

ROBOCOP 2

REVISED SECOND DRAFT

by Frank Miller and Walon Green

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TOBOR PICTURES

ROBOCOP 2

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT - HAND-HELD VIDEO

A terrified OLD WOMAN in rags wheels a GROCERY CART full of crushed cans past a blazing TAXI; a LUNATIC fires a MACHINE GUN skyward, laughing.

LONI HIROHITO (V.O.)

It is a scene you'd expect to see in war-torn TAHITI--or in the rubble-strewn streets of STOCKHOLM. But this is AMERICA. This--is DETROIT.

INT. STUDIO - LONI HIROHITO

a gorgeous Japanese-American, hair platinum-blonde.

LONI

Madness in Motor City. Next on NIGHTWATCH.

COMMERCIAL

WARM LIGHT silhouettes OLGA's beautiful body as her HANDS pull a FISHNET STOCKING from toe to thigh, then lovingly attach the garter. Her back ARCHES, undulates...

OLGA

Your deepest desires...your most private fantasies...You've held them back so long...

Her LEGS rise impossibly, feet crossing behind her neck.

OLGA (CONT.)

...but you don't have to be afraid. Not any more.

LIGHT plays across her sculpted silver stomach and breasts, climbing to her face. She's a ROBOT.

OLGA

I'm whoever you want me to be. Whenever you want me. I'm clean, safe...and FULL of surprises.

Her MOUTH opens to form a perfect circle. Gentle PULSE of an hydraulic PUMP. GRAPHIC:

EROTEQUE

The Future Of Safe Sex

THE NIGHTWATCH LOGO

sails through outer space, gleaming with airbrushed highlights.
MUSIC UP.

BACK TO LONI

LONI

DRUGS have always been part of the
tattered tapestry of urban American
life. But not like THIS.

DOWNTOWN DETROIT - MORNING RUSH HOUR

ZOOM to individual PEDESTRIANS as BLACK CIRCLES and FACE BARS
identify, then mask their FACES.

LONI (V.O.) (CONT.)

ONE IN FIVE Detroit citizens is
addicted to NUKE--

NUKE FOOTAGE

A NUKE AMPULE, the small, disposable plastic device that
delivers the drug.

LONI (V.O.) (CONT.)

--just THREE weeks after the deadly
designer drug hit the streets and
schoolyards.

GRAPHIC of a HUMAN BRAIN as glowing NUKE eats at it like
corrosive acid; A NUKE ADDICT screams in withdrawal-induced
agony.

LONI (V.O.) (CONT.)

NUKE--it's CHEAP. It makes you feel
on top of the world--and it ROTS
your MIND. As it spreads like a
PLAGUE through society, a frightend
populace must ask: WHERE are the
POLICE?

A battered POLICE CRUISER rounds a corner. BULLET HOLES mark
its windshield. The word SCAB is spray-painted across its
hood.

LONI (V.O.) (CONT.)

Barely one-fourth of the Detroit
police are out there for you,
battling impossible odds. The rest
of them?...

JOSTLE through a CROWD of COPS waving PICKET SIGNS. Find WHITAKKER, nervous, sincere, and STEF, a beefy loudmouth. ANGRY CITIZENS press in; it's a riot waiting to happen.

BAKER

COP'S A COP, PAL--AND COPS DON'T STRIKE!

WHITTAKER

You're going to blame anybody, blame OCP--

STEF

Omni Consumer Products. Bastards.

WHITAKKER

--that's the money grubbers the city hired to run the cops. They cut our salaries FORTY PER CENT--cancelled our PENSIONS--blame OCP--

SHOUTS and general hubbub give way to

VIDEO BREAK UP:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

THE OCP LOGO looms. MAYOR KUZAK, too young for the job, screams at a gorgeous RECEPTIONIST. Seedy CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS litter the sofas and chairs.

KUZAK

I don't have all day. I have a city to run.

(to councilman)

We grant them the courtesy of coming here and they pull...

Security Concepts director SELTZ emerges from an elevator with two attorneys: O'DWYER, middle aged, distinguished, and WEINSTEIN, young, eager and carrying the briefcase.

SELTZ

I'm sorry for the slight delay, gentlemen.

Seltz approaches and shakes hands with COUNCIL MEMBERS. The MAYOR tries to get Seltz' attention.

MAYOR

Forty minutes isn't so slight if you're the MAYOR of a major American CITY.

(worried)

If we can settle the strike right here and now, I'll forgive the inconvenience.

O'DWYER

The solution to our problem is clearly put forth in our contract-- specifically page fifty-nine, paragraph eleven, line sixteen.

MAYOR KUZAK

(to councilmen)

Didn't anyone bring our contract?

There is mad shuffling. Obviously no one did. SELTZ gestures to WEINSTEIN, who produces the CONTRACT and points out the relevant paragraph to the MAYOR.

O'DWYER

..."in the event of default by Party A," that being the city of Detroit, "party B," that being OCP, "shall have the uncontested right of foreclosure on all city assets."

FACES go white.

COUNCILMAN

You SIGNED that?! You TWIT!

KUZAK

Don't call me a twit. I'm the mayor.

(to Seltz)

I've told you there will be a bond issue. You'll GET your MONEY.

SELTZ pats the MAYOR's cheek.

SELTZ

Better start cleaning out your desk.

SELTZ walks off. The mayor stands and throws his copy of the contract on the floor.

MAYOR KUZAK

Fuck you Seltz. We'll sue!

INT. THE OLD MAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The OLD MAN looks over a large model of a totally renovated Detroit as he speaks with Seltz.

SELTZ

...Nothing to worry about, sir. Legal says there's absolutely nothing the mayor can do.

OLD MAN

Good. I want a quick end to the chaos we've caused.

SELTZ

The city's failure to meet financial deadlines is hardly our fault. They owe us more than twenty-seven million dollars.

OLD MAN

Don't be coy, Donald. We deliberately undermined their credit--it was the only way to effect foreclosure.

SELTZ

(startled)

I assumed the foreclosure was a negotiation ploy...

OLD MAN

For what? A few bus lines?...Donald, you can't see the forest for the trees.

(that winning smile)

We're taking Detroit private.

SELTZ

Raiding a city...sir, it's a bold move.

OLD MAN

It is the future. Bumbling, inept elected officials have brought this country to its knees. Responsible private enterprise must bring it back. That is my dream, Donald.

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - DUSK

Black SKYSCRAPERS broken by infrequent sickly yellow LIGHTS, hulking against an ugly, polluted SKY. ALARMS RING. WILD LAUGHTER.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
It will be my legacy to history.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - FOUR NUKEHEADS

NUKEHEAD#1 drives one-handed, watching a hand-held mini-TV. NUKEHEAD#2 opens a smartly designed NUKE CASE, draws forth a NUKE AMPULE, presses it to his neck. FFT! It empties itself into him.

NUKEHEAD#2
Real food for real people.

The CASE is passed from NUKEHEAD to NUKEHEAD. NUKEHEAD#2 clutches his groin and moans, approaching orgasm as the drug kicks in. He stays at the plateau. His voice goes creamy and confident:

NUKEHEAD#2
...city's OURS...Christ, I could do
ANYTHING...

NUKEHEAD#1
Anything and anyone. Just need the
right TOOLS for the right JOB.

ALL NUKEHEADS don HUNTER'S CAPS as the car pulls to a stop.

EXT. GUN SHOP - A MOMENT LATER

NUKEHEADS exit the STATION WAGON, looking for all the world like blue-collar working men. They cross to the wire gate ENTRANCE of the gun shop.

EXT./INT. GUN SHOP ENTRANCE - THROUGH WIRE GATE

GATE HUMS with lethal electric power. OWNER, a wheelchair-bound veteran, gestures to a sign marked "CLOSED", his voice lost in the hum. His bespectacled bookworm SON eyes the f.g. NUKEHEADS.

NUKEHEAD#3
CRAZY out there--no COPS--need to
protect my HOME. For all I know my
wife ROBIN is getting raped right
NOW--

NUKEHEAD#1
He just got MARRIED. You've got to
UNDERSTAND. I tried to talk him OUT
of this...

ANGLE - OWNER

His shrewd eyes looking the group over. He gestures to his SON, who argues with him, then, petulant, throws a SWITCH that turns the GATE off. Their voices are lost in the electric HUM.

INT. GUN SHOP - A MOMENT LATER

The NUKEHEADS paw ROCKET LAUNCHERS and ASSAULT RIFLES from a HOME DEFENSE CONCEPTS DISPLAY.

NUKEHEAD#2

Oh, beauty...

NUKEHEAD#3

What's this one? This good for protecting my ROBIN?

OWNER

It'll do the job, but there's a two week wait on the handguns. Have to do a search for...

As NUKEHEAD#2 produces a small PISTOL, aims it at OWNER's face.

NUKEHEAD#2

Funny. I didn't have to wait ten fucking seconds for this one.

SON

DAMN it, dad--I TOLD you--

NUKEHEAD#2 swings his PISTOL, knocking SON to the floor, then WHIRLS as

OWNER slides a .45 AUTOMATIC from under a BLANKET across his legs, tries to aim it, too late--

--NUKEHEAD#3 slams the BUTT of an ASSAULT RIFLE across OWNER's head, sending OWNER sprawled across the floor.

He presses the BARREL of the RIFLE to the OWNER's mouth:

NUKEHEAD#3

Saw some ACTION, I'll bet you did...Fuck, you're so dead...

NUKEHEADS WHIRL as

TIRES SCREECH, nearby. POLICE SIREN WAILS. FLASHING BLUE LIGHT plays across NUKEHEADS.

NUKEHEAD #4

Supposed to be on STRIKE!

NUKEHEAD #2

Scabs...

NUKEHEAD #1

Let's strike a blow for organized labor.

(hefting rocket launcher)

Right TOOL for the JOB...

They make for the street EXIT.

EXT. STREET

NUKEHEAD #1 aims the rocket launcher and FIRES.

The ROCKET flies at an approaching POLICE CRUISER. CRUISER'S FRONT END EXPLODES.

CRUISER TUMBLES END OVER END, a dozen times, bashing itself out of shape against the pavement.

CRUISER clatters to a stop, upright but utterly demolished.

ANOTHER ROCKET--through CRUISER WINDSHIELD--the GAS TANK goes up in a FIREBALL. Nobody could survive this...

The NUKEHEADS, guns blazing, fire round after round into the burning tangle that had been the CRUISER. HOOTS and HOLLERS from the NUKEHEADS.

The CRUISER'S DOOR swings open. ROBOCOP'S FOOT clanks from the cruiser to the pavement.

ANGLE - NUKEHEAD#3

eyes wide in sudden fear.

NUKEHEAD#3

Oh, shit...

INSERT - ROBO'S PISTOL

snaps from his thigh HOLSTER to his HAND.

ROBOCOP

stands, silhouetted by flame, PISTOL raised.

ANGLE - THE NUKEHEADS

NUKEHEAD #1

His MOUTH. Aim for his MOUTH. Only way to kill him.

NUKEHEAD #3

You're crazy. He eats bullets.

INSERT - ROBOVISION

Project FOUR TARGETS, one to each of the NUKEHEADS. They're opening FIRE. NUKEHEAD#2 is circling toward your back. Stay on him... FLASHING: TARGETING

EXT. STREET - INTERCUT ROBO AND NUKEHEADS

As NUKEHEAD #1 struggles to load another ROCKET into the LAUNCHER, hands shaking--

ROBO pivots, FIRES THREE BURSTS--

--NUKEHEAD #3 spins, shot in the midsection.

--NUKEHEAD #2 crashes against the NUKEHEADS' STATION WAGON, a neat formation of BULLET HOLES at his heart--

--NUKEHEAD #4 drops like a stone, shot between the eyes.

CLOSE ON ROBO

ROBO

Peace officer.

INTERCUT ROBO AND NUKEHEADS

NUKEHEAD #1 finally loads the rocket and takes aim.

ROBO FIRES--a perfect shot down the BARREL of the launcher. NUKEHEAD#1 is lost in a massive EXPLOSION.

INSERT - ROBO

spins his PISTOL, T.J. Laser-style, and slides it back into its HOLSTER.

EXT. STREET

ROBO grabs a moaning HOOD#3 by the neck and shoves him across the STATION WAGON. OWNER emerges from his shop. To OWNER:

ROBO

Sir, you are in violation of curfew.
Go home.

ROBO reaches into NUKEHEAD#3's jacket and pulls forth the NUKE CASE, crushes it, spilling AMPULES. To NUKEHEAD:

ROBO

Where...did you get this?

NUKEHEAD#3

I got my RIGHTS--

NUKEHEAD#3 gags as ROBO increases the pressure on his neck.

ROBO

Talk or die, creep.

The NUKEHEAD starts nodding a desperate willingness to talk.

NUKEHEAD

I don't KNOW where they make it,
man--all I know is they PACKAGE it
over to POLE TOWN--

ROBOVISION - WALKING - LATER

Walk down an unlit street. A PLAYBACK WINDOW shows the
whimpering DEALER.

NUKEHEAD (CONT.)

--just past the corner of JACOB and
ROOSEVELT--it's a BASEMENT off the
ALLEY--

EXT. STREET - ROBO

walks alone. There's no sign of life. NUKE ME is sprayed in
glowing phosphorescent paint across a brick wall.

ROBO'S FEET step across PAVEMENT pocked and pitted like a
battlefield, crunching dozens of spent NUKE AMPULES.

ROBO walks on to an ALLEYWAY.

EXT. FREEWAY OFF-RAMP - NIGHT

A modified Harley-Davidson roars off a freeway ramp and drags
a peg in trail of sparks as it banks onto an empty industrial
street. The motorcycle is huge, bedecked with skulls and
swastikas.

A DEAD END STREET - FOLLOW MOTORCYCLE

The chopper screams down the street driven by a helmeted
FIGURE. At the end of the street the chopper slides to a near-
crash stop.

ANGLE - THE MOTORCYCLE

The helmeted FIGURE, face hidden by a visor, removes a Robo
tracker from a jacket pocket and looks at it.

FIGURE

Shit.

EXT. A BASEMENT WINDOW - ROBOVISION

through a grungy window, in dim light, people toil at some indistinguishable sweat shop operation.

ANGLE ROBO

draws back as a guard moves past.

INT. BASEMENT - A MOMENT LATER

WOMEN and CHILDREN unload HUNDREDS of NUKE AMPULES from crates, wrap each in plastic. Some load the AMPULES into NUKE CASES. Others slide them into PEZ DISPENSERS. ALL WHIRL at a sudden sound of POUNDING.

CRASH!--ROBO punches through the DOOR, gun raised.

GUARDS OPEN FIRE. WOMEN AND CHILDREN PANIC, screaming, as BULLETS fly everywhere.

A SMALL CAMERA

inset on the WALL pans to ROBO's movements.

ROBO

blows two GUARDS away, pauses, scanning the CROWD.

EXT. STREET - THE MOTORCYCLE

At the sound of gunfire, the helmeted figure leaps off the bike and runs toward the firing.

ROBOVISION - THAT MOMENT

Scan the terrified WOMEN and CHILDREN. FLASHING: DIRECTIVE 1 SERVE THE PUBLIC TRUST. A guard emerges from hiding on a level above and fires down at ROBO. More panic from the innocent.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - ROBO .

fires and the man ducks back.

At the DOORWAY, THE HELMETED FIGURE--officer ANNE LEWIS--raises her visor and aims at the guard who fires again at Robo from cover.

LEWIS drops him, then ducks back as two other GUARDS fire at her. Crouched in the shadows she speaks into her helmet mike.

LEWIS

I found Murphy, but we've got a situation.

A burst of machine gun fire spatters the wall around her.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - THAT MOMENT

ROBO wheels and drops each of the men firing at Lewis. The one remaining GUARD grabs TWO CHILDREN, holds them to his chest as a human shield and backs toward a exit.

ROBOVISION - MOVING

Stalk him as he backs against a wall. Try to TARGET. You can't get a shot.

Switch to STRATEGIC MODE. VECTOR LINES streak, shifting as he moves. He brings his PISTOL to one child's face.

GUARD

Back off or she's DEAD--you GOT to
back OFF--"Protect the innocent,"
right?(laughs)

INT. SWEAT SHOP - JUST THEN

ROBO nods, apparently thwarted--then suddenly pivots--

ROBO

LEWIS. DOWN.

ROBO FIRES--AWAY from the GUARD.

The BULLET--a TRACER--ricochets from WALL to FLOOR to WALL,
criss-crossing the ROOM--barely missing LEWIS--

--to SMASH through the side of the guard's HEAD. He drops like
a stone.

A WOMAN rushes up to ROBO, screaming, pounding at his chest--
BLAM!--a single GUNSHOT--she falls, dead--

ROBO pivots, aims his PISTOL at HOB, a vicious eleven-year-old
enforcer who's just shot the WOMAN.

ROBOVISION - HOB

trains a silver-plated MAGNUM on you. TARGET him. The TARGET
BREAKS APART. FLASHING: TARGETING DENIED SUBJECT JUVENILE

INT. SWEAT SHOP - JUST THEN

HOB

This is for KONG, fucker.

HOB FIRES--the BULLET careens from ROBO'S HELMET, leaving a
DENT.

ROBOVISION - MALFUNCTION

Image of HOB SKIPS, its last tenth of a second repeating. HOB'S VOICE becomes a rapidly-repeating NOTE, like a CD player with tracking problems. FLASHING: TRACKING ERROR

Abruptly, a BLIP of ALEX MURPHY'S SON interrupts view; flashing in place of HOB. MURPHY'S SON is crying, desperate.

MURPHY'S SON
DAD--I NEED you, Dad--

Vision corrects itself as HOB bolts out the door into the night.

INT. SWEAT SHOP

LEWIS stalks toward ROBO, removing her helmet, a bit miffed.

LEWIS
Go to the ladies room for five minutes and I have to spend the rest of the night trying to catch up with you.

ROBO, dazed, does not respond.

LEWIS
Had to commandeer a motorcycle. The bikers weren't very understanding.

LEWIS glances around the sweat shop, at the mess, the dead guards, the still terrified workers.

LEWIS
What a mess.
(looks up)
Here comes the cavalry. Just in time.

ANGLE - BASEMENT WINDOWS

FLASHING BLUE LIGHT washes across the small street-level WINDOWS. SOUNDS of a CRUISER pulling up--CAR DOORS opening--FOOTSTEPS. ESTEVEZ and another UNIFORM appear.

ESTEVEZ
Lewis, Murphy...you okay?

LEWIS nods. Estevez and the other Uniform begins settling the people down. Lewis picks up a handful of Nuke ampules in a package that looks like a candy bar.

LEWIS

Nuke--packaged like candy so they
can sell it in school yards for
lunch money.

Robo gently takes the package from Lewis' hand then crushes the
ampules to dust.

ROBO

A boy...shot me. A boy...like my
son.

ESTEVEZ

Yeah, the bastards are SMART, using
MINORS. We can't shoot them--can't
even keep them locked up.

ROBO

The boy said he did it for...Kong.

LEWIS

Who the hell is Kong?

Robo looks around at the destruction.

ROBO

Kong made this place.

INT. KONG'S HIDEOUT - CLOSE ON A VIDEO MONITOR

showing a replay of ROBOCOP as recorded by the cameras in the
Nuke packaging center.

The scene plays from behind Kong's henchman who is shielded by
the kids. Robo clearly aims to the side--BLAM!--the flashes of
the ricochets. The man's head explodes.

KONG(O.S.)

I love it. I fucking love it.

INT. KONG'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

ELWOOD KONG(nee'BRIGHAM) lounges in an easy-boy as he watches
the tape. He is flanked by HOB and his exotically beautiful
mistress, ANGIE. CATZO, one of his henchmen with a blank stare
and empty eyes stands sullenly behind.

KONG

Play it again. I can't get enough.

Hob pushes a button for replay. Catzo mutters in the
background.

CATZO

With that place wrecked we're losing sales in two neighborhoods.

KONG

Who the fuck cares.

CATZO

It's money, Kong.

KONG

But this gets me off.

Kong smiles at the sound of gunfire and destruction. He snaps his fingers. Angie gives him a Nuke injector. KONG punches it into his arm. As the rush surges over him he laughs and shouts, pointing at the screen.

KONG

Whaaaaaa! I want that.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A file of sullen COPS carry picket signs in front of the station house. WHITTAKER and STEF are recognizable from the MEDIABREAK.

As they walk a carload of nuked-up JUVENILES pulls up and guns the engine. They shout at the COPS.

1ST JUVENILE

We're with you one hundred percent, officers...

A 2ND JUVENILE hangs out the window offering a handful of nuke.

2ND JUVENILE

Yeah, we owe you guys. Anybody go for a TASTE TEST?

WHITTAKER

Out of here, you little fucks.

The first juvenile extends his arm and nukes up in front of them. He laughs crazily with the rush.

2ND JUVENILE

What you gonna do, arrest us?

They all laugh as a squad car suddenly appears screeching around a corner.

They peel rubber and drive away as;

ANGLE

ROBO and LEWIS' squad car pulls into the garage as COPS down the picket line shout "Scabs! and other epithets.

STEF

Fucking scabs. We ain't gonna forget who you are.

WHITTAKER

I hope we aren't forgetting who we are.

INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

The squad room is in mid-strike chaos. Civilian volunteers struggle to fill the rolls of striking dispatchers. HOODS and NUKEHEADS line one wall in ziplocks waiting for processing. SERGEANT REED is arguing with whiny officer DUFFY.

REED

Look around. I'm down to one fourth of my people, I've got fifteen squad cars still running, that's If I get gas...It's tough on all of us, Duffy.

DUFFY

If the city can find gas for the mayor's fucking limousine they can find gas for my squad cars.

REED spots LEWIS.

REED

Lewis. You're going home, girl.

LEWIS shakes her head. For the first time her expression gives her away: she's exhausted.

LEWIS

I'm gonna' shower. I'm good for another half a shift.

REED

You've done two shifts back to back, now get out of here.

(pressing the point)

No goddamn arguments, Lewis!

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

At the sight of ROBO walking by the frighteningly young HOODS and NUKEHEADS, crammed tight in their CELLS, climb the bars, give with horrid gestures and rude SHOUTS.

ONE KID
Eat shit, RoboFag!

ANGLE - ROBO

stops, fixing them in a steady gaze. He stops and stares. The energy of their derision, begins to fail them.

ANGLE - THE KIDS

The hooting and shouts slow and then stop. They face Robo unspeaking; pathetic behind the bars where many will spend much of their already wasted lives.

ANGLE - ROBO

His eyes search their faces...

MURPHY'S SON (O.S.)
--I NEED you, Dad--

Robo turns from the now silent cellblock and moves into a dark corridor.

INT COMPUTER FILING ROOM - NIGHT

ROBO enters a large room filled with computer banks. A skeleton crew of harried DATA PROCESSORS notice him as they work at their terminals.

PROCESSOR
Hey, Robo! Anything I can help you with?

ROBO
No, thank you.

ROBO steps to a terminal. He inserts his interfacing SPIKE.

INTERCUT ROBO AND MONITOR

On the MONITOR series of categories are offered under "POLICE PERSONNEL, DECEASED". ROBO highlights M THROUGH P.

ROBO SCANS, then HALTS the file at the highlighted name MURPHY, ALEX P. At ROBO'S command, the screen moves quickly to a photo and data sheet on Alex Murphy, and a short record.

ROBO stares in silence at the man he once was. Then he inputs DEPENDENTS.

A pair of photos appear. His WIFE and his son JIMMY labeled with their names and birthdates.

ROBO stares at the two photos.

ROBOVISION - THAT MOMENT

Pull up the file on your SON. His smiling face and statistics now fill the screen.

MURPHY'S SON (O.S.)

--I NEED you, Dad--

ANGLE - ROBO

his jaw set, gives his interface SPIKE a twist.

ANGLE - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

as ROBO inputs the command: SEEK CONTACT

INT. OCP RECEPTION AREA - DAY

JULIETTE FAXX, mid-thirtyish, possessed of a cool, fine-lined, beauty speaks with TRACY, her young and obviously adoring administrative assistant.

FAXX

You're certain he's a qualified buyer...

TRACY

Bought a Krupp-Greenfeld Peacemaker with all the trimmings. Sixty million. In cash.

(grins)

Yes, I think he's qualified.

FAXX musters a broad friendly smile as she approaches KONG and ANGIE, who are waiting in a lush reception area.

FAXX

Good afternoon, Mr. Elwood. I'm Juliette Faxx, director of marketing for Security Concepts.

KONG exchanges an amused look with ANGIE.

KONG

Hi, Julie. This is Angie.

Gritting her teeth against the sudden familiarity, FAXX maintains her smile.

FAXX
How do you do.

ANGIE half curtseys.

INT. PRODUCTS DISPLAY HALL - OCP

FAXX walks beside KONG and ANGIE as they pass displays of various robot security devices.

FAXX
Since you indicate a primary interest in security Robots, here are night eye auto-gattling series, and the...

KONG
No, that's all I care about.

He indicates a large display that features a full sized Robocop just opposite an ED 209 in an even larger display. Eyes on ROBOCOP:

KONG
Why'd you only make one?

FAXX
There's currently a Robocop 2 program in progress.

ANGIE
So when can he buy one, Julie?

FAXX turns toward the opposite display.

FAXX
I can't give you a date at this time. Have you thought about ED 209? They are immediately available in a number of very attractive lease options...

A knowing snort from Angie.

KONG
That's junk. That--is STUPID. Always shooting the wrong things.
(at RoboCop display)
So you needed a man's brain to make ROBOCOP. What's holding you up? World's full of brains...

Faxx is stunned that Kong knows so much. Angie giggles.

ANGIE

Look at her. She's really upset.

FAXX

I can assure you that rumor is false.

KONG

Julie--I know how you did it and who you did it to. Name was--

ANGIE

--Murphy, Alex P.

KONG

Hero cop. Gunned down in the line of duty.

ANGIE

It's all in your computers.

FAXX

I'm supposed to believe you accessed our computers?

KONG

I got people...Got to say I envy the guy you put in there,...
(touches his chest)

He points at a lettered display of Robocop's vital statistics.

KONG

Angie, what's this say?

Angie reads, whispering in his ear. He sees Faxx smiling.

KONG

I don't read. I got people who read.

FAXX

You seem to have people who do almost anything.

KONG

Not almost.

FAXX

Where do you find them?

KONG

I don't find them. Money finds them.

FAXX returns a smug smile.

FAXX

There's always people money can't find.

KONG

It couldn't find you for a million a year?

Faxx tries to hide a reaction that indicates that it could.

ANGIE

See. He wants you, he gets you.

Kong raises his hand and FAXX does a take on his ring.

KONG

(points at Robocop)
No. That's what I want.

He turns with Angie and starts away, speaking as he points at the Robo display.

KONG

Soon as you make another one, put my name on it.

FAXX's eyes narrow as Kong exits with Angie...

INT. OCP ROBOTICS CENTER - DAY

A big TV MONITOR offers a file tape showing CAPIZI, a technician in a lab coat, smiling and gesturing before a pair of large doors.

CAPIZI(TAPE)

State-of-the-art destructive capability commanded by a unique combination of organic and software systems. In everyway an improvement over the original.

- a NEW ROBOCOP steps from the doorway. It smiles. A technician is still working on it, applying a laser tool to its chest.

CAPIZI(TAPE)

Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce ROBOCOP 2.

The technician's laser tool slips in his hand. ROBO2 winces and grabs the technician by the throat. Crunch of bones. A death rattle.

Capizi scrambles to a monitor and the thing's head starts to smoke and spark.

CAPIZI(TAPE)
Oh, mother. Oh, mother.

CAPIZI WATCHES MONITOR, squirms in his seat. JULLIETTE FAXX can be seen in the background.

A SECOND TAPE

Another ROBO 2 appears with Capizi.

CAPIZI(TAPE)
Unprecedented speed and versatility.
Ladies and gentlemen, ROBOCOP 2
going on line.

The Robot stares around for several seconds in bewilderment then draws a pistol and blows its own brains out.

THE OLD MAN WATCHES

shifting in his seat with disgust.

A THIRD TAPE

CAPIZI(ON TAPE)
...proud to announce ROBOCOP 2. Hey
hold on, easy boy.

This one grabs its own head and wrenches it free of its body. Fluid spurts out. VIDEO SCREEN GOES BLANK.

THE OLD MAN

turns in his chair and faces CAPIZI, who's ready to die if he can stop hiccupping long enough. The others in the room maintain non committal silence.

OLD MAN
Eleven months and ninety million
dollars and you dare to show me
this.

CAPIZI
Sir, we've isolated the problem.
It's not the technology. It's the
candidates. Sir I've prepared these
curves that show...

With a trembling hand he offers a sheaf of print outs. The Old Man cuts him off.

OLD MAN

The candidates were all fine men...respected police officers. I reviewed their files myself.

CAPIZI

But sir--there's an emotional quotient that we just can't control.

FAXX

May I suggest that perhaps police officers are not the best candidates.

Heads turn. The old man blinks with uncertain recognition.

FAXX

Police are generically macho, body proud...physical types. It's not hard to imagine that finding themselves in full body prosthesis is...is something they just can't deal with.

SELTZ

RoboCop 1 has dealt with it for over a year...With considerable success.

FAXX

I believe that case is unique. Officer Murphy suffered a massive head wound. There was unquestionably damage to the limbic system... damage that could have altered his personality and allowed him to accept what he is.

SELTZ

Ms. Faxx, your field of expertise is marketing and what we've seen here is clearly not ready to be sold. Let's leave this discussion to the experts.

FAXX directs a lovely smile and a demure shrug at the OLD MAN.

FAXX

Perhaps you're right, Mr. Seltz. Although I have a background in behavioral sciences I don't presume to be an expert on robotics.

The OLD MAN smiles at her paternally.

OLD MAN

Whatever your ideas are, I'm most interested, Miss Faxx.

The attention of the gathering focuses on Faxx.

FAXX

There might be better candidates among people who resent their own physical limitations. People without strong personal ethics and morality who could be molded to accept what we make them.

SELTZ

And where do you find these candidates?

FAXX

They're around. I've met them.

SELTZ

I must be drinking at the wrong bar, I've never met anyone who wanted to end up a robot.

Cool and pleasant:

FAXX

The hardware exists. It would seem the cost of screening candidates would be negligible. I can't help but think it's worthwhile.

OLD MAN

Of course it's worthwhile, unless we're planning to throw ninety million dollars out the window. Begin at once...

(smiles)

...and report to me directly.

FAXX smiles beautifully.

FAXX

Thank you, sir.

INT. OCP ELEVATORS - DAY

Faxx waits by an elevator talking with Capizi, who is deferential and thankful. Seltz approaches in b.g.

CAPIZI

My department is totally at your disposal. I'll copy you on everything we've done so far.

The elevator arrives. She steps in Seltz steps in beside her.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator descends. Seltz smiles at her, friendly.

SELTZ

I think your idea has merit.

FAXX

Really?

SELTZ

I'm forced to play devil's advocate. It's something the Old Man expects of me.

Faxx smiles at him.

FAXX

So it's not the real you.

SELTZ

No. The real me is quite different.
(turns on charm)
I'd like to get to know the real you.

Her glance mocking as she looks him up and down:

FAXX

Does your wife pick your ties?

As Seltz stumbles for a response, the elevator stops.

FAXX

My floor.

She exits.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Hob saunters along the street in a homeboy neighborhood. It is clear by the way other kids look at him that he is a subject of admiration.

ANGLE - A PARKING LOT

Robo and Lewis sit in their car parked among the wrecks of other cars in a trashed parking lot. Robo speaks as Hob comes into view.

ROBO
That's him.

LEWIS
Let's go.

ROBO
No. Wait.

ANGLE - HOB

reaches a Mini store where STRYKER, another of Kong's gang is waiting. As they speak a car stops in front and DUFFY gets out, in uniform. He greets Hob and Stryker.

ANGLE - LEWIS AND ROBO

LEWIS
(surprised)
Duffy. That's fucking Duffy.

ANGLE - THE MINI MART

Duffy steps inside with Hob and Stryker.

INT. MINI MART

The place is jammed with neighborhood kids, playing video games and eating junk food. The music is wall to wall. As Duffy moves with Hob and Stryker toward the back, Stryker slips his hand along the finely turned ass of a sixteen year old girl wearing a NUKE ME T-shirt.

GIRL
Eyuuh. Squid.

Duffy laughs as they move on.

STRYKER
That put a bump in your pump?

DUFFY nods.

INT. BACK ROOM

Stryker tosses a NUKE CASE to Duffy.

STRYKER

This will get you all the chicken
legs you want.

Duffy takes the package and starts to unwrap it.

STRYKER

Just wave it under their noses and
wheeee!

Duffy opens a package. He removes a dispenser.

HOB

What's happening with the cops?
Anything we should know?

DUFFY

They're shutting down patrols in
three more neighborhoods. The whole
east side from Garrison to the
river. They're out of gas.

The others laugh. Duffy starts to shoot up, WHIRLS at the sound
of a CRASH.

THE BACK DOOR

swings open. ROBO stands facing them.

ROBO

You are under arrest.

PANDEMONIUM

Stryker grabs a Pancor Assault Shotgun and FIRES.

The shot strikes ROBO at the CHEST, harmlessly.

Lewis appears at a back doorway.

Hob aims his magnum at her and FIRES.

The bullet catches her flak vest and knocks her backward. Her
gun drops from her hand.

HOB

(to Robo)

Move and her head comes right off.

ROBOVISION - THAT MOMENT

Try to target HOB. You can't.

Place a TARGET on Hob's MAGNUM. FLASHING: TARGETING

INT. MINI-MART

ROBO fires--HOB screams, a child's scream of pain, as the gun is blasted from his hand.

Stryker bolts through the back doorway.

Duffy rushes through the store and Lewis goes after him.

She tackles him among the video games. Screaming teens jump away in all directions as Duffy kicks Lewis hard in the face.

DUFFY runs for the front door.

Hob grabs Lewis by the neck.

With Hob clinging to her, Lewis chases Duffy and throws him down.

She pries Hob off and hurls him away.

Lifting Duffy, She rams his head into a ROBOCOP video game. Then she turns him and punches him in the face. The GIRL squeals as Lewis beats Duffy into submission.

GIRL

Way to go, mom! MAXIMUM thrash!

Hob sneaks out the door as Lewis cuffs Duffy.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Robo walks along an alley searching for Stryker.

ROBOVISION - THERMOGRAM

shows the unseen alley. Thermograph cats and rats scurrying in the dark. Stryker hides behind a garbage dumpster.

ROBO APPROACHES AND AIMS HIS PISTOL

ROBO

Drop it.

Stryker dives and rolls, firing with his shotgun.

ROBO wheels to fire, tracking him.

ROBO'S GUN CLICKS, empty.

Stryker races down the alley and climbs a metal ladder leading to a roof. He climbs like a monkey.

Robo grabs the base of the ladder. He puts his foot on a metal rung. It breaks under his weight.

Robo clanks to the ground, not stumbling. He looks up.

ANGLE - STRYKER

He's near the top. He looks down, laughs wildly.

ANGLE - ROBO

grabs the sides of the ladder. Twisting one way then the other he tears it loose from the building and pulls it away.

STRYKER

is almost stepping onto the roof when he suddenly feels the ladder lurch back. He screams, clinging to it.

INT. ALLEY - WIDE SHOT

Robo steps back from the building holding the upright ladder, like a scots highlander holds a Kaber.

Swinging wildy at the end of the ladder, STRYKER SCREAMS.

STRYKER
LET ME DOWN!

Robo releases the ladder. Stryker falls with it into piled garbage.

INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Lewis is at the booking desk holding Duffy by the scruff of the neck.

LEWIS
Give me a couple minutes with him
before he goes to detention.

ESTEVEZ
Lewis, you know the law. Put him on
that bus.

Duffy is reeling from the lack of nuke.

DUFFY
I'm feeling sick...

Lewis kicks him.

ESTEVEZ
Jesus, Lewis,...take it easy.

LEWIS

You know what this fuck is, Estevez?
This is a nukehead cop. He's been
inside. He knows who they are and
where they are.

ESTEVEZ is clearly tortured by the decision. Then, with a
grin:

ESTEVEZ

Regulations say before he goes to
detention he gets use the can...

Lewis pops her gum and grins, hauling Duffy away.

INT. STATION MEN'S ROOM - DAY

GUYS REACT, zippering up, as Lewis drags Duffy in. They gather
round to watch...

Lewis shoves Duffy onto a urinal forcing him to sit in the
bowl.

LEWIS

The NUKE, Duffy. Who makes it and
where?

Duffy stares at Lewis. He gags back a retch.

DUFFY

I'm drug dependent, Lewis. It's
making me real sick. My guts are--

LEWIS punches him in the stomach.

LEWIS

Who and where, you sorry son of a
bitch.

Lewis shoves his forehead with her palm against the flushing
button of the urinal. It fills as she shoves on his head and
water spills onto the floor.

INT. REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

REED is in a full rage with LEWIS.

REED

I know how you got this information
lady and you're luckier than shit
I'm not calling down a disciplinary
action on your ass.

LEWIS

I don't care what you call down on my ass, Reed...Just give me an assault team--

Robo appears at the door. Reed sees him.

REED

This is private, Murphy.

DOORWAY - ROBO

ROBO

Excuse me.

Robo moves away.

HALLWAY - ROBO

out of Reed's line of sight, listens as the argument continues. ELECTRIC SIGNAL heard as Robo amplifies his hearing.

REED(B.G.)

We're operating with less than half our force. I'm not moving on anybody. We wait.

LEWIS(B.G.)

Sarge, Kong is there...At the old motor works in River Rouge. He had Duffy reading our lips--he's for sure got others. We wait and he's gone.

Robo listens, then moves away.

EXT. RIVER ROUGE COMPLEX - NIGHT

The largest industrial complex in the world, sad and abandoned, miles long. HUGE BLACK SILHOUETTES of factories loom.

ROBO'S CRUISER

passes the burnt shell of a GUARD HOUSE and roars across a collapsed CHAIN LINK FENCE.

STREET LEVEL - A NUKEHEAD

crouches in the shadow of a factory WALL, stares through tiny, high-tech BINOCULARS at the passing CRUISER. NUKEHEAD speaks to a small COMMUNICATOR, his voice inaudible.

NUKEHEAD

It's Robo...
(switches frequency)
Boss says he's driving too fast.

EXT. FACTORY LOT - MOMENTS LATER

MINES explode beneath ROBO'S CRUISER. A WHEEL flies.

INT. CRUISER - ROBO

wrenches the steering wheel as the CRUISER rocks, skidding to a stop.

EXT. LOT - A MOMENT LATER

ROBO tumbles from the CRUISER as MACHINE GUN FIRE cuts across the pavement.

ANGLE - A ROBOT MACHINE GUN

strafes ROBO, knocking him from his feet.

EXT. LOT

ROBO rises, heads for cover by a factory WALL.

More GUNFIRE from ABOVE--ROBO looks up to SEE a dozen HOODS crouched on the factory ROOF, guns blazing.

BULLETS rip across ROBO as strategically-placed GUNFIRE maneuvers him toward the factory ENTRANCE.

A CHAIN LINK GATE

blocks Robo's path, padlocked shut. ROBO grabs the LOCK--ZAP!--the gate goes ELECTRIC. ROBO backs off.

ROBO grabs a section of PIPE from the ground and heaves it against the GATE. SPARKS shower as the gate shorts out.

ROBO crashes through the smoldering GATE.

INSERT - ROBOVISION - SCANNING

Move inside the FACTORY. Dark as a cave. HUGE AUTOMOBILE ROBOTS loom over a CONVEYOR BELT.

Switch to THERMOGRAPH. Spot FIGURES running, circling. One opens FIRE. TARGET him--

A DESIGNER HAND GRENADE

sails through the air to tumble near ROBO'S FEET.

The grenade EXPLODES. ROBO clatters across pavement, rises.

ROBOVISION

Suddenly obliterating view, flashing: SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT
EFFICIENCY 63%

ANGLE - GILLETTE, CHECKERS, CATZO AND HOB

Scary-looking members of Kong's private army, outfits expensive and incredibly hip. Catch glances of them as they move from shadows:

- GILLETTE fires a transparent hardplastic ASSAULT RIFLE, strafing ROBO's chest--ROBO FIRES--GILLETTE somersaults into shadows:

- HOB flings a marble-sized EXPLOSIVE from a high-powered SLINGSHOT--the EXPLOSIVE stabs into ROBO's ARM and EXPLODES--ROBO'S HAND clatters across pavement--the STUMP of Robo's ARM showers SPARKS;

- CHECKERS fires a hand-held TASER DEVICE--THUNK!--a WIRE mounted with a tiny GRAPPLING HOOK HEAD stabs into ROBO'S chest.

CHECKERS twists a CUFF on his TASER.

ZAP!--LIGHTNING CRACKLES down the WIRE, streaks across ROBO. ROBO drops to his knees, jerking as SHOCKS rip through him.

KONG'S GANG circles, grinning, WEAPONS ready.

ROBO rips the HOOK from his chest. Still jerking with the SHOCKS, ROBO stabs the HOOK into the sparking STUMP of his arm.

ZAP!--LIGHTNING streaks BACKWARD along the WIRE to CHECKERS. TASER DEVICE EXPLODES. CHECKERS slams against a WALL, unconscious.

ROBOVISION - THAT MOMENT

WHITE SPOTS flicker and flare, obscuring view as ANGIE comes close, sleek and graceful as a cat. IMAGE ROLLS, like a TV with a weak vertical hold.

Suddenly obscuring view: SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT EFFICIENCY 41%

INT. FACTORY - THAT MOMENT

WHAM!--a KARATE KICK from ANGIE sends ROBO crashing backward into a AUTO ROBOT.

THE AUTO ROBOT'S ARMS SNAP around, pinioning ROBO. ROBO's groggy, losing it.

ANGIE slides GAUNTLETS on--the GAUNTLETS have DIAMOND BLADES at the knuckles.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!--ANGIE'S FISTS strike, quick as lightning, jerking ROBO's head from side to side.

KONG (V.O.)
ENOUGH, already.

ANGIE kisses ROBO's bloody mouth, deep and long, then pulls back, her mouth covered with his blood, smiling maliciously.

AUTO ROBOT pivots, lifts ROBO to a CONVEYOR BELT. The CONVEYOR BELT begins to ROLL.

KONG rides an ANTIQUE CHAIR down the CONVEYOR BELT. He runs the ROBOT with a small REMOTE. He's all grins.

KONG
You were great. Got it on disk.
(to Catzo)
I'll need a power chisel.

ROBOVISION - JUST THEN

KONG brings the chattering POWER CHISEL toward you.
FLASHING: SYSTEMS CRASH IMMINENT

KONG
I love gadgets. Let's see what makes this tick.

ANGIE
tickticktick--

EXT. STATION HOUSE - MORNING

PICKETING COPS wheel as KONG'S LIMO pulls up to the station house ENTRANCE. SOUND of CAR DOOR OPENING. A CLATTER of metal. SOUND of CAR DOOR CLOSING. The LIMO pulls away.

ARMLESS and LEGLESS, his CHEST a gaping cavity, ROBO lies on the sidewalk. No sign of life...

WHITAKKER kneels over ROBO.

COP
Christ! He's been STRIPPED!

COPS EXCHANGE GUILTY GLANCES.

COMMERCIAL - INT./EXT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

At the WINDOW--a CAR THIEF slides a metal ROD between window and door. CLACK!--the lock gives.

THIEF pulls the door open, steps in, sits. He runs a finger across the plush leather DASHBOARD emblazoned with the SECURITY CONCEPTS LOGO.

Abruptly, the SAFETY BELT pulls itself across him. THIEF starts, then chuckles--SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!--STRAPS whip across his chest and legs, binding him. He thrashes, eyes widening in terror.

FROM DASH

You just jimmed open the wrong lock. Last mistake you'll ever make. Welcome to the latest in family car defense.

STREET VIEW. ELECTRIC FLASHES from CAR WINDOWS. MUFFLED SCREAM. A cheerful SPOKESMAN saunters up as SHOCKS cease.

SPOKESMAN

MagnaVolt--the final word in auto security. No embarrassing alarm noise. No need to trouble the police.

IN THE CAR. The THIEF is a crumbling HUSK. High-power VENTILATORS whirr to life, sucking the remains away, leaving the seat as clean as ever. SPOKESMAN enters, sits and turns the ignition. ENGINE ROARS to life.

SPOKESMAN

And it won't even run down your battery.

INT. STUDIO - LONI HIROHITO AT HER DESK

cheerful, behind her a CLIP: RADIOACTIVE MATTER spews upward past JUNGLE LEAVES.

LONI

The Amazon Nuclear Power Facility has blown its stack, irradiating seventy per cent of the world's largest rain forest. Environmentalists call it a disaster--
(smiles)
--but don't they always?

NEW CLIP: an ATTORNEY leads a cheerful CIGARETTE SMOKER down city hall steps past a cheering CROWD.

LONI

In national news, the Smokers Liberation Front declared today's acquittal of MELANIE SCHIMM an unqualified victory. Schimm was responsible for a mid-day massacre of twenty at the Surgeon General's office. Her attorney argued that temporary insanity due to nicotine addiction was the cause...

NEW CLIP: MAYOR KUZAK lunges at SELTZ in a crowded COURTROOM; the JUDGE pounds his gavel, shouting.

LONI

While in local courtroom action, Mayor Kuzak was held in contempt of court for a sudden outburst following his latest failure to block Omni Consumer Products' foreclosure on the city of Detroit. OCP director of operations Donald Seltz...

SELTZ smiles to microphones.

SELTZ

OCP can't foot the bill for an incompetent administration. We can, however, do much for the people of Detroit--once Kuzak and the rest get out of the way.

BACK TO LONI--NEW CLIP: THE OCP LOGO looms over the DETROIT SKYLINE.

LONI

With the foreclosure deadline only days away, chances seem slim for the embattled mayor, rumored to have lost his own legal team. Couldn't pay their bill...

NEW CLIP: A DEAD COP.

LONI

In a related story, Officer HANK JEFFERSON became the sixty-fourth murdered cop since the beginning of the three-week-old POLICE STRIKE. Union representatives report no progress in the negotiations...

VIDEO BREAK UP:

INT. STATION HOUSE - ROBO CHAMBER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON LEWIS

who stands just inside the doorway, anxiously looking on as two O.S. technicians examine ROBO.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICES

Neuron function?....I got six mille
amps over zip. Try for a
boost...Okay, I've got seven,
eight...Come on, baby...Okay, I've
got ten. It's holding at ten.

FOLLOW LEWIS

Nervous, she steps to the wire of ROBO'S cage. The technicians, TAK AKITA, cool with a resident surgeon's manners, and his female assistant LINDA GARCIA, hover over ROBO'S open torso. AKITA twists a fitting into position and safety wires it.

ANGLE - ROBO

is lifted to an upright position by a chain hoist. He hangs suspended. Life support tubes and lines are connected to his head and torso, from which an arm and both legs have been removed.

AKITA removes the BOLTS from Robo's HELMET with a RATCHET. GARCIA lifts the HELMET from ROBO.

LEWIS

gasps, breathing deep as she SEES

ANGLE - ROBO'S

eyes are open, but appear lifeless.

LEWIS

enters the operating area.

LEWIS

Is he alive?

AKITA

The cerebro spinal axis seems viable, but the interfacing to the medulla spinalis is destroyed.

LEWIS

What?...

(reasonable, but
desperate)

Please, in English.

GARCIA

His nervous tissue is alive. If we
keep it alive we can rebuild him...

LEWIS finally lets her breath out, relieved, her eyes on ROBO.

LEWIS

...So how long's it going to take?

AKITA

Couple days, maybe only one--
provided we get the parts. Which
doesn't look likely, darling.

LEWIS

What do you mean?...OCP, right? Up
to some new shit?

AKITA

They say he's off-warranty.

LEWIS

Off warranty.

AKITA

Yeah. They made him, they're
holding his parts.

LEWIS

He's not just some piece of
EQUIPMENT, damn it! He's...

(calms herself)

...he's a cop.

AKITA

I'm not arguing with you.

GARCIA

We've been up all NIGHT working on
him--

LEWIS

I know. I'm sorry. I'm tired, too.

AKITA

It was great for you to spring for that over-the-counter HEART, but this guy needs some serious hardware--and the only people who MAKE it won't even TALK to us.

LEWIS

Make a list. I want a list.

GARCIA

What's the point? Those OCP bastards won't--

LEWIS

Make a list.

LEWIS looks at ROBO and forces a smile.

LEWIS

Don't worry Murphy, we're gonna fix you.

ROBO remains staring with his lifeless expression.

ROBOVISION

You can't hear her:

LEWIS

You'll be okay.

She backs away. Vision FADES as faint CRACKLING comes from within you.

CLOSE ON ROBO

immobile as the electronic noise builds. One eye twitches ever so slightly...

LOW ROLL OF THUNDER as IMAGE WIPES to

PREMONITION OF DEATH - MURPHY'S FUNERAL

RAIN falls. A sudden FLASH of LIGHTNING. THUNDER ROLLS.

MURPHY'S SON shudders, his arms around the waist of MURPHY'S WIDOW. She stares down, face white, as a COFFIN is lowered to a waiting grave...

...an angry CATHOLIC PRIEST gesticulates, his voice inaudible...a dozen COPS in full dress fire RIFLES into the air, in unison...

BACK TO ROBO

jerking as SHOTS ECHO...

BACK TO PREMONITION

LIGHTNING FLASHES. THUNDER CRACKS. A TORRENT of RAIN. ROBO stands before MURPHY'S TOMBSTONE. ROBO'S ARMOR is pocked with BULLET HOLES. PATCHES OF RUST cover his chest.

ROBO slowly looks up to SEE

HOB looking down at him, strangely solemn. HOB'S FACE BLURS-- and becomes the face of MURPHY'S SON.

ROBO tries to reach out toward him.

The boy laughs and jams a NUKE AMPULE into his arm. He rocks with wild laughter.

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING--the graveyard has become a JUNK YARD...ROBO sits alone among CRUSHED CARS, junk amidst junk...

BACK TO ROBO

still unconscious as the SOUNDS OF RAIN give way to electronic CRACKLE and HUM...

INT. A HOSPITAL CELL - NIGHT

Eyes dull and drugged, DUFFY sits in a chair watching television in a rehab section of the jail. A GUARD appears.

GUARD

Get dressed Duffy, you're going out.

DUFFY stares at the GUARD, feeling no pain, trying to understand. Impatient:

GUARD

You must have rich friends.
Somebody made your bail.

Duffy smiles, putting it together he sings:

DUFFY

Get by with a little help from my
FRIENDS..

EXT. AMERICAN LEGION LODGE - NIGHT

NUKE ME is sprayed in fluorescent paint across the slogan THIS HALL IS DEDICATED TO ONE HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICANISM. A sign marks the building as CONDEMNED--but SOUNDS OF REVELRY come from inside.

INT. LODGE - JUST THEN

The hall is packed with GANG MEMBERS, separated in distinct groups by race and regalia. CHAMPAGNE flows. CAVIAR and NUKE AMPULES are proffered by scantily-clad WAITRESSES.

At a raised table sits DUFFY, ANGIE on one side, HOB on the other. ANGIE wears ROBO'S HELMET.

KONG stands. The crowd goes silent. A HUGE AMERICAN FLAG hangs behind KONG.

KONG

...Solidarity. Common ground.
You've heard them say it every time
they want to get elected. But it's
the politicians who tear our great
country apart--and it's the PEOPLE
who will pull it together.

KONG stabs a NUKE AMPULE to his palm. A CHEER goes up. KONG waves his hand, beaming. CROWD falls silent, all eyes on Kong.

KONG

UNITY. While the cops walk a picket
line, we move like a tidal wave
through neighborhood after
neighborhood and turn them into
Paradise. The garbage in the
streets, the rats, the filth, the
hunger and despair. Nuke puts an end
to all that. We're doing well by
doing good.

KONG stands behind DUFFY, massages his trapezius. Duffy's getting a little nervous.

KONG

UNITY. LOYALTY...SACRIFICE to the
common good. We stand together, or
we all hang separately; said...

ANGIE

Benjamin Franklin.

KONG

UNITY. LOYALTY. SACRIFICE--

KONG produces a wire GAROTTE, snaps it tight. DUFFY can't see it.

KONG

--the ties that bind.

CROWD reacts with eager anticipation.

DUFFY stares at the CROWD, not understanding. He moves to turn--ANGIE presses a finger to a nerve cluster at his wrist, pinning Duffy's hand to the table.

DUFFY moves to turn in the other direction--HOB pulls a NAIL GUN from his lap, fires a NAIL through Duffy's HAND, pinning it to the table.

DUFFY'S SCREAM is cut off as KONG whips the GAROTTE around his neck, twists it tight.

KONG

Duffy. He forgot the rules.

DUFFY gasps and chokes as KONG, puffing with the effort, keeps twisting, tightening the GAROTTE. A trickle of BLOOD as the garotte cuts the flesh of his neck.

ANGIE

Better stop. It'll come right off.

DUFFY turns red, gurgling, trying to thrash. KONG cups Duffy's cheeks in each hand, presses the back of Duffy's head to his chest. Puffing:

KONG

There's another saying. It was right on the tip of my tongue.

ANGIE

"Loose lips sink ships". That was Benjamin Franklin, too.

KONG

Yeah. Shove his face into a urinal and all of a sudden he forgets the RULES.

(smiles)

Go out there, friends. This is the time. If the cop strike lasts another week, we can have two-thirds of the city in our hands. But REMEMBER--always remember the RULES. UNITY. LOYALTY. SACRIFICE.

WILD CHEERS. APPLAUSE. NUKING UP. As an exhausted KONG sits next to ANGIE.

ANGIE

You all right?

KONG

Feel pretty good. Don't get a chance do do this kind of thing nearly enough.

DUFFY continues to writhe. His eyes roll back. HOB watches his death with a child's curiosity. CHEERING CONTINUES...

INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

LEWIS is moving through the locker area with a box taking a collection for ROBO. COPS are bantering with her as they make small donations.

COP 1

...won't even help ROBO? You know those OCP humps pulled that same shit with me when I hurt my knee. Said they were suspending medical benefits--

COP 2

What? you want a collection too, Stankowitz?

Another cop comes up.

COP 3

This for Robo?

LEWIS

I'm figuring if we've got the money to pay for it they got to give us the parts.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

the usual hubbub in the squad room. Cops talking, arguing.

WHITAKKER appears at the door. The room goes silent. Reed looks over from where he has just hung up the phone.

REED

Only working cops in here, Whitakker.

SOME COP

Back to your PICKET LINE, you fucking PUSSY!...

Whittaker steps through the abusing cops to Reed's desk. He takes a handful of money out of his pocket.

WHITTAKER

This for Murphy?

REED nods.

WHITTAKER

Tell him the guys on the line are thinking about him.

The cops in the squad room go silent as Whittaker puts money into the box and leaves.

INT. THE OLD MAN'S OFFICE - OCP

The OLD MAN stares out the window of his conference room at the city. Seltz is speaking and Faxx is seated in the background.

OLD MAN

I don't like it. I don't like having him down. They all love him, out there...

SELTZ

(excited)

And they're angry--quite useful to us, sir, until the foreclosure. A wave of public panic--and outrage--
(smiles)

--all directed at the city government.

OLD MAN

(shakes head)

If we don't fix ROBOCOP, we'll be their next target. This is no good.

SELTZ

(gets nervous)

Perhaps we could try to repair him, but...not do a great job...

OLD MAN

You're suggesting we fail? OCP must never seem incompetent, Donald.

FAXX speaks from the background.

FAXX

Perhaps it's possible to have it both ways, gentlemen.

The OLD MAN smiles and eagerly awaits her further explanation.

INT. OCP HEADQUARTERS - A CORRIDOR - DAY

LEWIS, head full of steam, a stack of PRINT-OUTS under her arm, charges past a hulking ED209. A nervous male RECEPTIONIST tries to keep pace with her, puffing.

RECEPTIONIST

I SAID you can't come IN here--
you're not CLEARED--

INSERT - ED209

jerks to life, MACHINE GUNS ready.

ED209

This-is-a-restricted-area. Please-
present-your-corporate-identity-
card. You-have five-seconds-to-
comply.

FOLLOW LEWIS

bubble gum popping as she stalks to a DOORWAY. To ED209:

LEWIS

Fuck off.

RECEPTIONIST

Out of your MIND--

ED209

You-now-have-two-seconds-to-comply.

LEWIS bangs through DOORS. RECEPTIONIST yells at ASSISTANTS.

RECEPTIONIST

For Christ sake shut that ED
down!...Shut it off!

THE NEXT ROOM

crowded with TECHNICIANS and ROBOT PARTS. ALL TURN from their robot-work as LEWIS and the RECEPTIONIST enter. ED209 GUNFIRE from the corridor makes everybody but Lewis jump.

TECHNICIAN

What's going on out there?

LEWIS

(to room)

Who the hell's in charge
here?...Come on. Who's in charge?

TECHNICIAN'S HEADS TURN as JULIETTE FAXX emerges from a DOORWAY, heels clicking on tile, smiling confidently. She shakes Lewis' hand.

FAXX

Good afternoon, officer. I'm Juliette Faxx.

INT. FAXX' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

spacious, with a stunning view of the skyline. Blue collar LEWIS sits uncomfortably, facing not-a-hair-out-of-place FAXX. A SECRETARY brings a glass of mineral water for FAXX; a coffee service for LEWIS. FAXX leafs through the printout.

FAXX

Quite a list. I had no idea the damage was so extensive.

LEWIS

We've collected money...If it's not enough we'll collect more.

FAXX

How much money?

LEWIS is a little sheepish.

LEWIS

A couple thousand bucks, but that's only from two precincts.

FAXX

I'm afraid a "couple thousand bucks" won't do it.

LEWIS starts out of her chair, an impending explosion.

LEWIS

Look, I'll get more. Tell me how much and I'll get it.

FAXX

Just relax. It won't be necessary.

Lewis settles a bit.

FAXX

(sudden warm smile)

I was able to convince my superiors that we could not abandon our company's finest achievement. You'll get the parts along with a crack technical team-- and a program update I'm preparing myself.

LEWIS she were alone, she'd cry. Genuinely grateful:

LEWIS

I don't know how to thank you. See
Murphy is my partner and...I just...
I don't know how to thank you.

FAXX nods with apparent understanding.

FAXX

We all love him, around here...I can
tell you feel something special
about him, yourself.

(smiles)

You're a very caring person. That's
much more important than grace or
intelligence.

LEWIS stares confused, sucker-punched, wanting to get angry but
unable. FAXX stands and takes LEWIS' hand, holding it as she
speaks.

FAXX

We'll begin tomorrow. Why don't you
start spreading the good word?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

SUNLIGHT silhouettes FAXX's exquisite figure as she paces,
addressing a table full of OCP BUREAUCRATS. NAME PLATES on the
table indicate their departments: Credibility Concepts,
Equality Concepts, Image Control Concepts, Cooperativity
Concepts.

FAXX

ROBOCOP's command program determines
the unit's behavior. I want to
update that program and I'd like to
hear from each of you.

A WOMAN raises her hand. As the BUREAUCRATS speak, FAXX
administrative assistant takes notes.

WOMAN

I've always thought that RoboCop
should relate more sympathetically
to women.

MAN

He's always making such harsh value
judgements--a value neutral RoboCop
is what we need.

2ND MAN

Is there any reason he couldn't take
a little time to address
environmental issues?...

INT. POLICE STATION - A CORRIDOR - DAY

REED paces quickly with Estevez beside him.

REED

...fucking MESS is what it is,
Estevez. City's totally unglued.
Brownlee just called from GROSSE
POINTE, begging for help.

ESTEVEZ

Grosse Pointe?...Jesus, that's a
money neighborhood. Since when do
they need...

REED

Two cops have been shot in the last
forty eight hours. Now that Nuke's
gotten there it's a jungle like
everywhere else.

They turn into the Robochamber.

INT. ROBOCHAMBER - DAY

Helmet off, ROBO touches his fingers each to the other, so fast
that they are a blur. The Techies are monitoring his progress
on a bank of computers.

REED enters in the background.

REED

I asked for a by the hour Update on
Murphy.

Before the Techies can answer;

ROBO

spins his gun and locks it into his holster

ROBO

Reporting for duty.

A techie's HANDS lower ROBO'S HELMET over his head, use a
RATCHET to drive the BOLTS home.

INT./EXT. CRUISER - PARKED

In the cruiser fat OFFICER JURGENS shouts to his partner, KELLER, who heads for the entrance of a DOUGHNUT SHOP. JURGENS keeps his hand cupped over the cruiser's communicator.

JURGENS
PISTACHIO TWIST. And a CREAM HORN.
(pause)
Make that TWO CREAM HORNS.

As KELLER nods and enters the shop, JURGENS speaks to the COMMUNICATOR, voice terse and professional.

JURGENS
...right, sergeant. Keller's with
the wife right now. Got pretty
rough in there...
(listens)
Yes, sir, we're pushing ourselves.
But that's the JOB...

INT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - FOLLOW KELLER

He passes a group of BOY SCOUTS of varying ages, tosses them a smile, nods to the TROOP LEADER, and heads to the COUNTER. A YOUNG BOY looks up at him admiringly as he orders.

KELLER
Yeah. I'll have two cream horns, a
pistachio twist, and two large
coffees to go...

As the SERVER starts wrapping the doughnuts:

YOUNG BOY SCOUT
You ever shoot somebody?

KELLER
(amused)
Not a question you ask a man, son.

BOY draws forth a .9 millimeter PISTOL, aims it at KELLER'S stomach. KELLER stares at it, horrified.

YOUNG BOY SCOUT
Ever took one in the belly, fucker?

BLAM!--KELLER drops to his knees, one hand clutching his stomach, the other drawing his REVOLVER.

An older EAGLE SCOUT leaps from a stool--

--and KICKS Keller's gun from his hand.

The TROOP LEADER--revealed as CATZO--swaggers up, aims a .45 AUTOMATIC at KELLER'S face. Casual, to other scouts:

CATZO

They always come in pairs. Get the partner.

INT. CRUISER - THE NEXT MOMENT - JURGENS

shouts to the COMMUNICATOR and draws his PISTOL at SOUND OF GUNSHOT.

JURGENS

Get me BACK-UP--officer DOWN at DOUGHNUT SHOP on CADILLAC under the FREEWAY--

JURGENS ducks as SHOTS RING OUT. BULLET HOLES appear at the cruiser's WINDOW.

EXT. DOUGHNUT SHOP PARKING LOT - JUST THEN

CRUISER SCREECHES BACKWARD as SCOUTS and CATZO open FIRE.

A CRUISER TIRE EXPLODES.

BULLETS rip across the CRUISER GRILL. STEAM BURSTS from the HOOD. The ENGINE DIES.

CRUISER rumbles to a stop in bagged GARBAGE stacked ten feet high.

AMIDST GARBAGE - JURGENS

scrambles from the CRUISER as BULLETS strike bagged garbage. Approaching, a POLICE SIREN WAILS.

ROBO'S CRUISER

ROARS across the PARKING LOT, LIGHTS flashing--

--to SCREECH to a stop right in front of the SCOUTS and CATZO, blocking their fire.

ROBO'S HAND

crashes out through the CRUISER WINDOW and grabs CATZO by the face.

EXT./INT. CRUISER - CLOSE ON ROBO

framed by the shattered window.

ROBO

There are children present.

EXT. CRUISER

ROBO'S HAND heaves CATZO backward--

--THROUGH the glass STOREFRONT.

LEWIS tumbles from the driver's side, PISTOL ready, WHIRLS at the SOUND of a CAR DOOR OPENING--

--It's another NUKEHEAD, leaping from the scout's VAN, cocking an UZI--

--LEWIS FIRES, dropping the NUKEHEAD with a shot between the eyes.

ROBOVISION - THAT MOMENT

SCAN the BOY SCOUTS as they break into a run. The YOUNGEST looks over his shoulder at you, frightened TEARS forming. FLASHING: CHILDREN PRESENT ROLE MODEL MODE SCROLLING: DIRECTIVE 7: PROMOTE CIVIC PRIDE DIRECTIVE 9: RESTRAIN HOSTILE FEELINGS DIRECTIVE 14: SEEK NON-VIOLENT SOLUTIONS

EXT. LOT

ROBO corners three of the terrified SCOUTS amidst GARBAGE. They eye each other as ROBO lectures them.

ROBO

Hostility breeds negativity. A pro-social attitude is necessary for good feelings. We've all got to live with each other.

SCOUT

Shit--he's fucked UP--

ROBO collars the SCOUT and lifts him from his feet as the other SCOUTS scatter, getting away.

ROBO

That sort of language makes for...bad feelings.

LEWIS (V.O.)

MURPHY--

ROBO wheels, releasing the SCOUT, to SEE

LEWIS at the shattered STOREFRONT, pointing at the fleeing SCOUTS. She's livid. In b.g. CATZO rises from the shattered glass. LEWIS doesn't notice him.

LEWIS

--they're getting AWAY! What the hell is wrong with you?

WHAM!--CATSO slam-tackles LEWIS to the pavement, keeps her down with a brutal PUNCH. CATSO rises to SEE

ROBO clank toward him.

INSERT - ROBO'S PISTOL

snaps from his thigh holster--then WITHDRAWS before ROBO can grab it.

EXT. LOT - JUST THEN

ROBO pauses, startled. LEWIS lies on her back, groggy, her mouth bloody. CATSO begins to realize that Robo has problems.

ROBOVISION - WALKING

CATSO's starting to laugh. Track him as he heads for the truck. DOZENS OF DIRECTIVES scroll by, obscuring view.

EXT. LOT

LEWIS WATCHES as

CATSO, cackling, passes the CORPSE of his COMRADE and leaps to the VAN.

ROBO walks to the CORPSE, lifts it by its collar.

The VAN tears away. LEWIS RISES, fires a SHOT at the fleeing van.

LEWIS rushes to ROBO, frantic, furious, as ROBO speaks to the CORPSE.

LEWIS

For Christ's sake--we HAD him--a damn COP KILLER--

ROBO

(to corpse)

You are under arrest.

LEWIS

(livid)

He's dead, Murphy. You're reading fucking MIRANDA to a CORPSE!

ROBO

(to corpse)

You have the right to remain silent.

LEWIS' fury fades to pale worry.

LEWIS
I think he will...

MATCH CUT:

INT. CRUISER - MOVING SLOWLY - LATER

Her expression unchanged as ROBO drives:

LEWIS
...he was heading toward the Edsel
Ford E-Way--punch it on Warren to
Chalmers and we've got a
chance...hit the GAS, Murphy...

ROBO
The posted limit is thirty-five,
Anne.

ROBOVISION - LEWIS

She's stunned to be called by her first name--then her eyes
narrow as she starts to put it together...

LEWIS
They did something to you. To your
mind. Fucked you up.

DIRECTIVES SCROLL, filling view, then form columns, too small
to read.

INT. CRUISER

ROBO smiles at her, an awkward robot's smile.

ROBO
I'm fine...your hair looks lovely,
that way.

LEWIS
Thanks...

ROBO
And isn't the moon pretty tonight?

LEWIS
It's still daytime.

ROBO
It's the thought that counts.

LEWIS

Oh, Jesus...Look, Murphy, we're heading back to the station. That's all there is to--

ROBO slams on the brakes. LEWIS' face hits the dashboard. She glowers at ROBO as he exits.

EXT. STREET - A MOMENT LATER

A CIGARETTE SMOKER falls back against a wall, dropping his CIGARETTE to the ground as SIX SHOTS form a perfect circle of bullet holes around his head.

ROBO uncocks his smoking PISTOL.

ROBO

Thank you for not smoking.

ROBO clanks away. LEWIS rushes up to the SMOKER.

LEWIS

I'm really sorry. He's not himself.
(shouts at robo)
WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING?

ROBO turns.

ROBO

Somewhere there is a negative attitude developing.

LEWIS rushes after him.

INT. KONG'S LIVING QUARTERS - CLOSE ON TV MONITOR

showing HAND-HELD FOOTAGE of ROBO clanking to a group of CHILDREN playing around an open FIRE HYDRANT. ROBO twists the hydrant closed with his hand, lectures the children.

ROBO

Conserving our natural resources is everybody's job. You can't make an omelet without breaking a few...
(realizes he's making no sense)
...eggs.

KIDS SQUEAL and GIGGLE. ROBO turns, looks over his shoulder. Some BRAT has just sprayed KICK ME on his back.

BRAT

Go fuck a refrigerator, pecker neck.

ROBO collars the BRAT, lifts him high.

ROBO
Hostility and harsh language are a
breeding ground for negative--

as the BRAT sprays PAINT across his visor.

LONI HIROHITO AT HER DESK speaks with a degree of compassion.

LONI HIROHITO
...Neither police nor officials at
OCP are willing to comment on the
exact status of ROBOCOP...But
clearly something is wrong.

Laughter can be heard over the scene.

PULL BACK

...Laughter continues. A TV plays in the background while HOB,
wearing a kid's ROBOCOP helmet and holding a toy gun, imitates
(rather effectively) ROBO'S voice and moves.

HOB
(pretends to shoot
somebody)
I'm sorry sir, but the white zone is
for the loading and unloading of
passengers only.(shoots another) No
Parking.

Kong, Angie, Catzo and others howl. In the background people
are working at a bank of computer monitors.

KONG
Okay, fun time's over. Now it's back
to work. We're moving out of River
Rouge.

CATZO
Why? We got everything we need
here.

KONG
It's old and dirty and I don't like
it.

ANGIE
Cops know where we are. Strike
won't last forever. Nothing lasts
forever.

KONG
(smiles)
Benjamin Franklin.

ANGIE nods, her smile as lethal as it is sexy.

EXT. A NUKE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A street of half abandoned buildings. The walls are sprayed with "NUKE" graffiti and people loiter "nuked out" in the street. Suddenly the locals stir, inspired.

KONG'S LIMOUSINE

rolls around the corner. CHEERS from a CLERK manning a FRUIT STAND; from an OLD WOMAN who breaks from her knitting and rises, almost crying, mouthing the name "Kong" as if it were a prayer.

Kong's limo is followed by a car load of henchmen and three Pittson armored cars carrying his money. They pass CHEERING LOCALS.

A BOY trots beside his car and nukes up.

NUKEHEAD BOY

Mom says we'd be STARVING if it
wasn't for YOU...

The LIMO ROOF folds back, telescoping in on itself, the world's first hard top convertible. A CHEER FROM THE CROWD, his name:

KONG

stands and waves double V's for victory from the sun roof. In this area he is king. He raises ANGIE to stand beside him and share his glory.

She falls against him, looks at his face, devoted.

EXT. ABANDONED PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - DAY

KONG'S LIMO leads a CARAVAN to the gate of a large modern pharmaceutical factory.

A SIGN ON THE GATE

featuring the E-Z SLEEP LOGO is blocked by another reading "For Lease". HOB'S HANDS rip the FOR LEASE sign away.

KONG'S LIMO

leads the caravan to the Promised Land.

INT. E-Z SLEEP FACTORY - DAY

It's deserted. Acres of empty space and an array of drug making equipment. Dots against the expanse:

KONG

It's set. In two days we can be making enough nuke to supply the world. We're going to make "Made in America" mean something again.

EXT. STATION HOUSE - THE PICKET LINE - DAY

COPS carry PICKETS in glum cadence. SCUTTLEBUTT passes from COP to COP...

1ST COP

Punched out Casey for using bad language. The fucker's crazy.

STEF

Way I figure it's one less scab. And one less scab means they'll cave in that much quicker.

2ND COP

Hey, Robo's no scab.

STEF

He works while we walk the fucking sidewalk for our rights.

2ND COP

He's a fucking ROBOT, Stef. They TELL him what to DO.

STEF

So how is it he can go CRAZY, smart ass? How the fuck's a ROBOT go CRAZY?

(pauses, confident)

Fucking scab is what he is.

INT. ROBOCHAMBER - DAY

ROBO sits in his chair, connected to the CHAMBER by a CABLE running from the base of his skull to the wall. AKITA stares at a monitor, startled.

HUNDREDS OF DIRECTIVES

scroll up the screen.

AKITA

I can't believe this. Those sons of bitches...

LEWIS

What?...What is all that stuff?

AKITA

New directives. To the command system. Hundreds of them. He must be going out of his mind...

LEWIS nods, starts putting it together.

LEWIS

So these directives--they're making him crazy...

(reads monitor)

"Avoid conflict"... "Participate in group activities"...

AKITA

It's not like he can just say no. They've PUT all this nonsense in his BRAIN. He HAS to OBEY.

LEWIS

Take them out. All of them.

AKITA and GARCIA exchange frightened glances.

LEWIS

Come on--whose side are you on?

AKITA does some quick computations, shakes his head, overwhelmed.

AKITA

I don't think we can do it.

LEWIS GLARES at AKITA, then GARCIA. She's not yet lost her temper...

GARCIA

It's a huge risk. We're talking about CRASHING his COMMAND PROGRAM.

AKITA puts a fatherly arm around LEWIS' shoulder.

AKITA

He could die.

GARCIA

It's his COMMAND PROGRAM--the closest thing the unit has to a personal IDENTITY. We take it away and...

AKITA

...God know what it would do. It
could shut down his life
support...it could leave him a
zombie. I just don't know.

LEWIS looks at ROBO; he's as blank as a coma victim. LEWIS
whirls, defiant.

LEWIS

There's more man in him than you
know. It's worth the chance. If
you're afraid to do it yourselves--
(they are)
--show me how. I'll do it.

AKITA rolls his chair back, bowing out.

AKITA

Sorry. No. This could be my
career.

LEWIS wheels, glares at GARCIA.

INTERCUT GARCIA, LEWIS, AND SCREEN

Garcia looks at Lewis for a beat, then she types. "Erase
prosocial *.*"

When she has finished a computer beeper sounds and a warning
flashes on the screen.

Garcia looks at LEWIS.

GARCIA

The command is set. You push this
to enter it.

Lewis moves to the keyboard. She studies the keys, then reaches
out. Suddenly there is the sound of;

ROBO

rises from his chair and steps toward them. Lewis turns to see
Robo's interfacing SPIKE snap from the back of his hand.

GARCIA

God--it's some kind of DEFENSE
PROGRAM--don't get NEAR him--

LEWIS doesn't budge. There is an instant when it seems he
might stab her.

Then he stabs the SPIKE into the access port of the machine and
twists.

INTERCUT ROBO AND SCREEN

The warning beeper goes to a higher pitch and the graphic "ERASING" appears on the screen.

Robo trembles, his face contorts with the effects of the erasure. His mouth opens and there is a soft cry and he sinks to his knees.

The beeper stops and the light flashes "DEPROGRAMMED".

INT. ROBOCHAMBER - THAT MOMENT

He is silent. Lewis speaks.

LEWIS

Murphy.

ROBO quakes. THUNDER CRACKS...

PREMONITION

Back to the JUNKYARD. ROBO lies still, wakens to the sound of

MURPHY'S SON (V.O)

Wake UP, Dad--

MURPHY'S SON, desperate, drenched with rain, pulls at his arm.

MURPHY'S SON (CONT.)

--get UP--I NEED you, Dad--I NEED
you--

INT. ROBOCHAMBER

ROBO'S HAND reaches up to grab LEWIS by the arm. He rises, himself again.

ROBO

We'll need back up.

ROBO stalks off. Her glance confused, LEWIS follows.

LEWIS

(mutter)

Back up?...

EXT. STATION HOUSE - PICKET LINE - MOMENTS LATER

An argument in progress:

WHITAKKER

I'm SAYING I can't STAND, it Stef!
You KNOW I'm with you, but SHIT--
broad DAYLIGHT and they ice KELLER!

STEF

It's TOUGH, man--it's tearing me
APART--but we go back on the JOB and
we're fucking our OWN--

WHITAKKER

You're so full of shit. Keller's
lying in the MORGUE and you're
talking about--

STEF

You want to walk, you WALK,
Whitakker. UNION will FRY you...

His voice fades at sounds of a COMMOTION to the side.

EXT. STATION HOUSE ENTRANCE - JUST THEN

ROBO stalks through the doorway, paces past the COPS, scanning
them.

ROBO

Are you cops?

ANGLE - WHITAKKER, STEF, OTHER COPS

STEF

What is this shit?

CONFUSED MURMURS from the crowd. ROBO walks from COP to COP,
his jaw set.

ROBO

Are...you...COPS?

SOME COP

What the fuck do we look like, Robo?

ANOTHER COP

Shit, he's still crazy...

STEF

What's he talking about?

WHITAKKER

You know that as well as I do, Stef.
(raises voice)
Yeah, Robo. We're still cops.

With a commanding wave:

ROBO

We get Kong. Tonight.

ROBO clanks away, toward the GARAGE. WHITAKKER drops his PICKET SIGN to the sidewalk and follows. OTHER COPS join him with cries of "Hell, yes, we're still cops!"

STEF remains with a handful of picketers, losing his nerve. SOUND of APPROACHING CAR.

STEF

Union'll CRUCIFY you guys...they got a LIST...

NUKEHEAD (V.O.)

TASTE test...first one's FREE...

THE NUKEHEADS IN THEIR CAR

go from sarcasm to total terror as

STEF

wheels, his face split by a malicious grin. He tosses his PICKET SIGN away.

EXT. NUKEHEAD CAR - FOLLOW STEF

The nearest NUKEHEAD tries to roll up his window, too late--

STEF slams the NUKEHEAD's face against the steering wheel, yanks him from the car, pins him across the hood, wrenching his arm behind his back. NUKE AMPULES tumble from the car. With endless pleasure:

STEF

You are under arrest. You have the right to remain SILENT...

STEF jerks the nukehead's arm, almost breaking it. The NUKEHEAD begins to SCREAM...his scream is drowned out by the rising WAIL of POLICE SIRENS...

EXT. STREET - A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

...SIREN WAILS CONTINUE. KIDS lined up by an ICE CREAM TRUCK point excitedly as

SQUAD CARS screech around corners at either end of the block.

The two NUKEHEADS manning the TRUCK pull PISTOLS from under the counter. KIDS scatter with SHRIEKS.

One KID is jostled by others. A SCOOP of ICE CREAM tumbles from his CONE.

The SCOOP strikes the PAVEMENT. A FOOT squashes the SCOOP. NUKE AMPULES ooze from the ice cream.

SQUAD CARS SCREECH to a stop. NUKEHEADS aim their PISTOLS, think better of it as a DOZEN COPS pile out of the squad cars, PISTOLS drawn.

LEWIS steps forward, grabs the PISTOLS, hands them to ESTEVEZ.

LEWIS

Stillson and Varley could use these.
Pass them along.

(to nukeheads)

Thanks for the contribution. Kong's moved his operation, so any information you could give us would be greatly appreciated.

NUKEHEAD

Fuck you...

LEWIS

Such language...

LEWIS collars the NUKEHEAD and drags him to a SQUAD CAR to slam his face against the WINDOW.

LEWIS

You can talk to me--or talk to my PARTNER, pal.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR WINDOW

His face smeared against the window, the NUKEHEAD finds himself face to face with ROBO. His voice inaudible, he begins to talk...

EXT. STREET - LATER

PAN PAST a collection of SQUAD CARS, CIVILIAN CARS, and the ICE CREAM TRUCK. All are filled with COPS.

ANGLE - THE ICE CREAM TRUCK

a cheerful STEF drives.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

SQUAD CARS are parked around the old warehouse. SHOTS RING OUT, then cease.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Another sweat shop style NUKE packaging operation. ESTEVEZ cuffs GUARDS on their knees against the wall as LEWIS hands ASSAULT RIFLES to COPS.

LEWIS

Plenty to go around, boys...

VARLEY and STEF emerge from another room hauling a huge CRATE.

VARLEY

Check this out.

They dump the CRATE to the floor and tear the lid off. It's full of AMMUNITION.

STEF

Three more like it out back. Enough BULLETS to fight a WAR.

LEWIS

That's the idea.

COPS head out, leaving the helpless GUARDS cuffed ankles to knees.

ONE GUARD

HEY--we TOLD you where the fucking LAB is--

ANOTHER GUARD

--you CAN'T just LEAVE us like this!
HEY--

EXT. STREET - NUKE NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

A COMMOTION among the street NUKEHEADS as an adolescent BOY rushes down the street, spreading the word:

BOY NUKEHEAD

COPS--must be TWO DOZEN squad cars
and they're coming this WAY--

DISTANT SIRENS APPROACH. A WOMAN rushes down a STOOP, an UZI in her hands.

WOMAN NUKEHEAD

After KONG--they're after the NUKE--

SIRENS CLOSER. A stocky CLERK manning a FRUIT STAND hauls forth a pump action SHOTGUN.

CLERK NUKEHEAD

Over my god damn dead BODY...

INT./EXT. ROBO'S SQUAD CAR - PAST LEWIS AND ROBO

as they drive into the NUKE NEIGHBORHOOD. The streets are nearly deserted. ROBO drives. LEWIS consults a MAP.

LEWIS

This is a nukehead neighborhood.
They haven't seen cops here for
awhile...

THROUGH WINDSHIELD LEWIS SEES an OLD WOMAN rush toward the squad car, waving one arm wildly. ROBO slows the car...

LEWIS

Careful...

ANGLE - LEWIS

suddenly alarmed.

LEWIS

...oh, Christ--MURPHY--

EXT. STREET - THE OLD WOMAN

her face twisted in a savage snarl, heaves a HAND GRENADE toward the SQUAD CAR.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - ROBO'S HAND

reaches from the side window and FIRES HIS PISTOL.

INTERCUT ROBO AND GRENADE

Robo's bullet strikes the GRENADE a glancing blow, kicking it high into the air--

ROBO FIRES--striking the GRENADE dead on. GRENADE EXPLODES, harmlessly.

ROBO wrenches the steering wheel, swerving--

EXT. STREET - JUST THEN

ROBO'S SQUAD CAR SWERVES, barely missing the OLD WOMAN, who pulls a .45 AUTOMATIC from her purse and fires rounds at the CRUISER, in combat stance.

INT. CRUISER - MOVING FAST - LEWIS

recoils as a BULLET rips through the car door to strike her ARM. Not missing a beat, she tears her sleeve off and whips a TOURNIQUET around her arm, does a quick job of bandaging the wound.

LEWIS
S'okay. Clean. Went right through.

GARBAGE SPLATS across the WINDSHIELD, momentarily obscuring view.

EXT. STREET - NUKEHEADS ATTACK

- pouring GARBAGE from WINDOWS across the police caravan;
- firing RIFLES and heaving GRENADES from ROOFTOPS;
- leaping from behind STOOPS and parked CARS, throwing BRICKS and firing GUNS.

ANGLE - A GRENADE

flies through the air to bound across the WINDSHIELD of one CRUISER--

--and bound across PAVEMENT--

--to clatter between the WHEELS of another CRUISER.

CRUISER EXPLODES. CHEERS from the NUKEHEADS.

ANGLE - WHITAKKER

wrenches his steering wheel, lit by blazing O.S. cruiser.

WHITAKKER
NELSON--DAMN IT--

WIDE SHOT - THE CARAVAN

moves on. FIRING CONTINUES...

INT. ROBO'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING FAST

FIRING DWINDLES to a stop. LEWIS refers to the MAP; there's some of her blood on it.

LEWIS
It's the old E-Z Sleep
Pharmaceuticals lab--coming right up
just this side of Pingree Park.

ROBO swings open the car DOOR.

ROBO
Take the wheel.

EXT. LAB ROOF - NUKEHEADS

gather, RIFLES ready. A LOOKOUT scans the distance with high-tech BINOCULARS.

NUKEHEAD LOOKOUT

Units three through seven--a fucking
army of cops and they've got
artillery--coming up fast on
Fischer--

LOOKOUT'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Scan from SQUAD CAR to ICE CREAM TRUCK to ROBO, crouched on the top of his SQUAD CAR.

LOOKOUT (V.O.) (CONT.)

--oh, shit.

ROBO FIRES. VIEW SHATTERS as the bullet hits the binocular lens.

BACK TO THE ROOF - THE LOOKOUT

sprawls backward, the back of his head blown away. OTHER NUKEHEADS OPEN FIRE.

THE POLICE CARAVAN

suffers a RAIN OF BULLETS. SQUAD CARS swerve, accelerate.

INT. ROBO'S SQUAD CAR - LEWIS

winces as a BULLET cuts a tiny scarlet streak across her cheek. WINDSHIELD is spider-webbed by BULLET HOLES, nearly opaque.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - ROBO

keeps his balance faultlessly, fires SHOT after SHOT. BULLETS rip the car's rooftop LIGHTS to pieces.

EXT. ROOF - NUKEHEADS

continue firing. Some collapse, shot.

THE POLICE CARAVAN

crashes through a chain-link FENCE and roars toward the lab's LOADING DOCK. NUKEHEADS exchange fire with COPS as the SQUAD CARS pull to a stop.

INT. LAB - JUST THEN

GUNFIRE ECHOES. KONG stuffs a SUITCASE full of JEWELRY and hands it to ANGIE while addressing CHECKERS and CATSO.

KONG

Hold the line as long as you can.
We'll meet you at...where's Hob?

Glances from each. No sign of HOB. SOUNDS of TRUCK ENGINES.

ANGIE

The MONEY.

KONG

That little SHIT. He DIES.

EXT. LOADING DOCK

The gun battle continues--then the NUKEHEADS scatter as the MONEY TRUCKS crash from the LOADING DOCK and screech out.

INT. TRUCK CAB - HOB

spins the wheel and floors the accelerator. It's a stretch; his foot barely reaches the gas pedal.

EXT. LOADING DOCK

LEWIS leaps to her SQUAD CAR, shouts at ESTEVEZ.

LEWIS

ESTEVEZ--time for some of that fancy
shooting you're always bragging
about.

ESTEVEZ climbs in and the SQUAD CAR peels out after the fleeing TRUCKS.

ROBO glances over his shoulder at them and walks toward the LAB. STEF and WHITAKKER sidle up to him, carrying clear hardplastic UZIS.

ROBO

Hold back for ten minutes. This
could be...messy.

ROBO takes their UZIS and enters the LAB.

INT. LAB - ROBO

enters just as the LIGHTS die. He scans from side to side.

ROBOVISION - THERMOGRAPH

HEAT IMAGES of NUKEHEADS, including CATSO, GILLETTE, and CHECKERS circle, hiding amongst LAB EQUIPMENT.

INT. LAB - ROBO

voice echoing in the huge, dark place...

ROBO
Come and get it, scum.

GILLETTE

fires a BURST from his ASSAULT RIFLE and CHARGES, ripping the pin from a GRENADE with his teeth. ROBO holds his ground, waiting--then FIRES a burst from his UZI--

--the GRENADE EXPLODES, still in Gillette's HAND. It takes Gillette's arm away.

A WIRE NOOSE

whips through the air to ROBO'S NECK.

CATSO

emerges from the shadows, yanking at the wire.

ROBO

clatters to the FLOOR, dropping the UZIS, clutching at his neck. SPARKS erupt from his neck as the wire bites in.

ROBO rises to one knee, teeth gritted, and yanks the WIRE, pulling CATSO toward him.

CATSO leaps in mid-air, drawing a huge BAYONET--

--CATSO crashes across ROBO, stabbing the BAYONET into Robo's chest. FLUID spurts.

ROBO lifts CATSO from him and rises, lifting CATSO high, and THROWS him--

CATSO crashes into LAB EQUIPMENT and takes a bath in NUKE.

ZAP!--CHECKERS' TASER stabs into ROBO's back. ROBO jerks as SHOCK after SHOCK rips through him. He can't reach the wire.

CHECKERS

twists his cuff, increasing the voltage, cackling--then stares horrified as

ROBO

rips the BAYONET from his chest and advances, staggering. ROBO grabs the WIRE, fights the shocks, tugs CHECKERS toward him.

CHECKERS struggles to get his cuff off, too late--

ROBO yanks the WIRE, dragging CHECKERS to his chest. They fall together to the floor.

CHECKERS draws forth a GRENADE--before he can pull the pin ROBO jams the BAYONET through his chest.

GRENADE clatters across the floor. DEATH RATTLE.

ROBO rises from CHECKERS, shaky but determined. He turns to SEE

CATSO, awash in NUKE, vomiting blood, eyes melting, dying in ecstasy.

CATSO

Fuck. Fuck it's GREAT...

ROBO stares into the darkness, scanning.

ROBO

Just you and me, Kong.

EXT. STREETS - THE MONEY TRUCKS

tear through the NUKE NEIGHBORHOOD, chased by LEWIS' SQUAD CAR.

EXT. BACK OF MONEY TRUCK

The last of the bunch. NUKEHEADS fire ASSAULT RIFLES at Lewis' car.

INT. LEWIS' SQUAD CAR - MOVING FAST

LEWIS drives. ESTEVEZ aims a SNIPER RIFLE through the now-demolished WINDSHIELD, curses as the squad car hits a BUMP, jostling him.

ESTEVEZ

No GOOD--we got the SPEED but they--

LEWIS

Excuses, excuses...

cut off as GUNFIRE from the truck rips across the squad car.

LEWIS

Got to be a way--ESTEVEZ!

ESTEVEZ slumps in his seat, BLOOD flowing from his chest.

LEWIS swings the wheel, her glare murderous.

EXT. STREET - LEWIS' SQUAD CAR

SCREECHES into a narrow ALLEY.

EXT. BACK OF MONEY TRUCK

NUKEHEADS give a triumphant cry.

INT. ALLEY - LEWIS' SQUAD CAR

showers SPARKS as it scrapes the side of the narrow ALLEY. It makes a TURN, banking off a WALL and heads straight for ANOTHER WALL of crumbling brick.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING FAST

LEWIS squints--too late to stop--

--and FLOORS it.

INT. CRUMBLING TENEMENT - A NUKEHEAD FAMILY

scatters with SHRIEKS as the WALL EXPLODES and LEWIS' SQUAD CAR tears through their LIVING ROOM, accelerating. DUST falls in sheets.

EXT. TENEMENT STOOP

An old NUKEHEAD leaps from the steps as LEWIS' SQUAD CAR erupts from the tenement ENTRANCE and slams down the steps to the STREET--

--to SMASH into the side of the last MONEY TRUCK.

EXT. STREET

- LEWIS tumbles from the SQUAD CAR, SNIPER RIFE ready;

- The MONEY TRUCK slides on its side;

- NUKEHEADS crash to the STREET--one doesn't get back up--the others try to flee;

- LEWIS downs one fleeing NUKEHEAD, pivots, FIRES AGAIN;

- the DRIVER tumbles from the cab;

LEWIS turns to SEE

A TORRENT OF CASH

millions of dollars, pour from the back of the TRUCK and scatter to the four winds.

ANGLE - LEWIS

Battered, startled by the king's fortune at her feet:

LEWIS

Jesus...

EXT. STREET

A SHOTGUN BLAST--LEWIS flees to shadows as the FRUIT STAND CLERK fires BLAST after BLAST.

EXT. LAB - ROBO

walks to the side of a large HANGAR, tracking the growing ROAR of a HELICOPTER ENGINE.

ROBO walks to the closed HANGAR DOOR, then steps backward as the DOOR RISES to reveal

A KRUPP-GREENFELD PEACEMAKER

The next word in assault copters, huge and magnificent. A custom job of NEON TUBING decorates its front reading NUKE ME TWICE. It rises--and roars FORWARD at ROBO--

NAPALM sprays from its belly, enveloping ROBO as it passes over him.

ROBO sprawls, aflame, rises as the flames die to SEE

the PEACEMAKER roar across the lot, low to the ground--and PIVOT for another pass.

INT. COPTER

KONG mans the controls, ANGIE at his side. To COPTER:

KONG

Turn around. Stay low. Target the tin man.

The copter obeys. KONG looks around the cockpit, beaming.

KONG

Hit him. The works. Rockets. Guns. All the good stuff.

INSERT - EXT. COPTER

ROCKETS fly. MACHINE GUNS pivot from the side, firing.

EXT. LOT - ROBO

is tossed through the air by massive EXPLOSIONS--then riddled by MACHINE GUN FIRE.

ROBO rises, FIRES the UZIS--the BULLETS ricochet harmlessly from the copter's hull.

The COPTER bears down on ROBO, low to the ground, charging.

INSERT - ROBO'S PISTOL

snaps from his THIGH HOLSTER to his hand. BULLETS strike everywhere, tearing at his armor.

WIDE SHOT

ROBO faces the onrushing COPTER, takes aim. BULLETS fly everywhere.

ROBOVISION - THERMOGRAPH

TARGET one heat source, then the next, on the COPTER. No good. There's too many. You can't find Kong.

Down there--the NAPALM, building up for a charge...

EXT. LOT - ROBO

throws his PISTOL away, stands calmly, jerking a bit as the bullets strafe him.

The COPTER roars toward him. He doesn't duck.

INT. COPTER - KONG

leers wildly--then JERKS at a sudden IMPACT.

EXT. LOT

The NAPALM splatters and blazes across pavement. ROBO is nowhere in sight.

INT. COPTER - RISING, VEERING

KONG looks from side to side, trying to find ROBO. Where'd he go? ANGIE SHRIEKS as:

ROBO'S HAND appears at the WINDSHIELD, fingers cracking glass. WINDSHIELD EXPLODES.

ROBO CRASHES across KONG.

WIDE SHOT

The COPTER spirals downward to rip itself to pieces across the lot.

COPS rush forward to stare at the blazing wreckage. No sign of life, until...

METAL SHRIEKS. ROBO, burnt black but otherwise intact, rises from the wreckage. KONG, a burnt, bloody mess, barely alive, tries to embrace the dead husk of ANGIE. His voice a gurgle:

KONG

Angie...

ROBO lifts KONG by his collar, brings him close.

CLOSE ON ROBO

battered, his mouth bloody, his face burnt.

ROBO

Good bye.

CLOSE ON KONG

One last hiss. His eyes burn hatefully, then roll back.

WIDE SHOT

ROBO drops KONG back into the wreckage as COPS move toward him.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

KONG, critically burned, his body a broken mess lies in intensive care. A TUBE runs from his neck; a VENTILATOR breathes for him with sickeningly regular mechanical breaths.

A figure steps to the side of his bed.

KONG'S EYES

roll to see JULIETTE FAXX staring down at him. She smiles.

KONG'S EYES widen as;

A HAND

goes to the ventilator adjustment and turns the dial down. The breaths slow. There is spasmodic activity in the body, twitching, convulsive movements, as KONG dies.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

ROBO walks beside LEWIS along the corridor toward the motor pool. He has been shaped up after his last ordeal, but a few scars are still showing.

As they emerge into the motor pool and start toward a unit a young COP calls out to them.

COP

Hey, Murphy,...Wait.

LEWIS and ROBO pause.

COP

Reed wants to see you in his office.

LEWIS looks with curiosity.

LEWIS

What's going on?

COP

Dunno', he wants Murphy on his own.

ROBO listens, then walks toward the tunnel.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY

ROBO approaches the frosted glass enclosure that surrounds the offices. Glancing through the rippled glass of a waiting area, he slows his pace at the sight of:

A WOMAN seated inside, her features distorted by the glass beyond recognition.

After staring for a beat through the ripple glass, he opens the door and looks in, reacting to;

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

MURPHY'S WIFE looks up from a chair directly opposite the door. She studies ROBO intently. First with curiosity, then with growing recognition.

ROBO steps slowly inside, staring at her.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Oh, God. Oh God, Alex. What have they done to you?

ROBO stares at her saying nothing.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Don't you know me?

She gets up from the chair.

MURPHY'S WIFE

You have to know me. Tell me they
didn't take that away. Alex.

As she approaches Robo almost reaches out for her then he steps
back. His voice is firm, but there is a slight trace of tremor
when he speaks.

ROBO

I'm sorry...I don't know you.

MURPHY'S WIFE

(almost shouts)

No!...I don't believe that. You have
to know me.

(begins sobbing)

You have to know me, I'm your wife.

She grabs at his arms as her attorney DELANEY, middle-aged
avuncular, Irish-American, comes in from the other room
followed by REED, and HOLZGANG, a tough young lawyer from OCP.

Delaney gently separates her from ROBO.

DELANEY

It's alright, Mrs. Murphy...

(to Holzang)

For Christ' sake how did this
happen? You said she wouldn't have
to see him.

HOLZGANG

He walked into the wrong office,
it's not my fault.

MURPHY'S WIFE looks at REED, a familiar face.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Tom, it's true, isn't it? That's
Alex.

REED

Come on Mary, let me get you some
coffee.

DELANEY

Go on, now. Mrs. Murphy...I'll fill
you in later on everything.

Murphy's wife reluctantly leaves with REED. DELANEY faces ROBO.

DELANEY

My name is Bill Delaney, I'm an attorney. My client is your...is the widow of a police officer Alex Murphy.

Delaney looks at Murphy.

DELANEY

Are you Alex Murphy?

HOLZGANG

Don't answer that. I'm representing you for OCP. Say nothing. Understand? Nothing.

DELANEY

Did you try to contact Alex Murphy's son, Jimmy?

HOLZGANG

Do not answer.

ROBO

Yes. I did.

HOLZGANG

Shit. Will you shut up?

ROBO now turns on Holzgang and takes his head in his hand. Holzgang's eyes go wide with fear.

ROBO

No. I will not shut up.

He releases Holzgang who stumbles backward adjusting his tie. Delaney faces ROBO with obvious compassion.

DELANEY

I'd be the last one to ever come between a man and his son. But being what you are now, you must understand...it just could never be...

ROBO

I cannot be a father to my boy.

DELANEY

I know that Alex Murphy wants what's best for his wife and child.

HOLZGANG

This is not Alex Murphy...Certain neurological matter from Murphy's corpse was used, under an organ transplant agreement, by OCP.

(points at ROBO)

If you try to prove otherwise, all pension benefits to Murphy's widow and son will be discontinued. They'll get nothing.

ROBO looks at the men.

DELANEY

When someone tried to contact my client...Perhaps it was just a mistake. That would probably be the best for all concerned.

When he answers he speaks to Delaney.

ROBO

Yes. Tell Mrs. Murphy it was a... mistake. Make her understand that Alex Murphy is dead.

DELANEY

(nods)

I will. I promise. And thank you.

Delaney leaves. Holzgang speaks.

HOLZGANG

OCP will want a taped deposition...to the effect that something like this won't happen again...Wait--

ROBO ignores him and walks out of the office. Holzgang calls out as ROBO walks away.

HOLZGANG

I'm not through talking to you.

INT. A CLOAK ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Robo enters a room where old uniforms and cleaning equipment is stored. He crosses to a window and looks out.

ROBOVISON

Delaney can be seen leaving the station with MURPHY'S WIFE. He helps her into his car.

ANGLE ROBO

watches as it pulls away.

TELETHON

A ONE MAN BAND

plays "Yankee Doodle Dandy" on a stage in front of rows of telephones. A banner at the back of the stage reads; "Save our city telethon"

As the ONE MAN BAND finishes with a flourish, MAYOR KUZAK steps from the wings applauding. GRAPHIC: DIAL 1-800-OUR TOWN VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED

MAYOR KUZAK

Joe Brindisi folks, the biggest little orchestra in the world...You got to love this guy. He came out for Detroit, now you come out for him.

JOE BRINDISI is led off stage.

MAYOR KUZAK

..The lines are open, waiting for your pledge. Whether it's a dollar, five dollars, twenty,...A hundred. Whatever you can give please give because...

One of the telephone people stands and waves. A loud buzzer goes off.

MAYOR KUZAK

Hey hey hey, we got one. Any pledge of over a hundred dollars gets to speak to me personally.

A phone is brought out to the Mayor.

MAYOR KUZAK

Yes, sir, hello, this is mayor Kuzak. Please turn down your set...

INT. A FACTORY - RIVER ROUGE - NIGHT

Hob, looking slightly worse for wear, stands among Kong's people in their old hideout. He is speaking on the phone and the telethon is on TV.

The Pittson trucks can be seen in the background.

HOB

Mr. Mayor, can we talk about an end
to all our problems?

The mayor can be heard on the television as he answers Hob.

MAYOR

Yes, sir let's do that. What are
you prepared to pledge?

ANGLE THE TV

The MAYOR is holding the phone immobile and speechless as he
hears Hob's offer.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Seltz' late model car pulls of the street into a small shopping
mall. He cuts in front of an elderly woman to park in the
handicapped zone.

Getting out he walks to the window of a hot dog joint and
orders. Glancing around he picks up his order and crosses to a
table. He is shortly joined by MALIK, an official from the
mayor's office.

SELTZ

This better be worth my trouble.

MALIK

It is.

SELTZ

I'll be the judge of that.

MALIK

First we should talk about my job
security. I don't feel I have a
future at city hall.

Seltz smiles.

SELTZ

Come by my office tomorrow and bring
a resume.

MALIK

Mid-level? Starting pay at a hundred
and fifty thousand a year?

SELTZ

I don't even speak with people who
make less.

MALIK

Okay. The mayor has a way to beat the foreclosure. He's found a benefactor.

SELTZ

What, some rival corporation? We'll squash them like a bug.

MALIK

(smiles)

Not exactly a corporation. But definitely big business.

INT. OCP LABORATORY - NIGHT

The screen is black. Sounds that are obscure but suggestive of the workings of strange equipment can be heard off-screen.

There is a vague ghost image of white and then suddenly the computer-generated face of KONG appears, unimaginably bizarre and disturbing, a living-death mask, floating disconnected in velvety black limbo.

Slowly the eyelids open. The eyes focus and slowly look around.

The expression begins slowly to betray a reaction of intense horror. A soul awakening to the full, horrendous, perception of Hell; features distorted to rival a Greek tragedians mask.

The eyes search, then settle staring straight with a wide eyed recognition. The mouth opens and distends in a silent roar of rage.

FAXX's voice is heard off-screen.

FAXX(O.S.)

He sees me.

A pair of technicians speak just barely above whispers.

TECHNICIAN 1(O.S.)

His imaging is pretty primitive, he's not totally connected.

FAXX(O.S.)

But he knows me. That's obvious. Can he hear?

TECHNICIAN 2(O.S.)

No. There's no auditory interface at this point.

Kong once again rages in silence.

ANGLE FAXX

is sitting observing the screen between two TECHNICIANS.

FAXX

He's clearly hostile.

1ST TECHNICIAN

It's the common first reaction.

FAXX

Well, we all know how to deal with that. We're lucky enough to have an addictive personality. Shall we try it?

ANGLE

One of the TECHNICIANS takes a nuke injector and carefully pushes it into an I.V. line.

ANGLE - KONG'S

face goes from the mask of rage to a benign character. Mellow, obviously nuked.

FAXX(O.S.)

There, that's better, isn't it? So now we know we're going to get along.

EXT. RIVER ROUGE AREA - NIGHT

The MAYOR'S LIMO roars along a deserted street into the realm of deserted factories.

INT. THE LIMO - NIGHT

The mayor sits between attorneys and advisors in his car. Malik can be seen among them. He stares out the window in uneasy silence.

MAYOR

So much wasted potential. I should get down here more.

EXT. AN ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The MAYOR'S car pulls into the parking area of an abandoned factory.

ANGLE

The MAYOR and his attorneys get out of car and look around uneasily. A HUGE NUKEHEAD stands by the entrance.

The MAYOR waves as he approaches the HUGE NUKEHEAD. An overtly friendly smile covers the fact that he's scared shitless.

MAYOR

Hi.

HUGE NUKEHEAD motions them to follow, and steps inside.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The MAYOR and his people enter a large room. Banks of computers have been set up on makeshift tables. Money is counted in piles by eager accountants.

As the MAYOR steps into the room armed men step from the shadows behind them.

The MAYOR flinches at the sound of the doors being closed. As he recovers HOB'S voice is heard.

HOB

Mister Mayor.

ANGLE

HOB emerges with two henchmen from the shadows. He extends his hand.

HOB

A real pleasure...I'm Hob.

The mayor shakes his hand.

HOB

My mother would be thrilled. She voted for you. I would have too but I'm too young.

The mayor tries an uneasy laugh as they are led to a setting of couches around a table piled high with money.

The mayor's eyes bug out as he sits with his following around him. In the gloom beyond the Pittson Armored trucks can be seen.

Hob kicks bundles of money from the table.

HOB

Get this shit out of here and get us some Cokes.

The table is carried away as Hob pauses to stab a NUKE AMPULE in his arm. Riding the rush:

HOB

So how much do you need? Money, I mean.

MAYOR

Well; Our current debt to OCP is...Bob?

MALIK responds with the answer.

MALIK

Twenty two million, four hundred and eighty thousand, nine hundred and eleven dollars.

HOB

That's all?

MAYOR

With that we could force OCP to put the police back to work and get a handle on this horrible crime epidemic...

The MAYOR suddenly realizes to whom he's speaking.

MAYOR

...Within reason of course.

Hob smiles and nods understanding.

HOB

Sure you don't need more? You must have a lot of extra expenses.

1ST ASSISTANT

Well there is a seven million deficit in the city treasury Mr. Hob.

2ND

There's always a shortage of financing in parks and recreation...

MAYOR

Our projected budget for next year indicates that we'll have a shortfall of...

Hob raises his hands. They go silent.

HOB

Hey, would fifty million put everything straight?

The men are speechless.

MAYOR
It would be our salvation.

HOB
(grins)
Okay. So now we know how to fix your
needs. Let's talk about our needs.

An elder attorney leans over and whispers to the Mayor.

ELDER ATTORNEY
(whispers)
For God's sake Mr. Mayor, these
people are criminals.

MAYOR
Why do we have to label people? I
hate labels.
(smiles at Hob)
Now, I'm not a user myself, but...

HOB
I know that about you.

EXT. RIVER ROUGE COMPLEX - NIGHT

A dark van cruises into an alley behind the abandoned factory
where Hob and the others are meeting. It slows to a silent
stop.

A pair of pneumatic back doors hiss open.

ANGLE

A huge black metal Robotic foot slowly lowers to the ground,
crushing the litter beneath it.

A huge chrome steel claw, like the cutting blades of an
enormous tin snips, flexes with a metallic sound.

INT. THE MEETING - NIGHT

The conversation has become more lively between HOB and the
MAYOR.

MAYOR
I'm sure there's some middle ground
that will serve both our aims, but
we cannot capitulate in our war on
crime...I'd be voted out of office.
I don't think any one wants that.

HOB

Sure, it's important you stay in office, but we've got a right to do our business.

CATZO

Got any idea how many people we employ?

EXT./INT. THE VAST FACTORY AREA - NIGHT

THROUGH a WIRE WINDOW the illuminated area of the room where the conversation is taking place can be seen in the distance beyond an array of shadowy equipment. The voices of the mayor, Hob and the others can be heard but the words not understood.

Suddenly in the foreground there are sharp mechanical sounds and a form rises from the industrial equipment...Dark, indistinguishable from the rusting machinery that surrounds it. No detail of shape or even form can be distinguished as it fills the frame.

INT. THE MEETING NIGHT

A general accord has been reached on some vague terms of cooperation.

HOB

I'm against all street crime. muggings, rapes, armed robbery. It's all wasteful. It doesn't promote jobs or improve neighborhoods. I'll help you fight it.

(to the Mayor)

Let's make some kind of deal. I don't want to live in the shadows.

MAYOR

Of course not, and you shouldn't have to.

Suddenly the lights flicker and then blink out.

The men stand stock still in the dark. Nervous mutterings from the MAYOR and his people--cut off by SOUNDS of RIPPING METAL.

Faces lit only by the vague light shafting in through a skylight, the assembly turns at the sound of heavy metal footfalls approaching from the dark gloom of the factory.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

The MAYOR reacts with a combination of horror and revulsion.

HOB backs away as he peers into the dark at the approaching sound. Metal on metal as;

Huge black metal feet walk the metal ramps leading toward the group.

Ports open and the muzzles of weapons appear.

KONG VISION

A totally different grid than ROBOVISION appears over the dim figures of HOB the MAYOR and OTHERS. CUTE GRAPHICS line the top of the screen: A ROCKET; a row of BULLETS; a Captain Marvel LIGHTNING BOLT; FLAME.

Suddenly IMAGE INTENSIFICATION appears on the screen and in a greenish light the group becomes totally illuminated. Like terror stricken, cornered animals, they stare in horror at the thing approaching them.

INT THE MEETING AREA - IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

One of HOB's HENCHMEN grabs a machine gun and begins blasting away at the thing. An incredibly rapid burst of fire cuts him in half.

Another HENCHMAN runs and his head is sawed off by a second burst.

Chaos in the center of the room as the MAYOR, HIS DEPUTIES, ATTORNEYS, HOB, and other henchmen all scramble for cover.

HUGE NUKEHEAD fires a grenade chugger as he stumbles backward.

With the room exploding all around him, the MAYOR crawls on all fours like a frightened dog, seeing cover.

KONG VISION

Highlight the BULLET GRAPHIC.

INSERT - ROBOT KONG

A PANZER ARM pivots and FIRES.

INT. MEETING AREA

MALIK collapses backward, riddled with bullets.

INSERT - A SECOND ARMORED ARM

turns itself backward and FIRES.

THE ELDERLY ATTORNEY

crashes backward across MONEY.

ANGLE - THE MONEY

is sprayed with the attorney's BLOOD. FIRING CONTINUES.

EXT. OVERHEAD E-WAY - NIGHT

ROBO'S CRUISER roars through traffic. RIVER ROUGE sprawls below. DISTANT GUNFIRE.

INT. ROBO'S CRUISER

Reacting to the sound of gunfire he glances out the window of his unit.

ROBOVISION

The MAYOR'S LIMOUSINE is barely visible in the parking area among the rusted factories. FLASHING: MAGNIFY

ZOOM in and it becomes un-mistakable. DISTANT GUNFIRE CONTINUES.

INT. CRUISER - ROBO

floors the accelerator.

KONG VISION

HUGE NUKEHEAD fires wildly as you approach. Explosions go off directly in front of the POV, to no effect.

INSERT - KONG ROBOT

Double Panzer arms converge and FIRE.

HUGE NUKEHEAD

is blasted to shreds.

INSERT - KONG ROBOT

PANELS OPEN, revealing glowing SENSORS at the back of its HEAD.

KONG VISION

A WINDOW APPEARS showing a REAR VIEW of HOB, shrinking in terror.

KONG

fully visible for the first time, massive, WEAPONS FIRING from its arms, turns to leer at tiny HOB.

KONG REARS UP, its midsection extending, a full nine feet in height.

NUKEHEADS attack from behind. KONG'S PANZER ARMS pivot backward, riddling them with bullets.

HOB shrieks in terror, backs against stacked MONEY.

KONG smiles in recognition. ELECTRONIC CHUCKLE builds to a LAUGH. MACHINE GUN FIRES.

HOB'S BLOOD

splatters across MONEY.

ANGLE - THE MAYOR

As bullets ricochet around the room, the MAYOR scrambles up to a small window and hurls himself out.

He falls with a scream toward the dark waters of the river below. SPLASH...

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

ROBO'S CRUISER slides to a stop and he gets out.

INSERT - ROBO'S PISTOL

snaps from HOLSTER to HAND.

EXT. PARKING AREA - ROBO

ROBO looks at HUGE TEARS in the corrugated metal WALL of the factory. He steps through.

INT. THE MEETING ROOM

Silence reigns in the aftermath of the shooting. Holding his gun ready, ROBO advances into the room.

ROBO takes a step and a whimpering is heard. He looks around and sees HOB.

Horribly wounded but still alive, the boy is reaching out toward him from where he is propped against the wall in a dark corner.

HOB

Please...Please.

ANGLE

ROBO turns and starts towards Hob who continues to beg him.

HOB

It hurts so awful.

ROBO moves toward HOB. SOUND OF METALLIC FOOTSTEPS.

ROBO looks away toward the machinery and starts to turn. Hob speaks.

HOB

No. Please don't leave me.

ROBO turns back to Hob and kneels by him.

HOB

I'm afraid to be alone.

ROBO studies HOB for a moment and sees him as just a pathetic frightened boy.

ROBO

I won't leave you. Help will be here soon.

HOB almost smiles.

HOB

Thanks.

Hob stares at ROBO for a long beat of silence, then trembles all over. Sirens can be heard approaching.

HOB

I'm so scared of dying. Do I have to die?

Hob grabs Murphy's hand as he convulses, then briefly recovers. Lights flash outside as squad cars screech to a stop.

HOB

You know what it's like don't you?

ROBO

(a pause)

Yes.

HOB twists and arches with pain.

HOB

So now I guess it's my turn.

Hob grabs Robo's arm, as though to stop himself from falling. ROBO reacts. As he stares at HOB, the boy dies.

The cops charge in, guns drawn.

They see ROBO and realize it's over. WHITAKKER approaches.

WHITAKKER

Murphy, what the hell? What went on in here. Who's that?

Robo rises from where he knelt in front of HOB.

ROBO

Just a little boy.

ROBO moves past ESTEVEZ and the other cops who are phoning in for S.I.D. and carrying out all the "aftermath" functions. As they speak, ROBO moves to the center of the room.

COPS VOICES

Hey, this guy's a city attorney...

(looks at I.D.)

Malik...Isn't he in city hall? Must have been least twenty, the way this place is shot up.

ROBO looks upward, side to side, scanning.

ROBOVISION

ZOOM to each BULLET HOLE on the walls and ceiling. GRAPHIC: PLOT TRAGECTORY

LINES streak, plotting the path of each BULLET. The scan moves faster and faster until the lines build toward a single moving source...The single point of all weaponry and fire power that was the ROBOT KONG.

ANGLE

ROBO stands apart from the other cops.

COPS VOICES

Look we got cannon holes, fifty calibers...They came in with an army.

ROBO

No. No army.

The COPS stare at ROBO, then at each other, confused.

CLOSE ON ROBO

ROBO

There was only...one.

COMMERCIAL - INT. OFFICE - MORNING

GRAINY DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE. CAMERA held by a palsy victim jiggles to a YUPPIE, unshaven, tie loosened, sitting at he edge of his desk. He hasn't slept all night.

YUPPIE

I thought all communications systems were the same.

(smiles bitterly)

Thought I'd save the company a few bucks.

Jiggle past a PROFITS CHART on the wall. A JAGGED RED LINE marks plunging profits, like the cardiogram of a heart attack.

YUPPIE (V.O.) (CONT.)

Took two days to download specs from Dallas. Two days.

YUPPIE'S HANDS, shaky, load BULLETS into a REVOLVER. FOLLOW HAND as YUPPIE brings the REVOLVER to his temple.

YUPPIE (CONT.)

We lost the account.

SCREEN GOES BLACK. GUN FIRES. In stark, merciless type:

OCP

The Only Choice

NEWS FOOTAGE

BLOOD across scattered HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

LONI HIRIHITO (V.O.)

ATROCITY--SCANDAL--and a KING'S FORTUNE!

INT. STUDIO - LONI HIRIHITO

CLIP: POLICE stand guard over MONEY piled high.

LONI HIRIHITO (CONT.)

FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH--but State Attorney Sphinxer won't let the bankrupt city government TOUCH it.

CLIP: sprawled CORPSES of MALIK and the mayor's ATTORNEY.

LONI HIRIHITO

NUKE money--seized at the site of a MASSACRE. Among the victims: key figures in the DETROIT City government. Was the city striking a deal with drug lords? Mayor Kuzak...

MAYOR KUZAK

faces a horde of MICROPHONES.

MAYOR KUZAK

(serious)

These were men who served our city so tirelessly...I won't comment on any charges of complicity. But I promise that no effort will be spared to investigate this thoroughly.

BACK TO LONI HIRIHITO

LONI HIRIHITO

But there may not be time for an investigation. With the nuke millions denied, the city has no hope of forestalling OCP's takeover of all city assets tomorrow.

CLIP: The CIVIC CENTRUM--an unfinished sixty-story skyscraper, BARE GIRDERS at its top twenty stories.

LONI HIRIHITO

OCP has invited the public to attend the ceremony at the new "civic centrum" when they officially take DETROIT private.

CLIP: SWISS GUARDS rush the POPE past an angry CROWD. POPE covers his face with a NEWSPAPER. A rotten TOMATO splats against the newspaper.

LONI HIRIHITO

Sex scandal ROCKS the Vatican.
After this:

INT. STATION HOUSE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

ROBO sits at the end of a small table. A video camera is aimed at him and a video technician observes him on a monitor. To one side a court stenographer takes notes. HOLZGANG, the OCP attorney, takes ROBO'S deposition.

HOLZGANG

You are called Robocop by some and Officer Murphy by others. Do you understand what you really are?

ROBO

Yes.

HOLZGANG

If I were to describe you simply as a machine that is linked to living tissue by computer interfacing, would that be accurate?

ROBO

...Yes.

Holzgang smiles.

HOLZGANG

And so, being a machine, you are not entitled to enact legal processes, are you?

ROBO

No.

HOLZGANG

So, under oath and without duress, will you admit that being a machine, you are not deserving of any rights accorded human beings under the law?

ROBO sits for a long time without answering.

HOLZGANG

Are you going to answer?

ROBO is silent.

HOLZGANG

I require an answer...
(to assistant)
Stop the tape.

The assistant shuts off the tape machine.

HOLZGANG
(to ROBO)

Off the record, now. I'm trying to be nice about this, but all night I haven't got. You co-operate in this deposition, your wife and kid keep getting all the benefits of the family of a shot cop. You fuck with me and they get zip.

ROBO twitches slightly with restrained anger.

ROBO
I will...cooperate.

A nod from HOLZGANG, and the tape recorder is turned back on. ROBO stares vacantly ahead.

HOLZGANG
Being nothing more than a machine, do you believe you are in anyway entitled to the rights and privileges accorded to human beings under our system of law?

ROBO
No. I have no rights.

HOLZGANG
You are simply a machine.

ROBO
(cold, bitter)
I am a machine.

HOLZGANG
And you make this statement entirely of your own free will.

ROBO
Yes.

Holzgang grins.

HOLZGANG
I think that will do it.

INT. ROBO CHAMBER - DAY

ROBO sits alone in his chair, silent.

REED enters with two plain clothes detectives, SCHENK and PATTERSON.

REED
Murphy...Schenk and Patterson are
down from Central investigating the
massacre. Captain wants you to go
with them to the crime scene.

ROBO doesn't respond. REED glances toward GARCIA, who shrugs.

REED
Does he hear me?

GARCIA nods "yes". REED moves closer.

REED
Murphy...You've got an assignment.

ROBO
No.

REED
(amazed)
No?

ROBO stands suddenly from his chair.

ROBO
The case is mine.

ROBO steps down and past REED.

REED
Now, wait a minute. You take orders
like everybody else. There's nothing
special about you. Don't pull this
SHIT on me--MURPHY--

LEWIS rushes up in b.g. to hear the last of it.

LEWIS
What's going on?

REED shrugs and LEWIS exits after ROBO.

INT. THE GARAGE - DAY

ROBO is about to get into a unit, when Lewis rushes up.

LEWIS
Hey?...Where you off to?

ROBO looks at her. Lewis reads that he is deeply troubled.

LEWIS
What's wrong Murphy?

ROBO

Don't call me Murphy. Murphy is
dead.

LEWIS is stung, but she with holds her reaction.

LEWIS

Yeah? Well, whatever your name is,
you're my partner and where you go I
go.

LEWIS gets into the car.

EXT. OCP HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An STRAY DOG pees on the leg of an ED209.

INSERT - ED209

jerks to life, MACHINE GUNS ready.

ED209

You-are-in-violation-of-civic-
statutes.

EXT. OCP HEADQUARTERS - JUST THEN

ROBO'S cruiser pulls into the entrance. MACHINE GUNS FIRE.
DOG YELPS.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

A GUARD crashes through a DOOR to sprawl unconscious across the
floor, his nose bloody, at the feet of FAXX. She keeps her
cool as TECHNICIANS go white. CLANKING FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

ROBO appears at the DOORWAY, LEWIS behind him.

FAXX glares, smiling.

FAXX

May I help you?

ROBO walks past FAXX, ignoring her. LEWIS barely glances at
Faxx.

LEWIS

Police business. Big killer robots.
This seems a logical place to start.

FAXX

I assume you have a warrant.

LEWIS pops her gum, close to Faxx' face, and stuffs a lengthy
SEARCH WARRANT into Faxx' designer lab coat.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
These banks contain CLASSIFIED--

FAXX whirls as TECHNICIAN SHRIEKS.

TECHNICIAN stares at ROBO's interfacing SPIKE, slides across the COMPUTER BANK and squirrels away.

As he passes LEWIS:

TECHNICIAN
That's all classified data. They'll
be charges.

LEWIS
Take a hike.

ROBO stabs the SPIKE into an ACCESS PORT.

MONITOR lights with ROBOCOP FILE.

ROBO twists his SPIKE.

ROBO inputs: DOWNLOAD - HIGH SPEED

INTERCUT FAXX, LEWIS, ROBO AND MONITORS

FAXX cold, LEWIS building to disgust as

MONITORS light with STOP MOTION ANIMATION, very fast:

- HUMAN MURPHY is stripped apart. His MUSCLES disengage themselves and fly away. His ORGANS untangle themselves and fly off. His SKELETON breaks apart, leaving only BRAIN, SPINE, and a jangle of living NERVES;

- WIRES and CIRCUITS invade, connecting, wrapping tight, forming clusters as METAL SHAFTS slide between them, snapping into sockets. PLATES of ARMOR close about the works, forming a gleaming EXOSKELETON. ROBOCOP is complete;

- THREE NEW ROBOCOPS scroll by, each less like the original, each larger, incorporating more WEAPONS.

LEWIS gasps as

MONITOR shows the MONSTER KONG.

ROBO TWISTS his SPIKE.

MONITORS flash DIAGRAMS of WEAPONS SYSTEMS. Robo matches the image to the trajectory diagram of the "MASSACRE" scene.

ROBO
Who is he?

FAXX meets his eyes and remains silent.

ROBO
You made him. Who is he?

No response. ROBO looks at her for a beat, then back to the machine.

ROBO TWISTS his SPIKE. MONITORS show: "CLASSIFIED".
Robo twists again and bangs the machine with his free hand.

- PIECES of ARMOR scatter from the MONSTER KONG, then CIRCUITS and WEAPONRY. Barely a patch of BRAIN and NERVE left;

- Then it grows, MUSCLES draping over human bone, SKIN crawling across it. It's KONG;

- ZOOM to KONG'S FACE and FREEZE.

LEWIS
(horrified)
KONG...
(whirls to Faxx)
You're insane lady. What the hell
have you done...

CRASH!--ROBO slams his FIST into the COMPUTER BANK. SPARKS
SHOWER. AGAIN--BURSTS FLASH across the BANKS. FLAMES rise.

FAXX
No!--we'll lose EVERYTHING--
(to Lewis)
He's finished and you'll go to JAIL
for this--I'll SEE to it--

LEWIS heads for the DOOR, following ROBO. She pauses at the door, thinks something over.

LEWIS
(grins at Faxx)
You know, I never had a chance to
thank you for all your help.

POW!--LEWIS floors FAXX with a solid right.

LEWIS exits. FAXX glares at the empty doorway, quivering with rage. ALARMS RING...

INT. HALLWAY OCP

LEWIS catches up to ROBO on the way to the elevator.

LEWIS

That felt good. That do you any good?

ROBO is locked in silence. LEWIS stares at him. Pops her gum.

LEWIS

Well, excuse me for being alive.

The elevator arrives and she steps in ahead of him and presses the button. The doors close before he can enter.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - STATION HOUSE - DAY

COPS are getting into their dress blues. Flagrantly gay OFFICER STILLSON insists on re-knotting LEWIS' tie. STEF enters, waits, annoyed, wanting to speak with LEWIS.

STILLSON

GOD Anne you're a MESS. Such a TOM BOY...just a few seconds worth of EFFORT and you'll be GORGEOUS.

LEWIS

Thanks, Stillson. I really appreciate it.

STEF

Lewis, there's some lady asking for you in reception.

LEWIS

What lady?

STEF shrugs.

INT. SQUAD ROOM RECEPTION AREA - DAY

MURPHY'S WIFE gazes out of the window. She turns as Lewis enters.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Officer Lewis...I don't know if you remember me. I...

Lewis enters cautiously.

LEWIS

Sure, I remember you from Murphy's...from the funeral.

Murphy's wife nods.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Sergeant Reed told me you work very closely with Robocop. You're his partner.

LEWIS

Yeah, you could say that. Me and RoboCop, we sometimes work as partners.

Murphy's wife opens her purse and removes a large manila envelope.

MURPHY'S WIFE

I have something I'd like you to give him.

LEWIS

Well, I...Sure.

She takes the envelope.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Actually...it's from my son.

Lewis nods. Murphy's wife speaks as she leaves.

MURPHY'S WIFE

Thank you.

Lewis watches as she leaves.

INT. ROBO CHAMBER - DAY

Lewis enters and sees

ROBO seated alone.

She thinks it over, then approaches him directly.

LEWIS

Murphy.

ROBO looks up. His gaze is hard.

LEWIS

Yeah, I know, no more Murphy. Well, old habits die hard.

She approaches with the envelope.

LEWIS

A kid sent you this, his name is...Lemme' see.

Lewis looks at the envelope.

LEWIS

James McNeil Murphy...Bell Creek
Lane, Livonia. Nice burb.

ROBO wheels in his throne, intense.

Lewis opens the envelope and removes a letter and a photo. She continues as if it's the most ordinary thing in the world.

LEWIS

Looks like a fan letter. Nice hand writing. "Dear Robocop, I'm eleven years old. I belong to a Robocop club at my school. I wish I could meet you. I really..."

(looks up)

...sorry, the kid can't spell for shit, whoever he is. Must be "admire"...

(reading again)

"...I really admire you. My dad was a cop but he got killed. I really miss him. But if he was alive I'd want him to be just like you. ...With much respect, Jimmy"

ROBO sits, pensive.

LEWIS holds up a PHOTO of MURPHY'S SON.

LEWIS

He looks like a great kid, Murphy.

ROBO takes the photo and studies it.

ROBO nods, almost smiles. He looks at LEWIS.

ROBO

Call me...Alex.

LEWIS checks a surge of emotion. She quickly daubs at her eyes with the back of her hand.

LEWIS

Whew, almost ruined my make up. Hey, I got to go...I'll be late for the mayor's honor guard.

ROBO offers a trace of smile as she leaves. He re examines the photo.

FLASHBACK

ROBO'S son JIMMY, wearing pajamas, tugs at his father's arm in the bedroom of their house.

JIMMY

Come on dad wake up...I NEED you--

In POV, JIMMY tugs his father to his feet and leads him from the bedroom to the living room. A Christmas tree stands in front of the window with presents under it. JIMMY pulls away, speaking to his father as he rushes to the tree.

JIMMY

--MOM wouldn't let me open ANY of them until you get UP...

EXT. OCP CORPORATE CIVIC HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A large half finished building looms above the surrounding landscape. The first floors have been completed while work continues on a skeleton of girders that rises high above.

A COVEY of TV reporters and other MEDIA PEOPLE surround SELTZ and the old man as they emerge from a limousine. CORPORATE LACKEYS push ahead to clear the way.

The OLD MAN'S smile is radiant, confident.

REPORTERS

Will you hold elections? What about taxes? Isn't this a deliberate attempt to humiliate the mayor? Why aren't you going to City Hall?

They have nearly reached the tops of the steps when the OLD MAN turns.

OLD MAN

Just a minute, I'll answer that...City Hall is a decaying symbol of mismanagement and corruption. This magnificent structure, OCP's Civic Centrum, is our gift to this city.

TELEVISION

OLD MAN

The new seat of leadership for DETROIT...And what better place for a fresh clean start.

INT. MAYORS LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Watching the Limo's TV, the mayor and his lackeys are on their way to the foreclosure. The Mayor is flanked by new faces, younger replacements of those recently exterminated. An OWLISH YOUNG MAN types on a lap top.

MAYOR

"A clean start" I'll give that old fart a clean start out of town. He'll be swept down the toilet by a wave of populist sentiment. How are we doing on my speech?

OWLISH YOUNG MAN

Almost there.

EXT. THE MAYORS CARAVAN - DAY

The mayors Limo is followed by a caravan of city cars and police busses toward the looming structure of OCP's CIVIC CENTRUM.

INT. THE AUDITORIUM OF OCP'S CIVIC CENTRUM - DAY

A huge hall, draped with banners and flags, is filled with people. The stage is divided by two sets of curtains, one at each side.

ANGLE STAGE AREA - DAY

The old man ascends the stage area in the company of Seltz, Faxx and other OCP functionaries. He is more excited than we've ever seen him. The atmosphere is charged like a political convention.

ANGLE

The MAYOR stands among his retinue flanked by a squad of city police in full dress uniforms. He raises his hands above his head in double V's of victory to a dismal smattering of applause.

ANGLE - LEWIS

sits among the other cops.

ANGLE - THE CENTER STAGE

As the OLD MAN approaches the Podium there is thunderous applause.

THE MAYOR

thinks it's for him until a Lackey indicates that the OLD MAN has arrived and will begin a speech.

ANGLE - THE OLD MAN

He stands at the Podium, Seltz and Faxx can be seen among others behind him.

OLD MAN

Welcome.

Again applause.

ANGLE THE MAYOR

speaks to his owlish speech writer who is frantically penciling a final polish on the draft.

MAYOR

He sandbagged us. This place is filled with OCP employees.

OLD MAN

Welcome, fellow citizens. And a special welcome to Mayor Kuzak and the outgoing administration.

MAYOR

We're not going yet!

OLD MAN

No, and before you do you'll be given ample time to state your views...that's the American way, that's the Corporate Way.

ANGLE - THE OLD MAN

He faces the audience, sincere.

OLD MAN

OCP and DETROIT will soon be a single entity. Our pride will be your pride. Our accomplishments, your accomplishments...Let's look at the city today.

ANGLE - A CURTAIN

to the side of the stage rises a huge display featuring all the captured elements of crime. Weapons, money, piles of nuke ampules, and fifty gallon drums of nuke. Gesturing at the NUKE:

OLD MAN

A malignancy that has spread through our streets and neighborhoods,... Crime, given free reign by an administration too weak and too irresponsible to control it. But that's the past...Here is our future.

The other curtain draws back and people gasp at the sight of KONG. On stage, immobile, in front of a huge backdrop of a futuristic DETROIT.

OLD MAN

Yes, Robocop 2, the ultimate in law enforcement...Protector of our city of tomorrow.

ANGLE - KONG

As the speech continues KONG gazes around.

OLD MAN(O.S.)

(wistful)

Now I probably won't be around when a magnificent new skyline stands against the twilight.

Suddenly, with a hydraulic hiss, Kongs upper body rises, extending from his waist and bringing him to his full height. There is a gasp from the audience in reaction to his move.

The OLD MAN glances around, slightly distracted, but recovers.

Kong's head pans around toward the other display.

ANGLE - THE OLD MAN

gestures with his thumb toward KONG and decides to make a joke of it.

OLD MAN

No...I may not be around, but that fellow will be...Looking after the common good.

With a series of loud mechanical noises KONG turns. People now react.

ANGLE - SELTZ

turns to FAXX.

SELTZ
What the Hell's going on?

At the clank of a huge footstep Faxx twitches, frozen in her chair.

FAXX
Nothing. It's fine. It's fine.

ANGLE - THE OLD MAN

raises his hand and faces KONG.

OLD MAN
(with authority)
Officer!...Officer!

The OLD MAN is pulled back by SELTZ, so he won't be trampled as KONG clanks by.

KONG VISION

People scatter out of the way. Focus on a huge drum of NUKE, move toward it.

ANGLE - AUDIENCE

While people in the front rows shrink back, media people scramble forward charging over them with their cameras to film KONG.

KONG GRASPS

the Nuke drum and lifts it easily into the air.

While he holds it in one pair of arms a second pair of arms scissor it open with bolt cutter fingers.

He pours it over his head. Screams now mingle with roars of laughter from the audience.

ANGLE

The OLD MAN shouts at FAXX.

OLD MAN
This is a disgrace. For God's sake
do something!

ANGLE - KONG'S FACE

shows definite signs of Nuke ecstasy as the liquid pours over him.

ANGLE - KONG

He faces the audience and lumbers to the podium as the old man and others scramble back out of the way.

ANGLE - THE MAYOR

having already lived through a KONG experience crawls on all fours toward an exit.

ANGLE KONG

faces the audience which moves back but remains watching him.

KONG

The Old Man is right. It's going to be a great town.

The audience laughs.

KONG

It doesn't need building, it doesn't need a Mayor, it doesn't need cops. All it needs is NUKE!

As he speaks an OCP security guard has tried to sneak around behind him.

KONG VISION

the cringing, but amused audience in front, and a small panel showing the man sneaking around behind him.

KONG

Are you with me?

INSERT - A PANZER ARM

swings and points back. A burst of fire cuts the man in half.

KONG

(roars)

...or against me? I'm counting on your support!

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

The audience now panics. Some flee while others scream "We're with you"

Lewis drops to cover with other cops and they begin firing at KONG.

Bullets ping off his armor.

Lewis is trying for a clear shot when KONG returns a burst of gunfire that splinters the cover in front of her. A cop beside her groans, hit bad.

KONG VISION

sweeps the gathering. FAXX is spotted clawing to get out of the way. She tries to shield herself behind LINDSEY her screaming assistant.

A quick series of possible trajectories form and KONG fires a burst of ricochet shots.

ANGLE FAXX

dances away from her assistant as bullets strike her from different angles.

ANGLE SELTZ

frantically loads an anti-tank weapon from the weapons display.

FLAMING LIQUID streaks from KONG'S PELVIS, enveloping a screaming SELTZ.

KONG VISION

Scans the area and sees LEWIS in partial view with her handgun aimed at KONG. She fires and a bullet strikes the monitor glass, leaving a pock mark on his field of view and temporarily upsetting his aim.

ANGLE LEWIS

Ducks away just ahead of a burst of fire.

KONG VISION

freezes the image of LEWIS, and with a quick file search puts it together with ROBOCOP. A memory of television reportage when LEWIS pulls ROBO into her squad car.

KONG'S FACE

registers intense hatred as he moves to find LEWIS.

INSERT - A PANZER ARM

opens FIRE.

ANGLE - LEWIS

tumbles across the floor, barely ahead of the BULLETS as they rip the PODIUM to bits.

ELEVATOR BANK

all glass overlooking the DETROIT SKYLINE. LEWIS rushes to an ELEVATOR full of CIVILIANS.

CIVILIANS clear our of the ELEVATOR as

KONG

advances, very fast, a locomotive.

ELEVATOR

begins to rise. LEWIS reloads her pistol.

KONG'S FACE - MOVING FAST

He suddenly frowns.

KONG'S FEET

hit the skids, too late--

ELEVATOR BANK - KONG

CRASHES through the plexiglass ENTRANCE, missing the ELEVATOR as it pulls away.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - KONG PLUMMETS

to CRASH on the SHAFT FLOOR ten stories below.

KONG rises, annoyed, raises a PANZER ARM.

INT. ELEVATOR - LEWIS

flattens against the WALL and SHRIEKS as BULLETS rip upward through the elevator FLOOR.

INT. SHAFT - KONG

raises one HAND. CLANK!--the HAND flies upward, attached by a CABLE at his wrist.

FOLLOW HAND

as it soars up the plexiglass SHAFT. Visible THROUGH GLASS the CITY falls away.

INT. ELEVATOR - LEWIS

leaps to her feet as KONG'S HAND rips upward through the elevator FLOOR, its CLAWS gripping, a grappling hook. ELEVATOR LURCHES with new weight.

LEWIS punches buttons by the elevator door.

INT. SHAFT - KONG

begins to retract the CABLE.

KONG'S FEET rise from the floor as he closes in on Lewis...

KONG VISION - RISING

switch to THERMOGRAPH. SEE through the FLOOR above as LEWIS runs from the elevator ENTRANCE.

ELEVATOR BANK

a story below LEWIS. The WALLS are only half-constructed here. THE CIVILIANS who fled the ELEVATOR pile from a STAIRWELL--

--they shriek and SCATTER as KONG crashes outward through the entrance.

KONG ignores them, scanning upward, CANNON tracking movement above.

NEXT FLOOR UP - LEWIS

zig-zags across the FLOOR, barely dodging EXPLOSIONS as Kong's cannon fire erupts from below. No walls at this level; nothing but BARE GIRDERS above.

LEWIS falls back as

KONG

erupts from the FLOOR, cheerful as ever. Stepping forward, his robot body swaggering.

KONG

Now here we have someone who can understand me. Someone who understands what I've become.

LEWIS

cornered at the edge of the floor, fires her last three shots at KONG, to no effect.

KONG

I've always hired strong women.

She looks over her shoulder to SEE the CITY, sprawled far below--then she looks UP to see BARE GIRDERS.

She begins to climb, slipping a bit on the GIRDERS. The SUN is beginning to set.

EXT. GIRDERS - SUNSET

KONG follows LEWIS, claws digging into metal, deliberately keeping just below her.

A SINGLE GIRDER

jutting from the building's side over space. She backs to the end; nowhere left to go.

INSERT - KONG

one VESTIGIAL ARM snapping from his shoulder, its end a glowing CUTTING TORCH.

INSERT - KONG'S FACE

lit by the TORCH.

KONG

But it's always a mistake to get too involved.

EXT. GIRDER

LEWIS' FOOT takes an involuntary step backward--OFF the END of the GIRDER.

LEWIS FALLS with a cry--

LEWIS' HANDS find purchase at the END of the GIRDER.

As LEWIS dangles

KONG sits casually on the GIRDER, legs crossed, and brings his ARC WELDER to the GIRDER.

SPARKS SHOWER as the WELDER slowly begins to sever the GIRDER.

LEWIS holds on for dear life.

WELDER continues CUTTING--nearly all the way across, now.

GIRDER begins to BEND. LEWIS LURCHES, hugs the GIRDER.

SUDDEN SOUNDS OF HEAVY MACHINERY. KONG looks up, curious.

A TELESCOPING CRANE ARM

rises past LEWIS and KONG.

ROBOCOP

backlit by the polluted SUNSET, his balance faultless, rides a GIRDER hanging from the crane arm. He's holding a COBRA ASSAULT CANNON.

LEWIS

lifts a leg onto the still-bending GIRDER END. She holds on one handed, and reaches to her BELT to grab a pair of HANDCUFFS.

She loops one CUFF around a CLAW on KONG'S FOOT as KONG takes a step BACKWARD, inadvertently pulling her up.

INSERT - KONG

doesn't even notice her as he gives Robo a charismatic wink.

KONG

Meet this year's model.

EXT. GIRDERS

LEWIS leaps from the GIRDER to a hanging CABLE as

ROBO FIRES--A TRACER hits KONG dead on, blasting him from the GIRDER.

KONG crashes across GIRDERS, rises unhurt, neatly dodging another TRACER.

KONG FIRES a ROCKET.

ROBO leaps from his hanging GIRDER as the ROCKET blasts the girder to pieces.

ROBO lands on a GIRDER, rises, scanning from side to side. No sign of KONG...SOUND of TAPPING.

ROBO WHIRLS--KONG stands behind him, arms crossed over his chest, leaning against a pillar, one CLAW tapping a steel SUPPORT PILLAR.

The CLAW stabs into the PILLAR.

LIGHTNING streaks Kong's HAND--

LIGHTNING streaks from GIRDER to GIRDER, past LEWIS hanging by the CABLE--

LIGHTNING rips across ROBO--Robo BELLOWS in pain--

ROBO jerks across GIRDERS, dancing like a PUPPET--dropping the COBRA--

--falling into a tangle of CABLES, the LIGHTNING everywhere.

The LIGHTNING stops. ROBO slowly pulls himself upright, looks up.

ROBOVISION - THAT MOMENT

Obliterating view: SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT EFFICIENCY 66%

The EFFICIENCY rises, then gives way to a view of KONG, through flashes of STATIC. KONG is a story above, crouched, looking down at you.

KONG

Come on up.

(pause)

Come on. You can do it.

EXT. GIRDERS

LEWIS slides from the CABLE to a GIRDER, exhausted, and watches helplessly as

ROBO clambers up to face KONG at a distance of ten feet. ROBO is unsteady, groggy.

INSERT - KONG'S ARM

CLACKS, pivoting, BATTERING RAM ready for launch.

ROBOVISION

STATIC FLARES, breaks... ZOOM to KONG'S ARM. Open a PLAYBACK WINDOW showing its inner workings from the designs you downloaded at OCP.

EXT. GIRDERS

ROBO DUCKS as

KONG'S ARM TELESCOPES, a battering ram, missing ROBO.

ARM snaps back--then shoots out again.

ROBO spins, grabs the battering ram ARM, and TWISTS.

Off balance, KONG tumbles from the building's side.

FOLLOW KONG

KONG CRASHES against an outcropping GIRDER and falls toward the CITY. There's nothing to grab...

BACK UP TO ROBO

He stands at the GIRDER, looking downward. He turns as LEWIS rushes up to him in a near-embrace. Robo's head cocks to the side. He hears something...

Abruptly, ROBO pulls LEWIS to the side, startling her, baring his CHEST.

KONG'S GRAPPLING HOOK HAND flies up to stab into ROBO'S CHEST.

ROBO topples backward from the GIRDER, falling. LEWIS SCREAMS.

ROBO dangles, held by the GRAPPLING HOOK HAND, rises as the CABLE pulls him upward.

DOWN A FEW STORIES - KONG

dangles, rising as the CABLE retracts to his ARM.

BACK UP TO ROBO

CABLE yanks him back up to the GIRDER. ROBO grabs the GIRDER to keep from pitching over the side, straining with KONG's weight.

LEWIS tugs at the CLAWS in Robo's chest, desperately. She can't get them free.

The METAL at ROBO'S CHEST tears. The GRAPPLING HOOK HAND clatters off and away--

--just as KONG'S OTHER HAND rises to grip the GIRDER, ten feet to the side.

LEWIS backs away as KONG clambers atop the GIRDER, his grappling hook HAND snapping back into his wrist.

ROBO faces off with KONG.

FLAMING LIQUID roars from KONG'S PELVIS, enveloping ROBO. ROBO crouches, turns his back as KONG advances.

ROBOVISION - LEWIS

stares in horror at O.S. KONG. A PLAYBACK WINDOW opens featuring a DIAGRAM of Kong's PELVIS FLAMETHROWER.

ZOOM to an exposed FUEL LINE.

INSERT - ROBO'S PISTOL

snaps from HOLSTER to HAND.

EXT. GIRDER - ROBO

whirls, taking aim.

ROBOVISION

ZOOM to KONG'S PELVIS. Find the FUEL LINE. Place a TARGET.

EXT. GIRDERS

ROBO FIRES--KONG'S PELVIS EXPLODES.

FLAMES erupt within KONG. He staggers, raises a CANNON to fire.

ROBOVISION

ZOOM to the CANNON. Match it with a DIAGRAM of the mechanism that feeds the ROCKETS. Place a TARGET.

EXT. GIRDERS

ROBO FIRES--KONG'S CANNON EXPLODES.

KONG'S ARM flies away in a shower of SPARKS.

ROCKETS EXPLODE inside KONG as his entire ARSENAL goes up.

KONG'S CHEST PLATE bursts apart.

With a SHRIEK KONG topples from the GIRDER.

FOLLOW KONG

Falling forever past story after story. Explosions continue within his body.

EXT. STREET - CRASH!

Just missing a SQUAD CAR, what's left of KONG smashes across the pavement in a thousand blazing pieces.

EXT. THE BUILDING ENTRANCE

The OLD MAN walks surrounded by MEDIA on all sides.

REPORTERS

What about foreclosure?...Would you dare suggest the city should be put in your hands after this fiasco?

The OLD MAN snaps at LACKEY.

OLD MAN

Where's Seltz?

LACKEY

Don't you remember sir, he...

OLD MAN

Yes, of course I remember.

He sees the mayor addressing a group of reporters at the scene of KONG'S demise and pushes towards him.

ANGLE - MAYOR KUZAK

MAYOR KUZAK

We offered responsible leadership
and they offered this...This
monster...This disaster.

The OLD MAN reaches the MAYOR, pretending to address him, He speaks for the benefit of the camera.

OLD MAN

A disaster that should not be
compounded Mr. Mayor, by disunity.
(to the crowd)
Mistakes have been made...But let's
work together and put them right.

MAYOR KUZAK

What exactly does that mean?

REPORTERS

What about the take over? the
city's debt?

OLD MAN

As of this moment the city has no
debt...only my offer of friendship
and cooperation.

MAYOR

I'm still mayor?

OLD MAN

Of course you are.

He extends his hand to the MAYOR. A beat of amazement and the MAYOR grabs it. The handshake becomes a hug. They embrace beaming for the cameras.

OLD MAN

Make no mistake, whatever our
differences, I've always had great
admiration for this boy.

The press circles them. The MAYOR hugs the OLD MAN and nearly breaks into tears.

A SUDDEN COMMOTION. REPORTERS rush to see

ROBO WALKS

from the building to the site where KONG has fallen. LEWIS is beside him. As he looks at the shattered pieces, people applaud him.

LEWIS is uncomfortable, embarrassed. As REPORTERS rush up:

LEWIS

We don't need this...Come on Murphy,
we better get back to the station.

OLD MAN and MAYOR KUZAK shove their way to ROBO, looking for a photo opportunity.

OLD MAN

Officer Murphy, wait!

They come up and begin posing on both sides of ROBO. ROBO looks at each of them as the media surround them.

MAYOR

You can't leave now. You're the
hero of the day.

OLD MAN

You're a SYMBOL, son--a symbol of--

ROBO shrugs them both off. They fall against REPORTERS.

CLOSE ON ROBO

ROBO

No, I'm just a cop.

ANGLE - THROUGH CROWD

STEF speaks to LEWIS and ROBO, his voice lost in the clamor.

ANGLE - ROBO

surrounded by a horde of MICROPHONES.

REPORTER'S VOICE

What is it, Robo? What's happening?

ROBO

Trouble.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

ROBO'S CRUISER screeches around a corner.

INT. CRUISER - MOVING FAST

GUNFIRE RINGS OUT. ROBO steers toward it.

THE END