

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

A screenplay

by

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and

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A Debra Hill Production
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Slam Dunk Productions, Inc.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

1 BLACK SCREEN.

Silence. Newsreel footage slowly FADES ON. Grainy color. Absolutely real. A riot. Police cars with bubble lights flashing. SWAT teams moving through the streets.

NARRATOR

In 1988, the crime rate in the United States rose four hundred per cent.

A prison riot. The National Guard disperses. Then a street riot. SWAT teams. GUNFIRE. Tear gas. Pandemonium.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

During the Summer War of 1991, fought between the agencies of law enforcement and the criminal element, the United States Police Force was formed. As large and well-equipped as the armed forces, the Police Force won the war.

DISSOLVE TO:

1A A large emblem: the American Eagle against a red background. Proud, savage, strong. And in bold letters underneath, THE UNITED STATES POLICE FORCE. CAMERA MOVES IN on the emblem.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

In 1994 there were not enough prisons to harbor the three million plus population of convicted criminals.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER to the eagle.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

In 1995, extreme measures were taken to insure law and order in the United States.

CAMERA MOVES IN to the eye of the eagle, then INTO BLACK.

CUT TO:

A1 INT. FUTURISTIC COMPLEX - DAY - LOW ANGLE

A large computer room. Eerie neon lighting.
SUPERIMPOSE:

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES
COLORADO FEDERAL RESERVE
3:35 P.M.
OCTOBER 21, 1997

Suddenly a small, mechanized trolley rounds a corner. There is a flashing yellow light on its top. Speakers in the sides. As the trolley MOVES PAST CAMERA, a pleasant, female voice speaks.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Attention. Banking hours are over. Lock-up begins in thirty seconds. All personnel must leave the blue coded areas immediately. Thank you.

CAMERA PANS with the trolley as it rounds another corner. Then a figure stands up from behind a machine. A MAN in a brown maintenance uniform. A cap on his head. Carrying a satchel. Too far away to see his face. He darts away.

A2 LOW ANGLE PANAGLIDE - MAN'S BOOTS

CAMERA PANAGLIDES along with the man's boots. Close to the floor. Through the huge computer room. Through a doorway, into another room. Ducking close to the machines. Keeping out of sight. CAMERA MOVES UP to the satchel he carries.

A2A PANAGLIDE ON MAN - MAN TRAP

CAMERA PANAGLIDES CLOSE on the man's back. Emblazoned on the uniform is "COLORADO SOLAR." He moves AWAY FROM CAMERA up to a man trap.

A2B CLOSE - I.D. SLOT

An I.D. slot in the man trap. The man's hand inserts a small metal screwdriver with an elongated point.

A2C ANGLE ON MAN TRAP

The door opens. The man steps inside. The door closes. He inserts the screwdriver into another slot and the outer door opens. The man ducks out.

A2D PANAGLIDE WITH MAN

as he moves down corridors, around corners, through the hallways of the futuristic bank. The man and CAMERA round a corner and MOVE through a door up to an elevator. Marked: "ROOF EXIT." The man's hand punches the button.

Suddenly a SHRILL, CLANGING ALARM goes off!

COMPUTER VOICE

(calmly)

Attention. Code red. A bank robbery is in progress. All security personnel to code red stations.

The elevator doors open. The man plunges inside.

A3 INT. ELEVATOR/EXT. DESERT - DAY - PANAGLIDE

The man punches the "ROOF" button. The doors close. The CLANG of the alarm fades as the elevator rises.

The man rips out of his maintenance uniform. His cap comes off. Long hair underneath. But we still don't see his face. Just pieces of his clothing. A black leather jacket. Boots. Fatigue pants.

Then the doors open. A blast of sunlight. The man dashes out into a bleak, expansive Colorado desert. This is the roof of the underground bank!

(CONTINUED)

A3 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with the man as he races toward a concrete structure with doors in it. Up to the doors. The screw-driver is inserted into a lock. The doors slide open. The man ducks inside, CAMERA MOVING BEHIND HIM INTO DARKNESS.

A3A
thru OMITTED
A6

A7 INT. ESCALATOR - TERMINAL CORRIDOR (ATLANTA TERMINAL)

OUT OF DARKNESS, moving down a huge escalator toward the lighted floor below. CAMERA PANAGLIDES off the escalator on to the huge terminal corridor.

As he turns and begins to run, CAMERA PANAGLIDES BACK WITH HIM to REVEAL SNAKE PLISSKEN. Arrogant, mean and handsome. His left eye is totally black. An eye-patch.

He hurtles off down the corridor. A sign on the concrete walls: "PACIFIC EXPRESS".

A8 OMITTED

A8A INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - PANAGLIDE (MARTA)

CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH PLISSKEN down another escalator into a subway platform. Empty, except for a FIGURE crouched down by wall. Plissken and CAMERA RUN toward the figure. Closer. It is BILL TAYLOR. He wears an army fatigue jacket and a cap. Long dark hair. Older than Plissken. Late thirties. He works feverishly on a mass of wires in an open terminal box in the wall. Taylor has an identical satchel next to him.

TAYLOR

You're early!

PLISSKEN

They're on my ass!

Taylor works the wires with blinding speed. Finally Taylor CLICKS his wires into place. Then, a moment later, the ROAR of a subway train coming to life. The train RUMBLES up to a stop on the tracks. It is completely empty.

Plissken and Taylor run for the train. Taylor lopes along with a limp, slowing him slightly. They duck inside the car.

A9 INT. SUBWAY CAR (MARTA)

Neon lit. The doors close. Plissken and Taylor hang on as the train begins to accelerate, its engines WHINING. 50 m.p.h., 60, 70, 80.

PLISSKEN

We wired in to Seattle?

TAYLOR

(disgruntled)

Maybe. Maybe Seattle, maybe San Francisco, maybe Barstow. I can't tell, those goddamn circuits are so small.

Plissken tosses his satchel to Taylor. Taylor just stares in amazement. Plissken slumps down in a seat. Taylor zips open the satchel.

A10 INSERT - SATCHEL

Inside are hundreds of plastic white credit cards. Printed on them are "MASTER, U.S. NATIONAL BANK," "MASTER, U.S. PORT AUTHORITY," "MASTER, U.S. TOBACCO RESERVE," etc.

A11 ON PLISSKEN AND TAYLOR

Taylor's eyes are wide.

PLISSKEN
Congratulations. You're a
billionaire.

TAYLOR
Jesus, Snake, look at this!

PLISSKEN
You look at it. I'm tired.

Plissken folds his hands and leans back in the seat. He closes his eyes.

TAYLOR
Come on, man, we gotta split
it up!

PLISSKEN
I trust you.

As Taylor opens his empty satchel and begins splitting up the take, Plissken drifts off to sleep.

CUT TO:

A12 WIDE SHOT - SUBWAY CAR

Plissken and Taylor are both asleep. The subway train comes to a WHOOSHING stop. The doors open. A pre-recorded voice:

SUBWAY VOICE
Welcome to San Francisco.
Please step to your right.

Plissken and Taylor stir, gather themselves and walk out of the car.

A13 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBWAY PLATFORM - PANAGLIDE (BART)

As the subway train ROARS away CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Plissken and Taylor through the empty subway platform. They walk toward the "up escalater."

(CONTINUED)

A13 CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
San Francisco ain't bad. I
can spend a billion here.

PLISSKEN
Yeah.

They get on the escalator. CAMERA MOVES UP with them.

TAYLOR
Can't spend it in Barstow, man.

PLISSKEN
Yeah.

Plissken looks around suspiciously.

TAYLOR
What's wrong?

A14 INT. UPPER LOBBY - PANAGLIDE (MARTA)

They come off the escalator into a completely deserted upper lobby. They begin to walk. CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH THEM. Plissken continues to glance around.

TAYLOR
(continuing)
It's four in the morning, Snake.
Stop worrying, man. We made it!

Suddenly Taylor is hit! His shoulder and arm EXPLODE!
Four bullets from an automatic rifle!

Taylor slumps to the floor. Plissken grabs him and looks back.

A15 POV - TROOPERS - ESCALATORS

SIX TROOPERS. Spread out across the escalators in a line. Black uniforms. AR-15 rifles. Helmets. Face plates. Featureless. They move slowly down the escalators.

A16 ON PLISSKEN AND TAYLOR - PANAGLIDE

Plissken pulls Taylor to his feet. They start running. CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH THEM. Back down to the subway platform. Taylor can barely move. He falls behind.

CAMERA MOVES WITH PLISSKEN toward the subway train.

(CONTINUED)

A16 CONTINUED:

Then Plissken stops. Looks back. Taylor is not behind him. Plissken pauses a moment.

PLISSKEN

Taylor!

No answer. Plissken stares. Torn. Trying to decide. Glances at the subway train and freedom. Then finally makes up his mind. He moves back up the escalator to the lobby.

A17 POV - TAYLOR AND TROOPERS - PANAGLIDE

Back into the lobby. Taylor stands twenty feet away. Barely able to stand. Still clutching the satchel. Dragging himself away from the troopers that slowly close in.

A18 ON PLISSKEN

Sees his friend. Decides. Plissken drops his satchel.

PLISSKEN

Drop the bag, Taylor.

A19 POV - TAYLOR AND TROOPERS

Taylor keeps clutching the satchel. Still moving toward Plissken.

TAYLOR

Go on, Snake! Go on!

A20 ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN

Drop the bag!

A21 POV - TAYLOR AND TROOPERS

One of the troopers OPENS FIRE! Taylor is riddled with bullets! He flops to the floor dead! The troopers move forward toward Plissken.

A22 ON PLISSKEN

He stares at Taylor's body. Stunned. Quiet. TROOPERS move in toward him. He is surrounded. He raises his hands over his head. Continues to stare at Taylor's body. As the troopers close in around him CAMERA MOVES IN TO his face.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WALL, MANHATTAN ISLAND - NIGHT (EFFECT)

OPEN ON A CLOSE SHOT of a GUARD sitting on a black, police force jeep.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

The guard smokes a cigarette. A radio in the jeep SQUAWKS. Behind the jeep is a concrete wall.

PILOT

(over radio)

North bay, section seventeen.
Object moving toward the wall.

CAMERA BEGINS TO BOOM UP the concrete wall. Past a large metal sign bolted on the wall:

NEW YORK MAXIMUM SECURITY
PENITENTIARY

The sound of WIND. CAMERA CONTINUES TO BOOM UP INTO DARKNESS. SUPERIMPOSE:

MANHATTAN ISLAND

7:30 P.M.

OCTOBER 23, 1997

CAMERA BOOMS UP out of darkness, above the concrete wall to reveal TWO GUARDS behind barbed wire staring across the bay at Manhattan Island. A prison. The skyline of New York is different. Dark. A few lights here and there: fires burning. The skyscrapers are black shells, empty and abandoned, stretching up into the night sky.

3 ANGLE DOWN WALL - MANHATTAN SKYLINE (EFFECT)

LOW ANGLE looking down the wall. On top of the wall are small red sensor lights glowing in evenly spaced intervals. On the right of screen is the skyline of Manhattan. A Jet Ranger helicopter moves over the wall and out over the bay. All over it are blinking red lights, flashing on and off, on and off.

3A CLOSER ON HELICOPTER

Moving through the dark night sky. Red lights blinking hypnotically.

3B CLOSE SHOT - SIDE OF HELICOPTER

Blink red. Darkness. Blink red. Darkness. As the red light blinks on we can see "GOTHAM 4" on the side of the helicopter.

3C INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE ON PILOT

The pilot wears a helmet with a black metal visor. Lit by the blinking red lights. Cold. Faceless.

(CONTINUED)

3C CONTINUED:

PILOT
North bay, section seventeen.
Object ahead.

3D CLOSE - HAND ON STICK - TV SCREEN

CLOSE on the pilot's hand wrapped around his guide stick. His thumb is poised over a red button on the top of the stick. On the cockpit is a small remote TV screen. A green grid is on the screen. A small blinking red light indicates the object up ahead.

4
thru OMITTED
10

11 EXT. BAY (EFFECT)

Water stretches into blackness and the Manhattan skyline in the distance. Suddenly something appears out of the blackness. A raft. It bobs haphazardly on the water.

12 CLOSER - RAFT

Two very thin, pale PRISONERS cling to their raft made of rotting logs and parts of telephone poles. They paddle desperately with wooden poles. A DISTANT THRASHING SOUND. The prisoners look up.

13
thru OMITTED
15

16 ANOTHER ANGLE

The helicopter comes out of the darkness and hovers overhead. Suddenly a searchlight blasts down, splashing the raft and the prisoners with an eerie blue glow. A speaker under the helicopter POPS and CRACKLES.

PILOT
(over speakers)
You have ten seconds to turn
around. Start back to the
penitentiary.

The prisoners watch the helicopter move overhead.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

They lean on their poles, gouging them into the water, ignoring the warning. The helicopter turns and suddenly rises up, directly above the raft.

17 INT. HELICOPTER

The pilot squeezes the top of his guide stick.

18 ANGLE ON RAFT

Two bright FLASHES BURST from under the helicopter.

An instant later the raft EXPLODES, flies into fragments! One of the prisoners is on fire! He is hurled from the disintegrating raft and falls FIZZING into the water.

The other prisoner bobs in the water, splashing frantically.

Another BLAST from the helicopter!

The remaining prisoner EXPLODES! Bursts into flames! Sinks down into the dark, black water. Bubbles POPPING on the surface. Pieces of debris from the raft churning around.

The helicopter hovers above for a moment, then turns and dips off into the darkness.

18A EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - WALL (EFFECT) (FORMERLY SHOT #4)

LOW ANGLE looking up at the Brooklyn Bridge as it runs into the concrete wall. Red lights blink. The helicopter moves over the bridge. Its searchlight comes on, peers around the rocks and the breakwater below, then goes off. The helicopter moves out of FRAME.

19
thru OMITTED
30

31 EXT. POLICE COMPLEX (SEPULVEDA DAM) - ANGLE ON HELICOPTER STATUE OF LIBERTY

CAMERA FOLLOWS the helicopter as it moves through the sky, coming off of it to REVEAL the Statue of Liberty. We are on Liberty Island. CAMERA PANS DOWN the Statue. GUARDS are stationed all over it. As CAMERA REACHES ground level we MOVE WITH TWO GUARDS as they walk along. One of the guards is looking up.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

GUARD #1
Was that Charly?

GUARD #2
Yeah. Seventeen for Charly.
Another month and he'll have
a gold badge.

GUARD #1
I believe it's eighteen.
Charly's bagged eighteen.

GUARD #2
(considers it)
Yeah, I think you're right. I
think it is eighteen.

As they enter a guard station CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE,
past the station, into darkness.

As CAMERA COMES OUT OF DARKNESS, on the other side of the
guard station, WE PAN AROUND to reveal the police complex:
A series of low concrete bunkers in front of a huge wall
and bridge (connecting Liberty Island with New Jersey).
Radar scanners revolve slowly on the bunker roofs.
Another sign:

LIBERTY ISLAND
SECURITY CONTROL

The helicopter sweeps in and lands. POLICEMEN wander
from bunker to bunker.

A prison transport vehicle, something like an RTD bus,
pulls up in front of a bunker. GUARDS open the back
doors.

Plissken emerges. He is handcuffed and shackled.
Finally he is led into a bunker.

31A INT. POLICE COMPLEX CORRIDOR

CAMERA FOLLOWS Plissken through the door into the bunker.
There are huge signs:

PRISONERS: NO TALKING
NO SMOKING
FOLLOW THE RED LINE

A corridor. The red line leads to a guard station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Several GUARDS stand around with rifles. A DUTY SERGEANT sits behind the desk. He glances up as Plissken passes.

DUTY SERGEANT

Hold up.

Plissken stops. The duty sergeant glances through several folders and picks out one. He opens it.

DUTY SERGEANT

(continuing)

Mister Snake Plissken.

The guards react. They stare at Plissken.

DUTY SERGEANT

(continuing)

How are you tonight, Plissken?

PLISSKEN

(emotionless)

Fabulous.

DUTY SERGEANT

(smiles)

Not for long.

A guard nudges Plissken forward. He continues down the corridor. Toward a doorway with a sign above it:

GOODBYE, CHARLIE.
DON'T THINK IT HASN'T
BEEN FUN!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Plissken into the doorway into BLACK.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. POLICE COMPLEX

A limousine whishes along, past helicopters and GUARDS. CAMERA MOVES WITH IT, coming IN CLOSE on the side, reading the seal of the United States Police Force and "COMMISSIONER" on the door. The limousine stops and the door opens.

A MAN in a dark suit steps out. CAMERA MOVES UP, revealing a pearl-handled gun in a holster, UP to his face. Police Commissioner BOB HAUK. A blunt, powerful face. He wears an earring in one ear. He is met by REHME, a section commander.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

REHME

We have a small jet in trouble,
sir. Over restricted air space.

They walk quickly toward a bunker, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

HAUK

Where is he?

REHME

About seven miles and closing.

They enter the bunker.

33 INT. HALLWAY - AIR TRAFFIC BUNKER - POLICE COMPLEX

Hauk and Rehme descend stairs into the underground police complex.

REHME

We can't reach him. There was
one transmission ten minutes
ago. He identified as "David
Fourteen" and then all of a
sudden he was cut off.

They walk into the air traffic bunker. Dark. Lit by
banks of instrumentation. Several CONTROLLERS huddle
around a radar screen showing a small blip moving through
clouds. A CONTROLLER talks into a microphone.

CONTROLLER

David Fourteen, do you copy,
over?

A VOICE on the radio. GARBLED AND DISTORTED. Then
silence.

CONTROLLER

(continuing)

David Fourteen, I'm calling air
rescue. Turn to band 749 and
stand by.

(turns to Hauk
and Rehme)

Still no reply.

(flips a switch)

Bayonne, I have a mayday in
restricted space.

BAYONNE (V.O.)

(radio)

New York, I have him. Seventeen
east. He's losing altitude fast.

33 CONTINUED:

33

CAMERA MOVES IN on Hauk and Rehme.

HAUK

Who is he?

REHME

I don't know.

HUAK

You have the code.

REHME

There's no David Fourteen on the computer.

HAUK

Unlisted?

REHME

It's an unregistered code. We had to call Washington.

We hear STATIC from the radio, then a mumbled, unintelligible VOICE.

CONTROLLER

I think I got 'em, sir.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(frantically)

... it's too late, assholes!
All your imperialist weapons
and lies can't save him now.
We're going down. We're...

More STATIC. Hauk and Rehme are suddenly alarmed.

CONTROLLER

(into mike)

David Fourteen, do you copy?

The computer operator calls over to Hauk and Rehme.

COMPUTER OPERATOR

Code's coming in, sir.

They all look at the screen. Utter horror comes over their faces.

34 CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

34

AIRCRAFT IDENT

CODE: DAVID 14

DECODE: AIR FORCE ONE

35 EXT. JET - NIGHT

A small but powerful jet plane bobs up and down in the storm.

On the side of the plane is the Seal of the President of the United States!

36 OMITTED

37 INT. COCKPIT - JET - NIGHT

The PILOT is on the floor. Dead. His neck slashed. PAN UP TO the CO-PILOT. Dead. Slumped in his seat. A knife protruding from his chest.

CAMERA PANS past the dead body of the NAVIGATOR to a STEWARDESS at the controls. She CLICKS the switches and holds the wheel while she talks into a microphone.

STEARDESS

(wide-eyed,
exhilarated)

All your guns and spying and computers can't stop the people's rightful vengeance. Can't stop me! Tell this to the workers when they ask where your leader went:

She pulls out a crumpled piece of paper and begins to read.

STEARDESS

(continuing)

We the soldiers of the National Liberation Front of America, in the name of workers and all oppressed of this imperialist country, have struck a fatal blow to the racist police state!

BANGING on the door to the main cabin behind her.

38
and
39 OMITTED

40 INT. MAIN CABIN

A SECRET SERVICE MAN stands at the door to the cockpit SMASHING the butt of his automatic rifle into the door. Not a dent.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES INTO the main cabin. Lush and fancy. The seal of the President is on one of the carpeted walls. There is a bar, several plump seats and a round table lounge area. A group of SECRET SERVICE MEN and TWO DOCTORS are huddled. CAMERA MOVES IN TO the huddle to reveal the PRESIDENT. A SECRET SERVICE MAN beside him looks terrified and ill.

PRESIDENT

Shoot the lock!

SECRET SERVICE MAN

We can't, sir! She pressurized the cabin!

PRESIDENT

Rip out the hinges!

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Let's get to the pod, sir.

The President is breathless with anxiety. One of the other men SNAPS one end of a pair of handcuffs around the handle of a medium-sized, dark-brown executive briefcase and the other end around the President's wrist.

At the rear of the cabin a hatch is lifted. The secret service men help the President down into an open hatch in the floor. It is the top of an escape pod. The interior of the pod is incredibly small: a padded seat, seat-belt, padded walls, and a readout screen.

The President is stuffed into the pod. The secret service man leans in and SNAPS a metallic bracelet around the President's other wrist. Then he punches a button on the readout.

The readout screen blinks on. It shows the President's blood pressure, hearbeat, temperature, etc.

The President looks scared shitless. He stares ominously at the men standing above him as they close the hatch. One of them then clamps shut two levers, sealing the pod.

41 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND (EFFECT)

The faltering Air Force One glides down toward the silhouette of Manhattan Island.

42 INT. AIR TRAFFIC BUNKER

Hawk stares at a screen. The red blip of Air Force One moves into a flashing danger area. New York City.

42 CONTINUED:

Hauk turns to the controller as STATIC and then the Stewardess' voice comes over the radio. The room is incredibly tense.

STEWARDESS

(over radio)

... what better revolutionary example than to let their President perish in the inhuman dungeon of his own imperialist prison.

Hauk stares helplessly at the speaker.

43 INT. COCKPIT - POV THROUGH WINDOW (EFFECT)

Out the window is the dark hulk of New York, pulling closer and closer!

STEWARDESS

(continuing)

The bosses of the racist, sexist police state are shuddering under the collective might of the worker's rightful vengeance!

43A ANGLE ON STEWARDESS

STEWARDESS

(continuing)

Workers of the world. Look up into the skies! The people have won a glorious victory!

Suddenly the door to the cabin flies off its hinges and the Secret Service Man jumps into the doorway! He stares past the Stewardess out the windshield in horror. Then, with only seconds to live, he aims the rifle and angrily pulls the trigger!

The Stewardess is riddled with bullets! The controls EXPLODE!

44 POV THROUGH COCKPIT WINDOW (EFFECT)

Suddenly a skyscraper looms forward right through the windshield INTO CAMERA! The plane EXPLODES!

45 INT. AIR TRAFFIC BUNKER

There is hideous SQUEALING AND STATIC over the radio.

CONTROLLER

He's down!

The room goes crazy! Hawk and Rehme race out the door and down a hallway.

46 OMITTED

47 OMITTED

48 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

Hawk and Rehme enter the central control bunker. Dark. HUMMING machinery. POLICEMEN racing around. Banks of machinery. Hawk and Rehme rush to a readout screen.

49 CLOSE - READOUT

The vital signs monitor shows the President's heartbeat and blood pressure. His pulse is thundering.

50 BACK TO SCENE

HAUK

He's still alive!

They move over to another screen, a green schematic. Rehme punches buttons.

REHME

Here it is.

51 CLOSE ON GREEN SCHEMATIC SCREEN

A geometric three-dimensional image of Air Force One appears. The computer tracks it through the air. Suddenly a three-dimensional image of the skyscraper moves into view and the two collide. From the rear of the plane a blinking red dot arches slowly away through the air.

HAUK

That's the escape pod.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

REHME
Forty degrees.

The geometric view pulls wider. We SEE the blinking red dot fall from the plane and arc down to street level.

52 ON HAUK, REHME AND CAPTAIN

REHME
Fifty yards away.

HAUK
I'm going in.

53 EXT. POLICE COMPLEX

Twenty Tactical Unit POLICE, fully outfitted with backpacks, combat gear, helmets, rifles and infra-red goggles, pour out of the bunkers into thundering helicopters. Hawk races out, pulling on his backpack and jumps into the lead helicopter.

The doors close and one by one they lift off into the sky.

53A UP ANGLE - WALL

The helicopters THUNDER overhead.

54 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND (EFFECT) (FORMERLY SHOT #14)

LONG SHOT of the city. Guards on the wall in foreground. The helicopters glide across the bay.

55B BACK TO SCENE

Rehme eyes the vital signs monitor. The President's life signs remain steady.

HAUK
(over radio)
One W Larry, over the battery...
We're moving down... Crash
site ahead...

55C CLOSE ON READOUT

The red helicopter blips move over a geometric Manhattan Island.

(CONTINUED)

55C CONTINUED:

HAUK
(continuing;
over radio)
We're going down...

CUT TO:

55D EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

A scene out of hell. A dark, desolate, blasted, junked New York street. Thick smoke drifting. A couple mercury-vapor streetlights.

From out of the sky the helicopters descend. They land on the street. The doors open. The squads pour out. Rifles ready. Tight ranks. Flashlights flaring.

Hauk jumps out of his helicopter. They move down the street, through the smoke, their flashlight beams searching wildly.

A few yards ahead. A flashlight beam hits the escape pod! Smoke from the plane crash, fifty yards further up, obscures it. The pod has cracked the pavement. It is imbedded in the side of a building. Its orange parachute flutters in the wind.

Hauk and the squads move closer.

The hatch to the emergency pod is open!

Hauk races up and peers inside. Empty.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Sir!

Hauk looks up. The police captain points.

From out of the darkness and smoke a figure appears. Walking slowly. Toward them.

The squads fan out in a line. Hauk raises his hand and steps forward.

The figure moves into the beams of twenty flashlights. Closer. It is a MAN. Closer. Thin, gaunt, pale. Sunken eyes. Closer. It is ROMERO. He looks like the living dead. A walking corpse.

He walks up to Hauk and stops. Then he smiles. All of his teeth have been filed down to tiny, razor sharp points.

55D CONTINUED:

ROMERO

If you touch me, he dies. If you're not in the air in thirty seconds, he dies. If you come back in, he dies.

Romero holds out his hand and drops something in Hauk's hand.

55E CLOSE ON HAUK'S HAND

Something small and slender wrapped in cloth. Hauk pulls at the cloth. Blood stains. He unwraps the cloth. It is a finger, severed at the third joint. On the finger is a ring with the Presidential seal.

55F BACK TO SCENE

Hauk looks up at Romero.

ROMERO

Twenty seconds.

HAUK

I'm ready to talk.

ROMERO

Nineteen. Eighteen.

HAUK

What do you want?

Romero just smiles his deathhead smile.

ROMERO

Seventeen. Sixteen.

Hauk backs away. He holds up his hand.

HAUK

Let's go, let's go!

Confused at first, the squads finally follow Hauk and race back to the helicopters. They begin taking off. Rising up into the sky.

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED

57 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT - PANAGLIDE

The room is lit from neon lights. Smoky. A map of Manhattan Island on the wall. The SECRETARY OF STATE is on a red telephone. Hauk sits staring at the map. Tension and gloom.

SECRETARY OF STATE
I'm convinced there's no connection, sir. The prisoners aren't aware of the hijacking. As far as they're concerned it was an accident... Yes sir. He's right here.

The Secretary of State hands the phone to Hauk.

HAUK
(into telephone)
This is Bob Hauk.

A pause as Hauk listens. The Secretary of State paces restlessly.

HAUK
(continuing)
We can't. If we go down there with choppers, they'll kill him. We're lucky if he's still alive.
(pause)
They don't want anything yet, and by the time they figure out what they want it'll be too late.

SECRETARY OF STATE
(whispers to Hauk)
Tell him we have to go with your plan now!

HAUK
(into phone)
We can't wait till tomorrow. If we have to move in and take the island it's a last resort. It's eight forty-five. I want permission to try the rescue.
(pause)
Thank you.

Hauk hangs up. He looks at the Secretary of State, then gets up and quietly walks out the door. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM into the small outer office.

DR. CRONENBERG, a tall, lanky physician with a worried face, stands up from his chair.

HAUK

57 CONTINUED:

DR. CRONENBERG
Yes, but I can't guarantee...

HAUK
(interrupts)
How long will it take?

DR. CRONENBERG
A few seconds. But I'm against
using it...

HAUK
I have a directive from Washington.

DR. CRONENBERG
This is an experimental unit,
Hauk. I've never tried it on
a man...

HAUK
You can test it out.

A POLICE SERGEANT enters the room.

SERGEANT
They just took him in to
quarantine.

HAUK
Bring him to my office.

CUT TO:

58
thru OMITTED
61

62 INT. HAUK'S OFFICE

The door opens and TROOPERS file into the room. Plissken is in their midst, still handcuffed. His leg-irons are gone. Hauk rises, stares at Plissken, then nods to the troopers.

HAUK
All right.

TROOPER
He's dangerous, sir.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

HAUK

I know.

Hauk reaches into his coat and brings out a revolver. He COCKS it.

HAUK

(continuing)

I'll be all right.

The troopers leave the room. Hauk stares at Plissken for several beats. Plissken stares back, then eases himself into a chair and puffs contentedly on the last of his cigarette. He holds up his handcuffed hands to Hauk.

HAUK

(continuing)

I'm not a fool, Plissken.

PLISSKEN

Call me Snake.

Hauk sits behind his desk. He glances at an open folder.

HAUK

S.D. Bob Plissken. American. Lieutenant in Special Forces Unit: "Black Light." Two Purple Hearts in Leningrad and Siberia. Youngest man to be decorated by the President. You robbed the Federal Reserve Depository. Life sentence in New York Maximum Security Penitentiary. I'm ready to kick your ass out of the world, war hero.

PLISSKEN

Who are you?

HAUK

Hauk. Police commissioner.

PLISSKEN

(recognizes the name)

Bob Hauk?

HAUK

Special Forces Unit: "Texas Thunder." We heard about you, Plissken.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED (2):

PLISSKEN
Why are we talking.

HAUK
I have a deal for you. You'll
receive a full pardon for
every criminal action you
committed in the United States.

Hauk holds up the pardon. Plissken stares at him. Hauk
gets up from his desk.

HAUK
(continuing)
There was an accident about an
hour ago. A small jet went
down inside New York City.
The President was on board.

PLISSKEN
President of what?

HAUK
It isn't funny, Plissken. You
go in, find the President,
bring him out in twenty-four
hours, and you're a free man.

PLISSKEN
(looks at him)
This a joke?

HAUK
I'm making you an offer.

PLISSKEN
Bullshit.

HAUK
Straight. Just like I said.

PLISSKEN
I'll think about it.

HAUK
No time. Give me an answer.

PLISSKEN
Get a new President.

HAUK
We're still at war, Plissken.
We need him alive.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED (3):

PLISSKEN
I don't care about your war.
Or your President.

HAUK
Is that your answer?

PLISSKEN
I'm thinking it over.

Plissken is silent a moment.

PLISSKEN
(continuing)
Why me?

HAUK
You flew the GolfFire over
Leningrad. You know how to
get in quiet.
(a beat)
You're all I've got.

PLISSKEN
Well... I go in one way or the
other, it don't mean shit to
me. Give me the papers.

HAUK
When you come out.

PLISSKEN
Before.

HAUK
I said I wasn't a fool, Plissken.

PLISSKEN
Snake. Call me Snake.

CUT TO:

63
thru OMITTED
65

66 INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Plissken, handcuffs off, checks through a tactical survival holster: two automatic weapons, handgun and a rifle, a flare pistol, rations, pills, infra-red goggles and a pocket two-way radio. Also a large, 4-pointed metal spur. Hawk watches him. Rehme paces back and forth.

66 CONTINUED:

REHME

They split along race and ethnic lines. White, Black, Chicano, Indian, Oriental, European, and then the rest: Women, Homosexuals, Religious, Senior Citizens, the Crazies. Some of them have cars. They took junkers left behind and converted them to steam. We think they may also have a gasoline source in there. And power. Greenhouses. Rigged-up generators. Some areas have streetlights. The Crazies live in the subways. Full control of the underground. They're night raiders.

Plissken holds up a small, circular metal object. It looks like a futuristic doorbell buzzer. A tracer.

HAUK

Tracer. Sends a radio signal for fifteen minutes. If you push it we can track you on radar.

PLISSKEN

Same as Leningrad.

HAUK

They added something. Safety catch.

CUT TO:

67 INT. POLICE COMPLEX HALLWAY

Plissken and Hauk walk down a neon-lit corridor. Plissken has the survival holster strapped on his waist.

PLISSKEN

Where am I landing?

HAUK

Top of the World Trade Center.

Plissken looks at him.

HAUK

(continuing)
Only place you can land.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

HAUK (CONT'D)

They won't see you. You can
take off from a free fall.

Hauk opens a cardboard box.

HAUK

(continuing)

You can locate the President
from his vital signs bracelet.
It's on his wrist. It gives
off a sync pulse. Use this.

Hauk hands Plissken what looks like a small compass.

HAUK

(continuing)

Homing device. Shows direction
and distance.

CUT TO:

68 INT. C WARD - NIGHT

Dr. Cronenberg stands by a large, portable unit that resembles a dialysis machine. He nods at Hauk and stares at Plissken as they enter the small examination room.

HAUK

Strong antitoxin. Stops bacteria and viral growth for twenty-four hours.

DR. CRONENBERG

Take off your jacket.

Plissken doesn't move.

PLISSKEN

I'll be all right.

HAUK

Let's go, Plissken.

Finally Plissken complies. He sits on the table. Stares off into space.

PLISSKEN

I don't like needles...

Behind Plissken, hidden from his view, Dr. Cronenberg sets two dials on the machine. Hauk opens a small box, takes out a digital wrist watch and glances at Cronenberg. A number lights up on the machine: 23:00:05. Hauk sets the wrist watch and straps it on Plissken's wrist.

69 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

Hauk punches a button on the side. The small readout lights up. 23:00:01, then BLINK: 22:59:59, 58, 57...

HAUK

Twenty-two hours, fifty-nine minutes, fifty-seven seconds...

70 BACK TO SCENE

PLISSKEN

We talked about twenty-four.

HAUK

In twenty-two hours the Hartford Summit Meeting will be over. China and the Soviet Union will go back home.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

Cronenberg grabs two long rubber tubes from the machine and walks over behind Plissken.

HAUK

(continuing)

The President was on his way to the Summit when his plane went down. He has a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. The tape recording inside has to reach Hartford in twenty-two hours.

PLISSKEN

What's on it?

HAUK

Do you know anything about nuclear fusion?

PLISSKEN

All right...

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

HAUK

The survival of the human race,
Plissken. Something you don't
give a shit about.

DR. CRONENBERG

I'm going to inject you. It'll
sting for a second or two.

Cronenberg places the ends of the tubes, two small compressed air guns, on either side of Plissken's neck. He pushes two buttons on each gun. There are TWO POPS. Plissken flinches slightly. Cronenberg removes the tubes. There are two small red marks on Plissken's neck.

HAUK

(grinning)

That's it, Plissken.

DR. CRONENBERG

Tell him.

Plissken's expression instantly changes.

PLISSKEN

Tell me what?

HAUK

That idea you've got about
turning the GulfFire around
180 degrees and flying off to
Canada.

PLISSKEN

(looks at

Cronenberg)

What did you do to me?

HAUK

My idea, Plissken. Something
we've been fooling around with.
Two microscopic capsules lodged
in your arteries. They're
already starting to dissolve.
In twenty-two hours the cores
will completely dissolve.
Inside the cores is a small,
heat-sensing charge. Not a
large explosive. About the
size of a pinhead, just enough
to open up both your arteries.
I'd say you'd be dead in ten,
fifteen seconds.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED (2):

Suddenly Plissken reaches out and grabs Hauk by the throat. His thumb presses in on Hauk's trachea.

PLISSKEN

Take 'em out.

Hauk reaches in his holster and draws his gun. He points it at Plissken's mid-section. Plissken doesn't release his grip on Hauk's throat. Cronenberg moves hesitantly toward them.

DR. CRONENBERG

They're protected by the cores!
But fifteen minutes before the
last hour is up we can
neutralize the charges with an
x-ray!

Plissken looks at them both, then releases his grip on Hauk.

Hauk staggers slightly, clutching his throat. Plissken feels his neck with his hands, then looks at the wrist watch.

71 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

The numbers tick down: 22:47:02, 01, 00, 22:46:59, 58...

72 BACK TO SCENE

HAUK

We'll burn out the charges.
If you have the President.

PLISSKEN

What if I'm late?

HAUK

No more Hartford Summit, no
more Snake Plissken.

Plissken stares at Hauk for several beats.

PLISSKEN

When I get back I'm going to
kill you.

HAUK

The GulfFire's waiting.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. AIRSTRIP - HANGAR - NIGHT

Plissken strides across an empty airstrip. He is still dressed in his own clothes. Leather jacket. Fatigue pants. The survival holster is strapped on.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM toward a huge hangar. The doors slowly open. Inside, under eerie neon lights, is the GulfFire glider. TWO COPS roll it out of the hangar. It is sleek, bullet-shaped with a jet engine in the rear. The cockpit covering is blind, totally black. You can't see out. Plissken pulls open the cockpit covering and slips in.

74 INT. GLIDER

Plissken closes the cockpit covering and seals it shut. There is an automatic CLICK and a HISS as the air cooling system switches on.

Plissken is surrounded by TV screens. He flips switches in front of him. One by one the five screens come on, showing geometric computer-images of the airstrip outside. Side, front, up, down, rear.

He flips another switch.

PLISSKEN

I'm ready.

75 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

Hauk, Rehme and the Secretary of State stand behind the communications officer. Hauk checks his watch, then leans down into the microphone.

HAUK

Twenty-one hours.

76 INTERCUT CONVERSATION - PLISSKEN AND HAUK

PLISSKEN

Suppose he's dead. If I come back without him do you burn these things out?

HAUK

If you bring me the briefcase.

PLISSKEN

He means a lot to you, doesn't he?

76 CONTINUED:

HAUK
Get them both back, Plissken.

CUT TO:

77 OMITTED

78 EXT. AIRSTRIP

The GulfFire glider WHISHES down the runway, towed by a large truck. Faster and faster. Suddenly the glider lifts up off the ground. The tow cable drops and the glider soars off into the darkness.

CUT TO:

79 OMITTED

80 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - GLIDER - HIGH SHOT - NIGHT
(EFFECT)

HIGH SHOT of the city. CAMERA is drifting.

Suddenly the glider WHIZZES BY CAMERA and silently drifts down toward the city.

81 OMITTED

82 INT. GLIDER

Plissken holds the control stick and watches the screens in front of him.

83 ANGLE ON SCREENS (EFFECT)

Tall, geometric shapes, computer outlines of the city, move closer in perspective. A faint red blip is pulsing distantly.

84 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

HAUK
(over radio)
Are you picking up the target
blip?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
Right on course.

85 EXT. DOCKS (EFFECT)

The glider flies over the docks into the first area of buildings, gliding in between the tall, empty skyscrapers.

86 INT. GLIDER - CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREENS (EFFECT)

In geometric outline, the screens show every point-of-view of the desolate city moving by. Up ahead is the pulsing red target blip.

87 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken lights a cigarette.

HAUK '
(over radio)
How's your altitude?

No answer.

HAUK
(continuing; over
radio)
If you need to get higher, use
your jet engine.

PLISSKEN
Too much noise.

Plissken's eyes widen.

88 ANGLE ON SCREEN (EFFECT)

Ahead is a geometric outline of a huge building coming right at him.

89 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken turns the stick hard.

90 ANGLE ON SCREEN (EFFECT)

The building tilts down and disappears under the screen.

91 ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN
Been awhile...

91A EXT. CITY STREET (EFFECT)

A dirty, wet, empty street. The glider whishes by overhead in complete silence.

92 INT. COCKPIT

The control stick begins to jiggle and shake. Plissken holds it tightly.

93 CLOSE ON SCREEN (EFFECT)

Up ahead is the target: a computer outline of the World Trade Center. The red blip pulses right on top.

94 ON PLISSKEN

The glider suddenly vibrates wildly. The stick shakes. Plissken pushes the stick to the side.

95 CLOSE ON SCREEN (EFFECT)

The geometric view on the front screen tilts and spins around.

96 ON PLISSKEN

As he fights the vibration to keep the glider in a steady turn.

HAUK
(over radio)
Plissken...

The glider vibrates again. Plissken is shook by the jittering stick.

HAUK
(continuing)
Plissken...

Plissken brings the control stick to the forward position and then pushes it down.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

HAUK
(continuing)
Plissken, what are you doing?

PLISSKEN
Playing with myself. I'm going
in.

97 CLOSE ON SCREEN (EFFECT)

The World Trade Center, a looming computer image with the red target blip flashing, moves right toward us.

98 EXT. TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT (EFFECT)
and
98A

The glider drops down to the top of the World Trade Center. It hits, moving incredibly fast, wheels WHINING, then begins weaving and bouncing along, wobbling dangerously with the incredible speed.

99 INT. CRUISER

Plissken holds the stick with white, vised fingers. He flaps a switch.

100 OMITTED

101 CLOSE ON WING

The flaps spring up.

102 TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER

The careening cruiser suddenly weaves and twists violently.

103 INT. COCKPIT

Plissken, being bounced to hell. Punches several buttons.

104 OMITTED

105 SIDE OF CRUISER

Through a compartment in the side of the cruiser an anchor is shot out on a nylon cord.

106 TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER

The anchor SLAMS into the concrete.

107 ON CRUISER - EDGE OF BUILDING

The cruiser barrels toward the edge of the World Trade Center. The nylon cord pulls taut.

The cruiser is suddenly spun around. Its wing and tail section swing out over the edge of the building.

It sags out over the edge, pulling the cord, stretching it. The cruiser hangs there suspended, held by the cord, smoke rising from its underbelly then dissipating.

108 INT. COCKPIT

Plissken sits motionless for several seconds. Finally he unbuckles his seat belt and begins flipping switches. The screens in the cockpit blink off one by one. The air cooling system shuts off.

HAUK

(over radio)

Plissken?

(pause)

Plissken...?

109 EXT. TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER

Plissken crawls out of the cruiser. He closes the cockpit covering, shutting off Hauk's voice. He is precariously close to the edge of the building. He crawls back along the length of the cruiser on to the roof. It is almost completely flat and deserted. There is an old heliport control shack. Empty.

The wind BLASTS at Plissken like a hurricane as he hurries toward the roof exit door.

110 PLISSKEN'S POV - CITY (EFFECT)

Tall buildings with broken windows and dark interiors. Smoke rising in the distance.

111 ON PLISSKEN - ROOF DOOR

He reaches the door. It is battered and hanging on one hinge. Plissken KICKS it open and steps inside.

CUT TO:

112 INT. CORRIDOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

Darkness.

Suddenly a door opens. Plissken stands silhouetted at the end of a long corridor. He steps in and closes the door behind him.

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE as Plissken walks. An office corridor, now wrecked and shattered. He peers in an office door. Desks, broken windows, wind HOWLING in, debris everywhere.

113
and
114 OMITTED

115 ON PLISSKEN - OFFICE

He stops a moment at the doorway. He steps inside and walks to one of the windows. He takes a pocket radio from his backpack, pulls out the antenna and flips a switch.

PLISSKEN
I'm inside the World Trade
Center. Just like Leningrad,
Hauk.

HAUK
(over radio,
incredibly
loud!)
Is the glider intact?

Plissken reacts to Hauk's LOUD SQUAWKING and tries to adjust the radio.

PLISSKEN
Yeah, but taking off is for
shit. I'll work it out.

Plissken glances at his wrist watch.

116 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

The time blips down: 19:22:45, 44, 43...

117 ON PLISSKEN

HAUK
(over radio
incredibly loud)
You have to use the stairwell.
It'll take you awhile to get
down to street level. Call me
when you're outside...

Quickly Plissken CLICKS off the radio and shoves in the antenna. Behind him is the door to the corridor. Suddenly a figure moves by! Just a flash! Plissken doesn't see it. He turns and walks to the door.

118 INT. CORRIDOR

He steps out into the corridor. Empty. He moves quickly down to a door at the far end.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A dizzying SHOT looking down the stairwell going down forever to the bottom of the World Trade Center. Plissken is several floors below us, moving steadily downward.

Suddenly the figure whishes by CAMERA! Too close to see what or who it is. Just the briefest glimpse. Someone silently following Plissken down the stairwell.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 INT. LOBBY - WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

Plissken steps through an open doorway into a dark corridor. He moves cautiously forward, CAMERA TRACKING with him.

121 POV - LOBBY - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES DOWN the corridor toward the huge, dark, labyrinthine lobby of the World Trade Center. The wrecked, smashed, raped remains of an incredible foyer.

On the walls is a flickering orange glow. The source of the glow is hidden by a dilapidated guard station.

122 ON PLISSKEN

He slips quietly up to the guard station and peers over it.

123 POV - CAMPFIRE

The glow is from a campfire in the middle of the lobby.

Seated around the fire, legs crossed, hunched over, are what seem to be THREE INDIANS. Long hair held in place by headbands. One of them wears a home-made version of a headdress of feathers. Beads. Leather boots.

124 ON PLISSKEN

He moves up closer, around the very edge of the guard station.

125 CLOSER - CAMPFIRE

One of the Indians is roasting something over the fire. It is a cat. There are weapons around them: what looks like a bow and a quiver of arrows, knives, etc. There is a conversation going on but we can barely catch snatches of it.

One of them indicates a long pole with what seems to be scalps hanging on it.

126 ON PLISSKEN

Slowly Plissken backs away from the guard station.

Suddenly out of the darkness behind him the figure leaps out! A FOURTH INDIAN! Wild eyes! Piano wire stretched like a noose between his hands!

He loops the wire! Over Plissken's head! Around his neck!

Plissken reacts! The last second! His hand to his neck! The piano wire SNAPS around his hand instead of his neck!

The Indian yanks him backward! And SCREAMS! A WAR-HOOP!

Plissken moves! Jams his elbow backward into the Indian's gut!

Indian doubles over!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

Plissken ducks out of the piano wire noose, spins around and drops the Indian with a forearm across his neck!

Instantly Plissken begins to run. Down the corridor.

Around the guard station come the three other Indians. Bows, knives, arrows in their hands!

Plissken reaches into his back-pack. Pulls out the flare pistol.

Stops. Spins around. Cocks the flare pistol. Fires!

The flare hits the floor in front of the three Indians and EXPLODES! HISSING, SPLASHING PHOSPHOROUS BALLS OF FIRE fill the corridor! Like a miniature napalm blast!

The Indians dive for cover!

Plissken races away down the corridor.

127 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

A door BLASTS open! Plissken lurches out and runs to a concrete wall. He ducks behind it.

Several beats. The three Indians charge out the door. In a frenzy. Searching for him.

They race over to the concrete wall.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Plissken is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street stretches into the darkness. A slight wind blows litter aimlessly along. There are occasional SOUNDS: CREAKS, distant CLICKS. The windows of the brownstones are mostly without glass. Boards are nailed across the doorways. Junked cars are scattered around.

Plissken walks out of the darkness. Cautiously. He pulls his rifle from the holster, SNAPS it into place, COCKS it.

He carries the compass-homing-device. It is silent. The small screen is blank.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the wreckage of Air Force One. Crunks of burning debris, wing and hull are spread across a huge area.

Plissken carefully approaches the wreckage. Suddenly a hunched-over figure darts out from behind the tail wing! Dressed in rags. The figure skitters off down the street. Plissken watches the figure disappear into the darkness, then pulls out his radio.

PLISSKEN

I'm at the plane. Nobody made it.

Suddenly the compass-homing-device BEEPS.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Wait a minute.

129
and
130

OMITTED

130A CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

A small red pulsing dot. Northeast on the compass.

130B BACK TO SCENE

Plissken begins to walk up the sidewalk, following the dot on the compass. CAMERA MOVES WITH him.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

I've got his pulse. Right up ahead. Moving northwest.

HAUK

(over radio
incredibly loud)

You have to get going, Plissken...

CLICK! Plissken shuts off the voice. Then he glances at his wrist watch.

130C CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

18:30:23, 22, 21...

DISSOLVE TO:

130D OMITTED

131 EXT. STREET - THEATER - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES WITH Plissken. The compass-homing-device blips. He stops in front of an old, rundown theater. The front is completely boarded up.

132 CLOSE ON COMPASS-HOMING-DEVICE

The pulsing dot is steady. Straight ahead.

133 ON PLISSKEN

He looks from the device to the theater. The signal is coming from inside.

Then he cocks his head. SOUNDS. MUSIC, SINGING. From inside the old theater. Plissken moves closer to the boarded-up doors. He listens. Distant LAUGHTER. MUSIC.

133 CONTINUED:

Suddenly the doors open! A DISGRUNTLED CUSTOMER, dressed in a ragged coat and hat, stalks out and disappears down the street.

Plissken grabs the door before it closes and ducks inside!

134 INT. LOBBY

Once an ornate movie palace of the 1930's, it is run-down and junked. BOYLE, the ticket-taker, a little man perched on a stool, is sound asleep. Plissken moves quietly past him toward the auditorium.

135 INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM

Plissken steps in. Dark. Torches flicker on the walls for light. Plissken can't believe what he sees.

A musical is in progress on stage. SEVERAL MEN in drag dance in a sloppy chorus line, singing "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN".

In the orchestra pit the BAND plays old instruments. An out-of-tune piano. A jew's harp section. A few homemade violins.

The AUDIENCE of 20 is like any grind-house audience. Half of them are asleep, as this is where they sleep at night. The other half could give a shit. They SHOUT at the dancers on stage, LAUGH as one of them trips.

A LITTLE MAN sits in the audience. Short. Balding. A pleasant enough face. He is CABBIE. He seems to be the only one enjoying the show. He glances up at Plissken standing in the back. He seems to recognize him.

136 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN - REAR OF AUDITORIUM

Plissken stares at the show in progress. Suddenly a long, gnarled club WHAPS down on Plissken's shoulder! Plissken turns around. Slowly. Keeping his gun ready, but hidden by his body. From MANAGER. A large, hulking man with a steel face. Next to him is Boyle, now wide awake. Manager withdraws the club and SMACKS IT into his hand. Again and again.

MANAGER

How'd you get in here?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
(carefully)
The front door.

Manager turns on Boyle.

MANAGER
What the fuck is he doing in
here?

BOYLE
Musta slipped by...

Manager suddenly WHAPS Boyle with the club.

BOYLE
(continuing)
Okay! Okay!

Boyle dashes off into the lobby. Again, Manager begins
TAPPING the palm of his hand with the club.

MANAGER
Two cans to see the show, three
cans for a seat, another can to
sleep in it. No loitering.

The compass-homing-device BEEPS. Still pulsing. Plissken
checks it. Then he turns. And raises the rifle. Manager
reacts. The club stops and is motionless.

PLISSKEN
Excuse me.

The Manager stares at the rifle fearfully. Plissken
quickly moves off into the shadows of the auditorium.

136A INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - STAIRWELL

Plissken moves past the backstage area to a small metal
stairwell leading down into darkness: the basement of
the theater. Plissken stares at the compass-homing-
device. It pulses straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

136A CONTINUED:

Suddenly a door opens behind him with a KLANK! Plissken spins around, raising his rifle, as Cabbie steps out from the auditorium. Cabbie seems totally unafraid of Plissken.

CABBIE

You're Snake Plissken, aren't you?

Plissken just looks at him.

PLISSKEN

What do you want?

CABBIE

Nothing.

(a beat)

I thought you were dead.

Plissken turns and walks down the stairwell.

CABBIE

(continuing)

Hey... You don't want to walk down there, Snake.

137 INT. THEATER BASEMENT

Plissken steps into the basement. Dark. Cave-like. Lit by torches on the walls casting grotesque shadows. Plissken starts walking.

Suddenly out of the darkness FIGURES loom. FOUR MEN. They look like Punk Rockers. Delinquents from the 1950's. Sort of. Short, crew-cut hair. Eye makeup. Leather. In their midst is a GIRL. GIGGLING as she is pushed and shoved and passed roughly from man to man. Bottles of home brew. A clear liquid. A haze of smoke.

They begin to tear the girl's clothes off. SNICKERING. She takes the abuse from them. As if in a stupor. Drugged, but enjoying the attention.

Plissken moves past them. One of the men sees him. Then the others. They freeze. The girl continues to flop around, mindless that the men have stopped. PUNK, the leader, steps forward. Open-mouthed. He pulls one blade of a broken pair of scissors from his belt.

Plissken glances at Punk.

PLISSKEN

Not now.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

Plissken starts walking past him. Punk takes a swing at Plissken. In a flash Plissken sidesteps the blade and butt-strokes Punk with his rifle. Punk flops to the floor. The others shrink back into the shadows. Plissken moves forward.

Into another cavernous chamber of the basement.

Suddenly Plissken bumps into a MAN sitting on the floor right in front of him. The man turns around. A BOWERY BUM. A long coat. A fuzzy cap. Rags in his hands.

FIRST BUM

Hey, Chief! Nice night.

Suddenly the bum begins brushing off his boots with his rags!

FIRST BUM

(continuing)

Nice boots, nice boots...

Spare some food, Chief? Just a can, just a can...

Behind Plissken TWO MORE BUMS appear out of the shadows. They begin brushing and dusting Plissken. Except one. He moves behind Plissken and raises his hand. A zip knife flashes out of his coat sleeve!

Plissken moves! He elbows the bum with the knife. Hard! In the gut. He doubles over. Plissken kicks the third bum, sending him sprawling. Then he points the rifle at the first bum.

FIRST BUM

(continuing)

Easy, Chief! I'm walking, I'm walking!

The bums rush away into the shadows.

Plissken continues through the basement. Cautiously now.

137A PLISSKEN'S POV - BUM AND PRESIDENT

Ahead a MAN in a suit coat is huddled in the corner. The President's coat. On his wrist is the vital signs monitor! A FOURTH BUM is bent over him pounding on him with his fists!

137B ANOTHER ANGLE

Plissken runs up and smacks the FOURTH BUM away. Then he bends down.

137B CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
Mister President...

The man turns around. He is DRUNK. He holds a bottle of awful-looking yellow liquid. He wears the President's coat and the vital signs bracelet. He grins drunkenly.

DRUNK
I'm the President. Sure, I'm the President. I knew when I got this thing I'd be President!

Plissken grabs him.

PLISSKEN
Where'd you get it?

DRUNK
Woke up. There it was. Like a miracle!

Holding his arm, Plissken WHACKS the vital signs bracelet against the wall!

138
thru OMITTED
148

149 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - CLOSE ON VITAL SIGNS MONITOR - NIGHT

The vital signs monitor. The signals wobble and distort, and finally blink off! Just a steady, constant straight line!

150 ANGLE ON HAUK AND OTHERS

Hauk and the Secretary of State stare in horror at the screen.

SECRETARY OF STATE
Oh, Jesus...

The others in the bunker move around him. They stare grimly.

DR. CRONENBERG
May be just an impact on the mechanism itself...

The radio CRACKLES.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
(over radio)

Hauk!

HAUK
I'm here, Plissken.

150A INT. THEATER BASEMENT

PLISSKEN
I don't know who you assholes
are looking at, but it's not
the President!

Plissken shakes the bum and holds the radio down to his
mouth.

151 OMITTED

152 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

There is a moment of silence. Then "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"
sloppily sung by the drunk comes over the radio.

153 INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

Plissken turns away from the drunk who continues to sing.

PLISSKEN
All right, get your machine
ready! I'm coming home!

HAUK
Eighteen hours, Plissken.

PLISSKEN
Listen to me, Hauk. The
President is dead. Somebody's
had him for dinner. It's all
over.

HAUK
If you get back in that glider
I'll shoot you down. If you
climb out I'll burn you off
the wall. Do you understand,
Plissken?

Plissken stares at the radio.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN
(softly, to himself)
A little human compassion.

HAUK
Plissken?

PLISSKEN
(into radio)
Yeah.

HAUK
Get moving.

Plissken shoves the antenna back in and slips the radio into his holster. The drunk manages to wobble to his feet.

DRUNK
Thank you... thank you very
much...

The drunk stumbles away leaving Plissken alone in the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

154 OMITTED

155 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT looking down at a lonely city street.

Plissken is a small figure walking along.

DISSOLVE TO:

156 EXT. ALLEY - EMERGENCY POD - PANAGLIDE

ON Plissken. MOVING UP the alley. Up to the emergency pod.

It's ripped and scarred and clawed now. Beaten on. But still intact. CAMERA PEERS INSIDE. The seat cushions are gone. The inside gutted.

Plissken looks up. Checking the street. Deserted. Desolation. A couple of lights in the distance. Litter blowing. Slowly Plissken begins walking again. He passes a manhole cover in the street.

CLANK! It suddenly pops up! Just a few inches. Something pushing it open from underneath!

157 ON PLISSKEN

He tenses. Stares.

158 POV - MANHOLE COVER

The cover slides off.

All at once A MAN slithers out! Crawling. And then another
right behind him! CRAZIES. Psychos. Crazed-looking.
Demented. They don't see Plissken. Another comes out.
Then another. A line of them. Like rats. Off down the
street.

159 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

Moving quickly. He darts toward the abandoned buildings.
CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM.

160 POV - MANHOLE - PANAGLIDE

MOVING POV. More and more crazies emerge from the manhole.

161 ON PLISSKEN - CHOCK FULL O' NUTS

Plissken moves to one little storefront still somewhat intact. A Chock Full O' Nuts. A little coffee shop. The windows are all shattered. Plissken ducks inside.

161A INT. CHOCK FULL O' NUTS

Dark. The inside has been stripped but there is still a counter. Plissken moves back into the coffee shop's interior. CREAK! He looks down.

162 ANGLE ON FLOOR

The tile is ripped up. The floorboards are rotten. Some of them missing. Darkness below.

163 ON PLISSKEN

He creeps gingerly across the floorboards. Trying not to make any noise.

Suddenly SHADOWS dart by from outside.

164 POV THRU WINDOW

CRAZIES race by on the street. Fast. Just the sound of their FEET PADDING on the pavement.

165 ON PLISSKEN

He presses himself against a wall in the shadows. More shadows move across the wall. Figures running outside.

Then it is deathly quiet.

MAUREEN

(whispers)

You a cop?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

Plissken jumps. Spins around. His rifle up.

Just a few feet from him, hidden in shadows, is MAUREEN. In her early thirties. She used to be pretty somewhere underneath dark sunken eyes. She still is. But hard now. She stares at him.

PLISSKEN
(whispers)

No.

MAUREEN
You got a gun.

He turns around as more shadows flash across the walls.

MAUREEN
(continuing)
You got a smoke?

PLISSKEN
Shhhh!

MAUREEN
They won't see it. It's all
right if we're quiet.

Plissken hesitates. He pulls a cigarette from his jacket pocket and hands it to her. Also a lighter. She turns around and lights the cigarette, her back shielding the orange glow.

MAUREEN
(continuing)
Hey, this is a real one! You
just get in?

Plissken carefully moves over to her. They talk in low whispers.

PLISSKEN
What's going on out there?

MAUREEN
Crazies. End of the month.
They're out of food.

She takes a drag. The lit end glows.

PLISSKEN
Keep your hand over it.

She caps her hand around the glowing ash.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED (2):

MAUREEN

I got caught on the street
after dark. Now I'm stuck
here all night.

PLISSKEN

Plane crash. Eight hours ago.
Near Eighth Avenue. Jet came
down. You see it?

MAUREEN

No.

Plissken exhales deliberately. Depressed again.

MAUREEN

(continuing)

You're a cop.

PLISSKEN

I'm an asshole.

MAUREEN

With a gun. Who are you?

PLISSKEN

Snake Plissken.

MAUREEN

You're Snake Plissken?

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

MAUREEN

I heard you were dead.

PLISSKEN

I am.

MAUREEN

What are you doing in here
with a gun?

PLISSKEN

Looking for somebody.

MAUREEN

Who?

PLISSKEN

The President.

She looks at him.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Our President

165 CONTINUED (3):

MAUREEN

Come on.

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

MAUREEN

He's really here?

PLISSKEN

Somewhere.

Maureen moves closer to him.

MAUREEN

And when you find him you're gonna take him out?

PLISSKEN

Yeah.

She slides her hand on his leg.

MAUREEN

Take me out with you?

PLISSKEN

If you give me reason to.

She leans over and kisses him

MAUREEN

I can think of lots of reasons.

Then she pulls back. Suddenly. She listens intently to something. Her eyes widen, like a frightened animal.

There is a FAINT RUSTLING below them. A SCRATCHING SOUND.

PLISSKEN

Put it out!

Maureen stubs out the cigarette against the wall.

Another CREAK from below! Maureen moves away, toward the door to the kitchen.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Don't move!

CRACK!

166 ANGLE ON FLOOR

One of the floorboards. CRACKS upward! Pushed by a hand from underneath!

167 ON MAUREEN & PLISSKEN

Maureen bolts! Terrified! Toward the kitchen!

Then her foot lands on a rotten board! She falls through the floor up to her waist!

Then the entire section of floor around her collapses in a SPLINTERING CRASH!

Maureen grabs hold of the edge! Claws to pull herself up!

Plissken moves for her.

PLISSKEN

Give me your hand!

Then all around her hands reach up from the hole and grab her! She SCREAMS! An instant later she is dragged down into the darkness!

168 ON PLISSKEN

Behind him a CRACKING! Then a shape springs upright! Through the floorboards behind Plissken!

A CRAZY! Eyes wide. Insane. He ~~breathes~~ breathes a long, gleaming ice pick!

169 REVERSE ANGLE

Plissken backs away, his gun raised.

Out of the hole Maureen fell into another CRAZY leaps up! And another! And a third!

Plissken bolts! Over the counter! Into the hallway! The crazies charge after him!

170 INT. HALLWAY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken races through the gutted kitchen into a small hallway. CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM. Behind him the crazies pursue.

171 POV - HALLWAY

Up ahead THREE MORE CRAZIES crawl through a broken doorway!

172 ON PLISSKEN

Plissken lowers his shoulder and SMASHES through a door!

173 INT. STOREROOM

He races across the dark, musty storeroom to the paneless window.

174 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

The fire escape is old and broken, but still firmly anchored. Plissken swings out on to it. The crazies are right behind him! Reaching out the window for him!

He clammers up the escape to the second floor, SMASHES what glass is left in a window and ducks in room!

175 INT. SECOND STORY APARTMENT

Plissken drags an old dresser into place, blocking the window. Then he grabs the remains of a bed and pulls it to the door. He braces it firmly against the knob.

Suddenly the dresser in the window rocks and BANGS! A hand pushes through! Plissken FIRES! The silencer BLIPS BLIPS! The hand is severed!

The center of the door SPLINTERS behind him!

The dresser flies out of the window! A crazy leaps through!

Plissken butt-strokes him with the rifle! The crazy flops to the floor!

But there is another, right behind him!

The door breaks off its hinges, bulging inward! Behind it are FOUR CRAZIES!

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

Plissken rushes into the bathroom.

176 INT. BATHROOM

He SLAMS the door. The crazies push at it from the other side.

Plissken aims at the wall of the bathroom. He FIRES! Again and again! The wall splinters! Disintegrates with each BLAST! Finally, a gaping hole into the next apartment!

Plissken jumps through the hole!

177 INT. APARTMENT

He races to a window. BREAKS the glass. Jumps out!

178 EXT. REAR OF BUILDING

Plissken hits the ground! KATHUMP! He rolls, jumps to his feet and runs across to a high brick wall. He takes a running leap and makes the top!

Scrambling to get over! Something falls out of his holster! Plissken looks down.

179 ANGLE ON GROUND

His radio! Smashed on the concrete! CAMERA PANS UP as crazies pour out of the building after him!

180 EXT. ALLEY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken jumps off the wall and lands in the alley behind! He starts to run!

CAMERA PANAGLIDES WITH HIM. One block. Two. He looks back.

181 POV - ALLEY BEHIND HIM - PANAGLIDE

The crazies jump over the wall! They race after him!

182 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

He sprints for all he's worth!

183 POV - ALLEY AHEAD - PANAGLIDE

The alley opens on to a street. CAMERA PANAGLIDES toward it. We hear the faint SOUND of MUSIC: "Bandstand Boogie."

Suddenly a taxi cab pulls up at the alley entrance!

The MUSIC comes from inside the cab.

184 ON PLISSKEN - PANAGLIDE

He stares, disbelieving!

185 POV - ALLEY AHEAD - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA PANAGLIDES toward the taxi.

CLOSER. It is a Yellow Cab! But beat to shit. There are bars over all the windows. The headlights are tied on to the front fender. There are deep gouges and claw marks all over it.

186 ON TAXI

Plissken runs up to the taxi as Cabbie leans out the window.

CABBIE

Where you goin', buddy?

Plissken looks back down the alley, then jumps in the back seat!

187 INT. TAXI

Cabbie's picture is on the sun visor. A tape deck plays "Bandstand Boogie." There are rows of other tapes. There is a meter on the dash. Also bottles of amber liquid plugged with rags on the front seat. Cabbie lights a cigarette. They sit there, not moving.

CABBIE

Bad neighborhood, Snake. You don't want to be walking from the Bowery to Forty-second Street at night.

They just sit there. Plissken looks out the window.

188 POV - ALLEY

The crazies race down the alley. Closer and closer!

189 INT. TAXI

CABBIE

(continuing)

I've been a cabbie for thirty years and, let me tell you, you don't walk around here, you know. They'll kill you and strip you in ten seconds flat. I'm usually not down here myself. I wanted to see that show.

Plissken looks out the window again.

190 POV - ALLEY

The crazies are hurtling right toward them, just a few yards away.

191 INT. TAXI

Cabbie gets a bottle. He touches his cigarette to the cloth plug. It FLAMES UP. He holds the bottle up in front of Plissken.

CABBIE

(continuing)

This stuff's gold around here, you know.

Then he casually tosses it out the window!

192 ALLEY

The bottle hits right in front of the charging crazies!
KAFOOOOM! A Molotov cocktail! It BLASTS into flames!
The taxi springs to life, SCREECHING AWAY from the alley.

193 INT. TAXI

Cabbie floors the cab. Up to 35 m.p.h. Top speed.

CABBIE

When'd you get in, Snake? I didn't know they caught you.

Cabbie turns a corner. Hard. Plissken slides over in the seat. Cabbie continues to jabber.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

CABBIE
(continuing)
Snake Plissken in my cab.
Wait'll I tell Eddie. Hold on,
Snake!

194 EXT. STREET - ALLEY

The taxi SCREECHES off the street into an alley.

195 INT. TAXI

CABBIE
Gotta take a shortcut to get out
of here. You can run into real
trouble on the streets. Night
before a food drop, hell! Forget
it! Hey, Snake, watch this!

He makes a hard right!

196 EXT. ALLEY - STREET

The taxi whizzes out of the alley and GRINDS a hard right
on to another street!

197 INT. TAXI

CABBIE
(continuing)
See her take that turn? Hell,
I had this very cab before I got
sent up. I locked her up before
they walled us in. When they
sent me back in, she started right
up. Like nothin' changed. Three
years, she started right up! What
a beauty!

PLISSKEN
Hey...

CABBIE
What were you doin' back there,
Snake?

PLISSKEN
Looking for somebody.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

CABBIE

Shoulda asked me. I know everybody in this town. Been driving this cab for thirty years. This very same cab!

Plissken raises the gun to the back of Cabbie's head.

PLISSKEN

(angrily)

I'm gonna ask you a question!
You got one second to answer!
Where's the President?

CABBIE

The Duke's got him. Everybody knows the Duke's got him. Gee, Snake, you don't have to put a gun to my head. I'll tell you.

PLISSKEN

(removes the gun)

Who's the Duke?

CABBIE

The Duke of New York! The big man! A-number-one, that's who!

PLISSKEN

I want to meet this Duke.

CABBIE

You can't meet the Duke, are you crazy? Nobody gets to meet the Duke. You meet him once, then you're dead!

PLISSKEN

How do I find him?

CABBIE

Well, I know a guy who might help you. He's a little strange, though. Gee, you didn't have to use your piece on me, I woulda told you...

DISSOLVE TO:

198 EXT. ALLEY NEAR LIBRARY - NIGHT

The taxi pulls into a small alley and stops. The lights go out. Cabbie and Plissken emerge. They move slowly down the alley.

198 CONTINUED:

CABBIE

Can't leave her on the street.
Usually don't leave her at all,
but you're a special case, Snake.

199 EXT. LIBRARY

They cross the street to a huge, dark building. The 150th Street Memorial Library. Not as dilapidated as the other buildings. Almost intact. And huge.

200 ANGLE ON LIBRARY ENTRANCE

They move up the steps to the library entrance. Cabbie KNOCKS on the huge iron door. The sound ECHOES inside. Silence. Plissken paces restlessly.

CABBIE

Oh, it's okay, Snake. Better neighborhood. You can relax.

Plissken looks at his wrist watch.

200A CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

17:10:19, 18, 17...

201 ON PLISSKEN AND CABBIE

PLISSKEN

No thanks.

CABBIE

They got a great place here.
Like a fortress.

PLISSKEN

"They"?

MAGGIE

(from behind the
door)

Who is it?

Plissken reacts to the voice coming from the other side of the door.

CABBIE

It's me!

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

Who's "me"? MAGGIE

Cabbie. CABBIE

What do you want? MAGGIE

Somebody to see Brain. It's
important! CABBIE

Go away! MAGGIE

It's Snake Plissken! CABBIE

A pause. Then the sound of LOCKS CLICKING, BOLTS JERKED BACK, CHAINS UNLATCHED, on and on and on. Finally the door opens slightly, allowing just a crack, through which we see MAGGIE. Dark, sensual, in her thirties. She looks Plissken over.

You're Plissken? MAGGIE

He wants to see Brain. CABBIE

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Why?

PLISSKEN

I want to meet the Duke.

She looks at Plissken for several beats, then closes the door. CHAINS RUSTLING. Then the door opens.

202 INT. LIBRARY HALL - NIGHT

Plissken and Cabbie move down some stairs into the library hall. Cold marble. Dark. Lit by a few torches. Maggie locks the door behind them.

CABBIE

Brain's the greatest, Snake.
Mister Fabulous. The Duke
loves him.

Maggie comes down the stairs carrying a torch.

PLISSKEN

Who's that?

CABBIE

Maggie. Brain's squeeze.
(secretly)

The Duke gave her to Brain, just
to keep him happy.

Maggie walks up to them. She once again looks Plissken over. Obviously attracted to him.

MAGGIE

Come on.

They start down the dark hall. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM.
Maggie glances at Plissken.

MAGGIE

(continuing)
I heard you were dead.

203 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Maggie leads Plissken and Cabbie into a large room lit by flickering lanterns. It is the reading room of the library. Huge. Marble floors. Row after row, stack after stack of books everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

And right in the middle of the room, slowly plunging up and down in a hole in the marble, is a jerry-rigged oil well. It is hooked up by a makeshift belt drive system by a PUTTERING portable generator.

There is a map of Manhattan Island on the wall. Standing in front of the map is BRAIN HELLMAN. In his thirties. A long, shaggy beard. He turns around. Sees Plissken.

CABBIF

Brought someone to see you,
Brain.

Plissken stares at Brain. Hard. Then a glimmer of recognition. Plissken smiles. A slight, evil smile.

PLISSKEN

Harold Hellman!

BRAIN

Snake?

MAGGIE

Harold?

PLISSKEN

How have you been, Harold?
It's been a long time.

MAGGIE

(impressed)

You never told me you knew
Snake Plissken, Brain.

CABBIE

Isn't that great! You know
Brain, if you could spare
some more gas, I'm gettin'
low...

Suddenly Plissken strides up to Brain. He shoves the rifle's silencer right into Brain's mouth! Maggie instantly charges forward.

PLISSKEN

Don't move or I'll spray the
map with him!

She freezes. Cabbie watches, confused. Plissken glares in Brain's face. Brain GAGS from the silencer.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

I'm glad you remember me, Harold.
A man should remember his past.
Remember Kansas City? Four
years ago? You ran out on me.
You left me sitting there.

Plissken pulls the silencer out of his mouth and sits
Brain down in a chair.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

We were buddies, Harold. You,
me and Fresno Bob. You know
what they did to Bob?

Plissken puts his foot on Brain's chest and pushes the
chair over backwards. It CRASHES against the map. Brain
sprawls on the floor.

BRAIN

Don't kill me, Snake!

PLISSKEN

Where is he?

BRAIN

Who?

PLISSKEN

Don't play with me!

BRAIN

I don't know what you're talking
about! Jesus, Snake, come on!

PLISSKEN

Where is he?

BRAIN

Why do you want to know?

PLISSKEN

I want him, Harold!

MAGGIE

The man sent him in here, Brain!

BRAIN

(indignant)

Yeah. Working for the man now?

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED (2):

CABBIE
(defensive)
Snake don't work for the man...

PLISSKEN
Tell me, Harold!

BRAIN
No. And if you kill me, you'll
never find out!

PLISSKEN
Too thin. I'll just beat it
out of your squeeze.

Maggie reacts.

BRAIN
Maggie doesn't know exactly
where he is, and if you don't
know exactly, precisely where
he is, you'll never find him!

Plissken thinks a moment. He lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN
Is he still alive?

CABBIE
(blurting out
excitedly)
Alive and kicking!

BRAIN
(to Cabbie)
Shut up!

PLISSKEN
I'll take you out of here.
In a jet glider. It's a few
blocks down the street. You
just get me to him.

Brain and Maggie look at each other. They consider it.
Cabbie seems delighted.

CABBIE
No kidding! On the level?
You take me, too?

BRAIN
We got a deal somewhere else.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED (3):

PLISSKEN

No glider.

MAGGIE

We got the President. And the Duke's taking everybody out of here!

PLISSKEN

It'll never happen. I know something you and the Duke don't know. You only got so long before Mister President don't mean a whole lot.

BRAIN

Bull.
(pause)
How long?

PLISSKEN

You ready to work something out?

BRAIN

You're lying.

MAGGIE

Maybe he's not.

BRAIN

I know him! Look at his face!
He's lying!

PLISSKEN

Then I might as well kill you and keep looking by myself.

Plissken raises the gun.

BRAIN

Christ, Snake, come on, come on!

MAGGIE

Brain!

PLISSKEN

Talk to him, baby.

MAGGIE

He's gonna kill us both if you don't tell him!

CABBIE

You gotta tell him, Brain!
You gotta!

203 CONTINUED (4):

Brain looks from Plissken to Maggie to Cabbie. Finally he kicks the wall with his heel.

BRAIN

All right, all right!

Plissken lowers the gun.

PLISSKEN

Always knew you were smart, Harold.

BRAIN

One thing right now! Don't call me Harold!

CUT TO:

204
thru OMITTED
208

209 EXT. LIBRARY/ALLEY - NIGHT

The four of them emerge from the library. Down the steps. Across the street. CAMERA FOLLOWS WITH THEM.

PLISSKEN

You work for this Duke?

BRAIN

Make gas for him, figure out things for him.

PLISSKEN

Like what?

BRAIN

Like how to get across the Sixty-ninth Street Bridge. It's mined, but I think I know where they're planted.

MAGGIE

We got a diagram from a guy who got all the way across before they shot the poor bastard.

BRAIN

They're working up there now, clearing away the first barricade.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

CABBIE

What a sight, Snake! The whole place rolling right across the bridge! The President right up front! It would have been so fine!

MAGGIE

Would have been?

CABBIE

We're goin' with Snake now.

Plissken stops. He cocks his head. Brain, Maggie and Cabbie hear it too.

The sound of ENGINES. Rising.

CABBIE

(continuing)

It's the Duke! I know the sound of his machines!

They quickly duck into the alley.

210 POV - STREET - CARAVAN

A convoy of RUMBLING, fuming, battered cars and busses, all scarred and ripped and jerry-rigged with wire and rope and glue, bumps down the street. The cars are ancient models from the Eighties. There is a lumbering bus in the middle of the parade.

The Duke's gang. Hard. Vicious. The GYPSIES of New York. The primo gang. Like a pirate caravan. Headbands and earrings.

The lead car passes the alley. In it is THE DUKE. The leader. He wears sunglasses taped together at the hinges. He has three scars down his face and a worn, snap-brim Fedora.

211 ON ALLEY

The alley is filled with exhaust from the caravan. And the RUMBLING DIN of GASPING ENGINES. CAMERA MOVES IN to a doorway. The four are hiding there. Cabbie is terrified.

CABBIE

Don't cross the Duke! Everybody knows that...

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

Is the President with them?

BRAIN

No. He's stashed away at the Duke's place.

Cabbie melts away down the alley to his taxi. Plissken, Brain and Maggie don't see him.

212 POV - FRONT OF LIBRARY

The caravan stops in front of the library. Romero, the second in command (the man with filed teeth), jumps out of the lead car and bounds up the steps to the library door.

213 ON ALLEY

MAGGIE

He's looking for you, Brain!

PLISSKEN

What does he want?

BRAIN

My diagram of the bridge. When he finds out I'm with you, he'll kill me! Shit, Plissken, I knew I shouldn't have...

PLISSKEN

We gotta get the President now, while the Duke's busy.

BRAIN

Forget it. He's on the other side of town and we got no wheels.

MAGGIE

Sure we do. Cabbie.

They turn as Cabbie backs the taxi out of the other end of the alley! The SOUND of the engine is hidden by the GRUMBLING caravan. Its lights still off, the taxi zooms away down a side street!

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Cabbie, you slime!

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

They press themselves into the darkness of the alley.

BRAIN

Deal's off, Snake!

PLISSKEN

Just calm down.

The last vehicle in the caravan stops right in front of the alley. Waiting in line behind the other cars, it is a SPATTERING station wagon with bars welded on the windows. The front headlight is hanging out of its moulding and dangling down. One of the TWO GYPSIES gets out and goes around front to fix it.

PLISSKEN

(continuing)

Wait here.

213A ANGLE ON GYPSY DRIVER

Sitting in the station wagon, the gypsy driver casually turns and looks out the side window.

213B POV THRU SIDE WINDOW - PLISSKEN

A flash of Plissken SLAMMING the butt of his rifle through the bars into CAMERA!

213C ANGLE ON GYPSY DRIVER

He is hit and thrown to the other side of the front seat unconscious!

213D ANGLE ON GYPSY TWO

Gypsy Two kneels by the front headlight. The driver's door opens and closes with a SLAM! Gypsy Two stands up. There is no one behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

213D CONTINUED:

Slowly Gypsy Two walks around to the driver's window and looks in.

213E POV IN DRIVER'S WINDOW - PLISSKEN

Plissken sits up and drives the rifle butt again into CAMERA!

214 ANGLE ON ALLEY

Gypsy Two flops into the alley. Then the station wagon backs up and pulls into the alley. It stops and Brain and Maggie duck inside. The passenger door opens and the unconscious Gypsy driver is pushed out.

Then the station wagon pulls off down the alley!

CUT TO:

215 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The station wagon WHINES along an empty street.

216 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken drives. Brain and Maggie are in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

Brain glances out the back window.

BRAIN

I think they saw us! Turn left here!

Plissken makes the turn.

MAGGIE

Wait a minute, Brain. This is Broadway!

BRAIN

I know. The Duke'll take Seventh Avenue. Broadway's got five minutes on him.

MAGGIE

No, Brain!

BRAIN

Keep driving!

Plissken looks at Brain.

PLISSKEN

What's wrong with Broadway?

217 EXT. STREET - HEADS

The station wagon bumps down the street. CAMERA PANS WITH IT, revealing dark, shadowy FIGURES standing on the sidewalk watching it pass.

It moves through an intersection.

As the station wagon moves on down the dark, Gothic-looking block, we SEE shapes on top of parking meters. Too dark to see much detail. But it's unmistakable. They are human heads!

218 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken floors the station wagon.

PLISSKEN

Come on, sweetheart!

219
and
220

OMITTED

221 ON STATION WAGON

Suddenly a rock SMACKS against the roof!

Then another! WHACK!

And then a barrage of rocks hails down from the brownstones,
pelting the station wagon!

The station wagon rocks wildly! Plissken fights for control! Rocks SLAM against them! In the windows! Like a hailstorm!

ZIIIP! THUMP! A flaming arrow THUNKS into the hood!

222 POV AHEAD - STREET - MOB

FIFTEEN FIGURES in the street. Waiting. Holding clubs and sticks and rocks and debris!

223 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken grabs the revolver out of his backpack and hands it to Brain. Brain looks at it hopelessly.

MAGGIE

You got the wrong man for the job!

Plissken takes the gun from him and hands it to Maggie.

224 ANGLE ON STATION WAGON - MOB - MOVING SHOT

The station wagon moves into the mob! Through it! CAMERA MOVES WITH THE STATION WAGON.

They beat it, smash it, hit it, kick it, throw rocks on it, jump on it! Wild pandemonium!

225 INT. STATION WAGON

The station wagon rocks like a see-saw! Glass and rocks and other debris rain through the windows!

226 POV - OUT FRONT WINDOW

Figures jump up on the hood!

227 ON PLISSKEN

He swings his rifle up! And FIRES!

228 POV - OUT FRONT WINDOW

The figures fly off!

229 ANGLE ON MAGGIE - REAR WINDOW

WHAM! A figure leaps on the rear window, reaching through, clawing at Maggie! She FIRES the revolver! Point blank!

230 EXT. STREET - STATION WAGON

The figure is hurled off the car with the impact! The station wagon passes through the mob and into the clear!

231 INT. STATION WAGON

Plissken looks at Maggie in the rear view mirror.

PLISSKEN

Not bad, baby.

MAGGIE

Nothing to it.

Brain looks up ahead. In terror!

BRAIN

Snake!

232 POV - STREET AHEAD - BARRICADE

Across the street is a five-foot-high barricade made of old cars, street lights, traffic signals and anything else around! Fused together into a solid mass! Right across the street!

233 INT. STATION WAGON

PLISSKEN

Hold on!

234 EXT. BARRICADE

The station wagon plows into the barricade at full speed and flies up into the air!

For a moment it is airborne. Then it SLAMS down to the pavement! And keeps going! Lumbering along!

DISSOLVE TO:

235 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The station wagon, GROANING HORRIBLY, spewing black exhaust, tires wobbling, RUMBLES along a dirt road into the rear entrance of Grand Central Station. The station is wrecked and dilapidated. The station wagon pulls to a stop at the end of a gutted, junked, burned out train by a platform. In the distance we can SEE a campfire and FIGURES standing around it.

236 INT. STATION WAGON

They stare down the platform at the campfire.

BRAIN

He's in the third car, by the campfire.

THUNDERING ENGINES. They look out the other direction.

237 POV - CARAVAN

Through an alley we SEE the Duke and his caravan moving along a side street!

238 INT. STATION WAGON

BRAIN

It's all right! Duke's gotta go in the front way! He'll never beat us!

Plissken jams the station wagon into gear.

PLISSKEN

When we get there, talk fast!

239 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - REAR ENTRANCE

The station wagon PEELS up on to the platform and RUMBLES down toward the campfire.

240
thru OMITTED
242

243 ANGLE ON CAMPFIRE - TRAIN

The station wagon comes to a SHRIEKING, smoking halt in front of the old train. Also in front of SEVEN GYPSY GUARDS standing around a campfire. Brain and Maggie tentatively get out and walk to the guards. Plissken slips out one of the open doors and rolls under the train, unseen.

Brain has a huge, shit-eating grin on his face as he and Maggie stop in front of the guards.

BRAIN

Hey... How's it goin'? How are you boys tonight?

GYPSY GUARD

What do you want, Brain?

Brain and Maggie look up. Plissken creeps silently along the top of the train behind the guards!

BRAIN

Ah... We're goin' inside to meet the Duke. He's on his way.

GYPSY GUARD

He never said nothin' to us about it.

BRAIN

Well, you know the Duke. He don't talk much anyway. Sometimes you gotta guess what he's thinking.

244 INT. TRAIN

In the center of the car is the President. A GYPSY is bent over him, sawing on the handcuffs that hold the briefcase to his wrist! A SECOND GYPSY is looking out the window at the campfire.

SECOND GYPSY

That Brain is a real pain in the ass. He's always sniffin' around. Like a dog.

Suddenly Plissken darts out of the shadows and grabs the Second Gypsy. Hand across his mouth. The First Gypsy sawing on the handcuffs doesn't see this. But the President does!

FIRST GYPSY

(shrugs)

He comes up with the gas.

The First Gypsy sees the expression on the President's face.

FIRST GYPSY

(continuing)

What's wrong with you?

Plissken CRACKS the Second Gypsy's neck. He drops. The First Gypsy grabs a crossbow and leaps to his feet. Plissken reaches into his holster! TWANG! The crossbow spits an arrow and it THUMPS into Plissken's thigh! Plissken hurls a small round object!

WHACK! The four-pointed spur is imbedded in the gypsy's forehead! The gypsy stands for a moment, then drops to the floor dead!

Plissken moves to the President and unties him. The President's right hand is covered with a bloody cloth wrapped around the space where his third finger should be. His clothes are ripped and dirty. His face drawn with terror. He looks at Plissken's face.

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT
(whispers)
Are you from the outside?

PLISSKEN
Stop shaking.

PRESIDENT
I can't. Who are you?

PLISSKEN
Hauk sent me in. We've got to
move fast.

PRESIDENT
I'll move fast. You're goddamn
right I'll move fast...

The President gets to his feet and they hurry out of the car.

244A EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TRAIN

Plissken and the President step off on the other side of the train. Two cars down Brain and Maggie step out. Brain waves to Plissken.

244B ON PLISSKEN AND PRESIDENT

They start walking toward Brain. As they pass the space between cars suddenly a hand shoots out and grabs Plissken! A GYPSY jumps on Plissken! They tumble to the ground! Another gypsy leaps off the top of the train! And then another! They're all over Plissken.

One gypsy moves for the President. He swings his briefcase, WHACKING the gypsy in the groin! He doubles over in pain!

From the other side of the train a HORDE of gypsies race up! Plissken is overcome. Surrounded by the throng. They press him back against the train.

245 CLOSE - RIFLE

Plissken's rifle drops to the ground.

246 ON PLISSKEN

They pin his arms. A gypsy picks up Plissken's gun and levels it at his head.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

DUKE
Hold it!

Everyone freezes. The Duke steps out beside Brain and Maggie. He gives Brain a sidelong glance, and then strolls down to Plissken. He is followed by Romero.

The President is in the process of sneaking away, up the steps back into the train. He hits the coupling and it CREAKS. The Duke turns savagely on him.

DUKE
(continuing)
Don't move, craphead!

The President freezes.

The Duke pushes his way through the gypsies. They move out of his way. He steps up to Plissken. The Duke takes off his sunglasses and stares.

Plissken stares back. Two gypsies quickly strip off his holster.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

DUKE
(continuing)
Who are you?

Plissken says nothing.

The Duke grasps the arrow in Plissken's thigh and pushes it further in. Plissken grimaces wildly.

DUKE
(continuing)
I said who are you?

BRAIN
He's Snake Plissken! From the outside! He had a gun, Duke, there was nothing I could do!

Maggie touches Brain's shoulder. While no one is looking she gives Brain Plissken's revolver. He quickly hides it inside his jacket.

The Duke releases the arrow.

DUKE
Snake Plissken. I've heard of you.

The Duke lifts a tire iron and brings it down on Plissken's head with a CRACK!

Plissken goes limp and slumps to the ground. The Duke and the other gypsies stare down at him.

DUKE
(continuing)
I heard you were dead.

247 CLOSE ON PLISSKEN

Lying on the oil-saked pavement. His face contorts. As if he's still fighting somehow. Then he completely relaxes into unconscious oblivion.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

248 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - DAWN

The city is a black silhouette against the cold, blue pre-dawn sky. Suddenly the sun flares over the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

SUPERIMPOSE:

5:45 A.M.

DISSOLVE TO:

249 EXT. WALL

A few minutes later. The sun bathes the wall in a warm, orange light. Hawk stands on top. Staring across the bay. Waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

250 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Several GYPSIES pull the contents out of Plissken's holster. One RED-BANDANA GYPSY holds the doorbell tracer. He pushes the button. It won't depress. He shrugs and pockets the tracer. CAMERA MOVES TO the Duke who sits propped up on a car hood. He aims Plissken's rifle. Brain and Maggie stand nearby.

SUPERIMPOSE:

9:30 A.M.

The Duke FIRES!

251 ANGLE ON BRIEFCASE

The bullet ZINGS into a fender just a few inches above the latch of the President's briefcase. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the President tied up against a wall. His hands are stretched out and tied so he can't move. The briefcase is tied and propped up. A perfect target.

252 ANGLE ON DUKE, BRAIN AND MAGGIE

The Duke casually takes aim again.

DUKE

I want that diagram, Brain.

BRAIN

Duke, Plissken said something about a time limit.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

DUKE
What time limit?

BRAIN
On him.

DUKE
That's a lot of crap! He's the
President.
(he glares at
the President)
Aren't you the President?

The President nods his head vigorously.

DUKE
(continuing)
He's the most important man,
outside of me!

The Duke suddenly FIRES again!

The bullet ZINGS next to the President's head!

DUKE
(continuing)
Right?

PRESIDENT
Right!

DUKE
What did I teach you?

PRESIDENT
You're the Duke of New York.
You're A-Number-One.

DUKE
Can't hear you!

PRESIDENT
You're the Duke of New York!
You're A-Number-One!

DUKE
(to Brain)
Get me the diagram.

BRAIN
Don't kill Plissken, Duke. We
need him.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED (2):

The Duke swings the rifle around on Brain.

DUKE
Get moving, Brain!

Brain backs away. Suddenly the Duke spins around and FIRES!

253 ANGLE ON BRIEFCASE

The bullet SMASHES into the briefcase lock! The briefcase flies open! The contents spill out on to the ground!

254 WIDE SHOT

Brain and Maggie move away down a corridor. Gypsies move in on the contents of the briefcase. The President is unshackled and led away, and doesn't see Romero pick up a small tape cassette and drop it in his pocket.

DISSOLVE TO:

255 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (EFFECT)

Rising above the park is the skyline. Junked cars are scattered around. Smoke drifts.

SUPERIMPOSE:

CENTRAL PARK
3:30 P.M.

Over the buildings in the distance three police helicopters move down toward the park. From out of the trees and shrubbery move DOZENS of PRISONERS, running toward the helicopters.

256 INT. HELICOPTER

The pilot pushes a button on his stick.

257 ANGLE ON BOTTOM OF HELICOPTER

A bulky object drops from the helicopter.

258 ANGLE ON CLEARING

The object hits the ground. Almost instantly PRISONERS of all sizes and shapes rush out of the trees and rip the tarpaulin off the food!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL one of the helicopters setting down in an open clearing. A SQUAD jumps out, their rifles ready.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AGAIN TO REVEAL a cordon of GYPSIES. They stand around a large "X" drawn on the ground. Guarding it. As the squad approaches, the gypsies back away into the trees.

259 ON GROUND

In the center of the "X" is the President's briefcase. One of the squad picks it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

260 INT. 150TH STREET LIBRARY - DAY

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THE LIBRARY, past the oil rig, toward the map. Brain stands in front of it, contemplating it. Maggie loads and unloads the revolver.

BRAIN

What if that Plissken was telling the truth? God, I hate that guy.

A beat. They look at each other.

BRAIN

(continuing)

There are only a few places he could land a glider. Top of the Port Authority. Too low to the ground. In the middle of the park. Too many trees.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO the map, in to the World Trade Center.

BRAIN

(continuing)

Top of the World Trade Center...

DISSOLVE TO:

261 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

OPEN ON A CLOSE SHOT of the open briefcase.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

A piece of paper inside. PULL BACK as Hauk reaches in, grabs the paper and unfolds it.

SUPERIMPOSE:

4:45 P.M.

The others gather around as he reads.

HAUK

(reads)

"Amnesty for all prisoners in New York City in exchange for President. Sixty-ninth Street Bridge. Tomorrow. Twelve noon. No bullshit or he's dead."

SECRETARY OF STATE

Where's the tape?

HAUK

It's not here.

Hauk reaches in the briefcase and pulls out Plissken's infra-red goggles. Each lens has a nail stuck through it!

REHME

They're Plissken's.

SECRETARY OF STATE

So much for your man, Hauk.

Hauk just stares numbly at the goggles.

HAUK

Warm up the choppers. We're moving in.

Rehme bolts out the door. The bunker springs to life. Hauk looks very grim.

CUT TO:

262 CLOSE ON PLISSKEN

Plissken's unconscious face FILLS the FRAME. Slowly his eye blinks open. Looks around. Still dazed.

GYPSY

Let's go, Snake.

263 INT. WRECKED DINING ROOM - DAY

Plissken is lying on a table in a large wrecked dining room. He is surrounded by gypsies. Slowly he sits up. He winces in pain and grabs at his leg. There is blood on his pants. He wears no shirt.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

GYPSY

Come on.

Two gypsies hold crossbows on him. Another has a knife. The fourth prods him with a handle of an ax.

GYPSY

(continuing)

Get up!

Slowly, painfully, Snake gets to his feet. Still wobbly. The gypsies push him to the door.

264 INT. FRENCH HALLWAY/LOBBY - GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY - PANAGLIDE

Plissken walks into a long, junked French hallway. Dark. The distant sound of CHEERING. The gypsies push him forward. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM down the hall.

Plissken looks at his wrist. The wrist watch is gone!

They pass two gypsies carrying a PRISONER on a stretcher. He is dead. And looks like he's torn apart!

On down the hall. Plissken shuffling along. Limping.

Then they turn a corner. CAMERA PANAGLIDES AROUND BEHIND them as they move out of the hallway into...

The lobby of Grand Central Station.

A CHEER goes up from PRISONERS filling the seats all around. Almost every gang in town is here. Going wild as Plissken walks out into the lobby.

In the middle of the lobby is a boxing ring. Darkly lit by torches. As we get CLOSER we can see the canvas is covered with blood.

Plissken glances up into the stands.

265 POV - ANGLE ON DUKE

The Duke sits in a special box with his gypsies. They are going crazy. SCREAMING, YELLING, CHEERING. The Duke holds Plissken's rifle. And looks contented as hell.

266 RING

Plissken is led up into the ring.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

He struggles to get through the ropes. Still weak.
Limping on his leg.

Across the ring another MAN enters. He is the meanest-
looking man in the world! He is SLAG. Huge. A towering
hulk. Wearing tights. Incredible muscles. Powerful.
A nightmare.

Plissken stares at him.

267 CLOSE ON SLAG

CLOSE ON SLAG'S WRIST. He is wearing Plissken's wrist
watch! The time reads: 4:02:15!

PAN UP to his face. Slag smiles evilly, almost as if he
knows!

CUT TO:

267A EXT. BUNKERS - DAY

Helicopters THUNDERING. An ARMY of combat police load
into them.

267B INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

The bunker is a flurry of activity. Gearing up for war.
Hauk sits by the radio. Staring at it. He leans in to
the microphone.

HAUK

Plissken...
(silence)
Plissken...

CUT TO:

268 INT. LOBBY - GRAND CENTRAL STATION

APPLAUSE. SCREAMING. The Duke is standing up. In the
middle of a speech.

In the ring, Plissken looks around. Outside the ring are
gypsies with weapons. He can't get out.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

DUKE

They sent in their best man.
And when we roll down the Sixty-
ninth Street Bridge tomorrow, on
our way to freedom, we're gonna
have their best man leading the
way... from the neck up, on the
hood of my car!

WILD APPLAUSE AND SCREAMING!

DUKE

(continuing)

Let's do it!

A GYPSY steps into the ring carrying two baseball bats.
He hands one to Slag, one to Plissken. An IMMENSE CHEER
goes up. The gypsy jumps out of the ring.

269 ANGLE ON BELL

A gypsy hits the bell with a hammer. DING!

270 ON RING - PANAGLIDE

The crowd goes crazy! SCREAMING! CHEERING!

Slag tenses. He holds the bat in one hand. Moves out of
the corner toward Plissken.

Plissken limps away from him.

They face off in a corner.

Poised. Waiting. Slag towering over Plissken.

Suddenly Slag swings the bat! Plissken ducks! A WHOOSH
as the wood slices air!

Slag swings the bat again! Plissken dives to the canvas,
rolls and clumsily picks himself up.

Slag charges him! And swings the bat!

It connects! CRACKS against Plissken's shoulder! The
blow hurls Plissken against the ropes and down to the
canvas!

The crowd goes ape shit!

Slag raises the bat like a club and brings it down hard!

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

Plissken slides out of the way! The bat THONKS against the canvas!

CUT TO:

271 INT. HALLWAY/DUKE'S ROOM - PANAGLIDE

The French hallway. The sound of CHEERING. CAMERA MOVES WITH Brain and Maggie as they hurry up to a door. Brain KNOCKS.

A pause. The door opens slightly. Romero looks out. He is wearing Cabbie's hat!

BRAIN

Where'd you get that?

ROMERO

Got it from Cabbie. Traded him.

BRAIN

(nervously)

For what?

ROMERO

What are you so nervous about?

BRAIN

I gotta see the President.

ROMERO

Who says?

BRAIN

The Duke.

ROMERO

No, he doesn't.

BRAIN

I'll tell him you said that.

Brain turns to go.

ROMERO

Wait a minute. Why?

BRAIN

He's got something in his collar. In the lining. The Duke wants it.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

ROMERO
What?

BRAIN
I'll show you.

ROMERO
You'll tell me.

BRAIN
Cyanide capsules. The Duke
don't want a dead President.

Romero opens the door. Brain and Maggie step inside.
There are THREE OTHER GYPSIES standing guard around the
President.

ROMERO
(suspiciously)
Cyanide?

Brain pulls a knife out of his coat and moves to the
President.

BRAIN
Might try to take it tomorrow.

ROMERO
Why would he do that?

Brain begins fumbling with the President's collar. The
President looks terrified of the knife.

Romero quickly steps over to Brain.

ROMERO
(continuing)
That's so much bull! You're
not supposed to be in here,
Brain...

Brain suddenly swings the knife and plunges it into Romero's
stomach! Romero opens his mouth to SCREAM but nothing
comes out!

Instantly Maggie pulls the revolver from her jacket and
starts FIRING! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The three gypsies fall
to the floor!

CUT TO:

272 CLOSE ON BELL

The hammer hits the bell! DING!

273 RING

The round is over. Slag walks back to his corner. Plissken crawls back to his.

There are black and blue marks on Plissken's back. He hangs on the ropes in his corner. And sees:

274 POV - RED-BANDANA GYPSY

The Red-Bandana gypsy stands at ringside. Around his neck he wears Plissken's doorbell tracer on a chain!

275 RING

A gypsy jumps back in the ring and collects the bats. He gives Plissken and Slag two new sets of weapons: baseball bats with nails driven in them and trashcan lids for shields!

This brings the most INCREDIBLE CHEER from the audience yet!

CUT TO:

276 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brain and Maggie whisk the President down the deserted French hallway.

They push him out a door. A GYPSY sees them!

CUT TO:

277 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

Hauk, now outfitted with a backpack, loads his rifle. Rehme enters.

REHME

They're ready.

HAUK

Okay...

Hauk glances at the radio. For a beat. Then he slowly turns and walks out of the bunker.

CUT TO:

278 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH - SLAG

3:43:55, 54, 53...

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Slag has the baseball bat with nails and the trashcan lid ready. He looks like a crazed Roman gladiator.

279 CLOSE ON BELL

The hammer hits it! DING!

280 RING

The crowd goes wild! Plissken limps forward, circling. Slag charges him!

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

SLAM! Slag's bat slices into Plissken's shield! SLAM!
Again!

Plissken buckles, drops to his knees!

Slag raises his bat! A final blow!

Plissken swings! Low and hard!

The bat WHACKS into Slag's leg! The nails go in!

Slag SCREAMS!

Plissken leaps to his feet! Ducks under Slag's arm! Comes
up behind him! Takes a swing with the bat!

THOCK! Right into the back of Slag's neck! Plissken steps
away. The bat stays there!

Slag is motionless for a moment.

Then he pitches forward to the canvas! And lies there!

The crowd EXPLODES! CHEERING!

Plissken falls down against the ropes. Exhausted. Battered.
He starts to climb through.

281 POV - RED-BANDANA GYPSY

The Red-Bandana gypsy moves forward to keep Plissken in the
ring.

282 ON PLISSKEN

Plissken reaches out suddenly! Grabs the doorbell-tracer!
Flips the safety catch and pushes the button!

CUT TO:

283 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - CLOSE ON RADIO

The control panel. The radio emits a LOUD, CONSTANT
EEEEEEEE.

284 EXT. BUNKERS - DAY

Rehme races out of the control bunker. Through the
THRASHING helicopters. Up to the lead chopper. He BANGS
on the door. It opens. Hauk leans out.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

REHME
Plissken's tracer!

Hauk turns to the helicopter PILOT.

HAUK
Get on the radio! Keep 'em
down! Nobody moves!

Hauk jumps out. He and Rehme run back to the bunker.

CUT TO:

285 INT. LOBBY

Plissken takes the wrist watch off of Slag's hand and puts it on his. The crowd is CHANTING: "SNAKE, SNAKE, SNAKE..."

286 ANGLE ON DUKE

The Duke looks disappointed. Suddenly a GYPSY rushes into the box and whispers in the Duke's ear. A look of surprise, then shock, then anger comes over his face. He stands up and races out of the box. The other gypsies dash out after him. The gypsy who delivered the message waves his arms for silence.

287 ANGLE ON CROWD

They see him. Become silent. Rise to their feet.

288 ON PLISSKEN

He sees them.

289 ON GYPSY

GYPSY
The President's gone! Brain
took him!

290 FULL SHOT

The place goes crazy! Prisoners bolt from their seats! Pour out the exits! A frenzy of movement!

Plissken hops out of the ring and limps quickly back to the hallway.

CUT TO:

291 INT. CONTROL BUNKER - DAY

The tracer continues its EEEEEEEEEE over the radio. Hauk and the others stand around the instrument panel. Rehme is by a radar screen. Fiddling with dials.

HAUK

Hurry up!

Suddenly a faint dot appears on the radar screen.

REHME

Grand Central Station!

HAUK

I knew that son-of-a-bitch was alive!

The EEEEEEEEEE begins to SPUTTER, breaking up, and then dies. Silence.

SECRETARY OF STATE

It's gone!

HAUK

The signal only lasts fifteen minutes.

Hauk turns to Rehme.

HAUK

(continuing)

Down-load the choppers. We're in a stand-by situation.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Anybody could have pushed the button!

HAUK

Only Plissken knew there was a safety catch.

Hauk looks at the Secretary of State. And smiles.

HAUK

(continuing)

We'll give him a little more time, just to make sure.

CUT TO:

292 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STREETS - DUSK

Plissken limps out of the Garden, pulling on his leather jacket.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

It looks like panic in the streets! Prisoners running!
Old cars SCREECHING around corners! Mass confusion!

Plissken moves into CLOSEUP. He looks up into the sky.

293 POV - WORLD TRADE CENTER

Looming up into the dusk sky. The World Trade Center.

294 ON PLISSKEN

PLISSKEN

Not again, Harold!

Plissken dashes over to a GYPSY starting to get in his car.
He yanks the gypsy out of the way and jumps in. The car
ROARS away.

CUT TO:

295 INT. CONTROL BUNKER

SECRETARY OF STATE

We've got to go in! Now!

HAUK

We hold.

SECRETARY OF STATE

You're countermanding my orders,
Hauk!

HAUK

This is my prison. I give the
orders.

SECRETARY OF STATE

I override all that!

HAUK

Just try.

Hauk turns to Dr. Cronenberg.

HAUK

(continuing)

Where's your machine?

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED:

DR. CRONENBERG
At the airstrip.

HAUK
How long would it take to get
it back over here?

Cronenberg looks at him curiously.

DR. CRONENBERG
Twenty minutes. But he'll use
the glider, won't he?

HAUK
If he can.

Hauk hands him a mobile two-way radio.

HAUK
(continuing)
Stay on this radio. Talk to me
when you get there.

DR. CRONENBERG
(smiles)
Somehow I think you've grown fond
of Mister Plissken.

HAUK
I love him. When I see him, I'm
gonna kiss him on the lips.

CUT TO:

296 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

The car konks out completely and rolls to a stop. Plissken
jumps out. Looks at his watch.

297 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

2:05:34, 33, 32...

298 ON PLISSKEN

He runs into the World Trade Center.

299 INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER LOBBY

CAMERA MOVES WITH Plissken as he races through the lobby.
It is deserted, except for an old car parked in the
middle. He glances at it as he runs up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

300 INT. STAIRWELL

ANGLE DOWN the stairwell. Plissken races upward, around and around.

DISSOLVE TO:

301 OMITTED

302 INT. CORRIDOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER

Completely exhausted and out of breath, Plissken emerges from the stairwell door. He limps down the hall. Pushing himself forward. Breathing in GASPS.

Then the muffled sound of GUNSHOTS! From above!

Plissken bolts to the roof door.

303 EXT. TOP OF WORLD TRADE CENTER - ON PLISSKEN

The roof door, still on one hinge, flops open. Plissken steps out. And sees:

304 POV - BRAIN, MAGGIE AND PRESIDENT - INDIANS - GLIDER

Huddled together inside the old heliport control shack are Brain, Maggie and the President. Maggie BLASTS away at the circle of INDIANS that keep them pinned down! The Indians hurl rocks and knives and clubs and debris. Like an attack on a wagon train.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the glider. A group of Indians are see-sawing on it, teeter-tottering it up and down! One of them hacks away at the nylon anchor cord with an ax!

305 ON PLISSKEN

He starts forward, toward the glider.

PLISSKEN

No!

306 ON GLIDER

WHACK! The ax severs the anchor cord! The glider begins to tip forward! The Indians give it a good push!

And the glider pitches forward over the edge of the building!

306A UP ANGLE - WORLD TRADE CENTER (EFFECT)

The glider plunges down from the top of the tower and falls right into CAMERA.

307 ON PLISSKEN

He stares for a beat, then dashes forward.

308 ON HELIPORT SHACK

Plissken ducks the rocks and debris and jumps inside. Maggie FIRES angrily at the Indians. Brain is SCREAMING at the top of his lungs!

BRAIN

Goddamn redskins!

Plissken grabs the gun away from Maggie. He FIRES several times! Indians drop.

PLISSKEN

Let's go!

Plissken grabs the President and bolts out of the shack. Maggie and Brain follow close behind. They race to the roof door.

309 INT. CORRIDOR - WORLD TRADE CENTER

They run inside. Brain slams the door and holds it. Plissken moves a desk up against it to block it.

Then Plissken grabs Brain, holds him against the wall and shoves the revolver against his forehead.

PLISSKEN

That your car in the lobby?

BRAIN

Uh-huh...

PLISSKEN

Keys!

Brain fumbles in his pocket and produces the keys. Plissken grabs them.

BRAIN

Ah... listen, Snake...

PLISSKEN

The diagram of the bridge!

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

BRAIN

Wait a minute, Snake!

Plissken tears through his coat and finds the diagram. Then he steps back from Brain, grabs the President and starts down the corridor. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM. Brain and Maggie hurry along behind.

BRAIN

(continuing)

I swear to God, Snake, I thought you were dead!

PLISSKEN

You and everybody else!

BRAIN

I can help you with the diagram: You can't read and drive at the same time!

PLISSKEN

Beat it!

BRAIN

You gotta take us with you!

PLISSKEN

Shouldn't have double-crossed me again, Brain!

Suddenly Plissken stops. And grabs the President's wrist! The briefcase is gone. Only one half of the broken handcuffs.

PRESIDENT

He shot it off!

PLISSKEN

The tape?

PRESIDENT

Gone. I don't know where.

BRAIN

I do.

Plissken turns and stares at Brain.

PLISSKEN

You're lying!

BRAIN

No lie, Snake, no lie! Take you right to it!

CUT TO:

310 INT. STAIRWELL - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA PANAGLIDES BEHIND Plissken, the President, Brain and Maggie as they wind their way down the stairwell. They stop for a moment, sagging from fatigue. Plissken glances at his wrist watch.

310A CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

1:00:20, 19, 18...

310B BACK TO SCDNE

Plissken moves forward. They continue down the stairwell.

DISSOLVE TO:

311 INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER LOBBY

They slowly drag themselves down the stairs into the lobby. Barely walking. Breathless. Like they've just run twenty miles. They pause a moment by the stairs.

BRAIN

Shit, shit...

MAGGIE

Don't talk... Breathe...

BRAIN

I'm tryin'...

PRESIDENT

Come on, we're... wasting time...

They rush to the old car and get in. Plissken tries to start it. Nothing.

PLISSKEN

Dead.

They jump out. Brain rushes to the hood and opens it! Like a jack-in-the-box a GYPSY springs up from the completely empty front hood! A cross-bow in his hands!

Plissken freezes.

DUKE (O.S.)

Car trouble?

Slowly they turn around.

312 ANGLE ON DUKE - GYPSIES

Across the lobby is the Duke sitting on top of the huge steam engine from inside the hood! He holds Plissken's rifle. Around him stand GYPSIES spread out with weapons.

The Duke reaches down and pats the engine, right next to a steam valve.

DUKE

Can't trust these steam engines.
They always let you down. Isn't
that right, Brain?

BRAIN

This ain't my idea, Duke.

DUKE

I know, Brain. I understand.

(looks at
Plissken)

I saw your glider in the street.
All these airplanes falling
around here, it's not safe to
walk any more.

The Duke stands upright. And raises the rifle.

DUKE

(continuing)

This whole deal of yours is
over now, Snake. You and Brain
just say goodbye to each other.
Mister President and the lovely
lady, just step out of the
way...

Plissken pulls the revolver! Like a fast draw! FIRES!
Twice!

The bullets THUNK into the engine! One into the steam
valve! BLAM! A jet of steam BLASTS up into Duke's face!
Then a geyser of steam engulfs the Duke and the gypsies!
They scramble away from the engine!

Maggie SLAMS the hood down on the gypsy inside! Then
Plissken, the President, Brain and Maggie take off
running for their lives!

313 ON DUKE

He grabs the rifle off the floor and tears out after them.
The gypsies follow.

314 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT

Plissken, the President, Brain and Maggie run out of the entrance. 3 Gypsy cars are parked around. And Duke's car.

Then we hear "BANDSTAND BOOGIE" rising.

And then Cabbie pulls the taxi around a corner and stops a few yards away!

The four of them dash to the taxi and jump inside. Plissken pushes Cabbie over and jumps behind the wheel. The taxi SCREECHES away! Just as the Duke and his gypsies run out of the Trade Center and race to their cars.

315
thru OMITTED
317

318 EXT. STREETS - ANGLE ON TAXI - FOUR GYPSY CARS

The taxi hurtles along! After a moment comes the 4 gypsy cars!

319 INT. DUKE'S CAR

The Duke is burned and bloody! He stomps the accelerator!

320 INT. TAXI

Plissken drives. Brain holds the diagram of the mines right in front of Plissken's face. "BANDSTAND BOOGIE" plays on the tape deck. The President and Maggie look out the back window. Overlapping dialogue.

CABBIE

Couldn't let you down, Snake...
I had to come back...

MAGGIE

They're behind us!

BRAIN

(showing Plissken
the diagram)

You got three mines right here,
and then a few yards, and then
three more...

Plissken slaps away his hand!

320A CLOSE ON TAPE DECK

Plissken reaches in and grabs the "BANDSTAND BOOGIE" cassette out of the tape deck.

320B BACK TO SCENE

BRAIN

They come in waves of threes...

PLISSKEN

Where's the tape, Brain?

BRAIN

(darkening)

Oh yeah...

PLISSKEN

Where is it?

CABBIE

What tape?

PRESIDENT

From the briefcase!

CABBIE

Oh, that tape! It's right here!

Cabbie reaches into his rack of tape cassettes and pulls out one.

320C CLOSE ON TAPE DECK

He punches it into the tape deck.

SCIENTIST (V.O.)

The discovery that tritium creates only 1/1,000,000 of the biological damage of the Iodine 131 now makes it possible to begin thermonuclear fusion...

Plissken's hand grabs the cassette out of the deck.

320D BACK TO SCENE

Plissken shoves the cassette into his jacket. The President leans forward from the back seat.

PRESIDENT

Give me that tape!

(CONTINUED)

320D CONTINUED:

Plissken looks at his wrist watch.

PLISSKEN

Not just yet.

321 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:23:24, 23, 22...

CUT TO:

322 EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - GIRDERS - NIGHT

The taxi RUMBLES under the bridge and suddenly turns in! It swings around some large girders and comes to a stop on the other side.

322A INT. TAXI

PRESIDENT

Come on, come on...!

PLISSKEN

Wait!

322B EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - GIRDERS

The Duke's car, followed by the gypsy cars, come ROARING up. Plissken HONKS his horn! Suddenly the Duke hits his brakes! And the car behind him SMASHES into him! And the car behind that one SMASHES into it! The fourth car swerves to avoid the crack-up and TAIL-ENDS the girders.

Then the taxi ZOOMS out from behind the girders and ROARS off in the other direction. The Duke's car manages to turn around and race off in pursuit. As does the fourth car. Gypsy cars two and three are helplessly locked!

322C EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - SECOND GIRDERS

Once again Plissken pulls the taxi in behind some girders. This time the lights go off.

The Duke's car approaches cautiously. Right behind it comes the fourth car.

Plissken ROARS forward and SMASHES into the fourth car, sending it spinning. The Duke quickly turns around and races after the taxi.

323 EXT. ENTRANCE TO BRIDGE - BARRICADES

The taxi SCREECHES around a corner, SMASHES several barricades and roars through an underpass. CAMERA PANS BACK to see the Duke SQUEALING around the corner and following. As the Duke goes through the underpass, the taxi ROARS by on the bridge above!

324 OMITTED

325 INT. TAXI

CABBIE

Easy, easy!

326 EXT. BRIDGE - BARRICADE

The taxi SCREAMS toward the bridge, hits the huge dirt barricade, flies up it, humps over the top and lands on the other side with a SLAM! It moves on across the bridge.

327
and
328 OMITTED

329 INT. DUKE'S CAR

The Duke drives for all he's worth!

330 EXT. BRIDGE - BARRICADE

The Duke's car whisks up the barricade and flops over! He lands on the bridge and ROARS on in pursuit!

CUT TO:

331
thru
333 OMITTED

334 EXT. BRIDGE - LONG LENS SHOT

The taxi weaves and twists and bumps across the bridge, dodging the holes (from exploded mines) and the metal spiked barriers and wrecks of other cars that tried to make it.

And then way behind it comes the Duke!

335 CAMERA MOUNTED ON TAXI

The taxi blasts along.

336 INT. TAXI

Brain studies his diagram frantically.

GABBIE

You gotta slow down a little,
Snake!

BRAIN

I think there's three mines
ahead...

MAGGIE

You think?

(CONTINUED)

336 CONTINUED:

BRAIN

Just stay to the left and then
jog right!

CABBIE

You're pushin' her too hard!

Plissken looks at his watch.

337 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:10:30, 29, 28...

338 BACK TO SCENE

BRAIN

Okay, here they come!

339 EXT. BRIDGE

The taxi SCREECHES and weaves around a huge hole and some
twisted spikes.

Suddenly the left-rear tire hits a mine! The back end of
the taxi BLASTS off, blowing it neatly in two!

The front end SLAMS into the side of the bridge! The back
end spins around and then rolls backwards. And stops.

340 EXT. REAR END

Brain, Maggie and the President emerge.

BRAIN

I said jog right!

341 INT. TAXI

Plissken reaches over to Cabbie. Cabbie is dead! His
head slumps forward on the dashboard.

342 OMITTED

343 EXT. BRIDGE

Plissken jumps out of the front end.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

Come on!

The four of them start running!

CUT TO:

343A INT. CONTROL BUNKER

Hauk and the Secretary of State are standing by a console tensely. Rehme rushes up.

REHME

It's wall station nineteen.
They spotted two cars on the
Sixty-ninth Street Bridge!

HAUK

Is it Plissken?

REHME

(shrugs)

Taxi cab and a Cadillac. The
taxi hit a mine. Four people
on foot.

Hauk looks at the Secretary of State.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Fourteen minutes!

HAUK

(to Rehme)

Get a jeep with a winch over
there fast!

(into two-way)

Cronenberg, get over to wall
station nineteen! They're
coming across the bridge!

CUT TO:

343B INT. DUKE'S CAR

The Duke drives furiously.

344 ANGLE ON DUKE'S CAR - TAXI

The Duke's car twists in pursuit. He SMASHES into the rear end of the taxi, tearing fenders and shreading the sides. But he keeps moving!

CUT TO:

345 OMITTED

346 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN, MAGGIE, BRAIN AND PRESIDENT

They race along the bridge.

Brain slips! He steps on a mine! He is BLOWN into the air! Maggie is thrown off balance and flops to the bridge!

Plissken stops. The President keeps running.

347 ANGLE ON MAGGIE AND BRAIN

Maggie picks herself up. She stares at Brain's body.

348 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He stares at Brain, then Maggie.

PLISSKEN

Keep moving!

349 ANGLE ON MAGGIE AND BRAIN

Maggie crawls over to Brain's body. Stares at him. Then holds him.

350 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

He sees she isn't coming. Looks at his watch.

351 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:07:49, 48, 47...

352 BACK TO PLISSKEN

Looks up at the sound of a CAR ENGINE!

353 POV DUKE'S CAR

Two headlights coming! Duke's car! In the distance.

354 TWO SHOT - MAGGIE AND PLISSKEN

Maggie stands up. Staring at the headlights. Calm and cold. She turns around to Plissken and holds out her hand.

(CONTINUED)

354 CONTINUED:

PLISSKEN

Come on!

Maggie just looks at him. Plissken pulls out his revolver and throws it to her. She catches it and spins around to Duke's car.

Plissken takes off running after the President.

354A POV - DUKE'S CAR

Duke's car, getting closer and closer!

354B ANGLE ON MAGGIE

She raises the gun and begins FIRING! Again and again!

354C POV - DUKE'S CAR

Coming right at her, it ROARS into CAMERA! KAWHAM!

354D ANGLE ON DUKE'S CAR

Maggie's body goes under the car. The Duke swerves. tries to avoid a pylon, slides sideways and RAMS into the side of the bridge.

354E CLOSER ANGLE

The Duke crawls out of the wreckage and starts running!

CUT TO:

355 ~~PRESIDENT~~ AND PLISSKEN - MOVING SHOT

Plissken and the President run, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM. Out from the bridge behind them we can SEE the lights of the police complex.

355A POV - END OF BRIDGE - WALL - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA PANAGLIDES toward the end of the bridge. Old junked cars in piles. A seven foot concrete barrier. And right behind it is the wall.

355B EXT. OTHER SIDE OF WALL

A jeep roars up and stops. A GUARD jumps out. There is a winch on the front end of the jeep. The guard pulls the line out, turns and looks up the wall, then throws the line up.

356 EXT. TOP OF WALL

A WALL GUARD catches the line. A SECOND WALL GUARD is frantically attaching pulley wheels to the railing.

357 OMITTED

358 ON PLISSKEN AND PRESIDENT - END OF BRIDGE & WALL - PANAGLIDE

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Plissken and the President right up to the concrete barrier. They climb up it.

358A EXT. TOP OF WALL

The second wall guard cuts through the barbed wire with cutters. The other guard waves back to the jeep.

358B EXT. OTHER SIDE OF WALL

The winch on the jeep wines. The line is let out!

359 UP ANGLE - WALL

The line slides down.

360 ON PLISSKEN & PRESIDENT

The President grabs the line.

PLISSKEN

Hang on!

The President wraps his hands around the line. Plissken waves to the guards above. The line goes back up and the President is pulled up the wall.

360A UP ANGLE - WALL

The President goes up the wall.

360B ON PLISSKEN

Watching from the barrier below. Looks at his wrist watch.

360C CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:1:33, 32, 31...

360D EXT. TOP OF WALL

As the President reaches the top, the wall guard pulls him up. The second wall guard waves to the jeep.

360E EXT. OTHER SIDE OF WALL

The winch on the jeep reverses and lets out the line.

360F UP ANGLE - WALL

The line comes back down.

360G ON PLISSKEN

Waiting. Suddenly BULLETS HIT all around him!

361 ON DUKE - CARS

The Duke, walking through junked cars, FIRING the rifle!

362 ANGLE ON PLISSKEN

Bullets RIP all around Plissken! He dives off the concrete barrier!

363 OMITTED

364 ON PLISSKEN

Plissken hits the surface of the bridge and rolls behind a junked car!

365 EXT. TOP OF WALL

The two wall guards are hit! They crumble, dead. The President ducks down behind the railing!

365A ANGLE ON BARRIER

The line dangles back down from above!

366 ANGLE ON DUKE

He sees the line! Moves for it!

367 REVERSE ANGLE

As Duke moves for the barrier, suddenly Plissken jumps up from behind the car, scrambles up on the hood and leaps on the Duke from behind! They go sprawling down on the bridge!

368 OMITTED

369 ON PLISSKEN AND THE DUKE

The rifle goes skittering! A few feet away from the Duke! Plissken jumps up and runs for the barrier!

370 ON BARRIER - LINE

Plissken leaps up the barrier and grabs the line!

371 EXT. TOP OF WALL

The President waves frantically to the jeep.

PRESIDENT

Pull it up!

371A EXT. OTHER SIDE OF WALL

The winch reverses!

371B ON PLISSKEN

He starts up the wall!

372 ON DUKE

He crawls to the rifle! Grabs it! Takes aim at Plissken!

373 EXT. TOP OF WALL

The President grabs one of the guards' rifles! Aims!
FIRES!

374 ANGLE ON DUKE

The Duke is RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE!

375 EXT. TOP OF WALL

Plissken reaches the top. The President helps him up. Then Plissken loops the line around the pulley, waves to the jeep and descends down the other side of the wall!

376 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF WALL

The winch on the jeep WHINING! Another jeep pulls up. Dr. Cronenberg jumps out! He races to the back of the jeep. To the machine!

CAMERA MOVES OVER as Plissken drops to the ground!

377 OMITTED

378 ON JEEP

Cronenberg pulls the tubes out from the machine!

379 ON PLISSKEN

He gets up and starts limping toward Cronenberg. Now other jeeps and vehicles are pulling up!

380 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:0:14, 13, 12...

381 ON TRUCK

Cronenberg plugs in a remote power cord, flips on the machine, and grabs two tubes. He turns to a trooper.

DR. CRONENBERG

Turn on the power!

The trooper flips a switch on a generator. The machine BLINKS to life.

Plissken limps up. Cronenberg starts to place the tubes on either side of his neck. Hauk's hand pushes them away.

HAUK

The tape, Plissken!

Plissken searches his jacket. Can't find the tape!

DR. CRONENBERG

(looks at the
numbers on the
machine)

Five seconds, four, three...!

Plissken pulls out the tape and hands it to Hauk!
Cronenberg slaps the tubes on Plissken's neck. Then he presses a button on the tubes. The machine BUZZES LOUDLY for a few seconds, then CLICKS off.

382 CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

0:0:0...

383 BACK TO SCENE

Cronenberg and Hauk stare at Plissken. A long beat. Nothing happens. Plissken feels his neck, then looks at them.

DR. CRONENBERG

That's it.

CUT TO:

384 EXT. POLICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

The President, bundled in a blanket, a doctor at his side, surrounded by troopers and SECRET SERVICE MEN, is ushered toward a remote radio hookup outside the bunkers. A tape recorder is being set-up. Rehme stands by the recorder.

(CONTINUED)

384 CONTINUED:

REHME

We radioed ahead, sir. They know the situation and they're waiting for your broadcast.

Suddenly the secret service men react to someone o.s. They draw their guns.

PRESIDENT

It's all right.

Plissken limps up to the President. He has a cigarette in his mouth. He looks blast and bruised and tired.

PRESIDENT

(continuing)

I want to thank you. Anything you want, just name it.

PLISSKEN

A moment of your time.

The President glances at Rehme.

REHME

Thirty seconds, sir.

PRESIDENT

(to Plissken)

Yes...?

PLISSKEN

We lost some people back on the bridge. They died getting you here. Just wondered how you felt about it.

PRESIDENT

I'm very grateful.

PLISSKEN

Yeah...?

PRESIDENT

The nation appreciates their sacrifice.

Plissken looks at him coldly.

PRESIDENT

(continuing: looks

at the tape recorder)

I'm really sorry, but I have to go.

384 CONTINUED (2):

Plissken nods and slowly limps away. President moves to the radio hookup.

385 ON PLISSKEN AND HAUK

A few yards away Plissken stops. Hauk stands by a bunker. They look at each other.

HAUK

Gonna kill me now, Snake?

PLISSKEN

I'm too tired. Maybe later.

HAUK

I got another deal for you.

Plissken stares at him. Hard.

HAUK

(continuing)

I want you to think about it while you're taking a rest. I want to give you a job.

Plissken pulls another cigarette out of his jacket and lights it.

HAUK

(continuing)

We'd make one hell of a team, Snake.

PLISSKEN

The name's Plissken.

Plissken turns and limps away down a row of bunkers.

386 ANGLE ON PRESIDENT

The President talks over the radio.

PRESIDENT

... and although I am unable to attend this historic summit meeting, I present this tape recording in the hope that our nations may live together in peace.

He jams the cassette into the tape recorder. And "Bandstand Boogie" begins to play! The President stares in horror at the tape recorder.

387 TRACKING SHOT WITH PLISSKEN

as he pulls the real tape cassette out of his jacket! He calmly pulls some tape out of the cassette, lights it with his cigarette and tosses the burning tape away.

As Plissken walks out of frame, WE FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL END TITLES.

THE END