

CON AIR

by

Scott Rosenberg

5/9/96	White
5/16/96	Blue
6/25/96	Pink
6/26/96	Yellow
6/27/96	Green
6/29/96	White
7/1/96	Blue
7/7/96	Pink
7/12/96	Yellow
7/17/96	Green
7/19/96	Goldenrod
7/21/96	Salmon
7/23/96	Cherry
8/2/96	Tan

8/15/96	White
8/19/96	Blue
8/22/96	Pink
8/27/96	Yellow
8/28/96	Green
9/4/96	Goldenrod
9/5/96	Buff
9/9/96	Salmon
9/12/96	Cherry
9/17/96	Tan
9/23/96	Grey
10/1/96	Ivory
10/8/96	White
10/11/96	Blue
10/23/96	Pink
10/24/96	Yellow
10/25/96	Green

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Burbank, CA 91521

"The degree of civilization in a
society can be judged by observing
its prisoners..."

-- Fyodor Dostoyevsky

" ... and this bird you will not chain... "

-- Lynyrd Skynyrd

FADE IN:

A1A THE RANGER COAT OF ARMS

A1A*

We MOVE ACROSS the badge, taking in the LION, with its front paw raised; the SHIELD with its tomahawk and powderhorn; the SCROLL with "Rangers Lead The Way." And we hear, O.S.:

CHIEF OFFICER
Army Rangers have a proud history... Since the Revolutionary War in 1756, Rangers have been leading the way in every major confrontation in which the US has been involved...

TILTING DOWN, coming off the coat-of-arms, we find ourselves in

B1A INT. U.S. RANGER DISCHARGE CEREMONY - DAY

B1A*

Below the coat-of-arms, the CHIEF OFFICER stands before a group of RANGERS - clear-eyed men, square-shouldered with resolve...

CHIEF OFFICER (CONT.)
And you men are a credit to this fine heritage and I am sorry to see you go... But you have served your time well and displayed the intestinal fortitude required to fight on to the Ranger objective and complete the mission, never leaving a fallen comrade behind, regardless of the odds or the enemy.

WE MOVE ACROSS the group of Rangers... Settling on one - CAMERON POE, his chest full of medals... And CUT TO:

C1A EXT. ALABAMA PORT - DUSK

C1A*

WE SWEEP ACROSS this port-side sprawl, passing over the working OIL REFINERIES - huge, steel DERRICKS sucking at the ground; towering BURN-STACKS emitting BURSTS of FLAME...

We take it out OVER THE ESTUARY, FLYING ACROSS THE WATER at last settling on a lone

TUGBOAT

as it chuffs toward the shore... And standing alone on the bow is Cameron Poe, still in uniform and black beret, duffel at his feet... Still we HEAR THE C.O.

CHIEF OFFICER (O.S.)
 I thank-you. America thanks you...
 Good luck in wherever you may go...
 And remember: Rangers Lead The
 Way!

Poe looks off at the approaching PORT TOWN...

D1A EXT. PIER

D1A*

Night falls as the tug docks... Poe humps his duffel and
 walks the gangplank to dry ground...

1A EXT. PARTY BOAT - ESTABLISHING

1A*

Up on its moorings, this old pleasure boat has been
 converted into a saloon...

1B INT. PARTY BOAT

1B*

Fairly crowded. Longshoremen types mostly. One waitress -
 TRICIA POE, 25, delivers a round of beers to a table of
 fishermen... She goes back to the service bar... Another
 WAITRESS is there... Tricia looks at her watch...

WAITRESS
 When's he supposed to be here?

TRICIA POE
 Any minute now... Which ain't soon
 enough --

WAITRESS
 You got it bad, girl --

TRICIA POE
 You have no idea...
 (to the BARTENDER)
 Five shots of Wild Turkey, Dale --

She rests on the bar, clearly exhausted... Again, she looks
 to the front door... This time, she's rewarded...

Poe has entered... He scans the room for his wife... Sees
 her... He lets the duffel bag fall. Approaches. Stops a
 foot from her. They regard one another in silence.

POE
 Hello, hummingbird --

They fall into each others arms... Kiss passionately... Then
 he drops to his knees -- he's facing her belly...

POE
 How's my baby -- ?

He puts his ear to her stomach. She smiles, touches his hair, as he listens... He pretends to hear all sorts of things...

TRICIA POE

She's doin' fine --

After listening, nodding --

POE

Uh-huh... Right... You're kidding me...

TRICIA POE

Sweetie -- ?

POE

Shhh, can't you see I'm in the middle of something here... ?
(listens again)

They played three encores?

Outside, THUNDER BOOMS... Crack of lightning... And the front door opens... And in walks BILLY JOE, SMOKE, and RONNIE, three of the greasiest turds ever to be shat on humanity. Drunk and boiling... Our waitress friend sees them:

WAITRESS

Shit...

They stomp to the bar... The crowd parts for them, keeping a distance... Billy Joe sees Poe and Tricia. He walks over..

BILLY JOE

Tricia Poe - whyn't you join us for one, darlin'?

TRICIA POE

No thanks --

Smoke and Ronnie come up behind Billy Jo --

RONNIE

Who's huckleberry?

BILLY JOE

I was just gonna ask the same question...

POE

You know these fellas, honey?

TRICIA POE

They're regulars --

SMOKE

(super-drunk)

That's right. We're regulars -- !
Regular hound-dogs!

Smoke and Ronnie chortle... Nothing from Poe... He stares at the men... Only Billy Joe remains lucid; wicked; taunting:

BILLY JOE

I tell you what, soldier boy: go
buy us nice fellas a round...

He tosses some balled-up bills at Poe... They hit him in the face and fall...

BILLY JOE (CONT.)

... and when you get back we'll
talk about you lettin' us play some
night-baseball with your
bitch-kitty...

Poe stares stonily at the men.

TRICIA POE

Cameron. We don't need trouble.
(Poe doesn't move)
Come on, daddy. Let's dance.

Poe, very reluctantly, agrees. They dance off. Our trio of miscreants watch them go...

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Cue the appropriate power ballad... Poe and Tricia hold each other, moving to the music. He's still coming down from the confrontation. She's just relieved she stopped it when she did...

CLOSE ON - Billy Joe, Smoke, Ronnie. As they watch Poe and Tricia dance. Their drunken eyes crawling all over Tricia's body; her lips; her hair...

Poe and Tricia continue their dance:

TRICIA POE

For a second there, you were that
guy again...

POE

I know.

TRICIA POE

That guy ain't supposed to come
around anymore.

POE

I know. He won't.

Looking into his eyes, she smiles... They kiss... Dance...
Lost in the music... But their sweet moment is interrupted
by --

BILLY JOE

We're cuttin' in --

Indeed, the three thugs stand there... The bar goes quiet...
Everyone's watching...

POE

This is a special occasion, fellas.
And I'm gonna spend it dancin' with
my wife...

BILLY JOE

You ain't nothin', soldier-boy...
Just another jarhead ridin' the
taxpayers' dick...

SMOKE

Nice hat, huckleberry --

BILLY JOE

And it pisses me off - you gettin'
the only decent piece of patch in
the county...

Billy Joe reaches for Tricia, who pulls her arm away... Poe
is close to losing it... Tricia sees this...

TRICIA POE

No... Cameron... No...

BILLY JOE

Well, that dog don't hunt --

Again, he moves for Tricia... Poe clocks Billy Joe's
hands... On Tricia's arm... brushing up against her belly...

CLOSE ON POE'S FACE... Almost transformed... There's a rage
in the cage. That's it. Game over. Poe grabs Billy Joe.
LIFTS HIM and HURLS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM... Billy Joe lands
on a table, collapsing it...

Smoke and Ronnie charge, swinging, connecting, bloodying
Poe. But Poe whirls, hitting Smoke with a flurry of
punches, knocking him unconscious. A stunning left-right
sends Ronnie down...

But Billy Joe is back. With a table leg. He swings it at
Poe, hitting him once... But Poe dodges the second swing.
Poe levels a combination of punches, crumbling Billy Joe...

The three men lie groaning on the ground. Poe, bloodied,
staggers off toward the door, supported by Tricia...

1C
THRU
1D

OMITTED

1C*
THRU*
1D*

1E EXT. PARTY BOAT - NIGHT

1E*

Pouring down rain... The burn-stacks FLARE above... Poe and Tricia move for their car... Poe's face screws-up in agony. He whips around. Billy Joe, JET-BLADE gleaming, has slashed Poe's back.

*
*
*
*

BILLY JOE

*
*

Let's go, huckleberry. Shock me.

Poe kicks the knife from Billy Joe's hand. Billy Joe stands there, defenseless now. Blood trickles from Poe's face. He looks inhuman.

Everything SLOWS DOWN NOW. But, in dizzying SLO-MO, Poe punches Billy Joe in the ribs, breaking three, doubling him over. Billy Joe is out... Tricia cries for him to stop...

*

Poe doesn't. The rain hammers down in sheets... The burn-stacks ERUPT... The derricks ka-chung.... And Poe drives his fist into his nose. BILLY JOE'S NOSE-BONE PIKES HIS BRAIN. Billy Joe collapses...

*
*

Poe snaps out of his fury. Catches his breath. A bolt of light as the saloon door opens and Ronnie lurches out... He goes to Billy Joe. Billy Joe's eyes are wide open. Ronnie feels Billy's carotid artery.

*
*
*
*

RONNIE

You killed him! YOU FUCKING KILLED HIM!

Ronnie screams. Tricia sobs. Poe looks at her, as the rain beats down, and the burn-stacks explode above, and SIRENS wail in the distance... CUT TO:

*
*
*

2A
THRU
2D OMITTED

2A*
THRU*
2D*

3A INT. COUNTY JAIL

3A

Poe sits on a cot. A PUBLIC DEFENDER, crusty, unshaven, possibly drunk, sits opposite.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Admit the facts and enter a plea bargain. Were you drunk?

POE

No.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Do you have a history of violence?

POE

I've had scrapes before, sir, but this man came at me with a knife.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

The other two say you disarmed him,
then beat him to death.

POE

They're lying. I will not plead
guilty.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

You could get ten years. You admit
to it, you'll get four, serve maybe
a year. Aren't you having a baby?
Wouldn't you like to see it grow
up... ?

The Public Defender pulls A WHISKEY FLASK from his breast
pocket, takes a slug and offers it to Poe. Poe just stares
at him and --

4A INT. ALABAMA COUNTY COURTROOM - MORNING

4A

Poe and the Public Defender sit before the judge.

JUDGE

Cameron Poe, you have pleaded
guilty to manslaughter in the first
degree.

Tricia Poe watches nervously from the gallery.

JUDGE (CONT.)

It is the order of this court that
you be remanded to a federal
penitentiary where you shall remain
incarcerated for a term not less
than....

(beat)

.....seven to ten years.

Tricia, stunned, buries her face in her hands. Poe stares
straight ahead. Doesn't flinch, and --

BEGIN CREDIT SEQUENCE

*

over a series of elliptical, stylistically-different (black
and white?) images taking us through Poe's time-served...

*

*

4B 1) Poe, walking along the cat-walked tiers... Discordant
PRISON NOISE everywhere...

4B*

*

4C 2) In his cell... Writing a letter... Looking at PHOTOS of
Tricia...

4C*

*

4D 3) Looking at BABY PICTURES... We should watch his DAUGHTER
GROW in a SERIES OF PHOTOS...

4D*

*

4E 4) Poe opens a care PACKAGE from his wife... It contains a 4E*
 LETTER, PHOTOS, a few race-car magazines. And four *
 spectacular PINK SNOWBALL CUPCAKES... Poe sets to reading *
 the letter and gobbling the pink snowballs... *

While outside his cell, another CON (BABY-O) mops the tier *
 floor... He mops by Poe's cell... Staring at Poe, as Poe *
 devours the pink snowballs... *

Poe, oblivious to Baby-O, continues to eat and read... At *
 last, feeling eyes upon him, he looks up... Sees Baby-O... *
 Baby-O's gaze rests solely on the single remaining snowball. *

Poe looks at Baby-O... Looks at the snowball... And with a *
 gesture of supreme human kindness that only those *
 locked-down can appreciate, Poe hands Baby-O the snowball *
 through the bars... *

Baby-O bites into the cake and our die is cast... *

4F 5) Continue our PHOTOGRAPH MOTIF... Only now, pictures of 4F*
 Tricia and Poe's DAUGHTER are joined by PICTURES of Poe and *
 Baby-O... Friends... *

4G 6) Poe lies awake in his cell... There's a bizarre, distant 4G*
 ROAR... ALARMS BLARE... CELL DOORS OPEN... Poe steps to the *
 doors to investigate -- *

-- when a TORRENT OF INMATES FLOOD THE CORRIDOR. They carry *
 pipes and make-shift weapons... One CON takes a pipe-swing *
 at him... Poe is hurled back into his cell... Out cold... *

The inmates charge past... A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL is tossed into *
 his cell... Flames roar through his cell... *

IN THE CORRIDOR *

The inmates charge on... One figure fights against the *
 tide... Moving back towards Poe's cell... Baby-O... *

Poe comes to, forehead bloodied... His cell is a fiery *
 inferno now... He struggles to stand, but he cannot... He *
 collapses... As the flames comes closer... And in this *
 moment, he believes he might just die this way... *

When, at once, an ARM is thrust through the sheet of *
 flames... Poe reaches up... Grabs Baby-O's hand... And *
 Baby-O pulls him up and out to safety, just as the entire *
 cell is engulfed in flames... *

The hazy heat-waves dance and swirl and take us through a *
 feverish DISSOLVE TO: *

CLOSE ON POE - END CREDITS... *

5 INT. SAN QUENTIN - POE'S CELL - DAY 5*

CLOSE ON - a LETTER. Written in crayon. In a child's *
 scrawl... And we hear a man READING: *

POE (O.S.)

"My daddy is coming home on July 14. My birthday is July 14. I'm going to see my daddy for the first time ever on July 14. I can't wait for July 14."

WIDER - CAMERON POE, now 34, reads the letter to Baby-O, who is now Poe's cellmate...

Baby-O has a packet of YELLOW HAPPY FACE STICKERS, which he's slapping all over every naked surface of the cell...

SUPER: 8 YEARS LATER.

POE (CONT.)

Ain't that just the cutest little thing you ever have heard... ?

BABY-O

Makes me all oogley inside, man, I swear --

Poe scowls at him and folds up the letter and places it into his BANKER'S BOX and removes PHOTOS of classic cars ('59 Dodge, '70 Chevelle SS 396, etc.) from the mirror. A PHOTO of Tricia. Then a PHOTO of a LITTLE GIRL, about 7, with blonde spit curls.

Poe lifts a sorry-looking STUFFED RABBIT from a bag.

BABY-O

What's this?

POE

So I shouldn't see my little girl, on her birthday, empty-handed.

BABY-O

It's a fuckin' bunny!

POE

It's all they had at the canteen. It was either this or a tube of toothpaste and two packs of Pall Malls.

BABY-O

Now that's a present -- !

POE

I'll remember that on your birthday

Poe picks up A LETTER from the table. Baby-O sits. Feels his arms.

BABY-O

Man, I got that clammy feel...
Niggers better be givin' me my shot
before we get on any old plane...

(re: Poe's letter)

Can I see it one last time 'fore
you pack it?

POE

Maybe. Maybe not.

BABY-O

C'mon, son --

POE

Okay. Your hands clean -- ?

Baby-O wipes his hands on his shirt...

BABY-O

Hands clean -- !

Poe hands the paper to Baby-O, who reads:

BABY-O

"Know all Men by these Presents:
It having been made to appear to
the United States Parole Commission
that Cameron Poe is eligible to be
paroled..." Damn! It's all
good.

POE

You'll get your date someday,
Baby-O... And when you do... You'll
come over for some barbecue...

BABY-O

For real... ?

POE

For real...

Poe grabs the letter. Packs it and the bunny in his box and
slams down the lid. Turns to Baby-O, who is changing his
shirt - we should note the raw and ropelike BURN SCAR
snaking up Baby-O's arm...

POE

I want you to know, Odell, no
shit - if not for you...

BABY-O

Now, don't be gettin' all weepy on
me now, son... Ya'll go get us some
of that good life. That'll be
thanks enough...

Poe is momentarily overwhelmed by the reality of his freedom *

POE
I'm goin' home, son -- *

BABY-O
Yes, you are, son -- *

Baby-O slaps a HAPPY FACE STICKER on the side of Poe's box.

Poe and Baby-O stand before the cell door, banker's boxes in hand. It CLANGS open.

A PRISON GUARD appears to escort them off. Poe steps out. Looks back.

POE
Eight years. Good bye, good night. *

7A EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

7A

A MAXIMUM SECURITY BUS cased in chain-link and plexiglass is escorted by helicopters, motorcycles and police cars.

CHIEF DEVERS (V.O.)
Gentlemen: The Marshal Service
annually flies 155,000 prisoners
around the country for transfers,
legal hearings and medical
exams....

7B INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - QUICK SHOTS

7B

Dark and moody... CLOSE UP details of the outside of an
AIRPLANE... A C-123K, to be exact...

CHIEF DEVERS (O.S.)

As you know, today's flight is a special one. We're populating Louisiana's Feltham Penitentiary, the newest super-max facility in the system...

7C INT. C-123K - QUICK SHOTS

7C

Details of the interior of the plane: cage doors, locks, levers, shackles on seats...

CHIEF DEVERS (O.S.)

Designed to warehouse the worst of the worst. These men are lifers, some on death row. Pure predators, each and every one of them.

★
★
★
★
★

We follow the maximum security convoy through the town and visually juxtapose it with --

7D INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - C-123K

7D

light falls across the plane, widening... As the hangar doors open...

7E EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR

7E

The Marshal's Service LOGO splits as the doors are opened... And the C-123K is dragged out onto the tarmac...

8 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

8

-- A MINIMUM SECURITY SCHOOL BUS, containing Poe and Baby-O, escorted by a SINGLE SQUAD CAR.

★

8A INT. MINIMUM SECURITY SCHOOL BUS - DAY

8A

Poe, Baby-O, and 10 OTHER SHORT-TERM PRISONERS sit in prison denims. They wear HANDCUFFS, WAIST-CHAINS, LEG IRONS.

The bus passes a PARK. Poe watches CHILDREN play.

A guard, BISHOP, late 30's, walks the aisle. Bishop is feminine, but not to be fucked with.

BABY-O

Hey, lady --

BISHOP

Lady was a dog in a Walt Disney movie. My name is Bishop. Guard Bishop to you.

BABY-O

I gotta get my shot 'fore I get on that fuckin' plane, Guard Bishop.

(MORE)

BABY-O (cont'd)

Excuse my language... I missed it last night and I'm a two-shot man.

BISHOP

Your insulin's on board. We'll give it to you in-flight. I'll see to it personally.

*

8B OMIT (8B)

8B*

8C INT. MARSHAL'S SERVICE OFFICES - CORRIDOR

8C

CLOSE ON a pair of Birkenstocks... Squeak, squeak, squeak down the corridor... WE TILT UP - to reveal Marshal VINCE LARKIN...

... as he hurries down the corridor...

CHIEF DEVERS

In the ten years we've been operating we've never had a breach of security. You men are why. It's a point of pride. So today let's exemplify our three operative words:

*

*

*

*

10 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - U.S. MARSHAL'S HANGAR - DAY

10

Two dozen GUARDS, MARSHALS, CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS, sip coffee and listen to CHIEF SKIP DEVERS, 50's.

Larkin arrives into the hangar, just in time to mouth Devers' following words --

CHIEF DEVERS (CONT.)

Firm. Fair. And Vigilant.

The meeting, over, breaks in the b.g.

LARKIN

We're down to seven offloading in Carson City. All the rest are sheeted to Feltham.

*

CHIEF DEVERS

Good. Now let's deal with the D.E.A. boys.

Devers walks. Larkin trails. Another Marshal - a girl, GINNY, early 20s, cute as a button - meets Larkin, handing him a stack of FILES. A few drop in their haste. They pick them up.

GINNY

That's all of 'em. You ready?

LARKIN

I'm ready. *

GINNY

Unh-uh. *

She fixes his tie. *

GINNY (CONT.)

Now you're ready --

Devers calls back from the tarmac.

CHIEF DEVERS

Let's go, Vince -- !

Larkin hustles after Devers. Ginny watches him go...

GINNY

(to herself)

You're welcome... No problem...

Tonight? Dinner... ? Sure... How
'bout Chinese?

12 EXT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICES/HANGAR - DAY

12

Larkin and Devers walk to the front steps. A fully-restored
'64 CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE pulls up, its vanity plate reads,
"AZZ KIKR."

CHIEF DEVERS

You know this guy? He's one of
the bigger creeps in the history
of our species. *

DUNCAN MALLOY, 42, U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, at
the wheel in racing gloves and wrap-around shades.

CHIEF DEVERS (CONT.)

Duncan! Good to see you!
(looks at car)
She sure is beautiful -- *

MALLOY

Beautiful? Sunsets are beautiful.
Newborn babies are beautiful.
This, this is fucking
spectacular -- *

CHIEF DEVERS

Duncan, this is Vince Larkin. He's
overseeing the transpo. Vince,
Duncan Malloy, DEA.

LARKIN

Good to meet you, it will be good
to work with you on this. *

Malloy ignores him... Feeling rubber into the U.S. Marshal parking lot. He takes out a tarpaulin, and begins covering the car. Larkin and Devers exchange a look.

13 INT. MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON BUS - DAY

13

Poe's bus continues. Guard Bishop walks the aisle. Consults her clipboard.

BISHOP

Cameron Poe?

POE

That's right.

BISHOP

You know you're still under federal auspices 'till Carson City. It's full restraints 'till you are processed and released at your original prison, understood?

POE

Yes, ma'am... As long as I make it home on time it makes no nevermind... It's my daughter's birthday...

BISHOP

Congratulations --

POE

And then some. I got locked-down three months before she was born... She ain't never seen me...

BISHOP

Why not?

POE

First impressions are lasting ones... No way was she gonna meet her daddy in a prison visiting room surrounded by homemade cookies and love-starved murderers... No way...

And he takes the PHOTO of Casey out of his pocket... Shows it to Bishop... Bishop studies it... Hands it back...

BISHOP

What you got there Cameron Poe is a walking, talking reason to rehabilitate.

POE

I know that, ma'am. And the wife ain't bad neither...

He smiles... She winks... And walks the line...

7/12/96 - REV. YELLOW2

12A.

13A EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

13A

The MAXIMUM SECURITY CONVOY moves through gates into a secured area on the outermost TARMAC.

Department of Prison GUARDS wait with shotguns.

A MARSHAL walks out with SHACKLES over his shoulder...

14 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

14

The C-23K transport AIRCRAFT... Fired up... It taxis over to the high security area on the outermost tarmac.

Guards unload the Prisoners' BANKER'S BOXES from a VAN and stow them in the C-123K's TAIL. Other Guards load a RACK OF 12-GAUGE SHOTGUNS into the C-123K's BELLY.

OMIT (17)

17A EXT. C-123K

17A

THE REAR HATCH slowly lowers.

17B INT. U.S. MARSHAL SERVICES - LOBBY - DAY

17B

Larkin enters with Devers, Malloy, and a fourth man, D.E.A. AGENT WILLIAM SIMS.

CHIEF DEVERS

Everybody know each other?

LARKIN

(extends hand to Sims)

Vince Larkin.

SIMS

(shakes with Larkin)

Special Agent Sims, D.E.A. Good to meetcha, Larkin.

Larkin hands Sims a photo of a handsome LATIN MAN, 26.

LARKIN

This is your man. Francisco

Cindino. Son of Eduardo Cindino.

The prime mover of narcotics in the world.

17C EXT. U.S. MARSHAL SERVICES - SURVEILLANCE VAN

17C

MALLOY

That kid's a potential fountain of information about the family business. Look at him. Nice college boy, right? Well, we've interrogated him for months and he gave up nothing. This is our last chance before the F.B.I. gets him and over my dead body are those assholes getting the glory.

Larkin, Devers, Malloy, and Sims enter surveillance van.

17D INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

17D

LARKIN

We're picking Cindino up in Carson City. From then until the plane hits Louisiana you've got two hours to get him to talk. We got you a seat right next to him. And he's known to be somewhat garrulous in the company of thieves.

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*

Malloy tapes a small MICRORECORDER to Sims' stomach and pulls his shirt over it.

MALLOY

Garrulous? What the fuck is "garrulous?"

LARKIN

That would be loquacious. Verbose. Effusive.

(Malloy stares, blank)
How about "chatty."

MALLOY

(to Devers)
What's with fuckin' Dictionary-boy, here?

LARKIN

Thesaurus-boy, I think, is what you're...

CHIEF DEVERS

Vince...

Vince and Malloy share an icy glare. Larkin offers a sheepish grin... Malloy turns to Sims...

*
*
*
*

MALLOY

You got your gun?

Sims pulls up his RIGHT pant leg, revealing A HANDGUN in an ankle holster.

CHIEF DEVERS

Whoa, whoa, wait a minute.

*
*

LARKIN

We've got rules, gentlemen.

MALLOY

So do we. Our agents go armed...

*

CHIEF DEVERS

Alright, let's get this jurisdictional thing out on the table right now. This is a U.S.
(MORE)

*
*
*

CHIEF DEVERS (cont'd)
Marshal plane and we are in charge
of it.

LARKIN
No one carries on these flights,
guys. I got a small arsenal in
the belly and a pistol in the
cockpit lockbox. Other than that,
we keep the plane like a prison.
No weapons allowed in the main
cabin, period.

MALLOY
My man is not getting on that plane
without his gun.

LARKIN
Then your man is not getting on
that plane --

Malloy stares at them... Enraged... Then:

MALLOY
Okay... Give it to them, Willie --

And Sims hands the gun to Larkin.

CHIEF DEVERS
(to Malloy, re: Sims)
Has this man been briefed in prison
behavioral traits?

SIMS
What's there to know?

LARKIN
Ten, twenty years locked up in
federal institutions changes a
person... Heightens their
instincts.

MALLOY
Give me a break.

CHIEF DEVERS
Listen to him, Duncan.

LARKIN
(to Sims)
Avoid eye contact. In the pen it's
considered an invasion of space...
A sign of aggression. It'll give
you away in a second.

SIMS

I'll be fine.
(looks at the video
monitor)
Jesus Christ, what is that?

THE VIDEO MONITOR - The maximum security convoy makes its way around the C-123K.

LARKIN

We told you today's flight would be special.

Larkin points and everyone watches the monitor --

18 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

18

As the following three prisoners step from their vans - we should note the ADDED SECURITY attendant to them... Guns up, extra restraints, etc.

The first of the three disembarks. This is BILLY BEDLAM.

Guard FALZON, huge, granite-jawed, frisks Billy.

BILLY BEDLAM

Move me, baby.

19 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

19

We see BILLY BEDLAM on a video monitor. Larkin reads from his files.

LARKIN

That's William Bedford, a.k.a.
Billy Bedlam.

MALLOY

The mass murderer?

LARKIN

The same. Caught his wife in bed with another man. Left her alone then drove four towns over to his wife's family's house. Killed her parents, her brothers and sisters. Even her dog.

19A EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

19A

Billy, like all the cons, has a HOSPITAL-BRACELET around his wrist... The bracelet is marked with a BAR CODE... Another GUARD runs an electronic GUN over the bar code... It blips and Billy is allowed to pass --

Billy is led, duck-walking in leg irons, to the C-123K's open hatch.

20 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

20

A black convict, DIAMOND DOG, late 30s, disembarks. Shaved head; African continent TATTOOED on throat; hands duct-taped over tennis balls, inhibiting grabbing.

Guard Falzon frisks Diamond Dog.

FALZON

Diamond Dog Jones. Whoo-hoo! This is like the scumbag all-star team.

DIAMOND DOG

You don't miss your water till your well runs dry, my friend.

21 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

21

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - Diamond Dog smiles, revealing a diamond STAR in his left incisor.

LARKIN

Nathan Jones a.k.a. "Diamond Dog." *
Former general of The Black
Guerrillas. Blew up a meeting of
the National Rifle Association.
Said they represented the "basest
negativity of the white race."
Used to brag that he's "killed more
men than cancer..."

(guards frisk Diamond
Dog)

Wrote a book in prison.
"Reflections In A Diamond Eye."
THE NEW YORK TIMES called it a
"wake-up call for the black
community..."
(off Malloy's look)
They're talking to Denzel for the
movie.

22 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

22

Another CON has disembarked - late 30s, shaved head, a
smiler. His name is CYRUS GRISSOM, a.k.a. "Cyrus the
Virus." *

SIMS

(getting increasingly
nervous)

Who's this fucking guy? *

LARKIN *

His name is Cyrus Grissom, a.k.a.
Cyrus The Virus. *

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Hello, hooray.

23 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

23

The men watch... Sims is becoming more and more uneasy with each con...

LARKIN

This one's done it all...
Kidnapping, Robbery, Murder,
Extortion. Thirty-nine years old,
twenty-five of them spent in our
institutions. He's got serious
juice inside the system... Owns the
vine.

*
*
*
*
*

Larkin notices Sims' flop-sweat...

LARKIN

Inside he's earned two degrees,
killed 11 fellow inmates, incited
three riots, and escaped twice.
I'd say he's a true product of the
system.

*
*
*
*
*

MALLOY

What do you mean by that? "He's a
product of the system?" What the
fuck does that mean? You're not
one of those sociology majors who
thinks we're responsible for
breeding these assholes?

*
*
*
*
*
*

LARKIN

If we're not, then who is?

*
*

MALLOY

Ever hear of genetics? How about
an extra Y chromosome? They should
just fly the fuckin' plane into the
side of a mountain. Do mankind a
favor.

*
*
*
*
*
*

LARKIN

Don't think that hasn't been
discussed.

*
*
*

CHIEF DEVERS

Knock it off guys. If you wanna
put an agent on my plane, fine.
Anything happens, it's on your
head.

*

26 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TARMAC - SECURED AREA - DAY

26

Poe's minimum security bus pulls into the secured area. Poe
and Baby-O get off. Poe looks at the C-123K.

Guard Bishop and the other Guards escort Poe, Baby-O, etc.,
to the frisk point. Guard Falzon pats Poe down. Falzon
pulls Poe's PHOTO OF HIS DAUGHTER from Poe's pocket.

FALZON

No personal items.

POE

It's my daughter.

FALZON

(pockets the photo)

I don't care if it's the weeping
momma of Christ, you know the
rules.

Poe gets in Falzon's face, nose-to-nose. Bishop walks by,
checking off numbers on her clipboard.

BISHOP

Easy, boys. There's enough root
beer for everyone.

26A INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

26A

ON THE MONITOR - POE AND FALZON argue heatedly.

MALLOY

(re: Poe)

Who's that?

Larkin flips pages, coming to Poe's PHOTO.

LARKIN

Cameron Poe. He's nobody...

27 INT. C-123K

27

Poe steps on board the plane and we see for the first time
the complex lattice work of bars and wires, mesh and plexi.
Four STEEL SINGLE-MAN CAGES spread throughout.

*
*

Guard Falzon hits a BUTTON at the FRONT GALLEY. A LIGHT on
the cages goes from RED to GREEN. OTHER GUARDS throw
levers; the cage doors slide open mechanically.

Poe walks to the rear and sits across the aisle from a
weasely, snipe-faced MAN, early 30s.

*

PINBALL

Pinball Parker. Armed robber.
Arsonist. Dope fiend. Hell of a
nice guy.

28 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

28

The van doors open.

CHIEF DEVERS

No one knows your classification,
Agent Sims, not even my guards. So
keep your wheels on the ground...

SIMS

Let's do it.

Sims and Larkin get out of the van. *

MALLOY *

Tell me, Skip: Is the U.S. Marshal
Services in the habit of employing
annoying wise-ass bookworm creeps?

CHIEF DEVERS

Larkin's one of the best we've got,
Duncan --

MALLOY

Yeah, well I'd still like to crush
his larynx with my boot.

CHIEF DEVERS

Charming.

Malloy sees Sims on the video monitor... Sees him being led
to the plane... He hops out of the van...

Larkin walks past the C-123K GUARDS as they continue the
prep... He slaps some backs, low fives... *

LARKIN *

Good flight, guys. *

GUARD *

Thanks, Vince. *

Larkin passes Bishop. *

LARKIN *

How's the golf game, Bishop? *

BISHOP *

They're still making the balls too
small. *

LARKIN *

Good flight, Sally. *

BISHOP *

See ya, Vince. *

29 INT. C-123K - DAY

29

THREE CAGES hold Cyrus The Virus, Diamond Dog, and Billy
Bedlam. The fourth cage is empty. Falzon hits the button
and the cage-lights GO BACK TO RED.

Falzon, moving down the aisle, finishes his inventory. He absently sticks his pen in his breast pocket. Bishop grabs it.

BISHOP

Unh unh. Everything's a weapon.

FALZON

Shit. Right.

Falzon takes the pen back and clips it to a SPECIAL CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK and slides it under his shirt.

29A EXT. TARMAC - C-123K

29A

Sims' bar-code bracelet is read... Another GUARD moves to frisk him... Malloy appears...

MALLOY

I got him --

And Malloy frisks Sims... And when he gets down to Sims' LEFT ankle, there's a lump... And Malloy looks up... And winks...

29B INT. C-123K

29B

Pinball Parker sits next to a sinewy NATIVE AMERICAN...

PINBALL

What's up, Cochise -- ?

The Indian merely stares ahead, stone-faced...

PINBALL (CONT.)

Okay, okay, don't go gettin' all Wounded Knee on me and shit...

A Guard leads Agent Sims onto the plane. He takes a seat.

POE

looks at Billy Bedlam in his cage... Billy snarls:

BILLY BEDLAM

You eyeballin' me, punk -- ?

POE

I was just admiring your cage.
Fits you real good --

Baby-O calls to the medic, CHAMBERS.

BABY-O

I need my shot.

CHAMBERS

You'll get it when we're airborne.

BABY-O

(mumbles)

These fuckers won't be happy till I
go into a deep, dark tropical coma.

Guard Falzon walks the aisle.

FALZON

Well, well! We got out and out
celebrities in here. We got a
combined 11 HARD COPY appearances,
two CURRENT AFFAIRS. And one
genuine GERALDO interviewee.

(Diamond Dog bows)

But I gotta tellya - I ain't
impressed... So let's get this
straight, gentlemen. We got rules:
One, keep your hands in your laps;
2) keep the decibel level down; 3)
You spit, you bite, you scream -
you will get the "treatment"...

As if on cue, A SKINHEAD hocks a looey at Falzon --

SKINHEAD CON

Fuck you, pig --

Falzon wipes the spit off his face... Smiles... To another
GUARD:

FALZON

Gag and bag this Nazi muffin --

The guards slap duct tape and mesh netting over the skinhead
con's face... Falzon moves on down the line...

FALZON (CONT'D)

These rules will be enforced. If
not, I will be gargling
testicles. Understood?

CYRUS THE VIRUS looks at a Mexican convict seated in front
of his cage: JOHNNY 23, covered in pachuco tattoos. The
following is Spanish with sub-titles:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Are you a notorious criminal,
friend?

JOHNNY 23

Fuck, yeah. You don't know of me?
I'm called "Johnny 23."

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You're Johnny 23? Of course I know
you. You're clubbed-in with the
Mex Mafia. Serving seven life
sentences for rape. 23 counts of
rape...

And Johnny 23 shows his RIGHT FORE-ARM for Cyrus' inspection: for there are 23 HEARTS TATTOOED THERE...

JOHNNY 23

One for each of my 23 ladies...

He leers at Guard Bishop as she walks by.

JOHNNY 23 (CONT'D)

(grins, in English)

If they knew the truth, I'd be
called "Johnny 600."

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Doesn't have quite the same ring...
But I despise rapists...

(MORE)

CYRUS THE VIRUS (cont'd)

For me they're somewhere between
cockroaches, and the white stuff
that accumulates at the corners of
your mouth when you're real
thirsty...

(suddenly grins)

But with you I'll make an
exception.

(to Falzon, who walks by,
imperious)

What's the in-flight movie today,
Falzon?

FALZON

It's a good one, Cyrus. It's
called, "I'll Never Make Love To A
Woman On The Beach Again." And
it's preceded by the award-winning
short: "No More Steak For Me
Ever."

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Funny fucker, aren't you?

30 EXT. C-123K

30

The hatch slowly raises. The plane taxis to the runway.

31 INT. U.S. MARSHAL SERVICES - LOBBY - DAY

31

Larkin, through a window, watches the plane take off. Ginny
joins him... She looks very uneasy...

GINNY

I hope this goes smoothly --

LARKIN

Please, Ginny. This is a
well-oiled machine. Only thing to
worry about are stale peanuts and a
little turbulence.

Ginny walks off looking dubious.

LARKIN

(he looks out the window:
nervous now)

I hope this goes smoothly --

32B INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

32B

Poe and Baby-O settle in for the flight.

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS THE VIRUS has begun to PICK AT A CALLUS
ON HIS LEFT HAND.

Falzon walks by. Cyrus stops his callus picking. Falzon moves on to Diamond Dog, getting in his face.

FALZON

What's the word these days, O.G.?
(Diamond Dog fixes him
with that icy glare)
Don't tell me: you found Allah in
the joint, right?

DIAMOND DOG

We're all yoked to the same
chariot, my friend.

DOWN THE AISLE - Bishop walks by Poe.

BISHOP

How you doing, Poe?

POE

Fine. You got a first name, Guard
Bishop?

BISHOP

No, it's just Bishop. Like Prince.
Or Cher. You know: Madonna --

POE

It works for you --

BISHOP

It's Sally...

POE

Sally Bishop. Sounds like an
astronaut. Or a schoolteacher.

BISHOP

There's a little of both in this
gig, Poe, lemme tell ya.

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS THE VIRUS continues picking at his
callus. He stops whenever a Guard walks by.

IN HIS CAGE - DIAMOND DOG is also PICKING AT A CALLUS at the
palm of his hand.

CYRUS nods to Pinball.

32C EXT. C-123K - DAY

32C

The plane lifts-off... We can see the SKYSCRAPERS of a city
in the b.g.

The plane ascends...

33 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

33

Pinball checks the vicinity for guards... None nearby... He sticks his hands in his mouth. Fishes for a PIECE OF DENTAL FLOSS tied to his back molar. He tugs on the floss, pulling it from his mouth. Six inches, then a foot.

Poe watches, puzzled... Johnny 23 has also caught this... The Indian stares straight ahead...

Pinball pulls up from his stomach a BLOB OF WAX and ejects it into his hand. He breaks it apart... breaking the wax, revealing a pinky-sized SQUIRT TUBE and a wooden blue-tipped MATCH.

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS THE VIRUS has completed his callus-picking. There, embedded in the skin beneath his ring finger, is the TIP of a PIN.

A few more picks. The HAFT of the pin is out. Cyrus plucks the PIN from his palm. He begins to SHIM his handcuff locks.

IN HIS CAGE - DIAMOND DOG has picked his callus open, revealing, likewise, A PIN. He also begins to shim...

In moments, both men are free of their cuffs.

PINBALL

turns to Poe... Makes the "Sssh" gesture... Grins... He turns to the Indian...

And SQUIRTS HIS SEAT with LIQUID from the tube... The Indian turns, face impassive... Pinball smiles at him...

PINBALL

Hi, there --

BABY-O watches as, the medic, CHAMBERS, walks over, carrying a syringe and a kit containing several AMPULES of INSULIN.

CHAMBERS

Okay, left arm.

BABY-O

(smiles with relief)

About fucking time.

Chambers swabs his arm, readying the shot... Finds a vein... *

PINBALL

strikes the blue-tipped match with his thumb... And tosses it onto the Indian's seat... FOOM!

Chambers looks up, pulling the syringe away, having not given Baby-O his shot -- *

The Indian is on fire... Pinball screams... The guards run down here... Pinball gets to his feet... The guards spray the Indian with a fire extinguisher...

Pinball screams hysterically through this whole sequence --

PINBALL

YO, HE DID SOME SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION SHIT, MAN! THIS MAN IS
CRAZY! HE'S A WITCH DOCTOR! HE'S
A CRAZY WITCH DOCTOR! I AIN'T
SITTIN' NEXT TO NO CRAZY WITCH
DOCTOR - !!!!!

-- all the while making his way to the CAGE LEVERS... He throws the first one...

We see the cage-lock-light go from RED TO GREEN.

A KLAXON SOUNDS; the cabin lights shut off; emergency lights on the side of the cabin illuminate.

Bishop whirls, slams Pinball against the wall with her nightstick, but it's too late --

-- Diamond Dog's cage opens. Diamond Dog charges out, facing CHAMBERS.

He BURIES the HASP of one cuff into Chambers' throat. Chambers SCREAMS and flails. Diamond Dog lifts Chambers bodily; Chamber's legs whip across the aisle. Chambers' boot hits A GUARD in the face and slams against the wall, hitting the BACK HATCH RELEASE BUTTON.

THE BACK HATCH begins to lower. Wind whips through the cabin. Chamber's INSULIN AMPULES fall, some shattering.

Guards converge on Diamond Dog, diving atop him. He bucks like a bronco.

Diamond Dog and the struggling Guards STOMP the unbroken insulin ampules.

Poe is up in his seat, slightly amazed at this turn of events.

Baby-O looks at the crushed ampules in horror.

BABY-O

Get the fuck off my insulin!

Falzon grabs a TASER from the galley and fires several JOLTS into Diamond Dog, who goes down writhing.

IN HIS CAGE - CYRUS pounds on the cage door. *

Pinball, fending off Bishop, lunges for the second lever and yanks it.

Cyrus' cage door SLIDES OPEN. A GUARD turns. Cyrus bolts out and cold cocks the guard. Cyrus bolts for the cockpit. A single GUARD remains between Cyrus and the cockpit. Cyrus, using the cuffs as brass knucks, hits the guard.

The guard drops.

THE GUARDS at the rear see the trouble up front. Bishop and Falzon bolt for the front of the plane. But Diamond Dog and Pinball drop into the aisle, blocking their way.

Cyrus rips open the cockpit door.

37A INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

37A*

... just as the Co-Pilot RIPS OPEN the lockbox beneath his seat and pulls out the only GUN on board... The Co-Pilot FIRES WILDLY at Cyrus, who dives out of the way, as bullets -- *

37AA INT. MAIN CABIN

37AA*

-- stream the main cabin... TWO CONS are center-punched with smoking holes and go down dead... *

37AB INT. COCKPIT

37AB*

Cyrus whips his length of waist-chain at the co-pilot, smearing the man's features with the blunt steel... *

The co-pilot falls against the instrument panel... The plane jerks... Cyrus retrieves his gun... *

Aims it at the dazed co-pilot... BLAM! He shoots the co-pilot... *

Cyrus turns... In time to see the PILOT'S HAND move under the dash, hitting the EMERGENCY BUTTON... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Say there was a disturbance but everything's under control. Do it or I will kill you.

PILOT

The hell you will. Without me
there's no one to fly the plane.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

I never think that far ahead.

CLICK. Cyrus pulls back the hammer. The Pilot grabs the
radio.

PILOT

Uhh, Carson City....?

37B INT. THE BACK OF THE PLANE

37B

Bishop continues to struggle with Pinball, Falzon with
Diamond Dog.

CYRUS exits the cockpit with the gun. He aims down the
fuselage and FIRES.

The BULLET strikes the BLARING KLAXON. Bishop, Pinball,
Falzon, Diamond Dog, etc. freeze.

All eyes focus on Cyrus.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

This is your captain speaking.

Welcome to Con Air...

(points to Falzon)

The keys, Falzon.

(holds up unlocked cuffs)

The keys for these.

The cons ROAR with approval... Poe looks at Baby-O... It's
all bad...

POE

Christ in a cartoon --

38 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - DAY

38

A crowded room. Consoles and meteorological indicators.
Crackling radio communications between tower and planes.

Ginny's on the radio. A RED SILENT ALARM IS FLASHING.
Larkin enters hurriedly, alarmed.

LARKIN

What the hell happened?

Ginny's on the radio to Carson City.

GINNY

Roger that, Carson City.

(clicks off radio)

Calm down, Vince.

(MORE)

GINNY (cont'd)
Just a little ruckus and the pilot
hit the alarm. He just checked in;
everything's fine. Transponder is
confirmed.

(the SILENT ALARM stops
flashing)

See, there's your baby --

Ginny points to a BLIP on the RADAR SCREEN, brighter and
larger than OTHER AIRCRAFT: Flight 377.

LARKIN
Her cargo's ugly. But her
constitution is strong. Thank God.

39 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

39

The back hatch is closed. Cyrus walks up to Bishop...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
What are the numbers in Carson
City? How many on, how many off?
What are they -- ?

FALZON
(studies manifest)
Six off, ten on...

Cyrus plucks the manifest from Falzon's hand... Gives it to
Pinball...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Find the six --

Pinball moves down the aisle and begins freeing some men,
but skipping some, checking their names off on the MANIFEST.

CON
Hey! Get these things off me!
What the fuck you doing?

PINBALL
You'll see in a minute.

Pinball arrives at Poe. Unlocks him.

Baby-O, released, squats in the aisle picking through the broken insulin ampules.

Cyrus walks up to Billy Bedlam's cage.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

I let you out, you gonna play nice,
Billy?

BILLY BEDLAM

You kiddin'? You boys are my
heroes --

Cyrus nods to Diamond Dog, who throws the lever. Billy
steps out extremely pleased. *

AT THE BACK OF THE PLANE - the released convicts, using
their now-empty cuffs, lock Bishop, Falzon, and the other
guards to the cages' exterior chain-link. Sims, still in
chains, blinks the perspiration out of his eyes and mutters
to Poe: *

SIMS

This is crazy --

Johnny 23, unchained, rubs his wrists and looks at Bishop.
He points to a spot on his forearm...

JOHNNY 23

I got a space here... Got your name
all over it...

She stares at him... Disgusted, yet oddly unafraid...

BISHOP

Well that's good news...

And Johnny moves for her... Touches her... Only to be
violently twisted around and SMASHED INTO THE WALL of the
plane. By Poe.

POE

I can't allow that --

And Johnny moves for him...

JOHNNY 23

You know what I am, man -- ?

POE

Ugly all day...

And SLAM! Poe puts him down. Hard. Johnny groans on the
ground. And Billy and some of the others are there...

POE (CONT.)

This ain't happening. Not here.
Not now.

But it's a mob. And they're all around him. It looks bleak. But then Cyrus breaks through...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Okay, everyone relax...
 (looks at Poe)
 He's right... Not here... Not now...
 (leads Johnny 23 over to a window)
 Can you fly, Johnny?

*

JOHNNY 23

No --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Remember that when you look at her. Because if your dick goes outta your pants... you go outta this plane...

Johnny nods... Cyrus pats his cheek... Johnny glowers at Poe... Diamond Dog approaches Cyrus...

*

DIAMOND DOG

The pilot wants to know what's next.

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

He is to land at Carson City airport as scheduled.

BILLY BEDLAM

Carson City? The law is down there. You lost your mind?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

According to my last psych evaluation, yes. Sit down. Diamond Dog, if you will --

The convicts exchange glances. Diamond Dog faces them.

*

DIAMOND DOG

You think you're free. You're not. I will say this once. Listen carefully:

AGENT SIMS eyes Pinball as he moves through the aisle, unlocking other convict's ANKLE RESTRAINTS.

Poe sees Sims, with a hidden key, UNLOCK HIMSELF...

*

DIAMOND DOG

Twenty U.S. Marshals armed with shotguns are waiting for us at the next stop.

(MORE)

DIAMOND DOG (cont'd)
If you do exactly what we tell you,
the rest of our lives will be a
vacation in a non-extradition
country. Sandy beaches, umbrella
drinks, and dirty naked girls. A
paid vacation.

BILLY BEDLAM
A paid vacation? Who's doing the
paying? *

Diamond Dog looks to Cyrus --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Our employer.
(smiles)
Francisco Cindino.

As Sims reacts to this news -- *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to Pinball)
Who's supposed to get off at Carson
City? *

Pinball points to the THREE UNRELEASED CONVICTS. *

PINBALL
These three. And...
(reads the manifesto)
... Dalton, Hernandez and
Jackson... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
And where are Dalton, Hernandez and
Jackson -- ? *

PINBALL
I'm on it -- *

And he goes to find the three cons... *

Sims then reaches for his own ankle, momentarily revealing
the SEACAMP PISTOL secreted there... Poe sees it...Sims
looks up... To see Poe staring at him... *

SIMS
No... *

POE
Easy, boss -- *

And Sims draws the seacamp... Aiming it dead at Poe... *

SIMS
EVERYONE FREEZE -- ! *

Everyone whirls towards him, startled... *

PINBALL

Who the fuck are you -- ?

Sims grabs Pinball - gun into his ear...

SIMS

The D.E.A. is who the fuck I am --

PINBALL

Sorry I asked --

SIMS

(to Cyrus)
Drop the weapon -- !

POE

Easy, boss --

*

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(calm; to Sims)
I'll be with you in a moment --

Cyrus grabs Guard Bishop and jams the gun in her temple...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

Now... You were saying... ?

SIMS

(smiles)
You figure me for a guy who gives a
shit about that guard... ? I said
I was D.E.A. Know what that means?

PINBALL

Yeah - that you more of crook than
anyone up here --

Cyrus walks up the aisle. Bishop before him. Toward Sims.
Poe squarely between the two pointed guns...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Now what the heck is a DEA agent
doing on this flight? Won't they
fly you boys commercial -- ?

SIMS

Don't move! I'll do your man
here --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Next time you're selecting a human
shield you'd be better off not
choosing a two-bit Negro crackhead.

PINBALL
Oh, this is just great...

Bishop, from beneath Cyrus' grasp, stares at Sims with
fierce, unblinking eyes...

BISHOP
Shoot him... Don't hesitate...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Quiet, sweetheart...

POE
I think you better drop the gun,
cowboy... Before someone else gets
killed --

*
*
*

Sims swivels towards Poe, shaky gun in his face...

SIMS
STAY BACK -- !

POE
Okay, partner... I'm nothin' but
back... But you gotta see this is
something you can't control --

SIMS
I can't control it?

*
*

MOVEMENT behind Sims... A CON is there... Creeping up on
him... Sims whirls - BLOWS THE CON AWAY...

*
*

SIMS (CONT.)
How's that for control?

*
*

POE
Stay cool, man... You are in, what
we used to call, an "untenable
situation."

*
*
*
*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Very impressive display...

*
*

SIMS
WOULD YOU JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP???

POE
If you give me that gun, I'll see
to it you walk away alive...

Sims stares at Poe, incredulous... And maybe lowers the gun
a bit...

SIMS
Give you the gun... Give you the
fuckin'--

BLAM! But it is Cyrus that FIRES FIRST...

POE
NO -- !

Sims falls onto Pinball, a hole in his forehead... Pinball
recovers the gun...

Cyrus tosses Bishop away. He walks up to Poe...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
What's your name, convict?

POE
Poe --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Dandy work, Poe... Truly dandy...

And Cyrus walks off... Leaving a horrified Poe... He regards
Sims' corpse... To Bishop:

POE
You arright?

Bishop nods... The rest of the convicts crowd forward,
looking at Sims' corpse... Poe takes a seat by Baby-O...

BABY-O
Nice job, son... Not only did you
not save that dude's life... Now
you're best friends with the bad
guy...!

A shaken Pinball walks up to Cyrus...

PINBALL
I got good news and bad news...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
What's the good news?

PINBALL
I found Dalton, Hernandez, and
Jackson --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
And the bad news -- ?

Pinball leads him over to the three dead cons (two killed by
the co-pilot, one by Sims)...

PINBALL
Cyrus The Virus - say hello to
Dalton, Hernandez and Jackson...

Cyrus nods... Sighs... Thinks...

PINBALL
Hey, Cyrus, you, uh, you didn't
really mean what you said about
that "two-bit Negro crackhead"
stuff did you?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Don't be so sensitive, Pinball...

PINBALL
Cos when you shot him, the bullet
went right by my shit...

Pinball mimes the bullets trajectory past his face...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to the cons)
Carson City's expecting six men.
And they will get what they expect.
I need three volunteers...

Cyrus looks at Billy Bedlam.

BILLY BEDLAM
Don't look at me, pal. I'm lookin'
at eight successive life terms.
I am not getting off this fucking
plane.

An old convict, KELLY, raises his hand.

KELLY

Me. I'll go. I been in since
1952. I'm too old and too tired to
try a new lifestyle.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Each man goes his own way.
(points to the front of
the plane)
Get to the front.

Kelly walks to the front of the C-123K.

POE watches BISHOP in her cell. Johnny 23 is ogling her.

BABY-O

Let's go, son --

POE

What about her -- ?

BABY-O

My insulin's trashed. If I don't
get some in the next two hours
they're gonna be sendin' flowers to
my mamma. No offense, lady --

BISHOP

I can take care of myself...

POE

Yeah, I can see that... You're
doing a swell job of it so far...

BABY-O raises his hand.

BABY-O

Right here, man... Us two...

Cyrus walks over...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Very good... Like I said, friend,
each man goes his own way. Go to
the front...

Poe and Baby-O get to their feet... Poe looks back to Bishop

POE

I'll get help --

Bishop nods... Poe and Baby-O head for the rear... When
Pinball approaches Cyrus... Shows him the manifesto...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

One moment, gentlemen --

Poe and Baby-O stop...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Pinball here has informed me that
the men they're expecting are
white... Which places you shit out
of luck...

BABY-O
C'mon, man --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
I can't imagine this to be the
first time the color of your skin
has put you at a severe
disadvantage... Sit back down...
(to Poe)
You may continue...

Cyrus walks off...

BABY-O
That's it. I'm gone. I'm dead in
three hours.

POE
(whispers back)
Maybe. Maybe not. I'll get off,
scream bloody murder. This
plane'll never leave Carson City...

Poe walks to the front of the C-123K.

PINBALL
We need one more volunteer....

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Nobody else?
(nobody comes forward)
Get the pilot. After we land - get
him in a prison uniform...

BILLY BEDLAM
The pilot? Then who's gonna fly
the fuckin' plane -- ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Relax, Billy... Welcome to the
Machine...

40 EXT. OPEN SKIES - THE C-123K IN FLIGHT - DAY

40

Over Carson City, the plane banks low and begins its descent
toward the municipal airport.

40A INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

40A

Cyrus enters the cockpit... The Pilot turns to him...

PILOT

Carson City tower is reporting a
helluva sandstorm down there...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Perfect.

41 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY

41

Amidst a major sandstorm, two B.O.P. (Bureau of Prisons)
BUSES wait. B.O.P. GUARDS stand ready with shotguns.

44 INT. OAKLAND - U.S. MARSHAL SERVICE OFFICE - DAY

44

Larkin sits at his desk playing with a nylon cuff device.
Ginny enters.

GINNY

The plane's in final approach to
Carson City.

LARKIN

Right on time.

Larkin tosses down the cord-cuff restraint, grabs his coat,
heads for the door.

LARKIN

Goin' over to Vacaville to arrange
for tomorrow. Wanna come?

GINNY

Nah. Paperwork. Any weekend
plans?

LARKIN

The usual. A frozen pizza, a
12-pack of Rolling Rock, and
Channel 7's showing all five PLANET
OF THE APES movies. I don't know
if I've ever told you this, Ginny,
but I'm kookie for Roddy McDowell.

GINNY

(studies Larkin)

I've got news for you, Vince:
there's more to life than the
smooth and efficient transfer of
Federal prisoners.

LARKIN

Yes, there is, Ginny... But nothing
quite as dependable...

Larkin walks off, whistling. Ginny picks up Larkin's
cord-cuff restraint. Sighs.

44A EXT. C-123K - DAY

44A*

The C-123K descends through cloud cover.

45 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

45

IN THE REAR - Convicts drag the dead bodies to the back of the plane.

AT THE CAGES - Falzon and the other guards remain shackled to the cage's mesh wire in their underwear.

*

47 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY

47

The C-123K TOUCHES DOWN. Hydraulic brakes clench. Landing tires grip asphalt.

48 INT. C-123K - FRONT OF MAIN CABIN - DAY

48*

The pilot, the three convicts sheeted for Carson City, the old convict - Kelly, and Poe stand by the exit door.

*

*

Cyrus turns to them.

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

*

In two hours you'll reach the
Nevada Pen. And just to make sure
you keep your mouths shut during
the trip...

*

*

*

*

*

He nods to Pinball. Pinball begins preparing the first men in line (the pilot and Kelly). Giving them "the treatment". The gag and bag.

*

*

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

*

Not that I don't trust you, boys...
But let's be square with each
other: you're criminals -- !

*

*

*

*

Their bar-code bracelets are ripped off and the three DEAD CONVICTS' BRACELETS are placed on their wrists. The ripped plastic is then SEALED with a taser-blast.

*

*

*

Diamond Dog and Billy Bedlam come aside Cyrus. They speak sotto, but Poe can hear them:

DIAMOND DOG

What about the rest of the guards?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Be patient. They haven't ceased to
be useful yet. Yet...

Diamond Dog smiles.

Poe, having heard this, turns and looks at BISHOP. Pinball appears before Poe with DUCT-TAPE and PANTY-HOSE.

*

Poe continues looking at Bishop.

Johnny 23 walks up to Poe.

JOHNNY 23

I will fuck her. And then I will
fuck you. And then I will fuck
your family. And then I will fuck
your friends.

POE

Okay. But for now just fuck
yourself --

PINBALL

Yo. White boy.
(Poe turns to him)
Your turn.

Pinball begins stretching the tape over Poe's mouth.

Poe, IN TIGHT CLOSE-UP, continues looking at Baby-O and
Bishop, wracked with indecision. He cannot leave. Not now.
He rips the tape from his mouth.

POE

I want to stay on --

PINBALL

What -- ?

POE

I want to stay on --

PINBALL

Shit... Cyrus.
(Cyrus approaches)
We got us a mind-changer --

Cyrus regards Poe, who shifts uncomfortably.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Why do you want to stay -- ?

POE

I got 15 years left, and I know I'd
just hate myself if I blew my one
shot at some dirty, naked freaks
and umbrella drinks...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

15 years... Yet just a moment ago
you couldn't wait to get off --

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

POE

I know... Fear of freedom, I
guess... That's all behind me now.

*
*
*

Cyrus eyeballs him closely:

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What did you say your name was
again?

*
*
*

POE

Cameron Poe.

PINBALL

I know that name --

DIAMOND DOG

You're Cameron Poe?

POE

That's right...

Clock the change in Poe... His voice, manner, inflection...
He's playing the bad-ass...

PINBALL

I know that name --

DIAMOND DOG

You killed The Giant --

POE

That's right --

BILLY BEDLAM

The who?

DIAMOND DOG

The Giant... Wallace Walker... A
big, bad brother... And you put him
down on the tiles... Bare-handed,
so they say..

*

POE

They say right --

PINBALL

I knew I knew that name --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Now why'd you go and do that -- ?

Poe poses for maximum effect...

POE

He took my strawberry Jello. And I
like strawberry Jello.

A pause. Cyrus looks Poe up and down. He smiles. And
starts laughing. The others join in.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You like strawberry Jello. I like
you. Stick around. You and your
friend grab one of the guards and
put that dead cop's prison-issues
on him.

Cyrus walks off. Poe hustles down the aisle, grabbing
Baby-O.

BABY-O

. What the fuck you doing?

POE

Staying. They're gagging everybody
for the bus ride to the pen.

They arrive at Sims' body. Bishop and Falzon are chained
six feet away. Poe begins pulling the shoes and pants off
Sims' corpse.

POE (CONT'D)

It'll be hours before the Feds discover what happened. By then this plane'll be three states away and you'll be dead. And so will she...

BISHOP

Poe...

POE

You have any idea what'll happen to you?

BISHOP

Think about your family. Your little girl...

POE

I am. Because what good would I be to my little girl if I left you to get dishonored and die on this plane... ?

He smiles at her. Bishop shakes her head.

BABY-O

What good you gonna be if you're dead... ? You start thinking like you're still a Ranger, we're all in trouble... You a convict now, son... You ain't that guy anymore.

Poe smiles, shrugs... He walks over to Falzon and plucks his daughter's PHOTO from Falzon's pocket... Poe tosses Falzon Sims' pants...

POE

Told you I'd get that back...
(tosses him Sims' pants)
Now put those on. I just saved your life.

BABY-O

Okay, Soldier Boy. You got another move?

Poe unbuttons Sims' shirt, revealing Sims' CASSETTE RECORDER, set to RECORD, its capstans spinning.

Poe smiles at Baby-O and Bishop...

POE

Maybe. Maybe not...

Poe looks left and right. No one's watching him. He yanks the recorder from Sims' chest, hits "REWIND," and slips it in his own pocket.

48A OMIT

48A*

49 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - DAY

49

A FUEL TRUCK with an elevated BOOM for overwing refueling drives up to the C-123K.

The FUEL JOCKEY connects the hose to the C-123K's fueling socket. The re-fueling begins.

The rear stair ramp descends. A GUARD steps down from the C-123K into the SANDSTORM.

It is Cyrus The Virus, U.S.M.S. baseball cap over his long hair, blue jumpsuit and black jack boots, his face obscured by a bandanna and shades.

He is followed by Billy Bedlam and Johnny 23, also dressed like guards..

STARKEY

Heard you had a problem up there.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Yeah, had to bag 'em and gag 'em.
Rough crew. Shitters and spitters.

The PRISONERS (including Falzon and the bagged and gagged guards and flight crew) file down the rear ramp stairs.

The B.O.P. GUARDS begin to off-load their bus. First off is a convict named SWAMP THING. He gives a knowing nod to Cyrus The Virus, who shakes him down.

50 INT. C-123K - DAY

50

Pinball and the other cons, watching from the plane, hold their collective breaths.

Falzon is the next to deplane. Poe grabs him roughly, shoves him up against the wall.

POE

My daughter's picture! Where's my
daughter's picture, you shit-eatin'
peckerhead?

Falzon, bound and gagged, can't say dick; Poe SHOVES THE CASSETTE RECORDER INTO FALZON'S SHIRT and hits "PLAY."

Falzon's eyes go wide. Poe shoves him out of the C-123K.

51 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

51

Falzon comes down the air-stairs. The tape recorder is PLAYING, obscured by the C-123K's ENGINES and the HOWLING WIND and SAND. Falzon's bar-code wrist band is read and accepted by a guard with a code-gun...

POE watches from the plane.

FALZON is held with the other "prisoners," as --

JOHNNY 23, by the bus, awaits the next Carson City prisoner. A six-foot-six, mohawked ex-footballer named CONRAD, 31. Conrad holds up his cuffed hands.

CONRAD

My favorite fantasy? Killing every guard in the system, then fucking 'em. Or do I have that backwards?

Johnny 23 shoves him forward...

52 INT. C-123K - DAY

52

Conrad boards the C-123K, seeing Pinball, at first confused. He looks around the plane and finally comprehends. He howls.

Pinball stifles him.

CONRAD

Out of the fire and into the freebird.

53 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

53

Stepping from the B.O.P. bus is a skinny LATIN BOY, in hairnet and eye-liner, high cheekbones and full lips, between genders, his hormone shots just starting to take hold. They call her SALLY CAN'T DANCE.

Johnny 23 isn't too crazy about shaking her down.

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

Hello, baby - you can be the rose of my Spanish Harlem --

JOHNNY 23

Get the fuck on the plane, joto --

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

Classy... Very, very classy --

54 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

54

Swamp Thing gets behind the controls, climbs into the shoulder harness. Pinball finishes changing into a GUARD'S UNIFORM.

He puts on goggles, a bandana, and slides the PEN-CLIP around his neck.

Swamp Thing unscrews a small RADIO-LIKE DEVICE from the control panel. He attaches this device to an ordinary volt battery. He hands the device/battery to Pinball.

SWAMP THING

Go get 'em, son.

Pinball exits the cockpit.

55 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

55

The last new cons are loaded onto the C-123K. FALZON, trussed up, is losing his shit. Pinball deplanes, dressed like a guard, bandana over face. He walks to the OTHER SIDE OF THE AIRPORT.

Off the bus steps FRANCISCO CINDINO, 26. He gives Cyrus a barely-discernible wink as he is frisked.

Cyrus turns to the B.O.P. OFFICIAL.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Is that it?

The B.O.P. official studies his manifesto.

STARKEY

One more.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Who?

STARKEY

(points)

Late addition.

A HIGH SECURITY PRISON VAN enters the tarmac from an access road. It pulls up next to the plane. Two heavily-armed DEPUTIES step from the van.

The side door opens. Two more DEPUTIES step out.

A sole PRISONER van steps off. He is early 30s, thin, pale, frail-looking. His name is GARLAND GREENE.

He wears full restraints. Two guards administer to him: He's got the tennis ball/tape/pantyhose treatment.

STARKEY

Garland Greene.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

This will be interesting.

Garland Greene is led onto the C-123K.

56 EXT. ACROSS THE AIRPORT - SMALL HANGAR - DAY

56

A sign on the hangar reads: UNCLE BOB'S GRAND CANYON TOURS. Outside the hangar is a six-seat TURBO-PROP with Uncle Bob's picture painted on the side.

UNCLE BOB, in Hawaiian shirt and pith helmet, helps a FAMILY OF THREE fill out forms, as Uncle Bob's ASSISTANT loads and straps their luggage onto the plane's wings.

Uncle Bob screams over the shrieking wind...

UNCLE BOB

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THIS LITTLE BIT
OF WEATHER... IT'S NO PROBLEM...
ONLY GOES UP ABOUT FIFTY FEET!

The Assistant walks off. Pinball walks out of the sandstorm, drops the radio-like device in the luggage hold, and walks off, unseen.

57 EXT. BACK AT THE C-123K

57

The "prisoners" (short-timers and Con Air Guards) are now being led onto their bus. Cyrus watches, edgier now. He walks up to the fuel truck.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What's taking so long? We're on a
tight schedule here --

FUEL JOCKEY

'Nother ten minutes or so.

A57A INT. PRISON CELL - VACAVILLE PRISON - DAY

A57A*

Two GUARDS - GARNER and RENFRO - inventory a recently vacated cell... As Garner goes over the cell, Renfro makes notations on a clipboard...

*
*
*

GUARD GARNER

... loose shelf screw... Right
corner of mirror bent... Weapon-
sharpening mark on North wall...
What's this --

*
*
*
*
*

He has found a crumbling section of concrete in the lower wall... He gets on his knees... Pushes at the concrete...

*
*

It's soft... Garner begins to break it away...

GUARD RENFRO

Maybe we got something here --

Guard Renfro joins Garner on his knees... They chip at more of the wall... The hole widens... They begin hauling stuff out - papers, books, files...

57A INT. VACAVILLE PRISON - CENTRAL LOCK-UP - DAY

57A*

The heart of the prison. Banks of MONITORS offer inmate surveillance. An elaborate INTERCOM SYSTEM allows inter-facility communication. A SUPERVISOR sits before the system, switching from cellblock to cellblock, tier to tier.

Larkin is here in Central, signing out inmate files. The "signed" stack is now two feet high. He looks at the monitors... Just as --

CLOSE ON - ONE MONITOR - Outside the cell with Garner and Renfro in the cell... Garner comes out, holding

The Supervisor hits the intercom...

SUPERVISOR

What is it -- ?

GUARD RENFRO

We found a hiding place...

Larkin watches... As Guard Garner unfurls a rolled-up sheet of VELLUM PAPER with AIRPLANE SPECS printed on it...

LARKIN

Who's cell was that -- ?

SUPERVISOR

Grissom. Cyrus Grissom. You know:
The Virus --

Larkin hits the door on the run... The Supervisor looks after him...

58 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

58

Garland Greene is taken to a seat by the terrified GUARD JOE, chained beside him... Poe, Baby-O, and the other cons watch in awe.

BABY-O
Jesus, Mary, George and Ringo.
That's Garland Greene, man.

POE
Garland Greene? The Marietta
Mangler?

BABY-O
Yup... That skinny little man
butchered 30 people up and down the
eastern seaboard. They say the way
he killed made the Manson Family
look like The Partridge Family...

POE
Well, he's on the right flight --

59 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE - DAY

59

Pinball sees a FEMALE BAGGAGE HANDLER loading her truck. He
walks up to her in full-flirt mode.

PINBALL
Hi, there.

60 INT. B.O.P. BUS - DAY

60

Falzon and the other C-123K guards, duct-taped, immobilized,
sit there. They begin to THRASH ABOUT.

The B.O.P. Guards, taking this for insubordination, begin
BEATING THE GUARDS with their billy clubs.

The guards persist, garbling YELLS under the duct tape. The
B.O.P. boys pummel them harder. Falzon takes a billy to the
brain. He slumps. The disturbance stops.

All is quiet. Except for A VOICE.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(v.o. tape recorder)
You'll sh....shoot me dead? You
sw....swear?

BISHOP
(v.o. tape recorder)
Take the shot, do it, don't fucking
hesitate....

The B.O.P. Guards whirl around, confused.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(v.o. tape recorder)
Quiet, sweetheart.

A GUARD moves to the bus' rear, looking for the voice. It's coming from Falzon. But his mouth is taped up. And he's out cold!

SIMS
(v.o. tape recorder)
One more step...I swear to Jesus Christ if you take one more step....

The guard tears open Falzon's shirt, REVEALING SIMS' TAPE RECORDER.

60A OMITTED

60A*

60B INT. VACAVILLE - UPPER CELL TIER - CYRUS GRISSOM'S CELL

60B*

Larkin on the floor... Hand poking into the hiding place gouged in the wall... He begins to remove CONTRABAND: a book entitled "VOLATILE CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS" (or whatever).

*
*
*

LARKIN

*
*

Oh, boy.

He removes another book - a manual: "C-123K SERVICE MANUAL."

*

Larkin, expression darkening, flips through the C-123K manual. We see the C-123K's PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS.

*
*

He plucks out another paper - the passenger flight MANIFESTO.

*
*

LARKIN (CONT.)

*
*

You've gotta be kidding me....

61 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

61

DIAMOND DOG

Cyrus.

Cyrus turns; looks in the direction Diamond Dog points.

ACROSS THE TARMAC - THE B.O.P. BUS HAS STOPPED.

Cyrus and Diamond Dog exchange a worried look.

B.O.P. CHIEF
(v.o., over radio)
That's up to you, just do it.

Starkey, rattled, thinks.

64C INT. VACAVILLE - CYRUS' CELL - DAY

64C

Larkin still arm-deep in the hole... A pile of LETTERS, a
TIN BOX...

GUARD GARNER
This one was outta the envelope.

Guard Garner hands Larkin a LETTER PRINTED ON FORMAL
LETTERHEADED STATIONERY.

LARKIN
Bogota....Columbia? Looks like
from a law firm. Anybody here read
Spanish?

Guards Garner and Renfro stare back blankly.

65 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

65

Cyrus is watching the refueling truck, willing it to pump
faster. Starkey walks up to him.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Hi, there.

STARKEY
Almost ready?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Won't be long now.

Starkey is terrified and trying to hide it. He dry
swallows. Blinks. His eyes tick to the right.

Cyrus follows Starkey's eyes.

THE TWO AIRPORT SECURITY VANS are approaching.

Starkey goes for his gun. Cyrus draws first. He shoots
Starkey in the head...

The Fuel Jockey, ear protectors on, view obstructed by the
wing, doesn't even notice...

66 INT. C-123K - DAY

66

Poe and cons react to the gunfire.

66A EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE - DAY

66A

Pinball, still flirting with the Female Baggage handler.

PINBALL

... and on Sundays I take the
orphan kids for rides in my
Ferrari...

(hearing the shots)

Shit!

Pinball sprints for the C-123K.

66B INT. VACAVILLE - CYRUS' CELL - DAY

66B*

They continue to sort through the stuff... Guard Garner
comes upon an anomaly:

GUARD GARNER

Check this out --

He shows it to the others... Its the famed depiction of "The
Last Supper" in all its solemn splendor... Only with one
small difference: THE EYES OF MOST OF THE APOSTLES HAVE
BEEN POKED OUT...

GUARD RENFRO

Creepy --

Larkin stares at the painting... He then goes to the Bogota
Colombia law firm letter. It dawns on him.

He puts two and two together, literally, laying The Last
Supper with the punched-out eyes over the Spanish letter.
Single, DISTINCT LETTERS appear in the vacant eye-holes.

Larkin unpockets a PEN AND NOTEPAD; uncaps the pen with his
teeth; starts recording letters on the pad.

67 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

67

Cyrus, Diamond Dog, and Billy gallop for the rear stair
ramp. They scramble up and onto the plane. The hatch
closes.

The Airport Security Vans bear down on the C-123K. Pinball
sprints for his life after the C-123K.

PINBALL

Hey, c'mon, wait, wait, c'mon!!

68 INT. C-123K - DAY

68

Cyrus screams down the aisle.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

LET'S GO!

69 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

69

Swamp Thing fires up the engines.

70 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

70

The plane lurches forward, knocking the FUEL JOCKEY from the FUEL HOSE BOOM. The fuel hose pulls taut in its socket, then SNAPS. The C-123K taxis off.

70A INT. VACAVILLE - CYRUS' CELL - DAY

70A

Larkin's hand flashes across the page, copying each letter revealed through the punch-holes. It looks like this:
M E...

LARKIN

Me...

He keeps recording letters: M E E T C

*

Larkin stares at the letters, confused...

*

LARKIN

Me Etc...

*

(beat)

*

Me Etc. ?

*

*

GUARD RENFRO

*

Yeah, "me etc." He's a skitzo --

*

71 INT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - CONTROL TOWER - DAY

71

The TRAFFIC CONTROL CREW is going about its normal business.
One notices the C-123K beginning to taxi.

A.T.C. #1

What's this asshole, doing?

A.T.C. #2

He's moving onto the runways. We
got PLANES COMIN' IN ON THAT
RUNWAY!

The flight control crew goes nuts. Everyone jumps to their
radio at once, warning incoming flights.

72 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

72

Swamp Thing at the controls. The Air Traffic Control
Supervisor comes over the radio frantically:

A.T.C. (O.S.)

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WE'VE
GOT THREE PLANES LINED UP, COMING
IN - !

SWAMP THING

(into radio)

No one on this aircraft gives a
flying fuck! Haw, haw! Get it?
Flying fuck. Thank you, thank you,
here all week...

72A INT. VACAVILLE - CYRUS' CELL - DAY

72A

Larkin writes out:

*

LARKIN
ME ETC ARSON IT

*

*

And he writes the last letter in the last eye... "Y"

*

LARKIN (CONT.)
Me Etc. Arson It y --

*

*

Larkin plays with the words a bit more... Until he soon
creates: "Meet Carson City." He stares at it in horror.

*

*

LARKIN
Stay here.
(bolts from the cell)
And don't touch anything... !

*

*

*

*

73 INT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - CONTROL TOWER - DAY

73

The Traffic Controllers stare at their monitors aghast.

A.T.C.
Get me the U.S. Marshal's Office.

74 INT. VACAVILLE - UPPER CELL TIER - DAY

74

Larkin storms out of Cyrus' cell with the decoded message
and the C-123K plans, down the tier. He begins to jog and

75 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

75

-- PINBALL, running after the C-123K full-speed. It moves
onto the runway, ENGINES WINDING UP.

The Airport Security Vans stop. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICERS
get out, into their firing stances.

PINBALL, still chases the plane... He's close to reaching
it... But before we see if he does we

75B INT. VACAVILLE - DAY

75B

Guard GARNER picks up the tin box. It has an old- fashioned
picture of an airplane on the lid.

GARNER
I'm curious. You curious?

RENFRO
You heard him, Garner. Don't fuck
with that.

Garner opens the tin box. We see, for one split second, a
CHEMICAL INCENDIARY DEVICE, and --

75C INT. VACAVILLE - DAY

75C

The cell behind Larkin (still jogging), BLOWS OUT across the
tier, flames licking the ceiling. Larkin recoils, looks
back in horror. He runs back... through the smoke and
rubble... He comes to the blown-out cell.

HOLD ON LARKIN'S FACE... AS HE LOOKS AT THE CARNAGE...

A RING. Larkin takes his cell phone from his pocket...
holds it up to his ear.

LARKIN

Hello, Skip...
(beat)
I know...

75D EXT. CARSON CITY AIRFIELD - DAY

75D

The C-123K lifts off.

76 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

76

Swamp Thing turns to Cyrus.

SWAMP THING

Shine sweet freedom....

The plane lifts into the air.

77 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

77

Cons hold their collective breath as the plane accelerates.
Poe silently curses.

78 EXT. CARSON CITY AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

78

The Airport Security Guards stand, mouths agape, as the
C-123K disappears into the sky.

79A INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - U.S. MARSHAL SERVICES - DEVERS'
OFFICE - DAY

79A*

Larkin, Devers storm down the corridor, Ginny following,
trying to keep up...

CHIEF DEVERS

That plane was carrying a thousand
years to Feltham.

LARKIN

Be nice if they could just stay up
there forever, wouldn't it?

CHIEF DEVERS

My God, Vince, we got the '27
Yankees of murderers and
psychopaths on that plane.

They round a corner, running into MALLOY.

MALLOY

What the fuck happened?

CHIEF DEVERS

Duncan --

MALLOY

My agent? What happened to
Sims-- ?

Beat...

CHIEF DEVERS

They killed him, Duncan --

Malloy is aghast... Momentarily bewildered... He leans back
heavily against the wall...

MALLOY

Six years ago, William Sims came to me. He said he wanted to be a soldier in the war against drugs... And now...

Malloy looks up... He sees the object of his misery: Larkin...

MALLOY (CONT'D)

What kind of half-assed, jerk-off Keystone Cop operation are you running here -- ?

CHIEF DEVERS

Duncan --

MALLOY

You got my man killed, you little shit -- !

LARKIN

He brought a gun on-board...

CHIEF DEVERS

Vince --

MALLOY

Damn right he did! If we'd know how you run things I would've had him bring on an Uzi -- !

LARKIN

No one carries on these flights... No one... No weapons are allowed in the secured perimeter of the aircraft... In doing so, he compromised the safety of my men...

MALLOY

Your men? Your men are incompetent... They got taken over by a bunch of thugs in chains and cages...

CHIEF DEVERS

Okay, fellas... This ain't getting us anywhere --

MALLOY

Tell me the plan. You have a back-up plan, don't you -- ?

LARKIN

I'm working on it. This situation has never been contemplated. What they did is impossible.

MALLOY

Well you'd better start
contemplating because this is a
situation that needs to get
unfucked. Right now --

82 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

82

Cyrus and Diamond greet Cindino.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Welcome, Francisco...

CINDINO

Not exactly the most skillful
execution, Mr. Grissom.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Certainly not. Something...
happened...

CINDINO

I suggest you determine what that
"something" was...

And Cindino turns away from them. Diamond Dog begins to
move towards Cindino. But Cyrus puts a hand on his chest to
hold him back.

Poe is with Bishop...

BISHOP

You really kill a man for his
Jello?

*

POE

No... I'm not saying Jello wasn't
involved... But he came after me in
the yard... With a shiv... It was
self-defense... But they moved me
to Quentin... Far, far from home...

*

Bishop nods... Poe looks to the rear where --

-- Cyrus and Diamond Dog are with Garland Greene.

DIAMOND DOG

What are we supposed to do with him?

-CYRUS THE VIRUS

Well, I'll tell you one thing:
this is no way to treat a national
treasure.

(removes Garland's head
restraint)

Love your work, old boy.

Cyrus winks and walks up front. Guard Joe stares at
Garland, genuinely spooked. Garland offers him a bloodless
smile.

Billy walks up to Poe.

POE

What?

BILLY BEDLAM

Hey, peace, bro. Bygones and shit.
You were in The Q, right?

POE

Yeah --

BILLY BEDLAM

And you're a lifer, I hear you say?

POE

That's right --

BILLY BEDLAM

Me, too.

Diamond Dog walks past them.

DIAMOND DOG

Pinball? Where the fuck you at,
boy?

After he's gone --

BILLY BEDLAM

Lifers are all confined to North
Block, aren't they?

POE

I guess --

BILLY BEDLAM

You remember that big bull name of Victor Lomas? Warden fired him on account he was gettin' regular head from a nigger fuckboy called Lulu?

POE

Can't recall him.

BILLY BEDLAM

It was a big deal on D-Block. Maybe you ain't really from D-Block --

BABY-O

Maybe you should shut the fuck up, you steroid-swallowin'-swastika-wearin'-HEE- HAW-watchin' motherfucker. Cos you startin' to get on my nerves, man.

Poe walks up the aisle. Billy watches him narrowly.

83 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

83

Cyrus The Virus, Francisco Cindino, and Swamp Thing, confer. Diamond Dog enters cockpit.

DIAMOND DOG

Pinball didn't make it.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Too bad. I liked Pinball.

CINDINO

We've lost the element of surprise!

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Calm down, Francisco. I've got contingencies upon contingencies. That's why your father chose me.

Poe enters the cockpit.

DIAMOND DOG

What the fuck do you want?

POE

If I'm in this I want to know the plan.

Cyrus stares at Poe. The RADIO interrupts them:

LARKIN (O.S.)

Cyrus. Cyrus Grissom. You copy?

Cyrus stares at the radio, thinking. Clicks it on.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Identify yourself.

84 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

84

Larkin and Malloy.

LARKIN
United States Marshal Vince Larkin
and Duncan Malloy of the D.E.A.

LARKIN/CYRUS - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Hello, Agent Malloy. Sorry about
your associate. There really is
nothing sadder than the sight of a
grown man pissing himself.

MALLOY
LISTEN HERE, GRISSOM, YOU PUNY
FUCKING ANIMAL, WHEN I GET THROUGH
WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE BEGGING 'EM FOR
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

Cyrus does not respond. There is total silence. Larkin and
Malloy both stare at the radio.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
I don't think I like him. If he
speaks again, this conversation is
terminated.

LARKIN
(jumping in)
Okay... okay... He's not going to
talk again.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Fine, I will speak to you. Here
are the rules: I get one question,
you get one question.

LARKIN
Agreed. What's your question,
Cyrus?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(stares at Poe)
In Carson City your bulls were on
to us. How?

MALLOY
(jumps in)
One of the guards had a...

Larkin immediately covers the microphone and pushes Malloy
back.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

One of the guards had a what?

Cyrus scrutinizes Poe throughout this exchange. Poe betrays nothing.

LARKIN

A... a heart attack. One of the guards faked a heart attack and we had to remove his restraints.

Poe relaxes a little.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

And your question?

LARKIN

Where you going in that plane?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

We're going to Disneyland.

LARKIN

You're lying Cyrus.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

So were you, Vince.

85 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY

85

Click. Larkin turns to Ginny.

LARKIN

Brief the F.A.A. Get 'em to issue an order directing all air traffic from the entire Southwest. Let's find out how many gang affiliations we've got on board and who belongs to what. I want to know everything. If a guy's got hayfever or partial to Montgomery Clift movies - I want to know...

GINNY

You got it, Vince.

LARKIN

They refueled in Carson City... So the next possible landing is within a 102 minute flight-time radius of Carson City...

MALLOY

Why -- ?

LARKIN

At each stop we fill the plane with
only enough fuel to take it to its
next destination... As a...

(hates saying it)

... security measure...

Malloy looks at him, disgusted... It's not even worth a
dig...

They move to a RADAR SCREEN. We see our familiar BLIP.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

They're heading southeast toward
Arizona!

Malloy grabs a phone, staring at Larkin he punches numbers.

MALLOY

I want a chopper. Make that a few
of 'em. I want 'em armed. And
they got to be able to keep up with
that plane. I don't care if it's
Air Force, National Guard,
whatever.

Malloy slams down the phone, still staring at Larkin.

86 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

86*

Diamond Dog moves down the aisle. Poe is in his face.

DIAMOND DOG

What's on your brain, Giant-Killer?

POE

I was just wondering what a black
militant is doing taking orders
from a white boy on a power trip --

DIAMOND DOG

Means to an end, my friend. Means
to an end. I'm carrying a life
sentence. If Cyrus the Virus has
figured a way out, I can play house
nigger till we get to where we're
going...

POE

Then what happens -- ?

DIAMOND DOG

Darkness falls... As the Day Of The
Dog begins --

He walks off, grinning. Poe sits back down by Baby-O.

BABY-O

What was that about?

*
*

POE

Oh, nothing. Except they somehow managed to get every freak and ghoul in the universe on this plane. And then somehow managed to let them take it over. And then somehow managed to stick us right in the middle.

87
THRU OMITTED
88

87
THRU
88

89A INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

89A

Larkin, Devers, Malloy, Ginny, and several U.S. marshals sit around a table. Larkin passes out several files.

LARKIN

Here's his jacket. Cameron Poe. U.S. Army Ranger, highly decorated. Sure, he did some hell raising when he was younger, but nothing serious...

MALLOY

Explain to me why any of this matters.

LARKIN

Fact one: You've got a plane full of thieves, rapists and killers, and this guy Poe, in on an involuntary manslaughter beef, non-gang affiliated, hitching a ride home. Fact two: Poe has a chance to get off the plane but doesn't. Fact three: our guard, Falzon, says a convict named Cameron Poe planted Sims' tape-recorder on him. The conclusion: I think we have an ally.

MALLOY

Ally? That is the single greatest slice of speculative horseshit I've ever heard.

LARKIN

Ah, Agent Malloy, and therein lies its beauty. The groovy thing about speculation is that, well, it's purely speculative!

MALLOY

He's a criminal, a murderer.

LARKIN

Read the file, he got in a drunken brawl defending his wife, and killed a man. It could've happened to any of us -- including you and me.

MALLOY

Speak for yourself, Larkin. I'm not one of those animals.

LARKIN

Animals? When did they become that?

MALLOY

When they stopped giving a damn
about the law, about civilization.

LARKIN

"The degree of civilization in a
society can be judged by observing
its prisoners." Fyodor Dostoevsky
said that after visiting a Russian
jail.

MALLOY

"Fuck you." Cyrus Grissom said
that after putting a bullet into my
agent's head. Okay?

CHIEF DEVERS

Guys, guys, the only issue here is
how that plane is gonna be brought
down.

MALLOY

(looks at the others)
Shoot it out of the sky.

LARKIN

When did this become the D.E.A.'s
jurisdiction?

MALLOY

The second a D.E.A. agent was
murdered. I'm authorized to bring
Agent Sims' killers to justice
using, and I quote, "all necessary
means."

LARKIN

That doesn't include shooting the
plane down.

MALLOY

Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't.

LARKIN

(looks at Devers)
You're not actually entertaining
this, Skip. You're not serious.

CHIEF DEVERS

This is a drastic situation, Vince.

LARKIN

My men are up there.

MALLOY

Every one of 'em's signed a no-hostage clause. They know the score.

LARKIN

The score? Who are you to decide the value of a man's life?

Larkin and Malloy stare at each other. We hear the WHUP WHUP WHUP of HELICOPTER BLADES.

MALLOY

About time.

LARKIN

What's that? What the hell's going on, Skip?

CHIEF DEVERS

Attack choppers, Vince. We're going after 'em.

92 INT. MARSHAL SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

92*

Larkin follows Malloy and Devers...

LARKIN

Skip, this is a bad idea... This man is not to be trusted... His agent was killed, he wants revenge...

Malloy, without looking at Larkin, continuing to walk...

MALLOY

And he's gonna get it...

LARKIN

(to Devers)
Do you hear this -- ?

Larkin sees Malloy is getting away... Larkin gets right into his face, non-stop:

LARKIN

You know you're going to kill six innocent people up there... I tell you what - I'll give you Sally Bishop's parents phone number, because after you blow them out of the fucking sky, maybe you can say a few words at her funeral...

MALLOY

Not now, Larkin --

7/7/96 - REV. PINK2

63.

LARKIN

You know you and Cyrus are a lot alike. You both like the soft white belly of the kill...

MALLOY

I said: Not now...

LARKIN

You both got the taste. You and Cyrus both. He dreams about it from his cell, you dream about it in your Corvette... Look at you - you've got a hard-on right now just thinking about it...

Malloy whirls on Larkin, grabs fistfuls of his collar and shoves him up against the wall...

MALLOY

You little fuckin' bastard, I'll kill y--

Larkin holds up his hands... Slight smile...

LARKIN

But only in the line of duty, right, Malloy?

Malloy stares at Larkin for a beat... Lips curled... Point, Larkin... Malloy releases him... Glances to the choppers - a four-man HUEY and two two-man COBRAS... Malloy smiles...

MALLOY

Time to bring the noise...

Point, Malloy... He kicks open the doors... And he's out...

92A EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

92A*

They walk to the choppers... Larkin in Devers' ear...

LARKIN

Sir, this man is in an irresponsible frame of mind and --

MALLOY

Fuck off, Marshal Larkin - your work is done...

Malloy and Devers get into the Huey. Larkin makes a move to get in...

MALLOY (CONT'D)

Not enough room here --

LARKIN

(to Devers)

Sir --

'7/96 - REV. PINK2

63A.

CHIEF DEVERS
Go back to your office and don't
worry, Vince. No one here's gonna
do anything foolish...

*
*
*
*
*

The choppers lift off. Larkin watches them go...

93 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

93

Cyrus shows Poe a SECTIONAL AERONAUTICAL CHART for the
California/Nevada border.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Lerner Airport, Poe, in The Middle
Of Nowhere. Our rendezvous spot.
Forty-nine minutes as the crow
flies from anything resembling
authority.

(gets on the p.a)
Gentlemen: we will, in some 5
hours time, be over the shores of
Mexico. But first we will change
aircraft. Thank-you and have a
nice day.

Poe walks from the cockpit... Very troubled indeed...

Swamp Thing sees a LIGHT on his panel glowing AMBER.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
What's our e.t.a. Swamp Thing?

SWAMP THING
At 228 miles per hour, 'bout....71
minutes.

(hits the switch under
the AMBER LIGHT)
Problem is we're not doin' 228
miles per hour. We're doin' 205.
We're draggin'.

(looks at Cyrus)
The landing gear ain't up. We're
gonna be late.

CINDINO
That is unacceptable...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to Diamond Dog)
Check it out --

DIAMOND DOG
What do I know about landing gear?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Learn --

94A INT. C-123X

94A

Poe walks by Bishop's cage...

POE
How you doin' in there, Sally
Bishop?

BISHOP
Living out all my fantasies, Poe...

POE
You got a family?

BISHOP

I got a cat. I had a husband. But he didn't like the cat. Something had to give.

POE

Must have been a tough choice...

BISHOP

Not really... In five years, the cat never once got drunk and embarrassed me in front of my friends... And in six years, the husband never once purred when I touched him... So it wasn't a tough choice at all...

Poe takes a seat by Baby-O, who doesn't look too hot.

BABY-O

Got the chucks, Poe. The chuck-horrors comin' on hard.

POE

Hold tight.

Billy Bedlam stomps back to them...

BILLY BEDLAM

We will tango, Poe.

POE

Now what's the problem, Billy?

BILLY BEDLAM

I don't trust you. I don't like your face. We will tango.

Billy walks off.

GARLAND GREENE (o.s.)

He's a font of misplaced rage.

Poe turns and looks at Garland Greene.

POE

Excuse me?

Greene blinks. There's something shy, nerdy about him.

GARLAND GREENE

Name your cliché. Mother held him too much. Or not enough. Last picked at kickball. Late-night-sneaky-uncle. Whatever.
(MORE)

GARLAND GREENE (cont'd)

Now he's so angry, moments of
levity actually cause him pain.
Give him headaches. Happiness, for
that gentleman, hurts...

Greene shrugs, smiles crookedly. Poe and Baby-O gulp.

94B EXT. NEVADA PENITENTIARY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

94B

Sitting there is TRICIA POE, 8 years older, with CASEY, 7,
Poe's daughter... Both wear pretty homecoming dresses and
carry presents... A "WELCOME HOME, DADDY!" sign is being
carefully crafted with Crayons and cardboard...

A BUREAU OF PRISONS OFFICER enters... He says something to
the DESK OFFICER... The Desk Officer gestures to Tricia...

The B.O.P. officer approaches...

B.O.P. OFFICIAL GRANT

Mrs. Poe -- ?

TRICIA POE

That's right --

B.O.P. OFFICIAL GRANT

My name's Grant... Bureau of
Prisons... There's been a slight
problem on your husband's flight --

CLOSE ON TRICIA - as she reacts to this...

B.O.P. OFFICIAL GRANT

And your presence has been
requested... In Oakland...

95 INT. C-123K - FRONT OF CABIN - DAY

95

Diamond Dog opens the hatch to the front floor hatch. He
hears the THUNDEROUS NOISE AND THE BLAST OF WIND and there's
no way he's going down there... He looks up... Poe is
nearby:

DIAMOND DOG

Poe -- !

POE

Yeah -- ?

DIAMOND DOG

Cyrus wants you to check out the
landing gear --

*

Poe looks into the churning abyss of the underfloor...

POE

Well, that's a good piece of
luck...

96 INT. C-123K - LOWER STORAGE/WHEEL BAY - DAY

96*

Poe, with Diamond Dog behind him, moves through the narrow
compartment leading underfloor. They walk through the aft
FREIGHT COMPARTMENT, passing the stacks of BANKER'S BOXES.

DIAMOND DOG

What do you know, they got all our
shit down here.

Poe looks at the box. His box, with Baby-o's yellow happy
face stickers, smiles at him.

They come to a hatch at the end of the freight compartment.
Poe opens it to --

The WHEEL BAY. The landing gear doors are PARTIALLY OPEN.
The VIBRATION of the increased drag SHAKES the compartment.
The WIND whips about.

Poe gets on hands and knees and crawls to the center wheel
bay. He slides open the hatch. He recoils. Crushed
between the leg strut and the brake assembly --

*

-- is PINBALL, squashed, his face frozen in death, his body
preventing the landing gear from fully retracting.

POE

Judas Priest...

DIAMOND DOG

God-damn! So that's what happened
to Pinball... That ain't no good
life...

Diamond Dog looks below them... The clouds are thick...

DIAMOND DOG

Cut him loose...

POE

What?

DIAMOND DOG

Cut him loose... He's slowin' us
down!

Diamond Dog turns back the way they came.

Diamond Dog exits. Poe looks at the poor, contorted face of Pinball. He then looks into the clouds... Only, as they pass, they reveal something else below: a CITY...

He notices something. Hanging around Pinball's neck in its special clip-chain A SHARPIE MAGIC MARKER.

97 OMIT (97)

97

98 INT. C-123K - LOWER STORAGE/WHEEL BAY

98

Poe, kneeling, reaching down to Pinball, finishes writing the following on Pinball's T-SHIRT: TO VINCE LARKIN. U.S. MARSHAL SERVICE. GOING LERNER AIRFIELD. RENDEZVOUS.

Poe grabs Pinball's arm and leg, which are pretzeled around the strut. He tries to unpretzel them, but rigor mortis prevents. The appendages have hardened.

DIAMOND DOG (o.s.)

You done, man?

Poe looks aft. Diamond Dog is returning.

POE

Shit.....

Poe switches to sitting position, his legs dangling out of the wheel bay. He kicks at Pinball's corpse. Again and again. Pinball won't budge.

With one final kick, Pinball suddenly detaches and falls away. Poe's momentum carries him out of the wheel bay, his feet lodging in the landing gear apparatus.

FX SHOT - starting on C.U. of Poe, CAMERA seemingly falls with Pinball 200 feet below the aircraft, ending with a WIDE SHOT of the plane passing overhead above us.

Poe hangs upside down outside the C-123K, his body buffeted by wind, slamming against the aircraft's belly. Poe tries to pull himself up. He can't.

Diamond Dog appears above Poe. He reaches down and grasps Poe's ankle and lifts him back into the plane.

99 EXT. DOWNTOWN, FRESNO - DAY

99

An intersection. A VOLVO STATION WAGON pulls out of a CARWASH into traffic behind a farmer's LIVESTOCK TRAILER.

99A INT. VOLVO STATION WAGON CAR - DAY

99A

A mid-50s COUPLE inside. A GRANNY in the back. A glot of BIRDSHIT spatters the windshield.

MAN

See that? See? Every time I get
her waxed, I'm not ten feet from
the carwash, then pow - birdshit.

WOMAN

It's supposed to be good luck.

WUMP! PINBALL'S CORPSE CRASHES onto the car's hood. The
Volvo runs into the rear of the LIVESTOCK TRAILER.

100 OMITTED

100*

101 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - LARKIN'S OFFICE

101

Larkin enters. Sitting there is TRICIA POE, 8 years older,
with CASEY, 7, Poe's daughter.

LARKIN

Vince Larkin.

TRICIA POE

Tricia Poe.

LARKIN

And this must be Casey. Hello,
Casey.

CASEY

Hello, Vince Larkin.

102 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN

102

Diamond Dog enters from the lower deck bulkhead wearing
WRAPAROUND SHADES.

BILLY BEDLAM

Where'd you get the rims, man?

DIAMOND DOG

Our p-prop's in the tail.

BILLY BEDLAM

(looks at Poe)
No kiddin'...

SALLY CAN'T DANCE
Hey, those are my shades.

DIAMOND DOG
Not any more, sister.

SALLY CAN'T DANCE
Men.

Billy Bedlam walks to the rear bulkhead. Descends. Poe watches Billy narrowly.

103 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - LARKIN'S OFFICE

103

Larkin and Tricia and two cups of coffee. Casey is coloring at Larkin's desk.

LARKIN
So. How are you?

She gives him a look...

LARKIN (CONT.)
Right. You thought you were going to see your husband today and then... Right...

TRICIA POE
What exactly is going to happen?

LARKIN
Well, that's why I brought you down here... I think Cameron may have had an opportunity to get off the plane... I'm trying to figure out why he might have stayed on...

TRICIA POE
You and me both.

LARKIN
You know, it's not uncommon for parolees to actually fear their release date... a certain degree of institutionalization sets in. There's a fear of coming home; a fear of living on the outside again.

TRICIA POE
That's not Cameron. If you read his letters, heard his voice on the phone... Today is the day that kept him going for every one of these last eight years.

Larkin nods. Casey colors.

TRICIA POE (CONT.)

I mean, look --

(And she gathers Casey in
her arms)

If you had this little girl waiting
for you, Mr. Larkin... Wouldn't you
want to get home?

LARKIN

There'd have to be a real good
reason to keep me on that plane...

TRICIA POE

That's the thing about Cameron...
I'm sure there is one...

Beat. Larkin walks over to see what Casey has colored.
It's an airplane, of course.

TRICIA POE (CONT.)

But do me a favor, Vince Larkin: if
you do see him. If you do talk to
him. Tell him to do whatever it
is he has to do and come back to
us. Tell him we need him.

Larkin looks at her. Nods. Ginny sticks her head in:

GINNY

Vince? Line 1.

LARKIN

(picks up phone)

Hello?

104 EXT. DOWNTOWN FRESNO - DAY

104

A SHERIFF on a cell phone. In the b.g. we can see a CROWD
surrounding Pinball's corpse atop the Volvo's hood.

SHERIFF

Vince Larkin? Marshal Service?

LARKIN

This is he.

SHERIFF

This is Ned Grasso, I'm a Sheriff here in Fresno. We got a problem with a corpse that fell out of the sky and I don't think he's an astronaut.

LARKIN

What's this got to do with me?

SHERIFF

The thing about this corpse? It's got your name written all over it.

Larkin stares at the phone receiver and --

105 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - DAY

105

LARKIN races in, Ginny following. Going to a MAP.

LARKIN

The last transponder I.D. was here. Northern Arizona. But the body lands here, in Fresno. And Lerner Airfield's in Death Valley.

(realizes)

They turned around. They're coming back this way. They're coming back this way!

(Ginny hands him a headset)

Get me Chief Devers.

106 INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY - IN FLIGHT

106

Devers rides with Malloy. The c.b. beeps.

CHIEF DEVERS

Vince?

LARKIN (O.S.)

(over radio)

Turn around! The plane's going to Lerner Airfield! It's a small strip in Death Valley!

MALLOY

Death Valley? Horseshit. We're tailing their transponder tag into Arizona.

LARKIN

Listen to me: a body fell from the sky. It had a note on it...

Their PILOT turns back to them...

PILOT

We got 'em vectored at 12-O'clock and thirty miles.

CHIEF DEVERS

Vince. Please, son. We are right on their tail --

LARKIN

Just listen! It was to me! The note on the body was to me!

Devers and Malloy share a look. Malloy is loving it...

106A INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - DAY

106A*

Larkin races out the door.

GINNY

Vince?

107 INT. OAKLAND U.S.M.S. OFFICES - HANGAR - DAY

107*

Larkin hurries up to the TRANSPORTATION OFFICER.

LARKIN

I need a plane or a chopper.

TRANSPORT OFFICER

You and me both. I'm all out.

LARKIN

I need to get to Lerner airfield...
(he looks at his watch;
adds it up)
... in forty minutes.

TRANSPORT OFFICER

Forty minutes? It's only about 70
miles... You got a fast car? You
can drive it...

107A EXT. MARSHAL SERVICES

107A

Larkin explodes from the front, map in hand... He runs to
his CAR... The most broken-down, cancer-ridden Pinto ever to
crawl from the Dearborn assembly lines... He looks at his
watch...

LARKIN

Shit...

When something catches his eye... He smiles...

107B OMITTED

107B*

107C EXT. U.S. MARSHAL SERVICES HANGAR - DAY

107C

Ginny runs out of the building... In time to see vanity
plate "AZZ KIKR" peeling out of the motor pool.

GINNY

Oh, boy.

107D EXT. ROAD BETWEEN OAKLAND AND LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY

107D

Larkin's (Malloy's) corvette roars down a two-lane road at
100 m.p.h., passing sporadic cars like they're standing
still.

107E INT. LARKIN'S (MALLOY'S) CORVETTE - DAY

107E

Larkin's on the cell-phone, wearing Malloy's leather driving
gloves and shades.

LARKIN

That's right, State Troopers,
Sheriffs, National Guard, whatever
you people have. But no contact
should be made. A secured
perimeter should be set-up two
miles from the airfield and you
should await my...

He switches the phone from left to right ear. He drops it.
He looks down, fishing for the phone. When he looks up --

-- He's in the wrong lane and A RECREATION VEHICLE is heading straight for him. Larkin throws the wheel --

107F EXT. ROAD BETWEEN OAKLAND AND LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY

107F

The Corvette swerves into the correct lane, missing the recreation vehicle by three inches.

The Corvette spins out of control. It slides into a 360 turn, then again and again. Three complete revolutions.

Finally it lurches to a stop. Larkin speeds off again...

108 INT. C-123K - LOWER STORAGE/WHEEL BAY - DAY

108

Billy Bedlam forages through the con's banker's boxes. Not far from his foraging hands is THE YELLOW HAPPY FACE STICKER affixed to Poe's box.

109 OMITTED

109*

110 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT - DAY

110

Cyrus, Cindino, Swamp Thing, and Diamond Dog.

CINDINO

Don't they have a way of tracking these planes?

SWAMP THING

It's called a transponder. Every plane's got one.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(ingenuous)

Gosh, Swamp, where's our transponder?

Cindino looks at the gaping hole in the instrument panel where the transponder was. Cyrus smiles wide, and --

111 INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY - IN-FLIGHT - DAY 111

The PILOT turns back to Malloy and Devers.

PILOT
We're seconds away from
establishing visual contact.

113 INT. UNCLE BOB'S PROP PLANE - IN-FLIGHT 113

THE C-123K TRANSPONDER blinks in the rear luggage hold of Uncle's Bob's prop plane, where Pinball stowed it.

Uncle Bob is flying over the Grand Canyon's North Rim and talking over the p.a. to his customers - the family of three.

UNCLE BOB
Below to the left you'll see the
vertical redwall cliffs, where the
water has dissolved intense caverns
and caves out of pure limestone and
dolomite formations.

Suddenly THE FLEET OF HUEY AND COBRA CHOPPERS appear in front of them, storming the skies, gunning for them.

Uncle Bob and the family SCREAMS.

114 INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY 114

Malloy and Devers look at each other.

MALLOY
What the fuck is that?

Devers, in horrible realization, gets on his radio.

CHIEF DEVERS
Get me Vince Larkin.

115 INT. C-123K - LOWER STORAGE BAY 115

Billy Bedlam has found Poe's banker's box. He's reading the parole letter. Billy looks up. Poe is there. Billy grins. Poe sees his pink bunny on the floor. Nose to the grime.

POE
Put the bunny back in the box...

BILLY BEDLAM

I knew you weren't no lifer. And
lo and behold, you a fuckin'
parolee... You been turning turtle
on us this whole time, haven't you?

POE

I said: put the bunny back in the
box.

Billy swings. Poe takes it on the shoulder. He sends a
fist into Billy's face. The brawl is on.

116 INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN - DAY

116

Garland Greene, in the rear tail bulkhead, can hear the
sounds of scuffle from down below.

He reaches over and closes the hatch.

117 INT. LOWER STORAGE BAY

117

Poe and Billy pummel each other. Poe connects with a
roundhouse. Billy spits out a tooth. Smiles.

BILLY BEDLAM

Now I'm annoyed.

Billy charges, swinging. Poe grabs Billy's shirt and uses
his momentum to propel him UP AND OVER POE. Billy flies
toward the tail --

FLUNCH! He is IMPALED on the dagger-like STRUT.

Billy Bedlam hangs there. Dies. Poe regards him...

POE

Why couldn't you put the bunny back
in the box?

Poe picks up his parole letter, folds it and sticks it in
his pocket. He stuffs the bunny in the banker's box.

120 EXT. SKIES

120

The C-123K descends through 18,000 feet.

121 INT. C-123K - REAR

121

Baby-O dozes. Poe comes down the aisle. Sits next to
Garland Greene.

GARLAND GREENE

Two went down. One came up.

(Poe says nothing)

You don't have to tell me. I'm sure you had your reasons. Most murders are crimes of necessity rather than desire. But the Great Ones: Dahmer, Gacy, Bundy, did it because...it excited them.

POE

They were insane.

GARLAND GREENE

Now you're into semantics...

"Insane?" What if I told you "insane" was working 50 hours a week in some office for 50 years, at the end of which you are told to piss off... Ending up in a retirement village, hoping to die before suffering the indignity of no longer being able to make it to the toilet on time. What if I told you that was "insane."

POE

Murdering thirty people, semantics or not, is insane...

GARLAND GREENE

One girl - I drove through three states wearing her head as a hat.

Poe stares at him. Blinks. Beat...

POE

Feel free not to share everything with me.

124 EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY

124

A tiny strip for weekend aviators and the rare commercial prop, set in a belt of rugged land. A few hangars, a small control tower, AN OLD PLANE BONEYARD.

A lone CESSNA is on the horizon.

A124A INT. C-123K

A124A*

Poe sits, awaiting the landing... Cyrus The Virus sits down next to him...

*
*

CYRUS THE VIRUS

This is some kind of situation we find ourselves in, isn't it?

*
*
*

POE

Yes, sir --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Yes, sir! My, aren't we polite?

POE

Someone once called me a "sissy"
for bein' polite... You know what I
told him? There's a "man" in
manners, so why don't you get some?

Cyrus titters...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

"There's a 'man' in manners."
That's a good one...

He looks out the window, voice deadening...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

When I heard they were building
Feltham, I knew they would send me
there... Locked-down 24-7... I also
knew I'd never see it... I am no
longer willing to live just for the
privilege of breathing. Do you
understand that?

POE

Of course --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

This has been years in the making,
Cameron. And nothing will stop it.

POE

It's a thing of beauty, Cyrus --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Prison tries to kill everything
that's evil inside a man,
Cameron... That's its sole
purpose... Sometimes, though, it
works the other way... And
everything good inside dies...

POE

I've seen it happen.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

I haven't had a good thought in
years, Cameron... Not a one...
Until today...

POE

Today...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Today... Yes... Because today, one way or the other, we will be free.

Poe looks at him... Beat...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)

But tell me: what do you want, Cameron Poe -- ?

POE

What do I want -- ?

Beat... Poe looks at Cyrus... Measuring him... Should he tell him the truth? Why not?

POE (CONT.)

I just want a cold beer, my little girl speedin' by on her Big Wheel... I'm changing the oil on a '70 Chevelle SS 396, with four on the floor, 3:31 Positraction and a pair of Hedman Hedders coming in a close second to my daughter's giggles for the sweetest sound there is...

Cyrus nods, studying him...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

But that's not gonna happen. So let's get back to doing what we do so well -- killing, maiming and making people miserable...

124A EXT. LARKIN'S CONVERTIBLE CORVETTE - DAY

124A

Drives through the plane boneyard on the outskirts of the airfield "village." He parks in a wooden shed. Gets out and looks around. The place is deserted. Larkin walks toward the control tower.

124B OMIT

124B

125 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

125

They descend through the cloud ceiling. The tiny Lerner LANDING STRIP lies below. Swamp Thing speaks into the P.A.

SWAMP THING

All right, you downed peckerwoods. Crank the knuckles and hit the crystals. We're touching down.

- 126 INT. C-123K - MAIN COMPARTMENT 126
- The cons buckle in. Hail Marys are mumbled.
- 126A INT. CESSNA - COCKPIT - DAY 126A
- The pilot, TED, is calling the Lerner Tower.
- TED THE PILOT
Hey, Lerner Tower, what gives, I
need a response, over.... screw it,
I'm coming in anyway.
- But there is no response and CUT TO:
- 127 EXT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY 127
- Larkin comes up the exterior stairs.
- 127A INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY 127A
- Larkin enters. He looks around. The room is deserted.
- LARKIN
Hey. Anybody home?
- He sees a DIRTY MAGAZINE on the console, then something else. DROPS OF RED LIQUID.
- He dabs his finger in it, smells it. It is BLOOD. Larkin, alarmed, whirls around the room. He pulls his GUN... Approaches a closet. Opens it.
- The TRAFFIC CONTROLLER lies within, his throat cut. Larkin, repulsed, SLAMS the door.
- A sudden ROAR. Larkin looks out the window. The C-123K ROARS dangerously past the window. Larkin recoils. Grabs the c.b. radio. The wire has been CUT.
- Larkin looks out... Sees the Corvette parked by the shed... Larkin dashes out.
- 128A EXT. SKIES OVER LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY 128A
- In the distance, the C-123K banks to line up its approach.
- 129 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT 129
- Swamp Thing completes his "In Range" check. The C-123K shoots its approach. LANDING GEAR lower.
- 130 INT. THE CESSNA - COCKPIT - DAY 130
- Taxiing down the runway, TED THE PILOT, looks up in shock, as he sees the C-123K coming in right at him!

133 INT. C-123K

133

Poe and the cons hold on tight.

134A EXT. C-123K/INT. COCKPIT - THE LANDING

134A

The C-123K comes in too hot. It's headed on a crash course with the Cessna but Swamp Thing ain't backing off this game of chicken.

134AA INT. THE CESSNA - COCKPIT - DAY

134AA

Ted the pilot, with nowhere to go, at the last second, SWERVES out of the path of the C-123K, its wing inches away from the C-123K's massive props. The Cessna skids off the runway, into the dirt. (NEEDS TO BE RE-WRITTEN) *

134AB EXT. C-123K/INT. COCKPIT - THE LANDING

134AB

The C-123K still moving way too fast. The end of the runway RAPIDLY APPROACHES. The engines WHINE as they decelerate. The C-123K crashes through a wooden fence at runway's end onto a dirt road. The left wing scrapes a BARB WIRE FENCE, the right wing scrapes the AIRFIELD BUILDINGS, knocking out lights, etc.

134AC EXT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

134AC

Larkin runs into the shed and shuts the door. *

134B INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

134B

Larkin, hearing the C-123K, climbs up wooden cartons and opens a ROOF HATCH.

134C EXT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

134C

Larkin sticks his head out and ducks as --

THE WING OF THE C-123K nearly decapitates him; instead it rips off the roof hatch.

134D INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

134D

Larkin falls heavily to the floor of the shed.

134E EXT. C-123K

134E

Skids toward TWIN BUNKERS on either side of the dirt road which will sheer off the C-123K's WINGS so --

134F INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

134F

-- Swamp Thing jerks the control stick, and --

134G EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - DIRT ROAD BEYOND RUNWAY - DAY 134G

-- the C-123K skids off the dirt road toward A PROPANE TANK protected by a CHAIN LINK FENCE.

It SMASHES through a line of CRASH BARRELS and SKIDS TOWARD THE FENCE, its nose hitting it, stretching it to the breaking point. The plane slowly stops INCHES FROM THE PROPANE TANK.

The fence bracket BURSTS; the fence falls harmlessly on the propane tank. The C-123K'S nose SINKS DEEPLY INTO THREE FEET OF MUDDY MUCK.

134H EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - EDGE OF RUNWAY - DAY 134H

Ted the pilot unsnaps his harnesses. Drops to the dirt. He approaches the C-123K.

135 OMIT 135

136 INT. C-123K 136

Diamond Dog opens the cages, releasing the guards... Bishop makes to get out... But Cyrus is there...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Not so fast... We don't need any distractions... Lock her up, Nathan...

Diamond Dog pushes her into the cage and locks the doors... He gestures to Garland Greene...

DIAMOND DOG

What about this one --?

Cyrus regards Greene... Cyrus and Diamond Dog do a double-take - for sitting next to Greene, the guard, Joe, is dead... Eyes staring lifelessly into the beyond... They look at Greene, who shrugs, almost-bashful... Then:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Spring him --

DIAMOND DOG

You sure --?

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Spring him --!

137 EXT. C-123K

137

Cyrus, Cindino, Johnny 23, Garland and Diamond Dog and the other convicts exit the C-123K.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Lerner Airfield. I'm so glad to be here.

(glares)

Where's the plane, Francisco?

Cindino paces, nervous...

CINDINO
I don't know. Have patience.

Cyrus gets right into his face... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Patience? Last guy that told me to
"have patience" I burned him down
and bagged his ashes.

CINDINO
Cyrus, it will be here -- *

Ted, the Pilot, walks up, enraged.

TED THE PILOT
Hey, what the hell do you boys
think yer do...? Jesus Christ. *

Ted, the Pilot's, eyes move from the "Con Air" symbol to the
disembarking cons. His jaw drops. He turns and runs off
into the desert, never looking back.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to Johnny 23)
Hope he likes salt. Muchacho. *
Get up on that tower and have a *
look-see... Let's go get some fire *
power. *
(stops, turns to *
Cindino) *
You come with me. *

Johnny 23 jogs off to the tower. Garland wanders off. *

Swamp Thing checks out the plane as... Sally Can't Dance *
passes in front of him... *

SALLY CAN'T DANCE
Very glamorous. This place is *
perfect for me. Nice landing. *
Very smooth...

Swamp Thing laughs at her, but Sally sashays away... as he *
crosses toward the front of the plane. *

137AA INT. LERNER AIRFIELD - WOODEN SHED - DAY

137AA*

Through the wall slats, Larkin watches the cons disembark.

138 INT. C-123K - DAY

138

Poe attempts to lift Baby-O... Baby-O is in a bad way...

POE
C'mon, we're getting off...

BABY-O
I... can't...

POE

C'mon...

BISHOP

I don't think you should move him...

POE

I'm getting him off this plane --

BISHOP

He shouldn't be moved... He's too far along... He could go into anaphylactic shock...

BABY-O

She's right, Cam. You go --

POE

I'm not leaving without you --

Baby-O laughs weakly...

BABY-O

Here we go: Ranger boy... "I cannot leave a fallen comrade..." bla-bla-bla.

POE

Yeah, well...

BABY-O

Go, Poe... Time to fight, fuck or hit the fence... I suggest hitting the fence...

BISHOP

He's right... Go...

Poe looks at her... Then back at Baby-O... Tears stand in Baby-O's glazed eyes...

POE

I don't think so...

BABY-O

(to Bishop)
Poe can't play below his game... He's just a decent motherfucker, and try as he might, he just can't be nothin' else.

Bishop nods... She's hip to this concept...

POE

Here's how it's gonna play: I'm gonna get you a needle... There's gotta be a First Aid kit around here... And then you'll fix and then you'll be healthy and then we'll crawl stylishly outta here...

BABY-O

Whatever you say, Poe... Do what you gotta do...

POE

Just hang on and don't die on me.

They bang fists. Poe walks past Bishop.

POE (CONT.)

I'll be back for you too.

138A OMIT

138A*

139 INT. LERNER AIRFIELD - TOWER - DAY

139

Johnny 23 enters and looks around.

*

139AA EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY

139AA*

Conrad and a few other CONS come across a small...

GAS STATION

140 OMIT

140*

140A EXT. C-123K

140A*

POE exits and walks around to the side of the plane. He sees:

AT THE REAR OF THE C-123K - THE GUARDS are on their knees. Diamond Dog draws the Sig Sauer from his waistband and levels it at a GUARD'S head.

POE

What are you doing?

DIAMOND DOG

What does it look like I'm doing?
We gotta put 'em down --

POE

You can't do that --

DIAMOND DOG

Tell me why. Make it convincing.
Cos I been waiting a long time for this...

POE

They're hostages. We need 'em...

And Diamond Dog levels the gun at Poe's head...

DIAMOND DOG

What the fuck do you care?

POE

I don't. We just need 'em...

Diamond Dog studies Poe... Then:

DIAMOND DOG

I don't understand you... I watch
you... But I don't understand
you... Who are you?

Poe stares at him... At his gun... And Diamond Dog blinks
the sweat from his eyes... And maybe he's losing it a
little...

DIAMOND DOG (CONT'D)

Nothing's ever just black and
white. But from where I'm
standing -- it should all be
black...

And he cocks the hammer...

POE

Hey, man -- I can't think of a
thing I'd like better than to put a
bullet in the brain-base of every
one of these fuckers.

He kicks at a guard, sending the man to the dirt... We can
see that Poe hates doing this but he's got to play the
part...

ANGLE - Cyrus the Virus, by the plane... He sees this --

POE (CONT'D)

But the plain fact of the matter is
-- How well you know this Cindino?
I mean, I don't know him that well
myself -- just what I read. Like
how he fire-bombed that Prime
Minister's yacht -- with two of his
own cousins on board...

DIAMOND DOG

What's your point?

POE

Man who would kill his own
cousins... Why would he sweat
killing some hired guns once they'd
served his purpose...?

POE (CONT'D)

But the plain fact of the matter is
-- How well you know this Cindino?
I mean, I don't know him that well
myself -- just what I read. Like
how he fire-bombed that Prime
Minister's yacht -- with two of his
own cousins on board...

DIAMOND DOG

What's your point?

POE

Man who would kill his own
cousins... Why would he sweat
killing some hired guns once they'd
served his purpose...?

Diamond Dog and Poe trade eyeballs... It looks like Poe's
bluff ain't working... Then:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What exactly is occurring here?

DIAMOND DOG

(never taking his eyes
from Poe)
Giant-Killer don't want me to bury
the bulls --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Really --?

DIAMOND DOG

Really...

Cyrus regards Poe... Then:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Now, I can understand why Nathan
here wants to kill the guards...
But what I'm struggling with,
Cameron, is: why you don't?

POE

Cyrus, this is your barbecue, and
boy, it's been beautiful -- it
really has. First class in every
way... Wonderfully organized... A
streamlined machine. And well...
I'm proud to be a part of it, boss.
Now, I was just tellin' Mr... Dog
over here, that if it was my
barbecue, which it isn't, nor
should it be -- don't get me
wrong -- I'd wait for that ol'
jumbo jet in the sky before I start
killing our only leverage.

(MORE)

POE (cont'd)

And Dog gets all uppity, pointing
guns and shit and, well, now I
think that's sloppy. And I know as
well as you that sloppy is where
the machine starts to break down...
DOG. Don't you wanna get laid? I
do! Just askin' ya'll to think
about it...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Diamond Dog and Poe trade eyeballs... It looks like Poe's bluff ain't working... Then:

CYRUS THE VIRUS

What exactly is occurring here?

DIAMOND DOG

(never taking his eyes
from Poe)

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should it be -- don't get me
wrong -- I'd wait for that ol'
jumbo jet in the sky before I start
killing our only leverage. And Dog
gets all uppity, pointing guns and
shit and, well, now I think that's
sloppy. And I know as well as you
that sloppy is where the machine
starts to break down... DOG. Don't
you wanna get laid? I do! Just
askin' ya'll to think about it...

DIAMOND DOG

Fuck this --

And Diamond Dog walks over to a guard and puts the gun to
his head...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Put the gun down, Nathan...

DIAMOND DOG

Cyrus --

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(looking at Cindino in
the b.g.)
Things have changed. We're going
to Plan B. We need a refueling
truck and a tractor. Right away.
Poe's right... We need the
hostages.

DIAMOND DOG
What the fuck for?

140BB EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - BY THE C-123K - DAY

140BB*

SHOVELS digging in, slinging dirt. CONS AND GUARDS are
shoveling out the C-123K.

Poe, digging, looks at Cyrus.

POE
My daddy taught me that many hands
make light work.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
You know what my daddy taught
me?.... Nothin'.

POE
Oh, a self-educated man.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to Viking)
Viking, about time to go get a
tractor. Yeah.

POE
I'll go get the fuel truck.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Sure Poe. You're turning out to be
a most useful mammal.

Poe and Viking jog off toward separate airfield buildings.
Cindino begins walking off.

Cyrus throws a shovel to Cindino.

CINDINO
You expect me to... ?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Dig.

Cindino, glaring at Cyrus, takes the shovel and begins to
dig. He nervously looks across the airfield at a STORE
DEPOT covered with a tarpaulin.

140CC INT. LERNER AIRFIELD - WOODEN SHED - DAY

140CC*

Larkin watches POE and VIKING moving across the airfield.
Larkin leaves.

*

141AA EXT. LERNER - TRAILER PARK BEYOND AIRFIELD - DAY

141AA*

Garland Greene arrives at the outskirts of a TRAILER PARK.
There is an abandoned, cracked, empty swimming pool.

Garland Greene walks up to it. A LITTLE GIRL is playing on
the cement floor of the pool.

She looks up, unafraid.

GARLAND GREENE

Hi.

*
*

LITTLE GIRL

Hello. What's your name?

GARLAND GREENE

Garland.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello, Garland. Want to play?

GARLAND GREENE

Sure.

*
*

Greene nods shyly, eyes lidded, a smile spreading.

142 EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - NEAR STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

142

Poe and Viking run up the field... Viking climbs onto a
tractor. He spots the FUEL TRUCK by a storage depot...

*
*

VIKING

Hey, Dixie... There's the fuel
truck... Go get it!

*
*
*

Poe heads for the storage depot. Viking runs off for the
tractor.

*
*

143 EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

143

Cindino, very nervous now, watches Poe's movements next to
the STORAGE DEPOT.

143AA INT. C-123K

143AA

Empty... Save for the quivering Baby-O... And the caged
Guard Bishop...

BISHOP

I guess I should look on the bright
side: I didn't have a date for New
Year's anyways...

BABY-O

All the times, all the times you
think about the ways you're gonna
go out... I gotta tell ya, Guard
Bishop, this was never one of
'em...

Bishop looks at him... No shit...

143A INT. AIRPORT - MAIN BUILDING

143A

Sally Can't Dance has found a suitcase. She begins pulling
out several dresses from the open suitcase. She holds a
purple one up. *

144 OMIT

144

A144A EXT. LERNER - FUEL TRUCK - DAY

A144A*

Poe goes to the fuel truck. But instead of driving it out,
he unspools the hose, sticking the end on the ground. He
begins pumping the precious fuel, which gurgles down and
out. *

Poe enters the storage depot. *

144A INT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

144A

Poe opens the tent flap, sliding inside. He stops,
searches a desk top and some boxes. *

Poe is smashed across the back of his head with a handgun
and is yanked back into the Lear jet area. *

145 EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

145

Viking pulls up on an OLD FARM TRACTOR. *

145A EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

145A*

Swamp Thing attaches a length of CABLE to the C-123K's NOSE
HOOK, then begins running the cable to the back of the OLD
TRACTOR. *

SWAMP THING

Where's that fuel truck at?

Cyrus scans the airfield, looking for Poe...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Where indeed?

Conrad comes around the corner, pushing a shopping cart
laden with booze, a boom box, CDs, dirty mags, etc.

CONRAD

Check it out. We got the whole
single-malt family here. Not bad
for Bumfuck...

Cyrus takes a box of CHERROOTS from the cart... Takes one
out... Lights it... Continues to scan the horizon for Poe...

The convicts and guards keep digging. The CRATER around
the C-123K's wheel assembly is large now. The wheel is
exposed and almost ready to move.

146 EXT. LERNER - TRAILER PARK - DAY

146

Garland Greene and the little girl. Garland Greene sits
with the little girl. He holds the boy doll, she the girl
doll.

LITTLE GIRL

It's nice to see you, Bob. Would
you like to come over for dinner?
(Garland doesn't respond)
I thought you wanted to play--?

GARLAND GREENE

I... do.

LITTLE GIRL

Well you have to make Bob talk.
Look.

(demonstrates with "Bob"
doll; Bob-voice:)

I'd love to come over for dinner,
Jan. What are we having?

(Jan-voice)

Burgers. Burgers and beans.

(Bob-voice)

I love burgers and beans...

(to Greene)

See?

Greene nods... Takes Bob back...

GARLAND GREENE

I'd love to come over for dinner,
Jill

LITTLE GIRL

Jan -- !

GARLAND GREENE

Jan. I'd love to come over for
dinner, Jan. What are we having?

147 INT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

147

CINDINO'S MEN hold Poe at gunpoint, hands on top of his
head.

POE
Oh, I get it: Cyrus is waiting for
a plane that's already here...
You're gonna take Cindino and leave
the rest to rot...

Poe looks each man in the eye... Poised to strike...
Cindino's Man #2 raises his gun...

POE (CONT'D)
You fire that pistol, twenty
pissed-off prisoners're gonna hear
it...

Poe smiles. But then CINDINO'S MAN #2 pulls a SILENCER from
his breast pocket. Begins screwing it on the barrel.

147A EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

147A

Cindino climbs out of the hole, still nervously watching the
storage depot.

147B INT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

147B

The silenced pistol is placed against Poe's head. Suddenly:

LARKIN
FREEZE -- !

All three men turn. To see a sweat-streaked, slightly
panicked

VINCE LARKIN

gun raised...

LARKIN (CONT.)
Just FUH-REEZE -- !

Poe, with alarming speed, smashes his elbow into the first
man, grabs the gun from the second man, striking him across
the face, and then roundhouse kicks the third man...

CINDINO'S MEN lie unconscious. Poe has the silenced pistol.
Larkin and Poe have their weapons aimed at one another.

147C INT. LEAR JET - DAY

147C

The PILOT walks from the Lear's bathroom to the cockpit.
Through the cockpit windshield he sees the unconscious men
on the depot floor, and Poe and Larkin to the side.

THE PILOT ducks to the cockpit floor, hiding.

147D INT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

147D

Poe and Larkin, weapons raised...

LARKIN
You're Cameron Poe...
POE
That's right.
LARKIN
I'm Larkin.
POE
Hello Larkin.
LARKIN
You sent me that message. On the
body.
POE
Where are the troops? *
LARKIN
They'll be here... *
POE
They'll be here? *
LARKIN
Can I lower this? *
POE
Go ahead --
LARKIN
You gonna lower yours?
POE
Probably not --
LARKIN
Poe -- *
POE
Sorry, boss -- but there's only two *
men I trust. One is me, the other *
one is not you. *
LARKIN
I thought I could help you get off *
that plane, keep the plane from *
taking off and keep everyone from *
killing everyone else. *

147F INT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

147F

They still have their guns raised... Larkin gestures to the Lear...

LARKIN

What's this doing here?

POE

Looks like Cindino was running a drag on everyone...

LARKIN

If you can't trust a South American druglord, who can you trust -- ?

Poe stares at him...

LARKIN (CONT'D)

That's a joke --

POE

Thanks for telling it to me.

Beat... Larkin blinks the sweat from his eyes...

LARKIN

I'm just trying to lighten the load...

POE

I gotta get back to the plane...

LARKIN

I need your help, man.

POE

Funny, that's why I called for you --

Poe turns to go...

LARKIN

You're a free man, Poe... What the fuck are you doing?

POE

I can't trade a friend's life for my own, Larkin... That's all...

LARKIN

You've got a friend on board. I had a feeling about you, Poe... I read your file... Always in the wrong place at the wrong time... Hell, if you took the bus home today instead of the plane, you wouldn't of wound up in the middle of this mess --

POE

Yeah, well... And if the dog hadn't
stopped to shit, he might've caught
the rabbit...

LARKIN

So true.

Beat... And Poe turns to go...

POE

Goodbye Marshal Larkin.

Poe's almost gone... Larkin's in a panic... Suddenly,
quickly:

LARKIN

I spoke to your wife...

Poe turns...

POE

In person?

LARKIN

In person. And your little girl...

POE

You saw Casey?

Larkin nods... Poe looks like he wants to take a knee...

POE (CONT'D)

Tell me --

LARKIN

She's amazing. Truly amazing. And
she can't wait to see you...

Beat... Poe chooses his words carefully...

POE

Listen, Larkin, if this thing goes
bad -- I'm afraid my daughter will
never understand what I'm trying to
do here... If you talk to my wife
again -- you tell her... Tell her
she's my hummingbird... But I
couldn't leave a fallen man behind.
You'll do that for me won't you,
Larkin...?

Beat...

LARKIN

Sure I will. What are you gonna do
for me -- ?

Poe stares at him... Long beat... Then:

GREENE/LITTLE GIRL

(singing)

"He's got you and me, brother, in
His hands/He's got you and me,
sister, in His hands/He's got you
and me, brother, in His hands/He's
got the whole world in His hands."

*
*
*
*
*
*

Garland hears THE ROAR OF ENGINES. He turns and sees THE
ARMED CONVOY approaching the airfield.

POE
 What do you think I'm gonna do,
 Marshal Larkin? I'm gonna save the
 fucking day --

Poe turns and walks out.

147G EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

147G*

Cyrus and the rest of the cons continue to dig the C-123K
 out of the dirt.

148 EXT. LERNER - CONTROL TOWER - DAY

148

On the TOWER LOOKOUT, Johnny 23 SHOUTS:

JOHNNY 23
 WE GOT COMPANY!

149 EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

149

Cyrus turns and looks.

149A EXT. LERNER - DAY

149A*

Ten miles away, coming down the long tongue of road is a
 CONVOY OF VEHICLES.

150 OMITTED

150*

150A EXT. NEXT TO GAS STATION - DAY

150A*

Poe sees the approaching convoy.

150B EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

150B*

The TRACTOR is straining to pull out the C-123K.

Cyrus gazes at the approaching swirl of dust that is the
 convoy. He goes to Diamond Dog...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 How long you figure, Nathan?

Diamond Dog studies the horizon...

DIAMOND DOG
 Ten, eleven minutes tops...

Cyrus shouts to the cons...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 Okay, gentlemen, we have ten
 minutes till the cavalry arrives...
 Let's get her out... NOW!

150C INT. STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

150C*

Larkin is dragging Cindino's men into a STORAGE BULKHEAD.

151 EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

151

The C-123K is being pulled back onto the road by the cons
and the tractor. *

152 EXT. ROAD TO LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY

152

THE ARMED CONVOY (Troopers, National Guardsmen, County
Sheriffs, local police, etc.) moves towards the airport.

153 EXT. LERNER - TRAILER PARK - DAY

153

Garland Greene and the little girl continue their play...

LITTLE GIRL

You came in that big plane. It
woke me.

GARLAND GREENE

I'm sorry.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you sick?

GARLAND GREENE

Why do you ask?

LITTLE GIRL

You look sick.

GARLAND GREENE

I'm very sick.

LITTLE GIRL

Do you take medicine?

GARLAND GREENE

There is no medicine for what I've
got.

Beat. Garland Greene looks like he's coming unglued.

LITTLE GIRL

Want to sing?

GARLAND GREENE

Sing?

LITTLE GIRL

Do you know "He's Got the Whole
World in His Hands?"

GARLAND GREENE

Yes. I do.

LITTLE GIRL

(sings)
 He's got the whole world in His
 hands/He's got the whole world in
 His hands/He's got the whole world
 in His hands..."
 (to Greene)
 C'mon... "He's got the whole world
 in His hands."

After some hesitation Garland Greene joins in:

GREENE/LITTLE GIRL

(singing)
 "He's got you and me, brother, in
 His hands/He's got you and me
 sister, in His hands/He's got you
 and me, brother, in His hands/He's
 got the whole world in His hands."

Garland hears THE ROAR OF ENGINES. He turns and sees THE
 ARMED CONVOY approaching the airfield.

154 INT. LERNER - GAS STATION - DAY

154

Poe enters hurriedly and begins rummaging through the gas
 station/general store, opening cabinets, throwing things
 aside, searching. He finds a little EMERGENCY SAFETY KIT.
 Opens it.

There's nothing in it of use to Baby-O.

155 EXT. C-123K - DAY

155*

The cons are still tugging the C-123K out of dirt.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

Where's Cindino?
 (looks around)
 Where the fuck is Cindino?

DIAMOND DOG

I ain't seen 'em...

155A EXT. LERNER - ACROSS AIRFIELD FROM C-123K - DAY

155A

Cindino is hurrying toward the STORAGE DEPOT, which he
 enters.

155B EXT. LERNER - BEHIND THE STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

155B

Larkin is looking across the airfield and Cyrus and the
 cons, and beyond that, at the ONCOMING CONVOY.

LARKIN

Christ, they'll be slaughtered...

156 INT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

156

Cindino races across the storage depot and bolts up the stairs into the Lear Jet.

CINDINO

(in Spanish)

Go! MOVE!! etc.

A156 INT. LEAR JET - CABIN - DAY

A156*

Cindino sees his pilot cowering in the cockpit.

CINDINO

(in Spanish)

Get us out of here. NOW!

The pilot fires up the LEAR JET'S ENGINES.

156A EXT. LERNER - BEHIND THE STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

156A

The THRUST of the Lear Jet engines blasts through the tarpaulin, knocking Larkin to the ground.

156B EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

156B

Cyrus, Diamond Dog, Swamp Thing, EVERYBODY, reacts to the sound of the LEAR'S ENGINES.

They whirl around and look across the airfield in shock as --

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(sarcastically)

Our plane.

156C EXT. LERNER - STORAGE DEPOT - DAY

156C

THE LEAR JET explodes through the barrel walls of the storage depot and begins to taxi.

156D INT. CINDINO'S LEAR JET - COCKPIT - DAY

156D

Cindino sits with the PILOT, steering for the runway. Cyrus, the other convicts, and the C-123K are visible through the windshield.

156E EXT. LERNER - AIRFIELD BEHIND OIL BARRELS - DAY

156E

Larkin, sprinting parallel to the Lear Jet behind the STACKS of OIL BARRELS, heads toward A CRANE.

156F OMIT

156F*

156G EXT. LERNER - CRANE - DAY

156G

Larkin reaches the crane and scrambles into the CRANE OPERATOR'S CAB.

The LEAR JET passes, nearly abreast of the crane. Larkin lunges for the CRANE BOOM HYDRAULIC RELEASE LEVER and pulls it. The CRANE BOOM falls like a guillotine.

As the LEAR JET passes the crane --

-- the CRANE BOOM falls across the Lear Jet's rear fuselage, cutting the thin aluminum ribbing in half like a knife through butter.

The FRONT HALF OF THE LEAR JET, separated from the rear, rolling/dragging on its front wheel, careens toward the AIRFIELD GAS STATION.

156H INT. LERNER - GAS STATION - DAY

156H

Poe, inside, sees the FRONT HALF OF THE LEAR JET roaring straight at him.

156I EXT. LERNER - GAS STATION - DAY

156I

The LEAR JET'S NOSE plows over the GAS STATION PUMPS and into the front facade of the station.

GASOLINE spews up from the tanks, showering down on the cut-in-half Lear Jet.

A156J EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

A156J*

Cyrus and Diamond Dog run for the Lear. The rest of the cons make to follow. Cyrus whirls on them:

CYRUS THE VIRUS
STAY HERE! Get this plane ready to
roll. I need focus -- !

He and Diamond Dog move to the Lear...

156J OMIT

156J*

156K EXT. LERNER - IN FRONT OF GAS STATION - DAY

156K

CINDINO AND THE PILOT are strapped in the damaged Lear, which has come to a stop in a POOL OF GASOLINE. Cindino elbow-smashes the windshield... And suddenly freeze.

CYRUS stands there, glaring at them.

156L EXT. LERNER - NEXT TO THE CRANE - DAY

156L*

Diamond Dog walks past and looks into the crane, but no one is there.

156L EXT. LERNER - BEHIND THE CRANE - DAY 156L*

Larkin crouches behind the crane. He sees A RUSTY OLD TRUCK with A SNOWFLOW.

156M EXT. LERNER - IN FRONT OF GAS STATION - DAY 156M

Cyrus walks to edge of the pool of gasoline...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Looks like you and me had different
opinions about this getaway,
Francisco.

CINDINO
I....I can explain....

Cyrus puffs on his cheroot. Cindino looks at it. Looks at the GASOLINE. Looks up at Cyrus in terror.

CINDINO (CONT.)
Cy -- ?

Cyrus flicks the cheroot...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
-- anora...

It ignites a stream of gasoline. The FLAMES race to the pool at Cindino's plane. Cindino, his pilot, the Lear Jet, and the Lerner Gas Station ignite in a huge BALL OF FLAME.

156N INT. LERNER - GAS STATION - DAY 156N

Poe is blown out the other side of the gas station by the blast. Poe's gun is blown away in the blast. Poe rolls to a stop underneath a truck.

OMIT (1560)

156P EXT. LERNER - GAS STATION - UNDERNEATH TRUCK - DAY 156P*

Poe, underneath the truck, looks to his side. AN OLD MAN lies there, cowering:

OLD MAN
Don't kill me!

POE
Don't worry... Listen: I need a
syringe.

OLD MAN
A syringe? Aw, no. The drugs'll
endya, son...

POE
There's gotta be a First Aid kit
around here somewhere --

OLD MAN
Just killya... Worse'n booze --

POE
I appreciate that, but --

OLD MAN
There's a First Aid Station over
there.. Behind the propane tanks...

POE
Thank you... Just stay here and
don't worry...

OLD MAN
Easy for you to say. You don't
gotta take a piss...

Poe stares at the old man... Then rolls out from under the
truck and creeps to the rear of the gas station.

156Q EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

156Q*

Cyrus runs up. The plane has not yet been pulled into
position for take-off.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to Swamp Thing)
How long before she's ready to fly?

SWAMP THING
I need another ten minutes to get
her ready for take-off.

Cyrus turns to the approaching convoy:

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Ten minutes. That's a problem.

156R SMASH CUT TO the C-123K'S BELLY COMPARTMENT as it is blown
open by a gun blast...

156R*

There's a small arsenal of SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, TEAR GAS
CANISTERS, and SHELL BOXES. Diamond Dog begins handing out
guns to cons... When something in the compartment catches
his eye.

DIAMOND DOG
CYRUS -- !

Cyrus walks over... to see - inside the compartment - the
dead Billy Bedlam.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
The plot thickens...

But there's no time for speculation... Cyrus snaps into
Patton-mode.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

(to Conrad)
 You -- watch the guards... Everyone
 else... To that boneyard... Ambush
 position. And grab some of those
 propane tanks. Let's give 'em
 everything we've got.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

157
 THRU OMITTED
 158

157
 THRU
 158*

158A EXT. LERNER - DAY

158A*

Coming down the long tongue of road is a CONVOY OF
 VEHICLES.

*
 *

159 EXT. LERNER - BONEYARD - DAY

159*

Cons lay down SMALL PROPANE TANKS and turns the release
 valves on. Cyrus looks around.

159A EXT. LERNER - BONEYARD - DAY

159A

The LAWMEN move into the Boneyard, cautiously approaching
 the C-123K in the distance.

159B EXT. C-123K

159B

Swamp Thing continues to pull the C-123K into position.
 Conrad stands over the guards. No one sees Johnny 23 skulk
 by, climbing up the ramp.

*
 *

159BA INT. C-123K

159BA

Johnny 23 has entered... He sees Baby-O... Sees Bishop...
 Big smile... He moves for Bishop... Baby-O screams... But of
 course he can't move...

BABY-O

What the fuck are you doing,
 Johnny? Don't you do it, man...
 Don't you do it -- !

Johnny arrives at Bishop's cage... Smiles... Tries the
 door... It's locked.

BISHOP

Sorry, Johnny, I can't come out and
 play.

Johnny looks for a way to break the lock...

159C EXT. LERNER - BEHIND THE HUGE PROPANE TANK - DAY

159C

Poe creeps up to the FIRST AID STATION behind the propane
 tank. He smashes open the LOCK with a shovel and rummages
 through the supplies. He finds a SYRINGE. Smiles.

159D EXT. LERNER - BONEYARD - DAY

159D

Above the boneyard, Cyrus and the convicts are in ambush position, guns trained down on the lawmen.

Diamond Dog takes a TEAR GAS GUN.

The LAWMEN creep into the boneyard. The LEAD LAWMAN stops. He smells something. He looks at his feet, noticing a VAGUELY PERCEPTIBLE mist. He sniffs the air. He notices a HISSING SOUND. He looks down at --

THE PROPANE TANKS with their valves on "release," spewing propane gas across the boneyard, where it sits in a low blanket, heavier than atmosphere.

LEAD LAWMAN

GAS!!!

The Lawmen turn and sprint back.

159E EXT. LERNER - ABOVE BONEYARD - DAY

159E

Diamond Dog fires a TEAR GAS ROUND into a propane tank and --

159F EXT. LERNER - BONEYARD - DAY

159F

-- THE PROPANE TANKS, one by one, BLOW SKY HIGH.

Cyrus and his men open fire on the RETREATING LAWMEN. A devastating fusillade, which kills and wounds several.

Startled, outgunned, the lawmen get cover and return fire.

159FA INT. C-123K

159FA

Johnny has found a CROW BAR... He starts hammering at the lock... WE/THEY can HEAR the EXPLOSIONS from outside:

JOHNNY 23

Mood music --

BABY-O

DON'T YOU DO IT, MAN... I'LL
FUCKING KILL YOU --! DON'T YOU --

Johnny wedges the bar into the lock... Yanks on it..

159G EXT. LERNER - BEHIND THE PROPANE TANK - DAY

159G

Poe, trying to sprint for the plane, is caught in the CROSSFIRE BETWEEN CONVICTS AND LAWMEN.

He runs through the crossfire...

159GA EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY

A159GA*

The C-123K has been pulled back near the road. Swamp Thing unhooks the cable from the tractor...

159GA INT. C-123K

159GA

Johnny 23 has gotten the cage door open... He enters... Bishop kicks him in the face...

JOHNNY 23
Hot-blooded, just the way I like
it --

BABY-O
JOHNNY -- !

As Johnny moves on top of her, Bishop uses the moment to CUFF HIS HAND to the door with her handcuffs...

JOHNNY 23
That's okay, baby -- I wasn't
planning on using my hand --

And he moves for her...

159GB EXT. C-123K

159GB

Poe makes it to the plane... He's on his way to the ramp when he sees: THE CABLE lying on the ground, where it had been hooked up to the tractor...

159GC EXT. LERNER - BONEYARD - DAY

159GC

THE CONVICTS continue firing on the lawmen. Cyrus sees a CONVICT take a bullet and go down... He turns and sees the C-123K is in a position to go.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
(to the cons in the
boneyard)
Get back to the plane!

Swamp Thing races back to the C-123K...

159GD EXT. C-123K

159GD

Poe grabs the cable... He runs some twenty yards, attaching it to a CEMENT PYLON.... He turns - to see Swamp Thing heading back for the plane under a torrent of gunfire...

159GE INT. C-123K

159GE

Johnny 23 and Bishop continue to battle... Johnny 23 finally grabs her around the throat... He's got her down... And he's on top... She's losing consciousness... He leers:

JOHNNY 23

Go to sleep, baby - when you wake
up I'll be "Johnny 24."

A HAND reaches in and grabs Johnny's hair... Yanking him
back and up against the cage... It is Poe... And he smashes
Johnny's face repeatedly against the cage, knocking him
unconscious... Johnny sags, hand still cuffed to the cage...

POE

(to Bishop)
You all right -- ?

BISHOP

Better now --

Poe moves down the aisle to Baby-O. He holds up the
syringe. Baby-O beams, taking the syringe --

BABY-O

You're buckin' for sainthood,
Cameron Poe... No shit...

POE

Just take it and let's go --

159GF EXT. LERNER

159GF

Cyrus and the cons are now back-pedaling for the C-123K...

159GG INT. C-123K

159GG

Swamp Thing climbs aboard, passing Baby-O, who's fixing...
and clocks the knocked-out Johnny 23, looks at Bishop...

BISHOP
He's had a big day --

Swamp Thing continues on to the cockpit and starts up the
PROP ENGINES...

159GH EXT. BONEYARD 159GH*

MILITIA MEN are firing... One MAN looks over his
rifle-scope... Confused... For he sees --

-- Sally Can't Dance running in her stewardess uniform back
to the plane...

159H OMITTED 159H

159I EXT. LERNER - THE TRUCK WITH SNOWPLOW 159I

The snowplow BURSTS through the boneyard rubble, Larkin
behind the wheel. It barrels down the road into the middle
of the fire-fight. Larkin raises the PLOW on the truck,
using it as a shield.

159J EXT. LERNER - BY THE C-123K - DAY 159J

Cyrus moves for the plane... To Conrad:

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Get them back on the plane -- !

Conrad corrals the guards back on the plane... Following the
surviving CONVICTS.

The plane pulls forward, taxiing now.

Diamond Dog hangs back, providing cover for the rest of the
cons, riddling the boneyard with bullets, as the other cons
climb on the C-123K...

The plane slowly taxis down the runway... Diamond Dog
notices the CABLE moving... Sees it is hooked to the
pylon... Sees that it is TIGHTENING... A look of horror
sweeps his face...

DIAMOND DOG
What the fu-- ?

Still firing, Diamond Dog RUNS for the pylon...

159K INT. C-123K 159K*

Poe sees Diamond Dog running for the pylon... Oh, shit...
BABY-O is injecting himself.

Ahhhh. BABY-O

159KA EXT. TARMAC

159KA*

Diamond Dog is gunning for the pylon... A few more inches of slack are left in the cable. At the last possible second, he unhooks the cable from the pylon and it SWINGS free, snaking along the ground...

159KB INT. C-123K

159KB*

Poe sees that Diamond Dog has unhooked the cable...

POE

Shit...

Poe moves for Baby-O...

POE (CONT'D)

Let's go, Odell --

BABY-O

I just gotta --

POE

NOW -- !

Poe helps Baby-O to his feet... Bishop is behind him... They move for the rear hatch...

159KC EXT. TARMAC

159KC*

Diamond Dog runs full-sprint for the speeding C-123K, bullets stitching the ground around him. He scrambles onto the plane.

159L EXT. LERNER - RUNWAY - DAY

159L

LARKIN'S TRUCK moves parallel to the taxiing C-123K. CONVICTS fire back from the plane.

The CABLE attached to the C-123K's NOSE HOOK is now dragging behind the C-123K, whipping violently back and forth across the runway.

Larkin tries to outrun the C-123K.

159M INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN

159M*

Poe and Baby-O and Bishop move for the rear of the moving plane.

160 EXT. LERNER - RUNWAY - DAY

160

The C-123K roars down the runway. Larkin's truck running parallel.

The CABLE attached to the C-123K whips across the WOODEN SHED where Larkin hid Malloy's Corvette. The steel cable hits the 'vette's chrome bumper and raps WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP around it.

161 OMITTED 161

162 EXT. RUNWAY 162

The C-123K continues down the runway, pulling the cable taut and suddenly --

THE CORVETTE is ripped from the wooden shed. Wood flies like kindling.

The C-123K starts pulling the Corvette down the runway!!!

163 OMITTED 163

164 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT 164

SWAMP THING opens the throttles to full power and eases off the brakes. He wrenches back on the control column.

164A EXT. LERNER - RUNWAY 164A*

Larkin can't outrace the C-123K. He pulls over. Looks above as -- *

165 OMITTED 165

166 EXT. SKIES OVER LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY 166

-- the C-123K JERKS UP and INTO THE AIR, pulling the Corvette with it. The C-123K begins its climb, but the Corvette's weight drags the plane into a steep bank. *

167 INT. C-123K 167

Poe and Baby-O make it to the rear hatch...

... in time to see all that ground some 100 feet below them... *

168 OMIT (168-170) 168

168A EXT. MALLOY AND DEVERS' HUEY HELICOPTER 168A*
approaching... *

168B INT. MALLOY/DEVERS' HUEY HELICOPTER - DAY 168B*

Malloy and Devers look down at the action beneath them. They see Larkin and descend toward him. *

CHIEF DEVERS
Good Lord, Duncan... Isn't that
your car?

*
*
*

168C INT. C-123K

168C*

CLOSE ON POB - Back in the shit.

*

168D EXT. LERNER - TARMAC - DAY

168D*

Malloy and Devers' Huey touches down.

*

171 EXT. SKIES OVER LERNER - DAY

171

The Corvette, trailing the C-123K, hits the control tower,
snapping off the cable. The Corvette plummets to the
airfield.

172 EXT. MALLOY'S CORVETTE - DAY 172

crashes to the ground upside down. Not far from Malloy and Devers...

Malloy turns a furious look at Larkin... What can Larkin do but shrug?

173 ANGLE THE SKY: The C-123K is gone, gone, gone. 173

174 OMITTED 174

183 EXT. SKIES OVER LERNER - DAY 183

The C-123K soars into the freedom of the skies.

183AA INT. C-123K - DAY 183AA

GARLAND GREENE sits on the plane, the boy doll, BOB, clenched in one hand.

183A EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY 183A

The Little Girl is standing at the edge of the park, the JAN DOLL waving good-bye to the plane.

LITTLE GIRL
Good-bye, Bob. Come again soon.

185 EXT. LERNER AIRFIELD - DAY 185*

Larkin races for one of the Cobras.

MALLOY
Where do you think you're going?

LARKIN
I'm gonna get her down. My way.

MALLOY
The hell you are.

Larkin jumps into the Cobra. The pilot is GATOR.

LARKIN
Let's go.

Larkin's Cobra lifts off. Malloy gets in the second Cobra. It lifts off after Larkin's Cobra.

186 INT. C-123K - DAY 186

A grim cargo: CONVICTS are wounded, there's blood all over the floor.

Poe checks on Bishop.

POE
How you doin'?

BISHOP
Still breathin'.

Poe goes to Baby-O's side.

POE
How you feeling, man?

BABY-O
Okay.

Poe looks at him. No sweats, no chills, all better.

187 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

187*

Swamp Thing looks grim.

SWAMP THING
We lost an engine back there.

DIAMOND DOG
What does that mean exactly?

*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
It means: let's not lose another.

187A INT. C-123K

187A*

Sally Can't Dance and Conrad are breaking out the goods.
Sally dispenses the booze, chips. Cartons of cigarettes are
passed. Everyone lights up.

Cyrus enters the cabin from the cockpit, passing Johnny 23,
still cuffed to the cage... He tsks...

*
*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
You hate to see that: a perfectly
good rapo humiliated...

*
*
*

He leaves Johnny cuffed... Johnny strains at his bond...

*

JOHNNY 23
C'mon, man -- !

*
*

Cyrus faces the convicts...

*

CONVICTS (IN UNISON)
What are we doin' now?, etc.

*
*

CONRAD
I can understand you puttin'
Cindino down like that, but now
what the fuck are we supposed to
do?

*
*
*
*
*

CYRUS THE VIRUS
 It's called Plan B. Plan B is a
 strip in La Cartoza, Mexico -
 inhabited by some heroin dealer
 friends of mine. Where the wine
 runs like water. And the women nip
 at your heels like newborn pups...

The cons yell with approval.

Conrad has popped a disc into the boom box. The opening
 CHORDS of Lynyrd's Skynyrd's "Sweet Home Alabama" crank.

Conrad, Sally Can't Dance and a few others BOOGIE DOWN.
 ("Sweet Home Alabama/Where the skies are so blue/Sweet Home
 Alabama/Lord I'm coming home to you...)

Diamond Dog is talking quietly to Cyrus. Showing him
 something... Cyrus looks most agitated... They look at the
 cons.

188 OMITTED

188*

A189 EXT. SKIES OVER NEVADA - DAY

A189*

The two Cobras, Malloy in one, Larkin the other, scream over
 the desert. We see the C-123K two miles ahead through the
 windshield... INTERCUT - LARKIN AND MALLOY'S COBRAS...

MALLOY'S PILOT
 We have established visual contact.
 Two miles and approaching --

MALLOY
 Let's take 'em out, Larkin --

LARKIN
 Not yet.

MALLOY
 Not yet? What are we waiting for?
 Let's take their fucking asses out
 right now...

LARKIN
 That is my plane. Those are my
 men. My responsibility. Their
 "fuckin' asses" will not be "taken
 out" until I feel there is no other
 recourse. You understand, Agent
 Malloy? You with me? Or you need
 it drawn in Crayon like usual?

189 INT. C-123K

189*

"Sweet Home Alabama" continues to play on the boombox.
 Garland Greene turns to Poe.

GARLAND GREENE
Define "irony." Bunch of idiots
dancing in a plane to a song made
famous by a band that died in a
plane crash.

The MUSIC stops. Cyrus is by the boom box, having shut it
off, holding the Sig Sauer. He walks the aisle, counting
off on his fingers...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Someone alerted the authorities in
Carson City; and then someone told
them about the Lerner Rendezvous;
someone even killed poor Billy
Bedlam... Could this all be a
coincidence? Perhaps. But then
someone went and hooked a chain to
the tail of the plane. So I ask
you? What is going on? And I'll
answer you. We have a traitor. A
traitor in our midst...

Cyrus walks over to Bishop...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)
How to flush the traitor... ? How
to suck out the poison... ? How to
lance the boil... ?
(beat)
I need to know right now that
everyone aboard is on my team.
Whoever here is on the side of the
law is going to have a problem
with what I do next...
(places the gun to
Bishop's head)
One...

Poe watches, terrified...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)
Two...

Bishop is sweating, looking at Poe... Baby-O sees Poe about
to move.

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)
Three...

Cyrus begins to squeeze the trigger...

BABY-O
Wait... ! It was me.

Everyone, startled, whirls toward Baby-O. Poe can't believe
this. Cyrus approaches Baby-O.

CYRUS THE VIRUS
You -- ?

BABY-O
Yeah, motherfucker... Me...

CYRUS THE VIRUS
You... You who have been
near-death the entire trip --

BABY-O
That's right... Clever, huh, bitch?

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Perhaps. If having a bullet in
your chest is clever --

Cyrus raises the gun to Baby-O's chest.

POE
No -- !

BLAM! Baby-O takes one in the gut... Poe moves for his
friend... Baby-O's hit bad...

BABY-O
How do I look -- ?

POE
What the hell were you thinking,
son?

BABY-O
I just got tired a you hoggin' all
the heroics --

Poe attempts to dress the wound... And he/we HEARS O.S. in a
high, sweet, schoolgirl MIMIC:

CYRUS THE VIRUS (O.S.)
"My daddy is coming home on July
14. My birthday is July 14. I'm
going to see my daddy for the first
time ever on. July 14... "

Poe looks up... To see Cyrus, standing at the front of the
plane... Holding Casey's Crayon-scrawled LETTER...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)
"I can't wait for July 14... "

And Cyrus raises the stuffed pink BUNNY... And sticks a gun
in its ear...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)
Make a move and the bunny gets
it...

He chuckles... And hooks the bunny to his belt...

CYRUS THE VIRUS (CONT.)
A poison... A cancer...

THROUGH THE REAR HATCH - THE COBRA rises behind the C-123K.

Cyrus, startled whirls from Poe to the Cobra. He raises his gun and FIRES, bullets plunking into the Cobra's windshield.

189A INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

189A

Gator sends a burst of GUNFIRE into the C-123K.

189B INT. C-123K - REAR - DAY

189B

Cyrus and the other cons dive out of the way. Bullets rake the cabin. Seats explode.

189C INT. LARKIN'S COBRA - DAY

189C

LARKIN
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GATOR
He was shootin' at us.

LARKIN
Follow my orders, okay, man?

GATOR
Roger.

The Cobra swerves in behind the C-123K.

189D INT. C-123K

189D*

Poe holds Baby-O, who is getting scared...

BABY-O
I'm gettin' a bad feelin', son...
I'm feeling like I'm not supposed
to make it...

POE
I can't allow that, son. You're
gonna make it just fine...

BABY-O
All I can think about is like there
ain't no God; that he doesn't
exist.
(begins to sob)
And that scares me, son. Cos I
think I'm gonna die...

Poe looks to Bishop in her cage. To Garland Greene, who grins. POE RISES. About to detonate.

BABY-O
Where you goin'?

*
*

POE
I'm going to show you God exists...

*
*

Poe starts to move down the plane... Diamond Dog blocks his way...

*
*

DIAMOND DOG
You gotta problem, bitch-boy?

*
*

SMASH! Diamond Dog sucks floor.

*

195 INT. MALLOY'S CHOPPER

195*

The C-123K's coordinates are tracked by the Cobra's digital COMPUTER and displayed on twin CATHODE-RAY TUBES.

ANGLE - The cockpit canopy. Heads Up Display. A cross-hair 196 shows the point of aim for the Cobra's 30mm cannon chain gun.

MALLOY
Time to be a man, Larkin. Strap a hog on and let's start fucking.
FIRE!

Malloy's Cobra FIRES into the C-123K...

196,196A OMITTED

196,196A

196B INT. C-123K

196B*

The interior is STRAFED... Everyone dives for cover...

Poe races down the aisle, gunfire surrounding him... HE SLAMS the REAR MESH DOOR separating the front two-thirds of the fuselage from the rear of the plane...

196C INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

196C

Larkin cannot believe it...

LARKIN
MALLOY, YOU SONUVABITCH, CEASE
FIRE! CEASE-GODDAMN-FIRE
RIGHT-GODDAMN NOW!

Malloy's Cobra positions for second attack.

LARKIN
Get in his way.

GATOR
What?

LARKIN
Get in his way. He won't shoot at
us.

GATOR
You sure about that?

LARKIN
No. Do it.

Gator looks at Larkin. Does it.

196D EXT. SKIES - DAY

196D

LARKIN'S COBRA dives between the C-123K and Malloy's Cobra.

196E INT. MALLOY'S COBRA - DAY

196E

MALLOY
That stupid bastard.

Malloy's Cobra tries to maneuver around Larkin's Cobra.
Gator doesn't give him an alley.

PILOT
I got no move.

,198 OMITTED

197,198*

199 INT. C-123K

199

Poe makes his way down the center-aisle of the plane,
pummeling anything in his way. Conrad, Viking, the other
CONS, fall by the wayside.

Poe races through THE MIDDLE MESH DOOR AND SLAMS IT SHUT,
LOCKING IT. Poe sprints for the cockpit...

200 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT DAY

200

Swamp Thing is pulling her left and right... The cockpit
door opens... Poe enters... Sticks the gun in Swamp Thing's
ear...

SWAMP THING
What the hell you doing in here,
fat nuts?

POE
I'm the new captain --

201 INT. MALLOY'S COBRA

201*

MALLOY
Switch to missile --

The pilot looks at him...

MALLOY (CONT.)

Do it --

A202 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

A202*

Poe stands behind Swamp Thing, gun to the pilot's ear...
Suddenly, over the RADIO comes:

LARKIN (V.O.)

Cyrus! Cyrus Grissom! Hi, there!
Cyrus. Don't do me like that, pal.
How are you?

Poe grabs the radio mike...

POE

Don't fire -- !

MALLOY (V.O.)

Who is this?

LARKIN (V.O.)

Identify yourself...

POE

This is Cameron Poe...

B202 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

B202*

Larkin offers us the briefest of smiles at this moment of
redemption...

LARKIN

Yes...

C202 INT. MALLOY'S COBRA

C202*

Malloy offers us the briefest of discomfort...

MALLOY

Christ...

POE (V.O.)

Hold your fire. I'm bringing the
plane down...

D202 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA - DAY

D202*

Larkin screams over the radio:

LARKIN

MALLOY! LISTEN TO HIM! GODDAMN
IT, HE'S A FRIEND NOT AN ENEMY!
C'mon, Poe. C'mon, baby...

E202 INT. C-123K - REAR OF CABIN

E202*

Cyrus and the other inmates unload round after round at the LOCK on the STEEL MESH DOOR...

*
*

F202 INT. MALLOY'S COBRA

F202*

Malloy's PILOT achieves "lock-on" in his CENTRAL AIMING DOT.

*

PILOT

*

I have target locked sir.

*

(no response)

*

I repeat, the target is locked.

*

(no response)

*

Sir... ? We're not over civilian population. Now is the time...

*

*

LARKIN

*

MALLOY, DON'T YOU DO IT! DON'T YOU DO IT!!!

*

*

*

Malloy is frozen with indecision... Then:

*

MALLOY

*

Hold fire...

*

PILOT

*

Sir -- ?

*

MALLOY

*

You heard me... Hold fire...

*

G202 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

G202

Larkin is visibly relieved...

H202 INT. C-123K - REAR OF CABIN

H202

Cyrus shoots through the lock on the REAR MESH DOOR. He races to the MIDDLE MESH DOOR. It is locked. In a rage, he opens fire on the lock...

I202 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

I202

The ALTIMETER drops below 8,000 feet.

SWAMP THING

We're fucked. We just lost the second engine.

POE

Land this thing...

SWAMP THING

That's what I'm doing. Only the word is "crash."

J202 EXT. SKIES - DAY

J202

The C-123K descends lower and lower. A thousand feet off the ground now. The Cobras still in escort.

K202 INT. C-123K

K202

Cyrus shoots through the SECOND MESH DOOR. *

Poe exits the cockpit and hits the electronic cage buzzer. Freeing Bishop and the guards, who immediately go to seats and strap in. *

Cyrus storms for the cockpit. Poe meets him head-on... *

CYRUS THE VIRUS
Say good-night, Giant-Killer...

BLAM! BLAM! Bullets tattoo the area around Cyrus The Virus. He dives for cover.

Bishop has recovered the Airweight. Its barrels smoke. Poe looks at Bishop. Bishop nods. Poe heads for the cockpit.

202 OMITTED

202*

203 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

203

Larkin and Gator watch the crippled craft...

LARKIN
Can he make it to the airport...

GATOR
No way... Where they gonna land that thing? *

LARKIN
How do you feel about the blackjack tables? *

Larkin gestures ahead. The low ceiling of cloud cover gives way to --

THE LAS VEGAS CITY LIGHTS

GATOR
Holy shit... *

204 OMITTED

204*

A204 INT. COCKPIT

A204

Poe enters... In time to see the glow of Vegas lights... *

POE
Wonderful -- *

205 INT. MALLOY'S COBRA

205

Malloy watches the C-123K plummet.

MALLOY

Should've shot it down over the open desert, Larkin. Now the civilian casualties will be enormous.

A206 INT. LARKIN'S COBRA

A206*

Larkin is on the radio...

LARKIN

... police cars, fire engines, emergency service vehicles, ambulances... Hell, if you got a cub scout troop that knows CPR, get 'em down there... I'm not sure where - but there'll be a big, broken plane marking the spot -- !

B206 INT. C-123K - COCKPIT

B206*

Cyrus enters the cockpit... Drags Poe out... The two go at it...

206 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - C-123K - SUNSET

206

The C-123K soars under 500 feet, narrowly missing a WATER TOWER, A CONDO COMPLEX, and A RADIO ANTENNAE. PEDESTRIANS stop, looking up, pointing in astonishment.

207 OMITTED

207*

207A INT. C-123K

207A

Poe and Cyrus the Virus still in the clinches.

CYRUS THE VIRUS

I'll kill you.

POE

Since we're all about to go crashing into Las Vegas, you'll forgive me if your threat lacks weight.

207B INT. C-123K - MAIN CABIN

207B

The CONS are terrified. Bishop, bruised and bloodied, crosses herself. Garland Greene is sitting, singing, oblivious to everything going on around him.

GARLAND GREENE

"He's got the wind and the rain in
His hands/He's got the little bitty
baby in His hands/He's got
everybody here in His hands/He's
got the whole world in His hands."

207C EXT. SKIES OVER LAS VEGAS

207C

The C-123K flies over VEGAS WORLD and THE SAHARA "WET &
WILD" water park. Over THE RIVIERA.

Down to 12 feet. The fuselage vibrates violently. The
plane plows through high tension telephone wires.

It bounce three times on Las Vegas Boulevard, its wings
clipping a dozen parked cars.

It roars down the strip past the STARDUST, THE DESERT INN,
and TREASURE ISLAND. Its wings sheer OFF. IT BREAKS UP IN
SECTIONS. It comes to a stop in THE SPARKLING PORTE COCHERE
OF THE MIRAGE HOTEL.

207D INT. C-123K

207D*

Poe and Cyrus continue to go at it...

CYRUS THE VIRUS

You ruined everything, Poe...
Everything... But I will get out of
this... And I will come-a-calling.
And I promise you: the very last
thing little Casey Poe smells, as
she takes her last gasp, will be my
stinking breath...

Cyrus sneers... Poe slugs him... Off they go...

208 EXT. C-123K

208

SQUAD CARS AND ARMY TRUCKS set up a secured perimeter.
CROWDS assemble. TV CREWS arrive, AMBULANCES, PRISON
OFFICIALS, NATIONAL GUARD.

FIRE TRUCKS PUMP gallons of foamy FLAME RETARDANT at the
plane. From a hole in the fuselage, Sally Can't Dance
appears. Looks at the lagoons and palm trees of the Mirage
facade.

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

We made it! We made it to
Cindino's island!

209 INT. C-123K

209

Cons remain strapped to seats. The seats scattered about the crumpled fuselage. Survivors, dazed and bloodied, extricate themselves from their seat belts.

210 EXT. POLICE BARRICADE

210

THE COBRAS land. Larkin and Malloy explode from them.

211 INT. C-123K

211*

Poe gets shakily to his feet, bleeding from his head. He walks through the smoke-shrouded fuselage, coming upon Baby-O on the ground. Dying...

BABY-O

How my doin', son?

POE

You're doing fine, son... We gotta get you a doctor...

(yells)

IN HERE! GET A DOCTOR IN HERE!

No response...

BABY-O

It's cool... My still comin' over for that barbecue -- ?

POE

Of course you are...

BABY-O

For real?

POE

For real...
(yells)

I NEED A DOCTOR - !

BABY-O

You done good, Ranger-man... You certainly done good --

And a pair of EMTs come in with a GURNEY... They move Baby-O onto the gurney... Poe holds his hand...

BABY-O

Tell me about that barbecue again,
son...

POE

Why, we're gonna do red hot baby
backs. With hominy grits.
Black-eyed peas. Pinto beans. Ice
tea. Beer so cold your eyes'll
water...

And they take him off the plane...

212 EXT. C-123K

212

Sally Can't Dance is led out of the plane by armed
POLICEMEN... He sees a REPORTER nearby...

SALLY CAN'T DANCE

The name is Salvatore Candoza...
But they call me "Sally Can't
Dance..." I'll be writing a book
about this... I'll be doing the
talk shows... Phil, Oprah, gosh,
I'll do Jerry Springer... That's
Salvatore Candoza... They call me
"Sally Can't Dance."

And he walks straight into a barrage of REPORTERS... Bulbs
flash... Sally is in heaven...

POE

moves on, with Baby-O on the stretcher and the EMTs...

The traffic is snarled and boiling. POLICE, FIREFIGHTERS,
EMT CREWS, ON-LOOKERS, PRESS, NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, DAZED
GAMBLERS.

A pair of COPS front him...

COP

You hold it right there now --

Poe stops... Raises his hands... But Bishop is there...

BISHOP

Steady, officer. That's a citizen,
there... Let him help his friend to
the ambulance...

And the cops reluctantly desist... And they wheel Baby-O to
a waiting ambulance...

POE
(to Bishop)
Thank you --

*
*
*

212A OMITTED

212A*

212B INT. FUSELAGE - SECOND SECTION

212B

Vince Larkin searches the dark and smoky interior.

LARKIN
Where's Grissom?

He passes two PARAMEDICS in front of a cage... Hanging from
the cage, by its cuff, we can see Johnny 23's ARM -- hearts
tattoo and all -- dangling down, below frame...

*
*
*

The paramedics look down, as if they are looking at Johnny's
body, splayed-out on the floor...

*
*

PARAMEDIC
You better take 'em away --

*
*

And we see the paramedic UNCUFF JOHNNY... And he walks away
with JUST THE ARM -- it having been torn off during the
crash... Eeewww!

*
*
*

212C EXT. LAS VEGAS - CRASH SITE - DAY

212C*

Poe and Bishop place Baby-O onto the ambulance...

*

POE
I'll check you out at the hospital,
son... You're gonna be fine --

*
*
*

Once the gurney is loaded on:

*

BISHOP
What are you going to do now?

*
*

Poe is scanning the crowds, the cops, searching... Have they
caught Cyrus yet -- ? He turns to Bishop...

*
*

POE
I started this day with a birthday
party to get to... And that's what
I'm gonna get to...

*
*
*
*

BISHOP
Poe, I'd like to thank-you for...
my life...

*
*
*

POE
You're quite welcome, Sally
Bishop... Wear it well...

*
*
*

They smile for a beat...

BISHOP

But Poe, next time? Take the
train...

Poe doesn't have time to respond... For he has noticed that
one FIRE TRUCK IS LEAVING THE SCENE!

It clobbers two CARS on its way out...

LARKIN fights the crowd. The Mirages' man-made VOLCANO
ERUPTS between Poe and Larkin. Both men watch the fleeing
fire truck. Flames, steam, lava obscure Larkin's vision.

A FIREFIGHTER is thrown from the vehicle.

We see now that THE FIRE TRUCK is driven by Swamp Thing.
And Diamond Dog swings off the high hand rail. And Cyrus
the Virus dons a fireman's helmet...

LARKIN

No... No... No...

213 INT. THE FIRE TRUCK

213

Swamp Things hits the Federal Siren System, which WAILS.

214 EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP

214

The truck thunders down Las Vegas Boulevard destroying
everything in its path.

EXT. CRASH SITE

Larkin runs to a row of State Trooper ELECTRA GLIDE
MOTORCYCLES... Only someone has beat him to it: Poe...

POE

How are you --

Before Larkin can respond, Poe SPEEDS OFF.. Larkin jumps on
a bike... Follows...

The Electra Glides chase the fire truck through crowded
streets... Swerving to avoid the wreckage the truck leaves
in its thundering wake...

Swamp Thing notices the bikes behind him... He cranks the
wheel left...

... and the fire truck FLIPS A NEARBY STRETCHED LIMO... The
limo blocks Poe's way... Poe and Larking turn onto a

PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY

PEDESTRIANS flee in all directions... Poe rides... Under the LIGHT CANOPY, the walkway's LIGHT SHOW flashes ANIMATED IMAGERY...

...as the fire truck flies past... And the bikes roar off the walkway in pursuit...

The fire truck jumps up on a sidewalk... Crushes a bench... Tears around a corner... Excoriating a trio of flashing KLIEG LIGHTS...

Poe and Larkin follow on the sidewalk...

They are joined by three STATE TROOPERS riding Electra Glides. All pursue the fire truck.

ON THE TRUCK - Diamond Dog sees the Glides close on them. He EXITS FRAME...

The bikes are catching up...

Cyrus goes to the WATER CANNON at the end of the LADDER.

Diamond Dog climbs to the fire truck's PUMP CONTROL PANEL and begins FIRING at the bikes with a PISTOL...

Cyrus hits the combination nozzle and a WATERJET (1250 gallons per minute, 150 pounds per square inch) is launched.

Poe sees it coming... He SWERVES out of the way... The WATERJET SMASHES one State Trooper off his motorcycle.

Cyrus turns his hose on the second Trooper... The cop flies... The bike topples into a speeding skid...

Poe and Larkin pull in together... The third TROOPER slots in behind them... A BLAST OF WATER knocks the third cop off his mount...

Diamond Dog continues to fire at them...

POE

You strapped?

LARKIN

What?

POE

Strapped? Carrying? Packing? You got a fuckin' gun onya, man?

LARKIN

Oh. Yeah!

(unholsters his gun)

Now what?

POE

Shoot that fuck!

Larkin aims at Cyrus and fires. The shots ring out around Cyrus. Missing wildly. But enough to make Cyrus kill the hose and retreat back onto the fire truck.

Poe hits the nitro and he's pulled right behind the fire truck.

Poe flicks the wick and leaps off the bike, grabbing onto the extended ladder... The bike KEEPS GOING... Heading straight for Diamond Dog...

BANG! The bike hits the back of the fire truck... It flies in the air... Diamond Dog SCREAMS AS --

KA-BOOM!

The bike and The Dog go up in an oily explosion...

Cyrus is thrown back by the blast...

Poe fights to hand on to the ladder... Cyrus sees him...

Cyrus climbs onto the ladder, carrying a HALAGHAN TOOL...

LARKIN

rides on... Catching up to the fire truck... He pulls up alongside it... Leans over...

Grabs on to the side...

Larkin's Glide skips off the highway, riderless

POE

is nearly shaken off the ladder... He swings himself on top of it... Looks up --

-- To see Cyrus, swinging the halaghan at him --

Poe rolls out of the way, dodging the lethal tool...

LARKIN

has grabbed an AXE... He swings it into the ROOF OF THE CAB.

Swamp Thing is startled, as the axe cleaves through the roof...

SWAMP THING

The fuck are you doing -- ?

And Larkin has a length of PRE-CONNECTED HOSE... He shoves the hose into the hole in the roof...

Larkin jumps down to the control panel... Turns the water valve.

A BLAST OF WATER pummels Swamp Thing in the cab...

CYRUS AND POE

continue their battle... Cyrus swings the halaghan at Poe... Poe dodges... Kicks at Cyrus...

Cyrus falls backwards... And Poe rips a PAIR OF HANDCUFFS from Cyrus' guard uniform...

He slaps one cuff around Cyrus' free hand, the other around a RUNG OF THE LADDER...

Larkin dives for the pedestal, on the revolving turntable, and works the levers.

A high-pierced SQUEAL OF HYDRAULICS, the AERIAL LADDER, Poe and Cyrus upon it, begins to rise...

SWAMP THING

struggles with the wheels, as the cab fills with water...

CYRUS AND POE

as the ladder rises... Going vertical... Poe and Cyrus cling to it...

Cyrus pulls a GUN... Poe grabs for it... The two grapple... Clawing at each other's faces with their free hands...

And Poe comes up with a pair of HANDCUFFS from Cyrus' guard uniform... And he slaps one cuff around Cyrus' free hand... And the other around a RUNG OF THE LADDER...

And Cyrus has control of the gun... He sticks it in Poe's face... And it could be over... Until:

LARKIN

POE!

Poe looks to Larkin, who points ahead... Poe starts down the ladder... Cyrus starts after him. But he can't. He's been CUFFED TO THE RUNG.

POE

Looks like I found a cure for The Virus --

And he gestures ahead...

And then Cyrus sees what this is all about...

For up ahead, rapidly approaching --

224 A CROSSWALK

224*

stretches over the street... A NEON SIGN reading "JACKPOT" emblazoned over a neon ROULETTE WHEEL...

And while the fire truck will clear it, the ladder will not. Cyrus the Virus SCREAMS.

And POE LEAP FROM THE LADDER DOWN TO LARKIN ON THE PEDESTAL.

The fire truck sails under the crosswalk... The ladder SMASHES INTO IT... A huge explosion of GLASS AND METAL and Cyrus is a SMEAR...

As the force on the aerial RIPS OPEN THE FIRE TRUCK. A THOUSAND GALLONS OF WATER ERUPT...

Poe and Larkin hang on for dear life.

The fire truck and crosswalk and aerial ladder and water tank merge into a single salient being.

225 EXT. CRASH SITE - LATER

225*

Rescue vehicles... Police... We know the drill. Chief
Devers walks through the tumult in something of a daze...

Malloy goes up to where Larkin is having his head bandaged.

MALLOY

You okay?

Larkin looks at him for a beat... Nods...

LARKIN

Yeah...

MALLOY

Good...

Malloy turns to go... Larkin calls after him...

LARKIN

Hey, Duncan -- !

Malloy turns back...

LARKIN

These are yours --

And he tosses something to Malloy... Malloy catches it...
It's his CAR KEYS... Malloy looks at them, bounces them in
his hands... Then:

MALLOY

Ah, I was gettin' too old for that
freakin' car anyways...

And he tosses them into a nearby trash-can... And walks
off...

POE

walks through the chaos... When he sees:

A POLICE VAN pulling up. Out steps Ginny, and with her are
Tricia Poe and Casey.

Poe sees his family. He swallows. He walks toward
them... He is carrying the PINK BUNNY. Like Poe, the bunny
is filthy, bloody and torn...

Poe walks to his wife and daughter. There's an awkward
tension.

TRICIA POE

Hello, Cameron.

POE

Hello, Tricia.

TRICIA POE
You haven't changed.

POE
Maybe, maybe not...

Poe looks at Casey... Unsure... Nervous...

POE
I've got a present for you, Casey.

Without accepting it, Casey buries her face in Tricia's thigh... Poe immediately pulls it back. He tries to beautify the bloody, greasy, one-eyed bunny with his shirt.

TRICIA POE
Casey, you take your Daddy's present.

POE
No no no... it's okay, honey...

Casey senses her father's discomfort. Still clinging to Tricia's leg:

CASEY
I got a picture... A picture of you...

POE
I got a picture of you, too...

Beat... Casey reaches out and slowly, shyly takes the bunny. And then, THROWS HER ARM AROUND HER DADDY.

POE
Happy birthday, darlin'.

Tricia throws her arms around both of them. The dam breaks.

Larkin watches the embrace. *

An embrace for the ages...

LARKIN
C'mon, Ginny -- *

226 EXT. THE C-123K WRECKAGE

226

Larkin and Ginny walk past the debris.

GINNY
Stale peanuts and a little turbulence, huh, Vince?

LARKIN
Ha-ha-ha.

They walk. He looks at her.

LARKIN
Plans for the weekend, Ginny?

GINNY
I dunno. Channel 7's doing a
PLANET OF THE APES festival. And
I've got a thing for Charlton
Heston.

LARKIN
Yeah, Chuck's a good-looking man.

They smile at each other.

As they pass the plane, A COP has found the BOB-DOLL...

COP
Funny thing to be on a plane of
hard-asses, isn't it?

The cop hands it to Larkin. The doll has an ID BRACELET
around its neck... Larkin looks at the bracelet... It says
"Garland Greene."

LARKIN
Garland.

Larkin begins to search, to scan the swelling crowds.

GINNY
Vince?

And quietly, amidst the tumult, the fire engines and squad
cars, the ambulances and emergency crews, the searching
cops, the dead, the wounded, the guns, smoke and twisted
metal, we --

227 A PAIR OF DICE

227

bounce off a rail lined with ribbed rubber.

INT. CASINO

Packed. The tables three deep. The one-armed bandits clang
and jangle. We settle on --

A CRAP TABLE

Crowded with GAMBLERS. A STICKMAN, a BOXMAN and two DEALERS
work it.

Chips of all colors are thrown, shifted, placed, removed,
all over the LAYOUT, with alarming speed.

Numbers are placed. Odds layed.

The STICKMAN uses his wooden stick to gather the dice and PUSH them down the length of the layout.

STICKMAN

New shooter comin' out! New
shooter comin' out! Does the new
shooter feel lucky? Does he -- ?

We follow the DICE... As they are picked up... by a small
shy man in a bad suit... with a sheepish smile. It is
Garland Greene.

GARLAND GREENE

Yes... yes, I do.

VOICE

Hold up... I'm in.

A hand lays down a hundred dollar bet. We follow the arm up
to Vince Larkin, who smiles at Garland...

Garland Greene pauses, troubled. He then throws the dice,
which travel the distance of the table and bounce off the
padded end wall.

Fading slowly TO BLACK --

The crowd CHEERS off his roll.

THE END