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# The Running Man

By Steven E. de Souza

**(CRAWL):**

BY 2017 THE WORLD ECONOMY HAS  
COLLAPSED. FOOD, NATURAL RESOURCES  
AND OIL ARE IN SHORT SUPPLY. A POLICE  
STATE, DIVIDED INTO PARAMILITARY ZONES,  
RULES WITH AN IRON HAND.  
TELEVISION IS CONTROLLED BY THE STATE  
AND A SADISTIC GAME SHOW CALLED  
"THE RUNNING MAN" HAS BECOME THE  
MOST POPULAR PROGRAM IN HISTORY.  
ALL ART, MUSIC, AND COMMUNICATIONS  
ARE CENSORED. NO DISSENT IS TOLERATED  
AND YET A SMALL RESISTANCE MOVEMENT  
HAS MANAGED TO SURVIVE UNDERGROUND.  
WHEN HIGH-TECH GLADIATORS ARE NOT  
ENOUGH TO SUPPRESS THE PEOPLE'S  
YEARNING FOR FREEDOM...  
...MORE DIRECT METHODS  
BECOME NECESSARY.

BAKERSFIELD AIR COMMAND (over helicopter radio):

Yankee Nine-Niner, what are your coordinates?

BEN RICHARDS (in pilot's seat):

Zero-two-zero, flight level one-five

We're above release point Echo Bravo One.

BAKERSFIELD AIR COMMAND:

Move in and check it out.

**RICHARDS:**

Roger. Moving in.

Food riot in progress.

Approximately 1,500 civilians.

No weapons evident.

BAKERSFIELD AIR COMMAND:

Proceed with Plan Alpha.

Eliminate anything moving.

**RICHARDS:**

I said the crowd is unarmed.

There are lots of women and children down there.

All they want is food for God's sakes!

BAKERSFIELD AIR COMMAND:

As you were, Richards!

Proceed with Plan Alpha. All rioters must be eliminated.

**RICHARDS:**

The hell with you! I will not fire on helpless people.  
Abort mission. We're gonna turn back to base.

BAKERSFIELD AIR COMMAND:

Lieutenant Sanders, do you copy?

LIEUTENANT SANDERS, IN CO-PILOT'S SEAT:

Affirmative.

BAKERSFIELD AIR COMMAND:

Take command, detain Richards and proceed as ordered.

**SOLDIER #3:**

Richards, what the fuck are you doing?  
Shit. Let's get him!

**SOLDIER #2:**

Goddamn it!

**SANDERS:**

Shit, we're pitching over!  
I got it. I got control!

**SOLDIER #1:**

He said detain him. Don't drop him.

**SOLDIER #3:**

Richards, you're gonna fry for this.

**SOLDIER #2:**

And I'll see you in hell.

**(CAPTION):**

WILSHIRE DETENTION ZONE

18 MONTHS LATER

**GUARD #1:**

Come on. Keep digging.  
What's the holdup?

**GUARD #2:**

This one's had it.  
Watch the detonator.  
Phew.

**GUARD #1:**

Get that garbage out of here.

Move!

**GUARD #3:**

Hey, Charlie. Did you see The Running Man last night?

**CHARLIE:**

I never miss it.

I even won 500 bucks.

GUARD #3

Ha. You lucky bastard.

**GUARD #4:**

Work crew coming through. Prisoner transfer to post.

**GUARD #3:**

Okay, hang on. Lenny, this is the eighth perimeter.

Fresh meat just got here. Shut down the deadline.

**LENNY:**

Affirmative. Shutting down now. Stand clear.

FEMALE PRISON-WIDE COMPUTERIZED ANNOUNCEMENT:

Access code pending.

Verified. Perimeter deactivated.

Sonic deadline is down.

**GUARD #3:**

Okay, assholes. Move it.

**CHARLIE:**

Let's go. Let's go.

**GUARD #3:**

Get out the lead or lose your head.

COMPUTERIZED ANNOUNCEMENT:

Prisoner restraint collars are disarmed.

**GUARD #3:**

Come on!

**CHARLIE:**

East perimeter here. New prisoners are all in compound. We're clear.

**LENNY:**

Affirmative. Activating deadline.  
What are you looking at? Get outta here.

COMPUTERIZED ANNOUNCEMENT:

Sonic deadline is up.  
Sonic deadline is up.  
Prisoner restraint collars armed.  
Prisoner restraint collars armed.

**RICHARDS:**

Give you a lift?

**GUARD:**

No. No!

WILLIAM LAUGHLIN:

Get it open!

**HAROLD WEISS:**

I got it, I got it!

**LAUGHLIN:**

Repeat the codes.

**WEISS:**

I did. 6 - 5 - 3. Shit! It's not working.

**RICHARDS:**

You're a hell of an actor, Laughlin.

**LAUGHLIN:**

Who was acting?

**RICHARDS:**

Well, you're still alive, aren't you?

**LAUGHLIN:**

Repeat that code.

**WEISS:**

Okay!

**RICHARDS:**

Weiss, what's the holdup? Come on!

**WEISS:**

The linking computer's denying the code.

Must be the walls in here are blocking the signal. It's not happening!

**RICHARDS:**

Then we try it outside. Move!

**PRISONERS:**

Let's go! Come on!

**GUARD:**

Get out of the way! Move!

**PRISONER:**

Open the gates! Open the gates!

**RICHARDS:**

Go ahead, do it.

Shut down the deadline, or we all lose our heads.

**WEISS:**

System's locked. Must be an encryption lockout. Damn!

COMPUTERIZED ANNOUNCEMENT:

Perimeter deactivated.

Perimeter deactivated.

**CHICO:**

All right! All right!

**PRISONER #1:**

No te vaya, Chico!

Chico! Amigo!

**RICHARDS:**

Chico! Come back!

The deadline's still up.

COMPUTERIZED ANNOUNCEMENT:

Armed. Disarmed. Armed. Disarmed.

**WEISS:**

He's not gonna make it.

That collar's gonna blow.

**PRISONER #1:**

Chico!

COMPUTERIZED ANNOUNCEMENT:

Sonic deadline is up. Sonic deadline is up.

Prisoner restraint collars armed.

Prisoner restraint collars armed.

Sonic deadline is up. Sonic deadline is up.

Prisoner restraint collars armed. Prisoner restraint collars armed.

Perimeter deactivated. Perimeter deactivated.

Perimeter deactivated. Perimeter deactivated.

(NIGHTTIME, A LOS ANGELES BARRIO)

SUZIE CHECKPOINT, ON GIANT TELEVISION SCREEN:

Please observe and obey.

**(CAPTION):**

**LOS ANGELES:**

Zone passes are required at all times.

Display passes properly.

All inter-zone workers with day passes are reminded that curfew begins at midnight.

Anyone without a valid zone card after midnight will be permanently detained.

Cadre kids, don't forget...

October is bonus recruitment month.

Earn a double bonus for reporting a family member.

ICS, your entertainment and information network reminds you, seeing is believing.

(ANNOUNCEMENTS FADE TO COMMERCIAL ON TELEVISION)

**DAMON KILLIAN:**

What's the number one television show in the whole wide world?

**AUDIENCE:**

The Running Man!

**KILLIAN:**

Yes!

**PHIL HILTON:**

Yes, it's The Running Man!

400 square blocks of danger, destruction, demolition, and...

(IN PERSON)

STEVIE, TO LAUGHLIN, WEISS, RICHARDS:  
Psst. Guys want to buy a hot stereo?

**LAUGHLIN:**  
Stevie.

**STEVIE:**  
Laughlin. Glad you guys made it.  
(ON TELEVISION)

**PHIL HILTON:**  
...and unstoppable network stalkers give criminals  
traitors, and enemies of the state exactly what  
they deserve.

**Sundays, 8:**  
Produced in cooperation with the Zone Four  
Department of Justice, all rights reserved.  
The Running Man, America's favorite game show.  
(COMMERCIAL FADES TO NEW SEGMENT ON TELEVISION)  
A child. Your child.  
Happy, loving, caring...

**LAUGHLIN:**  
You believe this shit? Twenty-four hours a day.

**MIC:**  
Seven days a week.

**RICHARDS:**  
Don't listen to it.

**LAUGHLIN:**  
I worry about the kids.  
The network shuts down the schools.  
The kids are either in hiding or getting  
basic training, brainwashed by the TV.

**WEISS:**  
We can jam the network once we find the uplink  
to the satellite. Then we'll broadcast the truth.

**RICHARDS:**  
The truth? Hasn't been very popular lately.



**MIC:**

Can't find the code, or the uplink.

Don't know where the network hid something that big, but they managed.

Uh, Stevie, would you mind?

Good-bye, my lovely.

MIC, TO RICHARDS:

You're one of the cops who locked up all my friends.

Burned my songs.

People like you took this country and turned it into a jail.

**LAUGHLIN:**

We don't want his death on our hands.

**MIC:**

He's a cop. He's the Butcher of Bakersfield.

**WEISS:**

Come on, Mic. Now you can see through that crap. It's network propaganda.

**LAUGHLIN:**

We don't know that.

**WEISS:**

We know we wouldn't be here if he hadn't helped us.

**LAUGHLIN:**

We also know he's not one of us.

**MIC:**

Perhaps now he's seen too much.

**RICHARDS:**

I've seen too much? All I've seen is a bunch of low foreheads who think they can change the world with dreams and talk. It's too late for that. If you're not ready to act, give me a break and shut up.

**MIC:**

Nothing worth losing your head over though, huh?

**RICHARDS:**

You got it.

(DAYLIGHT, LOS ANGELES BARRIO)

**MAN IN BARRIO:**

Hey, get out of here!

**LAUGHLIN:**

Well, there's your ride. It's all set.

**RICHARDS:**

Nothing like first class.

BARRIO FOREMAN #1:

Hey, come in. Señorita, señorita, do you want to come in? Yeah. Hey, you too! Yeah.

**RICHARDS:**

I guess this is it.

Now you, Weiss, stay out of the national database, okay?

And you, Laughlin, stop trying to teach the Constitution to the street punks.

See you guys at the 10-year prison reunion.

**WEISS:**

You can still join us if you want.

**RICHARDS:**

No, thank you. My brother's gonna get me out of the city, plus I'm not into politics. I'm into survival.

**LAUGHLIN:**

Nowadays, Fritz, it's the same thing.

**RICHARDS:**

Laughlin, save it for the written test. Good luck.

**LAUGHLIN:**

Yeah, for all of us.

Look, look, there he is!

Mister D! Mister D!

Yes!

You're beautiful! Yeah!

We need you, Damon!

Brenda, do you have this week's ratings, or do I have to guess?

They're the same as last week, and those were the

same all last month.

I guess we've just peaked. But it's not like we've dropped.

Hah ! "Not like we..." You're beautiful, sweetheart.

- Whoa!

- Oh! Sorry, Mr. Killian!

That's all right. What's your name?

Dan.

Dan, you're doing good work. Looks beautiful.

Don't worry. Okay?

Thank you. Thank you.

Brenda, if that asshole is mopping the floor tomorrow, you'll be mopping it for the rest of the week. Let's go!

Security code accepted.

Edward?

Damon, were you down in wardrobe yet? They've got your new jackets, they're fantastic!

Who chose the colors? Hey, how are my people today?

- Fine, sir. Thank you.

Hey, you're looking good. Love that -

Tony, Tony! What do you got for me?

Damon, thank God! The Justice Department's calling every 10 minutes.

Just give them an evasive answer. Tell 'em go fuck themselves.

Got my coffee?

I want to know what we got, all right?

All right. Let's see.

Lights.

Oh, God. Kitchen, toast and coffee.

ICS Channel One.

Are you ready for pain? Are you ready for suffering?

If the answer is yes...

then you're ready for Captain Freedom's workout.

Yes, it's America's own Captain Freedom.

Ten-time national champion. The greatest stalker to ever play the game.

All right now, all you runners. Ready, get set, go!

We interrupt Captain Freedom's workout to bring you this urgent news bulletin.

The city police are engaged in a door-to-door search for Benjamin A. Richards, known as the Butcher of Bakersfield. Richards, a former police officer, was the helicopter pilot who went berserk

18 months ago, firing without warning on a crowd of innocent civilians. If you see this man, do not approach him. Contact your local block warden. He is considered armed and dangerous.

Don't make a sound, do you understand? Who are you? A friend of my brother's?

What are you talking about?

This is his apartment.

I moved in last month. They told me the last tenant was taken away for...

Yes?

For reeducation.

Help! Are you the man?

Asesino in my house! El Butcher of Bakersfield's in my bathroom!

That's the ticket. No pain, no gain.

Let go of me! Let me go! Let go!

Now, listen to me, because I'm only gonna say this once.

This is all a lie. I was framed. I'm completely innocent.

Yeah, sure.

Now be quiet and stay still, and I'm out of here in five minutes.

Hi, this is Amber. I'm not home right now.

I'm out somewhere having a wonderful time with glamorous people in a fabulous place.

So, when you hear the tone, control your jealousy and leave your message.

Ha!

Kenzie - Yama - Fisch - "Baby Face" March.

Are you kidding me? Next!

How's this one? Case one-fourteen. Schoolteacher.

Killed his wife and mother-in-law at a faculty dinner party with a steak knife.

Yeah. See, I like that quality.

He's the sort that the neighbors say, "Such a quiet man. Never too busy to say hello." But look at him. He weighs 120 pounds. He wouldn't last 30 seconds. Who else?

What about those bank robbers? The ones that made that suicide pact.

Did they commit suicide?

Obviously not, Damon.

Then they're unreliable.

I got a friend at a talent agency. Maybe they've got an axe murderer or

something.  
Hello, gorgeous.  
Somebody with stamina.  
Tony? Tony! Pipe that feed in here now.  
Take a look at this. This is yesterday's prison break.  
Hey, look.  
Look at that mother move, huh?  
Is he beautiful? Who is he?  
Are you kidding? That's Ben Richards.  
The cop from the massacre? Sensational! Perfect  
contestant. I want him.  
Can't have him.  
Why not?  
Damon, You know our contract. We never get  
military prisoners.  
Who's a military prisoner? He's still at large.  
Yeah? Well, they'll get him for me.  
Cadres can't have it both ways.  
They want ratings? I can get 10 points for his  
biceps alone.  
Hello, yeah this is Killian.  
Get me the Justice Department, entertainment division.  
No, no, hold that. Operator?  
Get me the president's agent.  
What is this?  
That's my synthesizer setup.  
I'm a musician.  
Well, I'm really - I'm really a singer.  
I - I - I write music for the network. Have you heard of  
their theme song, "We Bring You Joy, We Bring You  
Strife"? Well, I wrote that.  
Well you must be very proud of yourself.  
It's really nothing.  
Hmm. Look at this.  
They're all on the censored list.  
And look what we have here.  
This looks like black-market clothing.  
And you wrote the network jingle.  
Come on. Everybody does it.  
Money.  
That's what I need. Money.  
That money's not going to do you any good, you know.  
You won't be able to take the squad. You don't have  
a travel pass.

You do.

Now I do.

Now let's see.

Now, where should we go?

Maybe someplace warm. I need to work on my tan anyway.

You see, you get so pale in prison.

There you are.

Good. Now, I'm going to untie you.

And then you're gonna get dressed.

And then you're gonna come with me.

Oh, yeah? Well, why should I?

Because I'm going to say - "please".

Well, why didn't you say so?

All flights to Pretoria, Tutuville and Mandelaburg are on schedule.

Flights to Anaconda, Chile, are delayed several hours.

All Mideast flights are canceled until further notice.

You'll never pull this off, you know.

You are unarmed, outnumbered.

Face it, you're screwed.

So why don't you just forget about all this and turn yourself in?

You know...

you have a very negative attitude.

Now remember, I can break your neck like a chicken's.

Travel pass.

What a beautiful day today.

I can practically taste those piña coladas already.

- Right, sweetheart?

- Hm?

- Miss?

- Huh?

You didn't put it in your purse again, did you?

Last vacation she put my credit cards in there, and we couldn't find them for a week.

- Hm, here. Could you hold this, please?

- You want to move it up there?

We got a plane to catch.

Go on! Go on!

You can't live with them...

and you can't live without them.

- This is ridiculous!

I'm warning you, I get sick...

air sick, car sick.

I'm gonna throw up all over you.  
Go ahead. It won't show on this shirt.  
Help! He's Ben Richards!  
He's trying to kidnap me! Help!  
Positive ID. Benjamin A. Richards.  
Priority-one fugitive. Repeat, all units, terminal seven.  
All right. We're on him. Close in! Close in!  
Go! Go! Go! Move!  
You move and you're dead!  
Hi, cutie pie.  
You know, one of us is in deep trouble.  
You know who I am?  
I've seen you before.  
You're the asshole on TV.  
That's funny. I was gonna say the same thing about you.  
I saw the video of your prison break. Sensational.  
Ben, I think we might be able to help each other out.  
I've got the brains, and you've got talent.  
And you've got more. You've got talent...  
you've got charisma, and you've got balls.  
That's why I pulled a few strings to get you here.  
And that's why...  
I'd like you to volunteer to appear...  
on tomorrow's broadcast of The Running Man.  
Fuck you.  
You're a brilliant conversationalist, man. A trifle  
limited, but brilliant.  
Take a look.  
- How long are they gonna keep us here?  
Now isn't that your old schoolteacher buddy there? Huh?  
And there's your other buddy, the one who helped  
you in the prison infirmary.  
Weiss. Laughlin. What are you gonna do with them?  
Well, that's really up to you, Ben.  
You see, I created The Running Man, but I don't  
make the rules.  
I got a contract with the government.  
They send me the convicts, I put them on the  
show. Well, you've seen it, right?  
And you know at least you've got a chance.  
But your buddies, Ben...  
get the B list.  
So if you don't do The Running Man tomorrow...  
Weiss and Laughlin...

are gonna go on...  
in your place.  
What do you say?  
Let's see how far this clown runs when we're  
done with him.  
Starting barium IV.  
That's a go.  
Reading all systems down the line.  
Your bird is singing loud and clear.  
All systems check out.  
Mandibular restraint.  
Interphalangeic injection.  
Deltoid IM injection.  
Procedure completed.  
Takes care of him.  
Sons of bitches!  
He's wrapped. Knock him out till show time.  
These guys never stop competing.  
I get thirsty just watching them, and in my  
line of work, I can't afford that filled-up feeling.  
That's why I drink Cadre Cola.  
It hits the spot.  
The capture of renegade police officer and  
mass murderer Ben Richards was filmed yesterday  
by runway security cameras. Richards's hostage,  
Amber Mendez, was unharmed. Some airport  
personnel were not so lucky, like the ticket agent  
and security guard Richards shot at point-blank  
range when he arrived at the airport.  
Ah, but that's not true.  
They were taken to Cadre Memorial Hospital  
where they remain in guarded condition.  
And now, back to Climbing for Dollars.  
Mr. Richards.  
I'm your court-appointed theatrical agent.  
It's time.  
And digital effects number one.  
Roll process mod.  
Okay, you guys. Hey, here we are.  
Hey, we make some money.  
Hey, over here! Here!  
Big crowd tonight.  
Better there than in the streets.  
Buzzsaw, Buzzsaw! Touch me! Buzzsaw!



Let's hear it! Who's your number one stalker? Yeah.  
Buzzsaw! Slice those runners for me, man!  
He touched me! You guys see that? Buzzsaw touched me!  
Look at my power!  
Don't touch the hair!  
Go!  
Look, do you have any more change? I ran out.  
Yes.  
Six dollars. Jesus, this place...  
You're lucky to be alive. I mean, that guy, he's killed,  
what - sixty, eighty, a hundred people?  
Not according to him, he hasn't.  
That's what they all say.  
"Whereas the victim contests this...  
and whereas network and victim have in past  
been combatants...  
ad hoc de facto...  
the parties herein have agreed to disagree.  
This is now mutually consented to be de jure...  
and therefore parties have certain obligations  
to each other.  
Respective rights and obligations.  
A. Victim has no rights."  
Boy.  
"B. ..."  
Lucky he didn't kill you too...  
or rape you and kill you...  
or kill you, then rape you.  
"Conflicts between your estate and Network..."  
I mean, a guy like that - what would stop him?  
Yeah.  
What would?  
Look, Amy, I - I have to pass on that drink.  
I just remembered that I have some paperwork to do,  
- And now -  
so I'll catch you tomorrow, okay?  
- here's the producer of The Running Man...  
and everyone's favorite showman...  
Damon Killian!  
Yeah! Thank you! You're beautiful!  
I love you. Yes!  
You're beautiful!  
Thank you!  
Shh!

It's...  
show time!  
Yeah! Yeah!  
All right, now, tell me.  
What's the number one television show  
in the whole wide world?  
The Running Man!  
And who loves you, and who do you love?  
Damon!  
One more time!  
Damon!  
Yes!  
Phil, my announcer.  
I heard the warm-up today, and I got to tell you...  
honestly, Phil, I don't think I've ever heard you funny.  
I'm just kidding, guys. You're great at your job.  
Too bad it isn't music.  
"Res ipsa loquitur, ad infinitum for cassettes,  
videotapes, bubble chips, and all other methods  
of recordings known or unknown."  
Sign here.  
Hey!  
Here, here here. Use my back, victim.  
Don't forget to send me a copy.  
The love of my life, my number one fan...  
Mrs. McArdle!  
- Tell me, how you doin'?  
- Just fine.  
I want a kiss, now, a big kiss, but remember, no tongues.  
- Bless you.  
- Sit down, little darlin'.  
We have one hell of a show for you tonight.  
Phil! Please, if you will...  
introduce tonight's...guest...runner...  
and watch that screen.  
Our star runner tonight needs no introduction.  
He's Ben Richards!  
The brutal slayer of 60 men, women and  
children in the Bakersfield Massacre.  
- Food riot in progress.  
Approximately 1,500 civilians.  
Moving in.  
Yankee Nine-Niner, the crowd is unarmed.  
Repeat, unarmed. Abort attack.

- Acknowledge, Yankee Nine-Niner.  
- The hell with you.  
- Lieutenant Sanders, take command. Detain Richards and return to base.  
- Acknowledge, Yankee Nine-Niner. Acknowledge! Return to base! Those are innocent, unarmed people down there! Cease fire! Cease fire!  
- Oh, no!  
Oh!  
Well, we all know the aftermath...  
grieving parents...  
orphaned children...  
and a nation shocked to its very core.  
Here he is...  
ready to pay the price for our home audience...  
in person...  
the Butcher of Bakersfield!  
Kill him!  
Boo!  
Boo!  
Now, Ben Richards could've gone to prison, paid his penalty; but instead, he volunteered for The Running Man. Risking everything for a chance...  
- Excuse me.  
- at our fabulous prizes, like a trial by jury, suspended sentence...  
maybe even a full pardon.  
Like our previous winners, Whitman, Price and Haddad! You remember them! Whitman, Price and Haddad! There they are! And at this very moment, they're basking under the Maui sun, their debt to society... paid in full.  
Speaking of prizes, you don't have to be a menace to society to be a winner...  
You folks in the audience, you'll get a chance too. Phil, tell our friends what they can win today. Damon, how about a year's supply of Orthopure Procreation Pills... both adult and kiddie sizes, and the latest edition of The Running Man home game.  
Ben, I know you're just dying to get into that game zone, and show us the same determination you showed up in Bakersfield.  
Well, first, I've got a little surprise for you.

We all know you're a big, tough guy, Ben,  
but that doesn't mean that you're a loner.  
And it takes a big man to admit that he needs  
his friends.  
We didn't want to break up a winning team, Ben.  
so here they are, ready to go for broke, right  
by your side.  
Ladies and gentlemen, Ben's buddies...  
Harold Weiss and William Laughlin.  
Son of a bitch!  
You know how this works.  
The game zone is divided into 400 square blocks  
left over from the big quake of '97.  
I don't think any of us will ever forget that.  
Once inside the zone, the runners have three hours.  
They've gotta go through all four game quads.  
Three hours or less, and they're gonna need  
every second. 'Cause you know who's on their tail?  
- The stalkers!  
- Who?  
- The stalkers!  
- And you know what happens then!  
- Anything goes!  
- What?  
- Anything goes!  
- Right! Without further ado...  
it's time to start running!  
On your marks, get set...  
Killian.  
I'll be back.  
Only in a rerun.  
Go!  
Go!  
- You son of a bitch!  
- Go!  
Yes!  
Two way catch team in position.  
Lock down terminus impact net.  
All systems go.  
Vacuum sleds passing checkpoint one.  
"Edited for television."  
"Raw footage."  
Come on, get up!  
Edith Wiggins, come on down!

Yeah!

Whoa, whoa, Edith.

You look like you might've done a little stalking yourself.

All right. Now, we need you to give me the name of the stalker that we send out to hunt down those three desperate criminals.

Give me 10 seconds, please.

Come on, come on. Place your bets. Place your bets.

On first stalk.

Come on, come on. That's Dynamo, 3 to 1.

Time's up.

No more bets.

Come on. Back off, back off! Come on!

I don't know. They're all so good.

Quickly!

My husband and my little boy, they have their favorites.

But I like my men big and cuddly.

- Yeah? Who is it?

- Subzero!

- All right! Okay!

We're looking for Subzero!

Yeah!

And now, our first stalker of the evening...

a Cadre trophy champion with over 30 lifetime kills.

Let's welcome the incredible iceman, who slices his enemies limb from limb into quivering, bloody sushi...

Professor Subzero!

Yeah!

Let's move!

Go on!

Damon, here in the locker room...

there's a lot of excitement here, a lot of adrenaline.

The stalkers know there's 400 square blocks of game zone out there...and anything can happen in the next three hours.

I remember once when I was in the...

- Sorry, Cap. I've just been informed...

the runners have entered the first quad.

Let's go there now, live!

- Faster!

- Get going.

Come on, come on. Bring your money, come on.

Give it to me! Come on, come on.

First blood. You pay your money, you make your choice.  
Come on. Hey. How about you?  
It's cold.  
What is this?  
I guess they want us to stay.  
Subzero does it again!  
A triple hit!  
Let's get out of here! Come on!  
Weiss, come on! Go!  
Banzai!  
Oh, look at this. An ICS home video. Right here.  
And The Running Man...  
home version right here for you.  
- I love you!  
Look, get me out of here, you guys!  
Hang on, Weiss. I'm coming.  
Come on, big boy!  
Yeah!  
Richards?  
Will! Look, get me out of here, you guys!  
Will, look out!  
Kill that son of a bitch!  
Kill him! Come on! Yeah! Yeah!  
Hey, Killian!  
Here is Subzero.  
Now plain zero.  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is... just horrible.  
Words can't express what we're all feeling at  
this very moment. A great champion has fallen.  
We'll be back right after these important messages.  
Pull!  
- You all right?  
- Yeah. Boy.  
What the hell is that?  
- It's gas.  
- Let's get out of here.  
Sure glad we took care of Subzero.  
Yeah, he was a real pain in the neck.  
Huh?|I know what a - I know a stalker died.  
Well, it had to happen sooner or later.  
Yeah, well, it is a contact sport, right?  
Yes, but you guys at Justice, you cannot have  
it both ways.  
You want ratings, you want people in front

of the TV sets...instead of picket lines.

Well, you ain't gonna get that with reruns of Gilligan's Island.  
Gilligan's Island.

Yeah. Yeah, the one with the boat.

Buzzsaw! Buzzsaw! Buzzsaw!

Fireball! Fireball! Fireball! Fireball! Fireball!

Yeah, Buzzsaw!

Leon.

I don't know. I think maybe Dynamo...

but Buzzsaw was last year's champion.

- I can't decide!

- Then don't decide, Leon.

Hard decisions call for hard solutions.

And here are two hard asses ready to step in and take charge.

You asked for 'em, Leon. You got 'em.

Here they are!

Buzzsaw and Dynamo!

Phil, tell us all about this champion tag team.

Let's give a down-home welcome to "Buzzsaw"

Eddie Vatowski, last season's leading stalker.

Buzzsaw's Hammond and Gage chain saws

are made of Trilon-coated Durasteel, and

can cut muscle, sinew, bone or even solid steel!

- Well?

- The ratings just jumped eight points right  
across the board.

- Eight?

- Make that nine points.

- I love Ben Richards.

- Want another surprise?

- What?

- Remember the girl who was with Richards  
at the airport?

- The one with the cute ass?

- This is cuter. They just caught her downstairs. She  
was pulling the Bakersfield video.

Would you please welcome...

- Sensational.

- Our third stalker of the evening, Dynamo!

[ Dynamo singing from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro ]

Ah, thank you. You're beautiful. Well, it's been  
an exciting show so far, right?

We've had shocks, we've had surprises.

And we thought, "Why not one more surprise?"

Will you please help me welcome our mystery contestant...

Miss Amber Mendez!

Let me go!

Amber! Now, I understand that you're single, Amber...

and that you live on the west side.

And not surprisingly, she's flaunted the law...

and traditional morality all of her life.

Go ahead. Tell some lies about me now.

We don't lie. Phil, tell us all about her.

- It's clear. Come on.

- Weiss, what is it?

- The camera relay. It's pointing into the zone, not up.

- Who gives a damn?

Hey, where are you going?

- Later, she cheated on college exams...

had sexual relationships with two...

sometimes three different men in a year...

and then she met "Mad Dog" Ben Richards.

Her confederate, her lover.

That was a lie!

Dear, dear, dear. Let's reunite these little lovebirds.

Go!

- It's got to be here somewhere.

- You want to tell me what the hell is going on?

- All the relays are the same. They point into the middle of the game zone. Now sooner or later they're gonna connect - which means the uplink to the network satellite is in there.

- No wonder Mic's people couldn't find it. No one ever comes out here.

- If we find that uplink, we can crack the code.

We'll get it to Mic, and the underground'll jam the network.

- Jam the network?

- That's right.

Jam it up your ass. Forget this crazy uplink business.

You're gonna get us all killed. We got to move on.

Let's go! Move!

Weiss!

Move!

Weiss!

Christ.

Stalkers, we've got a bead: twenty degrees north, mark



seven; twelve degrees east, mark two.

Yes!

Come on, brothers! Let's win one for the 'Zero!

"Uplinks. Underground." "Uplinks. Underground."

You guys don't shut up, I'm going to uplink your ass...

and you'll be underground!

Watch out, the lights!

- Let's get out of here!

- Shh! Someone's coming.

Hey! Hey, Richards, wait, it's Amber!

What the hell are you doing here?

Well, you don't have to beat the crap out of me!

Think I'm glad to be here?

Who the hell is this?

She's the one who turned me in at the airport.

Guess this is her reward.

Oh yeah, go ahead. Make jokes.

- Shh.

It's your fault I'm here.

The police think I'm helping you out. They even think

I'm your girlfriend.

I can straighten that out. See this camera up there?

I can strangle you for the home audience.

- Another relay. Quick! It's around here.

- Weiss!

- What's he talking about?

- Come on. Let's go.

-Weiss, over here, over here!

Richards! Look out!

- You son of a bitch!

- Wait, wait!

Richards, help! Where are we -

- Laughlin!

- Are you there?

- Yeah.

- Okay, go, let's go.

Give me your money. Okay.

Hey, man, what are you doing? Hey!

The resistance has been trying to jam the network for five years.

This could be our chance.

- Let's go!

- No! This is more important.

- It's the uplink to the network satellite.

- But he's gonna find us.

Weiss, come on. Weiss!  
Over there.  
Yes!  
Who loves you, and who do you love?  
Let me hear it.  
You've got it.  
Who loves you, and who do you love?  
Let me hear it!  
One more time!  
Laughlin! Hang on, I've got you.  
Run! Get out of there.  
Get out of there!  
Laughlin, get up!  
Go! Go! Go!  
Go! Go! Go!  
- There you go, Leon.  
- Oh, wow! Yeah!  
- The Running Man home game.  
- It's okay, it's okay, man.  
- Jesus!  
- Don't worry.  
- Don't worry. You'll make some more money.  
You'll make more money.  
- Let's get out of here, Weiss. He's gonna find us.  
- Jackpot!  
- What are you doing? Weiss?  
What are you doing?  
What's this, Weiss?  
- It's the uplink interface. Look out.  
Great! Hexagonal Decode System.  
Not impossible. Just gonna take a little time.  
- Your name is Amber, right?  
- Yeah.  
Okay, Amber. I gonna need you to remember  
these numbers.  
We've got to get them to Mic and the resistance.  
All right, all right, I will! But, then let's go!  
Richards!  
I love this saw.  
This saw is part of me.  
And I'm gonna make it part of you!  
That's all right.  
Keep it!  
God!

Come on.

- 18, 24. Come on.

- 18, 24.

- 61 ... B.

Say them. Say them!

- 18, 24, 61, B. Can we go now?

- Not yet.

- Not yet?

- Sev--

- What do you mean, "not yet"?

- 17...17...

- 4.

- 17 - 7 - 4?

- 17 - 17 - 4.

- What?

- Come to me, my love.

- Oh, my God.

- No!

No! Don't be a robot, let me go! Richards!

- Hey! Light head!

- Hey, Christmas tree!

- Richards!

Oh, shit!

- All right!

- All right!

Follow me, light bulb!

Ah, gotcha!

Come on!

All right!

Oh. Oh, God! I'm stuck!

Uh...Somebody, help me!

Cut, cut! Go to commercial.

Jesus Christ! I have no power.

Cut! Go to commercial!

Kill him!

No. I won't kill a helpless human being.

Not even sadistic scum like you.

- Oh, my God!

- Boo!

Come on!

Do it!

What happened to Buzzsaw?

Ah - he had to split.

Hey, what an incredible battle!

Buzzsaw gone...  
Dynamo down...  
but the stalk isn't over till the fat lady sings...  
and the very last criminal...  
Fireball, |report to wardrobe at once.  
Fireball, |you are wanted in wardrobe.  
- And our half-time show!  
Laughlin, break's over.  
Come on, let's get going.  
I'm going somewhere, but not with you.  
Buzzsaw took care of my...traveling arrangements.  
Oh, my God.  
Weiss?  
He's dead.  
But he gave me the code.  
The satellite uplink code.  
The underground has a broadcast center...  
in quadrant four.  
Take her. Take her and the code to Mic.  
Don't let us die for nothin'.  
Listen, we're countin' on ya.  
Don't let us down.  
I don't want to be the only...  
asshole in heaven...  
Ben.  
He saved my life.  
It should be me down there.  
We got him? Hey, Ben?  
Ben, I got to hand it to you, pal.  
You got the whole network here in an uproar.  
Why, they're shipping bicarb to the Justice Department  
in crates.  
So that's why this little call is just between you and I.  
It's not going out on the air.  
Listen very carefully, Ben.  
How would you like a three year contract, guaranteed.  
A Cadre credit line - and a beachfront condo?  
Sound impossible?  
Ben, that's the standard deal for a network stalker.  
And I know real talent when I see it, Ben.  
and I'd just hate to see you get canceled tonight...  
when you could go the distance.  
Say the word, Ben - you can be the one  
doing the stalking.

What do you think?

You cold-blooded bastard. I'll tell you what I think of it.

I'll live to see you eat that contract.

But I hope you leave room for my fist...

because I'm going to ram it into your stomach...

and break your goddamn spine!

Damon, it's for you.

- W-Who?

- It's the attorney general.

Get out. Everybody out.

Come on. Move.

Yes.

Fireball! Fireball! Fireball! Fireball!

Fireball! Fireball! Fireball! Fireball!

Come on, Fireball!

Let's go!

Yeah, he's my hero! He's my hero!

And there he goes. Fireball's on his way.

And Dynamo's down but not out. Back to you, Damon.

Hey! All right, Agnes.

Listen now. Big chance for you. Win a whole lot of prizes.

Now you know we've still got two crack stalkers

out there, right?

Dynamo and Fireball.

Who do you think will make the next kill?

Oh, boy. That's a tough one.

Come on, give it a try. You can do it. Who do you think?

Okay...I think the next kill...

will be made by...

Ben Richards.

- Richards?

- She can't do that!

- Hold it, hold it. Agnes...

Richards is a runner. You've gotta pick a stalker.

I can pick anyone I choose...

and I choose...

Ben Richards.

- Richards.

That boy's one mean motherfucker.

#### **BARRIO BETTOR:**

Two hundred dollars on Richards!

Come on! 200 on Richards!

Two hundred dollars on Richards! Come on, you got it?

BARRIO FOREMAN #1:

Just do it?

BARRIO FOREMAN #2:

Just do it. Just write it there.

Okay man, you want it? You got it.

**BARRIO BETTOR:**

Yeah? Yeah? All right, he took it!

BARRIO FOREMAN #2:

Place your bet, place your bet. 2-5. 2-5!

**RICHARDS:**

Secret broadcast center, my ass!

I don't know what Laughlin was talking about.

There's nothing out here.

**AMBER:**

Me and my big mouth! We should have taken that trip to Hawaii.

**RICHARDS:**

I had the shirt for it, but you fucked it up.

**AMBER:**

Jesus Christ!

**RICHARDS:**

Guess again.

You're dead, sucker!

Come on. Keep up.

I'm running too fast. My feet can't keep up!

There he goes! The number-one rusher!

He smells blood...

and nothing on earth is gonna stop him!

Wait. I want to go -

Here. This way.

Why here? I want to go that way. I think...

Let go of me. Put me down.

You're going to get us killed.

Stop it!

Richards! Let me go!

Burn 'em good!

Amber, get out of here!

Go!

Go! Now!  
Amber!  
Richards.  
Richards.  
Richards.  
Whitman.  
Price.  
Haddad.  
They're Running Men.  
Last season's winners.  
No. Last season's losers.  
Huh?  
Help! Help!  
My gas line! My gas line!  
Go to commercial, go to commercial!  
How about a light?  
What a hothead.  
- Bye-bye, Fireball!  
- All right!  
- Yeah, Richards!  
Captain Freedom to wardrobe.  
Captain Freedom to wardrobe on the double.  
Forget it, Killian! I won't do it.  
It's not a request, moron, it's an order.  
I don't need this crap.  
This stuff is... garbage!  
I -  
I was killin' guys like this ten years ago with  
my bare hands!  
I'm not going for any of these tricks.  
This is a sport of death and honor.  
Code of the gladiators!  
Cap, will you spare me the combat Zen speech?  
What the hell's the matter with you?  
Can't you see what's going on out there?  
This isn't a game!  
They're betting on Richards up there!  
Bullshit!  
Get outta here!  
Get him outta here!  
What's the matter, steroids make you deaf?  
Get him out of here now!  
Now what?  
Now let's find Mic's secret broadcast center...

if it even exists.  
Oh, shit!  
Let's try that way.  
We're trapped.  
Subzero...  
Fireball...  
and Buzzsaw.  
Say their names with reverent pride.  
They punished crime and served the law.  
As patriots they died.  
This is what I hate. Third-act problems!  
Roll...  
stock.  
Freeze in digital memory.  
And...  
Activate traveling matte.  
Tony, this better work, pal,  
or you'll be a digital memory.  
Take it easy, Damon.  
We're loading Richards's image onto the database, and  
when he's mapped onto the stunt double,  
you'll never know the difference.  
All right, boys. Let's see you dance.  
Sensational. I love it!  
Mr. Richards.  
I'm surprised you're so easily caught.  
Welcome to the People's Network.  
We've been waiting for you.  
This is nice, Mic.  
But it would've been nicer if you would've gotten  
off your asses and helped us out there.  
We couldn't.  
We'd have been seen, and the government  
would have found this place.  
Laughlin, Weiss - would have died for nothing.  
They didn't.  
I have the uplink code.  
Whoa, hoh! Ladies and gentlemen, I've just got  
an update on tonight's incredible action.  
The runners have entered the final quad...  
And Captain Freedom has hung up his announcer's  
mike and come out of retirement!  
He's suited up, and ready for the final conflict.  
Let's go now, live, to the game zone!



Yes! It's all over! What a colossal fight!  
This is an incredible moment in sports.  
Captain Freedom, out of retirement and still  
undefeated champion.  
Proving once again that right and might are one  
and the same!  
Damn that Killian!  
What's wrong? You should be happy.  
We're officially dead. We can go anywhere, do anything.  
No. Don't you understand it?  
They'll never let us out of here alive. They can't afford it.  
They'll get the police, the army and hunt us  
down like dogs.  
Off camera, of course.  
Okay. Dismantle all the overlays.  
Put the uh, digital matte in the pixel memory storage.  
You know, the damn thing worked like a charm.  
It should. Editel charged us an arm and a leg  
for the software.  
Damon! You didn't have to kill him!  
It's all a part of life's rich pattern, Brenda...  
and you better fuckin' get used to it.  
That's the one for the awards show, huh?  
Thank you, you're doing nice work. I thank you.  
Tony, you're finally - getting it.  
Guns. You don't need guns to jam a satellite.  
I do, to keep it.  
The minute I steal the signal  
the network will try to shunt to the next one in orbit.  
Stevie's group is going inside to stop them now.  
These kids?  
This is a bad move, Mic.  
They need a leader, they need someone with experience.  
I thought you were looking for the door.  
I told Killian I'd be back.  
I wouldn't want to be a liar.  
Listen up, everybody.  
I want you all to consider yourselves picked up  
for the rest of the season, okay?  
What, are you my people or an oil painting?  
We're up nine points!  
Come on, now. Let's go, champ.  
We're going to send the uplink code in 20 minutes.  
Ten seconds later, I'll go on the air.

- We'll be ready.  
- If you want to make an impression, forget the speech.  
Try this instead.  
What is it?  
It's the original video from the Bakersfield Massacre -  
before they edited for broadcasting.  
Where did you hide that?  
It's none of your business.  
Hey, what the hell?  
Six minutes.  
Begin satellite coding sequence.  
Load uplink code into transponder grid.  
Shunt power to main circuits.  
Mister Spock, you have the conn.  
Who is Mister Spock?  
Come on, let me hear it now.  
Oh, yeah!  
Welcome to the post-game wrap-up show!  
Ladies, I love ya.  
Thank you, young man.  
Hello! You're on the air.  
- Hi, Damon. My name is Wendy. Listen, I have a  
question about Dynamo. Is he seriously hurt or what?  
- He's gonna be fine, love.  
- Fortunately, it seems...  
- Good luck.  
- ...Dynamo was still under factory warranty.  
- You too.  
You're on the air.  
Damon, I so feel bad about the dead stalkers.  
Is there any way I can make a donation to help out  
their families?  
Oh, what a darling you are. Yes, my dove.  
All you do, you send your checks to the Patriots' Fund,  
care of this station...  
- Three...  
two...  
one.  
That's it. We got it. We got that baby!  
Those contributions are tax deductible.  
And who loves you, and who do you love?  
Damon!  
Yes! Yes! Yes!  
Hey, what's going on?

We don't lie.

Like our previous winners...

Whitman, Price and Haddad.

You remember them.

There they are and at this very moment...

basking under the Maui sun...

their debt to society paid in full.

Watch...

that screen.

- Yankee Nine-Niner. What's the status of the crowd?

- Food riot in progress.

Approximately 1,500 civilians.

No weapons are evident.

- Proceed with Plan Alpha. Eliminate anything moving.

- I said the crowd is unarmed.

There are lots of women and children down there.

All they want is some food for God sake!

- As you were, Richards! Proceed with Plan Alpha.

All rioters must be eliminated.

- The hell with you. I will not fire at helpless human beings.

- You have your...

- Where's it coming from?

- The network satellite.

- Abort mission. Return to base.

- Don't touch that dial.

- ... detain Richards and proceed as ordered.

Richards, what the fuck are you doing?

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen!

If you'll please bear with us!

We're experiencing technical difficulties!

Bullshit!

It's show time!

Get the people out! Come on! Get the people out!

Thought it was pretty funny out there in the zone.

What's the matter now, bitch?

Why aren't you laughing?

Because there's nothing funny about a dickless moron with a battery up his ass!

Come on!

Out! Out!

I'll show you dickless!

- Get out of my way!

- Get down! Down!

Let's go!  
Hello, cutie pie.  
One of us is in deep trouble.  
Sven, do you want to talk to Mr. Richards?  
Well?  
I got to score some steroids.  
You look pissed, Ben.  
Believe me, you got every right to be.  
But, hey, will you - will you just let me explain?  
This is television. That's all it is.  
It's nothing to do with people. It's to do with the ratings.  
For 50 years, we've told them what to eat, what to  
drink, what to wear.  
For Christ's sake, Ben, don't you understand?  
Americans love television.  
They wean their kids on it.  
Listen, they love game shows, they love wrestling.  
They love sports and violence.  
So what do we do? We give 'em what they want!  
We're number one, Ben. That's all that counts.  
Believe me. I've been in the business 30 years.  
Well I haven't been in show business as long  
as you have Killian, but I'm a quick learner.  
So I'm going to give the audience what I think they want.  
- Wait!  
You bastard! Drop dead!  
- I don't do requests.  
- No!  
Well that hit the spot.  
Yeah!  
Yee-haw!  
All right! Yeah!  
Richards! Richards! Richards! Richards!  
Richards! Richards! Richards! Richards!  
The Running Man has been brought to you by...  
Breakaway Paramilitary Uniforms...  
Orthopure Procreation Pills...  
and Cadre Cola...|it hits the spot.  
Promotional considerations paid for by:  
Kelton Flamethrowers,  
Wainwright Electrical Launchers...  
and Hammond and Gage Chainsaws.  
Damon Killian's wardrobe by Chez Antoine -  
19th century craftsmanship for the 21st century man.

Cadre trooper and studio guard sidearms  
provided by Colchester, the pistol of patriots.  
Remember, tickets for the ICS studio tour are  
always available for class-A citizens in good standing.  
If you'd like to be a contestant on The Running Man...  
send a self-addressed, stamped envelope...  
to "ICS Talent Hunt", care of your local affliliate...  
and then go out and do something really despicable.  
I'm Phil Hilton! Good night, and take care.