



Support those affected by

Japan Earthquake & Pacific Tsunami

がんばれ、にっぽん

Search the Web

Skicka fråga

ESCAPE FROM INDIANAPOLIS

*Story by Ed Johnson-Ott**Written by Ed Johnson-at & Babaloo Mandel and Joe Eszterhas**(Uncredited rewrite by Elaine May)*

Director John Carpenter announced that his latest story about cult hero Snake Plissken will be filmed in Indianapolis. Because "Escape from L.A." brought in less money than expected, the second sequel to "Escape from New York" will not be set in a post-apocalyptic future. Instead, the film is a prequel, made popular by George Lucas, set in the Hoosier capital, just a few days from now.

The Story:

The president needs Snake Plissken's help again. Following a humiliating defeat in the gubernatorial race, a crazed Steve Goldsmith, with the help of the Pulliam family, has constructed a startlingly realistic copy of the White House in downtown Indianapolis, using no public funds. Goldsmith is claiming that this is the real White House and that he is the actual president, causing great confusion in the Indianapolis area and mild curiosity nationwide. Plissken has only 24 hours to work his way through the many harrowing sections of Indianapolis and end Goldsmith's silly facade.

Plissken enters Indianapolis through the far north, known as the Land's End Zone, an effete preppy district populated by thousands of Thurston Howell the Thirds and little Martha Stewarts, armed with plucky attitudes and pepper spray. Plissken, shockingly underdressed for the area, engages the services of television personalities Patty Spittler and Dick Wolfsie to assist him in navigating the zone. Spittler agrees to cooperate, hoping that by covering Plissken's adventures she can justify calling herself a journalist, thus allowing her to go on more press junkets to Tinseltown. Wolfsie agrees to help because Barney, his lovable pooch, told him to do so - in that special voice that only Wolfsie can hear.

The glassy-eyed, effervescent duo lead Plissken past a skeptical crowd, convincing them that the leather clad anti-hero is actually a NUVO reporter, working on an in-depth, cutting-edge, gonzo journalism cover story entitled "The Northside: Are These Guys Rich or What?" Within moments, Plissken and his cohorts are swamped by locals eager to be quoted. Wolfsie panics and gets on all fours, peering into the eyes of Barney and screeching, "Tell me what to do! You always tell me what to do!" Spittler diverts the crowd by telling them that Starbucks is

finally coming to the city. Plissken slips away, snagging a mountain bike and heading down the Monon bike trail to Broad Ripple, where he blends in perfectly.

In Broad Ripple, Plissken pauses to collect his bearings, and is assaulted by girlfriends of young musicians, who staple fliers to his leather jacket. While trying to get away, he is beset by livid community leaders attempting to remove the fliers from his person. Plissken, in his monotone Clint Eastwood parody voice, states, "Your staples are beginning to annoy me" and shoots the lot of them. He wrests a skateboard from a clueless post-punk teenager and races down College Avenue, where he quickly reaches SoBro, Broad Ripple's hapless sister neighborhood. His journey is slowed by natives who grab him while exhorting, "We're as hip as Broad Ripple. We've got shops and pubs and coffee houses and everything!"

Unimpressed, Plissken moves south to Lil' Gangstas' Paradise. Local toughs herd Snake to Mansbach's Drive-by Shooting Range, a target range set up by concerned citizens hoping to help gang-bangers improve their aim, in order to reduce the innocent bystander body count. After a spirited round of "Wing that Teen," Plissken swerves east and enters the Red Neck Zone, a huge U-shaped neighborhood that surrounds the city's downtown area. As soon as he enters the Zone, Plissken feels the IQ points being sucked out of his brain. He staggers into Value Village, a Goodwill wannabe. He is greeted at the door by a peculiar looking young man waving a banjo, and a pair of good old boys who compliment Snake on his "purty mouff." Just as the oral assault is about to begin, Patty Spitler leaps from behind a bin of sweat-stained bras, brandishing an Uzi and shouting, "Eat lead, you hill-jack motherfuckers!" Plissken is grateful for the rescue, but shocked by the reappearance of the fleshy reporter. "I'm with you now, Snake," explains Spitler. "I love the excitement. From now on, consider me a bad-ass bitch with attitude. Any asshole that crosses me will end up crawling to the mortuary with his guts dragging behind him."

The daring duo commandeers a rusty '78 Chevy from the front yard of a nearby church and heads for the heart of the city - Downtown: The Suits 'N' Fruits District. As Plissken leaves the Red Neck Zone, he feels his intelligence returning. He ditches the car, realizing it would violate the Suits 'N' Fruits automotive dress code, and moves forward on foot with Spitler, hell-bent for glory, close by his side.

When darkness falls, Plissken and Spitler slip into a gay bar on Massachusetts Avenue. They are immediately surrounded by men who shower Plissken with compliments on his leather outfit and give Spitler first prize in the evening's transvestite beauty contest.



Refreshed, Plissken leaves the triumphant Spitler at the bar and heads for Goldsmith's fortress, but is quickly met by a marauding band of drunken off-duty cops, staggering from a corporate suite at Victory Field onto the downtown streets. The group begins to pull out their guns and advance toward Plissken. Suddenly, one of the officers slurs, "Wait a minute. He ain't black and he ain't a woman." The policemen quickly apologize to Plissken and continue looking for fresh meat.

Finally, Plissken reaches the faux White House, located in the parking lot of Victory Field. The security force is huge and seemingly impenetrable, but Plissken is resourceful. He heads to Nancy Irsay's office with a bundle of cash in hand. Within hours, the bogus White House is quietly moved out of Indianapolis in the dead of night, without leaving a trace. The next morning a shivering Steve Goldsmith is found wandering nude on the downtown streets, mumbling, "Kiss my frostbitten ass, Indianapolis."

Plissken leaves the city in triumph, his mission for the president a complete success. By acclamation, Patty Spitler is named mayor of Indianapolis. Fade to black and cut to credits.



Your favori
meal can
change live
Find out ho

dwefeedbo
sharing food, changin