

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

by
Ken Nolan

Revisions by
David Kajganich

Current Revisions by
Allan Loeb

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EXT. CENTRAL PARK, GREAT LAWN -- DAY

CHEAP VIDEO FOOTAGE of a summer afternoon in Central Park:

The top right of our screen has a logo "Global-Sec Inc"

And on the bottom of our screen flashes...

This is the city as we know it. Hundreds of New Yorkers... picnicking, sunbathing, playing with their kids.

The stately buildings of Central Park West rise up behind them.

Then the camcorder finds a man walking out to the center of the Great Lawn wearing a long, heavy backpack. He pulls out a piece of paper and reads the contents aloud in some ranting language that isn't English.

This feels weird. And people begin to move away, but not fast enough.

The man finishes his speech, pulls a cord on his pack, and EXPLODES. There is mass panic.

VOICE (V.O.)

June fourteenth, 2010. A bomb exploded in Manhattan's Central Park. It was dirty with radioactive materials.

(beat)

In the blink of an eye, the once-great city of New York was rendered uninhabitable... commercially unviable.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

An exodus of tens of thousands of New Yorkers cross the George Washington Bridge, heading toward New Jersey.

VOICE (V.O.)

With fears of wide-spread contamination...

The National Guard helicopters overhead, loudspeakers blaring to the deserted streets below:

NATIONAL GUARD LOUDSPEAKER

You must evacuate the city now. If you are still in the city, you will die. Evacuate now. Evacuate...

AS THE CHOPPERS fade away over the cityscape...

VOICE (V.O.)
... and in less than eight weeks...
the city suffered near-total
abandonment...

We notice POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS and AMBULANCES included in
the fray.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... including all civil services.

And they're not keeping the peace... no, they're also getting
the hell out of there.

EXT. MIDDTOWN - DAY

A hot summer day. Manhattan, now a ghost town, the streets
which once teemed with life now vacant, empty.

Dead birds and abandoned pets lie dead on the streets next to
other dead bodies: decomposing human beings.

VOICE (V.O.)
Buildings were taken over by the
Federal government and repurposed
for the housing of 12,000 inmates
on death row.

The electronic billboards are reduced to dark screens.

We find Hazmat crews go building to building taking readings,
writing FEMA code on doors.

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK - DAY

A cold winter day... it's snowing.

VOICE (V.O.)
The government then handed over the
project to one of the largest
defense corporations in the
world...

The Hazmat crews, now with the Global-Sec logo on their
uniforms, emerge from building to building collecting guns...
which they throw into massive garbage trucks filled to the
brim with all sorts of firearms.

VOICE (CONT'D)
... Global-Security Incorporated.

As we rise and pull back to find a titanic version of a
concrete containment wall being built...

This wall is 50 feet high and in the process of encircling
the entire island of Manhattan.

A COMPUTERIZED MAP OF MANHATTAN

With the massive containment wall depicted as well...

GUARD'S VOICE (O.S)
Every two days, Global-Sec drops
over nineteen tons of food and
medical supplies to five major
locations.

And five lights illuminate on the map where these drops are.

GUARD'S VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)
There are no longer firearms inside
the facility...

And we pull back to be in...

ELLIS ISLAND/PRISONER GREETING STATION

A large room anchored by this map.

The GUARD paces in front of a... a LINE OF NEW PRISONERS...
all chained together...

He looks around for a beat, taking in the space, then...

GUARD
What used to be this country's
first stop for your tired, your
poor and your hungry is now the
first stop for your armed robber,
your rapist and your murderer...

As we slowly move past each prisoner... anxious...

GUARD (CONT'D)
Welcome to Ellis Island, maggots.

... tough demeanors cracking... afraid of what's to come...

GUARD (CONT'D)
Next stop... New York!

until we land on...

SNAKE PLISSKEN

Black motorcycle boots with heavy buckles and snaps; combat
pants; a tattoo on a sleeveless shoulder, the word PEACE
spelled out, letters comprised of little MACHINE GUNS.

Finally, we see a BLACK EYE PATCH, covering the left eye.

As Snake turns to the PRISONER next to him...

SNAKE
Doesn't seem that bad.

The prisoner next to him weeps in fear and Snake looks down to notice a puddle at the guy's feet... he pissed himself.

As Snake moves his foot away from the puddle and turns to the PRISONER on his OTHER side who just swallows back his dread...

OTHER PRISONER
This is going to be hell.

SNAKE
Right. Nice place to visit but wouldn't want to live there.

Other Prisoner just looks at him. Snake is relaxed as can be... almost in a good mood.

OTHER PRISONER
Who are you?

And as that question hangs... we pull back... through the one-way mirror behind them and into...

COMMUNICATIONS CONTROL CENTER

Like a press box at a ball game... computer consoles line up the space... all looking through the one-way window at that massive map.

We move past the CONTROLLERS whose monitors display all the various posts of the containment wall and guard towers.

And land on the CEO Global-Sec... TATUM HAUKE, 40's, in great shape with a military crop haircut...

TATUM
Snake Plissken.

As he turns to WARDEN STEVENS, a tough woman in her mid 40s.

TATUM (CONT'D)
He assassinated the head of The ISI.

WARDEN STEVENS
ISI?

TATUM
Pakistani Intelligence. They're helping our initiative in the region.

As Tatum looks down to a monitor in front of him that has a younger picture of Snake on it... no eye patch... in US Military Uniform... looking young and brave.

TATUM (CONT'D)

We should be honored to have him as a prisoner.

(beat)

The ISI is pure evil and has been double-crossing us at every corner.

WARDEN STEVENS

Then why's he here?

Tatum hits a button on his console and the picture is gone... replaced by a current video feed from the floor below... Snake with that eye-patch and perma-scowl.

TATUM

He did the operation rogue.

EXT. ELLIS ISLAND/PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

We see where we are. Ellis Island...

The compound is a hive of ordered activity.

And in the distance... where we would normally expect the lit-up thumbnail skyline of The Financial District... we catch a glimpse of only one thing... a giant concrete wall.

INT. PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

SNAKE is processed through the initial system, a long walk down a series of corridors, a COMPUTER VOICE echoing:

COMPUTER VOICE

Follow the yellow line on the floor. No sudden movements. Follow all instructions. The walls around you are able to deliver a pulse of nine-hundred volts. No talking.

A half dozen GUARDS watch Snake from behind plexiglas safety viewing ports. Snake keeps walking.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Move to the red room on your left and stand on the designated outlines.

IN THE RED ROOM - Snake puts his boots in the red foot outlines on the floor. Looks up to see a nasty looking HELMET hanging from retractable arms near the ceiling.

The helmet comes swooping down and pressurizes to the size of

his skull. Snake can't move.

PROCESSING CENTER COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Open your mouth. Failure to do so
will result in severe dental
damage.

Snake opens up. A long CLAW comes down from the ceiling and slips into his mouth -- molds are taken of his teeth, X-Rays machines hum. His dental records are now on file.

INT. A BLUE ROOM - NIGHT

Bzzzzzp! Snake grimaces as a barcode tattoo is etched onto the back of his neck in under three seconds.

Blood droplets pool around the fresh ink, nearly obscuring the eleven digit number under the barcode.

SNAKE
Ouch.

ANOTHER ROOM - a sign reads: LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT AREA. This room is a psychologically pleasing lime green.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
After the tone, you will have
exactly thirty seconds to list your
items to be bequeathed, or to
record messages to be heard by
family members only. Record your
last will and testament now.

The tone SOUNDS.

SNAKE
Hi, it's Snake, I'll be out of the
office indefinitely... so please
leave a message after the beep.

INT. PROCESSING CENTER - NIGHT

Snake now stands in a blue secure chamber, a sign on the wall reading -- "SELF-IMMOLATION CHAMBER."

As a screen before his eyes lights up, listing his crimes before his face...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
S.D. Plissken, you have been
convicted of murdering one Mahmood
Dasti, one Imran Rind and one Rahim
Shar, as part of an assassination
attempt on General Malik Swati.

SNAKE
Attempt?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
As well as the assassination of one
General Malik Swati.

SNAKE
There you go.

EXT. SELF IMMOLATION CHAMBER - SAME

Looking through the one-way glass... Tatum turns to the
guard...

TATUM
You're sure he's completely
shackled.

GUARD
Yes sir.

TATUM
There's no way he can get out?

GUARD
None, sir.

Tatum nods...

INT. SELF IMMOLATION CHAMBER - SAME

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
As these crimes occurred while you
were under active duty for United
States military and did not receive
official orders to commit said
crimes...

Snake laughs at that one...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)
... you were also convicted of
treason.

Shaking his head in disbelief...

SNAKE
That's rich.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
This will be your last chance to
self-terminate. The eighteen jets
will cremate an average sized man
in under two and a half seconds, at
a controlled temperature burst of
1,666 degrees centigrade. Your
ashes will be placed in a lead-
lined urn with an attractive dove-
gray finish.
(MORE)

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)

(beat)

If you wish to implement this option, please press the green touch-screen button. If you choose to commence your sentence, please press the blue button.

Snake stands in the center of the immolation chamber and stares back at the buttons.

As Snake Plissken slams the blue button in anger...

SNAKE

Not my style...

And we hear slow clapping from the door to the room...

TATUM (O.S.)

I'm so happy...

As he heads in...

TATUM (CONT'D)

My whole image of you would've been shot if you just chose to off yourself.

Tatum holds out an arm to shake Snake's hand but then realizes that's not possible so he brings it back in.

TATUM (CONT'D)

Tatum Hauk... CEO of Global Sec. I just wanted to come and say that I'm a big fan.

Snake just looks at him.

TATUM (CONT'D)

We do a lot of consulting with some of our government's more private agencies overseas and let's just say I've been admiring your work for a while now.

SNAKE

That's great. Wanna let me go?

TATUM

Can't do that. Wish I could. Rules, rules, rules.

Snake notes that this guy's a little off...

TATUM (CONT'D)

Do you mind -- I know I must sound so stupid, but -- can I have one shot?

SNAKE
(confused)
You want a picture with me?

And Tatum steps to him...

TATUM
Not a picture.

... sizes up the shot and SLAMS Snake with a right hook.

Snake's head snaps back... the guy's not weak.

TATUM (CONT'D)
(nursing his hand)
Wow, I just hit Snake Plissken.
Wait till I tell the guys over
at... well I can't legally say.

SNAKE
When you're done telling them about
that... tell them they should keep
their deals.

And with a genuine smile...

TATUM
Look, I know it's not fair... it
rarely is.
(with a shrug)
But you're here nonetheless, so...

It trails off...

TATUM (CONT'D)
You grew up in New York, yes?

Not waiting for the answer...

TATUM (CONT'D)
So this is a bit of a homecoming
for you.

And as Tatum goes...

TATUM (CONT'D)
You're a strong guy... you'll be
able to handle it. You'll see --
it won't be that bad.

... leaving an even angrier Snake Plissken behind.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT CONTAINER - NIGHT

A capsule-like pod with no windows. Snake is led to the last seat in the house, sixty other prisoners strapped into chairs along the wall that look like something you'd see on a futuristic roller coaster.

A GUARD straps Snake in then removes his shackles. The armrests swooping down from the ceiling and holding Snake tightly in the plastic seat.

A SHORT PRISONER with a goatee sitting across from Snake shouts to the Corporal:

SHORT PRISONER
You think you got me locked in
here? Nothing can hold me, man.

The guards leave, shouting through the open doorway:

GUARDS (AD LIB)
Have a good trip, assholes.

And the corrugated plastic SLIDES SHUT, the lock KA-CHUNKING closed. The little Prisoner across from Snake gives him a nod.

Suddenly, Snake and the others ROCK in their seats as the whole capsule... lifts into the air.

EXT. PROCESSING CENTER - NIGHT

A dual-rotored chopper, looking like some monstrous wasp, ascends into the night sky, payload beneath its belly, sixty prisoners within a metal box.

The heavy machine turns and thunders toward a darkened skyline... behind a big wall -- Manhattan.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT CONTAINER - NIGHT

The ride is not smooth, the helicopter buffeted by headwinds.

The Short Prisoner across from Snake has somehow wriggled out of his restraints. He stands up, shouting:

SHORT PRISONER
Told you! I can get out of
anything!

He starts prancing down the aisle, the other prisoners watching him. He comes right up to Snake and laughs:

SHORT PRISONER (CONT'D)
I'm free!

SNAKE
 No, you're not.
 (beat)
 You're just not wearing your seat
 belt.

EXT. CARGO HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter races over the black waters, finally rising to clear -- THE WALL. Immense, stone-gray in the moonlight.

The helicopter clears the wall and thunders toward THE DROP ZONE. Somewhere deep in the maze of buildings and streets.

The chopper releases the cargo container which goes into an immediate free fall, plummeting like a stone.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT CONTAINER - NIGHT

The prisoners are pressed upward in their harnesses, held tight, pulling G's as they fall. Some howl in fear.

THE SHORT PRISONER - screams as he's LAUNCHED into the ceiling. Spread-eagled at the top of the container, pinned there by the laws of physics, all he can do is SCREAM.

Snake grips the padded plastic restraints and braces for impact. Stares up at the Short Prisoner, now on the ceiling.

The Short Prisoner keeps howling in terror.

EXT. ON THE CARGO CONTAINER - NIGHT

The container comes down at us like a meteorite, blocking out our view as it CRASHES TO THE GROUND, plastic shock absorbers on the container offering little help as --

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT CONTAINER - CONT.

THE SHORT PRISONER goes from the ceiling to the floor in an instant, bones breaking, neck snapping, blood spraying everywhere.

SNAKE GRUNTS in pain as the container's shock absorbers do their job, the container HEAVING into the air again and -- WHUMP! to the ground, finally settling.

There are groans of pain, blood everywhere.

One man has bit off part of his tongue. It lies at his feet like a discarded bit of meat.

And the restraints lift up, the doors open and everything goes silent. It's eerie...

PRISONER
 It's so quiet.

The prisoners all begin to slowly stand and look to the open doors... New York City on the other side.

PRISONER #2
We can't stay in here. They'll
come get us.

PRISONER
Who's they?

As he starts for the door...

PRISONER #2
I don't know.

Snake stays back... taking it in.

And Prisoner #2 slowly heads out of the capsule...

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - NIGHT

Prisoner #2 looks around... all is dark and quiet.

A few of the Italian restaurant awnings are still in place...

PRISONER #2
There ain't nothing out here.

A few of the other prisoners leave the capsule and look around... nothing is moving. They begin to breathe again... happy to be alive.

Snake doesn't move... doesn't trust it.

Prisoner lifts up his hand and shouts out...

PRISONER
Taxi! Taxi!

The others all laugh... and suddenly... SPLAT!

A battle-axe slams into Prisoner's head and his blood spurts everywhere as he goes down.

And total MAYHEM ensues.

Arrows, axes, throwing knives all fly in the air and take down all the prisoners that ventured outside of the container.

A BOOMING VOICE rings out from across the way...

A BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
Welcome to New York, fish!

They're all dead within a moment. A bloody mess.

The other prisoners all duck back in the container but... BOOM! explosive bolts DETONATE, sending the front and back doors flying across the ground, leaving --

ALL THE PRISONERS WITHIN EXPOSED

IN THE CONTAINER - men in the doorways EXPLODE... as more arrows thwack into flesh and bone.

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.)
The strong will survive! The
strong will survive!

Prisoners are dropping like it's Omaha Beach, 1944. A prisoner right next to Snake is hit with an arrow and falls to his death.

Suddenly... the air assault ends and all is quiet. For just a beat. Then... we hear

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Go fishing, boys!

And now battle cries fill the night as about a hundred unidentified SOLDIERS rush the container with knives and shivs and swords... creating a GAUNTLET of horror.

PANDEMONIUM - men take their chances and CHARGE OUT OF THE CONTAINER, into the maw of the gauntlet.

BOOMING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Only the strong will survive!

Snake picks up the dead man next to him and uses him as a shield as he charges out of the capsule into the heart of the gauntlet.

There are more than fifty tattered and ruined prisoner transport containers here. The containers lay in stacked heaps in the night, creating a ghostly labyrinth, armed prisoners moving in and out of the clouds of nighttime mist.

Most of the new prisoners are sliced and diced and killed before they can even get their bearings.

A few are fighting back with success... Snake being one of them.

Snake catches his breath and notices the origin of the booming voice across the way... a man standing on top of one of the old prisoner containers...

THE DUKE

a hulking tree-trunk of a man, head shaved, tattooed arms bulging, dressed to the nines 70s style... with a big old cowboy hat.

The Duke is having fun... shouting out...

THE DUKE
Only the strong! Only... the
strong.

And Snake notices that that's more an order than a cliché.

Because the prisoners who are fighting back are not getting killed. No, once they're surrounded by Duke's men... they're being collected.

AND THE DUKE'S SOLDIERS

have too many targets and no discipline, howling with delight like it's a turkey shoot, aiming at anything that moves, mowing down new fish after new fish.

As Snake loses his human shield and overtakes a Soldier in a flash... killing the man and now holding his cheap shiv.

The Duke notices Snake's ease go at the man and shouts to a few of his troops.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
This one! Over here. With the eye-
patch. Take him.

AS THREE DUKE SOLDIERS

Surround Snake. Snake smiles... then... combat-rolls, coming up quickly and working fast -- stabs one man's throat then a quick boot heel to another's left thigh (satisfying crunch of snapping femur) and a skewer right into the third man's heart -- all in three seconds.

As he pulls the cheap shiv out of the third man's chest and lets the body fall to the ground...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
(impressed)
Nice!

Snake looks up and focuses on something The Duke holds... an authentic Japanese Samurai-type sword that glimmers in the night.

As he lifts up the sword...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
You like this? It's an authentic
Nihonto Katana I got from the Old
Orient Museum on 34th.
(beat)
It's yours. All you have to do is
one thing...

And Snake finally speaks...

SNAKE
Yeah, what's that?

The Duke smiles, then...

THE DUKE
Kill him...

... throws the sword to an approaching GIANT OF A MAN, at least seven feet tall and over three hundred pounds, much of it muscle.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
His name is Monster... he's my pet.

Monster smiles a mouth full of gold teeth as he lifts up the sword and moves for Snake.

AND MONSTER AND SNAKE

Are now surrounded by a group of Duke's men who all look on and cheer.

DUKE'S MEN
Monster, monster, monster...

Whoosh! Monster swings. Snake ducks the sword, missing his head by inches. And from his knees, Snake throws the shiv which lands right in Monster's shoulder.

All goes quiet as Monster just looks at the shiv imbedded in his shoulder, then... smiles and removes the shiv without even a flinch of pain and simply drops it to the ground.

The men cheer again as Monster swings the sword at Snake's legs. Snake jumps over it but Monster uses his other hand to SLAM Snake to the ground.

Snake lands with a thud and cringes in pain. And Snake looks up to see Monster lifting the sword high above his head...

The Duke's men all converge closer to get a good look... the circle closing in on Monster and Snake.

And Monster brings down the sword just as Snake sweep kicks one of the men on the periphery into the trajectory of the sword. The sword impales the man who cries out in pain as he lands on top of Snake and dies.

The Duke slightly smiles... good move.

The blade of sword peers slightly through the other side of the man's body just inches from Snake's eyes.

Snake slides out from under the man and finds his feet. And as Monster works to get the sword out of the dead man's body, Snake roundhouses Monster in the side of the head, it does nothing.

Monster gets the sword out from the man's corpse, gains his balance and turns to face Snake... who gets low and bully rushes Monster before he can lift the sword.

Snake PILE-DRIVES his head into Monster's stomach with little impact. But he's now in close embrace with Monster's body... there isn't enough room for Monster to use the sword.

Monster SLAMS his free fist down on the top of Snake's head as Snake brings his knee up into Monster's groin... an area on the man which is obviously also large in size.

And for the first time... Monster winces in pain. So Snake does it again... harder. The Achilles heel here are Monster's balls.

Monster doubles over in pain as Snake slides to ground like, well... a snake.

Snake grabs that shiv on the ground as Monster regains himself and lifts up the sword.

And Snake explodes up from the ground... SLAMMING that shiv right into Monster's wrist.

Monster screams out a terrifying howl of pain as he drops the sword.

Snake has that sword in less than two seconds flat... and in one move... slices Monster's neck open and steps back.

Monster crumbles to his death and Snake looks back up at Duke.

SNAKE

(to Duke)

It's a good sword. Thank you.

The Duke slowly nods. His men all step back... The Duke asks again...

THE DUKE

What's your name?

SNAKE

Snake.

And The Duke regards Snake... severely impressed.

THE DUKE

Join us, Snake. We're gonna take over this whole island.

SNAKE
Not interested in being a pet.

THE DUKE
You'll be my right hand.

SNAKE
I respectfully decline.

The Duke laughs at the rebuff...

THE DUKE
You've got to be kidding.

SNAKE
I am...
(beat)
I don't have any respect for you.

Stepping forward... challenging...

THE DUKE
Then you're going to have to kill
me.

Snake just stands there...

SNAKE
Don't wanna do that either.
(beat)
Because that would make me their
leader and I work alone.

With that, Snake turns -- the Duke's horrified men block his path. And all Snake has to do is lift that sword and they disperse in fear.

So Snake casually brings down the sword and goes... The Duke watching him all the while...

THE DUKE
(to himself)
Only the strong...

And as Snake Plissken disappears into the pitch black Manhattan night... we...

CUT TO:

AN OLD MAP OF NEW YORK

which looks to be constantly updated with various gang boundaries and storage locations.

Also on the map are different areas bordering the island... each marked with an X. All these possible points of escape also have dates written on them.

Pull back to be in...

SNAKE'S HIDEAWAY

Light filters in, but it is dim. The room is the about twenty feet across, fifteen feet high, and made of metal.

CARD: 5 YEARS LATER...

On an old cot, we find Snake Plissken sleeping.

Next to the cot is a stack of library books, a small cook stove, a few storage bins, and a supply of water.

There is a small washbasin as well.

On the other wall is an old travel poster with a picture of a river snaking through a mountain pass... "See Colorado" written on the top.

Everything in this place has a military tidiness.

And as Snake wakes with a start...

THAT ELECTRONIC MAP OF NEW YORK

CARD: 5 YEARS LATER... TODAY...

We hear a woman's voice off screen. With each group she mentions a light goes off on the map that corresponds to their territory.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
The Gypsies control the lower east side...

The LES lights up orange.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Turks downtown...

Off that, the Financial District and Tribeca lights up green.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Crazies own the subway system...

The whole subway system lights up yellow...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And The Duke and his army are expanding their influence on the westside...

Hell's Kitchen and Chelsea light up blue...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The June Fourteenth Revolutionaries
 run Gramercy and Flatiron...

Gramercy Park and Flatiron district light up white...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And of course everything above
 fifty-fifth street is the
 contaminated zone.

The whole top half of the island lights up red...

We pull down from the map now patchwork of lights to find...

SENATOR FRANCES ARMITAGE

Late 30s with a natural beauty that she attempts to hide
 under an all-business demeanor.

She stands next her CHIEF AIDE and Global-Sec CEO Tatum Hauk.

They're all standing in the same spot where the prisoners are
 admitted.

TATUM
 You've done your homework, Senator.

SENATOR ARMITAGE
 The committee's question is whether
 these gangs have formed due to
 lack of resources.

TATUM
 They formed because it's human
 nature and it's a prison.
 (beat)
 But why not see for yourself?

And off The Senator's surprised reaction...

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE, INTERSECTION - DAY

Coming down Broadway, is a line of vehicles. A cavalcade...
 like a royal procession.

A tricked-out Cadillac hybrid leads the way. Mod, black-
 glass chandeliers have been mounted on the hood above the
 headlights. In place of a hood ornament, there is a blood-
 stained iron spike.

Behind the Caddie is a bizarre line of salvaged vehicles:
 motorbikes, an old Cab, a Mail Truck, and a Taco Truck.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT, CITY HALL PARK -- DAY

The cavalcade enters City Hall Park and stops beside a group of tough-looking Hispanic men near where they are awaiting a food drop site. They all have the crown symbol from a *Lotería* card tattooed on their necks. These are TURKS.

Behind them, a hundred more have gathered for the food drop. They wait at a distance, hungry. More arrive every minute.

Out of the Caddie steps The Duke. He is dressed in a track suit and carries himself like royalty now. His eye pulses and ripples unnervingly behind his sunglasses.

He's accompanied by a WOMAN. She's tall and statuesque. Her name is GINA and she's a full-on post-op transvestite.

They are greeted by REY MARCE (50), leader of the Turks, who is shirtless in a pair of zoot suit pants. A huge crown is tattooed across his chest. His Oaxacan accent is thick.

REY MARCE

Thank you for coming, Duke. The
Turks are honored to see you today,
You and your men are welcome.

Gina steps up and points her finger at Rey Marce.

The Duke lets her do the talking, as if he won't deign to speak to a Turk.

GINA

You're trading with the Gypsies and
That's not right with my man.
We're here to make sure that
doesn't happen any more.

Rey Marce smiles, revealing a serious grill.

REY MARCE

What? What do I have to trade you
don't know about? My storehouse
is empty for days. Look for
yourself--

He gestures to the building behind him, the old City Hall.

GINA

You're stockpiling somewhere. And
you're gonna tell The Duke where.

REY MARCE

Some *fulano* is lying to you.

Rey Marce is hiding his anxiety, poorly. Gina laughs a strange, animal laugh.

GINA
No one *lies* to The Duke, little
man.

Rey Marce bristles.

Then, overhead, an MI helicopter approaches with the food drop hanging from cables. The helicopter drops it to the ground, unhooks the cables remotely, and flies off again. Turks begin unpacking it.

REY MARCE
Hermanos--

The Duke steps up and takes off his sunglasses. He towers over Rey Marce, who tries to hide his alarm.

THE DUKE
Let's talk in your office. Out of
the sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE -- DAY

Deep in the Financial District, the New York Stock Exchange sits in squalor. Its huge American flag hangs in tatters. A half-dozen or so Turk Guards sit outside it, with machetes.

Other Turks are hurrying toward the site of the food drop, having heard the helicopter. Soon the streets are deserted.

EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, SIDE ALLEY -- DAY

Near the back of the Exchange, TURK GUARD #1 is patrolling the alley. He makes an all-clear sign to a TURK GUARD #2, who is up on the roof of the building next door.

As soon as he looks away, #2 is YANKED out of view by someone or something up there with him.

#1 comes around to where a set of bulkhead doors leads down to the cellar of the building.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, SOUTH BASEMENT -- DAY

Down the stairs is a rusty desk and office chair where TURK GUARD #3 is sitting, reading a six-year-old magazine.

On the desk beside him is a crank radio. He changes the station. A Regaton version of the THEME FROM AMERICAN BANDSTAND begins playing.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, NORTH BASEMENT -- DAY

At the opposite end of the basement, through a series of open doors, TURK GUARD #4 is guarding a stairwell there. He has a clear view of #3 sitting at his desk, reading.

When #4 glances up, Turk Guard #3 is gone. His empty chair is spinning slowly to a stop.

TURK GUARD #4
Ramon. *Que onda?*

There is no response, just the MUSIC. #4 begins walking through the doorways, his knife raised. He's alert, but not terribly concerned.

As he approaches the desk, a figure disarms him and has him pinned against the wall before he can react.

They move into a shaft of light from the window and suddenly #4's face shows recognition beneath his fear.

TURK GUARD #3
Tuerto! --You're real!

And now we see the eye patch, the three-day stubble, the bad-ass wavy hair. It's him. It's Snake Plissken!

SNAKE
(through his teeth)
Call me Snake.

With that, he knocks #3's head *hard* against the wall and lets him slide to the ground.

Snake looks dressed for battle, or some kind of construction work. Around his neck hangs a couple of padlocks. Around his waist is a work belt with a claw hammer, that Japanese sword, and other tools in the loops. Three large empty duffel bags are slung over his shoulders.

He heads to the stairwell.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, NORTH BASEMENT -- DAY

The stairwell is strung with razor wire on which every kind of bell and chime is hung... a low-tech alarm system.

But Snake climbs through the wires fast and tight like a pro.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, OUTER HALL -- DAY

As he nears the top of the stairs, he can hear a conversation in Spanish echoing off the marble corridors above him.

Snake crosses to an entryway to the Trading Floor and flattens himself against the wall.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, TRADING FLOOR -- DAY

The room is lit with sunlight coming through massive, filthy skylights overhead.

The Floor itself has been cleared of all its computer hubs and is now a warren of pallets stacked with cans of food and supplies from prison food drops... all with the Global-Sec logo on them.

This is Rey Marce's secret stash.

Sitting one floor up, all around the perimeter, are six more Turk Guards. Their conversation ECHOES.

Behind him, without warning, Snake does a fast-roll out from the hall and into the cover of the pallets.

TURK GUARD #6 catches something in his peripheral vision and turns, but it is over before he sees it. He watches for a moment, but then rejoins the conversation.

Snake carefully, silently takes items as he goes. Gallon cans of chili, boxes of mac and cheese, sardine tins, and etc. His choices are almost all high-protein staples. He has to work around rats and mice, who are after the packing material.

The guards do not see Snake down below as he darts around.

On one pallet, Snake finds a heavy can of instant coffee. On another, cherry pie filling. He grabs a can, moves off, but then comes back and grabs more, clearly a personal favorite.

As Snake fills all three duffel bags with food...

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, OUTER HALL - DAY

Snake darts back out to the hallway and hugs the wall just outside... almost clear...

But a few Turks see him and he quickly rushes out of the hall and into...

FINANCIAL DISTRICT/EXCHANGE ALLEY

Weighed down with the three filled duffels, Snake runs down an alley toward a five-story, century-old building, one of only a few left standing down here among all the modern skyscrapers.

He sees what he's looking for: An old-fashioned fire escape.

He climbs a dumpster and pulls himself up onto the fire escape. The Turks catch up and begin climbing after him.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT, ROOFTOP #1 - DAY

A Turk gets to the roof, he finds it empty. The access stairwell is chained shut, so he rushes over to search the next rooftop.

As he runs past the little room housing the access stairs, he is slammed in the chest by an old TV aerial, swung Willie Mays style. It skewers him in a dozen places; He drops to his knees, bleeding out. Snake kicks him over the side.

Ssnake glances behind him as another Turk appears at the top of the ladder. Snake throws the duffels one at a time to the adjacent rooftop then jumps across himself.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT, ROOFTOP #2 - DAY

Ssnake rolls to his feet and cases the roof. There's no way off of this one. All the surrounding buildings are too high and too far to jump to.

As the Turk lands on his roof, Snake rifles through a duffel. He finds a can of sardines and pulls up the metal tab, peeling back the thin steel lid. The Turk comes up behind him, machete raised. Snake puts the sack down and turns to face him.

TURK GUARD

That was my brother you just
killed, man. I'm gonna *hack* you
up.

Behind Snake's back, he is holding the lid from the sardine can. He slides his middle finger into the tab so that he's wearing it like a ring, the lid flat against his palm.

Ssnake slices the can's lid across the man's forehead.

Immediately, blood pours down into his eyes, blinding him. He screams in pain and surprise, trying to wipe enough away to see, but Snake moves behind him and using the man's own machete slices open his carotid artery.

The man gasps as blood spurts out.

SNAKE

Get a new brother.

Ssnake drops the turk's body and, rather than waste them, he picks up the open can of sardines and chugs it.

INT. NY FEDERAL RESERVE BANK - DAY

The hallowed halls of the New York Fed have somehow been preserved. It's as clean and stately as ever.

That's thanks to Rey's crew of Turks who keep the classic old building in as pristine shape as it was the day before the dirty bomb went off.

We pan the wall of portraits then pictures of past NY Fed Presidents... Alfred Hayes... Paul Volcker... Tim Geithner... and finally a crude picture of Rey Marce smoking a joint.

As we move into...

REY'S OFFICE

A massive hall of American history. Stately and important. Rey sits his large oak desk. The Duke and Gina in large leather chairs in front of him.

GINA

Look, Rey. We don't want to break the truce. We don't want a war. We don't want to lose any of our soldiers and kill hundreds of yours.

The Duke just pastes his glare on Rey all the while... causing the man to sweat.

REY MARCE

Nobody wants that.

GINA

We'd win. You do know that.

Rey just sits there. He doesn't argue it. And The Duke finally stands...

THE DUKE

Take us to your secret stash. Give me what's there.

(beat)

That'll make it right.

And Rey Marce... pondering that... knowing it's non negotiable...

EXT. BOWLING GREEN PARK - DAY

As Snake runs through Bowling Green Park holding three duffel bags... filled to rim with The Turk's secret stash of food.

And he passes the statue of the Running Bull... which has been torn off its hooves.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, FLOOR - DAY

Rey Marce and The Duke looks over the stash. A few of the Turk guards stand in front of them... ashamed.

REY MARCE

One man! One man! Killed five of
our soliders and took all that
food.

TURK GUARD

It wasn't just any man.

The Duke now steps forward...

THE DUKE

Yes? Who was it?

TURK GUARD

Snake Plissken.

And right as the words escape his mouth... a knife slams into
his throat, pinning him to the wall. Blood spurts. He's
still alive as his eyes bulge and he gargles in pain.

All this was courtesy of The Duke... who speaks to him as if
he's not about to die.

THE DUKE

Snake Plissken doesn't exist! Do
you hear me?

The man doesn't. He's dead now.

The Duke removes the knife and the dead guard falls out of
the frame. The Duke turns to Gina.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

We'll take what he didn't.

She nods and with a whistle... fifteen DUKE SOLDIERS rush
into the exchange with bags ready for the filling.

The Duke turns to Rey.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

Nobody knows about this.

REY MARCE

You taking my stash?

THE DUKE

No, I don't give a shit about that.

As points down to the dead guard...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

What he was saying.

REY MARCE

Oh... That Sna--

And with just a look from The Duke, Rey shuts up.

EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE -- DAY

The Duke and Gina head for his Cadillac hybrid.

THE DUKE

Rey's ours and he knows it.

(beat)

We'll let them keep the name The
Turks... but as long as Rey is in
charge... we can just consider them
a colonized faction.

GINA

What about the man who stole the
food?

She knows well enough not to call him by name.

THE DUKE

He got lucky.

GINA

People love talking about him...
making up stories... giving him
credit for shit he didn't do.

And The Duke turns and slaps her with open fist... with rage
in his eyes...

THE DUKE

What do you want me to do that I'm
already not, Gina? I got fifteen
men looking for him 24/7! Nobody
finds nothing... ever!

(beat)

The man is a ghost.

And suddenly...

A HELICOPTER

comes into view between buildings, several hundred feet up.
Gina and The Duke both step toward it... it's flying way too
low.

And it's losing altitude fast. It starts angling hard,
falling out of the sky.

EXT. TRIBECA - SAME

We find Snake climbing up a fire escape... going home after a
hard day's work. He also sees the helicopter and stops on
the dime.

Watching it...

COLLIDE WITH THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING

There is smoke, but no explosion. There could be survivors.

EXT. CITY HALL PARK -- DAY

All of the men attending the food drop see the crash as well. They too start running toward it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 24TH FLOOR ROOF - DAY

The Senator's helicopter has crash-landed on the 24th floor roof of the Woolworth Building, where the bulk of the building ends and the single main tower begins.

The helicopter has skidded to the edge. Parts are burning.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Inside the wreckage of the chopper... we find Senator Armitage... she's choking on smoke and the cabin is filling up with fire fast. She unbuckles herself.

THE SENATOR
Is anyone hurt?!

Then she sees the PILOT is dead, his chest crushed by the steering column. The side door is open and the Senator can see a man, AN AIR MARSHAL, down on the roof, crawling away. He is on fire.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 24TH FLOOR ROOF - DAY

The Senator climbs out of the helicopter and rushes to the Air Marshal. She takes off her coat and begins smothering out the fire. When she gets it out, the half-charred Air Marshal turns over. Both his legs are broken.

The engine beside them is leaking oil and fuel, and the whole wreck is ticking as the metal heats up. The Senator drags the Air Marshal away from the fire. He cries out in pain.

AIR MARSHAL
The door--

THE SENATOR
What?

AIR MARSHAL
Barricade... the... door.

And then it hits her: They have crashed *inside* the prison. She runs to the edge of the roof and looks down. Her face goes pale with horror.

THE SENATOR'S POV: Down on the street, she can see dozens upon dozens of inmates racing toward the entrances to the building. Most are wielding some kind of hand weapon.

AIR MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Do it.

The Senator looks for the roof access door. It's at the other end. She kicks off her heels as she sprints for it.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 24TH FLOOR ROOF - DAY

The Senator finds the door and sees that it can be barred.

She runs back to the helicopter and finds a piece of metal that might work, part of the helicopter's skid.

She burns her hands on it as she picks it up, but she can't stop to care.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, MAIN STAIRWELLS - DAY

The first of the inmates makes the 23rd floor hallway and rushes up the last flight to the roof. He climbs up to the door, about to burst through.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 24TH FLOOR ROOF - DAY

The Senator rushes back and puts the skid in place just in time. The door bashes into the skid, allowing a one inch gap only.

Fingers begins poking through, trying to touch whatever is barring the door. She kicks the door, breaking them.

She runs back toward the helicopter, realizing that across the air shaft, the other roof there also has an access door. They can't get to her from there but they'll see her.

She hurries over and drags the Air Marshal behind the main tower and out of view of the other roof, just as inmates begin flooding onto it.

She crouches down beside the Air Marshal, not knowing what to do. She takes out her cell phone. No service.

AIR MARSHAL

The radio in the chopper.

THE SENATOR

It's burning--

AIR MARSHAL

There's a sat phone-- a satellite phone. In my pocket.

She fishes it out and sees it's a little larger than a regular cell phone. It is hot to the touch, badly burned as well. It will not even turn on.

The Senator looks back at the door, trying to contain her panic. Inmates are trying to ram their way through.

THE SENATOR

I don't know what to do!

When she looks back at the Air Marshal who is dead. She's on her own.

She checks the Air Marshal and finds a gun. She takes it then she searches the roof for any kind of hiding place.

There is nothing. She crawls over to the edge and sees:

SENATOR'S POV: It is not exactly a drop-off. There is a high-pitched copper-clad cornice that slopes down to the edge of a series of ornate dormers, the windows of offices on the floor just below.

One could carefully slide down to the edge and get inside through a window.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR LEDGE - DAY

As the inmates rush the roof, the Senator hits the Gothic styling at the roof's edge. Five inches of stone filigree are all that has kept her from a 400 foot free fall.

She scoots toward the nearest window and sees it is unlocked.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 24TH FLOOR ROOF - DAY

The Duke walks out onto the roof of the Woolworth Building, Gina at his side. The other inmates make way.

He walks past the burning helicopter and when it explodes, he does not flinch. He can't be bothered. He has things he is looking for.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR LEDGE - DAY

The Senator is having trouble getting the window to open. It has warped in its frame from years of rain and snow.

She has it up a few inches, then a few inches more.

She can now see The Duke. If he, or anyone around him, looks her way, she'll be spotted.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 24TH FLOOR ROOF - DAY

The Duke kneels next to the Air Marshal and frisks him.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING/23RD FLOOR LEDGE - DAY

The Senator pulls up the window another six inches. She can almost climb in. She stands to get more leverage.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING/24TH FLOOR ROOF -- DAY

The Duke barks to Gina.

THE DUKE

Put out the chopper and search it.

But then Gina notices something.

One of the Senator's discarded high heels is lying right there in front of them all.

GINA

Look at this...

She holds up the shoe for The Duke to see.

In response, The Duke takes a Bowie knife out of his belt and saws off the Air Marshal's head with a few expert strokes.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR LEDGE - DAY

The Senator sees this and freezes in terror.

THE SENATOR'S POV: The Duke steps away, holding up the Air Marshal's head. Blood jets from the Air Marshal's neck. His eyes bulge open. The other inmates CHEER.

The Duke turns, just about to have the Senator in his line of sight, when, frantic, she finally gets the window open enough to slip inside. She just makes it.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR, OFFICES - DAY

The Senator drops down into a large office space and holds her hands over her mouth, hyperventilating.

She sees that bloated and ruined cubicles form a kind of maze between her and the exit to both the east and west corridors and stairwells.

She hears a COMMOTION in the east door and sees some inmates pass on their way up to the roof. One,

An OBESE TURK (30s), glances in. She ducks. *Has he seen her?!*

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR, EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

Yes, he has. He lets the other inmates go by, saying nothing. Instead, he waits until they're gone and quietly steps into the room.

He is a baby-faced man, powerfully built, but gone to fat, with a Satanic tattoo up his neck and across the side of his face. A *Lotería* crown is newly tattooed on his neck as well. It is still scabbed over. He licks his lips.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR, OFFICES - DAY

The Senator listens, with her back against a cubicle wall, trying to quiet her breathing. With rising horror, she hears him making his way through the room--STIRRING up TRASH on the floor, STEPPING on fallen PLASTER.

She watches from under a desk as he crosses the path between groups of cubicles, then she creeps to the opposite side.

She crawls toward what she thinks will lead to the exit, but ends up crawling through a string of cubicles to a dead end.

When she turns to retrace her steps, the Obese Turk is there, reaching for her. He smiles. He has no teeth.

She reaches into her jacket pocket for The Air Marshal's gun as he gestures to the ceiling.

OBESE TURK
(child-like)
They'll hear it if you scream.

Or shoot. So now she pulls her hand out of her pocket without the gun.

He opens his shirt. Underneath are more tattoos: Swastikas, the date of Martin Luther King's assassination on a scroll held by angels, etc.

OBESE TURK (CONT'D)
You know what this is?

He points to a tattoo of a carpenter's nail between his tits.

OBESE TURK (CONT'D)
Touch it. Go on.

He moves toward her. Without warning, Snake appears behind him.

When the Obese Turk turns, Snake decks him on the skull with the claw hammer, twice in rapid succession. The Obese Turk slumps over.

And Snake looks up to get SLAMMED by an office chair. Gratis of Senator Armitage.

SNAKE
(recoiling)
Damn it!

She lifts up the chair again...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
I just saved you from him!

THE SENATOR
So you can have me?

SNAKE
Don't flatter yourself.

She swipes at him with the chair again but he quickly moves out of the way... the chair crashing to the ground.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, STAIRWELL - DAY

The Duke and the others freeze when they hear the crash of the chair. The Duke narrows his eyes.

SNAKE AND THE SENATOR

As they hear the men on the roof begin moving fast, a RACE OF FEET OVER THEIR HEADS.

THE SENATOR
Oh my God.

Snake grabs the Senator's arm and pulls her toward the east corridor.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 23RD FLOOR, EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

They run out of the offices and, as they do, the first of the inmates coming down from the roof sees them. He YELLS.

The Senator is freezing up, almost catatonic with fear.

SNAKE
First rule in New York... you stop,
you die.

This snaps her out of it. She begins hurrying with him to the center of the building. Behind them, the inmates swing into view.

Snake finds what he is looking for... the fire stairs for the central part of the building, he pushes the Senator in, comes in behind her, and pulls shut the steel door.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Go.

She begins running down the stairs in her bare feet.

Snake has taken the hammer out again as well as a handful of high-impact Fireman's chocks and begins hammering them into the door frame, one on each side, as fast as he can.

He gets the third one in just as the men begin trying to push the door open on the other side. He finishes off the fourth and then begins running down the stairs.

He catches up to the Senator -- who is trying to outrun even him -- and grabs her arm again. They speed down the twenty-odd floors to ground level, a building noise of RUNNING and YELLING behind them.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, GROUND FLOOR - DAY

SNAKE and the Senator reach the ground level and hurry into the back offices there. SNAKE finds an open window to the street, in an alley adjacent to a parking structure.

The YELLING is getting closer. SNAKE hops out, then The Senator does as well.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, 20TH FLOOR STAIRWELL - DAY

The Duke is still high in the stairwell, watching his men spiral down after The Senator. He can hear them calling out to one another in vain.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

SNAKE drags The Senator into the parking structure.

A group of older inmates have camped here, out of the sun.

They look on, drunk, as The Senator and SNAKE pass.

One of them regards The Senator then calmly turns back to his crew...

DRUNK INMATE
Wow, that tranny really looks like
a chick.

They come near the edge of the parking garage when they begin to hear HELICOPTER ENGINES closing in.

The Senator pulls free of SNAKE's grip and makes a panicked run for the sunlit intersection where the rescue choppers might see her.

SNAKE catches up to her just at the edge of the garage and yanks her back. He looks up and sees the rescue choppers are armed, gun barrels out. They haven't been spotted, though.

The Senator fights back, hitting SNAKE in the face, trying to run out into the intersection.

THE SENATOR
I'M HERE!

SNAKE

Quiet!

THE SENATOR

HELP! I'M RIGHT HERE--

With no other choice, Snake pulls her back and *decks* her. One clean, hard hook. And she is out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIBECA, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Snake is up on a rooftop with a pair of high-powered binoculars, the price tag still hanging off them. He is watching something to the south, an earphone in one ear.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

A helicopter she was riding in is said to have experienced some kind of engine malfunction.

SNAKE'S POV: *The Duke's Caddie is pulling away, leading its strange cavalcade. It drives north, back up to the Duke's own territory.*

The Air Marshal's head is now affixed to the spike on the hood of the Duke's car.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Once again, for those just joining us, Senator Frances Armitage is presumed dead in a helicopter crash inside of the Manhattan Island Prison. The MI Facility's Warden, Augustine Stevens, has confirmed this, though the actual wreckage has not yet been recovered due to its location. She cautions it may be months before anything more specific is known--

INT. SNAKE'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The Senator is tied up, sitting in a red "egg chair" at the bottom of a circular room.

She eyes the map of New York on the wall.

A hatch opens in the ceiling, blinding her with daylight and Snake begins down a ladder. He sees she's awake.

THE SENATOR

Who are you?

Ignoring her, he climbs down and puts his binoculars on his cot. He also has a new backpack, which he tosses down as well. He begins looking for something among his things.

She points to his map...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
What are all the X's and dates?

He doesn't answer...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
I understand I'm no position to bargain with you, or convince you not to do whatever you plan on doing, but if we can talk--

As he unties her...

SNAKE
Actually, you're in a perfect position to bargain with me...
(glancing up at her)
Senator.

And Snake finds himself looking down the barrel of a gun. The Air Marshal's. The moment holds for a beat, until...

Snake disarms The Senator in two seconds flat. He's now holding the gun.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
This is very valuable here. You wanna save it till you need it the most.

And with that, he hands the gun right back to her. She's a bit stunned.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
The bullets are in it, you can check if you want.

She doesn't. She just pockets the gun.

THE SENATOR
I know you don't care but I have two sons. A nine-year-old named Jake and a six-year-old named Sean.

And he just regards her...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
Okay, if you get me out of here I can get you a full pardon.

SNAKE

You don't know if you actually have the power to deliver on that.

(beat)

But for now, it's a risk you're willing to take.

THE SENATOR

That's right.

(beat)

Is it a risk you're willing to take?

He ignores her. She looks around the room.

A couple of books on Manhattan infra-structure, a book on weather forecasting and The Journals of Lewis and Clark.

This is obviously not a common thug.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)

I would guess it is. Otherwise, you would've let me be rescued by that helicopter.

SNAKE

That helicopter wouldn't have been stupid enough to land and even if they had... you would've been taken or killed by the time they could.

He finds what he is looking for... the can of cherry pie filling. He opens it and starts eating it off of his knife along with a fresh can of sardines.

The Senator looks at this disgusted.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

(re Senator's disgust)

I'm sorry, I have trouble getting seated at the hot restaurant these days.

And with that, he offers a bite. She takes it.

THE SENATOR

You're not going to tell me your name?

With a shrug...

SNAKE

Snake.

THE SENATOR

Snake? What kind of name is that?

SNAKE

Irish.

And silence. Until...

THE SENATOR

You know they're gonna come looking
for me, Snake.

As Snake throws her the rest of the sardines.

SNAKE

They think you're dead. There are
no search parties coming.

(beat)

I'm all you've got now.

THE SENATOR

How are you going to get me to them
now?

SNAKE

Guard station. Williamsburg
Bridge.

He takes a pair of dusty sneakers looted from some store out
of his backpack and tosses them to her.

THE SENATOR

On foot?

As he now tosses her a Kevlar vest...

SNAKE

No... Town Car...

EXT. TRIBECA, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

On top of an anonymous apartment building, sits a pair of
large water towers... a common enough site in New York.

But the hatch at the top of one of them opens. Snake and the
Senator climb out. *This* is Snake's hideout.

Its exterior ladder is hidden from view of the surrounding
buildings by the second water tower. Ingenious.

EXT. TRIBECA, WALKER STREET -- NIGHT

They come out of the building on street level. Snake cases
the street for movement.

SNAKE

Stay right in my shadow.

She nods. As they head down the street... sticking to the
shadows...

THE SPRING STREET KIOSK

Snake closes the door behind them. A ladder leads down into the darkness of the subway.

She looks at him. He flicks on a penlight.

SNAKE

Move.

INT. SUBWAY/SPRING STREET ACCESS CORRIDOR - DAY

They reach the bottom and walk down a filthy white-tiled corridor. There are a couple of doors, but Snake passes them.

At the end of the corridor is a fire door. Snake listens at it for a moment, then shuts off his light and opens it.

INT. SUBWAY, SPRING STREET SERVICE PLATFORM -- DAY

They walk onto one end of the platform of a subway station. Light is coming in from the grates in the ceiling.

Snake jumps down to the dead tracks and the Senator does as well. Rats barely get out of their way. Gang graffiti is everywhere.

SNAKE

Crazies.

They start walking.

Soon they begin to hear music up ahead, scratchy WIND-UP VICTROLA MUSIC, and muffled GROANING.

When they get close to the next station, they find water covering the tracks. They climb up onto the next platform to keep dry, but they are moving toward the music and groans.

Snake puts out a hand to tell her to be silent as he sees some CRAZIES up ahead.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

You might want to face the wall.

THE SENATOR

Why?

SNAKE

Because it's not going to pretty.

The signs in tile read: BROADWAY-LAFAYETTE.

The subway tracks here have turned into canals... but this is far from Venice.

At the edge of the deeper water, there is a line of small boats tied to the platform: Canoes, one or two rowboats, a battle-worn paddle boat shaped like a swan.

The two crazies as they stand guard...

SNAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Excuse me -- do you know if the
A,C,E is running on time?

They turn to see Snake holding that Japanese sword.

And it takes three seconds to slice both men then disperse them into the water.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
You can open your eyes now.

The Senator slowly opens her eyes.

THE SENATOR
It was that easy to kill?

With a shrug...

SNAKE
This place doesn't give you choice.

As Snake steadies a canoe and motions for her to get in...

When she does, he unties the boat and pushes silently off. He paddles for the far side, out of sight of the grate light, and away from the music and groaning.

As they come through the station proper, they see between the support girders a group of Crazies huddled around someone tied to an old barber's chair.

It is an OLD TURK (60s), recognizable by his tattoo. He looks exhausted by pain. Skewers are being passed under his skin and then wound up with cord. Someone nearby holds a book illustrating the muscles of the human body. There is no telling what is happening here.

The MUSIC is light-hearted. Jaunty, even.

As they pass, the man has eye contact with the Senator. He tries to call out to her, but his tongue is too swollen to form words.

OLD TURK
Hehh-- hehh--

Then, like a tableau in a carnival haunted house, the sight passes by and is gone.

At an intersection, Snake turns off to follow the "F" line.

INT. SUBWAY, FLOODED "F" LINE - DAY

Snake quietly paddles under the light coming through the grates above, but then the tunnel begins to descend, the water getting higher as they go. It looks pitch black up ahead.

Snake gets out his infrared goggles and puts them on.

SNAKE

Get down low and stay quiet.

She does. It gets dark. Completely dark. They can no longer hear the music.

Everything we see now, we are seeing through Snake's INFRARED GOGGLES.

Snake paddles along. The roof of the subway tunnel is now only a few feet above their heads.

At a turn in the subway tunnel... passing the Essex Street Station stop.

Dead bodies have become bottle-necked. At first Snake sees three or four, but then he sees dozens. They have been in the water for many months and are bloated.

There are so many that, for a short stretch, Snake has some difficulty getting past them. But once he does, he sees something even more alarming up ahead.

SNAKE'S POV: Five or six CRAZIES are coming toward them in the water, wet-suits on, paddling quietly on surfboards in night-vision goggles like Snake's.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

(quietly, to Senator)

Stay down.

She does.

Snake removes a cross bow from his backpack and aims at the first Crazy. He shoots and the arrow lands in the man's head with a THWACK. The man falls into the water.

The other two crazies now paddle directly at Snake. He loads another arrow and takes out the second Crazy.

But the third Crazy WHISTLES loudly and suddenly... Snake can hear more Crazies on the way.

Snake makes a decision... as he turns around the boat and heads back the way he came.

And suddenly, he sees behind him... many more Crazies... maybe 25 all paddling on their surf boards at him.

A few of them drop into the water and start swimming at the boat... fast.

Then an ARROW WHIZZES by Snake's ear. Another hits the gunwale of the boat. They're under attack.

The Senator screams as the boat rocks violently to one side. One of the Crazies is trying to climb into the boat, grabbing the Senator in the process. He has her by the hair.

Snake SLAMS him with an elbow... sending the Crazy back in the water.

He directs the boat toward the platform... ESSEX STREET and pulls the Senator out of the boat.

THE SENATOR
(panicked)
What's going on?

SNAKE
We didn't make it to our stop.

All of the sudden, a Crazy explodes from under the water's surface and takes a hold of The Senator by her foot.

A tug of war ensues between Snake and The Crazy.

Across the way, Snake sees a Crazy, on his surfboard, aim his crossbow right at the Senator and shoot.

Snake lets go of the Senator who plunges down into the water narrowly averting the flight of the deadly arrow.

The Crazy in the water is now attempting to swim The Senator back toward the other crazies but she's fighting back and he's not getting far.

Snake aims his crossbow directly down at the water, and -- as the expression goes -- shoots the fish in the barrel.

The Crazy screams in pain and The Senator breaks free.

Snake quickly helps her out. She can barely exhale as they run through...

THE ESSEX STREET STATION

Through a dark maze of tunnels, the crazies in tow...

Snake rounds a corner and comes sliding to a stop to see...

A WALL OF EYES - staring back at them. Red eyes. Hundreds of them. Maybe a thousand. All hissing and moving and writhing, Snake realizes he's seeing a black mountain of RATS.

Mutated, enormous, some as big as house cats, the animals' teeth are yellow razors, catching the moonlight as they see the delicious meal standing only twenty feet away.

The Senator is at his side.

THE SENATOR
What... are they... ?

SNAKE
Rats.

THE SENATOR
They're too big to be rats.

SNAKE
Maybe in your world.

And the rats seem to shriek in unison as --

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Run!

-- the rats CHARGE.

Snake turns to run the way he came, coming to a sliding stop as he sees...

MORE THAN FIFTY Crazies filling the hallway with shrieks of hunger and bloodlust.

As the Crazies RUN toward Snake and The Senator...

AND SNAKE

looks above him... sees a broken drainpipe... leaps up and grabs on... swinging his legs above him and climbing up.

The rats and Crazies are about to converge on the Senator, but...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Give me your hand!

She does... and Snake pulls her up. She grabs a hold of the same drainage pipe in the nick of time.

BELOW - the wall of Crazies and the wall of rats MEET.

Snake can't figure out which is which as the entire warring mass of limbs, claws and fangs tangle in the darkness, screams of pain and terror both *homo-sapiens* and *rodentia* echo upward.

Snake waits a beat then jumps down and shouts to the Senator.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Let go now!

The Senator does and falls into his arms. He props her to her feet and they run.

EXT. ESSEX STREET/LOWER EAST SIDE - DUSK

Snake and the Senator come up into the last light of day and run down toward the Lower East Side.

The Senator tries to compose herself and hide from Snake that she's been crying. She is past her limits, clearly.

She follows Snake's lead and they walk in the shadows of Turk territory.

SNAKE

Why are you here?

THE SENATOR

The helicopter went down.

SNAKE

No. Why were you in the helicopter in the first place?

THE SENATOR

I was on a tour of the prison.

Snake holds out an arm and quickly ducks them both back into an alley. A few Turks pass by and move on their way.

After The Turks are gone, they resume walking. Then...

SNAKE

Why would anyone want to see this place?

THE SENATOR

I'm the chair of a Congressional committee that oversees this place.

SNAKE

You guys are doing a hell of a job. There's only enough food for about half the people in here and it's taken by the gangs the minute it's dropped.

Senator nods.

THE SENATOR

Even before coming here I was beginning the process of proposing an initiative to transfer all the prisoners out of New York and attempt to restore the city.

Snake just regards her then laughs...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)

What?

SNAKE

Let me guess. You were the youngest in your family and one of your parents battled addiction.

She just looks at him.

THE SENATOR

Close.

They keep walking...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)

Okay... very close.

With a shrug...

SNAKE

Psychological profiling 101.

(beat)

Your blind ambition comes from trying to prove yourself to older siblings -- likely brothers -- and your delusional idealism was born from perpetually getting disappointed by an addict.

As they walk some more...

THE SENATOR

Delusional idealism... huh?

SNAKE

When you talk about closing this place... yeah.

And Snake stops walking and turns to her with...

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Because New York is dead and gone.

(beat)

It may not be fair... but it's done!

She sees real anger in his eyes... but Snake quickly pockets that like he does all emotion.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Best to just figure out some sort of future that makes sense and not get caught in the past.

Not backing down...

THE SENATOR

Well, I'm not the only one here that's idealist or delusional -- am I?

(beat)

Those x's on your map were all your attempts to escape.

After a moment...

SNAKE

That's not idealistic... that's just not giving up.

THE SENATOR

Then why was the last date written on the map over two years ago?

And the question hangs... until...

SNAKE

Just worry about getting to the bridge alive.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DUSK

The sun is almost down now. Shadows all around the city lengthen.

No lights are coming on. No street lamps, no porch lights, nothing. Manhattan is about to drown in darkness.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, WEST RAMP -- DUSK

SNAKE and The Senator hurry over the exposed first quarter mile of the Williamsburg Bridge. When they make it to where the bridge splits into two levels, they stay low on the pavement, under the pedestrian walkway.

Here there are a few working streetlights. This is a buffer zone, a no-trespassing zone. Signs warn against proceeding.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, MIDDLE SPAN -- DUSK

About three-quarters of the way across, a concrete guard tower extends from the security wall. Three stories above them, a row of spotlights is mounted on the railing.

As they get close, Snake walks behind The Senator, using her as a shield.

SNAKE
Let your hair down.

She takes off the cap and does.

When they are a hundred or so yards from the wall, the row of spotlights is turned on and pointed at them. They're blinded.

The Senator looks into the lights and calls out.

THE SENATOR
DO NOT SHOOT. I AM SENATOR FRANCES
ARMITAGE. I SURVIVED THE
HELICOPTER CRASH TODAY.

A beat. There is no movement behind the spotlights.

SNAKE
Go on.

THE SENATOR
I NEED TO SPEAK TO THE WARDEN
DIRECTLY ABOUT A PARDON BEFORE I
CAN LEAVE.

Another beat. And from a loudspeaker behind the spotlight...

VOICE (FROM A LOUDSPEAKER)
Get on your knees!

She does. Snake ducks back into a darkened area of the bridge and watches.

VOICE (FROM A LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)
Put your hands above your head!

She does. Nothing happens.

THE SENATOR
What am I supposed to do now?

AND a SHOT is fired. It hits the Senator square in the chest and blows her back. She recoils in pain.

And a laser site lands on her forehead with a red dot to finish the job. A pregnant moment, until...

Snake reacts... this is his golden ticket out of here. As he emerges and pulls her back just as the shot is fired. Misses by an inch.

Snake helps The Senator find her feet and they run back across the bridge as BULLETS can be heard HITTING the pavement and CLANGING OFF THE SCAFFOLDING above them.

They run out of range of the guard station, but Snake keeps running. He knows what is next.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)

Wait--!

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, WEST END - NIGHT

They make it almost to the Manhattan end of the bridge when a trio of MI Facility helicopters comes after them, spotlights on and SHOOTING.

Manhattan is slowly rising up to meet the bridge, but they can't wait any longer. They are too exposed. Snake runs to the railing of the bridge. It's a one-story drop onto a row of abandoned cars.

Without a word, Snake grabs The Senator and jumps them down onto the roof of one of the cars.

The windows shatter from the impact, but the roof absorbs his force.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE, BARUCH HOUSES - NIGHT

With bullets WHIZZING past them, they run into the south-end of one of the massive low-rent housing projects built along the East River. It is wooded and dark, providing some cover.

Snake races through the complex, the Senator close behind.

When they cross Hamilton Fish Park, the spotlights find them again, and the choppers start shooting up the tennis courts around them.

But then they enter the tight-rowed "Loisaida" neighborhood and disappear amongst all the street-front awnings.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, LOBBY -- DAY

Out in the lobby of Madison Square Garden, Gina and The Duke are playing a game. They are throwing their knives at a large wall-size map of the New York Subway.

The Duke's top Lieutenant, a man named CRONENBERG, appears.

Cronenberg, isn't big or strong... he's a genius. He was a multimillionaire engineer before he hacked up his wife in a jealous rage. He's invaluable to The Duke.

CRONENBERG

The chopper was rigged.

He holds up the helicopter's swash plate.

CRONENBERG (CONT'D)
The pitch horns on this swash plate
were tampered with as well as the
rotor blade linkage. It was a
crude job.

The Duke nods... not entirely surprised...

THE DUKE
No need to make it clean... no
forensics were expected.

And he turns to Cronenberg...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
I want twenty teams of eight men
each to scour all the territories.
They shouldn't be wearing Duke
colors... disguise them as drunks,
nomads, junkies, whatever.

Cronenberg nods.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
Whichever team brings her to me
will be rewarded with six months of
food and drink as well as premium
living quarters in my building.

As he sets to go...

CRONENBERG
On it.

THE DUKE
And Cronenberg... I need her alive.

With that, Cronenberg takes his order and goes. Then...

GINA
Why alive?

THE DUKE
Because they want her dead.

Off that, The Duke throws... his knife landing square on The
Spring Street Station...

Hold on that knife... until we...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE/"LOISADA" NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The helicopters searchlight is right behind them... Snake leads The Senator toward an old theater with the marquee still intact.

And right before the searchlight finds their spot... they rush in.

INT. SUNSHINE THEATER - NIGHT

SNAKE and The Senator find themselves in the lobby of this classic vaudeville house.

THE SENATOR
(stunned)
They tried to kill me!

SNAKE
Welcome to the club.

And we can hear the faint sounds of a piano...

THE SENATOR
Do you hear that?

He does. It's music. From an old out of tune piano coming from the theater.

She moves with interest into the...

THEATER

where The Senator sees the strangest thing... a musical is being performed on the stage.

The most fucked up version of Oklahoma she's ever seen. Dudes playing girl roles in dresses and full make-up. Horrible singing.

But the sparse AUDIENCE loves it.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
This is disturbing.

Finding her side...

SNAKE
Let's go.

THE SENATOR
Where?

SNAKE
The prisoners will kill you on the inside and the guards will kill you outside...
(MORE)

SNAKE (CONT'D)
there's no point in trying to get
you out of New York anymore.

THE SENATOR
No.

SNAKE
There's somewhere I can take you
that may be safe.

THE SENATOR
No, Snake!

And a guy in the back row hears that and looks over.
Just the sound of Snake's name got his attention.

He's an old guy with a cap on. This is CABBIE.

And The Senator faces Snake... she's serious.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
Look, here's the thing -- we need
some sort of gas masks so we can go
into the dead zone.
(beat)
I have a way out of here.

SNAKE
You have a way out of here?

THE SENATOR
Yes.

He laughs...

SNAKE
There's no way off this island.

As they stand in stalemate...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Now, I'm offering to take you to
the only place on this god-forsaken
island where you may stand a
chance.
(beat)
If you don't want that, then...
good luck.

With that, Snake goes...

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

As Snake heads for the door... from behind him.

THE SENATOR (O.S.)
I have a phone!

He stops and turns to see her holding the charred phone she took from the Air Marshal.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
It's a satellite phone. From the helicopter.
(beat)
It doesn't work, but if we can find the right parts--

As he walks over.

SNAKE
-- then you can call someone.

Confirming...

THE SENATOR
Someone higher up than the people that run this place.

He nods. He's in.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
Where do we find parts? For the phone?

VOICE (O.S.)
You're him... aren't you? Snake Plissken.

Snake immediately pins this man against the wall.

CABBIE
Some said you were dead, some said you never existed to begin with and some said you were the only good thing in this place.

He's old and harmless. And a little dim. As Snake lets him go...

CABBIE (CONT'D)
But I'm looking at you now, aren't I? I'm talking to Snake Plissken... aren't I?

THE SENATOR
Yes, you are.

And Cabbie regards her.

CABBIE
Wow, you look like a real-life girl. Amazing what they can do these days.

This guy's a little off that's for sure. As he turns back to Snake with...

CABBIE (CONT'D)
You know who Brain is?

SNAKE
Yeah, I know who Brain is.

CABBIE
Then you know.
(re phone)
He can fix that.

Snake just looks at him.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
I'm Cabbie. I have a car.
(beat)
I'll take you

INT. AN OLD YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Cabbie presses play on an old cassette recorder and Cole Porter's "Down In The Depths" plays.

THE SENATOR
How does he get fuel?

Looking back with a smile...

CABBIE
I deliver fuel for Brain. He lets
me keep my old cab. Drove this car
for nineteen years.

The Senator forces a smile at the old man then turns to Snake... who blankly looks out the window.

THE SENATOR
Who's Brain?

Snake doesn't answer. But Cabbie's happy to...

CABBIE
Only the second most famous man on
the island.
(beat)
Got here right after the riots.
While every one else was looting
the city for booze and cigarettes,
he gathered up all the gas and
solar panels.

THE SENATOR
Smart.

And Snake... vacantly looking out the window all the while... finally speaks...

SNAKE

Nobody knows where he stashed them
that's why everybody needs him.

CABBIE

He has no gang affiliation.

(beat)

Sells his gas to the highest
bidder. Nobody messes with him and
because of that... nobody messes
with me.

And The Senator leans forward...

THE SENATOR

Who's the first?

CABBIE

Excuse me?

THE SENATOR

You said Brain was the second most
famous man on the island... who's
the first?

CABBIE

Lady, you're sitting next to him.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING - NIGHT

In the bowels of the building... The Duke, Gina and a few
soldiers watch Cronenberg as he sits at the massive
electronic grid that used to power the building. He's
connecting it to a generator.

CRONENBERG

It should work now.

THE DUKE

You said that last time.

Cronenberg nods... this time he's sure.

And as Cronenberg lifts a heavy lever, we...

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The chopper makes its rounds above the city. The PILOT sees
something out of the corner of his eye, nudges his CO-PILOT
and points to it. We don't see it.

And as he maneuvers the chopper around to face it...

INT. CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

At his desk, CEO Tatum Hauk looks over the video footage taken on the Williamsburg Bridge of Snake pulling The Senator away from the gunfire.

He pauses it and goes close on Snake... on his face with that eyepatch.

Suddenly, his phone buzzes and he picks it up...

TATUM

Yeah...

INT. SURVEILLANCE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Warden Stevens and Tatum Hauk head in with purpose.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER

One of our patrol choppers saw it
five minutes ago.

And Tatum leans down to look at the video footage of...

THE NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING

Lit up. The only lights in the sky-line.

And the office lights actually spell out three words in vertical succession... one on each floor...

"Duke

Has

Her"

INT. THE NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING/BOWELS - NIGHT

The Duke gives Cronenberg a nod of approval, then throws a cigar in his mouth and turns to Gina.

THE DUKE

It's their move now.

GINA

But we don't have her.

Lighting his cigar...

THE DUKE

Yet.

And suddenly, a DUKE SOLDIER rushes into the room.

DUKE SOLDIER
She was spotted.

THE DUKE
Where?

DUKE SOLDIER
Lower East Side. Getting into
Cabbie's cab with a man.

THE DUKE
A man?

DUKE SOLDIER
A man...
(nervously swallowing)
... with an eye patch.

Furiously chewing on his cigar...

THE DUKE
Just say his name.

The soldier is now shaking... doesn't want to.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
Just say it. It's okay. I'm not
gonna do anything to you.

DUKE SOLDIER
They said she was with... Snake
Plissken.

And completely panicked...

DUKE SOLDIER (CONT'D)
But how can they really be sure?
Nobody's seen the guy... I mean
even if he exists... and more
people have eye-patches these days
than one may think--

THE DUKE
Shut up!

He does.

And The Duke just glares at the shaking man then... in one
lightning quick move, reaches into his pocket and brings
out...

DUKE SOLDIER
(crumbling to the ground)
No! Please...

A LIGHTER

... igniting his cigar and turning to Gina.

THE DUKE
Let's go.

GINA
Where?

As they go...

THE DUKE
Brain's.

... leaving that soldier on the ground in shambles but alive.

EXT. 42ND STREET - NIGHT

Cabbie pulls the cab out front of an office building right next to the Chrysler building and stops.

CABBIE
You're here. End of the line for me.

And Cabbie hands Snake a flashlight.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
You need to go up to the 40th floor of this building.

Snake takes the flashlight.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
And you need to know Morse code.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Snake and The Senator climb up the stairwell of an office building. Snake shines his flashlight on the wall. It reads, in flaking paint, "30."

THE SENATOR
On your wall... you hung a travel poster for Colorado... why?

Snake just shrugs...

SNAKE
Why not?

THE SENATOR
That's no answer.

And they walk up some more flights... until...

SNAKE
Because I wanted to live there.

THE SENATOR
Where did you live?

SNAKE
Same place... my whole life.
Until, I enlisted.
(beat)
New York City.

THE SENATOR
Ironic.

SNAKE
Yeah... Alphabet City before it was
cafes and boutiques.
(beat)
I used to have that poster on my
wall when I was a kid, and...

It trails off...

THE SENATOR
And... ?

SNAKE
And when I was in Special Forces
there was something called the
Black Light Program.
(beat)
Basically the CIA needed someone to
head an assassination mission...
target was the head of the ISI. It
was a suicide mission.

As they continue walking up the stairs...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
But I took it.
(beat)
They offered me a piece of land in
the mountains of Colorado.

Registering that...

THE SENATOR
But now you're right back here.

SNAKE
Like you said... irony.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, 40TH FLOOR - NIGHT

They come through the door onto the 40th floor. It is completely empty except for a bonfire-worthy pile of office furniture heaped up in the middle of the room.

THE SENATOR
There's no one here.

SNAKE
That's the idea.

Snake heads over to one of the busted-out windows and crouches down. The Senator follows. Across the narrow canyon of 42nd St, the hulking top of the Chrysler Building can be seen, ablaze with light.

The building has been rigged with hundreds of solar panels, extended out in every direction on beams held in position with long cables, creating a weird, flower-like silhouette.

Through the windows, they can see movement there. Someone is inside.

Snake takes a step back from window and aims the flashlight. He begins flashing some kind of message in code. The Senator watches all of this silently.

Snake shuts off the flashlight and waits. In a moment, he starts the message again.

A light begins blinking back at them. Snake reads the code.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
No go. We'll have to find another way up there.

THE SENATOR
Tell them who I am.

SNAKE
They wouldn't believe me if I did.

But she grabs the flashlight out of his hands and starts signaling herself, expertly. Snake looks on, surprised.

THE SENATOR
I was an Army brat. Learned it from my Dad. It's what we did for fun.

An answer comes from the other side. They both read it.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
"41st Floor. Take off shoes--"?

One of the long beams on which solar panels are mounted begins silently moving toward the building they're in, manipulated by the cables it hangs from.

SNAKE
Come on.

They head back to the stairwell, as the "bridge" is going to connect with the building one floor up.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, 41ST FLOOR -- NIGHT

They come out of the stairwell and head to the corner window, which is also broken out. Snake climbs out onto the bridge without a beat, 41 floors up, barefoot. There is nothing to hold onto, just a series of solar panels like a balance beam.

THE SENATOR

Is there nothing that scares you?

SNAKE

Yeah. I don't like needles.

The Senator looks at him, then he is gone, out into the night air. The Senator takes off her shoes and follows.

The moon lights the canyon of 42nd Street below them. There's a wind up here, but it's quiet. Each step on a solar panel squeals like ice. The Senator tries not to look down.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING, SPIRE -- NIGHT

Snake and the Senator reach the opposite side where the bridge ends at a reinforced metal access door. Snake POUNDS on it. Built into it is a peep hole. They watch as it moves up and down The Senator.

A beat. Then the door opens to reveal BRAIN (40), a slick-haired man with a week of greying stubble on his face. He is dressed in an expensive-looking bathrobe.

Brain sees Snake. Snake watches him redden. They recognize each other. Snake is surprised, but coldly pleased.

BRAIN

Snake Plissken. I thought you were dead.

SNAKE

Harold Helman.

(beat)

I always wondered what happened to you.

THE SENATOR

You know each other?

SNAKE

Yeah... for a long time.

BRAIN

Since the Avenue B Bangers.

Snake slowly looks Brain up and down...

SNAKE
Smartest kid in the neighborhood.

With a smile...

BRAIN
I wasn't going to get by on my
looks.

SNAKE
Well Harold -- that's for sure.

BRAIN
It's not Harold anymore.

And after a moment, Brain leads them in.

They follow him in down the access stairs to the top floor of the building. It is a vast Moderne ballroom that has been turned into some kind of tech hub.

There are a few computer stations and an entire houseful of rooms suggested by groupings of furniture. A huge fireplace.

This part of the room is made to look more civilized and most importantly... has electricity.

An antique map of New York is hung ironically above the hearth. Unlike Snake's map, this one is purely a status object.

Brain looks at The Senator.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
Wow, you look good for a pre-op.
No Adam's apple and everything.

And before The Senator can respond...

SNAKE
I need you to do a little phone
repair for me, Brain.

BRAIN
And what do I get out of it?

SNAKE
A full pardon. Freedom.

BRAIN
From The Senator here?

Of course Brain knew who she was all along.

SNAKE
That's right.

And Brain sits there for a beat, thinking about it, then...

BRAIN
Give me the phone.

CUT TO:

They have moved to Brain's computer station.

He has the satellite phone under a strong light. He's taken it apart and rewired parts of it to a laptop and a separate dialing pad.

When he's ready, he pushes the power button and it lights up. The Senator exhales in relief.

THE SENATOR
All right. We're calling my Senior Aide.

Brain hands her the keypad and has her type in the number.

BRAIN
You'll hear some clicking-- it's just the static program.

Finally, she can hear the other end engage. It rings, then:

SENIOR AIDE'S VOICE
Yeah--

Snake begins counting off the seconds.

THE SENATOR
I have 15 seconds, Pat. It wasn't an accident. I'm in the prison and I need help getting out.

A beat. There is a lot of clicking.

SENIOR AIDE'S VOICE
All right-- Go on.

THE SENATOR
Nobody can be trusted, especially those involved with the prison.

SNAKE
Six seconds. Five--

THE SENATOR
I'm going to need you to call the Arlington Virginia Head Quarters of the US Marshals and talk to Jim Billings.
(beat)
(MORE)

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
Have Jim get a team of Federal
Marshals together and helicopter me
out.

She looks to Snake and Brain...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
I'm going to have two people with
me.
(beat)
Have the helicopter meet us at one
am at Bryant Park.

And she hangs up then looks to Brain and Snake...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
That's not going to work.

SNAKE
What?

THE SENATOR
Jim Billings is Pat's eight year
old nephew... she was either under
duress or that wasn't her.

Snake and the Senator trade a look. They're fucked.

But The Senator's already thinking on the next plan...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
Okay, do you have any oxygen masks?
Anything that could make it safe
for us to go uptown.

BRAIN
No. Nobody goes uptown. It's
loaded with radiation... remember
that little event that brought us
all here.

Her face falls. But Snake turns to The Senator...
interested...

SNAKE
Why do you need for us to go
uptown?

THE SENATOR
I was thinking of something we
could try. Something my aide could
help us with.

SNAKE
And this is the way out of here you
mentioned before?

She confirms...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Keep talking.

THE SENATOR
But what about dead zo-- ?

SNAKE
Leave getting through the dead zone
to me...

The Senator holds Snake's stern look, then... capitulates.

THE SENATOR
Well. When I was doing my research
on this place I came across an
expenditure of forty million
dollars to a think tank established
a five years ago. This think tank
was set up to anticipate escape
plans.

(beat)
Now my committee was only
interested in whether or not that
justifies forty million dollars but
I read their report nonetheless.

SNAKE
Thorough.

THE SENATOR
Thank you, I am.

BRAIN
And what did you find out?

THE SENATOR
There's a possible breach. The
Ward Island Footbridge. It crosses
the Harlem River and raises higher
than the wall.

(beat)
They were going to send in a team
to destroy it but they were afraid
of contamination and since the
bridge was lowered and there's no
power there... they let it be.

BRAIN
So if we can get power to bridge
then we can lift it.

THE SENATOR
Yes.

BRAIN

Let's say I could get power to the bridge... how would this work?

THE SENATOR

Well, it used to raise up and down for boat traffic. The lever is on this side. We would just have to get up there.

Brain begins to smile...

BRAIN

Sounds like a plan.

SNAKE

What about getting through the dead zone, Brain?

And Snake and Brain hold a look. There's something not being said.

BRAIN

I'm leaving that to you just like you asked.

And Snake is now looking past The Senator... out the window.

There is a cluster of small lights out there, hovering over midtown.

THE SENATOR

What is that?

SNAKE

Helicopter. One of the Warden's.

But before he can finish, Snake sees one of the lights is growing in size, coming at them.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

HIT THE FLOOR!

As they do, a missile slams into the penthouse, blowing up the northwest corner. The whole floor heaves up. Furniture, power equipment, all of it is thrown around.

The helicopter swoops in toward them.

BRAIN

They must've traced the phone call.

As Brain rushes to a shelf, grabs a small metal case and handcuffs it to his wrist...

BRAIN (CONT'D)

Guess it's time to hit the switch.

Brain leads them out, back to the roof.

SNAKE
What switch?

BRAIN
The detonator. Top floor.

Shaking his head in disappointment...

BRAIN (CONT'D)
Guess I always knew this day would
come.

SNAKE
Do it. Do it while they're close.

The helicopter is now hovering right outside the south
windows. It begins shredding up the place with gunfire.

BRAIN
Run.

Snake does.

Behind them, the whole ballroom is ablaze.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - SAME

The Duke's Motorcade stops out front. The Duke gets out of
his Escalade and looks up at the blaze. Gina finds his side.

GINA
We're too late.

The Duke shakes his head... not convinced...

THE DUKE
If I know Brain... he's displaced
but not dead.
(beat)
And I bet he's going to go for his
stash.

And then he turns to her with an order...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
Have eight men surround this
building and send out an APB for
Cabbie's yellow... tell all the
scouts I want surveillance not
apprehension.
(beat)
Tell them to use the birds.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING, SPIRE -- NIGHT

The Senator pushes open the access door and starts running across the solar panels, Snake right behind her.

They can hear the helicopter shooting, but it's on the other side of the building.

As she runs, The Senator CRACKS several of the solar panels with her boots. She tries to avoid the cracks, but ends up stepping onto one and BREAKING the whole panel in two.

She hangs on and rights herself, but the pieces of the solar panel plummet down to 42nd Street.

Metal case cuffed to his wrist, Brain comes out the access door and joins Snake.

BRAIN

We've got 15 seconds! MOVE!

Snake tries to keep his feet over the center, where the support beam is. The Senator climbs into the office building just as--

The helicopter edges around the corner of the building and spots them. It's spotlight comes up, training on The Senator. It's just about to fire on her when--

The famous top of the Chrysler Building blows, taking out the helicopter, as well as snapping all of the bridge's support cables on the Chrysler building side with it.

And the whole bridge...

SWINGS DOWN

toward the lower floors of the building. Snake and Brain are along for the ride.

The whole dark cityscape tilts at an impossible angle as the both of them swing down fifteen floors right at the building.

Snake intentionally hurls himself through one of the windows while Brain BOUNCES against the window then back again. Brain is hanging on for dear life... the bridge's remaining support cables are about to snap.

And Snake steadies himself against the window pane then reaches out a helping hand to Brain...

SNAKE

Grab my hand!

Brain does just as the bridge itself rips loose altogether and jack-straws down into the dark street below.

Brain's now dangling out of the building.... holding onto Snake's hand with that metal case dangling from his wrist.

But before Snake reels Brain in...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Where's your stash?

BRAIN
What?

SNAKE
The gas and solar panels... your
life insurance... where is it
hidden?

BRAIN
Snake! You can't be serious.

And Snake loosens his grip just a bit... he is.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
Jesus!

As Brain looks down the dark abyss below him... then back up to Snake.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
Everything was in there... it's all
gone now.

SNAKE
You're not that stupid... and
neither am I.

And right before Snake lets go...

BRAIN
Can she really get us a pardon?

SNAKE
Yes.

BRAIN
Okay, okay... I'll tell you.

So as Brain sets to give it up, we...

CUT TO:

INT. 41ST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Brain and Snake emerge to find The Senator standing in the middle of the room.

SNAKE
Are you okay?

She nods... completely rattled.

INT. CHRYSLER BUILDING/BOWELS - NIGHT

As they follow Brain through the dark bowels of the building and into a nondescript boiler room.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Without saying a word, Brain heads through the dank space reaches behind the metal case and removes a flashlight.

They watch him then move to a metal door that reads "Ventilation Closet"

And Brain reaches into that case again and this time removes a key chain. He then unlocks the door which reveals...

A TUNNEL

As they walk through... Brain leading he way with the flashlight.

BRAIN

I had a good thing, Snake. I did business with everyone and nobody thought to bother me.

(beat)

That was my home. I never had to leave.

Shaking his head in disappointment...

BRAIN (CONT'D)

Look what you did.

He turns to The Senator...

BRAIN (CONT'D)

This really needs to work now.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

The Duke's autocade as it creeps up Broadway.

INT. THE DUKE'S ESCALADE - SAME

Everyone on the street salutes The Duke, who gives waves like some magnanimous mayor.

And it starts to rain paper from above... looks like a ticker tape parade. But instead of ticker tape... what falls from the sky are leaflets of some sort.

The Duke looks up to see the helicopters that are dropping them.

THE DUKE
Stop the car.

The Duke opens the door, grabs one of the leaflets, reads it then smiles.

EXT. 40TH STREET OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Brain, Snake and The Senator sneak out of the loading entrance of a building three blocks away to find Cabbie waiting for them.

Cabbie holds a sad look with Brain...

CABBIE
Hit the switch, huh?

Brain nods. And Cabbie just shrugs... always looking for a positive spin.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
Time for a change.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Cabbie and Snake in the front, Brain and Senator in the back.

CABBIE
Where to?

BRAIN
Irving Place.

Figuring it out...

SNAKE
Con Edison building.

Brain confirms.

BRAIN
After 9/11 the city put the whole city on the "super grid" which utilized customized HTS wires wrapped into a massive electrical backbone of superconducting cable. They called it "project Hydra."

THE SENATOR
How do you know all this?

BRAIN
I was the engineer who conceived it.

Off her surprise...

BRAIN (CONT'D)
That's right, you're looking at a
former civil servant... just like
you.

And Cabbie shakes his head in frustration...

CABBIE
I hate Lexington at this time...

They look at him...

CABBIE (CONT'D)
Traffic.
(explaining)
June 14th Revolutionary territory.

Cabbie's eyes peer out at the buildings on the left and
right. He is very twitchy behind the wheel.

All is quiet until -- A PIPE BOMB EXPLODES into the side of
the Cab, ROCKING the heavy truck to one side.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
You'd think they'd learn... this is
my cab!

HOMEMADE PIPE BOMB ARROWS - streak down at the Cab,
explosions ROCKING the it from side to side.

SNAKE -- sees thickly muscled Skinheads, each with "XIV"
tattooed on his skull, charging out of the darkness, HURLING
Molotov cocktails.

The first bottle EXPLODES on the windshield.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
I knew I should've taken 3rd
avenue.

AND ON THE ROAD AHEAD

The revolutionaries pull a makeshift SPIKE STRIP across the
road.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Cabbie yanks the wheel, the cab jumping the curb. Mows down
several skinheads as he avoids the spike strip entirely.

Cabbie mows down ten more men... blood drenching the front of
the cab.

CABBIE
(shaking his head)
And I just got it washed.

As the cab rides off into the night.

EXT. IRVING PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

As the cab drives down the empty street and passes an old Union Square...

APARTMENT BUILDING

Climb up the building to the top floor and land on a...

MAN

Peering out a broken out window.

As he spies the Cab as it stops out front of the Con Ed Building...

He immediately pulls back into the apartment, jots down a note then and rushes up a flight of stairs onto...

THE ROOF

Where a cage full of pigeons wait. As the man takes one of the pigeons out of the cage...

INT. CON ED BUILDING/NYC POWER GRID SERVICING DEPOT - NIGHT

As Brain leads The Senator and Snake through the old power grid servicing station... past rusted out and useless power equipment.

BRAIN

When the wall started going up, I placed the HTS grid on a back-up solar-powered generator in order to power up my place.

As glares over to Snake...

BRAIN (CONT'D)

I mean my former place.

Brain moves what looks to be a heavy corroded massive substation transformer aside with ease. It was a gutted out piece of a equipment... a decoy.

Behind it is a small space with active electric equipment powered by the stored energy from the sun.

And Brain opens that metal case cuffed to his wrist and removes a notebook computer and a series of wires.

As he plugs into solar powered grid and immediately gets to work...

BRAIN (CONT'D)
 It's been awhile since I worked
 this grid but I think I can divert
 the power I was using to the
 Eastern Harlem purlieus.

SNAKE
 In English.

BRAIN
 I can power that bridge.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

As The Duke's Motorcade pulls up to home base. The Duke gets
 out of the Escalade to be greeted by...

CRONENBERG
 (re Escalade)
 Don't even turn off the engine...

As he smiles and holds up the note that just come in via
 carrier pigeon...

INT. CON ED BUILDING/NYC POWER GRID SERVICING DEPOT - NIGHT

Brain works diligently. The Senator and Snake watch him.

BRAIN
 (not looking up from the
 computer)
 I work better without an audience.

Snake nods and leads The Senator away from Brain. They share
 a look.

THE SENATOR
 This is a long shot.

Snake just turns away... taking in the space. Old desks and
 equipment. The walls still have some framed pictures on them
 covered in dust.

Snake walks over to one and wipes away the dust to reveal a
 print of a famous picture...

MEN ON A GIRDER HAVING LUNCH

It's a classic. A group of construction workers in 1932
 sitting on a girder high up in the sky... whilst precariously
 hovering high over Manhattan.

As The Senator finds his side...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
 I've seen this one before.

Snake nods...

SNAKE
They were building Rockefeller
Center.
(beat)
Took a hundred years to build this
city... and one day to kill it.

And she turns to him with...

THE SENATOR
It was the greatest city in the
world.

As he holds her look...

BRAIN (O.S.)
Okay... we don't have much time.

They turn to see Brain replacing the large decoy equipment.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
It didn't take much to power up my
apartment but now it's a whole
section of the grid.
(beat)
The solar panels can only generate
so much power. I'd say we have
about three hours before it runs
out.

The Senator nods.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
Cabbie's waiting for us a few
blocks away.

And they go.

EXT. CON EDISON BUILDING - NIGHT

As Brain, The Senator and Snake emerge from the building to
find themselves... surrounded by fifteen of Duke's men.

All armed with knives and swords. The Senator clutches
Snake's arm as Brain's eyes go wide in fear. The Duke steps
forward.

THE DUKE
Snaaaaaaaake Plissken. I've been
waiting a long time to meet you.

As The Duke takes that Japanese Sword he lost years ago and
admires it with delight...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
It's bad manners to borrow
something and not return it.

And with that, The Duke kicks Snake in the head, hard.
As Snake passes out, we...

CUT TO:

BRAIN'S COMPUTER

Hums in that little hidden space... taking power from the
solar panel and distributing it to Harlem.

Pull up and through the decoy equipment into the room...
where we find...

THE DUKE

Looking over the space... Gina at his side.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
There's no stash here.

GINA
Then what were they doing here?

THE DUKE
Have Dr. Elkin talk to Brain.
(beat)
But I want him kept alive until we
get that stash.

She nods. And he takes one last look over the room...
notices the framed picture on the wall.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
Those motherfuckers were fearless.
(to Gina)
You like it?

She does.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
(with a smile)
It's yours baby.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

At 31st Street, they turn toward Madison Square Garden, which
is lit up with rooftop pyres.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

One by one, the vehicles in the autocade disappear down a
ramp into the bowels of the Garden. A big security door
shuts behind them.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Snake awakes to find himself shackled and being ushered down a long hallway by Duke's guards.

Snake looks back and sees The Senator being dragged up a stairwell behind the Duke. They lock eyes for a moment before she is out of view.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

A cavalcade of old trucks emerge from the parking structure.

All feature loud speakers and crudely drawn banners hanging from them... "Fight Night, Madison Square Garden, The Duke vs. Snake Plissken! All Are Welcome"

As they take to the streets...

LEXINGTON AVE

A Brinks armored vehicle... as it rides past burned out Indian restaurants...

LOUDSPEAKER
Tonight only!

BROADWAY

A taco truck... flaps closed and locked... as it rides past all the Broadway theaters... some of the marquee's in tact...

LOUDSPEAKER (CONT'D)
At Madison Square Garden!

LOWER PARK AVE

A camouflaged military hummer... as it passes Union Square...

LOUDSPEAKER (CONT'D)
The Duke takes on Snake Plissken!

8TH STREET

A snow-plower... as it moves past Washington Square Park...

LOUDSPEAKER (CONT'D)
All are welcome!

EXT. CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As the Statue Of Liberty stands tall over those low-rise ugly black office buildings.

INT. CONTROL CENTER/SURVEILLANCE STATION - SAME

Tatum stands over the Surveillance Officer's shoulder.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
This is live footage outside of
Madison Square Garden.

They're looking at a monitor displaying CROWDS of PRISONERS heading into the arena.

TATUM
What are they doing?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
Going to a Knick's game?

Tatum just looks at him.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sorry.

And Tatum intensely studies the footage.

TATUM
Go in close on the top right
corner...

Surveillance Officer does... and now they can see part of the Snow Plow in the frame.

TATUM (CONT'D)
There's a sign on that snow plow.
Go in close on it.

He does. Now the monitor is filled with the part of the sign that's in the frame.

"The Du
V.
Snake Pli"

TATUM (CONT'D)
The Duke Vs. Snake Plissken.

And he pulls away from the desk with new energy.

TATUM (CONT'D)
The Duke's got her!

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, THE DUKE'S THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The Senator is strong-armed into the Duke's Throne Room, which is a refurbished skybox that overlooks the Garden.

It is meticulously kept. The Senator takes in the decor and somehow keeps her composure.

THE DUKE

Let me give you the tour...

As he points to mirrors that hang on every inch of wall space, creating a kind of reverse disco ball.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

Most of these were actually taken from dressing rooms from Saks.

He points to a huge Baroque bed that anchors the space...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

I got that from the Astor Mansion on Sutton Place.

As he nods to the dozen female mannequins standing around the room bent into various postures of begging or supplication.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

Most of them come from the garment district just down the street.

And now the Duke approaches the Senator. He points to a stereo which is connected to a car battery.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

You like music?

He grins. "First We Take Manhattan" begins playing.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

I just love Leonard Cohen... don't you?

THE SENATOR

I can get you a pardon. I can get you out of New York.

The Duke reaches for her and she takes a step back.

She bumps a table and knocks off a glass bong sitting on top. It shatters on the floor.

And he calmly steps to her, takes her face in his hand and turns it to face his.

THE DUKE

I want you to see something.

And he holds something up for her. It's the leaflet he took from the sky... there's a picture of a gun on it.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

A thousand of these were dropped over my territory.

As the eerie Leonard Cohen song plays...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
That's what they're going to trade
for you. Guns.

He turns the leaflet over. It reads in large letters... "200
Walther P99s... 50 Armalight 15s... One Senator... Top of
Bloomberg Tower... "

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
See... I don't want a pardon... I
don't want out of New York.

As three Duke SOLDIERS head in and post up at the doors...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
I want to rule New York.

He stands very close to her now... his mouth only inches from
hers...

It looks like he's going to kiss her, but at the last moment,
he pulls away from her with...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
Sorry, Senator... but I'm a one
woman man.

And with that, The Duke heads for the door. But...

THE SENATOR
The guns might help at first... but
they won't get you all the way.

He stops and turns...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
I'm a politician. I know a little
about this.
(beat)
You need to win their hearts and
souls... then you can rule them
forever.

THE DUKE
Yes, I couldn't agree with you
more.

He turns off the music. Then...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
But as for their hearts and souls,
I'll defer to the words of Sun Tzu
who also knew a little about
this...

And he opens the door to the sounds of a large crowd cheering...

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
"In order to become their new
God... you must defeat the current
one."

INT. SNAKE'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

We can hear the cheering crowd from inside the arena.

Snake's completely shackled to a bench. And Gina comes in...

GINA
Give us a minute, boys.

The guards leave. Gina sits next to Snake.

She fires up a butane torch lighter and cooks up a shot of something.

Snake gets a good look at her and for the first time so do we... she has a series of small scars all over her face and throat.

GINA (CONT'D)
You like my scars... huh?.

SNAKE
Sure, I'm into that kind of thing.
(beat)
Think they make you an even
prettier lady.

She produces a syringe and Snake's eyes go wide.

GINA
Thanks, doll.

As she fills the syringe with whatever it was she was just cooking... Snake starts to sweat and breathe heavy.

GINA (CONT'D)
The one on my throat is from the
thyroid chondroplasty... those are
fancy words for Adam's Apple
reduction.

Needles -- the only thing he's scared of. And this one is huge... the kind they give to horses to make them run faster.

GINA (CONT'D)
And the one on my chin was from my
sliding genioplasty... I actually
had a bone removed if you can
believe that.

Tapping the air out of the needle... Snake eyeing it all the while.

GINA (CONT'D)
And the one on the side of my neck
is from my cricothyroid
approximation procedure... that's
what gives me my pretty girl voice.

She finally grabs Snakes arm and slaps the vein a few times.

GINA (CONT'D)
I'm actually just one procedure
away from being completely female
and Duke found a plastic surgeon
dash vehicular manslaughterer in
the newest group of arrivals... so
lucky me.

And despite being completely shackled, Snake begins to buck like a horse... but Gina holds him still.

She's freakishly strong for such a nice lady.

And she sings a little song as she slides the needle into Snake's arm... trying to find a vein.

Snake clinching his eyes shut and turning away.

GINA (CONT'D)
Make a fist.

Snake doesn't.

And she can't find a vein so she takes the needle out and just jabs it into his neck... shooting the contents of the plunger into his bloodstream.

But she doesn't shoot all of it...

GINA (CONT'D)
Get excited!

As she puts a finger up to her lips and injects the rest into her own arm...

GINA (CONT'D)
(enjoying the rush)
It's fight night, babydoll.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/ARENA - NIGHT

It's fight night.

The seats are filled with over TWENTY THOUSAND screaming, rabid inmates. They watch FOUR MEN FIGHT within the perimeter of the ice hockey boards, ice long since gone.

Armed with knives, shields and swords, the men use weapons pillaged from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, sharpened to perfection for this particular pastime.

The makeshift GLADIATORS are hacking away at one another, much to the delight of the crowd. One man goes down in a spray of blood, his right arm crushed by a medieval mace.

The felled prisoner tries to stand - the mace swings down and KA-THWOCKS! into the prisoner's skull. Blood sprays on the plexiglas hockey boards. The crowd roars.

And this is just the first fight on the card...

INT. THE DUKE'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The Duke sits alone in the silent room.

He's in the middle of the floor in a Burmese Pose... eyes closed. He's actually meditating. It's very peaceful.

INT. THE DUKE'S THRONE ROOM - SAME

As the doors open and Brain is thrown in. He's been beaten and tortured pretty bad. He joins The Senator at the window looking down over the arena.

THE SENATOR
What'd you tell them?

BRAIN
Some crazy bullshit they went for.

She smiles.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
Undercard always sucks.
(and then)
We're losing time here.

She nods... fully aware. Then she looks over to him with...

THE SENATOR
Just be ready.

BRAIN
For what?

Off that question...

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The bodies have been moved and the blood has been washed down. The ring now sits empty. Waiting for the fight of the night.

In the center of the cage, one of the Duke's men is hanging the Duke's large Bowie knife from a cord.

And a POOR MAN'S MICHAEL BUFFER shouts out at the top of his lungs...

POOR MAN'S MICHAEL BUFFER
Prisoners of New York... let's get
ready to rumble!

Place goes insane.

POOR MAN'S MICHAEL BUFFER (CONT'D)
It's time for The Main Event!
(beat)
You heard he was dead... you heard
he didn't exist... you heard he
lived in the shadows... but
tonight... you will see him with
your own eyes!

LOCKER ROOM

As they help Snake over to a basin full of water and dunk him a couple of times.

POOR MAN'S MICHAEL BUFFER
In the far ring... let me introduce
to you...

The mix of whatever Gina shot into him taking over...

POOR MAN'S MICHAEL BUFFER (O.S.)
(CONT'D)
... the political assassin... the
one-eyed wonder... the seldom seen
but always heard... Snaaaaake
Plisssssssken!!!

BACK IN THE ARENA

The place erupts...

THE DUKE'S BOX

With three guards at the door, The Senator steps to the front of the box and looks down to the arena to see...

SNAKE PLISSKEN

being led toward the ring. He is unsteady, trying to keep his eyes focused.

His shirt has been removed revealing the origin of his name: A large rattlesnake is tattooed on his abdomen, its tail disappearing into his pants. It's pretty clear what the rattle is tattooed on.

Once Snake is delivered to his corner, they place some crude body armor over him and tape his hands to give the appearance, at least, of a fair fight.

And live music fills the arena... a crude band composed of Duke's men playing old horns and make-shift drum sets and out of tune pianos... Bill Conti's "Gonna Fly Now" aka The Theme From Rocky!

POOR MAN'S MICHAEL BUFFER

You have seen him beat the best,
night after night! There is not a
Gypsy, Crazy, Turk, or any one else
that can beat him! He is
undefeated and his name doesn't
need to be repeated!

(beat)

Please give a New York welcome
to... Mr. Fabulous... The Man
behind the Man... New York City's
very own... Theeeeeeeee Duuuuuuke!!!

The cheering continues but some boooes get mixed in. Snake definitely got more cheers.

The Duke jogs out to the ring with the energy and confidence of a champion. He's doing his best Muhammad Ali and he's doing it well. He is wearing his own specially tailored BODY ARMOR.

And as he marches into the ring... The Duke smiles... basking in the adulation. He affixes his homemade gladiator helmet, fashioned from car metal and chrome, a big DODGE RAM TRUCK logo covering the nose.

WEAPONS - are dropped into the arena from a platform on the scoreboard above. A handheld MACE and a shield fashioned from a car door. Snake picks up the shield, the logo on the inside of the metal reading "PRIUS -- PASSENGER SIDE DOOR."

Duke smiles through his metal mask and slowly begins moving toward Snake. The crowd goes insane with anticipation as THE DUKE TAKES THE FIRST SWING.

Whoosh! Snake ducks the mace, missing his head by inches.

Snake hobbles away, totally drugged up and losing his bearings. The Duke swings again -- Snake raises the shield and BOOM! The mace nearly knocks the shield from Snake's grasp.

As Snake goes down.

AND IN THE DUKE'S BOX

We see The Senator watch this. She reaches into the waist of her skirt and we see her pull out the Air Marshal's gun.

And she quickly turns, aims the gun to the three guards at the door and shoots them one by one.

One of the guards gets grazed by a bullet but gets to her nonetheless. And after a struggle, he eventually seizes control of the gun and brings it up and points it right at her face.

But right before he pulls the trigger, he stops, locks eyes with The Senator then slowly slumps down on top of her... a sword in his back.

The Senator takes back the gun, moves out from under him and looks to Brain who took that sword from one of the dead guards before impaling the other.

THE SENATOR

Let's go.

As she grabs one of the dead guard's hats, throws it on then slides out of the box and into the arena...

AND SNAKE

Is SMASHED back against the boards, his face plastered on the plexiglas. His good eye takes in a quick, fragmented glimpse of.

Duke's mace - swings into the plexiglas -- WHUMP! -- as Snake dodges out of the way. He returns the blow, Duke deflecting it easily.

Then The Duke takes a moment to set himself... draw his bead... and rushes...

But when the Duke comes at him, Snake barely pulls off a feint that allows him to swing a fist to the side of the Duke's head. It is clumsy, but hard. And it knocks the Duke face-first into the boards.

Snake then rushes The Duke as fast as he can, but his faculties are so dulled that the Duke deflects him easily once again.

And now Snake is really feeling the effects of the drug and loses his balance... stumbling around the rink.

AND SUDDENLY... FROM ABOVE - new weapons are lowered to the two gladiators in the arena.

DUKE'S HAND - reaches up and YANKS down a RAZOR-SAW, a wicked, lightweight, double-bladed type of chain saw with two jagged sets of teeth that cut in opposite directions.

Snake pulls his from the rope and immediately cranks his up. BZZZZZPPP! The crowd goes nuts.

Duke starts his saw, blades shrieking as he swings it around and around over his head, doing a grotesque dance, a ballet honoring the massacre that is to come.

And Duke rushes Snake, remarkably fast for such a big man laden down with armor.

SNAKE DODGES the first sweeping ROAR of the razor saw.

Snake saws into the armor on Duke's chest. Sparks fly. No damage done. Duke smiles beneath his helmet and swings again.

Snake dives and rolls, the saw glancing off his upper back. Blood sprays. The crowd CHEERS.

Snake's on the ground... The Duke standing over him.

And as the Duke begins to wave the saw around his head circling in for the grand kill... Snake sees something in the crowd... actually it's SOMEONE...

THE SENATOR

Up a few rows... standing next to Brain in the crowd... wearing the hat... and holding the gun.

Snake's not sure if he's hallucinating this as she's coming in and out of focus. He closes his eyes and opens them again... it's no hallucination...

And The Duke brings down the saw... but Snake rolls out of the way at the last second and avoids the blow.

Snake finds his feet... The Duke's saw is imbedded into the wooden floor... stuck.

Snake has a shot to kill him.

But The Duke's guards are rushing into the rink... so right after he would kill The Duke, Snake would also be sure to be surrounded.

And the crowd cheers...

CROWD
Kill! Kill! Kill!

Snake brings up his chain saw over his head... The Duke's eyes going wide...

And Snake brings down the saw -- but not on The Duke!

No, Snake slams the saw down on the boards that separate him from the audience.

AND SNAKE PLISSKEN

quickly cuts his way out of the rink and into the crowd... which converges on him... but he waves the saw back and forth... clearing a path to The Senator.

And Snake moves to her... but Gina steps in front of him, a sword high above her head. The Senator brings up the gun to shoot Gina but Snake shakes her off...

As he RIPS the saw up between Gina's legs and right into her/his groin. Blood spurts as Gina's face contorts in pain.

SNAKE

Now you're a girl!

And Snake quickly discards Gina's dead body and joins The Senator and Brain.

Across the way we find Cabbie in the crowd witnessing this then heading for the exit.

As they clear a pathway (Snake with the chain saw, Senator with the gun) and run toward freedom...

BRAIN

We don't have much time. An hour at the most.

As they head for the exit...

CABBIE (O.S.)

Snake!

Snake turns...

CABBIE (CONT'D)

Seventh avenue and thirty third!

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/STANDS - MOMENTS LATER

The crowd opens up and allows The Duke in.

As he looks down at the bloody corpse of his girl/boy friend... fury in his eyes.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, UNDERGROUND LOT -- NIGHT

Snake, Brain and The Senator rush out onto 7th avenue and run toward 33rd Street.

After a beat, a crew of Duke soldiers emerge and take chase.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Duke jumps into his Escalade and revs it up.

33RD STREET

As Cabbie's cab pulls up. Snake opens up the driver's door.

SNAKE
Move over!

Cabbie does. The Senator jumps in the back with Brain.

Some of Duke's men begin to surround the cab. One of them lifts up a crossbow and aims for Snake, but... Snake floors the cab and runs him over.

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT/33RD STREET AND 7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Snake makes a sharp turn north.

CABBIE
Where you going?

SNAKE
Uptown.

CABBIE
Uptown? Nobody goes uptown! It's
the dead zone.
(beat)
We're all going to grow another
head.

And Cabbie looks back to Brain who simply nods... shutting Cabbie up.

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT/34TH STREET AND 7TH AVENUE -- NIGHT

They cross the intersection and pass a sign for 34th St.

Behind them, several vehicles from the Duke's autocade pull out onto 7th Avenue in pursuit, and at the next intersection, split up.

The DUKE'S CADILLAC, the US MAIL TRUCK and two MOPEDS follow the cab.

The TACO TRUCK and a MOTORBIKE go west.

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

Snake guns it up 7th Avenue. He notices that...

SNAKE
We're out of gas.

They come up on Times Square, abandoned and dark. All the huge unlit neon signs pass like ghosts in their headlights.

INT. THE DUKE'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

The Duke drives with tears streaming down his face... he's destroyed. He opens the visor to reveal a picture of a thin young man wearing overalls... no older than twenty years old.

This is Gina when she was Gene.

And The Duke screams -- primal and guttural -- as he floors the Escalade.

EXT. MIDTOWN - NIGHT

As The Duke's Caddie SLAMS into the cab's back bumper.

Snake turns sharply to the right onto 43rd Street. Everyone is thrown to the left. The cab shudders.

BRAIN
You gotta slow down a little,
Snake!

Snake guns it.

The mopeds are able to follow by jumping a pedestrian island, but the Caddie has to drive around it. The mail truck barely makes the turn, going up on two wheels for a moment.

The mopeds split up like velociraptors. One shoots ahead of the cab, while the other stays a bit behind.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

There are two people on the moped behind them. The second rider is aiming a crossbow low at the cab.

THE SENATOR
They're going for the tires.

Snake begins controlled swerving. The first bolt hits the dead space under the car.

Up ahead, on the left, Snake sees old construction scaffold. He edges over that way very slightly. Cabbie intuits what he's about to do.

CABBIE
Snake!

EXT. THEATRE DISTRICT/43RD STREET - NIGHT

Snake waits until the last moment, then he swerves into the scaffolding, bringing the metal struts and sheets of weather rotted plywood down behind the cab as they go.

The moped sees this too late. It goes up a sheet of plywood, forced into a jump and takes on air.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Snake taps the breaks, letting the moped come down just *in front of* the cab. It does not make the landing and spills the riders onto the road. One goes under the cab.

The remaining moped ahead of them reaches the intersection at 6th Avenue. Suddenly, its break lights come on.

THE SENATOR

What's he stopping for?

As they enter the intersection, they find out.

EXT. MIDTOWN, 43RD STREET AND 6TH AVENUE - NIGHT

The taco truck comes barrelling at them from the south. The Senator screams. Snake cranks the wheel left, barely getting out of the truck's way in time. They are shunted north.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Snake steadies the cab and hits the gas, trying to get in the right lane to turn off east somewhere. But the taco truck stays with him on his right, keeping him on 6th Avenue.

CABBIE

Easy, Snake! You're pushing her too hard!

Since he can't get ahead of it, Snake tries dropping behind the truck. Bad move.

The back doors are open and one of the Duke's men is there, holding a cinder block.

He hurls the block at the windshield. Snake floors it and the block ends up hitting the roof over their heads.

A visible dent creases the ceiling just over their heads.

Snake swerves and gets back up alongside the truck where it's safer.

He tries to turn left instead, but the mail truck has caught up with them. The driver (on the passenger side, since it's a mail truck) has a crossbow aimed right at Snake's face.

Snake swerves and the bolt hits somewhere in the backseat.

And the man has the crossbow up again... this time his bead on Snake is point blank... and right before he pulls the trigger... A GUNSHOT rings out and the man takes the bullet in the face.

Snake turns to see The Senator with the gun up to her eye...

THE SENATOR

Lean back.

He does. And she shoots again... now taking out the driver of the mailtruck.

EXT. MIDTOWN, 6TH AVENUE - NIGHT

As The mail truck veers off the road... taking out the second moped with it.

The taco truck swerves away from the cab, but does not stop.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Snake gains control of the car. From the backseat...

BRAIN

Snake...

Snake turns to see...

BRAIN (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm gonna make it out with you.

... Brain has an arrow lodged into his chest. Splattered in blood and distraught, Cabbie tries to nurse the wound.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

(re Cabbie)

Take care of him.

And he dies.

Snake doesn't have time to mourn, he simply looks straight ahead... heading right for...

THE SENATOR

Fifty-sixth Street... the dead zone.

Snake keeps driving.

And the Taco truck now stops at the dead-zone line. A sign reading hanging from a barbed-wire fence reading "Dead Zone -- Turn Back Or Risk Fatal Contamination!"

But the cab passes 56th street, plows through the fence and keeps on going.

AS THE DUKE

Slams on his breaks and watches the cab drive north into the dead zone...

THE DUKE
What's he know... ?

As The Duke sucks in a deep breath, makes a decision and reaches into the glove compartment for something...

INT. CAB - NIGHT

As Snake takes a right on 57th and drives east... passing turn-back signs with the radioactive symbol on them.

THE SENATOR
Are we getting radiation poisoning?

SNAKE
What do you think?

THE SENATOR
I don't think we are.

As Snake takes a left on 5th Avenue and starts to head North... he looks in his rear view mirror... pitch black.

INT. DUKE'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

As The Duke drives with the headlights off as well as all the lights in his SUV... he's wearing night vision goggles.

And he's following Snake.

EXT. BLOOMBERG TOWER/ROOF - NIGHT

Four SPECIAL SERVICE SOLDIERS (Tatum's men) stand next to a helicopter. Four trunks are laid out in front of them open and filled with guns.

And they wait...

INT. CAB - NIGHT

As the engine sputters and the car lurches.

CABBIE
We're out of gas. We only have a few more minutes before the car dies.

Checking her watch...

THE SENATOR
Can we make it to 102nd Street on foot?

As Snake looks up at the approaching street sign in the light of his headlights... 68th Street...

SNAKE
We won't have to.

And up ahead... in the illumination of the cab's lights...
The Senator sees something... a horse.

THE SENATOR
(utterly confused)
What the hell... ?

As Snake parks the cab...

SNAKE
C'mon...

... and gets out.

A WAYS BACK

The Duke curbs his Escalade and, still wearing those night vision goggles, turns off the engine.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE AND 85TH STREET - NIGHT

As Snake, Cabbie and The Senator walk north...

SNAKE
A few years ago I put together a
pretty rough tin-can respirator
from a powder-puff box, some fly
swatters, adhesive tape, coconut
charcoal and soda lime.

In the darkness, The Senator makes out dead bodies on the
side of the road... they're deformed beyond belief... it's a
horrifying sight...

THE SENATOR
Snake, we can't be breathing this
air.

As Snake ignores her and continues...

SNAKE
I came up here to see if there were
any breaches in the wall.

And now The Senator sees light... gas lamps... attached to
the grand buildings on 5th avenue...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
I didn't find any.

And horses... attached to carriages. The handsome cabs from
years ago... the ones that used to traverse Central Park...
completely restored and tied to a post.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
But what I did find was much more
interesting.

And what lies in front of them now is amazing...

A COMMUNITY

Right across the street from The Met.

A MAN leans against a building... playing a violin. A few
TEENAGE BOYS play craps against a wall... a gas-lit pub with
horses tied outside... piano music escaping from with-in.

THE SENATOR
(stunned)
But what about those bodies we just
saw?

SNAKE
Fakes.

The building's are in pristine condition... the streets are
clean... it's 1893 New York City at it's best.

The Duke is just as stunned as he stays a good distance back.

And suddenly... five MEN on horseback converge from all
directions and stop in front Snake, The Senator and Cabbie.

These MEN are older than the other prisoners... and they seem
kinder.

The leader looks The Senator up and down. He is named...

UNCLE LOU
This the woman who died in the
helicopter crash?

And The Duke... as he ducks into the shadows...

SNAKE
That's right.

UNCLE LOU
Looks like death's treated her as
well as it's treated you, Snake.

EXT. 90TH STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Uncle Lou helps The Senator get on a horse.

THE SENATOR
What crime are you in here for?

UNCLE LOU
No crime. Never left.

Off her reaction...

UNCLE LOU (CONT'D)
I'm a New Yorker...
(with a wink and a smile)
Plus, ya ever been to Jersey?

THE SENATOR
Here.

She hands him the gun.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
You might need this more than me.

As he takes the gun and hands her a beautiful large hunting knife with his initials carved into the hilt...

UNCLE LOU
Let's make it a trade...

Snake gets on a horse too. He turns to Uncle Lou...

SNAKE
There's a stash of gas, solar panels and batteries in the basement of The Dakota.
(beat)
Turns out you weren't the only one leveraging the dead zone.

He nods over to Cabbie standing across the way...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
He can show you where.

As Cabbie looks around...

CABBIE
Nice place.

Turning to Uncle Lou...

CABBIE (CONT'D)
Can I live here?

Uncle Lou confirms and Cabbie smiles.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
... always wanted to live uptown.

THE SENATOR
(urgent)
Snake, we have to go.

Snake nods.

UNCLE LOU
 You took good care of us, Snake.
 For a long time...

And Snake Plissken... holding Lou's look.

UNCLE LOU (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

And with a smile...

UNCLE LOU (CONT'D)
 Now get the hell out of New York.

With that, Snake and The Senator kick their horses into gear and head uptown... leaving this tiny piece of old-school New York behind them.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE, 99TH STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Snake and the Senator ride toward the East River.

THE SENATOR
 So those dead bodies coming up
 here... ?

SNAKE
 They're peaceful people but not
 weak.

THE SENATOR
 And how come you didn't live up
 here with them?

SNAKE
 Like to live alone.

THE SENATOR
 Bullshit.

The city here is completely empty, except for what of nature has taken hold again. Thousands of pitch black, empty windows stare down at them.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
 You knew it would put them at risk.

Snake reacts by simply nodding over to one of the only streetlight that's bulb isn't broken... it's flickering.

SNAKE
 Brain's solar panel's still
 working.

And they come out to FDR Drive and can see the silhouette of Ward's Island Footbridge up ahead.

It's a lot bigger than the word "footbridge" suggests.

It spans the entire Harlem River but is much shorter than the retaining wall that surrounds the city.

The Senator points to a small hut at the foot of the bridge.

THE SENATOR

There's the engine house.

But suddenly, out of the darkness, they hear an engine rev up and The Duke's Escalade speeds right at them.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)

Snake!

The blade of The Duke's sword emerges from the open window of the Escalade -- and like a lance in a jousting tournament -- coming right at...

SNAKE

Who jumps off the horse in a split second. But the sword cut his shoulder.

He recoils in pain on the ground as the Escalade stops and The Duke gets out.

The Senator jumps off her horse and helps Snake to his feet.

And they run for the hut.

ENGINE ROOM

As The Senator quickly runs into the hut and pulls the lever.

Suddenly an ENGINE BEGINS WHINING and the footbridge begins to rise.

The Senator grabs a wounded Snake Plissken and leads him to the rising bridge.

They need to jump to get on it. The Senator lands safely but Snake doesn't.

He grabs the bottom of the span along a row of rusty bolts which rips into the skin of his fingers. He grimaces in pain, but muscles through it,

As he joins The Senator... looks behind him... no sign of The Duke.

And the bridge is really rising... it's working...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)

The bridge should be raising on the other side of the wall as well.

As they rise higher and higher over the river...

They can now see the other side... they're raising over the retainer wall.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
We're almost there.

And she's right... the bridge is raising on the other side. It's a tiny jump and they're home free.

And Snake can finally taste it... the end of Manhattan... fifty yards straight ahead... there's nothing between them and the other side of New York...

As they quickly head for the other side...

But suddenly, the MOTORS WHINE BACK INTO ACTION and the bridge begins to lower again.

SNAKE
The bridge is going back down.

They run and then sprint... but the platform they're on is now lowering...

THE SENATOR
Why?

Snake turns to see...

THE DUKE

IN THE ENGINE HOUSE DOWN BELOW

... pulling the lever that brings the bridge back down.

And it's too late... the bridge is now too low... the retainer wall once again stands in the way between them and freedom.

The Duke then rips off the lever completely and throws it into the dark waters of the Harlem River.

Snake stumbles back the way he came... back to Manhattan... right for that engine house... he's losing a lot of blood... doesn't look well.

As The Duke exits the engine house and heads for Snake...

THE DUKE
(walking slowly at them)
Now why would you ever wanna leave
New York?
(beat)
(MORE)

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
Everything you'd ever need is right
here in the greatest city in the
world.

WHILE THE SENATOR

slips into the engine house... frantically trying to get the
bridge mechanism to work... but without the lever... it's
useless.

WHILE SNAKE

with everything he has left -- charges The Duke. But The
Duke easily deflects him with a knee to the ribs and sends
Snake to the ground.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
When I'm done killing you, I'm
going to trade her for artillery
then I'm going to take over the
whole city.

And The Duke is now standing over Snake.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)
And then I'm going to expand
uptown... starting with that lovely
neighborhood at The Met you've been
feeding.

He lifts his Japanese sword up in the air... has a point
blank bead on a very injured Snake Plissken.

And right before he brings it down...

THE SENATOR
Wait!

The Duke looks over to see The Senator... standing at the
entrance of the engine house... holding Uncle Lou's hunting
knife to her own throat.

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
I'll slice my external jugular vein
and it'll take less than ten
seconds to die.
(beat)
Then you'll have nothing to trade.

The Duke stands there... looking at her... not sure what to
do. And he steps to her...

THE DUKE
Why would you kill yourself for
him?

Behind The Duke... Snake slowly rises...

THE SENATOR

It's not for him. You just
destroyed my only way out.

(beat)

I'm dead anyway.

And The Duke stops... sensing Snake behind him. He turns to
square off with Snake for the last time.

SNAKE

(to The Senator)

Go! Run!

She does.

THE DUKE

This is my city, bro... I'll find
her in a heartbeat.

SNAKE

Not if you don't have one.

As The Duke and Snake circle one another...

THE DUKE

You're bleeding out... you're tired
and you're weak and you know it.

(beat)

You've got nothing left.

Suddenly, the Duke swings his sword up and brings it down at
Snake's head. But Snake rushes forward with surprising
strength and throws a hard punch to the Duke's sternum.

There is a faint CRACK--whether Snake's hand, or the Duke's
breastbone, it's impossible to know.

SNAKE

You're forgetting something...

The Duke stumbles back, breathless and Snake rushes in again
with a fist jab to the Duke's face.

The Duke takes the blow right in the nose.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

... I'm still on some of your dead
bitch's heroin.

But The Duke catches Snake's fist before Snake can pull it
back and brings a hard knee up into Snake's rib cage.

Snake stumbles a few steps away.

When he turns back to The Duke who throws Snake into the wall
of the engine house and raises his sword again.

Snake ducks just in time as the sword stabs into the wall beside his head. The Duke tries to pull it out... but can't.

Snake roundhouse kicks him in the face and the Duke stumbles back without the sword.

Snake quickly circles The Duke and rushes him... like a linebacker... to force him backward into the hilt of the sword.

The Duke's eyes widen as we hear his back literally break.

The Duke crumbles to the ground as Snake pulls the sword out of the old wood.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
I might be sick as hell of New York...

Lifting the Nihonto Katana over his head...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
... but it's still too good to ever be yours.

... then slams it right into The Duke.

We don't see it... just the splatter of blood.

As the sword stands upright in the The Duke as if it were Excaliber.

And he looks up to see...

THE SENATOR
Are you okay?

She didn't go far.

And he's bleeding... bruised... barely standing...

SNAKE
Probably not.

She slowly nods... defeated...

THE SENATOR
Without the lever the bridge won't go back up again.

As Snake digests that...

SNAKE
Give me the satellite phone.

As she produces the phone...

THE SENATOR

But Snake -- they have a trace on it.

... and hands it to Snake.

SNAKE

I know.

INT. TATUM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Tatum picks up the phone...

TATUM

Yes...

INTERCUT WITH SNAKE

We're close on him... can't see where he is...

SNAKE

I've got her.

TATUM

Snake?

SNAKE

Yes.

TATUM

I'm so happy you called.

SNAKE

What were you going to give The Duke?

TATUM

Bring her to the top of The Bloomberg Building and you'll see.

(beat)

It'll all be yours.

SNAKE

No. You need to come to me. In person.

We can hear choppers approaching...

THE DUKE'S ESCALADE

The Senator's in the driver's seat... engine's off.

And the choppers can be heard getting closer.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Let's do this...

The Senator nods and turns on the ignition.

INT. CHOPPER - MOMENTS LATER

As the PILOT makes out the moving Escalade swerving below through his night vision goggles.

PILOT
(into his mic)
Target established driving down 3rd
Avenue at 94th Street.

AN FFAR FOLDED-FIN MISSILE CHAMBER

As it lowers down from the helicopter and locks into place. A moment, then... a small missile drops into the chamber...

AND THE ESCALADE

As it rides quickly down 3rd Avenue... and we notice... affixed to the spike on the hood... Brain's head has been replaced... by The Duke's.

GO INSIDE OF THE ESCALADE

to find... there's nobody there. The driver's seat is empty.

And we pan down to the floor to find what's stuffed in the small space... weighing down the accelerator... The Duke's headless dead body.

AND THE MISSILE

As it's spit out of the chamber then flies down from the sky... right at the moving Escalade.

AND THE ESCALADE

As it explodes into a fireball.

PILOT
(into his mic)
Direct hit!

INT. TATUM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tatum watches the footage of the Escalade blowing up on his computer. He exhales in relief. It's over.

Only... his phone rings.

TATUM
(picking it up)
Yes.

SNAKE (FILTERED)
You now have fifteen minutes. Come
alone!

And Tatum's face washes white as he stands there.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, GREAT LAWN - DAWN

We're right where the dirty bomb went off those years ago...
we're right where it all began.

Central Park has been overgrown after years of neglect. It's
verdant... flowers abound. Nature has taken over.

Snake stands alone in the middle of the lawn... looking up at
the sky. The earliest shades of daylight now breaking
through.

And almost on cue, a helicopter appears in the sky -- all
lights and noise -- and slowly lands.

Snake doesn't move. Tatum Hawk steps out and shouts to
Snake.

TATUM
I'm with a pilot. I don't know how
to fly one of these.

SNAKE
Where are my guns?

And we notice... in the sky above them... little black
dots... TATUM'S SOLDIERS... parachuting down into the park...

TATUM
They're here. In the back of the
chopper.
(beat)
Where's the Senator?

SNAKE
Safe. Alive.

TATUM
I'm going to need proof.

Snake nods.

SNAKE
Get your pilot out here!

Tatum nods... and THE PILOT emerges from the chopper... hands
over his head.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Have him lay down on the ground!

TATUM
(to pilot)
You heard him.

And the pilot does... as we...

MOVE INTO THE WOODS

Where the soldiers quietly land...

And we move quickly through the surrounding area... landing briefly on each soldier... cutting their chutes, producing their 9mm sub-machine guns and locking into their military attack formation.

AND SNAKE

SNAKE
(to Tatum)
Now step forward with your arms up.

Tatum does as he's told. Then Snake shouts into the woods...

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Come out now!

And The Senator suddenly emerges. She joins Snake's side.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Here she is.

Tatum looks up to see her.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Stay there.

And just as Snake moves toward the chopper for his guns, the ten soldiers rush out from the woods -- guns raised -- and circle Snake and The Senator.

Tatum's quickly on his feet.

TATUM
Sorry Snake. Just couldn't believe
you'd sell her out.

Snake and The Senator are completely surrounded by this small army.

TATUM (CONT'D)
Maybe it's because you didn't sell
out your partners back in Pakistan.
(beat)
Blacklight.

SNAKE
What do you know about blacklight?

TATUM

Global-Sec isn't just prisons, you know? We're a full service international defense and security conglomerate.

(beat)

We work very closely with intelligence and have had a strong working relationship with the blacklight program for years.

Snake glares at Tatum... stunned and furious...

TATUM (CONT'D)

I was actually part of the think-tank that sent you guys in to take out Swati.

As that lands on Snake.

TATUM (CONT'D)

God, you did a good job, Snake... and I hate to do this to you. I really do...

(beat)

I promise to make sure they kill you respectfully.

And Tatum orders the soldiers.

TATUM (CONT'D)

Take her.

And as one of the soldiers steps forward to grab The Senator... an arrow PIERCES his neck. It came from high in the trees.

AND MAYHEM ENSUES

It's an AMBUSH. As more arrows SLAM into the soldiers from the trees above.

Its Uncle Lou's army.

Snake and The Senator hit the ground... Tatum takes cover behind the helicopter.

A few soldiers blindly shoot their guns but the bullets fly aimlessly as Uncle Lou and his army attack.

Archery Snipers continue to pick off Tatum's soldiers from the trees...

Uncle Lou explodes onto the scene on his horse -- and firing off the gun The Senator gave him -- finishes off the wounded.

Cabbie's cab powers in from a clearing and mows down The Pilot that flew Tatum in... Cabbie behind the wheel.

This isn't a fight or a battle... this is the element of surprise... this is David over Goliath... this is sword over gun... this is an unmitigated slaughter.

And through the chaos, The Senator works her way to safety.

But not Snake. He witnesses Tatum step into the helicopter. He's going to escape.

And Snake finds his feet... sprinting past the carnage and getting to the chopper just in time.

Snake pulls Tatum out of the chopper but Tatum's quick with an elbow to his throat. Snake recoils back in pain.

From across the way, Uncle Lou points his gun at Tatum and shoots... click... out of bullets.

So he removes a knife from a sheaf on his side and shouts...

UNCLE LOU

Snake!

Uncle Lou throws Snake the knife as Tatum removes a small handgun from his pocket.

Snake turns to see Tatum aiming the gun at him. Snake dives down... taking the bullet in his other shoulder.

He grunts in pain as he sweep-kicks Tatum to the ground.

Snake's on him in a second, fighting for the gun.

Snake SLAMS Tatum's wrist into the chopper's legs. The crack of a broken wrist and the gun flies out of Tatum's hand.

And Snake lifts up the knife... high over his head... Tatum's eyes go wide.

TATUM

We can work a deal, Snake.

SNAKE

... prepare for your sentence to commence.

As Snake slams the knife down... into the ground right by Tatum's head.

And Snake grabs the gun, gets up off of Tatum and finds his feet.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

(to Tatum)

You're a strong guy... you'll be
able to handle it. You'll see --
it won't be that bad.

(beat)

Go...

Tatum jumps to his feet... completely defenseless.

TATUM

Where?

As Snake opens his arms in a grand gesture...

SNAKE

New York, motherfucker... New York.

Tatum sees Uncle Lou's army in its full glory... assembled in
front of the helicopter... out for more blood.

And he runs... disappearing into the woods of Central Park...
the newest inmate in the prison he created...

The Senator finds Snake's side.

Snake looks at Uncle Lou's army collecting all the sub
machine guns from Tatum's dead soldiers.

It's what The Duke wanted all along... power. Only... in the
right hands.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

You won't have to live in the
shadows anymore.

UNCLE LOU

Either will you, Snake.

Snake takes The Senator by the hand, leads her into the
chopper... getting in the cockpit himself.

And Snake Plissken lifts up that helicopter into the air...
it's daylight now... a New York morning... Central Park
growing smaller and smaller...

He turns to The Senator... he's bleeding from both
shoulders... his face bruised and beaten... both of them are
a complete mess.

And she smiles at him then looks down below...

THE SENATOR

It looks nice from here... no?

Snake doesn't answer... just focuses on one part of the wall... at the bottom of the island... with that mural of Brooklyn painted on it...

And Snake smiles... the first time we've seen him do that.

And as the chopper lifts even higher now... revealing the whole island of Manhattan below... with that big fucking wall around it...

CUT TO:

THE SENATOR

As she speaks in front of the congress... time has passed... she looks good. She's confident and back on her feet...

THE SENATOR (CONT'D)
After the disappearance of CEO
Tatum Hauk, the conviction of
Warden Augustine Stevens...

... and proudly holding up a new bill.

AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

As she stands looking towards the ocean. Pan down to find... those black Global-Sec office buildings...

THE SENATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... and the uncovering of massive
corruption with-in Global Security
Incorporated...

... being bulldozed to the ground.

AND TRIBECA

As we glide along the rooftops... with the beginning of The Beastie Boys "Open Letter To Manhattan" quietly kicking in...

Land on a familiar rooftop... go in close on the water tower... then inside of it... to Snake's hideout.

It's exactly how he and The Senator left it.

Go close on that poster of Colorado...

THE SENATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It brings me great pleasure
today... after working hard with my
constituents on this floor and
throughout Washington... to
announce...

... and it all turns real.

AND COLORADO

As we move along that river running through those mountains... landing on a roadside diner.

Inside of which... we find an old tv on the wall... playing footage of The Senator's speech.

THE SENATOR (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)
That the prison will once again be
under the supervision of The United
States Federal Department of
Corrections.

A man sits at the counter, eating, his back to us. Behind him, through the window, we can see the mountains in the distance.

THE SENATOR (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)
Yes, I was outspoken of the
existence of the prison before --
but if there's one thing I learned
after my "tour" of the facility --
it's that even though it may not be
fair... sometimes...

As the Beastie Boys gets louder... the waitress puts down the man's bill. He sets money down on top of it, stands and puts on his leather jacket.

THE SENATOR (ON THE TV) (CONT'D)
... its best to just figure out
some sort of future that makes
sense and not get caught in the
past.

On the counter where he's been sitting is a plate with crumbs from what must have been a very large piece of cherry pie.

And as the man goes... "Open Letter To Manhattan" takes over and we...

FADE OUT.