

John Carpenter's  
ESCAPE FROM L.A.

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ESCAPE FROM L.A.

DARKNESS.

A pounding, metallic beat begins. Twists of SOUND in a tightrope rhythm. The SNAP of a military SNARE DRUM.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1998.

FEMALE NARRATOR

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

A DARK TABLEAU - CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

A LINE OF POLICEMEN - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

A GLOWING HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

of Los Angeles, on the coast of southern California.

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SUPERIMPOSE: 1999.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The population of Los Angeles grows to 40 million. The city is ravaged by crime and immorality. A Presidential candidate predicts a millennium earthquake will destroy the city in divine retribution.

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

A hot summer's day. Heat ripples distort the towering shadowy buildings in the dense smog.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

Suddenly WE ARE HIT BY THE LOUDEST, BOOMING, ROLLING CONCUSSION you have ever heard. The buildings begin to shake, swaying wildly.

THE BONAVENTURE HOTEL

IMPLODES, collapses inward in the THUDDING, SLAMMING FREIGHT TRAIN of an earthquake.

THE 4-LEVEL INTERCHANGE

as the Santa Monica Freeway SHATTERS, crumbles, pulling exit ramps, cars, trees and nearby buildings with it.

SEQUENCE OF RAPID CUTS

Buildings shaking. Streets buckling.

Cars rolling, crashing. PEOPLE running. Gas mains EXPLODING.

Buildings convulsing and dropping like tinder against an inferno.

THE SANTA MONICA PIER

as the tsunami sweeps in from the ocean, SMACKING into the shoreline like the hammer of God, plunging us INTO DARKNESS.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

HOLOGRAPHIC MAP

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

WHAM! A TORCH-LIT LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

ZOOM INTO A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP OF L.A.

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

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

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

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FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

ZOOM INTO L.A. From the glowing, outlined canyons come the  
CRIES of rage of a million lost souls.

FEMALE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2013. NOW.

EXT. DARK OCEAN - NIGHT

TRAVELING SHOT

low, across the top of the water's surface. Climb up the  
side of a massive, rusted supertanker, abandoned years ago.  
Break over the railing to reveal a gigantic NEON SIGN which  
SCREAMS "NEW LAS VEGAS".

THE SUPERTANKER has been transformed into a floating resort.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. ALLEY - NEW LAS VEGAS, 2013 - NIGHT

An alley strangled with TOURISTS, GAMBLERS, HOOKERS, HUSTLERS and CON-MEN -- professional expatriates from the West mingling with excited visitors from all over the world.

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

A SALESMAN

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

TWO MEN

sit at either end of a long table. They are in deep shadows, facing each other. We only get GLIMPSES of them:

ONE

Fat. Mirrored sunglasses. Chinese. His fingers TAP on the table.

A cockroach scurries past. Ammo belts. A sheathed combat knife the size of your arm. .45 automatics in holsters.

THE OTHER

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

THE CROWD

goes nuts, placing bets, YELLING and SCREAMING in a dozen languages.

THE SALESMAN

places 3 different shaped, clear shot glasses in front of the two men. The he leans over to...

A VAT OF POISONOUS SNAKES

He reaches in, grabs a cobra, pulls it out.

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THE COBRA

HISSES and squirms. Deftly, the Salesman continues to talk non-stop into his chin-mike as he milks the cobra venom into the first glass.

He pulls out an ice-pick, jabs it into the snake's throat, and bleeds a thick green-white liquid into the second glass.

Finally, he slits open the cobra with a large knife, and cuts out the heart and liver. Tossing aside the dead snake, the Salesman squeezes the heart and liver with his fingers.

The juice drips into the third glass.

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

THE TWO MEN

stare at each other, motionless. The Crowd continues placing bets at a fevered pitch.

A TITANIUM LIGHT TUBE

floats above the center of the table. A laser beam of light shines from one end.

THE SALESMAN

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

THE FAT MAN

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

THE CROWD

EXPLODES. More bets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SALESMAN

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

THE MAN WITH THE EYE-PATCH

reaches forward, his hand paused between the remaining two glasses. He takes the one filled with milky-green blood and downs it fast. The Crowd ROARS.

ONE GLASS LEFT

The two men stare at it silently.

THE SALESMAN

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

THE SALESMAN

begins YELLING over the DIN of the crowd, shouting at the Fat Man.

THE FAT MAN

reaches for the glass of clear poison. His trembling fingers hover above it. Then he quickly withdraws his hand.

THE CROWD

reacts, BOOS, as...

THE MAN WITH THE EYE-PATCH

smiles. A slightly, cynical smile. And without hesitation, he reaches out, grabs the glass of poison, and drinks it down.

THE CROWD

surges forward, but the Salesman stops them with a sweep of his arm. All bets are off.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

### THE TWO MEN

stand from the table. Take several steps away toward the end of the alley. Stand facing each other. Two gunfighters.

### FLASHES

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

### THEY DRAW

It happens in an instant. The alley THUNDERS with GUNFIRE. The guns BUCK and FLASH. Then silence.

The two men stand there for a beat, until one of them, the Fat Man, slumps, falls face first into the alley, dead.

### THE CROWD

goes completely ape shit...

### AS SNAKE PLISSKEN

emerges from the shadows of the alley, holsters his guns, grabs his take of the money...

Snake Plissken. Long hair. A black eye-patch. A tight-lipped grimace. The impression of coiled aggression and intense cynicism. The toughest, most dangerous man on planet earth. A legend.

### PLISSKEN

strolls out of the alley into the crowd. He counts his money, pockets it, as a CIGARETTE GIRL approaches him. Plissken stops her, pays for a pack of cigs. As she eyes him...

### CLOSE - PLISSKEN'S ARM

... the Cigarette Girl touches him, pricks his skin with her fingernail. A drop of blood appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

turns, stares after her, as the SOUND OF HELICOPTERS rises from above in the night sky.

THE CROWD

suddenly begins to disperse.

HELICOPTER SEARCHLIGHTS

blast down on the street. Plissken is suddenly caught in the glare. He starts to move away...

KACLANG!

Out of the blackness above a huge steel net drops out of nowhere.

THE NET

SLAMS DOWN on top of Plissken, trapping him, driving him down to the pavement with its weight...

PLISSKEN

struggles inside the net, as BLACK FIGURES -- United States Police Force OFFICERS -- rush toward him, grab the net, tightening it.

More COPS move for him as we SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK...

SUPERIMPOSE: L.A.  
FRIDAY 1900 HOURS

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

Searchlights sweep down across a column of POLICEMEN marching past a concrete wall. CAMERA BEGINS TO CRANE UP the wall. SOUND OF ROARING TURBINES. The HOWL of a Santa Ana wind.

CAMERA REACHES the top of the wall. ARMED POLICE TROOPS stand on the battlements. Across what looks like an ocean is L.A. The view is from the Newhall Pass.

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CONTINUED:

Hidden by the Santa Monica Mountains, L.A. glows in the distance with a hundred fires. Smoke surges from the jagged horizon. Above, the sky is an angry orange.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOP OF THE WALL

Red sensor lights glow in evenly spaced intervals. Searchlights sweep into the darkness. Cannons are in place every 200 feet, manned by POLICE GUARDS.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO SEA - NIGHT

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

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

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

EXT. FIREBASE SEVEN - BEHIND THE WALL - NIGHT

Firebase Seven is a fortified base camp in the San Gabriel Mountains. It is a sprawling Police complex with low concrete bunkers, gun emplacements, satellite communications, vehicles, TROOPS, the works.

ON A LARGE ASPHALT FIELD

opposite the main complex is Rotor City -- row after row of black, multi-bladed, totally evil Police Battle helicopters parked like giant bugs on the ground.

A THRONG OF POLICEMEN

gather at the edge of Rotor City YELLING AND CHEERING, their fists in the air. COPS with camcorders videotape the event. A POLICE ANCHOR reports...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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POLICE ANCHOR

He's been the Force's Most Wanted Man for 10 years. Convicted of 27 moral crimes. I can tell you, the excitement around here is...  
(a great ROARING skyward)  
Here he comes!

A MASSIVE 7-ROTORED, 40-BLADED HELICOPTER TRANSPORT

comes SLAMMING DOWN out of the black sky and lands. The growing crowd of CHEERING COPS goes nuts like fans at a football game. They slap hands, dance wildly.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

BRAZEN

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

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

MALLOY

So we finally got him.

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

The crowd of COPS is growing to a frenzy of wild anticipation.

POLICE ANCHOR

Hold on! The door is opening!

THE DOOR

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Snake Plissken. A steel collar is clamped around his neck. Eight lengths of chain stretch to EIGHT ARMED GUARDS who escort Plissken down the ramp.

PLISSKEN

is bruised, badly beaten and tortured, his face a mess, but he doesn't seem to care.

A LINE OF BATTLE-READY COPS

stand with their guns aimed right at Plissken's head as he is marched into camp. An army of camcorders move ahead of the Police Anchor as he scampers along in front of Plissken interviewing him.

POLICE ANCHOR

Hello, Plissken. Welcome to L.A.

Celebrating Cops CHEER as Plissken is lead to...

A SIGN ABOVE A CONCRETE BUNKER - DEPORTATION CENTER

The bunker has one large opening, into which HUNDREDS OF DEPORTEES march. GUARDS in towers monitor the condemned as they trudge out of fenced-in containment areas, down walled corridors to the bunker entrance.

The deportees are MINORITIES, the POOR, PROSTITUTES, PIMPS, THIEVES, ADULTERERS, ATHEISTS -- the Morally Guilty, outcasts of society. SINGLE MOTHERS carry BABIES. TEENAGE RUNAWAYS huddle together. There are ABORTION DOCTORS, DRUG DEALERS, PORNOGRAPHERS, the prisoners of a massive cultural war.

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

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)

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

A GREAT CHEER goes up from the Cops as the Police Anchor continues his interview...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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POLICE ANCHOR  
S.D. Bob Plissken. Special  
Forces, Black Light, Texas  
Thunder. 2 Purple Hearts.  
Youngest man ever decorated  
by the President.

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

INT. SODIUM VAPOR CORRIDOR - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

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

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
You've been convicted of 27 moral  
crimes, Plissken. The murder of  
an Internal Revenue agent. The  
kidnapping of a bank president.  
Gunfighting for profit. The list  
goes on and on...

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Deeper into the Deportation Center. CAMERA TRACKS along the Deportees, some bleeding, some wrapped in rags. Plissken, the Police Anchor, camcorders and the armed escort move through the dark, low concrete passageway.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
You used to respect the law. Served  
your country like no man before you.  
Role model to a generation.

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

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
What happened to you, war hero?  
You were the best we had.

INT. STEEL-WALLED HALLWAY - DEPORTATION CENTER - NIGHT

Cold steel walls. Deeper into the Deportation Center. The Deportees here are in worse shape. Some appear to be dead. Plissken and his entourage continue along, as the loudspeaker ECHOES a prerecorded message...

(CONTINUED)

POLICE VOICE (v.o.)

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

Plissken and his entourage pass Deportees kneeling and praying in front of cloaked CLERIC COPS, government holy men. Beyond, through opened doorways, SEE Death Row Deportees being strapped into futuristic electric chairs.

POLICE ANCHOR

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

Plissken's expression is blank.

POLICE ANCHOR (CONT'D)

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

PLISSKEN

(beat)

Call me Snake.

The guards move Plissken through a doorway, and the huge steel doors SLAM SHUT on the Police Anchor and camcorders.

INT. CORRIDOR - PROCESSING AREA - NIGHT

Malloy, Brazen and a 3RD MAN, tall, charismatic, grim, move urgently along a corridor.

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

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

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CONTINUED:

BRAZEN

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

3RD MAN

Let's get this over with.

INT. CONCRETE CELL - NIGHT

The cell door SLAMS shut. Plissken turns around. Wrist and leg irons. He looks around.

In the concrete cell he sees a simple table with an overhead light above it. A watch lies on the table.

Plissken shuffles over, picks up the watch, examines it.

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

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

MALLOY

How you doin', Plissken?

(no reply)

You like the watch?

PLISSKEN

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

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

3RD MAN

Get to it.

Malloy raises a control unit, pushes the button. The lights go down and a computer-enhanced image appears on the wall...

INT. PROTOTYPE DEFENSE LAB - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

From the point of view of a surveillance camera. The lab is huge. Banks of processors, disk drives, test bays, prototype assembly areas. High tech.

(CONTINUED)



A GROUP OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS is being given a tour. UTOPIA, 17, the President's daughter, is among them. Pretty, virginal, she wears a "True Love Waits" button on her flowered dress.

MALLOY

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

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

MALLOY (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - CAMCORDER

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

UTOPIA

(to the camcorder)

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

MALLOY

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

Inside the surveillance room the President stares grimly as Malloy presses a button.

SUDDENLY THE IMAGE

in front of Plissken spreads out all around him. He is in a virtual reality recreation:

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CONTINUED:

INT. MAIN CABIN OF 747 - VIRTUAL REALITY

Plissken stands manacled in the main cabin. A group of SECRET SERVICE MEN and CONGRESSMEN watch as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT operates a camcorder. He's videotaping Utopia as she rants into the camera. She's pent up with such anxiety she's like a panther in a cage.

UTOPIA

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

(beat)

To the President -- my father.  
You know what this is.

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

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

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

CONGRESSMAN

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

UTOPIA

It'll be in my hands -- and the hands of my lover.

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

UTOPIA (CONT'D)

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

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

WHAM!

The VR image suddenly disappears, and Plissken is again standing inside the concrete cell. Malloy and Brazen stand in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

MALLOY

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

BRAZEN

Utopia became depressed after her mother's suicide, began to withdraw into her virtual reality simulator. She'd punch up her own little world in cyberspace and stay in it for days at a time.

(hits a button)

Somebody else was in there with her.

AN IMAGE APPEARS

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

MALLOY

Cuervo Jones. Shining Path. Peruvian terrorist. Runs the biggest, baddest gang in L.A.

Cuervo Jones takes off the helmet. He is blindingly handsome, charismatic. He smiles, reaches out his arms to CAMERA as if to embrace it.

The image suddenly pops back to the beginning -- it's on a loop.

The image disappears. The lights in the cell come up.

BRAZEN

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

(CONTINUED)

PLISSKEN

Sad story. You got a cigarette?

MALLOY

Shut up, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

What's the little black box do?

MALLOY

Top secret. Only on a need to know.

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

That's the deal.

PLISSKEN

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

After a couple beats, the 3rd Man appears next to Malloy and Brazen. He stares at Plissken for a moment, holds up some papers.

3RD MAN

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

PLISSKEN

(looks at him)  
Who are you?

MALLOY

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

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

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

PLISSKEN

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

PRESIDENT

Utopia is lost to me. My daughter is gone.

PLISSKEN

Well, I'll think it over.

PRESIDENT

You're running out of time.

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

Well, enjoy it, War Hero, cause you got 10 hours to live.

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

PLISSKEN

Wait a minute, what are you talkin' about?

MALLOY

Having second thoughts?

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN'S FACE

as an IMAGE of the Cigarette Girl in New Vegas FLASHES suddenly. Her fingernail scratches his arm. He tightens.

(CONTINUED)

MALLOY (CONT'D)

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

BRAZEN

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

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

MALLOY

Of course there's an anti-toxin. Neutralizes the virus immediately upon injection.

(beat)

We'll give it to you, but you have to do us this little favor.

TWO BEATS...

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

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

PRESIDENT

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

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

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

MALLOY

We're holographs.

## INSIDE THE CELL

Plissken stares at the 3 images in front of him, then at the camera lens on the wall...

PLISSKEN

Get this crap out of me.

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

(beat)

Call me Snake.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

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

BRAZEN

Very sweet little weapon. Core burner. Magnesium ammo. 500 extra rounds.

(moves on)

2 9mm handguns.

(holds up a

silver pill)

Oral projectile. Mouth dart. Hold it in your mouth for 10 seconds, the coating dissolves, it becomes a weapon.

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

BRAZEN (CONT'D)

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

Plissken picks up a small, computerized compass.

MALLOY

Tracer. Utopia has a Kidnap Chip implanted in her arm. You can locate her with this.

(CONTINUED)

Brazen hands Plissken a large black clip.

BRAZEN

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

Plissken SNAPS the clip onto his piston, then UNSNAPS it.

EXT. POLICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

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

MALLOY

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

BRAZEN

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

MALLOY

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

EXT. ROTOR CITY - NIGHT

As Brazen's command helicopter takes off...

INT. COMMAND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Plissken stares at a photo of the anodized prototype.

PLISSKEN

I'll need to know more about  
this thing.

MALLOY

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

(CONTINUED)



PLISSKEN  
Defense against what?

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

Plissken shrugs.

MALLOY  
Third World wants to live like  
we do -- and they plan on  
taking what they want. The  
Cubans and Brazilians are  
ready to invade Miami. If  
the Africans and Colombians  
make a run at the border, we  
got a full scale attack on  
the United States.

PLISSKEN  
So what does this thing do?

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

EXT. WALL - ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

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

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

Plissken, Brazen and Malloy walk through the dark, dank  
tunnel. ARMED GUARDS stand at the ready.

A HATCH

in the tunnel floor stands open. A ladder disappears down  
into darkness.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Plissken arranges his gear, climbs into the hatch opening.

PLISSKEN

Where do I put ashore?

MALLOY

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

We have to spare this nation her trial -- for treason.

PLISSKEN

So you want me to take her out?

(Malloy nods)

Is that an order from the President?

MALLOY

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

PLISSKEN

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

MALLOY

A medical team will be standing by.

PLISSKEN

Not you?

MALLOY

No.

PLISSKEN

Good.

Plissken raises the submachine gun, aims at Malloy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KABLAMM! He FIRES, ripping hellish blasts at Malloy. There's no damage. Malloy laughs.

MALLOY

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

Malloy kicks the hatch and it SLAMS down on top of Plissken. Brazen pushes a control button, sealing it shut.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

Plissken climbs down the ladder into a small submarine bay. Below him on a launching rig is a sleek, black one-man submarine shaped like a dart.

The submarine's hatch is open. Plissken climbs inside.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

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

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy and Brazen move to a surveillance-command post.

PLISSKEN

(v.o. radio)

Com check.

Malloy picks up a microphone.

MALLOY

I'm here, Plissken.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Plissken looks at the wrist watch. It ticks down ominously. 8 hours and counting down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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MALLOY (v.o.) (CONT'D)  
Stand by for launch. Ignitor.  
(Plissken pushes  
a button)  
Fuel rod injection.

Plissken pulls a lever, watches his dials. A DEEP HUMMING  
SOUND GROWS LOUDER inside the sub.

PLISSKEN  
She's in the green.

MALLOY (v.o.)  
Lock fuel rods.

PLISSKEN  
(hits a switch)  
Locked.

MALLOY (v.o.)  
Nuclear turbine to 75% power.

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

INT. SUBMARINE BAY - NIGHT

out of the rear tubes of Plissken's sub comes a ROARING  
BLUE GLOW.

INT. SUBMARINE

PLISSKEN  
75% power.

MALLOY (v.o.)  
Hands on switches and counting.  
5... 4... 3... 2...1. Launch.

INT. SUBMARINE BAY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. THE WALL - NEWHALL PASS - NIGHT

A door in the wall opens, revealing the circular tunnel.

In a ROARING EXPLOSION the sub rockets out of the tunnel, shot from the wall like a cannonball.

THE SUBMARINE

is airborne for several seconds, then drops down, and SLAMS into the San Fernando Sea.

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

In the underwater darkness, SEE the broken remains of the 405 Freeway, as the sub SCREAMS past, its nuclear wake churning in the water.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Malloy, Brazen and other Cops follow Plissken's course on a giant computer screen.

MALLOY

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - VAN NUYS CITY HALL - NIGHT

As the sub ROCKETS past the ruins of the Van Nuys City Hall, barely missing it.

INT. SUBMARINE

MALLOY (v.o.)  
Plissken...

Plissken ignores him, carefully maneuvers the sub with his controls.

MALLOY (v.o. CONT'D)  
Plissken... Do you copy?

EXT. UNDERWATER - THE VENTURA FREEWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS the sub as it streaks along just above the submerged ruins of the Ventura Freeway. SEE the ghostly shapes of cars, trucks, busses below, smashed and overturned.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

They watch the sub, a red blip on the screen, move along the freeway.

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. VENTURA & HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY INTERCHANGE -  
UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The sub RIPS through the water, faster and faster, goes into a hard bank to the right as the Ventura Freeway turns into the Hollywood.

A SIGN

at the edge of the Hollywood Freeway reads: SPEED LIMIT 55.  
The sub SCREAMS past.

INT. COMMAND HQ - MAIN CONTROL ROOM

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

BRAZEN

His reactor's starting to  
overheat.

MALLOY

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

INT. SUBMARINE

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

MALLOY (v.o.)

Plissken...?

Plissken's eye turns back to the computer map in front  
of him.

On the screen: the red blip representing the sub is  
headed right toward a building.

Plissken pulls hard on the controls.

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

The sub SMACKS into the side of the Black Tower, powers  
through it, BLASTS out the other side through a window,  
tilting and wobbling.

THE SUB

rights itself momentarily but is SLAMMED downward out of  
frame by a huge dark slimy object.

KING KONG

looms overhead - his fist RISING and FALLING with the  
currents. Plissken has maneuvered himself into the wreckage  
of the Universal Studios Tour.

THE SUB

zips through the KING KONG Ride into BACK TO THE FUTURE, passing 1950's signage from that film, dodging a rusting Delorean, it SLAMS into the open mouth of

JAWS

SHATTERING the model into a million pieces.

THE SUB

continues on, BOUNCING through the narrow openings of the Earthquake Ride -- broken pipes, cracked sidewalks, split walls -- hard to tell what was the ride and what was The Big One.

INT. SUBMARINE

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - MOVING WITH THE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

The sub suddenly tips upward, rising for the surface.

EXT. SHORELINE - CAHUENGA PASS - NIGHT

The sub EXPLODES out of the water, lands belly first on a hillside with a HARD THUMP!

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken presses the hatch controls.

HILLSIDE - THE SUB

begins to slide backward down toward the water.

INT. SUBMARINE

Plissken struggles, then rips open the hatch, scrambles out.



HILLSIDE - THE SUB

slowly slips backward, down into the water. As the rear exhaust tubes hit the surface, a BLAST of steam.

Plissken leaps out of the hatch. The sub sinks faster and faster. He scampers up the side, leaps for ground...

...and lands on the hillside.

AS THE SUB

sinks into the sea, bubbling, churning, HISSING.

PLISSKEN

A BEEPING SOUND. He takes out his pocket walkie, raises the antenna.

MALLOY (v.o.)

Plissken...?

PLISSKEN

I'm here.

MALLOY (v.o.)

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

PLISSKEN

It's history. I gotta go.

Plissken CLICKS off the walkie, pockets it, turns to climb up the hillside, when...

WHAM!

Standing above him is a DARK FIGURE. Hooded. Carrying something huge and rounded at the ends.

Plissken raises his submachine gun...

...as PIPELINE steps closer. He's a surfer in a black wetsuit. Carries a surfboard. A rifle is slung across his shoulder.

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

(CONTINUED)

PIPELINE

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

Realizing Pipeline is no danger, Plissken moves past him  
up the hillside.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

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

But Plissken's moved off into the darkness.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT - RAIN

Plissken reaches old Mulholland Drive, now dark and  
desolate. Shells of houses stand nearby, black and empty.  
It has begun to RAIN.

The SOUND of GUNFIRE. Plissken ducks behind a tree...

2 OLD CARS

come zooming up Mulholland, side by side. Windows down.  
Guns BLAZING at each other. They pass Plissken, continue  
down Mulholland ripping each other apart with GUNFIRE.

Plissken darts across Mulholland, down the mountainside.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - RAIN

The RAIN pours down as Plissken makes his way down a  
steep incline.

CRACK! A dark FIGURE steps out from behind a tree.

Plissken spins, submachine gun ready.

It's Pipeline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPELINE

Hey, man. I know who you  
are. You're Snake Plissken.  
Man, I can't believe you're  
really here.

More GUNFIRE from above on Mulholland.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Kind of a bad neighborhood,  
Snake.

PLISSKEN

Which way to the Hollywood  
Bowl?

PIPELINE

(points)  
Down that way.

Plissken starts down.

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

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

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

PIPELINE (CONT'D)

Hey Snake -- what're you doin'  
around here, man?

(as Plissken  
disappears)

I heard they busted you up  
real good in Cleveland...

EXT. HILLS ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT - RAIN

The rain is coming down in a torrent as Plissken makes  
his way down the hillside.

Then, all at once, the rain lets up, then stops. The  
trees DRIP with moisture.

Suddenly, a HUGE KATHUMP from above him. Plissken looks  
back.

