyon Thunder shakes the earth around Plissken and Pipeline.
boulder-sized floor splits open. Water pours into the cracks. Huge

chunks of concrete tumble down the canyon walls.

And then suddenly it all stops.

and
around them
The booming subsides. The earth stops shaking. Plissken
Pipeline get to their feet, look around. The water
continues to slosh about violently.

PIPELINE

Tsunami, Snake.

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

PIPELINE

Surf's up big time.

west
very bottom
were on
Now there is another deep sound rising, coming from the
behind them: A bass roar that slowly climbs from the
of the register upward, as if some massive wall of doom
its way...

Pipeline kneels, positions his surfboard in his hands.

PIPELINE

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

Plissken looks behind him...

POV - THE FRONT EDGE OF THE TSUNAMI

them. It is
like a
Is blasting down the Wilshire Canyon, coming right for
a 25-foot wall of ocean water, moving fast, bellowing
thunderclap.

moves over
Plissken sees he can't climb out of the canyon in time,
to Pipeline, kneels down...

PIPELINE

Let the front edge pick you up. Don't get

on your board till it peaks.

right for

Behind them, the tsunami slams along the canyon, coming
them.

PIPELINE

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

a cannon

feet... 25

The roaring is so loud it's like being on the inside of
barrel. The tsunami is 100 feet away... 75 feet... 50
feet... It rolls up right behind them...

PIPELINE

Hang on, Snake!
(yells)
YAAAAAAA!!!!

THE FRONT EDGE

push off

upward like a
they

Of the tsunami sweeps under them. Pipeline and Plissken
from the canyon floor just as the water shovels them
cow catcher on a train. The water sweeps them up until
disappear under the blackness...

riding on

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

on top of

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

Plissken is

of the

Pipeline,

They blast down Wilshire Canyon at 80 miles an hour.
wobbly on the surfboard, but he manages to stay on top
wave. Finally, he gets the hang of it, glances over at
who grins from ear to ear.

PIPELINE

Awesome, Snake. AWESOME, man!

Plissken looks up ahead...

HIS POV - MOVING THROUGH WILSHIRE CANYON

what's left
veers around
for

Five feet from street level. An old van speeds along
of Wilshire Boulevard, right on the canyon's edge. It
debris in the street, changes lanes suddenly, hell bent
leather.

as the

Plissken and Pipeline move closer and closer to the van
tsunami sweeps them along.

over...

Now they move alongside the van and Plissken stares

CLOSER - THE VAN

like a

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

Plissken's eye widens, burns.

PLISSKEN

(to Pipeline)
See you later.

surfboard tips
all the way
Stars Eddie

And suddenly Plissken shifts his weight, and the
and slides sideways, across the surface of the tsunami
over to the edge, right next to the van. Map To The
glances to his left...

HIS POV - PLISSKEN

Plissken tips

Is surfing the tsunami not 10 feet away from him.
Map To The Stars Eddie stares in absolute horror.
the board again, and slides another 5 feet closer...

AS MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Jams the pedal, and the van screams forward...

AS PLISSKEN

Stands up and leaps from the surfboard...

the van...
roof, hangs
rocking, bucking
throw

For a moment he is airborne, leaping across the gap to
and slams into the side of the van. He grabs on to the
on with one hand, his body whipping against the
side. Map To The Stars Eddie starts swerving, trying to
Plissken off.

EXT. VAN - WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

dangling
himself up

The van shoots back and forth across Wilshire, Plissken
inches from the tsunami-filled canyon. Plissken pulls
and crawls onto the roof...

INSIDE THE VAN

roof, reaches
forehead
over in
manages to steer
chunk of
from the
bumps along
accelerator,
driver's

Map To The Stars Eddie pulls his gun, cocks it...

When suddenly Plissken's hand snakes down from the
in the driver's window, grabs his hair, and slams his
into the steering wheel with a THOCK!

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

Plissken grabs the wheel with his left hand, and
the van from the roof. The van lurches wildly, hits a
concrete in the street, skids, fishtailing violently
impact. It smashes against the curb, screeches and
concrete.

Map To The Stars Eddie's foot is bumped right off the
and the van slows to a wobbling, grinding stop.

Plissken slowly climbs down from the roof, opens the

door, shoves Map To The Stars Eddie out of the way, and jumps in.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Plissken pulls out into the street and speeds off down Wilshire.

Map To The Stars Eddie starts to come around.

Plissken grabs his gun, cocks it, puts the barrel up against Map

To The Stars Eddie's temple just as he comes to.

PLISSKEN

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Sure, Snake. No problem.
(groggy)
You gonna kill me?

PLISSKEN

Later.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

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

PLISSKEN

Cease fire with the bullshit.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Right. Keep goin' straight. Two blocks down, turn right.

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN

camera, Cuervo Jones' image fills the screen. He addresses the camera, holds the prototype in his hands.

CUERVO JONES

Abandon your firebases by 0500 hours. Have the news media standing by for my coronation. I'm arriving in style.

PULL BACK from the TV screen to reveal we are in...

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

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

BRAZEN

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

PRESIDENT

That means CableNet has already picked it
up. This thing's going live all over the
country.

CUERVO JONES

(on the TV)

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

SSSZZZ. The image blinks off into static.

A grim silence.

MALLOY

The prototype appears to be armed, Mr.
President.

(the President nods grimly)
Shall I begin evacuation?

PRESIDENT

Does he know how to activate it?

MALLOY

Well, yeah. All you have to do is push the
button.

BRAZEN

What about Plissken? He could still be -

PRESIDENT

Forget him. He's dead.

MALLOY

That may not be true, Mr. President.

(beat)

He's one tough case. Plissken's been dead
so many times I can't count. But he never
stays down.

A long beat.

MALLOY

There are two choices, Mr. President. Wait for Plissken, or surrender. It's your decision.

The President sighs heavily.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

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

The van stops next to a huge hole in the side of the ship.

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

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

INT. DECK OF SHOPS - NIGHT

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

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

INT. VICTORIAN SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie enter a long room lit by gas jets on the walls. In it is a crumbling, Victorian swimming pool.

over A heavy mist rises from the pool's surface and hangs everything.

Black Cowboy At the far end is a group of people. Spinal and the Gang. Boots, spurs, dusters, and guns.

brutal, scowling face. And a beautiful woman in a bathing suit, her back facing us.

Plissken and Map To The Stars Eddie approach.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Hershe. How're you doin'?

absolutely The woman turns and faces them. This is HERSHE, an drop-dead, gorgeous transvestite who looks completely convincing as a woman but talks in Isaac Hayes' voice.

SPINAL

(eyes brightening)
Hershe - it's Snake Plissken.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Yeah, Hershe. I brought him to see you.

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

PLISSKEN

I need a favor.

HERSHE

What's in it for me?

Plissken stares, a glimmer of recognition on his face.

PLISSKEN

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

HERSHE

Not anymore.

SPINAL

You two know each other?

Plissken is seething. Hershe remains calm, glacial.

PLISSKEN

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

SPINAL

(astounded)

Hershe, you were in Cleveland?

PLISSKEN

Yeah. With me and Texas Mike O'Shay.

HERSHE

I was called away on urgent business, Snake.

PLISSKEN

Don't lie to me.

HERSHE

All right, so I made another deal.

PLISSKEN

I got a new deal for you.

right

Plissken raises Map To The Stars Eddie's gun, aims it between Hershe's eyes.

PLISSKEN

You help me, you live.

The others tense, hands on guns.

SPINAL

I wouldn't be doin' that, Snake.

HERSHE

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

PLISSKEN

I'm already dead.

HERSHE

(long beat)

I see your point. What's the favor?

PLISSKEN

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

HERSHE

Dream on, blue eye.

PLISSKEN

Say goodnight, Carjack.

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

HERSHE

Wait a minute. All right. Hold on.

SPINAL

Cuervo Jones has more firepower than two armies. No one gets near him.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

And he's got the prototype. And the girl. He holds all the cards.

HERSHE

Exactly what is this prototype? What does it do?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You push the button, it sends a signal to a ring of space defense satellites. They're orbiting bombs. Nukes. They explode. Huge space burst.

(beat)

EMP. Electromagnetic Pulse. It happens instantly when a nuke is airburst. EMP shuts down every power source below the satellites - instantly. All electrical devices, computers, cars, airplanes, cities. It's the dark ages again.

HERSHE

So whoever has it runs the show.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

They were gonna use it on South America, Africa, Asia - any country hostile to the United States.

SPINAL

Only Cuervo's got it now.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

And that ring of satellites will be in position over the U.S. at 5:00 a.m. this morning.

PLISSKEN

How do you know all this?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I used to represent the guy who invented it. I swear to God, Snake. No bullshit.

A long silence.

HERSHE

So what's the deal, gorgeous?

PLISSKEN

We get the girl and the prototype. And we get out.

SPINAL

All of us?

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Me too?

PLISSKEN

(stares at him hard)
We'll see.

HERSHE

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

SPINAL

I'd like to get out but I don't have enough money.

PLISSKEN

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

SPINAL

Yeah? Greenbacks? I got ten million of them.

PLISSKEN

Uh-uh. Bluebacks.

This gets everyone's attention.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Aw, come on, Snake.

PLISSKEN

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

HERSHE

I don't know, sounds thin to me.

PLISSKEN

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

HERSHE

(grim)

No, that sucks.

(beat)

How are we getting out?

PLISSKEN

I don't know yet.

SPINAL

Shit.

HERSHE

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

Smoke has begun to drift into the pool area.

MOJO DELLASANDRO

(a soft voice)

Use the air.

They look at him.

MOJO DELLASANDRO

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

SPINAL

What're you talking about, Mojo?

MOJO DELLASANDRO

Death from above...

EXT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

the Black
Mojo
rig. The wind
fire.

Plissken, Hershe, Map To The Stars Eddie, Spinal and
Cowboy Gang stand on the top deck of the Queen Mary.
Dellasandro straps each man into his own hang glider
whips around them. The hillsides in the distance are on

edge of the
He bumps up
Dellasandro

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I don't know about this thing.

PLISSKEN

Don't like it, don't come.

SPINAL

Where'd you get these rigs, Carjack?

HERSHE

My name is Hershe Hernandez, do you
understand, cowboy?

men, Map To
glider rigs
small,
first met him.

As Mojo Dellasandro passes out various weapons to the
The Stars Eddie leans over to Plissken, their hang
thumping clumsily into each other. Eddie holds up that
metal-plated portable radio he was carrying when we

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I got an idea, Snake.
(shows Plissken the radio)
This looks like the prototype, right?

PLISSKEN

Yeah, kinda.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

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

PLISSKEN

If he lets you get close enough.

HERSHE

The wind's up. Let's go.

like he

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

Hershe looks over at Plissken and grins.

HERSHE

See you in hell, Snake.

PLISSKEN

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

sailing out over

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

PLISSKEN

He arcs

Gliding through the air, as the wind picks him upward.

the downtown

away from the street level, up toward the remains of

takes off

skyscrapers. Behind him, one after another, the group

into the wind, diving, rising with the wind.

right down

Map To The Stars Eddie makes a rapid suicidal dive

until the wind

toward the pavement below. He screams like a madman

lifts him at the last possible second.

EXT. TOPS OF SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

bracero

The group of hang gliders sweep past the buildings. A

the edge of a

family is having dinner by candlelight two feet from

live in has

sheer precipice, as the side of the skyscraper they

been torn off. They wave to Plissken as he passes.

and a
to a
Two floors down, someone has hooked up huge speakers
croaking male voice is singing a Barbra Streisand hit
background track.

out on a
A beautiful girl in a sheer diaphanous gown dances far
narrow girder, waving a scarf at the moon.

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

EXT. DISNEYLAND - NIGHT

but it's a
KINGDOM"
An army of vehicles and people pour into Disneyland -
Disneyland gone to hell. A huge sign reads: "THE HAPPY

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

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

description. Ethic
with
crowds begin
Crowds are waiting. Gangs of every conceivable
gangs. Female gangs. Gangs of children. Also families
hangers-on. As soon as the limousine appears, the
cheering.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Cuervo Jones stares out at the masses.

CUERVO JONES

They're simple people. They love a party.

(turns to Utopia)

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

and she

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

CUERVO JONES

Put a smile on your face.

A terrified smile spreads across Utopia's face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

wall of

Chevys rev their

lifts.

like New

an arena,

Utopia on his

park. Three

turban-like

carrying old

power

As the limousine inches down Main Street, suddenly a

headlights pop on. 100 or so battered old vintage

engines, begin bouncing up and down wildly on hydraulic

Gangs begin cheering, firing their weapons into the air

Year's Eve.

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

beyond which are parked a literal army of helicopters.

As the limousine stops, and Cuervo Jones emerges,

arm, the cheering begins, a wall of sound through the

Black Muslims step out to greet Cuervo, dressed in

headgear and sunglasses, wearing black capes and

Thompson machine guns. They stop, give the right-handed

salute. One of them, BIVOUAC, speaks to Cuervo.

BIVOUAC

Cuervo Jones. Welcome, my Brother.

Cuervo Jones turns to the crowd, extends his arms.

CUERVO JONES

Are you ready for the New World?

And the loudest, longest cheer you've ever heard goes up.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE DISNEYLAND - NIGHT

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

PLISSKEN

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

PLISSKEN

Is that what I think it is?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

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

in close
formation.
Hershe and Spinal sweep over next to Plissken and fly

HERSHE

Snake. We need some kind of diversion.

Eddie.
A beat later all of them look over at Map To The Stars

EXT. MAIN STREET - THE ARENA - NIGHT

helicopter out
up,
in
front of all the others. The choppers are all starting roaring, blades turning.

yelling, Map
he passes
Suddenly shooting down out of the sky is a screaming, To The Stars Eddie diving out of control, eyes wide as

Cuervo Jones and Utopia.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo. Hey, man, I made it! I made it!
Wait for me...

KAWHUMP!

fast food
Map To The Stars Eddie crash lands into the ruins of a
restaurant - KACRUNCH!

and confused.
A beat or so later he staggers out of the rig, dizzy

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey Cuervo...

Cuervo Jones turns to Bivouac.

CUERVO JONES

Would you please kill him for me?

BIVOUAC

My pleasure.

Bivouac raises his machine gun...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Cuervo, wait! I got news. There's about to
be an attack.

tenses. Map
Cuervo holds up his hand, stopping Bivouac. Everyone

To The Stars Eddie races over...

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

You're about to get hit, Cuervo. It's
Plissken.

CUERVO JONES

You told me he was dead.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I thought he was, but he came back.

CUERVO JONES

Where?

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

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Oh Cuervo...

CUERVO JONES

(long beat)

What?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(stalling)

It's so good to see you again.

CUERVO JONES

Where's Plissken?

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

He's... near.

CUERVO JONES

You're stalling, Eddie.

(grabs him)

Talk, you little gringo!

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

(eyes wide)

Cuervo, look out behind you!

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

At the same moment Bivouac and the Black Muslim open fire on an old storefront behind Cuervo Jones. The place is shredded.

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

CUERVO JONES

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

Cuervo Jones pulls out a pistol, cocks it, aims at Map To The Stars Eddie's face...

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

Black Cowboys WHOOSH! Suddenly out of the night sky Spinal and the
dive right down across Main Street.

cover. KABLAM! Another explosion sends everyone scurrying for
cover.

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

BLAMM! BLOOM! Explosions erupt everywhere!

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

force. Cuervo, Plissken roars down out of the sky and his him full
Plissken and the hang glider go tumbling and crashing
in a heap.

SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

gangs, ripping Chaos and pandemonium. Hershe dives down over the
hellfire from his automatic rifle.

People running. Explosions.

Map To The Stars Eddie grabs Utopia.

it! Plissken and Cuervo Jones get to their feet and have at
battle.

plunging it, Through flames and running people Plissken and Cuervo
they battle In Cuervo's hand is a long black knife. Just as he's
savagely. Plissken steps aside and grabs him. Locked together,
savagely.

The knife cuts Plissken's chest.

Cuervo moves for Plissken's throat.

Plissken smashes him in the face.

They both grip the knife in a deadlock.

Cuervo and From above, Spinal dives down and hurls a grenade.

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

Plissken. When the smoke clears, three things are on the ground.

Cuervo Jones. The prototype.

Plissken has Instantly Plissken and Cuervo dive for the prototype.
and takes it, kicks Cuervo in the face, drags himself to his feet
in his leg) off running (as fast as a man can run with one bullet

helicopter, as Map To The Stars Eddie drags Utopia toward the lead
Hershe comes in for a landing.

grenades. The Spinal comes in for a landing, continues to throw
other Black Cowboys land, provide covering fire.

Jones is on his Plissken races for the chopper. Behind him, Cuervo
feet and in pursuit.

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

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

gunfire, slides As everyone scrambles in. A Black Cowboy is hit by
down the bulkhead and out the door.

Utopia and Plissken jumps in the left seat, takes the controls.

together. The Map To The Stars Eddie both climb in the right seat

Plissken pulls others are in the back, firing back at the gangs.
in power.

CLOSE - ROTOR R.P.M. GAUGE

The needle's at 100% plus. Full power.

EXT. LEAD HELICOPTER

The lead chopper shudders, trying to get off the ground. Gunfire continues.

INT. HELICOPTER

The ship shakes violently.

PLISSKEN

She's overloaded! We're too heavy.

HERSHE

(screams from the rear compartment)
Somebody get off!

SPINAL

(glares at him)
Who?

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

KABLAM!

Bullets rip through the windscreen.

POV - AN ARMY OF GANGS

Is moving, through the smoke, charging the ship!

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER

left tail-

The ship trembles. Plissken moves his feet, jams in the rotor pedal all the way.

EXT. THE LEAD HELICOPTER

by the

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

THE CYCLIC CONTROL

As Plissken inches it forward...

THE HELICOPTER

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

Everyone is In the cockpit, the ship lurches and jumps and slams!
bounced around.

The helicopter moves fast now - faster -

LOW ANGLE ON THE SKIDS

As they rise up, an inch off the ground - then two
inches - then a foot -

the other Cuervo Jones emerges from the smoke, running ahead of
chopper... gangs, barreling toward the ever-so-slowly rising

THE LEAD HELICOPTER

As it lifts - five feet - climbing...

Cuervo's The helicopter pulls away from the charging gangs and
sprinting figure.

POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN

Hershe leans See the Matterhorn ahead, coming closer and closer.
out the door.

HERSHE

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

Matterhorn, 15 The helicopter moves right toward the edge of the
way... 8 feet... 10... Plissken tries to maneuver out of the
feet... 5...

the right The helicopter wobbles over the top of the mountain,
cracking sound, skid catching on the Matterhorn's edge! A horrible
mounting, hanging and the right skid is ripped off from its front

half off the ship!

waiting
lifting off

On the ground, Cuervo Jones jumps into one of the helicopters as now the gangs race into ships and begin into the sky. Finally Cuervo's chopper lifts off...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - NIGHT

An alarm horn sounds. Everyone is on the move.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

blip moving

A crowd surrounds a computer screen with a small green over a grid of L.A.

COM OFFICER

Aircraft leaving the island, sir. It's passed into restricted space, heading this way.

Malloy, the President, and Brazen exchange glances.

PRESIDENT

Is it Plissken?

Nobody knows.

COM OFFICER

Commander, I'm getting radio contact with the aircraft.

MALLOY

Boost it.

voice

The COM Officer flips a switch, and we hear Plissken's booming through HQ.

PLISSKEN (V.O.)

Get ready, shitheads. We're comin' in.

PRESIDENT

Thank God.

MALLOY

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

prototype?

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PLISSKEN

(into his radio)
Yeah, I got it.

Plissken glances at the transistor radio in his hand,
shoves it in
his boot, reaches his hand out to Map To The Stars
Eddie.

PLISSKE

(to Map To The Stars Eddie)
Now give me the real one.

Utopia stares into Plissken's eye.

Map To The Stars Eddie shrugs innocently

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

I couldn't make the switch, Snake. I don't
have it.

Suddenly Utopia reaches into Map To The Stars Eddie's
coat and
pulls out the real prototype. She hands it to Plissken

UTOPIA

Now we're even, Snake.

Map To The Stars Eddie makes a lunge for it, but
Plissken whacks
him in the face. His head bobs slowly back and forth
for a moment,
then he slumps in the seat.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

Malloy set up in the staging area for landing.

COM OFFICER

Commander Malloy - he's got lots of
company.

Malloy and the others look at the computer screen.
Plissken's
green blip is followed by hundreds of other green blips
all

rapidly closing in on him...

MALLOY

Battle stations...

The room springs into action...

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PLISSKEN

I think we've burned off enough fuel. We may be lighter enough to hover. Just barely.

HERSHE

Can you land?

PLISSKEN

No. The right skid's broken. If I try to set it down she'll crash. I have to stay in a hover while you jump off.

(beat as Plissken looks at Utopia)

Hey, Carjack. We gotta hide the girl. Give her your dress.

HERSHE

(ice cold)

My name is no longer Carjack. Will you please get that through your fucking head?

SPINAL

Holy shit.

them is They look, as suddenly the night sky on either side of filled with gang helicopters!

EXT. SKY OVER THE SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

Above, below, The lead helicopter is surrounded by enemy choppers. on either side.

ten feet Right next to Plissken, Cuervo's chopper pulls up just away. Cuervo grins out at Plissken evilly, unhooks himself from his seat...

Black
Muslim aims what
On the other side, another chopper with Bivouac and the
Muslims pull up. In the rear compartment, a Black
looks like a huge harpoon gun mounted to the floor.

KAWHAM!

into the
holding. In the
aim their
The line shoots out and a gleaming grappling hook slams
side of Plissken's chopper, the prongs clawing in,
lead helicopter, the Black Cowboys, Spinal and Hershe
weapons.

PLISSKEN

Don't shoot! They can drag us down into
the sea.

flies
He smashes
Cuervo Jones leaps from the opened door of his chopper,
through space, lands on Plissken's door with a WHUMP!
through the side window and grabs Plissken.

rear
Cowboys are
KABLAM! KABLAM! Gang choppers open fire, riddling the
compartment with bullets. Spinal and several Black
hit!

Plissken fights Cuervo through the door.

PLISSKEN

(to Utopia)
Take the controls!

Utopia stares at him.

UTOPIA

What do I do?

pulls him
But Cuervo wrenches the door open, grabs Plissken, and
out of the seat. Utopia grabs the controls.

and dropping.
on to the
The lead helicopter goes wild, lurching and swinging
Plissken and Cuervo are locked in a death grip, hanging
doorway, one foot in, one foot out.

Plissken embraces Cuervo and throws them both over the edge...

They fall through space, locked together, until...

WHAP! They are jolted to a dead stop, swinging in mid-air,

Plissken's arm wrapped around the dangling right skid.

The lead helicopter bucks and spins and swings, Plissken and

whipped back and Cuervo suspended below, struggling to the death, forth by the helicopter's gyrations.

In the cockpit, Utopia grabs the controls. The ship is shaking,

flops in the swinging like a pendulum. Hershe is hit with gunfire,

rear compartment. Map To The Stars Eddie slowly regains consciousness, stares in horror at Utopia.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Where's Plissken?

Outside, Cuervo clutches Plissken around the neck, struggling and thrashing. Plissken head butts him, dazing him for a second...

KA-CRACK! The dangling skid is breaking loose from its mounting on the helicopter above. Plissken and Cuervo Jones stare up, then at each other, then both begin pulling themselves up the skid, climbing hand over hand, in a desperate race...

Both men reach the bottom of the helicopter and leap across to the left skid as the dangling right skid breaks off and falls into the San Fernando Sea. Plissken and Cuervo kick at each other. Plissken slides away from him, looks up... sees the grappling hook stuck into the side of the helicopter...

Plissken swings up, straddling the skid. He reaches up and begins

up behind
raises the
cockpit door,
prying loose the grappling hook. Cuervo's coming right
him, reaching for him, a huge knife in his hands. He
knife - when Map To The Stars Eddie leans out of the
lowers a gun and aims it right at Cuervo.

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

Hey, Cuervo.

bulging...
Cuervo looks at him, starts to say something, eyes

MAP TO THE STARS EDDIE

If you get to America - let's do lunch.

falls backwards
the San
KABLAM! KABLAM! The shots hit, and Cuervo buckles,
off the skid, plunging downward toward the surface of
Fernando Sea... KASPLASH!

Plissken rips out the grappling hook...

AS BOOM!

out of the
to the
Map To The Stars Eddie is hit with gunfire, dies, falls
seat, out of the door, out of the helicopter - plunges
water below.

Plissken jumps back inside the cockpit.

UTOPIA

Snake, look.

POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN

unison, the
platforms.
the darkness
helicopter is
flaming
the water.
Police battle helicopters thunder toward them. In
police helicopters launch their missiles from gun
Burning, white-sulfurous napalm shells streak across
and hit enemy choppers. The sky around the lead
filled with explosions, waves of rolling fire, falling
wrecks plunging past, as enemy choppers begin to hit

It is a dreamlike, slow-motion ballet. Huge black police gun ships circle lazily around the enemy choppers, their flex-guns and rockets spitting blue-white fire. The pound the living hell out of the enemy choppers. In f.g. Plissken's helicopter sweeps over the wall.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

Malloy, the President, Brazen and the rest the Firebase watch as Rotor City Plissken's helicopter approaches, then zooms right over and heads for the distant treeline.

PRESIDENT

Where the hell is he going?

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

Plissken's helicopter comes in, lower and lower, into a hover five feet above the ground. Inside, Plissken pulls in all the power he's got.

PLISSKEN

It's taking all the power we've got to hover.

CLOSE - ROTOR R.P.M. GAUGE

Shows 100% plus power. The helicopter is in a trembling hover. Inside...

PLISSKEN

Jump out. Head for the treeline and disappear.

Utopia stares at him.

PLISSKEN

Go!

ground and Utopia jumps out of the helicopter... lands on the
takes off running into the darkness. Inside...

PLISSKEN

All right, baby. Don't be too rough on me.
We're gonna land.

skid sets Plissken slowly drops the collective control. The left
to roll. down, and the ship continues to descend, tips, begins

himself. As the Inside, as the chopper rolls over, Plissken braces
fuselage jumps blades hit the ground, the chopper goes wild. The
The blades and twists in a grinding fury. Smoke and debris fly.
snap off...

FROM BEHIND PLISSKEN - INSIDE

windscreen, Looking out the front, the blades smash through the
splattered barely missing the top of Plissken's head. Plissken is
fleshy part with glass, a piece of metal debris protrudes from the
explodes into of his biceps. Blood pours. The rear compartment
billows into flames as the engine grinds into the gas tank. Fire
the cockpit, engulfing Plissken...

on fire. Outside, Plissken pulls himself out of the door. He is
just as the Dives away from the copper and rolls across the ground
fireball. flaming mid-section of the ship explodes in a roaring

Plissken climbs to his feet, smoking, wounded...

police arrive ... as Malloy, the President, Brazen, and a squad of
in vehicles. They slowly get out...

... as Plissken limps toward them...

PLISSKEN

Where's the anti-toxin...?

PRESIDENT

Give me the prototype.

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

MALLOY

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

Plissken reaches down into his other boot, comes out with Map To The Stars Eddie's transistor radio. The President hurls the real prototype away, walks to Plissken and grabs the phony. Plissken glances at it lying on the ground.

Nobody moves. Plissken looks at their faces.

PLISSKEN

Give me the goddamn shot!

Suddenly everyone begins to smirk. A couple cops laugh.

MALLOY

It was all a fake, Plissken.

Plissken stares at him. More laughter.

BRAZEN

You were injected with glucose. There is no Plutouxin 7 virus. You were never going to die - at least not from anything we gave you.

MALLOY

C'mon, Snake - it's L.A. Everything's phony, you know that.

Plissken moves toward the President, stops inches away.

MALLOY

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

PRESIDENT

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

The President glares at Plissken, turns, walks away.

COP (O.S.)

Commander...

(Malloy looks at him)

Look what we found.

along with
glances at

Across the clearing come two policemen dragging Utopia
them. They bring her up in front of Malloy. Utopia
Plissken.

MALLOY

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

away. Finally

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

PLISSKEN

Got a smoke?

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

The name's Plissken.

to the

Plissken walks away. Follow his feet as they stop next
prototype lying in the grass...

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

police
walks over

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

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

TRACKING SHOT WITH PLISSKEN

He holds the real prototype, calmly pushes the button.

EXT. SPACE - DAWN

Earth. See
sunrise is

The ring of space satellites hover silently above the United States, North America below, as a beautiful beginning.

Suddenly the satellites explode into white...

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

look up. All
down.

As the sky is lit white. Malloy, Brazen, and the cops vehicles stop. Lights out. Sounds of motors running

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - DAWN

smiles.

Darkness. No power. Everyone looks around. Utopia

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

the sky,
sergeant races

The daylight is coming as police helicopters fall from crashing. Panic. Policemen run everywhere. A duty up to Malloy...

DUTY SERGEANT

We're being attacked, Commander. The north wall.

EXT. WALL - DAWN

ladders,
leads the

All of L.A. has arrive at the wall in boats. Gangs lean use ropes and hooks - they scale the wall. Pendejo Bob charge. Pipeline is right behind him.

EXT. TOP OF THE WALL - DAWN

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

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

combat. World The Firebase is overrun by invaders. Hand-to-hand
abandoning War III has begun. Panicked cops race for the trees,
their positions.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER

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

EXT. HILLSIDE - FIREBASE SEVEN - DAWN

into the Plissken is at the edge of the Firebase, moving out
hillside. Camera tracks with him towards the rising
sun.

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

FADE OUT

THE END