

DEMOLITION MAN

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SILVER PICTURES

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*"The world of the future will  
be an ever more demanding  
struggle against the limitations  
of our intelligence..."*

Norbert Wiener

*"On the whole, I'd rather be in  
Philadelphia..."*

W.C. Fields

DEMOLITION MAN

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK SKY - NIGHT

Dark, ominous clouds of smoke. A beat of semi-calm. And then... A long blast of TRACER FIRE cuts through. And another. And another. We TILT DOWN to discover we are --

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AIRBORNE - MOVING - NIGHT (1998)

A city on fire. A block here, block there. More TRACER FIRE. A cross between the LA riots and Gulf War. A SUPERED TITLE: LA RIOT III. And then FADING IN BELOW: MONTH 4. We CONTINUE MOVING ABOVE the ravaged city --

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

(filtered)

You imagine what it was like when they had to fly choppers through this shit?

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Not even.

Gliding totally silently INTO FRAME is the biggest, darkest, midnight blue blimp you've ever seen. Small gold letters on the side -- LAPD. Fully armored beneath. Woven kevlar on the sides. BULLETS REBOUND with a long ZZZZZIP off the sides. PING SOFTLY off the plastic armor on the bottom.

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

I don't understand where we're going and why the hell we're bothering anyhow...

A new voice responds. This one brooks no discussion --

SPARTAN (V.O.)

Because there's anger and there's frustration, and then there's pure fucking evil...

INT. BLIMP POD - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

JOHN SPARTAN peers down into the fiery landscape.

SPARTAN

Where we're going is pure fucking evil.

(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Thirty people who were riding that muni bus are still missing. I've got this bad hunch about who took them and where they are...

EXT. EXTREME SOUTH CENTRAL LA - FROM ABOVE - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

Way up ahead, amid the flames, is a fortress. A square city block. Walled. Something out of the middle ages. The walls are entirely made from stacked abandoned cars.

INT. BLIMP POD - NIGHT

Spartan is dragging a heavy bag up towards the door. PILOT #2 looks at him curiously.

PILOT #2

How come they call you Demolition Man? Are you with the bomb squad?

Spartan gets his bag into position.

SPARTAN

I just...  
(shrugs apologetically)  
... demolish things.

He checks out the window. They're not quite there.

SPARTAN

I do my job, shit happens.  
(to Pilot #1)  
Get a thermo.

The PILOT takes a thermogram of the building in the middle of the compound. We see a series of heat-outlined figures moving inside.

PILOT #1

Six. One still, in the middle. The rest moving around. I don't see any thirty people.

SPARTAN

(checking the thermo)  
What's that?

To the naked eye, out the window, tucked against the wall of cars, a large tarp. To the thermo, the still warm inner

workings of the muni bus. Faint outlines of the engine, drive train, even seats and frame. Bingo.

Spartan takes a deep breath. Loosens up his right shoulder. Loosens up his left. Checks the gun on his right hip. Checks the gun on his left. They both cross draw. Reaches down to the bag at his feet. LAPD in reflective letters on the side of a backpack. Spartan yanks some kind of rope out of it.

PILOT #2

Isn't that for getting people out  
of burning buildings...

SPARTAN

Yeah, sometimes...

Slaps a carabiner onto a big eyebolt by the door. They're dead center now over the complex below. He opens the door. Jumps out.

EXT. BLIMP - NIGHT

Spartan falls three hundred feet from the blimp. Dead silent. The line runs free behind him. It's a giant fireproof bungee cord. As the downward force of gravity and the upward pull of the bungee become exactly the same, Spartan stops dead in the air for just the briefest moment. Whips out a Bowie knife and slashes the cord above his head. Falls free the last ten feet to the roof of the building. Lands on his feet. Lightning cross draw. A gun appears in each hand.

EXT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A lookout pops up on Spartan's right. Spartan clobbers him. Another lookout pops up on Spartan's left. Spartan ducks, rolls quietly, clobbers him, too. Listens. No one's taken notice. Holsters the guns. Moves in towards the roof hatch.

INT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Stacked with armaments and stolen goods. M70's straight outta the National Guard Armory. Crates of ammo. Stacks of looted Sony HoloSets still in the boxes.

Spartan makes his way carefully along. Ready. Spins at a SOUND. Nothing there. Spartan crouches low. Slips around the crates. At the far end, a very large guard is doing just the same thing to peer at where Spartan just was.

Spartan launches himself at the guard. Hammers his head against the floor. This guy is not getting up again for a long time. Spartan spins at a SOUND. Another equally large guard dives on Spartan from behind. He never makes contact. Spartan uses his momentum to fling him past and into the wall. This guy isn't getting up again in the near future either. Now the room is clear. Moves towards the stairs.

INT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

SIMON PHOENIX snorts a long pale blue line up one nostril. A long pink line up the other. One blue eye, one brown eye. Blond hair. Black skin. Looks up at another thug. Punches up the security cams on half a dozen slightly futuristic monitors. Unconscious guards can be seen on all of them. And on the last, Spartan, coming... Phoenix jabs a loaded orange syringe into an arm. The drugs all hit various lobes.

PHOENIX

Motherfucker.

INT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Spartan creeps quietly down. Looking, watching, listening. Suddenly, the stairs are racked with MACHINE GUN FIRE. Chips of concrete fly from around his feet. Spartan flattens against the wall. Half a beat. Steps out FIRING. The machine gun stops. A body plummets by down the center shaft of the stairs.

SPARTAN

That's a warm welcome.

INT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Phoenix is dumping can after can of gas all over the floor, the walls, everything.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STAIRWELL AND LANDING

Spartan steps onto the landing. Checks high and low. Room is clear. He can smell the gas.

BACK TO PHOENIX

Simon pries open the fuse box. Flips off all the breakers. Building is plunged into darkness.

BACK TO SPARTAN

Spartan quietly speaks into the LAPD button mike on his lapel.

SPARTAN

How 'bout some light, guys?

Half a beat later, blinding white light blows through the windows.

EXT. FORTRESS - FROM ABOVE - NIGHT

The blimp casts down a wall of light. 32 million candlepower pours straight down.

INT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

A wild melange of white, white light and dark, dark shadows. The gas fumes ripple, refract in the air. Lights bounce off the pools of gasoline. Spartan rolls into the room. Both guns come up.

SPARTAN

Simon Phoenix. You're under arrest.

(then)

Where are the muni passengers?

PHOENIX

Fuck you, Spartan. They're gone. I told the city no one comes down here anymore. Cops figured it out, postmen figured it out. Damn bus drivers wouldn't listen. Arrest me? You've got no jurisdiction here. You're in my kingdom now. Fifty blocks in every direction. And it's mine.

SPARTAN

(simply)

It's over.

PHOENIX

It's over?!

(knows it's true)

Yeah. It's over. But I've been king once, and I ain't ever going back to jail.

Spartan keeps the guns trained on Phoenix. Simon scratches his arm. It's a junkie's twitch. Or is it... Spartan can't see it, but there's a kitchen match tucked behind Simon's ear. Phoenix reaches up to scratch another itch. Frees the match in one gestures, strikes it and tosses it into the pool of gas. Smiles. A friendly happy smile.

The room bursts into flames. He throws back his head and laughs. Spartan dives on him. Tries to hurl them both through the window.

But Phoenix is either stronger or just far crazier and drugged up. Smashes the two of them into the wall instead. They trade blows. The building gets worse. AMMO starts to EXPLODE downstairs.

EXT. FORTRESS - MAIN YARD - NIGHT

A giant LAPD wrecker with a cow catcher front blasts through the main gates. LAPD Humvees follow.

A young cop (ZACHARY LAMB) gets out, looks at the main building, shakes his head in amusement at the destruction --

LAMB

It's Spartan again...

INT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The battle continues. The two trading blow for blow in this fiery arena. The two men are practically on fire. Finally Spartan knocks Phoenix cold, a clean shot straight in the face. Phoenix drops in a heap to the floor. Spartan shakes his head, sighs, bends down to retrieve his prisoner and...

INT./EXT. FORTRESS - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

The BUILDING EXPLODES. Long and LOUD and high and mighty.

OVERHEAD POV

The fireball rockets by the blimp.

INT. BLIMP - POD - NIGHT

The Pilots with mouths agape as the fireball crashes by.

EXT. FORTRESS - MAIN YARD - NIGHT

The EARTH RUMBLES. Those who aren't thrown to the ground dive for cover. The SECONDARY EXPLOSION kicks in.



Everything that didn't blow straight up in the air blows out what remains of the sides of the building. Nothing's left standing.

EXT. FORTRESS - MAIN YARD - NIGHT (AFTERMATH)

The dust begins to settle. Flaming wreckage and embers are still dropping from five hundred feet up. A beat. A beam shifts in the wreckage. It's a big beam. It moves aside. Spartan emerges dragging his prisoner out behind him. As he's being dragged along, Phoenix comes to. Spartan hands him off to another officer to be booked. Captain STEVE HEALY, Spartan's long-suffering captain and friend, comes out of the crowd of officers.

HEALY

What's the matter with you? That's why nobody ever invites you over.

SPARTAN

I hate small talk. You sent me to do a job, I did it. It wasn't even me who blew everything up this time.

HEALY

Yeah. Sure.

Healy continues to shake his head in consternation. No way he believes that... Spartan ignores him. Wipes the soot from his face. Shakes his head in disgust, walks away...

The Tactical Fire Response vehicles have arrived. Fully-armored firemen wearing bulletproof gear fight the blaze. Spartan continues to stride away. And then everything fucks up. One of the TFR OFFICERS in the wreckage calls out --

TFR OFFICER

Captain. Captain!

(shocked)

There's a lot of bodies in here.

Spartan stops dead. He looks sick. Healy's not thrilled, but he knows what's required of him --

HEALY

(to Spartan)

You have the right to remain silent.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CRYO PRISON - STARK WHITE CORRIDOR - DAY

Spartan in stark white overalls. A beautiful, shaken woman holding the hand of a small child. About six. Spartan bends down to the little girl. Unclenches his fist. His LAPD badge inside. Pins it on the little girl, KATIE.

SPARTAN

I'm going to be back. I'll still  
be your dad. I promise.

She holds the badge, nods solemnly. Spartan kisses her on the cheek.

KATIE SPARTAN

I love you, Daddy.

She's young enough that it's unclear whether she understands that her father is going away for good. Spartan chokes back a sob. Stands back up. Kisses his wife. Everything that can be said, has been said. They kiss again.

Behind him, in front of two locked doors, are a pair of prison guards in odd, heavily-insulated uniforms. Tanks, heater batteries, guns. Spartan heads towards the far doors. They follow. Spartan steps through the doors, the guards now at either elbow. And into --

INT. CRYO PRISON - MAIN ROOM - DAY

The CryoPenitentiary is a Godel-esque nightmare of architecturally-perverse layers and levels, the Guggenheim mixed with industrial meat locker. All still half under construction.

Spartan is led along the middle ring to where a doctor, two white-coated technicians and a young-looking WARDEN SMITHERS are waiting.

Above him prisoners are encased into the ground in massive glass hockey pucks, contracted into pained fetal positions. Their faces are hauntingly twisted into gargoyle expressions of tortured struggle.

The group arrives at an empty chamber. The technicians nod to Spartan. He drops off the white overalls. Steps free. Stands naked. Doctor injects him with luminescent blue fluid. The techies slap on sensor pads. Head, heart, all over... Spraying him down with Freon. Mist everywhere... We see the temperature

dropping on the monitors. The Warden looks at a crib sheet. Clears his throat.

SMITHERS

John Spartan. You've done great deeds for the city of Los Angeles, so it is with some regret that I hereby...

SPARTAN

Skip it...

Spartan shivers, contemplating one of his stiffening hands.

SMITHERS

John Spartan. You've been sentenced to 70 years in the California CryoPenitentiary for the involuntary manslaughter of thirty...

SPARTAN

Skip it...

Spartan is beginning to shake from the cold. His lips turning blue before our eyes. Color just drains away.

SMITHERS

I'm sorry, John.  
(then; a smile)  
Don't catch cold.

SPARTAN

Fuh... fuf... funny.

The technicians attempt to help Spartan into the chamber. He shakes them off to stagger down on his own. Let's not kid ourselves, he's scared --

SPARTAN

See ya next century...

TITLES BEGIN as...

The casing door is closed over him. MONITORS down the lining of the circular chamber show a digital rap sheet, a dropping thermometer, a parole date, and today's date: November 20, 1998. A super-chilled clear goo flows in, packing and preserving isolated Michelangeloesque segments of the defiant statue that is John Spartan.

But he's still conscious. Still even struggling a bit. On the arm above the chamber, inside a vacuum bell a small vial is auto unscrewed. LOCKED and SAFETY lights cycle. We see a tiny white chip inside. The vial is moved into place by a tiny robot arm. Bottom vent is opened. The chip is dumped into the chamber. It's the opposite of watching ice shatter. Instead, the whole hockey puck goes solid in an instant and a half. The thermo read-out drops in an instant to a half degree above 0 degrees Kelvin. It's done.

The VIEWER makes a GENTLY DIZZYING JOURNEY AROUND the chamber, SETTLING FOR A MOMENT ON Spartan's contorted- into-a-defiant-sneer face.

INT. CRYO PRISON - MAIN ROOM - DAY (2042)

The VIEWER'S VIEWPOINT KEEPS PULLING OUT to see that the date on Spartan's MONITOR now reads August 3, 2042. Warden Smithers, now a bespectacled, gray-haired old man, in a peculiar uniform, shuffles past the completely unaged Spartan.

He grumbles by in a phone headset equipped with fiberoptic video gear, and OUT OF FRAME we see that the prison has become vaster, stranger, with multiple grated catwalks and more networks of artfully-engineered piping. And heavily, heavily stocked with prisoners...

Smithers looks up at his holoset. Hovering in front of him in the air is Lenina Huxley.

HUXLEY (IMAGE)  
Mellow greeting, Warden John J.  
Smithers.

SMITHERS  
(this again)  
Yeah. BE well. Lieutenant Lenina  
Huxley.

EXT. SAN ANGELES - STREETS - DAY (2042)

A 2042 police car glides INTO FRAME. We MOVE WITH it as it passes by a series of austere geometric buildings.

Green, green glass. Blue, blue sky. Cleaner than Disneyland. The future is perfect. More emissionless cars gliding silently by.

HUXLEY (V.O.)  
 As it is a beautiful Monday  
 morning, and as my duty log  
 irrationally requires it...

INT. LENINA'S POLICE CAR - MOVING - DAY

Behind the wheel, the mischievously-beautiful LENINA HUXLEY. A heads up display announces she is calling Warden John J. Smithers. The order of business is "Prison Population Informative Query." And future or not, Lenina fusses with her hair. With both hands. The steering wheel is not present at all.

HUXLEY  
 I am hereby querying you on the  
 prison population update.  
 (hopefully)  
 Does the tedium continue?

ON HEADS UP DISPLAY

Warden Smithers gently reminds her that ---

SMITHERS (IMAGE)  
 Incontrovertibly and unequivocally,  
 yes. The prisoners are ice cubes.  
 They do not move. They have no  
 thoughts, they have no feelings...  
 The tedium is permanent,  
 Lieutenant.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - MAIN ROOM - MID LEVEL - DAY

Smithers is striding along, the conversation projected in the air in front of him from the HoloSet he's wearing.

HUXLEY (IMAGE)  
 I find this lack of stimulus truly  
 disappointing... Don't you think?

INT. LENINA'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Smithers peers at her almost suspiciously.

SMITHERS (IMAGE)  
 I try not to. However, you are  
 young, think all you want. Things  
 don't happen anymore, we've taken  
 care of all that. I'll fiber-op  
 (MORE)

SMITHERS (IMAGE) (CONT'D)  
 you back after the morning non-  
 parole hearings. Have a peachy  
 day, Lieutenant. BE well...

The Warden's image poofs.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Tugging off his headset, Warden Smithers clacks to a checkpoint wall at the end of the grating. Smithers puts the back of his hand on a screen in the wall.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Coding accepted. Retina Confirm.

Smithers leans into a peephole.

INSIDE PEEPHOLE

A harmless red laser flickers over an EXTREME CLOSEUP of the Warden's eye.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - CONFERENCE AREA - DAY

The wall slides open and Smithers enters into a ceiling-less space beneath the awesome tiers of cryo-cells.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Thank you and be well, Warden  
 William Smithers.

Smithers grumbles past a barely conscious cryo-prisoner, who is strapped atop a sleek, thin, and uncomfortable "wheelchair." Two Guards flank the hunched over and dripping convict as Smithers plops behind an industrial chic table and flicks on his CompuClipboard.

SMITHERS  
 Twenty-nine years ago, the parole system, as you know it, was rendered obsolete. Federal Statute 537-29 requires we go through the formality of a hearing for all prisoners incarnated before the repeal of the parole laws. Cocteau Behavioral Engineering, B.E. will continue rehabilitation by altering your behavior through synaptic suggestion during cryogenic sleep. Nightie night. Your hearing is now over. You are to be returned to  
 (MORE)

SMITHERS (CONT'D)  
 your cryo- cell immediately... 'Mr.  
 Horace Bateman.' Do you understand  
 what I've said...

Eyes half open, the Cryo-prisoner unsuccessfully gropes for a syllable.

SMITHERS  
 Guards, nod his head for him...  
 (yawning)  
 Ne-xt.

As the pathetic Cryo-prisoner is wheeled off, the Warden's VOICE ECHOES electronically from ---

INT. CRYO-PRISON - DEFROSTING CHAMBER - DAY

-- a steel intercom box on the wall. Two Med Techs load a still unconscious prisoner into another wheelchair. We don't see him. Just a hint of a well muscled black arm and a head still lolling unconscious on a shoulder, with blond hair...

INT. LENINA'S POLICE CAR - MOVING - DAY

Huxley finishes primping. Hits a button. The dash unfolds, a steering wheel emerges, locks into place. Lenina calls out as she activates her badge.

HUXLEY  
 Huxley, Lenina. Coding on.

A serenely annoying VOICE answers her

CAR COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 No police presence is requested in the city at this time. Report to the station. Good morning, Officer Huxley.

HUXLEY  
 (groans)  
 Ahhh...

CAR COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 I detect a promoted level of stress in your tone. Would you like me to prescribe a foodaceutical to...

HUXLEY

No! What are you, my mother?  
(then; calmer)

No. No, thank you though.

She rolls her eyes. Waits to see if it's going to scold her again. After letting her sweat it out, the car doesn't ---

HUXLEY

All right, I'll be reporting in...

EXT. ANOTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - DAY

Huxley's police car glides by. A beat. In front of one perfect building is a small object the size and shape of a COFFEE CAN. As we PUSH IN TO it, we find, it's TICKING. We can see the escape wheel ratcheting back and forth. It's very crude, very 1920's clockwork. Four ink-filled quadrants on a wheel inside. The yellow quadrant rotates into position.

A small sharp EXPLOSION. Like an ink jet, the yellow ink is flung through a nozzle against the wall in an 8 x 20 foot swath. The red ratchets and FIRES, the blue as well. Now we can see the graffiti bomb has screened a message on the wall - - "Life Is Hell." The black EXPLODES. Little Death's Heads are sprinkled around the message. The ink jet MACHINE BLOWS itself up. Pedestrians gather and stare at the message. Mouths open, dumbstruck.

Two shock poles emerge from hidden panels in the side of the building. A sheet of LIGHTNING FLASHES between them. The message turns to ash and falls to the ground. The poles tuck back into their boxes. A small rabbit-sized VACUUM SWEEPER emerges, ZINGS along on its own power and SUCKS up the ash.

EXT. A DIFFERENT SAN ANGELES STREET - DAY

Near the chaos, we discover this whole thing's been a diversion. Up from a manhole comes a strange-looking pipe. A crude periscope.

PERISCOPE POV

watching as a food delivery truck pulls up to a loading dock. Food pallets are unloaded.



PAYNE (O.S.)  
 All right, that's it.  
 (beat)  
 Twelve hours there'll be another...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

THOMAS PAYNE, a young wild-haired madman in some kind of ancient mechanics coveralls watches through the periscope.

PAYNE  
 ... These assholes are nothing if  
 not predictable.

Two other equally disreputable types are with him. SCRAPS, leftovers from the perfect world above.

SCRAP #1  
 (worried)  
 We're not ready.

PAYNE  
 Hey guy, it doesn't really matter  
 if we're ready or not anymore.

Payne's got things to do, people to see. Takes off down the tunnel. The other two follow. As the periscope ducks back down ---

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

A pair of frosted doors reading S.A. and P.D. slide open to the presence of Lenina Huxley. She enters into a police station not of typically bustling pandemonium, but shocking, softly lit tranquility. Multi-ethnic officers of all shapes and sizes murmur about, monitoring screens with the casualness of the staff at a new age bookstore. No rush, no worries... Lenina strides past an impossible PERKY DISPATCHER chirping into a high tech headset.

PERKY DISPATCHER  
 Greetings and salutations, welcome  
 to the emergency line of the San  
 Angeles Police Department. How are  
 you?

A TOUGH looking COP, sipping a vibrant green juice, sidles up to Lenina. They exchange a non-touching "handshake" that has them each making a circle with their open palms.

HUXLEY

Let me guess, all is serene.

TOUGH COP

(with true shock)

There was a defacement of public buildings. Walls smudged.

HUXLEY

(shocked as well)

Really? Brutal. Why wasn't an all cars notified?

She's cut off by her by-the-book superior, CHIEF GEORGE EARLE.

CHIEF EARLE

Because there was no need to create widespread panic.

(then)

Lieutenant Huxley, I monitored your disheartening and distressing comments to the warden this morning. Do you actually long for chaos and disharmony? Your fascination with the vulgar Twentieth Century seems to be affecting your better judgement. You realize you're setting a bad example for other officers and sworn personnel...

HUXLEY

Thank you for the attitude readjustment, Chief Earle. Info assimilated.

Lenina turns and walks through her open office door, making a face out of sight and ---

INT. LENINA'S OFFICE - DAY

-- curses almost silently under her breath as she enters...

HUXLEY

Sanctimonious asshole.

A MORALITY BOX on the wall picks it up.

## MORALITY BOX (V.O.)

Lenina Huxley, you are fined one half credit for a sotto voce violation of the verbal morality statute.

Lettering appears on the face of what appears to be a block of solid marble. A thin sheaf of paper slides off the front with the reprimand.

The contrast between everything we have seen so far and her office is staggering. Her quarters are filled with framed and faded nostalgia pieces of the 20th Century. Posters of violent movies, books, magazine covers, ad signs, artworks and framed newspapers, all of a dark nature. A hopelessly sweet officer, ALFREDO GARCIA, sits in the middle of the room shaking his head...

GARCIA

Whew... That was tense.

Lenina gives him a deadpan glare:

HUXLEY

That was tense?? Tell me something, Garcia, don't you get bored codetracing perps who break curfew and tell dirty jokes?

GARCIA

Actually, I find my job deeply fulfilling.

(looking around)

I just cannot swallow the reality of this office, Lenina Huxley. You're still addicted to the 20th Century high from its harshness, buzzed by its brutality. Holy smokes, is there anything in here which doesn't violate contraband ordinance 22?

HUXLEY

(a sweet smile)

Just you, Alfredo Garcia. Don't you ever want something to happen?

GARCIA

Goodness. No.

HUXLEY

I knew you were going to say that.  
 (sighs)  
 What I wouldn't give for some  
 action.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - CONFERENCE AREA - DAY

Simon Phoenix is still fighting to shake off his defrosted  
 confusion. Locks eyes with the warden.

The look he gives Smithers is chilling.

SMITHERS

Mr. Phoenix, one of our first and  
 most illustrious members. Let's  
 get this one over quick...

Smithers is unsettled. Phoenix is far more awake than the  
 norm.

SMITHERS

Twenty-nine years ago, the parole  
 system...

PHOENIX

(echoic; no logic yet)  
 Twenty-nine years ago, the parole  
 system...

SMITHERS

(firmer)  
 ... was rendered obsolete.

PHOENIX

(also firmer)  
 ... was rendered obsolete.

SMITHERS

(sighs)  
 Do you have something to say in  
 your behalf, Mr. Simon?  
 (beat)  
 I thought not.

PHOENIX

(bemused)  
 Yeah. Yeah, I do.  
 (it puzzles him, but...)  
 Teddy bear.

With a LOUD BUZZ, the electronic MANACLES around Phoenix's arms and feet fly open. Phoenix knows a good thing when he sees it. Immediately panthers up for a savage kick into Guard One, doubling him over. Phoenix tears from Guard One's holster an air-injection syringe that is filled with the luminescent blue liquid. He FIRES the SYRINGE right into a charging Guard Two's forehead. Turns and approaches slowly and menacingly at Guard One.

GUARD #1  
 (just able to breathe  
 again)  
 How did you know the password to  
 the cuffs?

PHOENIX  
 (laughing with pleasure;  
 who cares)  
 I have no idea...  
 (then)  
 Simon says, too much talking from  
 you.

Phoenix smashes Guard One in the neck. Left handed. Crushes his larynx. The Guard falls dying to the ground. Smithers crawls over his table, breaks for the door. Phoenix effortlessly latches out to his fleeing neck and pulls him face-to-face as the Guards behind them shiver into rigidity. Grins at him. Plucks a sharp pen from the warden's pocket.

VIEW FROM PEEPHOLE

The harmless red laser again flickers across Warden Smither's now bulging eyeball.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - DAY

The conference area wall slides open, revealing Simon Phoenix, elegantly holding the warden's detached eyeball.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Access granted, Warden William  
 Smithers.

Phoenix flicks the eye away and struts forward. The wall shuts.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Thank you. And BE well.

Phoenix glances at the speaker. The future is fucking weird ---

PHOENIX

Yeah? You too.

And he's gone...

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

A wall on the side of the station house suddenly becomes translucent. A map of San Angeles filling the wall. A small red dot blinking in the middle.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)

(serenely; meaninglessly)

One eight seven. One eight seven.

One eight seven...

She continues to drone on in the background as the scale of the map decreases over and over again zooming in on the Cryo-Prison. The blinking red dot remains constant. The Perky Dispatcher punches 1 - 8 - 7 into a keyboard. Examines the screen. Faints dead away. Falls from her chair. The Tough Cop rushes over. Sees the screen. He drops his juice.

TOUGH COP

Oh my, oh my, oh my... He's a basket case.

Garcia and Lenina come into the fray.

GARCIA

What's a one eight seven?

Lenina shrugs. She has no idea. Runs to a nearby terminal. Punches it up.

HUXLEY

(stunned)

Murder-Death-Kill.

Punches another button. The map is replaced with an image from the Cryo-Prison. Two dead guards. Warden Smithers crawling painfully toward the door. It's a brutal image.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

I show two stopped codes at Cryo-Prison X23-1. William Smithers,  
(MORE)

COMPUTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Warden. Severe injury. Do you  
 wish to assign a medic?

The warden stops crawling. Collapses.

COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Update: specification deceased. Do  
 you wish to assign a coroner?

Chief Earle arrives manfully on the scene. No idea what's  
 up.

CHIEF EARLE  
 What's the matter with all of you?

TOUGH COP  
 Cryo-Prison, sir... Three non-  
 sanctioned life terminations...  
 (ready to cry)  
 Murder-Death-Kills. Three MDKs.

Earle sinks into a chair. Cops all over the station are in  
 severe, gasping trauma.

EXT. CRYO-PRISON - DAY

Half in a prisoner's smock and half-dressed in salvaged parts  
 of the guard's uniform, Simon Phoenix strolls outside the  
 austere prison building, crossing an unimaginably perfect  
 green lawn. Before him, in a small parking area, a DOCTOR,  
 wearing a white coat over "stylish" duds, opens up his sharp  
 user-friendly sportscar with the code on the back of his  
 hand.

PHOENIX  
 Excuse me, Doctor?

DOCTOR  
 Yes...

PHOENIX  
 Open your mouth and say 'Ahhhh!'

Simon's having a good time.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

Lenina streaks past her zombie co-workers, cool under fire,  
 to spin the main computer screen to her.

HUXLEY

Access the Cryo-pen's morning hearing schedule... And then give me... wait...

A list of names flashes on the screen.

LAMB

It's Phoenix. Simon Phoenix...

A grizzled African-American veteran, ZACHARY LAMB, steps behind Lenina, covering traumatic memories with a stoic shudder. He points to Phoenix's name on the hearing list.

LAMB

I knew him. We all knew him. He's evil like you've only read about, girl. He's...

HUXLEY

Hold that thought, Zachary Lamb.  
(to computer)  
Simon Phoenix's code. Now.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)

There are no specifications on file for Simon Phoenix.

HUXLEY

L7, you're not coming down with another virus, are you? What's Phoenix's code!

LAMB

You don't get it, Lenina Huxley. Phoenix isn't coded. He got chilled back in the 20th, before they started lojacking everybody ... I was a rookie then... He was a big dealer. Narcotics. Software. Wetware. Anything. Declared his own kingdom in South Central L.A. M.D.K.'d whatever got in his way. In a bad time, he was the worst.

Garcia has punched up a camera view of a prone body in the parking area.



FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 One stopped code in penitentiary  
 parking area. John Mostow, doctor.

The Perky Dispatcher has come to. Begins to sob and then to wail. Lenina can't concentrate. Gives the Dispatcher's rolling chair a firm push, sends her drifting away across the station.

HUXLEY  
 Tell me, L7...  
 (dramatic pause)  
 Is the doctor's conveyance still in  
 the parking zone?

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Doctor's vehicle has been code-  
 fixed at the corner of Hollywood  
 and Vine.

HUXLEY  
 Glorious.

CHIEF EARLE  
 (recovering; back on his  
 feet and taking command)  
 Fine work. All nearby units.  
 ProtecServe Hollywood and Vine.

The adrenaline in the control room surges. Tears are being wiped away. Justice is near.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

Phoenix twists out of the doc's car onto a completely unfamiliar Hollywood and Vine. The rotating and SPEAKING STREET SIGN may say so, but nothing else is recognizable. Brutal-killer is briefly confused-child, as Phoenix tentatively soaks in his surroundings. A TROUBLED-LOOKING GUY in his twenties stands before a CompuKiosk. Half phone booth, money machine, half computer terminal...

TROUBLED-LOOKING GUY  
 I dunno... Lately I just don't feel  
 like there's anything special about  
 me...

MALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 You are an incredibly sensitive  
 man, who inspires Joy-Joy feelings  
 in all those around you...

Phoenix savagely pushes the Troubled Guy away. The kiosk is an open booth with a row of large buttons, a monitor, and a keyboard.

Phoenix curiously examines the row of buttons: Ego Boost, Citizen Confessional, Public Psychiatrist, Atlas, Serenity Sayings, Banking, Mail, Telephone Directory... he's gotta know. Pushes the Ego Boost. Half a beat, then --

MALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 (just hearty as hell)  
 You look great today.

Simon grins.

PHOENIX  
 Thanks, feel great, too...

The future just amuses the hell out of Simon. Phoenix slams down the information button. He drops his hands onto the keyboard and his fingers fly. His grin grows wider and wider. His fingers stop and --

MAIL COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 You have reached secure mailbox  
 facilities for... Simon Phoenix.

Information flashes by. Thomas Payne's picture, rotating, life history scrolling by, maps, routes, overhead and underground plans of the city. Phoenix takes it all in. Light speed. No problem. His fingers fly again. The screens finally end with an image of a pis- tol. Rotating, exploded views, metallurgy information. Phoenix exhales a confused grin.

PHOENIX  
 (dry)  
 Wonder if I can play the accordion  
 now too...

MALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
 Noun: Gun. Portable firearm. This  
 device was widely utilized in the  
 urban wars of the late Century.  
 (MORE)

MALE COMPUTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Referred to as a gun, a pistol, a  
 piece...

PHOENIX  
 I don't want a history lesson, Hal!  
 Where are the fucking guns?!

A morality BOX attached to the kiosk BUZZES.

MORALITY BOX (V.O.)  
 You are fined one credit for  
 violation of the verbal morality  
 statute.

A thin sheaf of paper slides off the front with the  
 reprimand.

PHOENIX  
 Yeah? Well fuck you twice.

The BOX BUZZES TWICE to his left. Two more sheets of paper  
 appear.

MORALITY BOX (V.O.)  
 Your repeated violation of the  
 verbal morality statute has caused  
 me to notify the San Angeles Police  
 Department. Please remain here for  
 your reprimand.

Phoenix is ready to punch in the screen when two S.A.P.D.  
 patrol cars pull to a dramatic halt behind him.

PHOENIX  
 Oooh, fuckers are fast, too.

Simon beats the Morality Box to it. BUZZES at it first.  
 Grins. Four cops get out. Unsheathing electronic stun  
 batons. They switch on. Blue phosphor glow...

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

Lenina and the other cops stand in front of the wall monitor.  
 It shows an angle of the scene from a building corner mounted  
 camera turret. The image pans over and locks onto Phoenix as  
 he stands at the information kiosk. The police can be seen  
 moving in. The cops in the squad room begin cheering.

GARCIA  
 Chalk one up for the benevolent  
 ones.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

Another squad car pulls up behind. Two more cops emerge. Phoenix looks casually at the six of them. The police move forward, blue sparks now spitting from their electrified batons. The SQUAD LEADER glances down to a hand-held Strategic Apprehension Computer.

SQUAD LEADER  
Maniac is imminent. Request  
advice.

STRATEGIC APPREHENSION COMPUTER (V.O.)  
With a firm tone of voice, demand  
maniac lie down with hands behind  
back.

SQUAD LEADER  
Simon Phoenix, lie down and put  
your hands behind your back.

Phoenix lets off a laugh.

PHOENIX  
Geez gosh. Six of you. In such  
tidy uniforms. I'm so scared.

The cops look puzzled.

PHOENIX  
Don't they have irony anymore?

Phoenix turns back to the terminal. His fingers fly. Under which --

SQUAD LEADER  
(hurt)  
Maniac scoffs at us.

S.A.C. (V.O.)  
Approach, and in an even firmer  
tone of voice...

Phoenix finishes a final keystroke. The graffiti removing shock poles burst from the building beside them. Fires. Electrocutes and cooks one of the cops.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

The cops are stunned.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

The nearest cops approach with their stun batons. Simon kills them both. It doesn't take long. He breaks a neck, he spearhands a sternum, drives a jawbone into a skull. It's all very graceful. Death ballet.

PHOENIX

Sarcasm?

(turns to two terrified  
cops)

Will you be staying to die, or  
running away in fear?

They turn and run away. Simon leaps over the squad car. Now he's in front of them. They freeze.

PHOENIX

Ahhh, I didn't say running away  
would help.

Catches up with the two of them. Kills them both. Effortlessly. Just for variety uses a different style of martial arts this time. Two more are left. They're frozen. Deer in the headlights.

PHOENIX

Simon says scream.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

The cops watch in horror as the last two go down.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

Simon spots the SecurityCam. Comes towards it with a leer.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

Despite the electronic distance, cops recoil in fear.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

Simon rips the cover plate from the camera stanchion. Yanks out the transmission cables. Looks directly into the camera. He's having a very good time.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

On the giant monitor Simon glares at them

PHOENIX (V.O.)  
Everybody stand!

Half the cops in confusion and fear do.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

Simon looks straight at the camera.

PHOENIX  
(singing)  
... and the home of the...  
(holds the note for all  
it's worth)  
... brave.

Jams the spark wand in the main transmission cables. Sign off.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

Every MONITOR in the station blows to STATIC. Huxley's fingers fly.

HUXLEY  
We've lost every camera for six  
blocks around.  
(thinking fast)  
Going to Cahuenga at twelve hundred  
millimeters.

On the big screen -- Cahuenga Security Cam POV. When the zoom starts, we can't even see Simon, when it ends, we can see him highly compressed by one of the squad cars. Under the hood. Jamming the stun baton around.

GARCIA  
He's going for the vehicle battery  
core. Its capacitance gel.

TOUGH COP  
Why's he doing that?

Simon finds what he's looking for. He backs off. The CAR EXPLODES. Smoke everywhere. It clears. No Simon. Dead silence in the station. The car still burns silently on the giant screen. Lenina punches it off.

EXT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - DAY

A tall, silver needle rising from a plaza complex.

INT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DR. RAYMOND COCTEAU lectures at the end of a conference table. We don't see who he's talking to. He has that weird serenity of the obscenely-wealthy or a President-Elect-for-life.

COCTEAU

The problem is not the defacement  
of public buildings.

(turning to someone else)

The problem is not the noise  
pollution of the exploding devices.

(turning to yet another)

The problem is that these hooligans  
who have left the comfort of our  
society feel a need to spew  
hostility at the bosom they have  
relinquished.

We REVERSE to see, instead of chairs with people in them, the table is surrounded by HDTV video monitors on swiveling mounts. Each screen has the face of a San Angeles department head and his/her sphere of responsibility: PublicWorks, Orderly Conduct, Public Dietary Concerns, Litter... Twelve swiveling video heads, all watching and listening.

PUBLICWORKS (IMAGE)

Yes, indeed.

The other video heads turn and nod in agreement.

COCTEAU

And mar they may, these halfdozen  
miscreants infecting the public  
consciousness with their bile and  
venom. And while I am saddened,  
truly saddened, they have left, we  
cannot allow them to impair the  
harmony of San Angeles. They are  
but vandals and Visigoths.

(then)

Forty-four years ago when Los  
Angeles exploded in violenceAnger,  
violenceHatred and violenceFear, a  
disease had erupted... A disease

(MORE)

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

not socio-economic, but behavioral. People had simply forgotten how to behave... We cannot allow it again. That time, politics, law, even force were useless to affect change... We have triumphed over all of that. The same principles of B.E., Behavioral Engineering, I have applied to cryo-prison were expanded into the design and execution of what we now call...

(gestures proudly)

San Angeles, a city as fine as any one of the holding facilities I've designed. We have a peacefulSafe, and above all, happyhappy population.

The VIDEOHEADS nod and MUTTER their approval.

COCTEAU

Even now I am positioning actions, postulating proceedings. I expect your trustConfidence and certitude.

LITTER (IMAGE)

As always Mayor/Gov Raymond Cocteau.

Cocteau's assistant, ASSOCIATE BOB, comes in the room. Gives Cocteau a significant look.

COCTEAU

(to the VideoHeads)

If you will excuse me.

He waves dismissively at the MONITORS. The SOUND MUTES. The video freezes. Bob is a large man with an oddly high-pitched voice and a strangely-officious manner.

ASSOCIATE BOB

Mayor/Gov Raymond Cocteau, a cryocon has effected self-release from the penitentiary.

(shaken)

It is quite horrific. Murder-Death-Kills. All categories of chaos...

Bob shudders.



COCTEAU  
Enhance your calm... Enhance your  
calm.

Cocteau gestures to the frozen video heads.

COCTEAU  
Be well them for me. Get Captain  
Earle on the Holo.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Earle nods and shudders in front of the shimmering image of Raymond Cocteau. He's really shook.

EARLE  
It was just... I mean it was so...

INT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Earle's image appears on all the VideoHeads.

COCTEAU  
I want you to do everything in your  
power to get this madman.

Cocteau clicks off the Holo. Rolls his eyes. As if the cops have a chance against Phoenix...

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Earle nods. He has no idea what that might entail. He looks really ill.

EARLE  
BE well.

Silence reigns. No one knows what to say. Lenina has her head in her hands in shock.

EARLE  
(aghast)  
He M.D.K.'ed everyone in a six  
man squad. With a Strategic  
Apprehension Computer. Destroyed  
an official government vehicle.  
'Everything in our power,' what  
else is there?

Nobody has a clue what to do. Lenina looks up. An idea forming --

HUXLEY

Zachary Lamb. How did they apprehend this fiendish Simon Phoenix back in the 20th?

LAMB

Twelve-state manhunt... Satellite surveillance... A video-bite on 'Unsolved Mysteries'... None of it worked. In the end, it took one man. One cop. John Spartan.

Lenina looks at him with a pleased and spooky smile.

INT. POLICE STATION - LENINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Garcia, Earle, and Lamb are huddled before Lenina's console.

ON SCREEN

Shot after shot of Spartan emerging from the wreckage of destroyed buildings dragging his prisoners behind him. Everytime: Wreckage, Spartan, Prisoner. Wreckage, Spartan, Prisoner.

GARCIA

Are you sure this is real life?

HUXLEY

Barely. Spartan's a legend. I did an historical study on him last year, which I guess none of you swallowed. One thousand arrests in three years. All real criminals.

LAMB

There was a lot more business back then.

MORE WRECKAGE

This time Spartan is marching away from a flaming, overturned police car, carrying a young girl. A TV camera crew scrambles up.

FEMALE REPORTER (IMAGE)  
 How do you reconcile the fact you  
 destroyed a three million dollar  
 mini-mall to rescue a girl whose  
 ransom was only 10,000...

LITTLE GIRL (IMAGE)  
 Fuck you, lady!

SPARTAN (IMAGE)  
 Good answer.

LENINA

smiles at the screen --

EARLE  
 This is a recommendation? Your  
 'Demolition man's' an animal, a  
 muscle-bound grotesque who...

HUXLEY  
 He is clearly the man for such a  
 job as this. You could reinstate  
 him. He hasn't worn a shield in  
 over forty years. Or much else,  
 for that matter.

GARCIA  
 He must be seventy years old by  
 now.

A smile slowly unfolds on her face. Lamb knows where she's  
 going as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CRYO-PRISON - MAIN ROOM - DAY

ON a Status panel: Cellular activity: Null. Temperature:  
 .5 degree K. Lights begin to cycle. A SERVO WHINES. The  
 CAMERA MOVES TO the chamber as the autolock begins to unwind.  
 Unlock. The arm moves aside. The frozen puck rises from its  
 chamber. Spartan hasn't moved, blinked in 40 years.

Two Techs in insulated suits and gloves stand on either side.  
 Both wear tiny flip-up welding goggles. The first, takes out  
 a Durameter. Tests the puck. Harder than steel, a little  
 less than a diamond.

Tech #2, holds a handheld Magnesium Thermite Laser. About the size of a skill saw. For the first time we notice there are six small raised half domes on top of the puck. Indices. Drops the guide ring at the end of the MTL over an index. Flips down his goggles.

Fires the MTL. The entire puck lights up white white. We almost get the feeling Spartan can sense what's going on. A burst of energy melts a small hole in side of puck. We STAY ON Spartan.

WIDE AGAIN

Tech #1 drives over a crane with a six-clawed arm. Like a standing forklift. Or a gladiator... the fingers drop into the laser cut holes. They raise the puck. Carry it away.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - DEFROSTING CHAMBER - DAY

The puck sits on a stainless steel podium. Completely alone in a round stainless steel room.

Three MTL lasers begin to pulsate madly. One from above cutting in, spiraling in towards Spartan. The others top and bottom shaving an eighth of an inch in a tenth of a second with each pass.

The puck shrinks away, the beams grow closer and closer to Spartan. Just before they would hit him, the beams turn blue. Steam bursts from the puck. Fills the air. Obscures everything. The lasers stop. Darkness.

The entire chamber splits open. A room within a room. Spartan rolls over limp and supple collapsing, onto his back. Med Techs rush in.

INT. CRYO-PRISON - CONFERENCE AREA - DAY

Lenina, Garcia, and Earle are standing at one end of a long table. Gaping. Spartan sits slumped at the other end of the table. Draped in a grey industrial jumpsuit. Still half comatose.

Earle is shaking his head. He can't believe he agreed to this.

HUXLEY

This is within the power of the  
police charter, sir. He can be  
(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)  
released on limited parole and  
reinstated to active duty.

GARCIA  
It's not enough to collect the You  
have to bring them back to life...

HUXLEY  
Cocteau said everything in our  
power. I still can't think of a  
better idea.

EARLE  
That still doesn't mean it's a good  
one.

They all watch warily. Spartan comes to with a start. Looks  
up at them. Looks around quickly for any immediate threat.  
Sees none. Tries to stand. Can't yet.

SPARTAN  
(pointing at Garcia, the  
nearest; rasping)  
You...

A gulping Garcia creeps to Spartan. Spartan claws out,  
ripping Garcia down to rasp...

SPARTAN  
Where am I?

GARCIA  
Uh, I, uh...

Spartan pushes Garcia away.

SPARTAN  
When am I?

GARCIA  
Uh, it's Thursday. Tomorrow's  
Arbor day.  
(beat)  
And last week you turned eighty-  
four years old. Happy Birthday.

Huxley comes over. Clear and concisely...

HUXLEY

Detective, I'm Lieutenant Huxley.  
The year is 2042. Now the reason  
you've been released...

SPARTAN

(shaking it off)  
How long have I been under?

HUXLEY

Forty-four years.

Whoa...

SPARTAN

(trying to focus)  
I had a wife... What happened to my  
wife?

HUXLEY

Your wife's light was extinguished  
in the Big One of 2010.  
(off his confused look)  
Uh, she died. In an earthquake.  
The earthquake.

This takes a moment to sink in. Then, defrosting,  
haltingly...

SPARTAN

My wife and I, we had a girl. A  
daughter. I made a promise.  
What...

EARLE

John Spartan, I am Chief of Police  
George Earle. We did not thaw you  
for a family reunion. It is  
fortunate the lieutenant even did a  
probe on your wife. This is about  
you and a Mr. Phoenix. A Mr. Simon  
Phoenix.

SPARTAN

(fully awake)  
What?

Huxley steps in.

HUXLEY

This morning Phoenix escaped from this cryo facility. We've had nine murder death kills so far. We have become a society of peace, loving and understanding. And we are, quite frankly, not equipped to deal with this situation.

He looks at her like she's nuts.

GARCIA

There have been no deaths of unnatural causes in San Angeles in the last sixteen years.

SPARTAN

Where???

HUXLEY

The Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego metroplex merged in 2011. You are in the center of what used to be Los Angeles.

He gets up. He's way stiff.

SPARTAN

Great. Just great.

(then)

God, I'm so hungry. I'd kill for a burrito.

They back off in fear.

SPARTAN

It's just an expression.

Spartan creaks his head toward Garcia, spooking him back away. Spartan vigorously scratches his hand as he speaks.

SPARTAN

Just get me some Marlboros.

GARCIA

Of course. Right away. What are...

SPARTAN

A cigarette.  
 (relinquishes his brand  
 loyalty)  
 Just get me any cigarette.

HUXLEY

Cigarettes are not good for you and  
 it has been deemed that everything  
 that is not good for you is bad.  
 Hence... illegal. Alcohol,  
 caffeine, contact sports, meat...

SPARTAN

Are you shittin' me?

MORALITY BOX (V.O.)

John Spartan, you are fined one  
 credit for a violation of verbal  
 morality statute 113.

Spartan looks at it in amazement.

SPARTAN

What the fuck is that?

MORALITY BOX (V.O.)

John Spartan, you are fined one  
 credit for a violation of...

HUXLEY

(as I was saying)  
 Bad language, chocolate, gasoline,  
 uneducational toys, and anything  
 spicy. Abortion's also illegal,  
 but then again so's pregnancy if  
 you don't have a license.

EARLE

Caveman, let us finish all the Rip  
 Van Winkle and get moving. A Mr.  
 Phoenix has risen from the ashes.

SPARTAN

Uh-uh. I tracked that dirtbag for  
 two years, and when I finally  
 brought him down, they turned me  
 into an ice cube for my trouble.  
 Thanks, but no thanks.



EARLE

The conditions of your parole are full reinstatement into the S.A.P.D. and immediate assignment to the apprehension of Simon Phoenix, or you can go back into cryo-stasis.

(then; more softly)

Not many people get a second chance, John Spartan.

Spartan remembers. The freezer was bad, way bad. He swallows hard and --

EXT. CRYO-PRISON - DAY

Huxley and Garcia are waiting by the police car out front. Half a beat, John Spartan, now completely done up in a 2042 cop uniform comes out. He feels like a buffoon.

SPARTAN

What am I supposed to be, a drum major? This isn't a cop uniform. Am I gonna lead the Rose Bowl parade? What is all this stuff?

HUXLEY

Direct biolink readouts for vitals, VOX radio connect, base and inter officer coded by rank, partner status and case priority. And that's the pocket for your whistle.

SPARTAN

(God save me)

Great, in case one of the floats gets loose I can direct traffic.

EXT. ANOTHER SAN ANGELES CITY STREET / INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Spartan is stuffed into the back seat of Lenina's police car. Absently scratching the back of his hand, Spartan stares out his window in amazement at the shiny, happy people in the happy shiny city. Meanwhile, Lenina and Garcia are staring through a rearview screen at Spartan with equal amazement.

GARCIA

This all probably seems quasi-strange to you.

SPARTAN

Quasi-strange? This isn't my city.  
How do you expect me to protect it?  
I don't get you people, let alone  
like you much...

HUXLEY

You come from a society in which the  
average 18-year-old has witnessed  
200,000 acts of simulated violence.  
In our society the number is closer  
to four. If someone off the street  
was to watch the Three Stooge Men and  
see the Moe-person hammer the Curly-  
person, they would weep, John  
Spartan, weep.

Spartan looks at her. What was that?

HUXLEY

Myself, I'm a bit of an afficanado  
of the shocking, real and fiction.  
In fact, I perused many a News Disk  
of you. That time you wowfully  
tractor-pulled the Santa Monica  
pier into a heap of rubble in order  
to snare that team of hit men  
who...

She trails off, as she sees Spartan staring out the window  
shaking his head, very much alienated from everything around  
him.

HUXLEY

You seem very much alone, John  
Spartan. Not everything is that  
different. Perhaps you would like  
to hear the oldies station.  
'Oldies.'

The RADIO quickly turns ON and changes stations to:

RADIO (V.O.)

'Sometimes you feel like a nut,  
sometimes you don't.  
Almond Joy's got nuts, Mounds  
don't.  
Because sometimes you feel  
like a nut, sometimes you  
don't.'

GARCIA

The most popular station in town.  
Nonstop wall-to-wall minutunes. You  
called them commercials. Wow, this  
is my fave...

RADIO (V.O.)

'Fat kids, skinny kids, kids who  
climb on rocks.  
Tough kids, sissy kids.'

Lenina and Garcia join in for a sing-a-long finish as Spartan  
turns back to the window, eyes bulging. He goes back to  
scratching his hand.

HUXLEY/GARCIA

(singing)

Even kids with chicken pox love  
hot dogs, Armour hot dogs.  
The dogs... kids... love... to  
bite.

SPARTAN

Somebody put me back in the fridge.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

Emotions are still a little frayed at the station, but a  
certain peace has returned. Lenina approaches the Tough-  
looking Cop. They again exchange nontouching circular hand  
spins.

HUXLEY

New inforama on Simon Phoenix?

TOUGH COP

None... So where is John Spartan?

GARCIA

He went to the bathroom... I guess  
he got all thawed out.

Spartan trudges through a spooked gantlet of 2042 officers.  
The Tough Cop greets him, raising his hand.

TOUGH COP

Sir, I formally convey my presence.

SPARTAN

Hi.

Spartan reaches out and shakes the Tough Cop's hand. It's like he spit on him. The Tough Cop tries not to react, but he's clearly disgusted.

HUXLEY

We're not used to physical contact greetings.

SPARTAN

Oh... Hey, you guys are out of toilet paper...

GARCIA

Toilet paper?

HUXLEY

(suppressed giggle)

They used handfuls of wadded paper, back in the 20th.

The entire station roars with laughter. Spartan stands unamused.

SPARTAN

I'm happy you're happy but in the place where you're supposed to have toilet paper, you have a little shelf with three seashells on it.

PERKY DISPATCHER

(hysterical)

He doesn't know how to use the three seashells!

The station roars again. Spartan shakes his head and scratches his hand. Suddenly, the elderly Lamb comes INTO VIEW. Spartan's mouth falls open.

SPARTAN

Zach Lamb, what happened to you?!

LAMB

I got old. It happens.

SPARTAN

(stopping, smiling)

Motherfuck. You were a snotnosed punkass rook! Look at you. You're fucking old!

The nearest Morality Box dutifully BUZZES.

MORALITY BOX (V.O.)

John Spartan, you are fined three credits for a violation...

Three sheets of paper come off. Spartan looks at it. Grins. Walks over to the machine --

SPARTAN

Shit, fuck, piss, crap, damn, bitch, bitch, damn. Fuck.

A whole sheaf of paper peels off. Spartan gathers it up. It wads nicely.

SPARTAN

So much for the three seashells. I'll be right back.

INT. POLICE STATION - LENINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Spartan examines all the TechnoWonders as Lenina punches up an illustration on the screen: a small, square microchip being surgically inserted into the top of a hand. It's tied into the veins and blood supply as well.

HUXLEY

Simon Phoenix isn't coded. An organically bioengineered microchip was developed that could be sewn into the skin. Sensors all around the city can zero in on anyone at any time.

TOUGH COP

I can't even conceive a visual of what you cops did before it was developed...

SPARTAN

We worked for a living. This fascist crap makes me wanna puke.

EARLE

What do you think you're scratching, caveman? You really surmise we'd let you out without control? Your code was implanted the second you thawed.

Spartan seethingly contemplates his itching hand.

SPARTAN

Why didn't you just shove a leash  
up my ass?!

EARLE

Dirty meat-eater! No matter how  
Viking your era was, I cannot  
digest how you ever wore a badge!  
You're going back, John Spartan, oh  
yes, you're going back.

HUXLEY

Could you two please dump some  
hormones? We need every cortex we  
can get in this situation.

EARLE

We don't need him. Our computer  
has already examined all feasible  
scenarios resulting from the  
appearance of Simon Phoenix and  
determined he will attempt to start  
up a new drug lab and form a crime  
syndicate.

FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)

That is correct, Chief George  
Earle.

SPARTAN

I hate to interrupt you two  
lovebirds, but that's fucking  
stupid. You think he wants to  
build a business? Phoenix is going  
for a gun. Plain and simple.

As Spartan rages, roaming around the station, Morality boxes  
have heart attacks keeping up with his offenses.

SPARTAN

Phoenix is a complete megalomaniacal  
fucking psychopath. And the first  
thing Simon is going to want to do is  
wipe the smug smiles off your shiny  
faces. He could just handshake your  
asses to death, but who's got the  
goddamn patience. Trust me, he's  
going for a gun.

EARLE

Who cares what this primate thinks.  
Resonate some understanding. The  
only place a person can even view a  
gun in this city, is at a...  
museum!

INT. SAN ANGELES MUSEUM OF ART AND HISTORY - MAIN HALL - DAY

The museum is located in the Cocteau complex. Phoenix wanders through a hall arrayed with displays of various '80s/'90s/'00s/'10s artifacts. A Girl Scout Troop (in modernly-modulated uniforms) looking down as we realize that large sections of the floor of the entire museum are transparent. Below is an archeological exhibit of a section of the old city -- parts of buildings and streets.

MUSEUM COMPUTER BOX (V.O.)

If you care to sample what it was  
like to spend a day in Los Angeles  
in the Twentieth Century please  
press the button.

One of the Scouts presses a large red button. HONKING CARS, SWEARING in Spanish, GUN SHOTS, SIRENS, RAP MUSIC... At the end of the hall, there's an arrow to another exhibit: HALL OF VIOLENCE. Phoenix grins.

PHOENIX

Home sweet home...

As he heads down the hall --

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Spartan, Lenina, and Garcia stride towards Huxley's cruiser.

SPARTAN

It's a hunch. Trust me on this.  
It's a cop thing.  
(as they get into the car)  
I'm driving.

Spartan gets into the driver's side. Lenina gets in the passenger. A beat. They both emerge.

SPARTAN

You're driving.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DAY

Chief Earle sits before the vidphone. Sweating. Cocteau's scary serenity stares back at him.

COCTEAU (IMAGE)

Enhance your calm, Chief. Please, share your disquietude.

EARLE

Mayor/Gov Cocteau, we find the branching possibility exists the escaped cryocon, Mr. Simon Phoenix, may be on his way to the Museum of Art and History in your complex.

COCTEAU (IMAGE)

What permutation lead you to this curious conclusion? Do you expect him to be homesick?

Raymond quietly enjoys his own wit.

EARLE

No. No, sir. Do you not still have the armory exhibit downstairs?

OFF Cocteau's look of quiet surprise ---

INT. MUSEUM - ARMORY ROOM - DAY

The exhibit begins with the crudest weapons, cavemen with clubs, stone axes, arrowheads, and moves up the ladder of history toward modern day --

Western Colt revolvers, an old-time gangster Tommy gun... In the middle of the room is a Civil War cannon. A stack of cannonballs sits next to it.

PHOENIX

This is the future. Where are the fucking phaser guns?

He keeps moving down the line. Past the 1940s, the 1990s... And finally a weapon he doesn't recognize at all. Magnetic Accelerator Gun. AcMag for short. Phoenix grins.

Punches the glass in the exhibit. Hard. His fist bounces off. It hurts. He looks around for something to break it with. Nothing. Side kicks a larger expanse of glass in



front of another display. Almost breaks it. Not quite. Growls. A MUSEUM HELPER/GUARD comes into the room. Moves towards the annoyed Phoenix smiling pleasantly.

MUSEUM GUARD

Mellow greetings. What seems to be your boggle?

PHOENIX

My boggle...

(he sighs)

I'm at the top of the food chain, ya know? And I would prefer to use tools, not bruise up my hands and feet. But I can't find anything in this place. A rock, a crowbar, any heavy object. Tell me, whatta you weigh?

The Guard looks at him in total confusion. Phoenix grabs him by the lapels and shot-puts him across the room into the GLASS. This time it SHATTERS impressively.

PHOENIX

Enough...

A very mellow ALARM GOES OFF MURMURING "PLEASE EXIT" over and over. Simon begins sorting through weapons available. Loads a SHOTGUN from the case. Tests it by BLOWING up another display. Works just fine. The ALARM changes to "PLEASE EXIT RAPIDLY." It begins to annoy him. He BLOWS the loudspeaker away. BLOWS up the AcMag case. Grabs the gun. There doesn't seem to be any cartridges. No way to load them either. Aims, fires. Nothing.

PHOENIX

Motherfuck.

There's an information booth at end of the room. Phoenix can't help himself. Presses the Ego Boost Button again.

MUSEUM COMPUTER (V.O.)

That's a great looking shirt.

Phoenix chuckles appreciatively, presses the "?" button.

MUSEUM COMPUTER (V.O.)

Yes, Museum Patron. Have you a query?

PHOENIX

Whatsa matter with the...  
 (checks the name)  
 Magnetic Accelerator gun?

Graphics flicker madly on the screen.

MUSEUM COMPUTER (V.O.)

The Magnetic Accelerator gun, the last produced handheld weapon of this millennium displaced the flow of neutrons through a non-linear cycloid supercooled electromagnetic force.

PHOENIX

So... what? It needs new batteries? What size? Who sells batteries in the future? Is there a battery store I can go to?

Two GUARDS appear in the doorway behind him.

GUARD #1

(tough-ish)  
 Excuse me, Museum Patron...

Without a second beat, Phoenix SHOTGUNS them both. In the background we can hear the ALARM change "RUN. RUN..."

A set of steel DOORS WHOOSH down, sealing Phoenix in. Phoenix turns back to the computer as ---

MUSEUM COMPUTER (V.O.)

The AcMag, now reactivated, should concurrently supercool and achieve fission in...two point six minutes.

PHOENIX

(looking at steel doors)  
 Yeah, well, I was considering leaving quickly and patience is not one of my virtues.  
 (beat)  
 Who am I kidding? I don't have any virtues.

Laughs at his own wit. Grabs a shoulder bag from a Vietnam era GI display. Starts loading up on weapons and ammo. Kid in a toy store. Examines, discards, chooses... And

everything is free. He turns to the Civil War cannon. And grins...

EXT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

The SAPD car is parked at the curb. Doors popped open. Museum patrons and guards flee. Spartan, followed by Huxley and Garcia, moves against the flow.

A cylindrical metal periscope suddenly pops up from the sidewalk. As Spartan stares down at it, the periscope zips back down the hole.

SPARTAN

You see that?

GARCIA

What?

SPARTAN

Never mind. I give up trying to figure this place out.

GARCIA

(holding out his S.A.C.)  
Procedure?

S.A.C. (V.O.)

Establish communication with maniac intruder.

SPARTAN

Wrong.

(he takes the S.A.C.,  
smashes it to the ground)

Hey. Luke Skywalker. Use the Force.

Spartan heads for the door. Garcia has a distraught moment before following. Garcia hands Spartan a stun baton. It SPARKS to life.

SPARTAN

What the hell's this?

GARCIA

It's a glow rod. It's what we got.

SPARTAN

Does it work?

Spartan casually pokes out to a nearby scared guard. The guard drops like a dead weight.

SPARTAN

Guess so.

HUXLEY

They've got him trapped in section eight.

SPARTAN

Trapped? The Maniac Intruder? That I doubt. Oh, would you make sure for me that nobody else is in the building?

HUXLEY

(understands)

Done.

(as she turns to the guards)

I want a visual. Now. Every corridor in the museum. I want full sensors routed to me. And I want it ninety seconds ago...

They start to scurry. There's a moment as he appreciates her skill and ---

INT. MUSEUM - MAIN HALL - DAY

Now empty. Spartan strides along. Sparking bullshit stun baton in one hand.

INT. MUSEUM - ARMORY ENTRANCE - DAY

Spartan approaches. Can see the sealed steel doors. There's an emergency release beside them.

Checks the stun baton. Reaching for the handle when, the DOORS EXPLODE at him. Blown aside. Fire, smoke everywhere, a battered cannonball bouncing down the hall. Spartan hurls himself through the hole in the doors. Takes cover behind one of the exhibits.

INT. MUSEUM - ARMORY ROOM - DAY

Phoenix stands behind the Civil War cannon.

PHOENIX

(amusing himself once  
again)

What can I say, I'm a blast from  
the past.

He looks like a mad bandito. Draped in guns and ammo.

SPARTAN (O.S.)

Simon Phoenix. L.A.P.D., I mean  
San Angeles P.D. You're under  
arrest.

Where's the voice come from? Why does it sound so familiar?

PHOENIX

Nah. I don't think so.

Simon unleashes a BARRAGE from a TOMMY GUN draped around his neck. Keeps FIRING and FIRING and FIRING. Empties it. Not a very strategic move as he demolishes most of the cases in the room, including the one directly over Spartan.

A Beretta falls at his feet. An old police belt as well. Spartan yanks out the magazine. Loads it. Collapses the bullshit stun baton and tucks it away.

SPARTAN

Hands up or I'll shoot, Simon.  
(beat; to himself)  
Fuck it.

Spartan comes up FIRING. Gets off about THREE SHOTS before Phoenix STRAFES the area with a HK91. Dives for cover.

PHOENIX

You were saying...  
(recognition jolt)  
Spartan! John Spartan! What's a  
guy like you doing in a century  
like this?

SPARTAN

My job.

PHOENIX

Who cares? Simon says bleed.

Phoenix unsheathes a pair of machine PISTOLS. BLAZES away. Tries the AcMag. Still nothing.

PHOENIX  
 (re: the AcMag)  
 Come on, motherfucker.  
 (then)  
 Well, we'll do it the old fashioned  
 way...

Dumps another load of black powder into the cannon. STRAFES Spartan. Tamps the powder down. STRAFES Spartan. Spartan sees a 12-gauge auto loader and a box of shells across the aisle.

PHOENIX  
 So lemme get this straight -- they  
 defrosted you just to lasso my  
 piddly ass?

The MAGAZINE EMPTIES. Calculating the odds, Spartan dives and rolls across the aisle.

SPARTAN  
 I was in the neighborhood.

He's concerned when there're no shots fired. He oughta be. Phoenix drops in a cannon ball. Lights the fuse. Aims.

Spartan comes up BLAZING. Lotta firepower in a 12-GAUGE at close range. Phoenix has a pair of SIX-SHOOTERS. Bad Day at Black Rock. CASES SHATTER. The cannon's pointed straight at Spartan. Displays collapse. Phoenix flattens. A mannequin falls across the cannon, pointing the muzzle down.

Phoenix pulls out the now-fully-charged AcMag as the CANNON FIRES. Right into the floor. BLOWS out one of the transparent panels. The two of them collapse into the floor below.

INT. MUSEUM - MAIN HALL - DAY

Smoke everywhere.

PHOENIX (O.S.)  
 Nice shooting, Spartan. You killed  
 the building.

The smoke clears. They're in downtown 20th Century L.A. They've dropped into the archeological exhibit we saw before. Spartan, shaking off the fall, finds himself weaponless. Phoenix is spinning madly around, AcMag in one hand, an

Ingram from his shoulder bag in the other. STRAFES everywhere with the INGRAM. Tosses it away.

PHOENIX

Past is over, Spartan.  
(re the AcMag)  
Time for something new and  
improved. Like me... Now die.

Phoenix aims the AcMag. Completely silent. Then the first OBJECT that intersects his aim simply EXPLODES. Whatever it is. Phoenix laughs hysterically. Likes this new toy a lot. Fires again. A working FIRE HYDRANT BLOWS UP off its bolts.

Water is spraying everywhere. Phoenix stands in it six inches deep. Spartan yanks out his stun baton, steps clear, jams it in the water.

SPARTAN

You forgot to say Simon says.

Spartan activates the stun baton. Phoenix is racked with pain. Rattled and shaken by the charge. Involuntary shudders. Yanks himself clear with a wild grin.

PHOENIX

What a brave new world. Sorry you  
have to leave.

He FIRES. Spartan dives for cover. Just out of reach he spots the BERETTA. Dives for it. SHOOTS back. It's like a popgun compared to the AcMag. Anything but survival becomes completely out of the question. Phoenix FIRES ROUND AFTER ROUND. Everything he aims at just EXPLODES. That Spartan lives through this at all is amazing.

EXT. MUSEUM - REAR COURTYARD - DAY

Cocteau coolly walks through the freshly-landscaped courtyard.

A large column of smoke rises out of a section of the museum. Associate Bob frantically bobs about him.

ASSOCIATE BOB

I'm sure, sir, the Stress Breeder  
is inside being demobilized as we  
speak...

A BULLET WHISTLES by, barely missing Bob. He hurls himself into the dirt. Cocteau turns to face a jazzed- up Phoenix, still draped in weapons, the AcMag tucked in his belt.

PHOENIX

Damn, being frozen has thrown off my aim. Don't worry, I'll kill you with the next shot.

COCTEAU

I don't think so.

Phoenix raises a Luger to Cocteau. Something snaps. Phoenix's smile turns to a grimace. His gun hand quivers. He wants to kill, but he can't. Cocteau folds his arms.

COCTEAU

Ah, no kiss-kiss. No bang-bang... And you were doing so well. Now, don't you have a job to do? Don't you have someone you have to kill?

Phoenix looks at him. Surprised and puzzled...

PHOENIX

Yeah, I do...

Spartan comes crashing out of the wreckage. Loading the Beretta as he runs, a crazed scowl on his face. Phoenix leaps the wall.

EXT. MUSEUM STREET - REAR COURTYARD - DAY

Phoenix bounds up a hill. Jumps onto the back of a WHIRRING ELECTRIC TROLLEY heading by. It picks up speed. He disappears.

EXT. MUSEUM - REAR COURTYARD - DAY

Spartan takes aim - out of range. Fuck. Turns to Cocteau.

SPARTAN

You don't know how fucking lucky you are that maniac didn't whack you.

COCTEAU

No doubt whacking, whatever it is, would be extremely bad. You scared  
(MORE)



COCTEAU (CONT'D)

him away and I do not know how to  
thank you. You saved my life.

Spartan gives a SUSPICIOUS glance from the wall to Cocteau as  
Cocteau leads him...

EXT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

The cops and passersby are in a state of shock. A column of  
smoke still rises from somewhere in the middle of the  
building. 2042 Fire Department vehicles arrive. A fire- man  
jumps into a control stand atop the vehicle, pulls a  
joystick, and the entire back of the truck lifts off,  
unmanned drone. He guides it towards the blaze. Under all  
of which --

HUXLEY

Not bad for an eighty-four-year-  
old! Simon Phoenix knows he has  
some competition. He's finally  
matched his meat. You really  
licked his ass!

SPARTAN

Uh, it's 'met his match.' And  
'kicked.' Kicked' his ass.

Cocteau takes a quivering Chief Earle aside.

COCTEAU

(coolly)  
Who is this man?

In the b.g., Associate Bob arrives, tidily brushing dirt off  
himself.

EARLE

Detective John Spartan. Temporarily  
reinstated to the San Angeles  
Police Department to pursue the  
madman Simon Phoenix.

(ready to cry)  
You told us to do everything in our  
power to capture the madman.

COCTEAU

(beat)  
I did. Yes. Yes, I did. I do  
recall the exploits of John  
Spartan. Didn't they call him... I  
think it was... The Demolition Man.  
(MORE)

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

(then)

It's quite all right, Chief.  
Unexpected, creative, but quite all  
right. BE Well.

Earle nods. Still terrified.

COCTEAU

John Spartan, welcome. So, what do  
you think of our fair society?

SPARTAN

Great, I come to the future,  
Phoenix gets the ray gun, I get the  
rusty Beretta.

Cocteau addresses Spartan and the entire assemblage.

COCTEAU

John Spartan, in honor of your  
arrival, and your protection of the  
sanctity of human life, namely my  
own, I wish for you to join me for  
dinner tonight.

(sees Huxley at his side)

The both of you. I insist. You  
must accompany me to Taco Bell.

Huxley looks seriously pleased and flattered. Spartan just  
has no clue as to this choice of restaurants. Huxley  
discreetly elbows him. Hard.

SPARTAN

Uh. That'd be great.

(befuddled)

Looking forward to it...

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DUSK

Spartan is not happy --

SPARTAN

Wait, wait, wait.

Spartan is staring at a vid screen on a wall: Cocteau,  
grinning, arms spread, his utopia behind him, and the  
Behavioral Engineering logo.

SPARTAN

Spacely Sprockets here, who is now  
in charge, the 'Mayor/Gov,' who  
(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

wants to take me to dinner at  
Taco Bell -- though Lord knows I  
wouldn't mind a burrito -- is also  
one of the guys who invented the  
cryoprison?!

Morality BOX BEEPS. Spartan casually adds the paper to the  
collection in his breast pocket. Under --

EARLE

Dr. Cocteau is the most important  
man in San Angeles. He practically  
created our whole way of life.  
Savage!

SPARTAN

Well he can have it.  
(choosing words)  
And rather than inserting barbed  
instruments up the rectums of those  
around you, perhaps you would care  
to sit on one yourself.

A flustered Earle gives a look to the morality box. Spartan  
turns to another vid screen. A map of San Angeles on it.

SPARTAN

Phoenix could be anywhere, but not  
having a code could hurt him.  
Limits his options.

HUXLEY

Correct. Money is outmoded. All  
transactions are through codes.

SPARTAN

So Phoenix can't buy food or a  
place to crash for the night.  
Pointless for him to mug anybody...  
(beat; thinks)  
Unless he rips off someone's hand.  
Let's hope he doesn't figure that  
one out...

Everyone is momentarily nauseated.

GARCIA

And with all officers already  
patrolling in a citywide crisis  
net, it should be just a matter of  
tick-tocks before...

EARLE

And you know, we already have a back-up plan. We can just wait for another code to go red. When Phoenix performs another murderdeathkill, we'll know exactly where to pounce...

SPARTAN

Oh. Great plan.

EARLE

Thank you.

Only Lenina gets the sarcasm. She and Spartan exchange a look. Spartan goes back to staring at the screen.

SPARTAN

So where the fuck is he?

Spartan reaches without looking. Pockets another warning.

EXT. SAN ANGELES ALLEY - NIGHT

Simon is behind a shiny silver building. Prying up a grate.

PHOENIX

No front door, no welcome mat, what's with these people? How you supposed to show up and kill somebody?

He loves his own jokes. Climbs down in. Starts down a long ladder welded onto the side. Shuts the grate behind him.

EXT. SAN ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

The 2042 skyline glistens. Tiny cars zip along below us.

INT. LENINA'S POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Spartan stares in amazement at Huxley as she prattles on...

HUXLEY

(a touch embarrassed; a schoolgirl crush)

I've been an enthusiast of your escapades for quite some time. I have, in fact, perused some actual newsreels of you at the

(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)  
Schwarzenegger library. The time  
you drove your car through that...

SPARTAN  
Back up. The Schwarzenegger  
library...

HUXLEY  
Yes, the Schwarzenegger  
Presidential Library. Wasn't he an  
actor when you...

SPARTAN  
Stop... He was President?

HUXLEY  
Even though he was not born in this  
country, his popularity at the time  
caused the 61st Amendment which  
states...

SPARTAN  
(waving her off)  
I don't want to know...

They drive in silence for a while, Spartan staring out the  
window at 2042 passing by.

SPARTAN  
I keep looking around, thinking  
about my daughter growing up in a  
place like this. I'm afraid she's  
gonna think I'm some kind of  
disgusting primate from the past.  
As much as I want to see her, I  
almost don't wanna know. I'm not  
gonna fit into the picture very  
well.

Huxley reaches for the car terminal; thrilled with this small  
mischief.

HUXLEY  
It would be a minor misuse of  
police powers but I could do a  
search for you.

Spartan reaches over, stops her hand. Shakes his head "no."  
There's a moment between the two of them. He remembers he  
shouldn't touch her. Lets go. She doesn't seem to mind.

SPARTAN

(then; changing subjects)  
 So, what's with this Cocteau guy?  
 He thanks me for saving his life --  
 which I'm not sure I did -- invites  
 me to dinner, and where does he  
 take me... Taco Bell. I mean, hey,  
 I like Mexican but come on...

HUXLEY

Your tone is quasi-facetious. You  
 do not realize Taco Bell was the  
 only restaurant to survive the  
 Franchise Wars. All restaurants  
 are now Taco Bell.

As they pull up in front --

EXT. TACO BELL - NIGHT

It is unlike any Taco Bell we will ever see. Holographic  
 images hover in the air in front of the marble entrance. A  
 row of jacketed valets stands ready. One rushes up.

As they enter, a periscope pipe pops up, looks around,  
 disappears. No one notices it.

INT. TACO BELL - FRONT COUNTER AREA - NIGHT

Sparse, elegant and Melrose-dark. As Huxley and Spartan  
 enter a mariachi band takes their place in the corner. Huxley  
 and Spartan walk up to a sultry future version of a Taco Bell  
 order counter. Spartan is trying to assimilate it all when  
 the COUNTER-GIRL breaks the ultra- cool character of the  
 restaurant to give him a typical fast food happy face.

COUNTERGIRL

Hi! May I help you?

SPARTAN

Uh, I'll take a Burrito Supreme and  
 a shake?

COUNTERGIRL

Will that be for here or to go?

SPARTAN

Ah. The eternal question... Here.

She does a perky fast food spin to the station behind her and whips back a silver tray holding an ornate china set.

COUNTERGIRL

Burrito Supreme. Shake. BE well.

Spartan looks down to a miniscule cylinder of pressed kelp topped with a dab of salsa and small sesame-seed- type bits. The tiny shake is in a thimble-sized frost- covered glass.

SPARTAN

Oooh. Yum... Good thing I'm hungry.

INT. TACO BELL - COCTEAU'S TABLE - NIGHT

The mariachi band launches into the Mexican hat dance song as Spartan and Lenina, carrying their trays, are escorted by a maitre d' to a table set in a secluded section of the restaurant. Cocteau and Associate Bob wait for them. Cocteau stands --

COCTEAU

John Spartan, the hero of the hour.  
I congratulate you.

ASSOCIATE BOB

Greetings and salutations, I am Associate Bob. We met before, ever so briefly but I was groveling in fear in the humus at the time. You have had quite the exciting first day in San Angeles. Imagine, chasing a real criminal.

SPARTAN

(sitting)  
Imagine. Could someone pass the salt?

HUXLEY

(whispering)  
Salt is not good for you. Hence it is...

Spartan glares her quiet, pokes at his "Burrito Supreme." A beat. Cocteau muses --

COCTEAU

So, John Spartan, tell me, what do you think of San Angeles, 2042?

SPARTAN

I guess, considering the way things were going when I went in -- I thought the future would be a sick, decaying pit of suffering and hate with a thick, foul stench.

Cocteau gloats.

COCTEAU

You should consider visiting New York/Jersey after this.

SPARTAN

(brightening)

You mean nothing's changed?

Associate Bob roars in appreciative empty laughter. Think Ed McMahon. Spartan looks at him. It wasn't funny. Pokes at his burrito. Ugh...

COCTEAU

Look at you, John Spartan, pouting for the old cheeseburger -- the flesh of dying animals covered with cholesterol laden butterfat. You miss the bad old days.

SPARTAN

Yeah, maybe.

(then)

Look, I like vegetables. I even ate tofu a couple times. But I got to choose when I wanted it.

COCTEAU

You think we've gone too far? You weren't here for the fourth and fifth riots.

(harsh)

Civilization tried to destroy itself. People just wanted the madness over. And when I saw the chance to make things right, I grabbed it. San Angeles would not

(MORE)



COCTEAU (CONT'D)

be here. It would be your pit of stench.

SPARTAN

Yeah? Maybe you can book me a flight to New York when this is done.

Lenina's shocked. Cocteau's not thrilled with his attitude either.

COCTEAU

For your crimes, John Spartan, you would have surely rotted and died in jail by now. Even you have to appreciate the persuasively tranquil humanity of the Cryo-Prison system...

SPARTAN

I don't want to piss on your parade, pal, but my 'cryo-sentence' wasn't a sweet lullaby. I had feelings -- I had thoughts -- a 44 year-old bad dream about thirty people in a burning building -- about my wife, beating her fists against an ice bucket. It woulda been more humane to stake me down and leave me to the crows.

HUXLEY

You were awake? A person would go insane.

Spartan stares out the window. Across the street he sees a scragly SCRAP on a sputtery patched together motor bike in front of a large food store across the street.

COCTEAU

I am saddened and stunned. If there's anything I can do...

Spartan goes back to staring out the window. Two, three, then four Scraps loitering, looking around, they've done nothing yet, but to Spartan's eye it's clear they're up to no good.

The food truck approaches.

SPARTAN  
 (standing)  
 Just call for back-up. I'll be  
 across the street.

HUXLEY  
 But, John Spartan, why... How,  
 wha...

SPARTAN  
 (calling out; as he  
 leaves)  
 One of those hunch things again.  
 Bad guys about to do bad things...

And Spartan is gone...

EXT. COURT OF STORES - NIGHT

The court of stores are located outside the restaurant.  
 Spartan steps past the holographic images toward the food  
 store.

No one can mistake him for an exiting patron. He radiates  
 attitude. Spartan picks up his pace. The food truck is just  
 pulling in. The Motorcycle Scrap sees him. REVS the BIKE in  
 a ferocious swerve towards Spartan.

Spartan looks around. Beside him is a street SIGN MURMURING  
 "Third and Alameda, Third and Alameda, Third..." Spartan  
 rips it from the ground.

INT. TACO BELL - TABLE AREA - NIGHT

Lenina, and the rest of the restaurant gather at the window  
 to ooh in fear. Cocteau scowls angrily at the Scraps.

EXT. COURT OF STORES - NIGHT

The Scrap on the motorcycle has no time to dodge as Spartan  
 stands his ground, jousts him clear out of his seat. The  
 motorcycle skids by, barely missing him, hits the curb,  
 somersaults and explodes through the holograms. Spartan  
 doesn't even flinch.

Still clutching the pole, Spartan makes a swift kempo-swing  
 into the three other attackers. And then, all hell breaks  
 loose.

EXPLOSIVE DEVICES EXPLODE the concrete inside nearby stores. Scraps come pouring out. Sewer COVERS are BLOWN asunder followed by chain and nunchuck-wielding Scraps.

An ALARM SCREAMS strangely and melodically. The food truck is swarmed. Inside the foodstore ten, twenty, thirty Scraps attack and loot. Spartan sees there's a lot of them here. A whole lot.

SPARTAN

Great, they brought the whole team.

Three more Scraps come charging out of the store. Clutching packages. They hurl EXPLOSIVE DEVICES towards Spartan to make their escape.

INT. TACO BELL - TABLE AREA - NIGHT

Lenina leads a round of giddy gasps. Cocteau is not pleased with any of this.

EXT. COURT OF STORES - NIGHT

Spartan dodges the fusillade, looks around, takes stock of the whole situation. An oncoming trolley comes around the corner into the complex.

SPARTAN

Now if we can just get them to stay  
and play...

Spartan dashes to the trolley car. He bounds up to the DRIVER.

TROLLEY DRIVER

BE well...?

SPARTAN

Be gone.

Spartan tugs the driver along with him out of the moving trolley. He javelins a mighty thrust with the street sign into the back wheels of the trolley.

INT. TACO BELL - TABLE AREA - NIGHT

The patrons grow dead silent in anticipation.

EXT. COURT OF STORES - NIGHT

The TROLLEY teeters into a savagely awesome derail. It goes into a SQUEALING, sparking SKID right into the food truck. The slamming-to-a-stop trolley neatly angles into the truck trapping Scraps out front and inside.

INT. TACO BELL - TABLE AREA - NIGHT

The patrons unbridle themselves into actual cheering.

EXT. COURT OF STORES - NIGHT

Spartan bursts forth from the trolley into the melee.

SPARTAN

You're all under arrest.

The Scraps freeze for a moment. This guy means business in a way they've never seen before. But Spartan is distracted for a moment by an excited yell --

SCRAP RAIDER

Protein! I've found protein!!

This doesn't sound like hardened criminals to Spartan. More Scraps rush over to help him carry this booty away. A SCRAP appears beside Spartan, swinging a pair of nunchucks made from two knobby table legs.

SPARTAN

(wearily)

You're going to regret this for the rest of your life. Both seconds of it.

Nunchuck Scrap thwaps Spartan. Spartan just looks annoyed, not hurt. Slams him again. Still no reaction. Spartan latches onto a nunchuck in the air as it comes toward him. Yanks it forward as he shoves the Scrap backward into the food store window. The Scrap bounces off the window like a nerf ball, not remotely cracking it. Spartan frowns to himself.

SPARTAN

Maybe I'm losing my touch.

Two other Scraps attack him. Spartan fends off one, shotputs the other into the WINDOW, this time SHATTERING it completely.

SPARTAN

Better.

Up on the truck, Payne, under an enormous load of food, appears. Takes quick stock of the situation. He sees Spartan. Has no idea who this guy is, but he's trouble. They exchange a look.

PAYNE

We're outta here!

INT. TACO BELL - TABLE AREA - NIGHT

Cocteau smolders at the sight of Payne.

EXT. COURT OF STORES - NIGHT

The HURLED SCRAP stumbles out of the window wreckage, falling to his knees. As Spartan considers what the hell is really going on, and should he deck this guy, a bunch of cans of quirky food cascade out of the Scrap's jacket.

HURLED SCRAP

(genuine pleading)

Please... don't...

Spartan stops. Backs away. Watches oddly as the Scrap escapes. He lets them go. Steps back away as the others escape. They don't know why he changed his mind, but they're not staying around to find out.

Huxley and the restaurant patrons rush up to give him a blast of adulation. Spartan's attention stays on the fleeing Scraps.

HUXLEY

Such a reckless abandonment! Looks like there's a new shepherd in town!

SPARTAN

'Sheriff'... Who were those guys?

COCTEAU

We call them Scraps. Voluntary outcasts, they cower beneath us in sewers, abandoned tunnels...

ASSOCIATE BOB

They're nothing but thugs and hooligans.

Cocteau nods appreciatively; Bob is echoing some previous statement of his. In the b.g., a team of uniformed engineers are patching up a hole in the ground using a set of steel planks, laser welders, giant cement spurting pastry bags...

HUXLEY

(to Spartan)

You are even better live than on laserdisc. Oh, and the joyjoy way you paused to make a glib witticism before doing battle with that strangely-weaponed Scrap it was so, so...

SPARTAN

(losing it)

Hey, this isn't the Wild West. The Wild West wasn't even the Wild West. Hurting people is not a good time. Well, sometimes it is... but not when it's just a bunch of guys who want something to eat. You know, I think I liked it better when we were all supposed to fry in a nuclear holocaust.

Cocteau doesn't look pleased about any of this. Spartan storms off. Lenina, letting out a shocked breath, gulps and follows after him.

EXT. ADDITIONAL SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Huxley's cruiser glides INTO FRAME.

HUXLEY (V.O.)

Huxley, coding off.

INT. LENINA'S POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Spartan watches as the steering wheel retracts into the dash. Shakes his head. Everything is weird in the future. Then --

SPARTAN

Hey, look, I'm sorry I yelled before... back there.

HUXLEY

No need to make a dehurtful retraction. I've assimilated too much contraband. I fleshed you as  
(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)  
 some blow-up-the-bad-guys- with-a-  
 happy-grin-he-man type, but I  
 realize now you're the moody-  
 troubled-past-gunslinger-who-only-  
 draws-when-he-must.

SPARTAN  
 Huxley. Stop. I'm not any of  
 that... I'm nothing.

Touched, Lenina hands Spartan a small, unusual box.

HUXLEY  
 Oh, hey, here's what you asked  
 for... Why do you...

SPARTAN  
 Thanks. It's just a... hunch.

LENINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lenina's CAR WHIRRS up to two giant, geometric buildings.

SPARTAN  
 This is where you live?

HUXLEY  
 You, too. I have procured you a  
 domicile down the corridor from my  
 own.

INT. LENINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN

HUXLEY (O.S.)  
 Everything is voice-coded. So if  
 you need something...

A door opens in the darkness.

HUXLEY  
 ... just ask. Lights.

Lights come up. The place is like one of the 50's diners  
 that never existed in the Fifties, the apartment is a  
 monstrosity -- a melange of 80's and 90's styles never quite  
 seen together in this way.

HUXLEY

(proudly)

What do you think? I clicked off a lot of credits to create the perfect 20th Century apartment.

SPARTAN

It's very...

Not sure what. Just nods at all. She beams.

HUXLEY

Isn't it?

(then; a little halting)

John Spartan, there is of course a well-known and documented connection between sex and violence. Not so much a causal effect, but a state of general neurological arousal.

Spartan looks at her. He has no idea what her point is.

HUXLEY

And after observing your behavior and my resultant condition, I was wondering if you would like to have sex?

He had no idea that was going to be her point.

SPARTAN

With you?

(as she nods)

Now?

(as she nods again)

Ahhh, ahhh, mmm, yeah.

HUXLEY

Great.

She turns quickly to a cabinet and removes two strange high-tech helmets and a towel. Lenina, all excited, puts one of the helmets on his head and hands him the towel.

Flicks a switch on the side of the helmet -- read-out lights come on; activated. Lenina sits upon a bed opposite Spartan, and repeats the operation on herself with the other helmet.



HUXLEY

Now you have to relax. We'll start  
in a few seconds.

SPARTAN

Start what?

HUXLEY

Having sex, of course.

And she flicks on the switch on her own helmet.

VIRTUAL REALITY WORLD

Lenina appears floating, a diaphanous gown blowing gently about her. She floats slowly TOWARDS us, as she begins to peel off and discard pieces of the gown which dissolve immediately away. As she approaches nakedness...

INT. LENINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A beat of open-mouthed amazement and enjoyment and then Spartan tears the helmet from his head and throws down his towel with a mixture of confusion and anxiety. Lenina is still seated across the room.

HUXLEY

What's wrong? You broke contact.

SPARTAN

Contact? I haven't even touched  
you yet!

Lenina removes her helmet with some confusion and hurt.

HUXLEY

But... but I thought you wanted to  
make love.

SPARTAN

This is like boning Ms. Pacman.

Lenina stands, tossing her helmet down, and faces Spartan.

HUXLEY

(flustered)

Vir-sex has been proven to produce  
higher orders of alpha waves during  
digitized transference of sexual  
energies!

SPARTAN

Waddya say we just do this the old-fashioned way?

She looks at him, backing away in shock and disgust.

HUXLEY

Uuuugh. You mean... fluid transfer?!

SPARTAN

Boning, doing the wild mambo, you know...

(demonstrates)

... the hunka chunka.

HUXLEY

That is no longer done!

Spartan looks at her like she's out of her mind.

HUXLEY

Exchange of bodily fluids? Do you know what that leads to?

SPARTAN

Kids, smoking, a desire to raid the fridge.

HUXLEY

The rampant exchange of bodily fluids was one of the major reasons for the downfall of society.

(trying to explain calmly)

After AIDS there was NRS. After NRS there was UBT. One of the first things Dr. Cocteau was able to do was outlaw and behaviorally engineer all fluid transfer out of societally-acceptable behavior. Not even mouth transfer is condoned.

SPARTAN

There's no kissing anymore...? I was a good kisser...

HUXLEY

Ughh.

SPARTAN  
What about kids?

HUXLEY  
Procreation? We go to the lab.  
Fluids are purified, screened and  
transferred by authorized medical  
personnel only. Ugh. Ugh...

SPARTAN  
I didn't...

HUXLEY  
You are a savage creature. John  
Spartan, I wish you to leave my  
domicile now!

She points to the door. Stamps her foot. Some things never  
change. He wants to explain. She stamps her foot again. He  
leaves.

INT. SPARTAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In darkness, Spartan loudly bangs into something.

SPARTAN  
Ahh. Lights.

Lights come up. The place is, well, spartan. Exact same  
shape and size as Huxley's, but stunningly sterile and  
unwarm. Spartan tragically takes in the place, pokes his  
head into a clinical bathroom, a bathroom with no toilet  
paper and a strange shelf with three seashells. Shakes his  
head.

Spartan's hands start to quiver toward a knitting needle and  
a ball of red yarn. Curiously furrowing his brow, Spartan  
plops into a strenuously uncomfortable futuristic chair and  
begins almost unconsciously knitting the red yarn. He stops  
himself in perplexed surprise...

Suddenly, a LOUD BOPPING noise fills the air. A beautiful  
NUDE WOMAN, casually brushing her teeth, appears on a  
vidscreen before Spartan.

NUDE WOMAN (IMAGE)  
Hi, Martin! I was thinki --  
ohmyGod! I'm sorry, wrong number --

In a panic, the Nude Woman reaches O.S. and the IMAGE CLICKS off. Spartan smiles, then stops smiling. He awkwardly calls out to the telescreen.

SPARTAN

Uh, telephone directory...

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

(words appearing  
simultaneously on the  
screen)

Videophone directory accessed.

Spartan almost bails, but finally --

SPARTAN

(a little worried)

Do you have a number for a Katie, I  
guess it's Katherine now, Spartan?  
Or maybe under her mom's name,  
Warren, or...

(the thought hits him)

... her mom might have even re-  
remarried. But she's passed away  
now...

Shuts up. Realizes he's been rambling.

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

(as soon as he shuts up)

Katie Spartan. No ref. Katherine  
Spartan. No ref. Katherine  
Warren.

(pause, pause)

No current ref.

SPARTAN

Was there one?

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

Listed offspring under Madeline  
Warren through 2010. Listed  
different number domicile until  
2028.

SPARTAN

What happened then?

He can't believe he's having a dialogue with TV screen,  
but...

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

No ref.

SPARTAN

(dreading the answer)

Did she die?

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

No death certificate issued. No  
ref.

SPARTAN

Good thing she didn't die without  
permission. Did she move?

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

No relocation license granted. No  
ref.

SPARTAN

(getting irked)

Reason for 'no ref'?

VIDSCREEN COMPUTER (V.O.)

(after a beat)

What number do you wish to call?  
Hangs up on him.

The image blinks out, replaced by clouds and the "BE WELL" slogan. An annoyed Spartan stares at the screen. He picks up the strange box Lenina gave him. Inside it is a stack of petite laserdiscs. Spartan sticks the first laserdisc in his television.

A surveillance camera shot shows the image of the explosion at the museum. Spartan pops the disc and puts another in. This time the surveillance village shows Cocteau and Associate Bob walking through the courtyard. Then the gunshot. Then finally Spartan comes to the strange face-to-face between Cocteau and Phoenix. Spartan back-and-forth watches the stand-off with growing fascination. He almost unconsciously reaches out to the sewing needles and the red yarn...

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark. Cocteau steps in. Trailed by Associate Bob. Nothing happens. He looks around wondering why.

COCTEAU  
 (a little annoyed)  
 Lights.

PHOENIX (O.S.)  
 Nah, I changed that. Illuminate.

The lights go on. Simon is behind Cocteau's desk, his feet up.

PHOENIX  
 Illuminate.  
 (they go off)  
 Isn't that nicer? Go 'head, you try it.

COCTEAU  
 (exasperated)  
 Illuminate.

The lights come back on.

PHOENIX  
 Raymond, bud, we need to talk.

COCTEAU  
 How'd you get in?

PHOENIX  
 I wish I knew. Access codes, routes to secret underground kingdoms, the words to songs I thought I forgot... I've been meaning to ask you about this. I can do almost anything. I like this. A lot.

COCTEAU  
 (starting to lose his calm demeanor)  
 Your skills were given to you for a reason. Not for your personal amusement. Your job is to kill this nuisance, Thomas Payne no one else in San Angeles can perform this simple task anymore -- and not to allow him to wreak any more surface harassing havoc. And your ineptitude allowed it to grow worse tonight.

PHOENIX

(beat)

'Ineptitude.' Now I'd say that's a bit of a provocative word, Raymond. Have you ever been down to the Wasteland? Has anyone you know been down there?? No?

(good; then I lie madly)

Oooh. It's bad down there. Really bad. It's a wonder I got out of there alive. It's gonna be a big problem.

(sorry, but...)

I'm gonna need five or six more guys. Easy.

(then)

You gotta list? 'Cause I don't wanna defrost no serial killers or mad dog types.

COCTEAU

So you're gonna be the only mad dog type?

For a minute we might think Phoenix is insulted. Uh uh.

PHOENIX

Exactemundo.

Cocteau turns to Bob.

COCTEAU

Fine. Take care of it.

(then to Phoenix)

Just get it over with... You're beginning to be more trouble than you're worth.

PHOENIX

Aww, don't say that...

Phoenix chuckles. Then, a little irked --

PHOENIX

What the hell is Spartan doing here, Raymond? Who invited him to our party?

Cocteau's gotta lie about this one. Wasn't part of his plan either.

COCTEAU

Finish your business and I'll stuff  
him back in the freezer. Think of  
him as a guarantee.

PHOENIX

I took care of Spartan before,  
don't worry your pointy little head  
about it. Now to avoid this  
ineptitude, we need these guys  
thawed...

Cocteau nods. Yeah, whatever...

PHOENIX

Illuminate.

The lights go out again. Simon chuckles madly.

COCTEAU

(getting aggravated)  
Illuminate.

Nothing happens.

PHOENIX

(laughing as he  
disappears)  
Nah, I changed it again. See ya...

ASSOCIATE BOB

What a distasteful fellow.

Cocteau just looks at him. Enough already...

COCTEAU

Oh shut up, Bob.

EXT. LENINA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lenina is waiting outside her car as Spartan emerges from the  
building.

HUXLEY

(all business)  
Detective...



SPARTAN  
 (getting in the driver's  
 side)  
 I've got to learn to do this  
 sometime.

Spartan tosses Lenina a suavely-knitted sweater of familiar red yarn.

SPARTAN  
 This is for you, Huxley.

HUXLEY  
 Oh, thanks...

INT. LENINA'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Lenina holds up her new sweater with a tickled blush. Spartan determinedly presses buttons to get the CAR HUMMING off.

HUXLEY  
 What a lovely...

SPARTAN  
 I don't know what they put in my Cryoslush, but I thaw out and the first thing I want to do is... knit. How come I know what a zipper foot is, a shuttle, hook and bobbin, petitpoint. I could weave a throw rug right now with my eyes closed.

HUXLEY  
 (chuckling)  
 It was your rehab training. For each inmate the computer draws up a skill or trade which best suits their genetic disposition. It implants the knowledge and desire to carry out whatever training was assigned.

SPARTAN  
 I'm a 'seamstress?' Seamstress. Great. How come I come out of cryoprison and I'm Betsy fucking Ross and Phoenix comes out and he can access computers, operate all vehicles, find the locations of every damn thing in the city?  
 (MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)  
(he has a thought)  
Can you get me Phoenix's rehab  
program?

Huxley punches madly away. An ACCESS DENIED sign flashes on the screen, cutting her off. Lenina gets into a little more furious COMPUTER playing until she gets a violent BEEP.

A SWEET FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE CHIRPS along with corresponding printed information.

SWEET FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
Phoenix, Simon. Rehabilitation  
skills; Urban combatkill, torture  
methodology, computer override  
authorization, violent...

SPARTAN  
Who develops the rehab programs?  
Attila the Hun?

HUXLEY  
(disquieted)  
Cocteau Industries of course. But  
why would Cocteau want to provoke  
madness? He's always been obsessed  
with one thing...

SPARTAN  
Yeah... control. The success of  
his favorite restaurants. The end  
of kissing... I've gotta talk to  
this asshole.

HUXLEY  
But, John Spartan, you must be  
mistaken. You can't accuse the  
savior of the city of being connected  
to a multi-murder-deathkiller like  
Simon Phoenix. It's... rude.

SPARTAN  
I'll be subtle. I'm good at  
subtle.

Lenina looks anything but reassured.

INT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - COCTEAU'S LOBBY - DAY

ASSOCIATE BOB

I am ever so sorry, John Spartan,  
but Dr. Raymond Cocteau is not here  
for your unannounced visit. I don't  
think I can access him at this  
time.

Spartan grabs him by the throat. Pulls him inches away from  
his own face.

SPARTAN

Think again.

ASSOCIATE BOB

(choked)  
I'll give it my utmost efforts,  
sir.

Spartan shoves him back. Bob drops to a keyboard. His  
fingers fly madly.

ASSOCIATE BOB

Oh wonder of wonders, I have him on  
FiberOp in the conference room.

INT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cocteau appears on a dozen swiveling VideoHeads.

COCTEAU

(condescending)  
Mellow apologies for my lack of  
physical disposition, Detective,  
but I do have an entire city/gov to  
run.

Spartan wastes no time with pleasantries.

SPARTAN

Run this. You programmed Phoenix's  
rehab to turn him into a terrorist.  
Now that you wussed out this entire  
society in a tribute to yourself  
you needed Phoenix to handle the  
cast-offs who wouldn't listen to  
your bullshit.

Huxley cringes. The MORALITY BOX BEEPS. Cocteau stares at him with that weird hypnotic serenity.

COCTEAU  
Phoenix's rehab. Now.

Half the screens scroll into Phoenix's rehab file. This time completely innocuous:

SWEET FEMALE COMPUTER (V.O.)  
Phoenix, Simon. Rehabilitation  
skills; Decorative Gardening,  
Retail Floral Arrangements...

COCTEAU  
What are you speaking of,  
Detective? My only interest in  
Simon Phoenix was in that of the  
creation of an expert Florist.

SPARTAN  
Florist? Phoenix wouldn't know a  
prickly pear from a pair of pricks.

Spartan yanks out the Beretta. Associate Bob backs away while glancing furtively at a closed door. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. Shoots out three of the screens.

SPARTAN  
Try again.

Even on video, Cocteau flinches visibly.

SPARTAN  
Outside the museum, why didn't he  
blow your brains out? I saw the  
security disc. Phoenix had a full  
ten seconds to think about where to  
put the hole in your head.

COCTEAU  
(a little shook)  
John Spartan, this display of  
barbaric behavior was not  
acceptable even in your time.

SPARTAN  
Yeah. But it worked.

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. Shoots out three more. Associate Bob faints dead away.

SPARTAN

When a man like Phoenix has a gun to your head, ten seconds is nine and a half seconds longer than you live.

COCTEAU

(on the vid screen)

Not everyone is as eager as you to resort to violence to solve all the difficulties in life. Even now I am beginning to wonder if the fracas in the museum was the result of Mr. Phoenix's presence or your own.

The Beretta appears next to Cocteau's head onscreen.

CUT TO:

INT. COCTEAU'S COMPLEX - COCTEAU'S OFFICE - DAY

Cocteau is in a corner of the room in front of a private Vidhead. Spartan stands with Beretta pointed directly at him. Nonetheless, Cocteau remains his arrogant self.

SPARTAN

Wonder about this, shithead. You think you can control this guy? Trust me... you can't.

COCTEAU

(a beat; unfazed)

Is there something specific you plan to do with that archaic device?

Spartan's not going to shoot him; lowers the gun.

COCTEAU

Now, John Spartan, do you not query yourself that this misplaced hostility is the result of your transference of self hatred and personal loathing?

SPARTAN

What??

COCTEAU

Perhaps you blame me for my role in the progenation of the cryo process. That does not relieve you of your burden of responsibility for the commitment of your initial crimes.

Spartan looks at him a long time.

SPARTAN

Fuck you.

Huxley visibly recoils. The morality box BRAAAPPS. It never gets any further. Spartan shoots it without a look, dead center. His eyes never leave Cocteau.

EXT. TACO BELL/COURT OF STORES - DUSK

The scene of the Scraps' food truck attack. As, ON THE CUT, Spartan wrenches off one of the steel planks. It splits open with RUSH of AIR. Earle had no idea how to stop Spartan, but he tries --

EARLE

Please cease this madness, enhance your calm, John Spartan.

SPARTAN

I've had it with enhancing my calm. I'm going to find Phoenix and enhance his calm instead. I'm the only one here who can handle this situation.

GARCIA

How will you accomplish this, John Spartan?

SPARTAN

I'm going to blow his fucking head off.

Spartan wrenches away another plank. The others back off in fear. It's like he's opening up the mouth to hell.

HUXLEY

John Spartan, even if Simon Phoenix was programmed to escape, extinguish life and steal contraband weapons --  
(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

by forces known or unknown -- pray  
tell why are you proceeding to the  
depths of Wasteland?

Spartan wrenches off another plank. Now the hole is big  
enough to enter. A set of rungs can be discerned. Stops,  
looks at Earle. How can they all not get it?

SPARTAN

The reason the citywide manhunt  
didn't work was because Phoenix was  
down in the one place you A, can't  
monitor, B, are afraid to visit,  
and C don't give a shit about.

EARLE

(then; braver)

Whether Phoenix is down there or  
not, you just can't drop in.  
Resonate some understanding, the  
Wasteland is filled with thugs  
and...

SPARTAN

Hooligans, I know. We might never  
come back.

EARLE

Yeah. You might like it down  
there.

Spartan looks at him with a grin.

SPARTAN

You made a joke. There's hope  
after all.

(then)

Hey, how bad could it be... Nobody  
has a clue. It could be really  
bad.

SPARTAN

Look, you two don't have to do  
this. I can handle Phoenix.

Huxley checks her stun baton and lights up a lightwand, (a  
hand-held flashlight device) and follows him in.

HUXLEY

(Eastwood tough)

Hey, come on, let's go blow this  
guy.

SPARTAN

That's 'blow this guy away.'

HUXLEY

(shrugs)

Whatever.

INT. WASTELAND - OMINOUS TUNNEL - DUSK

Spartan, Lenina, and Garcia all carry lightwands and stun batons, treading forward through a wide sewer tunnel. WIND WHISTLES by. A beat, then Garcia nervously sings...

GARCIA

'My dog's better than your dog.

My dog's better than yours...

My dog's better cause he...'

(to Spartan)

Sorry, when I'm nervous, I...

Sorry.

INT. WASTELAND - LENGTH OF PIPE - DUSK

The trio creeps into an ornate piece of piping. Lenina gasps at what she sees before her... They spill out into --

INT. WASTELAND - UNDERGROUND STREET - NIGHT

They are in the Wasteland which is surprisingly busy and crowded. People living in tents, lean-tos, whatever their ingenuity can provide. Think Third World refugee camp underground, a souk. Marketplaces, food stalls...

The underbelly of the city lit from above by strand after strand of bulbs in construction cages and other fortuitously salvaged lights, revealing odd tunnels of indeterminate former usage, abandoned subway platforms, natural caverns, a cutway of fifty years of sanitary landfill, the striations of decades of now useful trash being harvested. Giant belt driven ventilation fans whirl in enormous airshafts overhead.

The three move along taking in the curious but unfrightened glances. More than one person recognizes Spartan from the battle the night before. You can feel the buzz work down the street.



SPARTAN

Thugs and hooligans, huh?

HUXLEY

I had no idea... we've always been told the only people down here were savages, who wanted only to...

Spartan, Lenina, and Garcia find themselves starting to sniff the air. Spartan grins, while the others look ready to vomit.

GARCIA

What is that emanation?

SPARTAN

Oh, yeah, oh yeah...

The trio drifts toward a large, square hole in the sewer wall in front of which a smiling OLD WOMAN is smoking up some meat and tortillas on a makeshift grill. Other Scraps sit in the space square behind, smoking cigarettes and eating on ratty armchairs between shabby travel posters.

SPARTAN

Thank God, a real burrito...  
Smokes.

HUXLEY

I think I'm going to...

Salivating, Spartan silences Lenina by taking off her watch and giving it to the woman. He snatches up a burrito and a cigarette.

OLD WOMAN

(to Garcia)

Buenos dias, senor....

GARCIA

Uh, no thank you...

Spartan methodically switches back and forth from eating and smoking like a machine.

SPARTAN

Best damn burritos I ever had.

HUXLEY

Just don't ask where the meat comes from.

SPARTAN  
What do you mean?

HUXLEY  
Did you see any cows down here,  
Detective?

Spartan's got one bite left. Turns to the old woman --

SPARTAN  
Que esta esso carne?

OLD WOMAN  
Esta carne de rodentia.

Beat.

SPARTAN  
Rat burritos. I'm eating a rat  
burrito.

Spartan thinks about it. Eats the last bite.

SPARTAN  
And it was good. Damn fine salsa  
too.

OLD WOMAN  
Gracias, Senor.

Huxley is nauseous.

GARCIA  
Oh my...

They turn and walk on. Ignoring the very disreputable looking cantina tucked into a carved out section of landfill. As they go by, we PUSH IN with a seedy- looking patron to find --

INT. WASTELAND - BAR

It's as low life a place there is down here. It's further dragged down by the presence, in the furthest back, darkest corner, of Simon Phoenix and Six Cryocons, freshly defrosted and each the size of a major appliance, ALBERT, BEPPO, CHARLIE, DANZIG, ELVIN and FRANCIS. All a little groggy. Phoenix, very execu-criminal, sits at the head of the raggedy bar table.

PHOENIX

Gentlemen, let's review. It's That's two oh four two, as in the Twenty-First Century. The world is a pussy-whipped Disney Channel version of itself and all we gotta do to run the whole place is kill this guy, named Raymond, who put it all together. Then as an added bonus, you get to kill the man who put most of us in the freezer, your pal and mine, John Spartan.

(this goes over big; now  
for the plan)

We can rape, loot, pillage, all the fun things you remember. This place is gonna be like a theme park, but with our kinda themes. Let's get busy.

BEPPPO

(fixated on this previous  
point)

We get to kill John Spartan?

PHOENIX

(knows his clientele)

Over and over and over, if you'd like.

Beppo does like. Nods. Sounds like a good plan to everyone else as well.

PHOENIX

(throwing back his drink)

Salud.

INT. WASTELAND - LARGE CAVERN - NIGHT

Spartan, Huxley and Garcia step in. A meeting place of sorts. A machine shop. Off to one side, a giant belt driven machine shop out of 1900, taking its power from a water wheel, attached to an enormous transmission spinning furiously. Mechanics fix and combine various vehicles into working fashion. Blow torches, bellows. Another flume feeds a wildly churning wheel running the fans.

We can see stalls and houses around the rim. Out of date cars are being used as homes. Spartan takes it all in. His eye catches a bright red 1969 Pontiac GTO beside the machine

shop. He's drawn to it in admiration, Huxley and Garcia in his wake.

SPARTAN

Nice... A 1969 Pontiac LeMans GTO convertible with rear spoiler and hot wheel mags... Seriously beyond the standard package.

A very large caliber revolver appears alongside Spartan's head.

VOICE (O.S.)

So are these. Why don't you put down the glow rods.

Spartan does. The man with the gun is Payne. Six other SCRAP TOUGHS have the drop on Lenina and Garcia with giant crude shotguns. One of them wears a familiar periscope around his neck.

PAYNE

Your friends too.

(they do)

You got ball balls, cop, coming down here after the show you put on...

HUXLEY

(tough as she can)

We're looking for a MurderDeath Killer... Can you help? Or just bully us with these primitive weapons?

Spartan shakes his head in disbelief. Payne shifts his aim. FIRES. Blows a hole in the side of an abandoned car the size of a grapefruit.

SPARTAN

Well, maybe they're not so primitive.

PAYNE

Not funny, not smart. What do you want, cop?

SPARTAN

I got a few questions.

Payne COCKS his PISTOL, aims at Spartan.

SPARTAN

But if it's a bad time we could  
come back later.

PAYNE

It's always a bad time down here  
for questions.

TOUGH SCRAP

You've got no business down here.

SPARTAN

Who are all you people? And why  
are you down here?

PAYNE

What's it to you? What the hell do  
you care?

SPARTAN

Look, I'm not from here. Well, I  
am from here, but I'm not from Now.  
And for all I can see, this whole  
place is as fucked up as where I'm  
from... I'd just kinda like to know  
what's going on.

Spartan still waits. A crowd begins to grow. Payne, despite  
the fact that he's the guy with the gun, decides to answer.

PAYNE

Some of us didn't tow the line.  
Some of us didn't make the grade.

Spartan stares past Payne to wild pieces of graffiti on a  
wall behind him that includes "I HATE SAN ANGELES and SUCK MY  
COCTEAU!"

PAYNE

And some of us just got tired of  
being told what to do...

SPARTAN

Guess you people weren't part of  
the Cocteau plan.

PAYNE

Man, this is the Cocteau plan.

SPARTAN

Next time you go shopping, I'm not going to be in your way...

(then)

Listen, when the laws are wrong, men have to take it upon themselves to change them.

Payne stares at him. Spartan's sincere. Payne lets his gun drop. The others follow.

HUXLEY

(shocked)

John Spartan, you must uphold the law.

A good-looking woman of about fifty looks up from the edge of the crowd with sudden interest at the mention of Spartan's name.

SPARTAN

It's the old story, give up a little freedom for a little safety and soon you have no freedom and no safety.

PAYNE

You're a pretty wise man.

SPARTAN

Nah, I'm just fifty years out of date. But I do have another question.

(off Payne's tacit approval)

We're looking for a guy. Black skin, white hair, one blue eye, bad attitude. He's from my time, and if I don't find him, we're all in trouble.

Payne hasn't. Looks to the others.

TOUGH SCRAP

(nods to Payne)

Scoped him yesterday.

GARCIA

(amazed)

You were right...

## VIEW FROM DISTANCE

Suddenly, the viewer is pulled out for a long view of Spartan talking to Payne. Then one, two, three, four, five, six bodies step INTO the F.G. Simon and his goons walking down the street.

SIMON

can't believe his good luck. He chuckles.

PHOENIX

You know, I musta done something right in a previous life.

(thinks; this seems really unlikely)

Don't know what that coulda been...

He turns and quietly starts dispensing instructions to the cryocons.

BACK TO SCENE

The woman who looked up with such interest, steps over closer. She's got to know.

KATHERINE

John Spartan? The Demolition Man?

SPARTAN

Yeah...

(surprised; looks at this older woman)

Do I know you?

She's shaken, a tear rolls down her cheek. She brushes it away. Doesn't know how to react... Neither does he as --

KATHERINE

You did. I'm your daughter.

He wraps his arms around her, she him as well.

SPARTAN

Katie, my little Katie...

KATHERINE

Little Kate, I'm older than you...

SPARTAN

You'll always be my little girl, I don't care how old you are.

(steps back)

God, Katie. You're all grown up. I missed your whole life. I missed everything.

KATHERINE

Mom and I always talked about you. I always hoped I would see you one day. I knew I would.

He holds her at arm's length admiring her. Then ---

SPARTAN

Tell me everything. I want to know everything about you...

KATHERINE

(laughing; it's fifty years)

Everything? All at once?

Spartan's grin, though it seems impossible, gets wider. He kisses her on the forehead. Holds her back out at arm's length, just looking at her with this great big smile...

SPARTAN

Yes. Absolutely everything. Start where I left off. You were six...

GARCIA

Spartan.

Spartan's busy.

GARCIA

Spartan...

(as Spartan ignores him; still busy)

Spar...

SPARTAN

What!

Garcia can only point: Simon Phoenix, forty feet away, giant grin, AcMag in hand, taking aim.



Spartan hurls Katherine to the ground, with himself as a shield as ---

SPARTAN

Get down!!!

Huxley, Garcia, and the Scraps who have a clue dive as the ACMAG FIRES with the resulting tremendous EXPLOSION.

PHOENIX

Spartan, buddy, I brought some old friends.

The Cryocons OPEN UP with all manner of WEAPONRY on the crowd. Mayhem and slaughter. Huxley and Garcia have taken cover as well. Their stun batons look exceedingly useless. Spartan is momentarily trapped under a collapsed beam. Doesn't last long. Growls. Hurls it aside. Comes up FIRING with the BERETTA.

SPARTAN

Stay down!

Phoenix FIRES again. The AcMag round barely misses them. Spartan's blasted brutally by the EXPLOSION. Stays on his feet. Keeps FIRING. Albert goes down. He's not going to get back up again. Payne rises to his feet FIRING a giant REVOLVER. The other armed Scraps follow his lead. Another AcMag ROUND GOES OFF. The lights dim. Spartan sprints for where he last saw Phoenix.

Spartan can hear Phoenix CLATTERING off up a culvert behind him. He bolts up after him.

INT. WASTELAND - CULVERT - NIGHT

It forks upwards. Sixty degree incline. Flattens out. Splits again. Spartan halts, listens. Follows the FOOTSTEPS. Same trick works backwards, as Phoenix stops dead, hears Spartan COMING. FIRES the ACMAG. Misses as Spartan is just about to round a bend into range.

The CULVERT itself EXPLODES, blowing shrapnel everywhere.

Fifteen feet of it are gone. It's an ugly, ugly jump. Two hundred feet down and no room to miss. Off to one side, one of the fans spins madly. Spartan leaps. Hits the other side, grasping at shards of metal. Pulls himself in. It heads back up.

Spartan ascends. Up. Up. Now almost, and then completely vertical. He climbs spread-eagled after Simon.

INT. WASTELAND - CROSS PIPE - NIGHT

The pipe "T"s at the top. Spartan mantles up as Phoenix CLATTERS off. Down below in the pipe, the sound of SOMEONE ELSE FOLLOWING as well. A gasketed porthole glints beside Spartan, he slams it open. Looking down, he is a hundred yards above the cavern floor. Beside him the chain arcing up from the machine shop below ratchets around a joint and heads off into the darkness in the direction Phoenix has fled.

Half a beat. Spartan reaches out, way out, and just manages to snag the chain. Hauls madly. CHAIN CLATTERS and CLATTERS. Half a beat. A long, low RUMBLE. Phoenix stops a moment, wondering what the hell it is. A giant blast of water tidals through the pipe. The AcMag is swept away.

Spartan looks up to see Phoenix and a wall of water headed his way.

SPARTAN

Oh shit.

Simon smashes into him. The two are swept along. The force blows them off the side.

PHOENIX

Just go with the flow, Spartan.

INT. WASTELAND CORRUGATED CONDUIT - NIGHT

Spartan and Phoenix are carried along by the water into an aqueduct. Phoenix heaves himself over the side. Spartan follows.

INT. WASTELAND - LARGE CAVERN/SUPPORT GRID - NIGHT

Every Scrap can see. The two hang on a suspension grid of an old rusty rebar, directly over one of the WHIRRING VENTILATOR FANS. It's not meant to take any weight. Slippery as hell from the spray above. The REBAR CREAKS and MOANS.

No one dares move. Below, Charlie lies dead. No other cryocons can be seen.

Spartan and Phoenix scabble madly, yet in slow motion as not to break the old joints as they stay on. Hand over hand, Phoenix makes his way along as ---

## PHOENIX

Hey, since we're just hanging out,  
I have to tell you something --  
remember those muni passengers you  
blew to pieces trying to catch  
me...? They were already dead,  
pal, before you even touched the  
building. Cold as Haagen Dazs.

(Simon grins his scary  
grin)

See ya...

Simon swings himself back and forth, gaining momentum. The rebar's about to give as he launches himself out into space, just clearing the fan. A wild twisting fall ending in a CLANGOROUS landing through three levels of Scrap lean-tos.

Spartan feels the rebar starting to fail around him. As he tries to haul himself up, it just gives way more. The whole fan structure is giving way. BITS of METAL fall, hit the fan and are sent CLANGING off into space.

And then... it gets worse. A NOISE from above. Beppo appears. Hangs from a firm support. He begins to stomp on Spartan's fingers. Laughing wildly.

Spartan moves, he stomps them again. Spartan moves again, but this time seeing a heavier piece of rebar nearby. Snags it. And as Beppo's foot comes down again, grabs it. Hauls. Beppo starts to scream. His grip comes loose on the wet bar above. Screams past Spartan as he falls. There's a tremendous CUISINART SOUND. Blood flies up past Spartan as he climbs up to safety.

He moves down the grid past the fan. Sees below as Phoenix scrambles to his feet, starts to run. Spartan doesn't want to do it. No choice. Growls. Leaps. Falls. Falls. Falls. Smashes into a garbage heap.

INT. WASTELAND - LARGE CAVERN - FLOOR - NIGHT

Simon pounds a rushing up Garcia unconscious in a single blow. Recovers and empties a TOMMY GUN at the crowd. Scraps crawl for cover. Payne and two others FIRE back. Phoenix disappears. Spartan blitzkriegs out of the refuse. Crazed.

Spartan stampedes away.

INT. WASTELAND - UNDERGROUND STREET - NIGHT

Knocked to the ground before her burrito stand, the Old Woman points inside the square room.

Spartan comes in low, gun out, ready to fire. No one there. Spartan pivots into the square space, looking all around. Then up. An open trapdoor. Spartan peers in.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

A humongous steelwalled vertical shaft which rises up into the blackness. The Old Woman's cubbyhole is really a huge freight elevator. Phoenix is climbing up a cable with speedy precision.

BURRITO JOINT

Spartan drops down with a gleam.

SPARTAN

There's an elevator shaft on top of this place...

HUXLEY

Then does that mean this place is...

Spartan looks around, tearing old travel posters off the wall. Reveals a panel. Large up/down handle.

HUXLEY

Going up?

SPARTAN

(looking off; with a sudden grin)

Momentito, Senorita Huxley.

INT. 2042 GM DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Shoppers wander about admiring the cars. Half a beat. The ELEVATOR can be heard SCREECHING upward. And then a CRUNCHING stop. The floor begins to buckle. Customers flee in terror. The VROOM of an ENGINE can be heard. The FLOOR CRACKS asunder. The freight elevator emerges. A 2042 model is tossed aside as the elevator rises from the floor.

The Wasteland Pontiac GTO convertible is jamparked in burrito joint crunching the place's chairs in a heap. Driver Spartan

REVS the ENGINE as passenger Lenina shudders about what is to happen next.

HUXLEY

Now what?

SPARTAN

Vaya con dios.

Spartan drops the GTO into gear. ROARS the CAR straight out the front window of the dealership.

EXT. TACO BELL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

A maintenance hatch in the ground rises open. Phoenix scrambles out. Exhausted, greasy, dripping with sweat. At the far end of the courtyard, he sees ---

Lamb keeping watch on the entrance. A giant puff of smoke has come billowing out. Lamb looks seriously concerned. And at the same time kinda pleased.

LAMB

Yeah, the Demo Man is back.

Lamb bends over to look. As he does, we see a figure approaching from behind. Simon Phoenix.

PHOENIX

So am I. Rookie.

Phoenix digs out a .22. SHOOTS him repeatedly in the stomach.

LAMB

Phoenix... you're still... one ugly sonofabitch.

PHOENIX

You shouldn't have said that, now I'm going to have to kill you... Ah damn, I forgot, I already did.

Lamb drops to the ground.

PONTIAC GTO

Tears along, divoting up the pristine 2042 green, the car flinging a solar tower in its path to the ground, generally leaving trouble in its wake. Spartan sees, in the extreme distance, Phoenix dashing from Lamb's crumpled body and the stolen police car pulling away.

SPARTAN

Lamb!

Spartan GUNS the GTO, SCREAMS it across, SKIDS to a halt. Leaps out. It's too late. Lamb is dead. There's a half a beat with his dead friend.

HUXLEY

I empathize with your loss.

Spartan looks up and growls. Strides to the GTO. Huxley jumps in beside. He floors it. Huxley's head flies back against her seat. The GTO THUNDERS out onto a shiny new San Angeles boulevard.

EXT. SOME OTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

The GTO CRUSHES a computer kiosk as it ROARS onto the street, aggressively PLOWING through the gentle user- friendly cars on the road in its terrifying pursuit of Phoenix and Lamb's stolen police car.

Spartan FIRES out the window at the wildly fishtailing Phoenix, but the angle's just wrong. Can't see and drive and aim.

SPARTAN

Fuck it.

Pulls the gun back in. One hand on the wheel, Spartan straight-arms the Beretta and aims through his own windshield. It's like a video game. Phoenix's fishtailing brings him into the sights. Spartan FIRES. His own windshield SHATTERS. Blows into glass pebbles all around them.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The bullet rips against Phoenix's neck.

PHOENIX

Motherfucker!

Phoenix FIRES a wild salvo back emptying three or four different handguns. SHATTERING the grill, BLOWING out what remains of the glass in the GTO.

EXT. SOME OTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Spartan FIRES two rounds at each of Phoenix's rear tires, cleanly puncturing each. The car swerves and fishtails.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Phoenix struggles to control the car.

PHOENIX  
Auto-inflate!

Suddenly the two TIRES reinflate with a WHOOSH and the car is back on a straight course.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Spartan grunts in frustration.

SPARTAN  
Damn! Take over!

HUXLEY  
What?!

Spartan yanks her into the driver's seat and rises, standing out through the missing windshield. Huxley barely holds onto the steering wheel and the car wildly swerves.

SPARTAN  
Drive!

HUXLEY  
So what, I just push this pedal...

EXT. SOME OTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

She FLOORS the GAS and the GTO BURNS RUBBER, PEELING down the street. Spartan is thrown back against the roof of the car, manages to hang on. He opens FIRE on Phoenix's car. Perforating it, blowing off side mirrors, generally making a mess of it as Phoenix weaves wildly back and forth trying to shake them off.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Phoenix looks in the rearview and clicks into a means-business mode.

PHOENIX

Computer: velocity control  
override!

COMPUTER (V.O.)

State the nature of the emergency.

PHOENIX

Arson.

(as car picks up a little  
speed)

Armed robbery!

(as more speed; not  
enough)

No, it's murder! An entire family  
is being robbed in a burning  
building and they're all getting  
killed.

The car SCREECHES its TIRES in acceleration.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Spartan watches the car jet ahead at an amazing clip.

HUXLEY

He's accessed velocity override!

SPARTAN

Don't worry. Punch it.

EXT. SOME OTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Lenina really GUNS the GTO and races up on Phoenix's rear.  
Spartan teeters out of the car to get a clear shot.

SPARTAN

Whoa, whoa, slow down!

But Lenina rams the car. Spartan flies off the GTO and lands  
on the back of Phoenix's car. The BERETTA flies from his  
grasp. CLATTERS away on the road behind.

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Phoenix turns around to see Spartan hanging on. He shoves a  
MACHINE PISTOL out his open side window and FIRES back at  
Spartan.



EXT. SOME OTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Spartan ducks back from Phoenix's stream of bullets. Smashes the machine gun against the car, knocking it from Phoenix's grasp. Just manages to trap it against the side of the car as it falls. Snatches it up, lifts it up to take aim as ---

INT. STOLEN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Phoenix shouts at the car ---

PHOENIX  
Open doors! Emergency!

EXT. SOME OTHER SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Both gull wing doors slam open. The gun is bashed from Spartan's hand. Spartan himself is smashed from one door to the other on the roof of the car. A hundred miles per hour and nothing to grab onto. He starts to slide off. Completely aerodynamic.

Grabs onto a door. Shoves a shoulder underneath as ---

PHOENIX  
Close doors.

The right hand door slams shut. The left hand door crushes against Spartan. The MECHANISM GROANS. Spartan growls back. Spartan and the door strain against each other. The man wins. Wrenches the door clean off. Jumps in the car. Punches Phoenix square in the head.

Phoenix is knocked to his side. Sidekicks Spartan dead in the groin. Spartan folds.

Phoenix leaps back up, triple-punches Spartan in the chest. Spartan's hands come free, he falls back, as Phoenix jumps on him and slams his head repeatedly against the hundred mile an hour ground rushing by as the car drives itself.

Spartan continues to fight back, smashing Phoenix, but he's forced to avoid the close calls with cars, street signs and the like. Finally, Phoenix grabs Spartan's throat and holds him down in the road where an upcoming futuristic fire hydrant is about to tear his head off.

Spartan sees it coming, has no choice. Lets go. Phoenix thinks he's rid of him.

No. Spartan slides free for a moment on the road and barely manages to hook a hand on the open door frame. Shirt three-quarters torn off, blood streaming, he climbs onto the back of the car. Brutally punches his hand through what remains of the back window.

Phoenix screams in rage as Spartan's hand comes at him and grabs him by the hair, yanking Phoenix's head back.

PHOENIX  
Computer! Disengage Auxiliary  
Battery Pod now!

Spartan freaks as the back of the car suddenly separates from the rest of the car. It shoots rearward while the cab with Phoenix drops a third wheel in back and shoots off. Spartan, hanging on for dear life, turns to see him and the pod are jetting backwards for the front of a truly massive freight truck. Four full trailers behind a massive cab. The thing's gotta be eighty feet long. It's more of a locomotive than a truck.

The burly TRUCKER also freaks when he sees he will impact with Spartan. At the last moment Spartan leaps off the pod.

Phoenix sees the truck collide with the pod, BLASTING it to smithereens. He laughs as he enters a long tunnel.

INT. LONG TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Truck Driver is stunned and scared as he enters the tunnel but gets another scare as Spartan suddenly pops up at his door.

SPARTAN  
Move over!

TRUCK DRIVER  
Oh dear! Don't hurt me, please  
don't hurt me!

Spartan pushes the burly Trucker over and climbs into the driver's seat. The Trucker takes one look at this mad man and decides his fate is safer elsewhere. Leaps from the truck. Lands safely in some shrubbery. Sobs. Spartan GUNS the massive TRUCK.

Phoenix thinks everything is A-okay until he looks in his rearview and sees a bunch of streetlights being taken out by the too huge truck and getting closer. The truck harshly

rams Phoenix, nearly jarring him from his seat but for the restraints.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The truck and Phoenix's car ROAR out of the tunnel and move straight for the police station. The truck smashes him again. Phoenix's steering wheel locks up and his seat restraint pops up as he races out of control for the station. He screams in rage.

Spartan slams on the truck brakes, smokes, slips, slides, into the most horrific jackknife ever seen. All four trailers lock up and accordion in on him.

Phoenix's vehicle slaps the street curb and begins to roll, convulsing into a spectacularly flaming series of somersaults that violently climax at the base of the SAPD sign in front of the station.

Half a beat.

A charring Phoenix bursts from the vehicle, sees the approaching, out of control truck and turns and runs like hell.

The truck slides in a full, unstoppable quadruple jack-knife towards the police station.

Spartan tries one last ditch attempt to bailout, but his door won't open, forced in by the first trailer bent over from the force of those behind.

The truck hits the curb, flips, collapses and plows into the police station.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

BLOOOOFFFF. SecuroFoam EXPLODES from nozzles everywhere.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

What few cops there are flee in all directions... The truck followed by four trailers wipes out the station. Flames, ARCING POWER CABLES, EXPLOSIONS. Demolition.

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERMATH - NIGHT

Fire drones fight the blaze. The cab of the truck, a door torn off, lies askew. It's entirely filled with dense, solid

foam. Half a beat... It CRACKS open, Spartan appears tearing giant hunks of foam away. Eyes wild.

Earle stands, mouth agape, staring at the destruction. Spartan's reappearance doesn't make him feel any better.

EARLE

You... You... Menace!

SPARTAN

Yeah.

Huxley comes running up from the GTO.

HUXLEY

John Spartan, I thought your life force had been prematurely terminated. Look at you, you're in shambles.

SPARTAN

(still tearing off foam)  
Thought I was fucked this time too.  
(re: his torn uniform)  
Don't worry. I can fix this later.  
All I need's a needle and thread.

Spartan looks around, turns to Earle.

SPARTAN

I need something, anything, a shotgun, a flare gun...  
(looks up)  
Holy shit...

Earle and Huxley follow his glance. Coming across the green, a horde of Scraps, armed to the teeth, carrying the dead cryocons on two litters, and emerging from their midst beside Payne, Alfredo Garcia.

EARLE

(mustering command)  
Stun batons on!

Spartan gives him a look, are you out of your mind? Huxley ignores him completely as well. Moves to Garcia.

SPARTAN

You get a bump on the noggin and you're Pancho Villa.

GARCIA

Who?

SPARTAN

Never mind.

(to Payne)

Loan me a gun. Loan me two guns.

Payne thinks about it for a half second. Hands his gun over, nods to someone else as well to follow suit. Spartan straps on two guns and a giant ammo belt .

SPARTAN

What else you got?

The Scraps unearth half-a-dozen large explosive devices. Spartan loads them into the GTO. Earle is ready to cry when he sees all this. A catastrophe averted, but --

EARLE

You would have used these weapons of mass destruction against the men and women who upheld the law?!

PAYNE

We would have used these weapons to shop for groceries.

Half a beat. Earle gets it. There's kids in this crowd. And a lot of hungry people.

PAYNE

Look, Chief, I've had it with being a criminal. I'm not a criminal. Think of me more as the head of the people's militia. We're gonna go dump the tea in the harbor, ya know?

EARLE

That's good, cause tea contains caffeine.

Spartan looks at him.

SPARTAN

You're joking again, right?

(as Earle nods)

Grin or something afterwards, people don't know.

Earle nods seriously. Spartan steps over to the dead guys on the litters, pulls back a sheet. He stares at the first guy. Can't believe what he sees...

HUXLEY

Who are these swarthy strangers?

SPARTAN

(stunned; checks the second)

I know these guys. I arrested them years ago... Albert Collins, 22 known murders. Beppo Zemoto, I don't even want to talk about what he did. And they're out. There were more too...

HUXLEY

(proud of him)

I once checked, prior to your arrest, 45 out of 200 members of the multilife sentence wing of the cryoprison were your arrests.

SPARTAN

Right now, that's not a very reassuring statistic...

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Hey. Dad.

Spartan turns, faces his daughter.

KATHERINE

Here. You gave me this.

She holds out a tarnished barely recognizable gold LAPD shield on a chain. Drapes it over his neck. She hugs him.

KATHERINE

Don't get killed. Maybe we'll get to know each other.

SPARTAN

That'd be good.

KATHERINE

I didn't tell you I loved you.

He smiles at her gently. Forty-two years of pain washing clean --

SPARTAN

You don't have to.

It hits her hard. This is her dad. Spartan gets in the GTO. Huxley gets in beside him. Looks at her. Thinks about it. She'll do as a partner... FIRES the GTO UP. The thing's a bomb on wheels now.

HUXLEY

Don't hit anything.

SPARTAN

Whattya mean? I'm an excellent driver.

As he goes SQUEALING OUT, clipping and KNOCKING OVER the one remaining WALL of the police station --

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cocteau, Bob, Simon and the remaining cryocons are there listening to Cocteau warble on --

COCTEAU

I wasn't counting on this, but I must say you've worked out beautifully. People are terrified of you.

PHOENIX

(don't flatter me)

Ah, people have always been terrified of me.

Cocteau continues his eerie soliloquy, feeding Phoenix's amusement. Phoenix walks behind him under this, takes out a knife and behind Raymond's back, tries desperately to kill him. He can't.

COCTEAU

But this time they're truly scared. Soon they'll want to take the next step -- security cameras in every room, stricter alarm systems against misbehavior, anonymous hotlines to their neighbor's infractions...

(MORE)

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

(gloating)

I'll have carte blanche now to create the perfect society. Everyone will want it. An enzyme injection for all citizens that will insure everyone has the same I.Q., the same weight, and the same desire to think only happy thoughts.

Phoenix is back where Cocteau can see him --

PHOENIX

I'm pretty happy now. I think I'll pass on that shot.

Phoenix steps off to one side, pulls an old Airweight out of his belt. Aims it at Cocteau, tries, tries to pull the trigger. Isn't going to happen. He grunts in frustration.

COCTEAU

(lost in his own reverie)

Other cities will follow. San Angeles will be a beacon of order with the purity of an ant colony and the beauty of a flawless pearl.

PHOENIX

Nah. You can't take away people's right to be assholes.

(then; it's been bothering him)

That's it, that's who you remind me of -- an evil Mr. Rogers.

Cocteau smiles. Simon tosses the gun to Elvin.

PHOENIX

You try to kill him. This is beginning to piss me off.

Elvin empties all six shots into Cocteau's very surprised face.

Associate Bob looks on from the corner. A little frightened, but not giving a shit about Cocteau.

PHOENIX

So what shall I do with you, Bob?



ASSOCIATE BOB

I am an excellent associate, sir. I could work for you.

(off Phoenix's doubt of this)

Dr. Cocteau actually had me endocrinologically altered to never wish to be anything but an associate.

PHOENIX

What??

ASSOCIATE BOB

I believe the slang that would best express it across our chronological gap, sir, would be that he -- cut my balls off.

PHOENIX

Literally?

Bob nods; Simon claps him on the shoulder.

PHOENIX

Bob, it's a sign of weakness to cut the balls off the people who work for you. I'm gonna get you a new set.

ASSOCIATE BOB

Why, thank you, sir.

PHOENIX

Can we do that now?

Bob nods.

PHOENIX

I'm gonna get a couple extra myself. Not that I need 'em. But just for spares...

ASSOCIATE BOB

If I could interrupt...

Phoenix looks at him; this is not a good way to start...

ASSOCIATE BOB

But the police are here.

OUT WINDOW

some ten stories down. Sure enough Spartan and Huxley are exiting the GTO.

BACK IN OFFICE

PHOENIX

I'm gonna need to defrost more guys, Bob. Lots more guys. Can you do that?

ASSOCIATE BOB

Indubitably. But the computer codes will have to emanate from this office. We will need a few moments here before fleeing.

(sits at keyboard; types away madly)

I might suggest that the, uh, large gentlemen might be considered, ah...

(sotto)

...disposable. Especially with rather large supply forthcoming. Perhaps they could be sent to welcome Mr. Spartan. If they succeed, so much the better, if not, they will at least hinder his progress?

PHOENIX

I like you, Bob. You have no heart.

(then)

Guys, John Spartan's on his way. Go downstairs. Kill him.

DANZIG

Over and over and over...

They leave.

PHOENIX

Now, really, violent evil multi-lifers. I want guys who understand that crimes come in bunches. Not just a sporadic bit of violence or law breaking here and there. I want guys who've been on killing  
(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)  
sprees before. Men who've crossed  
state lines with impunity! Do you  
understand me, Bob?

ASSOCIATE BOB  
(still typing madly)  
Perfectly, sir.

PHOENIX  
I'm gonna like running this place.

INT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - COCTEAU LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator slides open. Danzig, Elvin and Francis spray it  
with GUNFIRE. It's empty. Spartan and Huxley slip in  
through a side door around the corner.

SPARTAN  
Old trick.

HUXLEY  
Old criminals.

He looks at her. She's a little cocky. Spartan steps out  
into the hall. Sees a giant shadow.

SPARTAN  
Elvin!

Elvin steps out. Spartan SHOOTS him through the chest.

SPARTAN  
Thought it was you.

Danzig and Francis look a touch more concerned. They split  
up.

Spartan moves cautiously down the hall. Huxley a pace or two  
behind. High above in an overly futuristic frieze looking  
much the modern gargoyle, is Danzig. Grins. Dives on  
Spartan.

Spartan is slammed to the ground. We can feel the breath  
knocked out of him. Tussles with Danzig as ---

Huxley pulls out her stun baton. Pokes at them, pulls back,  
pokes again -- unable with the twisting, turning struggling  
bodies to be sure she won't get Spartan.

And misses the fact that Francis is coming up from behind.  
He slaps the baton out of her hand. Grabs her around the

neck, lifts her in the air. Begins to strangle her to death. She kicks and claws at him without effect.

Spartan's still busy with Danzig. She starts to choke. Francis brings her closer to watch her die. A beat of this, and Huxley reaches down and yanks the GUN out of his belt and SHOOTs him repeatedly.

Half a beat later, Spartan finishes with Danzig. The CRRRUNNCH of his BACK breaking.

Huxley's in a state of shock.

HUXLEY

This man has died at my hands. I have taken all his future from him...

SPARTAN

Him or you, Huxley.

HUXLEY

(somewhat mollified)  
There is that.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Spartan bursts in, gun drawn. No one's there. Spins, checks everywhere. Spots a very dead Raymond Cocteau. Huxley sees him a moment later.

HUXLEY

Horrors. Oh horrors. Sic Transit Raymond Cocteau. Oh, John Spartan, civilization as we know it will come to an end.

SPARTAN

It does that every once in a while.

The computer screen catches Spartan's eye.

SPARTAN

What's this?

HUXLEY

(checks it out)  
Ooh. This is bad. Very bad.  
(as Spartan looks over her shoulder)  
He's accessed the cryoprison. He's  
(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)  
 about to defrost the entire  
 multilifer wing.  
 (beat)  
 Most of them don't like you.

SPARTAN  
 Most of them didn't even like their  
 mothers. These are bad people.  
 (then)  
 How many?

HUXLEY  
 Eighty.

SPARTAN  
 (beat; dry)  
 We have to stop that.

INT. COCTEAU COMPLEX - COCTEAU LOBBY - NIGHT

On the run, stepping over dead cryocons. Huxley keys her  
 BadgeRadio ---

HUXLEY  
 All units, all units. ProtectServe  
 Cryoprison. Simon Phoenix assumed  
 to be en route.  
 (lifts the send button)  
 Should I announce the demise of  
 Doctor Raymond Cocteau?

SPARTAN  
 Nah. I think we're gonna cause  
 enough panic on our own.

EXT. CRYO PRISON - NIGHT

Prison is ringed by a high circular fence. Giant stainless  
 steel gates in front of the prison, a la the Federal Reserve,  
 are shut tight. A dozen futuristic squad cars strobe the  
 area in red and blue. The GTO RUMBLES up. Spartan gets out.  
 Huxley follows suit.

GARCIA  
 He's inside already. And it's  
 completely sealed.

Spartan takes only the briefest reconnaissance look around.  
 Shakes his head sadly ---

SPARTAN

This is crime against nature...

Leans into the GTO. Pushes in the cigarette lighter. Puts it into neutral. Wedges the accelerator down. The GTO BELLOWS. The cigarette lighter pops out and Spartan uses it to light the fuses on the explosive devices. Drops the car into gear. Pulls his head out just in time as it ROARS off.

The GTO SMASHES into the front GATES. Wedges itself in from the impact. Half a beat later, a long, low, THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION. Smoke everywhere. Smoke clears...

It ain't much, but a man can get through now. Spartan loads the spent cartridges in the guns from his ammo belt. Huxley double-checks her stun baton.

HUXLEY

(nervous as hell)

Okay, look, I wasn't at all pleased to cause the fatality of that deranged cryocon, but I understand now that sometimes under particular circumstances that violence is necessary...

SPARTAN

Good.

Takes the stun baton from her and nails her with it mid-sternum.

SPARTAN

Then you'll understand this.

She falls into Garcia's arms.

SPARTAN

Hang on to her. See she doesn't get herself into trouble.

GARCIA

You too.

SPARTAN

Yeah.

Spartan turns, starts towards the Cryo prison. As he walks --- Takes a deep breath. Loosens up his right shoulder. Loosens up his left. Checks the gun on his right

hip. Checks the gun on his left. They're both set to cross draw. Steps through the breach.

INT. CRYO PRISON - OUTER THAWING ROOM - NIGHT

A frenzy of activity. Simon, Associate Bob, Techs everywhere...

ASSOCIATE BOB

Doctor Cocteau would want every bit  
of haste from you!

(sotto to Simon)

If he was still extant that is.

Seventy pucks are stacked and loaded to be defrosted. Med Techs scramble furiously.

INT. CRYO PRISON - INNER THAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Four pucks are being rapidly removed from around the cryocons inside by the cutting lasers. They go blue.

INT. CRYO PRISON - OUTER THAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The inner room splits open and the Med Techs rush in to the four thawed cryocons as Associate Bob steps away from a VidScreen with some concern ---

ASSOCIATE BOB

There's been a breach in the outer gate. An intruder has entered the CryoFacility and I feel it's safe to assume it's John Spartan.

Phoenix is momentarily taken aback by Spartan's relentlessness. Then he looks at his four new recruits. They're still kinda dopey. Turns to a Med Tech ---

PHOENIX

Got some really wild uppers? Speed, crank, amphetamines? Anything?

MED TECH

(a little confused,  
but...)

We have pure megadrenalin, sir.

PHOENIX

Good. Whack these guys with it. A bunch.

He does. They come wildly awake, GUNTHER, HOWIE, IGNATIOUS, and JED. Eyes wide, jittery, completely cranked. Phoenix keeps it simple ---

PHOENIX

Hey wake up. Good. Listen to me. You've just been defrosted. It's the future. John Spartan is out those doors.

(a beat; he smokes; this should be fun)

Go kill him.

Gunther lets out the kind of scream the NFL would be proud of. Charges out the door, others behind him.

INT. CRYO PRISON - LOBBY - NIGHT

A reception desk. A Chaplain's office. A BE Well has relief. Very quiet, very still.

Spartan moves cautiously through. A tiny rotating sensor picks up his presence. Locks on. As Spartan is looking the other way. Dr. Raymond Cocteau, in holo, suddenly appears in front of the display.

COCTEAU (IMAGE)

Greetings, and BE well.

He never gets to say another word. Spartan spins and ventilates the device with 40 mm slugs.

Half a beat. Realizes what he's done. In the next moment, four insane megadrenalized cryocons come screaming through the door. Barehanded, barefooted. Spartan SHOTS the first two out of hand, without a thought. But before he can fire again, the second two are on him.

One gun goes flying. Spartan beats on Howie with his free hand. Ignacious fights for control of his gun hand. Spartan bashes Howie back for a moment, continues to tussle with Ignacious. Finally, he's had enough --

SPARTAN

Fine. Take it.

He lets go of the gun. Ignacious grabs it and, still in shock over this turn of events, begins to fumble with it. Spartan reaches up with both hands and breaks his neck.



Howie leaps on him from behind, trying to do the same to Spartan. Spartan squat presses down with this three hundred pound behemoth wrapped around his neck, retrieves the GUN out of Ignacious's stiffening fingers. Turns the barrel around towards himself. Howie reaches desperately, but it's just out of reach. Spartan FIRES over his shoulder. Howie, or what's left of him, slides away...

INT. CRYO PRISON - OUTER THAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Med Techs scramble furiously. Phoenix grabs the glowing CompuClipboard from Bob.

PHOENIX

So, who's left that's good? Ooooh,  
Ramon Gutieriz? We gotta get him.

He's like a kid at FAO Schwartz.

PHOENIX

Come on...

Simon jumps onto one of the cranes with a six clawed arm. Stands at the controls.

PHOENIX

Go...

It does. Moves too. Bob has to trot to keep up.

INT. CRYO PRISON - STARK WHITE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A pair of double doors slip silently open. Spartan, a gun in each hand, slides in. He is back in the stark white corridor where he once said good-bye to his wife and daughter. Looks at the empty alcove. It gives him the creeps. He makes his way to the door at the far end, and steps in --

INT. CRYO PRISON - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Spartan prowls through the now depleted multilifer wing. Empty pods everywhere.

The displays all read: CRYO PRISONER EXITED. Yeeesh. There's a lot of them that way. A WHIR, followed by TROTting FOOTSTEPS.

Spartan whirls. A crane WHIRring by and Associate Bob trotting behind. Spartan follows. Creeps slowly around the corner. GUNS up... Comes around a turn to spot Phoenix

locking the arm into a puck. Takes aim. Phoenix sees him at the same time. Yanks a control on the crane. The puck pivots up as Spartan FIRES.

The 40mm bullet lodges half in, half out of the puck in front of Phoenix's grinning face.

PHOENIX

Don't you understand the meaning of give up? You're too late, John. I've got three more batches in the oven.

Spartan FIRES again. The puck barely vibrates. Absorbs another round beside the unharmed cryocon.

Phoenix unleashes an entire magazine from an HK91 slung over his back. Spartan FIRES once, dives for cover. Although unhit, he gets seriously frosted from a pipe blow open next to him. Forced to roll through the line of fire to avoid permanent freezer burn. There are pipes burst everywhere.

Phoenix turns to find Bob slinking away.

PHOENIX

Where the fuck you going?

ASSOCIATE BOB

I wish you good luck, sir. This is an activity that requires testicles.

PHOENIX

(considers)

True 'nuf.

Ice is beginning to form on the surface of everything nearby.

PHOENIX

Take those stairs, I'll cover you.

Bob nods gratefully. Does. Phoenix shakes his head at Bob's gullibility.

PHOENIX

(sotto; to himself)

No brains either.

Spartan hears FOOTSTEPS coming. Whirls. FIRES. Blows Bob away. A momentary distraction, but it's enough. Phoenix is gone.

Spartan turns slowly. Guns out in each direction. Searching. A sound. FIRES. No Simon. More PIPES BURST. It's ten or twenty degrees below zero in there already. Everything is coated with supercooled ice. Footing becomes treacherous.

Phoenix crawls through a jungle of pipe. Gets a bead on Spartan's lower body. Starts to strafe the area. Dh uh. Everything has become so slick, the recoil drives him back across the ice into the open. Spartan sees him, FIRES. The recoil slams him back against a wall. He FIRES again with something firm to lean on, but the recoil from Phoenix's sputtering weapon drives him right over the edge. He drops off into the center out of Spartan's sight. Slipping and sliding, Spartan slithers down the stairs to --

#### MAIN LEVEL

A familiar WHIRRING. Turns. Half a beat later he is bodyslammed and smashed and grabbed by a six-armed crane. His guns go flying, off into God knows where...

Spartan is hoisted high in air, smashed again and again against a pillar. Phoenix slams him through a web of pipes. Holds him in the freezing blast. Ice forms all over Spartan. He struggles. It cracks off, reforms. Struggles again. It cracks off. Reforms. Struggles again. He's weakening.

Reaches up. Grabs the pipe, wrests it over, directs the blast at Phoenix. Holds it steady. Phoenix is frozen in place. Coats in ice. We can see the madness in his eyes. Everything else is still. He roars, breaks free. Retreats from the blast. Disappears as --

Spartan wrenches the pipe over to the claw arm. Holds it directly over one joint. Then clobbers it with the pipe. It SHATTERS. He drops.

LIGHTS are beginning to EXPLODE from the cold. It's dropped 30 degrees below zero in there by now. Spartan spots Phoenix on the far side of the room. Hundred feet away.

Half a moment to catch his breath in the freezing cold, leans on exposed cryopuck. It slides effortlessly. Spartan hurls it across the floor at Phoenix. A five hundred pound hockey puck. Phoenix barely avoids the crushing blow. It rebounds back off the steel...

No point fighting the elements. Spartan hurls himself across the floor. Spins slowly twice along the way. It's like zero grav in two dimensions. No friction coefficient at all.

Three quarters of a second across the floor. Right hook into Phoenix's surprised face.

Phoenix goes flying a hundred feet back into the far side. Crashes and falls.

The CRYO PRISON CREAKS and SCREAMS in protest from the cold. LIGHTING, grids, struts SHATTER, fall about them. They hurl themselves together again. Spartan lands a horrific blow. All but drives Phoenix's nose and eye sockets through the back of his head. Spartan's forearm is terribly cut.

The blood freezes solid as it sprays, sealing the wound, and leaving a giant six foot red feather spray. Spartan brushes it away, breaks off, bleeds, freezes again instantly.

They fly apart again. Spartan comes to a stop near a tool cart. Pokes at the tools. One is an MTL cutting laser. He has no idea what it is. Nothing there he recognizes. Picks up a four foot wrench. That, he recognizes. He looks like a caveman. A very angry caveman.

The building complains loudly. Falling apart around them. More and more PIPES EXPLODE, BURST, it gets colder and colder. 50 degrees below by now.

Phoenix, on the far side, also scrambles for a weapon. He sees an MTL as well, but he knows what it is.

FIRES it up. Focused three inch cutting beam comes out. Rips off the top cover, pulls out five optical elements, pulls out the choke tube, rips the whole front off the MTL. Doesn't look very sleek now.

FIRES it.

A thirty foot long spray of white white magnesium-thermite flame comes flying out.

One swipe, he clears the ice from a path he can walk towards Spartan on.

Metal bars melt away as the thermite flare crosses through them.

On the top level of the cryo prison, the first batch of raving psychopath defrosted cryocons wanders in to watch John Spartan die.

This is the most depraved, frightening-looking group of individuals you've ever seen in your life.

ANGRY CRYOCON

Spartan!!!

MANY ANGRY CRYOCONS

Kill him!! Kill him!!!!!!

Spartan looks up at them. Like he needs this shit...

Simon continues to melt himself a path across the floor towards Spartan.

The heat from the MTL is furious. The difference between the 2000 degrees plus and 80 degrees below is more than any metal can handle. Fissures appear in giant lightning strike cracks in all directions where the MTL hits.

Every bit of ice in the building melts. Water boiling away instantaneously in the path of the MTL. Spartan has nowhere to run. And nothing but a big fucking club. To his left he suddenly sees an empty chamber. Except this one was never filled. The display reads: READY FOR CRYO.

There's a tiny white chip in the vial inside the vacuum bell. Spartan looks at it. It's like a very bad memory coming back. But he knows what it is and knows what it does. Smashes the vacuum bell with the wrench.

Simon grows closer.

Spartan bashes the robot arm out of the way. Picks up the vial. Looks around desperately. No point using it if it's going to kill him too. Grabs the grid of the floor above him. Heaves himself up.

Simon lifts the MTL towards him. It almost reaches up to the landing above. Spartan hurls the VIAL at Simon's feet.

It SHATTERS. Nothing happens. The heat from the MTL has boiled off all the water in a ten foot circle nearby.

The MTL flame comes closer. In a moment Spartan will get cooked. Instead of running away, he moves closer. Stands up on the railing of the second landing. And just as his clothes begin to catch fire from the heat, leaps --

Over the oncoming thermal flame as it arcs up towards him. And over and past Phoenix.

Spartan lands behind him, coming around with an elbow into Phoenix's kidney, causing Phoenix to drop the MTL.

Outside their circle of heat, the tiny chip hits the water. Melts. And again, like the opposite of watching ice shatter, the water everywhere goes steel solid, stuttering out in all directions.

Phoenix still has a free hand. Smashes a nerve center on the side of Spartan's neck. Spartan twitches visibly from it. Grunts.

Spartan punches him right, left, right in the sternum. Phoenix coughs blood, spits it away.

Steps back to launch a mighty blow at Spartan and --

His heel just steps into a puddle of water. The tiniest rivulet drifts over, connects it to the main ice solid locked water.

Simon feels his foot stuck. And as he looks down in consternation, realizes in shock what's happened and then looks up, Spartan hits him straight from the shoulder with everything he has left, dead in the face, as Phoenix solidifies.

Phoenix's head snaps clean off.

Hits, like a ball bearing on polished steel. Bounces with a CLANG. Rolls off. CLANG, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG.

Spartan reaches desperately for the still spewing MTL as the rivulets close in towards him.

Grabs onto it just in time. Spins, melts off a protective circle around him. Looks up at the peanut gallery of cryocons.

SPARTAN

All right, who's next???

Nobody moves. Nobody can move. Every last one is dead. Frozen in place.

The building continues to collapse around Spartan. More LIGHTS BLOW OUT. A giant beam comes crashing down.

SPARTAN

(a massive understatement)

I think it's time to go.

Carefully melting a path to the door, Spartan comes through --

INT. CRYO PRISON - STARK WHITE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MTL still blazing, the hall bursts into flame around him as he leaves. He takes no chances. Continues to melt and burn his way out.

EXT. CRYO PRISON - NIGHT

Outside the building, but still inside the gate. Spartan pauses, still holding the flaming MTL, thinks about it a sec, torches the rest of the whole evil fucking place.

GATE

As Spartan steps through, the MTL sputters to a halt. He tosses it aside. The cryo prison burns, explodes, freezes, contracts, expands behind him.

A far greater crowd has gathered. Police, citizens, Scraps. They watch in silent awe and shock as Spartan re-emerges. Katherine walks up. Deadpan as her father --

KATHERINE

Good to see you again, Dad.  
 (kisses him on the cheek)  
 Come by sometime for dinner.  
 (re: the destruction)  
 I'll cook.

He kisses her back on the cheek. She smiles, they hug. Lenina watches from nearby.

HUXLEY

That was it? That's the whole kissing thing? What was Cocteau so worried about?

Spartan grabs her. Lays a real kiss on her. Long and hard. She comes up for air, gasping, eyes shiny.

HUXLEY

Oh. My.  
 (then)  
 Is the rest of fluid transfer activities like this?

SPARTAN

(beat; dry)  
 Better.

HUXLEY

(beat)

Better??! Oh. My.

She kisses him. Long and hard. Breaks.

HUXLEY

Welcome to the future, John  
Spartan. Now that you've destroyed  
everything.

He throws an arm over her shoulder. They turn and walk away.  
They head off into the sunrise...

SPARTAN

Yeah, I think I'm gonna like it  
here.

(a beat; then)

There's one thing I want to know  
though. How does that damn three  
seashells thing work?

And as the MUSIC COMES UP and obscures her explanation we --

FADE OUT.

THE END